



Five days until St Brigid's Day!

“A Poem in Honor of St Brigid” by Brigid Claire:

Her habit is
a dancing dress,
her prayer beads, tinkling bells.

She settles in
the sun's caress,
and drinks from ancient wells.

Her abbey is
a grove of oak,
deep in a forest glen.

From here the Winds
of Wisdom spoke,
from here She'll speak again.

Her bread's a hearty
cake of oat,
Her wine's a honey meade.

She gives away
her shoes and coat,
the hungry she does feed.

Her altar is
a peasant's heart,
draped in Love's linen, fair.

The Queen of Heaven,
Prince of Peace,

and angels meet her there.

Her mantle is
the meadow green,
all creatures are her friends.

Those once forgotten,
now are seen,
their brokenness she mends.

Her sacred well's
a lake of ale,
with roses all around.

Her faith, a currach
setting sail,
her soul is Holy Ground.

Her crozier is
a wand of light,
her mitre; made of fire.

The Shepherdess of good
and right,
compassion and desire.

Her smile's a message
of God's care,
and Love that knows no end.

Dear Anamchara of Kildare,
Saint, Abbess,
and Soul-Friend.