



Kris (KC2AHT) O'Connor

September 24, 1972 - September 29, 2019

Kris O'Connor (KC2AHT) of Pearce passed away on September 29, 2019 at the age of 47. He was born in Hudson, New York on September 24, 1972 to Joseph David O'Connor and Judith Elaine McKenna O'Connor. Kris served in the United States Army during Desert Storm, was a active amateur Ham Radio Operator and a License Practical Nurse. He is survived by his wife Colleen Hara of Pearce, his father Joseph David O'Connor, Sr. of Florida and his brother Robert O'Connor of Polson, Montana along with numerous other loving family members. Preceded him in death was his mother. At his request no services will be held. You may express condolences at www.westlawnchapelmortuary.com Arrangements entrusted to Westlawn Chapel, Mortuary and Crematory of Willcox, Arizona.

Tribute Wall



“ *Kris (KC2AHT) O'Connor*

January 30, 2023 at 12:50 AM

“ Dear Kris,

I needed some time for this wrenching sadness to pass before I could share. I know you know what I am feeling right now which makes it so hard for me to accept and understand.

I was merely 9 years old when my beautiful sister Judy brought you into this world. You were full of spunk and determination and we could easily see that you were going to be a tough one. At times, you were a pain, especially to your siblings, Terrylynn, Robbie and Joey put up with your teasing, your persistent presence lol, but they loved having you as their little brother. You grew quickly and strong and before you could fully walk, you would put the fear in us as you continually attempted to climb the stairs. Yes, you were a terror but you were so confident, a bit annoying at times but full of love, life, energy, laughter, and determination. As time passed, we could see you were becoming a man of distinction, someone others would yearn to know. You hand-picked the best of friends and rarely made those tempting adolescent poor choices. You had the ability to do anything you put your mind to, and you did just that.

From the early years of bike riding, hiking, camping, and cave spelunking to the war-torn battlefields of Desert Storm, you showed teamwork, leadership, and ingenuity and you always persevered. We will never forget that portable shower you designed for your brothers-in-arms. After the Gulf War, you continued to show us your resilience, your selflessness, and your warmth. This surely became apparent as you committed your life to become a nurse. You answered your calling to use your life experience to help those in need and those who were suffering from nearly endless pain. You did this not ever knowing that you would one day be faced with similar struggles as your patience once did. Although you have left us much too early, you did accomplish much more than most and I will eternally miss you.

I will miss our long-winded talks about life, history, politics, science, and technology

*I will miss your late-night voice-generated text messages when you
were excited to just share something
I will miss being someone to lean on when you just needed to talk
I will miss the "me" I was in your life
But most importantly, I will miss you.*

*Yesterday is filled with memories of knowing you
Today is not the last day I will mourn
Tomorrow will never come where I won't remember you
Forever is just the beginning of how long
~ Pisarri*

*An excerpt from a song written about you from your uncle Pete
40 pounds of dynamite
A devil in disguise
A bit mischievous
But an angel otherwise
For now, I will just patiently wait to see you again and maybe
someday, I will learn how Pete knew so early in your life the impact
this song's lyrics would have on us.*

Love your uncle Mark

Mark Pisarri - October 11, 2019 at 12:51 PM

MP

“ *Mark Pisarri lit a candle in memory of Kris
(KC2AHT) O'Connor*



Mark Pisarri - October 11, 2019 at 12:48 PM

MR

“ I’m high school we used to call Kris “God” But he never got conceded about it. He was a true friend. I remember him yelling at me the first time he saw me smoking. Boy I should have listened to him. He was always very protective of his friends. I’m sorry we lost touch for so long. I wish we could have one more of those crazy conversations like we used to. I am so sorry for his entire family. RIP old friend.

Michelle Russ - October 05, 2019 at 10:26 AM