



George R. Hughes

January 26, 1928 - December 5, 2021

Tewksbury, MA – George R. Hughes, 93, of Tewksbury, MA, passed away peacefully at the Partridge House in Hampton, NH on Sunday, December 5, 2021 surrounded by people who truly loved and cared for him. He went to join his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, his wife, Marie and his son Michael, as well as his 10 siblings.

George was born in Somerville, MA on January 26, 1928, a son of the late James and Sarah (Pepper) Hughes. He served in the United States Army in 1951 in the Korean War. George was an avid bridge player and played in many tournaments. He loved being surrounded by his family and playing whist at Wymans Lake. He and his brother Arthur were huge Boston Bruins fans and held season's tickets for many years. He was often referred to by his South Tewksbury neighbors as "George the good guy."

He worked for the Somerville Department of Public Works where he retired as the DPW Foreman in the 1990's, after more than 40 years with the city.

George is survived by his doting daughter, Patricia Cardin and her husband, Rich, his son, George A. Hughes and his wife, Colleen, and his grandchildren, Matthew and wife Karissa, Christopher and wife Katie and Stephanie and Michaela. He also leaves his great grandchildren, Camden R. Hughes, Harper R. Hughes and Mia Ross Hughes.

A Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated at 11:30 AM on Thursday, December 9, 2021 at Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal Church, 289 Lafayette Road, Hampton, NH. Click here to view Mass live. Mass Livestream (<https://olmmparish.org/home/live-streaming/>). Burial will be at 12 PM on Friday in the Tewksbury Cemetery, Tewksbury, MA. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to The Greater Boston Food Bank (<https://www.gbfb.org/>), 70 South Bay Avenue, Boston, MA.

Dad's Journey Home - Words from his daughter Patty

The many miracles and discoveries I've witnessed on my Dad's road home to paradise.

Verse that comes to mind is 2Tim 4:7. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, and I have kept the faith.

I feel this later part of the journey was easier in some ways for my Dad than it was for me. My faith was up and down a lot but if I look over the last few years, I know that we were so blessed, beyond what I could have ever imagined.

A couple of days ago, after his passing I said to Dad + God, "If you are in Heaven could you give me a sign?" I watched all day and waited. I shouldn't have to ask for signs but because I'm human, I did. So late that night, Linda sent me a photo of my Dad's old house decorated with Christmas lights. Linda said, "Patty, the circle of life, "The new owners said they have always felt your Dad watching over them and their new son Michael. My deceased brother's name and the father is an electrician just like my dad was.

Some of the many miracles

Linda took care of him for a couple of years which allowed him to stay in his house alone. Linda would say he's a bachelor for the first time. Then at Partridge House they truly loved him like he was their grandfather. You could see it and feel it.

Before I went to talk to them at Partridge, even though Rich's mother stayed there, and I knew it was a great place. I prayed, "God I don't mind looking at a few places, but if this is the one can you show me a sign? "

I walked in and the first person I saw was Marie, a woman I knew from Tewksbury.

At 88 my dad had needed hearing aids for 15 years. I said "Dad, if you don't get them, I won't be able to talk to you for the rest of your life." The next day he was calling all his neighbors asking where he gets them.

In 2018 he lost power at his house in the brutal cold. I had to take him to our house. I had to stay awake all night with him. After this, I knew that my prayer from a couple weeks back was answered. I knew that there was no way I had the background to take care of him properly.

Linda told me that my Dad said to her one night soon after that, "The guy upstairs is taking care of me", Linda was scared for a moment, but my Dad meant God.

One day Rich put a lock on, or should I say attempted to put a lock on the basement door. We were afraid he would fall. Rich put it on backwards and my Dad got a chair & screwdriver and took it off.

My Dad's house sold in one day, 30 lookers, 9 offers and way over asking price. Rich had 60 years of "stuff" cleaned out in two days. I remember being sad while sitting through watching 60 years of stuff gone. I thought, we come into this world with nothing and leave with nothing, except of course Love.

12/19 Rich took my Dad to the ER for 4 hours for swollen legs. He just had to wear compression socks, has never had any physical issues and never stayed in the hospital a day in his life.

Ashe Wednesday 2/20 Rich & I stayed up late from going to a Bruins game and didn't make Church. I prayed on the way to see my Dad "There has to be someone giving ashes there today. I opened the elevator and there was my Dad getting ashes from Sister Theresa. Rich didn't tell me he was coming but he showed up with a card for me and opened the door and there was only my Dad & I receiving ashes.

The blessing of his dementia in the sense that during only the 3 months of the pandemic lockdown and not seeing him, he didn't realize the time or the craziness that we all had to live through. I was the first one back for Father's Day.

On one visit I was humming Amazing Grace because my voice is bad. I got to P.H. and I was to meet the Hospice LNA who sings on the side. I told her my Dad loves Christian music. She started belting out the words to Amazing Grace. On the drive home I cried saying to God, how could I ever doubt your mercy. I'm human.

I'd like to share a couple of words from two friends of mine...

"Love is more than an emotion or a feeling. Love is a choice". Mother Theresa once said that the biggest killer in the world is the lack of love. The Lord commanded us to love because we are His image bearers. Your confession

that you love God becomes visible through your love for others. Love that wears an apron, washes the feet of others, and makes time for people. That is love in action. People will not care how much you know until they know how much you care & love.

Here are just a few examples of my Dad's love for others. I heard most while cleaning his house...

- Found a certificate from a cemetery plot he had bought Mrs. Rooney's baby when she died.

- When Kevin moved next door with small kids. His dryer broke and he came to use my Dads. The next day my Dad had one delivered to his house, never asking for money.

- An email from Eric Murray. This was after my brother died. "I don't know if you know this but when my parents separated and left us kids, your Dad asked me to come downstairs in his house where he had a photo of your brother Michael. Your Dad asked me if I wanted to come live with him and wanted to adopt me. I told him I could never leave my siblings and he offered to let me bring one with me. I love your Dad forever for looking out for us. He's a great man and the reason I'm not some reject feeling sorry for myself for a bad childhood.

- Marion would tell me about all the clothes he would get from the schools lost & found and give them to the neighbors.

- When Linda started helping with his care he would ask her every day, "How's your mother?"

- Even after his dementia increased and before the isolation of the pandemic,

he would call me often & ask where his pocket money was. It was kind of funny because he did his laundry his entire life and now, he had a hamper for the first time. I would always tell him to check his pockets. He would find it and always say thanks for being the best daughter in America. ***Show tattoo – said best in America not in the world to keep me humble.

Now a second thought from my Priest after I sent him an email about my pain & difficult time of my Dad's decline.

“Hi Patty, thanks for reaching out to me. It is nice that you are there for your Dad. It means that you are reciprocating his love for you. Every parent has a prevalent prayer that he be buried by his children and not the other way around. The depth of your pain shows the depth of your love. If you don't love much you will not be in much pain. Love is the best thing that happens in life.

Hope in the life to come sustains the present life and faith in God's goodness keeps us spiritually alive. HE is nearest to us all in these moments when situations seem very hard and difficult.”

Some funny things growing up...

- Growing up my Dad would always put up a lot of Christmas lights. A BIG job! Sometimes he would staple the wire and start to get mad. I would ask if he needed any help, and he would say “Don't you have something to do?!”

- In M.B. he would always eat a few grapes. I would say, “why don't you buy some?” He responded, “I have some while I'm in the store.”

- One time during his years with Linda, I once told him I would take him to M.B. with his list. I was nervous that he went on his own. He had shopped and

was outside with his cart and the attendant looking for my car. Linda responded, "I never lost him on my watch."

- Linda would stress about what to make him for dinner. He would sometimes say, "that lady made me something...some meat." If he didn't like it, he would tell me not to tell her.

- You're worth more money but you're not going to get it. Would tell the head director that not too long ago.

- When the Hospice Chaplin came once with candy, I told the staff there that my Dad would do anything if you had candy there. She said to my Dad, "I should only give you a couple of pieces because I don't want Patty to be upset" - my Dad responded, "I think Patty would be ok with it."

In closing, I looked up the word epiphany once a few months back. It is what I experienced. For so many years I prayed that my Dad would not suffer. My Dad never had. I realized this when he had the biggest smile on his face while propelling his way around that facility in his wheelchair. It was the happiest I've ever seen him. It was me that was suffering until I let go and found peace with it all. I will truly miss him, but I know he's with his wife, son & family and I will see him again someday.

Until then, I will hold onto what a dear friend Elise told me...

"Even after he has passed, I will still have him in another way because I will carry the best of him inside me as memories and character."

He was truly one of a kind and I only hope I can love and give half as much as he did but perhaps striving to do as much.

As Jesus answered the man on the cross, "I tell you the truth, today you will

be with me in paradise.”

“Rejoice and be exceedingly glad for great is your reward in Heaven.”

Want to Thank everyone for coming but most of all to my brother George for being there when we lost our brother Michael at a young age. Thank you, Brother.

Cemetery Details

Tewksbury Cemetery

172 East Street
Tewksbury, MA 01876

Previous Events

Funeral Mass

DEC **9**. 11:30 AM (ET)

Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal Church
289 Lafayette Road
Hampton, NH

Committal

DEC **10**. 12:00 PM (ET)

Tewksbury Cemetery
172 East Street
Tewksbury, MA 01876

Tribute Wall



“ George R. Hughes

September 18, 2022 at 12:49 AM



“ To the Hughes family: if I were at home in New England I would be there. Unfortunately, I am not at home but remember the neighborhood well. George was a big part of all these memories. I remember ice hockey with all us kids on the lake and going as a group to Boston Gardens for many Bruin's games. I watched the Hughes kids grow up and join in games. So many memories of the man we called the "Silver Fox." So sorry for your loss.

Jerry D'Entremont - December 09, 2021 at 10:00 AM



“ Memories of George..... When we were kids playing football in the street outside his house, he would come out and play with us, with constant words of encouragement. If you made a good catch, he would then call you "Kid" Leahy or "Kid" D'Entremont, always saying "c'mon I got a bet on ya!" The same applied when we got a little older and started traveling to different hockey rinks in the middle of the night with him -- always with great words of encouragement, which, at that age, we needed. Safe travels, George. I got a bet on ya! To young George and Patty, I am deeply sorry for your loss. Stay well!
John Leahy

John Leahy - December 07, 2021 at 08:01 AM

NS

“ Dear Patty, Rich and George,

I'm sorry for the loss of your Dad/ father in law. He was such a kind and friendly neighbor; always had his great smile in a greeting. I feel lucky to have grown up knowing your parents and being part of a neighborhood where parents looked out for each other's kids and each other. Patty I have such admiration for you and your attentiveness to your Dad. Wishing you all comfort and loving connection as well as memories that fill your hearts.
Nancy Sheridan

Nancy Sheridan - December 06, 2021 at 06:19 PM

DD

Patty
I'm so sorry for your loss,
I have watched you take good care of your Dad you had a beautiful Father/Daughter relationship you were always there for him

doreen dixon - December 06, 2021 at 08:11 PM

HR

Patty and George,
So sorry to hear about the passing of your father. I remember him your mother and Mike ,when I would visit your Aunt Lillian's cottage in Tewksbury. Years later George would always stop and talk with me in M B. It was so good seeing him at the (Tobin) family reunion. RIP George

Helen Romano - December 08, 2021 at 06:59 PM

SC

I am sorry to hear about your loss (es). My heart weeps every day.

Sharon Elizabeth Creamer - February 03, 2024 at 02:55 PM