

**RIDEOUT  
Forest Park &**

THIS REPORT HAS  
FROM DERMOT'S  
A FULL COPY OF  
UNDER THE  
FOR ANYONE WHO  
AND AMENDMENTS

# AMEN DED VERSI

**REPORT - Castletown House, Donadea  
Robertstown 21st July 2012**

BEEN AMENDED FOLLOWING REPRESENTATIONS  
OTHER SOLICITOR.  
THE ORIGINAL VERSION WILL BE AVAILABLE  
NATIONAL ARCHIVES ACT 1993 IN 70 YEARS TIME  
WANTS TO READ IT. ALTERATIONS, DELETIONS  
ARE SHOWN IN RED TYPE.

Well, it was rideout number 13 of this year and a shortish spin had been planned for around Kildare. Only 5 riders had committed to the spin - Gary, Dermot, Mark1, JR and myself with meeting places set for Bewleys HQ and Lucan village. Unfortunately, Claire could not join us as she was ~~looking~~ doing the books. However she gave Dermot permission to join us on the strict condition that he behave himself both on and off the bike!



When I arrived at Bewleys, I was surprised but delighted to see that Paul and Mick had also managed to get out to join us and were waiting there with Dermot and Mark. I was not impressed by the lack of respect shown as they claimed that I was 2 minutes late (this misconduct will go on their end-of-year Reports). In fact, I had swapped my Rolex for a watch like Derek's and Mickey's big hand was definitely pointing just above Pluto's nose so I was actually a couple of minutes early and they were all wrong.

Anyway, we headed off down the M50 to meet Gary and JR in Lucan. Dermot took the lead and was going **very slow**. But I was rearing to go and got fed up doing **90** kmph so decided to overtake the lads for a blast. But I noticed Dermot's headlight flashing and wondered if something was up so I pulled over into the inside lane and slowed down. Just as I did, a Traffic Corps car sped past on the outside lane!! Well done Dermot!

We met Gary and JR in Lucan village and had a quick natter while I handed out maps of the proposed route. **Dermot was very quiet and subdued and seemed to be missing Claire.** JR was just back from his holidays and was really bronzed after his 2 weeks in the sunny west of Ireland..... We headed off for brekkie in Celbridge, Gary navigating as we got back onto the Celbridge road. Myself and John (**but not Dermot**) had a nice fast run through some nice twisty bits and we all arrived in Celbridge pretty quickly. I brought the lads to a more upmarket spot for breakfast hoping to bring a little bit of class to the Group – Hogan’s Bistro (Bistro...NOT Café mind you). The lads were looking good in a variety of colours of the CRRG polo shirt but Mark1 was still wearing the same LIDL top he wore on the last 7 outings. As a founding member, he should be showing better example. Now, some of the more alert among you may have noticed that the logo on the back of my polo is the only one with a GOLD “R” in the CRRG. This was a pure act of fate – it was the very first sample and I had not asked for it to be embroidered like that. Some may say that it’s a sign – just like the High Kings of Ireland and the Pharaohs of Egypt who were the only ones allowed to wear gold as a sign of their power, greatness, and wealth.

As I expected, the arrival of Gary, especially in his CRRG polo, sparked the waitresses into life and they fussed so much over us that it was almost embarrassing. The breakfast was nice, not the best we’ve ever had, but a little expensive. Still, the place was nicely decorated and the service was fast and friendly. We had a good old chat over breakfast as Dermot told us some **nice, delightful stories. There was no spitting, cursing or bad language and women were treated with the upmost respect.** Then came the moment which Gary had been dreading (and the reason he hadn’t been out for a spin since May) – it was time to pay. And he owed me a breakfast too! He dusted off his wallet and opened the rusted hinges to select one of the ironed €20 notes inside. I think I saw a tear appear in his eye as he parted with one of his loved ones.....

Speaking of money, we had noticed that Mick too seemed somewhat distracted early on and was going very slow along the roads to Celbridge. It turned out that he was actually searching for the credit card and cash which he had lost months ago on the Kilbeggan trip, around Kilcock. He was hoping that somehow they might have miraculously been blown over towards our route around Celbridge and Donadea! He was claiming he was short of cash and had no credit card but nobody had any sympathy and he had to pay for his own breakfast.

We went outside for a smoke after brekkie. As we were getting ready to head off, we noticed that Paul and Mick were still discussing County Dublin Market Gardening and were like two feckin’farmers as they discussed potato blight, poor crops and D U dash T E R (it’s a queer name but great stuff!!). We had to drag them to their bikes and eventually got going the short distance to my old family home at Castletown. It was really warm by now and a bit uncomfortable in the leathers. Dermot tried for an hour to get Gary’s wallet and jacket to fit into his top box while the rest of us melted in the sunshine. Dermot let out a few **“darn it’s”** and **“Golly”** but eventually got the lid closed. We had a walk around the massive house but the miserable feckers wouldn’t pay the €4.50 for the tour of the inside of the house !! On the way, Mick took a picture of Dermot’s hole and promised to put it up on the Members’ Gallery for all to enjoy!



So we headed off again for Donadea Forest Park. Again, John and I (and definitely not Dermot) took the lead and waited in Prosperous for the others to catch up before we took a very bumpy road over the bog named in my honour and on to Donadea. We found the Park okay and noticed there was a parking fee with an automatic bollard across the road. The miserable feckers !! – instead of paying the fee, they risked life and limb by using the footpath and narrow gaps to get the bikes around the barrier! **Dermot wanted to pay the car park fee for all of us but we wouldn't let him....** We parked up in a very neat line (they're learning, JP !!) and had walked the short distance past the old house/castle to the log-cabin tea-room. We had a coffee there while Dermot told a few **clean** jokes and we discussed **the economy, the social climate and other political issues**. The White pudding was beginning to take effect and Paul let fly with a few raspers to rival even Mark1's best! It was a lovely spot in the woods and we had a great laugh. **But Dermot was sad and still missing Claire (as can be seen from the picture below)**



Then it was on from Donadea heading over to our old haunt –Robertstown. It should have been a straightforward run but Paul couldn't find the turn to Prosperous as there were no signposts (it's a pity the NRA don't have responsibility for minor roads as they do such a great job on signposting the National routes, as JR is always saying). **But, like a hero emerging out of the depths, Mark1 hurled the Beemer forward and took the lead like a man possessed.** He led us to the right turn, following that great invention of his – the Sat Nav (which we always speak so highly of). We relaxed in the lovely sunshine in Robertstown along the canal. Mark1 had by now built up sufficient gas and the White pudding worked its magic as he joined Paul for a chorus. There were beautiful bright blue dragonflies on the canal and plenty of fish too. As we chatted along the canal, JR bought the local Spar shop out of their full stock of Hamlet. It was

still early but **Dermot wanted to get back to Claire** (not that he'd be much help as he can't read or write). So we got ready to head off, taking the road into Naas and then the N7 up to the M50. But we should have guessed - it was after all the **13<sup>th</sup>** spin. Yes, poor Mark1 ended up getting a flat tyre and fair play to Paul who stayed with him. Despite all the gas that had been around earlier, neither of them had any left to properly inflate the tyre. Mark had to call the Roadside Assistance and he eventually got home safe and sound. (It's a lesson to us all and we should be prepared for mishaps like this - I'm going to post a reminder on the Forum). Poor Paul missed going out to his allotment to check the potato blight and possible repeat of the Great Famine but I'm sure this disappointment was more than made up for on Sunday as he was in Croker to watch the Dubs beat Meath!!!

It was a different type of spin but all the more enjoyable for that. We did more talking and messing than riding but I think everyone enjoyed the day and found new places which are well worth a return visit.

Looking forward to all meeting up again,

'til then, Ride Safely.

Alan

**P.S.**

**Don't forget to check the Forum later in the week!!!**