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Dear family, dear friends, dear neighbours,

We gather at Michael Doyle's resting place with gratitude for a long life well spent, and with the quiet sadness that comes when a steady light goes from our midst.

Born on 10 January 1944 in County Kilkenny, and called home on 6 April 2026, aged 82, Michael—Mick to most of us—was a lifelong Kilkenny man.

He took over the family dairy farm and kept it the way he kept everything: fair, careful, and faithful.

He never missed a harvest, and he never missed a neighbour in need.

Mick served on the parish council, minded the parish grounds with a caretaker's pride, and kept the books as treasurer of the local hurling club with the kind of accuracy you could set your watch by.

He preferred service over show.

He believed that faith is best spoken in deeds.

If something needed doing, he turned up, usually before you'd finished asking.

He was predeceased by his beloved Nora, and he carried her memory with a tenderness he seldom named but always lived.

He was a cherished father to Siobhán and Declan, and a doting grandad to three grandchildren, whose names were never far from his lips.

In them, he took a quiet delight—school matches, small triumphs, even the scraped knees—each one a blessing to be counted.

Many of us will remember Mick at the church door, his steady handshake and a word that was often brief, sometimes wry, and always kind.

My own abiding memory is of his quiet ritual after early Mass—lighting a candle for anyone having a hard week.

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Just the small, steadfast flame of a man who believed that carrying each other's burdens is part of the day's work.

He loved listening to the hurling on the radio, as if the wireless were an old friend in the corner.

He could mend a gate by hand so it swung true again, and he walked the lanes in the evening with the dog, taking stock of fields and sky with that farmer's gratitude for simple things done well.

Humble, reliable, witty in few words, faithful and fair—Mick brought balance to every room he entered.

We will miss his calm advice, his knack for turning up before the kettle boiled, and the way he made help feel like friendship rather than favour.

At the graveside we feel the ache of parting, but we also see what remains—habits of kindness he taught us, neighbourliness made practical, a parish held together by quiet hands.

If we wish to honour Mick, we can do it in the ordinary ways he prized: look in on someone, tell the truth kindly, keep the gate hanging straight.

On behalf of the family, I invite any who wish to share a brief story of Mick here and now.

Afterwards, we will pray a decade of the Rosary, commending him to the mercy of God and entrusting ourselves to the hope that sustains us.

Mick, may the Lord who saw your work in the dawn and your prayers in the dusk receive you kindly.

May the fields you walk now be green, and may the light you tended for others shine on your path.

Go safely, and God rest you.

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