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Good afternoon, friends and family,

Thank you for being here to celebrate the life of Patricia Anne O’Neil—our Pat.

Pat was born on August 21, 1964, raised in Boston with that unmistakable spark, and somewhere along the way she figured out how to turn organizing other people’s chaos into a calling. Event planning wasn’t just her job—it was her love language. When she moved to Denver for a fresh start, she didn’t just find a new home; she made one for all of us. In no time, she became the heart of our block—the person who knew every dog’s name, every kid’s birthday, and who needed an extra seat at the table.

I was lucky enough to sit at that table for over twenty years—as her best friend and neighbor, holiday co-conspirator, and frequent taste-tester. My favorite memory? Her impromptu backyard taco nights. No announcement, just a text—“hungry?”—and fifteen minutes later the string lights were up, Motown was on, someone was shredding cilantro in my kitchen because she’d roped me in, and the neighborhood started drifting through the gate like we’d been invited to something grand. She had a gift for turning a Tuesday into an occasion, and for making everyone—new neighbors, shy teens, the mail carrier on a late shift—feel absolutely at home.

Pat was lively and resourceful, fiercely loyal and unfailingly inclusive. If you were in her orbit, you were in for real. She showed her spirituality not with formality, but with gratitude, kindness, and the simple act of showing up. A casserole on your doorstep before you knew you needed one. A hike at sunrise when you couldn’t sleep. A quick DIY fix when your shelf was listing like a ship.

She loved trying new recipes and would proudly announce her “test kitchen” nights—sometimes brilliant, sometimes chaotic, always delicious. She hiked the

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local trails the way she lived: steady, joyful, with snacks to share. She could turn a mason jar into art and a cardboard box into a centerpiece. And she never met a community drive she couldn’t organize—coats in the winter, backpacks in the fall, and dignity all year long.

She was a devoted sister to Michael and Erin, and the world’s most enthusiastic aunt to five nieces and nephews—keeper of their secrets, editor of their résumés, and shameless booster of their every win. To all of you: she talked about you constantly, and always with pride.

What we will miss most is her contagious laugh—the kind that made you laugh first and ask why later—and the way she taught us that ordinary days are not a given; they’re invitations. Pat accepted every one.

At 59, she left us far too soon. But she leaves us with a clear set of instructions—written not on paper, but in habits. Keep a spare chair. Add another handful of herbs. Invite the neighbor you haven’t met yet. Say yes to the walk. Show up.

And look around today: the splash of color we’re wearing is exactly what she asked for. Pat wanted brightness. She wanted joy in the room. She wanted us together.

So, here’s to Pat—our neighbor, our friend, our north star for what community can feel like. May we honor her by keeping the lights strung, the music playing, and the table a little bigger than we think we need.

We love you, Pat. Thank you for making this block, and our lives, feel like home.

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