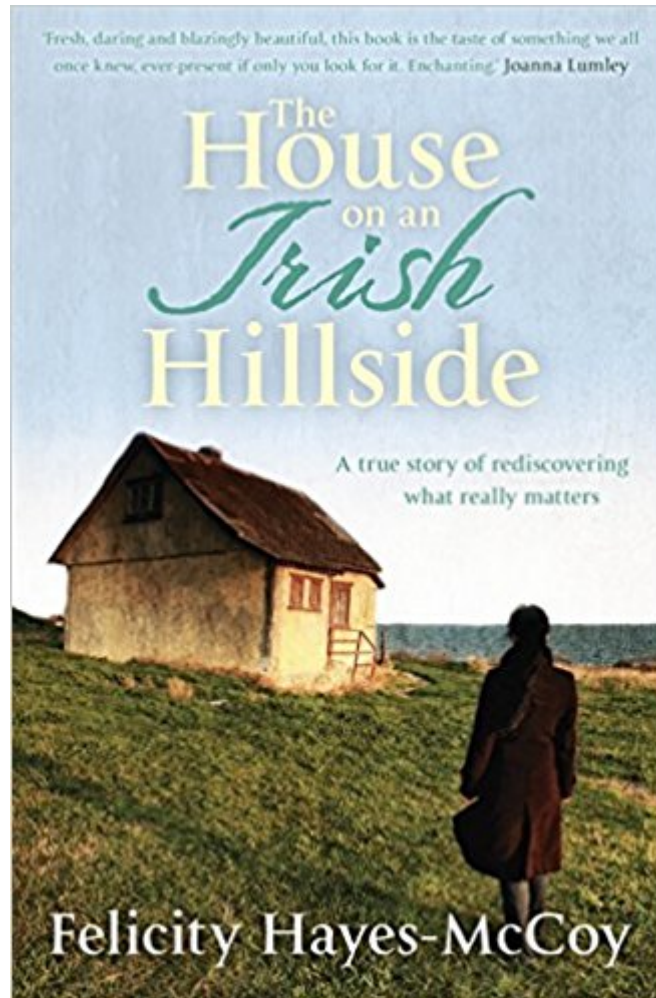




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The House On An Irish Hillside



Synopsis

'From the moment I crossed the mountain I fell in love. With the place, which was more beautiful than any place I'd ever seen. With the people I met there. And with a way of looking at life that was deeper, richer and wiser than any I'd known before. When I left I dreamt of clouds on the mountain. I kept going back.' We all lead very busy lives and sometimes it's hard to find the time to be the people we want to be. Twelve years ago Felicity Hayes-McCoy left the hectic pace of the city and returned to Ireland to make a new life in a remarkable house on the stunning Dingle peninsula. Beautifully written, this is a life-affirming tale of rediscovering lost values and being reminded of the things that really matter.

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Customer Reviews

'There is something entirely Irish about her writing: fresh, daring, curious and blazingly beautiful. Whatever she turns her bright eye on comes alive: the soft wild country of Kerry and the Dingle Peninsula, old half-remembered stories, and the pattern of life in rural Ireland. As you read on you begin to believe that you own the house on the hillside, that you are part of the smoky circle of musicians, that the seaweed you spread on the earth will produce a fine crop of potatoes. Wise, funny and touching, this book is a portrait of friendships, customs and folklore of Ireland; but what stays with you is harder to catch, like smoke or running water. It is the taste of something we all once knew, ever-present if only you look for it. Completely enchanting.'

—â€œ Joanna Lumley

Felicity Hayes-McCoy was born in Dublin, Ireland. She read English and Irish language and

literature at UCD before moving to England in the 1970s to train at The Drama Studio, London. Her work as a writer includes television and radio drama, features, documentaries, dramatisations and adaptations; screenplays; music theatre; children's books, and interactive multimedia products. She and her husband, opera director Wilfred Judd, live in Corca Dhuibhne and in Bermondsey, London. She blogs about life in both places on her website www.felicityhayesmccoy.co.uk

Neilli Muiris is my Mother's first cousin; their Mothers were sisters. "Lis" was my Mother's niece, daughter of my Mother's sister, Mary (Hoare) Moriarty, whose daughter Treasa married Maurice Leahy from Cuas; their son, Father Breandan Leahy was consecrated and installed on 14 April 2013 as the new Bishop of Limerick, Ireland. My Mother, Elizabeth (Hoare) Kennedy spent her holidays with "Lis" and her husband "Con" O'Sullivan in Tig Neilli Muiris; I often visited there when Neilli and Paddy lived there: Mother and I often visited Neilli in St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Dingle, when Neilli first went to hospital and just before she died. I have written to Felicity Hayes-McCoy at Tig Neilli Muiris and enclosed photocopies of photos I snapped on my many visits to Dingle, Ballyvoheen, Ballyferriter, and to Gortadoo, where I spent the summer of 1951, with my aunt and uncle, Mary and Denis Moriarty. I sailed on the "Georgic" (Cunard Line) to and from Cobh and New York, upon my graduation from Cathedral High School in Springfield, Massachusetts, where I grew up in an Irish-speaking home! Upon returning from that ocean voyage, I entered the Seminary to begin my studies for the Priesthood. I was in constant correspondence with Neilli Muiris and with my Aunt Mary Hoare Moriarty. The book "The House on an Irish Hillside" brings back so many wonderful memories. I am 80 years "young" now and retired from active priestly ministry. I hope, God willing, to fly to Ireland next summer (2015) with a Priest-friend and take him to see "Tig Neilli Muiris" and, hopefully, to meet Felicity Hayes-McCoy. Father Ed Kennedy

I really enjoyed this book and the tales of her neighbors. I have a lot of Irish ancestry so I found all the Irish history and mythology very interesting. I would have liked less background on their lives in London and more on transforming their home in Ireland. I think the contrast of their lifestyles London versus Ireland was interesting but a bit too heavy on the London side. The neighbors' names became too many to remember so I stopped trying and just enjoyed their roles. I recommend this book for anyone looking at a peek into Irish life.

This beautiful story stirred up longings for times I've never experienced, A masterpiece of landscapes, turf fires, cooking and baking aromas, families and communities forged from proximity

and caring are wrapped in sounds of music and dancing and camaraderie as real as imagination can allow. Did I dream it or has my DNA lived in Corca Dhuibhne?

The writing is beautiful, the perspectives insightful and gentle, and the depiction of Back West, Dingle captures what is quintessentially the spirit of the Celtic people. I love the palpable power of place I experience in Ireland. This book captures it better than any I have read. Just 2 weeks ago, I came upon a reading/gathering led by Felicity in a Dingle bookstore. She, her husband, and neighbors were as genuine in person as in her book. They conveyed story, music, and love of place in person as she had in the book. The event was the highlight of my Dingle experience. I sent out messages that "you must read this book" to everyone I know. I savored the author's phrase "memory and possibility" as I traveled throughout Ireland. Yet, one does not have to have visited Ireland to enjoy this book. It stands on its own as a story of a couple finding a place to ground themselves in beauty, community and story. In other words, I loved this book. Jeanne Crane, author of Celtic Journey, A Wee Journey to the Heart of It All.

This book describes the author's gradual transition from London city to Irish country living as she and her husband find and remodel a traditional house in a wild and remote part of Ireland that echoes the past and enfolds memories, myths and old stories of people, places and events into everyday life. As the couple work on making their additional house meet their present needs, they become friends with their neighbors and develop new skills while creating a balance between work and play, the past and the present. Over the years both the author and her husband create a more satisfying life as they develop a deeper, richer relationship with a very specific place and community. This is a gentle, careful, and unassuming account of finding a simple, unique and fulfilling lifestyle that is its own reward. The author writes beautifully, crafting several prose passages that are to be savored if not committed to memory. Her descriptions of landscape and place are fresh and evocative. Her knowledge of Celtic history, myth and folklore is extensive and artfully woven through her experience. This is a lovely book.

Nice but lukewarm story with uninspired writing. The author never really gets to the heart of the appeal of her giant change of lifestyle to this house from her previous urban life. I enjoyed the small glimpses into the local Irish folk, but it seemed to lack depth. It would have been good to really FEEL through her eyes and her heart, instead of getting a more journalistic report of parties attended and tasks done to the house. I think the true core of this story was skipped over,

somehow, as it left me strangely dissatisfying sense of "something was missed."

My great grandparents were from the west of Ireland. We have visited there twice and met relatives. This book brings back fond memories of being in Ireland.

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