

Irish Blessings for 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 ye slide down the banisters of life, may the splinters never point the wrong way.
- May ye live as long as ye want, and never want as long as ye live.
- May yer 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 ye, may the wind be always at yer back, may the sun shine warm upon yer face, the rains fall soft upon yer fields and, until we meet again, may God hold ye in the palm of His hand.
- May yer feet never sweat, yer neighbor give ye ne'er a threat; when flowers bloom, I hope you'll not sneeze, and may ye always have someone to squeeze.
- May ye 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 ye have warm words on a cold evening, a full moon on a dark night, and the road downhill all the way to yer door.
- May good luck be yer friend in whatever ye do, and may trouble be always a stranger to ye.
- He who loses money, loses much; he who loses a friend, loses more; he who loses faith, loses all.
- May ye enjoy the four greatest blessings: honest work to occupy ye, a hearty appetite to sustain ye, a good woman to love ye, and a wink from God above.
- May yer neighbors respect ye, trouble neglect ye, the angels protect ye, and heaven accept ye.

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

– Beecher Hunter 