



Heady Times...

A s you know, I assumed sole ownership of the Ohio Irish American News in January. I am working my way through the processes, which means we are updating the paper, the software and the service. Hopefully, you have already seen positive and significant results.

Our advertising rates have not risen in our 11+ years, and I pledge to hold them the same for any who resume advertising with us this year; the rate card is within this issue, on page 31. New or returning, together we are creating something amazing. Our own paper, written and remarked on by our own community, is rare; so is our culture; we will continue to work to preserve, present and promote our rich heritage, and those who share it.

I welcome your feedback on the good and the bad, and the things that we should or could be doing in your OhioIANews. I have strived to build our content throughout the state, but need the eyes, ears and emails of those on the ground; we are constantly seeking and welcome submission of columns and



"Follow me where I go, WHAT I DO AND WHO I know;

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cation of events. milestones and shenanigans to include in the OhioIANews, or in our significant social media presence and platforms, when deadlines don't match.

Our new website is www.ohioianews. com and our address is 14615 Triskett Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44111-3123. Please send all correspondence through one of these or contact us on Facebook, Twitter or Instagram.

Due to time constraints with the Sheriff's Office and recently taking sole ownership of the OhioIANews, I am retiring from Cleveland Irish Fest, after all of its 35 years. Volunteerism is a family instilled trait, yet, still we must pay the bills and leverage broken bones and warped joints. Volunteerism has no health coverage or retirement packages.

All the late nights making displays, vacation time burned to prepare for and work the fest, miles put on the car and life moments given up creating employment and memories for others for the last 35 years are softened by the memories of moments and people met along the festival way.

Are there places we should have the paper available? Let us know and we will talk to the owners and see if they will join the other 275 locations that currently partner with us to get you the Ohio Irish American News, for free.

Thank you for your great support through our first decade, and 3. Without you, we are just a dream in my mind.

Sincerely,

Go dtí an mhí seo chugainn, slán a

(Until next month, goodbye)

MILESTONE

Congratulations to our own J. Michael Finn, retiring after 31 years of service.



OhiolANews Illuminations columnist Mike Finn accepts a proclamation from Governor Kasich, presented by Department of Commerce Director Jacqueline Williams, on the occasion of his retirement, March 30, 2018, after 31 years of service to the State of Ohio.



Vol. 12 Issue 5

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About Our Cover, front and back:

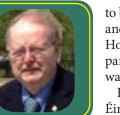
As of the writing of this issue, 32 officers have been killed in the line of duty THIS year. That's 485 officers killed since the 1st Sea of Blue support rally in 2014.

Énough. Silence is consent. We show support, by showing up, verbally and physically, each day, each popportunity.



ILLUMINATIONS

By J. Michael Finn



Cathal Brugha, **A Complex Patriot**

One of the most interesting revolutionary figures in Ireland's history is Cathal Brugha (pronounced: kahal *bru*). Despite his many contributions to the struggle for Irish freedom, he gets very little attention. His role is often overshadowed by his contemporaries, De Valera and Michael Collins.

Brugha was born Charles William St. John Burgess on July 18, 1874 in Dublin of mixed Catholic and Protestant parentage. His father, Thomas Burgess, was a cabinet maker and antique dealer who had been disinherited by his family for marrying an Irish Catholic, Maryanne Flynn.

The tenth of fourteen children, Charles was educated at the Iesuit

Belvedere College but was forced to leave at the age of sixteen due to the failure of his father's business. He went on to set up a church candle manufacturing firm in Dublin with two of his brothers.

In 1899 Brugha joined the Gaelic League, where he became fluent in the Irish Language. It was then he changed his name from Charles Burgess to the Irish version, Cathal Brugha. He met his future wife, Kathleen Kingston, at an Irish class in Birr, County Offaly and they married in 1912 (Eamon de Valera, who also met his wife through classes at the Gaelic League, once said learning Irish was a great way to meet girls). Brugha became actively involved in the Irish Republican Brotherhood (IRB) and in 1913 he became a lieutenant in the Irish Volunteers. He led a group of twenty Volunteers to receive the arms smuggled into Ireland as part of the Howth Gun-

During the 1916 Easter Rising, he was second-in-command at the South Dublin Union, serving under Commandant Éamonn Ceannt. On the Thursday of Easter Week, while defending a position against British troops, he was shot 25 times. Unable to leave when the retreat

was ordered and weak from loss of blood, he was found by Éamonn Ceannt, pistol in hand, still firing at the enemy and loudly singing "God Save Ireland." Joseph Doolan, who fought with Brugha during the Rising, later recorded that, "It was the greatest, bravest and most inspiring incident of that glorious week. A

wounded man, alone, holding the forces of England at bay for an hour, taunting them with cowardice and proclaiming to them that he was only a wounded man."

Brugha was initially considered unlikely to survive his wounds; however, he recovered over the next year, though left with a permanent limp. Doctors were unable to remove all of the bullets. due to their proximity to vital organs. It was jokingly said of Brugha that when he passed by, you could hear the British bullets rattling around inside of him.

He proposed a Republican constitution at the 1917 Sinn Féin convention, which was unanimously accepted. In October 1917, he became Chief of Staff of the Irish Republican Army and held that post until March 1919. He was elected as a Sinn Féin member of parliament for County Waterford at the 1918 General Election.

In January 1919, Sinn Féin MPs refused

to be seated in the English Parliament and instead assembled at the Mansion House in Dublin as a revolutionary parliament called Dáil Éireann. Brugha holding caught fire, leaving Brugha in was named the Minister for Defense.

He was elected speaker of Dáil Éireann at its first meeting on January 21, 1919, and he read out the Declaration Brugha then approached the attacking of Independence in Irish, which ratified "the establishment of the Irish Republic." On the following day, January 22, he was appointed President of Dáil Éireann. He retained this position until April 1, 1919, when Eamon de Valera took his place.

He had differences and often clashed with Michael Collins, who, although only the IRA's Director of Intelligence, had far more influence in the organization as a result of his position as a high-ranking member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, an organization that Brugha now saw as undermining the power of the Dáil and especially the Ministry for Defense.

During the debate in the Dáil on the Anglo-Irish Treaty, he pointed out that Collins, who had negotiated and signed the Treaty, had only a minor rank in the Department for Defense, which supervised the IRA, even though Arthur are named after him. Griffith hailed him as "the man who had won the war."

It has been argued that, by turning the issue into a vote on Collins' popularity, Brugha swung the majority against his own side. On January 7, 1922, Brugha voted against the Anglo-Irish Treaty. He, along with other anti-Treaty republicans, then left the Dáil when the Treaty was ratified by majority vote.

In the months between the Treaty debates and the outbreak of Civil War, Brugha attempted to dissuade his fellow anti-Treaty army leaders from taking up arms against the Free State (led by Collins and Griffith). When the IRA occupied the Four Courts, he and Oscar Traynor urged them to abandon their position. When they refused, Traynor ordered the occupation of the area around O'Connell Street in the hope of easing the pressure on the Four Courts and forcing the Free State to negotiate.

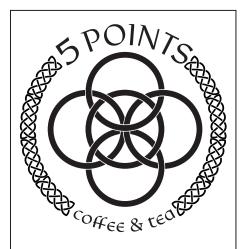
On June 28, 1922, Brugha was appointed commandant of the anti-Treaty forces in O'Connell Street. The outbreak of the Irish Civil War ensued in the first week of July when Free State forces commenced shelling of the anti-Treaty positions.

Most of the anti-Treaty fighters under Oscar Traynor escaped from O'Connell Street when the buildings they were command of a small rearguard. On July 5, he ordered his men to surrender, but refused to do so himself.

Free State troops, brandishing a revolver. He sustained a bullet wound to the leg which "severed a major artery causing him to bleed to death." He died on July 7, 1922, eleven days before his 48th birthday. He had been re-elected as an anti-Treaty TD at the 1922 general election but his death came before the Dáil assembled. He is buried in Glasnevin Cemetery.

His wife Caitlín Brugha served as a Sinn Féin TD from 1923 to 1927. His son, Ruairí Brugha, later became a Fianna Fáil politician and was elected to Dáil Éireann at the 1973 general election. Ruairí married Máire MacSwiney, the daughter of Terence MacSwiney, the Republican Lord Mayor of Cork who had died on hunger strike in 1920. Cathal Brugha Street in Dublin, Cathal Brugha Barracks in Rathmines and Cathal Brugha Street in Waterford

*J. Michael Finn is the Ohio State Historian for the Ancient Order of Hibernians and Division Historian for the Patrick Pearse Division in Columbus, Ohio. He is also Chairman of the Catholic Record Society for the Diocese of Columbus, Ohio. He writes on Irish and Irish-American history; Ohio history and Ohio Catholic history. You may contact him at FCoolavin@aol.com.



Bringing a bit of Ireland to the 5 points" 3600 west park rd, cleveland, ohio 5pointscafe.com



CLEVELAND Comhrá

By Bob Carney y@BobCarneyGTR

Conor Boylan

5 Points Coffee and Tea in Cleveland's West Park neighborhood is slightly off the beaten path, which adds to the uniqueness and charm of the cafe. I sat down with Conor Boylan, who along with his wife Nora Kellev and sister-in-law Bridget Kelley co-own 5 Points.

OhioIANews: Where are you from in Ireland?

Conor: I'm from Naas, in County Kildare. It's known for it's land, it is horse country and famous for its race tracks; I grew up across from one. The town itself has a population of about 30,000 and is growing.

It has become a bedroom community, with a lot of people commuting to work in Dublin; it's about a 30 minute drive to the city center. It was a nice place to grow up; I lived there for the first 26 years of my life.

I went to college at The Waterford School of Technology, studying manufacturing engineering there. My background is in engineering. I had wanted to come to America, I was dating a girl, who is now my wife, who was from here and lived in Seattle at the time.

I was sent to Portland on a work transfer, and a three hour drive was much better than Dublin to Seattle. I enjoyed living there, the mountains and the weather were very similiar to

Eventually, I left that company; Nora wanted to stay in Seattle so we settled there.

I had wanted to become involved and went to work for the Obama campaign in 2008, taking a break from engineering. I worked in Portland during the primary and then they sent me to Cleveland to work in West Park and Lakewood. Nora is from Medina, so when we were in Chicago, we made the drive to Cleveland a few times.

Eventually we came to a point where we wanted to start a family and decided to move here to be closer to her family. We bought a house here in West

Park, Nora's family has a company in Medina; she's a lawyer and was hired to work in the family business. I really didn't know what I was going to do. We had always talked, not realistically at first, but kind of "wouldn't it be nice to own a coffee shop some day?" It was not something we could afford to do in Seattle or Chicago, but we always enjoyed the experience of coffee shops and talked of how "ours" might be.

Anyway, we were here a couple of weeks and had walked by this



Conor Boylan, co-owner of 5 Points Coffee and Tea.

found out the building was owned by three city firefighters. She sent them a letter, asking if they would be willing to show it to us. As soon as we walked in you could smell the mustiness, it was filthy. They had used it maybe ten years before doing appraisals and then had gone their separate ways leaving the

The vision for the coffee shop started to really take form. We wanted to keep an industrial look and openess about it.

This was actually two storefronts with two addresses, it was built in the 1940s and has been home to a variety of little interesting businesses over the years, including a skate shop,



5 Points Coffee and Tea before rehab.

building that we're in right now. It was completely covered in ivy, you couldn't see in; the windows were all boarded up, but it's an interesting building at an interesting intersection. We thought it might be a good place to do something.

We kept thinking and talking about it, and asked the realtor we had worked with buying our home to make some inquiries. She did some research and

building vacant.

Behind the dirt and the mess, you could see the building had good bones. Mostly it was the shape and the brick work along with the location. They told us to make them an offer, we did and they accepted it. We bought the building in August 2016.

We recruited family and friends, cleaning everything out of the place. hairdressers, a candy store, a moving company and even a donut & coffee shop a long time ago. I'd love to get more old photographs of the buildings history to display.

We worked with the city with their storefront renovation project, which was fantastic; that helped us quite a bit. We were able to do more outside,

Continued on facing page



BENJAMIN

BLACK

WOLF on a STRING

By Benjamin Black Henry Holt and Company ISBN-9781627795173 -2017- 309 pps.

Wolf on a String is a whodunit historical novel that takes place at the end of 1599, during the reign of Holy Roman Emperor Rudolf II, in Prague, Czechoslovakia. It is a dramatic departure from the string of Benjamin Black books set in Dublin, Ireland (including Christine Falls and The Silver Swan, both previously reviewed in this column)

during the 1950s, that featuring his misanthropic medical examiner, Quirk.

The original title of the book was Prague Nights, but its title in the US is Wolf on a String.

The book's protagonist is Christian Stern, the bastard son of the

> Prince-Bishop of Regensburg, Germany. Stern comes to Prague with plans of making fame and fortune at Rudolf's court, but almost immediately upon his arrival comes across a murder of what appears to be a noblewoman outside the castle walls. Stern is picked up by soldiers as the suspected murderer and is taken before the

emperor's courtiers who then hand him over to Rudolf.

Conor Boylan Continued from previous page

getting the concrete done and the patio railings and awnings. One of the things that drew us, was this outside space we could utilize in the warmer months.

We had a soft opening July 4th 2017. My brother, who's in an Irish band back in Ireland, came over with the band and played. We opened officially August 12.

Just before opening, our first child was born, so I'm learning how to balance things quickly. Luckily, we have a really great staff who are very involved. Mimi, who's also an artist, painted the mural on the wall. The name 5 Points was pretty easy to come up with, that's what the area is called.

I googled Ireland five points and I found the symbol. Basically it represents the five elements that bring balance to the universe, balance in ourselves. It all fell together along the way with the help of some very gifted people.

We want people to know this is an Irish shop, but we don't look to

overstate it. We want it to be authentic with Irish teas and specialty drinks, like our Irishtown Bend, named after the place on the river where many Irish had lived. The city is putting a park there now.

We have a drink that tastes like Bailevs without the alcohol. We also carry Cadbury's hot chocolate. We offer scones, soda bread, sausage rolls, sheperds pies as well as crossaints and other bakery. We have yoga here, and we do events for the kids, like cookie painting at Valentines Day and Easter.

Our mission statement is to be a staple of the community, we want to be true to that. We've let the place out in the evenings for book clubs, political meetings, whatever there might be a need for. We want it to be a heartbeat in the neighborhood. It's mostly residential around us, so people walk and bike here. Irish musician Andrew McManus plays here every third Saturday morning, that makes for a great way to enjoy your coffee or tea with us. ■

You can find more information about 5 Points on Facebook or on the web at www.5pointscafe.com

It is Christian's name which makes him people in Prague's history. The Emperof interest at court because it sounds or Rudolf, of course, existed as did John like the answer to a long wait for a mys- Dee and Edward Kelley. Elizabeth Jane terious person who will arrive like a Weston who was Kelley's stepdaughter star sent by Christ. Stern soon becomes was in later years admired as a poet. the emperor's designated investigator Overall this historical novel delivers of the murdered girl, who is the teenage a mesmerizing tale of intrigue and susdaughter of Rudolf's physician. Stern pense. I rate it a TOP SHELF read. ■

Terrence J. Kenneally is an attorney and owner of Terrence J. Kenneally & Associates in Rocky River, Ohio. He defends insureds and insurance compaout the state of Ohio. Mr. Kenneally received his Master's degree from John

nies in defense related matters through-Carroll University in Irish Studies. He teaches Irish History and Literature at Holy Name High School and is also the *President of the school.*





proves a lousy detective.

emperor.

His predicament only worsens when

murdered girl's betrothed! Despite the

fact that he claims to be well educated,

Stern is both careless and naïve. He

becomes a pawn to the emperor's ad-

visors, who are bent on exploiting him

because of his favored status with the

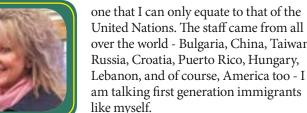
fictional, other characters depict real

While Christian Stern himself is

another body is found- that of the







At Home Abroad Part 2

To feel at home abroad required taking care of some logistics. I had to take driving lessons all over again. I almost failed my driving test because I slowed down approaching a Stop Sign instead of actually stopping for 3 seconds - I looked both sides of me and clearly saw that no one and no vehicle was coming.

If driving in Ireland, I would think "what's the point in stopping, nothing is coming." I still struggle to stop for 3 seconds under the same circumstances. Learning to merge entering the high way caused some palpitations, requiring the journey home to fully recover.

I got pulled over for speeding one Sunday afternoon. I was 25 years old with my first car, a new car at that, which to me was a seriously big deal. I didn't have a car back home, neither did any of my friends. Frankly we couldn't afford to buy them or run them for that matter. The officer told me he had been trying to flash me down for over a mile. I never saw him - I was probably paying more attention to Bono's "Gloria" blasting from the speakers and less to my surroundings.

I did not yet have my U.S. license and so I handed him my passport and international driver's license. He looked at both and said to me excitedly, "You're from Ireland!" It turned out his grandmother came from County Cork, where I

was born. We ended up chatting for a bit and he gave me a warning, suggesting I be more careful. That highway experience also led to a recovery journey home.

My job of "job hunting" lasted about 3 months. Turns out that interview protocol here is a casual informal event. This was new for me. I had to ditch the Sunday Best Suit and completely change my question/answer preparation.

I had to learn to relax and simply have a regular conversation about topics that one would have with a stranger. I no longer had to prepare responses for tough "scenario" and "what if" and "how would you handle..." inquiries.

I did not miss facing a panel of 4 stern looking people behind a long desk facing me and grilling me with touch questions I preferred being offered a cup of coffee, sitting at a round table with pleasant faced casually dressed individuals and discussing friendly topics. The focus seemed to be to that of interpersonal skills, rather than academic achievements and skills. The resume spoke to the latter: the interview focused on the former. Much easier!

My first job was truly a phenomenal experience. I worked for an immigration lawyer for three years. I came from an environment that was predominantly white, Irish, Catholic and English-speaking to

United Nations. The staff came from all over the world - Bulgaria, China, Taiwan, Russia, Croatia, Puerto Rico, Hungary, Lebanon, and of course, America too - I am talking first generation immigrants

I was like a kid in a "sweet" shop. Lunch time with colleagues was much looked forward to; we often brought in homemade ethnic food to share; we boasted about our cultures and habits and pursued friendly arguments about the best beer, the best soccer teams and much more.

We taught each other some sayings in different languages including choice words. The hallways sang with foreign accents speaking various languages. The waiting room was adorned with saris, suits and the finest gold jewelry. I was so interested to hear stories about their cultures and countries and reasons for emigration.

My eyes and frame of reference started to deepen. Conducting research to support effective arguments for J-1 exceptional hardship waivers and asylum cases further sensitized my mind to some of the ugliness in the world and instilled in me a true appreciation of the many positive attributes of the western world, particularly America. We excitedly waited for the mail to arrive and eagerly open the INS notices hoping for approvals for cases filed.

Gifts from grateful clients to our office included decadent delights new to my palate - Mediterranean Lubne, Turkish Delights, Baklava, Russian Tea Biscuits. All delicious! All greedily gobbled up! During those early years, my husband worked long hours. That enabled me to voluntarily work well beyond 6pm and to spend some Saturdays in the office. Others did so also. I loved the assignments. Looking back, I think the work really touched a nerve with me because I too was an immigrant. But I was one of the lucky ones - I came out of choice. Many of these clients truly came from dreadful situations of persecution and other atrocities. And so I really felt for them.

It was three years of arduous, demanding work, but they were years that taught me many things that I most likely would not have learned at home: an appreciation of all that I have, including a legal status in the United States; a home country that provided me with only good things, including civil rights, equal opportunity and an education; new knowledge and a clearer understanding of the international world.

I have since come to the conclusion that travel is invigorating for young people. We learn about the world around us and current affairs through newspapers, books and social media. It's a very different learning experience when you see the world through your own eyes and experience other ways of life first hand. Such endeavors nurture an acute mind of understanding that inspires empathy and compassion. One cannot feel at home abroad until you feel at home with yourself. And that can emanate with adventure and exploration. ■

Regina is a Graduate of the National University of Ireland, Galway and a Post Graduate from the National University of Ireland, Dublin. She is the former Curator of the Irish American Archives at the Western Reserve Historical Society, former Executive Director of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument Commission, and former Executive Coordinator of the Northern Ohio Rose Centre. She can be reached at rcostello@ameritech.net.

Trusted Leadership for our future State Senate 23 • Vote May 8th

Conradh na Gaeilge Welcomes Planned Investment

€178m goes to the Irish language as part of Project Ireland 2040

Conradh na Gaeilge welcome promises made to invest in the Irish language and Gaeltacht areas as part of Project Ireland 2040, which will be announced by Minister Josepha Madigan.

The Minister for Culture, Heritage and the Gaeltacht will announce investment promises to provide €13 million for Gaeltacht Service Towns and Irish Language Networks around the country, including a cultural centre in the capital; that €33 million will be spend on language planning processes in Gaeltacht areas; and to provide Údarás na Gaeltachta with a budget increase from €7 to €12 million for the creation of employment, which will generate in the region of 1,000 jobs annually, in order to counteract unemployment and the depopulation of Gaeltacht areas.

Also included is the development of an Irish language and cultural centre in Dublin city, something which is not available yet to the thriving community of Irish speakers in the capital.

Dr Niall Comer, President of Conradh na Gaeilge: "It is a cause for hope that the Government understands the importance of assisting the support, protection and development of the Irish language, and especially the Gaeltacht, for example, the support for childcare.

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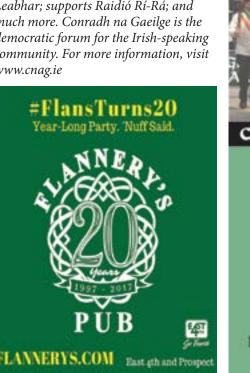
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The plans to develop Irish Language Centres in Gaeltacht Service Towns and Irish Language Networks are also to be commended. These are suggestions that were made in an investment plan supported by 90 Irish language and Gaeltacht organisations, who deserve credit for the campaigning and hard work they have done to date. Conradh na Gaeilge are looking forward to receiving clarification regarding the timeline over which these plans will be implemented, and we look forward to playing our role alongside the Government to put these plans in place in the near future."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Conradh na Gaeilge was established by Douglas Hyde, Eoin Mac Néill, and their colleagues on the 31st of July 1893. The organisation runs Irish-language courses; advocates for the language rights of Irish-speakers; raises awareness about the language; hosts the international Irish-language festival Seachtain na Gaeilge; manages the Irishlanguage information hub PEIG.ie and the Irish-language bookshop An Siopa Leabhar: supports Raidió Rí-Rá: and much more. Conradh na Gaeilge is the democratic forum for the Irish-speaking community. For more information, visit www.cnag.ie







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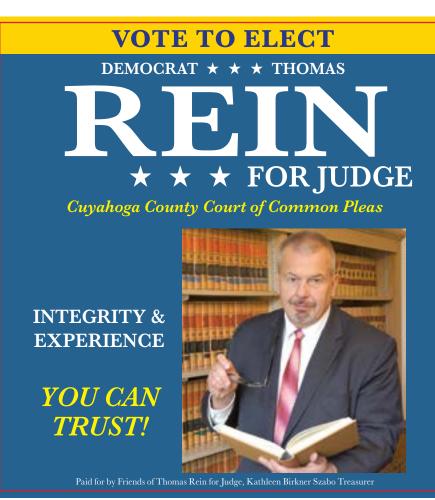
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9/15 - HALF WAY TO ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY FOR DETAILS AND A FULL SCHEDULE OF EVENTS, VISIT www.shamrockclubofcolumbus.com







SAFE HOME



Sandy Hain ~ we could fill this newsmagazine with all you have planted – accomplishments, ripples, laughter and lessons; vet still, they would not do justice. May your wings spread over us always; May you rest in

PATRICK T. KILBANE February 11, 1919 - April 03, 2018



PATRICK T. KILBANE, age 99, native of Polranny, Co. Mayo, Ireland. Beloved husband of 68 years to the late Ann (nee Masterson):

loving father of Patrick (Marianne), Mary Ann, Kathleen, Eileen (Gary) and James (Suzanne); grandfather of Patrick (Kathleen), Bryan, Christopher, Sean, Kelley and Jaclyn Gibble (Thomas); great-grandfather of Gavin; son of the late Mary (nee Cafferkey) and Thomas; brother of the Hon. Judith Kilbane Koch, Thomas (deceased) (Lucy) and the late Mary, Bridget, Kathleen, Anne and Brian. A proud Irishman, Pat was a longtime member of the West Side Irish American Club and was honored as Man of the Year in 1991 and was also honored as Grand Marshal of the 1998 Cleveland St. Patrick's Day Parade. Passed away peacefully at home on Byrne and James Ward. April 3, 2018. Funeral Mass Saturday, April 7, St. Patrick Church (West Park) at 10 A.M. Interment Lakewood Park Cemetery. Friends may call at CHAM-BERS FUNERAL HOME of CLEVE-LAND, 4420 ROCKY RIVER DR. AT PURITAS, FRIDAY 3-8 P.M. Memorial contributions are suggested to St. Patrick Church Renovation Fund, 4427 Rocky River Dr., Cleveland, OH 44135.

Courtesy of Chambers Funeral Homes tonio Funeral Home

Mary Kilroy



Mary A. Kilroy, 94, of Euclid, passed away Wednesday, April 4, 2018, at St. Augustine Manor in Cleveland. She was born March 25, 1924, in Cleveland. Mary was a member of Our

Lady of the Lake and Ladies Court of Mary. She was also a charter member of the Irish American Club East Side Inc., the "Irish Singers," and enjoyed reading, cooking, singing, gardening and bicycling.

Mary was the loving mother of Mary Jo (Robert Handelman) Kilroy, Retta (Patrick) Furlan, Jack (Suzana Figueira) Kilroy, Liz (Paco Hernandez) Kilroy and Martin (Denise) Kilroy; cherished grandmother of Juan, Matthew, Luis, and Daniel Hernandez, Julia and Rosa Handelman, Chris and Maura Furlan, Sean, John Paul, Hayley, Bill and Bob Kilroy; great-grandmother of Lily Furlan and Leo Hernandez; and aunt of nieces and nephews.

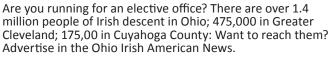
She was preceded in death by her beloved husband, John B. "Jack" Kilroy; parents, Mathew and Julia (nee Trabolic) Ward; and siblings, Marie Ward, John Ward, Raymond Ward, Josephine

Contributions in her name are suggested to Senior Citizen Resources, 3100 Devonshire Road, Cleveland, OH 44109, or St. Augustine Hunger Center, 1400 Howard Ave., Cleveland, OH 44113.

To leave condolences for the family, order flowers or light a memorial candle, visit www.MCVfuneralhomes.com

Courtesy of McMahon-Coyne-Vitan-

THE IRISH IN ACTION



Contact John O'Brien, Jr.: jobrien@ohioianews.com or (216) 647-1144

Irishtown Bend Project Receiving Cuyahoga County Support

CUYAHOGA COUNTY, OH -Cuyahoga County is confirming its commitment to the Irishtown Bend Project with a request to County Council for approval of a lease-purchase agreement with West Creek Conservancy for County owned parcels of land. The County-owned parcels of land, which are remnants from the construction of the Veteran's Memorial Bridge, would be leased by Ohio City Incorporated for the Irishtown Bend initiative.

"The Irishtown Bend initiative will shore up the riverbank to protect navigation and commerce," said Cuyahoga County Executive Armond Budish. "This project opens up our riverfront to the public and becomes the first waterfront park in the country directly connected to affordable housing."

Transferring the parcels of County-owned land will allow Ohio City Incorporated to use the appraised value of the land towards a local match in future grant applications, as well as increase the tax values and economic development potential of the parcels surrounding the site.

The initial term of the lease is for twenty-five years with a renewal option of two twenty-five year terms with a rental rate of one dollar per year. There





Historic view of Irishtown Bend, c. 1922 Courtesy of the Cleveland **Press Collection, Cleveland State University Library**

is an option to purchase the land for one dollar anytime during the initial term or any renewable term if the Irishtown Bend Project has been substantially completed.



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fondest memories of my own children I probably held my children too often,

Mothering

Listen to the Mustn'ts, Child. Listen to the Don'ts. Listen to the Shouldn'ts. *The Impossibles, the Wont's. Listen to the Never Haves,* Then Listen Close to Me . . . Anything can Happen, Child. Anything can Be. — Shel Silverstein

Each day my children grow into the adults they will become. The physical changes are subtle: the thickening of down on a boy's upper lip, a gradual broadening of shoulders, squirrel-round cheeks transforming into delicate feminine angles. Far from subtle, however, the emotional changes announce

BRIAN

themselves like a detonated land mind. Still, these are my children, my greatest creative act and my greatest blessing.

During teenage confrontations, my mother used to say, "You have no idea what it is like to be a mother, until you become one." On the surface, this bit of country wisdom seems obvious, but what my mother meant to explain was the emotional connection between mother and child. The investment is vast and the product, infinitely precious.

I remember my mother holding me tight in our darkened living room, whispering stories of the Three Bears and the Three Little Pigs, trying to assuage my fear of nightmares, trying to calm my overactive mind. As a mother, my

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are also quilted with bedtime stories and

marveling in their bird-like quality as newborn infants, adoring the sticky heat of my toddlers as they fell asleep on my shoulder. No, a mother can never hold her baby enough. Time passes and the children grow. The cord extends, but it is never severed.

As Mother's Day approaches, I am reflecting on not just what it means to be a mother, but to be a woman. Becoming a birth mother is a gift from God, but it is also a matter of happenstance. Some of us have the opportunity to experience the miracle of birth, while others don't. Nonetheless, every woman is indeed a mother. Some women nurture beloved nieces and nephews, children of close friends, adored pets. It is in the nature of woman to care and comfort, nurture and

So many women have touched my life in ways that are every bit as influential as my own mother. My father's cousin Rita never had children of her own, but we shared a great bond, a love of midnight mass at Christmas time, of walking through the





city sidewalks, while streetlights shone brightly upon the snowflakes dusting our

We laughed and cried together. Rita would discipline me, but later tell me how much she loved me. She was a mother in heart and deed.

Rita had a dog named Ginger, a darling Cocker Spaniel. That sweet pet was every bit her baby. Rita was always hugging and kissing her dog, and we would laugh because Ginger always smelled of Oscar de la Renta perfume, Rita's signature scent. No, a mother can never hold her babies enough.

My grandmother had a framed image of the Black Madonna on her dresser and my mother displayed an ivory statue of the Virgin Mary on her dressing table. Both images portray Mary in a different light, but she is the image of serenity, an inspiration to mothers of all ages. From our Catholic teaching, we are comforted by Mary as the Mother of Jesus, cradling Him as a newborn in the manger, and later holding Him in death. The Virgin Mary has always given me a sense of peace and hope. She is the embodiment of Grace for all women.

My childhood church in Chicago had a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin in the courtyard. In May, the First Communicant girls and graduating 8th graders would crown Mary with a wreath of flowers and lay roses at her porcelain

Continued on facing page

Mothering

Continued from previous page

feet. Even now, though my own children are past grade school age, I try to attend the May Crowning at our church. It is not without a few tears that I witness the prayers and purity of this tradition, reminding me of the beautiful balance of womanhood: of strength and raw emo-

Throughout the countryside of Ireland, statues of the Blessed Virgin and grottoes devoted to her Grace rise mushroom-like from nettle-strewn meadows and rocky mountainsides. In 1954, the Catholic Church dedicated the year to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Throughout Ireland, artists gown. and devout villagers embraced this devotion to Mary and crafted statues in her honor throughout the land. A visitor to Ireland would never think the statues to be contemporary works of art, so suited are they to the land, both rugged and serene, in which they rest.

Much like the beautiful images of Mary which influenced my childhood, these works of art have left me with enduring memories of peace in an unsettled world.

When I first visited my husband's fam-



ily in Newport, Ireland, we traveled up a mountain so high that its peak almost reached the clouds. Around a sharp bend in the road, a statue of Mary painted in robin's egg blue and ivory white nestled among the foxgloves and nettles, coarse blackberry brambles and lilac hued rhododendron bushes. The statue appeared as old as time. On Friday evenings when my mother-in-law was a young girl, the townsfolk would gather around this work of art and pray the rosary. Villagers would paint the Virgin's feet and mantle in glorious shades that reflected the view of green hills, infinite skies, and the white crests of indigo ocean waves that lie far beyond the folds of the Blessed Virgin's

When my children were young, they visited Ireland for the first time. The children were blessed to travel with their cousins and so experienced the magic and miracle of rural Ireland together. With pure solemnity that is only possible in the uniaded heart of a child, the children would place bouquets of wildflowers at Mary's feet—— and whisper childhood

Soon Mother's Day will be upon us. Store bought flowers and boxes of sweet treats will probably grace the kitchen special friends, and inspirational teachers everywhere. Each of these ladies deserves a hug, a fond word, a special prayer, as well as a suit of rose-colored armor. It is

not always easy for a woman to balance the many facets of her life, but all whom she has ever touched will know the strength of her wisdom and the love in her heart. "Listen to the Mustn'ts Child, listen to the Don'ts, listen to the Never Haves, then listen close to Me."

*Internet Source Consulted: Do Chara: Insider Guide to Ireland. ■

*Susan holds a Master's Degree in English from John Carroll University and a Master's Degree in Education from counter of mothers, grandmothers, aunts, Baldwin-Wallace University. She may be contacted at suemangan@yahoo.com.





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Memorable May

May is a special and busy month. During May, we honor our mothers on Mother's Day and our Blessed Mother Mary with the tradition of May Crowning. Our youth are celebrating their First Communion; Seniors in High School and College are preparing for their Graduations; Kamms Corners is hosting the Annual Hooley; The Greater Cleveland Police Memorial Society is hosting the Annual Tattoo. For sports fans, we bet on the Horses at the Kentucky Derby and Preakness in addition to cheering on the Cavs and Indians.

The First Celebration in May and the most important is Mother's Day. I would like to wish all the Mother's a very happy day and share the following that was written by Fr. W.J. Lockington:

"An Irish Mother She is foremost among the hidden saints of earth. A

follower of Christ, whose cloister is within the four walls of the home, wherein she reigns as a queen. A lover of Christ, whose little kingdom comprises the treasured souls that God has given her to guide. A ruler for Christ, who draws her subject to her by sanctity and love. Her toil worn hands that clasp the old rosary are eloquent of strength to seize and lift to good all souls they meet. Her lips are moulded to lines of peace by years of unending prayer and murmured benisons over sleeping babes, upon her bow eternal calm and resignation sit enthroned, her eyes are lit by the light of serene confidence, that tells of a heart secure in the friendship of God."

When I read this, I think of my own mother, Catherine Finn Madigan. This year is the 45th Anniversary of my graduation from St. Joseph Academy. I remember going to the





Mother Daughter Tea and what a good I had the privilege to attend the time my classmates and I had with our mothers. My mother was Called Home to God on May 18,1984. She is celebrating Mother's Day with Jesus and the Blessed Mother. What a gift for her and all our deceased mothers.

Along with remembering our mothers, May is the time to honor our Police and our Military who gave the supreme sacrifice. In 1962, President Kennedy designated May 15 as Peace Officers Memorial Day and the week as Police Week. A Memorial Service in Washington DC started in 1982 with 120 survivors and supporters of Law Enforcement. This event has grown to include a week of events.

Many Police Departments from around the world attend these events.

National Event with the Cleveland Police the May following 9/11. It was a moving experience; one that will live on in my heart forever, as I recall the number of Police Officers that were remembered that year for their ultimate sacrifice.

On the weekend of May17-20, Cleveland will commemorate Peace Officer's Memorial with a Parade followed by a Memorial Service on Friday, the Tattoo on Saturday and Mass on Sunday.

May ends with Memorial Day Celebrations. Families and friends get together for picnics to start the summer. Let us not forget the real meaning of the day, all of the men and women who sacrificed for our freedoms.





Toledo Irish

By Maury Collins

Toledo Hibernians Visit Ireland

The Lucas County AOH was starting a comeback in 2002. One of the ideas to raise money and promote the division was a raffle, with the grand prize a trip for two to Ireland. Larry Minor, an old friend of mine and a brother Hibernian. was conducting annual tours to Ireland. We decided that the grand prize would be Larry's trip September 19-30, 2003.

The Lucas county AOH & LAOH started talking up the trip and selling raffle tickets. A dear lady, Joanne Cassidy, R.I.P., thought it would be a great time to take a trip with her family. The Cassidy family members who signed up for the trip included Joanne, Matt & Tricia Cassidy. Mike and Nora Cassidy, Maureen Cassidy Gale, Myra Cassidy Gueli and Marty Cassidy. Tricia Cassidy's Mother, Gloria Miller also came

Other Hibernians on the trip included Larry and Ginny Minor, Madonna

Pauken, Jeannie and Serge Dery and future Hibernians Tom and Marion King. Penny and I talked about joining the group, especially since they were going to be in Kinsale, which is close to my family's homestead in County Cork. We Ireland and its history. decided that we just couldn't afford the trip. My children and my sister, Eileen Frazer, decided to pay for the trip and gave it to us as a Father's Day present. God bless them.

We flew into Shannon Airport. I had mentioned that I flew into Shannon airport with my Father in 1954. People asked me if the airport had changed any. I said the brown building at the front of the airport was the whole airport in

The first night included a visit to Durty Nelly's 400-year old pub, followed by a Medieval Castle Banquet at Bunratty Castle. Our bus driver, Don Moir, had many interesting stories about

He was telling us all about Bunratty Park, finishing with the remark that one person at the Banquet will be the "Scoundrel." He said don't be offended. it's all done in good fun. I looked at my wife and said to her, "Just you watch, I'll be picked as the scoundrel." Sure enough, Larry Minor had enough influence as a regular tour guide to name the scoundrel. The master of ceremony told me I would be pulled from

would have to sing a song to be released. He said sing anything, "Take me out to the ballgame" or any song I wanted. I told him I would sing "That's a More" the old Dean Martin song (although I pronounced it "That's a Maury")! My song went over well, with the whole room singing along. This set the tone for the whole vacation. We all enjoyed

my seat and put in the "dungeon" and

each other's company and had a very delightful Irish vacation

We took in many of the famous attractions of Ireland. The Cliffs of Moher, Galway Bay, Knock shrine, Blarney Castle (Where I kissed the Blarney Stone for the second time), Cobh, and Kylemore Abby. In Dublin, we visited the GPO, Trinity College, St. Stephen's Green, Molly Malone statue, Kilmainham Jail and the Temple Bar area.

The highlight for me was when we arrived in Kinsale. My cousin, Mick and his wife, Eileen picked Penny and I up in the morning. We visited the homestead and the newer homes of a few cousins. That evening, the Collins cousins rented a hall. Over 40 cousins came together to celebrate our visit.

Talk about a hundred thousand welcomes!!! I think it is time we went back! ■



- 2 May 1882 -The Kilmamham Treaty is signed by the British government under William Gladstone and Charles Stewart Parnell. It extended the terms of the 1881 Second Land Bill which addressed the issue of land arrears for Irish peasants.
- 3 May 1916 -Patrick Pearse, Thomas Clark and Thomas MacDonagh are executed by firing squad for their part in the Easter Rising.
- 5 May 1981 Death of Bobby Sands, the first republican prisoner to die of a hunger strike.
- 9 May 1674 Irishman Col. Thomas Blood stole the Crown jewels of England from the Tower of London.
- 14 May 1893 George "McIrish" McElroy is born in Donnybrook, County Dublin. He will become Ireland's greatest WWI ace, with 47 victories.
- 15 May 2007 Bertie Ahern became the first Taoiseach to address Westminster parliament.
- 17 May 1947 The British Government recognizes the Republic of Ireland.
- 19 May 1798 Arrest and mortal wounding of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, United Irishman.
- 24 May 1928- William Trevor (Cox), prolific and prize-winning short story writer and novelist, is born in Mitchelstown, Co. Cork.
- 25 May 1967 Glasgow Celtic won the European Cup, defeating the favourites, Inter Milan, 2-1. All of their players were born within thirty miles of Glasgow.

—by Terry Kenneally





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Two Summers Ago

Two summers ago, I left to visit my brother in Jacksonville Beach; he was stationed in Florida with the Navy. It was our first trip of just the two of us. I rarely get to spend time with just my baby brother.

Our parents had 6 kids in 8 years; I the oldest and he the youngest. There's always been a lot of noise and laughter and distractions when we are all together. I don't think John and I had ever spent more than a couple hours together without a sister showing up. There was the mix of excitement that I'd get to have my brother all to myself for a few days, along with nervousness that we potentially may not really like each other to withstand 4 full days.

I had planned my visit to the beach

a few weeks prior, but hadn't planned being heartbroken as I arrived. I had a rough blow just days before the trip. and it's as if the Universe knew exactly what I needed. As I climbed into my brother's jeep, and leaned over to hug him, I felt a moment of okay-ness. That I was safe and all could potentially be well. It was as if we had switched spots, that he could be the oldest for a little, as I willingly sat back into the youngest

A few years prior, a friend gave me a book, insisting that I read it. I let it sit on my bookshelf for perhaps three years. I thought it was a love story and had no time for it. When my driver called that he was at my house to bring me to the airport, in a panic to have a

book to read on the plane and at the beach, I grabbed that book.

"A Return to Love", a book I thought was just a silly love story, was really a book that helps summarize A Course in Miracles and that book changed my outlook on life on my short 4 day trip to visit John.

The study of A Course in Miracles by Helen Schucman, claims to assist its readers in a spiritual transformation. A Return to Love is for those of us that relied heavily on CliffsNotes in high school. I often claim I will sit down and study the 1333 page curriculum, but in the meantime, the greatest take away I received from my first time reading Marianne Williamson's summary, is that a miracle is just a change in perspective. Seems simple, until you try to apply it.

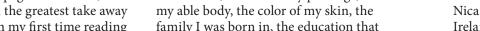
On that beach in Florida, in between raw oyster feasts and Cavs championship games, I devoured this book and bought into this belief that I can change how I feel by changing my perspective.

I bought into the belief that I could reframe the story, look at situations differently and view the players in the story as humans doing the best they can. Now 12 step fellowships had been telling me this for several years at this point, but I heard it more clearly on that trip. A tool those fellowships had given me to constantly aide in changing my perspective was the practice of gratitude lists.

Simply writing down what I was grateful for: My warm bed with my two sweet boxers; the ability to pay my rent; a landlord that never gets upset with me when I constantly forget to Venmo him the first of the month; John O'Brien, Jr., who also never yells at me when I constantly miss my article deadline; that my phone grows with friendships with humans that nourish my well-being and always, always show up; singing Adele's "Hello" with all my siblings at the top of our lungs driving down West 25th with the windows down; dance parties on the coffee table with my niece; a job where I get to be of service; Spotify Premium; my colorful past that turned me into a resilient woman who has more compassion and empathy for others and their shortcomings; driving to Blossom weekly for summer concerts; the autism community for teaching me to accept everyone as they are. I have learned to set boundaries, and to see my privilege, in my able body, the color of my skin, the family I was born in, the education that I was given; the awareness to use that privilege to rock the boat instead of sitting comfortably in it; Bali scooters; Continued on facing page

Over the Easter holiday week, the St. Ignatius High School Varsity Rugby team traveled across the globe to Paarl, Western Cape, South Africa to compete in The World Schools Rugby

Teams from America, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, England, South America, Pacific Islands, and Namibia faced off in fierce competitions. Our Wildcat Rugby gentlemen stayed strong and enjoyed a week filled with sport, adventure, and new friendships.



Nicaraguan surf boards; Nigerian markets; and every inch of Ireland. I am grateful for being able to listen to my dad sing Elvis; hear my mom give the loudest whistle in the crowd; my recovery; my ever-deepening relationship with the God of my understanding; learning to not take things personally or caring what others think of me; French fries; And really painful heartbreaks.

CCARINAT [1]

WESTERN CAPE

SOUTH AFRICA

Two Summers Ago

Continued from previous page

The painful moments in my experience, have been the greatest teachers and moments for healing. I learn more of my truth, who I am as I grow closer to the Universe. I often can't see this in the eye of the storm, but once time does what time does, I can walk out of the wreckage and make a choice to see it differently.

I can write down all that I am grateful for, what was given, taken away and left. I am forever grateful for that trip with my brother, where I internalized this lesson of changing my feelings by changing my perspective, and witnessing the abundance of my life despite heavy losses. All this, while learning my brother and I can spend 4 days together and truly enjoy each other's company, just the two of us.

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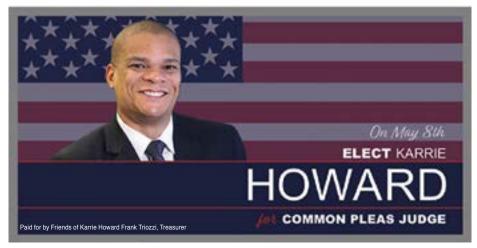
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READER RECIPES



Mary's Orange Cranberry Scones

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon grated orange peel
- 1/4 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/3 cup Kerrygold butter
- 1 beaten egg
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 1/4 cup dried cranberries
- 2 teaspoons sugar

Preheat oven to 400F

In a large bowl, stir together the flour, the ¼ cup of sugar, baking powder, the teaspoon of orange peel and the 1/4 teaspoon salt. Cut in butter with a pastry blender and set aside.

In another bowl, combine the egg, the ½ cup buttermilk and dried cranberries. Add egg mixture all at once to dry ingredients. Use a fork and stir till moistened.

Turn dough out onto lightly floured surface. Knead dough quickly until

inches in diameter, cut into wedges. Place wedges on an ungreased baking sheet, approx. 1 inch apart.

Combine 2 teaspoons sugar, 1/4 teaspoon finely grated orange peel. Brush wedges with 1 tablespoon buttermilk and sprinkle with orange peel and sugar mixture. Bake at 400F for about 12 min. or until golden.

Remove and let cool for 5 min. on a wire rack. Serve warm with a slice of butter. Makes 12 scones.

• 1/4 teaspoon finely grated orange peel • 1 tablespoon buttermilk nearly smooth. Pat into a circle 7-8

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fight with a band saw and breaking the seeing the results of my work.

It Takes a Mentor

In an age of post-clerical abuse, scandals and the like, there is general distrust of all things religious. There is good reason for this sort of thinking, but I'd like to offer the following story as another perspective.

At fifteen-years-old, I left secondary school to enter the workforce. Being among a large group of boys who took advantage of leaving before completing any examinations, I was excited to 'strike out'.

My academic life, up until then, had been nothing to boast about. I'd failed every mathematics and English test. My history results were mediocre, and the only bright light in my education record was art. Geography was a close second to art, but when our teacher experienced a mental breakdown, we were have. So, with a friend of mine, we blamed for his ill health and refused any further study of the subject.

Most of my secondary education took place in the heart of a republican stronghold during the height of the Troubles. My final year at school culminated with being housed in prefabricated huts surrounded by a steel fence. Education was the least of our teachers concerns.

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We were rioters, potential recruits for the IRA, and as such not to be trusted. However, herding together a group of teenage boys is a recipe for disaster, especially when you try to fence them in. Gangs formed, alliances with bullies my study. became necessary for survival, and every day brought new challenges.

I had no idea what I wanted to be when I left school. None of the usual trades appealed to me. I would never be eligible for a career since they required qualifications that I didn't

started our apprenticeship in joinery (carpentry).

For anyone who knows me, this choice of trade will be a laughing matter. I'm not the slightest bit inclined to being handy; my DIY extends to chang ing lightbulbs. In the first year of my apprenticeship, my instructor advised me to find something less dangerous.

His advice came from witnessing my

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saw. Added to which, he was incapable of showing his despair when it came to

I kept at it for a while, but my labour, Herculean to me, was in vain. I joined an ecumenical community. If I couldn't be trust to run a piece of wood through a plane, I pretty safe at running off at the mouth, well, almost.

I still have trouble in venturing into areas of discourse where angels fear to tread. However, I did seem to have a knack for learning new ideas. My brain was a sponge for philosophy, theology and literature. I was a ferocious debater, though untamed and undisciplined in

It wasn't until I met Ian Petit, a

HERDING TOGETHER

A GROUP OF TEENAGE

BOYS IS A RECIPE FOR

DISASTER, ESPECIALLY

THEM IN

kindly Benedictine monk, that my life changed course. Ian was an accomplished speaker, always in demand, and, for some reason, he WHEN YOU TRY TO FENCE took me under his wing. I spent two years living in a parish in Preston,

England, under his tutelage.

It was nothing formal. He was a friend who saw potential where I saw none. In those two years, I began to see a world outside of my limited, territorial, thinking. Derry and Northern Ireland still had claim over my thoughts but my mind was no longer held so tightly in its

When my time in Preston came to an end, I decided to return to Derry.



Ian understood the pull towards the familiar had on me, but was afraid that I would simply regress in the absence of any meaningful stimuli. Before I left England, he made me promise that I would pursue an education. He didn't want to break my spirit, or create some kind of Eliza Doolittle. Instead, he wanted me to use the potential I had to good effect.

Ian, as an educator himself, believed that education was not about what you put into someone's mind, but what you draw out of them. His progressive approach to learning was inspirational. So inspirational, in fact, that I did what he suggested.

I enrolled in a university access course studying Sociology, History, and English. In an environment free of fences, mentally and physically, I excelled. Completing the course with the highest honours, I was admitted into university, where I complete three degrees in English (B.A, M.A, Ph.D).

The failed woodworker, restless teenager, had found his mind unfettered among the beautiful words of others. I had proved that I could do something, if only to myself, and it felt good.

Sadly, Ian did not survive to see me graduate with my doctorate. He passed away while I was completing my dissertation. When I went to see him at Ampleforth Abbey in Yorkshire, England, he was very sick, but also proud.

He had inspired me to become more than I thought possible. The untamed mind, still a bit of a troublemaker, was at least a bit more polished in his delivery. When I think back to his influence on me, and I listen to those who have suffered by other less caring individuals in the church, it makes me thankful to have had such a positive experience.

Mentors are those who inspire us to be more than we think we can be. They do not control, nor abuse their power. Evervone should have someone in their life who enables them to become their own person; someone who can gently nudge them in the right direction without compromising their sense of autonomy.

A mentor is friend whose influence lasts long after they are gone. Ian was such a person. So, when I sit in the service that I attend and it comes to remembering those who have died, I think of him and thank God for peopling my life with a priest who lived up to his vocation.



'Tis True

March is Unofficial Irish month, a month which rarely disappoints any aficionado of Irish culture in the amount of media coverage on everything Irish. Following on from St. Patrick's Day is Easter, which also has a special resonance for the Irish, beyond the religious. Easter has links to both war and peace in Ireland.

Two years ago marked the 100th anniversary of the Easter Rising and ensuing of British rule for most of the island. Just weeks ago, another anniversary passed that is also connected to Easter, the twentieth anniversary of the Good Friday Accord. George Mitchell, Leo Varardkar and Gerry Adams were in Washington to commemorate the historic peace accord.

Sadly, their peers in peace, Martin McGuinness and Ian Paisley, did not live to see that day, a shame since both risked their lives and reputations crossing party lines in the quest of that peace. George Mitchell is a man who is worthy of admiration, for without his unique blend of patience and humor, the North of Ireland would still be embroiled in uneasy anticipation of the next act of violence.

Mitchell is tied to and commemorated by another Irishman, the author Colum McCann. Colum in his trademark thin scarf and blazer, reappeared after a break following a harrowing physical assault resulting from an attempt to intervene in a domestic situation. He's back, thank God, because he is a fabulous writer and a delightful person.

He is grounded enough to be the both the heroic guy who tries to help a woman in an ugly situation and the thoughtful, articulate person who sees it all omnisciently. He admires George Mitchell enough that he placed his narrative at the heart of his book TransAtlantic. McCann's voice is often omniscient, soaring above the action

and seeing all the connections, like some of his highflying protagonists, and putting them in context like a good journalist.

Just as I was pondering all of these connections, another article appeared in The New Yorker, which paired Colum with Edna O'Brien, who recently received the Pen Nabakov Award for International Literature. Colum, an old friend, was honored to present the prize to her.

The article went on to illustrate Mc-Cann and O'Brien carousing in New York with the late great Frank Mc-Court at places like the Ulysses Pub. It is fabulous to imagine these Irish writers drinking, talking and sharing thoughts all over New York from the pubs to the salons of Manhattan.

They all shared hurdles that they overcame over cups of something, a few jokes and some good conversation. O'Brien beat back the sexual repression of formidable Catholic Ireland. Frank McCourt battled the indifference of society that wanted to assign blame to poverty. McCann seems to be fighting for the light, universal love that acknowledges that it may not turn out all that well, we are still deified for trying.

The Peace process has battled among secondary issues, the arbitrary settlements and line drawing that divided a people. They all found some humor, peace and forgiveness for their efforts. The only way out was some level of forgiveness and sure it's only easy when the sin was inconsequential.

When we met Colum a few years back, he was talking about Frank McCourt and his death. He quoted something about dancing in heaven with the J.C. and that Mary M. Mc-Court reprimanded O'Brien in candle etiquette, to make sure that she used a real flame; those fake candles with



their plastic bulbs trap the intention, they aren't going to heaven, use the real flame.

*Lisa O'Rourke is an educator from Akron. She has a BA in English and a Master's in Reading/Elementary Education. Lisa is a student of everything Irish, primarily Gaeilge. She

runs a Gaeilge study group at the AOH/Mark Heffernan Division. She is married to Dónal and has two sons, Danny and Liam. Lisa enjoys art, reading, music, and travel. She enjoys spending time with her dog, cats and fish. Lisa can be contacted at olisa07@ icloud.com.



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SPEAK IRISH

By Bob Carney **y**@BobCarneyGTR

Mo Ghile Mear

We've all had them at one time or another, those snippets of tunes that won't go away. An ear worm is a catchy piece of music that continues in your head long after the song has stopped. Most often it's a jingle from a commercialor the chorus from a popular song, the only known cure is to replace it with something else.

When learning Irish, these can be very helpful, even though it would be nice to learn to sing the song entirely in Irish, but learning just the chorus can also aid us in our pronunciation, by allowing us to flex our Irish language "muscles". The song I've chosen this month has become a traditional tune, recorded by many artists. There are two versions that I enjoy for different reasons, the first is by the Chieftans with pop artist Sting doing the



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vocals. In this version only the chorus is in Irish, while the verses are sung in english, making it very easy to sing along right away. The second, all in Irish is on a beautiful recording called Invisible Stars, Choral Works From Ireland and Scotland. You can find both of these versions on YouTube, along with many others. Also, be sure to note on Sting's version the verses are not the same as the all Irish rendition.

Mo Ghile Mear (My Gallant Darling), was written in Irish by Seán Clárach Mac Domhnail in the 18th century, it is a lament by the goddess Éire (Ireland) for Bonnie Prince Charlie who was in exile.

Mo Ghile Mear as recorded by The Chieftans with Sting Curfá (chorus)

Sé mo laoch mo Ghile Mear (shay mah lake mah yellah mah) 'Sé mo Shaesar, Ghile Mear, (shay mah haze ah heel lah mah) Suan ná séan ní bhfuaireas féin (so nah sheh nay vor ah fayne) Ó chuaigh i gcéin mo Ghile Mear. (oh quig ih gan my yay la mah) Grief and pain are all I know My heart is sore, my tears a'flow Since o'er the seas we saw him go

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No word we know to ease our woe Curfá

A proud and gallant chevalier A highland lion of gentle mien A fiery blade engaged to reap He'd break the bravest in the field Curfá

Come sing his praise as sweet harps play And proudly toast his noble name As long as blood flows in your veins So wish him strength and lenght of day

Mo Ghile Mear trad. Sé mo laoch mo Ghile Mear 'Sé mo Shaesar, Ghile Mear, Ní fhuaras féin aon tsuan ná séan, Ó chuaigh i gcéin mo ghile Mear.

Bímse buan ar buairt gach ló, Ag caoi go crua is ag tuar na ndeor Mar scaoileadh uaim an buachaill beo Is ná ríomhtar tuairisc uaidh, mo bhrón.

Ní haoibhinn cuach ba suairc ar neoin, Táid fíorchoin uaisle ar uatha spóirt, Táid saoithe's suadha i mbuairt's i mbrón

Ó scaoileadh uainn an buachaill beo. Curfá

Is cosúil é le hAonghus Óg, Lé Lughaidh Mac Chéin na mbéimeann mór.

Le Cú Raoi, ardmhac Dáire an óir. Taoiseach Éireann tréan ar tóir. Curfá

Le Conall Cearnach bhearnadh poirt, Le Fearghas fiúntach fionn Mac Róigh Le Conchubhar cáidhmhac Náis na

Taoiseach aoibhinn Chraoibhe an Cheoil.

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Every Sunday: Irish Music Sundays @ PiMcIntyre's

9th - Gaelic Athletic Association Tournament @WSIA

16th - Penn-Mar Irish Fest

17th – Father's Day – Be a man, Hug

22nd – Noel Henry Showband @ St. Clarence North Olmsted

23rd - Scottish Games

23rd – Noel Henry Showband 40th Anniversary Celebration at St. Clarence.

Curfá x2

Ó chuaigh i gcéin mo Ghile Mear.

My dashing darling is my hero My dashing darling is my Ceasar I've had neither sleep nor good fortune Since my dashing darling went far

X2

I am perpetually worried every day Wailing heavily and shedding tears Since my lively boy was released from

And there is no word of him, alas Chorus

The pleasure of the cheerful cuckoo at noon is gone

The affable nobility are not bothered with sport The learned and cultured are worried

Since the lively lad was taken from me.

Chorus

He is like young Aonghus Like Lughaidh Mac Chéin of the great

Like Cú Raoi, great son of Dáire of the gold

Leader of Éire strong in pursuit Chorus

Like Conall Cearnach who breached defenses

Like worthy fair haired Feargas Mac Róigh

Like Conchubhar venerable son of Nás of the tradition

The pleasant chieftan of the musical (Fenian) branch

Chorus x2

Since my dashing darling went far





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Don't Worry; Be Happy!!!

Ten people were hanging on a rope, on steep slope of K2, nine men and one woman. The rope was not strong enough to carry ten people, so they decided that one has to drop off, otherwise they are all going to fall. They were not able to choose that person, but then the woman made a very affective speech. She said that she would voluntarily let go of the rope, because as a woman she was used to giving up everything for her husband and kids, and for men in general, without ever getting anything in return. As soon as the woman finished her theatric speech, all the men started to applaud

My wife and I were off for an evening out and I put the cat out before leaving. Just as the taxi came, the cat shot back inside as we were coming out. I went back to bring it out again. My wife, not wishing it to be known that nobody was left in the house said to the driver, "He's gone upstairs to tell my mother we are leaving." Five minutes later, not knowing what my wife had said I exclaimed, "Sorry for the delay but the silly old thing was hiding behind the cupboard so she needed to be poked with a stick to bring her

Simon realized he needed to purchase a hearing aid, but he didn't want to spend a lot of money. "How much do they cost?" he asked the salesman.

Anything from three to three thousand dollars."

Simon asked: "Can I see the three dollar model?" The salesman put the device around Simon's neck, and said: "You just stick this button in your ear and run this little string down into vour pocket." Simon asked: "How does it work?"

"For three dollars, it doesn't work," said the salesman. "But when people see it on you, they'll talk louder."

Three drunk guys get into a taxi and tell the driver where to go. The driver starts the engine, waits about a minute and turns off the car. Driver says, "Alright guys."

The first drunk tips him \$5 and gets out. The second drunk tips him \$10 and gets out. The third drunk then punches the driver. Worried that the drunk had realized the car hadn't moved an inch, he asks the drunk, "What was that punch for?"

The drunk guy says, "Drive carefully next time. You almost killed us!"

Reaching the end of a job interview, the Human Resources Officer asks a young engineer fresh out college, "And what starting salary are you looking for?" The engineer replies, "In the region of \$125,000 a year, depending on the benefits package."

The interviewer inquires, "Well, what would you say to a package of five weeks vacation, 14 paid holidays,

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full medical and dental, company matching retirement fund to 50% of salary, and a company car leased every \$5,000." The guy says, "Okay." two years, say, a red Corvette?"

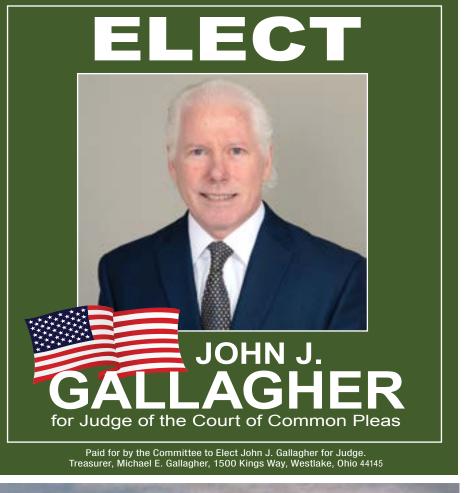
The engineer sits up straight and says, "Wow! Are you kidding?" The interviewer replies, "Yeah, but you started it."

a bet with a guy, who he considers not near as smart. The genius says, "For every question I ask you that you don't the way, what was the answer to your

\$5. And if you ask me a question and I can't answer yours, I will give you

The genius then asks, "How many continents are there in the world?" The guy doesn't know and hands over the \$5. The guy then asks "What animal stands with two legs but sleeps with three?" The genius tries and searches A proud and confident genius makes very hard for the answer but gives up and hands over the \$5000.

The genius says, "Dang it, I lost. By know the answer, you have to give me question?" The guy hands over \$5.









Home Sweet, Home

This afternoon as I did some laundry and contemplated what book I was going to add to my to-be-read pile on my nightstand, I was struck with how normal everything in that moment felt. The soft buzzing of my apartment's fridge, the rattling of my washer (which, despite its volume, is oddly comforting), and the pitter patter of Elvis' paws the floor above - it all felt right.

Finally, after seven and a half months the feeling of post-moving-out-of-myhometown restlessness was starting to become less of a yell, and more of a whimper. What could have brought this on? Was it simply the fact that I had been living in Columbus since the late Summer? Was it the fact that I was relying less on my GPS and more on my memory to get to and from Kroger to my house and work and the fun pockets of Columbus I'd been exploring for the past several months? I'd like to think it was a combination of all of these things, and more.

One of my favorite parts of living in Cleveland was the community and how we lifted each other up. I saw this in each of my interactions with people in The Land - particularly within the



organizations I volunteered with before moving: City Dogs Cleveland and Seeds of Literacy. When I moved to Columbus and realized I couldn't devote the time I wanted to remotely volunteering for these groups, my heart was broken. It made the first few months of living in central Ohio kind of rough.

Soon enough, though, I started to get involved. Instead of sitting at home re-watching The Office (which I still do on occasion - there isn't anything wrong with a little Netflix marathon), I take Elvis to the dog park or on a walk around Victorian Village; instead of turning in early, I looked up poetry readings and volunteering opportunities I could attend, and planning out my weekends days in advance.

This past weekend, I volunteered at my first event with A.D.O.P.T Pet Rescue, Inc., the organization I adopted my dog Elvis from. While I was nostalgic for City Dogs as I walked to the event venue. I was eager to get more involved with an organization that had done so much for me. Throughout the afternoon, event attendees decorated cookies,

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entered our raffle, and attended a showing of the new Wes Anderson We even had an adoptable dog -

Oreo - visit and show people what A.D.O.P.T does for dogs around Columbus! It was a great day that raised a lot of awareness for a good cause, and I'm looking forward to many similar outings in the future.

Michael P. O'Malley Attorney at Law

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It was a simple afternoon; I passed





out raffle tickets and got to spend time with a cute dog -- but it was another one of those normal moments. As I set up and broke down the event posters and decorations, tended to Oreo/ made sure she got lots of pets, and strolled home down High Street, I felt at home. Finally, in Columbus, I'm feeling truly at home. ■





John O' Reilly

It has always struck me as somewhat remarkable that the success that Irish immigrants to this country so often achieved in business, industry and the professions has also been achieved by individuals who, for generations (as in my own family), were raised in a rural, agrarian background. So it is with John O'Reilly, the man from Kinsale, County Cork, who has from his childhood on the family dairy farm started or enhanced, through entrepreneurial skill, a large number of Cleveland restaurants and Irish-themed bars.

John was born just outside Kinsale, County Cork, on a dairy farm, the oldest of nine children born to Patrick and Mary ("Dolly") nee Crowley O'Reilly. It is where he learned hard work: up before dawn to call the cows in and milk them (no machinery in those days), thence to school, then homework, then tend to the barley, oats and sugar beets grown on

John's Dad died suddenly when he was 14, putting much of the responsibility of running things on his shoulders, which he did with the help of some uncles for 4 or 5 years. Eventually John's brother Liam took over, who continues to do so after expanding and mechanizing operations. "The hard work of running the farm was something we took for granted," he says.

John made his way to New York City in 1972 at the invitation of cousins, and finally made his way west to Cleveland in 1976. He initially took some classes at CSU, but was later drawn to John Carroll because of their rugby football program, a sport that remains a passion to this day.

"I want to become THE SMARTEST BARMAN ON LEE ROAD."

He was awarded a B.A. in International Studies, and later did some graduate work at JCU. When students in his first class were asked why they were seeking a Masters, in contrast to the lofty aspirations of classmates, John expressed: "I want to become the smartest barman on Lee Road."

It is also remarkable the number of establishments the former dairy farmer has either launched or bought and

John began working at Pat Joyce's on the Commons when Pat McIntire owned it in the 1980s; he later bought the establishment then-known as Farragher's on Lee Road in Cleveland Heights and, after many months of improvements, he reopened as the Charles Stewart Par-

nell, after the Irish Nationalist of the Belfast, and its stained glass windows harp, rose, thistle and daffodil—are 19th century (this after Dr. Bill Ryan of JCU proposed Kitty O'Shea after Parsymbols of Ireland, England, Scotland nell's paramour). Later, he purchased the and Wales. Flannery's is the leader and Crossroads in University Heights, which bold pioneer of the East 4th Street area. became (and remains, under new owner John later purchased the Hairy Buf-

falo on East 4th and the Irish mainstay, the Flat Iron Café, in 2001.

Some may be surprised to learn that John speaks fluent Italian, and moved in 2007 to Savona, Italy with his wife, Sue to run an English language school. They have two children, Liam and Liz. John became a U.S. citizen, though 42 vears in Cleveland has done little to his Cork accent. I have considered him my friend for these many years.

pints of Guinness—essential fluids for humanity-- the work ethic developed in rural Cork has contributed much to the people of Northern Ohio. ■

the two that "there was a need in downtown for a big Irish pub", noting that From milking cows to pouring perfect about 35 thousand people worked with in a 5-minute walk to the location. In its design, John sought to suggest the warm tones of the Crown Bar in

Joe Vaughan), the plausible named

In the mid 1990s, when Jacob's Field

was still a gleam in Dick Jacob's eye,

boldly leased the space at the corner

of Prospect and E. 4th Street, which

Prospect was not denizened by the

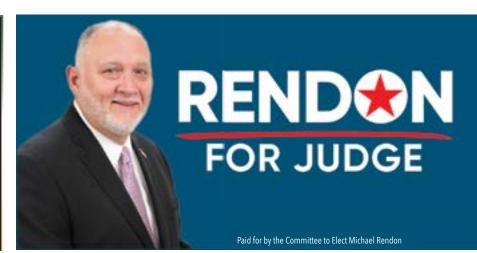
became Flannery's. In the 1990s, lower

stockbrokers of today. But it occurred to

John and his partner, Denis Flannery,

O'Reilly's.







Football and Hurling

As the Weather Breaks ...

Teams throughout the Division are finishing up their indoor training (the dedication grows each year with off season cross-fit, yoga, and indoor field drills). While it is still cloudy and cold through April, several teams are packing

in their pre-season friendly matches and tournaments to dust of the rust and get the new recruits ready for the Regular Season that begins in June. For Cleveland St. Pat's - St. Jarlath's Gaelic Football Club, the two big exhibi-

tions are the Ohio Cup on April 28th in

GAELIC FOOTBALL PITTSBURGH OME | 1:00 PM **BUFFALO** AWAY | 1:00 PM DETROIT AWAY | 1:00 PM RICOLUMBUS **AWAY I 1:00 PM** CINCINNATI HOME I 1:00 PM Cleveland St. Pat's St. Jarlath's GFC

Cincinnati, and a home match to Chicago McBrides at the WSIA. In the Ohio Cup, Cincinnati, Columbus, Cleveland, and tournament invitee, Indianapolis, battle it out. Cleveland will be back for the craic at PJ McIntyres following both matches – come on up and grab a pint of the plain.

When the rain is thrashing and there's no sun in sight,

With the mud at your knees and your legs all ran,

When ball weighs a full stone and try as you might,

On the hurling front, Ak-

A pint of plain will be your only man.

ron has drafted their teams for the annual pre-season City Series. The Celtic Guards will play six co-ed matches between Ray's Pub and Frank's Place. 1PM stretching and drills are followed by the Game of the Week at 2PM each Sunday starting April 15th. Location is the Summit Metro Parks, 800 N Hawkins Ave, Akron, OH

44313. For more info and involvement,

see www.akronhurling.com.
Cleveland's Youth program is working hard through schedules to bring Our Games to local schools through free satellite skills camps. Stay tuned as the dates are finalized, www.clevelandgaa. com/youth. All of the youth programs are open to boys and girls, new players and experienced, ages 5 to 15. The summer program will begin when school is out in June. Registration is available on the

Mark your calendar for GAA Day in Cleveland – Saturday June 9th at the WSIA. There will be several games played among men's and women's teams from Cincinnati, Buffalo, Pittsburgh and Cleveland. If interested in getting involved in any capacity, please call us at info@clevelandgaa.com

Speaking of women's games, the

2018 season sees a return to intra-division Ladies' Football. Pittsburgh has lead the way in many recent years, but has been forced to find games outside the Midwest. This year Buffalo, Cincinnati, and Columbus join the group. Cleveland has several experienced and new players who are working to field a team of sports and fitness minded women – if interested, contact clevelandgaa@gmail.com.

May Days ... On May 5th, Chicago McBrides play the Saints of Cleveland at the finest pitch between New York and Chicago, Páirc an Lucht Oibre, at the West Side Irish American Club, 8559 Jennings Road, Olmsted Township, at 5pm.

On May 12th, the Midwest heads back east to Philadelphia for the Football All-American competition. The all-star team competes against Philadelphia and potentially Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and the Mid-Atlantic. Time will tell.

On May 19th, Akron heads to the Windy City for the Chicago Hurling Invitational.

On May 28th, we remember all those who have gone before us. ■

Midwest GAA 2018 Men's Football Schedule

MIDWEST

DATE	HOME	AWAY
June 2, 2018	Cincinnati	Columbus
June 9, 2018	Cleveland	Pittsburgh
	Cincinnati	Buffalo
June 16, 2018	Pittsburgh	Detroit
June 23, 2018	Buffalo	Cleveland
	Detroit	Cincinnati
July 7, 2018	Detroit	Cleveland
	Pittsburgh	Columbus
July 14, 2018	Buffalo	Pittsburgh
	Columbus	Cleveland
July 21	Cleveland	Cincinnati
	Columbus	Detroit
July 28, 2018	Buffalo	Columbus
	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh
August 5, 2018	Buffalo	Detroit
August 11-12, 2018	Midwest Finals Weekend	Buffalo







Marching for Our Lives

Bells ringing, kids chattering, metal lockers slamming, and teachers lecturing are some of the common sounds of a school. Now those sounds are being interrupted by banging gunshots, followed by screams and cries for help. School, a place that has always been known as safe, has now erupted into a horrific, anxiety-filled nightmare. This is the striking reality that too many students and educational institutions in America are currently burdened with.

The March for Our Lives is about taking a stand for change; a change for gun control and stricter safety measures in schools. The backbone of this movement is discussion, not debate. No matter your opinion, it is time to come together for the sake of our communities and country.

Television host Trevor Noah was quoted saying, "If kids are old enough to be shot, they're old enough to have an opinion about being shot." Age stands as no barrier to progress, especially when many of those young people fighting for change are not only activists, but also firsthand victims.

The March for Our Lives, held on March 24th, was centralized in Washington D.C., but sibling marches occurred across America and the world. Every single continent felt the unity, and heard the voices of people speaking out in different languages, enough is enough.

It is a defining moment in politics and policy as a new generation rises to

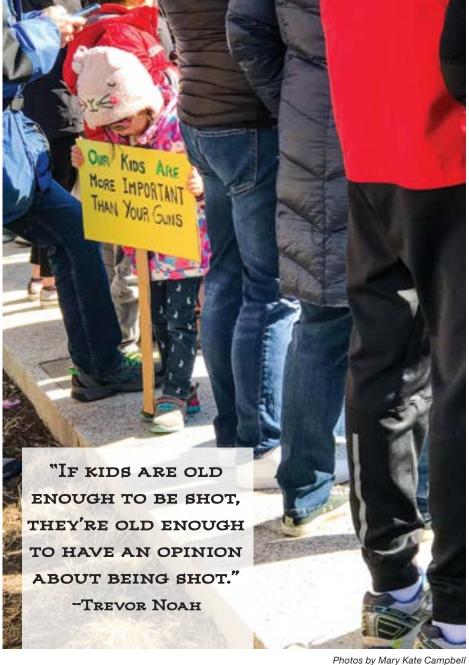
adulthood and positions with influence. There were over twenty marches held in Ohio, and three were even held in Ireland, specifically Cork, Dublin, and Belfast.

I stood in Public Square in Cleveland, Ohio that day and heard the stories of people affected by gun violence. I read the signs marked with words of pain and petition. I saw children, adults, parents, brothers, sisters, etc.—people from all walks of life taking a stand. The air resonated with a unanimous lobby and an unwavering determination for change.

I am 22 years old. I have never lived in a world without war. I have never lived in a world where I can leave my doors unlocked or walk alone at night. I have never lived in a world where every time I leave the house, I don't have a decent amount of fear weighing on my mind that something bad could happen at any moment.

My generation is chillingly numb to tragedy. That doesn't mean we don't find it horrifying and upsetting, but our version of the world is so warped by violence, that another breaking news story of a shooting is grossly commonplace.

This march is a step towards breaking the mold that has shaped terrible events into everyday occurrences. The Millennials and Generation Z are stereotyped as spoiled generations with their noses stuck in technology, but no more. Now we will be known as the generations of change, fighting to no longer be prisoners in a country that is free.



Thotos by Mary Rate Campbel



TAVERN

Every Thursday is Irish Night 7 – 10pm Open Seisiún –

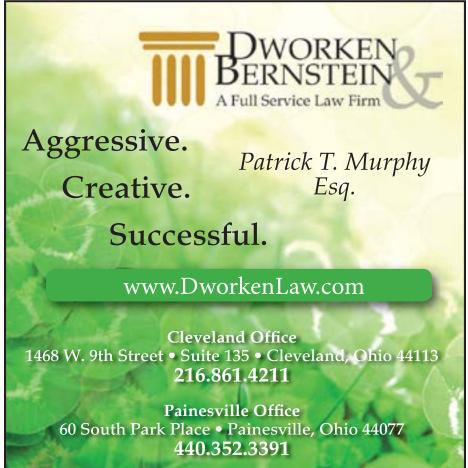
Traditional musicians of all ages welcome!

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My Grandmother's Eyes

In memory of Annie Egan By Micki Ansberry

Across time and distance. not known by clock or miles, a place known through the memories of my grandmother. Ireland It is you I know. The layers of green, the feel

of the soft days

glistening on my face,

the heat and

aroma of peat glowing

on the hearth.

Arrested memories. wisps of dreams, kindled across generations. Connected like touch, plucking at heart strings, so strong the knowing of this place, that has only been seen in my grandmother's eyes. This place. She calls, return to me, come home,

know me yourself,

again.

The Arts Around Us

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MildredAnneButler, "Oriental Poppies"

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We Get Letters

It's Time to Stop the **Call for 'Gun Control'**

by Erin O'Brien

Hop into your DeLorean and set it back to 1975. Now pull up to the snazziest restaurant in town. Inside, you'll find a Winston or Virginia Slim dangling from every other fashionable

Drinking? Plenty of that going on as well. Head to the lively bar and loudly tap a fork against a beer mug. When you have everyone's attention, announce, "Y'all may be surprised to learn that by the time your kindergarteners reach middle age, lighting up at this very bar will be strictly prohibited — and throwing back that third whiskey sour ahead of the drive home will land you in the slammer alongside a \$1,000 fine."

Nod in the stunned silence and continue, "Moreover, forty years from now, firing up a Marlboro on an airplane will get you arrested." In a second or two, the room will erupt in guffaws and laughter.

You're outta your mind, buddy! Just let em' try to tell me I can't smoke! Ha!

Yet it all came to fruition. People got sick of drunks careening into convertibles full of teens. They didn't appreciate that cloud of cigarette smoke arriving at their table alongside their surf and turf.

Eventually Jane and John Q. Public realized there was a price for those freewheelin' good times and their attitudes have completely transformed the associated behaviors, but it was never called "cigarette control" or "alcohol control." To that end you can still walk into any corner convenience store and buy a pack of Salems and a six of Coors. The reality is simple: drink and smoke all you want, but don't foul my air or endanger my space.

Which brings us to guns.

By relentlessly fostering gun complacency, the NRA and Second Amendment zealots have convinced our generation that when you hand a 9-year-old girl a fully automatic Uzi and she promptly loses control of it and kills someone, it's an accident

(White Hills, Arizona, 8/25/14). Or when a 5-year-old boy picks up that loaded .22-caliber rifle (his birthday gift no less) and kills his 2-year-old sister, it's a tragedy (Burkesville, Kentucky, 5/1/13). Remember that 4-yearold snooping for candy in Grammie's purse who found a gun instead? The child died (Tampa, Florida, 9/20/17).

This list of wholly preventable abom inations goes on and on. By no means are these "accidents," but they are often dismissed as such as the familiar conclusion comes: Hasn't this family suffered enough?

Per a June 2017 study by the American Academy of Pediatrics, approximately 1,300 children are fatally shot every year in this country, with another 5,790 suffering gunshot wounds. Hence despite the obvious answer, the more appropriate question is: Haven't our children suffered enough?

Now is the time to get fed up. Let's stop calling it 'gun control' and start talking about properly punishing firearm negligence. Gun owners must be held accountable for their every firearm, particularly when it comes to kids and "accidental" shootings. The Last Stop gun range should have faced severe fines or have been shut down. Caroline Sparks' mother and Grammie Zoller should have been charged with fatal gun negligence.

Guns don't kill people. People kill people. It's time to give that phrase some teeth. When a child picks up a gun, the owner of that gun and/or the supervising adult is responsible for what happens next. And if that means arresting a mother over her child's lifeless body, so be it.

Sound too harsh? Imagine how a community would react to a parent whose child died from alcohol poisoning after a bottle of Smirnoff's Whipped Cream vodka was left unatfor everything from letting kids walk to school to leaving them in the car for five minutes, but when Caroline Sparks mother said she thought the offending gun was unloaded, everyone cleared their throats and looked away. No charges were filed. Gun negligence and its associated carnage will con-



18 in Akron during the "March for Our Lives" event.

tinue until it has specific and severe consequences.

YESY GRACE & THE VINTAGE GON

Set the DeLorean to March 24, 2018. For a real flash bang, head to Washington D.C., wherein hundreds of thousands of protestors took to the streets to march for their lives — or keep it local. This author went to Akron on that spring morning to film the protestors as they stepped off for their 2.2-mile trek. It took more than nine minutes for the procession to pass. Sometimes the crowd was two or three Stoneman Douglas ... the horrifying deep, sometime six or seven. They held signs and chanted and marched. It was 34 degrees.

Nine minutes. And while Laura Ingraham and Ted Nugent and Tucker Carlson disparaged and criticized those participants and put the likes of David Hogg and Emma González in their crosshairs, Dick's Sporting Goods and WalMart removed assault-style long guns from their shelves, proving this ground swell is significant enough to translate into dollars and cents.

This movement goes beyond school shootings. People are fed up with the entitled gun culture.

"Your dead kids don't trump my Constitutional rights," said Joe 'the plumber' Wurzelbacher in May of 2014 tended. Parents get arrested for neglect to the parents of Roger Elliot's victims in the Isla Vista, California, killing spree. (Nice, huh?)

Okay, Joe, fine. Bear all the arms you want. But if something goes wrong with one of them, you're going to pay either with time or money or both. No more "accidental" shootings. No more "tragedies." No more excusing away

gross firearm negligence with inconsequential "thoughts and prayers."

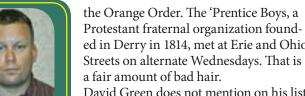
No more.

If we start with the kids, maybe we can slowly transform this country back to a land of common sense, where semi-automatic handguns are not casually tossed into a purse, where we recognize that firing off a machine of war that turns human flesh into hamburger might be "fun" to some, but that it comes at a grave cost paid at Sandy Hook, Las Vegas, Marjory list goes on and on.

'Twas the will of the people that slayed the mighty Big Tobacco lobby and made drunks put down the car keys. Now it is up to us to change society's perception of guns and shrink the almighty NRA. We don't have to tolerate this anymore. Let's start with the kids. ■







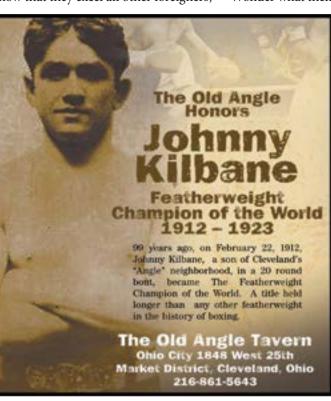
Cleveland Irish 1880

"The Invasion of Cleveland by Europeans" by David Green was published in 1906. Green asks, "Shall the Cleveland of the future be Catholic or Protestant?" The key for the success is, "the Protestant Christian of our city can no longer look with disdain on the 'Dagoe', 'Sheeny', 'Griner', or the 'Pollocks."

He thanks Howard Grose for his work. "Aliens or Americans." Green then describes each group of Europeans that are invading Cleveland.

The Irish: "For more than half a century the Irish have been settling in this City. The greatest number coming in one year was 1882 when 1,010 arrived." 810 Irish settled in 1881 and 994 Irish settled in 1883.

Green notes Irish in Cleveland settled near Harvard and Broadway, St. Clair and Payne Avenues, and west of the river in "Irish Town." He cannot give a number of how many Irish are in Cleveland. However, "The police records for the city show that they excel all other foreigners,



in the annual number of arrests made from among them." However, "At all times they have furnished the most stable support to the Catholic Churches of our City." Green was a member the Protestant Young People of Cleveland.

I don't know much about Protestants. Everything I do know I learned from my Aunt Irene and Angela's Ashes.

"That's the kind of hair you see on Presbyterians. If your mother had married a proper decent Limerickman you wouldn't have this standing up, North of Ireland, Presbyterian hair." Can't really share Aunt Irene's

thoughts in polite company. I get the Schism of 1054; Pope Leo IX and the West; Michael Cerularius, the patriarch of Constantinople, and the East. It makes sense that Roman Catholics can get married in the Orthodox Church and not in the Lutheran Church. The volumi nous denominations of Henry VIII get confusing to me, especially Anabaptists. Wonder what their hair is like?

> The Protestant Young People of Cleveland was a contemporary (1906) manifestation of the Orange Young Americans which met at 1031 Broadway in 1880

They were not alone in Cleveland. The Royal Black Knights of Ireland met at St. John's **Episcopal Church** on alternating Saturdays. The Black Knights were founded in 1797 and members had to first join the Orange Order. There were three lodges of the Loyal Orange Institution, aka

Protestant fraternal organization founded in Derry in 1814, met at Erie and Ohio Streets on alternate Wednesdays. That is

David Green does not mention on his list of racial epithets the "Paddy's." The Irish did lead the list of those sentenced to the House of Correction in 1881. 1,577 total reprimanded that year, 954 1st offenses; 244 Irish fellows and 66 Irish ladies.

Germany was second on the international list: 130 German fellows and 11

German ladies. Twenty to thirty-year-olds were the largest age group detained: 545. The second largest age group was thirty to forty-year-olds with 459. 573 men convicted were laborers, 259 women were house workers. Only one axe polisher was convicted in 1881. Cleveland had a total population of 185,851 in 1881 and the lowest police to per capita ratio for major US cities. The Police Department had 158

members at the beginning of the year, compared to Buffalo's 231 officers and 155,137 inhabitants. The Cleveland Police Department assisted in convicting 1,577 people in 1881. 866 of the convictions were for intoxication. 1,519 of the 1,577 convictions were for less than a year.

Mr. Green does not mention that 778 Catholics were convicted that year, 659 men and 119 women. Catholic Mass was held on alternate Sundays at the House of Correction. He especially does not mention that 892 Protestants were convicted that year and they had service every Sunday. For the record, 4 Jewish men were convicted and 3 atheists. No atheist services were held. There were no Irish children under 18 in the House of Refuge.

Perhaps some of those who have read this far connected the data, like David Green would like you to do. We read Irish, laborers, intoxication and arrests and quasi historical myth becomes our narrative. Not so fast, my friend. Nowhere in the data are those expressed as direct correlations.

Don't get me wrong. I am sure that some Irish folks got arrested for drinking, and it looks like they spent some time behind bars. Data shows

that the 954 1st offenses drop to 220 2nd offenses and 98 3rd offenses. The 311 Irish convicted are .001673 percent of the population of Cleveland. They were .020733 of the Irish population of Cleveland.

There were more Hibernians than that in the city. Actually, there were eight divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Cleveland in 1880. Division 1 met at 72 Superior on the first Sunday of the month. Division 2 met at St. Malachi's on the second Sunday



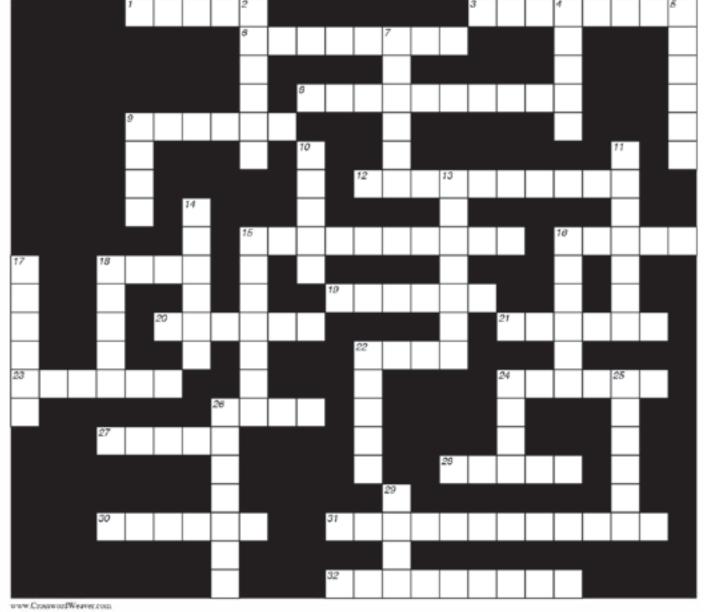
of the month. Division 3 and Division 4 met at 2455 Broadway on alternating Sundays, just down the street from Holy Name Church. Division 5 met at St. Patrick's on Bridge Avenue on alternating Sundays. Division 6 met at Immaculate Conception every other Sunday. Division 7 met at St. Bridget's, then on East 22nd, on the first Sunday of the month. Division 8 met St. Augustine's, on Jefferson and Tremont at the time, on the 3rd Sunday of the month. The mapping of these divisions indicates Irish populations and Irish parishes. This sends a clear message to the Orange Lodges. 72 Superior is the only meeting locale that is not in relative proximity of a parish. It is also where the Irish National League, Parnell Division, held its meeting led by W.J Gleason and John Walsh

Those 1881, 1882 and 1883 Irish immigrants dominated the near eastside, between Public Square and the river.

They were boarders at the Weddell House, the Kennard House and the Johnson House. Their presence scares the David Greens of Cleveland, and not because they are stereotyped as criminals. They illicit fear because they are Irish Catholic and they can vote. ■

Irish Rebel Songs

by Lilnda Fulton Burke



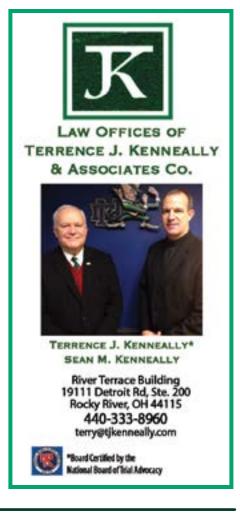




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AKRON

Irish Saturday at the **Akron Hibernians**

5th - Join the Irish Language Class of the AOH/ Mark Heffernan Division for an afternoon of Irish language and culture celebration. RSVP's are mandatory. 3-6 @ AOH, 2000 Brown Street, Akron Ohio 44301. RSVP: olisa07@ icloud.com

BROOKLYN

Hooley House!

4th - Yachty Crue, 10310 Cascade Crossing, Brooklyn 216-362-7700. 1FunPub.com

CINCINNATI

7861 Reynolds Road

440-942-6611

24940 Sperry Drive

440-835-2890

Irish Heritage Center

funpub.com

Irish Teas/Library /Genealogy Detective/ all three by appointment. Irish Heritage Center 3905 Eastern Avenue **513.533.0100.** irishcenterofcincinnati.com.

CLEVELAND

The Harp

2nd- Lonesome Stars, 4th- Eldery Brothers, 5th- The Porter Sharks, 9th-Chris & Tom, 11th- Chris Allen, 12th-Bill Lestock, 16th- Lonesome Stars, 18th- Rachel Brown, 19th- The Auld Pitch, 23rd- Chris & Tom, 25th- Kristine Jackson, 26th - No Stranger Here, 30th Lonesome Stars. 4408 Detroit Road, 44113 www.the-harp.com

Flat Iron Café

1114 Center St. Cleveland 44113-2406 216, 696,6968, www.flatironcafe.com

Treehouse

6th - Chad Hoffman; 11th - Sammie Butler; 13th - Nathan Henry; 20th - Top Ahern Banquet Center Hat Black; 27th - Allen Cruze & the Galaxy. 820 College Avenue, Cleveland, 44113 www.treehousecleveland.com

PJ McIntyre's

2nd - Monthly Pub Quiz w Mike D

BROOKLYI

10310 Cascade Crossing

216-362-7700

145 Montrose West Ave.

234-466-0060

1funpub.com

7pm, 4th - Crawley & Hopper, 5th -Faction @9:30, The Achill lads in PJ's Party Room @6:30 – a night of song, story & Craic. 12th - *th Annual Hoolev: Velvetshake @ 930pm, 16th - Old Time Music, 19th – Iced Cherry.

Don't forget T-Shirt Tues: wear any PJs T-Shirt get 15% off bill! Whiskey Wed: ½ off every whiskey in the house. Thurs - Craft Beer \$2.50. PI McIntvre's is a Local 10 Union establishment. Home of the Celtic Supporter's Club and the GAA. Book Parties & Events in our Bridgie Ned's Irish Parlor Party Room. 17119 Lorain Road, 44111. www. pimcintyres.com 216-941-9311.

Music Box Supper Club

1148 Main Avenue, Cleveland, OH 44113. http://www.musicboxcle.com

Flannery's Pub

323 East Prospect, Cleveland 44115 216.781.7782 www.flannerys.com

AVON LAKE

Ahern Banquet Center is booking weddings and special events. Call Tony Ahern / Lucy Balser @ 440-933-9500. 726 Avon Belden Rd, Avon Lake 44012. www.aherncatering.com

EUCLID

Irish American Club East Side

4th - Donegal Doggs, 11th - Mad Macs. PUB: 7:30 - 10:30. IACES 22770 Lake Shore Blvd. Euclid, 44123. 216.731.4003 www.eastsideirish.org

FINDLAY

Logan's Irish Pub

Trad Sessiún 3rd Wednesday. 414 South Main Street, Findlay 45840 419.420.3602 www.logansirishpubfindlay.com

LAKEWOOD

Plank Road Tavern

Open Sessiún Every Thursday 7 – 10. \$3 Guinness and Jamieson. 16719 Detroit Avenue, 44107

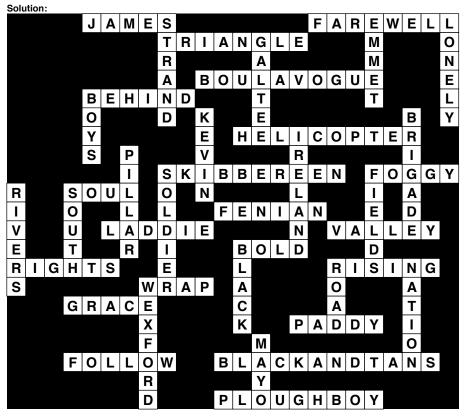
MEDINA/MONTROSE

Sully's

4th - Westside Steve, 5th - Donal O'Shaughnessy, 11th - Crawley & Hopper, 12th - Music Men, 18th - Mossy Moran, 19th - The New Barlevcorn, 25th - Smug Saints, 26th - The Other Brothers. 117 West Liberty Medina, 44256 www.sullysmedina.com.

Irish Rebel Songs

by Lilnda Fulton Burke



Hooley House Montrose

145 Montrose West Avenue Copley, Oh 44321 (234) 466-0060 www.1funpub.com

MENTOR

Hooley House

4th - Collage, 18th - Old Skool, 25th - Big In Japan. 7861 Reynolds Rd Mentor www.1funpub.com (440) 942-6611.

OLMSTED TOWNSHIP

West Side Irish American Club

5th – Kentucky Derby party @ 4pm, New Barlevcorn in the Pub @ 7pm; 12th - Open Mic / Music Session 7-9pm; 13th – Mother's Day Mass & Breakfast; 25th - Stephen Mulloy Sr. Reverse Raffle, 26th - Steak Shoot 7:30 pm. Great live music and food in The Pub every Friday. WSIA Club 8559 Jennings Rd. 44138 www.wsia-club.org. 440-235-5868.



Plank Road Tavern Madd Sessiuns every Thursday.

VALLEY CITY

Gandalf's

5 - Tom Brady, 12 - Jake Richardson, 13 – Mother's Day Brunch, 19 - Nathan Henry, 26 - Dean and Chad. Join us for Brunch EVERY SUNDAY. Great food, atmosphere, staff and fun. 6757 Center Road Valley City, 44280 www.gandalfspub.com.

WESTLAKE

Hooley House

4th - Morning Glory, 11th - Mossy Moran, 18th - New Barleycorn, 24940 Sperry Drive Westlake 44145. 1Fun-Pub.com (440) 835-2890

COLUMBUS

Shamrock Club Events

Happy Hour every Friday from 5-7pm! 60 W. Castle Rd. Columbus 43207 614-491-4449 www.shamrockclubofcolumbus.com

Traditional Irish Social Dancing with the Cleveland Ceili Club

The CCC promotes the musical traditions of Ireland by providing opportunities for adults to enjoy traditional Irish music and dance.

Set dancing lessons: Tuesdays 7:30-9:30 pm, St. Clarence Church, North Olmsted

Wednesdays 7-9 pm, Irish American Club - East Side Ceili dancing lessons:

Thursdays, May 3, 10 and 31 at the West Side Irish American Club.

For more information, contact CeiliClubCleveland@gmail. com or find us on Facebook

Ongoing Traditional Irish Sessiúns Bring your instruments and play along!

Unitarian Universalist Church of Fairlawn, 3300 Morewood Dr. 7:30 p,m Wednesdays. All skill levels welcome.

Bardic Circle @The Shamrock Club of Columbus Beginner friendly, intermediate level Irish session meeting every other Thursdays 8:00 pm - 11:00 pm

Briquette's - 1st Saturday of the month, 2 -4 pm. Ashtabula on the Harbor

The Harp – 1st Friday of every month, 9pm. 4408 Detroit, Cleveland

Logan's Irish Pub – 3rd Wednesday of the month, 414 S. Main St., Findlay, 7:30 pm Plank Road - Every Thurs-

day 7 - 10. All ages and experience welcome. 16719 Detroit Road, Lakewood, 44107

Tara Hall -Traditional Irish music w General Guinness Band & Friends 2nd Friday 8:00 - 11:00pm. 274 E. Innis Ave. Columbus, 43207 614.444.5949.

Advertise in the Ohio Irish American News and reach the Irish community in Ohio! 216.647.1144 or jobrien@ohiolANews.com



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WESTLAKE MONTROSE

POLICE WEEK – May 12-20, 2018

Celebrated in Cleveland with the 33rd Annual Police Memorial Commemoration.

Hosted by The Greater Cleveland Peace Officers Memorial Society, the commemoration recognizes all law enforcement officers for their dedicated service, and honors those who died in the line of duty serving their communities. Please consider showing your support for our Safety and Armed Forces at any of the following events open to the public:

Saturday, May 12, 2018:

Grave Marker Placement. After a brief ceremony at 8:00 a.m. at the Greater Cleveland Peace Officers Memorial (GCPOM) located in Huntington Park, Lakeside Avenue and West 3rd Street, volunteers will travel throughout the region and place markers on the graves of the officers commemorated on the GCPOM.

Monday, May 14, 2018:

Candlelight Vigil. 8:00 p.m. at the GCPOM.

Thursday, May 17, 2018:

Cleveland Police Badge Case Ceremony. Begins at 11:00 a.m. Location to be determined.

Heroes Welcome. 8:00 p.m. to 12:00 a.m. at Wild Eagle Saloon, 912 Huron Road. Live music and complimentary appetizers.

Friday, May 18, 2018:

Parade! Steps off at 10:30 a.m. from Lakeside Avenue and East 12th Street, continuing along Lakeside Avenue to the GCPOM. Parade participants include officers from local, county, state and federal agencies throughout the U.S. and Canada; and surviving family members of officers who made the supreme sacrifice.

Memorial Service. All are encouraged to gather at the GCPOM at 11:30 a.m. immediately following the parade to "Keep the Promise" to never forget our fallen heroes. Join us at the re-dedication of the newly expanded Memorial prior to the service.

Luncheon. For parade participants immediately following the Memorial Service at the FOP Lodge 8 Hall, 2249 Payne Avenue.

New for 2018 Rib Roast. Police fellowship at CPPA Hall, 1303 West 58th Street from 6:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. \$25 (full slab) and \$15 (half slab) per person. For tickets contact (216) 337-3537 or *info@policememorialsociety.org*. Sponsored by Chicago P.D.

Saturday, May 19, 2018:

Cleveland International Tattoo. Highlighting the weekend will be the "Tattoo" at Jacobs Pavilion at Nautica at 7:00 p.m. A spectacular demonstration of pageantry, music, song, drill and dance. Featured performers include the United States Marine Corps Quantico Band, The Pipes and Drums of the Cleveland Police, and more!

After-Tattoo Party. Immediately following the Tattoo at Jacobs Pavilion featuring music by "SUMRADA".

For more information, please visit: PoliceMemorialSociety.org/Cleveland-International-Tattoo.

Call (216) 337-3537 with any questions or visit www.PoliceMemorialSociety.org

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