

MY LITTLE HEART, RUTHIE



WRITTEN BY
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ILLUSTRATED BY
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"MY LITTLE HEART, RUTHIE"

THE STORY OF A HEART IN ISOLATION THAT MUST LEARN TO FREE ITSELF.

STORY RHYME AND MUSIC WRITTEN BY TONI JANNOTTA

ILLUSTRATED AND DESIGNED BY JENNIFER MONES

MUSIC CD CONTAINING JAZZ MUSICAL SUITE, NARRATED BY THE AUTHOR, IS

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FOR DEANNA

My Little Heart, Ruthie laid down in her cell
The walls were so cold and so bare
She wanted to feel
A warmth that was real
But she felt just a chill in the air.

"Oh, why am I trying?" her heart seemed to say.
"It feels like the Light's almost gone!
I wanted to be
A heart that was free
But now, oh how can I go on?"



One day all alone, my poor Sweetheart
Looked up from the floor of her world
A warm tender breeze
Blew down with such ease
And around and around her it swirled.

"Where are you?" the breeze said so softly.
"And why are you hiding this way?
I know that you're there
And I really care
Why don't you come out here and play?"



"A voice in the breeze?" pondered Ruthie.
"Now who would be speaking to me?
I'm just a sad heart
I'm not even smart!
Now what does this breeze want from me?"

"Ruthie, where are you, where are you?"
Spoke the breeze in its most gentle way.
"I can't see you from here
I should make this quite clear
I've got something important to say."

"Oh dear, My Heart, dear!" cried Our Ruthie.
"This breeze – it is speaking to me.
If it sees me this way
I know it will say
'How stinky
How ugly
How lonely
How tired
How awfully, awfully ME!'"



"Have I mentioned," it blew, "I'm a dancer?
Ballerinas have nothing on me.
I've been all over town
And there's no one around
Who can waltz with the ease of this breeze."

"Waltz?" thought my dear little Ruthie.
"What on earth can this Koo-Koo bird mean?
Does it really care?
Can someone be there?
Or, maybe I'm having a dream."

"Perhaps if I fly to my ceiling
And sneak a quick peek way up there
I can feel it without really saying,
'Oh, please take this chill from my air."

"Oh, please take this chill from my air."



"Hello there, My Little Heart, Ruthie!
Thanks for coming so close to the Light.
It's adorably clear
That you're beautiful, dear
You could light up the darkest of nights."

Her heart felt amazingly warmer
As she looked past the top of her soul,
For the breeze with the voice
Had the shape of her choice
And Our Ruthie no longer was cold.

"You're a heart! You're a heart!" cried Our Ruthie.
"I can hardly believe what I see.
Can this really be true?
And I look just like you!
You're a heart and you blow a warm breeze.

"You're a heart and you blow a warm breeze."

"Well, really . . ."



"I warm up by blowing those breezes
Then my trumpet I take off the shelf
Then finally I'll blow
A waltz fast or slow
So that I can dance with myself!

"But lately I've noticed while flying
Alone's not where I want to be
My name is Clyde
I know yours is Ruthie
That sounds like a dance team to me!"



"Oh no, I don't dance anymore, Clyde.
I'm tired and I really must go.
I've not got the strength now for dancing
And sometimes I feel awfully low."

"I could swear that you dance, My Heart Ruthie
You play lovely harp, that I know.
It's because that you do
I have flown here to you
For your music. The two of you glow!"

"My harp? Not my harp! You have heard me?
I know I'm disturbing your ears.
I've tried to be quiet
Been playing so silent
Been hoping nobody would hear."

"Music hears music, My Ruthie,
So something has made you this way.
Have you stopped all your dancing?
Stopped playing, stopped chancing?
To crawl in a cell here to stay?"

"What happened to make you this way?"



A small cry flew out
From her heart
Like a shout
And she knew what she wanted to say.

"I tried very hard to play sweetly.
I flew, as we do, to the people below.
Some ladies were sad
Some men felt so bad
So I flew and I'd play as I'd go.

"I played my dear harp to the ears of their hearts
I wanted to warm up their souls,
I played soft and sweet
While keeping the beat
And around and around them I'd go."



"But they barked at my playing and they snapped at my strings
I saw such a cruelty show
I hoped hearts would melt
Yet, coldness I felt

"I'm not very strong down below.

"Then they laughed such a mean, careless cackle,
They frightened me, frightened me so!"



"I just couldn't stay
So I ran away
Away from their world I did go . . .

"Back up that stairway
Beyond those white clouds
Back through that door we know well.

"And so I did fly
Beyond stars and sky
Back to my small, little cell."



Slowly and gently the warm breeze began
As if Clyde was taking her heart by the hand
His horn played a solo so softly and then
He trumpeted up and he started again.

Then finally he did it and with so much schmaltz
He just HAD to do it, Clyde started to waltz!
His horn played the music around and around
When suddenly . . . slowly . . . up came a new sound!



It was ever so timid
It started so meek
But it gained quite a strength
That was still very sweet
Her strings played together
Played straight from the heart

And now there's a duo –



A Trumpet! A Harp!

They were talking away while their instruments played
And saying the things that they wanted to say.
"Now Ruthie, are you sure you did something wrong?
Maybe those people were wrong for your song

"Say Ruthie . . .

"You think you're done dancing
But that isn't you
It's when you've stopped chancing
That you will stay blue
There are people who already listen
It's true!
Go find them
You won't be alone if you do.

"So now when you're alone, besides feeling so sad
You must give you a hug, so you also feel glad
And then talk to yourself, but be sure when you do
That you love yourself first!
That is what you must do."



She saw a small light blasting through her dark cell
Now Ruthie was listening and Ruthie knew well.
And then all her strings played quite suddenly strong
And they shouted

HEY WORLD, I HAVE DONE NOTHING WRONG!



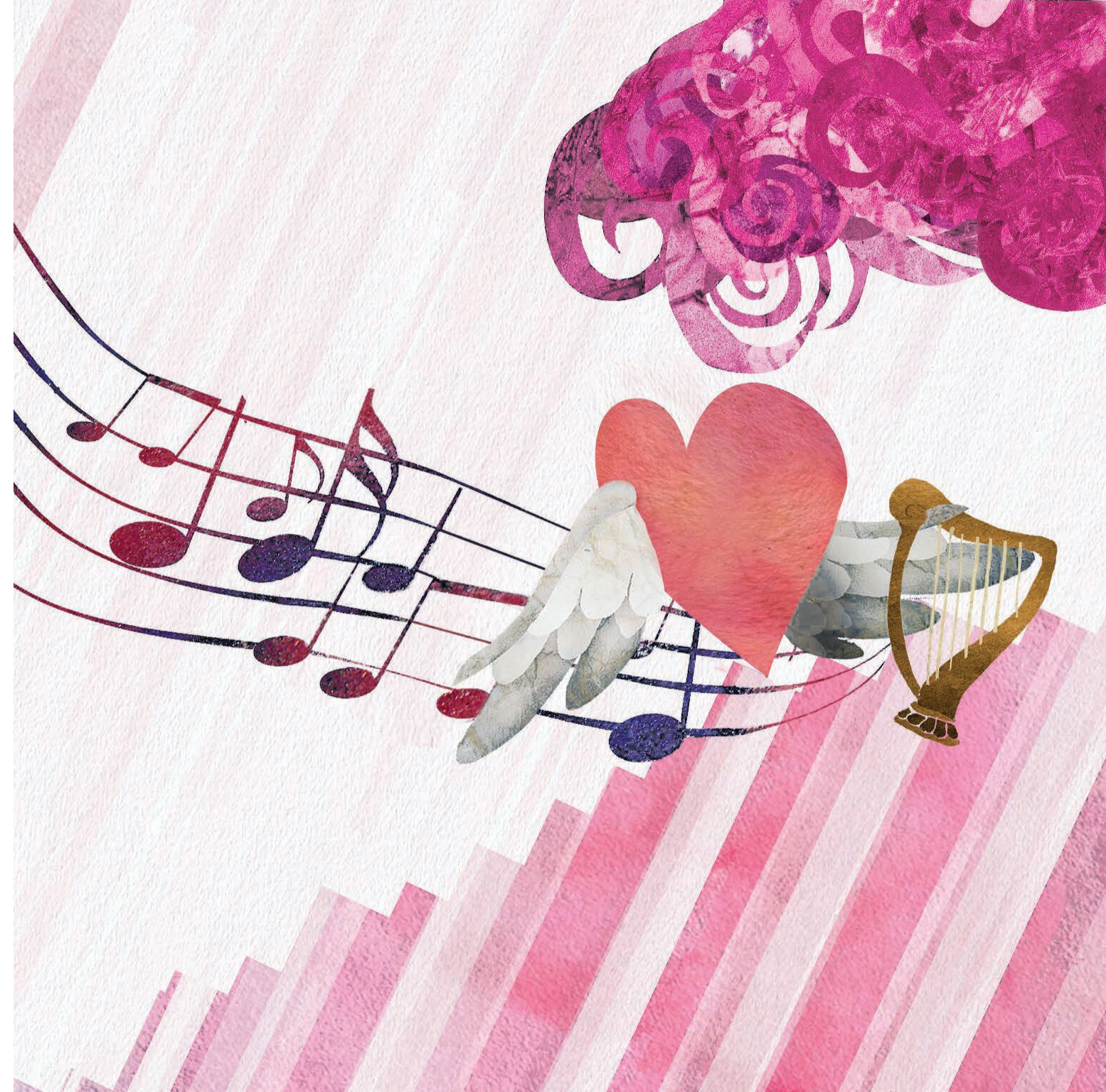
And the Light was so bright
And her heart felt so brave
That finally My Ruthie
Said "no" to her cave.

Then she looked past her ceiling
That housed her small space
And looked for her fellow . . .
In spirit . . . in grace.

The top of her heart peeked
Beyond past her cell
She thought she heard something
But she couldn't tell.

She saw heart and trumpet
Just waltzing away
And thought his sweet trumpet
Was trying to say:

"Don't turn away, Ruthie, because if you do
You will only get colder and I will be blue."



She was out of her cell now forever she'd see
How the air felt so warm. She was finally free.
Not far in the distance, his music was there
Yes, Clyde's dancing trumpet was filling the air.

So calmly so slowly she flew to his side
Two like souls in music, who no longer hide
She knew how to reach him and she needn't shout
Just speak from the heart
... and that lets it out.



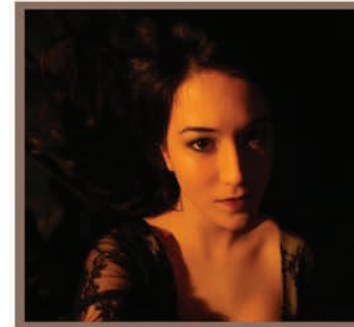
Now look out your window some warm, friendly night,
You might just see Ruthie and Clyde in the sky.
You might hear them say as they dance round and round

When I love me, I love you.
And that is the sound!



TONI JANNOTTA

started as a dancer, became an actress, performed in children's theater, sang in musical theater, and ended up in jazz clubs. She has written jazz tunes, performed in the U.S. and abroad, and has composed the music for her original story rhyme, "My Little Heart, Ruthie." Toni lives with her violin and piano in Southern California. This is her first book. Feel free to visit www.tonijannotta.com



JENNIFER MONES

is typically the background character in everyone's reality and thus, remains a mystery. What is known about her is that since graduating from Art Center College of Design, her art has appeared in various other works such as Denise Fleck's book, "Starting off on the Right Paw." She enjoys collaborating with creatives to help make visions a reality. Her website is www.jennifermones.com

