



**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.

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# Ripples on the Smooth Irish Lake

by

Raymond D. Aumack

Thursday, the day after the Gala was a difficult day at work. Maeve's mom, Brigid, called to remind her that she was getting married in a couple of months and they had to do a few things to prepare. For instance, she needed a wedding dress, a guest list, a myriad of different decisions and choices to make. Fortunately, the church, and the reception venue were already set.

The Christmas season wedding itself would provide the theme. Bridesmaids were free to pick any gown they had in the closet, never mind coordinating colors. Her brothers wanted to have a bachelor party for Patrick and thought they would invite some of Patrick's colleagues from St. Joseph's University. She needed to pick a florist, determine what kind of flowers she wanted, and how she wanted the church decorated. She needed to purchase airline tickets for wherever she wanted to go and arrange for transportation. Maeve respectfully interrupted. "The Church will be already decorated for Christmas. "There is very little we can add to that."

Susan had a list of things that required her attention at work. Maeve had already had a long lunch scheduled with Katie O'Bierne, and Brigid, her native Irish mother, was going to join them at their country club.

Fr. Paul was going to officiate at the wedding, but she wanted to run that by Theresa before it was confirmed. She would invite the priests and staff from the Jesuit Urban Mission.

Maeve had an attack of decisiveness. She would go with her mother to shop for a wedding dress on Saturday. She would ask Theresa, her maid of honor, to join them. She would dedicate Friday to clean up business requirements. She would deal with the Gala aftermath with Theresa and June next week.

She taped Grace O'Malley's business card to her telephone, and she would call her late this afternoon or evening. Grace was the auctioneer at the Gala, and a friend and classmate from Immaculata University. Grace wants to join them for Mass and brunch.

She called Susan into her office to relay all these plans, asking her to write them down. She showed her Grace's card taped on her phone and said she would take care of that first thing tomorrow if she didn't get to it this afternoon. Susan would make a list of business tasks for her in order of importance.

Susan was working on accounts payable and thought she would have them ready for mailing by the end of the day. "When are we getting our financial person," asked Susan?

"Mark that down on the task list for Tuesday," said Maeve. "Ask around the office and see if anyone knows an accountant that they absolutely trust. I'll also ask my dad."

Maeve had arranged for an Uber to pick up Katie and Shane, their friends from Ireland who brought Bono to the Gala. The Uber would bring them to Glen Gables, the country club that her father owned and which her brother, John, managed. Her dad drove her mom and all she had to worry about was to get there before everyone arrived.

She had a few minutes and decided to call Grace O'Malley. They connected and arranged to meet at St. Paul's just before the 10:30 Mass. "Feel free to bring a guest, or not," said Maeve. "I'm looking forward to being with you again. Arrange to spend a good part of the afternoon."

"As her call ended, Brigid arrived with Dave." "I'm not with you guys," said Dave. "I have business with John."

"Before you go dad, I'm just starting to look for an accountant. I thought I would ask you first since you will have a lot of interaction with him or her."

"Hire a consultant. It is a lot smoother and you really don't need a full-time accountant. I have great confidence in a fellow named, Hugh Quinn. I have used him on occasion in my own office for delicate tax inquiries. I think he would be terrific for your needs. Incidentally, I met him at the Gala last night"

"Give his number to your secretary and I'll call for it tomorrow."

"You won't regret it." He then left her to meet with John in his first-floor office.

Meanwhile Katie and Shane had arrived and were in the dining room with Brigid. It was wonderful to sit down and take a breath, relaxing with her mother and good friends.

"We have much to catch up with," said Katie after hugs and greetings were exchanged. Katie and her mother, Brigid, spoke with the same accent. Galway and Donegal are not that far from each other. It was not a problem for Maeve from listening to her mother for her whole life. "You're a promised woman now."

"Yes," said Maeve. "We are getting married the Saturday after Christmas. We did our pre-Cana in your style and it worked out well. My friend Maria is marrying a man from Kerry and they also did the same type of pre-Cana. Oh, I am sorry. You have met Desmond and Maria from Bookbinders."

Katie said that the idea for the pre-Cana was Shane's. Shane said that he had a lot of trust in the priest who has become a great friend. We live in his parish now.

"It was the priest that designed the course. It was well worth the effort. We still use the concept to work out difficult decisions."

"By the way," said Shane, "I heard Desmond's story during one of my trips to Kerry. When they were telling me the story, they mentioned the name, Desmond. I asked if it was Desmond Dowd from America. They stared at me asking how in the world I would know him. I proudly said through my wife's colleagues."

“Yes,” said Katie, “We followed up the story and every word is true. Looking toward Brigid who had not heard the story, she told how the landlord of the great house built on Desmond’s family’s confiscated property, gave it back to him after 200 years, mansion and all. Shane gets these stories because he travels around more than I do. The folks he was speaking with were fascinated that Shane knew Desmond. Apparently, his brothers restored the house to it’s original beauty and thoroughly modernized it. They are also restoring the homes on the family farms that belong to the estate. They are fabulous contractors and have made a lot of money that they generously share in the village.”

“Desmond used to work there as a child. It is where he generated his interest in food and fine dining. However, he and Maria still go out for Philadelphia Cheese Steaks.”

“We now serve them at the Lantern,” said Shane. “It is our most popular dish. We call them Galway Cheese Steaks. I learned so much from Desmond. My partners want to cross the ocean to meet with him.”

“That could be fun,” said Maeve.

“The children are still talking about their visit to America.”

“I’m so glad. There was so much to show them in our little section of America. I thought they would be overwhelmed. Patrick had a good time with them.”

“You showed me a lot of America during my book tour,” said Katie.

Shane laughed, “I was the one who was overwhelmed. I never saw traffic like I saw in Philadelphia.”

“Well, if luck falls on us, we’ll go to New York together someday.”

“How well did your nanny deal with separation from her American boyfriend.”

“Ach, they broke up at the airport. They both agreed that a long-distance relationship wouldn’t work.

They maintain a friendship and write to each other. Both are apparently seeing other people.”

“My three brothers are also doing your pre-Cana, and all will be married next year.”

“We met John on the way in. He and Theresa make a beautiful couple.”

“John is a super-smart lawyer who doesn’t practice law. My dad calls on him when he has particularly delicate cases to handle. It is a real tribute to John because my father has 100 super-smart lawyers working for him, as well as my mother, here, who has more sense than any of them.”

“Get away with ya, girl. You know that I am just an assistant. I help with research. I used to go through the law library. Now everything I need to know is on the computer.”

“Mom, with your native wisdom, you are the smartest person I know.”

“Well thank you for thinking that, but don’t sell yourself short. Look what you have achieved in your short life.”

“Well thank you, Mom. You are still my go to person for crises.”

The afternoon and their luncheon went too quickly. The conversation was fluid with talk of the Gala, the charm of the three celebrities at their table, and the many laughs they shared. “Bono is a sketch and a half,” said Katie. “This is the first time we have been with him socially. He was so pleased that he was able to come to gala. He couldn’t say enough about it. Jon Bon Jovi and Dorrie are amazing. Josh Grobin, one of my favorite singers, was a pleasant surprise.”

“You guys fit into the crowd like a hand in a glove.”

“Aye, we did. And we were so proud of you and your friends. You really pulled it off. I’m sure there were misgivings when you were looking ahead at it.”

”Patrick had the idea, when we were dancing at a fundraiser. He thought it was a lot to chew. I told him it was nothing, just a formula that you put together and you have a lot of fun. I called it a dress-up hooley. I went to my father and asked him to be the lead sponsor and that I thought we could raise one million dollars. He gave me two hundred and fifty thousand. I thought, Wow! We are twenty-five percent of the way home and we haven’t started yet. I put together a plan and ran it by Dad. He told me about the Franklin Party Planners. I then went to Theresa and Fr. Jim Keenan. It was a high-risk decision, but they made it.”

“How much did you raise?”

“Four million in sponsorships and over two million on the event including the raffle. It cost us about three hundred thousand, we think, to pull this off. So much that we did was donated. We are planning on an annual fund drive and two golf tournaments over successive years, and then maybe we’ll be ready for another Gala. June has amazing plans and they will be costly. Starting a clinic will be the biggest cost, but we have some plans for that too.”

“I am very impressed with June.”

“We’ve been friends for a long time. June was my college roommate for all four years. When Theresa was Director, the three of us would take long walks together putting together dreams and projections for the Jesuit Mission. There was no way we could realize those dreams, but because we had them, we had the Gala. Now they will become a reality.”

“By the way, June, though black, is Irish American on both sides of her family.”

“Glory be! I knew that there was something sacred about her, and she is a beautiful woman besides.”

“All the way through, inside and out. She is marrying my brother, Brian, and you may have noticed that.”

“As good as that is, I’ve saved the best for last. I’m expecting a wee one,” said Katie. “We’ve been hoping for this for a long time. I swore that if I had sex while I was in upper school, I would be

pregnant within the hour. This is the realization of a dream. The boys (adopted) will have a sibling and hopefully more in due time.”

“That is so wonderful. Maeve and Brigid gave her and Shane a group hug.”

“When is the baby due? How do you feel? Is it a boy or a girl?”

“The baby is due in April. I feel great. The baby is developing as expected. We asked the doctor to not tell us the gender. We love surprises.”

”We have to say ‘good-bye’ for now. Bono and Ali are at the U.N. today. We’re having dinner with Jon Bonjovi and Dorrie tonight and taking off tomorrow.”

While Maeve was having lunch with her Mom and her friends, her Dad was locked into a meeting with her brother, John. While he does not have a Law practice, John is considered a genius in the practice of Civil and Criminal Law.

“I need your help. One of the most prominent lawyers in the city, a man who has been a close friend for many years, Sean MacNeil, has been running a Ponzi scheme that has gone bad. I knew nothing of his involvement in this. In fact, I am both shocked and surprised. He is a wealthy man in his own right. He certainly had no need for this, outside of the grasp of greed. He has asked me to be his attorney for this enterprise. Though this is certain to change our friendship, I agreed. He’ll pay the full fee, but that is not important at this time. I need to know every detail, who the investors are and the extent of their commitment, I need to know if MacNeil has unsavory connections with underworld money. If you can find it out, I need to know his motives. He is not a stupid man. I need to know if he has any money stashed away, either in mattresses or in foreign banks. He enjoys a great reputation among his peers. He always was a formidable opponent in the courtroom and always a fair negotiator. He seemed to me to be very respected among his clients. We share clients when unique specialties are required, Copyright Law for instance.”

“Dad, the more I uncover, the harder it is going to go for him.”

“I know that. I won’t necessarily coddle him. I am more concerned about the victims. I don’t know who they are or how deep they are into him. Restitution is going to be part of the judgement.”

“Dad, how discrete do you want me to be? I may need the resources of your office, some of your investigators, the technology will a big help. How public is this? If it is not public now, when will it become so?”

“He is not terribly public at the moment. We have no idea when it will become public, but it is going to happen soon.”

“Okay, I’ll get started on it today.”

John quietly went to his upstairs office and his legal computer that was networked into his father’s office.

Dave, quietly slipped out the front door to return to his office.

Theresa was at her own apartment that night. Sometime after midnight, John deftly hacked into MacNeil's brokerage accounts. Apparently with the help of the prestige of MacNeil Legal Associates, it turned out that he had about 200 clients who invested with him. He was promising a 20% return on the investment in six months. It was a very sophisticated operation with certificates of order placements and confirmations, all of them false, but they looked very real. He was getting caught because he couldn't generate new investors fast enough. John counted everything he could find and there was about \$10 million invested. It didn't take John long to find MacNeil's banking relationships. Everything seemed to be clean. The banking relationships reflected the assets of the Law firm. John began searching for other banking relationships with some degree of frustration until he found a reference to the Cayman Islands. "Hmmm, does Mr. McNeil vacation in the Caymans?" John kept searching and finally found the Cayman account with \$178 million. "That will take away any anxiety about his next meal," thought John. He highlighted the names of the investors and printed them out, along with the Cayman bank account, and samples of the bogus investment notices. Apparently, MacNeil couldn't generate enough investors and it was starting to catch up with him. He started looking for any indication of an off shore property purchase and sure enough he found one for a luxury home in Costa Rica. There are no extradition treaties in Costa Rica. "So, Mr. MacNeil is planning an early retirement. I better tell Dad to get his payment up front."

John closed up MacNeil's computer. No one knew about John's extraordinary computer skills. He was bored with college and started developing his computer skills. He knew how to get past any firewall without an indication that he was visiting. He had names and addresses, phone numbers, e-mail addresses of all the clients and the amounts they had invested. He would start to research them in the morning.

John slept in until 9:00 AM and called Theresa at work. "Good morning. I love you and I miss you. What are your plans for the day?"

"I am working with Susan and Dave on an announcement to publicize my department. Maeve has been here since before dawn working on a task list that Susan gave her. And Susan just walked in here with a cup of coffee and a sticky bun."

"Go for it then. I'll be at the club all day working on a project for my Dad. I love you."

"I love you too. I'll come over after work."

John called his father. "Dad, you better put a watchdog on MacNeil. I have reason to believe that he might be skipping out to Costa Rica. He just bought a luxury home there and he has a ton of money stashed in the Caymans. Try to get your fee up front. I don't know how close he is to bailing out, but he is prepared to go. By the way, how did you know about his investment services?"

"Among my circle of lawyer friends there was some talk about what a great investor he is. He is getting returns at a rate many times that of the traditional market. So I made some discrete inquiries and, sure enough, he added a brokerage department to his firm that he was running himself. Many times the market return is a big red flag. I don't know if he heard that I was making inquiries. He called me and asked if I would provide professional services for him to cover any personal liability

that he might have guiding investments. I told him that I would and that we would talk about it next week.”

“String him along, Dad, but don’t make any deals with him. If it goes to litigation, he will certainly need a lawyer of your caliber. It looks like there is no fresh money coming into his enterprise, and there hasn’t been for a couple of months. The house in Costa Rica and the money in the Caymans is starting to look like a comfortable retirement. I’ll get you the information as soon as I can, maybe by tomorrow.”

“How will you get this information so fast?”

“Probably by networking.”

John then started to gather information about MacNeil’s clients. He recognized several of the names on the list but there was no one he knew personally.

Theresa arrived about 6:00 PM. John greeted her enthusiastically. “I really missed you last night and all day.”

“It looks like you made up for it by making a big mess of your work room.” John thought for a minute and then broke one of his biggest rules. “Theresa, I’m telling you this because I don’t want any secrets between us. I am doing some discrete work for my dad. A big scandal is about to break about a major Ponzi scheme. The principle asked my father to serve as his attorney in case there was any liability in his investment activities. He didn’t tell my Dad about his Ponzi activities. Dad was snooping around, and it apparently got back to him. My dad asked me to do some undercover work.”

“Why is that so secretive?”

“That is not the secret. My style of working is. I do everything by computer. In college, I was bored out of my mind, so I worked at developing computer skills. I may be the best hacker in the country. My work is totally untraceable. There is never a traceable IP address. It took a lot of ethical discipline, but I only use these skills to do good. In this case, I am trying to save a lot of foolish people’s invested money. The principle in this illegal enterprise has a lot of credibility. There is nothing that would suggest any other criminality. At this time I suspect that the principle is about to leave the country for Costa Rica. My father is not aware of my computer skills. When my dad asks how I get the information, I tell him by networking, which, of course, is the absolute truth. By the way, every investigator, including the CIA and the FBI do the very same thing. There is nothing illegal about what I do.”

“Isn’t computer technology developing so fast that it is impossible for hackers to stay in business?”

“I’m actually way ahead of the technology, but I also keep up with the developments.”

“Can I watch you?”

“I have to do a visit tonight. I have all the information my dad asked for. One of his questions was to find out if there is any underground money being laundered. I spent the day researching all the

clients and I don't recognize any mobsters. So far I haven't found anything. But I thought I would give it another pass."

"You are really invading someone else's privacy. How is that legal?"

"I know that, and I use my skills judiciously. During Law School, I was still bored in the classroom, so for the three years, I worked on the side to qualify for my license as a private investigator. My skills are only used in service of the law. At one point I was frightened by my skills and developed an absolute respect for another person's privacy. This hit me during college, and I can honestly say that I have never used these skills for my own amusement."

"You amuse me. You have these awesome talents and such scary skills, and yet, you are such a nice person."

"You know my parents for several years, so you know what influences me. There is a spiritual dimension to all of this as well. It has to do with personal integrity and again, my parents are role models. I know that I am blest with a super IQ and extraordinary skills, and I am grateful for that. That is why I am the manager of a country club and not dealing with the dichotomy of good and evil in a corporation or a law office. I would be a very disruptive force. My Dad knows that, and I do help him out whenever he thinks he needs me. He has a hundred of the best lawyers working for him. When he asks me to help him out, I know it is something really important."

"I love you, John. Thank you for sharing this with me. Do you have any other mysteries to share?"

"Oh many, I'm sure, as I am sure you do as well. We will have a lifetime to discover them."

"That will be fun."

"Bingo, I think I found something. Look here. There are two accounts in MacNeil's name, the second one at \$480 million. Even with his impressive law firm that is too much money for him to have, together with the \$178 million in another account which is more reasonable for him even with the invested money. With that kind of money, he wouldn't be in trouble with his Ponzi scheme, at least not yet. What is the source of that money? Look through these names and see if you recognize any of them. John directed his attention to clients whom MacNeil personally defended. I don't see any names I recognize.

"I know some of these names, but not personally."

"You wouldn't know if they were Mafia connected."

"Eah! Not the circles I usually hang out with."

"Believe me, that is good."

John arranged to meet his dad at the Cherry Hill restaurant..

"Thanks Dad. I didn't want either of us to be seen at the club or your office. Take this valise but don't open it now. They each ordered a beer and sat back like two friends having a beer after work.

"He has two accounts in the Caymans. Both are in his name, one at \$178 million and the other at \$487 million. I originally thought, and still do, the smaller of the two is a retirement account. I

suspect the investment money is in that account and his plan is to skip off. I told you that he purchased a luxury home in Costa Rica. It was a cash transaction.”

“In the valise is a list of his clientele, about 200. I wrote a profile on each, but he has had no new additions in the last two months. I think that might confirm his retirement plans. I don’t think the larger of the two is related to his firm. I think his firm’s money is in the smaller of the two. You know from your own accounts. Sometimes they are very fat until you pay the salaries and the bills. I have run into a block on the larger account. I’m looking for a connection with the bad guys, but I haven’t found anything yet.”

“I wouldn’t have an offshore account for paying bills.”

“Good point.”

“Can I use this information in court?”

“Definitely, but you would not want to and may not have to. MacNeil is going to come to you to discuss an attorney- client relationship. Think about it, Why you?”

“I suspect he heard I was interested in an investment. “

“Good, let him do all the talking and let him attempt to make a sale. He knows you made a quarter million donation to the Jesuit Urban Mission. You are the very guy he wants. He can help you fill that hole in your bank account.”

“When he gets into it, tell him that he should never lie to his attorney. Lay copies of all this stuff out in front of him. Your ask is to return the investment money to his clients and get out of the brokerage business. If he resists tell him about the second account and that you are trying to save him and his family from an explosion in a nice luxury home in Costa Rica or to keep him from floating up on a beach.”

”John, I have been in corporate law for too long. How do you know how to do this stuff?”

“I keep my hand in. Sometimes I help Brian out. I love working with criminals. They are so funny.”

“John, how did you get this information?”

“Oh, by networking!”

“Is it all legal?”

“Absolutely!”

“Do you have a Private Investigator license?”

“Why do you ask?”

“Just a hunch.”

‘Yes I do. I have had it for years. I was bored in Law School, so I put in the time on the side and acquired the license.’”

“Do you do any PI work?”

“Just for you, Dad.”

“Can your computer be traced to our firm?”

“No, Dad. You are perfectly safe. I’ll keep looking for the owner of the laundered money.”

Before they met Maeve’s mom for wedding dress shopping, Maeve asked if it was alright with Theresa if Paul officiated at her wedding. Theresa replied that there was no problem. “Both of us have completely moved on. Paul knows that I am engaged to John. I don’t think there will be any awkwardness. Besides, Patrick would definitely want him to officiate. You will have a few concelebrants as well. The guys at the mission will want to participate and Patrick has made some friends at St. Joseph’s.”

Maeve, Theresa, and Brigid set out for the wedding dress shop where Brigid knew the proprietor. “If you don’t like anything there, it is alright with me. It is your wedding and I am only trying to help you pick what you want.”

Maeve had no intention of being a bridezilla. She always dressed well and chose fashionable clothes that were appropriate for the beautiful woman that she is. Brigid’s friend was delightful and gave them a couple of catalogue books with photos of a variety of dresses. Maeve had a vision of the dress she wanted to wear and would recognize it when she saw it in the catalogues. When she asked Maeve what she thought she might like, Maeve told her that she was the model of simplicity. She was looking for a simple floor length satin dress with a traditional veil. “What size are you, a 3?”

“Thanks, I love you, but I’m a 4.”

“Let me get something to show you.”

She returned with a white satin wedding dress with an Irish lace bodice. “Try this on and see how it fits.”

When Maeve came out of the dressing room, she took every one’s breath away. Brigid wouldn’t let Theresa speak. She told Maeve to look at herself in the mirror. The sight of herself took Maeve’s breath away. “I don’t believe it. This is what I always dreamed.”

“Be patient now while Dierdre nips and tucks.” Theresa finally caught her breath and said, “You look beautiful. That dress is magnificent.”

They went to lunch at Bookbinders because Brigid was so excited that she wanted to splurge. Desmond welcomed them as if they were royalty and had a great time teasing them. Maeve mentioned that the story of his now ancestral mansion was spreading all over Ireland.

Desmond replied that the work my brothers are doing on the farmhouses is such that he would be just as happy to live in the house of his childhood.

“Wouldn’t it be grand if all the confiscated property was returned to rightful owners!”

The conversation turned to honeymoon destinations and Ireland was high on the list. Maeve said that she had been there in the winter and Ireland was not fit for habitation. Theresa laughed and said that Maeve wouldn’t even notice.

Maeve, said, “Stop you’re embarrassing my mother.”

“She is not.” said Brigid. “I lived there for fifteen winters, and Maeve has a point.”

“How about the Poconos with their heart shaped bathtubs.” Brigid started to laugh. Maeve said that she would discuss it with Patrick. I’ll let him make the decision. It turned out to be a terrific day. They had the dress, a lovely lunch, a million laughs, a lot of fun and relaxing time together.

Later that week, Sean Michael MacNeil arrived at Dave’s office precisely at the appointed time.

“Welcome Sean Michael. It has been a while since we met here.”

“The place has grown a bit since I was here last.”

“Actually quite a bit, We have the entire floor above us as well and a couple of satellite offices. I walk through the entire place every day just so people will remember me.”

“Do you know what everyone is working on?”

“Yes, I have meetings with department heads each week and I get a full run down on the activities.”

“Are your kids involved yet?”

“No, they want to make it on their own. Maeve uses her legal skills to do all pro bono work for the Jesuit Mission. Her consulting business has taken off like a rocket ship and is currently expanding. She works all over the country now. John is actually too bright to be part of a law office. He knows he would be too disruptive. He is doing a great job with Glen Gables though.”

“I thought he worked for you?”

“Not at all. He may have filled in as a second chair for me on specific cases. If you look around, I have a full house here. Brian has an outstanding criminal law practice. He has a half dozen attorneys working with him now. Michael has a thriving General Law practice with I think five attorneys at this time, and he has been doing work for Maeve in Indiana. In fact, the company offered him a job as a Chief Legal Officer. That is not Michael’s cup of tea, and he turned them down.”

“You are looking well, and I hear that you are quite prosperous. Thank you for your donation to the Jesuit Mission Gala. They are doing terrific work and they have big plans for the future.”

“Do you handle their legal work?”

“No, Maeve takes care of that.”

“There is no big money in not-for-profits.”

“She doesn’t do the work for money. We should all be doing as well as Maeve. She is opening a new division for career management consulting. The formal launch is in mid-January and she has a big share of business already.”

“That was quite a donation you made to the Jesuits.”

“I wanted to help them get the Gala off the ground. My kids were all involved in the planning. It was my future son-in-law’s idea. I was glad to help. I combined my annual corporate donation with some personal funds.”

“I’m impressed. I have started a new division, a brokerage division. I am licensed. I’ll soon be hiring a full-time broker.”

“Now, I’m impressed.”

MacNeil continued to wax eloquently about how he was getting great returns for his clients.

“What would be the opening balance in the portfolio?”

“Minimally, \$100 thousand. Are you interested?”

“Yes, I could be. Tell me more.”

MacNeil, opened his valise and produced a number of slick looking brochures. He spoke for the next half hour during which he mentioned that he could generate over 20% more than the current general market return.”

“Dave listened very intently and followed the presentation that MacNeil was making.”

“What kind of commitment do you think you would like to make?”

“Sean Michael, we have been colleagues and friends for a very long time. Do you still want me to be the attorney for your brokerage division?”

“Absolutely, but I want you to personally handle it.”

“Sean, I personally handle very few assignments.”

“It would be important to me if you could do this.”

“I’m sure it would. Sean Michael, have you ever told anyone to never lie to their lawyer?”

“Of course.”

“Then why are you lying to me?”

With great effrontery, “What do you mean?”

David pulled out of his desk drawer a very fat file.

“Sean Michael, you are running a Ponzi scheme. Here are photos of your purchasing certificates and your confirmation certificates, both very good forgeries. You have 200 clients, but you haven’t been able to get new clients in over two months now. You must be coming up on a sixth month report with a client who is going to be looking for a 20% gain over the standard market return. This fat file is the listing and profile for each of your 200 clients.” MacNeil got up to leave. “The door is locked. Please sit down. I have worries for your welfare.”

“I have here the evidence of two Cayman Island accounts, both in your name, one valued at \$178 million and the other for \$485 million. That is a lot of money even for you. Does your family know about your luxurious retirement home in Costa Rica? From where I sit Sean, my fears are a tremendous explosion at that house when you and everyone in your family are sleeping. The other vision I have is you floating in the water face down near a peaceful Caribbean beach.”

MacNeil turned white. “Where did you get this information? How did you get this information?”

“I never reveal my sources. I have three concerns: your clients who are about to be bilked, your welfare and the safety of your family. The bad guys like to leave no trace that you or your family ever lived on this earth. There will be no heirs. I would like to save your firm, your employees and colleagues, I would like to save your otherwise impeccable reputation. Sean, If I have this information, you have got to believe that the Security and Exchange Commission has it as well.”

MacNeil’s face got even whiter.

“Who are you laundering this money for?”

“You don’t know what you are getting into. You don’t deal with people like this.”

“I know I don’t. But I never thought you did either. I really don’t care if you tell me or not. I’m sure the FBI is monitoring the case, and I expect to find out anyway.”

“These people are killers.”

“I know, that is why I am trying to help you. By the way, this is only a copy of the material I have. The originals are locked away in a safe place. The good guys know you are here. So if anything happens to me, you are implicated in the crime.”

”What good guys?”

“You don’t need to know that. Just know that I am protected.”

“Right now, your position is dangerous and criminal. I can help you and if everything goes right, you can be a hero.”

“I need to think about it.”

“Don’t think too long. When these guys have no need of you, you are gone.”

“Have a good day, Sean Michael. I hope I hear from you.”

“Joe, this is Dave. One of our clients is dealing with the bad guys. I think I should have a body guard, at least temporarily. I don’t want to know who he is, but it will be a comfort to know he is there.”

“You got it, boss. You are covered from the minute you leave your office. You won’t see the guard at all.”

“John, this is your dad. I am on a secure line. Check and see if the SEC and the FBI are involved. I suspect Sean Michael is involved with the Colombian cartel or Mexican cartel, or maybe MS13.”

“You got it, Dad.”

Later that night as twilight evolved into darkness, Theresa and John walked up the ninth fairway to his parent’s home, situated overlooking the ninth tee. John had called his mom earlier and asked her to put an extra potato in the pot. “You’re welcome, of course, but we are having spaghetti tonight and there will be plenty for both of you. I have invented a new sauce, or gravy, as my friends call it. You can check it out.” Theresa and Brigid settled in the kitchen and Theresa started stirring the sauce. John casually walked with his Dad to his first-floor office. David poured a new Irish Whiskey recently imported from Cork. “If the ladies get curious, we can say that we were trying out something new, because we are. What do you know?”

“MacNeil is under surveillance from both the SEC and the FBI and I’m glad to see that someone in our government is working. They are in touch with each other. Apparently, and this is only my guess, he is working with the Colombians. They have been under a lot of heat since the new government and their cartel leaders declared peace. Most of their money is in the US or at least being managed here. Having the account in MacNeil’s name is effective laundering. His life isn’t worth a plug nickel once he is no longer needed.”

“What do you think their timetable is.”

“MacNeil’s Ponzi account is getting soft. Once they realize that, He is no longer useful to them.”

“We have some leverage because he has enough money to cover it. OK, here is my strategy. I can’t call him because his phone is not secure. So I’m going to call my contacts at the SEC and try to get them to protect him. There is a guard outside protecting me. I am almost sure that they don’t know about you. No more networking for the time being. You go silent and they will never know anything. I have a personal guard outside. You will never see him or her.”

“I’m going to offer the SEC the cartel if they back off on MacNeil. That will happen only if he returns the money of his investors and dissolves his brokerage business. I’m presuming the money in his account is legitimate. I’m going to ask for amnesty in return for the information he can give them. How does that sound?”

“There are a couple of contingencies. First MacNeil has to cooperate.”

“I already told him my fears for his life, and I hope he understands that.”

“The SEC has to also get the approval of the FBI. There has to be enough in the plan to get them to buy into it. MacNeil will have to get lost someplace.”

“I’ll leave that to my friends to take care of. He’ll have to move his entire family.”

Dinner was delightful. Theresa was at her best with stories of college dating and Brigid, Dave, and John were bent over laughing. Theresa was a Villanova student when the school was acknowledged by US News and World Report as the leading party school in the country, much to the chagrin of the administration.

Brigid lamented that there wasn’t anything like that at Chestnut Hill. If a bedspring squeaked, the nuns were on it immediately.

“Everything was studies and sports when I was a student at Villanova,” said Dave.

Everyone cheered for the spaghetti sauce. A lot of Italian vegetables were blended into a liquid and then blended with the Marinara sauce. They made a big fuss about the effectiveness of Theresa stirring the pot.

The next morning, Joe came into Dave’s office. “Everything went well. No one was following you nor was anyone following John.”

“Keep someone on me. The FBI might be drifting into the picture. We’re coming to the crisis point.”

“I’ll tell her to be careful about who she shoots. They will never see her anyway. “

”Thanks Joe. There’ll be a bonus for her after this is over.”

“She’ll love you forever, Boss.”

Dave knew immediately who his protector was, and he was very satisfied because he knew of her extraordinary skills. Dave knew everyone in the building by name.

MacNeil called Dave about mid-morning. He was prepared to tell him to forget it. Dave forcefully told him to get his ass over to his office right away and watch to see if he was being followed. “Don’t do anything about it. Just observe.”

Dave called his SEC contacts on his secure line. He told them the entire story and that he wanted to protect his foolish friend.

“OK, Dave. Get him to liquidate but don’t be too obvious. Have him give the money back but don’t make it public at all. I’ll talk with the FBI colleagues. I don’t think they are at all interested in your man. He is small potatoes. However, they may need him as a witness. The SEC is satisfied if he gives back all the investment money and closes up his shop. The FBI will want to protect him and his family. We’ll arrange that immediately. The FBI will confiscate the money in that account. These guys are vicious. The house in Costa Rica is a death trap. These guys remember everything. He will have to get rid of it. He can wait until this is over.”

“Joe, this is Dave. Put someone on my house to watch Brigid.”

“I’ll put someone on the house and another one on Brigid. What about John?”

“I don’t think they know about John. He is much too smart for that. It wouldn’t hurt to look out for him though.”

“Dave, Isn’t this underworld cloak and dagger stuff fun! I don’t know what you are into, but it sounds sinister.”

”When it is all over, come up for a drink and I’ll tell you a good story.”

Sunday was a beautiful day and Fr. Fred teased Maeve that her group was making his numbers look good. New to the group was Grace O’Malley and her boyfriend, Doug Fitzhenry. Doug was warmly welcomed and challenged to remember everyone’s name by the time they got to the restaurant.

Susan suggested name tags for the following Sunday.

The afternoon was lively with great conversation. Grace and Doug told their stories. Doug was a hospital executive, and a very affable, fun guy. Later on, Grace asked if they could come again. “Of course,” said Maeve. “I am so happy that we could reconnect, and June confirmed that sentiment.”

## **ON THIS DAY IN IRISH HISTORY - NOVEMBER**

### **1st**

1883 - Mater Infirmorm Hospital in Belfast takes in its first patients.

1920 - 18-year-old Kevin Barry executed for killing a British soldier.

**3rd** 1841 - Foundation stone is laid for St. Malachy's Church in Belfast.

### **4th**

1957 - Éamon de Valera attends the coronation of Pope John Paul XXIII.

2001 - Police Service of Northern Ireland established.

**5th** 1992 - The Irish government loses a vote of confidence and the Dáil is dissolved.

### **7th**

1924 - Amnesty declared for politically motivated crimes committed during the Civil War.

1940 - Éamon de Valera lets it be known that Irish ports will not be handed over to the British.

1990 - Mary Robinson is elected seventh President of Ireland.

### **8th**

1949 - Street names in any language other than English are banned in Northern Ireland.

1960 - Nine Irish soldiers serving with the United Nations are killed in the Congo.

1987 - The IRA kill eleven people at a Remembrance Service in Enniskillen.

### **9th**

1907 - The Irish International Exhibition ends after six months.

1919 - Labour leader James Larkin arrested in New York for attempting to overthrow a government.

**10th** 1966 - Jack Lynch receives his seal of office as the new Taoiseach.

**11th** 1997 - Mary McAleese inaugurated as the eighth President of Ireland.

**12th** 1957 - Brendan Behan's Borstal Boy is banned by censors.

**13th** 1991 - Defence Secretary Jim McDaid resigns following criticism of his attending an IRA funeral.

### **14th**

1866 - St Peter's Cathedral in Belfast is dedicated.

1923 - William Butler Yeats is awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

**15th** 1985 - Taoiseach Charles Haughey and British PM Margaret Thatcher sign the Anglo-Irish Agreement.

**16th** 1994 - The Fianna Fáil-Labour coalition collapses.

## **17th**

1890 - Captain Willie O'Shea divorces Kitty O'Shea, naming Charles Stewart Parnell as co-respondent.

1926 - Following the killing of two gardaí, President W.T. Cosgrave introduces the Public Safety (Emergency Powers) Bill.

1948 - The Republic of Ireland Act 1948, aimed at repealing the External Relations Act of 1936, is introduced in Dáil Éireann.

## **19th**

1913 - Irish Citizen Army founded by James Connolly to protect workers in the general lockout.

1971 - An Taoiseach Jack Lynch holds talks with British Prime Minister Harold Wilson.

**20th** 1936 - General Eoin O'Duffy leads 600 men to fight for Franco in Spain.

## **21st**

1920 - Bloody Sunday. Following the assassinations of 14 undercover British agents by Michael Collins' men, British forces kill 12 people at a GAA football match at Croke Park.

2001 - GAA abolishes 'Rule 21' so that members of the security forces and British army can play.

**22nd** 1932 - Prince of Wales opens the new parliament building in Belfast.

**23rd** 1867 - William O'Mera Allen, Michael Larkin and William O'Brien are executed at Manchester.

## **24th**

1922 - Erskine Childers is executed for the possession of a gun which Michael Collins had given him as a Christmas present.

1995 - A referendum in the Republic narrowly passes in favour of allowing divorce.

## **25th**

1890 - Charles Stewart Parnell re-elected leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

1892 - Douglas Hyde delivers a lecture to the Irish National Literary Society on 'the necessity of de-anglicising the Irish people'.

1913 - Irish Volunteers founded.

1948 - The Republic of Ireland Act is passed in Dáil Éireann.

**26th** 1998 - Tony Blair becomes the first British Prime Minister to address the Oireachtas.

## **28th**

1863 - First edition of The Irish People.

1905 - Sinn Féin founded.

1913 - Andrew Bonar Law addresses a huge Unionist rally in the Theatre Royal in Dublin, encouraging Ulster to resist Home Rule.

1920 - Flying column led by Tom Barry kills 16 Auxiliaries at Kilmichael in County Cork.

### **29th**

1955 - Bord na gCon set up under the Greyhound Racing Bill.

1979 - Taoiseach Jack Lynch greets EEC heads of government in Dublin.

1999 - Ten designated ministers appointed to the Northern Ireland Assembly.

### **30th**

1947 - A sixty day transport strike ends in Dublin.

1956 - Petrol rationing is introduced in response to the Suez Crisis.

# Na Fianna Éireann and Easter 1916

Glaine inár gcroí -- Purity in our hearts

Neart inár ngéaga -- Strength in our arms

Beart de réir ar mbriathar -- Truth on our lips.

*Na FIANNA ÉIREANN* was founded in 1909 with the object of educating the youth of Ireland in national ideas and re-establishing the independence of the nation. After more than 700 years of enforced English rule, Ireland seemed to be in danger of slowly becoming a contented British province. Unemployment was widespread, poverty rampant and apathy the general condition of the people. Hopelessness seemed the birthright of every boy and girl born in those lean years. The older generations seemed embittered and dispirited. Pride of nationhood was at a low ebb.

The Gaelic League and the Gaelic Athletic Association, founded in the last quarter of the 19th century, had made great strides. They catered for the young adult population. But the boys of Ireland, whose keen young minds should have been educated in their country's heritage, needs and future, were neglected. Through education which Pádraig Mac Piarais would describe as “*The Murder Machine*”, the neglected youth of Ireland were falling prey to the bait of the tyrant. Some escaped their poverty by joining the British Army and helped their oppressor establish his rule in Africa and Asia. Others scraped a bare existence at home, with little opportunity to dwell on the plight of their country, or on their future.

In 1909 Countess Constance Markievicz decided to found an organization for Irish boys. The boys would be held together by the bond of their great love for Ireland. What mattered was honesty and willingness to undertake a life of self-sacrifice and self-denial for their country's sake. It was to be primarily an educational organization. She began at the Westland Row Christian Brothers School and in time became convinced that it would have to be run more on the basis of a "Boys' Republic" with a military-style organization. She invited Bulmer Hobson to assist, as he had previous experience of handling boys, having run a boys' organization in Belfast. At his request, inspired by the Fianna of third century Ireland, as John O'Mahony had been in 1858 when he named the Fenian Brotherhood, she called the organization *Na Fianna Éireann*. An Chead Sluagh was formed in Dublin on 16<sup>th</sup> August 1909, marking the actual founding. Con Colbert joined and soon rose to the rank of Captain; Colbert was also Centre of the John Mitchel Circle of the IRB, devoted to support of Na Fianna. The Fianna established hurling and football teams, pipe bands and ambulance-corps, in every part of the country. The Belfast Sluagh, wearing Fianna uniform, climbed Cave Hill, and standing at McArt's Fort just as Wolfe Tone had done, promised to work unceasingly for the independence of Ireland.

In 1911 **Liam Mellows** joined; **Seán Heuston** was then O/C of Limerick Sluagh. In 1913 Seán Heuston took charge of Sluagh Robert Emmet, and Liam Mellows became a full-time Fianna organizer, and never relaxed his ceaseless activity for the Republic until his death, with fellow Fianna Headquarters staff member **Joe McKelevey**, by a Free State firing squad on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 8<sup>th</sup> December 1922.

Na Fianna played an active part during the **1913 strike**. When the **Irish Volunteers** were formed in the same year, the value of the work undertaken by Na Fianna became obvious. The senior boys were ready and competent to train the Volunteers and accustom them to discipline and, in short, to transform raw recruits into disciplined soldiers, much as West Point Cadets helped train the expanded US Army during America's Second War for Independence (1812-1815). Four Fianna officers were elected to the first Executive Council of the Volunteers and **Liam Mellows** became the first effective secretary. The Fianna drill halls and equipment were at the disposal of the Volunteers and they grew rapidly in strength, along with Na Fianna. Na Fianna was well represented at Bodenstown the same year when Pádraig Mac Piarais led the historic pilgrimage to the grave of Wolfe Tone. This remains an annual event for Na Fianna.

The year 1914 saw further progress for Na Fianna when the first handbook was put in the hands of the Organisation. 1914 also marked Na Fianna's first event of national importance, the **Howth gun running**. They marched from Dublin with the Volunteers, bringing their trek-cart with them, and were the first to reach Erskine Childers' yacht *The Asgard*. A Fianna officer was in charge of the cycle detachment at the Kilcoole gun running, which took place soon afterwards.

From 1915 onwards *Na Fianna Éireann* threw themselves wholeheartedly into anti-British activities; the funeral of O'Donovan Rossa was the occasion of a great display of strength. In 1915 the Fianna re-organised the Sluaighte into Brigade and Battalion formations to bring it into line with the Volunteers.

Seven years of intensive effort and dedicated service to the nation culminated in the glorious Rising of **Easter Week, 1916**, when Fianna officers were given command of important sections of the operations. A party of Fianna and Volunteers successfully attacked and destroyed the arms and munitions in the Magazine Fort in the Phoenix Park, thus signaling the start of the Rising. This party then proceeded to the Broadstone Railway Station, where the O/C of the Dublin Fianna was severely wounded in the attack. They also participated in the capture of the Linen Hall Barracks and the fierce fighting in North King Street. Seán Heuston was in charge at the Mendicity Institution on Usher's Island, and with his small garrison, defended his position for three days. Liam Staines, a member of "F" Sluagh, was severely wounded during the fighting there. Con Colbert was second in command in Marrowbone Lane and assumed command at the surrender.

**Madame Markievicz with Michael Mallin**, held the College of Surgeons with Citizen Army and some Fianna boys. Members of Na Fianna were engaged in the fighting in other parts also, and, in addition, carried out the dangerous work of dispatch carrying and scouting. Six Fianna boys were killed, several were wounded and **Seán Heuston** and **Con Colbert** were executed on May 8, 1916.

**Liam Mellows**, the Fianna organiser, led the **1916 Rising in the West**. He was in command of the Western Division of the Volunteers and planned to drive the British out of the West by capturing all posts and barracks there and then marching on Galway City. They captured the barracks at Clarenbridge and marched to Oranmore.

With the end of the Rising, **Liam Mellows**, with two loyal comrades, fled to the mountains - hunted outlaws. After four months on the run Mellows was instructed to go to **America** to campaign for funds for the Movement. His safe passage, and return, was arranged by Charlie Holt (father of Mary Holt Moore), who worked on a ship carrying Guinness to New York. Mellows worked ceaselessly for the cause in America until his return to Ireland in 1920.

With the release of the bulk of the internees in December 1916, *Na Fianna Éireann* HQ Staff was re-constituted under **Ard Fheinne, Countess Markievicz** (still in prison). Fianna took an active part in all militant activities, which included marching at the funeral of Thomas Ashe, the anti-conscription campaign and several raids for arms. The Annual Ard-Fheis in 1919 at the Mansion House **pledged its allegiance to the Irish Republic**, as the Fianna of today continue to do.

From 1919 to 1921, Na Fianna took an active part in the **Irish War for Independence**, the fight for freedom (also known as the First Defence of the Republic), throughout the country. They carried dispatches for the Irish Republican Army (IRA), reconnoitered barracks, etc., engaged in intelligence work of all kinds, rendered first aid to the wounded. Officers and senior scouts succeeded in securing arms and actively engaged the enemy on numerous occasions. The heroism of the boys of Ireland during this period would require many volumes.

At the Ard-Fheis held after the Truce, the Director of Organisation gave the strength of the organization as around 25,000; it had begun in 1909 with eight boys from a CBS in Dublin. At the general parade of all national bodies which took place in Smithfield, Dublin, to celebrate the Truce, the Fianna who paraded from the Dublin Brigade, under Garry Holohan, numbered 2,100 all ranks. Na Fianna Éireann, were true to their allegiance to the Republic and offered their lives in its defense; their sacrifices were very real. *Na Fianna Éireann* remains true to the **Irish Republic**, proclaimed in arms during **Easter Week 1916**, ratified by the Irish electorate 14<sup>th</sup> December 1918 (in a virtual national self-determination plebiscite), and by democratically elected representatives, **Teachta Dála Éireann (TDÉ)**, **Declared its Independence** through *An Chéad Dáil Éireann* (the First Dáil Éireann) on 21<sup>st</sup> January 1919. ###