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Family and friends, thank you for standing with us today as we lay to rest our beloved Kathleen Byrne — our Nana Kay.

She was born in Enniscorthy on 2 January 1933, and left us on 10 January 2026, aged 93. In between those dates she filled a lifetime with work, welcome, and wit.

At fourteen she left school to help at home, already steady, already dependable. She ran the family shop, the kind of counter where neighbours were known by name and by story. She married Michael Byrne, and together they moved to Dublin and raised three children — Fiona, Declan, and Mairéad — with thrift where needed and generosity where it counted. Michael went ahead of her in 2010, and though his absence was keenly felt, she carried on with quiet courage and a twinkle in the eye he would have recognised.

Nana Kay was a dedicated shopkeeper, a champion baker for parish fundraisers, and a faithful hand on the parish committee. Resourceful, thrifty, hospitable, with a mischievous sense of humour — that was her measure. She minded the pennies, told the truth, and never let a visitor cross the threshold without the kettle singing.

I speak as her eldest granddaughter, who spent every summer with her in Wexford. My favourite memory is simple and precise: learning to knit an Aran jumper at her knee, her hands sure and patient, the pattern growing steady as the steam rose from the teapot and the Rich Tea biscuits softened just so. She taught me that good things grow stitch by stitch — jumpers, gardens, and families alike.

She had time for what she loved: the click of Aran needles, the roses she coaxed into bloom, Friday night bingo, RTÉ murmuring in the kitchen, and The Late Late

Show when the house fell quiet. She had time, too, for each of us — eight grandchildren and two great-grandchildren — never in generalities, always in particulars. You'd leave with a slice of apple tart, a story of "the old days", and her little blessing at the door. These are the small sacraments we will miss.

Her life was not grand in the way newspapers notice, but it was exemplary in the ways that matter. She built a home where faith was lived without fuss, where honesty was expected, where waste was frowned upon and welcome was never rationed. In hard times she made do; in good times she made more.

On behalf of our family, we offer heartfelt thanks to the carers at St. Mary's who treated her with such respect and gentleness. You gave us all great peace.

At the graveside, grief feels very near. Yet so, too, does the substance of her life — the steadiness, the humour, the kettle on. If we wish to honour her, we can do it in ways she would recognise: mind the pennies, tell the truth, keep the door open, and put a warm cup of tea into a waiting hand.

Nana Kay asked that a decade of the Rosary be said here today. We will do that now, as she wished, and commend her to the God she trusted all her days.

Rest easy, Nana. We'll carry your stories, your stitches, and your blessing with us.

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