

Prayer for the Hearthkeepers

Brigid of the Mantle, encompass us,
Lady of the Lambs, protect us,
Keeper of the Hearth, kindle us,
Beneath your mantle, gather us
And restore us to memory

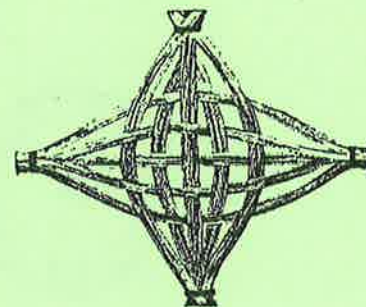
Mothers of our mother
Fore mothers strong,
Guide our hands in yours,
Remind us how to kindle the hearth.

To keep it bright,
To preserve the flame,
Your hands upon ours,

Our hands within yours,
To kindle the light,
Both day and night.

The mantle of Brigid about us,
The memory of Brigid within us,
The protection of Brigid keeping us
From harm, from ignorance,
from heartlessness,
this day and night,
From dawn till dark,
From dark till dawn.

Caitlin Matthews



**We bless these crosses and
ask that they may
remind us of the hospitality
of Brigid and inspire us to
many generous responses.**



BRIGID'S LAIRGESSE

*I saw a stranger yestreen;
I put food in the eating place,
drink in the drinking place,
and in the name of the Triune
he blessed myself and my house, my cattle and my
dear ones, and the lark said in her song
often, often, often,
goes the Christ in the stranger's guise.*



Once Brigid visited the household of a chief to obtain the release of a captive. She noticed harps hanging on the wall.

Brigid said: "What beautiful harps these are. Who in your household plays on them?"

The chieftain answered: "No-one in my household is able to play the harp."

Brigid replied: "These silent harps are filled with endless wonderful possibilities. They have been silent for too long."

Brigid blessed the hands of the members of the household and

Brigid's blessing empowered and unleashed the hidden skill, life and beauty that lay dormant and enabled the members of the Chief's household to fill the air with the sweetest music.

Gabhaim molta Bride
Ionmhain i le hEirinn
Ionmhain la gach tir i
Molaimis go leir i.

Lochrann geal na Laighneach
A soiltiu feadh na tire
Ceann ar oghzibh Eireann
Ceann na mban ar mine

Tig an geimhreadh dian dubh
A gearradh lena gheire
Ach ar La le Bride
Gar duinn earrach Eireann.

*I praise Bridget
Beloved of Ireland
Beloved of all lands
Let us all praise her.*

*The bright torch of Leinster
Shining throughout the land
The pride of all Irish women
The pride of women for gentleness.*

*The hard dark winter comes
Cutting with its seventy
But on St. Bridget's day
The Irish spring is nearby.*

Let us pray

**To steward our school as
a community and as part of
a larger community, both
now and into the
future, we pray ...**

