



A LETTER FROM THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE ANN MARIE O'GRADY

Dear all,

I know we have been talking about it for ages, the building of a new hospital. The 17th June 2019 was a really important step forward, after 3 + years of detailed and comprehensive background work by a small number of people internally and with the strong support of the HSE.

This was the first meeting of the design team for Phase 1 of the redevelopment (125 replacement beds and some small amount of clinical support accommodation). A really tangible practical step forward.

The design team comprises the following:

- Architects: Isherwood & Ellis
- Civil & Structural Engineers: Donnachadh O'Brien Consulting Engineers
- Quantity Surveyors: McGahon Surveyors
- Mechanical & Electrical engineers: IN2
- Fire Consultants: FCC Fire Cert Ltd
- Health & Safety: Arup
- Planning: GVA Grimley

The design team, along with our project manager Bronach Furphy and HSE Estates will be working with various departments to bring the principles of what is needed for our residents, and in compliance with HIQA, to a fully fleshed out design that can be submitted to the planning authorities for approval and soon after to go out to tender for construction. Internally there will be a project liaison role to support the project manager and the project itself.

There is a lot of work to be done at this stage and many staff will be involved in the process so I would ask that if you are invited to get involved, please do so. Initially there are also a lot of aspects such as site surveys and other technical matters that will be carried out so there will be a lot of activity around the site and you will be seeing many of the faces in the photograph from the first meeting around the hospital on a regular basis.

Looking forward to creating a new future together for our residents and staff.

Regards
Ann Marie O'Grady
Chief Executive



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Leopardstown Park Hospital Board,
Foxrock, Dublin 18 XH70.

Tel: 01 295 5055 Fax: 01 295 5957
ISDN: 01 2160500

Email: lianalistener@gmail.com
Website: www.lph.ie

GREETINGS

by Pete McWilliams

Welcome to the Summer edition of Liana. We hope that all of you are in good form now that Summer is here, the flowers are blooming and the days are longer and brighter. The weather has been quite bizarre this year. While we all welcome a bit of sun, we certainly don't want the soaring temperatures that some countries are experiencing. This year, France experienced the highest temperature on record. Amazingly, Spain and Italy have just had snow and there were freezing hailstones in Mexico. What is going on?

While I'm sure it would generate much debate and possibly some of it as heated as the record temperatures mentioned above, we have deliberately avoided any mention of the dreaded B word, yes Brexit. Let's move swiftly on.

The good news is that plans for the new hospital are progressing well. When it comes to fruition, it will be a fantastic facility which will allow LPH to provide the highest standards and quality of care.

We said farewell to some long-term members of staff including Margaret Hegarty, Elma Daly and Mary George, Aidan Traynor, Maura King, Mary Sheehan, Anne Cullen and Michelle Anderson. We wish all who have left, the very best of luck in the next phase of their lives.

We had a lot to celebrate and be grateful for not least of which was Gladys' 103rd birthday. Congratulations Gladys. Wow, what a wonderfully cheerful lady and what an amazing range of historic events she has lived through.

As always, LPH put on a wide range of entertainment events. The Army No 1 Band concert and the Jomac concerts provided great music and song. Some residents were spotted singing along and tapping their feet.

Lorraine and I wish you all the very best and hope you enjoy reading Liana.

Laughter is said to be the best medicine, so what do you think of these?

Asked to give her age to a pollster, Miss Smith refused. When told she had to answer, she retorted *"Did Daisy and Maisy Hills give their ages? – I'm the same age as them"*. The pollster wrote *"as old as the Hills"*.

"They always say start at the bottom if you want to learn something. But suppose you want to learn to swim?" (Tommy Cooper)

My wife complained that her feet hurt. I said: "You've got your shoes on the wrong feet." She said: *"But these are the only feet I've got."* (Tommy Cooper)

THE DEFENCE ATTACHÉ'S CHRISTMAS VISIT TO VETERANS

By Pete McWilliams

The Hospital was delighted to welcome British Defence Attaché, Colonel Darren Doherty and Mrs. Julie Doherty.

It is always a great occasion for veterans to chat to the Defence Attaché and his visits are always greatly appreciated. Mrs. Doherty charmed everyone with her easy manner and ready smile. She and Col. Doherty spent time with every veteran and presented each one with a Christmas present on behalf of the Veterans' Support Group.



Photo: L-R: Col. Darren Doherty with Joan O'Neill and Dr. Dermot Stones of the Veterans' Support Group.

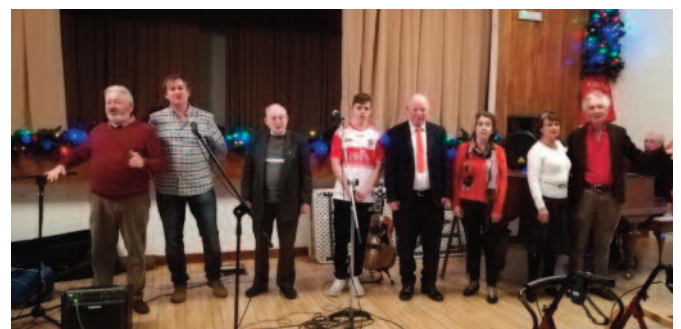
THE JOMAC CONCERT

By Pete McWilliams

The Concert Hall was transformed into a Christmas wonderland of lights and festive season decorations to welcome the Jomac entertainers to LPH.



This annual concert was a feast of various types of music and song. Mike on keyboard opened the show followed by Alfie, Clare, Aisling and Mike (the MC) with some traditional favourites. Alex, a very talented young man held us all spellbound with his piano and violin numbers including that great favourite, The Pimlico Waltz. Another musician, Paul, gave a beautiful performance on his clarinet of numbers from Acker Bilk and Harry Belafonte. Kevin, tickled the ivories and sang some old favourites. Richard Mulligan performed some great Country and Western numbers accompanied by the guitar. Richard has a CD for sale if you liked his music.



A large audience attended and it was very obvious from the hand-clapping and foot-tapping that everyone enjoyed the wide range of music. All in all, a fantastic evening of socialising and excellent entertainment to perfectly complement the Christmas season and spirit.

A big thank you to Jomac.

DAME NINETTE DE VALOIS

The Wicklow woman who brought ballet to Britain.

This article is reproduced from The Irish Times, dated Tue, Feb 6, 2018. Based on Deirdre McMahon's biography of Dame Ninette De Valois (edited for this article by Clare McCarthy) in the Royal Irish Academy's Dictionary of Irish Biography © 2018 irishtimes.com.

To the English public in the 1920s, ballet meant a glamorous Russian performance. It was an Irish woman who convinced people they could create their own national tradition.

Baltiboy's Beginnings

Dame Ninette de Valois began life as Edris Stannus on June 6th 1898, at Baltiboy's near Blessington, Co Wicklow. The family moved to Kent when Edris was seven but, as was noted in the introduction to her *Selected Poems*, "Ireland, its countryside and its people remained intrinsic to her whole being". She went to the Lila Field Academy for Children, whose alumni included playwrights and actors such as Noël Coward and Micheál MacLiammóir. Early in 1913, after changing her name, she went on tour with a company from the school called *The Wonder Children*. This helped to instil into de Valois an iron discipline which never left her.

Russian Ballet

In 1923 she joined Russian ballet impresario Sergei Diaghilev's *Ballets Russes*, which was at the forefront of theatrical dance, music and design. She was very influenced by the Polish choreographer Bronislava Nijinska. They had a natural affinity: they both came from countries with strong cultural traditions; they worked in a sphere dominated by men; both were interested in folk dance and how classical technique could be applied in non-classical ways.

An English Ballet?

De Valois was determined to have a permanent company with its own base, not a touring one. But the idea of an English ballet struck many people as ludicrous. Ballet, at that point, meant the Russian ballet in all its glamour. In 1926 she approached Lilian Baylis, director of the Old Vic, with a proposal



Irish ballerina Ninette de Valois on stage at Covent Garden.

Photograph: Claude Harris/Getty Images

to establish a ballet company. Baylis could not oblige but offered de Valois work coaching actors in movement.

W B Yeats and Dublin

Later that year de Valois became choreographer at the Festival Theatre in Cambridge. In 1927 she worked on two plays by WB Yeats, *On Baile's Strand* and *The Player Queen*. Yeats saw her work and invited her to come to Dublin to set up a ballet school at the Abbey Theatre and to help him restage his *Plays for Dancers* there. The first season at the Abbey was in January 1928. De Valois began to divide her time between London, Dublin and Cambridge. She commissioned music and designs from Irish composers and artists. Her first collaboration with Yeats was in

August 1929. He had rewritten *The Only Jealousy of Emer* as *Fighting the Waves* and gave her the central role. Such was her fame in Dublin that in 1931 she was imitated by Micheál MacLiammóir in a skit. *The King of the Great Clock Tower* (1934), which Yeats wrote for her, was their last collaboration, as de Valois was busy with a new company. She wrote about Yeats with great affection in her memoirs, *Come Dance with Me* and *Step by Step*.

Sadler's Well Theatre

Baylis had long nursed an ambition to renovate the dilapidated Sadler's Wells Theatre in north London. It opened in January 1931; the theatre became the home of an opera company and de Valois's ballet company. Between 1933 and 1939 she produced *Coppélia*, *Giselle*, *The Nutcracker*, *Swan Lake*, and *The Sleeping Beauty*. For 40 years her choreography defined English classical ballet and provided roles for generations of dancers, starting with Margot Fonteyn. In 1935 de Valois married Dr Arthur Blackall Connell, a London GP. After war broke out, Sadler's Wells became a shelter for the homeless and the company led a peripatetic existence on tour, narrowly escaping the German invasion of the Netherlands in May 1940. The war years were the making of Sadler's Wells Ballet, as regular touring made it well known.

After the war, it was invited to become the resident company at Covent Garden. This reopened in February 1946 with a lavish version of *The Sleeping Beauty* produced by de Valois, a major achievement since strict rationing was still in force. In 1949 the Sadler's Wells Ballet was invited to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York and got a triumphant reception. The US became its most important touring destination. De Valois achieved success on the lecture circuit; her work with Yeats attracted great interest.

Royal Ballet

She was made a dame by King George VI in 1951, and in 1956 her company and school received a royal charter from Queen Elizabeth II, becoming the Royal Ballet. She urged John

Cranko to take on the directorship of the Stuttgart Ballet, and sent Celia Franca to Canada in 1951, where she founded its National Ballet. In 1963 she persuaded Peggy van Praagh to become director of the Australian Ballet. She took an active interest in companies she had helped to found in the 1950s – the Turkish State Ballet and the Iranian National Ballet.

In Ireland she was patron of companies run by Joan Denise Moriarty: the Cork Ballet Company, the Irish Theatre Ballet, and the Irish National Ballet. In 1985, when the Arts Council ended funding for Moriarty, de Valois wrote a letter to *The Irish Times* declaring that "one woman's intelligent effort should not be forgotten or underwritten". De Valois attended a number of events to celebrate her 100th birthday in 1998, and died on March 8th, 2001 at her London home.



Colette Collins (13), presenting a bouquet to Dame Ninette de Valois at a reception given in her honour by the Irish region of the Royal Academy of Dancing, in the Gresham Hotel in Dublin in 1960.

Photograph: Kevin McMahon/The Irish Times

ART IS THE PLACE WE MEET...

by Marta Nowakowska

I very often have been asked the question: “are you the art teacher?” or “is it you who teaches art?” And I am always finding myself struggling with the answer. To be honest I don’t feel I am an art teacher, as I don’t believe you can teach art. One can teach techniques, art history, teach about how to use different art materials or show the tricks how to use colours to achieve optical illusion, but making art is much more than just producing nice pictures. I don’t think everybody wants to be a famous painter, what I think we all want, is to communicate and connect with each other and with ourselves on a deeper level, and creating art is one of the best ways to do so.

There is more and more psychological, neurological, medical and scientific evidence that art making and displaying art can have positive effects on our health. In 2006 Department of Health Working Group on Arts and Health reported that arts have *“a clear contribution to make and offer major opportunities in the delivery of better health, wellbeing and improved experience for patients, service users and staff alike.(...)There has always been an awareness of the ‘art of medicine’ and the realization that health is influenced by a wide range of factors, many of which fall outside the conventional boundaries of medical science . Kirsty Schirmer, Policy Officer of the Royal Society for the Promotion of Health, argues, ‘broader determinants impact on health and often art acknowledges these determinants where science cannot’. There is moreover increasing evidence that even display of visual art, especially images of nature, can have positive effects on health outcomes, including shorter length of stay in hospital, increased pain tolerance and decreased anxiety” (Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine. 2010 ‘Visual art in*



hospitals: case studies and review of evidence).

I can easily go on like this. I can write about the research, provide scientific evidence, case studies using all medical terminology and data from neurological tests showing examples of brain stimulation when art making with all fancy words, terms etc. But my aim here is not to write an academic paper. What I hope is to show that by providing the opportunity and creating safe space, something magical can happen. I can compare it to gardening. The gardener doesn’t create the flower, he provides the environment for the flower to grow and he trusts the process. We meet with residents on a regular basis in the Art Space in the Coffee Dock and there is an outburst of creativity I can only call magical. Some Residents’ commitment takes my breath away. They never miss a session. They are always eager to paint a finished piece in one or two sessions and even when not feeling well they still come even for a short moment and a few brushstrokes. Others join the session out of curiosity and even if they are not courageous enough to pick up a brush they enjoy



observing others painting, compliment them and share their opinions, some will come from time to time, spend their time looking through the catalogues and approach the painting in a slow meditative way letting it evolve at its own pace.

Learning how to paint is not a linear process. To approach painting as a regular practice means very often to deal with all your emotions, thoughts, fears and anxieties. It takes a lot of courage to sit in front of blank canvas and face the internal critic saying: “who are you kidding? You can’t paint, you can’t even draw a straight line, you have never been good at art at school, you are not an artist” etc. Many times I have been asked how I manage to persuade people who have never painted to pick up a brush. Well I always start with saying that our art sessions are not about final product, a nice picture or about learning how to paint one. Our sessions are more about discovering what works. What works for me wouldn’t work for you. Every day is different. Every moment is different. Different things work. One isn’t wrong and the other right. The only thing needed to be learnt is to trust yourself and trust the process. Our motto in Art Space is: “there are no mistakes, only happy accidents”. Experiment, enjoy, trust the process and if you really need to draw a straight line I can give you a ruler.

Sadly, when preparing this article, I received

the news of the death of one of our group. Carla was a gentle, positive soul and she was also one of the most committed, enthusiastic, brave and open members in Art Space. The message of our resident’s death arrived just two hours before the start of the Art Space. I prepared everything in the Coffee Dock as usual and, with a heavy heart, I shared the sad news with everybody who came to the session on that day, and yes there was a deep sadness and tears and there was silence, but then everybody picked up a brush or a pencil and started their work... remembering Carla’s significant contribution and her impact lived on as we got a new addition to that group on that very day.

Picasso once said that ‘Art washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life’ and Florence Nightingale in 1859 wrote in her Notes on Nursing: “The effect of beautiful objects, of variety of objects and especially brilliance of colour is hardly at all appreciated... Little as we know about the way in which we are affected by form, by colour and light, we do know this, that they have an actual physical effect. Variety of form and brilliancy of colour in the objects presented to patients are actual means of recovery...”.

Art Space is the place where magic and healing happens and all our residents past, present and future will always be there.



“.... AND IF THE MUSIC IS GOOD YOU DANCE...”

by Marta Nowakowska

We all know that music can evoke emotions and songs of our youth can bring us straight back in time and make us feel young again. In Resident Services we also strongly believe dancing and live music has enormous benefit for our overall health, so the news of the latest research which shows that dancing has surprising anti-aging brain benefits were no surprise. It says that MRI brain scans from a 2017 study on dancing showed that age-related degeneration in brain structure improved dramatically when people (with an average age of 68) participated in a weekly course to learn choreographed dance routines.

These findings were published in the journal *Frontiers in Neuroscience*. Our Residents in LPH are indeed a clear proof that not many activities can bring such great interest and active involvement as live music. A picture can tell a thousand words and on these you can see the truth in saying “put music to our troubles and we’ll dance them away”.

Below LPH Sunday live music and open mike sessions with our gifted singer and RS Activity Co coordinator Michelle Gumpal, and annual Garda Tea Party in Killiney Castle.



MUSIC, RELAXATION AND FLOWER ARRANGING WITH MICHELLE

Michelle Gumpal (RS Activity Co-ordinator) believes that if you have a voice you are a singer. She holds concerts with a pianist in the Concert Hall with old time favourites, favourite songs from 40's and 50's, sing along your favourite songs. She also holds Sonas Sessions on a regular basis and individual Music Therapy Sessions. Residents can talk to Michelle if they would like to try;

- Joining the choir
- Session with Imagination Gym / guided imaginary journey with relaxing music/
- Hand massages session with essential oils
- Flower arrangements



SLAVING OVER A HOT STOVE

by Pete McWilliams

In this issue, we look at the life and work of Brian Cullen, Head Chef at LPH.

Brian is from Dundrum, not far from LPH. Why did he become a chef? He says it was in the family, his uncles worked in bars and the catering industry. He did his training at Dublin College of Catering in Cathal Brugha Street from 1988 to 1990. While still doing his training, Brian worked at the Killiney Court Hotel. He started at LPH in December 1993 which means that he has now been at LPH nearly 26 years.

The catering staff at LPH includes five chefs and nine catering assistants. Work usually starts at 7:00 a.m. and finishes at 6:30 p.m.

There is a three-shift system in operation, first shift, middle shift and evening shift. At any one time, there is usually three chefs and six catering assistants on duty. They normally prepare breakfasts, lunches and evening meals which adds up to approximately 500 meals a day. Menus are on a four-week cycle. Brian says that the clients mostly prefer traditional food. He is delighted to cook special meals on special days such as cupcakes and little eggs at Easter.

However, that is not all, the catering staff members also produce food for the local area Meals on Wheels service, for two day centres and for The Clevis. The kitchen also caters for



special diets such as those associated with renal problems, diabetics and those requiring foods in different textures. A sheet goes around the wards which records the names and the special requirements for each name on the sheet.

Brian is very proud of the fact that they try as best they can to use local produce from local providers.

Personally, Brian is very fond of Italian food. One of his favourites is spaghetti in a special tomato sauce (he wouldn't give me the recipe) with chopped and fried chorizo sausage. He is not bothered that chorizo is Spanish and not Italian.

Brian says he enjoys working at LPH. He says he has a great team and a happy team and that happiness is passed on to the clients.



MRS. FOSTER'S WAR & THE REAL BOY

by John McCormack

This is Part 2 of a two-part account. In Part 1, John had related the story of Mrs Foster, a lady who had intrigued and inspired him as a small boy. As Part 2 opens, it is Mrs. Foster who is speaking.

"I mapped out the next stage of my life. When the war ended I would go to The United States and make a new start, Lady Roland, who was much older now, was not very well, I think the war had taken its toll with her family. Large parts of the house had been mothballed and most of the staff were gone. Staff was now reduced, just Miss Farleigh, My Lady and myself. One day we talked about the future, between the three of us and Lady Roland, suggested, I should go, to The New World, after the war maybe start a new life. She gave me a bonus amount of money towards my travel and of course a glowing letter of introduction to any future prospective employer. Lady Roland planned to sell the house and move to something much smaller, out in the country, but alas, the chance never came for her as she had a heart attack and died, before the war ended,

The war finally ended on the eleventh hour, of the eleventh day, in the eleventh month 1918.

Before the Summer of 1919 I made my way to Southampton Docks to board a liner bound for The United States;

Clutching my photograph in my bag and a deep hurt in my broken heart, I landed in New York, and made my way to Boston. So began a whole new phase of my life. There was a buzz in the air that shouted out to everyone, "Times have changed, and life is now different". The post war atmosphere was one of great change, especially in the area of 'Women's Rights in employment'. Radio broadcast meant that crazes in music and dance was in evidence, everywhere.

I got a new job almost at once, in a large hotel, in Boston, just outside Springfield. It was my



John McCormack with the Leopardstown Park Hospital veterans, attending the annual commemoration at Islandbridge

first experience as a hotel worker, but the working rules fitted very well with the training in 'The Big House in Chester'. Once again, I just wished to 'fit in' and be a team worker.

One day I read in the 'New York Times' that a new hotel was about to open in Manhattan, called The Waldorf Astoria' a combination of two existing hotels. A reply came to me surprisingly fast, the Personnel Manager, came to see me within the week. With the 'Reference' and recently gained experience, it was almost guaranteed that I would be hired.

The hotel was a skyscraper. For weeks I lived in fear as I tried to sleep on the twenty-fourth floor. In time, I just got used to it and eventually I

became 'Housekeeper' of two floors. I was ever so pleased, the money was great and then there would be gifts from 'Long-Stay Guests'.

I met a local man in my fifties and we married, when I say 'Local' I mean local to my own village here in Ireland. The Great Depression had come and gone and once again the talk was of a new war in Europe, I wanted to leave America and settle in Ireland, we made our plans and moved, sailing to Ireland on The Queen Mary to Cobh, in time we built this house.

I'll make a cup of tea for both of us".

Mrs Foster came back with a tray of tea and her favourite 'Caraway Seed and ginger Cake'. Ginger cakes have a magic, or are horrid, depending on your experiences of them, they have a unique aroma, which demands your attention.

Looking back now I can but wonder why a very mature woman, would choose to share, these sometimes very intimate moments with a young boy, who was not even a blood relative. A boy whose main interests at the time were Cowboy films of Roy Rogers on Sunday afternoons, the second feature would be the 'Follow up Film of Flash Gordon' and on the wireless as we called it then, or the radio as we know it now, I listened to 'Dick Barton – Special Agent'.

I wondered if she would resume the story, or if she would be able to answer a question for me, it was in my mind since school had broken for the holidays.

"Who am I and where did I come from"?

I blurted out the question, and she looked at me with some surprise, I imagined by her look that she felt that I must already know the answer to this question!

"Why do you ask John"?

"I guess I was worried about what the boys in school were saying, both to me and about me?"

"What sort of things John?"

"Well, they say I am a Nobody, it makes me feel

scared. As I lay in bed at night, I ask myself, well, Who am I? You see, I just want to be 'A Real Boy' just like my school friends and other boys in my class. You see, the other boys have Mothers and Fathers. I don't have that, so I just want to be 'A Real Boy' and be 'Somebody. It can be very lonely being a Nobody."

"I'm sure that these thoughts, must worry you a lot, John, but really, they should not enter your head at all. You are a perfectly normal child, living in perfectly normal surroundings. Like so many more in your school and class, many small children in these times do not have Mothers and Fathers to take care of them, some due to family circumstances, while others, are fostered, due to the War that has just ended. For what it's worth John, I've heard you come from Mooncoin."

Well, she might just as easily said, I came from the Moon. I had not the remotest notion as to where Mooncoin might be, other than it was probably in Ireland. I thought maybe it was just a place she had heard in a song.

The changing colours outside indicated that the early evening was drawing in. Looking out to the sea, the Mail Boat was making its way towards Kingstown Harbour, as it did each day at this time. It had been a strange afternoon, in many ways. I struggled to try to remember all Mrs. Foster had said, but as to my questions I thought they were for the most part, unanswered. I was in complete awe, in the details of the history lesson. Although I could not have understood it at the time, it was a lot more than just an afternoon of history, it was in fact a living history, told to me, as it all occurred in her lifetime, told to a young boy exclusively and not ever, another living soul. It was as near as possible, an 'Eye Witness' account of events that had shaped her life.

Some weeks later, the two of us were weeding the garden. It was a brilliant Summer's day and we stopped our labours for a little while. Mrs. Foster was wearing a very old straw sun hat, which had been bought in some other climate, she took out her handkerchief to mop her brow.

Just at that precise moment, a thought entered my mind, that really this type of work was too hard for her. To be doing weeding at her age, it was just too much, but she had worked hard all her life and this was just a job that needed to be done and must be done, today.

She bowed her head and once again started to rotate her wedding band. At that moment she caught me watching her, while leaning on her hoe she said something very profound, which stays in my mind to this day.

“John I’ve been thinking over the last few days, you remember, what we discussed about what the boys in your class have been saying to you, and I need to tell you, my opinion on the matter.

You are somebody. You have a great gift, which will serve you all the days of your life, you have a very sharp grasp of facts. You learn easily, but most importantly, you can recall, things you have read and stories that I have read to you, almost instantly, and at the precise moment you need these facts. That is not ‘low cunning’, but rather an intellect and I imagine it will never leave you. Whoever you are, or from wherever you came, be it Mooncoin, or elsewhere, you have a real talent for learning, maybe later in life, teaching, but only if you continue with your studies.

*Therefore, when you are confronted with school bullies, remember what I have said. I am confident you will do well, if you keep up all your studies, both now and in the future. But above all, you are **somebody**.*” I was elated for at last, I had something of a repost, against those you would challenge me. “At last I was ‘Somebody’.” We resumed our weeding with a new vigour.

I walked slowly to my car in the car park, I realised that for all the time I’d stood there, across 40 years, this woman had been speaking to me, unheard by anyone but me, it was as if fate had brought me here today, to plant a mental ‘Remembrance Day Poppy Cross’ in a field in Belgium, for and on behalf of her.

The War Graves Commission, have of course

erected a headstone to the memory of Richard, I have no opportunity to visit the grave location, simply because, Mrs. Foster only ever referred to him as ‘Richard’ and I fancy there are a lot of Richards out there, amongst the long lines and acres of white marble, with the inscription ‘Known only to God’.

THE FALL

The fall when it happened was on that dark Winter’s morning. Mrs. Foster had slipped on a small sheet of ice and she was in great pain while trying to stand up. The Doctor, Dr. John Daly, had said he suspected that she may have had a mild stroke, and maybe a broken hip bone. She would have to be sent to hospital right away. It proved to be the beginning of the end. She had suffered great pain and trauma during this fall and was obviously in shock.

The Winter months went by, well past Christmas. Each Wednesday I would go on a three bus journey to visit her. Our chats were very different now. In the beginning it was very difficult for me to realise, that she had no idea about where she was. Nor indeed did she know who I was!

The early stages of Alzheimer’s had set in and it was irreversible. No hospital staff had ever mentioned to me that she would never recover and accordingly, “The Real Boy” question would never be answered.

Each and every Wednesday was the same, until one day the nurse met me in the main corridor and told me that Mrs. Foster was going home. The elation was tinged with sadness, when I realised that, she would never walk again.

At home her routine became, just that, from the bed to sit by the fireplace, eat some small amounts of food and back to bed again. Sometimes those bright blue eyes would look, deep into mine. I got the feeling that a message, or even a sentence would be forming, but it could never be articulated. She really didn’t know me, but she started to refer to me as Jack,

her younger brother as he would have been, in 1890 or some time around that.

Very occasionally I would hear small bits of conversation that she was having with Richard, it never made sense and I found it very upsetting for her sake and mine. As if that was not enough, she went on to suffer an attack of shingles on her head and eyes, She was committed to hospital again, the care required was so extensive, and ongoing, that I knew she would never be home again. She died a few years later, I was serving with the Army in Africa, but I made it home, by catching a lift with the RAF, calling to Orange in France for urgent plane repairs, in order to be at her bedside, as she slipped away, hopefully to a better place.

We buried her in a sunny spot in Glencullen graveyard, within sight of North County Wicklow, gateway to the garden of Ireland, she had reached 82 years. It was said that she left nothing, but that was not true, of course, all her jewellery had been sold or given to members of the family. To me, she left kindness, the start of a good education, and she sent me to school

with the knowledge of how to read and write, at a very early age for those times, plus a great love for travel to all strange corners of the earth.

And 'The Real Boy'? I remember that day when we were weeding the garden; I became 'The Real Boy' just then.

I have gone on to read and sometimes write a little, I still try to remember as much as possible and now I can pass on similar advice to my Grandchildren, in much the same way as it was passed to me.

Whenever Remembrance Sunday comes around each year, I go to the Cathedral, with all the other ex-servicemen. Just after the Last Post and Reveille, I take special note of the crowd about me and leave.

"When You Go Home, tell them of us and say, for your tomorrow, we gave our today."

John McCormack
Oct 2010



Poppies Credit: Wikimedia - By John Haslam from Dornoch, Scotland - Lest We Forget

ANNUAL CEREMONY OF REMEMBRANCE AND WREATH LAYING



LPH veterans the Annual Ceremony of Remembrance and Wreath Laying in Islandbridge Photo courtesy of Patrick H. Lynch

On Saturday, 13th July 2019, at the Irish National War Memorial, Islandbridge, several of LPH's veteran residents, staff members and members of the Veterans' Support Group attended the Annual Ceremony of Remembrance and Wreath Laying.

During his address, Brian Duffy, Royal British Legion ROI District Chairman said, "let us here in Ireland also commemorate these our sons and daughters of the Somme and those of so many other nations. Let us also celebrate an incredible generation of what Kevin Myers reverently refers to as 'Plain

Irishman' who despite the experiences of their fathers and with every choice to remain, through official neutrality or exemption from conscription, stepped forward to serve and defend at the risk of their lives and helped create the world we live in today. We are privileged to have several of these WW2 veterans, sons of the Somme, here with us today. And we send compliments to the several others of their comrades who through age, infirmity or distance cannot be here with us today".

Photos courtesy of Patrick H. Lynch.



The Army No.1 Band and the Band of the Royal Irish Regiment

Photo courtesy of Patrick H. Lynch

THE HOSPITAL PROFESSIONAL AWARDS

Adrian Ahern, Director of Nursing



From left to right: Bianca Moise, Assistant Director of Nursing, Dr Joseph Yazbeck, Medical Officer, Michelle Anderson, Chief Pharmacist, Florence Hogan, Quality and Patient Safety Manager and Jacki O'Shea, CNMII

These are awards for health professionals recognising and celebrating innovation and dedication of health professionals whilst performing providing a platform from which to share ideas and learn best practice from peers and colleagues.

The LPH Medication Safety and Therapeutics Committee were selected as a finalist in the Hospital Multidisciplinary Team of the Year category for the following work: Improving the Quality of Life for the Older Person with Dementia in the Residential Care Sector by Nursing Management of Insomnia and Concurrent Reduction of Benzodiazepine and Hypnotic Medication.

The team involved are Michelle Anderson, Chief Pharmacist, Dr. Joseph Yazbeck, Medical Officer, Florence Hogan, Quality and Patient Safety, Adrian Ahern, Director of Nursing, Stephanie Kennedy, Senior Pharmacist, Jackie O'Shea, CNM2.

The Awards ceremony was held on the evening of June 22nd, 2019 in Carton House Hotel, Kildare and the winner was The National Rehabilitation Hospital (NRH), Dun Laoghaire. Well done to the Leopardstown Park Hospital Team as this was a prestigious award and to be included in the final group was a great honour.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY, GLADYS – 103 YEARS YOUNG!

By Liz Cusack and Lorraine McWilliams

On the 30th March 2019, the Clevis hosted a very special occasion indeed. Gladys celebrated her 103rd birthday – a record for any resident of LPH. Everyone who knows Gladys will agree that her spritely step and her constant smile are a source of constant inspiration for us. She has been a resident of the Clevis for 10 years.

CEO Ann Marie O’Grady, Chairman of the Board, Eugene Magee, staff and residents of the Clevis and other staff members and friends came together for a party which included a wonderful spread of tea and cake, great music and dancing and a huge amount of laughter. Well done, Gladys! Here’s to many more birthdays.



THE SHRINKING GRANDMA

by Noirin Scully

When I was about ten I realised that I was the one of the tallest girls in my class. This of course has both advantages and disadvantages. When you're tall you do stick out as you're instantly recognisable so you don't get away with anything.

When playing games you always got stuck in goal. In school plays you have to play a boy's part. (Although when I was about seven and was still average height I was cast as the Virgin Mary in the Christmas Nativity play because I had long dark hair. I was so chuffed.) On the other hand you are always seated at the back of the class so you won't block anyone's view and there you can occupy your time reading your book although you have to be able to swiftly get rid of it if you see the teacher heading in your direction.

In my teens I continued to grow and I got used to the catcalls "is it cold up there?" or the infamous

*Skinny malinky melodeon legs
Big banana feet.*

But I got used to that. Then I got older and there was the vexed question of boys. Go to what we would call "a hop," and all the other girls were invited to dance but girls that are taller than boys found it difficult to get partners that were taller. At this stage I was 5 feet 10 inches. Nowadays that isn't particularly tall but back in the 1950's it was.

Time rolled on. Through marriage, babies etc. and my height didn't really matter anymore. I got accustomed in supermarkets to little old ladies asking me to reach something that they wanted on a top shelf.

Reaching to get things from the top of my wardrobe was easy. So all the disadvantages of being tall had really disappeared.

Then I got old. I noticed that the legs of my trousers seemed to have got longer but I didn't give it much thought. Then some of the shelves in the kitchen got slightly higher - it didn't occur to me that I had got a bit smaller.



Credit: Little Sister Clipart

Then came the day when I was shopping for a pair of trousers and I was complaining that I was finding that my own trousers seemed to have stretched in the wash. "Let's see," said the saleslady whipping out her measuring tape. "Five feet five inches" she announced cheerily. "What do you mean?" I shrieked. "I'm five feet ten inches". "Sorry, but you're wrong". When I got home I rushed to get my tape measure and yes, I had indeed shrunk.

Call me stupid but it never occurred to me that I had got smaller. And when you think of it losing 5 inches is a fair amount.

But it was the unfairness of being robbed of something that was mine that annoyed me. It may only have been 5 inches but they were my 5 inches!

I couldn't wait to tell my friends and family and the reaction was always the same. "But everyone loses height as they get older," they said. "Surely you knew that." Well I didn't.

At the supermarket the other day I reached for a jar of coffee on a top shelf but despite stretching up it was no use, and then I turned to the lady next to me. "Excuse me," I enquired. "I wonder if you could reach this for me please." "Of course," she replied handing it to me. I shuffled off with the knowledge that there probably were many more shocks heading down the tracks.

Life can be cruel.

LPH's PROUD ASSOCIATION WITH WW2 HERO

by Pete McWilliams

On 26 August 1940 during the Battle of Britain, Royal Air Force pilot John Hemingway bailed out of his Hurricane at 17,000 feet having been hit from behind by gunfire from a German aircraft. The aircraft crashed with such force that it buried itself 30 feet in the muddy ground near the village of Fobbing in Essex.

Fortunately, John survived but this was not his only miraculous escape as you will read later in this article. In relatively recent times, Mr. Hemingway was a resident in The Clevis where the author had the great honour and privilege of meeting him and chatting to him.

Back in the late 1980s, World War Two aviation enthusiast Roger Pickett and a team attempted to recover the aircraft but it proved too difficult. The team dug down approximately 13 feet but the hole became flooded with water so the team could not continue with the recovery. However, the team managed to recover parts of the undercarriage and two Browning machine guns.

At the end of March 2019, a specialist archaeological team were deployed to the site to recover the Hurricane. Technologies and



John "Paddy" Hemingway

Photo credit (Forces Net)

techniques for such recoveries had improved since the last attempt at recovering the aircraft. After some digging on the site, parts of the engine were discovered along with the control column, the tail wheel and a Browning gun. Later, the propeller hub was found. At this point the excavation team knew they had dug as deep as they needed to.

The aircraft was recovered and taken away for safe storage. There are great hopes that the aircraft can be fully restored and may be able to fly again.

John Allman Hemingway was born in Dublin in 1919. John went to London in December 1938 to join the RAF and was offered a four-year short service commission. In January 1939, Pilot Officer Hemingway was posted to 85 Squadron based at RAF Debden where he flew Hurricanes. John was shot down four times during the second World War, twice in a single month. John has the distinction of being the last surviving Irish Battle of Britain pilot.

John has just celebrated his 100th birthday party with family, during which time, he specifically expressed the kindness and care he received in the Clevis.



Battle of Britain Monument on the Victoria Embankment in London. John's name appears on the monument.

Wikimedia: Beata May

UNVEILING OF ROYAL AIR FORCE MEMORIAL AT GLASNEVIN

by Pete McWilliams

On Sunday, 28 April at Glasnevin cemetery, a memorial to all who served in the Royal Air Force was unveiled by Air Marshal Sean Reynolds CB CBE DFC, Air Officer Northern Ireland. AM Reynolds has strong links with the island of Ireland from his current role and also because some of his ancestors were from County Kilkenny. Also attending were HE Robin Barnett, British Ambassador; Brig Gen Rory O'Connor, GOC Irish Air Corps; Col Darren Doherty, Defence Attaché; John Green, Chairman Glasnevin Trust; Conor Dodd, Historian Glasnevin Trust, Sarah Waugh, Area Director; and the President, Chairman and members of the RAF Association Republic of Ireland Branch. Veterans of the Royal Navy along with members of the Royal British Legion and Irish Defence Forces veterans' organisations also attended.

The memorial comprises a slab of Kilkenny limestone to which a brass plate with pilot wings engraved on it is fitted. The inscription on the slab reads "Remembering those who served" The location is arguably the most appropriate and best possible in that it is on the patch of green very close to the Cross of Sacrifice which was unveiled in July 2014.

John Green, Chairman of the Glasnevin Trust welcomed the guests. He spoke briefly of the sometimes difficult and troubled history between the UK and Ireland. He welcomed the changing times when memorials to both sides of the political divide are now welcomed in Glasnevin.

Conor Dodd, Historian, Glasnevin Trust, spoke of how men and women who changed allegiances could reconcile such actions in the context of the situation at the times when these people lived. One example he gave was Sergeant Padraig De Valera McMahan, The Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve. The irony of Sgt McMahan's middle names will not be



RAF Veteran Jim Houston (Clevis) with Georgina Goodison, friend of LPH and member of the RAF Association.

lost on you I'm sure. Another example from earlier times was Captain Oscar Heron DFC, RFC. Both these men are buried in Glasnevin.

HE Robin Barnett, British Ambassador, spoke of the relationships between the two countries especially military co-operation. He also spoke of his long association with Poland and told of the RAF aircraft that crashed in the city of Warsaw during WW2 with the loss of all the crew.

Mr. Alan Harrisson BEM, President of the Royal Air Forces Association (RAFA) Republic of Ireland Branch thanked all who helped and supported the endeavour. Frank Brien, Chairman and the Branch Standard Bearer, participated in the final ceremony in which the Last Post and Reveille were sounded. The ceremony was brought to a close by the laying of wreaths. AM Reynolds, Brig Gen O'Connor, HE Robin Barnett and Alan Harrisson laid wreaths. Afterwards, Sarah Waugh, RAFA European Area Director, laid a wreath on behalf of the RAFA European Area.

EGAN'S WHISKEY, TULLAMORE, P. & H. EGAN AND SOME HISTORY LESSONS

by James Egan

The memories I have are cloudy but they're there. Some of the man himself, later in his chair with a blanket but mostly of the cars he drove, a 2002 TII, a 127 sport, a Mk 1 GTI, and they all had sun roofs. He would always hum as he opened the sun roof, not sure what the tune was, if there was any but it was a soothing sound, like, "isn't this great, we're setting off for a drive and we're letting the sun in".

That was my grandfather, Larry Egan, one of the last Managing Directors of P. & H. Egan, Tullamore, whose history I knew little of.

What I have since learned is that Patrick Egan Snr, born in 1805, the third son of James Egan, a landholder and farmer from Tuarfelim near Moate in Co. Westmeath, was a solicitor from Moate. He was descended from very old Westmeath stock. His forbearers fought in the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, and again at Aughrim in 1691. Two of the three Egan sons were killed in battle and the third was withdrawn from his priestly studies to preserve the family name (that was a close one!). Patrick studied law at the King's Inns and, in 1834, when Daniel O'Connell attended a function to mark the opening of The National Bank in Moate, "a young Moate Solicitor named Patrick Egan read an address to O'Connell". O'Connell would later use his considerable influence to have Egan appointed as the Crown Solicitor for Westmeath.

Patrick Egan then set his sons, Patrick Jnr. & Henry (my great-great-grandfather), up as merchants, expanding from Moate in County Westmeath to Tullamore, County Offaly in 1852. Like their father, both Patrick and Henry Egan were energetic and visionary businessmen whose ventures have left an enduring and lasting mark on the commercial, political and social history of Tullamore.

By 1852, P. Egan & Sons began trading from their Bridge House premises as general merchants, provisions, and spirit dealers. The Bridge House business grew exponentially in the early years and by 1882, in addition to a dedicated smoking loft for Irish bacon, Patrick and Henry Egan were also importing bacon directly from America for the wholesale trade. In 1866 Egan's had also acquired an interest in the long-established Tullamore Brewery owned by Richard Deverell and in 1869 P. Egan & Sons were soliciting orders "for their October Brewings which are in splendid condition".

By 1882, Egan's Tullamore brewery employed 50 men, producing 30-40 barrels of ale per day, "drawing not less than £1,600 a year in wages". They had also acquired "a steam saw mill worked by a powerful engine which cuts about 2,000 feet of timber daily". By 1883, between their retail outlets, wholesale department, timber yard and brewery, this rose to around 100 employees.

In 1892 "the various departments include the choicest growths of teas, general groceries, provisions, Italian warehouse goods, and American and Colonial produce". The next 35 years represented a golden era for the brewery, which produced two porters and four ales while also bottling large quantities of Bass's ales.

Their advertising at this time reflected the family's staunch nationalist roots:

"Why consume English and Scotch Ales and Dublin Porter when you have at your door Ales and Stouts brewed equal to the best of them. Keep the money at home! Ask for Egan's Ales and Stouts and drink no other."

Patrick married Elizabeth Moorhead and had nine children. Henry married and Lizzie

O'Toole and had 12 children. Indeed my dad still has Lizzie Egan's original Mass card. She died in 1898, aged 44.

Outside of their busy family and working lives, the brothers were active in politics and were members of the Tullamore Town

Commissioners. Henry J. was a passionate Irishman and the company's public speaker and also Secretary of the Tullamore Land League.

In 1881, Henry and others were charged under the Coercion Act and jailed in Naas, Co. Kildare, for organising a 'monster meeting' at Clara, for Charles Stewart Parnell, an Irish nationalist and freedom fighter. Upon his release, Henry was to become a town commissioner and was elected the first Chairman of King's County Council.

In 1889, Capt. Thomas Armstrong Drought, the High Sheriff of King's County, wrote of Egan's saying "their beer is very good and their 'eau de vie' (whiskey) is excellent".

Egan's Tullamore Ale was recognised as the finest dinner ale available in Ireland at the time. Indeed, such was the reputation of our whiskeys and ales, expansion into the much larger UK market quickly took hold. Growth led to the addition of new warehousing in 1886 and two years later an impressive 5,000 ton maltings was built.

Further expansions occurred in 1890 and 1896 - the year P. & H. Egan Limited was formally registered as a Public Limited Company (PLC) with a nominal capital of £80,000.

In March of the same year they purchased another long-established Tullamore business, Stirling & Co., who were successful spirit wholesalers, retailers and mineral water makers. The acquisition enabled Egan's to develop a strong mineral water brand which fitted neatly into its existing wholesale offering.

1908/09 saw P. & H. Egan Ltd win the contract to supply Guinness' brewery with 28,000 barrels of malted barley from their extensive

malt houses in Tullamore and Rathangan. The relationship with Guinness extended over seventy years as suppliers of malted barley and wholesale bottlers of Guinness' porter.

The company continued to transport their malt by canal on barge 42B which Egan's had commissioned in 1913, until they switched to road transport in 1956. P. & H. Egan also supplied malt to both The Mountjoy Brewery and to John Power's Distillery.

During World War One, the Irish brewing industry went into sharp decline and Egan's was one of the many small breweries which did not survive much beyond the war. By this time the company had diversified and grown considerably both organically and through acquisition

An apprentice carpenter employed by P. & H. Egan Limited, John Spain, was one of a number involved in the "Tullamore Incident", where the first shots of the famous Easter Rising were fired on the 25th March 1916. This was the beginning of a long, bloody journey to Irish independence.

Spain was arrested at the Egan's workshop and taken to Tullamore R.I.C Barracks, before being released one month later. He fought right through the War of Independence and moved steadily up the ranks of the Irish army, becoming a Company Captain soon after.

The company were also extensive coal merchants and a builder-suppliers, arising out of their saw mill and timber yard. They built a strong agri-business sector supplying farmers with animal feed, seed, fertilizers and agricultural and farm machinery "such as ploughs, harrows, grubbers, etc". This "One Stop Shop" model was extended beyond The Bridge House and Tullamore as Egan's sought to expand by developing a network of over sixteen shops and licensed premises, or "branch houses" in towns and villages throughout five midland counties.

They also acquired three hotels including Colton's and Hayes' in Tullamore, and Dooly's Hotel in Birr. In 1919 the company was pleased to announce that Dooly's Hotel, Duke

Square, Birr, now has “Hot and Cold Water Baths.”

My grandfather Larry owned the 1940 Grand national winner “Jack Chaucer” and when Bing Crosby was in Ireland scouting for horses for his stud farm, Larry “closed Hayes Hotel to the public, showing typically good taste” in order to have lunch with Mr. Crosby and discuss a possible transaction. Oh to have been a fly on the wall...

Other shorter-lived P. & H. Egan enterprises included coach and trap building, cycle manufacturing and as contractors for the erection of hay barns, iron railings, and bridges.

At the height of the company’s development it is estimated that the firm employed about 300 people.

Patrick J., being a benevolent and devout Catholic, held the welfare of his employees and fellow townsfolk close to his heart. He was a renowned workaholic and popular introvert, not only was he the driving force for expanding the business into its many interests but also instilled some the highest of standards regarding work practices at the time. His brothers variously joined the family firm, emigrated and went to war.

The house most associated with the Egan family in Tullamore is Acres Hall where Patrick Egan took up residence around 1890. After Patrick’s death in 1897 his brother, Henry, lived in the house until his death in 1919. Patrick’s only son Francis, who was a minor when his father died, later moved back into the house with his wife, Helen Byrne, and their young family. The house remained in the Egan family until the 1980s. It is now the Tullamore Town Hall and Urban District Council Chambers.

Henry’s eldest son, Patrick J., my great-grandfather, became Managing Director in the early 1900s and in due course Chairman of P. & H. Egan Ltd. In 1919, the same year his father Henry died, Patrick J. purchased the



George Hadfield designed Annaghmore House along with 400 acres from a Mrs. Fox (nee. Edgeworth) who moved to 5 Fitzwilliam Sq in Dublin.

Edith Fox hailed from Kilshrewly in Co. Longford and was very active in various charitable causes, including a sale of work at Annaghmore House in aid of the Parish in October 1907. She was the second wife of Maxwell Fox of Fox Hall, Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford, who was High Sheriff of Longford in 1831 and was on the Longford Grand Jury of 1833. His father, Barry Fox, who was in close cahoots with Lord Tullamore, bought the house in 1830’s and undertook major refurbishment, which included the Victorian block to the front, around 1835.

Indeed his book, Maxwell Fox’s published diary of the life of a country gentleman, is quite the interesting read and insight to daily life at the time. The census of 1911 indicates 28 rooms, occupied by six people, inclusive of Mrs. Fox (aged 55), her daughter Vera, three female servants and one male servant, Thomas Edwards, presumably the chauffeur. Quite the mini Downton Abbey!

All this Co. Longford connection is quite interesting as my wife hails from quite near Edgeworthstown in Longford.

Annaghmore House is where my grandfather Larry Egan grew up and who, according to my dad, “used the magnificent driveway learning to drive on the limit!” as his father Pat “owned several American cars consecutively.”

On the 19th of July, 1906, my great-grandfather Patrick J. married Annie McCarty. To celebrate his wedding, his co-directors commissioned a silver platter, with the inscription;

*Presented to Patrick J. Egan on the occasion
of his marriage.*

-:- 19th July 1906. -:-

*By His Co-Directors Of P. & H. Egan LTD.
James Hayes. Geo. A. Moorhead. W.R.
Power. M. Scully*

Research on the platter tells it was manufactured by Edmond Johnson silversmiths of 94/95 Grafton St, Dublin, with their factory & workshop being at 45 & 46 Wicklow Street. Further digging reveals Edmond Johnson being the “leading goldsmith and silversmith in Dublin from the late 19th century and into the 20th. In 1879, Edmond was commissioned to restore the Ardagh Chalice. He was later given official permission to produce replicas of the chalice and other objects. Edmonds replicas became so sought after that he received commissions from expositions in Chicago (1893), Paris (1900) and Glasgow (1901).

In 1921, the G.A.A. commissioned Edmond Johnson to create a silver trophy cup to commemorate the memory of Liam McCarthy, to be awarded annually to the winner of the All Ireland Senior Hurling Championship. The cup became known, informally, as the Liam McCarthy cup.

So my great-grandfather’s silver wedding platter has been passed from Edmond Johnson’s hands to many generations of Egan’s hands, adorned many pieces of furniture and no doubt started countless conversations over the past 112 years. I was honoured when my grandmother entrusted it

to me for my wedding occasion in 2003. One day I’ll dust it for finger prints!

Patrick J. and Annie had three children - my grandfather, Larry, and two daughters, Moira and Sheila. Moira went on to marry Vincent Williams, a director of D.E. Williams, of Tullamore Dew whiskey fame, thus cementing together two of Offaly’s famous brewing families. Tragically Moira passed away after “a simple operation” and Vincent went on to marry her sister, Sheila.

Rumour has it that my great grandfather Patrick J. gave a loan of over £200,000 to D.E. Williams in 1941/42 to pay the duty owed on spirits sold, without which they would have been bankrupt. Incredibly generous and an enormous sum in today’s rates.

Patrick J. was a Grand Juror and served as a Cumann na nGaedhael T.D. for Laois/Offaly from 1923-1927, one of the few to remain in office for more than the usual year. After his election win in early September 1923, Patrick J. was given a rousing welcome in Tullamore. A bonfire was lit in O’Connor Square and he stood up in front of the crowd and urged the Republican Party to come into the new Dáil and work together for economic success. He was chairman of Offaly Co. Council from 1915-1924.

Patrick’s son, Larry my grandfather, had victory in another arena when his horse, Jack Chaucer won the Red Cross Steeplechase in early 1940 right beside us in Leopardstown race course! This win warranted another bonfire in O’Connor Sq., with hundreds of people turning out to meet him. There’s Pathé News footage of the race on YouTube with a shot of Larry leading Jack Chaucer after the victory. He won the Grand National also that year, realising Jack Chaucer as quite the race horse. It must have been a remarkable and memorable time for my grandfather.

As wine and spirit merchants, original bonders and bottlers of many Irish whiskeys, including John Jameson, Egan’s developed an

extensive wholesale whiskey trade both domestically and for export. Indeed P. & H. Egan produced their own blended whiskeys which included Egan's No. 8 and the more expensive Egan's No. 5 which they sold by the gallon, and by the dozen in quarts, bottles, pints, half-pints and naggin.

At this time they were also importing large quantities of sherry, port and rum for bottling and wholesale. Egan's Pale Rich Sherry, Egan's EEE Port, Egan's 3 Star Port and Egan's 1 Star Port were among the twenty-three Ports and Sherries on offer from the company. A price list from 1948 gives details of over 80 spirits available from P. & H. Egan's wholesale department in addition to Cairnes ale, Smithwicks ale and Guinness's porter, also; "tea, wine and brandy shippers, whiskey bonders, manufacturers of premier mineral waters, wholesale bottlers, maltsters, provision merchants, corn buyers and millers, builder's providers, hardware, sawmills, ironmongery, furniture, seeds and manure, grower and exporters of seed potatoes. Head Office and Brewery at Tullamore. Branches at – Ardagh, Ballycumber, Banagher, Ballycommon, Clonaslee, Castletown, Foigha, Ferbane, Kilcormac, Kinnity, Moyvore, Newtowncashel, Rathangan, Riverstown, Tubber".

In 1944 the Directors of P. & H. Egan Ltd included Pat Egan (Chairman), Larry Egan (Managing Director), Francis Egan, Michael Kelly, Frank Slattery and Danny Lynam. The company continued to trade successfully for another 25 years until the firm finally entered voluntary liquidation in 1968 after 116 years in business.

My great grandfather eventually sold Annaghmore house to the Land Commission in 1949/50 with the land being distributed and a large portion sold to the Philips family. Then, in 1968, the house was sold with 10 acres for £28,000 to an Irish-American couple, Harold & Audrey O'Brien from Trenton, New Jersey. It was more of a holiday house for them and they spent mostly summers there. Harold

passed away in 2002 and Audrey in June 2009. In 2010 their caretaker, John McEvoy of Killurin, Killeigh, succeeded as the next owner.

Also in 2010, three rare marble statues from the grounds of Annaghmore House came to light and were removed by Sotheby's for auction. "Die Spinnerin" a sculpture of a girl spinning by German artist, Rudolf Schadow (1786-1822), which was commissioned in 1819 by Henry Patten, "Irish Grand Tourist" for his Westport home.

There is a dedication in the marble to him. Similar sculptures were also done for the Prussian King, Prince Nikolaus 11 of Hungary, Prince Ludwig of Bavaria and the Duke of Devonshire. "Die Spinnerin" sold in July that year for almost £295,000. The other two, "Venus Italica" and "Hebe" by Antonio Canova (1757-1822), carved around 1820, were valued at between €73,000 and €98,000 each but failed to reach their reserve. Both statues were taken from two of Canova's famous models. What a job! Interestingly, Rudolf Schadow travelled to Rome in 1812 to work with the master, Antonia Canova. In 2010, Annaghmore House, at 793sqm and built in 1790, was on the market for €550,000, less the statues I presume!

It's Dublin, early 2017, along with my dad, we meet the cousins who reside in the States. They resurrected the Egan's Whiskey brand in 2013 and are in Dublin partly to initiate launching Egan's Whiskey into Germany, starting with my dad's pub and golf course in Tating.

That's it for my paternal ancestral lineage, if I can get some sleep and recover, I'll do a piece on my mother's side. One could expect such key words as The Esquire Bar in Tramore, The Raytex factory in Waterford, O'Neill's chickens, Birr and the actor cousin in Hollywood.

Tune in then...!

FAREWELL TO MARGARET

by Adrian Ahern



Margaret Hegarty came to LPH in the year 2000, bringing with her a raft of experience, having trained as a General and Psychiatric nurse in St. John of Gods and St. Michael's Hospital, Dun Laoghaire.

In 2010, Margaret moved to the Day Services and quickly set about developing a comprehensive responsive service for the people of the area.

Day centres by their nature demand a certain type of personality and Margaret certainly met those requirements.

She was always pleasant, always looking for opportunities to develop the centres in consultation with the attendees and soon was offering a seven-day service, day trips, bingo, cinema afternoons etc.

Margaret, was very active in forging close links with the local Gardaí, who visited the day centres and met with the attendees, and developed good relationships with them and their families. It created a warm, welcoming, environment in the centre.

Margaret continued to develop her professional knowledge and was much sought after by colleagues for advice and was "always a rock of good sense".

And so on 29th August 2018 we gathered to wish Margaret well in the next stage of her life as she was joined by her colleagues and day centre people and shared in the good wishes extended to her by all.

LPH ART EXHIBITION IN SIGNAL ARTS CENTRE, BRAY “ART IS WHERE WE MEET”

From 8th-21st July, the Signal Arts Centre, Bray, hosted an exhibition of artwork created by the residents' Art Group of LPH.

The provision of this service for residents stems from the strong belief in the power of art to connect people, to enable communication, to alleviate suffering and lessen the burden that illness brings.

Some of the artists involved in the project had never painted before, others were well experienced but for all of them to pick up the brush and step into the creative journey in health care settings was an act of courage and determination. They had been trying not to focus on the images around; but on those emanating from inside. Works in the exhibition were the images of emotions, ideas, sensations, struggles, memories transferred to the canvas, paper, bread boards and even table cloths; they are the proof of strength of human spirit and creativity.

The Art Group consists of 10 to 15 people meeting on regular basis, offering strong support to each other and giving encouragement through difficult moments. The aim is to encourage any form of creative expression not only through painting but also writing, sculpting or music.

The Art Group is led by the Resident Services Activity Coordinator Marta Nowakowska under supervision of Residents Services Manager Paula Carraher.



Marta is an artist herself and originally qualified as a psychiatric nurse. Marta has a broad training in the field of using art as therapeutic intervention and has a component training certificate in Arts and the Community by Age and Opportunity.



Condolences

Our sympathy goes to the relatives and friends of those recently deceased:

Joan Keith Hardy	Ann Wall	Yvonne Nolan
Patrick Gannon	Albert Armstrong	Catherine Spencer
Laurence Fagan	Dermot Carolan	Eamon Byrne
Richard McEvoy	Doris Preece	Joan Claire Kelly
Muriel Cullen	Josephine Fitzpatrick	Mary Horan
Colette Brocklebank	Brendan Treacy	Kathleen Finnie
Kathleen Malone	Deirdre Dalton	Joan Walsh
Maureen O'Connor	Bernadette Boylan	Kathleen Dalton
Aurielee Edmonds	Marie Collins	Arthur Keenan
James Conefry	Victor Fitzpatrick	Catherine Douglas
William Cullen	Frances Moloney	Dolores Bates
Julia O'Grady	Gerard Mahon	James Reardon
Michael Byrne	Hannah McCarthy	Kenneth Williams



PHOTO GALLERY



Mary George, Catering Manager, presentation by Dr Dermot Stone, Chairman, Veteran Support Group on her retirement.



Health and Social Care Professional National Day in Leopardstown Park Hospital (L to R): Mary Byrne, Speech & Language Therapist; Áine Meehan, Occupational Therapist; Fiachra McCabe, Senior Medical Social Worker; Michelle Anderson, Chief Pharmacist; Janice Soncuya, Physiotherapist; Eimear McEneaney, Occupational Therapist and Mary O'Toole, Occupational Therapy Manager



Jason Denman, HR Manager and Elma Daly, CNMII, on her retirement.



Gladys receiving her third Commemoration Medal on her 103rd birthday from President Michael D. Higgins