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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.

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Irish American Verve

By

Raymond D. Aumack

Irish American Verve is the loving and compassionate spirit that flows from God's love to us through our better angels. It is the heritage of our ancestors, found in song and story. For us, it is the energy of faith, called God's grace, that was taught by St. Patrick and passed down through the ages to the present day.

Sean McNally and his family were longtime friends of David and Brigid Garvey. Tom McNally, their son was a long-time friend of John Garvey. Sean McNally, founder and president of a very profitable sixty lawyer firm in Philadelphia was tempted away from his moral compass with the temptations of billions of dollars, laundering money for the Colombian cartel. When it became obvious that David was about to uncover his plot, the cartel ordered him to assassinate David. Sean set up the assassination and the cartel provided the assassins. The murder attempt went awry. The four cartel assassins were captured. The fifth was killed by Dierdre O'Rourke, the family bodyguard, who shot the assassin, distorting the shot that was to kill David. Sean was in prison when he was killed by another prisoner. Before Sean's death, David Garvey made a secret visit to the prison and during that visit forgave Sean. John Garvey was wounded during the foray. And he also forgave Sean though they did not meet in person. This continues their story.

John was still in his office at the club going over monthly accounting reports when his personal phone rang. "What's up, Dad"

David told him that he would like to make a condolence call on the McNally family. Sean strayed off the moral pathway he so often set for clients. His totally innocent wife is a wonderful woman and I know you are friendly with some of his children."

“Yes,” said John. “Tom is still on leave from the service. I know you invited Mrs. McNally to your Christmas dinner party. That was before Sean died. I thought that was a magnanimous gesture.”

“She knew nothing of Sean’s perfidy and the family were our friends before this whole mess evolved.”

“Count me in, Dad. I would like Tom to be in our wedding party in December. He was one of my best friends. I exchanged a few letters with him when he was in Afghanistan, but we haven’t written since the incident. I did not want to go to the wake and create a stir.”

“That is exactly the way I felt,” said David. “Hence, we create this Shiva call.”

“You make the arrangements, Dad, and count me in.”

“Does Dierdre have someone on you all the time, now?”

“Yes, but I’m not supposed to know. Actually, I think there are two, one to cover your mom if she goes out. Since we don’t know about this, we are as free as the birds.”

“I wonder if the cartel has anyone watching the McNally’s?”

“We’ll soon find out. I don’t know who is watching us. I know that Dierdre works a couple of nights a week as a volunteer EMT at the Jesuit Mission. She sleeps there on those nights. I give her grace to come in late if she needs to. She is an amazing woman. I’m glad that she is on our side. Joe doesn’t want to retire but he is teaching her everything he knows. She pretty much runs the Security Department under his watchful eye.”

Dave Garvey arranged to visit the McNally family the following afternoon. He didn’t want to create any tension with possible evening visitors. Sean Mc Nally engineered the assassination attempt on Dave and Brigid during which John was wounded and the “why” will always remain a puzzle. Family to family, they were the closest of friends until Sean’s betrayal. Dave was determined to rise above the betrayal and continue his family’s love and respect for Sarah and their children. Sean had been murdered in prison, and that saddened Dave. Their son, Tom, was a close friend to John and John wanted to continue that.

Sarah greeted them at the door and returned their hugs. Their home in a Philadelphia suburb was palatial, estimated in value of over a million dollars. Though the initial attempts at conversation were at first awkward, sharing tea and scones warmed the meeting. Tom and John gave each other

the man-hug of good friends. Dave was concerned about Sarah's finances projected into the future. She had great wealth but was "short" for cash on hand. Sean was the owner of a 60-attorney law firm that was very profitable. Sarah asked if Dave was interested in purchasing the firm. He definitely had no interest in purchasing the firm. The firm's controller agreed to continue paying Sean's salary to her as severance pay. She had no idea of the terms of the will, pension resources, insurances, or other properties such as the house in Costa Rica. Attorneys in the firm would take care of her needs and the settlement of his estate. Dave pledged his personal availability if Sarah needed additional help. He also knew that the FBI was sitting on several hundred million dollars that they were trying to source. Sarah knew nothing about that. Dave did not bring it up. He would take care of that privately.

John and Tom went out to the back patio to talk privately. Tom was clearly embarrassed, and John went out of his way to assure him that what is done is done and any negative feelings are gone forever. John and his dad had discussed their mutual forgiveness of Sean. John told him about Dave's visit to Sean in prison and his forgiveness. "That is private information that should never reach a newspaper or go beyond us."

"For how long are you going to be home," asked John?

"There is nothing going on overseas now, so I am going to finish my tour stateside. I might be assigned to the recruiting office in Philadelphia just to be available to my mom."

"Great," said John. "I wanted to ask you if you would honor our friendship by being a groomsman for my wedding. I am marrying Theresa Malone on December 10th."

"Wow!" said Tom. "Of all the girls you could have married, Theresa seems an unlikely choice."

"She is perfect, and I love her. Every minute with her is a moment of high adventure. How could I resist that? We meet every Sunday morning for Mass with a group of friends, including Maeve and my brothers after which we go over to Jersey for an afternoon of brunch, fun, and folly. We meet at St. Paul's for the 10:30 Mass. Why don't you join us and get to know her a little better? My parents sometimes join us. Maybe your mom would like to come."

"You know, I'll do that. I've got to get back into real life sooner or later, and so does my mom. I will also be honored and proud to be your groomsman."

“Great,” with a big hug. “I couldn’t imagine myself getting married without your support.”

“You know that Maeve and Patrick Malone, Theresa’s brother, married last December and my brother, Mike and his wife, Susan Boyd married last week. My brother Brian is marrying June Gilliam in September.”

“June Gilliam! Maeve’s college roommate! One of the most beautiful girls I ever met and a great basketball player.”

“She is now Dr. June and with the help of my sister, Theresa, and Maria Costo, she has made the Jesuit Urban Mission into a charity conglomerate. By the way, Maria is now Dr. Maria and is married to Desmond Dowd.”

“I thought Theresa was running that quite well.”

“She was. She engineered a great gala, generated four million dollars, and after ten years, passed the baton to June who is now implementing it. It is growing like a mustard plant and years of dreams orchestrated by the four of them, Theresa, Maeve, June, and Maria, are becoming a reality.

”Maeve has become a conglomerate. Theresa now works with her and runs one of her business units and has quadrupled her salary from the Jesuit Mission. Michael is a virtual chief legal officer for several of her companies.”

“Did he give up his practice?”

“No, but he travels to meet with them every three weeks. His practice is flourishing but Michael is a manager, like my dad. In fact, he is in the process of reorganizing for expansion. He needs new and larger office space and staff personnel.”

“I go away for a few months and the whole world changes.”

“How is the golf club doing?”

“It is actually doing great. Revenue sources are the course, pro shop, and the dining room and bar. With all the related expenses, we are still quite profitable.”

“Do you still pay for your own membership?”

“No, the board looked at that and gave me membership in lieu of a raise. I do pay rent for my apartment.”

“That is almost funny, especially since you own the place.”

“Well, democracy is messy, but the board concept gives the club members a sense of ownership. However, the place continues to be profitable and I have some plans I am mulling for revenue expansion. This is what my Dad envisioned, and it is working.”

“Let’s go inside and talk with the old folks. I look forward to being with you on Sunday.”

The energy of mercy, of forgiveness, radiated throughout the afternoon.

Rosellen Dowd was feeling very anxious as she started her first day of college at St. Joseph’s University. She carried a backpack like all the other students. Patrick met her at the entrance of the classroom building. “I thought you might need some encouragement for your first day of classes.”

“I’m ready for it. I have already read the first three chapters of the textbook.”

“I’m sure that you have a lot to contribute to this program.”

“Patrick, everyone looks so young.”

“You are young from where I stand. You have a lot to contribute to this class. Discussions in this course should be interesting. Don’t be afraid to speak up.”

Later on in the morning, Rosellen stopped at Patrick’s office to let him know that everything went well. “The class was interesting. The professor seemed nice. He wanted to know all of our names and where we are from, and our expectations from this course. The discussions were interesting. Everyone is so young and so female. There are only twelve of us.”

“What are your expectations?”

“I want to know how movements get started, just in case I want to start one.”

“Can I treat you to lunch?”

”Sorry Patrick, I can’t. I have to work at St. Paul’s every afternoon. I’m starting an inventory review of where everything is, so I won't be overwhelmed in the Fall.”

“Well keep in touch and let me know if your expectations aren’t being met.”

“I will Patrick. I can never thank you enough for this scholarship. I won’t let you down and I will find a way to pay it forward.”

“This is only the first day, not the last. You have three years or so ahead of you. If you need more time, there is no problem taking it.”

Rosellen walked down the street to the large warehouse that housed St. Paul’s Parish Pantry. As she walked in, Jaime Santos, the morning supervisor greeted her with, “Hi boss.”

“Please, no ‘boss’ talk, Jaime. We are dependent on each other and I am totally dependent on you. Remember, we are a team. I’m just replacing Fr. Fred.”

“Oh Boy! All Fr. Fred did was walk around and look important,” remarked Tomas, one of the volunteer workers.

“Well, I’m good at that too,” laughed Rosellen. “Let’s gather the volunteers on hand and we’ll meet in my office and get started.”

When she went into the office there was a big bouquet of flowers on her desk. “Thank you, it is a long time since anyone gave me flowers. In fact, I don’t remember anyone ever giving me flowers.”

“The flowers are from Fr. Paul,” said Jaime Santos. “The coffee is from me.”

“Well that is so sweet,” said Rosellen.

“Umm, it is black,” said Tomas, who brought it in for her.

“How did you know that is the way I like it?”

Rosellen told them she wanted to try to make things easier for everyone. The first thing she wanted was an inventory. She wanted to know what everything was, where it is located, how long it stays there, and if this is the best place for it. She gave everyone a yellow pad and asked them to write their names on it. Jaime excused himself since he was a morning supervisor and had to get home to spend his wife caring for his ailing mother. He would make calls and recruit more volunteers for his shift and the afternoon shift for tomorrow.

They worked for the next several hours. The men did the inventory. Rosellen worked in the office rummaging through the paper on and within the office desk and drawers. She realized that she needed to organize just about everything.

As she rummaged through the papers she realized that she needed a system to track delivery donations as well as a financial tracking method for the things they had to buy. She would discuss this with her dad.

The offices for Southeby's were on the southwest side of Philadelphia. Grace O'Malley, a Vice President, returned to work after taking three days off to visit her troubled parents. The first thing she did after greeting her staff was to call her boyfriend Charlie Colombo.

"How did things go," asked Charlie?

"I expected the worse. Actually I didn't know what to expect so I picked the worse-case scenario. My mother is really ill, diagnosed with Schizophrenia. That is the bad news. The good news is that my dad is on top of it, has been in touch with her various doctors and has arranged for her to be hospitalized where she can get proper treatment. With treatment and medication, there is some possibility that she'll return home and function as she formerly did. No that is not accurate. She has to do a lot better than that and, hopefully, she will."

"Charlie, can you come over to my house tonight for dinner. I want to try out a recipe for Irish spaghetti."

"Sure, it sounds like an adventure. I'll try to bring some green wine."

"We have almost five days of catching up to do," said Grace.

"And I'm looking forward to doing that with you. I look forward to doing anything with you."

"That sounds good to me too. I'll see you at 7:30."

Charlie, ever prompt, arrived at precisely 7:30 with two bottles of wine, one white and one red. "If I mix them together they might turn green," he quipped.

"There is more of a possibility that you'll turn green," laughed Grace.

Grace blended the mountain of ingredients that she had on her counter in a food processor and put the resulting liquid product on the stove to heat up while the pasta drained. Then she and Charlie sat at the kitchen table, holding hands across the table, and sipped their wine.

She told Charlie about the bazaar dinner with her mother, and how she had been evicted. As she told the story she wondered if her father had been evicted as well.

She told Charlie about the meeting with Maeve and June and how grateful she was to have reconnected with them. She shared her college experience with them. Both she and Charlie were members of June and Brian's wedding party. Charlie was looking forward to it. Garvey weddings were amazing fun.

Grace served the dinner and it turned out to be quite good. Following that Grace served ice cream sundaes that she had prepared when she came home from work.

Relaxing over coffee and wine, Grace said, "Charlie, there is something I have to tell you."

Charlie looked stunned as if he was about to receive bad news. She said, "Charlie, you are an amazing man and I have totally fallen in love with you."

Charlie looked stunned and breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank God. I thought you were going to break up with me. I feel the same about you. I think about you all the time. I want to be with you all the time. I've been looking forward to this date all day. I really love you, too. Where do we go from here?"

"I don't think we should rush into marriage right away, we've only known each other for a couple of months, but I do want to spend the rest of my life with you."

"You know," said Charlie. "all three Garvey brothers and Desmond told me they went through a pre-Cana program with their fiancée's that sounded fabulous. They worked with one of the Jesuits who spent most of his time in silence. They looked at all the critical things in their lives that would influence their marriage, wrote letters to each other about their attitudes about them, and then discussed their attitudes. John said that he and Theresa met with the priest for six months. Desmond, who is a widower,

spent four months with Maria in the program. Patrick said he had a stumbling block with Maeve's wealth and the program got him through his angst."

"Maeve has wealth! I figured she was comfortable, but I never would have believed she was wealthy."

"Yes, a business worth over \$10 million and a trust that her father set up when she was a teenager is now worth about \$8 million. All the Garvey's have that and for the most part, they just ignore it. Maeve is extremely proud of what she has generated on her own."

"Well good for her. She certainly doesn't flaunt it. I know her father and brothers have very successful Law firms. While John is an attorney, he doesn't own a law firm. He is reputed to be brilliant lawyer and sometimes works for his father on special cases. He runs the country club the family owns. I do know that Brian is a criminal defense attorney and reputed to be the best in Philadelphia."

"Maeve's father owns the largest Law firm in Philadelphia," remarked Charlie. "Maeve is also known to be a top of the line Attorney in her own right and does all the legal work for the Jesuit Mission, *Pro Bono*. She and June have spent years terrorizing the skeevy landlords who try to rip off poor people."

Grace said, "I would love to do the pre-Cana with you. When we do get married, can the wedding be at St. Paul's?"

"I've grown to love the place and the priest, Fr. Fred." said Charlie. "It is where you took me on our first date, and it was the first Mass I attended where I felt like a worshipping Christian. And I also fell in love with you on that first date."

Irish spaghetti, red and white wine, romance, and loving, made that evening magical. The energy of love radiated throughout the entire evening.

The following Sunday, the group that gathered in front of the Church included Dave and Brigid, the senior Garvey's, along with Sarah McNally and her son, Tom. Someone quipped that those living closest to the Church are the last to arrive as Desmond, Maria, and Rosellen walked across the street. Introductions were made. No one noticed but the angel's arrow

struck Tom in the heart as he smiled and shook Rosellen's hand. No one noticed how much Rosellen was smitten by the tall ruggedly handsome soldier.

Mass, as usual, was very satisfying. Fr. Fred preached a brilliant homily about the encouraging support of God's love in our lives, not so much as the well-prepared homily that it was, but more a testament to his own faith. The church was filled to capacity and Tom was amazed at the active and energetic participation of the congregants. He had experienced great liturgies in small groups on base but never like this in a crowd of several hundred. Even with the distraction of Rosellen, at whom he continually sneaked glances, the celebration of the Eucharist touched something deep in his soul.

Rosellen, on her part also sneaked glances at the tall handsome soldier. At one point she thought he saw her, and she immediately blushed beet red to the point that Maria asked if she was alright. Rosellen smiled and assured her that she was fine, very fine.

At the restaurant, Tom maneuvered so he could sit next to Rosellen. His mom was very satisfied sitting with the senior Garvey's. The gathering was the usual raucous affair. It had gotten large enough that several conversations were going on simultaneously. The conversation between Tom and Rosellen was "how nice to meet you and get to know you" yet they were very much a part of the group conversation. Chatting away amiably with each other, they were also very much in tune with the big group. Of course the two Irish inhabitants of other realms of reality noticed the sparks immediately. Desmond smiled as did Maeve.

Dierdre and Tommy sat across from Rosellen and Tom Mc Nally and shared their joint military experiences. Dierdre and Tommy survived the "hot " part of the war in Afghanistan. Tom saw very little combat activity during his tour though his unit constantly prepared for it. The two Toms were combat infantrymen though Tom McNally was a Military Intelligence Officer who frequently went out by helicopter on reconnoitering trips with a small squad. Dierdre was a Marine who served five tours in return for a university scholarship with a partial advanced Marine training curriculum. Tom told them that he would remain stateside until he mustered out at the end of next year. Rosellen thought that the stars were lining up in a positive

sequence and she silently prayed not to tangle them up this time. Maria would be her guiding star.

Tom suggested that he and Rosellen go out for dinner on that evening. Rosellen told him that she had classes in the morning but would love to go out to a local Philadelphia cheesesteak house, one of her dad's favorite stops. "I live in the big house directly across from the church. If you pick me up at 6:30 that will give us enough time to enjoy a light dinner and conversation and get me enough sleep to face classes in the morning."

Tom McNally arrived with military punctuality at 6:30 PM. Before Tom arrived, Rosellen had told Desmond and Maria that she was going out for a snack with Tom. Maria did a relatively lengthy debrief on the attack on the senior Garvey's engineered by his father to protect his activity with the Colombian cartel. She told the amazing story of Therese, Dierdre, and John to save all of their lives, though John was wounded. She talked about Dierdre's military honors for her activity in Afghanistan. All is forgiven. John and his parents spent an afternoon with the McNally's to recement years of friendship. John and Tom are close friends and Tom will be in John and Theresa's wedding party in December. "I just wanted to highlight that part of the story, so you won't be taken by surprised as you speak with him."

"Thanks Maria, that helps a lot."

They sat in a booth and nibbled their cheesesteaks and chatted amiably. "Tell me the story of your life," asked Tom. "I want to know everything about you. I assure you, your secrets will be safe with me, and none of them will scare me away."

Rosellen looked at him and quietly thought that if this is the beginning of a relationship, I am going to be brutally honest. "My mother was a saint and I loved her dearly though, I felt at the time, that I could never be like her. She was stricken with cancer when I was a junior in high school and, sadly, I went off the deep end. I hooked up with a bad crowd in high school. I got into drugs, drinking, and inappropriate sexual behavior. My mother died when I was still in my senior year. I was devastated and started hating myself. I had stopped studying, although I did graduate from high school. I was a good student into my junior year. After graduation, I took off with a boyfriend to follow a punk rock band. I don't think I even liked the guy. He is probably mentally disturbed. After a couple of years of this, maybe more,

we ended up in Detroit. I had long since given up drugs and alcohol. They only made me feel worse about myself. The band had an unbelievably violent breakup. I ended up living with the boyfriend, who is in jail now, in a rat and roach infested apartment. He would disappear for days at a time and then show up drunk. One of those times he raped me. Then he took off again for several weeks. I had no money. I got food from the local church foodbank. When he came back, I told him that I was pregnant. Then he walked out on me. He came back a week later and insisted on an abortion. I told him that I could never do that. He went into a rage, beat me up, fractured my skull, and kept kicking me in the abdomen until I started hemorrhaging. He killed the baby. He killed any chance that I would ever conceive a baby. They had to do a hysterectomy. He left me on the floor and walked out on me. I was bleeding severely, and I had a skull fracture and broken ribs. I was able to call 911. I woke up in the hospital. I had moved from suicidal to hope. The hospital chaplain sat with me very day. The hospital called the police. It was stupid of me, but I wouldn't tell them anything. That was just the way that I was at the time. The priest kept coming back and one afternoon, I just felt like telling him my awful story. He sat with me for hours holding my hand as I told him my story. I wouldn't tell him my boyfriend's name. He told me that he would accept my entire conversation as confession, gave me absolution, and brought me communion, for the first time in about four years. He visited every day until I was released. He brought me out of the hospital and put me in a taxi that he prearranged that took me to a Catholic woman's shelter. He gave me an envelope filled with money and told me to go home to my father. I wanted that more than anything I could imagine. I had great medical care and great mental care. Everyday a therapist took me for a long walk around the neighborhood. We talked, and talked, and talked even more, and after several weeks I felt human again. An elderly priest came every Sunday for Mass. I was a practicing Catholic again. The nuns and staff were marvelous. Sister Frances, the director, arranged for my airline ticket. I called my dad who had just returned from his honeymoon. I gave him my ETA and gate number and he had a Lyft car pick me up. When I got to his cottage, I picked up his key under the flower pot. My dad is the Maître d' at Bookbinders and had taken the night off. However, Maria got home before he did, and I met his new wife, my step mother. I immediately saw why he fell in love with her and I did, as well. She has become my best friend and mentor. We all went out for a celebratory dinner that night. My dad loved

two great women and I wasn't going to blow a second opportunity at being part of a loving family. Maria's friends have accepted me as part of their extended family, and I love it. You met them all today. If you are going to run away screaming, let me know so I won't be embarrassed. My dad and I talked every morning for the next two weeks and I told him everything.

Tom took both her hands in his and said he loved redemption stories. He thanked her for her brutal honesty. He would be equally as honest. But later in the week if he was going to get her home by 9:30. "Don't let me scare you, but I want to see you and be with you more than ever. I'll call you for another light dinner and it will be my turn to talk."

"Listen, I have an idea. Please just say no if you think it is a bad idea. Brian and June's wedding is in two weeks. I am in the wedding party. Will you be my plus one?"

"I know both Brian, John's little brother, and June for a long time," said Tom. "She was an amazing basketball player and an academic All-American. I would love to be your plus one if it doesn't interfere with our date for later in the week."

"It won't, but I'll have to be home early. And we can still meet on Sunday, as well. Oh, and don't worry about a wedding present. They want donations to June's friend's soup kitchen in lieu of a formal gift."

On Wednesday, they had that date. Tom took her outside the city to the Chanticleer Formal Gardens. They left in the late afternoon with the intention of walking through the formal gardens and talking. Tom promised burgers on the way home. It was about 6:30 PM

As they walked and talked within the incredible beauty of the garden, Rosellen thought of a catechetics class when she was in grammar school. She remembered the drawing in the book of Adam and Eve walking in the Garden of Eden with God. She silently prayed that God would walk with them and bless their budding relationship.

Tom told Rosellen that he was adopted by the McNally's. They already had four girls and wanted a boy. He grew up being treated like a king by his parents and four sisters. Tom turned out to be a good athlete He was on the baseball, basketball, and football teams at St. Joseph's Prep and that

enhanced his royal status. His majesty was adored by all the girls who were constantly looking for boys among St. Joseph's athletes. He was awarded a scholarship to Villanova to play basketball. At the time, Villanova was the number one-party school in the country, and party he did. He did well on the court and in the classroom for two years. However, the stories of his party exploits started to result in infamy. He was overweight from beer and it impacted his court skills. During a practice, a freshman stole the ball when he was dribble-driving to the basket. He lost control and punched the kid and broke his jaw. His highness fell from the throne. Coaches were furious and administrators were furious. His parents were furious. Their dream was that he would graduate, go to Law School and be part of his father's Law firm. He asked for an indefinite leave of absence so he wouldn't be expelled, and at his father's suggestion joined the army to gain maturity and social stability. He was back in shape after basic training and spent a year touring with the Army basketball team, part of their recruiting effort. He loved that part of military life. When his tour came to an end, the Army offered him the opportunity to finish college if he took a third tour. He committed to that. He did extremely well at the University of Massachusetts, graduating near the top of his class. They then sent him to the War College in Pennsylvania to be trained in Military Intelligence. He then went to Afghanistan to use those skills and was serving his fifth tour of duty, his second overseas, when his father was killed. He had already planned to leave the military at the end of his fifth tour. Meanwhile, he was constantly playing basketball and the plan was to use him as a recruiting officer in Philadelphia for the last year of his tour. That work would start in about a month. He would live in Philadelphia to be close to his family.

"What about Villanova," asked Rosellen?

"Interesting! I will actually live at the town of Villanova, work in Philadelphia and play on the army's regional basketball team. Then, with a full-dress uniform, I plan to visit the President of the University, beg forgiveness and ask to be readmitted as a Law School student."

"So, will I still be able to see you?"

"You had better believe it. I met you a week ago and totally believe that I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

"And I with you. Let's take it a little slower and reevaluate a year from now."

“That sounds like a plan I can live with.” he said laughing.

And thus began a new life for two formerly tempest tossed survivors.

ON THIS DAY IN IRISH HISTORY - OCTOBER

1st 1812 - English balloonist James Sadler attempts to cross the Irish Sea in a balloon. He fails and almost drowns.

2nd 1957 - The Voluntary Health Insurance Board is launched.

3rd

1938 - Britain's last remaining forts in the twenty-six counties are handed back to Ireland.

1940 - The German government announced it was willing to compensate Ireland for bombs dropped on Dublin.

1970 - US President Nixon arrives in Ireland.

1975 - Businessman Tiede Herrema is kidnapped by the IRA.

5th 1968 - Police in Derry baton-charge a civil rights march.

6th

1891 - Death of Charles Stewart Parnell.

1980 - Mella Carroll becomes Ireland's first female high court judge.

7th 1843 - Daniel O'Connell succumbs to government pressure and bans a Monster Meeting at Clontarf.

9th 1932 - Shots fired at a Cumann na nGaedhael meeting in Limerick.

10th

1918 - RMS Leinster is sunk by a German submarine with the loss of around 500 lives.

1957 - Fire at Windscale Nuclear Power Station in England, believed to have caused birth defects in Ireland.

1969 - The Hunt Committee report recommends an unarmed police force in Northern Ireland.

1977 - Mairéad Corrigan and Betty Williams win the Nobel Prize for Peace.

12th

1940 - The Kerry Head ship is bombed with the loss of twelve lives, months after surviving another attack.

1975 - Oliver Plunkett is canonised.

1984 - The IRA kill five people on an attack on a Brighton hotel during the Conservative Party Conference.

13th 1994 - Loyalist paramilitary groups announce a ceasefire.

18th

1880 - Ballycastle railway opens between Ballymoney and Ballycastle.

1881 - "No Rent" manifesto issued by Irish National Land League.

19th

1881 - Irish National Land League proclaimed illegal.

1989 - Three of the Guildford Four are released.

21st 1879 - Irish National Land League founded at Dublin.

22nd

1884 - Alice Walkington becomes the first woman to be awarded a degree in Ireland.

1976 - President Cearbhall Ó Dálaigh resigns over a furore about the Emergency Powers Bill, which led to the Minister for Defence describing him as a 'thundering disgrace'.

23rd

1911 - 70,000 Unionists march against Home Rule.

1970 - Charles Haughey, James Kelly, Albert Luykx and John Kelly are acquitted of conspiracy to import arms.

24th 1990 - The IRA forces three men to act as suicide bombers, resulting in seven deaths.

25th

1917 - De Valera becomes the President of Sinn Féin.

1920 - Lord Mayor of Cork Thomas MacSwiney dies on hunger strike in Brixton Prison.

1968 - The New University of Ulster is opened.

27th

1913 - James Larkin of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union sent to prison for seditious language.

30th

1939 - More than two dozen air-raid sirens are tested across Dublin.

31st

1909 - The Royal University of Ireland is dissolved.

1973 - Three IRA prisoners escape from Mountjoy Prison in a hijacked helicopter.

1990 - Brian Lenihan is sacked from government over dishonesty allegations.

1996 - First Irish language TV station, Teilifís na Gaeilge (TnaG), is launched.