eulogyai.ie

Good afternoon, everyone,

I’m Ciara, Seanie’s daughter, and I’m standing here with a full heart, because today we’re not just saying goodbye — we’re celebrating a life well lived.

Dad was Dublin born and bred, and somehow he seemed stitched into the city itself.
He knew its streets like old friends, and for more than 30 years he drove Dublin Bus with a grin that could lift a wet Tuesday morning.
He was the unofficial tour guide of every route, tossing out stories and jokes, and checking on passengers like they were neighbours he’d known for years.
People felt safe with him.
Seen.
And they got off his bus smiling, even if they didn’t get on that way.

At home, he was our brilliant, big-hearted Dad who taught me to laugh loud and stand tall.
He was quick-witted, generous, loyal, and endlessly encouraging — the first to back you, the last to let you doubt yourself.
If you told him your plan, he’d tell you it was great...and then he’d hand you a sandwich for the road, just in case.

He loved fair play, humour in hard times, and he never could resist helping the underdog.
And he never left without saying goodbye — not once.
Even a quick dash to the shop ended with a kiss for Mam, a “back in a minute,” and that little look over the shoulder we all know.

He was a proud husband to our mam, Noreen; the best Dad to me and to Eoin; and the gentlest grandad to little Maeve, who had him wrapped around her tiny

finger from the start. Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.ie
He volunteered at the men’s shed, found peace in a bit of woodworking, organised charity raffles because someone always needed a hand, and he led half the cul-de-sac in a sing-song more than once.
On match days he was Dublin GAA through and through, with commentary that could outshout the television.
And always, always, the stories.

My favourite memory?
Shrove Tuesday, The Saw Doctors blaring in the kitchen, Dad flipping pancakes like a man in a hurry and dancing me around the tiles.
There was flour on the counter, lemon juice on the floor, and that big belly laugh that made the windows shake.
That’s how he moved through life — a song on, a job to do, and room for joy in the middle of it.

What will we miss?
The twinkle in his eye when he was about to wind you up.
The calls that always ended with “mind yourself.”
The way he turned simple moments into good memories — the kind that carry you.

Dad was born on 2 November 1963, and left us at 60 — too soon for us, but not before he poured himself into his people and his place.
He taught us to show up, to be kind, to take the mick when the mick needed taking, and to keep going when it was hard.
If you want to honour him, try that tomorrow: give someone a lift, share the joke, stick up for the one who needs it, and don’t leave without saying goodbye.

Seanie, thank you for every school run, every yarn, every nudge to be braver than we felt.
Thank you for the laughter that filled our rooms and somehow still fills them now.
We’ll carry your stories, and we’ll keep your bus on the road.

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.ie

We’ll close today with The Parting Glass, and then we’ll raise a cup of tea — strong, with two sugars — just how you liked it.

Mind yourself, Dad.
We’ll mind each other.

This speech was created with eulogyai.ie.Answer a few questions and generate your own personalised speech now ateulogyai.ie

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.ie