

TO KAY, DAMIAN AND OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS,

Along with some words from Mr Cohen, below are just a few of our fondest recollections and thoughts regarding Paul, along with our expressions of condolence to you, his family. Paul was a very special human being, whom we all came to know and love through the Leonard Cohen Forum, the Newsgroup and personal contact.



If It Be Your Will

If it be your will
That I speak no more
And my voice be still
As it was before
I will speak no more
I shall abide until
I am spoken for
If it be your will

If it be your will
That a voice be true
From this broken hill
I will sing to you
From this broken hill
All your praises they shall ring

If it be your will
To let me sing
From this broken hill
All your praises they shall ring
If it be your will
To let me sing

If it be your will
If there is a choice
Let the rivers fill
Let the hills rejoice
Let your mercy spill
On all these burning hearts in hell
If it be your will
To make us well

And draw us near
And bind us tight
All your children here
In their rags of light
In our rags of light
All dressed to kill
And end this night
If it be your will

If it be your will.

Leonard Cohen

Paul was a highly esteemed member of our online community of devoted Leonard Cohen fans. His private emails and messages to the forum were not only informative but also full of wisdom and humor.

I had never chance to meet him in real life, but internet made it possible to make friends with a same minded person on the other side of the globe.

Rest in peace, Paul. We will not forget you. [Jarkko](#)

Paul brought class and grace to the newsgroup.

Like Paul I learned some things late in life that maybe I could have learned earlier. One such thing was how much I needed people. No matter how smart I thought I was or how much I thought I knew; I needed the people who could see what I could not and more important I needed to be able to trust them, The ones who showed me that were the ones who approached me with a heart opened in a way that allowed trusting them.

Paul seemed to me to be this kind of person. Such people put you at ease and your eyes receive a rest because you discover the joy of receiving direction straight from the heart. It must have been this that Leonard received from Suzanne and Jesus when he wrote
"And you want to travel blind"

There is joy there in that blindness but with the blindness is the fact that you don't know why they came to you and later you don't know why they have to leave. I tried to put that into words one time and wrote something to the newsgroup. Paul responded to it with saying "Jack, I have tried to draft 3 or 4 responses to your words but none have been adequate. You move me."

What that told me about him is that he too knows the experience of having those who bring love that can be trusted come and go and that we have to find some way of relating to it all. I wasn't thinking of Paul when I wrote it but I could have been and maybe no one will think of Paul when they read it but likely they could. One of the main things about death is that we don't know what it is. My poem is called "What I don't Know" and though it wasn't written for him I have no hesitation in dedicating it to him.

Dedicated to Paul Galvin:

What I Don't Know

*It was so easy walking with my eyes closed
when you showed me a simple love existed
now i look in all the rooms of my life
and see that everything is so twisted
and I don't know what to do
Can I stop needing you?*

*I'll always be glad to know you are smiling
and travelling with those you trust
and if islands in the sun bring you joy
then fly away if you must
but I don't know what to do
Can I stop needing you?*

Jack Lazariuk

Paul was a wonderfully kind and gentle soul. I wish our paths had crossed more.

We will all miss him. Peace and condolences to his family and legions of friends.

Dick and Linda

Paul was a wonderful man. We kept up a steady email conversation and his humor and good will were unending... (he) had such a unique and disarming quality. I don't know if it was the courage with which he faced his illness or whether it was an innate kindness that let everyone know that there was a generous gift of himself waiting for anyone who had the pleasure of an interaction with him-I suspect it was a combination of both. I sent him some Leonard materials and included a slide show of a trip that I took in the mountains of Colorado set to Jennifer Warnes version of the "Absent Mare."

He told me that he played it for Kay after she had come in from gardening

and I don't know if it gave them both the pleasure that they said it did, but I know that it certainly was rewarding for me to share their reaction. Now each time that I see it with the mountains in the background, my good friends and their dogs, and hear the words, "Say a prayer for the cowgirl, her horse ran away", I'll always think of Paul.

I'm sure now that there is very little that any of us can say to Kay that she doesn't already know of the wonderful man with whom she chose to spend her life. I suspect that she could educate us greatly on what it takes to be a man of his sort and will keep it close in her heart and knowing of her what I do through Paul, she will continue to show this love to the world. I know that Paul was extremely proud of Damian and the wonderful work that he did in designing the program for his service is a great indication of both his understanding and his creative ability.

Plus I know that he loved fun. They had exchange students from Thailand and elsewhere and Paul was exuberant about the commotion (including the occasional fart) that these boys let loose upon their household.

I sent him a few things and he sent me some in return.

Here is his message to me about sending something:

Hi Joe,

I asked the man at the Post Shop to write down your address for me.

"Joe Way, Lani Lane" I said.

"Joe Lane, Lani Way was it?" he asked.

"No, no, Joe Lani in Way Lane," I said.

"Oh, Way Lani in Joe Lane." He thought he had it now.

"No, No, it's Joe Way in Lani Lane," I said, having checked my piece of paper.

"Right so it's Lane Way in Lani Joe," he confirmed.

So I gave him the piece of paper saying. He looked at it and said, "Joe Way in Lani Lane. They're not pornstars are they? That looks like the names of pornstars when you see them written together like that."

"Don't know," I muttered. "Could be, his eyesight's fucked."

"Whose eyesight, Lane's or Joe's?" I heard him calling. But I was already half-way to the door.

So I hope it arrives OK. None of this would have happened if you still lived in Madison. When did you move?

Time I was in bed. Hope you are doing as you are being told.

*Best wishes,
Paul.*

Then there was this after last Christmas:

Hi Joe,

Meatloaf maintains that 2 out of 3 ain't bad. This time though, the message I sent that you didn't get, was the only one with any news worth reading. I will try to reproduce an abbreviated version.

We had a pretty quiet Xmas attending only the compulsory family functions. Damian gave me a lovely painting he'd done that flatters our old dwelling. It is really well done and I am thrilled with it. I have decided it will be the "family heirloom" that I bequeath future generations of Galvins. The only other xmas gift worth mentioning was the \$80 I gave the New Zealand Police for giving me a display of sirens and flashing lights on a car, and telling me how fast I was going. Wasn't that nice of them!

He was one of a kind and we are all the better for having known him. **Joe**

This is very sad, Andrew. My heart is with Kay and the rest of Paul's family. I've enjoyed the postings I've read by Paul, and didn't realize he was ill; so

this news comes as a shock, as well. He appears to have remained vibrant in spirit until the end. It's a comfort to know that they are finding comfort knowing that he is finally at peace. [Lizzy](#)

I pray that he was surrounded by love and family and that he will be remembered and loved long after he is laid to rest. He will be remembered as a warm and wonderful member of this community and he is in my prayers. [dar](#)

What to say...

I looked at Paul's Viewer's Profile just now, and he lists his Interests as 'waking up tomorrow.' This thought certainly stirs the emotions. He has gone where we all must follow. We'll see him in awhile. God bless. [Byron](#)

Paul was one of the first to order "Energy of slaves". I enjoyed his humour. Rest in peace, Paul. [Henning](#)

I didn't know Paul, but reading the heartfelt things that others have written about him here I can feel the loss. My deepest condolences to his family and friends. [Sherry](#)

Rest in peace Paul. My thoughts are with his family at this sad time. [Margaret](#)

Rest in peace. [Kush](#)

Rest in peace, Paul. [Anne](#)

This is so sad. I'd been aware that Paul had been ailing, but his actual passing still shocks. Whether in posts to boards like this, or in the occasional private exchange over the years, I always found his prose to somehow convey a sense of peace - a commodity which is sometimes in short supply in these parts. He'll be missed. Actually, he already has been missed.

'Tis a downer, man.

Peace. [Bob Parkins](#)

I broke down when I read Kay's e-mail this morning. I knew he was not doing well, but I was "Waiting for the Miracle". I just kept thinking there was more time...there is always more time, isn't there? Guess not!

His e-mails had gotten short and infrequent over the past couple of months, but after all he had to save up his strength. I am shattered and really having trouble processing this.

As you remember there were the phone calls to use up the minutes he had before he lost them with the New Year. He called my house and I was out so my girls gave him my cell phone number. He called as I was driving on a very dark stretch of highway, which was not well traveled at that time of night. It all seemed so surreal driving in Los Angeles on a nearly deserted road chatting with someone I had never met as if we were old friends, which we were by then. He kept me company most of the way home, it is such a sweet memory.

Mostly we talked about his son. The previous summer his son was working at a camp near me, Paul and Kay e-mailed to ask if they could use me as his emergency contact, so I was interested in how the young man was doing. Paul seemed so full of joy that he was able to surprise us all like that.

He had told me when he was diagnosed, but he seemed to want to keep it quiet. Once people know you are that sick that seems to be what conversations are about. I think he wanted mostly to have conversations about Leonard and Soccer. After whatever it was I did for his son, Paul invited me to visit, he offered his late mother-in-law's room. I will forever regret that I didn't make the time to go and meet him. [Gypsey Wife](#)

A couple of New Year's Eve's ago, the phone rang, and it was Paul. He said he had a lot of minutes to use or lose on his phone, and he was calling Cohenists all around the world. He was so excited to talk to everyone, and there was so much buoyancy and joy in his voice. It was such a surprise, and a wonderful gift to hear from him. Last year, when my mom died, Paul sent me a beautiful email, in which he told me "you'll get used to it, but you'll never get over it." Those words have rung so true, and of all the kind and gentle words I heard at that time, those particular ones were, and still are, the most helpful. I will never forget them. Later on, in other emails, he said he hadn't been feeling

well, but I had no idea he was so sick, and he didn't explain when I asked. I feel so very sad to hear this news, and I'm so sorry for Paul's family, for us, and for all of his friends. Paul was a true gentleman, and a very fine person. I know I could have been a better friend. [Bobbie](#)

I got one of those phone calls too! It was so delightful. He was the first person from the group I'd ever spoken with, and I remember it very fondly. He was a ridiculously sweet guy. I wish I could have met him in person. I did know that Paul was going to die, but I had hoped he would have more time. We discussed his situation a bit in e-mails, and he was very much his usual, philosophical self. And full of gratitude for the life he was fortunate enough to have. He was just enjoying the autumn leaves down there. Wherever he is, I know that Paul is completely okay. [sleep](#)

Usually my eyes glaze over and cross when the talk is sports (except big 8 football, and things like base-ball-card tossing against a brick wall).

So there was no reason at all why I read a ng-post of Paul's, from earlier this year, other than that it was Paul's. And therefore worth reading.

michael (mickey_one) wrote >

- > How are you, Mate? Have you been following the Barnet news.*
- > History time-*
- > we have reached the 4th Round of the FA Cup for the first time*
- > in over 100 years of the Club's existence.*

*This week has seen 3 special meetings of the Dunedin (NZ) branch of the
Barnet fan club. Last Sunday's postponement, though disappointing,
gave
the member a chance to reach the milestone of his 8000th success at
"Freecell."*

*The full membership enjoyed the success against Colchester later in the
week, and then went back to bed.*

A roll call earlier this morning showed that I was once again present for the victory against Macclesfield. This ensured a full attendance for the 3rd time in a week. I proposed that the club be sent a congratulatory note, but there was no seconder.

--

Paul

I will miss him very much. [Greg](#)

To all who knew him please accept my condolences. [Melody 57105](#)

Paul was and will always remain a beautiful kind and warm man. It was a privilege to have known him. [Ania](#)

Very sorry to learn about this; I exchanged mails and interacted several times with Paul. Remember him fondly - always will. [Geoffrey](#)

There is little more I can say - it's all been said. In summary, I'm sure I speak for everyone, when I say that Paul touched us in a very special way. We were blessed to know him ... he always brought a smile to our face, he enriched our lives and we will always think fondly of him.

[Andrew D.](#)

There are some men
who should have mountains
to bear their names to time.

Excerpt from: "There Are Some Men" (Poems 1956 – 1968)
Leonard Cohen