

By Road, By Rail, By River, By Sail

“We shape our homes, then our homes shape us.” - Winston Churchill

Just over 20km outside of Dublin lies a small village called Kilcock. To anyone not local to the area, it is known as a commuter belt for the city centre, with just over 6,000 people in residence.

Kilcock was established in the 6th century by our patron saint, who from we got our name Cill Choca. She erected a church, now known as St. Coca's church, as a centre of peace and our church is still the centre of Kilcock today. Just a bit bigger of course.

Kilcock became rich with healthy fields, skilled workers, and farm animals. People came to live and work and sell their wares, which is why Kilcock flourished as a new marketplace. It is also one of the only towns in Ireland with four modes of transport: river, canal, motorway and railway. Many people still keep up the tradition and sell all sorts of unique goods at our Saturday markets.

You can miss a lot in Kilcock if you aren't looking hard enough. Our town is embedded in history, from our canal, to a hideaway used as a base of operations during 1917. Our community has many activities for both young and old. Kilcock is a very sporty town, although it is not very competitive. I have always liked the thought that people play here for pure enjoyment rather than for trophies or bragging rights.... Naas.

My favourite memories from playing matches were always how everyone we know would come out to support us, rain, hail or shine. We have a beloved tradition, which I'm sure is not unique to Kilcock but we claim ownership anyway. After any team had won a match, we drive through the town beeping, with our windows down and waving the jerseys for everyone to see. There is a great sense of pride when we can show off our green and yellow town colours and create joy for what we did for our town.

If you couldn't tell from the traditions of showing off, we are a very dramatic town. This is one of many reasons why our musical and drama society flourishes and is a key part of our community. Every year, just after Christmas, a pantomime is held for all ages. It is a core part of living in Kilcock, and everybody attends. The audience has the chance to be amazed by the lights, costumes and dances while knowing that it is your neighbour, plumber and even teacher up on that stage. I have been on both sides of that stage, and I can tell you, it doesn't disappoint!

The only year when I was not involved, whether onstage or off, was during Covid. Even then, we gathered together (fully masked and social distancing) to perform Christmas carols as a fundraiser for our community.

Our sense of community in Kilcock has always been reflected by our people and the general atmosphere. This is showcased in our St. Patrick's Day parade, when all teams, groups, classes and organisations make a float and march through the town. We address important issues with our floats to educate the people who come out to watch. One year a primary school made a huge octopus for ocean conservation. It had to be carried on the back of two trucks and I nearly didn't fit!

On this significant day we hold a duck race. No, not actual ducks. Yellow rubber ducks which you can decorate any way you want. They are released into the canal and the first one to cross the finish line wins. Continuing on the theme of being dramatic, a few fateful years ago, the biggest scandal ever to hit Kilcock emerged. Our local barber, known as Mich the Barber, cheated in this fundamental event, the duck race. No one knows how, but measures have been put in place to prevent this ever happening again.

Kilcock has always been an amazing place to live. It saddens me that some people don't see the value of our little town. But those who do, treasure our sanctuary. It makes me happy to know that I can be a part of a place called Kilcock.

“There's no Place like home” - the Wizard of Oz