

«День Святого Патрика – традиции праздника»

I came to the mantelpiece and saw a strange envelope without any stamp. I was amazed that the address was written in English! Who could have sent it to me? I did not know... Why were the papers so old, tattered? Before I opened the letter, I decided to indulge myself in one luxury I could seldom afford nowadays with all my preparations for the coming exams – dreaming. I thought how it would be great, if it was a letter from Jonathan Swift, the famous Anglo-Irish writer, poet, political pamphleteer and of course cleric who became Dean of St Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. It could be such an opportunity for me to start communicating with one of the most outstanding man in Irish history! But... in the end I decided to get back from my dreams and I saw that the letter informed me about an extraordinary thing! I was invited to the journey around Ireland. Also this letter said that I had to go to the shop called “Old Irish Legend”. What a curious name!

Finally, I went to that place. At the shop an old Lady met me. She said that she had something for me and gave me a book. It was an ancient folio with an intricate design and a very beautiful inscription. Then I opened it... A dim light golden haze cloaked me. When I saw where I was I could hardly say anything! Rocky hills, emerald green expanse, cloudless sky... Suddenly, I saw the Lady from the shop. She explained to me that she had given me the chance to see something from my dreams, she said that I could see and listen to all what happened, but nobody could hear or see me...

... A tiny town was full of noise. People were hurry to make preparations for celebration of St. Patrick's Day. A week early children had already made crosses. And now they showed their crosses to each other and happily played. Were they really happy? Of course, yes. Why, it's common knowledge that St. Patrick's Day is a holiday for revelries and merriment, when parents give their children gifts and all people sing songs and have fun together. Meanwhile in the tiny town women cooked dinner. Before the dinner men went to the pub. There they drank one or more Patrick's Pot and then came back home for dinner. There were a lot of dishes on the table: bacon and cabbage, dried pork and corned beef, jacket potatoes and candies. After it people played on harps and bagpipes and sang songs, danced and told wonderful stories. It was astonishing to watch them fun. There was magic in the air, between the lines of the songs...

“...The story of St Patrick's Day

Began so long ago

The lyrics in this song

Will tell you

All you need to know...”

One of the legends that were told by the old woman said that Patrick used the shamrock to explain that the God, the Son and the Holy Ghost are all and one the same. Nowadays by the way the shamrock is one of the Ireland's symbols. There was another legend. It was believed that if you found four-leaf clover in St. Patrick's Day you would be successful in any business.

“Do you hear the story about leprechauns?” – suddenly said the oldest man to the children, “It is little people no bigger than a finger. Leprechauns are smart and full of tricks. They live in the woods. It is very hard to see leprechauns, because they run and hide when humans are around. But if you can catch a leprechaun he carries out any three wishes for freedom. Also he buries the pot of gold in the place on which the rainbow’s end indicates. Oh, it is an old-old legend...” And no one except me could see an old tiny man with a pot of gold coins that hid in the corner and smiled...

Unexpectedly the dark covered everything and some minutes later I found myself in the middle of overcrowded street. People around me were dressed in many shades of green. There were a lot of shamrocks everywhere: on caps, shirts, flags... This joyful holiday was celebrated happily on the seventeenth of March with colorful parades. That was really great. A big group of young people around me recited funny limericks. And it is also one of tradition of St. Patrick’s Day. I was enjoying it. Evidently everyone is Irish on March 17th ...

It was absolutely amazing time travel... I saw how people celebrated St. Patrick’s Day in different ages.

All my dreams came true! I was so happy, but so tired...

I did not remember how I fell asleep, but I woke up at home... It was really strange. I thought that all what I had seen was my usual beautiful dream. I got up and went to the mantelpiece ... There I saw a letter... “It goes beyond all understanding” – I thought. Then I opened the letter – it informed me of my trip to Ireland...