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Family, friends, neighbours, and our parish community—thank you for gathering here today at this Funeral Mass to honour my father, Patrick Joseph O’Sullivan—our Paddy.

I speak as his son, with a heart full of gratitude for a loving, steady bond built on graft, humour, and quiet guidance.

A bond that shaped the man I am, and the man I still hope to be.

Paddy was born on 5 May 1952 in Cork, and he left us peacefully on 3 April 2026, aged 73.

Between those dates was a life lived without fuss and without fanfare, but with great purpose.

He grew up in Ballyvolane, where he learned the value of work and the even greater value of keeping your word.

He apprenticed as a carpenter, learning the honest art of making things square and true.

He spent a few years in London—early mornings, long days, sending money home—before coming back to Cork to start his own building firm.

He put his name on that gate not for pride, but for accountability.

If something wasn’t right, he made it right.

He married our mother, Mary, and for 49 years they were a quiet team—steady, kind, and strong in ways that didn’t need saying.

Together they raised three children—Liam, Aisling, and myself, Conor—and later welcomed five grandchildren, who reawakened in him the gleam he had as a young dad, the one that said: give me a hammer, a length of rope, and we’ll make a ship out of a gate.

He gave decades of service to the local GAA club and to parish projects.

He painted lines, fixed roofs, mended goalposts, and mentored youngsters who were trying to find their feet and their swing.

He believed a club is more than a team—it's where a town learns to look after itself.

If a job needed doing, he didn't call a meeting; he called for the ladder.

He was passionate about hurling and could name a scoreline from thirty years ago like it was yesterday.

He loved sea angling off Ballycotton, where patience is part of the tide.

He played the bodhrán at local trad sessions, tucked in at the back, never drawing attention, just holding the time so others could lift the tune.

And he kept a tidy garden, where everything had a place, and even the wind seemed to mind its manners.

What defined Paddy was simple and exacting: kindness, dependability, and a fair mind.

He had a dry wit that arrived like a well-placed nail—clean, neat, and sure.

And a generous heart that gave without keeping score.

Family first, hard work, say what's true, lend a hand before you're asked, and live your faith quietly—that was his way.

My favourite memory with him is a summer spent building a treehouse.

No grand plan, just a sketch on the back of an envelope and the promise of a Saturday well used.

He taught me to measure twice and cut once, to stand back and check the spirit level, and to accept the odd crooked bit with good humour.

When we hammered in the final nail, he gave me that grin—half pride, half “mind yourself up there”—and I felt six feet taller.

We climbed in with two mugs of tea and listened to the garden breathe.

He didn't say much.

He didn't have to.

We will miss him in a hundred small ways that make up the fabric of a home.

His reassuring voice on the phone—steady as winter light.

The smell of fresh timber from his shed, the place where problems went in and solutions came out.

His Sunday roasts, where timing was everything and the gravy was a kind of sermon.

And the way he could fix anything—leaky roof, wobbly chair, frayed temper—often with the same calm patience.

Paddy's faith was lived rather than announced.

He knew this altar, these prayers, and the comfort they hold.

He would have wanted today to be gentle—music well chosen, words well meant, and everyone minded on the way out.

He loved the blessing, Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.

May his soul be at the right hand of God.

I can hear him now, not asking for fuss, only that we look out for one another and keep supporting the local clubs and the places that stitch us together.

To Mum—Mary—thank you for the years of partnership that made our house a haven.

To my brother Liam and my sister Aisling, and to our children—his beloved grandchildren—let us carry what he taught us into the days ahead:

show up on time,

do the job properly,

mind your words,

and leave a place better than you found it.

Today we grieve.

But we also give thanks for a life that built things that last—homes and halls and habits and hope.

The measure of a good carpenter is not only in what he makes, but in what he helps others to believe they can make.

By that measure, Paddy's work goes on.

So we entrust him to God's care, with the tools set down and the day's labour finished.

And we promise to honour him in the most practical way possible:

by minding each other,

by keeping the kettle ready,

by turning up when we're needed,

and by building—patiently, fairly, and with a generous heart—the kind of world he believed in.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam, a Paddy.

Go raibh maith agat, Dad.

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