THE LEGEND OF SAINT KIERAN



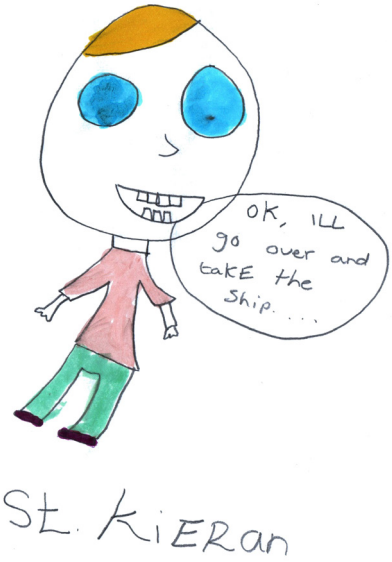
By The Pupils Of Saint Kieran's School

THE LEGEND OF SAINT KIERAN

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With a little help from the Yarn Festival Storyteller In Residence, Paul Timoney.



An Outrageously Large Bell Clang of thanks to...

Caroline, Maggie, Alice, Helena, Aoife from Mermaid Arts Centre,
Eileen, Cathy, Our Families, Friends & Loved Ones, Saint Kieran himself,
and everyone who reads and enjoys this book.

My Great Grandmother told me this story and her Great Great Grandmother told her, so I know the story started a long, long, long time ago...

Once upon a time there was a holy man called Saint Kieran. He lived in a kingdom far far away. I think it was Wales.

Saint Kieran had a holy crown and he always had it on his head. Anyone who touched his crown would get a cure for anything that was wrong with them. This made Saint Kieran really famous and he never got a minute`s peace. People were always looking for a selfie with him, and in those days you had to draw the selfie, so it took up a lot of his time.



One day Saint Patrick came on a visit. He had been in Ireland getting rid of the snakes and a venomous one had bitten him. He was badly poisoned and was feeling very depressed.

He came to Saint Kieran to be cured. Saint Kieran knew that St Patrick was in a bad way, so he said, 'Saint Patrick, you take the crown, I don't need it anyway.'

'Are you serious?' asked Saint Patrick.
He couldn't believe his luck.

As soon as
Saint Patrick put the crown on, he said,

'OOOOoooOOOOOOOOO!'

and was completely cured.


Cheery
Peace



Saint Patrick wanted to return the favour so he gave Saint Kieran a guitar with no strings.

Saint Kieran laughed. 'This guitar is no good to me with no strings!' he said.

Saint Patrick answered - 'If you go to Ireland, this guitar will help you to build a church. It will play music when you are in the right place.'

Saint Kieran thought that the snake venom must have been making Saint Patrick crazy, but he was a nice man and he didn`t want to hurt Saint Patrick`s feelings, so he took the guitar, and off he went to Ireland.



It was a stormy voyage and Saint Kieran nearly lost the guitar a few times when the waves crashed over his boat. One wave was so big it knocked his glasses off and he couldn't see a thing, but after three days he reached Ireland.

The guitar still didn't make a sound and Saint Kieran was feeling a bit foolish. Then he came up with another plan. He saw a farmer who had a bit of land for sale. He asked the man would he swap the land for the guitar.

'That guitar is no good to anyone,' said the farmer, 'that wouldn't be much of a deal.'

'This guitar is an antique,' explained Saint Kieran. 'You could make a lot of money on it. Saint Patrick gave it to me and he even signed his name on the back.'

The farmer was delighted and shook hands on the deal. Straight away, music started to come from the guitar.


Land
for
Sale
pig
slop



Saint Kieran built his church. It was a huge outrageously big church with a tall round tower. Saint Kieran was very happy with himself and became great friends with everyone in the area.

Every day a beautiful little robin used to come and sing in the window of the church. Saint Kieran loved the little bird.



One wild windy morning the robin was nowhere to be seen. Saint Kieran went outside to look for him. Just at that minute he heard a screech and looked to see a kite attacking the robin. He was trying to tear him with his sharp beak and long talons. The robin was crouching down hiding in the branches. Even though Saint Kieran was a fairly old man he climbed up the tree like a man in his twenties.

Saint Kieran shook his fist at the hungry predator and shouted - 'GET OUT OF HERE!'

The kite changed his mind about his meal and flew off into the clouds.





The poor little robin was badly injured and Saint Kieran took him home to look after him.

Little by little the robin got stronger and one day he hopped out the window and was gone.

Saint Kieran didn't see the robin for a few weeks and every day he wondered what had become of him.

Then one night some fierce hairy Vikings jumped into a ship and made their way to Ireland. It definitely wasn't going to be a friendly visit. They were coming to steal and burn and destroy.

Saint Kieran was asleep when they landed and things would have been disastrous but for one thing. The little robin was keeping an eye on things when he spotted The Vikings trying to sneak their boats into the harbour.

He flew to St Kieran's bedroom window and tapped as hard as he could with his little beak.



Saint Kieran didn't mind being woken up because he was overjoyed to see his little friend.

He didn't stay happy for long though. He looked out the window and he saw the light from The Vikings' torches snaking up through the fields. He grabbed the church bell and rang it with all his might.

The guitar with no strings started playing in the village. The noise woke everyone up. They quickly gathered all they could and made for the round tower. Saint Kieran managed to get them all in... just in the nick of time.





The hairy scary Vikings were furious. They were hopping with rage. They were roaring like bulls but there was nothing they could do and they had to leave empty handed.

Saint Kieran was the hero but he was exhausted. Luckily The Vikings couldn't be bothered coming back because they were so annoyed. Saint Kieran got a great night's sleep the next night. I think he lived happily ever after, after that.



- THE END -

In the foyer of **St. Kieran's School** for Children From The Travelling Community there is a little sign that reads -

STORYTELLING HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN IMPORTANT PART OF OUR LIVES.

This natural skill and talent became clearly evident when Storyteller In Residence, Paul Timoney, asked the children of fifth and sixth class to create a story... the magnificent results of which are this book, which forms part of **YARN Storytelling Festival 2021**.

Mermaid County Wicklow Arts Centre is delighted to have had the opportunity to work with St. Kieran's School on this project, kindly supported by **The Arts Council**.

The **Storyteller In Residence Project** ran over six weeks in Autumn 2021 with artist/storyteller **Paul Timoney**. When Paul was introduced to the group, he was immediately struck by the pupils' curiosity, friendliness, charm and natural charisma... which according to the children was - *'us just being nosy.'* Paul looked forward to meeting and working with the pupils each week. They could always be relied upon to work hard, be open to trying new things, to listen, encourage one another, and have a tremendous laugh whilst doing so.

The project would not have been possible without the help and support of the amazing staff. Particular thanks goes to School Principal and Class Teacher, **Caroline Kennedy**, along with her Classroom Assistants, **Maggie Moorehouse** and **Alice Mc Donald**. They each work directly with the pupils everyday, and have developed a classroom environment that is industrious, creative, caring and fun.

For further information about this project, please feel free to contact Paul Timoney at **storiesandpoems123@gmail.com**.

So much is known about the likes of Saint Patrick, Saint Brigid, Saint Francis, Saint Anthony and Saint Mary... and their stories are loved all over the world. But what about poor Saint Kieran? What manner of miracle does a Saint have to perform to get a book made about him???

Thanks to the hilarious, imaginative, charismatic, and generally wonderful pupils of Saint Kieran's School in Bray, Saint Kieran now has a beautifully illustrated tale of his very own. You can finally read about his Holy Healing Crown which saved many lives, including that of Saint Patrick!!

You can marvel at the miracle of the guitar with no strings, whose blessed music led Saint Kieran to the location where he would found a church, befriend a robin, and save an entire community from destruction at the horrible hands of some very scary, hairy Vikings.

Timo Corp
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