



## Joseph L. Kinsella

November 25, 1947 - January 2, 2023

Joseph Leo Kinsella (1947 – January 2, 2023). Vietnam veteran (Sgt. in U.S. Army, 1969-1970). Devoted and loving husband of Melanie Kinsella (Beavers) for 40 years. Selfless father of the late Eddie Sponder, Jennifer Taylor (Sponder), and Jim Kinsella. Dedicated grandfather of Teonna, Lydia and Aiden Taylor.

Loving son of the late James Leo Kinsella & Rita Mae Kinsella (Theis). Awesome brother to 8 siblings: James Leo Kinsella (Josephine), Donald Kinsella (Mary), the late Thomas Kinsella, the late Patrick Kinsella (Carol), Mary Rita Ceja (Ray), David Kinsella (Laura), the late Robert Kinsella, & William Kinsella (Laura).

Son-in-law of Richard and Donna Beavers; and brother-in-law of Kent Beavers (Debi). A loyal and loving uncle to Michelle McVicker (Chris), David Kinsella (Katie), Jennifer Crecco (Donnie), Brian Kinsella (Alysia), Andria Lacny (Erik), Adam Ceja (Addi), Jessica Clark (Kevin), Danielle McGuire (Tim), & Katelyn Kinsella (Scott); Stephanie White (Dale), and Sheri Castanon (Pete).

A Funeral Mass will be held at San Pedro Catholic Church, 14380 Tamiami Trail, North Port, FL. 34287; on January 21 at 10:00am, followed by the Rite of Committal at the gravesite, at Restlawn Memorial Gardens, 1380 Forrest Nelson Blvd, Port Charlotte, FL. 33952.

Arrangements are under the care of Gendron Funeral & Cremation Services  
Inc. located at 14538 Tamiami Trail, North Port, FL 34287. 941-423-9110

# Previous Events

## Funeral Service

JAN **21**. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (ET)

San Pedro Catholic Church  
14380 Tamiami Trail  
North Port, FL 34287  
(941) 426-2500  
<http://www.sanpedrocc.org>

## burial

JAN **21**. 12:00 PM - 12:30 PM (ET)

Restlawn Memorial Park  
1380 Forrest Nelson Blvd.  
North Port, FL

# Tribute Wall



“ *Joseph L. Kinsella*

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October 09, 2023 at 02:01 AM



“ *Joseph L. Kinsella*

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January 28, 2023 at 12:09 PM

JT

“ I was 5 years old when my mom and dad were married. Even though I was not his biological daughter he never made me feel less than what I was to him which was his daughter. My dad was the funniest, kindest, and most generous man I've ever known. In fact, he's the greatest man I've ever know . I've always looked up to him and respected him. He taught me so much. I admire the wonderful ways he lived and all the amazing things he accomplished in life.

When I was first diagnosed with breast cancer my dad shared with me something him and his boss would do. He said, they would have Monday morning meetings. Each Monday without fail before any business was discussed my dad and his boss would say a prayer for me. I was blown away when my dad told me that. I thought, wow, most people would get down to business never giving family a single thought. Not my dad, He loved and cared for me so much he put work aside and along with his boss prayed for me. That was 10 years ago. Those prayers along with his sense of humor and love kept me going even at my lowest.

I have such wonderful memories of my dad. Like when my brothers and I were kids, if we wanted bread and butter, we would have to put our finger on our nose, or the time my dad and I surprised my mom by taking her to Las Vegas for her birthday, or when just the two of us drove from Iowa to Florida over Thanksgiving. We got to Chattanooga on Thanksgiving at 9:00 at night. The only place open was a Cracker Barrel. They were swamped and it was going to be an hour before we would get dinner so we both ordered pumpkin pie and coffee. That was our Thanksgiving dinner and it was the best.

I miss my dad. I miss him cracking jokes, giving me advice and listening to the incredible stories he shared with me about his life. I cherish the memories I have of my dad. I will see him again and that gives me comfort.

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Jennifer Taylor - January 17, 2023 at 09:51 PM

BK

“ 1 file added to the album *Tribute Wall*



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**Bill Kinsella** - January 16, 2023 at 02:07 PM

BK

“ 3 files added to the album *Tribute Wall*



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**Bill Kinsella** - January 16, 2023 at 02:06 PM

“ When a friend and brother is called home unexpectedly, we often remanence about individual childhood experiences. I would like to share some unique experiences that resonate with me.

*It was 1969 and I was an 8-year-old kid. Joe was serving our country as a radio operator in Vietnam. I wrote him a letter and enclosed a map of the Vietnam. I asked Joe to circle the location where he worked. About 6 to 8 weeks later, I received a response. Joe returned my map, along with a Kodak Instamatic photo of him and a dog he adopted. I recall seeing another photo of Sgt. Kinsella carrying an M-16, standing in front of a huge crater in the earth. That hole was big enough to bury Pat’s silver Corvair.*

*Little kids soak-up information like a sponge, I guess - especially when it comes to big brothers we admire. For my 8th birthday, brother Pat gave me an M-16 made by Mattel. I played “Army” with my buddies, while Joe was overseas. The memories keep coming.*

*It was 1975 and I was in 8th grade at St. Christopher’s. I played point guard for the Cougars lightweight basketball team. The annual Father-Son game was approaching. I was the youngest of 9 kids and our dad was “too old” (at 57) to play. Brother Joe filled-in for Leo. I remember a jump shot that Joe made from the baseline. Back in the day, he was a good athlete - baseball, basketball and golf.*

*It was roughly 2002 in Orland Park, Illinois. Joe played a round of golf with my old work partner (Scott Malmborg) and me. We played the north course at Silver Lake Country Club. This was the first time Joe met Scott, who is a 6’03 and 260 pound “southpaw.” Scott shanked his drive on the 2nd tee box. Joe and I were further up on the fairway. As Scott addressed the ball, the tension in his body language was obvious. Sure enough, he whiffed – missed the golf ball completely. No big thing, right? I looked at Joe and we both maintained a respectable poker face. I told Scott to take his time. Well, he whiffed again! I cracked a smile and told Scott to walk away, and then re-address the ball. I also noticed that Joe was NOT*

*about to laugh at this big guy he never met before. Scott walked away and took a couple of deep breaths. Then, he addressed the ball and did it again – “strike three.” I looked at Joe’s poker face, along with Scott’s aggravation, and I couldn’t take it anymore. I bust a gut laughing.*

*The things we remember when a loved one dies may seem peculiar. Or maybe they’re just memories we choose to hold on to. I’m sure each of you have unique memories and stories about Joe. I hope you feel free to share them on this TRIBUTE page. Joe was patient beyond my capability and tolerant beyond my comprehension. He was a kind, peaceful soul that didn’t preach the gospel with spoken words. Rather, Joe lived it – selflessly for his family! God speed, brother – until we meet again.*

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**Bill Kinsella** - January 15, 2023 at 09:50 PM