

“Then the word of the Lord came to me: ‘Take the belt you bought and are wearing around your waist, and go and hide it in a crevice..’”(Jer 13:4)

### **Moylough Belt Shrine, the Bog ‘Chosen’ Keeper**

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(Dedicated to my father, for instilling a love of the bog, his mantra ‘laborare est orare’ to work is to pray)

The ‘tae’ coloured golden amber waters, know my secrets and my treasures

Water, like me can’t be contained in a closed fist

Heathery purple, yellow gorse and chocolate buttered earth are but my outward expression, my veil and mask

I am a keeper of treasures

Sacred secrets, ancient wisdom, the unknowable

Revelation? Initiation, baptism, labour of love, inexorable cycle

Most turn back, resentful of my stoicism

This test; the ultimate separation of the half hearted seeker and the knower

Why is it so?

Because it is the why

The answer the destination and the journey

I am the ether, the ethereal and the sacred host

To seek, to find and lose again

It is the nature of things

Awareness, fragments of insight

Lightness trapped in darkness

Transfiguration and transformation, ultimately growth

Secrets hidden in my unsuspecting and innocent present

They chose me for my unsuspecting nature, hidden in plain view

Like the glory of God and love, a mystery, present and yet unseen

The Moylough Shrine, treasured sacred relic

I enfolded her gently for many centuries until I found the seeker

He had worked me, gently laboured, spoken his secrets, cursed me and cursed himself but  
loved me none the less

I chose him, (John Towey) he and I made *for* and *of* each other

Who am I without him and who is he without me?

We give each other expression, identity.

Now I have immortalized him through the Moylough Belt Shrine

The smile and joy in his soul reverberated in me

His pleasure my awakened senses, we smile on each other

Forever bound by the silver gossamer web of belonging

He my disciple, I his sacrament.