

Recorder Story

- by Beth Sutton

Long ago, in a far away kingdom, a baby boy was born to the king and queen. His eyes sparkled like the stars. His smile shone like the sun. His laughter pealed like a thousand bells, ringing from mountain top to mountain top.

Each day the king and queen carried the baby through the meadows and woods that surrounded their castle. Each day the baby boy listened to the tales of the birds that sang overhead. Each day he smiled back to the shining sun. As the boy grew bigger the king and queen let him scamper in the meadow among the wild flowers and small animals. Every time they set him in the grass he crawled straight across the meadow as fast as he could till he came to the edge of the wood. There he sat, head cocked, ears lifted toward the trees, his smile beaming back up toward the sun. The king and queen watched their smiling son as he sat for hours at the edge of the wood.

As the boy grew bigger he was able to go out to the meadow alone. Each day he ran to the edge of the wood, stopped for a moment and then entered the woods, sure footed. On slow, silent feet, he walked among the trees and across the leaf and brush- covered earth. As he walked, he greeted each tree with the touch of his hand. He knew each of his forest friends by the bumps and cracks of its bark.

Once the boy had found his way deep among the trees, he would sit down and listen. Hour after hour he would listen to the song of the breeze as it danced among the leaves. The soft rattle of the aspen leaves fluttering in the breeze, the low beat of the heavy oak leaves as they rose and fell, the soft whimper of the poplar swaying high over head, and the soft sigh of the birch moving this way and that: this was the song he heard. Hour after hour the boy would sit and listen to the song of the breeze, his smile beaming back up through the forest roof, to the sun.

At the end of the day the boy would rise, walk on sure, silent feet to the edge of the wood and then run like the wind across the open meadow to the castle step. There he would run his hands along the cold, damp stone walls, guiding himself up the long staircase to the great hall where the king and queen waited. Together they would share the evening meal and then the king and queen would walk their son to his room and tuck him in bed. Listening to the evening winds and the night songs of the birds, the boy would fall asleep.

As the boy grew, each day followed much like the one before. He would rise in the morning, letting his fingers guide him down the stone corridors and out to the meadow. Flying across the meadow to the edge of the woods, then sure-footed, he