

Soulful Songs and Stories



With a song and your stories, we co-create a soft place for hard conversations and a brave space for personal and spiritual growth.

Hi Soulful Song Lovers & Story Tellers,

This is the third of Friday emails that we're sending out about songs, stories, storytelling, community, or personal/spiritual growth until we meet again. Nothing mawkish, just pieces that we hope will inspire and uplift, and keep you champing at the bit for the resumption of Soulful Songs & Stories. In the meantime stay informed of the pandemic via trusted sources, take care of yourself, and stay in touch.

The pieces we offer this week are a little less heady than last week, but no less substantial.

The Little Prince was written by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry in 1943. This excerpt from Chapter 21 is about making connection, building relationships, responsibility, and that "it is only with the heart that one can see rightly." The novella is the most-read and 3rd most-translated book in the world, and was voted the best book of the 20th century in France. You can listen to the whole chapter (or the whole book) here: https://youtu.be/yWQo_AAHDUA?t=4545

A nice companion song is **If I Should Fall Behind** (Bruce Springsteen, 1992)

Bruce Springsteen: <https://youtu.be/RmUG1ffgKFw>

Margo Timmons: <https://youtu.be/ugCpitUSvDI>

Good words and good music till we meet again:

Hard Times Come Again No More (Stephen Foster, 1854) Mavis Staples, <https://youtu.be/-ixbah9u234>

Lyrics: <https://songofamerica.net/song/hard-times-come-again-no-more>

Who by Fire (Leonard Cohen, 1974) Leonard Cohen: <https://youtu.be/EgMaBreDuF4>

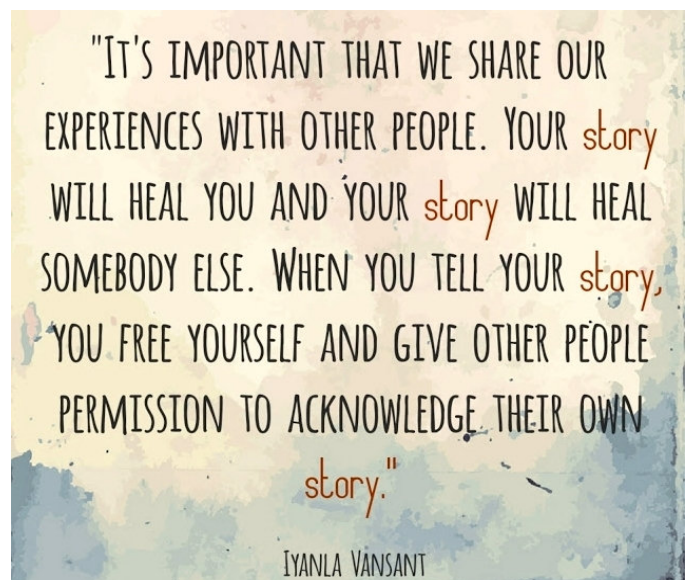
Peace Piece (Bill Evans, 1958), Bill Evans:

<https://youtu.be/Nv2GgV34qIg>

Being CONNECTED and being RESPONSIBLE are a large part of why we share our stories with each other. May these songs and stories tide you over until we meet again.

Namasté,

Alice & Steve



The Little Prince

Chapter 21, excerpted • Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

“Good morning,” said the fox.

“Good morning,” the little prince responded politely, although when he turned around he saw nothing.

“I am right here,” the voice said, “under the apple tree.”

“Who are you?” asked the little prince, and added, “You are very pretty to look at.”

“I am a fox,” said the fox.

“Come and play with me,” proposed the little prince.

“I am so unhappy. I cannot play with you,” the fox said. “I am not tamed.”

“Ah! Please excuse me,” said the little prince. But, after some thought, he added: “What does that mean, ‘tame’?”

“It is an act too often neglected,” said the fox. It means to establish ties.”

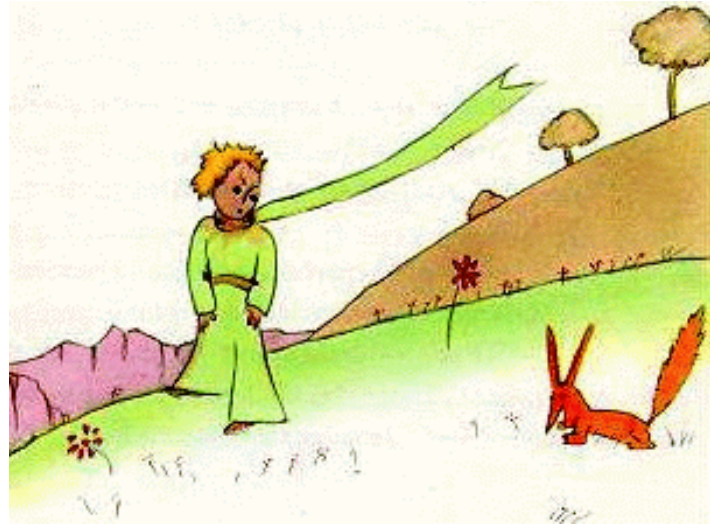
“To establish ties?”

“Just that,” said the fox. “To me, you are still nothing more than a little boy who is just like a hundred thousand other little boys. And I have no need of you. And you, on your part, have no need of me. To you, I am nothing more than a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But if you tame me, then we shall need each other. To me, you will be unique in all the world. To you, I shall be unique in all the world.”

“I am beginning to understand,” said the little prince. “There is a rose ... I think that she has tamed me.”

“It is possible,” said the fox.

“My life is very monotonous,” the fox said. “I hunt chickens; men hunt me. All the chickens are just alike, and all the men are just alike. And, in consequence, I am a little



bored. But if you tame me, it will be as if the sun came to shine on my life. I shall know the sound of a step that will be different from all the others. Other steps send me hurrying back underneath the ground. Yours will call me, like music, out of my burrow. The fox gazed at the little prince, for a long time. “Please, tame me!” he said.

“I want to, very much,” the little prince replied. “But I have not much time. I have friends to discover, and a great many things to understand.”

“One only understands the things that one tames,” said the fox. “People have no more time to understand anything. They buy things all ready made at the shops. But there is no shop anywhere where one can buy friendship, and so people have no friends any more. If you want a friend, tame me.”

“What must I do, to tame you?” asked the little prince.

“You must be very patient,” replied the fox. “First you will sit down at a little distance from me, like that, in the grass. I shall

look at you out of the corner of my eye, and you will say nothing. Words are the source of misunderstandings. But you will sit a little closer to me, every day."

So the little prince tamed the fox. And when the hour of his departure drew near, the fox said, "'Ah, I shall cry."

"It is your own fault," said the little prince. "I never wished you any sort of harm; but you wanted me to tame you."

"Yes, that is so," said the fox.

"But now you are going to cry!" said the little prince.

"Yes, that is so," said the fox.

"Then it has done you no good at all!"

"It has done me good," said the fox. And then he added: "Go and look again at the roses. You will understand now that yours is unique in all the world. Then come back to say goodbye to me, and I will make you a present of a secret."

The little prince went away, to look again at the roses. "You are not at all like my rose," he said. "As yet you are nothing. No one has tamed you, and you have tamed no one. You are like my fox when I first knew him. He was only a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But I have made him my friend, and now he is unique in all the world." And the roses were very much embarrassed. "You are beautiful, but you are empty," he went on. "One could not die for you. To be sure, an ordinary passerby would think that my rose looked just like you, the rose that belongs to me. But in herself alone she is more important than all the hundreds of you other roses: because it is she that I have watered; because it is she that I have put under the glass globe; because it is she that I have sheltered behind the screen; because it is for her that I have killed the caterpillars (except the two or three that we saved to become butterflies);

because it is she that I have listened to, when she grumbled, or boasted, or even sometimes when she said nothing. Because she is my rose.

And he went back to meet the fox. "Goodbye," he said.

"Goodbye," said the fox. "And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye."

"What is essential is invisible to the eye," the little prince repeated, so that he would be sure to remember.

"It is the time you have wasted for your rose that makes your rose so important."

"It is the time I have wasted for my rose," said the little prince, so that he would be sure to remember.

"Men have forgotten this truth," said the fox. "But you must not forget it. You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed. You are responsible for your rose."

"I am responsible for my rose," the little prince repeated, so that he would be sure to remember. •

www.j.mp/lilprin

