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

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

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Irish American Accomplishment

By

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The day of the Jesuit Urban Mission Golf Tournament was brilliant in every way. As John looked out the window, the only thing he couldn't plan was the weather. Theresa had pulled the pillow over her head until she heard him sing the praises of the day. He breathed a sigh of relief as he walked out on the balcony outside the bedroom. The sky was clear blue without any cloud in sight. Temperatures for the day will be in the 70's. The Tournament will begin at 1:00 PM from the first and ninth tees.

Theresa will go into her office today and John will go to his office downstairs and begin the checklist of things he wanted in order, and staff that he wanted in place. Ordinarily John was not a worrier, and no one would see his concern. The charity golf tournament was a first for the club and the Jesuit Urban Mission was one of his leading philanthropies. He thought the reputation of his club was on the line as well as his families' ownership. Fortunately, the entire event was paid for in advance. The outrageous goal of a million dollars was now in sight with a successful auction at the dinner.

Grace O'Malley, with her dad, would come in this morning and set up the silent auction and display the gifts for the main auction. Grace was a professional Sotheby's auctioneer before her promotion to become Vice President of Institutional Advancement. With the blessing of her company, she functioned as the pro bono co-chairman of this event. She even got Sotheby's to be a corporate sponsor for the event. She was used to this kind of structure and revenues from doing similar work for major universities. Tickets for the 50/50 raffle turned out to be the hottest item in the city. The winners share will be \$35 thousand, the second prize will be \$20 thousand, and the third prize will be \$10 thousand. The Jesuit Urban Mission's share will be \$65 thousand.

Dave Garvey, scion of the largest law firm in a city noted for excellent attorneys, is the Chairman of the Board of Directors for the Jesuit Urban Mission. As the rainmaker for his company, Dave is involved in every cause in Philadelphia and his name is magic for any social cause. His firm is one of the lead corporate sponsors for the event, as are the firms of his sons Michael and Brian, and the company of his daughter, Maeve Garvey Malone.

Fr. Jim Keenan, President of the Jesuit Urban mission, couldn't believe how much enthusiasm was generated by this event. The mission previously had the leadership of an enterprising young leader, Theresa Malone, who became known as the Mother Theresa of Philadelphia. She personally responded to every need and became known to everyone in the social services and the community development world of Philadelphia. She made the Jesuit Urban Mission prominent among the social services of the city and carefully planned, with her friends, the next level of service to the city. They planned a Gala and raised over \$4 million with which they expanded the staff of the Mission. They built and opened an Urgent Care Medical facility and established a medical insurance company to help support the venture that is now well on its way to supporting itself. Several services were added led by professionals. For instance, the job development work of Tommy Farrell, Dierdre's fiancé. Tommy has a unique ability to relate to the homeless, especially veterans. Several are now housed, working, and are self-supporting. The first human relations workshop for high school students was a huge success in the work of attacking the culture of racism. They had just trained their first group of students to look at the world in another way.

Theresa stepped down to accept a vice president level job at Garvey Corporate Relations, Inc. She appointed, as her successor, her friend and Jesuit Mission volunteer, Dr. June Gilliam Garvey. June was a volunteer who assisted Maeve Garvey Malone in the work of defending hapless tenants from abusive landlords. She was

involved in the ten years of discussion and planning that led to the present success. Dr. Maria Costo Dowd teaches courses for English as a Second Language. Dierdre O'Rourke, a Board member and volunteer for EMT services two nights a week, presented an exciting project for Urban Development Housing. She also chaired the promotional booklet, artfully designed by Susan Boyd Garvey, the week before she gave birth.

All the players raved over the lunch and the exquisite grace with which it was served. John looked over to Peggy and gave her a wink. Everything was getting off to a great start.

The starter lined up the foursomes at the first tee and his assistant lined them up on the 10th tee. John and the Garvey brothers and their father chose not to play, though that was their privilege as part of being the lead sponsors. Instead they just hung out at the club and enjoyed the rare vacation day they never gave themselves, in the company of each other.

Staff reported that everything was going well on the course. The caddies were alert. The players had their goodie bags with expensive gifts donated by Grace's sports paraphernalia contacts. Many wore their Jesuit Urban Mission golf shirts that would have cost \$60.00 if sold retail. They proudly wore it with the logo of the Jesuit Urban Mission emblazoned on the sleeve, also designed by Susan Boyd Garvey. Those shirts would be seen in key gatherings throughout the summer. Susan always looks for opportunities to promote the company and the Mission.

Grace O'Malley and her father, Joe, arrived at about 10:00 AM to set up for the auctions. They were greeted by John and Peggy. While Grace checked out their event note and history binder, Joe chatted with John and Peggy. Joe was amazed at what Grace and John put together. Grace respectfully pointed that with the help of a great committee, this monster project came together. About 150 golfers had to be turned away because the tournament was filled.

However, that didn't stop Susan from requesting a donation of at least \$100.00. John pointed out that everything was paid for and that every nickel went to the Jesuit mission.

"Where is Susan?" asked Joe.

"Home with the baby, replied Michael, No doubt, she is conjuring her next project.

"Susan does these things with grace, competence, and confidence. She does the same thing at work," replied John.

"She is the operating presence from her office for every client company in Philadelphia or consulting with Dave Moran about it. Dave is the consulting genius who helped Maeve get started. He is working at the company for three months while Maeve and Susan are on maternity leave. That is going to be fun to watch. Theresa is the rainmaker for the time being. She will also be a presence in every company in Philadelphia and the surrounding region over the next three months. Grace, I think she will be in Sotheby's tomorrow."

"I would love to work with Maeve," replied Grace.

"Golfers will not be in for another hour or so; you might as well watch over things and talk on the upper deck," said John.

Dierdre and Dave Garvey had lunch together at the company cafeteria. Dave Garvey had lunch in the cafeteria once or twice a week just to demonstrate to company attorneys and their staffs that he still worked there. Truth be told, there is nothing that Dave misses in his firm and even with multiple locations, he visits them all weekly with "drop-in" visits and holds his managers to serious accountability. The firm is very busy and the recently passed first quarter was one of the best in their history. He knew all of the clients personally. He makes it a

point to contact new clients and meet with them personally. He has lunch with the Kiwanis Club every week and breakfast with his Irish Heritage group each month. He is a former President of the Villanova University Alumni Association and attends the Bar Association functions. He is an active member of about ten different hospital, social services, and corporate boards. He takes on a lot of work and delegates it to his staff. He and Brigid enjoy attending all the social functions. He doesn't have to sell the services of Garvey Legal. His presence in the field generates clients. If anything goes wrong with an account, he is there to fix it. His budget for memberships, donations, and activities is substantial but the return is over eight times the cost. Dave is thrilled to have that ability. His goal is to try to do good in the community. He has no concern for the size of the gift or donation until the accountants bring it to his attention, at which time, he calls their attention to increased business. He also turns business away when his firm is saturated referring them to trusted attorneys. His oldest son, John, is an outstanding attorney who really doesn't want a Law practice. He does love the Law and is available to David for very special cases where considerable discretion is required. John's first love is managing the other family business, the Coral Gables Country Club. John does serve on the Board of Directors for his father's firm. It was a recent appointment and keeps everyone in the company on their toes, thinking that John will one day be his father's successor. Dave is well aware that John has no interest in taking over the leadership of the firm. Dave's sons, each of whom have very successful firms, will have joint leadership roles when Dave steps down. Their firms will blend into Garvey legal. Dave is an outstanding CEO, and as sole owner of the company is immune from internal and external political pressure. Lunch with Dierdre in the firm's cafeteria reinforces the myth of David's leadership.

"Dierdre, I was very impressed with Michael Lynch, your Rochester attorney. He is phasing out his practice and retiring to Arizona. I admire his integrity in a business where a single practitioner can easily be compromised. Investing is now getting to be over my head. I did well with my own and my children's accounts. Mike Lynch did very well with your accounts with the help of a professional investment counselor. I recommend that you consider investing with Joe O'Malley, Grace's dad. When Joe is set up, he will manage my personal portfolio as well as my children's. He is going to retire and move to Philadelphia. He wants to be an investment advisor to poor people. I don't know if you know that he is a multi-billionaire. I think he is interested in buying or renting Desmond's cottage."

"I was hoping you would take over my account, Mr. Garvey. But if you're going with Grace's dad. I'll go where you go," said Dierdre.

"You had no idea about the Congressional Medal of Honor, did you?"

"No, we were in some pretty intense battles, but when we received the Silver and Bronze Stars, I figured that was it. Many of the guys who are currently mustering out started talking about some of the things we did. They even called Tommy for an interview. He didn't tell me until the notice of the award actually arrived. Apparently, when we came home from each encounter without any wounds, they figured we had an uneventful assignment. I wrote up all the reports after each assignment. I was truthful and honest, but I guess no one ever read the reports, They were just filed. I told the truth in the reports. I'm sure the guys who were interviewed did as well, but as they experienced it. I think the brass got a little ticked off when I received the Croix de Guerre. I was not in over my head there, but I can understand that someone would think that was dramatic. "

"I suspect you minimized many of those reports."

"Possibly, but not where my team was involved. The women and I worked so hard, they thought going into battle was a vacation day. They were magnificent performers and remained absolutely cool in combat. We rehearsed every possible thing you could expect. I couldn't guarantee their safety, but they had a better chance of survival if they performed like we trained. The rescue of Tommy's company is a case in point. That company faced an overwhelming force. I figured we had one slim chance. I deployed the women with extra grenades. I crawled to the trench to rally the survivors. When I started firing I picked off about 20 enemy soldiers in rapid

succession. Tommy was wounded and got back into the line and started firing. I knew then that we had to get out of this, because Tommy was the man I was going to marry. The twenty or so fast casualties caused them to pause their charge. Then my team went into action with their rifles on automatic and hurled grenades as rapidly as possible. The enemy thought they had been lured into a trap and ran away in hasty retreat. I called in a Marine jet to finish up, so I could take care of the wounded and get them out by helicopter. I carried Tommy to the medivac and told him that he better survive because I was going to visit him in the hospital. When he started to recover, he was out of combat, but stayed at the hospital as a nurse. I would go every afternoon to play Gin Rummy or Checkers. My team was magnificent in that battle. Tommy and I mustered out the same week, him from the Army and me, from the Marines.”

“I brought him to Philadelphia with me, as a sympathetic friend. He lived at my apartment. After I met your children, they invited me to Mass with them. I enjoyed their friendship. They accepted me even with the hole in my hair. “

“If it hadn’t been for you and Theresa, that hole would have been in my head.”

“I just heard the story of Theresa putting down a group of racial gang bangers, three hospitalized, and one arrested,” reported Dierdre. He was armed with an assault rifle. The whole encounter took twelve seconds.”

“I haven’t heard that story yet,” said Dave.

“They were doing a workshop for high school seniors on Racial Issues for the Jesuits. Maeve was there. She can tell you the story.”

“That is an amazing story that you just told me”

“I guess all stories of life and death and high risk are amazing.”

“All the risks we took in combat were calculated. I never asked my teammates to do what I did. I did everything with confidence because they were practiced over and over again. I had confidence that they couldn’t have. Remember, our job was to save lives. Not make heroes.”

“And yet they three of you are heroes.”

“That is an accident of publicity. The Brass never knew anything until a lot of soldiers told them their stories.”

“Of course, you know you are going to be featured in our employee/client magazine. The photographer and editor will be in touch with you.”

“More publicity for the Jesuit Mission. I wonder if the fire story still has legs. Mr. Garvey, we are going to rebuild a whole section of the city. All of our friends are chipping in. The reason we have been blessed with all this money is because we have been commissioned by the Spirit to build the City of God.”

“You are moving me to tears, Dierdre. We better have another cup of coffee.”

“Boss, I hope you know that I am not hungry for publicity. However, I’ll do anything that helps generate contributions to the Jesuit Urban Mission. They are doing well but you know, everything we do costs something and we have a staff to support. I want to make a recommendation to the Board to increase the stipend for the post graduate volunteers. We are asking them to contribute their time and talent. We can do a better job to help them support themselves. We should be able to comp them in the cafeteria, as well. A good recession could reduce the venture back to its bare beginnings, even with Joe O’Malley’s generosity and genius.”

“I suspect that Joe has strategies for a recession market,” replied Dave.

All the golfers were in, showered, and gathering at the bar and in the dining room. Some are sitting outside in the shaded patio praising the condition of the course and telling tall tales about their favorite shots. "If only there weren't so many trees on the edge of the fairway, I would have broken 90. My ball hit the green, inches from the pin but rolled off the green.....and so the stories rolled on. There was great relaxation over drinks. "The whiskey flowed like buttermilk," as the song goes. There was a lot of lighthearted laughter. Fr. Jim Keenan worked the room like a professional politician as did the professional politicians. Maeve and Patrick were there for the dinner, as was Susan to join Michael and June to join Brian. Theresa worked the room as well greeting the many friends of the Jesuit Urban Mission as well representatives of the new client companies that she brought into the fold of Garvey Corporate Relations, Inc. Dave and Brigid were seated at their table and many came to greet them including all the attorneys to whom Dave had referred business and everyone in Philadelphia who was politically connected including a Senator and the five Congress persons. When people started to take seats for dinner, Grace announced that they had one last chance to bid at the silent auction. There were already several bids.

Because there was a very generous contribution for the dinner, instead of low-cost beef steak, John was able to arrange NY Strip Steaks at close to the same price. The dinner had all the trappings of traditional elegance.

Dierdre and Tom sat with Maria, Desmond, and Manny Bookbinder at the table next to Dave and Brigid. They were joined by Rosellen Dowd and Tom Mc Nally. Grace and Charlie. Theresa and John joined his parents at their table, close to the microphone. Michael and Susan, Fr. Jim who would lead a prayer of thanksgiving before dinner, June and Brian occupied a table nearby. Fr. Fred, always late for dinner joined Fr. Jim. Peggy Boyd, Susan's mother is the club's Banquet Manager and was paying careful attention to serving and every detail associated with the dinner. Service was swift. Meals were hot and each meal was artistically presented. There will be a few brief speeches, announcements of the golf awards, announcement of the silent auction, the 50/50 raffle, and the public raffle. The grand prize is two weeks in Ireland, County Kerry, in one of the 17th century "great houses," complete with home cooked gourmet Irish meals.

John Garvey, the club manager and owner, acted as Master of Ceremonies. He called for everyone's attention while coffee and dessert was being served. He welcomed everyone to the club and hoped everyone had a successful day on the course. He introduced Peg Boyd, his Banquet Manager. She waved from the corner from which she had been hiding. The applause was thunderous. Everyone was sated and happy. John then introduced Father Jim. "I asked Fr. Jim to present the changes that have occurred since the Gala two years ago. Fr. Jim, President of the Jesuit Urban Mission is a man of few words. However, his prime Minister, my sister-in-law, June Gilliam Garvey, is not. They have a great story to tell. They were warmly welcomed. Jim thanked everyone. He talked about costs and budgets in two sentences. He then focused on the Urgent Care facility and the insurance enterprise that provides insurance affordable medical services for poor people. He talked about the EMT services and pointed to Dierdre and Tommy who, while returning from transporting a heart attack victim safely to the hospital, on the way back stopped to save 21 people's lives from a burning building that was literally exploding. She never mentioned it. It was in the papers, on TV, and had national coverage. They got the people out, but Tommy ran back to find a baby. He did and the story has a somewhat happy ending. Everyone survived because the angels arrived to save them. The next morning when they discovered the reaction, Dierdre simply said, "It was no big deal. That is what we are trained to do. I have many less dramatic stories of Mission staff, all to the benefit of the people in that section of town. June took over and told the story of how Maeve Garvey Malone, Theresa Malone Garvey, Maria Costo Dowd, and she spent ten years researching possibilities. Their college friend, Grace O'Malley, descended from the Irish pirate queen, helped them raise the money to realize the first part of our dream. "Thanks to you today, we are taking more steps into the future, and the entire city of Philadelphia is grateful.

John, then introduced Dierdre O'Rourke as the newest Congressional Medal of Honor awardee, the second woman to be so honored for heroism in combat. The whole room rose to greet her with thunderous applause.

When the crowd settled down, Dierdre said that she was so glad that John said, “Awardee” because no one really wins in combat. Some of us are just lucky enough or maybe smart enough to be among the survivors. I was involved in fifty combat operations and, believe me when I tell you, I’m so happy to be with you tonight. My fiancé, Tom Farrell, went back into that exploding building to find the baby in thick black smoke. He got his photo in the paper and on television. These crises are what we train for. “I’m here to tell you about our booklet. Use it for information. Whenever you need a service, go to this book. Everyone you need to help you is listed in this book. By the way, this book was designed by our friend, Susan Boyd Garvey. I don’t want to build a clique but start here. We are here to help each other. Thank you.” Again, the standing ovation.

John invited Fr. Fred to pick the winners of the 50/50 raffle. There are three prizes, \$35,000, \$10,000, and \$5,000. The third prize, Fr. Fred handed John the ticket. The prize goes to, Al Vinson. Al, a handsome, athletic looking Black man came up while John wrote the check for him. Fr. Fred rolled the barrel and picked out another one. The second prize winner is Manuel Rodriguez. Manuel, a Philadelphia attorney came up for his check. “Drum Roll, please,” said John. Everyone started slapping their thighs. Fr. Fred reached in and picked out the \$35,000 winner. George Leahy, a retired police officer. Instead of moans and groans, the segment ended with applause.

Now let me introduce, Grace O’Malley, as co-chairman, she is the brains behind this event. All the prizes were on the makeshift stage. Grace thanked everyone and then said, “John overstated my role and understated his own. You have to see him in action when he is negotiating. For instance, steaks for a big golf dinner. It is a sight to behold. Incidentally, our butcher is listed in Dierdre’s and Susan’s booklet.”

Grace started the auction. She didn’t let anyone off the hook. She was the consummate professional getting the maximum for each prize. All the prizes were donated and many of them had real value. One of the prizes was dinner with Dierdre and Tommy. The big prize, saved for last was two weeks at a restored ‘Great House’ in Ireland, donated by Desmond Dowd and his family. Grace asked Desmond to come to the podium to describe it. A screen was set up and Desmond had arranged a slide show. The slides included photos of the house, the grounds, the adjacent lake, the interior of the house and photos of his family. “My family will act as a staff to cater to your every need as part of their contribution to the Jesuit Urban Mission. You can use the house as a base for travelling around. Or just enjoy the house and the town, and of course, the beauty of Kerry.

The bidding was outrageous. It topped out at \$40,000. The winning bidder was Myles Farley. He was a congressman who hailed from independent wealth as a child. He had previously planned to bring his family, four children, their spouses, and his grandchildren to Ireland to show them where he grew up and give the grandchildren a chance to embrace their Irish heritage.

The Garvey family hung out for a while afterwards, with the Dowds and the O’Malleys. Joe was amazed at his daughter’s prowess both as an organizer and an auctioneer. “Grace, you milked water out of stones for maximum effectiveness.”

John Chimed in, “We never could have pulled this off without her.”

“John, I watched you operate. You do very well on your own,” replied Grace.

“Shhh, don’t tell anyone else,” said John. “Hugh Quinn is coming over tomorrow to audit the event. That will be his contribution.”

Joe was invited to dine with the senior Garveys, along with Grace and Charlie, the following Tuesday evening. He was looking forward to that. Maeve and June along with Patrick, and Brian will join them. Brigid had already arranged with Bookbinder’s catering to provide the dinner. She is finding it difficult and tiring to provide these dinners anymore. Maeve will come over with the baby and set the table and give grandma some baby time.

Dierdre started packing for their trip. The Marines will pick them up at their apartment and militarily escort them to the Philadelphia Airport. There will be a reception with a lot of military and Congressional invitees, a gala-type dinner. Dierdre will be expected to make some remarks

The plan was to breakfast with the President and Vice President on Friday morning with the award presented in the afternoon. It will be broadcast on national TV by all the news stations with the tapes released to all stations for their local news. They will meet for lunch with the congressional military committees for a question-and-answer period. Dierdre will be asked to make summary remarks.

A military limo a quarter block long came by to pick them at precisely 9:00 AM. They were used to military precision. It had taken Dierdre over an hour the night before just to pin the medals and ribbons on her newly cleaned uniform. The Medal of Honor is worn around the neck. The uniform was carefully placed in a military garment bag. Dierdre nudged Tommy in the back seat and whispered, “we should offer to drive in case a war breaks out. We can then attack someone.” Tommy whispered, “Shhh, we might be recorded.”

Military planes used the airport in the Northeast section of Philadelphia. Dierdre had never been there before and enjoyed the different scenery of the brief trip. The officer in the front passenger seat turned around and rehashed their schedule. There were no changes. Dierdre was pleased with that. She was a little nervous about the Question-and-Answer period. However, she had enough dealings with them. They landed at Joint Base Andrews. They were driven to a hotel near the Capitol building. Hotel personnel escorted them to their room, where they freshened up before going to the dining room for coffee. A group of Marine generals will host them for lunch. They met the members of her Search and Rescue team, Ann Marie and Jennifer. There were excited, greeted each other with hugs. Ann remembered Tom as a wounded soldier in a rescue mission. They knew Dierdre visited him in the hospital. Tommy didn’t know then that he was going to be her husband.

At that, Dierdre flashed her engagement ring. Another outburst of emotion. This time Tommy was the recipient of the hugs. “Congratulations! When is the wedding?”

“September or December. We have close friends who are getting married on November 10th. We have to discuss it with our parish priest. He is working with us on a wonderful pre-Cana program. We were supposed to be with him tonight, but of course, the Marines commandeered the entire weekend. Fr. Fred will be at the ceremony tomorrow.”

“Our friends are an amazing group of people that I met through work.”

“I believe we met most of them the last time we received medals” said Jennifer. he President had totally embarrassed your friend, Theresa.”

“Right, I’m sorry. This weekend has me jumbled.”

“Go on! You were never jumbled when the Taliban had a price on your head.”

“What are you wearing?”

“A dress for lunch. A uniform for tonight and tomorrow. That was dictated to me, by the way.”

Lunch was interesting. It was in many ways delightful, because even the Generals were slightly in awe of Dierdre and her team.

“Why didn’t anyone recognize us when we were working for them,” thought Dierdre. They said they read the reports. The reports that I wrote were factual and accurate. I never talked about myself, always about the team. I didn’t think anyone was reading them. It was just part of my job as the team leader.”

That is exactly what she told them when the question of reports came up.

“We didn’t know anything about you. Your reports were soooo bland.”

“Oh, then you did read them.”

“When we did, the story never included everything that you did.

“Sir, we were a team and functioned like a team. I was writing a report, not a biography.”

Ann Marie raised her hand. “Sir, I think I can shed some light on this. We trained as a team. We did everything together. We slept in the same barracks. We ate together and we prayed together. Dierdre kept emphasizing that we were responsible for each other’s safety. We trained very hard, far more training than the Marines provided, with all due respect, sir. We were in over fifty battles, most of them fierce fire fights. The people we were called to rescue were almost certainly marked for death by the enemy. Dierdre would institute a battle-plan almost instantaneously. She gave us our assignments, always stating that we were responsible for each other and that we were never to dare to do anything that she did. She knew she wasn’t invincible. But she was bold and smart. I marveled at her. In truth going into battle was like having a day off. It was almost fun. The Taliban thought of us as the Ladies from Hell, and we knew that Dierdre had a price on her head. Sometimes they staged something just to get us out after them. Dierdre always knew when they set a trap and established a plan to get us out safely.”

“Was Dierdre a good leader?”

“Sir, I hated her in the beginning and grew to love her and our work. We were frequently in grave danger. Dierdre never lost her cool. Sir, I would follow Dierdre into the center of hell, because I knew with great confidence that she would get us safely out of it. Dierdre is every bit the heroine that you are honoring tomorrow.”

“Jennifer, do you agree.”

“Yes! I couldn’t do what Dierdre did. Sir, you have to understand that many times we were in grave danger. We were already in the center of Ann Marie’s hell. Dierdre handled everything with consummate professionalism, seemingly almost casual. But she was serious and came across with heroism that I thought I would only read about in novels.”

“Well Ms. O’ Rourke, what do you think of yourself and your team now?”

”Sir, I love my team. I think my team is outstanding. Yes, I did do somethings that some might think heroic. However, at the time, they were absolutely necessary. I never did anything that I thought I couldn’t do. So we trained for every eventuality until they were second nature. I wouldn’t allow my team to do any of the things I did. Along with knowledge and practice, I had a charismatic confidence. Also, I had the best team in the world covering for me.”

“Is there any experience that stands out?”

“Yes sir! A company of American soldiers didn’t call in on schedule and we went out to find them. When we did, they were about to be overrun by the Taliban. I gave my team a bag of grenades, deployed them. They deserve the medal just for getting into position. I crawled to the trench and the soldiers and started firing and gave them the signal to fire the grenades. One of the soldiers that was about to be overrun was wounded. He found his rifle and started firing. The company joined in. The grenades started to explode, and I think I shot about fifty of the enemy. The plan was to make them think that they were lured into a trap. They started to retreat, and I called in a Marine jet to mop up. When that wounded soldier picked up his rifle to go back into the battle, I thought, this is the man I want to marry. Tommy is here with me this weekend. We’ll be married in December.” Every one stood and clapped.

The General, master of ceremonies, stood to thank them for the most enlightening meal he has had in a long time.

Dierdre hugged her teammates and thanked them.

There was a gala ball that evening that they had to prepare for.

The evening gala was every bit the military solemnity that one would expect. The women were gowned elegance. Their escorts even danced with military precision.

Dierdre looked amazing in her dress blues. Medals and ribbons adorned both sides of her chest. The Croix de Guerre and the Silver Star were particularly prominent. She and Tommy drank only their wine at dinner. They had a breakfast meeting tomorrow with the President and the First Lady, and with the Vice President and her husband, the Second Gentleman, who also was a professor at Georgetown. The Jesuit University would provide a pathway to the work of the Jesuit Urban Ministry

Dierdre and Tommy danced, something they practiced in preparation for this dinner. They amiably chatted with the people around them, although being at the head table limited the range of conversants. The base chaplain, whom Dierdre knew well, was present, as well as a number of officers she recognized from Afghanistan.

With her remarks, Dierdre praised her team. None of the three of us would be here tonight without close knit and well-trained teamwork. Hell might be a bit of a stretch, but it aptly describes some of the situations we faced...., well actually, most of them. I would like to tell you how I got to be a Marine and how I got to be a Search and Rescue specialist.

I was a student at a small Catholic parish high school in Rochester, NY, St. Patrick's. From the beginning of freshman year, I organized study groups, feeling that six or seven minds were greater than any single one of us. My sport was soccer, the consummate team sport. I asked my coach if I could lead the practices. He approved as long as he could stand behind me. I focused on teamwork. I never berated a player for a mistake. We calmly corrected the mistake and practiced the maneuver until we got it right. When I made the mistake, I stopped the practice and focused on the play until we got it right. We were undefeated in my senior year. We won all of our playoff games and won the state championship. I was the only Division II player to make first string All-State. New York is a big state with a lot of players. All the senior players received scholarships to college. I had perfect SAT scores and every University and college in the country was offering me a scholarship.

My father was killed in a construction accident in the middle of my last semester. By that time I was eighteen and handled all the funeral arrangements as well as the aftermath. Our pastor asked me if he could recommend an attorney he totally trusted. I needed all the help I could get.

I had a lot of sympathy and help. My high school friends were an amazing support, but they all went off to college. I was still working my way through grief with loneliness added. I never made rash decisions, just fast ones. To get through grief, I knew I needed to do something bigger than myself. I had two options, join a convent or join the military. I knew I would enter a convent for all the wrong reasons. I couldn't see myself as a college student or an athlete at that time. Much to the chagrin of my friends, I joined the marines. Because I was a female, you gave me an office job. I was excellent with the computer and quietly trained everyone in the office until someone noticed. They also rediscovered my SAT scores. You offered me a scholarship to the University of North Carolina at Wilmington, next door to the base. You discouraged boyfriends or school activities to protect your investment and I finished in three years. I also had special training in Search and Rescue Techniques. To deal with boredom, I tried to improve the techniques. I was involved in clandestine computer activities in Afghanistan. That was interesting and fun although I never let on that I enjoyed it. I was helping out with training and when my next to last tour was up, I asked for my own team and received permission to provide additional training for them. We had fifty combat assignments in those two years, and the three of us are here.

I owe much to the Marines. You helped me through my grief. You gave me responsible jobs that I did to the best of my ability. You gave me an education, You gave me a team that performed above and beyond the call of duty in those fifty combat engagements. In fact, they looked at combat with the enemy as a welcome day off

from me. (Much laughter). Yet, we are all here together. Let me finish with a shout and I ask you to shout with me, Semper Fi; Semper Fi; Semper Fi.

Thank you my comrades in arms.

The applause was thunderous. After the dinner it seemed as if everyone in the room wanted to meet and shake hands with Dierdre.

She was exquisitely gracious throughout the ordeal with her fiancé. Thomas Farrell at her side, also receiving congratulations.

The next morning, a Marine Limo picked them up at the hotel and whisked them up for the short drive to the White House. They were greeted and passed easily through security though these were the days when Presidential security was quite strict. They were ushered into the President's private dining room.

Dierdre, Thomas, welcome to the White House. May I introduce my wife, the First Lady and our Vice President. She greeted them with apologies that her husband had to teach a morning class and was unable to join us.

He asked if you would be gracious enough to sign the menu for us and our children. He is a Marine.

The President remarked that the morning briefing was taken up with reports of your performance at lunch and the banquet last evening. Tom, when you picked up that rifle did you know it would provide the ride of your life.

Mr. President, it is the blessing of my life. Dierdre left out the hard part. She took me in as a friend and apartment mate. I was seeing a PTSD Psychiatrist at the VA Hospital. Dierdre had rescued her boss from the Colombia Cartel.

"I know, said President Joe. "Dave told me the whole story."

Dierdre perked right up. "You know Dave Garvey!"

"Yes and old friend from when we were both poor. We still talk every week."

"I met all the Garvey's and their friends at church. They invited me to have lunch with them after Mass in New Jersey. We still do that every week. They'll all be here tomorrow. I hope you can meet them."

Tommy didn't know then that I had picked him to be my husband. In fact, that particular battle was so iffy my thoughts were that we would be walking hand in hand into heaven. Their force was overwhelming.

"I understand that your strategy saved the day," said the President.

"Sir, it was our only option and it worked, thanks to the boldness of my team."

"So I understand. You were called the 'ladies from hell' and none of the brass noticed."

Tommy interjected. "The troops knew, sir, and eventually outed them."

After they ordered their breakfast, Dierdre addressed the President, Sir, with your approval, I would like to turn the conversation to another topic. Tommy and I are involved in The Jesuit Urban Mission in Philadelphia. A friend started this twelve years ago with Jesuit Father Jim Keenan. Tommy works with them among homeless veterans and in job development. We are both military certified EMT's. I serve on the Board of the Mission. It has taken me a couple of years of research, but now I have a plan for a revival in Urban housing. My plan develops housing for the people who already live there and opens horizons to rebuild that entire section of the city. We met with our Congressional Reps led by Congressman Farley. We will meet with our Senators. I have a packet outlined I'll leave for you."

“Kam and I will study it and send it over to Housing and Urban Development. Be assured of that, Dierdre. I read the story of you and Tom rescuing the 21 people in that horrific fire. And you have a great PR Director. Dave Garvey is a friend, and he called me two nights ago to tell me about your project and he thought it was brilliant.”

“Dave called you?”

“Yes, we frequently speak together. He told me how you rescued him twice.”

“Wow, Tommy was with me for one of those episodes. Actually, Theresa Malone, now Garvey, saved all of us. She threw the assassin off kilter and he fired at me instead of Mr. Garvey. I fired simultaneously and didn’t miss. His bullet went through a brand-new expensive hair styling.”

“I understand he is coming to the ceremony this afternoon.”

“Before I leave you Dierdre, Kam and I have to save the world sometime today, I am issuing a Presidential Decree that you will be promoted to the rank of Lt. Colonel, (ret), effective immediately. We’ll announce it this afternoon at the Medal ceremony. Dierdre stood up and kissed both the President and the Vice President, and then an aide led them out of the room.

“Please finish your breakfast. My wife will remain here with you until it’s time to go.”

“Please call me Jill.”

“I hope I didn’t break protocol. The last time I was afraid the previous president was going to kiss me. I stepped back and extended my hand. Now here I am kissing the President and the Vice President.”

“They evoke that kind of reaction. I read about your speech. You were wonderful off the cuff when you had to answer those questions.”

“They didn’t ask me how to win the war there. I was disappointed.”

“How would you have answered?”

“Totally stop hostilities. Make them an offer they can’t refuse. Have the US and all the European countries offer to rebuild Afghanistan. In Tommy’s battle alone, I killed at least fifty enemy soldiers. What a waste of life. I think of all the heartache of the women and children impacted by that,” said Dierdre. “For what? History proves that you can’t conquer Afghanistan with violent war. Why not try making peace and win the war with a loving gesture. They did it before with the Marshall Plan.”

Jill said, “I’ll try out your ideas on my husband.”

“This card has my work number. They can always reach me.”

“I’ll be there this afternoon.” said Jill. “I wasn’t planning on it, but having met the two of you, I wouldn’t miss it.”

“Thank you,” said Dierdre and they hugged. An aide came in to tell them that the Marine limo was outside whenever they were ready. Which is code for, “The Marines want you to leave now.”

“I want you to come back sometime soon. I’ll be pleased to give you a tour of the White House. The place reeks with history.”

“We will look forward to it.”

They had to be back in the East Room of the White House at 2:30 to rehearse for the 4:00 presentation. The East Room is quite large and there were several hundred seats set up.

The three women heroes were through this before. They had plenty of time to converse with each other.

“When are you getting married?”

“Are you seeing anyone?”

“How is the job going?”

“When did you connect with Tommy?”

“Tell us about life in Philadelphia.”

“What is The Jesuit Urban Mission? What do you do there? Do you still go to church? I am working with a local parish to become a Catholic. You were a pain in my ass, but I still admired you and want what you have.”

“Why, thank you, Anne Marie. I couldn’t have a bigger compliment. Most of my Philadelphia friends will be here today. We are like a big family of sisters and brothers.”

“What are the President and Vice President like?”

“You still look great in your uniform. I never saw all the medals and ribbons. Do you remember what they are all for?”

“Oh, by the way, the President elevated my rank to Lt. Colonel.”

“How could you forget to tell us that?”

“It is no longer a biggie. Who would ever address me as Colonel?”

“We don’t qualify for a pension and I no longer get a salary.”

“Are you the first woman the get the Medal of Honor?”

“No the Second. The first was a female physician in the Civil War who volunteered for the Union Army. She won the distinction by going behind enemy lines to treat wounded soldiers. She was captured and jailed in Virginia and remained there until the end of the war when she was released in a prisoner exchange.”

“Did Tommy really propose in that trench?”

“No, NO! I didn’t even know him then. In fact, I didn’t even think we would survive. The two of you were magnificent in that battle. They really had an overpowering force. I thought I would hold the hand of the soldier at the end of the trench as we walked together into heaven. They had basically given up. Tommy who was badly wounded picked up his rifle and started firing when I did. The others followed suit. Remember the plan was to make the enemy think they were walking into a trap. I didn’t know yet that you guys were able to make it to your positions. When those grenades started to explode, I knew you were safe, and we were going to win the battle. I introduced myself to Tommy when I carried him to the Medivac helicopter. I visited him at the base hospital and wrote to him in Germany where he was in rehab. He came back to us as a nurse for the hospital. He has super EMT credentials. We both left the service on the same day and he came to Philadelphia with me. We were roommates for about a year while he treated PTSD at the VA hospital and with our parish priest.”

“I read about the two of you in that fire.”

“Yeah, Tommy saved a baby by rushing back into the burning building.”

“And you saved both of them, so I read.”

I volunteer for EMT services twice a week with the Jesuit Urban Mission. Tommy works for the Mission with homeless veterans and doing job development. He rides with me at least once a week. We operate well as a team.”

We decided to do a pre-Cana program at our parish to see if we can work well as married partners. It is working well. Tommy proposed to me during one of our sessions. We still have several sessions of pre-Cana, but we are

both comfortable with our leap into the future. We'll be married in early September or December. Fr. Fred will be here today.”

They were called for makeup and hair styling after which they were positioned on stage. The President and Vice President were already in position. The lights were up, and they couldn't see the audience. The cameras were well-positioned for maximum exposure of the three women, and the President.

The two women received the Silver Star for heroism in combat. The Vice President assisted the President as he pinned the Medals on them. The President saluted and then shook both their hands. The Vice President hugged them both.

Before giving the Medal of Honor the President paused to give an off-the-cuff. preamble.

This young lady is a model of everything that is great about the women of America. She was an only child raised well by her father following the death of her mother when she was only three years old. Her father was killed in a construction accident when she was a senior in high school. She had a perfect SAT score and was a first-string All-State athlete as a soccer player. She personally handled all the details of her father's funeral and worked to settle all her father's affairs. Every university in the country wanted her to be their student. Even with the affection of so many friends, she knew that to deal with her grief, she had to commit to something bigger than herself. So she joined the Marines. She had a desk job before her skill and SAT scores emerged and The Marines sent her to the University of North Carolina to study Computer Science. She finished her degree in three years together with a training program in Search and Rescue. She was sent to Afghanistan where she became the 'go to' person for all the military services on compute surveillance. I won't say more about her skills in this area.

As she started her last tour of duty with the Marines, she asked permission to train and lead her own Search and Rescue Team and still be available for computer surveillance. Permission was granted and so the legend begins.

She has also distinguished herself in civilian life most recently as she and her fiancé saved the lives of twenty-one occupants of a blazing Inferno.

The President stepped back and nodded to the Captain to read the citation.

The Citation was culled from Dierdre's reports and the testimony of those she rescued. Dierdre thought it went on and on. Finally it was finished, and the President and Vice President stepped forward and placed the Congressional Medal of Honor around her neck. The applause was thunderous, with everyone standing and cheering as the Vice President adjusted her hair around the ribbon of the Medal.

As soon as the director gave the word, the commercial was over and Dierdre's and Tommy's friends rushed to the front of the auditorium to greet them.

The Congresspersons from Philadelphia came forward to congratulate her. One of the Senators from Pennsylvania was present. He gave his card. "I understand that we have a project to discuss. Please call my Philadelphia office.

Brigid gave her a big hug. "Look at you with all the brass on your chest. Please be careful of puddles. If you fall, you'll drown. Grace and Charlie were equally as effusive, with hugs and congratulations. Joe O'Malley said he was grateful to live to see this day. The two new babies made their first trip to the nation's capital and couldn't care less. Baby Patrick loved the noise. Baby Brigid was getting a little squirmy. Maeve and Patrick were glowing but also looked tired. Susan and Michael were ecstatic as was Brian and June. Fr. Jim gave her a big hug as did Fr. Fred. The two foreign born Americans, Maria Costo Dowd and Desmond Dowd, and their daughter Rosellen and her boyfriend were thrilled to pieces. "We feel so honored to be here." said Desmond. John and Theresa echoed the same feelings. Theresa said that the President was magnificent. This was so different from the last time. The first Lady, Jill came forward with hugs for both Dierdre and Tommy. I wish you could pop by at any time, but security prohibits that. I'll put you on the invitation list for our first State Dinner. Dave said that he had arranged with the military to bring them home with them. Dave has influence in

the highest places. He seldom uses and doesn't abuse the privilege. He'll have a bus pull up for them at the hotel.

Back at the hotel, Dierdre and her team had a weeping farewell. "let's plan an annual reunion like the Tin Can Sailors do."

"Let's do it. I also want you to come in for my wedding. We have addresses and phone numbers. Let's use them.

And so the curtain falls down on Chapter One. Chapter Two promises to be every bit as exciting, but a lot less dangerous.

“Bloomsday” in Dear Old Dublin

David Hanley, my former landlord (when I did my Grad School Term “Abroad”) near Rathfarnham in Dublin (15B Bus, to the end of the line for 8d - the price had recently gone up), is **personally responsible for the “*Bloomsday Celebration*”** in Dublin. Back in 1971, on the 16th of June, he asked me to meet him under the arch in Saint Stephen’s Green (containing the names of all those poor (Irish) fools, members of the British Army, who were killed for the enrichment of those who profit from England’s imperialism, fighting against the Boers in South Africa). He was going to treat me to an historically significant glass of burgundy wine, to wash down some gorgonzola cheese and brown bread, at a place called **“*Davy Byrne’s Moral Pub.*”** **This was the venue, and the menu, for Leopold Bloom’s famous lunch on the 16th of June, 1904, in the novel *Ulysses*.**

The date was chosen by Joyce, for his *magnum opus*, because it was the day he met Nora, the love of his life. The fictional Leopold Bloom (an Irish Jew) was the principal character in the novel - although his (equally fictional) wife, Molly Bloom’s, soliloquy is rightly regarded as one of the most significant literary passages in the English language.

“*Davy Byrne’s Moral Pub,*” however, was, and continues to be, quite real.

In walked the pair of us, and David ordered two glasses of burgundy wine. The Davy Byrne’s barman didn’t have a bottle of burgundy behind the bar. David requested that he go down and check the cellar - with the same result. David then requested gorgonzola cheese, again no joy. Nor was there any brown bread in the house that day. An exasperated David Hanley (himself an employee of Bord Fáilte (Irish Tourist Board) - whose specialty was the conducting of VIP tours) turned to me and said, **“*Mark my words, this will never happen again.*** Let’s get out of here.”

David went to his boss at ***Bord Fáilte***, and secured his agreement to publicize “Bloomsday” in 1972, if the owner (who had not been on the premises while we were there) would agree. [During Joyce’s lifetime, some of his Irish literati contemporaries in Dublin used to observe **“*Bloomsday*”**, every June 16th, in his honor.] The owner, without hesitation, agreed, and every year, beginning in 1972, “Bloomsday” has exceeded expectations.

In 2004, the centennial year of June 16th in *Ulysses*, nearly all of which takes place on the 16th of June 1904, there was a week-long “*Bloomsday*” celebration in Dublin. On the Wednesday of that week, the 16th, it was nearly impossible for the mere tourist to get into Davy Byrne’s Moral Pub, for the **most famous pub grub** in Irish literary history (and perhaps in the literature of the entire world). While we were there as part of an Irish literary bus tour (which included Yeats, Synge, O’Casey, Oscar Wilde, etc., and Brother Edmund Ignatius Rice - founder of the Irish Christian Brothers), organized by Professor Vincent Maher of Iona College (where I spent a happy year, and two summers) we couldn’t get into the pub for the famous grub until the following day. I purchased an XL t-shirt (all other sizes having been sold out the day before), which I gave to a larger Blind Hogan, back in New York - who wears it proudly, to this day.

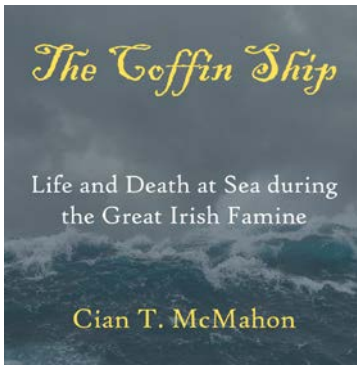
For years after the centennial - for the benefit of those who couldn’t be in Dublin on the **16th of June** - some New York area pubs have offered a “*Bloomsday Special*” - burgundy wine, gorgonzola cheese and brown bread (e.g., Dunne’s Pub in White Plains; O’Lunney’s Times Square Pub in the City; The Quiet Man Public House in Peekskill).

So, on this, and on every 16th of June, think not only of Joyce, and of Molly Bloom’s magnificent soliloquy, but also of **David Hanley**, whose initiative provided the spark that ignited the on-going “*Bloomsday*” celebration.

For anyone curious to see the look of this current “Bloomsday Celebration” seminal man, **David Hanley**, find you a copy of *Ireland a Terrible Beauty*, by Jill and Leon Uris (New York: Bantam Doubleday Dell, 5th Edition, 1978). [While Leon Uris was researching for *Trinity* in 1971 (published in 1976), his wife Jill, an expert photographer - with an artist’s eye, was taking pictures all over Ireland.] One of the photos in the book (which is a treasure of a collaboration between Jill and Leon Uris) is of an imposing man, in a suit, and with a large flowing, flaming red beard, walking, obviously with a purpose, beside a solid wooden fence, somewhere in Baile Átha Cliath — captioned “*A Dubliner*”.

Actually from Patrick’s Well Road (or, perhaps Saint Jude’s Terrace) on a ridge beyond Garryowen in Limerick, and, quite possibly with a bit of Limerick Viking in his DNA, David is not misidentified as “A Dubliner” in that the only man I ever met with a more detailed, and in-depth, knowledge of dear old Dublin than David Hanley was Éamonn Mac Thomáis, himself (the folk historian of Dublin, author of *Me Jewel an’ Darlin’ Dublin, Down Dublin Streets 1916*, etc., with whom I later occasionally stayed in Ballymun, myself — but that’s another story, for another time...). †

Liam Ó Murchadha – Member, Irish American Cultural Institute since 1965



The Coffin Ship: Life and Death at Sea during the Great Irish Famine

By Cian T. McMahon, PhD

New York: New York University Press, 2021

Glucksman Irish Diaspora book series (Kevin Kenny, editor)

A vivid, new portrait of Irish migration through the letters and diaries of those who fled their homeland during the Great Famine

The standard story of the exodus during Ireland's Great Famine is one of tired clichés, half-truths, and dry statistics. In *The Coffin Ship*, a groundbreaking work of transnational history, Cian T. McMahon offers a vibrant, fresh perspective on an oft-ignored but vital component of the migration experience: the journey itself.

Between 1845 and 1855, over two million people fled Ireland to escape the Great Famine and begin new lives abroad. The so-called “coffin ships” they embarked on have since become infamous icons of nineteenth-century migration. The crews were brutal, the captains were heartless, and the weather was ferocious. Yet the personal experiences of the emigrants aboard these vessels offer us a much more complex understanding of this pivotal moment in modern history. Based on archival research on three continents and written in clear, crisp prose, *The Coffin Ship* analyzes the emigrants' own letters and diaries to unpack the dynamic social networks that the Irish built while voyaging overseas. At every stage of the journey—including the treacherous weeks at sea—these migrants created new threads in the worldwide web of the Irish diaspora.

Designed for a mixed audience of scholars and general readers, the book has three intertwined goals. First, it brings the lessons of maritime social history to bear on our understanding of the Great Famine exodus. Second, it uses the words and ideas of the emigrants themselves to understand how the experience of life at sea paved the way for life in the New World. And third, it seeks to compare, contrast, and connect the Irish living around the world at a critical moment in their shared history.

Colored by the long-lost voices of the emigrants themselves, this is an original portrait of a process that left a lasting mark on Irish life at home and abroad. An indispensable read, *The Coffin Ship* makes an ambitious argument for placing the sailing ship alongside the tenement and the factory floor as a central, dynamic element of migration history.

Cian T. McMahon is Associate Professor in the Department of History and Honors College at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas and author of *The Global Dimensions of Irish Identity: Race, Nation, and the Popular Press, 1840-1880* (2015).

Learn More/Purchase:

<https://nyupress.org/9781479808793/the-coffin-ship/>

On this Day in Irish History

June

1st 1944 - Fianna Fáil wins the general election.

2nd 1942 - Speed limits are introduced to reduce wear on tyres.

4th 1984 - US President Ronald Reagan addresses both houses of the Oireachtas.

7th 1921 - James Craig is elected first Prime Minister of Northern Ireland.

1944 - Further rationing of electricity is announced.

1996 - Garda Jerry McCabe is shot dead by the IRA in Limerick.

2001 - Ireland rejects the Nice Treaty in a referendum.

8th 1886 - Home Rule Bill is rejected, triggering riots in Belfast.

9th 1903 - University of Dublin agrees to award degrees to women.

10th 1961 - Prince Ranier and Princess Grace of Monaco are received in Dublin.

1983 - Sinn Féin leader Gerry Adams is elected MP for West Belfast.

11th 1843 - Tuam is the location of the first of a series of Monster Meetings calling for Repeal.

12th 1986 - Two giant pandas arrive at Dublin zoo.

13th 1951 - Éamon de Valera becomes Taoiseach with a tiny majority.

14th 1928 - Amendment to the Court of Justice Bill ensures certain judges must have competency in Irish.

15th 1977 - Fianna Fáil win the general election.

1988 - IRA kill six British soldiers in Lisburn.

16th 1871 - Westmeath Act allows detention without trial.

1904 - James Joyce meets Nora Barnacle, and later sets Ulysses on this day.

1922 - A general election in Ireland shows 75% support the Anglo-Irish Treaty.

1997 - National University of Ireland, Maynooth, comes into existence.

18th 1969 - French President Charles de Gaulle meets President De Valera in Dublin.

1992 - Referendum in the Republic approves the Maastricht Treaty.

20th 1890 - St George's covered market is opened in Belfast.

1936 - Irish government declares the IRA an illegal organisation.

22nd 1911 - Sinn Féin protest Irish participation in the coronation of King George V.
1932 - 31st Eucharistic Conference opens in the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin.

23rd 1914 - Government of Ireland Bill introduced to the House of Lords.
1929 - Pontifical High Mass at Phoenix Park marks the centenary of Catholic emancipation.
1993 - Dáil Éireann passes a bill to decriminalise homosexuality.

24th 1973 - Éamon de Valera retires from office aged 90.

25th 1938 - Douglas Hyde is inaugurated as the first President of Ireland.
1945 - Seán T. O'Kelly is inaugurated as the second President of Ireland.
1959 - Éamon de Valera is inaugurated as the third President of Ireland.
1966 - Éamon de Valera is inaugurated for a second term as President.
1970 - Bishops lift the ban on Catholics attending Trinity College Dublin.
1973 - Erskine Childers is inaugurated as the fourth President of Ireland.

26th 1887 - Highest temperature ever recorded in Ireland (33.3C, measured at Kilkenny Castle).
1949 - 80,000 people attend a Pioneer Total Abstinence Society meeting at Croke Park.
1991 - The wrongful convictions of the Maguire Seven are quashed.
1996 - Crime reporter Veronica Guerin murdered in Dublin.

27th 1963 - US President J. F. Kennedy addresses both houses of the Oireachtas.
1998 - The Republic of Ireland qualifies for entry into the Economic and Monetary Union of the EU.

30th 1922 - Anti-Treaty forces storm the Four Courts and take 33 prisoners.
1932 - The Tailteann Games open in Croke Park.
1981 - Fine Gael leader Dr Garret Fitzgerald is elected Taoiseach.