The Real Secret

- by Penny Moon

A QUIET PLACE

April 2010

Once upon a time...

And not so very far away, there lived a little boy. Now he was a very special little boy but I won't tell you his name as that is a secret, but he is a lot like a little boy that you may know.

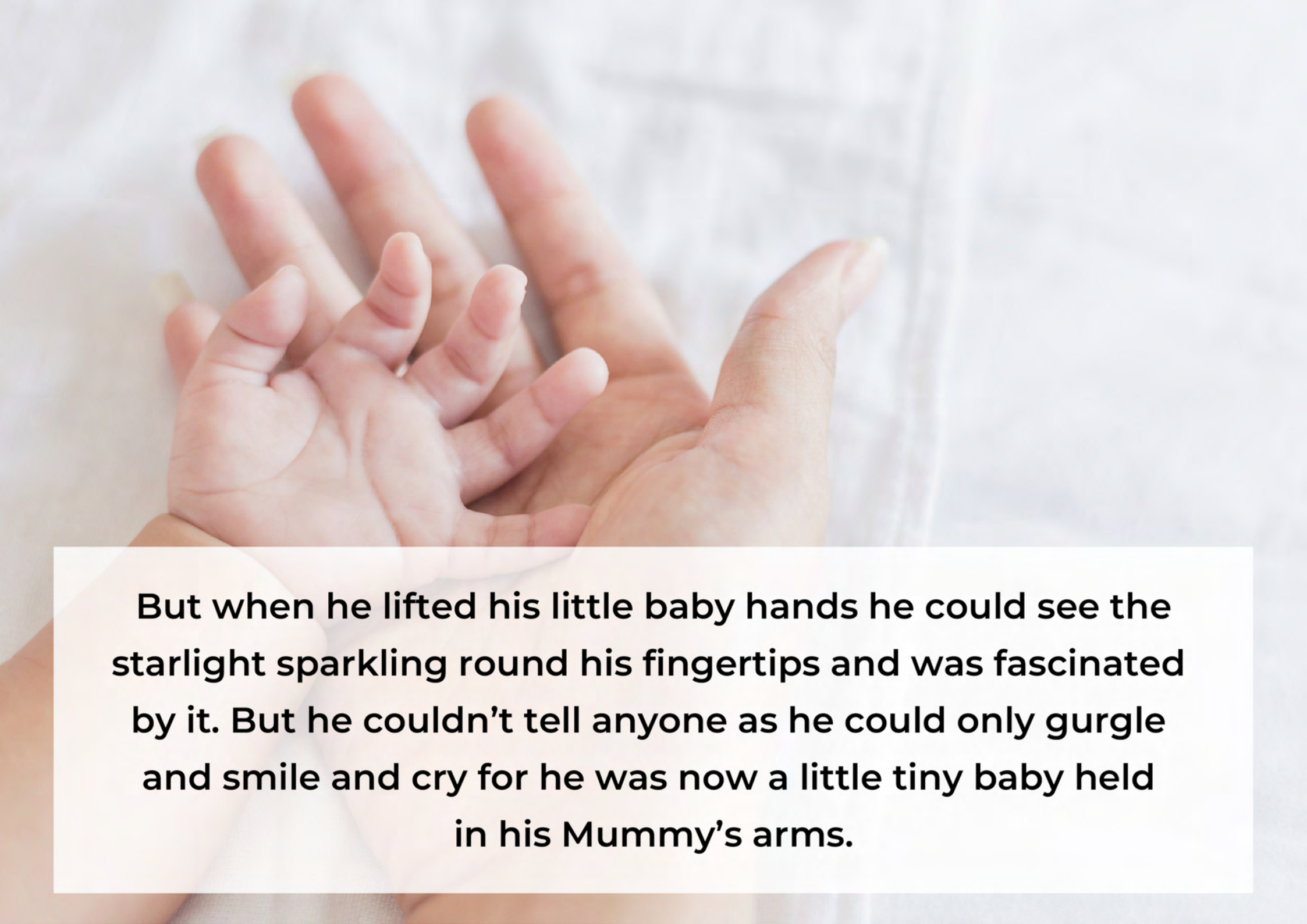
And indeed he was all that little boys should be...

When he was very tiny he lived in the stars where all children live before they come to this beautiful planet.

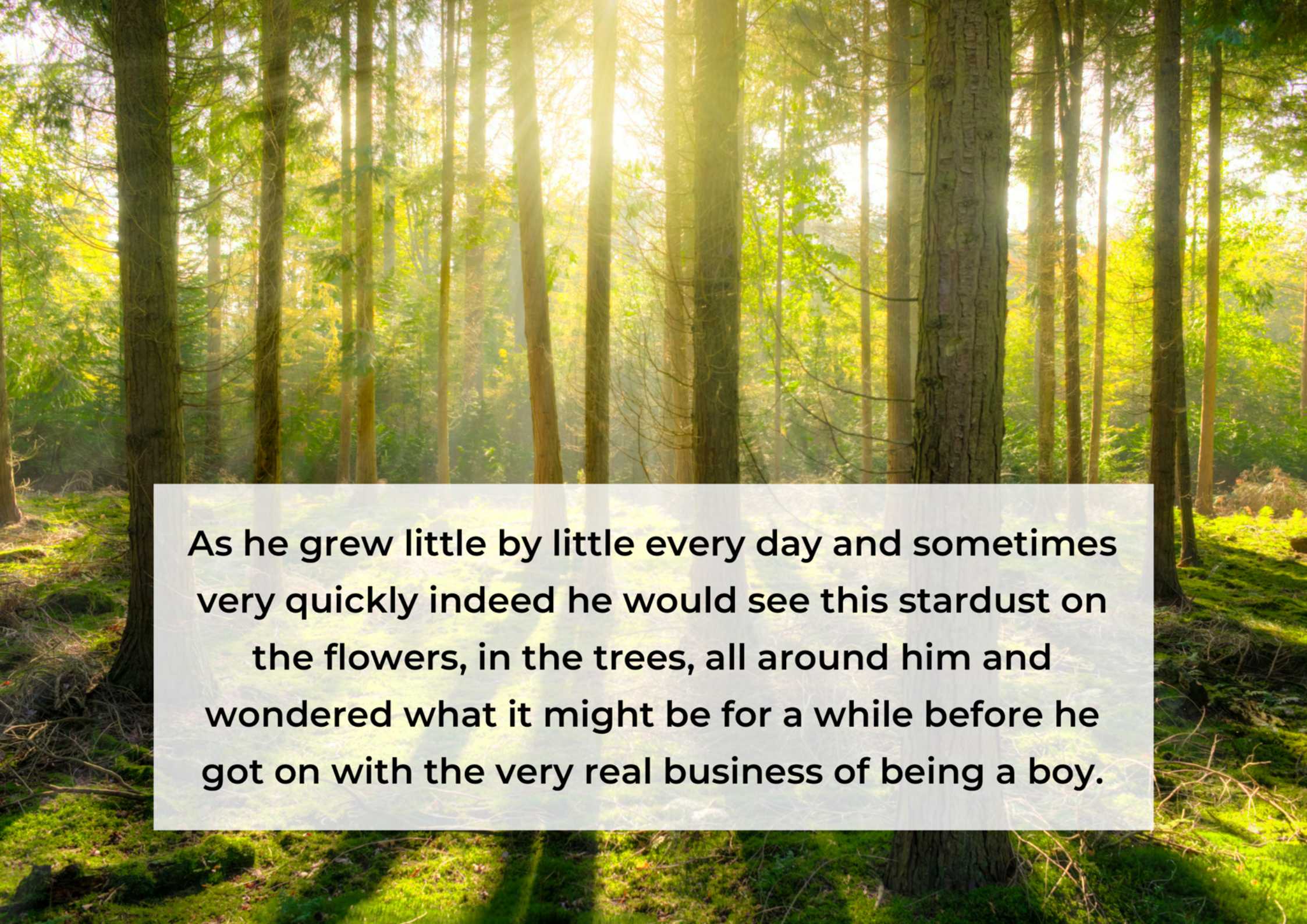
And he played and danced across the Universe, skipping across the stars, writing his name with his fingertip in the Milky Way.

Until it was time for his
adventure on the Earth...

His special companion and guardian
whispered the Secret and next thing
he opened his eyes and looked around.
He had completely forgotten who he was!



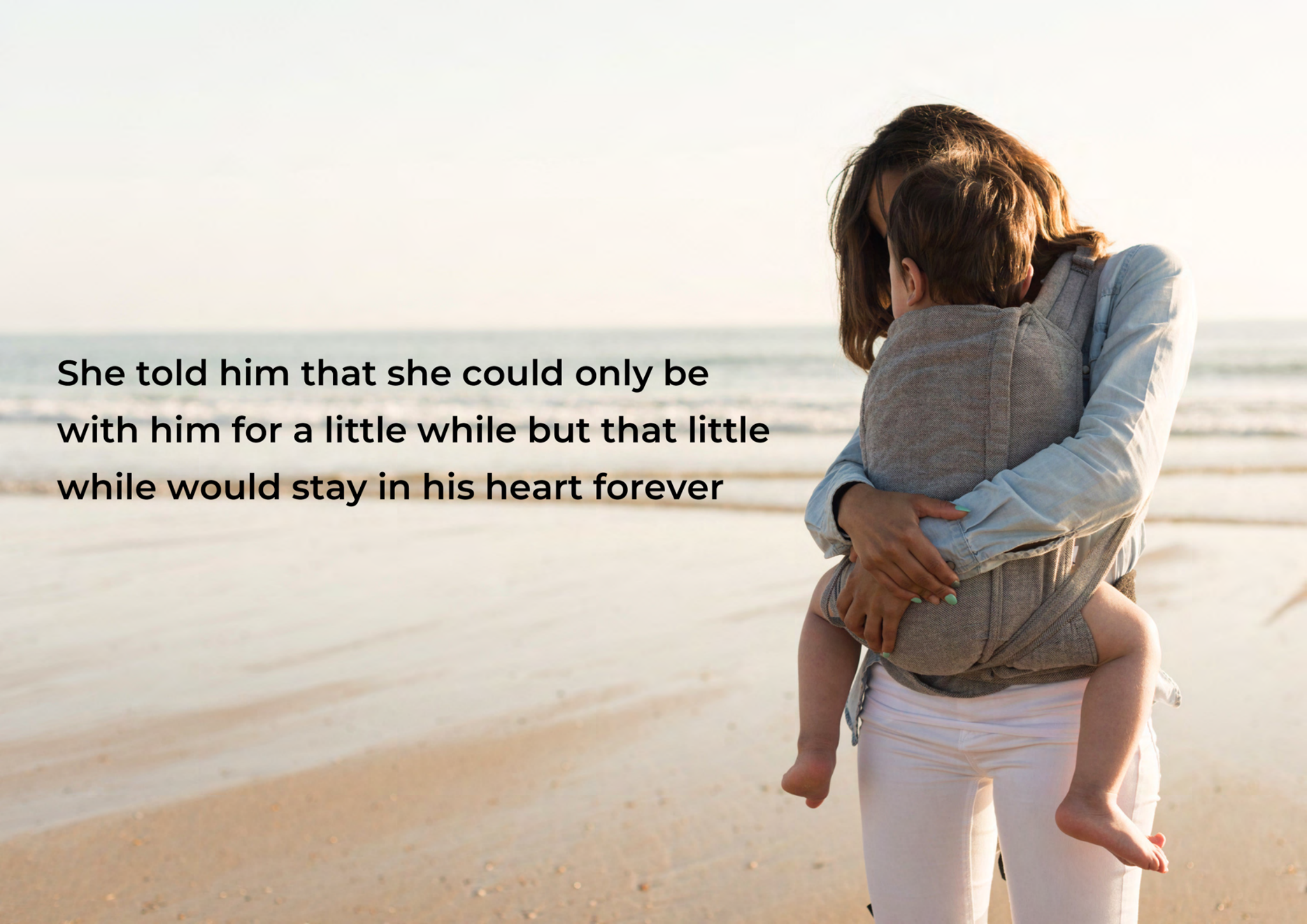
But when he lifted his little baby hands he could see the starlight sparkling round his fingertips and was fascinated by it. But he couldn’t tell anyone as he could only gurgle and smile and cry for he was now a little tiny baby held in his Mummy’s arms.

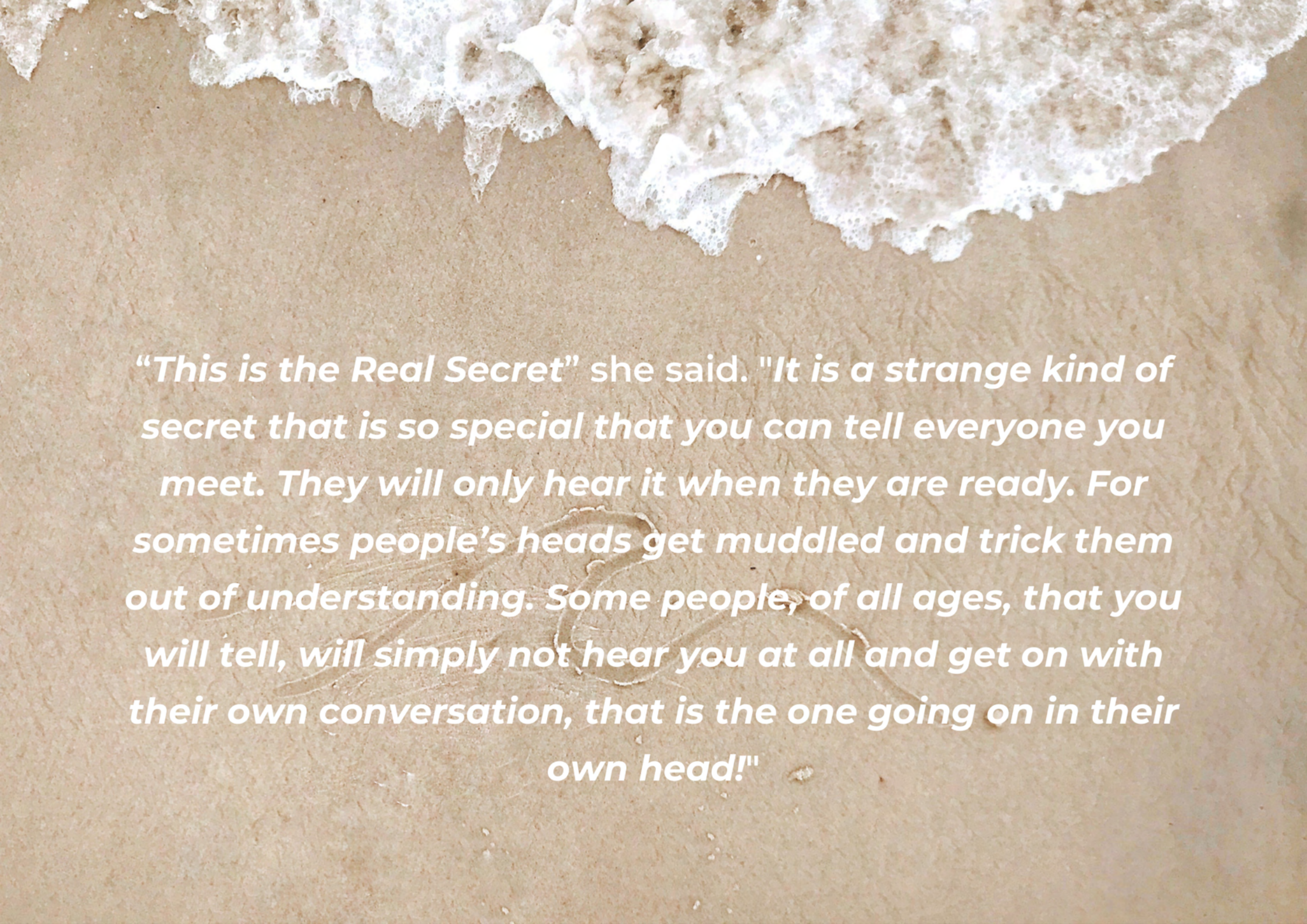


As he grew little by little every day and sometimes very quickly indeed he would see this stardust on the flowers, in the trees, all around him and wondered what it might be for a while before he got on with the very real business of being a boy.

One day a lady started to speak to him and take him out for walks, she showed him lots of beautiful places where the stardust was, on the beach, in the shells and the clouds.

She was his fairy godmother and liked to tell him stories and sing rhymes and play with him.

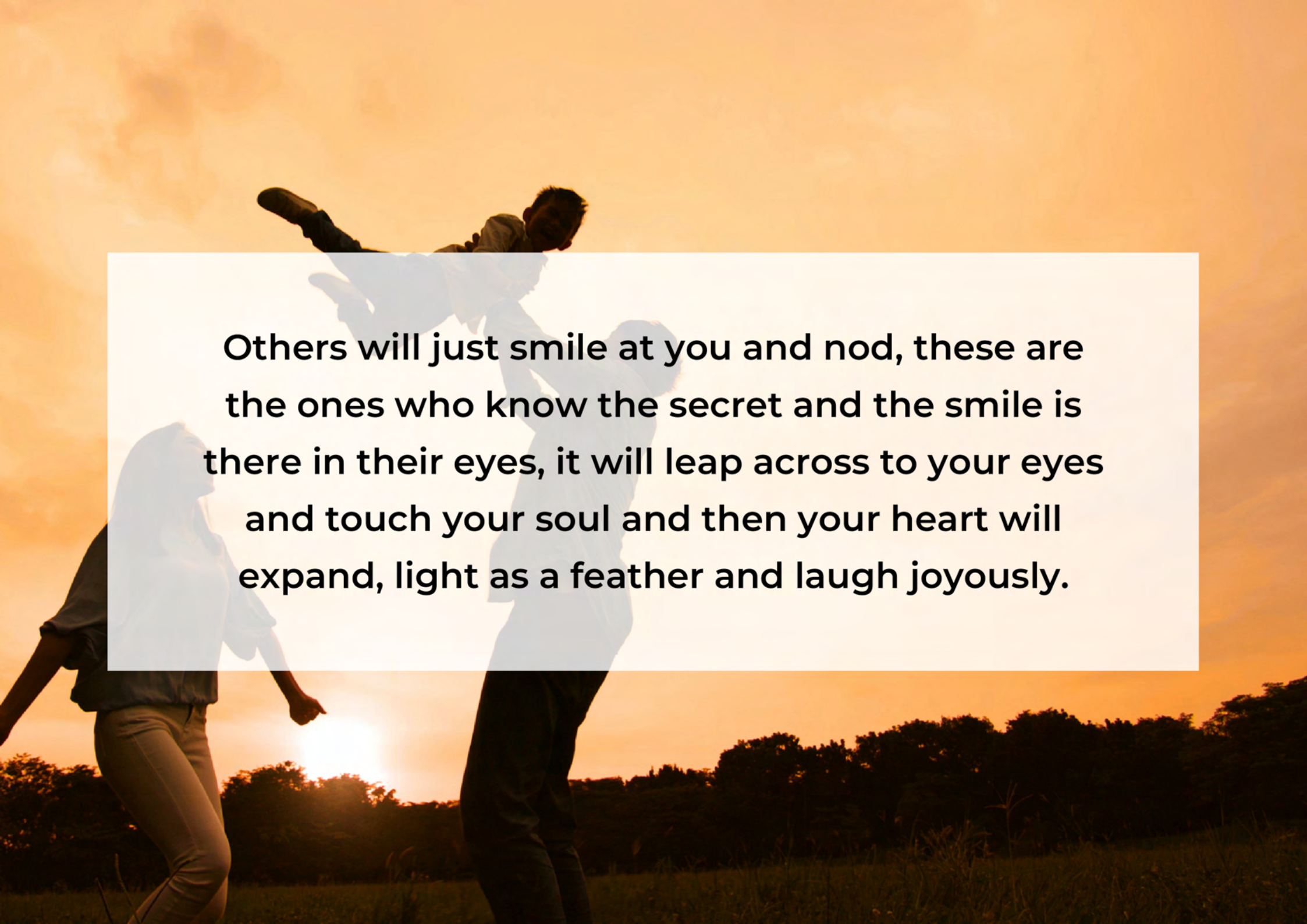

She told him that she could only be
with him for a little while but that little
while would stay in his heart forever



“*This is the Real Secret*” she said. "*It is a strange kind of secret that is so special that you can tell everyone you meet. They will only hear it when they are ready. For sometimes people’s heads get muddled and trick them out of understanding. Some people, of all ages, that you will tell, will simply not hear you at all and get on with their own conversation, that is the one going on in their own head!*"

Some grown up's might say, "***don't talk nonsense***" and be very cross.

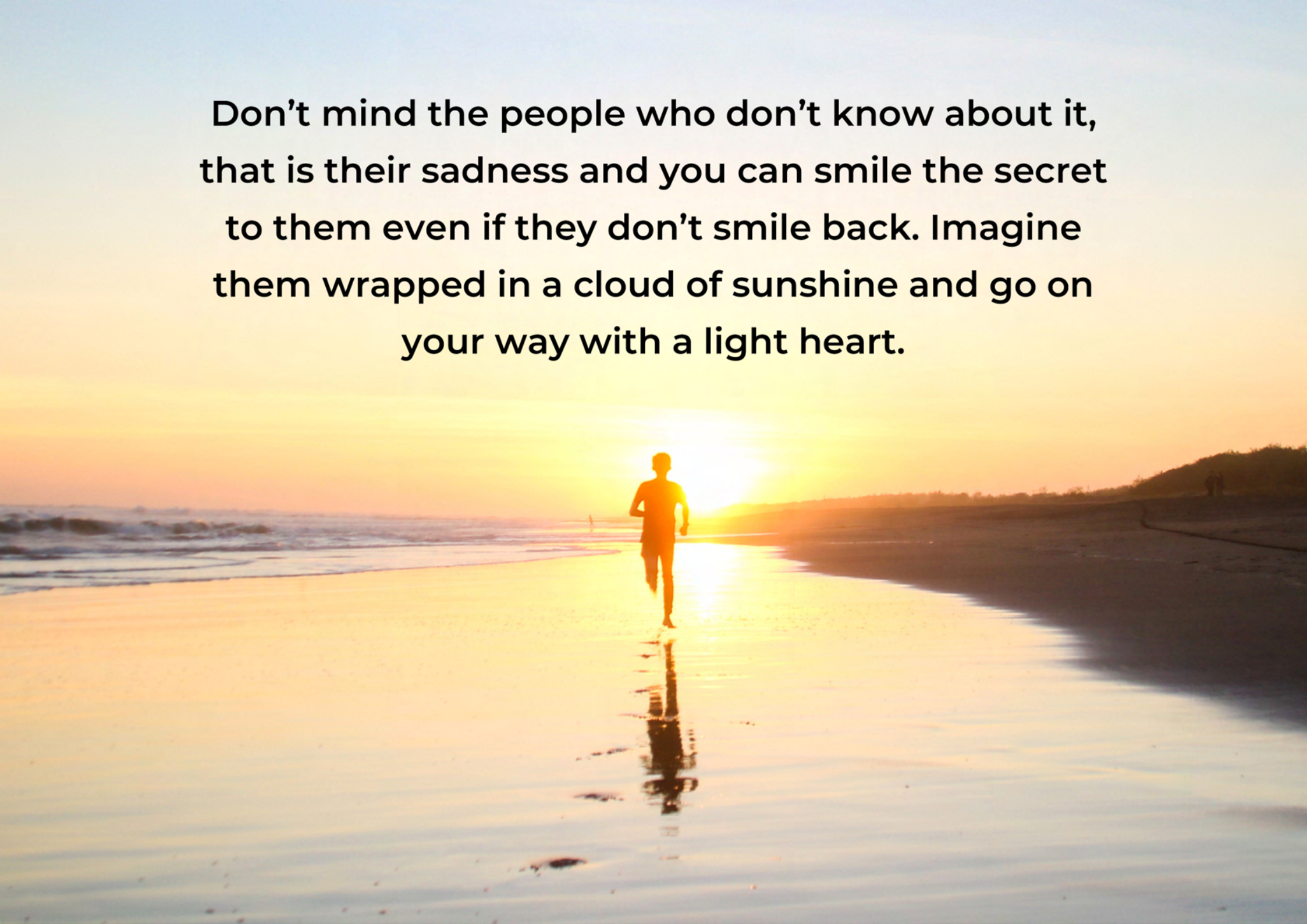
Some people might say, "***Very well dear now go out to play***" and smile at you, these people are the ones that may well understand later.

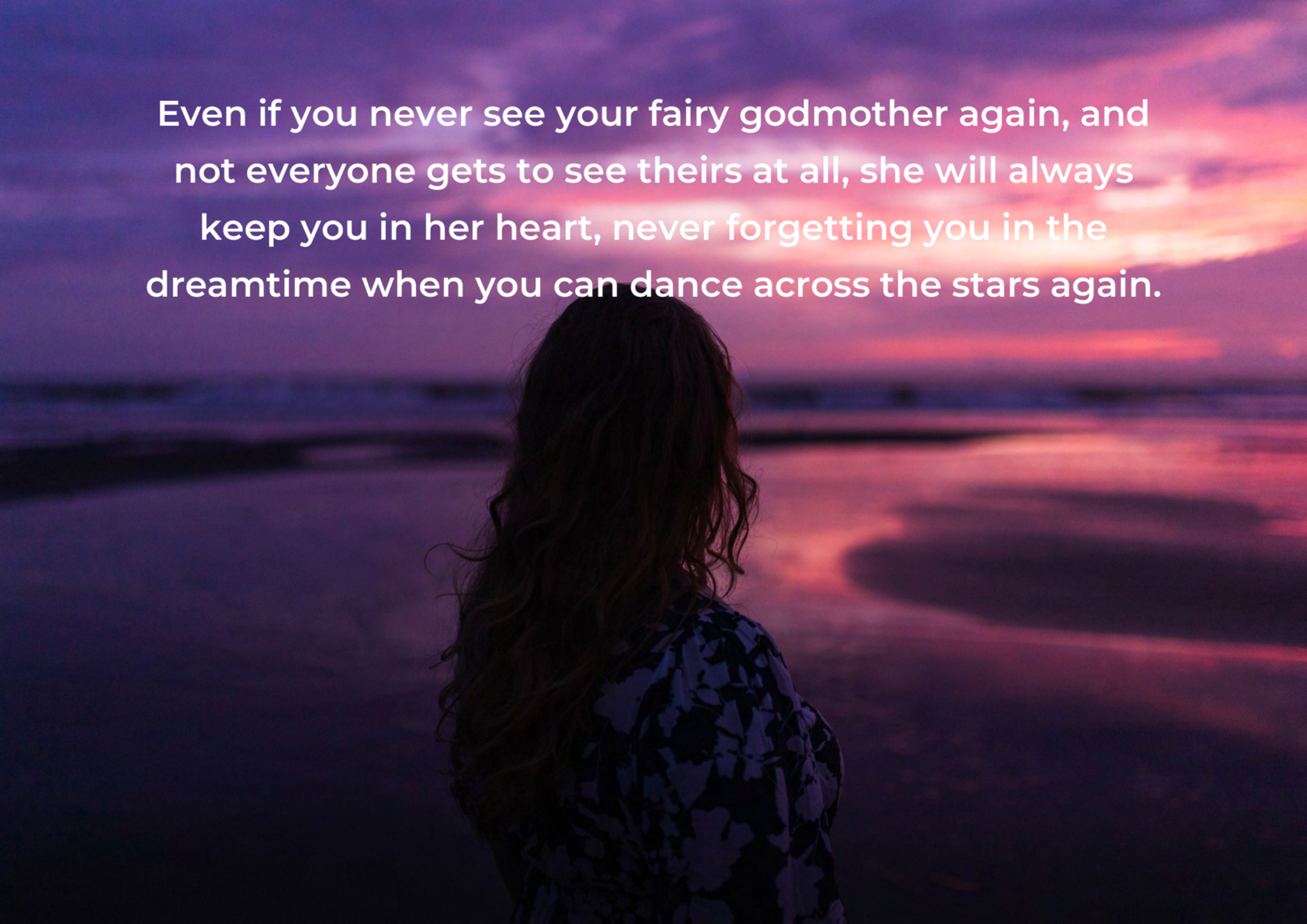


Others will just smile at you and nod, these are the ones who know the secret and the smile is there in their eyes, it will leap across to your eyes and touch your soul and then your heart will expand, light as a feather and laugh joyously.

You know what I mean, don’t you my dear
for you have a fairy godmother.

The name of this secret is **Love** and you can look for it everywhere and find it. It means you can trust your heart rather than the stories your head may tell you.


Don’t mind the people who don’t know about it, that is their sadness and you can smile the secret to them even if they don’t smile back. Imagine them wrapped in a cloud of sunshine and go on your way with a light heart.


Even if you never see your fairy godmother again, and not everyone gets to see theirs at all, she will always keep you in her heart, never forgetting you in the dreamtime when you can dance across the stars again.

Hope you enjoyed this story it has been useful for children who have had a bereavement, loss or trauma of any kind helping them to understand how life's adventures though challenging can be survived and allow their individual potential to thrive.

A QUIET PLACE

April 2010