

*“Do not judge me by my successes. Judge me by how many times I fell down and got back up again.”* – NELSON MANDELA, 1918–2013

IT BEAMS ON ALL  
YOUNG AND OLD

# The Daly Greeting

(The Only Daly Newspaper Published Annually)

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## The Daly Greeting

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BY JOHN J. DALY (1888-1976)

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THE GREETING as an institution will always champion the right, as it sees fit, for the ideals of humanity, particularly family life, further the cause of good fellowship, rekindle the fires of patriotism, uplift the fallen—if any—down the demi-gods and demijohns, act as pulmotor to the heartbeats and respiratory organs of friendship, never swerve from the paths of honesty, integrity, of faith, hope and charity, so long as its owners are able to hold a pen, wield a pencil, wallop a typewriter, fathom a word processor, fax a fax, work the wonders of the world wide web, tweet on Twitter, type a text or update their status on Facebook. And that's that!



PHOTO BY BRENDAN DALY

## Frosty Frolic

REHOBOTH BEACH, Del. – Undaunted by near-freezing temps, 16-year-old Emily greeted the New Year polar-bear style by plunging—briefly—into the Atlantic, emerging triumphantly to applause from Great Aunt Ginny Daly and other family members gathered for a beachfront Auld Lang Syne.

## The Doggone Truth

SILVER SPRING, Md. – The two youngsters approached Bernie, the new Bernese Mountain Dog at Uncle Matt and Aunt Meredith's house, with trepidation better suited to approaching the Big Bad Wolf. “His head is big,” Lucy, 4, opined cautiously. “His teeth are big,” Aodhan, 3, observed. Not a bit fazed at being thwacked inadvertently by Bernie's whale of a tail, toddler Ciara followed the gentle giant everywhere. By evening's end, the older tykes too were won over. Next morning, says Lucy: “Mommy, we have to go to Rosie's house. I need to pet Bernie.” At Christmas, when Aodhan was trying to tell an auntie just how tall his new construction crane was, he reached for the best measure: “As big as Bernie!”

# All Spies Eye the Dalys



From top left on stairs: Tom, Anne and Sean Daly; Clara Daly, John Rothfield and LuAnne Daly; Matthew and Meredith Daly; Maura Daly; David and Kate Paradis; Deirdre Daly Hetherington. From left on sand, Meg and Annie Daly; Corbett (holding Ciara), Tunay Kuru (holding Aodhan), Lucy Daly; Maddie and Rosie Daly; Brendan, Natalie and Emily Daly; Jeanne and Matt Paradis. Missing from photo: Dana Surrey Daly, Todd Hetherington, Howard Lykins and Julie Rasicot.

PHOTO BY TOM DALY

SOUTHERN SHORES, N.C.—“Let's see, now,” THE GREETING reporter muttered to himself as he tootled along the Outer Banks in August, consulting his trusty smartphone app. “Two houses for too many Dalys to count.” Remembering the clan's bicameral solution to differing degrees of noise, he nonetheless was puzzled. “Rowdy or Quiet? Which is which?”

Looking up at the rental cottages from his stance on the sand, the barefoot scribe was intercepted by Kate Daly Paradis, family organizer extraordinaire. “Yes,” she consoled, “the ratios of teens to tots has shifted our usual family paradigm. Now the rowdy or quiet designation depends on the clock.”

As the images from the NSA spy satellites showed, the house with the three little ones of Corbett and Tunay, (4, 3, and 1) kept up with the best of roosters. And the electronic eavesdropping caught lots of crowing late into the night at the other house, where Scrabble victors were declared or contested, the merits of Edward Snowden's leaks

were discussed and debated, songs were sung, hummed and strummed, and lively lessons were offered by the ever gracious and loquacious Luke Lucas.

If that weren't enough for Big Brother to keep up with the comings and goings, selfies were snapped and resnapped and posted to Instagram, Snapchat and Facebook alike.

The only gridlock was in the buffet line at dinner, when the gang got together for a nightly nosh.

Talk soon turned to the clan's own Donald Trump, Corbett, who regaled the reporter with the trials and triumphs of his growing real estate empire, which now totals six buildings in D.C. The city's never-ending supply of millennials looking for downtown digs keeps the occupancy rate high for his new firm.

Not one to be shut down, Jeanne Paradis, a communications guru for an international nonprofit, escaped D.C. dysfunction for St. Petersburg, Russia, where her dispatches on the G-20 Summit were eagerly

awaited stateside. Jeanne assures she did not tap Angela Merkel's cell phone. When the scribe asked if she spied on Putin, Jeanne offered only a sweet smile.

The peripatetic reporter also caught up with Brendan and Julie as they showed off London and Paris to their teenagers Emily and Natalie, the first overseas jaunt for the Silver Spring sisters. “The studio where Harry Potter filmed his magic was a particular hit,” the faithful correspondent reported.

Back at the beach—and after a few too many sangrias—the scribe stumbled down the wooden steps on his way to the ocean-front photo shoot. Where is Obamacare when you need it, he mused. Good thing the deadline was extended.

Raising a shaky hand, the sentimental scrivener steadied himself in the sand and offered an early but heartfelt wish to all GREETING subscribers, and the government agents who watch over them: “Happy New Year to all, and may your thoughts remain private.”



## Canada Calling

TORONTO – Skillful little lobbyists that they are, Maura's granddaughters in Toronto launched a steady campaign. Their persistent theme: “We want Momola. We want Momola,” using their grandma's nickname. Seems that Kelden, 5, and her sister Choying, 2, backed by parents Ngodrup Youden and Tsering Paldon, were successful. At press time, Maura was buying tickets to Toronto for the Tibetan New Year in March.

## A Sign of the Times

WESTPORT, Mass. – Clara, visiting the Rhode Island Dalys from Santa Rosa, Calif., didn't need a fancy GPS for her sojourn around southern New England. The group dutifully obeyed Yogi Berra's well-worn mantra: When they got to the fork in the road, they took it—a picture, that is! Celebrating this clever, and at 12 feet and 50 pounds, not flimsy, roadside whimsy, are, from left: Sean, Meg, Clara and Anne.

PHOTO BY IPHONE USER



## DISPATCH FROM A FLOOD

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

Deirdre Daly Hetherington sent this report to friends and family after historic floods in Colorado in September. She was with Kate and David in Boulder, 25 miles from her home in Lyons.

Boulder is muddy but OK. Lyons is a disaster—no access in or out. National Guard is evacuating people. Helicopters everywhere. No water, no power and no phones at our house. Todd and Lily are stranded there. The river cut a huge 20-foot deep hole in the road; it will be a long time before people who are back there can get out. Todd hooked up the fridge to the camper using the battery inverter we use for camping. Stove in camper has full tank of propane so Lily made cookies. I really want to go home, but roads are still flooded. Todd is making brief cell phone calls each day to keep me posted.

All schools are closed of course. Kate and David's sump pump is pumping 40 gallons a minute so their basement is now drying. The living room is full of basement furniture. I know Todd won't go with Nat'l Guard. I will drive there when I can and we can talk across the river to each other.”

UPDATE: Deirdre made it back home, but Lyons remains devastated; 400 families still cannot go home. Lyons is a music town, and so, Deirdre reports, “We are singing.” With apologies to Roger Miller:

*No phone, no power, no fête  
We ain't got no Internet.  
Ah, but three months of  
pushin' dirt  
Buys a quarter-mile road  
and a culvert.”*



## Meg Moves to Head of Class

BOSTON – THE GREETING congratulates Margaret Sawyer Daly on her 2013 graduation from Boston's Wheelock College with a B.A. degree in Communications and a minor in Education. The aspiring teacher surely would receive an apple from her proud grandparents, John and Lu Daly.

PHOTO BY SEAN DALY