

20 Things People ask me about Living in Ireland

Interview with Myself

Living in Ireland comes with more than just [practical things to consider](#). People often ask me what brought me here and how I like living in Ireland – what I miss, enjoy or prefer compared to my home country Germany. In this interview with myself I answer the most frequently asked questions.



1. Why Ireland?

When I came to Ireland for a work placement as a student in 2008, it was pretty much a last minute deal. Scotland hadn't worked out and I had to fall back on the connections of my university which led me to Dublin. Despite some initial struggles I fell in love with Ireland. By the time I left, a desire had manifested – to come back one day and stay for good.

2. Did you emigrate for love?

No, I did not come to Ireland because of a man. Just out of love to the country, which had grown stronger over the years after my Erasmus stay. For years I came back to Dublin for the October bank holiday weekend to meet up with friends, and to get my annual Ireland fix. At a time of change in my life,

around my 30th birthday, I decided to make my dream of living in Ireland come true.



3. What did you like most about Ireland when you first came in 2008?

I could say something cliched like the landscape and the traditional Irish music which would both be true. But in fact it was the [Brown Soda Bread](#) and Bulmers that I devoured in abundance. Together with the great craic, it was the full Ireland package that got me hooked.

4. Is there anything you wish you would have known before emigrating to Ireland?

Nothing came as a big surprise. But whatever you think a good financial buffer is, add more to it! Living in Ireland is expensive.

4. Did you have a job when you came to Ireland?

Yes I did. Having a signed work contract was the ticket to my new life in Ireland. Without that I probably wouldn't have risked moving here. No matter how much living in Ireland mattered to me, I needed the security of a steady income right from the start.

5. Do you feel homesick at times?

I never feel homesick as such. Sometimes I am upset that

family get-togethers are so complicated to organise and therefore don't happen very often. On birthdays or during the summer I miss being able to drop around to my parent's or sister's for a spontaneous barbeque or a chat.

6. Where do you spend Christmas?



The first couple of years after I had moved to Ireland we spent Christmas with my family in Germany. But when we had our first child, we started establishing our own Christmas traditions. Now, as a family of five, we celebrate an [Irish Christmas](#) on 25th December with German customs and Christmas treats from both countries.

7. How often to you visit Germany?

With each of our three children visits to Germany have become more rare. The kids and I usually go over for two weeks in the summer. It involves a lot of planning and preparation which I find hard to do several times a year. We also have to work around school holidays. So we prefer to go once, but for a longer period of time to make it worthwhile.

8. What do you miss most in Ireland?



Hot summers and snow. I love autumn and spring in Ireland. With their mild temperatures and nature bursting with colours, they are my favourite seasons here. But I do miss consecutive dry days with temperatures over 20 degrees in the summer and cold, snowy winters.

9. Is there anything that you still buy in Germany?

I sometimes ask my parents to send me toiletries and cosmetics, because they are so expensive here. A friend of mine occasionally sends me his homemade Sauerkraut. Other things that you can't get here we make ourselves, like stewed apple, potato dumplings or red cabbage. Last year we brought home some plum butter from vacation. But I am happy enough to have them as treats once in a while.

10. Are your children bilingual?

Yes, our son (7) and daughter (5) are both bilingual. Well, technically. Our eldest was more exposed to German as a baby than our second child and has now a good level of German. He used to be more reluctant to speak German, but that has changed since he was about four years old. Now he switches to German when we are with my parents, but English is still his preferred language. Our five-year old has only recently started mixing some German words into her otherwise English communication. But she understands German 100%. Our 19-months old doesn't talk yet, but understands things in both languages. Our family language is English as my husband doesn't speak any German.

11. Do you speak Irish?

No, I don't. I was under the impression that I would be able to pick it up when the kids learn it in school. I was mistaken! When I hear a word I don't know how to spell it. And when I read it, I have no clue how to pronounce it. Gaeilge is rather complicated and nothing like any other language I have ever encountered. I doubt that I will have the patience and will power to make it to a sufficient level of Irish. I do enjoy listening to the kids talking and singing in Irish though and am proud of how well they are doing with it.

12. Do you dream in English?

Yes, I dream in English and German, depending on where the people in my dream are from.

13. What do you like most about Irish people?

That you can have a conversation about something trivial as the weather for as long as you want, wherever you want. You will never fail to have a chit chat in Ireland as long as you are open to it.

14. What bothers you most about Irish people?

According to my experience Irish people can be a bit flaky when it comes to arrangements – whether private or professional. Often they cancel last minute or don't show up at all. Relationships can be a bit one-sided with me being the one reaching out or keeping in touch. "Let's catch up soon" doesn't really mean anything in Ireland.



16. How do you feel about driving on the left side?

If my old boss from Germany hadn't thrown me into the deep end on a business trip to England many years ago, it probably would have taken me much longer to feel confident driving on the lefthand side of the road (thanks Julia!). Now I don't have any trouble whatsoever driving on either side of the road. It just comes naturally. But it helps having a car with the steering wheel on the respective side for the proper perspective on the road.

17. Is Irish food really that bad?



I have always loved Irish food and the mostly hearty dishes. A full Irish breakfast is an absolute must if you have never tried it before. Be brave and go for the black and white pudding even though they don't seem like typical breakfast items. Tourism traps using low quality products or selling overpriced Guinness Pie and Seafood Chowder can be a letdown. But when done right, Irish classics such as stew, salmon or shepherd's pie are a real delight!

18. How do you cope with the Irish weather?

I often ask myself this question during the wet and dull winter months. But once the smell of spring is in the air, with the first daffodils breaking through the soil, Ireland is turning into one of the most beautiful countries in the world, and I am consoled. Even though I miss more predictable summers and winters, I value the moderate climate without extremes either side of the the zero degree mark. Keeps your wardrobe nice and slim too!

19. What are “Must-Sees” in Ireland?

As interviewee I would have liked to avoid this question. But as an interviewer I think it needs to be answered. The problem is there is not just one answer. There are so many places in Ireland that are worth seeing. When my time as a student in Ireland was limited, I wanted to tick all the travel brochure sites, such as the Cliffs of Moher, Giant’s Causeway, Ring of Kerry and so on. They are all stunning indeed, but don’t necessarily represent Ireland in its most authentic way. Make them part of your itinerary, but take your time to explore and experience the country at a slow pace! Whilst I got to see more places in a shorter period of time before I lived here, I now return to places to actually enjoy them.



20. Are you planning to stay in Ireland for good?

I came to Ireland with the intention to stay and that hasn’t changed since I emigrated in January 2014. Of course I can’t predict what the future holds, but I am happy to spend the rest of my life in Ireland. I think I would find it very hard to reintegrate in Germany after having raised our children here. Leaving [our beloved home](#) would break my heart.

Any more questions about living in Ireland? Pop them in the comments below!

First published 4th May 2019. Edited 7th April 2025.

What's it with the Germans? A Holiday Review

No Foamed Lattes and Cash Only!

"We only open at half twelve", the woman emerging from the shut kiosk replies harshly. Even though the connected restaurant has just sent me over to get my coffee-to-go here. Awkwardly I check the time on my phone, balancing the baby in my arms. I wait the three minutes to opening time and eventually order my coffee. "No lids or card payment", she says, as she hands me a small paper cup with black coffee from a percolator. It smells nice and strong and I have to add four plastic containers of coffee cream to make it drinkable. Welcome to Meck Pomm*, I think to myself as I return to our spot by the lake shore of the [Fleesensee](#), waiting for the rest of my family to arrive.



Swimming in Chilly 24 Degrees

The surface of the water is smooth. Just once in a while tiny waves ripple towards the edge when paddle boats pull into the small marina. Ducks and seagulls bob up and down in the water, seemingly enjoying the free ride. I dip my feet into the shallow water, sand squishing through my toes. Behind me, the beach promenade is slowly coming to life. Restaurants are busy taking in deliveries and some joggers are trying to get ahead of the big heat. Back home in Ireland we are spoilt with gorgeous beaches at our doorstep, but not with 24 degrees at 10 in the morning and a water temperature of 23 degrees. Germans don't even bother showing up for a swim at 'chilly' 24 degrees, I was told.



Tourism Hot Spot...

When I walk with the buggy down to the beach again the next day, I notice the well-tended farm-style houses in the red-brick architecture, characteristic for the region. Surrounded by lush gardens and orchards they stick out like gorgeous little islands among the clean, almost sterile, holiday rentals that definitely outweigh them. That makes me wonder what it is like to be one of the 520 residents of [Göhren-Lebbin](#), dealing with ca. 450.000 overnight stays a year. Considering it is the end of the season, it almost justifies the brusqueness we have been experiencing by some locals. But does it excuse an above-average amount of retirees wearing

neon pink hair dye or T-shirts with dubious prints? I am not sure.



The resort we are staying in has the character of a village onto itself. Consisting of colourful timber-framed houses with self-catering units, restaurants, children's facilities and several adventure playgrounds including water play and a petting zoo. Our apartment on the ground floor is spacious and definitely designed with a family in mind. There is plenty to discover and do for all age groups. Our terrace is facing the fields, lined by a forest in the distance and is a lovely space to unwind. There are kids everywhere on the compound, bustling about on Go-karts or pulled along by their parents in handkarts. We are absolutely comfortable having our 7- and 4-year old roaming around on their own.



...and Unspoilt Nature

Another morning I bring the baby for a walk on the sandy path right behind our apartment. It is hot as I push the buggy through the dust, welcoming every gentle breeze rustling through the trees. I appreciate their shady patches, giving the dirt track an alternating pattern. I truly enjoy those morning walks, focusing on the regular breaths of my sleeping baby, accompanied by the humming of bees. My destination is Kirch Poppentin, a red-brick church from 1882 with its attached cemetery. Surprisingly I don't encounter a single soul, despite of three big hotels based in the neighbourhood. Eventually I meet two well-gearred up cyclists with friendly faces who ask me for directions. Three indicators that they are not local.



English – Nein danke!

For Sunday mass we locate a Catholic church in the nearby town of [Waren](#). When we arrive, the car park is bursting out of its seams. People are welcoming and friendly, but keep their distance once they hear we are speaking English. An older gentleman is brave enough to approach us for a chat, encouraged by the Southern German number plate of our rental car. When I tell him – in German – that we live in Ireland, he nods friendly and swiftly makes his goodbyes.

It surprises me that the region of Fleesensee advertises itself as the largest Golf resort in Northern Europe and yet we stick out as English-speakers everywhere. Even our holiday resort seems to survive on a German-only policy, apart from Reception. I feel for the staff in the shop who had to explain to my husband one morning – using gestures and hand signals – that the pre-ordered chocolate croissants hadn't arrived.

What is it with the Germans?

As we potter through Waren, an old lady with a zimmer frame (but no pink hair dye) peeks into the buggy. I prepare for another shower of compliments on our baby when she tells me assertively that I am to put socks on the poor child. Baffled, I follow her slow movement as she shuffles on without another word. What is it with Germans getting involved in how we handle our kids? Only the other day a parent told our 4-year

old to not twist her baby sister's arm when she was playing with her on the beach, and I was standing right beside them. Um, excuse me?



Friendliness in Disguise

On our last day, I stroll down the foresty path to Lake Fleesensee one more time. As I drop into the village store, I open with a comment on the weather as you would when entering a shop in Ireland. Not expecting a huge response, I am all the more surprised when the girl behind the counter pours her heart out to me. When I finally leave, I smile to myself, remembering how curt she was the first day I came in.

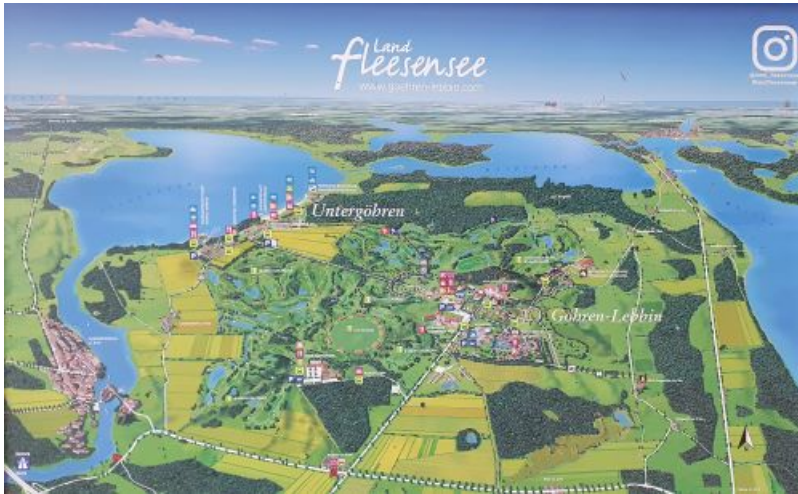
Down by the lake I decide to give the woman in the coffee trailer a second chance, too. Judging by her still grim facial expression, I fear to get told off for changing my order half way through. Instead I get a "no problem" and a hint of a smile. Delighted I toddle off with my *Bulette im Brötchen**, excited to introduce this typical German snack to my family.

The Charm of Mecklenburg Vorpommern

I am no stranger to the 'Nordic charm' as I would call the 'friendliness in disguise' in Mecklenburg Vorpommern. In my twenties I spent four years in Stralsund, studying Leisure and Tourism Management at the local university. And despite some raised-eyebrow-moments during our vacation, I knew that people weren't intending to be rude. However, having lived in Ireland for over ten years has changed my perception of my fellow countrymen, [to being a tourist in my own country](#).

Fleesensee doesn't strike me as a big international player in the resort business. It rather feels like a rural holiday destination with charming flaws, representing the innate culture it is surrounded by: straight forward and down to earth. I value its authenticity over an all pleasing service industry. Although a few more friendly faces around could do no harm. The all prevelant cash payment adds to the holiday feel and so does not having a stable 4G connection at all times.

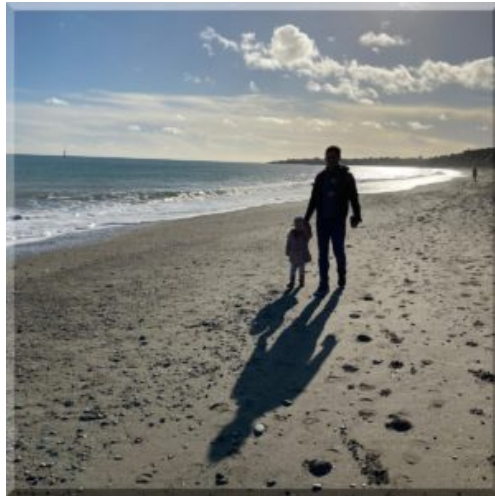
The natural beauty of the area and its amenities are great for a fun and activity-filled holiday, complemented by pretty towns with its regional architecture. That is what makes Fleesensee attractive to us as a family of five. The [BEECH Resort Fleesensee](#) is the ideal place to combine all our interests and give each of us their own little space to relax. We will be back for sure!



***MeckPomm = Short for Mecklenburg Vorpommern: One of Germany's 16 federal states. Located in the North East, it was part of the former GDR. Bordering the Baltic Sea it also features extensive lakelands inland.**

***Bulette is the name for a meat snack, similar to a burger patty, in Berlin and the North East of Germany (from French "small ball"). It is usually served in a roll. Its name varies depen.**

Foreigners of Greystones – “Eat the Cake”



“Life is short. Take the trip. Buy the shoes. Eat the cake.”

Usually I *conclude* my [“Foreigners of Greystones”](#) articles with the philosophy of life of the person I am writing about. They round up the interviewee’s story nicely and so far we had great advice and uplifting mottos in [my previous articles](#). Today however I would like to start off with what, Esther told me, was her attitude to life: “Life is short. Take the trip. Buy the shoes. Eat the cake.” I think it is the perfect introduction for Esther and how I got to know her during our interview and beyond.

Leap of Faith

Esther took a huge leap of faith when herself and her at the time 2-year old daughter followed her husband David from Germany to Ireland at the beginning of last year. David had

already been in Ireland for a couple of months after seizing a career opportunity his company offered in October 2019.

When Esther arrived in Ireland at the end of January 2020 it was very hard for her to settle in. Whilst her husband had already established a social network for himself through work, Esther basically started from scratch after leaving friends and family behind in North Rhine-Westphalia ([Viersen](#)) where she is from. Little did she know that it was going to become even harder with the beginning of lockdown shortly afterwards.

Planning, Planning, Planning – German Virtues at their Best

Esther had been well aware that moving abroad was going to be a big challenge. There was a lot to consider even if you were only planning to stay for 2-3 years like in Esther's family's case – depending on her husband's job situation.

Esther had contacted me through [my blog](#) in December 2019. She asked me a lot of questions. Something, Esther and I both agree, people should do before embarking on the big adventure of emigrating. But no matter how many questions I answered, I knew I wouldn't be able to take away her feeling of uneasiness that comes with moving countries. I remember it well from when I made the same decision almost 8 years ago.

It doesn't matter how much you plan or prepare in advance, a level of uncertainty always remains when leaving the familiar for the unknown. Learning to embrace a foreign culture. Overcoming the language barrier. Putting yourself out there and integrating yourself into a new community. These are all things easier said than done. However Esther was not oblivious to the fact that this was all ahead of her and their young daughter.

The Basics are not Enough

It was definitely an upside that Esther's husband David gave

their family a head start by finding a suitable family home before his wife and daughter followed him to Ireland. Their choice had fallen on [Greystones](#) due to its family-friendly environment and location by the sea. Something they had always wanted over a life in a big city like Dublin where David's office is based.

So far so good. But the basics aren't enough. To settle into a new home takes so much more than just finding a nice place to live. Esther didn't leave anything to chance and had already made a few contacts with local mummies on social media prior to their arrival. Now it was time to follow up with the 'field work'. Esther had it all covered.

Thwarted Plans

I had been delighted to finally meet Esther in person in one of the playgroups. She was that nice, friendly, open-minded woman that I had got to know through our chats prior. But I also saw that she was upset about what she had left behind, namely their newly-built house in [Brüggen](#) (Germany), her family and friends in the region she grew up in.

Unlike me, Esther hadn't chosen to come to Ireland because she had fallen in love with the island. It was a family decision to support David's career move which was a great opportunity for him. However living in a foreign country for a couple of years could have been a life-enhancing experience for Esther and her daughter too – under the right circumstances.



From Hundred to Zero

“Shortly after we arrived in Greystones, we introduced ourselves to the neighbours with homemade cookies”, Esther tells me. “My daughter and I went to local activities such as gymnastics for kids, musical classes and playgroups. And I met up with the German mummies I had contacted through social media before. These indoor activities were a great opportunity to meet people as the weather in February and March was cold, wet and stormy.”

Esther was well on her way to establish a social network for herself featuring some German mummies and other people she met through them. With spring on the doorstep and more sunny days ahead, this could have been a fantastic and above all sociable time for Esther and her family to explore their new surroundings.

The socialising came to a sudden halt when the pandemic hit full force pretty much straight away after Esther and her daughter had gained foothold. The beginning of what Esther describes “one of the toughest times in her life”.

Isolated, Lonely and Scared

Despite Esther’s thorough preparations and planning for every eventuality, she found herself in a situation which left her isolated, lonely and scared. “We had found a preschool place for our daughter from the beginning of March 2020”, Esther tells me. “And we had just finished our 3 days of easing-in period when the big shock came – Ireland goes into full lockdown. We had no idea how long this was going to last and decided to not travel to Germany for now. We didn’t want to take the risk of catching the virus on our journey and bringing it home to our families. For 12 weeks we pretty much isolated ourselves”, Esther says.

“My husband was working a lot and my daughter and I were basically on our own in a foreign country. We weren’t allowed any visitors and couldn’t go back to Germany either. It was particularly hard when my uncle died and my dad suffered a stroke”, Esther remembers, “and we were stuck in Ireland. I tried to keep our daughter entertained and to distract her with going to the beach and doing different things. But it was very challenging. The feeling of not being able to get away, the loneliness, the responsibility for our daughter and not knowing how things are going to pan out in the future. That pushed me to my limits.”

No Reason To Crumble

I guess it takes a good bit for a person like Esther to feel that desperate. Just a quick reminder of her philosophy of life at that stage. “Life is short. Take the trip. Buy the shoes. Eat the cake.” Despite only knowing Esther for a short while, I thought this reflected her personality very well. In fact she took that trip (to Ireland) and she certainly eats

the cake.

Well, don't get me wrong. Esther doesn't *look* like as if she was eating a huge amount of cake, but she definitely *bakes* the most amazing ones. Besides her occupation as an online editor in Germany's leading women's online magazine [GoFeminin](#), Esther runs her own [food blog E.A.T.](#)

"I love baking, cooking and trying out new recipes as well as writing and food photography. My job and blogging is ideal to combine what I am passionate about", Esther tells me. It also gives her the much needed flexibility and some sort of stability when they moved to Ireland. Even more now during the Corona Crisis when almost everybody is working from home – including her husband David.

A German 'Frohnatur' (= cheerful person)

Another thing Esther is passionate about is carnival which her home region in Germany is famous for. One can almost say that Germany is divided when it comes to carnival. You either love it or you hate it. Both with a passion. The region in East Germany where I come from does have carnival too, but you can escape the jolly season if you prefer. There are places here and there where you can join the party or just ignore it.

When you come from Viersen like Esther, about half an hour West of Düsseldorf, you hardly have a chance to not partake in carnival or Fasching as it is called in German. It's everywhere. "It's a big celebration that kicks off on 11th November and ends on Ash Wednesday", Esther tells me. "People party, laugh a lot and just enjoy life. In the Niederrhein ([Lower Rhine](#)) region people are very outgoing, chatty and like to celebrate."



Esther fits right in

Hence getting accustomed to the Irish mentality wouldn't have been too difficult for Esther and her family under normal conditions. "Our start in Ireland was actually quite easy. Our neighbours were very welcoming, friendly and helpful. Often people started talking to us on the beach and we really like the openness of the Irish. Everybody we have met so far has been chatty and interested in our story", Esther says.

Nevertheless, Esther admits that she didn't feel integrated for a long time due to the Corona crisis.

"You have to actively do something to meet people in a new place," Esther knows. "It doesn't just happen like that without showing initiative. Not being able to meet people, doesn't help with feeling isolated and lonely."

Never give up

Looks like Esther did everything right. And still, emigrating to Ireland couldn't have been more difficult for her and her family. However, like [Violine](#) and [Kris](#) already stated in my previous "Foreigners of Greystones" articles, never give up!

When I spoke to Esther again a couple of months after our first interview, times don't seem as dark anymore despite the still ongoing lockdown. "There was a turning point when our daughter eventually started in a lovely, recently opened kindergarten in September 2020" Esther says. "The teachers really helped easing her into the new environment. They even learned a few words in German and made lanterns to celebrate the German St. Martin's Day in November which we really appreciated."

Positive Outlook

With spring around the corner just like last year when Esther was about to embrace her Ireland adventure, she can now pick up where she left off. "Through kindergarten I made more contacts who I can at least meet outdoors", Esther says. "Our neighbours are still looking out for us and the German mummies support me when I have questions. We also met parents from other countries like Sweden, Texas and Thailand who were very welcoming and invited us to their weekly gatherings. I took up a Yoga Class with [Minaste Yoga](#) which started out on the beach and is now online every Thursday. I can say that I have established what I would call a positive routine and a good social network for myself."

Let's hope the Corona restrictions will ease soon so that Esther and her family can enjoy their Ireland adventure to the full, how ever long it may last.

Why Ireland? An Emigration Story

When I emigrated to Ireland, I mainly got two types of responses:

1. Why Ireland? Can you not go to Spain where it is warm?
2. Wow Ireland! Green Hills and sheep everywhere.

And indeed, I could have easily ended up in Spain where I lived as a student and loved it! Although neither in Santiago de Compostela, where I spent 3 months working with the Pilgrim's Office, nor in Salamanca where I studied for 6 months, was it all that warm. Both cities had a great vibe. They are full of history, magnificent buildings and were perfect for enjoying the delicious Spanish food and Tapas Bars. And I am the "mañana type of person", preferring late nights over early mornings. So how did end up in Ireland and not Spain?



Why Ireland – Pro and Con List

After a close analysis I actually asked myself why Ireland had won over Spain. According to my very rational pro and con list, I should be sitting in some Plaza on the Iberian peninsula, sipping affordable wine rather than overpriced Bulmers in a pub. Why Ireland when on paper Spain seemed so much more suitable for me?

My question was partly answered during my approach to Dublin on the plane. I had a clear view of the Peninsula of Howth, with its distinct lighthouse and the small, rocky island “Ireland’s Eye”. It lay there, as it had each time I came to visit. Watching Ireland draw me in over the years. The minute I spotted it from the air, my heart began beating faster and I felt a warmth inside of me. This time I wasn’t here as a visitor. I was starting my biggest adventure. And still, it already felt like coming home. Mentally I tossed my pro and con list which contained nothing but facts and embraced the new start in my country of choice.



First steps in the heart of Dublin

The bus ride from the airport to the city centre was familiar. When I came to Dublin the first time in 2008, I lived in Ballymun in the North of the city and had taken pretty much

the same journey every day for six months on my commute into town. I used to love sitting on the bus in the morning, still sleepy, seeing the very different parts of the city pass by. There was the rough and industrial neighbourhood of Ballymun with derelict estates at the time, followed by the gorgeous red brick buildings of Glasnevin and Drumcondra. Dublin with its many sides, condensed into a one and a half hour bus journey through slow moving traffic.

The journey into the city centre was going to be long too today. But I had taken the 16 for a reason instead of the Airport Express Coach. The rattling of coins when people dropped their bus fare into the slot beside the driver's cabin brought me right back. I was looking forward to hearing the Irish accent around me, which definitely would be on my pro list, if I still had one. Winding through Dublin's suburbs, with a million stops on the way, was exactly what I wanted today.



The bus left me off at O'Connell Street, the main artery of the northern inner city. When I stood there with my two suitcases, I paused for a moment to take in the hustle and bustle. Tourists in rain jackets and hiking boots, with big cameras, rushing past. The faint guitar sound of a street

musician, a language cacophony from the Hop-on Hop-off busses. I felt excited and overwhelmed at the same time. I was finally here, with all my belongings that I needed for my fresh start in Dublin. For so long I had been dreaming of [emigrating to Ireland](#) and on this New Year's Day in 2014, I made it come true.

Fond Memories vs. Reality

There was no guarantee this was going to work out. I had a job secured and some savings, but other than that just my euphoric memories from student days. Fond recollections of nights danced away in [Whelan's](#), often accompanied by way too many pints of apple cider. Road trips all over the island, taking in Ireland's remotest spots and beautiful scenery. Memories of joyful after work drinks in Ireland's oldest pub, the [Brazen Head Pub](#), right beside the office where I did my placement. All these memories were connected to people I shared those experiences with, above all four German girls who became friends for life.



But now I was here on my own. And whilst my gut told me I had made the right decision, there was also the fear of failure. A bit of me wanted to prove to my family that I could make it, despite the risk I was taking, leaving my established life in Hamburg behind.

My German Dublin Girls had always predicted that I was going to end up back in Ireland, marrying a shepherd, and [living in a cottage by the Sea](#) with lots of red-headed babies. Whilst this was just a joke between us, I would have loved to see it come true. Or at least some version of it.

Not a Tourist anymore



Well, for now I wasn't *all* by myself. Two of my friends from Hamburg had accompanied me for moral support. I envied them when they left our hotel the next morning to go sightseeing, whilst I hunkered down on the bed, nervously calling around in search of an affordable apartment.

How much would I have preferred roaming touristy Dublin together, which wasn't too busy at that time of year. And probably one of few cities not covered in residues from New Year's Eve, as private fireworks and drinking in the streets were not allowed in Ireland. Something that would go on my pro list, now that I was not here as a tourist or student anymore.



That morning I would have gladly mingled with the tourists in Temple Bar though. I didn't care it was Dublin's tourist trap with rip off prices for a pint. For me it was laced with memories of countless nights out, live music and great craic. Irish musicians with their sense of easiness, playing familiar tunes and spreading good vibes. In a way I wanted to treasure those memories, keep them pristine. On the other hand I couldn't wait to experience it all anew. Sadly for now, it was

all about finding a place to live or my adventure would be over before it began.

Just a Feeling

The answer to “why Ireland” remains a complex one. The feeling I get – and always have when I returned to Ireland – can’t be reduced to a simple pro and con list. Like with a new love, the initial magic of gorgeous green hills and cute sheep will fade. It is a deep sense of belonging that makes a relationship sustainable. What I found in Ireland completed my life like a missing piece of a jigsaw. I spread my wings and found new roots.



First published 12th January 2016. Edited 12th May 2025.