



**Creative Wordshops**

Dorian Haarhoff

082 873 6802

dorianhaa@gmail.com

[www.dorianhaarhoff.com](http://www.dorianhaarhoff.com)

storyteller facilitator speaker writing-coach poet

## Writing Letter

May 2026

re-story, re-create, re-imagine  
you

for this letter, a weekly story  
and ongoing opportunities -  
[dorianhaarhoffblog.co.za](http://dorianhaarhoffblog.co.za)

Dear writer, storyteller, reader, lover of words, images, silences...

Thank you to subscribers of the monthly letter and/or the fortnightly Sat story.

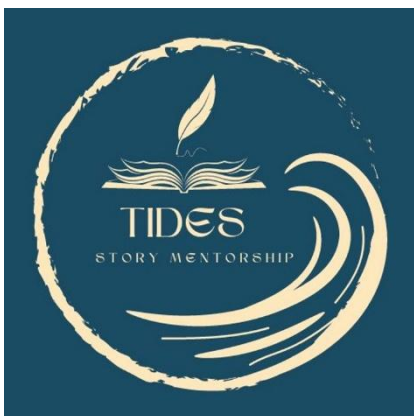
These are gifts. For those who wish, voluntary donations are welcome.

Dr R D Haarhoff Standard Bank Current account 0828 59 248

### Enough

*These few words are enough.  
If not these words, this breath.  
If not this breath, this sitting here.  
This opening to the life  
we have refused  
again and again  
until now.*

*Until now. (David Whyte)*



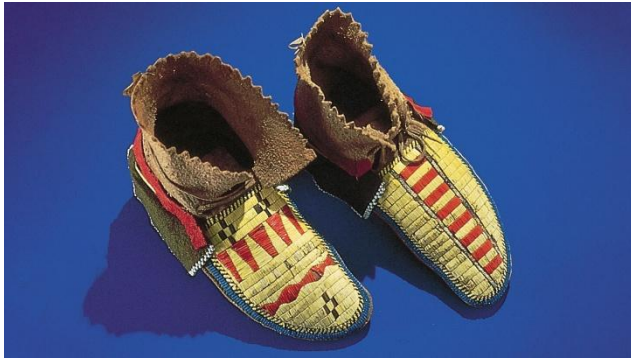
This month I'm returning to the joy of responses to the Saturday story pebble dropped in the lake, the ripples reaching, lapping distant shores then circling back to the very place where the stone plunged into the still water. The lovely sense of expansion as a 3 minute story echoes, reverberates in a wider conversation. This April, a story plus quote brought these two of a dozen plus responses.

*Quote: Whoever is not in his coffin and the dark grave, let him know he has enough.  
(Walt Whitman)*

*Story: Grandma made the boy a pair of boot moccasins. She cut the deer leather, made the strips, sewed, soaked them in water, got him to walk in them till dry, so they fitted like skin.*

*Grandpa that night said, we're taking the high trail. If you get up, you come with*

*me, but I'm not going to wake you. A man rises of his own will in the morning, Yet grandpa in his rising, bumped the wall and talked loudly to grandma. So up he was. Grandpa and the boy had an understanding that most folks didn't know.*



*Off they went to wander the forest paths and mountain slopes. As he walked, the boy felt what his grandma told him he would feel. The earth mother breathed through his moccasins, pushing and swelling here, swaying there, the roots that veined her body and the life of the water blood inside her, warm and springy.*

*Grandpa pointed There's the Turkey Run...see their tracks, So now we'll fix the trap. They dug a hole, then overlaid it with leaves and dragged branches. Grandpa scattered grains of red corn down the trail, throwing a handful into the hole. Off they went. Ice around everywhere, as the sun touched the mountain top. They ate a sour biscuit and deer meat.. A hawk a speck came out of the sun, it's old Tallon Grandpa chuckled, The quails scattered to the four points as hawk clawed a slow moving quail, feathers flying, into the sky.*

*Grandpa said, Don't feel sad, Little Tree. This is the way. Tallon caught the slow and so the slow will raise no children who are also slow. Tallon eats 1000 ground rats who eat the eggs of the quail, So in a way Tallon helps the quail. This is the way .Take only what you need.*

*They walked back along the trail to the wild turkey trap. Could hear squawking there. Grandpa climbed into the hole and pulled out the six turkeys and tied their legs with a thong. Litte Tree, we only need three. You must choose. So the boy crawled among them as they flopped on the ground, lay down amongst them , studied them then took out the three smallest. Grandpa, pulled the thongs off the legs of the other 3 and let them go.*

*They set off home. Grandpa placed a hand on the boy's shoulder. If your name were not Little Tree, I would call you Little Hawk, The weight of the wild turkey the boy carried felt good on his shoulder. Father Sun tilted past the mountain to drift through the trees, making burnt gold patterns as they walked. Grandpa hummed a tune for the boy had learnt The Way.*

*Rinda responded from the USA with one Hebrew word. 'Dayenu'. I tracked this to a Passover song. Dai" means enough, and "enu" means for us; together, it implies gratitude for every individual gift. From the web: In Hebrew, "dayenu" translates*

to "it would have been enough," and the song thanks God for miracles performed during the Exodus, including taking the Jews out of Egypt, providing for them in 40 years of wilderness, and giving the Jewish people Shabbat and the Torah. Over 1,000 years old, "Dayenu" is found in the first medieval Passover text.

Gerrit from the mother city, shared an entry from the *The Daily Stoic* (Feb 19).

"Remember to conduct yourself in life as if at a banquet. As something being passed around comes to you, reach out your hand and take a moderate helping. Does it pass you by? Don't stop it. It hasn't yet come? Don't burn in desire for it, but wait until it arrives in front of you. Act this way with children, a spouse, toward position, with wealth—one day it will make you worthy of a banquet with the gods."

—EPICTETUS, ENCHIRIDION, 15



Here is Sarah Teasdale:

It is enough for me by day  
To walk the same bright earth with him;  
Enough that over us by night  
The same great roof of stars is dim.

I have no care to bind the wind  
Or set a fetter on the sea—  
It is enough to feel his love  
Blow by like music over me.

Yours in sufficiency

Dorian

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## Writing Retreat Radar - Autumn 2025

detailed flyers on request

### 1. Mentoring: ongoing one-on-one attention

*You help me to sound like myself (numerous clients)*

*Like a pair of sandals we walk this road together.*

### 2. Windhoek

THE GARDEN  
OF THE BELOVED  
A WRITING  
WORDSHOP

with mentor/writer/story-teller  
Dorian Haarhoff

the garden becomes a  
metaphor as we seed, water,  
prune, cultivate & harvest  
our words.  
beginners welcome

Sat 9 May 2-6pm  
R400 (cash please)  
susanaalexander@afol.com.na  
081 272 0459 for flyer  
venue: Elisenheim Whk

### 3 Windhoek & Swakopmund 1-22 May

A series of training storyshops, courtesy of the Carl Scheltwein Foundation in Basel for SOS children's village, YMCA, Physically Active Youth, Mamas and Gogos at Orphanages etc. plus a poetry reading on Tues 5 for CRIT

### 4 Magic Carpet Writers (Somerset West)

last Wed of the month writeaway -  
a fun-loving supportive thinking/being group of aspirant writers