

REST IN PEACE

Edward Gerard Hughes

6-3-1928-12-24-2020



Eddie Hughes passed away peacefully on December 24, 2020 surrounded by his loving family. He was born in County Armagh, Northern Ireland on June 3, 1938. At the age of 19, he left Ireland and went to Montreal, Canada where he resided with his aunt and uncle. Two years later he moved to California. While there, he was drafted into the U.S. Army. During the Korean War he was deployed to Korea where he was a medic. He was awarded the bronze star.

On New Year's in 1953, he met Kathy, his future wife, at an Irish dance in San Francisco. They had a lot of fun dancing that night, and continued all types of dancing for many years, including square dancing.

Eddie was very musical. He started playing the fiddle when he was five years old. The music teacher told his mother not to bother with giving him music lessons because he could hear a tune played once and then play it back. He continued to love playing his fiddle until his final days which brought much pleasure to his friends and family.

Eddie and Kathy have been married for 65 years and have two daughters, Bonnie (Robin) and Peggy (Ron), three grandchildren, Caitlin (Ryan), Brian, and Alana, and one great granddaughter, Emma. He was a man of great warmth, always very kind, and generous. He was loved by all that met him. We have been truly blessed to have had him in our lives.



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REST IN PEACE

Thomas Edward Nolan

(12-19-1953 –12-31-2020)



Tom was the eighth of nine children born to Bijou Brinkop Nolan and John Joseph Nolan. He was named after two great men who were leaders in the community as well as dear friends of the family: Msgr. Thomas Blackwell, and Eddie Masterson. His father's heritage was Irish, the Nolans from Galway and the Dohertys from Donegal. They settled in McEwen and Nashville, Tennessee, moving to California in 1920. On his mother's side his great grandfather was Pierre Agoure, a French Basque shepherd and rancher in what is now Agoura, California. His great grandmother, Kate Steuart Smith, was born in the Bay Area, making Tom a fourth generation native Californian.

Born in Los Angeles, Tom learned Irish step dancing at the age of 5. Performing as the Nine Dancing Nolans, he and Maureen were the youngest, cutest, and the last two on stages like the LA Philharmonic and Disneyland, as well as featured with the Westchester Lariats. The family moved to Burbank for his school years, and he grew up playing baseball and riding horses with the California Rangers in Griffith Park. He graduated from St. Robert Bellarmine School and Burbank High. Tom's first job was at McDonald's, where he flipped hamburgers to earn money for a car.

USC is where Tom learned to scuba dive and developed a passion for marine biology. Time spent on USC research vessels and their Catalina lab prepared him for jobs at Marineland, Sea World and Sports Chalet. His adventurous attitude led him to Alaska for 2 years and New Mexico for 5 years, where he managed Resort Sports ski shop in Angel Fire. Upon returning to LA, Tom resumed riding as the USC mascot, Tommy Trojan, through the 1990s.

JPL was Tom's professional home for twenty-two years until he retired in January, 2020. He worked as an outreach educator and satellite operations engineer, including image processor for the Mars rover. Tom's love of sharing science with others took him around the world – Morocco, Malaysia, Australia, and to countless classrooms and here at home. He was awarded JPL's Community Service Award in 2019, for his ongoing efforts to excite the next generation of scientists.

Tom has filled his life with meaning, giving his all to every endeavor. He participated in Catholic ministries such as the LA Jail Choir, and St. Vincent de Paul Ranch Camp, worked at soup kitchens, and organized multi-denominational Earth Day seminars to stimulate good stewardship, following Pope Francis' encyclical, "Laudato Si."

One month after retiring, Tom was diagnosed with Stage 4 brain cancer. He was treated at City of Hope until December, when a cold led to pneumonia, and his compromised immune system couldn't fight it. He joins many family members in eternity, including his mother and father, Bijou and John, sisters Bebe and Shelley, brothers Jack and Mike, nephew, Phil Delurgio, and grandson, Henry Nolan. He is survived by his

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Brian Owen Welsh



It is with immeasurable sadness that we announce the passing of Brian Owen Welsh. Brian passed away peacefully at the age of 83 on December 12, 2020 in Weston, Connecticut with his wife and daughter at his side. Brian is survived by his wife Freda Welsh (née Doran) and daughter Carleigh Welsh; his brothers and sisters: Ned Welsh (Diane) Sue Welsh (Seamus O' Delaney) Tara Welsh, Brenda Welsh (Bill Feeney, deceased) and Kevin Welsh (Lynne); his nieces and nephews: Ned Michael Welsh, Christina Welsh (Jon Lee) Louise Welsh Dunlap (mother of Ned Michael and Christina) John Francis Estrada (Sandra Chavarria) Kieron Estrada (Charlyn Lynton-Estrada) Kelly Welsh, Kevin Patrick Welsh (Harmony) Katie Welsh (William Trujillo) Joe and Casey Welsh, Kealan and Marco Estrada, Edward, Jordan, Christian, and Alexander Welsh, Saoirse and Cianan Dwyer, Allie and Hailey Welsh, and Ciarán Estrada.

Brian will be missed and his memory treasured by his family, friends and the innumerable people whose lives he touched. Brian was born on May 1, 1937 in Manhattan, NY to Susan B. Swanton and Edward T. Welsh. He was acknowledged by all as his mother's "Ray of Sunshine". By the time Brian was a teenager, his mother and siblings had relocated to Los Angeles and formed "The Six Welsh Rarebits" who appeared on television and in numerous live performances of the Irish Jig and Song throughout Southern California, including the Coconut Grove on St. Patrick's Day and for JFK during his 1960 campaign. Brian graduated from Loyola High School in 1955 and a year later met his future wife Freda at a local Irish dance. As a son-in-law, Brian was devoted to his wife's parents Eileen and Peter Doran. Simply put: When Brian met Freda it was love at first sight. They were - and remain - inseparable. Their romance spanned the globe and decades, and made fairy tales and Hollywood musicals pale in comparison. Later, when he became a father, he was the most loving and incredible Daddy ever.

Brian's first career at Collier's (a division of Macmillan) was defined by his rising, star-setting record after record. He was unsurpassed as a salesman, then field manager, then regional manager. The position of National Trainer was created for him and with it he relocated with his family and in-laws to the East Coast. At a certain point, Brian knew he wanted to build things. He forged a new career as founder and CEO of Brian Custom Fencing, which reflected his love of design, drawing and his degree in engineering from LA City College.

Brian was an avid runner and completed two NYC Marathons and the second beat his personal record. Brian loved the dance floor and it loved him. There was no rug he could not cut. Brian loved the arts: music, dance, film, drawing, and photography. He was a gifted visual artist and a sensational cartoonist. He sported an alter ego known as "The Unknown Mustard" and had an utterly unique sense of humor. He was a singular and inveterate prankster. He loved to create and invent, to question, solve and think outside of the box. He loved travel but he could also transform any outing into an adventure. He wrote a number of songs, one of which - "I Want You Back" (which is about and dedicated to his beloved mother aka "Gigi")

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and “Sweet Sue”) made its live debut in 2019 at the Levitt Pavilion in Westport, CT performed by Gunsmoke.

Brian also loved to sing. His favorites included “Too Young” and “It’s a Lovely Day Today”. The latest song he was making his own was “I’ll Be Seeing You”. At the age of 78, he became the informal captain of his “Boxing for PD” club. Brian was still looking for someone who might be interested in sponsoring a silver fox middle-weight. A note on his Parkinson’s: Brian received his diagnosis circa 2006. He continued to work and remain active through the end of his life. He had an incredible team of doctors whom Brian treasured and who in turn admired his resolve and resilience.

Over the years, Brian’s many nicknames included “The Man of Action” and “Marathon Man” and most recently “Miracle Man”. Brian had a setback last September and he made an against-all-odds Herculean recovery. He was able to walk across his own threshold when he returned home this past February where he continued to stay safe and get stronger every day. Even on his last day with us, he was as vibrant as ever, enjoying life with a wit and mind that were both breathtakingly sharp. He’d come across this saying in the PD community that he thought bore repeating: “If you have met one person with Parkinson's, you've met one person with Parkinson's.” So, always remember to see the person, not their PD.

His adventures and achievements are legendary. Brian was lion-hearted, creative, brilliant, brave, generous, dashing, funny, compassionate and always an inspiration. His mentorship changed lives. He held his family dear. His love for his wife and daughter was monumental. Brian had plans for the holidays, the new year and beyond including but not limited to, writing a new song, submitting story pitches, shooting his next game of pool, and learning Spanish. And, as Brian would say: “Bye for now.”

Donations in Brian’s memory may be made to: The Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson’s Research online via the Tribute page: tribute.michaeljfox.org or mail Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson’s Research. A Celebration of Life will be held when it is safe for family and friends to gather.

Grief never ends,
but it changes. It’s not a passage,
not a place to stay. Grief is not a
sign of weakness, nor a lack of faith.

It is the price of love.

(tinybuddha.com)

Obituaries 2020

December

Anne Maudsley nee Dempsey

June 1940 -Dec 2020

Anne Maudsley passed away peacefully in Perth West Australia. Anne is preceded in death by her parents Tom and Sarah and her brother Tom (Torrance). She is survived by her husband Brian, daughters Sandra and Carol; siblings John (Covina), Mary, Patsy, Kathleen (England) sister-in-laws, brother in-laws, and many nieces, nephews and grandchildren.

May she Rest in Peace

WILLIAM A. SMITH

2/11/56 – 12/18/20



Bill Smith was born in Los Angeles to Bonnie and Bill Smith. They moved to the San Fernando Valley where “Billy” grew up in Sun Valley with siblings Bruce, Becky, and Brenda. He made lifelong friendships as a student of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary School and in the Irish community of Sun Valley.

Bill played football at St. Genevieve High School and studied art and photography at CSUN. He made his career in the newspaper industry, working for the Daily News for 41 years. He began in 1975 when the paper was called the Valley News and Green Sheet. Bill married high school sweetheart, Mary Lanphar, on January 15, 1983 at St. Patrick’s Church in North Hollywood. Along with their children, Colleen and Brian, they began their lives on Lullaby Lane, Stagg Street, and then Elmer Avenue before moving to Ventura, California.

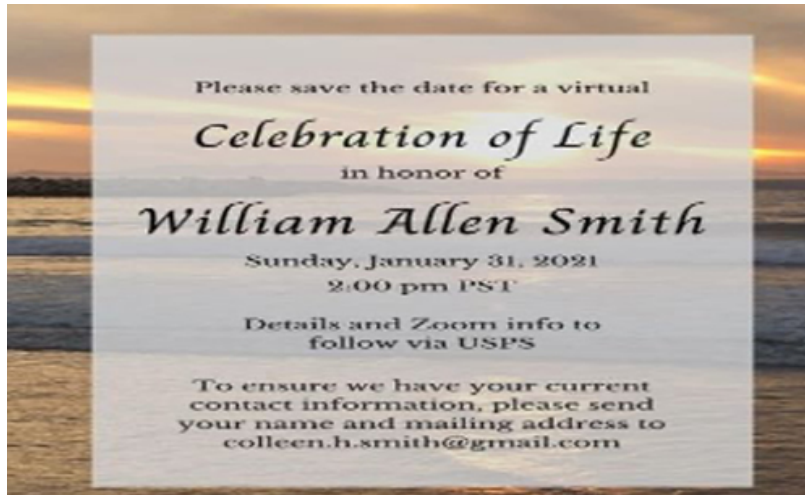
Bill took loving pride in his family, and the life they built together in San Buenaventura. He enjoyed their years exploring the city of Ventura, La Conchita, the Channel Islands, and Monterey.

William had several passions in life including music, art, film, photography, bicycling, sports, walking, sunsets, and the ocean. His work ethic, loyalty, gratitude, commitment, and integrity were admirable qualities. His unique personality, compelling

creativity, sense of humor, class and style were inspiring. He will forever be loved and missed.

William is survived by his wife, Mary; his mother, Bonita; his children, Colleen (partner Gaby and her daughter, Camilla) and Brian (wife, Judy); his sisters, Rebecca Litke and Brenda Blackwell; and many nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his father, William L. Smith, and brother, Bruce Smith.

Bill passed unexpectedly on December 18, 2020 of a heart attack in his beloved San Buenaventura.



May he have rest.

November

Nick I. Moran November 13, 1929 – November 2, 2020 Nick passed away peacefully at home with his family by his side. The celebration of his life has been postponed until next year when we can all gather together to celebrate.

He was born in the small hillside town of Jerome, Arizona to Isadore and Mae Moran. His dad was a safety officer in the copper mines so the family moved around a bit his first few years. They would eventually settle in Stockton, California after a short stint in Jackson, California. His dad was a teamster truck driver for Hobbs & Parsons produce and his mom was a housewife.

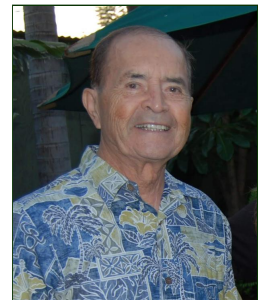
Nick graduated from Stockton High School class of 1948. He then went on to serve in the United States Navy from November 1950 and received an Honorable Discharge September 1954 with rank of Teleman Third Class. While in the Navy he served aboard the USS Corregidor and the USS Enoree. He went to several countries including Japan, Antarctica, and Korea. He had endless stories and slides to share with family and friends about his time in the Navy.

During that time, he frequently landed in port at the Brooklyn Naval yard. During one of those stops he met the love of his life Ita Healy at an Irish dance hall. They were married in Bronx, New York at the Church of the Holy Family, Castle Hill Ave, on September 25, 1954. For their honeymoon they traveled across country in their new black Buick to Stockton, California where they stayed a short time with his parents before settling down in Los Angeles.

He started college with a goal of becoming a civil engineer for the State Highway system. At the same time, he went to bartending school to become a bartender. He bartended at night and went to school during the day. While bartending he met several people that would bring their check in for him to cash. He wanted to know what they did because the checks were so large. They were IBEW Local 11 electricians. With that he changed careers and became an electrician.

Nick's true passion was his career with the IBEW. He was in the IBEW from 1958 – 2010. He was one of the few high voltage cable splicers in Local 11. One of his roles in the local was as an instructor of high voltage cable splicing. He would teach future splicers at night and work in the field during the day. After several years with Local 11 he transferred to Local 40. He worked for several years throughout the many motion picture studios in the area and loved telling everyone he was a "40 man". He also taught new apprentices while at Local 40.

In his free time, he was involved with the Knights of Columbus and the Ancient Order of Hibernians. He held many positions in the many years he was with both organizations. He also enjoyed traveling with his family. There were many trips to Mammoth Mountain to ski in the winter and Yosemite to hike in the summer. There were also trips to the beach for scuba diving and snorkeling. There wasn't much he wouldn't try at least once including skydiving. But the one place in the entire world that held his heart was Ireland. He would have moved there if he could have only convinced Ita! He had a large family and many close friends that made his trips so memorable. So memorable in fact that he requested his ashes be placed at the family cemetery in Newcastle, Athenry. The family plans on granting his request next summer.



Nick leaves behind his loving wife of 66 years Ita, daughters Cyndie and Kym, son in law Tony, grandchildren Brendan, Mathew, Tayler, Samantha and Cade and brother Oliver.

October

McNally, Sr. Alicia 1947 – 2020 Sister Alicia was born on March 30, 1947 in Monaghan, Ireland, the youngest of seven children. She came to California to enter the Sisters of St. Louis on September 8, 1964. Between 1968 and 1980 Alicia taught elementary school at St. Anthony Claret, Anaheim; Nativity, El Monte; St. Louis of France, La Puente; and St. Joseph, Long Beach. For the next ten years she worked in Ministry to the Handicapped. This solidified her passion of being a voice for the voiceless, and her commitment to serve those most in need of help. She spent another twenty years working in Assisted Care at Marycrest Manor Nursing Home. In 2014 Alicia responded to the need for help with the Assisted Care at Louisville Convent, where she continued to work up until about three weeks before her death.



Alicia was fondly known as “Speedy” – she was always active, running from one place to the next, except when she was working jigsaw puzzles! She was diagnosed with cancer on September 17. She was eager to start treatment and get through this illness, but God spared her the suffering and called her home on October 6. We are still reeling from the shock of how suddenly all has happened, and her dear family were not even aware of how seriously ill she was.

Alicia will be buried with her family in Ireland. May Alicia rest in peace and may all who mourn her loss be comforted and consoled.

Sr. Alicia's funeral was live-streamed at 11:00 am PDT, Friday, October 23, www.vimeo.com/stmel. Burial is in Ireland with her family. May she Rest in Peace.



Sr. Alicia on her recent birthday- March 2020

September

Dear Friends,

The fourth sibling of the Nine Dancing Nolans has died in his sleep, leaving Denise, Bill, Pat, Tom, and Maureen behind. I was seven years old when Mike was born, and remember fondly cuddling that darling blond and pink baby. At a young age he was so quick and clever that he could hold a conversation with anyone.

At 17, Mike patriotically volunteered to join the Navy, and served in Vietnam to help prevent its fall to Communism. He suffered from PTSD and Agent Orange poisoning for the rest of his 72 years.

However, he was still active in Burbank politics, being a gadfly to keep the City Council and Board of Education on their toes. The VA was supportive and helpful with his health problems, etc..

Because of the Corona Virus there is no service planned at this time. Please remember him in your prayers.

Requiescat in pace, Amen.

Denny Nolan

HAROLD JOSEPH DOLAN

(10-8-1936 – 9-24-2020)

Harold Joseph Dolan, born October 8, 1936, passed from this life September 24, 2020 leaving behind many wonderful memories. Born in Brooklyn, New York, he was the son of proud and hard-working Irish immigrants. Given the gift of Irish heritage, one is naturally obligated to shine and not waste the gift of life. Hal, as was known to his friends, was one of nine children. He was an altar boy at Good Shepherd Church and received excellent marks in school. As a teen, he worked at the railroad yards as a brakeman, he boxed as a Golden Glove featherweight, and he served up vanilla creme sodas behind the counter at the local five and dime. And did the girls swoon over this handsome freckled-face kid. He joined the Air Force National Guard in 1954, surviving a lucky crash-landing. He met the absolute love of his life Maggie (Lewis) on a double date. Slyly, he managed to convince Maggie's date that he could save him some gas if he took Maggie home. Two crazy kids madly in love in New York, it doesn't get any more romantic. Hal joined the New York Police Department and worked there for about a year and a half. California was hiring police officers, so Hal moved his wife and young son to Los Angeles, California in 1959, the land of oranges and grapefruits growing in every yard. He graduated from the LAPD Academy where he made life-long friends who were always there for him and his growing family. He began his police career as a patrolman, became a fingerprint expert, and eventually made Sergeant. Later, he was promoted to Detective Inspector Three. He and Maggie raised eight children. Life was not always easy, but they always tried their best with what they had. They taught their children the importance of loving and supporting friends and family.



Hal was a man of great generosity; his middle name may as well have been What Can I do for You? The City of Los Angeles chose to celebrate this man at a special LA City ceremony March 12, 1993 presenting Hal with a plaque and proclaiming him "...to be a man of high personal integrity and possessing an overwhelming sense of purpose and dedication." Hal donated time and money to many charities anonymously, and on occasion, took the lead. He served as Vice-president on the Board of Directors for the Center of Renewed Life, Chairman of fundraising efforts for the Holy Angels Fundraiser for the Deaf, as well as playing a significant supporting role with the Columban Fathers. What can I do? What do you need? Hal was always ready to help you out.

He and Maggie suffered a great loss when their son died at a young age to complications of diabetes. Years later, Hal was blindsided with the immeasurable loss of his wife Maggie, the love of his life. Hal carried this loss as grief as heavy as a millstone. The heaviness of losing his true love remained with him to the very end. Now, thank God, let's hope he's at peace and Maggie dusts off her dancing shoes because Sunflower is home. I'll leave you with Dad's signature salute:
I Love You

Due to COVID restrictions and respect for the health of family and friends, a memorial date has not been set, but you will be contacted when this has been decided.

August

Pete Hamill passes at 85: the heart and conscience of Irish New York

Irish American journalist Pete Hamill is remembered fondly by his friend Dermot McEvoy.

Dermot McEvoy

@IrishCentral

Aug 05, 2020

Journalist Pete Hamill, the son of Belfast immigrants, passed away in New York City this morning, August 5, 2020. He was 85.

*A note from Dermot McEvoy: I've interviewed Pete many times over the years and although Pete had been in failing health for years, the news still hit me hard. If it wasn't for Pete I would have never had a book published. But because of his generosity and a helpful blurb I was able to get my fantasy novel about Michael Collins, *Terrible Angel*, published. One of my proudest moments was when I spied a copy of the book on his bookshelves in his apartment on Walker Street. God speed, Pete, you will be missed.*



The following is an excerpt from Dermot McEvoy's new book, "Real Irish New York," published by Skyhorse:

The one thing that strikes you about Pete Hamill when you read his writings or get to know him personally, is his profound sense of decency. It had to come from his parents, Billy Hamill and Anne Devlin. Anne was born in New York but returned to Belfast as a child. "Once [my grandfather] had his second child," Hamill told me, "my mother and her brother, he decided he couldn't live in Belfast as a Catholic. He had seen the world and he wanted to live—where else would you live?—in New York where nobody is going to say, 'what are you?'; 'what church do you go to?' So he came to New York when my mother was a little girl. She was five when he got killed in an accident falling off a ship in Brooklyn." Young Anne returned to Belfast to be brought up by relatives. She would return to New York in 1929 with an omen ringing in her ears—it was the day the stock market crashed.

Billy père was born in Belfast, and was a member of Sinn Féin. After a British soldier was blown up, according to Pete, "he went on the lam to Liverpool, and from Liverpool he came here." Soon after arriving in America, Billy lost a leg in a football accident. Despite his handicap, he worked hard to support his wife and seven children. In 1933 Anne and Billy would meet and marry the next year. Pete was born in 1935.

Mother Anne had a great influence on the way the young Hamill learned to think. "I remember once we went to Times Square from Brooklyn," Hamill told me, "because my brother Tom and I loved going to visit the Normandie [sunk in the north river by fire in 1942], which was on its side. Each time we got there, there was less of it because they were dismantling it. We were on our way there from Times Square and we passed what we called in those days a 'bum'—he would now be called homeless—and

he had a cup and he was begging, and my brother Tommy and I made some remarks about a 'bum.' And I must have been nine and Tommy was 7 and she got furious and said, 'don't you ever look down on anybody unless you're giving them a hand to get up.' I don't think she was a saint. I think it was that whole generation of Irishmen and Jews and Italians and everybody in this town who felt you don't look down on people. Help them because if you don't help them who the fuck is going to help them? And it stayed with me all my life."

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The Writer as Mensch

In contrast to Breslin, you have Hamill, a mensch of a man, as they say at the corner saloon. Like many of the people they wrote about, both Breslin and Hamill came out of poverty, but Hamill was not tainted by it. His brother Denis, also a writer, perhaps put it best, "Poverty was not a sin." Pete is honest in his progress as a man. His relationship with Robert Kennedy was remarkable and, in a way, tragic because he sent him a letter that convinced Kennedy to run for President. He was there when RFK was murdered and said he made a "terrible mistake as a journalist."

"Pete's a complicated man as well," said Steve McCarthy, one of the director/producers of the HBO documentary "Breslin and Hamill: Deadline Artists." "His stories about stickball and bars in Park Slope reminded me of my own childhood in Bay Ridge," McCarthy told me when the documentary premiered. "We weren't wealthy but had food to eat and clean clothes. And, our parents valued education. Pete's relationship with RFK had a major conflict in it. He, like many progressive Irish-Americans, fell in love with the Kennedys. They saw that this dynasty proved the Irish made it in America. They also saw how they didn't forget where they came from. Instead of kicking the next guy coming up the ladder they extended a hand to help bring them up. The fact that both Pete and Jimmy were right there when RFK was shot is amazing. It makes for one of the most interesting parts of the film."

Jimmy Wechsler Gives Hamill a Break

Until he was 25 Hamill made his living as a graphic artist. He wrote a letter to James Wechsler, editor of the New York Post, lamenting the lack of "working class" journalists at the paper. Wechsler invited Hamill to come in for a tryout—and the rest is history.

Hamill knows that in today's world he couldn't get inside the front door without the sheepskin. "I think that goes back to this immigrant mentality," he told me, "that this is America and you can do anything. And I believed it! Today, in my case, with two years of high school, it's not that you'd wouldn't get to the editor, you'd never get past the personnel directors, who are making decisions based on resumes, which is insane. Jimmy Wechsler was a great man. He made my life possible."

By the mid-'60s he was a columnist and that led to him writing books. His first novel was *A Killing for Christ* about an assassination plot on the Pope. He soon had a book of his collected columns called *Irrational Ravings*. Ironically, the title was suggested by then-Vice President and media basher and Nixon hatchet man Spiro T. (Nolo Contendere) Agnew, who had held up a Hamill column and exclaimed, "Listen to these irrational ravings!" Thanks, Spiro.

New York Is the Star of Hamill's Books

Many of Hamill's novels have New York at the center of the plot. *Forever*, *Snow in August*, *North River*, and *Tabloid City* are all located in New York. Once again, Anne Devlin was the great influence. "I think it goes back to the way I grew up," said Hamill. "My father couldn't move around New York because he only had one leg. So we knew New York—when I say New York I mean Manhattan because we were living in Brooklyn—we knew because our mother took us by the hand. When I say 'we' I mean me and my brother Tommy. She would take these two kids and show them and explain what Trinity Church was and that there were people called 'Protestants,'" said Hamill with a laugh. "She never made comments making fun of anybody like that. So she would take us around to Chinatown and the west side piers because her father had worked for the Cunard Lines." I asked him about his urge to write fiction. "Before me and Jimmy [Breslin] there was very little tradition of American journalists writing novels. The instinct to make fiction was always there, even after I started to have some successes at journalism."

He also has written nonfiction books that go in different directions, *Why Sinatra Matters* about Old Blue Eyes and *A Drinking Life*, a memoir of the young Hamill and his battle with drink. *A Drinking Life* has become an inspiration to many battling alcoholism and the book tells us a lot about the young Hamill and the maturation process that went into Pete's life. *A Drinking Life* is autobiography from afar because it traces Hamill's life only until the time of his great alcoholic quenching, stopping in 1973. "It's the kind of book about drinking that you can give a friend with the problem," Hamill told me when I interviewed him for *Publishers Weekly* when the book came out. "It's not saying: 'For Chrissakes why don't you get with the program?' Here' a guy talking honestly about it, as straight as he can, about facing your life. How do you want to live? Do you want to get old, or do you want to die?'"

"One of the things I didn't want to do with the book," Hamill continued, "was to make it into a sermon. I was saying, 'this is how you begin to get into the culture of drinking.' Because I think it is, in a sociological sense, a culture. What I have come to learn is that you can't solve something like a drinking problem or a drug problem without examining the entire life."

Hamill stopped drinking on his own. For him, there was no Betty Ford Clinic, AA meetings, or, as the Irish put it, "whiskey school." "Somehow I knew that if I went to encounter groups, or to 12-steps, or to a shrink, or whatever, no matter what, I had to do it. It's all up to you in the end, it's your will that's involved and our determination. It wasn't a conscious thing: 'I will not go to AA.' I just said I'm going to stop.

"And I then began to use what I had," he continued, "I was a writer. I began to keep a journal in which I tried to analyze the problem, which was the equivalent of standing up in front of a group. There were things I couldn't figure out, or I thought I'd figured out, and didn't realize until much later that I was wrong. But it ended up a benefit. I ended up kicking this thing. "After the first year," Hamill emphasized, "you get a point where you say, 'Jesus Christ, I can't even think about doing it again.' The first year was far and away the hardest, the first six months in particular."

Hamill, begrudgingly, even gives thanks to Lord Mountbatten—of all people—in inspiring him to stay on the wagon. "I remember a party in London where the guest of honor was Lord Mountbatten and the only other Irish person in the place was Edna O'Brien. It was one of these long, formal dinner tables with Mountbatten in the middle. And Mountbatten starts telling jokes.

He's one of the most boorish people I've ever met. And he starts to tell Irish jokes. And he starts to tell Irish drunk jokes. And at one point I lean back like this, and Edna leans back like this and looks at me and we laughed. He had no idea. To him, I was a Yank and Edna O'Brien was someone who lived in London. But I did have a feeling: I'll never give these bastards the satisfaction of getting drunk in front of them." I asked him if he sees any connection between writing and drinking. "I think newspaper writers and drunks share a similar need for the instant reward. You're attracted to the newspaper because your story will be in the paper tomorrow. Sometimes that night. You finish, you go to the bar, the first edition comes in and there it is. You get the instant kickback. You get the same thing with drinking."

"My feeling was that if I was going to be any kind of a writer, it was going to take me a long time. I'd probably have to wait until my 50s to write my best stuff. Maybe 60s. But I couldn't do it unless I could remember. Writers are rememberers or they're nothing. And that remembering means remembering the pain and the grief and lousiness along with all the joys and triumphs and everything else."

Hamill—Irish Ladies' Man

Steve McCarthy and his partners in Breslin and Hamill: Deadline Artists dared to go where many fear to tread—Pete Hamill's famous love life. He's had dalliances with Jacqueline Onassis and Shirley MacLaine. (For the record, I once saw Pete in the Lion's Head one night with Mary Tyler Moore—not bad for a kid from Park Slope, Brooklyn!) So, how did McCarthy do it? "As talented and handsome as Pete is, he is also modest. He did not boast about the glamorous women he went out with. He actually didn't tell us much. When we asked him if he loved Jackie Onassis he replied: 'I'd really agree with Garcia Marquez who said once, that everybody's got three lives—a public life, a private life, and a secret life. Private life is by invitation only. A secret life is nobody's business.'"

One of the highlights of the film is Breslin commenting on the love life of Hamill in a column, no less. "One of the funniest parts of the film," says McCarthy, "was when Jimmy wrote a column about Pete going out with Jackie O and Shirley MacLaine at the same time. Shirley hit the roof, Jackie O laughed, and Pete was pissed off. He called Jimmy about it and Jimmy said, "I needed it" —meaning he needed something for a column that day." Another funny Breslin-Hamill encounter was when Breslin said that the Son of Sam wrote so well he thought "Hamill wrote it!"

Read more about it in "Real Irish New York," which is available in hardcover and Kindle from [Amazon](#).

IrishCentral Book Club

Looking for Irish book recommendations or to meet with others who share your love for Irish literature? Join IrishCentral's Book Club on Facebook and enjoy our book-loving community.

* Dermot McEvoy is the author of the recently published "Real Irish New York: A Rogue's Gallery of Fenians, Tough Women, Holy Men, Blasphemers, Jesters, and a Gang of Other Colorful Characters." He is also the author of "The 13th Apostle: A Novel of Michael Collins," and the "Irish Uprising and Our Lady of Greenwich Village," both now available in paperback, Kindle, and audio from Skyhorse Publishing. He may be reached at dermotmcevoy50@gmail.com. Stay up-to-date on his [website](#) and [Facebook page](#). Related: [Irish American](#), [New York](#)

John Hume, Nobel Laureate for Work in Northern Ireland, Dies at 83

The politician's campaign for peace was seen as a driving force behind an end to 25 years of sectarian conflict in the territory.



John Hume, second from right, and the Northern Irish Protestant leader David Trimble, second from left, in Oslo in 1998. Credit... John Eeg/Associated Press

By Alan Cowell

Aug. 3, 2020 (New York Times)

John Hume, a moderate Roman Catholic politician who was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his dogged and ultimately successful campaign to end decades of bloodshed in his native Northern Ireland, died on Monday in the northern city of Derry. He was 83.

His death, at a nursing home, was announced by his family in a statement, which did not give the cause, though his wife, Pat Hume, had earlier acknowledged that he was struggling with dementia. "It seems particularly apt for these strange and fearful days to remember the phrase that gave hope to John and so many of us through dark times: We shall overcome," his family said.

Mr. Hume, a former French teacher who was known for a sharp wit but rarely for rhetorical flourishes, rose from hardscrabble beginnings to become the longtime leader of the Social Democratic and Labour Party and a towering figure in the grinding and oft-thwarted drive to end 25 years of "The Troubles," as Northern Ireland's strife was known.

In his campaign for peace, inspired by the example of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., he employed a winning combination of public exhortation against the violence of the Irish Republican Army and secret diplomacy with its political leadership, sitting down for talks in his modest rowhouse over coffee. Deftly and persistently he enlisted the White House to help him reach his goal.

His efforts were recognized when he shared the Nobel with the Protestant leader David Trimble in 1998, the year of the Good Friday peace agreement, which crowned his commitment to ending the unrest that had claimed more than 3,000 lives.

A television poll in the Irish Republic in 2010 proclaimed Mr. Hume "Ireland's Greatest," ahead of prominent contenders like the rock star Bono. In 2012, Pope Benedict XVI awarded him a papal knighthood.

Paradoxically, in bringing more radical Roman Catholic figures to the negotiating table — notably Gerry Adams, the head of the I.R.A.'s political wing — Mr. Hume undermined his own party's appeal to voters. Battling poor health, he resigned in 2001 as leader of the Social Democratic and Labour Party, which he had led since 1979, without enjoying the high office that might normally reward an architect of historic change.



Mr. Hume, right, receiving the Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo in 1998 from Francis Sejersted, chairman of the peace prize committee. Credit...Pool photo by Bjoern Sigurdsoen

In 2004, he said he would no longer seek election to the European and British Parliaments, which he joined in 1979 and 1983, respectively. In late 2015, his wife, who was also his political manager, told the BBC that he was experiencing “severe difficulties” with dementia.

Throughout a career in Northern Ireland politics, in which finger-pointing and recrimination amplified a drumbeat of bombings and killings, Mr. Hume stood as a voice of reason, counseling against the cycles of bloodshed between the Protestant majority and the Roman Catholic minority.

“An eye for an eye leaves everyone blind,” he said, attributing the comment to Dr. King.

He argued instead for dialogue and reconciliation to still the furious conflict that pitted the I.R.A. against Protestant paramilitary groups and thousands of British Army soldiers. “We have to start spilling our sweat, not our blood,” he declared.

In the parlance of Northern Ireland, Mr. Hume was a “nationalist” whose dream of a reunited Ireland had no place for the violence embraced by “republicans” like the I.R.A., with its armed fighters and networks of financiers, bomb-makers and sympathizers in the region and in the United States. Rather, he foresaw a time when Northern Ireland’s divide would give way to peace and economic self-interest.

Mr. Hume was so concerned about multimillion-dollar funding for the I.R.A. by Irish Americans that he traveled frequently to Washington to convince American leaders, from President Jimmy Carter onward, that a majority of Northern Irish people rejected the I.R.A.’s violent methods. It was a message that culminated in a more active role in Northern Ireland adopted by President Bill Clinton.



In one of three of visits to the Clinton White House by Mr. Hume, Mr. Clinton lauded him as “Ireland’s most tireless champion for civil rights and its most eloquent spokesman for peace.” Back home, Mr. Hume had a parallel reputation as a man who did not suffer fools gladly.

“Question: What is the difference between John Hume and God?” one joke asked. “Answer: God doesn’t think he is John Hume.”

July

Anne Jane Finnerty Bates
January 2, 1936 – July 26, 2020



Anne Jane Bates (née Finnerty)
Tulsk, Roscommon

Anne Jane Finnerty "Annie-Jane" was born in Tulsk, Co. Roscommon, Ireland on January 2, 1936. As a child she petitioned her mother to change her birthdate to New Year's Day, because the 2nd felt "anti-climactic". At four she taught herself to read from Caesar's Gallic Wars. Her uncles were reading it to her, and she was anxious to find out more. Three things sprang from this: a lifelong love of history, reading, and a running joke about words she mispronounced as a child, because she worked them out phonetically, and missed. Pic-tur-ess-que-ee for picturesque, etc. She was a sickly kid who swore that playing football with the boys saved her life. As a teenager she rode her bike to school in Elphin rather than be sent to the convent school because she "...would die of loneliness." She read Shakespeare on her handlebars, claiming to know the potholes by heart. She was a character. She had a tremendous sense of humor, especially about herself.

At age 21 Anne and her brother Andy started their greatest adventure and moved from their beloved Ireland to Montreal, Canada to join her sister Bridget. Breege's two young boys, Fintan and Paul never failed to delight their Auntie. I liked to tease her and say that they were her first and favorite children. "The lads." She worked at Canadair, quickly rising to chief executive secretary (she met Chuck Yeager!), and was active in the Irish community. She loved theatre, ballroom dancing, bowling, Irish football and the beauty and cuisine of Montreal. When her Mother unexpectedly passed away in 1959, she decided to stay in Canada.

In 1965 Anne married and moved to the United States. She lived in Washington, Maryland, Georgia and California. Her home for over 40 years was Long Beach. There she raised her children, Shivaun and Aileen, and was active in Church, the Irish community (sensing a theme here), school, St. Mary's Hospice Auction and was even an extra once in Long Beach Grand Opera's production of Carmen. Anne learned to drive and to swim in her late forties. (I think Mom would like me to clarify that those events were unrelated.) She devoted herself tirelessly to advancing the health and success of her children. A great joy in her life was that her brother Andy, his wife Ann and their children Kevin and Sinead lived nearby. She always loved visiting with them and especially loved celebrating the holidays together.

In 2005 her daughter Aileen married, and Anne became mother-in-law to Steve. In 2008 Aileen and Steve provided her with a granddaughter and her favorite co-conspirator, Charlotte. Oh, what a pair. Anne was an indulgent and doting Grandma. Charlotte adored her and always will. They spent many hours together at Disneyland. Charlotte would like you to know that whenever we left Grandma on a bench, (while we waited in line) we would always come back to find her with a group of new friends she had adopted. "Oh Anne, I will go back to school!" "Anne, I think God told me to sit next to you today." She never met a stranger. She loved everyone and they reciprocated.

In 2010 Anne had several hospitalizations, nursing home stays and met an adoring throng of doctors and nurses who eventually successfully diagnosed her Parkinson's disease. They estimated that she had been suffering with it at least seven years already. This is a testament to her plucky, just power through it, approach to life. Parkinson's is a big umbrella disease,

and Anne got an oversized dose. Quickly she lost her ability to use her legs, developed severe speech problems and yet never lost her intellect or sense of humor. It is important to note that no matter how much her speech became impaired, Charlotte could always understand her. Anne lived for years in a home for the chronically ill. The staff there treated her like family, and she loved them all very much. Till the end she loved going out. If OCTA paratransit went there, Mom was game to go. Off to mass every Sunday at St. Irenaeus until the shutdown began. She was mad for Italian, Chinese and Mexican cuisine. Nothing stopped her from going out. It was pouring rain on our last outing before the Covid-19 shutdown, but Mom declared it "Just a soft day." She liked to dye her still very thick hair black and was never seen without a bit of lipstick and her nails painted. She spent 63 years away from Ireland but never forgot her country, family and friends she loved so much. Thankfully they never forgot her either. A card or letter was cause for celebration. If you visited Mom over the years, you know what joy you brought her. You could rely on hearing a story about or news from home every day.

She survived so many things and with great courage and love. On July 22 she showed symptoms of and tested positive for Covid-19. On July 26, 2020 she passed away In a nursing home in Upland, CA. She had contracted the virus from an asymptomatic caregiver. Mom would like you to all wear masks and think of others. Stay home if you can. Aileen, Steve and Charlotte would like to extend their love and thanks to her caregivers, the staff at the nursing home and the hospice team that were at her side till the very end.

Anne leaves behind more friends and family than we can name here, but we will try. If I miss you in this list, I apologize. We are a huge family.

Anne is preceded in death by: Her parents: John Thomas and Anne (Flynn) Finnerty, her brothers and sisters and their spouses: Michael and Phyllis Finnerty, Peter and Josephine Finnerty, Mary and Lou Ruocco, Bridget and Brendan McCabe, John Finnerty, James Finnerty, Patrick Finnerty, Andrew Finnerty, brother-in-law Augustine Fagan and her niece and nephews: Anne, Gerard and Michéal Finnerty.

Anne is survived by: Her husband Philip and daughter Shivaun Bates. Her daughter Aileen, son-in-law Stephen and Granddaughter Charlotte Joines. Her sister Carmel Finnerty Fagan and sisters-in-law Ann McPaul Finnerty and Ann (Babs) Flanagan Finnerty. Her nieces and nephews: Paul (her Godchild) and Fintan McCabe, Sinead (her Godchild) and Jason Pyne, Kevin and Katy Finnerty, Andrew and Adrienne Finnerty, Mary and Patrick Carton, Martina and Tom Keating, Maureen and Dan Frink, Vincent and Claire Finnerty, Kevin and Teresa Finnerty, Mary and Sean Tuohy, Oliver and Barbara Finnerty, Carmel Finnerty, Noel and Margaret Finnerty, Pascal Finnerty, Therese Campbell, Kieran Finnerty, Peter Finnerty, Jarlath Finnerty, Colm and Bernadette Finnerty, Imelda and Thomas Larkin, Finbarr and Natalia Finnerty, Dermott and Eithne Finnerty, Kieran Finnerty, Margaret Pauline Finnerty and Rüdiger Lenort, and Barbara and Kenneth McAuley...and all their wonderful children! Countless friends, especially the Lane, Dufficy, Noone, Harris, Devine, D'Arcy, Joines, Beirne, McGlynn, Higginbotham and Gingras families.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a hanam.

May

Brendan Bowyer (facebook)



It is with deep sadness and regret that we announce the passing of Brendan Bowyer, Ireland's most beloved International entertainer for 62 years. Brendan passed away peacefully in Las Vegas on the late evening of May 28, 2020. He was surrounded by the unending love of his wife of 53 years, Stella, his three children, Brendan Jr., Aisling, Clodagh, and his two grandchildren, Liam & Nora Stella. Brendan was hoping to get back to his homeland, Ireland, one last time. He was 81 years old.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES BRENDAN

IN LOVING MEMORY OF DOUGLAS H. DEEMS JOIN US IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST MULTIPLE MYELOMA



Maeve, Debbie, Kathleen, Doug, (RIP), and Rory

Our beloved Doug passed away on May 14, 2020. His bout with cancer was guided by the brilliance and kindness of [Dr. Stephen J. Forman](#), and City of Hope Comprehensive Cancer Center in Los Angeles. Doug's final wish was that donations made in his name go to support Dr. Forman's Immunotherapy Research Program for the treatment of Multiple Myeloma, the disease which took his life.

Multiple myeloma is the second most common blood cancer diagnosis. It is estimated that 12,830 deaths from this disease will occur this year. Dr. Forman's active research program at City of Hope is on the verge of developing an immunotherapy treatment for patients suffering as Doug did. [Your donations will go DIRECTLY to that research and will contribute to the perpetual memory of Doug!](#) Thank You.

From Kathleen Deems, on behalf of the Family of Doug Deems -

My Dad was a lifelong Angeleno.

He was an altar boy at Our Lady of Peace in Sepulveda, a Saint Genevieve's High School "Valiant."

Dad and Mom met at Saint Gen's when they were 14, and were not to meet again until the late 80s. He was voted "most likely to succeed" by his fellow students as a senior and carried the title only about a thirty minute drive to Occidental College ("Oxy") the following year.

At Oxy, Dad played football and studied economics - and reveled in the pranks of his older brother Dan and his fraternity. Dad was a prankster, too. As the youngest of six, he was the family's memory and comic relief-ventriloquist: constantly regaling us with stories from the past with the same enthusiasm that he performed Nixon and Daffy Duck impersonations since the age of 8.

During his Junior Year at Oxy, Dad studied for a semester at American University in DC.

After Oxy, Dad went on to pursue law at UC Hastings where, just as he had at every other stage of his life, he made lifelong friendships. That was Dad: he was a nexus between people, generating the energy and life of the party that suffused rooms full of strangers with the sense that they had known each other for years. He had a memory like the stratum of soil that preserves a pristine archeological site, each layer with its own significance and texture.

After Law School, Dad re-met Mom. A loving 33 year relationship marked by three children, seven dogs, two rabbits, one cat, and an open-door policy towards goldfish. Dad practiced Law and accumulated an even greater network of friends during his time at Peterson Ross, Pillsbury Madison & Sutro, and Arthur Andersen. Collaborating with some of his colleagues from Arthur Andersen, Dad went on to be a co-founder of The Claro Group in 2005.

Dad loved the Dodgers and didn't miss opening day for 33 years, accompanied by the same group of boys. My sister Maeve said, "He was an amazing father: he never let the Myeloma get him down. He went to every Dodger game, even in the worst shape—a true Angeleno." He always went to spring training in Arizona and claimed to know the best shortcuts through Elysian Park.

Though the Dodgers were his team, he developed a love for Hockey during the Kings' heyday as Stanley Cup victors in 2012. He was a season ticket holder at both the Staples Center and Dodger Stadium, always excited to bring us along for the ride.

Dad's battle with cancer was progressive, but he never seemed sick nor was he willing to allow his diagnosis to alter his life. For nearly five years, he drove himself to treatment, worked, played poker with his friends, brought his children to Kings and Dodger games, traveled, carved the turkey on Thanksgiving, collected wine, edited our papers, ate blocks of cheddar by the light of the TV, celebrated birthdays, cried at graduations, and was always Dad. He was diagnosed May 1st, 2015 and passed away in the midst of family almost exactly five years later.

We will miss Dad for his kindness, his sense of humor, his perfect words.

Deborah McConville and Douglas Deems were married at San Fernando Mission Church followed by a reception at Holy Rosary hall in Sun Valley on 19th May, 1990.

Please help us honor my Dad's life and legacy by donating to the innovative research of Dr. Stephen J. Forman, oncologist at City of Hope Comprehensive Cancer Center. Dad's wish was for donations made in his name go to support Dr. Forman's Research Program for the treatment of Multiple Myeloma, the disease which took his life.

Friends and Colleagues of Doug -

"Doug was the best of all of us. He was my best friend and like a brother to me. Through our formative high school years; meeting the President at Andrews Air Force Base; visiting NATO headquarters in Brussels--Doug was there for all the key moments in my life. I will miss him and hope to help honor his memory."

- Lt. Gen. Steven M. Shepro (retired)

"Doug was a key senior member of The Claro Group since its inception. His guidance as our General Counsel was invaluable as we grew from a small boutique company to a 100+ person professional services firm with offices in 5 cities. He always brought his thoughtful intellect, practical point of view and wonderful sense of humor to even our most complex issues. Doug will be sorely missed by everyone here at Claro, not only professionally, but even more so on a personal level. We were blessed to have him as our Partner, General Counsel and friend for the time he was with us."

- John Cadarette, Chairman of The Claro Group

PLEASE DONATE IN HONOR OF DOUGLAS

<https://ourhope.cityofhope.org/give/286869/#!/donation/checkout>

Martin Whelan May 1, 1940 May 3, 2020

Martin Whelan, twin brother of the late Philip Whelan, passed away on May 3, 2020 in Cocoa Beach, Florida. He is survived by his wife Barbara, brother Don Whelan (Santa Barbara), sister Lucy Robinson, and brothers Brian and Joseph in Ireland. His brother John Whelan (Chicago) passed away recently.

Nora McGovern passed away recently in North Hollywood. She was predeceased by her husband Pat Mc Govern and her daughter Margaret.

Anne Henry who passed away in Enniskillen was the sister of Bridie McKenna. Anne was predeceased by her husband, John who was born in Edinburgh. Anne leaves a daughter, Sandra, and a son, Nigel.

Anne visited Patrick & Bridie McKennas in Covina several times and enjoyed every minute!

Anne, Your life was one of friendly deeds, Helping hands to others in need, Unselfish true and kind, These are the memories you left behind.

Jack Smith
REST IN PEACE





By Irish Echo Staff:

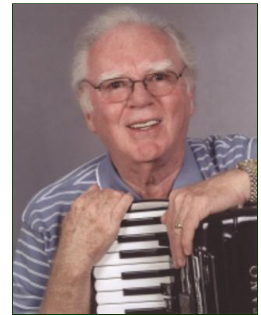
Paddy Noonan, for years one of the most popular figures on the Irish American entertainment scene has died after a long illness aged 83.

Noonan's passing was announced by his daughter, Sheila Noonan Gorham.

The Mallow, County Cork native was a New York City resident for most of his life but his musical work saw him criss-cross the United States. He was a star attraction on many Irish American ship cruises.

Sheila Noonan Gorham announced in a facebook posting: "It is with a heavy heart that I announce, after a long illness, the passing of our father Paddy Noonan.

"As his passing happens at such a strange and difficult time, and we will be unable to gather to send him off with the fanfare he so deserves...the music and song, the laughter and sharing of memories and stories of old, the held hands and warm, healing hugs, I wanted to take just a few moments of your time to share my thoughts on a man, a father, a friend and a life so beautifully lived."



Noonan, who is survived by his wife Margaret, three daughters and five grandchildren, would have celebrated his 84th birthday on May 5.

March

Sheila Brady

12-13-1953-3-17-2020

Sheila Brady, age 66, passed away on March 17, 2020 in Downey, CA, following complications from a planned surgery. She was our beloved Wife, Mother, Sister, Aunt, and Friend. She was equally excellent in each and every role. Sheila was born in Lowell, MA on December 13, 1953 to Marion and Patrick Courtney. She attended St. Patrick's School and Lowell High School. The family moved to Cerritos, CA in 1969, where she graduated from Mayfair High School. Sheila remained in Southern California, ultimately settling in Bellflower.

Working in the healthcare field for 20+ years, Sheila (unsurprisingly) provided pristine patient care and services for countless elderly. At the time of her passing, she was the Director of Social Services at Atlantic Healthcare Center in Long Beach.

Sheila leaves behind a husband, Paul Brady, son, Ryan, and four brothers and sisters - Jim Courtney, John Courtney, Caren Courtney, and Marybeth Courtney McCartan. She was the sister-in-law to Ann Willis, Susan Courtney, Terry McCartan, Mary Murray, Bernadette Quinn, and Joe Brady. She was also "Aunt Sheila" to many nieces and nephews in both the Courtney and Brady families, and a sweet friend to many. Lest we not forget, she was the proud owner of two beloved furballs, Buffy (RIP) and Rascal (Paul's other best friend).

Prior to her dedicated healthcare career, Sheila was the consummate cocktail waitress at Maggie's Pub - the perfect combination of attentive but sassy. Many also may not know, in her younger years, Sheila was quite the "dart shark" (or for you Mass folks, "daht shahk"). While always a lady, she still knew how to hit a bulls-eye .



Sheil, as we fondly called her, had a great love of "The River," which amused her family considering she was once terrified of the water. There, she and Paul created a haven of fun, with late night fire pits, pontoon boat rides, and 100 degree memories with loved ones.

Her family is comforted to know she joins her Mother and Father (Mum and Dad), and oldest sister, Patricia (Patsy) Courtney Tarrant, who lovingly greeted her into her new home on St. Patrick's Day. Due to the current climate, and in line with church restrictions, a funeral mass and burial will be held at a later date. At this time, your prayers and loving messages are gift enough, but if you are inclined to send flowers, please pause until we provide more details. Thank you all so very much.

Luyben Dilday Mortuary (562) 425-6401

Fr Peter Andrew Kenny

March 12, 2020

Peter Kenny was born in Ballydangan, Athlone, Co Roscommon on 13 July 1933. He was educated at Camcloom NS and St Joseph's College, Garbally, Ballinasloe. He came to St Columban's College, Dalgan Park, Navan in 1952, and was ordained priest on 22 December 1958.

After ordination he was sent for post-graduate studies in Canon Law in Rome. Having acquired his Licentiate in 1961, he was assigned to the Region of the Philippines, and the parishes of San Narciso and San Antonio in the district of Zambales where he served for the following six years.

After this first term, he was appointed a member of the staff at St Columban's College, Navan; this was a challenging assignment at a time of great ferment and disruption in seminaries all over the world.

In 1974 he was appointed once more to the Philippines. He spent the next twenty years in the parishes of Santa Rita, St Joseph's and San Jose Ruiz, all in Olongapo City. The last four years of this period of Peter's life were dedicated to working with the indigenous Aetas in Poonbato.

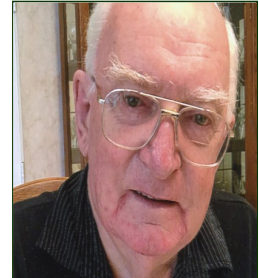
From 1995 to 2003, Peter was assigned to Mission Awareness ministry in Australia. This involved a great deal of travel, promoting the Society and its magazine.

In 2003, he shifted continents once more as he was assigned to Mission Awareness working from the Columban house in Los Angeles. He spent the following fifteen years in this ministry. During this period his eyesight began to deteriorate and he suffered with a number of other medical problems.

In 2018 he moved to the Retirement Home in Dalgan. He settled in very well, and in spite of his poor eyesight he participated well as a member of the Dalgan community.

He was always blessed with a capacity to adapt to so many different situations, to make a wide variety of friends, and to maintain those friendships over the years. His death on 11th March at Our Lady's Hospital, Navan, came suddenly and unexpectedly. We will miss his gentle presence.

May he rest in peace.



February

SULLIVAN, CORNELIUS (NEIL)

August 9, 1932-February 16, 2020

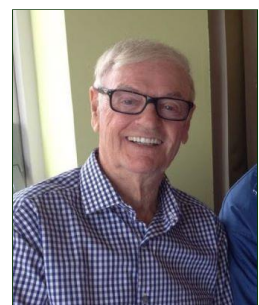
Sullivan, Cornelius (Neil), died peacefully surrounded by family on February 16, 2020, at his home of 58 years in Burbank, CA from kidney failure related to Vasculitis, an acquired autoimmune disorder. He was 87.

Neil was born and raised on a farm in County Cork, Ireland (outside Castletown-Bearhaven) on August 9, 1932 to Daniel and Julia O'Sullivan. He was the youngest and last surviving member of 13 brothers and sisters. In 1949 (at age 17),

Neil emigrated to London to work in the post-war construction effort. In 1959 he took an opportunity to go to America to seek new opportunities. After trying New York, San Francisco, and Seattle, Neil settled on Los Angeles, California for its warm climate.

After a brief period working odd jobs, Neil landed a permanent position at Western Gillette, a freight handling company where he was a member of Teamsters Local 362. Neil was known for his strong work ethic and dedication. Western Gillette later became Roadway Express and Neil went on to devote 37 years of his life to working a night shift moving freight to support his family.

Neil met and married Bridget Gregg in 1962 and raised a family together in Burbank, CA for the next 58 years. They raised three boys; Brian ('63), Paul ('65) and Robert ('68). To everyone that knew him, Neil was considered a gentle soul, devoted



family man, and a gentleman who adored his wife, sons, dancing, his pets, and garden.

Neil loved the weekends where he and Bridget could dance the night away at Irish events. There were trips to Ireland, England, and numerous family events from Bridget's side of the family in Los Angeles. Together they enjoyed a strong social life within the Los Angeles Irish ex-pat community.

Neil saw life as something not to take too seriously. He believed in enjoying yourself responsibly and to not sweat the small stuff. To him, life was precious, and though filled with challenges, he never saw those as insurmountable. His megawatt smile and kind nature charmed everyone he met. Neil was respected, admired and well-liked by all with whom he came in contact.

Our family's loss is heaven's gain. Neil will be deeply missed by his family and friends. Neil is survived by his wife, Bridget; three children; brothers, Brian, Paul and Robert. Grandpa, as he was lovingly known, leaves three grandchildren, Bridie, Ita, and Quinlan. He also leaves extended family and many, many friends, all of whom will miss him and his sweet personality.



**There will be a service held on Saturday, March 7, 2020, at 1:00 p.m.
Saint Francis Xavier Church
3801 Scott Rd, Burbank, CA 91504**