

in a very green field, I notice a quiet pond - on which several swans are clustered. Final embraces. We pull away, Dublin bound, feeling that ~~an~~^{another} important part of this return-visit has been beyond expectations.

In our suitcases we carry gifts of Bleakley love back to Mary & Madeline, plus a small package of fruits and cookies to eat enroute. And, to be carried carefully, there is a well-packed bottle of Black Bush for each of us.

Probably, the packet of treasure most sought now is the fresh set of beautiful colored photos - prints that Eddie had managed to have processed hurriedly - of those first events at Edenvreagh and Rhyaran. Here is the proof right on our person that we were really there, our "mission accomplished".

It is 11:25 AM when we pass through Cavan. People are streaming up walks to enter a new Cathedral situated effectively on an open knoll of slight elevation. By noon we are in Kells, where Pat pulls up beside the Headfort Arms and we

stop for a roast lamb dinner. We are the first to enter the dining-room, so first to be served. I thought the food was typical of what Mary & I consider to be representative for local Irish hotels. Here, I reflect gratefully that Pat reread Paid's letter (written to me just before I left Oak Park) because it alerts us Paid and his family are giving a family dinner in our behalf this evening at 7:30 PM.

We motor on commenting on the noticeable scenery differences; we enjoyed the northwest more for sure. We take our own "detour" to Navan, my maternal grandmother's (Julia Cargan McCormick) home town and walk through the big cemetery looking for James Cargan's gravestone. No Cargan stones are here!?! He was Julia's father, a shoemaker of some learning. I still have a letter he penned to his youngest emigrated daughter - "Maggie" in 1870. His wife, Bridget, emigrated also after he died. Why not! Her two sons and five daughters had gone to America. Bridget is buried with my mother's people at Lee, Illinois. We have several photos of her.



So, we leave Navan with no finds -
(as Mary & I did in 1965, but ^{alb,} in truth,
gave insufficient time to the search.)
and get our first glimpses of Dublin
city about 3 PM. Pat decides to drive
about just to get acquainted with it
a bit.

By 3:45 PM we have located the bed
and breakfast lodging Paid has reserved
for us at 63 Anglesea Road, and I
recognize the spacious grounds of the
famous International Horse Shoe only
a few blocks away. We are in a nice
area, suburban, embassy residence.
Our residence (at Number 63 Anglesea)
is Edwardian, lovely tall windows,
small front yard, wall-enclosed with
gay beds of flowers in full bloom. I'm
surprised to see palm trees across the
street! We are greeted graciously by
our hostess, Mrs. Helen Kirrane, Edwardian
herself, - who introduces us to her husband
and daughter, Orla. We are amazed at
the loveliness of our front bedroom! As

I start unpacking and hanging suit coats and trousers and getting acquainted with available drawers. Mrs. Kirrane comes in with a large tray bearing tea service with tasty scones. There was already a small bowl of fresh fruit on a small table in front of a comfortable chaise lounge. A light-colored Chinese rug covers part of the floor - all of it, between the twin beds whose tufted headboards are at either end of the marble fireplace, the opening of which has been fitted with a large mirror. Each bed is covered with fluffy down comforters, themselves enclosed in white-on-white embroidered covers. Such elegance! We appreciate, but with no derogatory reminiscence of Jacksons Hotel's Charm in Ballybofey.

Pat manages to contact Paid by phone and learns we are scarcely a mile from this McMenamin residence at 57 Nutley Road. We drive over and arrive about 6:45 P.M. (It's quite evident that Paid has done well for himself and family. Michael, his youngest son is first to hail us as we pull up at the front gate and are signaled to drive in.

Fortunately, we arrived before any of the other expected guests, which enabled us to focus better ~~our~~ introductions to Paid's wife Mary and two older sons, Jason and Alistair. We are given a chance to see the large private back yard lawn and enclosed garden - and were admiring the dining room table set with Waterford, lovely China ~~and~~ ^{on} a white-on-white embroidered cloth, when the guests began to arrive; Paid's parents, Kevin & May. (May, we soon learn is a native of New Jersey!) His eldest brother Noel & wife Monica; Noel - a buyer for Clery's Dept. Store in Dublin; younger brother David & wife, Iris; and a sister, Freida (single). His sister, Tara, is married and lives in London as does another (Charlotte) I believe.

Our evening was a delightful event. Paid was a gracious host, helpful husband and considerate father who at the same time saw to it that his parents had ample opportunity to get acquainted with this American who was eccentric enough to be interested in his McMenamin roots. Pat had ample chance to visit with some of



the younger siblings and found this
easy and them much fun, it was
apparent. Drink and food were passed
freely and before we realized it the
evening dinner was over and we -
the entire lot of us were being photo-
graphed at the diningroom table -
after which Fruska charming young
teacher) brought in her guitar, sat on a
stool and sang for us. It was a
warm and memorable occasion and
midnight came too soon. We left -
Pat and I - the last ones, of course.
Paid offering "one for the road" - and I
must have eaten and drunk rather
wisely considering all the excitement
for I was to sleep well in our new
lodgings at the Kirrane home on
Anglesea Road.

We left understanding that Paid
was taking us to the Abbey Theater along
with his parents & wife, Mary, on
Tuesday evening. When I saw that Mrs.
Kirrane had left an electric blanket on
my bed - with the heat turned on I
was duly impressed; no wonder sleep
came almost at once.