

One location, three magical places on 43 beautiful acres

CELTIC SPIRIT ♦ BRIGHID'S WELL ♦ Shauncy's Place

The following poem was written one night by a guest while sitting on the cabin's front porch during nightfall.

To my Friend and Sister, Marsha

The Symphony

The rumbling of the train lingers long after the whistle blows,
Cachunk, Cachunk, Cachunk.

Staccato, wheels on the track.

The horns, in their measured beats, call
I am coming, I am here, I am gone.

Again, there is silence but for the creatures and elements
of the earth and sky.

Tuning up for their nightly performance

Percussion, woodwind, brass and string breathe with each other,

The rhythm of life calling
birth, life and death

I Am, I Am, AUMMM...

Dear God,

Sometimes we get caught up in making a living and forget how to live.
Please help us to remember the sounds of our earthly creations will come and go,
but your symphony, where we joyously play, will last for eternity.

- Lila

August 25, 2010

Celtic Spirit

Spruce Pine, NC