

It is 4 PM when Pat & I are back in Ballybofey, picking up clothing at the cleaners, and having a $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. of Smithwick at Jackson's bar — after which he dashes off to Donegal town to buy more choice articles for Madeline — and I decide to wait till 5:30 PM. — wisely asking for a room call as there was laundry to collect next door before 6 PM....

About 6:30 PM. I decide to write in the Lounge — with another drink at hand, when Pat returns pleased over his purchases. By 7 PM the Breslin family come as our guests for dinner... Orla is to stay out for a dance & Hugh to pick her up. Gidan is anxious to try foods he does not usually eat... We enjoy the food, the family and the evening's conversation. Maere looks lovely & enjoys a Martini.

Escorted to Fermanagh

July 17, 1985, Wednesday.

Farewell Tyrone

This our departing day from Donegal and Jacksons Hotel in Ballybofey starts with a cold light rain that comes intermittently. The sky seems dark and gray ~~unpromising~~, but much is ahead of interest and surprise. By 9:30 AM we have paid our bill at Jacksons; it was £367.29 and we are pleased. Soon we are passing thru Castlefinn and I note a sign, $6\frac{1}{2}$ Km to Castlederg. Again, we see some bright yellow flags (wild iris) along the road. As we approach the border to Northern Ireland, a light mist is falling. A young armed guard peers over the cement bunker crowned with rolls of barbed wire, and smilingly waves as we pass through. I note

an alert grasshopper-like helicopter
in the distant sky; in fact it
is darting low and in this
sloping terrain of glens and valleys
its background is of the green
terrain and not the sky. Its
very presence seems an intrusion
to us and I wonder at the
occupants' "wondering" as Pat stops
to get out and photo the distant
landscape - overlooking Edenvale
with Carrickahallen prominent on the
horizon. Moving on we come onto more
loose cattle that have escaped their
field (these fields are so casually
enclosed with make-shift barb wire
it doesn't take much bovine IQ"
to climb out *occasionally. A man
and woman are anxiously herding
the cattle back toward a gate -
supposedly into their own field.

Soon we pass thro' Killonan
and I recall this hamlet's name
was never mentioned by my
grandfather. (I assume, because it
was not important.) I make note
that Edenvreagh is 4 miles from
Castleberg, and mentally picture
the Sunday walks to Mass. Pat takes
more photos in the mist and then
decides (I am glad) to back into
the long canopied lane leading into
the home at Edenvreagh so he can
photo more landscape from there.
I clock the length of this lane by our
odometer; it reads .3 mile. While
Pat photos, I record some of the
plants in the rich hedges on either
side - beneath the trees. The white
umbels of flowering wild parsley are
prominent - and an occasional clump
of dark lavender fox glove. I think
about "Uncle Ned" my great uncle,
limping out to the nearby school

about 3 miles distant at Aughnaboo. (Later from Hugh I learn it enrolled only 2 or 3 Catholics and about 20 Protestants. Hugh found official enrollment records dating back about 1826 in Omagh's Local History library.)

"Uncle Ned" was going to school when the system had improved some. The National ^{education} System had been set up in 1835 when the British government acknowledged the discontent of Irish Catholics who felt they were being proselytized under the former arrangement of Society Schools. The new system ^{intended} supposedly to be non-denominational - was soon subject to the old Church of Ireland influences, Hugh relates.

I appreciate Pat's getting all this done before we pick up Hugh & Aidan - and soon we are hurrying back toward Sion Mills to join them