

What Jimmy Taught Me

by his son, Diarmuid Ó Briain

My dad Jimmy prepared me for a life I could handle,
Through practice, principles and example,

He taught me to mix cement,
to turn it by three, add water, turn again until 20 percent.
To bleed an engine, clean valves and do a reinstall.
To drive at a sliotar, take it, man, ball and all.
To pull out a tractor stuck in the snow,
and to drive up the byways of Ballynoe.

But it was not all practical skills, there were principles too.
Stand up for yourself, don't shrink like a shrew,
be there for all those who are in need of you.
Take pride in your work, if it is worth doing, do it right,
Stick with things, stay with them until they are done to their prime,
and don't accept nonsense from anyone, anytime.

But other lessons were neither practical nor principle as he led from the front.
He brooked no nonsense, his integrity and honesty were up-front.
He was determined and possibly a bit stubborn too,
he loved his family and took pride in whatever we could do.
It was from this great man that my sister and I grew.

Jimmy, for all these things I will always be grateful.

Ḃura maith agat Jimmy, m'achair,
Δι chaobh na l imhe deise den l anch ula , beirh t  go deo.