



The Storyteller

There was a storyteller who travelled the world telling his stories.

He gathered stories as a child. From his grandparents, and his great grandparents and all the grandparents who came before.

Stories were in his bones.

The stories were told through music. The kora, the djembe, the talking drum and by voice.

Music was in his blood.

As a man of faith, the storyteller told stories from his heart to God and back to all the people who would listen.

Faith was in his soul.

The house was full. With aunties, uncles, brothers, sisters and cousins.

Family was in his heart.

His home was rich – with history, wildlife, beautiful people and the hot sun.

Culture ran through his body.

One day the storyteller came to sit with us. He looked at us and gave a big sigh. And began to tell a story....