



Blessing of the Fleet Festival Poem

Written by Meg Thomas

At Easter time in Ulladulla
There's something quite unique
As people come from far and wide
For the Blessing of the fleet

It's held in the seaside town
With bright floats on display
The princess has been crowned
And it's such a joyous day.

The statue of St Peter
Which resides in, Holy Family Church
Is taken from the this holy place
And placed high upon his perch

Father Francis Tran the parish priest
Leads procession with a smile
While a group of faithful carry
St Peter In most respectful style

It's quite a moving moment
And beautiful to see
As we watch St Peter carried
From The Holy Family

The streets of Ulladulla
Are as crowded as can be
As they jostle for position
For a vantage point to see.

Then the crowd all follow Father
In procession down the street
To get a glimpse of St Peter
And the Blessing of the fleet

The fishermen of fish
Kindly extend a hand
With grateful appreciation
To the fisherman of men

Father boards the boat
Then his arm extends
In graceful preparation
For the blessing to begin.

We watch the boat move away
At a slow and steady pace
As Father bestows the blessing
With dedicated faith

The boats moored in the harbour
Bobbing putting on a show
As water splashes around them
We see sun on water glow

The water forms a circle
Like a set of rosary beads
As we watch a flock of seagulls
Softly gliding on the breeze.

Father blesses boats in order
As each skipper bows his head
In reverence of the blessing
That Father Francis said.

At the end of all proceedings
And the ceremonies end
St Peters statue is carried
Back to the church again.

Where the statue stands just waiting
Like an ever faithful friend
Who intends to be there next year?
For Blessing of the fleet again