

The Storyline

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



One is wise to cultivate the tree that bears fruit in our soul.
Henry David Thoreau

The first peace, which is the most important, is that which comes within the souls of people when they realise their relationship, their oneness with the universe and all its powers, and when they realise that at the centre of the universe dwells the Great Spirit, and that this centre is really everywhere, it is within each of us. Black Elk

Let us be GRATEFUL

*To those who make us
HAPPY. They are the
gardeners who make our
SOULS blossom.*

- Marcel Proust

SEPTEMBER 2016



Editorial

Greetings,

This will be a brief editorial as I try to get everything up to date before I fly off to USA.

Out in my garden I was so calmed by the renewed awareness of the absolute wonder of spring. All the bare earth is coming alive. Up through the earth come green beginnings and they turn so quickly into daffodils, hyacinths, matchheads, bluebells, tiny irises, tulips and so much more. Then as I look around I see those dead looking corms shooting up and before I know it I have dahlias and peony roses popping out of the ground so fast you can almost watch them growing. There are camellias on the bush and the weeping willow is softly green and waving her hair in the breeze. Oh, I could go on. The roses that were cut back so harshly are greening and growing and the apple blossom will soon be bursting.

It reminds me of my storytelling. Sometimes the stories are buried deep and I wonder if they are gone. But then they are fed by the gentle warmth of recall, and I test them out on my friend, I revitalise them and take them to an audience and hope the sunshine of their responses will bring them to full bloom.

It hasn't often failed me and not at all so far this year.

Each audience brings its own light and the stories alter slightly to respond.

With some of the younger groups I was using a rhyme which begins – Yesterday was washing day – and the action is a rubbing one. So I took along a washing board and we had all kinds of mini tales coming forth before we began the rhyme.

I always remind them to keep the stories by passing them on and they will sometimes tell me which one they want to share.



When I get letters afterwards it is so beautiful. Little girls telling me thank you for putting pictures in their minds. High school boys passing me little pieces of paper with notes to say how they felt. And so on.

But even more valuable, I believe, is the connections we make. When an older man stops me in the street to tell me how he came to hear stories when he was a boy, when a young woman turns to her daughter and tells her that she came to hear my stories, when a teenager says, "You told me...", and then wants me to repeat it there and then, I know that the seeds were planted and have blossomed.

The picture I have put with this editorial this time was taken at New River Primary by David Russell for a special art show and it was so good to see that the children, once they knew why he was there, just ignored him and became lost in the story.

Take care and tell your tales.

Liz Miller

lizm@xtra.co.nz

President's Report

September 2016

Hi everyone!

I hope your winter is a meek and mild one and that you are keeping warm.

As I've said in my earlier missives, I have managed to avoid much of the Southland winter this year, by the simple expedient of leaving the country.

As you may remember, my family and I are spending 12 weeks away, mostly as a family holiday, but with a week-long residential storytelling workshop with Shonaleigh at the International School of Storytelling as the main reason for my coming to England.

As I write this we are in Scotland, spending time with my husband's family. We still have a few weeks left before we start heading back towards the southern hemisphere.

The information we were given about the course quoted, 'The workshop provides a glimpse into a culture and a way of working with narrative and story which has been entrusted to Drut'syla's only after many, many years of apprenticeship and rigorous and intensive immersion in the culture and stories of the Jewish people.'

Shonaleigh was raised in this tradition and began learning the stories from her grandmother at four years of age. As far as she knows she is the last Drut'syla.

She has, stored in her memory, approximately 4,000 stories : 12 cycles of tales, with more than 300 tales per cycle. She is very aware of the responsibility she bears and the need to preserve the stories, and also the uniqueness of the learning method which allows her to interweave any and all of the stories at any time - a truly impressive and unusual ability, as those of us who tell stories will appreciate.

The participants in the course are handpicked by Shonaleigh but not all are storytellers - there



have been writers, poets, visual artists, doctors, teachers, dancers - and all use the learning methods and ways of looking at the world in their own way in their everyday lives. All who undertake the course commit to one week per year for three years, to get enough of an understanding to be able to confidently use the methods learned, but even then we will probably only be beginning the journey. Shonaleigh has the benefit of being 40+ years ahead on the journey!

The week that I have just completed was great fun - many of the tasks were ones that Shonaleigh did as a young child, and it was great to remind ourselves of the wonder with which children see the world. Not that it was easy or simple stuff - I saw stories which I have told for many years in a completely new way, and was able to 'dehydrate' them down to a single word and image. This is an important part of Shonaleigh's ability to hold so many stories in her head constantly.

I am truly blessed to have been a part of this course and am enthusiastic about the tasks I'll be set over the year ahead, and am already looking forward to next year's workshop - I've always loved to learn and the uniqueness of this course is very, very exciting!

I hope you all have something you are passionate about!

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.

And welcome to a new member, Caroline Cameron in Oxford.

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 mid- **November** 2016 for December issue.

Treasurer's Report

We had \$7052.56 mid-September.

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.

Regional News

SOUTHLAND Southern Storytellers

Our group has been fairly quiet over winter though 'underground' things are happening towards the children's event next term. Funding has been applied for from our generous Licensing Trust Foundation, and the initial information sent out to schools has gained some immediate responses, even though the entry forms won't be sent out until later.

Our winter concert was held on 19th August with hot desserts for supper. A range of stories and entertainments was enjoyed by a small but appreciative audience.

It was a pleasure to have Nigel and Joy Crocombe coming back from Palmerston to join and entertain us.

Then it was a great pleasure to read Connie Regan-Blake's article in the last issue.

One of my precious memories of teaching days is to recall the wonder on children's faces as they see chickens hatching, or monarch butterflies emerging.

The following I had kept from when we had monarch caterpillars in the classroom. To me it is a piece of mystical amazement; even the title is pretty sophisticated subtlety from a 10 or 11 year old girl!

Nicol Macfarlane

Secretary
Southern Storytellers.

FREE VERSE

Creeping from the forgotten source,
Calling to be freed,
Reaching out,
Hoping to be released.

At the granting of freedom,
Reaches and takes control,
Thinking doubts,
But refuses to agree with them
Gains consciousness,
And takes over.

Christa Murray 28/4/98

KAWAKAWA

The theatre, Kawakawa 24th July 2016.

If you need anything done, give it to a busy person and I am busy so when Mary suggested we go to hear a storyteller in an old and cold movie theatre in Kawakawa a small town in the North, I was far from keen. We were met by Keith wearing a silly hat but a friendly smile. As he fiddled with some sound equipment and picked out a few guitar chords I thought, here we go, perhaps I can have a little nap. To my

surprise his quiet voice and gentle strumming (no tune) caught my attention and I found myself caught up in his story telling, his views on the world, people, relationships and his honesty. There is really only one way to capture an audience and that is with truth and deep commitment. Keith has all of these qualities and his ability with timing and sound ensured my full attention and gratefulness to Mary for overcoming my reluctance to be there. I came away with many thoughts but none so telling as to remember to tell those close that you love them. Not only on birthdays or at Christmas but every day, time or moment that you mean it. Perhaps it was also no surprise that Keith and I had a past friendship in our early school years. It really is a small world.

Roger Wyatt

CANTERBURY NEWS

Otautahi Story Circle
Third Wednesday of each month,
7.30pm, Sydenham Room, South Library
66 Colombo Street

Free, refreshments provided

A friendly and relaxed gathering for story-lovers of all kinds - storytellers, writers, poets, puppeteers, listeners and more - to share favourite stories created or found on a theme (or whatever is being whispered to share). A story skill is also explored in a easy-going way. The next gatherings are 21st September when the theme is "Hope" followed by a gathering on 19th October with a theme of "Mysteries" and 16th November's theme is "Family". Of course 21st December is a Christmas party! Everyone is welcome and no experience or knowledge is needed. For more information check out: <http://storycollective.weebly.com/story-circles.html> or email thestorycollectivechch@gmail.com or call Sharon on Mob 022-121-3648 or Tel 03-9677-888.

Natural Born Storytellers

- Secrets & Lies

Friday 7 October, cafe/bar from 6.30pm

Stories from 7.30pm

XCHC Exchange Christchurch

376 Wilson's Road, Woolston

Free

Everybody has a story to tell. Natural Born Storytellers is a warm, friendly and supportive evening of sharing true-life tales on a theme. In the spirit of a yarn shared around a fireside, each evening is a mix of prepared tellers and stories inspired from the audience. No experience is needed and support to prepare a story is available. The theme for 7 October is Secrets and Lies which can be interpreted broadly - from secret talents and nice surprises, to little white lies and whoppers. Find out more here: <http://storycollective.weebly.com/natural-born-storytellers.html> The following event is on Friday 25 November - the theme is yet to be decided but we invite you to make suggestions! We welcome new storytellers (no experience needed) so please get in touch by email thestorycollectivechch@gmail.com or call Sharon on Mob 022-121-3648 or Tel 03-9677-888.

True-Life Storytelling Free Workshop

Friday 7 October, 5.30-6.30pm

XCHC Exchange Christchurch

376 Wilson's Road, Woolston

A friendly, supportive and fun intro on how to create and tell captivating life stories. This interactive workshop will kit you out with some basic storytelling skills and structures. Everyone is welcome whether you have a story in mind or are just curious to learn more about storytelling. No experience or extraverted personalities needed. Find out more here: <http://storycollective.weebly.com/story-workshop-nbs-oct.html> or get in touch by email thestorycollectivechch@gmail.com or call Sharon on Mob 022-121-3648 or Tel 03-9677-888.

Contributions

"I've caught another cat," announces my friend who sets a live-trap for possums raiding his chook pen.

"Domestic or feral?"

"Looks pretty wild to me."

"Female or male?"

"Male, probably -- it's pretty big."

I sigh. "Bring it over, then."

When they show up, I see a huge, scruffy black-and-white cat crouched against the wire mesh, its green eyes wide with the unfocused terror I'd seen a year before with Phantom, my first feral cat, trapped by the same friend in the same place. After five weeks of hiding in a dark corner of the roomy enclosure I'd built, she'd gradually become a trusting, playful, affectionate companion.

But she'd been five months old at most. This big tom looked five years, probably more. What were the chances I could earn his trust?

But what choice did I have, except to try? Taking him to the tiny local SPCA was a virtual death sentence. Staffed by volunteers at one cat-lover's home, it had neither space, time, or resources to tame a wild adult cat unlikely to be adopted.

We put it in "Phantom's Palace." I brought food twice daily, speaking gently to the shadow in the darkest corner, cleaning the litterbox, and leaving. After five weeks, he started emerging, inch by inch, to take meat from my hand. Then I tentatively scratched his chin as he ate, eliciting a tiny purr. During five more weeks of incremental progress, he accepted stroking, then holding; then he learned to play and vocalise.

When he trusted enough to enter a carrier, I had him neutered. The vet discovered he had no teeth, due to FIV! With much care, he became a strong, shiny, robustly healthy cat, occupying my home office with a catdoor to his own deck



enclosure complete with tree. He loves to play, "talks" constantly, and basks in affection from me and all who visit.

Now an endless source of love and delight, Photon ("a small particle of fast-moving light") is a constant reminder never to give up on any animal. Love and patience truly can conquer almost anything!

Lethea Erz
Golden Bay, New Zealand

Xmas Wine

Some of you already know that in the 80s my good man and I lived on a little Island in the Hauraki Gulf north of Auckland. We had no power, no phone, no mod cons, but life was good.

We were longline fishing for snapper.

We had lots of visitors to our little paradise. Many overseas yachts anchored in our sheltered bay and rowed ashore to spend time with us. They usually came with armloads of alcohol telling us they had come to "shout" for us.

We found it was costing us more than we could afford to return these shouts and thought surely there was a better way.

One day my good man came up with a brilliant idea. Our island was covered in pine trees and growing up through all these trees were passion fruit vines. Each year we gave away bags and bags of this beautiful fruit.

"Why don't we make some wine out of it?" he said.

Great idea, except we didn't know the first thing about making wine but there was a shop on the mainland that sold all the relevant stuff for this task and had all the 'know how'. So on our next grocery trip we went there and returned to our island loaded up with buckets, little curly pipes and a book of instructions.

I spent the next few days picking passion fruit and pulping it into two 20 litre buckets. They were then presented with the correct additives, dressed in their curly pipes and stood in our spare sleeping room to do their thing. We slept from then on with the smell of passion fruit wafting in to us and bubbling noises that periodically erupted from the buckets.

Suffice to say that when the process was all done we had an assortment of bottles all filled with golden wine. This was carefully stored and we waited!!!

The week before Christmas we decided the time was right to sample it. Himself put our two wine glasses on the table and opened the bottle. To our astonishment the bottle top flew into the air and the wine bubbled over the top of the bottle in a golden wave.

"It's not a still wine!" he said.

"It's bubbly!" I said and we both looked at each other in delight.

He poured it into our glasses. This was the crunch. Was it drinkable or had all our work been in vain.

I sipped. He sipped. There was dead silence for a moment. Our wine was not only drinkable it was stunningly good. I stared in amazement at the bubbles in my glass drifting up through the wine.

Finally, I said. "This is not good it's great."

My hero agreed. It tasted like nectar, sweet and delicious.

We finished off our glasses and refilled them.

What a wonderful evening we had celebrating our success.

What we hadn't considered was the alcohol content of our wine.

After two glasses the room became very blurry and that's about all I remember. I woke in the morning still sitting at the kitchen table with my head in my arms, a very stiff neck and a head like a rock.

I looked around for my good man.

He was asleep on the rug on the floor right beside me. Interesting!!

This was the stuff we were going to feed to our visitors over Christmas.

Right on cue a yacht pulled into the bay and we watched with bleary eyes, both clutching our black coffee.

Oh no! This was too soon.

Three people rowed ashore. They were from the Bahamas and we had met them a year ago. They came loaded with food and booze and waving out to us in delight at finding us at home.

We pulled ourselves together and made them welcome. Soon we were all round the table out on the lawn. We told them about our wine making and they were eager to sample the results.

"Maybe we should serve it in little shot glasses." I suggested to my good man.
"Nah" he replied. "These people are drinkers."
"Mmmmm." I thought.

Even with the food they had brought, and pauses to drink their own stuff, I have to say that by 3 o'clock they made no sense at all. My good man and I had added lemonade to ours and wisely only had one glass each.

By 5 o'clock two of them were asleep and the

other was singing loudly from a horizontal position on the grass.

My hero carried them one by one down to their dinghy, tied ours on behind, and rowed them back to their yacht where he put them to bed.

When he came back he said. "You were right. From now on we serve it in shot glasses".

Of course, our landlord arrived for his 2 week holiday a few days after that. He drank port in copious amounts and called me a woos cause I always refused when he offered me one.

We didn't tell him about our wine until another boat load of people arrived and told us they had been talking to the Bahama crowd and they just had to sample our wine.

"What's this?" asked our landlord.

They filled him in while we got out the wine and poured it into little shot glasses. He looked at his in disgust. "What's this little thing?"

I said, "It's very strong."
He had a sip. "Rubbish!" he said. "It just tastes like juice."

He drinks port so he would think that.

My good man filled up an 8 oz glass for him and then another and another.

One hour after his first drink he leaned back on his chair and gracefully toppled backwards into my carnation garden. Snoring commenced immediately.

Himself said. "I wonder if we could patent this stuff. It would make a great anaesthetic. Could be worth a lot of money."

He carried our landlord off to his bed and returned to our guests who had been wise enough to believe us when we said it was strong.

However, even then when they rowed out to their boat they rowed right past it and didn't notice till my good man called out to them.

Over Christmas our golden bubbly became famous among the overseas yachting fraternity and many were carried to their dinghys, rowed to their boats and put to bed but Christmas for once cost us nothing and we made heaps of new friends and really isn't that what Christmas is about?

A time of giving and loving our fellow man.

Heather Perriam

Moving Story into Pedagogy

by Lesley Dowding.

My literacy passion and belief has been that at the heart of the education process lies the child. My purpose as an educationalist has been to ignite the imagination through story. In my practice I have used a strand of oral language to lead into the written language to create powerful story. By empowering teachers to become leaders of story, students will be enthused. Story becomes pedagogy.

This poster identifies that oral storytelling is central to literature.

The art of storytelling enables the listener to use imagination.

Participants are teachers in schools & students. Outcomes: Extend ideas, foster higher order thinking skills & raise oral language & writing skills.

Imagination

Padriac Colum, the great folklorist, once said:

Imagination is the beginning of creation.



***You imagine what you desire
You WILL what you imagine
And at last you create what you will.***

Stories delight, build relationships, fine tune the senses, provide hope, develop narrative. The listener enters the tale and is transferred to another dimension.

Fly like Pegasus.

Walk through walls.

Enter a room through a keyhole.

Disappear by slipping on a golden ring.

How can the world of storytelling be ignited in your world.

Storytelling is an ancient art form that has mapped the lives of civilisation.

It has taught problem solving.

A learning tool for living, using the landscape that surrounds us as it did our ancestors.

It inspires our Imagination.

We expect the unexpected in the magical realm.

Story moves us from the ordinary to extraordinary.

Joseph Bruchac – Abenaki ancestry Ph.D.

constructs the place of stories as

Symbols, Images, Ways of Seeing.

Stories at the heart of native cultures.

Classified as myths & legends.

Rubric of oral traditions.

Tales are not just spoken, they are alive.

Alive as memory that shapes & explains a universe.

"Pour out your cup.

Hold it out empty.

Fill it with stories" Joseph Bruchac

Stories open eyes & hearts to the elements.

What is the place and purpose of stories?

A powerful tool for teaching.

Lesson stories were used by First Nations Americans to strengthen the values of their tribe for young and old.

There is a time and a place for stories, if told at the wrong time the teller could be punished.

The Abenakis say a bee may sting the offending storyteller.

Modern technology, though a welcome innovation in education, has side effects, one being a serious decline in personal communication.

Storytelling has suffered greatly under the impact of technology.
 Research identifies redeveloping the curriculum by introducing storytelling.
 Oral literature refers to that large body of poem, play & stories which are not written down but form the bases of methodology and legend throughout the world.
 Fifty Yoruba teachers took part in the study and became story tellers, enabling children to become story tellers. *Story as Pedagogy The explosion of the story.*
 By nature humans are natural story tellers.
 We tell stories about ourselves, our friends, things that happen daily.
 We tell about our lives.
 How do we ask students to tell about their lives?
 How to link the thinking.
 Teachers need to link the thinking by using quality stories to spring board the writing.
 How do we arrange children to tell a good tale?
 Select a rich story, model, tell, explain, question.
 They will then imagine, I can do this, I can be a writer.
 They will become the narrator therefore the writer.
 Stories will fuel their imagination.
 Teachers move story to pedagogy .

Footnote for magazine.
 I helped the organisers with their daily notices by dressing up as Mrs Wishy Washy to celebrate Joy Cowley's 80th birthday.
 Someone asked me what IBBY meant to me.
 Well I found it a humbling experience to meet so many dedicated people, from young Doctorates to highly gifted writers whose sole aim was to bring literacy to children. The work of the two young men from Laos and their book mouse brought tears to the eyes along with Sir Peter Taylor's passion for early childhood education to have quality stories through film.
 IBBY was very special and I urge everyone to follow its work around the world.
 Moving Story into Pedagogy by Lesley Dowding.

Shonaleigh is an Anglo-Dutch Jewish storyteller and tradition-bearer in the European Jewish drut'syla tradition, who was born in the Netherlands and is based nowadays in Britain. She tours and teaches internationally and had the privilege of coming to tell and hear stories at the Southland Festival of the Arts, Invercargill, in 2014. As far as she currently knows (!), Shonaleigh is the last living practitioner of drut'syla storytelling, although the tradition has deep roots and was once much more widespread. The tradition, including several thousand stories arranged in twelve large cycles, besides a wealth of techniques for working with story, was passed on orally from grandmother to granddaughter over the generations without ever being written down, and was taught to Shonaleigh in the traditional way by her own bubbe(grandmother) after the tradition was almost lost due to the events in Europe in the late 20th century. As bubbe herself would say, not every story has a happy ending but every story should begin with outrageous hope, and it is with just such outrageous hope that Shonaleigh has started running short and long courses teaching her grandmother's techniques and keeping the tradition alive. This year Shonaleigh was delighted to welcome Tania Faulkner-McKenzie as one of her new intake of students for 2016 on the three-year Walking the Wildwoods course, based at the International School of Storytelling at Forest Row, East Sussex, England. Tania often tells with Dreamweaver, Liz Miller, founder of the New Zealand Guild of Storytellers, especially in the schools programme sponsored by the ILT under the umbrella of the NZ Literacy Association, and is currently president of the NZ Guild of Storytellers. Storytelling in the modern world is alive and well owing to Liz, Tania, the International School - and many others too numerous to mention!



Students from Walking the Wildwood and Creative Writing and Narrative Arts both with Shonaleigh, enjoying the summer sunshine.

Antonio's Spring Journey

An exciting tour across the USA and beyond.

Dear folks, it has been a while since my last e-news.

From the foot hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia to the Australian Blue Mountains outside of Sydney, it was for sure an exciting tour. Welcome!

I performed for the very first time at the Sounds of the Mountain Storytelling Festival just outside of Roanoke VA on April 15th and 16th. It was a lovely festival located at Camp Bethel. I was featured with Bil Lepp, Barbara McBride Smith, Kevin Kling amongst others. The Blue Ridge Mountains were just around the corner.

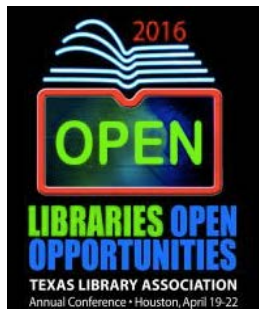
Thanks Alan Hoal and Mary Wilson for having me.



Above: My niece Katia and Grand Nephew Noah, who live in Roanoke, came to The Sounds of the Mountain Festival. It was fun having them.

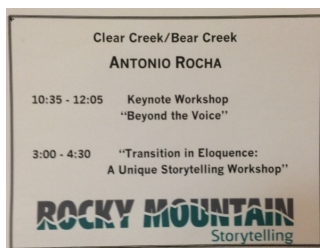


I had a good time visiting The Houston Space Center. While there I visited the original mission control of the Apollo Missions. "Houston we have a problem... Antonio is in the house"!!!!



From Virginia I flew to Houston via Atlanta in the lovely company of Ms. McBride Smith. While in Houston I was featured at the Texas Library Association Annual Conference. This took place while the floods raged and luckily none of my events got cancelled. It was not fun for those heavily hit. My thoughts and prayers go out to them and those now in Louisiana.

Thanks Toni Simmons for having me.

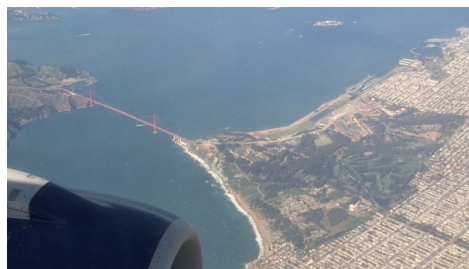


Above: After the Conference in Houston I went straight to Denver via Atlanta. This was the Rocky Mountain Storytelling Conference where I was the featured teller. The event took place in Golden CO where many colleagues were offering various workshops, amongst them:

Jeep Raghunath from India, Loren Niemi and Laura Packer amongst others.



Above: I find myself about to devour a unique burger in the great company of Loren Niemi, Laura Parker and Ann Harding in Golden Colorado. Thanks to Julie Moss and Kate Lutz for having me.

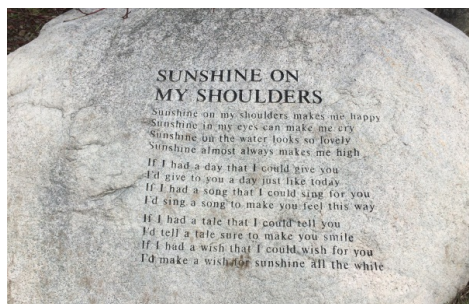


Above: The iconic Golden Gate Bridge and Alcatraz.

From Colorado it was time to go to San Francisco where I was featured at the last Bay Area Storytelling Festival. Bil Lepp was there as well as Dianne Ferlatte, Willy Claflyn, Elizabeth Ellis and Eth-Noh-Tec amongst others. It was a wonderful time. It was bitter sweet since it was the last festival. I feel honored to have been invited thanks to Linda Yemoto and Mary Gay Ducey.

Below: After the Rocky Mountain Conference, I drove to Carbondale where I performed for the SpellBinders Guild. This is a volunteer group of storytellers located in Colorado.

While there I drove to Aspen where I discovered, per chance, a garden dedicated to John Denver. When I lived in Brazil, I learned “Sun Shine on My Shoulders” as part of my English Class. I found the lyrics carved in stone and while I sang it, the sun (not kidding) came from around a cloud and shown up on my shoulders. It was a one of a kind moment of my past, the present, and someone’s life in songs coming all together.



From California I was going to go back home to Maine for 6 days before heading to New Zealand. However my soon to be 93 year old mother was not doing well at all. Fearing that she might pass I went to Maine just for one day to get my passports and head on down to Brazil to be with her just for one day. It was a strain on all of us. My family had been missing me and we all were looking forward to my 6 days at home. But with the perspective of losing my mom I had to go to Brazil. It was worth it and by the time I returned home to repack and head on to New Zealand, she was doing much better. Looking back, I would have not changed a single thing. It was a tough 40 days (including New Zealand and Australia) away with just three overnights at home.

Looking at it from some distance it is a blessing, a blessing to be able to do what you love, miss people and be missed. It would be a very sad life without loving somebody, or missing somebody everyday as Michael Franti sings.



Above: I loved being back in New Zealand. I was there with Storyteller Dovie Thomason at the Southland Arts Festival. We were both under the wonderful and caring hospitality of our organizer and friend, Liz Miller, along with her partners Tania Faulkner-McKenzie and Daphne & Douglas Lindsay. Thank you all for such a treat.

I did not allow myself extra time in New Zealand this time around like I did the last time 5 years ago. This time I took three days to go to Sydney Australia and the Blue Mountains just one hour west of Sydney.

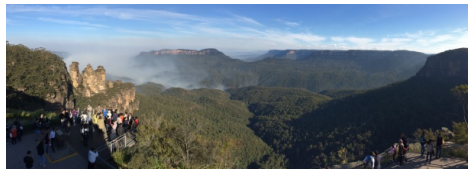
Right: the famous and endangered Kakapo.

There are only a few dozens of this flightless parrot in the wild. Now, in Invercargill NZ, there is a group of naturalists breeding a few in captivity. It is a delicate operation that you can pay to see. It was a delightful and rare opportunity.

I love nature and thank Liz Miller for this opportunity.



Mysterious house in the dune. New Zealand.



Above: The Blue Mountain National Park, a Unesco World Heritage site just outside of Sydney. Thanks to friends Edgar and Kiran for showing this treasure to me. More below.



Sydney Harbor is simply stunning. The Opera House is such a magnificent structure that I could not keep from taking picture after picture of it. Later on, in a museum, I learned why it is so pleasing to look at.



The quick visit to Australia would not have been the same if not for the friends above. Storyteller Jeff and wife Dominique Gere from Hawaii (far left and far right) provided a great time in Sydney including awesome company and a wonderful place to stay I did not have to worry about. Then, storyteller Kiran Shah and husband Edgar Richards were amazing in showing me the most important stops of the Blue Mountains. Oh, they fed us too. Wow, what a great way to conclude such an amazing time.

Note: Antonio left a number of his DVD's which were unsold and asked us to donate any more sales money to Save the Kakapo. Would you like one for NZ\$30? Let me know.

"Under African Skies" & "An understanding beyond our own."

I have some of Dovie's double CD's, too. "Voices of the animal people" also NZ\$30.

*Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy
 Sunshine in my eyes can make me cry
 Sunshine on the water looks so lovely
 Sunshine almost always makes me high
 If I had a day that I could give you
 I'd give to you the day just like today
 If I had a song that I could sing for you
 I'd sing a song to make you feel this way
 Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy
 Sunshine in my eyes can make me cry
 Sunshine on the water looks so lovely
 Sunshine almost always makes me high
 If I had a tale that I could tell you
 I'd tell a tale sure to make you smile
 If I had a wish that I could wish for you
 I'd make a wish for sunshine for all the while*

Songwriters

DICK KNISS, JOHN DENVER, MIKE TAYLOR

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

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 6090	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
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c/o Elizabeth Miller
191 Princes Street
Invercargill - 9812
New Zealand