

AN ANAM CHARA'S PRAYER

Part of the discipline of the Anam Chara means rising each day at 3.00 a.m. to do certain practices and also to pray for all the souls s/he serves, both in this world and in the next...

Then to take that intention back into sleep, where the boundaries between the worlds are soft and open...



Brigid's day, February 2010

Dearest Beloved, Whose face is everywhere... Dearest Rúnda...core of my being and pulse of All...

This is the fifty-second crossing Brigid has made over my threshold...

Twenty years ago, in this season of snows, I was an expert on my Spiritual Path – as we all are at some stage. Like thousands before me centuries before, I had stumbled, just a summer or so earlier, out of a Druid world of Gods and Magic into a Céile Dé Termonn. You had recently lead me by the winding way to this holy, newer-yet-older and deeper door. You led me there not to escape the Old Ones... No... never that.... Why would I have wanted to forsake those Beings of impossible beauty? Rather, I was led there by them; for You... Most of all, I was led by my dear sister Brigid – the Holy Spirit... and her twin – Love, the Chosen One, The Life. As always, they knew better than I what I needed and what the Soul of the World cries for across the wasteland kingdom of the demi-god of the passing age.

I knew You so well then, Rúnda... and by Your merciful grace, I know so much less now. A decade before Céile Dé found me, believing I truly knew what I was doing, I had offered You my life, my Pagan Harp and all of the songs it birthed through my midwife hands. Later... only twenty years ago (it feels like yesterday)... as I died to the old life and walked the final nine steps towards Neart, I knew my harp too, one day, must be taken.

Only six summers ago (it feels like six-hundred) I stood on one of those sentient shores of Iona, the great silver-white Soul of Alba ... and died yet again in Your Name. One of us had to go from the world – either ‘the little-me I was then’, or the Tradition. My Anam Chara didn’t let go of my hand.. not yet... but he softened his grip tenderly, achingly; he blessed me – and pushed me blindly forward into the great wide world that, as yet, knew nothing of the Treasures of our Path.

Had I known everything that would happen from that day to now, dearest Rúnda - Mo Chríod of my soul, would I, with my hermit’s heart, have dared to accept your invitation to walk, brazen, ignorant and blindly faithful as I did – in a bán tlacht, chanting, hands outstretched into those many strange lands and strangers’ lives? Some whose hearts were as open as the sky... others whose pain and fear blinded them to the ocean of differences between the smooth-tongued soul-trader and the stumbling fool – the Love-drunk Deóradh Dé...

Had I known everything that would have happened from that day to now, dearest Rúnda, would I have dared to accept Your invitation? Would I have still have been such a fool?

Yes... *A hundred and fifty times* yes... My own dearest Love; my truest life; mysterious husband and mother/father of my soul.

Beloved One... Help me always to live fully and die repeatedly and well... Help me always to remember, for those who come now to the Termonn Door, what it feels like to come for the first time... Help me always to remember, for the sake of those who have walked away a hundred times, that it takes them time in this strange age of Marketplaces filled with Messiahs to gather another deep breath before plunging again into daring to Trust; to stop being afraid, hurt by and suspicious of every sound that is uttered and every move that is made in the name of God. That it takes them time to feel safe and free of self enough to let the Sionn sing out their wisdom from the depth of their own marrow – and that, until the magic of knowing no-thing has drowned them to themselves, they will still feel a lost, angry or fearful stranger to it all – as I did that time long ago when, God Love me, I knew it all – and when the language of my land, my ancestors, my soul and Mo Chríod was still a sleeping seed in the February of my being, awaiting the touch of the Eternal to quicken it into Green Life, as is my right – and theirs.

Thank you, *Mo Cuisle*, this snow-white day and all days, for allowing the world to listen to the beauties of the Way of The Life. Thank you for all the souls who have come – and still come – to sit in the sacred circle, that was so small just six Imbolcs ago. I see all their faces clearly in my heart’s eye: thank you for them all. Behind and

around them, I see the faces of the Sionn – some of whom I knew in life, encouraging us always to rest in peace with our no-thingness, so that our circle can grow fearlessly; so we may all un-learn and melt together in joy.

Give me the courage to become No-thing in Your Name –
Thoir dhomh a' mhisneachd a dh'fhàs 'nam nì suarach 'Nad Ainm...

Do chèile... gu suthain siorraidh
Mar a Tha...

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