

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



BORDERLINE GENIUS, LLC



Jan. 1 ~ Happy New Year!!

Jan. 6 ~ Toraigh An Sonas session at The Blarney

Jan. 17 ~ Toraigh An Sonas session at Logan's

Jan. 18 ~ Division Meetings

Feb. 10 ~ Drowsy lads at Maumee Indoor Theater

Feb. 22 ~ Daniel O'Donnell at The Stranahan



IN GOD WE TRUST



Mother McAuley Division

HIBERNIANS OF TOLEDO NEWSLETTER

January, 2018



John P. Kelly Division



Charlene Blamkenschap, Maura Buckner, Clarise Burkard, Sherri McNeill, Mary Ann Buckley, Ann Dollman, Monsignor Chris Vasko, Mary Pat Riker, Linda Reitzel, Jennie Dery, Tricia Cassidy, Madonna Pauken & Colleen McKenzie

I have included two articles about Irish Ladies of historical importance, Sorcha MacMahon and Grace Gifford Plunkett to honor our very own lady officers.
Congratulations to our new lady officers!!!!

Clarise Burkard, our sunshine lady, who was always praying for others, always sending out cards to congratulate or to wish a speedy recovery and always including jokes and stories, and always up for a good time, passed away peacefully in her home early in the morning December 19, 2017. Rest in Peace dear lady. You are loved and will be missed.

JANUARY, 2018

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6 <i>Session at Blarney</i>
7 <i>Echo's of Ireland WCWA 1230AM 11:30 AM - 1:30 PM</i>	8	9	10	11	12	13
14 <i>Echo's of Ireland WCWA 1230AM 11:30 AM - 1:30 PM</i>	15	16	17 <i>Session at Logan's</i>	18 <i>Division Meetings</i>	19	20
21 <i>Echo's of Ireland WCWA 1230AM 11:30 AM - 1:30 PM</i>	22	23	24	25	26	27
28 <i>Echo's of Ireland WCWA 1230AM 11:30 AM - 1:30 PM</i>	29	30	31			

AN OLD IRISH NEW YEARS WISH

May your nets always be full,
 Your pockets never empty,
 Your horse not cast a shoe,
 Nor the devil look at you
 In the coming year.

clink glasses, hug, kiss, and wish each other all the best.

CLARISE MAY BURKARD

June 9, 1930 ~ December 19, 2017



JANUARY IRISH HISTORICAL EVENTS

Jan. 1, 1892 - Ellis Island becomes reception center for new immigrants. The first immigrant through the gates is Annie Moore, 15, of County Cork.

Jan. 1, 1999 -The world's oldest priest, the Venerable Archdeacon Patrick Lyons, passes away at Limerick Regional hospital, just two months before his 106th birthday

Jan. 1, 2005 - Cork officially becomes the European Capital of Culture

Jan. 7, 1922 - Dáil Éireann votes 64 to 57 to accept the Anglo-Irish Treaty, creating the Irish Free State

Jan. 8, 1876 - Lucien Bul, inventor of the electrocardiograph, is born in Dublin

Jan.11, 1972 - Padraic Colum, Longford poet and playwright, dies

Jan.13, 1941 - James Joyce, considered by many to be one of the most important modern authors in English because of his revolutionary approach to the novel, dies in Zurich

Jan. 16, 1922 - Michael Collins takes over control of Dublin Castle from the British authorities on behalf of the new Irish state

Jan. 26, 1904 - Birth of Seán MacBride, IRA leader, politician, head of Amnesty International, and recipient of Nobel and Lenin peace prizes

Jan 28, 1939 - Death of William Butler Yeats

Jan 30, 1864 - The National Gallery of Ireland opens



An Irish Blessing

May you be blessed with
warmth in your home,
love in your heart,
peace in your soul

Traditional New Year Celebrations in Ireland



Ireland is considered to be a country of many beliefs, customs, and tradition. Ireland have many New Year related customs and traditions, with most of them being meant more for fun and amusement. There is one such tradition of organizing New Year's dips, which are organized around the waters of either Irish Sea or Atlantic Ocean. People are made to go through ice cold waters with short swims. There is also a tradition of cleansing the house well before the New Year Day arrives, as doing is believed to bring good luck

in the coming year. People keep their cellar equipped with coals, and house with abundant of provisions, as doing so is believed to ensure a bountiful coming year. There is another tradition which calls for banging on Christmas bread on walls and doors of the house, which is done with a belief that it sways bad luck out and brings good luck in. Some also believe that it ensures adequate bread for the coming year.

The tradition of first footing is prominently followed in Ireland, as a part of which one expects a dark, tall, young, and a good looking man to arrive first on the threshold on the New Year's Day. It is believed to be a symbol of good luck in the coming year. However, a woman, a blonde, or a red haired female first arriving on the threshold is considered to be a sign of grief and bad luck for the coming year. There is another tradition followed by young unmarried women of the house, who put a little bit of mistletoe under their pillow before they sleep on New Year's Eve. This is done with a belief that they will be conferred with a true lover in the coming year.

To celebrate the New Year in Ireland today, some have parties, some head to dinner with friends, some go to black tie balls and some just head down to the local for a few pints.

In a small fishing village in County Kerry called Portmagee they go against the grain and celebrate the Old Year! This is a very popular event and they celebrate everything that happened that year with music and dance.

If that doesn't tickle your fancy, why not make your way to the beautiful Achill Island off the coast of County Mayo as this is the best place to watch the last sunset of the year fall over Europe. Watch it go down from Minaun Heights and afterwards enjoy the pipe bands playing in the village at midnight. After a hard night's celebrating you can take a dip in the ice-cold waters of the Atlantic and join in on the traditional New Year's Day swim which takes place on Silver Strand at around 1pm.



*Athbhliain faoi mhaise duit!
Happy New Year!*

GRACE GIFFORD PLUNKETT

I'm sure many of you have heard the song 'Grace' about the wedding of Joseph Plunkett and Grace Gifford in Kilmainham jail hours before his execution. Here is the story of Grace after the wedding.



Grace Plunkett, née Gifford was a cartoonist, caricaturist and illustrator who was active in the Republican movement. Her marriage to Joseph Plunkett, one of the leaders of the 1916 Rising, a few hours before he was executed, is the subject of a popular Republican song, 'Grace' written by Frank and Sean O'Meara in 1985, was found dead in her apartment on December 13, 1955

Ar deis Dé go raibh a hanam. 'may her soul be on the right side of God'.

She was born in the Dublin suburb of Rathmines, the second youngest of twelve children of Frederick, a Catholic, and Isabella, a Protestant, and a niece of the artist Sir Frederick Burton. The boys were brought up as Catholics, the girls as Protestants. From the age of 16 in 1904 she studied at the Dublin Metropolitan School of Art under William Orpen, where her talent for caricature was discovered. In 1907 she studied fine art at the Slade School of Art in London.

She returned to Dublin in 1908 and struggled to make a living as a caricaturist, publishing her cartoons in *The Shanachie*, *Irish Life*, *Meadowstreet*, and the *Irish Review*, which was edited from 1913 by Joseph Plunkett. She moved in the same circles as the poet and painter Æ and the journalist Mrs. Dryhurst. It was Mrs. Dryhurst, at the opening of the bilingual St. Enda's School in Ranelagh, Dublin, who introduced her to Joseph Plunkett and other future Republican leaders, including Thomas MacDonagh, who was to marry Gifford's sister Muriel.

Gifford became engaged to Plunkett in 1915. She took instruction and was received into the Roman Catholic Church in April 1916. The wedding was planned for Easter Sunday 1916 ó the date of the Rising, which was put down and its leaders sentenced to death. Gifford and Plunkett were married on 3 May in the chapel of Kilmainham Jail, only a few hours before his execution.

Plunkett became active in Sinn Féin, and was elected to its executive in 1917. On May Day 1919 the Irish Women Workers' Union held a general holiday and distributed handbills featuring a cartoon by Gifford. She was on the Anti-Treaty side in the Civil War, and along with many Republicans she was arrested and detained in Kilmainham for three months in 1923. She painted pictures on the walls of her cell, including one of the Madonna and Child.

After the Civil War she supported herself as a cartoonist for various publications, including *Dublin Opinion*, the *Irish Tatler* and *Sketch*, and had one cartoon published in *Punch* in 1934. Three collections of her cartoons were published: *To Hold as 'Twere* (1919), *Twelve Nights at the Abbey Theatre* (1929) and *Doctors Recommend it!* (1930). She illustrated W. B. Yeats's *The Words upon the Window Pane* (1930) and designed costumes for the Abbey Theatre.

She received a Civil List pension from the government in 1932. She sued Plunkett's father, Count Plunkett, in 1934 for a share in her husband's estate, and received an out-of-court settlement of £700. She died alone in her flat in Dublin in 1955, and her body was not found for a week. She was buried with full military honors close to the republican plot in Glasnevin Cemetery.

by Stair na hÉireann

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

Father Flanagan was walking down the street when suddenly he heard a scream followed by a thud. To his horror he saw a lovely young lass had been hit by a speeding motorist. In fact she had been hit so hard she had all of the clothes knocked off. Father Flanagan being a gentleman placed his hat across her privates. Meanwhile Michael was just inside a pub. He'd been having several pints when he decided enough was enough and he stepped out side to the accident. "Christ" says Michael "The first thing we got to do is get that man outta there."

Michael O'Leary was waiting at the bus stop with his friend, Paddy Maguire, when a truck went by loaded up with rolls of turf. O'Leary opined, 'I'm gonna do that when I win the lottery, Maguire.' 'What's that, Michael?' responds his mate. 'Send me lawn away to be cut,' concludes O'Leary.

There was this guy who was 1/2 Irish, 1/2 Scottish. he loved a drink but he couldn't bring himself to buy one.

Murphy, O'Brien & Casey sitting in a bar discussing the words they would like to hear spoken over their coffins at their wakes. Casey says, "I would like them to say 'He was a wonderful family man- he always supported his wife and kids, and they never wanted for anything'". O' Brien says, "That's lovely Casey. But I would like to hear them say, 'He was a great man in the community - he undertook a lot of projects to make his community a better place.'" Murphy says, "That's very nice, O'Brien. But I would like to hear them say, 'Look! He's moving!'"

After a heavy night's drinking, two Irishmen stagger home from their country pub, intending to take a short cut through the graveyard. Being much the worse for wear, they decide to take a rest against a stone, where Paddy reads the inscription. "Do y'know, Michael, this fella here lived till he was 103!!" "And did he come from hereabouts then?" asks Michael. "No," says Paddy, reading the stone, "he was Miles, from Dublin"

Pat walks into a pub and the first thing he notices is a card game with three men and a dog. Pat goes to the bartender and orders a pint and says to the bartender, "This is unbelievable. There is a dog at the table playing cards with three men." The bartender is not impressed. He says "The dog is not a very good player. How's that?" Asked Pat. Well says the bartender, "every time the dog gets a good hand, he starts wagging his tail."

Padraic Colum (Dec. 8, 1881 - Jan. 11, 1972)



Irish poet, dramatist, folklorist and children's writer, born in Longford County under the name Patrick Collumb. He was one of the founders of The Abbey Theatre in Dublin, and worked with Yeats and Lady Gregory.

In 1914 he and his wife Mary left Ireland for America, soon entering New York literary circles. In the thirties the Colums left for France. There he renewed his old friendship with Joyce, for whom he typed parts of *Finnegans Wake*. The Colums returned to America and were made US citizens in 1945. He wrote *Our Friend James Joyce* (1958) and *Ourselves Alone*, a biography of Griffin in 1959. He died in Enfield, Connecticut and was buried in Ireland. Padraic was a perfect representative for all those who wish to preserve Irish Culture and Customs. We do not give him enough space or time.

She Moved Through The Fair

by Padraic Colum

*My young love said to me,
My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you
For your lack of kind"
And she stepped away from me
And this she did say:
It will not be long, love,
Till our wedding day"*

*As she stepped away from me
And she moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her
Move here and move there
And then she turned homeward
With one star awake
Like the swan in the evening
Moves over the lake*

*The people were saying,
No two e'er were wed
But one had a sorrow
That never was said
And I smiled as she passed
With her goods and her gear,
And that was the last
That I saw of my dear.*

*Last night she came to me,
My dead love came in
So softly she came
That her feet made no din
As she laid her hand on me
And this she did say
It will not be long, love,
'Til our wedding day*

An Old Woman of the Roads

by Padraic Colum

*O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!*

*To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!*

*I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!*

*I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delph!*

*Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!*

*And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.*



The Toledo Irish American Club presents “For the Love of Irish Music” featuring The Drowsy Lads.

The Drowsy Lads consist of Ohio brothers John and Daniel McKewen, father and son Phil and Josh Franck, and lifelong friend Bryan Brookes. They bring to the stage a concoction of *ōwe dare you* to hold still *ö* Irish dance tunes as well as a full emotional gamut of songs. They *öve* won the affections of audiences ranging from casual music-lovers to those steeped in hardcore traditional Irish music. Each Lad is a multi-instrumentalist, and the combined lineup includes fiddle, button accordion, tenor banjo, flute, whistle, guitar, bouzouki, Uilleann pipes, 5-string banjo, concertina, and bodhran. The Lads are fond of creating their own spirited arrangements and offering occasional original compositions, and even mixing in some bits of Bluegrass or Classical. But these never get in the way of their obsession with the pure old musicality of traditional Irish tunes and songs. Check out the Drowsy Lads on You Tube. You will get excited about the show just as I did. The concert will be held on Saturday, February 10th from 6:00 PM until 10:00 PM at the Maumee Indoor Theater 601 Conant Street Maumee, Ohio. Tickets are \$15.00 at the door or \$13.50 in advance. Tickets are available through Eventbrite. Links are available at Toledo Irish American Club facebook page or the Drowsy Lads web site; <http://www.thedrowsylads.com> The show will also feature a session by Toraigh An Sonas and a performance by the Ardan Irish Dancers. Penny (The Saint) and I have our tickets. We hope to see many other Irish music lovers there also.



I have a few raffle tickets for a Trip to Ireland!!! Grand prize is \$5,000 for travel through Marco Polo travel, Cincinnati or a \$4,000 cash payment. Drawing is March 17, 2018 (St. Patrick's Day!!!!) Price of the ticket is \$10.00 each or three for \$20.00. Checks should be made out to AOH. Mail your order to me at

2847 Nash Road, Toledo Ohio 43613. The raffle is sponsored by the Cincinnati Ancient Order of Hibernians. Good luck!!!!

DANIEL O'DONNELL-Back Home Again Tour (First time in two years)

Stranahan Theater

February 22, 2018 3:00 PM



One of Ireland's best loved artists, Daniel O'Donnell has announced that he will be returning to tour in the USA. Commenting on the tour announcement Daniel said "I'm really looking forward to returning to touring the USA next year. We introduced some new musicians and some different instruments when we went back touring earlier this year and I am delighted to say that they have been a great success, fans everywhere have complimented them on their great talent as musicians and have really welcomed them on board. Special Guest: Mary Duff

Celtic Mythology: THE THREE NOBLE STRAINS

by [Stair na hÉireann](#)

Healer of each wounded warrior,
 Comforter of each fine woman,
 Guiding refrain over the blue water,
 Image-laden, sweet-sounding music! óBook of the OóConnor Don



In Celtic mythology, we are told about The Dagda (the Good god of the Gaelic gods) who was a king within the fairy race known as the Tuatha Dé Danann. The Dagda had a magical and enchanting harp, which he took everywhere and which would come to him when he called. His harp had the Three Noble Strains of music bound into it. Each property or strain had a different effect on the listener:

- 1) The Goiltai or 'sorrow strain' caused people to weep.
- 2) The Geantraí or 'joy strain' encouraged people to laugh.
- 3) The Suantraí or 'sleep strain' lulled people to sleep.

A story is told of a battle between the Fomorians and the Tuatha Dé Danann where the Fomorians stole The Dagda's harp and hung it on a wall in their hall. This enraged The Dagda and he set about retrieving the harp with the help of his son Aengus Og. They carefully advanced to the Fomorians' camp and soon heard the sounds of feasting in the hall. As they approached the doorway, they could just make out the harp hanging on the wall through the smoke and the candle light. The Dagda boldly entered the hall and summoned his harp with the enchanting words: 'Come apple-sweet murmurer. Come, four-angled frame of harmony, Come summer, come winter, Out of the mouths of harps and bags and pipes!'

The harp immediately flew across to The Dagda, killing nine men in its wake. The Fomorians were shocked into silence and in this silence, The Dagda played the Three Noble Strains upon his harp. When he played the weeping strain of the goltraí, the Fomorians mourned their defeat. When he played the joyful strain of the geantraí, the Fomorians fell about into laughter and drunken foolery. When he played the sleeping strain of the suantraí, the Fomorians fell into a deep and profound slumber. The Dagda and Aengus Og took this opportunity to leave the Fomorians camp together with the magical harp.

Other legend has it that the Dagda's harper, Uaithne, husband of the River Goddess Boand (river Boyne), when giving birth to her first son, cried out in pain and to ease her discomfort, Uaithne played the Dagda's healing harp and they named the child, Goltraí. At the birth of their second son, Boand laughed out loud for joy and they called their son, Geantraí. Their third and last son was the easiest birth and Boand fell asleep to Uaithne's harp playing, so they named the child, Suantraí. Like their father, all three sons became great harpers.

It has also been said that much of the beautiful Celtic harp music that has been created since these times, has been composed by those who have overheard the fairy folk of the Tuatha Dé Danann.

Irish nationalist, Sorcha MacMahon



It was said of Sorcha by her contemporaries that there was no woman of that period whose efficiency, selflessness and enthusiasm was greater.

Born Sarah Teresa MacMahon at Coas, Co Monaghan. Born in 1888, she was called after her mother; as well as using her given name, she also used the Irish form, Sorcha. Her family spoke Irish as their first language. She was educated in Laggan National School and St Louis School in Monaghan. After school she went to Dublin and took a commercial course. She then worked as a bookkeeper for Taggart's Garage. An early member of Cumann na mBan, in 1914 MacMahon was the local secretary of the Central Branch and was secretary nationally in 1916.

She trained the women in first aid, home nursing, and branch duties. She was a member of the Cumann na mBan executive from the convention in 1915 to 1919. She was also on the O'Donovan Rossa Funeral Committee, which organized a mass demonstration when the body of the exiled Fenian was returned from America to Ireland for burial in 1915. MacMahon was selected by Kathleen Clarke to deliver and compile a list of reliable girls to deliver messages around Ireland in the days leading up to the 1916 Rising. Sorcha went to Dundalk and Monaghan.

When the Rising went ahead on Easter Monday, Sorcha delivered mobilization orders to all the Cumann na mBan section leaders attached to Central Branch. She had guns and messages hidden in her bicycle basket. Throughout Easter Week, she continued to distribute messages from the GPO. Moving between the outposts at great risk to her life, she went to the Four Courts and elsewhere; she recorded that she left the GPO 50 or 60 times. As she described in her military pension record, she brought messages to the families of the Provisional Government of the Irish Republic.

Following the Rising, Sorcha gave up her job and lived off her own means. She postponed her wedding to assist Kathleen Clarke, who had set up the Irish Republican Prisoners' Dependents' Fund. While Kathleen Clarke recovered from a miscarriage, Sorcha was the only one in Dublin who she trusted to continue the work.

Later, Sorcha worked directly for Michael Collins, when Kathleen appointed him to administer the relief funds following his release from Frongoch. Sorcha continued to work directly for Collins throughout the War of Independence, and she stayed with him on the pro-Treaty side after the split.

She had resigned her role in Cumann na mBan some years previously on his instructions. Cumann na mBan voted to reject the Articles of Agreement that laid down the terms for the formation of the Irish Free State. Sorcha left politics after the Treaty was signed on 6 December 1921. She died December 13, 1970.