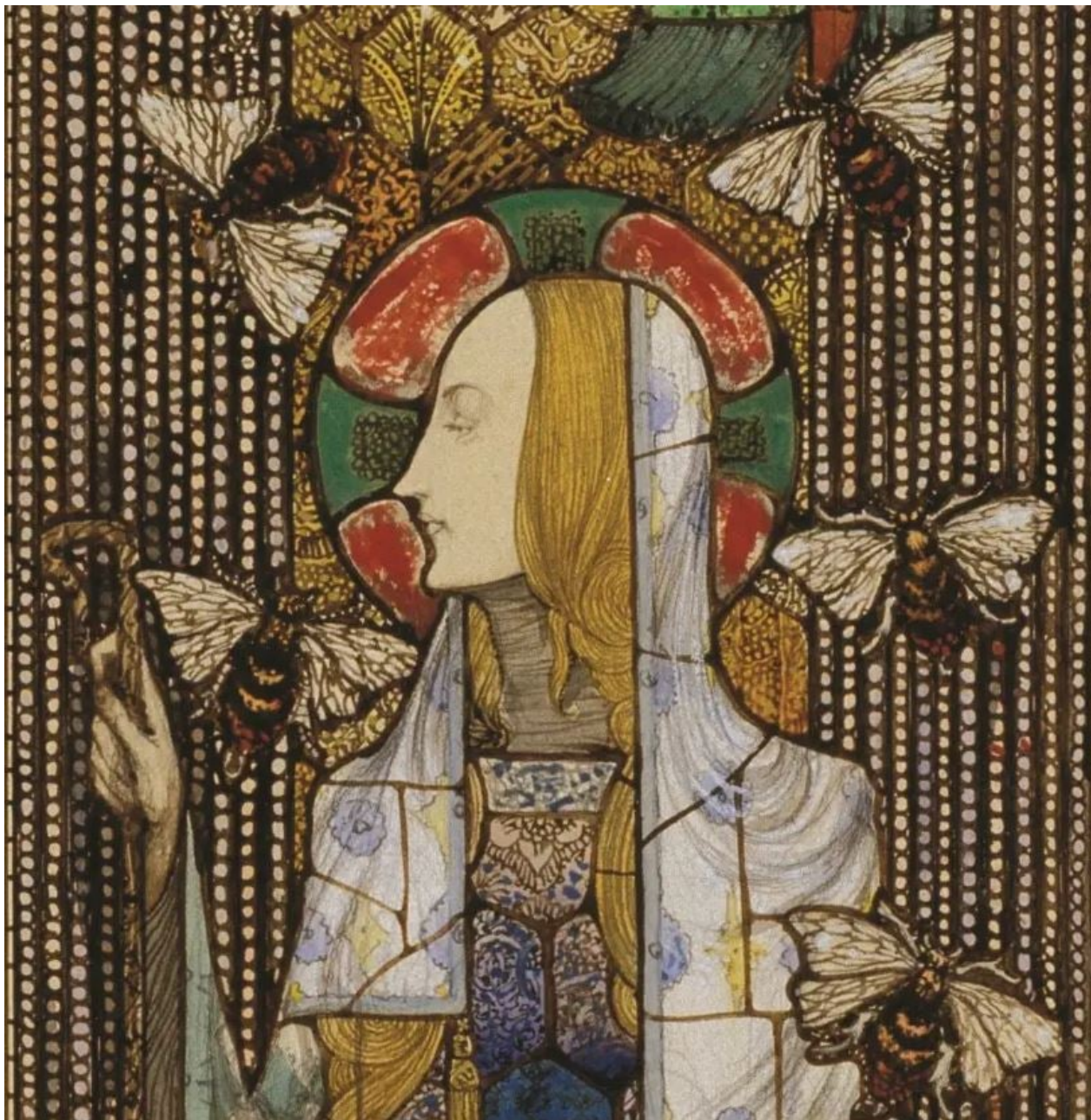


Quiet Charis

by [Walt Garlington](#) (November 2024)



St Gonnat, Patron Saint of Bees and Beekeeping (Harry Clarke, 1915)

Quiet little Charis lived alone outside Rome,
Pulling weeds and keeping her bees

And spinning her wheel. Her prayers were unceasing,
Her gifts for the poor unstinting, her presence
At the church services as fixed as the icon
Of the Savior. Stung by the fiery, beautiful rays
Of the virtues that streamed out from her, the idolators
Went berserk: They hung her up, and scraped her,
And beat her, and, at the end, chopped off her head.
What happened yesterday
Will appear again soon,
Followers of Christ's Way
Killed by Antichrist's loons.

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Walt Garlington was born and raised in that part of Dixieland called Louisiana. A chemical engineer by training, he has spent the last several years writing full-time. He has written essays and poems for *The Hayride*, *New English Review*, *The Tenth Amendment Center*, *The Abbeville Institute*, *Reckonin'*, *Katehon*, *Geopolitica*, and *USA Really*. He writes regularly at his own web site, [Confiteri: A Southern Perspective](#).

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