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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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An American Storm – An Irish American Rainbow

by

Raymond D. Aumack

Patrick and Maeve were having dinner at her apartment. Maeve was telling him about wedding dress shopping with Theresa and her mother, Brigid, and what fun it turned out to be.

“I’m glad,” said Patrick. “After reading horror stories about wedding preparations, I was hoping we would get to enjoy our own wedding preparations and praying that they would be relatively stress free. I have this poetic dream that the preparations are part of the celebration of our love. I’ll miss my parents because I think they would have enjoyed being part of this. But I’ll enjoy your parents involvement.”

“What would you like to do for our honeymoon,” asked Patrick? “ have an idea I would like to share with you, but first tell me what you would like to do.”

“You already know what I would like to do,” said Maeve. “The question is where would you like to do it? I would love hear your idea.”

“I found a book in our library called, Back Roads and Country Inns. It describes a host of great country inns beginning at New Hope, at an inn called the 1740 House, named for the year the Inn was founded. It gives us a track though the Carolina Mountains all the way to Kentucky. I thought we could drive from Kentucky up to Washington. I know a couple of great Irish pubs in Washington. Then for the second week, we could fly to Bermuda from Washington. No one celebrates an old-fashioned Christmas like the Brits. Also the weather should be moderate in Bermuda.”

Maeve sat there with a startled look on her face. “Pat, that sounds fantastic. It seems so creative and fun. There won’t be too much driving will there?”

“I don’t think so. There will be sightseeing opportunities, and we will be in the car together with the beauty of the earth and each other. Also, we can share the driving.”

Maeve jumped up from her chair into his lap with a very passionate kiss and hugs. “Can you come to my office for lunch tomorrow? Susan has a draft of our wedding invitation and we should both approve it. Lunch will be on Garvey Associates.”

“I need to run one more thing by you,” said Maeve. “We have everything we will ever need. We don’t need money. I have more kitchen appliances than we will ever use. I have a complete set of everyday dishes and two full sets of bone china for formal occasions. We have enough Waterford Crystal glassware to host a large party. The only time I used those was the first time you came to dinner and last Thanksgiving.”

“I remember it well.”

“We have bedsheets and plenty of towels. I would like to ask if guests would donate the cost of a gift to St. Paul’s Food Pantry and kitchen, in our name, so we can personally thank them.”

“What a great idea! I love it,” said Patrick.

Maeve added, “I’m sure some people will disobey, and we’ll still have fun opening some packages.”

The next day, Patrick arrived by Uber, promptly at noon, to avoid the drama of finding a parking space.

Maeve produced sandwiches from their favorite deli and some salads. Susan produced a beautiful draft of the invitation.

The invitation was beautifully written with gold script against a green background. On the opposite page was St. Paul’s panegyric on love from First Corinthians.

“I didn’t want to ignore the Christmas season. I used the green color. Surrounding the green insert was a slightly larger white card. It was centered on the cover page and read, ‘An invitation to join us to celebrate our joy for the marriage of our daughter, Maeve Brigid Garvey and Patrick Brendan Malone.’ written in an elegant script with black ink.”

“Pat, what do you think?”

“Maeve, Susan, it is beautiful. Can the printer secure the insert to make it easier for us to put into an envelope? You will want to include the insert about gift-giving.”

“Hmm! Should the text also read on the insert page that David and Brigid Garvey are making the announcement.”

A startled Susan said, “Yes, of course that should be the text. I can’t believe I overlooked that. Thank you, Patrick, for catching that. I’m sure the printer will either attach the insert or arrange it so that the inserts are inside.”

While he was writing on notepaper, Patrick said, “Susan we can’t thank you enough. God bless your talent, imagination, and generosity to do this.”

He gave Maeve the note to approve, “Gifts are usually given at weddings, but for us, your presence is present enough. If you feel compelled to give us a gift, consider a donation of like value to St. Paul’s Church Food Pantry in our name so that we can appropriately thank you. St. Paul’s address follows this message. Make sure you include your address.”

Maeve approved, as did Susan.

“Patrick you are amazing,” said Maeve, as she reached over and kissed him on the cheek.

“You’re welcome,” said Patrick. “ I have been doing a lot of thinking and some research on wedding celebrations. I’m so glad that Susan created this so beautifully. When will they be ready?”

“They should be ready next week. Theresa, June, and I will help Brigid address and stuff.”

“Can I help, too,” asked Maeve?

“No,” said Susan. “You already organized the wedding and provided the groom. You do everything for everybody. Let us do something for you.”

“Thank you,” said a humbled Maeve.

John and Theresa had planned a dinner at John’s country club apartment to host his parents, Dave and Brigid. John was going to show off another of

his secret skills, one of his culinary masterpieces, lasagna with home-made gravy. He had assembled his special ingredients the evening before and would put it in the oven while they were having drinks. Theresa would produce a Mediterranean salad and purchase Tartuffes for dessert.

Simultaneous messages went out to Dave's and John's secretaries asking both to meet at the club parking lot, each note stating that they needed help with something from their car. They were to meet at 7:30 PM.

Dave with Brigid and John with Theresa pulled into the parking lot at precisely 7:30. As they left their cars, each started to ask the other what help they needed. Before the question could be answered, five assailants leapt out of the shadows, each one grabbing one of the Garveys.

The assailant who grabbed Theresa had a gun in his hand. She immediately reacted with a severe karate chop to his forearm, numbing the muscle so that he dropped the gun. She then whirled around and kicked him in the groin. So severe was the kick that if had been on a football field, it would have resulted in a forty-yard field goal. She grabbed him by the ears and with her thumbs deeply gouged in both eyes, then slammed his screaming head into her knee.

She immediately pushed another assailant off of Brigid while a black streak whistled by her and slammed into David's assailant. The cracking of ribs sounded like a clap of thunder. The thug who was pushed off of Brigid was actually after David and had a gun in his hand. Theresa screamed, "GUN." Reaching across the stunned Brigid, she pushed the assailant's shoulder splaying his shot. Dierdre, the streak of black fell to the ground in front of Dave to cover his body and fired her gun at the same time. The bullet hit the assailant in the center of his chest, while his bullet caught a clump of her flying flaming red hair, striking John, creasing the fleshy skin of his side, just above his hip. John had disarmed his assailant tearing his shoulder from its cuff. He picked the man up over his head and slammed him head first into the doorpost of his father's Volvo van just as the bullet grazed him. The whole episode took about sixty-five seconds. The fifth assailant ran out of the parking lot and into a field when a shot to buttock brought him to the ground. Two FBI agents ran to the assault area while a third ran to grab the felon he had just shot. Dierdre was up in an instant with her hands up. "Don't shoot." Her gun was in her belt so she could grab it fast, if need be.

“Who are you?”

“Security Agent, Garvey Legal.”

“Are you alright?”

“I just had my hair done and he shot it half away. Who are you and what are you doing with a gun?”

“FBI, Ted McCarthy. We were assigned to keep an eye on the Garvey family.”

“I’m Mr. Garvey’s body guard.”

Theresa helped Brigid to her feet and made sure she was unhurt. Brigid ran to the startled Dave who held her while they were both quivering with shock. The FBI agent helped them both. John dragged the unconscious felon to the feet of the FBI agent.

Dierdre took Theresa’s arm, and said, “Girl, you have got impressive skills. I’m just glad everyone is alright. That heap isn’t. He can’t walk or see. His nose is impaled into his brain, and he may never have sex again. Doing what you did to help Mrs. Garvey saved my life and the life of Mr. Garvey. If you didn’t lunge for the bastard, his bullet would have been in the center of my head rather than my hair. Mr. Garvey is the one they were after. The gun was pointed at him before he knew I had one.”

That was when Theresa saw John leaning against his car bleeding profusely.

She grabbed a sweatshirt from the car and used it to try to slow or stop the bleeding. Neither she nor John knew it was a flesh wound. While they are superficial for a bullet wound, they are also messy bleeders. Dierdre looked at the wound and pronounced it curable. “See, the bullet just grazed the skin. He’ll be alright.”

One of the FBI agents called the police, arranged for four ambulances, and a morgue wagon. He also alerted the FBI team to move in on the cartel they had been shadowing for months and had another detail arrest Sean MacNeil, Dave’s colleague and long-time friend, the only one who could have master-minded this plot. The FBI had been shadowing him for several months.

A paramedic assisted John. He washed away the blood with alcohol, declared the wound superficial and wrapped up John's middle with enough gauze to house a mummy. "The fourth ambulance is on the way. These three are severely injured. You are going need some stitches."

John, Theresa, Dave, and Brigid embraced in a group hug. Dave said a brief prayer of thanksgiving. Theresa noted that they would have to postpone dinner. Brigid poked her in the ribs. Dave called Dierdre over for another group hug, kissed her on the forehead and said a fervent thank you. Cap't Crilley, a friend of Dave, came over for one more check to see that they were alright. "You'll have to go to the hospital for one more check-up. We recovered five guns, one that Theresa kicked away, another that John kicked away. The deceased still has a gun in his hand; they found one on the guy in the field and another on the ground near the guy with the broken ribs. They are Glock 40's, each with a ten-round clip of hollow point bullets, designed to kill on contact. They provide their members with impressive fire power."

"MacNeil is in jail?" asked Dave.

"He'll be there for a long, long time. They don't look away from four attempted murders, felonious assault, conspiracy, and a host of SEC violations."

"I'm not sure," said Dave. "He has almost a half billion that he was laundering in the Caymans. The bad guys are going to want retribution for the money the FBI will confiscate."

"OK, I didn't know that. I guess that justice eventually will be done."

"The irony is that he would have been free and clear. I had a deal set up with the SEC and the FBI to not charge him in return for giving up the cartel. He wouldn't take it. He was a friend for many years. I can't imagine that he would kill me and my family."

"That is exactly what he was trying to do."

The hospital was still crowded with police personnel. The severely injured felons were being treated. All required surgery and were under heavy police guard.

John was treated by an excellent surgeon. His wound was clean and free of infection. The doctor treated it with an antibiotic ointment as a precaution. He took great pride in his internal stitching so there would be no scar.

Theresa, Dierdre, Dave, and Brigid were thoroughly examined and declared ready to leave when John was ready. Capt. Crilley arranged to have a police van bring them home.

They brought them straight to the Garvey home that was lit up like a stadium for night game. The whole family was there to greet them.

“How did you even know about this,” asked Brigid?

Brigid started to cry, and Theresa was teary. Dierdre was there to comfort them and explain that they were coming down from a peak adrenaline experience. Dave felt the same way and brought out the Cork distilled Irish whiskey that he once shared with John. It helped the five of them.

Maeve explained that the news was all over the television and radio.

Susan and June with Michael and Brian, hugged them tightly, grateful that they were safe. The hugging was a little sore for John, but he never complained. They just sat in the living room and chatted about the experience until the parents finally got sleepy. Dierdre was excitedly telling everyone about Theresa’s awesome skills.

John finally asked if this was one of the many mysteries that would be uncovered in marriage. While she wasn’t as humorous as she normally was, she told the story. “Villanova was a wild party school when I was a student there. As part of Freshman Orientation they had a week long training program on personal safety for female students. I liked it so much I took a semester-long three credit course and developed proficiencies that I never had to use until now. I am grateful for them because, according to Dierdre, they helped save her life along with the lives of Dave and Brigid. Unfortunately, the shot from the dead guy hit both Dierdre through her beautiful hair and took away one of John’s love handles.”

Maeve laughed, “Whatever will you hang on to?”

“Ha, in that course, I learned creativity in the heat of the moment. I’ll think of something. I’m glad I have these skills. I never had to use them before, and I hope I won’t ever again.”

Everyone stood up in the middle of the living room for both group and individual hugs. John took Theresa upstairs for the long sleep that they so richly deserved.

Dierdre remained on guard until morning when her boss called her on her cell phone. He asked her for the details of what happened. She gave him a succinct, report-like, accurate statement of every detail including that her new hair-do was all blown apart. She shot the failed murderer, so she would have to turn her gun temporarily over to the police. She then told how, Theresa, John’s fiancé, practically disemboweled her attacker, saved Brigid from her attacker, lunged to disrupt the shots that were destined for me and Mr. Garvey, giving me a split second to shoot him. The bullet that was destined for me went through my hair instead of my head, but it grazed John just above the hip. John took a lot of stitches but will be fine.”

“How ever did she do all of that,” asked Joe?

“Boss, she has amazing skills. Even in my Marine training, I never saw anything like that. Oh, by the way, you would be proud of my tackling skills. My tackle smashed all the ribs on the right side of the guy who was about to do in Mr. Garvey.”

So you shot the guy about to kill Mr. Garvey and disabled another guy about to kill Mr. Garvey.”

‘In reverse order, Boss. But don’t forget Theresa who made the whole defense happen.”

“Take a couple of days off. Cooperate with the police if they call you. Tell the press that you can’t talk with them until after the FBI clears it. I’m sure they will set up a press conference.”

There was a lot of interviewing, investigating, and questioning. There indeed was a press conference. Condolences poured in from the Garvey’s many friends in Philadelphia. Everyone wanted to interview Theresa and Dierdre. The two beautiful women made for good television viewing.

Theresa had to put on her serious persona. Dierdre kept deflecting questions toward Theresa. Dierdre was a Marine intelligence officer in Afghanistan and, in combat, experienced a lifetime of heroism. Even with that she tried to highlight Theresa's role. Between the Gala and the attack, Theresa had enough publicity to last a lifetime. John tried to keep a low profile. However, that was almost impossible with Theresa as his fiancé and him being the only wounded victim. Brigid avoided the limelight as much as possible and clung close to Dave playing the shy matronly mother and wife. She was shocked that there was an attempt on their lives but secretly found the whole experience stimulating.

At the office, Dave and Joe, his Director of Security and Investigation, and old friends from Joe's police force days, shared drinks from another bottle of Irish from the Cork distillery. Dave told Joe the whole story, even though Joe had read all the reports. He told Joe that he was going to give Dierdre a substantial bonus. He was as surprised as anyone over Theresa's skills and there was no doubt that she saved them from a disaster. But he also knew that Dierdre threw her body over his and would have taken the bullet that only creased John. The speed of her action saved his life and took the life of the assailant, the only one left able to fire his gun in the single but terrible and awesome moment of the assault.

"Joe, this afternoon, I want you to take me to the County Jail. I feel that I have to visit with MacNeil. I know that I have to see him in court, but we were close friends until this dreadful episode."

"I know what you mean, boss. I also know when your better angels are operative."

"Don't tell anyone. I don't want the press to make a big thing of this."

Dave was very quiet on the brief trip outside the city. Joe parked the car and Dave asked him to stay outside.

Inside, after signing clearances and submitting to a frisk search for a concealed weapon, Dave was escorted to the attorney's visiting room. Given the circumstances, the Warden required a correction's officer in the room with them.

MacNeil was ushered in and shackled to the table. Dave just sat in silence and stared at his friend of many years for several very long minutes. MacNeil broke the silence and with pouring tears said, "I'm sorry, Dave."

"Sean Michael, I don't know what demons brought you to this moment, but they can't help you now. Just so you know, all of this was so unnecessary. I arranged with the SEC and the FBI for you to be totally free given appropriate conditions. I forgive you for attempting to kill me, Sean. As for my family, forgiveness is between you and God. I hope you speak to the prison chaplain. Tell me, why attack Brigid, John, and Theresa."

"I never thought that Brigid and Theresa would be with you. John was there because I knew that would attract you."

"You had five thugs just for John and me?"

"These guys take no chances. I understand that Theresa took on the crew single-handedly."

"One is dead. That's on you, Sean. Two might be disabled for life. The FBI shot one as he was trying to run away. And my body guard who was shot through her hair, disabled the remaining thug. My son was shot and wounded. That too is in the hands of God."

"Time is up Mr. Garvey," said the guard.

Dave's parting words, "I always valued our friendship, Sean Michael. You have a terrible life remaining to you. I hope you arranged for your family to enjoy your retirement fund. Tell them to get rid of the house in Costa Rica. It will be a death trap."

Dave rose from the table and thanked the officer. He walked out the door and never looked back.

When they got back to the office, Dave asked Joe to send Dierdre up.

Dierdre came in and looked around admiring the décor of the Garvey corporate suite.

"Dierdre, this is a bonus. I can never properly thank you for what you did."

Dierdre opened the envelope and blinked in surprise. “Mr. Garvey, I can’t accept this. I was only doing my job. Theresa was the one who saved the day.”

“Theresa will be my daughter-in-law a year from December. She is something of a surrogate daughter from the time Maeve brought her home many years ago. Her parents are deceased, and we gladly filled in for them. I am as surprised as anyone can be that this beautiful, sophisticated, demure, adorable, funny, an advocate for non-violence, and very capable do-gooder, has the skills of a trained killer, and I am grateful they were used to protect us. She works with Maeve now and I’ll have ample time to reward her.”

“Dierdre, do you like working for us?”

“Mr. Garvey, I love working for you.”

“Dierdre when Joe hired you, I, of course, signed-off on your employment with us. The job called for security analysis and client surveillance for divorce cases and whatever else necessary. When I read our due diligence and vetting reports about your Silver Star, the Croix de Guerre for saving a French soldier in the face of withering fire, and the other medals for courage in combat, and your superior rating with the military, I was afraid that you would be bored here. Your experience and talents were so much more than we thought we needed. Joe convinced me otherwise. We never anticipated that I would ever need a bodyguard, though some of our attorneys, on occasion would. Also, as you know, I know the name and history of everyone who works in this building and our other offices. This place works because I work to mold it as a family. Every component of a family works to support every other component. Yesterday I read a story in the paper about a mother who gave her kidney to save her child. That is extraordinary support that neither mother nor daughter ever thought they would require. Yet, when the need was there, they were there for each other. When the chips were down, you were there for me. I’ll never forget how you covered my body with yours, ready to take the bullet that was intended for me. Theresa’s lunge helped or I would paying for your funeral. The speed of your reaction, the accuracy of your shot, your cool in the intensity of a white-hot moment, made the difference. I’m giving you this bonus of \$25,000 because of your extraordinary service to Garvey Legal

Associates and to me personally. I would be foolish to think that we are all angels here. But I do know there is one angel here, and you are her. Now please take the money and the love and gratitude of me and my family. Dierdre is the Irish word for 'sorrow.' You are our joy."

"You are making me cry, Mr. Garvey. Thank you."

"My kids and their intendeds are smitten with you. Don't be surprised if they invite you to church and brunch afterwards. They do it every Sunday. My wife and I have joined them. It is fun."

As time drifted toward Thanksgiving, Maeve did invite Dierdre to join them for Mass and brunch. She came each Sunday with a Marine buddy, Tommy Farrell, with whom she served in Afghanistan. Maeve wasn't sure if it was a romantic relationship. Maybe the friendship needed some time to cook. Dierdre is an extraordinarily sharp woman and she will eventually figure it out.

Maeve planned to host Thanksgiving dinner. She hired her dad's favorite catering service. However, Brigid wanted to contribute two turkeys and Theresa was to cook a third. The catering service would provide everything else including hors d'oeuvres, dinner, dinnerware, glassware, chairs, tray tables and serving staff. All the friends, Susan and June's parents, and June's sisters were part of the celebration. Fr. Fred and Desmond would be over later. Maeve planned for twenty-five guests. There were enough chairs and tray tables.

Susan quipped that last Thanksgiving she had met Michael. This Thanksgiving they were in the pre-Cana experience. June and Fr. Jim would be a little late as well, because of activities at the Jesuit Mission.

On Thanksgiving morning, Maeve walked over to St. Paul's for Thanksgiving Mass. The sun was already high in the sky but there was an appropriate cold but refreshing nip in the air. Chatting with Fr. Fred Milos after Mass, he invited her inside for coffee. Maeve told him what they had chosen to do about generating money for the food pantry. Fr. Fred would

be at the soup kitchen all day before joining in the Garvey festivities. They talked about Fr. Paul and how much he is missed.

“He is doing a great job at Notre Dame. From what I read, they maybe the pacemakers in the struggle for Catholic Identity with a pluralistic student body. You do know that he was Patrick’s roommate at Notre Dame.”

“Yes, Patrick told me that.”

“Did you know that your friend, Dierdre, was awarded the Silver Star.”

“I’m stunned. I didn’t know that.”

“Yeah, I hope I’m not revealing secrets. Her friend, Tommy Farrell told me. His squad was pinned down and was about to be overrun, which would have meant their death. Dierdre and two other women went searching for them and followed the sound of gunfire exchange. On their flank, they took on this superior force and pushed them back far enough to cover the escape of the squad, that included her friend, Tommy. The three women were decorated for extraordinary heroism in the face of enemy fire. Please don’t say anything. Tommy is recovering from PTSD and I don’t know if he should have told me that.”

“My lips are sealed. We’ll see you later this afternoon or early tonight.”

The Thanksgiving festivities were outstanding. Everyone was having a marvelous time associating with each other. Buffet tables were set up around the dining room walls. There was plenty of room for everyone. Everyone brought a gift of some sort including wine, cakes, pies, specialty hors d’oeuvres, family recipes for vegetables. Everything was graciously accepted and included in the buffet.

Before they broke for dinner, Dave led the grace that included personal and family gratitude for surviving the debacle of a few weeks earlier. He also prayed for Sean MacNeil and his family. Before anyone said “amen” Theresa raised her hand. “I would also like to pray in thanksgiving for our new friends, Dierdre and Tommy. I received a call last night from one of our press contacts. Dierdre, this will be in all of tomorrow’s papers. Dierdre is the recipient of the Silver Star, the Croix de Guerre, and a host of other medals and citations. Tommy is also in line for a medal following an investigation about how their unit was cut off. A friend who is a reporter

called me to tell me that last night. I'm sorry Dierdre, but you can't be famous and unexposed at the same time. With whatever is left in our glasses, I would like to toast Dierdre and Tommy and thank them for their service."

Everyone drank up and hugged Dierdre and shook Tommy's hand. The news added to the joviality of the evening.

There was food left for the expected late comers and the joy of celebration continued until the early morning hours. Maeve was watching Tommy and Dierdre carefully to see if there would be any ill effects from having their heroism outed. Both handled it well which was a major stride forward for Tommy. Unfortunately, the press has no idea about the fragility of PTSD sufferers. As a psychotherapist, Maeve understood fragility quite well. During the evening Maeve mentioned to Dierdre that she could call her if a stress related emergency came up. It did not and both were at Mass the following Sunday.

Two weeks later, after much conspiratorial planning, the guys were hosting a bachelor dinner for Patrick. Dinner was planned by John with the help of Desmond at the Bookbinder's restaurant. After dinner they would go to the Limping Leprechaun, a local Irish tavern where Jimmy Byrne was entertaining. Jimmy was involved in the planning. Jesuit Father Sean Tully, a colleague of Patrick's, would bring him to the restaurant on the pretext of a celebration dinner for the publication of an article they co-authored. Father Sean had extended invitations to several of the friends that Patrick had made at the university. Father Jim from the Jesuit Mission was also part of the conspiracy and would join them at bookbinders. Desmond had reserved a private room for the dinner.

Meanwhile, Theresa, since the guys were going to be occupied for the evening, planned a gathering at John's apartment for the bridesmaids, Dierdre, Grace O'Malley, and Brigid. Maeve was adamant about not wanting a bridal shower. She didn't want to put any expensive obligations on her friends. She had already told them to wear whatever gown in their closet that they felt was suitable. Though Maeve dressed impeccably well,

she also had a flair for the eclectic. However, what her friends planned was a surprise lingerie party, and the promise was that it would be a fun night. With John's help, Theresa planned, hors d'oeuvres, drinks, with a bartender making frequent appearances to freshen drinks from John's private bar, and a cake suitable for a bridal shower. Gift packages would be given to the doorman at the club and stashed out of sight until Theresa called for them.

Theresa had made up "Ask the Bride" questions and put them in a hat for selection and discussion. They were all funny questions and the answers would provide hilarious discussion, or at least Theresa hoped they would.

The men's group had already gathered at Bookbinders. When Fr. Sean and Patrick arrived, Desmond greeted them and said to follow him to their "reserved table." As they walked into the room, everyone shouted, "SURPRISE." It took Patrick totally by surprise. There were about thirty of his soon-to-be relatives, friends, and colleagues including Fr. Paul who flew in for the evening and stayed at his former rectory with Fr. Milos. All the clergy were dressed in civilian clothes. Everyone gathered around him with handshakes and hugs. John had pre-ordered steak dinners with beer, wine, and soft drinks.

As the meal was ending, John asked Patrick to tell the story of his life.

"Wow!" said Pat. "I don't know where to begin."

"Start with the parish high school, when you were boy hero in a small town," said John.

Patrick told his story about his success on the classroom and on the football field and the basketball court. He was golden and successful at everything he touched. He talked about being bullied because of it. He was painfully shy around girls until one of them finally asked him to take her to the movies. She became his steady girlfriend, and both enjoyed that status throughout their senior year. She gradually helped him create a comfort zone, both learned the joy of kissing, and most of all the joy of talking. Their ability to talk and share broke through the protective boundaries of Patrick's shyness. They were the most glamorous of couples, Pat the best-known boy in town, the successful scholar, a winner of a Presidential Scholarship

and chose Notre Dame, and the successful quarterback who led his team to a sectional championship for the first time, and his selection to the All-County team. The young lady who performed this miracle became the Prom Queen along with Patrick who was the Prom King.

“I was so blest to have her as a girlfriend. At that time, she was my best friend.”

“Then I went to Notre Dame and, all of a sudden, I was a small fish in a big pond. There were intellectual currents all around me and I couldn’t identify with any of them. I was lucky to have Paul for a roommate because he taught me about the varying dynamics that were circulating all around me. Paul was cool. He knew everything. He joined many of the social action programs on campus. He had many female friends and introduced them to me. I joined a Bridge Club and a Chess Club, attended the football games, and went to parties. I dated a lot but didn’t have any romantic relationships. Loyola University in Chicago offered me a scholarship to their Ph.D. program if I taught for three years after completing the degree. They were interested in my interest in Irish Mythology. They did publish my dissertation.”

“Let me have a beer while Paul fact checks me.”

Paul was wickedly funny, though respectful, telling stories about Patrick and his search for meaning. He finally said that search was fulfilled on the day he met Maeve. “I was with him. Maeve suddenly fulfilled what was missing at Notre Dame and probably at Loyola, a caring friend and that friendship morphed in a flaming love. May it continue to flame for a lifetime and into eternity.”

Patrick generated some social and intellectual growth stories at St. Joseph’s University. Patrick was the shy conservative and now has become the flaming liberal.

John announced that the bus he ordered was outside to take them to the next venue for the evening’s entertainment.

The next two hours at the Limping Leprechaun Pub were soul soaring. They drank beer and sang Irish songs with the help of Jimmy Byrne. John announced that the cost of the bus was on him since he didn’t consult anyone to order it. He had arranged a flat rate for dinner and drinks and

that everyone could pay him back whenever they were ready. John, Michael, and Brian. had hired an Uber to pick them up and deliver each to their homes.

While all of this was happening another party was flourishing at John's apartment. The women had plenty to eat and enough to drink and the stories and laughter provided great entertainment.

Theresa's game was a big hit. "How much did Patrick change in the last two years. Where was your first date? What was the first kiss like? What was the most recent kiss like? Did you and Patrick read a sex manual together? Did you know that the *Joy of Sex* was written by Dr. Comfort?" That generated a lot of laughter.

The bartender left after refreshing the drinks with a signal from Theresa to bring up the presents.

When they arrived Maeve said that she didn't want anyone to buy presents. Theresa assured her that whatever gifts were here contained things that she didn't have but might need. Maeve opened the first package and blushed all over. It was a beautiful but see-through negligee. Each garment or item of underwear generated and lot of lascivious comment from the small group. In the last package were the two books, *The Joy of Sex* and *More Joy of Sex* by Dr. Alex Comfort. Everyone wanted the books passed around.

"Oh my," said Brigid, "when we were married books like this were banned. We had to figure it out with lots of practice."

"This is getting to be like a young teen sleepover."

Giggles erupted into deep laughter from this aware group of young thirties women. All were beauties in their own right including Maeve's mother.

Maeve thanked everyone profusely and confessed that she didn't have any of the gifted garments and that she would read the books with intense concentration, generating laughs from everyone.

Theresa said, "You can't go on your honeymoon in your BVD's"

"Gee, I wasn't planning on anything."

“Well, that’s one option,” said Theresa.

“That’s not what I meant,” laughed Maeve.

Everyone thanked Theresa for hosting a wonderful fun evening.

Brigid offered anyone a ride. Everyone was very happy and sober and didn’t require a ride.

On Christmas eve, everyone gathered at Maeve’s apartment for coffee, drinks, and snacks after the 10:30 PM Mass. Theresa led Christmas Carols on the piano. By 2:00 AM, everyone was gone, and Theresa and John stayed with Maeve and Patrick and they hung out together for another half hour.

A few days before, after clearing the idea with Brigid, David called Sean MacNeill’s wife and invited her and any family she had with her to Christmas dinner. Sarah MacNeil almost couldn’t respond. Though touched by the gesture, she indicated that the family had planned to be at the home of one of their children. Sean was being held without bail for the severity of the crime and for his own safety. Sarah was weepy. That Sean Michael could be involved in something so dastardly was beyond her imagining.

“Sarah, we have all been good friends for many years. Even though we were victims, friends stand up for each other in times of crisis. There will be tough times ahead for you and your children, as well as for us. There will be a trial with a lot of unpleasant publicity. I want you to know that we know, that you are a victim as well.”

“God bless you David Garvey. You have been a bright light in an otherwise bleak Christmas.”

Christmas at the Garvey’s was a joyous event. Susan and her parents were present. Brigid and Dave were nostalgic. This was the last Christmas that their children would be single and part of their family. For the next Christmas, they would be families of their own.

Once again, June’s Irish egg nog was a big hit. The next day she and Brian were going to visit June’s parents and visit again at the rectory, this time with Fr. Tom Foley, who had replaced their former pastor. June’s

parents, Dave and Jane. were really quite enthusiastic about him. He had been to their home several times for dinner. When he moved into the rectory, he found the unopened history of Gettysburg and the parish.

The visit was wonderful, and Father Tom effusively welcomed them. They were celebrating Christmas all over again and Father Tom would be with them for another Christmas dinner with the Gilliam family. They invited Fr. Tom to concelebrate their wedding Mass and to offer grace with comments at the reception. They were going to stay overnight and return to Philadelphia the next day for the rehearsal.

Dave, Jane, and the girls would be at the wedding on Saturday.

Saturday was a glorious day for a wedding. The sky was so clear that one could see right up to heaven.

John escorted his mother to her seat. Patrick's brothers were present, and they occupied the honor pew on the other side of the main aisle. Both sides filled in with the plethora of guests. Several of Patrick's students came for the Mass.

There were fourteen priest concelebrants leading the procession traversing the aisle two by two with Fr. Paul walking alone behind them. The priests separated and moved to either side of the altar while Fr. Paul stood in front of the altar to greet the wedding party. Susan, June, and Maria processed with a significant space between them to an O'Carolan march. At the altar, each usher stepped out to escort the bridesmaids and led them to the prie-dieus in front of the concelebrating priests. With another fanfare, Theresa, stunning, in a floor length red gown began her solitary walk up the aisle. She was intent on being reserved until she saw Diedre who was silently clapping for her. She smiled broadly the rest of the way to the altar where John greeted her and escorted her to her Maid of Honor prie-dieu.

The magnificent old pipe organ exploded with the great sounds of Respighi's Fountains of Rome with heavy emphasis on the triumphal trumpet sound. Dave proudly escorted his daughter down the aisle to the waiting collection of her closest friends. Dave shook Patrick's hand and told him that Maeve has chosen the best of husbands, put their hands together , and kissed her on the cheek, then oth to take care of each other.. The

Fountains of Rome piece ended just as they were greeted by Fr. Paul. Bobby Byrne led the congregation in "O Come All Ye Faithful" while Paul and the other priests situated themselves for the beginning of the wedding liturgy.

For his homily, Paul blended St. Paul's panegyric on love interspersed with phrases from Jacque Brel's "If We Only Have Love." It was a beautiful reflection. At the offertory, Jim and Bobby harmonized Leonard Cohen's "Alleluia," adapted by an Irish priest for a wedding hymn with the congregation singing the chorus of alleluias. It was a beautiful liturgy and the packed church seemed energized by the spirit of community, including Susan's parents who hadn't been energized by anything liturgical in many years.

Patrick and Maeve boldly spoke their wedding vows so they could be heard by the entire congregation. Their rings were blessed as a symbol of eternal love and Fr. Paul spoke of them as such.

During the reflection after the Eucharist, Jim and Bobby Byrne sang the "Irish Wedding Song."

As Mass ended, Patrick and Maeve processed together as the congregation sang the song of Joy from Beethoven's 9th Symphony and led the congregation through the front door of the church and into a new life.

The reception at their country club was an electric affair and a good time was had by all. The mixture of American and Irish music filled the late afternoon and evening. Theresa, as one would expect led, the group with dancing, taught dance steps, sang with Bob and Jimmy, and, to his credit, John kept up with her.

No one, for the first time in several weeks, mentioned the assassination attempt.

Patrick and Maeve spent the night at her apartment and later the next morning set out for the 1740 House on the Delaware River.



**IRISH AMERICAN
CULTURAL INSTITUTE**
Jersey Shore Chapter

IACI SYMPOSIUM ON BIRTH OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC A SUCCESS

PRESS RELEASE — On Saturday, November 2, a meeting room at the Friendly Sons of the Shillelagh in Belmar was filled to capacity with Irish history enthusiasts gathered together for the IACI symposium, “Ireland 1913 to 1923: A Decade in a Day.” The day-long event, held in coordination with Ireland’s “Decade of Centenaries,” examined a decade of revolution—ten momentous years in Irish history that witnessed the birth of a nation and were instrumental in laying a foundation for today’s Irish Republic.

The Deputy Consul General of Ireland in New York, Mr. Seán Ó hAodha, participated and shared opening remarks and thought-provoking insights gained as an Irish Government representative focused on promoting Irish interests and supporting a strong partnership between the U.S. and Ireland. Dr. Peter Halas, Chairman of the IACI-Jersey Shore Chapter, provided an overview of the day’s agenda and introduced historians from the U.S. and Ireland who examined key events in this nation-shaping decade.

Christine Kinealy, professor of history and founding director of Ireland’s Great Hunger Institute at Quinnipiac University, CT, contextualized the historical underpinnings of the decade.

Maureen Dunphy Brady, who holds an MA in Irish and Irish American Studies from NYU Glucksman Ireland House, examined the period from 1912 to the 1916 Easter Rising.

Henry McNally, recipient of the 2019 Eoin McKiernan Award, discussed the post-Rising period, the 1918 Election and the creation of Dáil Éireann, Ireland’s Parliament.

Conor McNamara, Scholar in Residence at the National University of Ireland Galway delved into the Irish War of Independence, the Anglo-Irish Treaty and the partition of Ireland.

Cormac O’Malley, whose father Ernie O’Malley played a role in the Irish War of Independence and Irish Civil War, explored the Irish Civil War, giving personal accounts of his father’s memoirs.

Mícheál Ó Máille, recipient of the 2016 Douglas Hyde Award summarized the day, closing the event singing Ireland’s national anthem, “The Soldier’s Song,” in Irish, bringing the room to its feet.

A special guest of the day was Erskine Childers IV, named for his grandfather, Erskine Hamilton Childers, the fourth President of Ireland. “Having Erskine in attendance was indeed special. It was a ringing endorsement of our event and put an exclamation point on the day,” said Henry McNally.

Naomi McCooe, Belmar, said, “The speakers brought stories of the Irish leaders of this decade alive with their fascinating talks. I left with a clearer understanding of Irish history in all its many facets.”

Joe Dunne, Manasquan, said, “Although the day was focused on factual information, there was an overwhelming sense of emotion too. Many people in the room had a personal connection to the stories since a direct family member, a parent or grandparent, lived through those troubled times.”

Tom McDonald, Little Silver, said, “The day exceeded my expectations. The caliber of speakers and the quality and depth of information shared was remarkable.”

“The community really came together to make this an amazing event. We sincerely thank the many local businesses and organizations who supported our efforts as Sponsors, Patrons and Friends. Special thanks to NYU Glucksman Ireland House for their Gold Sponsorship. We sincerely thank the historians who traveled from near and far to share informative presentations and to all the individuals who attended the symposium. Proceeds will be put toward the IACI monthly Irish culture programs and expanding our local offerings. We’re looking forward to a great 2020,” said Chairman Halas.

The Irish American Cultural Institute, founded in 1962, is dedicated to preserving the legacy of the rich history of Ireland and Irish America through its cultural programs. The mission of the Jersey Shore Chapter is to provide resources to preserve and promote Irish and Irish-American cultures. The chapter hosts monthly programs on the second Monday of the month at the Friendly Sons of the Shillelagh in Belmar featuring experts on Irish history, music, culture and heritage. Annual membership dues are \$50 per person. For more information on 2019-2020 programs, see Upcoming Events at facebook.com/IACIJerseyShore.

This Day in Irish History – December

2nd 1999 - Irish government ratifies changes to Articles 2 and 3 of the Irish constitution.

3rd 1925 - The Boundary Commission recommends no change to the border.

4th 1967 - The first independent computer in Ireland is introduced at Shannon Airport.

1971 - 15 people die in the bombing of McGurk's Bar.

6th 1890 - 44 members of the Irish Parliamentary Party walk out in protest at Parnell's leadership.

1921 - Treaty signed in London, allowing for the creation of a 'Free State' in a partitioned Ireland.

1922 - Irish Free State officially comes into existence.

1976 - Dr Patrick Hillery becomes the Sixth President of Ireland.

1982 - The INLA kill 17 people with a bomb attack on the Droppin Well Inn.

7th 1979 - Charles Haughey is elected leader of Fianna Fáil.

1933 - Blueshirts banned by the Irish government.

1980 - Margaret Thatcher becomes the first British PM to visit Ireland since independence.

9th 1973 - The Sunningdale Agreement.

10th 1974 - Seán MacBride wins the Nobel Prize for Peace.

11th 1920 - British forces set fire to the centre of Cork.

1979 - Charles Haughey becomes Taoiseach.

2000 - President Clinton arrives in Dublin.

12th 1928 - First Irish coinage issued.

1936 - Following the abdication of King Edward VIII, the Executive Authority (External Relations) Act is passed to abolish the crown and role of the king in constitutional law.

1955 - Cork Opera House is destroyed by fire.

13th 1867 - Attempted rescue of Richard O'Sullivan Burke from Clerkenwell Jail results in twelve civilian deaths.

1922 - Oireachtas meets for the first time.

1972 - President Éamon de Valera signs documents covering Ireland's entry into the EEC.

14th 1955 - Ireland is admitted to the United Nations.

15th 1844 - St. Malachy's Church in Belfast is dedicated.

1993 - Downing Street Declaration issued by Taoiseach Albert Reynolds and British PM John Major.

16th 1921 - The British House of Parliament accepts the Anglo-Irish Treaty.

18th 1946 - The Irish government announces the release of 24 internees, including Brendan Behan.

1953 - The Censorship Board bans almost 100 publications.

19th 1974 - Cearbhall Ó Dálaigh becomes the fifth President of Ireland.

1981 - The Dublin-registered Union Star sinks on its maiden voyage with sixteen casualties.

20th 1961 - Robert McGladdery becomes the last man to be legally executed in Northern Ireland.

21st 1916 - Announcement made at the British House of Commons that all prisoners from the Easter Rising will
be released.

1948 - President Seán T. O'Kelly signs the Republic of Ireland Bill at a ceremony at Áras an Uachtaráin.

23rd 1895 - Opening of Grand Opera House in Belfast.

1939 - Ammunition is stolen from the national arsenal at Phoenix Park by the IRA.

24th 1889 - Charles Stewart Parnell publicly accused of adultery.

1895 - Fifteen people die in the Kingstown Lifeboat Disaster.

25th 1945 - In his presidential address, Seán T. O'Kelly calls on the young to support the Irish language.

27th 1997 - LVF leader Billy Wright shot dead in prison by the INLA.

28th 1821 - Four lifeboat men drown while rescuing the brig of the crew Ellen of Liverpool at Sandycove.

1918 - Sinn Féin win a landslide victory in the Irish general election.

29th 1908 - The Irish Transport Workers' Union is founded with James Larkin as general secretary.

1937 - The Constitution of Ireland comes into force.

1967 - A new redundancy payments scheme is announced.

31st 1909 - Harry Ferguson becomes the first person to fly in Ireland, using his own monoplane.

1961 - Teilifís Éireann goes on air.

1998 - The punt is traded for the last time and the Euro is launched.