



jenny ransley

little stories II

cover picture – taken in various temple gardens, Kyoto japan

Little Stories II

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Karratha

Western Australia

dedication

enjoy this book

it is yours



Window in the old Turkish Quarters, Be'er Sheva, Israel

Where I live, in Australia, I am surrounded by incredible harsh beauty which is dramatic and inspiring. Flat, red earth and blue sky remind me that life begins with nothing and ends with nothing. What happens in between is what we make of it and will depend on what we do with it.

Life is filled with choices and as human beings we have been given the right to these choices. I choose to live my life as a rainbow after the storm, enjoying every colour as it merges with the next, savouring every adventure and using up every ounce of every opportunity.

Some of you may have read about the four children who were taken from their mother's arms over 55 years ago and placed in the Johannesburg Children's Home in South Africa. It was a tough story, probably easier for me to write than for you to read...because that was my life. It has always been my life... and a part of who I am.

Many people who have spent time in care, as orphans or wards of the state in this place will relate to that story, where inappropriate adult decisions were the direct causes of our dysfunctional childhood and upbringing and influenced who we were to become. That was just the way it was!

To the Johannesburg Children's Home, this refuge and place of safety, my little book is partly an acknowledgement of the wonderful work you do and I take this opportunity to express my own personal gratitude to you, for caring for us.

Because I was not able to do this when I was a child, I do it now. I Thank you.



JOHANNESBURG CHILDRENS HOME.

Johannesburg Children's Home Circa 1950's

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steps to god's window
faeries

faeries

there really *were* faeries at the bottom of the garden...

i whisper in your ear as you drift off in a sleep

in and out of timeless death

and life forever after

you taught me that sweet poem

when i was five years old

and i recited it

believing

that

sometime

sometime soon

on a brightly starlit evening

if i crept up to the waterfall

the faeries would be dancing 'neath a silver crested moon

there were faeries at the bottom of the garden

behind the marmalade lantana

in crevices

among the creepers

by the stony wall



and sure enough if i was still

i'd hear a little rustle

and the tiny things would creep out

little faeries

little gnomes

and they'd go about their business

milking ant cows

picking berries

carving toadstools into cosy faery homes

here they could have shelter from the howling winds and storms

from goblins

pikes and trolls

and ugly things

and they'd rescue sickly bees

and beetles who were hungry

and care for butterflies with broken wings



near god's window south africa

i would lie there very still

in the hope they would not see me

and i'd watch them

as they went about their day

and I'd slip away

when little eyes were turned towards the sunset

and i'd go back to my castle

faery lights lit up the way

"there were faeries...

i saw them

it was not just that sweet poem"

i whisper to you softly as you quietly slip away

there were faeries at the bottom of the garden

not so very

very

far away...

take me back



Painting - by kind permission of
artist, daughter and friend
amy blinkorne 2008

take me to the place
where once we used to swing
from a rope tied to the branches
overhead

take me to the river
where we played among the rocks

swam with fishes
poked at crabs
till they were dead

that is where we saw
reflections in the water
of children
playing a silly
children's game

those were simple days
sweeter days
days we long and weep for
taken from us
by the people
we've become



broken hill airport lounge


lovers

as we sit in autumn twilight
drinking coffee
sipping wine
we wonder how we came to be together

and whoever gets up first
will leave the other wishing
that this moment
would
if only
last
forever

helga

i miss you my friend



there is joy in weeping
and sorrow
in parting

i bathe in the luxury
of my tears

for without them
there would be no remembering
recounting the days
and the years

photo taken at helga and falk's farm, eastern limpopo

tears

blessings bubbling out
falling down my cheeks

hot and sticky

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