SPEARs of DAYLIGHT

An exhibition hosted by the Twilight Programme at
St. Patrick’s University Hospital, James’s Street, Dublin 8
June - July, 2011

Published on the occasion of the exhibition SPEARS OF DAYLIGHT
held at St Patrick’s University Hospital from May 31st to July 16th, 2011.
‘SPEARS OF DAYLIGHT’ WAS A COLLABORATIVE ARTS PROJECT THAT CULMINATED IN AN EXHIBITION OF SITE-SPECIFIC CONTEMPORARY ART INSPIRED BY THE CREATIVE WRITING OF SERVICE USERS, FOR SERVICE USERS, STAFF AND VISITORS TO ST. PATRICK’S UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL.

THE EXHIBITION TOOK PLACE THROUGHOUT THE PUBLIC AREAS ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF ST. PATRICK’S UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL. VISUAL INTERPRETATIONS OF POEMS, SHORT STORIES, SONGS AND APHORISMS WERE PRESENTED. ALL TEXT WAS WRITTEN BY SERVICE USERS OF THE HOSPITAL DURING A SERIES OF WORKSHOPS.
INTRODUCTION | Paul Gilligan
CEO, St Patrick’s University Hospital

St Patrick’s University hospital is the oldest independent provider of mental health care in Ireland and one of the oldest in Europe. With a long proud tradition of service delivery we have been at the forefront of most of the significant advances made in the area of mental health care in this country.

In 1746 at the bequest of Jonathan Swift the organisation was formed with a vision to provide for the mental health care needs of Irish people. Since it’s founding the organisation has been on a journey striving to provide the most effective ways to support, help and treat those who suffer from mental health problems.

Through the launch in 2008 of the organisation’s current 5 year strategy Mental Health Matters we have committed to providing the highest quality mental health care, to promoting mental health and to advocating for the rights of those who experience mental illness. As part of this commitment we have sought to create therapeutic campuses of excellence where all people are treated with respect, dignity and compassion. We have also committed to doing all we can to combat the stigma associated with mental illness. Since the launch of the Mental Health Matters strategy we have driven a human rights based approach to the delivery of mental health care. We have developed a range of new services including an adolescent service, Willow Grove, and have developed a number of complimentary community services, Dean Clinics.

We have also sought to reach back into the community by breaking down the misconceptions regarding the work of our organisation and by removing the barriers both real and virtual to our campuses. We have opened up the campuses to new initiatives, family days, guest choirs, an integrated restaurant, family friendly policies and the launch of a transition year programme bringing young people onto the campus for work experience and mental health awareness inputs.

The Spears of Daylight project is another step on this journey. Supported by the Arts Council’s Artist in the Community Scheme managed by Create the project involved a series of creative writing workshops with service users and an exhibition involving a visual interpretation of poems, short stories, songs and aphorisms produced through the workshops. The creative writing process not only gave the participants the opportunity to tap into and leverage their creativity to help them in resolving their mental health difficulties but also produced innovative, powerful and thought provoking work. The exhibition of the works was inspirational and uplifting.

For those experiencing mental health difficulties we are living through difficult times. Emotional and psychological problems are exacerbated by economic and
social pressures. Many more people are beginning to experience mental health difficulties and those who suffer from mental health difficulties are experiencing more regular and severe acute episodes.

This is why St Patrick’s University Hospital exists. Our purpose is to alleviate despair. Our purpose is to do all we can to help those distressed to fight against hopelessness. Our purpose is to empower people to take back control of their lives and to provide the highest quality and most effective treatment and support to those who suffer from mental health difficulties.

This project represents how those who suffer from mental ill-health can face up to, battle and overcome their difficulties. Overcoming does not mean being cured, it means learning to take back control of our lives while acknowledging and learning to live with a mental illness. For those contemplating or commencing a therapeutic journey this project should remind them that they are on a journey of recovery and that they should never lose hope. For those completing their therapeutic journey it should remind them that they have been courageous enough to confront their difficulties and have created the opportunity for themselves to regain control of their lives.

For staff, volunteers and all those associated with mental health work this project serves as a reminder not only of the special contribution we can make and must make to alleviate and prevent mental health difficulties but also of the trust and hope invested in us by those using mental health services.

The Twilight Programme was established in 2007 for those experiencing mental health difficulties residing in St.Patrick’s University Hospital. This daily programme strives to provide social, therapeutic and creative opportunities for individuals and groups to engage in activities that stimulate, add meaning and restore balance to their lives. At the heart of the Twilight Programme is a collaborative process with service users, volunteers and professional practitioners. We acknowledge the value and importance of developing these on-going relationships which is reflected in our evolving programme.

In order to nurture this ethos and promote the work being made by the service users, we worked with St.Patrick’s Hospital Foundation on securing funding through the Arts Council Artist in the Community Scheme managed by Create. We were delighted that Nicole Rourke (creative writing facilitator) could join us on this project to work her magic and create a welcoming workshop space for the participants to attend each week, along with the help of a very dedicated volunteer Vicky Linnane. Both gave very generously of their time to make this a very successful project.

Spears of Daylight is, in essence, what the Twilight Programme is about - a collaboration between service users and arts practitioners developed over a period of time in a safe, supportive yet liberating environment promoting a reflective space for individuals to explore their creativity.

For this project to culminate in an exhibition was sometimes challenging but always inspiring. It has been a pleasure to see individual works emerge from deeply personal places to shared artworks for everyone to engage with. The location of each work was carefully chosen by our curator, Oonagh Young, and the exhibition was on view throughout the public areas of our everyday work environment.

The Twilight Programme is very pleased to present you with this publication which gives you an idea of the extent of the exhibition and tremendous effort which went into creating the work by all the participants, particularly the service users and volunteers. This project illustrates what can be achieved by recognising the valuable contribution arts therapies can make to those suffering with mental health issues and how an institution can unite in its efforts to promote the positive effects of such endeavours.

We hope Spears of Daylight is just the beginning of many such projects and the Twilight Programme will continue to develop its programme based on the needs of the service users to encourage their personal growth and enhance the experience of those in need of help at difficult times in their lives.
From the age of 5, I was a regular visitor to St Loman’s psychiatric hospital in Mullingar. My Grandaunt Maggie spent 40 years there and was a huge influence on my life. St Loman’s is possibly one of the grimmest buildings you’ll ever see but my memories of times spent there are some of the best I have. For me it was just the place where Maggie lived and when I visited I was always fussed over. The patients would ask very genuinely how I was and how my week had been. Not many people really ask you this question when you’re 5 years old and are truly interested in listening to your answer.

Maggie was quite the lady - funny, sparky, feisty and caring. In St Loman’s there was always Sunday tea after which she would have organised singsongs, poetry readings and story telling. She sought out kindred spirits among the patients finding out who could sing, play an instrument, who wanted to read their writing or who had a poem that inspired them. As a teenager, I was regularly handed a scene from a script Maggie was working on and told that I’d be performing it with Paddy and Aine after the tea!

My mother told me that Maggie would often ring up showbands of the time and local musicians, tell them how much the patients loved their music and ask them to do a voluntary gig in the hospital. She made all the arrangements over the phone and when the band turned up they would tell the bewildered staff that a Margaret McGraw had booked them only to be informed that she was a patient in the hospital. As the story goes, the concerts always went ahead as planned.

Those were very different times and if Maggie were around today, I’m sure she would be well impressed by The Twilight Programme in St Patrick’s hospital. No doubt, she would likely be running a few such creative programmes around the country herself.

Throughout this project my memories of my Grandaunt have been very strong; my ‘Maggie moments’ I call them. Every so often I would stop and ask myself, ‘now what would Maggie say?’ One particular occasion, around midnight I was halfway up a ladder and I thought about the title of this exhibition, ‘Spears of Daylight’, and I realised that’s what Maggie brought to St Loman’s Hospital. It seemed fitting as she was one of the main reasons I wanted to do this project. With her unstoppable desire to nurture the creativity of those around her and more to the point, keep herself and the other patients entertained, she brought light to a very bleak place.

The title came from a piece by one of the participants in the workshop. The full line was ‘I hunt shadows armed with spears of daylight’ and was spotted by our curator and designer, Oonagh Young as a powerful title for the exhibition. I remember the night the piece was written – a first draft, complete and beautiful. When it was read out loud the reaction from the group was raw emotion. It expressed something that many people could simply nod their heads to, a familiar state. It was exactly right as a title and, although Oonagh had not taken part in the creative writing sessions, she saw it.

Which brings me to the workshops themselves. The project started in October 2010. We really had no idea how it would go, if people would come and if they did, would they share their work? We had 5 participants the first week and then word spread, the group just grew and grew. All in all, about 300 people passed through the workshops during the project. The quality and quantity of the work overwhelmed me.

Throughout, I had the good fortune to have a fantastic assistant and all round right-hand woman named Vicky Linnane. She went through every inch of the process with me and I am eternally grateful to her. For myself, Vicky and the participants the Spears Of Daylight project was intense and emotional – moments of such sadness and then such happiness experienced through the simple act of writing, moments that took me so far outside my comfort zone I could barely see it in the distance, moments where we stayed after the writing session to sing, recite poetry or simply tell the story of the night we just had, least we forget.

One of my favourite quotes on writing comes from Margaret Atwood: “Writing is like wrestling a greased pig in the dark”. And what can I tell you - we wrestled a lot of pigs.

When it came to reading work aloud, which was always the choice of the writers themselves, the support and encouragement the participants gave each other was inspiring and if I had ever wondered what ‘life-affirming’ really meant, then this was it. Most people hadn’t written anything since school and certainly would never see themselves as ‘writers’ but once the valve opened, the words poured: furiously and with gusto. People came with stories, memories, poems and rants. People from all walks of life, with plenty to say. “Don’t censor anything” I told them, and they didn’t disappoint. We witnessed discoveries of long buried memories, saw people find the voice that had been blocked for years as they wrote the words they had feared to say for so long. We saw people write like their life depended on it as the realisation of what they were so angry about for so long tumbled onto the page. And there were many nights where people walked back to their wards looking a little bit lighter and a little bit taller.

The workshops were then followed by the collaborative process of interpretation which developed ways to transform, enhance and present the essence of the ideas contained in the written works. All the words used in the exhibition are those of the participants.

Working on Spears Of Daylight has been a huge learning curve and a great privilege to be involved in. I’m very grateful to all the people who took part and shared their writing, which was not easy at times. Overall the project was far bigger and a lot more challenging than I could have ever imagined but it was also full of moments of magic and many moments of Maggie!

There is a crack in everything, that is how the light gets in — Leonard Cohen
**VEINS OF GOLD | Oonagh Young**
Curator & Gallery Director

Although men are accused of not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Jonathan Swift

It was with great pleasure and some trepidation that I accepted the job of curating this exhibition. Since this was an innovative and ambitious project from the outset, it was clear it required a leap of faith and much support from the service users and staff of St. Patrick’s Hospital. To their great credit they got involved from the very beginning until the project was finally realised as an exhibition and now, a book. The enthusiasm and generosity of all involved highlights the significance of the creative process and the good will resulting from this engagement.

To begin as a creative writing course and end with an art exhibition is no easy task. A clear vision for a site-specific exhibition aimed at all people attending, working or visiting the hospital was established. The distinctive feature of this exhibition was then identified as ‘text-based artworks’ and the source of all the ‘words’ would come directly from service users themselves; the very reason the hospital exists. Artworks were created to reflect the experiences of those participating through these texts. Most of the materials chosen to make the visual pieces were those commonly found in a hospital or in a bedside locker, such as, pill boxes, cassette tapes, keys and notebooks. Using ‘vernacular’ materials is a technique used by many contemporary artists today.

Anonymity was key to securing the involvement of many patients, as was the process of interpretation. We had not anticipated the large amount of highly accomplished work submitted by the patients. There is a disarming honesty apparent in much of the writing and it was a privilege to get a true insight into the daily struggles of individual people. Creative writing, in any environment, opens many doors for individuals but to offer it as a programme for patients is courageous and liberating for all involved. It was through this process that ‘veins of gold’ were unearthed and exceptional examples of writing produced.

In many ways, compiling this book completes the process. It adds another layer to a unique project by bringing together the original writing and the artworks. Although developed to be experienced in the Hospital, we hope this book will give you a sense of how the exhibition transformed the ground floor. The total commitment of everyone involved in this thoughtful and challenging process is, hopefully, evident throughout. What is less easily captured is the generosity of spirit and positive energy that was also generated.

This publication is, not only, an archival record but a document illustrating that arts and health can have a favourable symbiotic relationship. The support of St. Patrick’s Hospital for a project of this kind demonstrates their commitment to innovative strategies and gives hope to people who suffer from mental health problems. They are being given a voice. And the means to express it. As Swift said: “Truth shines the brighter clad in verse.”

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**THE ARTIST IN THE COMMUNITY SCHEME**

**Katherine Atkinson**

**CREATE - the national development agency for collaborative arts**

Twice yearly, through the Artist in the Community Scheme, the Arts Council offers grants to enable artists and communities of place/or interest to work together on contemporary collaborative arts projects. The Scheme is open to artists from the following artform disciplines: architecture, circus, street art and spectacle, dance, film, literature (Irish and English language), music, opera, theatre, visual arts and traditional arts.

Since 2002, the Artist in the Community Scheme, as managed by Create, has funded hundreds of artists across all artforms to work with communities in a broad range of contexts. The projects take place in a diverse range of social and community contexts including arts and health; arts in prisons; arts and older people; arts and cultural diversity. The Scheme aims to encourage meaningful collaboration between communities of place and/or interest and artists, so that together they can make dynamic collaborative arts projects.

Introduced to increase access to and participation in the arts for a wide constituency of community groups, under the management of Create, the impact of the Artist in the Community Scheme has grown and increasingly it is funding highly innovative collaborative arts projects. The use of ‘community’ as a term has also become more fluid and is being re-imagined, re-invented and deconstructed by artists who are funded by the Scheme. All this means that there is more and more exciting collaborative work taking place, pushing the boundaries and breaking down calcified meanings of what constitutes art and who gets to make art.

Spears of Daylight was a collaborative arts project that culminated in an exhibition of site-specific contemporary art inspired by the creative writing of service users, for service users, staff and visitors to St. Patrick’s University Hospital. The exhibition, displayed throughout the ground floor public areas of St. Patrick’s University Hospital, presented a visual interpretation of poems, short stories, songs and aphorisms, written by service users of the hospital during a series of workshops.

The artist Nicole Rourke engaged with participants in the creative writing process as part of the Twilight Programme managed by Sinead Moloney and, with a team of patients, artists and arts facilitators, worked with curator Oonagh Young to show this imaginative and provocative exhibition throughout the hospital.

From the creation of the texts to the development and installation of the exhibition this process has been collaborative, involving a high degree of artistic merit and risk. The Artist in the Community Scheme exists to support precisely this kind of exciting collaborative endeavour, and it is our belief as an organisation that collaborative arts practice can allow for particularly unique sets of circumstances to come into play, and in these circumstances the potential for dynamic, challenging and inspirational work can be fulfilled.
THE WORKS

Original texts and images of artworks from the exhibition
Darling the wicked witch has nothing on me. She hops, buzzing about the playground.

Make love not war, and do it for the kids. Cups and mugs of scald, smoke as another one bites the dust. Service is at noon and the clouds take shape One for sorrow, two for joy

Signs, symbols, orbs and rainbow light.

It’s a little bit obsessive, crosses on your skin I’ll wear what I want

I hate only one thing And that’s small mindedness

Don’t judge, even though they smell Odours wafting through the air Don’t scream at the spider He’s more afraid of you.
how are you progressing?

Progress
Vinyl lettering, tape
UMBRELLA WORLD

Under this umbrella is my entire world.
The winding cobbled city streets,
A mismatched boy and girl,
Nothing exists but what it shields,
Time and space compressed to suit,
All I need, will ever want,
Alone a lie, with you the truth.
VOYAGE
OF
DISCOVERY
ONE
MAN
ONE
MIND

Texture
Notebooks, ink on paper
(one word of text above inscribed on first page of each notebook)
Lost Paradise
Dress, watercolours on paper, toy wardrobe
THE RANT

Previously threading the high-wire suspended over the carnival of wanted things and the arid wasteland of the unsought for. The tugging of a force both comforting and unsettling that is stronger than logic.

Metamorphosis ensues. The changing of a being through thought, right down to the cellular level ensuring no action undertaken by said being will ever follow the path predicted.

Absence only magnified by what was once present, a silhouette of disturbance always left in the wake of the exit.

The tugging of a force both comforting and unsettling. Complete comfort in the power of nature, however you understand it.

Sorrow turns up at ruptured times.

I travel in the map of the human heart.

The Rant
Video. duration 1.35 mins
acceptance

Starched
Pillowcase, thread, pillow, bedside table
CRIMSON RIVER

Peter, Peter pumpkin eater
Had a wife but couldn’t keep her
Haribo, fat kids giggle in spite
I keep bleeding love
Red ceilings, eyes watching
through lanterns

Florence and her machine keeping close,
God loves her with her with all his might

They love fights, saving the drama
for your mama.
And the love kick starts again
Drums of steel, flowing ash
Dust to dust.

Rest in Peace my bicycle friend
Two wheels of danger
Speed and coke
Rotting your teeth

What lies beneath?
I nearly wrote a poem for you last night but held back. Summer flowers blossomed, highly strung cirrus floated about my mind. Sweet swirling words shuffling in and out of my bedroom. Your eyes. There were signs some in the sky, some on the street. I saw a sparrow hawk in the country and a silver pony wandering the roads. Your smile. Then images lions and lamas sleeping side by side, stars sighing, moons swooning secret brooks and undiscovered seas -my pen hovering above me. Your laugh. I have no intention of holding back.
CHICKEN ROYALE

A princess paints with a rainbow
Pen and holes
Falling dress blowing up
Manson tells the truth
Never to blame.
I forget his name
But I hope he rots in hell

Sunnies in the rain
wondering eyes
Please hun, stop the pain
I’m in shock, look into your eyes
And I feel your pulse
There are no tears
I won’t cry
The R word.
Fucking sellotape
I rip it from my mouth
And you start to record.

She hits the floor for attention
Fixes her hair, legs flexible
A ragdoll in a Barbie world
Pupils pulse, vibrate, dilate
Roger laughs as men quiver
Put it in.

She leaps into the river
Water is pure and freezing
Move over on the door
you fat bitch

Laughing, cheering, cart wheeling
I am your supporter
As I watch from the side of the pitch.
I am afraid to forget, to leave the pockets of darkness to fester in my skull. I want them out, gone... I want them to fade to nothing in the midday sun.
According to my father, most of my friends growing up, had the want. Peter had the want. Paul had the want. In fact, everyone I knew or associated with, had the want. Many, many times I heard “That fella, he has the want in him.”

Once I asked in response did he think I had the want in me? He didn’t answer. I think deep inside he knew I was struggling with the want. and if he had lived longer the question would have answered itself.

As I grow older I am growing a better insight into the want.

I know people who stay in a lot because of the want. I know people semi-famous because they learned to harness the want. A few are in therapy dealing with the want.

But I also know two wants happily married with a wanting child.
Moonlit strolls down worn out twig paths
Canned bakery and scheduled mass.

These are the days of our lives
Timing. Perfect.
Balance and smile.

I walk for miles,
buzzing hive, of keys and nametags
smoking keeps the caffeine flowing

Everyone has a tale to tell
wrapped up in their fragile shells

Hell? No.
Heaven? No.
Purgatory.
WITH TEARS AND TATTOOS

The truth is: blood is thicker than water
Filthy, rusted iron knives scrape close to my heart
It pounds.
The beat wallowing, pulsating through my soul.
Sweet lies, sugar coated Judas kisses, and
The drama, acted out with tears and tattoos.

She screams, in my mind of angry butterflies
suffocating
In a snow globe of emotion.
Never again,
Dad always said 'you can't trust anyone'
Orange blossom and poison nectar
The wasp dying, unknown clinging to the petal
In the garden of Eden.

NUTS

We all keep our illness hidden
It’s not a thing of pride
No one understands us
We live in a crazy world
Elated sedated
Highs and lows
Depressed and Elated
Oh get me understood
Only those close know what to say
Only those close see the sunshine ray

What a pity more people can’t be told
Oh maybe one day I’ll be so bold

“...with a few ideas to get you started”
Notebook with 3 poems, 16 pages
GARDEN OF OLIVES

Where can we be housed if not in sweat blood
Are these the visions where our religion is lost
For my heart is lassoed by a terror love
I am a scavenger among a spiritual holocaust

As I rummage through -Your will not mine
Where the wolves are my enemies yet a-kin to me
I can find no peace in any space or time
For a King or kingdom frozen in Gethsemane

And the three and trees that could not watch
Who conjured up their dreams as they slept
Did they fantasise a family or lovers touch
Or foresee the glory in their martyr’s death

Awake now world take the sleep from your eyes
Do not be afraid of the hangman or the hiss
In the Garden of Olives heaven hears your cries
Still time to draw the sword or plant a kiss

Change
Canvas, vinyl lettering,
gold paint, keys
Measured Days
Steel rulers, clamps, paper
My voice
weak as it may now seem
is a breath from the beginning
It remembers and holds in memory
our eternity
From the very first raindrop that feel and rose up
to what I will say
our you will think next
Nothing is lost
Here - Where
I must remember
I do sometimes forget
To concoct, reveal, create, expand
or now, a simple tip-tap on the dream
Cautious; clever in our culture
Gathering up the clues

Sometimes on the concept of me
Sometimes on the concept of you
The SPIDER PLANT.

The Spider plant
is crawling back to life.
Love's only living reflections
in this dimly lit flat.
For years we starved each other
no water. No oxygen.
A dusty mirror.
These days fresh leaves are sprouting
(although they look like legs).
Friends comment
maybe a goldfish soon
and somewhere down the line;
imagine-
A human relationship.
But the spider pant
she gets jealous
at such talk.
After all
we have survived
learning to spin webs
even in the darkest of corners.
Together.
PEARL TULL.

While Pearl Tull was dying, a funny thought occurred to her. She thought of the loved ones she would leave behind. The groups of mainly women, all around the same size, each group having around the same amount of women sewing
- zodiac
- flower-arranging
- swimming

Pearl thought of the specific women in each group who would have been best at these things
- Katherine
- Charlotte
- Emily
- Susan

and how they could each contribute to make her funeral the one to remember. Maybe they could have it in a pool, surrounded by cross-stitching depicting scenes from Pearl’s life
- Birth
- School
- Graduation
- Bernard

It was then, and only then for the first and only time that she realised he had been waiting, and then the music started.

I HUNT SHADOWS, ARMED WITH SPEARS OF DAYLIGHT.

Spears of Daylight
Box with peephole, print, plastic
WHERE SEAGULLS HOVER

Meet me where seagulls hover by the ocean spray and foam,
As a friend my lost lover—meet me by the cliffs where you have walked alone.

Bring me down to the depth of a deep and swelling tide,
The path we now accept—heart of the ocean.
I promise I will not hide.

Walk with me until the moon lends to us the gift of sight,
I must leave you as soon—as I show you where all darkness folds into light.

Hopscotch
Paint, chalk
PLAYING IT SAFE

I wrote a clever poem last night
it wasn’t brilliant
just clever.
I was brilliant a few times
They locked me up.
Clever is safe.
Brilliant is dangerous.
I don’t know if I’m being clever here
but I do know brilliance has a coy way
of sneaking up on a person
So I’m going to stop writing now
Just to be on the safe side
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