



## O'Malley Clan Association Monthly Newsletter

### This month's highlights....

- Happy Halloween from The O'Malley Clan Association
- How Halloween originated in Ireland
- Get the word out there!
- "Canary" from Danny O'Malley
- A Tulip named in honour of an O'Malley!
- Memories of The Maam Valley - "Caoineadh na Marbh"
- "Gracie & The Pirate Queen"
- About the O'Malley Clan Association
- The O'Malley Clan needs you! Join Today!

### Happy Halloween from The O'Malley Clan Association!

Spooky greetings from us all here at The O'Malley Clan Association. We hope you're all getting organised for the tick or treating and enjoying the festivities.

Halloween was of course an Irish invention, (more detail on that inside), so we hope that means us Irish are top dogs when it comes to the big annual fright night!



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### Lets get the word out there! LIKE, COMMENT, SHARE!

Lets keep up the good work everyone. We want to get the message out there to every O'Malley/Malley/Maley/Mellia/Melia in the world that the O'Malley Clan is here and making connections worldwide.

As I mentioned at the AGM on Friday 23rd June, the best way for us to get the word out there is through YOU! **There's been a bit of a fall off in engagement during the past month or two, so lets get back to it!**

Head onto your **Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter** accounts and LIKE, COMMENT, SHARE, RETWEET, and lets spread the word and make those connections with O'Malleys everywhere.

Its only with your help that we can spread the word.

## How Halloween originated in Ireland!

### *From Samhain to Halloween: The Evolution of a Spooky Tradition*

Halloween, the holiday known for costumes, candy, and creepy decorations, has a rich history that spans centuries and continents. While it may seem like a modern concoction of fun and frights, its origins can be traced back to the ancient Irish pagan festival known as Samhain. This festival marked the end of the harvest season and the beginning of winter, and it laid the foundation for the Halloween we celebrate today in 2023.

Samhain, pronounced "sow-in," was an important Celtic festival celebrated by the ancient Irish, Scots, and other Celtic peoples. It marked the end of the harvest season and the beginning of the darker half of the year, commonly associated with death and the afterlife. Samhain was observed on the eve of November 1st and lasted for several days.

One of the central beliefs of Samhain was that the boundary between the living and the dead was at its thinnest during this time. The Celts believed that the spirits of the deceased, both benevolent and malevolent, could cross over into the realm of the living. To honor and appease these spirits, the Celts would light bonfires and leave offerings of food and drink outside their homes.

As Christianity spread across Europe, it often incorporated and adapted existing pagan traditions into its own religious calendar. In the 8th century, Pope Gregory III established All Saints' Day on November 1st, a holiday to honor all saints and martyrs. The night before, October 31st, became known as All Hallows' Eve, from which the name Halloween eventually evolved. The Christian influence on Samhain brought about changes in the way the holiday was observed. Rather than appeasing spirits, people started to pray for the souls of the departed. Bonfires remained a part of the celebrations, but their purpose shifted to symbolize the light of Christ. During the Middle Ages, Halloween continued to evolve as various cultural elements blended together. The medieval English celebrated All Hallows' Eve with a custom called "souling." People, mainly children and the poor, would go door to door, offering prayers for the dead in exchange for "soul cakes." These small, round cakes were meant to represent a soul's journey through purgatory and were a precursor to modern trick-or-treating.

Halloween, as we know it today, was heavily influenced by the waves of Irish and Scottish immigrants who arrived in North America in the 19th century. These immigrants brought their Halloween traditions with them, including the carving of turnips and later pumpkins into lanterns, which we now call Jack-o'-lanterns. The transition from turnips to pumpkins was largely due to the availability of pumpkins in North America and their larger size, making them easier to carve. By the late 19th century, Halloween in America had evolved into a community-centered holiday with parades, parties, and games.



*Above: A traditional carved turnip*

## How Halloween originated in Ireland!

However, it wasn't until the early 20th century that Halloween truly became a worldwide phenomenon. The holiday's popularity grew thanks to the influence of popular culture, with books, movies, and magazines contributing to the spread of Halloween traditions. One notable influence was the 1938 radio broadcast of "The War of the Worlds" by Orson Welles, which caused widespread panic and fear. This event played on the atmosphere of fear and the unknown associated with Halloween and added to its mystique. The practice of trick-or-treating, which had its roots in souling and other medieval customs, became a hallmark of modern Halloween. Children, dressed in costumes ranging from spooky to whimsical, would go door to door, collecting candy from their neighbors. This tradition has since become a cherished part of Halloween, bringing joy to both children and adults.

Halloween parties, haunted houses, and elaborate decorations have also become integral to the holiday's celebration. In recent years, there has been a surge in interest in DIY and creative Halloween decor, with many people transforming their homes and yards into spooky wonderlands. In the 21st century, Halloween has become a multifaceted holiday that appeals to a wide range of people. It's no longer just for children but also for adults who enjoy dressing up, attending parties, and exploring haunted attractions. Halloween's popularity has also expanded to include cultural events, such as horror movie marathons and themed festivals. Furthermore, Halloween has taken on a more inclusive and diverse character. Costume choices now reflect a wide array of interests and identities, and communities often embrace the opportunity to celebrate their own unique traditions alongside the more traditional Halloween festivities.

From its ancient Celtic roots as Samhain to the modern celebration of Halloween in 2023, this holiday has undergone a remarkable evolution. What began as a solemn festival to honor the dead has transformed into a vibrant and diverse celebration of creativity, community, and the thrill of the unknown. As Halloween continues to adapt and change with the times, its enduring popularity ensures that it will remain a beloved holiday for generations to come.

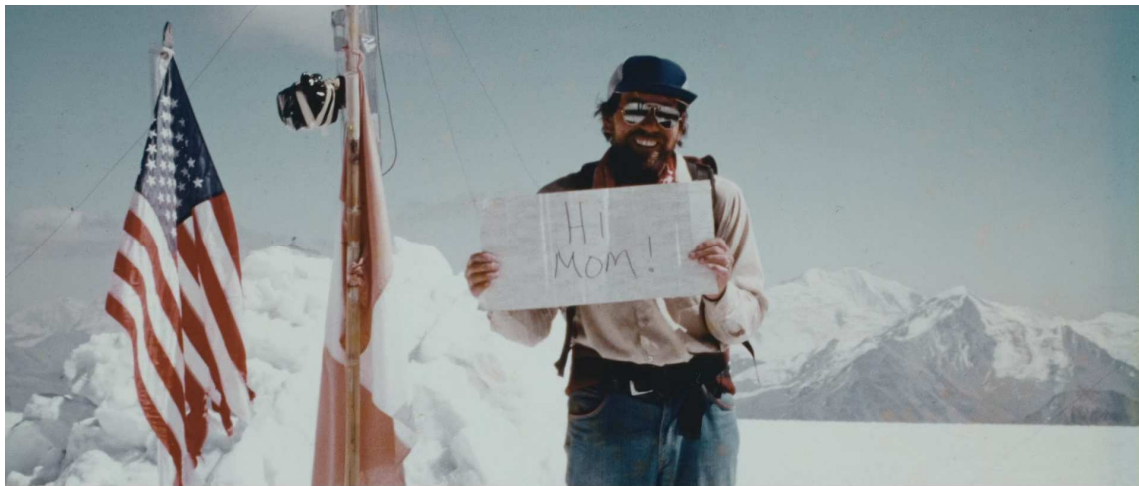
In 2023, as we don our costumes, carve our pumpkins, and gather for spooky fun, let's remember the rich history and cultural

tapestry that has shaped Halloween into the holiday we cherish today. It's a reminder that traditions, like the spirits of Samhain, can cross the boundaries of time and continue to bring joy and connection to people around the world.

*Don O'Malley*



## “Canary” from Danny O’Malley



## “No scientist has taken bigger risks” – Vice President Al Gore on Dr. Lonnie Thompson

Dr. Lonnie Thompson, “the closest living thing to Indiana Jones” (says Harvard geochemist Daniel Schrag), blew the world away with his death-defying expeditions to the highest mountains on Earth. Over the course of nearly 70 expeditions to the highest and most remote places in the world, Lonnie spent more than four years of his life above 18,000 feet—more than anyone else on the planet. His extraordinary expeditions involve bringing six tons of equipment to the highest glaciers in the world to drill ancient histories from the ice. Lonnie’s findings include climate histories that go back hundreds of thousands of years, records of ancient volcanoes, and, most important, definitive evidence of human-caused climate change, the greatest threat that we’ve ever faced to our civilization.

Lonnie grew up in poverty in a coal mining town in West Virginia. It was there that he developed an interest in science, after learning to predict the weather while using a weather station he built in his family’s barn. Though Lonnie wanted to be a scientist, he was destined for the coal mines. But when his dad suddenly died, Lonnie realized that life was too short for him to spend it in the coal mines. With everyone telling him not to get his hopes up, he worked four jobs to make enough money to send himself to college. At Ohio State, Lonnie studied coal geology. One summer, he got the opportunity to go to Antarctica to study ice cores, which changed the course of his life forever. At the time, paleoclimate scientists were only focused on glaciers closer to the North and South Poles. Lonnie dared to ask why no one was drilling ice from the glaciers sitting away from the poles on the tallest mountains in the world. The top scientists in the field told him those mountains were “too high for humans” and drilling ice cores there was impossible. Lonnie went anyway. After ten years of trying and failing, he finally defied the naysayers and brought back a historical record from the Quelccaya glacier in Peru, up at 19,000 feet. In the process, Lonnie opened up an entirely new frontier of scientific exploration and changed our understanding of the climate.

One of the first people to study these glaciers, Lonnie became one of the first people on the planet to witness climate change firsthand when he came upon a massive lake that had formed seemingly overnight. The melting was so devastating that Lonnie spoke in front of Congress to start ringing the alarm



## “Canary” from Danny O’Malley

bells of climate change. When his plea to Congress fell flat, he decided that more evidence would change their minds. Now that the lower-elevation glaciers melted, Lonnie found himself needing to go



to higher and deadlier places to get evidence. Over the next decades, Lonnie pushed himself to greater heights but grew frustrated. He constantly risked his life and amassed literal tons of evidence of global warming, but nobody was changing their behavior. It was at this moment that Lonnie received a wake-up call: his doctor told him that his heart was failing and he needed a heart transplant. Lonnie said, “You’re telling me this heart that has gotten me to the tops of all these mountains needs to be replaced? I don’t think so.” The man who was telling the world to listen to the facts on climate change ignored the facts about his failing heart and continued his expeditions. Lonnie’s denial caught up with him. After a near-death experience, Lonnie was revived and then hooked up to a machine to stay alive. Unable to go to the mountains that he loved, Lonnie realized how susceptible we are all to denial when we are told difficult news about things that affect us and that he needed to listen to his doctor and get the heart transplant. This near-death experience allowed Lonnie the realization that data and facts alone are not the answer. The denial of human-caused climate change is as much a human emotional problem as it is a factual one and if Lonnie was going to make a difference on this issue, he needed to tell his story and allow himself to be more of an advocate. Though Lonnie still explores the mountains, he now has a new lease on life. He now spends his time talking to large groups of people from China to South America to West Virginia, telling his story and how a kid destined for the coal mines became one of the leading climate scientists in the world. The story about his heart now shows everyone that we are all capable of denial in the face of climate change. His story shows the importance of facing seemingly impossible challenges head-on and not giving up until we win: a lesson we all need in facing climate change.



## **“Canary” from Danny O’Malley**

### **A Word from the filmmakers: Danny O’Malley and Alex Rivest, PhD**

After our first meeting with Lonnie Thompson, my directing partner and PhD-trained neuroscientist Alex Rivest turned to me and said, “If there is a single story we ever tell, it has to be this one.” I immediately agreed. The next thing we knew, we were on top of an 18,000-foot glacier in the middle of South America, making a film with half the oxygen that is available at sea level. Our goal was to show the world that science stories were cinematic, emotional, and entertaining. Lonnie’s story was perfect for our mission. Lonnie was an underdog who grew up in poverty and destined for the coal mines in West Virginia, and built himself up to become one of the world’s leading climate scientists. He defied conventional wisdom by drilling ice cores from glaciers on top of the world’s tallest and most remote mountains, an act deemed impossible by all the top scientists of his time. Over almost 70 death-defying expeditions, Lonnie had spent more time above 18,000 feet than anyone in the world, earning him the reputation as the real-life Indiana Jones. His story had all the makings of a great film, and we were all in.

When Alex and I teamed up, we had not set out to make a climate film. In fact, we were actively avoiding climate change stories. As we made the film, we saw that Lonnie’s life was so intertwined with climate change that telling his story was a natural and effective way to connect people to the subject. From a coal-mining town, Lonnie could talk about fossil fuels with authority. He understood the history of coal and what the industry meant to communities like the ones he grew up in. Lonnie’s research brought him to glaciers in 17 countries all over the globe, allowing him not only to gather data but also to form personal connections with the glaciers and the people surrounding them. Lonnie’s relationship with glaciers like Quelccaya allows audiences to experience the climate impacts emotionally. Lonnie’s story connects us to the indigenous communities that are some of the first people directly impacted by climate change. It even touches on the one aspect of climate change that is hardest to face: denial.

When Lonnie’s doctor warned him that his heart was failing and that he needed a heart transplant, Lonnie, who was at that very time warning the world to listen to the facts of climate change, went into denial about the facts surrounding his own diagnosis. He ignored the doctors and nearly died. When we see that even scientific heroes like Lonnie are all capable of not facing a problem, we all become more honest about our failings.

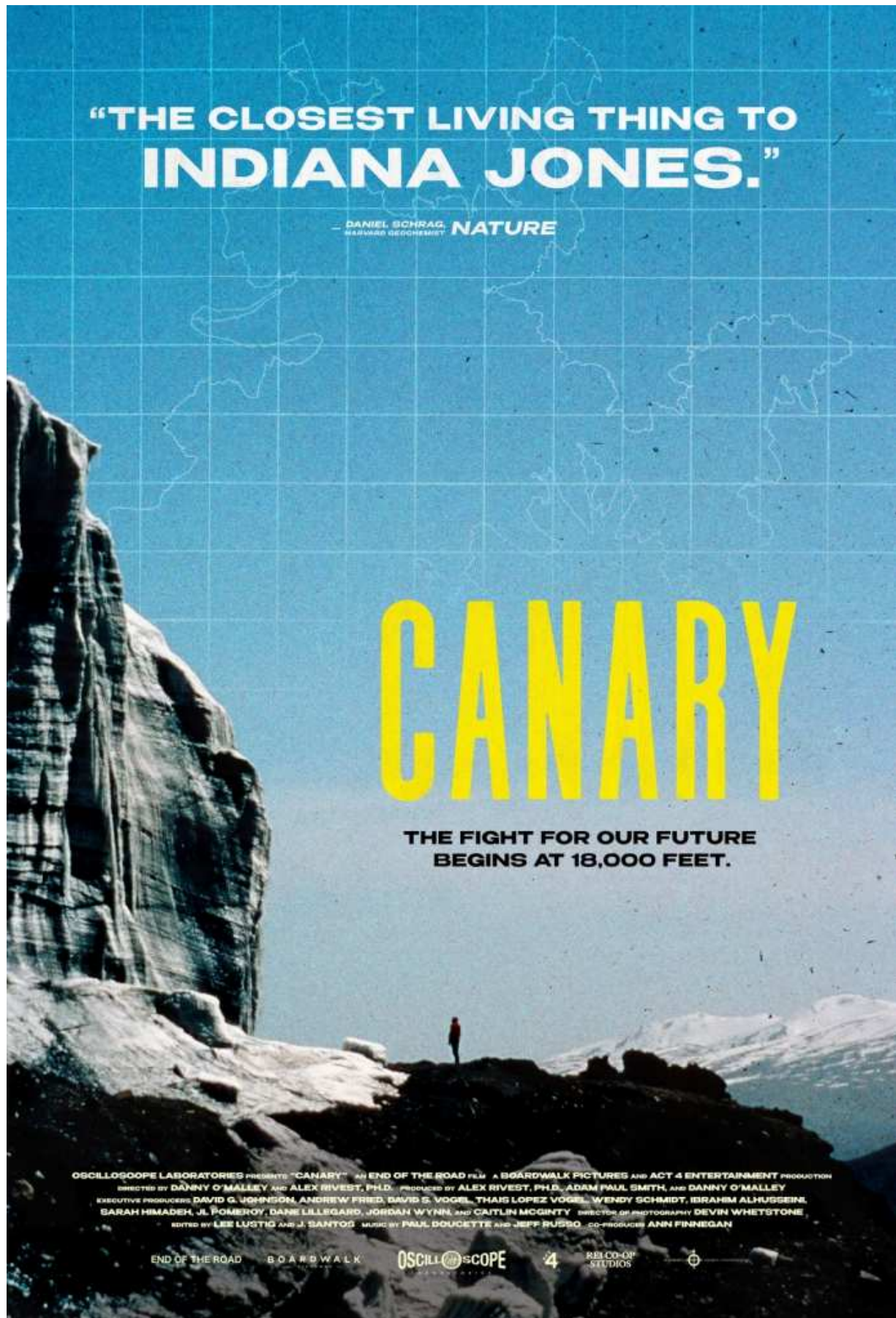
In making the film, we found that we could entertain people with a great story they’ve never heard, make climate change tangible for the audience, and inspire them to make a difference.

Most important, after everything Lonnie has seen, he still has hope. You will walk away from this film with the belief and motivation that we can do something about it. There is nobody on earth like Dr. Lonnie Thompson. By showing audiences the sacrifices Lonnie made for his science, his motivations, and his failures along the way, we believe we change how people see scientists. The hope in this film is earned and we hope it encourages people to take steps to address global warming. We are excited to introduce the world to Dr. Lonnie Thompson because Lonnie showed us how to push our limits and face bigger and bigger challenges in our lives, and we hope he will have that impact on you, too.

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## “Canary” from Danny O’Malley



## A Tulip named in honour of an O'Malley

### A Blackburn (UK) family's memorial balloon found by Dutch farmer

A memorial balloon that was released from Blackburn in the UK and landed in a tulip farm in the Netherlands has connected the family with new friends for life.

In April 2021, Levi O'Malley and his family released a memorial balloon from the Feilden's Arms in Mellor Brook in honour of his sister, Scarlett Rose O'Malley, who had recently died aged 27. Attached to the balloon was a message to anyone who found it, saying: "Please message on the Facebook page, 'Here I Am'," which was a self-help page

Scarlett had created herself. The balloon travelled an astonishing 500 miles, crossing international borders, until it landed in BLT

(Burger, Lilies, and Tulips) field in Valkkoog in the Netherlands. Pieter Burger, the tulip farmer, and his wife Marisska discovered the balloon and were so moved by the family's story he came up with the idea to name a new tulip species, where the balloon landed, after Scarlett Rose. Levi said: "We've been in contact with their family for the past two years. "They've sent over hundreds of tulip bulbs for us to plant in Scarlett's schools and around the homes of family members, as well as in Australia where Scarlett and I used to live. "We plant them in November and they bloom in April which is when Scarlett's birthday is. I've also placed an emblem of a tulip on Scarlett's headstone."

The two families met up in the UK this month and bonded over their special connection. Levi said:

"Marisska came over to visit us last year, then this year they both came over with their teenage sons, Rick and Stephan. "Pieter actually returned the balloon on the last night of their stay which was quite a shock.

"When he brought the balloon in, he had everyone in tears. The balloon could have landed in the sea, or in cow muck and been trodded on and forgotten about. "But it landed in a tulip field, in the most beautiful place, found by the most beautiful, amazing family who had gone out of their way to get in touch and it's made everything easier. We're connected for life now." Levi mentioned that during their stay, he took the family to Ewood Park, and they also enjoyed a visit to Clitheroe Castle.

Pieter and Marisska brought with them 800 tulip bulbs named after Scarlett, dropping some off for



Above: (L-R) Marisska Burger, Scarlett's mum Kate O'Malley, Pieter Burger, and Levi O'Malley with the memorial balloon. Inset photo is tulips in the farm named after Scarlett O'Malley (Image: Levi O'Malley)



## A Tulip named in honour of an O'Malley

Scarlett's gags (grandma) Rose McManamon, uncle Liam McManamon, and auntie Bernidette Hinnigan, which they will plant in November. The story also made the headlines of a local paper in Valkkoog when the balloon touched down in the farm's field, 30 miles north of Amsterdam.

Explaining his initial reaction when he found Scarlett's self help page on Facebook, Pieter said: "When I looked at the page I started to understand that the young woman had passed

away and from that moment I couldn't let it go. "I was overloaded with warm messages from friends, uncles, aunts and Scarlett's parents. They thought naming the tulip was such a beautiful gesture. "With tears in my eyes, I was reading through the messages of Scarlett's mum, who sent me a little message pretty much every day. The tulip had a special place in the funeral service and has provided a connection between us."



Peter Burger found the memorial balloon in his tulip farm

Below: Scarlett's headstone (L). Scarlett Rose tulips in BLT tulip farm



## Memories of The Maam Valley

### “Caoineadh na Marbh”

Michael Flannery 1997

My great grandfather was Micil O'Malley, a native of the Maam Valley. He himself and his brother were evicted by Lord Leitrim together with twenty seven other families from their small farms to make provision for Lord Leitrim's hungry herd of grazing stock. The human flock was driven west from their homes to open up fields for Leitrim's animals. The old lament 'Bánu na Cnocán Báine recalls many such tragic and sad stories. Lord Sligo gave the twenty-eight evicted families temporary refuge in Gleann Chaoin west of Leenane assigning them the mammoth task of subduing and cultivating the barren hillside by building strong stone enclosing boundary walls from the valley to the mountain-top and stone houses to shelter their families. I refer to temporary refuge, because they were again evicted from Glenkeen after they had completed the task of building strong boundary walls to enclose the reclaimed paddocks. They had outlived their usefulness and were forced to abandon house and home. This second eviction crushed out any hope that Micil O'Malley had of being a small hill-farmer. but it didn't deter his ambition of raising a family of his own. This second misfortune didn't break his spirit or courage .

He moved west to Louisburgh, married Anne Gill of Ballyhip, started a small business as an eggler and raised a family of six in the present home of Kennys, Bridge St. His eldest and only son, John O'Malley, became a priest of Tuam diocese and died as P.P. of Milltown, Co. Galway in 1952. Mary, the eldest daughter married Pat O'Malley, and mothered Mary Ellen Kenny and Annie Gaffney of Louisburgh. Anne, the other daughter, emigrated to Clinton, U.S.A. together with her sister Brigid who died in Clinton. Anne returned to Ireland to marry Michael McGreal of Owen Bui. Ellie the fourth daughter married Martin Cooke of Kilkerrin, Carna, whose son Dr. John Joe Cooke was the courageous student to raise the national flag over the statue in St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, during the troubles. The youngest daughter Kathleen married James H. McDermott of Louisburgh, and celebrated her wedding breakfast in the Leenane hotel in June 1900. She was my granny and resided in McDermott's Hotel, Louisburgh.

So with this family background it was only natural that the Maam Valley evoked in me mixed feelings of love and anger, pride and bitterness, appreciation and sadness, respect for one's roots mingled with a sense of isolation at being orphaned and uprooted from their life blood. The Maam Valley had always an enormous attraction for me. Its beauty was enchanting and quite overwhelming.





## Memories of The Maam Valley

The over-all feeling at every trip through the Valley was always a sense of home-coming - ag filleadh ar mo dhuchas. I was but a child in the early forties when I was taken by my granduncle, Fr. John O'Malley, P.P., Milltown, Co. Galway - on my first trip though Maam, Kilmilkin, Doon hill-side cemetery where the bones of my O'Malley ancestors lay, Leenane, Gleann Chaoín, Delphi, Louisburgh and Kilgeever. I still retain a sense of respect for the countryside as my first impression was one of treading on sacred soil. It was a tour through the land of my roots, and while I have still a vivid memory of the tour, I was too young to grasp its real significance or to retain the contents and details of all the information imparted. I remember references to O'Malley relations in Kilmilkin, to the reverence shown as we passed the burial mound in Doon just west of Griggins' by -road to Finny, to the old barrack station at Delphi where my other great grandfather of the Mc Dermott line, Patrick Mc Dermott lived as a policeman, to the Glenkeen valley, scene of the second eviction, to Lousburgh and finally to Kilgeever cemetery, where both sets of grandparents rest their bones. Kilgeever cemetery and Abbey beside the Holy Well had always a magnetic attraction. These memories are now faint and rather dinned by the passage of fifty years but their play-back is still accompanied by its ever new therapeutic effect. Walls of stone come tumbling down but the echoes of memory remain.

I made a passing reference to Patrick Mc Dermott my other great grandfather. He came originally from Ballinafad, Co. Sligo, married Winny Henry, a Co. Roscommon girl, and worked some years at Delphi, in the parish of Ross, the same parish as Kilmilkin, and raised a family of twelve. All but two of that family of twelve emigrated to the United States. The Bád Bán or emigrant boat for the Mc Dermott family, together with the double eviction of the O'Malley family, have both had a devouring effect on my ancestors and only highlight the denudation and depopulation of the parish of Ross embracing the great stretch of the Maam Valley.





## Memories of The Maam Valley

Emigration was always a problem for the barony of Ross, and my grandfather James Henry Mc Dermott, son of Patrick the policeman and his wife Kathleen O'Malley, daughter of Micil, my grandmother, raised a family of ten and seven of these saw the inside of the Bád Bán or emigrant ship. The seven sailed towards the horizon of life on the other Atlantic shore, taking their markings and values from our Atlantic shore to shield them against the penetration of false ones. The Bád Bán or emigrant ship was often cursed by our family on this shore, for its destructive effect of separation and denudation, and then on brighter occasions the same Bád Bán was blessed for the wonderful opportunities it created for our emigrants on the other shore.

I referred in passing earlier to the therapeutic value of a journey to your roots, and I have a very vivid memory of taking my mother and aunt, Una Sarsfield, on one such tour some years ago through the Maam Valley. Our first stop was to admire Evie Hone's stained glass window of St. Brendan, the patron saint of the O'Malley Clan, in Kilmilkin church. Not one of the O'Malleys would ever question St. Brendan's ability to discover America after his miraculous performance at the well to ensure the preservation of the male O'Malley line!

Our next stop was at the site of the old Kilmilkin Church on the little hill of Doon where many of our O'Malley ancestors await the bugle call of resurrection. Chuir muid ar bhain linn faoi bhri ár nguí and before we left this sacred soil I quoted this extract from 'Halls Tours' of Connemara.

*"Half way from Maam to Leenane crowning a small (and perhaps artificial) hill, stand the remains of an ancient cahlr, or hillfort, now but a ring of huge stones. On a sabbath morning during a summer in the 1820's, I was a pedestrian ... at one of the- oldest ruins in the west country - the remains of a banquet hall and a chapel - the former memorable in tradition as having been the scene of many a bardic meeting; the latter sacred as the only spot for twenty miles around where the service of the Roman Catholic Church was performed. Many hundreds of the peasantry, clad in their gay purple and scarlet dresses, were grouped along the sides of the mound on which the cross of the old chapel stood. The wind was so still that it moved not the tapers that were lighting on the rude stone altar. The officiating priest ... had raised above his head the consecrated wafer, which the whole congregation, uncovered and bowed to the earth, received with one long and loud 'Mile Failte do Chríost, an Slánaightheoir, A thousand welcomes, Christ our Saviour, that broke from every lip and rang through that peaceful and secluded dell"*

We prayed our farewell as we left this ancient sacred site of worship. 'Beannacht dilis De le h-ananmacha ár marbh agus le Micil Ó Maille a thugh leis siar do Gleann Chaoín a chreideamh laidir a fuair se den chead uair ag umar an Bhaiste san Mám.

Below: The Evie Hone window in Kilmilkin Church



## Memories of The Maam Valley

Our next stop was Glearm Chaoín where Micil Ó Maille and his twenty- seven neighbours built their stone houses after the first eviction. Our journey west was shortened by the story of our roots. Do bhain cuartú ár bhfréarnhacha an fad as an aistear anoir. The mountain mist had descended to encroach and encompass Gleann Chaoín when we stopped. It was too wet for my mother and Aunt Una to leave the car, but I was commissioned to visit the broken down home in the valley where Micil O'Malley resided and to lay my hand on the tree



in his memory growing through the old kitchen floor. When I returned to the car I found the two women keening their dead. They had delegated the privilege of laying a hand on the tree of memory to me, but had reserved the joy of keening their dead to themselves. It was a genuine keening -caoineadh na marbh -dimmed by no rising tears. As we left the Valley, the words of Terence Mc Sweeney's 'In Memoriam' flooded and overflowed the boundaries of mind, and the sound re-echoed from the surrounding hills.

*Think not of them in sorrow for they rest*

*Like weary travellers when the day is done.*

*Their task fulfilled, Life's sweet reward is won And they stand at God's throne among the blest.*

*O Think of them as pilgrims that had prayed*

*That they might see the dawn light up the skies And ever turned to God with hopeful eyes*

*Till for their steadfast faith they were repaid.*

*Think of rough paths that they shall tread no more Think of dark hours now buried in the past Think of their labour long through all the years And then think of the peace of Heaven's shore.*

*Where all things, by God's Glory overcast*

*Speak of deep joy dimmed by no rising tears.*

Our yearly journey normally took us to Kilgeever, but the mountain mist put the therapy of a visit to Kilgeever back for another day. We turned east from Gleann Chaoín to retrace our steps. Bhi bothar na smaointí siúlta againn agus bhí sé thar am duinn aghaidh a thabhairt ar an mbaile. Thaithnigh an turas thar cinn le mo mháthiar agust m' aintin Úna. Bhain siad sásamh agus suaimhneas intinne as. Bhi a muinntir caointe go maith aca. Bhi an dúl chaointe comhlíonta go ceann bliana eile. Ag dul thar an gCaoláire d'fhogair mo mhathair lán an phaidrín agus arís cuireadh a muinntir faoi bhrí na gui. Ag deire chuile deichnnúr d'fhogair sí le glór árd.

## Memories of The Maam Valley

*Dia idir mé agus uisce mo bháite:*

*Dia idir mé agus tine mo dhóite*

*Dia idir mé agus bás gan cáirde*

*Dia idir mé agus taismí bóthair.*

Briseann an dúchas trí shúile an chait.

The postponed visit to Kilgeever cemetery never materialised for my mother. It was deferred for another day and before that day dawned she was called for the longer journey to eternity. Her day of resurrection dawned and called her to the other shore. Nuair a théim siar go Kilgeever anois bíonn sí féin curtha faoi bhrí mo ghuí in éindigh lena bhfuil dá muintir imithe ar shlí na Fírinne. She is now included in our 'Caoineadh na Marbh' and the therapeutic baton of the caoineadh has been passed on to another generation. I do hope as well that I have succeeded in sharing some memories of Micil Ó Máille with his own kin of the Maam Valley.

Walls of stone come tumbling down but the echoes of memory remain.

Revd Michael Flannery, P.P., Knock-Spiddal, Inverin, Co. Galway, is the son of Patrick Flannery, Milltown, Co. Galway, and Thekla McDermott, of McDermott's Hotel, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo, whose mother was an O'Malley. Father Michael was educated at St. Jarlath's College, Tuam and St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and was ordained for the Tuam Diocese. He spent a number of years working as a Curate in Cornamona, and has been Parish Priest in Knock-Spiddal since 1990.

*(Article written in 1997)*

Below: Micil Ó Máille & his wife Anne Gill





## “Gracie & The Pirate Queen”

My name is Brenda Malley, a retired civil servant and native of Miramichi, New Brunswick, Canada. In 1994 I toured the Republic of Ireland and was both excited and intrigued when our tour guide introduced us to a legendary pirate queen, Grace O'Malley, from County Mayo. It's something that gnawed away at me for almost 30 years, and I was thinking that some day I would like to write something about the connection between Queen Grace O'Malley and a little descendant from Miramichi, New Brunswick (Miramichi has been hosting an Irish Festival for the past 40 years, and bills itself as Canada's Irish Capital).

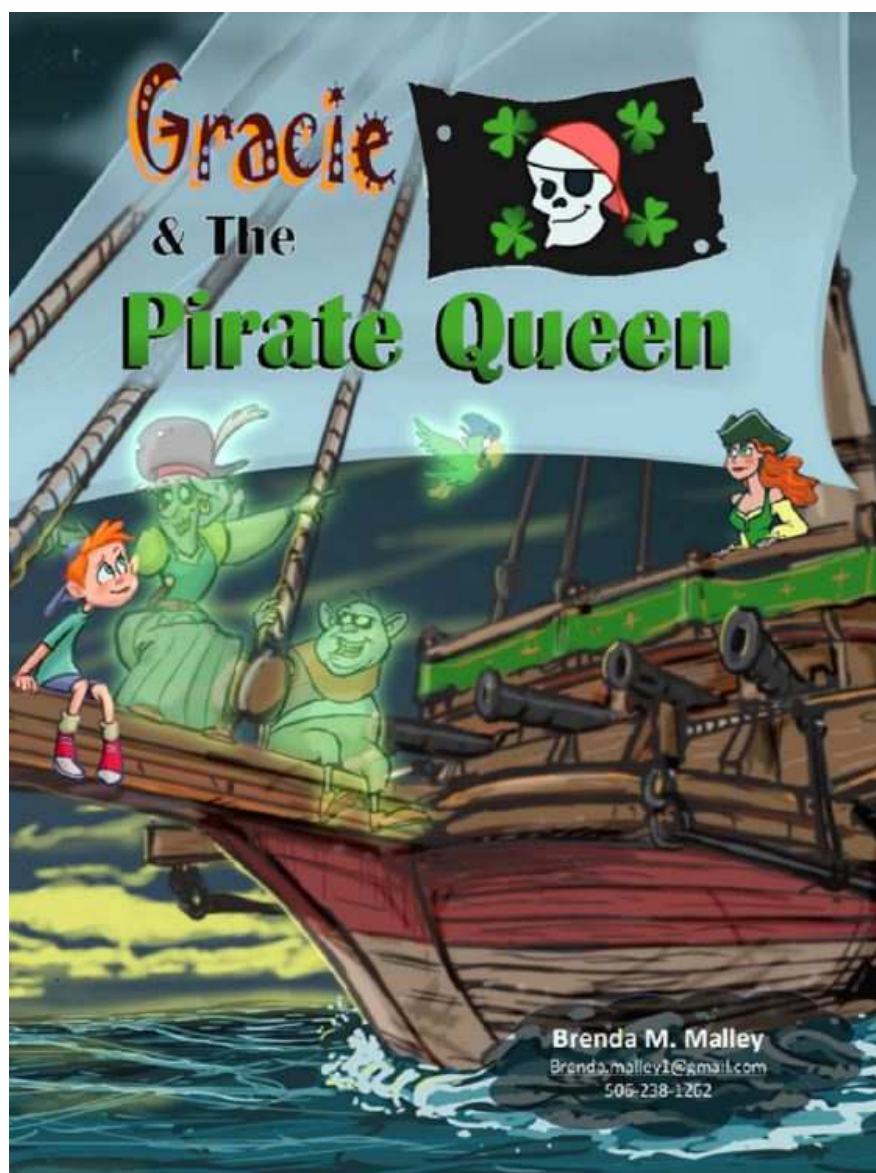
In 2017, after 33 years with Justice and Public Safety, I retired and quickly immersed myself into screenwriting and filmmaking. To date I have written, directed, and produced three short films and an 8 x 10-minute series about Adult Autism called The Town Clown, currently streaming on Fibe TV Channel 1.

At the same time, I began writing the screenplay, Gracie and the Pirate Queen, a 12-episode series. It is about a worn down and haggard 16th century Irish pirate queen who transcends time in search of the perfect person to enlighten and spread the true meaning of girl power. With a wave of her magic scepter that she “borrowed” from a medieval English monarch, one of her many nemeses, she meets a precocious 10-year-old Canadian girl, a 21st century descendant, and the old woman takes the little rebel on one historical adventure after another.

Noteworthy is that the screenplay of the first episode of Gracie and the Pirate Queen was selected at the International Film Festival The Hague in November 2022.

Two years ago, while working on other projects, I began collaborating with MMOM, an animation studio in Miramichi and we have been busy researching and developing characters. I have also garnered the support of Horace Williams and Little Castle Sound Studio, along with a team of amazing actors. My next step is to present our pitch package to production companies. It is my hope that your organization will take an interest in our project and endorse it, something that would be very helpful in the pitch process. If anyone would like to contact me, I can be reached at

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*The O'Malley Clan Association aims to reach out to O'Malleys from all around the world and foster links between the O'Malleys around the globe and the clan at home here in Ireland.*

*The Clan Association formed in 1953 has been connecting O'Malleys around the world in The US and Canada, Britain, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, South America, and anywhere else you can think of for 70 years now.*

*We hope with our website, and newsletter, that We can go from strength to strength in our aim to connect all the O'Malleys around the world.*

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