



Begorrah! It's a Leprechaun!

By Karen Beary Parent

It's not every day that a leprechaun comes to live with you. But this one landed in Prince William County shortly before the Christmas holidays.

His name is Ciarrán (pronounced /key-ran/) and he's no trifling sprite. Latest in a series of emissaries from the Emerald Isle, this pint-sized ambassador was hand-picked out of seven applicants to supervise the lace making endeavors of Piedmont Lace Guild member Karen Parent.

"Receiving one is like hitting the jack pot o' gold," she said.

Pamela Myers, a tatting and hand-dyed thread designer living in Cork, Ireland, makes and gives hand-stitched leprechauns to a few lucky recipients each year. Seven leprechauns were dispatched around the globe in 2009. Each one arrived with a tatted sash, a skein of hand-dyed thread draped over his shoulder and an Irish coin in his grasp.

Judging from the twinkle in Ciarrán's eye, the clever leprechaun no doubt has a few roguish pranks up his sleeve and has wasted no time shaking things up around the Parent household. After spying a Christmas crèche, he leaped onto the back of a wise man's camel with an exuberant, "Chugainn, ar aghaidh linn," (Gaelic for Let's go!) and rode it around the house.

When asked how Ciarrán came to live with her, Karen replied, "At the end of December a package arrived in the mail. I opened it to find a tantalizing, silver-wrapped gift that gave off a barely perceptible hiccup."

Startled, Karen tore open the wrapping. Out sprang an antsy little elf, saying, "Where's the loo?"

Ciarrán keeps mum about his crock of gold but waxes lyrical about the superiority of all things Irish. And make no mistake, he loves the attention he has received since his arrival. Look for more mischievous adventures to come from this lively and inspiring little lep'!

