

## Kevin's Eulogy for our brother Brian

Good after noon

For those of you who don't know me, I am Kevin Madden, Brian's brother

On behalf of my mother, my brothers, and sisters,

I would like to thank you all for sharing our celebration of the life of my brother Brian

I will try, poorly I'm afraid, to squeeze into a few minutes fifty one years of an incredible human being.

My grandfather was fond of saying.

"It's not the size of the man in the fight . . . it's the size of the fight in the man.

Brian embodied that saying.

Throughout his life from a young age until his final days he fought the good fight

Through childhood he was subjected to the cruelest of tortures and pain He suffered and endured the most debasing indignities the health industry can dole out, things that would bring a grown man to tears He not only endured them as if he were made of iron, he still remained a child.

In adolescence he was denied the simplest of expectations, and still he achieved all the embarrassments, failures triumphs and indiscretions any normal teenager can hope to acquire

As a young man he once aspired to be a doctor

He never achieved that – but he spent over forty years in the health industry,

Enough time to have the ability to make interns cry and nurses fall in love with him

He discovered at a young age a talent to create things with food A talent that would win him accolades and recognition So much so that he could make a living in the food and beverage industry His personality and zest for life made him successful in this endeavor

He was a food and beverage man

He often reminded my brother Tim and I of that fact

Every time we worked on his cars . . . and there were many

Cars didn't like Brian

It didn't matter the make model or even how new it was

They would always fail him especially when it was least convenient

He'd say

"I'd like to help you with-that. . . water pump, fuel pump, transmission, engine, but you see. . . I'm a food and beverage man. –

But he was so much more than that.

He was a story teller, a poet, a bard, a writer and a talented singer of songs

He could tell a joke

Timing and delivery, timing and delivery

No matter how often he said that I was never as good as he.

He was a bottomless well of silly quotes, one liners, and bawdy humor

He could speak Spanish without a gringo accent

He had a repitoir of saying and phrases in many languages and he could parrot them perfectly

No matter your station in life or your particular circumstances Brian took you as you came without pretention or judgement Few who met him did not like him. . .very few. . . and, if you spent any time with him you were always his friend

No matter his bad luck with things man-made, he was magical with everything give to us by God Animals, children, friends and family

Throughout his life Brian was Fransiscan in his love for God's creatures. . .dogs especially. . . but he raised, loved and cared, for a veritable menagerie of animals

Dogs, cats, horses, goats, chickens, rats, mice, and even ferrets.

Any child who ever knew Brian recognised his magic They were drawn to him and basked in the joy and warmth he emitted

He could quote and sing just about every cartoon theme song, and foil, from Mickey Mouse to Sponge Bob.

Of the adults who met and knew Brian. . .

There is little I can say up here that can possibly come close to the personal relationships he forged with each and everyone of you There are many here though of no blood relation, who are his family

To those of us who are his family whether by birth, circumstance, or choice, we are nothing less than privileged and thankful for that blessing.

Brian was proud of his family

He never missed any opportunity to tell you about his children grandchildren neices and nephews

Brian was a man of great faith he wore his Christianity as a proud badge for all the world to see and recognize

He believed truly in the promise of the carpenter's step son

"In my Fathers house there are many rooms. . ."

I know that Brian now dwells in the Father's house

But here on earth we have our own rooms to keep Brian. . .  
That is the room he takes up in our hearts

What better place for him to be?

For we all know he carried each of us in his own big heart.

Who's the man Brian?

You sir, you are the man