



Treasa Brogan (Callan)

We, in the Bridge Club, lost a valuable member in September 2019, when past Tuesday Night Captain (A side), Treasa Brogan (Callan), died.

She had that most important social skill of being able to mix with people of all levels, and she showed us that it was possible to be a good player, and still have fun at the same time. There was always laughter at her table, and opponents always left in better form than when they arrived, albeit with a lower or higher score.

Treasa was an amazing woman in every sense of the word. She loved life, she loved her family and she loved literature. She was not a native of Portmarnock/Malahide. She was born in the North Inner City into a loving Dublin family. Her mother's two sisters lived close by, so she had lots of family to play with as she grew up. In the 1950s, her father bought a house in Marino and the family moved there, where she lived until she got married. After school, she did a secretarial course and started her working life. She always threw herself into any new adventure. For example, after she learned to drive, she became a navigator for a girlfriend who liked to rally.

Because she always loved books and writing, she joined the Dublin Literary Society, and that's where she met her husband Pat, in the Brazen Head Pub in Bridge Street. They knew each other for over a year before Pat wrote her a letter to ask her out, (no mobile phones, nor did everyone have a house phone back then). After her death, when he was tidying up her bits and pieces, Pat found that letter in the bag she kept beside her chair. She had kept it all these years !

She continued going to writing classes and eventually became a freelance contributor to Woman's Way Magazine, writing mostly on health issues. She was also Theatre critic for the Evening Press, and also wrote regularly for Sunday Miscellany. She also wrote a book, entitled "Marry in Taste". Again, not content with all that, she became an adjudicator for the Drama League of Ireland and the Association of Irish Musical Societies. These exploits took her all over Ireland.

When the Irish Press closed down, she returned to education and got her BA in English. She then went to work for an organisation called 'Treble R', which taught literacy to prisoners coming out of Mountjoy, and she also taught English as a Foreign Language to students in SIPTU. She loved working in 'Treble R', which was located at the back of Dublin Castle, because it meant she could visit her personal boutique, (Oxfam), on George's Street, almost daily and indulged her love of fashion and bags ! She did all this while rearing her three children.

Treasa became ill over 20 years ago with Pulmonary Fibrosis, and at the time the medical people gave her only 5 years to live. But Treasa, being Treasa, was not going to let a little thing like that stop her. She indulged her passion for daily swimming, (which she called her "Valium"!), walking, and travelling to Turkey, and more recently to Trieste, when she became a Joycean scholar, like her husband Pat.

She will always be missed by her husband Pat Callan, daughter Claire, sons Conor and Ciaran, daughter-in-law Emma, son-in-law Simon, her adored grandchildren Sean and Sadie and all her relatives and friends. R.I.P.