



Premium -

A Tribute - Full Storytelling, Deeply Personalised, Emotional & Reflective (600+ words)



John Murphy (1948 – 2025): A Life of Love, Laughter, and Legacy

With heavy hearts, we announce the passing of John Murphy, a beloved husband, father, grandfather, and friend, who peacefully left us on March 18, 2025, at St. Vincent's Hospital, surrounded by his family. His departure leaves a void that can never be filled, but his legacy of kindness, craftsmanship, and joy will endure in the hearts of all who knew him.

A Dublin Son: Roots and Early Life

John was born 24th of October 1948 at his family home in Rathmines, Dublin, the eldest son of Michael and Mary Murphy. Growing up in a close-knit community, he learned the values of hard work and generosity from his parents, who ran a small grocery shop. Even as a boy, John's curiosity and patience stood out—whether he was tinkering with his father's tools or helping neighbors repair fences after school.

His love for working with his hands led him to apprentice under a local carpenter at 16. "Take care of wood, and it will take care of you" he often said, a philosophy that guided his lifelong craft. By his early 20s, he had built a fine dining table for his parents—a piece that remains in the family home to this day.



A Craftsman and Community Pillar

John's career as a carpenter was more than a job; it was a calling. He restored historic Dublin homes, leaving traces of his skill across the city, and crafted rocking cradles for new born babies, each engraved with a tiny shamrock for luck. His workshop was a sanctuary where neighbors would stop by for tea, advice, or to hear one of his famous stories—like the time he salvaged a 200-year-old oak beam from a pub demolition and turned it into a family hearth.

Beyond woodwork, John's passions were woven into the fabric of Dublin life. He was a devoted supporter of Dublin GAA, rarely missing a match at Croke Park. His grandchildren still laugh about the time he painted their faces blue and navy—half for Dublin, half for fun. His garden was his pride, with roses that were the envy of Rathmines. He'd rise at dawn to tend them, whispering—as his own father had taught him—that "flowers grow better with a bit of conversation." And his storytelling could turn ordinary moments into adventures, whether he was recounting his youth in 1960s Dublin or spinning tales of mythical Irish heroes.

Family: His Masterpiece

John's greatest pride was his family. He met Margaret O'Sullivan at a dance in 1971, where he famously tripped over his own feet asking her to waltz. They married two years later and built a life filled with laughter. "52 years, and not a single dull Tuesday," he'd say, winking at Margaret across the dinner table.

As a father to Liam, Sarah, and Fiona, he was endlessly patient—teaching them to whittle wooden toys, cheering at muddy football matches, and once turning a flooded basement into an "indoor swimming adventure." His grandchildren, Emily, Jack, and Sophie, adored his "secret" pocket, always full of sweets or hand-carved figurines, and his bedtime stories, which often starred a mischievous leprechaun named Seamus.

A Farewell Fit for a Legend

John's presence was a light that drew people in. He could silence a room with a well-timed joke or lift spirits with his off-key renditions of "The Fields of Athenry." Even in his final days, he comforted visitors with his trademark wit, assuring them he was "just getting a head start on the next great adventure."

"Those we love don't go away; they walk beside us every day.
Unseen, unheard, but always near—still loved, still missed, forever dear."

Funeral Arrangements

- **Reposing:** Murphy's Funeral Home, Rathmines
Thursday, March 20, 5pm–7pm
- **Funeral Mass:** St. Mary's Church
Friday, March 21, 11am
- **Burial:** Glasnevin Cemetery

In lieu of flowers, donations to the Irish Cancer Society honour John's quiet generosity. "A man who fixed shelves for widows and slipped fivers to struggling students," his family recalls.