

Vespers

At camps, a vespers event is often a time to convey some enduring value or principle in a non-denominational way. A good story, told in a dramatic way, can capture the minds of children (and adults) in a way speeches and sermons could almost never hope to. Engaging active mental processing helps ensure the point makes the appropriate connections and is further engrained.

A sample vespers event:

- ❑ Usually held first thing in the morning or last thing at night
- ❑ The moderator and actors are already in the designated place
- ❑ The rest of the camp gathers in a central spot and waits quietly until everyone has arrived. A leader tells everyone to hold a specific thought or two in their minds while they walk to the vespers spot. For the uninitiated, a very brief explanation of vespers is offered as well as expectations for behavior and participation. Everyone walks to the vespers location in silence in a single-file line.
- ❑ Some music can be playing as people arrive, although silence is quite nice and appropriate as well.
- ❑ Without explanation or announcing the title of the mini-play, the actors begin their performance.
- ❑ At the end, applause can be offered if so desired.
- ❑ A moderator (or a team of moderators) then goes through the processing questions.
- ❑ When the processing has reached its fruitful end, groups are dismissed one at a time while the actors and the whole camp sings songs. Music can just be played as well, while people reflect on the message. Sometimes a full minute or two of silence can be very effective before people are dismissed.

It's helpful to continue the vespers moral into daily life at camp. When a counselor or another child sees a time or place where it would apply, have people refer back to the story. When camp is over, include the story name and main moral in newsletters and/or on the web site.

A few templates for vespers are provided. These stories have been found on the internet, old folklore, told at several camps, passed along on paper, and/or told at storytelling festivals.

- 📖 The Table Where Rich People Sit
- 📖 Sans Soleil
- 📖 Jumping Mouse
- 📖 IALAC
- 📖 Good Griselle
- 📖 The Magic Thread
- 📖 Kanu Above and Kanu Below

The Table Where Rich People Sit

If you could see us sitting here at our old, scratched up, homemade kitchen table, you'd know that we aren't rich.

FATHER NODS

But my father is trying to tell us we *are*.

Doesn't he notice my worn-out shoes? Or that my little brother has patches on the pants he wears to first grade?

And why does he think that old rattletrap truck is parked by our door?

"You can't fool me," I say.

"We're *poor*. Would rich people sit at a table like this?"

My mother sort of pats the table and she says,

MOTHER SAYS:

"Well, we're rich and we sit here every day."

Sometimes I think that I'm the only one in my whole family who is really sensible.

Maybe I should mention that my parents made this table out of lumber somebody else threw away.

They even had a celebration when they finished it.

Understand, I like this table fine.

All I'm saying is, you can tell it didn't come from a furniture store.

It just doesn't look like a table where rich people would sit.

But my mother thinks

MOTHER SAYS:

if all the rulers of the world could get together at a friendly wooden table in somebody's kitchen, they would solve their arguments in half the time.

And my father says

FATHER SAYS:

it wouldn't hurt to have a lot of cookies piled up on a nice blue plate that everyone could reach without asking.

But tonight it's *our* kitchen and *our* argument and *our* family meeting and our very spicy ginger cookies piled up on my mother's one good blue-flowered plate exactly in the center of the table.

I'm the one who called the meeting, and the subject is *money*; and I say we don't have enough of it.

I tell my parents they should both get better jobs so we could buy a lot of nice new things.

I tell them I look worse than anyone is school.

"I hate to bring this up," I say, "but it would help if you both had a little more ambition."

PARENTS ACT:

They looked surprised. You can see they never think about the things we need.

Right here, I might as well admit that my parents have some strange ideas about working.

They think the only jobs worth having are jobs outdoors.

They want cliffs or canyons or desert or mountains around them wherever they work.

They even want a good view of the sky.

PARENTS ACT:

They always work together, and their favorite thing is panning gold - piling us into that beat-up truck and heading for the rocky desert hills or back in some narrow mountain gully where all the roads are just coyote trails.

They love to walk the wide arroyos, the dry streambeds, where little flecks of gold are found.

They used to tell us that

FATHER SAYS:

the truck just knew which roads to take and that coyotes showed them where to look for gold

- but I never did believe it.

After a month or two out there, they always had a little bit of gold to sell, but you can tell it never made them rich.

As far as I can see, it was just an excuse to camp in some beautiful wild place again.

They don't mind planting fields of corn or alfalfa.

They like to pick chile and squash and tomatoes.

They'll put up strong fences or train wild young horses.

But they say

PARENTS SPEAK IN UNISON:

We *can't stand* to be cooped up indoors.

So now, of course, my dad is asking

FATHER SAYS:

"How many people are as lucky as we are?"

But I've called this meeting and I say, "I bet you could make more money working in a building somewhere in town."

FATHER SAYS:

"Remember our number one rule; we have to see the sky."

"You could look through a window," I say.

PARENTS ACT:

But they won't even think about it.

Do you see what I mean about being the sensible one?

Finally, my mother says,

MOTHER SAYS:

"All right, Lois. We're going to explain how we figure our money. You be the bookkeeper tonight."

MOTHER ACTS:

She hands us each a pencil and some yellow paper. She gives some to my little brother, too, though he'll just sit there pretending to write when we write, or he'll draw people dancing up in the sky.

Can you believe my father is sitting here looking me straight in the eye and saying,

FATHER SAYS:

"But, Lois, I thought you knew how rich we are."

I say, "We can't get very far in this discussion if you won't even admit that we're poor."

FATHER SAYS:

"I'll prove it to you right now. Let's make a list of the money we earn in a year."

"How much is that?" I ask. "I'll write it down."

But he says,

FATHER SAYS:

"Not so fast. We have a lot of things to think about before we add them up."

"What kind of things?"

My mother says,

MOTHER SAYS:

"We don't just take our pay in cash, you know. We have a special plan so we get paid in sunsets, too, and in having time to hike around the canyons and look for eagle nests."

But I say, "Can't you give me one single number to write down on this paper?"

FATHER SAYS:

Twenty thousand dollars. It's worth *twenty thousand dollars to me* to work outdoors, where I can see the sky all day and feel the wind and smell rain an hour before it's really raining.

It's worth that much to be where I can sing out loud and no one will mind.

I have just written *twenty thousand* when my mother says,

MOTHER SAYS:

"You'd better make that thirty thousand because it's worth at least another *ten* to hear coyotes howling back in the hills.

So, I write *thirty thousand*.

Then she remembers that they like to see long distances and faraway mountains that change color about ten times a day.

MOTHER SAYS:

"That's worth another five thousand dollars to me,"

she says.

I'm not surprised because my mother claims to be an expert on mountain shadows in the desert. She says she can tell time by the way those colors change from dawn to dark.

I scratch out what I had and write *thirty-five thousand dollars*.

My father thinks of something else.

FATHER SAYS:

"When a cactus blooms, you should be there to watch it because it might be a color you won't see again any other day of your life. How much would you say that color is worth?"

BROTHER SPEAKS

"Fifty cents?"

my brother asks.

But they decide on another five thousand.

So now I write *forty thousand dollars*.

FATHER ACTS - IMMITATE (MAKE) BIRD SOUNDS:

But I'd forgotten how much my father likes to make bird sounds. He can copy any bird, but he's best at white-winged doves and ravens and red-tailed hawks and quail. He's good at eagles, too, and great horned owls. So, of course, he has to add another ten thousand for having both day birds and night birds around us.

I cross out what I had and I write *fifty thousand dollars*.

Now my mother says,

MOTHER SAYS:

"Let's see what our Lois is worth to us."

BROTHER ACTS:

I'm beginning to catch on to their kind of thinking, so I suggest I'm worth ten thousand dollars even though my little brother has begun to laugh.

FATHER SAYS:

"Don't underestimate yourself. Remember all those good lists you make for us."

He's right. I do. I made a list of the best books each one of us has read and a list of all the ones we want to read again. I also made a list of all animals each one of us has seen and the ones we still most want to see out in the wild - not in a zoo.

Mine is a mountain lion. I've dreamed of him four times, and I've already seen his track.

My father chose a grizzly bear.

My mother wants to see a wolf and hear it call.

And my brother can't decide between a dolphin and whale. I remember every one because I make these lists.

They end up deciding

PARENTS SPEAK IN UNISON:

Lois, you're worth about a million dollars.

I say I don't think I am, but I write it down anyway.

In fact, it turns out that every one of us is worth a million.

So we have *four million and fifty thousand dollars*.

Then I realize I want to add five thousand dollars myself for the pleasure I have wandering in open country, alone, free as a lizard, not following trails, not having a plan, just turning whatever way the wind turns me.

They say

PARENTS SPEAK IN UNISON:

that's certainly worth five thousand.

So that makes *four million and fifty-five thousand dollars*.

Finally, my brother says

BROTHER SPEAKS:

put down seven dollars more for all the nights we get to sleep outside under the stars.

EVERYONE SPEAKS:

seven dollars doesn't seem to be enough.

We talk him into making it five thousand.

Now my paper says *four million and sixty thousand dollars* - and we haven't even started counting actual cash.

To tell the truth, the cash part doesn't seem to matter anymore.

I suggest it shouldn't even be on a list of our kind of riches.

So the meeting is over.

The rest of them have gone outside to see the new sliver of the moon. But I'm still sitting here at our nice homemade kitchen table with one cookie left on my mother's good blue-flowered plate, and I'm writing this book about us.

I kind of pat the table and I'm glad it's ours.

In fact, I think the title of my book is going to be *The Table Where Rich People Sit*.

Processing Questions

ON THE WAY TO VESPERS, THINK ABOUT HOW MUCH THINGS IN YOUR LIFE ARE WORTH - INCLUDE THINGS LIKE FAMILY AND FRIENDS IN ADDITION TO MATERIAL THINGS.

What are some of the things the family in the story valued?

(scratched-up table, very spicy ginger cookies, sunsets, each other, view of the sky, hearing coyotes, bird sounds, mountain shadows, list making,)

How much money did the family earn? So, why were they so rich - worth four million and sixty thousand dollars?

What are the value of diamonds and gold? Why are they so valuable?

Why is a Beanie Baby limited edition Pound Puppy worth over five thousand dollars?

{{they don't have any real value, just the one people put on them. . . .next question}}

How much is a smile or a compliment worth?

How do you feel when someone smiles or gives you a compliment?

How much is seeing a black bear in the woods worth to you?

How much is it worth to you to be able cook out in the woods over an open fire?

How much is it worth to you to be able to swim in a pristine lake every day?

Can you think of things at camp that the family in the story would have valued? For example, being able to see the sky and the deer and being surrounded by trees and eating fresh food from the garden.

Rhetorical question: How much is being at {camp name} for (____) weeks worth to you? If you added up the value of all the times you've enjoyed a meal cooked out, swam in the lake, seen a deer, sang a song you enjoyed, seen a bear, played a fun game, or stared at the beauty of the rich starry night, it would cost millions of dollars!

What are some of the things you value in your life? What things make you rich?

(Family, Friends, Where you live, . . .)

How much money does one need to be happy?

What does it mean to be wealthy?

For the next two weeks and a bit, notice the things around camp that are valuable. You have the special and unique opportunity to enjoy all that {camp name} has to offer (nature, swimming, fishing, cooking out, friendships, caring counselors, and so much more). Also, continue to think about and appreciate all of the non-monetary things in your life that are of value.

Songs to sing:

- ❖ _____
- ❖ _____
- ❖ _____
- ❖ _____

Sans Soleil

There are no acting prompts, so please act out every possible, *conceivable*, **imaginable** portion of your role.

NARRATOR:

There was once a prince called Sans Soleil, which is to say Sunless. It had been prophesied at his birth that he would grow so handsome his beauty would outshine the sun. That he might not be killed by the jealous star, he had to be kept in the dark, for it was said that he would die if ever a shaft of sunlight fell upon his brow.

So the very night he was born, his father, the king, had him carried away to a castle that was carved out of rock. And in that candlelit cave-castle, the young prince grew and flourished without ever seeing the sun.

Now by the time Sans Soleil was twenty years old, the story of his strange beauty and of the evil prediction had been told at every hearth and hall in the kingdom. And every maiden of marrying age had heard his tragic tale.

But one in particular, Viga, the daughter of a duke, did not believe what she heard.

Viga:

"Surely,"

NARRATOR:

she said to her father, tossing her raven-black hair from her face,

Viga:

"surely the king has hidden his son from the light because he is too monstrous to behold."

NARRATOR:

Her father shook his head.

Father:

"Nay, I have been to this cave-castle and have seen this prince. He is more handsome than the sun."

NARRATOR:

But still Viga did not believe what her father told her.

Viga:

"The sun cannot harm anyone. There is no sense in what you say. For a prince to be imprisoned by such a foolish notion is a tragedy. I will go to the king myself and convince him that it is only a thought that keeps the prince from fulfilling his potential and leading a happy life in the sun."

NARRATOR:

And she took herself to the king dressed in her finest gown of silver and gold.

Viga:

"Sire, at court you have been taken in by lies.

The sun is not harmful.

It nourishes.

It causes all things to grow.

It will not kill the prince."

NARRATOR:

The king was touched by the girl's sincerity. He was moved by her beauty. He was awed by her strength of purpose, for it is no little thing to contradict a king. Still, he shook his head and said,

King:

"It was prophesied at his birth that he would die if ever a shaft of sunlight struck his brow."

Viga:

"Old wives and young babes believe such tales. They should not frighten you, Sire. They do not frighten me."

King:

"They do not frighten you because you are not the one who would die,"

NARRATOR:

and at these words all the courtiers smiled and nodded their heads and murmured to one another.

King:

"Still, I will give the matter more thought."

NARRATOR:

Viga gave a low curtsy. And as she rose, she said quietly, so that only the king could hear it

Viga:

"It does seem strange that *sun* and *son* do sound the same."

NARRATOR:

Then she smiled brightly and departed. For you see, Viga was quite taken with the mysterious prince who was rumored to be as kind and generous as he was handsome. By mentioning that the prince was the king's son, Viga hoped to plant the idea that the prince was still without a wife and princess.

The king was true to his word and gave the matter more thought. And what he concluded was this:

King:

I think that my son and Viga should be wed. I really like her courage and I admire her beauty. She is also wise, graceful, and has a sense of humor. She would make my son a most suitable wife. I shall send word to Viga's father, the duke, to set the wedding date for a week from the following night.

NARRATOR:

When the night was deep and no spot of sun still lit the kingdom, a carriage with drawn curtains arrived at Viga's door. Out stepped the most handsome man she had ever seen. He was dressed {gasp} dressed all in red and gold, like the sun!

They were wed by candlelight, and their golden rings were carved with images of the sun. There was feasting and dancing till three. Then the two talked and kissed far into the night as befits a couple who are but newly wed.

But at the crowing of the village cocks announcing that the sun would soon rise, Sans Soleil stood up.

Sans Soleil:

"I must go. I cannot allow the sun to shine upon me."

Viga:

"Do not leave me. Now that we are wed, I cannot bear to have you away from my sight. Do not be afraid of the sun. It will not harm you. Stay here with me."

Sans Soleil:

"No, I am safe only in my cave. You are my wife, come and live in my cave-castle with me."

Viga:

"Live in a cave? Never!"

NARRATOR:

So the prince tore himself from her grasp and ran out into the waiting golden carriage. With a crack of the whip, the horses were away before the sun could gain the sky.

However, Viga was a woman of strong will. So determined was she to prove to Sans Soleil that she was right and he would not be killed by the sun, she devised a plan.

Viga:

"Maidservants! Go out this very day into the kingdom and buy up all the roosters! Bring them back to the castle so that we may tie up their legs and throw them in the darkest part of the dungeon, where it will always be dark as night. By doing this, there will be no roosters to warn Sans Soleil of the coming sun and he will see, when the sun is fully in his face, that

NARRATOR:

But there was one rooster the servants could not buy, the pet of the potter's boy. The child cried so much at the thought of losing his bird, his father would not part with it.

"What is one cockerel out of so many?" the servants asked themselves. And so they neglected to tell their mistress of the last bird.

That evening again Sans Soleil's carriage came to Viga's door. As before the prince was dressed all in red and gold, like the sun, and the feathers on his cap stood out like golden rays. In his hand he carried a sunburst, a ruby brooch with beams like a star. It was a token present for Viga to show how much he loved her and that running off to the cave-castle was not a rejection of her, but simply a way to save himself for her.

Sans Soleil:

"This is my only sun. Now it is yours."

NARRATOR:

And they forgave one another for the harsh words of the morn. They touched and kissed as married couples do, far into the night.

At the coming of the dawn, far off in the village, the cockerel belonging to the potter's child began to crow.

Sans Soleil:

"Is that a cockerel I hear?"

NARRATOR:

asked Sans Soleil, sitting up.

Viga:

"There is no cockerel,"

NARRATOR:

replied Viga sleepily, for she thought indeed there was none.

But again the rooster crowed out, and, hearing no answering call from his brothers, he sang out louder than before.

Sans Soleil:

"I am sure I hear the warning of the sun's approach."

Viga:

"It is nothing but a servant's snore. Stay quiet. Stay asleep. Stay with me."

NARRATOR:

But on the third crow, Sans Soleil leaped up.

Sans Soleil:

"I must go! I cannot allow the sun to shine upon me."

Viga:

"Do not put your faith in such old wives' tales. The sun cannot hurt you. Put your faith in me."

NARRATOR:

But it was too late. The prince was gone, running down into his golden carriage and away to his cave castle before the sun could start up in the sky.

However, Viga was a woman of strong will and passion. She was determined not to lose her lover for a single day because of such a foolish tale.

Viga:

"Sans Soleil is so stubborn and blind! If he could but see the sun, feel its warmth, and know that it cannot harm him, he would be free of the chains that bind his mind and keep us from being together and happy. I shall go myself to get the last rooster in the kingdom so that there will be no warning of the sun's approach."

NARRATOR:

With her cloak wrapped about her and covering her face with a sleeve, Viga slipped out into the streets. By the potter's hut she saw the bird strutting and preening its feathers in the sun. Quickly she looked around, but there was no one in sight. She reached down, snatched up the cockerel, and hid it under her cloak. In the night of her garment the bird made no sound.

She was back in her own home before the potter's child could set up his wail. The cockerel she put with its brothers in the dark. Then she waited impatiently for the sun to set that she might see her lover again.

That evening, so great was his haste, Sans Soleil himself drove the golden carriage to the door. He leaped to the ground and in a graceful bound ran to the waiting girl.

They ate and touched and sang and danced and talked until the night was through. But there were no cockerels to crow and warn them of the dawn.

Suddenly the prince glanced out of the window.

Sans Soleil:

"It is becoming light! I must leave! You know that I cannot allow the sun to shine on me."

Viga:

"Love me. Trust me. Stay with me,"

NARRATOR:

said Viga, smoothing his hair with her strong hands.

But Sans Soleil glanced out of the window again.

Sans Soleil:

"Is that the sun? Tell me, for I have never seen it shine."

NARRATOR:

Viga smoothed his neck with her fingers.

Viga:

"Forget your foolish fears. The sun nourishes. It does not kill. Stay with me here and greet the dawn."

NARRATOR:

The prince was moved by her plea and by his love for her. But just as he was about to stay, fear, like an old habit, conquered him. He jumped up and blinked at the light.

Sans Soleil:

"I must go to my cave. Only there will I be safe!"

NARRATOR:

he cried. And before she could stop him, he tore from her grasp and sped out into the dawn.

Viga ran after him.

Viga:

"Do not be afraid,"

NARRATOR:

she called. Her long black hair streamed out behind her like the rays of a black star.

Viga:

"It is but a tale. A tale for children. You are the sun."

NARRATOR:

But the prince did not hear her. As he ran out into the courtyard, the sun rose in full brilliance over the wall. Sans Soleil had never seen anything so glorious before. He stood and stared at the burning star. The sunlight struck him full in the face and with a single cry of pain or anger or regret, he fell down dead.

Viga saw him fall. She cried out,

Viga:

"Oh, Sans Soleil, it was true. Who would have believed it? Now it is I who am sunless, for you were my sun."

NARRATOR:

She threw herself upon his still form, her breast against his, her cool white brow on the ashes of his, and wept.

The next year, in the courtyard where Sans Soleil had fallen, a single sunflower grew. But unlike others of its kind, it bloomed all year round and always turned its face away from the sun.

Viga had a belvedere built around it. There she spent her days, tending the flower, watering it, and turning its soil.

When visitors arrived at her father's house, she would tell them the story of her love for Sans Soleil. And the story always ended with this caution:

Viga:

"Sometimes,"

Viga would say,

Viga:

"sometimes, what we believe is stronger than what is true."

Processing skit before the questions

Person A

"Well, that was a cool story, but what was the point of it?"

Person B

"Well, it sounded to me like the king or prince's father and everyone else convinced the prince Sans Soleil that he would die if ever a ray of light from the sun hit him."

Person A

"But, he did die in the end."

Person B

"I think that's because he believed so much that the sun was bad that he made it come true."

Person A

"So, that means that the prince spent 20 years of his life living in a cave because people told him he would die if the sun hit him and he believed it so totally and completely that he actually did die. Wow, weird things happen in Fairy Tales."

Person B

"That's kinda true though. People do stuff like that all the time. Not die because a ray of sunlight hits them, of course. I mean, they think they can't do something and then they really can't just because they thought so. For example, I used to never sing because someone laughed at me. But, now that I've come to camp and sing, I really like it and I don't care if I'm good at it or not. I think I'm an okay singer though, and all that matters is that I like it."

Person A

"Yea, that's happened to me too, but I was told that I was shy and quiet, and for years I was. But, after going to camp as a child and counselor, I've learned that I don't have to be that way. I can act in front of group, tell stories, do the talent show, and talk at Powwow. If I was like the prince in the story, my belief that I couldn't do it would have kept me from it forever."

"You know, the singing and being shy things are what others did TO us. They told us we were that way and we believed them. I have to admit that I've told a kid he couldn't do math or wasn't a good reader or wasn't a good fire builder. All of them could be good or could have done it if they tried harder or were simply taught."

Person B

"Let's both try and recognize when we are telling kids or adults that they can't do something or are a certain way, like lazy or slow or a clown or whatever."

Person A

"Let's also both try to recognize when we won't or can't do something because that's the way someone told us we are - a teacher, counselor, another kid, or even our parents."

Together

Okay!

Processing Questions

Remember, 95% of the time, someone will say something if you allow 30 seconds of silence. Be brave.

ON THE WAY TO VESPERS, THINK ABOUT THREE THINGS YOU CAN DO WELL AND THREE THINGS YOU DON'T DO SO WELL. YOU CAN ALSO THINK ABOUT PERSONAL QUALITIES THAT YOU LIKE AND DISLIKE (such as intelligence, beauty, grace, agility, . . .).

Every time someone tells you something you can't do or that you are a certain bad way like slow or lazy or a clown, it's like they are hanging a rock around your neck. The more rocks around your neck, the more they pull you down. What are some of things people may have told you in your life that have weighed you down?

{{Can't read, aren't smart, shy, lazy, ugly, clumsy, can't swim in the deep water, can't canoe, }}

Prompting question: For example, play an instrument, soccer, or reading groups.

It works in both directions though. People can also tell you positive things. What are some positive things a counselor, teacher, mother, father, or friend have told you about yourself?

{good at the piano, swimming, math, reading,

How does that make you feel?

You can also hang rocks on yourself as well as take them off

❖ If you think camp is fun and make an effort, it will be fun

❖ If you think a craft is boring or stupid, you are certain not to have a good time even though 5 kids next to you are doing the same thing and having a great time.

❖ Tell yourself you will do the deep water test, the vagabond, or cook a meal.

Does anyone ever think things about themselves that they can or can't do?

{or ways you are or act?}

Do you think it's easy to figure out or notice when someone puts a rock on you or you put a rock on yourself?

What can you do if someone tells you aren't good at something or you're lazy or a clown or you can't control yourself or you can't read?

Recognize it. Try again. Try for the first time. More effort. Get someone's help.

Raise your hand if you think that at some point in the last year you've passed on a negative comment or insult? What were you saying or doing when you did that?

SUMMATION:

People hang rocks (or try to) on us all the time. We also hang rocks on ourselves. These can weigh us down and prevent us from having fun, being successful, and being really happy. In the case of the prince in the story, people told him he couldn't see the sun. In your lives, the rocks may be that you can't do some task or activity or that you just are a certain way. Remember the prince Sans Soleil, and remember that sometimes what we believe can rob us of what we really want.

Songs to sing:

❖ _____

JUMPING MOUSE

The Cast:

Narrator
Jumping Mouse
Mouse 1
Mouse 2
Raccoon
Frog
Buffalo
Wolf
Eagle
Voice

Narrator: Once there was a Mouse. She was a busy mouse, searching everywhere, touching her whiskers to the grass, and looking. She was busy as all mice are, busy with mice things. But once in a while she would hear an odd sound. She would lift her head, squinting hard to see, her whiskers wiggling in the air, and she would wonder. One day she scurried up to a fellow mouse and asked her...

Jumping Mouse: Do you hear a roaring in your ears, my sister?

Mouse 1: No, no.

Narrator: The other mouse answered without lifting her busy nose from the ground.

Mouse 1: I hear nothing. I am busy now. Talk to me later.

Narrator: She asked another mouse the same question and the mouse looked at her strangely.

Mouse 2: Are you foolish in your head? What sound?

Narrator: She asked and slipped into a hole in a fallen cottonwood tree. The little mouse shrugged her whiskers and busied herself again, determined to forget the whole matter. But there was that roaring again. It was faint, very faint, but it was there!

One day, she decided to investigate the sound just a little. Leaving the other busy mice, she scurried a little way away and listened again. There it was! She was listening hard when suddenly, someone said hello.

Raccoon: Hello, little sister!

Narrator: The mouse almost jumped right out of her skin. She arched her back and tail and was about to run.

Raccoon: Hello! It is I, Sister Raccoon.

Narrator: And sure enough it was!

Raccoon: What are you doing here all by yourself, little sister?

Jumping Mouse: I hear a roaring in my ears, and I am investigating it.

Raccoon: A roaring in your ears? What you hear, little sister, is the river.

Jumping Mouse: The river? What's a river?

Raccoon: Walk with me, and I will show you the river.

Narrator: The little mouse was terribly afraid, but determined to find out about the roaring.

Jumping mouse: I can return to my work after this thing is settled, and possible this thing may aid me in all my busy examining and collecting. My sisters all said it was nothing. I will show them! I will ask Raccoon to return with me so I can prove to my sisters that the roaring is real.

(To Raccoon): All right, Raccoon, my sister, lead on to the river. I will walk with you.

Narrator: Little Mouse walked with Raccoon. Her heart was pounding. Many time she became so frightened she almost turned back. Finally they cam to a river! It was huge and breathtaking, deep and clear in places, and murky in others. Little Mouse was unable to see across because it was so great.

Jumping Mouse: It is powerful!

Raccoon: Let me introduce you to a friend! This is frog. I must leave you now, but do not fear. Frog will take care of you.

Frog: Hello, little sister. Welcome to the river.

Narrator: Little Mouse looked into the river and saw her reflection.

Jumping Mouse: Who are you? Are you not afraid being so far out in the great river?

Frog: No, I am not afraid. I have been given the gift to live above and within the river. When winter comes and the river freezes, I cannot be seen. To visit me, you must come when the world is green. I am the keeper of the water.

Jumping Mouse: Amazing!

Frog: Would you like to have some power?

Jumping Mouse: Me? Power? Yes! If it is possible.

Frog: Then, crouch as low as you can and then jump as high as you are able. You will have power.

Narrator: Little mouse did as she was told. She crouched as low as she could and jumped, and when she did, she saw the sacred mountains. Little mouse could hardly believe her eyes. When she fell back to earth, she landed in the river!

Frog: What did you see?

Jumping Mouse: I, I, I, I, I saw the Sacred Mountains!

Frog: You have a new name and it is Jumping Mouse.

Jumping Mouse: Thank you, thank you, I want to return to my people and tell them what I have seen.

Frog: Go, go then and return to your people. It is easy to find them. Keep the sound of the river at your back and go opposite to the sound and you will find your sister mice.

Narrator: Jumping Mouse returned to the world of the mice, where she found disappointment. No one would listen to her. And because she was wet and had no way of explaining it, because there had been no rain, many of the other mice were afraid of her. Days passed and she could not forget seeing the Sacred Mountains.

Jumping Mouse went to the edge of the place of mice and looked out onto the prairie. She looked up for eagles, knowing that eagle might swoop down and scoop her up and eat her for dinner. The sky was filled with may spots, each one an eagle, but she was determined to go to the Sacred Mountains.

Suddenly she heard a sound. She looked and saw a great hairy animal with black horns. It was a buffalo. She was so large that Jumping Mouse could have crawled into one of her great horns.

Jumping Mouse: Such a magnificent being!!!

Buffalo: Hello, my sister, thank you for visiting me.

Jumping Mouse: Hello great being. Why are you lying here?

Buffalo: I am sick and dying and I know that only the eye of a mouse can heal me. But little sister, there is not such thing as a mouse.

Jumping Mouse: One of my eyes! One of my tiny eyes! She will die if I do not give her one of my eyes! She is too great a being to let die. I am a mouse and you, my sister, are a great being. I cannot let you die. I have two eyes so that you may have one of them.

Narrator: The minute she said it, one of Jumping Mouse's eyes flew out of her head and the Buffalo was healed. The Buffalo jumped to her feet, shaking Jumping Mouse's whole world.

Buffalo: Thank you my little sister. I know of your quest for the Sacred Mountains and of your visit to the river. You have given me life so that I may give away to the people. I will be your sister forever. Run under my belly and I will take you to the foot of the Sacred Mountains. You need not rear the eagles; they cannot see you while you run under me.

Narrator: Jumping mouse ran under the Buffalo, secure and hidden from the eagles. With only one eye it was frightening and dangerous. Finally they came to a place and buffalo stopped.

Buffalo: This is where I leave you little sister.

Jumping Mouse: Thank you very much.

Narrator: Jumping Mouse immediately began to investigate her new surroundings. She came upon a gray wolf who was doing absolutely nothing.

Jumping Mouse: Hello, sister wolf!

Wolf: Wolf, wolf, that's what I am! I am a wolf.

Narrator: But then her mind dimmed again and it was not long before she sat quietly again. Completely without memory as to who she was. Each time jumping mouse reminded her of who she was, she became excited by the news, but soon would forget again.

Jumping Mouse: Such a great being, but she has no memory.

Narrator: Jumping mouse thought for a long time. She suddenly made up her mind.

Jumping Mouse: Sister wolf!

Wolf: Wolf, wolf!

Jumping Mouse: Please sister wolf, please listen to me! I know what will heal you. It is one of my eyes and I want to give it to you. You are a greater being than I, I an only a mouse. Please take it.

Narrator: When Jumping Mouse stopped speaking, her eye flew out of her head and the wolf was healed. Tears fell down wolf's cheeks. But her little sister could not see them, for now she was blind.

Wolf: You are a great sister, for now I have my memory. But now you are blind. I will guide you to the Sacred Mountains. There is a great lake there--the most beautiful lake in the world. All the world is reflected there.

Jumping Mouse: Please take me there.

Narrator: The wolf guided her to the Sacred Mountains. Jumping Mouse drank the water from the lake. The wolf described the beauty to her.

Optional ending:

Wolf: I must leave you here. I have to go guide others.

Narrator: Jumping Mouse sat trembling in fear. It was no use running for she was blind. But she know an eagle would find her. She felt a shadow on her back and heard the sound that eagles make. She braced herself for the shock. The eagle hit. Jumping Mouse went to sleep.

Then she woke up. She was very surprised to be alive, but now she could see. Everything was blurry, but the colors were beautiful.

Jumping Mouse: I can see! I can see! I can see!

Narrator: A blurry shape came towards Jumping Mouse and a voice said:

Voice: Hello sister, to you want some power? Crouch as low as you can and jump as high as you can.

Narrator: Jumping Mouse crouched as low as she could and jumped. The wind caught her and carried her higher.

Voice: Do not be afraid. Hang on to the wind and trust.

Narrator: Jumping Mouse did. She closed her eyes and hung on to the wind and it carried her higher and higher. Jumping Mouse opened her eyes and they were clear and the higher she went, the clearer they became. Jumping Mouse saw the frog on a lily pad on the beautiful lake.

Frog: You have a new name; you are Eagle.

Processing Questions - Jumping Mouse

The main character Jumping Mouse heard a strange sound - what was that sound?

How did he feel about that sound?

Despite this what did he still want to do?

What did he think about the river when he got there?

What happened at the river?

Why didn't the other mice want to go to the river?

Who did he meet after that?

What happened with the Buffalo?

So Jumping Mouse had to trust Buffalo and put all his faith in him to guide him safely. Even though he has lost an eye he did not give but summed all his courage.

Who did he meet after Buffalo?

What happened?

He had to trust wolf to guide him.

What is the moral of this story?

- Even though you are scared try something new
- You may make new friends along the way
- Giving to friends and they will give to you
- Trusting people along the way

Some of you may have been feeling like Jumping Mouse when you got off the Bus. What advice can leadership II & III give to people who are here at camp for the first time, and to face the challenge of camp?

In Summary let's try to be like Jumping Mouse over the next few weeks

- gaining friendship
- learning to trust
- having courage
- experiencing new beauty

Ialac

- Ialac: Hi my name is Ialac. Unusual yes. Well it means ‘I am lovable and capable’. My parents made it up when I was born. They thought names were important and wanted me to have a name that meant something positive. So far my life has been really positive. I like school. I have lots of friends and I have just gotten on the swim team. I’m not really that good at sports, but that’s okay cause I’ve got other things I’m good at.
- Today I am really excited because I’m going to camp. It is a camp called {_____}. I’m a wee bit nervous because I don’t know anyone there, but it should be fun and I know I’ll get to meet lots of new people.
- Narrator: So Ialac headed off to camp. It is important to know at this point that Ialac had never camped or lived in the woods.
- Anyway let’s go back to our wee friend Ialac. She is just getting off the bus at camp.
- As Ialac gets off the bus she trips and falls.*
- Camper 1: Hey watch where you’re going clumsy!
- Ialac: I’m sorry. *(Ialac frowns and rips off a piece of her Ialac name tag).*
- Narrator: At the same time Ialac was arriving at camp a new counselor was arriving all the way from England.
- Counselor: *(to Ialac)* Hi my name is Ialac.
- Ialac: Wow that’s my name too.
- Counselor Ialac: My name means that ‘I am lovable and capable’
- Ialac: Hey mine too.
- At that moment another counselor bumps into Ialac and Ialac.*
- Counselor #2: Hey watch it stupid. You’re standing in my way.
- Counselor Ialac: Sorry *(She rips off part of her Ialac).*
- Narrator: Ialac and Ialac are placed in the same group and are both excited to be with someone who has the same name.
- The first day is going fairly well for Ialac the camper until dinner when she is the waitress in the dining hall. While returning to the kitchen with the dirty cups she stumbles, sending cups flying every where. The entire dining hall laughs at her as she picks up the cups.
- Ialac tears a big chunk off her Ialac sign.*
- Narrator: That evening after tucking her campers in, Ialac the counselor stays up late getting ready to lead arts and crafts the next day. She stays up late and reads about how to make friendship bracelets and gets together everything she needs for the campers.
- The next day Ialac the counselor and her co-worker begin waking the group up from siesta. They cheerfully explain that everyone is to meet in the powwow to get ready for friendship bracelets.
- Camper 1: Friendship bracelets are stupid and boring.
- Counselor Ialac: *(Tears a piece of her Ialac name tag and frowns).* Have you ever made friendship bracelets before? You can design your bracelet in whatever color you want and then you get to keep it!
- Camper 1: Who would want a funky old bracelet anyway; maybe some big-footed funky counselor!

Camper 2: Yeah, who would want to make those boring old bracelets?

Counselor Ialac: *(Tears some more but continues on)*. Well, why don't you give it a chance and decide after you try it.

Narrator: The campers grumble but slowly begin working on their bracelets. As the bracelet making activity continues, the campers begin to see their results and change their attitudes.

Camper 1: Hey, hey Ialac, look at my bracelet. Okay, so maybe you were right. This is pretty fun.

Ialac places remaining pieces back on her name tag.

Narrator: One of the other campers is struggling with figuring out how to make her bracelet. Ialac the camper was able to finish her own and offers to help.

Ialac: Hey, I'm not busy do you want me to help?

Camper 2: Thanks that would be great. I just can't figure it out.

Ialac places a piece back on her name tag.

Counselor 2: Ialac thanks so much for helping out the other camper. You are very helpful.

Ialac places the rest of her pieces on her name tag.

Narrator: The summer continues on at the camp that is kind of like {_____}but not. Ialac the camper has a great time. She passes her deep water test, goes on vagabond and makes lots of new friends.

Ialac the counselor also has a great summer. All her campers become great friends. Everyone learns how to work together and solve problems in a friendly way.

Finally the bus arrives and so ends the summer at camp {_____}, the camp that is kind of like {_____} but not.

Processing Questions

- What does Ialac stand for?
- What caused camper Ialac to rip her sign? How did she feel?
- What caused Counselor Ialac to rip her sign? How did she feel?
- What other kinds of things might make someone rip their Ialac sign?
- Have any of these things happened to you? How did you feel?
- What things made Camper Ialac put her sign back together? What were her feelings then?
- What things made Counselor Ialac put her sign back together? What were her feelings then?
- Have these things ever happened to you? How did you feel?
- What are some other names for "Ialac"?
- In what way may your words affect others self esteem or how others feel?
- Do counselors feel the same way as campers when their Ialac is ripped? Does everyone wear an Ialac sign?
- How did campers feel @ end of camp? Is camp a place to build or break Ialac? How do we do that?

Good Griselle

Parts:

- ❖ Narrator
- ❖ Good Griselle
- ❖ The soldier Beau
- ❖ Angel one
- ❖ Angel two
- ❖ Gargoyle one
- ❖ Gargoyle two
- ❖ Ugly little child (Beau)

NARRATOR:

READ EVERYTHING THAT DOESN'T HAVE {{_____}} around it or a character's speaking part right above it.

In old Paris, not far from a great cathedral, lived a lace maker whose name was Griselle.

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Act beautiful and push away courtiers}}

When she was young, Griselle had been very beautiful and many men had courted her. There had been a barrel maker, a cheese merchant, a burly blacksmith, a shy scholar. Once the baron himself, when he came to worship at the cathedral, had thrown her a rose and asked her name.

But Griselle had married none of them. She chose instead a poor, laughing soldier named Beau, who wore a bright red plume like a flame in his hat. Beau was as kind as a person could be with a heart of gold and a pure spirit.

{{SOLDIER BEAU ACTS:}}

{{Struts around and laughs quietly stroking red plume in hat and stare lovingly at Good Griselle}}

Alas, before they'd been married a week, Beau and all his regiment were marched off to war. Griselle never saw or heard from him again.

{{GRISELLE AND SOLDIER BEAU ACT:}}

{{Hug and part. Griselle cries as Soldier Beau walks off to war.}}

The years went by and Griselle was neither widow nor wife. Yet she did not despair. It was not in her nature to do so. Instead she devoted herself to all the little creatures who lived in the shadow of the cathedral, feeding them from her own meager stores. They became her children.

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Feeds birds and cats bread and milk in front of the cathedral}}

Every day, rain or sun, wind or calm, Griselle would walk by the cathedral and cross the bridge to market. There she would purchase a loaf of bread and fill her pitcher with fresh milk. Half the loaf and half the milk she kept to herself. But the rest she always gave away, crumbling the bread into tiny bits for the birds and pouring the milk into little bowls, which she set down in the bushes for the cats who lived nearby.

All the birds and cats loved Griselle as if she were their mother. They counted on her coming through rain or sun, through wind or calm. One thrush especially loved her and left the woods at the edge of Paris to sing each evening at her window. And there was an orange tomcat she called Monsieur, who occasionally came into her house to curl up by the hearth and purr as loudly as a man snores.

It was company - of a sort.

Year after year Griselle made her living working miracles of lace, and year after year she gave away half her food. She was, in her way, quite content.

And then one day the stone angels on the cathedral wall noticed her. They commented about her in that strange, soft whisper that only stone angels use and which passers-by mistake for the cooing of doves.

STONE ANGEL ONE:

"See, here she comes again."

STONE ANGEL TWO:

"She never forgets."

STONE ANGEL ONE:

"She never will."

They sang Griselle's praises until their voices reached the stone gargoyles who squatted precariously on the ledges and edges of the cathedral, spitting out water after every rain.

{{STONE ANGEL ONE AND TWO ACT:}}

{{Stand on either side of Good Griselle and fake like you are singing her praises.}}

{{GARGOYLE ONE AND TWO ACT:}}

{{Cover your ears and nose and make faces like you just smelled a skunk and heard the worst singing of your life.}}

Now if there is one thing gargoyles cannot stand, having been made in the ugly image of the devil himself, it is the look and smell of a good woman. They hate hearing of it even more than they hate hearing of a good man. Indeed, to hear such a woman praised hurt their ears. So they began to complain together, in that strange, hard grumbling that only stone gargoyles use and which passers-by mistake for the rumbling of carts.

GARGOYLE ONE:

"She is not as good as she seems."

GARGOYLE TWO:

"No one is."

GARGOYLE ONE:

"We must test her."

So late that night, when all of Paris slept beneath them, the gargoyles sent one of their own to speak with the angels, to propose a wager. And because it was Christmas Eve, the angels agreed to listen.

GARGOYLE TWO:

"Anyone,"

the gargoyle messenger said, his ugly face screwed up into a most disagreeable and permanent sneer,

GARGOYLE TWO:

"anyone can be good when it comes to the feeding of cats and birds. But we mean to test this Good Griselle with something far more difficult."

The stone angels, whose faces were fixed in permanent holy smiles, inclined their heads slowly to one side, meaning they were willing to listen further. It was, after all, Christmas Eve-and as angels they had been made to be charitable.

GARGOYLE ONE:

"We want to test her with an ugly and unlovable child; even good mothers come to grief over such."

STONE ANGEL TWO:

"She is too old for a child. Besides, her husband is many years gone. She cannot have a child."

The gargoyle almost smiled, which improved neither his disposition nor his looks.

GARGOYLE ONE:

"We will supply the child, if you promise not to aid Griselle in any way."

{{STONE ANGEL ONE AND TWO ACT:}}

{{Nod your heads and look content.}}

The angels all nodded their stone heads at that because they knew interference in such matters could only come from instructions from on high. And the sound of their heads nodding was like the sound of red plumes waving in the breeze. Down below, in her narrow bed, Griselle dreamed of her young husband and how he had looked going off to war. It was a dream that was both happy and sad, and she laughed and wept in her sleep but did not awaken.

STONE ANGEL ONE AND TWO TOGETHER:

"Agreed!" {{coo and smile since you are so sure of your success.}}

GARGOYLE TWO:

"And,"

the gargoyle added, knowing that once an angel has agreed to a wager, it is impossible for her to back out of the rest,

GARGOYLE TWO:

"if we are correct and Griselle is not really good, one of you shall join us squatting on a ledge of the cathedral, spitting out rainwater and cursing God's name for one hundred years."

{{STONE ANGEL ONE AND TWO ACT:}}

{{Act very disturbed, but then slowly calm down.}}

There was a great flutter of consternation among the angels, and the sound of it caused the bells to tremble in the steeple. But remembering Griselle's goodness, all the angels at last agreed.

STONE ANGEL TWO:

"However,"

the angel said smugly, knowing that gargoyles, too, must keep to a bargain,

STONE ANGEL TWO:

"if we are correct and she is as good as we say, then one of you shall have to stand upright with us, back straight, singing hosannahs to the heavens for one hundred years.

{{GARGOYLE ONE AND TWO ACT:}}

{{Look concerned and frown a lot, but then grin broadly.}}

For a moment the gargoyle looked concerned. His face cracked in several places, causing slivers of stone to rain down on the street below. But remembering at last the imperfection of mankind, he grinned his agreement and the bargain was struck.

{{UGLY LITTLE CHILD (BEAU) ACT:}}

{{Pretend you are falling from a great height. Twist and turn and then lay still next to the make believe door.}}

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Pretend you are sleeping very peacefully.}}

And so that very night -a strange shape was flung down from the top of the cathedral, twisting and turning as it fell. It landed right by Griselle's door with a horrible thud that scattered birds from their nests and forced Monsieur from his cozy place by the fire, though the cold was bone-chilling outside.

Only Griselle did not awaken at the sound. Indeed, she would have slept the whole night through, dreaming of her young husband, Beau, if the creature at her door had not begun to cry.

{{UGLY LITTLE CHILD (BEAU) ACT:}}

{{Start to cry the most annoying cry, but sneak some devious laughter in there as well.}}

It was a pitiful wail - part sob, part laugh - and it went on and on and on, shattering the Christmas peace of Paris.

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Wake up, open door and act shocked at the ugliness of the child there.}}

Griselle arose, holding her old dressing gown closed with one hand. When she opened the door, there in front of her was the ugliest child she had ever seen.

He was so ugly his eyes crossed, and his nose and chin threatened to meet in the middle. His ears stuck out of corn-colored hair like -two horns. His teeth were nearly black.

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Shudder. Pause. Open the door more. Smile a little smile and wave your hand for the ugly child to come inside.}}

Griselle shuddered. For a moment she thought he was an imp of Satan, and surely that was not a sight for Christmas Day. But when the ugly child cried again, part sob and part laugh, she held the door open further, motioning him in, for she knew the devil did not know how to weep.

The ugly child did not move. Indeed, it was as if his feet were rooted to the ground. But he held up his hands.

UGLY LITTLE CHILD:

"Mama!

he cried in a voice as cracked as old leather.

GOOD GRISELLE:

"Poor little thing,"

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Bend down and pick up the ugly child and notice the foul smell of the child. Notice how heavy the child is.}}

She bent down and picked him up, wrinkling her nose slightly at his smell, for he was as ripe as a dish of milk left out too long in the sun. When she straightened with the child in her arms, he was as heavy as a sin. But still she smiled at him.

{{STONE ANGEL ONE AND TWO ACT:}}

{{Smile and start humming a pleasant tune.}}

When the stone angels saw this, they, too, smiled. One even began humming a pleasant prayer.

GARGOYLE ONE:

"Hush! Tush! You may not help!"

{{UGLY LITTLE CHILD (BEAU) ACT:}}

{{Grab Good Griselle's hair and pull.}}

The ugly little boy grabbed a hold of Griselle's hair and pulled hard.

GOOD GRISELLE:

SCREAM!

GARGOYLE ONE AND TWO:

LAUGH!

STONE ANGEL ONE:

"Hush! Tush! You may not help!"

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Comb ugly child's hair and measure him for clothes. Pretend to sew and have child try on clothes.}}

Through winter and spring and the hot Paris summer, through rain and sun and wind and calm, Griselle took care of the ugly little boy. She combed his corn colored hair and wiped his crooked nose and made him clothes out of her own: a white linen shirt from her petticoat, a pair of blue pants from her cloak, and a vest made from her wedding gown, covered with shiny buttons and little pearls. His clothes were handsome, though his face was not, and she called him Beau, after her lost husband, thinking he might grow into the name.

{{UGLY LITTLE CHILD (BEAU) ACT:}}

{{Pretend to pull a cat's tail and steal eggs from a nest.}}

When Beau yanked the cat's tail and stole eggs from the thrush's nest, she cautioned him saying:

GOOD GRISELLE:

"A gentle hand is best."

{{UGLY LITTLE CHILD (BEAU) ACT:}}

{{Pretend to turn over a barrel.}}

When he overturned the barrel maker's barrels and threw about the cheese maker's wares, she chided:

GOOD GRISELLE:

"Do to others as you would be done by."

{{UGLY LITTLE CHILD (BEAU) ACT:}}

{{Pretend to take coins from a collection plate.}}

And when he took coins from the poor box in the cathedral, she made him put them back double.

GOOD GRISELLE:

"For others are not so fortunate as we."

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Pretend to tuck ugly little child in to bed.}}

And if the barrel maker and the cheese maker, the thrush and the cat, the neighbors for blocks around and even the baron himself - called the ugly little boy Gargoyle, cursing his name, Griselle did not. For she had learned to love him. And when she tucked him into her bed at night, kissing his ugly little face on both cheeks and brow, she said

GOOD GRISELLE:

he is company. Am I not lucky to have such?

So most of the year passed, with little Beau playing one rascally trick after another. But nothing he did made Griselle love him any less.

{{GARGOYLE ONE AND TWO ACT:}}

{{Act really worried. Grumble loudly.}}

Up on their ledges, the stone gargoyles grew worried. There was nothing they hated more than losing a wager, and a Christmas wager at that. They grumbled continuously through the fall months, sounding like thunder. All the good folk who lived near the cathedral gazed skyward day after day, expecting rain.

{{STONE ANGEL ONE AND TWO ACT:}}

{{Look very pleased and happy and ignore the gargoyles.}}

{{GARGOYLE ONE AND TWO ACT:}}

{{Look skyward and raise hands.}}

The angels, though, looked smugly complacent. And it was their very smugness that almost proved Griselle's undoing, for they were not listening when the gargoyles prayed to their own dark gods for extra aid two nights before Christmas. The angels, it may be remembered, had agreed not to interfere in any way. But the gargoyles, having been bred in deceit, had made no such promise.

{{SOLDIER BEAU ACTS:}}

{{Pretend walking down the street, but do so in a slow, hunched over way, with a blank expression - smile the most fake smile you can. Then, knock on Griselle's door when the narrator says that line.}}

And so that very night, down the street marched a handsome soldier, his red plume a bit bedraggled but still waving in the wind. If his face was the color of stone, it was hidden by the dark. If his ears were spiked like horns, they were covered by his hat. And if his smile went only to the teeth and not the eyes – well, that might have been a trick of the moonlight.

He knocked on Griselle's door.

GOOD GRISELLE:

Hmmm. . . visitors rarely come at night and never this late! I'd better open the door and see who is there.

SOLDIER BEAU:

"I am home, wife."

GOOD GRISELLE:

Oh, Beau! Let me get you some wine and cake.

When she came back into the room, he was standing over the bed where little Beau lay asleep, thumb in his mouth against the black teeth.

SOLDIER BEAU:

"That bed is mine. Remove him!"

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Pretend to pick up the child and wrap him in a blanket and lay him by the fireplace.}}

Griselle did not say a word but picked up the sleeping child and gently set him, wrapped in a blanket, onto the hearth, where he slept until morn.

At breakfast, when Griselle went to feed little Beau, the soldier complained.

SOLDIER BEAU:

"I will not have a child eat what is rightfully mine. Give me his food."

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Give the boy's food to the soldier Beau. Then, secretly, take your plate of food and give it to the ugly child.}}

Griselle took the food from little Beau's plate and handing it to the man. But secretly, while he was eating it all, she took food from her own meager plate and gave it to the child.

{{UGLY LITTLE CHILD (BEAU) ACT:}}

{{Pretend to throw over shelves and pull the cat's tail and pluck all the barbs from the soldier's feather hat.}}

By evening, when the boy had overturned the barrel maker's shop once again and pulled Monsieur's tail, and even plucked the barbs one at a time from the soldier's feathery plume - and that was odd indeed, for each barb dripped blood - the man could stand no more.

SOLDIER BEAU:

This child is a terror! I will give him something to be terrified of!

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Stand there in shock}}

{{SOLDIER BEAU ACTS:}}

{{Put the ugly child over your knee and raise your hand as if to slap the child's bottom}}}

While Grisele watched in horror, he picked up the boy and threw him roughly over his knee. Then raising his hand, he prepared to beat the child.

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Rush over and put your hand over the ugly child's bottom so that when the soldier strikes, your hands take the blow. Then grab the child and hug him}}

Griselle rushed over to them and thrust her own hand between his and the boy, taking the blow for herself. Then she pulled little Beau to her, crying out,

GOOD GRISELLE:

"You are not my husband. He was a gentle man. You may have a plume like a flame in your hat, but there is no flame in your heart. The boy is full of mischief, yet still he is the gentler soul. Go away, and leave me with my boy!"

{{GRISELLE ACTS:}}

{{Push the soldier out the door}}

And even though it was Christmas Eve, and even though it broke her heart, she pushed the soldier out the door.

{{GRISELLE AND UGLY CHILD ACT:}}

{{Walk along and the ugly child starts holding Grisele's hand and then smiles at her. They walk right by the angels.}}

There was little enough for the evening meal, for the soldier had already eaten most of it, but they made the best of what was there. And when it was time for midnight mass at the cathedral, little Beau slipped his hand into Grisele's. As they walked along, he smiled up at her.

When they went through the great cathedral doors, the stone angels inclined their heads downward, whispering to one another like doves cooing:

STONE ANGEL ONE AND TWO:

"Such a good woman. Such an ugly child."

This time Grisele heard their voices and looked up at them.

GOOD GRISELLE:

"Hush! Tush! If a handsome man can be transformed by hate, surely an ugly little boy can be changed by love. Can't you see he has grown into his name?"

Then she whispered into Beau's ear,

GOOD GRISELLE:

"Pay them no mind. They are only stone, after all."

Many years later old Grisele died in her sleep and went straight to heaven. That same night, her ugly son disappeared as well. But if you look very carefully at the angels carved into the facing on the cathedral wall, you will see that not all of them are handsome. There is one angel that looks a lot like a gargoyle, but his back is straight and he seems to be singing hosannas to the heavens. There is also one with slightly crossed eyes and with teeth almost black. But he is the only one with an absolutely angelic smile.

Processing Questions

ON THE WAY TO VESPERS, THINK ABOUT:

People who you find difficult to be or work with at camp, home, and school.

WHAT

What was the story basically about?

CUES:

- ▶ Why did Good Griselle have that name?
- ▶ What did she like about the soldier at first? What didn't she like about him later?
- ▶ What did the angels and gargoyles bet on?
- ▶ What was the child like?
- ▶ Did he get better? Why did he get better?
- ▶ What was the child like in the end?
- ▶ What happened to the soldier?
- ▶ What happened to the angels and the gargoyles?
- ▶ What would you all have done if you had to deal with that child?

SO WHAT

Griselle helped the child in the end. We talked about how she did that.

- ▶ At some rare times, are any of you all ever like the child in the story? Even a little bit?
- ▶ Do you all know people who are like the child in the story? How about kids or adults who are hard to be with? Maybe even in your own cabin or group? In you class at school?
- ▶ Do you think her method would work when it isn't in a story?
 - ▶ When would it work?
 - ▶ How do people in real life and on tv usually react to someone that hard to be with or bad?
 - ▶ When would it be hard to be like that? Then what should you do?
- ▶ Have any of you tried to be like Good Griselle? Tell me about it (stories). Let's see an overall show of hands.

NOW / THEN WHAT

Take a moment to think about how you could apply this moral to your life with the people sitting around you right now.

Would some people like to share what they were thinking about? How can we PERSONALLY apply this story to our lives in the next day, week, at home, and at school?

Songs:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Parting song: _____

The Magic Thread

N = Narrator L= Liese T = Teacher P = Peter OL = Old Lady

- N: Once there was a widow who had a son called Peter. He was a strong, able boy, but he did not enjoy going to school and he was forever daydreaming. One day his teacher said
- T: "Peter, what are you dreaming about this time?."
- P: "I'm thinking about what I'll be when I grow up,
- T: "Be patient. There's plenty of time for that. Being grown up isn't all fun, you know,"
- N: But Peter found it hard to enjoy whatever he was doing at the moment, and was always hankering after the next thing. In winter he longed for it to be summer again, and in summer he looked forward to the skating, sledging, and warm fires of winter. At school he would long for the day to be over so that he could go home, and on Sunday nights he would sigh,
- P: "If only the holidays would come.
- N: " What he enjoyed most was playing with his friend Liese. She was as good a companion as any boy, and no matter how impatient Peter was, she never took offense.
- P: "When I grow up, I shall marry Liese,"
- N: Peter said to himself. Often he wandered through the forest, dreaming of the future. Sometimes he lay down on the soft forest floor in the warm sun, his hands behind his head, staring up at the sky through the distant treetops. One hot afternoon as he began to grow sleepy, he heard someone calling his name.
- OL: Peter, Peter
- N: He opened his eyes and sat up. Standing before him was an old woman. In her hand she held a silver ball, from which dangled a silken golden thread.
- OL: "See what I have got here, Peter,"
- N: she said, offering the ball to him.
- P: "What is it?"
- N: he asked curiously, touching the fine golden thread.
- OL: "This is your life thread, do not touch it and time will pass normally. But if you wish time to pass more quickly, you have only to pull the thread a little way and an hour will pass like a second. But I warn you, once the thread has been pulled out, it cannot be pushed back in again. It will disappear like a puff of smoke. The ball is for you. But if you accept my gift you must tell no one, or on that very day you shall die. Now, say, do you want it?"
- N: Peter seized the gift from her joyfully. It was just what he wanted. He examined the silver ball. It was light and solid, made of a single piece. The only flaw in it was the tiny hole from which the bright thread hung. He put the ball in his pocket and ran home. There, making sure that his mother was out, he examined it again. The thread seemed to be creeping very slowly out of the ball, so slowly that it was scarcely noticeable to the naked eye. He longed to give it a quick tug, but dared not do so. Not yet.
- N1: The following day at school, Peter sat daydreaming about what he would do with his magic thread. The teacher scolded him for not concentrating on his work. If only, he thought, it was time to go home. Then he felt the silver ball in his pocket. If he pulled out a tiny bit of thread, the day would be over. Very carefully he took hold of it and tugged. Suddenly the teacher was telling everyone to pack up their books and to leave the classroom in an orderly fashion. Peter was overjoyed. He ran all the way home. How easy life would be now! All his troubles were over. From that day forth he began to pull the thread, just a little, every day.

One day, however, it occurred to him that it was stupid to pull the thread just a little each day. If he gave it a harder tug, school would be over altogether. Then he could start learning a trade and marry Liese. So that night he gave the thread a hard tug, and in the morning he awoke to find himself apprenticed to a carpenter in town. He loved his new life, clambering about on roofs and scaffolding, lifting and hammering great beams into place that still smelled of the forest. But sometimes, when payday seemed too far off, he gave the thread a little tug and suddenly the week was drawing to a close and it was Friday night and he had money in his pocket.

N1: Liese had also come to town and was living with her aunt, who taught her housekeeping. Peter began to grow impatient for the day when they would be married. It was hard to live so near and yet so far from her. He asked her when they could be married.

L: "In another year,"

N: Peter fingered the silver ball in his pocket.

P: "Well, the time will pass quickly enough,"

N1: He said, knowingly. That night Peter could not sleep. He tossed and turned restlessly. He took the magic ball from under his pillow. For a moment he hesitated; then his impatience got the better of him, and he tugged at the golden thread. In the morning he awoke to find that the year was over and that Liese had at last agreed to marry him. Now Peter felt truly happy.

But before their wedding could take place, Peter received an official-looking letter. He opened it in trepidation and read that he was expected to report at the army barracks the following week for two years' military service. He showed the letter to Liese in despair.

L: "Well, there is nothing for it, we shall just have to wait. But the time will pass quickly, you'll see. There are so many things to do in preparation for our life together."

N: Peter smiled bravely, knowing that two years would seem a lifetime to him. Once Peter had settled into life at the barracks, however, he began to feel that it wasn't so bad after all. He quite enjoyed being with all the other young men, and their duties were not very arduous at first. He remembered the old woman's warning to use the thread wisely and for a while refrained from pulling it. But in time he grew restless again. Army life bored him with its routine duties and harsh discipline. He began pulling the thread to make the week go faster so that it would be Sunday again, or to speed up the time until he was due for leave. And so the two years passed almost as if they had been a dream.

N1: Back home, Peter determined not to pull the thread again until it was absolutely necessary. After all, this was the best time of his life, as everyone told him. He did not want it to be over too quickly. He did, however, give the thread one or two very small tugs, just to speed along the day of his marriage. He longed to tell Liese his secret, but he knew that if he did he would die.

On the day of his wedding, everyone, including Peter, was happy. He could hardly wait to show Liese the house he had built for her. At the wedding feast he glanced over at his mother. He noticed for the first time how gray her hair had grown recently. She seemed to be aging so quickly. Peter felt a pang of guilt that he had pulled the thread so often. Henceforward he would be much more sparing with it and only use it when it was strictly necessary.

N: A few months later Liese announced that she was going to have a child. Peter was overjoyed and could hardly wait. When the child was born, he felt that he could never want for anything again. But whenever the child was ill or cried through the sleepless night, he gave the thread a little tug, just so that the baby might be well and happy again.

Times were hard. Business was bad and a government had come to power that squeezed the people dry with taxes and would tolerate no opposition. Anyone who became known as a troublemaker was thrown into prison without trial and rumor was enough to condemn a man. Peter had always been known as one who spoke his mind, and very soon he was arrested and cast into jail. Luckily he had his magic ball with him and he tugged very hard at the thread. The prison walls dissolved before him and his enemies were scattered in the huge explosion that burst forth like thunder. It was the war that had been threatening, but it was over as quickly as a summer storm, leaving behind it an exhausted peace. Peter found himself back home with his family. But now he was a middle-aged man.

N1: For a time things went well and Peter lived in relative contentment. One day he looked at his magic ball and saw to his surprise that the thread had turned from gold to silver. He looked in the mirror. His hair was starting to turn gray and his face was lined where before there had not been a wrinkle to be seen. He suddenly felt afraid and determined to use the thread even more carefully than before. Liese bore him more children and he seemed happy as the head of his growing household. His stately manner often made people think of him as some sort of benevolent ruler. He had an air of authority

as if he held the fate of others in his hands. He kept his magic ball 'in a well-hidden place, safe from the curious eyes of his children, knowing that if anyone were to discover it, it would be fatal.

As the number of his children grew, so his house became more overcrowded. He would have to extend it, but for that he needed money. He had other worries too. His mother was looking older and more tired every day. It was of no use to pull the magic thread because that would only hasten her approaching death. All too soon she died, and as Peter stood at her graveside, he wondered how it was that life passed so quickly, even without pulling the magic thread.

N: One night as he lay in bed, kept awake by his worries, he thought how much easier life would be if all his children were grown up and launched upon their careers in life. He gave the thread a mighty tug, and the following day he awoke to find that his children had all left home for jobs in different parts of the country, and that he and his wife were alone. His hair was almost white now and often his back and limbs ached as he climbed the ladder or lifted a heavy beam into place. Liese too was getting old and she was often ill. He couldn't bear to see her suffer, so that more and more he resorted to Pulling at the magic thread. But as soon as one trouble was solved, another seemed to grow in its place. Perhaps life would be easier if he retired, Peter thought. Then he would no longer have to clamber about on drafty, half-completed buildings and he could look after Liese when she was ill. The trouble was that he didn't have enough money to live on. He picked up his magic ball and looked at it. To his dismay he saw that the thread was no longer silver but gray and lusterless. He decided to go for a walk in the forest to think things over.

N1: It was a long time since he had been in that part of the forest. The small saplings had all grown into tall fir trees, and it was hard to find the path he had once known. Eventually he came to a bench in a clearing. He sat down to rest and fell into a light doze. He was' woken by someone calling his name,

OL: "Peter! Peter!"

N1: He looked up and saw the old woman he had met so many years ago when she had given him the magic silver ball with its golden thread. She looked just as she had on that day, not a day older. She smiled at him.

OL: "So, Peter, have you had a good life?"

P: "I'm not sure. Your magic ball is a wonderful thing. I have never had to suffer or wait for anything in my life. And yet it has all passed so quickly. I feel that I have had no time to take in what has happened to me, neither the good things nor the bad. Now there is so little time left. I dare not pull the thread again for it will only bring me to my death. I do not think your gift has brought me luck. "

OL: "How ungrateful you are! In what way would you have wished things to be different?"

P: "Perhaps if you had given me a different ball, one where I could have pushed the thread back in as well as pulling it out. Then I could have relived the things that went badly."

N: The old woman laughed.

OL: "You ask a great deal! Do you think that God allows us to live our lives twice over? But I can grant you one final wish, you foolish, demanding man."

P: "What is that?"

OL: "Choose,"

N1: the old woman said. Peter thought hard. At length he said,

P: "I should like to live my life again as if for the first time, but without your magic ball. Then I will experience the bad things as well as the good without cutting them short, and at least my life will not pass as swiftly and meaninglessly as a daydream."

OL: "So be it, Give me back my ball."

N: She stretched out her hand and Peter placed the silver ball in it. Then he sat back and closed his eyes with exhaustion. When he awoke he was in his own bed. His youthful mother was bending over him, shaking him gently.

M: "Wake up, Peter. You will be late for school. You were sleeping like the dead!"

N1: He looked up at her in surprise and relief

P: "I've had a terrible dream, Mother. I dreamed that I was old and sick and that my life had passed like the blinking of an eye with nothing to show for it. Not even any memories."

N: His mother laughed and shook her head.

M "That will never happen,, memories are the one thing we all have, even when we are old. Now hurry and get dressed. Liese is waiting for you and you will be late for school."

N1: As Peter walked to school with Liese, he noticed what a bright summer morning it was, the kind of morning when it felt good to be alive. Soon he would see his friends and classmates, and even the prospect of lessons didn't seem so bad. In fact he could hardly wait.

Processing Questions

ON THE WAY TO VESPERS, THINK ABOUT:

The times in your life that you don't enjoy. Times you wish would pass quickly and be over with.

WHAT

What was the story basically about?

CUES:

- ▶ What was the magic ball?
 - ▶ How did it work?
 - ▶ What happened if Peter told anyone about it?
- ▶ What did Peter want? (Happiness)
- ▶ What were some of the times that Peter pulled the thread to speed up the bad times?

<ul style="list-style-type: none">▶ Be a grown up▶ Holidays▶ School▶ Marry Liese▶ Working on the roof▶ Weekends	<ul style="list-style-type: none">▶ Army▶ Want a child▶ Crying child▶ Jail▶ Children grow up▶ Retirement
--	---
- ▶ What happened in the end? Is that the same choice you all would have made? Why?

SO WHAT

- ▶ Are there times at camp that you all wish would pass a little quicker? What are some examples?
 - ▶ Same thing for school
 - ▶ Same thing for home
- ▶ Are there any other times people wish would have passed quicker? (injuries and recoveries are common)
- ▶ So, what's the moral of the story?
 - ▶ What's wrong with only having the good times in your memory or only actually living good times?
 - ▶ Do you all agree that a person can only experience joy and happiness to the degree that one has experienced pain and suffering?

NOW / THEN WHAT

Take a moment to think about how you could apply this moral to your life here at camp, at home, and at school.

Would some people like to share what they were thinking about? How can we PERSONALLY apply this story to our lives in the next day, week, at home, and at school?

Songs:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Parting song: _____

Too often, people want what they want (or what they think they want which is usually "happiness" in one form or another) right now. The irony of their impatience is that only by learning to wait, and by a willingness to accept the bad with the good, do we usually attain those things that are truly worthwhile. "He that can have patience, can have what he will," Benjamin Franklin told us, and this French tale bears him out.

Kanu Above and Kanu Below

Characters:

1. Narrator
2. Kanu Above
3. Kanu Below
4. Spider
5. Rat
6. Anteater
7. Chief's daughter

Kanu Below was a chief.
He lived on this earth.
Kanu Above was a God.
He lived in the skies.

Now Kanu Below had a beautiful daughter.
He cared for her more than for all his wealth.
How he loved that child.
But one day Kanu Above reached down and took the child away.
He carried her off to the sky and kept her there.

Kanu Below wept and wept.
He could not be comforted.
In his sorrow he forgot to look over his people.
His under-chiefs began to take more and more responsibility for the village.
One day those chiefs came to him and said
"Kanu! Kanu Below!
A stranger has come into our village.
His name is Spider.
That person is causing much trouble.
He weaves sticky webs over everyone's doorways.
He leaves webs across the paths.
People are tripping and falling.
People keep stumbling into spider webs.
You must send this person from the village.
We do not want him here."

Kanu looked up from his grief.
"I will handle this problem.
Tell Spider to come here!"

To Spider he said
"Spider, you must not leave webs across the paths.
People will trip and hurt themselves.
You must not spin webs across the doorways.
People will stumble into them.
Do you understand?"

To the chiefs he said
"See this Spider?
This Spider does some things we do not like.
But this Spider has much good in him.
We will keep him in the village.
We will keep him among us."

And it was so.

Two days later the chiefs came again to Kanu.
"Kanu! Kanu Below!

A stranger has come into the village.
His name is Rat.
This Rat is sneaking into people's houses.
He is taking rice.
He is taking meat.
He is taking kola nuts.
This Rat cannot stay in our village.
Tell him to go."

Kanu said, "Tell Rat to come here."

To Rat he said
"Rat, you must not go into people's houses and take things that are not yours.
They are hungry too.
Do not take their rice.
Do not take their meat.
Do not take their kola nuts.
Do you understand?"

To the chiefs he said

"See this Rat?
He does some things we do not like.
But there is much good in Rat.
We will keep him in the village.
We will keep Rat among us."

And it was so.

Two days later the chiefs came again.

"Kanu! Kanu Below!
A stranger is in this village.
His name is Anteater.
He is causing trouble.
This Anteater is digging holes in everyone's yard.
People are falling into them and breaking their legs.
Send this Anteater out of the village.
He cannot stay here."

Kanu said, "Tell Anteater to come here."

To Anteater he said

"Anteater,
you must stop digging holes in people's yards.
People are falling.
They are hurting their legs.
You must stop doing this.
Do you understand?"

To the chiefs he said

"See this Anteater?
He does some things we do not like.
But there is much good in this Anteater.
We should keep him in the village.
We must keep him among us."

And it was so.

Two days later the chiefs came again

"Kanu! Kanu Below!
There is a stranger in the village.
His name is Fly.
He is driving everyone crazy.
He buzzes around our heads.
He bites us on the neck.
He bites us on the behind.
Send him away from here.
Get him out of our village."

Kanu said, "Tell Fly to come here."

To Fly he said

"Fly, you must not buzz around people's heads.
This is very annoying to people.
You must not bite them on the neck.
You must not bite them on the behind.
This hurts our people.
Do you understand?"

To the chiefs he said

"See this Fly?
He does some things we do not like, yes.
But there is much good in this Fly.
We must keep him in the village.
We should keep him among us."

And it was so.

Days passed, and Kanu was still so sad for the loss of his daughter.

One day he said

"If only someone from our village could climb to the sky and speak to Kanu Above.
Perhaps he could be persuaded to return my daughter."

Kanu Above was powerful.

Kanu Above was frightening.

None of the chiefs was willing to approach him.

They kept silent.

But Spider spoke up.

"Kanu Below, I could go for you.
I could spin a web and climb to the sky.
I like the way you treated me.
I will help you."

Rat said

"Me too.
I will go.
I like the way you treated me, Kanu.
I want to help."

Anteater said

"Don't forget me.
Let me help also.
I like the way you treated me, Kanu.
I am going to help."

Fly said

"And I will go along too.
I like the way you treated me, Kanu.
Now I am going to help."

Spider spun a web right up to the sky.

He fastened it to a cloud.

The four friends climbed up and began to walk around in the sky country looking for Kanu Above.

There was his court!

"Kanu! Kanu Above!
We have come from Kanu Below.
He misses his daughter so much.
We ask that you return her."

Kanu Above glared at these intruders.
He was angry.
But he said:

"Well, sit down.
We shall see."

Kanu Above called the women
"Go and prepare food for our guests."
But to one woman he whispered something in private.
Fly said, "This might be a job for me."
Fly followed that woman.

He watched.
The women prepared rice.
They prepared palm oil sauce.
They prepared meat sauce.
That woman took poison.
She poured it into the meat sauce.

Fly hurried back to his three friends.
He buzzed in their ears.

"Don't touch the meat.
It is poisoned: '
"Don't touch the meat.
They poisoned it."
"The meat is poisoned.
Don't touch it."

The food was placed before them.
There was a bowl of rice.
There was a bowl of palm oil sauce.
There was a bowl of meat sauce.

"Thank you for the food," said the friends.
"But in our country we never eat meat."
They pushed away the meat sauce and ate only the palm oil.

Kanu Above looked at them.
"Are these people clever? Or what?"

Kanu Above said
"Now you may rest in this house."
They went into a house.
Kanu's servants closed the doors.
Kanu's servants closed the windows.
They were locked inside that house.
They waited one ... two ... three ... four... five ... six days.
No one brought them food.
No one brought them water.

Rat said, "This is a job for me."
Rat gnawed a hole.
He went out.
Rat went into one house.
He took rice.
He brought it back.
He went into another house.
He took meat.
He brought it back.
Rat went into Kanu's house.
He took kola nuts.
He brought them back.

The friends ate and were healthy again.

Kanu's men saw that they were still alive.
They brought brush to set fire to the house.

Anteater said, "Here is a job for me!"
Anteater began to dig.
Fast, fast, he dug.
He dug a hole right under the wall.
The four friends escaped.

They went before Kanu Above.
They brought with them one kola nut
 "Here is a kola nut.
 We give it to you.
 Our house burned down.
 May we take back the child now?"

Kanu Above wondered
 "Are these people clever? Or what?"
"I will bring the child," he said.
"But you must choose her.
If she is really yours you will know her."

He sent the women to dress the girls.
There were twenty young girls.
They would all be dressed alike

The friends were worried.
They had never seen Kanu Below's daughter.
How would they know her?

Fly said, "This is a job for me again."
He followed the women.
He watched them dress the girls.
They put beads around their necks.
They put bracelets on their wrists.
They put anklets on their feet.
They braided their hair just so.

But one girl, they ignored.
No one helped her.
She had to put on her own beads.
She had to put on her own bracelets
She had to put on her own anklets.
She had to fix her hair all by herself.

Fly said, "That must be our chief's daughter.
She is not from this place.
They treat her poorly."

Fly flew back to his friends.
He buzzed in their ears.
 "The girl who jumps.
 She is the one."
 "Grab the girl who jumps."
 "Watch for the girl who jumps
 That will be the one."

They brought out twenty young girls.
They were all dressed just alike.

They were lovely in their beads and bracelets.

Fly buzzed around their heads.

"Not this one ... not this one ... not this one...: "

Suddenly he bit one girl.

"Whoop!" she jumped.

The friends grabbed her.

"This is the one.

We choose this one."

Kanu Above stared and stared.

"Are these people clever? Or what?

Well then, you may have that girl.

Take her to your chief.

And here are four kola nuts to show my admiration for his four friends."

They took the girl and climbed down to their country again.

Kanu Below was so happy ... so happy ... to have his daughter home again.

He called all the people in the village.

"See what these four have done," he said.

"This is Spider.

You wanted to send him away.

This is Rat.

You did not want him in the village.

This is Anteater.

You did not want him around.

This is Fly.

You would have banished him forever.

Yet these are the ones who have brought back my daughter.

To me these four are without price.

It is these four who will be my chiefs in the future."

And it was so.

This is the story of Kanu Above and Kanu Below.

Processing Questions

ON THE WAY TO VESPERS, THINK ABOUT:

People who you find difficult to be or work with.

WHAT

What was the story basically about?

CUES:

- ▶ What did the villagers do?
- ▶ What did the visitors do?
- ▶ How did Kanu Below handle the situation?
 - ▶ If you were Kanu Below, what might you have done differently?
- ▶ What would have happened if the visitors hadn't been heroes and life just went on as usual in the village?

SO WHAT

Are there things about different people / groups that you don't appreciate?

CUES:

- ▶ Ethnicities
- ▶ Granola person or fraternity business major
- ▶ Children who are angels and children who are difficult
- ▶ Males and females
- ▶ Older and younger adults
- ▶ English over Americans
- ▶ Boisterous extroverted people and quiet, introspective people

How do you deal with the fact that there truly are some qualities of other people that you don't appreciate?

Why do you think people have such a hard time dealing with differences? Why isn't the world a more open, accepting place?

NOW / THEN WHAT

Take a moment to think about how you could apply this moral to your life with the people sitting around you right now.

How can we help children to be more accepting of the diversities that make up people's personalities, preferences, and outward characteristics like color, accent, height, or weight?

Songs:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Parting song: _____