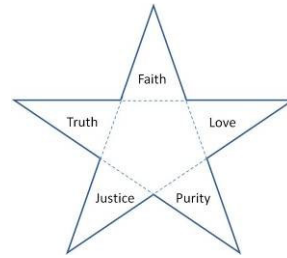


Starlight Fantasy – a Melody of Love

To add a visual to this storytelling, create a big star with the labeled points folded down. Unfold each point as you get to that part of the story.



This is a story about a little star, though she didn't look much like a star, for she was a shapeless little thing. She was more like a small round globe of light, rolling and tumbling about among her elders as babies do, whether they are stars or mortals. But she longed to grow up and twinkle and sing as the great stars do, for she loved the evenings when the stars sang together, and she hoped someday to join their celestial choir and help them sing their love melodies.

One day as she was rolling about the heaven she came upon an angel, resting on a soft white cloud. She hoisted herself up beside him.

"I'm a star," she said, introducing herself.

"Oh?" The angel sounded dubious.

"Don't I look like one?"

"Not exactly," the angel answered. "You have no points. You know it's the points that make stars twinkle."

"Well, I'll have points when I grow up and I'll twinkle." Little Star began to bounce up and down on the soft, fleecy cloud.

"Not if you keep bounding around like a comet. Why don't you settle down and begin growing some points?" the angel said.

"You mean I've got to grow my own?" The angel nodded.

"But how?" Little Star almost fell off the cloud in her consternation.

"Well, teaching little stars how to grow points is a bit out of my line, but you might begin with **faith**."

"What's faith?"

"Well, faith is hope, expectation. It is believing, even when you can't see it, that love and good are ever present. And you have to have faith in yourself, too, as well as faith in others – faith

that you can be just what you want to be and were meant to be. Start with faith, Little Star, and you will succeed, because that is your desire.”

With that the angel slid off the cloud and went floating away, leaving the little star in deep thought.

The days that followed were not easy ones. Little Star tried very hard to act like a real star, but no one seemed to notice. Some even laughed at her. But the angel had said to have faith, so she refused to become discouraged. Then one day she came upon another angel kneeling on a huge cloud and peering over the rim at the earth below. Little Star began to climb aboard, but the angel motioned her away.

"Now see what you have done," the angel said crossly. "You've punctured my cloud."

"I'm very sorry."

"You should be. I've been tugging and shoving this cloud around for days so as to find the right spot where it could water that field down there. Now, thanks to you, it is raining in the wrong place."

Little Star watched the fast disappearing cloud and was puzzled. "How did I puncture it?" she asked.

"With that point of yours."

Point!! Little Star looked quickly behind her. Sure enough, there was a beautiful point!

"I have a point, I have a point! Now I'm a real star!"

"Well not quite. It takes more than one point to be a star."

Little Star looked so forlorn at this the angel relented. He reached out a hand to her and said softly, "You didn't mean to do it. Nor did I mean to speak so harshly to you. It is a beautiful point - and brand new, isn't it?"

Little Star nodded. "The other angel told me that if I would have faith I would become a real star. And I did have faith, but I guess it wasn't enough."

"Oh, you had faith enough," the angel said, "but faith is only one point. A star must have many points to be perfect – five points, at least."

"Oh, dear!" Little Star gazed forlornly at her one point.

"Don't be discouraged," the angel said. "Why don't you start growing a **love** point?"

"That will be easy," she said in relief. "I already love everybody."

The angel smiled. “It goes a bit deeper than that,” he said. “You also must put love into everything you do. Love and faith stand side by side. One isn’t much good without the other.”

“You mean that if I don’t hurry and grow a love point I’ll lose my faith point?”

“I doubt if there is any danger of that,” the angel answered her reassuringly. “Love is faith put into action. The very fact that you have grown a faith point is pretty good proof that a love point has started. It is for you to see how many ways you can show how loving you can be. Suppose you start by helping me bring another cloud around so we can water that field.”

Again Little Star’s days were filled to the brim with trying to see how many ways she could prove herself worthy of growing a love point. Many times her love was rebuffed. Often her efforts were misunderstood. But she had her faith point to help her. And finally, a beautiful love point made its appearance. She knew now that there was much to do before she could become a full-fledged star. It was Mother Moon who suggested the third point.

“You see, dear child, faith and love points must be strengthened by **purity**. We must never allow these points to become tarnished by selfishness, doubt, fear, suspicion or cruel criticism.”

“But how can I love stars that don’t love me?” Little Star asked. “Especially when they laugh at me and won’t believe I am a real star?”

“That is where your faith point works,” Mother Moon said. “Just keep right on loving and having faith that they will come to understand. Your work will be to keep your own love and faith so pure you will have no animosity toward them. You want to be a perfect star, don’t you?”

“Oh, yes,” Little Star breathed.

“Then try to see in others what you, yourself, most want to be.”

Little Star was finding it no easy task to grow up. Points were hard to come by. However, she meant to be a complete star, no matter how hard it proved to be or how long it would take. She often was tempted to take offense at some jibe or criticism, and then she would remember that her next point must grow through purity. These things must not be allowed to retard that growth. And one day she was rewarded. The third point appeared, yet she felt peculiarly lop-sided. There was still a lot of growing to be done. Perhaps if she could find another angel she could tell her what to work on next. As she set out in search of one, she saw three of them sunning themselves beside one of the pearly gates. She hurried up to them. “See?” she said in greeting. “I am looking more like a true star every day.”

“You are, indeed,” they agreed.

“But she needs something more to make her look just right,” one of them said. “It seems to me she needs two more points.”

“Yes,” the second angel said solemnly. “I think two more points would do nicely.”

“**Justice** and **truth**,” the third angel exclaimed. “They are perfect complements to the other three.”

“And how do I grow points of justice and truth?”

“Be just and fair to all with whom you associate. Never lose faith in your sisters and always be true to your highest ideal.”

The Little Star continued on her way, thinking deeply on the things she had heard. Her **faith** point had given her strength and assurance. In growing a **love** point she had learned to be forgiving, gentle and kind. Her **purity** point had taught her to let no adverse qualities dim the purity shining through her true being. From these must grow her knowledge of **justice** and **truth**. Now she knew what it meant to be a complete and perfect star. In the sum of these points lay the fullness of her stardom. The two new points made perfect her symmetry of character. And she became a five-pointed star, perfectly balanced.

Then one day she was called before an assembly of angels. As she approached, the other stars greeted her with honor and affection.

“Now that you are a true star we have a task for you,” the angel spokesman said. “Upon the planet Earth, there are seven young women who have banded together to uphold those qualities which your points exemplify. They have chosen a star for an emblem. You are to descend to Earth so that you can aid them in this purpose.”

For a moment the star was disappointed. She had hoped to become a member of the angels’ Choir of Heaven. But the next moment it seemed as if her love point was stretching and reaching out to touch Earth with the glory she had come to know.

“Your influence will be far-reaching,” the angel continued. “The qualities taught by your points will reflect from face to face, from heart to heart, touching hundreds of women, who in turn will touch a world, bringing to them hope and courage and inspiration through faith, love, purity, justice and truth - a veritable melody of love.”

Swiftly and eagerly she sped to her destination. Gladly she set about her earthly task. And it was as the angel said. Everywhere her points touched, hearts were tipped with the stardust of love. And there sprang forth a multitude of sparks; prisms of praise scintillating with a myriad of hues – of trust, of kindness, of purity of purpose, fair dealing and true sisterhood. And there arose to the very gates of heaven, where the angels heard and rejoiced, a melody of love, which we who sing it upon the earth know as P.E.O.