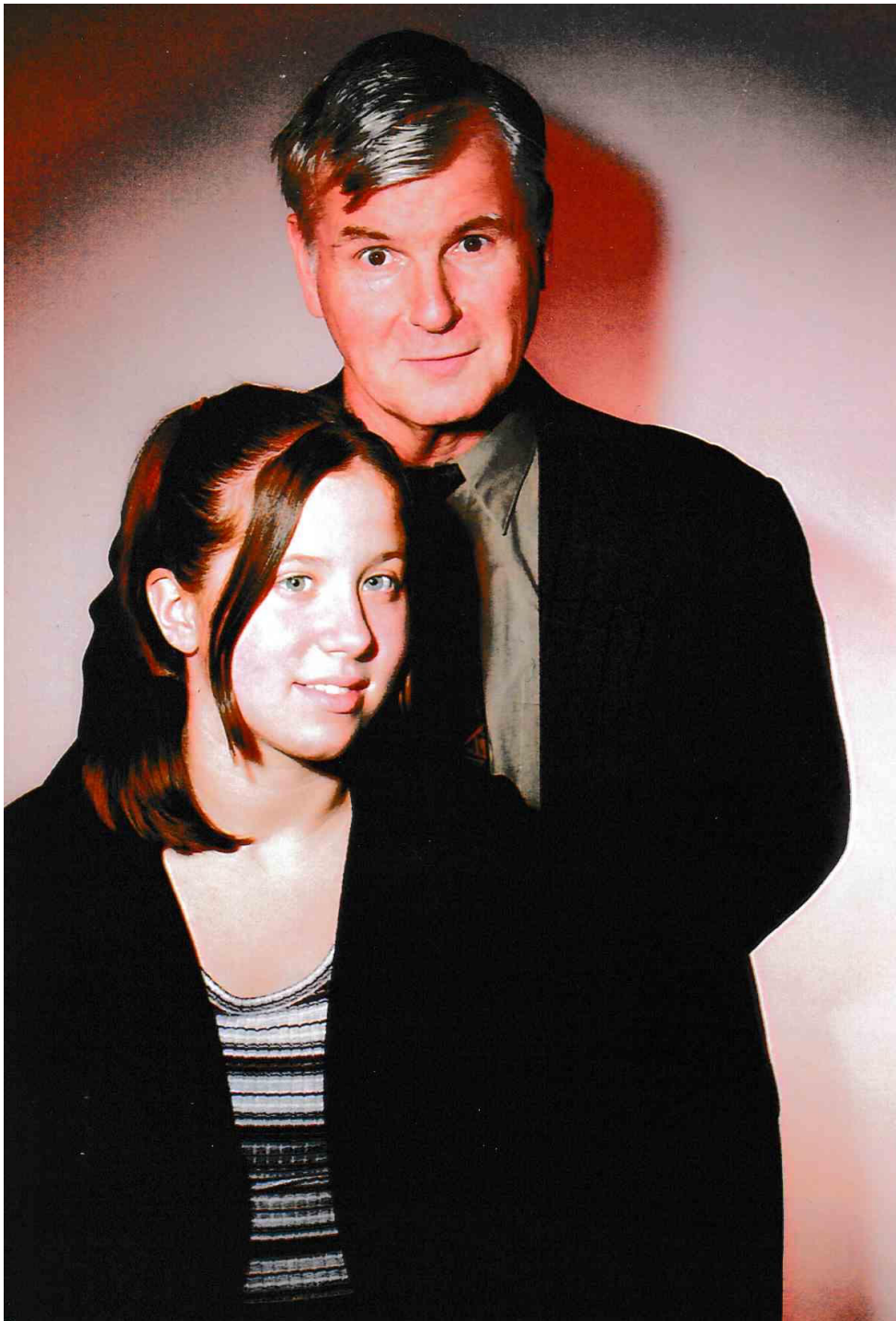


June 25, 2020:



Charles C. Hogan, Jr.: March 23, 1941-March 21, 2020
Sophia Erin Hogan: June 20, 1991-April 10, 2020

A poem selected by Charlie's sister, Mary Hogan Jones:

People Liked Him

People liked him, not because
He was rich or known to fame;
He had never won applause
As a star in any game.
His was not a brilliant style,
His was not a forceful way,
But he had a gentle smile
And a kindly word to say.

Never arrogant or proud,
On he went with manner mild;
Never quarrelsome or loud,
Just as simple as a child;
Honest, patient, brave and true:
Thus he lived from day to day,
Doing what he found to do
In a cheerful sort of way.

Wasn't one to boast of gold
Or belittle it with sneers,
Didn't change from hot to cold,
Kept his friends throughout the years,

Sort of man you like to meet
Any time or any place.
There was always something sweet
And refreshing in his face.

Sort of man you'd like to be:
Balanced well and truly square;
Patient in adversity,
Generous when his skies were fair.
Never lied to friend or foe,
Never rash in word or deed,
Quick to come and slow to go
In a neighbor's time of need.

Never rose to wealth or fame,
Simply lived, and simply died,
But the passing of his name
Left a sorrow, far and wide.
Not for glory he'd attained,
Nor for what he had of pelf,
Were the friends that he had gained,
But for what he was himself.

EDGAR GUEST

[Click here to view a Photo Montage of
Charlie Hogan as President of AFSCME Retirees Subchapter 161.](#)