

-A Magazine for Young People-

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U.S.A.

Number 1
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Meditation

I am a member of the world family.

I am related to those who stand next to me...

by the air we breathe...

by the light we share...

by the hope we have of a better world.

I have a responsibility to give...

to receive...

to be open, tolerant, free.

I have inherited this world from those who have

lived before...

I occupy space and time for a few short years.

I hold this world in trust for those who will

follow. My life -- with others -- can fashion

this world toward Peace rather than strife...

hope rather than despair...

freedom rather than slavery.

I, with those about me, can make the Brotherhood of

man a living thing. I pledge my willing spirit

to this thought.

We will do this together.

-- from UNICEF INFORMATION BULLETIN

World of Wonder

Dear Young Friends:

This is the first issue of your very own magazine. We hope it will provide some happy summer hours and give you some things to think about.

After you have read the magazine and worked the puzzles, we hope you will write to us and tell us how you like WORLD OF WONDER. Can you think of something you'd like to have in the magazine that is not there? Let us know about it. We would like to hear all your ideas for making this publication better with every issue. Ask your parents to write us too.

We are planning to have Issue Number 2 ready for publication in the Fall of 1988. WATCH FOR IT!

Nadine Hunter (for TOS)

OUR SPECIAL THANKS TO: Three people who have helped us immensely in producing this first issue of World of Wonder. Nancy Masek, Lee Deutsch and Aleta Boudreaux have given invaluable advice and counsel every step of the way. We are especially grateful to Aleta for her very charming illustrations and to Nancy and Aleta for working on the Nature Spirits puzzle until it was just right! -- N.H.

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PLEASE ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO:

NADINE HUNTER

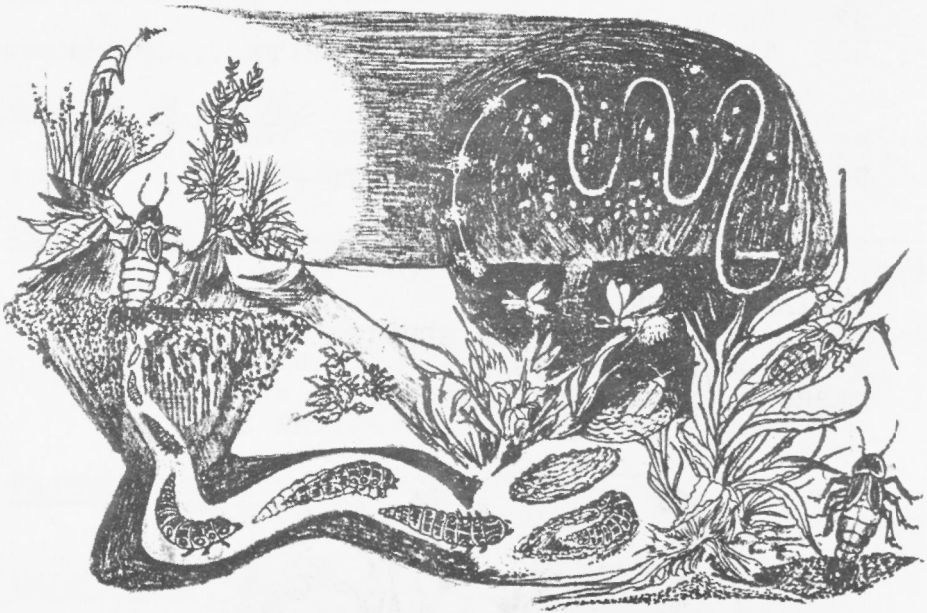
THEOSOPHICAL ORDER OF SERVICE

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CYCLES in NATURE



Lenny the Glowworm

A dim light shone on the ground in the night. It came from Lenny the Glowworm. He was hanging by his tail from a blade of grass. Lenny wasn't a real worm. He was rounded in front. In back he came to a point. Two tiny lights glowed near his tail end.

Lenny lived under the ground most of the time. He couldn't see very well. But he had short feelers and he found his way around by feeling with them. He crawled down to the ground from the blade of grass, but it was hard to walk. His front legs were not strong and his tail dragged. He was helped, though, by a fringe of little strings on his tail. Lenny could make these little strings stiff like a brush, then he could push his tail along with them.

At this time, Lenny was two years old. Many times he had shed his skin. You see, he kept growing bigger inside his skin which was hard like a shell. When the skin got too tight, it would split down the back. Then the Lenny inside the old skin would climb out all dressed in a new skin, leaving the old skin behind. He had been growing a new skin inside the old one!

But now Lenny was ready for another kind of change. First he ate and rested. Then he walked around. His feelers told him he was on a bare spot of ground. He needed dirt with no grass on it. He began to dig. He dug out mud with his mouth and

tail. He chewed and mixed the mud. Then he poked his head out from his shell. He looked like he was peeking out from a helmet.

Lenny squeezed out bits of mud like tiny mud pies. He made these mud pies into mud walls all around himself. He made a round roof over his head with the little mud pies. Now he lay snug in a tiny igloo of mud. It took three days and nights to build his house. He had grown very tired.

Inside the little igloo Lenny the Glowworm slept. While he slept things were happening to him. His body swelled up. After three days his skin split again. But this time he did not come out as a larger glowworm. He had turned into something different!

For ten more days Lenny kept changing. He got larger and better eyes. His legs got strong. He got brighter lights at the end of his body. Best of all, he got wings! His skin split one more time and out he climbed. But, now, he was Lenny the Glowworm no longer for he had turned into Lenny the Firefly!

The next night Lenny broke out of his walls. His little mud igloo lay on the ground. Lenny rested near it for a day. Then that night for the very first time Lenny did something wonderful. He stretched out his new wings. he fanned them back and forth. Then he took off into the air and flew!

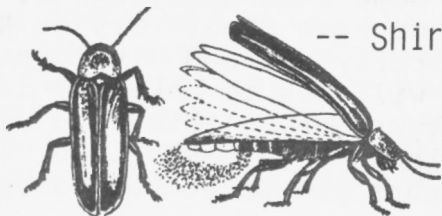
Lenny the Firefly soared and dipped in the night. He moved fast high above the ground. He

felt very free and so very happy. For two years he had pulled himself over the ground. Now he was free to beat his wings so they would carry him through the air.

Lenny's bright new light in his tail flashed as he flew. It felt good to lift his feet high and flash six times. Somehow he knew this was a special signal and he did this over and over. Then with his strong eyes he spotted a flash in the grass. He flashed his light six more times. The flash from the grass came again. He flew down and down and there he found Gloria, a female firefly, who had used her special signal to answer him as she perched on a blade of grass.

This is the story of how Lenny the Glowworm became Lenny the Firefly and then located his mate, Gloria. A few days after they had mated, Gloria walked along the earth and pushed the long tube at the end of her body down into the soil. Out came a shining egg, right through the tube. The bright egg was pushed into the dirt where no one could see it. Gloria walked on to lay other shining eggs in the earth. She was starting one of nature's cycles all over again!

-- Shirley J. Nicholson





Sparklers of the Night

Did you ever go out on a summer evening and see hundreds of fireflies twinkling? They seem to make a sparkling dance of lights.

Scientists have watched the fireflies sparkle, too, and now know what it is all about. The flashes are the mating signals between the males and females. You will enjoy going outside the first hot night, finding a comfortable place to sit, and spending some time studying the firefly flashes, as scientists have done. Try to keep your eye on a single firefly and see its pattern of flashes. Maybe you will see it make the letter "J" in the air like a skywriter. This kind of firefly flies in big hills and valleys like a roller coaster. As he nears the bottom of a dive, he

turns on his light and leaves it on through the next climb. This makes the "J". Then he turns off the light over the hill and most of the way down the valley.

You may see one kind of firefly in flight give six flashes in rhythm, one after another. (This is the kind of firefly that Lenny was.) If you see this, look for other fireflies in the grass giving one short flash. The flying ones are the males looking for mates. The females climb up on stems of grass and answer the signals of the males. In this kind of firefly the female flashes exactly two seconds after the male. Scientists have found out that each species of firefly has its own rhythmic pattern of flashes, like its love song. The males will come to tiny flashlights that flash the same way as the females of his species. The color and brightness of the light can be somewhat different of that of the female, but the flash must come at just the right time. If the female of the species answers after two seconds, the male will not be attracted by a flash one second or three seconds after his flash.

The fireflies talk to each other in a language of rhythm. As you watch the fireflies you may be able to break their rhythmic code. Look for the pattern of flashes of the males of the species in your area and find the way the females in the grass answer. You might even see a group of males flashing the pattern at once and a group of females answering together. This happens when several males see the same female. After she flashes, they flash their pattern again together. This may make

other females answer, and then the males flash back again to these signals.

The light of fireflies and other living creatures which glow has been a scientific puzzle for ages. This kind of glow is called bioluminescence -- bio for life and luminescence for glowing or luminous. Did you ever touch a light bulb which has been burning for a while? It is so hot that you might be burned. Most lights give off quite a bit of heat as well as light. But bioluminescence is cold. None of the energy turns into heat, but is all used for light. Therefore, scientists say it is 100% efficient. They would like to know how to make such a light. They have learned quite a lot about the chemical process behind the light in the firefly, but so far they have not been able to make a cold light.

A few days after fireflies mate, the female will lay her eggs. The female has a long egg-laying tube at the end of her body which she pushes down into loose soil. She pushes an egg through the tube so that it is hidden and protected below the ground. Then she walks on and lays another egg in another place. Soon she dies, but only after she has laid enough eggs so that chances are very good that some of her babies will hatch. The male, too, lives for only a short time now.

The eggs of some species have a faint glow, though you would not be able to see this since they are buried. The eggs hatch in about three weeks, and out comes a queer little animal called a glowworm. (Remember Lenny?) The baby firefly is

very different from its parents, just as a caterpillar is very different from its beautiful butterfly parents. The glowworm is less than one-eighth of an inch long and is rather wormlike. Two round lights are shining at the end of its body. But these do not help it see. Its eyes are quite weak and it finds its way in the dark underground world mostly by using its short antennas. Its shell forms something like a helmet over its head, but the glowworm can poke its head out like a turtle does.

Glowworms stay underground most of the time, especially when it is light. They grow very fast and shed their skin several times. They sleep underground all winter. In the spring they eat and grow and shed their skins some more. Probably in the second or third summer they will be fully grown. Then they go through a change or metamorphosis just as exciting and amazing as that of a caterpillar.

In the story of Lenny you learned how the little glowworm makes himself a dome-shaped house of mud shaped like a small igloo. You learned how he becomes a pupa after three days; how the glowworm changes into a little creature looking something like a beetle; and how, after ten more days within the mud igloo, the pupa has become a firefly.

The firefly lives most of its life in the dark as a glowworm, growing and developing toward a very short time of freedom and flight and brilliance as a firefly. Then comes the dance of lights, the

mating, the egg-laying, all in from one to three weeks. Afterwards, the firefly dies. But its eggs start the endless cycle over again.

The firefly changes from a groping worm, which can only crawl, into a winged creature with sparkling light, free to fly where he likes. It is hard to see such a complete change happen so quickly without feeling that there must be an unseen power bringing it about. The metamorphosis of fireflies, butterflies and moths suggest a transforming power in the One Life, able to change living things according to nature's design. People, too, sometimes go through a transformation which makes them even more wonderful and free.

There are reports of people in Japan using fireflies in lanterns to read by. There fireflies are raised in hatching beds and sold for different firefly festivals. On the night of the festival the fireflies are put in little cages which look like little lanterns lighted by the firefly glow. Hundreds of people take these cages out on the river in boats. At a signal all the cage doors are opened at once. Hundreds of thousands of fireflies fly out and twinkle and flash and brighten the night.

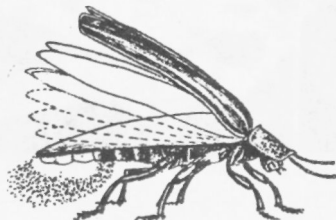
Fireflies are nocturnal, which means they hide and sleep in the day and wake up and are active at night. You can see that the life of the firefly is controlled by the earth's cycle of day and night. The seasons, too, affect the cycle of fireflies. You have learned that they sleep in winter, become pupae in the spring, and mate and lay eggs in

summer. The adult firefly cannot live in the cold weather, but the young or larvae can live by going underground.

Day and night and the seasons are caused by the earth's movements. We will learn more about the earth's cycles and how they affect the cycles of living things. For the cycles of nature work together to make a vast design. All nature is bound together in the One Life which is working within every part.

* * * * *

The story above is a portion of the fourth chapter of the book, NATURE'S MERRY-GO-ROUND, by Shirley Nicholson. We will be using other parts of this book in future issues. If you would like to have this book yourself, it can be ordered for \$3.75, plus \$1.50 postage, from the Theosophical Publishing House, PO Box 270, Wheaton, IL 60189-0270.



Looking at OUR WORLD

AFRICA



African Proverbs

There is no medicine for hate.

Repeated rains soften the earth.

Looking at a water pot does not fill it.

Do not call the forest that shelters you a jungle.

-- Ashanti

No one tests the depth of a river with both feet.

-- Congo

A fool and water will go the way they are diverted.

-- Guinea

To make preparations does not spoil the trip.

-- Ivory Coast

* * * * *

AFRICA: SOME INTERESTING THINGS TO DO

(1) LOOK AT A WORLD MAP OR, BETTER YET, A MAP OF AFRICA: On the map look at Western Africa, along the Atlantic Coast and the Gulf of Guinea. There you will find the countries from where the proverbs came. You will not find Ashanti unless you have a very large map. It is a region in central Ghana (next to Ivory Coast). The Ashanti people are noted for their beautiful goldwork and their colorful cloth.

(2) THINK ABOUT THE MEANINGS OF THE PROVERBS AND THEIR WISDOM: Then you may be able to think of some proverbs or sayings in your own country that mean just about the same thing. If you do think of some, write us and let us know. We will print in the magazine what you have sent us.

(3) STUDY THE AFRICAN ANIMALS IN THE PICTURE ON PAGE 14. Then try to learn where in Africa those animals live. If you can find out, write to us and tell us about it. We will print what you have learned so others will know too.

On the next page you will see a picture of a real African child. Her name is Duduzele Sonia Giba. You will notice that Sonia has leg braces and a sort of crutch to stand and walk. But she is a very happy child nevertheless. A story about Sonia starts on page 18.



DUDUZELE SONIA GIBA

Duduzele Sonia Giba

Between Duduzele Sonia Giba and myself there is a great deal of love. I suppose it began while we were playing children's games under the great African tree in the courtyard that ran alongside the house where Sonia then lived. Nowadays, Sonia lives mostly in boarding school; but when I went there on vacation and met her, she was still living with her mother, Norah, in Johannesburg.

Johannesburg was then, and I suppose still is, a beautiful and modern city right in the middle of the Republic of South Africa. It has lots of cars whizzing down its streets, a goodly number of skyscrapers, many green parks with duck ponds, playgrounds and tennis courts. Some highways are lined by sandy yellowish hills, from which gold is now being reclaimed.

When Sonia was little and needed to go somewhere, Norah would wrap her into a pretty plaid woolen blanket, swing the blanket on her back and tie it securely to herself. Sonia would ride comfortably on Norah's back, as if in a hammock. Together they would board a bus for black people, and off they would go. Norah carried Sonia this way in a blanket long past the age when other children could board a bus on their own, because Sonia can only walk with the help of crutches and braces. Until she had had several operations to help her walk, Sonia could never have gotten on a bus by herself at all. Now, even though it is

difficult to manage stairs and such, Sonia is learning to do more and more things by herself.

On my first visit to Johannesburg, Sonia was about three years old. She was just recovering from one of her operations. Both her legs were in casts and she spent her days sitting on her mother's bed, looking out the window to watch the other kids play.

When I visited again the following year, she was playing in the courtyard with the other children. The doctors at the clinic had fitted her with crutches and shoes with braces, so that she could walk. I sat under the great old African tree and did my favorite thing -- knitting. The kids played around me. Grandson Benjamin did his favorite thing -- squirting water out of the garden hose. His twin, Christopher, did his favorite thing -- picking small leaves off the bushes by the front gate. Sonia's favorite thing was to hoist herself up, link by link, on the fence that enclosed the swimming pool. Then she'd step across to a low-grown fork of the old African tree. From there, she would call down to the other kids, and they would stop what they were doing and come running. They would want to take their turns at standing in the fork of the tree. Sometimes they would get into a fight over it, and then Grandma had to umpire to make sure everybody got a fair turn.

I almost forgot to tell you. Sonia spoke mostly Zulu, the language of a black African tribe. She didn't know how to say many words in English,

only "yes", "no", and "ok". Black South African children speak Zulu with their families and only start to learn English when they're seven and go to school. But when you're playing together as we did, you come to understand each other's meaning pretty well, even if the words do not make sense. Sonia's mother had taught her to call me "Lady", but it came out "Rady". But then, the other kids were calling me "Grandma", and very soon I was "Grandma" to Sonia too.

Nowadays, my snapshot sits on Sonia's desk at school and she tells everyone who asks, "That's my Grandma in America." Last year, someone at her school took a picture of Sonia, standing tall and proud in her school uniform. I now have that snapshot in a frame on my desk at work, and when anyone asks who the little girl with the great dark eyes is, I reply, "That's my South African granddaughter."

Sonia did not have any toys, but, one day while I was in Johannesburg, we came back from shopping with little toy xylophones for the kids. Sonia played and played on hers. She never wanted to stop until the xylophone was quite worn out. Another time, Sonia started strumming away on her make-believe guitar -- it was really an old loosely-strung tennis racket the kids played with. As she strummed away on the "guitar", she sang the tune of a happy Zulu dance. Then came my turn. I tried to think of something truly American to sing to her. An old cowboy song came to mind. I took the loosely-strung tennis racket and sang "The Streets of Laredo" to Sonia. Now that Sonia is in

boarding school, she enjoys singing with the other children there.

At times, when I was there, Sonia would bring me a book, climb up in my lap and ask me to read it. She really enjoyed that -- and looking at the pictures. Once I was back home, I sent Sonia a variety of popular American children's books. Norah translated them into Zulu for her before bedtime.

In all these years, I have managed to phone Sonia and her mother, Norah, just once from the United States. As Norah and I tried to talk, Sonia kept tugging at the phone cord as she wanted the phone. When Norah finally gave up and handed it to her, Sonia had learned to say, "Hello, Grandma, thank you for the books."

When Sonia was about six, Norah kept telling me that Sonia was making something for me. It took so long I had almost forgotten about it. One day, this big cylindrical package arrived at my doorstep. It contained a large yellow and white striped raffia mat, wrapped very carefully in shopping bags. Sonia had crocheted the mat very carefully and evenly, and had designed the stripes and borders into a most beautiful pattern. It was a real feat for a six-year-old. The mat is now draped over the back of my recliner where I can look at it often. It looks as if it were made with a great deal of love, as indeed it was.

Norah has always worked for Americans living in Johannesburg; but in these days, because of the

unrest in her country, she spends more time in her own small house, in one of the South African homelands for black people. Sonia is still going to boarding school, but to keep all the little handicapped students safe, soldiers now stand guard at the school. Sonia's three teenaged brothers used to go to another school, but their school is now closed down. Norah is worried that the Bantu school will never reopen and that the boys will never be able to learn even the little bit that was available to them there.

A great many of today's happenings in South Africa worry Norah -- the shootings, the burnings, the strikes and riots, the hungry people who now appear on the streets. "Maybe it will be like Ethiopia," Norah writes. She tries not to mention all these worrisome events when Sonia is with her as Sonia gets very upset when she hears what is going on. Norah hopes to keep working in Johannesburg until Sonia can graduate.

As for Sonia, she often thinks with a smile of her Grandma in America. Didn't Grandma promise her that, when she grows up, she will take the 18-hour plane ride North, up the coast of Africa, then West across the Atlantic Ocean, to visit Grandma in America? To see the Promised Land, the Shining Land of Freedom! Many Third World children think of our country in that way. I hope that we will always try to be worthy of that honor. I also pray that someday Sonia and Norah can really come and stay with me in my American home.

-- Lee Deutsch

THINK Page



Although there are hungry children many places in the world, when I looked at the cartoon above I thought of hungry children in Africa.

What did you THINK when you looked at the cartoon? Did you think about hungry children in Africa and other places? Have you thought of any ways to help them? Have you heard of ways they are being helped?

PLEASE WRITE US WHAT YOU THINK. We will print your thoughts on our next THINK Page.

-- N.H.

The Sayings of The Ancient One

There is a very small book which is full of wisdom. It is The Sayings of the Ancient One: Wisdom from Ancient Africa. The writer of the tiny book, P.G. Bowen, tells us this story. An African wise man, Mehlo Moya, found the teachings the little book gives in a cave in an ancient ruined city of Southern Africa. The original writings are in symbols and hieroglyphics (picture-writing) on sheets of paper-like skin and on tablets of ivory and bone. These writings were translated into an old, old form of the Bantu language -- of which there are almost one hundred different forms now. Zulu, the language of Sonia and Norah, is one of the many modern Bantu languages.

A part of these long-hidden-away teachings are given in the little book. Here is a small portion from Part III: "The Path to Manhood".

The Learner asked:

Tell me, O Ancient One, can a Child that is weak and fearful ever hope to grow unto Manhood?

The Ancient One said:

All may attain unto Manhood, O son, if they will leave the Playground of Childhood and enter the Path of Growth.

The Learner asked:

How may I enter the Path of Growth, and how may I walk on it when I have entered it?

The Ancient One said:

The Path of Growth is entered by Three Steps: hear what I have to say about them and tread them as I direct:

1. Work always like one who seeks a Royal Reward for a job well done; but your reward will be in work that keeps on and is never finished.

2. Rejoice if you have a happy life, but if your life is miserable rejoice anyway. Joy and Sadness are twins.

3. Love Life for Life is the Great Teacher; but love Death also for he is the twin of Life (its other Self) and Life alone can teach you nothing.

The Learner said:

O Most Wise Teacher, tell me what are the Signs of the Man who walks The Path of Light?

The Ancient One said:

Store in your memory now what I shall tell you concerning the Four Signs.

He who walks the PATH OF LIGHT shows these four signs:

1. COMPASSION: he understands the needs of a weary animal, the sorrows of a child, and the thinking of a Stranger.

2. HARMONY IN HIS SOUL: his eye and his heart understand Nature and he lives in harmony with Nature.

3. SKILL IN ACTION: he loves his work and tries to do it well, and he works hard without expecting reward.

4. CLEAR UNDERSTANDING: he loves all things and is just to all beings, and he serves the Law with gladness.

* * * * *

What do these teachings mean to you? Do you believe them to be good laws to follow as you grow from a young person to become a grown person?

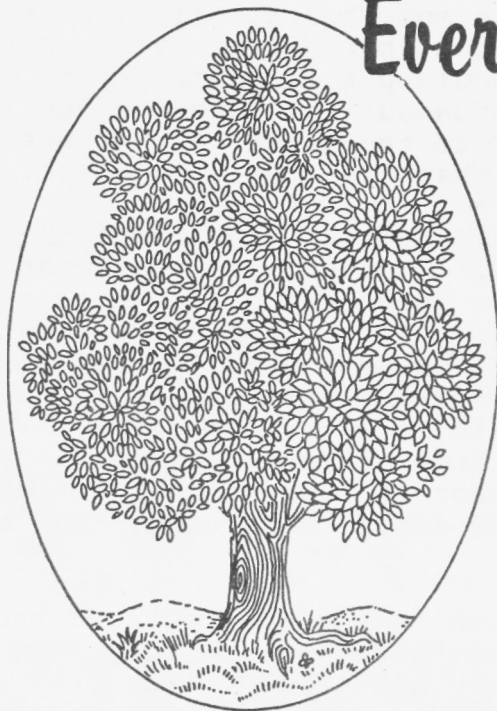
They are certainly good teachings to follow at any time, and growing from a child to an adult would be a good time to put them to practice. Yet, couldn't there be a deeper meaning than that, one that is quite a bit harder to understand and follow? It is possible that the "Path of Growth" and the "Path of Light" are ways to describe the "Way" a person would live and the rules he would follow to grow more like the Great Teachers we have been told about.

You might read these Sayings of the Ancient One over several times and study them, think about them, and practice trying to live them. Perhaps they will come to mean a great deal to you in the way you follow your own "Path" through Life. Later on, you may want to read all of the small book that contains these wise teachings.

-- N.H.

FRIENDS Are

Everywhere



I am going to tell you a story about a good friend to animals. You would never guess who this friend is, not even if I gave you three guesses. Not even if I gave you a hundred guesses. So I will just tell you. This friend of animals is a tree.

The Friendly Tree

The friendly tree is an old tree. It has lived a long time and some of its limbs are bare and there are some holes in its trunk. Its trunk is so big around that neither you nor I nor both of us together could put our arms around it; and its branches stretch out like a big umbrella. Some are quite low near the ground and others are way up high, higher than the roof of a house.

The trunk and the branches of the tree are the part we see. But did you know that there is as much of a tree underground as there is above? Yes -- going down, down, down as deep as the trunk of the tree goes up in the air; and spreading out, out, out as wide as the branches of the tree spread out in the air. The roots drink up the water and nourishment from the soil to feed the tree, and they also anchor it down so that no matter how hard the wind blows above the ground, the tree will not be blown over.

Now, down among the roots of the tree in the dirt live the earthworms. They have no legs or arms, and they cannot see. Yet they keep busy all the time doing such useful work that we could not get along without them.

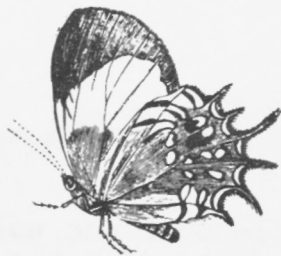


This is what the earthworm does. He swallows bits of dirt with his mouth end. Inside his middle, he grinds it up very fine and mixes it up with all sorts of nourishing juices, and it comes out of the other end ready to make the kind of soil that will grow good plants -- trees and flowers and garden vegetables. Everywhere the earthworm lives he leaves the soil loose so that the rain can trickle down around the roots of the plants and the sun can shine down and keep the earth clean and healthy.

Everywhere the earthworm goes, he leaves the place better than he found it. All the plants and all the animals and all the people are better off because of him. You can't say anything better than that about anyone, can you?

There are other worms living among the roots of the tree. Some of them go to sleep in the winter and when they wake up in the spring they have turned into beetles or moths or other kinds of bugs with wings. So when you see a worm, you should remember that the worm you are looking at may not be a worm at all, but a baby beetle, or a baby moth, or a baby butterfly!

Our friendly tree shelters still other animals among its roots. There are little mouse-like creatures with soft, grey fur that are very skillful at digging. Their feet are made to dig with and their snouts are made to push the dirt out of the way so that they can make burrows for themselves to live in down under the ground. These are gophers and moles.



**WHO
Visits
the TREE
by DAY?**

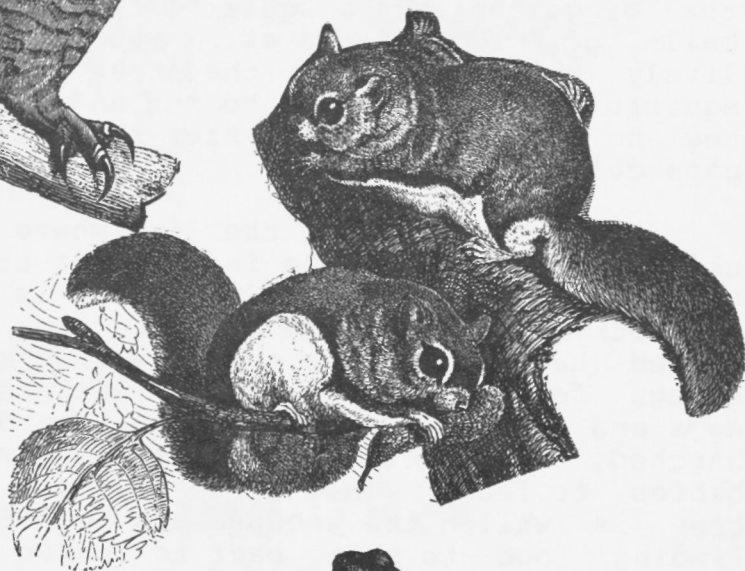
On top of the ground, at the foot of the tree, a toad has shaped a little hollow for himself in the loose dirt. There's an ants' nest there too, and the ants march up and down the friendly tree's trunk looking for food. Some of the worms I told you about that are really caterpillars climb up the tree trunk and nibble at the leaves of the tree.

And who do they find up there? Friend squirrel and his whole family! Because on one of the biggest limbs a squirrel family has a nest, built of twigs and leaves. You can imagine how lively things are in the tree when the baby squirrels get big enough to run and climb and learn how to jump from tree to tree like their mama and papa do!

Not very far above the limb where the squirrel nest is, there is a hole in the tree trunk which is the home of another family. This is where friend woodpecker lives. The mama and papa woodpeckers worked hard to shape the hole and make it big enough for the mama to stay in while she laid her eggs and kept them warm. Then, one day, the eggs hatched, and there were four hungry woodpecker babies to feed. What a busy place the friendly tree is while the woodpeckers are flying about finding food to bring back to their youngsters! The woodpecker babies wait hungrily while their parents are away. As soon as they see one of them coming, they open their mouths wide and start to cry. The only time the mama and papa woodpeckers can rest is when they are asleep.

During the day all sorts of other birds visit

**WHO
Visits
the TREE
by NIGHT?**



the friendly tree and search its branches and leaves for food. Often a mockingbird sits on the topmost twig and sings and sings and sings. At night a big owl swoops silently down and lights in the lower branches and peers around with its big eyes that can see better in the dark than ours. When friend owl comes, the cicadas and tree frogs and flying squirrels and rabbits and all the other little creatures that stay awake at night keep very quiet. But as soon as he goes away, these and many other little animals start to sing or play or go out hunting for food.

Well! I just don't have time to tell you about all the friends that seek shelter with our friendly tree. If you keep your eyes open when you are outdoors, you will see many of them for yourself. Is there a friendly tree in your yard? Near your school? In your neighborhood? Why don't you look and see?

-- Charlotte Baker Montgomery



Fairy Tale Wisdom

The Invisible One

NOTE: This is a story that has been told down through the years by the Algonquins, a nation of Indians in Canada. As you read the story, we would like for you to see if it reminds you of one of the old familiar fairy tales that you have heard many times. At the end of the story we will talk more about this.

* * * * *

On the border of a beautiful lake stood an Indian village, and at the farther end of this village stood a lodge in which dwelt the Invisible One with his sister. Every day this wonderful being went forth from the lodge and returned again in the evening, and every day at sunset his sister went down to the border of the lake to meet him. For to her he was visible, though to others he was not.

Now it was well-known in the village that any maiden who could see the Invisible One would become his wife; so there were many who tried to see him. They would array themselves in their finest garments and go with his sister down to the lake at sunset. Then the sister would ask them if they saw him and they would say yes.

Then she would ask what he wore for a shoulder strap and some would answer one thing and some

another; but none gave the right answer so the sister knew they had not seen him. And when they went home with her to the lodge, she told them to sit in a certain seat; and though they stayed until morning, they did not see the Invisible One.

In this village there lived three motherless girls with their father. The two older girls were very cruel to their younger sister who was weak and small. They burned her with coals of fire until her face and hands were covered with scars and her hair badly singed; but they always reported to their father when he came home that she had played in the fire against their commands.

The two sisters of the little burnt-faced girl thought they might see the Invisible One. So they dressed themselves in gay attire and went to the wigwam at the end of the village. The sister received them kindly, as she always did, and went with them to the shore of the lake. When the Invisible One came, she asked, "Do you see my brother?"

They at once replied, "O, yes!"

Then she asked, "What is his shoulder strap?"

"A strip of deerskin," they answered. Then she knew they had not seen him.

The poor little scar-faced sister also wished to see the Invisible One. But as she had only rags for clothing, she went into the woods and peeled birch bark from the trees and made of the bark some

clothing as was the fashion in older times. In the dress of bark she dressed herself and put on a pair of her father's old moccasins and set out for the lodge of the Invisible One.

No sooner had she left her door than people of the village began to shout and mock her with laughter that followed her all the way to the door of the wigwam she sought. But this mocking could not turn her from the way she had decided upon. When she entered the lodge of the Invisible One, his sister received her with great kindness, for she did not judge a person by the way the outside looked but what she saw within the person.

They went together to the lake and when the Invisible One came they both saw him, and the little rough-faced girl exclaimed, "How wonderful he is!"

The sister asked, "What is his shoulder strap?"

"It is the rainbow," the little girl answered.

Then the sister asked, "What is his bowstring?"

"It is the Spirit's Road, the Milky Way."

Then said the sister, "Thou hast seen him." And they returned together to the lodge.

There the sister washed the scarred-faced girl and, as she washed, the scars vanished. Then she



combed her hair and, as she combed, the hair grew long and beautiful, black and glossy. Then she dressed the little one in new garments and gave her the seat by the door which is the wife's seat. And when the Invisible One came, he looked at her and said: "I see we are found out."

* * * * *

OUR CLOSING NOTE: If you said that this Indian story is like the Cinderella story you have heard all your life -- and perhaps have seen in movies too -- then you are right!

There are many, many, many versions of the Cinderella story told all around the world. One person collected 345 different stories! There is a Chinese Cinderella story that is at least a thousand years old, and there is one from Vietnam that was told thousands of years ago.

We have several more of the Cinderella stories collected here, and we will print them in future issues. Maybe you would like to try to figure out what some of the symbols mean in the stories. For instance, why does Cinderella always have old ragged clothing at the start of the story and then receives a new and beautiful dress at the end? And why does she sit among the ashes or is burnt with fire? As you read the stories, try to figure these symbols out. Later we will talk about the symbols again.

The illustration of the Invisible One and the "little one" is a coloring page! -- N.H.



Directions: Circle the right answer.

1. Which one does not need food?

a dog

you

a clock

2. Which one does not need a leash?

a big dog

you

a little dog

3. Which one does not need health care?

a book

a cat

you

4. Which one does not need water?

a flower

a telephone

you

5. Which one does not need love?

a cat

you

a pencil



Kids' Cookery

Kids' Pizza

WASH HANDS.

6 SLICES WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

2/3 CUP TVP (textured vegetable protein - we get
from Adventists)

2/3 CUP WATER (best if distilled)

1 CUP (NATURAL) CHEESES (grated or thinly sliced
Mozzarella best)

2/3 CUP SAUCE (tomato or spaghetti)

TOPPINGS, YOUR CHOICE!

4 OZ. MUSHROOMS, OR OLIVES, OR GREEN PEPPERS, OR
PINEAPPLE CUBES

PLACE BREAD ON COOKIE SHEET. SPREAD ON TOP THE
SAUCE, TVP, CHEESES, AND THEN ANY TOPPINGS.

BAKE IN OVEN FOR 5 MINUTES AT 350 DEGREES.

SERVE WITH CARROT STICKS OR SALAD AND DISTILLED
WATER.

We had a lot of fun devising this recipe at our special Homeschool Cooperative Day. We invited another homeschool family from Springfield, Missouri, who have only begun to eat vegetarian meals since meeting us last year. Jonathan, age 8, and Holly, age 10, took over the kitchen to experiment on the correct proportions to recommend. Jonathan thought they should use an electric grater but Holly showed him it didn't take long to grate cheese by hand -- nor to cook in an old-fashioned oven. (We don't believe in using microwave ovens.)

All their younger brothers and sisters enjoyed their creations and so did the moms! We hope you like our "Kids' Pizza" too.

Invite a friend over and MAKE PIZZA!

Holly makes room in her homeschool day to write penpals. We'd like to hear from you too, about your experiences or your cooking adventures. Please write to Holly Turner, Dawn Colony, Route 1, Box 1024, Sarcxie, Missouri (MO) 64862.

FROM CANDY AND HOLLY TURNER





The Mystery of God

Have you ever tried to imagine what God really looks like? When I was little, we all believed that God looked like a wise old man, with a long, flowing white beard. When I went to play in the big park after school, I often sat down on a green park bench, looked up lazily at the white clouds floating across the sky, and marveled at the variety of shapes God's white beard was forming up there. They shaped, they dissolved again, only to form other shapes. It was one continual flow of forming, changing, and flowing into another shape. Sometimes, it was easy to figure out what the forms of the clouds might be; other times they didn't seem to look like anything I could recognize. I think maybe God was trying to show me a Mystery.

-- Lee Deutsch

Would you share your thoughts about God with us? What is God? Where is God? Please share what YOU think with us all.



Nature's
HIDDEN

Side





Nature Spirits

Many things are hidden from our human eyes in the world around us. Most of us cannot see the beings who live in the fairy world, for instance. I called it the "fairy world", but it is really the very same world we live in and work in and play in. All around us, other beings are living, working and playing also. They are less dense or solid than we humans are and, somehow, this keeps most of us from seeing what is right before us.

Many children do see fairy beings, though, and perhaps you are one them. And down through the many, many, many years that there have been humans on earth, some grown people have seen them too. Their stories have been told over and over and, very likely, you have heard some of them. There are also grown people today who can see this kingdom of nature spirits, and they have described to us the life of fairy beings. We'll share some of their stories with you in the future.

This time we want to describe some of the nature spirits you might meet or see if YOUR eyes were able to penetrate into this mostly unseen world. Then, we have a word game for you that has the names of these beings hidden within it. So read the descriptions carefully!

DEVA: The word deva means "shining one" and these great and beautiful angel-beings shine with a glorious light. They are in charge -- like overseers or bosses! -- of building and guiding all the wonderful things we find in the world of Nature. All nature spirits, or fairies, do their work under the guidance of nature-devas.

ANGEL: Another name for DEVA.

NATURE SPIRIT: One of the builders in Nature and a caretaker of some part of life from the air and wind and clouds to the growing plants and water and fire.

FAIRY: A fairy is a nature spirit who aids all parts of Nature in growing and being. Fairies are of four main types -- Air, Earth, Fire and Water. There are fairies of the mineral kingdoms as well. Fairies range in size from tiny butterfly-size to great ones that live in trees and the air.

BROWNIE: Remember the brownies you've read about in your books? Very likely you thought it was all pretend, didn't you? Not so! There really are brownies; Mr. Geoffrey Hodson has written quite a lot about the ones he saw. The pictures in your books are quite right -- usually brownies look like little old men dressed in brown clothing, wearing long pointed caps and having grey beards. Usually they are seen working in the soil, but Mr. Hodson once had one living in his house with him!

GNOME: The gnome is an earth-spirit or fairy. They are usually very dark and appear to be quite

old. Mostly they live within rocks and seem to have their work in the mineral kingdom.

MANNIKIN: A mannikin is a small fairy being who is male in appearance and does not seem to be quite a gnome, or a brownie, or an elf. They are usually at work helping plant life such as trees, grass and wild flowers. A grass mannikin usually is dressed in green while a tree mannikin can have rusty brown clothing. Some have small oval-shaped wings.

TREE SPIRIT: Every tree is a living being itself and every tree has its own tree spirit, a fairy being who is with it all its life. A tree spirit grows as the tree grows but disappears when the tree dies. There is not much shape or form to the spirit when it is within the tree. Once in a while, the tree spirit comes out a little way from its tree -- perhaps it wants to look at a human being it likes! Then the tree spirit may have a tall, brownish form.

ELF: The ELVES are different from other nature spirits in one way -- they do not wear copies of human clothing! Instead they usually appear to be completely covered with something more like a wet suit such as divers wear -- their tight-fitting "skin" even shines as if wet. They have large hands and feet and ears that are pointed at the top.

SYLPH: A fairy being of the air, a sylph is connected with winds, clouds and storms. A storm needs a director, just as a great orchestra does, and this is part of the work of the airy sylphs.

They are much larger than fairy beings in other lines of work and can have more of the appearance of an angel.

UNDINE: Undines are spirits of water and are seen in rivers, streams or waterfalls. They are female in form and radiantly beautiful; they express much joy in their care of the water.

WATER BABY: Water babies is a nickname, Dora van Gelder says, for the dear little water fairies that live on the surface of the ocean, but always near land. They look like fat, round human babies as they play in the waves and Dora van Gelder says they are the happiest fairies she ever saw.

SALAMANDER: Salamanders are the largest of the fire fairies and are usually from five feet to fourteen feet tall. Salamanders live in volcanoes and are found working in large fires, such as those in forests. Though they pay little attention to human beings, they do have a vaguely human shape. The one thing that does attract them about humans is music! They will appear if some particularly stirring music is being played.

* * *

For now, we have described only a few of the usually invisible beings of our world. We promised you a word game and you will find it on page 49. All the underlined names of nature spirits described above are to be found in the puzzle. Their names are hidden in the letters in the puzzle. The letters of the names can go up or down

or across from either side of the puzzle. We have shown you where the first one -- NATURE SPIRIT -- is found by circling the letters. See if you can find all the rest and circle the letters when you find them. Then check the answer on page 56.

Here is a list of the names you will be looking for:

DEVA
ANGEL
NATURE SPIRIT
FAIRY
BROWNIE
GNOME

MANNIKIN
TREE SPIRIT
SYLPH
UNDINE
WATER BABY
SALAMANDER

OH! Here's the really tricky part of the game! The word ELF can be found within the letters nine (9) times, and the word ELVES can be found two (2) times. Good luck!

-- Nadine Hunter

We found the information about the nature spirits in two books: The Real World of Fairies by Dora van Gelder, and Fairies at Work and at Play by Geoffrey Hodson. These books can be borrowed from the Olcott Library and Research Center (The Theosophical Society in America, PO Box 270, Wheaton, IL 60189-0270).



WATERBABYAZT
BXILCROFDYIA
LGRVYONKXREV
PRIERWUPIDELE
MHPSINRPELFD
AVSFAISYLPHB
NIELFELVESJM
NVEERYUNGELF
IQROUNDINEXEL
KDTGNOMELSLE
IANGELFJFHFD
NWSALAMANDER

Old Wisdom, Old Ways

Native American Doctors

Long before we could visit a medical doctor in a modern office building or go to a vast hospital for tests and surgery, the Medicine Men (sometimes called shamans) of the American Indians were quietly going about their business of healing. They are doctors who heal by following ancient traditions that have been handed down from generation to generation.

The Medicine Men (or Women) of a tribe are persons who are given great respect, and who have been trained all their lives to heal the sick people of the tribe in their care.

One of the traditional healing rituals of Native Americans is the sandpainting rite, practiced by the Navajo Indians of the Southwestern United States. Perhaps the success of this ritual in healing sickness comes about because for a little while, as the ceremony is carried on, the patient becomes the center of the whole world -- all the persons of the tribe, the Medicine Man, all his family, all are thinking about him and loving him and praying for him.

The sandpainting ritual may also be successful in healing because it treats in some way all five senses -- sight, hearing, touch, smell and taste.

Although the ceremony is different in the different tribes, most affect the senses in these ways:

The Sense of Sight: The sandpainting itself is the "medicine" for the sense of sight. The sandpainting is made on the ground with sands of different colors and the designs made of sand are symbols of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms.

The Sense of Hearing: All tribes have a sort of prayerful "chant" or "sing" that is recited to arouse or awaken the sense of hearing.

The Sense of Touch: The patient sits either in the center of the sandpainting itself or on a special blanket or on a log. Then the Medicine Man touches the patient from time to time with feathers, usually eagle feathers, to stimulate the sense of touch.

The Sense of Smell: A sacred fire is built and sweet smelling herbs are placed on the fire to carry a healing message to the sense of smell and to every cell of the body as the incense is breathed in.

The Sense of Taste: A specially prepared tea is given, made from spring water or melted snow and whatever herbs the Medicine Man thinks are important to affect the sense of taste of the sick person.

-- N.H.

(Adapted from the writings of David Villaseñor)



A SANDPAINTING RITUAL

Navajo Sandpainting Rite

The sandpainting is finished.

The medicine man applies cornmeal to the figures (symbols) on the painting.

Eight plumed prayer sticks are set up around the painting.

The medicine man makes a cold, herbal infusion (a tea of herbs).

This is placed in between the hands of the Rainbow Guardian.

The medicine man sprinkles pollen on the figures of the gods.

The patient enters and sprinkles cornmeal on the painting.

The patient recites a prayer.

The patient disrobes.

A god impersonator enters. He sprinkles cold infusion on the painting and offers the patient a sip.

He makes a whoop or cry.

The patient sits on the painting, usually on one of the logs.

The god impersonator applies sand from his moistened palms from the body parts of the gods on the painting to the body parts of the patient: feet, hips, chest, shoulders, head. He yells loudly into the patient's ear and leaves.

The patient gets off the painting and sits elsewhere.

The patient is fumigated (disinfected) with water thrown on the hot coals of the fire.

The patient leaves.

The medicine man pulls up the prayer sticks and the bowl.

Spectators (people of the tribe) trample on the painting, applying sand to their own bodies.

The sand is removed and thrown away to the north.

Washington Matthews
(From "The Night Chant, A Navajo Ceremony")

Some TOS Departments

The Theosophical Order of Service, the organization publishing this magazine for young people, is made up of persons who wish to serve and help all that lives. Three of the TOS departments have sent us material to include in this issue. We want to give you some information about these departments so you and your parents can write and learn how you too can help.

See Page 23 -- The cartoon on our THINK Page was sent to us by the Social Service Department. This department is deeply concerned about the problems of hunger and homelessness, especially among the world's children and the elderly. Write the director Bishop Joseph L. Tisch at PO Box 1117, Melbourne, FL 32902.

See Page 39 -- The puzzle-game on this page was sent to us from the Animal Welfare Department. "The chief objective of humane education is to end all cruelty to human beings and animals." The AW Department works toward that end. Write to the director, Candi Phillips, 6341 Switzer Lane, Shawnee, KS 66203.

See Page 50 -- The material on Medicine Men and Sandpainting comes from the TOS Healing Department. Karen Shultz, director of the department, specializes in healing methods that are largely from the "old ways" of many world cultures, from ancient Chinese to Native American. Write her at PO Box 754, Felton, CA 95018.

Puzzle Answer

WATERBABYAZT
BXOLCROFDYIA
LGRVYONKXREV
PRDERWUPOELE
MHPSINRPELFD
AVSFAISYLPHB
NIELFELVESJIM
NEVERYUNGELF
IQRUNDINEXEL
KDTGNOMELSL
IANGELFJFHFD
NWSALAMANDER

(You will find the puzzle on Page 49.)

