



SHP - E(NL)

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

organized by SHP Nederlandse Stichting Helpen met Paarden - Equithérapie in cooperation with the trainings centre [HippoCampus](#) 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 hid 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







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

Then GOLD quickly thought 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 worthwhile, because I show a gleam as if the sun is shining inside of me.....

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

