

**THE TOLEDO HIBERNIAN
NEWSLETTER
C/O MAURY COLLINS
2847 NASH ROAD
TOLEDO, OHIO 43613**



BORDERLINE GENIUS, LLC



THIS IS THE LARGEST NEWSLETTER I HAVE EVER PUT TOGETHER AND THE LAST ONE. I HAVE BEEN DOING THIS SINCE 2002! IT IS TIME FOR NEW AND FRESH IDEAS. I APPRECIATE THE KIND REMARKS FROM A FEW OF YOU OF THE LAST 22 YEARS

BEST WISHES ALWAYS

IN GOD WE TRUST



- May 1 ~ Beltaine First day of the Celtic Summer
- May 4 ~ Traditional Irish music by Toragh an Sonas 4:30-7 at The Blarney followed by The Irish group, the Finns at 7:30
- May 4 ~ FREE tree give away at Ohlman's Farm Mkt 3901 Hill Ave 10 AM 2:00 pm. While supply lasts
- May 9 ~ Joint AOH-LAOH meeting @ Ernest Brew works, Detroit and Byrne 6:30 PM
- May 12 ~ Happy Mother's Day
- May 18 ~ LAOH Tea Party @ Ann Dollman's home 1PM
- May 19 ~ Annual Blue Mass @ Historic St Patrick 10 AM
- May 27 ~ Memorial Day



Mother McAuley Division

HIBERNIANS OF TOLEDO NEWSLETTER

MAY, 2024



John P. Kelly Division



Traditional Irish Session with Toragh an Sonas 4:30 ~ 7PM






Thursday, May 9th Joint AOH-LAOH Meeting
“Festival Follow Up” at Ernest Brew Works
Detroit & Byrne
Let’s get together and make some plans!!!!



The Annual Blue Mass Honoring
Law Enforcement Officers
The Historic St Patrick’s Church
Sunday, May 19th @ 10:00 AM Mass

MAY, 2024

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat |
|--|---|-----|--|--|-----|---------------------------------------|
| | | | 1  | 2 | 3 | 4 <i>Irish Music The Finns</i> |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 <i>Joint Mtg Ernest Brew work</i> | 10 | 11 |
| 12  | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |
| 19  | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | MEMORIAL DAY  | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | |

Happy Mother's Day !





A MESSAGE FROM LAOH PRESIDENT, ANN DOLLMAN

Greetings and Happy Mother's Day!

We will be holding a Festival wrap up meeting at South side Ernest Brew Works on Thursday May 9th at 6:30pm. We can share ideas for next year. May 18th, Saturday the LAOH will be holding a pot luck tea at my home. If it is nice out, we will make it a picnic tea! Please let me know if you will be able to make it and what you are bringing. We will be collecting hygiene, paper towels, toilet paper and cleaning products to donate to Bethany House also. Support domestic violence victims and their children. Bethany House is a sponsored ministry of the Sisters of St. Francis of Sylvania. I thought since May is the month to celebrate mothers, we should honor our mothers and Mother Mary by supporting those mothers in need.

Ann Maria Jarvis was the founder of Mother's Day in the United States. She desired to establish a holiday after the death of her mother. President Woodrow Wilson declared National Mother's Day on May 9th 1914 and it is observed on the 2nd Sunday of May each year. Many parishes hold Ma crownings on the 1st weekend of May to honor Mary, but others in the United States Crown Mary Queen of Heaven on Mother's Day. Growing up, we would have the youngest child carry some flowers found in the yard (usually lilacs, lily of the valley and dandelions) and sing traditional hymns of Mary before our Sunday dinner on Mother's Day. We kept flowers by her statue in our home to honor Mary and all mothers.

Happy Mother's Day to all mothers who are with us, and to all mothers who have passed.

Happy Mother's Day to all the moms, grandmoms, foster moms, stepmoms, surrogate moms, mother figures, moms-to-be, aunties who fill in for moms, and even to dads who are doing the role of both mom and dad! Thank you and I hope everyone has a wonderful day filled with blessings!





Join us for a LAOH Tea Party at Ann's Home!

Saturday May 18th at 1pm

2210 Belvedere Toledo, Ohio 43614

RSVP text or call 419-250-0288 to Ann

Bring a dish to pass for a picnic lunch if nice! (or inside if not...)

We are collecting hygiene products for Bethany House. (shampoo Aussie or Herbal Essence is favorite), body wash, cleaning supplies, liquid hand soap, paper towels, laundry detergent, toilet paper, monetary gift cards to Kroger, Walmart, or Meijer.

Bethany House is a domestic-violence shelter for victims and their children. This is a shelter sponsored ministry of the Sisters of St. Francis of Sylvania, Ohio





A MESSAGE FROM AOH PRESIDENT , ROBERT MCMAHON



A MESSAGE FROM THE CRAZY EDITOR, MAURY COLLINS

Ní bheidh mo leitheid ann arís

Happy Mother's Day to all you wonderful ladies reading this



Shortly after arriving in America in July, 1928, my Mother had this picture taken. She sent it back home with this written on the back;

To Mother with lots of love from your Yankee Daughter

Katie XXX



On August 14, 1978, Maurice Collins recorded these thoughts while visiting Ireland.

"I am in the old homestead now. It has been locked up since a new house was built. My thoughts go back to May 13, 1928 when I said good-bye, with a broken heart, to my Mother and all the family. I leave today, perhaps for the last time, again with a broken heart. I hope and pray that I will be able to visit Ireland again. I ask God to bless all my friends and relations in Ireland. God bless them all."

(Seven months later, he died.) Rest in Peace, Dad. I love you. God Bless You!

It is nearly 100 years since my parents came to the United States searching for a better life. I am in touch with many family members in Ireland and Wales. I went on a Larry Minor tour of Ireland in 2003. I contacted family in Ireland telling them when I would be in Ireland and that I hoped to get together. My last visit before that, was in 1954. I went, along with my Father, for his first visit back home. My cousin Mick picked Penny and me up in Kinsale. We visited the homestead and the cemeteries. That evening, over forty of the family got together in a hall for a dinner welcoming us. In 2010, Penny and I along with my sister, Eileen R.I.P. visited family. I mentioned that I was going to rent a car. I was told that was silly since the cousins were fighting over who would take us where. Eileen returned with her daughter, Megan, son in law Bret and their children Katy and Brodie. Penny and I returned in 2019 with our son, Moe and daughter in law, Roxanne. In 2003, I asked the people on the tour bus; "How many know family in Ireland or know where their Irish relatives came from. I was the only one. Now, my children and my grandchildren have met relatives from Ireland and know why I am so proud of my heritage and love my Irish relatives so much!! I am truly blessed.

ANGELA WALSH MAQUIRE, R.I.P. MARCH 17, 1932 ~ APRIL 28, 2024



Angela Walsh was born on March 17, 1932, in Knockgloss, Ballinrobe, County Mayo, Ireland. In 1962, Angela and Patrick exchanged vows in Blackrock, County Louth, before immigrating to the U.S. in 1964. On Sunday, April 28, 2024 at 11:30 AM, Angela Maquire went home to heaven

Patrick wrote: "Today, the love of my life who I spent the past 62 years with passed away. She had a beautiful send off surrounded by family members. After we recited the rosary and sang a few Irish songs including Home to Mayo, she went home to the Lord. I am so grateful for the woman she was. May she rest in eternal peace. "



Patrick and Angela were very active Hibernians in Adrian, Michigan. They were good fiends with Maurice and Mary Ann Buckley. In 2002, when Lucas County AOH was making a come-back, they were there to help. They were instrumental in the creation and installation of the An Gorta Mor monument in the Irish hills



Welcome To The 2024 AOH/LAOH National Convention



Register for the **Convention's Full Package**
to enjoy all the good times!

You are invited to Orlando, FL

For online ROOM RESERVATION (\$125 + taxes)
and EVENTS REGISTRATION please go to
<https://orlandoirish2024.com>



Events Registration through the Mail:

This Form is for Convention events only. Please print neatly.
(Does not include Hotel Registration.)

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip code _____

Email _____ Phone _____

I am a member of the AOH / LAOH (circle either AOH or LAOH)

Membership # _____ Division # _____ County _____ State _____

Officer or Chairman of _____ Nat Bd; _____ State Bd; _____ County Bd; or _____ Div Bd.

Guest Registration: Name _____ Email _____

Full Events Package: \$215 if reserved by June 15, 2024.

Full Events Reservation made after June 15, 2024 and thereafter: \$235.

Options: *All packages listed below include the Registration Fee of \$25*

- Full Package includes all of the separate choices listed below. Indicate choice and # of meals.
Select Entrée: Irish Night - _____ Chicken/Sliced Pork Loin; or _____ Vegan
Final Banquet - _____ Pan Seared Salmon; or _____ Sliced Beef Sirloin; or _____ Vegan
- Icebreaker (Wed., Aug. 7, 7-9 PM) \$60: Casual Attire, Buffet, complimentary draft beer and signature drink.
- Irish Night (Fri., Aug. 9, 6-10PM) \$85: Business Casual Attire, Choice of one entrée - A combo of
Select Entrée: _____ Chicken/Sliced Pork Loin; or _____ Vegan
- Final Banquet (Sat., Aug. 10) \$90: Formal Black Tie Optional, Choice of one entrée - Pan
Select Entrée: _____ Pan Seared Salmon; or _____ Sliced Beef Sirloin; or _____ Vegan.
- Registration Only: \$25

* Please consider making all reservations and payment online to streamline the process.

** If registering through the mail, please remit this form and payment to:
AOH National Secretary, PO Box 1742, Jensen Beach FL 34958-1742.

** If paying event registration by check, make payment payable to: "The AOH/LAOH National Convention"

SMILE AND BE HAPPY

A farmer has 200 hens, but no rooster, and he wants chicks. So he goes down the road to the next farmer and asks if he has a rooster which he would sell. The other farmer says, "Yeah, I've got this great rooster, named Randy. He'll service every chicken you got, no problem." Well, Randy the rooster costs a lot of money, but the farmer decides he'll be worth it. So he buys Randy. The farmer takes Randy home and sets him down in the barnyard first, giving the rooster a pep talk. "Randy, I want you to pace yourself now. You've got a lot of chickens to service here, and you cost me a lot of money. Consequently, I'll need you to do a good job. So take your time and have some fun," the farmer said, with a chuckle. Randy seemed to understand, and when the farmer points toward the henhouse, he takes off like a shot. WHAM! Randy nails every hen in the henhouse — three or four times. The farmer is shock. Later, the farmer hears a commotion in the duck pen, and sure enough, Randy is in there. Later still, the farmer sees Randy after a flock of geese, down by the lake. Once again — WHAM! He gets all the geese. By sunset, Randy is out in the fields chasing quail and pheasants. The farmer is distraught — worried that his expensive rooster won't even last 24 hours. Sure enough, the farmer goes to bed and wakes up the next day, to find Randy dead as a doorknob — stone cold in the middle of the yard. Buzzards are circling overhead. The farmer, saddened by the loss of such a colorful — and expensive — animal, shakes his head and says, "Oh, Randy, I told you to pace yourself. I tried to get you to slow down, now look what you've done to yourself." Randy opens one eye, nods toward the buzzards circling in the sky and says, "Shhh. They're getting closer."

Father Murphy was walking down the street when a well-dressed man got out of new Mercedes, rushed up to him and shook his hand. "Father Murphy, my name is Paddy Sullivan. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart." "Oh?" said Father Murphy. "Why is that?" Paddy replied, "Three years ago, I was on the verge of bankruptcy and divorce when I went to one of your sermons about temperance. It was the one about the alcoholic who spent all his money in the pub while his wife and children went about barefoot, but the family of the pub owner are dressed in the finest silks and linens." Are you telling me that you gave up the drink there and then and turned to the narrow path of "righteousness, is that it?" "Not at all," replied Paddy. "I'm telling you that I opened a pub."

One year past, on Mother's Day, two children ordered their mother to stay in bed on Mother's Day morning. As she lay there looking forward to breakfast in bed, the smell of bacon & eggs floated up from the kitchen. But after a good long wait she finally went downstairs to investigate. She found them both sitting at the table eating bacon and eggs. "As a surprise for Mother's Day," one explained, "we decided to cook our own breakfast."

Paddy and Mick go down to the local job center. There is a big sign on the door saying; "Interviews for deaf people only." Never the less, they decide to put on an act. Paddy walks into the office, and the interviewer says; "Shut the door". He does and the interviewer says to Paddy, "You're not deaf at all. Get out." Paddy comes out and tells Mick; "Whatever you do, don't shut the door" Mick goes into the office and the man says the same, "Shut the door" Mick replies, "Shut it yourself"

At a wedding ceremony, the priest asked of anyone had anything to say concerning the union of the bride and groom. It was their time to stand up and speak or forever hold their peace. The moment of silence was broken by a young beautiful lady, carrying a child. She started walking slowly to the priest. Everything quickly turns to chaos. The bride slaps the groom. The grooms Mother faints. The groomsmen started giving each other looks wondering how best to help save the situation. The priest asked the lady; "Can you tell us why you came forward? What do you have to say?" The woman replied; "We can't hear in the back."

THE O'NEILLS, ONE OF THE GREATEST IRISH CLANS



The O'Neills date back to the 10th century and boast a lineage that includes two High Kings of Ireland. Hugh O'Neill, who became leader of the clan in 1595, was known as The O'Neill. This clan was renowned for their bravery, intelligence, and strategic thinking. They were instrumental in resisting English rule during the 16th and 17th centuries. The O'Neills were known for their military prowess and their ability to unite other clans against a common enemy. The O'Neills were not just warriors, they were also patrons of the arts and culture. They supported poets, musicians, and artists, which helped to preserve Irish culture during a time of great turmoil.

The legacy of the O'Neills lives on today in Ireland. They are remembered as one of the greatest clans in Irish history. Their bravery, intelligence, and strategic thinking continue to inspire people today.

Hugh O'Neill became leader of the clan in 1595 and as such was known as The O'Neill. A charismatic, even romantic figure, he had a long, tempestuous and complicated relationship with the English Crown, a relationship largely of convenience – for both parties. It was characterized by double-crossing by each side, building and abandoning strategic alliances. And ultimately, by all-out war.

Hugh O'Neill, was a skilled diplomat and military leader. He was able to form alliances with other clans and even with Spain to resist English rule. His leadership during the Nine Years' War against the English was remarkable. Despite being outnumbered and outgunned, he was able to hold his own against the English for nine years.

Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone and the last inaugurated chief of the O'Neills, plays the central role. Dungannon was at the eye of an international political storm from 1594 to 1603, during which time The O'Neill would lead mighty armies, would win and lose battles, and create problems for at least four monarchs. And the repercussions were serious. Some might say that the consequences are still being felt today. When Hugh O'Neill was ultimately outmaneuvered, his defeat paved the way for two connected seismic events that would forever transform his kingdom.

The O'Neill was a military genius who repeatedly got the better of the Crown's generals in Ulster. However, after a bitter defeat at the Battle of Kinsale, he was driven to bid farewell to Hill of the O'Neill and the lands he ruled over. O'Neill's departure for Spain, with the Earl of Tyrconnell and 90 followers, became known as the Flight of the Earls. It was a pivotal event in Irish history, effectively marking the end of the Gaelic way of life.

With The O'Neill and his followers effectively gone into exile, the way was clear for the organized colonization of their lands by wealthy settlers, largely from Scotland and England under King James I. This was known as the Plantation, a plan conceived to subdue, control and 'civilize' the wayward Irish. Instrumental in managing the process and distributing the lands was the Lord Deputy of Ireland – Arthur Chichester, who had defeated Hugh O'Neill in the Nine Years War. (Chichester would go on to become a major figure in the founding of Belfast.)

The Plantation is the point that marks the shift in Ulster from an ancient Gaelic tradition to a new Anglo-Scottish ethos. It is in effect, the beginning of another age in the history of Ireland, Ulster, Dungannon and, of course, of the Hill.

Stand on top of Hill of The O'Neill and you're on one of the most important sites in Ireland, with breathtaking panoramic views over seven of the nine counties of Ulster. You can clearly see the domed drumlins of Tyrone, gleaming Lough Neagh, the Sperrin Mountains and the Mourne, and onwards as far as the counties of Cavan and Monaghan, part of the province of Ulster in O'Neill's times.



MEMORIAL DAY



"God, lift the hearts of those, for whom this holiday is not just diversion, but painful memory and continued deprivation."

Rev. D. Kozelka (ret)

A trip down memory lane for Ann Dollman and Charlene Blankenship with cousins

As told by Michele Smith Gaertner



Yesterday was a wonderful surprise as I was able to catch up with my girl cousins that I grew up with on “ the farm” In Williams County OH We had a planned lunch at noon. Then what a surprise when my cousin Laura & her husband Chad borrowed an “ Amish “ 10 passenger van for an adventure of going down memory lane. We drove past our old elementary school and then adventures as we got to drive by all of our houses that we grew up in. My Dad and Uncles built our house and the Smith house.

We all lived within miles of each other and spent many good times together. My Uncle Dick & Aunt Penny had a Dairy Farm which at some point we all helped clean out stalls, feed the cows and baby calf’s.

We at one point had 112 acres and owned cows, chickens, rabbits, and 4-h pigs. The Burkard’s also lived close by and we had many fun nights playing tag, hide n go seek hiding in the lofts of the barns etc.

We had a simple life growing up but wow did we have a whole lot of love and wonderful times with our family. Thanks again Laura Reese for arranging this memorable day. I feel so blessed to have such wonderful memories and to have shared this day with my cousins

Ann Dollman added: our parents wanted us to have the experience of living on a farm. We had sheep, pigs, cows, chicken, a goat, turkey and rabbits. I got my tractor driving license when I turned 13. Baling hay and straw were all a part of farm life. I remember taking a steep hill while my uncles were on the back pulling bales of hay and I turned too fast and knocked my uncle off! We were all in 4 H. We showed rabbits and pigs. The girls did sewing and cooking 4 H also. My Uncle Tom had a sugar shack in his woods where we gathered sap to make maple syrup. Best thing ever was fresh made syrup over fresh snow! Uncle Dick and Aunt Penny had a dairy farm and skimming the bulk milk tank for cream to make home made ice cream was another treat! It was an amazing experience growing up with your family on nearby farms.



Tom & Clarise Burkard’s house.

The Great Loss

A poignant hush fell on the crowd,
As the coffin was nailed down;
It was as if the sounds of striking death,
Could be heard off in Clonakilty town.

The tri-color was unfurled,
And placed besides the cross,
And Ireland was united, for just a while,
In grief and sadness, for her great loss.

Through the silent streets of Cork,

The cortege slowly moved,
And candles lit in every house,
From Passage West to Cobh.
As they placed him on that steamship,
For the voyage to Dublin Town,
It seemed that even God Himself was sad,
As the rains came pouring down.
A single volley filled the air,
When she berthed at the Docks,

Ireland had lost another son –
The Minstrel Boy, from Cork.
For three day he solemnly laid in state,
Inside the grand old City Hall,
As Dubliners traipsed slowly passed,
In prayers at the sadness of it all.....

On the twenty-eight of August,
He was brought to Glasnevin's weeping meadow,
And with pomp and ceremony, they laid him to rest –
Mícheál ó Coileáin – The Big Fellow.

©John Anthony Fingleton (Löst Viking)

From my book 'Poems on the Banks'



Cortege of Michael Collins waking its way along Patrick's Quay Cork, to be transported to Dublin for burial



The Bodach

Whispered across misty ages from times long gone are stories of the Cailleach, one of the ancient goddesses of the first people to walk in Ireland, queen of the mighty glaciers that once clenched the land in their frozen grip. Many tales are told of the old hag, but fewer speak of her consort, the Bodach!



His name means “the old man” or “the poor farmer”, and it may be that he was father in some manner to the banshees, for his appearance usually foretells death and disaster. Dressed in poor and rustic clothes, maybe chewing a straw with an old hat perched low on his head, the old man looks on with a dark and knowing eye filled with laughter at the doings of mortals, soon to pass.

The Bodach loves to play tricks on people, and especially on children, tricks of a sort that don't usually end well. He comes down chimneys in the form of a shadow and slips through open windows or even thin cracks too narrow for so much as a mouse to get through, poking and irritating people, keeping them awake, but it is said he will not cross salt

spread in a hearth or across a threshold.

His name is mentioned in the footrace of the Fianna, when Prince Ironbones of Thessaly challenged the best of the Fianna to beat him in a run from Ben Etair to Munster. Fionn couldn't find their best runner, but while he was searching, he came across the Bodach, who agreed to run the race. Well, the Bodach got up late, missing the start of the race entirely, but then overtook Ironbones twice, stopped again to get some blackberries for his lunch, and even ran backwards looking for his lost coat! But when all was said and done, he still won the race.

For all his sinister reputation, he was also known as the King of Mag Mell, pronounced Moy Mell, the plain of delights. This was said to be a pleasurable paradise, but it was no afterlife, being reserved for the living, and of them only a select few who were chosen to visit and were bold enough to make the journey. Here there was no death or hunger, no sickness or suffering, only music, youth, strength, life and all pleasurable pursuits. Mag Mell can be many places and, in many times, but it most often appears as a mystical island off the west coast of Ireland.

Beware though should you long for your family and loved ones back in the realms of the mortal, for if you should set but a foot on mundane earth after spending too long in Mag Mell, you may find the weight of every year you have missed landing on your shoulders, and all the heavier for it!

TRIBES OF GALWAY



O'Flaherty Castle at Aughnanure outside Galway

One of the first things you notice on approaching Galway city is the series of traffic roundabouts that dot its' periphery. These fourteen roundabouts have a family name planted in the middle of each—names such as Kirwan, Blake, D'Arcy and so on. These are the surnames that belong to the 'Tribes of Galway'.

A fort was built where Galway city now stands in 1124 AD. It was erected by Turlough O'Connor—King of Connaught at the time—on land controlled by the local O'Halloran family. However, it soon came under successful attack by the local (and fierce) O'Flahertys who assumed control of the area.

About one hundred years after the building of this fort, the Normans arrived in Connaught in the shape of the de Burgo family (the modern surname Burke). Richard Mór de Burgh captured Galway fort in 1232 and established a small walled town which he proceeded to 'plant' with merchant and craft families. Over the next hundred years, Galway grew and thrived under the Burkes, establishing a reputation as an important trading port. However, in 1333, the town of Galway broke away from the in-fighting Burkes, and received the first stage of a royal charter in 1396.

The town eventually became ruled by a group of fourteen merchant families—each taking it in turn to assume Mayoral duties. The merchant family names were: Athy, Blake, Bodkin, Browne, D'Arcy, Deane, Font, French, Joyce, Kirwan, Lynch, Martin, Morris and Skerrett. Thirteen of these families were of Anglo-Norman origin while one was Irish Gaelic in origin (Kirwan).

Galway became a prosperous and strategically important town—at one time it was the main port for trade with France and Spain on the Island. Relationships between the residents of Galway and their Gaelic and Norman (but Gaelicized) neighbors were rarely 'quiet'. Indeed, the following prayer was hung over the west gate of the city—facing the territory of that same clan: 'From the Ferocious O'Flahertys may God protect us'

Galway took the side of royalist Catholic forces in the Confederate wars from 1641—and when Cromwell arrived in Ireland to punish the losing Catholic side, he granted the merchant families in Galway the derogatory nickname of the 'Tribes of Galway'. The families decided to hang onto this nickname in that typical Irish mixture of defiance and contradictory respect.

The town of Galway was besieged by Cromwell's forces and the residents surrendered in April of 1652. Following this, the ruling 'Tribes' lost much of their power and were replaced by local protestant families. However, some of the families held onto land across the Counties of Galway and Mayo, and by the time the monarchy was restored in the 1690s they were rewarded for their loyalty with a partial restoration of their power, titles and lands. It is these families that have maintained lineages and genealogies to the present day. These family names—Martin, Lynch, Blake, French and Joyce—are found in quantity across the counties of Galway and Mayo today, mixed in with the O'Flaherty, O'Halloran and Burke surnames.

Hy Brasil | The Lost Legendary Island of Ireland



As early as the 12th century, the Irish believed in the existence of a strange island that could be viewed along the west coast of Ireland once every seven years. There was an oral tradition of telling stories about an island in a fog bank or a “floating island” that would disappear when people approached it. Later, the stories were printed in books about Irish folklore. Hy-Brasil was an island which appeared on ancient maps as early as 1325 and into the 1800s. On most maps, it was located roughly

321km (200 miles) off the west coast of Ireland in the North Atlantic Ocean. Its name is derived from Old Irish *hy*, a variation of *í*, meaning ‘island’, and *brasil*, from the root word *bres*, meaning ‘beautiful/great/mighty’. It has also been explained as coming from *Uí Breasal*, meaning ‘of the clan of Bresal’, a people who once inhabited the North East of Ireland. Legend has it that the island lies shrouded in mist most of the time, thus shielded from the eyes of mortals, but that one day in every seven years, the fog rolls back to reveal its distant splendor to anyone who might be looking. Hy-Brasil was first noted on maps as early as 1325, by the Italian cartographer Angelino Dulcet, living in Majorca, where it was identified as “Bracile.” It continued to be shown on maps until the 1860s. Depicted as more or less circular in shape, it was bisected by a line through its center running east to west, which could have been a river.

In 1480, John Jay Jr. departed from Bristol, England on a journey to find the fabled island only to come back empty-handed after spending two months at sea. In 1481, two more ships, the *Trinity* and the *George*, departed from Bristol on an expedition to find Hy-Brasil with no success either. Interestingly, in 1497, Spanish diplomat Pedro de Ayala reported to the Catholic Monarchs of Spain, that John Cabot (the first European to visit North America since the Vikings) had “discovered in the past by the men from Bristol who found Brasil.” This implied someone from one of the Bristol expeditions had actually managed to find it.

Nearly two centuries later Scottish sea-captain, John Nesbitt, claimed to have spotted Hy-Brasil on his voyage from France to Ireland in 1674. He is said to have sent a party of four ashore where the sailors spent the entire day on the island. There, they claim to have met a wise old man who provided them with gold and silver. Strangely, the captain said the island was inhabited by large black rabbits and a mysterious magician who lived in a large stone castle by himself. A follow-up expedition was led by captain Alexander Johnson who also claimed to have found Hy-Brasil, confirming Nesbitt’s findings. A decade later, Irish historian, Ruairi O’Flaherty claimed in his publication, *Ogygia*, to have met a man, Morrough Ó Laoí, who said he had been abducted by strangers and ferried across to Hy-Brasil where he was held for two days, during which he became ill. When he recovered, he found himself mysteriously returned to Irish shores.

John O’Donovan, an Irish language scholar elaborated on this story in 1839. He said that Ó Laoí was a sailor on a ship which landed at the island. A strange man came down to the shore to warn them off on account of the island being enchanted. As the sailors prepared to leave, the stranger handed a book to Ó Laoí, but told him not to open it until seven years had passed. Ó Laoí followed this instruction, and afterwards was able to take up a career practicing medicine and surgery. It seems the book contained much secret lore for treating illnesses.

There are many myths and legends surrounding Hy-Brasil. In some of them, the island is the home of the gods of Irish lore. In others, it is inhabited by priests or monks rumored to hold ancient knowledge which allowed them to create an advanced civilization. Some think that St. Brendan’s famous voyage to find the “Promised Land” may have been Hy-Brasil.

On Sunday afternoon July 7, 1878 the inhabitants of Ballycotton, County Cork were greatly excited by the sudden appearance far out at sea, of an Island, were none was known to exist. The men of the village were fishermen and had fished that area the day before.

Turlough Mór O'Conor,

King of Connacht (1106–1156) and High King of Ireland (ca. 1120–1156).



Turlough Mór was one of the most powerful and significant High Kings of Ireland. He was the great, great grandson of Brian Boru (on his Mother's side) and at just 18 years old, he became the King of Connacht in 1106, and in 1120 he became High King of Ireland.

Turlough gradually exerted his power and influence over Munster, Meath, and Ulster. In 1118, he divided Munster into two coequal kingdoms and in 1125, he deposed the king of Meath and appointed three kings in his stead. But that's not all, in 1126 he made his son Conchobar king of Dublin and Leinster. The first recorded bridge was built in 1120 and within a decade King Turlough O'Conor built a wooden castle to protect it. Turlough Mór was a force to be reckoned with and his legacy still lives on today. As one of the most significant High Kings of Ireland, he played a crucial role in shaping the country's history.

Turlough spent much of his career modernizing and improving various aspects of Ireland, particularly in his home province of Connacht. He constructed Dún Gaillimhe in 1124, for use as a fort and naval base, from which the King's fleets could attack all along the west coast of Ireland. A small settlement grew up around this fort and eventually this developed into Galway city. Although the town was destroyed or burned many times over the next few centuries it continued to grow into a prosperous city.

He also created a new supply of water for settlements in eastern Connacht when he constructed a six-mile-long canal which redirected the River Suck around a castle and towards nearby towns and villages. The route of this dam probably began near the modern town of Ballinasloe which was built on the river later

A political strategy often utilized successfully by Turlough, was the appointment of relatives or loyal nobles as rulers or governors of towns, cities and other lesser regions or kingdoms. This allowed him to keep control of every area in the country and avoid rebellions or alliances against him. This can be seen in 1126 when he appointed one of his sons, Conchobhair, as king of Laigin (Leinster) and the city-state of Dublin. He realized the political and military importance of Dublin as the city had become more or less the capital of the country. It was also one of the main trading ports of the country. Therefore, control of Dublin was crucial to a successful High Kingship of Ireland

Turlough was also known to have constructed or rebuilt several churches, cathedrals and monasteries, notably the Cong Abbey. This increased his power as he would often have the Catholic Church on his side in any political or military conflicts later in his career which was crucial given to the importance of religion in Ireland at the time,

Turlough died in the year 1156. He was fifty years King of Connacht, one of the longest reigns of any European monarch. He dominated Irish politics. leading armies and navies all over Éire ... subjugating entire kingdoms. A superb military commander by any standards, his victory at Móin Mór in 1151 was among the most decisive in Irish history, inflicting 7000 enemy casualties. Commercial and political networks connected him with fellow-rulers in Britain, Francia, and Scandinavia. He reorganized lordships and kingdoms as suited him, carving out a well-defended personal domain. He was initially interred at the Cong Abbey, the very monastery he had rebuilt earlier in his reign. However, he was later buried in Clonmacaoise, where many members of the ruling Ua Conchobhair royal bloodline would be buried. Turlough's reforms, advances and military prowess in Ireland would be remembered for many years as arguably the greatest King of Ireland since the reign of his great-great-grandfather Brian Boru

BULLY'S ACRE



Bully's Acre (officially, the Hospital Fields) is a former public cemetery located near the Royal Hospital Kilmainham in Dublin. Behind a black gate off the entranceway to the expansive grounds of the Royal Hospital in Kilmainham, now the Irish Museum of Modern Art, lies a large, green field that is home to Dublin's oldest cemetery. In the first part of this field is a large, dappled grey headstone which was erected by the Dublin Corporation to honor those who were buried in the Bully's Acre area in the "distant past". Bully's Acre, next to the privates' graveyard, was where Dubliners were brought to be buried, and the 3.7 acre site is hidden behind a tall stone wall and locked gate. Across the path from it is situated the officers' graveyard; it too is locked and inaccessible to the public.

There was a graveyard on this spot for over a thousand years. The graveyard is believed to hold the graves of some of those killed at the Battle of Clontarf, including a son and grandson of Brian Boru. Over time it became more famous as a pauper's cemetery, as the land was believed to be common ground, and no charges were required for burials. But not only paupers were buried here, as many respectable Catholic citizens made use of the land, as after the Reformation there was no official Catholic graveyard in the city.

The site wasn't always quiet or controversy-free: In 1737, officers stationed at the Royal Hospital complained about the large numbers of people who would visit there, as well as those visiting the nearby St John's Well. Public burials were banned in 1755 at Bully's Acre, and high walls were built around the graveyard. General Dilkes, Commander of the Forces, caused the gravestones to be levelled, and a prominent high cross bore the brunt of this, being damaged in the act. However, public outcry led to locals visiting the graveyard en masse, and tearing down the walls to make it accessible. In 1795, damage done to the graveyard was restored with funds from the Grand County Jury, and the shaft of the damaged cross was re-erected. Today, it is no longer used as a graveyard, and the sprinkling of headstones gives no hint that there are thousands of bodies buried within the uneven ground.

Grave robbing back in the 18th century was a common activity and actually contributed towards the evolution of medicine and surgery. It was only legal for surgeons to carry out anatomies on the bodies of convicted murderers who were hung for their crimes, but as these usually numbered only around 20 or 30 a year, this wasn't enough to satisfy the need of the medical experts (who would perform autopsies to educate their students as well as learn more about the human body). Grave robbing brought body snatchers money, while surgeons could charge money to people who wanted to watch a dissection.

There were many well-known people who were buried at Bully's Acre, and some who were buried and then removed. Robert Emmet was buried there in 1803 after being killed on Thomas St, but soon after this, his body was removed and buried in another unknown location. His final resting place is still unknown. The famous Irish boxer Dan Donnelly was also buried there for a time, following his death in 1820. But his corpse was removed by medical students – and only returned, after public outcry, once an arm had been removed. In 1953 the arm ended up on display in the Hideout, a public house in Kilcullen, Co Kildare, for many years.

Bully's Acre closed to the public following the cholera epidemic of 1832, though some burials took place until 1835. By this time Goldenbridge and Glasnevin cemeteries were available for Catholics.

A Letter from Ireland

Céad Míle Fáilte and welcome to your Letter from Ireland. The seemingly-endless rains of the past few months have finally departed from County Cork - leaving us with bright and sunny days. It's time to get out and explore the countryside with a camera! How are things in your part of the world today?

I'm sipping on a cup of Lyons' tea as I write - and hope you'll join me with a cup of whatever you fancy as we start into today's letter. Speaking of beverages, have you ever enjoyed an Irish drink (or two)? Our Irish whiskey has become a major success story around the world over the past twenty years, but today we're going to chat about a somewhat darker drink that has come to represent Ireland in the minds of many. That drink is "Guinness Extra Stout Porter" of course - or simply "Guinness" as it is known today.

This "pint of plain", or Guinness, takes 119.5 seconds to settle once poured - so I'll aim to make this letter short enough for you to read inside that time!

Aonghus (pronounced "Ain-gus" and spelled "Angus" in Scotland) was a popular boy's name among many Irish clans and families in ancient times. In fact, five saints of that name came from County Donegal alone! On the other side of Ulster, in County Down, you would find the ancient tribe of "Uíbh Eocha Cobha". This tribe was led by the "Mac Aonghusa" (sons of Aonghus) family by the 1200s. Over time, this surname became anglicized as "Mac Gennis". It also anglicized as Ennis, McNeice, McGinnis - and McGuinness - as the name travelled to other parts of Ireland.



In 1725, a descendant of this McGuinness clan was born in the village of Celbridge in County Kildare. His name was Arthur Guinness. While he was born into modest circumstances, he was taught to read, write and given the basics of arithmetic through his education. He also appeared to have what we now call "an entrepreneurial head" on his shoulders. Arthur founded a brewery on the banks of the River Liffey in the nearby town of Leixlip. He started by brewing a brown ale which was popular at the time. However, he took the opportunity to move further down the River Liffey to St. James's Gate in the city of Dublin in 1759. Shortly after, Arthur noticed the popularity of a dark beer called "Porter" (so named because it was a popular drink with city porters) and he decided to start brewing porter alongside his ales.

THE FIRST PINT OF GUINNESS IS Poured.

The first batch of Guinness porter was brewed in 1778. Before long, his "stout porter" outsold his ale by five times. Very soon it became the single focus of his brewery. This change coincided with a change in import tax laws which allowed Guinness to export his porter to England where it quickly became successful. Guinness was on the road to becoming the success story we know today.

Arthur Guinness died in 1803 in Dublin. I think that he would have been very surprised at the extent to which Guinness has become synonymous with Ireland in the minds of so many people. In fact, it has become the "one choice" for many who wander into an Irish pub here or around the world. On that "one choice", I forgot to mention that the boy's name "Aonghus" has the literal meaning "one choice". So, I guess Guinness was always destined to become the Irish beer of choice! What do you think?

Well, here we are 119.5 seconds after you started this letter! Over to you - do you have a favorite Irish beer or "tipple"? Maybe you have a McGuinness, McGennis, Ennis, McNeice, Neeson etc in your own family tree?

Slán until next time

Mike.

Stair na hÉireann | History of Ireland

Battle of Clontarf | The Dublin Norse and the king of Leinster, with Viking allies from overseas, are defeated by Brian Boru's army at Clontarf

The bounds between Irish Legend and Irish Myth have often been blurred, especially as the retelling of heroic deeds has been passed on through generations. Brian Boru was no legend although his life deeds were legendary. He was very much a real man and was in fact the last great High King of Ireland and perhaps the greatest military leader the country has ever known. Brian Boru was born Brian Mac Cennétig at Kincora, Killaloe, a town in the region of Tuadmumu (Thomond), the son of Cennetig (Cennedi) and Babhion or Bebinn. Members of the Dál gCais (or Dalcassians) tribe, the family had an ancient royal ancestry. His mother was sister to the mother of Conor, the King of Connacht. The youngest of twelve sons, Brian would become the 175th King of Ireland, the founder of the O'Brien dynasty and the ancestor of the Kings of Thomond. Brian was an excellent harp musician and the harp has become a symbol of peace and unity in Ireland in his memory.



In 1002, Brian was recognized as Ard Rí, High King of Ireland, thus ending the six-hundred-year reign of the Uí Néill's in Leinster. Breaking from tradition, he ruled from Kincora Castle in Killaloe instead of Cashel, thus making Killaloe the "Capital of Ireland". Brian's name was inscribed in the Book of Armagh, in gold lettering, as "Emperor of the Irish" in 1005 during Brian's campaign in the north of Ireland. After forty years of incessant warfare in his early life, Brian devoted his mind to works of peace. He rebuilt the monasteries that had been destroyed by the Danes, and erected bridges and fortresses all over the country. He founded and restored schools and colleges, and took measures for the repression of crime.

Maelmordha, brother of Gormlaith, third wife of Brian, who had usurped the crown of Leinster in 999, rebelled against Brian's rule in 1013. Conspiring with Sitriuc, son of Gormlaith, the two resolved themselves to overthrow Brian. They along with Dane Vikings of the north of Ireland in Leinster and Dublin, as well as native Irish rivals to Brian, gathered their forces in rebellion to Brian in 1014. Two Norwegian princes, Bróðir and Óspak at the head of a thousand troops, arrived to reinforce the Danish contingent. As the Danes prepared for battle at Clontarf, they numbered sixteen thousand, as well as troops from Leinster under their king, Maelmordha.

With a force nearing thirty thousand, including the Dalcassian Knights, Brian marched into Leinster, where Malcolm II, King of Meath, joined him four miles outside of Dublin at Clontarf. Arriving on Palm Sunday, the battle would occur five days later on Good Friday. All of the accounts state that the Battle of Clontarf lasted all day and was a bloody affair. Brian Boru's troops would win this battle to keep a unified Ireland, but this would not be a glorious day. High King Brian Boru died on this day, Good Friday, 23 April 1014. There are many legends concerning how Brian was killed, from dying in a heroic man-to-man combat to being beheaded by the fleeing Viking mercenary Bróðir while praying in his tent at Clontarf.

Brian's army had won the battle, but his enemy King Sitriuc remained in control of Dublin. Many of the dead were probably buried on the field of battle, but the fallen leaders were afforded special treatment. Brian's body, along with that of his son Murchad, and the heads of his nephew and another Munster king, were all taken to Swords (north Co Dublin). There they were met by the Abbot of Armagh, who escorted the cortege northward to Armagh, where their remains were buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral with great reverence after an extended wake. It was fitting that the church of Armagh should accord this special honor to the man they had once hailed as 'Emperor of the Irish'. Brian Boru remains to be one of the greatest historical figures and the last that saw a uni-

From Celtic Druids to Scholars and Musicians

Many of us might view Ireland as a land of “Saints, Scholars and Musicians” – a place where the “turn of phrase” or a “nice run on a fiddle” is valued alongside the more “pragmatic” aspects of life. But where did these cultural values come from? Were these abilities always held in such high esteem? To help answer that question, we’ll go back and look at the people who were entrusted with safeguarding Irish law, customs, poetry, music and medical knowledge in pre-historic times. We’ll look at the “Brehon”, the “Filidh” (pronounced “fill-ee”) the “Bards” and the Physicians. In pre-Christian times they were sometimes known collectively as the Druids.

THE DRUID FAMILIES OF IRELAND.

The Celtic language that we know as Irish Gaelic today – along with accompanying beliefs and customs – gradually arrived in Ireland from 500 BC. The oral tradition was very strong among the Celts, who generally seem to frown on the written word.

Julius Caesar wrote of the Celtic people:

“The Druids believe that their religion forbids them to commit their teachings to writing, although for most other purposes the Gauls (Celts) use the Greek alphabet. But I imagine this rule was originally established for other reasons – because they did not want their doctrine to become public property, and in order to prevent their pupils from relying on the written word and neglecting to train their memories.”

This reliance on the oral tradition frustrated later scholars who missed the opportunity to study the written word of the Druids. But this oral tradition was how major events, genealogies, agreements and the law was transmitted for hundreds of years by the intellectual class known as the Druids – who probably transitioned as a group into becoming monks and priests, brehon, physicians, poets and bards after the coming of Irish Christianity in the sixth century.

How do you know if any of your Irish ancestors are part of this class? Sometimes you will find a clue in a surname. Did you know, for example, that the surname “Hickey” comes from the Irish word for “Healer”? Or that the surname “Ward” comes from the Irish for “son of the Bard”?

Here are more Irish surnames associated with the different professions that came out of the Druidic class:

The Brehon (Judge) Surnames: Here are the surnames of some families that served as Brehons/ judges in certain Irish kingdoms up to the end of the 16th century: Egan, Forbes, Keenan, Coffey, Donnellan, Davoren, Breslin, Hussey, Agnew, Foy, Courneen, Corcoran, Cloonan, Gilsenen, Caffrey, Clancy and Folan.

Filidh/Bardic Surnames: Here are the surnames of some families that served as Filidh/Bards (poets, composers and musicians) in certain Irish kingdoms up to the end of the 16th century: Bardon, Canty, Cleary, McCraith, Daly, Higgins, Ward, Conway, McCarroll, Gneeve and Phelan.

Physician Surnames: Here are the surnames of some families that served as medical physicians in certain Irish kingdoms up to the end of the 16th century: McKinley, McVeigh, Canavan, Kearney, Fergus, Tully, Lee, Cashin, Bolger, O’Connor, Cullen, Callanan, Hickey, Lane, Nealon, Troy, Dunleavy/McNulty, Cassidy and Shiels/Shields.

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