

Excerpt from *Calling All Streams*

One day, Holy Wind blew in a storm with Druppity-Droppity Rain, Crash-Boom Thunder and sizzle-tizzle lightning to have some fun in the Land of Green.

“Yay!” gurgled Trickle Stream. “My water was getting low and I needed a fill-up.

“Trickle Stream and BizzBuzz Dragonfly,” called Father Oak. “Come, let us sing together.”

Trickle Stream rose up on a wave with BizzBuzz Dragonfly standing tall. He raised his wings holding a baton. Flicking the tip of his wing, the point of the baton bounced in the air and the singing began:

*Bizzety Buzz, Druppity Drop, Gurgly Splash,
We sing of creation, the beginning of time,
When Father Oak said,
“Let the sun rise for day and set for night”.
Bizzety Buzz, Druppity Drop, Gurgly Splash,
He pushed back the waters to create dry ground
And commanded the soil to become three lands:”
Bizzety Buzz, Druppity Drop, Gurgly Splash,
The Land of Green
The Land of Heat
and
The Land of Prayers
And Father Oak looked and saw they were good!
Bizzety Buzz, Druppity Drop, Gurgly,
SPLASH!*

“Good-bye Trickle Stream, BizzBuzz Dragonfly and Father Oak. We will sing again another day,” sang Holy Wind as he disappeared into the horizon with the rain, thunder and lightning.

“See you later,” said Trickle Stream slowing her waters down to a gurgle.

BizzBuzz stretched out on his favorite sunny rock in a thinking pose.

“Trickle Stream, have you ever wondered where those other two lands are that we sing about?”

“No. All I care about is the Land of Green because that is where I live.”

BizzBuzz hovered over Trickle Stream and continued. “Think about it. Wouldn’t it be exciting to go to a different land? To see something other than green all the time?”

Trickle threw water at the low flying dragonfly.

“No BizzBuzz. Are you kidding me? The Land of Heat? That would be awful,” said Trickle, her water quickening into a roar.”

BizzBuzz flew higher to get out of the danger of being splashed.

“What would be wrong with the Land of Heat?” questioned BizzBuzz. “I think that would feel wonderful.”

“You don’t get it do you, silly dragonfly,” said Trickle. “In the Land of Heat without shade or rain, I would dry up like a sand puddle. In other words, I would disappear.”

“Oh,” replied BizzBuzz. “That wouldn’t be good.”

“No, it wouldn’t,” said Trickle.