Welcome to the latest edition of the IACI e-news.

Founded in 1962, the IACI is the leading Irish American cultural organization. The IACI is a federally recognized 501(c)(3) not-for-profit national organization devoted to promoting an intelligent appreciation of Ireland and the role and contributions of the Irish in America.

Guest contributors are always welcome! Please note, the IACI is an apolitical, non-sectarian organization and requests that contributors consider that when submitting articles. The IACI reserves the right to refuse or edit submissions. The views and opinions expressed in this newsletter are solely those of the original authors and other contributors. These views and opinions do not necessarily represent those of the IACI or any/all contributors to this site. Please submit articles for consideration to cbuck@iaci-usa.org.

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A Touch of Irish Eclectic

by

Raymond D. Aumack

The Aer Lingus 707, dedicated to St. Bridgid, slowly fell from the height of five miles and softly kissed the runway at Philadelphia airport. Katie O’Bierne, a professor of Literature at the University of Ireland at Galway, flew from Shannon Airport. The trip was arranged by her publishers at the University, to promote her latest book on Irish Mythology. Katie had an enormous reputation as a scholar and an even greater reputation as a philanthropist.

Before their marriage, Katie and her fiancée, at the time, were maligned by the London Daily Sun, a tabloid type of newspaper that focused on or fabricated the salacious aspects of most of their stories. Katie and her fiancée, now her husband, were victims of bad information published by the London Daily Sun. They sued for libel with the help of the University Law School and received a settlement of 200 million Euros. With their newly achieved riches they started a charity foundation staffed by students, now mature young adults, they knew at the University, with investments managed by the University’s Finance Department along with the segment they set aside for themselves. They established two Chairs of Learning at the University, one in Literature in honor of her stepfather, and the other in Law, in gratitude for the work done on their behalf. Katie, Shane, and their family basically lived on their salaries from the University and from The Glowing Lantern, the thriving pub owned by Shane and two friends. They also funded the Sea Rescue Service that Shane chaired, for a rescue helicopter and a new ship outfitted with everything needed for even the most daring sea rescues.

Her husband, Shane Ryan, joined her for part of this trip, along with their four children and a nanny/tutor. Two of the children, now young teen boys, Donal and Manus, were adopted by Katie and Shane after their parents were killed in a home fire. Kathleen and Sean were four and eight respectively. Their older children’s relatives, an uncle, aunt and about six cousins lived in Philadelphia, and a visit was part of the trip.

Many of Katie’s friends from secondary school had emigrated to the U.S. and Katie planned to meet with them. Also, the route of Katie’s travels to the various Jesuit Universities matched the location of Maeve Garvey’s client companies and Maeve set her schedule of visits to coincide with many of Katie’s stops. This was, of course, arranged by Maeve’s boyfriend, Patrick Malone, who, as a professor of Literature at St. Joseph’s University, had a correspondent relationship with Katie. Maeve had plans to connect with Katie on and off at different cities during their respective travels.

Patrick recognized Katie immediately as she led her family through the terminal to the baggage check for customs. After they were processed, he formally met the entire family in the main lobby of the terminal. Katie had mailed a trunk load of reference books a few weeks before that were safely stored in Patrick’s quarters.
Patrick had arranged for an Uber bus to transport them to the university. The university had a four-bedroom apartment, a kind of presidential suite for visiting dignitaries. The university would be Katie’s base of operations for the next month. Shane would stay for two weeks. His plan was to evaluate American restaurants and generate possible new ideas for The Glowing Lantern Pub in Ireland.

Greetings and small talk characterized their trip from the airport. The children were wide-eyed with wonder. They had never seen tall buildings, wide streets, or the kind of traffic they were in. They had never flown in an airplane. Shane let them fly in the rescue helicopter from time to time out to Inishmore where they could practice their Gaelic with the locals.

Katie asked Maeve if American life was always this hectic.

“What is hectic about sitting back, enjoying a glass of wine with a new friend of just about an hour.”

Katie laughed. “you’ve got a point there. I guess the tension of the trip has my head spinning a bit and the and thinking about the prospects ahead.”

“I do a lot of travelling with my work,” said Maeve. “I understand where you are coming from. However, when I’m travelling, I usually get in an extra nap and some very good meals with stimulating conversation. My work is solving problems when corporations shoot themselves in the foot. I am an attorney and a psychotherapist and applying these skills, while challenging, can be fun. For the big problems, I have a whole team of wonderful people that I completely rely on. When we both have an afternoon free, I’ll bring you in to meet them.”

Katie’s lecture, The Myth and Mythology of Ireland, was to be presented the following evening, followed by the President’s Reception. After that, she goes on to Fordham in New York City, Loyola University in Baltimore and then to Georgetown University in Washington.

Patrick took the family on Maeve’s survey tour of Philadelphia Monuments with the added explanation of their place in American history. The children’s tutor, Deirdre, took copious notes to prepare the children for their presentations at school when they returned home. Patrick took great care not to exhaust them because of jet lag and the sheer intensity of sight-seeing. Katie stayed behind to do last minute adjustments to her presentation.

The hour and ten-minute lecture, with a supporting slide show presentation, had the riveted audience break out with thunderous applause. Katie then took questions for the next half hour and the discussions seemed to appeal to everyone.

Katie was greatly relieved. The program was a success. She would sign books during the cocktail hour of the President’s reception. Shane broke into the reception line to deliver a congratulatory kiss. She enjoyed the opportunity to meet everyone on a one to one basis.

President Mulligan was effusive in his praise of Katie’s scholarship and her presentation. The evening was a great success and hopefully, a harbinger of many successes yet to come.
Later on, Maeve and Patrick joined the family in the Presidential Suite. Maeve was particularly impressed with the presentation.

“This is all new to me. We didn’t cover this in Law School. It makes me wonder what the myth of America is.”

“It is a little difficult to discern. Historical writing had been available since before the discovery of America. Myth was the ancient vehicle for communicating the story of a people. However, the myth of America is revealed in the symbols of colonization, brought here by the first European settlers who brought their homeland myths with them. Some of the mythological symbols may have been borrowed from the Native Americans, such as the Eagle. That is something that an American researcher will have to uncover.”

“It is fascinating that the history of an illiterate people was communicated in stories.”

“You’re getting the idea,” said Katie. “The other part of it is that their myth helped them build a values system, so the myth permeated their lives.”

Shane interjected his own wonderment about myth. As often as Katie had tried to explain it to him, he just couldn’t translate it into his linear dimensional world-view. Katie reached over and kissed him on the cheek. “That’s alright, darlin. It gives me a sense of power that I know about something that you don’t. Of course, I know nothing about running a pub, handling the boat in a storm, or even pulling a decent pint.”

Smiles filled the room and Maeve thought, “Wow! This girl has a sense of humor and considering her position, has a sense of humility as well.”

The children ran in to say, good night. Their tutor/nanny let them stay up until their parents returned from the reception. American television was already starting to rub off on them.

The next morning, Maeve ordered a dozen Philly cheese steaks to be picked up at 4:30 PM to treat the Irish visitors to the local pub cuisine.

On another front, Desmond Dowd, unnoticed by the Sunday brunch group, had developed an interest in Maeve’s outspoken friend, Sandra Costo. Sandra was a Spanish teacher in the public-school system, dividing her time between two schools. Today was a school holiday and it coincided with Desmond’s day off. Desmond had called Sandy, the name to which she responds, and invited her for a drive into the mountains to see the glories of peak season fall foliage. Sandy quickly accepted. She liked Desmond, loved hearing his stories, and was fascinated by his lyric Irish brogue. The almost twenty-year difference in their ages didn’t seem to matter. He was young at heart, still athletic, a scintillating conversationalist, an attentive listener, and a fascinating storyteller. On the other hand, Sandy was mature for her years. She was outspoken but always had something intelligent to say. With her parents and other family members, she escaped from Cuba and rowed the shark infested ninety miles to the Florida coast. They timed their arrival to be in the early hours of the morning and when the Immigration authorities arrived, they were already encamped on a Florida beach, thereby entitling them to permanent residency in the U.S. Her dad
was a prominent attorney in Cuba and had, on several occasions, clashed with the Castro regime. When it was obvious that his arrest was immanent, he planned and executed their escape. It was better for his family that he live to fight for another day on another front. They lived with extended family members in Florida while her father studied to pass the Florida Bar Exam. Three years later, they became American citizens. Her father continued to study Constitutional Law and became one of Florida’s most prominent Immigration Attorneys.

Sandy attended a Catholic girls-school and was awarded a scholarship to the University of Miami and then to their graduate school for her master’s degree and teacher’s certifications. After teaching in Florida for a few years, she was recruited to come to Philadelphia and its newly burgeoning Hispanic population. She met Theresa Malone and Maeve Garvey after Mass one Sunday and was immediately recruited to teach English as a Second Language for the Jesuit Urban Mission. The friendships grew and now included Theresa’s brother, Father Paul, and Desmond.

They had a very enjoyable day. They drove through the mountains for a couple of hours and were completely dazzled by the fall foliage. They stopped at a lake with which Desmond was familiar and walked around its shoreline, walking hand in hand. At a point halfway around the lake, the mountain protruded into the water and their route was blocked. Slightly above the beach, there was a clearing with tables and benches, firepits for cooking, as well as park type benches situated to look out onto the lake. They took one of the benches and just sat back and relaxed. Sandy leaned over and rested her head against his shoulder. Desmond put his arm around her shoulder, turned her slightly toward him, and gently kissed her. The heavens exploded with fireworks and rainbows. The brilliant colors of the trees and bushes seemed like dancing multicolored fireflies floating in the air.

“I hope you don’t mind me being so forward, Miss Costo, but I am very much attracted to you.”

“Well Mr. Dowd, I am grateful that you are so forward, and I am much too old to be shy. I just experienced a paroxysm of joy that is totally new in my life.”

With that she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him with an intensity that seemed to well up from the depths of her being. They spent an hour kissing, laughing, and being silly like necking teenagers.

“Desmond, you brought me here to seduce me. I’m so glad that it worked. I feel great, I am excited. I am happy. The joy of heaven must be like this.”

“I’m sure a good theologian would agree with you. I feel the same way. It has been a long time since I felt this way. I was frightened to death to step in this direction, but I am so glad that I did.”

They didn’t notice the dove that flew over them, with the message that this is good, accompanied by the saintly former Mrs. Dowd who smiled her approval as well. She had been trying to arrange a moment like this for her much loved husband for ten years.

Desmond told Sandy that he wanted to offer the opportunity to have Philadelphia’s best cuisine if she would risk coming to his apartment to enjoy it with him.

“I deal with risk every day. I consider it an adventure.”
As they walked into the small eatery, they almost bumped into Maeve coming out the door.

“My, what a pleasant surprise,” said a blushing Sandy.

Desmond, also blushing, said he wondered what was so surprising. After a couple of months of meeting on and off for brunch on Sundays, I look forward to announcing that we are now an item.

Maeve threw her arms around Sandy’s neck, along with the heavy bag filled with cheesesteaks and hugged her very tightly.”

“I am so happy for you,” she exclaimed with tears running down her face.

She then turned and hugged Desmond. “I couldn’t be happier for both of you. Imagine, two of my closest friends finding each other right under my nose.”

“Well, if you want to analyze it,” said Desmond,” you did have a lot to do with it. You are the ringleader of a marvelous group of friends. I’m so glad we met you. I am used to keeping customer ‘s secrets, but I want to shout this all over the city.”

“I’m sure it will be in the Philadelphia Enquirer. How long have you been seeing each other?” asked Maeve.

Sandy looked at her watch. “Oh, about nine hours. Desmond took me out to see the fall leaves, but we watched them from one of his secret make-out spots.”

“Call Theresa. She will be thrilled with this news. It is not a secret, is it?”

“No, it is not a secret and I will call her. I’ll call all of our friends.”

Maeve kissed them both and then tried to remember where she parked her car.

Desmond picked up the cheese-steaks and they went to his spartan book-lined apartment for a romantic dinner with red wine at a kitchen table. Maria thought she went to heaven.

They spent some more time working on their dormant kissing skills before Desmond drove her home.

Katie O’Bierne had three successive presentations at Fordham, Loyola, and Georgetown. On the day before her Fordham presentation, she had made arrangements to have dinner with her old friend and high school classmate, Mark McGuire, now a Precinct Commander for the New York Police Department and proudly announced that he had recently received his Law Degree. Mark was going to arrange a reunion of their friends in the New York City area. He would reserve a room in an Arthur Avenue restaurant, near Fordham where Katie was staying. It was a popular gathering place for police officers.

Myles Leahy was now the Department Director for the Alcohol Detoxification and Treatment Department at Presbyterian Hospital. Sean O’Leary and Jimbo McKeigh owned a rather large import-export company featuring Irish goods and American goods that sold well in Ireland.
Mickey McHugh was now a Principal in a Catholic high school across the river in New Jersey. Sean Quinn was a prominent carpenter in Manhattan. Bertie O’Toole, now Msgr. O’Toole, was the pastor of a parish in downtown New York City. He had a doctoral degree in Canon Law and served as a judge on the Archdiocesan Tribunal. Bertie had made arrangements to attend Katie’s lecture the next evening.

Her friends and classmates, all from very humble beginnings, had made great strides in this world.

The restaurant was a family owned Italian restaurant, with a large back room for dignitaries and special occasions.

The waitstaff treated Mark as if he was the king of New York and his friends were treated with equal decorum. The craic was thick in the Bronx that night. Everyone was so glad to see each other. They toasted and drank to the memory of Tommy Nolan, their deceased boyhood friend. Mark lamented that Tommy had the talent to be a senator by now but for the missteps he took. Everyone was thrilled to see Katie. Stories of her good fortune and her scholastic achievements reached them via Mark. She was once a waif of a girl and grew to be as strong and as tough as any of them. However, the woman that sat with them tonight was as sweet as honey. Everyone shared their stories. They all wanted to know if Katie’s husband really navigated a rescue craft through a sixty-foot rogue wave. Katie affirmed the story and told them that was the night she decided to marry him. They met with local priest, a very good man, for about six months and they were married at Christmas time. Yes, Bono and Edge are her friends and they came to play a song at our wedding Mass. She told the story of her two older children and how Shane had dramatically saved them in the burning house, from the fire that took their parents. They decided immediately to adopt them. The other two children arrived without drama.

It was an evening filled with laughter and tears, with fun and frolic, with remembrances of their childhood, with gratitude for Katie’s mom’s marriage, rollicking laughter at the plight of the tight-assed priests that ran the parish as if it was in another century. Katie had a high degree of fame because of Shane’s exploits and their television appearances and newspaper and magazine stories. She was a friend of both Bono and the bishop. She was now a full professor and her scholarship in Irish mythology was noted around the world. Her book was an example of that and her publishers recognized a profit when they saw one.

Getting toward midnight, they bade farewell with tears and promises to keep in closer touch. Mark had everyone’s address and would pass them onto Katie.

Mark drove Katie to the President’s residence at Fordham where she was staying. What a wonderful evening with old friends who turned out to be such wonderful people!

The lectures went well. The three venues were filled with Jesuit scholars, but these men were much different were than he Jesuits at her childhood parish in Ireland. They represented the upper levels of the historical intellectual pantheon. They were both challenging and fun.

Georgetown was a little different. The intellectual Jesuits were present, but there were representatives of the Irish Embassy, Senators and Congresspersons, as well as leaders from the various think-tanks that continually informed the ideas of politicians and their advisors. Their
questions and the following discussion was different. They were interested in how the myth of a people influenced the racial divisions that were so prominent in America. Katie had no notes and spoke from the memory of peripheral studies related to world-wide myth.

Without missing a single beat, Katie addressed their issues. She talked about African, Native American, Latin American, and the Middle Eastern myths and how they influence life in America and throughout the world. Her responses left the listeners with a lot to think about. Katie was very aware that her responses could shape American thinking far into the future. She could expect to hear from a lot of listeners in the near future. She left her mailing and e-mail address on her handouts.

Tired and excited, she arrived back at Philadelphia the following day. Patrick and Maeve picked her up at the airport. On the way back to St. Joseph’s, Maeve invited her, and her family to join them for Mass on Sunday followed by brunch. Katie suggested that Dierdre could take the children to Mass back at St. Joseph’s and to an early Thanksgiving festival with a concert on campus. Katie said that she would work it out with Dierdre. A student had become attracted to Dierdre. Perhaps the children could chaperone them. Katie and Shane had planned to take the children to see their relatives on Saturday when their uncle would be home from work.

Katie and Shane’s visit with their adopted children’s relatives went well. All the children got along very well. In the beginning of the visit, both Shane and Katie experienced some coldness on the part of the Reilly parents. There was some stress because Shane and Katie couldn’t understand the refusal on the part of the Reilly’s to take in their brother’s orphaned children. The Reilly’s were reluctant because they saw themselves as poor and two more children would have been too much for them.

Shane and Katie adopted the children in a heartbeat and contacted a US attorney to take care of the paperwork required from the next of kin. Shane had rescued them from the inferno and the parental obligation they accepted was natural to them. What the Reilly’s never knew was that a hefty dowry would have accompanied the children to America. Katie and Shane love the children as if they were their own natural born children.

They kept the conversation of the visit light. They talked about the children’s activities in school, their sports activities. The oldest will be making his Confirmation this year. They are thrilled to be part of a growing family. Katie told them about her book and the lecture tour, highlighting some of the funny questions she was asked and the characters she met. She also talked about St. Joseph’s University and how delighted she and Shane were to be their guest. Katie also told them about the reunion with the friends of her childhood.

The Reilly’s shared back the highlights of their life.

The visit ended on a happy note. The cousins promised to keep in touch with each other by e-mail and Shane and Katie invited them to come to Ireland for a summer.

Dierdre was pleased with the arrangements for Sunday. She would have the opportunity to spend time with Michael and watching over Katie and Shane’s children was no problem. The day would be fun.
Father Paul was the celebrant for their Mass. One pew could no longer contain the group. Unfortunately, Desmond had to work on this Sunday and on Thanksgiving as well.

After Mass they travelled the short distance to Montini’s, their local stop for Sunday brunch. The group conversation focused on Katie and Shane. Patrick had informed everyone about the saga of their lives as well as their extraordinary adventures.

They talked about Katie’s work at the university and Shane’s work with the Sea Rescue. Katie laughed. “The Queen Mary wasn’t as well outfitted as the Sea Rescue Craft. Shane treats it like it was his own yacht. Shane is wandering around Ireland setting up rescue stations and raising the money to finance them. He has also built a secondary school as they are called in the US, a prep school for the University of Ireland, and a series of urgent care health centers with a goal to have one in every county in Ireland. Health care in Ireland has taken a quantum leap forward and we are both proud to be part of it. Ours is the only rescue station with a helicopter, another of Shane’s toys. However, we do have a contract with the Irish Navy for rescue helicopter coverage as needed. Everyone is well trained, and they practice for emergencies every week. Global warming has affected the seas and both the Irish Sea, and the wild Atlantic Ocean are dangerous for our fishing fleet.”

Shane talked about the success of The Glowing Lantern and how he was using this visit to the States to learn even more. He was looking forward to a dinner at Bookbinders and some time with Desmond. Thanks to Shane’s fame and philanthropy The Lantern has become a landmark and a tourist attraction.

Everyone was interested in knowing about their relationship with U2. Katie told the story of how they met in the green room waiting to be interviewed on a TV talk show that broadcasted to every home in Ireland. They were nervous, and Bono stepped up to keep them calm. At the time Bono was researching ancient Irish literature for an album on the Mythology of Ireland. It happened that Katie’s doctoral dissertation had a bibliography on the subject that might be the best in the world. In the course of this project they corresponded by e-mail. Katie had met his wife and children.

When she and Shane married, Bono somehow discovered the date, with a little leakage from their dear friend, the parish priest. He and Edge flew in from Spain, sang the Irish Wedding Song as a Communion reflection, and were gone, on their way back to Spain by lunchtime.

“Bono later explained that it was our day and they didn’t want to overshadow us. That is the thoughtfulness of those guys. They are not your normal rockers.”

Maeve interjected, “I have a brilliant idea. My parents are going to Ireland to visit mom’s sister during the Thanksgiving holiday. Patrick is the only one who has been to my apartment. I would like to host Thanksgiving dinner at my apartment for everyone here who has no place to go.

They protested, “you can’t handle this on such short notice.”

“I won’t. I’ll call my father’s caterers. My biggest task will be to punch in their phone number. Everyone is welcome. All I have to do is give them a number.”

Sandra was flying to Florida to be with her family. Desmond was working all day.

Theresa, Patrick, Fr. Paul, June, Shane, Katie, the four children and Dierdre, and Dierdre’s boyfriend, if he was around. Maeve would make sure everyone at her office had a place to go. She
would invite her brothers. Fortunately, Maeve had plenty of room. The caterers would provide tray tables, table cloths, silverware. And anything else they needed. Fr. Paul volunteered to provide wine and soft drinks.

When she checked with her office staff, only Susan was free to come, and she said she would bring two Pumpkin pies.

On Thanksgiving morning, Maeve went to Mass as was her Thanksgiving practice since she was in college. Patrick took the Ryans, their children, their tutor/nanny, and her new boyfriend, Michael, to the Philadelphia Thanksgiving Parade, featuring The Mummer’s Band. The native Irish had never seen the like of this before.

Maeve came right home after Mass to be greeted by the caterers. Food wagons, chairs, tray tables, and staff waited their turn to use the elevator in the lobby. The two turkeys were immediately placed in the oven to prepare for a 4:00 serving schedule. With all the frantic activity that she generated, she found herself with nothing to do. She watched the parade on television and just made herself available to answer questions as they arose.

The senior Garveys called to wish her Happy Thanksgiving and Dave, her father, asked to be billed for the event she was hosting because if they were home, they would be hosting the event for the same crowd. After much discussion of the matter, Maeve eventually yielded. She asked to have her regards extended to Aunt Mary and Nora and Liam, the newly weds.

After Maeve first entertained Patrick, she decided to arrange for a natural gas line to be installed to automate her fireplace. It was much more convenient than hauling logs up to the sixth floor and less costly as well. The ceramic logs looked just like wood, created the same atmosphere, generated some heat, and was safer with no sparks flying around. She managed it with a remote.

In no time the table was dressed and the tray tables as well and preparations were well under way to serve dinner for 28 guests.

At about 2:00 PM guests started to arrive carrying bottles of wine and various dessert specialties. The caterers had set up another table just for these additions. The din of conversation and laughter, characteristic of great parties rang through the room. Everyone commented on the size of the apartment, the view of the river, and the exceptional décor that Katie described as Irish eclectic. She had surrounded herself with her favorite bric-à-brac, artwork, and the collection of books in her spare bedroom/office/library. Patrick just arrived with the Ryan family.

Katie commented on the apartment with pleasure. She and Shane had finished building a large home in Ireland. At this point it was sparsely furnished, Katie was taking her time with furnishings. She and Shane had several filled storage lockers to try to fit into their own version of Irish eclectic. Shane walked to The Lantern and Katie had a fifteen-minute drive to work at the University.

Katie and Maeve were discussing the connections they would make with each other on the next leg of their respective visits to universities and clients. The would fly together for a good part of the next two weeks.

Both had the opportunity to survey the room and study the dynamics that were taking place in the upsweep toward dinner. June and Susan had corralled two of Maeve’s brothers, or rather, Maeve’s brothers corralled them. Katie was getting concerned about Dierdre and Michael since
she felt a real obligation to her parents to keep her safe and she hardly knew Michael at all. Her own children were enjoying the opportunity to talk about their visit to America, their cousins, the customs, the Mummers Parade, learning about the history of America and seeing the actual places where this history was born, cheesesteak sandwiches, and their observation of college kids in America compared with Katie’s students in Ireland.

Shane was in his glory observing the mechanics of the catering for this party. Wine, whiskey, and beer, as well as soft drinks for the children and non-drinkers, flowed like a wedding feast. The meal was just completing preparation and guaranteed to be outstanding. Maeve was enjoying seeing everyone enjoying themselves. And made a silent resolution to host more, but much smaller dinner parties.

The chef gave Maeve the high sign and she called the group to order. The waitstaff would lay the various dishes and the turkeys out on the dining room table. Everyone could pick up dinner plates. Maeve thanked everyone for coming and promised that there would be more parties in the future. She would no longer be the quiet, mousey one with the huge apartment on the sixth floor. Everyone laughed, and she then invited Fr. Paul to offer a Thanksgiving Prayer that she knew he had prepared.

Fr. Paul gave a relatively brief, but a thoughtful, challenging Thanksgiving prayer. All the leftovers would be packaged and delivered to the food kitchen at Paul’s parish.

The raucous noise settled into a calm din while the guests ate their dinner.

Susan whispered to Maeve as she passed by that she didn’t know that Maeve had such hot brothers.

“I was trying to protect them,” said Maeve. “I guess they can take care of themselves now.”

“I certainly hope so,” said Susan, laughing as she moved to join Liam.

Among Therese’s considerable talents was her ability to play the piano and sing. She had prepared a set of songs that most people would know and there was a vigorous sing-along for about forty minutes before coffee and desserts were served.

Patrick was very impressed with the events of the evening and the hostess who organized it without breaking a sweat.

No one really wanted to leave. Patrick had ordered a Huber bus to bring the Ryans back to the University. Maeve had asked him to stay behind.

No one really wanted to leave but they all had someplace to go eventually. The caterers cleaned everything up and were out of there before anyone knew they were gone. They would be back in the morning to pick up table cloths napkins, and tray tables.

After everyone had left, Maeve took Patrick by the hand and led him to the couch in front of the fireplace. They sat there in a calm silence watching the dancing flames. Patrick broke the silence by saying that it was the most wonderful Thanksgiving dinner of his life.

“Thanks for that,” said Maeve. “I had a feeling that everything went very well. Everyone seemed to have a good time. The dinner was great, but it was the folks who were here that gave energy to the party.”
“Patrick, if I ask you to stay here with me tonight can we do that and keep our commitment about not having sex?”

“Yes, sure, I can sleep in your office.”

“No, I want you to sleep in my bed, where you belong. I want your warmth next to me. I want you to kiss me when we wake up. I’m sure I have a spare tooth brush just for emergencies like this.”

Patrick swept her up in his arms and kissed her.

“I love you, Maeve Garvey.”

“And I love you, Patrick Malone.”
Irish National Self-Determination Centenary
1918 – 2018

Historian, lecturer, Conradh na Gaeilge president and Radio Free Éireann commentator, the late Nollaig Ó Gadhra, often pointed out that the big change in Sinn Féin came in the Árd Fheis of 1917, when the Irish Republican Brotherhood (IRB) under the guidance of Michael Collins and the Irish Volunteers under Cathal Brugha, caused Sinn Féin to change its policy from monarchist to republican abstention. Veterans of the Rising, had become involved with Sinn Féin. Éamonn deValera, campaigning in an Irish Volunteer uniform, was elected for East Clare in June 1917. At the Árd Fheis of Sinn Féin in October 1917, Arthur Griffith graciously stepped down from President to Vice President of Sinn Féin, to allow the election of deValera, who, after the death on hunger strike of Thomas Ashe, was the senior surviving Commandant from 1916. Sinn Féin adopted an election manifesto for all elections, insisting upon the Irish Republic Proclaimed on Easter Monday, 1916.

This was the Sinn Féin which, with Hibernian support, contested the “Khaki” general election of 14 December 1918, promising to NOT represent their constituents, or their country, in the mighty Westminster Parliament in London, but rather, citing Ireland’s ancient nationhood, to set up, without foreign let or hindrance, a republican assembly which would form an Irish government for all Ireland.

Sinn Féin won the popular vote in all Ireland, and 73 of 105 seats (even won in Ulster) in what can only be described as

a national self-determination plebiscite for independence.
The delegates who assembled in the Mansion House in Dublin formed An Chéad Dáil Éireann, the First Dáil Éireann, and, under the (acting) Presidency of Cathal Brugha, issued the Irish Declaration of Independence on 21st January 1919 (legally the equivalent of the American Declaration of Independence by the Second Continental Congress, promulgated on the 4th of July 1776).

That Easter Monday, 1916 is regarded as such a significant date is a consequence both of the promise of the Sinn Féin candidates to establish the Irish Republic proclaimed during Easter Week 1916, and of the pre-existing Army Council of the Irish Republican Army – Óglaigh na hÉireann (the IRA) insisting upon the First Dáil Éireann recognizing that Irish Republic, proclaimed in arms in 1916, as a condition for the IRA coming under the authority of the government formed by the First Dáil Éireann. [See also Dorothy Macardle, The Irish Republic (New York, 1965)].

The democratic voice of the Irish people had spoken (vox populi, vox Dei), and their elected representatives sought the recognition of their national self-determination as promised by American President Woodrow Wilson’s Fourteen Points, on which basis the Armistice ending the Great War on the 11th of November 1918, had been accepted by the Central Powers.

Commemoration, by “Ireland's exiled children in America,” of the centenary of the Irish National Self-Determination vote is, in itself, of historic significance. It can only help to underscore the democratic mandate for an All-Ireland Irish Republic as manifested in the 1918 “Khaki” general election. †

Go saoraidh Dia Éire!
## Legends

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<tr>
<td>Which old Irish legend had four children turned into swans by their wicked stepmother?</td>
<td>The Children of Lir</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What was the name of the stepmother?</td>
<td>Aoife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name the four children</td>
<td>Fionnula, Aodh, Fiachra and Conn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How was the spell on the children eventually broken?</td>
<td>When they heard the bell of a new God toll in their country</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What was Tir na nÓg?</td>
<td>The land of eternal youth in Celtic mythology</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who was transported to Tir na nÓg by the ban-sidhe (fairy woman) Niamh?</td>
<td>The Celtic hero Oisín</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How long did Oisín spend in Tir na nÓg?</td>
<td>300 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What was the legend of the Salmon of Knowledge?</td>
<td>The first person to taste the salmon would be the wisest person in Ireland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In which river was the Salmon of Knowledge believed to swim?</td>
<td>The River Boyne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who sat by the river every day trying to catch the Salmon of Knowledge?</td>
<td>Finnegas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who eventually tasted the salmon first?</td>
<td>A small boy named Fionn McCumhaill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fionn McCumhaill went on to become leader of what great army?</td>
<td>The Fianna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As a young boy what was Cúchulainn's name?</td>
<td>Setanta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How did he get the name 'Cúchulainn'?</td>
<td>When he hit a ball into Culann’s guard dog’s mouth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who is the female character in the Brown Bull of Cooley?</td>
<td>Queen Maeve</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who was Queen Maeve's husband?</td>
<td>Ailill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the legend, who did the Brown Bull of Cooley kill?</td>
<td>The White Bull of Connaght</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Irish lore what did the druids foretell about Deirdre of the Sorrows?</td>
<td>That she would cause great tragedy and heartache</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who were the parents of Deirdre?</td>
<td>Siobha was her mother and her father was Feidhlim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who was Deirdre promised to in marriage?</td>
<td>King Connor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who did Deirdre fall in love with and marry?</td>
<td>Naoise one of the sons of Uisneach</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who was the daughter of Cormac Mac Art, ruler of Tara?</td>
<td>Gráinne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With whom did Gráinne elope?</td>
<td>Diarmuid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Question</td>
<td>Answer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who were the Fir Bolg?</td>
<td>The fourth band of invaders to Ireland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who defeated the Fir Bolg?</td>
<td>The Tuatha Dé Danann</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At which famous battle were they defeated?</td>
<td>Battle of Moytura</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Irish folklore, complete the name 'Niall of the Nine ....'</td>
<td>Hostages</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
This Day in Irish History – December

2nd 1999 - Irish government ratifies changes to Articles 2 and 3 of the Irish constitution.

3rd 1925 - The Boundary Commission recommends no change to the border.

4th 1967 - The first independent computer in Ireland is introduced at Shannon Airport.

1971 - 15 people die in the bombing of McGurk's Bar.

6th 1890 - 44 members of the Irish Parliamentary Party walk out in protest at Parnell's leadership.

1921 - Treaty signed in London, allowing for the creation of a 'Free State' in a partitioned Ireland.

1922 - Irish Free State officially comes into existence.

1976 - Dr Patrick Hillery becomes the Sixth President of Ireland.

1982 - The INLA kill 17 people with a bomb attack on the Droppin Well Inn.

7th 1979 - Charles Haughey is elected leader of Fianna Fáil.

1933 - Blueshirts banned by the Irish government.

1980 - Margaret Thatcher becomes the first British PM to visit Ireland since independence.

9th 1973 - The Sunningdale Agreement.

10th 1974 - Seán MacBride wins the Nobel Prize for Peace.

11th 1920 - British forces set fire to the centre of Cork.

1979 - Charles Haughey becomes Taoiseach.

2000 - President Clinton arrives in Dublin.
12th 1928 - First Irish coinage issued.

1936 - Following the abdication of King Edward VIII, the Executive Authority (External Relations) Act is passed to abolish the crown and role of the king in constitutional law.

1955 - Cork Opera House is destroyed by fire.

13th 1867 - Attempted rescue of Richard O'Sullivan Burke from Clerkenwell Jail results in twelve civilian deaths.

1922 - Oireachtas meets for the first time.

1972 - President Éamon de Valera signs documents covering Ireland's entry into the EEC.

14th 1955 - Ireland is admitted to the United Nations.

15th 1844 - St. Malachy's Church in Belfast is dedicated.

1993 - Downing Street Declaration issued by Taoiseach Albert Reynolds and British PM John Major.

16th 1921 - The British House of Parliament accepts the Anglo-Irish Treaty.

18th 1946 - The Irish government announces the release or 24 internees, including Brendan Behan.

1953 - The Censorship Board bans almost 100 publications.

19th 1974 - Cearbhall Ó Dálaigh becomes the fifth President of Ireland.

1981 - The Dublin-registered Union Star sinks on its maiden voyage with sixteen casualties.
20th 1961 - Robert McGladdery becomes the last man to be legally executed in Northern Ireland.

21st 1916 - Announcement made at the British House of Commons that all prisoners from the Easter Rising will be released.

1948 - President Seán T. O'Kelly signs the Republic of Ireland Bill at a ceremony at Áras an Uachtaráin.

23rd 1895 - Opening of Grand Opera House in Belfast.

1939 - Ammunition is stolen from the national arsenal at Phoenix Park by the IRA.

24th 1889 - Charles Stewart Parnell publicly accused of adultery.

1895 - Fifteen people die in the Kingstown Lifeboat Disaster.

25th 1945 - In his presidential address, Seán T. O'Kelly calls on the young to support the Irish language.

27th 1997 - LVF leader Billy Wright shot dead in prison by the INLA.

28th 1821 - Four lifeboat men drown while rescuing the brig of the crew Ellen of Liverpool at Sandycove.

1918 - Sinn Féin win a landslide victory in the Irish general election.

29th 1908 - The Irish Transport Workers' Union is founded with James Larkin as general secretary.
1937 - The Constitution of Ireland comes into force.

1967 - A new redundancy payments scheme is announced.

31st 1909 - Harry Ferguson becomes the first person to fly in Ireland, using his own monoplane.

1961 - Teilifís Éireann goes on air.

1998 - The punt is traded for the last time and the Euro is launched.