



# Arietta's Secret Wish

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By Cyndi Warren

Long ago, I am told,  
I was only a glob  
Of hot melted  
crystal, no more  
than a blob  
Blown into a bubble,  
then twisted and  
twirled  
'Til I was a vase and  
came into this  
world.



Viggo, the craftsman who made  
me, is dear,  
I'm named Arietta; my flowers  
bring cheer.  
Our home is a cottage; the  
woods are nearby,  
With a garden and flowers  
where butterflies fly.

Newton  
sleeps by  
the fire that burns very  
bright.  
For an old cat, he can sure  
cause mice to take flight.



I'll tell you a secret: Once I was quite sad.  
Viggo put me near Edna, and boy was she mad.



She was there to hold  
pepper, and she did  
complain,  
"I will *not* let that vase  
invade my domain."  
Her holes were too small

and this odd little quirk  
Kept her pepper inside so she didn't quite work.

The flaw made her grumpy so she picked on me.  
But I watched all the sights for there was much to  
see.

Viggo went to the kitchen, to fix breakfast there.  
Everything came to life; it was quite an affair.

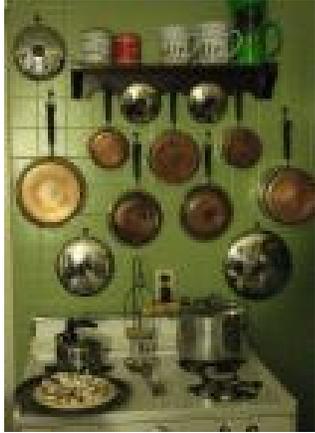
The pots went "Thunk! Thunk!"  
and the whisks did their  
whipping.

The spatulas started their  
pancakes a flipping.

The glasses were ringing; the  
forks went "Clink! Clink!"

The dishes stacked up in a pile in  
the sink.





Edna worked too; shook  
herself in a flurry,  
But it was no use, which just  
worsened her fury.  
Newton rose from the fire; he  
walked over and stopped,  
And pounced on a piece of  
smoked herring that dropped.

Soon it was nighttime; the  
darkness it fell.

Then Edna the jealous one spun a mean spell:  
"We've all been so busy; not once did we play.  
Tell us what, my dear vase, what did *you* do today?"

"Well, I guess I did  
nothing, no nothing at  
all."

And a little glass tear  
from my eye it did  
fall.

I dumped out my flowers  
and slid to the floor,  
And rolled all the way to the pots and pans drawer.

I said, "Newton come! I need your help a lot.  
I will not be a vase; I'm becoming a pot!"



"No, no, Arietta, your  
thinking is wrong.  
You are fragile and  
delicate, not big and  
strong."



Edna hissed, "Newton,  
she has to learn for herself.  
And she won't if she sits all alone on a shelf."  
So he nudged me into the big drawer with his paws,  
And I fell in *and chipped!* though he never used  
claws.

"But I'm fine, my dear Newton; I'm in, don't you  
see?"

Tomorrow our craftsman will be proud of me!  
I'll boil eggs and cook stews, I'll be so very busy,  
That somebody watching might even get dizzy!"



When Viggo awoke he  
said, "Where is my  
vase?"  
He looked high and low;  
he searched every place.  
When he came to the

kitchen and opened the drawer,  
I was hidden in back where I'd gone to explore.

I got stuck there behind a big lumbering pot  
And struggled to get to the front, but could not.  
At night I made progress, but then with no warning,  
The drawer opened knocking me back every  
morning!

Deep down I knew I was destined to fail,  
I was chipping and cracking becoming quite frail.



"The pots are so sturdy,"  
said Edna, "You're weak."  
"You'll never make stew  
now," she laughed, "for  
you'd leak!"

One morning Viggo shut  
the drawer and it  
**CRASHED!**  
And to his dismay, it was  
me that was smashed!

"What is this!" said my  
craftsman, "Oh what did  
you do?"

I said, "I just wanted to make you some stew."

"Oh my sweet little vase," Viggo said, "Don't you  
*see?*



You do not have  
to work to be  
priceless to me?  
Just the way  
that you're  
made is the way  
that is best,  
Arietta, I'll fix  
you and give you  
a rest."

He bonded my pieces and made me like new,  
"In the cupboard you go, now. Don't think about  
stew."

Then winter came covering the cottage with snow;  
Edna mocked, "Now it's too cold for flowers to grow."



But eventually spring came and with it the smell  
Of flowers and fresh air; that broke Edna's spell.  
Viggo opened the cupboard and soon brought me  
down.  
He filled me with flowers that felt like a crown.

My cracks looked like lace and they captured the  
light,  
So rainbows of color made everything bright.  
"You know, Arietta," said Newton, "I'm sure,  
Your scars make you lovelier now than you were."

He jumped up next to me, just to sit, but his tail  
Accidentally bumped Edna, and off she did sail.  
She shattered  
as she hit  
the floor  
with a shout.  
It might be the  
first time  
that pepper  
came out.

"Don't worry,"  
said Viggo,  
"We must be objective.  
That rummage-sale shaker was clearly defective."



He swept up her pieces and tossed them  
away.  
We were glad to be out from beneath her  
dark sway.

So breakfast began once again with a  
flourish:  
Knives chopping, whisks whipping the food  
that would nourish.  
Newton curled up near me; wrapped his tail  
'round me tight.  
While the sun made my flowers shine bright  
with God's light.

From then on our life in the cottage was grand.  
I've outgrown my foolishness; I understand,  
To bring joy with God's flowers, is great, you'll agree;  
Now I know it is wonderful just to be me!

