



Hugh Flynn

August 14, 1963 - January 26, 2010

Hugh E. Flynn, Jr. age 46 of Rock Falls, died Tuesday January 26, 2010 in his home. He was born August 14, 1963 in Dixon the son of Hugh and Joyce (Fulton) Flynn. He had worked as a radio announcer. He was preceded in death by his father; a brother and a niece. He is survived by 1 son Michael; his mother of Dixon; 4 sisters Amy (Lane) Wilcox of Dixon, Erin Chapman of Dixon, Sandra (Stan) Toberman of Hillsboro, and Maureen (John) Tate of Dixon; several nieces and nephews. Funeral services will be held on Friday at 11:00 AM in the Jones Funeral Home in Dixon with the Rev. Michael Morrissey officiating. Burial will follow in Chapel Hill Memorial Gardens in Dixon. Visitation will be held on Friday from 10:00 until 11:00 AM in the funeral home. A memorial has been established to the Spina Bifida Foundation.

Tribute Wall



“ *Hugh Flynn*

October 08, 2023 at 11:30 AM



“ *Hugh Flynn*

December 31, 2022 at 02:40 AM



“ *We are so sorry that we coulded make it down for the funeralbut my health is not the best.We will always have Hugh in our prayers. Love You Guys Merle&Marie*

Merle &Marie Flynn - January 26, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ *My condolence go out too Hugh Flynn and his family at this time. I am sorry for your loss.. Dan O. Flynn*

Dan O. Flynn - January 26, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ *So sorry for your loss. Thoughts and prayers are with you.*

DeAnna Floto - January 26, 2010 at 12:00 AM

KC

“ *To the family of Hugh. With our deepest sympathies, it is our prayer for you that the love around you now and the memories of Hugh will be your strength for a less burdened heart tomorrow. You are all in our thoughts.*

Karen and Cortney Childress - January 26, 2010 at 12:00 AM

PF

“ *Irish Funeral Poem: I have no words of my own, so I thought this would be best to the fit..*

Irish Funeral poem:

Death is nothing at all.

It does not count.

I have only slipped away into the next room.

Everything remains as it was.

The old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged.

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.

Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.

Put no sorrow in your tone.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together.

Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.

Let it be spoken without effort

Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was.

There is unbroken continuity.

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner.

All is well. Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.

One brief moment and all will be as it was before.

How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting, when we meet again.

Condolences from Patrick, Jennifer, Sean and Catherine Flynn

Patrick A. Flynn - January 26, 2010 at 12:00 AM