The Girl Gifted With the Light

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– Maura Fitzsimons, pbvm

“What will become of her,”

The mother mused,

As Nano galloped back and forth across the fields –

Not heeding any mark of blame

Or that the insight of her dad

Should see in her a sainted name.

On mounted steed she sprinted on

As if she sat of gifted dreams.

Like any wistful lass,

She dared to risk the unforeseen.

A youth of Ireland’s darkest hour

When education was denied

And alliance split apart,

Nano – Gifted with the power of dreams

Grew in sanctions of the heart;

And the Nagle vision served her well.

When hidden hope and family means

Provided her escape to France,

Where she with leisure would dispel

Her inborn gifts,

And take to heart the social life

That would her young beliefs enhance.

Being of the upper class

She mingled with the high elite,

Until the morning dawn,

When painful tears awakened her

To service needs at home...

We see her now beyond her years

Her gifts released and blessed.

As onwards through the age of time

Her followers fill her soul’s request,

To be of service in a world of need

And advocate for justice rights –

Or through a giving hand, a smile, a prayer

Bring to the down and lowly one,

a ray of lived delight.