

# Blessings on Ye

'Tis a day for everyone Irish – and those who would like to be – to have a little extra spring in their steps, more pride in their hearts, a brighter twinkle in their eyes, and a lilt in their voices. It's St. Patrick's Day, and for the Hunter clan, that's something special, a time to celebrate our heritage.



Not only does the Hunter family tree spring from the Emerald Isle, but names on my mother's side – Sullivan, Smith, etc. – qualify me for wearing of the green today. Additionally, my Grandfather Beecher married Susan Callahan: more Irish blood. And a fiery redhead she was.

So it is most appropriate for me to share a few Irish blessings with you today – some of which I learned at the knees of both my grandfather and grandmother. Such as ...

- As you slide down the banisters of life, may the splinters never point the wrong way.
- May you live as long as you want, and never want as long as you live.
- May your troubles be as few and as far apart as my grandmother's teeth (she never liked that one).
- May the grass grow long on the road to hell for want of use.
- May the roof above us never fall in, and may we friends gathered below never fall out.
- May the road rise to meet you, may the wind be always at your back, may the sun shine warm upon your face, the rains fall soft upon your fields and, until we meet again, may God hold you in the palm of His hand.
- May your feet never sweat, your neighbor give you ne'er a threat; when flowers bloom, I hope you'll not sneeze, and may you always have someone to squeeze.
- May you have the hindsight to know where you've been, the foresight to know where you're going, and the insight to know when you're going too far.
- May you have warm words on a cold evening, a full moon on a dark night, and the road downhill all the way to your door.
- May good luck be your friend in whatever you do, and may trouble be always a stranger to you.
- He who loses money, loses much; he who loses a friend, loses more; he who loses faith, loses all.

(more)

- May you enjoy the four greatest blessings: honest work to occupy you, a hearty appetite to sustain you, a good woman to love you, and a wink from God above.
- May your neighbors respect you, trouble neglect you, the angels protect you, and heaven accept you.

And these, my friends, whether ye be Irish or not, are my blessings for you today.

– Beecher Hunter

