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**Brigit O. Shotts** ▸ **Christian Brothers High School Alumni**

September 26 at 2:44 PM · 🌐

It is with deep sadness that we announce the death of our father, Patrick J. O'Brien ❤️

**PATRICK JOHN O'BRIEN**

March 13, 1932 - September 25, 2018

Born Jack Dempsey O'Brien in San Francisco to Ida O'Brien

(née Wilkinson) & Jack O'Brien. He attended Napa's Mont La Salle High School; just after graduation he became a De La Salle Christian Brother, and was given the name Patrick by Brother Pious.

"Brother Pat" received his B.A. from St. Mary's College of Moraga, CA, dedicated his life to teaching/education, and continued his studies at Marquette University, San Diego State University, & various colleges & universities. In 1970 he left the Order, kept his religious name of Pat, married, & had three children & a great golf game. 🍀

Pat is survived by Billie O'Brien-Johns (ex-wife) of Carmichael; Brigit Shotts (daughter) & Barry of Saint Helena; Colleen Warren (daughter) & Rob of Castro Valley; Patrick Sean O'Brien (son) of Sacramento; grandchildren Julia & Max Warren, & Alexis O'Brien, and also by his best friend Jerry Forrest (formerly known as Brother Anselm).

He was predeceased by his parents; his brother, Ed "Tiny" O'Brien; his sister, Claire O'Brien; and his best friends Brother Bede Van Duren, Brother Norman "Norm" Cook, Brother Killian Millane, Brother Richard Camara, Chuck Meuel (formerly known as Brother Norbert), and Sal Gaytan.

Funeral service details will be announced at a later date

We are sorry if we weren't able to reach out to you personally before this announcement.

Memorial donations may be made to the "Brother David Brennan Scholarship Program" (a full-assistance tuition scholarship program for Christian Brothers High School students who are below the poverty level) in Memory of Patrick J. O'Brien

E-Donation link:

<https://secure.acceptiva.com/?cst=2741cc>

-or-

Directly through Christian Brothers High School:

<https://www.cbhs-sacramento.org/support/giving-opportunities/>



**FAREWELL MY FRIENDS**

By Patrick J. O'Brien

Dear, dear friends,

These last days in the hospital, my wonderful, hovering children have told me that I have been hallucinating up a storm. I've even awakened from the blur and told them that I am a race car driver. One thing is clear, in my more lucid moments: my driving skills are not as sharp as I had long assumed.

Thank God for those strangers who dove into the dark waters and fished me out of the Delta. Thank God for the medical staff here that insisted on x-rays, though I had survived the crash with only a scratch. The x-rays brought the hard news that I am not likely to be racing at Le Mans anytime soon. Do not weep for me.

Over the decades, I have been to so many funerals for other teachers—dear true and lasting brothers—and more heartbreakingly I have been to many funerals for students, your classmates of years ago. It is most unnatural for a teacher to attend a student's funeral. For what kept me optimistic through all my years in the classroom was the assurance that my students—that you—were the future that would outlast me. And what a wonderful gift God gave me—to have a hand in helping to shape the future, and to live so long to see it flowering forth.

That is why I "kept up," I have remembered your names—hundreds, maybe thousands of names.... I have kept track of your lives as you journeyed on. I remembered when you told me that your parents were failing or had died, remembered the good way you conducted your careers, remembered when your kids were born and were growing, married, and when you had grandchildren, and, even, when your golf score wasn't what it once was. News of your lives came as a blessing to me.

I am leaving this life at a time of horrendous scandals in the Church. But my faith is strong because I have seen what the ambition of the Christian Brothers has achieved in you. You have grown into fine men and women, moral and caring. You are the true Church, proof of the strength of Lasallian education: Jesus lives in your hearts.

I am so sorry that I will die before I see my own beautiful grandchildren, Julia, Max, and Alexis, grow into adulthood, as I watched you.

But my heart is filled with joy this morning—and it is not the drugs being piped into my body that makes me say this: I die with great joy for the gift of having been your teacher, and then watching your fine lives through the years after.

Pat



— with Pat OBrien.