



## Danny's Celtic Kids

"Ireland is where strange tales begin and happy endings are possible"

Newsletter

Issue 3

December 2003



### Danny's Corner

Hello again. It seems impossible but Christmas is almost here. In many Celtic countries, Christmas was a time for sitting by a warm fire and listening to stories. That's what I want to give you; a wee story for Christmas. It is the legend of the first Christmas after the Battle of Culloden. Hope you enjoy it.

#### *The Scottish Rose*

Mary MacDubb was only 16 years old the first Christmas after Culloden. She lived in a cave in the Highlands of Scotland and took care of four children younger than herself who were orphaned by the war. She was also great with child herself.

Though Mary worked hard trying to get the best for her new family of orphans, she wasn't able to provide much clothing for warmth or meat for their table. But she thanked God for what they did have, never lost her faith, and taught the children to pray and to love God. Sometimes, the people of the village would give the children scraps of meat and bread from their tables to supplement their meager diet.

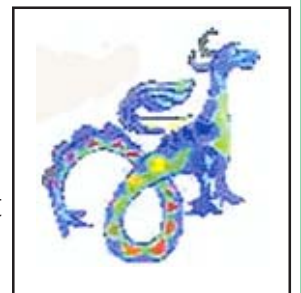
Mary wanted to give the children a Christmas souvenir. So, she took bits of tartan she found on the Culloden moor and made a sort of Noah's Ark by stuffing liddle plaid animals with dried heather and straw for the children to play with. She wanted the children and her own child when it came to have a good Christmas.

On Christmas Eve, she was very near her time, and she was cooking a stew from fish, leeks, and potatoes over a large fire she built in the entrance of the cave. An English noble journeying toward Fort William smelled the stew, stopped and invited himself and his wife to eat.

The nobleman's wife who was a Scottish lady from the Lowlands secretly gave Mary a few bits of silver and three gold crowns to buy a Christmas meal at the village inn.

Mary and the children set out for the Inn. When she tried to get a room, the English soldiers told the Innkeeper not to because her birthing would disturb them. So, Mary was turned away.

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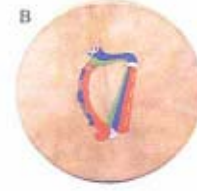
### A Traditional Irish Blessing

May the Irish hills caress you.

May her lakes and rivers bless you.

May the luck of the Irish enfold you.

Ma the blessings of St. Patrick behold you.



### The Bodhrán

The Bodhrán (pronounced *bow-rawn*) is a simple type of drum called a frame drum. The frame drum is a very old type of drum and is found in many different countries around the world, including Morocco, China, Algeria, Egypt, china, and Russia. Here in the United States the Native American Indians have used frame drums for centuries.

The bodhrán was used in pagan rituals throughout Ireland. Sometimes called “the poor man’s tambourine, it was associated with a few particular festivals like wren hunting on St. Stephen’s Day, and the celebration of St. Bridget on February first.

The bodhrán can vary in size from 15 to 22 inches in diameter. The 18" diameter is most common. the frame of the drum is wood and the head is made of hide. Goat skin has been used most often. Today, many modern manufacturers have begun building bodhráns with synthetic skin heads because the synthetic skins are more durable and are unaffected by the weather.

Modern bodhrán playing appeared in Irish music in the 1950’s and has been getting more popular every year. It is played with a double ended stick called a “tipper”. This stick and the way that it is used makes bodhrán playing different from other frame drums, which are usually played with the hands.

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### Let’s learn some Irish!

#### Days of the Week

<i>Monday-</i>	<b>An Luan</b> (pronounced- an loo’ an)
<i>Tuesday-</i>	<b>An Mháirt</b> (pronounced- an waw’ irt)
<i>Wednesday-</i>	<b>An Chéadaoin</b> (pronounced- an kay’ jeen)
<i>Thursday-</i>	<b>An Déardaoin</b> (pronounced- an jay’ er jeen)
<i>Friday-</i>	<b>An Aoine</b> (pronounced- an een’ ya)
<i>Saturday-</i>	<b>An Satharn</b> (pronounced- an sa’ hern)
<i>Sunday-</i>	<b>An Domhnach</b> (pronounced- an dow’ nak)

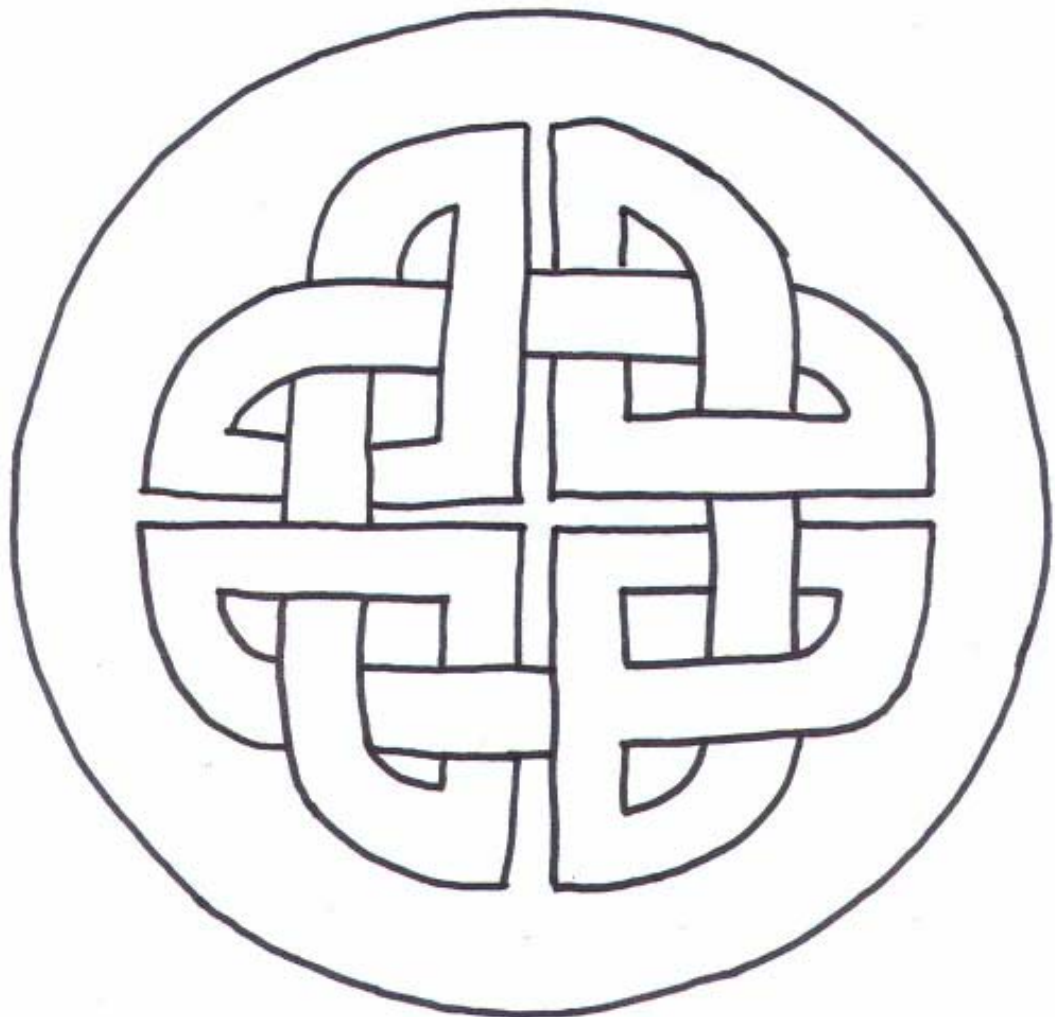
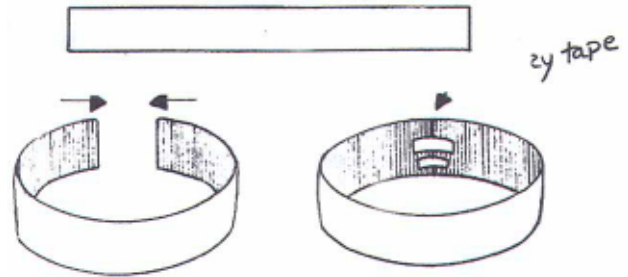


## Make your own bodhrán

### You will need:

tracing paper  
brown paper and card  
thin white paper  
black sticky-back felt  
paper fasteners  
three small sticks  
a pipe cleaner  
glue stick

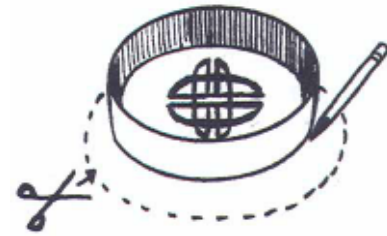
1. Cut a long strip of card (enough to go around a dinner plate)
2. Stick one end to the other, making a loop. Cover this with nice brown paper.
3. Trace the Celtic design here onto your tracing paper.





- Now use the frame you have made to mark the size of the drum on the tracing paper.

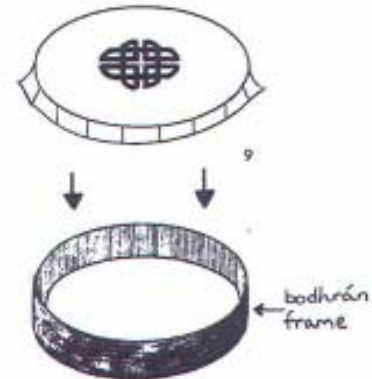
Cut the tracing paper 1 inch outside your mark.



- Stick this to an equal-sized circle of thin white paper to make the drum stronger.
- Cut in all around from the edge.

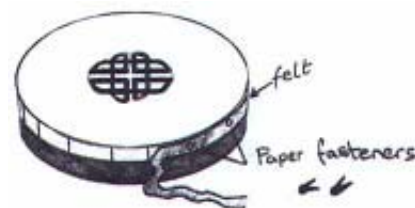


- Put around your frame using glue to stick it down.



- Using a long thin piece of sticky-back felt, cover over the edges.

You can put 'studs' all around this by making small holes along the felt and placing a paper fastener in each hole. Make sure you cover them over on the inside with cellophane tape or brown paper as they can be quite sharp.



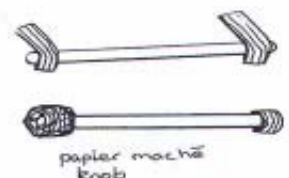
- Make a cross with two small sticks.

Make four holes in the frame where the cross will meet it. Put the cross' into the holes and secure with pipe cleaner. This will allow you to hold the drum.

back of bodhrán



- For the "tipper" glue cardboard to both ends of a stick. Put papier mache over these to make round ends. Do this three times. Leave to dry. You can paint the tipper brown.





But the Innkeeper and his wife gave Mary a donkey to carry her up to her cave home in the mountains, some warm blankets and a large hamper of food to comfort them on Christmas.

That night, Mary's child was born. A beautiful woman, Mary had never seen before, came to comfort her and help her through her time of need. The woman cooked a fine meal for the children and put them all to sleep in warm blankets by a cozy fire. Then she told Mary to get some rest, she would see to everything. Mary asked the kind, beautiful Lady to set out her little gifts for the children, and the Lady promised that she would. Then, the Lady sang the most beautiful song Mary had ever heard, and she was so comforted by it she went off to sleep with a smile on her face.

When Mary and the children woke up on Christmas morning, the Lady was gone. But, she had left a fine cradle for the baby, food and cakes, and fine warm clothes for all of the children, Mary, and for Mary's baby son.

In the cradle, Mary found a note that said, "Long ago, another Baby was born in a place such as this. Kings came to bring him gifts of silver and gold and costly incense and oils. They came to honor him. That Child now returns that favor to you and yours to prove his love for all of his children, especially the children of Scotland who have suffered for so long. And to remind you of his love, he will send you roses every Christmas."

When Mary and the children looked out on the new snow in the meadow that lay before the entrance to their cave home, they saw that in the footprints of the Lady, small rose bushes covered with blooms had sprung up.

Every Christmas after that for the rest of their lives, Mary and the children found roses growing on Christmas morning in footprints in the snow around their homes.





**Scottish Rose** (a song)

1

My Grandfather always had roses for Christmas  
Brilliant red roses against the white snow.  
Roses are red for the children of Scotland.  
Just like the roses that blossomed long ago.

2

My Grandfather told me the story of Mary  
Brave Scottish lassie of just 16 years.  
Who on the first Christmas after Culloden  
Bore a wee bairn that all Scotland held dear.

3

The Bairn born to Mary there in the Highlands  
On Christmas Eve in a cave bitter cold  
With none to attend her as young Mary laboured  
Till the Queen of the Angels came down it was told.

4

The Queen of the Angels kissed the wee orphans  
And comforted Mary as she brought forth her son  
While our Blessed Mother sang with the angels  
Hush, hush a bye, dear little one.

5

All through the Highlands how bold did the wind blow  
While the white snow fell so deep on the ground  
But in the morning when the Highlanders wakened  
In the snow where our Queen walked red roses they found.

6

The Highlands of Scotland were covered with white snow  
And the cold winter wind sang in low mournful tones  
Where the Queen of the Angels left her small footprints  
Brilliant red roses had blossomed and grown.



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You can purchase them at [www.CelticNationsWorld.com](http://www.CelticNationsWorld.com) in the Celtic Shop.



***The Monster Picnic* CD \$15.00 plus shipping and handling  
Thirteen songs to delight children of all ages.**



***The Loch Ness Monster's Story* \$15.00 plus shipping and handling  
A story of the Loch Ness Monster family and their adventures.**

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We invite everyone to print a copy for themselves or for a friend. We also invite teachers to give copies to their students.

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