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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June Gilliam met with Fr. Jim and asked if he would celebrate their wedding Mass and witness their vows in October of 2020. Jim was overjoyed and immediately said, “Yes! Just give me the date.”

“We don’t have a date, yet,” said June, “But we will if you give me Friday off to make the arrangements.”

“Done,” laughed Jim. “Please give my regards to your parents.”

“By the way,” said June, “We want to do the same kind of pre-Cana that Maeve and Maria did, but I would rather have one of the other priests work with us. I don’t want any awkwardness between you and me. I never anticipated that there would be, but let’s weigh in on the side of caution.”

“I understand perfectly,” said Jim. “I recommend Damian Kelly, and I’ll brief him on what I did with Maeve and Maria. I think he’ll be thrilled to work with you.”

“June be careful out there. The sweeping racism in our country is getting out of hand and is more likely to explode in rural areas throughout the state. I am aware of the neo-Nazis and militia groups especially in the rural areas.”

“That would be ironic,” said June. “My great grandfather founded and built the town around the battlefield. He founded about forty businesses necessary to make a town sustainable. Before he died, he turned the businesses over to the families that ran them for so many years, at no cost to them. He even built the church we’ll be married in. He is the one who had the vision to make the town an historical resort area. My grandfather, and now my father carry on his legacy.”

“Well, I am stunned by the vicious attacks on Elijah Cummings and the racial violence that has emerged in the wake of political rhetoric. It is like attacking Mother Theresa or Santa Claus. If we can stoop that low in America, I fear for what could possibly happen. Sadly, the worse has happened, again and again. Unfortunately, history reminds us of the dangers, especially for a Black woman. Please be cautious.”

Brian and June left for Gettysburg late Thursday afternoon. The plan was to visit with June’s parents for the weekend and have dinner at the Shamrock Irish Pub adjacent to Mount St. Mary’s University. They would visit the Grotto adjacent to Camp David. They would go to Mass at the local parish Church, St. Edmund’s, and have brunch at The Gettysburg Pub. Brian had already made an appointment to see Father Koval on Friday afternoon at the parish to arrange for their wedding ceremony. They would dine at June’s parent’s home along with some local relatives.
The reunion was delightful. June’s teenage sisters fawned over Brian as if they were going to marry him. June’s parents, Ben and Jane, were delighted to see her and Brian, and they looked forward to a great weekend. They lived in the home built by June’s great grandfather, a stately manor type home, upgraded with every contemporary amenity.

They spent the early evening sitting on the rear patio enjoying iced tea and catching up on June’s work with the Jesuit Urban Mission.

“What are your wedding plans,” asked June’s mom?

“We hope to be married in late October of next year. Our meeting with Fr. Koval will solidify the date. Fr. Jim and our friends from the Mission will concelebrate the Mass. We have a small choral group at the Mission, and I am going to invite them to sing at the Mass and lead the hymns. I’ll leave it to you to pick a reception venue. You should also select the menu, the type of wedding cake, and the size of the dance floor. For the reception, check out the local hotels for the convenience of our guests. I trust your judgement but just let me know what you are going to do before you sign anything. If they want a deposit, let me know and I’ll transfer funds into your account.”

Brian chimed in, “Don’t worry about costs. We are prepared to pay for everything. Nobody has to know that. We would thoroughly enjoy watching you be the hosts.”

“Oh Brian, weddings are so expensive these days,” said Jane.

“Thanks to the success of the Gala, June has a professional salary. My law practice is exploding as one of the largest criminal law practices in the city. By the grace of God, we can afford this.”

“Then we insist on paying for the rehearsal dinner,” said Ben.

June saw the affirmation in Brian’s eyes and thanked her parents.

"Maeve will be my Maid of Honor, but I would like you, Susan and Emma, to be bridesmaids. I’m not looking for uniformity of dress. I’m asking my friends to wear whatever they have in their closet. The more colorful, the better.

The girls were thrilled and excited and did not restrict their glee showering June with hugs and kisses.

“How do you know the Gala will be so successful, asked Ben?”

“Thanks to the great idea that Maeve had, we invited co-sponsors from among the companies in Philadelphia. Brian’s dad made a substantial anchor donation. He also serves as our treasurer. To date, we already have over $3 million banked. I expect the auction to exceed $1 million. There will be some profit from the Gala dinner. The entertainment will draw a great crowd, The Byrne’s Brothers Band will lead the entertainment and Bono from U2, and Jon Bongiovi will play a short set together, both donating their talent as well as gifts and money. That is thanks to Maeve and her Irish connections.”
“I’ve asked the Byrne Brothers to be our wedding band. They can play both Irish and soul. Jim and Bob will sing a duet as a thanksgiving hymn after Communion.”

“I love the way that sounds,” said Ben, as he hummed the Washerwoman and did a few hard shoe dance steps.

“You’ve still got the moves, dad. Brian you can see why I fell in love with you. You’re a younger version of my dad. Great dignity and poise on the outside but a passionate flame burning in the soul.”

Brian laughed. “Another worthy role model in my life. My very dignified mother would have become a bomb thrower if she stayed in Ireland. She almost became a Nun in Philadelphia. Now she is a very dignified legal assistant in my father’s firm. She is not only revolutionary, but she sings, dances, a great conversationalist, and she is a marvelous storyteller. Someday I’m going to have her tell stories into a recorder and publish them. She told us those stories when we were growing up. I remember listening to them with wide-eyed wonder. She would have been the perfect politician in another life.”

The home-cooked dinner was a marvel of culinary distinction with table talk of great humor. June’s sisters, Susan and Emma, were giving them dating and marriage advice. The dating advice was surely handed down from their parents and the marriage advice, to the credit of their parents, was strictly from observation.

The next morning, the family fit nicely into Brian’s big Volvo van and they drove the short distance to Emmitsburg and to the famed Grotto in the mountains, adjacent to Camp David, and on the campus of Mount St. Mary’s University.

Brian was pleasantly surprised. He had heard about the Grotto from their Mount St. Mary’s friends, but he wasn’t prepared for the beauty of the tribute to the Virgin Mary. June had visited there many times as she was growing up. They stopped to pray at the shrine for several moments. They then stopped at the gravesite of Fr. James Forker.

“He was known to us simply as, Cloudy, said Ben. He was the Spiritual Director of the Seminary and then became a Vice President, and Chaplain at the college. He was a great priest and a great man, not your ordinary man, but he would never think of himself as anything but ordinary. He made a major impact on the campus. He was a great friend.”

They had lunch in the Mount St. Mary’s cafeteria. June’s dad was an adjunct professor of Economics and a frequent lecturer on local history during and from the time of the Civil War. Again the welcomes were warm.

Promptly at 2:00 PM, Brian pushed the doorbell of the rectory. A housekeeper greeted them and ushered them into a waiting room. Twenty minutes later, Fr. Koval arrived, and the startled look on his face couldn’t be hidden. There was no apology for his tardiness as he ushered them into his office.

After a few seconds of awkward silence, Brian introduced June and himself and refreshed the priest’s memory that they were there to make marriage arrangements.
“You should be members of the parish,” said Fr. Koval.

“I understand,” said June. “My parents are members of the parish. I was baptized and received my other sacraments here, I attended the grammar school here, though the school has long since closed.”

“Your parents are members of the parish?”

“Yes, actually my family were among the founders of the parish and my grandfather built this church and the house you live in. I’m quite surprised that you don’t know my parents. They are very devout Catholics and my dad is the President of the local bank.”

“I see. I wouldn’t know him. We bank at PNC.”

“But they are in your pews with my sisters every week. Lou, how long have you been here?”

“Please address me as father”

June smiled sweetly, and said, “If we are going to be that formal, you can address me as doctor. I apologize for presuming a familiarity. You see, I am the Executive Director of the Jesuit Urban Mission in Philadelphia. I supervise nine priests and scholastics and we are all on a first name basis.”

Brian interjected, “I think we are getting off on the wrong foot, unnecessarily so. Just to calmly fill in, June’s parents are both Irish Americans. Her great grandfather was a highly decorated battlefield colonel during the Civil War. After the war he married June’s great grandmother who happened to be Black. He bought huge tracks of land around the battlefield and founded and built the original Town of Gettysburg. He founded a large number of businesses, several of which are still here, to sustain the needs of the town. He founded the parish and built this Church with his son, including the school and this rectory. He also made the town a resort area celebrating the memory of the battle. “

”June’s mom is also Irish American. Her great grandmother, married an Irish soldier who was mortally wounded in the battle here. She was a Black battlefield nurse and ministered to him with bullets and cannon shot over their heads. The women who did that were mostly Black and unrecognized heroines. Many of them were killed on the battlefield. They fell in love and were married. If you don’t know the Gilliams, you should make it a point to do so. June’s dad is also a professor of Economics at Mount St. Mary’s and a frequent lecturer on the battle and local history as I’ve just summarized. June’s family is not just a mixed-race heritage, but they are heroes with a legacy that remains to the present. You should spend an afternoon or an evening with the Gilliams. If you check your records, they are likely among your largest contributors. June is an honors graduate from Immaculata and a has earned her masters and a Ph.D. in Social Work from U. Penn. Her first book will be published this winter. The Jesuit Urban Ministry has been recognized in the community for their wonderful work. June has been a volunteer there for nine years before being recruited to be the Executive Director.”

“If you want to know about the Garvey’s, just Google us. I am the criminal lawyer part of the family.”
“With that out of the way, we would like to make arrangements for our marriage in late October.”

“Thank you for the family history. Well, there is a lot of paper work to complete,” said the flustered priest.

“I have a file to give you with completed ‘form ones,’ filled out by Fr. Milos from our Philadelphia parish. He also included a letter testifying to our freedom to marry. My baptism certificate is enclosed. June’s is on file in the parish register.”

“We require at least six hours of pre marriage preparation.”

June, having now calmed down, shared that they will be working with Jesuit Fr. Damian Kelly for approximately 20 to 30 hours of pre-Cana preparation.

“Please have him write me a letter certifying that. This is a list of our anticipated fees.”

Brian read the list. “We will provide our own musicians and singers. However, we will pay the stipend for the organist and soloist, though we won’t be using them”

Finally, Brian asked if they could set the date.

The flustered priest, pulled out the schedule register and turned it to October 2020. “You said that you wanted something in late October. Both October 21st and 27th are free at this time.”

Brian looked at June and she selected October 27th at 12:00 Noon.

“Oh,” said June. “I almost forgot. Fr. Jim Keenan from the Jesuit Urban Ministry will be the principal celebrant and there will likely be several concelebrants.”

“I hope they are not going to make this a liturgical circus.”

“I’m sure that Jim knows all the rules. He is a very well-known and distinguished clergyman. I’m sure you can put your mind at ease. It will be a beautiful and dignified liturgy.”

“Thank you,” said Brian with some pretentious dignity. “Here is my card in case you have any questions for us. I will touch base with you from time to time through next October. We’ll be coming here for Mass when we visit with June’s family. We’ll want to reserve the church on Friday, October 26th, in the evening, for a rehearsal. We’ll see you at Mass on Sunday and introduce you to June’s parents.”

They walked in silence to the car and as they drove away, June started laughing. Brian, the peacekeeper, was not so jovial. “No wonder our church leaders have such a bad name. Priests like that don’t help them.”

They sat in the shade of the patio enjoying the ever-present iced tea before going to the Shamrock Pub for dinner. Brian asked, “Ben, do you and Jane know this parish priest?”

“We were very friendly with his late predecessor and we miss him terribly. He was a frequent guest for dinner and a frequent visitor. However, Fr. Koval is rather distant from everyone,
especially from us. We tried to introduce ourselves when he first came about ten months ago and he simply walked away from us to talk with other people. He hasn’t approached us since”

“That is because he has a racial phobia.”

“Interesting, other Black parishioners have mentioned that to me. He knows nothing of our history or the history of the parish.”

“Well he does now. He was twenty minutes late for our appointment without an apology, lost the blood in his face when he saw June and me together, and got a little persnickety. You may not know that Maeve and your daughter terrify the landlords of the city in the courtroom. They don’t even bother coming to court anymore and most grievances are settled by arbitration. June addressed a question calling him Lou. He said that we may call him, father. June smiled so charmingly and apologized for the unappreciated intimacy. She then said said he could call her, doctor. Fortunately, I jumped into the conversation before anything embarrassing happened and told him your family history and the role of your family in the community and the parish. Ben, I also mentioned that you were a Professor of Economics so he might ask you to help with bookkeeping.”

Ben laughed. “Economists don’t know anything about bookkeeping. We are philosophers. We hire accountants to do bookkeeping.”

“He banks at PNC”

“I know. He moved the parish accounts out of Gettysburg Community Bank. Actually, we can serve him better. Almost all the employees are parishioners and the bank has been here for 153 years.”

“He disbanded the Parish Council, much to the chagrin of our parishioners. He is functioning strictly on his own and his talent for doing that doesn’t exist. Brian, even with his more obvious faults, he is too young, too immature, and hasn’t a clue about pastoral ministry. He is also a terrible preacher. Fr. Corke, known to us as Bob, never faced a problem that he didn’t solve, sometimes creatively. He frequently turned tears into smiles. He was a deeply prayerful person and I’m sure the Spirit collaborated in his sometimes bazaar decisions to help people out or provide solutions to otherwise insolvable pastoral problems. He was also a marvelous confessor and an inspiring preacher. Fr. Koval, not so much.”

“The first thing he said to us when we told him we wanted to make marriage arrangements was that we had to be parishioners,” said Brian. “That is when June pulled the first arrow out of her quiver. I hope he is not going to give you any problems with flowers, seats, or anything else we need.”

“If he does, I’ll charge him rent. The family owns the property, the church, and the rectory. We didn’t even have a diocese when the place was built. Building that church was an act of faith for my father. It was built after my grandfather gave away all the businesses and that was a wonderful thing to do. Many of those businesses and the families are still here. Fortunately, greed has never been a vice in our family, and there is still a family fortune. My grandfather was
a very smart and shrewd man. Before Harrisburg was a diocese, he made the archbishop of Philadelphia an offer he couldn’t refuse, and priests were assigned here.”

“I didn’t know that, Dad. I would have threatened to evict him and have him explain that to the bishop.”

“Bob Corke loved you, and his spirit, I’m sure, is proud of you, June. Remember though, no one else has to know about this, including the pastor. There is a written record of the history of the town and the church. I’ll make a copy and give it to him.”

June made the sign that her lips were sealed.

An hour later the family entered the Shamrock Irish Pub located about a half mile past Mt. St. Mary’s University. It was a favorite stop for Ben and Jane, and they were enthusiastically greeted by the owner. Once again it was a terrific family evening. Emma and Susan shyly asked June if they could bring boyfriends to the wedding.

“Certainly,” smiled June. “I’ll send each of you an invitation with a plus one suggestion. Make sure you tell mom because she is counting the dinners.”

“Now it is our turn to tease you. Where do you know these boys from?”

Both girls knew the boys from school.

“Has mom and dad met them?”

“Yes!”

“Did they determine that they were suitable companions for you?”

“Oh yes,” said Jane. “We know the boys and their families.”

“And dad approves as well?”

“Reluctantly,” said Ben. “I don’t want anyone stealing my little girls away.”

“Come on, dad. We’re grown-ups now.”

“That is what I’m afraid of, said Ben. “The faster you grow up, the older I get.”

“Did you have to approve of Brian?”

“Remember, Brian came to the hotel and introduced himself after he arranged for our stay there and arranged the limo that took us there. Well your sister was teaching and studying in Philadelphia. We talked on the phone each week. She did tell us she was dating Maeve’s brother, Brian. We approved of Brian when he came and asked permission to propose to June.”

“Don’t forget, Emma. June is twenty-seven and not fifteen. She was already a professional, as a high school teacher and social worker, and completing studies for her doctorate.”

“Brian had the wonderful surprise party for June.”

“Yeah, there were only old people there, no younger guys.”
“Yup, we planned it that way,” smiled Ben.

“Why don’t you have younger brothers, Brian.”

“I do. Michael is thirty-two. He’ll be getting married next June.”

“Rats, all the good ones are always taken.”

And so the banter went on to everyone’s amusement, throughout the meal and past dessert.

Saturday was a totally free day until dinner. Jane, with help of Emma and Susan, was planning a special dinner. Her sister and her family were coming for this family event. Ben was going to barbecue steaks, one of his specialties. Emma and Susan were working on baking Irish Soda Bread and rolls.

June took Brian out for the day. They took the tour of the battlefield. June knew more about the battle plans than the southern generals. She didn’t want to overwhelm Brian with her knowledge, so they took the tour. She would fill in any vacant information at lunch. Brian had studied the civil war and the various battles in high school. Actually being there was a totally different experience. June thought the tour guide was excellent. He presented all the difficult decisions for both sides and told wonderful stories. June thought she would tell Brian about the motivations for the various decisions later on.

The day was beautiful and a little cooler than the usual summer day. June decided on an *al fresco* lunch. She took Brian to a local breakfast and lunch eatery founded by her great grandfather, and still in the same family. Everything stopped when June walked in the door.

“The prodigal daughter has returned,” shouted Greta, the owner, from behind the counter. Everyone in the room jumped up to greet June.

There was a long period of bedlam. June finally broke out of the small crowd and grabbed Brian by the hand and introduced him as her fiancé.

Brian got a similar welcome with observations about what a great choice he made; June was the best person he could marry; he was one lucky guy. There were handshakes and shoulder pats, hugs from the women, and general joy throughout the shop.

“We heard you were a doctor. Your mom is so proud of you and so are we. You are the best and we wish you the happiest life imaginable.”

June laughed, “This is a better reception then we received at the rectory.”

“Oh, so you’ve made arrangement for your wedding already. Did you meet the new priest? When will your wedding be? Isn’t he a strange duck? We keep away from him during the day for fear he might be rabid. He has never come in here. Fr. Corke used to come in every day, sometimes just to say hello. He always got a hot bun and a hug.”
June just smiled and ignored the remarks about Father Koval. “We’ll be getting married next year in October.”

“Wow! You are starting early.”

“Yes, we know, I just started a new job as Director of the Jesuit Urban Mission, and I have big plans for the place. Brian has his own law firm, specializing in criminal law. As we all know, crime never takes time off. Taking a long weekend was a gift we decided to give ourselves. I miss seeing my parents and my sisters.”

“For the past several months I was either studying or writing. My book comes out in December. In another month I will be welcoming thirty Jesuit volunteers and we’re just finishing rehabbing the building that is going to house them. That is one of my projects.”

“Meanwhile, our reason for coming here is to pick up some food. We decided to have a picnic lunch on the Mountain.” June ordered sandwiches, chips, soft drinks, and salads.

When June went to pay, her friend Greta said, “Your money is no good in here, honey.”

“Oh. please,” protested June.

“You have picked a wonderful man.”

“Thank you, said Brian. I saw a can for food pantry contributions. Do you run that?”

Very excitedly she told him about this ministry that she runs. Brian was impressed. When he shook her hand he passed a hundred-dollar bill and asked her not to say a word about it.

“You have certainly chosen a wonderful man, June.”

“I knew that even before I knew that crime pays, not to the criminal but to the attorney.”

“Thank you,” Brian said. “I assure you that I am the one who is blessed.”

June hugged her and moved toward the door, saying goodbye to everyone along the way.

“Do you get a reception like that everywhere,” asked Brian?

“I guess it helps to be away for a while and then come back. When I would come back home and visit, it was only for an overnight, so I never had the opportunity to go out to the stores in town. I have to admit, the reception was nice. I was lucky to grow up in a town like this. You get to know everyone. The fact that our family is connected to almost everyone in town certainly helps. I like the love they gave to you. The generations before me were geniuses. They genuinely loved all these people. There is a dirt road ahead on the left. Turn into it.”

They came to a clearing on the upper part of the mountain with a marvelous view of the whole valley below. “Camp David’s property begins about fifty yards over there. Don’t be surprised if the Secret Service swoops down on us.”
June spread the blanket and opened the lunches they brought with them. By this time both of them were hungry. The air was cooler, and the sun filtered through the leaves on the surrounding trees. The birds in the area didn’t seem to mind their presence and their singing blended with the slight rustle of the tree leaves in the ever so gentle breeze.

“How did you every find such an idyllic place?”

“Growing up, the entire area was our playground. Things were different then. President Kennedy didn’t seem to mind having people in the area. In fact, when I was in high school, we once met President Bush and his daughters walking their dogs. Of course, the entire Secret Service was discretely behind them. I didn’t discover this place. The older kids at school did. They used to come up here to make out until the Secret Service swooped down on them. Since the \textit{great raid}, as they called it, everyone who came here was a lot more discrete.”

Brian reached over and kissed her. And kissed her again and again.

“How did you every find such an idyllic place?”

“I don’t know about the Secret Service, but you certainly aroused me.”

Just then they heard the sound of a throat being cleared and found three Secret Service agents standing at the edge of the clearing. One of them called her name, “June!”

“George? Could that be you?”

“It is, one and the same. I haven’t seen you in ages. How are you?”

“This is Brian Garvey, my fiancé. George McGrath is a high school classmate and a good friend.”

“We didn’t mean to intrude but we have to check out everyone who comes into the area.”

“And now you are with the Secret Service.”

“Yes, and I love it. I work close to home. The current President seldom uses the place, so things are quiet at this time. We followed your car coming up the road and had to check it out. We have cameras everyplace. There are only a few of us left who know about this grove, so when anyone comes up here we investigate.. It is great to see you, June. We’ll catch up another time.”

“It is good to see you too, George. Thanks for not arresting us.”

“Give my regards to your parents. Enjoy the rest of your lunch, but remember, you are on candid camera.”

“Good to know,” laughed June.

Brian laughed. “Do you know all the animals in the woods by name, as well?”

“Well, this is my turf. Fortunately, we haven’t met any bears or wolves. I’m so glad we came to Gettysburg. You get a hint of the wonderful flavor of my life growing up. You will notice that no one identifies me as Black. Around here, and at the Jesuit Mission, I am just, ‘June’ “
They cleaned up everything, folded the blanket and drove down the mountain road to the highway. It was mid afternoon when they returned to the house with every intention of taking a nap. Actually, Brian took the nap. June elected to help her mother get things ready for dinner. June told her mom that they had a wonderful time and that Brian would describe their adventures at dinner.

Dinner was wonderful. For Brian, it was a Currier and Ives experience. Brian had met June’s aunt and uncle at her graduation and the children, also teens, were delightful and obviously close friends with Emma and Susan. Ben cooked the steaks on an outdoor grill. He took great pride in his cooking skills and it showed. Having come from a warm and loving family, Brian appreciated the pleasure of being among the Gilliams. Though there was no reason to be surprised, he became ever more keenly aware of the charismatic character of his bride-to-be.

They rose early for breakfast and walked the few blocks to St. Edmunds parish church for the 10:00 AM Mass. Fr. Koval was the celebrant and demonstrated all the mannerisms of a liturgical robot but with no connection with the assembled congregation. Ben was right about his lack of preaching skills. The sermon seemed to be prepared from a child’s catechism for the time and culture of one hundred and fifty years ago.

After Mass, the Gilliam family surrounded the hapless priest so he couldn’t get away. Brian introduced Ben, Jane, and the girls. June was swamped by friends in the vestibule. Brian made it a point to mention that Ben was the President of the local bank and that June’s family was the most prominent family in the Gettysburg community. Everyone was very gracious, though June’s father was a little embarrassed about being the most prominent family in the community. There was nothing pretentious about him at all. He did tell the priest that he was the founding president of the Parish Council and would be available to help him out in any way. The girls were on their best formal behavior. The only priest they had known was Fr. Corke and this one was very different. Jane mentioned that she had been on several committees and would also help out in any way.

They went to lunch at the century and a half year old Gettysburg Inn. It was no longer a hotel but remains a classic building, also built by June’s great grandfather. The new town required a restaurant and hotel. It was well decorated with old photographs of the then new Gettysburg community as well as photos of the battlefield and of the generals and soldiers from both armies.

There was a little sadness about leaving after lunch, but Brian assured them that he really had a great visit and that they would be coming back often.

On the way home, Brian observed that both her parents were nondrinkers. June was surprised that she never mentioned that to him. There is a ten-year difference in age between June and Susan. “My mom had cancer of the liver when I was younger. It was a scary time because in those days cancer was always terminal. However, they observed that the liver regenerates itself and my mom’s cancer turned out to be operable. They surgically remove her cancer. At the time, my mom’s survival was a miracle, but she could no longer drink alcohol. To support that, my
dad gave up drinking. They also thought that they couldn’t have more children and surprise, Susan appeared. Two years later, Emma arrived.

“That is a great story,” said Brian. “The world is certainly brighter with them in it. They are a lot of fun.”

“And so are you. You fit into the family so nicely. At some point we’ll meet the rest of the town.”

The following Sunday, at their brunch, Maeve announced that her parents had rented a big home at Margate for the month of August and that we were all invited for the second week. Maeve suggested that each of the women prepare a dinner for ten, and the guys provide beer, wine, and snacks, just to give her mom a real vacation. It doesn’t have to be fancy, just filling. She suggested bringing ice coolers to preserve the food.

Margate is just south of Atlantic City, a short drive from Philadelphia. The road to the village runs through about a mile of wetlands with big nested stands for Whooping Cranes, before coming to a huge wooden elephant reminiscent of the Trojan Horse. The home that the Garveys rented was right on the beach behind a huge dune. The home had been totally rehabilitated after Superstorm Sandy. The great storm turned away from a more southerly landfall only to return and make a direct hit between Margate and Atlantic City. Many homes were totally lost. This one survived. The wealthy owner was fully insured and elected to rebuild. The Garveys invited them for this particular week because there was an Irish Festival celebrated from Cape May to Atlantic City. It was a week of great craic (Irish for fun) with singing, dancing, stories, and laughter. It was a binge of Irish entertainment and relaxed joy among friends, all of whom were now family.

Desmond and Bridgid, natives of Ireland, both agreed that this Irish experience was a lot different than they remembered about growing up in the auld sod, and a lot more fun.
There were Marines on both sides of the American Civil War; Corporal John Mackie would be the first US Marine to receive a Medal of Honor. **There has been no shortage of Irish names in the pantheon of American Marine heroes**, including: Captain John Welsh of the Continental Marines; Lieutenant Presley N. O’Bannon who led the Marines “*to the shores of Tripoli*;” aviator Pat Mulcahy in two World Wars; Ed Murphy on Iwo Jima; Ray Davis in World War II and Korea; Robert Emmett O’Malley and Paddy Collins in Viet Nam; Marine Corps Commandants Charles McCawley, P.X. Kelly, Al Gray and James Conway; and, Sergeant Major Dan Daly (two Medals of Honor, China, 1900 and Haiti, 1915) who, when leading an assault at Belleau Wood in the First World War, would coin the phrase, “Come on, you SOBs! Do you want to live forever?”

The first “headquarters” of the Marines was at Tun Tavern in Philadelphia; among its first officers were Captain Robert Mullan (proprietor of Tun Tavern, who, in addition to recruiting and service at sea, would command a company of Marines in Washington’s Trenton-Princeton campaign, 1776-1777) and Lieutenant Thomas Murphy --but Philadelphia was not to be the only Irish source of Continental Marines during the American War for Independence.

The day the Irish, en masse, joined the Marines, is memorialized in House Joint Resolution 427 (introduced by Congressmen Ben Gilman, Tom Manton, Peter King, Bob Dornan, et al., and passed 31st March 1992) which commemorated the occasion (recorded in the diary of John Adams, then American Commissioner to France) on 13th May 1779, when 137 men of the Regiment of Walsh (aka Infantry Irlandaise Regiment de Walsh-Serrant) under Lieutenants Eugene MacCarthy, Edward Stack (who later served with Rochambeau in the Legion of Lauzun in the Yorktown campaign) and James O’Kelly (who would be killed in action) of the Irish Brigade in the service of France, en masse, joined the Marines to serve as American Continental Marines with John Paul Jones on board the BONHOMME RICHARD in what would prove one of the bloodiest and most famous naval engagements in American history.

The Marines on the BONHOMME RICHARD carried the war to the enemy's shores and, in action against the HMS SERAPIS and HMS COUNTESS OF SCARBOROUGH off Flamborough Head (England) on 23rd September 1779, distinguished themselves in battle, including the grenade by Sergeant William Hamilton, which rendered the HMS SERAPIS unable to continue the contest, one of the most desperate and bloody battles in American naval history.

Indeed did the Irish Brigade volunteers on the BONHOMME RICHARD prove themselves worthy of the tribute to the Irish Brigade as "Semper et ubique Fidelis" -- Always and everywhere Faithful, while, at the same time, earning their right to the motto "SEMPER FIDELIS" as American Marines.

USS BONHOMME RICHARD vs HMS SERAPIS
23 September 1779

Ensign flown by BONHOMME RICHARD in defeating SERAPIS

According to Lieutenant Colonel Charles Neimeyer, USMC (then a professor at the US Naval War College, later Academic Dean – subsequently Director, History Division, Marine Corps University, Quantico, Virginia), a published military historian of the American War for Independence (America Goes to War: A Social History of the Continental Army, NYU Press, 1996; et al.) at a lecture sponsored by the Irish Brigade Association at the State University of New York Maritime College - Fort Schuyler in 1994, the uniform of the Continental Marines changed from green with white facings to green with red facings in late 1779 in tribute not only to the blood shed by the Marines of the BONHOMME RICHARD, but also in memory of the Irish Brigade uniforms of the Regiment of Walsh, worn by those Marines, red with blue facings.
Professor Neimeyer also contends that the blue uniforms with red piping, which the United States Marines inherited from Wayne's Legion in 1798 (and which continue today), were accepted as appropriate in that the colors were the same colors (only in reverse) as the colors of the uniforms of the American Continental Marines of the BONHOMME RICHARD in 1779, that is, the uniforms of the Regiment of Walsh of The Irish Brigade.†
## Irish History Trivia

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>Answer</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Who did Joseph Plunkett marry just before his execution for treason in the Easter Rising of 1916?</td>
<td>Grace Gifford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What was Joseph Plunkett's slightly unusual middle name, a name more usually used for a woman?</td>
<td>Mary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cork's nickname of 'The Rebel City' originated in its support for the Yorkist cause in which English-based wars?</td>
<td>The Wars of The Roses.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who was the leader of the anti Treaty forces in the Irish Civil War (died April 1923)</td>
<td>Liam Lynch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Gorta Mor, which started in 1845, is known in English as?</td>
<td>The Great Famine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who were the Ard Rí?</td>
<td>The High Kings of Ireland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What was the name of the dynasty that dominated Ireland from the 6th-10th Centuries?</td>
<td>Uí Néill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which south-east Irish city was the seat of Irish self government in the 1640s?</td>
<td>Kilkenny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who invaded Ireland in 1649 to crush the Catholic Confederation?</td>
<td>Oliver Cromwell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How were Wolfe Tone, Henry Joy McCracken and Lord Edward FitzGerald collectively known?</td>
<td>The United Irishmen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In which century was the Battle of the Boyne?</td>
<td>17th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Titanic was built at which Irish shipyard?</td>
<td>Harland &amp; Wolff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What was the first name of the 18th century politician Grattan?</td>
<td>Henry</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The period from 1913 to 1923 in Ireland was one of the most formative in Irish history. Concurrent movements in labor, suffrage and cultural revival intersected, resulting in a resurgence of Irish nationalism and a tenacious resolve to win independence from Imperial Britain. It was a decade of danger and daring that forged today’s Irish Republic.

This informative symposium brings together historians from Ireland and the U.S. who will examine events from this nation-shaping period.

**GUEST SPEAKERS**

- Maureen Brady
- F. Peter Halas
- Christine Kinealy
- Henry McNally
- Conor McNamara
- Mícheál Ó Máille
- Cormac O’Malley

**Admission:** $50 general, $45 for IACI members.

Coffee & donuts on arrival & light lunch will be served.

Advance registration only. Sponsorships available.

Presented by:
Irish American Cultural Institute
John Walsh Jersey Shore Chapter

Check payable to “IACI-JS” to:
Membership Committee
19 Racquet Rd., Wall, N.J. 07719
ON THIS DAY IN IRISH HISTORY – SEPTEMBER

1st 1913 - Protest by locked-out workers lead to serious riots in Dublin.
        1939 - A state of emergency is declared by the Irish government.
        1974 - Transition Year is introduced as a pilot scheme in three schools.
        1994 - Transition Year is introduced to all secondary schools.

2nd 1933 - United Ireland Organisation founded. It is to adopt the name of 'Fine Gael'.

3rd 1939 - The Emergency Powers Act comes into force as Britain declares war on Germany.

4th 1907 - Sinn Féin disrupt an Irish Parliamentary Party meeting.
        1967 - CIÉ, a scheme for free school transport for older students, is introduced.

5th 1926 - 48 people die in a temporary cinema in Dromcolliher when it catches fire.

6th 1899 - The Countess of Shaftesbury laid the foundation stone of St Anne’s Cathedral in Belfast.
        1994 - John Hume, the Taoiseach Albert Reynolds and Gerry Adams meet to pledge support for democracy.

8th 1893 - Second Home Rule Bill rejected by the Lords.
        1908 - Patrick Pearse founds St Enda’s school.
        1921 - David Lloyd George makes a final offer to Éamon de Valera.

9th 1887 - Three men killed by the police at an Irish National League demonstration at Mitchelstown.
        1922 - First meeting of the Provisional Parliament (Third Dáil).

10th 1928 - Irish pound issued.

12th 1919 - The Dáil Éireann is declared illegal.
        1938 - Éamon de Valera is elected President of the Assembly of the League of Nations.
        1997 - Mary Robinson resigns as President of Ireland to take up a post at the United Nations.

13th 1845 - Gardener's Chronicle announces that the potato blight has appeared in Ireland.

14th 1921 - Sinn Féin put together a delegation to meet Lloyd George in London; it includes Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith.

17th 1913 - Edward Carson declares that a Provisional Government will be set up if Home Rule is enacted.
18th 1867 - Thomas J. Kelly and Timothy Deasy escape while being transferred to jail in Manchester.
1922 - Constitution of Saorstát Éireann Bill introduced by W. T. Cosgrave.

19th 1923 - Fourth Dáil meet for the first time at Leinster House.

20th 1803 - Execution of Robert Emmet.

22nd 1959 - First conference of the Irish Congress of Trade Unions, which is not recognised by Northern Ireland.

23rd 1992 - The IRA destroys Belfast's forensic science laboratory.

25th 1971 - Rally in Dublin in support of civil disobedience in Northern Ireland.

26th 1932 - Éamon de Valera gives his inaugural speech as President of the League of Nations.

27th 1913 - 12,000 Ulster Volunteers parade at Balmoral to protest Home Rule.

28th 1912 - 'Ulster Day' on which the Ulster Covenant is signed.

29th 1979 - Pope John Paul II arrives in Ireland for a three-day visit.