

THE SINGING TOP

KEYWORD: Energy.

It was a beautiful bright day — just the kind of day when everyone should be gay and happy. Our little friend Dick had started out that way, but a little cloud had come into his sky. Just how it happened he could not figure out by himself; he was really puzzled. He only meant to help Rosalie — yes, he really wanted to help her — but instead of helping he had broken her singing top. That is, he had taken all the sing out of it, for he had wound it up too tight, and then the spring snapped. The top would still spin, but it would not sing any more.

Of course, Rosalie was very much upset over having her singing top spoiled. Neither of them knew what to do about it, so Rosalie went off to play with her dolls and tried to forget about the top. Dick wandered off by himself and walked ever so far. Finally he was tired, and so he threw himself down on the ground in a nice green field. Soon he heard a buzzing sound, so he looked about him to see where it came from. What do you think he saw?

Moving in and out, slowly and busily, between the stems of grass in the field were the tiniest little green Nature Spirits — just the smallest creatures he had ever seen. They were as busy as they could be, weaving in and out through the long grass. And they were just as green as the grass, too — and such wee creatures, only about as big as your thumb. They had queer little wings so they could fly up to the top of the tall grass if they wanted to. As they moved about busily in the grass, they chattered merrily, and that was what Dick had heard. He was fascinated and watched these tiny green elves ever so long, until finally he had to start for home.

As he walked along, all around him the birds and flowers and trees and all Nature seemed happy and gay. He felt as though he must be gay too, so he whistled as he hurried along the road. Something inside seemed to be urging him on. He couldn't tell what it was. Soon he was back home, and then he remembered about the top. What should he do about it? What could he do? Well, he decided that he would ask Mother; she would surely know. He looked everywhere for her and finally found her in the garden.

First he told her about the tiny elves, green as grass, and busy as busy could be. And then he told her about the singing top. Mother smiled and listened quietly. When he had quite finished, she said: "Dick, what is your real name?"

Well, this did surprise Dick. He laughed and replied: "Richard, but no one ever calls me anything but Dick." Then Mother surprised him again for she told him that Richard really meant *rich-heart*, a beautiful name, but very hard to live up to. And then she told him what made his rich-heart. Shall I tell you too?

Well, out from the great Life Spirit that lives in the Sun flows a great and mighty force. It flows on and on and never stops. And it is this great force that makes us want to do things. That was what made the tiny green Nature Spirits so busy in the tall grass. And Dick's mother said it was a wee bit of this great life force in Dick's heart which was always seeking expression that urged him to do things. This life force gave him a rich-heart, rich in the love which prompts kind deeds. It was just as though a little voice said: "Do it, do it!" And this great life force is everywhere — in the rocks and plants and birds and animals, in the wind and electricity, yes, in every thing that lives and moves.

"But," said Mother, "sometimes we are too full of energy, too intense, and then we overdo. That was what happened to you when you wound up the top. Your rich-heart urged

you to do a kindness, but you put too much energy into it and your fingers were so strong that you wound up the top so tight that the delicate little spring snapped. When the little voice within says, 'Do it, do it!', then we must wait a minute, and we shall probably hear another little voice say, 'Be gentle, do it with love.' Then we will always be careful not to overdo."

Mother also told Dick she felt quite sure that if he would just remember his *rich-heart*, he would always be guided by love from within.

Well, do you know, Dick's rich-heart was filled with an urge to do something right away and that was to buy a new singing top for Rosalie. The love in his rich-heart whispered, "Let Rosalie wind it herself." And he did. Now the new top sings and sings. Wasn't it nice of Dick to do this?
