



Robert Gerald "Jerry" Scanlon

January 22, 1931 - June 28, 2018

 Robert Gerald “Jerry” Scanlon was born on January 22, 1931, the youngest of ten children (and one of two left-handed ones) to Terrance and Clara Scanlon in Dawson, New Mexico, now a ghost town. He passed away on June 28, 2018 in his sleep in Albuquerque. Jerry’s left-handedness was no small thing. Scissors and adding machines conspired against him, or so he claimed. Being raised in the depths of the depression would explain, he once said, his penchant for frugality. Dawson would imprint on him an indelible stamp of the character and its people as well as an undying sense of self that would define him for the rest of his life. Even in the throes of dementia that afflicted him in his later years, one could coax him to recall from his childhood his German Shepherd, Buck (who accompanied him to grade school and waited for him under the slide on the playground), the local swimming pool (where he knocked his front teeth out during a daredevil dive) and the redbrick high school atop the hill where he was a scholar, clarinet player and three-sport athlete. The community life of Dawson orbited around that high school, and Jerry was its shining star, especially during the year that was essentially the school’s last hurrah. The whole town shuttered up just after he graduated in 1949. He played football and performed in the marching band, often in the same game, or so he led us to believe. But his favorite sport was basketball. Even 35 years after finishing high school, he would astound the neighborhood kids with his set-shot 15-feet from the basket on the concrete court that occasionally served as the family’s driveway. After high school, he attended The University of New Mexico and took a degree in accounting which would always provide him, he said, with a reliable supply of work. Boy, was he was right. Drafted into the army in 1954, Jerry served in Germany during Occupation after World War II as a general accountant. Officers that treated the Private First Class unnecessarily rudely might have found their monthly payments mysteriously delayed. While in Europe, he visited the relatives of his then beloved fiancé, Mariangela Menicucci, who awaited him in marriage in Albuquerque then and awaits him now at the National Cemetery in Santa Fe. They wed in 1956 and bought a house on Marquette Avenue in Albuquerque, and there he and Mari raised a family of seven children, in whom he instilled honesty, decency, diligence and obligatory righthandedness: Maria Giulia, Robert Gerald Jr., Lorraine Therese, Patrick James, Eugene Gregory, Steven Edward and Eileen Louise. Jerry adored his sons- and daughters-in-law: Robert Doyle, Heather Scanlon, Linda Scanlon, Karen Scanlon, Raffaella Scanlon and Damian Espinosa, and he is survived by 18 appreciative and adoring grandchildren: Cory Murphy, Molly Murphy, Bailey Scanlon, Kelsey Scanlon, Taylor

Scanlon, Brittney Scanlon, Dayne Scanlon, CJ Scanlon, Paolo Scanlon, Wesley Scanlon, Julian Scanlon, Sabrina Scanlon, Simeon Scanlon, Mary Scanlon, Kaitlin Hess, Owen Espinosa, Catherine Scanlon, Aidan Espinosa. His grandchildren called him “Papa” and “Nonno”, and he answered happily to both. Jerry had the strength of character, the courage and the will to reinvent himself in adulthood and thereby improve his life so as to improve the lives of everyone around him. When he aged, he told Mari that the upside to memory loss was “having less to worry about,” so, simply put, it was beautiful to see him worry less. Even when his physical health was failing him at the very end, his wit never did, and he lived to make everyone around him smile and laugh when one would least expect it: with an old joke or a clever come-back. Whatever synapses are responsible for producing puns were clearly the last to go. As he neared retirement as a C.P.A., Jerry hunted mushrooms keenly (shhh, don’t ask where) and took up the study of Spanish. He described moments of unbridled joy with an enthusiastic “*mundiale!*” But fly fishing called to him stronger than anything else. He tied his own flies with care, first by learning the basic patterns and then by inventing his own. His blue damsel was known to fisher friends with envy and to curious brown trout with regret. Fly fishing and being in the outdoors changed him. Working against that depression-era instinct (How he would have loved to bring every trout home!), he nevertheless became a strict adherent of catch-and-release principles. When he hooked a trout with a fly he had tied himself, you could hear him say with understated excitement, “I fooled ‘im!” But as he sensed his own dementia coming on, he yielded to prudence and fished less. He hooked his last trout in Creede Colorado, on Clear Creek to be exact, (an unsuspecting 10-inch brook trout) with a rusting barbless caddisfly he had fashioned himself years before. Now, like Jerry himself, who sought those countless trout in the lakes and rivers of the West, it is our turn to let him go, and his friends a family do so with feelings of sadness, appreciation, gratitude and a lot of love. Funeral services will be held at the Aquinas Newman Center, 1815 Las Lomas Rd NE, on Saturday, July 7, 2018 at 2:00 pm. Burial will take place at the Santa Fe National Cemetery on Tuesday, July 10, 2018 with US Army Honors