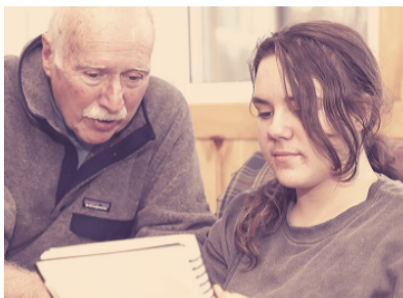


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Jim "Hurst" Hayhurst Founder of Trails

May 24, 1941 ~ February 29, 2020

*"That which we do for
ourselves dies with us...
that which we do for others
lives forever."*



I am deeply saddened to inform you that Jim 'Hurst' Hayhurst passed away on the afternoon of February 29th 2020, just before his 79th birthday, and Trails' 29th year. As many of you know, Hurst had been suffering from a severely debilitating chronic pain disorder. We are relieved that his passing was peaceful, at home, with his family and devoted dog, Scout, by his side.

Hurst was at his best when he was helping others be at their best. He was a true 'wagon master'—listening and helping others achieve their dreams. He believed if one person's life was a little better because he wandered through, he would be a success. And a success he was.

He is survived by his three children, seven grandchildren and more than 500 of his Trails children. We will miss his presence immensely, but know that his legacy will live on, for as Thomas Campbell said, "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Of Hurst's many accomplishments—CEO/Chairman of Hayhurst Advertising, Founder of The Right Mountain and The Hayhurst Career Centre, Chairman of Outward Bound Canada, international best-selling author and inspirational speaker, author of *Blazing Trails*, *Changing Lives*—his greatest achievement was as Founding Chair of Trails Youth Initiatives.

Trails came to life with his son, Jimmy, and their team of committed supporters, staff and families. But it grew and prospered as a result of Hurst's indomitable will, his personal passion to create this space for our community, and his tireless fundraising efforts to keep it running. It will come as no surprise that he requested contributions be made in his name to Trails—and was working with donors, new and old, to the very end on our behalf. He has also bequeathed a six-figure donation towards the Vision Fund, which will support our Four Seasons, Four Years, For Life programme. His dream to make systemic change and remove barriers for vulnerable youth will live on.

A feature obituary has been commissioned by the Globe and Mail recognizing his outstanding contributions to Canada; we will let you know via social media when it runs. A life so beautifully lived deserves to be beautifully remembered.

We will miss Hurst, but perhaps most of all, we'll miss his hugs.

Mel

Mel Millward | President | [Trails Youth Initiatives](#) | 905 836 0100 | [Donate](#) | Charity #13505 0755 RR0001 | [Recognized as one of Maclean's Best Canadian Charities 2020](#)

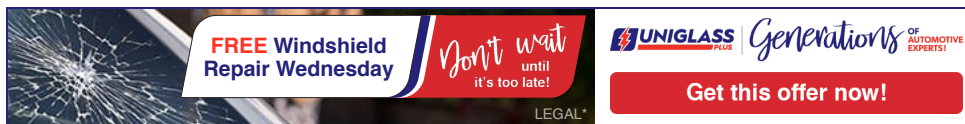


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Jim HAYHURST



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JIM HAYHURST SR. Jim (Hurst/Dippy), son of Jean and Palmer Hayhurst, passed away February 29, 2020 at his farm near Collingwood, Ontario, surrounded by his children Cindy (Cid), Jim Jr. (Jimmy) and Barb (Boo), and his loyal dog, Scout. He spent his final days telling stories and sharing advice with his seven grandchildren (Ben, Statten, Quinn, Cameron, Tatum, Griffen, and PJ); supported by his kids-in-law Scott Hanson, Beth Hayhurst and Paddy Flynn; and remembering old times with his brothers George and Doug, plus countless friends who visited, called and wrote. Jim never had a bucket list because "My life has been the most incredible series of people and adventures. Even I wouldn't have come up with that list." In 1969, Jim caused an international incident by photographing Russians drinking Alberta Vodka in Red Square for an ad campaign. He devised infamous strategies at PC leadership races, including John Crosbie's ill-fated blimp. He was part of the tiny but mighty Arctic Trading Company when they beat LL Bean and Neiman Marcus for "Global Catalogue of the Year." He invested in first-time entrepreneurs, often women, including the Kettle Creek Canvas Company and [Smith & Jamieson Tea](#). Through the 1970s and '80s, Jim and his team built Hayhurst Advertising into one of the top agencies in Canada, acquiring options to buy firms in 28 countries before selling to Saatchi & Saatchi in 1985. Too young to retire, he committed himself to making a difference. He was the Chairman of Outward Bound Canada. He created the Hayhurst Career Centre, helping hundreds of people articulate their goals and achieve professional success. His "Wagon Master" metaphor captured his character better than any other title. In 1988, he and Jimmy were members of the Canadian Everest Expedition, an experience that became a speech and best-selling book, *The Right*



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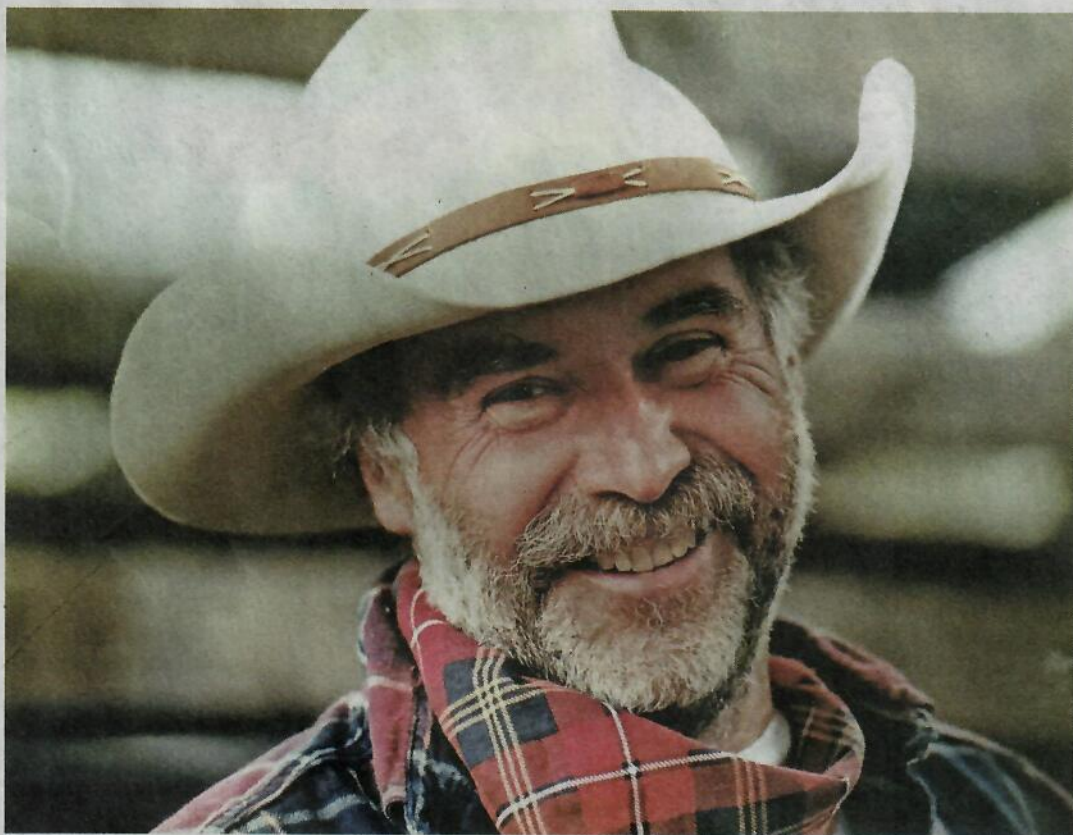
Mountain. Four years later, they co-founded Trails Youth Initiatives (Trails), an award-winning outdoor-based program that sees nearly 100% of its at-risk youth graduates complete post-secondary education. Trails was his last great love and he wanted everyone to know about it. He gave the best hugs - and always to those who needed them most - whether they were an inner-city kid wanting to give up or a Bay Street CEO wanting to give back. He did both in his final days. Jim gave everyone nicknames and was adored by all who knew him. He was Canada Post's favourite stop, every executive assistant's favourite phone call and a trusted confidante to his kids' friends - and friends' kids. Perhaps Boo put it best when she said, "He's not glass half-full. He's glass always-filling." He loved sharing his special places. The Funny Farm (where he and Swebbs welcomed many a "broken wing"), ski chalets (chaperoning kids' parties with scotch and a novel), Naples, Caledon Mountain Trout Club, Toronto Golf, Olde Florida, and his beloved cottage on Smoke Lake, Algonquin Park where an evening of fishing always included Doritos, drinks in peanut butter jars, funny hats - and hopefully a "Wall Fish" caught on a fly rod. His friends were eclectic - the CEO of a Fortune 500 company, a cowboy, an ex-con - but they all passed Jim's litmus test: "Be interesting and interested". They were loyal but they challenged him. They didn't shy away from saying "I love you." Above all else - business, philanthropy, friendships, adventures - Jim was most proud of his children and grandchildren. He took Cid ("Cindy Lou Who") to PC leadership conventions; shared a passion for horses and writing; and was a fixture in his fur coat and hat at Bennamin, Rooney and Whiff's ski races. He taught Jimmy ("Dimmy") about public speaking; explored the Arctic together on March Breaks; and cheered Stat Man, Quinnamon and Taters at their rugby and basketball games. He took Boo ("Lambchop") fly-fishing in the UK; never left her side as she battled flesh-eating disease; and loved watching Wilbur play hockey (and remind his grandfather to remove his hat when entering the Osler Brook clubhouse). Thanks to Drs. John Clifford and Chantal Perrot, Dying With Dignity and Canada's evolving M.A.I.D. legislation, Jim left on his own terms. In life he taught us how to live. In death he taught us how to die. If you are so inclined, please remember Trails Youth Initiatives with a donation to their Vision Fund, or with a bequest in your will, as he did. A celebration of life will take place in early May in Collingwood. Friends may visit Jim's Book of Memories at www.fawcettfuneralhomes.com

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JIM HAYHURST

ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE, 78

LEGENDARY ADMAN STARTED A CHARITY TO HELP AT-RISK YOUTH



Jim Hayhurst set up Trails Youth Initiatives in the hopes of having a big impact on at-risk youth. He and his son leased 143 acres of conservation authority property 45 minutes from Toronto and set up a four-year program that would take in 20 new young people a year. JOEY WALKER

After selling his ad agency, he built Trails Youth Initiatives to help teach and motivate young people through outdoor education

In his final days, at his farm in Collingwood, Ont., Jim Hayhurst made sure that in addition to time with his three adult children, he set aside sessions for one-on-one conversations with each of his seven grandchildren.

All of them, ranging in age from 10 to 21, were heartbroken. Their grandfather, or "Dippy" as they called him, looked like many 78-year-old men. He didn't look like a man who was about to die.

But Mr. Hayhurst, a legendary adman from the 1980s, whose greatest legacy was his work later in his career helping at-risk youth through Trails Youth Initiatives, had made a decision. He wanted medical assistance in dying (MAID). For the past 22 years, he had suffered from peripheral neuropathy in his feet, a painful condition that made everyday living difficult. He had searched the world for help. The only solution was painkillers – morphine and oxycodone. In recent years, the constant medication had increased his risk of heart failure and other problems.

The date of his death was Feb. 29. The extra day in the leap year was "a perfect date," Mr. Hayhurst had explained in the weeks before. "I told my kids, 'You'll only have to think of me every four years,'" he joked.

Mr. Hayhurst was an avuncular raconteur – always ready with a funny line, an inspirational quote, an anecdote or story to illustrate his state of mind and his philosophy of life.

To each grandchild, he gave thoughtful items by which to remember him.

Each item told a story. A rock from Mount Everest was a reminder of his failed ascent in 1988 at 47, the oldest member of the Canadian expedition. He later turned the story into a bestselling business book, *The Right Mountain: Lessons From Everest on the Real Meaning of Success*, encouraging people to define achievement on their own terms. Another gift was a baseball mitt from the 1950s, which came with a jar of bear grease – a reminder of his passion for cowboy lore.

He also wrote a personal letter of love and encouragement to each to be read after his death.

"Right until the end, he was focused on young people, so keenly aware that this was our most important task," says his son, Jim Hayhurst Jr., with whom he co-founded Trails Youth Initiatives in 1992. "He couldn't stop teaching, clarifying, motivating and saying, 'You can do this!'"

Born May 24, 1941, the eldest of three boys to Jean and Palmer Hayhurst in an upper-middle-class family in Toronto, he liked to recall that he was a near-failure as a student at Upper Canada College. A guidance counsellor told him he wouldn't amount to much and suggested he skip university. But he got into the University of Western Ontario, found a subject he liked – marketing – and graduated with straight As, awards and fellowships.

He was working as a "brand man" at Procter & Gamble in 1964 when he married Sue Ebbs, a granddaughter of Taylor Statten, who started private summer camps in Algonquin Park in the 1920s. (They divorced in 1998.)

He soon joined the family firm, an advertising agency, F.H. Hayhurst, founded by his father and named for his grandfather, Frederick, in 1928. After five years as an account director, he told his father that he needed a bigger challenge and wanted to buy out his two brothers.

A deal was struck. For the next five years, he worked on the accounts without telling anyone he had bought the business. "If I had told anyone that a young guy of 30 had bought the place, people would have left," he said during an interview prior to his death.

In 15 years, he built the agency from its position as

22nd in Canada to be among the top five, selling it in 1985 to Saatchi & Saatchi PLC, for more than \$6-million when he recognized that globalization of accounts would hurt local agencies like his.

What came next was harder to figure out.

Always a supporter of outdoor life and education, he became chairman of Outward Bound Canada. He started the Hayhurst Career Centre, calling himself "the Wag-on Master" (another reference to his love of cowboy life) as he led clients to their next professional adventure.

Still, he was searching for greater purpose.

Then came a spark of inspiration. One summer, he brought five African-American boys from the Children's Storefront School, in the Harlem neighbourhood of New York, to Algonquin Park. He taught them to fish and other outdoor skills. "They got their sense of confidence back," he recalled. "And I realized that I am at my best when I'm helping others be their best."

He and Jim Jr. set up Trails Youth Initiatives after researching other programs for at-risk youth. "His big insight was too many programs take in a big number of kids, sprinkle pixie dust on them and send them back," Jim Jr. explains. "Those initiatives had a small impact on many. He wanted to have a big impact on a few."

They leased 143 acres of conservation authority property 45 minutes from Toronto and set up a four-year program that would take in 20 new young people a year from inner-city schools. They acquire high-school credits and spend two weeks in residence every summer as well as weekends.

He invested his own money. And he knocked on the doors of his Bay Street friends to get private funding. Over the years, he raised close to \$40-million.

"Many business people get involved in charitable endeavours because it's expected," says Jack Cockwell, chairman of Brookfield Partners Foundation, who supports Trails. "Jim did it through passion."

Along the way, he transformed lives.

"He was my dad in many ways," explains Warren Clarke, who first went to Trails Youth Initiatives when he was 11. Now 38, he is a PhD candidate in sociol-

ogy at Ottawa's Carleton University. "I wouldn't be where I am today without Hurst. He and Jimmy [Hayhurst Jr.] came back into my life, later after I had left the camp, when I got myself into trouble. I will never forget that. Hurst never turned his back on me."

Mr. Hayhurst was drawn to people in need. He met Rick Osborne, a 44-year-old self-described "tattoo monster" who had spent 25 years in prison for armed robbery as part of the Outlaw biker gang. His parole officer warned Mr. Hayhurst not to hire him. But he had a feeling about him when they met and hired him anyway as a groundskeeper at Trails. When he was short of money, Mr. Hayhurst would come up with more jobs for him to do. "He's the kind of guy who listens," says Mr. Osborne, who now runs his own programs for youth, Truth for Teens and Ozzie's Garage, in Port Colborne, Ont. "Jim taught me to love the one who is standing in front of you."

As word spread that Mr. Hayhurst had chosen MAID, his children heard stories he had never told them. When a friend of one of his daughters couldn't pay her tuition at Queen's University because her parents had recently divorced, Mr. Hayhurst drove to the university to pay it.

"I have had a magnificent time, a great life," he told *The Globe* in the weeks before his death. "This decision is not about courage, as many think. It's about defiance. I need to control my own destiny."

Jim Hayhurst leaves his three children, Cindy, Jim and Barb, and seven grandchildren.

Special to The Globe and Mail



I have had a magnificent time, a great life. This decision is not about courage, as many think. It's about defiance.

JIM HAYHURST