



Malcolm George Hughes

December 26, 1946 - December 26, 2025

Malcolm George Hughes joined Kathleen DeWitt (Kath) in an eternal cwtch on Dec 18th, 2025. His illness was brief, passing was peaceful, and his absence is profound. Malcolm, fondly known as Mal, lived every moment with a joke in mind and laughter in his heart.

These are the words of his daughter Rosalyn (Taff);

“He was born in Swansea, Wales on Boxing Day (for our American friends and family, that is the day after Christmas), way back in the year 1946. The middle child of three sons.

Right from the get go he was a handful!

Unfortunately, he contracted polio as a young child and spent most of his childhood with his leg encased in calipers. He then required surgery on his other leg to reduce the growth to enable both his legs to be of equal length. Even this did not hold him back.

“He was always up to mischief,” His best friend's mother would say. “You never knew what he was going to do next. Lucky for Leighton he could run faster than Mal so it was always Malcolm who got caught. Lucky for Mal he could charm the birds out of the trees and so got away with everything.”

He lived life to the fullest.

He gained a degree in Youth Psychology and utilized this to support many, many youngsters in and around Swansea by establishing Stadwin and Glais Youth Clubs and coaching football (proper football/soccer for our American friends).

I was extremely lucky and greatly honoured to call him my dad.

He adopted me, and my two younger sisters in 1975. He then had another son and daughter. I became the eldest of five.

He then married Kath and I became the eldest of eight.

For the most part of my childhood Mal was a school caretaker of the local primary school. He knew every child by name, and their siblings, and their parents, and their grandparents!

As caretaker we lived in a house that was attached to the school.

It had a coal fire in the kitchen and an outside toilet.

I remember one morning, around 4am. Mal shouted upstairs to me as there was something in the fireplace and could I come and deal with it.

I came down. It was dark and he was beside himself. When I crawled into the fireplace I found a tiny frog. He was panic stricken. I never let him forget that I'd saved his life from a killer amphibian.

He had the incredible ability to make connections with people of all ages, cultures, abilities, backgrounds. This became even more apparent when he took up Open Air Markets. I accompanied him every Saturday in Port Talbot, and every Sunday in Clydach. The things he sold were amazing, and mostly legal.

I swear he was the first to sell Rubic Cubes!

We also did The Devon Run – a string of daily markets that ran through the

Summer Holidays. We slept in the back of the van surrounded by washing up liquid and toilet rolls. I've never had such fun.

We moved down the road when I was 16. We finally had hot water and an inside toilet. I thought I was a princess. Mal no longer had to build the fire every morning for heat and to warm the water. He became a taxi driver and further developed his circle of friends. When my parents split he began caring full time for his mother while continuing to drive a taxi.

I remember how happy he was when telling me about Kath. He was totally besotted, and when I met her I understood why.

He helped more people than I could ever mention and always had time for you. Just don't ask him to fix anything! He didn't know the difference between one end of the screwdriver to another. And he had no idea what a drill or jigsaw was.

He was my dad, my friend, my teacher, my confidant, my hero.
He was unique".

These are the word from his nephew Ryan;

Malcolm was a huge lover of music, particularly from the 1950's, 60's, 70's and 80's - he had a very eclectic taste, ranging from Jim Reeve's, Elvis, Gene Pitney, as well as Welsh favourites Sir Tom Jones and David Alexander and the Barron Knights to name but a few.

Wales was a big part of Malcolm's DNA of which he was very proud.

A lifelong football supporter, Malcolm followed closely both Swansea City and Arsenal through all their highs and lows (of which there were more than a

few).

Another pastime was playing darts, Malcolm captained the local team playing in the Skewen and District league from the Birchgrove Inn for many years. When he'd get to the pub his first port of call was the jukebox where a selection of songs was played every week, starting with From a Jack to a King and Distant Drums by Jim Reeve's, to Roger Whitaker's The Last Farewell and as always Tom's Delilah!

Malcolm was one of the most generous chaps I've ever had the privilege to know.

If he could do anything to help someone he would be there - he took me in from the age of 13 until I joined the Army at 16, as well as attending my passing-out parade at ATU Winchester - when on leave I would continue to stay with Malcolm until his move to the United States".

Mal was an early adopter of the internet where his love for card games came to the fore. Euchre was his favorite where he made friends all over the world including Kath. Both being bigspontaneous, generous types, Kath invited Mal to visit Colorado where he met a skeptical crew in her adult children. This stranger with a mischievous smirk endured a full interrogation all while he flipped cards, quietly showing them magic tricks. He quickly melted hearts and became a beloved part of their community. Kath and Mal married in 2003, beginning the happiest days of their lives. They traveled all around America, Wales, and Scotland together, Mal as the trusty driver and Kath giving very clear instructions. Joined by an assortment of friends and family along the way, the fondest memories were made attending dozens of concerts, eating fabulous and not so fabulous foods, and finding the roads less traveled.

Soon after arriving in the USA, Mal resumed his profession driving airport shuttles and eventually driving for Uber and Lyft. His cheerful (and sometimes unintelligible) accent, his laughter and charm, and encyclopedic knowledge of music left an endearing memory with everyone lucky enough to catch a ride. A stint as a radio DJ was a highlight of his life, where his passion, storytelling, and humor radiated across the airwaves.

His community of “darters” was Mal’s church, with religious Thursday night attendance and Friday mornings spent “extra tired.” Mal was always happy at the Swing Station in Laporte with a Fat Tire in his hand and surrounded by his best mates.

Mal had a way of leaving his prints on language, humor, and everyday life. A microwave will forever be a “popity ping,” the trunk of a car is officially “the boot” and every goodbye deserves a cheerful “ta ra.” Victories large and small will always be celebrated with “good on ya!” Encouragement and support always came easy from Mal.

He was formidable competition at any board game, sharp as a tack, and could sneak in a “crackin” pun when you least expected. Grandson Tom says, “Mal is the only person I know who can tell the same daft joke every week yet still raise a laugh/groans.” He was tough as nails, yet whimsical and full of magic. The kind of person who made life more interesting simply by being in the room.

Above all else, Mal was deeply committed to his friends and family. He cared for Kath with devotion and tenderness and he adored each and every one of his kids. Mal is survived by his Welsh kids Rosalyn, Heather, Kevin, and Leah and Kath’s kids Jen, Riley, and Katie in addition to 21 grandkids and 3 greatgrands.

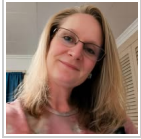
He was delighted to travel to Wales again this past summer, visiting countless

friends and family and touring the country he was most proud of. He will be sorely missed on both sides of the Atlantic.

Ta ra, Mal. Good on ya. Thank you for the magic. Caru ti.

The family is hosting a Celebration of Life for Mal on January 16th at Me Oh My in Laporte Colorado from 5-8PM. Food and drink will be served and we will have an open mic for those who would like to share stories, music, or any type of entertainment.

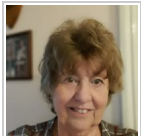
Tribute Wall



“ From 2004 to 2014 he was my dart captain! The very first conversation we had started with me hanging up on him. He called me following up on me asking about joining the dart League and I couldn't understand him and thought it was a prank call. He called right back and said "darts", it all clicked after that.

He was a mentor and a friend as well. I can't even count how many nights I drove him and the rest of my team home after a league night. He told the best stories and could always cheer you up. It has been almost a decade since I last saw him, but every time I throw darts I think of him. I still have a little dart pin with a Welsh Dragon on it that I have kept all these years. It was a special token of his appreciation of being part of something that he loved and brought people together! I drink a pint for you Mal, and will forever tell the stories of our dart days!

Anlia Rogers - January 20 at 11:40 PM



“ I grew up with Malcolm and his brothers living just a few doors away from him on Birchgrove Road. He, David, and Leslie spent lots of time in our house we were very much like brothers and sisters. His dad set up Birchgrove Youth club way back in the 1950/60's and when I met with him some years ago when he came home it was like looking at his Dad. I know that he had found true love with Kath and may he now eternally rest in peace. With love, Lynda Miners (Butt)

Lynda Miners - January 12 at 04:22 AM

HE

I first met Malcolm in the early 1980's when Mal was caretaker of Birchgrove school. We used to go to the Bridge End pub. My brother-in-law Paul Lallis used to host the quiz every Sunday evening. We all enjoyed the quizzes including Mal. Then we used to meet with Mal and Taff in the open air markets when my husband and myself started up a mobile catering company with Hot dog vans. Mal and Taff had many hot dogs while in the markets. Another time 23 of us spent a holiday in Kiln Park which included Mal and family, Their neighbours, our family and my sister and brother-in-law and family. It was a holiday filled with laughter especially as Mal was there with his joking antics. I could go on for a long time talking about the happy years we spent as Mal's friends but the main thing I'll remember about him was the jokes which always put a smile on my face and especially in Lockdown i looked forward to laughing at his jokes.

Rest in Peace my friend Mal.xxx

Hazel Earles - January 12 at 03:14 PM

PT

“ *Mal was a great friend of mine for many years..We talked everyday and Loved winding each other up lol..Was so sad when i heard of your Passing but your back with Kath now..R.I.P my dear Friend.xx*

Paul Archie thomas - January 12 at 03:35 AM

SL

“ *Malcom was my dads brother and my uncle
He cared for his mother who had dementia and now my father has dementia
Mal came over last year for the last time and as always came to see my mum and dad they always looked forward to his visits and are very grateful they got to see him.. as always he was laughing and joking I will remember him as a lovely kind man with a larger than life personality, always happy go lucky he will be missed , and the world will be a sadder place without him*

Sharon Lock - January 12 at 03:10 AM

KN

Met mal in the early 90s very witty guy worked with him for years as so did my hubby in all the time I knew mal he was so joyful so placid we played darts together cards and pool mal was at my wedding but dropped off a present a few days before he bought us a duvet and wrapped inside was a package with a note DO NOT OPEN TILL WEDDING NIGHT it was a colouring book and pens incase we got bored the inside note said typical mal and when he visited swansea he would visit my husband was ill and just after mal returned to laport I had to give him the sad news that Michael had gone yet again a few months later he visited me I will never forget the person mal was funny kind and everyone s friend ty surf for facetime that night now I understand sleep tight you legend bk in kaths arms

Kerry norman - January 13 at 05:38 PM

PS

“ Mal will never be forgotten in Skewen or Neath due to his love of DARTS.

My wife Lin, WAYNE (WAX), Steve Owen, and I were invited by him and Kath to join them in Colorado, and we had the privilege to stay with them , in La Porte, and to be introduced to the family , there and in Denver.

He took us to several venues, playing darts , and meeting American players, and playing in the `local` league, along side him and the other players of the SWING STATION, We all loved him ,and Kath , A MORE NICER MAN, YOU COULD NEVER MEET .

No doubt he will already be organising a league in Heaven.

He will always be held in the highest esteem. He will sorely ,be MISSED,love and fondest memories from Paul Smith , and the rest of of the visiting teams ,

Paul Smith - January 06 at 10:03 AM

PS

Mal you be missed by many I was only remembering the other day the good laugh's we had working in ABC taxis rest in peace Mal 🥺

Peter Squires - January 12 at 05:54 AM