

## Celtic Dream

A Flash Fiction Short, Short

“This is a very strange world, and although you are no fiesque,” began the woman at the entrance to the rented Irish palace where a very beautiful red-headed woman, soon to wed the love of her life paused and smiled for the private photographer. Sunshine as diamond as a moon shone down on all of that wedding gathering there, and the girl knew as she had not known before real love between a man and a woman for the first time. He brushed her cheek, and as his hand drifted there, she felt the love of God in him for her. A sister bride, a smiling mother there named Mary, and Fionna knew that at last she had found love, a love she had prepared for all along, and a love which knew no suffering and no waiting. It was, and not a moment too soon, her lifelong dream here now and all at once.

On the religious dating site and otherwise, the royalties of a good marital match though had paid off. In the distance on the lawns of that great palace, she saw beautiful garden mazes tinged of tiny flower buds on the cusp of what seemed

*everywhere*. She thought of her darling beloved, and of his business, how he kept himself busy throughout each workday, and always being sure though to take a day off here and there to adore and love her. Her past, a bereft of tin fields and lost hopes and dreams, quietly she thanked the Lord her living God for all he had blessed her of to date. Some of the memories, also thankfully not so clear, as her once-love for **Shepard Pie**, and counting constellations, remembered as she and her beautiful baby daughter had once done this together. A message from the heavens way out there somewhere loomed ominous and blessed & positive.

Beyond the hills where she and he had just began to grant vows of holy matrimony to each other, she saw sheep, a thousand or more sheep. And wondered, what that message meant but only vaguely. For sheep and other symbolic symbiotic symbols of earth and of ancient time had entered her heart and mind throughout her life time, and had had not effect as well save beauty and peace, and an urge from the father of the heavens above not necessarily to warn her – But mostly at times just to bless her with the loveliness and the aesthetic of life and of living.