

THE BEAUTIFUL GODDESS

KEYWORD: Aspiration.

Once upon a time many, many hundreds of years ago there lived a beautiful goddess. Because she was so beautiful and her heart so loving, the most wonderful colors floated about her. She was called the Goddess of Dancing. And do you know, her laughter was so rippling and sent out such pretty tones that it really made music. Do you wonder that everyone loved this gracious and beautiful goddess?

One night when all was still and peaceful, the goddess came out into a garden, and as she moved among the flowers, a radiance, a soft shining light spread all about her. Dainty rainbow colors seemed to float through the sweet smelling air. The goddess began to sing. The melody was soft and clear, and it drew to her all the Nature Spirits who lived in the garden. Soon the flowers were swaying gently in the soft evening breeze, and they nodded pleasantly to each other. Quickly the good news spread that there was to be a dance in the moonlight. The trees helped to spread the news, too.

Of a sudden through the trees could be seen the silvery Moon high up in the heavens pouring forth a soft white light. Out into the shining moonbeams floated the agile little flower spirits all in their very best dresses. One lovely flower sprite came forth from a lily singing, "I am purity of heart." Then out came a daisy sprite swaying gracefully to and fro and singing, "I am innocence." Slowly, peacefully floating out on the perfume of the rose came another flower sprite saying: "I am love; I am love. Love is like a red, red rose." Then along came orange blossom sprite, followed shyly by a modest violet sprite murmuring, "I am faithfulness," as she bowed her pretty head in the moonlight. A faint little

noise was heard, and all listened expectantly as the sweet spirit of a blue flower sang, "Forget-me-not."

There were dozens and dozens of other flower spirits, all singing and dancing gracefully to the fairy melodies in the enchanted garden. Soft bells were ringing, calling all the Nature Spirits. Louder and louder grew the woodland music, and one by one the agile sprites floated into the moonlight dance. Delicate and dainty, as they moved quickly in the silver light they made a lovely picture. Some of the sprites moved up and down, some swayed gently forward and backward, and some floated right up into the trees. Glistening, white-winged, as they floated through the air they looked like a mist coming down to kiss the flowers.

The man in the Moon smiled on the merry party and, what to you think, some of the roguish sprites laughed back at him. He liked it and kept on smiling. It seemed as though his light grew brighter and brighter, while the moonbeams spread farther and farther into the garden.

So the agile flower spirits sang and danced and were happy until long past midnight. But at last they had to go. One by one they floated gracefully over to the goddess and said, "Good-night, beautiful goddess. Thank you for the lovely party. May your dreams be sweet." Then they were all safely tucked into their little flower forms, and all was still and peaceful in the enchanted garden, while the Moon and the stars watched over them.