



Mr. Kenneth John Harris

October 25, 1953 - July 21, 2020

Mr. Kenneth J. Harris passed away at the High River Hospital on July 21, 2020 at the age of 66 years.

Obituary to follow.

Caring for the family is Lyle Reeves Funerals of High River (Craig Snodgrass)
403.652.4242.

Comments



“ Ken and I and Linda all shared an apartment in Calgary for awhile. He used to joke that it was like Three's Company and he was Jack Tripper. Lol! He figured there weren't many men out there who could handle living with 2 redheads but somehow he managed ok. We all used to practice tai chi on the front lawn in the mornings and then Ken would take his bo and show my son Connor how to use it. Ken was amazed at how quickly Connor picked it up, as well as how he managed the bo that was made for a grown man when Connor was only 7. Ken was an intense and deeply spiritual person. He had this otherworldly connection to the earth and to those around him. I recall a few drunken conversations (possibly in a Scottish accent. Lol!) where Ken would talk about his theory on shapeshifters. Lol! He was always so funny. I know life wasn't always easy for him but he always went with it and made the best of his situation anyway. I can still hear his gravelly voice telling me his stories. I will miss you Ken. Godspeed my friend.

Rhonda McArthur - September 03 at 08:55 PM



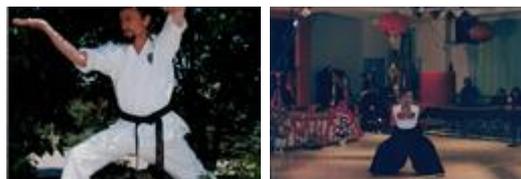
“ Sheila And Lawrence Storoschuk lit a candle in memory of Mr. Kenneth John Harris



Sheila and Lawrence Storoschuk - August 03 at 12:37 PM



“ 2 files added to the album Memories Album



Johanna Lynch - August 02 at 01:38 AM



“ 4 files added to the album Memories Album





Johanna Lynch - August 02 at 12:30 AM



“ I was lucky enough to know Ken on his many smoke breaks outside the High River Hospital. He would be out front with his cowboy hat on. I would walk up and say "Hi Cowboy, how are you doing today"? He always had a story old Ken. We had many visits where he would talk about his colorful life, how he loved his family, and how much he loved his animals. I fell in love with his dog Rosie myself. How could you not. It seems like Ken had many blessings in his life as well as hardships. It was great knowing you Cowboy. You are in Gods hands now.

Your friend,
Lee-Ann



Lee-Ann King - August 01 at 10:51 PM



“ I met Ken when I visited Canada for a year as an exchange student. My first meeting with him was when I first went for a trial lesson:

Arriving at the Doko in his basement, in the cold, foggy Canadian winter (coming from sunny Italy!) was somewhat of a mythical experience itself. And then the big white dog started barking at me. Really loud.

He grumpily yelled: "if the dog is barking at you it means you should have been bothering him!"

"Sir.. I'm here for the class"

"ahh..." he responded.. as if saying..

"Now I gotta tech THIS moron".

When I think of what he taught me.. the first thing that comes to my mind may sound strange: he taught me that finally I could ask questions during a martial arts class. I could understand why.

For how simple that was.. for me it was a shock.

It meant that as a student.. my questions were made sense. My desire to learn and what I needed to learn was valued. I didn't feel demeaned or intimidated.. I fell

valued and empowered.

As a martial arts student that was really new to me!

He showed enormous respect for other martial arts... which is somewhat of a rarity among martial artists.

He truly embodied the principle of GoJu, hard and soft... up to the point of both mastering both karate and tai chi.

He often talked about the famed demonstration he made in which people gave him a standing ovation.. for showing a karate and tai chi kata back to back.

I still remember his pride on retelling that story (many many times!)

I learned how it was possible to build a family of kind, happy passionate practitioners: the students welcomed the weird Italian exchange student (whose weird English they later on confessed they barely understood at first).

He allowed me to appreciate, the tough texture of a gun loving, knife(s) carrying, North American (continentally speaking...)... the furthest thing from what I came from... and to look past the small differences that, today, in such a polarised time would make us believe to be too much to be friends.

I remember the salmon he cooked and the giant head of a buffalo in his house. I remember the wonder of students looking at the ultra-sharp swords he would bestow upon his students that became black belts, piercing paper that was gently laid upon them or cutting arm hair without any effort...

For how silly it may sound.. for someone sent from a foreign land to live for one year in a new country.. every person you meet is an ambassador of that land.. and Canada thanks to the people I've met most of which revolved around the Dojo... extended an arm of friendship and warmth that I will always remember

In a somewhat lonely experience of living one year in Canada the dojo provided a small, warm temporary family.. that welcomed it, trained me, occasionally fed me and most of all treated me as one of them. Looking back I only now realize how perhaps uncommon and lucky that has been.

I know little of his days after I left Canada.. apart from a couple email we exchanged some years later.

Whether for geographical reasons or else.. it is normal at some point to go beyond a teacher... because that is what teachers are for.. to give us all they can in a limited amount of time.

I cannot say that for the majority of teachers, masters, instructors and leaders I met in my life... but I believe he Ken did just that with me, and I'm grateful for it.

So long Ken,

Damiano

Damiano Ramazzotti - July 30 at 09:19 AM



“ I met Ken Harris in nov. 2019 through a program here in High River called "Soup for the Soul " run by the wild rose Community Connection . I was matched with warrior Ken ,and given the opportunity along with a friend Paul to visit and share soup and talk with him on a regular basis .

We both came from a military back ground , so we discussed guns , battles and the pain that went with them . Our conversations were not pretty, as Ken did not hold back on his opinions about the state of the world and it's people. He could very easily rub you the wrong way , and then tell you how he would fix it.. I told myself often that I was not there to judge this man but to listen to him .. and I found myself enjoying these visits and I think he did too . When he first fell and went to the hospital I was able to visit with him and bring "Rosie " his dog to visit.

In the last few months as his heath declined I could only phone him, and I remember my last chat with him , he was accepting of his pain and struggles and always kept an

open attitude towards what would happen next ..he wanted to be free of fighting his demons and now he is .. bless you Ken .. thank you for giving me a new perspective and Tracy will look after your Rosie .. so rest and be at peace, my friend.

Doug Elliott

douglas Elliott - July 29 at 05:35 PM



“ Ken and Harris was a amazing man he also took on the responsibility of being my godfather. When I was around eight his family moved to Alberta in my family pretty much lost contact. After 30 some odd yearsI travel to Alberta every connect with Kevin Harris and his family I got to spend the last 11 months with my godfather helping him through this hard times and I cherished every moment I had with him may you rest in peace Uncle Ken you will forever be loved in my heart love your dewey



Michelle Schofield - July 29 at 01:23 PM



“ This was a great visit with my dad.



Valerie Wadden - July 28 at 03:42 PM



“ so sorry for your loss... I honestly hardly remember him except that I was always welcome in their home... never a question, always accepted and felt like I was welcome. All the best through the tough parts - M

Marie - July 29 at 12:34 AM