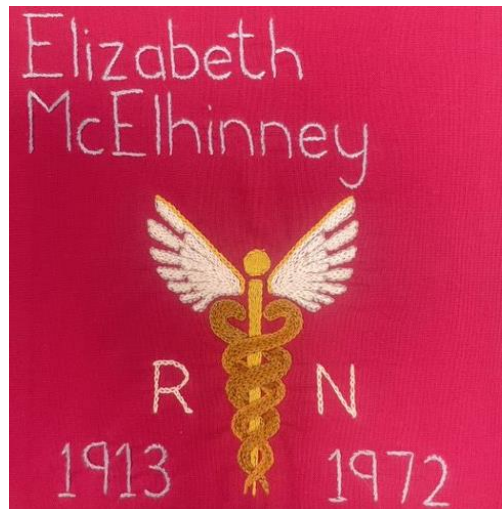


Elizabeth (Lizzie) McElhinney



Civilian

12th June 1913 – 31st July 1972

Elizabeth McElhinney was one of five siblings born and reared on Gorse Road, approximately three miles from Claudy village. Commonly known as ‘Lizzie’, she had one sister Annie (Quinn) living in Achill Island and three brothers; John, Tom and Joe.

Lizzie was married to Eddie McElhinney, a prominent business man in Claudy village, and they had no children.

Elizabeth McElhinney; a modern day Florence Nightingale is how Lizzie might be fondly remembered within the confines of Claudy Village. A “lady” by all accounts and a private individual, who having trained as a nurse in England, brought that same professionalism and caring nature to all those she attended.

“Always helpful”, “very kind”, full of wisdom”, “a generous, selfless individual”, are some of the words echoed about the character and charisma of this local lady.

In her earlier years, Lizzie worked as a Sister in Altnagelvin Hospital and was renowned as a strict lady who commanded respect and had exacting standards. Often stories were cited about ‘Sister McElhinney’: ” When you heard the click of those heels coming, the nurses would run to straighten the bed covers and make sure everything was in its place”.

That same professionalism and attention to detail was reiterated by the employees of McElhinney’s pub and shop when Lizzie helped out in her husband’s business in her later years.

She punctually provided 10 o’clock tea and dinner at 12.30, daily, for the shop workers. At the same time, she would often enquire as to their well being and offered advice and home made remedies to

those she felt were in need of it.

Her kindness and unwavering dedication endured long after her nursing career on the wards. Lizzie was the 'go-to' person in the village in times of sickness and it was often recalled if Lizzie was spotted running down the street "some poor critter was in need."

That sunny July morning was a fateful day when Lizzie's life, along with eight others, was so tragically and needlessly stolen from her.

It was Monday morning and the workers had arrived on their tea break when the bell rang for the petrol pumps. Typically, Lizzie jumped to her feet to attend the pumps and let the staff enjoy their break.

In a split second, and in the selfless act of giving, her life was decimated and destroyed, leaving a family in mourning and a community robbed of a devout carer. Her death was a great loss to one and all.