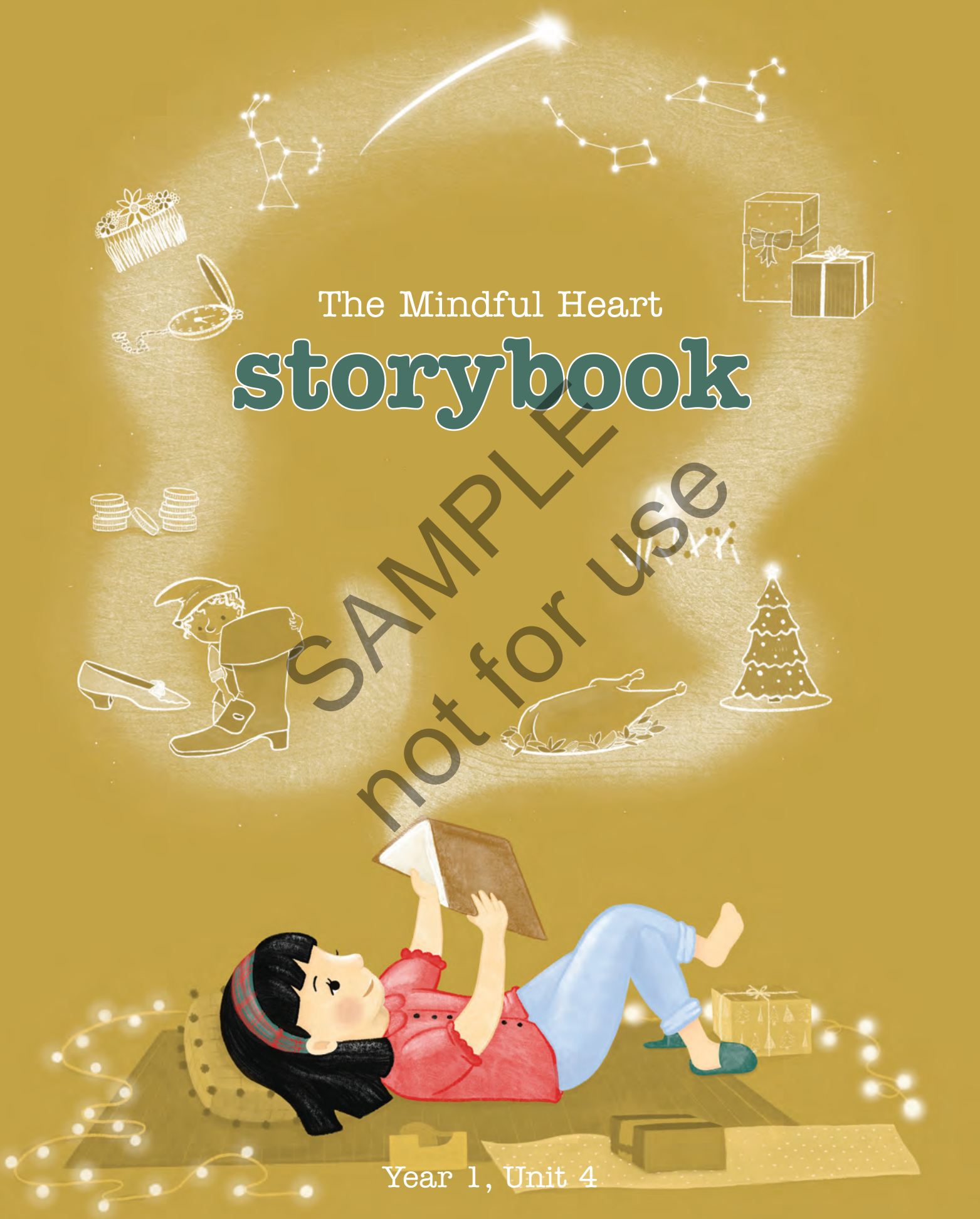


The Mindful Heart
storybook

SAMPLE
not for use

Year 1, Unit 4

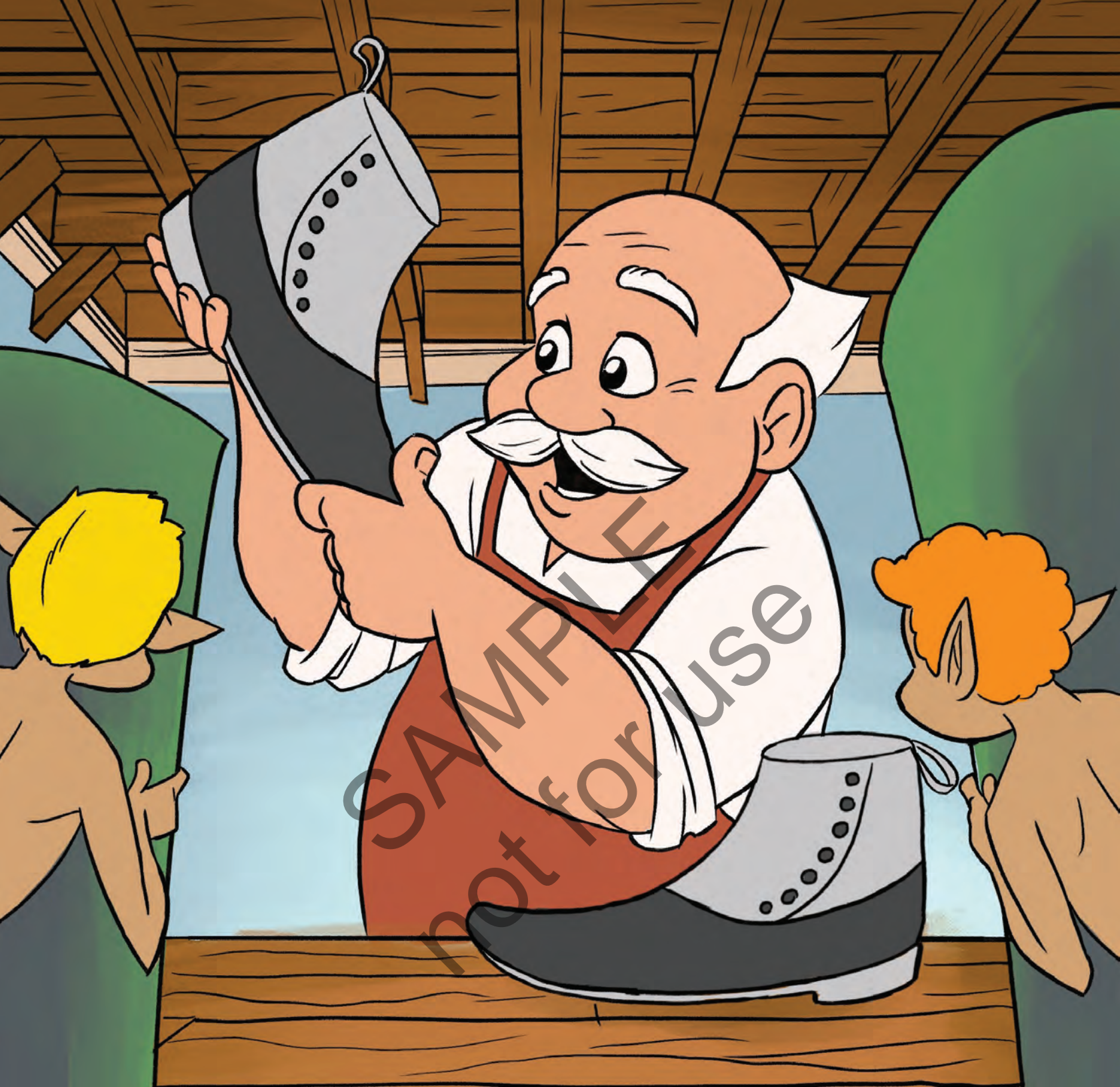


THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

An adaptation from Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm's Fairy Tale
illustrated by Cason Smithson



There was once an honest shoemaker who worked very hard, yet he could not earn enough to live upon. At last, all he had in the world was gone, save just enough leather to make one pair of shoes. So in the evening, he cut out the shoes he wished to make the next morning. His conscience was clear and his heart light amid all his troubles, so he went peacefully to bed, leaving all his cares to heaven, and soon fell asleep.



In the morning, after he had said his prayers, the shoemaker was about to sit down to work when he saw both shoes all finished on his table. The good man was astounded and knew not what to say or think at such an odd thing. He looked at the workmanship. There was not one poor stitch in the whole job; all was neat and true. It was quite a masterpiece.

PICTURES IN THE SKY

Charlie lay on his back and looked to the sky. The stars looked as if they were suspended from the heavens.

Scanning the sky, he searched for his favorite constellation, Leo. Finding the constellation, Charlie drew an invisible line connecting the dots and creating the form of Leo.

“Mom,” he began. “Why do the stars seem to be in a different spot in the sky from where they were a few weeks ago?”

“Good question,” Mom replied. She rolled from her back to her side and looked over at Charlie. “Since the Earth spins on its axis, the stars appear each night to be in a slightly different place in the sky. And as the Earth revolves around the sun, some new stars appear and disappear from view.”

“Oh,” Charlie said, thinking. “Does that mean that some nights I won’t be able to see Leo at all?”

“Yep,” Mom answered. “You can see Leo clearly now, but come August and September, you won’t be able to see it at all because from our view it will be behind the sun.”

“Oh,” Charlie said. He lay quietly for a moment, then began, “Mom, I read that Leo is one of the twelve constellations that are called The Constellations of the Zodiac. Why are they called that?”

“You know the path that the sun takes across the sky each day?” Mom asked. Charlie nodded as Mom continued, “Well twelve specific constellations take the same path over the night sky each year. Those are the constellations of the Zodiac.”

The Constellations of the Zodiac



The Gift of the Magi

an adaptation of the story by O. Henry

illustrated by Benedicta Alodia

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies—pennies saved one or two at a time, left over from her trips to the grocery store. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and cry, so that is what Della did.

After a while, she calmed her crying and took a look around her home. It was simple but more than what the poor beggars had. It provided what her family needed, and she was grateful.

Looking in the mirror, Della dabbed her cheeks. She stood by the window and looked out at a stray gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only one dollar and eighty-seven cents with which to buy her dear husband, Jim, a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, and this was the result. Twenty dollars a week does not go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always were. Only one dollar and eighty-seven cents to buy a present for Jim—her Jim. Many hours she had spent dreaming of something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being with Jim.

Della whirled suddenly back again to the mirror and studied her reflection. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair.

Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown water. It reached below her knee and almost made a dress for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. She hesitated for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.



Pablo's Pocket of Pennies

by Mindi Eldredge

illustrated by Elisa Miko

Pablo walked down the street, the sound of jingling pennies accompanying him. Pablo had 365 pennies in his pocket, but by the look of his smile, you would have thought he had a million dollars. It was actually just 365 cents, but to Pablo, it was a lot of money.

Pablo held the belt loops on the side of his pants tightly to keep his pants from falling down. Three hundred sixty-five pennies are pretty heavy, especially when they are in your pants pocket and you are in a hurry to get home.

Rounding the corner onto Lincoln Street, Pablo saw Mrs. June, the old widow whom he sometimes cleared the snow off the sidewalks for. Rocking back and forth in the rocking chair on her front porch, she smiled and waved to Pablo. Pablo tried to lift the fingers of his hand and wave, but struggled to do so.

“What’s the matter?” Mrs. June called out to Pablo.

“I have too many pennies in my pocket, and I’m having a hard time keeping my pants up.” Pablo called back. “I helped the Lawrences weed their flower garden, and they gave me all the pennies they had saved up as payment.” Pablo smiled proudly and patted the bulging pocket on the side of his pants.

“Oh! I think I can help you with that.” Mrs. June replied. “You wait here for just a minute.”

Pablo walked over and sat on the first step of the front porch. Soon Mrs. June shuffled out the front door, jingling some coins in her hand.

“I didn’t have quite as many as I had hoped, but I think it will help make your load a little lighter.” Mrs. June opened her hand, displaying seven dimes and three nickels. “I’ll trade you these dimes and nickels for eighty-five of your pennies.”

Pablo’s heart sunk for a moment when he realized what Mrs. June had said. Now he would not have as many coins. But not wanting to hurt dear Mrs. June’s sweet heart, Pablo made the trade anyway.



The Little Match Girl

by Hans Christian Andersen

illustrated by Benedicta Alodia

It was terribly cold; it snowed and was already almost dark, and evening came on—the last evening of the year. In the cold and gloom, a poor little girl, bareheaded and barefoot, was walking through the streets. When she left her own house, she certainly had had slippers on, but of what use were they? They were very big slippers, and her mother had used them till then, so big were they. The little maid lost them as she slipped across the road, where two carriages were rattling by terribly fast. One slipper was not to be found again, and a boy had seized the other and run away with it. He thought he could use it very well as a cradle someday when he had children of his own. So now the little girl went with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron, she carried a number of matches and a bundle of them in her hand. No one had bought anything of her all day, and no one had given her a farthing.

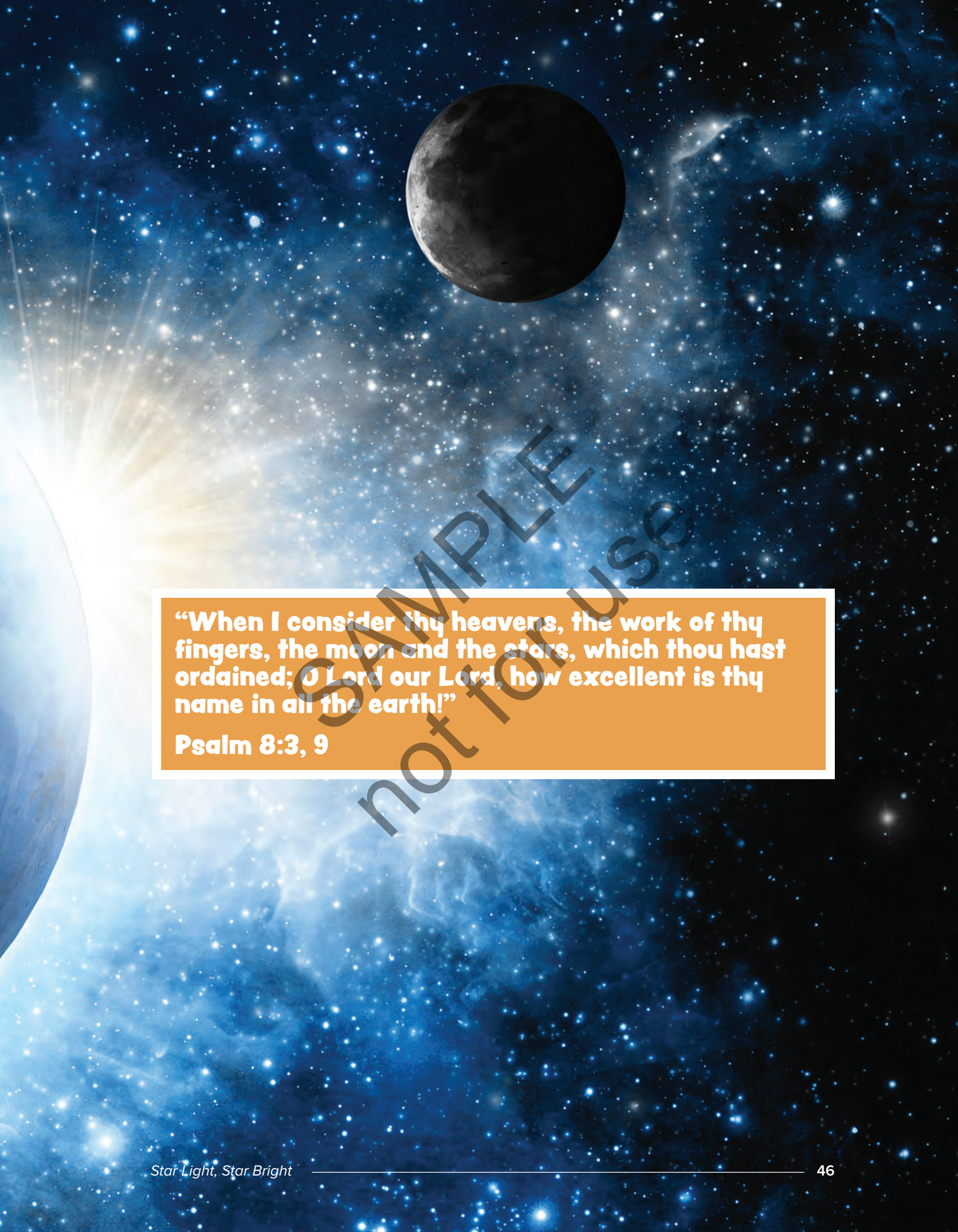
Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along, a picture of misery, poor little girl! The snowflakes covered her long fair hair, which fell over her neck, but she did not think of that now. In all the windows, lights were shining, and there was a glorious smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve. Yes, she thought of that!

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sat down, cowering. She had drawn up her little feet, but she was still colder, and she did not dare to go home, for she had sold no matches and did not bring a farthing of money. From her father, she would certainly receive a beating, and besides, it was cold at home, for they had nothing over them but a roof through which the wind whistled, though the largest rents had been stopped with straw and rags.



Star Light, Star Bright

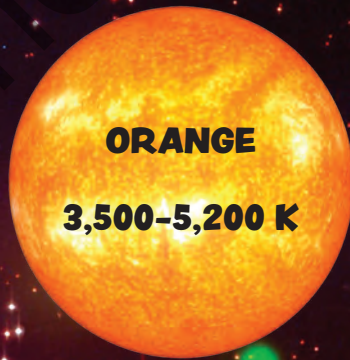
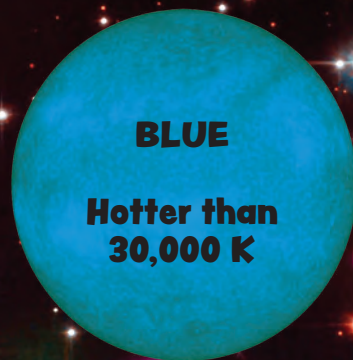




“When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!”

Psalm 8:3, 9

Color and Temperature



NEBULAS

Nebulas are collections of clouds of gas and dust. It is here in many nebulas that stars are born.

The following are actual photos of nebulas taken through the use of high-powered telescopes.

Carina Nebula



Photo Credit: NASA

Christmas Poetry



The Three Kings

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Three Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they traveled by night and they slept by
day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful
star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere;
And by this they knew that the coming
was near

Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;

Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,

Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night over hill and dell,

And sometimes they nodded with beard on
breast,

And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside
well.

“Of the child that is born,” said Baltasar,
“Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the
Jews.”

And the people answered, “You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!”
They thought the Wise Men were men
insane,

As they spurred their horses across the plain
Like riders in haste who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;

Maria Mitchell—The Girl Who Studied the Stars

by Rebecca Deming Moore

illustrated by Kristell Fox

It was an eventful day in the Mitchell home. The parlor window had been taken out and the telescope mounted in front of it. Twelve-year-old Maria, at her father's side, counted the seconds while he observed a total eclipse of the sun.

Not every twelve-year-old girl could be trusted to use the chronometer, an instrument which measures the time even more accurately than a watch. Maria, however, had been helping her father in his study of the stars ever since she could count. Before many years, this little girl beside the telescope became America's best-known woman astronomer.

On the little three-cornered island of Nantucket, off the coast of Massachusetts, Maria Mitchell was born, August 1, 1818. With its broad sandy beaches, its wide moors, and ocean breezes, the island was a delightful spot in which to grow up.

The Mitchell home was a pleasant place, filled with the laughter and fun of a large family of children. Due to the mother's careful planning, things around the house ran very smoothly. No one would have guessed, by seeing the cheerful, comfortable home, how far Mrs. Mitchell had to stretch a tiny income.

Work and play were happily mingled. Little Maria, with her sisters, learned to cook and sew. Maria was always ready to do her share of the household work. If she swept a room, she did it thoroughly. When she arranged the furniture, it might not have been done artistically, but every piece was straight. She could not bear to have things crooked. This exactness about little things was one of the qualities that made it possible for this girl to become a great astronomer.

There were always good books in the Mitchell home. They were read over and over, and were very carefully handled. One textbook, on algebra, was used by eight children in succession, each child adding his or her name inside the cover.

"EVERY FORMULA WHICH EXPRESSES A LAW OF NATURE IS A HYMN OF PRAISE TO GOD."

