

WE'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE...WE REJOICE IN THE RETELLING.



THE REGISTER

SEPTEMBER 2020 NEWLETTER

A NOTE FROM THE PRESIDENT



"STORIES CREATE COMMUNITY, ENABLE US TO SEE THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHER PEOPLE, AND OPEN US TO THE CLAIMS OF OTHERS."

— PETER FORBES

Hello everyone,
I remember thinking in June that it felt like 2 years had gone by since we had begun our journey with Covid 19. That was three months ago and now school is starting. How did summer pass by me so fast?
My elementary and middle school classes begin this week with a KCMO charter school. It is exciting and a little scary. I am teaching "Oral Storytelling" for 4th and 5th graders and "Spoken Word", "Personal Narrative and Writing" to 6th and 7th graders. Teaching online is a lot of work. The teacher is "on" the entire time. There is no sitting quietly to one side while the students read their favorite story or draw the story board. Fortunately I have taught on Zoom before.
These are still strange times. I am getting used to it but I still long for the good old days before Zoom. What about you? How are you coping with the changes? Let us know some of your experiences. Email me at joyceslater20@gmail.com We will print your comments.

NO-TELL PRESENTS...

SPOOKY & SCARY STORIES

FRIDAY, OCT. 30TH

ON ZOOOOO-OOOOO!

SPOOKY (NOT-VERY-SCARY)
STORIES FOR CHILDREN
START AT 7PM (UNTIL 8PM) CDT

SPINE-TINGLERS SCARY STORIES
FOR TEENS & ADULTS
START AT 9PM (UNTIL 10:30) CDT

DO JOIN US, WON'T YOU?

EVEN NOW, LINDA KUNTZ IS CONJURING STORYTELLERS WHO
CAN MAKE US LOCK THE DOOR, CHECK UNDER THE BED,
AND SLEEP WITH THE LIGHT ON.

ADDRESS CODE AND PASSWORD
WILL RISE TO US IN TIME...



**ONE
CAN'T.**

No matter how mythic.

**MANY
CAN.**

No matter how human.

**MO-TELL NEEDS YOU TO PULL.
WHICH COMFY HARNESS FITS YOU?**

Serve on the Board of Directors?
Represent MO-TELL from other Missouri areas?
Coordinate, plan, and manage events?
Write grants? Help with accounting?
Contact any existing Board Member with your ideas.
Really. You make us better.

NOVEMBER

13-15, 2020

Wow!

Northeast
Storytelling
presents

NEST Fest

GOOD
TIMES

enjoy
every
moment.

ONLINE
STORYTELLING
FESTIVAL

SAVE
THE
DATE!

with
performances,
applied
storytelling
panels, swaps,
and happy hours

www.nestorytelling.org

OUR INBOX IS YOUR INBOX

Date: Thu, Sep 3, 2020 at 12:42 PM
Subject: [storytell] workshop!
To: Storytell List <storytell@lists.storynet.org>

For beginning tellers, virtual. Wow, it doesn't matter where you come from... This workshop is sponsored by Little Lakes Community Center here in western New York, and I thank them for their support of storytelling.

Enjoy a 2-session introduction to the ancient art of telling stories. You'll play games to discover the creative potential of your imagination to help in the performance of a story, listen to some tales and come away with a story to tell.

Links for attendees to watch beforehand are provided as a foundation for the workshop. Both sessions are conducted virtually, via Zoom, sponsored by the Little Lakes Community Association. All attendees must sign up in advance for both sessions by visiting littlelakesny.org or Facebook @[littlelakesny.org](https://www.facebook.com/littlelakesny.org).

Questions can be addressed to Cris Reidel at 585-335-5332 or cris@storiesconnect.com.

Cris
Keep the wonder rolling
www.storiesconnect.com
Board Member, Northeast Storytelling
NEST

From: **World Storytelling Institute** <info@storytellinginstitute.org>
Date: Wed, Sep 2, 2020 at 4:34 AM
Subject: [World Storytelling Institute] A Storytelling Session, Workshop, Course, and Festival__presented by the World Storytelling Institute, via Zoom
To: World Storytelling Institute <world-storytelling-institute@googlegroups.com> <world-storytelling-institute@googlegroups.com>

Storytelling --
1) Session.
2) Workshop.
3) Course.

4) Announcing:

The 9th annual edition of the Chennai Storytelling Festival:

Chennai Storytelling Festival 2021 (in Feb 2021, 5 months from now).

The theme of CSF 2021 is, "The Healing Power of Story, Storytelling, and Story-enactment".

CSF 2021 would feature:

* 48 hours of Zoom programming, in two 24-hour stretches. Admission: FREE.

* Single-session Workshops by experts from around the world in the fields of Storytelling for Life Coaching, Healing, Counselling, and Therapy.

* Presentations by people in various kinds of traditional communities.

1) "Storytelling by and for adults" session on Monday 7th Sept, at 6pm India time. Admission FREE. Program at <http://storytellinginstitute.org/7Sept2020.html#a>. "Storytelling via Videoconference" tips and suggestions given to the Storytellers are at <http://storytellinginstitute.org/7Sept2020.html#b>. If you are not yet subscribed to the series email group, please send a request to the email ID given at the end of this email.

2) 8-session Storytelling Workshop (for adults). Beginning Sunday 27th Sept, 7pm-9pm India time. Fee: Rs 8,000. Info is at <http://storytellinginstitute.org/22.html>.

3) 11-session Course on "Ways a Method of Storytelling Therapy could be Used for Life Coaching, Healing, Counselling, and Therapy". Beginning Wednesday 23rd Sept, 7pm-9pm India time. Fee: Rs 12,000 for people living in India. Others, please inquire. Info is <http://storytellingandvideoconferencing.com/3a.html>.

Now accepting proposals for Storytelling Performances in CSF 2021: "Stories relating to Healing". Performers would be requested to contribute a registration fee for the opportunity to perform on this global stage. The World Storytelling Institute (WSI), which produces the Chennai Storytelling Festival, is accepting interns who would be involved with planning, coordinating, and directing CSF 2021.

All of the above would be facilitated by WSI director, Dr Eric Miller, who is especially inspired by Dr Carl Jung's work relating to symbols, archetypes, and the collective unconscious.

Please email inquiries to info@storytellinginstitute.org

MO-TELL MEMBER OF THE MONTH



Coisetta "Cosy" Wright

Retired Teacher/Administrator/Librarian Media Specialist

Hi, I'm Cosy Wright, my storytelling names are "Cosybear Tales and "Sister Tales". I was born and raised in St. Louis, MO and I am the third child of seven children, 5 girls and 2 boys. We lived in an area of downtown St. Louis, that was a few blocks southeast of the "Mill Greek Valley". We attend Lincoln elementary in Mill Creek, one of only two elementary schools for Blacks in the area. There were just a few Black families with children living close to us. So, we spend most of our time playing together, with an occasional visit from the three White children whose family lived around the corner from us. Although we couldn't go to school together, we had fun playing one movie we saw I fell in love with this over-weight character and I can still remember running around saying to my siblings "I want to be the fat man".

Like many families, before TV, storytelling was a big part of our families' entertainment and listening to the radio shows helped to increase that love of listening to the spoken word. My siblings and I spent hours playing with our paper dolls and doll houses, the boys along with the girls. We created all kinds of story plots for our make-believe families. One of our aunts, Auntie Grace even built us a playhouse in the back yard. My mother and father were also natural storytellers.

My mother told stories about monkeys escaping from the zoo and roaming the city looking for someone's bed to share. And our father who was normally pretty quiet, until he had a drink or two, liked to tell stories about how he had been a boxer or a Cab Calloway type singer.

I began teaching in 1971 at Eugene Field Elementary. While there I attended a summer workshop for teachers on storytelling, my instructor was Janet Kiefer, now known as January Kiefer, she told the class about Gateway Storytelling. In March of 1978, while still teaching, I joined the MO Air National Guard. I retired in June of 1999 at the rank of Lt Colonel and Squadron Commander and the first female to command an Air Guard Unit at Jefferson Barracks. I retired from teaching in 2007 as a Library Media Specialist from Ames Visual and Performing Arts School.

**SCROLL DOWN FOR
EVEN MORE ABOUT**

Coisetta "Cosy" Wright

**AS PROMISED,
EVEN MORE ABOUT**

Coisetta "Cosy" Wright

What tellers have been influential in my life?

January Knefer, Annette Harrison, Sue Hinkel, Bobby Norfolk, Gladys Coggswell, Lynn Rubright, and my brother, Glen "Papa" Wright

What is my favorite story, movie or song?

1. The Sound of Music
2. Tina Turner's life story and her song "Rolling on the River"

Memory of Christmas: The smell of fruit all through our house, my mother's home make "decorated brown bags" with fruit & nuts in each of our bags. (who needed Christmas stockings?)

Valentine Memory: A "Big Valentine" card made by my second-grade teacher, because I was new to the class and did not get cards from the other kids. SO, as a teacher I would always take two or three extra bags of cards and candy for kids who may not have anything.

Favorite Vacation:

Senegal and Cuba

Hobbies:

reading, traveling, learning to play the piano, puzzles, working on family genealogy and creative writing/storytelling

Memberships:

American Legions, St. Louis Service Women's Post 404

My marital status:

Single, no children, lots of nieces & nephews (and god children)

And now, select entries from

PERRIN'S DICTIONARY BY CHILDREN

LIPPY ROOM
CHEESE PADS
FACE GRASS
BED SKINS
STORIES IN MY EYES

ELEVATOR
KRAFT SINGLES
BEARD
SHEETS
DREAMS

MAGNET
HERE

FOR YOUR FRIDGE

MAGNET
HERE

STORIES, GATHERINGS, AND STORY GATHERINGS
AROUND OUR FAIR STATE.

RAPS

RAPS Meetings for September 2020 for MO-TELL Newsletter

Thanks to COVID-19, River and
Prairie Storyweavers is going
virtual on Zoom again in
September.

**Thursday, September 3, 2020,
7:00 pm - First Thursday
Meeting**

Story Theme: **My First Day of
School**

**Saturday, September 12, 2020,
2:00 pm - Second Saturday
Meeting**

Story Theme: **Apple Crisp.**

**Saturday, September 26, 2020,
10:00 am - Fourth Saturday
Meeting**

Contact: [RAPS.Secretary@gmail.c
om](mailto:RAPS.Secretary@gmail.com) for Zoom Meeting ID and
Password for each meeting
(If you are on the RAPS email list,
meeting ID and password
for each meeting will be sent to
you automatically.)

GATEWAY

Gateway - we will have a
Story Swap at 1:00 on
Sunday 9/20 .

Would love to hear folks'
stories.

Tellers Choice! If you have
a story to tell contact Ric
Vice at ricvice@att.net.

Zoom info is:

997 6950 5700

Any questions, please let
Ric know.

SOTO

NO INFORMATION
PROVIDED

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE WOODNEATH...

Stories of Latinos in Kansas City: <https://www.mymcpl.org/events/68453/state-stories-stories-latinos-kansas-city-facebook-live>

State of Stories: Stories of Latinos in Kansas City (Facebook Live) | Mid-Continent Public Library

Sandra Enriquez, Assistant Professor of History & Director of Public History Emphasis at the University of Missouri-Kansas City, will give a lecture on the stories of Latinos in Kansas City.

www.mymcpl.org

Three-part Marketing for Storytellers program: <https://www.mymcpl.org/events/68420/marketing-storytellers-part-one-zoom>

Marketing for Storytellers, Part One (ZOOM) | Mid-Continent Public Library

Learn to cultivate a brand that speaks to your audience as a writer or storyteller, and then explore effective marketing tactics, including networking, social media platforms, and resources from SquareOne Business Services, a program of Mid-Continent Public Library.

www.mymcpl.org

Autumn Tales for the Family with Fran Stallings: <https://www.mymcpl.org/events/68450/autumn-tales-family-facebook-live>



MID-CONTINENT
PUBLIC LIBRARY

A SPECIAL WORKSHOP FOR TELLERS!

Telling our personal stories is a natural part of life during casual conversations. Telling them to an audience or writing them for future generations to read takes our personal stories to a whole new level.

Judy Sima, award-winner Michigan storyteller and author, is offering to share her knowledge with us through a 90 minute virtual workshop on Zoom titled "Memories to Treasures" on Saturday September 26 at 1 P.M. (Central Time Zone). You will need to have access to a computer, smart phone or tablet and an Internet connection. Cost for the workshop is \$10.00.

The number of participants is limited so **don't delay** if you wish to be included.

Registration: Please mail a check for \$10.00 along with your name, email address and phone number to:

Janet Jensen
3413 Rand Lane
Swansea, IL 62226
Questions? Call 262-894-6580 or email to
jmjensen51@gmail.com.

More about Judy . . .

Award winning Michigan storyteller, author, and teaching artist, Judy Sima has been delighting audiences since 1987. Well known for her highly interactive and practical workshops, Judy has been featured at educational, library, and storytelling conferences across the nation. With over 20 years experience coaching students and adults, she has helped many others tell their own stories.

43 Pound Cat

My cousin, Kenny, lived with my Aunt and Uncle on their family farm. It was one of those general all-purpose farms down in southern Iowa. To find their place, you follow the freeway till it becomes four lane highway, then two lanes, then the concrete turns to blacktop and the blacktop to gravel and the gravel to dirt. You turn just beyond the bridge the county does not maintain anymore and head south half a mile up the lane to the house.

You'll see the house and the outbuildings--a chicken house, barn, hog house, corn crib, shed or two, and Kenny's machine shed and machine shop. You'll see some chickens, ducks, geese, dogs, cats, pigs, cows, maybe a horse, and some sheep. On that drive in, you'll pass about 20 acres in soybeans here and another 20 or so in corn there unless it's the odd year and then the soybeans will be there and the corn here. You'll drive past some virgin timberland where they run cattle and the deer and wildcats run themselves. Out beyond the barn, you'll see what Kenny calls his cash crop. It's about 20 acres sown in just about any part you might need to fix a car or truck or tractor or even that county road maintainer.

Some folks call that a junk yard but Uncle Kenny doesn't care. He just pats that top pocket on his overalls and grins all the way to the bank.

You won't see Killer, the barn cat, or the fierce junk yard dogs unless you are where you should not be.

Now along with all the buildings and such, you'll find my Aunt and Uncle and their 6 kids, my cousins. Uncle Kenny and my cousin, Kenny, would have been confusing except that we called them Big Kenny and Little Kenny. I'll call them Uncle and Aunt and Kenny for this story.

When Kenny was about 12, he asked if he could have a pet of his own--not an animal for 4H but one he could call his own and keep forever. He wanted one to keep him company and even sleep on his bed.

He said he would be responsible for his pet's care.

Big Kenny said "If that pet ever threatens our livelihood here on the farm, you'll have to be responsible and take care of that."

Little Kenny said "Yes, Sir."

Aunt Helen said "In my house? That pet will have to be well behaved and you will have to clean up any mess."

Little Kenny said "Yes, Ma'am."

They settled on a kitten from the next litter Killer had. Little Kenny took the kitten and raised it. He took care of the shots and costs for food and all. He house-trained the cat and keep that litter box out on the porch.

His kitty slept on his bed at night and could ride around in his jacket pocket as he did his chores. He was left outside when Kenny went to school.. The cat was fed well with Kitty food, fresh milk, cat food, table scraps secretly under the table, and soon squirrels, rats, mice, song birds and any other critters to come around the house. The cat pretty well stayed away from Killer, the Barn Cat; the junk yard dogs, the sow, that fierce gander, and Aunt Helen's chickens.

Before long that cat weighed 43 pounds. He no longer fit in a jacket pocket but followed Kenny as he did his chores.

One beautiful October day, Aunt Helen did her Fall cleaning. She washed the bedding and the drapes. She hung them out to dry instead of using that dryer Uncle Kenny had insisted on getting for her. She loved the smell of sunshine. She didn't let the drapes dry completely but brought them in and hung them in the front room, so they would dry nicely in place. She left the windows open for the evening breeze.

Supper that night was liver and onions and broccoli. The cat sat under the table at Kenny's knee. Kenny hated that meal but knew he was expected to take some of each food and clean his plate. He did that artful rearrangement thing and managed to slide most of the food off bit by bit to the cat. The cat ate everything offered—even the broccoli.

When Aunt Helen brought in the chocolate cake, the cat walked off to explore. He knew Kenny would not be sharing anything that smelled like that.

When the cat reached the front room, he saw the drapes blowing softly in the breeze and true to his nature, crouched down to watch. Then he pounced on the drapes, dug in with all his claws and shredded those drapes right down to the floor. Now the strips caught in the breeze were even more enticing and so he climbed up on Uncle Kenny's recliner and launched himself again at those drapes. Well those shreds could not hold him what with being 43 pounds and all so he hit the floor with a big thump!

Everyone ran in to see what had happened.

Kenny grabbed the cat immediately and began to apologize and promise to make things right by buying with his own money any new drapes Aunt Helen wanted.

Helen said "You bet. And that cat never comes into my house again!"

Kenny knew better than to argue. He fixed a bed for the cat on the screened-in back porch. He took a soft blanket and food, lots of food, and a water bowl. He explained about the changes and then went in and to his own bed.

The first night went well. On the second day, on his way to the barn for the evening milking, Kenny heard that sow and her piglets screeching and roaring and saw a blur as that cat went shooting by. Kenny figured there was nothing he could say about staying away from those little pigs that the sow hadn't already said loud and clear.

That night, he put more food out on the porch, had a good conversation with the cat and went to bed. Next morning, before the milking or breakfast, there was commotion and squawking and screeching coming from Helen's chicken house. They all saw the cat come out of the hen house carrying a dead chicken. Inside they found the rooster and another hen dead. Nests were torn up, eggs were broken.

Kenny found the torn screen on the porch where the cat had escaped.

No excuses were offered nor would they have been accepted. Uncle Kenny said "Remember your promise about taking responsibility if that cat threatened our livelihood?"

Kenny said "Yes, Sir." He knew the importance of keeping your word.

He shut the cat up in the shed. He went to school. He came home and gathered what he needed—the rifle, ammunition, a shovel and that cat.

With a heavy heart, he led the way up the path to the top of the bluff overlooking the river. He dug a deep hole, shot the cat, buried the cat. Picked up the shell casing, rifle, and shovel and walked back down the path home. He put things away.

Uncle Kenny said "Is the job done?"

Kenny said "Yes."

Kenny felt so bad he was excused from supper on Friday. He didn't sleep well but knew the next morning that he needed to get up, eat something and do his chores.

Helen could see he was hurting so she set about fixing all his favorite things for lunch. Uncle Kenny could see that too so he put him to work harvesting Chevy tire rims from that 20 acres and lining them up along the fence. He worked hard all day stopping only long enough for that dinner Helen fixed of fried chicken and potato salad then supper of steak, baked potato, sweet corn and chocolate cake.

He was worn out and went to bed early. He slept hard.

It seemed that on the third day, he could begin to think that at least he had kept his word to his folks. As he made his way to the barn, he saw that cat, coming down off the bluff.

He was looking a little rough and maybe a little thinner but there he was.

Kenny could hardly believe his eyes but immediately thought there must be something to that old saying that cats have nine lives. He smoothed the cat's fur and gave him a big bowl of water and one of cat food. Then he called Uncle Kenny and Aunt Helen and asked please please could they all give the cat one more chance? After all being shot and buried ought to have taught him something.

Uncle Kenny said "You know the agreement about our family's livelihood and your responsibility?"

Aunt Helen said "That cat never comes into my house or my chicken house again!"

Kenny said "I know. I promise."

That evening, on the porch, he talked to that cat for a long time about nine lives and responsibilities and keeping his word and all.

Kenny said what with the run in with the junk yard dogs, that sow, that time under the tractor, the rooster, being shot and buried and all—maybe there weren't that many lives left and the cat had best begin to use some caution. Then he fed him extra well, said goodnight and went on in to bed.

There were four perfectly good days. Come Friday morning, before Kenny's feet hit the floor, he heard shouting out by the barn. When he ran through the porch—the cat was gone.

Uncle Kenny had been up first and checked on the cows and the 4H lambs in that back pasture. There was that 43 pound cat, stalking one of the lambs.

The problem would have to be solved permanently this time.

Kenny shut the cat in the shed and went to school. When he was back home, he gathered the rifle, 9 shells, the shovel, a Bowie knife, 9 big old burlap sacks, and 9 pieces of twine. He called that cat and went up the bluff.

He dug a deep hole. He shot that cat 9 times (8 for the rest of the 9 lives and one for good measure) then took that knife and cut and chopped and hacked till he had that head off the body.

He threw the body in the hole and covered it up. He put that head in one of those burlap sacks with a big rock and then tied that with a granny knot; he did the same with a second sack, rock, knot till that head was inside 9 sacks with 9 rocks, and tied up with 9 knots then he dragged that down to the bridge and threw it into the river.

He cleaned off the knife and the shovel. He picked up the rifle, the shell casings, the knife and the shovel and he walked back down the path home.

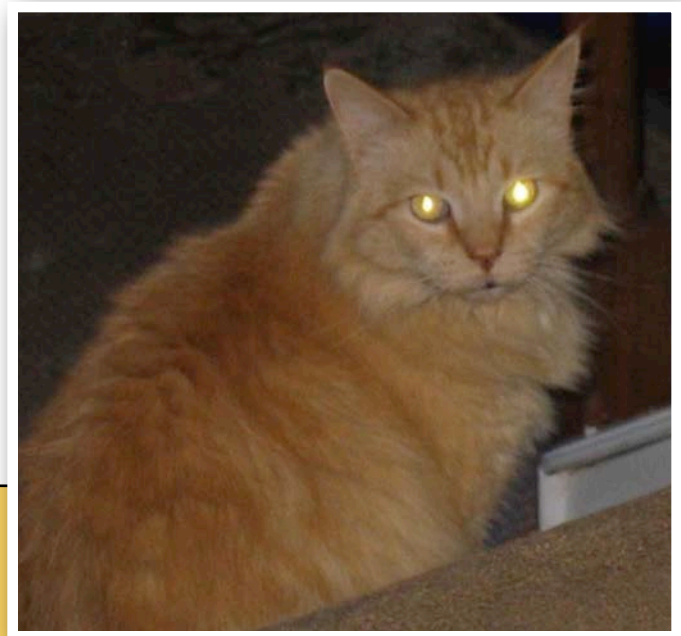
For the rest of that day he felt so bad, he went straight to bed and pulled the covers up over his head.

On the second day, Uncle Kenny set him out to harvest Ford tire rims and Aunt Helen set out to feed him well. She baked him his very own double chocolate cake with double chocolate frosting. Once again he went to bed worn out.

The third day he got up early and headed for the barn to do the milking.

Before he reached the barn here come that cat up the path from the river and this time the cat was carrying his head in his mouth.

Patricia Rose Ballard Coffie



**THREE GREAT ORGANIZATIONS
BRINGING STORYTELLING
TO OUR GREAT STATE!**

AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR..



SPOILER: TECHNICALLY, YOU'RE OUR SPONSOR.

STORYTELLERS & STORY LISTENERS!

Missouri Storytelling, Inc. celebrates storytelling and Missouri history around the entire state of Missouri, with members from all over the region. Our membership includes storytellers, listeners, and enthusiasts alike.

We are proud of the benefits we offer our members: Missouri State Parks Storytelling, the Missouri Liars's Contest, website presence for storytellers, National Storytelling Network affiliation, and a world class newsletter replete with snazziness.

Our fiscal year runs from February 1st through January 31st. We're glad to offer flexibility in memberships as single or dual, the dues of which we collect annually or biennially by January 31st. (Ahem. Has it passed without your dues?)

Whether you're a...

- New member
- Current member whose 2019 dues are expiring
- Current member with dues expiring in 2020
- Former member with an eye to re-enlist

...we want to keep you as a member. We want to hear from you.

(Like it'd kill you to call every once in a while....)

PLEASE CONSIDER JOINING OR REJOINING MO-TELL TODAY.

WHAT HAVE YOU TO LOSE BUT YOUR ANONYMITY AND THAT VAGUE, HAUNTING SENSE OF NOT BELONGING?

WHY WE DO WHAT WE DO

Missouri Storytelling, Inc (MO-TELL) is an organization of storytellers and other interested person dedicated to spreading the joy and art of storytelling throughout Missouri.

MISSION STATEMENT

We envision that every Missourian will hear and share stories and keep the oral tradition alive.

VISION STATEMENT

President: Joyce Slater, joyceslater20@gmail.com

Treasurer: Sue Hinkel, shinkel@mail.win.org (Membership)

Secretary: Linda Kuntz, lharilag@gmail.com

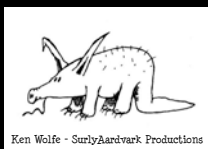
At Large: Gary Kuntz, galirahi@aol.com
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Emeritus: Perrin Stifel, pstifelstl@earthlink.net

www.mo-tell.org

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THE MO-TELL BOARD