

J.E.T.s come from a variety of professional backgrounds. I'm a qualified Secondary School-teacher of French and German with History. I completed my Secondary education at Sancta Maria College, Louisburgh in 1990. This was followed by an honours degree in European Studies, with French and German, at Trinity College Dublin. I then studied for my Higher Diploma in Education, also at Trinity. I have always enjoyed the challenge of living in foreign environments and learning new languages. School language exchange holidays, summer work overseas, study at European universities with the ERASMUS and LINGUA programmes – the success of each of these experiences motivated me to set my sights even further afield. Japan presented itself as the perfect “next step” and the J.E.T. Programme seemed to me the obvious key to unlock that future.

J.E.T.s can renew their contracts twice, i.e. we can stay a maximum of three years in Japan on this programme.

A year in Japan is an unforgettable experience. There's so much to see and learn. Making the transition from life as a teacher in Ireland to life as an A.L.T. in Japan was much easier than I had anticipated: Japanese people are very much like ourselves in both character and manner, the Japanese language is not impossible to master and using chopsticks is now second nature to me! I've had a lot of opportunities to travel around Japan and other Asian countries. I've recently taken up Judo and I've been studying the Japanese language consistently since I arrived.

The J.E.T. Programme does more than just place us at our host institutions. New participants are provided with excellent pre- and post-departure orientations. Each participating country has its own nationality group. The Irish group is indispensable as a source of support and a social network. We have our own monthly magazine – *Bailiúchán* – which keeps us up to date with news from home, provides information relevant to us as Irish J.E.T.s, and serves as an important link to the Irish community in Japan. J.E.T.s attend other conferences throughout the year – the training, support and advice provided at each of these is more than adequate.

The J.E.T. Programme even has its own correspondence course which is geared towards those of us who want to not only improve our Japanese language skills but also deepen our knowledge about the language itself.

For those of us who wish to teach Japanese in the future, the course also provides a basic foundation from which we can launch into further study. I started the course in September and cannot recommend it highly enough!

Working in an international environment is something I've always wanted to do. As J.E.T.s, we have been sent here to assist in Japan's internationalisation process. For hundreds of Koshigaya City residents, I am the first and only Irish person they have ever met. Working as a “cultural ambassador” then, it's my responsibility to establish ties between our countries, promote friendship and increase international understanding.

My duties don't come to an end on the last day of my contract, however. J.E.T. is, first and foremost, a programme which was founded on the idea of exchange – cultural, social, educational personal – perhaps the list is endless. When I return to Ireland, I'll be bringing with me a wealth of learning and experience, which I intend to share. As a J.E.T. Programme participant, I have worked to open a small window to my world in Ireland for my Japanese hosts. I hope to do the same for you when I return: show you Japan through the eyes of a Mayo woman.



Louisburgh Holiday Cottages

The company, Louisburgh Holiday plc continues to play an important role in the business life of the community. The ten holiday homes at Bunowen are rated 3* and thanks to prudent re-investment will serve to enhance the economy of the area.

Directors: Seán Staunton (Ireland West); Peter Sweeney (Mayo County Council); Des Mahon (Mayo County Council); John Lyons (Chairperson); Rosarie Tiernan (Secretary); Vera Scanlon, Clem Lyons, Charlie Gaffney, Seamus Duffy, P. J. Sammin, Mary O'Malley; Eleanor Lyons (Manager); Joe Broderick (Assistant Manager).

Auditors – Loftus Maher & Co., Limerick.

Ireland West has to nominate another.

The Sign of Peace

By Richard Marsh

One summer I decided to investigate for myself the much-maligned county of Mayo. During my two-week ramble among the soft-spoken inhabitants of that peaceful part of the country, I discovered, among other things, that unlike most of the Irish Mayo people are habitual hand-shakers. They extend a hand, not only to the stranger or casual acquaintance, but as an everyday greeting to friends. It would not be unusual for neighbours to shake hands with each other more than once a day.

Street Singer

I landed into Louisburgh the evening of the parish reunion. Dan the Street Singer, a native of Louisburgh and a teacher in nearby Westport, was providing the entertainment along with a few other musicians. I had heard Dan's records on the radio, but now the attraction of seeing him in person outweighed the awkwardness of intruding into what was in effect a private function. The people were cordial, if a bit puzzled by my presence, but I left them to their socializing and hand-shaking and sat in a dark corner near the band.

Dan the Street Singer sang, and played his guitar sitting down so that he could thump the bass drum with one foot and operate the high hat with the other. As a neighbour, a teacher and a musician, he was well-known by everyone. Whenever somebody came up to greet him, Dan would put his guitar-pick in his mouth and stand up to shake hands. This happened quite often early in the evening and he was up and down like a jack-in-the-box, leaving the rest of the band to carry the tune while he shook hands.

It Makes You Think

Not long afterwards, I was at Mass in another part of the country. When the priest said, 'Now let us offer one another the sign of peace', the woman in front of me crossed her arms firmly and whispered to the person next to her, 'I hate this part'.

Whenever I hear the expression 'He's from Mayo, God help us', I can't help wondering to myself – does this mean that those who are not from Mayo are in greater need of God's help, because they are not so ready to offer one another the sign of peace?



Senior citizens enjoy a cup of tea, a chat and a game of bingo in the Pastoral Centre, Louisburgh. Each Friday morning Bus Éireann provides transport to Mass at St. Patrick's Church. Many thanks to Frank, T.J. and Morgan. Committee: Sally Davitt, John McConnell, Imelda O'Grady, Teresa Sammin, Eileen Kerr, Marian McNamara, John Davitt, Bernadette Burke, Fr. Mannion, PP.

Reflections on the Rosary

The Rosary goes back to St. Dominic in the 13th Century. It is believed that when Our Lady taught it to him she instructed him to give it to the world. It was considerably shorter than the Rosary as we know it. It consisted of a number of hail Marys, the holy Marys did not come into general use until the 16th Century. The practice of using pebbles, berries or bits of bone threaded on string to count prayers came in about the 11th or 12th Century. These strings of beads were known throughout the middle ages in every part of Europe and later became known as the Rosary beads.

To help lift the low morale of the people in Ireland after the famine 1846-1848, priests giving parish missions around the country encouraged the practice of 'The Family Rosary' and so it continued well into the 1960s. Though it is still said by many in various places and at various times the sad reality is that the tradition of 'The Family Rosary' has been lost. There are many reasons for this the principle being the dramatic changes affecting family life.

Memories of 'The Family Rosary'

My first experience and explicit recollection of prayers was the family Rosary. Before we were old enough to join in the responses we sat quietly throughout on the inner part of the hearth. In our silence I believe we were drawn into the prayers and the mysteries. This ritual which brought each member of the family together in prayer at a specific time every night without fail was indeed a very special and priceless tradition. In those early formative years the Rosary sowed in me the seeds of devotion to Our Lady together with continual encouragement from our own mother to "imitate Our Lady". In my early teens I came to know and experience the benefits of saying the blue Rosary Novena. In my early twenties I was privileged to hear Father Peyton 'the Rosary crusader' speak at a rally in Guildford promoting the Rosary. His motto "the family who prays together stays together" had a dramatic effect. Father Peyton, whose life was threatened by T.B. in the year he was to be ordained, promised Our Lady that he would promote the Rosary if through her intercession he was healed. To the doctors amazement

he had a miraculous healing. He wrote a book following this called "All for Her".

The Rosary was led in our house by my father except for the times he was away in which case it became my mother's role. I remember the Irish horn rosary beads bought at the mission stalls in Louisburgh, these hung at the side of the mantelpiece in the kitchen.

We knew the moment my father got up from his seat and reached for his beads that everything else must stop. Memories of interrupted outdoor or indeed games or activities come back as I hear the call ring out again "Come into the Rosary" or "Time for the Rosary".

I can see us now kneeling with our backs to the open turf fire facing the altar to Our Lady on the gable, each one taking up a different position some leaning over the backs of the kitchen chairs others leaning over the side, elbows resting on the seat rosaries dangling to the ground.

The opening prayer of my father "Thou O Lord shalt open my lips" was replied to by us with "and my tongue shall announce thy praise". We may not have appreciated the depth of meaning in those prayers and in the mysteries but the prayers united us with God and with one another. We were united too with absent members of the family in America, Canada, England or wherever, as also with the deceased members of our family who had gone to their rest for we remembered them all in a very special way. It was heartening to know in later years when we had left home that we too were specially remembered.

The Rosary with the set prayers that followed never changed except as other prayers were added which were known as 'Trimmings'.

I heard John Lyons (Pat Redmond) of Accony recite from memory every verse of the poem 'The Trimmings of the Rosary' (a very long poem). As children we were given our own decade to say and we soon learnt by heart the litany to Our Lady and the prayers that followed e.g. the Hail Holy Queen, the Memorare, the prayer for peace in the home, the prayer of Blessing on the home and finally the prayer to the Holy Family.

These prayers are still fresh in my mind and a great source of spiritual inspiration and help to me.

It was accepted practice that anyone who called during the Rosary for whatever reason joined the family in prayer. As Rosary time in the village varied it was possible to be drawn into another Rosary or part of one. The village is Accony and to be anywhere in the village at that particular time was to be somehow part of the Rosary for as you passed through or lingered on the way you could hear that distinctive murmuring sound of prayer from within.

Each house had a focal point for prayer. I can see the little altar in the kitchen of our house designed so that the 18" statue of Our Lady fitted inside, the altar itself draped with a white veil. I treasure the memory as a child of picking primroses in May so as to adorn the altar encouraged by Mrs. O'Toole. She inspired in us a devotion to Our Lady as she took us out of the confines of the crowded class room for long walks along the school road reciting the Rosary as we went.

Mary Whalley, Surrey

An Appeal from the Heart

Dr Patrick McHugh, formerly of Long Street, writes: "When my mother died a few years ago, we retained a lot of possessions . . . One of prized family heirlooms is a copy of an old seven volume set called "The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland by the Four Masters", edited by John O'Donovan. This set is missing a volume, volume number V1 and I am keen to trace the missing volume. I have vague memories that Mum said that she had loaned the volume to someone in Louisburgh for research purposes, and obviously it has slipped their mind to return it. This set is of great personal interest to me . . . If anyone has the volume and is prepared to return it to me, I will pay any postage due, or alternatively they can let me know where it is and my brother Joe could pick it up . . ."

Patrick's address is
1, Middlethorne Mews, Shadwell. Leeds LS17 8S7 England.

"Summer and Fun" Poetry Competition

A poetry competition organised by the Home School Association, at St. Patrick's N.S., Westport, for the 2nd and 3rd Classes, in memory of their school friend, the late Cara Comaskey, was won by Nicola Mulchrone, Chestnut Grove, Westport. Well-known author, Michael Mullen from Castlebar was the adjudicator for the competition and was in attendance when Cara's mother, Mrs. Maura Comaskey, presented Nicola with a special piece of sculpture as the overall prize.

Summer

By Nicola Mulchrone

Summer time is here at last
Let's hope it's better than Summer's past;
Looking forward to trips to my uncle's farm,
Hoping to hold baby lambs in my arms.

Throwing pebbles in a rippling stream,
My sister falls in and begins to scream;
With clothes all wet and dripping about,
We wonder will Mammy shout and give out.

Trips to the beach are always such fun,
Even though at times we get too much sun;
We load up the car with goodies, buckets and spades,
Towels, suntan lotion and of course, our shades;
But sand needs to be treated with care,
As it gets up your nose, in your ears and your hair.

Summer is best as there is no school,
Whoever made that rule I think they are cool;
So enjoy the Summer, be happy and gay,
For all we know it might rain any day.

Austie and Clem celebrate 50 years of Marriage

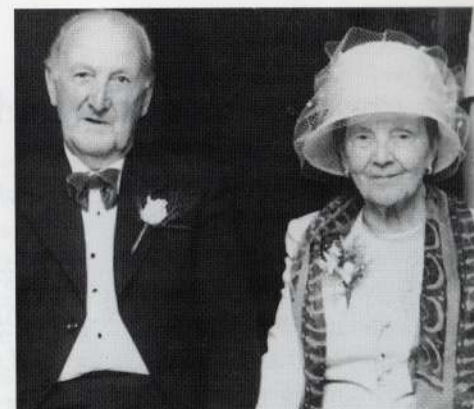
On September the 29th, 1948, having known each other for nine years, Clementine Morahan and Austie Lyons were joined together in Holy Matrimony in St. Patrick's Church, Louisburgh. On July 18th of this year, their family helped – them celebrate 50 years of loving, in that same church, witnessed by approximately 200 invited guests.

Mass was concelebrated by Fr. Leo Morahan (P.P. Barna), Fr. Al Morahan (P.P. Bassendean, Australia), Fr. Micheal McGreil (S.J.), Fr. Gerard Needham (C.C. Headford), Canon John Ball (P.P. Ballinlough) and Fr. Tommie Mannion (P.P. Louisburgh). Sister Dympna Lyons (sister of the groom) read one of the readings and the grandchildren took part in the prayers of the faithful and the Offertory procession. Ag Críost an Síol was sung by John O'Dowd and the bride's sister, Gaelie McManamin sang Gounod's "Ave Maria". During his homily, Fr. Leo reminded the congregation that everyone is truly unique and that "the marriage of two such unequalled persons is doubly unique".

The sun shone as the happy couple paused for photographs in front of the Parochial Hall, which had been the venue for their actual wedding, 50 years earlier. It was also where they first met, on stage. A sumptuous meal was laid on at the Derrylahan where the couple's one son, Rayo, acted as MC. The best man – then and now – James Lyons, described how he used to watch his brother, Austie, park his truck outside Love's house on Long Street and he recalled that he was usually clean-shaven and whistling a happy tune on such occasions. 'It was a case of love at Love's.'

The groom thanked everyone for coming and expressed his happiness that his bride was by his side, in spite of her many illnesses in recent years. The bride reminded everyone that Austie was "the wind beneath her wings". She also seized the opportunity to publicly express her admiration for her seven fellow-members of Louisburgh Development Company with whom she had the pleasure of working from 1985 to 1995.

She addressed Tommie Duffy, John Joe Kilcoyne, Anne O'Reilly, Sean Harney, Michael P. O'Malley, Vincent O'Loughhn and Michael Ring as follows – thank you for your consistent and dedicated hard work for Louisburgh Development Company. It has been a great privilege for me to work with you and a very rewarding experience for me in my lifetime, to get to know a group of people who are so truly committed to honesty and loyalty to the truth, in good times and in bad. I am justly proud of you all." This was greeted with loud applause.



Austie and Clem Lyons

Frank McCaffrey made a special appearance at the bride's request, to sing 'Our Anniversary', as her present to Austie. In no time at all he had the happy couple doing a slow waltz, with an ease and gracefulness that belied their ages, she in a pale turquoise coat-and-dress with a white veiled hat and he in a dark suit and bow tie. As the couple continued dancing to the music of Tom O'Grady's band, the young and not-so young generations present, got a glimpse of how it used to be when dance-halls were dance-halls and dancing was an art to be enjoyed.

Dancing was a very big part of Clem and Austie's years together and now that "time hath transfixed the flourish set on youth and delved the parallels in beauty's brow" . . . (Shakespeare) they continue to live in harmony, each keeping step with the silent melody of their love for one another.

Their family thank God most merciful, most powerful, for having been born of the two devoted, hard-working, loving parents who had the strength and faith to withstand the trials of married life, for so long. May Clem and Austie inspire generations to come, in the same way that their parents, Mary, Redmond, Bridget and Sean T. inspired them.

A Childhood With Dad

By Seamas McNally

*It is springtime
And I watch the rhythm
On the turf bank,
Pretending I can
Drive the tractor.*

*Long days of summer
With handlines, fishing pollock
From simple currach.*

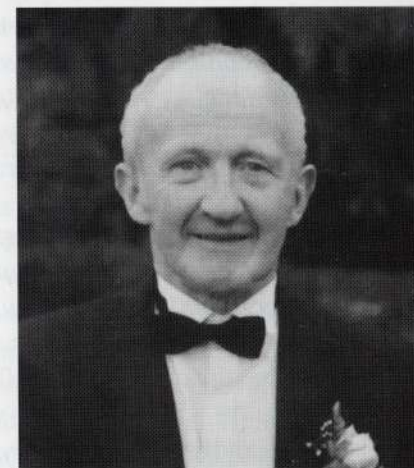
*A winter evening
Sheltered under fuchias
Contented cattle
Munch from buckets.*

*But today it is not winter
Today 'tis harvest
When sheaves are safely stooked
And we drink tea from bottles.*

*My father said
"You'll catch the rabbit
In the final row of oats"
And I believed my Father.*

Singer and Song

It is almost ten years since the Staff of Rice College, Members of the Board of Management and friends came together at a Westport restaurant to mark the retirement from the teaching profession of one of its most colourful and charismatic members – the late Basil Morahan. Basil came to work in Westport around 1965 having previously taught in Thurles, Hospital, Co. Limerick and Carrick-on-Shannon.



Basil Morahan

Basil had almost 25 years teaching service with the Christian Brothers and I had the honour and privilege of working alongside him for 23 of those years. When I was asked to say a few words at his testimonial dinner, I realised that it would be an awesome task to recount the activities and interests of a man who had lived and worked at a frenetic pace during the previous 20 years. Basil was no ordinary individual, he had packed so much into a relatively short lifespan that it would take a full time biographer to research the many causes that he espoused and the broad and diverse range of enterprises and activities that he engaged in. If any man was educated at the University of Life, it was Basil.

He had a most unorthodox entry to the field of education. After leaving Primary School, he first went to train as a shop manager in the North Mayo town of Ballycastle. On discovering that this would be a rather pedestrian way to get to the top, he opted for a more secure job working with Mayo Co. Council in a supervisory capacity. Disillusioned with the workplace, and having derived very little job fulfilment from that type of work, he decided to go back to Secondary school. After only 2 years study, he sat his

Leaving Certificate and came through with flying colours. He later went on to University College Galway where he took his B.A degree. Shortly afterwards he met his wife Catherine, and Basil not being a man to waste time got married shortly afterwards.

For many years he combined a teaching career in Westport with that of running of a small farm in his native Louisburgh. He would be the first to admit that farming was not his forte and his agricultural endeavours were not marked by any degree of success. He was in no way a contributor to any of the E.E.C surpluses that we heard so much of in 80's.

Throughout his life, he was propelled by a strong entrepreneurial drive, he had a great sense of enterprise and had a very innovative and productive mind which constantly exuded new ideas. Some of these ideas he put into effect with varying degrees of success. He never accepted failure and like the phoenix he always had the resilience and spirit to rise from the ashes and try again. As a teacher, Basil was very committed to promoting the Irish language and culture, he was by no means fanatical but he never missed an opportunity to use the 'cúpla focal' and took pride in doing so. His main teaching subjects were Commerce and English but he did a lot of extra curricular work in the Arts/Drama/Music areas. He took great delight in producing the annual Christmas plays with the Junior boys and for many it was their first and only experience of ever performing on stage. He was a great student of Shakespeare, he had an encyclopaedic memory and could unaided, recite long passages from many of Shakespeare's works. When speaking publicly he very often used his quotations with great rhetorical flourish.

While at Rice College he took a great interest in all sporting and athletic activities. He was a ardent supporter of Gaelic football and hurling and togged out regularly with the boys, right up to his mid-fifties. He adamantly believed that exercise would delay the aging process. He gave of his free time selflessly, particularly to the younger boys and he always made himself available to referee their school league matches, irrespective of their importance. It was poignant that he had his first coronary attack after refereeing the final of the 2nd year league, on the last day of a school year.

He was a man of letters, a most prolific writer with boundless energy.

After teaching for a full day he would very often go home and write into the early hours of the morning. He produced many pamphlets on different issues of the day that he felt needed a public airing. For many years he wrote a weekly column for the *Mayo News* and he regularly featured in the letters column of the local and national newspapers. He wrote a play which was staged in many parochial halls during the Lenten period. His book "*Burning Truths*" was the culmination of his literary endeavours and he was modestly flattered by the public response and the high profile he attained from his Late Late Show appearance and many radio interviews.

On social issues he was fearless in championing the rights of the underprivileged and the marginalised. He never shirked from exposing injustice and inequality irrespective of what quarters it came from; excessive bureaucracy and officialdom were anathema to him and he took issue with civil servants and local Government officials for not making state services more accessible to the ordinary citizens – this he believed made people beholden to politicians. He had radical ideas on Social Welfare reform, he believed that it was demeaning for the individual to have to rely on Government handouts to provide sustenance for their families and he proposed something akin to the Community Employment Schemes which were implemented many years later.

He proposed Income Tax reform as he felt that the P.A.Y.E. taxpayers were paying a disproportionate share of the overall revenue collected by the State. Recent revelations from the Tribunals and the Public Accounts Enquiries would have confirmed for him, the many grave suspicions he had so eloquently highlighted or written about in the 70's and 80's, concerning dubious practices in high places.

He campaigned for many years against the granting of late-night exemptions to licensed premises, as he believed that these led to the abuse of alcohol by young people and would have major repercussions for future generations.

He was a master practitioner of the art of oratory, words came to him with great fluency and spontaneity. He had a great turn of phrase and was always able to articulate his point of view with style. Our coffee breaks were always enlivened by his challenging and soulsearching ideas on the

political, social and religious affairs of the day. He wasn't always successful in convincing people of his point of view but that did not deter him from coming in the next day with a complete new perspective on the motion.

On one occasion towards the end of school term we were debating some topical issue of the day, on that occasion Basil did not have his facts researched as well as he might have liked because he was preparing to go on a trip to America the following day. About three days after him leaving home, I received a manuscript in the post from New York. He had spent the entire journey outwards developing and expanding his side of the argument and he couldn't wait until he came back to enlighten us all – he was a man who fought his corner trenchantly and was always a formidable opponent on any contentious topic.

Basil was a man of conviction and determination and no obstacle would deter him from getting his viewpoint into the public domain, even if it were at great personal cost to himself. At his own expense and knowing full well that he had no chance of being elected, he contested a number of elections specifically to get a platform to air his views and to create public awareness of issues about which he felt very passionately.

He was a devoutly religious man and had a great love for his Church. He had no hidden agenda, his criticisms of the Institutional Church were genuine and originated from his deep concern for the Church's future. He was deeply saddened by the bureaucracy and authoritarianism of the Institutional Church. He believed that reform on many fronts was required if it was serious about arresting the decline in numbers of young people attending Church services. He felt that healthy debate on controversial issues was stifled by senior members of the Hierarchy and that people who genuinely tendered objective and constructive criticism were silenced or ostracised.

His book "*Burning Truths*" was an attempt to give a layman's perception of a Church spiritually diminished, a Church in which Blind Obedience and loyalty superseded its mission. He could never rationalise Papal infallibility and the more he researched the issue, the more disillusioned he became. He argued trenchantly against the celibacy requirement and he rightly predicted that there would be a big drop off in the number of people entering the

seminaries, if the issue was not addressed. On many of these issues he was a prophet before his time.

Of all his interests, I believe that it was in the field of music and show business that he found complete fulfilment and satisfaction. He was an accomplished musician, versatile with several instruments and he composed many pieces of music to which he later added words. He formed his own show band, *The Beat Minstrels*, and played the dancehall circuit for many years. He developed his own repertoire of music and songs, a mixture of old and new which had widespread appeal across all age groups. During the late 60's, many will remember his regular Saturday night cabaret shows at the Murrisk Abbey Hotel, often assisted by Johnsie on the tin-whistle and other local aspiring artistes.

He greatly regretted the closure of the country dance halls and their replacement by the hotel based discotheques as places of social interaction for young people. He rightly predicted the consequences this change would have for future generations of our youth. He later went on to have many pieces of his music recorded which are now there to immortalise his memory. It was significant that his well known signature tune for many years – "*Now Is The Hour*" was played as his remains were wheeled down the aisle of his Parish Church. I could well imagine him looking down from on high and quipping – "It's not every man that gets the opportunity to sing at his own funeral".

All through his life, Basil had a great love for his native parish of Louisburgh – he had a great sense of belonging – a great sense of place and he took great pride in extolling its beauty and attractions as a place to live or visit. He had a deep appreciation of the surrounding landscape, the mountains, the rivers, the sea, but Old Head beach was his favourite place to commune with nature. He went there regularly with Catherine to unwind after a day's work and to savour its unique beauty.

Nothing gave him more satisfaction than a day in the bog and despite the advent of oil-fired central heating, he continued with the traditional method of harvesting the turf, believing firmly that it was a tradition worth preserving. He also was very proud of his fellow parishioners who had distinguished themselves in different walks of life at home and abroad and he really

believed that Louisburgh people were exceptionally progressive.

He took a keen interest and was totally absorbed in every aspect of community life, from the development of the G.A.A pitch to the reconstruction and refurbishment of the Parochial Hall. He worked very hard on the latter project and he was immensely proud of the finished product. He always regarded the Parochial Hall as the hub or the focal point for community activities. and he believed that it should have all the modern conveniences and comforts available in other public meeting places. He was very aware of the great heritage handed down from previous generations and he was very conscious of the need to revive some traditions that were in danger of becoming extinct – traditions such as ‘the town crier’ or ‘Dan the Street Singer’.

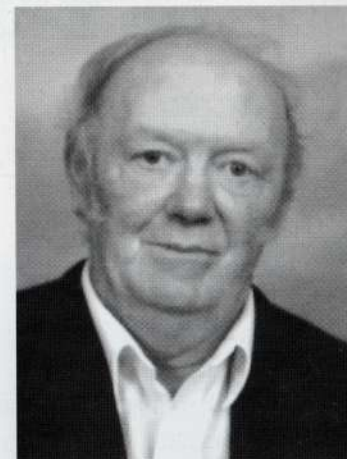
Unfortunately for Basil, he did not enjoy many years of retirement as his previous illness returned to debilitate him. During his final months he was confined to the house but he bore his illness with fortitude and resignation, he had the peace and serenity of a man who had lived life to its full. Each time I visited him he thanked God for his good fortune to be surrounded by such a caring wife and family who toiled night and day to make his illness bearable and provide him with the best care and comfort. He never lost his sense humour and when I visited him we would reminisce about the many crusades he embarked on and he would laugh heartily at the hair-raising things he got up to in his heyday. He had very few regrets, his family were cared for and he had lived to see his grandchildren whom he adored. He was philosophical about life and the inevitability of death, he gave the impression of a man well prepared for the next world.

Fortuitously I visited him for the last time just a few days before he died, on that occasion, he spoke about moving on as if he had some premonition that death was imminent, I sensed that he had lost his will to continue and was physically and emotionally drained from his incessant illness. He passed away peacefully a few days later surrounded by his loving wife and family. His peaceful departure from this life was in sharp contrast to his action-filled life. As I said at his retirement dinner – ‘Ní bheidh a shamhail ar fáil arís’. Ar dheis Dé go raibh ar a anam agus solas na bhflaitheas síoraí air.

Seán O’Malley, Rice College, Westport

Joe Murphy

The sudden death of Joseph (Joe) Murphy, Devlin on April 16th, 1999 caused deep and widespread sadness in the Killeen and Louisburgh area and throughout the country. Joe was well known far and near through his long and dedicated service to the Irish Farmers’ Association (I.F.A.). He served on many committees in that organisation at local, county and national level and was a strong campaigner for the division of commonages. He fought to improve the lives of the farming community and was actively involved in several local community organisations.



Joe Murphy

Joe had a vast knowledge of local history and folklore and was gifted at a variety of traditional crafts. He was a sincere and trusted friend of many and I was blessed to have known him. It was my privilege to have served alongside Joe in Killeen Drama Group for over thirty years and the many wonderful memories of that period will remain with me forever. Joe played many roles in different productions over the years and the laughter and enjoyment he gave to many will long be remembered.

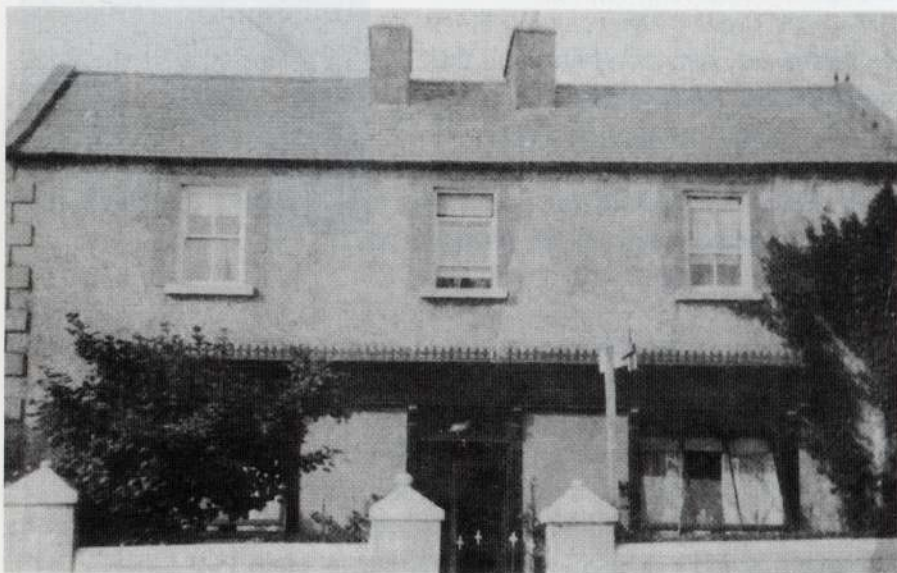
Joe’s attitude to life holds a message for us all; though he travelled many a mile, he was never known to break the speed limit and despite his many commitments, he always had time to stop and have a chat or lend a helping hand.

For me, Joe’s death meant the loss of a true friend who was always there when needed. Back in 1991, when my own dear mother died, Joe left a Dublin hospital and, though in considerable pain, travelled here to Curradavitt to lend his support, returning to hospital the next day. Such was

the deep sincerity of the man.

To his wife Mary and his seven sons and four daughters I say “Thank you” for sharing him with so many. For myself and my family I say “Thank you, Joe” for all the laughs we had together. We will meet again through the grace of God. May his gentle soul rest in peace.

Walter Davitt, September 1999.



McDermott's Hotel (now Durkan's Hotel) the first home of the Mercy Nuns – as it appeared in 1920.

Photo courtesy of Mrs. Evelyn Duggan

An tOide

Daithi Mag Réill, 1906-1998

Uasal ceird an oide:

Mar rí ar imeall trá

Chuir ar toinn na soithigh

Is sheol go hoscailt bá.

D’fheicinn anois is arís é, an fear uasal seo cromtha beagán le haois, é ag siúl go mall ach an bata mar thaca aige, a hata siar ar a cheann, an deá-fhocal aige do chách. Bhíodh sé gach lá ar an mbóthar go Bun Abhann, go dtí gur bhain sé slí na fírinne amach. Saol morálta caite aige. Is mór liom aithne a bheith agam air.



Daithí Mag Réill

Rugadh Daithi Mag Réill sa bhliain 1906 sa Talamh Bán; ba e Micheál a athair agus Caitriona Ní Dhaibhid a mháthair. Naonúr a bhí acu siúd mar chlann, ochtar mac agus an t-aon iníon amháin; i 1904 cailleadh triúr des na buachaillí agus a n-iníon in aon mhí amháin den triuch. Ba e Daithi an dara duine ab óige; chuaigh seisear go Meiriceá agus bhuail Seosamh bóthar go Londain Shasana.

D’fhreastail Daithi ar bhunscoil i gCill an Dúin, agus thart ar 1921 seoladh é go Cathair na Mart agus meánscoil na mBráithre Críostaí. Is soiléir gur bhain se gradam ansin go ndeachaigh sé mar ábhar múinteóra go Coláiste Phádraig i nDroim Chonrach, Baile Átha Cliath. Ina dhiaidh sin chaith sé tréimhse ag múineadh i gCathair na Mart roimh a theacht go Criogán Bán i 1928; bhí Seán Mac Tighearnan ag éirigh as a phost mar phríomhoide. Bhí Seán ansin ó 1880.

Pósadh é agus Máiread Ni Ghormlaith, a bhí ag múineadh i gCriogán Bán, sa bhliain 1933. Chuireadar futhu, ar dtús ar Shráid an Droichid, agus ó 1942 amach ina dteach cónaithe nua-thógtha ag ceann na Sráide Móire. Bhronn Dia clann orthu: Triona, Etta, Damhnait, Éanna agus Daithi Óg.

Ba mhúinteoir den chéad scoth é agus cé nach raibh suim dá laghad aige sa cheannasaíocht tá a rian fágtha ar shaol an pharóiste seo. Rinne sé an dá rud dúinn go léir: chuir sé an suim mhór a bhí aige i gcúrsaí staire – agus níor bheag an suim a bhí aige sa stair áitiúil – agus an grá a bhí ina chroí dár dteanga os ar gcómhair amach.

Bhí suim thar na bearta aige sa bhéaloideas agus spéis ar leith aige sa logainmníocht. Ba mhaith liom sa bheith chomh líofa leis, chomh díograiseach leis agus chomh intleachteach leis i gcúrsaí staire. Rinne sé a lán sna tríochadaí do Choimisiún an Bhéaloidis agus chuitigh Seán O Dubhghaill a chuidiú leis nuair a scríobh an scoláire sin sa Choinneal le déanaí. Rinne Daithi a lán staidéir faoi threoir Phádraig Uí Mhóráin. Bhíodar araon aireach agus foghlamtha agus iad ag macnamh ar mhionphointí ár gcúlra. Ní raibh suim ag Daithi san éadoimhneas mar bhí fhios aige nach féidir an fhírinne a cheilt. Chas se ar Shéamas Ó Duilearga, ar Heinrich Wagner agus ar scoláirí nach iad. Rinne Daithi forbairt agus ath-fhorbairt ar gach a bhí scríofa aige.

Agus bhain se úsáid as an nGaeilge; níor bhrú sé í isteach ar éinne ach bhí áthas air i a úsáid am ar bith.

Bhí baint mhór aige leis na Réadóirí i gCluain Cearbán agus dar ndóigh le maitheas na hEaglaise. Bhí sé cineálta mar athair agus ba dhlúth chara é dúinne go léir agus muid ag tnúth le bheith mór. Bhí an deá fhocal agus muid in iomaíocht leis an saol; bhí sé mar athair orainne go lá a bháis i Meán Fómhair 1998. Go raibh maith agat, a Dhaithi.

*Aoibhinn ceird an oide:
Mar gharnóir lá Iúil
D'aistrigh sciamh na scoithe
O ghrianán go húir.*

Seán O'Laighin

Steely Determination

EULOGY ON ANNE JOSEPHINE STRAUSS (MATRON), WRITTEN AND READ BY HER OLDEST GRANDCHILD, GAILEN, AT HER FUNERAL HELD AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, BENONI, ON THE 12TH OF NOVEMBER, 1998.)

Sad though this occasion may be, it is also an opportunity to celebrate the life of an extraordinary woman,

My grandmother enjoyed, by any standards, a remarkable and eventful life. Compassionate and courageous, "Matron Strauss" will be remembered for her dedication not only to her patients, but to the community as a whole. She was never happier than when assisting people in need and throughout her life, she remained a tireless champion of the underdog. In this respect, her contribution to the community was recognised when she was named Rotary Woman of the year in 1974.

Born Anne Josephine McNamara in 1913 in Louisburgh, Co. Mayo on the West Coast of Ireland, she was the third of ten children. She grew up on the family farm but soon realised that rural Ireland was lacking in opportunities for ambitious, intelligent young women.

In 1932 she enrolled at Mercers Hospital in Dublin and qualified as a theatre sister whereupon she set her heart on joining her elder sister, Mary, in New York.

With the sad farewells behind her, she set off for Southampton, excited at the prospect of beginning a new life in America. The medical, which all prospective immigrants were required to undergo, was a mere formality for a fit farm girl used to helping with the harvest. She was therefore completely unprepared, when the medical officer in charge, refused to grant her a clean bill of health, suggesting that she try again in six months. It would appear that Annie had picked up a cold, and, unbeknown to her, was running a slight fever.

Faced with the prospect of returning to the farm, she heard about the shortage of skilled nursing staff in the colonies and the 23 year old Annie promptly boarded a ship bound for the Union of South Africa.

Her family were appalled and appealed to her older sister in New York to prevent this act of folly. Once Anne had set her mind on something though, her sister knew it was impossible to deter her, and the telegram duly came back, "If Africa does not tame Annie then Annie will tame Africa."

Having no idea what to expect, she arrived in Cape Town on the Windsor Castle in January 1937, and made the three day journey to the East Rand, where she was to spend the next 61 years of her life.

In those days, theatre work was still a relatively young science and qualified professionals were scarce. She began her career at the Athlone Nursing Home, now the Glynnwood, and soon thereafter met Ernest Edward Lawrence – my grandfather. He was dark, dashing and handsome and they were married in March 1938.

The onset of the Second World War meant an even greater shortage of qualified theatre staff and Anne spent much of the war travelling the length and breadth of the East Rand, often on a bicycle, doing locums.

In 1945 she moved to the Willowdene Hospital and in 1948 to Kleinfontein Hospital where she was theatre sister until 1951. In this year a group of doctors bought the Athlone Nursing Home which was now called the Glynnwood and invited her to be the matron. Later, when the same consortium acquired Kleinfontein Hospital she was made Matron in chief of both establishments – a position she held for thirty years until her retirement in 1981.

In between her nursing and management commitments, Anne bought a small plot of land in Putfontein in 1955 with the intention of raising a few milk cows. She always had an intense love for her adoptive country and Mayo Farm was the culmination of a dream to own a piece of Africa.

Before long she began supplying customers – doing the daily milk-run

in the early hours of the morning before her ward - rounds. It was from such humble beginnings that Mayo Dairy, one of Benoni's longest – standing establishments, was born.

In the course of her career, she acquired a formidable reputation. She had little time and less patience with bureaucracy and was a good person to have on your side in an emergency – medical or otherwise. Equally she never suffered fools and pomposity would bring out the worst in her. Outspoken, indomitable and fearless, she gave unstintingly of her time and energy to the many people who sought her assistance.

This was even more remarkable considering that for much of her career, she was virtually a single mother. Her husband had been drafted to the army in 1940 to return only at the end of the war. During this time she juggled a demanding career with the task of raising three young toddlers – Eamon, Michael and Evelyn.

Her energy was boundless and her capacity for hard-work legendary. Slackers and anyone else who failed to measure up would find themselves at the mercy of a very sharp tongue. Life was for living and self-indulgence was not encouraged. It was this philosophy that saw her through some tough and tragic times, her husband died in 1960 only months after her younger son, Mickey, was killed in an accident.

In 1964 she made the first of many visits back to Louisburgh, after an absence of nearly thirty years.

In summary, she was not a traditional granny. When the other grans produced their knitting she would clean her revolver. She did not redecorate, she rebuilt the entire house. In place of silk and lace she would wear tweed and brandish a walking stick. She taught us that there were few problems that hard work and a good breakfast could not cure. Life was for living and the wimps on the time could expect no mercy. I do not think that I am being fanciful when I say that I recognise some of that steely McNamara determination in the glint of her greatgrandchildren's eyes. I trust that her memory will provide them with as much inspiration as the example she set for the six of us.

Music and Memories

Many people will have known more of Basil's life history and will have written tributes to him, but I feel that I wish to express my thanks to Basil for adding so much to the memories of my youth – two weeks every summer in the gentle, caring atmosphere of Louisburgh.

Basil and I shared the same birthday and year, 14th June 1930. In the old Church calendar it was the feast of St. Basil, presumably that was how Basil got his name. Basil's great friend was my cousin Johnnie Durkan of Bunowen and my best friend is my cousin Mary (Gibbons) Lawrence of Askelane. We four enjoyed some great days, dances and walks home in the early hours of the morning, in the years from 1946 to 1952 (when Mary left for England). This was the era of simple pleasures and total innocence, and Mary and I had the company of two larger than life characters. Basil and Johnnie sang, laughed, played tricks and danced – their conversation was witty and ceaseless and they were a constant joy to be with, like Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, you never knew what they would do next!

In later years, it was a pleasure to meet Basil at the dances – when one went in to the Hall, he would be playing or singing in his band. You will remember "South of the Border", "Moonlight and Roses", "Wooden Heart" or "One Day at a Time". Basil would give you a smile and a big wink and you would know that you were home and welcomed.

Forty five years later my daughters went to Coventry to see the Louisburgh play "The Righteous Are Bold" and to see Bridie and Tony McHale. Once again Basil displayed his magic, singing, playing and giving happiness to all in the Hall.

It is absolutely wonderful at my age to have good memories. When looking back, you can laugh and be happy. I wish to express for myself and Mary, for my most faithful and loving cousin Johnnie and for all those who were in our time at the dances, in Louisburgh and the surrounding Halls, our grateful thanks and loving memories of Basil – a very special, gifted gentleman, who gave so much time and love to making others happy, without ever counting the cost.

Norah (Burke) Boylan

In Remembrance of the Real Garage

When Oliver Harney died, the town of Louisburgh in the west of Ireland gave him a great send-off. Oliver, with his bright red face topped by a shock of snow white hair, was the proud proprietor of the town garage. The knocking and banging from Harney's was as much part of the rhythm of the place as the tolling of the church clock or the flow of the river at the bottom of the main street.

Thousands attended the funeral. Oliver's beloved vintage cars, a Model T and an old Ford Prefect, were driven behind the hearse. Mourners knew they were not only marking the passing of a man. They were also saying goodbye to an institution. Harney's, painted bright yellow and green, had served the town for generations. The talk now is of closure.

Like rural schools and village shops, the country garage is an endangered species, overtaken by main road monoliths selling everything from petrol to panty hose. Any motorist with a spark of nostalgia will regret their passing.

Picture pulling up at such an institution 20 or 30 years ago. No one about. In through the big rusty doors there was a conglomeration of disembowelled motor parts, a van minus its front end, a tractor on three wheels. Shirley Bassey's voice would boom out from behind a heap of bald tyres in the corner.

"Be with you shortly," a pair of legs would say from beneath an Austin A40. The proprietor would struggle to his feet, squinting at the world through dirt-speckled glasses. Dressed in overalls made up more of oil than cloth, he would twist the silver handle on the side of the lone pump and put black finger marks all over your proudly polished bodywork. Invariably, amid the chat, the petrol would spill over.

Oliver Harney always had time for everyone. A trip to Harney's often became a day-long affair, with Oliver being repeatedly called away from one job to look at another.

A farmer wanted the hitch on his trailer repaired. The bread man's van was boiling over. The woman across the road wondered if Oliver couldn't possibly come and have a look at the spokes on the rear wheel of her Raleigh?

"We'll be with you now," Oliver would say and disappear for another hour.

The technology of modern automobiles has a lot to do with the demise of the small garage. Gone are the days when a gifted amateur could replace a car's innards in a morning. Now, the average saloon is loaded with more microchips than the first Apollo spacecraft. The modern motor does not go to a garage. It makes an appointment at the car clinic.

Harney's had a gentle pulse about it. The smell, a heady mix of engine oil, tea leaves, car polish and carbolic soap, clung to you for days. There were always plenty of stories.

Once, an elderly resident of the town brought a kettle in for repair. Oliver, as always, agreed to help. Not surprisingly, the kitchenware was forgotten amid the axles and gearboxes. Eventually, after being used for storing paint thinner, the kettle was reclaimed by its owner.

"I did not know it had gone till the man came round to say the kettle was working grand," said Oliver, straining with a rusty nut on a cow-muck covered tractor wheel. "He said he was enjoying his cup of tea again. I wonder what it tasted like," Oliver guffawed. The nut flew off, landing in a hub cap 10 ft away.

Oliver ran a breakdown service. One time he was called out by a man infamous in the district for his lack of ability behind the wheel. Oliver gave a quick course in being towed. Everything went fine until the hill down into the town.



Oliver Harney R.I.P.

"I looked in the mirror and saw nothing," said Oliver. "Next thing I glanced sideways and there's your man trying to overtake – calmly taking a draw on a cigarette at the same time."

Harney's, founded by Oliver's father, first opened for business in the early 1920's. The cattle fair used to be held outside its doors. Children would crowd in during rainstorms or to escape the attentions of the nuns at the nearby school. The garage toilet served as the town's only public convenience. It was always a shock to see Oliver standing in church, or out for his pint on a Sunday night, all scrubbed and smart, his overalls hung for the day on the nail behind the door.

Fittingly enough Oliver died while serving petrol. He was probably discussing the weather, or the price of cattle. Now he is doubtless part of that brigade in the sky who once ran those great country garages. If there is a breakdown on the way to heaven, Oliver will come to the rescue.

Courtesy: *Financial Times*

Louisburgh as I See It

Hello. My name is Deborah Maxwell. I live in Ballyhip outside the town. I love Louisburgh and have lived here all my life. It is becoming quite a modern town. I live on a farm. A lot of people have farms in Louisburgh; that's their job. Louisburgh is a very economic town, with farming a very big subject. I wouldn't like to live anywhere else but Louisburgh. I feel I belong here since my dad's family and their family have lived in Ballyhip. I also want to live here when I grow up. Louisburgh has got everything anyone would ever want: a fine community, a good, well recommended school, lovely beaches, good quality land and fine shops. But that's my opinion. We live near Westport which has anything Louisburgh doesn't show, by which I mean clothes shops, music shops, a train station etc. Tourists come here to get away from the hustle and bustle of city life. My dreams for the Year 2000 are that Louisburgh will have no more derelict houses, a bigger library, a clothes and music shop, a couple more cafes and restaurants and trouble free life. And of course, maybe a cinema and a gym in another couple of years time. But that's all for now.

Deborah is aged 11, a student of Scoil Náisiúnta Phádraig Naofa and daughter of Joe and Eileen Maxwell, Ballyhip.

Baptisms

1997	
January	Ann Sammin, Askelane Megan Bernadette O'Malley, Killadoon
February	Emma Louise & Mark James Maxwell, Ballyhip
May	Paul Prendergast, Emlagh
July	Jennifer Prendergast, Bunowen Brendan Staunton, Six Noggins
September	Conor Patrick O'Malley, Doughmakeon
October	Nicole O'Malley, Cross
November	Monica Teresa Burke, Doovilra Anna Catherine O'Toole, Moneen
December	Charlene Gibbons, Roonith
1998	
January	Ciara Navin, Devlin
April	Stephanie Nicholson, Bunowen Amy Kerrigan, Pulgloss Aisling Duffy, Askelane Shauna Bennett, Shraugh Damien Gibbons, Carrowniskey
July	Ester Gavin, Derrygorrow

Marriages

1997	
April	Noreen Gallagher, Thallabaun & Seamus Walsh, Fahy
	Martina O'Malley, Askelane & Brian O'Sullivan, Newbridge
May	Denise Lyons, Bunowen & Paul Kelly, Dublin
	Catherine Morahan, Long Street & Steven McLeod, London
June	Maria Kitterick, Aillemore & Shane Toolan, Dublin
July	John O'Malley, Carrowniskey & Mary Gannon, The Neale
	Nora Corrigan, Shrawee & Kieran Shally, Castlebar
	Veronica O'Grady, Devlin & Seán Gallagher, Swinford
August	Sharon Cannon, Doughmakeon & John O'Reilly, Shraugh
	Caroline O'Malley, Feenone & Kieran Nevin, Westport
	Fiona Kelly, Mullagh & James Morrisson, Killadoon

Marriages

- 1997
September Catherine Manionn, Killadoon &
Brendan Tuohy, Islandeady
- October Hugh McGuinne, Bunowen & Rathfarnham &
Geraldine O'Neill, Dundrum
- Ann Marie Scahill, Aughagower &
Michael Gallagher, Altinaveen
- Irene O'Malley, Curramalley &
Owen McNally, Feenone
- 1998
May Deirdre Scanlon, Feenone &
Keiran Connolly, Cavan
- Basil Morahan, Long Street &
Josephine McGinn, Louth
- Mairéad Kitterick, Aillemore &
Michael Durkan, Askelane
- June Richard Gibbons, Cloonlaura &
Joan Butler, Naas
- August Olivia Lyons, Bunowen &
Huw Duffy, Cardiff
- Philomena O'Malley, Cross &
Tom Duffy, England

Slán Abhaile

- 1996
October Mary Doran (Duffy), Main Street/Dublin
Mary Havth (Heneghan), Seattle
Austie Hestor, Thallabawn
John Gavin, Derrygorrow
Donal O'Leary, Bunowen
- November Oliver Harney, Chapel Street
Martin Keane, Feenone
Noel O'Malley, Aillemore
John McNamara, Kinnadoohey/Liverpool
- December Austin Kilcoyne, Shranacloya
Dick McHale, Emlagh/London
Anthony O'Donnell, Main Street
Mrs Margaret Corrigan, Furmoyle
Mrs Mary O'Reilly, Ballinrobe/Chapel Street
- 1997
January Michael Charlie Morrison, Killadoon
Mrs Sarah Scanlon, Furmoyle
Beatrice Agnes Connor, Askelane/USA
- February Mary McCoey (Nee), Curradavitt/New York
Mrs Nora Dee (O'Toole), Doughmakeon & St. Louis
William McNamara, Collacoan
Mrs Sybil Bradford, Thallabawn
Mrs Celia Carthy, Falduff/Glenculmcille
Mrs Annie Gibbons (Lyons), Furmoyle & London
- March Dick Gibbons, Cloonlaura & Surrey
Bea Kilcoyne, Kilgeever & Boston

April Jane Gill
Sheila O'Connor, Aillemore & Dublin
Tommie McMyler, Carramore & Maynooth

May Tommie Needham, Thallabawn
Michel Doncherwolche, Aillemore
Patrick Geraghty, Boston & Doughmakeon
Tommie O'Malley, Shrawee & England
Breda O'Grady, Leixlip & Kilgeever

July Pat Scanlon, Furmoyle & Nottingham
Mrs Bridget McNally, Westport
Seamus Fergus, Cahir & Wales
Rose McNally (Jennings), Aillemore & Sydney, Australia

August Mrs Mary O'Donnell, Pulgloss
Mary O'Donnell, Thallabawn
James Fadde, Barnabawn
Vincent Petipas, Carrowniskey & Boston
Teresa Kelly, Askelane
Mrs Annie McNamara, Chapel Street
Mrs Rose McNally (Jennings)

September Mrs Mary Deegan (Naughton), Carrowniskey & London
Mamie O'Toole, Roonagh & Leeds
Anthony O'Malley, Doughmakeon

October Anthony O'Malley, Doughmakeon
Patrick Kelly, Furmoyle & Lancashire
Bernard Lacey, Feenone

November Seamus O'Malley, Cloonty
Agnes Proulx (Maxwell), Ballyhip & New Hampshire
Teresa Keady (Fadden), Barnabawn & Boston
Paddy Philpin, Cahir
Mrs Bea Harvey (Gibbons), Aillemore & Texas
John McGrath, Ballintubber & Killadoon

Steven O'Reilly, London & Laughta
Mrs Minnie Corcoran (Cox), Main Street & Kilmeena

December Mrs Mary Wall (Gallagher), Aiteenaveen & Chesterfield
John Redmond McNally, Thallabawn & Middlesex
Paddy Joe O'Grady, Kilgeever & Middlesex
Mrs Nora O'Malley (Moran), Westport & Falduff
Patrick (Pakie) Gibbons, Askelane
Mrs Katie Murphy (O'Malley), Cloonty & Castlebar

1998

January Peg Lyons (relict Paddy Lyons), Furmoyle & Chicago
Tony O'Malley, Chapel Street & London
Mrs Patricia Prendergast (Nee), Curradavitt & New York
Mrs Josephine Scanlon (O'Malley), Long Street

February Tim Hastings, Cregganroe
Mrs Breta Garvey (Kenny), Bridge Street & Dublin
Mrs Kitty O'Malley, Moneen
Mrs Nuala Barrett-Byrne (Scanlon), Louisburgh &
Drogheda
Joe Sammon, Carramore & England
Dan Gibbons, Askelane & England
Aislinn Coyne, Cahir
Mrs Delia Cummins (Maxwell), Ballyhip & Boston

March Mrs Mary O'Malley, Feenone
William Burke, Doughmakeon
James Berry, Carrowniskey
Mrs Bridie Kenny (Duffy), Ballyhip & England
John Joe O'Malley, Corragaun & England
Austin Staunton, Thallabawn
Mrs Evelyn Durkan, Bridge Street
Mrs Nora Brennan (O'Grady), Cloonty & Coventry
Mrs Helen Keely (Durkan), Askelane & Chicago

April Mrs Anne Stark (O'Grady), Glenkeen & Los Angeles

Austin Moran, Aillemore
 Mrs Mary Connolly (Durkan), Askelane & Chicago
 Nancy Tuffy, Toronto & Accony

May
 Mrs Rose Campbell (Fitzgerald), Devlin & Tyrone
 Mrs Sheila Corcoran (Fitzgerald), Devlin & Coventry
 Mrs Mary Mulvey, Collacoon
 James Prendergast, Accony & London
 Mrs Mary Eileen Murray (Hestor), Falduff & Chicago
 Mrs Celia Moran (Mulchrone), Furmoyle & Killucan

June
 Tom McConnell, Cloonty
 Eddie O'Malley, Derrygorrow & Blackburn
 Maire Needham (The Colony), & Bray
 Peter Foy, Kilgeever
 Garda P. J. McGuinness, Cahir
 Mrs Mary English (Toner), Cahir & England

July
 Dominic McDonnell, Cross & Liverpool
 Basil Morahan, Main Street, Louisburgh
 Mrs Mary Agnes Murphy, Devlin
 Mrs Katie Needham, Althore
 Sr. Kathleen Prendergast, Accony & Queensland
 Mrs Mary Ellen Corcoran (O'Toole), Boston

August
 William McNamara, Carrowniskey
 William O'Grady, Glenkeen
 James McNally, Roonith Hill
 John Hastings, Dereen & England
 James David O'Dowd, Falduff & Dorset
 Andrew Gallagher, Dadreen & Ballinlough

September
 Anne O'Malley, Cregganacopple
 Martin Gibbons, Laughta
 David McGreal, Louisburgh
 Mary Ellen Burke, Uggool & England

October
 Jimmy Healy, Falduff
 Mary Ellen Kelly, Feenone & England

November
 Paddy Gibbons, Roonith & England
 Mrs Annie Strauss (McNamara), Collacoon & S. Africa
 Mrs Bridget Fahy (Corrigan), Shrawee & Ballyaghadreen
 Mrs Roseann McDonagh (Kerrigan), Pulgloss &
 Birmingham

December
 James O'Malley, Cross & Coventry
 Peter Moran, Falduff
 Frank Coyne, Aillemore & London
 Paddy Gaffney, Louisburgh & U.S.A.
 Sister Elbeus McNally, Louisburgh & U.S.A.
 Mrs Eileen Geraghty (O'Toole), Roonagh & California

1999

January
 Michael Scanlon, Feenone
 Mrs Mary Jennings, Aillemore
 Mrs Mary O'Malley, Bridge Street, Louisburgh
 Ms. Agnes O'Donnell, Cahir

February
 Michael Joe McDermott, Chapel Street & U.S.A.

March
 Mrs Agnes O'Reilly, Collacoon
 Anthony O'Grady, Glenkeen & New York
 Michael Scanlon, Furmoyle & Nottingham
 Mrs Kate Kitterick (Gavin), Shrathroskey & Coventry

April
 Mrs Nancy Gavin, Woodfield
 James Sammon, Carramore & Waterford
 Joe Murphy, Devlin

May
 John Gibbons, Askelane
 Mrs Mary Duffy, Ballyhip.
 Joe Burke, Moneen
 Mrs Geraldine Sheehan (Gibbons). Cloonlaura & Mallow

Mrs Ellen Donnelly, Carrowniskey
Mrs Lucy Briggs, Shraugh.

June Mrs Kathleen Armstrong, Althore
Sheila Sammon, Dublin & Carramore
Mrs Christina Lyons, Accony

July Dick Prendergast, Accony
Anne McKeon, Accony & London

Remembering Sion

*When St Patrick brought to Ireland
The faith that makes men glad
He met the last of the Fianna,
Aged and grey and sad
And he heard the deeds of the heroes
Who had died long years before
And he said, "What kept you, O heroes
So brave in the days of yore?
And Oisín-last of the Fianna
Proudly made reply
"Hearts that were pure, hands that were strong
And tongues that told no lie".*

In the present climate of brazen falsehood, where some families are trained to tell lies by word and example, it would be well for those who indulge in this soul destroying habit to remember that one day they will have to answer for the bad example they are giving. In times gone by, if children happened to pick up any kind of bad language, they were very quickly checked in their own homes and the expletives that sometimes rend the air were simply never heard then. Parents, then, knew that it was their duty to lead their children to know their God and serve Him, and thus to grow up to be responsible citizens.

Submitted by Una O'Malley

An Ghaeilge San Afraic

When Dr. Jack Mapanje came to the Grainne Uaile centre in Louisburgh to launch *LIVING DANGEROUSLY: A Memoir of Political Change in Malawi*, by Fr. Pádraig Ó Máille, he told an interesting story. He recounted how Fr. Ó Máille was able to get the news of Jack's detention to Amnesty International and the BBC in London. Because all phones in Malawi were tapped, it was dangerous and well-nigh impossible to send out the news in English. So Fr. Pat rang Fr. Leo Morahan in his parish in Bearna and gave him the whole story in Irish. Fr. Leo immediately rang contacts in England, and the news of the detention was on the BBC Africa news the following day. Jack and his friends in Malawi are convinced that it was this that saved his life: he was very glad to have the opportunity to launch the book in Louisburgh, the home town of both priests. He presented a copy of his poem for the two priests celebrating the event to Mrs. Clementine Lyons, Fr. Leo's sister, as well as a copy of the book for Fr. Leo.

This story is typical of the general content of *LIVING DANGEROUSLY*. Every page tells a story of risks taken for the sake of human rights or in response to the cruel suffering imposed on innocent Malawians, just to satisfy the megalomania of the ageing tyrant, President for Life, Dr. the Ngwazi H. Kamuzu Banda, as he was known. The book might well be a response to appeals made in the pages of *An Choinneal* over the years that our missionaries would let us share in their day-to-day lives by writing their stories for us.

Fr. Pat has succeeded admirably in communicating the excitement of taking risks for the sake of suffering people. In clear and readable prose he tells a thrilling story. The most common reaction of those who have already read the book is "I read it in one day . . . I couldn't put it down." Some readers speak of it as if it were a novel, and perhaps in some sense it is. Not that the incidents described are fiction: rather, the chapters hang together like the chapters of a good novel, and the characters described take on a life of their own. After reading it, we feel we have known these characters, their



Presentation of copy of "Living Dangerously" to Mrs. Clementine Lyons, representing An tAthair Leon Ó Móracháin.

On left is An tAthair Ó Máille and on right is Jack Mapanje.

stories and their families, all our lives.

Dr. Jack Mapanje who spent almost four years in detention without trial – two years without even a single visit from his family – and his wife Mercy who came to Louisburgh for the launch are central characters, as are their children. And the other prisoners, like Brown Mpinganjira who is now Minister for Foreign Affairs and who came to Dublin to launch the book at our own department of foreign affairs, are like characters in a good novel.

At the launch in Dublin, Minister Mpinganjira paid tribute to Fr. Pádraig and to other Irish missionaries and lay volunteers for their work for democracy and human rights in Malawi. He said that the book is an important contribution to the modern history of Malawi. Professor James Gibbs who worked in Malawi for many years describes it as "a dramatic story simply told. The book reads like a thriller. It explores issues which are vital to our

understanding of modern Africa. "The author says that he attempted *Living Dangerously* because he wanted to ensure that this story of endurance, courage and the triumph of the human spirit might not remain untold.

The book will make an ideal Christmas gift. It is available in Dublin bookshops and from Seamus Duffy at *The Bookshop*, Bridge Street, Westport, Co. Mayo. It costs £8-00 (\$12-00 in the U.S.) Postage and packing is £1-00 (\$4-00 in the US). The book is also available from Fr. Pádraig at 21 Leeson Park, Dublin 6.

Annie & Albert Stank

Anne O'Grady, Glenkeen and her husband, Albert Stank. Albert was a US army officer and served in Europe in WW2 and later in the Korean War. They were married for 55 years. Albert died on 28 Feb., 1997 and Anne died on 1 April, 1998. They are buried in Resurrection Catholic Cemetery, South San Gabriel, California, USA. Ar dheis Dé go raibh anamnacha na marbh.



A Journey

*Where do you come from
Where do you go
You go fast or
You go slow*

*What happens to you
On the way
Does the trip take a year
A month, a day*

*Do you go by bus
By car or plane
Do you walk the journey
Or catch a train*

*Are you alone or
Are you with others
Such as your friends
Your sisters and brothers
Everyone takes journeys*

Martin Joe O'Toole – All in a Life

Forty four years, by any yardstick is a long time in any job. But when that job is political service, the achievement is all the greater. When some of the 44 years was spent, not only serving your parish, but your county and country. So was the political career of Martin J. O'Toole, former T.D., Senator and M.C.C.

Martin Joe O'Toole was born on 27th May 1925 at Moneen, Louisburgh. Son of Pat (a native of Béal an Deangan, Connemara) and Anne (nee O'Malley, Cross). He was educated at Louisburgh N.S. and on the death of his brother Austin at 34 he took over the running of the family farm and livestock haulage business and became a well-known contractor. He soon developed a flare for cattle dealing and started exporting cattle on the hoof to Scotland where his brother, Paddy, had a ready market.

In May 1955, while Martin J. was in Scotland on business, the Louisburgh Fianna Fáil Comhairle Ceantair held their convention for the forthcoming County Council elections. The person they would choose would have to be young, energetic, have a forward approach and most importantly know the people and their needs. After much debate the man chosen in absentia was Martin J. O'Toole, then 29. On his return and hearing the news he looked on the election as "a challenge". On June 23rd 1955 Martin J. was elected to Mayo County Council. Thus began a political career which would span four decades. He would see six leaders and Taoisigh of Fianna Fáil come and go and see many changes in both rural and urban Ireland, some of which he would be a part of.

In 1969 Martin J. ran for the nomination to seek election to Seanad Éireann. He failed. In 44 years of politics this was the only contest he was to lose. But in 1977 Martin J. made it to the Seanad, he had let his name go forward on the agricultural panel because the party felt he had valuable experience in agriculture. He had worked on the Irish Livestock and Meat Board promoting Irish livestock abroad and was widely known within Irish agriculture. The Louisburgh man spent thirteen years in the Senate where

he was spokesman on agriculture and environment and feels "it is a useful forum for the discussion and formation of legislation". Then in 1989 the retirement from the Dáil of Denis Gallagher left a vacancy which was filled by Martin J. "It was the highlight of my political career," he says. He was the first Louisburgh man to take a seat in the lower house of the Oireachtas (The Dáil). He stayed there for three and a half years bowing out at the next general election.



Peter Sweeney

They say behind every successful man is a good woman and that was Breege (nee O'Malley, Kilsallagh). She has been the real anchor of the O'Toole political shop. Answering the phone, greeting people at the door and at the same time rearing eight children. Martin Joe says "I couldn't have done it without Breege. She was a great help through the years". In 1999 after 44 years in politics Martin J., the man known in Fianna Fáil as the "Silver Fox", decided to call it a day and finish where he had started and retire from Mayo County Council, of which he had been the longest serving member and chairman on 5 occasions (nine years as chair in total).

On June 18th 1999 Martin J. officially retired from Mayo County Council. Thus ended the career of one of Fianna Fáil's longest serving and most respected politicians. The facts show him to be a true survivor. We wish him health and happiness in his retirement.

Peter Sweeney, M.C.C.

Councillor Peter Sweeney, Church St., Louisburgh is son of Michael and Bernadette (nee Gill, Ballyhip) and is a member of Mayo County Council. Although busy in political life, Peter found time to become an official Embalmer in February, 1998 and is now a member of the British Institute of Embalmers. Incidentally, Sweeney's Funeral Home became one of the first Funeral Homes in Mayo to have a Resident Embalmer.

Louisburgh GAA 1999

Since the last edition of *An Coinneal*, Louisburgh GAA club has had a barren period as far as silverware is concerned. While success on the playing field might be measured by the amount of trophies on the sideboard, it has been a reasonably successful time off the pitch.

The Cahir Complex

In the last year the club has successfully negotiated with Louisburgh Community Council to acquire the Cahir Sports complex, in order to fully develop the Dressing Rooms, Pitch and Putt and Football Pitch. Soon the club will be in the unprecedented position of having a piece of property vested in its name. While this is an exciting time of planning for the future, it remains a huge task to get such a project off the ground. To create a facility which will be a reflection of the new Millennium and a tribute to the one in passing, will be a task which I'm sure that the club will relish. It will be a facility which will be totally geared to future generations of athletes in Louisburgh and hopefully more sports stars as those mentioned below will rise from the new buildings the club hopes to provide.

All Ireland Winner in Derrygarrow

It is at a time when everything is against you and nobody expects success that real sports stars emerge, and show us all that the impossible can be done. It is fitting, that at a time when Louisburgh is without a Ladies football team, that a star managed not only to play for a non local side, but also to represent her county and achieve the ultimate in Gaelic Football. Claire Egan from Derrygarrow, daughter of Jimmy and Mary Egan did just that. While playing football for Carnacon, Claire's excellence as a dynamic midfielder was to prove too much to overlook for John Mullen the Mayo Ladies Senior Team Manager. Her selection proved to be an inspired choice, as Claire united with her team-mates, to give everything to achieve their goal. Her performances throughout 1999 will never be forgotten especially that of the second half of the All-Ireland Final, when Mayo could have folded

under the pressure of an experienced Waterford team. It is fair to say that Claire 'shipped some heavy blows' and overcame the pain barrier to inspire all around her.

For all that were there, it was a memorable historic occasion when Claire arrived back from Dublin as an All-Ireland champion on Monday night October 4th 1999. After an arduous journey that took the team from Dublin to Athlone, Athenry, Shrule, Ballinrobe, Partry, Hollymount, Claremorris, Knock, and Ballyhaunis, Claire returned with her parents to be met in Belclare by friends and well-wishers who accompanied her to arrive in Louisburgh at 3.45am. She must have been 'shattered', not just by such a long journey, but also affects of the previous day in Croke Park. To the crowd that had gathered to greet her, she was everything that is great in a sport star. Her modesty will always be an asset in one so talented but her inner confidence will carry her to even greater success in the future.

The Night 'Girl Power' Came To Town

It was the night we were all waiting for for so long. At last a Mayo Senior team were crowned All-Ireland Champions and the county rejoiced. From that moment in Croke park when the hooter heralded new All-Ireland champions, the county went mad. A long week of celebrations brought the girls to every corner of the county. We in Louisburgh had to wait but we got our chance to show our colours on Saturday night October 9th.

Second Best Again

Louisburgh Junior B team had to be satisfied with second best again in 1999. Being beaten in 1998 by Parke in the West Mayo Final, 1999 looked to be the year to make the breakthrough, but it wasn't to be. A spirited performance on the first Sunday of September brought Louisburgh to within a whisker of beating Ballintubber. However a late goal by Ballintubber left Louisburgh needing a point to level the match. With just seconds left to go Martin O'Grady topped a fine performance by squaring the match. The replay being fixed for a week later proved to be more of an exercise in endurance in waiting for fine weather. A full month passed before a suitable field could be found to play the game. This time round, Ballintubber proved too strong and the very heavy under foot conditions proved to be the downfall



The Playboys – Back (l. to r.): James Gibbons, Noel McGreal, David O'Toole, Andrew Durkan, John O'Toole, Pdraig (Dan) O'Malley, John O'Toole, Pdraig Walsh, George Gibbons, Joe McNamara, John Durkan, Seán Hegarty.
Front (l. to r.): Seán Morahan, Martin Keane, John Morahan, Patrick Durkan, Michael Sammon, Fr. P. Mooney, Michael (Dan) O'Malley, Michael Joe O'Malley, Packie Morrison. Resting is Barry Gaffney.

of the men from the west. While Ballintubber were the team ahead on points at half time, Louisburgh drew level with fifteen minutes to go. However a late rally by Ballintubber saw a two point margin open up with no reply from Louisburgh. We can take heart that every player did his best in 1999 and that our determination to win this most enjoyable competition will not be deflected in any way. Hopefully we will have a trophy to celebrate in 2000 and our Manager John Gibbons will have his just rewards.



The Pretenders – Back (l. to r.): Jarlath O'Malley, Tom Kilcoyne, Seán McLoughlin, John Prendergast, Ian Kenny, Seamus Healy, Dara O'Grady, Anthony Corrigan.
Front (l. to r.): Eamon Cox, John McEvelly, Alan Mayberry, Edward Ball, Martin Nee, John McLoughlin, John Hegarty, John McNally.



All-Ireland winners pictured enjoying the Louisburgh Annual Dinner Dance in January 1999.

James and Joe O'Toole, Clare Island, who won All-Ireland medals with Clare Island in the Inter Island Competition 1998. Pdraig Walsh (Manager), Alan Mayberry and Edward Ball (players), for Allergan Pharmaceuticals, Westport, who defeated Garda Siochána, Cork, in the All-Ireland Interfirm Championship 1998.



The Referee being "hunted" from the field after a poor display of favouritism towards members of his own family.



Fr. Paddy Mooney receiving "Man of the Match" trophy from fellow clergyman Fr. Tommy Mannion.

Can I afford not to go

*It is noon time and all I have done is
eat my soda bread and drink the tea.*

*I have also read the poet
dream about the fairies in the lea.*

*How do I justify this idle sitting by the window
watching the white dots on the green hillside
or forgetting to count the white waves breaking
on the strand.*

What do I have to show for May.

*I have climbed the Reek and followed the stream
over the hills to discover the hidden Lough,
I have baked the soda bread and delivered
it the people with a hidden blessing.*

*I have had nothing to do and
all day to do it in.*

Where is the big paper explaining time and eternity.

*How will the scientist know that time is merely
God's way of keeping everything from happening
at once unless I tell them not to worry.*

*The seven page paper on how it began
and where it will end, sits unread in the corner.*

*All the tomes told me was the question
is more important than the answer.*

*When I return to that other world, how long will
this awareness of meaning remain.*

*I sense that months after the chaos returns
a wispy thread pulls at my inside space
and tells me there is more.*

*How long can I afford to wonder what the bird is singing
before the world makes me pay for this illusion.*

*Can I survive the toll of reality's hammer
paid for a mere tug toward the more.*

The question is more important than the answer.

Can I afford not to go.

Martin F. Harrity



Santa Maria Re-Union Class of 1977

(Left to right, front row): Sr. Gregory, Annie Bea O'Malley, Eileen Scanlon, Margaret Joyce, Nora Duffy, Mary Mitchell, Martina O'Malley, Breda Morahan, Cathleen Corrigan, Mary A. Gallagher, Mary T. Corrigan, Ann Cox.

(Left to right, second row): John F. O'Malley, Anthony Fox, Jimmy Corrigan, Mary T. Needham, Marian Durkan, Sadie McNally, Mary M. O'Malley, Tom Gill, Tony Lyons, Bernadette Kilcoyne, James Gibbons, Patrick Morrison, Noreen McDonagh.

(Left to right, back row): Robert Kilkelly, Eamon Keane, Michael J. Needham, Eamon Baynes, Seamus Duffy, Ann Prendergast, Gussie Moran, Cyril Heneghan, Jimmy Scott, Eileen Durkan, Padraic Scott, Patrick Needham, Eugene O'Malley, Richard Jordan, Tom Staunton, Martin Jordan.



At a farewell party, hosted by the company, on her retirement from Supervisory Post at Louisburgh Holiday Cottages, Vera Scanlon, Bunowen, Louisburgh, pictured with the then County Councillor Martin Joe O'Toole and Seán Staunton, Westport, Ireland West Representative.



Anthony J. O'Grady served in the US army. This picture was taken during his basic training at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Anthony died suddenly in New York on the 1st March, 1999 and was buried in Killeen.



Sr. Mary Louise Scanlon, RJM
Entered life on November 1st 1955
Made Religious Profession 27th August, 1983
Entered Eternal Life 31st March, 1998



PTAA – 50 Years

Back row from left: Mrs. Clementine Lyons, Chapel St.; Mrs. Evelyn Leamy, Bunowen; Paddy Gallagher, Belclare; Mrs. Kathleen O'Malley, Collacoan); Mrs. Evelyn Prendergast, Accony.

Front row from left: Una O'Malley, Kinnadoohy; Mrs. Elizabeth Sammin, Cross; Mrs. Dunne, Bunowen; Mrs. Maria O'Malley, Askelane; Mrs. Vera Durkan, Askelane.



PTAA – 25 Years

Back row from left: Fr. Mannion, Michael Gibbons, Michael Tiernan, Seán Harney, P. J. Sammin, Jim Corrigan, John Tiernan, Kevin Munnelly, Walter Davitt.

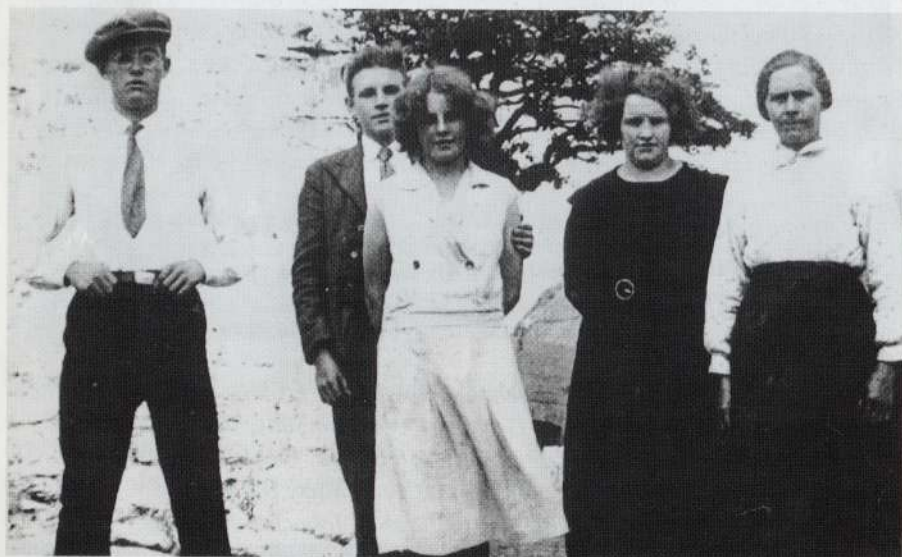
Middle row from left: Michael Grealis, Kitty Jennings, Gwen Harney, Eileen O'Grady, Mary O'Malley, Bridie McGreal, Mary B. Davitt, Mary O'Malley (Tallabawn), Margaret Gallagher, John Joe Jennings.

Front row from left: Paddy Gibbons, M. J. O'Grady, Kathleen Morrison, Teresa Mayberry, Assumpta Fergus, Leonie Morrison, Mary Gibbons, Joe Fergus, Margaret O'Malley.



1938 – Martin Needham, Austin Needham, Mick Armstrong, Peter Corrigan, Mr. Anthony Corrigan, Mary Armstrong, Mrs. Ann (Muddy) Corrigan, Honor Armstrong, John Armstrong, James Needham.

Photo submitted by John Fair, Castlebar.



1938 – Michael Corrigan, Anthony Corrigan, Nora Corrigan, Mary Corrigan, Mrs. Mary Corrigan.

Photo submitted by John Fair, Castlebar.

An Choinneal Salutes . . .



Feenone Couple Celebrate 50th Wedding Anniversary

Pictured above are Patrick and Mary Jordan with their children on the occasion of a special celebration function to mark their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Patrick and Mary, from Feenone, Louisburgh, were married in St. Patrick's Church, Louisburgh, in 1948. A special anniversary Mass was held in Killeen Church and this was followed by a reception in "The Derrylahan" at which the golden jubilarians were feted by their family, relatives, neighbours and many friends.

Front (l. to r.): Breege, Patrick, Tommy, Mary and Catherine.

Back (l. to r.): Patrick, Evelyn, Martin, Maureen, Anthony, Noreen and Richard.



Parish Wedding 1995-1999



Olivia Lyons, Bunowen and Huw David, Cardiff who were married on the 28th of August 1998 in Holy Trinity Church, Westport.

Remembering Sion

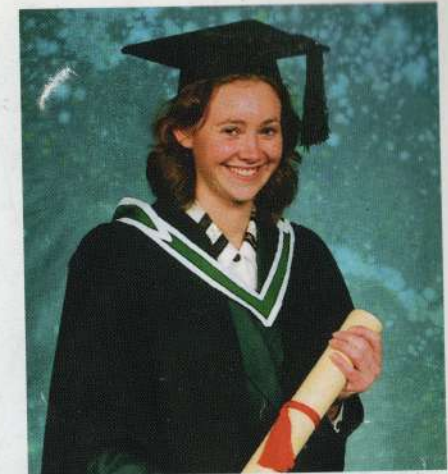
There was a story of a coloured man who was convicted of a crime he did not commit. A young white lawyer did his utmost to save him from jail, but to no avail. It was tough being a coloured person in those days, so Jim Saster had to "serve his time". Before he was taken away by the police, he said to the judge: "I'll get even with you yet". And to the white man he said: "White man, you've done your best and if ever you need me, I'll burst the prison walls to help you". Years passed and the coloured man was still in jail, until one day there was an earthquake. Homes were collapsing all over the place. The prison walls literally burst apart, setting the prisoners free. As Jim fled from prison, through scenes of crumbling and collapsing buildings, he came across a man, middle-aged and grey. His house was tumbling down, even as he looked on from the lawn; he kept repeating helplessly: "My little girl, my little girl is in there." Without a word Jim rushed into the collapsing building and in minutes came out carrying the sleeping child. As he came out, a wooden beam hit him as it crashed to the ground, but he staggered out and deposited the child safely in her father's arms saying, "Your baby is safe, but I guess this is the last of Jim Saster". The lawyer now realised that this was the man for whom he had pleaded so hard and who had said, "If ever you need me, I will burst the prison walls to help you". Such is the power of Divine Providence which has intervened when justice was denied.

From the American "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" of many years ago.

Comhgháirdeachas . . .



Brigid Burke, BA (Communications) from DCU. Daughter of John and Bernadette Burke, Askelane.



Claire Kitterick, daughter of Kathleen and the late Patrick Kitterick, Shranacloya, who was conferred recently with a B.A. (Hons) Degree and Higher Diploma in Education at NUI, Galway.



Michelle O'Grady, Tully, Louisburgh, who graduated from UCD with a B.A. (Hons) Degree in English and Geography. Daughter of Chris and Imelda O'Grady.



Honora Burke, BA (Greco-Roman Civilization); MA (Classics) from UCD. Daughter of John and Bernadette Burke, Askelane.

Comhgháirdeachas . . .



Réiltín O'Grady, daughter of Michael and Imelda O'Grady, Old Head. B.Ed., St. Patrick' College, Drumcondra.



Sorcha O'Grady, graduated in November 1997, daughter of Michael and Imelda O'Grady, Old Head. B.Ed., St. Patrick' College, Drumcondra.



Garda Rónán O'Grady, pictured with his parents Michael and Imelda O'Grady, Old Head, at his graduation from The Garda College, Templemore.

Parish Weddings 1995-1999



Patricia Mitchell, Dereen, Louisburgh and John Conway, Rathduff, Balla, who were married on the 31st November, 1995. The reception was held in Breaffy House Hotel.



Laura Hornback and Michael McNally who were married in Cincinnati, Ohio on the 26th July, 1997.

Parish Weddings 1995-1999



Fiona Kelly, Mullagh, Kilsallagh, Westport and James Morrison, Killadoon, Louisburgh, who were married at St. Patrick's Church, Louisburgh in August 1997. Their reception was held in Hotel Westport.



Denise Lyons, Bunowen and Paul Kelly, Dublin & Askelane who were married in the Church of St. John the Baptist, Clontarf, Dublin on 22nd May, 1997.

Parish Weddings 1995-1999



Deirdre Scanlon, Feenone and Kevin Connolly, Cavan who were married in Cavan on 3rd May 1998.



Catherine O'Grady & James Powers, USA, who were married in St. Mary's Church, Westport on 9th September 1998.

Parish Weddings 1995-1999



Martin Joyce, Malahide, Dublin and Bernadette Richardson, Wigan, England who were married in Holy Family Church, Killeen on 7th August 1998.



Richard Gibbons, Cloonlaura, Killadoon, Louisburgh and Joan Butler, Naas, Co. Kildare, who were married in The Church of Our Lady & St. David, Naas.

Parish Weddings 1995-1999



Phil O'Malley, Cross, Louisburgh and Thomas J. Burke, Surrey, England who were married on 23rd August, 1998 at Killeen Church.



Mary Teresa O'Malley, Thornhill, Murrisk and Gerard Butler, Cashel, Co. Tipperary who were married in St. Patrick's Church, Lecanvey on the 12th June, 1999.

Parish Weddings 1995-1999



Seamus McConnell, Ballyhip and Imedla Ferguson, Dublin who were married at University Church, Dublin in April 1999.



Geraldine Kilcoyne, Cregganacopple and John King, Drummin who were married in Rome on the 9th of August, 1999.

Back Cover:
*Claire Egan, Doire Garbh
Member of the victorious Mayo Ladies Team 1999.*