

Grandfather Tomten and the Easter Surprise

This is a sweet little story that references the Tomten books by Astrid Lindgren that many Waldorf children are familiar with. They are so loved! It was originally written as a story to introduce an Easter egg hunt.

All winter long, Grandfather Tomten had been asleep in his home beside a large rock in the meadow. He slept so soundly he did not notice when the warm sun melted the last snow of winter. He slept so soundly that he did not notice when the flowers in the meadow wakened and smiled up at the sun.

A bumblebee came buzzing by. He stopped to gather some pollen from the flowers and whispered to Grandfather Tomten, “wake up Grandfather Tomten, spring is here, and the flowers are blooming.”

But Grandfather Tomten did not hear him and slept on.

A butterfly came fluttering by. She visited the flowers to sip their sweet nectar and whispered to Grandfather Tomten, “wake up Grandfather Tomten, spring is here. The flowers are blooming and the bees are buzzing.”

But Grandfather Tomten did not hear her and slept on.

A robin came flying by. He sang, “cheer up, cheerio, cheer up, cheerio, it’s time to build a nest!” and sang softly to Grandfather Tomten, “Wake up Grandfather Tomten, spring is here, the flowers are blooming, the bees are buzzing and the butterflies are buzzing.”

But Grandfather Tomten did not hear him and slept on.

At last a rabbit came hopping by. She stopped now and then to nibble sweet clover in the meadow and whispered to Grandfather Tomten, “wake up Grandfather Tomten, spring is here. The flowers are blooming, the bees are buzzing, the butterflies are fluttering, the [birds] are singing and I have hidden an Easter surprise for you.”

And Grandfather Tomten opened his eyes, stretched, and looked around – just in time to see the rabbit hopping away.

Grandfather Tomten said, “spring is here, the flowers are blooming, the bees are buzzing, the butterflies are fluttering, the [birds] are singing and I think the Easter rabbit has hidden a surprise for me. Where could it be?”

And he began to look: under the stone... behind the bushes... under the flowers... and there, just in a little hollow in the hillside he found it: a beautiful coloured Easter egg! Grandfather Tomten tucked it [under his arm] and home he went home as pleased as could be.

I usually end our stories with something like “and that my friends, is the story of Grandfather Tomten and the Easter Surprise”. Or “snip, snap, snout, this story is told out.”