



Central NH Storytelling Guild
Seacoast Storytelling Guild
Monadnock Storytelling Circle
Southern NH Storytelling Guild
Souhegan Storytelling Guild

NEWSLETTER

DECEMBER 2025



THE SEASON OF STORIES



As winter settles in and the days grow short, we enter what may be the most ancient season of all: the season of stories. Long before electric lights, long before tinsel and ornaments, people gathered close to the hearth and tried to make sense of the dark by telling tales, tales of hope, miracles, family, faith, resilience, and the promise that light always returns.

Across the world and across generations, those stories became our holidays. Some tell the Christmas story of a child born in a stable, a moment of gentleness interrupting a turbulent world. Others light the Hanukkah candles to remember that a small flame can outlast every expectation. Families marking Kwanzaa share stories of unity and self-determination, reminding one another that communities are strongest when everyone's gifts are honored. Followers of Yule celebrate the turning of the sun, holding onto the old belief that even the deepest night carries the seed of dawn. And in households that still celebrate Diwali in late autumn, the memory lingers into winter: the triumph of light over darkness, knowledge over ignorance, hope over fear.

Different traditions, different languages, different foods, different music, but the same impulse: We gather. We remember. We tell stories.

And every family has its own. The recipe that "must" be made the same way every year. The relative who always arrives late but always brings laughter. The moment someone retells the story of a holiday miracle that may or may not have happened exactly that way, but no one dares correct it because, well, that's the point. Our shared stories become the glue that holds us together.

In a world that sometimes feels loud, fractured, and hurried, the holidays give us permission to slow down and listen. To hear how others celebrate. To learn the traditions of neighbors whose rituals differ from our own. To recognize that most of us, no matter the nation we come from or the faith we practice, want the same small, shining things: warmth, belonging, peace, and the joy of watching someone's eyes light up in wonder.

This year, maybe that's the story worth telling.

That great cultures, great religions, and great nations are all built on the same foundation: people sharing stories in the dark, waiting together for the light to return.

And in that sense, the holidays, all of them, are really one long, human celebration. One shared reminder that the world is a brighter place when we honor each other's traditions, listen to each other's voices, and add our own small flame to the circle.

May your season be full of stories worth repeating and new ones worth remembering.

Quinn Golden
President NHSA

STORYTELLING OPPORTUNITIES

SOUHEGAN STORYTELLING GUILD

1ST TUESDAY OF THE MONTH 7-8:30PM

AMHERST TOWN LIBRARY

CONTACT: RICHARD HART RICHHART49@GMAIL.COM

CENTRAL NH STORYTELLING GUILD

2ND SATURDAY OF EACH MONTH 1:00-3:00PM

HORSESHOE POND PLACE SENIOR CENTER,

CONTACT: RUTH NIVEN -RUTHNIVEN@HOTMAIL.COM

KITTERY CREATIVE EXPRESSIONS

2ND MONDAY OF THE MONTH 6:30 - 8:30 PM

KITTERY COMMUNITY CENTER

CONTACT: TERE KIPP- THERESAKIPP@CNTRES.COM

TAMWICH PERFORMERS CIRCLE

2ND TUESDAY OF THE MONTH 7PM

TAMWORTH TOWN HOUSE

CONTACT: VICKY DWORKIN-VICKY.DWORKIN@GMAIL.COM

SOUTHERN NH STORYTELLING GUILD

3RD TUESDAY OF THE MONTH 7:00PM - 8:50PM

NASHUA PUBLIC LIBRARY (LOWER LEVEL),

CONTACT: KELLI WHITE- DRUMERAH@YAHOO.COM

MONADNOCK STORY CIRCLE

CONTACT SEBASTIAN LOCKWOOD

SEBASTIANLOCKWOOD88@GMAIL.COM

SEACOAST STORYTELLERS GUILD

4TH TUESDAY OF THE MONTH OF

EXETER LIBRARY 6:30 - 8PM

CONTACT BARBARA PASTER -

FRONTSTREETMAMA9@GMAIL.COM

TRUE TALES LIVE

1ST AND 4TH TUESDAY OF THE MONTH 6:30 - 8:30 PM

FIRST TUESDAY - WORKSHOP, FORTH TUESDAY PERFORMANCE

CONTACT: [HTTP://TRUETALESLIVENH.ORG](http://TRUETALESLIVENH.ORG)

NEW HAMPSHIRE STORYTELLING ALLIANCE

PO BOX 202 FRANKLIN, NH 03235

[HTTP://NHSTORYTELLING.ORG/](http://NHSTORYTELLING.ORG/)



DZIĘKUJĘ BABCI

BY SHARON V. WOOD



One Christmas when our children were young, I realized that, although we always had a fresh cut tree and were building a nice collection of ornaments, our young family did not own a creche to place under the tree. My best friend's brother, who had just lost his job, was trying to sell wooden handicrafts to

earn money for Christmas, so I asked him to build us a wooden stable. The design he chose was simple and rustic, and I was very pleased. We had no nativity figures to put inside, and rather than buying just any set, I decided to take my time shopping for just the right one. For several years, a Fisher Price family became our Holy Family, shepherds, and wise men inside the lovely home-crafted creche.

I can't quite put my finger on what I was looking for, but I searched for those special nativity figures for several years. At post-Christmas sales and at craft fairs, I always lingered near the nativity scenes, waiting for that magical feeling of knowing that I'd found the one and only set of figures to complete our Christmas creche. But I never found any that were just right.

Sometime during those years, one of my maternal uncles died. He was my godfather, a bachelor, and had lived his entire life in my Polish grandparents' home. Settling the estate took some time, since his surviving brothers and sisters could not readily agree on the division of his property. Eventually the contents of the house were divided among the many heirs. One day, before the house was sold, my mother and I walked through the lonely rooms, remembering when they had been full of aunts, uncles, and young cousins on Sunday visits to Babci. I opened a closet door and found it full of Christmas decorations. "Take them," my mother said. "They were left behind because no one else wants them." Bags of tacky ornaments, boxes marked "Lights", a plastic snowman, a smiling Santa face that lit up when plugged in, and a small artificial tree all went into my car and were carried home to my New Hampshire attic.

At Christmas I opened some of the boxes, but for the most part, closed them up again without using any. For many years they just stayed in the attic and were never used. One summer week-end I decided to put a dent in our household clutter by holding a yard sale. The bags and boxes of my Uncle Hank's Christmas decorations were dragged from the attic to the yard. We had no need for an artificial tree since my forester husband would cut a live one from our own yard. The Santa face had hung over our porch roof the one year we decorated the outside of the house, but it held no sentimental value, so it went into the sale, too.

I picked up one box marked "Lights". We certainly didn't need more of those. But, when opened, the box revealed much different contents. Wrapped in yellowed paper were Mary, Joseph, and the Christ Child in a manger, Wise Men, an angel. As I unwrapped each one, tears came to my eyes when I realized the treasure that lay in my lap. My grandmother's nativity figures that had been lovingly placed under her Christmas tree each year of my childhood, had found their way to my home. All those years that I had been waiting to find just the right set to put in our creche, the perfect one lay hidden in my attic, unrecognized in a mislabeled box.

After many years of use and attempted repairs, our wooden creche was discarded. My Babci's nativity set was lovingly taken down from the attic, unwrapped, and placed on a wide windowsill. The Holy Family is there. There's no shepherd, but an assortment of animals, large and small represent him. All three Wise Men and an angel remain. They are a treasure, almost lost forever, an heirloom of lasting love. . Each time I touch them, my heart whispers "Dziękuję" (Thank you) and I know my grandmother hears me.

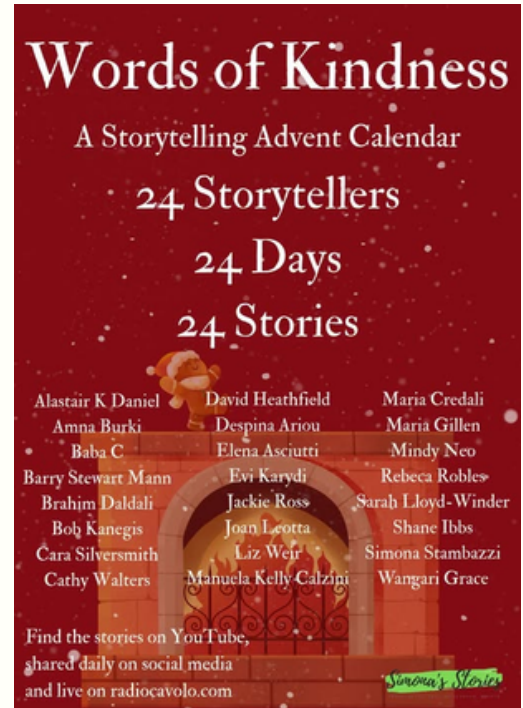
NHSA FEATURE ARTICLE

IF YOU HAVE A WRITTEN PIECE THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE CONSIDERED AS THE MONTHLY FEATURED ARTICLE IN THE NHSA NEWSLETTER, SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS

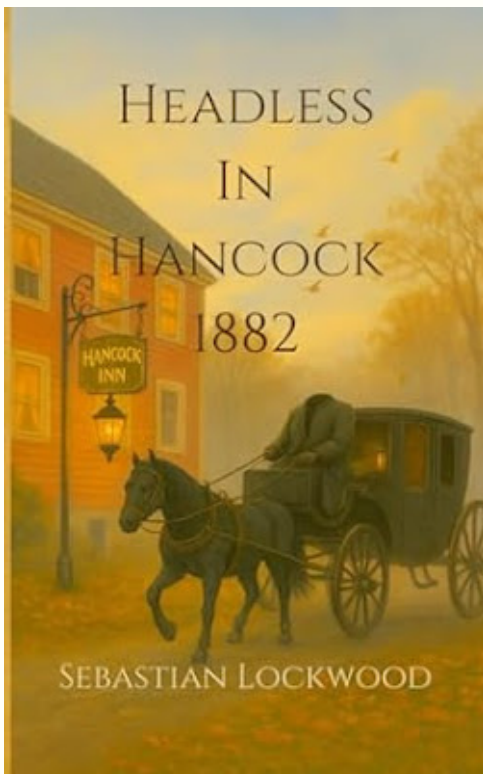
(650 +/- WORDS WITH PHOTO)

TO: THERESAKIPP@CNTRES.COM

Storytelling News...



HEADLESS IN HANCOCK 1882



Sebastian Lockwood's *Headless in Hancock 1882* is a historical novel set in a very real small New Hampshire town, where the local inn becomes the crossroads for a stream of unusual guests. Although fictionalized, the story is built on careful attention to the attitudes and concerns of the late nineteenth century, from lingering post-Civil War tensions to the slow arrival of modern technology.

The book blends an ongoing storyline about the inn's regular residents, a small group of likable main characters whose personal challenges and relationships evolve as the town encounters new faces, with episodic chapters that introduce a steady stream of travelers, each bringing their own quirks, backgrounds, and unexpected moments. This structure creates a lively mix of continuity and novelty, allowing the reader to settle into the rhythms of the inn while still enjoying the surprise of new arrivals. Many of these visitors echo well-known figures from literature, science, or regional history, adding a playful layer for readers who recognize the inspirations behind them and deepening the sense of time and place.

Lockwood's descriptive style makes the inn especially vivid, it's easy to picture the rooms, the atmosphere, and the rhythm of life there. His attention to the meals and drinks served throughout the story places the reader directly at the table, adding warmth and a sensory detail to the setting. The food creates the bridge between events, just as food and drink do in all of our lives. That vital connection keeps the story real and alive.

Overall, the novel reads as a warm, imaginative tribute to a particular place and era, offering humor, nostalgia, and a parade of memorable characters.

It is a story well told by a very good Storyteller, well done!

ANNUAL STORYTELLING EVENTS

ALL DAY 1ST SAT IN MAY GRANITE STATE STORY SWAP
A FEATURED STORYTELLER'S KEYNOTE PLUS CONCERT AND STORYTELLERS SITTING AROUND AND SWAPPING STORIES ALL DAY.

SOMETIME BEFORE THANKSGIVING TELLABRATION!™
A CELEBRATION OF STORYTELLING HELD ALL OVER THE US AND MUCH OF THE WORLD. LOCALLY IN CONCORD, NH AND ON THE SEACOAST

LAST WEEKEND IN MARCH - SHARING THE FIRE
A THREE-DAY FESTIVAL OF STORYTELLING WORKSHOPS, STORY SWAPS, CONCERTS AND CONTESTS FEATURING A WELL-KNOWN STORYTELLER'S KEYNOTE AND CONCERT. SEE [HTTPS://WWW.NESTORYTELLING.ORG/](https://www.nestorytelling.org/) FOR DETAILS.