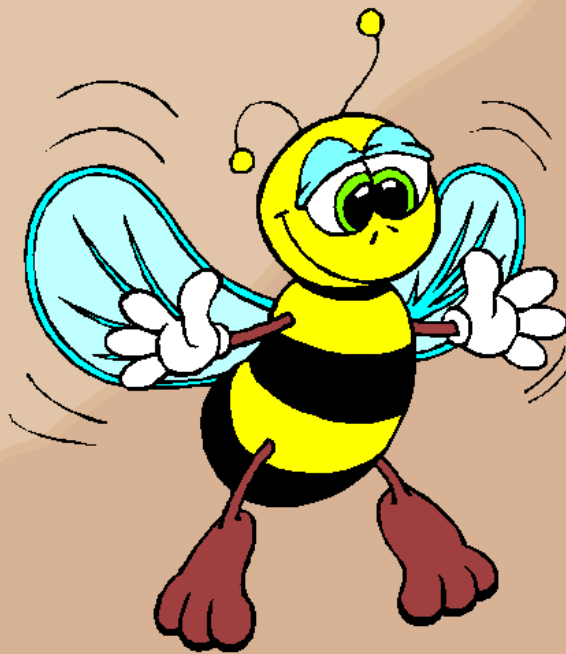


# THE BUMBLE BEE DANCE

By Rosemary Drake



"Catch it, Mommy! Catch it Mommy!" I remember as my four-year-old brother, and I jumped up and down, while my ten-month-old sister sat in her highchair laughing at the funny sight we were all watching. In early May 1962 we were living in a small two-bedroom home in Layton Utah. On that warm spring afternoon, mom had opened the window in the kitchen. While we were eating lunch, the largest black and yellow bumblebee we had ever seen flew in. It headed towards one of the large windows in the living room.

My mother, a beautiful woman of 5'2" with a belly the size of a beach ball, was bounding up and down on the couch, holding a jar in one hand and the lid in the other, chasing the bee from one window to the next. As she climbed up on the back of the couch to snare it in her jar, the bee flew over to the next window. Jumping off the back and bouncing across the sofa cushions, she climbed up on the back again reaching for the bee. The whole time her little cheering section was cheering her on. After doing this bee dance for a while, she finally captured the bee in her jar.

Lightly screwing the lid on the jar, we watched in silence as she sat it on the table. She explained to us that if we leave it in the jar it will die from no air or food, or we can take it outside and let it go. "So what do we do with it?" She asked. "Oh Mommy we can't let it die. We have to let it go," I replied. My little Brother, pulling himself up on the edge of the table to look at the bee, quietly echoed behind me, "Let it go." "Rosemary, go get your wagon while I put a sweater on Jeannie," Mom said, as she lifted my sister out of her highchair. I ran outside, grabbed the handle on my little red wagon and pulled it up to the porch just as Mom, Keith, and Jeannie came out. Mom sat Jeannie in the wagon along with a blanket. "Stay right here," she told all of us. A few seconds later she returned holding the jar that contained the bee.

Mom, carrying the bee, which was buzzing madly in the jar and her three small children following close behind, headed towards the edge of the backyard. To a five-year-old our backyard was very large. Dad kept it mowed up to a point and from there on it was a field of weeds and wild flowers. We stopped at the edge of the grass. "You kids stay right here," She said as she headed into the field. "Where are you going?" Keith asked her.

"I'm going to let the bee go out in the field." She replied again with her cheering section cheering behind her. "Let it go Mommy, let it go" we yelled as she went further into the field. She stopped, held the jar out to the length of her arms and opened it. As the bee flew out of the jar, mom turned and ran back towards us. We all cheered as the watched out mother, eight months pregnant, come running out of the knee length weeds.

You did it, Mommy!" we said as we hugged her.

"Now the bee can live in the field. Right mommy?"

Keith asked. Mom nodding her head, "Yes! He'll be happy there with all those flowers." She said as she grabbed the handle of the wagon and started back towards the house. We were all smiling and felt like we had done the right thing.

In June, my bouncing baby brother Bobby was born.

**The End.**