

All eyes on Lynn as he gets set for extradition

THERE was confusion last night surrounding Michael Lynn's planned extradition back to Ireland to face charges of alleged theft amounting to €80million.

The disgraced solicitor is due to arrive back in the country tomorrow following his proposed extradition from Brazil to face more than 20 charges of alleged theft.

The Irish Daily Mail has learned that due to an 'issue in Brazil', Lynn may not be extradited today as planned.

However, federal police in Brazil are insisting he will be sent back home to Ireland today to face charges.

Lynn - who fled the country in

By **Ali Bracken**
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2007 - is being held at the Cotel remand prison in Recife, north-west Brazil.

He faces more than 20 charges relating to alleged theft and has been imprisoned since 2013, when Brazilian federal police, acting on behalf of Interpol, arrested him.

Should his extradition still go ahead today, the Mail understands that married Mayo native Lynn is due to arrive into Dublin Airport tomorrow shortly after midday.

It is also understood that he is due to fly via Frankfurt in Germany, escorted by gardaí from

the Extradition Unit and the fraud squad.

Normal procedure would be that he would be transferred to a Dublin Garda station and formally charged. It is most likely Lynn would then be spirited to Cloverhill courthouse, formally charged, and then remanded in custody.

Last Friday in the High Court, Lynn lost his challenge against assurances given to a Brazilian court by Ireland's Director of Public Prosecutions. The DPP had assured authorities in Brazil that Lynn's time in a prison in the South American country awaiting extradition would be set off against any prison sentence imposed on him here.

Dr Mark Dooley



MORAL MATTERS

Why I love the trail of chaos left by my son

LAST year, I wrote about the domestic carnage caused by our six-year-old. Since then, many readers have requested an update on our tribulations at the hands of this merciless little man. Prepare yourselves, for it is not easy reading.

First things first: nothing has changed. If anything, matters are steadily getting worse. Indeed, so bad have things become that even he is beginning to wonder where it will all end.

It seems that no matter what he touches simply collapses, breaks or smashes into smithereens. Early each Saturday morning, for example, I calmly bask in the silence of an empty kitchen. There I sit, sipping my coffee, pondering the new day.

Then it happens: the door crashes open and, in his loudest voice: 'Good morning!'

Very cute, you might say, and you would be correct, except for the fact that the rest of the house is fast asleep.

Moreover, however many times I caution him to whisper, the same thing happens - every single Saturday.

I calm my nerves only to see him reaching for the cereal box. Good: a sign of independence!

But, in this case, independence comes at a terrible cost for his father. Invariably, the full cereal bowl ends up on the floor.

And, each week, it's the same story. First, the tears slowly trickle down his face, only to be followed by the plaintive howl: 'It wasn't my fault.' When I inquire whose fault it was, he ruefully replies: 'I don't know, but it wasn't mine!'

Strolling around the house recently, I noticed that nearly everything he got for Christmas is either broken or damaged or on the verge of mortal decline. Even those things which are most precious to him endure the same sad fate. Sooner or later, they end up on that great scrapheap which, for us, is rapidly becoming a monument dedicated to destruction.

And then we endured what I call the 'potion phase'. Even writing those words sends me into a nervous spasm. It happened shortly after Christmas, but the effects on my wellbeing are still very raw.

'Can I make a potion?' he inquired with his big eyes and beaming smile. I must have been possessed of Yuletide merriment when I agreed, albeit with strict condi-

tions. The first potion was innocuous enough, consisting, as it did, of a small vial containing some water and washing-up liquid.

The fact that there were no spillages lulled us into a false sense of security. Like two innocents abroad, we looked at him adoringly and exclaimed: 'Ah, bless him, isn't he so creative!'

In our deluded state, we didn't notice that the potions were becoming more experimental.

Gone were the vials of Fairy Liquid. Now, there were jars containing odd-smelling mixtures of who knows what. Surprisingly, we still hadn't had a spillage.

'Perhaps this is a turning point,' I reflected in joyful anticipation of a life beyond debris, crumbs, spilled cereal and broken blinds. Perhaps, he is finally taking care and learning from his mistakes. That beautiful dream lasted all of ten minutes.

IFOLLOWED the foul smell until I found a watering can full to the brim with a noxious 'potion'. Seeing my revulsion, he screamed: 'Will I pour it away?' Nuclear waste would have been less harmful to the environment.

Son: 'Yes, I did it, but it wasn't my fault! I didn't know it would smell so bad.'

Dad: 'And what about the container of liquid that has spilled on the carpet in your room?'

Son: 'Oh, I put that there, but I don't know how it spilled.'

Dad: 'That's it: all potion-making is now banned!'

And yet, despite it all, I genuinely believe that he doesn't mean any harm. I have come to see that this loving, caring and funny little boy just can't help causing carnage. Like Mr Bump of Mr Men fame, he just can't help having 'little accidents'.

When I am down on my knees cleaning up cereal on a Saturday morning, it is not easy to look at things calmly. But as the mists clear, I realise that my youngest son is teaching me something essential. Amid the ruins of a once-pristine abode, I am learning greater levels of compassion.

I find myself looking at my own Mr Bump, and smiling and giving thanks for such a wonderful child. Yes, the devastation makes one want to cry out in despair, but he more than makes up for it in kindness and consideration to everyone.

Still, I draw the line at potions.

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THE ROYAL MOSCOW BALLET

Irish Daily Mail

ROMEO & JULIET

Tue 6th Mar 8:00pm
Romeo & Juliet
UCH, Limerick
061 33 1549 uch.ie

Thu 8th Mar 8:00pm
Romeo & Juliet
TLT Theatre, Drogheda
041 987 8560 thetl.ie

Fri 9th Mar 8:00pm
Romeo & Juliet
Wexford Opera House
053 912 2144 nationaloperahouse.ie

Sat 10th Mar 8:00pm
Romeo & Juliet
The Helix, Dublin
01 700 7000 thehelix.ie

Sun 11th Mar 2:00pm & 8:00pm
Romeo & Juliet
Cork Opera House
021 4270022 corkoperahouse.ie

Sleeping Beauty **Sat 3rd Mar**
2:00pm & 8:00pm
Waterford Theatre Royal
051 874 402 theatrEROYAL.ie

Sleeping Beauty **Sun 4th Mar**
2:00pm & 8:00pm
Town Hall Theatre, Galway
091 569 777 tht.ie

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

For ticket prices credit card and booking fees please contact venue