



Ancient Order of Hibernians

JOHN CARDINAL D'ALTON DIVISION 3

October 2023

Brother Hibernians

We are well into Autumn activities and great to be running into everyone at the pub at various events (or just excuses to get out!). A lot of upcoming events, so read on.

Our next division meeting will be at the Hibernian House on Friday, October 27th at 8:00pm.

Welcome to our newest members who were sworn in at our September meeting: Robert Dalv (Pearl River) Pat Reynolds (Montvale) Brian Donnelly (Cresskill) John Thompson (Pearl River) Stephen Magee (Pearl River)

Thanks to all who came out for the Rambling House on a stormy Friday night last week, and many thanks to Fergal Hayes for stepping in once again and providing some great music. There are a lot of events coming up between now and Thanksgiving - see **Upcoming Events.** Importantly, we will need lots of volunteers for our Senior Luncheon – see the article following.

Our big autumn fundraiser, our Pot Of Gold raffle, is well underway. This is one of two primary fundraisers, so all members should find a way to support - even if splitting a ticket with another member. It's important as an organization that we support this effort. See the article to follow.

One other item to call your attention to – on the national level, you should have gotten a **Call to Action** to contact your Representative in Congress. While the Resolution is being sponsored by our own member, Congressman Mike Lawler, you may think your participation isn't necessary, and that's further from the truth - numbers matter! If we could get half of our membership (call it 400 signatures) out of our small area of the world, it will speak volumes. Please make the effort - it's less than a 5-minute time investment.

Good & Welfare – Please pray for the repose of the soul of Ray Foiles' sister, Theresa Foiles – may she rest in peace. Please also remember our FFAI Chairman, John B Kelly, Jr., in your prayers for a quick recovery, as he is undergoing a procedure in the next couple of weeks.

As always, we pray that you and your family are healthy and safe.

Yours in Friendship, Unity and Christian Charity,

Chuck Parnow

Upcoming Events

- **Halloween Howl** Saturday, October 28th, 8pm to midnight Live music by The Rummies; prizes for best costumes. \$10 per person (any extra proceeds plus a 50/50 to benefit our Christmas Family Fund). Any questions, contact John Edwards at 914-419-2252.
- NFL Sunday at the Hibernian House Hall featuring the Jets-Giants game -Sunday, October 29th, doors open at noon – The pub will be "moving upstairs" for the day with the 1pm game being the game of the year (at least locally) the Jets vs. the Giants. We'll have food and raffles (and you can pick up raffle tickets anytime at the pub).
- Irish language Mass at St. Barnabas Church, East 241st Street, Bronx Sunday, October 29th, 2:30pm – This is an annual event at St. Barnabas that is jointly sponsored by the AOH and other groups interested in preserving the Irish language. The Mass will also feature traditional Irish music.
- LAOH Jukebox Bingo at the Hibernian House Friday, November 3rd, 7:30-10:00pm – Come on out and support the Ladies' AOH charitable endeavors for a fun night of Bingo (and music!).
- Seniors' Thanksgiving Luncheon at the Hibernian House Saturday, November 18th, noon-2pm The annual luncheon which is beloved by the seniors in the area is the weekend before Thanksgiving, so make sure to get it on your calendar. See the following article.
- Division 5 Dinner Dance Saturday, November 18th at 8pm at the Pearl River Elks
 Division 5's dance honors and recognizes Chris Cawley, Matt Reilly and Brian McAleer, all of whom you may know (Chris is a Division 3 Booster also). Dinner, dancing, music by Tommy Dunn more info at the pub!
- **First Pot Of Gold Drawing Party** Sunday, November 19th, doors open at 2pm The first of two great Pot of Gold parties. Your ticket gets you and a guest in for a great afternoon including a huge spread of food. See the following article.

Pot of Gold

The first Pot of Gold drawing party is right around the corner on Sunday, November 19th starting at 2pm (\$2,000 of prizes will be awarded), so don't get left behind! There will be tickets behind the bar at the pub, and we'll have tickets available at our division meeting. Tickets are available to all, so please consider grabbing a few and selling them to friends, neighbors and your friends at work.

Tickets are \$100 dollars and not only give you the chance to win a variety of cash prizes including the grand prize of \$10,000, but the ticket affords you and a guest to two Sunday afternoon parties at the end of the year. The second party featuring the grand prize drawing will be Sunday, December 17th starting at 2pm.

As noted, this is one of two major fundraisers we have each year, so we need our members to support it – not only by making sure to buy your own ticket but, more importantly, by helping sell tickets to our friends and the community. Our charitable giving does a lot of good work throughout the year, but we need the money to do it, so our fundraisers have to be successful.

Seniors' Luncheon

On Saturday, 11/19, 10-2pm, Hibernian House - We are once again hosting this great day of food and Irish culture. Let those seniors in your family know, and as always, we will need volunteers, whether it be members or if you have teenagers who need community service hours, bring them along to help! Set up starts at 10am (or slightly earlier) with clean up done shortly after 2pm. If you have any questions, please reach out to Larry DeGennaro at Idegenn931@aol.com.

Veteran's Corner

As Hibernians, we recognize and respect those who have served our country – if you read the Hibernian Digest, you'll see a regular column on Veteran's affairs. There are a couple of items to highlight regarding any of our Brothers who have served:

"Wreaths Across America" is a charitable effort intended to make sure every veteran has a wreath adorning their grave at Christmastime. This is a joint effort among the local chapters of the American Legion, AOH, Knights of Columbus and the Elks. To cover the cost, raffle tickets are available right now (\$1,000 first prize) – you can buy tickets at the pub (or at the Legion or the Elks). This was a great event last year with tremendous participation – let's do it again!







Veteran's Golf Outing – Calling all Veterans: from Brother Paul Crowe (also an officer at the American Legion): The 2nd Annual Veterans Golf Outing Commanders Cup will be held on Monday, November 6th. Event is at Blue Hill Golf Course; check in starts at 7am and there is a shotgun start at 9am with golf, lunch and all festivities included. <u>All Veterans golf for free (you just have to pay \$25 for your cart)</u>. Non-veteran's cost is \$100. Need more info or have questions? Contact vfw9215golf@gmail.com.

Hibernian House

There is a lot going on at the pub lately. As noted in emails, we have a variety of food from Fink's Barbeque of Suffern on Monday nights for Monday night football. Want even more football (and food)? This coming Sunday, October 29th, the pub is "moving upstairs" to the Hall and we'll have four big screen TVs full of football, starting with the key local matchup of the Jets vs. Giants. Games wall-to-wall until closing...

Do you work in a trade? We continue to do upgrades around the Hibernian House – both upstairs and downstairs. As Hibernian House President, Phil Lane would like to compile a list of members who make their living at a trade – when we have work that needs to be done, we'd always rather pay a member! If you'd like to 'be on the list' please send an email to praoh3@gmail.com and we'll connect you with Phil.

National Initiatives

The AOH in America, St. Patrick Centre Young Ambassador Program 2024 Applications Open: Brothers who graduated high school in 2023 and up to the Age of 24 are invited to apply for the 2024 St. Patrick Centre AOH Young Ambassador Program. If you are interested, you must contact President Danny O'Connell at DJOCONNELL@YSU.EDU to begin the application process. The program will begin during the second week in June and last for two weeks including all travel and room expenses. Up to ten Hibernians will be selected. Each Young Ambassador will be responsible for meal and social expenses.

Young Ambassadors will be selected from around the country and expected to participate on national committees in the year following their appointment. They will learn about Northern Ireland including cross community meeting with all political parties, learning about St. Patrick, The St. Patrick Centre, and the Northern Ireland economy. Housing will be established in New Castle right on the Irish Sea.





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Fr. Kevin Devine, The Grunt Chaplain



Fr. Kevin Devine came from a strong Irish American family. His brother Finbar Devine was for many years the face of the N.Y. St. Patrick's Day parade as the Drum Major of the NYPD Pipes and Drum.

On May 3, 1956, Fr. Kevin was ordained at The Church of St. Paul the Apostle in New York. He served as a parish priest for the first six years of his vocation. However, In September 1962, Father Kevin heard the unique call of God's plans for him and volunteered to begin a 31-year career as a U.S. Army Chaplain. During his time in the military, he was stationed around the world. From 1969 to 1970, he served an 18-month tour of duty in Vietnam, which would leave a lasting impression on him and where he would earn the Silver Star and two Bronze Stars with "V" for valor. He would attain the rank of Colonel over the course of his career.

When he retired from the Army in 1993, Father Devine returned to his native Inwood and became an associate pastor at The Church of the Good Shepherd. Following September 11, 2001, he helped to lead the community's response to the tragedy and served at the World Trade Center site in the morgue. Fr. Devine served as the chaplain of AOH Division 3 New York. He passed to his eternal reward at age 90 after nearly 65 years as a priest and service to his fellow man.

Fr. Kevin was a talented writer who often wrote about his Vietnam experiences. Below is an essay he wrote. While some of the references and specifics, such as to Snoopy, are to a time that has passed, with just a few changes, they could just as easily apply to a veteran of WW II or Afghanistan.

Technology may change, but the soldier's experience and emotions are timeless and universal. Fr. Kevin's words still speak to us this Veteran's Day.

THE GRUNT

Fr. Kevin Devine

I am a shirt from a common pool of clean laundry. man of few heroes. I put very few individuals on a pedestal. And even of the few idols I have worshipped at one time or another, most have crumbled or dissolved into dust. At times it seems I have no one left on a pedestal except: Snoopy, of course. (Why it is we all agree Snoopy is the greatest-I will never know.) And along with Snoopy-Well, I am a New Yorker whose enthusiasm for baseball died when the Giants and Dodgers left the Big City. But now it has been rekindled-for I too rave about those Amazing Mets. Yes. Snoopy and the Mets, certainly. And recently I have come to worship another hero-a man I have come to know during these past 16 months.

His name? I've never learned it. There is never any insignia on his uniform. And if there is a name tag on his shirt, you can be sure it is not his name, for, after all, he grabbed it from a pile.

Even among his buddies, he has no last name. At best he is Bill-but more often he is simply Brooklyn or Short Round or Cool Breeze.

He is of varied background: he is the freckled faced Irish kid from the streets of Chicago. He is the husky Black-with a keen sense of humor-from Los Angeles. He is the Puerto Rican who can speak two languages fluently from New York.

In a word, he is a PFC and Spec4 - the unsung hero of Viet Nam.

Appearance wise, he does not show too much. Despite all the SOPs and ARs and personal admonitions from his Commanders, he does not shave absolutely every day-but why should he-when he can hardly scrounge up enough water for a morning cup of coffee-should he waste half of it on his chin? His fatigues are torn and tattered. His boots have never felt the touch of Kiwi boot polish, but they have soaked in the puddles of monsoon mud, and they do bear the scars of unbroken humps through the jungles.

His helmet is his diary: it announces each of his firebases-Blackhawk-the Big O, it advertises his loved ones: Joan and Mario, and it clicks off his months in country: June is about to be crossed off, and it reaffirms his faith: "God is my point man."

Not that he wears his helmet all the time. Despite all the admonitions -- when nobody is looking --away it goes and out comes the booney hat.

A battered ripe rosary often dangles from his neck-and at times a peace symbol is prominently displayed, a symbol fashioned from shrapnel removed from his leg.

In his pocket there's always a P-38¹, a church key-and a small pocket Bible.

And on his back is a rucksack that weighs twice as much as him but which he carries gladly because in that sack is all the ammo that will keep him alive.

His language when he is angry, would make a water buffalo blush-yet he can be most tender, even with words: his letters to his wife always bear the reminder SWAK. And he can find just the words to keep his buddy smiling while they wait for a dust-off, joking about his million-dollar wound. His compound is over flowing with monkeys and dogs and kittens, all mighty popular because pets are apparently the only civilians allowed on-post housing. In his wallet is always the photo of his wife or girlfriend-and he has a way with children. Language is no problem when he works at his Medcaps in the village.

He has a vocabulary all his own: Higher, Higher Celestial Six, The Dragon, Bikini Bird, Redleg, I have got my sierra in lima.

His hospitality knows no bounds: always room for one more in a bunker. He never hesitates to break open another case of Cs for a friend. He will always share even his last cold beer with a visitor. And when a package arrives from the States, everyone has to share his mothers fruitcake and his wifes home cooking.

He yearns passionately for peace-for he and his buddies must bear the brunt of war: in a fierce contact recently has bullets and mortars and B-40s were popping in every direction, he shook his head and whispered to me: This is a hell of a way to settle an argument. When he sees his buddies killed or wounded around him, he can become gripped by a blind irrational hatred. Sometimes he will take it out on the enemy-on occasions he will rage momentarily against the whole system. But generally he has a deep respect for his Commanders-he knows they have been shot out farther more times than he, that they have put their lives on the line many a time, and when the chips are down, his Commanders, he knows, will back him with everything they have got. He even has a grudging respect for the enemy: what else can he feel when three NVA have set up an ambush and taken on a whole company: and he rejoices over Vietnamization for he feels now is the time for our a ARVN comrades to prove by their courage on the battlefield that they appreciate all the sacrifices that the Americans have made for them.

Since he is the low man in a big organization, he does not often get preferential treatment. In fact, often he feels he is getting the raw end of the deal. Unpleasant incidents often stick in his mind: the day he waited hours in line for the big sale on tape recorders at the PX only to see the more senior men walk ahead of him without waiting a second-the

¹ A P-38 is an Army issued can opener used to open canned rations.

afternoon he returned from the 17th field hospital still limping from shrapnel-only to find himself pulling bunker guard that evening. But usually it is not the dramatic crisis-just the day-to-day living at the bottom of the heap: he gets ice when it's melted. He receives the Stars and Stripes when they are three days old. Even his copy of Playboy arrived recently with the Centerfold missing. It is he who sits on the pad for days-waiting for chopper space. It is he who stands outside and shakes Miss Glamour Girls hand after she has been lunched at the Officers Club.

His job does not seem so special to him even though he does it well-yet sometimes he feels he is the only indispensable man as he works all day and pulls guard half the night, while he hears of more senior men who lock their doors at 5:30 every evening.

And truly he is the indispensable man. More senior men draw up the strategy and issue the orders and supervise the operation- but it is he who gets the job done. It is he who drives the trucks, loads the choppers, mans the tanks. It is he who CAs in to hot LZs, marches down hostile trails, searches out the enemy bunkers. It is he who pulls the SRPs, tracks blood trails and repels from choppers. And ultimately it is he who shoots and get shot, who kills and gets killed. Without him there would be no Army and for that matter there would be no America.

He has been eulogized by Douglas MacArthur. He has been praised by General Westmoreland as the finest fighting man ever to march on the battlefield.

Time magazine, speaking of him recently, grudgingly admitted his acts of heroism are not the extraordinary but the ordinary, the everyday occurrence in Vietnam.

As for myself-who have served him these 16 months in the field-recently a friend remarked: if Snoopy is your hero and the Mets are your heroes-then Snoopy in a Mets uniform would be your greatest hero!

Not quite: He is second to the American fighting man: 11Bravo - PFC.