



ST BRIDGET'S CROSS

IT IS THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY THE FIRST DAY OF OLD SPRING. IT IS STILL COLD BUT THE LIGHT IS CHANGING. THE SUN IS GROWING. FOR TWELVE MONTHS GOOD LUCK. I HANG ST BRIDGET'S CROSS ON MY DOOR. THERE ARE CONNECTIONS BETWEEN ST BRIDGET THE SUN AND ITS EARTHLY COUNTERPART FIRE. ST BRIDGET'S CROSS IS SUNLIKE WITH ITS WOVEN CENTER AND EXTENDING RAYS. SHE WAS BORN AT SUNRISE. WHEN SHE TOOK THE VEIL A PILLAR OF FIRE ROSE FROM HER HEAD. A SACRED FLAME BURNED CONTINUOUSLY AT HER ALTAR. ST BRIDGET OWED MUCH TO HER FORERUNNER THE CELTIC GODDESS BRIGID. SHE IS THE ONE WHO FASCINATES ME. BRIGID LIVED LONG AS A GODDESS AND IS SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS A TRINITY OF SISTERS. SHE WAS IN HER EARLIEST FORM A FERTILITY GODDESS THEN A FIRE GODDESS AND AS SUCH ASSOCIATED WITH THE HEARTH AND HOME. SHE WAS ALSO THE CELTIC VERSION OF ATHENA GODDESS OF WISDOM AND LEARNING POETRY CRAFTSMANSHIP AND HEALING. IN THIS TIME OF THE GROWING SUN AS THE LONGER DAYS RENEW MY ENERGY I LOOK TO BRIGID AS AN EXAMPLE AN INSPIRATION ONE WHO MERGED HEARTH AND HOME WITH POETRY AND LEARNING. I ASK BRIGID TO BRING ME LUCK.