

When a story is told from the heart, it is true communication, natural and straightforward. It becomes living language in which words are inherently bound up with spirit and are more than themselves. The storyteller can convey not only the content of the story and something of herself but can pass on the power of the word to inspire the listener, (A)in turn, to speak from the heart. Thus, an most ancient ritual is protected --- human communication --- so we can (B)participate with one another in our world.

It was thirteen years ago that I actually told someone a story --- quite by accident, on a chilly April afternoon in New York's Central Park. I was directing a young people's theater and poetry group in front of the Hans Christian Andersen statue before a crowd of adults and children. During the intermission my students begged me to do something so that (C)they wouldn't lose the audience. I got up and told a story I had heard from a white-haired librarian in Toronto (D) name I have forgotten.

I began the story nervously; I wasn't quite sure I could recall it entirely. But suddenly, (E)the story took over. Somehow, by speaking directly to the audience, (F)I brought the story to life --- as though I had read it in their eyes. Our mutual attention to the narrative brought the story out of my memory and into vivid detail. Because of the presence of the audience, the space that we were occupying became the invisible stage for the tale. And we were all painting pictures as brilliant as the cool April sunshine. Images and characters emerged, with the powerful flow of the story guiding us to a resolution. When it was over, the audience and I were all stilled, surprised that our hearts and imaginations had been so thoroughly captured. On that day I decided to become a (G).

(注) intermission: 休憩時間
