

# The Storyline

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



MARCH 2015

Nothing is so strong as gentleness;  
nothing so gentle as real strength.



# Editorial

Greetings!

One of the issues that presents itself to storytellers quite frequently is copyright. Especially if one does not tell personal stories.

Only a few of the tales I tell are personal although once I begin sharing them with audiences they become personalised to a degree, of course. Here in New Zealand we don't seem to be policed in any way as our art is a fringe art, sadly. But I do feel it is very important to acknowledge sources and, where possible, ask for permission to tell.

There are a number of authors whose works I delight in sharing with my audiences and I have asked for their permission.

For instance, Margaret Mahy when she was alive, Joy Cowley, Robert Munsch in Canada, Diane Ferlatte in California and lately Tania and I have asked Bil Lepp for permission to share his *King of Little Things*.

It has always been granted willingly. Most specify that we must not record or tell at major festivals but that is fair.

Storytelling is one of the earliest forms of human activity.

I believe it underlies all arts. Music, painting, sculpture and on and on.

The evidence of storytelling is found in early cave paintings and ancient manuscripts. The earliest written stories were recorded 4000 years ago by ancient Sumerians.

But many peoples did not have a written history and the storytellers were the keepers of the traditional tales, the ones who passed on the genealogy, the carriers of news and much more.

Story has travelled through all the ages -

From person to person  
From home to home  
From village to village  
And around the world.



The ordinary people depended on the storytellers. Kings employed bards and minstrels.

Today we are able to access stories from past and present and across all cultures as our forebears could not. And yet we do not always value this amazing gift.

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."  
How true.

When I begin a session in the schools I often say that stories exercise our imagination. But they also unite us and allow us to laugh together, wonder together, shiver, dream and weep together – all the human emotions.

They link us with our past and point us to our future.

And of course they entertain us.

One of the miracles of storytelling is that the good storyteller allows each listener to hear what the story is telling them.

Presented well there is a special energy between teller and audience and those participating suspend belief on one level.

People sometimes ask about the difference between a written and a spoken story.

A written story is much more restrictive. Once it is on the page nothing changes.

A told story gives life and shape to a story in a way the reader cannot experience. I am not saying

that reading is not worthwhile, of course.  
I couldn't live without books. But reading is a very different art form.

A storyteller is right there on the spot with body language, eye contact, intonation and pace. Also an awareness of the audience and an ability to mold the tale to the audience's responses.

Storytelling is a living, flexible art as it can be altered and changed by the teller to suit the present audience.

It is most certainly a sharing experience as without the audience response the telling falls flat. Stories entertain, inspire, inform, socialize and heal.

They allow you the freedom to interpret without pressure.

Stories can give us deep answers to unrealized needs.

They connect us with each other in such an indescribable way.

We can laugh out loud, weep, shiver, react without inhibition

Often, today, we feel we don't need story any more.

We have technology.

TV, computers, ipods, talking whiteboards and on and on.

BUT

none of that is the same as human connection one with another.

I think it is one of the reasons we have such a violent society.

We have lost that awareness of connection and walking in each other's shoes.

*Liz Miller*

[lizm@xtra.co.nz](mailto:lizm@xtra.co.nz)

We Never Saw the Lancaster

We never saw the Lancaster, it didn't come down here,

For we are out of favour, the fact is all too clear.

We were very naughty boys, indeed, and to be sure

They didn't send the Lancaster because of Awarua;

Moreover it is likely that the crew were sternly told

That if they went to Southland they would perish in the cold.

We could have told the visitors, if they had looked below,

The white that overlay the land was not a foot of snow.

We could have said with certitude the snow that lay so deep

Was just the birds-eye view you get of sturdy Southland sheep.

We could have told them also of our other great resources,

Of our oats and of our barley and our splendid Clydesdale horses;

But what's the use of telling any visitors about us Since it's evident the Government's intention is to flout us?

It's only when they want a loan to run the war

That Southland as a province is pushed into the fore.

And when the loan is fully raised and Southland wins the banner

They push us out of sight again in no uncertain manner.

So thank you Mr Fraser for your kindly little thought In speaking to us nicely when you wanted our support.

We have bales of wool in Southland as you must surely realise

But we do not grow it just to have it pulled across our eyes.

F.W.G. Miller

I was listening to the radio this week and heard talk about this visit of a Lancaster Plane as courtesy visit to our land and it reminded me of the above poem written by my father.

Southland topped the rest of the country in raising the loan to buy the plane but it did not visit us.

Some said it was to punish Southland for losing the Awarua by-election to National. It actually turned back from Dunedin due to an unfavourable weather report.

# President's Report *March 2015*

A new year, a new beginning – it seems the New Year's celebrations were so long ago! We are now fully back into the swing of our busy routines, with gymnastics, swimming, ballet, water polo, piano, clarinet, flute and recorder... (not to mention school, of course!)

My darling husband was home for the first five weeks of the term, which is the longest he's been home for a very long while but he's back to work in Australia again – Darwin, just now, Brisbane after Easter. It has been hard for the girls and I to readjust to being a single parent family again. But he did bring with him some wonderful stories of the Pilbara, the heat, the dust storms, the characters he works with – the girl's love having Daddy home and they love to hear of his adventures.

Liz, Daphne and I have again been kept busy with organising the multitude of details necessary to bring two talented storytellers from overseas to Invercargill as part of the Arts Fest month of activities, with the support of the Southland branch of the NZ Literacy Association. This series of events covers many aspects of the arts, from performance arts to literary arts, to visual arts, to music and dance – a wonderful selection of thought-provoking entertainment, with events to cater for all. We are thrilled to once again be a part of this event, and this year we have Regi Carpenter and Antonio Sacre, both from different parts of America. They have very different telling styles and backgrounds, so it will be a storytelling feast for us.

In their brief time in New Zealand Regi and Antonio will be doing an adult's concert, a 'Meet the Tellers' question-and-answer evening, a free children's telling at the Invercargill Public Library, visiting Remarkables School near Queenstown, Northern Southland College at Lumsden, as well as three more Invercargill schools. And somewhere within all that they would like to see

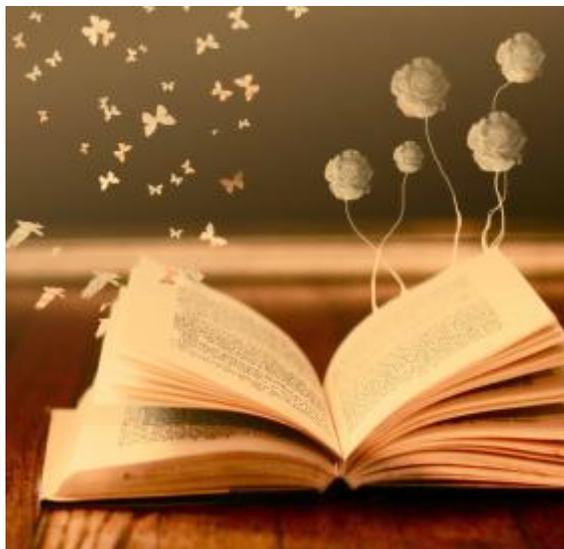


and experience some of what New Zealand is world-famous for – our beautiful countryside, our unique culture, our people. So, as you can see, our little sub-committee will be kept very busy! If you would like to come be a part of any of these events, feel free to contact Liz or I – we'd be happy to help you out, even host you!

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*  
andrewtania@hotmail.com



# Editor's Report

We still need to have you all contributing to make this a representative magazine.

Thank you so much to those who contributed to this issue.

Feedback about what you would like to see in the newsletter would be helpful, too.

**DEADLINE** for next issue is **mid-June**.

# Secretary Report

We have 30 members. 3 live in the USA, 1 in the UK, 6 group memberships.

This means just 20 individual memberships.

We have lost another member since the last issue. Kaitrin McMullan is no longer a member and we wish her well as she faces care issues in her life.

It makes it more important that we all take part.

We have updated the website and all members have a personal code so you can just go in and use it.

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. 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. I checked it at the beginning of March.

TWO outdated events. One was July 2014 and one August. I have deleted them-not a good look.

The last person to post a Story for the Month was Antoinette in February 2014.

Where are our storytellers?

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.

Also,

The .nz domain version of our website was available for purchase - [storytelling.nz](http://storytelling.nz) rather than [storytelling.org.nz](http://storytelling.org.nz) which is what we currently have. It will be easier for people to remember plus in the future .org.nz and .co.nz domains may not show up as prominently in search engines as .nz domains. It cost \$50 to register. (\$35 cost to register plus web master fee of \$15 to set it up.) It seems the most sensible thing to do and the committee decided to go ahead.

"The greatest use of life is to spend it for something that will outlast it."

# Treasurer's Report

On 17th March we had \$7411.46

Does anyone know who A F Simpson is as that name paid \$25 into our account in February but we have no idea who it may be as there has been no form or email to inform us and the bank cannot tell us even in which branch it was banked.

## Regional News

### *Southern Storytellers*

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As usual we ended the year with a Christmas party, held at Tania's accommodating house, where also as usual we enjoyed plenty of good company and more than enough good food.

The January meeting was, as is our custom, at Nicol's place, though the weather made it an inside function. After the sociable finger tea, Nicol gave each person a vintage child's jig-saw puzzle to firstly assemble, and then to concoct a story about it – but not the obvious one. With our group originality and hilarity are always guaranteed and this was no exception. It was good to welcome Nigel and Joy from Tuatapere, who had "discovered" us through a concert last year.

In February we resumed the monthly meetings at the Age Concern building with a small attendance.

Heather had given each member homework for this: the title, first line, and thumbnail sketch of a couple of characters for a potential story. These were redistributed so the material we each had was someone else's scenario. Great fun. And, of course, as well as stretching our limits so we can never become tied to a particular genre, it gives the opportunity to further hone our telling skills.

A next concert – no date yet – will be extra exciting as we will have our new sound system. Thanks to Liz for the guidance and ILT Foundation for the funding.

March is our AGM and our next report should have information of the activities planned for the remaining year.

*Nicol Macfarlane*

### *Timaru*

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Hi

Our little group of storytellers is having a quiet spell with only a small number attending our monthly meetings.

*Margaret Dockrill*

## **Tale Trails: Hidden Treasures of the Avon River Red Zone**

2.00-3.30pm, Sunday 19th April (rain day will be Sunday 26th April)

Assemble Avebury House, 9 Eveleyn Couzins Avenue, Richmond, Christchurch

Join us for an enchanting short walk and discover the mysterious magic and beauty in the pain and destruction of the Richmond residential red zone. Traditional storytelling mixed with memories, anecdotes and insights will connect us with a treasure trail of sites along the Avon River and help us remember these special places.

Wear sturdy shoes, bring a drink, and warm clothing.

*Koha appreciated.*

## **Regi Carpenter comes to Christchurch! An evening of stories of humour, inspiration and hope from around the world...**

7.30pm Wednesday 13 May

Orange Studio, Unit 3 1063 Ferry Road, Woolston

Tickets \$15 / Concession \$10. Available at the door or by booking online at Orange Studio:

<http://orangestudio.co.nz/shows/>

One of America's leading and a multi-award-winning storyteller, Regi Carpenter, will be performing a fascinating collection of stories for adults and young adults. Sit back and relax, and be taken on a journey from Africa to the Americas and back again as Regi inspires and enchants with stories of heroes, sheroes and more from around the world.

## **Beyond the Shadows**

Following on from the enjoyment and success of Into the Light in November last year, The Story Collective will be offering a similar variety performance celebrating story in its many forms called "Beyond the Shadows" - this time storytelling from a winter perspective with a July performance. We will be calling for people who wish to offer a performance or reading soon, but feel welcome to contact us on [thestorycollectivechch@gmail.com](mailto:thestorycollectivechch@gmail.com) if you have an idea or want to be involved - we can make sure we send you an invite.

## **Lyttelton Harbour Festival of Lights Storytelling**

Remember the Lyttelton Harbour Festival of Lights will be coming up at Matariki time during June. Keep an eye out in the programme for storytelling events...

*Sharon Moreham*

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## **Connie Regan-Blake**

It is official!

I am delighted to announce that the Library of Congress has asked to house the compilation of memorabilia from my life's work as a storyteller. It will include papers, sound recordings, moving images, photographs and artifacts that document my 40+ year career as well as the birth and beginnings of the American Storytelling Revival. So eventually anyone will be able to access the "Connie Regan-Blake Collection" online. I will share more details as it unfolds.

We are so excited, Connie, and can't wait to get access to your collection. Ed.

# Events in Southland

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On Sunday 15th March Tania and Dreamweaver participated in the Plunket's Teddy Bears' Picnic Day at our beautiful Queens Park.

The weather was so beautiful, there were lots of families basking in the sun and we had 20 minutes.

We decided to do a tandem programme beginning with a welcoming echo chant.

Our story was the British West Indian tale The Horned Animals Party. We felt it lent itself to tandem telling quite well with lots of room for audience participation.

We finished with the clapping rhyme (and its background story) from the days of slavery in the US.

That was Hambone, Hambone.

But, as we expected, judging the audience reaction and participation was not easy as we were up on a stage with sound and they were spread all over the park.

Later we were told, too, that Tania's mic was not functioning very well. Oh dear!

People seemed very warm as I moved through with my two papillons after the show so I am waiting to hear more from friends who were there.

"What people really need is a good listening to." *Suzanne*

Here is an example of an exercise Southern Storytellers had at their last meeting.

The object of the exercise was to come prepared with a story title (fact or fiction)

A description of two of the characters and their names.

The opening sentence.

These papers were then gathered up and given out again so no-one had the one they had written.

We were then asked to make a story from our papers.

Here is one example.

The Riddle of the Mountain Wind Hopu, a little boy dreaming of a better life, one where he can care for his family. Kahn, an old man living in a remote shack on a mountain side.

Hopu tiptoed quietly from the darkened hut into the early morning light. He stopped in the doorway and looked back at the old man still sleeping.

"Kahn." Hopu whispered. "Thank you for the food and the night."

The old man snored softly.

Hopu stepped out into the brisk cold of the mountain air and carefully made his way down over the rocks towards his home far down in the valley.

A strange wind whistled around him. It seemed to come and go, to sigh and to call his name "Hoooooopu."

Hopu took no notice. He was thinking of his family far below. His father had spoken to the spirits asking for their help to bring food back to the valley, but there had been no answer.

In desperation Hopu had climbed the mountain to ask Kahn, who was wise and knew all things, what they should do.

The old man had fed him well and put him to bed. His only words were. "Listen to the wind."

This made no sense to Hopu and he had soon fallen asleep.

Now he was going home with a great weight of sadness on his shoulders and no answers for his starving family.

Suddenly Hopu noticed the wind whistling and whining around him. He stopped and listened. He heard his name as the wind swirled away from him. He turned and followed as it called and whistled, coming close then swirling away.

He followed for five days, stopping only to pick berries to eat or drink from a stream.

Suddenly as he came over a ridge the wind stopped. All was calm and still.

Hopu gazed in wonder at the sight in front of him.

A green valley spread as far as the eye could see. Hundreds of deer grazed in the lush green grass. The trees were covered in fruit and berries.

The wind sighed gently in his ear as Hopu hurried home to tell his family about the Riddle of the Mountain Wind.

*Sent in by Heather Perriam*

*"Outside of a dog, a book is man's best friend.  
Inside of a dog it's too dark to read.  
Groucho Marx*

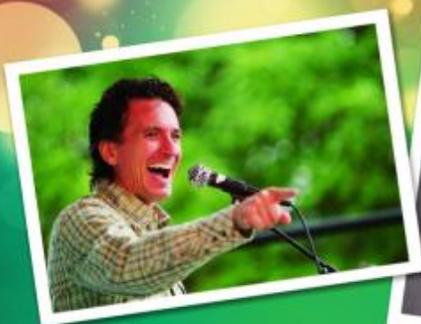
We are very thrilled to have two more tellers from far away to share their skills in Southland.

Southland Council of the New Zealand Literacy Association  
presents as part of the Southland Festival of the Arts

# Celebrating Story

Experience the magic that is Storytelling by  
two international masters of the genre.

## Antonio Sacre & Regina Carpenter



*"Where even Sacre goes, he leaves storytellers behind."*

Sacre's storytelling draws from an extensive repertoire that includes folk tales, myths and legends from around the world. He can perform entirely in English, Spanish or a lively interweaving of both. Sacre is favourite featured storyteller at over 50 festivals worldwide, including the National Storytelling Festival in Jonesborough, Tennessee and the Kennedy Center. [www.antoniosacre.com](http://www.antoniosacre.com)

*"Courageous, Inspiring, Engaging."*

Regina Carpenter's tales celebrate the glorious & gut-wrenching lives of four generations of Carpenters raised on the Saint Lawrence River. Underwater tea parties, drowning lessons and drives to the dump give voice to generations of family life with an undercurrent. "I am thoroughly charmed by how seamlessly she weaves the threads of genuine reflection, baby boomer sensibilities and whimsical song. In a word, captivating." [www.soaringstories.com](http://www.soaringstories.com)

## Programme

### Concert for Adults

at Repertory House  
Friday 15th May at 7.30 pm  
Admittance \$18/\$12

### Meet the Tellers

at the Cheeky Llama Café in the Queen's park  
Wednesday 20th May at 7.30 pm  
Admittance \$12/\$8

### Family Concert

in the Public Library  
Saturday 16th May at 11.00 am  
Admittance Free

At this session each teller will speak for 30 minutes, interval where audience can buy drinks and food, then question time.

# Contributions



I'm currently deeply immersed in the early stages of creating an animal rescue, to give neglected, abused, and abandoned farm and domestic animals a happier ending to their tales. My household is a microcosm of the larger vision I'm working

toward: 4 cats (2 formerly feral; 1 with FIV); a goat; and a 5-month-old border collie pup -- all rescued. As an animal lover yourself, I figure you'll understand how time-consuming and rewarding this work is. Eventually I will have many stories to tell about it all, I'm sure; right now, I'm just living them.

Once my puppy has got past adolescence (which he isn't even in yet, theoretically, at 5 months) I would like to train him to be a therapy dog, to accompany me when I go to play harp in nursing homes and anywhere else they'll let him in. He has

a lot of growing up to do first, though. My cats are doing their best to train him quickly.

My intended name for the animal rescue/permaculture farm/education centre I'm visioning (inspired by Sanctuary One in southern Oregon, USA, which I visited last August), is THE PEACEABLE KINDOM; HumAnimalKind and Gaia, Thriving in Partnership. And yes, that's spelled correctly: "kin-dom," for the kinship of all beings.

Each of the animals who've shared my life has a unique story. I haven't written them all down (yet) but I'll attach the story of Nike, my "soul cat."



Lethea (plus Maki the dog, Feather goat, and cats HouDini, Maximum Pax, Phantom, and Photon)

## Nike on the Trail

On my 44th birthday in August 1991, I went for my daily three-mile jog on a wooded suburban trail. Toward the end of the first mile-long loop I saw a shadow emerge from the woods ahead. Coming closer, I met a skinny black cat with a two-inch stub tail, about 9 months old, confidently gazing up at me.

I picked him up, noticing a long-healed rip in his right ear and a tiny white spot on his chest. His wide golden eyes met mine with absolute trust, and I somehow "knew" his name was Nike and he was mine – a disconcerting thought because I already had three cats. However, I was concerned because there were no homes nearby. I wavered, then started walking, carrying him.

He wanted down, so I left him there, reluctantly, yet relieved.

After that, whenever I went running, I both hoped and hoped NOT to see him.

Every day he was there to welcome me and purr in my arms, no matter the hour. One morning, a week after my birthday, I picked him up, felt his

ribs through his thin coat, and noticed a recent cut on his forehead. I felt certain he was nobody's cat, and took him home. Despite briefly lamenting "Now what have I done, getting myself responsible for another cat!" I soon couldn't imagine life without him. I removed the "Found Cat" notices I'd posted, sighed with relief that my listing at the shelter got no responses, and settled into loving him.

For 15 years, Nike slept curled in the crook of my arm, camped with me in my VW van, warmed my lap when I played harp, and was a nurturing big brother to several rescued kittens who joined my family. He moved with me to San Francisco and later New Zealand, comforting me through a painful divorce and sitting patiently by my computer through months of dissertation writing and revision. In 2006 kidney failure ended his life, but he lives on in the harp song I wrote for him, and in my heart, forever – my Soul Cat.

Shalomaloha, arohanui, namaste,

*Lethea Erz*

Golden Bay, New Zealand

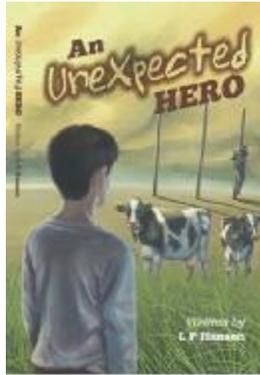
## From Doreen McBride in Ireland

I've learned....  
That the best classroom in the world is at the feet  
of an elderly person.  
I've learned....  
That when you're in love, it shows.  
I've learned....  
That just one person saying to me, 'You've made  
my day!' makes my day.  
I've learned....  
That having a child fall asleep in your arms is one  
of the most peaceful feelings in the world.  
I've learned....  
That being kind is more important than being right.  
I've learned....  
That you should never say no to a gift from a child.  
I've learned....  
That I can always pray for someone when I don't  
have the strength to help him in some other way.  
I've learned....  
That no matter how serious your life requires you  
to be, everyone needs a friend to act goofy with.  
I've learned....  
That sometimes all a person needs is a hand to  
hold and a heart to understand.  
I've learned....  
That simple walks with my father around the block  
on summer nights when I was a child did wonders  
for me as an adult.  
I've learned....  
That life is like a roll of toilet paper. The closer it  
gets to the end, the faster it goes.  
I've learned....  
That we should be glad God doesn't give us  
everything we ask for.  
I've learned....  
That money doesn't buy class.  
I've learned....  
That it's those small daily happenings that make  
life so spectacular.  
I've learned....  
That under everyone's hard shell is someone who  
wants to be appreciated and loved.  
I've learned....  
That to ignore the facts does not change the facts.  
I've learned....

That when you plan to get even with someone, you  
are only letting that person continue to hurt you.  
I've learned....  
That love, not time, heals all wounds.  
I've learned....  
That the easiest way for me to grow as a person is  
to surround myself with people smarter than I am.  
I've learned....  
That everyone you meet deserves to be greeted  
with a smile.  
I've learned....  
That no one is perfect until you fall in love with  
them.  
I've learned....  
That life is tough, but I'm tougher.  
I've learned....  
That opportunities are never lost; someone will  
take the ones you miss.  
I've learned....  
That when you harbour bitterness, happiness will  
dock elsewhere.  
I've learned....  
That I wish I could have told my Mom and Dad that  
I love them one more time before they passed  
away.  
I've learned....  
That one should keep his words both soft and  
tender, because tomorrow he may have to eat  
them.  
I've learned....  
That a smile is an inexpensive way to improve  
your looks.  
I've learned....  
That when your newly born grandchild holds your  
little finger in his little fist, that you're hooked for  
life.  
I've learned....  
That everyone wants to live on top of the  
mountain, but all the happiness and growth occurs  
while you're climbing it.  
I've learned....  
That the less time I have to work with, the more  
things I get done.

" At the Storytellers' Café Wellington one ANZAC Day, Linda Hansen, one of our members, experimented with telling a story that moved her to write a children's adventure book to introduce World War One pacifist, Archibald Baxter, father of poet James K Baxter, to today's young readers.

Her chapter book, 'An Unexpected Hero' was published in December last year by Create Books Publishing Ltd. and features a 12 year old boy inspired



to respond to bullying and other problems in a non-violent way, through learning about Archie.

David Hill has endorsed it and it is getting some good reviews. Of interest to teachers and home educators is the free online Teacher's Resource Kit that links the book to all areas of the New Zealand school curriculum.

She has even been invited to the Otago Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies to talk about it.

Dear Liz and other story telling friends,  
Here I am with my three granddaughters . We decided to make a play for mummy and daddy. The oldest, Sophia (4), wanted something scary like a bad ogre taking one of us away. The two year old, Nita, wanted to be Wendy of Peter Pan, with Baby Grace as a fairy, and Sophia opted to be a mermaid. Sophia and Nita both wanted to rescue the baby.

So we created a play around that. I was ogre and story teller: I introduced each character and got them to look out of their (boxes with windows and doors) Wendy House and Mermaid Grotto. Then I kidnapped the baby (and gave her to the father to hold). The other two circled his chair three times to put a spell on him and make him sleep. Then they rescued the baby (into Mummy 's arms) and danced their dance of victory, (while I hummed the Elizabeth Waltz). The parents clapped and we all bowed.

Of such simple things are stories made.

*from Antoinette in Baltimore.*



Nita in the Wendy House



# Old Ones are Best

Whose business is it, if I choose to read, or play on the computer until 4 AM, or sleep until noon? I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 50s, 60s & 70s, and if I, at the same time, wish to weep over a lost love, I will.

"Good friends are like quilts - they age with you, yet never lose their warmth."



I have seen too many dear friends leave this world, too soon, before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging.

I know I am sometimes forgetful. But there again, some of life is just as well forgotten. And, eventually, I remember the important things.



I will walk the beach, in a swim suit that is stretched over a bulging body, and will dive into the waves with abandon, if I choose to, despite the pitying glances from the jet set. They, too, will get old.



Sure, over the years, my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break, when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when somebody's beloved pet gets hit by a car? But broken hearts are what give us strength, and understanding, and compassion. A heart never broken, is pristine, and sterile, and will never know the joy of being imperfect.



**MAY OUR FRIENDSHIP NEVER COME APART,  
ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S STRAIGHT FROM  
THE HEART!**



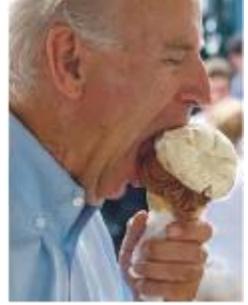
*Sent to me by Gaye Sutton*

Out on the mountain over the town,  
All night long, all night long,  
The trolls go up and the trolls go down,  
Bearing their packs and singing a song;  
And this is the song that the hill-folk croon,  
As they trudge in the light of the misty moon –  
This is ever their dolorous tune:  
"Gold, gold! ever more gold – Bright red gold for dearie!"

From "Gold and Love for Dearie by Eugene Field

I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning grey, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many have never laughed, and so many have died before their hair could turn silver.

As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong.



So, to answer your question, I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be.

And I shall eat dessert every single day (if I feel like it).



# Truly Amazing

The Elephants Knew

## **THE ELEPHANT'S JOURNEY TO PAY RESPECT, BUT HOW DID THEY KNOW?**

Lawrence Anthony, a legend in South Africa and author of 3 books including the bestseller, *The Elephant Whisperer*.

He bravely rescued wildlife and rehabilitated elephants all over the globe from human atrocities, including the courageous rescue of Baghdad Zoo animals during US invasion in 2003. On March 7, 2012 Lawrence Anthony died.

He is remembered and missed by his wife, 2 sons, 2 grandsons, and numerous elephants.

Two days after his passing, the wild elephants showed up at his home led by two large matriarchs. Separate wild herds arrived in droves to say goodbye to their beloved 'man-friend'.

A total of 31 elephants had patiently walked over 112 miles to get to his South African House.

Witnessing this spectacle, humans were obviously in awe not only because of the supreme intelligence and precise timing that these elephants sensed about Lawrence's passing, but also because of the profound memory and emotion the beloved animals evoked in such an organized way:



Walking slowly, for days, making their way in a solemn one-by-one queue from their habitat to his house. Lawrence's wife, Françoise, was especially touched, knowing that the elephants had not been to his house prior to that day for well over 3 years! But yet they knew where they were going.

The elephants obviously wanted to pay their deep respects, honouring their friend who'd saved their lives - so much respect that they stayed for 2 days 2 nights without eating anything. Then one morning, they left, making their long journey back home.



**SOMETHING IN THE  
UNIVERSE IS GREATER AND  
DEEPER THAN HUMAN  
INTELLIGENCE.**

*Sent to me by Marie  
Dingemans in Christchurch.*

There is food for a powerful  
story here, is there not?

*Blessed are the  
cracked, for they are  
the ones who let in the  
light!*

## WHEN MY AUNT CAME BACK

This is an echo rhyme and after each verse the audience adds a new action so that by the end they are doing 6 simultaneous actions.

When my aunt came back (repeat)  
From old Japan (repeat)  
She brought me back (repeat)  
A Japanese fan (repeat)  
All begin fanning with right hand

When my aunt came back (repeat)  
From old Tanzieres (repeat)  
She brought me back (repeat)  
Some cutting shears (repeat)  
Add a scissor action with right hand fingers

When my aunt came back (repeat)  
From old Hong Kong (repeat)  
She brought me back (repeat)  
A game of ping pong (repeat)  
Start swinging both hands back and forth still cutting

When my aunt came back (repeat)  
From old Venice (repeat)  
She brought me back (repeat)  
A game of tennis (repeat)  
Start watching the ball from side to side

When my aunt came back (repeat)  
From Montreal (repeat)  
She brought me back (repeat)  
A kicking ball (repeat)  
Start kicking with one foot  
(I only add this verse if sitting in chairs)

When my aunt came back (repeat)  
From the land called Zaire (repeat)  
She brought me back (repeat)  
A rocking chair (repeat)  
Begin rocking back and forth

When my aunt came back (repeat)  
From Timbuctoo (repeat)  
She brought me back (repeat)  
Some nuts like you. (repeat)

Pointing and children all repeat and point back with great glee. Adults usually collapse in laughter

## A CHELM MEDLEY

I first heard SydLeiberman telling these stories when he came to Glistening Waters Festival many years ago.

In the Jewish tradition there is a town called Chelm, a town of fools.

In some odd way the Chelmites' thinking is actually very logical even if completely foolish. That's part of the fun of these stories.

So here are a few tales of Mendel who was a shammas (synagogue caretaker) in Chelm.

Mendel was the kind of man who, when he went to the sweat-bath on Friday night, was afraid to take his clothes off. You see, he thought if he took his clothes off, he'd forget who he was. So what did he do? He tied a string round his legs so he'd remember. But when he got into the sweat-bath, the string fell off. Mendel looked up and there sat another man with a string tied around his leg. He, too, was afraid he'd forget who he was. When Mendel looked at the second man, he said, "Oh, my God, if you're me, who am I?"

Another time Mendel was walking down the road when a stranger came up to him and said, "Take this Yankel." Then he punched Mendel. Mendel fell to the ground. As soon as he hit the ground he began laughing. The stranger said, "What are you laughing about? I just punched you. I knocked you to the ground." Mendel looked up and said, "The joke's on you. I'm not Yankel."

Once Mendel was looking out the window of his house, watching his wife wash his underwear. Well, in those days, you dipped your clothes in the river and then you put them on a rock and you beat them and beat them and beat them. His wife took his underwear and put it in the river then on the rock and beat it and beat it and beat it. Then back it went in the river and back on the rock, where she beat it and beat it and beat it again. Finally, after about the fifth time, Mendel looked up and said, "Blessed be Thou, O Lord, who gave me the wisdom to get out of my underwear - just in time."

**More Stories next issue**

Your Irish/Appalachian friend Chuck Larkin

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I stayed with Chuck not long before he died and Colleen Sutherland and I walked his dog for him as he could no longer move about very well.

The suitcase I use to go to Jonesborough is one he gave to me.

A well-known teller in the USA and one who could make you laugh until you ached and then weep a river. (Ed)

Stories, Humour and Healing

We storytellers enter "Chaos" when we step up in live action to entertain an audience. As "Dream Spinners," we bring divine order to the chaos of thoughts in the minds of the listeners. As dream spinners, if we choose, we too can be like Mother Spider. We can spin our web of flowing imagery and like a dream catcher filter out unpleasant feelings in our audience and in ourselves and allow sweet dreams to slide in. In that path from chaos to divine order we create healing space.

Our minds cannot hold two thoughts simultaneously. Stories and jokes can lay aside, if only for a little while, the listener's thoughts of melancholy and bring in happiness.

In our culture there is a quiet taboo about laughing in the face of tragedy and often it is there because few are willing to take on the burden of another's suffering to listen and ask.

It is in this space, the healing time, when we feel good, that we can reframe our setbacks. Memory is selective. When we have a good day, we remember good times and when we feel sad we remember bad times. It is during the good times that one needs to list the good memories that will aid our ability to rise to meet the challenges from setbacks. It is during the healing time we redefine goals and objectives. The recast plans provides a fresh focus to move us forward. Even though life also includes what occurred when we had other plans. The powerful images from listening or reading "Stories" will change our inner perceptions of life and our moods. The following short pieces of humour can jump start the change in order to immerse yourself in stories.

When you see crows at a road kill, they always have a watcher. He sees a car and calls' "Car, car, car!"

They are trying to crossbreed hens with a racing form -- so they can lay odds.

Humour, either laugh or grin, also brings order to chaos by providing periods of good feeling. Space to recast action following setbacks, to review and meditate on our list of good time memories, and a time to record those memories for the future, and a time to use the healing space to stop the chattering of the mind to meditate on a mantra of our choice or to build in our imagery a garden to visit, rest and take a vacation from reality. Time to listen to or read high imagery stories.

Time to enter the healing path.

Gather pen and paper, read and grin at the following when you can, and list some good memories when able.

At the end of this list of grinning material is a process you can use to create a garden in your own imagination. With practice your garden can be imagery rich with your decorations. An available place for rest and relaxation.

Six year old Willie was in the garden filling in a hole when his neighbour peered over the fence. "What are you up to there, Willie?" Willie, tearfully, said, "My goldfish died, and I've just buried him." "Isn't that an awfully big hole for a goldfish, Willie?" "That's because he's still inside your cat."

Getting on a plane, I told the ticket lady, "Send one of my bags to New York, send one to Los Angeles, and send one to Miami." She said, "We can't do that!" I told her, "You did it last week!"

Sheriff: Bubba why did your cousin Billy Bob shoot you? "Well, a bunch of us wuz havin' a good time drinking, when Billy Bob stood up with his shotgun and said, 'Hey, der ya fellows wanna go hunting?' Last thing I remember, I stood up and said, 'Sure, I'm game.'"

I was walking down the street, and I found a man's hand in my pocket. I asked "What do you want?" "A match" "Why didn't you ask me?" "I don't talk to strangers."

A man goes to a barbershop and asks "How many ahead of me?" "Five." The man leaves. He comes back tomorrow, and asks, "How many ahead of me." "Four." The man leaves. He comes back the next day and asks, "How many ahead of me?" "Six." The man leaves, and the barber says to another, "Follow that man. See where he goes!" The 2nd man comes back and says, "He goes to your house!"

A Grandma is at the Florida coast with her little Grandson. The grandson is playing on the beach when a big wave comes and washes the kid out to sea. The lifeguards swim out, bring him back to shore, the paramedics work on him for a long time, pumping the water out, reviving him. They turn to the Grandma, and say "We saved your grandson." The Grandma says "He had a hat! Where is it?"

Two legs sat on three legs eating no legs when along came four legs and stole no legs from two legs. When four legs ran off with no legs, two legs picked up three legs and threw it at four legs until four legs brought no legs back.

What happened?

(A man was sitting on a stool eating a fish when along came a cat and stole the fish from the man. When cat ran off with the fish, the man picked up the stool and threw it at the cat until the cat brought the fish back.)

Forty sheep went through a gap, forty more after that. Then a dog and then a cat, with a man following the lot. How many feet went through the gap? (Two. Sheep have hooves and dogs and cats have paws. Only men have feet.)

You go in one hole and come out three holes. When you're outside, you're inside and when you're inside, you're outside. What is it? (A jumper, sweater.)

There are three haystacks out front of a house and another three haystacks out back of a house. When you put them together, how many haystacks do you have? (One haystack.)

## BUILDING A GARDEN IN YOUR IMAGINATION

The first step is to develop the skill to relax your body which in turn allows you to enter your "Alpha Brain Wave." Alpha may be thought of as the brain wave pattern one enters and passes through just before falling asleep. To start one should sit in a comfortable chair. If you lie down in a bed you will probably fall asleep. This first part is slow but with practice the time shortens until you are able to drop into Alpha in a matter of seconds.

This relaxation exercise also begins developing your ability to slow down the chattering of the mind.

After you are comfortable close your eyes and focus your attention on your right big toe and say, "toe relax," then go to your next toe and repeat the thought, "toe relax." Continue the process across your toes, then to the sole of your foot, then the top of your foot, next around your ankle. Each time as you bring that body part into your awareness say, "...relax." Calf muscle, front of leg, knee cap front and back, thigh front and back. Next try to image wrapping your leg in a white colour like smoke or a cloud or a white cloth. Now move to your left leg and continue the process. Follow with your buttocks area, your groin, hips and continue to bring the white wrapping up over the area. Continue with your lower back, right shoulder, left shoulder, stomach and chest and continue the white wrapping. Roll your head and stretch the neck muscles and relax your neck. Move down your right arm, the biceps, triceps, elbow, forearm, wrist, back of your hand, palm and each finger. Tell your right arm and hand to relax then proceed to your left arm. Again bring the white wrapping up over your arms and tell your body to relax. Start with the back of your head, right ear, left ear, forehead, eyes, nose, mouth and chin telling each to relax. Breath.

# 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
Tauranga	Last Thurs of month	Penny Guy	penny.guy@rely.usrful.com.nz
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	wellingtonstorytellerscave@gmail.com
Blenheim	7pm, 2nd Thursday monthly	Katrina Oliver 03 577 7787	katrinao@xtra.co.nz
Canterbury	7.30pm third Wed of the month The Avon Loop Com. Cottage 28 Hurley Street, Christchurch	Sharon Moreham Ph 03 967 7888 Mob 022 121 3648	thestorycollectivechch@gmail.com
Timaru	3.30pm last Tuesday monthly in Timaru Library	Margaret Dockrill 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

**Sender**  
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c/o Elizabeth Miller  
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