



ANAM CARA HWC NEWSLETTER

FOLD IRELAND LTD



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We would like to welcome all our new residents to Anam Cara HWC.

Mr. William Shelly,
Mr. Thomas Maguire,
Mr. William Sweeney,
Mrs. Rosemarie McCabe,
Mrs. Maura Kavanagh,
Mrs. Kathleen Downey,
Ms. Nora McCabe,

Ms. Mary McNamara,
Ms. Teresa Deneher,
Ms Deirdre McCormick,
Mrs. Agnes Dignam,
Mrs. Margaret Boyle



NEW PET THERAPY

'BEAR' and his owner Brenda who visit every Wednesday at 7pm



NATIONAL BOTANIC GARDENS OUTING

Residents paid a visit to the National Botanic Gardens, and had a wonderful day, we are so lucky that this beautiful place is right on our door step. This was our first trip out this summer, and there are many more to come.... Residents are advised to be watchful of notice boards, and to book trips they are interested in early.... Any suggestions are welcome



FUND RAISING EVENTS

We have been busy fund raising for the residents comfort fund.

Cake Sale raised €470.00

Mini Marathon raised €1,600 special thanks to the Downey family for running in the Marathon for ANAM CARA HWC.

6 a side football tournament raised €400

Donation from VDP society of €600

Special thanks to all residents, staff, family and friends for donating to Anam Cara residents comfort fund

Up coming fundraising events

Bag Pack 11th July

Family fun day

August



Anam Cara Summer outings book early to avoid disappointment



BIRD WATCHING AT ANAM CARA HWC

At Anam Cara HWC we have two internal gardens with Cherry blossom trees, in one of these trees, we have our very first bird nest.....

A wood pigeon has made her nest and has laid two eggs, we are all excited as the eggs have hatched and we have two adorable

chicks.

All are doing well and the chicks are getting big.

The residents on first floor are keeping a watchful eye on these baby wood pigeons and we hope there will be no tears when the chicks take to their first flight....



UP COMING EVENTS 2015

Up coming outings for the summer months.

8th JULY 2015

Trip to Howth Head, picnic provided, enjoy the wonderful view of Dublin bay and Dublin mountains, might even drop into the Summit pub for some refreshments.

17th JULY 2015

Trip to St. Ann's Rose Festival, come along and enjoy the rose gardens in all their glory.

29th JULY 2015

Guinness Store House, famous Dublin landmark, free sample of the beer...

13th AUGUST 2015

Phoenix Park Visitors Centre don't forget to

join us on this trip to Phoenix park, largest park in Europe, right on our door step.

24th AUGUST 2015

St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin we hope to visit this on National Heritage Week, this will be free, so early confirmation is essential for places.

29TH AUGUST 2015

Glasnevin Cemetery Tours, visit Michael Collins Grave, First World War 1 Museum

We also hope to have a trip to KNOCK if you are interested please advice staff, this will only go ahead if we have enough people interested.



POEM

by Agnes Dignam

- P is for peace just a little word of which I am sure you know.*
- E is for the effort we should all try to show.*
- A is for the agony imposed on one and all.*
- C is for the children who have suffered most of all.*
- E is for to end it the time of love is here.*

So please can we have PEACE by the end of the year.

JOKES & PUZZLES



Did you hear about the man that's up in court for murdering his wife with a razor.

No How ?

He gave her ARS-A-NIC...

While singing happy birthday to a resident at AnamCara, another resident brought us back to our youth by giving us this rendition of happy birthday...

*Happy Birthday to you
Squashed Tomatoes and
stew, Bread and Butter in
the Gutter Happy Birthday
to you...*

Ah, marriage. I was standing in front of the bathroom mirror one evening admiring my reflection, when I posed this question to my wife of 30 years: "Will you still love me when I'm old, fat, and balding?"

She answered, "I do."

A Cork man came home early one afternoon and just as he came in the door the telephone rang so he answered it.

'Who was that dear on the phone?' shouted his wife from the kitchen.

'It was a wrong number, darling', said the Cork man, 'some fellow looking for the Met. Office. He wanted to know if the coast was clear'.

Anyone who can guess how many ducks I have in this sack can have both of them,' said Murphy.

'Three,' said Branagan.

'That's near enough,' said Murphy.

The boss has been on the phone,' said Cassidy. 'He says they're sending down a thousand bricks this afternoon.'

'My God,' cried Kelly, 'how many bricks are in a thousand?'

'I don't know,' said Cassidy, 'but there must be millions!'

Resident family story

For the first 17 years of my life, my parents, younger brother Dennis, and I all lived with my Irish-born grandfather in his bungalow house, among other working class people in their bungalow houses in Denver, Colorado. As a child growing up during those early years of the 1930's, usually referred to as "The Depression Years", most all of my Gibbons-family childhood-memories are directly connected to events that happened in the kitchen of his house, as that was the only room that was heated, or lighted during that time. I remember 3 of the 7 of my grandfather's brothers and sisters who also emigrated to Denver around the turn of the last century when they left their family farm outside Westport, in county Mayo—one by one—to find work and a place to continue

living. The first to leave Mayo was my grandfather's oldest sister Mary (born in 1865) who with the help of an uncle in Salt Lake city, Utah, found a job as a domestic in a large house where she was also provided sleeping accommodation. Little-by-little she saved enough money to send back to Mayo for the next sibling, Aunt Maggie, to come and live in Denver, working also as a domestic with some other family. The two of them saved their money for my grandfather Patrick, who was the oldest boy and the next in line; and after 2 more sisters and another brother, in 1903, my great uncle Austin (called 'the kid' - as he was the youngest of the emigrants,) joined his brothers and sisters as the 7th of the Mayo siblings settling in Denver. By that time they had all met other Irish immigrants, and were becoming active-participants in the growing Irish emigrant population, choosing Mayo-born 'spouses' who had also settled there.

Some married young; others wait-

ed until employment brought them more a feeling of financial security. My grandfather "P.J.", accepted a job as a plasterer/cement finisher in the construction trade, and in 1904 married my grandmother, Mary McNulty, whose ancestors originally came from 'the north', but who grew up with her 6 siblings, in Kilkelly. By the time my father and his sister Mary, were born, quite a substantial number belonged to the Denver-area, Irish-emigrant-community. By the time I was born in July of 1929, my parents and other second-generation offspring of European immigrants, had shared community-life experiences, and most importantly, the intermixed more freely in their neighborhood-schools, compared with most of their 'Old-world', immigrant parents, might have liked.

To be continued....

By: Phyllis Gibbons

Dublin, Ireland 2004



*If you have a story
to tell let staff
members know and
it will be printed in
our next newsletter*



ANAM CARA HWC
BOOK CORNER

Well liked short stories by Irish Authors

Here is a small sample, of some famous stories. If you would like to read the full story, copies are available in the SCW office.

Don't forget Anam Cara Library first floor TV Room.

The Confirmation Suit

By Brendan Behan

For weeks it was nothing but simony and sacrilege, and the sins crying to heaven for vengeance, the big green Catechism in our hands, walking home along the North Circular Road. And after tea, at the back of the brewery wall, with a butt too, to help our wits, what is a pure spirit, and don't kill that, Billser has to get a drag out of it yet, what do I mean by apostate, and hell and heaven and despair and presumption and hope. The big fellows, who were now thirteen and the veterans of last year's Confirmation, frightened us, and said the Bishop would fire us out of the chapel if we didn't answer his questions, and we'd be left wandering around the streets, in a new suit and top-coat with nothing to show for it, all dressed up and nowhere to go. The big people said not to mind them; they were only getting it up for us, jealous because they were over their Confirmation, and could never make it again. At school we were in a special room to ourselves, for the last few days, and went round, a special class of people. There were worrying times too, that the Bishop would light on you, and you wouldn't be able to answer his questions. Or you might hear the women complaining about the price of boys' clothes.

'Twenty-two and sixpence for tweed, I'd expect a share in the shop for that. I've a good mind to let him go in jersey and pants for that.'

First Confession

By Frank O'Connor

All the trouble began when my grandfather died and my grand-mother - my father's mother - came to live with us. Relations in the one house are a strain at the best of times, but, to make matters worse, my grandmother was a real old countrywoman and quite unsuited to the life in town. She had a fat, wrinkled old face, and, to Mother's great indignation, went round the house in bare feet-the boots had her crippled, she said. For dinner she had a jug of porter and a pot of potatoes with-some-times-a bit of salt fish, and she poured out the potatoes on the table and ate them slowly, with great relish, using her fingers by way of a fork.

Now, girls are supposed to be fastidious, but I was the one who suffered most from this. Nora, my sister, just sucked up to the old woman for the penny she got every Friday out of the old-age pension, a thing I could not do. I was too honest, that was my trouble; and when I was playing with Bill Connell, the sergeant-major's son, and saw my grandmother steering up the path with the jug of porter sticking out from beneath her shawl, I was mortified. I made excuses not to let him come into the house, because I could never be sure what she would be up to when we went in.

WORD SEARCH

free printable word searches

Musicals

Words can go horizontally, vertically and diagonally in all eight directions.
Word may overlap but do not share letters.

X X K N R L J D A M N Y A N K E E S D H D N
S C B M M S O U T H P A C I F I C S V S Z R
V R Q E H W J Y G M T G L J W V L Z E B K J
D R O B A R E Z S K X T B S J E M L T B B C
F B R R V U M S X P R E E J G N L J V R Q X
I H Z Z R H T Z T M Y O V N L O M P A I K X
D M M L N O T Y N S G G A I F B L K L G W J
D R R W B V H I A G I F V X T T F M L A R W
L Q M F Z R P F N N O D U Z M A I N E D N V
E L O Z J P R I O Y D A E G R S N Y R O R R
R C G G I R H L T P E T O S S T V R E O K C
O Y P P A T Y I Q G O D H S T T L I D N Y N
N K T V Y C C T A D S H A E C O X A N R V W
T E W N T N I C G P Y I S A B P R H I Z R O
H I A M D K A H E L G Q T E H E N Y C Y N T
E N X R K L X L C O X S Z M L X A Y J N N E
R N M L L T L V N L N Z R A L T M S R G Z H
O A X M H K L C M R D M Z M T K T P T Q P T
O S L L O D D N A S Y U G E L J Z I M K N N
F M F Y A S P E C T S O F L O V E Z L P G O
R R A T S R E P U S T S I R H C S U S E J Z
K B S S E H C Z K R M Z Q J Y K H D N M C V

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