

Jerome Joseph Michael McGinn of Portland, Oregon died at age 70 on April 27th, 2023, due to complications associated with multiple system atrophy- parkinsonian type (MSA-P), a rare degenerative neurological disease. Jerry's passing took place peacefully at home in Portland, Oregon-surrounded by loved ones.

Jerry was born on May 7, 1952, in Washington, D.C., to Aloysius Anthony McGinn and Miriam Kathryn (Jett) McGinn. He was number 4 of 8 children. Stories abound regarding the six boys in a row followed by the two girls. Here's the line-up: Michael, Patrick, Timothy, Jerome, Martin, Bernard, Maureen, and Kathleen.

To say that this Irish Catholic family was close is an understatement. After Kathleen came along, the ten of them were lovingly packed into their 977 square foot house on Carson Street in Silver Spring, MD, with count'em, one bathroom. Jerry's love of basketball germinated once the family moved to a spacious home on Brunette Avenue which had a basketball hoop in the side yard where brother basketball bedlam ensued. Their new residence was less than a mile walk (although he would've told you it was longer) to St Bernadette School, where Jerry was on the eighth-grade yearbook team and logged his "Last Will and Testament" as "Jerry McGinn - leaves his sense of humor to Red Skelton." Jerry was involved in student government all four years at Gonzaga College High School (located in Washington, D.C.), finishing as Senior Class President. Due to his love of basketball and his short stature he elected to play JV basketball even as an upperclassman. He had an arsenal of short jokes at the ready to usurp would-be offenders. In fact, he enjoyed ending his voice mail messages, "I will get back to you shortly, ALWAYS shortly." He liked to say he studied art during his college years at M.I.T, that is, Montgomery (College) In Takoma (in MD).

Jerry and his wife Monica Wright grew up in the same neighborhood and parish. Both had well-honed hard heads, being products of large families, and would not to this day agree on who was more stubborn. After meeting up as adults, when Monica was nineteen and Jerry was twenty-three years old, they eventually got married five years later on September 12, 1980. Even though some called them "The Bickersons" due to their lively way of communicating their opinions and even though Jerry would often introduce Monica to others as "my first wife" (just to see if they were paying attention), they beat the odds with a storied marriage of 42 years with a BC and AC timeline. More on that later.

Jerry liked to say he "cut his teeth" in the "food, beverage, and hospitality biz" in some well-known saloons and restaurants in Washington, D.C, including Gallagher's Pub and The Dubliner. Once married, he began the BC or "Before Children" years (13 relatively carefree years), most of which were spent living in Florida. There he honed his hospitality skills in various establishments in the Tampa/St. Petersburg area, except for when he was able to slip in some sailing, grouper sandwiches at a beach bar, or time hosting friends attracted by his unparalleled grilling skills.

In a fearless departure, Jerry and Monica moved to Portland, Oregon, where Jerry switched gears by completing training at Western Culinary Institute, followed by furthering his interest in the wine trade, first as a wine sales representative and later culminating in the establishment of McGinn's Russell Street Wine Merchants. It was in Jerry's nature to build a community of friends wherever he went, but nowhere more so than at his wine shop where he said, "My personal/professional crusade has largely been the demystification of the product itself (to rescue wine from behind the velvet museum/gallery rope)" and where he built what he called his "altar of wine to drink when you're broke."

It was in Oregon that the AC or "After Children" years began. Jerry reveled in his two sons Timothy and Christopher McGinn. He was ever present in their lives from infancy to adulthood, dressing up with them and taking them trick or treating, taking the family on school campouts, going to school teacher meetings and 8 years of science fairs (eight years!), cooking them amazing family dinners, and being there to discuss unlimited topics over a pint when they got older.

Jerry was predeceased by his parents and brother Marty. He is survived by his soul-mate Monica Wright, who he liked to say kept her last name so she could always be right, and sons Tim McGinn (partner

Caitlin Scarpelli) and Chris McGinn, siblings Pat McGinn (Toby), Mike McGinn, Tim McGinn, Bernie McGinn (Allison), Maureen Shacreaw and Kathleen McGinn, and 16 nieces/nephews.

Jerry's family wants to thank Kaiser's Palliative Care and Hospice programs who provided invaluable support over the last 2 years of his life. Friends and family will not be surprised to hear that despite the relentless progression of his MSA-P, Jerry retained a tenacious grasp on his ability to find humor. For example, when trying to gauge what kind of day it was for him one day Monica asked, "Are you feeling lost today?" to which he retorted, "No, not lost. Misplaced." Or one time when he couldn't remain sitting upright in his chair, Monica commented, "You look like the Leaning Tower of Pisa." and he said, "And I am not at all Italian."

Monica always thought of Jerry as a true Renaissance Man. His prowess was demonstrated during games of Trivial Pursuit, but sorely tested when the kids were at the "what and why" question stage, when he finally nipped their persistent, repetitive "How do you know?" questions by telling them he was a genius. Or even late in the game when his palliative care nurse said, "You've had some not-so-great days. You were in bed the whole time. What do you think Jerry?" to which he quipped, "Give a subject." So, it is fitting then that both his body and brain have been donated for research purposes through BioGift and the Brain Support Network.

Jerry found great joy in people. He would "hold court" when behind the bar in his days of old in D.C. or later on the other side of the bar while watching Washington Redskins (before the name changed) football games. He was the consummate host at oyster roasts with east coast pals, at "Orphans' Christmas" parties in Florida, and "Gringo de Mayo" birthday parties in Oregon. He knew the local grocery store employees by name. For a lifetime, Monica would get irritated at his being slow-moving and often late, only to realize in the end that he was being "Zen-like" all along.

Even as our hearts hurt for the physical loss of him on this planet, we will always remember the trademark twinkle in his eyes accompanied by his impish grin as he readied to lob a quip. Let us all honor Jerry by showing kindness to others because as we all know, he "never met a stranger."