

## PRAYER OF SPIRITUAL PROTECTION

# THE BREASTPLATE OF ST. PATRICK

I arise today,  
Through a mighty strength,  
the invocation of the Trinity,  
Through belief in the threeness.  
Through confession of the Oneness  
Towards the creator.

I arise today,  
Through the strength of Christ with his baptism,  
Through the strength of his crucifixion with his burial,  
Through the strength of his resurrection  
with his ascension,  
Through the strength of his decent  
for the Judgement of doom.

I arise today,  
Through the strength of the love of Cherubim,  
In obedience to the Angels,  
In the service of the Archangels,  
In hope of resurrection to meet with reward,  
In prayers of patriarchs, In predictions of prophets,  
In preaching of Apostles,  
In faiths of confessors,  
In innocence of Holy Virgins,  
In deeds of righteous men.

I arise today,  
Through the strength of heaven:  
Light of sun Brilliance of moon,  
Splendor of fire,  
Speed of lightning,  
Swiftness of wind,  
Depth of sea,  
Stability of earth,  
Firmness of rock.

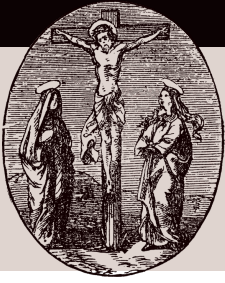
I arise today,  
Through God's strength to pilot me:  
God's might to uphold me,  
God's wisdom to guide me,  
God's eye to look before me,  
God's ear to hear me,  
God's word to speak for me,  
God's hand to guard me,  
God's way to lie before me,  
God's host to secure me,  
against snares of devils,  
against temptations of vices,  
against inclinations of nature,

against everyone who shall wish me ill,  
afar and anear,  
alone and in a crowd.

I summon today all these powers,  
between me and these evils:  
Against every cruel and merciless power,  
that may oppose my body and my soul,  
Against incantations of false prophets,  
Against black laws of heathenry,  
Against false laws of heretics,  
Against craft of idolatry,  
Against spells of women and smiths and wizards,  
Against every knowledge that endangers  
man's body and soul.  
Christ to protect me today against poison,  
against burning,  
against drowning,  
against wounding,  
so that there may come abundance of reward.

**Christ with me,  
Christ before me,  
Christ behind me,  
Christ in me,  
Christ beneath me,  
Christ above me,  
Christ on my right,  
Christ on my left Christ where I lie,  
Christ where I sit,  
Christ where I arise,  
Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,  
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks of me,  
Christ in every eye that sees me,  
Christ in every ear that hears me.**

I arise today,  
Through a mighty strength,  
the invocation of the Trinity,  
Through belief in the Thrones,  
Through confession of the Oneness  
Towards the Creator.  
Salvation is of the Lord.  
Salvation is of the Lord.  
Salvation is of Christ.  
May thy salvation, O Lord,  
be ever with us.  
Amen.



## LETTER FROM ST. PATRICK, BISHOP OF IRELAND TO THE SOLDIERS OF COROTICUS

I am not forcing myself in where I have no right to act. I have a part with those whom God called and destined to preach the gospel, even in persecutions which are no small matter, to the very ends of the earth. This is despite the malice of the Enemy through the tyranny of Coroticus, who respects neither God, nor his priests whom God chose and granted the divine and sublime power that whatever they would bind upon earth would be bound also in the heavens.

Therefore I ask most of all that all the holy and humble of heart should not fawn on such people, nor even share food or drink with them, nor accept their alms, until such time as they make satisfaction to God in severe penance and shedding of tears, and until they set free the men-servants of God and the baptized women servants of Christ, for whom he died and was crucified.

The Most High does not accept the gifts of evildoers. The one who offers a sacrifice taken from what belongs to the poor is like one who sacrifices a child in the very sight of the child's father. Riches, says Scripture, which a person gathers unjustly, will be vomited out of that person's stomach. The angel of death will drag such a one away, to be crushed by the anger of dragons. Such a one will the tongue of a serpent slay, and the fire which cannot be extinguished will consume. And Scripture also says: 'Woe to those who fill themselves with what does not belong to them'. And: 'What does it profit a person to gain the whole world and yet suffer the loss of his or her soul?'

It would take a long time to discuss or refer one by one, and to gather from the whole law all that is stated about such greed. Avarice is a deadly crime.

Do not covet your neighbor's goods. Do not kill. The murderer can have no part with Christ. Whoever hates a brother is guilty of homicide. Also: Whoever does not love a brother remains in death. How much more guilty is the one who stained his hands in the blood of the children of God, who God only lately acquired in the most distant parts of the earth through the encouragement of one as unimportant as I am! Surely it was not without God, or simply out of human motives, that I came to Ireland!

Who was it who drove me to it? I am so bound by the Spirit that I no longer see my own kindred. Is it just from myself that comes the holy mercy in how I act towards that people who at one time took me captive and slaughtered the men and women servants in my father's home? In my human nature I was born free, in that I was born of a decurion father. But I sold out my noble state for the sake of others – and I am not ashamed of that, nor do I repent of it. Now, in Christ, I am a slave of a foreign people, for the sake of the indescribable glory of eternal life which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

If my own people do not recognize me, still no prophet is honored in his own country. Could it be that we are not of the one sheepfold, nor that we have the one God as our Father? As Scripture says: 'Whoever is not with me is against me'; and 'whoever does not gather with me, scatters'. But it is not right that one destroys while another builds. I do not seek what is mine: it is not my own grace, but God who put this concern in my heart, that I would be one of the hunters or fishers whom God at one time foretold would be here in the final days.

They watch me with malice. What am I to do, Lord? I am greatly despised. See – your sheep around me are mangled and preyed upon, and this by the thieves I mentioned before, at the bidding of the evil-minded Coroticus. He is far from the love of God, who betrays Christians into the hands of Scots and Picts. Greedy wolves have devoured the flock of the Lord, which was flourishing in Ireland under the very best of care – I just can't count the number of sons of Scots and daughters of kings who are now monks and virgins of Christ. So the injuries done to good people will not please you – even in the very depths it will not please.

Who among the holy people would not be horrified to take pleasure or to enjoy a banquet with such people? They have filled their homes with what they stole from dead Christians; they live on what they plundered. These wretched people don't realize that they offer deadly poison as food to their friends and children. It is just like Eve, who did not understand that it was really death that she offered her man. This is how it is with those who do evil: they work for death as an everlasting punishment.

ST. PATRICK, "LETTER TO THE SOLDIERS OF COROTICUS", 6-13