



Beary Merry Song

Beary Merry Song was hanging out his laundry to dry.

“Ooff!” it’s a windy one today. He was having a hard time getting the clothes on and pegging them before a gust of wind would blow it off. He noticed how the wind was creating various types of music around the yard—blowing this, rustling that, rattling something, whistling through something else.

Wind was like music that wanted to be played, it just needed the right shaped item, positioned in the right place, in order to do it. Beary Merry Song began to whistle his own bit of music while finishing hanging the last bit of the washing.

It was a good thing too, that he was done at that time, for just then a new melody began to come to him.

“I must write it down...” he said, and quickly entered the house to find his idea pad of paper—or his digital voice recorder; whichever one he located first.

As he started to write out the music on a piece of paper, words to accompany it came rushing into this mind also.

It was just about all Beary Merry Song could do to keep up, trying to write it all down.

It was catchy, it was fun, and most of all it was the final needed piece to his Musical that he was writing. He and his team were planning to put on a special performance at one of this year’s “Festival of Arts”—whenever they could get it finished. Beary Merry Song had been struggling to think up what would be best for the closing scene.

“I guess the answer came ablousing in the wind. If I hadn’t been doing those small and humble tasks today—like tending to the soiled clothing and such, I might not have gotten this great idea,” Beary Merry Song pondered.

Sometimes the best thing to do, when it’s hard to figure out something, is just to give it time; to get up and do something else, something that doesn’t take a whole lot of brain power.

Sometimes doing the jobs of cleaning up, washing up, fixing things up, even preparing a meal, or going for a light stroll in the park at dusk, helps you to be open to receiving the good ideas that are just bursting to be shared with you—from the Creator of everything that is good.

If you are too tied up, boxed in, wrapped up in just what you want to get done, and don’t take a break and help out with something that seems less glorious, it might be a long time until the answer comes to you. Sleeping is a good time for that as well—or rather when you wake from sleeping, and your mind is fresh.

So with the new idea really rolling, Beary Merry Song occupied himself with finishing up the Musical—much to the delight of the rest of his band. They didn’t disturb him, but gave him time and a chance to get it just right.

Four months later the show was ready—along with all the other great performers and creators of Art of all types—that could be seen, or heard, or expressed in gorgeous ways.

The opening scene was that of a hillbilly sitting on a stack of hay, chewing on a piece of straw fresh from the garden.

He pulls out his banjo and sings a song about his sweet little lady—the one he’s due to marry next spring.

Just then an out of breath farm hand come rushing up, “Did ya hear? Did ya hear? All hands are needed to help. A truck full of hay has overturned, and the road is blocked!”

“My oh my! Well, I’ll be! Let’s go. No time to waste. A song and a sweetheart will have to wait, while I do what must be done to help a fellow,” said the first actor.

This of course reminded him of a song, and while rushing to the scene of the accident—though no one was hurt, thankfully—he began to sing a chorus:

“The day is good, the day is bright,
I’ll do my best, until it’s night.
If ill comes my way, I’ll tackle it,
With heart and soul; with brain and wit.”

This main part was played by Beary Merry song—as this character in the play kept breaking out into song, all throughout the show. Once when Beary Merry song was interviewed for the Berry Beary Town Newspaper, about his love for singing, he replied:

“Singing takes the stress out of your heart, and puts the spring in your feet—gets things right back as they belong”. He said this was a motto his grand uncle use to say, and he found it true now himself.

The musical play went on and showed life on a farm—the challenges and struggles; the joys and losses. But over all, the audience was encouraged that when you give your best to do what you were meant to do, God did His part to help you out of the tight places.

The musical was based on the life of his great uncle, who had lived on a farm from the time he was young until he was old. He always had plenty of stories to tell about the challenges and hard work, and the benefits of working out in the great outdoors, and looking after crops and animals.

A few of his tales were worked into the musical play. Beary Merry Song's mother had written down as many of these true accounts as she could, during her life, as she often went to help on her uncle's farm.

Now Beary Merry Song had these stories in his special collection of books and notes—to be pulled out and used at times such as this, to be worked into the script of a musical.

One story that was humorously dramatised, was the time the cow ran away, furiously over the hill—right in the middle of being milked. Why it did so, his great uncle didn't know. But in the rush, the milk was knocked over—to the great delight of the several cats waiting around in the barn. From then on, when it was time for milking, the cow being serviced was secured in a gentle way, so it wouldn't happen again.

This showed that though life could be calm and quiet out on the farm, there were many new surprises each day—some wished for, others not so—that kept life very interesting. It was hard work, but had its rewarding moments too.

When the actors were putting on this part of the musical, it was hard for them to keep from laughing. It's easy to laugh about things afterwards, though not always as easy to do so when in a dilemma, at the time.

Berry Friendly Fiddler, one of the members of Beary Merry Song's band, then pulled out his fiddle at that point in the musical to play a piece that he'd composed.

Listening to it made you feel, through the music, the feelings of calm, then suddenly tense, then a feeling of loss and regret, then a feeling of peace, then hope, then ending in a laughing feeling and a merry, get-up-and-dance bit of music.

And that is what summed up the feelings of that experience—and life on a farm in general. There were ups and downs, and then ups again.

After a few more tales of his great uncle's life, shown in drama and song, then it was time for the final musical number—the song that began to come to Beary Merry Song while hanging the laundry one especially windy day, in his backyard.

All players and actors in the show came to the stage to parttake in this one. Harmonies were used; a bit of dancing; several musical instruments, and a few animals for setting the stage, as well.

I see the moon rising tonight, just like I did yesterday
But something seems missing from it
While I lie here on a stack of hay.
Why does it seem smaller, and smaller yet again
Is there something wrong with my view?
It's not just me, but all women and men
Who see this strange sight too.

But I don't get a full and accurate view
Unless I wait a week or two
Because I find out that lo and behold,
It's only a tale half told.

For by and by in the dark night sky
The moon again will grow bigger and then
I'll know that it was just a cycle we've been through
And all is well once again.

If there's something you are going through
Don't draw conclusions from your view
Wait until a week, a month, a year or two
And things will again seem right for you.
You'll know things are right
When you see them in the light.
You'll make it through the night,
And your way will be good and bright!

Everyone clapped long and loud when the musical ended and Beary Merry Song and his team took their bows on the stage. It was probably one of the most elaborately done shows they'd had that year, and the meaning of the last song cheered many a heart.

Berry Beary Kind came on the stage and spoke into the microphone while the cheering tapered off, and the audience settled again.

“I think we can all related to what this musical has cheered us with. Just because things seem to be getting worse at times, or you seem to have less joy than the day before, or less of something you really want or need, don’t despair. It won’t be forever. Things will turn around in time, and you’ll be all the better for it in the end, wiser and stronger in some way. And that’s why we have each other—and need each other.

“Together, we in Berry Beary Town, can make it through whatever the rest of this year brings us. We’ve got the good Lord looking out for us. If we love Him and love one another, and just keep working hard for the good of our future, we’ll get by.”

Everyone clapped again after hearing those heartening words.

The Festival of Arts season had been a marvellous one, and many left that evening dreaming up what great act or display they could contribute to the next one. The varied skills and talents of those in Berry Beary Town made it a colourful and interesting, and inspiring place to be.

“Cheers to Berry Beary Town!” called out Beary Merry Song holding up a glass of water on the stage.

“Cheers to all!” came the hearty reply of all in the large audience—which seemed to be nearly all members of the town that night. It was a night to be remembered—and would be for a very long time.

Berry Beary Kind Series:
www.nurture-inspire-teach.com