

## Reflection Thursday Week 4 – 2921

Mountains have a certain splendour. They majestically watch over all that lies around them. A mountain is a pivotal point that keeps one focused. It is solid and unmoving, offering a sense of permanence, security and protection. It will not be moved. It provides a reassurance and even comfort. It has an imposing and awe-filled presence and yet instils a sense of peace and that all matter of things will be well.

It is no wonder then that God, in the Old Testament, wanted to encounter his people on a mountain and that Jesus went up the mountain to pray. The mountain provided a visual image of God's majesty and power and filled people with wonder and awe, and deep respect. It reassured them of God's continual presence.

For Celtic Christians, God has never been a far-off deity, removed from the world or human affairs. On the contrary, God is all around them – in the landscape of sea and mountain, bog and forest, in the rising and setting of the sun, in the comings and goings of the days and seasons, in the rising and sitting, moving and working of the people. Everything is sacred.

Celtic spirituality is alive with this sense of the presence of God. The boundary between the sacred and the earthly is paper thin, if it is there at all. The ordinary and mundane in life is as filled with the presence of God as the awe-inspiring and majestic.

Celtic spirituality celebrates the little things in life and marks them with prayers and rituals. Getting up, washing, dressing, lighting the fire, going out to sow the seed – all these and many more carried out in the presence and for the glory of God and in partnership with Him. Life is not just lived, it is prayed. **St Patrick's prayer:**

*I arise today, through the strength of heaven:*

*Light of the sun, radiance of the moon.*

*Splendour of fire, speed of lightning,*

*Swiftness of wind, depth of sea,*

*Stability of earth and firmness of rock.*

*I arise today, through God's strength to pilot me:*

*God's might to uphold me, God's wisdom to guide me,*

*God's eye to look before me, God's ear to hear me,*

*God's word to speak for me, God's hand to guard me,*

*God's way to lie before me, God's shield to protect me.*

*From the snares of devils, from temptation of vices,*

*from everyone who shall wish me ill,*

*afar and near, alone and in a multitude.*

**Thor the god of thunder rode up a tall, tall mountain on his horse.**

At the top he cried: "I'm Thor!"

The horse replied: "That's because you forgot your thaddle thilly."