



Joan "Peggy" Randall Murphy

February 2, 1947 - August 18, 2026

Joan "Peggy" Randall Murphy, a beloved mother, grandmother, and lifelong caretaker of the Chesapeake Bay, passed away peacefully on August 18, 2026, leaving behind a legacy rooted in lacrosse sportsmanship, creative artistry, and unwavering dedication to her family.

Born on February 2, 1947, in Pennsylvania to Leslie Fairbanks Randall and Joan Tannenbaum of New York, Peggy grew to embrace life with determination and an infectious enthusiasm. She was reunited in eternal rest with her true love and husband, Greg J. Murphy, who passed away in 1995.

Peggy was the heart of her family—a fiercely loving and devoted mother to her two sons, Brendan J. Murphy and Ryan G. Murphy. As her boys grew up in the vibrant Annapolis, Maryland lacrosse scene, Peggy was their biggest fan, rarely missing a game. Her pride swelled as both Brendan and Ryan went on to play lacrosse at the collegiate level, a continuation of a family tradition started by her father at Brown University in the 1930s. Across her entire lifetime, if a sporting event featuring her sons or her grandchildren was within reach, Peggy was in the stands cheering them on.

A woman of immense creative talent, Peggy possessed a natural gift for bringing beauty into the world. Her passion for gardening and floral design was matched only by her generosity in sharing it. She was a gifted teacher to

many, patiently sharing her secrets on how to craft custom wreaths, compose breathtaking flower arrangements, and cultivate vibrant gardens.

A longtime resident of historic downtown Annapolis, Peggy spent the last 12 years in her second favorite town, Easton, Maryland. Her connection to the region was profound; she was an avid boater her entire life and a passionate steward of the Chesapeake Bay, devoted to protecting the heritage, environment, and timeless way of life surrounding its waters.

Peggy held a deep affection for her two daughters-in-law, Tina and Valaree, whom she loved dearly and credited with raising her wonderful grandchildren. Her spirit lives on through her cherished grandchildren: Emily, Andrew, Mali, Hennessy, and Elliott; and her grandson-in-law, Richard.

Peggy's warmth, creative spirit, and steady presence along the sidelines and on the water will be forever missed by all who had the privilege of knowing her.

Services and memorial arrangements will be announced by the family. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in Peggy's memory to local organizations dedicated to the conservation and preservation of the Chesapeake Bay.

Tribute Wall

KG

“ To Brendan and Ryan, please know that Peggy has a few friends at Easton Davita Dialysis who truly miss her. She was one of a kind, a tough beautiful cookie, who shared with us some of the most beautiful and sweetest moments of her life. Our thoughts and prayers to you all. May Peggy now Rest in Heavenly Peace. We love her. From Karen Green, Denise Pearlstein and Yolanda Turner.

Karen Green - August 28 at 08:54 AM

VM

Thank you for your kind thoughts ☐ 

Valaree Murphy - September 07 at 08:30 PM

“ My “big” sister Peggy. For the last 72+ years, we’ve been sharing, comparing notes, laughing, fighting, arguing. The Randall kids: Peggy, 2 older brothers, 2 younger brothers.

Mom and 4 kids lived in Bluff City, TN in '55, working through the probate of Mom's mother, Virginia. Peggy went to grade school there. Then we all went back to PA; Philly, Knauertown, Cadmus Road in Pottstown, Bala Cynwyd in Philly. Briefly, Peggy and I went to the same Catholic grade school when she was in 8th grade. Peggy in a plaid uniform skirt, white blouse, knee socks, and loafers. There was no air conditioning and summers in Philly were hot, so Mom and Dad took us to the beach in Brigantine one weekend, and all of our lives changed. We moved to Brigantine, NJ.

Dad bought the first of his 3 boats, and the 3 youngest kids got into swimming and boating. Ultimately, that led to Brendan, Ryan, Jim, and I becoming career maritime professionals. Peggy got to use Dad's boats to take friends joyriding, partying, and skiing, in exchange for her maintaining the boats. She made money as a Bell Tel operator in AC, and worked the DNC Convention in AC in '64. After HSHS, she went to Immaculata College in DC, then worked as a clerk for the FBI. That's when she met Greg.

Peggy and Greg married, and Peggy became a Murphy and a Maryland citizen; Baltimore, Annapolis, then Easton. At their wedding, kneeling at the altar, the soles of Gregs shoes could be seen, and read “HELP”. We all chuckled, because we all knew Peggy.

Mom and Dad spoiled Peggy. At least that's what her 4 brothers thought. On the other hand, she was expected to help and care for others. First, Jim and I when we were little. Then Greg after the car accident. Then Greg and Stu as they slipped away. Mom's challenges caring for Dad probably taught her some of this. When there wasn't someone in need of her care and help, she didn't hesitate to tell others what they should and shouldn't be doing. The

Randalls and the Murphys know that all too well. So did Stu, a type B person married to a type A Peggy. We all learned how to live with it.

Our lives are defined by struggle, and how we deal with it. It's part of God's plan. Peggy had lots of struggles, most of which I wouldn't wish on anyone. They defined her, and all those close to her.

Our decades of weekly phone calls are over now. There's a bit of a hole in the week. Thanks for listening, Big Sister.

Pete

Peter Randall - August 27 at 07:10 PM

PR

“ 1 file added to the album Joan Peggy Randall Murphy



Peter Lee Randall - August 27 at 06:41 PM