



Harry O'Neil

May 14, 1932 - December 10, 2013

Harry Edward O'Neil 1932-2013

Local historian, author and lecturer Harry Edward O'Neil, 81, a resident of Richland Ranchettes, died Dec. 10, 2013 after a lengthy battle with cancer. Harry was born May 14, 1932 in Buffalo, N.Y. He was the youngest of four siblings. After spending his early childhood in the hamlet of Ebenezer, his family moved to Houston, Texas, and then to Long Beach, Calif. He graduated from Long Beach's Woodrow Wilson High School in 1950. After attending Long Beach City College, where he majored in social science and played football, he went on to earn his B.A. from California State University at Long Beach in cultural anthropology, sociology and history. He completed his M.A. at St. John's College Graduate Institute in classical philosophy and literature. After decades of teaching at the high school and college levels, traveling the world and following his muse, Harry retired and moved to Cochise County in 1994. He became a longtime volunteer for the Sulphur Springs Valley Historical Society, serving most recently as a vice-president on the board of directors. In recent years, he wrote numerous articles on Cochise County history and published four books: History of Tres Alamos; History of Sulphur Springs; The Land Before Horizon, about the early history of the Pearce-Sunsites area; and most recently, A History of the Croton Springs Ranch and the Point Of Mountain Stage Station. He was also a volunteer with Friends of the Elsie S. Hogan Community Library and other organizations. In addition, he helped establish historical markers in the Sulphur Springs Valley and lectured

on local history at various locations throughout the region.

Harry made many friends during his nearly two decades in Cochise County.

All who knew him will dearly miss his friendliness, wit and sharp intellect.

He is survived by his daughter, Shannon L. O'Neil of Brooklyn, N.Y.; brother, Byron W. O'Neil of Oceanside, Calif.; and many beloved nieces and nephews of the O'Neil, Moler and James families.

A private remembrance service was held on Saturday, December 14, 2013 at his home.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Sulphur Springs Valley Historical Society or Charles W. Leighton Jr. Hospice.

Cemetery Details

Westlawn Crematory

105 S. Arizona Ave.
Willcox, AZ 85643

Tribute Wall



“ *Harry O'Neil*

January 30, 2023 at 12:50 AM

“ ... once in a while ... looking at the stars night to ... I will still hear him ... hummig ...

*Starry, starry night
Paint your palette blue and gray
Look out on a summer's day
With eyes that know the darkness in my soul
Shadows on the hills
Sketch the trees and the daffodils
Catch the breeze and the winter chills
In colors on the snowy linen land*

*Now I understand
What you tried to say to me
How you suffered for your sanity
How you tried to set them free
They did not listen, They did not know how
Perhaps they'll listen now*

*Starry, starry night
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze
Swirling clouds in violet haze
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue
Colors changing hue
Morning fields of amber grain
Weathered faces lined in pain
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand*

*For they could not love you
But still your love was true
And when no hope was left insight
On that starry, starry night
You took your life as lovers often do
But I could have told you Vincent
This world was never meant for one as
beautiful as you*

*Starry, starry night
Portraits hung in empty halls
Frame less heads on nameless walls
With eyes that watch the world and can't forget
Like the strangers that you've met
The ragged men in ragged clothes
The silver thorn of bloody rose
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow
Now I think I know
What you tried to say to me
How you suffered for your sanity
How you tried to set them free
They did not listen they're not listening still
Perhaps they never will*

(from Don McLean)

Christine Neubauer

Christine Neubauer - December 20, 2013 at 04:41 PM

CY

“ *Candy Young-Mayo lit a candle in memory of
Harry O'Neil*



Candy Young-Mayo - December 16, 2013 at 09:03 AM

CB

“ *Chris Biolchino lit a candle in memory of Harry O'Neil*



Chris Biolchino - December 15, 2013 at 04:44 PM

“ *Dover Beach*
By Matthew Arnold

*The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.*

*Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.*

*The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.*

*Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems*

*To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.*

Shannon Leigh O'Neil - December 14, 2013 at 01:21 PM

BW

“ *Beverly Wilcoxon lit a candle in memory of
Harry O'Neil*



Beverly Wilcoxon - December 14, 2013 at 01:04 PM

SO

“ *Shannon Leigh O'Neil lit a candle in memory
of Harry O'Neil*



Shannon Leigh O'Neil - December 14, 2013 at 01:01 PM