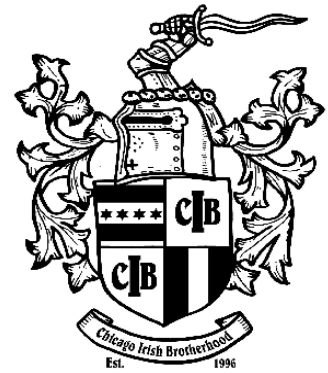


# **CHICAGO IRISH BROTHERHOOD**

## *Newsletter*

*"The Irreverent Benevolent Society"* Nov. 2003



## **The C.I.B. Circle Of Life**

Like wind to a wick, death came calling for **Thomas P. Egan** on Friday, October 18, 2002. The "Ace" of the Egan clan boarded the cold sled and left behind a clan without their Chieftain.

In Ernie O'Malley's *"On Another Man's Wound,"* a personal history of Ireland's War of Independence written in



**Wedge Donovan Egan**  
**DOB: 10.02.03**  
**11:23 a.m.**  
**6 lbs. 9 oz.**

1936, the author poetically described the perception of the dead for the people of his country.

"The dead walked around, there was an acceptance of their presence, no horror and little dread, the wall was thin between their living and their dead."

Giving life to these thought provoking words, it didn't take long for "Ace" to punch through that thin wall and nudge himself back to life.

On a confusing, sleep interrupted Thursday morning, 349 days later, new and tender life began for **Wedge Donovan Egan**.

On his arrival you could almost hear the negotiation at the hand of God.

"Alright, God!," the 'Old Man' said. "It's time to balance the books. The Ace is out of the deck. Let's send down a Jack to start working on a family flush."

Maybe, in the best created rationalization a bruised Irish Catholic can muster, I assume that God couldn't

handle the three of us on Earth at the same time. One had to go and the better man answered the call.

My father left me to face the path life laid before him and I will gladly, boldly walk his well beaten pathway and in his honor add my own steps here and there.

On October 18, 2003, Wedge Donovan Egan visited his Grandfather's grave. His caring and sympathetic mother Marlena shed a tear and I, now and for the first called father, knew...

Knew, looking up to the sun soaked sky, that this child so precious and needy, is the next circle in the life of my family.

This son will become a man, and in this man's legs the dead, my father and his mother's father and all those fathers before, will walk.

Hell, those legs will swagger.

Their presence will be toasted, with no horror on our tongues and the dread in our hearts quelled.