

The Storyline

Magazine of The New Zealand Guild of Storytellers Nga Kaikorero Purakau O Aotearoa



nce upon
a time

*The story is told,
eye to eye, mind to mind,
heart to heart.
(Scottish Proverb)*

MARCH 2016



Editorial

At this moment in time I am deeply concerned about the plans of our local library board which, it seems, plans to shift the children's library in to the back part of the adult library thus freeing the amazing facility we have had for 26 years to accommodate adult technology.

Way back in time I was giving the following message to people all over our land and here in Invercargill and it is still something we must fight to offer to our children.

As responsible and loving adults we know that we need to do what we call "bring up or raise" our children and to ensure that they are given everything they need to be able to accept responsibility for themselves and live well.

One of the richest gifts we can give to our children is a creative, thinking and open mind, self-esteem and a voice to share their ideas...

Before children's voices can be heard they need:

- ***to be in a safe place***
- ***to have something to say - implies experiences...***
- ***to have the means to say it - implies language, imagination and social skills...***

This is where the part of storytelling comes into play. They NEED STORY to develop social, cognitive, emotional, spiritual values.

- SHARING ideas, pleasures, experiences, relationships and understandings.
- NON-MANIPULATIVE as each listener responds as an individual as well as part of shared experience so each can form their own images and fulfil their own needs.
- OPEN THINKING as it offers wide variety of themes, ideas and perspectives
- CREATIVE IMAGINATION as stories come in many forms, with many layers, opportunities for imagery and fantasy play.

- LANGUAGE and narrative as awareness of words, and their patterns when put together to offer a compelling tale.
- KNOWLEDGE and awareness of other peoples, their cultures, beliefs and of the world itself which nurtures us. Links across the curriculum.
- NEW IDEAS can be introduced in a non-threatening way.
- CONNECTING ACTIVITY - listening and communicating skills, joining people in laughter and tears, wonder, pain, enlightenment and friendship.
- PROBLEM SOLVING and allowing unexpected discussions that are satisfying, involving and wide-reaching
- WEAVING and FORMING - each story heard is a thread making a pattern with our past, our present and our future. We ARE what we dream, what we know, what we think, what we believe and what we do and it is thus that we become part of creation. So storytelling is both universal and intensely personal at the same time.

AND IT IS SO MUCH FUN.

Theory doesn't change our way of thinking - art does.

People are often bored by lectures on theory but they are deeply touched by story, music, art. They feel and so it becomes part of their deepness.

When everything outside crumbles you have to turn to your inner self - which has been formed by story.

Liz Miller – lizm@xtra.co.nz



President's Report

March 2016

The year is hastening fast away and autumn is well and truly here – the cooler days, the leaves turning colours and the workload growing busier and busier...

Liz has been particularly busy, organizing all the myriad of details needed to bring our two American tellers to New Zealand for the Southland Festival of the Arts programme. This year we are delighted to host Antonio Rocha and Dovie Thomason. Antonio was here a few years ago and we are thrilled that he is able to return. He is truly wonderful, and we are looking forward to getting to know Dovie, a First Nations American Indian, with stories of soul and wit. We are also pleased to hear that some people are travelling from Australia and the North Island to be a part of the festival with us this year – all welcome, the more the merrier!



I have a very exciting time ahead as I look forward to travelling to the UK and the US to further my storytelling passion. Firstly, I am spending time with Shonaleigh, participating in her 'Walking the Wildwoods' storytelling programme. This is the first week, with two more weeks over the next two years and I am not entirely sure what it will all entail. However, I am sure it will be a wonderful week of story and great companionship with Shonaleigh, who I admire very much, and with whoever else is on the course. My family is travelling with me and we will spend some time in the UK visiting friends and family before heading on to the US, where I will meet up with Liz to attend the National Storytelling Festival in Jonesborough. Returning home and going back to work will take some adjusting after all that... but I will be filled with stories and that will most certainly make it all worthwhile.

Shonaleigh hopes to bring her unique storytelling programme to New Zealand, if we can get enough people interested and able to commit to the process which includes one residential week a year across three years. I look forward to telling you more when I return in October.

I hope your year has got off to a happy start, that your stories are bringing you great pleasure and that we can continue to share – both our stories and our passion for telling them.

Happy telling, all.

Tania Faulkner-McKenzie
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Secretary Report

We have 34 members. 2 live in the USA, 4 group memberships. This means just 28 individual memberships in NZ. 3 new members...

Keith Levy

I'm seventy one and known as The Roaming Rhymester.
I tell my own stories in rhyme and accompany myself with the guitar.
I'm a social commentator. My stories are for adults only.
Some of my stories are sad, some funny. They intrigue, entertain, involve, inform and inspire.
I'm a mixture, if you like, of Sam Hunt and Leonard Cohen and my life philosophy is based on the thoughts of Henry David Thoreau, Buddhism, the Japanese philosophy of Wabi-Sabi.
I live in an old Bedford Housebus. I've lived on the road for sixteen years. Prior to that ten years were spent living on yachts.
I'm delightfully Jewish.



Norman Tolva

I'm picking that I am one of the newbies so would like to say 'Hi' to you all.
I live in Whangarei so would be happy to hear from any of you that live in "the winterless north" or near by or even far away.
A special 'Hi' to Bertha Tobias. (She was a mentor of mine before I left NZ :-)).



Nick Duval-Smith, Dunedin

Storyteller on the road: Roald Dahl tour 2016
Storyteller at Teller of Tales, Owner, Director, Ideas...
Kindergarten Teacher at Dunedin Rudolf Steiner Kindergarten

Summary: I aim to make things that bring various forms of goodness into people's lives.

Treasurer's Report

We had \$7,191.31 at mid-March.

Editor's Report

It has been such a pleasure to know that so many of our people are powerfully developing storytelling in their areas.

It is really good to know that Gaye Sutton is going to contribute a regular column. That will be such a boost to our magazine.

DEADLINE for next issue is mid-June 2016 for July Issue.

Website Matters

Remember, all members have a personal code for our website so you can just go in and use it.

If you are unsure how to add your profile, an event, or anything else, you can send it to our webmaster, Hemi, and he will do it.

Hemi has added all the past copies of the Storyline (back to July 2013 which is all he had available) and will keep each issue as a new one is published in that file.

Things you can do on the website:

- Create a storytelling profile to advertise your storytelling services.
- Add your profile as a member interested in this amazing art.
- Post ideas, news and stories.
- Post upcoming events.

To login go to storytelling.org.nz and click the yellow “Member Login” button in the bottom right corner of the website.

We also have a more direct login –
www.storytelling.nz

Then follow the instructions. If you have forgotten your password click the request for a new one.

Have a question or need help? Simply email the site administrator at: hemi.ruatoto@gmail.com

A web-site is only as effective as the members make it. We cannot make up things to add to it.

Some of our members have not posted their profile at all. Why?

Even just your name and what and where you tell or listen will at least let people know we don't only have the few members listed.

A new story on the web-site would be good.

We had to decide whether to keep both sites and since we haven't given it a lot of thought we have decided to keep them for this year and ask people to consider whether we should continue.

We asked our web-master and his advice is that it's very common for websites to use 2 or more domain names. A domain name only points to a website and a website can have multiple domain names pointing to it.

The reason you might not want to get rid of the .org.nz domain name is because if anyone has posted anything online linking to storytelling.org.nz those links would stop working. Also there may be some printed material that has the .org.nz domain on it.

Hemi did a quick back-link check and the results say there are at least 53 websites linking to storytelling.org.nz compared to 28 linking to storytelling.nz

It is only \$50 each for the year.

Greeting

Moira Wairama is one of the first storytellers I shared with in this land of ours and she and Tony are very special people.

Here is a mihi, greeting, sent from Gaye Sutton, and all the Guild members, to let Moira know we are holding her and all her family close in our hearts at this time. Moira has been a dedicated teller for a long time and losing a mother is one of the hardest losses.

The People Whom You Love

Be calm and still long enough

the people whom you love will

come, as the deep stream clears

when ripples are all done.

nothing will be said, but you

will recognise the true expression

on each face as you remember

them. Nothing will be said, but

they will come, not conjured by

your dreams, or grief but just

wishing to call by. Nothing will

be said, but the people whom you

love will walk at ease and smile

And take no notice of your tears.

~Owen Marshall~ in sleepwalking in Antarctica and other poems. (no capitals on cover of book)

He who smiles rather than rages is always the stronger.

Japanese wisdom.

I hope you find joy in the great things of life – but also in the little things. A flower, a song, a butterfly on your hand.

Ellen Levine

Regional News

Christchurch - Otautahi Story Circle.

Third Wednesday of each month, 7.30pm.

Sydenham Room, South Library, 66 Colombo Street, Beckenham, Christchurch.

Story Circle evenings have got off to a fun and friendly start to the year. We celebrated the theme of Love in February - the month of Valentine's, and Strong Women in March - the 2016 World Storytelling Day theme. Everyone is welcome to join us to celebrate story in all its forms - oral, written, poetry, song and more - just listen or bring along something to share, learn new skills, share in discussions and meet other lovers of story. Upcoming themes are: April: Fools, May: Harvest, and June: Matariki.

Natural Born Storytellers Launched!

In partnership with Exchange Christchurch XCHC, The Story Collective launched their latest initiative - Natural Born Storytellers - on Friday 26 February. The concept originated in London - a fun, friendly, relaxed evening of true life tales based around a theme, celebrating that everyone has a story to tell. It was an evening of delicious food and drink from the onsite cafe/bar and a selection of prepared storytellers from all walks of life, as well as room for stories from the audience for those inspired to share something. In line with it being the week of the 5th Anniversary of the 22 February Christchurch earthquake, and starting this new venture and a New Year, the theme for the evening was 'New Beginnings'. Our storytellers took us on a journey that covered continents and life spans and we finished the evening with requests for more. And so our next evening will be Friday 15 April, 7.30pm, Exchange Christchurch XCHC, 376 Wilsons Road. This time we are pairing up with musicians who will also be sharing stories and music on the theme "Being The Fool". We're looking for storytellers! So please drop us a line thestorycollectivechc@gmail.com or call Sharon 022-121-3648 / 03 9677-888 if you're interested - if not this time, then perhaps you would like to join a future evening. We're planning this to be a regular event.

Visiting UK storyteller: Louise Coigley!

Louise Coigley, UK Storyteller and Speech Language Therapist Visits Christchurch.

Louise Coigley visited Christchurch at the beginning of March to share her unique Lis'n Tell: Live Inclusive Storytelling approach, developed alongside young people and families from over 20 years work as a speech language therapist and storyteller. A wide variety of practitioners working in the fields of youth development, education, speech language therapy, health care and performing arts for all abilities enjoyed an action packed two days training. This highly interactive and creative training allowed participants to learn through practicing the simple yet powerful principles and techniques for developing communication, social skills and knowledge. Louise inspired through her anecdotal stories and offered coaching with sensitivity and warm encouragement. Everyone was buzzing by the end, excited to take these ways of working back to their communities and asking

how they can sign up to the next level of training! Louise also offered a short workshop through Christchurch City Council Libraries that was lively and entertaining. She shared the importance of repetition, rhyme, role, ritual and rhythm in storytelling, particularly for children and those with learning and communication challenges. Participants again left inspired to further their work with the power of storytelling, one vowing a crusade for bedtime stories as a healing method to many of the post-earthquake sleeping and routine problems families face in Christchurch.

Louise also provided a workshop for young people with disabilities. A delightful group of young people discovered more about themselves, expressed their creativity in various ways, practiced making decisions, and explored their leadership capacities through their co-creation of a story based on a Chinese folk tale about a dragon painter and a village afraid of a mountain. They created an enchanting tale that took the bones of the story into new uncharted territory. Louise commented that she now views this story from a completely new perspective and learnt so much from the young people that day. The young people finished the day requesting more opportunities like this!

We look forward to Louise's return in the future. You can find out more about Louise and her approach at www.lisntell.co.uk

The Story Collective Participates in LinC Programme 2016

The Story Collective is excited to part of the Leadership in Community programme for 2016. Sponsored by Red Cross, CERA, Christchurch City Council, Rata Foundation and other major funders in the Christchurch recovery, the programme is an opportunity for community leaders and community groups working at the grassroots of creating healthy sustainable communities to learn and work together. We are meeting lots of people interested in the art of story and storytelling and are very grateful for this opportunity to support our vision of developing the art of storytelling for individual and community development and wellbeing.

Dovie Thomason Visit in May

Details are still to be confirmed but we are very much hoping that Dovie Thomason, First Nations storyteller from the USA, will pop into Christchurch after performing at the Southland Arts Festival. Keep an eye out for more info by signing up to our e-news, email: thestorycollectivechch@gmail.com, or like our Facebook page: www.facebook.com/TheStoryCollective, or check our website: www.thestorycollective.nz

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Southern Storytellers

This year commenced with a finger-food meal at Nicol's in January. For the third year running the weather did not oblige, and it was an inside evening. However, the House of Mystery, as Heather calls it, is well-suited to storytelling company. After a sustaining meal, we heard Susan Wojciechowski's wonderful book, *The Christmas Miracle of Jonathan Toomey*, read by three members.

The exercise at our February meeting was centred on sayings we heard from our parents and grandparents, possibly sayings that we now repeat. As well as familiar ones such as "cleanliness is next to godliness" and "honesty is the best policy" or "Oh, for Pete's sake" we also heard these: "Watch your tongue, it will get you hung." and "It's the part you don't see that makes the part you do see worth seeing." It is salutary to find that expressions of our parents which had us, as youngsters, rolling our eyes and heaving sighs now roll from our own lips.

The month of March has seen two gatherings within eight days. The AGM (why is it that AGM's are never fully attended?) after which we rehearsed our stories for the following Tuesday which was a trip to Tuatapere. This was organised by resident members Nigel and Joy.

Nine of us assembled for a hearty lunch at Orepuke then proceeded to Tuatapere where our shared stories entertained a small local audience.

To complete this season of activity we give a concert on 15th April. After that we can become the audience for a change and feast on the stories shared by this year's Festival storytellers.

Thank you, Liz, for keeping little Invercargill on such a wondrous circuit.

Nicol Macfarlane

News from Okato.

Lesley Dowding

Step into story at the Stony River Hotel Okato.

Second Thursday of every month.

Our meeting place is a wonderful two story building dating back 150 years. It has a collection of old photos about the people who lived in the area. Great for storytelling.

This Summer we have had fun with suitcases.

I had a photo of Wordsworth's suitcase which I took last year when I was storytelling in Cumbria. I used the photo to spark the idea of suitcase tales.

Many people brought a variety of old cases to share a story. One of our members arrived dressed as a 1940 traveller to match her case.

I think suitcases create Sparks which Jay O'Callaghan taught me in his workshops. They are becoming an historic item now- a- days. We researched old tales of cases but mainly found chest ones that were magical rather like flying carpets. I found one from Hans Christian Anderson.

A piece of exciting news for me came out of my trip to Perth last year and meeting the storytellers guild at the home of Jesse. It was a lovely afternoon sitting round the kitchen table where wonderful tales were shared.

I was given fliers about IBBY which prompted me to submit something I have been exploring - Story as Pedagogy! I am excited to say I will be sharing a poster at IBBY. Thanks, Jesse.

Jesse Williamson (President) The Storytelling Guild of Australia (WA) Inc.

www.wa.storyguild.org.au



Keep in touch.

A series of tales created by Lesley.

After listening and watching everyone, I created this tale to share with you.

No Pockets in Shrouds. By Lesley Dowding

Jane did not realise how many letters she had kept till she lifted down the suitcase and opened it.

The special ones were firmly in her memory. Inside, the lid had its original silk lining and elastic pouch.

She knew if she looked there would be faded confetti, but she did not bother. Every letter bound with faded red ribbon, placed in date order. The top of each one carefully slit open so only a small amount of the gummed seal was not broken. Sealed with the tongue that once French kissed. Should she take one last look? The car horn decided.

Carol was not one to wait.

She could not face Anne, yet she could not throw the suitcase away.

Carol would take it without asking questions. In seconds it was gone along with her lifelong friend.

After the funeral Carol placed the case half- heartedly on the back seat of Anne's car. Before shutting the car door she felt a note excusing herself was necessary. She found a free postcard advertising get away travel. She had no idea why Jane had sent the case at a time of grief. Carol never liked Anne's choice of men, but she was her friend and it was sad. Carol wrote on the back.

Sorry she could not stay, too many people.

Jane had sent the case.

No idea why.

Maybe symbolic.

Pack up now you are free!

Will call. Love Carol.

Just as she was about to place the card on the case, it toppled out of the car door, spilling its contents over Carol's black buckled boots.

Red ribbon entwined itself around her buckles, bundles of padded envelopes, faded confetti fell everywhere. As she pulled the ribbon away, her eyes were drawn to familiar names. To. Sender.

Carol's mind spun. A cool breeze stirred the postcard still in her hand. Instead of keeping the case she hurriedly re-filled it, throwing twisted ribbons, mixed up letters altogether. Crushing the faded confetti.

Quickly added to the card squeezing the letters together her hand shaking, she underlined

PS. Remember to spend up large.

Now the bastard's gone.

No pockets in shrouds.



Photo: York Railway Museum.

From The Wilds Of Wairarapa

I've been staying here at New Zealand Pacific Studios for eleven days today, which is St. Patrick's Day. I'm known for this time (or maybe it's for this year, I'm not sure) as the Masterton Fellow! (Why can we not be the Fellowess or something? And please do not talk to me about grammar.) Anyway, I don't want to sound ungrateful so I am not mentioning the fellow thing out in the community because this fellowship is funded by Masterton District Council's Community Fund and it is very generous. I have begun a new book (working title: Changing The World One Story At A Time) and the residency is giving me three weeks of mostly uninterrupted time. Three other artists are here; a painter of fantasy animals from Canada- Betsy Bell McKimm, Brandy Scott, a novelist and world citizen and Laurence O'Toole, an Irish painter. A wonderful group to be with. There is much laughter and frivolity behind the supportive talking and listening over meals.

The people who awarded it specifically to me were the wonderful board of the NPS in Mount Bruce, Wairarapa. This is a fabulous place. An old house (built 1911) and turned into an artist's residency by Dr Kay Flavell, (you can find her on Facebook). Kay was a professor of literature in California but born in Dunedin. Some years ago she decided it was time to return home and purchased this house online to make an artist's residence to match the Californian New Pacific Studio she had birthed some years before. You can find the website here.

www.artistresidency.org.nz and a list of all the residencies available.

The mission of both NPS's is to support artists around the Pacific Rim and for the New Zealand studio to support local artists and that includes all you storytellers. So, if you have a project that you'd like to spend an extended time on have a look at the website and apply. Let me know if you're shy or uncertain about how to write an application and I can help. There is a rider, you do have to do some outreach into Masterton if you get this fellowship. In my own case that means offering two workshops to schools and one performance in Masterton.

You probably don't remember that my last column mentioned that I was intending to bring the African philosophy of UBUNTU into my storytelling this year and that UBUNTU is a belief in the universal

bond of sharing that unites humanity the conviction that no person can be truly full whilst their neighbour remains hungry. It articulates a basic understanding , caring, respect and compassion for others. It is my intention to try to mitigate the story of our time which I think lingers between The Emperor Has No Clothes and King Midas.

So, on Sunday evening, which is World Storytelling Day, the outreach performance I am offering is BYO Story and it is already teeming with generous energy. REAP have given us the venue to hold it in, some people are baking for supper, and people are coming and bringing their stories to share. I've asked for stories that reflect two themes; the WSD theme of Strong Women and the UBUNTU theme.

And what is most exciting is that I have received word that my application to REAP to allow me to do a ten-week residency at Lakeview School, modelled on the programme Karen Chace delivers in schools in the US, has been successful. (Not quite as generous as I had hoped but as generous as their budget allows. This will be a pilot programme and hopefully will be so successful that funding will become easier.)

I have adapted Karen's programme to the NZ curriculum and will begin the residency later this year to Years 3-4 whose curriculum is focused on oral language, listening, presenting. The philosophy behind Karen's course is that it should not be a burden to teachers or the school. The storyteller does all the liaising with school, parents and libraries. No money exchanges hands. The stories children will choose are folk tales from around the world and then they will be enabled to work them up. As they do, conversations about culture and social structures are encouraged and of course, library skills and reading are enhanced. I intend steering children towards stories that have an UBUNTU bias which is not hard with folk tales. Lakeview is a low decile school and their principal was excited when approached. He immediately attached himself to my/Karen's vision, talked about the 'poverty of hope' that exists in many parts of our society and began to imagine with me how it would work at their school. Teachers will choose a mixed abilities group of children and I will take responsibility for the rest.

I would encourage you to look at Karen Chace's website: www.storybug.net which is brimming with storytelling ideas and also has the links to her book Story By Story, which is GOLD.

So, kia kaha storytellers and may the next quarter bring you good work, luscious audiences and hope.

Gaye Sutton

Some words from Ben Okri's The Mystery Feast: Thoughts on Storytelling.

Stories are the infinite seeds that we have brought with us through the millennia of walking in the dust of the earth. They are our celestial pods. They are our alchemical cauldrons. If we listen to them right, if we read them deeply, they will guide us through the confusion of our lives, and the diffusion of our times.

Marge Piercy wrote a wonderful poem

If they come in the night.

This is the part of it that really speaks to me:

I like my life. If I
have to give it back, if they
take it from me, let me
not feel I wasted any, let me
not feel I forgot to love anyone
I meant to love, that I forgot
to give what I held in my hands,
that I forgot to do some little
piece of the work that wanted
to come through.

Sun and moonshine, starshine,
the muted light off the waters
of the bay at night, the white
light of the fog stealing in,
the first spears of morning
touching a face
I love. We all lose
everything. We lose
ourselves. We are lost.

Only what we manage to do
lasts, what love sculpts from us;
but what I count, my rubies, my
children, are those moments
wide open when I know clearly
who I am, who you are, what we
do, a marigold, an oakleaf, a meteor,
with all my senses hungry and filled
at once like a pitcher with light.

Note from Gaye:

Marge Piercy wrote the above, and the part of it
above really speaks to me, especially the words:

But what I count my rubies, my
Children, are those moments
wide open when I know clearly
who I am, who you are, what we
do, a marigold, an oak leaf, a meteor,
with all my senses hungry and filled
at once like a pitcher with light

I love those moments... and they are the places
that story takes me and my audiences whether
they're in big groups or whether we be just the
two of us working on issues that prevent my
client from finding those moments. When we
are seeking like Gaston Bachelard:

*...the evidence of resistance to psychological
evolution:*

*the old man within the young child,
the young child in the old man,
the alchemist behind the engineer...*

Isn't it a privilege to do such work? Right now,
this minute I am quite nervous about how my
BYO Story will go. Will enough people bring
stories and will I after all this writing, be able to
fill in the gaps in a way that the audience will
find some of those moments because you know
how it is, often writing and storytelling don't
go together and I am removed from my stories
somewhat. However, I've been here before
in this excited, nervous place and so far, it has
never been disastrous, in fact many times, more
times than I can count, I have emerged feeling
'wide open and knowing clearly who I am and
who you are...' So, I am moving forward with
my notebook full of story titles clutched tightly
in my hand and keeping the faith that: 'If I [we]
listen to them right, if I [we] read them deeply,
they will guide me [us] through the confusion of
my [our] life [lives,] and the diffusion of my [our]
time[s].

Is this how you do it, I wonder? Does storytelling
and story make you love your life? How do you
see yourself as a storyteller?

I'm very interested in whether this is everyone's
process? Let me know if you share these ideas
and experiences, will you? My address is
gaye@storyweaver.co.nz it would be good to
hear from you.

Contributions

Brave Little Parrot is from an ancient Jataka tale from India. Found in *More Best-loved Stories Told at the National Storytelling Festival*, (August House, 1992.) Rafe Martin has published other versions of this tale in *The Hungry Tigress: Buddhist Myths, legends and Jataka Tales* (Yellow Moon Press, 1999) and as a children's picture book, *The Brave Little Parrot* (G.P. Putnam's, 1998, illustrated by Susan Gaber.)

The Brave Little Parrot

Once a little parrot lived happily in a beautiful forest. But one day without warning, lightning flashed, thunder crashed, and a dead tree burst into flames. Sparks, carried on the rising wind, began to leap from branch to branch and tree to tree.

The little parrot smelled the smoke. "Fire!" she cried. "Run to the river!"

Flapping her wings, rising higher and higher, she flew toward the safety of the river's far shore. After all, she was a bird and could fly away.



But as she flew, she could see that many animals were already surrounded by the flames and could not escape. Suddenly a desperate idea, a way to save them, came to her.

Darting to the river, she dipped herself in the water. Then she flew back over the now-raging fire. Thick smoke coiled up, filling the sky. Walls of flame shot up, now on one side, now on the other. Pillars of fire leapt before her. Twisting and turning through a mad maze of flame, the little parrot flew bravely on.

Having reached the heart of the burning forest, the little parrot shook her wings. And the few tiny drops of water that still clung to her feathers tumbled like jewels down into the flames and vanished with a hiss.

Then the little parrot flew back through the flames and smoke to the river. Once more she dipped herself in the cool water and flew back over the burning forest. Once more she shook her wings, and a few drops of water tumbled like jewels into the flames. Hisssssss.

Back and forth she flew, time and again from the river to the forest, from the forest to the river. Her feathers became charred. Her feet and claws were scorched. Her lungs ached. Her eyes burned. Her mind spun dizzily as a spinning spark. Still the little parrot flew on.

At that moment some of the blissful gods floating overhead in their cloud palaces of ivory and gold happened to look down and see the little parrot flying among the flames. They pointed at her with their perfect hands. Between mouthfuls of honeyed foods, they exclaimed, "Look at that foolish bird! She's trying to put out a raging forest fire with a few sprinkles of water! How absurd!" They laughed.

But one of those gods, strangely moved, changed himself into a golden eagle and flew down, down toward the little parrot's fiery path.

The little parrot was just nearing the flames again, when a great eagle with eyes like molten gold appeared at her side. "Go back, little bird!" said the eagle in a solemn and majestic voice. "Your task is hopeless. A few drops of water can't put out a forest fire. Cease now, and save yourself before it is too late."

But the little parrot continued to fly on through the smoke and flames. She could hear the great eagle flying above her as the heat grew fiercer. He called out, "Stop, foolish little parrot! Stop! Save yourself!"

"I don't need some great, shining eagle," coughed the little parrot, "to tell me that. My own mother, the dear bird, could have told me the same thing long ago. Advice! I don't need advice. I just" cough, cough "need someone to help!"

Rising higher, the eagle, who was a god, watched the little parrot flying through the flames. High above he could see his own kind, those carefree gods, still laughing and talking even as many animals cried out in pain and fear far below. He grew ashamed of the gods' carefree life, and a single desire was kindled in his heart.

"God though I am," he exclaimed, "how I wish I could be just like that little parrot. Flying on, brave and alone, risking all to help, what a rare and marvelous thing! What a wonderful little bird!"

Moved by these new feelings, the great eagle began to weep. Stream after stream of sparkling tears began pouring from his eyes. Wave upon wave, they fell, washing down like a torrent of rain upon the fire, upon the forest, upon the animals and the little parrot herself.

Where those cooling tears fell, the sparks shrank down and died. Smoke still curled up from the scorched earth, yet new life was already boldly pushing forth shoots, stems, blossoms, and leaves. Green grass sprang up from along the still-glowing cinders.

Where the eagle's teardrops sparkled on the little parrot's wings, new feathers now grew: red feathers, green feathers, yellow feathers, too. Such bright colors! Such a pretty bird!

The animals looked at one another in amazement. They were whole and well. Not one had been harmed. Up above in the clear blue sky they could see their brave friend, the little parrot, looping and soaring in delight. When all hope was gone, somehow she had saved them.

"Hooray!" they cried. "Hooray for the brave little parrot and for this sudden, miraculous rain!"

Sent in by Gaye Sutton

*We need time to dream,
Time to remember,
And time to reach the infinite.
Time to be.*

Gladys Taber 1899-1990

A Ghost Story for a Cold Winter Evening

Posted: 25 Oct 2015 12:07 PM PDT
Black Diamond
©Linda Goodman, January 2015
Painting by Mary Steenwyk

In 1960, when I was just a youngun, we lost our house in St. Paul, Virginia and moved into a shack in Esserville. That shack belonged to my mamaw and papaw, and Mommy was mad because they made us pay them rent. Daddy told her not to fret about it. He said that Mamaw and Papaw had just as much right to make money off of their place as anyone else. And the price they charged was fair. Daddy's Army disability check was just enough to pay it.

That shack was small, and so was the piece of land it sat on. Daddy barely had room to plant a garden. We needed a garden that would grow enough vegetables for Mommy to can them. We depended on her canning to help get us through the cold, hard winter.

Geo Cassidy was our closest neighbor. His piece of land was so big he needed a plow to work his garden. He got a ton of vegetables out of it, but he never shared any of them. He was a mean old cuss.

Our place didn't have electricity, but Geo's place had it. He even had a television set. Brother Lee and me sneaked onto his front porch and peeked in his front window one night to see this marvel of modern science. Geo caught us, though, and chased us off with a shot gun. Daddy didn't like that and told old Geo as much. Geo said that the next time he caught us out there, he would make that gun talk. Daddy just shook his head and told us not to go on Geo's property no more.

My Daddy was an electrician by trade. He learned electricity when he was in the army during World War II. You would think that my



daddy would have made a lot of money, being an electrician and all, but most folks around us didn't have electricity. And them that did couldn't afford to pay somebody to fix it when it wasn't working right. That's why we lost our house in St. Paul.

Geo Cassidy made a deal with my daddy. He'd give Daddy vegetables from his garden in exchange for maintaining the electricity in Geo's house. They became friendly because of that, though they were never really friends.

One Friday evening, Geo came running like a banshee to our house, hollering for Daddy, "Ted! Ted!"

Daddy come running out to meet him, me and Brother Lee right behind. We thought maybe there was a house fire or something.

Geo was breathing so hard he couldn't speak at first. Once he got his breath back, he told us to follow him to his house. Said he had something he wanted to show us. We went with him back to his barn, and when he opened it up, we saw a tall, muscular black horse standing there, so beautiful and regal it took my breath away.

"Geo, where did you get such a horse?" Daddy asked him.

Geo laughed, "I won him in a card game, Ted. You know how Rufus Gilliam has them poker games in the back room of his store of a Friday night? Well, I sat in on one of them games tonight. Some rich feller from out of town was there, too, on his way to Kentucky with a race horse he'd bought in Pennsylvania. He won't real good at cards. Didn't have a poker face. And you know me. I'm the best poker player in town."

"And he bet this horse?" Daddy was dumbstruck.

"Had to," Geo told him. "We'd already played three games and he run out of all his money. He wanted a chance at winning his money back, but I wouldn't take a check nor an IOU, so he bet me his horse. He said it's an Arabian stallion. He said it was gonna be the fastest horse the world ever saw.... He cried when I won it from him, but he honored his bet."

"So you aim to race this horse?" Daddy asked.

"I don't know nothing about racing horses," Geo admitted. "I aim to use him to plow my field."

"But, Geo!" Daddy protested, "You can't use a show horse like this one to plow a field. That's not what it was bred for."

"Well," Geo responded, "I won't bred for it neither. My back is ruined from it. This horse will take a load off me."

Daddy just shook his head, but Brother Lee was hopping from one foot to the other, he was so excited. "Can I pet him, Mr. Cassidy? What's his name?"

"The man told me the horse's name is Ebony Prince. Go ahead and pet him, boy"

Lee ran his fingers through the horse's silky mane. "Ebony prince ain't the right name for him," he said.

"He sure is shiny," Daddy observed. "Like a shiny piece of black coal."

Geo didn't like that. "Coal is no name for a horse."

"But my teacher says that if enough pressure is applied to a piece of coal, it can turn into a diamond," Brother Lee told them. "Why don't we call him.... Black Diamond!"

Geo liked that, and Daddy did, too. The next day, Black Diamond took to the plow.

I wish I could say that old Geo was good to that horse, but he wasn't. That proud animal didn't like being hitched up to a plow. It bucked and thrashed so bad that Geo took a whip to it.

Brother Lee cried every time that whip hit that horse's back. One time he even begged old Geo to stop, but that just made Geo whip that horse harder. He told Brother Lee to mind his own business, or else he would take a whip to him, too. It took a few weeks, but Geo finally broke Black Diamond. And I have to say it was a sorry sight to see such a proud animal tugging and pulling that plow day in and day out.

One day Brother Lee come home from school with some fine news. Rufus Gilliam had offered him a part-time job at his store. Lee had to get Daddy's permission first, though. Daddy said it was okay, as long as Lee didn't let his school work get behind.

Rufus paid Brother Lee fifty cents a day. Lee spent part of his first day's pay on sugar cubes for Black Diamond. Geo said he didn't mind Brother Lee giving the horse treats, but he thought it was a waste of good money.

"Mr. Cassidy," Brother Lee replied, "I ain't wasting no money. I'm saving my money because I aim to buy Black Diamond from you."

Old Geo just laughed and laughed when Lee said that. "You're gonna buy my prize show horse, are ye? You can't even afford to buy a television set."

Brother Lee paid no attention to all that mocking from Geo. He went to work every day, and he saved every cent that he could. That winter he used some of his money to help out Daddy, and he continued to get a sugar cube for Black Diamond every single day. All the rest of his money, though, went into a tin can that he kept under his bed. That was the money he was saving for Black Diamond.

Every night when Brother Lee got home from work, before he even had his supper, he'd go to Geo's barn to see that horse. One night he was out there with Black Diamond longer than usual, and Mommy sent me to get him before his supper got cold. I tiptoed around the corner of old Geo's barn – I was fixing to make the sound of a ghost wind and scare Brother Lee. But then I saw something that stopped me dead in my tracks. That horse had his long neck wrapped

tight around Lee, and Lee had his arms around Black Diamond's neck. When I got closer, I seen tears running down Lee's cheeks. I thought he was hurt, and I screamed, "Daddy!" But Brother Lee said, "SHUSH! Black Diamond ain't hurting me. He's hugging me."

And that's when I seen that Brother Lee was smiling through those tears. It made me jealous. "Reckon you and Black Diamond are bonded for life," I told him.

"For life and beyond," he responded. "Ain't nothing can separate me and Black Diamond."

Time passes slow, and three years went by before Brother Lee realized that he was never going to be able to save enough money to buy Black Diamond. Shortly after that, in 1967, Brother Lee graduated from high school. Old Geo told Lee that if he didn't act fast, the Army was going to draft him for Viet Nam. He advised Lee to join up with the marines, because they would make a man out of him. I don't know why Brother Lee listened to old Geo, but he did. He went straight to the Marine Corps recruiter right after his graduation.

The day Brother Lee packed and left for the bus station, he went to say good bye to Black Diamond. The horse took the sugar cube that Brother Lee offered him. Lee hugged his neck hard and sobbed like a little baby, and once again Black Diamond wrapped his neck around Lee and hugged him back. I swear, that horse had tears running down his face, too.

By this time, Black Diamond looked far older than his years. His swayed back was scarred from all those whippings, and he was missing big patches of his hair. He was so thin you could see his ribcage poking out of his sides. He couldn't pull a plow no more. But when he saw Brother Lee walking away, something got into that horse. He ran into the middle of the field and reared up on his hind legs, and then he ran like the wind and jumped high over the fence that had held him prisoner, so graceful. just like the horse he was meant to be. I could see years dropping off his life in that jump. I could see the shiny black, muscular stallion he had been

on the day old Geo brought him home.

Daddy started to go after Black Diamond, but old Geo called, "No! He aims to see your boy off. Let Black Diamond go with him to the bus station. He'll come on back when he's of a mind to. Suits me if he don't come back at all. That horse is more trouble than he's worth these days."

Sure enough, Black Diamond caught up to Brother Lee at the big oak tree on the edge of our property. Lee stopped and Black Diamond slowly knelt in front of him. Lee put one leg over Black Diamond's back and rode him bareback down the road that led to town.

Black Diamond was gone for two whole days. Folks in town said they had to throw rocks at him to get him to go home. Geo told Daddy that if he would fix his fence for him, he could have Black Diamond. Daddy had no use for a starved out, beat down horse, but he did it for Brother Lee. He knew it would mean the world to Brother Lee to see that horse when he came home again.

Lee had left a sack of sugar cubes with me, told me to give one to Black Diamond every day. When the sack was empty, Daddy took it to Gilliam's General Store and Rufus filled it up again. Wouldn't let my Daddy pay for it. Rufus said it was the least he could do to help a brave, young boy who was serving his country.

In September, after he finished boot camp, Brother Lee got his orders for Viet Nam. He could have come home to visit before shipping out, but instead he sent Daddy the money he would have paid for a bus ticket. Brother Lee knew that a hard winter was coming, and Daddy would need that money to feed the family.

One night, August 18, 1969 it was, Black Diamond took to crying and fretting, and there was nothing anybody could do to calm him down. He made so much noise that old Geo threatened to shoot him. Daddy got his own gun out then and told Geo that if he was gonna shoot Black Diamond, he better shoot to kill, cause that was what Daddy aimed to do to old Geo. Geo backed off then and went back to his house. "You Melungeonsis crazy!" he snarled.

Never spoke to Daddy again.

Three days later, a black car pulled up to that little shack we lived in. Two men in Marine Corps dress blues stepped out of it. One of them patted my daddy on the back and handed him a telegram. As I watched Daddy fall to his knees, Mommy come running out of the house crying, "No! No!" And Black Diamond.... He was howling like a banshee. His pain pierced my ears and cut me right to the bone.

Later, Daddy told me what had happened. On August 18, Lee was riding in the back of a supply truck that stopped to pick up a fellow marine. That fellow threw his jacket into the back of the truck without realizing that that there was a grenade with a loose pin in the jacket's pocket. Everybody in the back of that truck was killed. Poor Brother Lee never knew what happened.

After that, Black Diamond wouldn't take any food, not even a sugar cube, from nobody. No matter what I said or did, that horse wouldn't eat a bite. He just got weaker and weaker until, early one morning, my daddy found him dead in the field, under that big oak tree on the edge of our property, where he had said good bye to Brother Lee.

On the night of August 18, 1970, I had a hard time sleeping, it being the first anniversary of Brother Lee's death and all. There was a full moon so bright that it looked like daylight in our little shack. And there was a hoot owl by my window that wouldn't keep quiet. I never went outside after dark, but that night I felt the pull of the moon, and I walked out the door and into the field. Up I stared at that full moon, so beautiful it made me dizzy. But then I heard the rustle of the wind through the leaves of that old oak tree, and I turned to see its silhouette against the moon.... There was something under that tree, but I could not make out what it was. I walked closer and saw the silhouettes of a young man and a horse. The man had his arms wrapped around the horse's neck, and the horse had his long graceful neck wrapped about the man's body. I walked still closer, until I could see that the horse was Black Diamond with his youth, strength and beauty restored to him. And the

young man was Brother Lee, standing proud and strong in his Marine Corp dress blues. He looked happier than I had ever seen him. At first I thought they were real, that they had somehow come back from the dead. But then, just as I was about to reach out and touch my brother, they just disappeared into thin air, like a mirage.

I don't live in that shack anymore. I moved in with my cousin Dulcie in Portsmouth, Virginia after Mommy and Daddy died. Got me a job as a bookkeeper for Flower's Bakery. Jobs are easier to get in the city.

I still keep in touch with friends in Wise County. They tell me that there are some folks that claim to see a young marine riding bareback on a beautiful black horse under the full moon, on the road that runs past that old shack in Esserville. I tell them that when my time comes, I aim to go there on a night of the full moon and see if they will let me hitch a ride. Then we'll all ride together to that place where tears are no longer, and dreams are always sweet.

*...and above all, watch with
glittering eyes the whole
world*

*around you because the
greatest secrets are always
hidden*

in the most unlikely places.

*Those who don't believe in
magic will never find it.*

~Roald Dahl.

Patchwork Tales: Making Stories from Story Fragments

By Linda Goodman

I have hundreds of story fragments (concepts, memories, story starters) running through my head. Every so often, two or more of them collide and a story is born. Those are usually the easiest stories to write. I feel like I am taking dictation.

Sometimes, though, the collision never happens. That means work is required.

After both my parents had passed away, I began telling an anecdote (fragment #1) at family reunions about the first (and only) time that my Daddy ever punished me. My Mama, the disciplinarian in our home, was so mad at me that she did not trust herself to administer my punishment. She ordered Daddy to do it for her. To my surprise, he agreed and took me into the back bedroom and shut the door. I was scared, but even worse, I was humiliated. Daddy had never laid a hand on a child. I would be the first child to have ever been bad enough for him to have to hit.

I readied myself for the blow, but it never came. Instead, Daddy whispered to me to start crying, and I did. Meanwhile, he clapped his hands together hard for about thirty seconds. We did a good job of simulating the sounds of a whipping. In fact, we were so convincing that when Daddy and I came out of that room, Mama wrapped her arms around me and cried, "My baby!" Then she hollered at Daddy for hitting me too hard. She did not speak to him for days.

Whenever I told this anecdote at family gatherings, folks howled with laughter. I decided to take this anecdote to the stage. Before I could do that, though, I had to turn it into a real story. My family laughed at the anecdote because they remembered Mama and Daddy well. My family also knew the context

surrounding my story. My storytelling audiences would not have that context. I had to create it for them.

I asked myself why I wanted to share that story. Daddy was a man of great integrity. Why did he choose to make a fool out of Mama? That was totally out of character for him.

Pondering this issue brought back a memory (fragment #2) of overhearing Mama tell Daddy that we children loved him more than we loved her. Daddy told her that was nonsense. "They don't love me more than they love you," he insisted. "It's just that you're so stern all the time, they're afraid to show you any affection. It wouldn't hurt you to show a little compassion once in a while."

Why was Mama so mad to begin with? That question brought forth another memory (fragment #3): I had asked Mama if I could go home with my friend Cathy after school that day. She had answered NO! I went anyway. I knew in advance what the consequences would be. That is, I knew until Daddy was brought into the equation.

Why did he so readily offer to whip me? To make a fool out of the woman he loved and respected most? Or was this his effort to get her to show some compassion to one of her children?

This is where storytelling meets interpretation. I thought back to when I walked out of that room, crocodile tears running down my cheeks, and was met by Mama's arms, wrapping around me and holding me close. That was the first hug I had ever received from Mama (fragment #4). I don't know if Daddy planned for that to happen, but in my mind, he did. Because of the hug that resulted from that fake punishment, Mama and I became close. I stopped purposely doing things that I knew would make her mad, and I started to care about her feelings.

This fourth fragment was the key that unlocked the story. The anecdote about the first time Daddy ever punished me had morphed into being the story of the first time Mama ever hugged me. Titled *The Punishment*, the story

became a tool to illustrate the power of compassion over the power of force.

The Punishment is also one of the tools I use to teach my writing process to participants in my workshop Patchwork Tales: Making Stories from Story Fragments. Everyone has story fragments. Finding the fragments that match up to make a story, much like making a patchwork quilt, can be challenging. It also requires patience when the fragments cannot be matched so easily. Finding the key that unlocked the story to which my anecdote belonged took me almost a year. Once the key was found, however, the story flowed beautifully. In 2014, it received a Winner Award for Tellable Adult Stories from Storytelling World.

What fragments are hanging around in your head? Those that make you feel nothing are dead weight. Instead of focusing on them, concentrate on the ones that make you feel an emotion. Which ones give you the warm fuzzies? Which ones scare you? Which ones make you mad? Which ones make you cry? They are the fragments that are seeds for what could be great stories. These fragments are pure storytelling gold.

At the bottom of my garden.

There is a secret place - at the bottom of my garden.

Someone comes there - I have seen the footprints.

They are there in the morning, when they weren't there the night before.

Someone has been standing - in the secret place at the bottom of my garden.

Why are they standing there? Do they know what is buried there?

They can't know. No one knows what is buried there. Do they??

"Mother!!"

I turn from the window and look into the angry face of my daughter.

She is waving a tire lever in my face.

I feel myself beginning to shake.

"It was you."

I can barely get the words out I am so frightened.

"You have been here in my garden at night."

Her face is contorted with rage.

"How could you?" she screams. "He was my husband, the father of your grandchild."

"He hit you." I reply weakly.

"You killed him with this." She brandished the tire lever. "Then you buried it in your garden."

"I had to protect you. I love you." I whisper.

"I loved him and this is for him."

I watched in terror as the tire lever rose into the air above my head.

At the bottom of my garden - there is a secret place.

Heather Perriam

**This story came from the
International Storytelling Centre.**

Mr. George & Me

There are many great teachers in the world, but I think each of us has at least one who we remember with a special sort of fondness. Maybe for you it was a high school English teacher with great taste in sarcastic novels or the history buff that made the past seem like more than a boring homework assignment. For me it was Mr. George, an elementary school teacher with a kind face and a fondness for tweed jackets...and storytelling.

Recently I contacted my old school about looking up my former teacher. I wanted to thank him for all the ways in which he had inspired me at such a young age. Mr. George was famous for telling stories at our weekly assemblies—folk tales and other traditional stories that helped me

make sense of a world that often felt confusing.

My hometown was a good place, a nice town where we sat by the seaside eating ice cream and fish sticks. On a clear day, you could look out and see France. “Bonjour,” I would sometimes say, and I imagine people looking back, saying “Allo!”

Life was good, but it was also challenging at times because there was racism. As Ugandan refugees, my parents had brought a lot of “firsts” to my small hometown. They were the first refugees to arrive, and not so long after that I was the first person of color to be born there. We were a family that stood out. (Later, my dad told me about overhearing a kid tell her mum that she thought we were aliens—the kind from outer space.) It was difficult to understand why we were treated differently. I was bullied sometimes, too, so it was hard to concentrate at school.

I always paid attention to Mr. George’s stories, though. He had such a way of drawing us in—even those of us sat at the back of the classroom—and make us feel excited about learning. Sometimes we didn’t even realize that “learning” was what we were doing. He opened my mind to a world full of possibilities, helping me make sense of the world and my place in it.

Fast-forward to a day not too long ago when I received a letter in the mail from Mr. Len George. (I had never known his first name.) He’s 85, and long since retired, but the school had gotten in touch with his daughter, Clare. Together, they had googled me and written the letter. He wrote about remembering not just me, but also my mother and the house I grew up in. He also said that he’s still telling stories.

As the president of the International Storytelling Center, my job is to help show people how storytelling changes and enriches people’s lives. Reading the letter, I realized how amazing it would be to visit the person who inspired me to tell stories and think about life in this way. As it happened, I knew I’d be traveling in the UK in November, so I made special arrangements to stop through my old hometown to spend the

afternoon with Mr. George and his family.

In England, as I drove to his home at Bexhill-on-Sea, a quaint town not so far from where I grew up, I wondered what Mr. George would be like now. After all, we hadn’t seen each other in more than 30 years. As it turned out, he’s slightly shorter than I remembered—but then again, the last time I saw him I was only 8 or 9 years old.

Mr. George welcomed me with a huge hug and we spent the afternoon rekindling memories and telling stories over many cups of proper English tea, cheese and biscuits, and finally chocolate cake. I took out an atlas and showed him Jonesborough, Tennessee, and explained how I got there. He read some of his favorite stories out loud, which brought back all his best stories from when I was a kid. His daughter and wife explained how, each day, he’d go through his books at home to find exactly the right story to tell at the next school assembly.

I owe so much to Mr. George, who not only taught me about life, but about myself—showing me how to become the stories I want to see in the world. I’m so grateful I had the opportunity to reconnect with him, and thankful for teachers like him everywhere, using stories to help kids understand themselves and the world.



Storytelling Groups/contacts

Regional Contacts

The person nearest to you should be happy to talk to you or help you arrange an occasion or start a group or just talk storytelling! If there is no one in your area perhaps YOU would be the regional contact. Let us know.

Auckland	7.30pm 1st Thursday of month	Margaret Blay 09 630 6774	40 Croyden Street, Mount Eden, 1024 margaretblay@gmail.com
Thames	7.30pm 1st Wed of month	Jackie Black 07 868 1181	29 Station Road, Puriri, RD1 Thames
Central Hawkes Bay	Phone for details	Mary Kippenberger 06 856 8367	212 Argyll Road, RD1 Otane marykipp@hotmail.com
Wairarapa	Email for details gaye@storyweaver.co.nz	Gaye Sutton	Gaye Sutton, Te Pukeko, Chester Road, Rd1
Manawatu	Phone for details	Ken Benn 06 359 5024	3 Hardie Street, Palmerston North, kenbenn@paradise.net.nz
Wellington	7.30pm 1st Tuesday of month	Tony Hopkins 04 381 3307 txt 027 737 3185	blackcherokee@actrix.co.nz
Blenheim	7pm, 2nd Thursday monthly	Katrina Oliver 03 577 7787	katrinao@xtra.co.nz
Canterbury	7.30pm third Wed of the month Sydenham Room, South Library, 66 Colombo Street	Sharon Moreham Tel 03 9677 888 Mob 022-121-3648	thestorycollectivechch@gmail.com
Timaru	3.30pm last Tuesday monthly in Timaru Library	027 292 5270	dockrill@xtra.co.nz
Dunedin	Phone for details	Kaitrin McMullan 03 467 9550	305 Malvern Street, Dunedin mail@kaitrin.co.nz
Invercargill	7.30pm 4th Tuesday of month	Heather Perriam 021 180 6690	hrp@xtra.co.nz
Balclutha	7pm 2nd Wednesday monthly	Vicki Woodrow, Clutha Library	raine@ihug.co.nz
Okato	7 pm 1 st Thursday of the month Step into Story	Lesley Dowding 06 772 4545	lezley@xtra.co.nz

If there are any changes, please let me know.

Sender
New Zealand Guild of Storytellers
c/o Elizabeth Miller
191 Princes Street
Invercargill - 9812
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