

I have three particular memories of John.

The first is of packed class halls in All Hallows utterly enthralled at his story telling, as he broke forth the Mystery of what lies at the heart of reality in tales of Connemara, fishermen and crooked carpets.

The second is of a much divided MA class in Limerick, divided between those who loved him and those who hated him, well not quite, but who were disturbed by him, as he spoke of Jonah and Moby Dick and the belly of the beast. As John spoke, Reality beckoned, and time stood still.

The third is of his lecture at the Conference in Media Lab Europe a few years ago. “Christ”, he said, “they’re all mad, in a nice kind of way”. And they were saying something similar about him, though perhaps without the pious aspiration.

John is now for all eternity what he was to us at his very best. He is that for all, and no longer just for a few. Despite his intimate knowledge of God, and also of the terror from which we have all been saved, I still hope that God has managed to take him by surprise in the absolute joy of salvation.

Subvenite Sancti Dei, occurite Angeli Domini: suscipientes animam ejus: offerentes eam in conspectu Altissimi... Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domini.

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