Fogarty's Rain Fest '08

THIS YEARS RAINFEST IN CONJUNCTION WITH HERITAGE INCHICRONAN WILL TAKE PLACE ON 3RD AUGUST, AND WILL INCLUDE FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY

3.00P.M.  A "TREASURE HUNT" WALK AROUND THE VILLAGE
          (CHILDREN MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY AN ADULT)

4.00P.M.  A PUPPET SHOW IN THE COMMUNITY CENTRE
          (SPONSERED BY JOHN MOORE AND HERITAGE INCHICRONAN)

5.30P.M  FACE PAINTING AND BARBEQUE (FOGARTYS)

6.00  KIDS DISCO (FOGARTYS)

9.00  ADULTS ONLY

WE INVITE YOU ALL TO COME ALONG AND ENJOY THE DAY.

The Sexton of Cashel

All over Ireland, from Cork to Belfast, from Dublin to Galway, are scattered the ruins of churches, abbeys, and ecclesiastical buildings, the relics of a country once rich, prosperous and populous. These ruins raise their castellated walls and towers, noble even in decay, sometimes in the midst of a village, crowded with the miserably poor, sometimes on a mountain, in every direction commanding magnificent prospects; sometimes on an island in one of the lakes, which, like emeralds in a setting of deeper green, gem the surface of the rural landscape and contribute to increase the beauty of scenery not surpassed in the world.

Ages ago the voice of prayer and the song of praise ceased to ascend from these sacred edifices, and they are now visited only by strangers, guides, and parties of humble peasants, the foremost bearing on their shoulders the remains of a companion to be laid within the hallowed enclosure, for although the church is in ruins, the ground in and about it is still holy and in service when pious hands lay away in the bosom of earth the bodies of those who have borne the last burden, shed the last tear, and succumbed to the last enemy. But among all the pitiible spectacles presented in this unhappy country, none is better calculated to inspire sad reflections than a rural graveyard. The walls of the ruined church tower on high, with massive cornice and pointed window; within stand monuments and tombs of the Irish great; kings, princes, and archbishops lie together, while about the hallowed edifice are huddled the graves of the poor; here, sinking so as to be indistinguishable from the sod; there, rising in new-made proportions; yonder, marked with a wooden cross, or a round stick, the branch of a tree rudely trimmed, but significant as the only token bitter poverty could furnish of undying love; while over all the graves, alike of the high born and of the lowly, the weeds and nettles grow.
"Sure there's no saxton, Sorr," said car-man Jerry Magwire, in answer to a question, "We dig the graves ourselves whin we put them away, an' sometimes there's a fight in the place whin two berryin's meet. Why is that? Faith, it's not for us to be talkin' o' them deep subjects widout respict, but it's the belafe that the last wan berrid must be carryin' wather all the time to the souls in Purgathory till the next wan comes to take the place av him. So, ye mind, when two berryin's happen to meet, aitch party is shtrivin' to be done foorst, an' wan thries to make the other lave aff, an' thin they have it. Troth, Irishmen are too handy wid their fishts entirely, it's a weak pint wid 'em. But it's a sad sight, so it is, to see the graves wid the nettles on thim an' the walls all tumblin'. It isn't every owld church that has a caretaker like him of Cashel. Bedad, he was betther nor a flock av goats to banish the weeds.

"Who was he? Faith, I niver saw him but the wan time, an' thin I had only a shot at him as he was turnin' a corner, for it was as I was lavin' Cormac's chapel the time I wint to Cashel on a pinance, bekase av a little throuble on me mind along av a pig that wasn't mine, but got mixed wid mine whin I was afther killin' it. But, as I obsarved, it was only a shot at him I had, for it wasn't aften that he was seen in the daytime, but done all his work in the night, an' it isn't me that 'ud be climbin' the Rock av Cashel afther the sun 'ud go to slape. Not that there's avil sper'ts there, for none that's bad can set fut on that holy ground day or night, but I'm not afther wantin' to meet a sper't av any kind, even if it's good, for how can ye tell about thin. Sure aven the blessed saints have been desaved, an' it's not for a sinner like me to be settin' up for to know more than thimselves. But it was the long, bent body that he had, like he'd a burdhen on his back, as they say, God be good to him, he had on his sowl, an' a thin, white face wid the hair an' beard hangin' about it, an' the great, blue eyes lookin' out as if he was gazin' on the other worruld. No, I didn't run down the rock, but I didn't walk aither, but jist bechuxt the two, wid a sharp eye round the corners that I passed. No more do I belave there was harrum in him, but, God's prisence be about us, ye can't tell.

"He was a man o' Clare be the name av Paddy O'Sullivan, an' lived on the highway betune Crusheen an' Ennis, an' they do say that whin he was a lad, there wasn't a finer to be seen in the County; a tall, shtrappin' young felly wid an eye like a bay'net, an' a fisht like a shmith, an' the fut an' leg av him 'ud turn the hearts o' half the wimmin in the parish. An' they was all afther him, like they always do be whin a man is good lookin'. sure I've had a little o' that same exparience mesilf. Ye needn't shmile. I know me head has no more hair on it than an egg, an' I think me last tooth 'ull come out tomorrer, bad cess to the day, but they do say that forty years ago, I cud have me pick av the gurruls, an' mebbe they're mishtaken an' mebbe not. But I was sayin', the gurruls were afther Paddy like rats afther chaze, an' sorra a wan o' thin but whin she spied him on the road, 'ud shlip behind the hedge to shMOOTH her locks a bit an' set the shawl shtraight on her head. An' whin there was a bit av a dance, niver a boy 'ud get a chance till Paddy made his chice to dance wid, an' sorra a good word the rest o' the gurruls 'ud give that same. Och, the tongues that wimmin have! Sure they're sharper nor a draggin's tooth. Faith, I know that well too, for I married two o' them an' larned a deal too afther doin' it, an' axin' yer pardon, it's my belafe that if min knewn as much before marryin' as afther, bedad, the owld maid population 'ud be greatly incrased.

"Howandiver, afther a bit, Paddy left carin' for thim all, that, in my consate, is a moighty safe way, and begun to look afther wan. Her name was Nora O'Moore, an' she was as clever a gurrul as 'ud be found bechuxt Limerick an' Galway. She was kind o' resarved like, wid a face as pale as a shroud, an' hair as black as a crow, an' eyes that looked at ye an' never seen ye. No more did she talk much, an' whin Paddy 'ud be sayin' his fine spaches, she'd listen wid her
eyes cast down, an' whin she'd had enough av his palaver, she'd jist look at him, an' somehow Paddy felt that his p'liteness wasn't the thing to work wid. He cudn't undhershtand her, an' bedad, many's the man that's caught be not undhershtandin' thim. There's rivers that's quiet on top bekase they're deep, an' more that's quiet bekase they're not deep enough to make a ripple, but phat's the differ if ye can't sound thim, an' whin a woman's quiet, begorra, it's not aisy to say if she's deep or shallow. But Nora was a deep wan, an' as good as iver drew a breath. She thought a dale av Paddy, only she'd be torn limb from limb afore she'd let him know it till he confist first. Well, my dear, Paddy wint on, at first it was only purtindin' he was, an' whin he found she cudn't be tuk wid his chaff, he got in airnest, an' afore he knewn it, he was dead in love wid Nora, an' had as much show for gettin' out agin as a shape in a bog, an' sorra a bit did he know at all at all, whether she cared a traneen for him. It's funny entirely that whin a man thinks a woman is afther him, he's aff like a hare, but if she doesn't care a rap, begob, he'll give the nose aff his face to get her. So it was wid Paddy an' Nora, axceptin' that Paddy didn't know that Nora wanted him as much as he wanted her.

"So, wan night, whin he was bringin' her from a dance that they'd been at, he said to her that he loved her betther than life an' told her would she marry him, an' she asked was it jokin' or in airnest he was, an' he said cud she doubt it when he loved her wid all the veins av his heart, an' she trimbled, turnin' paler than iver, an' thin blushin' rosy red for joy an' towld him yes, an' he kissed her, an' they both thought the throuble was all over foriver. It's a way thim lovers has, an' they must be axcused, bekase it's the same wid thim all.

"But it wasn't at all, fur Nora had an owld squireen av a father, that was as full av maneness as eggs is av mate. Sure he was the divil entirely at home, an' niver left off wid the crassness that was in him. The timper av him was spiled be rason o' losing his bit o' money wid cards an' racin', an' like some min, he tuk it out wid his wife an' dawther. There was only the three o' thim in it, an' they do say that whin he was crazy wid dhrink, he'd bate thim right an' lift, an' turn thim out o' the cabin into the night, niver heeding, the baste, phat 'ud come to thim. But they niver said a word thimselves, an' the nabers only larned av it be seein' thim.

"Well. Whin O'Moore was towld that Paddy was kapin' comp'ny wid Nora, an' the latther an' her mother towld him she wanted fur to marry Paddy, the owld felly got tarin' mad, fur he was as proud as a paycock, an' though he'd nothin' himself, he riz agin the match, an' all the poor mother an' Nora cud say 'udn't sthir him.

"'Sure I've nothin' agin him,' he'd say, 'barrin' he's as poor as a fiddler, an' I want Nora to make a good match.'

"Now the owld felly had a match in his mind fur Nora, a lad from Tipperary, whose father was a farmer there, an' had a shmart bit av land wid no end av shape grazin' on it, an' the Tipperary boy wasn't bad at all, only as shtupid as a donkey, an' whin he'd come to see Nora, bad cess to the word he'd to say, only look at her a bit an' thin fall aslape an' knock his head agin the wall. But he wanted her, an' his father an' O'Moore put their heads together over a glass an' aggrade that the young wans 'ud be married.

"'Sure I don't love him a bit, father,' Nora 'ud say.

"'Be aff wid yer nonsinse,' he'd say to her. 'Phat does it matter about love, whin he's got more nor a hunderd shape. Sure I wudn't give the wool av thim fur all the love in Clare,' says he, an' wid that the argyment 'ud end.
"So Nora told Paddy an' Paddy said he'd not give her up for all the men in Tipperary or all
the shape in Ireland, an' it was aggrade that in wan way or another, they'd be married in spite
av owld O'Moore, though Nora hated to do it, bekase, as I was after tellin' ye, she was a
good gurrul, an' wint to mass an' to her duty reg'lar. But like the angel that she was, she told
her mother an' the owld lady was aggrayble, an' so Nora consinted.

"But O'Moore was shrewder than a fox whin he was sober, an' that was whin he'd no money
to spend in dhrink, an' 'this bein' wan o' thim times, he watched Nora an' begun to suspicion
somethin'. So he made belave that everything was right an' the next time that Murphy, that
bein' the name o' the Tipperary farmer, came, the two owld fellys settled it that O'Moore
an' Nora 'ud come to Tipperary av the Winsday after, that bein' the day o' the fair in Ennis
that they knew Paddy 'ud be at, an' whin they got to Tipperary, they'd marry Nora an' young
Murphy at wanst. So owld Murphy was to send the car after them an' everything was made
sure. So, av the Winsday, towards noon, says owld O'Moore to Nora,--

"'Be in a hurry now, me child, an' make yersel' as fine as ye can, an' Murphy's car 'ull be here
to take us to the fair.'

"Nora didn't want to go, for Paddy was comin' out in the afternoon, misthustin' that owld
O'Moore 'ud be at the fair. But O'Moore only told her to make haste wid hersilf or they'd be
late, an' she did. So the car came, wid a boy dhriving, an' owld O'Moore axed the boy if he
wanted to go to the fair, so that Nora cudn't hear him, an' the boy said yes, an' O'Moore towld
him to go an' he'd dhrive an' bring him back tomorrer. So the boy went away, an' O'Moore an'
Nora got up an' shtarted. Whin they came to the crass-road, O'Moore tuk the road to
Tipperary.

"'Sure father, ye're wrong,' says Nora, 'that's not the way.'

"'No more is it,' said the owld desayver, 'but I'm after wantin' to see a frind o' mine over here
a bit an' we'll come round to the Ennis road on the other side,' says he.

"So Nora thought no more av it, but whin they went on an' on, widout shtoppin' at all, she
begun to be disquisitive agin.

"'Father, is it to Ennis or not ye're takin' me,' says she.

"Now, be this time, they'd got on a good bit, an' the owld villin seen it was no use thryin' to
desave her any longer.

"'I'm not,' says he, 'but it's to Tipperary ye're goin', where ye're to be married to Misther
Murphy this blessed day, so ye are, an' make no throuble about it aither, or it'll be the worse
for ye,' says he, lookin' moighty black.

"Well, at first Nora thought her heart 'ud shtand still. 'Sure, Father dear, ye don't mane it, ye
cudn't be so cruel. It's like a blighted tree I'd be, wid that man,' an' she thried to jump off the
car, but her father held her wid a grip av stale.

"'Kape still,' says he wid his teeth closed like a vise. 'If ye crass me, I'm like to murdher ye.
It's me only escape from prison, for I'm in debt an' Murphy 'ull help me,' says he. 'Sure,' says
he, saftenin' a bit as he seen the white face an' great pleadin' eyes, 'Sure ye'll be happy enough wid Murphy. He loves ye, an' ye can love him, an' besides, think o' the shape.'

"But Nora sat there, a poor dumb thing, wid her eyes lookin' deeper than iver wid the misery that was in thim. An' from that mimit, she didn't spake a word, but all her sowl was determained that she'd die afore she'd marry Murphy, but how she'd get out av it she didn't know at all, but watched her chance to run.

"Now it happened that owld O'Moore, bein' disturbed in his mind, mistuk the way, an' whin he come to the crass-roads, wan to Tipperary an' wan to Cashel, he tuk the wan for the other, an' whin the horse thried to go home to Tipperary, he wudn't let him, but pulled him into the Cashel road. Faix, he might have knewn that if he'd let the baste alone, he'd take him right, fur horses knows a dale more than ye'd think. That horse o' mine is only a common garron av a baste, but he tuk me from Ballyvaughn to LisdoonVarna wan night whin it was so dark that ye cudn't find yer nose, an' wint be the rath in a gallop, like he'd seen the good people. But niver mind, I'll tell ye the shtory some time, only I was thinkin' O'Moore might have knewn betther.

"But they tuk the Cashel road an' wint on as fast as they cud, for it was afthernoon an' gettin' late. An' O'Moore kept lookin' about an' wonderin' that he didn't know the counthry, though he'd niver been to Tipperary but wanst, an' afther a while, he gev up that he was lost entirely. No more wud he ax the people on the road, but gev thim 'God save ye' very short, for he was afeared Nora might make throuble. An' by an' by, it come on to rain, an' whin they turned the corner av a hill, he seen the Rock o' Cashel wid the churches on it, an' thin he stopped.

"'Phat's this at all,' says he. 'Faix, if that isn't Cashel I'll ate it, an' we've come out o' the way altogether.'

"Nora answered him niver a word, an' he shtarted to turn round, but whin he looked at the horse, the poor baste was knocked up entirely.

"'We'll go on to Cashel,' says he, 'an' find a shebeen, an' go back in the mornin'. It's hard luck we're afther havin',' says he.

"So they wint on, an' jist afore they got to the Rock, they seen a nate lodgin' house be the road an' wint in. He left Nora to sit be the fire, while he wint to feed the horse, an' whin he come back in a mimit, he looked for her, but faith, she'd given him the shlip an' was gone compleately.

"'Where is me dawther?' says he.

"'Faith, I dunno,' says the maid. 'She walked out av the dure on the mimit,' says she.

"Owld O'Moore run, an' Satan an' none but himself turned him in the way she was afther takin.' God be good to thim, no wan iver knewn phat tuk place, but whin they wint wid a lanthern to sarch fur thim when they didn't rturn, they found the marks o' their feet on the road to the strame. Half way down the path they picked up Nora's shawl that was torn an' flung on the ground an' fut marks in plenty they found, as if he had caught her an' thried to howld her an' cudn't, an' on the marks wint to the high bank av the strame, that was a torrent be razon av the rain. An' there they ended wid a big slice o' the bank fallen in, an' the sarchers
crassed thimself wid fright an' wint back an' prayed for the repose av their sowls.

"The next day they found thim, a good Irish mile down the strame, owld O'Moore wid wan hand howlding her gown an' the other wan griping her collar an' the clothes half torn aff her poor cowld corpse, her hands stretched out afore her, wid the desperation in her heart to get away, an' her white face wid the great eyes an' the light gone out av thim, the poor craythur, God give her rest, an' so to us all.

"They laid thim dacintly, wid candles an' all, an' the wake that they had was shuparb, fur the shtory was towld in all the counthry, wid the virtues av Nora; an' the O'Brian's come from Ennis, an' the O'Moore's from Crusheen, an' the Murphy's an' their frinds from Tipperary, an' more from Clonmel. There was a power av atin' an' slathers av dhrink fur thim that wanted it, fur, d'ye mind, thin of Cashel thried fur to show the rale Irish hoshpitality, bekase O'Moore an' Nora were sint there to die an' they thought it was their juty to thrate thim well. An' all the County Clare an' Tipperary was at the berryin', an' they had three keeners, the best that iver was, wan from Ennis, wan from Tipperary, an' wan from Limerick, so that the praises av Nora wint on day an' night till the berryin' was done. An' they made Nora's grave in Cormac's Chapel just in front o' the Archbishop's tomb in the wall an' berried her first, an' tuk O'Moore as far from her as they cud get him, an' put his grave as clost be the wall as they cud go fur the shtones an' jist feminst the big gate on the left hand side, an' berried him last, an' sorra the good word they had fur him aither.

"Poor Paddy wint nayther to the wake nor to the berryin', fur afther they towld him the news, he sat as wan in a dhrame, no more cud they rouse him. He'd go to his work very quite, an' niver shpake a word. An' so it was, about a fortnight afther, he says to his mother, says he, 'Mother I seen Nora last night an' she stood be me side an' laid her hand on me brow, an' says "Come to Cashel, Paddy dear, an' be wid me."' An' his mother was frighted entirely, for she parsaved he was wrong in his head. She thried to aise his mind, but the next night he disappeared. They folly'd him to Cashel, but he dodged an' kept from thin compleatly whin they come an' so they left him. In the day he'd hide an' slape, an' afther night, Nora's sper't 'ud mate him an' walk wid him up an' down the shtones av the Chapel an' undher the arches av the Cathaydral, an' he cared fur her grave, an' bekase she was berried there, fur the graves av all thin that shlept on the Rock. No more had he any frinds, but thin o' Cashel 'ud lave pitaties an' bread where he'd see it an' so he lived. Fur sixty wan years was he on the Rock an' never left it, but he'd sometimes show himself in the day whin there was a berryin', an' say, 'Ye've brought me another frind,' an' help in the work, an' never was there a graveyard kept like that o' Cashel.

"When he got owld, an' where he cud look into the other worruld, Nora came ivery night an' brought more wid her, sper'ts av kings an' bishops that rest on Cashel, an' there's thin that's seen the owld man walkin' in Cormac's Chapel, Nora holdin' him up an' him discoorsin' wid the mighty dead. They found him wan day, cowld an' shtill, on Nora's grave, an' laid him be her side, God rest his sowl, an' there he slashes to-day, God be good to him.

"They said he was only a poor owld innocent, but all is aqualized, an' thin that's despised sometimes have betther comp'ny among the angels than that of mortials."

-source
Irish Wonders. Popular Tales Told by the People. By D. R. MacAnally, jnr