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The Sickle Moon

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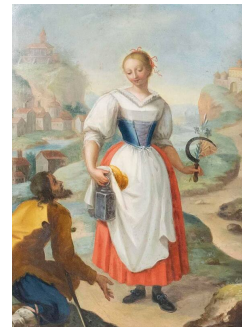
Nothburga was a young maiden who lived in Eben, marked by her unshakeable love and respect for the Lord. She worked for a hard-hearted farmer, spending her days spinning wool, bleaching linen, drawing water, and milking cows, her hands rarely resting from labor.

When the fields were set ablaze by the golden hues of harvest, she armed herself with a sickle, ready to reap the ripe grain. Her humble demeanor and unceasing efforts endeared her to everyone in the town, except for the stern farmer for whom she toiled, a man who seemed to have a heart as tough as the farm's weathered barn.

One late Saturday afternoon, as the sun began to sink lower and lower into the horizon, Nothburga found herself still at work in the golden fields. Her cruel master watched her with a severe expression, impatient as the darkness fell and the work remained unfinished.

When the evening chime rang out, signaling the start of the holy Sabbath, Nothburga took a deep breath and laid her sickle down. She began to hum her evening hymn, her voice echoing softly in the darkening expanse.

Just as the melody danced in the air, her master's voice shattered the serenity. "Get back to work, Nothburga! Day isn't done until the grain is harvested!" he roared. With a gentle voice, she reminded him of the Sabbath, a time meant to be kept sacred, a time to rest from labor.



The master, engulfed in anger, threatened her. But, with courage burning bright in her heart, she responded, "On the holy Sabbath day, my sickle shall not reap!" In the face of his fury, Nothburga twirled her sickle and tossed it up into the sky, where it hung suspended like a silver gleam, a sudden constellation beside a lone star.

The sight of the floating sickle rendered the cruel master speechless. The fierce anger drained from his face, replaced by sheer amazement at the unexpected spectacle. From that day, Nothburga was free to observe the Sabbath as she wished, and she lived her life full of cheer and faith.

So, every time you spot a crescent moon burning brightly in the star-studded sky, remember the tale of the brave and virtuous Nothburga, and the miracle of her floating sickle. As the silver sickle of Saint Nothburga continues to shine, her name and tale continue to inspire, a beacon of hope and faith for all the children of Tyrol.

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