



Llyn Ann Breen

March 23, 1927 - November 3, 2016

Llyn Jones Breen, a thoughtful listener and gifted communicator of faith and encouragement went to be with the Lord on November 3, 2016. She was born March 23, 1927 and was a resident of Newark, Ca. Llyn was predeceased by her husband, of 49 years, Tom Breen, and brother, Tom Jones, of Stockton. She is survived by their children: Pam Breen, Tom Breen (Jan), Anne Breen Magario, Matthew Breen (Rodana), six grandchildren, six great grandchildren, and sister Liz Jones Hasty of Scottsdale, Az. Besides raising 4 children, Llyn and Tom were caring foster parents to approx. 20 babies from birth until adoption. Later, she worked in HR at Washington Hospital and Newark Unified School District. The family were long time active members of Pathway Community Church where the siblings still worship. Llyn's legacy is one of strong faith, compassion, and love. In lieu of flowers, donations could be made to The Alzheimer's Foundation (alz.org). Memorial Service will be held Saturday, November 12, 2016, 1:00 PM, at Pathway Community Church, 4500 Thornton Avenue, Fremont, CA.

Tribute Wall

“Mrs. Breen never really scolded us. We would usually pick up Matt in the mornings to go to catch the school bus. Well if you know Matt, he wasn't exactly a morning person back then. I think we were his wake up service. We could usually get in a game of pool while waiting for Matt. There were a number of times were we walked, ran down Milani, only to see the school bus leaving without us. We then would need to go back and ask Mom if she could take us to school. Not just 1 or 2 of us, but usually 5 of us. Did she say anything, No - she just gave us the exasperated look and took us to school. I think she felt that having the Chan's peer pressure Matt, would someday get him to school on time.

Later when we could drive, before there were strict seat-belt laws, Matt would drive the old Ranchero. What a sight that was, to see Matt, my brother Al, myself, and cousins Pete and Tony crammed into the cab. Mrs. Breen would just shake her head at us. It was like the clown car in the circus. When we got to school, the door opened and bodies just kinda fell out.

I will remember Mrs Breen as being an elegant and loving person. It wasn't until I read her obituary, that I knew that Mr and Mrs Breen had been foster parents to 20 babies. I could see that. She never had a bad word to say about someone.

So how do you thank someone who helped shape your life? A simple "Thank You" doesn't seem to be enough.

When I got married, I was to choose a godmother for my ceremony...who would be that person? Mrs Breen is who popped into my mind. I would bring my then future wife Emie to meet Mrs. Breen and let her know about our wedding plans. We asked her to be our godmother and she honored us by accepting. Matt would also honor me as being one of my groomsmen. She later gave us a personalized Bible to be our guide for a happy marriage. We still have that Bible in the bookcase in our bedroom. But Mrs Breen, I have to be honest, and say I haven't cracked it open too often.

Mrs. Breen, while you are no longer here with us, know that you shaped many lives with your loving and caring nature. I know you shaped mine. Not only do I want to say "Thank You", but know that I have taken some lessons from you.

My daughter Kristina was in middle school and needed to start taking the public bus home from school. I was concerned at first because she never rode public transit before. I remember after her first day, I asked how it was and she said "It was OK". Well I knew that, because I "just happened to be driving" along that bus route that day when school let out. The love of a parent.

Good bye for now Mrs. Breen. Thank You for being there for me. I Love You and I'll see you again some day.

*You'll always be in our hearts,
Sherman, Emie, Kristina, and Eugene, Sara, Emma, and Sofia*

Sherman Chan - November 13, 2016 at 11:25 PM

SC

“ Other examples:

Mr and Mrs Breen, drove Matt all the way down to Big Basin to join myself, Paul and his family for camping along with a couple other friends. Matt had something that would keep him from leaving with the rest of us earlier that day, so maybe he wouldn't be able to go. So what did they do, Mr and Mrs Breen dropped off Matt late that afternoon. This isn't just a 10 or 15 minute drive. If I remember right, "They had been meaning to try this restaurant in Capitola."
Hmmm... uh huh. I think it was the Shadow Brook Lodge.

Swimming at the Breens. The Breens had a Doughboy pool and we would go over in the afternoon after summer school. We actually chose to go to summer school back then. I would call Mom ("Mrs Breen") and let her know we were home and make requests for this or that and she would play along with me and then say "Hey Kiddo, just be safe." She trusted us boys to watch over ourselves.

We had sleepovers at the Breens. We were teenage guys watching the Midnight Special and singing and messing around all night long as teenagers do. Aside from Mrs Breen just saying to "hold it down to low roar" when we really got loud, they let us do our thing. In the morning, there was breakfast cooked for us, I don't remember whether it was Mr or Mrs Breen who cooked, but I remembered it was the first time I saw a Teflon pan and how easy it was to do scrambled eggs. I guess the Breens were "early adopters".

(to be continued)

Sherman Chan - November 13, 2016 at 11:20 PM

SC

“The Breens have been a part of my life for over 50 years, basically my whole life. Even though there were stretches of times when we didn’t see each other regularly, we always managed to get together at times, sometimes for sad events and other times for happier events like our summer picnic (thanks Matt and Ro).

When Matt told me that his Mom passed away, I wasn’t shocked because of how Mrs. Breen had been for the past several years, but it was sad news none-the-less. It made me think about what his Mom meant to me.

You’ve probably heard the phrase “that it takes a village to raise a child.” Certainly your family helps to raise you. While it may be true about the village, there are certain people that stand out and truly influence and shape you as you grow up. Mrs. Breen was one of those who shaped me into who I am today. Aside from my Mom, there have only been a few others who I have called “Mom”, my mother-in-law (who I called Nanay) and Mrs. Breen.

Mrs. Breen gave me a different view of life that was somewhat different from my family. The values were the same, but how life’s lessons were delivered were different.

While we didn’t have lots of conversations, it was her actions, along with Mr Breen, that showed how loving parents acted.

I remember back when Matt, Paul, Dave Walker, and I rode our bikes from Newark to Southland Mall in Hayward. We took the back roads along what is now Ardenwood, past Coyote Hills, Turk Island, down to Hesperian and then to the mall to play video games. We didn’t have the internet then or cable to keep us entertained. There were no cellphones to check in with. Well during our ride, as we stopped for a rest and water along Industrial Way, “Who just happened to drive by but Mr and Mrs Breen? I remembered saying, “Hey Matt, isn’t that funny that your parents happened to be driving this way” and didn’t really think anything further about it. By the way, Matt and Paul had ten-speeds and I only had a Sting-ray type bike

to ride, so it was quite the work out.

Years later, as a parent I then understood what their “just happen to be driving by” really meant. The love of a parent. Remember this point.

Sherman Chan - November 13, 2016 at 11:18 PM



“ *Basket of Memories was purchased for the family of Llyn Ann Breen.*



November 11, 2016 at 04:44 PM



“ *1 file added to the album Memories Album*



Fremont Chapel of the Roses - November 07, 2016 at 05:53 PM