



Why I love St. Patrick's Day

By Olivia Fitzpatrick '14

"May your blessings outnumber the shamrocks that grow, and may trouble avoid you wherever you go," wishes a friendly Irish proverb neatly printed upon everything from tablecloths to beer pitchers.

Ah, the return of St. Patrick's Day: the holiday gloriously robed in green and set on March 17th, which breaks up the Lenten gloom and greets the newborn springtime with a friendly hello.

Underrated just enough to always please, paired with music arguably superior to that of Christmas, and what you have is a pretty terrific holiday. The Irish American, a peculiar combination of rabble-rouser and Daily Communicant, is granted a mo-

ment in the sun on this special feast.

Perhaps especially fond of March 17th having been raised by my mother, a McDermott, and my father, a Fitzpatrick, I am still certain one need not be Irish to celebrate.

First a Christian tradition, St. Patrick's Day has become a staple of American culture. Parties and parades feature Dropkick Murphy's contagious "Shipping Up To Boston," and hits like Ruby Murray's "If You're Irish Come Into The Parlor" remind us of a simpler time. More importantly, I challenge you not to dance to Dexy's Midnight Runner's "Come On Eileen."

For me, this playlist is embarrassingly incomplete without John Fitzgerald Kennedy's stir-

ring Inaugural Address (however I have met notable opposition that this address is necessary to a party playlist).

A pressing issue of the day includes obtaining a Shamrock shake due to their limited availability. Hues of kelly, emerald, mint, olive and lime, among others (there are forty shades according to the popular Irish ballad) brilliantly color the world on a day dedicated to merriment. Whether snow dusts the streets or the sun is shining with intense warmth, people always manage to be outside.

The reason I love St. Patrick's Day is a simple one, one that everyone can relate to, not just those particularly enthusiastic few who know all of the words to "Molly Malone" and "Danny Boy." I love

St. Patrick's Day because it celebrates the dreamers who found refuge in faith and laughter and hope even when potato famines drove them from their homes and NINA signs kept them from promising workplaces.

Perhaps hopelessly flawed, The Irish are not just O'Hara's, Fitzgerald's, and McDonald's; The Irish are all those who are willing to have fun in spite of the trials and tribulations of life. Being Irish is much more than a possessing a heritage—the true Irish, the luckiest of all, are those who embrace this celebratory state of mind.

And I love St. Patrick's Day because everyone is Irish on March 17th.

IRISH PROVERBS

May you always have walls for the winds,
a roof for the rain, tea beside the fire,
laughter to cheer you, those you love near you,
and all your heart might desire.

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 love and laughter light your days,
and warm your heart and home.
May good and faithful friends be yours,
wherever you may roam.
May peace and plenty bless your world
with joy that long endures.
May all life's passing seasons
bring the best to you and yours!

What to eat on St. Patrick's Day

BREAKFAST



Traditional Irish breakfast foods include sausage, bacon and white and black pudding. Although both the sausage and the bacon are a little fattier than typical American products, they're a delicious treat to start your day the Irish way.

BROWN BREAD



An alternate to the more well-known Irish soda bread, brown bread is a simple, earthen bread that's sure to please. Denser than white bread, brown bread is a more substantial breakfast option as well, but the best thing about bread is that you can eat it with any meal.

STEW



Whether it's lamb or beef stew, this meal is the perfect comfort food for a cold day. Heartier and thicker than soup, stew is typically comprised of meat, carrots and (surprisingly) potatoes in a brown gravy.

SHEPHERD'S PIE



Another popular Irish meal featuring potatoes, shepherd's pie combines gravy, ground beef and vegetables, such as carrots, peas and corn. The delectable mixture is then baked under a layer of mashed potatoes. The top of the potatoes adds the perfect crisp to this Irish meal.

How I celebrate St. Paddy's Day

By Emily Ryan '14

Despite the fact that I have bright red hair and a myriad of freckles, I get the same question surprisingly often: "Are you Irish?" The answer, my friends, is yes.

My father hails from the emerald isles, and the only reason most of my friends come to my house is for a chance to hear his (fading, but still intact) brogue.

Sometimes he randomly spurts off phrases in Gaelic to prove that he's still got it. Barry's popularity among my friends probably surpasses my own, and with good reason—he's the life of the party (usually).

Not unlike the rest of the Irish folk, he'll talk your ear off. In case anyone is wondering where I get my incessant talking from, let me introduce you to my father.

To arrive promptly on time is to be late, in his mind. Barry is 15 minutes early to everything; he's always the first to arrive and the last to leave. You haven't learned the meaning of the word "impossible" until you have tried to pull Barry out of a party before he's finished his conversation or his drink.

Knowing of my Irish heritage,

people often ask me what I'm going to do on St. Patrick's Day. I tell them exactly what my family does every year: nothing.

I admittedly don the occasional shamrock-patterned socks and intentionally wear green on St. Paddy's Day, but so does everyone else, whether or not they're actually Irish.

To my family, and to most of those living in Ireland, St. Patrick's Day isn't such a huge deal. We don't celebrate on St. Paddy's because we choose to celebrate our Irish heritage every day.

My family:

- Drinks tea at least once a day (Fun fact: There's an Irish tea brand called Barry's, but I prefer Lyons)

- Eats potatoes for almost every meal (Barry is, unsurprisingly, the King of all potato varieties)

- Has a deep and inexplicable comfort in the rain

- Has shepherd's pie at least once a week

- Knows that Irish sausage and brown bread are the bomb

The Irish are a very lively bunch, and St. Patrick's Day gives people everywhere an excuse to be Irish, even if only for one day a year.

"The Wearin' o' the Green"

By Paige Hogan '15

I must make a confession about "Kiss Me I'm Irish" shirts: I do think they're cute, but I don't think I'll ever wear one.

I mean, we Irish are quite kissable already. Who can ignore the cuteness of our freckles? In combination with my Irish tiara that has light up shamrocks, the shirt just might be a little too much.

However, I do have a plethora of other Irish shirts that I can break out for St. Patrick's Day. They just don't say, "kiss me."

One is a memento from a St. Patrick's Day of my parents' college days, and another is from an Irish bar in South Philly. Other Irish family members have shirts from Ireland, usually a soccer club (or "football" club, if you're really going for the Irish touch) or a rugby shirt.

One thing all of these outfits have in common in my family is that they are all green. No exceptions.

This obsession with the color green dates back to my great-grandmother and the long-standing rivalry between Northern Irish Protestants and Southern Irish Catholics.

The traditional Irish flag is comprised of green, white and orange. The orange in the Irish flag represents the Protestants, while the Catholics are associated with the green. My great-grandmother, a Catholic from the South of Ireland, had strong feelings for Northern Ireland and taught us that green is the only option for St. Patrick's Day.

My mother and her cousins can all tell stories of their grandmother on St. Patrick's Day, which she took seriously as both a feast day and a celebration of her heritage.

There are many stories of the year one cousin wore an orange shirt to dinner—needless to say, orange was never worn again in that house or the houses of her descendants on March 17th.

So, whether you are Irish or not, and whether or not you wear a "Kiss Me I'm Irish" shirt, you'll be welcome in my house on the 17th—as long as you wear green.