

## The Feast of St. Brigid

– a celebration of the incarnation of Christ into the all of life



Step into your garden or any place where you can be at one with nature at the coming of the dawn during these chilly days of spring... Like the birds and the trees you have a right to be here... You are a child of the Universe... seeing 'wonders in the grass'...

Take a moment, in memory of St. Brigid, and mindfully pause and become attentive to the breeze and inhale a lungful of fresh air... an t-aer glan úr...

Slowly, as you hear birds welcome the dawn and the trees conduct their assertive chorus, become aware that you are a creature and at one with all of Creation... Let the words of the Psalmist caress your soul with every breath you take;

'A mighty God is the Lord (inhale),  
A great king above all gods (exhale).  
In his hand are the depths of the earth (inhale);  
The heights of the mountains are his (exhale).  
To him belongs the sea, for he made it (inhale)  
And the dry land shaped by his hands' (exhale)(Ps 94)

*In the milking of cows and the tending of the hearth,  
In threading the loom and gathering the peat,  
The breath of prayer blessing each movement,  
A naming of Creator upon each mindful deed.*

*Not in our kingdom of busyness,  
Not in our land of lost simplicity,  
Yet the Celtic grace of looking deeply  
And the Celtic faith of believing fully  
Lives on enduringly within each of us,  
Beseeching our beholding.*

*Like the unceasing prayer of Celts,  
An ancient call to gather the ordinary,  
Savour the sacrament that lies within,  
Bless whatever life offers to us  
In the routine, the mindless, the duty,  
The cherished, the surprising, the serene.*

*Let our open gaze fall faithfully  
Over a stretch of hurried days,  
See among their swiftly moving pieces  
A story threaded with touch of Divine.*

*Celtic moment, Soul moment, Sacred moment,  
In simple task or thin veil mystery,  
Whatever our days bring we can bless,  
Whatever our loves hold we can reverence.*

*Gather all to our soul:  
The silent sparkle of untamed moments,  
The hurried haze of the endless duty,  
The silky joy of surprising experience,  
The shadowed grasp of unwanted pain.*

*Recover the lost cloak  
Of Celtic rhyme and Celtic rhythm,  
Put on the rich garment  
Of intentional communion,  
Embrace the commonness of life  
Woven on the endless loom of the Holy.*

(A Celtic moment by Joyce Rupp)

