

ACT ONE

**Narrator:** It started small. Brigid was spinning wool in her mother's hut next to the king's big house. Her mother worked in the king's dairy and made the butter. One day a neighbor wanted to make some butter bread, so she stopped by Brigid's hut.

**Neighbor:** "Good day to you! Is your mother home?"

**Brigid:** "No, she's working with the cheese today."

**Neighbor:** "Might I borrow a cup of butter? My son is sick, and I want to make some rich bread to help him recover."

**Brigid:** "Yes! Of course."

**Narrator:** Brigid went into her hut and scooped out TWO cups of butter for the neighbor, wrapped it in a soft cloth, and sent her on her way. She knew that her mother would understand, since her mother was a Christian. Christians shared freely with everyone as a way of honoring Jesus, who gave them everything freely. Even so, she knew her mother had wanted that butter to make soft quick bread for the king's table. So, she prayed.

**Brigid:** "Father in heaven, for the sake of your Son Jesus Christ, please increase this butter so that my dear mother has enough. Lord Jesus, I know your Mother understands."

**Narrator:** She went back to spinning, and guess what? God multiplied the butter! Every time a poor person came to her house to ask for butter, God replaced it, with a little more, besides.

Besides the butter, there wasn't a lot to spare in Brigid's hut. Her mother and she worked together to weave their simple clothes and blankets, but they never kept more than they needed. Brigid's FATHER, however, was rich. He was the local chieftain, a minor king, and his storehouses were full of all sorts of extra things. As one of his children, Brigid had access to the storeroom. This fact didn't escape her when poor villagers found themselves in sudden need.

**Villager child:** My mom just had a baby, but we don't have a blanket for her.

**Brigid:** Wait right here. (*Gets a blanket from her father's cabinet, holds it out to the child*)

There you go. May the baby be warm as the baby Jesus in His swaddling clothes.

**Villager child** (*takes blanket*): Thank you! May the Holy Virgin protect you, Brigid!

**Old woman:** Have you any bread to spare? Our barn has burned down, and my hands were too injured for me to cook for the children.

**Brigid,** *finding a rich pie in the cupboard:* Here. Take this pie. It's thick and rich and will feed you for days. May Christ multiply the pie until you are healed.

**Old woman** (*takes fish pie*): Thank you, child. May the Archangel Michael defend you and Christ Himself bless you for your kindness.

**Healer:** It's pitch-dark tonight, and I have to stitch the blacksmith apprentice's broken arm. Have you a candle to spare? The reeds are not bright enough.

**Brigid,** *finding beeswax candles:* Here. Take these, and may our healing Lord Christ guide you and be Himself the cure for your patient.

**Healer,** *taking candles:* But these are beeswax! They'll burn bright for hours. Thank you, Brigid! Archangel Raphael heal you and yours, too.

**Narrator:** Meanwhile, the king decided that it was a good time for a late night supper for his rich friends. He called to his steward to get things ready.

**King:** Steward, fetch the fancy blanket to cover the table. Light the best candles, and cut large slices of the sturgeon pie for me and my guests!

**Steward:** About that, Sir. They're gone.

**King:** What do you mean, gone?

**Brigid:** Father, I gave them to the poor people of your village. They had desperate need of them. And you have a fine cloth already, and tallow lights and a hearth to see by, and hearty stew to eat.

**King:** Hearty stew?! Girl! It's for me to decide how I use what's mine. Now, out of my hall!

**Steward:** Shall I serve the stew, Sir?

**King:** Yes. We'll have stew. (*sighs*)

**Narrator:** Brigid respected her father a great deal and did her best to help him grow in prosperity and riches and in a good reputation. But she honored Christ Jesus even more. Because of that, she could not turn away the poor, whom Christ loves. Because she honored her father and mother and above all, Christ, God made her good deeds bless everyone around her, including her father. Her father's good reputation grew almost as fast as Brigid's, and his people usually had all that they needed because of her prayers and kindness.

**Girl:** My hands are cracking from washing clothes in the cold.

**Brigid:** Take this healing balm. Put it on your hands and ask God to bless you, for God is the one who said that there is a balm in Gilead.

**Girl:** Thank you!

**Man:** My cloak was caught in a thicket and torn to shreds. I must go across the moors on the king's business, but I've no way to keep warm.

**Brigid:** Here. Take this fine, warm cloak. It will protect you, as God's Holy Mother holds her cloak over us all.

**Narrator:** A few days later...

**King:** Steward, bring me my cloak and some of that salve that the healer gave us for the loan of those candles. I would like to give them to the daughter of my friend to woo her to my court.

**Steward:** Bad news, Sir. Those particular items have already been given.

**King:** Brigid?

**Steward:** Yes.

**King:** That's it. I'm going to take her to King Eddie and see if he'll buy her as a servant for his household. Let her give away HIS treasures.

**Narrator:** A few days later

**King Eddie:** You want ME to BUY Brigid? Are you thinking clearly? She's wise and kind, and everyone loves her. Have you considered granting her freedom instead.

**Brigid's Dad:** Humph.

**King Eddie:** What have you to lose? She'll go forth and do good works in the world. That will make you look good, and she won't have access to your storehouses anymore.

**Brigid's Dad:** You have a good point. Right. Let me just get my sword, and we'll swear on it. You can be witness to my granting her freedom.

**King Eddie:** Sounds good. Where is she, anyhow?

**Brigid's Dad:** With the wagon.

**Narrator:** They walked to the wagon. There was Brigid, standing straight and tall next to the horses, singing them a quiet song. But the king's sword was nowhere to be found.

**Brigid's Dad:** Brigid, have you seen my fancy sword with the jewels?

**Brigid:** Yes, indeed, father.

**Brigid's Dad:** And where is it now?

**Brigid:** There was a troupe of villagers out begging for food, for a blight of birds ate their entire crop when they were blown into the harvest floor during a storm. As I had no food to offer, I gave them what was to hand.

**Brigid's Dad:** You gave my sword to a bunch of starving people?

**Brigid:** Yes.

**Brigid's Dad, to King Eddie:** Might I borrow your sword a moment?

**King Eddie** (*hands sword over*): Of course.

**Brigid's Dad** (*lays the flat of the sword on Brigid's shoulder*): Brigid, I free you to live as a freewoman. You are free to follow your God Christ, and may He be the one whose storehouses you give away from now on!

**Narrator:** And that's exactly what happened, for God the Father opened His storehouses to Brigid's prayers. So let us all ask St. Brigid to pray for us!