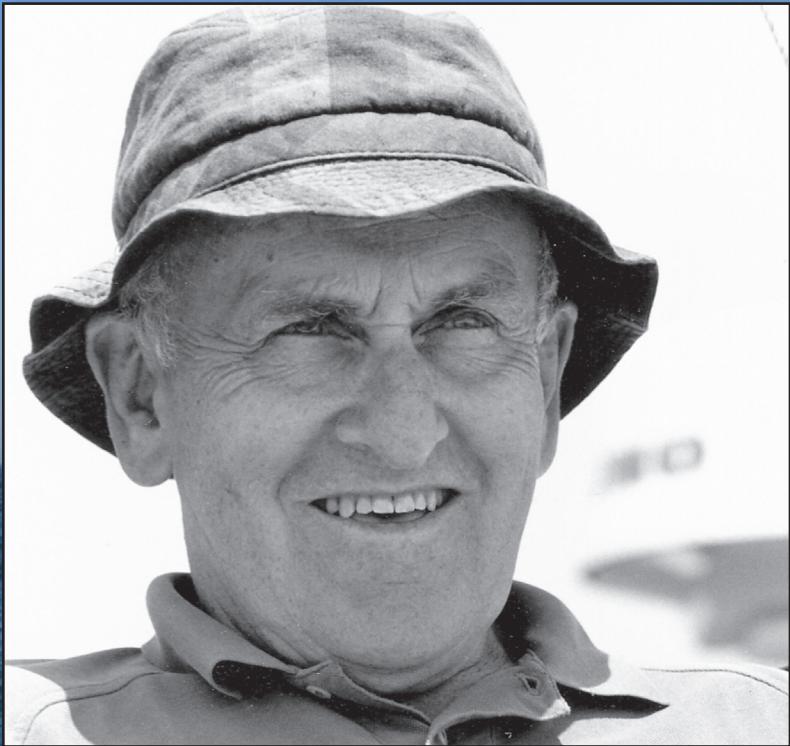


Celebration of the Life of
Diarmaid O'Connell

February 10, 1928 ~ March 30, 2015



Saturday, April 11, 2015

10:30 am

Saint Anthony Church

Cohasset, Massachusetts

Celebrant: Reverend John Mulvehill

Honorary Pallbearers:

Diarmuid O'Connell, Aidan O'Connell, Ravi Joseph,
Joseph O'Connell, Donn O'Connell and Grandchildren:
Myles O'Connell, Cadan O'Connell, Roman Joseph &
Caspar O'Connell

Order of Mass

Prelude: Pie Jesu

Processional Hymn: Amazing Grace

Liturgy of the Word

First Reading: Book of Ecclesiastes

Proclaimed by Ann Joseph

Responsorial Psalm: Psalm 23: The Lord is My Shepherd

Second Reading: Letters of St. Paul to the Romans

Proclaimed by Zenaida Rivera

Gospel

Gospel Acclamation: Celtic Alleluia

Proclaimed by Father Mulvehill

Homily: Father Mulvehill

Prayer of the Faithful: Alpha Paradela



Liturgy of the Eucharist

Preparation of the Gifts:

Presentation of gifts by Grandchildren Anjali Joseph,
Lauren Joseph, Cassidy Joseph, India Joseph & Siri O'Connell

Offertory Hymn: Ave Maria

Communion Hymn: Panis Angelicus

Meditation: Lady of Knock

Remarks of Remembrance: Diarmuid O'Connell

Final Commendation: Song of Farewell

Refrain: *May the choirs of angels come to greet you.*

May they speed you to paradise.

May the Lord enfold you in His mercy,

May you find eternal life.

Recessional Hymn: Danny Boy

Diarmuid O'Connell passed away at his home in Cohasset in the early hours of March 30, 2015. He was a beloved husband, father, grandfather, brother and uncle to a large family and a fast friend to legions. Diarmuid had an enormous and strong heart that endeared him to many and that sustained him through a difficult illness in his final year. He delighted in being in the company of new and old friends. He brought a warm smile, quiet energy and a palpable mirth everywhere he went. And he went far, often on what appeared to be a meandering path. But in the final consideration of his life's path, it is clear that Diarmuid was always following a trail towards family, friends and wherever laughter was loudest.

After sampling many of Boston's educational institutions (Mt. Alvernia, St. Sebastian's, Boston Latin and English, Lawrence Academy and perhaps a few that he was ashamed to divulge), Diarmuid headed west, all the way to Philadelphia where he intended to study medicine. Fainting at the first sight of blood, Diarmuid swiftly changed his major to finance and graduated from the Wharton School. But to be truthful about college, he preferred trodding the boards to sliding the ruler—he made his fondest college memories as a performer in Penn's Mask & Wig Club. In this troupe, he toured the country in the Club's own train car stuffed with fellow hams and their sloshing beer steins.

After graduation, Diarmuid became a Westinghouse engineer in the wilds of western Pennsylvania and the alligator swamps of central Florida. How he qualified for that job has never been satisfactorily explained. He soon re-discovered his aptitude for finance and entered the bond world while living the halcyon bachelor life in a grown-up fraternity called the Clover Club. With like-minded rogues, he worked all day and caroused most evenings. Around this time, he discovered that the chief benefit of downhill skiing was to bring together garrulous

men and vivacious women. And so he joined the Pittsburgh Ski Club, on whose trips he sampled the mountains of West Virginia, the hills of western New York and the Alps of Austria. He would return to the Alps many more times. His third Alp visit would be his favorite for it was with his bride Elizabeth, on the southern stretch of their honeymoon after some frigid nights in draughty Irish “castles.” Many more times over their happy 53 year marriage, Diarmuid and Elizabeth would return to both Ireland and Austria where they delighted in re-connecting with the many friends they had made over decades.

Shortly after their wedding, Diarmuid convinced his young wife Elizabeth to de-camp to the Commonwealth, telling her it would be the best place to raise children (but neglecting to also mention that it would also be a great place to rekindle his youthful love of sailing). They settled in Cohasset, a town that he deeply loved during his final 48 years. He took up bond investing on the weekdays and sail-boat racing on the weekends. In the early years though, the bond market leaked even more rapidly than his boats. And yet, he greeted early challenges with the same strongly-set jaw, same powerful drive, and same optimism that defined his character. By the mid-1970’s, Diarmuid had found both a bond firm and a sailboat that would engross him for the most active years of his life. He became a fixed income Portfolio Counselor at Loomis, Sayles & Co and purchased an International 210 racing boat that he christened Mac Lir. His professional successes were far more consistent than his early sailboat racing successes—he found it easier to ride Paul Volcker’s bond market tailwind than it was to find a consistent wind on Cohasset’s fluky waters. As in his earliest years, in these middle decades Diarmuid derived his principal professional and recreational enjoyment from the people with whom he worked and with whom he sailed.

Diarmuid retired from bonds and from sailboat racing too early in life, which he quickly realized. To fill the void, and to give Elizabeth some diversion, Diarmuid bought a bright red tugboat, Tooten, from which he, Elizabeth and many guests watched the 210 fleet race. Having lost as many races as he had won, Diarmuid had a soft spot for towing in laggard boats so that the crew could reach the after-tack parties while the beer was fresh. Diarmuid loved nothing more than taking friends onto Mass Bay in his tug boat and to bring smiles to those passengers who were immune to seasickness.

In his last decades, Diarmuid re-visited many of the joys of his early years but in newer venues. He taught fixed income finance to budding capitalists in post-Communist Bucharest. He sang lustily and drank deeply in Boston's Apollo Club and Saengerfest, which got him an itty-bit part in a Royal Albert Hall performance. He reconnected with friends in the American West and made new ones from Alaska to Patagonia. He played tennis, shared the local record for the slowest round of golf with his brother, and chewed the fat at Old Goats lunches. He jumped at every opportunity to take Tooten to Marblehead for a lobster roll or through Cape Cod Canal to visit his beloved nephew and niece on Nantucket. He and Elizabeth returned often to Ireland, where he taught her that the warmth of the people was stronger than the chill of the houses. And he returned to Austria many more times with his children and eventually his grandchildren whom he introduced to his old friends and to whom he taught the joys of laughing with new friends. He spent his last Christmas and New Year in the Austrian Arlberg walking the snowy streets and revisiting his bachelor haunts.

Throughout his long life, Diarmuid loved connecting with people. He brought an easy smile, a twinkling eye, great generosity and depthless joy to many. But he reserved the greatest part of his enormous heart for his wife Elizabeth, his three children, their spouses and his nine grandchildren, who will miss him dearly. They always felt and will always remember that Diarmuid devoted his life, his love, his wisdom and his energy to his family above all else.

In his last years, Diarmuid was greatly comforted by his extended family and by numerous devoted care-givers. He was particularly grateful to, and inspired by, the devotion and selflessness of Alpha and Zenaida who embodied to him the grace of God and the compassion of saints. They were among the many people who brought joy to Diarmuid and he was deeply reluctant to leave them. Even as disease ravaged him, his giant heart sustained him in an effort to see just one more smiling face and hear one more laughing voice. His love, his warmth and his capacity for joy will be missed by many but his memory will be cherished for ages.

—Aidan O'Connell



❖ An Irish Prayer ❖

Death is nothing at all

I have only slipped away into the next room.

I am I and you are you.

Whatever we were to each other, that we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.

Speak to me in the easy way you always used

Laugh as you always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.

Play, smile, think of me, and pray for me.

Let my name be the household word that it always was.

Let it be spoken without effect, without the trace of shadow on it.

Life means all it has ever meant.

It is the same as it was;

There is absolutely unbroken continuity.

Why should I be out of your mind because I am out of your sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval somewhere near,

Just around the corner.

All is well,

Nothing is passed, Nothing is lost.

One brief moment and all will be as it was before—only better,

Infinitely happier and forever—we will be one together,

One with Christ.

Diarmuid's family wishes to express their most sincere gratitude for the thoughts, kindnesses and prayers over the past year. It has been a source of comfort and strength and for that they are grateful to you all.

They wish to invite everyone to join them at the Cohasset Golf Club at 12:00, where we can all celebrate the joy and laughter he brought to all of our lives.

