

I'll remember it, Dublin in a rainstorm

Happy Saint Patrick's Day. I feel like telling a little Irish story—my very own Irish story.

When I was nineteen I went to Germany to visit my brother and, for reasons that are too complicated to explain now, I ended up traveling alone to Ireland.

Armed with a Youth Hostel pass, an enormous backpack and limited common sense, I hitchhiked my way through most of the country. I spent about a week and a half there and I'm happy to report, they were some of the best days of my life.

When it was time to leave, I boarded the ferry that would take me back to the train, that would take me back to Heidelberg. This song, Troy, by Sinead O Connor, was playing in my ears as Ireland disappeared between the two grays of the sea and the sky.

So what if I cried? I cried my eyes out, okay. I never wanted to leave.

Sometime I have to tell you the story of the filthy-mouthed truck driver, Pat, who drove me from Dublin to Galway...where I was stung by a bee while eating a Nutella sandwich...which was almost all I ate while there...oh,oh..and about how I stood for hours in the rain, just outside Dublin, waiting for a ride to take me to Belfast. Then, finally, a nice couple stopped, leaned out their window and said no one would take a single American girl to Belfast—too dangerous. Apparently, they could tell I was American by my shoes, which I took as a compliment, but realized later it probably wasn't. They drove me back into Dublin and treated me to tea. (Well, that's really the whole story about them.) Oh, and the mime! William Kennedy, the Irish mime. Don't let me forget to tell you about him. I spent

DAYS with him...