

The Fabric of Time Myth

By Bogie Bougas

Back in the days of Ice and fog, on a cold and bitter morning, when the snow fell so high it blotted out the low rising sun, Time came down from the heavens as a naked lamb. "I am cold," she said. "Who amongst you will weave me a garment strong enough to see me through these bitter days?"

"I will," said the goat, then spun yarn of mohair and knitted her a cap, soft and warm, to wear upon her head.

"I will," said the flax plant, then wove a cloth of blue linen and stitched her a coat, durable and flexible, to wrap about her body.

"I will," said the worm, then spun a skein of silk and crocheted lace, delicate and beautiful, to wear about her neck.

The three stood back and praised each other for their skillful work. But the lamb said, "These are fine garments, yet still they are not strong enough to see me through these bitter days."

Then the cotton grass spoke up. "I will weave a magical fabric."

The goat protested, "Your cotton is too short to spin."

"Too brittle to be strong," added the flax.

"Too unreliable to make a fine garment," finished the worm.

But the cotton grass ignored them and with patience and thoughtfulness, used it's roots to make a stew, it's stem fibers to weave a wick and it's cotton blossoms to press a paper. The cotton grass handed Time it's creations and said, "Here is food to fill your belly, a wick to light your candles and paper to write your story upon that we might gather in the darkness and wrap ourselves in a fabric woven from tales of hope and change in the coming long and bitter days. Time bleated her approval and, gathering everyone in a circle, shared the stew, lighted the wick, wrote her story upon the paper then read aloud of how She came down from the heavens one day as a naked lamb to be sure her creations knew how to summon her greatest magic of all: her fabric of time.