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St. Patrick's Day Luncheon 3/18/91 [OA 6031]

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G	26	16	7	2

(Hinchliffe)

March 18, 1991

8:30 p.m.

IRISH

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: SPEAKER'S ST. PATRICK'S DAY LUNCHEON
March 18, 1991 12:30 p.m.
Rayburn Room, the Capitol

Mr. Speaker. As a representative of the O'Bush clan, I'm delighted to be here among so many fellow Irishmen today: O'Mitchell; O'Lowery; O'Slattery, and all the rest. And I did bring with me a member of my staff whose name shows he's a son of "the auld sod": stand up, Fred McClure.

By the way, there's no truth to the rumor that Sean O'Sununu plans to wield his shillelagh (shill-LAY-lee) to win support on the Hill this term. I think.

Don't consider it a political commentary if today I offer to all of you on both sides of the aisle, an old Irish toast: "may ye be in heaven an hour before the devil hears you're dead."

But I want to be serious for a moment. That's appropriate, because while the Irish are a people of great joy and love of life, there's also a fierce streak of determination in them.

Legendary Irish heroes and our very real Desert Storm heroes share something more than their astounding courage. Something more than even their vision. The fierce love of country embodied by both groups -- so many centuries apart -- inspired great patriotism in their homelands. The virtue and rightness of their cause restored to their countrymen the finest values -- loyalty, family and faith.

A poet wrote a verse about old Irish heroes: "Then here's to their memory. May it be for us a guiding light/ To cheer our

strife for liberty, and teach us to unite."

Well, I'd better close now -- because on St. Patrick's Day you're supposed to spend time with saints and scholars -- which means I have two more stops I have to make.

But I want to end on a serious note -- because you truly are the devoted friends of this nation, and I want to wish you well. In the warm words of that old Irish toast: "May the road rise to meet you, may the wind be ever at your back, may the sun shine warm upon your face, the rain fall softly upon your fields, ... and until we meet again, may God hold you in the palm of His hand."

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(Hinchliffe)
March 18, 1991 8:30 p.m.
IRISH

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: SPEAKER'S ST. PATRICK'S DAY LUNCHEON
March 18, 1991 12:30 p.m.
Rayburn Room, the Capitol

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Mr. Speaker. As a representative of the O'Bush clan, I'm delighted to be here among so many fellow Irishmen today: O'Mitchell; O'Lowery; O'Slattery, *Simpson* and all the rest. And I did bring with me a member of my staff whose name shows he's a son of "the auld sod": stand up, Fred McClure.

Webster
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*Mr. Kelleher
Press
Office
Irish
S-P*

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Well, I'd better close now -- because on St. Patrick's Day you're supposed to spend time with saints and scholars -- which means I have two more stops I have to make.

But I want to end on a serious note -- because you truly are the devoted friends of this nation, and I want to wish you well.

In the warm words of that old Irish toast: "May the road rise to meet you, may the wind be ~~ever~~ ^{always} at your back, may the sun shine warm upon your face, ~~the~~ ^{And} rain fall softly upon your fields, ~~and~~ and until we meet again, may God hold you in the palm of His hand."

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(Hinchliffe)

March 16, 1991

1 p.m.

IRISH

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: SPEAKER'S ST. PATRICK'S DAY LUNCHEON
 March 18, 1991 12:30 p.m.
 Rayburn Room, the Capitol

Mr. Speaker,
~~Sub raibh na h-ádh, Tomás, (ge-rov-MAH-uh-git, too-MAHS,)~~

As a representative of the O'Bush clan, I'm delighted to be here among so many fellow Irishmen today: ~~Seirsa (SHER-see)~~ O'Mitchell; ~~Liam (LEE-um)~~ O'Lowery; ~~Seamus (SHAY-muss)~~ O'Slattery, and all the rest. And I did bring with me a member of my staff whose name shows he's a son of "the auld sod": stand up, Fred McClure.

By the way, there's no truth to the rumor that Sean O'Sununu plans to wield his shillelagh (shill-LAY-lee) to win support on the Hill this term. I think.

Don't consider it a political commentary if today I offer to all of you on both sides of the aisle, an old Irish toast: " may ye be in heaven an hour before the devil hears you're dead."

But I want to be serious for a moment. That's appropriate, because while the Irish are a people of great joy and love of life, there's also a fierce streak of ^{determination} ~~solemnity~~ in them.

Back in the mythical days of ancient Ireland, when warriors were as tall as the skies, the warrior who was the tallest, bravest and noblest of them all was Finn MacCumhail (fin mah-COOL). He led a band of fine champions nearly as valiant as he. They were called the Fianna (FEE-uh-nuh). They shared his vision of a land of goodness, and morality. Faith gave them their strength and their strength gave them their great victories.

~~These~~ legendary Irish heroes and our very real Desert Storm

heroes share something more than their astounding courage.
 Something more than even their ~~pure~~ vision. The fierce love of
 country embodied by both groups -- so many centuries apart --
 inspired great patriotism in their homelands. The virtue and
 rightness of their ^{cause} ~~quests~~ restored to their countrymen the finest
 values -- loyalty, ~~to home; primacy of family; devotion to faith.~~ ^{and}

A poet wrote a verse about old Irish heroes: "Then here's
to their memory. May it be for us a guiding light/ To cheer our
strife for liberty, and teach us to unite." ~~Now, let our brave~~
~~warriors inspire us to unite as a nation and dream great dreams~~
~~of what American can be. To dream them with boldness, genius and~~
~~pride. To know we have the inner power to make them come true.~~

Well, I'd better close now -- because on St. Patrick's Day
 you're supposed to spend time with saints and scholars -- ~~so that~~ ^{which}
 means I have two more stops I have to make ~~after leaving you.~~

But I want to end on a serious note -- because you truly are
 the devoted friends of this nation, and I want to wish you well.
 In the warm words of that old Irish toast: "May the road rise to
 meet you, may the wind be ever at your back, ... and until we meet
 again, may God hold you in the palm of His hand."
<sup>may the LVA shine down upon you
 fact,
 the rain
 fall
 off the top
 your fields
 fields</sup>

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