

## Swans Bar & Grocery, Oberstown



*This landmark premises and hub of the parish has been in the Swan family since January 1964.*

*The older part of the building in the photo is there since 10th September 1741, and was owned by Wilson and Wilson. Thomas Halligan bought it 4th September 1940, he died in 1958 leaving it to his wife Marion. Frank Swan worked for Marion before buying it 13th January 1964.*

*The shop originally had a thatch roof and galvanize before it was renovated.*

## Condolences

Our sincere sympathy goes to The Caffrey family, Castletown, Tara on the death of Bernie

To the Mangan family, Riverstown, Rathfeigh on the death of Jane

To the Mooney family on the death of Tex, former editor of the Carlow Nationalist.

To Miriam Byrd, Rathfeigh, on the death of her father John Cremin, Co Limerick

May they rest in peace

## Skryne GAA

### **Thank you from Senan McGrath**

A very big thank you to Nigel Fox for all his work in helping to maintain our grounds and facilities. Nigel is not part of our committee, yet he continues year on year to play a major part in the upkeep of our grounds and facilities. He is always on hand if we have a problem with our ground's maintenance machinery and equipment. His contribution is greatly appreciated.

### **Skryne Pitch from Cormac Grendon**

Skryne pitch always receives compliments when visiting teams arrived on match day. With the current situation we will at some time get back to playing games and the abundance of kids having fun doing what they like to do and that's to play games and have fun will return. We have no doubt that people are also looking forward to spectating or play competitive games also. We just want to thank everyone that has adhere to the Club and Gaa policy of not entering Skryne GFC grounds. We will get through this in due course and we need to continue what we are doing.

In the meantime credit must go to the ground staff who are still looking after the pitch and some sodding has even taken place. You can see why people always compliment the pitch and how well it looks. Great work is always put in by the ground staff and also the endless hours they put in. The pitch looks as well from an aerial photo as it does from the ground.

We are almost at full time and are winning the game but need to finish it off. Thanks to everyone who are not entering the pitch or grounds and we will hopefully see everyone in due course.

Stay safe !!!



**This piece of rumination was sent in by Norbert Coyle**

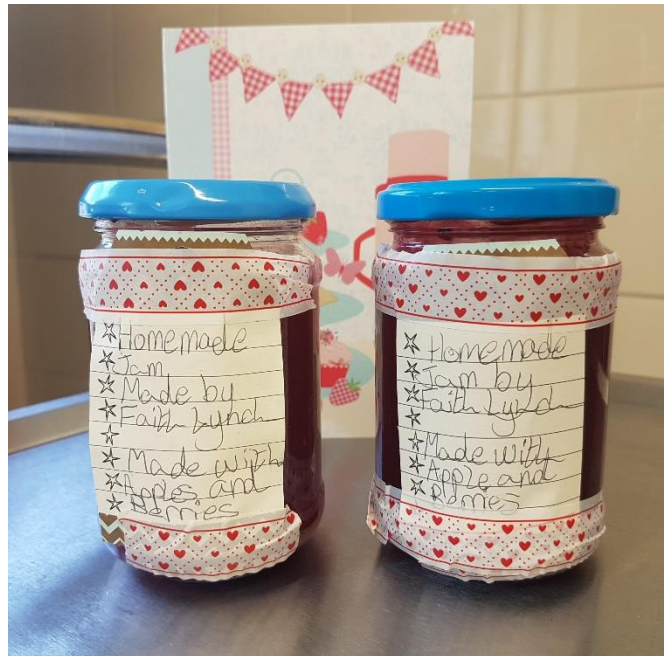


How many will be retired before we're back in action ?

## Thank You from Hillview Nursing Home

The staff and residents of Hillview Nursing Home were delighted to receive some delicious goodies recently, with an unexpected delivery of cupcakes made by a local lady and some lovely home made jam made by Faith Lynch. Faith's sister Jay also made us a beautiful card to let us know that she is thinking of us all in lockdown and that she hopes we are all well.

We get regular letters from some of the pupils in Rathfeigh School which really cheer everyone up!



## Poem sent in by Gerry Kennedy

*the following is a poem by that famous author Anonymous that always makes me smile*

T'was an evening in November  
As I very well remember  
When I wobbled down the street with drunken stride,  
But my knees were all a flutter  
And I landed in the gutter

And a pig came up and lay down by my side

Well I lay down in the gutter

Thinking thoughts I couldn't utter

When a lass strolled by and was softly heard to say

You can tell a man who boozes

By the company he chooses

At that the the pig got up and

Slowly w-a-l-k-e-d away

## Another poem, sent in by Maurice Daly

I won't arise and go now, and go to Innisfree

I'll sanitise the doorknob and make a cup of tea.

I won't go down to the sea again, I won't go out at all,

I'll wander lonely as a cloud from the kitchen to the hall.

There's a green-eyed yellow monster to the north of Katmandu

But I shan't be seeing him just yet and nor, I think will you.

While the dawn comes up like thunder on the road to Mandalay

I'll make my bit of supper and eat it off a tray.

I shall not speed my bonnie boat across the sea to Skye

Or take the rolling English road from Birmingham to Rye.

About the woodland, just right now, I am not free to go

To see the Keep Out posters or the cherry hung with snow

And no, I won't be travelling much, within the realms of gold.

Or get me to Milford Haven. All that's been put on hold.

Give me your hands, I shan't request, albeit we are friends

Nor come within a mile of you, until this shit show ends.

## Panoramic Painstown taken by Maurice Daly



This is panoramic Painstown basking in the summer sunshine with the magnificent blend of bright yellow rapeseed, lush vegetation and the first crop of grass silage. Co. Meath at its best.

## Skryne National School from Martin Kennedy

Hard to believe that we are striking off another week on the calendar. Before long we will be turning the page on the month and heading for the summer holidays. Mind you it looks like the summer weather has arrived ahead of time this year. Lots to be thankful for on that front! Doves of you are sending in incredible work to your teachers and it is just great to see that so many of you are outdoors, away from screens, exploring, creating and discovering in the beautiful countryside of Meath. A very wise old man once told me - in fact he told me on many an occasion - that there is no place quite like **Meath in May**. Quite a statement for a man with a strong Donegal accent! Now I can't tell you who that is or I'd never get a cup of tea at Ross Cross again!

Last week I referenced Louis Armstrong and a song called "What a beautiful world." I hope you listened to it and paid attention to the simple but wonderful lyrics.

*"I see trees of green, red roses too,  
I see them bloom for me and you....."*

Well it seems everything was blooming this week to try and lift our spirits. The birdsong in particular is a real joy to take in. Now we have time and space to enjoy it all. Soak it up. Mother nature is doing its best to help us through. I hope she doesn't disappoint when the holidays kick-in. We will have even more time to get outside away from school work. We have the opportunity to learn a valuable life lesson during this period. Life can be simple. We really don't need all the trappings and possessions of wealth and achievement. What most of us are missing through this time is the company and pleasure of family and friends who are not close by just now. If anything good is to come out of this then hopefully it will be a better, more understanding, appreciation of the people we are missing most. It will be a good thing if we can all be a lot more tolerant of each other when we do get the opportunity to get together once more. Let's look for the silver lining.

Let me restate a few key points from last weeks message. I feel they are worth revisiting. Of course there are other things we are missing. I'm sure that all the pupils will have been missing the Standardised Tests that were scheduled for this week ms- just like the teachers have been missing all the corrections that go hand-in-hand with them! These Tests are an aid to teachers as we try to assess where each child stands after the year. We don't have that aid this year. However in Sc. Cholmcille we are fortunate to have been using the Accelerated Reading Scheme from Rang 1 up. As part of this scheme we conduct multiple "Tests" during the year and these too are Standardised Tests. What that means in essence is that the test is measured against national norms. It gives an accurate reading of attainment. The fact that we have a series of these "Star Reading Tests" completed gives us an even more balanced indicator of where your child's reading and comprehension levels are at. Teachers will be using these results to assist in completing School Reports which is something they are presently engaged in. For Maths Assessments most classes have been using the termly assessment papers for their class. Though not a Standardised Test, because they are spread over the year they too give a balanced picture of pupil attainment. Reports as stated are being completed currently and most teachers have asked for a child's comment on their learning so that we may include in the report as normal. If you haven't already done so then please send the comment to class teacher via the class emails. Addresses are available from the website sidebar. We hope to issue reports in early June. All reports will be available online. More on that separately.

One other thing I did notice this week is a lot of negative commentary on what children would be missing this year. To media sources struggling for any kind of content that doesn't involve Coronavirus, it seems that any other crisis will do - and if there isn't one then let's create one!

I certainly don't want to downplay the effect of certain events having to be postponed during this health crisis. Of course there are things that we will miss for the moment. Lots of you had probably planned big family occasions for celebration of First Communion next weekend. That now can't happen. That's a disappointment. Graduation night for Rang 6 is a highlight of the year for many others. This cannot take place now in June. Another

disappointment. Believe me when I tell you that teachers look forward to these big events just as much as the pupils and families. They are great days in the life of the school and we love celebrating them with you all. So much thought, time and effort goes into each and every occasion. They leave us all with the happiest of memories. But believe me also when I tell you that these days are not cancelled. They are simply postponed. They are not forgotten, they are simply filed away in a safe place - don't give them to me - until such time as we can safely gather and properly celebrate. When the time comes we will do it in style. That may involve having pupils back from Second Level Schools to mark the graduation process but if that is what it takes then that is what will be done. These things are just disappointments. Life is full of them. Try being a Mayo football supporter (sorry Adam & Christopher) - or for that matter a Déise disciple! We are used to disappointment. We all survive them. Life has many potholes along the way. This one is more like a crater - but we can get through it. We will get through it. Please don't fall into the media trap of over-playing and over-exaggerating a situation. If you keep on telling yourself you are unwell, then guess what, you will begin to feel unwell. It can become a self fulfilling prophecy. We need to focus on the positives. Rise above the challenge. Enjoy all the extra time we now have. Live in the moment. The sun is shining, the birds are singing. "**Meath in May.**" What a wonderful world.....oh yeah.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

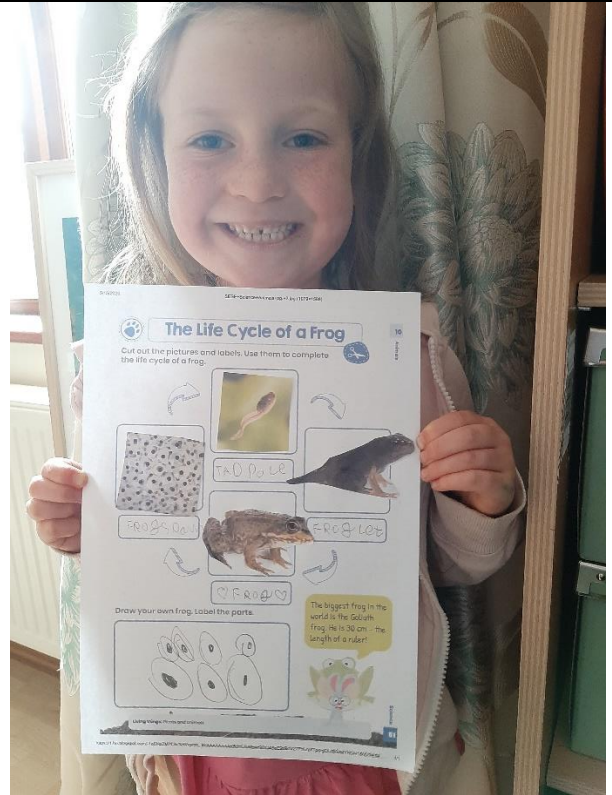
What a fabulous cover picture on the front cover of last week's RST. Hugh McNelis has a great eye for a good shot. He'd have made a great sniper in another life. We are well used at this stage to seeing the handiwork of Hugh. His drone footage of the school campus is a proper work of art. We really must try and get that back up on the website for some of the newer families to enjoy. It is pure magic.

However Hugh may just have to take a backseat shortly. He seems to have passed his skill with the lens on to son Colm as well. Colm has put together a fantastic montage of shots from our last Orienteering event in The Hellfire Woods of Rathfarnham. We have only recently received it and will share it for you all to enjoy on the website shortly. There are some really atmospheric shots in this piece Colm. You have the eye of a craftsman. Maith thú agus ár mbuíochas duit as ucht an scannán beag iontach a chur tú le chéile.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

You know what, after reading Michael Mulvaney's great article on life in Skryne NS back in the day, I'm not so sure that a few weeks of "Shut Down" back then wouldn't have been welcomed with anything other than open arms - both by pupils and teachers! Sometimes you need to stop and reflect on how lucky we are. Mind you when I landed in Skryne NS I think the kids were still wearing the same jerseys that Michael and crew might have worn - complete with cigarette burns. Surely not Michaels? A great read.





# Good things take time

*A Sound Poem By Cecilia Kratochvil*

*A teacher called this morning  
Dressed all in black and grey  
But every sound in a bag  
And quickly ran away*

*The ding-dong of the morning bell  
The shuffling of the shoes  
The chattering of the children  
Class has begun, as no time to spare*

*The whispering of the pupils  
The clicking of the pens  
The scribbles of the pencils  
The Maths time nearby and*

*The stopping of the copies  
The pushing of the books  
The shushing of the teacher*

*Together with everybody looks  
The big-tapping on the keyboards  
The tick-tick of the clock  
The grunting of the tummy  
The yard for break-time the children  
leaves*

*The skipping of the jump rope  
The bobbing off the balls  
The laughter of the children  
The bell again, he inside the teacher  
calls*

*The munching on their lunches  
The giggling of their drinks  
The giggling of the school girls  
The splashing of water in the air*

*The whirring of the photocopier  
The humming of the of the chair  
The packing of the school bag  
The crumpling of the parent's tyre*

*A teacher called this morning  
& he didn't leave her name  
Left us only silence  
School will never be the same.*

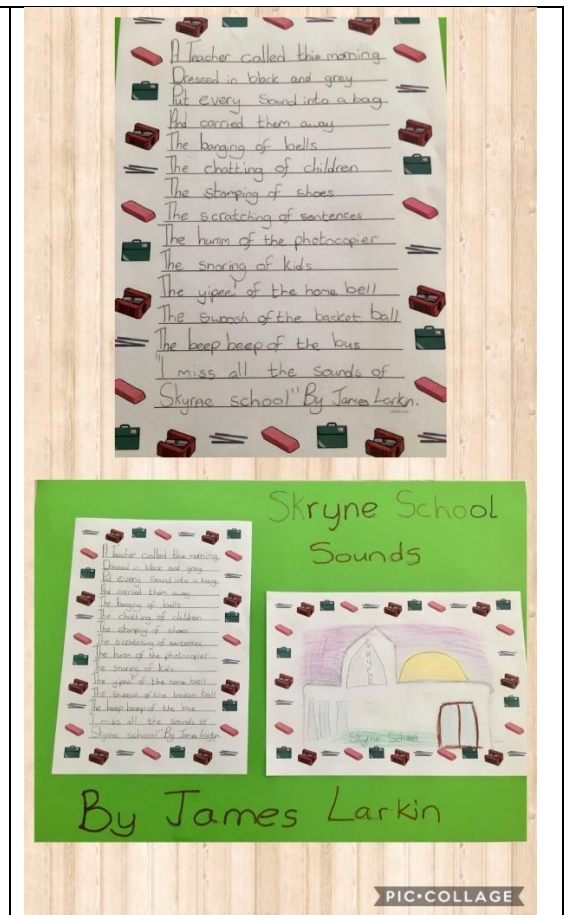
PIC-COLLAGE



14/May Poem The Unusual Day

Our teacher arrived this morning.  
 Dressed in work clothes.  
 She sat down at her desk.  
 and fell into a doze.  
 The children didn't realise that their teacher  
 was fast asleep.  
 While they were busy working  
 She was counting sheep.  
 Someone let a sneeze  
 Then she woke up with a shock  
 she fell out of her chair and looked  
 up at the clock.  
 She felt really silly.  
 Yes little billy "er..."  
 Then the bell went  
 everyone shouts hurry that is the  
 end  
 our unusual Day.

By: Daisy Jones.





Test your powers of deduction again with Dingbats Set 22.

Here we go with the answers to Set 21 from last week.

<p>Book Book <u>Book</u> Lost</p>	<p>DD</p>	<p>CATED</p>
<p>GO NO</p>	<p>I.Q.</p>	<p>SURFACE</p>
<p>All _____ BOARD</p>	<p>UJUSTME</p>	<p><del>ER</del></p>

**PAGE 21**

- 1 Too good to be true
- 2 Turn up for the books
- 3 Back chat
- 4 Noel
- 5 Five times tables
- 6 Forecast
- 7 Gross over indulgence
- 8 Multiple fractures
- 9 Correct weight

## Home Life Through the Fifties by Michael Mulvaney

Outside of school life was pretty busy. My father had a small haulage business, and a small farm and mother was a teacher. After school we were expected to help on the farm. In winter this necessitated mucking out the sheds and putting in fresh bedding for the animals. At that time cows were fettered in their own stalls with a manger in the corner and a hay rack overhead. The turnips or mangolds were chopped and a basket of either with some crushed oats was given to each cow and the rack filled with hay. Calf sheds had to be cleaned out and dry bedding left in. The cows were brought in and milked and calves fed. Milking was done by hand and one of the games when milking was to direct the teat at a cat and give her a squirt in the face. Some cats would put up with this and merely rub the milk with her paw and proceed to lick the paw. It was their way of getting extra.

I have a very fond memory of one of our cows in particular, a little rowan cow and not very big but a great milker. She was a pet of mine and many a time I went down the fields and lay down against her and sheltered from the wind, She just lay there and liked to be petted. She would always lead the others in the evening when being brought in for milking. One time when I was painting the gates, which were done every year with red oxide, my little cow came up to me and stood beside me. I proceeded to paint her horns with the paint. Little did I realise that I could have killed her with that act but luckily she survived. In winter when the gate would be open in the evening she would nearly knock you down as she rushed in to the shed. However the rush was not to get to her own slot but to raid the manger of her neighbour before they arrived, result extra feed for her. Sadly after a few years she went down shortly after calving with milk fever which at the time was untreatable and sadly she had to be put down. I cried when she was loaded to be taken to the abattoir for slaughter.

Perhaps the most hateful job we had to do when growing up was to thin the turnips and mangolds. This job was usually about the end of June or early July and invariably the crops would be wet and consequently so were you. You edged along taking two drills at a time thinning out the root crop while also pulling the weeds. Believe me thistles grow very well in Ireland. This was one job where we were promised payment when finished but it was hard earned. In fact the harvesting of these was easy in comparison to the thinning and they were brought in and stored for later consumption.

We only ever had a small amount of corn but this was duly cut with the binder and brought in for threshing. I only remember the threshing machine coming to our yard once because the following year it was replaced by the combine harvester. The crop was brought up to the loft for storage and drying out by turning every other day. As you can imagine we were

not short of four legged creatures about the place as there was plenty of food but we also had good cats.

Haymaking was a busy time. My uncle had the machinery, at first a horse drawn mowing bar and subsequently a little grey Massey Ferguson. After being cut it was turned by hand and shaken out to dry. It was subsequently rowed using the horse drawn hayrake and gathered in by the buckrake which collected each row and pushed it in adjacent to each cock where the buck rake would be turned over to deposit its load. Cocks of hay were built. After the field would be raked clean by the hayrake. After a day or two the cocks would be tidied down by raking and butted whereby the loose hay at the bottom was pulled out by hand and the cock topped off and roped. The butting ensured that any rain would run off the cock and away from it. Again thistles were the scourge and thistle thorns are darn sharp and hard to see and remove. Subsequently the hay was drawn in using the bogie at first which was replaced by the tractor mounted forks. The hay was pitched into a haybarn and I can remember my job in particular was tramping the hay in and believe me it could be hot under a galvanise roof, never mind the dust. Neighbours and relations generally assisted each other in this work.

Every summer all the doors in the yard were painted with a bright green gloss paint and the hinges were carefully painted black. As a result all ball play ceased in our yard for a considerable time because striking a door with a ball left a very clear mark. Thankfully by the time winter came the gloss had gone off the doors and we were allowed to kick football up and down the yard. Hurling sticks came later. Speaking of hurling sticks, the first hurley I had came from my uncle. He gave one each to my brother and I and a brand new sliother. Home we went and out to the paddock to try out these new toys. My brother threw up the ball, swung, missed it, repeated the exercise numerous times while I stood watching. Unfortunately for me I was too close because he eventually connected and whack I took the new ball straight on the mouth and nose. My introduction to hurling was a split lip and a bloody nose courtesy of my older brother.

Sundays, weather permitting, during the summer were spent at the seaside in Bettystown/Layttown. The whole family along with our cousins would head off and we had a particular grassy spot up towards the church in Laytown where we set up camp. There was plenty of entertainment with beach football, cricket or rounders, sand castle building and of course swimming. The day was made with the homemade sandwiches in many cases savoured with sea sand and the tea from the primus stove which was most important to the adults. I have special memories of a few of these in particular. One was an episode before I ever got to the beach. I was sitting on the wall at the front gate waiting for my cousins to arrive. Next thing I looked down and there streaming across by bare legs (I wore short pants at the time) were streams of piss mires. Naturally I screamed and tried brushing these things off when they started stinging. Talk about ants in your pants. Another one which stands out is being at the beach from early morning until late evening on a glorious

day. Of course in those days there was no suntan lotion and that evening I was burning alive. All my poor mother had to ease the discomfort was calamine lotion. I remember that sunburn and I can assure you it never happened to me again.

As I mentioned boys wore short pants right up to leaving National School. There was no problem with the pants except during the lead up to Easter when the east winds would cause a very severe wind burn around the knees which was rather painful to say the least. Again the only remedy was calamine lotion.

Cuts and scratches as you can imagine wearing short pants all the time were plentiful. The standard treatment was a magic bottle containing a red liquid called 'mecurochrome' I think. It was usually dabbed onto the cut or scratch with a bit of cotton wool or using the cork. Unless the wound was very bad, the fresh air and the magic potion did the trick pretty well and bandages were a last resort. Cuts and scratches were badges of honour.

There were many happy days and good laughs. Growing up was tough enough as at that time children were to be seen but not heard and discipline was strict and in many cases severe, too severe in fact. Non the less there was a great sense of community and co-operation between neighbours and people looked out for each other. All in all I could look back with pleasure at my formative years growing up in Skryne.

# Rathfeigh National School from Seamus Tansley

## **Birthdays**

With schools closed the children are missing out on many important events in their lives and many children are missing out on one of the highlights of their year – their birthday. We all remember significant birthdays that we’ve had. I’m sure families are celebrating birthdays as best they can and I’m sure they’ll be memorable but you can’t beat your friends being with you on your special day whilst blowing out the birthday cake candles. Many children in our school have had their birthday during this school closure. I’d like to wish “Happy Birthday” to all the following children in Rathfeigh who celebrated their birthday since March 12<sup>th</sup>.

Ava – Junior Infants

Sophie, Leila – Second class

Molly, Ava – Third class

Grace, Killian, Isobel – Fourth class

Ben, Nathan, Lucy – Fifth class

Alisha, Adam, Madison, Róisín , Pádraig – Sixth class

(And for those celebrating birthdays in the next few weeks or months – Happy Birthday!!). And for us all a quote from Albert Einstein may hold us in good stead as we grow slowly but steadily older!

**“Do not grow old, no matter how long you live. Never cease to stand like curious children before the great mystery into which we were born”.**

## **Education Passport**

All children in sixth class must have their Education Passport to facilitate the transition from Primary to Secondary school. A reminder to parents/guardians that the “My Profile” and “My Child’s Profile” forms are on the school website [www.rathfeighns.org](http://www.rathfeighns.org). Please download these forms and on completion please return to Rathfeigh National School by Monday 18<sup>th</sup> May. These forms will be then be sent to the various secondary schools with the end-of –year school reports.

## **Amber Flag**

The Amber Flag mental health initiative which we introduced this year will be all the more important for our children in the present difficult circumstances. Photos etc can be seen below.

## **Green Flag**

We were awarded our first Green Flag a few weeks ago. The flag was awarded in recognition of the excellent work undertaken to reduce litter and waste in the school. The combined efforts of teachers, pupils, parents and ancillary staff proved to be a winning formula. Photos of children partaking in our Green School initiative can be seen below.







**The Amber Flag in association with Pieta House**  
Rathfeigh National School 2019-2020

**Goal #1:**



**Goal #2:**



Goal #3:



Goal #4:



More Pictures:



We had a super time promoting and learning about positive mental health. Thank you Pieta House for the opportunity to work for the Amber Flag this academic year 2019/2020.

From all at Rathfeigh National School, Co.Meath

# My First Holy Communion, May 1950, by Jimmy Gibbons

First Holy Communion Day. It is for most children, a truly memorable day. It is the same for parents and guardians – but for grandparents it is an extra special event indeed. It confirms, with happiness, the effort we made to hand on the Faith.

I was looking forward very much this year to celebrating the First Holy Communion of my two granddaughters – Sophie and Tamsin. Unfortunately, Covid-19 conspired to ensure it had to be postponed.

First Communion Day is one of the most memorable and happy occasions in a young person's life. Recently I was asked: "What was it like when you made your First Communion?"

"Yes, what was it like?" I asked myself and travelled back through the years to that momentous, unforgettable day in May 1950.

The intervening years have, inevitably I suppose erased some of the finer details but I can still clearly recall how I received my First Holy Communion along with my sister Phylis (who sadly passed away in 2015 of motor neuron disease). Phylis was one of the most kind, most helpful people I have ever known.

At seven-years-of-age we were in first class along with twelve other children at Croaghross National School, Postsalon, Co Donegal. The school principal, Mrs Sweeney, along with another teacher Mrs McIntyre prepared us meticulously for the Big Day. They were two truly wonderful teachers, who, to this day, I remember fondly.

Corporal punishment did not feature much in that happy place of learning. No doubt that's why I have great admiration and respect for national school teachers. They occupy a privileged place in our society because few people can touch the heart and the mind of a young child like a good teacher. As that wise old saying goes: "A teacher takes a hand, opens a mind and touches a heart." It is a most noble profession.

Preparation for the Big Day began very much at home. From the time you could talk you were learning your prayers. We had our morning prayers to set us up for the day. Then in the evening the family would kneel together and recite the Rosary. It was an integral part of life and by the time I went to school at five I had a large repertoire of prayers.

Mrs McIntyre gave us detailed preparation, assisted by the parish priest – Canon Murray PP. The Canon was in his seventies. He could be very cross, slightly deaf, always used snuff and had three red buttons on his tunic. The buttons distinguished him as a Canon and they – as well as the front of the tunic – always seemed to be coated in a blanket of snuff that failed to reach his nose.

Being deaf he would say "labhair as ard' or "speak up." People would try and avoid going to confession to him as they thought they could be heard outside the confessional box. Instead they would make their way to a different confessional box, the one occupied by another priest Fr McDaid CC, a very kind and gentle person.

The time came for our First Confession. This was integral part of our preparation for the Big Day - an essential rite of passage . We lined up to tell our sins (which remained more or less the same until Confirmation five years later at 12 years old) "Bless me Father for I have sinned: I told a lie; fought with my brother; said a bad word; did not say my prayers; did not do what my Dad or Mum told me to do; robbed a bird's nest; stole a penny (a very serious offence). Mainly the sins were made up.

The next step was practicing how to receive the Host. Our teacher cut out little round pieces of white paper placing them on our tongues. Of course fasting from all food leading up to receiving the Host was a major, essential part of the build up. We fasted from before midnight until after we received.

Finally the Big Day arrived. On the morning of our First Communion we got up early, prepared and went to the Church but there was a problem. One boy did not turn up. 'Where could he be?' we wondered. Turned out he had

eaten a pea from a dish of peas his mother had left soaking in preparation for their dinner. He had broken his fast. The boy's absence was a major upset.

When it came to the First Communion ceremony there was no parent involvement; the teachers were totally in charge. The chapel where the ceremony was to take place – St Columba's Chapel, Massmount – was built in 1780. It was originally thatched but in the intervening years had been modified. It was a cold, dismal, somewhat frightening building. It was full of life-sized statues. One, in particular, was the 'Little Flower'. It was a statue of St Therese of Lisieux – and she always seemed to be looking at you regardless of what angle you looked at 'her.'

Children did not do any readings or Prayers of the Faithful. When the time was right our teacher directed us up to receive Holy Communion. Mass was conducted in Latin. Consequently we didn't understand much of it apart from the prayer at the end to St Michael the Archangel which contained the frightening words "the wicked snares of the devil."

After Mass we received a white mint sweet, which was part of the process of breaking the fast. When we reached home my mother made a very special effort in preparing a meal. Part of the feast included red jelly, always a firm favourite. She had also purchased Lucan ice cream which cost the considerable sum of two shillings with wafers included. It was a rare and wonderful treat.

Mary Ann, the local shopkeeper was a kind person and she gave me a special schoolbag. I had longed for one of those bags. It had two straps over the shoulders with a buckle catch at the front which hung across the chest. I was so proud of it I think I kept on me day and night! I used to help Mary Ann in her shop where she stocked everything; all kinds of food, hardware items, paraffin oil and so on.

Back to Mrs McIntyre. She drove a small Ford Anglia car in which she made the 12 mile (each way) journey from Milford to our school every day and on her way she collected about 10 children who lived a long distance from Croaghross.

She had an obsession with teaching us mental arithmetic. It was about getting us to think on our feet; what's nine multiplied by nine divided by three? That kind of question. She also had a great love of poetry. She really brought poems to life. Poems like the 'Old Woman of the Roads' by Padraic Colum. When she read the poem she could evoke real sympathy for the old woman. We felt so sorry for her.

Then there was 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree' written of course by WB Yeats. Listening to it and how he portrayed rural life we wondered why he didn't think of keeping a cow, a few hens and grow some potatoes! Another favourite was William Allingham's 'The Fairies.'

Up the airy mountain/Down the rushy glen/  
We darn't go a-hunting/For fear of little men;/  
Wee folk, good folk,/Trooping all together;/  
Green jacket, red cap;/ And white owl's feather!

Our world was full of fairies, ghosts and banshees.

Because 1950 was considered a Holy Year, Mrs McIntyre went on a pilgrimage to Rome. She brought us all back a medal which I treasured for years. We heard about the Sistine Chapel and how Michelangelo painted the ceiling lying on his back. We wondered how the paint didn't get in his eyes.

She told us of the Seven Hills of Rome; we were not too impressed because we could count 10 hills from the schoolyard – all with their own distinctive names. She spoke about the Holy Door and how it was opened once every 50 years or during a Holy Year – and one boy wondered did the hinges not get rusted!

All in all she did her very best in the circumstances to prepare us for a wonderful event. So did my Dad, Mum, Canon Murray, Mary Ann and all my most kind relatives and neighbours. There may not have been much money handed out on First Communion Day back then but there was an abundance of love and support – and, of course, it was all part of preparing me for the next big event – my Confirmation. Sin scéal eile.

I extend every blessing and happiness to Sophie, Tamsin and all the children who were due to make their First Holy Communion this May but will now have to wait a little longer. Please God their special day will come later this year.

It's an event well worth waiting for as they, no doubt, will come to realise many years from now when they, hopefully will be grandparents too and proud to pass on the Faith.



## Some Old Photos

Last week we published a photo of Skryne National School sometime during the 1950's and asked how many could you name?



**Back Row – Standing:** Rose Fay, Marguerite O’Connell, Maura Cromwell, Betty Duignan, Celia Swan, Mary Bennett, Margaret Reilly, Mary Farnan, Unknown??., Alice Clarke, Betty Donnelly, Joan Keelan, Pauline Doyle, Celia O’Brien, Alicia Lynch, Ger Connor, Sean Fox, Jock Wilkinson, Desmond Smyth, Toss Harrington.

**Kneeling to the left of the fountain:** Frank Naughton, Christo Wall (partially hidden), Jack Connor, Patsy Murphy, Bertie Gerrard, Fer Oakes, Brian Crocock.

**Small group behind those kneeling to the left of the fountain:** Margaret Carty, Gladys Dunne, Dolores Cromwell, Patsy Mooney.

**Kneeling to the right of the fountain and the small group to their right:** Paddy Thornton, Paddy Mulvany, Patsy Swan, David Carty, Margaret Dowling, Colum Cromwell, Patrick Smyth, Gerry Dunne, Ted Dunne, Cyril Dunne.

There is one name missing, can anyone enlighten us please?

# The Night Sky by Tony Canavan

**May 16<sup>th</sup>: 10 pm ISS** International Space Station) will cross from the south to the East. There are many times in the evenings to view ISS.

<https://spotthestation.nasa.gov/sightings/view.cfm?country=Ireland&region=None&city=Dublin#.Xr03yPZFxFF>

**May 22<sup>nd</sup>: 1204 & 2340:** You have two opportunities to spot the ISS. If you are out after sunset you can also get a view of Venus and Mercury and the Comet Swan (see below).

**May 21-22<sup>nd</sup>:** At 930 pm onwards Mercury is very close to Venus eventually passing about 1 degree from Venus. Mercury at this stage is close to its brightest so you can track them for about 90 minutes before they set. Mercury is 30 times dimmer than Venus but should be visible to the naked eye. You can view both in binoculars same field of view from 19<sup>th</sup>, depending on the weather. Capella is directly above them altitude 30 degrees azimuth 308 degrees. Pollux & Castor will set after Venus and Mercury. Orion has set just before Venus and Mercury.

## **Comet Swan: Late May until mid-June:**

**Comet Swan (C/2020 F8)** becomes visible in the morning and evening sky towards the end of May. Initially low in the evening sky (about 5 degrees) but by the end of the month it will be 13 degrees above the horizon. Best time is from 11 pm onwards. It will be close to the star Capella which is clearly visible in the evening sky (altitude 13 degrees and azimuth 335 degrees). So highest and brightest in last weeks of May. Comets can disintegrate on their passage through our solar system so these are best viewing predictions. Comet Atlas in April broke into 30 pieces and fizzled out.

**Comets and asteroids:** The main difference is their composition with comets mainly made of ice, dust and rocky material, and asteroids are made of metals and rocky material, having originally formed nearer the sun 4.5 billion years ago at the formation of the solar system, where it was too warm for ice to remain solid. Asteroids travel around the sun on the plane of the ecliptic whereas comets arrive in the solar system at random angles and are usually a few kilometres across. As they travel towards the sun vaporizes the comets ice liberating its gases. These gases form the long flowing tails typical of comets.





## The Shutter of Time by Anne Frehill

I have stopped counting the weeks since this not so “splendid isolation” was imposed on us by the Coronavirus. Instead, I have tried to follow that phrase used by many, but first attributed to the wisdom of King Solomon: *This too shall pass*.

So, last Friday in keeping with this spirit of positivity I tackled a chore which I have been avoiding for years, de-cluttering a small, disused garage. The shelves were groaning under the weight of obsolete household gadgets including a black rotary telephone, a record- player and a rusty hand- held whisk. Once I had sorted these mundane objects into two boxes marked, “Charity Shop” and “Recycling Centre” I came to the real treasure. In a cumbersome suitcase, still smelling of camphor balls, lay all sorts of ephemera from the 1970s.

First and foremost a small diary which I had filled meticulously during a long summer spent across the pond, while on holidays from University. However, I shall not be divulging the secrets of my misspent youth with you, suffice it to say that I had great craic as I hitch- hiked across the United Kingdom with my friend. However, the idea now of teenagers even contemplating thumbing a lift would fill the most liberal of parents with horror. How the world has changed, not that I am trying to look at those years through rose-tinted spectacles as I am the first to admit that there were dangers then too. However, I attribute our safe passage through the highways and byways of rural England, with more than one dodgy character, to the prayers of my dear Mother.

Going through a stack of old newspapers and magazines, I found some interesting nuggets of information. On Monday 15<sup>th</sup> of February 1971 Decimal Currency was introduced and in the run-up to that auspicious day notices were placed in both national and local papers regarding the new legal tender i.e. telling us that the 50 new pence coin was worth exactly ten shillings and would replace the 10/- note which was about to be withdrawn.

It is hard to comprehend how Clarke's Supermarket in Navan was at that time advertising: Butter at 20p per lb. Giant Corn Flakes at 11p per packet and Best Back Rashers for 36p lb.

I found several old passes for entry into *Good Time Charley's* nightclub in Dublin, a testament to the fact that one of the bouncers was a fellow student at U.C.D.

In both the national and provincial newspapers, I read with fascination "Letters to the Editor" columns about the hot topics of the day. What a great window into the past complete with every prejudice under the sun! Surely a great repository for academics to explore, given the racism, sexism, ageism, anti-semitism and homophobia on display there. And if a correspondent ventured to speak out in favour of change regarding single parents, and legal separation, without even mentioning Divorce or Abortion, they were demonised and received a barrage of missives from irate readers.

Thankfully, we have come a long way since those dark days.

The weekly glossy magazines aimed solely at the female market had prizewinning letters with pieces dubbed "Household Hints." It appears that women waged a perpetual battle with encrusted saucepans, stained teacups and knives smelling of onions. Still, these enemies could be routed with various combinations of lemon juice, bread soda and vinegar as well as plenty of elbow grease and a dollop of patience.

An old scrap book containing several recipes cut out from the Sunday papers helped me recall many happy Saturdays which I spent perfecting my culinary skills. Those were the years when Ireland was learning how to be a serious contender in the world of food. We were at last moving away from the meat and two vegetables mindset and embracing more creative ways of preparing fish and vegetables. I happened to be a guest at a wedding in a posh hotel near Dublin in the late 1970s and I can still recall that the wedding menu which comprised: Prawn Cocktail, followed by Beef Wellington and a dessert of Black Forest gateau, was considered to be the epitome of sophistication.

At the very bottom of the stash of memorabilia, I came across a folder filled with knitting patterns for scarves, jumpers, ponchos, cardigans, gloves, and believe it or not tea-cosies. It reminded me of a feisty flatmate who had trained as a nurse in a prestigious London hospital before returning to work in Dublin. Mary went to visit her future in-laws in Tipperary along with her boyfriend. All was going well until she visited the bathroom, where she spotted six spare toilet rolls bedecked with woolly handknitted covers in the blue and gold of Tipperary, resting on the windowsill. Never noted for her reticence, Mary expressed surprise to her hostess that she had spent time knitting such trivial items especially when they would just unwittingly act as receptacles for a whole host of germs.

The proud homemaker took umbrage and a war of words was exchanged between them, in which they traded insults about the state of football in each other's county i.e. Meath and Tipperary! Mary's relationship with that young man ended that very day when she took the train back to Dublin in a huff.

Later, as I finished tidying that neglected garage, I exploded into laughter when I recalled the devilment in Mary's eyes while she recounted the skirmish which ensued between her and the older woman. Alas, Mary is no longer with us but her indomitable spirit could never be forgotten.

By the end of that decade (1970s) the winds of change had begun to blow albeit gently, but soon they would become a tumultuous force.

# Rathfeigh Choir by Helen & Kieran O'Flynn



The choir developed from what started as a childrens' choir from Rathfeigh School, under Cólín Ó Coighligh. Cólín was a teacher in the school at that time and he had been approached by Fr. Michael Walsh, who was the curate in the Parish to see if he could organise some children to sing for special occasions, e.g. Christmas, St. Patrick's Day and Easter. This was in the period pre 1984 and they sang unaccompanied.

Kieran and I were friendly with Cólín since 1979. He used to round up a few adults to help the children with the singing on these occasions.

Mrs. Mairéad Lydon had been the Principal in Rathfeigh School until 1980, when she retired. Cólín knew her very well. Her brother-in-law, Fr. Martin Lydon, was based in the Carmelite Church in Clarendon Street in Dublin, and he often visited Rathfeigh for St. Patrick's Day and celebrated Mass. As he was originally from the West of Ireland, Cólín would always try to include a few hymns in Irish.

We did no practicing at this stage and we had no musical accompaniment, -- I would 'Pick a Note' and off we went, -- usually !!

Anne Gray was one of the adults who used to help out at the time, and

before too long we became aware that her husband, Jimmy, was a

brilliant organist. Anne and Cólín persuaded / pressured him to agree to play for us. The organ in Rathfeigh church at this stage was positioned mid way up along the wall on the right hand side. Jimmy had to pump it with his feet while he was playing. On occasion, some very strange noises could be heard (Nothing to do with Jimmy's playing ).

Mrs. Lydon's husband, Patsy, died on the 12<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1986, and Cólín asked

if the children and the few adults, would sing at the funeral Mass, accompanied by Jimmy. When it was over, he suggested that we should form a choir and sing each week at Mass. At that time, Mass was at 9.30 A.M and 12 noon on a Sunday. We opted for the 9.30 A.M Mass as most of us had small children. When the Vigil Mass was introduced, we moved to the 6.00 P.M. Mass on Saturday evening.

Cólín was always full of enthusiasm and no task was too hard for him to take on. We discussed with Cólín how best we might recruit choir members and we decided that the school was the best place to start, as Kieran and I were only in the Parish since 1979 and knew very few people. From there, the recruiting / harassment started!! The early members were recruited in the shelter / shed (now demolished) at the back of Rathfeigh School in the infants' yard and also at the school gate. I used to be in the shelter / shed every afternoon and all the young mothers used to be there to collect their children. I enquired if they could sing,

and if so, whether they would like to join Rathfeigh Choir!! It quickly got to the point that people who saw me there would often head in the opposite direction!!!

Cóilín would be positioned at the front gate on a similar mission when the older children were being collected and also frequented the shelter/shed on occasion.

We started our choir practices in Rathfeigh School on Tuesday evenings from 7.30 P.M until 9.00 P. M., but over time, this changed to 8.00 P.M until 9.00 P.M. Rathfeigh Church was in very poor condition at the time and it was very cold; - hence the use of the school.

Fr. Joe Gleeson came to the Parish in September 1987 and quickly proceeded to fund-raise for the refurbishment of Rathfeigh Church, among other things. In 1989, a new gallery and a new organ were installed.

The children gradually stopped coming and it evolved into an adult choir.

Nobody in the choir was able to read music at the time, but a few of us were involved in a Taizé Group that used to come together in Dowdstown House, Dalgan Park, every month. The leader of the group was a girl named Siobhán Comerford, and she was very competent at music. Cóilín used to ask her to put the hymns on cassette tapes for us, including the harmonies. Kieran also sourced a lot of material at that time. Cóilín, Kieran and I had many a practice in our kitchen so that we would have a good idea of the hymns before our Tuesday night practice.

**Looking back now in 2020, there's no doubt that Cóilín was the one whose energy and drive were the key factors in setting up the present choir in Rathfeigh. He really loved being involved in it and his enthusiasm was infectious. We will always be grateful to him for all that he did and the support and encouragement that he gave us.**

Jimmy Gray only needed to hear a hymn / tune once, and away he went!! ---

what a talented person. On occasion, during Mass, he would ask me how did the next hymn go, and I would hum a few notes for him and off he would go...

Rita Swan came to live in the Parish in Sept. 1987 and she too was recruited / harassed from the shelter/shed by Cóilín to join the choir. It wasn't long before we realised that we had someone who was able to read and teach music. She sang with the 'Seconds' when she joined, but she was often asked to teach and conduct.

In 1992, C il n announced that he was taking a career break and going to Saudi Arabia with his family. He proposed that Rita should take over the choir and of course, there were no objections !! How blessed we were to get Rita, and still have her to this day. Rita is an exceptional lady, with endless patience. The majority of choir members still cannot read a note of music, but Rita is able to bring the best out of us. We never feel unduly pressured by her and there is a lovely atmosphere among the choir members. She often takes separate groups to practice harmonies in her own home.

We have had many high points over the past 34 years including numerous LMFMs Masses, RT  Television and Radio Masses and a special Millennium Mass in the year 2000 A.D.

Since 2002, we have had our annual Christmas Carol Service. It is very popular and marks the beginning of the Christmas Season for everyone. To add to the atmosphere, Stuart Gray always provides beautiful lighting and brilliant sound, and in addition, we have been blessed to have the talents of our resident poet, John Scanlon.

Other big occasions for the choir were the launch of a number of CD's:

in 2004, 2006, 2008 and 2013. Again we must thank Stuart Gray for his expertise and generosity. Without him, none of this would have happened.

Anne Gray has also given of her time and talent to produce hymn books in addition to a constant stream of music sheets for choir members. Her daughter Hazel has now been "commandeered" to assist with the productions. Without doubt, the Gray family and Rita are the back bone of the choir.

Many people have come and gone over the years and, unfortunately, some have gone to sing with the angels in heaven!!!

There are just five members from the original choir still there: Anne & Jimmy Gray, Marie Pentony and Helen & Kieran O'Flynn.

We are always looking for new members.

Anyone interested in joining us should be aware that:

- A. It's not necessary to be able to read music.
- B. There won't be an audition.
- C. Practices are held each Tuesday night from 8. 00 P.M until 9.00 P.M. and

D. We sing at Mass each Saturday evening at 6.00 P.M.

Rathfeigh Church has been locked since the middle of March 2020 and at this point, with all the restrictions in place to deal with the Coronavirus, we miss our choir and our church very much and hope and pray that it won't be too long before Rathfeigh Church is re-opened, and we're back in action.

## My Brother's Scribblings by Norbert Coyle

### Sour milk 040520

Hi Sarah,

In my last missive re lean porkers I promised that I'd tell you about how the intrepid and semi sainted Da managed to cope with sour milk.

We got "Delectric" in 1957 and in anticipation of same the Da had already purchased a Simplex milking machine. It sat in the pantry in big cardboard boxes for a year prior to being "commissioned".

It was installed in the byre...milking parlours were unheard of then in rural Dungimmon. We had a modest herd of dairy cows...maybe 20 or so...

The Da reckoned that the combination of 5 young sons and a modern "new fangled" milking machine was somewhat wasted on 20 cows. He rapidly increased the herd to some 70 milkers and unfortunately for us young blades, he gave scant regard to the teats or tits of the newly introduced cows.

A number had just 3 spins or tits or teats which meant that the teat cup cluster hung lopsided. He then purchased cows with one or all teats of the massive variety....these ...we found it almost impossible to fit in your standard teat cup. One cow was just that type...we called her Miss Monsell as she had been purchased from.....ah you're ahead of me already.

In those days the creamery opened 6 days a week in keeping with the words of the green catechism which stated that on Sundays one was forbidden to indulge in unnecessary servile work.

The lads...and be sure they were lads....never knew that cows gave milk on Sundays. My seriously sainted Ma used quote from a source unknown that woe betide any foolish woman who dared knit on a Sunday as she'd have to rip it with her nose on the last day.

When milking was finished on Saturday evening at the end of a steamy summer's day...the lot....10 or 12 twelve gallon steel or aluminum cans were loaded onto the car trailer with the sheet metal floor....milk rotted timber very quickly....and taken out of Cavan and across the county border to where we had an outlying farm in Ballinrink in Co Meath.



The added advantage of this farm was that in the words of the movie...“a river ran through it”.

The cans were deposited in the river and we high tailed it home to indulge in what was loosely referred to then as “villainy”.

Monday morning in those heady days of “the tremendous heat of mid July”

found us post milking headed for the river to collect the cans and head for the creamery.

The first milk presented was that of the previous Saturday evening.

Paddy Hamilton in the brown shop coat tested the milk for sourness before allowing it be dumped into the vast container in the creamery.

The test was simple. A water heated pipe was fitted near the massive strainer and the procedure was simply to take a ladle of milk and drench it across the steamy pipe. If it flowed smoothly off the pipe it was deemed “sweet” and suitable for purchase by the creamery.

If it curdled and failed to run smoothly across the steamy pipe it was tested again in keeping with the tibi factor....tibi sure tibi sure..

When it failed the test twice it was rejected and returned to the trailer for feeding to the pigs.

This was a regular Monday morning occurrence .

On returning home the Da would ask one simple question....“Well?”.

The most frustrating problem with this regular dilemma was that it was nobody’s fault. Nothing could be done. Hinting to the seriously sainted Momma that the creamery should open on Sundays was not a subject to be broached by the faint hearted.

Going “agin” the green catechism was likely to bring a pandemic of milk fever or some other nefarious disease to the complete herd.

The Da hit upon a cunning plan one day when he was in the chemists waiting for some mix to be compounded.

On a high shelf he spotted some small animal carcass preserved in some liquid.

This was long before Damien Hirst made this idea famous.

The Da inquired as to the nature of the preserving liquid and was informed by the chemist that it was formaldehyde.

When he’d purchased all his “medicinal compounds” he casually and almost as an afterthought asked the chemist for a lemonde bottle full of formaldehyde.

The chemist was totally incurious in contrast to Lot’s wife and sales were deemed more in vogue than mere idle curiosity.

On the following Saturday evening post milking the semi sainted Da produced the bottle of magic elixir.

He recommended a level teaspoon of “the stuff” per 12 gallon can....but under no circumstances were we to “interfere” with the can for the house.

The trip to the river was abandoned and we couldn’t wait for Monday morning.

We casually produced the “treated” cans....Paddy dipped the ladle...swirled it expertly and in one continuous movement poured the contents on the steaming pipe.....it flowed off like a silken scarf on an ad for shaven legs...

We casually whistled and looked somewhat nonchalant as if there was nothing unusual in our Monday morning presentation.

Paddy dipped again with similar results. He couldn’t believe his eyes. He resorted to the ultimate test....he personally tasted the milk....sweet as a nut.

What’s up he queried totally nonplussed...well we said ...owing to our recent disastrous results on Mondays the Da introduced a very strict hygiene regime and perhaps this is the inevitable result... we ventured.

Still not a happy bunny Paddy abandoned his post and headed for the Manager’s office.... “Coyle’s milk isn’t sour “ he uttered .....this might not be the cake walk we anticipated.

Frank emerged in a white shop coat with well bryllcreamed curly brown hair.

He dipped the ladle and decanted same on the pipe...sheer silk.

He tried again...same result.

He like Paddy tried the taste test....same result.

He had no option but to agree to accept the milk.

It flowed merrily into the vast strainer.

Just as an aside....one would help local carriers with large trailer loads of milk collected all round the countryside in order to speed things up.

Three items were frequently found in the great strainer.

Snails and knickers.

The snails crept into the cans overnight if the lid was slightly open.

Discarded knickers were frequently used as “Dishcloths” in those heady days and on occasion a moidered housewife might have to leave the washing of the creamery can to attend to something of a more urgent nature and thus the item...items...were forgotten.

Just for the connoisseurs among you...pink and blue were the two popular colours and in keeping with the fashion of the day the bottom of the legs were “elasticated”. The word “interlocked” rings a bell but it was never further investigated.....it could mean anything.

An elderly aunt of a gal I know used store her hanky in the aforementioned leg...the gal will remain anonymous to protect my bride and guide.

We arrived home in high spirits to be greeted at the yard gate by the Da..."Well?"...

Talk about the cat that got the cream.

As time progressed we almost totally abandoned hygiene of any form as we had the magic remedy.

In the early days of the experiment we carefully measured a teaspoon per can...as time progressed we became a touch less careful until it finally became standard operating procedure to line up all the cans (except the one for the house) and literally run a full lemonade bottle across the lot.

In those days we kept stallions ,bulls and boars for our own and indeed neighbour's use.

In this testosterone laden atmosphere men who called "on business" were always invited in for tea.

If it was a Saturday evening the Da would be in a mild panic lest we'd forgotten to put "the stuff" into the cans.

In the presence of the visitor the Da would call us up from one end of the kitchen to where he sat in the big Gibson armchair by the Glowworm cooker.

C'mere gasson

he'd call with a view to whispering to us to not forget to put "the stuff" in the cans.

We'd stay where we were and suggest that the Da tell us across the floor and in front of the visitor what his particular problem was.

The Da was then torn between good manners and his urge to have the cans treated and we delighted in his obvious frustration in front of the innocent visitor.

Soon after that heady summer we got water coolers and then the Creamery began to open on a Sunday and life was never the same again.

Many years later I came across an article in an American magazine where a number of orphan children had died owing to excess formalin or formaldehyde in their milk.

In case you think that those days are gone...just check the level of preservatives in all your current day groceries.

I went on two weeks holidays and left a loaf of gluten free bread in the bread bin. It was perfect when I returned.

I called the manufacturer and asked about the levels of preservative.....no response.

Just today I suggested that her nibs check the “fresh” orange juice as “freshly squeezed” tends to sour after a few days in the fridge.

This is just ordinary juice I was informed and best before 20th June.

I’d say someone put “the stuff” in that one.

Stay safe and check your milk at all times..... v

## Things to do

[Discover the best books of the 20<sup>th</sup> century](#)

It now you have the time to catch up with your reading but you want to read something worthwhile, why not have a look at their list of the **Best Books of the 20th Century** for inspiration?

[www.goodreads.com](http://www.goodreads.com)

[Explore The Natural History Museum](#)

Discover ancient specimens.

<https://naturalhistory2.si.edu/vt3/NMNH/>

## Skryne Scenics from the early 1970's

*Can anyone fill in the missing names?*



Front row l-r: Marcella Lawlor, Una Murphy, ?? Dunne (maybe Eileen), Muriel McCann, Cáit (or Noeleen) Critchley, Susan McAuley, Cora Lynch, Susan Devine, Norman Lawlor, Anne Gray.

Middle l-r: Elizabeth Bennett, Patricia Murphy, Pauline Nolan, Pauline Lynch, ??? , Carmel Nolan, Cathriona Russell, ???, Yvonne Russell, Claire Lynch, Paddy Pryle, Violet Lawlor.

Back row: Seamus Dunphy, Gerry Rathbourne, Dan Daly, Sean McGoldrick, Joe Tobin, Patrick Dunne, Harry Naughton, Francis O'Brien, Padraig McGoldrick, George Rathbourne, Jimmy Gray, Marie Cahill, Pat Rathbourne.





**Five talented members of the Skryne Variety team. Front: (l. to r.) Ann Staunton and Josephine Savage. Back: Catherine Farrell, Mary O'Gravney and Marie Critchley.**

## "SKRYNE SCENICS" FOR NAVAN

The successful "Skryne Scenics" show, which played to a number of full houses in the local Matt Talbot Hall some time ago, comes to Navan on Sunday night next for one performance. The show, starting at 8.30 p.m., will be staged in St. Mary's Parish Hall and should attract a large audience.

## "SKRYNE SCENICS" FOR KILMESSAN

"Skryne Scenics," which has already had a successful run in the Matt Talbot Hall, Skryne, together with a well received performance in Navan and a repeat showing in Skryne last Sunday night, makes yet another appearance tomorrow (Friday) night when the people of Kilmessan will have a chance to see the well produced presentation.

Consisting of a programme of music, drama, comedy and dancing, the show commences at 8.30 p.m. and admission is 25p and 12p.

## "SKRYNE SCENICS"

Once again "Skryne Scenics," the Skryne parish show in the local Matt Talbot Hall, is packing them in and after its four scheduled performances during the past week it has been decided to present an extra show in the hall on Sunday night next.

The show, produced by Michael Neylon, who is also in charge of choreography, has five sketches, a number of songs, dances and dramatic scenes, as well as a ballad session and black and white minstrel piece. There is a male chorus of 15 and a female chorus of 11.

Members of the orchestra are Jimmy Gray (piano); Gene Englishby (rhythm), Michael McGoldrick (bass) and Robin McAuley (drums).



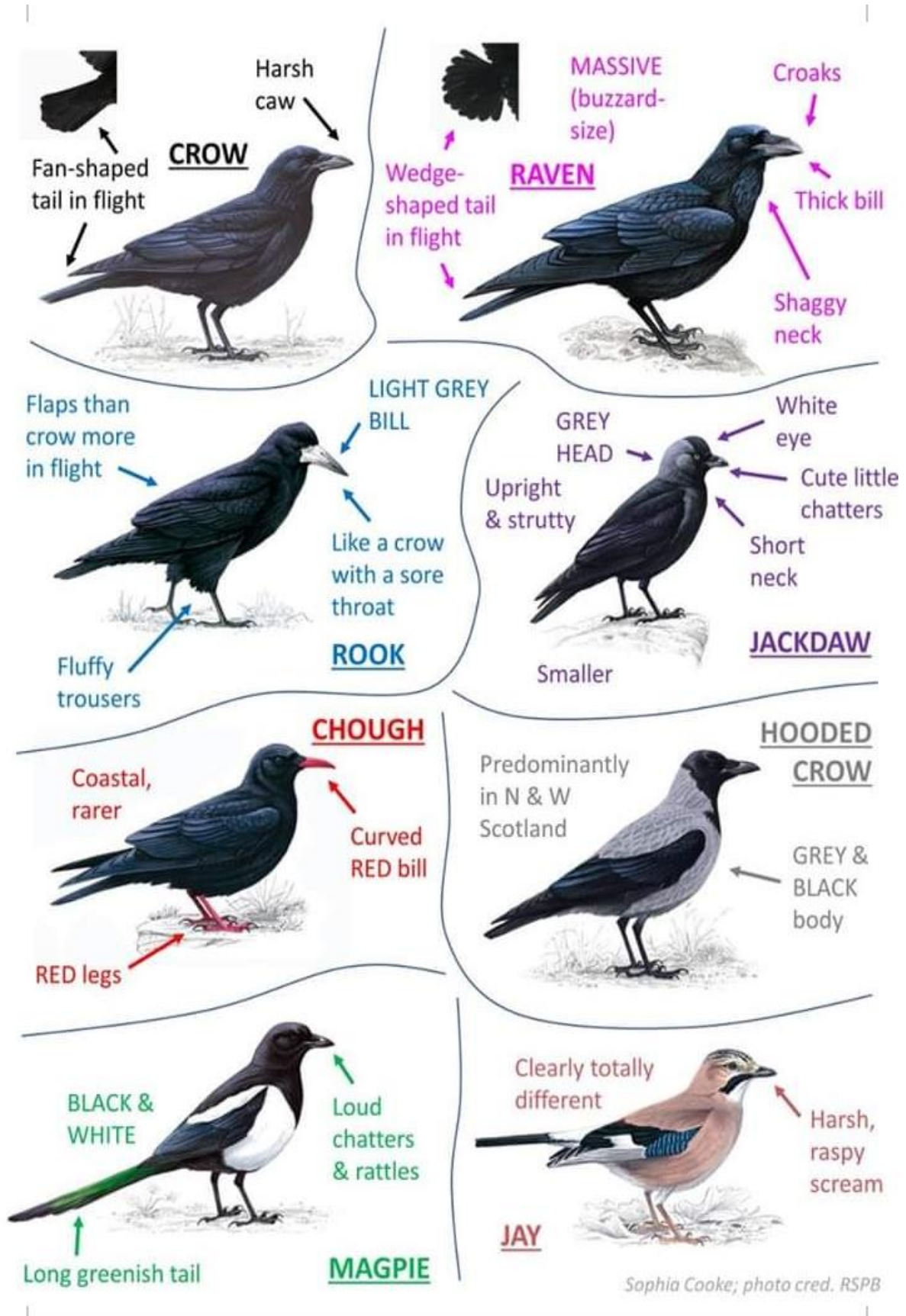
## Birdwatching by Tom Bannon

### *Greenfinches and Goldfinches*

If you look closely at this time of year you will observe both of these birds hopping around in unmowed grassy areas feeding off unopened dandelion flower heads. They strip off the outer sepals and drag out the little parachutes that transport the seeds on the wind. Then they eat the seeds and drop the parachute stalks on the ground.



# Do you know your Jackdaws from your Crows?



## Gardening Photo from Norbert Coyle

Get your hands on some Astilbe this summer for autumn glory !



## 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 hay swart turner, used for turning the mowed swarts (rows) of meadow  
Horse drawn drill grubber, used to break up the soil between potato drills

## 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: Paoric**

**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

[ronchawkemotors@gmail.com](mailto:ronchawkemotors@gmail.com)

Local person seeking to buy site with a view to building a residential property in the Skryne/Tara area

Contact details:

086-0424290

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

## SEDUM AND SAGE

LOCAL PLANT NURSERY



FREE DELIVERY ON ORDERS OVER €50  
WITHIN 50KM OF SKRYNE

CATALOGUE AVAILABLE AT:  
[HTTP://SKRYNE SAVER.COM/SEDUM/](http://skrynesaver.com/sedum/)

EMAIL TO ORDER: [KIRSTENWALK@GMAIL.COM](mailto:kirstenwalk@gmail.com)

## 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)