

Pat Dunphy RIP
Funeral Mass
Durrow Church
Friday 15th July 2022

Pat passed away at Midlands Regional Hospital after a short illness, borne with courage and dignity and surrounded by his loving family.

Predeceased by his father Simon and brother in law Eamon. Deeply regretted by his heartbroken mother Teresa, brothers Kieran and Sean, sisters Marie, Noeleen and Cora, sisters in law Pauline and Tara, uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews, large circle of friends especially those in Durrow Angling Club.

I'd like to begin these few words today by sharing a poem which some of you might be familiar with. It is simply called the dash.

The Dash

by Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak
at the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on the tombstone
from the beginning...to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth
and spoke of the following date with tears,
but he said what mattered most of all
was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time

that they spent alive on earth.
And now only those who loved them
know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own,
the cars...the house...the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
and how we spend our dash.

So, think about this long and hard.
Are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
that can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough
to consider what's true and real
and always try to understand
the way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger
and show appreciation more
and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect
and more often wear a smile,
remembering that this special dash
might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy is being read,
with your life's actions to rehash...

would you be proud of the things they say
about how you spent YOUR dash?

The two dates which may in time appear on Pat's tombstone
are the 22nd June 1961 and the 11th July 2022

In between those two dates is a little dash which for Pat
represents just over sixty-one years of life.

*"What matters is how we live and love
and how we spend our dash."*

Well, how did Pat Dunphy spend his dash? Many of you who have
known him for many years could answer that question very well. In
recent days I have gained some little insight into the man whom we
commend to the love and mercy of God today and whose life we
celebrate in this funeral mass.

I think it is fair to say that all of us are very much defined, shaped and
influenced by the family we are born into, the people we meet on the
journey of life and the place where we live particularly if we have lived
there all of our lives. Pat Dunphy was born in Patrick Street and he lived
in that same home for all sixty one years of his life. This community of
Durrow has shaped and influenced Pat's life. He knew and loved every
inch of this town which was the only place he ever wanted to call home.
It was perhaps no great surprise that Pat's family would choose that first
reading from the Book of Ecclesiastes for his funeral mass today. 'There
is a season for everything and a time for ever occupation under heaven.
In Pat's life there has been a season for many things, and I know Sean
will talk a little about those many seasons at the end of Mass today.
There was a season for work which brought him all over the country as
a fitter working mainly, I think for Glanbia. There was a season for
horses. Pat knew his horses, he owned some and had an each-way bet
on many more, he knew the family background of horses, their seed,
breed and generation. There was a season for GAA and I think that was
very definitely Durrow GAA but I'll leave Sean to elaborate on that if he

wishes. There was a season for history and particularly Irish history. The struggles for freedom and the development of our country were where Pat's rich family history and our history as a nation intertwined. There was a season for gardening the love of which I think Pat inherited from his father Simon with whom he had a very special bond. It is perhaps appropriate that we celebrate Pat's life in these beautiful sunny days when all those visiting your home could enjoy the colour and fruits of Pat's labour. But the season in Pat's life that he will be most remembered for was his great passion for fishing. Fishing too brought Pat all over the country and beyond, where he both fished for pleasure and in competition, representing his native place and his country. But perhaps where he was happiest was fishing in the Erkina, the Nore or at Grantstown Lake.

Going back to that poem at the beginning.....

*For it matters not, how much we own,
the cars...the house...the cash.*

*What matters is how we live and love
and how we spend our dash*

Yes, indeed there has been a time and a season for so many things in Pat Dunphy's life. But sadly, today this is also a time for mourning, a time for tears. And the tears and the pain and the mourning are not really for the loss of a great fisherman a great fitter a great horseman or hurler. The greater loss is for the kind of person Pat was, a man who was extremely loyal, a confidante who could be trusted, a man always willing to give a helping hand. Most of all the pain comes from the loss of a beloved Son for you Teresa, a cherished brother to you Kieran and Sean, Marie, Noeleen and Cora, an nephew, an uncle, a great friend, a neighbour and work colleague. Over the last few days there have been many tears and much pain. But I know there has also been lots of laughter when you as a family have shared your memories of Pat and in particular as all those who came to your home also recounted their memories of Pat and how he had touched their lives.

Our gospel today is one which I'm sure Pat listened to at Mass with more than a passing interest. The apostles were despondent after the events of Good Friday, and they had gone back fishing. They caught nothing but then Jesus appears and even though they don't immediately recognise him they trust him when he invites them to launch out their nets again. I'm sure there were times in Pat's life when challenges and crises came his way and not just in the fishing sense of the term; "He had caught nothing". Those were the times he put his TRUST in Jesus. And so today Pat Dunphy, you can certainly say with those words of St. Paul in the second reading, *"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race and I have kept the faith"*. Incidentally I was just thinking the other day that Pat will have a major advantage over a lot of us as He knocks on heaven's door. You know how when you meet someone for the first time, and you wonder what you might talk about. Well, it is a plus if you know something about the other person's interests or what work they do. Well, there is Pat, the fisherman meeting up with St. Peter. Before Jesus changed his name Peter was called Simon so Pat might very well remind him that the father who is already in heaven was also called Simon. And then of course they will get on to the subject of Fishing and if they don't try to outdo each other with their knowledge of the subject Pat should be well in. That of course will also help when Peter introduces Pat to Jesus himself. When it came to choosing his closest collaborators the first people Jesus picked were all Fishermen. So, I suspect they will get on well together and if Jesus or Peter knew anything about horses or the result of the All Ireland on Sunday, then Pat will be a happy man.

I want to end with a little prayer which is simply called the Fisherman's Prayer. I'm sure it is Pat's today:

God grant that I may live to fish
until my dying day,
and when my Final Cast is made
I most humbly pray,
when in the Lord's landing net I
am peacefully asleep,
that in His Mercy, I may be judged "As
Good Enough To Keep

To quote two beautiful messages on RIP.iePat a pure gentleman
may heaven have the best bed available

May God give Pat the best waters in Heaven to fish in so that he will
have a Peaceful Eternal Rest.