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Thank you all for being here to celebrate the life of Patrick Byrne — Paddy to most of us.

I’m his youngest granddaughter,
the one who shared long walks and music with him,
and who still hears his tin whistle in my head when the house is quiet.

Paddy was born on 22 September 1939 in Dublin,
grew up in Cabra,
and, as he liked to say, “never missed a bus — mostly because I was driving it.”
He started out as a conductor and became a Dublin Bus driver for 35 years.
He married Eileen in 1964,
and together they built a home where kindness, fairness,
and a place at the table for everyone were simply how things were done.

He was a devoted husband to Eileen,
a loving dad to Siobhán, Declan, and Maeve,
and a very proud Grandad to six grandchildren.
On his route he was known for remembering names —
not just “love” or “boss,” but your actual name,
and often your dog’s as well.
He took pride in punctuality and in community,
because to him the timetable was a promise,
and the city was a family you waved to from the driver’s seat.

He had a cheerful spirit, a sharp wit,
and an endless way of encouraging you without making a fuss.
My favourite memory is in Phoenix Park,
me wobbly on a bike, him jogging alongside.
“You’re grand, keep going!” he said,

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and somehow the path smoothed out.
That line worked for more than bicycles.
It worked for exams, for work,
for life when it tilted a bit.

Paddy loved traditional Irish music and local history.
On a good night he'd bring the tin whistle to the pub session,
eyes dancing as much as his fingers.
That whistle will be framed at home now,
and I know we'll still hear it when we need a lift.
He followed Shamrock Rovers with steady loyalty,
watched the birds with quiet joy,
and tended his allotment like a small republic of patience and hope.

He kept a pocketful of mints,
a quick wink for the joke you didn't need to say out loud,
and a gift for turning an ordinary day into a small adventure —
a different path on the walk,
a story about a bridge you'd crossed a hundred times,
a burst of music on the corner while the kettle boiled.

After his own bypass,
he didn't retreat — he fundraised for the Irish Heart Foundation.
That was Paddy all over:
if life gives you a detour,
signal properly and bring others with you.

What he leaves us is simple and strong:
show up on time,
be fair,
learn a tune and share it,
know people's names,
make space at the table,
and when someone's wobbling,

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say, “You’re grand, keep going,” and mean it.

He passed away peacefully, aged 86.
We’ll miss the mints, the wink, the music,
but most of all the way he made you feel seen between one stop and the next.

Thank you, Paddy — Grandad —
for the lifts, the laughs, and the steady hand on the saddle.
We’ll keep going. You’ve shown us how.

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