

ROBYN AND THE



THREE SECRETS

chapter 4

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Dylan hadn't seen Robyn for a couple of days. "I wonder what she's up to," he thought, as he sat under the oak tree. His thoughts were interrupted by the honking sound of Canada geese flying overhead.

"Where have you been?" Dylan called to the geese. The last one in the team turned its head, looked down at him and said something. But the wind snatched it away.

"What was that? Did you say the beach and you're going home?" But they were too far away to hear him. "Ah well, must be tea time," Dylan said to himself, and stretching he stood up. "Maybe Robyn will come tomorrow," he said out loud as he started walking back.

"How can watching the birds help the world?" he thought. It puzzled him how his Uplit could do this. "Or painting, how's that going to make a difference?"

"I hope Robyn comes back soon," he thought as he pushed open the front door.

The following day as he walked over to the old oak tree he saw a flash of red. Quickening his step he called out, "Is that you Robyn?" Then he felt something on his head nuzzling into his hair and heard her voice drifting down, "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm so glad you're back," said Dylan excitedly.

"Let's go and sit under the tree and you can tell me everything you've been up to," she said.

Dylan carried on walking with Robyn bouncing up and down on his head till he reached the old oak. As he sat down she flew to his knee.

"I've been sending Heartle to the teachers in my school. And then I thought about the firemen and doctors and nurses so I sent it to them too." said Dylan. "But I'm really glad

you're back because I can't stop thinking about my Uplit, and how watching birds or painting can help the world".

Robyn smiled, "OK let me tell you a story."

"Over a hundred years ago, there was a man who loved gardening and painting. Both were his Uplits. There came a time when his country was at war, and whilst he was sitting in his garden he could hear the gunfire. Because he was old he felt awful that he couldn't help. "What use am I sitting here painting?" he thought. He decided not to run away like others had. He would stay and do the only thing he knew - paint his garden.

"So each day he painted, determined to create something magnificent, something that hadn't been done before. Many people criticised him. They said his paintings were messy. His eyesight was poor and he should stop."

Robyn paused for a moment, "I'm sure you don't like it if someone says something unkind about you." Dylan nodded. "No one does," said Robyn sighing. "It really damages Uplit. It affected the painter, he started to believe the things people said, and he destroyed many of his paintings. But through it all he had a very good friend who encouraged him and told him not to give up. So he carried on painting, trying to bring beauty into a world of darkness. When the war finished he had completed twelve enormous paintings. No one had painted like this before. The pictures were so big that a special art gallery with curved walls had to be made to display eight of them. They were put next to each other and they went almost from the floor to the ceiling. When people stood in front of them they felt as though they had stepped into another world."

"Did people like them?" asked Dylan.

"Some did, but it took time for others to admit they were wrong and see what he had done," said Robyn smiling. "But in the end they became known as a 'monument to peace' and people travelled far and wide to see them."

"What did they look like?" asked Dylan fascinated.



"Beautiful!" said Robyn. "Water, water lilies and the reflections of clouds and trees. But you don't have to take my word for it you can see them yourself. The painter was called Claude Monet and his paintings are still in that gallery in France."

Sighing, Robyn said, "You never know what impact your Uplit has on the world. All you need to know is you have to do it."

"Some people doubt themselves. They don't think their Uplit is valuable."

"Uplits are very fragile. They get easily damaged if someone puts you down. One of the greatest things you can do is help others use their Uplit."

"And you don't have to do something great and become famous," Robyn continued.

"There have been many people that have done really wonderful things very quietly. No one knows their name or what they did."

"Your second Uplit is watching birds," said Robyn.

Dylan nodded his head again.

"Well, who knows where that could take you," said Robyn smiling.

"Millions of people love birds. Just to enjoy watching birds is actually enough. But you know Dylan, birds have inspired many people to do great things to help our world. Some presidents protected the countryside where birds have their homes. Some composers listened to birdsong and created beautiful music. Other people were inspired to create airplanes but no one has managed to fly like a bird yet. The silence, the speed, the lightness we birds have is hard to match."

Then pausing Robyn said, "Do you remember asking me if I could fly into the future?"

"Yes," said Dylan, his heart skipping a beat.

"Well I can, and I could take you with me if you like," she said.

"Really? So I'll see what happens and what I'm going to do?" said Dylan.

"Maybe not everything, it would take a lifetime to see that," she said smiling. "But a glimpse might help."

'Yes please," whispered Dylan.

"Ok, well, you know what to do. First, rise up above your thoughts," said Robyn.

Dylan tried to make his mind peaceful but he was too excited.

"Try again," said Robyn.

This time he managed it and felt his heart soar and the fresh air filling his head. Then he was up flying with his mind. "I'm with you," he gasped.

"Well done," she said as they flew higher and higher. "Here we go, into the future."

There was a flash of light and then a thousand images flashed in front of his eyes.

"Whoa!" said Dylan breathlessly. He kept seeing the same man again and again. "Who's that?"

"That's you grown up," said Robyn.

Dylan tried to focus on one scene, "It's all happening too quickly!" he shouted to Robyn.

"It's not easy. You need a very still mind," she replied.

He tried again, "I can see the grown up me meeting lots of people in different countries but I can't make out what's happening. It's going too fast!"

Suddenly the images stopped and he opened his eyes, he was back in the present sitting under the tree, with Robyn on his knee.

Even though the images had spun too fast for him to grasp much, one thing he felt sure about. Really good things were going to happen as long as he followed his Uplit of loving birds.

"I can show you one last thing," said Robyn. "The final chapter of your story."

Dylan saw an old man who seemed very happy. And perched on his right shoulder was a bird. And one thing was very clear. It was a robin.