

4th Meeting of Partner Organizations 7th - 9th october 2011

organized by SHP Nederlandse Stichting Helpen met Paarden - Equitherapie in cooperation with the trainings centre <u>HippoCampus</u> Cranendonk The Netherlands

The tale of Gold, the painter and the butterfly



Once upon a time, there was a painter with a lot of paintingtools. He had over a 1000 paint-brushes, a painter's easel to put on his paintings, a giant box and of course a lot of different colours like RED, PINK, ORANGE, GREEN, BLUE, YELLOW, PURPLE, VIOLET, GREY, BROWN, and WHITE. Black and last but not least.... GOLD.

The painter used his colour GOLD scarcely. It was a rare, expensive colour and not easy to obtain. The other colours he used a lot and he used them all together. For example he mixed YELLOW with BLUE, or GREEN with RED, and new colours developed. The painter was surprised about how beautiful they got together.

GOLD liked the fact she didn't got used much. She didn't like all the other bright colours. She preferred her own save corner in the box. She was a littlebit afraid that the other colours would mingle with her beautiful golden colour if the painter used her. Then she would look so different and was afraid of loosing her bright and shining colour.

The other colours knew that GOLD loved to stay in her own corner and they left her alone. They also envyed her. GOLD was so special and precious. They sometimes teased GOLD. Especially when the painter wasn't around and they could do what ever they wanted.



GOLD does things WRONG, GOLD is BAD!!!!!! That's what they said.

GOLD showed no resistance. She was shy, because she didn't came out off the corner off the box much. Instead of that she hided further within the box.

Although it didn't appear so, GOLD felt very, very sad. She withdraw herself more and more and said to herself: "NOBODY LIKES ME, I'M PATHETIC AND STUPID!!!!

On a beautiful day the painter got his box and all his other tools and went outside to paint. He took GOLD also out off the box, and there she lay waiting and warming herself at the

lovely heat of the sun.

She wondered if the painter needed her for his work of art today.

All the other colours were busy chit-chatting with each other. Some colours mingled already and so new colours developed.

GOLD felt very sad, no one of the other colours came near to her. Suddenly she saw next to her in the woods a



beautiful butterfly. Her wings had all the colours of the rainbow. The butterfly looked kind and friendly at Gold and asked: "Gold, it seemes that you are sad?, Is that so??"

GOLD had to put up with a lot and said:

"YES, I FEEL PATHETIC AND STUPID AND THE OTHER COLOURS TEASE ME SOMETIMES.

The butterfly says:

"THEN YOU ALSO THINK THAT YOU STUPID? WHAT A PITY, BECAUSE THEN YOU FEEL MORE SAD. PLEASE BE KIND TO YOURSELF. SAY TO YOURSELF THAT YOU'RE WORTH WHILED, BECAUSE YOU'RE SUCH A BRIGHT AND PRECIOUS COLOUR. IT'S LIKE THE SUN IS SHINING WITHIN YOU, AND EVERYBODY WANT'S TO WARM HIMSELVE AT YOU. EVERYBODY WANT'S TO ENJOY YOU, BECAUSE YOUR A BEAUTIFUL COLOUR.

And prrrrttttttttt the butterfly suddenly disappeared.

GOLD looked round and wondered, Was it all a dream or did the butterfly really excist? Then she looked round again and saw all the other colours happily playing together. For a short while, she felt a twitch of sadness, WHOOPS, What did the butterfly say??





Maybe she could go to the other colours and ask if she could join their play. It wasn't funny anymore alone in her corner. She looked around and searched for a colour who seemed to be nice. She saw RED, who seemed nice, and GREEN with whom she wanted to play. So GOLD stepped away from her save spot into the wide world. There were more colours with whom she got along, although she used to think that they were dull.



So she discovered that GOLD and BLUE or GOLD and GREEN, or GOLD and YELLOW were magnificent together and pritty colours developed.



Sometimes BLACK envyed her still and said GOLD DOES THINGS WRONG, GOLD IS BAD......

Then GOLD quickly thougt about what the butterfly had said. I don't have to play with everybody, there are a lot of colours that like me. I believe I am worthwhiled, because I show a gleam as if the sun is shining inside of me......

And so they played happy ever after......

