

## Daily Meditation 03/17/2023

### St. Patrick's Day 2023: Honoring the Celtic Tradition of Sacred Creation

Good morning. Happy St. Patrick's Day to you.

And our meditation is on that today and I'm going to share with you some poems. Some of them very ancient, back to the sixth century, the time of St. Columba on the island of Iona of Scotland. These are gathered in *Sacred Earth, Sacred Soul*, a book by John Philip Newell. He begins in chapter number four, saying, "In the Celtic world, it is poetry that has most powerfully expressed the wisdom of the human soul over the centuries."

I just want to share with you some of these prayers, some of these poems.

*Grace of the love of the skies be thine.  
Grace of the love of the stars be thine.  
Grace of the love of the moon be thine.  
Grace of the love of the sun be thine.*

Sky, stars, moon, sun. So no one can say that the Celtic consciousness was acosmic. It was very cosmic. Father Sky, Mother Earth, coming together. And of course their cosmology was that of earth, air, fire, water, as it was of so many ancient peoples over the eons.

Here's a prayer:

*God to enfold me, God to surround me,  
God in my speaking, God in my thinking,  
God in my sleeping, God in my waking,  
God in my watching, God in my hoping,  
God in my life, God in my lips,  
God in my hands, God in my heart.*

So the enfolding and surrounding is of course panentheistic, and the actions of our life - speaking, thinking, sleeping, waking, watching, hoping -- divinity is there, in our life, in our lips and our hands and our hearts. Bodily recognizing the sacred in things people do, and in our bodies, and all their perfection of usefulness.

Here's an ancient song, recited, we are told, especially by women.

*When I see the new moon,  
it becomes me to lift mine eye.  
It becomes me to bend my knee,  
It becomes me to bow my head.*

The new moon elicits reverence, respect, in the eye, the bended knee, the bowed head.

*The eye of the great God,  
The eye of the God of glory,  
Pouring upon us each time and season,  
Pouring upon us gently and generous.  
Glory to thee, glorious sun.  
Glory to thee, thou sun, face of the God of life.*

They see the sun as a sacred object, and indeed the face of the God of life.

So this is talk about the Cosmic Christ, the radiance beaming from creation. And here is a Christmas carol that tells us that the Earth glowed the Christ child at his birth: again, the Cosmic Christ, of the earth glowing as well as the baby.

*This night is the long night.  
It will snow and it will drift.  
White snow there will be till day.  
White snow there will be till morn.  
This night is the eve of the Great Nativity,  
This night is born to us Mary's son....  
This night is born to us the root of our joy.  
This night gleamed the sun of the mountains high.  
This night gleamed sea and shore together,...  
Ere was heard that his foot had reached the earth,  
Heard was the song of the angels glorious,  
This night is the long night.  
Glowed to him wood and tree,  
Glowed to him mount and sea,  
Glowed to him land and plain,  
When that his foot was come to earth.*

A lot of glowing, a lot of radiance, a lot of doxa and glory being celebrated on this occasion of Christmas, according to this ancient poem from the Celts.

Thank you. We'll see you tomorrow.