

Old Friends-New Acquaintances The Adventure Begins

Ireland

Forty shades of green
The Emerald Isle
It is true we discover very soon

Ireland

The home of Guinness
Is it beer or liquid chocolate?
Black goes with everything

Ireland

Fresh baked scones
Doesn't your mouth water at the thought of those delicate
pastries in the hands of **K**atherine

Ireland

Meadows of sheep - long horns, black faces, newborn kids
All are brightly marked to ensure they don't go astray

Ireland

Miles & miles & miles & miles & miles of stone walls and
fences that crisscross the cities and towns and meadows

Ireland

A patchwork countryside
The quilters among us are inspired

Ireland

Sparkling Waterford Crystal
Two hundred hands ensure the final product is perfect
We still shudder as we recall the sound of crystal being
tossed into cans, crystal that didn't "make the cut"

Ireland

Shopping for sweaters

Tans & greens & purples & reds begin to pop up on our fellow travelers as the days go by

Ireland

The Gardens

Helen Dillon - Tulips in cans, ponds with ducks, seashell bathroom and books for sale

It is an Urban Eden

Anne's Grove - Valentino keeps it well tended

It is haunting and isolated

It is vast and private

Ireland

The Castles

Blarney where we climb up 127 spiral steps to kiss the stone as so many travelers have done before -we are now a group of chatty women (i am certain my mother has been here before!)

Bunratty where we clink our potty glasses full of honey mead and shout Slainte

Kilkenny where we are overwhelmed as we walk into a red room full of portraits of those who ruled these lands long ago

Ireland

We gasp as we view the world from Dingle Peninsula

We gasp as we view the world from the Cliffs of Moher

We gasp as Tom maneuvers his coach through the narrow roads

Ireland

Old friends

New friends

The adventure ends

Memories of Ireland will last a lifetime

elaine bisson

may 2008