

Easter Story, (blended into the story about “The Little Red House with no Windows and no Door and a Star inside”, adapted from the version here: <http://www.ncagr.gov/agscool/commodities/redhouse.htm> , and then adding adapted ideas from Collette Leeman’s book “Easter in Autumn” http://www.rudolfsteinerbookcentre.com.au/?page=shop/flypage&product_id=1238

Once upon a time there was a girl called Molly. She lived with her mother in a house on farm in the country. She had three older sisters and three older brothers and a dad, and so her mother was very busy. That day when she had been bored, her mother had sent her on an adventure to find the little red house with no windows, no door and a star inside. She had found it. She had come home to a house that smelled good, of dinner and warm bread and Dad put the tractor in the shed and they all had dinner together. And then it was bed time and story time and Molly and her 3 sisters and her 3 brothers and her Mum and her Dad all went to bed. Molly needed an extra blanket because t was autumn and winter would come soon and the evenings were shorter and it was a bit colder. Soon they were all asleep. Across the valley, Jack and his Dad had gone to bed, and Granny up the hill was snug and asleep under a thick duvet.

The sun went down and the moon came up. It was a clear, cool night but not everyone was asleep. Down by the pond, the hedgehogs were looking for worms and bugs. Granny’s puss cat was out prowling: she liked being up at night, looking for mice. And up in the old puriri tree was Ruru, the morepork, who was just waking up and looking for breakfast. And so the night passed and the moon went down, and the sun started to rise. It was very quiet, and the night passed and moon travelled over the sky and soon the sun started to rise, but the hedgehogs and the cat and the morepork were not the only ones who were awake that morning because this was Easter Sunday and somebody else was out and about on the farm.

It was the Easter hare who was hiding eggs for the children. She had just hidden one in an old log when she thought she heard a noise, and so she hid. But her long ears were listening. What was that noise? Ahh, it was just the wind, blowing the leaves that fell, softly rustling, onto the ground. And so the Easter hare hid another egg underneath the leaves and then she heard another noise. What was that? She ducked down behind the leaves and listened with her long ears. It was Ruru, calling “Morepork, morepork!”. Hare bounded up the hill ..hop, hop, hop...to talk to Ruru.

‘Hello Ruru, you’re up early!’

“I’ve been up all night,’ said Ruru. ‘What are you doing out and about so early?’

‘I’m hiding eggs for the children”.

“Where are you hiding them, Easter Hare?”

“Ah!,I’m hiding them where they will never think to look. I put one in the log because the log looks dead but in the cool damp shade under the log, there is an acorn already shooting a little sprout, waiting for spring and to become an oak tree. I hid one under the leaves because that is where the grass is getting ready to grow and to feed the cows so that they can make milk.”

‘Aaah’, said Ruru, ‘that’s a good idea and those are good hiding places.’

‘Yes,’ said Easter hare, ‘ and I’d better get going. I’ve got a lot of eggs to hide this morning.”

And away she leapt, leaping and jumping down the hill, where she found a pot full of bulbs. 'This looks like a good place' she said. 'They look dead but they will become daffodils. I'll hide one for Granny here. She likes daffodils' and she hid an egg. Then she heard a sound, 'What was that!?' and she hid behind the bulbs and listened with her long ears. But it was only the hedgehogs, snuffling in the dead leaves, looking for breakfast. Then Easter Hare spied the pumpkins, 'That's a good place to hide an egg. The pumpkins look finished, but inside are hundreds of seeds, all waiting to become pumpkins again'. But then she heard a sound. She crouched down behind the pumpkins and listened with her long ears. 'What was that sounds?' It was a little rosy red apple that fell onto the ground with a thunk. 'Now' thought the Easter Hare, 'how many eggs have I hidden? One in the log for Molly, one in the leaves for Molly's Mum, one behind the pumpkin for Jack's Dad, one in the bulbs for Granny but we don't have one for Jack!. I know,' said the Easter Hare, and she hopped over to the hazelnut tree and hid one amongst the hazelnuts. Then there was a noise. The Easter Hare slipped quickly behind the tree and listened with her long ears. 'Meow, meow' It was Puss Cat, Granny's cat, calling out to Easter Hare. 'Hurry, hurry, Easter Hare, Granny's up and she is putting the kettle on' "Thank you, Pusscat!" And Easter Hare leapt out from behind the tree and continued her journey around the world, hiding eggs for children. And the sun came up, and the hedgehogs and Ruru went to sleep, and everyone else woke up, and it was Easter Sunday.

The End.