The Prince & The Pauper
Colm Cille has set up a church in Derry, which at this stage in its history is little more than an oakgrove. His reputation as a holy man has spread far and wide, and people from all over the region visit him in the hope of enlightenment.

On one particular summer’s day two such lost souls come to Colm Cille for help: a gambler who has fallen on hard times, and a poor man who looks in dire need of assistance. They are both in desperate need of money.
Colm Cille, ever generous, decides to make a donation. He pulls out several coins from his purse and hands them to the two outstretched hands.
The poor man looks down at his trembling hand to what he has been given. A penny. This won’t go far. What a skin-flint. He shouldn’t have bothered.
The gambler’s eyes light up as he sees what has been placed in his hand. A groat. A whole groat! Wow! Thanks, Mr. Colm Cille, sir, your Royal Highness, sir. Thank you. What a windfall. What a fortune. What a lovely man, that Mr. Cille.
Followers of Colm Cille are aghast at what their master has done.

“Is your eyesight okay, sir? You’ve given a wasteful gambler a groat, while the one who really needs it has only got a penny.”

“Follow the two men to see what they do with the money I have given them. I guarantee you that my investment in the gambler will be worthwhile.”
The followers track down the gambler to an establishment in Derry, a newly opened hostelry which boasts the legend: “Established AD 541. Victual and Liquid Refreshments Available Herein. Everyone Over 18 Welcome.”

“Wipe your feet.”

Inside, they see the gambler sitting at one of the tables, beckoning everyone within hearing distance to come and sit with him and share in his good fortune.

“...so, after losing everything to that cheat from Moville, I’m badly in need of some cash. And I hear about this man, Mr. Colm Cille, who is so holy he has to give all his money away apparently.”
“So I go and ask him for some money, so I do, just to tide me over. And what do you know? He throws a groat my way. A whole groat! I think we should raise a glass to Mr. Cille.”

“MR. CILLE!” shouts the chorus enthusiastically.

“Another drink, anyone?”

Everyone is very merry at the inn now. The followers, well schooled by Colm Cille in the dangers of the demon drink, know they must avoid any undue temptation. Reluctantly they leave the celebrations and look for the poor man to whom Colm Cille has only given a penny.

They find him dead beneath the afternoon sun. He has not even managed to crawl to the shelter of a bush.
The followers look at the rips on the poor man’s tunic. What a terrible way to go. No food, no friends, not even proper clothes to wear. One of the rips in his tunic has recently been sewn up and the followers notice there is something hidden behind it.

They rip open the material and there beneath it is the penny given to him by Colm Cille.
“You see”, says Colm Cille when his followers report back to him, “I may have been harsh to give him so little, but I knew the poor man did not have long to live. Any money I gave him would have been wasted because he did not share what little he had, whereas the money I gave to the gambler paid dividends because he shared his good fortune with everyone in the hostelry.”

“By the way, is that alcohol I smell on your breath?”