

## The Wren

Extract from - Tobar and his search for significance - By Mark Condry.

I left Issidore to plan and organize the prayer gathering in the great hall, feeling I should go to the garden. I had only been to the garden once before my last visit to Fillan. At times I was guessing the way as I made my way; it was quiet, not encountering anyone in the hallways. When I reached the garden, it looked dead, a stark contrast to the garden I had experienced previously, which had been teeming with life. The garden was at the heart of Fillan, reflecting the condition of the Priory. While the autumn season contributed to lifelessness, there was something more.

As I walked to Fillan's well, each step kicked up leaves with a paper-like rustle. It was fun to walk through the various colored leaves. The trees on the property's perimeter are a luminous glow of yellow, red, and orange. The leaves underfoot had turned brown and crisp, with occasional red and yellow leaves mixed in on the unkempt lawn. In a bush to the side, I saw a little brown bird—a wren—nervous at my presence, quickly hiding itself. Then I noticed a hooded figure sitting on a stone bench near the well, finding myself closer than I'd realized, having been distracted by the wren.

Then I heard a voice: "We meet again, young Tobar!"

I recognized the voice, though the person's features were hidden under their hood. He took his hood down, and I instantly knew who he was.

"Alba, so nice to see you again!"

"What are you doing out here on your own?"

"Just watching and praying and waiting for you."

"Sit, Tobar, watch and pray with me."

I joined Alba on the stone bench; it was cold and hard at first.

In the quiet stillness, we watched the wren. She was camouflaged when still, then started jumping around, flicking through the leaves looking for food. She emerged from the bush where I had first spotted her.

"Tobar, the wren in Celtic spirituality has symbolism, as most animals do. This busy little bird offers a lesson we can take to heart about productivity at a given moment. We must make the most of each day we have been given. We can look at her behavior for life lessons." The wren suddenly stopped and gave a beautiful song, surprisingly loud for its small stature.

"This, Tobar, is a symbol for you. Each time you see the wren, may it remind you that though you may feel small and insignificant, you will have a loud voice for the Monarch of the Universe.

"The wren fits you perfectly as a symbol and example of its free spirit, and she is content to flit from place to place, making her home wherever she finds herself. As her song inspires, may you also inspire many.

"One final thing, Tobar: don't let fear freeze you. This little bird freezes still as a defense, to camouflage herself and hide if there is a potential threat. When you feel threatened, you must make yourself vulnerable and encourage yourself not to hide. For in weakness, you will be strong, though it will go against the grain of who you are and how you have been conditioned all your life by the world and taught to have self-preservation. You are now in the hands of the Monarch of the Universe; always have these words in mind from the Universe holder: 'Fear not, I am with you.' The Monarch of the Universe, through you, is able to do great things if you will only let the Universe holder do the work through you and be the conduit of blessing. You are the one who limits the possibilities. Believe, for with the Universe holder is on your side, all things are possible."

"Thank you, Alba, for all these encouraging and beautiful insights—unexpected, but they will have a lasting impact on my life."

"Thank you."

"I will put my best foot forward and press on with the aid and guidance of the triune one."

"Let's go back to the main hall. Issidore has asked all to join him in prayer for Fillan and for Resurrection life to be imparted back into Fillan and Pedro Illumini."