

Frisco Robin and Maggie's Gate







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

Mama Dew 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

Frisco Robin and Maggie's Gate
by:EPAS
as told by Patricia Stone-Sanders

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If ever there was a Soul whose awareness knew the essence of Peace, it was my friend Robin. Larger than life and grander than the cosmos, he gently touched and loved all he held in his hands.

Frisco Robin and Maggie's Gate is dedicated to his memory on the earthen plane and his presence in the realm of the Divine.

*I love you Robin. You were always the wide-eyed, playful, and ever exploring Frisco Robin.
Yet, my friend, you were also the ever-knowing Peace Robinson.*

Frisco Robin Bear and Maggie's Gate

Frisco Robin Bear came awake in this life to be the last born cub of Jasper Joseph Bear. He began the eighth generation following Mama Dew the Polar Bear.

Frisco Robin was a free spirit entirely. He was cuddly and soft with huge brown eyes. His bear heart covered the world with laughter.

Frisco Robin enjoyed every moment of his life to the fullest. He played and wandered and lumbered along. His father, J.J. Bear was a strong, single minded bear, and he lavished his total devotion to the education and love of his youngest cub, Frisco Robin Bear.

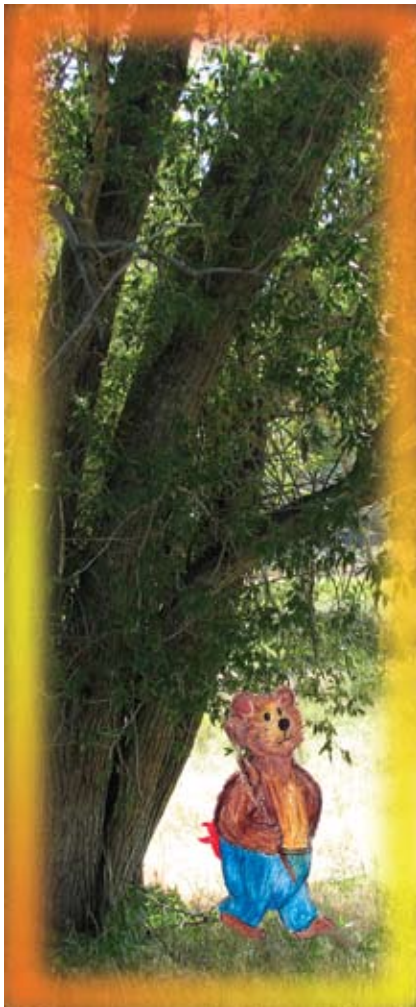
The stories in the bear clan had foretold of this 7th son born to the 7th generation of Mama Dew the Polar Bear. He would become the Papa of Amber Lantern Bear.

Amber Lantern Bear would be the last of Mama Dew, the Polar Bear's Clan. It was foretold she would dedicate her life to the recovery of the travels of her ancestor, Mama Dew and to the Legacy of her Great-Great Grandmother Belle the Bearfoot Ballerina.

Then with this knowledge she would become the last of the caretakers for the secret, secret place; however that is another telling, this story is Frisco Robin's tale.

As it was, Frisco Robin was the single focus of his father's life. He grew up in the woods and forest of the south in a patch named Alabama. He played and roamed and never gave a thought to the things outside his vision.

He was for all intent and purposes a fearless bear.



Frisco Robin was a shining example of a country bear gone hippy. He was a wonderfully happy gifted little bear. Well, to tell the truth of it, from time to time he was a bit robust. His laughter was always tilted to the stars. He was a perfect model of a learning curve life in progress and he never failed to stop and smell the petals as they sprang under his paws.

At birth he was a quiet fellow, and as he grew he was a reflective fellow, then later a rather happy hippy fellow and then a wonderfully blessed peaceful fellow. It was his up coming journey that helped him to grow into a life that spelled freedom and fearlessness.

Names and Places

On a fine Alabama morning in early fall, Frisco Robin went on an adventure.

There was a train station near his bear patch and Frisco Robin watched every morning and every afternoon as the train blew pass.

He packed his little bear handkerchief with bits of cheese, some berries and a tiny bag of flour in case he got a cut. Papa J.J. Bear had spent long hours showing him how to use the things handy, to help in case of emergency. Flour was for cuts. It stopped the bleeding at once and had something like an antiseptic inside to help the healing.

Then of course there was toothpaste. That was for burns and bites, but he could not manage to slip any of that out without being questioned, so he just would have to stay away from bugs and fires, he reckoned.

Today he had decided he was going to his naming place. His Grandfather had told him a story before he died about how Frisco Robin had gotten his name.

He said every bear's name comes from the naming place. Frisco Robin's had come from a place called San Francisco on the far side of the land mass. Today his adventure was to go see this place and what gifts had come from there.

He was an adventuresome sort of bear, but even at that he had taken the time to write a note to his mother and grandmother to let them know where he was headed..... and to say that he WOULD be back. That should work to help his Papa bear understand.

What a clever little bear he was to think of that....very pleased with himself he headed off to catch the train west.

Frisco Robin was wide eyed with wonder. He was at long last a traveling bear. He had only been gone one day and he was covered up with the adventure. Little Frisco Robin had jumped right into the empty train car.

All day he sat watching the passing scenery. Cities, towns, villages, and wide forests with flowing rivers, and at night he slept out under the stars. He always awoke rested and ready to catch the next morning train west.

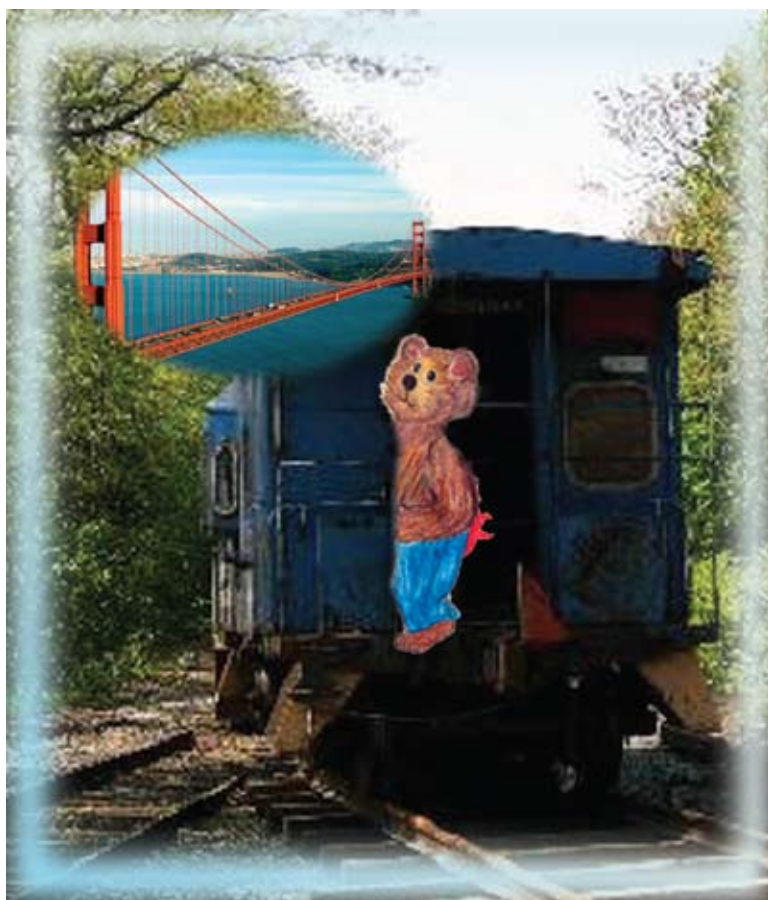
Three days later he arrived at this naming place. It was great timing because little Frisco Robin was just fresh out of food. Not even a morsel or a crumb left. Only the flour remained.

He had not had a cut so the flour was still safe in his bag. And anyway every bear knew that food was un-important when it was an adventure that was waiting for you.

An adventure of galactic proportions was waiting for him just outside this train yard.

And Frisco Robin was ready.

He knew, like every bear knew, that names were special, and his was a gift given him by Grandmother Song Dragon Bear, and he was off to discover all about it.



Meeting Peace Robinson Bear

Little Frisco Robin was new to this city sort of place and he quickly realized he needed some sort of tour guide. Just then, as he sat to contemplate on his dilemma, a lumbering giant of a bear passed by and stopped to linger in the same shade.

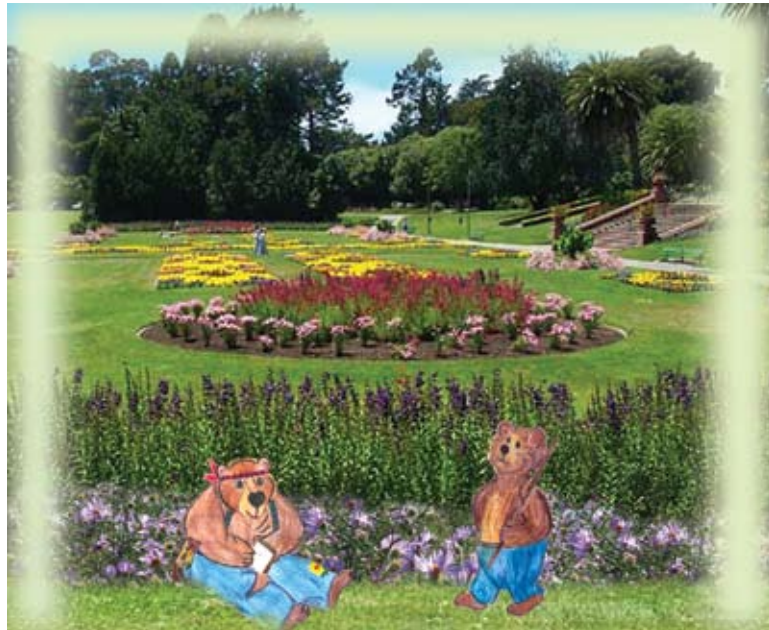
Now isn't this a great stroke of luck Frisco Robin thought. This was just what he needed, an older bear with a wealth of knowledge and this fellow sure looked like he fit the bill.

After a brief introduction he discovered this fellow was Peace Robinson. He was a city regular alright. Frisco Robin had never met anyone as "different" as this fellow. He was a bit like his dad in a natural philosophers sort of way, but miles different as well.

Seems he had grown up in the city during something called the flower times. Frisco Robin reckoned that must have something to do with honey, as most flowers did.

They became fast friends and with the big lumbering fellow to guide him they headed into the heart of San Francisco to a place called Chinatown. The little Alabama bear had no idea he had traveled all the way to China on the train. Good thing he had this big fellow to inform him of all that.





According to Peace, this place actually, in time past, shook so hard the earth sort of quaked. It started a fire one time that burned a huge patch of the town. It had, in the later times of the humans, been splendidly rebuilt.

Peace said that was what had moved the city dwellers out for a time. Frisco Robin supposed it would make a fellow rethink where he laid his head to rest at night for sure...

Now this Chinatown was an interesting and exciting place. Peace introduced Frisco Robin to his ole friend, Rice Cake Bear. Rice Cake's mother invited them to dinner. She watched with pride as her hungry guest devoured the food on the table before him.



Frisco Robin had been a long, long day without any food and this was a banquet for a royal bear. It was all exotic and unfamiliar dishes to him. It was different from anything he had ever had on his Alabama patch. Frisco Robin loved every bite he tasted.

One dish was really tasty. Forgetting his manners, he blurted out, “gosh, this is great. What is it?”

“Bamboo shoots,” Rice Cake’s mother answered, “It is a great favorite of our cousins the Giant Pandas of China.” The Alabama patch country bear was really impressed and amazed. “WOW!” he exclaimed. “You have cousins who are giants.”



Now this really was news, giants, and he had met their family. No wonder they had such wonderful food. It was made for giants alright. Just wait until Papa heard about that. He quietly began to wonder if this bamboo stuff made you grow as big as giants, and if he would sprout to growing soon....

They were then asked to join the rest of the family in their yard place for a time of story telling. Peace Robinson lit a small campfire and as the smoke drifted slowly into the night sky they all relaxed, full and happy to listen to the mystical tales handed down through countless generations of this bear clan.

The Grandmother began the stories. She talked about a magical river that was always brimming with jumping fish. They were so friendly they jumped into your hands she had heard.

She told them about a star garden near the river with luscious squash, sweet turnips, carrots, juicy apples, beets; all the food a bear loves to eat. She said the seeds for these delicacies had come straight from the Star People.



This garden was never ending, always ripe and fresh. Hearing this, Frisco Robin's ears focused on the "never ending" and "always fresh" part. It was not that way in his patch at home. The food was good, but it had ending and beginning and he thought to find out the secret of this garden.

Before he could ask the ole Grandmother looked him straight in the eye and said quietly, "This garden was grown from the seeds of the stars, brought to earth in the pockets of the first caregivers for that land."

Frisco Robin reckoned that was why everyone said they tasted so wonderful and were never out of season. Maybe stars had no season....imagine that!

Papa Bear would love to find that patch.



She did not know the name for this place, but Frisco Robin was sure it was a “for real and true” patch. It would be a lucky bear who found that patch for sure.....

He drifted off to sleep in the yard place dreaming of Star People, sweet turnips, and jumping fish.

On the Way Home

Three days later, when he came back to the rail yard, he sang a new song, filled with all the things he had learned. Unusual, that was the word for what he learned.

Along the way back towards his home patch in Alabama, little Frisco Robin Bear reflected on the new things he knew about.

Frisco Robin was a happy, reflective sort of bear and the things he discovered on this adventure confirmed all the feelings he had about the nature of freedom. He held those thoughts deep in his heart.

The city of his naming had given him a great understanding of his heart felt joy; a look at a wider patch than he had known. Frisco Robin's father had been the only one of the clan to travel across the country. He had gone to California, to San Francisco in fact, and he had even put a nail in the Golden Gate Bridge. "Just to show them how a bear does it," he had said.

He shared that story with his new friend, Peace, and even got to see the bridge his Papa had talked about. Now that was something important and Papa must have known what to show them to do cause the bridge was for sure still there. He made a note to remember to tell him about that accomplishment when he got back home.



Frisco Robin felt the adventure all over his little fuzzy paws. He had already started to think about what his next adventure might be.

Top of the list was to visit the world famous honey place he had heard about from Peace Robinson. It was close to his home back in Alabama in the nearby Florida patch.

It was named Uncle Matt's Organic Orange Grove. It seems the oranges there were all about using the best nature had to offer to make them the sweetest ever, and that, as any bear knew, meant the best of honey pots in the near by trees..... Sweet Orange Blossom Honey.....he would see to that after he got home and had a bit of a rest.....

A New Adventure

Now, on his way back across country Frisco heard the whispers of an adventure he wanted to know more about.

He first heard the whispers in the wind around a fairy willow tree on his way west, but he was too interested in finding the place of his naming.

Now that had been seen to he was eager to get more news on this Maggie's Gate thing.

So as he moved along he had his ears perked high, ever listening for news of this place.

One night, as he relaxed by his small campfire, he was surprised to see from the corner of his eye, a flower diva. She was sitting on a petal gazing at the stars. He carefully let his eyes meet hers and after a brief moment of time he introduced himself and approached the subject with her.

"Maggie's Gate," she quizzed his question. Then as if she read his heart, she began to tell him the story of the Angels and the Fairies and the one magical place left on earth for them to be safe, and most importantly, the circle built for them to cross the great divide home.

She then told him her name was Ashley Marie and she talked for hours about the times when the magical beings had to hide because they were not safe, and how the star family

built a ranch there that offered a sanctuary for the magical kingdom. They planted a vineyard and gardens of apple trees that provided the honey to feed those who came to make the journey across the great divide.



She gave him her tiny turquoise stone and hid in it for him the invitation to see for himself this magical place.

Now he had all the facts to find this Maggie's Gate, and an invitation too, fancy that.

Next morning first thing he was off to find this place.

Aspen Trees and Fairy Wings

So, in the misty dawn, with the dew still fresh on the grass, Frisco Robin toddled off in the direction of a place called Col-o-my-rado and then to the new place of Mex something or other.

Every night he listened for the sound of the fairy parade as it passed his small camp fire. That was the one thing that proved to him he was on the right track; the fairy track, it was foretold to lead right to this gate place.

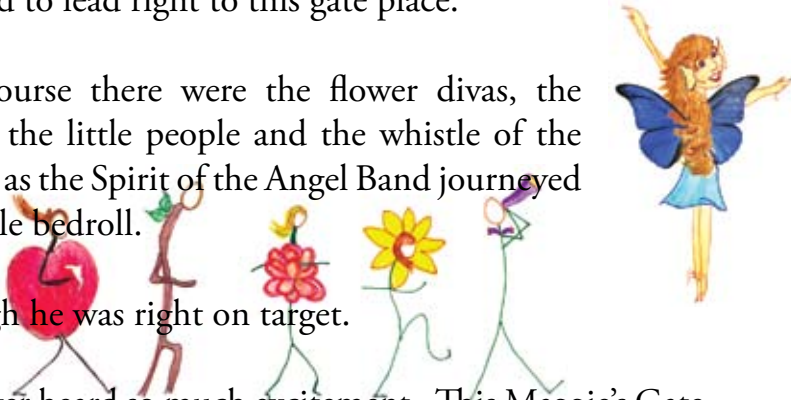
Then of course there were the flower divas, the tree songs, the little people and the whistle of the trumpeters as the Spirit of the Angel Band journeyed past his little bedroll.

Sure enough he was right on target.

He had never heard so much excitement. This Maggie's Gate place must be something really special. One would get the idea it was truly a crossing place of some sort.

Well, soon he would know for himself. He wondered if other bears had been invited to this place. Anyway, he would find out soon enough.

As the traveling days passed he began to notice they were climbing high in the mountains, passing by a beautiful river. And the trees were singing, at least it sounded that





way. Frisco Robin had never heard that sound before. The trees in his patch down in the South never sang. It was almost like a gentle tinkling bell.

He did notice every night that these singing trees, Aspens they were named, were full to the brim of fairies sleeping on every limb.

The last night of his journey he made a new wonderful friend. She was an incredible iridescent Turquoise Dragonfly. After they had shared a dinner of berries and nit flies she began to tell him the story he had wanted all this time to hear.

The Naming of Maggie's Gate

“Long, long ago when the humans were on the land,” the Dragonfly began her tale of the then to the now regarding the awaited gathering, “the Star family came to the land.”

“They came at the request of the Spirit of the Land to answer the Angel’s request for the circle to be built on the upper patch.” “It would be a magical circle.” “It was needed to send the fairies and the divas back to the land of Nod.... and it was to be the place where the first Mollyfly was to be born.”

Frisco Robin was really excited now. He had been told the myths and stories his entire bear life, well all of the 5 years he had been a bear, of the times before the magic returned to the world and coming of the birth of the last Dragon’s baby, the beginning of all the magical Mollyflies.

Frisco Robin sat up very straight to show his interest, for he did not want the Dragonfly to think he was not paying attention. He wanted every scrap of information about this gate naming thing. Who the heck was this Maggie and why was it her gate that protected this most magical of all places.

The Dragonfly fluttered down to gently settle on a log by the fire. Frisco Robin stirred the fire, turned to rest his little bear face on his paws and hoped for the longest of all stories.

“Well,” began the Dragonfly, “the family was happy to be on the land, but they needed help getting started with the work they had been asked to do.” “The first thing they had been asked to do was to put up a gate.”

“The gate was the first part of the work because it protected the land from the outside world, almost like making it invisible.” “They were puzzled because they did not have a way to get this important gate to the far away mountain ranch.”



“Then they met Maggie,” the dragonfly continued. “She was a special Angel who loved the horses every bit as much as they did and this made them fast, fast friends.” “Maggie was an Artist Angel who could draw the horses with magic in them so that each of her paintings could come to life and kiss the one who took them home with them.”

“It is said it was because she used the magical clay to make the pads on which they were painted, and fired them in a baking oven, made just for her.”



The Dragonfly paused for a moment, spreading her wings to gather some warmth from the flickering embers. Frisco Robin sat, spellbound, hardly daring to breathe, just waiting for her to finish her tale of magic and mystery.

“Anyway she had come to help the family and they went together and got this gate and it was used to mark the entrance of this magical place.” “They put it up on the patch above the river and the very first night it was standing the Angels came and sang around it.

They named it Maggie’s Gate, because they knew that one day all the creatures of magic would be returning to this special place to cross over the great divide and return to the place of their births and they would need a marker to find their way.”

The Dragonfly took a sip from a dewdrop on an overhanging leaf before she finished her tale. Seeing the bear's sleepy eyes, she hopped onto his shoulder and whispered the last part of the story into his drooping ear.

“It was, to the outside world, a gate to bar the way to those not called, and to the worlds of magic, it was the marker for the doorway home.”

Frisco Robin began to drift off to sleep in dreams of star flies and honey pots. As he closed his eyes he wondered if his Dragonfly friend would be there when he awoke to help him get pass this gate...he sure hoped so.....

When he did feel the sun on his eyes and came awake, she was gone.



Standing at the Gate

Frisco Robin began his first few steps of the morning and found himself facing the very place he had journeyed to find; Maggie's Gate. He realized he must have slept the night away just outside the patch.



His bear heart was beating ever so fast. He intrepidly stepped forward to attempt to open the gate.

Then he stepped back to gaze at the lush green area behind the gate. It was green right down to the river's edge. He could hear the fish jumping and could see the water splashing. Wow! He had never seen that before.

Then his eyes found the patch up to his left. High up to the back were the largest stones he had ever seen. It was a circle, and it was huge and they sort of glowed.

Wow! he thought, but before he could finish that thought, a small object caught his eye. It floated just to his right and stopped.

"Did you think you would come in?" He heard the words in his head. Being a brave bear, he replied, "Why yes, I had hoped to, I have an invitation stone."

It was then he realized that the object speaking to him was his friend the Turquoise Dragonfly. "I forgot to tell you," she said as she smiled and winked at him, "I am the Keeper of the Gate." "Come and let me show you around the circle."

Excited enough he almost forgot to breathe, he moved as if to open the gate. To his surprise it was solid and chained. His eyes were filling with tears. He had come so far and now would not be allowed to cross onto the patch. He turned to go, too sad to speak.

On the other side the Dragonfly waited and beckoned him forward. "I cannot open it," he cried. "Well, of course not," was the reply. "It is a magical gate." "Just walk through it; you have an invitation after all."

So Frisco Robin Bear took a step forward and lo and behold he passed right through that gate and stood smiling on the other side.

Amazing, he thought. Amazing. Wait till he got home and told his Papa bear about all this.

"Come on through," the Dragonfly said. "Let's introduce you to the place."

Then he began to see in earnest the life of the land. Fairies, flower divas, and a host of Angels calling him by name. Imagine that!!!

And now they were heading for that circle of stones high on the upper land patch. He could not believe his eyes; he saw a bear sitting right in the middle of the circle. Honey Pot, the most beautiful bear in the world turned as he approached the circle and said, "What took you so long?" "I thought you would never get here."

“How did you know I was coming?” Frisco Robin asked.

“It was written in the stars that you would come and the fairies told me” she sighed. “Anyway come and sit by me and tell me of your travels.”



Going Home

And the days passed by and he sat and listened to the stories and heard the Angels singing and watched the fairies dancing. Frisco Robin became lost in the enchantment and forgot all about Alabama and the things waiting for him there.

Then one morning he remembered and he said goodbye to his companions and turned to start his journey home. Frisco Robin knew where he belonged, and that was by his father's side in their very own patch.

He turned to thank his friends and he saw everyone waving goodbye. His thoughts went to his friend, Honey Pot, the other bear. They had shared a wonderful time in the summer and fall then she left to go to the high mountains. He wished she had been there to say goodbye.

As he stepped back through the gate he caught sight of the ole Dragon and her Mollyflies playing within the circle. He would sure miss this place, but after all he had promised his mother he would come home and there was that Uncle Matt's place yet to visit.

He would miss the sound of the Angels as they sang in the stone circle. Frisco Robin had never known about the magic of putting stones in a circle. It had something to do with vibrations, whatever that was.

He had asked the Turquoise Dragonfly about it one day and he got a smile and a story all about the times the fairy circles were built around the country side to host and keep the little people safe.

They each had an Angel to watch over them and keep the visitors to the circles safe. The magical kingdom could find the circles because the Angels set the stones to humming and the soft sound found only the ears of those whose hearts carried the memory of the ways of the Netherlands.

Frisco Robin knew for sure he would never forget the soft sound of that humming and the harmony it had with the Angel Band. He would for the rest of his life look at the laying of the stones along the meadows back home in a different way.

Ashley Marie, the flower diva had whispered in his ear the night before he left that if he should ever need her, just to lay some stones in a circle and she would find him. He was going to remember that.

He knew he had been in a special, special, secret place for sure and real. He wished he had thought to gather a few of the seeds from the star garden. Rice Cake's mother had been right, there were no seasons here. He reckoned they were meant to be just on this patch.

So he would take the star lit nights, the gypsy ponies that pulled the carriage for the fairy king and queen and the entire magical beings home in his heart.

Most of all, Frisco Robin thought, he would miss the mother Dragon and her babies, the Mollyflies.

She had taught him to see into the heart of the earth and to know the magic of remembering his true song. He would always hear that song in his heart of hearts and think of her.

He had time to think about all the things he had come to know as he traveled back across country to his patch in Alabama.



He could taste his Grandmother's cookies already.

And then..... there was the adventure with the oranges waiting for him.

He had been traveling for some time and was thinking of home when he heard the clip clop of hooves and the rolling of wheels on gravel approaching from behind.

An old horse drawn cart pulled alongside and stopped. Frisco Robin looked up in surprise. The driver, a wrinkled old fellow with wisps of white hair poking out from beneath a battered straw hat, silently motioned him to climb onto the back where two little white dogs with wagging tails were sitting in the hay.

The tired bear thanked him and jumped aboard happily. The horse might look old, worn, and slow, he thought, but I can at least have a sleep for a while and save my strength for later.



The old man seemed to forget immediately that he was there and sat hunched over the reins, humming what sounded like an old gypsy tune. Within minutes Frisco Robin was snuggled down between the dogs and an old guitar. He was soon fast asleep.

He awoke suddenly, aware that something didn't feel right. He was sitting on a grassy bank on the roadside and for some reason it seemed familiar. He closed his eyes and tried to remember what he was doing before he went to sleep.

There was an old man, and a horse and cart, he thought to himself. And some how he thought there were dogs, two of them with him in the hay, but where are they now and more importantly, where was he?

At that moment a familiar scent wafted through the breeze. "Cookies," he yelled. "My Grandmother's cookies." He jumped up and found himself just by Papa's turnip patch. "I'm home," he gasped in surprise.

It was with a happy heart that Frisco noticed nothing had changed since he left. The front door still stood ajar as it always did through the daytime. On the porch Papa's battered old rocking chair moved slightly as he climbed the steps.



Frisco Robin's swing, hung by his father from the strong branches in the Live Oak Tree, creaked in the breeze. Yes, he thought happily. This is home.

Once home his days were filled with play and memories. He sat on the porch munching cookies and sipping homemade lemonade with orange slices while he told them all stories of his adventure.

His heart was light and happy to be home in his own patch. Free at last to lie under the stars and think about all the things he had seen and heard on his trip. He watched as the constellations, the Great Bear and Draco, shone brightly and tracked across the night sky.

And in time he began to understand it was like the Dragon had told him; he did carry the magic in his very own heart.

And out west on the land behind the gate an old white haired man in a straw hat sat on the river bank playing an old guitar while two small dogs played in the tall grass.

Honey Pot, the mother bear, sat peacefully inside a circle of stones and Angels and Fairies gathered to sing a song of welcome to the amber colored cub playing at her feet.







*Peace Robinson
Bear*

