

***I REMEMBER NANA
AND THE HOUSE THAT THEY ALL LIVED IN***

My memories of One View Street start with Sunday boiled dinners – and with Nana presiding over a table with the Grand Aunts and Uncles **Margaret and Jack** Barry, **Grace and John** Deedy, **Kate and Morris** Kennedy, and **Lou and Bob** McCarthy, together with my grandfather, my mother, my brother Dave, my sister Patty and me.

On Sundays we regularly drove up to Worcester and until Nana died in August of 1948, I often stayed there with my grandfather. That I should now be the voice of our generation who had more intimate experience of that long-ago homestead seems somehow inconsistent with Nana's imperious dictum – invariably directed at me – that 'Children should be seen but not heard!'

Of course Sunday dinner was always a prelude to the altogether serious business of listening to the Red Sox game on the radio – during which everyone went into a solemn huddle and remain there to this very day **in** a tableau **suspended** in some McDonough, top-of-the ninth dimension.

It seemed to me back then that it was always baseball season – except when it was Christmas, and I particularly remember the latter because of the pale yellow electric candles that were lit in the front and side windows, which exuded a Norman Rockwellian warmth before the more recent days of gaudy, honky-tonk Christmas decorations.

My two favorite rooms were my grandfather's study – lodged behind that circular, tower-like façade to the left of the front door. His books are here with me in Cologne and are among my most valuable possessions. And the kitchen – dominated by a cast-iron stove on which you could fry the best bacon ever, at least if you were using Nana's heavy black skillets, which are also among my few treasured possessions.

I don't know off hand if Norman Rockwell ever found the graphic equivalent of rich kitchen aromas, but if he did then he can only have been inspired by the larder at One View Street – whose layered aromas are linked in my memory with the texture of the cream colored porcelain bowls that stood there.

There was a large dog house in the garden that my grandfather built for the two Boston Terriers, Beauty and

Buddy, that my mother and my Aunt Evelyn had as children – inaugurating a century-long love affair with Boston Terriers whose current chapter is my very own Magnus Barefoot.

The past is one of my favorite places. That it should this afternoon be summoned so victoriously into the present, however, is due to the massive and magnanimous efforts of Jane Deedy.

And to you, Jane, my undying gratitude for your treasure-house of a website and for bringing so very many of us together, an experience which I am enjoying only vicariously but no less enthusiastically than those of you gathered today in Worcester.

Paul, grandson of Patrick McDonough, aka ‘Uncle Mack’.

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