

Belle the Bear-Foot Ballerina







*Essie Bunny
Official Keeper of
Mama Dew Bear's
Family Lineage*

MamaDew Bear

Mary M. Bear

Holly Berry Bear

Clinnie Mae Bear

**William Playtoes
Bear**



**Belle Harmony
Bear**

Izzy (the) Wizard

**Morgan Mallika
Bear**

Honey Pot Bear

**Jasper Joseph
Bear**

**Snap Dragon
Bear**

Frisco Robin Bear

Fanny Starlit Bear

Amber Lantern Bear

Belle the Bear-Foot Ballerina
by: EPAS
as told by Patricia Stone-Sanders

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Text: Patricia Stone Sanders
Graphic layout, photographs, art: Alice Christine Merritt
Editing: Tony Bullock

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*“Belle the Bear Foot Ballerina,”
is dedicated with love from grateful hearts
to the author’s father, Wilbur L. Stone.
who tends his garden like he lives his life,
and in doing so taught his three daughters
the lessons of freedom that are found in the stories
of Belle Bear.*

**Dad, your children
will love you forever.**



*Belle the Bear-Foot
Ballerina
By: EPAS*

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Belle the Bear Foot Ballerina

When Belle Bear took her first breath on Earth she carried the memory of the freedom of dance in her tiny bear heart.

Belle's mother, Clinnie Mae was the great granddaughter of Mama Dew the Polar Bear.

Little Belle stirred to life full of memories from other worlds, other times, and the happiness just oozed from her tiny little paws.

Distant singing always drifted in her thoughts, playing soft and easy, weaving her between the borderlands of the here, the now and the before.

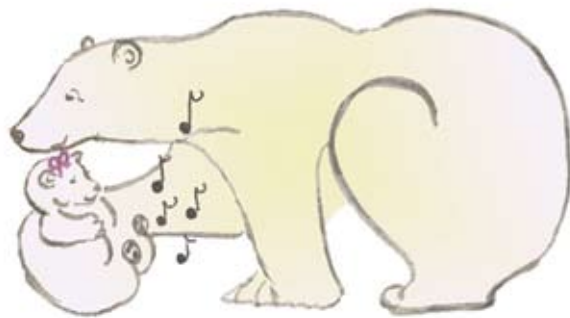
The songs carried her along with the security of a gentle soft breeze.

Little Belle began her life rolling about the cave floor, feeling every inch of the Earth patch beneath her fuzzy little paws.

She loved the way the Earth felt smushed between her bear toes.

The feel of the soft Earth under her tiny toes always reminded Belle of her night dreams. Visions of children dancing barefoot in the grass, along the shore, in the damp caves, around tall trees in the mountains and in fact the dreams always ended with her joining up with the children of the Earth and then the lot of them dancing hand in hand across the planet spreading the joy and comfort of freedom everywhere.

Clinnie Mae
was a loving
mother. Belle
Bear was her
first born
cub. She was
learning to
be a loving
mother while
she played with
Belle.



Together they would spend long hours exploring the world around them.

They wandered here and there thru the tall pines trees in the mountains and waded in the saw grass along the lower coasts.

Belle played for hours watching the fire flies dancing in the damp grasses. She watched as they flitted in and out of the rain drops.



She listened carefully to the sounds of the dragon flies as they performed their dance across the meadows and ponds.

And Belle's dreams were full of visions of children playing bear foot in the magical places hidden around the world.

She listened carefully to the sounds of the fireflies as they played in the damp grass and to the dragon flies flying free across the pond.

She wanted to place the songs in the Earth, the songs from her tiny heart via her tiny paw toes.

She had over time blended a heart felt melody of her old sounds from her way back memories, the very old memories the fire flies and dragon flies shared with her.

These new tunes she longed to dance into the song lines of the Earth, harmonizing the ones in the heart of the Earth with hers from the heart of the universe.



Always in little Belle's tiny heart she heard the words passed to her from her mother who heard the lessons from her mother, Holly Berry Bear, who was given the lessons by Mama Dew Bear herself.

The lesson to remember and for her to pass to her cubs reminded her that:

*It is only with the heart we can see clearly.

*What is essential is invisible to the eye.

*Love lies in the heart and is the most essential part of knowing who you are.



Listening to the Silence



Belle's ability to hear the Songs of the Earth was directly related to her ability to enjoy silence.

Clinnie Mae spent hours with little Belle, as her mother had with her and her mother before her had done, encouraging Belle to listen to the subtle sounds around her.

She knew, as Belle would one day remember, that the truest of all sounds lived in between the rushed sounds of the everyday world. In the tiny little heart beats that would escape the ever listening ear unless you moved past the everyday noise of chaos.

Belle also loved the Circle game. It taught her to look past what lived in the duller realms and to focus on the lights and movement of the higher realms of vibrations.

It was the way of looking through the silence to see the dancing visions of the nether worlds which existed just outside the denser realms of perceived human reality.

Most humans live their entire lives in these realms and never know about all the levels of life around them.

Clinnie Mae knew as had her mother and her grandmother before her, if she was to pass the knowing life to her cubs,

Belle would need to embrace the silence.

Indeed, if all life would spend moments each day in this way the life before them would expand into universes worlds away.

So it went with little Belle and her heart danced with the sounds within the silence.



Circle of Life

Hope dwells in the realms of the deepest heart and celebrates the birth of every beating heart.

For only in the heart can truth reside.

For it lives in the heart without the constraints of reason.

Truth in its essence needs nothing to imbue it with interpretation.

It is. It lives across time and space.....nothing more is required.

As little Belle sat and gazed into the tiny circle drawn in front of her she let her mind go free, as her mother had carefully taught her to do.

She could hear her mother's soft voice saying to her:

“You can see Belle; see into all the universes, all the worlds from this tiny circle.”

“You must always look from within the silence to see the greatest of the distances.”

“Be still and move within the quiet stillness and find for your self that freedom so few know.”

“It is a freedom born on a soft southern wind, fed with the memories of a time long before now.”

“As it has been before and surely will be again, the whispers in the soft breeze will guide the tiny Soul’s heart back to the origins of the being’s birth.”

Belle began to dance through her grandfather’s garden.

As she danced the dew fed the plants with love and tender growth.

She made her way to the shade of a tree near the end of the turnip row and she started to see the memories floating in her tiny bear eyes.



She loved the taste of the turnips- so sweet to nibble on.

This was early fall and they (the turnips) were glorious.

Grandfather always planted his turnips earlier than all the human garden tenders.

He said the humankind just never realized you could plant them in the late summer and have a crop ready, fully grown by early fall, a full growing cycle ahead of the others.

Well that was the way with the human kind.

Too many rules without purpose.

She often thought they made them up just to have something to do. Bears, and especially, Belle Bear did not make rules, nor follow the silly things for sure.

Anyway, she loved the early turnips, just like she loved the late spring berries-dew berries mother Clinnie called them.

Belle just called them good tasting!

Little Belle loved the vast openness of the outside.

She equally loved the shadow cast by the huge oak trees that lined the garden. They were old, older than time her grandfather had told her.

Clinnie Mae had given her a teaching story about the old oaks.

She sang as she remembered the story.

She remembered the lessons well.

It was about the Tree of Life.

Learning to climb the Tree of Life

1st trust the foundation beneath you

2nd never look back with regrets

3rd move without hesitation

4th never question your heart

and remember

Be sure you always climb your own tree, not someone else's.



Soiree

All her little bear life, Belle had been learning the understanding of the soiree.

She always listened when her elders spoke and she tried very hard to learn all she could, but some things just confounded her little bear mind.

Like why was her silly brother afraid of the dark? Everyone knew that's why there were fire flies, to light the earth and stars to light the skies.

And why did they call her papa bear Shorty? He was the tallest bear around; at least he sure was to Belle. She had to look way up to look him in the eyes.

But what confused her most was this soiree thing, her grandmother kept talking about.

It was at the evening part of the day.

It must be a happy time because there was talk of it being a party and having music.

But what was this journey thing her grandmother talked about? Did they have to travel to find this soiree thing?

The night came for the first soiree and WOW now she understood.

It was
wonderful!

Lanterns,
lots and
lots of food,
laughter and
the smell of
pine trees,
cedar trees, camp fires and yes there was music, too.



Such grand music. A full bear band.

All of a sudden she realized she knew what the journey was her grand mother had talked about.



Why she had been in bear heaven all night and she had never even left her little patch.

How about that! ! !

Dancing Shoes

After realizing a bear could travel anywhere in their mind's heart, Belle begin in earnest to seek those journeys with intent.

What she learned was that music held the key to setting her free. Smells helped, but music, that was the ticket.

Belle realized that every time she heard the music she would start to dance.

She would spin and turn and go way high on her bare bear toes, well her paws actually. NO shoes required for this dancer.

And as she spun around, the world would fade and she would float along in her dreams to places she had never ever been in her bear life.

One day as she floated along on her journey she must have gotten a bit too close to a puddle because her grandmother bear called to her to spin fast because she had gotten her self pure wet.

So she lifted her self high and light and turned and turned.

Her little brother, the one who was afraid of the dark, and who had been listening and watching from under the oak tree, teased her about the pure wet thing and so she laughed and said, “ Oh no William, I was not wet at all, I was dancing the Pirouette that is all.”

“Get your facts straight.”

And she laughed and laughed as she pirouetted the pure wet out of her little dancing dress.....



The Grape Vine Saga

Little Belle loved to watch the sunshine pass between the grape leaves and cast shadows as it filtered to the ground below.



She loved to lie on her soft bear back and catch the sun dust as it floated down to her as she lay under the vines.

Now this was great fun, but more fun was when it was early autumn because Belle could eat the grapes as she played in the sun dust.

In the garden the grapes, called Scuppernongs, were of a special sort; a teaching sort.

Where most grapes required 2 plants to pollinate and have fruit, these were of the stand alone kind.

It was a thing Papa Wilbur Bear loved to talk about.

It was a lesson in standing for yourself and “bearing” in mind who you are and not allow that who you were or were not, or could not be, was based on the dependence of another.

For these vines only require their single life force to grow, and develop and bear fruit.

There was one such lesson Belle would always remember that came from the grape vines.

Papa Wilbur Bear had learned from Mama Dew years ago about the virtues of memories.

His wise words always reminded Belle about the true value of memories.

Learn from the rough memories, for they will always be learning stories that offer help in future times.

They will carry you across the rough patches yet to come.

These rough patches will become teaching stories that can later become happy memories and those always are the truth of growth.

Turn the rough patches into fertile soil so that the growing can always be fruitful.

Belle's little heart always danced with joy when she thought about that.

And for Belle the grapevine lesson of individual strength
was always a happy memory.



Catching the Good Memories

A stitch in time. Mama Bear had said that over and over again.

Belle just always wondered what that really meant.

Then one day when she was out in the garden with Papa Wilbur Bear he began a story.

It was about struggles and hardships.

It was about memories and it was about survival.

He talked with little Belle about his life experiences and his mother's and all the bear clan gone before.

Papa Wilbur Bear sat in the shade of the big sycamore tree and wiped his sweaty bear brow with a soft cloth.



“Listen, Belle”, he began, “and always remember struggles are just stitches in time because they are the weave that designs your life story.”

“Without these stitches you would be lost indeed.”

“Never think that hardships are unfair or a punishment,
but know they are the steps to recover your true heart.”



“So Belle, make all your adventures good memories, and never, never think you are anything but a perfect example of the world of Bear-ness.”

“Be who you are in your inner most heart.”

“Turn all your life adventures into a life long learning experience and move along the journey with laughter and freedom from fault.”

“No good choices.”

“No bad choices.”

“Only choices.”

“What is that song- - - - ?”

“Oh yes, that’s right,...“Have It All Your Way.”

Little Belle just sang that song over and over in her little bear heart and danced and danced her little bear feet across the dew covered garden.

Twilight

On a very starry night in early fall, Belle Bear was out in the garden thinking on her life.

So far, she thought, it had been a wonderful life.



Stories and lessons and turnips and baseball.

Papa Wilbur loved to talk about baseball. Not the teams actually, nor the series, nor the rules.

He just loved to talk about the concept of the game.
That was his way of teaching her.

Belle had learned over the years that Papa Wilbur almost never talked directly about the subject.

“It is a thing of profound courage”, he once said about baseball.

“Some one throws something at you, you take a swing at it and run and if you run fast enough to beat it back to where you started you are home safe.”

After long talks with Papa Wilbur about baseball, Belle understood the great learning curve.

It had nothing to do with being a great batter, nor runner, nor who had the most RBIs.

It had to do with understanding the falsity in running from or to anything unprepared. It clouded your mind, the running that is.

You do not run from fear, you stand your ground and scream back at the thing that would hound you.

You do not run to a destination, because the journey is the best part and if you ran you would miss most or all of the getting there.

You simply go to your destination, with slow deliberate pleasure, knowing with a true sense that you are already there.

Everyone knows there is no such place as far away.

You are already there in your inner most heart.

So little Belle watched the twilight turn to starlight and she sang a traveling song as she thought about the true art form of baseball having nothing to do with the game.

She also laughed at the feel of the dew on her toes and the way the stars danced into her little bear heart and lit the lantern to guide her on her future journeys.

She was a happy and carefree Bear Foot Ballerina dancing her way to the stars, and she loved knowing that nothing or no one could stop her,

.....Because she was already there











Mama Dew Bear's Bears!!!

"Belle" the Bear-Foot Ballerina



*Belle's heart carries the story
of the feel of the earth beneath her feet
and Fire-Fly - "Star-Lit" Lanterns, true "freedom"*

