

StorySave 2012

QUILTBOOK



Quilt Contributors

Pearl Ann Gooding	<i>Undaunted Enchantments</i>
Carol Leigh Wehking	<i>Singer of Old Songs and Teller of Old Tales</i>
Elinor Benjamin	<i>A Law against Common Beggars and Ballad Singers</i>
Beverly Matson	<i>The Baden Storytellers' Guild</i>
Betty Hersberger	<i>...A Pair of Beautiful, Little Purple Shoes</i>
Danica Lorer	<i>"untitled"</i>
Marie Anne McLean	<i>The Crane</i>
Karen Gummo	<i>A Sea Faring Woman</i>
Petronella Van Dijk	<i>"untitled"</i>
Ann Rothfels	<i>"untitled"</i>
Kevin MacKenzie	<i>The Twelve Dancing Princesses</i>
Pearl Ann Gooding	<i>Three Apples Fell</i>
Kira Van Deusen	<i>Not an Appliquéd Tiger!</i>
Calra Dugas	<i>"untitled"</i>
Mary Fearon	<i>"untitled"</i>
Al & Sheila Fowler	<i>The Story of the Red Poppy</i>
Kathie Kompass	<i>Light in the Darkness!</i>
Mary Hays	<i>An Irish Collage</i>

Winner of the Quilt

Jack Howard

Undaunted Enchantments

Pearl-Ann Gooding - Wainwright AB



I had the honour of being Artistic Director of the most spectacular project with TALES Edmonton. It was taking the old faerie tales and telling them in the manner that they were meant to be told. We have all been enchanted, thrilled and even terrified by faerie tales. No child brought up without learning the story of Cinderella or Red Riding Hood. The most popular tales have long histories, in the course of which successive editors have not only shortened, bowdlerized and sentimentalized them but also slanted them according to the demands of time.

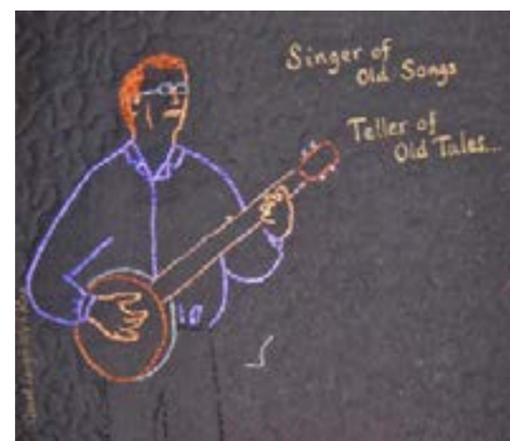
This project TURNED BACK THE HANDS OF TIME, TOOK THE OLD FAERIE TALES AND BROUGHT THEM FORWARD TO A NEW AUDIENCE TO BE TOLD ... THE WAY THEY WERE MEANT TO BE HEARD!

In preparing the cover for the CD, I didn't want anyone mistaking this collection of faerie tales to be meant for young children. Like the stories told on it, the cover must relate the darkness that would be inside. I approached a student in my high school that had displayed tremendous artistic talent and told her I wanted a raven in the medium of white on black holding a golden ring in its beak. She did a fantastic job.

This block is my embroidered version of her drawing. I hope that when people look at this block they can see that all faerie tales are meant to be 'Undaunted Enchantments'. That they can appreciate the beauty and horror in the old tales.

Singer of old songs and teller of old tales

Carol Leigh Wehking - Cambridge, ON



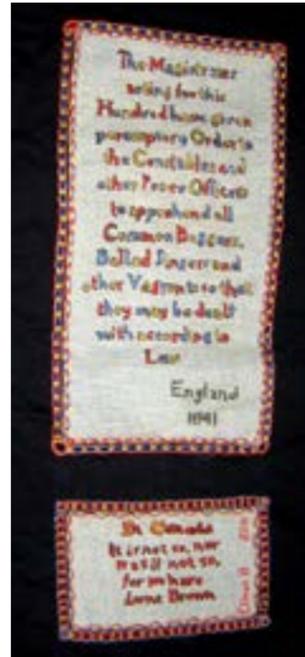
This year I am far more involved in StorySave than ever before as chair of the local production committee for the Lorne Brown CD. (Most of the real work was done by the other committee members. Lynda Howes and Cathy Melville. and by Jane Taylor, Executive Director of StorySave - and of course. by Lorne who told the stones and sang the songs.)

It you look up Lorne Brown on the Internet, it will usually say that he is a «singer of old songs and teller of old tales.» Most of his songs are accompanied by his banjo, and many of his stories are told with his banjo present. So it seemed obvious to me that I had to make my square this year to represent Lorne - singer of old songs. teller of old tales.

This quilt will be present at the SC-CC conference in Montreal, where the Lorne Brown's CDs will be available.. I used as a guide a picture of Lorne (taken by his wife. Jean) at a Legless Stocking event in Toronto in November 2010, when he played his banjo and sang songs. Lorne almost always performs wearing black, so the black background of the quilt square works for his clothing - his face and hands are not actually black, but there was a limit to what was reasonable to embroider. It is beyond my capacity to actually make it look like Lorne; it is meant to symbolize Lorne but you got the idea.

A Law against common beggars and ballad singers

Elinor Benjamin - Dartmouth, NS



«When I was growing up on the West Coast, my father earned his living from the sea. He trolled the Pacific waters outside our sheltered bay, swinging the fish aboard his boat one by one. And if I learned anything back then, it would be this: men and women who live and work on the ocean have stories to tell. I used to hear those tales - the small and the tall of them - all up and down along the dock and around the kitchen table.» (from Growing up on the West Coast by Peg Hasted)

A project close to my heart at this time involves interviewing fishermen from along the west coast of Vancouver Island, collecting their memories and anecdotes. Receiving the Alice Kane award in 2005 has helped me to move forward with this goal. The fishing industry is changing, and I feel strongly that these tales should not be lost.

The fish in the quilt block is swimming upward, jumping, or ready to jump. In this case, the catch is not the fish - but the story!

The eye of the fish comes from my mother's button tin, which is now mine. It represents a link between past and present, which is what StorySave means to me

The Baden Storyteller's Guild



Storytelling blossoms within the circle of our Guild. Being a member of the Guild enriches and encourages us, supports and uplifts us. It sets the bar for excellence as we learn from each other.

Beverly chose to do origami flowers because of the patience and care it takes to make, just as it does to learn a story, Understanding of the words is like the layers of the folding, until completion is reached.

THE BADEN STORYTELLERS' GUILD met at The Story Barn, which alas, is no longer operating.

Beverly Matson made the square.

... a pair of beautiful, little purple shoes

Betty Hersberger - Calgary, AB



My first storyteller was my eldest sister Judy. One of the stories she told me was The Story of Little Black Sambo; my favorite line from the story was (and is) «a pair of beautiful, little purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings and toes that turn way up.» When I hear that line in my head, I always hear it in her voice. In 1999, I purchased a book called The Story of Little Babaji, which is The Story of Little Black Sambo, but the names of the characters had been changed. Black Sambo, Black Mumbo, and Black Jumbo had been changed to «authentic Indian names: Babji, Mamaji, and Papaji,» which are more in keeping with a story that «clearly takes place in India with its tigers and 'ghi', or melted butter).»

When I opened The Story of Little Babaji, I immediately looked for my favorite line and was surprised to discover that part of it was missing: «and toes that turn way up» had been omitted. More recently, I found the «Only Authorized American Edition» of The Story of Little Black Sambo, and there too, «and toes that turn way up» was missing.

I imagine that my sister had had The Story of Little Black Sambo read to her as a child, and that she had told the story to me from her memory. She would have remembered the pictures of those little shoes (with their toes that turned way up), but because she was telling and not reading, she had had to add that phrase so I could picture those shoes as she had seen them.

So my quilt block is in tribute to my sister Judy, my first storyteller (and a quilter, too), with thanks to my good friend Barbara Lamoureux, who tutored me in the art of appliqué.

Bannerman, Helen. *The Story of Little Black Sambo*. No place of publication given: HarperCollins, no year of publication given. Print. Bannerman, Helen. *The Story of Little Babji*. No place of publication given: HarperCollins. 1999. Print.

Danica Lorser - SK



When I was young we looked forward to a family camping trip every summer. My parents and siblings would head to a beautiful Saskatchewan lake to meet up with a group of more than 50 cousins, aunts, uncles and grandparents. We'd spend the day eating, relaxing on beaches, sitting in the shade of the pine boughs, swimming, playing ball, fishing, golfing and eating again. In the evening a great circle of chairs would be set around a roaring fire and the stories would get more interesting as it got later at night. Those of us who were of the younger generation would sit quietly hoping the adults would forget we were there and something really scandalous or scary would emerge in the tales. We would eventually be remembered and sent to bed. Often in the morning there would only be 2 chairs left beside the fire pit and sometimes the legs would be bent inward from hours of leaning closer and closer as the last stories were told and the chill deepened. The coals would still be warm and I would light a fire for breakfast with a little kindling and a gentle breath wondering what stories I had missed, hoping to remember the ones I was lucky enough to hear. Now that I am an adult I never want to miss a story and refuse to go to bed until the fire has waned and all the chairs have been put away, except maybe 2 so there will still be wondering and wishes for another night of stories.

The Crane

Marie Anne McLean - Edmonton, AB



Once again, it seems that I have spent far more time waiting for a suitable image than I have in the actual stitching.

I remembered a Japanese folk tale that I have encountered in several forms. A version that moved me was *The Crane Wife* translated by Katherine Paterson. A poor young fisherman saved an injured crane and set her free. The crane returned to him in the form of a lovely young maiden who became his wife. She asked him to set up a loom for her.

With her loom, the crane wife wove elegant silken fabric so rich that her husband sold it to relieve their poverty. She insisted on working the loom alone in the back room of their hut.

Her husband's curiosity about her weaving drove him to look in. When her husband peeked around the door screen, he reeled at what he saw. Small wonder that her weaving left her so exhausted. In her original form as a tall bird, she plucked down from her own breast to weave into the fabric on the loom.

Storytellers seem to follow the example of the Crane Wife. We take bits and pieces of ourselves and use them to weave the finest story that we can. When it all comes together with the place, the story and the listener, we weave a piece of magic that is elegant and moving.

Our weaving together of words, ideas and emotion becomes a lasting wealth of stories for everyone.

A sea faring woman

Karen Gummo - Calgary, AB



The image used for this quilt square comes from a classic plate of the prow of a Viking ship from Norway. You might not know that I am a proud descendent of Vikings. I long to travel to the far flung places where these early adventurers sailed. Gudrid Thorbjarnarsdottir was one of those early travelers who went with her father from Iceland to the Green land There he made a marriage contract with one of the sons of Eirik Raudi. She is mentioned in two sagas the *Graenlandinga Saga* and *Eirik's saga*. Her story has been carefully researched and retold by Margaret Elphinstone in a novel called *The Sea Road*. In brief, she went through three husbands traveled back and forth on Viking ships between Iceland and the western lands of Greenland and Vinland and gave birth at Vinland to Snorri the first child of European descent to be born on the shores of North America.

After returning to Iceland again, she made a pilgrimage to Rome. She was woman of great beauty, great perseverance and great spirit, an inspiration to all of us.

I began working on this on a journey to Norway that I was invited to go on with my husband. Like Gudrid's, my journey took some time. But mine was a tale of time spent on airplanes and wandering long passageways between airlines.

I met fellow travelers who were as excited as I was about the adventure. Unlike Gudrid, I sat in comfortable heated vessels that sped over the landscape in a smooth and direct line. I was not surrounded by peril at every turn, losing cherished family and friends on the way. I had a picture of what I might find at destination How different would be my journey were as filled with the mystery of the unknown and terrible danger that Gudrid faced. Could I find the rime' strength that I needed to survive and prosper? I hope I could The perilous journey for me now seems more onward than outward looking. Perhaps if someone put me in a small craft bound afar I might find strengths I did not know I had. Will there be more to tell?

May we all be so lucky to set off into uncharted waters and leave the rest to the fates! How appropriate that The theme for this [2011] year's World Storytelling Day is «water».

Petronella Van Dijk - Sherbrooke, QC



Years ago, I loved to make pictures of old doors, windows, barns. I love wood, old wood, and I love old wooden windows, and holes and hollows, and rust.

And then, I love to draw and last year, two fellow storyteller friends (Ann Rofthfels and Patti Warnock) were willing to work on a double challenge : prepare a life story and 7 drawings.

To me, the mystery behind the black of the keyhole, what it hides and the hope it manages is like the mystery of the night and the hope it gives that the next day could be just as important as the day we come to the world.

Anne Nagy - Ottawa, ON



From Arachne through Ananse to Little Miss Muffet, spider stories have fascinated (sometimes horrified) listeners through the ages. Here's my story. This year's quilt block was especially challenging since the background is black. I was, as usual, struggling to come up with an idea, and then a few weeks ago my husband called me outside one morning. There, stretching across our little patio, was an immense and beautiful spiderweb. The supporting lines must have been six feet long. The central web was glistening silver with dewdrops in the morning light, and yes, there was a desiccated cadaver in the centre. (I decided to omit that from my portrayal. It's an essential part of the spider's story all right, but I'll leave that to the imagination of the beholder!)

I now had the framework for my block but no central character as yet. The ruler of this web was not in evidence, but I remembered a morning up at our cottage. I had gone out for a slow and early stroll, and was rewarded by spotting a fantastic, large, yellow-and-black spider. I am not a fan of multi-legged creatures, but I couldn't help finding this one incredibly beautiful. The spots on its back looked like eyes, perhaps to fool the birds. Its long and elegant legs moved effortlessly over the dewy web as I stood and watched it for a long time. It was there the next day and the next day too, and then I couldn't find it again. Nor have I seen another such to this day. It turns out, when I researched the Internet (another web!), that my exotic spider was, after all, a very common arachnid, the «yellow garden spider.» Imagine such beauty being «common» - available to all for the looking, along with the glittering symmetry of silken threads! We are truly blessed. Enjoy, and go spin your tales in good company.

The Twelve Dancing Princesses

Kevin MacKenzie - Regina, SK



The story of the Twelve Dancing Princesses is one of my mentors. Yep. One of my mentors is a story. It has guided me, supported me, revealed secrets to me and been a faithful friend for years. The images connect me to my community. Calgary storyteller Ginger Mullen's autobiographical take on the youngest princess delights children and me and working with the story has coquetted me and squished me through my own growth. It is a story that offers nourishing fantasy to tough teens, but spins on its heel to play on its knees with preschoolers. Adults seem to enjoy it too. It is deep, wide, sturdy, flexible. and bursting with flavour, colour, and emotion, like a good storyteller. True it is old, it is over-published, and I understand there is a Barbie movie of it. But I love it anyway.

Three Apples Fell

Pearl-Ann Gooding - Wainwright, AB



Every year I have done a block with some form of this fabulous story opening on each of the 10 quilts that I have designed for StorySave. 'Three Apples Fell from heaven, one for the story, one for the storyteller and one for the storylistener. –and then again as a closing- Three Apples Fell from heaven, one for the storyteller, one for the storylistener and one for the one who passed it on.'

I am a quilter at heart [I didn't fall from the tree as my mother is an avid quilter and I learned to love the design and stitching, working at her side].

For this 10th quilt on the 20th conference, I really wanted something special. I love the challenge of always finding a new way to depict this opening. I love the idea of something different and unique and the use of bringing a dancing tree into the formula to create the gift of the apples was very intriguing.

I used machine appliqué and additional top stitching to enhance different aspects of the bark, twigs and features. It is my hope that when people look at this block they will feel inspired to be themselves and stretch out to be unique. That is one of the things that I love so much about Storytellers of Canada/Conteurs du Canada – there are no 2 storytellers that are alike. No one can compare one to another, it is like comparing apples and oranges. Every voice has a place and every style or method of telling has ears eager to listen.

StorySave encompasses this as well. Each CD brought forward is unique and beautiful. I love being a part of the StorySave project through the design and development of the quilt project.

Not an appliqué tiger!

Kira Van Deusen - Vancouver, BC



I had big ideas. «I'll appliqué a tiger!» said I, having never appliquéed anything, and being constitutionally unable to draw.

Luckily I was moving at the time, so that by the time I had to admit that I wasn't up to applique this year, a piece of embroidery that was just the right size surfaced from a bottom drawer.

For many years my story learning and saving was closely knit with needlework. Grandmothers in the Russian Far East tell stories and also make glorious clothing and wall hangings. Each rich with embroidery and, ycs, appliqué, that reflects the story images — tigers, flowers, bears, fish, birds. And if you look at the 3000 year old petroglyphs along the river, you'll see the same images.

This piece was done by a child enrolled in a summer arts program sometime in the late 1990s. It was a gift to me from a school — there were so many such generous gifts that I've lost track of which child and which school so I like to think of it as representing them all.

The embroidery passes from me to StorySave with wishes for the youth to continue the lively storytelling passed on by the elders and, always, given a new twist as times change!

Please let me know what you see in these patterns!

Clara Dugas - Pleasantville, NS



Baie Sainte-Marie is located in south-western Nova Scotia. It is a French Acadian region isolated in that it is the only francophone area in the vicinity. There is great influence from the surrounding English regions, as it is for all Acadian communities in Nova Scotia.

In 2004, the same year that the Acadian World Congress was held in Clare, La Société Acadienne de Clare had its first storytelling festival in Baie Sainte-Marie- Festival de la Parole - the only francophone storytelling festival in the province.

The main objective of the Festival de la Parole is to give an opportunity to the Acadians of the Baie Sainte-Marie to develop the art of storytelling in French and to develop an appreciation for the art of the spoken word, oral expression and stories. This international festival brings francophone storytellers from France, Africa, Belgium, Quebec and the other Maritime provinces to the area.

In the course of six years, they have received many storytellers who have performed in evening concerts as well as in the schools of Baie Sainte-Marie and other schools along the Argyle Shore.

Festival de la parole - celebrating the spoken word!



The storyteller is the bird with all the stories floating like bubbles. She captures the stories she wants to tell. The others float around until another time, another story.



For Canadians, the red poppy is the symbol of Remembrance Day and the fundraising campaign for veterans.

As early as the Napoleonic wars (1799-1815) a writer observed how the poppy's bright red flower, the colour of blood, seemed to sprout on the graves of fallen soldiers after battle.

Struck with grief after burying a friend, Lt Alexis Helmer of Ottawa, killed by a mortar on 2 May, 1915, Lt. Colonel. Doctor John McRae sat down the next day on the back of an ambulance and, in twenty minutes, wrote the poem "In Flanders Fields." He didn't like the poem and threw it away. Fortunately, a fellow officer retrieved the paper and it was published in Punch magazine in December 1915, cementing the red marker as a sign of war - and peace.

Later, in 1918, a New York woman named Moina Michael is thought to have started wearing a poppy to commemorate those who died in the all too many wars. It was seen by a French visitor two years later, who took the idea back to her home country and began selling the symbol to raise money for poor children. By 1921, the red poppy arrived in Canada and became the symbol and fundraising campaign for war vets.

In 1992, Ambassador Raymond Chretien organized the first Remembrance Day ceremony on the front steps of the Canadian embassy in Washington DC. All present has been issued with poppies and at the end of the service, as a Scottish-Canadian tenor John McDermitt sang songs from the 1940's, Chretien moved forward and placed his poppy on the wreath of remembrance. The diplomatic corps followed and a new tradition was born.

The poppy continues to evolve as a special symbol for all Canadians. The quilt square was made by Sheila Fowler.

Light in the darkness!

Kathie Kompass - Ottawa, ON



Last year, I submitted a candle cross stitch square and am doing the same again this year. I couldn't resist with the black square for background.

And the fact that the day the patch arrived we had a power outage and a pair of candles happened to be on the table and lit. We sat and talked and felt close. Light in the darkness!

I just seemed right. Words are a kind of light. A way to see and understand as we make our way through life's experiences.

I often tell to to children and families so I like to use chants and fingerplays as part of my program. You might want to try this one.

- Ten little candles on a birthday cake.
(Hold up ten fingers.)
- Wh! Wh! Now there are eight. (Blow on each thumb in turn. Fold down thumbs.)
- Eight little candles in candle sticks.
(Hold up eight fingers.)
- Wh! Wh! Now there are six.
(Blow on each pinky in turn. Fold down pinkies.)
- Six little candles, not one more. (Hold up six fingers.)
- Wh! Wh! Now there are four.
(Blow on each ring finger in turn. Fold down ring fingers.)
- Four little candles, red and blue. (Hold up four fingers.)
- Wh! Wh! Now there are two. (Blow on each middle finger in turn. Fold down middle fingers.)
- wo little candles, one by one.
(Hold up both forefingers.)
- Wh! Wh! Now there are none. (Blow on each forefinger. Fold down forefingers. Hold up fists.)

Or for the brightness of words light a candle or a lamp and get out Robert Louis Stevenson's «A Child's Garden of Verses.» The Land of Storybooks and The Lamplighter are good poems to set your mind wandering along story paths.

An Irish Collage

Mary Hays - Olds, AB



It is a pleasure to once again create a quilt block for the STORYSAVE QUILT . I have been working on Celtic stories and so my inspiration has come from that tradition.

I have the good fortune to be able to collaborate with my wonderful mother-in-law, Ollie Hays, on this project. She is 87 years old and has lived a creative life.

For the quilt block we sit and chat about some ideas — when I see the twinkle in her eye I know the creative magic is working in her imagination. And so, she put together a lovely collage of images from the Irish stories; a brave young man, a monster, a princess, a castle, a pot of gold and a lucky clover.