

CLAN QUARTERLY

January
2022

Fitzpatrick Clan Society Newsletter



tá go leor againn
táimid éagsúil
táimid ar cheann
chun freastal
chun leanúint



we are many
we are diverse
we are one
to serve
to follow

Cover Image by Alex
An Pointe, An Dún
Warrenpoint, County Down

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Finte na hÉireann - Clans of Ireland Registered clans:

Mac Giolla Phádraig Dál gCais
Fitzpatrick of the tribe of Cas
Mac Giolla Phádraig Laighin
Fitzpatrick of Leinster
Mac Giolla Phádraig Ulaidh
Fitzpatrick of Ulster
Ó Maol Phádraig Breifne
O'Mulpatrick of Breifne

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Clan Quarterly January 2022
<https://www.fitzpatrickclan.org>

BEANNACHTAÍ AN TSÉASÚIR

**A New Year | 2022 | Is almost here
Season's Greetings**

A new year is almost on us, and all of us involved in the running of the Fitzpatrick Clan Society – Matt, Joan, Esther, Ian, Eithne, Proinsias, and myself – wish you a peaceful and joyous Christmas season and truly fabulous 2022.

Nollaig shona agus Athbhliain faoi Mhaise Daoibh

With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year!

This latest newsletter is out a bit later than some of you will have been expecting and you will notice it is marked January 2022, which indicates a move to us producing our four-per-year newsletters in sync with the calendar year.

This time around we have a really nice nostalgic piece from Teddy Goodman, who spent a portion of his formative years until the end of his schooling living with Joan's family in Newry, County Down.

For those of you who haven't read the 2021 Journal articles we provide an overview of what it all means, and we also give you a preview of what articles to expect in 2022.

And last but not least, we have news of a Fitzpatrick Clan Society award. Yes Fitzpatrick family, we announce the Fitzpatrick Clan Society Astronaut for 2021!

Mike Fitzpatrick
Editor

RARE OUL TIMES

TEDDY GOODMAN

North Street | Newry

The following are the fond memories of the war years through the eyes of a six-year-old boy, ‘Teddy Goodman’ who lived with my grandmother in Northern Ireland. He stayed in touch with the Fitzpatrick family over the years and we treasure his reminiscences of a bygone era.

Joan Fitzpatrick McShane

North Street, Newry - my arrival

I first came to North Street, Newry, County Down in 1938, when I was six years old. Bridget Cull Fitzpatrick, whose husband had died a year earlier, took in lodgers to bring in extra income. My father was then an actor, going from town to town putting on plays in small halls.

The fact that he, my mother and their two children stayed at 12 Upper North Street for a couple of weeks was one of those accidents of fate, that was to have an effect on my life which nobody at that time could have foreseen. I never found out exactly what happened but I suppose that because it was already past time when I should have started school, my parents must have asked Bridget if I could stay behind and go to school in Newry after they moved on.

Anyhow they left, with my sister Pat and some time afterwards I was brought to St Colman’s Primary, Courtney Hill to begin twelve years with the Christian Brothers. I was actually too young to go to primary school and should first have served some time with the nuns – until I was seven – but clearly Bridget put more faith in those men in black than in the convent on High Street.

North Street in those days, some 80 years ago, was quite a lively place and had lots of shops. Coming out of No. 12 and turning right the next house was owned by a family called Duffy. They too kept lodgers but of a scruffier type than Bridget's 'guests'. Next was the pawn shop which closed down soon after the war started in 1939.

At the triangle where Market Street, High Street and North Street met was the Butter Market. Many times I went with Bridget and she would rub a shilling along the butter to taste before she bought it, the dairy was at the top end of the market where you could buy fresh milk from the crock. What I remember best about the Butter Market was that at the beginning of the war it was turned into a military strongpoint, with sliding steel shutters where the British army would have fought Hitler if he ever tried to tangle with North Street. It was strictly forbidden to go into this place but some of the bolder spirits, like John Duffy and Buster Brown from next door, often risked a kick up the backside from whoever looked after the Market and entered its mysterious precincts.



Teddy in Boy Scout uniform, 1946

When you turned left outside No. 12 there was the Forde and Mann Boot and Shoe shop. They were Protestants and even I remember the ructions caused by their son Bruce marrying a Catholic girl. Bruce was a nice chap and had one leg shorter than the other. I remember his mother giving me a couple of old books of Bruce's – she couldn't have pleased me more if she had presented me with a half-crown.

Across the street from Bridget at No 11 was Uncle James Fitzpatrick's public house, 'purveyors of fine wines and spirits'. Next door to James lived the McGuires and Trainors – I never seemed to be out of that house, since the two boys, PJ and Gerard played with me a lot. They had many sisters and on long summer evenings we all played skipping out on the street. They must have been innocent times – I recall Tommy and Paddy Fitzpatrick joining in the skipping to!

So how did we pass the time in those bygone days?

There were the picture theatres of course – three cinemas, the Savoy, the Frontier and the Imperial. We thought that Robert Taylor, Gary Cooper and Cary Grant were the last word in male acting while Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner and Greer Garson would have been some of the top women stars. I suppose that the Three Stooges and cowboys were tops with small boys of North Street, but from an early age I became a fan of the American singer Nelson Eddy (I still am!).

I suppose I remember best the characters who used to call into No. 12 of an evening – 'Big' Paddy McCourt from Water Street and Jimmy 'The Glen', who came from Mayobridge. They would come in and read the paper – a borrowed copy of the Newry Reporter or the Telly (Belfast Telegraph) and discuss the news. Then at 9 o'clock came the BBC News on the big Philco radio on the shelf; sometimes we would try to tune in Lord Haw-Haw from Germany (Germany calling, Germany calling).

On Sunday nights there would be Question Time from Radio Eireann. This was a quiz show which came from a different town every week. I was always expected to know the answer to nearly every question!

I almost forgot to mention John McGirr, who was a long time resident of 12 North Street. He got up early every morning to set off on his bike for Garland's where he looked after the horses. He loved a bit of gossip – but in those days so did everyone around the place.

Another thing that was popular by way of amusement in the home was singing and I was always being asked to render such ditties as ‘The Rocks of Bawn’. The popular songs of the day like ‘The White Cliffs of Dover’, ‘Silver Wings in the Moonlight’ and ‘Kiss me Good-night Sergeant Major’ were frowned on by the older generation but were always on the lips of Sheila, Mary and Paddy (Fitzpatrick).

How do I remember the younger members of the Fitzpatrick family?

Tommy always seemed to have been working and to be coming home late at night. At weekends he would bring bacon and Melber’s sausages from Dundalk; what a treat that was in wartime! Paddy – always referred to as ‘the child’ by Bridget was forever short a few bob to get into the local dances. This didn’t stop him making dates with girls at the hop and he would return at dead of night – no later than 11pm, in reality, but that was VERY late in those times. He would be quizzed the next morning ‘What time did you come in last night boy?’ There would be dire threats about the next time but these were always forgotten when the next time came around.

Mary was always around as she did not work. She had a bad chest and was forever being bidden to take a terrible mixture of treacle and onions which was kept in a pudding bowl. I don’t think it did her much good. She was always mad keen to have the house spick and span and I came into these plans being pressed into service to help polish the lino on the stairs. Mary was for a time pursued by a tall Yank called George Baughman. At that time too Peggy McCourt from the Entry was going about with an American called Smith. He was bald and a very nice chap they both went to France on D-Day and I remember a card coming to Mary from Baughman, who was then in Paris.

Sheila (Fitzpatrick) Goodwin was a lively girl and loved dances and listening to the latest songs on the radio. Ask her if it was a British soldier, he was really a Welshman, called Reece who was once so keen on her; it was about 1940. I remember when Charlie came along, a tall Liverpool lad and I can well remember their wedding.

Kay (Fitzpatrick) McAnoy came and went a bit since she lived in Belfast. I loved the things she brought like cream cakes or biscuits which were scarce commodities in those days. She was a ray of sunshine in dark times of war and of course I visited her in Belfast at Moonstone Street. The Great Northern trains to Dublin ran along past the fence at the end of her back yard. She and Joe always had a warm welcome for all of us from Newry.



Above: Sheila & Mary Fitzpatrick 1930s
 Below: Joe and Kay McNoy, Mary Fitzpatrick



I could go on a bit longer but maybe this is enough to let you see a bit into how it was in those far off days. We were poor and had nothing much of worldly goods but we made the best of life and didn't expect too much. In our own way we were content.

The 'Last Invasion of Ireland', 1942

I can't say I am the sole survivor but I was certainly an eyewitness of the last great invasion of Ireland, which took place almost 80 years ago, on the 26 January 1942. The first wave came ashore at Belfast, led by Private First Class Milburn Henke – the American Army, or as they were universally known, 'The Yanks'.



Above: Milburn H Henke

Below: General Patton and General Hartle commander of the 5th Infantry in the Mourne Mountains, 30 March 1944



I cast my mind back to those days, when I was a ten-year-old boy living in the border town of Newry, County Down, Ireland. The Second World War was in its third year, and everything was either severely rationed or completely unobtainable. True, neutral Dundalk was only thirteen miles away offering plentiful supplies of scarce items, but it was hardly a question of anyone being able to run special buses to what Newry people have always referred to as the 'Free State', to load up with rashers, pork sausages and black & white pudding.

The arrival of several thousand well paid men into the area around Newry had a staggering effect on the town. Not only had the Yanks got money, which they spent freely, but they had also endless supplies of things we hadn't seen in years and some we had never seen before, like nylons. They would give away – or sell for a pittance – many of the items of personal equipment and apparel provided by Uncle Sam. Every man in the town seemed to have one of their marvellous waterproofs; the girls sported nylons and smoked Camels or Lucky Strikes. The local children, whose sweet rations were three ounces per week, chewed gum from sun-up to sun-down. For some reason I missed the Christmas party they gave for the town's children, but the ice-cream and doughnuts were for long afterwards the subject of nostalgic recall in junior circles.

Of course anyone living on our street was especially lucky for it was here that the PX, the Post Exchange, was to be found. This was a veritable Aladdin's Cave of long forgotten delights; cigarettes, chocolate, chewing gum, tinned fruit and the ultimate secret weapon 'nylons'. If as a small boy you just happened to be passing as the cheerful GIs emerged from this treasure house, you might fall in for a packet of gum or a Superman comic. Of course, it was cultural imperialism of the worst kind but no town ever went into such delightful slavery so willingly.



The Yanks were quite a contrast to the other contingent of rude soldiery who had lately graced Newry's streets. These were Welsh Fusiliers, quiet, dark, young men in ill-fitting, hairy, khaki uniforms. For all that, they had the cut of real soldiers about them, marching to church in perfect step their highly polished boots striking sparks from the cobbles. They had no band but somehow one could hear the interior strains of 'Colonel Bogey' as they stepped it out, heads erect behind their mascot, a large white goat.



Welsh Fusiliers' Honour Guard 1942

The US Army dressed in well-cut uniforms of olive gabardine, and even the private soldiers wore a collar and tie. They didn't so much march as amble, their soft rubber soled boots making no sound. They too had no band but their progress seemed to be to the strains of something more like Glenn Millar's 'American Patrol'.

And then one day, at the end of Spring 1944, just as suddenly as they arrived, they left, to try their strength against Rommel's Wehrmacht on the Atlantic Wall. Omaha Beach was their destination and no rear-guard stayed behind in Newry to hand out to the disconsolate children the last strategic supplies of candy and chewing gum.

The town was in a state of shock for days, as if a terrible tragedy had struck all the inhabitants simultaneously. The particular catastrophe for the children of North Street where I lived was that the PX closed down and Aladdin's Cave once again became just an empty shop.

We learned a little later that some of the Yanks made it as far as Paris, as a few cards and letters drifted back to Newry. But we didn't have to wait long to see the film 'The Longest Day' to realise that many of those carefree, young invaders to our shores never succeeded in leaving the rich meadows and villages of Normandy. Long lines of small white crosses mark the place where the real and deadly invasion took place.



US Army 5th Infantry Division, training in Rostrevor, County Down, 1944.

After twelve years of being educated by the Christian Brothers in Newry, Teddy completed his studies at Queens University Belfast. He then married and settled in Dublin; enjoying a successful career with the Irish Government.

THE BEST ON FACEBOOK

Matt's | Glossy bits

Posted on the *Pure Cork* Facebook page in 2015 and 2018.
"Fitzpatrick's second hand shop on George's Quay run by the legendary Peter Fitzpatrick."



John Bolster and Mrs Bridget Fitzpatrick enjoying the music at Siamsa na Boirne (Burren), a music festival organised by Muintir na Tíre, in Killybegs in October 1972.



The Vintage Lens Photo Archive

The Vintage Lens - Looking at Times Past in Co Clare
November 3 · 🌐

John Bolster and Mrs Bridget Fitzpatrick enjoying the music at Siamsa na Boirne (Burren), a music festival organised by Muintir na Tíre, in Killybegs in October 1972.

In keeping with this month's poetry theme : Author of the month No 19 : **Jameson Fitzpatrick**.



POETRYFOUNDATION.ORG

Balcony Scene by Jameson Fitzpatrick | Poetry Magazine

Up — or out? — here:

Those that signed the Covenant and Declaration included 75 Fitzpatrick's . Also 637 Kirkpatrick's - 331 Kilpatrick's - 106 Patrick's.



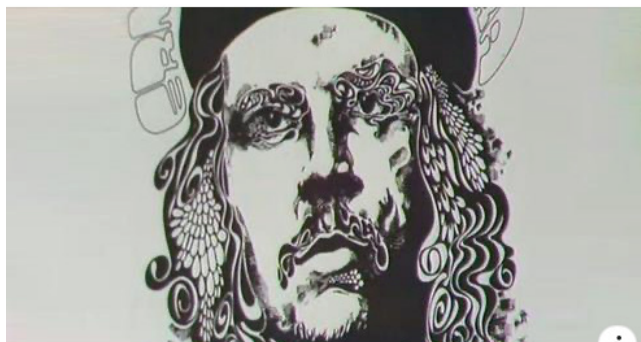
No. 7 ULSTER DAY. SIR EDWARD CARSON SIGNING THE COVENANT, BELFAST CITY HALL, 28th SEPT., 1912.



Matthew Fitzpatrick shared a link.

Admin · +1 · October 3 · 🌐

On this day : **Jim Fitzpatrick** on the Late Late Show which was broadcast on 3 October 1981.



RTE.IE

Artist Jim Fitzpatrick

Dublin graphic artist Jim Fitzpatrick talks about his work which in...

THE JOURNAL

2021 Articles | in review

After a bit of a slow start and a change of focus in April, we managed to meet our target of publishing three articles in 2021. We are pleased with the resultant ninety-two pages, 41,739 words, and more than 250 cited works, and this is something we hope to better next year. I'm excited about what's in the pipeline because we will feature authors other than just Ian and I.

I had started the year writing about Mac Giolla Phádraig clerical lineages. Still, in April, the DNA results for John Branham were returned – and it was time, once and for all, to put to bed the false narrative that haplotype A1506>A1496>A1488 Fitzpatricks and A1506>BY140757 'Branans' share descent from Cearbhall, King of Osraí (843-888 AD).

Ian and I have long held the opinion that haplotype A1506 emerged ca. 1150 AD, around 250-300 years after Cearbhall's floruit, which makes his supposed progenitorship of A1506 lineages impossible. But aside from the science of DNA, what do we make of the scholarship of the likes of William Carrigan, John Shearman, John O'Hart, and Cú Choigcríche Ó Cléirigh (Peregrine O'Clery), who all decreed the Mac Giolla Phádraig of Ossory and O'Brennan of Idough were close kin?

It is important to address this supposed shared lineage because those unwilling to accept what DNA plainly says argue it unequivocally explains the occurrence of Fitzpatrick-Branan surname matches – but this is a puerile and crude approach to the genetic genealogy of haplotype A1506. Why? Because it ignores several other significant and diverse co-existent surname matches: there are also Dalton, FitzGerald, Purcell, Hennessey, and the list goes on, matches, and they are all surnames with no historical connection to Cearbhall. Those matches can't simply be swept under the carpet – you don't get to pick and choose your DNA surname matches; instead, they choose you.

The complexity and prolificity of haplotype A1506 demonstrate its progenitor was from a powerful late medieval lineage in Ireland, one that must, surely, exhibit an expression across historical various records. Problematic, however, is the A1506 diverse surname array, which is beyond the scope of experience of most genetic genealogists, who are fixated on single surnames and who explain away any irregularities as non-paternity events.

Hence, a binary view of the progenitor of A1506 would be he was an Irish chief whose dalliances, perhaps with Norman women, led to his offspring being raised in Norman houses; alternatively, he was a Norman Lord who took Irish women, who in turn raised their offspring according to native custom. A significant stumbling-block, particularly for the former, was the 1366 Statutes of Kilkenny, which forbade ‘marriage, gossiping, fostering of children, [and] concubinage...between the English and Irish’.

Yet a third type of prolific progenitorship, out of powerful clerical lineages, was not so restricted and is evidenced by countless records in the Papal Registers. Moreover, illegitimate offspring were often given non-paternal surnames in an attempt to conceal the identity of their natural father, who was typically a high-level cleric, such as a Bishop or a Prior.

Therefore, there is a perfect explanation for surname diversity under A1506, hidden in plain sight among the Papal Registers. And, once again, as critical genetic genealogists, we don’t get to pick and choose which records to examine – we look at them all, we ignore none – and this leads to a reflection on what good scholarship is. People aren’t scholars simply because they are pronounced to be. In this day and age, it’s not difficult to determine who good scholars are.

Google Scholar is one place you can go to check scholars out, and the most widely accepted measure of scholarship is citations; hence, it is the academy that acknowledges scholarship by citing a peer’s works. The Fitzpatrick Clan Society is fortunate to draw on long-established scholars who have scores of articles and hundreds of citations to their names.

Yet, this isn’t enough. Another proof of robust scholarship is that published works are subject to high-level, unbiased, peer-review, and the Fitzpatrick Clan Society enjoys such a no-holds-barred process both internally, from the Society historical advisor Proinsias Mag Fhionnghaile (CIOM), and externally, from leading Irish historians, such as Dr Paul MacCotter, and Luke McInerney. Google them!

As a humorous side-note, one part of MacCotter’s review of our article on Mac Giolla Phádraig clerical lineages noted, ‘I’m enjoying this but here we have your first serious mistake’. So, you can see, our reviewers are not ones to tickle the ears. And, fortunately, my serious mistake was not a fatal one – I’d become confused over two locations while immersed in a myriad of placenames written in Gaelic.

And what about the scholarship of historians of the nineteenth century and earlier, whose works no one seemingly cares to critique even though the appearance of new material should demand it? It is simply a matter of laying out the evidence and judging it afresh on merit. Researchers who cling to the old and ignore key new material just because it doesn’t fit their narrative are not scholars at all.

A truly great scholar, and contemporary of Ó Cléirigh, was Dubhaltach Mac Fhirbhisigh (Duald Mac Firbis). While Ó Cléirigh is recognised as an annalist, Mac Fhirbhisigh is unquestionably regarded as the last great exponent of the great-learned tradition of Irish genealogy. While Ó Cléirigh transcribed the genealogies of others, Mac Fhirbhisigh possessed a much more comprehensive and intimate genealogical knowledge. And while Ó Cléirigh had the Brennan of Idough descending from Cearbhall of Ossory, Mac Fhirbhisigh had them as a completely unrelated Uí Failghi clan – a major difference of opinion that cannot be ignored.

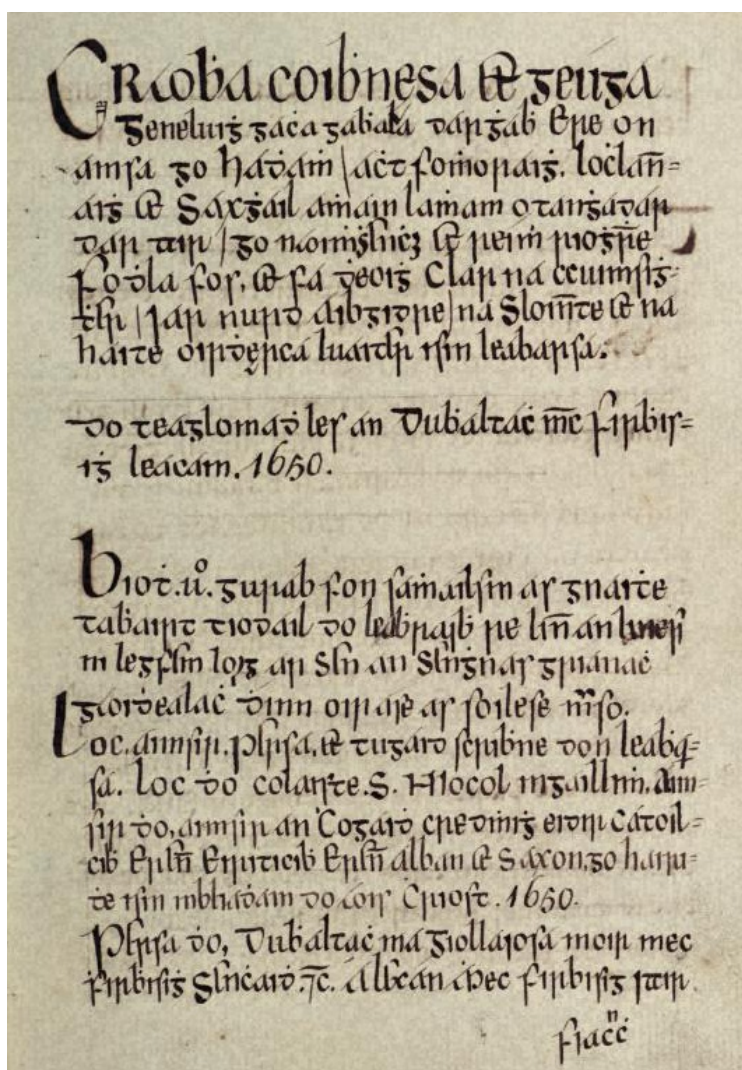
In such cases of variance, the authority must rest with the far greater expert, who in this instance is very obviously Mac Fhirbhisigh. Nevertheless, it is essential to corroborate the pedigrees independently. Are there any other reasons why the Brennan of Idough could not have descended from Cearbhall? Well, yes, there are – the line of Brennan, son of Cearbhall, probably went extinct ca. 912 AD.

You can read more about that in the article, which after the critique of Brennan lineages moves on to interrogate the origins of John Branham, who is in an A1506 line but does not trace his roots to Ireland but England.

Hence, ‘The Similar-Sounding Surnames of Haplotype R-BY140757’ becomes about understanding how men with the surname Branan, Brennen, Braham, or Branham, etc., have a shared English ancestry from ca. 1150 AD, and how a branch of the family came to be in Ireland shortly afterward.

The exciting find, that a key figure in Kilkenny affairs from the mid-thirteenth century was a Norman, and close de Clare associate, Sir Robert de Braham, may be the progenitor of A1506 ‘Branans’ deserves serious consideration.

With Branans now behind us, we returned to the article on clerical lineages in July. The Mac Giolla Phádraig clerics of Killaloe have previously received some attention via the fine and thorough works of Gwynn and Gleeson, and McInerney, who commence their Mac Giolla Phádraig of Killaloe clerical lineage with Diarmaid, ca. 1418. Our journal articles from 2020 introduced, for the first time, the Mac Giolla Phádraig of Ossory clerical lineages. So, was there a familial connection between the clerical lineages of Killaloe and Ossory? First, it was necessary to understand the origin of the first Mac Giolla Phádraig clerics, which had not been fully considered until our article.



Forward: The Great Book of Irish Genealogies

The pedigrees and genealogical branches of every invasion that took possession of Ireland, from this time (back) to Adam (but the Fomhóraigh, Vikings, and English we treat of only since they came to our country), together with the saintlore and the succession of the kings of Ireland and, finally, an index in which are collected, in alphabetical order, the surnames and the famous places that are mentioned in this book, which was compiled by An Dubhaltach Mac Fhirbhisigh of Leacán, 1650.

Image Reproduced by kind permission of UCD-OFM Partnership.

The first Mac Giolla Phádraig cleric to arrive on the scene was not Diarmaid, as intimated by some who are perhaps too dependent on other scholars, such as McInerney, but McInerney's coverage of Mac Giolla Phádraig clerics doesn't claim to be global, rather it is tightly focused on County Clare. And Diarmaid did not come from Ossory.

Like so many works on the Mac Giolla Phádraig, there comes a big assumption that their clerics simply must have arisen in Ossory – this, seemingly, because no one has had the will to think objectively, or the good sense to consider alternatives. The 'all things stem from Ossory' myth is one we are dispelling, and in no small part due to evidence from Fitzpatricks on the DNA project who trace to Breifne, Leinster, and Munster, whose Pátraic-surname lineages emerged in ancient times. In fact, Ossory Fitzpatricks, who are haplotype A1488, did not appear as a surname-specific clan until the sixteenth century, so it is impossible to maintain that the Ossory Fitzpatricks stem from an ancient paternal Pátraic lineage.

No small intrigue comes with the understanding there is no evidence Mac Giolla Phádraig clerics arose in Ossory; rather, they appear to originate in south-western Limerick parishes, where they were associated with the powerful FitzMaurice of Kerry. The first to appear in the Papal Registers is Matthew, who was probably Diarmaid's father. From there, the article traces the remarkable and 'coincidental' occurrence of surnames under haplotype A1496, which were also connected to the influential Augustinian clerical lineages in south-western Ireland, viz., FitzGerald, Purcell, and Hennessey, among them bishops and archdeacons – men of great wealth, power, and influence – and their heirs. These heirs were no accidents but were purpose-bred via a supply of women (i.e., nuns) to sustain the clerical lines.

Therefore, the smoking gun pointing at A1488 Fitzpatricks has them not as the romantically contrived descendants of Irish dynasts, and perhaps not even of the line of the barons of Upper Ossory, but the offspring of Augustinian clerics known for their disregard of monastic standards.

Some may find such notions too challenging to digest, preferring to dismiss the authoritative records in the Papal Registers because rumourmongering and mud-slinging were not uncommon in the late medieval Irish church. The problem with such denials is they ignore what is a slew of documented events, not some random, one-off incident; this, perhaps, in an attempt to protect the names of individuals (in this case, ancestors) and the reputation of the Irish church. Sadly this is something all too familiar in this day and age. In such cases the deniers are, surely, as culpable as the perpetrators.

With one clerical lineage article out of the way – there are two more to follow in 2022/2023, with more clerical revelations and DNA connections – our attention shifted to another genre of Fitzpatrick records that have enjoyed far too little coverage.

The Fiants, and the Patent Rolls of Ireland, have long been on our minds because they contain hundreds of references to Pátraic surnames. They have the potential to unlock the origins of Fitzpatricks found all over Ireland, not just Ossory. Such is the sheer volume of records I don't even know how many articles will be in the series, which is called 'Pátraic surnames in the Fiants and Patent Rolls of Ireland'.

We started with an introductory article describing our methodology for dealing with so many records by using the surname Mac Caisín, some of whom were medics to the barons of Upper Ossory. But before they were known as a medical lineage, the Mac Caisín were a clerical lineage and irrefutably in the same circle as the Uí Meadhra (O'Meara) clerics of Killaloe.

The link between the Killaloe cleric Dermot Ó Meadhra and Aghmacart, in Ossory, intrigues. Dermot, who was based in north-western Killaloe, just 15 miles from Aghmacart, had the reputation as being the most notorious fornicator in the region, having a convent of concubines at his disposal, to provide heirs to sustain his clerical line.

In Dermot we have uncovered by far the strongest candidate for the father of the powerful Ossory cleric, William Mac Giolla Phádraig and we have revised our Mac Giolla Phádraig of Osraí articles to reflect this. William was illegitimate – his father was a cleric who carried off and raped his own niece. And in the era of William's birth, ca. 1445, Dermot had every opportunity to be associated with Aghmacart, where he was appointed prior for a time. By the early 1500s Mac Giolla Phádraig clerics had gained possession of Aghmacart; they were likely raised and educated there.

That William may have gained his surname from his mother is no fantasy because the clerics, by necessity, often 'masked' the surnames of their illegitimate offspring to conceal them, and any subsequent nepotism, from the church. And yet another DNA 'coincidence' can be found among A1496 surnames; along with FitzGerald, Fitzpatrick, Purcell, and Hennessey, is found – you guessed it – an O'Meara surname match, with a shared ancestry at precisely the correct time to make Dermot Ó Meadhra a real 'person of interest' as the progenitor of all A1488 Fitzpatricks.

Hence, the Fiants, and the Patent Rolls, have further informed our understanding of clerical lineages. The manner of our Fitzpatrick historical research is like a rinse-and-repeat circling of DNA data and historical records, and one never knows if DNA revelations or newly uncovered historical facts will necessitate revisions.

In 2022 we hope to publish at least two more articles relating to the Fiants and the Patents, the second of our series on clerical lineages, the third in our series on the Mac Giolla Phádraig of Ossory, and an article about our Dalcassian Fitzpatrick clan.

And, hopefully, with travel restrictions behind us, we may also be able to complete our article, 'The Mensa Tomb at Feartach: A Case of Mistaken Identity?' So yes, 2022 looks like it could be a big year!

2021 Articles

[The Similar-Sounding Surnames of Haplogroup R-BY140757](#)

Dr Mike Fitzpatrick and Ian Fitzpatrick

Journal of the Fitzpatrick Clan Society 2021, 2, 1-41

[Mac Giolla Phádraig Clerics 1394-1534 AD, Part I](#)

Dr Mike Fitzpatrick

Journal of the Fitzpatrick Clan Society 2021, 2, 42-65

[Pátraic surnames in the Fiants and Patent Rolls of Ireland](#)

[Part I: a method of approach to mega-data, and a Mac Caisín case study](#)

Dr Mike Fitzpatrick

Journal of the Fitzpatrick Clan Society 2021, 2, 66-92

Coming soon

Pátraic surnames in the Fiants and Patent Rolls of Ireland Part II:
Mac Séartha of Osraí

Pátraic surnames in the Fiants and Patent Rolls of Ireland Part III:
Ó Maol Phádraig of Uí Mhic Coille

Mac Giolla Phádraig Clerics 1394-1534 AD Part II

Mac Giolla Phádraig Osraí 1384-1534 AD Part III

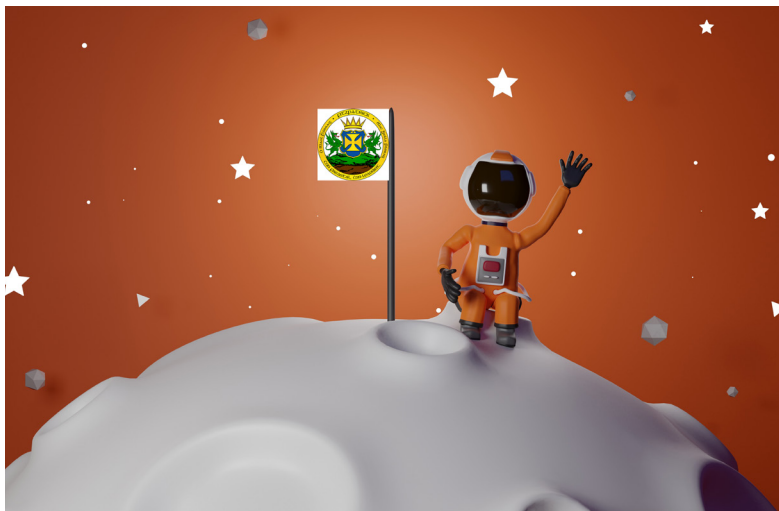
Mac Giolla Phádraig Dál gCais

The Mensa Tomb at Feartach: A Case of Mistaken Identity?

THE FITZPATRICK ASTRONAUT 2021

Spaced out | Fitzpatricks

It gives me great pleasure to announce that Matt Fitzpatrick is the Fitzpatrick Clan Society Astronaut for 2021. Here's a picture of Matt on the moon, proud to be the first Fitzpatrick to kick up the dust there and, of course, plant our society flag as proof of our incredible feat.



Yes, Matt is our very own rocket-man, but I think we've all known about his stellar abilities for a good while. I zoomed Matt while he was out enjoying the lunar vista, to congratulate him, and ask him a few quick questions.

Mike: So Matt, what's it like up there in outer space?

Matt: It's pretty peaceful to be honest, Mike. It's just a shame there's nowhere to get a Guinness.

Mike: Did you have to work hard to become an astronaut?

Matt: No, not really. I just decided I'd call myself an astronaut and let folk know I was heading off to the moon for a few days. I'm basically retired now, so I have a bit more time on my hands.

Mike: So you mean I can pretty much give myself any title I want and it makes it so?

Matt: Apparently, Mike, yes it's a bit of a thing these days. Who and what would you like to be today?

Mike: How about something grand and intelligent sounding, like the Fitzpatrick Clan Clever Clogs?

Matt: Er, how about we just go for the Fitzpatrick Clan Clown Prince, Mike? I mean it might come across as a tad pretentious if you go around calling yourself clever, or something like that.

Mike: OK, Clown Prince it is then. I think my new title is certain to garner respect and help me with my low self-esteem issues.

Matt: Yes, and be sure to make a wikipedia profile to announce yourself – do it under a pseudonym; I think Rí filin (aka the king of bs) has a nice ring to it.

Mike: Thanks, Matt. And I know I'm harping on a bit, but can I see a photo of your spaceship?

Matt: My pleasure, Mike, I'll send you a snap. You'll notice that I painted it a nice shade of green, and if you use your imagination it looks a bit like a dragon.

