



Cornelius Patrick Curran IV

January 21, 1957 - November 3, 2014

Cornelius "Con" Patrick Curran IV, 57, passed away after a courageous battle with cancer on Monday, November 3, 2014 surrounded by his loving family. A resident of Santa Barbara for over twenty-five years, Con was born in St. Louis, Missouri on January 21, 1957. A resident of Boulder, Colorado before relocating to Santa Barbara, Con spent his professional life as a real estate agent. Con is survived by his love of his life of twenty-five years Louisa Rodriguez, his mother Joan Nuetzel Curran, his children Connor and Joan Curran, his stepchild Sophia Alvaro, and his two brothers and two sisters. Celebration of Mass at the Old Mission will occur on Friday, November 14 at 2:00. To leave condolences log on to www.wrhsb.com

In lieu of flowers, if you would like to make a donation for the family please visit www.giveforward.com and look up Cornelius Curran IV.

Events

NOV **Funeral Mass** 02:00PM - 03:00PM

14

Saint Barbara Parish at the Old Mission

2201 Laguna St., Santa Barbara, CA, US, 93105

Comments



“ Con.

You didn't tell me. I wondered why I hadn't heard from you on Veterans Day, as I had for over 34 years... Louisa just shared this heartbreaking news with me.

You were the kind of best friend who could be out of touch, but always be in the heart. From the days of youth in Boulder, at CU with the Bun, Joan and Sherm, and through all the days of summer there, and on to Merrill Lynch in Clayton, MO, we traveled as brothers. You were always a most loyal and caring friend to many in your journey through this life. While you found the love of your life and had the children who gave you so much joy right there, I remained in the mile high city to begin my family. As I moved for work, one constant was knowing you were a email or phone call away. You always made me laugh, and I hope I did the same for you. You, my friend, lived life to the fullest. Always with a smile and a funny or dangerous (most of the time, both) and true story (I can attest to many of them). You so loved your families and especially your Mother, who showed the world what a woman could do in the Real Estate business, starting with the Vail/Beaver Creek properties. You were your Mom's son. I so loved the pictures of the kids, and Louisa. You were always so proud. I love you Brother. I will miss you so very much. I will never forget you. You were a man of class and kindness.

Rich.

Rich Tremaine - November 26, 2014 at 11:26 PM



“ Dear Joan, My deepest condolences. I will always remember Conrad as a nice man. He was a lot of fun. May the love of family and friends sustain and comfort you.
Fondly, Margo Kenney

margo kenney - November 13, 2014 at 10:22 PM



“ JENNIFER, IM SO SORRY FOR UR LOSS! PRAYERS TO U AND THE ENTIRE FAMILY! GOD BLESS U!

DONITA ANDRUS-KISH - November 11, 2014 at 07:38 PM



“ Rest in peace my dear brother...

Jennifer

Jennifer Curran-Smith - November 11, 2014 at 07:32 PM



“ Con was a great friend to all who knew him. Quick to smile, he possessed an even quicker mind and was interested in everything going on in the world around him. I want Louisa, Connor and Joan to know that he was loved and he will be missed and is being missed. He will live in our hearts together. I have enclosed a poem written by William Randolph Hearst that has given me great solace over the years.

With a heavy heart, Greg Tice

"SONG OF THE RIVER"

The snow melts on the mountain
And the water runs down to the spring,
And the spring in a turbulent fountain,
With a song of youth to sing,
Runs down to the riotous river,
And the river flows on to the sea,
And the water again
Goes back in rain
To the hills where it used to be.
And I wonder if Life's deep mystery
Isn't much like the rain and the snow
Returning through all eternity
To the places it used to know.
For life was born on the lofty heights
And flows in a laughing stream
To the river below
Whose onward flow
Ends in a peaceful dream.
And so at last,
When our life has passed
And the river has run its course,
It again goes back,
O'er the selfsame track,
To the mountain which was its source.

So why prize life
Or why fear death,
Or dread what is to be?
The river ran its allotted span
Till it reached the silent sea.
Then the water harked back to the mountaintop
To begin its course once more.

So we shall run the course begun
Till we reach the silent shore,
Then revisit earth in a pure rebirth
From the heart of the virgin snow.
So don't ask why we live or die,

Or wither, or when we go,
Or wonder about the mysteries
That only God may know.

William Randolph Hearst

Greg Tice - November 10, 2014 at 06:06 PM