

On the way back to Aghyaran we stop briefly at a holy well where St. Patrick is said to have drunk. I had thought it was located near the entrance of the Magheraheal Cemetery and was surprised. I was also surprised to see some of our party scoop up some of the algal-seam covered water & drink it from their hand as well as bless themselves.

Closely we dropped Mr. Goldreich & Mr. Tolson off at the church parking lot — as we went on to our next cemetery — Mountanach Cemetery in the Barony of Lurg, County Termanagh.. Here we were to see a church & well kept cemetery.

Here was the new grave of John, Jamie's recently buried brother. Here also were markers indicating the problems arising in anglicizing old Gaelic names; i.e. Rotten Mountain for the townland Ratyn Mountain, we are told has been changed to Mt. Pleasant. A fine stand of beech trees walled one side of this cemetery — they pronounced it mon toosh.

Our day's "tour" is finally complete; we bid farewell to Cassie Gallogly and the Bleapleys and drive back to Breslin's home on the edge of Sion Mills, agreeing to pick Hugh & Aidan up at 2:30 P.M. tomorrow. Later (much later) at Jackson's Hotel we have a late dinner in the reception room and meet 69-y.-old local Ed de Boyle (and a Marge Miller from Belfast). I turn in at 2:30 P.M... Pat enjoys the Music Concert on TV in the Lounge — sponsoring charitable contributions for the Ethiopian starving people. Bob Geldoff - the Irish Rock Star headed this, I think!

This was evidently Maeve's day off at her hospital job. When we arrived back at Breslin's home after our day's adventures, we found that she had prepared a special chicken dinner and set an elegant table in the diningroom up fronted am impressed with the Breslin home, having concluded from a photograph Hugh had sent me that it was much smaller. I am surprised at the size and extent of the lot and the panoramic view of the green landscape one sees from the front of the home where colorful borders of flowers and shrubs make one recall such yards in southern California. We note (during the evening meal and later) Orla's distraction and staying near the TV, causing her mother a little distress. The program, the cause, we learn about more after returning to Jackson's Hotel about midnight. Maeve had taken much trouble to prepare a special dinner and only hope we seemed duly appreciative. She has to work tomorrow (Sunday) in the hospital in Diford - her job. Today would have been much easier for her if she had not done so much for us.

Sunday of the Big Surprise

July 14, 1985

Pat & I attend 11 AM Mass at St. Mary's Church along the main route thru' the twin city of Strasbourger - after breakfasting at Jackson's Hotel, Pat having enjoyed the TV telethon charity concert for the Ethiopians starving - up to 4 AM... At Mass, I note the large window over the main altar dedicated to Ella McNamee. We sit near front left side. by very young altar boys in black cassocks & white surplices w/ lace borders very much touch me - as they go about their business with such serious efficiency. The pastor, white-haired, tells us he has made a parish offering for the Ethiopians drive (on TV). Large crowd at mass. We return to Jackson's at noon and I eat a small lunch in the Bally Buffet lounge before we leave for Bon Mills.

We pick up Hugh and Aidan at 2:30 PM at Bon Mills, managing to drive on thru' Castleberg to meet the Bleakleys in their red Vauxhall with Cassie Gallogly; having greeted we follow them to a farm home not so far distant, the home of Owen McM., his wife, and 4 unmarried sons, Sean, Owen, Patrick Joseph (inf. dec'd in 1964) and daughter, Mary; eldest son Hugh came later w/ wife and 2 infant girls.

Owen, who was most congenial in welcoming us, owns this 70-acre farm. Owen is two years ~~older~~ than I am - born Mar. 28, 1910; looks as young! Cassie points out later that the family has six cars & that his sons are "mechanically minded. After much talk & record-taking on my part and picture-taking with Pat's aid, we are invited inside and given refreshments. His wife - a tall bony woman looks much younger; he insists I have an Irish whiskey - Bushmills. Daughter, Mary never leaves the kitchen!! Sons appear shy. Cassie Gallogaly exclaims that Owen's father and my grandfather were cousins according to Jamie's brother John! After considerable discussion, our "tour group" of two cars departs for Slavin Glen, where Jamie had said the McMenamins had lived for so long. And, enroute came the big surprise of the day (for me) when Cassie asked our car to slow down and pointed down to a white cluster of farm buildings on a lowerng slope - and exclaims "That is where Nancy McMenamin lived - and McMenamins live there today, but they are not related!" Nancy was my grandfather's mother!!!

On we motor, not far, to a reforested area overlooking farm fields with grazing sheep and cattle. We see the Gaelic signs for Slieve Glen - and Hugh tells me the name indicated Elm tree glen. We stop in an special parking area and take more photographs and Hugh relates the history of 4 McMenamin brothers taking refuge there centuries back, having to flee from Derry for political reasons. They were their first ancestors in Tyrone.

Leaving Slavin Glen we stop near a bridge with a small waterfall to look for another penal-time altar rock - "Carrickaness" - which Hugh can not locate due to the change in vegetation - so we move on into the ancient LISKEY CEMETERY where we see more old gravestones - one of the cemeteries on which Hugh is recording the ancient inscriptions..

Down the road a ways we come to at Scravy the modern one-story farm home of a Paddy "McMenamin" who has been enrolled in one of Hugh's adult education courses. Paddy (born in 1921) is evidently quite a character, was wearing a small brown cap, glasses, smile, poor teeth. We have another jacuzzi tea on the car "bonnets" - and after I use the toilet in Paddy's house, & meet his wife & take a record we

depart with Paddy deplored our leaving - but we explain how we must meet another "Paddy" Mc M. in Castlederg before we return for the day.

At 7 pm. we (having bid goodby to the Bleakleys) pull up into the affluent & "elegant" home of Patrick Mc M., an edge of Castlederg. This Patrick is a brother of Father Joe, the White Father, I still hope to meet. We are invited into his beautiful home meeting his young attorney son, Eamon, and his white-haired wife who has survived a brain-tumor operation... This snare - 52-year-old retired tavern owner - reminds me more of my father than any of my fathers own brothers would have done so at this age of their lives.

About 8 PM. we return to the Breslin home for tea and sandwiches - these made of sliced cold chicken left over from the generous dinner Maeve prepared for us in their home. When we finally enter Jackson's Hotel about 10 PM... there sits Eddie Boyle again; he tells me he will do some "research" on McManamins for me himself. (I had given him the book on the Old Roger Saga the night before.)