

The Autumn Blanket



Mother earth was sitting in her cosy red room under the roots of the fig tree.

Her fingers were busy weaving in and out.

They were weaving an autumn blanket for children.

An autumn blanket to keep them warm when the days grew cold.

In and out her fingers went. In and out, an autumn blanket to keep out the cold.

Mother Earth wove many things into her blanket:

Brown and green grasses, leaves of all colors, corn husks, white woolly clouds.

In and out, an autumn blanket to keep out the cold.

After many days of work the weaving was finished and Mother Earth put it down.

She crept into her chair and fell asleep.

In the night sky the stars were twinkling and they looked through the roots of the fig tree where Mother Earth was sleeping.

They saw the autumn blanket with its green and brown grasses, its golden corn husks, its white woolly clouds, and leaves of all colors, all woven together, in and out to keep out the cold.

"A warm blanket indeed," the stars agreed. "But where are the lights to guide the earth children through the winter nights? Winter will be dark. Let us give them some of our light."

Mother Earth was dreaming of twinkling stars, and when she awoke she found beams of starlight woven into her autumn blanket.

Mother Earth smiled and rose from her chair.

Now the Autumn blanket was ready.

It had both warmth and light for her children to wear through the cold and through the dark.

And she took the blanket and spread it out over the land.



Twinkle, Twinkle, little star

How I wonder what you are.

Art a gateway in the sky

Art a Little angels eye,

Spread your starry light to earth,

Bring a thousand stars to birth.

Stars in apple, seed pod, pear

Stars in berries everywhere,

So you guide me near and far,

twinkle, twinkle, little star