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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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* *“The Shot Heard ‘Round the World”* *

The American Revolution, which became the American War for Independence, with the promulgation of the American Declaration of Independence, on the 4th of July 1776, really was something new under the sun. The English-speaking colonies on the east coast of the North American wilderness, beginning with Jamestown, Virginia in 1607, and followed by the “Plimoth Plantation” in 1620 and the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1630, and then by other colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia, were pretty much left to their own devices, as “Mother England,” remote on the other side of the broad Atlantic, was preoccupied with domestic, dynastic and European affairs, including regicide and a bloody civil war, its own so-called “Glorious” revolution (turning out a king, whose “crimes” included trying to have religious toleration in all of his realms), “Rebellious Scots” and the attempts of the legitimate Stuarts to regain the throne, and a century of intermittent warfare with France. Nor were the inhabitants of these colonies by any means all English. There were all kinds, including: Dutch and Flemings (who had exported the **freedoms and liberties** of the Dutch Republic to the commercial colony of Nieuw Amsterdam in Nieuw Netherlands), Swedes (who had settled on both sides of the lower Delaware River), Finns (who introduced the architecture of the log cabin to America), large numbers of Germans (both in Pennsylvania and all along the frontier), Welsh (many of whom were also drawn to the frontier), Scots (some refugees from/victims of enforced English rule in Scotland), and there were Irish (in nearly as large numbers as the Germans), who found refuge and opportunity in this New World. When cosmopolitan Dutch Nieuw Amsterdam became British New York in 1664, there were no less than eighteen languages spoken below Canal Street on Manhattan - one of which was Irish/Gaelic (per the diary of a Catholic Pastor). These colonies developed – largely (by default) self-governing - with minimal to absent care or direction, on the Atlantic coast and on the American Frontier, during what later historians would call a period of *salutary neglect*.

With the 1763 defeat of the French, in what is known in America as the “French and Indian War” (also known as the Seven Years War or, in Canada, the *Guerre de la Conquête* – War of the Conquest) which resulted in the cession of New France east of the Mississippi (including Canada and the remainder of Acadia – mostly now the Maritime Provinces; with the exception of the small islands of Saint Pierre and Miquelon) to England, **and the failure of the last Jacobite Plot** to restore the legitimate Royal Stuart (*Bonnie Prince Charlie* of song, *Drambuie* and legend), **all of that changed.**

Wars cost money, even successful wars. The **Westminster Parliament in London** turned to the idea that since the Americans had benefitted from the removal of the French threat from North America, they should pay a share of the cost of that removal, and of the maintenance of that “British” Empire, of which they were a part. The Westminster Parliament therefore presumed (unconstitutionally) to levy taxes for revenue (as distinct from the regulation of trade), as well as to pay for the billeting of English troops (who were no longer needed) in the American colonies, i.e., “*Taxation without representation.*” Parliament (also without voting representation from the American colonies) began to impose other regulations in restraint of western settlement, of industry and of trade, **for the benefit of “Mother England.”**

Most of the Irish in America had come there as a result of English malevolence and malfeasance in governing Ireland. This was true of Catholics, all of whom had no existence under law under the Penal Codes (beginning in 1692 and lasting most of a century, sometimes more). Many of Irish Catholics had earlier (under Cromwell – 1640s/50s) been sold into slavery in Barbados or in the Carolinas, or later been sent to penal colonies. Civil rights and fixity of tenure were also denied, in Ireland, to Presbyterians and other Dissenters (i.e., those who “dissented” from the established (Protestant) Church of England), large numbers of whom emigrated rather than pay exorbitant rents for the privilege of renewing their leases, particularly in 1721 and in 1771. It was even true that liberal Irish Protestants had emigrated to America, men who objected both to the discrimination and to the strangulation of Irish domestic industry, lest it compete with its counterpart in England.

These Irish in America, seeing the beginning of what was to them a clear sign that the Parliament in **England was intent on reducing them to the level of the miserable conditions of Ireland**, were justly alarmed. They shared their concerns with their fellow Americans - including John Adams.

Americans of all backgrounds (including those of English descent) gradually came together to **defend the public Liberty**, which had developed during a century-and-a half of salutary neglect. Patriotic Americans did not wish to see their homes in the New World reduced to the misery that English imperialism had brought to Ireland. It’s not so much that life in America was idyllic; rather it was hard, and on the Frontier a man counted for what he could do, not where he was from, or who his father knew. Civil and religious liberties varied from colony to colony, but, in practice, English, Irish, Scots, French, Welsh, German or Dutch, a person was more free in the

American colonies than was the case in England. Even many who had considered themselves to be “English,” or “Loyal,” for whom Independence was initially a difficult concept, came to place a higher value on **Liberty**, and became determined to achieve it, and then to defend it to the death.

One of the best analyses of this conflict, from both sides, is ***In Defense of the Public Liberty: Britain, America, & the Struggle for Independence – from 1760 to the Surrender at Yorktown in 1781*** by Samuel B. Griffith II. US Marine Brigadier General Sam Griffith was a US Naval Academy graduate, also an Oxford Ph.D., a China scholar (translator of (among other works) Sun Tzu Ping Fa (***The Art of War***) into English), and a warrior (holder of the Navy Cross, Army Distinguished Service Cross and Purple Heart). Historian Barbara Tuchman hypothesized that this book would “prove to be the outstanding historical narrative produced during the Bicentennial.” Thomas Fleming’s ***Liberty! The American Revolution*** is a newer and most readable companion to Griffith. As Fleming shows in his text (like Fred Anderson in ***Crucible of War***), the seeds of the American Revolution were planted long before the actual conflict began. This was not an overnight decision on the part of the colonists or the British; intense negotiations and political attempts were made for years prior to the outbreak of hostilities. Newer still, and also belonging in every American library, is ***Almost a Miracle: The American Victory in the War of Independence***, John Ferling, who demonstrates that independence was won through the endurance of the American people, and fighting men, who held on for that last vital quarter of an hour. Perhaps the best snapshot of the year in which so many minds were made up (with a little help from Thomas Paine) to commit to the fight for Liberty is ***1776*** by David McCullough. John Oller, George C. Daughan, William Bell Clark, David Hackett Fischer, James J. Gallagher, Ron Chernow, Russell Shorto, and a growing list of historians, poets and songwriters present all the heartbreak and the glory which have become the common heritage from those ***times that tried men’s souls***.

When, consequent to a certain “tea party,” the English closed the port of Boston, and later attempted to disarm the local organized Militia (the “**Minutemen**” – who would pick up their guns and respond on a minute’s notice - the 18th century analog to today’s National Guard or State Guard – the unorganized militia consisted of all able-bodied men from 18 to 54), after the “Midnight Ride of Paul Revere”, Billy Dawes, Dr. Samuel Prescott, and others - the English were resisted in arms, on **Lexington Green**, and, successfully, at **Concord North Bridge (19 April 1775)** –

*“By the rude bridge, that arched the flood,
Their flag to April’s breeze unfurled,
There the embattled farmers stood,
and
Fired the shot heard ‘round the world.”*



The symbol of the **National Guard** in the United States today is the Minuteman of 1775, rifle in hand, and, like Cincinnatus, ready to leave his plow, in response to an emergency. The face, and the plow, on the monument, sculpted by Daniel Chester French, belong to Captain Isaac Davis, of Acton, killed in action at the Concord North Bridge, who led the Minutemen who fired *The Shot Heard ‘Round the World*.

The **Minutemen** drilled regularly (some twice weekly), often paid one shilling per drill (by vote of their local town selectmen), and **included many combat veterans** of the French and Indian War. They already had their own weapons, and, as a necessity from hunting to put meat on the table, were careful to **fire only well-aimed shots**.

[*“A well regulated Militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.”*]

What is also important is that Minutemen, and other organized militia, were **trained to operate as units, work in concert, follow orders, and to fire, and to attack, on command.** They had developed a system of post riders in a network which would spread alarms or mobilization alerts; Revere, Dawes and Prescott spread the famous “Midnight Ride” alarm not only to the towns they visited, but also, to these other midnight riders who, in turn, spread the word to dozens of other towns, mobilizing over 3,500 during that day.

British General Gage in Boston (occupied after the closing of the Port of Boston -1 June 1774 – which paralyzed the economy of what had been a vibrant and thriving port), had received intelligence from Tory informers on the 16th of April 1775, that there was a large store of arms and ammunition at Concord, and two nearby farms of Militia Colonels Barrett and Buttrick, including some cannons “liberated” from Boston by Sons of Liberty. He determined to steal a march in the wee hours of Monday morning the 19th of April, to seize the militia magazine, and recover the artillery pieces in the process, before anyone in London might learn of their theft from under the noses of the British garrison in Boston. The Sons of Liberty, however, had their own intelligence network in Boston, which caused Paul Revere to prepare his own alert network, which including tipping off the Concord folks that something might be afoot, with the result that almost all of the weapons and ammunition were removed to other towns, including Acton and Worcester, with three cannons remaining hidden in Concord.

By the time a British mixed force of some 700 grenadiers and light infantry, under Royal Marine Major John Pitcarin reached **Lexington Green**, he found seventy-seven Lexington Militiamen, under the command of Captain John Parker drawn up across the green. Prior to the Brits’ arrival, Captain Parker had instructed his men,

“Don’t fire unless fired upon. But if they want war, let it begin here.”

Major Pitcairn, his 700 men drawn up in line of battle hollered, “Throw down your arms! Ye villians, ye rebels.” Captain Parker, seeing the inadvisability of going toe-to-toe, in an open field, against a professional force some ten times his number, ordered his men to disburse, which they began to do (but without throwing down their arms), when a shot, of as yet undetermined origin, rang out. Some of the Brits, without being ordered to do so, began shooting at the Lexington militiamen – others joined in, and in what can only be described as a riot, many, with fixed bayonets, attacked.

By the time order was restored, eight Lexington militiamen lay dead, and nine more wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Francis Smith, in overall command of the British force, having no respect for the military potential of the militia, determined to continue on to his primary objective, Concord.

As the British drums could be heard approaching, the Reverend William Emerson, virtual chaplain to the Concord Militia, said, "Let us stand our ground. If we die, let us die here." The local militia, knowing that reinforcements were on the way, wisely decided to occupy the high ground on Punkatasset Hill near the North Bridge, and wait. Meanwhile, most of the British troops were set to searching the town, which soon degenerated to wholesale looting. Three 24-pounder cannon were found, but had been rendered difficult to move, so Smith ordered his men to build a fire, to destroy the gun carriages and other artillery equipment, and to cut down the town's Liberty Pole. The smoke was seen by the Militia companies on the hill, by now numbering some 500.

Concord Militia Colonel James Barrett formed up his men and ordered them to load their weapons (equivalent to the modern "lock and load" command). The **Acton** Minutemen, under **Captain Isaac Davis**, asked for, and got, the lead – in part because they were fully equipped with muskets, bayonets and cartridge boxes. The Americans were told not to fire first, and then only on command. The Brits at the bridge, now outnumbered, withdrew, and began to prepare to defend the bridge. Again, British discipline broke down, and, a British soldier fired, soon joined by several more, and then an irregular volley. Isaac Davis fell, along with Abner Hosner. [James Hayward, of Acton, was mortally wounded later, protecting a farm from a British Army looter – he killed the looter – and told his father that his day was a success, in that he had only three bullets remaining out of his original forty. All three are interred beside the Town monument where *Patriots' Day* observances begin.] Colonel Buttrick advanced his line, until within 50 yards of the enemy, and then ordered, "Fire, fellow soldiers; for God's sake, fire!"

That well aimed volley felled four of eight British officers, and five soldiers, wounding others. The British company broke and ran. Historian William H. Hallahan, *The Day The American Revolution Began 19 April 1775* (New York: HarperCollins, 2000) points out: "**At that moment a vital transformation took place among the militia. They discovered they could cow the vaunted British redcoats.**"

Certainly not the last shot of the day, but, destined to become known as;

"The Shot Heard 'Round the World"

By noon Colonel Smith had organized his departure, leaving behind a town filled with anger. Meanwhile, newly arriving militia companies were positioning themselves on hilltops, and behind stone walls along his escape route – an eighteen mile gauntlet back to Boston. His light infantry were sent out as flankers, to keep the militia out of musket range, but then came **Merriam's Corner**, where the flankers had to walk in to cross a narrow bridge, by which time the militiamen outnumbered his men by a thousand. The bloody running battle – ambush after ambush, skirmish after skirmish – had begun. On the road back to Lexington, the **Lexington Militia**, under Captain John Parker exacted their revenge, at very close range, volley after volley, temporarily halting the British retreat. As more and more militia companies arrived, it seemed as if the British might be forced to surrender by the time they reached Lexington Green.

However, a relief column under Brigadier the Rt. Hon. Hugh Earl Percy, with light artillery, reached Lexington Green in time to greet, and protect, Smith's fleeing troops. Lord Percy's men had only 36 rounds of ammunition each, and limited 6-pounder artillery ammunition. From this point began a contest between two gifted generals – Percy for the English, and Militia Major General William Heath on the American side, assisted most ably by Irish-American **Dr. Joseph Warren**.

William Heath, a former member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, was also a long time devotee of military science and military history, devouring numerous tomes acquired from Henry Knox's London Bookstore in Boston. He had anticipated such a situation, and long since planned for it. He would surround Percy's force, now fighting a retrograde action, back to Boston, with a moving, non-stop "**Ring of Fire**", by the skillful fire and manoeuvre of various militia units, which, when removed from the line would be resupplied with ammunition, fed, watered, and then moved farther down the path to await the Brits again. With superior, and growing, numbers, and with brilliant skill, Heath came close to destroying/capturing Percy's entire force by 7 PM. Only the delayed arrival of the Salem and Marblehead militia prevented Heath from closing the trap. Most of the soldiers who made it back into Boston would live to fight again – at "**Bunker Hill**."

By the setting of the sun on the 19th of April 1775, Boston was under siege, and what had begun as resistance to bad laws by a king and his parliament, ended the day as a fight for *American Liberty*.

19th April 1775 – "The Shot Heard 'Round the World"

Specific sources for additional reading include:

The Battle of April 19, 1775, in Lexington, Concord, Lincoln, Arlington, Cambridge, Somerville and Charlestown, Massachusetts

by Frank Warren Coburn (Lexington, Mass, by the author, 1912) – BIBLIOLIFE Reprint

Lexington & Concord, 1775: What Really Happened

by Jean Poindexter Colby (New York: Hastings House, 1975)

Lexington and Concord: The Battle Heard Round the World

by George C. Daughan (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 2018)

Now We Are Enemies: The Story of Bunker Hill

by Thomas Fleming

(Staunton, Virginia: American History Press, Anniversary Edition, 2010)

The Day of Concord & Lexington: The Nineteenth of April, 1775

by Allen French (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1925)

The Day The American Revolution Began: 19 April 1775

by William H. Hallahan (New York: William Morrow Imprint of HarperCollins, 2000)

Bunker Hill: A City, a Siege, a Revolution

by Nathaniel Philbrick (Viking, 2013)

Irish American Hooleys and Hooligans

Fortunately, Maria didn't have to worry about the open house reception at Bookbinders. Manny Bookbinder went out of his way to make this the reception of the year. Hundreds of Desmond's friends, who were also Manny's customers, representing several generations were expected to participate. Desmond is representative of the culture rich gentleman who greeted customers as they came into the restaurant. The sign on the door read, "Restaurant is closed for the evening for a private party. Come on in and share the joy of Desmond and Maria."

Though they married the previous month at Maria's family parish in Florida, this celebration was for the benefit of Desmond's many Philadelphia friends. They would have a ceremony renewing their vows. The parish Organist would play the processional and the recessional hymns. Desmond had prepared a small booklet. The congregation would sing a recessional hymn to the melody of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Jimmy Byrne will sing the Ave Maria, The Irish Wedding Song, and lead the congregation singing the recessional. The order of the ceremony was fully outlined.

Maria's parents and sisters were guests in their new home. It was fun having a full house. Rosellen was having a good time with Maria's tween sisters, deliberately mispronouncing Spanish words that she made believe they were teaching her.

They were awestruck by the size and beauty of the home. Maria had prepared an elegant dinner. Desmond set the table with the good bone china and laid out the place settings as if they were a set out to look like a scene from Downton Abbey. Patrick and Maeve, June and Brian, John and Theresa, and Susan and Michael were due to come in for dessert, along with Bridget and Dave.

Maria pointed through the window to St. Paul's. Tomorrow they would walk across the street. The procession and ceremony, very well planned, would take place tomorrow. The Police Department volunteered traffic control. Desmond had contracted for a limo to take them from the church to the restaurant and later on, from the restaurant to home.

Donations to St. Paul's food pantry were requested in lieu of gifts.

Dinner was wonderful and when the rest of the family arrived for cake and a variety of other desserts, Maria's sisters would be servers, a role they enjoyed. First they carried in trays of cake and ice cream, supervised by Rosellen, to make sure they didn't overload the trays with more than they could carry. There was no pause in the living room conversation and the outbursts of laughter. It was now quite dark outside and Desmond lighted the gas fireplace with his remote. It totally changed the atmosphere of the room.

Maria's sisters carried in trays of pastry delicacies that would crush the resolve of any calorie counter. Theresa regaled the group with stories about her meeting with the president. The essence of her story was factual. She fabricated many details to make the story, she once considered sad, to a fun experience. She was still angry that the president took the spotlight off of Dierdre and her teammates, but she even managed to make that funny. This was for the benefit of Maria's parents. She didn't want to malign the president because she didn't want to embarrass Maria's parents. She felt that they might love our president after the experience of the Castro brothers and the assassination they escaped from. The great attorneys were having a fine time with each other as were their spouses with each other. There was teasing of Maria and Desmond about trying out marriage for a month to see if they liked it before the next ceremony. The doorbell rang and it was Fr. Fred. He said he went out for a walk looking for a party and finally found one. He was enthusiastically greeted and welcomed. When he was introduced to Maria's parents, he greeted them in perfect Spanish. However,

when questioned about his Spanish, he confessed that he spoke very broken Spanish. He knew nothing about the tenses of verbs and used words that were in his textbook that had embarrassingly different meanings when he used them. Everyone laughed because they had the same experience learning the language. The Sotos both said they had the same experience learning English. Maria said that she just received a diploma that said that she could teach him effectively. As a matter of fact, she could use that experience as some color for changing her dissertation into a saleable book.

Rosellen brought in a drink for Fr. Fred, and Maeve jumped up to propose a toast.

“After living a lifetime of adventure, our younger sister, and in the case of Eva and Louisa, their older sister, has set out on another great adventure. She has married a man we have known, loved, and respected for all of our lives, since our parents first brought us to Bookbinders. I first met her at the church across the street and she willingly joined with us for Mass each Sunday morning and good-natured carousing every Sunday afternoon. She joined Theresa, June, and me as a volunteer at the Jesuit Urban Mission, teaching English as a Second Language. We have such fun there and each of us made an impact, none more than Theresa, to build it to where June is taking it today. We developed a sororal rapport that will embrace us for the rest of our lives. We are grateful that you have allowed us to have such an intimate role into your life and marriage. Tonight, we salute your parents, Juan Carlos and Ana and your sisters, the husband you chose from the handbook of relationships delivered by an angel of God, the three sisters you have adopted for life, and the rest of the Garvey family, now and to be. We love you and we pray that God may be with you all your days.”

Fr. Fred laughingly suggested that everyone march to the library to look up the meaning of *sororal*.

The day before, John had a long planning meeting with Grace O’Malley, to discuss possibilities for a golf tournament the following spring, for the benefit of the Jesuit Urban Mission. John was concerned about the limitations of the course. His concern was that it wasn’t challenging enough for a tournament caliber match.

“Have you ever hosted a charity tournament before?”

“No,” John replied. “No one ever asked.”

“John, this tournament is for duffers who like to play at golf. This is a time for friends to get together. They usually like playing for a charity. We get a lot of companies to sponsor anything that costs, so all the revenues go to the charity. I’m thinking that between your Dad’s, Maeve’s, and the Jesuit Mission’s rolodexes and a good auction, I’m willing to stretch and estimate toward a million dollars after expenses.”

“Show me around so I can generate some ideas. Your dining room seats 300 maximum.”

“It has always been big enough for every activity,” said John. “Three hundred is the fire code limit.”

“It might be big enough. I was thinking a big outdoor tent, but we may not need it.”

“What would an average cost be for dinner?”

“We could produce a nice dinner for \$60 a plate, but we could do better with a beefsteak dinner. I enjoyed one of those last fall.”

“Does that include the cost of waitstaff?”

“It does. Is the dinner included in the \$100 cost of a ticket?”

“Yes! It also includes a sleeve of golf balls, tees, a Jesuit Mission portable drink container, a t-shirt and a Jesuit Mission golf hat. I have a load of contacts for that. We will also be selling hole sponsorships. Think about a beefsteak dinner. It is much less expensive and far more profitable.

“I’ve played in these tournaments, but I never paid attention to the logistics.”

We will try to get a sponsor to cover the cost of dinner and another sponsor to cover the cost of the cocktail hour. That would be \$18 – \$20 thousand.”

“Do people actually sponsor something that costs \$20 thousand.”

“Yes! The companies’ name goes on everything. One day of advertising like that can generate four or five times the cost in return business.”

“Let’s go for a tour of the course. Is there a golf cart available?”

They toured every hole on the course, Grace mentioned that the course was as nice and as challenging as any she had been on. Local players would enjoy playing on this course.

“When should we schedule it? I could recommend hosting in the late spring. A lot of these players play in several of these tournaments a year and we want to catch them while they have money in their pockets.”

“I will have to run this by the Board of Directors. Though my Dad or I selected them for the Board, some get a little pretentious and get a little insufferable. If you can come to the May meeting, My Dad will join us. There should be no problem.”

“What will the charge of the club be?”

“There will be no charge. This will be my donation. I am a friend of the Jesuit Urban Mission and do my share of volunteerism.”

“That is very generous, John. There is usually a big cost to that.”

“I’m prepared to repay the club. Theresa worked for the Jesuits for ten years and built it up to a point where they could have the gala that you starred in.”

“Now for candidates for the committee. They should be high rollers. Fr. Jim should be able to help us. We have a great list of donors from the gala. We want guys who can attract other major donors.”

“Is it too early to start?”

“No, it is roughly a year ahead. We haven’t settled on a date. We have to bring June and Fr. Jim into the planning, and then we can select a date. You can start by making a list of people you would consider on the committee. We want worker bees as well as high rollers. The more work the committee does, the less we have to do.

“OK! our next meeting should be with Fr. Jim and June. We should have lists of potential donors, many of whom will be on the gala list.”

“Thanks Grace! A plan is starting to take shape.”

The following day was a beautiful spring day, slightly cool but with brilliant sunshine. Some were gathered outside the church as Desmond and Maria crossed the street with Rosellen, Maria's sisters, and Manny Bookbinder. Fr. Fred welcomed them at the entrance of the church.

"Thank you for the flowers, Desmond. They are beautiful."

Desmond replied that the flowers were a gift of Maeve and Patrick and they are beautiful as he glanced down the aisle toward the altar.

Fr. Fred slipped down the side aisle with Manny Bookbinder, his best man for the day, as they made their way to the front of the sanctuary to greet the wedding party.

June had come to the back to help the wedding party organize themselves. Eva and Louisa looked lovely in white dresses. Rosellen was absolutely beautiful in the royal blue gown that she picked out when she went shopping with Maria. Maria wore a simple white semi-formal dress.

Fr. Fred nodded to the Organist and he started playing the O'Carolan Wedding March. Eva and Louisa walked down the aisle together sprinkling flower pedals. They were absolutely charming and generated smiles of approval from the congregation. Rosellen started after them at the same slow to moderate pace. The church was filled with standing room only and there were audible gasps at the beauty of the Maid of Honor. Few knew that she was Desmond's daughter. Maria took Desmond's arm and they followed when Rosellen was halfway down the aisle. There were no nerves. Both smiled at the crowd and nodded to old friends and colleagues. They stopped at the front to greet Maria's parents and moved forward. Maria handed her flowers to Rosellen and Manny walked to Fr. Fred, next to Desmond. They sat in the chairs behind the kneelers. Rosellen walked to the pulpit to read from Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians. She had practiced all week with Fr. Fred. After the first reading, Jimmy Byrne started the Irish Wedding Song, and, at the end of each verse, Bobby Byrne sang Leonard Cohen's Alleluia theme leading the congregation to join him.

Fr. Fred ascended the pulpit and read the Gospel from John, Jesus prayer of love at the Last Supper. He delivered a beautiful sermon using the lyrics from Jacque Brel's, *If We Only Have Love*, interspersing Desmond and Maria's love story between the verses.

He then walked to the center of the sanctuary and summoned the wedding party. He introduced Rosellen and Manny as the witnesses to this renewal of vows and gave them the mandate to protect the lovers for as long as they lived. He read the prayers for Holy Matrimony listed in the Roman Ritual.

There was a hushed pause after the hymn ended. Desmond and Maria boldly stated the renewal of their vows, loud and clear, so everyone could hear them.

After the exchange of vows, Fr. Fred blessed their rings. The bride and the groom each blessed the other's ring, as well.

After they spoke the blessing, Fr. Fred loudly pronounced that before their family and friends that they have renewed their marriage vows. "You may kiss the bride."

The Organist loudly introduced a hymn to the melody of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, *Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee*. Eva and Louisa led the procession to the rear of the Church followed by Rosellen. Jimmy and Bob Byrne led the congregational singing of the recessional.

The line to greet the bride and the groom in the rear of the church was endless. Rosellen and Manny stood next to them and accepted greetings and congratulations. The girls were told how beautiful they were and

how well they had performed. Everyone was interested in the mystery of Rosellen. Manny was her protector. Many inquired if she was Maria's sister or a close cousin. Manny introduced her as Desmond's daughter, living and working in the Midwest for the last several years.

The reception at Bookbinders was a chaos of joy. The main dining room and the big ballroom were filled with people. The Byrne Brother's Band was in the ballroom. Though they were used to being ignored by big unpredictable crowds, they played their hearts out anyway. They mixed their sets with Irish Traditional dance music, rollicking Irish folk songs, and Spanish love songs that Bobby had learned specifically for Maria. Maria's parents sat in the back of the main ballroom with Dave and Brigid. They were surrounded by the junior Garveys and their significant others. Theresa had them all out on the dance floor for Irish Reels. Eva and Louisa were a little shy, overwhelmed by the size of the crowd until they got into a couple of Theresa's Slip Jigs. Rosellen danced a couple of reels with JuanCarlos as her partner, guided by Theresa. John was learning the routine fast and loving it. Bookbinders was filled with about 500 guests. The food and drink were plentiful. The whiskey flowed like buttermilk as the song went. Father Fred was having a ball talking up a storm with everyone. A steady parade of young men came up to introduce themselves to Rosellen who loved the attention. She fit right into the Garvey group. There were a lot of young black attorneys in the crowd who made their way to meet June, who introduced them to her fiancé, Brian Garvey, recognized as Philadelphia's top criminal lawyer. Dierdre and Tommy Farrell danced the dust off the floor. Grace O'Malley brought Charlie Colombo as her plus one. Of all the dates that she had introduced over the past year, Charlie was the first repeat.

Manny Bookbinder was a very congenial host and with the camera and TV screens in both rooms was able to get everyone's attention. He took the role of Master of Ceremonies, introduced the wedding party, and made a special fuss of Eva and Louisa Soto, and Rosellen Dowd. He jested about Fr. Fred trying to turn him into a Catholic while he had developed a conspiracy to turn Fred into a Jew. Fred jested back, "Spiritually, we are all Semites."

Desmond and Maria in turn thanked everyone, tipping a salute to Fr. Jim from the Jesuit Urban Mission. They both gave effusive but sincere gratitude to Manny Bookbinder for honoring them as their best man and the gift of the reception. Desmond mentioned that he had adopted Manny as a step father when he came to this country. Noticing that some guests brought gifts Maria thanked everyone. Desmond, on cue, reminded everyone that the gift that would last for years would be a donation to St. Paul's food pantry in their honor. He reminded everyone that he would remain a fixture at Bookbinders and that he and Maria had committed to remaining in Philadelphia and mentioned that Dr. Maria had contracted for the next year to continue teaching in Philadelphia, while turning her dissertation into a book.

He thanked the friends of their life for bringing them together. Brigid caught her daughter, Maeve's eye and winked. She knew that Maeve was the catalyst for the wonderful relationships that evolved for her friends and her brothers. Brigid and Desmond both knew that Maeve was "*fe*" an Irish word that meant a mystical understanding of life beyond everyone else's limitations. Everyone suspected that but Maeve.

The music and the dancing, the good food and grog, continued until well into Sunday morning.

The wedding party and Maria's parents discretely left early. Rosellen elected to join them. As pleased as she was with all the attention she received, she knew she was not ready for dating or relationships. The experience was a big, though unexpected boost, for her self-confidence. The party finally broke when the cleaners arrived to prepare the restaurant for Sunday.

The next morning, whole junior Garvey group arrived at church with their eyes at half-mast. Dierdre and Tommy arrived and then Grace arrived with Charlie in tow. This was their third date in a row. Of course, the Sotos, Rosellen, Desmond, and Maria were bright and cheerful.

Fr. Fred was the celebrant and even he seemed to be a step slower than the earth. His homily, as usual, was right on target.

After Mass, the caravan made its way to their Cherry Hill Sunday hideaway. The levity of the day started when the waiter asked John what he would like for a drink, he responded Pepto Bismol.

A half hour later, Dave Garvey came into the restaurant. He was downcast and pale.

"I would not normally disturb this gathering for the world, but I wanted to let you know before you heard it on the radio or television. Sean Michael McNally was found dead in his cell this morning. He was apparently murdered sometime during the evening. The FBI has been doing an investigation since early this morning."

JuanCarlos rose from his chair and embraced David. "I know how mixed your feelings must be. We will pray for him and for you, as well."

"They don't believe it was a prisoner or a prison guard. They suspect that someone came in with the shift change and got way with the morning shift change. They are going through video as we speak. They think it was someone that Sean Michael knew, because he walked right up to the bars. Sean apparently had no idea his life was in jeopardy. The weapon was an icepick and he was stabbed under his sternum and his heart was punctured. He died instantly."

"Dave sat down and was teary-eyed. I have an idea of how Jesus must have felt when Judas left the Last Supper early. This whole ordeal is so sad and was so unnecessary. He was a friend of so many years. I'm sorry to burden this fine group and put a damper on your visit, Juan and Ana."

"Would you like something to drink, Dad," asked John?

"John has some left over Pepto Bismol," quipped Theresa.

While seemingly inappropriate, the remark did bring laughs throughout the room that broke the tension.

"No thanks, I have FBI security outside, and I want to get home to Brigid. Our home is also under security."

"Gosh," said John, "The last time they were so late that if Theresa and Dierdre hadn't been with us, all they could do would be to count our bodies."

Dierdre immediately chimed in, "I'll provide additional coverage tonight, boss."

"Theresa said, 'I'll come down and spend the night with you.'"

"Not without me, you won't," said John. "The fearsome five will ride again. Dierdre, we have security video there. See if you can hook up some kind of phone communication so we can talk to each other during the night."

"I'll case the house to see if they have eyes on it. And call to let you know that it is clear for you and Theresa to walk up the fairway. Any attack will likely come from the rear of the house. I don't want any tell-tale cars around. John, we'll communicate by telephone. Put it on vibrate. Find out where the FBI surveillance is so I don't shoot him. I would like him to cover the front of the house, but I don't want him to be seen. Michael and Brian, you Susan and June should go home. Your mom and dad will be perfectly safe. Maria, you Desmond,

and Rosellen should go home as well. I don't want a crowd scaring them away. Grace, fill Charlie in with the story on your way home. We'll call you all when it is all clear."

John smiled! "How come we didn't win the war with such rapid and excellent battle plans."

"We could have but no one asked me."

The night sky was covered with clouds. It was pitch dark around 2:30 when Dierdre spotted them. "Look Tommy, there are two of them carrying assault rifles. Their plan is to shoot Dave and Brigid in their beds. She instantly called John. Alert the indoor FBI guy. Two assailants with assault rifles coming through the back door. Get everyone out of the first floor. If those guns go off there will be bullets all over the place. We want these guys alive. I'll let them open the back door before we strike. Both are right-handed. Tommy, stay close right behind me. John, is the FBI guy in place?"

"Yes, and I am out of the way."

The door clicked open after the lock was picked. Dierdre fired two quick shots striking the lead assailant in the shoulder and the knee. Two more quick shots brought the other assailant down. Both were down but still had their guns, Dierdre fired two shots striking each one in the left shoulder. Both assailants were unable to move and were separated from their weapons.

"They are down and unarmed. Tell the FBI guys to call the police and check out the street. They may have driver in the car. They walked in the shadows from the west of the house. They were about 100 yards away when I first saw them. We want the car and the driver."

Both assailants were cuffed even though both arms of each were useless, nor could they walk. The police had already arrived, and they called for two ambulances. Both recovered rifles had thirty round magazines. The FBI agent that covered the street walked back with the cuffed driver. The police would confiscate the car.

"Dierdre, I love you," said Tommy. "That was actually fun."

The senior Garveys were fine and super grateful for Dierdre. Calls were immediately made by Theresa to the rest of their group. The three assailants were alive and would be intensely interrogated by the FBI. The northeast Colombian cartel would eventually be eliminated but there was permanent security for Dave and Brigid. The FBI was amazed at Dierdre's marksmanship and planning abilities and tried to recruit her. She was determined to stay with Garvey Legal Associates for the rest of her career. Dave made certain that she would be financially comfortable for the rest of her life. She was now the vice chairman of the security department. She looked forward to settling down with Tommy and raising a family surrounded by children with the friends of her new life.

Early on Monday. Desmond called David, pleased at the outcome, but with sorrow about the traitorous nature of the outcome. "As things turned out no one was ever in any danger. The FBI has begun making their move against the cartel. The best hire I ever made was Dierdre O'Rourke, and I almost didn't hire her because I thought she would be bored."

I'm on my way to Detroit for the day. I need to finish up the business that saved Rosellen. I'm going to see our friend Sean Flanagan from our club soccer team."

"Ah, yes! He is the Police Commissioner in Detroit now. Please give him my best. He helped me with a couple of cases that launched both of our careers."

"I know the story, Dave. You are much too modest. Ah, Desmond. We'll leave the historians a lot of material after we're gone."

"Yes, we are doing that, Dave. I'll say 'hello' for you."

"Promise him a night out if he ever gets back this way. Give him my phone number."

The plane touched down at 10:00 AM Central Time. Desmond's taxi took him directly to Police Headquarters. He was welcomed with open arms. The two talked for an hour and a half about Rosellen's experience, after they caught up over coffee and scones. "I would rather that Rosellen didn't have to come out here. She is fitting in beautifully in Philadelphia and has a great chance to remake her life. She'll probably start college this summer and will work across the street at the parish food pantry at St. Paul's."

"I wish her all the best. Fr. Joe Rielly is one of the best. It is the grace of God that they connected."

"I'm going to see him now, The hospital has all the evidence that you need for a conviction. He attacked me with a club in an attempt to break into my home, something that was witnessed by our local police. Rosellen will give a deposition when the time comes."

"After that I am going to the Casa to properly thank them."

"Desmond, it is so good to see you. I fondly remember the old days. We had a lot of fun, didn't we?"

"Yes, we did a lot of good and avoided a little evil."

At exactly 1:00 PM, Fr. Joe Reilly walked into his office as Desmond was approaching it through the hospital lobby. He turned around to see who came in after him and saw Desmond. "Hi," he said, "I'm Joe Reilly."

"Desmond Boyd, and I am very happy to meet you."

They took seats next to each other in the inner office. "Fr. Joe, I am the father of Rosellen Dowd, whose meeting with you turned her life totally around."

"I'm glad to hear that. She didn't give me much room for maneuvering. I did what I could and left it in the hands of the Lord when she had to leave the hospital. I was hoping to hear good news when you called."

She settled back into family life and seems to love it. Her mother died ten years ago. I remarried a month ago. Rosellen and Maria have developed a friendship already. We married at her parent's parish in Miami. We had a later ceremony, this past Saturday for our Philadelphia friends at St. Paul's and an old fashioned hooley at Bookbinders."

"Ah yes, Bookbinders."

"You know it! I'm the Maitre d' there for many years."

"Now I remember you. You are the Irish footballer, one of the best I ever saw."

"I bring the regards of a friend of both of us, Sean Flanagan."

"Sean is one of the best. I was a student at St. Charles Seminary, God help me. I did get to see you guys play amazing soccer."

"At our Philadelphia renewal ceremony, Rosellen was the Maid of Honor."

“She took quite a beating. We almost lost her. She told me everything but the name of her attacker.”

“A bad boyfriend. He came to our home in Philadelphia to try to snatch her away. He attacked me with a club just as the police arrived. He is in jail now and will be transported to Detroit where Sean will see to him. He won't be on the streets anymore, nor will he hurt anyone again.

Father Joe, I have another stop to make and I want to catch a 3:30 flight back to Philadelphia. I want to reimburse you for the money you gave to Rosellen with a little more to help other people in need that you will surely encounter. I wanted to stop by to meet you and thank you for saving another life. My card is enclosed in this envelope. If you ever need me, you will know where to find me. May the road rise to meet you, Father.”

A Detroit taxi took him to the Casa de la Madre Sainte Virgine.”He was welcomed for his appointment with the director. He introduced himself and was further welcomed. The staff liked Rosellen a lot. He told them about the progress that she made in a month and gave her a fat envelope with his card should they ever need a favor from him. The director called on the phone for Judy. A young woman appeared, and she was the Social Worker who took Rosellen for walk and talk therapy almost every day.

Desmond told her of the esteem with which Rosellen held her. “She is a wonderful person,” she said, “She took a wrong turn but seems to be on the right track now.”

“She is indeed and don't minimize your effort to bring that about.”

Desmond hugged everyone, grabbed a taxi, and arrived at Detroit airport in time for his flight. He was sitting at home in the library when Maria got home and a half hour later Rosellen arrived. “How would you like an Italian dinner tonight,” suggested Desmond. “We could go down to the South End and pick one of the great restaurants there.”

Rosellen told them about a lunch she had with Patrick Malone and her tour of St. Joseph's University. I don't deserve to get into it, but he thinks I can be admitted. As a recent doctoral graduate from St. Joseph's, Maria supported Rosellen's excitement.

Saturday rolled around for the party Susan hosted at Glen Gables Country Club for her wedding party. They started the morning with a swim, sauna and steam, and a massage for each of the women. Dierdre, Grace, Rosellen, and Janet, Susan's sister had never experienced anything like this before. Susan's mom, Peggy, is the banquet manager at the club and arranged for a super healthy lunch.

After lunch, the more athletic women hit golf balls at the driving range. Theresa led a party up the tenth fairway so Dierdre could recreate the activity of the previous week. Janet walked with Susan. The sisters were not estranged but their upbringing from their father did not dictate the friendship that is now developing.. Susan wanted that friendship more than anything. Janet seemed to be enjoying the day and wanted to know something about each of Susan's friends. She had been introduced to them all but while they walked together, she wanted the 'skinny' on each of them. The dramatic tales of Maeve, Theresa, and Dierdre were first on her list since they were the most famous. Susan gave a great background to June, Maria, and Grace. Theresa wanted Dierdre to recreate the events of the previous week.

“Tommy and I stayed in the shadows on the side of the fairway because we didn't know if they were coming, first of all. Secondly, we didn't know from which direction they would come. If I was running the cartel, said Dierdre. After Sean's death. I would want to send a message of superiority. It was just an IWAG.” “What is a IWAG?” asked Janet? Dierdre smiled, a reasonably informed wild ass guess.”

“Tommy and I took advantage of the darkness over here. The Garvey home is about 50 yards up on the right. When I spotted them, they were about 150 yards ahead and they were clinging to the bushes as well. I spied the assault rifles. Their plan was to massacre the Garveys while they slept. They each had 30 round clips in their rifles. Tommy and I crawled up closer so we would have a clear vision of the house. They would have to pick the lock to get in and they were concentrating on that. They even used a light from a cell phone, so they were very confident. These guys were accomplished assassins. As soon as they opened the door. I fired my pistol hitting the lead guy in the shoulder and the knee. The other one spun around to see where the shots came from, but I hit him in the shoulder and the knee. They were down but they still had their weapons, so I shot each on in the other shoulder and they were totally disarmed.

Janet was amazed. “You saw them in the dark, watched them from fifty yards ahead, and shot them exactly where you wanted to hit them?”

“Dierdre has a flock of marksmanship medals and spent four years in Afghanistan outwitting the enemy,” said Susan. “It is what I was trained to do and since I was in over twenty battles, I had to be better than the enemy,” remarked Dierdre. “My job there was to lead a search and rescue team. My job here is vice chairman of Garvey Security so I keep my skills up. My friends here have been keeping me busy.”

They walked back slowly, Theresa was quiet. “What’s up?” asked Susan.

“Oh, I’m just sad about the violence. I guess God had us trained to deal with it.”

“Well, this is not an afternoon to be sad. It is a celebration of friendship.”

They walked up to the driving range to watch Maeve driving the ball far and straight. They then walked over to the patio near the outdoor pool and relaxed in the afternoon sunshine.

Janet said that the whole world knew about the role of Theresa and Dierdre fending off the Garvey assassination attempt. “But tell me about your encounter with the President.”

“There are two ways of telling the story. Are you a Trumpeter?”

“God, no” replied Janet.

“Great, then I can tell the truth.” Theresa told how she had been taken totally by surprise and how upset she was because it took the spotlight away from Dierdre and her team who did far more extraordinary operations than the one for which they were awarded the medals. “I think he wanted to hug me, but I stood back and extended my hand. Not only was this action a surprise to the award’s ceremony, Apparently he had not discussed it with anyone on his staff.

Dierdre said, “He questioned me about the Croix de Guerre medal. It was an embarrassment to the Marine staff because he kept emphasizing that they missed an opportunity. Our medals had already been awarded as part of our retirement ceremony. The Marines just wanted to showcase the role of women in combat. We had a tough job and I’m certain my teammates hated me for the intensity of the training. That is until the end of the day when our job was a success and we were unhurt. After a couple of dangerous missions, realizing that our training saved us, they bought into it. We were a great team and learned to love each other.”

“Was there a lot of lesbianism among the women?”

A cross section of any group is going to reveal women and men who are gay. Relationships were discouraged. Good luck with that. Tommy’s company was one of our more spectacular rescues. I had to call for back up because the Company was about to be over run. I positioned my teammates in such a way that the enemy

thought we were a much larger number. Tommy's group came back to life and started to return fire. I thought that I would finish that day in heaven. Tommy was wounded in the leg and I had to half carry him back to safety. We became friends and mustered out of the Service at the same time. I had trained my team to be sharpshooters and instead of shooting wildly, we made every shot count. The enemy got nervous as the number of bodies started to pile up. They began to retreat when our reinforcements arrived.

Tommy has PTSD. That whole company has it. Those guys were about to surrender before we arrived. Surrender means death. They take no prisoners. Tommy has been in therapy at the VA hospital, but it was Fr. Fred who helped him the most. It is only recently that our friendship has become romantic. I loved Tommy from the minute I fished him out of his foxhole."

"You don't have PTSD?"

"Everybody who has been in combat has PTSD. I made certain that my team would survive that. We trained relentlessly. We hung out together, ate together, played together, and prayed together. We trained for every battlefield eventuality. We relied on our training and each other. We were examined by Psychiatrists six days to Sunday and we all came up clean. We received Bronze Stars for that operation. The secret is training, spirituality, respect, and love."

"That is an incredible story," replied, Janet. "You came home to more of the same."

"It is very different. I am surrounded by friends whom I have learned to love. I have incredible respect for Maeve, Susan, Maria, Rosellen, Grace, and June. I would go into battle with Theresa in a heartbeat. She has it all together. I love working for Mr. Garvey and with Joe, who started the security department. I love Tommy. We are a long way from the fox hole in Afghanistan. We are safe here. I was a little worried about him on Sunday night, but I knew we would be safe. Those guys didn't even know we were there, and I wanted them captured alive. Tommy referred to the whole episode as fun. He loves his job at the Jesuit Mission. I love my job with Garvey Legal. I volunteer as an EMT with the Jesuit Mission."

"Not that I am keeping count," said June, "but Dr. Tom told me that you have saved at least 12 lives of people in terminal distress."

"And I am happy that I was there to help them."

Susan's mother, the club Banquet Manager, came out to announce that their dinner is ready and would be upstairs in John's private dining room. Susan was the last person to enter the room to the sudden blaring of music, thrown paper twists, a side table covered with gifts. Dave and Brigid was there, Peggy, Michael, Patrick, John and Brian, Tommy Farrell and Charlie Colombo was there as well.

Ah guys, this was supposed to be my gift to you.

Maeve came up and hugged her. "Susan, you are our gift to us. You are the one who is always creating surprises. This is our chance to surprise you and to make all the guys blush." Michael came up and hugged her as well. "All these people, including me, are here because we love you."

A long table next to the wall was laden with dinner delights. All of this compliments of John.

There was rollicking laughter and fun. Theresa took out her guitar and led the singing of bawdy songs that everyone seemed to know.

T'was late in the evening the crowd was all leaving, O'Leary was closing the bar. He tuned and he said to the lady in red, "Get out, you can't stay anymore".

T'was many a night I spent with Minnie the mermaid, down as the bottom of the sea. Down among the corals, Minnie lost her morals, but, Oh was she good to me.

Her mother told Susan that she was so jealous because she had such marvelous friends. "I never had friends like these." Janet chimed in that she also was jealous. "You were never that nice when we lived at home."

"That was Susan 1.0. When I went to work for Maeve, I gradually evolved to Susan 2.0, then to 2.1. Most of these women I met at Church. June was Maeve's college roommate. Grace was their classmate. They met Maria in Church. I had already started going to church on my own but switched from St. Rita's to St. Paul's to join with Maeve, Maria, Theresa and June. I met Michael at Maeve's Thanksgiving dinner party. I had just finished my MBA degree. Michael and I hit it off fairly well and I evolved into Susan 3.0. Working with them on the gala pulled me out of my creativity shell. Maeve gave me a huge promotion to basically run the company. By the way, it is Dr. June and Dr. Maria. Both are super achievers. Rosellen is now Maria's stepdaughter. Brian and June will marry in August. Maeve is an attorney and a psychotherapist. Her husband is a professor of literature at St. Joseph's. Theresa ran the Jesuit Urban Mission for ten years. She runs the Career Management component of our business. June now runs the Jesuit Mission. Tommy Farrell works there. Dierdre does volunteer work as an EMT. You know the story of Theresa and Dierdre and here we all are. By the way Janet, we meet for the 10:30 Mass tomorrow at St. Paul's after which we gather at a restaurant over in Jersey for a long afternoon brunch. No pressure, but you are most welcome."

"Thank you. I would love to join you. Mom said she was going to early Mass because she is working tomorrow."

"Michael and I will pick you up."

Dinner was great under Peggy's supervision. And now it was time to open the gifts. Every gift was double entendre from sexy sleepwear to Dr. Comfort's book, "The Joy of Sex."

"So, here I am, Susan Boyd, 3.5 and in two weeks, I'll be married to Michael. It has been an incredible journey."

THIS DAY IN IRISH HISTORY - JULY

1st 1892 - Edward Carson sworn in as Solicitor-General for Ireland.

1916 - First day of the Battle of the Somme. The 36th Ulster Division sustains 5,000 casualties on this day alone.

1950 - The former British Representative, Gilbert Laitwaite, becomes the British Ambassador to Ireland.

2nd 1970 - Neil Blaney is cleared of conspiracy to import arms.

3rd 1918 - Lord Lieutenant bans Sinn Féin, the Irish Volunteers, the Gaelic League and Cumann na mBan.

1924 - Teaching of Irish to be made compulsory in schools.

4th 1921 - James Craig refuses to attend a peace conference in Dublin because De Valera had addressed the invitation to him personally instead of using his title of Prime Minister of Northern Ireland.

1957 - The Ne Temere boycott at Fethard-on-Sea is debated at the Dáil.

5th 1922 - Cathal Brugha refuses to surrender to pro-Treaty forces and is badly injured.

1977 - Jack Lynch is elected Taoiseach.

6th 1907 - Irish state jewels are stolen from Dublin castle.

1946 - A new republican party, Clann na Poblachta, is founded in Dublin.

1953 - Sit-down protest by the unemployed in Dublin.

1962 - First ever episode of The Late Late Show.

1997 - Violence flares at an Orange Order march down the Garvaghy Road.

7th 1905 - Drunkenness (Ireland) Bill debated in the British House of Commons. Irish MPs object that it is offensive.

1913 - Home Rule Bill carried in the House of Lords, despite Andrew Bonar Law's attempts to obstruct it.

1966 - A new secondary education scheme is announced.

9th 1959 - The first twelve female recruits are selected to join An Garda Síochána.

10th 1914 - Provisional Government of Ulster meets for first time in the Ulster Hall.

1917 - Sinn Féin's Éamon de Valera is victorious at the East Clare by-election.

1927 - Minister for Justice Kevin O'Higgins assassinated by the anti-Treaty IRA.

11th 1901 - The Celtic, now the largest ship in the world, is launched in Belfast.

1921 - Truce in the War of Independence.

1938 - Three Cork harbour ports are returned to the Irish government.

13th 1922 - The Irish government appoints a War Council, including Michael Collins.

1962 - The Secretary General of the United Nations, U Thant, arrives in Dublin.

14th 1935 - Sectarian rioting in Belfast leads to five deaths.

16th 1971 - The SDLP withdraws from Stormont.

17th 1974 - The Contraceptive Bill is defeated at Dáil Éireann.

18th 1951 - The Abbey Theatre in Dublin is burned down.

19th 1997 - The IRA declares a ceasefire.

20th 1982 - The IRA kill ten servicemen in bomb attacks on two parks in London.

21st 1914 - Buckingham Palace conference to allow Unionists and Nationalists to discuss Home Rule.

1972 - Bloody Friday: nine people in Belfast killed by IRA bombs in Belfast.

1976 - The UK Ambassador Christopher Ewart-Biggs is killed by the IRA.

22nd 1848 - Habeas Corpus is suspended so that the Young Irelanders can be detained without trial.

1957 - The Gough Monument in Phoenix Park is blown up.

1985 - The Virgin Mary is seen to move at Ballinspittle.

23rd 1803 - Robert Emmet's attempted Rising in Dublin.

1916 - Thousands gather at Phoenix Park to discuss British proposals to partition Ireland.

24th 1990 - The IRA kill three policemen and a nun in a bomb attack.

25th 1917 - Irish Convention meets for the first time.

1957 - A boy who was beaten at school is awarded £100 compensation.

26th 1914 - Erskine Childers and his wife land 2,500 guns for the Irish Volunteers at Howth.

28th 1927 - Ireland's first automatic telephone exchange opens in Dublin.

1957 - The Carlisle Monument in Phoenix Park is blown up.

29th 1848 - The Young Ireland rebellion in County Tipperary is a failure.

1915 - Republicans under Patrick Pearse take over the Gaelic League at its Dundalk Conference, forcing the resignation of Douglas Hyde.

1959 - The Department of Transport and Power is established.

31st 1893 - Gaelic League established by Douglas Hyde and Eoin MacNeill.

1947 - The Soviet Union blocks Ireland's entry into the United Nations.

1969 - The halfpenny is withdrawn from circulation.

1972 - Operation Motorman begins in Northern Ireland.

1975 - Three members of the Miami Showband are killed by the Ulster Volunteer Force.