

Passing of Eamon Molloy

<http://ucam.org.my/modules/news/article.php?storyid=1208>

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WEB SITE INFORMATION

Posted by : admin

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Molloy, Eamon Mark Paul (de Valera) Queen Service Medal (QSM) ("Jack" to Bedeans) - Died unexpectedly but peacefully while praying the Rosary.



A loved brother and brother-in-law of the late Erin and Reg Mills. A loved uncle of his nephews John, Gregory, Peter, Martin and Francis.

An undeserved and loved father to Fr Michael Pui. A good and faithful son and servant of the Catholic Church and a Christian who lived his faith.

An ardent member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. A loved fatherly and brotherly figure to many and especially overseas students, refugees and the underdogs.

A great example of being 'Irish'; one who could laugh at himself, talked with crowds and kept his virtue, and walked with kings and did not lose the common touch.

In lieu of flowers, donations to the Beckenham conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society would be appreciated and may be made at the Mass. A Requiem Mass will be celebrated in St. Peter's Catholic Church, Fisher Avenue, Beckenham on Wednesday, December 16 at 10:30 am, interment thereafter. A Rosary Vigil will be held in the Church Tomorrow (Tuesday) at 6:45 pm.

With deepest sorrow, we announce the passing of Eamon Molloy on the morning of Friday, 11th December 2009. Eamon Molloy had been a friend of 2 generations of Malaysian students that passed through Christchurch and in particular the University of Canterbury, New Zealand from the 1960s. He was known for his use of humour and his attempts at bonding with Asian students.

We will provide update as more information are available. For those with photographs and some stories you would like to share with all of us, we would like to hear from you. Please send it to ucamorg@ucam.org.my. Thanking you in advance.

Below are those that contributed to the placement of an advertisement in the Star newspaper on the 16th December 2009. Some names did not appear due the short notice in placing the

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notice.

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|-----------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| Ngau Boon Keat | Hooi Sum Kwai | Lim Hsu Yen |
| Junid Abu Saham | Tan Kong Seng | Ong Su Ching |
| Ahmad Kadis | Bu Seng Beng | Y P Lai |
| Lee Heuk Ping | Yee Chow Boi | S B Ong |
| Kong Khai Yeng | Richard Foo Seong | Peter Choo Kum Choy |
| Leong Choo Yoon | Tan Boon Shing | Chua Jun Yih |
| Ngan Lee Fan | Liew Siew Yee | Ngau Wu Wei |
| Eddy Ng | Gregory S C Hii | Henne Liaw |
| Sonny Chong | Ricky Lim | Tan Hak Sieu |
| Thomas Chong | Cheah Sao Seong | Yeo Yang Poh |
| Chua Thai Lai | | |

Received:- 17th Dec 2009

The Requiem Mass by Fr. Michael Pui accompanied by Bishop and 8 Priests was a remarkable sent off for our best and respected mate Boon Chong and Whong Lee Leng both from Sydney attended the Mass
Hong Yen Kong and Lee Eng Seng both came down from Wellington for the occasion Yen Kong paid tribute to our old friend on behalf our the " students "that were here in Christchurch in the "60s to the 90's" and also announced the **Eamon Memorial scholarship** ---this was very well received.

Pall Bearers from our group were Yen Kong, Lee Leng, Boon Chong and myself. The burial in Ruru Lawn cemetery was carried out in the Irish Way each of us presence have to shove the sand back into the burial plot.

Chen Weng Kei

Received:- 15 Dec 2009

A VISITOR OF LOVE

Most people, from time to time, do perform acts of kindness on others, without expecting anything in return. But few would make that a career. Eamon Molloy did; and he was (and is) special because of it.

I wish to remember Eamon in a truthful, honest and grateful manner, because those were the values by which he had led his life.

I came to know Eamon about 30 years ago. We became good friends. We remained constantly in touch after I had left New Zealand. The last time we spoke on the phone was only a few days before his sudden and unexpected passing.

In all the years that I had known him, he had only one job “that of helping those who needed his help. He worked in the job everyday, without any wage.

Eamon routinely visited and assisted people who needed help or comfort, and with whom he had crossed paths. In the earlier years, he had befriended and helped countless Asian students in Christchurch, particularly Malaysians and Singaporeans. Later on, he similarly helped many refugees and migrants from Vietnam, Cambodia, China and other places, in all sorts of different ways. He was known for supporting and standing up for those facing difficulties, prejudice or discrimination in trying to adapt to the New Zealand way of life.

No problem of others was too small, or too unimportant, for Eamon. He was always there for those who needed him. But he made a conscious effort not to be intruding or overbearing. On the other hand, he was never hesitant to put his foot in the door whenever he felt necessary. Hence, he had stepped on more than a few toes. Although he was well liked by most, there were some who saw him as a pain in the neck. In my view, he was all the more better for it. One who stood up for others could not have avoided making a few enemies along the way.

Not everyone Eamon had helped had, in my view, deserved it. Some, I felt, were simply making use of him. I did tell him so. He did not dispute my assessment that not all cases were genuine in nature. But his reply became one of the most valuable things I have been able to learn in my life. His response to me was that, because he was not in the position to know for certain if a person seeking his help in fact deserved the help or was merely taking advantage of him, he therefore chose not to refuse anyone, for fear that he might by error of judgment turn away a deserving seeker. This is how special Eamon Molloy was (and is).

Eamon led a simple life himself. He kept his needs to a minimum. He spoke little about himself, even to his close friends. He was more absorbed in finding ways to help others. He frequently treated others as being more important than himself.

Most people expend the large part of their time and energy in acquiring material things or wealth. They maintain a healthy monetary balance sheet throughout their lives, but end up with a negative spiritual balance sheet at the end of it. A lot of us want, and indeed receive, from others, much more than what we give (or are willing to give) to others. Most of us, therefore, leave this life in spiritual debt. Eamon, however, left this world as a rich creditor.

Most people I know pass through this life as visitors of desire. Eamon was different. He was a visitor of love.

Orthodox history may have no place for recording the contribution to humanity made by ordinary persons, like Eamon Molloy, who do extraordinary things. That mattered not to him, nor does it me. In my book, Eamon was a Giant of love, kindness and compassion. He had touched many lives. I believe that in God’s Book he will be favourably and highly placed.

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The best way we can remember and honour Eamon is to try our best to follow his generous ways of giving and helping, as far as we can, now that Eamon has shown us how to do so.

Yeo Yang Poh
12/12/2009

Received:- 14 Dec 2009, 9:16 am
Thanks for informing us..

He was my guardian through out my stay in Ch-ch. Fondest memories of him and is great loss to all of us who got to know him

*Regards,
Ong Su Ching
Fortis Lease (Malaysia) Sdn Bhd*

Received:- 13th Decemeber 2009
From Kong Khai Yeng -

My memory of my years in NZ as a student is not complete without the jovial and kind-hearted person of Emon Molloy being part of it.

It is 40 years since my first year in U. of Canterbury. I met Emon on the first day I arrived in Christchurch, at Tang Chee Meng's flat. Everyone there greeted him like as if he was from Malaysia. That was Emon. He had that knack of making everyone feel belonged. So immediately he and I connected.

Emon had a giving heart, always trying to help.

I am glad that I met him when I returned to Christchurch for a visit in Nov 1987 and during the few times he was in KL. I thought he would have forgotten me, which I would not be surprised if he did, as I was but one of thousands of Malaysians and Singaporeans who had the privilege of knowing him personally. But he didn't. He could remember my full name and even recall some of the things I had said during those days of student politics.

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That evening on a one-to-one with Emon in Bangsar some years back will always be an unforgettable moment for me. He told me he was having arthritic pain in the legs, so we walked slowly to the water hole. But he soon forget about the pain and we laughed about ourselves, almost everyone and everything else.

My regret is that I wished he could have visited KL more often or that I could have visited him more often in Christchurch, so that we could have more laughing sessions.