

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Meet 'Princess'

Today I want you to meet for the first time a little girl named Princess:

The little girl, whom her Grandpa called Princess and whom she called Pa, lived not just in an ordinary house. No, it was the house where the sun lived too. Interestingly, she observed, while she played on the strip of their front-lawn, that on clear days the sun moved into the house, as soon as she and her Grandpa were outside.

"See!" she called out to her grandfather who just then pushed by with the wheel barrel loaded high with freshly pulled carrots.

"Do you see the sun in there? She wandered just now into our kitchen! She was first upstairs in my room. I think she visited with my dolls - and now she's looking at us from our kitchen windows!" Adjusting his shoulders forward, he set the wheel barrel carefully on its two wooden legs, wiped his sleeve over his moist brow and followed her skinny, stretched out arm with his eyes.

Indeed! She was right. There was the sun shining unquestionably from their two kitchen windows so bright that it stung his eyes.

"You're absolutely right, Princess," he agreed. "By the looks of it she seems to enjoy being in our cozy kitchen. I just can't figure out for the life of me how she got in there."

"Through the keyhole!" came fast her plausible answer.

"Through the keyhole, you say? You're positively sure about that? How could she have managed that? Isn't she a bit too large to get through there?"

"I really don't know how she does that, Pa, but every time I look out through the keyhole I can see her there standing with her long arms. She's just waiting for the moment when we go outside, and right away she presses a part of herself past us and the other part squeezes through the keyhole right after we close the door behind us."

"She does all that with her long arms?"

"Yes! Don't you see? Look how she holds herself tightly with them all over the window frame! She does that like the sweet-peas on the fence."

Both stood there together, examining the sun which had overtaken their house, looking back at them through brightly sparkling windows.

Other times, when the important looking living room clock announced the first evening hours with six deep sounding 'dongs', with both of them still busy outdoors, Princess observed the sun mirroring back at them in glowing multitudes of red hues.

"She's ashamed about her bad behavior, entering a house without permission," was her wise comment. "Maybe she's all red because of exhaustion, having worked so hard all day and is now happy to get a break at our place," her grandfather speculated. "In a very short while she will have to travel on again."

"Where does she travel to, Pa?"

"To the other side of the world, Princess. There she crawls into all kinds of strange looking buildings and huts, lighting up many a blind window and dark crack. But before she reaches those far-off lands, she draws a wide, heavenly light-bow above the isolated, ice cold panorama of the North pole, warming the freezing polar bears and Eskimos a little bit." Princess and her beloved Pa turned their backs to the house, and together they walked over to the garden to pick the first red tomatoes for their dinner, leaving the sun to rest alone for a while at their place.

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are needed to see this picture.