



**International Headquarters**  
**PO Box 1716 • Morristown, NJ 07962**  
**Tel: 973-605-1991**  
**[www.iaci-usa.org](http://www.iaci-usa.org)**

Welcome to the latest edition of the IACI e-news.

Founded in 1962, the IACI is the leading Irish American cultural organization. The IACI is a federally recognized 501(c)(3) not-for-profit national organization devoted to promoting an intelligent appreciation of Ireland and the role and contributions of the Irish in America.

Guest contributors are always welcome! Please note, the IACI is an apolitical, non-sectarian organization and requests that contributors consider that when submitting articles. The IACI reserves the right to refuse or edit submissions. The views and opinions expressed in this newsletter are solely those of the original authors and other contributors. These views and opinions do not necessarily represent those of the IACI or any/all contributors to this site. Please submit articles for consideration to [cbuck@iaci-usa.org](mailto:cbuck@iaci-usa.org).

*To continue reading articles contained in this latest e-news, please scroll through the following pages.*

**The Times that Try Men's Souls**  
**Good Intelligence Needed**  
**John Honeyman – Washington's Man in New Jersey**

Washington also utilized individuals as spies for single, specific missions. One such agent was personally recruited by Washington to report on enemy capabilities at **Trenton**, New Jersey. **John Honeyman**, an Irish immigrant and a weaver by trade, had previously informed the American leader that he was willing to assist the Revolutionary cause. In autumn 1776, Washington asked Honeyman to move to New Brunswick, New Jersey. Honeyman did so, entered the cattle business there, and supplied meat to British forces in the area. Washington arranged for him to be publicly denounced as a British sympathizer.

Through his business dealings with the British and their Hessian mercenaries, and by underscoring his service on the British side in the French and Indian War, Honeyman was able to develop close relationships with - and elicit intelligence information from - British officers in Trenton, including their commander.

In mid-December 1776, Washington directed American forces to seize Honeyman. The "arrest," on 22nd December, enabled Washington to debrief Honeyman on enemy activities and intentions in the Trenton area without compromising the fact that he was an American agent. He was also given false information to pass to the British after his "escape" from the Americans.

Honeyman reported that British troops had been sent to New York City for the winter, leaving only Hessian forces in Trenton. He also noted that the Hessian commander, Colonel Rall, though courageous, was an arrogant individual, contemptuous of American forces. The commander was lax about defensive preparations, had not ordered his men to build fortifications, and had a serious drinking problem. Honeyman also provided a map showing all enemy locations around Trenton.

After his "escape", Honeyman told the Hessians that he had seen the American winter quarters and found no signs of any troop movements.

Washington, acting on Honeyman's intelligence and having sown the seeds of deception through Honeyman's remarks to the Hessians about American inaction, moved his forces across the Delaware River on Christmas night and launched a surprise attack the next morning. The Hessians were surprised after their Christmas partying, had little time to organize, and were soon forced to surrender. While a minor triumph in military terms, the victory at Trenton came at a critical time for the American side and was a strategic victory in political and morale terms--thanks in large part to excellent intelligence work by an Irish Patriot and his American Commander-in-Chief.

<https://www.cia.gov/>

[As Paul Harvey used to say, for the rest of the story, See also:  
*Washington's Crossing* (Pivotal Moments in American History) by Fischer, David Hackett (2004);  
*Washington: A Life* by Ron Chernow (2011);  
*1776* by David McCullough (2005)  
*Crucible of War* by Fred Anderson (2000)]

## A Season Of Irish White Mistletoe

By

Raymond D. Aumack

Desmond and Maria had grown used to doing things separately. Their working schedules were totally opposite. Maria was teaching and left early in the morning.

Desmond works from late morning until approximately 9:00 P.M., the main hours of activity of the restaurant.

Maria's schedule was easing a bit with her dissertation finished. She reviewed it till she couldn't stand reading it anymore. St. Joseph's University provided editing, for a fee. She paid the fee for the service. This was too important for her to ignore all the help she could get. Maria couldn't imagine that there would be many more changes, since she worked so hard on line editing. She had parsed practically every sentence in the 200-page document and was prepared to defend every position she took. All the references in the footnotes matched. Her topic was part of her life, learning to adapt to English, a language that she had studied, and actually learning to use that language in an American environment provided unique issues that had not been previously studied. She had been through a bibliography of peripheral studies but nothing that really touched her subject. This was an important study because of the huge immigration the United States was experiencing. However, some professors on her dissertation committee preferred the tried and true approaches, though most of them were inadequate to the task. Teachers of a Second Language knew this and were getting creative with new approaches. Many of her references were to interviews that she had conducted. There was interest in publishing her dissertation but not until after she had passed her oral exams and her dissertation had been accepted.

Desmond drove Maria to the airport.

Maria left for Florida on the Sunday afternoon after Maeve's wedding. Desmond was going to leave on the following Monday. Most of the wedding arrangements had been completed by Maria's parents. She would have a final fitting for her wedding dress. One of Desmond's brothers would serve as Best Man and the other two brothers would be ushers. Maria's sisters, June, Theresa, and Susan would serve as attendants. Maeve would be the Matron of Honor. With the blessing of her mother, each attendant could choose an appropriate gown. Of course, Maria's sisters would be elegantly dressed, and these two beautiful girls would reflect the highest degree of Cuban elegance. Maeve, June, Susan, and Theresa coordinated their choices with each other and with Maria's approval.

Maria had been in constant contact with her parents dealing with arrangements while she was also preoccupied with final editing of her dissertation and preparation for her oral examinations in March. She and Desmond would have another meeting with the pastor with whom she had almost weekly email contact. Her father had arranged to have the parish choir available and Maria agreed on the Spanish hymns.

In truth, Maria just wanted to get married with the blessing of the Church. The lavish wedding was really tolerated for the sake of her parents. Desmond was very supportive and encouraged her tolerance. She did her best to keep the costs under control. The tent in the yard idea that they had first discussed really had significant consideration. It turned out that a hotel reception was far easier to manage and far less expensive and more convenient for their guests who would enjoy the substantial discounts for rooms that her father was able to negotiate.

Maria's parents greeted her at the airport with much enthusiasm. Maria's goal was to leave on Thursday with everything prepared as if the wedding was the following Saturday. Desmond wanted to pay for the wedding, but her father wouldn't hear of it.

Greeted with hugs and kisses, they were so glad to see her. She would have been there for Christmas save for Maeve and Patrick's wedding. They would celebrate the Birth of Christ on Tuesday with a family dinner celebration.

"How is Desmond?"

"He sends his love. He'll be here tomorrow. He had to work the whole weekend. He'll be here tomorrow evening and we'll leave on Thursday evening. We are so grateful for all the work you have done for us. This will be the most wonderful and relaxed wedding ever."

Juan Carlos rolled his eyes and laughed.

"Wait until you see our gowns," shouted her sister Louisa.

"I can hardly wait. Both of you are beautiful, and I know that you will you'll look beautiful."

"All of our friends are coming to the church to see us."

"But it is in February and it might be cold and snowy."

"Eva laughed and waving her finger back and forth. We have never felt cold or seen snow."

"Maybe we'll bring you to Philadelphia for a blizzard."

"Great!!! Mom, Dad, can we go? Can we go?"

They made their way to the Costo home that was beautifully decorated for the Christmas season.

Patrick and Maeve Garvey Malone rented the top of the line Volvo Van for their road trip honeymoon. It was a large, comfortable vehicle that made driving a joy.

The afternoon was spent walking along the Delaware River bank just talking and sharing. The dinner at the Inn was a wonderful slice of Americana. They sat in the lounge sharing after dinner drinks with other guests and enjoyed their anonymity and refreshing conversation. The evening was spent with long sessions of tender lovemaking. There was no shyness, no anxiety, and no fear. They had prepared well for these moments, the first steps of loving celebration that would be their physical and emotional anchor for many decades to come. It wasn't simply physical. They poured their psychological, emotional, and spiritual integrity into each other. It was also fun trying out the mechanical suggestions of Dr. Comfort. The next day they drove across Pennsylvania to a point where there was a lookout site where three state lines came together. Looking out from the vantage point of the lookout just off the Blue Ridge Parkway, they were enthralled by the low puffy clouds and the tricks the sun played in them while clinging to the mountain tops.

The Blue Ridge Parkway, though stark in the winter, still offered a mystical beauty that thoroughly embraced both Patrick and Maeve.

"I am so glad we decided on this trip, Patrick. I feel like we have stepped into another world."

"I think we have," responded Patrick. "It is a very different atmosphere from the one we live in day after day."

Arriving at Hot Springs, VA, they eventually found the Omni Homestead Hotel where Patrick had made reservations. It turned out to be a five-star hotel with a designer commitment to rustic luxury. Patrick was a little disappointed because he was trying to avoid luxury. He didn't show any signs of his disappointment to Maeve. After settling into their room they elected to take a nap and awaken to making love again. There was an indoor pool with a hot springs hot tub that they planned to use in the morning.

Maeve softly said, "Patrick, this is wonderful. A little over elegant for rustic Virginia, but the designers tried hard. I wonder if that hot spring bath will work any wonders on my tired body. I feel like I am coming down to reality from an incredible high. I feel so strange because I am relaxed."

"I feel the same way," said Patrick. "It is almost as if the world we left two days ago no longer exists."

"This our world now, Maeve. It exists only to pamper us. We have to remember how to do this ."

Others were about to break out of their comfort zone. Susan Boyd's parents were discussing their experience with the Gala, Thanksgiving at Maeve's apartment, Christmas dinner with the Garveys, and Maeve's wedding and reception. Marguerite, known as Peggy among her friends, was speaking with her husband about the happiness their daughter, Susan, projects. "She is effervescent and just radiates joy even when she has nothing to be joyful about. She was a stunning bridesmaid. We haven't seen her like that since she was in grade school."

"What do *you* think happened? After all, she is engaged to a millionaire and is set for the rest of her life," said Dave.

"Dave, it is not the money in her life. Look up Maeve Garvey's company. It is doing far better than most of the larger companies in Philadelphia, and Susan is a vice president and partner. On her own, Susan is doing far better than you and I together. She is beautiful, talented, and competent. Maeve gives her a lot of responsibility and she handles it so well."

"Well she has gotten all *churchy* too. What is that all about?"

"I'm sure she would speak of that with a lot more respect. Remember that crusty boy with the long dark hair that she was dating. They had a bad breakup and she was being very hard on herself. Not because of the breakup. That was inevitable. She was in that relationship because she had such low self-esteem and that was what bothered her. As beautiful and as intelligent as she was, she was rough around the edges, as they say. One day she walked into the church near her apartment and had a long talk with God. Outside the church, she met a priest who gave her all the time she needed. She started attending Mass there and joined a group with a lot of initials and started to learn about the Church. The priest and his team were very supportive. She made her First Communion as well as a first confession. They call it Penance now. At the Easter Vigil, she received Confirmation from the pastor. Most important was this marvelous group of new friends at the church from whom she learned everything she needed to know. "

"At the same time, she started a new job when Maeve opened her business. Maeve taught her everything she needed to know and that sparked confidence in her own creativity. You know how well she did in business school. Maeve became her mentor. Her attitude developed further. Maeve and her friend, Theresa, were church-goers, and Susan joined them each week. Afterwards they would go out for afternoon-long brunches filled with conversation about the important things of life. Susan joined them as a volunteer at the Jesuit Urban Mission. She became a key person on the organizing team of the Gala. She also became friendly with Maria Costo and June Gilliam. Her style of clothing changed, her make-up and hair style changed, her outlook on life

and her self-esteem changed. A beautiful Susan emerged from an interpersonal disaster. She met Michael last Thanksgiving and their engagement became official this week. She and Michael have been in pre-marriage instruction with the Jesuits for the last three months.”

“Good Lord, what can they possibly talk about for three months?”

Sloughing off the stupid remark, Peggy said, “Dave, I want what Susan has.”

“I’ll not be joining any papist devilry. I’ll not be associating with colored people. The Gilliams annoy me. The Costos are taking away jobs that Americans would do.”

‘Oh really? Is that because of their obvious success and wealth? Mr. Gilliam is President of a bank and teaches Economics at a university. June has a Ph.D. and is Director of a multi-million-dollar Jesuit service mission, giving up a lucrative education position to do so. Oh! And did you know that both of June’s parents have Irish heritage, far more than we have?’

“Mr. Costo now has the one of largest law firms in Florida. The Costos are proud American citizens and worked hard for that. And weren’t those teen-aged children, from both families, beautiful and having a marvelous time together? Weren’t the Garveys generous to have those families at their table of honor?”

“I’m going to speak with Susan’s friend, Father Milos. You can come with me, or not. Just remember to think about this. Our lives are about as exciting as the dead grass on an Irish field. We are robbing ourselves of the happiness we have come to discover in our daughter, Susan and her friends. This is the most conversation we have had in months and your only contributions were snide remarks about papist devilry and people of color. I followed your marching band of isolation and hatred because I thought that was required of me as your wife. That track has taken us nowhere. I want more out of our lives. I want to capture what Susan has discovered. I am growing weary of this self-imposed exile from the human race. I don’t want to follow your lead of hating everyone who isn’t the same nationality or color as us. I am lonely, Dave, not only because of our separation from the rest of the world but because I love you and I want to share the richness of the life we have chosen. And, by the way, I love the new Pope. Come with me or not, I’ve made my choice and invited you to join me. I’ll keep you informed of the date and time when I set up a meeting with Fr. Milos.”

“By the way, did you send a check in for St. Paul’s Soup Kitchen for Maeve and Patrick’s wedding present?”

“No! That is just another Catholic rip-off?”

“I’ll take the money from my Christmas gift.”

“We didn’t exchange Christmas gifts.”

“ I’ll just write a check for the amount of what we should have paid for a wedding gift and add in the extravagant cost of the gift you would have given to me for Christmas.”

“You know damn well I don’t believe in all this Christmas falderal.”

“Well, I never told you this, but I loved Christmas growing up and right into our marriage. I was shocked when you told me that you didn’t want decorations or celebrations. The girls were very disappointed as well. Maybe that is why they want nothing to do with us. Stew over that thought for a while. Think about Susan and Michael

and their months of counseling for marriage. Maybe they don't want the surprises that you laid on the rest of us."

Peggy, went out to her car dialing Susan's cell phone as she went. "Hi Susan, can I stay over at your place tonight?"

"Sure mom..... Is there anything I need to know?"

"Well, your father and I finally had the big battle we should have had 35 years ago. I just want him to stew in his own juices for a few days."

"Mom, go to my apartment. There is a key under the heavy doormat. I'll meet you there in fifteen minutes. Michael and I have a Christmas fundraiser banquet tonight. We are filling in for Maeve and Patrick. But I am free until about 7:00. I'll meet you there."

Susan put Theresa in charge of the company and told her there was a home emergency that required her to be with her mom. She arrived about the same time as her mother who was climbing the flight of stairs as Susan came into the lobby.

Susan caught up with her and opened the door. They both collapsed on the living room couch. Peggy was crying into her daughter's shoulder. Susan gave her a little more time before she asked about what happened. Peggy told the story about the afternoon's conversation and it included all the details of Susan's own objections to her father. What startled her was her mom's confession that she wanted what Susan had discovered.

"Mom, I was at an all-time low in my life and I walked into St. Rita's to scream at God. I told you that. Dad is a very difficult person to live with or even to visit. I cringed every time he came out to the Gala or to Maeve's Thanksgiving dinner or the Garvey's Christmas dinner. I was watching to see how he handled the wedding. He is always on his best behavior. But I knew that everything he did on my behalf was something he despised. I don't know if I should be grateful for that or whether I should lament that."

"Susan, he was a hateful person from the beginning. I married him because all my friends were getting married and I wanted to be married as well. I was shocked at our first Christmas when he wanted no decorations or celebration. You and your sister were baptized because that was what his mother wanted. He stayed home from the ceremony. When we were married, husbands were treated like kings and their expectations always turned into demands. Women today have far more help and support. I just got too dependent on him and met his every expectation."

"Mom, dad is a sick man. No healthy man could hate like he does."

"Susan, I envy the happiness that Brigid Garvey has. The day we had together was revealing. She is an amazingly happy person and she is still working. Susan, I am jealous of what you seem to have found."

"Mom, I took the first steps, but then I met marvelous people at St. Rita's who helped me along. I still stop and visit with them from time to time. Maeve was a critical blessing. She stuck by me and taught me what she knows. She was my role model and chipped away at my rough edges. She invited me into her circle of friends and that was the big leap forward in my life. Meeting Michael last year was a major blessing. We are incredibly in love and having a lot of fun at the same time. Oh! I haven't showed you my ring. The jeweler was able to insert a diamond in the heart of the Claddagh ring and surround it with tiny diamond chips. I love this ring. Our wedding rings will be simple gold with Celtic designs."



“Mom you are feeling better. I have a frozen pizza you can have for dinner. I am going to shower and get dressed for our banquet tonight. Michael will pick me up here. I’ll stop by tomorrow morning on my way to work. If dad calls me, I won’t let him know you are here. If the phone rings, don’t answer it. It might be him. If he does come here, that door is sturdy. Call the police immediately. Just dial 911.

A half hour later, Susan was dressed like her mother once dreamed for herself, She looked beautiful. Susan had given Michael an overview of her mom’s situation. Even before they were engaged Susan told the story of her family life and how much of a contrast it was to Michael’s family experience. Michael was very gracious and told her that he would support her in every way possible.

“Susan is so blessed to have you in her life.”

“Peggy, believe me, I am the one who is blessed.”

Watching them walk arm in arm down the hallway Peggy felt a surge of pride as she saw in her daughter the woman she wanted to be.

Desmond Dowd was received at the Miami Airport s if he was a visiting potentate. Maria’s sisters rushed up to hug him, followed by Maria herself. Juan Carlos came to him almost regally and kissed him on both cheeks. Maria’s mom accompanied by her sister and brother-in-law greeted him with loving enthusiasm followed by three more pre-teen children. They formed a motorcade mimicking the recent motorcade of the President when he visited his Florida home. People actually clapped as they drove out of the airport. Desmond was both elated and embarrassed.

Drinks and lively conversation filled the evening at the Costo home, followed by an elegant dinner.

After dinner, they sat around the dinner table discussing wedding preparations. Ana Costo’s sister, also named Maria, was a wannabe wedding planner and was accepted as such in the Cuban American community. Maria, the bride-to-be, also had a wedding planner notebook. Each plan was carefully written, and check marked as completed. The two Marias went over their notes in meticulous detail and by the time the late dessert was served had agreed that all the plans were in place.

“Mom and Dad, I just want you to enjoy this wedding as much as we will. We have a little more than a month before the wedding and you should have no anxiety about the details. As Aunt Maria just said, there is no detail that we haven’t covered. Desmond and I will meet with the priest tomorrow to go over the liturgy, the least expensive but most important part of the wedding.”

Everyone laughed.

“And no one will know anything about our honeymoon. We’ll stop here on the way home just to let you know that we are safe.”

Visiting with the priest was an expected delight. They had formed a bond with him, and he was as relaxed as they were. Desmond handed the priest an envelope.

“Juan Carlos insists on paying for everything. I’m giving you this money to be used for assisting immigrants in your parish.”

“The befuddled priest looked at him and said, This has to be between us. It can never get back to Juan Carlos.”

“That should never happen,” said Desmond. “ This gift is inspired by your patience with Maria’s parents over the details of our wedding. I want you to know how much we appreciate it.”

After a delightful waterfront lunch, they went to the hotel where their guests would stay and where their reception would be held. After reviewing the rooms and the ballroom, typical of any first-class hotel, Desmond asked to see the menu, which he and Maria both approved and then asked that the band be prepared to play some Irish music. Desmond then asked to see the bill.

After carefully examining the bill, Desmond asked if the cost of the band was included. It was, and Desmond nodded in appreciation.

“You have done well with our request to keep costs under control. I didn’t want Juan Carlos overpaying for our wedding.”

He gave the manager an envelope with a check made out for half the cost of the wedding. “Tell Juan Carlos that your bosses, us for this event, but he doesn’t have to know that, were able to honor him by cutting costs. They will appreciate any referrals a man of his distinction in the community, can make to the hotel for weddings and celebrations.”

The Mountains of West Virginia had an allure all their own. Driving through them and the villages along the way was a genuine treat. They stopped at the town of McAllen, appropriately named because it was owned by the McAllen family. The McAllen Ranch house sat on the top of one of the hills. There were visitors cabins that ran at random places throughout the valley below the mansion sized McAllen home. What was unique, most of the village of McAllen descended each evening for dinner at the ranch house. Dinner cost townspeople three dollars and for the guests, dinner was included in their rent. There was a field where the cattle roamed free. There seemed to be a whole valley filled with apple orchards. Huge fields were plowed for the winter and were obviously dedicated to growing vegetables.

Patrick and Maeve inspected their immaculately clean log cabin cottage. A worker loaded the bin with logs for the fire. “This is your only source of heat. The bathroom has plumbing and hot water. Nights get kind of cold up here so watch the number of logs and let us know if you need any more.”

Patrick and Maeve had arrived in mid-afternoon when it was starting to get dark. Their plan was to stay for two nights and then set out for North Carolina. For the moment, after an almost full day of driving, a nap was in order.

They elected to walk up the hill to the house, a walk of about three quarters of a mile uphill. The atmosphere of the dining hall was electric. Neighbors greeted each other with affection and, in turn, greeted Maeve and Patrick as if they were villagers themselves. Everyone wanted to know Patrick and Maeve’s life stories, and they were very willing to share their own. It was a charming experience. When dinner was over, several families returned to their homes while others hung around and shared the amenities of the lodge. The only television on the entire farm was in the lodge and the only news station in West Virginia was Fox News. Cell phones didn’t work in the mountains, so the only source of socialization was interpersonal conversation.

They hung out at the lodge until about 9:00 PM and then walked downhill to their cabin. They threw some logs on the fire and curled up under the covers. Maeve mentioned that this was the earliest she had gone to bed since she was a baby. However, they melted into each other like loving adults.

The next morning was glorious. The brilliant sun further illumined the vast fields covered with frost. Patrick put a couple of logs on the fire and crawled back into bed until the cabin warmed up. An hour later they walked back up the hill to the lodge for breakfast. They faced a farmer's breakfast, far more food than the coffee and piece of toast they were used to eating for breakfast. The local residents were in and out already. They opted for scrambled eggs and the toasted bread that just came out of the oven. In the lobby they found tourist pamphlets with some of the local attractions including a tour of an underground cavern. They planned to be flexible the rest of their day. They didn't have to see everything, but the offerings were far more than they would ever choose.

The quaintness of rustic West Virginia was refreshing, and they had a marvelous day sightseeing, interacting with the locals and thoroughly enjoying a different ambience from their everyday lives in Philadelphia. More important, they thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

The next morning, after a great meal and a refreshing sleep, they set out for the Outer Banks of North Carolina.

The delayed family Christmas dinner at the Costo home included about thirty guests almost all of whom Desmond had previously met. A new guest was Father George McClellan, a retired Irish priest who was helping out at the parish. McClellan was a native of County Kerry and knew of the vast estate that was now the family home of the Dowd family. Desmond told him that his brothers and sister would be at the wedding in February.

Father McClellan offered Grace and Juan Carlos proposed a toast to Maria and Desmond. Desmond had prepared a response. He retold the story of his bride and her dad rowing together across a treacherous stretch of the Atlantic Ocean and landing in America on a beach not far from where they were celebrating. With little more than the clothes they wore, they started a new life in America.

"Today Maria is finishing the work for her doctorate about teaching English as a new language to immigrants. She will become Mrs. Dowd in February and Dr. Costo in March. None of this was possible without family and friends. Maria and I salute you and thank you. Without you, our love would not have happened." Tears flowed from Ana and Juan Carlos He stood up and walked over to embrace Desmond and his daughter. Maria's sisters led the enthusiastic applause.

The dinner party was wonderful. Father George blessed the Christmas cheche. Christmas songs and hymns were sung with gusto in both Spanish and English. Fr. George and Desmond sang some Irish Christmas hymns and songs. Maria beautifully played the piano, a talent that even Desmond didn't know she had. They didn't have a piano in their little cottage. At their Philadelphia gatherings, Theresa always played the piano. When Desmond asked her about it she told him how Theresa just spontaneously started playing Maeve's piano at their local parties and she didn't want to upstage her. Maeve had the piano but didn't play.

The following day was a free day and they would spend it with Maria's parents and sisters. They would return to Philadelphia on Thursday. Desmond would work on Thursday evening, Maria would prepare for a meeting with her Dissertation Committee on Friday. The day with the family would be a welcome break.

Peggy Boyd woke to a loud ruckus outside of Susan's apartment. There was a pounding on the door demanding to be let in. It was David's voice and there were other people in the hall with him. She immediately called the police as Susan suggested. Within minutes she could see that the police arrived. She waited until she knew the police were outside the door and opened it to relieve the incessant pounding. As the door opened David fell

into the room and slapped her hard across the face. The police officer had him in a choke hold as he shouted that she was his wife. He had every right to hit her. "After all, you have to slap a woman around every now and then just to keep her in line."

"Not in Philadelphia, Bub. We call that assault. You also assaulted a police officer, all of this on camera. You broke into this apartment. That is breaking and entry. This adds up to a few years in jail."

As he was speaking, Susan arrived to check on her mom. She was horrified as the bruise started to appear on her face.

"Dad, what did you do?"

"Who are you", asked the police officer?

"I'm Susan Boyd. This is my apartment, and these are my parents. My mom was staying here with my permission."

"Dad, how did you know mom was here?"

"I was looking for her and I saw my car parked up the street."

"It is my car, not yours," interjected Peggy.

"I own everything we have?"

"What century did you come from," asked the police officer?

"Sir, you are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent and I strongly advise that you do that. You have a right to an attorney, and I advise that you consult one immediately after we book you. If you can't afford an attorney, the court will provide one."

"You are arresting me?"

"Yes sir. You illegally entered this private premises. You assaulted a police officer and you resisted arrest. You violently struck this woman. I will also add that you were stalking her."

Another group of police officers took David away as he was shouting that this was a legitimate domestic dispute and the police had no right to intervene.

Officer Gambone asked Peggy to sit down and tell her story. He took careful notes as she spoke. He examined her face and recommended that she go to an urgent care center right away.

After that, he interviewed Susan who assured him that she would take her to an urgent care center.

Susan hugged her mom. I'm sorry I wasn't here earlier. I'm sorry Theresa wasn't with me.

The officer picked up on that. "Do you mean Theresa Malone who single handedly dismantled a group of thugs from the Colombian cartel?"

"It wasn't quite single handedly, but yes, one and the same."

"How do you know her?"

"We are colleagues at Garvey Associates and friends as well."

"So you work with Maeve Garvey?"

“Yes, I’m the COO of the company. Theresa heads up one of our departments.”

“And this is your father we arrested?”

“Sadly, yes.”

The officer turned off his recording device, “You can be sure that we will handle this case with the utmost discretion. We owe the entire Garvey family an awful lot.”

“Maeve is on her honeymoon. We don’t expect to hear from her for another ten days.”

“Not a problem. She is not involved in this case. If we can help you out in any way, here is my card. Now take your mom to an urgent care center and ask for a report to be sent to me.”

Susan took her mom down to the newly opened Jesuit Mission Medical Services and called ahead to June to expect her.

On the way, Susan’s mother said that she didn’t want her husband to be arrested.

“That is out of your hands now, mom. Dad committed a number of serious crimes including injuring you. There was nothing you could do to stop him. If the police hadn’t arrived, he would have severely beaten you. Mom, he is your husband and my father. He doesn’t own either of us.”

“I don’t want to press charges.”

“That is out of our hands, mom. The police will press the charges. We have to let the law take its course.”

The examination showed that she had a fractured cheekbone, a severe bruise, a perforated eardrum, and indicated damage to her eyes and teeth that respective specialists would have to handle.

June sat with Susan and when the exam was finished, she took them across the street for a breakfast. The next day saw visits to an eye doctor and a dentist. There were problems with both, but they will have to wait until the swelling goes down to see if her jaw realigns. The same was true of the eye exam. She will definitely have a black eye, but, more seriously, a detached retina.”.

Susan took her mom with her to her office.

There was a couch in Maeve’s office as well as a television, and she could rest on it.

Michael’s legal services would be a conflict of interest and Brian was better equipped to have an attorney from his office handle the case. Brian would monitor it like he does all the cases his firm handles. Mr. Boyd will not only have competent legal services, but the services are arguably the best in the city. Susan requested that for her father’s good, he should go through the gauntlet of the legal system, including staying in jail for a few days and longer if he won’t pay bail. Otherwise he would brag that he beat the system.

Also, he should be charged the full legal fee.

Susan told her mom that her dad would be in jail for the rest of the week and that an attorney from Brian’s firm, a specialist in criminal law, would handle the case.

After a drive that was bordering on too long, Maeve, who was now driving, pulled up to a huge rustic mansion that had an unimpeded view of the ocean. They walked into a beautifully Christmas decorated lobby. Michael

had made reservations and they were given a spacious room that looked out on the ocean. Both were really tired from the long drive and just collapsed on the bed and fell asleep almost instantly.

The rising sun awakened them, and Maeve photographed it before the advent of the intense glare.

They went downstairs for breakfast and joined several other winter beachgoers.

“This is the most marvelous time of the year mentioned one of the guests they met in the lobby. There are no hurricanes. Blizzards normally go inland, and there are no crowds and very little traffic.”

“We come here every year for Christmas. It is part of our natural routine,” said another.

“A young couple mentioned that it was perfect for a honeymoon.” Before Patrick could respond, Maeve gently kicked his shin. Later on, Patrick asked for a reason for the kick.

“Pat, those kids are more than ten years younger than we are. I don’t want to spend an overnight discussing newlywed and honeymoon stuff. But they did have the sense to come to a beautiful place and they are obviously enjoying themselves.”

When they went shopping in the local craft stores, all the vendors seemed happy and relaxed. Everything was on sale and Maeve picked up a number of unusual North Carolina beach crafts. They drove to a little nearby village for lunch and more local culture. They walked on a boardwalk along a beach and sat on a bench and watched the motion of the water.

It was Saturday and they went to an afternoon Mass. It was already dark and the sensation of walking to Mass in the dark was a little strange. They admired the priest and his easy flow with the small number of parishioners.

Dinner at the “mansion” was wonderful. In the winter, most of the fine dining restaurants are closed. Though it was early January, it was comfortable walking along the beach under a magnificent full moon. Surprisingly, there were other beach walkers out and greeted them as they passed. It was a homey, friendly atmosphere.

They were so pleased with the place that they decided to stay for an extra night and day. They would spend only one night and a day in Washington before catching their flight to Bermuda.

David Boyd was ushered into the interrogation room to visit with an attorney from Brian’s office, Clement O’Sullivan.

“Who are you and why are we meeting?”

“Here is my card Mr. Boyd. My name is Clement O’Sullivan and I am a well-known criminal attorney in the city. One of your friends, who insists on remaining anonymous, set up this meeting because you have already spent five days in jail, and it is about time you made some decisions.”

“You said you were a criminal attorney. I didn’t commit any crimes.”

“Really, Mr. Boyd. I am reading from the police report which states that you assaulted a police officer, committed aggravated assault on your wife, fracturing her cheek bone, perforating her ear drum, dislocating her jaw, detaching the retina of her eye, and loosening three teeth. In addition, as a result, she is in a constant state of anxiety. You broke into Miss Susan Boyd’s apartment, damaging the entrance door. You are also accused of stalking your wife. From my perspective you are eligible for a sentence of seven to twenty-five years in prison.”

“ This can’t be. Peg is my wife; Susan is my daughter. This was a domestic dispute, out of police jurisdiction.”

“What century do you live in Mr. Boyd? You committed a vicious assault on people you vowed to love. Spousal assault is a serious crime.”

“You have to do something to keep women in line.”

“Spousal beating is not good communication. You should have tried talk.”

“I told her what to do for thirty-five years. Didn’t she vow to obey me when we married?”

“I hardly think so, Mr. Boyd.”

“What is this going to cost me?”

“Approximately \$10,000, Mr. Boyd. I expect \$7500 up front as a retainer fee.”

“Thank you. I’ll get my own lawyer, Packy Boyle.”

O’Sullivan rang for the attendant to take Boyd back to his cell.

As soon as he got back to his car he called Susan to tell her that the interview went exactly as predicted.

After a delightful day in Washington and a pub meal at a Georgetown Irish Pub, Patrick and Maeve flew to Bermuda and spent the afternoon at the beach walking through the pink sand. They looked forward to the celebrations for the end of the Christmas season according to British customs.

After meeting with the dissertation committee, Maria breathed a sigh of relief and a prayer of thanksgiving. The committee accepted her dissertation without any further changes. Now she could prepare for the oral exams with confidence.

Desmond and Maria had grown used to doing things separately. Their working schedules were totally opposite. Maria was teaching and left early in the morning.

Desmond works from late morning until approximately 9:00 P.M., the main hours of activity of the restaurant.

Maria’s schedule was easing a bit with her dissertation finished. She reviewed it till she couldn’t stand reading it anymore. St. Joseph’s University provided editing, for a fee. She paid the fee for the service. This was too important to her to ignore all the help she could get. Maria couldn’t imagine that there would be many more changes, since she worked so hard on line editing. She had parsed practically every sentence in the 200-page document. All the references in the footnotes matched. Her topic was part of her life, learning to adapt to English, a language that she had studied, and actually learning to use that language in an American environment provided unique issues that had not been previously studied. She had been through a bibliography of peripheral studies but nothing that really touched her subject. This was an important study because of the huge immigration the United States was experiencing. However, some professors on her dissertation committee

preferred the tried and true approaches, though most of them were inadequate to the task. Teachers of a Second Language knew this and were getting creative with new approaches. Many of her references were to interviews that she had conducted. There was interest in publishing her dissertation but not until after she had passed her oral exams and her dissertation had been accepted.

Desmond drove Maria to the airport.

Maria left for Florida on the Sunday afternoon after Maeve's wedding. Desmond was going to leave on the following Monday. Most of the wedding arrangements had been completed by Maria's parents. She would have a final fitting for her wedding dress. One of Desmond's brothers would serve as Best Man and the other two brothers would be ushers. Maria's sisters, June, Theresa, and Susan would serve as attendants. Maeve would be the Matron of Honor. With the blessing of her mother, each attendant could choose an appropriate gown. Of course, Maria's sisters would be elegantly dressed, and these two beautiful girls would reflect the highest degree of Cuban elegance. Maeve, June, Susan, and Theresa coordinated their choices with each other and with Maria's approval.

Maria had been in constant contact with her parents dealing with arrangements while she was also preoccupied with final editing of her dissertation and preparation for her oral examinations in March. She and Desmond would have another meeting with the pastor with whom she had almost weekly email contact. Her father had arranged to have the parish choir available and Maria agreed on the Spanish hymns.

In truth, Maria just wanted to get married with the blessing of the Church. The lavish wedding was really tolerated for the sake of her parents. Desmond was very supportive and encouraged her tolerance. She did her best to keep the costs under control. The tent in the yard idea that they had first discussed really had significant consideration. It turned out that a hotel reception was far easier to manage and far less expensive and more convenient for their guests who would enjoy the substantial discounts for rooms that her father was able to negotiate.

Maria's parents greeted her at the airport with much enthusiasm. Maria's goal was to leave on Thursday with everything prepared as if the wedding was the following Saturday. Desmond wanted to pay for the wedding, but her father wouldn't hear of it.

Greeted with hugs and kisses, they were so glad to see her. She would have been there for Christmas save for Maeve and Patrick's wedding. They would celebrate the Birth of Christ on Tuesday with a family dinner celebration.

"How is Desmond?"

"He sends his love. He'll be here tomorrow. He had to work the whole weekend. He'll be here tomorrow evening and we'll leave on Thursday evening. We are so grateful for all the work you have done for us. This will be the most wonderful and relaxed wedding ever."

Juan Carlos rolled his eyes and laughed.

"Wait until you see our gowns," shouted her sister Louisa.

"I can hardly wait. Both of you are beautiful, and I know that you will you'll look beautiful."

"All of our friends are coming to the church to see us."



“But it is in February and it might be cold and snowy.”

“Eva laughed and waving her finger back and forth. We have never felt cold or seen snow.”

“Maybe we’ll bring you to Philadelphia for a blizzard.”

“Great!!! Mom, Dad, can we go? Can we go?”

They made their way to the Costo home that was beautifully decorated for the Christmas season.

Patrick and Maeve Garvey Malone rented the top of the line Volvo Van for their road trip honeymoon. It was a large, comfortable vehicle that made driving a joy.

The afternoon was spent walking along the river bank just talking and sharing. The dinner at the Inn was a wonderful slice of Americana. They sat in the lounge sharing after dinner drinks with other guests and enjoyed their anonymity and refreshing conversation. The evening was spent with long sessions of tender lovemaking. There was no shyness, no anxiety, and no fear. They had prepared well for these moments, the first steps of loving celebration that would be their physical and emotional anchor for many decades to come. It wasn’t simply physical. They poured their psychological, emotional, and spiritual integrity into each other. It was also fun trying out the mechanical suggestions of Dr. Comfort. The next day they drove across Pennsylvania to a point where there was a lookout site where three state lines came together. Looking out from the vantage point of the lookout just off the Blue Ridge Parkway, they were enthralled by the low puffy clouds and the tricks the sun played in them while clinging to the mountain tops.

The Blue Ridge Parkway, though stark in the winter, still offered a mystical beauty that thoroughly embraced both Patrick and Maeve.

“I am so glad we decided on this trip, Patrick. I feel like we have stepped into another world.”

“I think we have,” responded Patrick. “It is a very different atmosphere from the one we live in day after day.”

Arriving at Hot Springs, Va, they eventually found the Omni Homestead Hotel where Patrick had made reservations. It turned out to be a five-star hotel with a designer commitment to rustic luxury. Patrick was a little disappointed because he was trying to avoid luxury. He didn’t show any signs of his disappointment to Maeve. After settling into their room they elected to take a nap and awaken to making love again. There was an indoor pool with a hot springs hot tub that they planned to use in the morning.

Maeve softly said, “Patrick, this is wonderful. A little over elegant for rustic Virginia, but the designers tried hard. I wonder if that hot spring bath will work any wonders on my tired body. I feel like I am coming down to reality from an incredible high. I feel so strange because I am relaxed.”

“I feel the same way,” said Patrick.” It is almost as if the world we left two days ago no longer exists.”

“This our world now, Maeve. It exists only to pamper us. We have to remember how to do this .”

Others were about to break out of their comfort zone. Susan Boyd’s parents were discussing their experience with the Gala, Thanksgiving at Maeve’s apartment, Christmas dinner with the Garveys, and Maeve’s wedding and reception. Marguerite, known as Peggy among her friends was speaking with her husband about the

happiness their daughter, Susan, projects. She is effervescent and just radiates joy even when she has nothing to be joyful about. She was a stunning bridesmaid. We haven't seen her like that since she was in grade school.

"What do *you* think happened? After all, she is engaged to a millionaire and is set for the rest of her life," said Dave.

"Dave, it is not the money in her life. Look up Maeve Garvey's company. It is doing far better than most of the larger companies in Philadelphia, and Susan is a vice president and partner. On her own, Susan is doing far better than you and I together. She is beautiful, talented, and competent. Maeve gives her a lot of responsibility and she handles it so well."

"Well she has gotten all *churchy* too. What is that all about."

"I'm sure she would speak of that with a lot more respect. Remember that crusty boy with the long dark hair that she was dating. They had a bad breakup and she was being very hard on herself. Not because of the breakup. That was inevitable. She was in that relationship because she had such low self-esteem and that was what bothered her. As beautiful and as intelligent as she was, she was rough around the edges, as they say. One day she walked into the church near her apartment and had a long talk with God. Outside the church, she met a priest who gave her all the time she needed. She started attending Mass there and joined a group with a lot of initials and started to learn about the Church. The priest and his team were very supportive. She made her First Communion as well as a first confession. They call it Penance now. At the Easter Vigil, she received Confirmation from the pastor. Most important was this marvelous group of new friends at the church from whom she learned everything she needed to know. "

"At the same time, she started a new job when Maeve opened her business. Maeve taught her everything she needed to know and that sparked confidence in her own creativity. You know how well she did in business school. Maeve became her mentor. Her attitude developed further. Maeve and her friend, Theresa, were church-goers, and Susan joined them each week. Afterwards they would go out for afternoon long brunches filled with conversation about the important things of life. Susan joined them as a volunteer at the Jesuit Urban Mission. She became a key person on the organizing team of the Gala. She also became friendly with Maria Costo and June Gilliam. Her style of clothing changed, her make-up and hair style changed, her outlook on life and her self-esteem changed. A beautiful Susan emerged from an interpersonal disaster. She met Michael last Thanksgiving and their engagement became official this week. She and Michael have been in pre-marriage instruction with the Jesuits for the last three months."

"Good Lord, what can they possibly talk about for three months?"

Sloughing off the stupid remark, Peggy said, "Dave, I want what Susan has."

"I'll not be joining any papist devilry. I'll not be associating with colored people. The Gilliams annoy me. The Costos are taking away jobs that Americans would do."

'Oh really? Is that because of their obvious success and wealth? Mr. Gilliam is President of a bank and teaches Economics at a university. June has a Ph.D. and is Director of a multi-million-dollar Jesuit service mission, giving up a lucrative education position to do so. Oh! And did you know that both of June's parents have Irish heritage, far more than we have?" Mr. Costo now has the one of largest law firms in Florida. The Costos are proud American citizens and worked hard for that. And weren't those teen-aged children, from both families,

beautiful and having a marvelous time together? Weren't the Garveys generous to have those families at their table of honor?"

"I'm going to speak with Susan's friend, Father Milos. You can come with me, or not. Just remember to think about this. Our lives are about as exciting as the dead grass on an Irish field. We are robbing ourselves of the happiness we have come to discover in our daughter, Susan and her friends. This is the most conversation we have had in months and your only contributions were snide remarks about papist devilry and people of color. I followed your marching band of isolation and hatred because I thought that was required of me as your wife. That track had taken us nowhere. I want more out of our lives. I want to capture what Susan has discovered. I am growing weary of this self-imposed exile from the human race. I don't want to follow your lead of hating everyone who isn't the same nationality or color as us. I am lonely, Dave, not only because of our separation from the rest of the world but because I love you and I want to share the richness of the life we have chosen. And, by the way, I love the new Pope. Come with me or not, I've made my choice and invited you to join me. I'll keep you informed of the date and time when I set up a meeting with Fr. Milos."

"By the way, did you send a check in for St. Paul's Soup Kitchen for Maeve and Patrick's wedding present?"

"No! That is just another Catholic rip-off?"

"I'll take the money from my Christmas gift."

"We didn't exchange Christmas gifts."

"I'll just write a check for the amount of what we should have paid for a wedding gift and add in the extravagant cost of the gift you would have given to me for Christmas."

"You know damn well I don't believe in all this Christmas falderal."

"Well, I never told you this, but I loved Christmas growing up and right into our marriage. I was shocked when you told me that you didn't want decorations or celebrations. The girls were very disappointed as well. Maybe that is why they want nothing to do with us. Stew over that thought for a while. Think about Susan and Michael and their months of counseling for marriage. Maybe they don't want the surprises that you laid on the rest of us."

Peggy, went out to her car dialing Susan's cell phone as she went. "Hi Susan, can I stay over at your place tonight?"

"Sure mom..... Is there anything I need to know?"

"Well, your father and I finally had the big battle we should have had 35 years ago. I just want him to stew in his own juices for a few days."

"Mom, go to my apartment. There is a key under the heavy doormat. I'll meet you there in fifteen minutes. Michael and I have a Christmas fundraiser banquet tonight. We are filling in for Maeve and Patrick. But I am free until about 7:00. I'll meet you there."

Susan put Theresa in charge of the company and told her there was a home emergency that required her to be with her mom. She arrived about the same time as her mother who was climbing the flight of stairs as Susan came into the lobby.

Susan caught up with her and opened the door. They both collapsed on the living room couch. Peggy was crying into her daughter's shoulder. Susan gave her a little more time before she asked about what happened. Peggy told the story about the afternoon's conversation and it included all the details of Susan's own objections to her father. What startled her was her mom's confession that she wanted what Susan had discovered.

Mom, I was at an all-time low in my life and I walked into St. Rita's to scream at God. I told you that. Dad is a very difficult person to live with or even to visit. I cringed every time he came out to the Gala or to Maeve's Thanksgiving dinner or the Garvey's Christmas dinner. I was watching to see how he handled the wedding. He is always on his best behavior. But I knew that everything he did on my behalf was something he despised. I don't know if I should be grateful for that or whether I should lament that.

Susan, he was a hateful person from the beginning. I married him because all my friends were getting married and I wanted to be married as well. I was shocked at our first Christmas when he wanted no decorations or celebration. You and your sister were baptized because that was what his mother wanted. He stayed home from the ceremony. When we were married, husbands were treated like kings and their expectations always turned into demands. Women today have far more help and support. I just got too dependent on him and met his every expectation.

"Mom, dad is a sick man. No healthy man could hate like he does."

"Susan, I envy the happiness that Brigid Garvey has. The day we had together was revealing. She is an amazingly happy person and she is still working. Susan, I am jealous of what you seem to have found."

"Mom, I took the first steps but then I met marvelous people at St. Rita's who helped me along. I still stop and visit with them from time to time. Maeve was a critical blessing. She stuck by me and taught me what she knows. She was my role model and chipped away at my rough edges. She invited me into her circle of friends and that was the big leap forward in my life. Meeting Michael last year was a major blessing. We are incredibly in love and having a lot of fun at the same time. Oh! I haven't showed you my ring. The jeweler was able to insert a diamond in the heart of the Claddagh ring and surround it with tiny diamond chips. I love this ring. Our wedding rings will be simple gold with Celtic designs."

"Mom you are feeling better. I have a frozen pizza you can have for dinner. I am going to shower and get dressed for our banquet tonight. Michael will pick me up here. I'll stop by tomorrow morning on my way to work. If dad calls me, I won't let him know you are here. If the phone rings, don't answer it. It might be him. If he does come here, that door is sturdy. Call the police immediately. Just dial 911.

A half hour later, Susan was dressed like her mother once dreamed for herself, She looked beautiful. Susan had given Michael an overview of her mom's situation. Even before they were engaged Susan told the story of her family life and how much of a contrast it was to Michael's family experience. Michael was very gracious and told her that he would support her in every way possible.

"Susan is so blessed to have you in her life."

"Peggy, believe me, I am the one who is blessed."

Watching them walk arm in arm down the hallway Peggy felt a surge of pride as she saw in her daughter the woman she wanted to be.

Desmond Dowd was received at the Miami Airport as if he was a visiting potentate. Maria's sisters rushed up to hug him, followed by Maria herself. Juan Carlos came to him almost regally and kissed him on both cheeks. Maria's mom accompanied by her sister and brother-in-law greeted him with loving enthusiasm followed by three more pre-teen children. They formed a motorcade mimicking the recent motorcade of the President when he visited his Florida home. People actually clapped as they drove out of the airport. Desmond was both elated and embarrassed.

Drinks and lively conversation filled the evening at the Costo home, followed by an elegant dinner.

After dinner, they sat around the dinner table discussing wedding preparations. Ana Costo's sister, also named Maria, was a wannabe wedding planner and was accepted as such in the Cuban American community. Maria, the bride-to-be, also had a wedding planner notebook. Each plan was carefully written, and check marked as completed. The two Marias went over their notes in meticulous detail and by the time the late dessert was served had agreed that all the plans were in place.

"Mom and Dad, I just want you to enjoy this wedding as much as we will. We have a little more than a month before the wedding and you should have no anxiety about the details. As Aunt Maria just said, there is no detail that we haven't covered. Desmond and I will meet with the priest tomorrow to go over the liturgy, the least expensive but most important part of the wedding."

Everyone laughed.

"And no one will know anything about our honeymoon. We'll stop here on the way home just to let you know that we are safe."

Visiting with the priest was an expected delight. They had formed a bond with him, and he was as relaxed as they were. Desmond handed the priest an envelope.

"Juan Carlos insists on paying for everything. I'm giving you this money to be used for assisting immigrants in your parish."

"The befuddled priest looked at him and said, This has to be between us. It can never get back to Juan Carlos."

"That should never happen," said Desmond. "This gift is inspired by your patience with Maria's parents over the details of our wedding. I want you to know how much we appreciate it."

After a delightful waterfront lunch, they went to the hotel where their guests would stay and where their reception would be held. After reviewing the rooms and the ballroom, typical of any first-class hotel, Desmond asked to see the menu, which he and Maria both approved and then asked that the band be prepared to play some Irish music. Desmond then asked to see the bill.

After carefully examining the bill, Desmond asked if the cost of the band was included. It was, and Desmond nodded in appreciation.

"You have done well with our request to keep costs under control. I didn't want Juan Carlos overpaying for our wedding."

He gave the manager an envelope with a check made out for half the cost of the wedding. Tell Juan Carlos that your bosses, us for this event, but he doesn't have to know that, were able to honor him by cutting costs. They will appreciate any referrals a man of his distinction in the community, can make to the hotel for weddings and celebrations.

The Mountains of West Virginia had an allure all their own. Driving through them and the villages along the way was a genuine treat. They stopped at the town of McAllen, appropriately named because it was owned by the McAllen family. The McAllen Ranch house sat on the top of one of the hills. There were visitors cabins that ran at random places throughout the valley below the mansion sized McAllen home. What was unique, most of the village of McAllen descended each evening for dinner at the ranch house. Dinner cost townspeople three dollars and for the guests, dinner was included in their rent. There was a field where the cattle roamed free. There seemed to be whole valley filled with apple orchards. Huge fields were plowed for the winter and were obviously dedicated to growing vegetables.

Patrick and Maeve inspected their immaculately clean log cabin cottage. A worker loaded the bin with logs for the fire. "This is your only source of heat. The bathroom has plumbing and hot water. Nights get kind of cold up here so watch the number of logs and let us know if you need any more."

Patrick and Maeve arrived in mid afternoon when it was starting to get dark. Their plan was to stay for two nights and then set out for North Carolina. For the moment, after an almost full day of driving, a nap was in order.

They elected to walk up the hill to the house, a walk of about three quarters of a mile uphill. The atmosphere of the dining hall was electric. Neighbors greeted each other with affection and, in turn, greeted Maeve and Patrick as if they were villagers themselves. Everyone wanted to know Patrick and Maeve's life stories, and they were very willing to share their own. It was a charming experience. When dinner was over, several families returned to their homes while others hung around and shared the amenities of the lodge. The only television on the entire farm was in the lodge and the only news station in West Virginia was Fox News. Cell phones didn't work in the mountains, so the only source of socialization was interpersonal conversation.

They hung out at the lodge until about 9:00 PM and then walked downhill to their cabin. They threw some logs on the fire and curled up under the covers. Maeve mentioned that this was the earliest she had gone to bed since she was a baby. However, they melted into each other like loving adults.

The next morning was glorious. The brilliant sun further illumined the vast fields covered with frost. Patrick put a couple of logs on the fire and crawled back into bed until the cabin warmed up. An hour later they walked back up the hill to the lodge for breakfast. They faced a farmer's breakfast, far more food than the coffee and piece of toast they were used to eating for breakfast. The local residents were in and out already. They opted for scrambled eggs and the toasted bread that just came out of the oven. In the lobby they found tourist pamphlets with some of the local attractions including a tour of an underground cavern. They planned to be flexible the rest of their day. They didn't have to see everything but the offerings were far more than they would ever choose.

The quaintness of rustic West Virginia was refreshing, and they had a marvelous day sightseeing, interacting with the locals and thoroughly enjoying a different ambience from their everyday lives in Philadelphia. More important, they thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

The next morning, after a great meal and a refreshing sleep, they set out for the Outer Banks of North Carolina.

The delayed family Christmas dinner at the Costo home included about thirty guests almost all of whom Desmond had previously met. A new guest was Father George McClellan. A retired Irish priest who was helping

out at the parish. McClellan was a native of County Kerry and knew of the vast estate that was now the family home of the Dowd family. Desmond told him that his brothers and sister would be at the wedding in February.

Father McClellan offered Grace and Juan Carlos proposed a toast to Maria and Desmond. Desmond had prepared a response. He retold the story of his bride and her dad rowing together across a treacherous stretch of the Atlantic Ocean and landing in America on a beach not far from where they were celebrating. With little more than the clothes they wore, they started a new life in America. Today Maria is finishing the work for her doctorate about teaching English as a new language to immigrants. She will become Mrs. Dowd in February and Dr. Costo in March. None of this was possible without family and friends. Maria and I salute you and thank you. Without you, our love would not have happened. Tears flowed from Ana and Juan Carlos He stood up and walked over to embrace and

Desmond and his daughter. Maria's sisters led the enthusiastic applause.

The dinner party was wonderful. Father George blessed the Christmas cheche. Christmas songs and hymns were sung with gusto in both Spanish and English. Fr. George and Desmond sang some Irish Christmas hymns and songs. Maria beautifully played the piano, a talent that even Desmond didn't know she had. They didn't have a piano in their little cottage. At their Philadelphia gatherings, Theresa always played the piano. When Desmond asked her about it she told him how Theresa just spontaneously started playing Maeve's piano at their local parties and she didn't want to upstage her. Maeve had the piano but didn't play.

The following day was a free day and they would spend it with with Maria's parents and sisters. They would return to Philadelphia on Thursday. Desmond would work on Thursday evening, Maria would prepare for a meeting with her Dissertation Committee on Friday. The day with the family would be a welcome break.

Peggy Boyd woke to a loud ruckus outside of Susan's apartment. There was a pounding on the door demanding to be let in. It was David's voice and there were other people in the hall with him. She immediately called the police as Susan suggested. Within minutes she could see that the police arrived. She waited until she knew the police were outside the door and opened it to relieve the incessant pounding. As the door opened David fell into the room and slapped her hard across the face. The police officer had him in a choke hold as he shouted that she was his wife. He had every right to hit her. After all, you have to slap a woman around every now and then just to keep them in line.

"Not in Philadelphia, Bub. We call that assault. You also assaulted a police officer, all of this on camera. You broke into this apartment. That is breaking and entry. This adds up to a few years in jail."

As he was speaking, Susan arrived to check on her mom. She was horrified as the bruise started to appear on her face.

"Dad, what did you do?"

"Who are you", asked the police officer?

"I'm Susan Boyd. This is my apartment, and these are my parents. My mom was staying here with my permission."

"Dad, how did you know mom was here?"

"I was looking for her and I saw my car parked up the street."

"It is my car, not yours," interjected Peggy.

"I own everything we have?"

"What century did you come from," asked the police officer?

"Sir, you are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent and I strongly advise that you do that. You have a right to an attorney, and I advise that you consult one immediately after we book you."

"You are arresting me?"

"Yes sir. You illegally entered this private premises. You assaulted a police officer and you resisted arrest. You violently struck this woman. I will also add that you were stalking her."

Another group of police officers took David away as he was shouting that this was a legitimate domestic dispute and the police had no right to intervene.

Officer Gambone asked Peggy to sit down and tell her story. He took careful notes as she spoke. He examined her face and recommended that she go to an urgent care center right away.

After that, he interviewed Susan who assured him that she would take her to an urgent care center.

Susan hugged her mom. I'm sorry I wasn't here earlier. I'm sorry Theresa wasn't with me.

The officer picked up on that. "Do you mean Theresa Malone who single handedly dismantled a group of thugs from the Colombian cartel?"

"It wasn't quite single handedly, but yes, one and the same."

"How do you know her?"

"We are colleagues at Garvey Associates and friends as well."

"So you work with Maeve Garvey?"

"Yes, I'm the COO of the company. Theresa heads up one of our departments."

"And this is your father we arrested?"

"Sadly, yes."

The officer turned off his recording device, "You can be sure that we will handle this case with the utmost discretion. We owe the entire Garvey family an awful lot."

"Maeve is on her honeymoon. We don't expect to hear from her for another ten days."

"Not a problem. She is not involved in this case. If we can help you out in any way, here is my card. Now take your mom to an urgent care center and ask for a report to be sent to me."

Susan took her mom down to the newly opened Jesuit Mission Medical Services and called ahead to June to expect her.

On the way, Susan's mother said that she didn't want her husband to be arrested.



“That is out of your hands now, mom. Dad committed a number of serious crimes including injuring you. There was nothing you could do to stop him. If the police hadn’t arrived, he would have severely beaten you. Mom, he is your husband and my father. He doesn’t own either of us.”

“I don’t want to press charges.”

“That is out of our hands, mom. The police will press the charges. We have to let the law take its course.”

The examination showed that she had a fractured cheekbone, a severe bruise, a perforated eardrum, and indicated damage to her eyes and teeth that respective specialists would have to handle.

June sat with Susan and when the exam was finished, she took them across the street for a breakfast. The next day saw visits to an eye doctor and a dentist. There were problems with both, but they will have to wait until the swelling goes down to see if her jaw realigns. The same was true of the eye exam. She will definitely have a black eye.

Susan took her mom with her to her office.

There was a couch in Maeve’s office as well as a television, and she could rest on it.

Michael’s legal services would be a conflict of interest and Brian was better equipped to have an attorney from his office handle the case. Brian would monitor it like he does all the cases his firm handles. Mr. Boyd will not only have competent legal services, but the services are arguably the best in the city. Susan requested that for her father’s good, he should go through the gauntlet of the legal system, including staying in jail for a few days and longer if he won’t pay bail. Otherwise he would brag that he beat the system.

Also, he should be charged the full legal fee.

Susan told her mom that her dad would be in jail for the rest of the week and that an attorney from Brian’s firm, a specialist in criminal law, would handle the case.

After a drive that was bordering on too long, Maeve, who was now driving, pulled up to a huge rustic mansion that had an unimpeded view of the ocean. They walked into a beautifully Christmas decorated lobby. Michael had made reservations and they were given a spacious room that looked out on the ocean. Both were really tired from the long drive and just collapsed on the bed and fell asleep almost instantly.

The rising sun awakened them, and Maeve photographed it before the advent of the intense glare.

They went downstairs for breakfast and joined several other winter beachgoers.

“This is the most marvelous time of the year mentioned one of the guests they met in the lobby. There are no hurricanes. Blizzards normally go inland, and there are no crowds and very little traffic.”

“We come here every year for Christmas. It is part of our natural routine,” said another.

“A young couple mentioned that it was perfect for a honeymoon.” Before Patrick could respond, Maeve gently kicked his shin. Later on, Patrick asked for a reason for the kick.

“Pat, those kids are more than ten years younger than we are. I don’t want to spend an overnight discussing newlywed and honeymoon stuff. But they did have the sense to come to a beautiful place and they are obviously enjoying themselves.

When they went shopping in the local craft stores, all the vendors seemed happy and relaxed. Everything was on sale and Maeve picked up a number of unusual North Carolina beach crafts. They drove to a little nearby village for lunch and more local culture. They walked on a boardwalk along a beach and sat on a bench and watched the motion of the water.

It was Saturday and they went to an afternoon Mass. It was already dark and the sensation of walking to Mass in the dark was a little strange. They admired the priest and his easy flow with the small number of parishioners.

Dinner at the “mansion” was wonderful. In the winter, most of the fine dining restaurants are closed. Though it was early January, it was comfortable walking along the beach under a magnificent full moon. Surprisingly, there were other beach walkers out and greeted them as they passed. It was a homey, friendly atmosphere.

They were so pleased with the place that they decided to stay for an extra night and day. They would spend only one night and a day in Washington before catching their flight to Bermuda.

David Boyd was ushered into the interrogation room to visit with an attorney from Brian’s office, Clement O’Sullivan.

“Who are you and why are we meeting?”

“Here is my card Mr. Boyd. My name is Clement O’Sullivan and I am a well-known criminal attorney in the city. One of your friends, who insists on remaining anonymous, set up this meeting because you have already spent seven days in jail, and it is about time you made some decisions.”

“You said you were a criminal attorney. I didn’t commit any crimes.”

“Really, Mr. Boyd. I am reading from the police report which states that you assaulted a police officer, committed aggravated assault on your wife, fracturing her cheek bone, perforating her ear drum, dislocating her jaw, detaching the retina of her eye, and loosening three teeth. In addition, as a result, she is in a constant state of anxiety. You broke into Miss Susan Boyd’s apartment, damaging the entrance door. You are also accused of stalking your wife. From my perspective you are eligible for a sentence of seven to twenty-five years in prison.”

“ This can’t be. Peg is my wife; Susan is my daughter. This was a domestic dispute, out of police jurisdiction.”

“What century do you live in Mr. Boyd? You committed a vicious assault on people you vowed to love. Spousal assault is a serious crime.”

“You have to do something to keep women in line.”

“Spousal beating is not good communication. You should have tried talk.”

“I told her what to do for thirty-five years. Didn’t she vow to obey me when we married?”

“I hardly think so, Mr. Boyd.”

“What is this going to cost me?”

“Approximately \$10,000, Mr. Boyd. I expect \$7500 up front as a retainer fee.”

“Thank you. I’ll get my own lawyer, Packy Boyle.”

O'Sullivan rang for the attendant to take Boyd back to his cell.

As soon as he got back to his car he called Susan to tell her that the interview went exactly as predicted.

After a delightful day in Washington and a pub meal at a Georgetown Irish Pub, Patrick and Maeve flew to Bermuda and spent the afternoon at the beach walking through the pink sand. They looked forward to the celebrations for the end of the Christmas season according to British customs.

After meeting with the dissertation committee, Maria breathed a sigh of relief and a prayer of thanksgiving. The committee accepted her dissertation without any further changes. Now she could prepare for the oral exams with confidence.

Desmond and Maria had grown used to doing things separately. Their working schedules were totally opposite. Maria was teaching and left early in the morning.

Desmond works from late morning until approximately 9:00 P.M., the main hours of activity of the restaurant.

Maria's schedule was easing a bit with her dissertation finished. She reviewed it till she couldn't stand reading it anymore. St. Joseph's University provided editing, for a fee. She paid the fee for the service. This was too important to her to ignore all the help she could get. Maria couldn't imagine that there would be many more changes, since she worked so hard on line editing. She had parsed practically every sentence in the 200-page document. All the references in the footnotes matched. Her topic was part of her life, learning to adapt to English, a language that she had studied, and actually learning to use that language in an American environment provided unique issues that had not been previously studied. She had been through a bibliography of peripheral studies but nothing that really touched her subject. This was an important study because of the huge immigration the United States was experiencing. However, some professors on her dissertation committee preferred the tried and true approaches, though most of them were inadequate to the task. Teachers of a Second Language knew this and were getting creative with new approaches. Many of her references were to interviews that she had conducted. There was interest in publishing her dissertation but not until after she had passed her oral exams and her dissertation had been accepted.

Desmond drove Maria to the airport.

Maria left for Florida on the Sunday afternoon after Maeve's wedding. Desmond was going to leave on the following Monday. Most of the wedding arrangements had been completed by Maria's parents. She would have a final fitting for her wedding dress. One of Desmond's brothers would serve as Best Man and the other two brothers would be ushers. Maria's sisters, June, Theresa, and Susan would serve as attendants. Maeve would be the Matron of Honor. With the blessing of her mother, each attendant could choose an appropriate gown. Of course, Maria's sisters would be elegantly dressed, and these two beautiful girls would reflect the highest degree of Cuban elegance. Maeve, June, Susan, and Theresa coordinated their choices with each other and with Maria's approval.

Maria had been in constant contact with her parents dealing with arrangements while she was also preoccupied with final editing of her dissertation and preparation for her oral examinations in March. She and Desmond would have another meeting with the pastor with whom she had almost weekly email contact. Her father had arranged to have the parish choir available and Maria agreed on the Spanish hymns.

In truth, Maria just wanted to get married with the blessing of the Church. The lavish wedding was really tolerated for the sake of her parents. Desmond was very supportive and encouraged her tolerance. She did her best to keep the costs under control. The tent in the yard idea that they had first discussed really had significant consideration. It turned out that a hotel reception was far easier to manage and far less expensive and more convenient for their guests who would enjoy the substantial discounts for rooms that her father was able to negotiate.

Maria's parents greeted her at the airport with much enthusiasm. Maria's goal was to leave on Thursday with everything prepared as if the wedding was the following Saturday. Desmond wanted to pay for the wedding, but her father wouldn't hear of it.

Greeted with hugs and kisses, they were so glad to see her. She would have been there for Christmas save for Maeve and Patrick's wedding. They would celebrate the Birth of Christ on Tuesday with a family dinner celebration.

"How is Desmond?"

"He sends his love. He'll be here tomorrow. He had to work the whole weekend. He'll be here tomorrow evening and we'll leave on Thursday evening. We are so grateful for all the work you have done for us. This will be the most wonderful and relaxed wedding ever."

Juan Carlos rolled his eyes and laughed.

"Wait until you see our gowns," shouted her sister Louisa.

"I can hardly wait. Both of you are beautiful, and I know that you will you'll look beautiful."

"All of our friends are coming to the church to see us."

"But it is in February and it might be cold and snowy."

"Eva laughed and waving her finger back and forth. We have never felt cold or seen snow."

"Maybe we'll bring you to Philadelphia for a blizzard."

"Great!!! Mom, Dad, can we go? Can we go?"

They made their way to the Costo home that was beautifully decorated for the Christmas season.

Patrick and Maeve Garvey Malone rented the top of the line Volvo Van for their road trip honeymoon. It was a large, comfortable vehicle that made driving a joy.

The afternoon was spent walking along the river bank just talking and sharing. The dinner at the Inn was a wonderful slice of Americana. They sat in the lounge sharing after dinner drinks with other guests and enjoyed their anonymity and refreshing conversation. The evening was spent with long sessions of tender lovemaking. There was no shyness, no anxiety, and no fear. They had prepared well for these moments, the first steps of loving celebration that would be their physical and emotional anchor for many decades to come. It wasn't simply physical. They poured their psychological, emotional, and spiritual integrity into each other. It was also fun trying out the mechanical suggestions of Dr. Comfort. The next day they drove across Pennsylvania to a point where there was a lookout site where three state lines came together. Looking out from the vantage

point of the lookout just off the Blue Ridge Parkway, they were enthralled by the low puffy clouds and the tricks the sun played in them while clinging to the mountain tops.

The Blue Ridge Parkway, though stark in the winter, still offered a mystical beauty that thoroughly embraced both Patrick and Maeve.

"I am so glad we decided on this trip, Patrick. I feel like we have stepped into another world."

"I think we have," responded Patrick. "It is a very different atmosphere from the one we live in day after day."

Arriving at Hot Springs, Va, they eventually found the Omni Homestead Hotel where Patrick had made reservations. It turned out to be a five-star hotel with a designer commitment to rustic luxury. Patrick was a little disappointed because he was trying to avoid luxury. He didn't show any signs of his disappointment to Maeve. After settling into their room they elected to take a nap and awaken to making love again. There was an indoor pool with a hot springs hot tub that they planned to use in the morning.

Maeve softly said, "Patrick, this is wonderful. A little over elegant for rustic Virginia, but the designers tried hard. I wonder if that hot spring bath will work any wonders on my tired body. I feel like I am coming down to reality from an incredible high. I feel so strange because I am relaxed."

"I feel the same way," said Patrick. "It is almost as if the world we left two days ago no longer exists."

"This our world now, Maeve. It exists only to pamper us. We have to remember how to do this."

Others were about to break out of their comfort zone. Susan Boyd's parents were discussing their experience with the Gala, Thanksgiving at Maeve's apartment, Christmas dinner with the Garveys, and Maeve's wedding and reception. Marguerite, known as Peggy among her friends was speaking with her husband about the happiness their daughter, Susan, projects. She is effervescent and just radiates joy even when she has nothing to be joyful about. She was a stunning bridesmaid. We haven't seen her like that since she was in grade school.

"What do *you* think happened? After all, she is engaged to a millionaire and is set for the rest of her life," said Dave.

"Dave, it is not the money in her life. Look up Maeve Garvey's company. It is doing far better than most of the larger companies in Philadelphia, and Susan is a vice president and partner. On her own, Susan is doing far better than you and I together. She is beautiful, talented, and competent. Maeve gives her a lot of responsibility and she handles it so well."

"Well she has gotten all *churchy* too. What is that all about?"

"I'm sure she would speak of that with a lot more respect. Remember that crusty boy with the long dark hair that she was dating. They had a bad breakup and she was being very hard on herself. Not because of the breakup. That was inevitable. She was in that relationship because she had such low self-esteem and that was what bothered her. As beautiful and as intelligent as she was, she was rough around the edges, as they say. One day she walked into the church near her apartment and had a long talk with God. Outside the church, she met a priest who gave her all the time she needed. She started attending Mass there and joined a group with a lot of initials and started to learn about the Church. The priest and his team were very supportive. She made her First Communion as well as a first confession. They call it Penance now. At the Easter Vigil, she received Confirmation from the pastor. Most important was this marvelous group of new friends at the church from whom she learned everything she needed to know. "

“At the same time, she started a new job when Maeve opened her business. Maeve taught her everything she needed to know and that sparked confidence in her own creativity. You know how well she did in business school. Maeve became her mentor. Her attitude developed further. Maeve and her friend, Theresa, were church-goers, and Susan joined them each week. Afterwards they would go out for afternoon long brunches filled with conversation about the important things of life. Susan joined them as a volunteer at the Jesuit Urban Mission. She became a key person on the organizing team of the Gala. She also became friendly with Maria Costo and June Gilliam. Her style of clothing changed, her make-up and hair style changed, her outlook on life and her self-esteem changed. A beautiful Susan emerged from an interpersonal disaster. She met Michael last Thanksgiving and their engagement became official this week. She and Michael have been in pre-marriage instruction with the Jesuits for the last three months.”

“Good Lord, what can they possibly talk about for three months?”

Sloughing off the stupid remark, Peggy said, “Dave, I want what Susan has.”

“I’ll not be joining any papist devilry. I’ll not be associating with colored people. The Gilliams annoy me. The Costos are taking away jobs that Americans would do.”

‘Oh really? Is that because of their obvious success and wealth? Mr. Gilliam is President of a bank and teaches Economics at a university. June has a Ph.D. and is Director of a multi-million-dollar Jesuit service mission, giving up a lucrative education position to do so. Oh! And did you know that both of June’s parents have Irish heritage, far more than we have?’ Mr. Costo now has the one of largest law firms in Florida. The Costos are proud American citizens and worked hard for that. And weren’t those teen-aged children, from both families, beautiful and having a marvelous time together? Weren’t the Garveys generous to have those families at their table of honor?”

“I’m going to speak with Susan’s friend, Father Milos. You can come with me, or not. Just remember to think about this. Our lives are about as exciting as the dead grass on an Irish field. We are robbing ourselves of the happiness we have come to discover in our daughter, Susan and her friends. This is the most conversation we have had in months and your only contributions were snide remarks about papist devilry and people of color. I followed your marching band of isolation and hatred because I thought that was required of me as your wife. That track had taken us nowhere. I want more out of our lives. I want to capture what Susan has discovered. I am growing weary of this self-imposed exile from the human race. I don’t want to follow your lead of hating everyone who isn’t the same nationality or color as us. I am lonely, Dave, not only because of our separation from the rest of the world but because I love you and I want to share the richness of the life we have chosen. And, by the way, I love the new Pope. Come with me or not, I’ve made my choice and invited you to join me. I’ll keep you informed of the date and time when I set up a meeting with Fr. Milos.”

“By the way, did you send a check in for St. Paul’s Soup Kitchen for Maeve and Patrick’s wedding present?”

“No! That is just another Catholic rip-off?”

“I’ll take the money from my Christmas gift.”

“We didn’t exchange Christmas gifts.”

“ I’ll just write a check for the amount of what we should have paid for a wedding gift and add in the extravagant cost of the gift you would have given to me for Christmas.”

“You know damn well I don’t believe in all this Christmas falderal.”

“Well, I never told you this, but I loved Christmas growing up and right into our marriage. I was shocked when you told me that you didn’t want decorations or celebrations. The girls were very disappointed as well. Maybe that is why they want nothing to do with us. Stew over that thought for a while. Think about Susan and Michael and their months of counseling for marriage. Maybe they don’t want the surprises that you laid on the rest of us.”

Peggy, went out to her car dialing Susan’s cell phone as she went. “Hi Susan, can I stay over at your place tonight?”

“Sure mom..... Is there anything I need to know?”

“Well, your father and I finally had the big battle we should have had 35 years ago. I just want him to stew in his own juices for a few days.”

“Mom, go to my apartment. There is a key under the heavy doormat. I’ll meet you there in fifteen minutes. Michael and I have a Christmas fundraiser banquet tonight. We are filling in for Maeve and Patrick. But I am free until about 7:00. I’ll meet you there.”

Susan put Theresa in charge of the company and told her there was a home emergency that required her to be with her mom. She arrived about the same time as her mother who was climbing the flight of stairs as Susan came into the lobby.

Susan caught up with her and opened the door. They both collapsed on the living room couch. Peggy was crying into her daughter’s shoulder. Susan gave her a little more time before she asked about what happened. Peggy told the story about the afternoon’s conversation and it included all the details of Susan’s own objections to her father. What startled her was her mom’s confession that she wanted what Susan had discovered.

Mom, I was at an all-time low in my life and I walked into St. Rita’s to scream at God. I told you that. Dad is a very difficult person to live with or even to visit. I cringed every time he came out to the Gala or to Maeve’s Thanksgiving dinner or the Garvey’s Christmas dinner. I was watching to see how he handled the wedding. He is always on his best behavior. But I knew that everything he did on my behalf was something he despised. I don’t know if I should be grateful for that or whether I should lament that.

Susan, he was a hateful person from the beginning. I married him because all my friends were getting married and I wanted to be married as well. I was shocked at our first Christmas when he wanted no decorations or celebration. You and your sister were baptized because that was what his mother wanted. He stayed home from the ceremony. When we were married, husbands were treated like kings and their expectations always turned into demands. Women today have far more help and support. I just got too dependent on him and met his every expectation.

“Mom, dad is a sick man. No healthy man could hate like he does.”

“Susan, I envy the happiness that Brigid Garvey has. The day we had together was revealing. She is an amazingly happy person and she is still working. Susan, I am jealous of what you seem to have found.”

“Mom, I took the first steps but then I met marvelous people at St. Rita’s who helped me along. I still stop and visit with them from time to time. Maeve was a critical blessing. She stuck by me and taught me what she

knows. She was my role model and chipped away at my rough edges. She invited me into her circle of friends and that was the big leap forward in my life. Meeting Michael last year was a major blessing. We are incredibly in love and having a lot of fun at the same time. Oh! I haven't showed you my ring. The jeweler was able to insert a diamond in the heart of the Claddagh ring and surround it with tiny diamond chips. I love this ring. Our wedding rings will be simple gold with Celtic designs."

"Mom you are feeling better. I have a frozen pizza you can have for dinner. I am going to shower and get dressed for our banquet tonight. Michael will pick me up here. I'll stop by tomorrow morning on my way to work. If dad calls me, I won't let him know you are here. If the phone rings, don't answer it. It might be him. If he does come here, that door is sturdy. Call the police immediately. Just dial 911.

A half hour later, Susan was dressed like her mother once dreamed for herself, She looked beautiful. Susan had given Michael an overview of her mom's situation. Even before they were engaged Susan told the story of her family life and how much of a contrast it was to Michael's family experience. Michael was very gracious and told her that he would support her in every way possible.

"Susan is so blessed to have you in her life."

"Peggy, believe me, I am the one who is blessed."

Watching them walk arm in arm down the hallway Peggy felt a surge of pride as she saw in her daughter the woman she wanted to be.

Desmond Dowd was received at the Miami Airport as if he was a visiting potentate. Maria's sisters rushed up to hug him, followed by Maria herself. Juan Carlos came to him almost regally and kissed him on both cheeks. Maria's mom accompanied by her sister and brother-in-law greeted him with loving enthusiasm followed by three more pre-teen children. They formed a motorcade mimicking the recent motorcade of the President when he visited his Florida home. People actually clapped as they drove out of the airport. Desmond was both elated and embarrassed.

Drinks and lively conversation filled the evening at the Costo home, followed by an elegant dinner.

After dinner, they sat around the dinner table discussing wedding preparations. Ana Costo's sister, also named Maria, was a wannabe wedding planner and was accepted as such in the Cuban American community. Maria, the bride-to-be, also had a wedding planner notebook. Each plan was carefully written, and check marked as completed. The two Marias went over their notes in meticulous detail and by the time the late dessert was served had agreed that all the plans were in place.

"Mom and Dad, I just want you to enjoy this wedding as much as we will. We have a little more than a month before the wedding and you should have no anxiety about the details. As Aunt Maria just said, there is no detail that we haven't covered. Desmond and I will meet with the priest tomorrow to go over the liturgy, the least expensive but most important part of the wedding."

Everyone laughed.

"And no one will know anything about our honeymoon. We'll stop here on the way home just to let you know that we are safe."

Visiting with the priest was an expected delight. They had formed a bond with him, and he was as relaxed as they were. Desmond handed the priest an envelope.



“Juan Carlos insists on paying for everything. I’m giving you this money to be used for assisting immigrants in your parish.”

“The befuddled priest looked at him and said, This has to be between us. It can never get back to Juan Carlos.”

“That should never happen,” said Desmond. “ This gift is inspired by your patience with Maria’s parents over the details of our wedding. I want you to know how much we appreciate it.”

After a delightful waterfront lunch, they went to the hotel where their guests would stay and where their reception would be held. After reviewing the rooms and the ballroom, typical of any first-class hotel, Desmond asked to see the menu, which he and Maria both approved and then asked that the band be prepared to play some Irish music. Desmond then asked to see the bill.

After carefully examining the bill, Desmond asked if the cost of the band was included. It was, and Desmond nodded in appreciation.

“You have done well with our request to keep costs under control. I didn’t want Juan Carlos overpaying for our wedding.”

He gave the manager an envelope with a check made out for half the cost of the wedding. Tell Juan Carlos that your bosses, us for this event, but he doesn’t have to know that, were able to honor him by cutting costs. They will appreciate any referrals a man of his distinction in the community, can make to the hotel for weddings and celebrations.

The Mountains of West Virginia had an allure all their own. Driving through them and the villages along the way was a genuine treat. They stopped at the town of McAllen, appropriately named because it was owned by the McAllen family. The McAllen Ranch house sat on the top of one of the hills. There were visitors cabins that ran at random places throughout the valley below the mansion sized McAllen home. What was unique, most of the village of McAllen descended each evening for dinner at the ranch house. Dinner cost townspeople three dollars and for the guests, dinner was included in their rent. There was a field where the cattle roamed free. There seemed to be whole valley filled with apple orchards. Huge fields were plowed for the winter and were obviously dedicated to growing vegetables.

Patrick and Maeve inspected their immaculately clean log cabin cottage. A worker loaded the bin with logs for the fire. “This is your only source of heat. The bathroom has plumbing and hot water. Nights get kind of cold up here so watch the number of logs and let us know if you need any more.”

Patrick and Maeve arrived in mid afternoon when it was starting to get dark. Their plan was to stay for two nights and then set out for North Carolina. For the moment, after an almost full day of driving, a nap was in order.

They elected to walk up the hill to the house, a walk of about three quarters of a mile uphill. The atmosphere of the dining hall was electric. Neighbors greeted each other with affection and, in turn, greeted Maeve and Patrick as if they were villagers themselves. Everyone wanted to know Patrick and Maeve’s life stories, and they were very willing to share their own. It was a charming experience. When dinner was over, several families returned to their homes while others hung around and shared the amenities of the lodge. The only television on the entire farm was in the lodge and the only news station in West Virginia was Fox News. Cell phones didn’t work in the mountains, so the only source of socialization was interpersonal conversation.

They hung out at the lodge until about 9:00 PM and then walked downhill to their cabin. They threw some logs on the fire and curled up under the covers. Maeve mentioned that this was the earliest she had gone to bed since she was a baby. However, they melted into each other like loving adults.

The next morning was glorious. The brilliant sun further illuminated the vast fields covered with frost. Patrick put a couple of logs on the fire and crawled back into bed until the cabin warmed up. An hour later they walked back up the hill to the lodge for breakfast. They faced a farmer's breakfast, far more food than the coffee and piece of toast they were used to eating for breakfast. The local residents were in and out already. They opted for scrambled eggs and the toasted bread that just came out of the oven. In the lobby they found tourist pamphlets with some of the local attractions including a tour of an underground cavern. They planned to be flexible the rest of their day. They didn't have to see everything but the offerings were far more than they would ever choose.

The quaintness of rustic West Virginia was refreshing, and they had a marvelous day sightseeing, interacting with the locals and thoroughly enjoying a different ambience from their everyday lives in Philadelphia. More important, they thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

The next morning, after a great meal and a refreshing sleep, they set out for the Outer Banks of North Carolina.

The delayed family Christmas dinner at the Costo home included about thirty guests almost all of whom Desmond had previously met. A new guest was Father George McClellan. A retired Irish priest who was helping out at the parish. McClellan was a native of County Kerry and knew of the vast estate that was now the family home of the Dowd family. Desmond told him that his brothers and sister would be at the wedding in February.

Father McClellan offered Grace and Juan Carlos proposed a toast to Maria and Desmond. Desmond had prepared a response. He retold the story of his bride and her dad rowing together across a treacherous stretch of the Atlantic Ocean and landing in America on a beach not far from where they were celebrating. With little more than the clothes they wore, they started a new life in America. Today Maria is finishing the work for her doctorate about teaching English as a new language to immigrants. She will become Mrs. Dowd in February and Dr. Costo in March. None of this was possible without family and friends. Maria and I salute you and thank you. Without you, our love would not have happened. Tears flowed from Ana and Juan Carlos He stood up and walked over to embrace and

Desmond and his daughter. Maria's sisters led the enthusiastic applause.

The dinner party was wonderful. Father George blessed the Christmas cheche. Christmas songs and hymns were sung with gusto in both Spanish and English. Fr. George and Desmond sang some Irish Christmas hymns and songs. Maria beautifully played the piano, a talent that even Desmond didn't know she had. They didn't have a piano in their little cottage. At their Philadelphia gatherings, Theresa always played the piano. When Desmond asked her about it she told him how Theresa just spontaneously started playing Maeve's piano at their local parties and she didn't want to upstage her. Maeve had the piano but didn't play.

The following day was a free day and they would spend it with with Maria's parents and sisters. They would return to Philadelphia on Thursday. Desmond would work on Thursday evening, Maria would prepare for a meeting with her Dissertation Committee on Friday. The day with the family would be a welcome break.

Peggy Boyd woke to a loud ruckus outside of Susan's apartment. There was a pounding on the door demanding to be let in. It was David's voice and there were other people in the hall with him. She immediately called the police as Susan suggested. Within minutes she could see that the police arrived. She waited until she knew the police were outside the door and opened it to relieve the incessant pounding. As the door opened David fell into the room and slapped her hard across the face. The police officer had him in a choke hold as he shouted that she was his wife. He had every right to hit her. After all, you have to slap a woman around every now and then just to keep them in line.

"Not in Philadelphia, Bub. We call that assault. You also assaulted a police officer, all of this on camera. You broke into this apartment. That is breaking and entry. This adds up to a few years in jail."

As he was speaking, Susan arrived to check on her mom. She was horrified as the bruise started to appear on her face.

"Dad, what did you do?"

"Who are you", asked the police officer?

"I'm Susan Boyd. This is my apartment, and these are my parents. My mom was staying here with my permission."

"Dad, how did you know mom was here?"

"I was looking for her and I saw my car parked up the street."

"It is my car, not yours," interjected Peggy.

"I own everything we have?"

"What century did you come from," asked the police officer?

"Sir, you are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent and I strongly advise that you do that. You have a right to an attorney, and I advise that you consult one immediately after we book you."

"You are arresting me?"

"Yes sir. You illegally entered this private premises. You assaulted a police officer and you resisted arrest. You violently struck this woman. I will also add that you were stalking her."

Another group of police officers took David away as he was shouting that this was a legitimate domestic dispute and the police had no right to intervene.

Officer Gambone asked Peggy to sit down and tell her story. He took careful notes as she spoke. He examined her face and recommended that she go to an urgent care center right away.

After that, he interviewed Susan who assured him that she would take her to an urgent care center.

Susan hugged her mom. I'm sorry I wasn't here earlier. I'm sorry Theresa wasn't with me.

The officer picked up on that. "Do you mean Theresa Malone who single handedly dismantled a group of thugs from the Colombian cartel?"

"It wasn't quite single handedly, but yes, one and the same."

"How do you know her?"

“We are colleagues at Garvey Associates and friends as well.”

“So you work with Maeve Garvey?”

“Yes, I’m the COO of the company. Theresa heads up one of our departments.”

“And this is your father we arrested?”

“Sadly, yes.”

The officer turned off his recording device, “You can be sure that we will handle this case with the utmost discretion. We owe the entire Garvey family an awful lot.”

“Maeve is on her honeymoon. We don’t expect to hear from her for another ten days.”

“Not a problem. She is not involved in this case. If we can help you out in any way, here is my card. Now take your mom to an urgent care center and ask for a report to be sent to me.”

Susan took her mom down to the newly opened Jesuit Mission Medical Services and called ahead to June to expect her.

On the way, Susan’s mother said that she didn’t want her husband to be arrested.

“That is out of your hands now, mom. Dad committed a number of serious crimes including injuring you. There was nothing you could do to stop him. If the police hadn’t arrived, he would have severely beaten you. Mom, he is your husband and my father. He doesn’t own either of us.”

“I don’t want to press charges.”

“That is out of our hands, mom. The police will press the charges. We have to let the law take its course.”

The examination showed that she had a fractured cheekbone, a severe bruise, a perforated eardrum, and indicated damage to her eyes and teeth that respective specialists would have to handle.

June sat with Susan and when the exam was finished, she took them across the street for a breakfast. The next day saw visits to an eye doctor and a dentist. There were problems with both, but they will have to wait until the swelling goes down to see if her jaw realigns. The same was true of the eye exam. She will definitely have a black eye.

Susan took her mom with her to her office.

There was a couch in Maeve’s office as well as a television, and she could rest on it.

Michael’s legal services would be a conflict of interest and Brian was better equipped to have an attorney from his office handle the case. Brian would monitor it like he does all the cases his firm handles. Mr. Boyd will not only have competent legal services, but the services are arguably the best in the city. Susan requested that for her father’s good, he should go through the gauntlet of the legal system, including staying in jail for a few days and longer if he won’t pay bail. Otherwise he would brag that he beat the system.

Also, he should be charged the full legal fee.

Susan told her mom that her dad would be in jail for the rest of the week and that an attorney from Brian’s firm, a specialist in criminal law, would handle the case.

After a drive that was bordering on too long, Maeve, who was now driving, pulled up to a huge rustic mansion that had an unimpeded view of the ocean. They walked into a beautifully Christmas decorated lobby. Michael had made reservations and they were given a spacious room that looked out on the ocean. Both were really tired from the long drive and just collapsed on the bed and fell asleep almost instantly.

The rising sun awakened them, and Maeve photographed it before the advent of the intense glare.

They went downstairs for breakfast and joined several other winter beachgoers.

“This is the most marvelous time of the year mentioned one of the guests they met in the lobby. There are no hurricanes. Blizzards normally go inland, and there are no crowds and very little traffic.”

“We come here every year for Christmas. It is part of our natural routine,” said another.

“A young couple mentioned that it was perfect for a honeymoon.” Before Patrick could respond, Maeve gently kicked his shin. Later on, Patrick asked for as reason for the kick.

“Pat, those kids are more than ten years younger than we are. I don’t want to spend an overnight discussing newlywed and honeymoon stuff. But they did have the sense to come to a beautiful place and they are obviously enjoying themselves.

When they went shopping in the local craft stores, all the vendors seemed happy and relaxed. Everything was on sale and Maeve picked up a number of unusual North Carolina beach crafts. They drove to a little nearby village for lunch and more local culture. They walked on a boardwalk along a beach and sat on a bench and watched the motion of the water.

It was Saturday and they went to an afternoon Mass. It was already dark and the sensation of walking to Mass in the dark was a little strange. They admired the priest and his easy flow with the small number of parishioners.

Dinner at the “mansion” was wonderful. In the winter, most of the fine dining restaurants are closed. Though it was early January, it was comfortable walking along the beach under a magnificent full moon. Surprisingly, there were other beach walkers out and greeted them as they passed. It was a homey, friendly atmosphere.

They were so pleased with the place that they decided to stay for an extra night and day. They would spend only one night and a day in Washington before catching their flight to Bermuda.

David Boyd was ushered into the interrogation room to visit with an attorney from Brian’s office, Clement O’Sullivan.

“Who are you and why are we meeting?”

“Here is my card Mr. Boyd. My name is Clement O’Sullivan and I am a well-known criminal attorney in the city. One of your friends, who insists on remaining anonymous, set up this meeting because you have already spent seven days in jail, and it is about time you made some decisions.”

“You said you were a criminal attorney. I didn’t commit any crimes.”

“Really, Mr. Boyd. I am reading from the police report which states that you assaulted a police officer, committed aggravated assault on your wife, fracturing her cheek bone, perforating her ear drum, dislocating her jaw, detaching the retina of her eye, and loosening three teeth. In addition, as a result, she is in a constant state of anxiety. You broke into Miss Susan Boyd’s apartment, damaging the entrance door. You are also

accused of stalking your wife. From my perspective you are eligible for a sentence of seven to twenty-five years in prison.”

“ This can’t be. Peg is my wife; Susan is my daughter. This was a domestic dispute, out of police jurisdiction.”

“What century do you live in Mr. Boyd? You committed a vicious assault on people you vowed to love. Spousal assault is a serious crime.”

“You have to do something to keep women in line.”

“Spousal beating is not good communication. You should have tried talk.”

“I told her what to do for thirty-five years. Didn’t she vow to obey me when we married?”

“I hardly think so, Mr. Boyd.”

“What is this going to cost me?”

“Approximately \$10,000, Mr. Boyd. I expect \$7500 up front as a retainer fee.”

“Thank you. I’ll get my own lawyer, Packy Boyle.”

O’Sullivan rang for the attendant to take Boyd back to his cell.

As soon as he got back to his car he called Susan to tell her that the interview went exactly as predicted.

After a delightful day in Washington and a pub meal at a Georgetown Irish Pub, Patrick and Maeve flew to Bermuda and spent the afternoon at the beach walking through the pink sand. They looked forward to the celebrations for the end of the Christmas season according to British customs.

After meeting with the dissertation committee, Maria breathed a sigh of relief and a prayer of thanksgiving. The committee accepted her dissertation without any further changes. Now she could prepare for the oral exams with confidence.

## On This Day in Irish History - January

- 1st** **1801** - Legislative Union of the Ireland and Great Britain in the United Kingdom.  
**1926** - Irish Free State broadcasting service 2RN is opened.  
**1957** - Two IRA men are killed in an attack on an RUC base in Brookeborough.  
**1973** - Ireland joins the EEC along with Denmark and Britain.  
**1974** - First day in office for the Northern Ireland Executive.  
**1990** - The Northern Ireland Fair Employment Act becomes law.
- 2nd** **1922** - Anti-Treaty Republicans publish the newspaper *Poblacht na hÉireann*.  
**1941** - Three Carlow women are killed in a bombing raid.
- 3rd** **1935** - Anglo-Irish Coal-Cattle pact signed.
- 4th** **1906** - Irish Parliamentary Party MP William O'Brien calls on nationalists to extract maximum concessions for Ireland from each British government.  
**1969** - Loyalists attack civil rights demonstrators in Derry.
- 5th** **1907** - Ireland's first motor show opens in Dublin.  
**1911** - Protestant church leaders condemn the Catholic *ne Temere* decree.  
**1922** - De Valera offers to resign after the terms of the Anglo-Irish Treaty are published.
- 6th** **1955** - National Farmers' Association is formed.  
**1961** - Seán Mac Eoin leaves Ireland to serve as General Commanding Officer of the United Nations.  
**1991** - Irish EC Presidency launched.
- 7th** **1922** - The Dáil Éireann votes narrowly to accept the Anglo-Irish Treaty.
- 8th** **1902** - The Great National Convention takes place in Dublin.  
**1952** - Peig Sayers travels to Dublin for the first time at age 81.  
**1968** - Northern Ireland PM Terence O'Neill and Taoiseach Jack Lynch meet in Dublin.  
**1979** - Betelgeuse tanker disaster.
- 9th** **1967** - Demonstrations by the National Farmers' Association block the roads.
- 10th** **1922** - Arthur Griffith is elected President of the Provisional Government. De Valera and supporters walk out of the Dáil Éireann.  
**1952** - An Aer Lingus plane crashes in Wales with the loss of twenty lives.  
**1970** - Huge anti-Apartheid demonstrations in Ireland as Ireland plays South Africa at rugby.
- 11th** **1954** - The Irish Council of the European Union is formed in Dublin.  
**1970** - Sinn Féin splits into Official and Provisional wings.  
**1988** - John Hume and Gerry Adams meet in Belfast.
- 13th** **1847** - Irish Confederation established.  
**1923** - The residence of President W.T. Cosgrave is set on fire.

- 14th 1965** - The Taoiseach Seán Lemass arrives in Belfast for a historic meeting with its Prime Minister Terence O'Neill.
- 16th 1881** - Lowest temperature ever recorded in Ireland (-19.1C, at Markree, County Sligo).  
**1900** - Three lion cubs raised by an Irish red setter go on show at Dublin zoo.  
**1960** - A 103-year old shipping service between Cork and Glasgow comes to an end.
- 17th 1914** - Sir Edward Carson inspects a parade of the East Belfast Regiment of the UVF.
- 18th 1953** - Sinn Féin decides to contest all twelve constituencies in Northern Ireland.  
**1978** - Britain is found guilty in the European Court of Human Rights of inhuman and degrading treatment of internees in Northern Ireland.
- 20th 1992** - Peter Brooke offers to resign as Secretary of State for Northern Ireland after singing on *The Late Late Show* only hours after an IRA bombing.
- 21st 1919** - First meeting of the Dáil Éireann at the Mansion House in Dublin, where an independent Irish Republic is declared. The Anglo-Irish War begins with the shooting of two policemen in Tipperary.  
**1946** - Work starts on a comprehensive English-Irish dictionary.
- 22nd 1923** - Irish becomes a subject for examination in the Civil Service.  
**1972** - Jack Lynch and Patrick Hillery sign the Treaty of Accession to the European Communities.
- 24th 1957** - Sir Alfred Chester Beatty becomes the first honorary Irish citizen.
- 26th 1907** - The performance of *The Playboy of the Western World* in Dublin triggers a week of rioting.  
**1944** - W. T. Cosgrave resigns as leader of Fine Gael.  
**1996** - 'The Mitchell principles' are proposed as conditions for talks in Northern Ireland.
- 27th 1995** - First formal discussions between the Taoiseach John Bruton and Gerry Adams.
- 29th 1887** - Pro-Unionist newspaper *The Union* founded in Dublin.  
**1932** - Ten years of Cumann na nGaedhael rule come to an end.
- 30th 1913** - House of Lords rejects the Home Rule Bill.  
**1972** - Bloody Sunday - 13 demonstrators killed by British paratroopers in Northern Ireland.  
**1992** - Charles Haughey resigns as Taoiseach and leader of Fianna Fáil.
- 31st 1984** - Teenager Ann Lovett dies after giving birth in a religious grotto.