

# Leprechauns

Ireland September 2014  
Russ and Terri "Bear" Paton



There once was a young lady named Terri  
So tired of snow it was scary  
To Limerick I'll go  
With my husband in tow  
And trade all this ice for a fairy.



September 10, 2014 - Millarville, AB

## Malarkey

I wrote the wee bit of malarkey on the previous page when we were planning a trip to Ireland last March. That trip never materialized, but the sentiment remains the same in September. This is what our front yard looked like this morning:



## Two Kinds of People

Bear and I are going to Ireland as a belated anniversary celebration; we will reflect on the life and good times we have enjoyed together since we met on March 17, 1986.

Neither of us have an Irish heritage but we each have certain characteristics that, we believe, qualify us as Irish:

- We met on St Patrick's Day,
- One of us was drinking heavily,
- One of us was attempting magic coin tricks,
- One of us has a temper, and
- One of us has pixie features and green eyes.

**Therefore, we are Irish.**



*There are only two kinds of people in the world, the Irish and those who wish they were. - Irish Proverb*

September 12, 2014 - Calgary Airport

## R.I.P.

We live in wonderful times, when you can pick up a newspaper from any country in the world with the click of a button. I read *The Irish Times* on my i-pad this morning while we were at Calgary airport waiting for our flight to Dublin.

The front-page article announced the death of Ian Paisley, a man the *Times* described as:

*"a firebrand fundamentalist Protestant preacher and politician who led opposition to compromise with the IRA for decades in Northern Ireland".*

Paisley's is a name I recognize well. I could dive into a history lesson right here and now but, at the risk of losing my readers on page 3, I will save it for later.

I do think, however, that a eulogy would be appropriate at this time. I have used Paisley's own words to describe the man that was:

**Reverend Paisley was.....**

**.....a religious moderate:**

*"They breed like rabbits and multiply like vermin" — talking about Catholics at a loyalist rally in 1969.*

**.....diplomatic:**

*"No, I wouldn't" — his response to John Hume, an SDLP politician who said that if the word "no" were removed from the English language, Paisley would be speechless.*

**.....tolerant:**

*"Save Ulster from sodomy!" — his slogan in a 1970s and 80s campaign against legalizing homosexuality.*

**.....fun:**

*"Line dancing is as sinful as any other type of dancing, with its sexual gestures and touching. It is an incitement to lust."*



.....and more fun:

*“The breath of Satan is upon us” — his remark when he entered a Belfast press conference in a smoke-filled, whisky-sodden hall in the mid-1970s.*

.....loved by all:

*“Because it would be hard for you to poison them” — when asked why he had chosen boiled eggs for breakfast during a top-level meeting at the Irish Embassy in London.*

I realize that this eulogy is less than flattering, but Paisley himself set the bar for complimentary eulogies very low:

*“This Romish man of sin is now in hell! — on the death of Pope John XXIII.*



Rev. Ian Paisley (1926 - 2014)  
may we rest in peace.

When I was 10 or 12, I remember asking my Mom about the Kramer's next door; they were Catholic. Mom said that Protestants and Catholics were different, but only the Irish cared enough about it to fight with each other.

I remember being confused at the time; still am. Maybe a week in Ireland will explain a few things.



September 12, 2014 - Toronto Airport - en route to Ireland

## The Troubles - A True Story

A Canadian Irish business friend of mine, Billy Johnson<sup>1</sup>, told me this tale over a couple of pints. I have no reason to disbelieve it.

Billy grew up in Belfast during the time of the Troubles. He would have been about 14 or 15 when this story took place.

As Billy tells it:

"Some of me mates and I were hanging about on a street corner. A fellow we knew from the neighbourhood came rolling up on a motor scooter and asked if one of us could help him out by driving the bike to an address across town."

Billy explained; "We were poor, didn't have so much as a bicycle among us. Every one of us wanted to ride that motorbike, so we drew straws. My friend James pulled the long one. He took the leather jacket and helmet offered by the biker, jumped on the motorbike and roared off toward midtown."

"About two minutes later we heard gunfire down the block and we all scattered to take cover."

"Next morning, we learned that James had been shot dead by Royal Ulster Constabulary. We think James was set up by the guy who lent him the motorbike. He was a bad bastard, probably wanted the RUC to think it was him driving the bike."

"I decided that day that I was getting the feck out of Belfast!" Billy told me. "I moved to Canada shortly after that".



What happened to Billy Johnson's friend was the result of 700 years of sectarian strife. James was just one casualty in a very long line of death and destruction that started as a Catholic vs. Protestant conflict during the time of Henry VIII. Disagreement over religious ideology led to political and economic disputes between

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<sup>1</sup> Not his real name.

Ireland and Great Britain, which evolved over centuries into one of the most dynamic socio-economic cluster bombs men ever concocted.

"The Troubles" in Northern Ireland were the 1960s - 1970s version of the same, age old, conflict: this time in the form of Unionist Ulster Protestants fighting against Irish Catholic Republicans.

Seriously, if you lined two Irishmen up against a wall you couldn't tell which was which, religiously or politically, yet they will fight to the death over their perceived differences.

It will take a lot more than a one-week holiday to begin to comprehend the complexity that is Ireland.



*"The Earth is a very small stage in a vast cosmic arena. Think of the endless cruelties visited by the inhabitants of one corner of this pixel on the scarcely distinguishable inhabitants of some other corner, how frequent their misunderstandings, how eager they are to kill one another, how fervent their hatreds. Think of the rivers of blood spilled by all those generals and emperors so that, in glory and triumph, they could become the momentary masters of a fraction of a dot."*

Carl Sagan - Pale Blue Dot

September 13, 2014. Dublin, Ireland

## an Gorta Mor - Ireland's Watershed Moment

Ireland has endured more than its share of troubles and strife, but no event shaped Irish history more than the Great Famine of 1845 - 1852. Known as the Irish Potato Famine outside the country, an Gorta Mor was responsible for the death of a million Irish people and caused another million and a half to emigrate. The island's population fell approximately 25% during the famine and left the Irish economy in ruin. Those who survived were affected for generations.

Ireland's politics and culture were forged in the glowing embers of hunger. Passion, inspired by the agony of watching loved ones die or depart, flows like molten iron in the veins of the Irish people. They play rough at politics, sports and religion; Irish writing, art and music all have disparate, edgy qualities and their language boils with feeling.

This is the Ireland we have come to see.

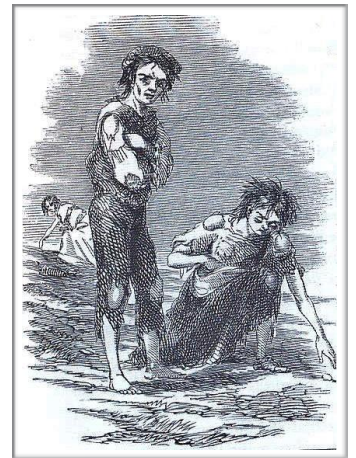
*"Do it as if there was fire in your skin." - Irish Proverb*



*But you see, it's not me, it's not my family.  
In your head, in your head they are  
fighting,  
With their tanks and their bombs,  
And their bombs and their guns.  
In your head, in your head, they are  
crying...*

- The Cranberries -  
*Zombie*

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6Ejga4kJUts>



Skibbereen - James  
Mahony, 1847



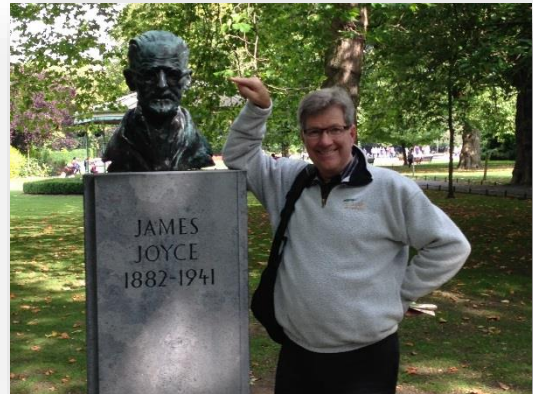
September 13, 2014 - Parnell Square, Dublin, Ireland

## Gone Mad

The Dublin Writers Museum was just up the street from our hotel, so we popped in and learned a thing or two.

The exhibit of Jonathan Swift, author of *Gulliver's Travels*, mentions that Swift had written a satirical essay in 1729 suggesting that the poor should sell their children as food for the rich.

"A young healthy child well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious nourishing and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee, or a ragout."



The museum went on to say of Swift: "Definite symptoms of madness appeared in 1738."

I think the museum's chronology of events may be off just a bit.

## Gonne, Maud



I also learned that William Butler Yeats was madly in love with a lady named Maud Gonne. When she refused to marry him, for the fourth time, he told her how unhappy he was. To which she responded:

*"Oh yes, you are, because you make beautiful poetry out of what you call your unhappiness and are happy in that. Marriage would be such a dull affair. Poets should never marry. The world should thank me for not marrying you."*

The world got *"The Ragged Wood"* and *"The Second Coming"*, but Bill never got any of this:



Maud Gonne (1866 - 1953) English-born Irish revolutionary, feminist, and actress



September 13, 2014 - Dublin, Ireland

## Disambiguation

Ireland has produced an abundance of celebrated authors, poets and playwrights. In preparation for this trip, I read excerpts from works by several Irish literary icons and re-read *Angela's Ashes - a Memoir* by Frank McCourt.

I tried slogging through some of James Joyce's work, but it is tough going. You don't so much read Joyce as unravel it. By Joyce's own admission:

"I've put in so many enigmas and puzzles that it will keep the professors busy for centuries arguing over what I meant, and that's the only way of insuring one's immortality."

*Angela's Ashes*, on the other hand, is one of the most enjoyable books I've ever read. McCourt takes all of Ireland's complexities and confusion and strains them through the mind of a child. The result is wondrous, plain and simple, and hilarious.

*"Come here till I comb your hair, said Grandma. Look at that mop, it won't lie down. You didn't get that hair from my side of the family. That's that North of Ireland hair you got from your father. That's the kind of hair you see on Presbyterians. If your mother had married a proper decent Limerickman you wouldn't have this standing up, North of Ireland, Presbyterian hair."*

— Frank McCourt, *Angela's Ashes*

*I am tomorrow, or some future day, what I establish today. I am today what I established yesterday or some previous day.*

James Joyce  
See what I mean.....



Kitchen Table - Frank McCourt Museum



September 14, 2014 - Dublin, Ireland

## Hail Marys

While the Irish have made monumental contributions to the English language, their most impressive literary gift is eloquence in the use of profanity.

The Irish man on the street has made an even more expressive literary endowment than Yeats, Wilde or Joyce combined. Well-used classics, like *gobshite*, *bollix* and my personal favourite, *feckin' eejit*, add colour and flamboyance to the language.

These are words and phrases that could easily be adopted into the Canadian dialect. I can see using them to improve verbal communication in numerous situations:

"Bob said he would pay me last Tuesday, but the feckin' eejit never did."

"Get that feckin' piece of shite out of me parkin' stall; ye' bollix!"

"Last fall I hired two painters to re-stain my window frames. I gave them a deposit and they agreed to start in June. T'is now half-past September and the feckin' eejits are nowhere to be found. They are gobshites, as well."





September 15, 2014. Waterford, Ireland

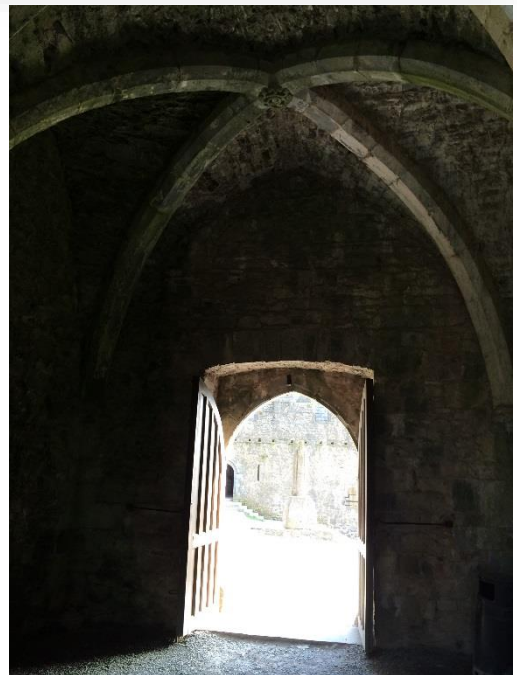
## By Hook or by Crook.

The phrase "by hook or by crook" allegedly comes from a military campaign by English bad guy Oliver Cromwell. In 1649 Cromwell planned to attack Waterford by taking ships around Hook Head or marching through the village of Crooke. Cromwell failed to reach the town, by way of either Hook or Crooke, but the phrase stuck.



Waterford is a peaceful little town on the south coast. It is the home of Waterford Crystal, but Bear and I are both way too clumsy to be allowed in.

Instead, we opted for dinner at a little restaurant on the estuary. We kept an eye out for that evil English bastard Cromwell, but all we saw was swans.





Anytime - Everywhere, Ireland

*Never bolt your door with a boiled carrot.* - Irish Proverb

The Irish have a well-developed sense of humour; it happens when you get trod upon for centuries.

Here is a small sample of some of the humour we came across in the past few days:

Q: What is the difference between an Irish wake and a wedding?

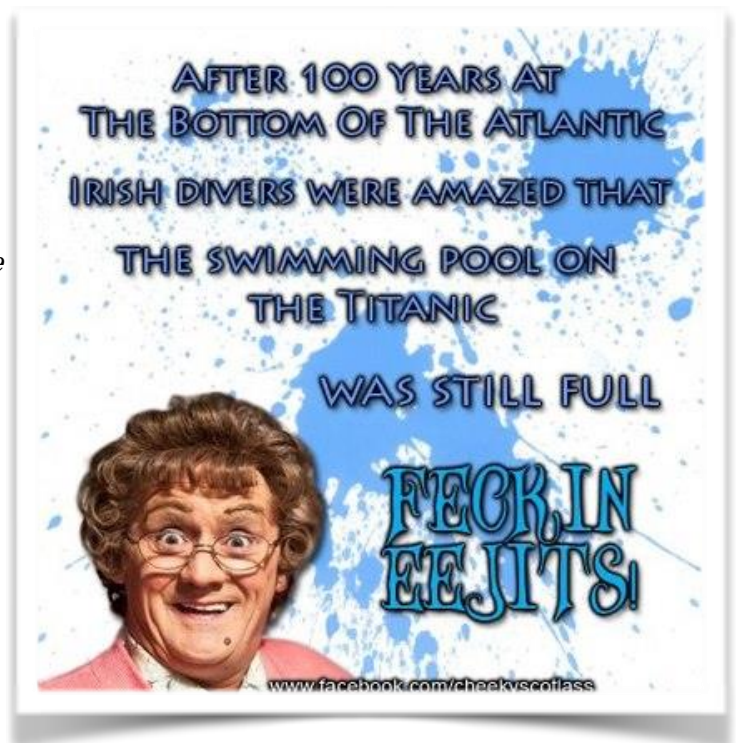
A: One less drunk.

*“The master says it’s a glorious thing to die for the Faith and Dad says it’s a glorious thing to die for Ireland and I wonder if there’s anyone in the world who would like us to live.”*

— Frank McCourt, *Angela's Ashes*

BBC One Best Friend - Mrs. Brown's Boys  
Episode 3 - YouTube

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=UzbVhp7Ir74](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UzbVhp7Ir74)



September 16, 2014 - Kilkenny, Ireland

## Kilkenny Cats

When I told my friend and business associate, Cathy Butler, we were going to Ireland, she suggested we visit Kilkenny, the Butler ancestral home. We did and I am delighted to say that we bumped into some of Cathy's distant relatives:



*Meditation* - Mildred Anne Butler (1858 - 1941)

*"At 84 I am ... very disillusioned but only averagely discontented ... The post to which I am willingly tethered still holds firm and I have grazed around it in a sufficiently wide circle. Close-cropped grass comes up again fresh and sweet, and whoever comes along next may find my patch slightly improved."* - Herbert Butler (1900 - 1991)



*Left: James FitzThomas Butler, 1st Duke of Ormonde (1610 - 1688)*



*Right: James FitzThomas Butler, 2nd Duke of Ormonde (1665 - 1745)*



September 16, 2014 – Kilkenny Castle, Ireland

*There once were two cats of Kilkenny  
Each thought there was one cat too many  
So they fought and they hit  
And they scratched and they bit  
Till (excepting their nails  
And the tips of their tails)  
Instead of two cats there weren't any!*



September 16, 2014 - Matt the Miller's Tavern - Kilkenny, Ireland

## Deep Trouble

*"Condemned men were led to the gallows below Greensbridge and their last stop was Matt's tavern. It was said many of Kilkenny's most infamous thieves and rogues had their last request granted of fresh fish from the adjoining River Nore, a loaf of home-made soda bread and a jug of Matt's ale."*

- The Official Guide to Kilkenny, Ireland.

Jailer: "Now Paddy, t'is today you are to be executed."

Paddy Murphy: "Ah, so soon?"

Jailer: "Aye, high noon, at the gallows, just below Greensbridge."

Paddy: "Now that's a pity, to miss such a fine day..."

Jailer: "Even so, you are entitled to a last meal. What'll it be Paddy?"

Paddy: "That's easy, fish and chips and a pint of Ale from Matt the Millers."

Jailer: "Grand! Now here's your chit - off you go to Matt's. If you're not back in time for the hanging y'll be in deep, deep trouble."





September 16, 2014 - Tipperary, Ireland

We went to Tipperary today - it was a long way to go - but well worth the trip.



*Butcher*



*Baker*



*Candlestick Maker*

September 16, 2014 - Limerick, Ireland

### Sniggering Elf!

Ethel, the kind lady inside my GPS, has treated us well on this trip - for the most part. She gave me the silent treatment once yesterday (like my old navigator sometimes did, back when maps were in fashion) and I missed a turn near Cashel, but, like my previous navigator, she quickly forgave me and steered us back onto the intended route.

Today, in Limerick, fairies infiltrated the GPS and connived Ethel into leading us seriously astray. We were looking for the Frank McCourt Museum; Ethel guided us flawlessly through the winding, narrow streets of Limerick but, at the last turn, she sent us down a blind alley. Not wanting to doubt her, I persevered to the very end of the cramped lane until I could go no further. I knew we were in trouble when neither Bear nor I could open a door to survey the situation. I was able to back up enough so Bear could get out and guide me back and forth to extricate the Volvo from our predicament.

Ethel seldom comments on my driving but, like my old navigator, I distinctly heard her giggle as I ranted about her choice of directions.





September 15, 2014 - Middle of Nowhere, Tipperary County, Ireland

## Driving by Braille

Roads in Ireland are an adventure in and of themselves. Once you get off the main freeways, all travel follows ancient paths defined by rivers, hills and towns. There is no grid or plan, just naturally flowing trails that wind around impediments to get you where you are going. They are usually wide enough to accommodate two standard-sized vehicles - "usually" being the operative word here. Every so often, on a curve or over a river, the road will narrow to a single lane, or less, and the driving adventure truly begins.

The scenery is amazing, but you have to pull over to enjoy it. Once you are on the road, even at 50% of the posted speed limit, there is no chance to absorb anything but traffic data. All five senses must remain focused on oncoming traffic, twists, turns and pedestrians.

The fact that the steering wheel is on the right side of the car, and the car is on the left side of the road, adds to the excitement.

Somewhere east of Tipperary, I momentarily forgot the instructions outlined above. I took a quick glance at a stone barn and some dairy cattle enclosed in a bramble fence. By the time I looked ahead again I was staring at a farm tractor, pulling a wagon around a corner. The tractor was using the oncoming lane and half of mine, there was a rock wall covered with vines on the left side, leaving me with about 5 and a half feet to put a Volvo through, at 90 km per hour.

I plan on extracting the brambles from the bumper and polishing the tractor tire rubber off the drivers-side mirror before I return the Volvo to the nice people at Euro Car Hire.



September something, 2014 - Can't Remember Where, Ireland

## A Dark and Pervasive History

It sounds a little morbid, but one of the most memorable moments of our trip was a visit to a famine graveyard.



An historic marker popped up as we drove through Tipperary County and we decided to take a detour. A series of arrows led us off the highway onto roads of ever-diminishing capacity, the last of which ended at a pedestrian path. We parked the car by a gate and walked about a half kilometre in search of our destination.

The famine graveyard was little more than a small open meadow, surrounded by unruly hedges.

There were no markers in the graveyard except a wooden cross, and a stone plaque with famine history etched into it.

I hadn't expected to encounter anyone else there, but three people were standing just inside the gate, engaged in neighbourly conversation; a couple, dressed for gardening work, and an elegant country gentleman and his dog, who appeared to be out for a walk.

We exchanged greetings with them as we entered, then took a stroll through the site. I was trying not to eavesdrop, but I couldn't help but hear the man say to the others; "T'is nice to have met you. Now that we know where each other lives, you must drop by for tea...., or a whiskey" which was very apropos, I thought.

The man and his dog continued their walk while the couple proceeded to pull a lawnmower and pruning tools from the boot



of their car. As we rounded back to the gate, I said something to the lady about having their work cut out for them - the grass and bushes were quite overgrown. She didn't understand me and turned to her husband, who responded on her behalf:

"Not so bad, now that we have help" he said, pointing at us, with a smile.



It was obvious that English wasn't their first language, in fact, I don't think the lady spoke any English at all (possibly Irish Gaelic). Having said that, she was eager to tell us about the cemetery. Using her husband as interpreter, she told us there was a nun buried beneath a birch tree on the far side, with a stone as a marker. The nun had worked with the starving people and asked that she be interred with them when she died.

The experience was quintessential Ireland; lush greenery and earthy people, with a dark, pervasive history lurking just beneath the surface.

On the walk back up the footpath I made a closer inspection of the hedges on either side. They turned out to be wild blackberry and plumb bushes. The plumbs and berries were small but fully ripe.

I felt enormous guilt, walking away from the famine graveyard with a pocketful of fruit.



September 16, 2014 - Southwest Ireland

## The Irish Religious Famine

Contrary to popular opinion, it wasn't potato blight that caused the Irish Potato Famine; it was differing religious ideology.

In the 17th and 18th centuries, Ireland was part of the United Kingdom, which was and remains, predominantly Protestant. Irish Catholics were prohibited by British law from owning or leasing land; they couldn't vote or run for public office. Catholics in Ireland couldn't get an education, enter a profession or even live within 5 miles of a town; all because their belief system was not in keeping with the powerful governing majority. They shared the same God, but adhered to differing, man-made interpretations of common scripture. This juxtaposition has set the Irish and English apart for centuries.



Historically, farmland in Ireland was owned by absentee landlords, mainly English Protestants. Land was divided into impossibly small tracts with Irish Catholic peasants allotted subsistence plots, for which they paid rent to distant owners. Even before the famine, poverty was so widespread that one-third of all Irish small

holdings could not support their families after paying rent to English landlords.

Land holdings were so small that peasant farmers couldn't practice animal husbandry or cultivate grains; potatoes were the only crop capable of sustaining a family on the limited space available to an Irish Catholic peasant.

Intensive farming of a single potato species made conditions ideal for an infestation of *Phytophthora infestans*, commonly known as potato blight. Blight had become a world-wide problem, but when it hit Ireland in 1845, the results were devastating. Three million Irish people were dependent on the potato for sustenance; with the loss of three quarters of their harvest, famine was immediate.

Over a seven-year period, a million Irish people died when the potato crops failed, but the root cause wasn't blight, it was differing biblical interpretations.

In 1861, John Mitchel, a British reform politician wrote: *"The Almighty, indeed, sent the potato blight, but the English created the Famine"*. He only got it half right.



*Famine* - sculptor Edward Delaney. A monument to the victims of the Irish potato famine at St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.



*Potatoes in Abundance*



*September 18, 2014 - Sword, Ireland*

### **Blowing off a little Steam**

*Sad, Sick and Totally Inappropriate Joke of the Day:*

*Q: "How many potatoes does it take to kill an Irishman?"*

*A: "None"*

*Sad, Sick and Totally True Fact of the Day:*

*During the Great Famine Ireland was still exporting food to England, in quantities sufficient to feed every starving Irish citizen. And you wonder why they hate the English.*

*"The English wouldn't give you the steam of their piss."*

*— Frank McCourt, Angela's Ashes*





*September 17, 2014 - The Lochs Pub, Limerick, Ireland*

### **A Pint o'Guinness**

Guinness is an institution more than a drink in Ireland and the golden harp is as pervasive as the cross.

I enjoyed a pint on our last night in Ireland; in The Lochs while listening to traditional Irish music and tucking into bangers and mash.



*"Everything in moderation, including moderation." - Oscar Wilde*



September 18, 2014 - Thurles in Tipperary County, Ireland

## Faith and Begorra

Bear was tired of wandering today, so I went for a solitary stroll in the Irish countryside. The air was close; warm and humid, the kind of day when vines stretch further up around the tree trunks, in search of a sunbeam.

The path I had chosen crisscrossed a brook, supported by mossy bridges. Arching trees dappled my progress and lit tiny sparks in the water. Moss and mushrooms, gurgles and flutters urged me onward, deep into the Irish weald.



I had gone much further than I intended and wasn't entirely sure I knew where I was. I stopped for a rest and felt a great tranquillity reaching inside me. I lay back and let worldly cares slip away. As I was nodding on the edge of sleep, I heard a rustling in the grass near my outstretched right arm. A tiny figure appeared and without thinking about it at all, I snatched him up and held on tight with both hands!

The little imp cursed and squirmed, and cursed some more, but I held fast. Finally, when his rugged little face was about to turn purple, he stopped wiggling and addressed me directly:

"Leave go of me ye' feckin' eeijet!"

"Not likely! T'is a Leprechaun you are, and this hold I have on ye' is a contract you're bound by.

"Ah! Faith and Begorra! Will it never end? I granted three wishes only just 150 years ago!"

"Before we discuss wishes, Leprechaun, I'd like to know a bit about ye."

I think the little fellow saw conversation as a diversion that might allow him a chance of escape, and he opened up to me quite willingly. I learned that his name was Jonathan Conourie of County Tipperary. He had lost track, but Conourie estimated his age at 1375, give or take a century. He said that he had been an

apprentice shoemaker by trade for the past 900 years, but he had recently been promoted to master shoemaker, just 80 years ago.



I am not sure how but Jonathan (we were on a first name basis by this point), knew everything there was to know about me. He knew I was from a place called Canada - although he wasn't sure which Irish county it was in. He knew I had flown from county Canada to south-western Ireland, so he was quite certain that I was some form of a fairy.

We discussed our families and our Banshee's, as leprechaun wives are called. We found that we had a lot in common in that area, having both been married for a long time to beautiful girls with pixie features.

Our developing friendship was making it difficult to steer the conversation back to the three wishes I was entitled to for capturing him, but how many opportunities do you get like this in a lifetime?

Finally, I said, "About these three wishes..." but he cut me off mid-sentence.

"Surely you're jokin', ye already have more than ye feckin' need!"

I had to admit that I have been very fortunate in life and in love, but perhaps he would grant me just one wish - a wish for Ireland:

"It seems to me that this beautiful country of yours has had more than its share of grief."

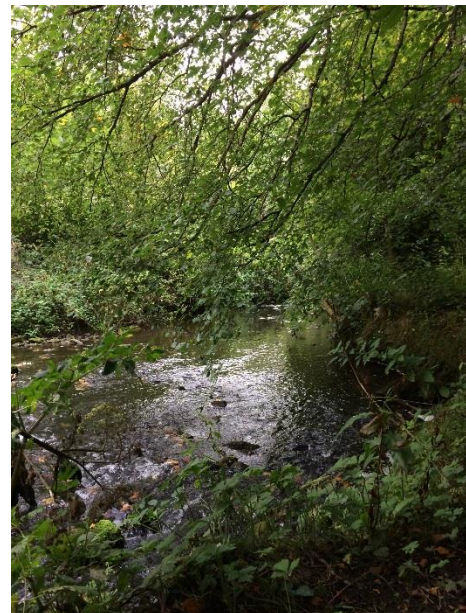
"Aye", he agreed.

"And most of Ireland's troubles have been a result of differing interpretations of how to worship a common God."

"T'is true".

"Then, my one and only humble wish is this; you must reveal to the world the truth, of God and the universe."

He never hesitated an instant, "I will!" he pronounced, and disappeared entirely.





I wandered back along the path in a daze. As I walked, I came to realize that I had been tricked by the Leprechaun - I have no doubt that the truth of our existence will be revealed, but no time limit had been established.

I can only hope that Ireland, and the world, will survive man's divergent beliefs and intolerance, until universal understanding is achieved.



September 19, 2014 - aboard Aer Lingus Flight 129

Well, that last bit was a trifle heavy. Anyway....

Ireland was a surprise to me. Perhaps I read too much about the famine and depression-era Ireland before we left, but I was expecting a much poorer country. Ireland today is a long way from impoverished. I am sure there are inner-city areas where people have less than they need, like any country, but in general, everyone we interacted with was well-fed and well-dressed. The country has enviable infrastructure; health, education and social systems seem to be well-developed and abundantly funded.

Big homes, big cars and big portions made us feel right at home.

When we travel to less fortunate countries, we often take small gifts for needy children and the elderly. One day on this trip, when we were feeling a bit haggard and dirty from a long day of touring, I mentioned to Bear, as we walked through a posh shopping district, that I wouldn't be surprised if some of the locals came up to us and offered gifts of soap or crayons.

Prosperity, fuelled by education, is starting to take the edge off political and religious unrest in Ireland. Every emigrant who returns home to Ireland and every Ian Paisley who dies, dampens the fire beneath the long-boiling Irish cauldron.

Perhaps Ireland no longer needs magic...

... Leprechauns.

