

# IRELAND

August 7<sup>th</sup> to September 16<sup>th</sup>, 2008

I  
sland  
R  
adiant  
E  
merald  
L  
uminous  
A  
ttractive  
N  
onchalant  
D  
esirable

I come to you free of thoughts  
And the heart slung across the shoulder.  
I see your slopping hills  
And I imagine your soft heather.  
To seduce me better, yours colors  
Will be shimmering with thoughts  
The sun, or the drizzle at dawn,  
Will give me a fresh complexion!  
Your music chanted in rhythm,  
Will invade the pub at night  
There will be streams of beer,  
In a happy hopeful mood!  
In the moor scattered with Leprechauns  
Playing tricks like children do  
They will come in my dreams in the warmth of the night  
And will be able to guide my steps, with tenderness.

000000000000

*To the attention of my Irish friends, I wanted to translate in English the narration of my stay in their beautiful country.  
It cannot be perfect, but I hope that I get their understanding.*

The world is to discover. I know a little part, there is resting for me to see.  
I leave the destiny to choose for me.

This time, the destination was chosen for me! It was to meet Fabienne (French woman) and Paul (Irish man), at the family fair, to drive my steps unto the Irish Land.  
I did not learn a lot of English, what does it matter!  
I came back to my home, full of something's.

I have discovered people, warm and friendly and love of life. The Irish People know how to enjoy a night in the Pub and the taste of good Whiskey and the sing-a-long without distinction of their age.

The players are also for the different ages and they play modern songs and classical music. The traditional Irish songs tell about the English domination and principally The Great Famine, the songs are not sad. The History is there for all to see and simply handed down for the new generation.

The rain is the problem. But, it give a green Landscapes, illuminated under the sun rays, of the sparkling deep blue sea and the pearled beaches and the hills covered in purple heather. The fuchsias hedges and the monbretia carpets bring their colors blazing and go well together with the green prairies.

This Island, penetrated by the sea on all sides, scattered of lakes, walked through the singing rivers, cradle us with their charm.

The Sheep, head and legs black, are the masters of this Island, they are everywhere, in the fields, on the roads, they are crossing the windy roads wherever and whenever they want, the driver of the car must wait.

I have liked this manner to stay with they families. I have lived in the Irish intimacy adopting their customs. I could come back to the Irish Life, to mould me in the life of my Landlord, to take my time and to appreciate everything.

While on my walks alone I liked let my mind rave at the rhythm of this wonderful nature.

**The [Ireland](#) has amazing sceneries, welcoming people; this Country deserves one visit. Sure!**

**Come - Lets go to share my six weeks of Irish Hospitality!**

**On Thursday 7th august** at the end evening I arrive in [Ardara](#), County of [Donegal](#). It is a small town of 1200 peoples, in the great house of *Fabienne and Paul*. Their house is just outside the village at the top of a hill. She is dominating the sea winding inside the land. The view is always different without the play of the clouds and tides.

**Ardara** is a lovely town and the people are friendly. The necessities are there: foods, pharmacy, hardware for little articles for the house. The shop of Gordon, near the Fabienne house has alls things for home and also for the fishermen. Almost each Irish man is fisher in Ireland! We find principally articles of tweed. It is the first industry of the town. There is still a fabric! We find also a lot of pullovers. In the villages, each family is knitting a particular design to recognize the body of the fisherman depth! For the dental, specialist's medicines or radios the people must to go to **Letterkenny** or **Donegal town**, 45 minutes by road!

The shops and houses have to the front of a lot flowers. The pubs, near of ten, have front of one bank!

**On Saturday 9th**, the Agriculture show in the ground very wet (the next year it was worse!) did see us the more beautiful, cabbages, carrots, navels, cakes, flowers also the beautiful cow and sheep. The *Massey-fergusson* tractors shone of their nice colours. The children did some carousel. On the come back way, I drank my first *Guinness* in *O'Doherty!* I like it, bitter with the sweet head and not to sparkling!

**On Sunday 10th**, Visit to [Killybegs](#), the more important fish port of **Ireland**. We come back by **the Glengesh pass**. Depth valley down to **Ardara**. The countryside is undulating, wild; There are a lot of purple heather and hydrangea in front of the houses and stones wall.

**On Monday 11th**, the weather is not good. I start in spite of, for a walk alone to **Longhros Point** which is 15 km by return! I walk under the sun, the rain and wind! I pick up blackberries in the hedges. I have admired these great houses with the velvet grass in front of it! At the end of my walk in front my eyes a cross the arm of the sea, of dunes of white sand. I like the unsettled colours of sea and sand under the clouds. The sheep saw me as an intruder and the cows were indifferent.

The weather is difficult, no cold, but the wind keeps blowing my hair after having it done!. I leave the pleasure to it! The look has a few times to appreciate the colours sublimate by the sun as one big cloud has cover it and the shower soaked the poor walker! It is nothing, the strong wind as the wire pass on the sigh, the complain but dry quickly. The evening amazing sunset, the sea in first colour silver became gold.

**On Wednesday 13th**, great sun in the morning! Miraculous! 20° at noon! Under this heatwave, the horses and the cows lie down on the grass to expose their skin to the maximum sun!

**On Thursday 14th**, indispensable pubs crawl!

With *Fabienne*, her friend *Roisin* and *Paul* friend of *Roisin*. We drink a glass wine in home *Roisin*. At 21h30, it is the good time to listen the music in the pubs, let's go!

First stop: *Teagues*, no music? After, answer me *Fabienne*! Ok! She drink a Whisky *Bushmills*, me too! After the red wine and the first whisky, I feel like laughing! The life is light!

Second stop: *The Corner House*. Warm atmosphere here! The pub is full. Every person listens with glass in the hand. The players-singers. She plays guitar and sings with a voice high and clear. I adore! Two men play banjo and little accordion.

For my health, no melange, I drink another *Bushmills*. After it, I speak English well! After the third glass, the chairs come in my way!

At one hour am, we leave *The corner House* and *Paul*. We go at the *Nancy's pub* for the last drink! Quite place. *Seamus*, come talk with us. He has long hairs greying, with rings on all fingers and the same around the ears! I drink one more *Bushmills*. I take a pictures incredible sharp. Autofocus's miraculous!

I am light like a feather! My feet fly when I come back at home!

**On Friday 15th**, not sick! My body doesn't remember the last evening! The Irish whisky is good for me!

Weather wet! I go for a walk alone, beside the river. The first part of the way is good, the second part cross in the moss, high grass and fern. The rain of the last days is staying in the patch. I came back my feet like a swimming pool!

The walk is good in despite it. Landscape green far. No noise alone the song of the stream hidden under the purple heather and the song of the river **Owentocker**. Three fishermen wait patiently for salmon. On the side of the river the flowers, orange, yellow and purple are reflected in the water bringing trace of pollution.

Two hours later and ten kilometres I am come back to **Ard an Ratha** ou **Ardara**.

**On Saturday 16th**, I go to **Letterkenny** at home *Stephen* for few days.

The night we eat in the good Italian's restaurant. After, last drink at the bar of [Radisson's hotel](#). Sweet atmosphere: candles and Irish's music in the space of perfect's acoustic! My first Irish's coffee is divine! Sit down in the comfortable seat, witch hot coffee-whisky cross the sweet's moss. The pleasure is great and brings my mind far, to far!

Without my knowing, *Stephen* asks for a second Irish coffee for me! Let's sleep this night?

**On Sunday 17<sup>th</sup>**, Sun!

In my guides GEO and THE ROUTARD I saw several things to visit in the county. *Stephen* follows it.

The [Glenveagh's park](#) around an important castle built beside the lake. Inside we see the owners' comfort and tastefulness. One table and one piano in marquetry are remarkable. The bathroom is in totality white: the ground, the bath, the lavabo in the table in marble, the cupboard and the fireplace. The SPA fashionable are not more beautiful.

Behind a lovely tearoom and garden of flowers and vegetables.

At the reception, we find one exhibition on the fauna and flora. Bus drives the people from reception to castle.

The road for **Dufanaghy**, goes along the coast and cross between the carpet of purple heather. Not far from the coast, the sea is scatter of several islands some habited! The people like to be alone!

The sun and the cloud play and change the colour of water.

Last stop to **Doe Castle**. Ghostly castle beside the sea. This walls in stone around a square white tower! In the cemetery, the souls of family are on the prow. I feel their presence in the last light of the day.

**On Monday 18<sup>th</sup>**, The sun is shining! Wonderful!

Let's go to the **Giant's Causeway**, in North Ireland.

We go for a walk on the beach of **Benone**. Nice beach of 15 kilometres de white thin sand. The children were playing in the ebb and flow with boot and they make a sand castles dressed with their anorak.

We find the distillery at [Bushmills](#) before the [Giant's Causeway](#). The visit is very interesting. At the end we drink a glass *Bushmills*! Good! (Lol!)

Finish the sun; it is raining a lot in the afternoon, while as visit this important site **Giant's Causeway**.

We arrive to the curious amazing area of about 40.000 interlocking basalt columns; make a perfect pavement like the best work of the worker! This formation eats the legends (*the Finn Mac Cool*) but the Scientifics think its columns are the result of volcanic rocks colder!

We come back soaked, but happy to see it declared a World Heritage Site by UNESCO in 1987.

Nice dinner at the restaurant [Yellow Pepper](#) to **Letterkenny**. Goods foods and friendly atmosphere!

**On Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup>**, One hour walk in the mountains of **Letterkenny** with *Stephen*. Fast walk, I have not the time to pick up blackberries!

Shopping at the supermarket TESCO, open 24h/24h and 7j/7j. I am surprise of great choice of vegetables and fruits. The restaurant serves only potatoes!

Come back to **Ardara** in the evening.

**On Wednesday 21<sup>th</sup>**, Lovely day, I walk 22km. I start from the house to **Maghera caves** and return. All the day the sun is shining.

I take a picnic in front of the **Assanacally** waterfall.

I went up in the hill to see the sheep, there, I dominate the great amazing beach of white sand. The tide is out, the wave soft, the sea is winding on the sand. The blue water sparkles of thousand stars. The landscape resembles at the aquarellist paint!

I go down by a difficult path. My feet appreciate the sea and walk on the sand. I feel very good. In front of the caves, the rocks are cover with lichens of alls colours.

I come back to see the changing colours of the landscape, the cow, the fuchsias hedges, my mind only trouble by the song of the stream under the ferns or the brambles, the bleating of the sheep and the breeze in the trees.

At 17h45, I appreciate the dinner, with half pint of Guinness at the pub of *hostel Diamond* in town of **Ardara**.

**On Saturday 23rd**, Rain again, but here nothing stop the people! With all the family we went to the **Bonny Glen forest**. It is a beautiful forest, quite. There are of the greatest pines and of the big way. The lake snugly inside the forest, repose scattered of water lily. One Cerf went in the place more quite, one frog afraid did her mimic on the rock and the fox ran fast. We went back by the lovely villages where the boats are sheltering in the little natural ports. On the evening I go alone at the *Nancy's pub* listen the music. I stay 1h30 drinking my half pint of Guinness. The man and woman play guitar and sing with tonic voice. Well!

**On Sunday 24th**, after have a lie-in, I give the breakfast to the children: *Liadan* and *Cillian* “my Choco-Pop” and with all family, we start at 1 pm for the *Harvey's Point restaurant*. Its restaurant proposes a Sunday lunch like a lot of restaurants. Here from noon to 7 pm the people are coming none stop! How many dinners are taken? Impossible to count! The price of 32€ is cheap for all foods serve unlimited! In end of the evening, we go and pick up the blackberry for *Fabienne* to make the jelly. We have just time to get onto the car before the storm!

**On Monday 25th**, Last day in **Ardara**. Alls the friends are get together at the *Nancy's Pub* for the last drink together: *Fabienne*, *Roisin*, *Paul* and his wife *Sam* and *Himmer* one friend *Roisin*. Friendship, here is really. I kiss alls warmly. I shall always remember **Ardara**. I like the peoples, the village and the landscape.

**On Tuesday 26th**, last breakfast with *Liadan* and *Cillian*. The “Jamime” of *Cillian* do not saids the N and the English lessons of *Liadan* will miss me. At 2 pm I go to [Letterkenny](#). *Stephen* is happy see me.

**On Wednesday 27th**, Drive across the landscape. The [Ramelton](#) village is rocked by the **Lennon river** who across it and slide under the stone bridge. **Ramelton** is old important port, the building along the river are restored.

**On Thursday 28th**, for *Stephen birthday*, we eat in the [restaurant Ripples](#). Nice restaurant and gook cooking. To see through the window we see the tongue of sea scatted of little green islands. The sky unroll this grey sails to cover the landscape. When we go out at 9h30 pm the islands are coke and the sea lead in fusion. This picture is like a Chinese paint is very beautiful. In the quite night have an unreal feeling.

**On Wednesday 29th**, This afternoon *Stephen* drives me in the extraordinary landscape. The **Ireland** is a cake bites by a giant man with long teeth. The sea is coming deeply in the ground, it around a hill here, an island there, it brings the white sand for the longer and soft beach and It changes all time the landscape with the tides. All time, we don't know, is the sea coming? Or is it the ground going into the sea in lucky sailing? These hills cover by of purple heather, ferns, moss and rocks, grip in their feet of the lakes great like the sea on the other side. The sheep, giant lord of this place, graze the green grass to offer by l' **Ireland**. We finish afternoon at monastery of **Ards Friary**. The church is simple, but the park around is beautiful. The way, along the sea, is lined with flowers, pins, oaks and rhododendrons. I go for a paddle in the sea on the beach. Ahead on the way, we sit down on the bank, we shall stayed here, look far, very far, in meditation. Very nice promenade!

**On Saturday 30th**, we go at the discovery of [Inishowen Peninsula](#). We follow the ROUTARD program.

The **Griannan Ailiagh fortresses** built one thousand BC. It is round and these walls are four meters thick. At the top of this hill, the wind is cold and blowing strong. Down, at the crossroads from **Burt**, a modern church is built, the same, also round with walls of stone. At **Dunree Fort**, the old military buildings are built on the rock point. The bedrooms, the garages and the lookout post abandoned, grow in the middle with fern, heather and monbretia. The drizzle falls and brings more of mystery to the place.

The **Famine village** is very interesting! We learn lot things on the Irish live and principally on the great famine. Between 1846 and 1850, more four million people died or immigrated to America or Australia. Before the great famine population was of 8,5 million people, now only 3,9 million in **Republic Ireland** and 1,6 million for **North Ireland**.

At **Carndonagh** we see the oldest Celtic Cross, of *St Patrick*, of 7<sup>th</sup> century may be! It shows the first typical Celts interlaces.

At **Malin Head** we are at the point the more north of **Ireland**. The waves smash them on the rocks and on the grass, of the lover writer, with the little white stones writed their names together.

Last stop at **Five Fingers Strand**. The sea retire them after put down on the sand the pearly of this waves.

Lovely day plenty of discoveries.

**On Sunday 31st**, 3 pm we went to the restaurant for the “Sunday lunch”. After, walk at **Ards Friary** and mass. *Stephen* come back by the landscape ways to see the **St Colmcille or St Columba** abbey ruins. This Saint is also important *St Patrick*. She lives at the 7-8<sup>th</sup> century. Some stones, the faithful burn candles, deposit ex-voto and pray there. Further on, his birthday place of **St Colmcille**. Along the way, in hedge, a stone-table, served as an altar for the priest to said mass while English occupation.

The sun is shinning. It gives at the landscape a fauve-colour. The lakes are the mirrors of the nature in fire.

We live the sunset near the **Gartan lake**. The place is quite, so calm and peaceful. The shadow are bewitchment. We are alone in the world. I take behind my eyes, the last colours of the day, the last evening pictures drowned in the black water of the lake.

**On Tuesday 2nd of September**, I go for a walk to centre of **Letterkenny**.

**Letterkenny**, 20.000 populations, does not have the charm of **Ardara**. It is a town of workers. A lot people work in **Derry** in **North Ireland**. The live is on Main Street. We find a lot of shops and pubs, also several shopping mails. Down at the town, we find a great zone of commerce’s of Marques, like : Dunnes, TK Mark, M&S, shop of sports and for children.

Children in bronze are at the centre of little place. There, we go up to the Cathedral.

The town do growing up. There are a lot new houses, big sometime same and always with conservatory.

*Stephen* wants I finish my holidays to **Letterkenny** drinking Irish-coffee at the *Radisson’s Bar*. Always delicious! It is a wonderful moment.

**On Wednesday 3rd**, I leave *Stephen* and I take the bus to **Dublin**.

In-extremis, I find *John* at **Pearse Station** to go **Skerries** at the North, 40mm by train.

This time I am in the big white house where live a lovely family. I meet *Cliona* and *Deirdre*, later the son *Cian* come back Hurling and *Mary*, the wife of *John* coming from work.

*John* speaks French very well. He is attentive and has to prepare a lot of documentation for me, to easy my stay and my visit in **Dublin**!

**On Thursday 4th**, I take the train to go to **Dublin**. I det off **Tara Station**. It is lovely to walk along the **liffey river**. Several bridges for walkers across it.

The **city hall** has an imposing façade with columns and inside great cupola.

The **Christ Church** built in grey stones has of the treasures in his crypt. Across the road, **Dublinia** is an exposure on the birth of **Dublin** and on the Vikings.

The **Saint Patrick Cathedral** is full of tombs. The outdoor of the cathedral is wonderful. Near, the [Marsh's library](#) contains 25.000 books. It is the same since 15<sup>th</sup> century. I walk in the streets. The **Shopping Centre Stephen Green** is very beautiful with the white balcony in forged iron. One church has its doors bright red like a lot houses in **Dublin**. This evening, *John and Mary* bring me at the restaurant front of the port of **Skerries**. Amazing sunset! The boats rock on the gold sea. We eat *Stoops* restaurant Friendly atmosphere like in several places in **Ireland**.

**On Friday 5th**, The sky is grey; the rain is beginning to fall. When I go out at the **Tara Station**, it is stormy! All the morning I went to the bars, the shop and the shopping centre. I buy an umbrella. Impossible to take pictures! I eat at the *restaurant Smiths in Temple Bar*. After I went to the **Dublin Castle** and principally the [Chester Library](#). Wonderful exposition! Based on the different religions. A lot books with illuminations, texts to explain the differences between the doctrines. This evening, *Cliona* celebrates her birthday! She is 18 years old. Very nice girl, she has made herself her dress. All her friends are there. The dinner is in the kitchen to self-service. After dinner, alls are going at the dancing. I stay at the living room with *Mary, John and Cian*. Him explains me the play of Hurling. This one play with a bat in wood and hold of the football, rugby and hockey. *Cian* plays in **Skerries** team.

**On Saturday 6th**, I visit alone **Skerries**. I am begging by the [Flourmills](#). The windmills put up on the grey sky. Interesting visit. Along the sea the wind is fierce and cold. That does happy the kikes-surfer. This Afternoon, *John* Drive his niece and me, to the airport. She takes her flight to Cork and me I wait my Friend *Jacky* to finish my travel in **Ireland**. He is coming from **Paris**.

17h, *Jacky* is there. We take the car he had reserved in *Auto Europe*. It is a WW Polo with 7.800 km at the counter.

We go to [Glendalough](#) at the south of **Dublin**. Difficult to find a bedroom in **Laragh**. A owner of BB, full, find for us at some kilometres. Comfortable BB for 70€ with breakfast. We come back to **Laragh** for the dinner at the [Wicklow Heather](#). Nice decoration of books on the shelves and in the cupboard. Several employed are coming from **Maurice Island**. Our waitress is charming, the foods delicious all also the Whiskey cream offered before we start.

**On Sunday 7th**, under wonderful sun, we start out of BB this morning.

We visit the park of **Powerpoint**. Nice building transformed in different shops of naturals products. The park is nice also, with fountains, statues and Japanese garden with above the blue skys.

In **Glendalough**, we see the ruins' village of **St Kevin**. He was living there in the cavern, after the priest has built a monastic city. The treasure was, may be, in the top of tower. The door is at 3meters above ground.

Quite walk around the lake after the picnic.

Side the road under the lake, there are olds lead' mines.

We past the night at [Tullamore](#) at the *Laugreyhs café bar and guesthouse*. The bedroom is simple, very clean and warmer. There is also connection Internet!

We take our dinner in the neighbour restaurant. A lot people (in France, a lot restaurants are close the Sunday night, because nobody!) we wait on a table. Charming place and good foods!

**On Monday 8th**, the sun is shinning, still!

At few kilometres from **Tullamore** the **Charleville Castle** had known better days. However his high walls and his turret with crenels cut a fine figure. The trees centenarian on the driveway, too!

The [Rindoon Castle](#) is in its death door. The vegetation is growing through the stones. The Normand people have built this castle! The walk to the castle, along the **Lough Ree**, is nice. The water has come through the grass field and the boat is sailing on it.

We arrive in [Connemara](#) without the drizzle! What a pity! The success of Small Island, the rocks between, the pink and yellow flowers, the piles of turf give a beautiful pictures.

We find BB the *DonManus*. Our landlady, *Theresa Conroy* is charming and the bedroom comfortable.

After a 15mn to drive, to find restaurant. We taste the Irish Stew: a Mix of lamb, carrots, potatoes, leeks and rosemary herb. It is meal is good and warm. Perfect for this evening!

**On Tuesday 9th**, *Teresa* serve us a copious breakfast. We have the view on the lake. This morning is misty. All the day we'll have: rain, little wind and very little sun!

The village of [Rounstone](#) is lovely. Its port and coloured houses make me Think of **Sauzon** one of the ports of **Belle-île** Island in **Brittany**. Along Main Street there are a lot art galleries and a lot painters! It is also the place of the Bodhran manufacture:

*“On an old Franscan Monastery in Roundstone developed by the industrial Development Authority, Malachy Bodhran, work at his craft of making probably Ireland’s oldest product the Bodhran. It is one side drum made from Goatskin treated by a traditional process. The skins are treated in hydrated lime mixed with ingredients that are the closely guarded secret of every Bodhran Maker. Sometimes the skin is buried in manure.”*

We have our picnic in the car. Two ladies we met told us: that it is the worse summer they ever had! One of the ladies, goes swimming every day before the breakfast. Today, I soak my feet, only my feet, in the cold sea! The sand and the beach are very nice.

We book a room at the *Atlantique Hostel* in **Clifden** before we see the **Sky Road**. We don't see : Dolphins, walrus and not mongooses! Are they hidden under the rocks?

At 8 pm we still can find a restaurant. The *Siopa dowdn restaurant* is a lovely place decorated of the antique things.

Excellent meal! After the dinner we go to the *Lowry's pub*, across the street. One guitarist and one accordionist! One consumer came to sing. The atmosphere is friendly, the same as in **Ardara**! I taste “one, only one” Jameson. Very good!

**On Wednesday 10th**, incredible! Rain, wind and rain!

At **Letterfrack** we according to our program we take the road to **Renyle peninsula**. *Jacky* drives carefully on the small way the way, it is not the good one. Never find it. This road overlooks the sea, goes beside meadow where the sheep graze. The cliffs are covered with brown ferns. Everywhere waterfalls down infuriated. Opposite the coast we can see **Inishbofin island**!

Behind the lake, the [kylemore Abbey](#) is a great building of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, under the high trees and rhododendrons hedge. Nice furniture's inside. We take a minibus to visit the gardens This garden are unchanged since the Henry Mitchell time. Built of the 19<sup>th</sup> century by Henry Mitchell, this is occupied by the Benedictines Nun's. It is now a private school for young girls.

The **Connemara** is out of one's depth. Missing the **Twelve Ben's**!

With a little sunshine we visit the **fort-house of the O'Flaherty family**. Nearby golf ground undulating is superb.

We find a bedroom at the [Galway hostel](#), little expensive: 90€. But this evening there are Celtic dances!

The dances are popular. They are a dancer's group, not short skirts and not special clothes. It is not the “River Dance!” In spite of, the evening is pleasant.

**On Thursday 11th, Galway city!** Very nice town with a lot pubs, flowers everywhere and lovely pedestrian street. On the top of jeweller's window w can see the **Claddagh's ring**. Two hands keep up crown heart. The hands = friendship, the heart = love and crown=loyalty.

**The Saint Nicolas church** is the greatest Irish parish church in activity since the middle Ages.

**The Saint Nicolas Cathedral** is an imposing building of stones, inside and out side.

When we arrive in the **Burren County**, I recognize the fields around the stone-walls which are showed in the guides. This wonderful mosaic was built with the sweat of the Irish-men, dominated by the English, during and after the great famine for 10cts daily.

After, the following landscape is really different. The hills are covered of brown ferns or by great limestone plates, looking like eczema. One tomb-dolmen was built 2000 years BC on this ground. Around of the deep cracks in the ground in chalky.

Stop for the night at *the Ferry house* à **Tarbert**. It is a backpacker. That remembers us of our holidays in **South Africa** and **Australia**.

Always wind and rain!

**On Wednesday 12th**, Incredible, at 10 am the sun is shinning!

I must say that **Connemara** under the fog had a certain charm and a certain mystery. But today, the coast shinning, the sea sparking, the green hills, the heated stones walls, the blue sky with some white clouds, all this makes a wonderful picture.

Passed **Dingle**, we drive to **Slea head**. We are on the top high up cliffs and we see the **Baskets Island**. We find a table and bank for our picnic. Under our feet, a beach and black rocks where the sea foam crashes against.

[Gallarus Oratory](#), is a Chapel of the 7<sup>th</sup> century, entirely build in stones, the walls and the roof.. It is a magnificent work! Further on, we find the ruins of **Kilmalkedar Church** of the 7<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> century. The roman tympanum is finely sculpted and in the cemetery, on cross sundial.

We spend a night at the *Roundabout inn* in **Mallow**.

We have dinner there. The lamb chops are served crackly in our plates together, mash potatoes, chips, garlic potatoes and some carrot-slices.

**On Saturday 13th**, Before leaving **Mallow**, we visit the **castle**. The first **castle** is a ruin. Yet the residence built by the *Flemming family* in the years 1720 is in good preservation. The state bought and restored it. The white stags in the park get still bred like in the old time of the *Fleming family*. Being alone in this area, we are like “the lords of the manor”!

We now arrive in **Cashel**. In the valley are the ruins of **the Cisterians Abbey of Hore** of 1272. From there, we can see [the Rock of Cashel](#) or **Rock of Saint Patrick**. Since the 4<sup>th</sup> century, the men begging to built on this rock. We see: The ruins of Cathedral, the cross of Saint Patrick of the 11<sup>th</sup> century, a gothic church with beautiful choir and tombs, the Cormac’s chapel built at the beginning of the 12<sup>th</sup> century, is perhaps the first roman church of Ireland. This sculpted tympanums are wonderful. Two babies’ eagles find refuge between the missing stone of this chapel. The sun and the blue sky make this place nicer.

We drive to Drogheda on the east coast, north of **Dublin**. It is difficult to find a bedroom! We spend the night at *the Green Door hostel*. Still backpacker! The w-c, showers and kitchen are commons.

We have dinner at the [Boiled Onions restaurant](#). The activity there like in a hive. Appetizers are served in the living room while waiting for our table. The restaurant is modern, the welcome friendly, the presentation of the plates nice, and the foods delicious!

After dinner, we try to go a pub. The first one we see is strange, we leave. In the street, a few girls have fun in the limousine; big like twice my Clio! We cross another group of five young girls, down a taxi, retire money at the distributor and light and short dressed for going in “nite club” fashionable.

**On Sunday 14th**, The **ROUTARD** announces one hour queue or even more to enter to the site of [Newgrange](#) in the **Boyne valley**. We start early and we are the first behind the door!

At the reception there is exhibition showing the people live when the tumulus went built. We must take a few steps, before we take the bus to visit this tumulus built 3.000 years BC.

Entirely built with stones: walls and roof, after they were covered with grass.

To learn of the site on: [www.newgrange.com](http://www.newgrange.com)

We have lunch at the cafeteria. After, let's go Dublin. We are there at 4pm. We find quickly a bedroom in *Confort Inn The Mortane hostel*. We pay 168€ for two nights. It is a comfortable establishment. The car in the car park below hostel, we'll cost: 18€.

At the favour of the good orientation sense of *Jacky*, we find the town centre ( I went opposite!). The rain is falling, still! The shopping centres are open. The streets and in the shops are full of people. This time I take a picture of the front neo-classic of **post office** and of the **Spire** dominating *the O'Connell Boulevard* of this 120m.

I want to offer drink at *Jacky* in the bar: *Bank*. This establishment is wonderful. Art deco style: paints on walls and glass roofs. The young maids are charming.

We have a dinner in the **Temple Bar** at *Oliver the Saint John Gogarty*. Also there, we are serviced by the Mauritian personal. My beef at the Guinness is delicious. We change just of room to go to the pub at the first floor. A great atmosphere! The consumers have all ages! The orchestra is excellent!

We come back hostel under the rain. I am happy to have my umbrella. *Jacky* is wet until the skin!

**On Munday 15th**, last day for me in **Ireland**. Dry day!

We visit beginning the **Trinity College**. 5.000 students, we have the one for a guide. He is a charming young man! Inside the college the **old library** holds of the books on 60m longer and 3 floors, it is impressive! (our guide said, in laughing, he has read, only 2 meters!). At the basement, we admire **the book of Kells**. The meticulous illuminations are amazing! Write in the years 900, perhaps for the 200th birthday of, *Saint Colmcille* by three great artists.

We have the lunchtime in the **temple bar**. For me: delicious chicken grilled to serve with sauce sweet-and-sour accompanied of brown bread at the nuts and butter.

The afternoon, we visit the "**temple of Guinness**". 3hours to visit! Very interesting! It is the beer of all records: 2.000.000 litres are brewed here each day. At the reception we received an audiphones in French, perfect! The voucher ticket, give right a pint of *Guinness* to drink in the top building with view on the town.

After we past at the hostel, bravely, we return to the **Temple Bar**. We eat at the restaurant *Jarrington*. After dinner we go at the pub. In the first, two guitarists live things up! The bar is full. The consumers are standing up around the tables-carrel. The Irish coffee is perfect. We come back at *the Saint John Gargant*. We find still, the violinist and the accordionist, today more, one player of pipe and a young guitarist. This one brings an explosive atmosphere. All consumers, of all ages, sing. They know the traditional songs. A few peoples drink too much! In the street the individual players are sit up on the sidewalk.

It is Sunday night and the pubs are full! In **France**, a lot bars and restaurants are closed the Sunday evening! The costumers think at their work the to morrow.

Here, no problem, the people go out, sing, live!

I like it!

To-morrow, I come back **France**.

I like a lot this country, the people, the pubs and its pictures of landscape.

I come back certainly! When the sun will be shining? I hope!

Thanks at all my Irish-friends who did me to love their country: I'Ireland.

I remember always!