

Juno's Butter Knife

A real life story of a child who healed from trauma and abuse in fairy tale form ...

By Darleen Claire Wodzinski



The little fluffy bunny finished setting the table for tea and scones as Grandma poured boiling water into the tea pot. Juno wriggled his nose as he breathed in the delightful scent of peppermint tea and lemon scones. This was going to be another great adventure ... drinking tea while telling silly jokes and talking about all he had learned that week.

As Grandma brought the tray of goodies to the table, she asked “Juno, where is the special butter knife?”

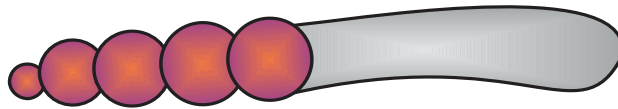
“Oh, I didn’t see it, Grandma, so I just put out a regular dinner knife.”

Grandma let out a great big sigh, and Juno knew from the look on her face that she was going to share something big ... “Juno, dear” Grandma asked “do you know why that jeweled butter knife is so important in your life?”

Juno tilted his head to one side so his brain could work better. Try as he might, he could not figure out what Grandma was asking him.

"No, Grandma, I thought it was just a pretty butter knife. I had no idea that it had anything special to do with my life."

Grandma rummaged through a basket until she pulled out the little jeweled knife with the round end ... just the right size for little fluffy bunny paws to use to spread butter on hot scones. Then she sat down at the table and started to pour the peppermint tea. "Dear Juno, do you remember the day we purchased this little jeweled butter knife?"



Juno shook his head, little fluffy little ears wagging back and forth.

"Well, then today is the perfect day for us to remember together why this pretty little butter knife is so very important in your life ... and how it has helped you become the happy and capable little fluffy bunny that you are!"

Juno slowly stirred honey into his peppermint tea, wondering how on Earth a butter knife could have helped him become a happy and capable bunny. Surely Grandma was mistaken.

Once Grandma and Juno had gobbled up some warm scones with butter, Grandma said that it was time to remember – together. "Juno, you said you do not remember the day we bought this pretty little butter knife together. But, do you remember a time when you were afraid of knives?"

Juno thought for a moment, tilting his head to the side while tugging at his whiskers. Something at the back of his brain seemed to say that, yes, he did remember being afraid of knives ... a very long time ago when he was a wee little fluffy bunny. Juno also realized that with that memory were some very sad and scary feelings that he did not like to remember.

"Yes, Grandma" Juno answered. "I do remember that I was afraid of knives when I was young, but it does not feel good to think about it."

"I know, Juno" answered Grandma gently "that those memories were not of happy times. But the good news is that your life is now filled with love and joy! It may be a good time to pull out those unhappy memories and give them a happy ending!"

"A happy ending?" asked Juno, confused. "Why would I want to do that?"

"Well, Juno" answered Grandma "those unhappy memories are stuck in your brain ... and they make you feel unhappy when you think about them, right?"

Juno nodded.

“So, taking them out – just like you would take out a photo album – and looking at them again from this happy place will help you wrap those unhappy memories in happy thoughts. So from now on, you will be able to look at those early memories – even the unhappy ones – with joy and love in your heart.”

“Oh, Grandma, that sounds so nice ... but I do not think you understand how unhappy those memories are. I do not think it is possible to wrap them up in anything to make them feel like joy and love.”

Grandma held her arms out to little Juno as she said, “I think now is the perfect time for you to discover the gift of the jeweled butter knife.” Juno climbed up in the rocking chair with Grandma, feeling a little anxious about what he was about to remember ...



“You know, Juno, that you were a wee little fluffy bunny when you came to live here in this safe loving home. Do you remember where you lived before that?”

Juno gulped. Those memories were stuck at the back of his head and made him feel frightened and upset whenever they tried to come out. Sometimes the memories would sneak out of their hiding space while he was sleeping – and he would dream of frightening things that did not seem like they could be true – yet he knew they were.

Juno slowly answered Grandma, “Yes, I used to live in a house with angry bunnies who were not nice to me. I was frightened every day and cried myself to sleep every night. I was a very sad and very frightened wee little bunny before I came to live here with this loving and happy big bunny family.”

“That’s right, Juno” said Grandma. “And if you think carefully – remembering that you are here in this safe house, cuddled up next to me, who loves you – can you remember about the knife?”

Suddenly, the memory of the knife came crashing out of the back of his brain ... big and large and scary. His tummy turned, his whiskers trembled, and the room started to spin as he remembered. He slowly held out his little bunny paw and turned it over to look at the pads underneath. He did not see the marks from where he had been cut by the knife, but the memory hurt just as much as the day the angry bunny had hurt him ... oh, so long ago.”

Juno slowly looked up at Grandma, a big salty tear trickling down from his precious little bunny eye. "Yes, Grandma, I do remember. That angry bunny had hurt me. The knife was sharp and it hurt a lot. I remember being scared. I remember the blood. I remember wishing with all my heart that someone would help me."



"Yes, darling Juno, you were hurt. And you were scared. But, look at your paw. See? The cut is all healed! You are safe. And now it is time to heal your heart from those unhappy memories."

"But, Grandma, it hurts to remember. Please help me make it stop. Make the bad memories go away."

"I will help you, Juno, but you must first know that the memories are not bad. It is just how you are feeling about them that feels bad. What that bunny did to you that day was bad, too. But now, you live in a loving and joyful home where you are cherished, protected, and loved. How does it feel to think about that?"

"Much better" admitted Juno. "But thinking about the day I was hurt by the angry bunny still feels really bad in my heart and my tummy."

"Ah, yes, and that is where the jeweled butter knife comes in."

Grandma pulled Juno up onto her lap and gently rocked him for a few moments before continuing the story.

"You were very brave to make it through that scary day when you were hurt by the angry bunny. But soon after that day, you came here to this happy home where you are safe and loved."

"Oh, yes, Grandma! I am so very happy and loved in this home ... but how will that make the unhappy memories go away?"

"Juno, we do not want the memories to go away. We only want to wrap them up in newer memories of love and joy ... so they will not hurt your heart any longer. Are you ready to get started?"

By now, Juno was really curious about what Grandma had in mind, so he nodded.

"So, Juno, we knew that something bad had happened to you when you were a wee one. You told us over and over how an angry bunny had hurt you. And you never wanted to even be near a knife. For the longest time, we used spoons to spread butter on your scones and biscuits. Remember?"

Juno's ears perked up as he remembered that ... a very long time ago when he had first come to the happy house ... that they had used spoons to spread butter, honey, and even jam!

"Go on, Grandma! I remember ... tell me more!"

"From your first days with this happy family, Juno, we played and loved and laughed every day. Some days you were able to play and be happy. Other days you were frightened and felt sad. So Grandpa and I came up with a special treat that always made you feel better ... do you remember what it was?"

"Tea parties!!!" shouted Juno, feeling relieved that he was starting to feel a little bit better already ...

"Yes, tea parties!!!" agreed Grandma. "We drank delicious herbal tea with honey and nibbled on warm scones and biscuits as we told jokes and talked about the day ..."



"Just like we do now!!!" interrupted Juno.

"Exactly" said Grandma. "Just like we do today. From your first days here, we celebrated your life with laughter, love, hugs ... and herbal tea!"



"Wow" said Juno very quietly. "I remember how I thought that tea parties were one of the best things in the whole wide world ... hmmm ... I remember when you bought the little tea pot with the picture of the farmer bunny in the carrot patch ... and when you bought the tiny cups and saucers with little polka dots. Oh, Grandma, I was so excited to have all those beautiful things around me when we celebrated with tea parties!"

Grandma smiled and waited patiently ... while Juno's remembering continued ...

A few moments later, Juno's eyes popped open wide as he exclaimed "Grandma! I do remember the day you bought the little butter knife with the jeweled handle!"



Grandma nodded slowly ... still waiting patiently for Juno's remembering to continue ...

"Oh, Grandma! You told me that my life was full of enough love and joy that it was time to learn about the lovely ways knives can help us be happy! Then we picked out the little butter knife with the jeweled handle ... together! I remember it, Grandma! Even though knives used to scare me in my old life, I knew that I was so safe and loved that we could stop using spoons to spread butter!"

Juno and Grandma hugged again ... while Juno's little brain worked hard to figure it out.

"Oh, Grandma, I see what you mean!!! All those happy memories of the tea parties with you and Grandpa ... and the love you put in every batch of scones and biscuits ... they fill my heart with love and my brain with happy memories!"

"So, Juno, are you ready to wrap those unhappy memories in these new joyful ones forever?"

Juno nodded slowly ... still a bit afraid of remembering the unhappy memories about the day he was hurt.

"Juno, for each scary, sad, and hurtful memory in your little brain ... you will find a thousand happy, safe, and loving memories. Look inside, and see if what I say is true!"

Juno tilted his head from side to side, investigating all the memories he had stored inside ... from the front of his brain all the way to the back, where he had stuffed the unhappy memories. Sure enough, what Grandma had said was true! For every scary or sad memory he could find, he found at least a thousand more memories of moments filled with laughter, love, joy, and caring.

"I'm ready, Grandma! What do I do next?"

"Well" said Grandma "find that unhappy memory about the day you were hurt by the angry bunny and start to wrap it up like a present in gift wrapping with all the happy memories of tea parties, the little jeweled butter knife, and how happy we all are together!"

Juno squeezed his bunny eyes tightly and focused on wrapping the unhappy memory with a thousand happy ones ... times he had used the little jeweled butter knife to spread butter on fresh hot biscuits or scones. Times they had clinked their tea cups in celebration. Times he had laughed so hard at Grandpa's jokes that he thought he would fall out of his chair.

Suddenly, an amazing thing happened. Juno's eyes flew wide open as he explained "Oh, Grandma! I did it!"



Grandma smiled from floppy ear to floppy ear as Juno continued "I used to be afraid of the unhappy memory about when I was hurt by the angry bunny. It would make me feel frightened and very sad. Now, I can't see that unhappy memory without seeing the thousand happy moments that came after. I can't think about a knife without thinking about warm peppermint tea, funny jokes, warm scones with butter, and you and Grandpa!"

Juno jumped off Grandma's lap and began to hop around the room for joy! "I did it! I wrapped that big bad unhappy memory in so much love and joy that it can never make me feel bad or unhappy again!!!"

Grandma looked down at little Juno over the tops of her spectacles and asked "So now do you know how the little jeweled butter knife is important in your life?"

Juno ran to Grandma and jumped back onto her lap. "Yup! I sure do" he said. "That little butter knife helped me realize that not all things in life are scary or bad. I was hurt with a knife a long time ago when I lived in the angry house. But now my life is so full of love and joy that I am safe to use my little jeweled butter knife to spread butter on my freshly baked scones."

Grandma smiled and asked "Is there anything else you have learned from the little butter knife?"

"Hmmm ... well ... just that love is bigger than any bad thing that can ever happen. And now I know that I can spread happy loving memories around in my brain just like I spread butter on my biscuit. And you know, Grandma, butter is a lot like happy memories."

"Really" said Grandma "But how?"

"The more butter and marmalade jam I spread on your biscuits, the better they taste! And the more happy and loving memories I spread around in my brain ... the better I feel!" And with that, Juno and Grandma jumped up and started dancing around the room with glee.



From that day forward, whenever Juno remembered the day he was cut by the knife, he remembered that it had been a sad day ... but that it had been followed by many, many joyful days that continue to fill his heart and his mind with love!

Juno is no longer a frightened little fluffy bunny who tries to hide unhappy memories in the back of his brain. Instead, Juno is a happy and joyful bunny who knows that after sad things happen, come many wonderful good times that continue fill his heart and brain with lots of love and make his tummy tickle with joy!



The end of this story ... and the beginning of the next ...