

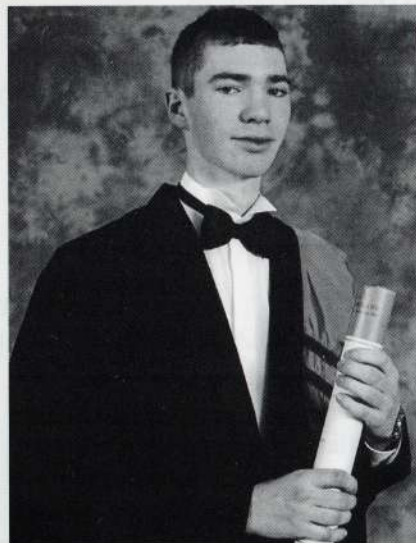
Paddy Keane RIP



Paddy Keane

I called him "Dad" but to everyone else he was known as Paddy Keane. He was born on 5th February 1951 in Rossroe, Co. Galway and was very proud to be a Galway man, especially when it came to Gaelic Football and the Connemara culture. Dad himself was a noted goalkeeper with the Killeen and Louisburgh football teams. I was often told by his fellow team mates of his great skills as a goalkeeper.

One of Dad's many talents was the ability to build curraghs which of course was a skill handed down to him by his father, Martin Keane, RIP. Not alone would he build the curragh but he would use it for lobster fishing in Clew Bay. He



Kieran Keane, Certificate in Civil Engineering at Sligo I.T. – November 2003.



Linda Keane, MSocSc (Social Work), NQSW, B.SocSc (Hons), Masters in Social Science at U.C.D. – December 2003.

would also have another curragh which he would use for salmon draft net fishing on "The Mark".

Dad had a great love for traditional Irish music which influenced my own interest in music. He would knock a tune out of the Button Accordion but use only the single row and he often regretted not being able to use the double rows.

He was a very kind and caring father to my siblings and me. We all miss him very much and we will never forget him.

Your loving daughter

Carmel xxx



Sandra Keane BSc (Hon.) Marine Science – October 2002.



Haymaking in Derreens 1969 – Top of cock: Patrick Donnelly. Mary Phil McConnell (nee Mitchell), Myles Mitchell, Mary McNally, Winnie Donnelly R.I.P., Mary Chapman (England), Tim Kitterick R.I.P., Martina Mitchell and dog Spot.

Paddy Keane

It was with great shock and regret that we heard of the death of Paddy Keane on May 10th. 2004, after a short illness.

I knew Paddy since the family first moved to Feenone in 1957. I remember seeing this young lad with a bunch of golden curls on top of his head standing with his back to the wall near the boreen watching a bunch of us engage in a fast and argumentive game of hurling, played with all sorts of homemade hurleys from the broken handle of a spade to the rung of a ladder. Soon after, when he realized the natives were not a crazy as they first seemed, he joined in and when summertime came and we moved to the bank of the river playing football, he would be one of the first there.

That was where the first signs of his courage began to show. Though much younger than us, he would join in and battle away. When the ball went in the whins and briars and we stood around comparing with one another who's turn it was to face the thorns, Paddy would have darted in and you would see him coming with the big black football that had gone a couple of sizes bigger from constantly going in the river, and getting punctured and re-sewn. Of course in our haste to get back in the game, he was never asked if he was hurt, nor did he complain. Later he would show that same decisiveness when playing in goal for Killeen and Louisburgh. When a forward bearing down on goal and the fullback line looked beaten, Paddy would advance in a flash, and with no regard for his own safety would fling himself bodily to smother the ball. When asked if he was hurt his reply always was: "Not a bit".

He also amazed everyone with his knowledge of machines. Completely self-taught, he knew the name of every part of a car and tractor and how they worked. Many is the struggling Massey he put "jip" back into, but he had some queer names for Zetors.

His skills with fishing and boats are well known so I won't go into that because I know little on the subject. But I showed him how to make a snare out of horsehair for catching trout. When he got the knack of it he became so good he nearly cleaned the Aillemore River of minnows. This is to prove that what the Inishturk man said during refreshments after his funeral is true. He said: "Paddy always listened to what you had to say and watched the way you did the thing, then he would do it better".

May he rest in peace.

Thomas O'Malley

The Writing Bug - an introduction

The Louisburgh Writers' Group began in Springtime 2003. A six-week course was organised by the Community Project. Our facilitator was Jean Tuomey from Castlebar, who was a wonderful inspiration to us all. Jean encouraged and motivated the group, for example by listening to music while doing some breathing exercises. This practice prepared our inner thoughts and helped us focus our imagination, to allow the pen to go with the flow of writing. It's amazing really that we all have a story to tell and we love listening to each other's work.

I joined the Writers Group as a hobby, having a great love of words and the English language. Actually, I have gained a lot more from the group for example, new friendships and enjoyment. I look forward so much to our bi-weekly gatherings.

We have so much individual talent in our group. I'd love and hope in the near future to have a bestseller amongst us.

Thank you.

*Ayleen O'Malley,
Main Street, Louisburgh*

Looking Back From Here

It's warm and peaceful today on Carramore beach. Tide going gently out. Happy sounds of children at play. A sunny day following three misty overcast days has got to be taken advantage of and enjoyed.

The parking areas around are filling with expensive looking vehicles from which families and dogs emerge, mostly laden with bags and rugs and cameras, all sorts of paraphernalia apparently necessary for the enjoyment of a few hours by the sea.

From my vantage point on the old harbour wall, I watch and enjoy the colourful scene and delight in the sight of healthy and beautiful children.

My mind wanders back a long way when life was more simple.

If you had lived as a child in the '40s, '50s or even '60s, it's hard to believe we have lived as long as we have.

As children, if we were lucky, we might ride in cars without airbags or seatbelts. Cots were covered in brightly coloured lead-based paint. There were no childproof lids on medicine bottles. When we rode our bikes, we had no helmets. We drank water from a well, not from bottles. Horrors!

We would spend hours building go-carts from scraps and old prams and ride them down the hill. Only after running into bushes a few times, did we learn to solve the problems – we forgot brakes.

We would leave home in the morning and play all day. Returning when hunger or fading light drove us. No one could reach us all day. No mobile phones. Unthinkable.

We got cuts and broken bones and teeth, no lawsuits from such incidents. They were accidents; no one was to blame but us. Remember accidents?

We had fights and punched each other and turned black and blue and learned to cope with it. We ate stodgy bread pudding, potatoes, soda bread and butter, but were not overweight. We were always active outside. We might share one drink of red lemonade with several friends from one bottle. Nobody died from this.

We did not have playstations, Nintendo 64 x boxes, video games, sixty-five channels on pay TV, video tape movies, personal mobile phones, personal computers or internet chat rooms. We had friends.

We went out and found them. We rode our bikes or walked to a friend's house and walked in and talked to them. Imagine such a thing! Without asking a parent, by ourselves, out there in the cold, cruel world without a guardian. How did we do it?

We made up games with sticks and balls and ate worms resident in windfall apples and although we were told it would happen, we did not put out any eyes, nor did the worms live inside us forever.

Footy and netball had tryouts. Not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to live with the disappointment.

Our actions were our own. Consequences were expected. No-one to hide behind. The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke a law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law. Imagine that!

This generation produced some of the best risk-takers and problem-solvers and inventors, ever. The last fifty years has seen an explosion of new ideas and innovation.

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility and learned how to deal with it all.

Looking back from here, I can't believe we made it.

*Josephine Cave,
Carramore, Louisburgh.*

From chimney pots to ocean roars . . .

I know it's corny, but I believed them. The streets of London really were paved with gold. At twenty years of age, I took a one-way trip on Virgin Airlines from Dublin to Luton. My brother met me at the bus station in Victoria and we headed straight to West Norwood to my fixed abode for the foreseeable future.

I had three years of accountancy exams behind me and the world was my oyster. I found a job as a trainee accountant for a downtown advertising agency, based in Soho. However, I quickly discovered that gold was in short supply that year but overdrafts were going cheap.

Despite this obvious disadvantage, I managed to sample to its full potential, the social scene of London's Soho. In between times, I even managed to meet my future husband, Neil Paul, pass my final exams, go backpacking around the world and finally get married ten years ago in 1994.

Three years later in 1997, Neil got a job in Wexford, building a set for the opening scenes of the movie "Saving Private Ryan". I drove over, in the (then not so rusty) camper van for a bit of a holiday. We visited Neil's folks in Cork and mine in Dublin and then headed west to chill out with some old friends in Castlebar. We had decided to move back to Ireland but had no idea how, when or where. Or so we thought anyway.

On the day in question we took a simple turn right instead of going straight ahead. It was nothing more, nothing less. We drove down a road that seemed to go nowhere for no particular reason, until we saw an old

building that looked like a school. We stopped and wandered in. Yes, it was a school, albeit one on the brink of being smothered by alien brambles.

We took it all in, we speculated, we imagined, we dreamed. We thought wouldn't it be brilliant to do something with this place, to turn it into something. And that was it. Our destiny was set in motion, the day Hong Kong was handed back to the Chinese.

Many an hour has passed since and I have asked myself why, why here of all the places we visited, why this corner of the world. Then a kind act from a neighbour touches me. Then I listen to the roar of Sicheim and drink in the presence of Clare Island and shout to the heavens from the top of Mweelrea.

And at once I know why I swapped the chimney pots of London for an old school by the sea. Just magic.

We are almost half way through the conversion of the old Accony School and look forward to the day when it is finished but it could take a while!!!

*Brid Conroy,
Accony, Louisburgh.*

Kilgeever

Kilgeever, or the Church of Kilgonir, is mentioned in manuscripts relating to the early 14th century. For me, it's a special place. Croagh Patrick towers over it to the east, its massive bulk pushing the lower rocky masses ever closer towards Kilgeever, or so it appears, especially on a sunny afternoon, when its shape and colour seem to come closer, as wonderful shadows dance and float silently over its humps and hollows. Wispy clouds roam high overhead, enjoying the vivid colours below of rust, orange, purple and blue, created by an enormous red sunset as it sails into the west and disappears.

The village consists of scattered cottages, more and more appearing all the time. The view to the west is breathtaking. Achill and Clare Island rise up magnificently out of the wild Atlantic Ocean. Glinting waters from the picturesque Clew Bay catch everyone's attention.

The ancient graveyard nestles snugly in the reclining valley. Grey walls of a very old church hang grimly to its foundations, the roof and timberwork turned to dust. Still it's proof of a by-gone age when God, prayers and a strong belief were necessary to its people. Their faith was a powerful source of comfort to them, both in the good times and the bad.

A blessed well is situated close to the gate. Stations and prayers have been recited there annually on the 15th August for over a hundred years. People visited the well right through the year but that was the most important day.

A new cemetery is situated nearby. Bracken and heathers grow in abundance. A little meadowland and a boggy area stretch southwards towards the lofty Sheffrey Hills. Mweelrea and Duggan Hill complete the picture towards the southwest.

My grandmother was born and raised in Kilgeever. Her name was Margaret, oft times called Madge, but she always told me that her real name was Marcella. On marrying my grandfather she moved to the village of Cregganbawn, about six miles away, in the year 1906/1907.

Granny was a lovely lady, tall and slender. She had very fair skin, long white hair tied neatly in a bun and kept securely in place by three hair-pins. She had the gentlest nature, dark brown eyes and a serenity about her that was most appealing.

She wore a long black serge skirt, a black satin blouse, with a neat collar, held tightly in place underneath her chin with a small pearl broach. A hand knitted cardigan kept her warm and she never went without an apron, unless to Mass or visiting. Granny never wore a coat. Instead she kept warm out of doors wrapped in her beautiful dark green, perhaps olive-coloured, woollen shawl. It had dozens of tassels all around its edges. She never seemed to need a new one, that shawl just never faded or wore out. Perhaps she just had the one shawl for all of her married life. Why didn't I ask more questions, too late now!

Granny gave birth to eight children, four boys and four girls. Her youngest son died in infancy and my mother Kate was her fifth child.

Life was very hard in Granny's day. She lived in a small, neat, whitewashed cottage, with a thatched roof, a huge open fireplace where all the cooking was done, small windows and very thick walls. There was no running water but luckily a triangular-shaped well, which had been chiselled out of the rock just twenty feet away, provided cold spring water all year round.

Grandfather was a farmer. He had cattle, sheep and horses, and tilled the land. Through very hard manual work, they provided for their family, having to shop only for flour, tea, sugar, soap and paraffin. Clothes were knitted or hand made and over the years, odd parcels arrived from England and America.

I was about to say that I hadn't noticed whether Granny had a leaning towards art. Then again, toiling from dawn till dusk, when could she ever contemplate art? But of course when you consider what she achieved, then it's clear she was an all round artist.

Her delicious cakes and bread were second to none. On wet days and all during the long winter nights, she teased out the fleece of wool, and then carded the fibres into curls or naps, after which she set up her spinning wheel. It was a simple spinning machine with a single spindle driven by a very large wheel. All day long she would spin, stopping only for her very sweet cup of tea. As I grew older she taught me the art and I loved it. After a few weeks she had enough yarn to knit socks, jumpers and cardigans for everyone in the family. Her daughters Maggie and my Mother were great knitters. Again Granny and those two daughters could play a sweet tune on the old melodeon. Her needs were few and her days out even fewer. When I was about ten years old, Granny would have been sixty-five. Round about that time, she confided in me, her dearest wish. Just to be able to see the train at Westport Station would have made her so happy. Her family left one by one on that train to go to England and arrive back again on holiday. Sadly she never did get her wish. She died before I was old enough to grant it and obviously she can't have asked her own family or if she did mention it, then they may not have attached too much importance to the request.

However, she did visit her sisters at Carramore once a year and also relations at Carrowniskey. But going to the Blessed Well at Kilgeever on the 15th of August was the highlight of her year.

She'd chase me to bed early the previous night, saying we had to get up early and it was a long walk. Numerous chores had to be done before we could go, such as milking, feeding hens, ducks and geese and Pinky the pig. I was able to do most of those whilst Granny left prepared meals for the men and made a lunch and a bottle of tea for our journey. Granny tied the laces of her shoes together, slung them over her shoulder beneath her shawl and we set out.

We crossed heath and bog where possible, sat down when we needed a rest and satisfied our hunger pangs and thirst. When we neared Kilgeever, Granny sat by a stream and washed her feet. Of course, I did likewise and

enjoyed the rippling cool waters soothing the bruised soles. Granny rested her feet on a rock, to dry in the sun, before slipping into her shoes. I never did understand why, because she removed them immediately we got to the Well. She carried her shoes for twelve miles just to wear them into the graveyard.

The boreen down to the graveyard was skirted on both sides by thick hedges, hawthorn, holly, blackthorn and willow, which seemed to thrive. Fuchsia fought for space, constantly pushing forth its red bell shaped flowers hoping for admiration. Also the honeysuckle or wild woodbine, as Granny called it, had its own secret weapon, its smell, a beautiful perfume in the late evening. These together with blackberry meandered through the growth.

At last, our destination. Scores of people had gathered there, some visiting the graves of loved ones, others had travelled from Galway and further afield just to do their stations and take some holy water home. Some felt that climbing the Reek was not a complete pilgrimage. A visit to the Blessed Well was also necessary. Other than the quiet whispering of prayer, the place seemed hushed. Granny and I were glad of the ice cold drink from the Well. We picked up the tiny stones, which we then dropped one by one on each circle of the Well until we had finished. A walk in the tiny stream, which ran alongside the ditch, was next. Not a hard task, apart from the fact that briars and nettles felt it was their domain. It was obvious that most of the pilgrims hadn't known about this particular part of the station.

A great grandparent lies buried the ruins of the old church. My mother's grandparents were in a grave nearby. We had lots to visit and pray to. Montbretia with its orange flower grows wild within the mossy graveyard. So we picked a few and left them as a token of love and respect on each grave.

Granny met many people she knew that day. She enjoyed the quiet conversations, eager to know how people were, any changes during the year, sad stories and happy stories.

We climbed up the boreen and sat on the fence to breathe in the uplifting mountain and sea air. It was a moment of supreme contentment for us both as we gazed upon the panoramic view of breathtaking beauty.

After all, it was here she was born, here she played as a child and grew up. And now here she sleeps the eternal sleep, very close to her Blessed Well.

*Maureen Maguire,
Ballyhip, Louisburgh.*

The Ritual

Hold the handle, wipe the bowl,
 Hold the bowl, wipe the handle.
 Hold the handle, wipe the blade,
 Hold the blade, wipe the handle.

I still recall so vividly the ceremony of the dishes with Nana.

Out into the back kitchen, she sitting on a stool by the window, Mam in the kitchen keeping away. Nana was my boss for that period. I stood at the sink, filled the basin with *tepid*, mind you, not hot or cold or lukewarm water but *tepid* water. She tested it with her elbow.

“Now get your dishcloth, take the plate and scrub it”

“Can I put washing up liquid in the water to soften the dirt?”

“No need for that stuff, the water is hot enough and you’ve a nice dishcloth. That old washing up liquid is polluting the earth and it puts a taste on the dishes. Keep going a *stoirin*”.

Stoirin my eye, I just want to get out to play with Treasa.

“Mam”, as I peep in the kitchen door while Nana’s back is turned, “can I go out to play with Treasa?”

“When you’ve finished helping Nana.”

“Now wash the cutlery. Put the first knife into the water. Watch me, hold the handle and wipe the blade, hold the blade and wipe the handle. Say it as you go and you will see them shine in front of you”.

I do as I’m told.

“Now the dessert spoons. Hold the handle and wipe the bowl, hold the bowl and wipe the handle . . .”

“At this rate I’ll be here all day, Nana”

“And what else would you be doing. A young girl can never know enough about keeping a good clean home”

Next stage of the ritual is to dry each item with a damp cloth, same ritual, same rhyme.

Eventually I finished, but all the dishes were still on the draining board.

She then turned, took out a dry cloth from over the fire, and said “The next stage is putting a shine on the dishes.”

Horror of horrors .

Same ritual again same rhyme again ...hold the handle wipe the bowl...

One hour has passed. The delph and cutlery for eleven are washed, dried polished and put away. Phew!

“Now Mam can I go out and play with Treasa”

“Musha, maybe you would give me a hand hanging out the clothes and than I’ll see.”

I so wish I was the youngest and not the oldest girl.

*Breda Mc Ginn,
 Moneen, Louisburgh.*

Clew Bay in January

“No, you drive, and I’ll look.”

But I couldn’t keep my eyes off them, the tawny-orange hills across the bay, North Mayo mountains lit up by the afternoon sun. Blue sky above and deep shadows sculpting new shapes; the sun leaving one spot to light up a neglected slope at the back, one you weren’t aware of having seen before but, once floodlit, recomposed the whole shape, depth and scale of the view.

But what was that colour exactly? Not warm, in January, not orange or pink or brown. Maybe tawny *was* the word. A lion's coat in a setting sun and the clear atmosphere sharpening the focus, like an African sky, only cold.

The next morning the sky was clear, the no-nonsense sun seeming to banish nuance and separate the Quink ink blue of the sea from the white of the foam, the green of the fields from the grey of rocks and stone walls. I set out to climb the hill behind the house, the quality of the orangey gold of the evening before still on my mind. Perhaps it had just been the winter colour of the hills and my mood had infused it with an inner glow.

Standing by the cairn at the top of the hill in an icy wind, I took in the 360 degree view from Mweelrea over Renvyle, Inisboffin, Turk, Clare Island, on around Clew Bay to Croagh Patrick and along the sweep of the Sheefries to join up with Mweelrea again. Only the blues of sea and sky and the whites of the snow capped hills stood out. The land was dull and dark.

Then that evening the magic happened again. This time I was not driving but walking across the commonage behind Thallabawn beach as the sun went down, my shadow up on stilts beside me as the show began: tawny gold turning to pink to amethyst and the clouds suffused with pearly tones. And then, one by one, the lights switched off. A field, a swathe of hillside, a house, one after the other losing their incandescence until the chill look of a winter's evening took back the scene.

*Geraldine Mitchell,
Devlin North, Killadoon.*

A Perfect Day

I've had many wonderful and memorable days in my lifetime, but there is one in particular that stands out above all the rest. It was like a dream come true, all my Christmases had come at once. It just couldn't possibly have been any better.

Every July, all seven children, the dog and mammy would load into the car and set off to our favourite place in the world: Blacksod. This was the highlight of the year. For two weeks we were free to do whatever we liked. We stayed out after dark, swam in the sea, explored the pools among the

rocks behind the lighthouse when the tide went out, watched the fishermen prepare the nets on the pier and, when we were lucky, we'd get a spin in their currachs before they headed off for a day's fishing. It was exciting, liberating, freedom - sheer heaven and we longed for it every year.

When I was eight, the first day of the holiday fell on my birthday.

There's more! That summer my second cousin was getting married - on my birthday!! I hardly knew her but that didn't matter. My parents and all the aunts and uncles were going and I got it into my head that I wanted to be at that wedding. At times, I could be a very determined, and persuasive, little girl. It's no accident that my favourite expression at the time was '*If I like...*' By hook or by crook, I was going to get to that wedding.

My parents were having none of it so I resorted to lobbying my best ally: my aunt Rita. Every summer, I used to spend long periods of the holidays with her. We used to have great adventures together. She was going to the wedding and I let her know how much I wanted to go. The plan worked and a few days before the big day, we paid a visit on the bride to be, who suddenly became my best and favourite friend. At first, I hinted. 'I've **never ever** been to a wedding...' But finally I just blurted out that it was my birthday and I'd really love to go to her wedding. How could she refuse?

And so it came to be. I was invited to the wedding. Oh, how I fussed over getting a new dress for the big day. However, I knew not to push it too far. My parents weren't too happy about me going in the first place so in the end I gladly gave in on that one and wore one of my sisters' hand-me-downs. Not to worry, I thought I was beautiful in my purple frilly dress. I was the bee's knees and this was going to be the best day ever.

The day of the wedding arrived. I got all dressed up and sat in the back of the car gloating as my brothers and sisters looked on in envy. 'It's not fair, I've never been to a wedding and I'm much older than she is.' They were so jealous. I knew they would be and I delighted in it. 'Yeah, well ye weren't invited and I was.' Oh, how good it felt. After all, I was only the second youngest and normally it was the other way around and it was me who cried and whinged as I got left behind with my baby brother Cathal. They were always going to the cinema, and parties and interesting places that we could never go to. But that day, I was like the cat that got the cream. I was going to that exotic thing called a wedding and they weren't!

The wedding itself was incidental. To be honest, after the novelty wore off I was bored. There were only a couple of other children there and they were younger than me. I knocked the jug of mi-wadi orange all over the table and I was so embarrassed. I danced for a while but that was boring. Then I discovered the most amazing thing ever. The bar was free! I was so astounded and excited that I ran to my aunt Rita and announced: 'there's a free bar, and you can have as many minerals as you like and you don't have to pay for them.' I then plonked myself on a high stool at the bar and ordered coke and crisps, crisps and cidona, club orange and crisps, crisps and coke, over and over again ... much to the barman's amusement. This was the best thing ever.

My father came to rescue me around six o'clock and announced that we were leaving. At first, I objected and said it was too early. But then I remembered. It was still my birthday and my brother and sisters awaited our return so that we could all go our favourite place in the whole wide world. This precious and wonderful day would continue. Blacksod beckoned and a carefree two weeks of sheer bliss and joy lay ahead.

Needless to say, as we made our way to Blacksod, all squashed into the car, I got great mileage out of recounting an exaggerated version of how wonderful the wedding had been and how much they would have loved it. Oh, how I gloated as I watched their mouths water as I told them the best bit of all...that the bar was free and you could have as many minerals and crisps as you wanted. My eighth birthday was the most perfect day ever.

*Therese Ruane,
Castlebar.*

The Cloud's Ball

*Day is done
Night has won
Her inky black mantle
Enveloping everyone.*

*Time for ghosts
Time for goblins
Who can deny
The nightly problems.*

*The wind blows high
The clouds assemble
Before taking their partners
To dance The Tremble.*

*The Moon smiles
Her familiar face
As she plays hide and seek
Stars shine like diamonds
Through the dancing lace.*

*The crescendo quickens
In that ballroom in sky hay
As the four big bands play on
Till dawn of day.*

*Those weightless forms
Kick their heels
To the brilliant music of
The Atlantic Breeze.*

*Later on, with amorous eyes
They smooch and swoon*

*To the smoothing sound of
Misty blue Moon.*

*Time for the interval
They eat ice cream and jelly
And as they enjoy some Carramore
Dew, agree
It is much more pleasant
Than watching telly.*

*The night wears on
They dance reels and jigs
To the wonderful melodic tone of
The Sheffrey Hills.*

*Now its time for the
Bertra Blues
They take the stage and belt out
Blue Suede Shoes.*

*The clouds hold hands
As they nod and sway
Before choosing partners
Who are willing to stay.*

*Please play a quick step
And another waltz, they say
Then lost in the music
They mingle like shadows
But all too soon the music must end
As it's time again, for Day.*

Maureen Magure

The Village Bakery 2000 – 2004

*They gave us bread
for three good years,
and summer fruits,
and Christmas smells
that wafted through the town.*

*In summer, tourists filled
the tables on the steps,
and fed the dog,
and bought the cakes
for evenings
out in Achill and Corraun.*

*And when the winter came
I loved
to warm my hands on
mugs of tea,
and breakfast with the staff
when things were quiet.*

*The Bakery,
a sign that all was well,
that bread was blessed
and shared,
has closed,
and I am desolate.*

Mary Whelan,
Furnace, Newport – January, 2004.

Alopecia

*You point, you stare
You let me know you don't care,
You assume, you presume
But you don't know how I got here.*

*It's all very simple really
I woke up one day and
Couldn't handle what was coming my
way.
I sat down and thought and couldn't
speak
Now some people call me a Freak.*

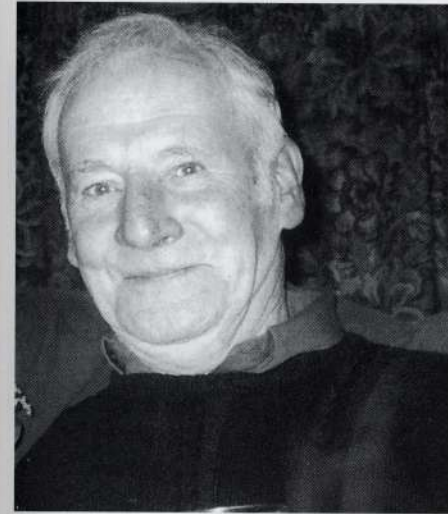
*Although I am not through it yet
I am on a road I will never forget.
I paid the fine, but now I think
I would have preferred some time
For nothing can protect me from the
world outside.*

*The only one that stayed by me
Through thick and through thin
Was my Father upstairs, Your Father
too!
He said: "My dear, I forgive all your
sins"*

*Then I told him I've been to hell
He said: "You are lucky, you did very
well"
And that's how I know I will never go
down
I'm climbing high to where I belong.*

Colette Heraty

Johnny Duffy 8th March 1930- 29th May 2003



Johnny Duffy

Goodbye to the Club

There are times in all our lives when we see the passing of someone, and it is not until that time comes that we really appreciate the real impact that they had on us, or how much a part of our lives they really were. Such was the passing of Johnny Duffy for many of us.

For over forty years Johnny, together with his wife Evelyn, ran their pub on Bridge St. The late Oliver Harney christened it "The Club" and many an enjoyable night and day we had with Johnny at the helm. He was always there, early morning, evening and closing time. Johnny was "The Club".

Every customer was treated the same and regardless of who or what you were, you always knew where you stood with him. Johnny, as much as the customer, enjoyed the singsong and the craic. In later years as he began to take things a bit easier, he enjoyed the sessions on a Saturday night and would often call on Nancy to give "My Father's House". Gossip was not part of Johnny's management of the bar: what was said and done there, waited there. A man of few words, he always got his point across. When closing time came and he opened the front door, everyone knew it was time to go and if you asked for a late one, the answer was always the same, "We are opened in the morning if you are fit for one".

It will not be the same without Johnny. He would like himself if there was no fuss or pomp over him. So, the simplest way to finish is with the following few words: "We can shed tears that he has gone or we can smile that he has lived."

P.S.

Sonas Children's Arts Festival

For six years, Louisburgh Community Project has been organising a children's arts festival for the young people of the Louisburgh area. Since 1999, children from the three local national schools - Louisburgh, Killeen and Lecanvey - have come to look forward with great excitement to the third week in October when music, dance, theatre, art, puppetry (and any other creative activity you can think of...) fill the streets and halls of the town.

Students from Sancta Maria College are also involved, in particular the Transition Year students whose total commitment to the success of the festival through their hands-on participation is outstanding. Children from outlying schools such as Kilmeena, Killawalla, Drummin or Westport, also travel to town to join in the fun.

The touchstone of any children's arts event is enjoyment and the Sonas festival certainly passes that test. But there's much more to it than pure entertainment. Inclusion, accessibility, involvement of the whole community,

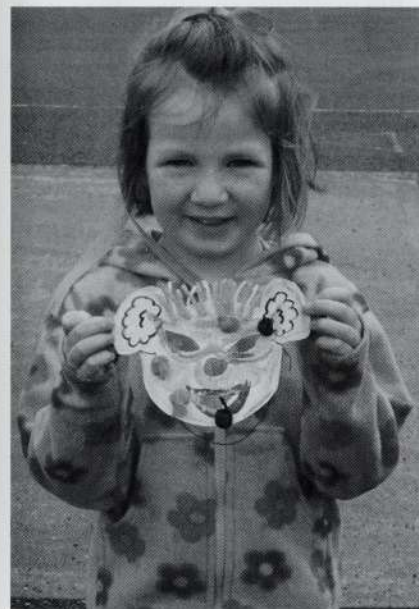


education and personal development are all words that sit easily within the ethos of the festival.

For example, a token entrance fee of just 1.50 euro per child is levied for each performance or workshop they attend, thus guaranteeing that no child is left out for financial reasons. Successful fundraising becomes an important part of the organisers' work and, happily, the local business community responds most generously to requests for support.

Increasingly, local adult involvement also extends to parents and grandparents delivering exciting workshops during the festival, revealing a wealth of heretofore hidden talent within the area. If you ever wondered whether boomerangs actually *do* come back, then all you need to do is check out the boomerang-making workshops run by our local Australian residents during Sonas. In addition, more than a dozen art-based workshops, several dance workshops and many others such as carpentry, football and fly-fishing are all delivered by local volunteers.

Two key strands make up the core of the festival and ensure its repeated success. One is the top class programming of performances and visiting artists, both national and international, during festival week. The highest



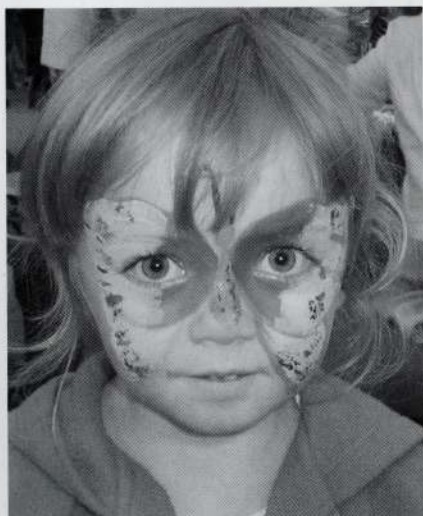
standards are sought and superb artists engaged who know how to interact with our children and bring out the very best in them. Over the years we have had performers from Africa, North America, Australia, Great Britain, as well as a wonderful variety of talent, both new and traditional, from home.

The second strand is local children's own artistic production. Each year, as the school year begins in September, a creative project on a global development theme is started with a selection of classes in Killeen, Lecanvey and Louisburgh national schools. Working with an artist and drama facilitator, the children create their own show. This year it was a full-blown theatre production. Last year they staged a stunning exhibition. In previous years there have been highly visual and creative parades. Not only are



our children's creative talents encouraged and drawn out, but self-confidence, self-esteem and a sense of co-operation and team work, and pride in their collective skills, come on in leaps and bounds.

Louisburgh Community Project's small staff works with an enthusiastic committee of



volunteers to make Sonas Children's Arts Festival, and Louisburgh, the envy of the country.

[Sonas 2004 ran from 8th to 17th October 2004. If you would like to support the festival or to have a copy of past programmes, please contact Breda Ruane, Co-ordinator, Louisburgh Community Project, Long Street, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo.]



An Experience of a Lifetime

The twelve hour flight from Heathrow to Capetown really should be enough to persuade you that you have definitely travelled to a far away destination, but it was the miles and miles of shanty towns surrounding Cape town airpower which really made us feel like we had arrived in another world altogether.

Maeve Torpey a friend of mine from Dublin and I reached South Africa exhausted and a little nervous as to what the summer held in store for us. We had signed up for three months working as voluntary workers in the Cape Flats, an area of extreme poverty, which surrounds the wealthy metropolis. We had a week to settle in and get our bearings, which gave us little time to adjust to the major culture shocks we encountered. Here in Ireland we have a history of poverty, violence and the modern plague of drugs and A.I.D.S. However, the scale at which these problems occur in South Africa is difficult to comprehend until you see it for yourself. We spent three months working in an area called Parkwood, where the people living in its township were dealing with all these problems and more on an everyday basis.



Parkwood

As volunteers we worked in a project entitled "Adopt a Child Project". The project is a non-profit organization registered with the South African Department of Social Development and is staffed by volunteers, mostly from the surrounding township. While working there we assist children with social problems, physical and mental, learning impairments and criminal tendencies. These problems are a result of physical, mental and sexual abuse both inside and outside of the home, dysfunctional families and social ills such as substance abuse, crime and unemployment.



Maeve and Marie outside the Adopt A Child Project office.

Seeing the effects that poverty and unattended social issues have on the academic progress of the children, the ADOPT A CHILD PROJECT was founded by Paul and Mary Phillips in the year 2000. The project was launched



The local butcher in Parkwood!



Children of Parkwood Primary with me holding an art class.

and enthusiasm. We did many stories with them and they in turn would create pictures based on the story from materials that we bought for them. Their inventiveness and creativity was of a very high standard and their enthusiasm in the class was amazing. It was an honour to teach and work with children that were so willing to learn and also so thankful for the chance to learn something new.

My next challenge now is to give these children something that will benefit them physically and mentally. Within the next year or so I hope to raise 15,000-euro minimum to build a fully equipped canteen so that these children will receive a hot nutritious meal at least once a day. The canteen will be built on the grounds of the school and will feed the 500 children with food everyday. This will be a long way from bread and peanut butter twice a week and only one hot meal once a month!!!

It was a privilege to be allowed into the lives of the children and their families that we worked with in Parkwood. Although at times we struggled with the vastness of the problems, the enthusiasm of the staff at the project and the hope of the children we worked with helped us to keep going and finish the task we had set ourselves.

*Marie Sammin
Cahir.*

An Ordinary Man

My first memory of John is as a young boy and he coming along the road from the shop carrying a bag of groceries home to his mother. Although warned not to dally on the way, he always found time to lay down his bag and with a smile on his face push a silvermint through the bars of a gate into an eager child's fist, before hurrying along again. I don't ever remember the child saying thanks but I know the child has never forgotten.

John lived all his life in Killadoon with his parents and brothers. He was a willing and cheerful worker on the farm, in the farmyard and in the home where he took particular delight in helping his mother with the daily chores. He loved people to call to the house for a chat and laugh, no sooner was the visitor in the door than a chair was placed beside the fire, as close as it was safe to sit.

I remember one night in particular I called to the house to swap cowboy books with his father. A few other neighbours were visiting the same night; in due course his mother got up, put the kettle on and started to lay the table. John got up to help her, he made a wink at me before he said mischievously, "I'll do that Mam; you sit down and talk to the visitors because you're better than me doing that". He laughed as he ducked the flying tea towel and carried on to finish the task, the happiest man in Ireland.

At the races on Carrowniskey Strand someone gave me a two-shilling piece and I headed straight for Michael Patrick's bar tent. The tent was full to bursting point with men, all standing, but I had money in my hand and I reckoned that made me as good as any of them. The fact that I was still in short trousers and red braces didn't deter me. I looked for a gap and when one opened up I went for it. I was about half way to the bar when the crowd closed in around me and I found myself face-to-face with John, who was on the same mission. We waited 'til the crowd moved again and I burrowed my way to the bar. Everyone behind the bar was very busy and I couldn't get anyone's attention 'til a big man beside me said, "Two bottles of stout, but serve the gasur first". Without thinking I said "Two bottles of Coke", the man came back with the two bottles and I handed over my money. I turned and forced my way towards the door. Again I met John making his way to the bar, I thrust one of the bottles into his hand and we stood and drank together shoulder to hip with some of the best men in the parish.

Another race was called and the crowd rushed out and we got separated. I didn't see John again for the rest of the day, but I have often thought since



Children of Parkwood Primary with me holding an art class.

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that if every shilling I spent came back to me as often as that one I could be long since retired.

Life took us on different paths after that but for years afterwards, whenever we met in the hotel in Killadoon, John would always buy me a pint the minute I walked in, never allowing me to buy him one back. One night in particular near election time, some politicians were buying drinks for all and sundry, John came to me and bought me a whiskey with his own money. When I offered to buy him one in return he thanked me and said, "Sure I have one waiting for me with my brother". And as he turned and went back to his drink he said, "Anyway, didn't you buy me a coke at the races".

No one knows the value of a bright smile, a kind word and a warm handshake as good as a returned exile. Likewise any exile will tell you that there are always a few special welcomes that mean more than all the others. The hand is firmer, warmer, the words more sincere and heartening than the rest. Such was John's welcome for me every time I returned home. John Needham sadly departed this parish just two weeks ago and I'm sure is now reunited with his beloved parents, our parish being left poorer for his passing but much richer for his having been there. I hope that at the end of my journey, if I get within sigh of the Golden Gates, my friend will see me and push his way out from the crowd and come straight for me as he did time and time again outside Killeen Church.

He will take my hand, shake it and say "You're welcome home". Then I'll know for sure that I am home.

May John's gentle soul rest in peace forever.

Charlie Morrison

Louisburgh Support Group for Mayo-Roscommon Hospice

At the recent A.G.M. of Louisburgh Support Group for Mayo-Roscommon Hospice, Joseph O'Donnell, the outgoing Chairman thanked the group for their ongoing commitment, support and fundraising efforts over the years. He outlined the present situation regarding the two unit beds in the Sacred Heart Hospital, Castlebar. Despite much correspondence and many meetings, the staffing difficulties still remain unresolved.

There is considerable disquiet in Mayo and Roscommon at the Health Board's failure to operate the service as originally intended, due to lack of adequate medical and nursing cover.

Two senior medical social workers have recently been employed on the Homecare Teams in Mayo and Roscommon. 50% of the cost is provided by the Foundation. The Foundation is currently recruiting and fully funding two senior community physiotherapists for the Homecare Team.



Left to right: Mary Sammin, Mary Jordan, Kathleen Morrison, John Joe Gibbons (P.R.O.), Mary Hegarty, Joe O'Donnell (Chairman, Mayo/Roscommon Hospice), Mary Theresa Gibbons (Secretary), Mary Gibbons, Breta O'Malley (Chairperson Louisburgh Hospice Support Group), Carmel McLoughlin, Mary Gibbons (Treasurer), Sheila Tiernan, Mary O'Toole, Rosario Tiernan (Assistant Treasurer), Rita Groden (Assistant Secretary), Noreen O'Malley, Bernadette Burke, Margaret Gibbons and Mary Fergus (Assistant Chairperson).

In the year ending December 2003, the local Louisburgh committee collected €4,747.00.

Where necessary, carers/sitters are provided to assist families and relatives of patients in their own homes. The cost of this service is funded by the Foundation.

In 2003, the Foundation purchased over €36,000.00 worth of specialized equipment for the provision of pain relief and comfort.

In certain circumstances, transport to and from hospitals and their own homes are provided for patients and is funded by the Foundation. The Foundation also assists families who find themselves in difficult circumstances by complementing the assistance made available from statutory sources.

There are now eight nurses in Mayo and four in Roscommon. A medical social worker based in Mayo and a general Palliative Care Team is fully funded by the Foundation presently.

Outgoing Chairperson, Mary O'Toole, thanked the people of Louisburgh, Killeen, Murrisk, Lecanvey and Clare Island for their unstinting generosity financially.



Ecumenical Thanksgiving Service

On Thursday evening, October 21, an Ecumenical Prayer Service of Thanksgiving was celebrated in St Patrick's Church, Louisburgh. This was a very special occasion and the first time that such an event was held in the Parish of Kilgeever.

Planned by the Pastoral Council, as part of its activities, the Service was organized in conjunction with Louisburgh Youth Choir, Killeen Choir and the Altar Society. The Service, which was led by Father Mattie Long and Rev. Gary Hastings, included scripture readings, harvest thanksgiving prayers, hymns and psalms. The Choirs sang some new hymns prepared specially for this celebration which enriched the Service greatly. Rev Hastings preached the Homily, confirming through stories the truth that the best gifts in life are free. Transition year students prepared the Prayers of the Faithful.

A centerpiece of the Ceremony was a Procession of gifts offered in Thanksgiving to God to commemorate the gifts of nature, and the many talents and abilities with which our community is graced. A basket of vegetables and a fishing rod commemorated the gifts of nature that we enjoy. The achievement of youth in sport this year and the generosity of those who coach and train youth was commemorated by five trophies brought to the altar by members of Bord na n-Óg. A member of Cairde Killeen brought a paintbrush, trowel and aromatherapy oil to the altar as symbols of the educational and personal development activities of this association. The work of Sonas Festival, which this year had as its theme The Global Family, was commemorated with a Family Tree. A boomerang and a pencil case, which were made during the festival, reminded us of the joy and creativity awakened in young people through participation in this artistic event. A Cadet of The Order of Malta brought a plaque awarded this year to the Cadet Unit for achievement in First Aid. We remembered and gave thanks for the dedicated emergency service provided by the Order of Malta. A member of the Church of Ireland brought an orange decorated with dried fruit, and supporting a lighted candle to the altar. This is a traditional symbol of Church of Ireland Harvest Thanksgiving, the orange representing the world, the lighted candle, representing The Light of the World, and the fruit symbolizing our food.

The ceremony concluded with Blessing of People and Gifts and a final hymn.

Afterwards people enjoyed light refreshments served in the Parish Hall by the Pastoral Council and The Hall Committee. Michael Grealis and Willie Moran entertained all with a lively evening's music. Buiochas le Dia!

Louisburgh Ladies G.A.A. Club

Louisburgh Ladies GAA Club was set up in September 2000, following the success of the Mayo Ladies in the All-Ireland Final. The fact that local girl Clare Egan had won her first All-Ireland and was playing for Carnacon was an extra incentive to start our own club.

First a committee was formed, consisting of: - Michael O'Toole, Chairperson, Mary Gallagher, Secretary, Mary Fergus, Treasurer, Ann Morrison, Bernie O'Malley, Michael 'Dan' O'Malley, Johnnie Tiernan, Sue O'Toole and George Gibbons. The only changes made in the last four years to this very hard working committee is the fact that most of them double up as trainers to the different teams. Also when Mary Gallagher was made Secretary to the County Board Ann Morrison replaced here as Secretary on the local committee.

When it was agreed who would be responsible for what, a date was set for training. Training started the first weekend in November, a funny time to begin but we were eager to get started. There was a great turn out on the first day and it was even better the next time out. There were enthusiastic girls of all ages and this enthusiasm has continued ever since.

Success has been biting at the heels of the Club since it was set up. The U12's were runners up in the Community Games in 2001 losing to Charlestown in the final, but we achieved our first win with the U12's in 2002 winning the "A" competition against Castlebar. The U14's have been in two consecutive Finals and have lost both. Our U16's have been unfortunate as well, losing two finals, the first in 2001 with a young team against Mayo Gaels and again losing in 2002 to St. Mary's. Success came our way in our third U16 final when we won against Knockmore in 2003. Success eluded our U10's this year in the West Mayo blitz when we lost to Westport in the Final; it was heart breaking to see them lose after performing so well in their previous games.



Patricia Morrison, Captain of the U-16 team with Michael O'Toole, Chairperson of Louisburgh Ladies G.A.A. Club.



Louisburgh Ladies U-16 County Champions

Back row (l. to r.): Noreen Kelly, Sarah Cosgrove, Mag K. O'Toole, Majella Morrison, Joanne Kelly, Marian O'Toole, Edwina O'Malley, Lisa Gill, Karen Lacey, Lisa Moran, Valerie Gibbons, Tracy Gibbons.

Front row (l. to r.): Danielle Gallagher, Niamh O'Grady, Sandra Kilcoyne, Patricia Morrison (Capt.), Laura Gallagher, Karen Reynolds, Catherine Barrett, Bridget Staunton, Noreen Moran, Aisling O'Malley, Marie Jordan, Niamh Gibbons.

We are now in our fourth year and yet again our U14's are in their third final, Louisburgh versus Knockmore. That outcome has yet to be decided.

Lady Luck did shine on us this year when we won our first Junior Championship against Breaffy on September 12th. It was a sweet win made all the sweeter as we went in to the final as underdogs, final score Louisburgh 5-3, Breaffy 0-8.

This year our U16's have won all their games so far. Maybe another title is there for the taking.

We are proud to record that our Club has girls from all age groups representing our County – Niamh Gibbons, Brianna O'Malley, Majella Morrison, Tracy Gibbons, Danielle Gallagher, Marie Jordan, Michelle O'Malley, Patricia Morrison, Laura Gallagher, Noreen Moran, Catherine Barrett, Bridget Staunton, Claire Mortimer, Mary Gill, Margaret Mulchrone and Joanne McDonagh.

With all said and done, there would be no Club without a dedicated committee, trainers, sponsors and supporters. Jerseys, Footballs, Bags, Jackets, are included in an almost endless list of items which have been sponsored by local businesses and friends of the Club. They have given generously time and time again over the last four years and we would like to thank them sincerely for that. A special word of thanks to two young people

– Claire Egan and Claire Mortimer- both of whom have given their free time to help out with training whenever they could.

The work is endless for the Committee, the Trainers and the girls themselves, but it is all worth it when you see the girls jumping for joy after winning a match or laughing their way off the pitch after a training session.

*A. Morrison
Committee*



Louisburgh Ladies G.A.A. U-12 team – County Champions 2001.

Remembering Sion

The May Day Fair seemed to be very special. Firstly, we would love to decorate an altar to Our Lady with lovely May flowers and candles. The Rosary was recited in our homes each evening – no television then. May day brought signs of Summer and new life and school holidays . . .

Laura Keane

The Mayor of Wigan Visits Louisburgh

Almost one hundred years ago, on a tragic summer afternoon in August 1908, a total of 75 men tragically died in one of Wigan's worst ever pit disasters. Immediately after the accident, the then Mayor of Wigan set up a memorial fund committee, which raised £25000 for the relatives of those who had been killed at the Maypole Colliery, Abram. Most of the victims of that colliery accident hailed from Charlestown and its surrounding area.

On 15 March 2004, to commemorate the sad event, and at the invitation of Rehab, an organization working for children with learning difficulties, the Mayor and Mayoress of Wigan, Councillor Wilf Brogan and his wife, Agnes, paid an official visit to County Mayo. Accompanying Wigan's first citizens was the Mayor's Chaplain, Father Patrick McNally; Parish Priest of St. Jude's Wigan and a native of Carrowniskey, Louisburgh.

The Mayor and his party received a rapturous welcome everywhere they went. First, there was a welcome reception in the VIP lounge at Knock Airport, then on to Charlestown. There, after a ceremony of welcome, reflection and prayer, the Mayor planted a tree in the Church grounds. Next day, the mayoral party travelled to Louisburgh, home of the Mayor's chaplain, where he visited the schools of the parish and planted another tree – a sycamore.

During a reception and dinner for the Mayor and his entourage in the Derrylahan, Louisburgh, hosted by the Killeen and Louisburgh Community Councils, the Mayor's Chaplain, Fr. Pat MacNally, quoting the Irish Philosopher and writer John O'Donoghue said: 'I feel right now that I'm at the heart and core of mo dhuchas, my native place. And, as Hilaire Belloc wrote, "one's native place is the shell of one's soul", or, as Raftery eloquently put it:

*"Should I stand once more
among my own people,
old age would fall from me
I'd be youthful again"*

I don't know about old age falling from me but I certainly feel happy and youthful again. Happy and youthful again being here and in

accompanying, as his Chaplain, the Mayor and Mayoress of Wigan Metropolitan Borough Council.

After the famine, and, in more recent times – the 60's and 70's – several hundred people from the West of Ireland went to Wigan to work in the coal mines, the cotton mills and the construction industry. The work was difficult – both in the mines and the mills – but the people of Wigan were welcoming and the immigrants settle in and integrated into the local community and soon were making great contributions in the construction industry, the professional, social, cultural, political and religious life of the borough. Already in our parish of St Jude's we've first generation families from the Louisburgh area. They are great ambassadors for faith and fatherland.

I would like to publicly thank Wigan for providing job opportunities for our people in need. As a native son of the parish I am deeply grateful for the welcome and hospitality shown to the Mayor, the Mayoress and myself today.

Tá an áthas orm bheith libh inniú. Go raibh míle maith agaibh go léir'

The Mayor said that he and the Mayoress were deeply moved and appreciative of the warm welcome received.

The following day, St. Patrick's Day the party attended the 10.30 mass in St. Mary's, Westport, where the large congregation gave the Mayor and his party a great welcome. After Mass, the Mayor took part in the annual St. Patrick's Day parades, both in Westport and later in the afternoon in Castlebar. Later, he launched a new book about the Irish in London ("An Unconsidered People" by Catherine Dunne) and also presented prizes at a charity golf tournament.

The mayor and his party were overwhelmed by the hospitality and the friendliness of the people everywhere. He paid tribute to the organisers, especially to Kevin Bourke of Rehab.

The all-to-short and never-to-be-forgotten trip ended on Thursday 18 March.

Father Pat MacNally

Queen of Clew Bay 2004

Charlene Morrison, Thallabawn a student of Mary Immaculate College, Limerick was chosen as "Queen of Clew Bay" 2004 at the Féile Tír na nÓg Festival. Almost 4000 euro was raised for the Mayo Roscommon Hospice.



Miss Teen Mayo – Cover Girl 2004

Stephanie Morrison, Thallabawn a sixteen year old student from Sancta Maria College, Louisburgh was chosen to be the first ever "Miss Teen Mayo". Stephanie was kindly sponsored by Mr. John Durkan, The Derrylahan, Louisburgh and she went forward to represent her county in the "Miss Teen Ireland in Tyrone.

The "Miss Teen Ireland" contest is an innovative venture originally established to highlight what is positive in today's youth and to promote positivity in the area of Omagh (base of production) in the aftermath of the Omagh Bombing. Stephanie beat off stiff competition in the final and was crowned with the much-coveted Title "Miss Teen Ireland Cover Girl 2004"

Charlene and Stephanie hope to hold a fundraiser for local charities during their reign.



Louisburgh Bord na nÓg



U-18 League and County Championship Winners 2004

Pictured with trainers Michael Davitt, Martin Staunton, Johnny Fergus and Michael Reilly.

A fantastic sporting year for Louisburgh Under age football. One hundred and forty young players enjoyed a great summer of Gaelic football with all teams reaching final positions in their league and championship games. The enjoyment they get being part of a group and team is great to see for all involved. The summer camp was a huge success with one hundred and twenty boys and girls taking part. A fantastic week was had by both Louisburgh children and children from as far away as America who were lucky enough to be holidaying in Louisburgh for that week.

The aim of Bord na nÓg is to encourage young children to get involved in the sport and be part of a growing team that we hope will be with them for many years. Congratulations this year goes to our Under 18 team who won both league and County championship titles, also our Under 14 team who had a great year and won the Canon Eamonn O'Malley Cup. Well done to all our young players who gave us many a nail biting game throughout the year they all are a credit to their parents, trainers, and managers and lets hope we all have a sporting 2005.



U-14 team with trainers Henry McGinn, John Prendergast and Eugene Needham.

Some Notes

A recent and very interesting read is *The Courts Martial of 1798-99*, by Patrick C. Power and published by The Irish Historical Press. It would seem that Louisburgh's Luke Boyle played his part, if "played" is the right word, in that Rebellion. Luke was accused on the 6th October 1798 of being with the rebels as they over-ran Westport on 28th August. He was acquitted.

Another piece of historical interest: Colonel William Mc Evilly, who commanded the 155th Regiment, New York Volunteers of the Corcoran Irish Legion in the American Civil War, died in 1889. Born in 1829, Col. Mc Evilly, a cousin of Archbishop John Mc Evilly, was successful as a builder in New York and fought with his regiment – which he had raised - at the front. He died at his residence, 1921 Second Avenue, New York.

And just fifty years ago: William Grealis of Falduff directed the building, by voluntary labour, of the Grotto. Beloved Parish Priest, Canon James Heaney died at the new Grotto on 16th November 1954. The Canon was a native of Hollymount and was ordained in 1911.

And almost finally: The plays, "*The Bugle and the Blood*" and "*A Nation Once Again*" marked the re-opening of the newly renovated Parochial Hall. Speaking of the same Parish/Parochial Hall, Ayleen O'Malley reports an excellent year in 2004 and thanks all the organizations who availed of the excellent services of the Hall and its hardworking committee. Among the groups etc was Sancta Maria College with its fabulous annual Musical, The Ladies GAA, the Youth Band, Sonas, Senior Citizens, Féile Cois Cuain etc. Anyone wishing to book the Hall should contact Ayleen at 098-66336.



William Grealis

And definitely finally: a lovely letter from Sally O'Connell, London; Sally writes on the 8th Dec, 2002,

"I have received my *Coinneal* at least two weeks now . . . very difficult to write when there's a copy of *An Choinneal* handy, in fact it's impossible. But at last, thank you. I will get back now to reading. My regards to all concerned with it at the moment. Hope you all have a very happy Christmas. And best regards to Clementine Lyons for a happy Christmas. If you know of anyone who can remember a Peace Prayer used in Killeen church, namely '*Dismayed by the horrors of war which are bringing ruin to people and nations*', I would very much like a copy."

Remembering Sion

We had a large pub in Bridge Street, as you entered, to the left, we had a cute little snug where you slipped in very quietly, this held about six people. Then we had a long bar counter selling all sorts of drinks and tobacco and cigarettes and at the end, a fireplace.

Off the bar counter we had groceries of all kinds, tea, sugar, jams, treacle and spices, raisins, currants etc, as people were very fond of making cakes. We also had bags of flour and wholemeal as people did most of their own baking. We didn't have the variety of cakes etc as we have in the present time and we were much healthier. Most houses baked lovely brown and white bread etc with lovely Irish buttermilk after making the butter.

Then we had men's wellington boots and shoes on the counter opposite the door. On the opposite counter we sold serge and tweed materials for men's suits, also lady's materials for making ladies and children's dresses. Then the butcher shop next door. Mam and dad loved Fair days plus the profit it would bring. We would be all dressed up early, awaiting the arrival of customers and friends. People from the Islands would come the evening before and graze their animals on all our lands. I want to mention the snug playing a very important part. Many a match was made in the privacy of the snug.

Laura Keane
Bridge Street and Salthill

Transition Year – A waste of time?

Transition Year: For a long time all the words meant to me was an extra year in school and why would anyone want to do that? Then, during third year, my attitude changed as I believed a year of relaxation and enjoyment was just what I needed, especially after a hard year studying for exams!!

I was looking for a year of fun and so far that is what I have received in excess, but a year free of work, that didn't quite come true! In TY we still do Maths, English, Irish, French and Geography. We also are learning new languages German and Spanish and have completed an ECDL computer Course. There are other new subjects that we experience. Enterprise is one. It is where you create a mini company. My friends set up a Handbag Company that proved very successful. In art we were able to take outrageous ideas and turn them into fabulous costumes that will be entered into the Coca Cola Form and Fusion Art Competition.

With all this work you must be wondering do we get to leave the books down, the answer to this is OF COURSE!! At the start of the year we went to the Little Killary Adventure Centre for two days of challenge and excitement. We had a brilliant time canoeing, climbing, swimming and no sleep! In November some of us went to Old Trafford to see Manchester Utd. Versus Southampton, with glory for Man Utd. It was a superb weekend.

Our trip to the Dáil and a real life murder trial in the four courts was an experience.

For the school's annual musical I was thrilled to be given the job of assistant stage manager, it was a lot of hard work especially when the musicals have earned themselves such a big name over the years but everything ran smoothly. I was also picked to be on the debating team, this gave me extra experience and confidence.

The four weeks of work experience has brought me to An Garda Síochána, which showed me life as a cop in the criminal world of Mayo, to a National School in South Belfast, this let me experience life in a school with a different environment to my own, to Petals Hair and Beauty Salon where I learned many beauty tips and finally to the Mayo News where I was able to try out real life journalism. This has given me a taste of four very different occupations and might well help me decide on a future career.

I am often asked is TY a waste of time, I hope now this will help others see that the vast number of experiences only add to your life but you do have to put enthusiasm and work in, in order to make full use of the year. It is a year so far that has been absolutely fantastic personally, educationally and socially and we still have a lot more ahead of us like our exchange trip to Germany, driving and livesaving lessons.

I do hope now that I will be able to put the rumour to rest that Transition Year is a doss!!!

Helena Gibbons

Transition Year. (2002-2003)

Sancta Maria College, Louisburgh.

From The Mayo News, 5 March, 2003

Helena is a Leaving Cert. Student at SMC.



Tully School 1949

Patrick Donnelly, Paddy Joe Cannon, Denis McConnell, Michael Joe O'Malley, Kathleen Cannon, Vera Cannon, Delia Maxwell, Cris McConnell, Kathleen Kitrick, Martin Joyce R.I.P., Josephine Cannon, Joan Cannon, Eveline Cannon, Mary O'Grady, Bride O'Grady R.I.P., Vera McConnell, Bridget Kitrick, Martha Joyce, Philomena Joyce, Eileen Donnelly, Mary Donnelly, John Maxwell, Joe O'Grady R.I.P., Paddy O'Malley, Seamus Maxwell, William McConnell, Joe Maxwell, Paddy Ralphe, Brendan O'Malley, Tim Kitrick R.I.P., Micke Maxwell.

Comhgháirdeas . . .



Johnny and Nora Tiernan with family on their 50th Wedding Anniversary – April 28th, 2004.



Golden Anniversary

Johnny and Mary O'Toole with Fr. Pat O'Malley on their 50th Wedding Anniversary – June 30th 2004.

Comhgháirdeas . . .



Marie Philbin, Carramore, 1st Class Hons. Degree in Pharmacy at Brighton University.



Marian Grealis BBS, GDE MSc. – graduated at the University of Limerick.



Mary Fergus, Cahir, Bachelor of Nursing Studies, Dublin City University.



Eileen O'Malley, Cross, graduated from Sligo IT with a Bachelor of Science in Occupational Safety and Health. Eileen is daughter of the late Frank and Mary O'Malley.

Comhgháirdeas . . .



Sister Bernadette MacNally, formerly from Carrowniskey, Louisburgh, who received an Honours Post Graduate Diploma for Pastoral Ministry from Dublin City University in October 2003.



Catriona Needham, Aillmore and Martin Lavelle, Keenagh, Crossmolina, who were married in Killeen Church on 3rd April 2004.



Patricia Gibbons, Cloonlaura, Louisburgh and Brian Curran, Blackrock, Co. Dublin who were married in the Holy Family Church, Killeen, Louisburgh.

Comhgháirdeas . . .



Eileen O'Malley, Cross and David MacCallum, Ayreshire, Scotland, who were married on February 14th 2004 in the Church of the Holy Family, Killeen.



Elaine Duffy and Pat Prendergast who were married on 17th October 2003 in St. Patrick's Church, Louisburgh.



Aidan Ball and Bernardine Cresham who were married in Ballintubber Abbey on the 29th August 2003.



Olivia Needham, Aillemore, Louisburgh and Anthony Kearney, Ballycarney, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford, who were married in Killeen Church on 27th April 2002.