



Ian Walsh

JUN 11, 1971 - NOV 10, 2025



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Ian F. Walsh, 54, of Charlotte passed peacefully November 10, 2025 at home after a tussle with cancer. He was born on June 11, 1971 in St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada to Ronald and the late Genevieve Walsh.

Left to mourn are his wife Lynette; daughters, Caelan and Brenna; son, Liam; siblings, Ron, Yvonne and Barry; as well as a large circle of extended family and friends, which he regarded as chosen family.

Ian had an energy around him that drew people to him. A smile on his face, a twinkle in his eye, he was a lovable jackass at his core. His love knew no limits which was evident in how fiercely he fought his illness. While his absence is deeply felt, it is followed closely by the gratefulness of knowing him and being loved by him. He was happiness incarnate and he showed his love through jokes, pranks and generally being a goofball. Even at the end he always wanted to make people smile.

As a way to honour Ian, please do not send flowers as he felt they were a gift that was already dead. Instead he would want people to pay it forward, either through acts of service or donations to any cause dear to your heart.

Celebrations of life will be held in Charlotte, NC and Newfoundland at later dates.



Tribute Wall

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Lynne Fallis posted:

Lynette and Family So very sad to hear of Ian's passing. He was such a funny, warm-hearted soul with that immutable NewfoundLAND (rhymes with underSTAND) humour! The Pioneer Iowa crowd was instantly smitten! SO many fun at Saints, even when he kept his drawers on (accident? NO accident!). Your wedding was so down to earth and heart-warming (and provided great cultural enrichment for his staid colleagues), sorry we rowdy US/Canuck crew busted the picnic table (flatten her-d like Ian loved to say). We will always love you guys. May that proud, irrepressible Newfoundland humour and spirit live on in all of you! Love Lynne Fallis

December 5 at 7:26 PM



Lynette Cook April 12 at 9:49 AM

Hoping you receive a notification about my comment to your post. I've been trying to find a way to reconnect with you and no luck. Please send me a message at lcook0709@gmail.com if you see this.



Laurie Loomer posted:

I got to know Ian while sitting at our kitchen table chatting with him while Brenna was having drum lessons with Glenn in the other room. I felt like I'd known him forever. We had such fun and interesting talks. I always offered him coffee and he always said, "I won't say no" which was so Canadian cute. He knew I had sung in Newfoundland in my younger days and showed up one day with one of his Canadian sayings t-shirts which he then proceeded to give me. Once he found out that I was worried about a Dr. test and showed up at our door with bone broth and more honey. He always brought his lovely honey to us which I always said tasted purple to me. Haha. Ian explained technical things to me in such clear ways that I still tell my husband to explain those things the way Ian did. I will miss Ian dearly and am so proud of Lynette and the family for their loving care of him throughout such a hard time. Rest in peace, dear friend.

November 19 at 7:38 PM



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Leanne Donovan posted:

I met Ian when I was 12 and he would have been around 15, he was a senior cadet when I was a first year, we clashed immediately. A friend had a crush on him, I didn't agree, we once yelled at each other in the middle of a basketball game and we were on the same team, I was admittedly rude when I called him a four eyed geek (I wear that mantle proudly now) but that isn't the one that stands out most, my favorite and to me funniest. We had a cadet Christmas dinner and dance in the cafeteria, this was my second or third year, after all the tables and chairs were put away we had the floor, I wearing heels didn't see a squished french fry on the floor, I slipped (I have been told it looked like a cartoon), all of me became airborne and I landed hard on the floor, I had blacked out, I have been told people were calling my name and trying to get my attention but I didn't know a thing. Ian and I still didn't really like each other but the first thing I can hear is him saying "Let a Real Man, Show you how To Help A Lady Up" I was shocked but he did help me up and made sure I was ok. That was the day I realized he was a much better guy than I thought he was. I am sorry to the Walsh Family and I am sorry for the World for the Loss of The Real Man.

November 18 at 11:11 AM



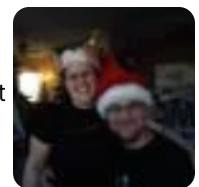
John Meaney posted:

So sorry to hear of cousin Ian's passing. I can remember the great times as children during Christmas holidays all the relatives getting together at each other's homes. Going to uncle Ron's and aunt Gen's was a tradition I loved and hanging with Ian, Ron, Yvonne and Barry. Those memories will always be there.

November 18 at 9:41 AM



Kristie Sivells shared a photo to the **Tribute Wall** album.



For more than a decade, some of my fondest memories were born in that room, in that home, with these two. Ian was one of the warmest, most welcoming souls I've ever known. Each time I walked through their door, there were drinks waiting, food offered without question, laughter echoing in the walls, and new memories ready to be made. I treasure the moments we bonded over Led Zeppelin, the way he'd break into air-guitar riffs to The Who or Ozzy Osbourne, and the sound of Lynette's laughter, always brighter, always more alive when it was sparked by him. No one could make her laugh the way he did. I admired his devotion to his family, the ease with which he connected with anyone, and even that fiery temper of his, something I'd quietly smile at, knowing I was safe in our friendship, and knowing too, that if the world ever pushed too hard, Ian would stand unshakably to protect the people he loved. Though years have passed since we last spoke, his absence carves out a space no one else can fill. My heart is with Lynette, Caelan, Brenna, and Liam. I know you will carry his memory close, and I hope you find peace in knowing he has finally found his own.

November 17 at 7:17 PM



Tribute Wall

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Edward Walsh shared 2 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.

Ian singing karaoke and dancing in my living room and hanging out in my garage eating chicken wings

November 17 at 9:18 PM



Rachel Kendall posted:

I learned how to swim while visiting uncle Ian & aunt Lynette ☐

November 17 at 8:57 PM



Barry Walsh shared an album called **Sophie, Lily, Ian, Katie.**

November 17 at 8:02 PM



Barry Walsh posted:

Always smiling, always positive. Ian tolerated and made light of his struggle with cancer for the past year and a half. Around the same time my wife was sick and passed away. True to his character, i was to never let dad know of his sickness. And more so, the shagger never really told me how sick he was. I remember asking him this past spring if there was anything I could do for him and his family. Indignantly he wanted to know why I was asking. You see, he felt I had enough on my plate. He wasnt about to add to it. "I've got everything looked after."In the end, all my dad ever knew was that Ian worked from home.All I ever knew was that he was doing some treatments and recovery from surgery to remove the cancer.In the end, his big heart thought of us.God Bless you and make His face to shine upon you. Your loving brother, Barry.

November 17 at 7:58 PM



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JF

Jim Feehan posted:

Please accept the deepest of condolences on Ian's passing. The life of the party, Ian could light up a room just by walking in. In local terms I would call Ian a shagger and he would happily agree with me while flashing his impish grin at the same time. When Ian graduated from university he moved in with my wife and I while we were living in Alberta. He stayed with us for several months and was the best kind of room mate. He was looking for a job in the area and answered a job posting for a bobcat operator. Though Ian had grown up using a backhoe for his father's company, he hadn't before been in this bobcat thing. Never to back away from a challenge and full of his trademark confidence, Ian got the job quite easily, he lied through his teeth! He then spent about 10 mins learning to use this new machine, mastering it before lunch. One day the regular backhoe operator called in sick. The foreman needed someone with experience in the backhoe. Without missing a beat, Ian jumped into the seat and quickly showed his advanced skills. Ian never left the backhoe for the rest of the time with that crew. Never to back down from a challenge, full of self confidence, highly intelligent with an uncanny ability to make friends anywhere. These are just some of the traits he carried into this world. "But since it fell into my lot That I should rise and you should not! I'll gently rise and softly call Good night and joy be to you all" Jim and Paula Feehan. Torbay, NL

November 17 at 7:17 PM



Kristie Sivells shared a photo to the **Tribute Wall** album.

November 17 at 11:42 PM



Edward Walsh shared 2 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.

November 17 at 9:18 PM





Media

Ian Walsh

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Barry Walsh shared a photo to the **Sophie, Lily, Ian, Katie** album.

November 17 at 8:02 PM





Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Ian by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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