

# My Storykeeper Doll

I look about me and see the odds and ends of things that I have gathered from my years of living. These objects tell me stories— stories of past, and present, loves, of good times, hard times, of things accomplished and of those only dreamed.

These, my stories, remind me of my comfortable strengths and of my hidden shadow side. They nurture me, encourage me, energize me.

By telling my stories I begin to understand them. But I need a safe place, for stories of my life reveal me to the bone. Could I begin by telling my stories to a doll? Could I?

I fill the pockets of my Storykeeper Doll with an old letter, a dollhouse doll, a trinket, a cross, an acorn, a magazine cover, a heart, a nail. I tell her the secrets, the sadnesses, the joys that give them meaning.

She listens, helps me cry where I haven't finished crying, and laugh where I have missed the humor. We note the conflicts, and marvel at the synchronicities. Then she reminds me that I am a Story worth telling, and she helps me tell it.

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