



Allen Charles Carey

July 30, 1952 - December 23, 2025

It is with deep sadness that we announce the passing of Allen Charles Carey on December 23, 2025, after a courageous and mighty battle with blood cancer. He leaves behind his beloved daughter, Ashley (equally beloved son-in-law Brendan), great friend and wife Maria, and the extra-special person he loved more than anything and who hung the moon: adoring grandson Orion. Allen defied so many clinical odds and was determined to stare down and face his terminal illness, which he did valiantly, and his family was grateful to enjoy unexpected time and laughs alongside the pain and the loss that accompanies such a horrible diagnosis. He was a quiet yet mischievous personality whose absence has left us shaken yet committed to honour his life in the fullest possible way.

Born on July 30, 1952, in Kentville, Allen largely grew up in the Halifax area surrounded by his many loving sisters and brothers. Any of the "old" families of Lower Sackville would have been acquainted with the legacy of the Careys. He was predeceased by his sweet mother, Jean Carey (nee Farris), and siblings Marion, Joyce, Jeannie, Robert and Sandy. He is missed fiercely by siblings Leone, Murray, Sylvia, Brian, Juanita, and Karen, as well as by a legion of nieces, nephews, and in-laws.

True to his nature, Allen wished for no service or memorial to mark his departure from this world, but tipping a beer or two with some kind memories -

and pizza - would be acceptable. Word on the street is that he was a dear and welcome fixture at the NS Rehabilitation Centre for most of the entire year and seven months of Allen's care, and the family would like to extend their heartfelt gratitude to the extraordinary team who made his unfortunate stay as comfortable (and entertaining!) as possible.

In recognition of the extraordinary care he received at NS Rehab and the VG Palliative Care Unit, donations in Allen's honour can be made to the QEII Health Sciences Centre Foundation at <https://my.qe2foundation.ca/donations>

Ashley says: "Dad was a very private man without ceremony, who came and went like the wind. I was privileged to have had my father in my life on a daily basis the past few years, especially so once his little buddy Orion came into the world. The two of them so closely allied in temperament, and bonded by love, I saw Dad's life redeemed and made whole in the eyes of his grandson. I can make peace with my father choosing to rest finally after an intense and grueling bout with cancer, but my heart will forever ache for the little boy who loved his grandfather unconditionally and will one day ask, 'Is that Granddad?' when he lifts his gaze to the twinkling night sky.

I will forever be imbued with a deep sense of respect for books and learning from my father, as he never had much opportunity for either in his youth. Through him, I would go on to nerd out on the likes of Star Trek, cryptozoology, and Agatha Christie novels. Dad would watch me play Final Fantasy ('You have three on one and you're still losing?'), rock out equally with as much zest over electronic dance music and Gregorian chanting ('I LOVE this song!'), and together we came up with the cheesiest mixed-up phrases that we alone found funny ('Don't shoot yourself in the foot to spite your face,'; 'Absence is golden,'; and the always self-explanatory, 'What's in it for me?'). Perhaps someday I will do the New York Times crosswords justice, as Dad had an uncanny and envious recall for words and worldly knowledge.

Wherever possible, with Dad's guiding light, I will avail myself of the chances he never got to take, as fortune always favours the bold. 'Trust me.'

Dad, it was an honour to fight by your side. I will always be your champion. You are my life and my heart."

Thank you to everyone who participated in Ashley's ultimate mission to remind Allen how much he was loved. Extra special thanks to lifelong friend Jimmy Sheppard, Rehab mate Jim Green of Antigonish, as well as to social worker Laurie W.

Tribute Wall

SB

“ Allen was the baby boy, of our family.and we all loved him very much. I remember when he was little, we had a dog we thought was a boy and named Laddie but later found out different, when SHE became pregnant. We kept one of the pups,, and when we told Allen that we were naming it Lucky. Allen who always pronounced his L's as R's, said oh yeah another name I can't say, Rucky, same as Raddie. We never let him forget the great laugh we had over that. Allen, I never will stop missing and loving you my sweet little red haired brother That red hair was something we shared. We were the only red heads in the family. Until we meet again, and we will neet again. Fly high sweet soul!!!

Sylvia Carey Blackburn - January 08 at 07:33 PM

RK

Rest well old friend we will miss you around the burn barrel at the old camp

Rob Keddy - January 09 at 08:32 AM

MH

My thoughts and prayers are with you Ashley, Brendan and Orion and the rest of his family. I'm sure Allen is up there having a beer with his Dad. Sandy and Bobby. He is now at peace and not suffering any more. Please accept my condolences 🌸

Margie Hanson - January 09 at 03:57 PM

WL

*I remember Allen fondly as young adults in our twenties. Oh the good times.
Rest easy dear friend. Condolences to the family*

Wendy Lindsay - January 09 at 06:00 PM

DL

We had lots of good memories at the legion. Rest in peace buddy. Howard and Diane Leil

Diane Leil - January 09 at 08:56 PM

SR

He was such a nice person and ment a lot to everyone at the legion. Had the pleasure of calling him my friend. Condolences to all the family.

Shawna Reaney - January 09 at 09:15 PM