



## Obituary

**Born:** Monday, October 17, 1949

**Died:** Sunday, May 31, 2020

Michael Bernard Aloysius Shawn McGartland

October 17, 1949—May 31, 2020

It is with great sadness that the family announces the death of Michael Bernard Aloysius Shawn McGartland, 70. Born in the former Pittsburgh Hospital, Michael was a life-long Pittsburgh resident, who grew up in Penn Hills, and lived for decades in Pittsburgh's Point Breeze neighborhood. He loved life and loved his city like he loved his family: deeply and passionately.

## Service Summary

**Celebration of Life will be held at a later date**

Location: - *Not available* -

Survived by his wife, Marilyn Matsey, loving brothers and sisters: Geraldine Mac McGartland, Janice McKee (Larry McKee), Julie Mudric, Patrick McGartland (Mary Margaret), Emily Gesuale (Frank Gesuale), Grace McGartland, Tony McGartland (Nancy Ann), and Nancy McGartland, and nieces and nephews.

Predeceased by his parents Bernard McGartland and Emily Davis McGartland, sister Jeannie McGartland, Brothers-in-law Timothy Mudric and Duncan Morrison, nephews Jarrett Gesuale and Danny McKee.

Michael worked as a plumber, most recently at the Pittsburgh International Airport, retiring from Plumbers' Union Local #27.

Early in his life, Michael excelled at sports. At Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, during his grade school years, he started his football career. At a weight of 77 pounds, he played nose tackle and guard for the Morningside Bulldogs. His football career continued at Central Catholic High School.

Famous for his romantic storytelling, Michael loved to talk about his favorite singer Anita Baker, old friends gone too soon, slow dancing, doo-wop singing, and the Civil War. He loved to sing sad Irish ballads like "A Nation Once Again." He loved long walks in Highland Park, Shadyside, and East Liberty, where he could tell you what used to be there back in his glory days. He called all his seven sisters "gorgeous." Michael loved to tell and retell stories of growing up as one of ten children, his colorful plumbing coworkers, and crazy times in the '60s and '70s. He was proud of his "father and mom who loved him." He was especially proud of working as a drug and alcohol counselor at Middle Earth in Penn Hills. Michael loved to help people. For instance, last year, while he was getting his car inspected, he learned it was the

birthday of woman who was doing the inspection. Michael left and returned quickly with cupcakes and candles. This was the kind of sweet guy Michael was!

Michael's extended family and friends will miss him greatly and will remember him always for the endearing goodbye he often used: "Love you like the sun coming up in the morning."

A celebration of Michael's life will take place at a later date.  
Burial at St Vincent Cemetery, Latrobe, PA