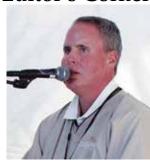


IAN Ohio "We've Always Been Green!" www.ianohio.com **DECEMBER 2014**

Editor's Corner



John O'Brien, Jr. The Irish Within ...

We've been learning Irish – 36 students gather once a week for classes at sponsor Pj McIntyre's Irish Pub's basement Party Room, and once a week or so for a study group. The root of any country is its language, ours plays out on signposts and in story, in song and sayings, we only kind of got. That's changing. A new intro class comes after the first of the year, and this class moves on to 2nd level.

My memory is getting the exercise it needs, and quietly my understanding of words, songs, signs and saying surprises me when challenged. This class has given me glimpses and understanding, teasing me to learn more, but the best surprise has been meeting people of like mind and interest; they are a fun, and funny group of all

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ages who share the same love for our heritage and interest in understanding it better. Join now; learn forever.

The winds of November certainly came early this year. The 39th anniversary of the sinking of the Edmund Fitzgerald made famous in the Gordon Lightfoot song is the best storytelling a song can offer. Cleveland had so many connections; sailors lost, its Port the Fitzgerald's destination. The banshee cry, links every vale, and reminds me of the song as we brace ourselves from Samhain to celebration.

We sweep right into Thanksgiving

finding your roots is inside. As I am sure you know, 2016 marks the 100th Anniversary of the Easter Rising. Mike Finn's column Illuminates Eoin MacNeil and Anne Waters presents one of the Forever Seven Signers of The Proclamation, Patrick Pearse. You will find, in book and column, from Cleveland Irish to Achill, with Christmas Wrappers too.

The Mass of Christ, Christmas - Send a gift home to Ireland this Christmas: I am delighted to serve on the board of Frances Black's Rise Foundation here in the U.S. The internationally known singer has fought her own battle loved ones the tools and the tips, the peace and the love to fight back. On December 4th, we will hold a fun-

draiser at the West Side Irish American Club here in Cleveland to help the RISE Foundation build another home for the loved ones of those struggling with addiction. Will you open your heart and send a gift home to Ireland this Christmas? Tickets are \$65, with music by The Roundabouts, Brady Campbell School of Dance, dinner and remarks with Frances. Ticket or donation checks to: Friends of RISE-Ireland, Inc. c/o Ohio Irish American News 14615 Triskett Road, Cleveland, Oh 44111-3123.

Let your light shine so brightly that others can see their way out of the dark ... Slán, John



and blink, it's Christmas. The message of a new day, gratefulness and letting others know they matter, not just this season, but throughout the year, has always echoed for us at this time of year. This is our final issue of 2014, and of our eighth year. We hope ninety-six issues illuminate and celebrate a vast range of topics, past and present. We search and find roots and better understand of the people and events that made Ireland and its widespread Diaspora, what it is today.

against addiction; saw the damage and devastation it incurs, both in the addicted and in those who love them. Though leaving school at a young age, she returned, and got her education in addiction counseling.

The most important support an addict can be offered is from their families, but Frances saw there was no support for those families. Much like American Cancer Societies' Hope Lodge, RISE offers a place for the loved ones to catch their breath, to cope and to understand what to expect, to give

Featuring Róisín O; Róisín O released her debut album in 2012 to great reviews; "brilliant and addictive" ***** (Hot Press), "A strapping debut" (The Irish Times), "represents an impressive calling card" (The Irish Independent).

Since then, Róisín O has launched her self as an international artist, with performances in the US, the UK, Germany, France, Japan, Dubai and more, as well as a couple of performances in the Aras an Uachtaráin at the personal invitation of Irish President Michael D. Higgins.

Performances on national TV and radio both in Ireland and abroad have helped her star to continue to rise; Watch Róisín O perform her hit single 'How Long' for President Michael D. Higgins in Áras an Uachtaráin - http://youtu.be/qfxmnf5E4Y or visit RoisinO.com for more.

Katherine Boyd's second column on

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Katherine Mary the V

By Katherine Boyd



I am 51% Irish, know that for a fact. I'm not half-Irish. Or a quarter-Irish. I'm exactly 51%. How can I make such

How can I make such a bold statement?

Well, I had my DNA done. It's simple really. You order a DNA kit online. There are several reputable services out there. I went with the Ancestry.com DNA kit. The link is www.Ancestry.com/DNA, it cost about \$100.

My DNA collection kit arrived about 10 days after I ordered it online from Ancestry. com. It was a small, square package, about the size of a paperback book. Inside, there was a tiny tube, a self addressed prepaid envelope, and a simple instruction card. All I had to do was spit into the tiny tube until I reach a remarked

or visit us on the web at http://www.playhousesquare.org line. Sounds gross, I know. But it's really not that bad.

Next, you close the cap, slip the tube into the pre-addressed, prepaid envelope, and pop it in the mail. I had to register the account online at Ancestry.com, but they promise to keep your identity secret if you want. You can opt to share your DNA info anonymously with others, or you can choose to keep it private.

About three weeks after I put my DNA sample in the mail, I received an email from Ancestry.com saying my results were in. I logged on to my Ancestry.com account, clicked on the "DNA" link, and there it was. My ancestors, back hundreds, maybe even thousands, of years hailed from:

51% Ireland / 26% Great Brit-

ain / 8% Finland/Northwest Russia / 5% Europe West / 5% Scandinavia. And trace regions were Europe East, Italy/Greece, European Jewish and West Asia. According to Ancestry.com,

its "AncestryDNA uses an autosomal DNA test that surveys a person's entire genome at over 700,000 locations. It covers both the maternal and paternal sides of the family tree, so it covers all lineages."

There are a bunch of differ-

ent organizations out there that will trace your DNA. In addition to Ancestry.com another reputable site is National Geographic., whi is also doing a human genome-mapping project, and for \$200 you can take part.

The National Geographic test is a little different. According to its website:

"The Geno 2.0 kit contains everything you need to begin the journey into your past, including painless cheek swabs and instructions for submitting your DNA samples (return postage required). Plus, we've designed the Geno 2.0 kit box to serve as a beautiful keepsake to store your results after you access them online."



Katherine Mary Ganley

"By participating in the National Geographic test, its website says you will:

Discover the migration paths your ancient ancestors followed hundreds—even

thousands—of years ago, with an unprecedented view of your ancestral journey.

Learn what percentage of your genome is affiliated with specific regions of the world.

Find out if you have Neanderthal or Denisovan ancestry.

Have the opportunity to share your story and connect with other Genographic Project participants, helping us fill in

the gaps in the human story."
Each DNA testing company has its own privacy rules and stipulations. So make sure you read the fine print. I have to admit, after I received my DNA results, I was kind of sad. Now I knew scientifically where my ancestors came from, but sad to say, I didn't know a darn thing about WHO they actually were. Heck, I didn't even know their names or what they looked like. And I had no idea why they left Ireland to come to the U.S.

So, that's when the harder part of ancestral journey began.

Continued on Page 22





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MILESTONES

Congratulations to the 2015 GAA North American County Boards Elect: Chairperson - Gareth Fitzsimmons; Vice Chair - Bernie Connaughton; Secretary - Liam Moloney; Treasurer - Paddy McDevitt; Registrar - Lizzie O'Connor; Youth Officer - Liam Hegarty; Central Council Delegate - Malachy Higgins; Honorary President - Bill Flanagan and PRO Re-Elect Mark Owens. Well done!

There are over 1.4 million people of Irish descent in Ohio; 475,000 in Greater Cleveland; 176,00 in Cuyahoga County: Want to reach them? Advertise in the Ohio Irish American News: jobrien@janohio.com.



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Publishers
John O'Brien Jr. / Cliff Carlson
Editor John O'Brien Jr.
Website-Cathy Curry &
Ryanne Gallagher-Johnson
Columnists

Behind the Hedge- John O'Brien, Jr.
Blowin' In- Susan Mangan
Cleveland Irish- Francis McGarry
Crossword Puzzle- Linda Fulton Burke
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Guilty Pleasures- Christine
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Illuminations- J. Michael Finn Inner View- John O'Brien Jr Ireland Past & Present-Niamh

O'Sullivan

Forever Seven- Anne Waters Katherine Mary V- Katherine Boyd Letter From Ireland - Cathal Liam Livin' With Lardie- Richard Lardie Off Shelf/On This Day-Terry Kenneally Out of the Mailbag- John O'Brien, Jr. Owens Sports- Mark Owens Terry From Derry- Terry Boyle

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847-872-0700
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A Tale for Christmas

"Father, sir, beg yer pardon Father Sir," stuttered Francis Fahey. "Right yourself lad, take your time, confessions don't start for another hour," chuckled Father Colm. Donned in a black woolen cloak, with a heavy ginger beard trailing over worn leather buttons, Father Colm was as large as Finn McCoul and had a heart to match his stature. "The village is all astir with the news, "cried Francis.

"Never before has the parish at Rock Strand hosted a wedding on the eve of our Lord's birth, but sure aren't we now!"

"And me cousin Kate told me that our cousin, your niece, Honor, wishes that I assist you as server, Sir, uh Father," "If thas' sound wit' ye Father Colm?"

"Young Francis, wasn't it you who saved your Da Owen during the storm that hit our shores on Christmas Eve five years ago?" "A fine fisherman your Da is and a tribute to Rock Strand. Not sure what the village would do without him," mused Father Colm. "Sure, I'll ne'er forget the tale the village ladies told of ye and Michael Fallon and your brush with the Divine."

It would be many a year before Francis and his cousin Michael would stop shivering with the memory of the treacherous gale that rose up on Christmas Eve when Francis' only sibling, Stephen, came into this world with a wail as loud as thunder.

"Young Francis, I would be honored to have a man of grace like yerself assist me on that most holy and special of days!"

"Ah Father, sure won't it be great to help ye bestow blessings on Honor O'Shea and her beau Noel Jack on Christmas Eve!"

With a thoughtful tug of his beard, Father Colm wished Francis Godspeed and sent him home to his Mam, Eileen. Beloved by the young and the old of the village, Father Colm found much peace in his parish of St. Patrick's Rock Strand.

At dawn each day, the widow Margaret would leave the warmth of her bed and sweep the wooden floor boards with fresh rushes from her field, scattering fragrant dried chamomile

and heather amid the candles in the humble church. After she tended to the polishing of the simple tin chalice until it shone like gold, Margaret would bring hot tea and steam-

ing currant buns to Father Colm as he prepared the homily for morning mass.

Typically, Father Colm would not be inclined to share the solemnity of our Lord's birth with a marriage ceremony, but Honor was different.

"Sure didn't I lose my only sister and Honor her mother on the

eve of Christmas? Time to right the wounds with hope and what better way than with a yuletide wedding," reflected Colm. Everyone in the village

was busy preparing for the Christmas wedding.

"Oh Dermot! Won't St. Patrick's just look grand with the lovely holly boughs ye found in the field above the town!" cried Francis' aunt, Niamh.

Niamh was the darlin' of Rock Strand and widely

known for her cooking. Come Christmastide, the pleasing fragrance of spiced barm brack scented her cozy cottage. For the villagers who felt especially downtrodden during the holidays, Niamh always included an extra handful of dried currants in their cakes.

One night during the autumn harvest, a small fire from Old Man Willie's hearth had burned the thatch clear off the top of his cottage. Kate sat Old Willie by her hearth and fed him warm parsnip soup with wheaten scones.

With a tear in his pale blue eyes Willie lamented, "Och, Niamh, don't ye remind me of my own love Maureen. Always was bustlin' round the kitchen like yerself mind. I do miss her so!"

Smiling, Niamh replied, "Sure Willie, doesn't happiness find its way through a full stomach!"

Niamh and her husband Dermot were called upon to care for Honor O'Shea when her mother and Father perished during the same Christmas storm that nearly claimed the life of Owen Fahey. Between themselves and Honor's uncle, Father Colm, Honor was looked after with compassion until she met her own true love Noel Jack. It is said that time heals and truly it did for Honor as she prepared for her wedding day.

"My Heavens Kate and Michael Fallon, won't the church be beautiful with all the lovely holly your dear Da found for Noel and me!"

"Honor, sure it's only the beginning! Don't Francis, Kate and meself have a great Christmas surprise for ye and your fella Noel Jack!" teased Michael. The villagers sympathized with

Honor these many years and watched her grow into a gracious young woman. They wanted her wedding to be special indeed as they planned to decorate the rocky path to St. Patrick's door with soft hay and maypoles dancing with white ribbon and holly. Honor and Noel Jack could not afford a fancy



wedding tea. The villagers, helped by Niamh Fallon and her cookery skills, organized a surprise wedding feast to be held in Rock Strand's only public house, The Downy Hen.

"Michael, Francis, hurry ye two with those beasts," Kate Fallon urged. Christmas Eve had arrived and it was one short hour until the villagers were to gather in celebration of Honor and Noel's wedding in St. Patrick's Church.

As a surprise for the bride and groom, Kate, Michael, and Francis staged a live nativity scene in front of the church. Michael and Francis both thought no celebration was complete without an animal or two. Rather than an ox, Michael brought his prized donkey Anthony, while Francis brought his pet mourning dove in a cage made of sea rushes, and his dog Wren instead of a lamb. As the day was too cold for a live baby, Kate was to nestle a wee sack of potatoes in the Baby Jesus' crèche. The cousins were delighted with their efforts until the unthinkable happened.

After she had lit the candles lining the aisle to the altar, Widow Margaret had left the church door open to welcome the groom Noel Jack and his family. The first of the congregation began to

arrive as well, and the children were all delighted with the nativity scene.

"Mammy, isn't the dog a wee dote,"

cried young Thomas Flynn. Running up to the collie, Thomas startled Wren and the dog backed into Anthony the donkey with a yelp. Quite old, the donkey became confused and started to trot toward the open doors. Before anyone could grab the lead on the donkey, Anthony knocked over the candles near the entry, setting the old wooden door aflame.

"May the Holy Family help us," shouted Father Colm as he rushed toward the commotion.

"Hurry lads, run round to the well and bring some buckets," Noel Jack shouted

to the other men of the parish.

Luckily, the men were strong and the flames were soon doused, but not without damaging the church's vestibule.

'Dearest Lord, Father, what are we now to do?" cried Widow Margaret.

With confidence, Father Colm announced to all present, "The Lord helps those who help themselves. Make haste and gather the maypoles, when the bride arrives with Niamh and Dermot, we will walk the hill above St. Patrick's Church. There stands an old mass rock hidden in the side

of the mountain since the days when we Catholics were denied our rightful prayer. Sure, didn't our kin steal to the mass rocks to worship in peace? Seems a sensible place to hold a wedding as the day is cold, but the wind soft!"

"Father Colm, seems fitting that Me and Honor will marry beneath the free sky and in a holy place," agreed Noel Jack.

Accompanied by Niamh and Dermot, Honor finally arrived. With a single bough of holly tucked into her long plaited hair, Honor peeked at the scene through her ivory veil, smiled, and offered Noel Jack her gloved hand.

Francis, holding a surviving candle, led Father Colm and the procession up the steep hill of St. Patrick to the mass rock.

After the final blessing, Michael, now holding Anthony by the lead, walked over to the couple. "Sure, Honor, didn't I tell ye we had a great surprise!"

As if on cue, the bells of St. Patrick rang with tidings of hope as the villagers wished one another and the happy couple blessings filled with Christmas joy.

*Susan holds a Master's degree in English from John Carroll University and a Master's degree in Education from Baldwin-Wallace University. She may be contacted at suemangan@yahoo.com. IAN Ohio "We've Always Been Green!" www.ianohio.com DECEMBER 2014



The Forever Seven

The Seven Men Who Signed the Proclamation

By Anne Waters



Patrick Henry Pearse

There are few who can name all seven signatories to the Irish Proclamation, but the one name easily recalled is Patrick Pearse. He was the figure-head whose oratory so inspired; it proved a catalyst for the Rising. It was Pearse who read the Proclamation, the document that first asserted Ireland's independence, from outside the General Post Office on the 24th April 1916.

It was not the first time that Pearse spoke prophetic words. It was his oration that rang at the graveside of the old rebel O'Donovan Rossa and his immortal words resonated through the centuries of Ireland's troubled history.

'They think that they have foreseen everything, think that they have provided against everything; but the fools, the fools, the fools! — they have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace' (Ref 1) Patrick Pearse grew up in a comfort-





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able middle class home. He studied law and was called to the bar but his preference was education. He opened a school for boys which eventually moving to St Enda's Park in Dublin. In this school many volunteers were both nurtured and trained. His vision of Ireland was bound up in Irish language, music and culture and this was advocated through his editorship of the newspaper An Claidheamh Soluis or The Sword of Light. He was critical of the British education system, viewing the system implemented in Ireland as a repressive tool of the British.

'The English thing that is called education is founded on a denial of the nation. It has succeeded in making slaves of us" (ref 2)

He attempted to foster within St Endas' an education that nurtured the soul and creativity of the child claiming that, "Education has not to do with the manufacture of things but the growth of things." (ref 2)

It would seem that initially Pearse had a more mystical view of Gaelic Ireland, whereas James Connolly (another signatory) understood the struggle and grind of poverty. Pearse position may have been shifting in line with Connolly as the following words would seem to imply: "There have been States in which the rich did not grind the poor" (ref 2).

Patrick Pearse was a complex character, inspirational yet somewhat solitary and aloof. Yet this mystical, thought- provoking and spiritual man was also a soldier He has evoked much controversy, not least because of his call for a "Blood Sacrifice". It was this call to shed blood for Ireland, at a time when Home Rule was a strong possibility, which draws the criticism of his detractors. However, the call for a blood sacrifice was not unique. Europe was engaged in a war to free small nations and "Blood Sacrifice" was very much the mantra and part of the jingoism of the time.

Criticism of Pearse pertains today as the comments of former Taoiseach (Irish Premier) John Bruton clearly testifies: "if the 1916 leaders had more patience a lot of destruction could have been avoided" (Ref 3).

John Bruton believes that Home Rule would eventually have been achieved without bloodshed. This conveniently ignores the exhortations at the time, for Irishmen to join the British army to secure Home Rule, and the thousands of Irishmen who perished as a result. John Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party in 1916 and a major advocate for Home Rule, urged young Irish men to join the British army in his speech in Woodenbridge in Co. Wicklow when he proclaimed: "a denial of the lessons of her history if young Ireland confined their efforts to remaining at home to defend the shores of Ireland from an unlikely invasion, and



to shrinking from the duty of proving on the field of battle that gallantry and courage which has distinguished our race all through its history." (Ref 4)

The supporters of the Rising maintain that Ireland would have remained part of the United Kingdom in a position not unlike that of Scotland, and not have become a fully independent Republic. This position was reiterated by another former and highly esteemed Taoiseach, Dr Garrett Fitzgerald, from the same political party as John Bruton, in an interview in his eightieth year with the Echo: "Without 1916, you wouldn't have had independence in 1922," (Ref 5).

Pearse was Commander-in-Chief of the Rising and stationed in the Headquarters at the General Post Office. After consultation with the other signatories and due to the extent of the bloodshed amongst his men and civilians, he called for a surrender. He knew as did the other signatories that they would be executed. It is doubtless he anticipated his brother Willie and another eight men would also face execution.

Major General Blackadder, who chaired a number of the Court-martials

is reported as saying: "I have just done one of the hardest tasks I have ever had to do. I have had to condemn to death one of the finest characters I have ever come across. There must be something very wrong in the state of things that makes a man like that a rebel. I don't wonder that his pupils adored him." (Ref 6).

An enduring legacy of Patrick Pearse is the pride he attempted to instill in the Irish nation and the value he placed on its language and culture. Pearse believed self-determination was a requisite for Irish-ness to prosper. He hoped his oratory would be inspirational and resurrect a nation that had suffered centuries of oppression.

Conversely, at the time Pearse was extolling the Irish language, it was seen as the language of the poor. Although by 1916 overt English oppression had ceased, the Irish were a poverty stricken people. Many families rejected Gaelic and encouraged their children to learn English. The English language was believed

to be a language of advantage that

would enhance job prospects, especially as the route for many people was emigration. In 1916, the Rising and consequently Pearse, did not have popular appeal as the daily grind to survive took precedence over nationhood. It would be interesting to hear Pearse' views on the prevalence today of Gael Scoils (Irish Schools) and how they are almost the total preserve of the middle classes. The popularity of Gaelic games and music would make him proud but would the unending troubles of a still divided country make him question his sacrifice?

As the centenary of 1916 approaches, there are many loud voices wishing to deny and denigrate the significance of the Rising. Arguably by denigrating those who died for us, we devalue ourselves. Patrick Pearse and the other Signatories gave us the tools to stand proud and become an independent nation.

Ref 1 http://www.thefuture.ie/ reference/oration-at-the-graveside-ofodonovan-rossa-given-by-p-h-pearse/

Ref 2 http://www.cym.ie/documents/themurdermachine.pdf

Ref: 3 Irish Times Sept 18 2014 Ref 4 http://waterfordireland.tripod. com/woodenbridge_speech.htm

Ref 5 //irishecho.com/2011/05/one-familys-rising-interview-with-garret-fitzgerald-in-2006/manent over time

Ref6 http://en.wikipedia.org/ wiki/Charles_Blackader



Out of the Mailbag ... Comes Songs & Stories

By John O'Brien, Jr.

Great Gift Ideas for Christmas

The Carnival at Bray by Jessie Ann Foley, Elephant Rock Books, 2014.

I met Jessie at the Irish Books, Arts & Music Showcase (iBAM) 2014 in Chicago. She and her husband Denis, with their newborn, had the table next to

mine. A few short chats and I bought The Carnival at Bray, Jessie's first book, a Young Adult title.

Jessie is a high school English teacher, and has the ability to turn what she hears into young adult thought processes that click in authenticity and voice. Jessie captures the teenage angst, the hurry to grow

up, to not miss the next thing, while still working through just who you are.

We often fail to give teenagers credit for their intelligence and insight into life. That rush to the next thing can burn. Though it is not yet refined by experience, out of the mouths of babes is still observant and unfiltered, if you slow down to listen.

Maggie's look alike cousin has committed suicide, at least that is the hushed story whispered around. Suddenly Maggie and her perpetually unlucky in love mom, with a new husband, leave Chicago for Bray, Ireland. Her appearance creates a stir and Maggie soon finds inconsistencies, jealousies, and a

mysterious boy that opens unexpected doors in the town, and her heart.

Out of sorts and way out of her comfort zone, independent Maggie must quickly figure things out and find her place amongst new friends and rivals, who keep switch-

ing places, or, by accident

or intent, she'll end up over the same cliff as her cousin. The boy reignites the thing most important of all to Maggie, to live, just as she begins to figure out and follow her cousin's footsteps.

Subtle writing, forks in the road, friendships new and old and the sharp wit of a character not content to fade into the fog make The Carnival at Bray

a Top Shelf Selection. The Carnival at Bray is the Helen Sheehan Prize-winning YA debut book. Jessie is a fantastic new YA writer; I

look forward to reading her next book. http://www.jessieannfoley. com/ https://www.facebook. com/pages/Jessie-Ann-Foley

Turas: Adventures on Ireland's Wild Atlantic Way by JP Lindsley, Alexander Fedoryka, Danylo Fedoryka.

Ruffles Travel Guide 2014
The brothers Fedorynko
and their brother from another
mother Joe Lindsley set off
to Ireland to see the places of
friend and fan legend they have
heard about all their musical
lives. Alex and Danylo are the
heart and soul of the Celtic
rock force that is Scythian.

World music heavily influenced by their ethnic roots of mad sessiúns, friendships and great faith, the boys are determined to ride

a rush along the west coast, seeing as many sites, sharing as many tastes, and toasting as many ghosts and heroes as they can intentionally stumble into in the short time allotted to the trip. Full of amazing photography, rich stories of humor and revelation, and coincidences too meaningful to be chance, Turas, which is Irish for journey, is a laugh out loud, so wish I was there too, brave and touching trip to the Wild Atlantic Way, and to the important things that make the boys men I admire.

A Scythian show is mad energy. But if you listen to the songs, you will grasp that they were forged from roots, chances and a dedication to jump at

the sun. The trip along the way has to be wild fun; the concerts are dance-inducing forays that escape time, and definition.

Turas is full of great pictures, great stories and the chance to glimpse foundations of faith and friendship that such a journey reveals. It is a Top Shelf Selection.

A Letter to Ballyturan

by Michael Grant 2014

This is Michael Grant's fifteenth book. I did not have the fortune to read his first fourteen, but I am glad I read this one.

A young and restless Matt McCarron comes home from World War II just in time for his father's funeral. When it comes down to it, Matt barely knew his

father, and didn't at all understand him. He never thought to ask if there was more, and now it was too late. In putting it all to rest, Matt finds a single reference, to Ballyturan, Ireland, and he wonders.

A letter, a lie, Matt's instincts tell him there is more, and he soon realizes the truth wasn't



MICHAEL GRANT

just buried with his father. In Ballyturan, the priest and prince don't want it dug up, and a battle of will and want force Matt to either fight for the truth, or go home much as he came, alone.

Grant is a great storyteller, bringing the town and the time alive, with a rich and satisfying story. Unpredictable, eloquent and easily relatable to anyone of Irish descent, A Letter to Ballyturan is a Top Shelf Selection.



Carnival at Bray author Jessie Ann Foley with her family at iBAM Chicago



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In the Beginning ...

One of the first Irish Catholics in what would become Ohio was Daniel Sheehy from County Tipperary. He was a surveyor of land in the Mahoning River Valley in the 1790s. That was almost thirty years before the Irish Catholics would have a parish at St. Mary's of the Flats. Daniel's

relative, Father Sheehy of Clogheen, would never make it to Ohio. He was executed by the English authorities in the 1760s for rebellion. Father Sheehy's head decomposed for twenty years on a pike above the gates of Clonmel Jail.

Father Sheehy was perhaps an extreme example of the violence against the Irish in Ireland, perhaps not. He was an example of the experience that Irish immigrants carried with them. Our brethren were familiar with such displays of "justice" in Ireland. That "justice" did not restrict itself to the Emerald Island. The violence against the Irish followed immigrants across the Atlantic and reared its ugly head in America.

In 1844 Philadelphia, the Kensington Riots pitted the anti-Catholic movement in America against Irish Catholic immigrants. The American



Nativist Party was enraged with Bishop Patrick Kenwick's objection to the forced use of the King James Bible in public schools. Nativists also campaigned to extend the naturalization period to

during the riots and, following the bloodshed, abandoned his arguments for religious tolerance in the public schools. As the Irish Catholic Church-

es in Philadelphia burned, the Nativists threatened Irish

immigrants in New York City. Tyrone-born Bishop John Hughes warned the Nativist Mayor of New York, if one Catholic Church was burned, 'New York would be another Moscow," a reference to

the Battle of Borodino and the Napoleonic invasion of Russia. Bishop Hughes sent Irish volunteers to defend the Church. At St. Patrick's Cathedral, he armed the Ancient Order of Hibernians and positioned them around the walls. The Ancient Order of Hibernians had been founded in 1836 in Schuykill County, Pennsylvania and in New York City at St. James Church, just up the Bowery from St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Catholic Churches of New York City were not harmed.

One of the results of this violence and exclusion was that Bishops like Patrick Kenwick turned to education in the parishes and not the public schools. The First Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1852 formalized that approach in instructing each new parish to construct a schoolhouse first, even before the construction of the Church. Hence, the Catholic Church in America began building the Catholic School System.

of Cleveland was

formed, contain-

In 1847 the Diocese

ing not a single parochial school. Then, the first Bishop of Cleveland, Bishop Louis Rappe, established sixteen parishes, each with a school. From the beginning of the Diocese, the importance of the parish school was critical in the growth and celebration of the Catholic faith in the area.

Bishop Rappe had assisted at the First Plenary Council of Baltimore and his commitment to Catholic education was made clear as parish and parish school were built in tandem throughout the Diocese. Rappe brought to Cleveland the Ursulines, the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Immaculate Heart of Mary Sisters, the Humility of Mary Sisters, and the Sisters of Notre Dame. All were here to teach in the parishes.

And teach they did. My Ma was a product of the parochial school system in Cleveland. She attended St. Margaret Mary, Regina and Notre Dame College, then the University of Notre Dame. She is the smartest person I know. Thank you, Sisters of Notre Dame!

As the public school system maintained a hostile approach to the Catholic faith, parochial schools continued to gain in attendance. In 1857, ten years following the formation of the Diocese of Cleveland, the Ohio Teacher's Association urged the daily use of the King James Bible. That further increased the demand for parochial schools.

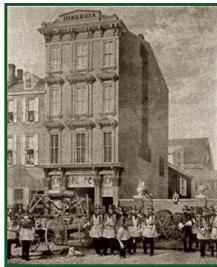
In 1872, Bishop Richard Gilmour assumed the leadership of the Cleveland Diocese. He championed the movement to maintain the tax-exempt status of the Catholic school and he established the first Diocesan School Board. During his tenure, 1872-1891, St. Ignatius College, which was to become John Carroll University and St. Ignatius High School, were established.

Bishop Ignatius Horstmann succeeded Gilmour in 1892 and served as Bishop until his death in 1908. That period recorded the largest expansion of schools

in the history of the diocese.

In 1870 Cleveland had fourteen parishes. By 1908 it had sixty-five parishes. That expansion corresponds to the largest migration of Irish born immigrants to the Diocese since the Famine. In the years between 1901 and 1907, over 12,300 Irish immigrants settled in Cleveland. They joined their brethren and filled the pews in historical Irish parishes and also established new parishes like St. Philomena in East Cleveland in 1902 and St. Ann's in Cleveland Heights in 1914, now combined as Communion of Saints.

The Irish in Cleveland, like their immigrant brethren, fought for their right to practice their religion and raise their families in the tradition of their parents and their parent's parents. As a result, the Cleveland landscape is full of quality Catholic schools, colleges and universities. Our community, our today, is better due to the sacrifices of those who came before us and laid



the first cornerstones at their new parish and its schoolhouse. It is fitting that the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians across the country venerate that history and award scholarships to Catholic school students. We still are positioned around the walls.

*Francis McGarry is President of the Irish American Club East Side and the Bluestone Division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians w.francis. mcgarry@gmail.com



twenty-one years, to elect only native born to all political offices and to reject foreign interference in all institutions; social, religious, and political.

The tension erupted and Nativists attacked and burned to the ground St. Michael's Church, St. Augustine's Church and St. Charles Seminary. Irish families were attacked and their homes burned down as well. In the end, over twenty lay dead and 100 were wounded. Dublin-born Bishop Kenwick had urged peace

Sunday Brunch @the Irish Club

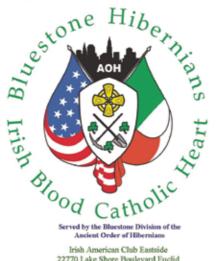
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Identity

It's the sign. It is rather large, and it evokes in me a great pride and a desolate sadness alike. The sign stands guard on the roadside as you drive onto Achill Island. It explains how Achill is twinned with Cleveland, Ohio. It compels me to reflect on my family in Cleveland, and my father, and then I have to think about virtually an entire region, transplanted. Those few words on that sign tell the story of native Achill families stretching back well over one hundred years, embarking on a farewell adventure with an unknown ending.

They had to trust in their dreams and in their despair that their new life might be better. Their leaving also meant that the island, even today, is still vast and – empty; so many people having emigrated in the remote, and not so remote, past.

Visiting Achill again last September, I was struck anew by its utter, spectacular glory. In my admittedly biased opinion, it is the most incredibly beautiful place in the world. Not luxuriously so, it boasts instead a raw, blunt splendour; a magnificence that allows you to feel the scenery in addition to seeing it. The desolation of windswept bogs, the bare lonely mountains, that feeling of space, enclosing you, swallowing you; making you one with the land where your ancestors once made a difficult living.

I met an elderly Achill lady, a modern version, maybe, of my great-great grandmother. On learning that I had been remembering my family of old she blessed me: That's special darling, and you'll never lose it. You're walking where they walked.

One soft evening I stood on the moonlit beach in Keel, listening to gentle waves whispering back and forth, thinking of all who had been forced to leave this island, including my father's early 1880s family. I recalled a timeworn black and white photo taken in Cleveland featuring my great-great grandmother, Annie McMenamin, surrounded by her daughter, granddaughter and small children. Annie was born in Achill in the closing year of the Great Hunger, 1852. She left with her family in 1882. What were her thoughts at the taking of that photo, seated in a small garden in a large city? Young Achill people finding themselves scattered throughout the world in huge cities – did they



miss the waves, the mountains, the space they had left behind? How did they adjust to their concrete surroundings, let alone the loss of their culture?

A new and dear friend of mine from the West of Ireland wanted to know what the land is like in Kilkenny where I live. I love Mayo's low stone walls scattered everywhere you look, but I suddenly understood what she was asking. How to describe the lush green fields and meadows of Kilkenny? Those stone walls in the West are picturesque, picture postcard, if you don't have to try to prosper despite them. Erin was born in Leeds, England, where her parents had emigrated several years previously. Her stories lend flesh and blood to my imaginings of how my family fared after Achill.

Erin speaks of her father, a man with an intense love for Mayo who never lost his longing for home when living abroad. A man who had to answer to Paddy throughout his entire time in Leeds, hugely ironic, as his Christian name, Basil, was undisputedly English. Erin tells how in the early 1970s at school, the Irish kids sat down one side of the classroom, and the British

kids on the other. She remembers her Irish dancing, and her mother who did learn to adapt (perhaps had to learn how to adapt) ensuring her daughter changed into her Irish dancing costume away from the house, so her father would not need to know that Erin had been among those chosen to dance at one of the Queen's Silver Jubilee events held at Elland Road, home of Leeds United football team. Erin speaks with pride of learning, then singing, old and new Irish songs which taught her how to both feel and appreciates her history, even to this day. She speaks with anguish of the occasionally frightening existence the family endured in England in the 1970s and early 1980s, whilst the 'Troubles' raged at home.

Erin's aunt used to practice her English accent in their home in Leeds to lessen any possible abuse she might encounter serving English customers at work. A corner shop at the end of the street where Erin lived featured a sign which earlier might have been so familiar to Annie McMenamin in America: No Blacks, No Dogs, No Irish. A man from Pakistan owned that corner shop - perpetually terrified at the thought of trouble breaking out.

When I was a child, my own family emigrated for a five year period to the Netherlands. Three events stand out in my memories: we lived near Rotterdam and at the end of January 1972, my father flew his Irish tricolour sporting a sombre black ribbon over our front door, to mark the Bloody Sunday shootings in Derry. I remember feeling hugely apprehensive, scared that they would want to know why at school. I had no idea how to explain. We had on several occasions already been asked by Dutch people if we were refugees.

The second event in hindsight was more humorous. My father observed myself and my two brothers watching Star Trek on TV. He realised we were engrossed in the subtitles, and ever helpful, I explained to him that we couldn't fully understand the English. He stated instantly and very distinctly, that he had not left Cleveland for his four children to become Dutch, however much the entire family loved Holland! We were going home.

A favourite memory of mine was one Saturday when only my father and myself sat down to lunch. He had waited, I'm sure, until I was thirteen years old. Then he asked me that Saturday had I ever heard of a young girl my age, who had lived in Holland during the war, named Anne Frank? Suddenly, history became very real...

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On this Day in **Irish History**

5 December 1914 - The Endurance, captained by Sir Ernest Shackleton with Tom Crean as second in command, set out from South Georgia with the objective of crossing the Antarctic continent.

5 December 2009 - Bishop Dermot O'Mahony resigns as patron of The Irish Pilgrimage Trust. He and fellow bishop Donal Murray of Limerick are the first churchmen to stand down after a state inquiry uncovered a rash of pedophilia among priests in the Dublin Archdiocese and cover-ups by the Catholic hierarchy.

6 December 1921 - Representatives of the Irish government appointed by Eamon de Valera (including Michael Collins) and those negotiating for the Crown, sign the Anglo-Irish Treaty ending the Irish War of Independence against England.

13 December 1955 - Grace Gifford Plunkett, Irish patriot, dies. She famously married Joseph Plunkett hours before his execution in 1916 for her part in the Easter Rising.

22 December 1989 - Death of Samuel Beckett, playwright and winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature (1969).

21 December 1964 - Daniel Corkery (86) teacher and author, notably of The Hidden Ireland (1924) dies.



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Amy McNamee reads her edition of OhIAN on the Skydeck of Willis Tower in Chicago

Why Hunger Strives to Make Hunger History

Inspired by the stories she heard of her grandparent's struggles, Noreen Springstead rose from an administrative assistant to managing director of WhyHunger, an organization seeking to ensure everyone has access to nutritious food.

Though born and raised in America, Noreen's Irish heritage formed a large portion of her upbringing.

"Four of my grandparents were born in Ireland in four different counties. They met when they came over to America. My grandparents didn't grow up with much, and so they came

to America looking for a better life, very much like the immigrant experience of most people."

One of Noreen's grandmothers was named Joanna Quill, the first cousin of Michael Quill, the transit worker union leader in New York; Noreen says she was 'very motivated by his tireless work for the working man."

Hearing her grandparent's accounts of the hardships of living back home

inspired Noreen to join WhyHunger.
"We believe nutritious food is a human right, and that no person in the world should go hungry, and no person should be told politically or economical-

ly that this is the box you should live in."

Noreen Springstead

In Noreen's experience, the reasons behind famine often go beyond ecological factors.

"When there are environmental disasters such as drought or something else people can understand it," said Noreen, but there are often political reasons for why people are oppressed and unable to provide food for their families."

In their quest to combat world hunger, WhyHunger has partnered up with many big names in music to help raise awareness of global hunger issues. Among these are Paul McCartney, Yoko Ono and the Lennon Estate and Bruce Springsteen.

Noreen said, "Bruce Springsteen had a long standing relationship with the WhyHunger. On every single tour Bruce has done in the last 25 years WhyHunger has either been a direct beneficiary or we have directed him to the local food bank or soup kitchen in the town he's performing in. Music is a very big part of the organizations identity."

On Springsteen's charitable endeavors, Noreen said, "When he does charity, you don't get a big press release about it, he just does it. We've been fortunate enough to partner with him in a way that has generated millions of dollars to fight hunger on the frontline."

Noreen thinks that solving the global food crisis is possible, but it will require a drastic change in the current system.

"I think it's realistic if we get back to basics on food. A lot of it is addressing what's wrong with the global food system. There's about 5 companies that

control global agri-business, and more or less dictate what we're going to eat, and have much of us, particularly in America, addicted to processed food."

One way of providing nutritious food is through grassroots community programs, which Why Hunger organizes throughout the United States.

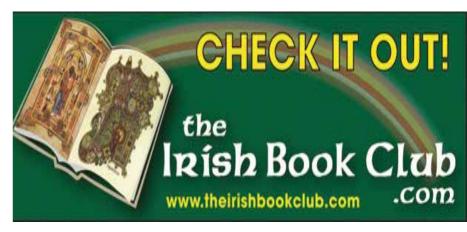
"I'll give you an example in Detroit, where

all of these brown fields have been turned into growing gardens that empowers people in the community to grow healthy food and create access to healthy food. It has a holistic approach, not like a food aid approach where a federal relief agent dump commodity type food to solve a problem, it needs to come from within the community."

Noreen says certain government initiatives could also do a lot to curb hunger in the United States.

"SNAP, or the Supplemental Nutritious Assistance Program, is looked at more as a wage support program rather than a dependency program or an allotment of money to supplement a families food budget," she explained. "Its an entitlement program so there's guaranteed federal dollars. A mother of three living in Chicago gets her snap allocation for the month, and those federal dollars provide local economic stimulus."

If you or someone you know is having difficulty accessing nutritious food, call The National Hunger Hotline at 1-866-3486479.







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Southern Italy Tour- May 21-31

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Portugal/Spain land and River Cruise- Oct 9-20

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Christmas Wrappers

Walking into a bookstore on November 1st, my vision was assaulted by a crazy cornucopia of holiday images that definitely did not fit together; skeletons, turkeys and nativity scenes. Really? The idea of retailers advertising Thanksgiving and simultaneously making the national holiday of gratitude a day to shop was disheartening. Is it really as if no one can wait a day to buy a bigger television? Are we saying that the gathering of all of those people at a single table to be grateful is not significant?

The Irish are truly baffled at how our many of our holiday celebrations have morphed into commercial "somethings" they would neither recognize nor want. My first Christmas in Ireland was the full twelve days of Christmas celebration. There was no such thing as after Christmas sales or Christmas returns.....those would have to wait until after January 6th.

The only people who were going to work selling things were grocers and public house employees. Those twelve days really stretch wonderfully out and give people time to visit, call at houses for tea, meet out for drinks and generally, relax together. The Irish cannot fathom the hype that we put into a holiday that lasts for only one day.

The holidays in Ireland are steeped in old tradition, starting with the celebration of the twelve days of Christmas. A significant day in the Christmas cycle is the day after Christmas, December 26th. This day is known in Ireland as St. Stephen's Day. It is the day that the nation's pubs are packed with people. If you go out but one day a year, this one is it.

Another tradition linked with St. Stephen's Day is that of the Wrenboys. While the Wrenboys are not as widespread as once they were, it is something that you might see, with a bit of luck, in the coun-



Don't Forget Us!



try areas. The Wrenboys are a makeshift group of children or adults which perform traditional music, whilst wearing some type of disguise, expecting some type of donation in return, on St. Stephen's Day.

The link to the wren is not certain. Theories range from the idea that this ritual wren is linked to a druid ceremony or to the rumor that a wren betrayed St. Stephen by beating its wings on his shield and revealing him to his pursuers. In olden times, an actual wren was hunted, killed and put on some type of display by the travelling musicians; in a box, on the end of a stick, or a holly branch. It used to be a matter of honor to have a real wren accompany the Wrenboys on their holiday travels, but that has been abandoned in favor of, at most, an artificial bird or some ornamental feathers.

What does remain is the link to music and donations. The Wrenboys were traditionally a group of young boys who went from house to house playing traditional music and dressed in some type of costume. The groups of musicians have ranged from the mature and or talented to the young and aspirational. They dressed in old clothes and marked their faces with shoe polish or wore masks.

The mature groups were dressed much the same, looking more like hobos, wearing old clothes often dirty, with their identities concealed, and often including feathers in their dress. In the southern part of Ireland, around Dingle, the costumes include the straw man Mummer outfits. Ceili music was played; the traveling musicians would include a fiddle, flute, melodeon, bodhran and at least one singer. The Wrenboys would travel house to house, knocking on doors and looking for an audience. This

is the old Wrenboys rhyme:

The wran, the wran, the king of all birds, On St. Stephen's day was caught in the furze. His body is little but his family is great, So rise up landlady and give us a trate. And if your trate be of the best, Your soul in heaven can find its rest. And if your trate be of the small, It won't plaze the boys at all. A glass of whiskey and a bottle of beer, Merry Christmas and a glad New Year. So up with the kettle and down with the pan, And give us a penny to bury the wran".

The last two sentences of the rhyme would be recited at the door of the house when it opened. The penny or collections were traditionally used to fund a local house party or dance, with a keg of porter and other holiday treats, along with dancing and music.

The modern Wrenboys do exist. They are not just boys or men now, girls and women are included in the groups. The practice of going house to house has been left in favor of Wrenboys appearing in pubs or other places where they might find a crowd, including nursing homes. Now, the collections are more often donated to a local charity.

Where they do travel to homes, they are greeted with much enthusiasm. It is a welcome tradition. A recording about this tradition is Liam Clancy's recording of the "Wren Song",1955, considered a classic of the Wrens.

In the spirit of welcome traditions, enjoy your holidays, celebrations and families. I wish for us all that we can enjoy time with those around us!

Nollaig shona duit!!! Sources: Photo-legacyirishmusic.com

http://www.slighoheritage.com/archwrenboys.htm http://en.wikipedia.

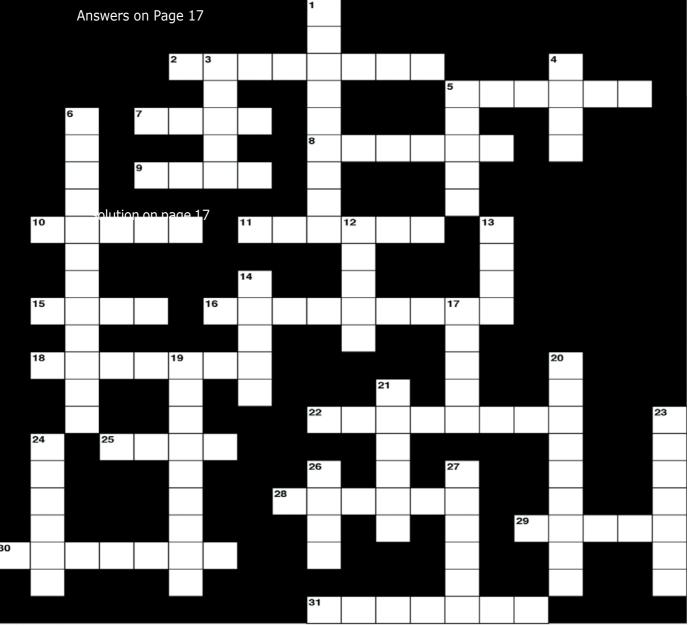
org/wiki/Wren_Day

Gore-Booth family. 4 Get a photo of the

Things to Do and See in County Sligo

by Linda Fulton Burke

DECEMBER 2014



www.CrosswordWeaver.com

ACROSS

2 Take some rifle or archery lessons at Lough Bo Shooting Center in Drumnacool. 5 Try some fishing or scuba

_ at Offshore Watersoorts in Mullaghmore.

7 Shoot a round at the beauti-

ful Enniscrone Golf ___.

___ gives an hour-long 8 Eagles_ interactive flying demonstration with eagles, hawks, falcons, and owls in Ballylmote

9 Drive Ballintrillick's

Gleniff Horseshoe, a horseshoe shaped ___ formed on 3

sides by dramatic hills and check out the "magic hill."

10 Visit _____' grave and memorial to Ireland's greatest

poet in Drumcliff.

11 Take a walk or drive out to Strandhill's Coney ____when the tide is out.

15 Tobernalt ___ Well, on the shores of Lough Gill, is a

beautiful place to reflect, pray and enjoy an hour or two.

16 Try some riding on the beach at Island View

Riding Stables in Moneygold Grange. 18 Bring your tent and spend a few and surfing at Easkey.

22 Climb Sligo's Knocknar-

for some stunning ea views.

25 Attend ____ at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Sligo Town.

28 Hazelwood ____ is a great spot to walk, jog, walk

and check out Hazelwood House, a Palladian mansion. 29 Rosses ____ is a great place for a family beach day or picnic or just a walk.

the dogs, feed the ducks

30 Visit Carrowkeel in Castlebaldwin the old ancient dolmens and stone

31 Spend some time in Enniscrone Village, a village orientated to families and surfers.

DOWN

1 Picnic at Glencar Lake and take a walk to the beautiful Glencar 3 Tour Drumcliff's Lissadell

_, a restored mansion, once the home for the

Cross, one of the best in West Ireland, at Drumcliff Church. 5 Walk the sand ___ of Culleenamore Middens at in Ballysadare. 6 View the galleries or attend a performance at The Model, home of The Niland Collection, one of Ireland's leading __ arts centres. 12 Explore the Sligo _____, a 16th century ruin in Sligo 13 Dooney Rock Forest ___ is a magnificient, tranquil site with well marked trails, shade and great views. 14 Drive around ____ Gill for some outstanding scenery. 17 Drive along the Mullghmore ____ to see stunning scenery, wild white horses, giant waves, great walks, nice beach and a castle on the hill. 19 Take the boat to the Isle in Lough Gill. 20 Do some research on your family history at the County Sligo Heritage Society 21 Take the forest walk on the plateau atop Ben overlooking Yeats' Country. 23 Take in a performance at Hawks Well ____ in Sligo Town. 24 Take a walk or enjoy __ in Slish Wood near Lough Gill. 26 Bring your boat Take the ____ to Inishmurray Island and check out the old monastic ruins 27 Take a walk on the beach at Dunmoran and

Michael P. O'Malley

even go for a swim in the summer.

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Living With Lardie by Richard Lardie



Achill, Home of the Blarney

Our first and only trip to Achill Island was in the summer of 1997. We went to Ireland with a large group (28) of interconnected extended families. The weather for the three days we were on Achill was great. Sunny and 65-70 degrees, I was told this was not the norm.

We had decided that our trip to Achill could only be complete if we got in a round of golf. My wife Kay, my friend Joe Cahill and I went to the golf course in Keel to rent some clubs and get in a quick nine. The clubhouse was a small shed that was locked up. There was a note on the door telling us to put five punts in an envelope and have a good time. The problem was we did not have clubs. There was no one around to rent clubs from so we thought we would just drive off the island and play elsewhere.

As we were driving east we saw a large establishment on

our left. Lavelle's had a huge parking lot and as we pulled in we saw a fellow on a ladder repairing something under the eaves of the pub. Joe got out and yelled to him: "Do you know where we could play some golf?" He climbed down from the ladder and approached us saying we could go right into Keel and play. "No, we can't seem to get any clubs there." Joe replied. To this, the gentleman blustered some colorful words and told us to go back.

"If Christy (I believe that was the name) didn't rent you some clubs you tell him I will kick his butt (or words similar but way more colorful)." We all had a laugh at that.

He then said if clubs were the only thing preventing us from golfing he could solve that problem. He popped open the trunk of a car and dug out two decent sets of clubs. "Here you go, bring them back when you're done," says he.

"You don't even know our name and you are giving us your clubs?"

"Not to worry," he says. "People don't steal things on Achill, off with ya." We were amazed by him. This was only the beginning of him amazing us.

As it turns out, we were going there for dinner that evening. We went in with our large group and after getting our drinks we located the gentleman who had given us the clubs and returned them. We invited him to share a drink with us and he told us his tale. (Or should I say tales).

If memory serves me, his name was Tom McCaferkey or something along those lines. He informed us that one of the sets of clubs we borrowed had been given to him by Senator John Glenn of Ohio. We were quite impressed.

It seems he had traveled to Cleveland in the early 80s and worked on his campaign. Since he didn't have a work permit,

he couldn't receive any money, so Senator Glenn had presented him with the clubs as a thank you.

Joe Cahill and I, along with my son's father in law, Tom McGinty, were fascinated; his stories were

captivating. He described in great detail how he had been awarded the golf clubs by Senator Glenn. My son, Joe Lardie, looked over, gave me a wink, and whispered "listen carefully".

Another round of drinks and the stories continued. He said he had originally immigrated to the States in the late 60s and had gotten drafted. "Really?" we chimed in. "Yes," says he, when I got to Viet Nam, I was so good at killing the enemy they were afraid I would end the war too fast so they sent me home."

He said this with as much seriousness as when he told us about the golf clubs. A quizzical look from Tom and Joe, and then another sip at our drinks. I mentioned that there was a group of Achill guys coming to golf in Cleveland that September and was wondering if he was coming with them. "Ah no", says he. "When I was working with John Glenn I also received some Astronaut training. The Russians have asked me to help with their space program so I have to go to Moscow that week."

We had been had. He kept telling taller tales till we got on to him. We all had a good laugh at how gullible we were.

Our group split up and went our separate ways for the next few days. When we next caught up with Tom and Mary Mc-Ginty, we were at Durty Nellies the night before our flight back. Tom said he had one more encounter with McCaferkev.

Tom, Mary and their family were walking thru Galway City when they heard someone yelling "Vote for George Voinovich, Vote for George Voinovich." Tom turned and there was our man from Achill on the steps of a building yelling to Tom that he had just been appointed George Voinovich's campaign manager.

The Blarney Stone may be in County Cork but the keeper of the Blarney resides on Achill Island at Ted Lavelle's Pub.

Irish or Any Stew Cook Off

The Sean MacBride Division AOH Trumbull County, Ohio teamed up with Trumbull Mobile Meals to sponsor the 1st Annual Half Way to St. Patrick's Day Party and Irish/Any Stew Cook Off. With live music by the Lords of Leisure Band, food, refreshments, gift basket raffles and the Burke School of Irish Dance, sixteen contestants in the Stew Cook Off competed for over \$600 in cash and prizes. Proceeds benefited the Sean MacBride Division Scholarship fund and Trumbull Mobile Meals.



Pictured left to right are: Sean MacBride Division AOH's Rick Ritchie, Trumbull Mobile Meals' Sandy Mathews & Barb Petiya, Susan Lombardi, 3rd Place Winner Mandie Schall, 2nd Place and People's Choice Winner Joe Sylvester & 1st Place Winner Martin McQuaide.

Ah, Big Ian, sure you spent the lion share of our life a roaring bigot, spewing your hateful, anti-Catholic vitriol wherever you went. Vowing No Surrender,' you poisoned Ireland, nay even the world, with your own brand of venom, promoting sectarianism and widening the political/social schism already dividing the people of Northern Ireland. Whether from the podium or the benches of parliament, you were relentless in your indictment of attempts to mollify the torment that characterised life in the North. For over thirty years, Mr. Paisley, you did your damndest to stir the pot of civil unrest while oddly enough denouncing the use of violence from your pulpit. But the infectious acidity of your words often spurred others to act, fanning the flames of hatred and distrust that frequently erupted in destruction and bloodshed.

Such was your legacy for most of my life and the lives of many. Then, something happened. Life in the North changed. You changed. The political fortunes of your party, the Democratic Unionist Party, surged to the fore. The divisiveness between nationalists and unionists, Catholics and Protestants, North and South seemed to soften, at least a bit in the late 1990s.

Backroom talks led to paramilitary ceasefires. Negotiations between opposing parties finally resulted in an agreement. A fledging Northern Irish government slowly emerged.

In 2007-2008, you seemed to make peace with your former enemy, Sinn Féin. The resulting thaw saw a kinder, gentler man emerge. In your defence, Big Ian, you said you were only following the will of the people, your people. Maybe so or maybe you experienced a God-moment, who can say, but you changed.

Now, after such a lifetime of

tumult and loathing, I still find it difficult to believe the new you was for real, but that's my problem. With your death, at 88 years, on 12 September in Belfast, your legacy, for good or ill, will live on. For my part, I can only add, please God, may you rest in peace.

Last month I wrote of my disappointment regarding Scotland's failed vote for independence. To quote Michael Cummings, writing in The Irish Echo: "At stake was nothing less than the vanity of the British political establishment and their 'major world power' delusions." I certainly share that opinion buoyed by all the last minute 'panic' clearly on display by PM Cameron and his political cohorts during the final run-up to polling day.

I also mentioned that despite the defeat, other countries harbouring similar independent desires might be so inspired. Scotland's failure to seek separation will likely dampen some efforts, but the Scottish concessions granted by England may offer a ray of hope. For the moment, though, a push by Northern Irish for autonomy is unlikely. With the Principle of Consent [sustaining the will of the majority of the people of NI to remain a part of the UK or not] is a cornerstone element of the Good Friday Peace Agreement.

To threaten that clause of the accord would be to jeopardize the still fragile peace process currently forged between nationalist and unionist parties. Differences between the two communities still remain volatile as reflected in the difficulty they're having resolving the controversial questions surrounding the flying of flags, the holding of parades and the settling of issues regarding NI's past.

Speaking of recent letters to you, I must confess a small but significant error. In Octo-

ber, when I first took former Irish leader John Bruton to task for some of his critical 1916 comments, I stated that Ireland fought a "twentymonth" War for Independence [1919-1921]. Shame on me. It wasn't a "twenty-month" war but a "thirty-month" conflict. For the life of me, I don't know how I made that mistake... must be creeping old age. Again referencing John Bru-

ton, a man who has a habit of getting up republican noses, a loyal reader wrote, reminding me that as a former taoiseach, John Bruton commands a very generous annual stipend of €140,000 from the Irish government. Wow, talk about biting the hand that feeds you! The reader also mentioned Bruton's public gaffe committed during a radio chat show in Cork City back in the mid-1990s. When a reporter asked Bruton about the on-going northern Irish peace process, he replied, "I am sick of answering questions about the f**king peace process." He later apologised for this rudeness.

Another reader wrote encouraging me to continue "stirring the pot" over the Irish government's failure to champion a definitive 2016 commemoration plan. Most recently, Diarmaid Ferriter, a professor of modern Irish history at University College Dublin, penned a strong

opinion in a recent issue of the Irish Times [18 October].

Writing under the headline "Mystery of €4 million Budget allocation to 1916 commemorations," Ferriter wrote: "Aside from funds previously committed to capital projects, including a GPO interpretive centre, €4 million was allocated in this week's budget for 1916 commemorations, but what such commemorations will involve remains a mystery. In Dublin last weekend, 250 relatives of 1916 combatants gathered to complain that they had received no information on what was being planned. They are not the only people being kept in the dark: members of the Government-appointed expert advisory group on commemorations, myself included, have repeatedly asked for

concrete information on what the plans are and we have been stonewalled." Ferriter concluded his observation by stating: "Either those plans do not exist, or they are an even bigger secret than were the plans for the Rising itself."

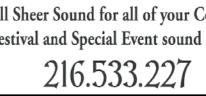
It's time for you to put pen to paper or email Taoiseach Enda Kenny. Time is growing short.

Now, with Samhain threatening to ensnare me in its winter blanket of cold, I bid you all a most Happy Christmas. My the good Lord keep a bright flame burning before you; may He keep a guiding star shining above you; may a smooth path stretch onward beneath your feet; and may a kindly shepherd always have your back...today and evermore. Up '16, no royals and Éire Abú, Cathal

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My wedding cake was a traditional Irish Christmas cake, all three white-fondant-covered tiers of it.

16

When I was 18, I had a very different idea of what my wedding cake would look and taste like. I imagined some-

thing elegant and refined, with artfully crafted frosting flowers cartwheeling up and down five epic tiers.

As a wedding server during my last summer before university, I sampled upwards of 20 different

cakes. After the nuptial celebrations had come to an end, there were always leftovers, and we servers would sneak slices in the kitchen prep room between dirty dish drop-offs. (Busing was the worst and stickiest part



My favorites included marble with rich vanilla frosting; vanilla sponge cake filled with layers of fresh berries and topped with chocolate frosting; and chocolate-on-chocolate cake (a rare but fantastic combination for the bravest of chocolaphile brides).

As you can see, Irish Christmas cake was not on the list. When my fiancée and I decided to get married in Belfast, however, I quickly realized that my cake expectations needed to change.

For one thing, wedding cakes in Ireland are not all the rage like they are in America, where love-struck couples pay upwards of \$1,000 or more for the fanciest of cakes.

So in an effort to make a potentially expensive and complicated process much simpler, I walked into the local Marks & Spencer's two days before we tied the knot and retrieved three round and differently sized Christmas cakes, which my future mother-in-law had pre-ordered.

These round white discs would later be organized on a silver dessert tray, each wrapped at the base with aubergine ribbon, the very top tier adorned with an assortment of autumn-colored flowers.

My cake set me back 100 pounds, less than \$200. I got a deal.

What I wasn't expecting was that I'd like it. I loved it actually, all the dark, crumbly, dense, Christmas-fruity mess that is firmly held together with fondant (edible, of course, although sometimes, it seems like it shouldn't be). It looked simple, but beautiful. And even though it wasn't what I'd imaged at 18, it was perfect.

The funniest moment came when it was time to cut the cake. In my mind, the beautiful silver knife would slide right through the cake as Michael and I gripped the handle, hand over hand. Just before the actual event, we paused for a moment while everyone took pictures of our glowing faces, then we pressed down it was like cutting concrete. I quickly let go of the knife and Michael pressed into the white rock with all of his strength, and finally, the cake gave way. I sighed with relief.

DECEMBER 2014

To this day, on Christmas trips back to the home country, I bring back that delightful cake from Marksy's (as Marks & Spencer's is fondly called in Ireland). I then proceed to eat every last bit of that

Christmas cake during the first and bleakest weeks of January in Chicago.

For those of you who are wondering, we did not save the top tier for our firstborn's Christening. It was devoured only a few days after the wedding.

I have my cake and eat it too.

Carol's Fruit Cake

This is a family recipe and an American version of fruitcake.

34 cup brown sugar

1 cup butter

4 well beaten eggs

2 tbsp. sour cream

6 tbsp. cold water

2 tsp. cinnamon

2 tsp. nutmeg (freshly ground if possible)

2 ¾ cups flour

1 tsp. baking soda

2 tbsp. whisky

1 oz. orange extract

1 oz. lemon extract

34 cup maple syrup

1-2 tsp. vanilla

½ lb. pineapple

1/4 lb. cherries

½ lb. citron or cherries

1 lb. dates

1 lb. seeded raisins or mixed dried fruits

1 cup nuts (walnuts recommended)

Cut up fruit and soak in liquid* overnight; make cake as usual** and fold in fruit; grease fruit cake pans and line with wax paper; fill pans around 2/3 full; bake in the oven at 275 F for 1 1/2 - 2 hours with a pan of water in the oven.

*Soak fruit in water, just enough to cover fruit; cover with plastic wrap and set in refrigerator.

**'Usual' refers to mixing the wet ingredients together and the dry ingredients together and then slowly combining the two.





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The Strangled Impulse

By William King The Lilliput Press 2014 ISBN: 978 1 84351 6217 189 pp.

The Strangled Impulse, by priest and writer William King, takes its title from the quotation: 'For the strangled impulse, there is no redemption.' a quote by Patrick Kavanaugh.

It is a fictional story of an Irish priest who was ordained in the early seventies. He was young, idealistic and eager to shatter the image of the staid generation of priests who had gone

before him. Priests like him made a concerted effort to bond with their parishioners, especially with the youth clubs where teenagers called them by their first names.

Over time, the gloss began to wear off and the demands of the sacrifice of celibacy, in particular, began to be felt. Fr. Brian O'Neill, the book's protagonist, becomes enamored of a married teacher in the parish school. Realizing the

path he is headed down, he prays constantly for guidance. Eventually he succumbs to the impulse for sex and has a torrid affair with the teacher. Fr.

O'Neill has thoughts about leaving but somehow is able to overcome them.

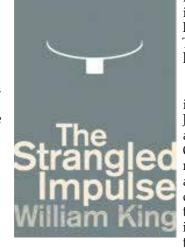
The issue of celibacy is not the only thing that the book portrays. Events in the hierarchy of the church itself also trouble him, though they pale in comparison with more recent events: a bishop fathers a child, another bishop absconds with his housekeeper, and the widespread priestly abuse cases and their cover-up by the church.

Eventually Fr. O'Neill is able to right himself, and strive to become the man of God he always dreamed of becoming. This book was originally published

in 1997, but reissued in 2014 by Lilliput Press. I found it to be a TOP SHELF read and highly recommend it.

**Terrence J. Kenneally is owner of Terrence J. Kenneally & Associates Co. in Rocky River, Ohio. He specializes in representing insured's and their insurance companies throughout the state of Ohio in insurance defense litigation. He also has a Mas-

ters of Irish Studies from John Carroll University and presently teaches Irish Studies at Holy Name High School. He can be reached at terry@tjkenneally.com.



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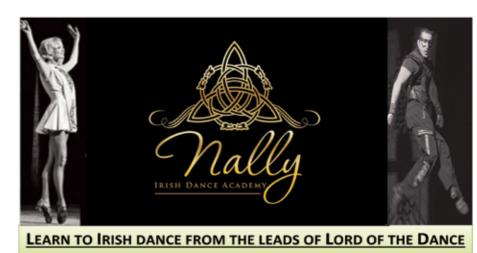
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Laminacions

By J. Michael Finn



Eoin MacNeill and The Irish Volunteers Part 1

Eoin MacNeill is noted for many positive contributions to Irish history, though his role has been controversial and is often obscured by other more revolutionary figures of his time. Because he had such an interesting career, we will look at his life in two columns, the first dealing with his life up to the formation and arming of the Irish Volunteers and the second part dealing with the balance of his life, including his controversial involvement with the 1916 Easter Rising.

MacNeill was born John MacNeill on May 15, 1867 in Glenarm, County Antrim, Ireland. He was the sixth of eight children born to Archibald MacNeill, a baker, sailor and merchant, and his wife Rosetta (Macauley) MacNeill. The MacNeill family attached considerable importance to education as evidenced by the success of all of their children.

MacNeill was profoundly influenced by his upbringing in the Glens of Antrim, a Catholic area which still retained the Irish language. MacNeill received his early education in local schools, and his college education at St Malachy's College, Belfast, where he received a Modern Languages scholarship. He received degrees in constitutional history, jurisprudence and political economy in 1888.

Beginning in 1887, MacNeill took up the study of the Irish language. In 1890 he began to study Old and Middle Irish in his spare time. This led him to study Irish history and to learn spoken Irish through regular visits to the Aran Islands. He also began using the Irish form of his first name, changing his name from John to Eoin. In 1908, he was appointed professor of early Irish History at

University College Dublin.
On July 31, 1893, MacNeill and Irish language
scholar Douglas Hyde
founded the Gaelic
gue (in Irish, Conradh na

League (in Irish, Conradh na Gaeilge) in Dublin. The League became the leading organization promoting the Gaelic Revival through the medium of the Irish Language. Its impact was felt on Irish literature, theater, dancing, and sport. It was

through the League that many future political leaders and rebels first met, laying the foundation for other nationalist groups. It was the first major Irish organization to accept the membership of women on an equal footing with male members.

From 1893 to 1897 MacNeill acted as secretary to the Gaelic League. MacNeill edited the various newspapers of the League: the Gaelic Journal (1894–1897), co-edited Fáinne an Lae (1898–1899), and became the first editor of An Claidheamh Soluis (1899–1901). In 1898 he nominated Patrick Pearse as a

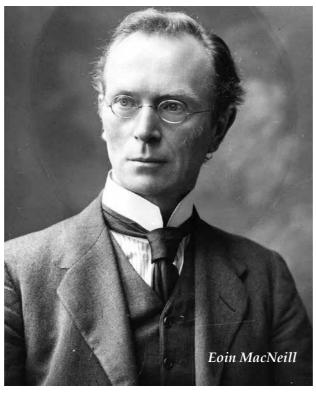
member of the Gaelic League executive, and they worked together on the publications committee. They subsequently became good friends.

Ireland at this time was experiencing both a Gaelic and a political revolution. On September 28, 1912 at Belfast City Hall 250,000 Unionists signed the Ulster Solemn League and Covenant (some signed with their own blood) to resist, in arms if necessary, the implementation of Home Rule in Ireland. The Home Rule Bill had been passed by Parliament, but had not yet been implemented in

Ireland. The Covenant signing was followed in January 1913 with the formation of the Ulster Volunteers, an organization composed of armed Unionists specifically to oppose the implementation of the Home Rule bill in Ireland by force.

Bulmer Hobson, a member

of the secret Irish Republican Brotherhood (IRB), believed the IRB should use the formation of the Ulster Volunteers as an "excuse to try to persuade the public to form an Irish volunteer force." The IRB could not move to organize a volunteer force themselves. Any action by an organization favoring physical force against the Crown would be stopped, even though



the Unionists in the North had done the same thing. Thus, the IRB began secret discussions regarding the creation of an open organization of the Irish Volunteers in January 1913.

Hobson knew he would need a highly regarded figure as a public face that would conceal the reality of IRB control; he found Eoin MacNeill the ideal candidate. As Professor of Early and Medieval History at University College Dublin, MacNeill's academic credentials, integrity and reputation as a political moderate had widespread public appeal.

The O'Rahilly (Michael Joseph O'Rahilly), assistant editor and circulation manager of the Gaelic League newspaper An Claidheamh Soluis (The Sword of Light), encouraged Mac-Neill to write an article for the paper. The O'Rahilly suggested to MacNeill that it should be on some wide subject rather than just the language. It was this suggestion which gave rise to MacNeill's article The North Began, which gave the Irish Volunteers its public origins. On November 1, 1913, MacNeill's article suggesting the formation of an Irish volunteer organization used to defend Ireland was published.

Hobson then asked The

O'Rahilly to suggest to MacNeill that he call a conference in order to make arrangements for publicly starting the new movement. MacNeill was unaware of the IRB's preplanning, which had secretly been conducted, but he was aware of Hobson's political leanings. He was aware of the purpose as to why he was chosen to lead the organization, but he was also determined not to be a puppet.

The Irish Volunteers was

publicly launched on November 25, 1913, with their first public meeting and membership rally held at the Rotunda in Dublin. The hall was filled to its 4,000 person capacity, with another 3,000 outside. Speakers at the rally included MacNeill and Patrick Pearse. Among the first members enrolled at the meeting were well known nationalists and future revolutionaries (and IRB members) like Patrick Pearse, Joseph Plunkett, Thomas MacDonogh, Eamonn Caennt, Sean MacDiarmada, Liam Mellows and The O'Rahilly. MacNeill was elected

as Honorable Secretary. The IRB had successfully seeded the organization with its members.

The manifesto of the Volunteers, approved at the November 25 meeting, stated the organization's objectives were "to secure and maintain the rights and liberties common to the whole people of Ireland." The manifesto further stated that their duties were to be defensive, contemplating neither "aggression nor domination." In the following months the movement spread throughout the country, with thousands more joining every week.

Shortly after the formation of the Irish Volunteers, the British Parliament banned the importation of weapons into Ireland. Then on April 25, 1914, the Ulster Volunteers successfully imported 24,000 rifles into Larne in County Antrim. Mac-Neil and the Irish Volunteers realized that they would have to follow suit. The O'Rahilly, Sir Roger Casement and Bulmer Hobson worked together to coordinate a gun-running expedition into Howth, just north of Dublin, on July 26, 1914. Erskine Childers brought nearly 1,000 rifles, purchased from Germany, to the harbor and distributed them to the waiting Irish Volunteers, without interference from the authorities.

Now the Irish Volunteers, under the leadership of MacNeill, were armed. But many more challenges awaited MacNeill as he attempted to control the organization he had created, while its more revolutionary members sought to use it for other purposes. Next month we will look at MacNeill's coming struggles as Easter 1916 approaches.

*J. Michael Finn is the Ohio State Historian for the Ancient Order of Hibernians and Division Historian for the Patrick Pearse Division in Columbus, Ohio. He is also Chairman of the Catholic Record Society for the Diocese of Columbus, Ohio. He writes on Irish and Irish-American history; Ohio history and Ohio Catholic history. You may contact him at FCoolavin@aol.com.

View From Ireland

By Maurice Fitzpatrick



Calvary Redux

The credits had hardly rolled on John Michael McDonagh's new film, Calvary, before a pointless spate of controversy, generated by the director himself, threatened to subsume the genuine worth of his sequel to The Guard (2011) in a public row. At issue was the quality or otherwise of Irish films. More about that later.

Calvary is in every sense a

follow-up to McDonagh's first feature, The Guard (a third film would certainly be welcome to form a trilogy). This film involves just as equally compelling a performance from the protagonist as its predecessor, played by Brendan Gleeson on both occasions. In Calvary he is a priest. The priest's swaying soutane and the Garda uniform in small town Ireland are still the clearest symbols of community, and touchstones of communitarian common cause, although trust in them has been greatly diminished by scandals in the recent past. It is therefore appropriate that McDonagh, in his demythologisation of small town Ireland, cast Gleeson first as a guard and now as a priest. In neither role does Glesson fulfill the stereotypical function of his uniform or cloth: instead, he restlessly seeks to rehabilitate the role and make it meaningful in a changed Ireland. Just as the Garda was irreverent and brutish, the priest is flawed, yet both characters are good people determined in their own quirky

manner to serve the public.

Many other parallels to The Guard come to mind—in both films, a black man, a deliberate anomaly in a rural Irish drama, plays a central character; both feature a precocious child, albeit a somewhat miscast one, who is a keen observer of the world; both films are

elevated at moments by gorgeous images captured by cinematographer Larry Smith.

In Calvary, too, Patrick Campbell's magisterial music score and his choice of songs sees 'The Beatitudes' in Irish followed by Calvary's theme song, which, in sounding almost foreign, was just the musical transportation that the film required. And foreignness is a desirable effect since Calvary sets the most unlikely characters side-by-side. Some sensibilities may be offended by the presence of a lippy New Jersey rent boy in small town Ireland beside a frighteningly insensitive hospital doctor. Then there is a misanthropic Celtic Tiger aristocrat, determined to regain his soul, using Fr. James as a handler. Another character who comes closer to the bone in this film is a pub owner, played by Pat Shortt, whose premises is about to be repossessed by the bank, and who instances the Catholic Church's theft of Jewish wealth and collusion with the Nazi regime as adequate evidence that the church has no moral authority to pontificate to those who overex-

tended themselves financially. Scenes in Calvary switch very rapidly and, for the most part, effectively. One scene that sounded a rare duff note saw Fr. James passing the time of day with a young girl, a visitor to the locality, only to have her father pull up in his car in high dudgeon, concerned that his daughter is being pumped by a priest. The personal insult, the condemnation by association, the harsh public perception of a very individual and private priest, pushes Fr. James to drink—but the dramatic context and chain of causation do not seem authentic.

The burning of the church in this film, like many churches that have been burned in Ireland in the past fifteen years, is done with malicious intent. Only the stone altar remains after the arson attack. It is set against the sea as a symbolic sole remnant of a ruined church, still somehow standing in spite of such assaults. Through exploring such

themes in Calvary, McDonagh shows a new form of Catholicism possible in Ireland in 2014: the church's ecclesiastic dogmas are exchanged for the pastoral sympathy of a priest such as Fr. James, who embodies a capacity to endure the worst abuses of a disaffected community. Gleeson is at his most solid and convincing in this respect: he holds his character's position with dignity and has clear concern for the hurt that people have experienced. That said, the director is careful not to allow matters to become overly solemn. The dialogue sparkles, moving the action at a good tempo, leavened throughout by the McDonagh trademark wit for which his playwright brother is also famed.

Now back to McDonagh's comments on Irish film: he who damns shall be saved? Calvary

is one of the very few genuinely Irish films ever to squarely face issues of the meaning of life. So it is a pity that Mc-Donagh wants to distance himself from the Irish film-making tradition. As he stated in an interview: "I'm not a fan of Irish movies, I don't find them to be that technically accomplished and I don't find them that intelligent... So I'm trying to get away from the description of the movie as an Irish film in a way." That wasn't very nice, and neither is it accurate. The film is set in Sligo with an Irish cast, and McDonagh is of Irish extraction. McDonagh's comment is implausible.

How will the BIFA (British Independent Film Awards) assess Calvary in early December, remembering that its counterpart, IFTA (Irish Film and Television Awards) gave it the Best Film plaudit? Does this film present an Ireland for Britain, with its director jeering Irish films and filmmakers along the way as a bonus? Surely it is possible to analyse films, including those set in Ireland, independently of such limited criteria? Steve

McQueen, who in 2008 made Hunger (for my money one of the best "Irish" films of the past decade) happened to be an Englishman, although he made no to do about the fact. At the risk of tempting fate it seems likely that BIFA will give Calvary an award, but will do so for the film's own proper merits.

Whether or not BIFA claim McDonagh as their own, and whether or not McDonagh wishes to acknowledge Calvary's self-evident Irishness, it still feels like the second expression of an Irish film trilogy. A better line of inquiry than all this speculation about national appropriation might be: if McDonagh makes another Irish film what subject matter will spark his interest next?

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Stone Mad

7th - Irish Session, 21st - Annual Chestnuts Roasting on an Open Fire Party w/ The Ohio City Singers, 28th - Chris Allen, 31st - Annual Irish New Year's Eve Celebration. Live music entertainment every

Cleveland

Sunday. Traditional Irish Session 1st Sunday of ea/month, Happy Hour Monday-Friday 4 to 7. 1306 West 65th Street Cleveland 44102 216-281-6500

Flat Iron Café

5th - Becky Boyd & Claudia Schieve, 12th – Jimmy O, 19th - Donal O'Shaughnessy, 26th -Cats On Holiday. 1114 Center St. Cleveland 44113-2406 216. 696.6968. www.flatironcafe.com

Treehouse

7th - Craic Brothers; 14th -Thor Platter; 21st - Customer Christmas Party w Cats on Holiday, 28th – brokENglish. 820 College Avenue, Cleveland, 44113 www.treehousecleveland.com

PJ McIntyre's

3rd - Monthly Pub Quiz w/ Mike D 7pm, 5th - Iced Cherry, 6th - THE PRODIGALS - "A night to remember Bob & Cathy Kasper" \$20 in kind donation, 12th - Smug Saints, 13th - Stone Pony Toys for Tots Event, 18th - Craic Bros, 19th - Carlos Jones, 20th - New Barleycorn, 21st - PJS **Annual Customer Appreciation** Party.- \$3 Xmas Ale, Free Food, Music, 25th - MERRY Christmas! Open @7pm, 26th - VelvetShake, 27th - PJ's Irish Christmas Show- Music by Marys Lane, Brittany Reilly Band and the Roundabouts starts @5pm. No

Cleveland

Cover! 31st - New Year's Eve BashAmazing- Call Pub for Details.Don't forget T-Shirt Tues: wear any PJs T-Shirt get 15% off bill! Whiskey Wed: ½ off every whiskey in the house. Thurs - Craft Beer \$2.50. New Craft Beer Regrigerator. PJ McIntyre's is a Local 10 Union establishment. Home of the Celtic Supporter's Club and the GAA. Book all your parties & Events in our Bridgie Ned's Irish Parlor Party Room. 17119 Lorain Road, 44111. www.pjmcintyres.com 216-941-9311.

West Park Station

'Merican Mondays & Trivia Night 7pm. Tues: Roll Call-discounted drinks for all Fire, Police, Military & Med Professionals 9pm. Wed: Karaoke 10pm. Thur: Girl's Night 10pm. Sun: SIN Night 9pm. 17015 Lorain Avenue Cleveland 44111 www.westparkstation.com. (216) 476-2000.

Flannery's Pub

323 East Prospect, Cleveland 44115 216.781.7782 www.flannerys.com

Columbus

Shamrock Club Events

Happy Hour every Friday from 5-7pm! 60 W. Castle Rd. Columbus 43207 614-491-4449 www. shamrockclubofcolumbus.com

Tara Hall

Traditional Irish music w General Guinness Band & Friends 2nd Friday 8:00 - 11:00pm. No Cover. Tara Hall 274 E. Innis Ave. Columbus, 43207 614.444.5949.



Brigid's Cross: 12th – Hooley House Brooklyn, 13th – Hooley House Westlake, 20th - Hooley House Mentor



The Prodigals: 6th – Pj McIntyre's

Euclid

Irish American Club East Side 5th - Mad Macs, 12th - Pork Tenderloin Club Dinner w Shifty Drifters, 19th - Kevin McCarthy. PUB: 7:30 – 10:30. IACES 22770 Lake Shore Blvd. Euclid, 44123. 216.731.4003 www. irishamericanclubeastside.org

Findlay

Logan's Irish Pub

Trad Sessiún 3rd Wednesday. 414 South Main Street, Findlay 45840 419.420.3602 www. logansirishpubfindlay.com

Lakewood

Beck Center for the Arts 5th – 7th, 12th – 14th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 26th – 28th – Mary Poppins, 6th – Super Saturday @BeckCenter, Holiday Tea, 12th – 14th, 19th – 21st, –Hillbilly Holiday. 17801 Detroit Avenue Lakewood 44107 (216) 521-2540 www.beckcenter.org Plank Road Tavern

Open Sessiún Every Thursday 7 – 10. \$3 Guinness and Jamieson. 16719 Detroit Avenue, 44107

Medina

Sully's

5th - Michael Crawley & Co, 6th - New Barleycorn, 12th -Mossy Moran, 13th - Craic Bros, 19th - Marys Lane, 20th - Donal O'Shaughnessy, 26th -Smug Saints, 27th - Wood Brothers, 31st - New Years Eve w/ the Music Men: No Cover., Champagne Toast @Midnight. 117 West Liberty Medina, 44256 www.sullysmedina.com

Mentor

Hooley House
5th - Jeff Soukup Band,
6th - Post Road, 12th – Collage, 13th - Big in Japan, 19th
- Abby Normal, 20th - Brigid's
Cross, 26th - Charlie in the Box,
27th - Abbey Rodeo, 31st - New
Years Eve Bash. All starts @9:30.
Every Tuesday - Open Mic w
Nick Zuber, Every Wednesday
- Trivia Night. 7861 Reynolds
Rd Mentor www.1funpub.
com (440) 942-6611..

Olmsted Township

West Side Irish American Club 4th – RISE Foundation Fundraiser, 13th – Andy Cooney Dinner & Concert, 14th – Children's Christmas Party, 31st – New Year's Eve Dance. Great food & live music in the Pub every Friday-starts @5:30. WSIA Club 8559 Jennings Rd. 44138 www. wsia-club.org. 440-235-5868...

Westlake

Hooley House.

5th - New Barlycorn, 6th - Big in Japan, 12th - Top Dog, 13th - Brigid's Cross, 19th - Sunset Strip, 20th - Almost Famous, 26th - Breakfast Club, 27th -Cocktail Johnny, 31st - New Years Eve Bash. Live Music on the Patio Every Friday, 5p.m.! 24940 Sperry Dr Westlake 44145. 1FunPub.com (440) 835-2890

Willoughby

Mullarkey's

5th – Madison Crawl Trio, 6th – Kevin McCarthy, 12th – Eric Butler – 19th – Mo Andrews, 20th – Dan McCoy, 26th – Brendan Burt Band, 27th – The Thrifters. Wed: Karaoke, Thurs: Ladies Night w/ D.J. 4110 Erie Street www.mullarkeys.com

Mayo Sinn Féin Councillor Rose Conway-Walsh Invites Irish Americans to be part of Movement for Change

Mayo Sinn Féin Councillor Rose Conway-Walsh enjoyed her first ever visit to Cleveland in October. As well as participating fully in all of the events associated with the 2014 World Convention of Mayo Societies held in the Westin Hotel, she attended a welcoming reception at PJ McIntyre's, organized by Jack Kilroy and Friends of Sinn Fein in Cleveland.

Speaking at the reception she said, "For years I have heard about the great welcome in Cleveland for people from home and how the Conway's, Campbells, Leneghans, Conways, Murrays, Morans, McGowans and others looked after visitors and emigrants alike. Now I have experienced it myself I know it's true. The home baking, so traditional to Achill and brought to PJ McIntyre's, combined with the warmth, humour and kindness of those I met made for a truly memorable evening. I want to sincerely thank you all for your good work and Jack Kilroy and Friends of Sinn Féin in Cleveland for choos-

"Indeed, when I first ran for election in 2004, Dan Campbell, who enjoyed many happy years in Cleveland before returning to Ballycroy, was my Campaign Manager. He often talked about Cleveland and his brother John, who I had the pleasure of meeting a couple of years ago. We remember them both and the contribution they made to a better Ireland. Although they and many others who believed in the reunification of Ireland are no longer with us, their legacy lives on and is now gathering momentum.

ing the "Bridgie Ned" Room.

"As we come out of the Local and European Elections in Ireland where I was re-elected to Mayo County Council, covering the West Mayo Area stretching from Blacksod to Leenane, we now more than ever need to think about how we can play our part in ensuring we shape

the Republic as envisaged in the 1916 Proclamation.

"These were the most successful elections for Sinn Féin since the landmark elections of 1918. We now have four MEPs covering all corners of the 32 counties and 159 County and City Councillors working with a team of 14 Sinn Féin TDs, and 3 Senators in the Oireachtas, joining with 5 Sinn Féin MPs, 29 MLAs and 105 Councillors in the North. Sinn Fein is truly an all Ireland party.

"So why did almost half a million people give their first preference vote to Sinn Féin in May? Why have the Irish electorate deserted the Government they voted for in such huge numbers just 36 months ago? The message continuously repeated by the Fine Gael/Labour government to Irish citizens living abroad and indeed to those living at home is that we have turned a corner and we are now on the way up with increasing growth and employment and a reducing deficit. The truth is that the devastating impact of crippling the nation by

austerity measures has left thousands of families and communities struggling to survive. "The reality is

that almost 250,000 Irish citizens have emigrated in the last six years. This is not normal in any first world country. High unemployment, inequality in accessing basic healthcare, education and welfare support, coupled with ever increasing taxes and levies is intolerable for many individuals and families.

"Many Irish people living abroad will have experienced some of these taxes with the second home charge - the Non-Principal Private Residence Tax (NPPR).

For those who have only become aware of this tax, the bill now amounts to €7,200 --a €1,000 principal sum of €200 over five years and €5,200 in penalties and interest! The penalties imposed on those who genuinely did not know about the NPPR tax is unjust and unfair. We cannot pretend to welcome emigrants with one hand and fleece them with the other. Our relationship with the Irish Community living abroad must be based on sincerity, honesty, openness and mutual respect.

"While recent years have seen very many positive changes in the lives of people living in the North of Ireland, the full and proper implementation of the Good Friday and other Agreements must be a priority for all of us. Right from the beginning of the Peace Process, Irish America and the US Administration have played a vital role. Most recently Richard Haass and Megan O'Sullivan brought forward recommendations to resolve outstanding issues including parades, flags and emblems. These recommendations

were accepted by Sinn Féin but were rejected by Unionists. "The arms-length approach

by the two governments suits those who are opposed to Peace and opposed to the Good Friday Agreement. The focus of the two governments, who, after all, are the joint guarantors of the Good Friday Agreement with joint and co-equal responsibility for its implementation, is on the forthcoming Elections. The British General Election will be held in May 2015 and the Irish General Election has to be held before March 2016.

"We have called on the US to use its positive influence to get the governments and those blocking progress to live up to their commitment to the Good Friday Agreement, which provides for peaceful and democratic routes to the solution of political and constitutional issues.

"Sinn Fein will continue to offer an alternative based on equality and fairness. As laid out in the 1916 Proclamation, all the children of the nation

will be cherished equally. Ireland is still one of the wealthiest countries in Europe.

"However, the gap between the richest and the poorest continues to widen and the disparities between the regions is more pronounced that ever. We have vast natural resources, including our oil and gas off our coast, which Sinn Féin believes belong to the Irish people and should be processed for the benefit of the Irish people.

"More and more people are turning to Sinn Féin; there is now a real movement for change. I invite you to support us in Sinn Féin and grasp this chance to shape the real Republic, to contribute to the

building of a new Ireland. "Irish Americans need to be part of this change – it is the vision that we all share. We are rapidly approaching the 100th Anniversary of that seminal moment in Irish history, the Rising of 1916. As individuals, as families, as Diaspora communities and as organizations, we invite you to get involved in 1916 Centenary Commemorations and to claim your right to have your say in the shaping of the

Country we all call home."

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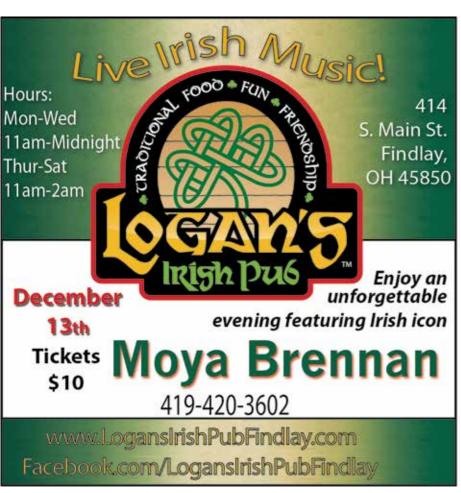
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It was time to research. Through family tales, I'd heard the names Ganley, Burgoon, and Duncan tossed around.

My mother says her mother, Katherine Ganley, was Irish, born in Boston. My father says his mother, Irene Burgoon, had Irish roots, too,though she was born in Pennsylvania.

That would add up to me being about 51% Irish.

With their names and birth dates and birth locations, I logged onto Ancestry. com again, and started to research. And for the past nine months, I've devoted every free minute to researching my ancestors. It's been tough; and frustrating; and painstaking.

But it's also been incredibly rewarding, because I now know where I've come from, and whom I have to thank for being in the U.S. here today.

I discovered a story of a dirt-poor 11-year-old boy who came to the U.S. from Ireland. He became a blacksmith, married, had children, lost children, and died in a poor house. To this day he has no stone marking his grave.

But his son rose to the highest echelons of U.S. society, playing squash-tennis at The Harvard Club in New York City; opening country clubs across the U.S. and having his name printed time and time again in the New York Times, the New Yorker and other high-brow publications.

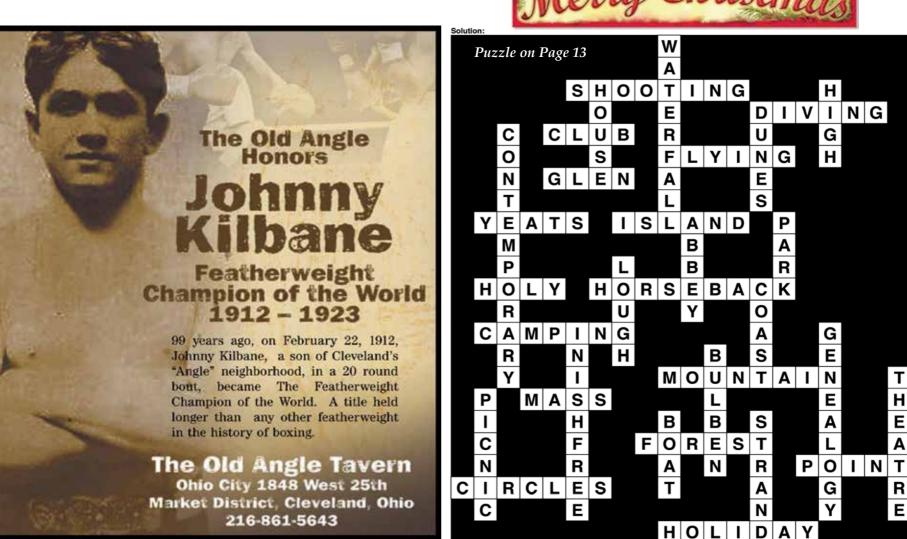
In one generation, my ancestors went from what my mother called "shanty Irish to lace curtain Irish." They lived the American dream. A tale I hope to share with you in this very column in months to come.

To learn more about Ancestry.com and its DNA kit, visit www.Ancestry.com. To order the National Geographic genome-project and its DNA kit, visit www.NationalGeographic.com.

*Katherine Boyd is an Emmyaward winning writer and reporter. She's worked in TV, radio, newspaper and the web. She's a proud fourth generation Irish-American.

Email: KatherineBoyd216@gmail.com.





A Life of Service, Serves On

By Dennis Joyce

Father John J. Cregan spent his life serving others. Born June 2, 1935, he was the fourth of six children born to Joseph and Florence Cregan. Joseph, their only other son, died as an infant. John Cregan and his four sisters, Mary Therese, Margaret, Rita, and Florence, were raised in Cleveland's West Park neighborhood and attended St. Vincent De Paul grade school. The Cregan family later became parishioners of St. Mel Church once it was established in 1945.

After graduating from St. Ignatius High School in 1953, he had a career choice to make – follow in his father's footsteps as a Cleveland Police Officer, or become a Priest. The priesthood won, and the soon to be Fr. Cregan went on to complete his studies St. Meinrad Minor Seminary in Indiana, Borromeo Seminary, and St. Mary Seminary. Father Cregan was ordained a Priest in the Diocese of Cleveland on May 20, 1961. He celebrated his first Mass at St. Mel Church the next day, May 21, 1961.

Over the next fifty years, Father Cregan selflessly gave of himself and served others in so many capacities. He served as Associate Pastor at St. Joseph in Strongsville, Blessed Sacrament in Cleveland, and St. Thomas More in Brooklyn. In 1974, he returned to Blessed Sacrament Church as Pastor and served

NOVEMBER

LIVE MUSIC Fri. Nov. 1st - the Bar Flies

Fri. Nov. 7th - The Higbees

Fri. Nov. 14th - The Bar Flies, Sat. Nov. 15th - Brent Kirby

Fri. Nov. 21st - Walking Cane

Sat. Nov. 22nd - Kristine Jackson

Fri. Nov. 28th & Sat. Nov. 29th

The New Barleycorn

that parish for thirteen years before being named as Pastor of Our Lady of Angles Church in West Park in 1987. Father Cregan remained as Pastor of OLA for twenty-three years, before retiring in August of 2010.

The priesthood wasn't the only way that Father Cregan served the residents of Cleveland during those years. In 1968 he began serving others in a different fashion. That year, he was

named as the Catholic Chaplin of the Cleveland Police Department. It was a role that he served with honor and pride for over 40 years.

It was not an easy assignment and he spent many hours counseling police officers and their families during the most difficult times of their lives. He was there with them when they were injured or suffering and, unfortunately, on many occasions, he had the unbearable task of informing a family, often a young wife and mother, that their loved one would never be coming home again. Father Cregan spent much of his time with officers and their families praying, crying, consoling, and counseling; 24 hours a day, 7 days a week - whenever they were in need, he was there

Police Chaplain, he was able to combine both of the career choices he contemplated after high school and was able to serve others in many different capacities since, for half a century. He truly embodied his high school's mission and famous motto, "men for others." Shortly after his retirement

from Our Lady of Angels in 2010, Father Cregan's health began to decline. When he was no longer able to live alone; he moved to EnnisCourt Assisted Living and Skilled Nursing facility in Lakewood, Ohio. While at EnnisCourt, Father



Cregan spent a lot of time talking with residents, staff and many visitors. While able, Father Cregan concelebrated daily mass at EnnisCourt. Even as his health worsened, he never lost his legendary sense of humor and ability to tell a joke. Father Cregan was a resident of EnnisCourt for five months, prior to his death on May 17, 2012.

Father Cregan made such a lasting impression to the entire EnnisCourt community that at a memorial Mass on the one year anniversary of his death, Ennis-Court president and administrator, Patrice Campbell, announced EnnisCourt's planned chapel would be named "The Rev. John

Cregan Chapel at EnnisCourt."

Currently, EnnisCourt does not have a chapel. Mass is offered daily in the main dining room, which means every day the room must be prepared for Mass and then transformed back into the dining room afterward. A chapel fund was established in 2007 by Robert Gallagher, longtime friend of EnnisCourt, after the death of his mother, Lila Gallagher, who was a resident of EnnisCourt.

Since that time, donations have been made to the chapel fund in memory of departed loved ones. In 2013, as the one year anniversary of Father Cregan's death approached, Mr. Gallagher suggested that the planned chapel be named in honor of Father Cregan.

No date has been set for construction of the chapel, although EnnisCourt is committed to building the chapel soon, hopefully in the coming year. The estimated cost to construct the chapel is \$800,000.

Fund-raising efforts have been put into full force over the past year and a half. In October of 2013, family and friends of Father Cregan held a fundraiser, led by Cathy Sabolik, long-time friend of Father Cregan, and parishioner of OLA. The fundraiser was held at the Cleveland Police Patrolman's Association Hall and sold over 600 tickets and raised \$30,000 for the chapel fund!

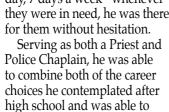
The following year, on October 25, 2014, another fundraiser by

the Cregan family and Cathy Sabolik was held at Our Lady of Angels Linus Hall. Over 400 tickets were sold and another \$22,000 was raised for the chapel fund.

Additional fundraisers have also been held by Emmett Donelon and family to help raise money for construction of the chapel. Beginning in March of 2013, Mr. Donelon has arranged "A Night of Irish" for residents, family members and friends of EnnisCourt. These fundraisers, held two times a year at Ennis-Court – in March, near St. Patrick's Day, and September, halfway to St. Patrick's Day - include a concert by Cleveland's popular favorite Irish band, The New Barleycorn, as well as performances by The Brady Campbell School of Irish Dance. These very successful and entertaining events, have also helped raise several thousand dollars for the chapel fund.

There is still much work to be done and plenty of money still needed to be raised, but once "The Rev. John Cregan Chapel at EnnisCourt" is built, it will be a dedicated space for Mass, the Rosary, prayer, and other devotions for the residents, family and friends of EnnisCourt. The chapel will be a sacred place that will serve others for years to come, just as Father Cregan devoted his life to the service of others.

If you wish to make a donation: to "The Rev. John Cregan Chapel at EnnisCourt", send to EnnisCourt, 13315 Detroit Avenue, Lakewood, OH 44107.





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