

Patrick Joseph Lally

Born in Dublin, Ireland; passed away peacefully at Saanich Peninsula Hospital.

A wonderful son, husband, and father. He was predeceased by his son Edward, parents, brothers Donal, Douglas, and Aubrey, sisters Bridie and Terry, nephews Padraig and Donal.

He is survived by his wife Linda, sons Patrick, Daniel, Michael, Gus, and daughter Frances, brother Eddie, Sister Mary (Sr. Anne), nieces, nephews and extended family.

A kind and loving man, he embraced all the world's cultures, but also took a special pride in his Irish roots. He believed that one's heritage should not weigh one down. It should be a contribution to a greater world, rather than a reason for nations to isolate from one another.

In some of the oldest Irish writings, there is something known as the three-fold death, in which a person dies in three different ways. It is considered part curse, and in part, something only bestowed on someone truly great. As the descendant of many a high king of Ireland, it is said that many of his ancestors befell such a death. In his final hours, it was the coordination of three aneurysms that ended his life. To lose him so suddenly certainly feels like a curse. For those that knew him well, there is no doubt he was a great man!

Stepping back a bit, in the early 1600s, Cambridge-educated Isaac Lally was appointed 1st sovereign of Tuam by King James. His first act was to establish a school, as he had a passion for learning. One cannot help but wonder if in part that desire was passed forward in the subsequent generations, as he very deeply embodied the spirit of an educator.



Adventure, a desire to learn and to teach others, was in his blood. His father moved from the West of Ireland to Dublin and soon established himself as a successful businessman. His mother's parents came from Cork and Limerick to Dublin, where his grandfather ran numerous successful businesses. Eventually, he would become City Councillor for the Royal Exchange Ward in the heart of Dublin. Never let it be said our family doesn't have a head for business!

Born in Dublin in 1932, he grew up a city boy, but deeply enjoyed childhood trips to the farm in County Roscommon where his father grew up. As a teenager, he stayed with his Aunt and Uncle in Clonard, County Meath. If he had his way, he would never have left that farm.

His family were very close, but his adventuring spirit soon grew too big for all of Ireland. In his early 20s, he sailed aboard the steam liner, the Liberte, to New York. While he enjoyed the grandeur of New York, his desire was for the wilds of Canada. Within a week, he was off to Edmonton to meet with an Aunt and Uncle, who had moved there some years earlier with their children. He briefly worked as a farm hand, but as he was trained in men's clothing, soon took a job at a Hudson's Bay store in Uranium City. He eventually moved to Fort Saint James to run that town's outpost store. Soon after, he was offered a better paying job as a scaler, in the Lumber Industry. The charms and tremendous heart of his friend Mike Derow would sway his big-city-loving sister Terry to trade all that for a simpler life in Fort St. James.



Living his life as a humanitarian, he was deeply troubled with the education system provided to the local First Nations. For this reason, he would take on one of the most demanding, poorest paying jobs of his career, to help make a difference where he felt his desire to teach was needed. He embraced their culture and helped the children feel pride in doing the same. Not long after taking a job in Hobbema, Alberta, he would meet the love of his life. In a similar story to his own, Eslinda Martyres (whose family originated in Goa, India and had settled in Uganda) would move from Kenya and England to Alberta, because she believed deeply the Canadian First Nations children were in need of a helping hand.

Completing a degree in special education at UBC, Patrick would be unaware that his two eldest children would have autism. As they say, God works in mysterious ways. Yet in this case, placing these children in the hands of two people so intrinsically qualified to care for them, seems far from mysterious. Later, four wonderful children followed – three boys and a girl.

With a commendation from his cousin, he was offered a teaching job in Victoria – at the time one of the most difficult places in British Columbia for a teacher to find work. He always took a deep interest in the lives of his students, often receiving praise from pupils, parents and other educators. Among several honours, he was given the Golden Apple Award, for the top educator in Victoria, thanks to the well-articulated praise of his students.

He loved farming. In 1975, Patrick and Linda purchased a farm in Sooke, which they sold six years later. They then purchased six acres in North Saanich, which was developed over the course of twenty years into a farm reminiscent of Noah's Ark—there was a little of everything! Retiring on a half-acre

former B&B near the waterfront, they had the distinction of being the only people in their somewhat posh neighborhood with ducks and geese!

As a teacher, part of his charm was his ability to relate to children. Until the very end, his eyes always sparkled with a mischievous gleam. He chose to live his life to the fullest, and to his very last days never let anything slow him down.

His wife Linda felt that he did not grow old—he grew better. He never failed to tell her how much he loved her every day of their life together, and he was so proud of his wonderful children. When Eddie, their first born, died suddenly, he wrapped his arms around Linda and thanked her for giving him their son. As he was dying he took her hand and kissed it. She kissed his hand back and told him she would love him forever!

He was active and never complained till the very end. He was our hero with his sense of humour, his courage in the face of adversity, his faith, deep love and commitment to social justice!

Rest in peace darling till we meet again. One never grieves over the death of a good man, one just cherishes the memories forever.

A Prayer Service will be held on Friday, July 27 at 7:00 pm in the Sequoia Centre at McCall Gardens, 4665 Falaise Drive, Victoria, BC.

The Funeral Service will take place on Saturday, July 28th, 2018 (10 a.m. Requiem Mass) at Our Lady of Fatima Church, 4635 Elk Lake Drive, Victoria, BC, opposite the Commonwealth Pool.

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens

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