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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.

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

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Irish American Courage

by

Raymond D. Aumack

Dierdre O'Rourke and Tom Farrell, both volunteer EMT's for the Jesuit Urban Ministry, were returning from safely picking up a heart attack victim and delivering him to the University of Pennsylvania Medical Center. Tommy is employed by the Jesuit Urban Mission as a Job Development Specialist. Both had retired from the military and both are distinguished combat veterans. Tommy was awarded the Purple Heart. Dierdre has been awarded the Silver Star for her courage under fire and the Croix de Guerre by the French government for distinguished courage in combat for heroically saving the life of a French soldier, a member of the of the NATO force.

Both are working together toward marriage. They are working with Fr. Fred Milos, Pastor of St. Paul's parish, in a pre-Cana program to prepare for their engagement. Dierdre is the Associate Director of Security for Garvey Legal Associates, Philadelphia's largest law firm. Before entering the military, Tommy had been an EMT for the New York City Fire Department. He had additional EMT certifications from the military training he received. He also works the streets for the Jesuit Urban Ministry helping the homeless, especially veterans, most of whom were suffering from PTSD.

As they turned the corner on their way back to the Jesuit Center, they faced a tremendous explosion. Volumes of black smoke and flames billowed from the broken windows on the top floor of a building that was right in front of them. Almost instantly the top floor was enveloped in flame. They pulled right up. "Call it in, Dee. I'm going in to get people out." He grabbed his fire coat and helmet and ran into the building before Dierdre could stop him. Tommy cleared the first floor and ran upstairs to the second floor. Dierdre called in the emergency while donning her own fire coat and helmet while running across the street into the building. Tommy had emptied the apartments and hollered to Dierdre to lead the people out. He was bringing up the rear when a woman screamed, "My baby, where is my baby?"

"What apartment?" Tommy yelled. "Middle on the right, get my baby." Dierdre had to pull her out of the building. Tommy went right to the apartment. When he entered the apartment, all time and space slowed down. The kitchen was on the right and was burning. He saw burning venetian blinds falling from windows in slow motion. There were two bedrooms at the back of the living room, the walls of which were alight with flame. He picked the interior bedroom and fortunately the baby was in her crib. He grabbed the baby, wrapped her in her blanket, and ran out the door into a wall of black smoke. He pulled the blanket over the baby's face but was disoriented by blindness in the smoke. Then he heard Dierdre scream,

"Tommy." She couldn't see him either. She just kept calling. Tommy followed the sound of her voice. "Tommy, over here." She led him down the stairs that were just starting to flame. Just before they reached the door, there was another explosion, the force of which almost knocked them down. Black smoke billowed down the stairs. They ran the few feet to the doorway and out into safety. They were still enveloped in smoke and were halfway across the street before they were out of it. The façade of the building was burning and big pieces of it were falling into the street. A fireman was right there with some oxygen. "The baby first," said Tommy as the understandably hysterical mother hovered over them. The baby didn't like the mask over her face and started squirming and crying. A good sign said the fireman. Dierdre concurred through her own tears.

Tommy had another mask and was breathing heavily into it to take oxygen. An enterprising photo journalist from the Philadelphia Enquirer caught the whole episode with his camera, alerted by Dierdre's emergency call on his radio scan.

The firemen wanted both to go to the hospital to be evaluated for smoke poisoning. Tommy said he was breathing easily as was Dierdre. Dierdre asked if they could be checked out at the Jesuit Mission Urgent Care Center.

The house was a total loss. There was no sign of residents from the third floor. It was totally engulfed in flame when Tommy entered the building. The fire chief estimated that they had saved twenty-one lives. They gave their names and the details of their lives to a person they thought was a fire official. They didn't know he was the photographer.

The fire wouldn't be under control for another hour. Tommy's and Dierdre's bios were easily available from the records of the Enquirer. They stayed overnight at the Jesuit Urban Mission, as they would have anyway until their shift was completed. Dierdre called into her Department to let them know that she would be a few hours late. Jane Lynch, who was their administrative assistant, said that was understandable and that she would let everyone know. Dierdre thought her response was a little strange and just shrugged it off. She and Tommy showered off the smoke and soot and walked into the cafeteria for coffee and some breakfast. When they walked into the cafeteria, everyone stood up and clapped. Dierdre was in shock. Tommy didn't know what to think.

Fr. Jim came into the cafeteria. "What's going on, asked Dierdre? We didn't get married and we slept in separate rooms."

"You really don't know. What did you do last night?"

"It was a routine night. We had one call, a heart attack victim. Tommy assisted the victim in the wagon while I drove. We brought him to the UPenn Medical Center. On the way home, we came across a fire and helped evacuate the building. Then we came right back here."

"Helped out, you say."

"Yes, we were the first of the responders because the building exploded right in front of us. We have fire coats on the wagon. They were a big help. I never thought we would ever have to use them."

June Gilliam, the Executive Director, came into the room. "Thank God you are alright. I was glued to the television this morning."

"What was on television," asked Dierdre?

"You and Tommy," replied June. "They don't have a clue," said Fr. Jim.

Fr. Jim unfolded the newspaper. On the entire first page of the paper was a photo of Dierdre and Tommy coming out of the cloud of black smoke, with Tommy shielding the baby. The headlines were "*Philadelphia Heroes Save Twenty-one Lives*". The TV had that photo in motion. Anyone could have taken it with their telephone camera.

"Oh wow! It really wasn't that big of a deal," exclaimed Dierdre. "We just happened to be there before the fire department."

"Not that big of a deal, read the article," said Fr Jim.

Dierdre read the article and passed it on to Tommy. “The article is accurate. But we just did what we were trained to do.”

“Nobody trained you to rush into the great danger that was there.”

“That was easy,” said Tommy. “You have to try doing that with people shooting at you with automatic weapons. No one was shooting at us. If we didn’t get those folks out immediately, they never would have made it out. The article is correct about that. Dierdre actually saved my life and the life of the baby. When I left the apartment, the hallway was filled with blinding black smoke. I was disoriented until I heard her calling my name. I followed the sound of her voice until I saw her. The stairs were starting to burn as we ran down. The second explosion almost knocked us down. But we were almost out of the building. There was still a lot of smoke out in the street from the second explosion.”

“It was an example of teamwork,” said Dierdre. “Actually our training was most helpful. I told you it was a routine night. A building exploded right in front of us. We did what we were trained to do, though it was a little unexpected.”

Everyone in the dining room came to them to say they were glad they were safe. Someone said the miracle was that very special people were there when it happened. Another said she thanks God you were there when it happened. Tommy and Dierdre both felt that the aftermath is an overreaction.

After he examined them, Dr. Tom acknowledge that they both breathed in unhealthy gasps of smoke. He wanted both to take oxygen for at least an hour. Meanwhile, the press in the building would just have to wait at least that amount of time.

Dave Garvey was on her cell phone. “Dierdre, are you alright?”

“Yes, Mr. Garvey, both Tommy and I took some smoke. We are both doing oxygen therapy at the Urgent Care Center.”

“Was the newspaper story accurate” asked Dave Garvey?

“I read it before we came over here. He got the relevant details. He didn’t embellish too much. The only thing missing is that he wasn’t inside the building. Tommy corralled the residents and I led them out while Tommy went looking for a baby, that he found. When I went back for him the place was filled with smoke. I kept calling his name and he followed the sound of my voice. We got down the stairs when there was another explosion and billows of black smoke, We were outside immediately but the smoke billowed out into the street. We were almost across the street when the fireman saw us and directed us to his oxygen team. Fortunately, the baby is fine. We carry fire gear on the truck, Mr. Garvey. I never thought we would ever use it, but it kept us safe.”

“I’ll be in my office as soon as Dr. Tom clears us.”

“It was still another hour before Dr. Tom released them for the day. Both would have to come in for oxygen therapy every day for the rest of the week. Tom described the problems associated with COPD and stated that we could avoid them.”

The next hour and a half was with the press. The constant theme of their answers was that the crisis happened right in front of them and they immediately fell back on their training. “For us it was a routine evening with a little excitement.”

“Chief Smithers credits you with saving twenty-one lives.”

“The fire spread rapidly,” said Tommy, who had revealed his training with the New York City Fire Department. “It was sheer luck that we were right there for the first explosion.”

“Dierdre pointed out that they carry fire safety gear on the Jesuit Urban Mission Ambulance. We just fell back on our training.”

“That was really important for the baby’s rescue. The apartment was burning and was filling with smoke. When I got out of the apartment I was disoriented by the blinding smoke. Dierdre kept calling my name and I followed the sound of her voice. The stairway was burning but clear of smoke when she led me down. It was near the bottom of the stairwell that there was another explosion and the black smoke billowed down the stairwell. Finding each other was an act of instinctive teamwork that saves the lives of firefighters and any of the firefighters will tell you that.”

“Why does the Jesuit Urban Mission have an ambulance?”

Dierdre answered, “This is a section of the city that receives the least of the city services. We are simply stepping up to provide essential services, such as the Urgent Health Care Center, housing, adult programs such as English as a Second Language. We have forty resident volunteers, college graduates, who are suspending careers for a year to do family outreach. We provide pro bono legal services when required. We have a huge incidence of homelessness. We supplement the public school and provide after school studies and homework for the youngsters in the area. As we saw with last night’s fire, a minute can make a big difference. Tom and I are both EMT volunteers. Tom also works for the mission, especially with the homeless, many of whom are military. He also does job development work. I respect your ability to tell our story. The Enquirer article told the story well this morning. Just make sure that it is also the story of the Jesuit Urban Mission. That is why we were out there in the first place.”

There were many calls she had to return from Maeve, Susan, and Theresa, Maria, John, Michael, and Brian Garvey, Desmond, Rosellen, Grace, and Charlie. She and Tom went to lunch at the Center Cafeteria. She started returning the calls while Tom got on line to pick up their lunches. She relieved everyone’s concerns and tried her best to make to make everything sound normal, just a night’s work at the Jesuit Urban Mission Center.

Dierdre arrived at her office about 1:30 PM. Dave Garvey had been alerted and he came down to her office immediately. He wanted to know the whole story. “What were you doing there?”

“We were on our way back to the center. We had picked up a heart attack victim, stabilized him, and brought him to UPenn Medical Center. We do things like that every week. The 911folks know to call us for anything on the northwest side of the city. We are really the only coverage for that area. We were on our way home and turned into State Street, just a few blocks from the Center. As we turned onto the street, the building literally exploded in front of us. I pulled out of the way of where fire trucks would be, and Tommy was already in his fire gear and out as soon as I stopped the truck. I got into my gear and followed him in. I helped first floor residents out while he ran upstairs. It was starting to smoke up with thick black smoke. I led residents down the stairs with Tommy bringing up the rear when a mother started screaming that her baby was still in their apartment. Tommy got the info and immediately ran back upstairs. When I went back in, the place was filled with smoke. I knew Tommy would have a problem and kept calling his name. I saw him with the baby and led him downstairs. Near the bottom step there was another violent explosion. We both kept our footing and ran into the street with the billowing black smoke. The photo in the paper is dramatic but it wasn’t staged. They gave us a lot of oxygen at the scene. All the background story you know and obviously, so does the Enquirer.”

“Well, I can’t tell you how proud we are of you and Tommy. I want you to take the rest of the week off.”

“That would generate bad optics. I’ll need part of the morning each day for smoke inhalation therapy. Also, on Friday afternoon, I’ll need a few hours. I’m trying to shake down our five congressmen for some HHS money for the center. I know that you will be at the meeting. I want a grant to build a block of homes, I want them to fund a principal and teachers for an alternate public school to address the vast dropout problem. My real

dream is another Christo Re school eventually. Our own public school for two years and a Christo Re school for college prep.”

“Wow, that is thinking big.”

“There are big problems and education is a big step to a solution. I’m willing to put some of my own money into a project like that.”

“What money can you put into it?”

“We never discussed this Mr. Garvey, but I have some money. There were major settlements after my father’s death. That money amounted to over three million dollars. I didn’t touch that money for fourteen years now and it doubles every six years. It is managed by my attorney in Rochester. I have another investment account here in Philadelphia with about \$100 thousand in it. That should be enough to get married.

Tommy and I are working a pre-Cana with Fr, Fred.”

“You have great plans. Let me talk with your attorney.”.

“Oh, if you talk with him ask him if he can arrange for me to give the graduation address for my high school. I want that as a forum to thank the entire community. They were there for me when I needed them most. I want to wear my Marine blues with all my medals and ribbons. I want to dress up and show them how proud I am of them.”

Dierdre reached into the drawer of her desk and produced her attorney’s business card.

June, Theresa, Maria, and Maeve met at Maeve’s apartment. The extension she had recently finished decorating was elegant and comfortable. Patrick’s personal office was situated next to the baby’s room when she finally arrives in four months.. They sat in comfortable lounge chairs around a coffee table. The purpose of the meeting was to organize the three-day conference on human and race relations for the graduating seniors of Gettysburg High School, June’s Alma Mater.

June, as a descendent of Gettysburg’s founder and builder was generally recognized as one of Gettysburg’s outstanding citizens, as a two-time athletic All-American and a four time Academic All-American for basketball. The conference will be held in the school building of St. Margaret’s Church. The facility is spacious with several breakout rooms for discussions. Their teachers would be moderators for the discussions.

The four women had spent months reading and studying material. The object of the meeting was to determine what they wanted to emphasize, articulate their goals and objectives, There will be three presentations on each of the three days. June is aware that attitudes had changed in the fourteen years since she graduated. Still, Gettysburg was unique in the Philadelphia landscape. Race relations were still good in spite of the blatant racism that was growing throughout the country. One issue is that graduates will be leaving the community for the most part for colleges, trade schools, and work. Gettysburg was still something of a human relations oasis surrounded by a world of neo-Nazi type of racism. Economically, almost all the residents of the community were on a sound footing. The community was founded by June’s great grandparents who thrived in mixed marriages. The great grandfathers were immigrants from Ireland and fought with distinction for the Union Army in the Civil War. The community was between 20 to thirty percent non-White. Racial disparity was never an issue because that is the way the two founding families created and built the community around the battlefield.

Maeve’s mother was an impoverished Irish immigrant. Her father was an impoverished Law student who semi-starved his way through Law school. Though her parents married almost immediately after her dad’s graduation from Villanova Law School and her mom’s graduation from St. Joseph’s College, Chestnut Hill,

through resourcefulness and clever budgeting, they founded what would eventually become Philadelphia's premier law firm. As a penniless immigrant, through a stroke of luck, she started working in the cafeteria at the college and worked her way into a scholarship as a cafeteria worker and a dormitory charwoman

Maria's family escaped from Castro's Cuba when her father's life was threatened by Castro. They stole a rowboat and twelve-year old Maria, and her dad rowed the hundred miles to Miami Beach while her mother kept control of their four-year old and a two-year old daughters. Their only possessions were the clothes on their backs. They have great stories to tell.

June's parents invited them to stay with her family for the week. Fr. Foley volunteered the use of St. Margaret's School which is now vacant. A group of women from the parish volunteered to provide breakfast before the first conference, plus lunch, and dinner on each of the three days.

June would lead the first conference, state the goals and objectives, and tell her story. After a break, the students will occupy classrooms for discussions moderated by their teachers. This was an important decision that the four made because the teachers are on the site. June had already done a teacher orientation and they were well prepared.

On the night before the workshop started, June received a call from her friend, Harry Moran, who was Chief of Police. "June, I just want to alert you to the chatter we have been hearing. Some hate groups from out of town seem to be planning to disrupt your workshop. I am assigning officers to watch over you for the three days and nights. I'm also calling Fr. Foley to alert him, as well. You won't know that we are there and I'm calling to tell you that you will be very safe. But be careful and alert. Whoever they are, they will be adults and they carry weapons."

"Thank you for such good news, Harry," replied June. "I think I am pleased to hear from you. I'm glad this conference is generating some notice. It goes to prove how important a conference like this can be." Harry replied that she was right on there. "Gettysburg is a great and safe place to grow in. We never had to deal with racial issues. But these kids are going to be leaving town and live and work elsewhere, even in our region, there are problems that the entire country is facing." June replied, "Thanks Harry! We'll be alert but we appreciate your protective shield. We'll talk about it when this is all over."

The first two days of the conference went smoothly and by every measurement was outstanding. The evening before, June and her friends had a wonderful dessert at her parents' house. It was the refreshing experience of good friends having a great time. Fr. Foley came for dessert and thoroughly enjoyed the camaraderie of the women and June's parents. June's sister was a student in the conference group and confirmed that the first day was terrific.

After dinner on the second day there was some clatter from the parking lot. Theresa was going to give a demonstration of basic self-defense techniques. The clatter was several bottles of burning gasoline, none of which actually reached the building. It was a full-scale attack. Four of the apparent leaders got into the lobby of the building. June, Maeve, Theresa, and Maria locked the door behind them and stood their ground in the lobby. The leader was slightly intoxicated and also the four were high with some kind of narcotic. Their leader had an overabundance of testosterone and made several off-color remarks and made a sexually invasive move on Theresa whom he had deemed to be the smallest. Maeve whispered, "Oh, this is not going to end well for them." He grabbed Theresa's arm to pull her to him. Once he touched her, Theresa spun for hemorrhaging into action. With her right leg firmly planted she delivered a testicle crushing kick to his groin. As he bent over she flipped his body into the air. While he was still in the air she spun around and with all the force from her spinning body she smashed the nose of the assailant with the military style automatic rifle, grabbed the gun, and smashed the other assailant in the head with its butt. The fourth tried to run out the door into the waiting arms of the police who observed most of the event which took about twelve seconds.

Theresa simply patted her hair back into place and straightened the arm of her blazer. She wasn't the slightest bit breathless though she took a deep breath to collect herself. She smiled warmly at her startled friends as if nothing had really happened.

The kids and teachers all cheered in wonderment at what they just saw. The four leaders had a group hug with Theresa who was getting ready to start her self-defense demonstration. Chief Moran wanted to question her but decided to let her do her demonstration. He sat in the back and watched.

Theresa went to the podium to the cheers of her audience. She smiled and stated that they had just witnessed a self-defense exhibit. What she was going to teach them tonight was strictly for self-defense. She explained that she fell in love with Karate training when she was in college and went on to achieve the Black Belt. It gave me a discipline that I did not have in my life. Of course, at eighteen, as you well know, discipline is hard to find. You will note that I am the smallest and perhaps the shyest of my colleagues. It also provided a spirituality for me. I always considered myself a devout Catholic but the moral discipline and the reasons for it beautifully supplemented my Catholic spirituality. I learned meditation and personal mind control. I learned to find the goodness in every human being including the bullies I just beat up. I studied Psychology in college and graduate school and Karate fit in beautifully. While I live with Karate I only had to use the self-defense phase of it twice. June told you about my Presidential Medal of Freedom. I am proud of that, I guess, but even more proud that I saved the lives of five people including me and my now husband, my in-laws, and a security guard who is now one of my best friends.

The demonstration was interesting and flawless. Theresa kept emphasizing that these techniques are only to be used for self-defense. She taught the techniques first to volunteers and described each one before having the volunteers demonstrate them. She arranged the kids on the auditorium floor in groups of five-on-five with the caution that they should not actually kick or touch anyone. It was an informative and fun night. Theresa pointed out the effectiveness in combat. The episode they just witnessed took about ten seconds. Three assailants went out in ambulances, one of whom had a machine gun. The fourth had the common sense to run into the arms of the police.

"Thank you very much for such a great day Your parents are starting to pull up outside. Those of you who have your own cars, be sure to check the back seat before you get into it."

Chief Moran wanted to speak with Theresa about the dynamics of what happened. She described how the culprits broke into the building though the doors were locked. "You might want to find out how they did that. We closed the inner doors and stood in front of them. My colleagues did not know that I was going to do anything. It was very spontaneous but necessary. I didn't do anything until he grabbed my arm."

"He must have made you very angry."

"No! There is no strength in anger. When he started getting obscene I knew in a couple of seconds what I was going to do and how I was going to do it. The fourth kid, young man actually, was lucky. I still had the gun."

"Theresa, it is a pleasure to meet you. I'll drive you to the Gilliam's home.. Your program seems to be going very well. I'm looking forward to being debriefed by the teachers."

"They are a terrific group. Gettysburg High is very lucky."

"And, of course, the students are very lucky."

The party at the Gilliam's home was a real treat for the teachers. They fell right into the mystique of what the students started calling the "fantastic four." Theresa smiled through the applause at her entrance, smiled a lot, and handled the whole situation with casual aplomb.

The party broke up about 11:30. Tomorrow was going to be an intense work day.

Dierdre spent every evening beginning with dinner with Fr. Jim and Tommy, preparing for Friday's meeting with the five Congresspersons. Everything was discussed over supper with Fr. Jim, and further refined on each successive evening. She discussed coordination with Habitat for Humanity, The Philadelphia Board of Education, and Cristo Re.

"You want to build a kingdom," stated Fr. Jim.

"Nope," responded Dierdre. "I want to build a safe, dynamically spiritual community that can be a model for all urban neighborhoods. We have one. I want to maintain it and polish it. The community is right here. We live and work in it. Those college kids are getting a helluva an education right here. I sat in on a couple of seminars on Catholic Social Teaching. I was inspired."

Dierdre had done her homework. She had been dreaming of this for almost a year. She had volumes of material from the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development and from the Department of Health and Human Services. She knew how much money was available, who had been using that money, and how much of it, and for what purpose, and what it took to qualify for it. It starts with Congress to help promote the application. When it came down to the planning stage, they would invite the mayor and government officials from Philadelphia.

I will then list the needs of the neighborhood and present a plan to address them. All plans always require refinement. "Working with the Jesuit Urban Mission was a promise that each Congressperson made to me when I visited each of their offices for photos when I was awarded the Silver Star. After the photo ops, I told them then that I would hold them to it. I will tell them about our monthly newsletter and our vast and affluent audience. I will rejoice in telling the wealthy and generous donors of Philadelphia about the competence and concern of our local congressional contingent and their relentless concern for the citizens of our fair neighborhood. This is nothing more than neglected social engineering. If you help us, I will write a glowing profile. You either get things done or you don't."

"June will chair the meeting. We'll have a few 'get to know you and Kumbayah moments.' We'll have coffee and snacks thanks to our cafeteria. June will call the meeting to order and we'll get down to business. June will introduce me, and we'll start with a slide presentation of the work of the Mission, thanks to Susan Garvey and Theresa Garvey. Susan will run the slide machine. I will then present data on the services to other sections of the city and the sources of their government funding. You will be surprised to find out how much government money goes to other sections of the city. That is one of the ways the rich get richer. With great education programs and improved housing stock, we can revitalize this entire neighborhood. I told them about our monthly newsletter and how we love to highlight the gifts we receive and profile our donors in our monthly newsletter. I told them our donors include the wealthy of Philadelphia who might also be donors to their campaigns. I told that I would hate to have to write that a congressman or senator couldn't get it done.

Fr. Jim looked at her and smiled. "You are a devious leprechaun, young lady. What have you done with my innocent and shy EMT volunteer?"

"Are you with us on his project, Jim? I won't do it unless you're 100% into it."

"Yes, I love the idea. I'm just a little leery of working with the government. I'm not ready to sell my soul."

"I don't think we have to. It is my tax money they are going to be spending. I'll tell them the road to heaven begins by shaking hands with a Jesuit. If they deliver, we'll help them with a nice profile. We keep the meeting on a high level of professionalism. If the project goes forward, we will lead it. Contrary to making deals with

the devil, we may even be able to save a few souls. After all, we are evangelists. Fr. Fred was eloquent, as usual, about that last week.

That evening at the golf tournament committee meeting, everyone gave amazing reports. Dierdre has seventy-five ads for the journal. Grace was reporting a great response from the sporting goods companies. She and John would coordinate on "Goodie Bags. John closed a \$3000 donation for the gifts. The profit should be in the 95% range. John also has several pro shop vendors to whom he has written. Grace asked if anyone could volunteer a house at the beach or at a resort. Ask around. You'll be surprised at what you will turn up. At the last auction she ran, there was luxury home in Ireland. That generated a lot of bids. Also, check with local jewelers for gifts. Tiffany & Co. is always good for one.

The revelers had a good time with snacks and drinks and discussing the pregnancies of the non-drinkers, Maeve and Susan. They joked about bumping into each other in the office.

Out west, in Pittsburg, the light was burning late in Joseph O'Malley's headquarters office. He always said that he came there once a month just so nobody would forget him. As the company's leading producer he was invaluable and, for sure, no one would forget his face.

He was on the internet browsing through the eye-catching website of the Jesuit Urban Mission designed by Susan Boyd Garvey. He had been overjoyed with the new connection he made with his daughter, his only child and her boyfriend whom he liked very much. He caught her enthusiasm over her friends and the Jesuit Urban Mission that they had in common. He was thinking of a massive donation of one million dollars each year for the next ten years, with an option to renew. He was going to Philadelphia in May to spend some time with Grace and her beau, Charlie Colombo. He would visit the center then. No! He would do it now. He picked up the telephone and called Fr. Jim Keenan for an appointment tomorrow. He was flying in and would be at the Mission by 11:00 PM to discuss a possible legacy donation.

As soon as he hung up from Joe's call, Fr. Jim called John Garvey. "John, I just received a call from a Joseph O'Malley, a financial guy from the Pittsburg area. Would you use your information magic to get me some background on him?"

A half hour later, John called back. I have literally a ream of material. My assistant is printing it out for you, and I'll send it over this afternoon. His greatest asset is his daughter, our own Grace O'Malley, the Pirate Queen.

"He doesn't want Grace to know anything about his visit here. He is visiting with her and Charlie and probably the rest of us in May. Apparently, he devoted his life to work and forgot about the rest of his life. That was in an article where he was interviewed. Advice to young investors, 'Don't give up on life.' "

"Anyway, he is a multi-billionaire, a very low-key guy who lives in a castle in a community of castles outside of Pittsburg. He drives a Ford and is not at all noticeable for his wealth."

"June told me that Grace is not a trust fund child. She does well at Sotheby's. She owns a modest home on the south side of the city, drives a Saab, and otherwise lives modestly, and dresses well, appropriate for business and social appearances such as fund-raising. She is proud of her independence."

By the way, we really like her friend, Charlie, and she has made a major commitment to the success of this golf tournament.

"Well, we'll enjoy visiting if nothing else."



IRISH AMERICAN CULTURAL INSTITUTE

ONLINE ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATION HOSTED BY THE IACI & JERSEY SHORE CHAPTER



Shannon Dunne, dance teacher, renowned international performer and principal of Shannon Dunne Dance, an intergenerational dance company in Washington D.C., will host a presentation sponsored by the Irish American Cultural Institute-Jersey Shore chapter (IACI-JS) on Monday, March 8 at 7:00 p.m. The evening will showcase traditional Irish tunes once played by traveling musicians and will perform dance steps that were taught by itinerant dancing-masters at Ireland's crossroads.

Ms. Dunne grew up in New Jersey where she studied tap dancing which eventually led her to Irish dancing. "I'm thrilled to be returning to my roots in New Jersey to talk about traditional Irish dancing-masters who taught at the crossroads of Ireland and performed tunes once played by traveling musicians. It is my goal to pass down these early Irish tunes and dances to the next generation."

As an award-winning *sean-nós* dancer, Ms. Dunne is uniquely qualified to discuss this indigenous Irish art form. Whereas Irish step-dancing, popularized by the show *Riverdance*, is easily recognized by its decorative costumes, arms held to the side of the body and choreographed steps, *sean-nós* dancers generally wear regular clothing, move their arms with the natural rhythm of the music and improvise their dance steps. Personal style is highly valued and each dancer develops their own unique, interpretive style. The dance is traditionally performed solo and if presented in groups, dancers usually take turns dancing, rather than perform in synchronization like in step-dancing.

The main difference between *sean-nós* dance and the more formal Irish step-dancing is that it is free-form in its expression. The elements of the dance combine battering footwork with loose, engaged movements of the arms. The steps are improvised and are often accompanied by a single musician. The dancer follows the subtleties in the musical tempo and the battering step emulates the beat of the music. Both musician and dancer use rhythmic components as building blocks to create a natural connection between the music and the dance.

Ms. Dunne explained the roots of this lesser-known Irish dance style saying, "The phrase *sean-nós* literally means "old style" in the Irish language. This dance-form has been kept alive in the remote areas of the Connemara Gaeltacht in the west of Ireland and passed along through family and community connections. As people emigrated from Ireland, they took *sean-nós* dance with them to America, ultimately having an influence on tap-dancing and American folk dancing."

"We're thrilled to have Shannon as our guest for our March program. She has performed all over the globe and is a world-class performer who is passionate about expanding awareness of Ireland's traditional tunes and dances," said Dr. Peter Halas, Chairman of the IACI-JS.

Admission is free for IACI members Please note that advance registration is required and there is limited availability.

Irish History – March

2nd 1933 - Vote to remove the Oath of Allegiance is carried.

1934 - Wearing of Uniform (Restriction) Bill carried.

3rd 1942 - Gas rationing introduced.

5th 1867 - Fenian rising in Dublin, Tipperary, Limerick, Clare and Cork.

1936 - W. T. Cosgrave again nominated President of Fine Gael.

6th 1988 - The SAS controversially kill three IRA members in Gibraltar.

7th 1887 - The Times publishes the first in a series of article accusing Parnell of being involved in crime.

1957 - Fianna Fáil return to power in the Republic.

1965 - Mass is said in the vernacular for the first time.

8th 1966 - Nelson's Pillar in Dublin is blown up.

10th 1932 - The new Fianna Fáil government releases 23 political prisoners.

1934 - Women banned from National Athletic and Cycling Association events.

1944 - The United States alleges that Ireland's neutrality is acting in favour of the Axis Powers.

11th 1926- De Valera resigns as President of Sinn Féin after one of his proposals is defeated.

13th 1846 - 300 tenants evicted from Ballinglass.

1944 - The British government bans travel between Great Britain and Ireland.

14th 1984 - Sinn Féin leader Gerry Adams is shot and wounded.

1991 - The Birmingham Six are freed after 16 years wrongful imprisonment.

15th 1953 - 10,000 civil servants march in Dublin, demanding a just wage.

16th 1939 - De Valera is greeted by Benito Mussolini in Rome.

1953 - President Roosevelt asks the American Congress to support a United Ireland.

1964 - Seán Lemass launches 'Ireland Week' in London.

1988 - Michael Stone kills three people at an IRA funeral.

1991 - Dublin becomes the European City of Culture.

17th 1931 - First St Patrick's Day parade in the Irish Free State.

1933 - Éamon de Valera gives the first State reception since the foundation of the Free State.

18th 1934 - General Eoin O'Duffy addresses 2,500 Blueshirts in the Trim Market Square.

1964 - The Agricultural Ministers of the North and the Republic, Harry West and Charles Haughey, meet.

19th 1969 - Ireland receives its first loan from the World Bank.

20th 1920 - Mayor of Cork Thomas MacCurtain killed by the RIC.

1935 - The army intervenes in a bus strike by providing lorries for transport.

1941 - Bread rationing is introduced.

1979 - Huge anti-PAYE demonstration in Dublin.

21st 2001 - Ireland confirms its first case of foot and mouth disease in many years.

22nd 1949 - The Irish government leases a residence in the Phoenix Park to the United States for 99 years.

1969 - Civil rights demonstrations all over Northern Ireland.

1987 - Irish National Lottery is launched.

24th 1968 - An Aer Lingus plane, St Phelim, crashes near the Tuskar Rock killing 57 people.

26th 1935 - 72 Republicans arrested in the Free State.

29th 1887 - Irish Crimes Act introduced in response to the National Land League's boycott of landlords.

1940 - Fire destroys the upper part of St Patrick's College, Maynooth.

30th 1849 - Doolough Tragedy: famine victims are forced to walk through the night to appeal for famine relief, resulting in many deaths.

1939 - The Treason Bill passes its final reading at Dáil Éireann.

1979 - The Irish government ends the parity of the Irish pound with sterling.

31st 1976 - Sallins Train Robbery.

1978 - 6000 people protest the building of civic offices on a Viking site.

1999 - Irish Land Commission dissolved after 108 years existence.