

Life in our Village

How great a pleasure it is to dwell in a village. The countryman will even say that. In winter the country dweller stumbles along a dark and muddy road, while his friend, the town dweller, treads along the smooth pavements of a well- lighted street. Each day the village is alive with bustle and stress. I dwell in the village of Kildysart. It has a well-lighted street. It is situated in a hidden creek of the lordly river Shannon.

A doctor looks after the health of its people. It is inaccessible by rail. The food supply is kept up by a boat and a lorry. The boat brings food from Limerick every fortnight. Two butchers keep the village supplied with beef, mutton, bacon and ham. The people need not be hungry or thirsty. The lorry supplies sugar and also some flour and other provisions to the people.

Semper fidelis.

Tomás O Gealbhain, Droichead Nua, Cuil Min, Contae on Clair

The above was written by Thomas Galvin (1939-2013) while a student at Coolmeen National School. Tom's teacher, Mr Murphy from Cork suggested that it be entered in a competition organised by the Cork Examiner. The newspaper published the item and Tom received a half crown as a prize.