



# Margaret P. Reilly

MAR 14, 1920 - OCT 14, 2011



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## Margaret P. Reilly

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Margaret P. Reilly nee Hanley, was welcomed by God on October 14, 2011 at the age of ninety-one and a half. She had been married for sixty-six years to Robert E. Reilly, a retired New York City police lieutenant who predeceased her in 2007. They had a loving and happy life together. Margaret, known as "Peggy" is survived by four of her five children, two daughters-in-law, one son-in-law, eleven grandchildren and twenty-nine great grandchildren. Peggy grew up in New York City and raised her family in Queens, New York. She and her husband moved to Florida when her husband retired. While in Florida, at the age of sixty, she attended college and was able to actualize her life-long desire to become a writer. Her poetry and short stories were enjoyed by her family, her friends, her writing group colleagues, and her fellow church congregants. Peggy was an interesting, intelligent, inquisitive, and delightful person who used humor to cope with the challenges of her life. People always remarked about how she was "so full of life" and how she brightened the world around her. She was a woman of deep faith and courage and was a source of great strength to her family when her oldest son died at the age of 25 many years ago. Peggy was dearly loved by her family and friends and we all miss her but know her spirit lives on because of all the lives she touched. She left the world a better place. Aug. 21, 1996 Dear Child, For you are you know. Pop and I love each and everyone of you, but surely you have always known that. I was never more aware of the importance of family unity than when we gathered for the wedd Lnqs , and yes, the funerals, too. How united we were, how our hearts went out to each other. We have lived together, broken bread together, laughed in the good times, and cried in the sorrow of our losses. If I had but one wish in this life, it would be to have you all return with me to the past, to become little children again. To watch you all as you played, laughed, shared, and yes, cried over hurts that even brothers and sisters do administer to one another. But then, ••• you were all so quick to forgive, so eager to



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continue the companionship and love you shared. So I pray that the happiness we ~ shared at the weddings, may forever be present in our family. Strive for the possible, for perfection is an impossibility. My brothers are gone, and what sadness is evoked when I think of our childhood, separated from one another as we were. So cast aside any hurts, whether real or imagined, for in the end, one of the most important things in life is, FAMILY. Your father and I had many, many sorrows while growing up, sorrows that you were all spared. We have seen such disorder and meanness, and because of it, when I was a young woman starting my family, I vowed I would, fervently, try to avoid all the pitfalls of an interfering mother, or mother-in-law. Your father and I have always prayed for harmony between all of you. Harmony, the product of a sincere try at understanding the different ways each of you possess. We know all of you love us, so stay close and help one another with good intentions and actions. Life is so short, and one day; your father and I will not be here to suffer it, but there will be just ONE of you left. Hopefully, your memories, which ever one it is, will be happy in the knowledge of having loved all and well. All our love to all our dear children.



## **Memories only last if you share them**

Join us in honoring Margaret by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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