



The Story Of Saint Patrick



Patrick was born many many years ago in Wales during Roman Britain in the 4th Century. He came from a wealthy religious Romano-British family and had a very nice life living in a large villa in the countryside, but at the age of sixteen he was cruelly kidnapped by Irish raiders and taken captive to Ireland to work as a slave.

When he arrived in Ireland he was sold to a farmer where he was made to watch sheep and tend to pigs. It was a very horrible place to be, he was cold, lonely and hardly had enough food to stay alive. Patrick was very sad to have been taken from his family, but there was nothing that he could do but pray every night. Time passed and Patrick never stopped thinking about his family and the day that he would see them again.

One night after a busy day of working as a slave for his captors he fell into a deep sleep and had a dream. In his dream God appeared and told him he must run away from the people who had captured him and to travel to the coast where he would find a boat to bring him back home to England. Patrick did as he was told and that night he escaped, he ran as fast and as far as he could for hours and hours until eventually, just as God had told him, he found a boat on the water but it was heading for France!

Patrick quickly asked the Captain if he could go with them but the captain suspected Patrick was a slave and refused to let him onboard. Patrick was devastated and sat with his head in his hands on the beach as he watched the boat sail away. But just as quickly as the boat had left, the captain brought it back to land again, and again, and again. Patrick went to talk to the captain and he asked what cargo he was carrying, and the captain showed him his wolfhounds. The problem was they all barked very loudly everytime the boat tried to set sail. The poor hounds yelped and barked and whimpered with fright at the unsteadiness of the water, and each time the captain had to pull back to land. Patrick could see that the dogs were upset and promised the captain if he let him come with them the hounds would be fine, and sure enough they were. The Captain said after he had dropped the hounds over in France that he would take Patrick home to say thank you.

The boat set off for France and Patrick left his life in Ireland behind, as soon as Patrick returned back home to Wales he jumped into the arms of his family and hugged them all as tightly as he could, for he had missed them all so much. Because of his experience Patrick decided he'd like to join the church and become a priest to help with God's work for being so kind as to save him from his captors. He went to France to work hard and to learn the ways of the Church, and upon returning to England he told the Pope that we had spoken to God who helped him to find his way and he was very pleased. He loved being a priest and helping others, it was his favourite job in the whole world and he felt so lucky to be able to do it.

Years passed and Patrick worked every day at the church spreading the word of God and his people, and before long he became a Bishop. Patrick was asked one afternoon by the church if he would go to Ireland to teach the people about Christianity because the priest who was sent before him hadn't managed it, and he thought it was a lovely idea and was happy to help if he could, so he packed up his bags, said goodbye to his family and off he went. He arrived in Ireland with other priests from the church, and as it was dark they decided to set up camp and light a fire. It was Easter time and the beginning of the growth, a tradition of the Pagan's to keep watch for the King to light a fire so that they could all light theirs. But Patrick had already lit his fire, and the villagers thought it must be the King's so they all lit theirs. When the King saw the fire he was furious and ordered them all to be arrested, but no matter how hard they tried nobody could put out the fire, only Patrick because God was on his side. The King agreed that Patrick was allowed to stay and teach his people about Christianity.

Patrick wanted to teach the people of Ireland about the Holy Trinity by making it fun, and so he used a small Shamrock's leaf to demonstrate because it has three leaves. The people didn't want to know about religion but when Patrick explained how one seed made a plant with three leaves, God The Father, God The Son and God The Holy Spirit the people were very impressed and wanted to learn more. And so they listened. Patrick was a wonderful Bishop and the people loved him dearly and learned so much about Christianity from him. Over the next sixty years Patrick built a small church, consecrated hundreds of Bishops and taught thousands of people about Christianity. He had a nice life and did so much good for the people, and after many years of working for the church Patrick died a very old man on the 17th March 493AD.

The people missed him dearly, for he had given them their faith, and at his funeral in Downpatrick everybody who loved him came to say goodbye. The people decided to celebrate his life and good work on this day, and the Irish Church remained very grateful for all that he had done. Whenever the people spoke of Patrick they fondly remembered the Shamrock and how he had used it in his teachings.

In recognition of his work, Patrick was made into a Saint in the ninth century, and ever since then people all over the world have been celebrating Saint Patrick's day on the 17th of March. We all wear green on this special day because it is the colour of the Shamrock and in memory of our beloved Saint Patrick.