



William C. Mulkeen

June 10, 1949 - July 9, 2007

William Charles Bill Mulkeen entered eternal life on July 9, 2007 in Hartford, CT. Bill was the son of the late Helen Harold and William Eamon Mulkeen of West Hartford, CT. Bill was a graduate of Saint Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield, CT. He received a B.A. in classical languages with honors from Trinity College in Hartford and a M.S. in library sciences from Southern Connecticut State University in New Haven. Bill worked for a time in the Rare Books Collection of the Beinecke Library at Yale University. Bill was a life-long student of classical and modern languages. He loved classical music, having played the cello since childhood.

Bill was beloved by his siblings and their spouses: Helen Mulkeen of Washington, D.C.; Anne Mulkeen and David Romond of Osh Kosh, WI; Patricia Mulkeen and John F. Droney of West Hartford, CT; and Joan Donlan and Charles Mulkeen of Glen Rock, NJ. Bill leaves his devoted nieces and nephews: Rachel Romond and John Rausch; Leah and Matthew Romond; Nuala Droney and Robert Durbin; Maura Droney; as well as Tyler, Ryan, Colby, Curren, and Braden Mulkeen. Bill was especially close to his maternal aunt and godmother, Dorothy Mrs. Alexander McNeil of Osh Kosh, WI and Christine F. Droney of West Hartford, CT.

Bill's final days were spent in the care of his beloved nurses, William LaCourse and Charlotte Small, and the Chelsea Place staff as well as in the care of the entire Vitas Hospice team led by Helen Kingstorf, BS, RN. Bill's family especially thanks the persons whose friendship touched Bill's and their

lives: Bishop Peter Rosazza, Father Nicholas Cesaro, Father Michael P. Donnelly, Jamie Kaufmann, Sheila Amdur, Susan Blaszczak, Sheryl Breetz, Rafael Gallegos, Paul Hudon, Dorothy and Sanford Karjohn, Judge Robert K. Killian, Charles Lacey, Michael Michalski, Anne Modesto, Kenton Robinson, Rachel Rossow and her late son, Edward, as well as James Stagon. Funeral services will be Saturday, July 14 at 9:30 am from the Molloy Funeral Home 906 Farmington Ave. West Hartford, with a Mass of Christian Burial at 10:00 am in St. Thomas the Apostle Church. Burial will follow in Mt. St. Benedict Cemetery. Friends and family may call Friday from 6-8 pm at the funeral home. Memorial donations in Bill's name may be made to the Judge David L. Bazelon Center for Mental Health Law, 1101 - 15th Street NW, Suite 1212, Washington, DC.

Tribute Wall



“ Dear Anne,

I am so sorry to learn of your brother's passing. I have been praying for him and know that he is at peace where he will always be loved, never alone and never in pain. Love, Prue##imported-begin##Prudence Precourt##imported-end##

July 18, 2007 at 12:00 AM



“ *I wish I had more memories of Bill, but the memories I do have are strong and full of love. Bill was always so kind to me, my mom and our family. No matter what struggles he was facing, he always had a warm smile, a loving hug and a good tale ready for his guests. He loved his family and appreciated the little things. My mom always enjoyed stories from their youth and Uncle Harry has kept us up to date with stories past and present. My cousins Randy and Emily have enjoyed traveling with Uncle Harry to spend time with Bill. We all have fond memories of our cousin Bill. Our love and sympathy goes to Holly, Anne, Patsy, Charlie and their families and also to my mom, Aunt Susie, Uncle Harry and Aunt Mary Noel. Bill, you are, and always will be, loved and missed##imported-begin##Kristin and Dan Souza##imported-end##*

July 15, 2007 at 12:00 AM



“ *Losing someone you love it the hardest thing God asks us to do. But death is not letting go, it's keeping them close in our hearts and fresh in our memories until the time that we can all be together.##imported-begin##Susan Panek##imported-end##*

July 13, 2007 at 12:00 AM



“ *##imported-begin##Judy and Tim Young##imported-end##*

July 12, 2007 at 12:00 AM



“ *Remembering all the wonderful times playing in Far Rockaway, fun in the Catskills and of course our teen years in West Hartford. Rest in peace, Dear William. We love you. Cousin Dianne##imported-begin##Dianne and Warren Johnson##imported-end##*

July 12, 2007 at 12:00 AM



“ *What a difference 21 months made in Bill's childhood as we escapaded through it with constant rascality. We shared some very hilarious times together although our parents weren't so amused. I would come up with the ideas for silly pranks, and Bill would be my trusted accomplice and fall-guy.*

We made an adventurous pair, telling our parents would be home for supper in response to their direct question "where do you two think you're going?" Bill was 9 and I was 11 when we took off to New York City via the subway from Mott Avenue in Far Rockaway Queens, New York on the F train, costing us only a dime in the late 50's; fortunately, we got home just in time for supper to avoid any parental questions regarding our day's whereabouts.

We had a grand time visiting with our grandparents in their home in Far Rockaway where Bill and his family co-resided, to my greatest envy. Grandpa Harold would take us in his truck to the "Stinky Waters" of Jamaica Bay, Uncle Walter would prepare all the lobsters, cherry stone clams and mussels which Grandpa bought by the barrel-full at the Fulton Fish Market for our families to enjoy as we sat outside on the veranda with the mild ocean breeze cooling us.

Bill loved to go to Beach 19th Street, a/k/a Roaches Beach, in Far Rockaway and watch Uncle Walter float on the ocean's surface with his hands behind his head, blissfully unconcerned about the strong undertoe of the Broad Channel.

Bill had a wonderful time going to Rockaway's Playland on Beach 96th Street where our Grandpa Harold built its rides and landmark tower.

Bill enjoyed squirting me, pretending to be Clarabelle, the Clown, with the stash of filled seltzer water dispensers in the backroom behind the kitchen; but, all we needed to hear in order to stop fooling around was Grandma in the kitchen asking what we were up

to. Grandma never would scolded us for our boyish frolicking, so as not to draw our mothers' attention.

Bill loved ice-cream and so did his four siblings and three other cousins besides me; so we figured, if we could sneak into the twenty-room, three-story house undetected with a half-gallon of peach ice-cream, we could have it all to ourselves this was quite a feat to ponder, let alone pull-off given our family's equalitarian social philosophy of "share, and share alike." So, as we came into view of Grandma's house, we took on the suspiciously innocent-looking persona of Laurel and Hardy, i.e., we casually sauntered down Gipson Street to distract anybody watching us from 1021 that we might be trying to conceal our package from their view. To say the least, we didn't have a chance.

As soon as we were spotted, the house emptied itself of the seven cousins, and then followed by Bill's mom, Aunts Dottie and Virginia my mother, Uncle Walter WWI croix de guerre recipient and our families' matriarch, Grandma Harold, all wanting to know what got the grandchildren so excited. When we heard "hey, what's that? we want some!" we decided to make a mad dash from the sidewalk, hurtling over the hedges, leaping up the four side-entrance steps, disregarding parental shouts to stop, dashing up two staircases, racing through one long hallway, and finally barricading ourselves in Bill's bedroom where we sat victoriously devouring our ice-cream before our location was finally discovered. At least we politely informed everybody, "Sorry, none left."

Another time, Bill and I took Grandma's order for bread, milk and eggs to Johnny Dugan who made curbside deliveries in his little, boxy tan truck. What Bill and I decided that Grandma really wanted were donuts, pies, and pound cake. We knew Grandma would be good-natured about this little stunt.

We would enjoy going to Mass at St. Mary's Star of the Sea to proudly listen more to our Aunt Dottie playing the organ than for anything else. Bill and I would get a kick out of the altarboys on the

church steps after Mass, hawking the Brooklyn diocesan newspaper "Tabbbblettt" rising accent on the second syllable and crying "Alms for the Poor." We weren't quite sure what alms meant

July 12, 2007 at 12:00 AM



“ *I remember Cousin Bill visiting us in NJ when my brothers and I were m much much younger... Making coffee with me in the early morning when I was in middle school or younger and then going for loooooong walks that no one else thout was that fun or fascinating. Imagination was never a loss for Cousin Bill. I remember lecturing Cousin Bill as a young girl on quitting smoking and then feeling so important when he kissed me and put out his cigarette... Making me feel so important to him. So precious were all the times we'd go see him, bringing him goodies of the chocolate variety and music, just spending time. He was so good about sharing those chocolate goodies with me! Going up to see him at the Chelsea was so warm; he had many friends there on various floors, not just his. They'd stop us in the hall to convey a message to Counsins Bill on our way up to see him. He looooved his shepherd's pie and mushroom soup. Mike was with us when Dad and I took him to a well-liked Irish pub. Yep, Cousin Bill in an Irish pub, doing nothing more than holding my hand, eating his meal, and tapping or singing along to the music playing in the background. He reminded us all of loving and embracing the simple pleasures in life. Perhaps those simple pleasures, he might say, would be family and love. He helped us all slow down and really smell the roses. XOXO Love you forever, Cousin Bill...##imported-begin##Emily Kuhn##imported-end##*

July 12, 2007 at 12:00 AM



“ I only knew Bill for a short while but I especially remember Harry, Bill and I going out for pizza to a restaurant in Hartford and talking and joking around. Rest in peace Bill###imported-begin##Richard Battel###imported-end##

July 12, 2007 at 12:00 AM