

## Daffodilly and the lost treasures

*With thanks to Jan Baker who wrote this therapeutic story for her young child after she had suffered a long period of chronic fatigue.*

There was once a small child who lived with his mummy and daddy in a cosy little cottage nestled in some beautiful hills. They had a lovely garden and together they worked and played and grew in this garden. Alongside them Mother Earth's helpers worked and played too.

One day one of Mother Earth's helpers, a perky little fairy called Daffodilly, befriended the small child. Together they sat and talked. Daffodilly often spoke in riddle and rhyme and often would say to the child:

Hello, it's me; it's Daffodilly

Do you think my riddles are silly?

Daffodilly always made the child laugh. But Daffodilly had a favourite rhyme. It was this:

*What shines and glows*

*And always grows.*

*It grows and grows*

*Though it may not show.*

*And...One day if you really want to*

*I will show this treasure to you.*

The boy wondered and laughed, but there were so many other exciting things and riddles to share he did not ask Daffodilly further.

Daffodilly and the child often visited a favourite spot for both of them in the fairy garden. Together they would sit dangling their toes in a bubbling, sparkling pond. The undines would come and tickle their toes which made them laugh. It was Daffodilly who showed the boy the treasures of the pond and as the boy learned to look closely he saw how beautiful they were.

But one day when they returned to the pond, as the summer was drawing to an end, the boy became frightened. As they dangled their feet in the pond the undines were too tired to tickle their toes. Then the boy became angry as he saw the treasures he loved had become smaller and some had even vanished. He asked Daffodilly why? But Daffodilly only sang his favourite rhyme to him:

*What shines and glows*

*And always grows.*

*It grows and grows*

*Though it may not show.*

*And...One day if you really want to*

*I will show this treasure to you.*

Through the autumn and winter the boy became more and more angry because the treasures did not come back to the pond.

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Sometimes he kicked and hurt the pond and would say to Daffodilly: 'Where have our treasures gone?'

Daffodilly would become sad too but would perk up with his rhyme saying:

*What shines and glows*

*And always grows.*

*It grows and grows*

*Though it may not show.*

*And...One day if you really want to*

*I will show this treasure to you.*

It was the beginning of spring; the birds woke earlier now, flowers bloomed and the earth was warmer. The small boy and Daffodilly sat quietly on the edge of the pond together and the small boy finally spoke: "Please Daffodilly, I really really want you to show me the treasure you have talked about in your rhyme.

Daffodilly was pleased and he said: "Very well, watch the pond carefully and you will see..."

*What shines and glows*

*And always grows.*

*It grows and grows*

*Though it may not show.*

*Though things may change, this shall not ever*

*This glowing love will go on for ever.*

*Sometimes it may not look this way*

*But Daffodilly knows it will always stay."*

As Daffodilly spoke the boy saw this REAL treasure. The beautiful everlasting Daffodil of love. He looked at it with wonder and smiled.

With time the boy became used to the pond's changing treasures – sometimes the undines could even gently tickle his toes. But the treasures changed- sometimes bright, sometimes many, sometimes delicate and few- but always, now, the boy could see the golden Daffodil of love shining brightly. Once again he was happy.

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