



## Edward J. McCusker

December 11, 2023

Edward James McCusker, 93, of Danbury, CT, passed away on Monday, Dec 11th, at Hartford Hospital. He was the beloved husband of Dolores McCusker.

A man of few words, Edward would object to the length at which we are about to describe him. He was born in Harlem Hospital November 19, 1930 to Ellen and Edward McCusker, both of whom emigrated from Lawrencetown County Down in Ireland.

He grew up in the Bronx and Parkchester, NY. As a kid, Edward learned to ski from members of the 10th Mountain Division who used local kids to groom a hill in the neighborhood. Edward went on to teach his sons Kevin and Owen to ski. He'd like future generations of skiers to remember that "if you're not falling, you're not learning."

Edward attended Gorton High School, Class of 1948, and Columbia University, Class of 1952. After college, he joined the army and served in the Korean War, during which he said he mostly drove diplomats around in Europe.

An astute scientist, Edward worked at Davis and Geck in Danbury where he met the love of his life Dolores Ianantouni, who worked as a researcher. Edward was an inventor, and worked with a team to invent bio-absorbable

sutures in the 70s and 80s.

Edward loved telling stories about his family. All of his uncles served in WWII, and his mother Ellen sailed over on the Lusitania in 1927 with her best friend Betsy White, who helped raise Edward. His mother was a seamstress and a gifted painter who painted the sailboats she watched in Ireland as a girl. She made parachutes during WWII and delicious desserts for her family. Edward's father worked as a salesman at the New York Times, and later as an executive assistant for Wiley Post, and for the future prime minister of England, Anthony Eden when he visited the United States.

You could often find Edward fishing and baking Irish shortbread. He encourages others to use his recipe of "5-1-2." What that means is anyone's guess.

Edward was predeceased by his beloved wife Dolores McCusker and his daughter-in-law Karen McCusker. He is survived by his sons Kevin and Owen McCusker, his daughter-in-law Carrie McCusker, and his grandchildren Camden, Carolyn, Anna, and Sean McCusker, all of whom love and miss him very much.

Calling hours will be Monday from 5-7 pm at the Molloy Funeral Home, 906 Farmington Ave. West Hartford. Funeral Mass of Christian Burial will be Tuesday, December 19, at 10 am directly at St. Patrick & St. Anthony Church, 285 Church St. Hartford (live stream available at [www.spsact.org](http://www.spsact.org)). In lieu of flowers, the family ask that you honor Edward by enjoying a glass of red wine and a slice of apple pie as he bafflingly believed it should be eaten, with a slice of cheddar cheese.

An Irishman's Journey - by Owen McCusker (Dec 2023)

Irish eyes, blue, smiling a squint,  
A quiet man rests peacefully  
Back-glancing his journey, as He lay  
Surrounded by two sons and piper's songs,  
Hands held softly, waiting...

From Harlem to Hartford, depression to long recession,  
("always remember to boil the turkey bones after Thanksgiving for soup...")  
He laid down his feet, whimsically at first, a fishing pole often in hands.  
Cleaned fish full up in a burlap bag, on a subway car, slowly clearing...  
Begot from Her paintings, of Irish clipper ships,  
His mother, often rocking back in chair, smiling,  
His father, a driver of foreign dignitaries, A. Eden, by his side,  
1930s secretary of the New York Times...  
10th Mountain Division ski lessons in the park gave way to a generational  
passion,  
Turning the family tree branches covered soft powder white,  
Leaves becoming unfettered, in kind winter soul  
Traveling often to a summer cabin on Waccabuc;  
His study, top of his class, Columbia bound... chemistry.  
Their Poems and Prose, shared in story, and bound,  
A timeline of Loving communications before their Departure,  
captured for a future generation to discover...  
In matted brown soft old faded album

Black, the color of His true love's hair, her smile wide, for Her Eddy  
Their meeting, some red wine, then a dance, at the Atlantic.  
From... their science intertwined, Her Tufts to His Columbia,  
To... a broken-down car making its way to FL

A cob pipe, hanging over the rail, Irish side-smile in film  
An Italian flip-side to His Irish coin, Her beautiful songs, Her piano keys,  
Her pussycat talk for an owl's stoic temperament, in Promise,  
they often traveled...

Traveled, walking past Inuktitut river's brown Alaskan bears; "Halu"  
Rusty Costa Rican 4x4 stuck in the rainforest,  
monkeys staring in earnest. "Pura Vida!"

Cruising down the Volga, through Volgograd, "Da"  
A mystical family meeting in Puglia with vines, olives, and goats; "Ciao"  
(A sourced vine once grew in a Waterbury backyard...)  
A stroll in County Down, with weavers, and drinkers of Mead  
Then west Walking the cliffs of Moher, "Slàinte Mhath"

Two freckled and tan boys found their way within the mix;  
His leading, by following, this new adventure of two.  
Boys mastering a black and white TV's dial, to Sesame Street and beyond,  
Swimmers, early, water's second home,  
Fishing, so often, summer, no shirts covering red shoulders, baiting the hook,  
Casting into Bethel's water, "Sunnies all the way down."  
Sunday mornings Irish music filling the house and through an open window...,  
Mass at St. Peters, then  
Glaze donuts stuck to small hands, from a NY bakery's dozen..  
Winter leathered-booted, skiing on wooden hand-me down skis..  
Ascutney's ice, Okemo's black diamond, Killington bear mountain,  
Near win bingo in Ludlow, clearing the room, accidentally,  
"0-70...", "Bingo!!!!", "-7", "oops, Run!" (Almost \$200!)  
Swimming, snorkeling in light blue fins, black masks, snorkels,  
diving deep, exploring Squance Pond's bottom.  
Camping in red, white and blue musty canvas.  
Cots often hovering over puddles of rain,  
Cast iron stove's awesome fare,

spicy smell sifting through the later day's air,  
Two boys, and sometimes friends, walk with starlit darkness,  
between the smokey red-orange dance  
of chatty campfires and  
buttery cinnamon doughboys;  
By Day, lost in East Beach's salty waves,  
surfing on bendy blowup mattresses,  
leaking bubbles, between purple stinging jellies  
Highlight's monthly piano singing in the basement, water water everywhere;  
Setting up the gravity pump, after storm  
Garden full of giant zucchini, cracked tomatoes,  
and swiss chard served with invertebrate dinner surprises.  
A used motorized, circular mower, coyfully named R2D2,  
handles, taller than boys, their chopper arms outstretched,  
Battling the summer lawn, was often broken,  
parts strewn outside the back door, then reassembled  
And functioning, only to drag  
the young padawans across the green.  
Short-bread xmas batches galore, recipe morphing over the decades,  
passed from family to family, Our Irish breaking of bread.  
Dinner table science talk, small steps to take, before the knowledge climb;  
Genetics, biochemistry, immunology, ... discourse...  
He would leverage the richness historical past, for today,  
History He repeated in front of our young less learned eyes, and ears,  
Magic...  
emitted from an encoded woolen patterned off-white sweater.  
This scientist, inventor of sutures, a father, a husband, and a son,  
A lover of historical things,  
An eater of cheese,  
Providing the soft stern distance of unquestioning love,  
Supporting, without structure's underpinnings.

A Sanctioned Freedom of thought,  
s His philosophical legacy, His objectivity,  
To this part of our tree, and branches next,

Read, listen, analyze, question, talk, repeat...  
until the truth's opacity gives way to  
clearer empathetic understanding...

...Finding the Middle Way...

...A seemingly forgotten humane process from today's polarization.

Irish blue eyes, back-glancing his journey,  
soft breath walking up the Stairway,  
to His Departed love's soft landing,  
With the Southeast Lighthouse beaoning,  
to Her softly brown Island shores with arms outstretched,  
With a bottomless glass of red wine,  
mostly Cabernet, or a Sherry or a Chianti,

And waiting for their kilted dance to begin...  
again.

# Previous Events

## Calling Hours

DEC 18. 5:00 PM - 7:00 PM (ET)

Molloy Funeral Home  
906 Farmington Ave  
West Hartford, CT 06119  
(860) 232-1322

## Mass of Christian Burial

DEC 19. 10:00 AM (ET)

St. Patrick St. Anthony Church  
285 Church Street  
Hartford, CT

# Tribute Wall



“ *Molloy Funeral Home created a Webcast in memory of Edward J. McCusker*



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**Molloy Funeral Home** - December 14, 2023 at 12:44 PM



“ *Shirley M. purchased the Sentiments of Serenity Spray for the family of Edward J. McCusker.*



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**Shirley M.** - December 15, 2023 at 01:19 PM