**Highlight in Northern Ireland**

During the year that I was a college student in Paris, 1963-64, my roommate, Debbie, and I decided to spend our three-week spring break in the UK and Ireland, hitch hiking and staying in youth hostels.

One memorable exception to the youth hostels occurred in Northern Ireland, where we spent a night in the home of friends of my maternal grandmother, who was born and raised in a tiny hamlet near Cookstown. My mother had arranged the stay and provided directions. I wish I could remember the name of the family.

We arrived in the afternoon and were welcomed with a cup of tea and a tour of the family’s veterinary practice. Then we were guided on a walk through the village, where the few inhabitants had obviously been told to expect us. We met most of the people of the town before continuing to the church, where we were shown the organ that my great uncle from Philadelphia had donated. Back home, we had a delicious dinner, followed by music and stories.

I remember well the sleeping arrangements. The beds were high, requiring a step stool to access. We were provided with a container of hot coals in the bed to keep us warm. The next morning, we had a very tasty breakfast, highlighted by scones, eggs and bacon. S oon afterwards, we continued our journey west and then south.