

# The Storyline

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



## *The King of Butterflies – The Monarch Butterfly*

*Monarch butterflies are the most beautiful of all butterflies, some say, and are considered the “king” of the butterflies, hence the name “monarch”. As they slowly unfurl and fly so far we are reminded that we should let hope and peace unfurl in our hearts.*

JULY 2016



# Editorial

*We all value story, don't we?*

*Of course, or we wouldn't be members of this Guild.*

*Whether we tell or listen – or both – we understand the power of story to touch and move; the power of story to develop empathy, a vital development for being human; the power of story to increase vocabulary and creative use of language; the power of story to connect us to other times and other peoples and to each other.*

*It goes on and on.*

*For a great majority the source of their story is books. Libraries.*

## IT HAPPENED ONE FRIDAY

*Adapted from a poem by Ruth Street a long time ago when I, Liz, was a Young People's Librarian*

*The library doors opened and at nine forty-five  
In swarmed the kids like bees to a hive.*

*All day they buzzed round with questions so varied,  
Up, down, round and round, our beleaguered minds  
scurried.*

*"Who wrote Lorna Doone?" "Will you do a reserve  
slip?"*

*"I need a book about Gore – we're taking a trip."*

*"I want to read "Blubber", is it always out?"*

*"Will you tell me, please, what Gentle Ben's about?"*

*"What is a classic?" "The headphones don't work."*

*"Please look in the dictionary, I have to spell dirk."*

*"May I look for a pen friend?" "I want Mendel's laws."*

*"My topic's inflation – the effect and the cause."*

*"I can't find my mummy." "My book's very late."*

*"Just where do I look for the copyright date?"*

*"Will you find me a picture of an evergreen tree?"*

*"I need an example of a good simile."*

*"Must I pay for this book? The cause was our pup.  
Before I could grab it he got it chewed up."*

*"Can you find me, please, a favourite poem?"*



*"I'm writing a speech about family and home."*

*"For the last book you chose me I'm grateful to you.  
I thought it so good I had Mum read it too."*

*"I need to find something about etiquette."*

*"Do you know where's a book about choosing a pet?"*

*"We're having a party and need some new games."*

*"Have you got any books that explain about names?"*

*"Shakespeare's my subject, do you have him in here?"*

*"Just where is that tale about hunting that bear?"*

*"Why can't we eat chips while working on lessons?*

*We get hungry studying parliament and its sessions."*

*"Does chromium begin with a C or a K?"*

*"My project on chemistry is due in today."*

*"Who was that old king renowned for his wealth?"*

*"We're going to debate and the topic is health."*

*"I can't find Minnie Dean though I hunt and I hunt."*

*"We're the concert committee and we need a good stunt."*

*"A diagram, please, of the lungs of a frog."*

*"Why can't I find verbs in the card catalogue?"*

*"Sorry to disturb, didn't mean to be so loud."*

*"Will you find me a picture of a cumulus cloud?"*

*Without lull or surcease – 11 hours endless stream –*

*We cudgelled our brains, tried hard not to scream.*

*When the hands on the clock said eight thirty-one*

*Pronto! They departed. We were left all alone.*

*The books scattered round us were in vast disarray.*

*We began to re-sort them Dewey Decimal way.*

*In walked a parent, fatigued with much care;*

*Wearily she sighed as she dropped in a chair,*

*"It's so peaceful in here, quiet, orderly, too –*

*But how do you stand it with nothing to do?"*

*Here where I live we are fighting a major battle to save our amazing library for children which is under threat by the management.*

*We were fortunate to be alerted before the proposal was implemented and people here are stepping away from their normal apathy and taking action.*

*At this point the Council has seen the reaction and will put the issue out for public consultation.*

*We have a beautiful space which is right on the street and completely self-contained.*

*Children and people going by can see the wonder of books and people sharing stories with their children, and children enjoying the magic of story and the attention of their grown-ups can view the world going by and talk about it.*

*This week I had a story sent me from our amazing friend in California, Diane Ferlatte, telling about the wonder of just such a library where she was telling stories.*

*They started with just a few children and parents but the audience grew and grew as people went by and saw through the window. They came in to join the wonder and the audience grew and grew. Diane looked up to see an older man standing at the back enthralled. As the audience finally departed he came up to Diane and said, holding out his hand, "This is for you. It was so wonderful." He had folded bank notes. Diane told him that the library was paying her and he didn't have to do this but his response, as he pushed the roll into her hand, was that he was certain they didn't pay what she was worth.*

*"Telling stories is so rich and wonderful. Bless you." He walked off.*

*We will listen to our people and bring their wishes to the Council and the library management.*

*They are clearly saying that, while technology is a very useful tool, it can never replace what happens when we look into each other's eyes, giving ourselves and receiving what is being shared.*

*I like this quote from Evelyn Waugh:*

*"We cherish our friends, not for their ability to amuse us, but for ours to amuse them."*

*Not just our friends, either, but those we meet in real life.*

*As I set out to tell stories in our schools next term and to battle for the library I will remember:*

*The way to love anything is to realize that it might be lost. 'Gilbert K. Chesterton'*

*Liz Miller – lizm@xtra.co.nz*

## *Dolphin Ride*

Up, up, up and on  
the great fish circles high  
and on the graceful curving back  
I ride, and death speeds by.

On, on, on and round  
we soar, the fish and I  
and view the whole wide universe  
for we shall never die.

Round, round, round then out  
we swing to seek the crown  
that waits for us who live in light  
whom darkness can't bring down.

Out, out, out and up  
we rise to heights supreme  
and reach fulfilment of our hope  
grasping our golden dream.

# President's Report

## July 2016



Well, I really am putting my money where my mouth is: I say I am passionate about storytelling, about it's power to connect and heal, about how we need more and more of it in our lives and so do our children... so, I am now about to embark on an amazing, exciting opportunity to immerse myself even more in the world of Story.

It's like this: in 2013 the Southland Literacy Association brought Shonaleigh to Invercargill to share her stories. Shonaleigh is a Jewish/English teller. If you haven't heard of her, just google her name and you will see what a truly unique lady she is. And while she was here, we had a connection, she and I, and the outcome for me of her visit was an offer to attend her residential course called 'Walking the Wildwoods'. This course is by invitation only and was already fully subscribed for 2014 and 2015 but she would save me a place for 2016. Oh, and it's in England.

Jump forward 3 years and suddenly it's 2016. So, my husband, two girls and I are off to England. And since my husband's family are Scottish we are going for an extended time so we can visit relatives and share with the girls all the wonderful places we discovered when we lived over there. And the return journey is through the US so I can stop off with Liz and Diane Ferlatte at the wonderful Jonesborough Festival in Tennessee...

I am very blessed to have this opportunity and am looking forward to learning – learning as much as I can, hearing as many stories as I can, meeting as many people as I can. This really is a wonderful opportunity and I intend grasping it with both hands. I look forward to sharing with you, the Guild members, all the details when I return.

And it doesn't hurt that we'll be missing a chunk of the Southland winter.

Another blessing we have had down here is this year's two tellers to come from America for The Southland Arts Festival – Antonio Rocha and Dovie Thomason. They have very different telling styles but complemented each other so well. They were kept very busy in their time here and were enjoyed so very much – they are great tellers and wonderful company. Dovie continued on up country and did some work in Christchurch – we are pleased that our bringing these tellers can help with sharing their gift of stories in other areas of New Zealand, too. Maybe next year some other groups may look to host the tellers we bring – let us know early if you think you'd be interested as there is paperwork to sort, but a wonderful opportunity to share world-class storytelling.

Keep warm, keep smiling and keep sharing your stories.

Happy telling, all.

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## Secretary Report

We have 33 members. 2 live in the USA, 4 group memberships. This means just 27 individual memberships in NZ.

How could we grow our membership? If everyone found one more person willing to support story wouldn't it be marvellous?

## Editor's Report

DEADLINE for next issue is end- August 2016 for September issue. It will be tight as I will be leaving on 23rd September and will need it out before that day.

## Treasurer's Report

We had \$7134.56 mid-June.

The tax return was completed and filed in time.

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## Stories give us a map to navigate life's journey.

*"I still listen to instinctual urges. I play with leaves. I skip down the street and run against the wind. I never water my garden without soaking myself. It has been after such times of joy, that I have achieved my greatest creativity and produced my best work." Leo Buscaglia*

## 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](http://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](http://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](mailto: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.**

# Regional News

## Christchurch – sort of unofficial.

Dovie left this morning, 29th May, at 4am (well we left the house at 3.30am) after a couple of short stints in Christchurch and one in Wellington. She managed to catch up with friends in both places which was lovely, and make new friends as well. The performance on Saturday 21 May went incredibly well despite terrible weather which made me think many would not come out. And her visits to schools were great.

Thank you very much for the your amazing support which allows her, and other tellers in the past, to visit Christchurch and build a storytelling community here. Dovie touched everyone who met her and heard her stories, and she has inspired many on their storytelling journeys - school students, teachers, storytellers, librarians, community workers and more. We couldn't do it without the generosity of the Celebrate Story committee. It is a highlight of our year!

Please pass on our gratitude and the huge value it adds to our Christchurch community, who so need stories in these difficult times post earthquake, to the rest of the committee. I look forward to meeting you all one day in person!

*Sharon Moreham*

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## Thames

Thames does have a group that meets monthly at different people's homes with a theme each time. We have about 12 people that can come.

# Contributions

Two wee poems I wrote many years ago for the library programme.

## Little cat in a witch's hat

There was a furry little cat,  
She lived with Dizzy Lizzy -  
a witch who sat and sat and sat  
while the little cat kept busy.

She brought the things to make each spell,  
She cooked and cleaned the house,  
She made the magic, oh so well  
she turned the witch into a mouse.

Now all that's left of Dizzy Lizzy  
is her pointed orange hat.  
And sometimes, when you visit there,  
Inside the hat's – a cat.

## A Dwarf

In a neat little hole  
Dug deep in the ground  
A plump old dwarf  
Could oft be found.

For there in the hole  
He'd made a neat house  
And in a box by the fire  
He kept a pet mouse.

The two were contented  
In the home they had made  
And they walked in the evenings  
In a woodland glade.

And when the dwarf's friends  
Dropped by for a chat  
They liked to tell stories  
In a ring on the mat.

The dwarfs told tales  
Of the gold they had found  
As they dug and they searched  
In the depth of the ground.

The dwarfs told tales  
Of the humans they'd tricked  
Of the gems they had gathered  
And the monsters they'd licked.

Then they feasted on berries  
And honey sweetened dew.  
I wish I could join them –  
I do, don't you?

# *A piece of jewellery*

A couple of years ago a nice Gore lady rang me and asked me if I would come and tell stories to her Ladies' Group.

I said I'd be very happy to.

She went on to tell me it was a 'black and bling' night and it would be really good if I wore black and bling.

I promised I would though I hadn't the faintest idea what bling was, but when you get to my age and want to know something you pick up the phone and ring your grandchildren.

Seeing this was a ladies' night I rang my teenage granddaughter.

"Ashley, what is bling?"

"It is jewellery, Grandma."

"Ashley, do you have any nice bling I could borrow?"

"Of course, Grandma. I will drop some out for you to pick from."

From Ashley's collection I chose a very elegant gold horse shoe. It had a red bar across the open end and was on a gold chain. Very nice.

I wore it proudly to the ladies' night.

These ladies were dressed beautifully from the top of their heads to their beautiful shoes and bling was to be seen everywhere.

I was in my best clothes and with Ashley's lovely necklace I felt a million dollars.

I had a wonderful night with them and drove back to Wallacetown feeling I had done myself proud.

Just before I undressed for bed I took one last look at my posh self in the mirror.

Something I hadn't noticed before was written on the red bar across the bottom of Ashley's horse shoe. I looked closer and my posh ideas quickly vanished as I read "Dracula" in bold letters.

Oh well, back to my gumboots.

*Heather Perriam*

## **Barefoot Witch**

Barefoot witch walking through the woods  
Barefoot witch walking through the woods  
Barefoot witch walking through the woods  
Walking through the wild, wild woods.

Filling up her soul with peace.  
Filling up her heart with love.  
Filling up her eyes with the green, green trees,  
Filling up her hands with healing.

Barefoot witch dancing on the hills,     3 times  
Dancing on the green and golden hills.

Learning from the birds their singing.  
Listening to the grasses growing.  
Feeling through her feet the warm Mother Earth.  
Moving with the wind as it blows.

Barefoot witch reaching to the skies,     3 times  
Growing in the cool blue air.

Breathing in the wind to free her.  
Feeling the deep, deep, calm.  
Reaching to the clouds so far, so far.  
Knowing she is free to fly.

Barefoot witch standing by the ocean,     3 times.  
Standing by the waters deep.

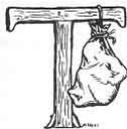
Learning from the shells so varied.  
Swaying with the rhythmic flowing.  
Filling her being with the deep sea's voice.  
Drawing new life from the waters.

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Twinkle, twinkle, little star  
How I wonder what you are,  
Lying on the yellow sand  
Big enough to fit my hand.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star  
Do you travel very far?  
Or do you stay quite near the coast  
Liking near the seashore most?

# Hudden and Dudden and Donald O'Neary



THERE was once upon a time two farmers, and their names were Hudden and Dudden. They had poultry in their yards, sheep on the uplands, and scores of cattle in the meadow-land alongside the river. But for all that they weren't happy. For just between their two farms there lived a poor man by the name of Donald O'Neary.

He had a hovel over his head and a strip of grass that was barely enough to keep his one cow, Daisy, from starving, and, though she did her best, it was but seldom

that Donald got a drink of milk or a roll of butter from Daisy. You would think there was little here to make Hudden and Dudden jealous, but so it is, the more one has the more one wants, and Donald's neighbours lay awake of nights scheming how they might get hold of his little strip of grass-land. Daisy, poor thing, they never thought of; she was just a bag of bones.

One day Hudden met Dudden, and they were soon grumbling as usual, and all to the tune of "If only we could get that vagabond Donald O'Neary out of the country."

"Let's kill Daisy," said Hudden at last; "if that doesn't make him clear out, nothing will."

No sooner said than agreed, and it wasn't dark before Hudden and Dudden crept up to the little shed where lay poor Daisy trying her best to chew the cud, though she hadn't had as much grass in the day as would cover your hand. And when Donald came to see if Daisy was all snug for the night, the poor beast had only time to lick his hand once before she died.

Well, Donald was a shrewd fellow, and downhearted though he was, began to think if he could get any good out of Daisy's death. He thought and he thought, and the next day you could have seen him trudging off early to the fair, Daisy's hide over his shoulder, every penny he had jingling in his pockets. Just before he got to the fair, he made several slits in the hide, put a penny in each slit, walked into the best inn of the town as bold as if it belonged to him, and, hanging the hide up to a nail in the wall, sat down.

"Some of your best whisky," says he to the landlord. But the landlord didn't like his looks. "Is it fearing I won't pay you, you are?" says Donald; "why I have a hide here that gives me all the money I want." And with that he hit it a whack with his stick and out hopped a penny. The landlord opened his eyes, as you may fancy.

"What'll you take for that hide?"

"It's not for sale, my good man."

"Will you take a gold piece?" "It's not for sale, I tell you. Hasn't it kept me and mine for years?" and with that Donald hit the hide another whack and out jumped a second penny.



"Well, the long and the short of it was that Donald let the hide go, and, that very evening, who but he should walk up to Hudden's door?"

"Good-evening, Hudden. Will you lend me your best pair of scales?"

Hudden stared and Hudden scratched his head, but he lent the scales.

When Donald was safe at home, he pulled out his pocketful of bright gold and began to weigh each piece in the scales. But Hudden had put a lump of butter at the bottom, and so the last piece of gold stuck fast to the scales when he took them back to Hudden.

If Hudden had stared before, he stared ten times more now, and no sooner was Donald's back turned, than he was off as hard as he could pelt to Dudden's.

"Good-evening, Dudden. That vagabond, bad luck to him ——."

"You mean Donald O'Neary?"

"And who else should I mean? He's back here weighing out sackfuls of gold."

"How do you know that?"

"Here are my scales that he borrowed, and here's a gold piece still sticking to them."

Off they went together, and they came to Donald's door. Donald had finished making the

last pile of ten gold pieces. And he couldn't finish because a piece had stuck to the scales.

In they walked without an "If you please" or "By your leave." "Well, I never!" that was all they could say.

"Good-evening, Hudden; good-evening, Dudden. Ah! you thought you had played me a fine trick, but you never did me a better turn in all your lives. When I found poor Daisy dead, I thought to myself, 'Well, her hide may fetch something;' and it did. Hides are worth their weight in gold in the market just now."

Hudden nudged Dudden, and Dudden winked at Hudden.

"Good-evening, Donald O'Neary."

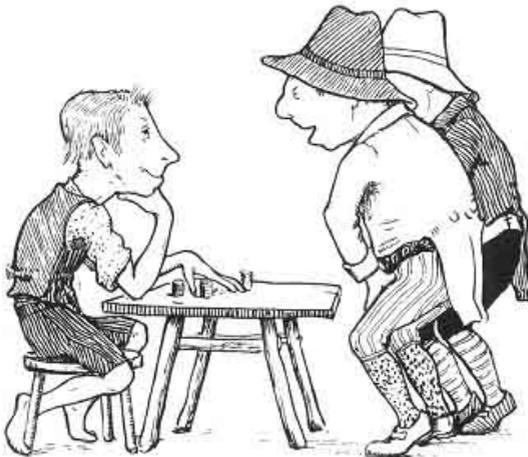
"Good-evening, kind friends."

The next day there wasn't a cow or a calf that belonged to Hudden or Dudden but her hide was going to the fair in Hudden's biggest cart drawn by Dudden's strongest pair of horses.

When they came to the fair, each one took a hide over his arm, and there they were walking through the fair, bawling out at the top of their voices: 'Hides to sell! Hides to sell!'

Out came the tanner:

"How much for your hides, my good men?"



"Their weight in gold."

"It's early in the day to come out of the tavern." That was all the tanner said, and back he went to his yard.

"Hides to sell! Fine fresh hides to sell!" Out came the cobbler.

"How much for your hides, my men?"  
"Their weight in gold."

"Is it making game of me you are! Take that for your pains," and the cobbler dealt Hudden a blow that made him stagger.

Up the people came running from one end of the fair to the other. "What's the matter? What's the matter?" cried they.

"Here are a couple of vagabonds selling hides at their weight in gold," said the cobbler.

"Hold 'em fast; hold 'em fast!" bawled the innkeeper, who was the last to come up, he was so fat. "I'll wager it's one of the rogues who tricked me out of thirty gold pieces yesterday for a wretched hide."

It was more kicks than halfpence that Hudden and Dudden got before they were well on their way home again, and they didn't run the slower because all the dogs of the town were at their heels.

Well, as you may fancy, if they loved Donald little before, they loved him less now.

"What's the matter, friends?" said he, as he saw them tearing along, their hats knocked in, and their coats torn off, and their faces black and blue. "Is it fighting you've been? Or mayhap you met the police. Ill luck to them?"

"We'll police you, you vagabond. It's mighty smart you thought yourself, deluding us with your lying tales."

"Who deluded you? Didn't you see the gold with your own two eyes?"

But it was no use talking. Pay for it he must, and should. There was a meal-sack handy, and into it Hudden and Dudden popped Donald O'Neary, tied him up tight, ran a pole through the knot,

and off they started for the Brown Lake of the Bog, each with a pole-end on his shoulder, and Donald O'Neary between.

But the Brown Lake was far, the road was dusty, Hudden and Dudden were sore and weary, and parched with thirst. There was an inn by the roadside.

"Let's go in," said Hudden; "I'm dead beat. It's heavy he is for the little he had to eat."

If Hudden was willing, so was Dudden. As for Donald, you may be sure his leave wasn't asked, but he was lumped down at the inn door for all the world as if he had been a sack of potatoes.

"Sit still, you vagabond," said Dudden; "if we don't mind waiting, you needn't."

Donald held his peace, but after a while he heard the glasses clink, and Hudden singing away at the top of his voice.

"I won't have her, I tell you; I won't have her!" said Donald. But nobody heeded what he said. "I won't have her, I tell you; I won't have her!" said Donald, and this time he said it louder; but nobody heeded what he said.

"I won't have her, I tell you; I won't have her!" said Donald; and this time he said it as loud as he could.

"And who won't you have, may I be so bold as to ask?" said a farmer, who had just come up with a drove of cattle, and was turning in for a glass.

"It's the king's daughter. They are bothering the life out of me to marry her."

"You're the lucky fellow. I'd give something to be in your shoes."

"Do you see that now! Wouldn't it be a fine thing for a farmer to be marrying a princess, all dressed in gold and jewels?"

"Jewels, do you say? Ah, now, couldn't you take me with you?"

"Well, you're an honest fellow, and as I don't care for the king's daughter, though she's as beautiful as the day, and is covered with jewels from top to toe, you shall have her. Just undo the

cord, and let me out; they tied me up tight, as they knew I'd run away from her."

Out crawled Donald; in crept the farmer. "Now lie still, and don't mind the shaking; it's only rumbling over the palace steps you'll be. And maybe they'll abuse you for a vagabond, who won't have the king's daughter; but you needn't mind that. Ah! it's a deal I'm giving up for you, sure as it is that I don't care for the princess."

"Take my cattle in exchange," said the farmer; and you may guess it wasn't long before Donald was at their tails driving them homewards.

Out came Hudden and Dudden, and the one took one end of the pole, and the other the other.

"I'm thinking he's heavier," said Hudden.

"Ah, never mind," said Dudden; "it's only a step now to the Brown Lake."

"I'll have her now! I'll have her now!" bawled the farmer, from inside the sack.

"By my faith, and you shall though," said Hudden, and he laid his stick across the sack.

"I'll have her! I'll have her!" bawled the farmer, louder than ever.

"Well, here you are," said Dudden, for they were now come to the Brown Lake, and, un-slinging the sack, they pitched it plump into the lake.

"You'll not be playing your tricks on us any longer," said Hudden.

"True for you," said Dudden. "Ah, Donald, my boy, it was an ill day when you borrowed my scales."

Off they went, with a light step and an easy heart, but when they were near home, who should they see but Donald O'Neary, and all around him the cows were grazing, and the calves were kicking up their heels and butting their heads together.

"Is it you, Donald?" said Dudden. "Faith, you've been quicker than we have."

"True for you, Dudden, and let me thank you kindly the turn was good, if the will was ill. You'll have heard, like me, that the Brown Lake leads to the Land of Promise. I always put it down as lies, but it is just as true as my word. Look at the cattle."

Hudden stared, and Dudden gaped; but they couldn't get over the cattle; fine fat cattle they were too.

"It's only the worst I could bring up with me," said Donald O'Neary; "the others were so fat, there was no driving them. Faith, too, it's little wonder they didn't care to leave, with grass as far as you could see, and as sweet and juicy as fresh butter."

"Ah, now, Donald, we haven't always been friends," said Dudden, "but, as I was just saying, you were ever a decent lad, and you'll show us the way, won't you?"

"I don't see that I'm called upon to do that; there is a power more cattle down there. Why shouldn't I have them all to myself?"

"Faith, they may well say, the richer you get, the harder the heart. You always were a neighbourly lad, Donald. You wouldn't wish to keep the luck all to yourself?"

"True for you, Hudden, though 'tis a bad example you set me. But I'll not be thinking of old times. There is plenty for all there, so come along with me."

Off they trudged, with a light heart and an eager step. When they came to the Brown Lake, the sky was full of little white clouds, and, if the sky was full, the lake was as full.

"Ah! now, look, there they are," cried Donald, as he pointed to the clouds in the lake.

"Where? Where?" cried Hudden, and "Don't be greedy!" cried Dudden, as he jumped his hardest to be up first with the fat cattle. But if he jumped first, Hudden wasn't long behind.

They never came back. Maybe they got too fat, like the cattle. As for Donald O'Neary, he had cattle and sheep all his days to his heart's content.



As 2016 unfurled, I was drawn to retell a story about witnessing one of the grand mysteries of nature.

Some gifts come in unexpected packages. A few years ago, my siblings gathered to celebrate an early Christmas with my husband Phil and me. My brother Gordon, and his wife, Mary Alice drove up from Florida and my sister Bonnie came in from Georgia. It was the first wintertime holiday for all of us to gather in North Carolina and Phil and I were excited to welcome them to our Asheville home.

My brother had been 'raising' and releasing Monarch butterflies. One of the Christmas gifts he planned for us that year was a milkweed plant that serves as an 'incubator' for the Monarchs. The milkweed leaves help fatten up the caterpillars and then, in spring, its orange blossoms are sweet nectar for those regal butterflies. When he was packing the car, he noticed the milkweed pot he had picked out for us had a chrysalis dangling from it; then he spotted another one on the leaves; and another! Three chrysalises attached to our gift!



So the butterflies to be made the 452 mile journey to the chilly Appalachian mountains, riding on the back seat of a 4 door sedan. Their simple drama of transformation became the focal point of our visit together.

Once inside our home, the little pods turned from a bright green to a blackish colour, with a ring of decorative dots that looked like gold filigree. They fit right in with the glow of sparkling lights and holiday ornaments. With chairs pulled up close, we all took turns gazing at the wonders of this dark new life - knowing it was in the process of becoming.

We called each other over to witness each stage of change. The design and color of the intricate wings gradually appeared through the now translucent pod.



A slow movement with several long intermissions. And then two of the main characters emerged - the 'unfurling' happened very quickly and it could have been easy to miss. We all felt privileged to see them come to

life. They emerged wet, crumpled and fragile - and so beautiful! It took my breath away! Those two brand new butterflies spent the next 4 - 5 hours hanging on to their cocoons and drying off, all the while, unfolding and flexing their wings.



Then came Act 2 (or was it Act 5 by then!) when they made their first flight. We were right there to witness that moment too. We named them 'Leon' and 'Noel.' The pair spent the next few days flitting around in our bay window, dining on a saucer of water and drinking in the sweet nectar of fresh blooming amaryllis and daisies.

The third chrysalis waited for its own perfect timing. Its curtain rose at 10:30 pm on Christmas evening - and only Phil and I had front row seats this time. We sat and watched with silent awe and inspiration. Change can happen in a blink of an eye, in the flutter of a wing - and as the fortunate beholders, we were transformed.



Reflecting on 2015, our world family has been filled with challenges. The Director of Islamic Studies at Duke University, Omid Safi, shared this wisdom: "Friends keep asking me where we find hope in these turbulent times. We don't. We don't find hope. We generate it. Hope is like sanctity and community. Hope doesn't descend from heaven. It rises to heaven from right here on earth."

May we unfurl this New Year with the gift of hope and the promise of peace in each of our hearts.

I happily anticipate our paths crossing in the coming months and may 2016 be filled with many welcomed stories.



[www.storywindow.com](http://www.storywindow.com)

*Connie is a regular invited story teller at the Jonesborough International Storytelling Festival which your president and your secretary/editor/treasurer will be attending again in October.*

*Connie runs amazing workshops which you can source on her website.*

# Love

Tonight the moon looked like an acid drop that some child had sucked and then discarded. It floated high and clear in the black sky and as I walked under it I felt the need of someone's arm through mine; for someone's thoughts to move with mine; and for someone's love. The moon is the patron of lovers and it is inevitable that we breath love in its presence.

What is love?

It is indefinable and because of this it is all-embracing. I can't live without love and neither can you.

Love of nature, love of the whole wide world, and above all, love of the souls of mankind.

Who can help loving the child who skips joyously in the sun? Or the other one – the one who shrinks into a corner with fear and wistfulness looking out of big eyes. The one who is out of it. That one arouses the greatest love. A selfless love.

If you can't love children what is there in life? Children are its essence. They add spice and flavour.

Imagine a world only of adults – sombre and conventional, staid and stolid.

I fear growing old.

If I imagined for one moment that I would have to age I would lose my interest in life. Look around you. Who are the people who make life lovely and liveable?

The young, of course.

That dear old lady sitting on a park bench feeding the birds with the crumbs from her breakfast. She helps.

The business man who stops in the street to wipe away the tears of a lost child. He adds his mite to the banks of life and love. The lame grandfather who helps a blind friend across the street; the tired husband who stops at a flower shop for a rose for his wife; the typist stopping

at the same place for violets for the sick woman next door.

All these young are making life bearable around them, and indeed, a thing of joyousness and beauty.

Please don't grow old.

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## Book Review

### **101 Games that teach storytelling skills.**

By Anthony Burcher and Mike "Michelle" Burcher. This has a forward by Donald Davis.

There are 101 games in here which Tania and I look forward to trying out with both children and adults.

In the appendix they list the 10 skills needed if you are going to tell for an audience.

- Facial expression
- Gestures
- Eye contact
- Reading the audience and negotiating with the audience
- Descriptive ability
- Tempo
- Voice inflection
- Diction
- Projection
- Enthusiasm

There are also skills needed before actually performing for an audience and they are:

Imagination, discovering personal stories, discovering stories to make your own, sensory addition, word selection, powers of observation, creation and creativity, dedication to practice.

The last two are very interesting:

An above average understanding and command of the language in which you are telling.

An above average understanding of what constitutes a "Story."

Under each item there is a list of the relevant games. We will find this very useful, I know.

It is published by Healthy Learning [www.healthylearning.com](http://www.healthylearning.com) ISBN978-1-60679-231-5

# 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 8393 027 264 8051	5a Waipapa Road RD1 Thames, 3578
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	7.30 pm last Wednesday of the month. Fringe Bar in Allen Street	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 <sup>st</sup> 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  
New Zealand