

LISA GIFFORD

FOREVER I MUST exclaim “how beautiful” is this land of Ireland. Two years and nine months have I resided here. I certainly had to travel the four stages of assimilation: contact, (honeymoon), conflict, acculturation and assimilation. (Park, 1866-1044) The most challenging of these stages was conflict...not with the people/persons, as I am Irish, but with the weather as it wound and wormed it's way into my marrow and muscle. My delightful dairy goats bring me to the land and our dependence as we survive on this planet. Valuing the soil as a wealth of nutrients versus space and ownership. My land is part of our land...and I must care. Leitrim Hill cheese has befriended many a palate. And my 60 years of dedication to the best of what a nurse must be, has found me at St Angela's College, sharing experience, strength and hope with under-graduate Bachelor of Science and Intellectual Disability students. Delving into the applied social science has deepened my respect for our unique Irish/ Island history and the challenge of the contemporary millennium finding the productive path while be “the same, yet different”. (Inglis, 2008 “Global Ireland). May we continue our adaptation to all that we meet. Onwards!



SETTLED *Lisa Gifford*

How could it happen in rain and misty
Foreign land so poor and slow and wet
With wishes for sameness and Dif-rence
To mean connection past and present to
Leave a legacy that honors fami-ly
Who cares but one who knows a life of
Unsettled in movement from birth to now.
The call was heard that faint hearted are not
The wanted company as days unfold
In rain and misty foreign land becomes a
Home with warmth and bed and chair to work in
Beauty and simple comfort with thanks for
Those that pushed the travelled spirit onto
Rain and misty foreign land.

AS EVER DARK *Lisa Gifford*

Fifty shades of green seduce n excite
Visitors to the teddy-bear shaped earth
in cold Atlantic waters, caught in
Streams of selfish change, melting n flowing,
As small trying to play with the larger.
Regard for no one but own survival
Passive responses nourish the dark of
Long abused spirits and bodies feeding
On memories old, that burn and ache near
Heart and hearth that see and hear and feel the
All known as purchases fail to fix the pain,
To calm nature's hunger for real new hope.
Scarred, scared sprits bogged in sacred pseudo
Security, strangled by who they were,
What was, what is, and how to have it all.
Darkness sweeps, swirls and stays in every heart
In home, at hearth, snuffing, paths sought in day
And night's love, shackled by god's green spot.

Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary!

Sean Tiernan, formally of Cloone and wife, Anne of Lisdoonvarna, now living in Newtownmountkennedy, recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with extended family.

