

B I P

Benevolent Irish Paper

St. Patrick's Day — in years past, a time to salute the Irish, for any number of reasons. The Irish are a good-hearted, happy people: a race comprised in almost equal parts of street brawlers, drunkards, priests, and geniuses. An Irishman is a fiery, hot-tempered, stubborn leprechaun with a heart of gold.

A strange country, Ireland — a producer of many controversial figures. A land where James Joyce and Samuel Beckett learned to write, and then immediately left. A land where Bernadette Devlin can be the strongest supporter of Catholicism, and end up an unwed mother. The only place in the world where two factions of the same basic religion — Christianity — can in good conscience enthusiastically kill each other off in the name of God. An Irishman takes a bit of the "old sod" with him wherever he goes — the twinkle in his eye, the spring in his gait, the particular magic in his speech, and the way his voice rises when he talks of religion, horse racing, and whiskey: an Irishman's only true passions.

This year Ireland has her troubles. There are some that claim the dew drops on her greens are tears now. Men, women, and children die on her streets every day, and the situation is not improving. Ireland is a torn nation.

This year, if you see someone wearing green on St. Patrick's Day, give him a big smile and a "Happy St. Patrick's Day!" He could use it.



CADRE

SUPPLEMENT