

Fire **Patty**

I am she who is the fire, the spark of live, love inspiration, and all things good. I am the spark of hope that lights the candle in the deepest of depressions. The hearth fire that keeps you warm, healthy. I am the fire that feeds your soul, which fills you with faith. I am the flame of inspiration that can turn into the roaring fire also known as insanity. I can leave you barren, nothing but a smoldering pile of ash that can be used to fertilize soil and keep plants warm. I am the oldest, the one you come to when you are in the dark and need a little light. I am Brigid!

Forge **Nora**

I am the tender of the Forge. I find pleasure in transformation, beauty, and usefulness; in the shaping of them and the sharing of them. For joy and for need, I bring my hammer down upon iron. I stoke the coals whose heat makes metal bend and flow. But I don't love swords and ploughshares only! I also craft the filigree that graces a fine brooch, and raise the beasts that dance across a cauldron of gold: small slow work, and delicate. I hold the horse's leg to me and sooth him against the iron and the hot wound that wards him from worse. My touch is on hard metals and soft, forceful or gentle as suits the task. I shape the tools of life that bind you to one another, and the tools of war that separate mothers from children. I call you to see fine and useful things in rock that some call rough and ugly, and I teach you to call them forth. I am Brigid.

Tuatha **Malcolm**

I am Tuatha(too-ha), Tuatha (Too-a-tha), tribe, family.
Daughter of Boann, Mother of Ruadhan, Wife of Bres
Sister of Mider, Granddaughter of Cron, Daughter of Finlach
Granddaughter of Balor, Sister of Oengus MacOc, Daughter of Dugall
Sister to Dagda, Daughter of Bel, Mother of Iuchar

Warrior **Tricia**

I am the warrior. I am the peace bringer. I stand strong and demand the same from you. Battles are fought externally and internally. I have your back, even while sparring with you. I am that hidden reserve you tap when you feel the deck is stacked against you. Tap my strength and stand tall.
I am Brigid

Nature **Ed**

I am the beginning of Spring,
moving deep, unseen in the darkness.
Now my sheep are heavy with kid,
my seeds sprouting, hidden in the mud.
I lay down my white mantle of snow
to bring you the promise of new growth,
new birth, new generation.
I promise you warm nights and brighter days.
I am Brigid.

Sidhe **Malcolm**

I am sidhe
When my family fell,
I walked the paths of the dead
The realms of the fae
Bringing the Tuatha to join the sidhe under the hill
You wrap me in ballads, stories, comforting songs, to pretend you understand.
I am none of this.
I am blood heat, bone deep, passion, silence.
I am the funeral pyre, the piercing scream, hot tears, dark nights.
I am warmth in the darkness
Laughter at the wake
Secrets in sunlight
I am the heat of a lover's touch
I am things you will never have words for
Here, in the spaces in between,
I am Bridgid.

Lover **Tricia**

I am the lover. I am the one who wipes your mind clean when she says hi - leaving you to stutter.
I am in the bedroom, behind every moan. I am the soft caress, the hand slap and the whimpers
they invoke. I am the quickie before work, and the lazy Saturday afternoon spent in bed. I am in
the comfort of curling up together to finally fall asleep. I take your heart and don't give it back.
I am Bridgid.

Healer **Patty**

I am the healer, I soothe the pain and pull back your hair, holding you tight, when it is at its
unbearable. I am the wet towel that cools the fever, I am the blanket that soothes the chill. When
the healing takes hold I remove the band-aid sometimes swiftly, sometimes gently.
I am there when you are ill and hurting.
I am a healer,
I am Bridgid

Teacher **Ed**

I am a teacher.
I lead you gently by the hand as you begin to walk your path.
Later, you may decide to walk on other paths, you may decide to run
free, you may decide to fly,
you may even decide to leave me behind,
but I am your first gentle guide.
I am a teacher.
I am Bridgid.

Cook **Nora**

I am the mistress of the hearth-fire and the cook-pot. Under my hands, upon my fires, every saucepan is a cauldron of transformation. From the simplest food that means life to a hungry soul, to the art of fine feast-dishes, I gift you with this first alchemy: how to take a sheaf of grain, a crushed rock of carbon salt and a pitcher of sour milk, and make from them the whole and different substance of bread. A meal is the first face of hospitality, and the second face of love.

Three fires I give you to make it so:

first, the fire of mind – inspiration and judgment.

Second, the fire of hands – work and perseverance. Sweat.

Third, the fire of nature – flames to simmer, bake and roast.

With these fires, I sustain you and show you the secret of transformation.

I am Brigid.

Crafter **Tricia**

I am the crafter, the creative. Mother to daughter; father to son, I am there. I am in the sewing lessons from your great aunt. I am there when your Dad helps you build your tree house. I am in your newly knitted hat and the heirloom table handed down from generations ago.

I am Brigid

Saint **Patty**

I am Saint Brigit, some also know me as Mary of the Gales. I am Brigid of Kildare, the patroness of Ireland. Some even call me the midwife to Christ, yet I was born hundreds of years after his death. My memory is invoked when every Brigid's cross is made. I am known for many miracles, known for my generosity, and common sense. I give bread and butter to all who come to my door, even as my father threatens to throw me out. I am an ordained bishop though they won't always tell you that part of the tale.

I am Brigit

Midwife **Nora**

Muse **Ed**

I am the bright muse.

I strike the spark that kindles poetry, story, images, and song.

I hold the fire of creative passion, always burning, never consumed.

I give that fire to you.

I am Brigid.

Well **Malcolm**

I am Keeper of the Sacred Well, where humans delve from the land above to the land below in search of life, sustenance and wisdom.

I am the answer from the depths and the cool wet cloth on a fevered brow.

I listen to the echos of whispered wishes and from smooth shimmering surface, reflect back yourselves.

I am Brigid