

Advertiser Spotlight — Looking a Little Deeper

The Irish Jewelry Company

www.theirishjewelrycompany.com



The Irish Jewelry Company launched its new online shopping experience just in time for Christmas and the New Year. Featuring classic traditional items as well as new unique pieces, they offer tasteful, warm jewelry that, more often than not, evokes "Wows."

Whether looking for jewelry or sophisticated gifts, The Irish Jewelry Company gifts make their own statement, one you will be delighted to share with their family and friends. The Irish Baby Bootie charm features a baby bootie on a chain, in green, blue or pink, with a raised shamrock on the top of the foot and The Irish Jewelry Company's signature Shamrock Trinity Knot engraved on the bottom. I can see mothers and grandmothers falling head over heels in love with this:



Owned by the husband and wife team of Jennifer and Andrew Derrig, The Irish Jewelry Company is back by their more than thirty five years experience in the jewelry business. "Our mission at The Irish Jewelry Company



is to make the Irish gift giving experience modern and convenient. Our selection of stylish shamrock, Claddagh, and Celtic jewelry, as well as our Irish gifts, many exclusive to us, are perfect for any occasion or person. We don't want your shopping experience to feel impersonal so we hand write each card and include our signature wrapping with every gift. We want everyone to feel special when receiving an Irish gift from The Irish Jewelry Company," says Jennifer.

The company is based in New York, but the Derrigs travel to Ireland and Europe to see family, gather ideas and monitor trends. Their obvious love and pride in their Irish heritage carries through in the quality of their products and commitment to excellent customer care.

*Tommy's Song*

by John O'Brien, Jr.

Tommy Makem has been an active, vibrant and generous performer for more than fifty years. The story of his legendary journey and accomplishments has been told many times over. He has written more than 400 songs as well. To highlight Tommy's wonderful songs; part sad, part celebration, I wrote *Tommy's Song*, while writing the book, *Festival Legends: Songs & Stories*, about the journeys of Irish music legends. It is but a small tribute to a larger than life man. In his latest challenge, Tommy has taken on lung cancer, and is beating it with his usual aplomb; steadfast positive attitude, sly humor and the friendship and prayers of family and friends spread throughout the world. God Bless Tommy.

All words in italics are song titles to some of the more than 400 songs Tommy has written; lyrically, musically, or both

Awaken *Mary Ann*, for
The Liar,
The Man of No Conscience, cries,
That No Irish Need Apply
Peace and Justice disappear
in *the Rape of the Gael*
In *That Land I Loved So Well*,
True Love and Time.
have stopped.

There Was An Old Woman.
among the *Four Green Fields*,
She entreated me,
Brendan, The Darkley Weaver,
Don't Go Down To The Big Green Sea.
contrast,
from *Clean Air, Clean Water*,
to the *Ships of War* ready,
even *The Water Sings* out -
to the march of
The Enniskillen Dragoons
Where Ever The Winds,
The Winds of Morning?

The Winds Are Singing Freedom!
And call for *Better Times*.
I went anyway.
And so,
Farewell My Friends.
Farewell to Carlingford,
Fare Thee Well Enniskillen
Let there be none
of *The Morning After Blues*.
Fear, but hope again to walk
This Dusty Road.
when next again, in victory
we are *Rolling Home*.

But now, as we enjoin
The Boys of Killybegs
toasting farewells,
sipping *Paddy Kelly's Brew*.
Freedom's Sons are singing;
singing sad songs,
to their love, songs.
Pretty Maggie O', Sally O',
Pretty Saro and Rosie.
for some,
a *Song For The Children*.

In *The Time Of Scented Roses*,
let they be not black,
The Long Woman's Grave.
Rather *Sing Me The Old Songs*;
of *Rambling Rivers*
in *The Rambles of Spring*,
Clear Blue Hills
or *Grey October Clouds*,
among *Long Winter Nights*.

If I should return,
If You Should Ask Me,
I'm Going Home To Mary,
Smiling Mary
I can see her, as she holds
our *Gentle Annie* in her arms,
listening to
The Listowel Blackbird sing;
Music In The Twilight,
In *Newry Town*

I will return again.