



## Venice Becomes Brigit

Venice Beach is a whimsically, artistically, and uniquely odd composite of diverse folks, wondrous things, and creative contrasts. Some of the quaint spirits who live here contribute especially to Venice's delightful strangeness, and so it is with newcomer Brigit, the brilliant fairies from Ireland.

Brigit is as comely a lass as ever lived in, loved, or lored the Emerald Isle. She has hair of gold, or copper, or bronze, depending on the light, and her smile is like sunshine on a Spring day. There are those who swear that flowers grow where she walks.

Oddly for one of such beauty, Brigit can create Magic over a stove and make even the most rowdy household warm and tranquil and serene. She was a perfect mother to her son Ruadan, and is good with babies and kids and sometimes even teens, and many a young or troubled or haggard mom has come to Brigit for help and gotten it. In an era when natural birth is regaining popularity, Brigit teaches the art of midwifery.

Brigit is brilliant too. Learned, wise, and artistic folks just seem drawn to her. Many a fine poet has been inspired by Brigit.

Brigit is a fairy, of course, one of the Good Neighbors of Éire, or Mound People, or 'aes Sídhe.' If you think it odd that we write of her as if she were any of the mortal spirits that inspire Venice, then remember that this is a druid newspaper and to us the people of Fairy are as real as any of the other folk reported in this wee whisp of a journal.

Actually there are 3 Brigit's, but as they are sisters, all with the same name, most folks usually just think of the 3 as 1.

Brigit was born on a February 1st, at the break of Dawn, and rose straight up into the Sky to receive

her beauty and fire and brilliance from the fairy Bel, the Sun. Her father is the Daghdha, the Allfather of Irish druidic mythology.

Brigit's son died in war, so she is the druids' goddess of Peace.

Irish fairy folk can be in more than one place at a time, so Brigit has not left Ireland; she has just invaded Venice. (For some reason both Irish mythology and regular history always seems to be told in terms of invasions.)

The 1st week of February is the druidic pagan holiday of Imbolc, which celebrates Brigit. February 2nd is the Roman Catholic holy day for their Saint Brigit, likely a cousin of some sort, but still a mighty fine lass.

Irish fairies are not 'patrons' of a place, like the Greek goddess Pallas Athena and their city of Athens, but actually become the place. Brigit becomes Venice. Little will change because of this. Perhaps there will be a few more really nice days, but that would be hard to notice here in California. Maybe there will be a few more smiles along Ocean Front Walk. And hopefully some of the surviving canals will be cleaned up a bit, as Brigit does love her water ways.

## Weather

This is California. It is the beach. Just because it is winter does not mean that the weather is not nice. Go surfing or skating or write a poem.

**\* No human sacrifices!**