

Tribute to John Mahoney
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I am Patty Mahoney Carter, the youngest of John and Rosemary's children, affectionately called by my Dad the Littlest One of Them All. When Sister Angela asked who wanted to say something, I said I will, I want to celebrate his wonderful life and I didn't want to just read someone else's words. So here is a little something on my Dad.

As I wrote this, I was reminded of Sister Angela telling us you can say anything you want, but keep it under five minutes. Intellectually, I know that five minutes is a long time to be speaking, but my heart says, "How do you quantify nearly 84 years of a very full and multi-faceted life into five minutes." You Can't!

I could go thru the alphabet and list A thru Z all of the things that he was or did, but that would take way too long.

I could list what people called him - most of them complimentary.

To his mom and siblings, he was always called brother or big brother.

He was known as Big John, for obvious reasons

He was called John the father, because we had John the son, and being Catholic, and you know the next phrase anybody would say was something about John the Holy Spirit. I know I shouldn't be saying that in Church

His boating club friends called him the Grand Oracle, because he could forecast weather better than any meteorologist on TV.

One dad from my childhood called him Ol' Straight Arrow. I liked that one. That was a good description, because he always flew straight.

He was known as Captain John, Uncle John, Grandpa John, and to my girls, he was Papa John.

And when my Mom got mad at him, he was Poop Head.

He traveled all over the world. He was on every continent except Antarctica

He was an excellent navigator and could give you directions to anywhere, and list the landmarks to help guide you. He had his own internal GPS or Map quest in his head.

He could cut down the tallest tree in the woods, and make it fall exactly where he wanted it.

His hands were big and strong, but could remove the tiniest sliver without causing pain.

He could build anything, fix anything, could answer any question. If he didn't know the answer, he was capable of making it up, and you wouldn't know the difference.

He loved anything with a motor;
Airplanes, he could hear the rumble of the engine and tell you what the make & model was

Motorcycles, , then downgraded to a moped and then his red scooter, that he drove all over Liberty Grove.

Cars, he actually replaced the engine in my 74 Mustang in our home garage – those engines were big and heavy

Snowmobiles, - he built a sled so that all six of us could ride together. And then we wouldn't get enough snow for years,

And of course, boats. From the QE II, the Shoreline to Jemani, I really enjoyed going thru the maritime Museum with him – he was knowledgeable!

But he also loved small motors. The slot cars my brothers raced, lawnmowers to garbage disposals. He loved them all.

And oh, how he loved our dogs! All of them...even that nasty Skippy!

Now, I want to tell you a typical John Mahoney story. Back in 1977-78, he had a disc rupture in his back from a car injury 20 years earlier. He was admitted to the hospital for traction, and they gave him Milwaukee Buck's player, Lew Alcindor's hospital bed because he was too long to fit onto a regular hospital bed for traction. He was a devout Catholic, and while being in traction, he couldn't attend Mass. The hospital had a chapel with a closed circuit TV, but the camera was broken. That bothered him a great deal, so he called up his Coast Guard buddy, Glen Krone, the electrician, and asked him to come over and fix the camera, which he did. "And Glen, while you're here, the fluorescent light outside my room is flickering, can you change the ballast?" Which Glen did. As you can guess, the hospital had rules and regulations and their own maintenance staff. Well, he got into a bit of hot water for bringing in an outside repair man. But

he got the things fixed and that was all that mattered to him. This is one of those times, where he taught me that sometimes it's easier to ask forgiveness instead of permission.

He was a Mr. Fix-it. Sometimes, the end product would look a little Rube Goldberg, but it always worked.

There is so much more to my Dad that I just can't fit it all in. So, I would like to tell you this story, a story I heard years ago that I filed away for this day.

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says "There, she is gone!"

"Gone where?"

Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast and hull as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says "There, she is gone!" there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout: "Here she comes!"