

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

Bàs Chaluim Chille (2)

A special programme, in the form of a “letter”, designed for Gaelic learners who already have some knowledge of the language. A short vocabulary and comments on points of grammar and figures of speech are included with the text. If you have comments, Ruairidh can be contacted at rodny.macleon@bbc.co.uk. This is Litir 1,032. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 728 corresponds to Litir 1,032.

Faisg air àm a bhàis, air Latha an Tighearna, thàinig aingeal Dhè a thadhail air Calum Cille. Chaochail an naomh, mar a chì sinn, seachdain an dèidh sin, aig deireadh na Sàbaid agus toiseach Latha an Tighearna. Anns an linn sin, b' e **Latha na Sàbaid** an latha ro Dhidòmhnaich anns an Eaglais Cheiltich.

Chaidh Calum Cille agus fear-frithealaidh aige, fear Diarmad, a bheannachadh sabhal anns an robh arbhar fasgainte. ‘Tha mi a’ guidhe,’ thuirt an naomh, ‘ma dh’fheumas mi falbh am-bliadhna, gum bi arbhar gu leòr agaibh airson na bliadhna gu lèir.’

Thàinig bròn air Diarmad. ‘Athair,’ thuirt e, ‘s ann tric aig an àm seo dhen bhliadhna [sa Chèitean], gum bi sibh a’ cur dragh oirnn le bhith a’ bruidhinn mu ar fàgail.’

‘Tha mi airson rùn-dìomhair innse dhut,’ thuirt an naomh, ‘ma gheallas tu dhomh nach can thu càil mu dheidhinn ri duine eile fhad ’s as beò mi.’ Chaidh Diarmad air a ghlùinean, agus gheall e an rùn-dìomhair a chumail dha fhèin.

Ann am meadhan na h-oidhche seo,’ thuirt Calum Cille, ‘falbhaidh mi, air cuireadh an Tighearna, Ìosa Crìosd.’ Thòisich am fear-frithealaidh air gul, agus chofhurtaich Calum Cille e cho math ’s a b’ urrainn dha.

Thill an naomh don mhanachainn. Bha e lùbte le aois. Letheach-slighe air an rathad, stad e airson fois a ghabhail. Fhad ’s a bha e na shuidhe an sin, thàinig each bàn thuige. B’ e sin an t-each a bhiodh a’ giùlan bainne don mhanachainn. Chuir an t-each a cheann air uchd Chaluim Chille. Sgrìobh Adomnan anns a’ chunntas aige *Vita Sancti Columbae*, gun do dh’inns Dia don each gun robh bàs a’ tighinn air an naomh. Agus, cleas duine, thòisich an t-each **air caoineadh gu goirt**.

Dh’fheuch Diarmad ri iomain air falbh, ach chuir Calum Cille stad air. Bheannaich e an t-each, a thionndaidh air falbh an uair sin, agus e muldach.

Chaidh an naomh gu mullach a’ chnuic os cionn na manachainn. Chuir e a làmh an-àirde agus bheannaich e a’ mhanachainn. ‘Ged as beag is suarach an t-àite seo,’ thuirt e, ‘gidheadh, bidh rìghrean is sluagh na h-Alba a’ toirt mòr-urram dha. Bithidh, agus slòigh dhùthchannan cèin is borbarra ...’

Theàrnaich Calum Cille an cnoc agus chaidh e don bhothan aige. Bha e a’ dèanamh tàr-sgrìobhadh air na sailm. Bha e ag obair air an deicheamh rann dhen cheathramh Salm air fhichead: *Bidh easbhaidh air na leòmhanaibh òga, agus bidh acras orra; ach orrasan a dh’iarras an Tighearna, cha bhi maith air bith a dhìth.*

‘An seo,’ thuirt e, ‘feumaidh mi sguir. Sgrìobhadh Baithéne na leanas air.’ Bha e mar sin ag ainmeachadh an duine a leanadh air mar Aba Ì.

Mar leabaidh air an oidhche sin, bha leac cloiche aig Calum Cille. Bha clach aige mar chluasag. Fhad ’s a bha e na shineadh an sin, bhruidhinn e ri tòrr de na manaich a thàinig a dh’èisteachd ris.

Aig meadhan-oidhche, thill Calum Cille ann an cabhaig don eaglais. Lean am fear-frithealaidh aige, Diarmad, air. Aig astar, chunnaic Diarmad gun robh an eaglais làn solais. Ach nuair a thàinig e faisg air an doras, dh’fhalbh an solas. Bha Calum Cille na laighe air beulaibh na h-altair, agus coltas aoibhneach air. Thàinig na manaich, agus bheannaich an naomh iad le a làimh. Goirid an dèidh sin, dh’fhàg anam a chorp.

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Faclan na Litreach: Latha an Tighearna: *The Lord’s Day [Sunday]*; chaochail: *died*; fear-frithealaidh: *servant*; chofhurtaich: *comforted*; uchd: *lap, bosom*; bheannaich: *blessed*; muldach: *very sad*; theàrnaich: *descended*; .

Abairtean na Litreach: thàinig aingeal Dhè a thadhail air: *an angel of God came to visit*; a bheannachadh sabhal anns an robh arbhar fasgainte: *to bless a barn in which there was winnowed corn*; gheall e an rùn-dìomhair a chumail dha fhèin: *he promised to keep the secret to himself*; air cuireadh an Tighearna, Ìosa Crìosd: *on the invitation of the Lord Jesus Christ*; thòisich am fear-frithealaidh air gul: *the servant started to sob*; lùbte le aois: *bent over with age*; letheach-slighe air an rathad, stad e airson fois a ghabhail: *halfway there, he stopped for a rest*; thàinig each bàn thuige: *a white horse came to him*; a bhiodh a’ giùlan bainne don mhanachainn: *that would carry milk to the monastery*; cleas duine: *like a person*; dh’fheuch Diarmad ri iomain air falbh: *Diarmad tried to drive it away*; mullach a’ chnuic os cionn na manachainn: *the top of the hill above the monastery*; ged as beag is suarach an t-àite seo: *small and mean though this place is*; gidheadh, bidh rìghrean is sluagh na h-Alba a’ toirt mòr-urram dha: *yet it shall be held in high esteem by Scottish kings and people*; slòigh dhùthchannan cèin is borbarra: *peoples of foreign and barbarous nations*; a’ dèanamh tàr-sgrìobhadh air na sailm: *transcribing the psalms*; an deiceamh rann dhen cheathramh Salm air fhichead: *the tenth verse of the 34th psalm*; bidh easbhaidh air na leòmhanaibh òga, agus bidh acras orra: *the young lions lack and suffer hunger*; orrasan a dh’iarras an Tighearna, cha bhi maith air bith a dhith: *those that seek the Lord, they shall want for no good thing*; sgrìobhadh X na leanas air: *let X write what follows*; air beulaibh na h-altair: *in front of the altar*; dh’fhàg anam a chorp: *his soul left his body*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: b’ e **Latha na Sàbaid** an latha ro Dhidòmhnaich anns an Eaglais Cheiltich: *the Sabbath day was the day before Sunday in the Celtic Church [whereas today it is Sunday]*. This is shown by Adomnan’s account of Columba’s words: ‘This day in the Holy Scriptures is called the Sabbath, which means rest. And this day is indeed a Sabbath to me, for it is the last day of my present laborious life ... and this night at midnight, which commenceth the solemn Lord’s Day, I shall ... go the way of our fathers.’

Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach: thòisich an t-each air caoineadh gu goirt: *the horse began to wail terribly*.

Tha “Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh” air a maoinachadh le MG ALBA