

## *Sun setting behind the Hill of Skryne 16th April 2020*



*Photo taken by Maurice Daly*

## Condolences

Our sincere sympathy goes to

The Duffy Family, Oberstown, on the death of Patsy

The McIntyre and Sheridan families on the death of Kitty McIntyre, Dunsany

The Gray family, Greenpark, on the death of Jimmy

To Catherine Hanley on the death of her sister Monica

The Corduff family on the death of Kathleen

To Kay Farrell and the Gaughan family on the death of Siobhan

To the Byrne family, Riverstown (Rathfeigh) on the death of Brendan.

May they rest in peace

## Dumping in Greenpark



The residents of Greenpark Lane were appalled when electrical items were dumped in the lovely stream that runs parallel to the road. The items included a Gateway 2000 Desktop and

an old Philips Video Player along with a selection of cables and attachments. Meath Co. Council have recycling facilities for such items. There is no need to dump them into the waterway.

A local technical man has removed the hard drive from the computer and is hopeful he may uncover some clues to the owner/users.

Our beautiful RST area is looking its best during this beautiful weather. Dumping is selfish. Dumping is vandalism. Let's keep the RST clean for the people who live here

## Situation Vacant

AN ENTHUSIASTIC PERSON IS REQUIRED FOR THE ROLE OF ACTIVITIES CO-ORDINATOR IN HILLVIEW NURSING HOME, LOCATED JUST 20 MINUTES FROM NAVAN AND 10 MINUTES FROM ASHBOURNE AND DULEEK. HOURS TO INCLUDE 11am - 4pm MONDAY TO FRIDAY.

QUALIFICATION IS DESIRABLE, BUT NOT ESSENTIAL. A DESIRE TO MOTIVATE AND ENGAGE WITH OUR RESIDENTS IS A MUST, THE IDEAL PERSON WILL HAVE GOOD COMMUNICATION SKILLS AND BE CREATIVE.

MUST HOLD A VALID DRIVERS LICENCE AS DRIVING OF MINI BUS MAY BE REQUIRED FOR OUTINGS.

PLEASE APPLY WITH CV TO [info@hillviewcare.ie](mailto:info@hillviewcare.ie)

## GAA Reminiscences from Norbert Coyle

Shy but victorious , the Meath under 16 team that beat Cavan in the Gerry Reilly U16 Football Final in Oldcastle 2017





## Skryne National School from Martin Kennedy

Welcome back after our very late Mid Term Break. Teachers, pupils and parents/guardians certainly all needed a well deserved rest after the hectic schedule of the past weeks. It can be tough sometimes to keep going but just like a long walk or run, there is nothing wrong with taking a short rest, catching your breath, then getting up and continuing on until you cross that finishing line. There is always a great sense of satisfaction in knowing that you never gave up and that you did achieve something. What seemed tough once upon a time is often not that bad when you look back from the other side. We are at that stage now as we face

into the final 3 weeks of this unprecedented year. ( I promised myself I wasn't going to use that word.....)

For the remaining weeks the teachers have been planning some very light touch activities to get you over that line. Can you stay the course with us?

Yesterday, although on "holidays", Rang 4 joined a Zoom call with Mr. Fanning and the wonderful staff at Tayto Foods to kick start the Potato Pals project they are running. We plan to follow the life cycle of the potato from planting right through to harvesting. We hope they grow up to be the best crisps in the world. No probably about that one! On Monday next we will get our seed potato packs with instructions at the school. Then it's home to plant and pray for some rain. It won't be our fault if the rain Gods listen to our prayers.

For all other classes we are planning a whole series of School Tours. Yes School Tours!! The great thing is we are not being limited to our 5km, 20km or even our County boundaries. We can go anywhere we want to this year and we are going to do it online. Stay in touch with your teacher via your classpage on our website and you will get all the information you need when the time is right. "Meath in May" was just great but "Jakarta/Jerusalem/Johannesburg/Jealoustown in June" may be every bit as good. We don't even need a passport - or any injections, just good internet. Hmmm.....

As well as that we have organised a Super Sports Day. Teachers will have sent you all a link and you should have registered by now. The plan is to practice seven simple activities over the next few weeks, time yourself, measure your distances etc and get better and better as you go. Then on June 27th. we take part in a National Sports Day where you can record your best 5 events on that day. This a "trust event" so we are relying on you to be totally honest - no cheating! We are going to have a prize for one person in each class who has completed 20 days of "training" in the lead up to the National Sports Day.

Go on, get involved and give it a go. We have already seen some wonderful long jump technique from Nathaniel and Cian. That Nathaniel fella is like a kangaroo!

Send us in some videos of your practice. Just be careful with the wellie throwing!

Yesterday we got the great news that the Covid restrictions are being relaxed a little quicker than had been originally planned. You can all take a great deal of credit from the way you have complied with what has been asked of you. This is the slight reward. If we continue to be careful and follow the protocols we may be able to move even faster to the next stage of the plan. It is a prize worth fighting for. Thank God that Meath has a coastline. It will be great to see the sea again. Mind you the 2km restrictions were tough going. I found it hard. A bit like the Kerry politician I have a confession to make too. Since the travel ban was introduced I have been to prison, I have recovered from a drug addiction, I have come out the other side of a very bad gambling addiction, I have worked as a spy for British Intelligence against the IRA, I have been inside the All Blacks camp, I was at the founding of the GAA in Thurles and I won an All Ireland Hurling medal in 1973 with Limerick!

Now before you start calling the Gardaí - or the men in white coats, let me explain. Reading can bring you to places you can normally only imagine

With all the extra time we have been given through Covid I have managed to catch up on some reading that normally waits until summer holidays or the sports are over. My books of choice are usually biographies so.....

I was in Mountjoy prison with prison officer John Cuffe ( *Inside The Monkey House*), I recovered from drug addiction in the company of Richie Sadlier( *Recovery*), I needed a second chance at this so took it again with Christy Dignam ( *My Crazy World*), my gambling addiction rehabilitation was with the help of Tony O'Reilly ( *Tony 10*), my spying for British agencies was with Martin McGartland ( *Fifty Dead Men Walking*), The All Blacks let me in with James Kerr ( *Legacy*), Paul Rouse took me the founding of the GAA and the first hurling All Ireland ( *The Hurlers*) and I won my All Ireland medal with Richie Bennis and Limerick ( *A Game that Smiles*). In fairness I win an All Ireland Hurling Medal most nights - in my dreams - but never with The Treaty Men.

Reading is amazing. It can take you to places that we can normally only aspire to. In fact many of these places we would never want to be in. It can inspire you. It can help you appreciate what we have and sometimes take for granted. It can bring clarity and understanding to your life. You are limited only by your imagination. You should never be bored. Pick up a book, get your ticket and fly to wherever you desire to go. Read.

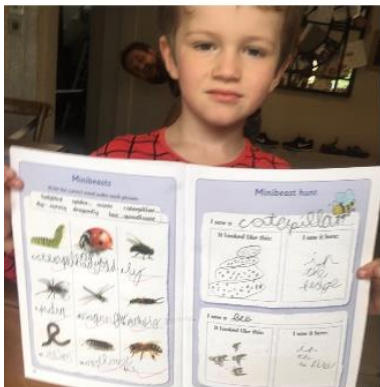
Excuse me now, I'm off to become a monk . ( *On Tuesday's I'm A Buddhist - Michael Harding*).

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On behalf of Sc. Cholmcille we the would like to add our voice of sympathy and condolence to Anne and all the extended Gray family on the passing of Jimmy. If ever the word gentleman needed to broken into syllables then "gentle - man" was made to fit for Jimmy. A real family man who hid behind his own wonderful gifts but basked with pride in the many talents of the wonderful family he built around him. We have no doubt but that the evening "sessions" upstairs have ramped up a notch or two as Jimmy is reunited with his many musical friends. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam dilís.

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Here is a selection of the varied and wonderful work that our pupils continue to send to their teachers. Check out our website for some more super work.







## Dingbats Challenge - Set 23

<p><b>D</b><sup>GO</sup></p>	<p>i i i i o o o o</p>	<p><b>SOCKS</b> <b>SOCKS</b></p>
<p>EVER EVER EVER EVER</p>	<p><b>Time</b> &amp; <b>Time</b></p>	<p>4) <u>HORSE</u></p>
<p><u>UR</u> <b>MY MIND</b></p>	<p>YOURi YOURi YOURi YOURi only</p>	<p>T O U C H</p>

Here are the answers to our Set 22

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### PAGE 22

- 1 Lost under a pile of books
- 2 Too depressed
- 3 Located
- 4 Going around in circles
- 5 High I.Q.
- 6 Uneven surface
- 7 All above board
- 8 Just between you and me
- 9 Double crosser

## The Beauty of June by Anne Frehill

Some years ago, I spent 6 months teaching in a Primary school. One glorious June morning a young girl came up to me and asked if she could sing a song she had learned from her Dad. I agreed, I suppose half-heartedly but I was not prepared for her delightful rendition of

“Oh, What a Beautiful Morning” (from Oklahoma). Her pure, melodious voice filled that classroom as 32 girls sat up and listened with rapt attention. I was delighted to see that one troubled child who had endured a recent tragedy in her own family was smiling broadly.

Afterwards, there was spontaneous applause initiated by the same little girl. There was an intimation of the divine in that effortless, unaffected young voice and it reminded me that like good poetry, music/singing can reach not only the far recesses of the mind but also touch the soul. And so, every June I recall those luminous minutes that light up an otherwise mundane morning.

There are many forms of beauty but for me it is the towering beauty of nature which outshines all the others. June`s resplendent array of roses, poppies, pansies and peonies along with its canopy of flowering shrubs and hedgerows are breath-taking. In the vegetable patch neat rows of lettuce, spinach and radishes show their young tender heads while the fields are covered with a carpet of deep green which in time will lead to a harvest of golden corn. An alien visiting our planet for the first time would surely be amazed to learn that such tiny seedlings will in due course be transformed into wheat, oats, and barley, which are staple foods in so many parts of the world.

Last June I visited the Royal Botanic Gardens in Kew, southwest London which was sheer heaven for the senses. The Rose Garden was enchanting with its heady mix of shrub roses, in the most delightful shades of peach, pink, red, orange, crimson, scarlet, white, cream and my own favourite yellow. Then there was the unforgettable scent from those magnificent flowers, some vaguely familiar while others although new to



me, were redolent of other times and transported me back to the days of the Big Houses complete with walled gardens. There was a profusion of butterflies, some well-known to me while I had only seen others in books, and bees, so important to our ecosystem were beavering away in the sunshine. Our Guide told us that they had almost 170 different varieties, many with the most beguiling of names from “Lady of Shalott” to “Crown Princess Margareta.” It is no surprise that roses, long a symbol of love and passion, have been appreciated down the centuries from the time of ancient Greece and Rome.

June, is believed to take its name from the Roman goddess, Juno, while the Irish name for June is Meiteamh. In Astronomical terms the first 20 days belong to Spring, but in general terms it is regarded as Summer. On June 21<sup>st</sup> comes the Summer Solstice, the longest day of the year. We are fortunate to have Archaeological sites in Meath which have been both well excavated and documented, these confirm that since the Neolithic age, the Summer Solstice has been celebrated at places such as Tara, Newgrange and Loughcrew. While Midsummer Eve, also known as St. John`s Eve, was of pagan origin, it came to be regarded as one of the most important dates in the rural calendar. When I was young my own dear father regaled me with colourful accounts of Midsummer celebrations from his childhood in Galway, the highlight being what he called “bonfire night” when bonfires were light on the hilltops so that they could be seen for miles around. There was much merry making including singing, dancing, and jumping through the actual flames by a few daring souls. He also liked to tell the tale of the “poor widow” who sent her son to the fair. The boy set off at sunrise on a fine June morning with a “yearling calf”. She warned him that he must only accept the highest penny in the fair for the calf or otherwise bring him back home. The poor boy who was not among the brightest of youths, announced this to all and sundry. A rogue cattle dealer took advantage of his innocence and held up a penny coin on the tip of his ashplant. The simple youth fell for the ruse and “sold” him the animal.

June also marks many monumental dates in world history, among them the Normandy landings or D-Day, on June 6<sup>th</sup> 1944 when the Allies attacked the German positions at Normandy, France. It lasted until August 1944 and marked the beginning of the end of war in Europe. In Ireland we celebrate Bloomsday on June

16<sup>th</sup> to commemorate the life of one of our own, writer James Joyce and his world- famous novel Ulysses, which regularly tops the best- novel -ever lists. In countries as diverse as Poland and Montenegro, I have been asked by local tour guides and Taxi drivers about Johnny Logan and James Joyce in that order. I cannot help but wonder how Joyce would have reacted to playing second fiddle to Johnny.

I will leave the last words about this joy filled month to that great English poet and Jesuit priest: Gerard Manley Hopkins. A line from “God`s Grandeur” captures how nature and the Divine are intricately woven.

“The world is charged with the grandeur of God”.

## Weekly Liturgy

Inspired by the weekly liturgy video created by Kilmessan parish, I would like to organise something similar for the parish of Skryne. With a very strong church community of readers, singers and parishioners I feel in the current climate it will help us link together through a new medium. I am looking for volunteers to take part and a smaller number to be part off the team to gather the content on a weekly basis. Work on this will be done through What`s app chat and videos.

Replies to Carmel 0868373135.

# La sa Phortach by Senan McGrath

“La sa phortach” - so began the composition, as Gaeilge, many of us would be familiar with from our national school days. However, writing about a day in the bog was no work of fiction as it was very much a part of rural life when I was growing up.

The bog evokes many different memories and sentiments some good and some not so good. However, we had to concede it provided us with much valuable fuel to keep the home fires burning throughout the long cold winter days and nights. In my home the Stanley range took pride of place as it cooked, baked and also provided our heating. It was the centre point of the kitchen and the humble sod of turf was the power that fuelled this machine.

The first task when arriving at the bog was to immerse your milk, water and bottles of Guinness for the older folk in a bog hole to keep it cool and wrap up your food well as there were many species of insects and bog lizards only too prepared to get stuck in.

The next task in the turf cutting process was to strip the bank to get down to the turf. This was of course the time before machine cut turf was all the go and so the sleam powered by John Eddie dug into the turf bank and produced the sodden sods of turf.

My job and that of my siblings was to spread the turf out to begin the drying out process. As I mentioned the turf was not cut by machine but John Eddie was the closest you could get to a machine, judging by the speed the sods came at you. It was often remarked that that he did not cut small and I can bear witness to that.

The bog could be an inhospitable place as it was devoid of any form of shelter from the summer sun and the heat radiated up from the bog floor to add to the discomfort.

The work would continue until lunch time when the kettle was boiled, the tea made, the Guinness consumed, as we sat down for a well earned rest. There around the fire many football and hurling games were won and lost, matters of national and international importance were discussed and resolved. But what was most memorable, you were there with your own people working together for the good of the family. Alas a number of them have now gone to their place of eternal rest.

From time to time you could take a short respite from the work and breathe in the sweet fragrance of the heathers and wild flowers that were in abundance in the bog and immerse yourself in the symphony of bird song composed and performed by the resident sky larks.

There were of course several other phases to saving the turf such as turning the sods, first footing, second footing and putting the turf out to the side of the road for transport home when dry enough. The speed of this process depended mainly on the weather and some years it could be a long drawn out exercise.

I can recall one time we borrowed a jennet from a neighbour to assist in taking the turf out of the bog. I had never worked in the bog with a jennet before at least not the four legged variety.

All was going well until for some inexplicable reason the dim witted beast took a notion to veer sharply to the right and sort of half bolted. Wherever he was planning to go he did not get there as he went straight into a large bog hole. Despite many efforts to coax, cajole, pull, drag, push, shove, everything short of outright violence he remained stuck fast.

Anybody who is familiar with a jennet will know this four legged creature will make no effort whatsoever to release himself or will give you no help when you try to do so. We had to enlist the help of several men working on adjoining plots of turf to free the entrapped beast.



I recall telling this story to a friend of mine over a pint of the black stuff one night. He listened very intently and nodded knowingly at different stages of my tale. When I finished he told me of a similar experience he had with an ensnared jennet and the methods they employed to encourage the dumb animal out of its entrapment.

I can only conclude we must be a far more civilised people in my part of the country as we would never have stooped so low as to inflict the methods he advocated on any poor dumb animal even the demented jennet I refer to.

The final phase was to take the turf home and this was a day to look forward to. As we loaded the turf into the tractor trailer or lorry it was the end of what at times could be a long drawn out battle with mother nature.

As the turf was transported home you sat aloft on your throne of turf like a King waving down to your loyal subjects as you went along the road. You were announcing to one and all that you had won the battle of the bog and all you needed now were the spuds dug and you were on the pigs back.

When the turf arrived home it was stacked with a skill handed down from father to son and the finished product resembled a bee hive hut built by the monks of old ready to withstand the harsh Atlantic rain and gales.

The years moved on and I was now living in the great metropolis of Dublin. I was around twenty two years of age and was on a visit home. In the earlier part of the summer the weather had been good and so the turf was saved and ready to be transported home. This was now the month of August and had been raining cats and dogs for a number of weeks rendering access to the bog almost impossible or so I was told.

However, fortune favours the brave and so my dad and I set out in a Mark 2, Ford escort van to battle with the elements. As we entered the old bog road we encountered a few floods but nothing to write home about. I was now beginning to wonder what all the fuss about until we rounded a sharp bend.

We were now looking into a river with no sign of a road and at this stage a sane man would have turned back. However, we had come too far to sound the retreat and so we went into the great unknown on a wing and a prayer or even an Escort van. We came through it okay and breathed a great sigh of relief.

Our respite was short lived as we were now looking into another raging torrent and I wondered what the hell I was after getting myself into. The foolishness of youth I suppose. However, once more we ventured forth like the explorers of old seeking out the New World. When we were half way through my dad pointed out the stack of turf just up ahead. At last there was light at the end of the tunnel or should I say turf at the end of the flood.

We loaded up the van with as much turf as we could fit in and turned to once more battle our way back, this time fully laden. We lived to tell the tale and on the way back the old man asked would I like to stop off for a pint in a village pub. Not alone did I want one but more I needed a pint as my nerves were now shot after our adventure. We sat up on the high stool as the black nectar was placed on the counter in front of us. We raised our glasses and drank deeply to celebrate bringing the turf home despite all the odds.

### **A Retired Bog Man**

## Naming The Fields by Maurice Daly

### **Naming the Fields of the Rathfeigh/Skryne/Tara area.**

In May 2008, the Meath Field Names Group was set up. The purpose of the project was to record and publish the “**Field Names**” of Co. Meath along with their **history, features, name origin and folklore**. The project was strongly supported by many organisations, societies, Meath Partnership, Heritage groups, business and private sponsors in the county.

As we are all well aware farming and ownership of land in Meath have changed considerably during the past 100 years. Field amalgamations, modern farming practices, motorways and new buildings have changed the rural landscape of the county resulting in old field names, local history and land folklore getting lost to make way for the changing process.

Several hundred volunteers participated in the research. The information gathered was published in a book in June 2013, “**The Field Names of Meath**,” Selling for €20, it was a ‘giveaway’. No one knows accurately what percentage of the fields were ‘covered’ but it’s unlikely to have been more than 50%. As they say, ‘a lot done but a lot more to do.’

The late and great Raymond Mooney and I volunteered to do Skryne and Rathfeigh. Little did we know the volume of the huge task we set for ourselves. There are about 40 townlands in the RST area. We covered only the following: **Baronstown, Loughanstown (with Joan Gallagher RIP), Macetown, Skreen, Branstown, Clowanstown, Colvinstown, Cookstown, Frankstown, Jealoustown, Ross, Scalestown, The Riggins, Trevet and Trevet Grange**. As you can see there are still lots of fields in many RST townlands waiting to be documented. Most of Rathfeigh hasn’t been touched and is waiting to be included in the fields’ data base.

As most of us are either in lockdown or cocoon or quarantine, maybe this is an ideal time to think about recording some more fields? Farmers and landowners, do your fields have names? Have the names been lost? Has your farm changed hands? Calling on the Tuesday Club members- when the locks are off and we burst from the traps and head for the RST building on Tuesday mornings, maybe we could discuss taking up this project on one day/night from October! All interested volunteers welcome. Next week, I will republish an article about “**Folklore and Anecdotes of Skryne and Rathfeigh**” that Ray and I wrote for the book in 2013.

Maurice Daly, May 2020.

# Rathfeigh National School from Seamus Tansley

On behalf of the staff and Board of Management of Rathfeigh National School I would like to express my condolences to the Gray family on the recent passing of Jimmy. Jimmy had a long link with Rathfeigh. Only a short number of years ago Jimmy stepped in at the last minute to play the piano for us at our First Communion in Rathfeigh Church. He did a marvellous job for us on the day. The word “gentleman” is often over used but in Jimmy’s case it is entirely merited. May he Rest in Peace.

## Sixth Class Pupils

At this time of year we should have been getting prepared for the end-of-year graduation celebrations. Of course this isn’t a normal year. Instead of experiencing the varied emotions of the children leaving Rathfeigh with a mixture of tears and laughter our sixth class pupils haven’t been inside the school gates since March 12<sup>th</sup> and we will have to think of alternative ways of saying goodbye. The graduation Mass in Rathfeigh is always the highlight of the school year for me. Our school motto is “Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow”. On graduation night the children in 6<sup>th</sup> class reflect on the eight years that have passed since they came into Rathfeigh as innocent four and five year olds. They talk about the memories and friendships that were created in their time in Rathfeigh. Memories are very powerful and are personal to us all. The American author Og Mandine said that “ **the greatest legacy we can leave our children is happy memories**”. I’d like to think that we do this well in Rathfeigh. The children will definitely look back positively at the last eight years in Rathfeigh and the memories will be too numerous to mention. In that time most will have received their First Communion and Confirmation. They will have enjoyed the centenary of the 1916 celebrations, the numerous tours and field trips, the retirement party, sports day, rounders and football matches, the “Beast from the East” and of course the ice-cream vans!! Unfortunately, a blight in this will be the coronavirus pandemic. All these experiences, good or bad, have moulded them into the fantastic young adults that they now are. I personally will miss them hugely having thought the class in 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup>. I will remember their laughter on a daily basis and the occasional tears. Although the year is not ending satisfactorily it is not the end. We hope to have a graduation when it is safe to do so and the end-of-year booklets are currently being prepared. President Higgins has written a nice message to 6<sup>th</sup> class pupils.

## MESSAGE BY PRESIDENT MICHAEL D. HIGGINS

May I send my very best wishes to all of you children as you enter the final weeks of your primary school years.

I know that these last two months have been difficult for you, for your teachers and your parents. To those of you who have lost loved ones may I offer my deepest sympathies. Many of you, I know too, are worried about relatives who are ill or maybe lonely. I know, from so many who have written to me, that you are of course missing grand-parents, cousins or neighbours that you haven’t seen for some time.

All of you will have greatly missed being with all your school friends and teachers. For example, the cancellation or postponement of Confirmations, sports days, school concerts, graduation ceremonies and other events which would traditionally mark and celebrate the end of your time in primary school will, no doubt, have been a source of disappointment for so many of you.

As President of Ireland I have been very impressed with the way in which all of you have responded, risen to the challenges, continued to learn at home, working with your teachers and parents. You have found all sorts of imaginative ways to remain in touch with your



friends and pursue your hobbies, while at the same time always putting the safety of others, including your relatives and neighbours, ahead of your own wishes and plans. Those are achievements of which you can all be very proud indeed.

While this last term in primary school has, in many ways, been difficult for you, it is my great hope that it has also allowed you to experience something very important about your school days. You have learned that your school is not just a building containing a series of classrooms where lessons are held, tests are sat and homework is corrected. A school is so much more than that.

School is where you have been making friends, working together in teams, discovering your talents and developing them to the best of your ability. School is where we celebrate all that we have in common with each other while recognising and respecting the differences that make each of us unique.

School is where we learn how to be part of a community and, most importantly, how to include others in that sense of community, by being kind and supportive and generous.

School and home are places where we release our creativity and begin to realise our great potential as citizens, and the importance of becoming a person who works with others to make our society a better place.

Although your school buildings have been closed now for many weeks, the fact that you have remained united has shown that there are some things that no lockdown can ever postpone, shut down, cancel or take from you, including the connection you share with your fellow pupils, your teachers, and with all those who have made school and your community such an important part of your life.

In September you will be commencing a new and exciting chapter of your lives during which I hope that all of you will be able to look back on your years in primary school with gratitude, affection, and humour too.

As you now say goodbye to your primary school years, and look forward to your first year in secondary school, may I wish each and every one of you every happiness as you continue your educational journey.

President Michael D. Higgins

### **School closed – Work continues!**

I would like to thank Mrs Vaughan, Mrs Campbell, Ms Reynolds, Ms Ward, Helen (secretary) and Jackie (caretaker) for their dedication and commitment to the school during these difficult times. Despite the school being closed all our school staff are working very hard. All teachers are currently preparing their school reports and working on booklists for September. They are continuing with Zoom sessions and the online learning platforms with their pupils. Helen is busy doing a million and one things in the office and Jackie is flat out organising the school inside and out. Thanks everyone!!!

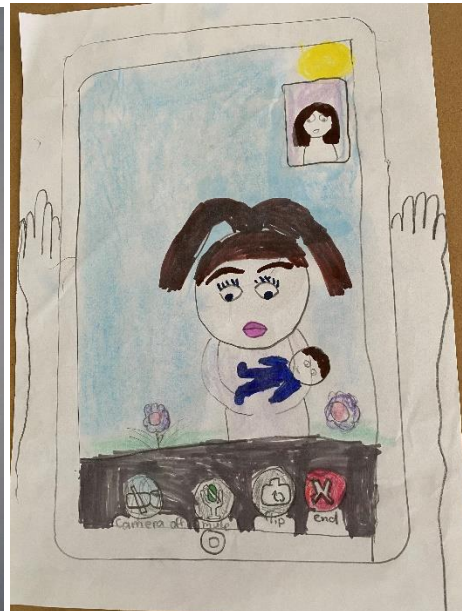
### **Art Competition**

We had a great response from all classes to the “Keeping Connected” art competition. The variety of entries

was amazing and it's going to be difficult for the class teachers to choose a winner from each class. Some of the entries from the various classes can be seen below.

### Parents' Association

We are lucky in Rathfeigh to have a positive and vibrant Parents' Association. Our Parents' Association, and in particular Bridget Copeland, does a mammoth job ordering, covering and labelling books to be ready for all pupils for the start of the 2020/21 school year. We will let parents/guardians know in the next few days the procedures that will be in place for the return of school books to the school.









## Memories from Eoin Hickey

*This extract is taken from Eoin's memoir titled 'Growing Up In Skryne'*

Mr and Mrs Hickey

Before moving on to Skryne I would like to give a short description of my parents, the couple who made this great, brave move to the country in 1948.

My father, Noel Sydney, was born in 1916 and brought up in Westmeath. He went as a boarder to St Columba's College in Dublin from where he went straight to work.

My mother has been described as a high achiever. She managed somehow to go to Alexandra College in Dublin and from there to work her way through Trinity College, graduating in 1938.

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The Parish of Skryne

The very large parish of Skryne and Rathfeigh stretches from the Navan Road (N3) to the Slane Road (N2) and in some cases beyond, catering, in the Fifties, for some two thousand souls in two chapels and two new national schools.

We were a Protestant family, by then of five children, the two girls Netta and Caroline having been born in Skryne Castle. There was then a Protestant church at Lismullen and often Sir Robert Dillon of Lismullen and our family were the only attendees on Sundays – more about Sir Robert and the church later.

My twin brothers, Robin and Peter came of school going age in 1949 and decisions had to be made. My mother did do some home education however the C of I authorities in Navan thought that we should go to their national school at Flower Hill – they offered to send a hackney car (a country style taxi service) each day, seven miles in and out, but my mother wasn't too keen on the idea. A visit to the Parish Priest, Fr. Gerald Cooney followed. They were to become lifelong friends, the good priest and herself having a mutual interest in history and in particular Meath antiquity. He welcomed us into the school and assured that there would be no discrimination - and there wasn't!

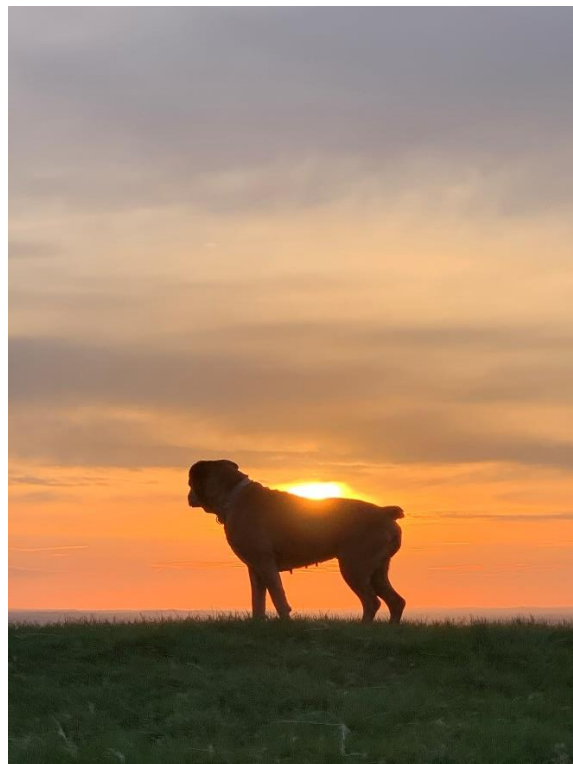
It was my mother's wish that we should grow up in the community and "busing" to Navan wasn't really a runner.

## Some Recent Photos

Sunset in Skryne 9th May just below the church taken by Karen Carty



Our dog Holly on the Hill of Tara taken by Sinead Maguire



TWIN SOCKS by KILSPINDIE  
 WOOL LINED FOR EXTRA COMFORT  
 SHORT STYLE 9/11 pair.  
 LONG STYLE TO KNEE 10/11 pair.

**Dunnes** THE PREMIER HOUSE  
 CROSS STREET, KELLS Tel. 37

WIDE WEB BRACE ..... 9/6 pair  
 3 years wear guaranteed.

# Meath Chronicle

AND CAVAN AND WESTMEATH HERALD

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 Bear Brand Tights, Super Stretch.  
 As advertised on TV.  
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 CROSS STREET, KELLS Tel. 37

VOL. 74.

NAVAN, SATURDAY, 9th MAY, 1970

PRICE 9d.

## Letters to the Editor Youth Club.

I am indebted to Miss Catherine Farrell, Oberstown House, Tara, the esteemed hon. secretary of Skryne and Rathfeigh Youth Club, for this interesting account of the club's activities:—

"The club was established in November, 1968, and now has a membership of 120. Meetings are held each Saturday night in the Matt Talbot Hall. Entertainment consists of debates, discussions and question times in various forms. Each night is concluded with dancing to records.

"Recently youth clubs from neighbouring districts have visited us and enjoyed the night's entertainment very much. On this Saturday we have much pleasure in inviting Dunshaughlin Macra na Feirme Club and a large attendance is expected.

"The most important activity carried out by the club this year was our highly successful variety show—'Skryne Scenics'—and it is hoped that the interest among the members in such a show will be even greater next year.

"At present the committee members are planning an excursion for members and suggestions for it will be most welcome. The club will be closing for the summer on 23rd May and it is hoped to have made final arrangements for the excursion before then."

The club held a tramps ball last night (Wednesday).

## ELIZA MATILDA LYNCH TRUST

A NUMBER OF

# SCHOLARSHIPS

WILL BE AVAILABLE UNDER THE ABOVE TRUST FOR THE COURSE COMMENCING

SEPTEMBER, 1970

AT THE SALESIAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, DRUMREE CO. MEATH.

The scholarships are designed to impart a sound technical knowledge and practical experience in Agriculture and Horticulture and are open to boys over 16 and under 20 years of age on September 1st next, who are sons of Irish citizens. Preference will be given to candidates born or ordinarily living in the County of Meath.

The scholarship examination will be held on Wednesday, 1st July, at the above College, the subjects being English, Mathematics and an oral test.

The standard of the examination will be such as to determine the general intelligence and suitability of the candidate to benefit from the type of education and training referred to above.

ENTRANCE FORMS can be obtained by application with a stamped-addressed envelope to the

REV. RECTOR,  
 SALESIAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,  
 DRUMREE,  
 CO. MEATH.

Not Later Than Saturday, 13th June.

WESTMEATH AGRICULTURAL SHOW SOCIETY

## Jim Tobin & Firehouse Showband

COUNTY HALL, MULLINGAR  
 TUESDAY NEXT, 19th MAY

Dancing 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. — ADMISSION 10/-.



**ADVERTISING**

Original advertisements for circulation in weekly or monthly issues, 2s. per line. Each column will be charged 1s. for the first insertion, and 6d. for each subsequent insertion. For long advertisements, special rates will be made. For advertising in the "Cavan and Westmeath Herald," please apply to the Editors, 10, St. John's Street, Dublin.

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Office—**NAVAN and KELLS.**

# Meath Chronicle

AND  
**Cavan and Westmeath Herald.**

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The Manager, "Meath Chronicle,"  
**NAVAN and KELLS.**

NEW SERIES, VOL. IV.—16

[REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.]

KELLS, SATURDAY, MAY 8th, 1920.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

cumann na gceas lúit ngevealaic.

## Leinster Championships.

### Hurling and Football!

1st Round.

# LOUTH v. MEATH

At Dundalk,  
 On SUNDAY, 9th MAY, 1920.

Hurling at 2.0 p.m. (New Time).  
 Football at 3.15 p.m. (New Time).

Admission 6d. and 1s.

## BARRACKS RE-BURNED.

### Lismullen and George's Cross Police Barracks Gutted.

George's Cross and Lismullen (Dillon's Bridge) Barracks, which were partially destroyed by fire on Easter Saturday night, were the scenes of further conflagrations on Friday night of last week, when both were completely gutted. In George's Cross there now remains but the bare walls, and the coach-houses adjoining has also been burned to the ground. Dillon's Bridge Barrack has also been completely wrecked, the embers being still well alight on Sunday. The debris at George's Cross were also smouldering on Sunday.

## GAELIC PASTIMES.

### SUNDAY'S CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES.

#### THE MEATH TEAMS.

The following is the Meath pick for the Louth-Meath football championship on Sunday at Dundalk:—B. Carey (goal), J. Hickey (captain), G. Cudden, C. Cudden, J. Curtis, J. Ledwidge, T. M'Govern (Rathkenny), T. Kelly, M. Rafferty, P. Casey, Peter Wallace, P. Kenan, J. Mulligan (Navan Harps), M. M'Ginn, J. Tuite, — Dermody, — Kearney (Oldcastle), W. Dillon (Lobinstown). Cars leave Navan at 12 o'clock (new time).

The following have been selected to represent Meath in the hurling tie with Louth at Dundalk on Sunday next:—Jim White, M. M'Grane, T. Cavanagh and John Ward (Athboy); Tom Egan, Mick Keogh, Mick Jiles, John Jiles, Pat Kelly, Joe Kelly and Larry Nolan (Trim); Peter M'Case (Ratoath); Tom Connolly, Pat Dixon, Joe Cunningham, Pat Cunningham, Pat Colclough and Stephen Kelly (Killyon).

## LOCAL SNAPSHOTS.

The opening of the Meath Polo Club's season on Tuesday at Garlow Cross was favoured with splendid weather. Meath is the first club to restart the game.

Ugly Duckling is locally regarded the "the thing" for the Kempton Jubilee on Saturday.

**ADVERTISING**

Special Advertising rates are available for 10 weeks or longer in the following: Each advertisement inserted in the paper, in any class, is charged at the rate of 10s. per line for the first week and 8s. per line for each subsequent week. Single insertions are charged at 12s. per line.

Subscriptions: Yearly 10s. 10s.  
Half-Yearly 5s. 5s.  
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Date 2s. 2s.

Advertisements are accepted for insertion on the following conditions:—  
1. Advertisements must be prepaid.  
2. Advertisements must be accepted by the Manager, "Meath Chronicle", Messrs. NAVAN and KELLS, at their offices, 11, St. John's Street, Dublin.

# Meath Chronicle

AND

Cavan and Westmeath Herald.

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Posters, Condensed Sales, Memorandums, Bill Heads, Circulars, Concert Programmes, Catalogues, Legal Forms, Business Tickets, Note Bindings, Memorandum Cards, Handbills, Writing and Account Book Manufacturing, a Specialty.

Specialists in the preparation of the Manager, "MEATH CHRONICLE," NAVAN and KELLS.

NEW SERIES, VOL. IV—21.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER)

KELLS, SATURDAY, MAY 22nd, 1920.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

## DUNSHAUGHLIN RURAL DISTRICT.

The Council of the above District will, at their Meeting on Tuesday, the 25th instant, receive and consider Tenders for the Sinking of two Pump Wells, and erecting Pumps therein, viz., one at Dunsany Schoolhouse and one at Macetown. Skreen E. D., in accordance with Specification to be seen at Dunshaughlin Workhouse at reasonable hours.

Solvent Security will be required for the due performance of the work.

The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

By Order,

F. MORRIS,

Clerk of the Council.

Dated 11th May, 1920.

**A Dance**

Will be held in the I.T. & G.W.U. Hall, at Skryne, on To-morrow, Sunday, 23rd Inst.

## GAELIC PASTIMES.

### MEATH'S DOUBLE DEFEAT.

At Dundalk on Sunday, Meath and Louth met in the first round of the 1920 championship in hurling and football, in presence of a large crowd, and the home team won both matches by a comfortable margin. It was expected that Meath hurlers, at least, would bring home the honours, but they failed ingloriously, Louth winning by 1 goal and 4 points to 1 point. The football match was vigorously contested and Meath should have won, but the scoring department was as faulty as it well could be and many easy chances were missed in both halves. The final scores stood—Louth 5-2; Meath 3-4. Mr. McGrath, Dublin, refereed both games.

## LOCAL SNAPSHOTS.

There was no court held in George's Cross on Tuesday, for there is no courthouse there to hold it in. An excellent reason.

Ugly Duckling's failure in the Kempton Jubilee was a big blow to Meath backers. The "Daily Mail" attributes the horse's defeat to an umbrella blown in front of him from the hand of a spectator at a critical period. Hard luck, but the horse is able to make amends.

## From the Archives

The following appeared in 'Rathfeigh Remembers' which was published in 2004

### ***School in the 60's 1964 - 1971***

***By: Margaret McCann***

I started Rathfeigh School in 1964, and left in 1971. The Ireland of 40 years ago was a very different country to the Ireland of today, and the school of 40 years ago was a very different school to the school of today. It wasn't just that we didn't have computers or internet access. Though, obviously we couldn't have had. We didn't have a phone for much of my childhood, or a television, and we never had a foreign holiday or a Chinese takeaway. But these are just accessories: the real differences were much bigger than that.

We were a bit poor. Oh, we weren't Angela's Ashes poor.....some of us did walk to school, but we had fine shoes and schoolbags with books and lunches in them. So, we weren't hungry-poor or half-dressed poor. At least, most of us weren't. We weren't poor like most of our parents had been in childhood, but we weren't well-off as we are today. We had enough. We would have spun wish-lists of toys from television adverts, and been fussy about pizza toppings and wanted designer footwear, had such things existed. But, the advertisers were focused on fluke control, supermarkets were in their infancy, and we had no real fashion sense. We got toys from Santy, and shop-cake on Sunday and new clothes when we grew out of the old ones. At Easter, and at the end of the year, or if we'd been good for the inspector, the teachers gave us sweets, and we would be thrilled in a way we wouldn't have been if we were more used to them. When the Library changed, and we had access to a couple of dozen different books, it was magical in a way it could never have been if we had any notion of what a good bookshop full of new books was like. And the annual Excursion was the most exciting day in the year. We never got to Disneyworld, but we did get to the Zoo where we could buy those fat pencils with tassels hanging from the top, and maps of Ireland painted on them.

We were changing. When I started school, forty thousand people a year emigrated because there were no jobs, although we didn't know that, and I don't remember any family emigrating from the parish. The country was poor, and there was little by way of educational resources at the beginning. We had two classrooms and two teachers trying to juggle eight classes and hoping the school wouldn't be closed down and merged with Skryne. As infants, in the Small Room, we had marla and we made little plump, shiny men with spindly legs and arms from chestnuts, and we loved playing with our boscai, shoe-boxes of bits and pieces which Mrs. Lydon transformed into treasure-troves. She chased three of us around the class-room, pretending she was the farmer's wife and we were three blind mice. She did her best with very little. In the Big Room, our readers and books were like black-and-white television, stilted and serious and sombre. We memorised tables, and did spelling-tests and spent loads of time on Irish, without ever learning

much, and we learnt off the towns of the country and their industries, shirt-making in Derry and mining in Arigna, but mostly tanning and bacon-curing elsewhere. And then we got colour television and Maurice Daly and felt-tip markers and things brightened up some. Teaching aids were shyly introduced. We got a black felt cloth to which we stuck sand-paper-backed cardboard cut-outs of Oisín on his horse and Niamh and Oisín falling off his horse and we acted out their conversations in Irish. We got lots of coloured charts about Road Safety and Swimming Safety and how Smoking Kills. And we got a map of the world, and little cardboard things with pins in them, each representing a ship in the Irish Merchant Navy, the 'Irish Oak', the 'Irish Ash', the 'Irish Elm' and we'd get posted to us details of their routes and cargoes. 'Follow the Fleet' it was called. And we'd follow them. Back and over across the Atlantic mostly. It took them ages. They brought the same cargo over and back for years. It was very boring really. None of us ever ran away to sea. We learnt that much.

We were patriotic. There wasn't really an option. In the adult world, big celebrations marked the 50th anniversary of the 1916 Rising. It was no joke in 1966, the Rising. We had Mass in the School and everyone came. We got an embossed Declaration of Independence for the wall. We learnt History. The English were bad, though there was an odd good one. The Irish were great, the odd traitor excepted. They were poor and persecuted and Catholic and they fought and died for their religion and their language and their freedom and their country. We were taught rebel-songs, though no-one thought of them as rebel-songs. It was just 'Ceol'....a bang of the tuning-fork, and we'd be off. 'God Save Ireland, cried the heroes'.....'the pikes will be together for the Rising of the Moon'.....we sang our brave little hearts out. We only learnt Irish History, and the book sort of stopped around 1922. It might as well have said that we all lived happily ever after. By the time I left school, we had the Troubles in the North, and learnt that history keeps making itself.

We were religious. Well, we had to be, there was a lot of it about. Everyone went to Mass, and Fr. Cooney was bigger than the Beatles in our young lives. We had the Catechism. No pictures or gentle thoughts. Just a lot of hard questions and direct answers. We were in training for First Confession and First Communion and Confirmation for months. These were the big events in our school lives. We had Confessions in the school. We'd queue up in the hall, our hands held together prayerfully, trying to memorise our sins, the venial ones and the mortal ones. We were terrified of making something called a Bad Confession, which is when you left one out, and it was worse than making no Confession at all. We brought in flowers for the Virgin Mary in May, and said more prayers than usual. We collected blackberries for the Black Babies on the missions, though, to this day, I have no idea what use a wooden barrel of moulding berries could be to any baby anywhere. Though they might have been rose hips. But we collected something for them. Oh, and pennies.....we collected pennies for Black Babies, when a penny



was a lovely big coin with a big fat hen and chickens on it, and it hurt a bit to be parted from it. We prayed every morning before school, and sometimes we'd be asked to pray for the teacher's special intention, and we prayed even harder than usual, because it was secret and special. We prayed for a vocation, for us personally, and in a sort of general way, because not everyone would be lucky enough to get a calling. We knew all about St. Patrick, and we learnt off prayers by heart and we had great hymns. No guitars or dance routines, and to be honest, not much by way of music, but great poetry....' Hail Queen of Heaven, the Ocean Star, guide of the wanderer here below'. And , for Sr. Patrick's Day, 'Faith of Our Fathers'..... . 'In spite of dungeon, fire and sword'. And lovely Christmas carols.

We were gender-very-incorrect. We didn't know that. The only thing we knew about gender was what Mrs. Mooney taught the big classes in grammar. Our mothers all worked in the home. In school, we had our own system of apartheid that was a microcosm of the world outside. There was a Boy's Yard and a Girl's Yard. There was one football, a fine leather one, and the boys got to play with it, practising to get on the Meath team, while we girls played 'the Farmer Wants a Wife' practising to break bones. The boys lit the fire which warmed no-one and the girls washed the teachers' cups after lunch, and the tiled floors of the corridor. The boys got off school to serve Mass and the girls arranged lilac in jars for the May altar.

For some of the classes, the boys did History and Geography, getting ready for the future by learning about the past and the present, while we girls did Knitting and Sewing, preparing for the future by turning heels and darning. When the future did come, there wasn't much call for knitting or sewing and things sorted themselves out.

We were slapped. Some of us just a little, some of us quite a lot. But, we were all slapped at some time or other. It was the oddest thing, looking back, but we didn't think it odd at the time. We knew not to complain to our parents if we had been slapped, because we'd get no sympathy and maybe a parental slap to match. They had been slapped in their day, and it never did them a bit of harm, it seems.

We were part of an amazing period in Irish history. We didn't see it at the time. But, looking back, I can see it now. When I started school, Ireland was a threadbare and isolated place. While I was at primary school, the Rolling Stones played in Dublin, secondary education became free, we got school buses, teachers went on strike for decent pay, farmers went on strike and some of them went to jail, we applied for membership of the E.E.C., the Women's Liberation movement was formed in Dublin, we watched on our televisions the first man walk on the moon, Dana won the Eurovision, we got decimal currency. And Ireland began to dress up and get out a bit. And so did we.



**Rathfeigh School 1969**

**Back row from left:** John Burke, Bernadette O'Rourke, Sean Curry, Carmel McCann, Sean White, Philomena Nolan, Colette Clarke, Kevin O'Rourke, Gerry White, Colm O'Rourke, Christina Tobin. **Middle row from left:** Ann Browne, Helena Burke, Christopher Browne, Moira Murphy, Jacqueline Kennedy, Philomena McCann, Anne Gallagher, Sally McFadden. **Front row from left:** Marina Curran, Philomena Clarke, John Ruane, Mary Coffey, Patrick Curran, Geraldine Farrelly, Linda Kennedy, Vincent Byrne, Paddy Ryan, Basil Curran. **Teacher in back row:** Mr. Joe Joyce

## The Night Sky by Tony Canavan

It was possible to photograph Crescent Moon, Mercury nearby and Venus setting in the evening sky towards the end of May although Mercury was very faint compared to Venus (but was visible to naked eye). There was some white stratus cloud about in the evening so patience was required.

**June 6<sup>th</sup>:** Comet Swan is to the left of Capella, over the setting sun, in the evening sky about 11 pm (altitude 13 degrees, azimuth 330 degrees). It is only magnitude 5 or 6. It was expected to be magnitude 3 (lower numbers mean brighter object), however it may be visible through binoculars.

**June 8<sup>th</sup> & 9<sup>th</sup>:** Jupiter, Saturn and moon all together from 1 am onwards. A nearly full moon is just to the right of Jupiter and Saturn on 8<sup>th</sup> June and just under the two planets on 9<sup>th</sup> June.

**June 13<sup>th</sup>:** From 3 am we have Neptune (requires a telescope, possible binoculars with minimum light pollution), Mars and crescent moon all in a vertical line (altitude 8 degrees azimuth 118 degrees) with Saturn and Jupiter to the south (azimuth 165), well worth getting out of bed at 3 am and to watch in the stillness of the night). Could catch all in a photograph with wide angle lens. This scenario continues through much of June. Mars starts to get higher and brighter in the sky during June and will be at its closest approach to earth since 2018 in October of this year.

### Spaceflight:



The Dragon DM-2 docking with ISS on 31<sup>st</sup> May 2020

Those of us who watched the first moon landing on our black & white television sets July 20<sup>th</sup> 1969 could not but feel a similar sense of awe and pride at this achievement.

Astronauts: Robert L. Behnken and Douglas G. Hurley

This is the first crew launch from KSC (Kennedy Space Centre) since last shuttle launch in 2011. The astronauts are the first to fly a commercial rocket and one with a reusable stage (Falcon 9 Block V). Nine Merlin engines gave the initial thrust at lift off and they were then released, as the second stage rocket powered the craft, through the now thin atmosphere, to a speed of 17,000 mph (orbital velocity) i.e. the craft was travelling so fast, at just the right angle, that it started to continuously fall around the earth.

The rocket crossed Ireland with notification to Shannon in case SpaceX had to ditch in the Atlantic. In such a scenario Shannon would be the Rescue Co-ordination Centre. All was controlled from Space X Mission Control Centre in California. It had only two astronauts on board. It took about 20 hours to dock with International Space Station. This brought the crew numbers back to five on the ISS (2 cosmonauts and 3 American astronauts). The video coverage live from NASA was quite spectacular.

The Americans have had to use Russian Soyuz rockets and pay the Russians since 2011. The use of commercial companies has already reduced the cost of space travel and created innovation. This has already massively increased the American share of the commercial market.



## My Brother's Scribblings by Norbert Coyle

*From my older brother, Vincent, a young man with no family and nothing to do except sail around the world two or three times a year*

Simple scribbles from sunny Spain...230516

Gentle folk and those of you who love...really love...I'll get to that later.

I got an email from a lad this morning. This chap has spent long sojourns in many continents. He studied and taught all about the great thinkers of our time and times past. Aristotle and Plato and Epictetus and lads of that ilk are as familiar to him as you are with the next door neighbour.

He knows a thing or two about Decartes...Newman...Keats....Joyce  
...Yeats...Wilde...and a myriad of other lads known for their innate capacity to "put it lovely".

He came home recently in order to mix with his tribe and become grounded again.

Hardly home until he met a local lad and they discussed a neighbour whose wife has serious Alzheimer's and is confined to a home where she is cared for but unaware of anything.

Another neighbour approached the husband in question and said.....

And here I'll quote directly from the email lest I make the proverbial pyjama of the cat out of it....

You'll hop and trot around for a while before you encounter a four word phrase that contains so much simple, undiluted love.

Someone said to him 'Shur you don't have to visit her every day – she doesn't know you.'

The answer: ' *But I know her.* '

I'm outa here.....who could add to this ???

Gather the bits of road that were  
Not gravel to the traveller  
But eternal lanes of joy  
On which no man who walks can die

## Wildlife – Photos taken by Tom Bannon

Two local characters enjoying the good weather and long evenings in the lush grass meadows ....





## Birdwatching by Tom Bannon

### RST Buzzards – A Good News Story

Tough couple of weeks for buzzards across Ireland with reports emerging from county Cork about the illegal poisoning of buzzards there. A landowner discovered dead buzzards on his farm and contacted the National Parks and Wildlife Service (NPWS). A subsequent search of adjoining land revealed a total of 23 dead buzzards.

In Kilternan, Co Dublin, last week there were also reports of a nesting buzzard attacking walkers forcing one man to get a tetanus shot as a precaution.

Here in the RST area where the bird continues to thrive, delighted to report that there have been no incidents of buzzards menacing anyone and nice to report a good news story that the buzzards are nesting here again this year.

The return of buzzards to Ireland is regarded in most quarters as a conservation success story, where they are now back breeding in every county in Ireland. When driving you will regularly see them perched on light poles along the motorways all across the country.

The RST area with its hills, vast fields of farmland, mature woodlands and trees is a ready made habitat for large birds of prey. Buzzards enjoy open country where they can soar easily and hunt for prey. They prefer to capture live prey, though I've observed them occasionally feeding on a dead farm animal carcass.

Ploughed fields or stubble fields are also a great place to spot them as they stay on the ground in the open field hunting for earthworms. They will patiently watch from a favourite perch and wait to swoop down on other unsuspecting birds or small rodents arriving at the new food supply.

A familiar spectacle here in this area on a sunny day are buzzards with a wingspan of over 1.30m (48 inches) circling and calling above you in the sky usually being mobbed by a number of crows.

While out walking, you will hear the distinctive "meowing" call of the buzzard who has caught sight of you usually long before you have spotted it, marking your arrival in their territory and warning other buzzards as they fly off to another perch to monitor your progress through the area.

We have a number of breeding pairs here right across the RST area and I have been lucky over the past number of years to watch and photograph a number of pairs build their nests, raise their broods and watch young birds taking their first flights.

I was delighted to be contacted last weekend by someone who thought they may have a buzzard nesting on their land and they were anxious as they had read the reports on the internet from County Dublin. With their suspicions confirmed and fears allayed, they and their family will have a lovely opportunity over the coming months to monitor one of our largest birds of prey up close.

Like any bird's nest, any encroachment or new work suddenly starting around nesting sites should be avoided if possible or taken with great care as all birds will defend their nest and young from intruders so common sense prevails.

Most observations of nests can be carried out discretely at a safe distance and would not cause nesting birds to abandon the nest and allow this magnificent bird to continue to flourish in the area for many years to come.

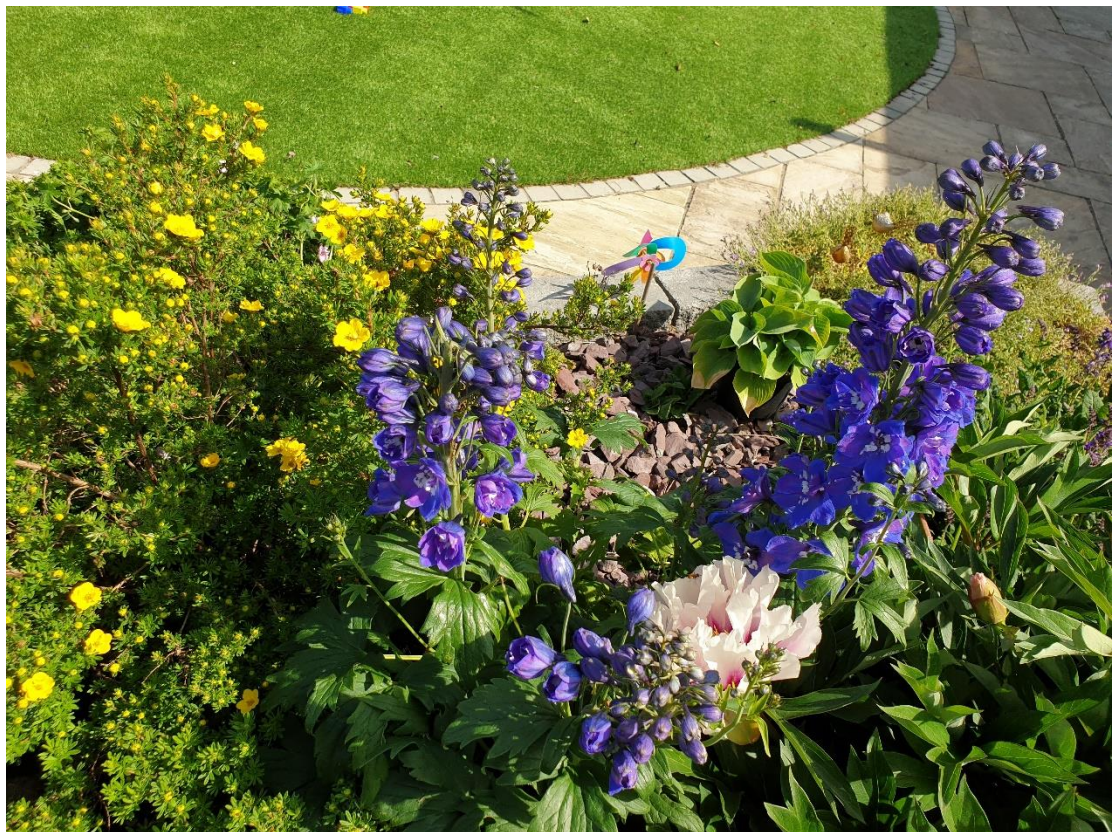
Long may we watch them soaring to the sky over Co Meath.





## Garden Photos taken by Sinead O'Rourke

Flora enjoying the sunshine in Nana Eileen O'Rourke's garden in Edoxtown.





## Poetry Corner

### *Relief by Brian Smith*

(I)

There's sometimes a strange peace in sadness  
When our heart is laid bare by some loss.  
A quaint sort of feeling half gladness  
That lightens the load of our cross.  
I have felt it oft-times in the glooming  
All alone save the comrade of grief.  
As my thoughts from this earth went a-homing  
From sadness to bring me relief.

(II)

For each one in life there's a sorrow  
Oft sent to make known our weak state.  
But for each one there's surely a morrow  
If only with patience we wait.  
And when gloom spreads its mantle all o'er me  
And my hope tries to steal like a thief  
Sure I know there's a dawn still before me  
From sadness to bring me relief.



*This is from Brian's 'Collected Poems'*

## Old Farm Machinery by Tom Bannon

*Can you name these two old pieces of farm equipment? Answers in next week's RST*



*Last week's machines:*

*Horse Drawn Howard Drill Plough, used for opening and closing drills for potatoes, turnips etc.*

*Horse Drawn Wheel Rake, used for to row and rake hay*

## COVID 19 Community Support Group and Club Together

As you are aware Skryne GFC joined forces with the Active First Responders a few weeks back to form the local COVID 19 Community Support volunteer group to help local people most in need however we can in these restricted times. Since then the GAA has partnered with SuperValu and Centra to help keep the most vulnerable of us to keep well stocked up with essentials to get through these difficult times. As part of this “Club Together” initiative Skryne GFC have partnered with Supervalu Johnstown who will contact the COVID 19 Community Support group to assist with the delivery of groceries to the more vulnerable in our parish. This will be a drop and go service to ensure all physical distancing guidelines set out by the HSE will be adhered to all times.

I hope you will agree this could be a great help to the more isolated in the parish so please spread this message out to all your local contacts that may require the service or may know someone who does. The service will be up and running in the coming week with details advertised on all Skryne GFC social media platforms.

Thanks again and mind yourselves!

COVID 19 Community Support group

Cormac Grendon 0879409677

Ross Philips 0879798822

Des Manning 0860584116.

Stephen Naughton 0872225572;

Niall Muldoon 0852091801;

Sean O Regan 0868145169

Christy O Connor 086 2854057

Declan Smyth 087-2504983

A.F.R. (9 am - 6pm) 0868853713.

Please contact any of us for further information or assistance



## Notices

### **Local Handy Man Available**

#### **SERVICES PROVIDED:**

- Carpentry / Wooden Floors / Cabinet Making
- Radiator covers made to measure
- Shelving for Hot Presses
- Side Gates made to measure
- Under Stairs storage units
- Garden Maintenance including Hedge Cutting
- Power-washing Paths & Patios
- Supply and Fitting of Fireplaces & Stoves

**NO JOB TOO SMALL!**

**Contact: Pauric**

**T: 046 9034846**

**M: 085 1597105**

**Swans of Oberstown** would like to inform our customers that we are doing our best to keep the shop open and are taking advice from the government and the HSE on how best to do so.

Customer safety is of paramount importance to us all and we kindly request the same in return for all our staff. Please maintain the new social distancing etiquette and follow all HSE guidelines.

The Swan family would like to thank all our customers for your continued support. Rest assured we will strive to keep the shelves well stocked with all the essentials, together with lots of goodies to help us through these challenging times. As well as offering somewhere safe to shop we are also doing deliveries where possible. At the moment we are open from 8am-8pm. Stay safe.

I would be willing to offer any advice to readers regarding their vehicles. With garages closed readers may have queries regarding issues that they are worried about.

Ron Chawke

Ron Chawke Motors

086-1717159

*A&J Print are open for business, this may be of particular interest to students who need to have their projects printed up*

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## Contacts

*Apologies to all whose submissions have been omitted due to time/ space constraints or perhaps as a result of gross negligence by the compiler. Hopefully we will be able to include those items in future issues*

Do you have family or friends living abroad or elsewhere in Ireland who would like to receive the RST?

Do you have neighbours or friends who do not have email?

Perhaps you could send us their contact details, or family member details, and we will add them to our mailing list

Please send all articles to [jimconroy747@gmail.com](mailto:jimconroy747@gmail.com) or to [patriciaconroy1@hotmail.com](mailto:patriciaconroy1@hotmail.com)