

Celtic Wisdom and Prayers

Look at the animals roaming the forest: God's spirit dwells within them. Look at the birds flying across the sky: God's spirit dwells within them. Look at the tiny insects crawling in the grass: God's spirit dwells within them. . . . Look too at the great trees of the forest; look at the wild flowers and the grass in the fields; look even at your crops. God's spirit is present within all plants as well. The presence of God's spirit in all living things is what makes them beautiful; and if we look with God's eyes, nothing on the earth is ugly.

--The Letters of Pelagius: Celtic Soul Friend, ed. Robert Van de Weyer (Arthur James: 1995), 36.

The Journey Blessing

*God be with thee in every pass,
Jesus be with thee on every hill,
Spirit be with thee on every stream, headland and ridge and lawn;
Each sea and land, each moor and meadow,
Each lying down, each rising up,
In the trough of the waves, on the crest of the billows,
Each step of the journey thou go-est.*

-- Mary MacDonald in *The Celtic Way of Prayer* by Esther de Waal

A Friendship Blessing

*May you learn to be a good friend to yourself.
May you be able to journey to that place in your soul where
there is great love, warmth, feeling, and forgiveness.
May this change you.*

*May it transfigure that which is negative, distant, or cold in you.
May you be brought in to the real passion, kinship, and affinity of belonging.*

*May you treasure your friends.
May you be good to them
and may you be there for them;
may they bring you all the blessings, challenges, truth, and light
that you need for your journey.*

*May you never be isolated.
May you always be in the gentle nest of belonging with your anam cara.*

-- by John O'Donohue in *To Bless the Space Between Us*

Benediction

*The stillness of God be mine this night, that I may sleep in peace.
The awareness of the angels be mine this night, that I may be alert to unseen mysteries.
The company of the saints be mine this night, that I may dream of the river of love.
The life of Christ be mine this night, that I may be truly alive to the morning, that I may be truly alive.*

-- J. Philip Newell, Celtic Benediction