The Ambulance crew and myself comforted her as best we could but I'll never forget the sight of the child and her mother disappearing along the hospital corridor, I stormed Heaven with prayers that night for them both. Then I heard the child had survived. Three weeks later the mother asked to see me. I went along to the Children's Hospital and met her on the surgical ward. She said her daughter was doing fine. Suddenly I saw a little girl, rosy-cheeked skipping towards me, I could not believe it was the same child I met in the snow three weeks earlier. It was a special moment in my life.

I returned back to Ireland less than a year ago with my wife Josie and our three rescued collies and I'm working as a Coach Tour driver. I enjoy showing visitors round Ireland. The highlight of this year for me was the visit to Sligo of the Glasgow Celtic team. They came to honour a Sligo man, Sean Fallon, who played for Celtic. Accompanying the team was Sir Alex Ferguson, Jack Charlton, Packie Bonner, Derek Dougan and a host of National and International football stars. I had the honour of driving them around the North West and I am delighted to report that the party was very impressed with the scenery and beauty of the area.

I am grateful that God has blessed me with good health and three million accident free miles carrying life-saving blood and donor organs, pilgrims to football stars and the various cargoes on my H G V.

Memories of Peter McKeon

Padraig McKeon

MY FATHER, Peter McKeon was born in Soxline, Dromahair in 1902. He started work in 1924 on the Sligo/Leitrim and North Counties Railway as a permanent way operative in the Dromahair area. He married my mother, Margaret McGarry, Aughamelta, Dromahair in 1927 and they moved into a rented house - two rooms belonging to Mrs Hamilton, Gortgarrigan. My parents lived there for two-half years. They then moved to Cherrybrook Railway Gatehouse, about a mile from Manorhamilton, and from then on Dad worked on the railway line permanent way section between Manorhamilton and Glenfarne.

After four years he was put in charge of the permanent way and his principal duty was to inspect the track between Manorhamilton and Glenfarne. On his way to his work each day, he walked the section of railway line into Manorhamilton and then boarded the railcar that travelled down to Glenfarne Railway Station. From there he walked the section of line to wherever his colleagues were working. His colleagues at that time were William Keaney, Tommy Williamson, Henry Ruddy, and in later years Patrick Williamson, Berney McMorrow, 'Wee Benny" and James Rooney.

The main office of the Sligo/Leitrim and North Counties Railway was in Lurganboy where Billy McBride, was the Railway's Travelling Inspector. My father worked on this section for twelve years in hail, rain and snow.

In later years the permanent way section was divided into two. After that he was only responsible for the new section from Manorhamilton to Kilimakerril. He continued working in the same way on this section until Sept 30, 1957 when sadly the Sligo/Leitrim and North Counties Railway closed. After working with the Railway for thirty-three years, he received £400 as a grant from the State because he lost his job.
After the closure Quinn's of Mohill bought the track and he was employed lifting the rail lines and sleepers.

My parents did not own a farm but rented a field from the Curate outside Manorhamilton to feed a cow, which provided milk for the family. In 1946 I had just started to cycle and I let the cow out to make her way across the road to the field. I gave the cow some time to get to the field so that I could practice cycling.
The cow started to graze along the road and Guard Woods found her. My father was prosecuted for having her along the road. When the court case was heard in Manorhamilton, my father could not afford to take a day off work to attend it. So I was sent to take his place in Court. At the conclusion of the hearing the Judge asked me how much should my father "be fined for having the cow wandering along the road" I said two shillings but the Judge said back to me "you are too hard on your father, I will impose a fine of one shilling".

My father passed away in 1987 leaving a legacy of stories.