



## James O'Neil

October 6, 1945 - October 28, 2011

James Patrick O'Neil, born October 6, 1945 in Oak Park, Illinois, went home to be with the Lord, October 28, 2011 after a valiant battle with cancer. Jimmy was a mentor, friend and teacher to all who knew him. He had a knack for identifying strengths and talents in those he loved, and in his friends and co-workers. He was generous with his praise and took great joy in his role as an encourager.

An Eagle Scout and a patriot, Jim served both his community and his country with conviction. He was an avid hunter, fisherman and shooter. Jim was most at home in the fields, woods and waters of his adopted home of Texas.

A prolific dreamer, Jimmy found expression for his creativity through art and architecture. Jim had a deep faith in Jesus Christ and a strong desire to share the joy of that relationship. If you had more than a passing contact with Jim, you were soon going to hear about Jesus. He was bold because he was excited about what God had done for him and he just knew that you needed the same.

Jim was preceded in death by his parents, Harvey and Edna O'Neil and his beloved niece, Dawn McCann. He is survived by his son, Erin O'Neil of Madison, WI; his sister, Sandra McCann of Rockford, IL; his nephew, Todd McCann and family of Aledo, TX and his cherished friend of 14 years, Lisa Fain, of Austin, TX. Additionally, Jim's love and encouragement will be deeply missed by Lisa's adult children, Christina Bandy and Trey Moore. 'Papa Jimmy' is also survived by 8 grandchildren; Valerie, Brianna, Nicholas,

Angelica, Kyra, Cole, Corbin and Lianna.

# Tribute Wall



“ *James O'Neil*

October 05, 2023 at 10:58 AM



“ *James O'Neil*

October 04, 2023 at 06:25 PM



“ *James O'Neil*

September 26, 2023 at 10:57 PM



“ *It has taken me a while to begin to understand what your loss will be to me. I will miss my friend, my partner in life and in business, my mentor and my biggest fan. I will always miss your smile and hearty laugh. You were my rock, the earthly foundation to which I tethered my rope. I depended on your strength and love and will miss it greatly. I will always cherish the time we spent in our boat, fishing or just riding around. The most peaceful times of my life were those days spent on the back of your Harley--they are not replaceable. You will never be replaceable and I will always love you. I will hear your voice in my head. Your wisdom, and encouragement will always be with me. I admire your immense courage even in the face of death and will strive to honor your memory the rest of my life. Thank you for loving me.*

**Lisa Fain** - March 20, 2012 at 12:00 AM

DM

“ I was fortunate to have shared life's ups and downs with Jimmy over the past 32 years. He was my confidant, guide, critic, teacher, architect and most importantly, a good friend. We both laughed and cried together. And although we spent times estranged from each other, our mutual friendship and respect always prevailed. Among the many ways Jimmy changed my life for the better was his passion to resolve my son/father conflict and he spent considerable energy supporting and counseling us as my son and I found mutual respect and love for each other. Thank you Jimmy.

*I will miss shooting and hunting with Jimmy. I may never quit laughing at the time we were goose hunting in freezing weather just after Jimmy had hemorrhoid surgery, making walking painful and sitting in the frozen dirt where we dug blinds far worse. He and I simultaneously fired at a dive-bombing goose. Jimmy was closest to the fallen prey and painfully clomped through the knee high frozen weeds to fetch the goose, who promptly jumped up and began hobbling away from Jimmy. After a 5 minute Keystone Cop chase in which the goose managed to stay out of Jimmy's reach, he made a deft swing of his shot gun barrel, clonking the goose on the head, knocking it over, but not out. After much thrashing about, Jimmy finally was able to grab tomorrow's dinner by the upper throat and swirled it in a big circle for a full minute to "wring its neck". With mission accomplished. Jimmy clomped back to the rest of us who were rolling on the ground in laughter. Jimmy, also laughing, correctly pointed out that he had three geese in his bag, yet the rest of us had but one between us. He never complained of his discomfort that day. He later told me that his best shot that day was with the barrel to the goose's head. Classic Jimmy. He had focus and an ability to accomplish difficult tasks under difficult*

*circumstances. He could laugh at himself and he enjoyed the process.*

*As he did for us all, James P. O'Neil made my life richer.*

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**Donny Miller** - November 07, 2011 at 12:00 AM

DG

“*Jim was my friend. I loved him even though I only knew him for a very short while. But this is what Jim was all about. He invited you into his life. He captivated you by the love he had for life but most importantly, the love he had for Jesus Christ. He exuded the light of Christ! I'm so glad I got to spend time with Jim before he passed. He inspired me and he will be missed....*

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**David Graham** - November 06, 2011 at 12:00 AM