



James W. McCann

July 19, 1922 - May 4, 2000

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

SM

“ Today I am a week away from my 49th Birthday and I have been thinking of my parents. I miss them both so much.

When my father turned 49 I was 5 years old and we lived in CA. His weekend attire was pretty much his flight jump suit, boots, the leather bomber coat & aviator sunglasses. When I look at old photos and family movies I realize he was the original Maverick.

When I was 12 my father was 56 and he played in the Father son hockey game and I don't know how he did it. There he was, still skating better than my coach or any of the other fathers most of whom were in their late 30s, cig in mouth you could still do that back then, going top shelf! I pray that in 7 years from now I can still skate half as well.

He taught me to love hockey and to pass on my passion for it, this is why I have coached or taught hockey for over 28 years now. Watching him coach my brother Keith's baseball team is one of my fondest memories of him.

Stephen W. McCann - October 12, 2016 at 12:00 AM

JG

“ It was probably the summer of 1977, the summer before Keith's and my senior year in highschool. Keith and I were hanging out together at his house on a long, hot Saturday night. We were listening to records and talking, wondering what to do with ourselves as the evening slipped into early morning. Keith's father, Mr. McCann, came down from upstairs and noticed us in the living room. He sat down and started a conversation with us, which eventually turned to the subject of a very interesting set of small metal cups sitting on a small metal serving platter in the living room. When I asked what they were for, Mr. McCann smiled, got up, left the room, and came back with a bottle of tequila, a bowl of salt, and fresh cut slices of lime. He poured three small "shot glasses" of tequila, drew out a line of salt on the back of his arm, and then, almost in one continuous motion, drank the tequila, licked the lime off his arm, and bit down on a fresh slice of lime. He followed through with a big smile and a satisfying "Ahhhhhhh!" That night, Keith and I learned how to drink a shot of tequila-- the right way. And we had a great time talking into the wee hours with "Keith's old man." It was a night to remember.

Pare and I offer our deepest sympathies.

Jody Kraus & Pare Gerou - October 12, 2016 at 12:00 AM

SW

“ We send our deepest sympathies on your loss. We have warm memories of his sense of humor, and his loving presence at family weddings and parties.

Sid and Audrey Waldman - October 12, 2016 at 12:00 AM