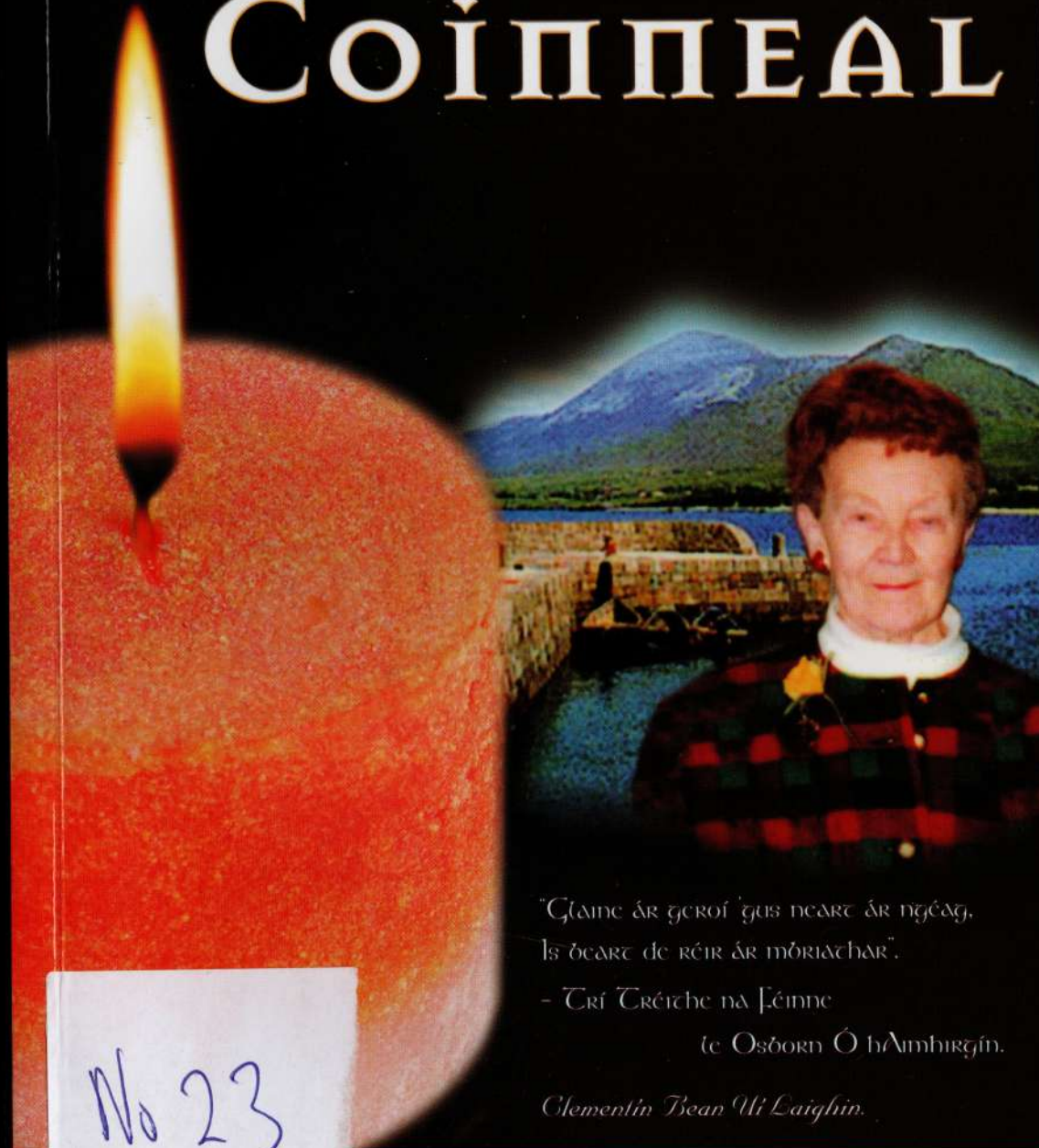


ΑΠ ΣΟΪΠΠΕΑΛ

Louisburgh 2004



"Glaine ár gcroí 'gus deart ár ngeag,
Is deart de réir ár móriachar".

- Trí Tréiche na Féinne

le Osborn Ó hAimhirgín.

Clementin Bean Mí Laighin.

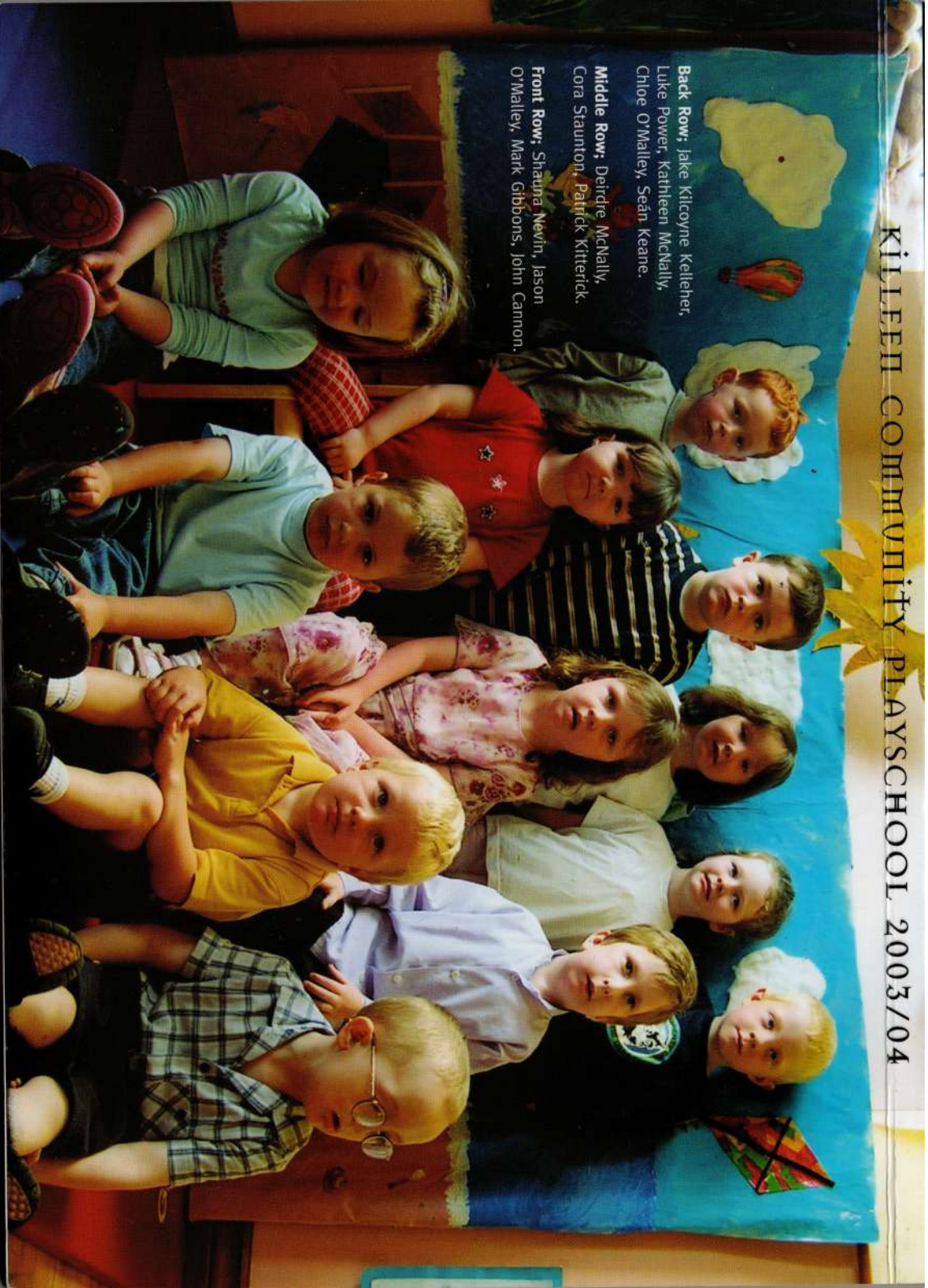
No 23

KILLEEN COMMUNITY PLAYSCHOOL 2003/04

Back Row: Jake Kiteoyne Kelleher,
Luke Power, Kathleen McNally,
Chloe O'Malley, Sean Keane.

Middle Row: Deirdre McNally,
Cora Staunton, Patrick Kitterick.

Front Row: Shauna Newin, Jason
O'Malley, Mark Gibbons, John Cannon.



An Coinneal

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

2004

All the way from Louisburgh

An Choinneal is a periodical of Kilgeever parish (Louisburgh, Co. Mayo). The oldest parish magazine in Ireland, it has appeared regularly since 1959.

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A special word of thanks to all whose voluntary efforts have helped produce this 23rd issue.

Some Louisburgh sites:

<http://homepage.eircom.net/~kilgeever>

www.louisburgh-mayo.com

www.louisburgh-ireland.com

www.louisburgh.ie

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Thank you too to Geraldine Mitchell of Louisburgh Community Project for the Louisburgh Writers Group.

Email at louisburghproject@eircom.net

Congratulations to Austin Francis O'Malley on his election to Mayo County Council.

Fáilte roimh Father Martin Long, PP to the parish of Kilgeever.

An Choinneal regrets any errors in addresses; readers might contact any member with the relevant information.

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The Way We Were

Editorial

“... In the old times there used to be dances at the cross roads in the open day when the elders looked on in delight and when the finest boys and the finest girls in the world made an honest acquaintance to the strains of Irish music. That was old Ireland at play. Now it is too often an all night dance in a stuffy School or hall with no elders to applaud the fun. In the old times the boys might be occasionally absent from the Rosary but the girls never. Now it is too often lonely night walking from which girls return home too late to join in the Rosary, if the Rosary is said at all...”

Thomas. Archbishop of Tuam.
Lenten Pastoral Letter 1922.

“...Recent years have undermined public trust in various aspects of political life, in financial management and in a legal system struggling to deal with rising levels of crime. Church life, indeed, has been especially traumatized. There are many people who once found the Catholic Church in Ireland to be a safe haven of stability in changing times, people who held firm to their death in days of poverty and pain but who now question their trust in many aspects of its administration...”

Michael. Archbishop of Tuam.
Lenten Pastoral Letter 2003.

How times have changed since 1922! Then, Archbishop Gilmartin’s Letter dealt with, among other things, Ember days, collations, fast and abstinence. Lard and dripping were allowed as condiments on all days!!!

Archbishop Neary’s tenure has witnessed some of the most traumatic changes in Irish life and he recognizes the many strains and dangers facing the Irish Church in the 21st century. And it is time for us, the natives of “God’s pocket”, to take stock of our lives in a world of discos, overindulgence and a sublime indifference to the qualities of a forgotten past.

Recently, in May of 2002, Louisburgh Community Project held three open evenings in Louisburgh, Lecanvey and Killeen respectively. The title of the evenings was ‘Choosing a Future’ and one of the aims of the gatherings was to take a critical look at development needs and possibilities in the area.

Questionnaire results were analysed in due course and issues of concern included Joining Forces, Day Caring, Making a youth Space and Making our Voice Heard.

All are very important issues indeed.

Perhaps readers of *An Choinneal* might take time out and examine their own thoughts in the light of the above findings. What is our direction as a parish?

Is the Louisburgh-Killeen community sufficiently as one to take a stand, through its ecclesiastical and political representatives, on issues such as underage drinking, bad manners, poverty of spirit, the care of the elderly, attendance at religious events, the apparent deification of sport, litter?

Or will the dedication of the likes of Fr. Pat Kitterick be forgotten?

“This is our challenge: to let God’s love and forgiveness break through the greed, the anger, the selfishness of our days” (Archbishop Neary, 2003).



1949 Derrreen Village

Jimmy Donnelly and Paddy Austin Kitterick.

Priests Ordained in the Twentieth Century from Kilgeever Parish

Whenever a diocesan priest dies, or is changed, it has always been assumed, up to this time, that he will be replaced immediately. This has been made possible of course only by the sustained pattern of ordinations from individual families in other parishes of the diocese.

As we begin a new century it is worthwhile to reflect on the parishes, which have, and have not, supplied their quota of priests to the diocese, the Religious Orders and the Church worldwide during the twentieth century. The Parish of Kilgeever has a noble record in this regard. With seventy-seven ordinations to the priesthood listed below, Kilgeever is the highest in the Archdiocese of Tuam, slightly ahead of the parish of Addergoole and Liskeavy (Milltown). It is possible the list may not be complete. It has been assembled from personal memory, from information supplied by family members of the various priests, from some lists compiled in the 1940’s by Fr. Michael McDonnell CC, and by Fr. Martin J. Heaney in the 1960’s and some research into various diffused church records. My apologies if any names have been omitted through oversight.

Many of these are now deceased. May the Lord reward them. Eighteen are still in active ministry, twelve are now retired and some few have moved on to other walks of life, having given valuable years of service to the priesthood. Think of them all and hope and pray for future vocations from Louisburgh and Killeen.

Date of Ordination in brackets.

Ordained For Archdiocese of Tuam

Anthony O’Toole, PP Aghagower. (1902) Also served in Achill, Milltown, Crossboyne, Claremorris and Dunmore. Died 1947.

Geoffrey Prendergast, Accony, PP Ballyhaunis. (1903) Also served in Crossboyne, Letterfrack, Castlebar, and Army Chaplaincy. Died 1959.

James P. Prendergast, Accony, PP Abbeyknockmoy. (1903) Died 1937.

John O’Grady, PP Claran, (1906) Also served in Ross, Williamstown, Athenry. Died 1947.

John Heneghan, Louisburgh, (1909) Served in Annaghdown, Tuam and as Columban Missionary. Died in Manila, 1945.

John O’Reilly, Shraugh, PP Clonbur. (1911) Also served in St. Jarlath’s College and Roundfort. Died 1961.

John Gibbons, PP Kilconly. (1913) Also served in Galway, Turlough, Westport. Died 1955.

Bishop James Fergus, Cahir, (1920) Also served in Glenamaddy, Tuam, Westport, Ballinrobe. Bishop of Achonry, 1947-1977. Died 1989.

Edward O'Malley, Louisburg, PP Corofin, Died 1980.

James Peter Prendergast, Accony, (1927) PP Aghagower. Died 1973.

Michael J. Tiernan, Cregganbawn, (1930) PP Kilmeena. Died 1970.

Charles Scahill, Bridge St. PP Balla. (1936) Also served in St. Jarlath's College, Glenamaddy. Died 1996

Patrick Prendergast, Accony PP Leenane. (1939) Also served in St. Jarlath's College, Castlebar, Kylemore and Kilmaine. Died 1975

John P. Philbin, CC Mountbellew. (1939) Also served in Carna Died 1957.

Richard Prendergast, Accony, (1941) CC Clonfad (Moore) Also served in Letterfrack and Milltown. Died 1969.

John O'Malley, Caher, CC Finney, (1941) (Later Redemptorist Father). Died 2002.

Joseph Scott, Shraugh, CC Coolarne Also served in Huddersfield and Lecanvey. Died 1974.

Joseph McNamara, PP Letterfrack, (1942) Also served in Cloonfad and Aran. Died in 1980.

Eamon O'Malley, Main St. PP Kilmeena, (1945) Also served in Leeds, Castlebar, Inis Oirr, Cloonfad, Achill and Westport. Died 1999.

Padraic O'Brien, Collacocon, PP Corndulla. (1946) Also served in St. Jarlath's College, Dublin, Claremorris and The Neale. Died 1989.

John Ball, Ballyhip, (1949) Retired. Served in USA, Cornamona, Ballyhaunis, Kilmeena and PP Ballinlough.

Patrick Gill, Ballyhip, (1953) AP Lecanvey. Also served in St. Jarlath's College and as PP Milltown.

Liam Durkan, Bunowen, (1957) (Retired) Served in St. Jarlath's College, Castlebar, Inishbofin, Carna and as PP Leenane.

Francis McMyler, Chapel St. PP Balla. (1960). Also served in Leenane, Ballyhaunis and Westport.

Austin Fergus, Cahir, PP Mayo Abbey. (1965) Also served in Inis Mean and Tuam.

Oliver McNamara, Chapel St. (1977) CC Annaghdown. Also served in Clare Island, Claremorris, Ballinrobe.

James O'Grady, Gregganbawn, CC Headford. (1980) Also served in Tiernea, Inis Oirr, Tuam, Ballyhaunis and Clifden.

Brendan Kilcoyne, Killadoon, Diocesan Secretary, Also served in Carna.

Richard Gibbons, Furmoyle, CC Knock. (1999) Also served in Headford.

Ordained for other Irish Dioceses

Peter Morrison, The Square (1935) Killala.

Leo Morahan, Main St. (1952) Galway.

Justin Morahan, Main St. (1959) Galway.

Vincent Kelly, Chapel St. Dublin.

Ordained for English, US and Australian Dioceses.

Thomas Bowe, Main St., Brooklyn, USA

Joseph McNamara, Chapel St., Liverpool.

James Lynch, Melbourne, Australia.

John McHale, San Diego, USA.

Walter Burke, Monterey, Fresno, USA

William Tiernan, Louisburgh, Salford.

Dan O'Grady, USA.

Thomas O'Malley, Bunowen, Los Angeles.

Anthony Nicholson, Bunowen, Philadelphia

Thomas Gibbons, USA.

Michael Philbin, Carramore, Australia.

Austin Gannon, Falduff, Missionari Consolata, Liverpool.

Thomas Scott, Duluth, USA.

William O'Toole, USA.

Thomas Scahill, Bridge St., San Diego, USA.

Eugene Duffy, Askelane, USA. Retired.

Teddy O'Malley, Cregganbawn, Coventry

Alec Morahan, Main St., Perth, Australia.

Charles O'Malley, Mooneen, Perth, Australia.

Eugene O'Toole, Chapel St., Los Angeles.

James O'Grady, Glankeen, Los Angeles.

Michael Coyne, Aillemore, Bridgeport, USA.

John Heneghan, Bridge St., Yakima, USA.

Eugene Nee, Curra, San Antonio, Texas and Coventry.

Liam O'Toole, Chapel St., Los Angeles.

John Walter O'Reilly (1961), Shraugh, Melbourne.

Anthony Burke, Pulgloss, Leeds and Hallam.

John Burke,

Vincent Burke, Derrygorrow, Coventry and Ghana.

Gerard Harney, Chapel St., Leeds.

Geoffrey O'Grady, Currymela, Shrewsbury.

Sylvester O'Donnell, Main St., Swansea.

Sean O'Leary, Bunowen, Los Angeles. (Retired)

Michael J. Lyons, Main St., Duluth.

William Davitt, Curradavitt, Leeds and USA.
P.J. Sammon, Carramore, Brentwood, London.
William Lyons, Main St. Duluth.
Patrick J. McNally, Carrowniskey, Wigan.
Paul Heneghan, Cahir, Leeds.

Ordained for Religious Orders and Missionary Societies.

Patrick Kitterick, Kiltegan, Ooje, Nigeria.
Pádraig O'Máille, Doughmakeon, Kiltegan Fathers, Malawi.
John O'Malley, Cloonty, SMA, Nigeria.
Michael Wallace, Cregganbawn, CSSp Nw Guinea.
Redmond Lyons, Accony, CSSp., Kenya and Tuam. (Retired)
Alexis Morahan, Moneen, Kiltegan Fathers, South Africa.

Total 78

Fr. Kieran Waldron

The Garden Path

In memory of Evelyn Leamy

Sleet from the hill comes cutting through
 Cold branches shaking at the sky;
 You from us so cruelly gone,
 Your daffodils, your columbine
 Blown down, gone to ground,
 Vanished like a breath.

Seasons must change without you now;
 Nature is amnesiac.

Oh who will coax those colours back,
 Conjure beauty from the ground?
 Who could take again your part –
 To splash the bright against the dark?

Seán Ryder
 November 2003.

Altromán

The following article was written in 1952 and published then in a students magazine called "The Silhouette". Because of its sensitive nature at that time the writer decided, against his own inclinations, to publish it anonymously. The reader might wish to keep that in mind. The name "Altromán" is the Irish word for a fostered child.

He came to us in Winter, in darkness, and in childhood's innocence. A huddled lump of car-rug with a brown head at one end and two patent sandals hanging at the other. That was all. He was asleep, and we had to wait a while to know what he was like... It was my mother who had suggested the idea. Her own family was reared, but, now that the youngest of us was about to go to college, the nest was being left empty; and that was something she was dreading in her later years. There is no house so empty as one that has first known the noise of children; and it was with a fear of the presence of that gnawing absence that she had made this move. When she applied to the Home the Sisters had encouraged her to adopt a fosterling; they had recommended a child who had come to them from a broken home two years before; and here now was the result, nestled on the sofa in a rug... The patent shoes throbbed now and then with some dreamy irritation, and the rug heaved and fell in rhythm with a little sigh. Our world moved with its own hum about him, and he lay there happily unconscious of it all. Little he knew how many strange eyes were then peering at him; little he knew what new surroundings would be ushered on him with his finished dreams! At last, with a tired stir one small, pink hand came into the outer world and caught a tassel of the rug within a childish grasp. My mother caught it to feel if he was warm; and then he wakened up, and stared...and stared... and then he gave one gallant smile. For better or for worse, he was one of us for evermore! Someone had said his name was "Willie". I could have almost guessed it if I weren't told. I know him now so well that I could not think it otherwise, but even on that first night it seemed the only name to suit. "Willie" had been the foundling and the orphan in all our boyhood's stories: it was easy now to think of him as the victim of a broken home. If our little visitor needed any shibboleth, he had it in his very name...

It is now six years since first he came to us: he was then a five-year-old. People tried to compliment us by emphasizing that he was lucky, but there was not one of us but knew that we had the better of the bargain. In a family of adults he was, naturally, a favourite; and his naturally cheerful way disarmed us all. There were, of course, the inevitable defects of institutional training: his little life was cramped; his experience and talk were those almost

of a child of two. He was afraid of hens, and didn't know what the fire was; and his speech, inlaid though it was with regulational politeness, revealed a mind under-developed for his age. For the first few weeks he was full of the topic of the Home and of his little companions there...the great swing they had in the garden, and how Bridie Lowry could go up so high: and the day that Paddy Rohan was swinging, and how the seat broke and he fell and cut his knee... But soon enough the Home receded from his memory or came back only in echoes which were pathetic then to hear. Soon he went on to live the life around him: soon he was picking flowers or counting chickens, or chasing calves. And as all this new life wrapped itself about him his eyes widened at the wonder of it all. I can remember clearly reactions: they were often summed up in his eternal query: "Cos why?" That question turned up in all kinds of contexts and often left the adult at a loss. "What was in the bog? ... Turf? 'Cos why? ... Could you eat it? 'Cos why? ... Would you die? ... 'Cos why?" It took patience and an endless sense of humour; and I must confess I seldom bore the strain.

It was for me an interesting experience to study someone growing up in my own moulding; to see in him my younger self portrayed. He was my younger Scrooge. Morning after morning his little satchel was set right with books and lunch, and pen and pencil; and the dog, Ceo, accompanied him to school as Rebel used to do in days gone by with me. No doubt, Ceo, too, would have his share at lunch-time. I have often stood on the road watching them both trot along until they dwindled into specks among the telegraph poles; and then caught a last glimpse of them as they crossed the fence for the short-cut I knew so well. The boys from the Glen would be waiting there, and there they would hide their catapults before they tramped across the fields. At school they'd have the football, too, at playtime and Willie would come back with leaping eyes to tell of all the things that happened there: how Sean O Maille knocked down Joe Mc Myler, and the Master let him take a free: and how he himself had saved three shots from Marcus O' Grady and all the boys said 'twas he that won the game. Some days he was silent about the playing field, but the days he told us of were always the days he won. Coming from school, as in our day, would be the time for conversation; and when the little company scattered at the cross-roads he'd shorten his way home by throwing stones. It was all so very much the life of my own boyhood; and a study of him brought me many, many echoes of times and friends of old.

Gradually, too, we could notice the development. He was growing: soon he could reach from a chair to the nail under the mantelpiece: soon he had learned to lift a pencil with his toes. Last Winter's boots were tight after a

bare-footed Summer; and his little coat was splitting down the centre seam under a strain. Later, the day came when he learned to cycle; and then came the wounded toes and torn knees. Instinctively, it was to my mother he would turn in all his necessities; it was the way with us too, and the tireless way she catered for him was a salutary reminder of the too-quickly forgotten past. All this she had gone through before, not once, but for every one of us; and it is the way of life that she is least anxious for material rewards now that we can appreciate and could repay. Of course, Willie could have boasted of a number of such mothers: there was none of us who was not willing to do the same as she. Our very joy in having him led on to this failing: he was the only child among us adults and it was almost unavoidable that he would be precocious and even spoiled. Besides, childhood has its instinct to sanction such attention and to ask for more. It was on this score that I could never win his confidence, for I had always tried to keep him from growing up *too* soon and to spare him from adult talk and mind. I knew he didn't like me for it; and I knew too that he often thought me very hard. Yet, when we were alone-as we often were, working outdoor-his heart thawed out in confidence and we were firm friends till we came into the world again. I can remember in particular one such talk we had when he was eight years old. It was an August evening in Balloor.

I had brought him with me for company when I went across the hill to build a fallen fence, and he sat and watched me with Ceo lying at his side. This was his typical posture for catechism... "Frank, who's in Maynooth? ... Priests is it? ... 'Cos why? ...do they be teaching ye? ... Are they cross? ... Would they slap ye? ... 'Cos why?" I had tried to be civil until this last question; but here my patience broke: "Willie, for Heaven's sake, will you pull up your stockings and don't be asking questions." There was silence for a bit, then suddenly, perhaps because of some unconscious associations, his mind seemed somehow to miss and to skid back along the wheels of time until it clicked again and caught in the cogs of his own hidden past. He was talking again of his early childhood; of Paddy Rohan and Bridie Lowry and of the swing in the garden of the Home... then he was in the crowds again, telling me of how they were all playing... "and then the nun rang the bell... and all the other boys and girls went home to eat their lunch and *we went up to the Big House again.*" There was no affectation in the way he said it; no conscious loneliness, not even self-pity in the words, but the bland, childish way that he had underlined that contrast has penetrated to my very core. I can still see him as he was that sunny evening in Balloor, himself and Ceo so small against the background of the hill- he was alone, it seemed to me, a little eight-year-old alone upon the world. And this thought has given me food for much reflection; it makes we weigh his poor little fate in balance with

my own. How little do we think of giving thanks for things most obvious until we see those gifts denied in flesh and blood!

That train of thought, too, awakens in me another; that is, whether I should tell him now of his own history and so, break gently the consolation of looking on our home as his. I know it would now destroy a great deal of his happiness: I feel, too, that by allowing him to grow into one set order of values and traditions I am really repaying him for any seeming loss. And so I have refrained. As I watch him I often wonder if he will later on share our common convictions; if the same countryside and its people will be built into his character as it was in ours. Will he grow up with that panting love for home which we have? What of all those musical place-names which we had to lilt rather than speak: what of Mooneen, and Feenone, and Collacoon, and Killeen, and Ugool and Gowlawn, Roonahaille, Kinnadoohye, Corrigskewauwn- will they all impress their cadences upon his soul as they have done upon mine? Will these mean *home* to him-these and the people that live in them-and when in later years he is at times alone, will they spring to life in his spare moments, memories of the grand old folk he knew and of the grand, simple things they used to say? Will he, too, like me, retain a host of odd home memories- the taste of tea in meadows, the thirsty smell of salt and seaweed by the shore; blades of young mountain grass licking through fresh turf-footings; a country dog barking at the risen moon; and the Rosary at home in Irish when the day is over and the door is closed. Will he breathe deeply at the mention of such memories and will his face, like mine, go pale "with nature" when he speaks or hears of something that is so much his own? Will his roots stick deep in home and give him something that he can always turn to; something to draw vigour from; something that will be to him an anchor, and at the same time a beacon, as it has so often been to me? And what of that fateful moment when he must know that he has only been adopted; when even his own name will prove to him the rift he fears. What when he finds that those bounties of home and field to which he has made love are no more than a sapling, however rich, grafted on to a little life-root which fortune has so cruelly unearthed? Will he thank me for having left him to enjoy these happy sheltered years? Will the associations and the fullness of his youth outweigh the silence by which we have endeavoured to be kind? Or will the rent be greater by reason of the very pattern that we have led him to embroider now?

Oh Willie, Willie, how often have I given time to such considerations! How often have I tossed, sleepless, at night in torn indecision, drawn apart by the call of what seemed right and what seemed good. How often have I wondered, Willie, what the world will seem to you when you awaken from

the carefreeness of boyhood; and often have I prayed that, when that comes, you will give us once again that gallant smile with which you wakened to our home the night that first you came. But if, perchance, it should be otherwise; if the realization of your position becomes a cross too great to carry, and if (which God forbid!) it tempts you to despair; then, let my pledge of brotherhood be the rallying of your courage; this, and the thought of the intense joy you brought into that home among the sycamores. And, Willie, if someday your eye rests on these pages, then let them speak to you of what my motives were whenever you have thought me hard: let them be my answer for the moment far ahead when you will ask again, in thought or word: " 'Cos why?" And if you still should doubt, I have one final pledge to offer: I give it as the oiling of your wound. It is that I have made you partner to the dearest worldly thing God gave me. Remember, Willie, I have shared with you a mother's love.

Postscript:

I wrote that article some fifty-three years ago. The subject, Willie Morahan, was first known to Louisburgh people as "Willie Cummins". He was born on 29th November, 1941. In time Willie himself read the above article with joy and satisfaction. He later joined the Irish Army and served for a term in the Congo. He and his wife, Margaret Walsh, eventually went to live in London and returned often to visit Louisburgh. They have three children, William, Justin and Davina. Sadly, Willie died a young man on 14th November, 2002 aged almost sixty-one. We thank Margaret and the family for permission to re-publish this story. It forms a page of Louisburgh social history.

Leon Ó Murcháin



At the Opening of the Extension to Sancta Maria College, Louisburgh – 1986.

A Message of Thanks from Uganda and Elsewhere

I had been teaching in years already when my we cycled out to the west of teach in the old national Killadoon. The weather hardship to us than the punctures caused by the Mayo in the 1950's.



Evelyn Leamy RIP

Killadoon school for three sister Evelyn joined me and the parish every day to schools in Thallabawn and was usually a bigger distance or even the none-too-smooth roads of

Being innovative and inventive she came up with the idea of getting a car between us and she had to be the one to learn to drive first, because her school was a further five miles west of Killadoon where I taught. Eventually we saved up and bought a new Morris Minor from Tom Harney's garage in Chapel Street. Those were the days when you could still buy anything from a set of shoes for a donkey to the latest model of a British motor-car from one of the many small businesses that flourished in Louisburgh in those times! It was the first car in our family, and it was certainly a great comfort heading out west on wild, wet, wintry mornings. I cherish the memory of those two years we spent together before I entered the convent.

I left Louisburgh in 1957 to enter the novitiate of the Daughters of Mary and Joseph in Ballymahon. Evelyn stayed on to teach in the home parish for another thirty-five years. By then Evelyn was married and had begun to rear her family and was teaching in Cregganbawn. From the first time she ever earned a salary, I think, she shared what she could of it with the missions, especially by buying the magazines of Missionary Societies that worked in poor and distant parts of the world.

As a life-long contributor to *The Far East, Africa, Missionary Outlook, The Word Magazine, The Messenger*, and various others- and as a buyer of tickets for their raffles and a donor to their fund-raising events-she helped to promote the education, health, hope and dignity of the many poor people who were served by those different missionary groups in very far-flung places.

She was always generous too with her help to my own DMJ Missions in Uganda, whether those were in the hot green hilly south or in the parched desert-north of the country where the people are still nomads and live in

great hardship. She and her family always had a warm welcome and a comfortable bed ready for me whenever I came back on holidays from Africa over the course of nearly forty years. There's no telling how much that meant to me.

I don't know exactly when Evelyn first became a member of the Louisburgh branch of the Apostolic Workers Society, but I know that she was an active and committed president of it until the day she died. Our mother had a saying: *Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you.* Evelyn surely gave the best she could to everyone-her family, her pupils, her parish, her friends and neighbours; and always she gave as much as she possibly could for the benefit of the poor, hungry, sick or otherwise needy people in the faraway parts of the world reached by Irish missionaries.

As a Louisburgh woman she was not alone in doing that. It was, and still is, an outstanding characteristic of the people of our parish to be concerned for the less fortunate people of the world. And I would like to thank the many, many generous men, women and children of Louisburgh who have contributed-and still contribute-through direct fundraising, through the Apostolic Work Society, through their personal support and donations, and through their good will and prayers, to the missions that try to bring hope and help where they are most needed.

If we want a good, constructive, and hope-giving form of globalization – which helps and develops but doesn't oppress or exploit people – this is one of the ways we can contribute to it. The world needs this kind of thoughtful, unselfish, non-market generosity more acutely now than ever before. So, I'd like to thank everybody who helps the missions and to pray for God's special blessings on them and their families.

Sister Sarah Durkan, D.M.J.
Dublin and Mbarara.



Sr. Theresa McConnell with her parents John and Margaret McConnell being presented with the Pope's Blessing on the 25th anniversary of her profession by Fr. Lorkan O'Reilly in the Convent of Mercy, Colwyn Bay, North Wales.

From Valparaíso - A Tribute

For more than four decades my sister Evelyn (Durkan) Leamy faithfully posted a copy of *An Choinneal* to every member of the family living away from Louisburgh, and to some cousins and friends overseas as well. For me it was the best of all Christmas gifts, a cherished link with the parish, with Bunowen, and especially with Evelyn herself who – like so many of her friends who were active *Coinneal* helpers during those forty years – has now gone to her rest.

Shortly before Christmas 2002 I was re-reading John Lyons's *Louisburgh: A History*, when that year's issue of the *Coinneal* arrived in the post. On the cover was a photograph of another familiar and well-loved Louisburgh figure who was also active in the parish and magazine for many decades, the late Seamus Durkan. I had often thought that he and Evelyn had many fine qualities in common: kindness, generosity, a warm welcome, a friendly smile, and a helping hand wherever they could quietly and effectively extend it, all underpinned by a deep faith in God.

The generation they belonged to has been quietly slipping away from us for some time now. Two more of Evelyn's friends – also constant *Coinneal* helpers – Clem (Morahan) Lyons and Norah (McEvelly) Dunne died and were mourned with great sadness by her during the months before her own death in September 2003.

When I opened the last issue of the *Coinneal* that Evelyn sent me back in 2002 and saw that Father Leo Morahan – founder, editor, mover and animating spirit behind this outstanding parish magazine for more than forty years – was no longer the name on the editorial masthead, I felt, at first, a great sadness because, for me – as also, I think, for many others of my vintage – Father Leo was the *Coinneal*; the source of that voice, that choice and presentation of material, the warm personal editorial style, the thoughtful, probing, challenging, faith-filled spirit that gave a special savour to it all.

But then, fresh from my reading of John Lyons's well-researched volume on the history of Louisburgh, I also felt a sense of relief and gratitude that the *Coinneal* had found a dedicated Bunowen man to take up the editorial burden where years, long service and health-problems had finally forced Father Leo to lay it down. It is no small task, and it is very hard, from the outside, to appreciate the extent of the unseen labour, the varied responsibilities, and the long hours of nitty-gritty work involved. So I'd like to send my special thanks and best wishes to the present editor and to his

editorial team and helpers and to wish them every blessing and success in their generous work.

When I left Louisburgh to enter the convent in Carysfort in 1956, the "terms and conditions" of life in a Mercy religious community were still tough. But harder even than getting up every morning at 5.30 a.m. and facing a long day of work, prayer, silence and self-discipline on spare rations, was the rule that you would never again get to spend even one night under your parents' roofbeam. That, for me, was the toughest rule of all – and it wasn't changed for at least ten years more.

So when the first issue of *An Choinneal* – with a drawing of Clare Island on the cover – arrived by post in Carysfort in 1959, well, there's no way now that I can possibly describe the wonderful lift it gave me, after those three years of total exile from Louisburgh! It was like having a well-distilled "dhrop" of the authentic Louisburgh spirit to sip and savour again and again – and to keep close by me for comfort!

Time, progress, the Second Vatican Council, and explosive developments in technology, travel and communications were soon to sweep away that old world of the 1950's forever. But nothing will ever change my gratitude to Father Leo and those who helped him with the *Coinneal* during all those years. And, sadly, I'm afraid, nothing will ever again be able to bring me the same special lift of the heart that I felt whenever the familiar *Coinneal* envelope arrived with Evelyn's handwriting on the cover and one of her short newsy letters inside.

She sent me the Irish newspaper *Foinse* sometimes too, and she shared with me her love for Gaeilge, music, song, poetry, and something of that lovely strong faith that kept her going – and hopeful, generous, open-hearted and good-humoured – through thick and thin. She even made the long journey across the Atlantic and the Andes to visit me in Valparaiso in 1996. And that visit – like the memorable first *Coinneal* of 1959 – remains something precious beyond words to me, coming as they both did, "all the way from Louisburgh".

Teresita Durkan

Playa Ancha, Valparaiso, Chile.

September 2004

Football Memories

Upon leaving Croke Park on Oct 3rd 2004 after witnessing near neighbours and sporting rivals Galway storm to their first All-Ireland at the expense of Dublin I lapsed into a moment of reflection. Galway's magnificent display left me to ponder whether or not I would have the opportunity to play again on that hallowed surface. Whilst on the day I felt a tinge of regret at failing to reach this year's final, I was also deeply appreciative of the footballing fortune I have enjoyed.

In many ways it has been an exhilarating sporting journey. The awareness of the importance of my family has never been more acute, considering the distance they have to travel to pitches dotted all over the country. Both of my parents spent many hours driving me to and from sessions, waiting patiently reading the papers in the warmth of the car or indeed often times watching training standing in the cold along the sidelines. Also, as I come from a family of three brothers and they acted as my earliest coaches with ferociously competitive games played out in our back garden. Indeed any individual in whatever sport it may be will pay tribute to the integral role that ones family plays. They act as your greatest supporter and critic, and are always there to endure sporting euphoria and despair.

My earliest sporting memories are of the epic four game sagas between Dublin and Meath in the 1991 Lenister Championship, whilst not forgetting Mayo's march to Croke Park in 1989, 96 and 97. On a more local level I remember spending many evenings down at Lyons field following the fortunes of my local national school team, Holy Family Killeen. It was a team that enjoyed great success sprinkled with the footballing talents of Austin O' Malley, Brendan and Eric Heneghan, Eoin O' Grady and Michael McGreal to name but a few. Many a school year ended with the celebration of another West Mayo title.

On such occasions bonfires dotted the crossroads around the parish of Killeen, whilst a cavalcade of cars led by Fr. Fallon and Eamon Keane sped through the night time countryside.

Indeed from my own personal experience and many other girls who play football today much is owed to the work of Cuman na mBunscoil. Similarly special mention must be made to national school teachers and in my own case Patrick O' Grady, my school principal and first manager who bravely selected me for the school team. A decision which I hope has been rewarded, despite the fact that whilst kicking football on his lawn we also succeeded in destroying his budding sapling trees with wayward shooting.

My football progressed from the idyllic scene of national school to club with Carnacon and finally to Mayo. Indeed it was in 1999 that football catapulted to new heights under the father and son team of John and Jonathan Mullin and of course Finbar Egan. They honed the footballing skills of twenty nine girls whilst harnessing the confidence and enthusiasm of youth upon the training fields of Mayo. It certainly added new meaning to the concept of blood, sweat and tears all in the name of the jersey. That October we fulfilled a sporting dream and in the years that followed were fortunate to repeat those feats. We evolved both as individuals and as a team. Along the way we learned the values of discipline, hard work, commitment and pursuit of a goal whilst retaining sporting dignity.

A new and exciting social world opened up, forming lasting friendships with team mates and sporting opponents. Whilst one will remember the winning, you also never forget the experience of working with a group to achieve an aim, the various different characters encountered and undoubtedly the craic along the way. I will always have special memories of the homecomings and in particular 1999 with bonfires lighting the road from Murrisk to Killeen. It will always reflect the great sense of community that sport can create amongst a parish of young and old alike.

Perhaps the greatest sense of satisfaction derived from our sporting success has been in the growth of ladies football across Mayo. For every boy that dreams of emulating the success of Ciaran McDonald, Austin O' Malley and company there is a young girl dreaming of following in the footsteps of Cora Staunton, Helena Lohan or Nuala O' Shea. Great tribute must be paid to parents and teachers in the growth of ladies football in Louisburgh. It is a club founded upon a spirit of enthusiasm, co-operation and a love of football. When you see a grandfather braving the elements to cheer on his granddaughter in an under tens match or hear grown men lamenting a near miss deep in injury time, then you appreciate that football is, to use that oft quoted cliché "more than just a game".

On a personal level it is wonderful to win an All Ireland. It is something that all footballers should experience but due to the cruel nature of sport never do. We can all recall fabulous players both male and female who never got to realise their sporting ambitions and dreams. However, football is more than just a case of success or defeat. It has been about the journey along the way from Lyons field to Croke Park. It has revolved around arduous training sessions in the mud and wet, car and bus trips all across the country, numerous bumps and bruises, sporting scars, long summer's evenings, tears and laughter and finally friendship and fun. All wonderful memories and experiences brought about by the bounce of a ball.

Claire Egan

Fowl Times in The Convent

The extraordinary thing about Mollie was that she was a master, or mistress, of dead pan. She could say the most hilariously witty things, without a shadow of impression crossing her face. She could come out with a humdinger in a situation as if she was as innocent as a babe.

I first worked with her in summer 1948 on the poultry farm at Killeshandra where she ran an empire, the envy of all who saw it. And there were many! Practically all visitors to the Convent that summer, got a tour of the poultry farm

Killeshandra Convent had some land, which was one of the reasons why the estate was chosen for the seven first sisters, in preference to the more scenic Virginia some miles away. From the beginning the Sisters set out to use the land in the most cost-effective way possible, hiring local farmers to work the farm. I don't seem to remember sheep, but I do remember a milking parlor. We made our own butter, salted it and prepared it for table. It was delicious. There was a young bull, whose swollen ankle I tried to drain with a hypodermic needle, who was going to Ballsbridge for a show. There was hay – for we took part in saving it. There were oats- for we tied the sheaves and built them into 'stooks'. And there was the poultry farm. This was built up to 1000 units strong and provided the Convent (up to a hundred people) with eggs and broilers throughout the year, and turkeys for Christmas.

Mollie came from County Mayo. She had shrewd grey eyes and a strong, but homely face. She had trained as a poultry mistress before entering the Convent. She was a rock of Mayo, practical common sense, and had little time for sending bulls to Ballsbridge, feeling instead that we could use the agricultural potential at our disposal to feed ourselves.

She was professed with perpetual vows and I, as yet, had only temporary vows. So I was a bit wary of her, wondering was she assessing me, and if so how was I to find out how it was going.

The more specific religious exercises of prayer were carried out with meticulous punctuality, and there was no exemptions unless for illness or guest courtesy. We prepared to go to the farm in boots and blue check apron over a cotton habit, as the work was physically trying. There was only one laborer. More about him in a minute. We were all involved in acquiring

the virtues of the Gospel, continuously looking on ourselves to correct such faults, as we would counter to Christ in ourselves.

Looking back, I guess Mollie was wondering how I saw her. Was she giving me good example? Alternatively, of course, she could be trying to figure where I was in this process of self-sanctification. She had a temper and it flared out on automation of its own from time to time. She had a habit of calling me 'a szoir' and would often begin one of her enigmatic remarks with the epithet.

One day she said to me, "what do you think of a Sister (herself) who is twelve years in religion and cannot yet control her temper?" I was not going to be drawn into a precocious dissertation on the management of anger, so I said, "Well Sister, I don't know. But I read in the physiology books that when a dog goes into a fight, his spleen contracts and discharges more blood into the circulation". "Mmm", says Molly with great gravity. "That must be it"

Some days later I met her striding, obviously under some extra steam towards the farm. She stopped by me long enough to say, "A szoir", me spleen is after going off".

She tried another one on me. We had an exercise called the particular examination of conscience, where one was expected to be keeping an eye on a particular fault. This is what I thought it was anyway. But maybe we should have been keeping any eye on a particular virtue in order to coax it into growth. It always preceded lunch, and the Mother Superior would give a knock on her preu diu to indicate the exercise was over. In any case, the two of us were in one of the chicken houses and as the time came for "particular exam", rain lashed the place in a sudden Irish squall. "Do you think?" she said, "It would be right to go to our 'particular' here?" I was getting to know her now and replied that there was no better place. We lapsed into our respective reveries. At the end of ten minutes she gave a knock on the chicken perch to indicate the time had expired – as solemnly as if she were in a Carthusian Monastery. I did not bat an eye-lid!

We worked very hard. Visitors were often an imposition. Water was not laid on then and we dragged it in buckets to the drinking troughs. The main meal was brought from near the house to the farm in a large wheel borrow. We were often sweaty and grimy, Added to this, there were a few professional types that Mollie could not stand. Such a group was bearing down on us one day, and were no more than three or four yards away, while Molly dead panned, sotto voce, "A Szoir, they think we are down on the

farm because we cannot read Shakespeare". "And this is Sr. Hillary", she beamed. Then like Charlie Chaplin discharging a pie at somebody's face, "She is at the University" I wanted to be turned into a chicken at that moment, but she was enjoying herself enormously.

We developed a great relationship and I could see the things that vexed her and empathise. One of them was our only help – Christie. Christie was in his late twenties, or thereabouts, was loveable, careless, unpunctual, lost keys and brought sweets for Molly when he came late for work. "Twas raining was it Christie?" she would say, as that was his usual excuse. "Sthraming' outa the heavens 'twas, over our way".

He was trying to get a visa to go to the U. S. but was discovered to have an incompetent mitral valve. He had, he told me, a 'lake' (leak) in his heart. I pondered how such a thing could be, but figured I would hear about it next year in Med-School. Still waiting!

Come September of that year, it was decided that Molly needed a holiday. She was despatched to the Convent in Bridgewater in Somerset and must have hated going, leaving the farm to myself and Sr. Lucy, who had been sent to join me

On my own side, I was terrified. I had heard that before my time a previous poultry farm had been wiped out by an epidemic of ciccidiosis. What if anything should happen? There were breeders, point of lay, here month old chickens, turkeys – heavens it would have cost the Convent more than I was worth if "anything" happened.

The feed had Indian meal and a preparation called 'Pollard', the ingredients of which I know nothing. It was a beige kind of coarse powder, and there was none in stock just before Mollie left. There was also a shortage of sawdust for the dropping boards. The latter arrived, but not the former. Lucy mistook the sawdust for the Pollard, had fed it to the fowl when we discovered the mistake – and they had eaten it! Their intestines will get blocked up, I thought. This is it. Taking Christie into my confidence allayed my fears as his laughter soared in the summer sky to meet the lark. 'Blocked!' he scoffed, "I'll get a bag of mag sulph in the town and put in their midday meal and that will unblock them". Could this be safe, I wondered. The next day was long a coming. In Chapel the Psalms were punctuated with visions of dead birds.

The next crisis was when I noticed the breeders molting very quickly. Christie said it was O.K., but when they stopped eating he was furious. "Look

at them! "Not atin – and not a feather on them!" There seemed to him to be some impertinence about "Not atin" and having "no feathers on". We coaxed them with everything. They were like dowager Duchesses, spurning it all – "and not a feather on them".

The 'point of lay' did not produce one egg that September, though we watched for the delivery of just one egg before October. And worse was to follow. There I spied one evening a lovely white Wyndotte that should have a bright red comb. It was pale pink – 'and not atin'! I ran to the books. No condition answering to this description could be found. So I went to the Superior and requested here to make arrangements to send a hen to Dublin for diagnosis. She said there was no difficulty and instructed me to wrap up the hen, put it in a box and it would go up with the car the next day. My voice high with astonishment, I cried, "A live hen?! In a box?! To Dublin?!" When she stopped laughing, she explained that hens had post mortems, not check-ups.

When I went back to the flock and resolved I would kill no hen to find out what was wrong with it. That, I thought, is like a story in Mayo where two elderly brothers were living together. One of them died rather unexpectedly and a neighbor sympathizing asked what he died of? The brother replied, "I don't know, but the doctor said it was not serious, whatever it was!"

So I went to the flock house and addressed the birds: "Anyone", I said, "can have a pink comb for a few days but you girls, do buck up and live. None of you is getting killed". It worked. Mollie, not seeing the skid marks we left trying to keep it all going, was very pleased when she came back.

She is 84 today and lives in the house for returned Missionaries in Dublin. She runs a little shop for the Sisters for convenient things, like soap and note paper, stamps etc. And she has a small store of second hand clothes that are left in by friends and greatly appreciated by the sisters. Now don't think Molly runs that as a thrift shop, or five and dime. No siree. It was called: "Mollie's Boutique".

Sister Hilary Lyons

Post Script:

Mollie died quietly a few months ago aged 92 with "God blesh you" on her lips for every small service rendered here. Perhaps they were her last words. She made these early years light hearted and memorable. God blesh you Mollie!

Editor's Note:

Sr. Hilary writes: "I wonder is this piece too long for the next *Coinneal*? It was in my original mss for *Old Watering Holes* but it went under the editor's knife..."

Old Watering Holes was first published in 2001 by DUDU NSOMBA Publications, Glasgow.

Fairy Hill and Bunowen

T'is an evening still, and neath Clocan Hill the sun has sunk to rest
Its golden beams are tingled to red Clare Island in the west.
Aural peace rests upon all, even Clew Bay's shores all still
And God looks down on sweet Bunowen at the foot of Fairy Hill.

Oh some may roam the wide world o'er, gay scenes and joys to find
Italian skies and sunny France where the summer clouds are lined
With silvery streaks and the air is balm, and nature showers at will
Those gifts which surely can be joined at the foot of Fairy Hill.

But for me in calm and quietude, no place I loved so well
As where a thousand memories rise of many a flowery dell.
Where childhood days came back again with every rippling rill
Made music gay to join our play at the foot of Fairy Hill.

Those days are gone but memory clings to that heavenly happy time.
E're the world strife had crept into life and all things seemed sublime
When the waves that dashed upon the shore our youthful hearts to fill
With joys untold in loved Bunowen at the foot of Fairy Hill.

As bright a star as ever from holy Tuam has shone
First saw the light in his quite spot but from the world has gone.
To a better land where eagerly his soul is guarding still
His native home dear loved Bunowen, at the foot of Fairy Hill.

Mrs Nora Dunne, RIP

Gowlawn

Editor's note:

The following letter and article came to me in 1999 with a query about that O'Malley family.

June 10, 1876

Dear Mary

After a long silence I take the liberty of addressing you with those few lines of love and affection hoping they find you and family in as good state of health as the departure of this note leaves me and family in presently. Thank God for his mercy to us all.

Dear daughter I hope you will excuse me for not writing to you before now. I would but I had not your proper address till I sent to Darbey for it in his letter which I received on the 22nd of May. He sent your address to Cathorine too. I was always very uneasy about your son James. I heard he received a severe hurt in the thy. I always inquired of John and Darbey and they gave me no great account about it. I hope you will tell me has he any defect on the head of it. I also heard your oldest Daughter got married. You will give me all accounts about her. How she _____ situated. I hope you will send me all particulars about you and family. In general how many in family you have now and how you are doing of your farm. It is not for the want of nature caused me not to write before this but for not having your proper address you will tell me how you and the late husbands children parted with other. Do you keep tillage and cattle? Your sisters are in a reasonable way of living but times are not triving to well with Elon in regard of loosing her cattle. Your brother James got married in March '75 to a good and virtuous girl of the name Mc Greal who was very kind. Kind to us it was the will of God that she was brought to _____ In March last and was delivered a dead born child which _____ son. She was lying ill for a fortnight and was entered the 1st April. The Lord have mercy on her. During that fortnight we were thronged with strangers and greatly put of our course. I have wrote another note to Cathorine this day. Mary I expect you will send me a long letter with the return of post. Your brother Thomas left here the 11th May and went to England. He did not write as yet. He is the best looking of the Brothers.

Dear Grandson I hope you will excuse my clarkship. I am now seventy two years of age. It is time I should be getting dull. I never practised writing.

I hope you will not delay the answer. You will direct to James Mealey of Govlawn Liewsburgh P.Off. Parish of Kilgiever County Mayo Ireland.

Father and Mother Brothers and Sisters do join in sending our love and respect to you till death.

James O Mealey

Friday Evening, October 11, 1935

O'MALLEY DIES AT VALLEY CITY

Pioneer Farmer and Banker Succumbs After Extended Illness

Special to The Fargo Forum

Valley City, N.D., Oct. 11 – Darby O'Malley, 83, outstanding pioneer Valley City farmer and banker, died here Thursday at 5 p.m., following an extended illness. Death was due to advanced age.

Known throughout the northwest, O'Malley was prominently identified as an outstanding Red Cross worker, former Valley City postmaster, banker and civic leader, having served as mayor of Valley City.

Born in 1852

Born of Irish parents in County Mayo, Ireland, in 1852, Mr. O'Malley emigrated to the United States in 1873. He was employed in Chicago for eight years by Armour and company.

Mr. O'Malley came to Valley, April 8, 1881. In the summer of that year, he built the Dakota hotel. Operating it until 1890, after which he moved to his farm north of Valley City where he remained until 1896 when he was appointed Valley City postmaster.

In addition to serving for four years as postmaster, he was a member of the Barnes county board, mayor of Valley City for two years and a member of the city council. During the World War he was treasurer of the Barnes county chapter of the Red Cross.

Was Bank Director

Mr. O'Malley was vice president and director of the First National Bank of Valley City, and owned large tracts of land in North Dakota and Canada.

Mr. O'Malley was a member of St. Catherine's Catholic church, life member of the Knights of Columbus, the Elks, A.O.U.W., Rotary. He served as the first exalted ruler of the Valley City Elks lodge.

He was married at Oriska, N.D., Aug. 20, 1881. Mrs. O'Malley died Jan. 11, 1921. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Harold Hicke of Denver, Col.

Funeral services will be Sunday at 9 a.m. from the Catholic Church, Msgr. John Baker officiating.

Our First Penance

We liked Father Martin for one outstanding reason I can recall: he would come to our school once or twice a week and ask a single catechism question. At the top of the class there was an angel whose hand would shoot up straight away, like a periscope above a sea of stooped heads. If not asked immediately, the hand would go wiggling around like a U Boat scanning the surface for a merchant ship to turn to matchwood. She was always asked eventually and the Priest would tell one or two of those lovely bible stories to illustrate the answer. That would take an hour or more and with another half hour spent talking to the teacher a good piece of the afternoon was gone. I call that lady an angel because she never knew the trauma she saved her fellow pupils, the majority of whom, if they got one wish it would be that they were never asked a question from the first day at school until the last, because the consequences of missing were a trashing of the hands, a bawling out or maybe a whack on the head for good measure.

We liked Miss Durcan and they were the two people who trained us for First Confession. Train us well they did. Daunting and all as it was, we learned our few bits quickly and with enthusiasm, the only time that could be said. We had trouble coming up with sins for a time but, sensing our problem the teacher said one day: "Of course you all would have fought with a brother or sister sometime or would have disobeyed a parent or perhaps forgot your prayers in the morning". That solved it for us.

So one fine Saturday in May 1950 we were ready to face the big test. 1.30pm was normal Confession time but we had to start at 1.00 pm. Fottle was to be with me but there was no sign of him. I needed him at the critical time because we had a problem about one mortal sin, we didn't know whether to confess or not. When we were in Infants we got out an hour before the other classes and always went by the Chapel going home. For some reason we started to race each other through the spaces in the backs of the seats from the door to the altar and back again. When we were half way through one day, we heard a murderous roar from the door. We stopped dead and there leaning against one of the huge bearers holding up the gallery was Father Martin. He approached us in a rage and pointing to the station above our heads, the Nailing of Jesus to the Cross, said that's what we did to Him every time we committed a mortal sin. Then he made us kneel at the rails and say an Act of Contrition, which we didn't fully know so he had to help us, which seemed to make him madder. Then he banished us, warning us never to be got there again. That was a mortal sin we decided we couldn't

tell in case it put him in a rage again. But still I wanted to discuss it with Fottle one last time, because what if the priest remembered and we didn't tell it, would it put him in a worse rage? But there was no Fottle so I was dragged off at the last minute.

Fottle is not my friend's real name but the first time I met him he was spreading out clothes to dry on the long grass with his sister and I was trying to corral little fish into pools by the river. He joined me and without a word started enthusiastically doing the same thing. Some time later a younger sister appeared at the top of the path and I thought what she said was, "Fottle, your tea is ready". He jumped on to the bank and got into a long distance rapid-fire tirade, the gist of which was that he would go when he was ready. Then he got back in the river and continued his task, all the time giving out to the fish for trying to escape. After a while I heard a sound like slow footsteps coming through the water out of sight around the bend. A big man emerged into sight with his trousers rolled up over his knees and cut-off Wellingtons on his feet. He would give a jab of a hayfork under the bank on one side and pause to look behind; then he'd jab the other side. When he reached us he stood looking with the fork in front, the handle of which went six inches above his head. He said roughly: "Would one of you walk on each bank to keep a lookout for the road?" Immediately, Fottle jumped up and said, "Tea is ready". Then he sprang on the bank and went sprinting up the path as fast as if he was in a race and an opponent breathing down his neck. I made a less dramatic withdrawal and as I left I could hear the big man mutter something like "maura fawishk". I became lifelong friends with Fottle and we went everywhere together but I was always waiting for him and he always seemed to be gone to the mountain.

He wasn't in the Church either but everyone else was, shining in new suits and dresses.

At one, Fottle arrived panting. I moved in so he would be on the outside and first to confession but the teacher who was sitting behind took me firmly by the shoulders, stood me up and beckoned Fottle to pass me in. When he settled I whispered: "Where were you"? He whispered back: "Gone to the mountain". Then he began to whisper about a missing lamb but I saw two firm fingers poked into his back from behind, so that meant we couldn't discuss the mortal sin and that meant we weren't going to tell it as kind of discussed before. There was nothing left but to wait and worry.

At about twenty past one the priest arrived, also panting. The Church was so silent that every step he took up the aisle seemed to shake the building

to the foundation. As he passed us by, his cassock swishing, you could see the double muscle on the back of his neck tremble like jelly above his roman collar as he was a heavily built man. He took his seat in the portable confessional, which was like a one leaved book opened out, the covers to hide you from the rest of the Church and the middle leaf to divide the Priest from the penitent. I was first up and looking through the mesh I could see that he was looking at the floor and sweating profusely. The hanky on his knee was also wet with sweat. This was nothing like the rehearsals, when he would look at you kindly and call you "my child". I started with what we had learned: "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. This is my first confession and help me make a good one". At this stage he was supposed to say, "Tell me your sins, my child" but after a pause he looked up and said "Well!" I just managed to hold my nerve and get through the rest but was so shaken I couldn't remember what penance I got. But as the old mortal sin wasn't mentioned that's all that mattered. Fottle was up next and had a similar experience but instead of "Well!" the priest had said "Go on!" Fottle thought he said go home and got up to leave almost knocking the confessional in his excitement but the priest then seemed to realize it was our first time and settled him by saying "Kneel again, my good child". Still Fottle was very pale coming down.

Communion went beautifully next day and the sun shone out making the girls look great in their white dresses and veils. Father Martin said that after we had made our Confession and received Communion we would feel better in every way and feel physically lighter. He said: "You'll find you'll be able to run faster and jump higher" and that was true because much to the consternation of our mothers we took to the fields going home from Mass and jumped every ditch between the Chapel and Boreen na Deirce with light to spare.

Thomas O'Malley

The Convent

In September, 2004, we, the senior citizens of the parish, are enjoying our weekly get-together in what was once the Convent of Mercy, Louisburgh. The room allotted to us is large and spacious and was once the classroom, divided in two by a sliding partition, making the junior and senior rooms, with two lines of desks in each.

Memories crowded back, of another September in 1937 when I, a reluctant pupil came to school here. Having always loved and enjoyed life in the country and the mile and a half walk to school in Killadoon each morning, I had not envisaged and change in my daily schedule. But my little world was suddenly turned upside down on a Sunday at the end of August.

An announcement was made from the altar that the nuns in Louisburgh were giving three scholarships to the secondary school. I thought nothing more of it, but one of my sisters, home on holidays, threw down the gauntlet: "Now is your time to show us how bright you are. You should go and do that exam". I was trapped. My mother looked hopefully for an answer in the affirmative, but my father, ever ready to come to my aid, said, "Take the mare and leave her above in the hill". Fleeing on horseback from a tight situation seemed an ideal solution and away I went, hoping the matter was closed.

Not a hope! The same tune was being played when I returned. I think it was my brother Tommie who said that maybe I might ask teacher Pat Maguire for advice. Pat Maguire gave me every encouragement and a silver piece for luck.

Mother Alphonsus was sweetness itself and I was to present myself the next day for the exam. We stayed in town that night and the next, until the exams were over. I hardly tasted a morsel until that Tuesday evening when I ate a hearty meal. We were going home. Our genial and generous friends with whom we stayed begged us to stay as it looked like rain. And rain it did. We got soaked on the way home.

Word came at the end of the week that I had got the first scholarship; Molly, another girl from Killadoon school, got the second and the third was divided between two other girls from another school.

The next Tuesday would be our first day at school and in tune with my feelings, it poured from the heavens. My father traced up the mare and

side-car. I was in tears. The town was new to me even though it was only seven miles away. I had been there perhaps three times previously.

Sr. Dympna taught English Literature, Grammar, Christian Doctrine, Irish, History and Geography. She was a warm-hearted and kindly lady and a great teacher.

Mother Alphonsus was also kind and understanding. She was a brilliant mathematician but with one fault: she gave us six pages of maths. per night, two in arithmetic, two in geometry and two in algebra

We had Mother Michael for Music and Choir and we were able to join her in the church for evening devotions – Rosary and Benediction each night for the month of October. I can still picture Fr. Mc Donnell in the pulpit saying the Rosary and the Prayer of St. Joseph. Time passed. We had a pre-Christmas exam. I sat with a girl who had, to me, the most valuable book in all the world. It was a large edition of Canon Sheehan's "Glenanaar". At home we had a small edition and we did not even know there was a large one. So with her permission I took it home and never was there a more welcome Christmas gift for all of us.

January is for everyone a challenging time and back in school we faced our biggest surprise; both Mollie and myself were brought into the senior room and had to work with third years in preparation for an exam in April. The good Sisters must have liked the results of the Christmas exam.

In the senior room, we enjoyed the lively company of Kitty O'Malley, Mary Ruane, Laura Mc Donnell and Mary O'Malley. The exam was called The Preparatory College Exam and as we had only four months pre-Christmas and hardly four after Christmas for preparation, we were not disappointed that we did not succeed.

In 1938, Kitty O'Malley and Mary went to Tuam and did their Leaving Cert. Mother Josephine, later to be Principal in Louisburgh, was in Tuam at the time.

Two nuns came to our house after Christmas and asked me back to do the Intermediate Cert. The call of green fields and open spaces was too strong and so I stayed.

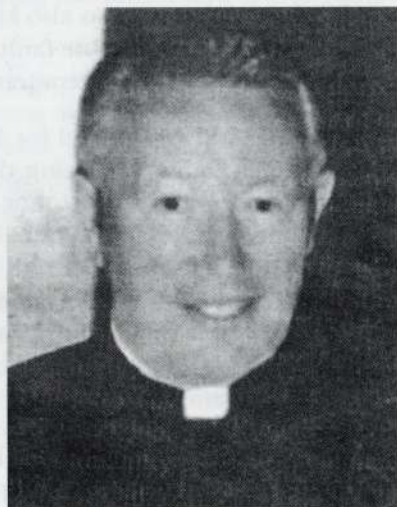
Of the five of us who did the Preparatory exam together, there is only Laura and myself left.

Una O'Malley

Australian Catholic University Honours Louisburgh Priest

Courtesy *The Mayo News*

A Louisburgh-born priest has been honoured by the Australian Catholic University for his "eminent service to Catholic Education". He is Fr. John O'Reilly and the following citation was read by the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Peter W. Sheehan, AO, BA, PhD., FAPS (Hon.), FAPSA, FASSA (Hon.), FACE, on the occasion of the conferring by the Pro-Chancellor, Mr. Edward Exell, AM, BA, BEc, of the degree of Doctor of the University, *Honoris Causa*, on Fr. O'Reilly.



Fr. John O'Reilly

"It is said of Fr. John O'Reilly that he can have a school built before breakfast, but I know this is only a slight exaggeration."

John O'Reilly was born in 1937 in County Mayo in Ireland, the son of Austin O'Reilly and Delia McMyler. He received his education at the Boys' National School in Louisburgh and at St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.

He went on to study in the Seminary at St. Peter's College, Wexford, from September 1955 until his ordination to the Priesthood on 4th June 1961 by Bishop Staunton.

Fr. O'Reilly arrived in Melbourne in November, 1961 and was appointed assistant priest in Mentone, before going on to other challenges at Chadstone in 1963 and at St. Alban's in 1968. He has been parish priest of Sacred Heart Parish, St. Alban's, since 1973.

In St. Alban's, Fr. O'Reilly has the care of two primary schools and four campuses of Catholic Regional College, St. Alban's, North Keilor, Melton and Sydenham. In his time as Parish Priest of St. Alban's he has fostered the

foundation of the nearby parishes of Kealba, St. Alban's West and Keilor Downs, each with their own school and parish plant. In 2004, the Cana Catholic Primary School opened in Sacred Heart/Emmasus parish, and he is the driving force behind the establishment of Catholic secondary education in Caroline Springs.

He is a member of Archbishop Hart's College of Consultors, as he was for Cardinal Pell when he was Archbishop of Melbourne.

Fr. O'Reilly was a foundation member of the Melbourne Catholic Education Board in 1963, and is currently the nominee of the Canonical Administrators on the Council of the Victorian Catholic Schools' Association. He is noted for his singular and focused commitment to Catholic education, and has been an active and effective advocate for Catholic education infrastructure and finance, particularly in the western suburbs of Melbourne. He was also a strong supporter of the St. Patrick's Cathedral Restoration Appeal.

He is a member of the Senate of Priests of the Archdiocese of Melbourne and has served with great distinction as a priest of the diocese under six Archbishops, whom he has always treated with great loyalty and affection.

In May 2000, George Seitz, Member for Keilor in the Parliament of Victoria, said of Fr. O'Reilly: "Fr. O'Reilly has developed a growth area in Keilor by assisting with the development of new schools, services, churches and parishes. Fr. O'Reilly has been at the forefront of providing palliative care in the west through the Mercy Hospice. When the service was close to losing funding, he was a driving force behind maintaining those services. It is to his credit that our district services all denominations. Father O'Reilly does not look after only the Catholic community but people of all denominations.

"Pro-Chancellor, I ask that you bestow on Fr. John O'Reilly, Australian Catholic University's highest honour, Doctor of the University (*Honoris Causa*), for his outstanding contributions to Catholic education."

Fr. O'Reilly is brother of Mr. Patrick O'Reilly, Shraugh, Louisburgh; Mr. Thomas O'Reilly, Perth; Mrs. Mary Battams, London; Mrs. Breege Gaffney, USA; Mrs. Sheila Wallace, Arizona; Mrs. Margaret Burke, Clonbur; Mrs. Kitty O'Reilly, Perth; Mrs. Gertrude Corrigan, Belturbet; and Mrs. Brenda Lyons, Askelane, Louisburgh.

A sister, Mrs. Anna O'Donnell, Westport, died some years ago.

Christmas in the Tropics

The moon shone brightly from a cloudless azure-blue African sky as we wended our way from the Novitiate to the "Chapel on the Hill". In front walked the cross-bearer Brother Peter, followed by the novices, postulants, school manager and myself, all holding aloft lighted candles which flickered in the breeze. At the back, flanked by two candle bearers, came the novice master, Fr. Jim Flynn, carrying the Infant Jesus. As we processed along, the Usumbara hills in the distance resounded to our singing of that beautiful Christmas carol, "*Angels we have heard on high*" and echoed back their joyful strain "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*". Having entered the chapel, Fr. Jim placed the Infant Jesus in the crib, incensed it and then went to the altar to celebrate Midnight Mass. The Mass was sung in the Kiswahili language and included carols in English which I had taught the choir. This Midnight Mass for me was simply magical and one I shall always remember as the high-light of the four years I spent in Africa.

I had gone to Africa in October, 1944 to fulfill a schoolgirl's dream which originated when I was a boarder in St. Brigid's Mercy Convent, Tuam. Two African nuns visited the school and spoke of their work in the mission fields. So enthused was I by their talk that I wanted to set out there and then to do my little bit; however, when I discussed the matter with my parents, my father vehemently opposed the idea and instead I went to UCG and qualified as a post-primary teacher. I was then involved in founding a lay co-ed secondary school in Askeaton, Co. Limerick. I was Principal there until I reached the age of sixty-five and manager to age seventy-four when the Holy Spirit took a hand again.

Having accomplished my mission in Askeaton and having ensured that St. Mary's Secondary School was in the hands of very capable people, I set out to accomplish my second mission, my schoolgirl's dream of going to Africa.

One Sunday in 1993 two lay missionaries from a group called The Volunteer Missionaries or VMM visited my parish church in Cappagh. They spoke about their foundress Edwina Gateley, who, in 1969, in response to Vatican Two and its exhortation to the laity to get more involved in the work of the Church, set up the VMM to train volunteers for the African mission. Already, they have sent out over fifteen hundred lay people, doctors, nurses, carpenters, teachers, technicians etc to work with and train our brothers in the Third World. They are now working in every part of Africa and Central

America. The two ladies stressed the great need there was for personnel in every field of endeavour on the mission fields.

Despite my mature years, I answered the call. Having completed a five-weeks training course in Sunningdale, outside London, I was allocated a teaching post with the Rosminian Order in Lushoto, East Africa. On the campus was a training school for priests, a Postulancy and a Novitiate and also a co-educational second-level school where students were trained to be mechanics. I taught English to the novices and to the trainee mechanics.

My abiding memory of my arrival in Dar-es-Salaam was the intense heat that assailed me from the ground upwards as I got off the plane. Two members of the Rosminian Order met me and since my plane journey was a long one – twelve hours or more – we stayed that night in the Benedictine monastery, leaving by jeep next morning for Lushoto. En route, the poverty and sheer misery of the people became apparent. Bare footed emaciated children played outside tin shacks. In the plots around the dwellings the women were busily clearing the ground with their jembes (hoes) for planting whatever crop was seasonal; other women and their children carried water, bundles of sticks etc on their heads. Where were the men? I wondered. Probably drinking home-made beer in the sheebens.

It was late evening when I arrived and since I was now in the Tropics I had to accustom myself to a sudden nightfall at 6.30 or 7.00. Rising time was at 5.30 next morning with Mass at 6.30, breakfast and school. I taught there for four years. My students were thirsting for knowledge and were keenly interested in English because all of their exam papers, with the exception of Kiswahili, their native language, were in English. Boys were in the majority there and while females are considered second-class citizens, the imbalance is being addressed.

The English hymns I taught are still being sung, as I discovered on my return visit of last January.

My old school, now Colaiste Mhuire, takes a special interest in "My Mission" as they call it and each year I send a sizable cheque from Askeaton to Lushoto. Two of my past students are now trained and teaching in Lushoto, thanks to the generosity of teachers and students from Askeaton. A generator has been supplied to a local hospital and so much good has come from what most people thought was a crazy idea of mine when I set out on a voyage of adventure at the age of seventy-four. Nobody is ever too old!

Nora Hawkes (nee Duggan, Cahir)

'Clem'

By *Seán Staunton*



Clementine Lyons

It is fitting that a tribute to Clem Lyons should appear in the very magazine of which she was the heart and soul for the best part of forty years. From 1963 to 2003 Clem had been secretary, motivator and well-spring of that small dedicated group, including her Editor brother, Fr Leo Morahan, which biennially produced *An Choinneal*. I am not too sure whether the word secretary even begins to adequately describe Clem's role in this, the most enduring of parish magazines.

Editors may edit, contributors may contribute, printers may print and distributors distribute, but it takes someone special at the very centre of the enterprise to give it its heart and identity. Clem Lyons was that person, and although she was a contributor of no mean ability to the production, it was as secretary of *An Choinneal* that she performed her most telling service. She it was who established *An Choinneal* as the beacon of home for Louisburgh people around the world; she it was who compiled the data base of emigrants, from Camden to Canberra, Berlin to Boston, and who made them feel that bit closer to hearth and home; she it was who harried and chivvied the reluctant and the tardy (this writer included) to deliver on their promises and to add another stitch to the cloth of *An Choinneal*.

Like everything else she did in life Clem set high standards for *An Choinneal*. If something needed to be done, it had to be done well, for she had little patience with anything that was second best. It was this commitment to high standards which gave *An Choinneal* a quality which is not always to be found in local or parish magazines. From the beginning, Clem wanted *An Choinneal* to be not just a chronicle of people and events of parochial interest, but a magazine of which Louisburgh people could be proud. That she and her colleagues succeeded in that aim was very much to their credit; that it happened every other year for forty years was a remarkable achievement. But then, in the case of Clem we are talking about a remarkable woman, though she would never have thought of herself as such.

There were, of course, many more strings to Clem's bow than her involvement with *An Choinneal*. Through the fifties, sixties and seventies, rural Ireland was fortunate in having strong, vibrant local communities when there was little else to cling to. Materially impoverished and scourged by emigration, there emerged nevertheless a generation of community leaders who led by example and who refused to simply lie down and curse the darkness. In spite of - or, many would say - because of the grinding adversity, small communities and their leaders, continued to light and re-light the candle of hope. One such community was Louisburgh and one such person was Clem Lyons.

She had involved herself with the ICA from an early age, and to the local guild she happily brought her innate talent for drama, music and entertainment which she had so often inputted to the school choirs she had trained. There followed many successful productions for Louisburgh ICA in regional and national competitions. Louisburgh Development Company and the ambitious and innovative Granuaile centre were two of the many community projects to which Clem dedicated her time and energy. She was also instrumental in arranging the visit of former President Mary Robinson to Louisburgh and in the organisation of the annual Famine Walk from Doolough.

Clem was a founder member of Louisburgh Holidays plc, the highly successful local holiday cottage company which, through the voluntary efforts of local board members, has done so much to put Louisburgh on the national and international tourism map. It is regarded as one of Louisburgh's most practical and forward-looking developments and Clem was among those local and committed innovators who championed the project right from the start. She was a member of the company up to the time of her death, and those of us who were privileged to work alongside her on the board were witnesses to her qualities of clear thinking, well-grounded argument and, it should be added, her readiness to dig in her heels when her views were not totally consistent with those of her colleagues.

However, despite her broad community involvement and outside the family circle, it is as a teacher that Clem Lyons is likely to be best remembered. Teaching, of course, was in her blood, but in her case was an additional natural talent which would not have found expression in any other profession. Great teachers are not merely teachers; they are educators in the broadest and most noble sense of that word, and Clem Lyons was a true educator. She shaped the character and informed the values of generation after generation of her young charges, but, what is more, she did so by

example as well as by word. A believer in truth above all else, she inculcated that love of honesty in those she taught.

Sometimes we are inclined to forget the huge influence which our teachers have over the values and beliefs of our children and, in consequence, on the whole shape and ethos of our society. We entrust to our teachers an authority and a responsibility which is truly awesome in its power. It is to the credit of the teaching profession that we are rarely disappointed. In Clem Lyons Louisburgh was blessed with a teacher whose standards of integrity and truth were a shining jewel.

Educated at Accony NS where her late father taught, Clem went on to Secondary School in Coláiste Mhuire, Tourmakeady, where her love of the native language - to last her whole life - was acquired and strengthened. From there she went on to teacher training at Carysfort, returning home at the age of 21 to take up her first teaching post at Louisburgh Boys' NS with her own parents as colleagues. Her marriage in 1948, ten years later, meant her retirement from teaching under the regulations which obtained at that time. Subsequent relaxation of these regulations enabled her to return to the classroom and she taught in Bouris, Thallabawn, Killadoon, Tully, Carrowniskey and, finally, in Killeen Central School. Ever dedicated to the needs of her pupils, she regularly and generously gave private tuition to those who felt the need of it, a practice she continued even after her retirement from teaching.

Music was one of Clem's lifelong interests. She herself was blessed with an excellent soprano voice - as early as 1938 she had performed in competition on the then Radio Eireann, singing "Macushla". She loved the sheer joy of singing, but she also loved to share with others that God-given talent. An accomplished pianist, she was choir mistress of St Patrick's Church in Louisburgh for many years; she trained choirs in every school to which she was assigned and she was an ever-willing accompanist at musical celebrations at parish concerts. Her life was one of joy and song, and many of us remember her loving tribute to her life's partner when she sang so beautifully at the funeral Mass of her beloved Austie. And it was on wings of song that she herself departed this life when, a few hours before she died, she sang once more her old favourite hymns with her sister Gaelie.

If there was one particular trait which will always be associated with Clem, and especially in the memory of all those whose lives she touched, it was her commitment to truth and honest expression. She was forthright in saying what she felt needed to be said, regardless of how popular or otherwise the

sentiments might be. As with all people of determined views, that sometimes meant ruffling the feathers of authority (in all quarters!), something that was never a deterrent to the strong, but fair-minded, Clem. In fact, there was often reason to suspect that Clem rather enjoyed the joust of controversy and the cut and thrust of animated debate. But if she did, it is only fair to say that she could take honest argument just as easily as she could give it. She was always prepared to listen to another's point of view, to give it fair deliberation and to allow that - at times - there were counter opinions which were sincerely held and as equally valid as her own.

Politics, of course, was an abiding passion and, like her teaching, was not something taken from the wind. Local and national issues were always worthy of a personal evaluation and her own unique analysis. It would be this writer's considered opinion that, while some might have rushed to put a party political label on her, her ultimate voting decisions had more to do with the quality of the person seeking her support and his/her commitment to her beloved Louisburgh, than with anything else.

She had strong views as well about religion, but there was never a doubt about her loyalty to her own faith. Such loyalty, however, was never allowed to stymie an enquiring mind, and one can well imagine the lively debates and verbal jousts which must have been an integral part of home life on Chapel Street, not least with her own siblings.

Family life was hugely important to her and, while I would not have had an insider's knowledge of the life of the Lyons family, I had enough conversation with her to be well aware of her deep respect and affection for 'my Austie' and the love and fierce loyalty she had towards all her children and, indeed, her extended family.

She was a committed Christian as person, wife, mother, sister, teacher and community activist. Her great interest in the words of scripture mirrored the exemplary way in which she conducted her day-to-day activities. She lived her religion to the full, because she lived the truth just as she spoke the truth. It was surely a testament to her practical Christianity that, in her later years, she took into her own home two elderly relatives, caring for them and attending to their needs up until the time of their deaths.

There is a gospel exhortation that we each should use to the full the talents with which the Creator has gifted us. In the case of Clem Lyons, that woman of such rich and diverse a treasury of talents, that duty was fulfilled to the last letter. There are countless hundreds of Louisburgh exiles all

over the globe who have reason to remember with gratitude and affection the part that Clem played in their young lives. There are many more here at home who, having been touched by her warmth and goodness, know what it is like to have walked with angels. And that collective community spirit, that indefinable quality which makes Louisburgh what it is and which makes Louisburgh people what they are, will continue to be nurtured by the influence of one who was so unselfish, so open, so generous in the service of others. She was not without her shortcomings, as she herself often pointed out, but to highlight those is not the purpose of this tribute.

Clem Lyons passed away after a long illness on March 6, 2003. She was laid to rest in the hallowed ground of Kilgeever, beside her beloved Austie. It would be the most worthy of all tributes to her memory if An Choinneal was to uphold the high standards which she herself had set, and continue to be the living heart of the Louisburgh she loved so much.

I am not the only one who would have regarded her as a remarkable woman, an appellation she herself would quickly eschew. But any objective analysis of her full and varied life would undoubtedly come to the same conclusion. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a h-anam.

Seán Staunton is Editor of the Mayo News and served with Clem on the board of Louisburgh Holidays plc for twenty-five years.



At back: John Hallinan and Mary Hallinan (Fr. Pat's sister).

At front: Uncle Myles McLoughlin, Father Pat, Helena (Mother), Tommy Joe O'Malley – Easter 1949. On the occasion of the Ordination of Fr. Pat Kitterick, R.I.P.

Donkey Train Only Transport for “Operation Sand”

Despite all the advantages from space travel and modern methods of transport donkeys in the villages around Lecanvey are receiving very special treatment these days. And the reason: They are needed to carry 60 tons of building material to the summit of Croagh Patrick where the 60 years old Oratory is awaiting a 20,000 renovation to cater for increasing pilgrims.

Operation Sand – first of the materials for transport - commenced last week And some donkey owners can make as much as 12 pounds for a single trip each day. Each donkey carries one cwt. weight of sand – a half cwt. packed in bags on each side.

For the past ten days 45 years old Michael McNeill, Kilsallagh, has straddled his eight donkeys team each morning for the eight-mile offbeat climb. With him goes his 18-year-old son Michael.

“Three of the donkeys,” said Michael “have been specially trained for the journey and lead the way. Each year they have been taking provisions to the summit for the annual

Pilgrimage. When they are down half way they make the rest of the journey themselves”.

While donkeys are in big demand in Lecanvey there is a serious threat to their existence in Achill, where they have been admired by tourists for years, while carrying the turf from the bogs. Now they are being replaced by tractors and trailers and the islanders find the modern methods more economical.

Others engaged in ‘operation sand’ are from the Culleen area including: Pat Walsh, his two sons, Peter and Paddy and Michael Foy. They make the journey via Culleen and Lecanvey mountains and on to the Reek at Carrigmore. Others may be employed later to take up cement and other necessary materials.

When there is enough material on the summit work on the construction of two 12 ft. wings in the Oratory will commence under the supervision of Mr. Austin Gannon, Lecanvey.

Materials for the building of the oratory in 1905 had to be taken up the "Reek" in a similar manner. But at that time the donkeys could only travel to where the last quarter mile of slippery stones commences. From there they had to be carried by the twelve workmen themselves.

Only known survivors of that team are Mr. Joseph Heneghan, (75) sub-postmaster, Louisburgh, a son of the contractor, the late Walter Heneghan; Mr. Charles O'Malley, building contractor, Westport and Mr. Ml. Ruddy, Carnalurgan, Westport now resident in Dublin. Said: Mr. Heneghan: "Most of the materials were brought from the Murrisk end at that time at 5 shillings per cwt.weight. We lived on top in a felt-covered wooden shelter for a week at a time to avoid the loss of working time".

Mr. Heneghan recalls that the summer of 1905 was very good and that helped very much to have the Church completed on schedule. At one stage six of the workmen had to carry a father down the mountain when he injured his leg on the job.

He had a special word of praise for Mrs. Catherine Giblin, "St Patrick's", Quay Road, Westport, formerly Miss Thornton, Deerpark, Murrisk, who made the climb twice daily, while the Oratory was under construction to bring food and mail to the workmen.

The ribbon scroll over the main alter in the Oratory was painted by Mr. Charles Neilis, Quay Road, Westport.

... *Mayo News May 19th.1962. Courtesy of Jimmie McNeill.*

Remembering Sion

Dressmakers had to make a living too. People sometimes did it at home, but otherwise they were made by people like Maisie O'Malley, a very good dressmaker. They had a machine and her sister also used to help her. They had a little shop downstairs and Peter O'Malley used to tend that shop. His wife was Mary, he was Maisies uncle. We sold big sacks of flour, wholemeal and wheatmeal flour. People mainly did their own baking – brown and white bread, treacle bread which was a great favourite, spice cake and ginger cake. They had their own buttermilk, fresh from the churning, and that made beautiful bread. Made on an open fire in an oven. Boxy was just that you grated potatoes, and left the juices in, and added flour, and maybe scallions, whatever you would like. Then when it gets too thick you add milk. That sustained a lot of people during famine times, when things were scarce, because they mostly lived on their own produce. People were much healthier then because they lived on a simple but good diet.

Laura Keane
Bridge Street and Salthill

Louisburgh Killeen Kitale Partnership

We are now over five years in existence, since the night Liam Lyons came to talk to us in the Pastoral Centre, to outline the aims and functions of 14 other such partnerships in Mayo.

Mairéad Staunton showed us slides of her visit to a Westport partnership with Aror in Kenya. That night we also identified this place called Kitale on the map a place devastated by AIDS. Sr. Mary Dunne and the Medical Missionaries of Mary were involved in a programme of self-reliance for the people of Kitale to find a way of overcoming life's crosses and thus living a fulfilling life even in the face of adversity.

We for our part decided to try to help in a small way by sending money to Medical Missionaries of Mary to help with medical and education and self supporting needs of the AIDS victims and orphans of Kitale. An a/c was opened in the Credit Union Louisburgh later that week for our funds.



Kitale Aids Team including Sr. Mary and Sr. Treasa.

Since then we have had numerous annual collections and events

- Church gate collection
- Kitale Tea Party
- School sponsorships of children
- Family sponsorships of children
- Individual sponsorship of children
- Parish committee sponsorship of children

Bill Mc Namara was present and very active in the early stages of Kitale committee set up. It's a tribute to his commitment then as treasurer that it is still going successfully. His good work lives on after him and long may this be the case.

All our fundraising projects have without doubt been successful. To date we have sent over €35,000 to the AIDS Project.

Sr. Mary and the Medical Missionaries of Mary are overwhelmed with the generosity of the people of this parish. Hopefully we will be able to continue this worthwhile project with your continued help. She wrote to us after receiving our latest contribution of 10,000 euro this Summer and I quote . . .

How can we thank you for your HUGE contribution of €10,000, which will come via Elizabeth (at time of writing to us Sr. Elizabeth hasn't returned to Kitale). We are so grateful. One thing we have to keep trying to give people with AIDS is 'HOPE'. Contributions such as yours, gives us that hope in our hearts, which we in turn can pass on to our people.

We are very hopeful that we will get free auriretroviral (ARV) drugs in the near future. We already have a few people on them and the return to health is quite dramatic. We have had visits from Government personnel who are very happy with our programme. It seems we are one of the few AIDS programmes in Kenya that is well enough set up to qualify for ARV drugs. Discrimination too is terrible, but the hope of these drugs should give people courage to face their sickness. We, of course have to help people understand that these drugs will NOT take away the virus, but only reduce it, but reduce it enough that it will be much less active etc. We are certainly talking of several more years of 'quality' life for people. This in turn will reduce the number of orphans and once their energy returns they should be able to become self-reliant. It is all very exciting in one way and quite daunting in another way as of course, there will never be enough for everyone in need and for many it will be too late.

It may seem strange to you to hear me say that we will need more financial help than ever. Currently we have 620 adults and 62 children getting treated at our clinic. It will be interesting to see what the figure will be by the end of the year if the ARV drugs become a reality. We still have to provide drugs for opportunistic infections etc. and of course food, until they begin to get back on their feet. Any times we have to address the social needs before we can even begin to address their medical needs.

Between the possibility of free ARV drugs and financial help from people like yourselves life out here can be quite exciting!

Thanks million to each and every one of you for all the hard work. Fundraising is not easy, I know, and while your enthusiasm must be very high to manage to raise so much, I know you can only be specially blessed by God for your generosity.

Teresa, the KAP staff, our clients and myself pray for you all with gratitude.

Mary Dunne MMM
Co-ordinator Kitale AIDS Programme

Remembering Sion

Many decades ago, when I was young, people seemed to be always singing. Young men passing from work on the roads or from the shore with sea-weed, or from the bog with turf. Lines or words of "A Mother's Love is a Blessing"; "The Irish Soldier Boy", "The Home I Left Behind". "The Sailor Boy" and others were wafted on the evening air on bright Spring days, or Summer and Autumn ones.

Una O'Malley

Moving to Westmeath

The morning of March 23rd, 1955 was one of very mixed feelings, joy and sadness, in the Louisburgh area, when a convoy of six C.I.E. trucks and trailers and a special bus, arrived at the village of Althore to commence the transfer of members of nine families (a total of fifty nine people – almost half the population of five villages) to Land Commission 40-acre farms in Kiltoom, near Castlepollard, Co. Westmeath.

For 75-year-old Michael Corrigan of Althore it was the successful end of an 18-year long negotiating battle with successive governments for a Midland farm and a better life for his family. He availed of the opportunity to thank “*The Mayo News*” for their support in the campaign which, he felt, did more than anything else, to “shake up the authorities”.

Those who left their unyielding mountain farmsteads that day included: From Shrahowee: John Grady, his wife, Margaret, and children, Patrick, Vincent, Austin, John, Mary and Michael; Austin Grady, his wife, Margaret, their son Michael and his wife, Margaret and baby daughter Mary (five weeks old); Woodfield: P. A. Kilcoyne, his wife, Ann, his son P. J. and his wife Ann; Althore: A. Corrigan, his son, Michael and his wife, Margaret, with children Mary, Ann, Patrick, Christopher and Tony. Derryhigh: Paddy Burke, his wife, Margaret, and sons John Francis and two year old Austin.

They were joined two days later in Kiltoom by others – From Shrahowee: Peter Kilcoyne, his wife, Ann and children Michael and Mary; Woodfield: John Wallace, his wife, Bridget and children Stephen, James, Tom and Noreen; Cregganbawn: Thomas Needham, his wife, Mary and children Ann, Kathleen, Maureen, Michael, Patrick, Thomas, Teresa, Eileen and Mary; Falduff: John and Mrs. Carroll.

The transfer of the families reduced the pupil numbers at Cregganbawn National School by 15 down from 33 to 18. Twenty-two years earlier, in 1933 the school had 108 children on its rolls.

Mayo News 04/04/1990
Submitted by Maureen Maguire

Editor's note:

Readers might like a fuller account which is available in the *Mayo News* of March 26, 1955.

Old Head

*In the golden light of Autumn
'ere I first beheld that spot,
Which on my mind impression
that ne'er can be forgot
Though far way in a foreign clime
In fancy still I thread
By the waters blue where the heath-bells grew
On the banks of sweet Old Head.*

*Oh God to think in city slum
far way from my island home
By the cruel hands of oppression
laws an exile forced to roam.
How dear to me the moments there
that in blissful fancy led.
I am young once more by the lovely shore
Of my dearest sweet Old Head.*

*There are some I know would that
They were here who wandered by my side
When we plucked the heath bells o'er
Clew Bays surging tide.
Or chased the thrush from bush to bush
or the rabbit from his bed.
As in innocence we wandered round
The banks of Sweet Old Head.*

*But sweetest, saddest thought of all
'Twas there that first we met
Light of my life, how soon to quench
and dash the hopes that set
A happy future ne'er to part from one whom now is dead
But whose spirit breathes through the rustling beams
Of the woods round dear Old Head*

*But now my life is almost spent and
that God would hear my prayers
Tis the voice of an old man's broken heart
weighed down with grief and care
All I ask, is a grave by my true loves side
a lonely earthen bed.
In that spot I love next to God above
In my dearest Sweet Old head*

The above and the lovely “Fairy Hill and Bunowen” were submitted by the Dunne family of Bunowen. Both poems are from their late mother's library.

Slán Abhaile

The following parishioners have died in the parish since our last issue:

2001

September: Tommie O'Malley, Roonith and Chicago

2002

July Tommie Hastings, Dadreen & Northampton.
Michael Philbin, Furmoyle & Dublin.
Joe Thady Kitterick, Tully.

August Anne Burke-Ryan, Doughmakeon & Connecticut.
Michael Joe Corrigan, Shrahwee.
Bridget Kilcoyne, Tully & Westport.
Joe Kitterick, Deereen & Manchester
Margaret O'Malley (McEvelly), Doughmakeon & England.
Julia Ruane (Gavin), Shrahrooskey & Coventry.
Ann McDonagh (McNamara), Carrowniskey & Surrey.

September James Gibbons, Feenone
Evelyn Peach (Burke), Derrygorrow & Florida.
Aileen Dowley (McHale), Pulgloss & Dublin
Mary Kerrigan, Louisburgh & Cambridge.
Margaret Hestor.
Marty Duffy, Ballyhip & New York.
Nora Chapman (Mitchell), Derreen & England.

October Madeline Needham, Feenone, Westport & California.
Nora Seck (Lyons), Collacocon.
Gerard Kelly, Feenone.
Austin Kelly, Feenone & Southport.
Delia Brogan (Gill), Ballyhip & Boston
Joe Kitterick, Shranacloya & Boston.

November Tom Kilcoyne, Shrahnacloya & Limerick.
Willie Morahan, Louisburgh & London.
Nora Askin (Frazer), Kinadoohy & Texas.

December Michael Joe Gill, Askelane & USA.
Mary O'Malley (Hastings), Bunowen.
Father John O'Malley, Collacocon & Esker.

2003

January Jimmy Cox, Devlin.
John Joe McDonnell, Louisburgh.
Winnie Donnelly (Mitchell), Derreen.

February Patrick Jennings, Kilgeever.
Ann Garvey (O'Malley), Kinadoohey & Hampshire.
Elly Griffith (O'Malley), Corragoan & Gloucester
Austin Bergin, Furmoyle.
Agnes O'Flaherty (O'Toole), Church St. & Dublin

March Paddy O'Malley, Askelane.
Clementine Lyons (Morahan), Chapel St.
Margaret Buckley (Durkan), Askelane & England.
Brigid McKeon, Accony & Dublin.

April Tim Kitterick, Derreen
Margaret McHugh (Kerrigan), Pulgloss & Birmingham
Pat Jennings, Kilgeever.
Teresa O'Rourke (Kilcoyne), Cregganbawn & Worcester.
Nora Dunne, (McEvelly), Bunowen.
Margaret Kerrigan (Walsh), Falduff

May MaryDempsey (McGreal), Cahir & Co. Wicklow.
Ellie Burke, Askelane.
Michael McEvelly, Doughmakeon.
Tessie McDonagh, Cahir & London.
Tommy O'Reilly, Laughta & England

June Johnny Duffy, Bridge St.

August Helen Gibbons, Bunowen & Chicago
Frank Large, Furmoyle & Leeds.
Vera Durkin (McDermott), Askelane
Mary O'Malley (O'Malley), Long St. & The Quay, Westport.

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| | Christy Cox, Devlin. Evelyn Leamy, Bunowen. |
| September | Christina Gibbons, Carrowniskey. John Grady, Crickeen & Liscarney. James Prendergast, Emlagh & London Mary Harmon (Jennings), Kilgeever & England. Patrick Ball, Tooreen. Ann Quinn (O'Malley), Roonkeel & Coventry. Delia Hall (O'Donnell), Pulgloss & Manchester Annie Hastings (O'Grady), Cloonty & Coventry. |
| October | Tony Lavelle, Cahir & London. Frank Laws, Cregganbawn & Lancashire. Katie O'Malley (Tiernan), Roonagh. Martin Gibbons, Bunowen & Westport. |
| November | Peggy Bennett, Shraugh. Mary Ellen Sammon, Carramore. Elizabeth Long (McNamara), London Kathleen McCaul (Harney), Dublin. Anthony Joyce, Collacoan & Nenagh. |
| December | Kay Grant (McNally), Ballyhip and Westport Sarah Durkan, Bunowen. Mary Ann Kilcoyne, Tully. Margaret Burke (Kitterick), Cregganbawn & Castlepollard David Collis, Dublin & Furmoyle. |
| 2004 | |
| January | Fr. Pat Kitterick, Shrahnacloya & Nigeria. John Duffy, Mooneen & Dublin Owen O'Grady, Curradavitt & Ballinasloe. Annie O'Malley, Derrygorrow & Coventry. William McNamara, Bunowen. |
| February | Bridgie Hynes (O'Malley), Shranacloya & Foxrock. Julia Hastings, Laughta. Michael Gibbons, Carrowniskey |

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| March | Michael McHale, Emlagh & London James McHale, Emlagh & Dublin David O'Dowd, Falduff & Galway Kathleen Burke (O'Malley), Askelane & London. |
| April | John Morrison, Killadoon. Austin Gibbons, Emlagh & Chicago. |
| May | Paddy Keane, Furmoyle. Kathleen Holmes (Kerrigan), Pulgloss & Birmingham. Maurice Durkin, Askelane. Etta McGreal, Louisburgh. Molly Allen (O'Grady), Kilgeever & Dublin. |
| June | Kathleen Lennon (O'Toole), Mooneen & Claremorris. Imelda Burns, Collacoan. Michael Sweeney, Louisburgh. Annie Carr, Ballyhip & Farmingham, USA. |
| July | Anne Gibbons, Accony. Evelyn Lacey (O'Malley), Feenone. Nora Barnes (O'Malley), Collacoan & Dublin. Alice Sammon (Jennings), Kilgeever & Islandeady. |
| August | Tommie Kerrigan, Feenone. Annie Duffy, Roonith and Drummin. Thomas Mc Donagh, Polgloss. Joseph O'Grady, Six Noggins. |
| September | Pat Philip O'Malley, Curradavitt. Alice Durkan, Askelane. Michael Joyce, Shraugh and Manchester. John Needham, Killadoon. |

The Editor regrets any errors or omissions.