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PHIL'S BLOG

FAMILY - UNDER CONSTRUCTION (REGISTRATION/PASSWORD REQUIRED)

CONTACT ME

Rev. Martin Patrick Fallon – continued

2/5/2022

1 Comment



March 28, 1981. Front: Sr. Patricia "Dolly", Fr. Marty Fallon, Ann Fallon McGovern, Tommy, Alice Cavanaugh Fallon, Ann Rogulich Fallon, Eddy; Back: Bill Gamboney, Irene Fallon Gamboney, Georgia Baranowski Fallon, Emmett McGovern, Jimmy, Celeste Kleina Fallon, Johnny. Missing: Mary and Joe Stenson

February 5, 1982. 40 years since we laid to rest Fr. Marty Fallon at St. Thecla's Church, Chicago, Illinois.



Circa Summer 1973; Fr. Marty, Ann Marie McGovern

My last Post on Uncle Marty was only a scratch on the surface (above the surface). How can I express his warmth as a person? Words fail me. He would hug and embrace you, and you felt his love.

I was looking up some of the details of the week Uncle Marty died and oh boy, I had forgotten how emotional and exhausting the week was for his siblings. Besides Marty's death, they endured two visitation services and two funeral services in 3 days. The first set of services were at Fr. Marty's parish in Naplate (near Ottawa) Illinois. But since his family and many of his friends lived in or near Chicago, there was a second service at St. Thecla's Church in Chicago.

Here is the timeline of that week:

January 31 Sunday

- Fr. Marty said two masses that morning (8am and 10am) at St. Mary's Church and during his homily, he spoke of his recent vacation to Florida and Texas and visits with friends there. He told parishioners that he was content to be back in their presence.
- Shortly after saying 10am mass, he fell ill
- Taken to hospital and diagnosed with acute abdominal ruptured aortic aneurysm on his right side; he was immediately taken into surgery

February 1 Monday

Author

I have been interested in preserving family history for many years. Hope you enjoy.

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- All of his siblings (and spouses) are able to be at his bedside:

Mary and Joe Stenson

John and Ann Fallon

Tom and Alice Fallon

Jim and Celeste Fallon

Ed and Georgia Fallon

Sr. Patricia (Dolly) Fallon

Irene and Bill Gamboney

Ann and Emmett McGovern

February 2 Tuesday

- 2:30 am: Fr. Marty passes away

February 3 Wednesday

- 4pm: 1st Visitation at St. Mary's Church
- 8pm: Prayers led by Knights of Columbus and Catholic Daughters of America

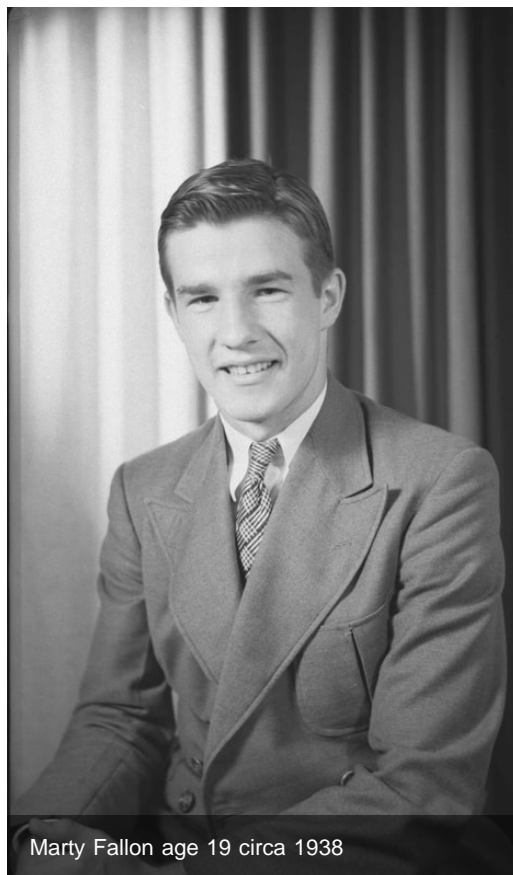
February 4 Thursday

- 11 am: 1st Funeral Mass at St. Mary Church (after the services, body is transported to Chicago)
- 5pm to 9pm: 2nd Visitation at Columbian Funeral Home, Oak Park, Illinois (just outside of Chicago)

February 5 Friday

- 11 am: 2nd Funeral Mass at St. Thecla Church, Chicago, Illinois
- Interment at Queen of Heaven Cemetery, Hillside, Illinois
- Luncheon at Richard's Lilac Lodge, Cermak and Wolf Rd. (Northeast corner), Hillside, Illinois
- Celebration of Fr. Marty at Ann and Emmett McGovern's home

One service is difficult to endure. But two? On Wednesday/Thursday, the first set of services were said in St. Mary Church and by the Thursday evening, Marty's body was transported to Chicago for the second set of services for Thursday/Friday. And to add to all of this, Friday brought the Chicago area a snow storm which prevented many people from attending the funeral mass.



Marty Fallon age 19 circa 1938



During this week of my writing this post, some cobwebs were lifted from my memory bank. I don't know what prompted the following recollection, but it was fun to remember and write of it....the funeral service at St. Mary's had ended and we were collecting ourselves to return to Chicago. John and Ann were getting ready to drive Marty's car back to Chicago. The car was a brand new, fully equipped, 2 door, [Oldsmobile Cutlass Brougham](#) purchased two months before on December 1, 1981. But John was worn-out and tired. I was standing there and whether I was suggested, or he asked me to drive him home, I can't recall. But I said sure - and became the designated driver for my aunt and uncle. Once we got on the road, I can remember he just slumped into the passenger seat, exhausted from the week's events and hoping to get some sleep. He didn't sleep. Instead, his mind was thinking of the preparations for the mass to be held at John's home church, St. Thecla's. John, or "Tiny", as he was known to his friends growing up in Presentation school, was deacon at the church and well respected for his devotion and service to his church and community. As an uncle to us young cousins, we were on the receiving end of quarters he would pull out of your ear with his sleight of hand. In 1982, his grandchildren allowed for a new generation to be the recipients of his magic.

But back to the drive home. Remember, the family went to see Marty on short notice and they ended up staying for a couple of nights. Returning home, I don't remember much of the drive itself or the conversation, but the plan was to drop Aunt Ann off to her beautician's salon. She made an appointment so she can be ready for the next two days of services in Chicago. As we approached Chicago, we thought we had an exit on the expressway at Irving Park Road and that would allow us to quickly drive her to her appointment. But we found no exit and instead, we had to drive a bit out of our way and backtrack to the salon. That is all I remember! I assume we dropped her off and I took Uncle John home. But can't recall those details.

And the next two days were again emotional for the family. While we gathered those days to say goodbye

to Uncle Marty, we all were bonding as a Fallon Family unit. Siblings who lost a brother, nieces and nephews who lost an uncle, cousins who lost a cousin, and countless friends who came out to grieve with the family. All of his siblings have passed on, but his nieces and nephews live today to remember him.



February 7, 1981. The Fallon Boys, Fr. Marty, John, Jim, Ed, Tom celebrating Ann and Emmett McGovern's 25 Wedding Anniversary

The following three pages are the Fallon Family's sent out to family and friends. Note the February 27/28 date is incorrect and should be January.

St. Joan of Arc Convent
820 Division Street
Lisle, Illinois 60532

Dear Friend,

On February 2, 1982, the Feast of the Presentation, our brother, Father Martin Patrick Fallon passed away in Ottawa Community Hospital! Father had been in the best of health and had returned refreshed, after spending a few weeks with his Oblate friends in Florida and Texas. He spoke of his experiences at the masses on February 27 and 28, and assured parishioners that he was most content to be back in their midst. That afternoon, he was taken ill suddenly due to an aortic aneurism.

Father Marty lived long enough to be totally conscious of the presence of all his brothers and sisters and a few of his closest friends. We, his family were all present at his bedside to join Father Ambrose Cunningham from St. Patrick's Parish in Ottawa, Illinois, with the beautiful prayers for the dying. With peace and acceptance, Father Marty closed his eyes and we're confident he was welcomed by our parents and brother Patrick into his heavenly home.

Our family is having the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for our brother's many friends and parishioners, in gratitude for the many kindnesses shown to Father during his lifetime of service in the church. We ask that you continue to remember Father Marty in your prayers! In return, we hope...

That the road rise up to meet us,
That the wind be always at our backs,
That the sun shine warm upon our faces,
The rains fall soft upon our soil...and
until we meet Marty again,
That God would hold us all in the palm of His hand!

Gratefully,

Sister Mary Patricia, O.S.B.

Mary & Joe Stenson

John & Ann Fallon

Tom & Alice Fallon

Jim & Celeste Fallon

Ed & Georgia Fallon

Irene & Bill Gamboney

Ann & Emmett McGovern

ERIN GO BRAGH

What shall we say about Father Marty...? The utterly practical,
yet never predictable, sometimes irascible, quite inexplicable
FATHER FALLON?

Strange blend of shyness, pride and conceit,
And stubborn refusal to bow in defeat.
He was spoiling and ready to argue or fight,
Yet the smile of a child filled his soul with delight.
His eyes were the quickest to well up with tears,
Yet his strength was the strongest to banish our fears!

His hate was as fierce as his devotion was grand,
And there was no middle ground on which he would stand.
He was wild and so gentle, so good and so bad,
He was proud and so humble, both happy and sad.
He was in love with the ocean, the earth and Texas skies,
He was enamored with beauty wherever it lies.

He was victor and victim, a star and a clod,
But mostly...Marty was IRISH...IN LOVE WITH HIS GOD!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

This verse was hanging in Father's room and was read at his
wake by his sister.

That the road rise up to meet us,
That the wind be always at our backs,
That the sun shine warm upon our faces,
The rains fall soft upon our fields...and
until we meet Marty again,
That God would hold us all in the palm of his hand!

GOOD-BYE, FATHER MARTY

In the quiet of the morning
A life was stilled
A heart became silent
A gentle, loving man in the autumn of his life...said good-bye.
But there is no leaving
there can be no good-byes
For people whose lives are molded together
in love, in friendship and in blood.
Death has taken life from this gentle man
but it cannot take away the life
which he has shared with us for so many years.
Life is like the seasons...never ending
what we think is winter
soon becomes our spring.
His life was always part of our life,
our life was always part of his
could it be different now?
Is not his life
still so much of our life
is not his love
still so much of our love
is not his strength in overcoming even the greatest obstacles
our strength,
is not his laughter, his tears
his decency, his warmth
part of all that we do...all that we are?

If we are moved by the changing seasons
how much more are we moved
by the life and death
of this very gentle man, this special priest.
For this gentle man and for all of us
it is a season lived
a season died...a time no more.
But as winter gradually turns to spring
we remember and celebrate
the life's work of this gentle man
we will always remember him...
But we will honor him in the never ending love
we share with each other
and with our families
in the love we share with
those who are lonely and friendless
those without hope.
our lives have changed...
both by his living and by his dying
the sadness of today will fade
giving way to the memories of yesterday's joys
and the hope of a beautiful tomorrow.

In the quiet of the morning
A life was stilled
A heart became silent
this gentle, loving man
this special priest
BROTHER, UNCLE, DEAREST FRIEND
said GOOD-BYE

Reflection by Bernard Kleins, Brother-in-Law
of Jim Fallon

And the following are two letters from friends of Fr. Marty to the Family.

St. Gabriel's Church

2535 FORTIETH AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94116

TELEPHONE: 731-6161

August 5, 1982

Sister M. Patricia Fallon, OSB
St. Joan of Arc Convent
820 Division St.
Lisle, Ill. 60532

Dear Sister,

Thank you for writing to tell me of Marty's promotion to eternal life with God. My apologies for taking so long to reply.

It seems now like a long time ago that I first came to know Marty--September 1950 to June 1952. However, the memories of him are just as vivid now as they ever were. He was one of the most gifted men that I ever knew. Academically, it used to annoy me that we had to work so hard to achieve what he accomplished with so little effort.

In every social context, he was immediately the center of everyone's attention. But what impressed me most was Marty's ability to talk to the most ordinary person (the bootblack, the scrubwoman, the down-and-outer with no job and no place to live) and make them feel that he or she was the most important person in the world. It was an ability that reminded me of a song they used to sing when I was ordained: "Another Christ--anointed priest thou art."


His family was very important to Marty. It was a joy to hear that all of you were with him at the end. There are a couple more lines to the beautiful Irish blessing which you quoted in your letter.

"May you be in heaven for an hour before the devil knows you're dead."

I am certain that wish was fulfilled in Marty's death. We pray for him but we pray with him that all of us may grow in his ability to make the love of God a very real and human thing for the people whose lives he touched.

My best to all of your family,

Sincerely yours in Christ,


Mgr. James B. Flynn

Office of the Director
Chaplain Service 125
Veterans Administration
Washington D.C. 20420
February 10, 1982

Dear Friends,

Marty and I met in Texas at St. Anthony's about 45 years ago. We were both from Chicago; he was two years ahead of me. He left the Oblates in 1942 and I followed in 1943. We both were ordained for the diocese of Peoria, about 18 months apart. Once we went back to Texas together and had a grand reunion there. When I was ordained Marty spoke at my first Mass. In those days we called it the sermon, not the homily.

When he was in Catholic U and I was in the military service as a chaplain we spent another holiday together. Over the years we kept in touch with mutual friends back in Texas and friends of the Oblates around Chicago. We both had sisters who became nuns; once we visited Sister Mary Pat in Texas. My sister always was stationed in the Detroit area and she died as suddenly as Marty did, back in 1968.

My two close friends back in the Peoria diocese were on vacation so I only heard of Marty's death by mail the day of the services in Naplate. When I called Hank Simoneaux in Louisiana I got the details. In Marty's memory I will send a gift to their retreat house. I knew of his quiet, deep love of the Blessed Mother (learned at home and nourished in Texas) so I see the feast of the Presentation last week and Our Lady of Lourdes tomorrow as telling us that he is at peace. May your faith surround your sorrow.

Father Jim Martin *Jim Martin*

1 Comment

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