

# TRAVEL

> IRISH HOSPITALITY

## Ireland as you've never seen it

Lavishly restored manor staffed by thoughtful local employees is the setting for a truly memorable stay

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SPECIAL TO THE STAR

BALLYFIN, IRELAND — As the carriage circled the hill, Billy the Irish cob glanced back at Lionel Chadwick, the coachman at Ballyfin manor, as if to say, "I'm ready, old son. What about you?"

"Chirrup," clucked Lionel, twitching the reins, the answer he always gives when they reach this spot in the road, in sight of the Slieve Bloom Mountains, in central Ireland's horse country.

Until that moment, Billy had been clopping leisurely through the woods and beside the lake. Now he took off like a steeplechaser over a fence, galloping uphill with the carriage swaying behind. In the shake of a lamb's tail, as my Irish grandmother liked to say, he'd hauled the carriage, and the dead weight of Lionel and four eager visitors, up and over the crest.

"Come 'round, Billy! Come 'round! That's a good fella," said Lionel, guiding the horse to a half-turn stop, so the passengers, out for an introductory tour of the 680-acre estate, could get a good look at the manor house where they'd spend the next four days.

"It's a picturesque setting, so it is," said Lionel, gazing down at the late-Georgian manor set on a swathe of green lawn on a lakeside slope. A neo-classic pile with a creamy-grey sandstone façade, wide front steps and an entrance tall enough to admit a horse and rider, Ballyfin was built in 1826 by Sir Charles Coote. Designed to impress, it succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. And it still does.

In 2011, the restored property opened as a boutique hotel. Recent guests to Ballyfin have been lavish with their accolades, praising the manor on personal blogs and newsletters, and recommending it on travel sites. Hotel reviewers lucky enough to have stayed in one of the house's 15 named, uniquely furnished bedrooms have done the same, calling Ballyfin Ireland's finest luxury inn. Is it?

BALLYFIN continued on T5



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The Thatch pub in Kinnitty is a good place for lunch on the way back from a country outing.

**> IF YOU GO**  
**Be prepared to be charmed**  
The staff of locals provide exceptionally warm service.





Head butler Lionel Chadwick and Irish cob Billy at Ballyfin's front entrance. The manor was built in 1826 and opened as a boutique hotel in 2011.

# Hotel is a masterpiece of restoration

BALLYFIN from T1

I haven't seen every historic house on the Emerald Isle, but I wouldn't be surprised.

Owners — Chicago residents Fred and Kay Krehbiel — spent seven years and millions restoring the 35,000-square foot house. They duplicated the original interiors with period and reproduction furnishings, 19th century-patterned toile and damask fabrics, and original colours and wall coverings.

They filled the long library's shelves with antique books, topped original fireplace mantels with gold candelabras and installed empire mirrors.

The paintings hung over fireplaces, Sheraton chests and game tables complete the impression that the hotel is a masterpiece of restoration.

Grand it is. But Ballyfin is no stuffy six-star hotel managed by a corporation and run by a martinet of a manager. The staff is certainly well trained. But there are no career hote-

liers on staff, no bell boys standing stiffly, eyes averted, and no maids in starched caps murmuring, "yes ma'am," and "no, ma'am."

After visiting, I'm inclined to think that the outpouring of easy superlatives — spectacular, opulent, sumptuous, refined, magnificent, elegant, heavenly, breathtaking and all the rest — have missed the real secret of Ballyfin's success.

According to managing director, Jim Reynolds, the Krehbiels restored Ballyfin as if it were "a private home, where guests would feel like friends invited down for a weekend."

The house would be luxurious, but low-key. You could wander through the library, read a book beside the fireplace, settle in any quiet corner to answer emails, or explore the estate, called by its Anglo-Norman name, a "demesne," on your own.

The secret was assembling a staff from a pool of local people, who know the neighbourhood and culture.

As they bring colour and character

to their jobs, they make Ballyfin come alive. Listening to my fellow guests gush about this or that staff member, it is obvious that those

brief, but personal connections, are as memorable as the exceptional cuisine or the silk-draped four-poster beds. As a guest, I was greeted with a warm welcome, offered tea and a sandwich and given an informed tour of the house. At breakfast, the waitress remembered my name, asked if I'd adjusted to jet lag, and offered the weather forecast for the day. When she thought I still looked hungry, she suggested she bring me a dish of grilled tomatoes and mushrooms on the side: "Tis no trouble a'tall," she said.

The lads on staff — Lionel, Glen, Declan, Brian and the rest — were never too busy to find a map, suggest a pub, find the photo albums documenting every step of the manor's restoration, show the way to the kitchen garden, or stop for a chat if, and only, if, I initiated it.

As part of the restoration, the long library's shelves were lined with antique books and original fireplace mantels were topped with gold candelabras

When I asked about the mid-19th-century years when Ballyfin was a private boys' boarding school, operating on a shoestring, they made me feel the loneliness and the high jinks that characterized the place.

Some of the same boys, now on staff, remember the kindness of the Christian fathers who taught Latin and geometry. They also remember being hungry most of the time, and the occasional highlights: the single link of sausage at Sunday breakfasts, and the Friday and Sunday suppers of tea, bread and butter, and a spoonful of jam.

Some staff duties seem to be shared, not because Ballyfin is short-staffed, but because the lads jump in when needed, to help each other out.

Lionel Chadwick, the head butler, in charge of the rest of the lads, plays coachman because it's his wife's family who owns Billy, the horse. He knows the horses and rig better than anyone.

When I head down to the trap and skeet range, to try my hand at breaking clay pigeons, Lionel surprises me by showing up with a huge smile, wearing khakis, a shooting vest and a rakish "Irish flat cap."

Assisted by Glen Brophy, the two young men, both experienced bird shooters, act as guides and guards, carrying boxes of shells and shotguns, coaching beginners and monitoring gun safety.

For first-time visitors, especially

collectors, inspecting the house and its treasures will surely test your powers of observation. Only photos can help recall the vases, gold-leaf candelabra, Chinese porcelain, bronze statuary, decorative plasterwork, inlaid wood floors, and the original Roman mosaic floor, the stained glass dome, crystal chandeliers, Italian marble pillars, empire mirrors, regency clocks, and array of paintings by Irish artists.

There's plenty to do beyond the estate. Most popular is a drive over the misty tops of the 2,000-foot Slieve Bloom Mountains heading for Birr Castle and its botanical gardens, with lunch taken at a local pub. You can tour the house, a neo-Gothic monster a century overdue for restoration, owned and occupied by the 7th Earl of Rosse and his son Patrick and family. You'll meet them briefly, before going on with Lorna Shannon, the guide.

Or you can spend a few hours in modern Ireland, shopping or pub-hopping in the nearby town of Port Laoise (pronounced Leash).

At Ballyfin, there's lake fishing from the banks or in the rowboat; cycling on the estate's 10 miles of roads; exercising in the workout room; swimming laps in the indoor pool; arranging a breakfast at the top of the Tower, a Norman-style folly; exploring the stone grotto and the rock garden; investigating the four-acre kitchen garden, where every cool-weather vegetable flourishes; shooting clay pigeons, and riding horseback, of course.

In three or four days, you can do it all... although you may want to slow down a little and savour the slower pace of Irish life.

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The Tower, a faux-Norman folly, provides views of the countryside.

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