



May the road
rise up to meet ya.
May the wind
be always at yer back.
May the sun
shine warm upon yer face;
The rains
fall soft upon yer fields.
And until we meet again,
may God hold ya
in the palm of His hand.

St. Patrick was born to a wealthy, church-oriented family in Britain, near the end of the fourth century—a time when the worship of Roman gods existed alongside the Church. Before Patrick was even 16 years old, some barbaric pirates kidnapped him. They sold him as a slave in Ireland, where he would watch over sheep in hardship and loneliness. God used that time to work in Patrick's heart. Following a miraculous escape back to his home, Patrick had two visions wherein he felt God was calling him back to Ireland. He spent some years becoming a bishop, preparing to both minister to the Christians and bring the gospel to the dangerous pagans of Ireland. Some believe that, during the challenging years of his Ireland ministry, St. Patrick used shamrocks to illustrate the Trinity.

**Been thinkin' of ya
and wantin'
to wish ya
the happiest
of St. Patrick's Days!**