

## **PRIDE OF LYONS**

**A Remembrance by Robert F. Lyons**

**Lyons Family-Reunion**

**Yankton, South Dakota + August 9-10, 1991**

In Yankton, South Dakota, 'neath an August setting sun,  
Many Irish hearts were happy, looking toward a weekend's fun,  
With the Lyons clan' assembled, more than one hundred strong,  
For a great two day reunion that we'll all remember long.  
From Robert F. of Cambridge, the call had crossed the land,  
A call to bring together our fine and far-flung band,  
To meet our new relations, and old ones by the score,  
And to share the fascination of our ancestral lore.

We began with picnic supper at the farm of Pat and Pearl,  
Hosted by mother Mary and kin, - 'twas a merry whirl,  
The generations blended in an Irish family glow  
Where the Lyons clan had gathered last forty-one years ago.  
A sumptuous feast, and, of course, a hearty dram or two,  
The joy of first acquaintance, and discovering who was who,  
Seeing those not seen in forty years, and generous to admit  
That event after forty years we hadn't changed a bit!

The Black Steer was the setting for Saturday's fun events,  
We signed the Lyons' family tree -- by gosh, it was immense!  
We traced lines to ancestral folks, and new lines to each other,  
Admired the priceless portrait of Ellen, our founding mother.  
After we dined so nobly, the family roll was called -  
Each branch duly represented a sight that quite enthralled.  
And we stood to honor our "elders," with fond applause and cheer,  
Uncle Bob and dear Aunt Mary, now in her ninety first year.

Then "M.C." Robert told the tale of how we Irish began -  
How we've descended from a beauteous maid, and a biblical "wild-ass" man;  
Cesara, granddaughter of Noah, Ishmael, bold stowaway -  
The reason we're all good looking, smart, and a touch "wild" today.  
Now the mood was surely set for time-honored story-tellin",  
Of the 1845 voyage here of strong Jeremiah and Ellen,  
Of their wondrous trek from Ireland to a land so far, but free,  
First of our clan in America, roots of our family tree,

And, covering past to present, many members of our clan  
Spun family tales and gossip, as only a Lyons can;  
Peggy, Mary; Mark and John, Frank, Betty and Antoinette,  
Henry, Kathy" James and Ann -- what a wonderful scene you set!  
A final meal at Happy Jack's, more smiles and misty eyes,  
Parting to go our-separate ways, exchanging fond goodbyes.  
But as we left we all could feel a sense of 'jubilation,  
Another Lyons' bridge was built, to another generation.

Rest easy Ellen, Jeremiah, and all who've passed before,  
Your bridges still stand strong and true, and we have raised one more.  
The proud tradition prospers, and ever it will abide,  
For, just as yours, our bridge was built with Lyons love and pride.  
And with it comes this challenge: Who will take the lead and plan?  
*"After a few summers"* to reconvene our spread out clan?  
Forty summers must not pass 'til we re-assemble all --  
Before this century's run its course, who'll sound the rally call?  
'Til then, our Yankton gathering will furnish memories rare -  
When Fortune smiled on the Irish, we all got the Lyons share!

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\*\*\* A Remembrance \*\*\*

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Robert F. Lyons  
Cambridge, Massachusetts  
October 22, 1991