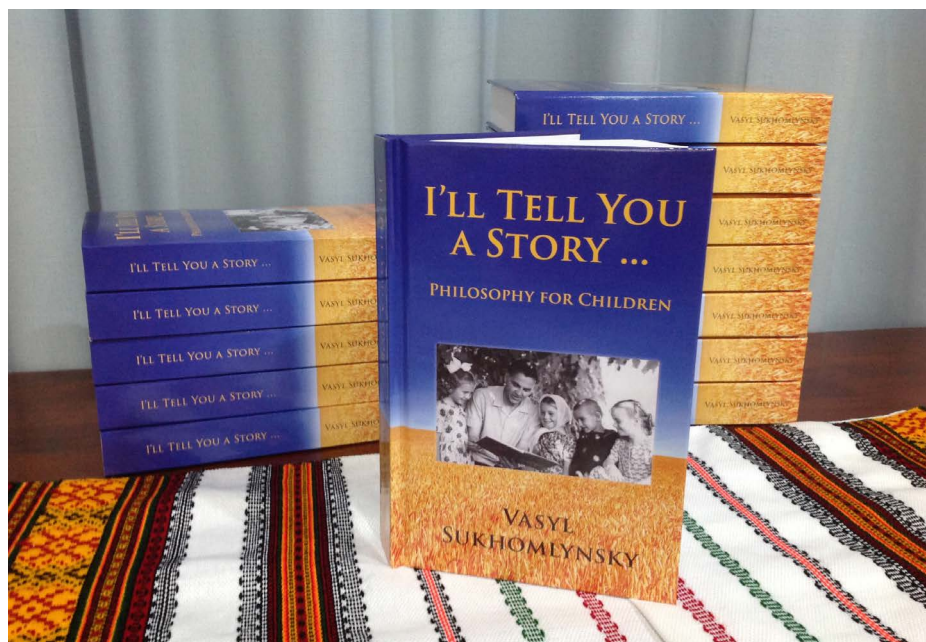


Sukhomlynsky News



Happy New Year!

Dear reader,

I hope you are keeping well.

You are invited to attend an online book launch for our new publication ***I'll Tell You a Story ... Philosophy for Children***.

There will be two launches, one on Sunday 12 January, which is intended primarily for readers in North America, and one on Sunday 19 January, which is intended primarily for readers in Europe, Asia and Australasia. Each launch will go for approximately one hour, and you are welcome to attend either launch. Times and registration details are given on page 1 of this newsletter.

Please share this information with anyone who you think may be interested.

Best wishes,

Alan Cockerill

Online book launches

There will be two public online book launches in January for our new publication *I'll Tell You a Story ... Philosophy for Children*. Each launch will go for approximately one hour.

North American Launch

The first launch is primarily for readers in North America, and will be held at 5 pm Eastern Time on Sunday 12 January. This equates to 4 pm Central Time, 3 pm Mountain Time and 2 pm Pacific Time. It also equates to 8 am in Brisbane (AEST) and 9 am in Sydney and Melbourne (AEDT), where it will be Monday 13 January. Register in advance for this launch at:

<https://us06web.zoom.us/meeting/register/tZwudeCvrjgvGtKhCoj8wl5sL800FHBITrxD>

After registering, you will receive a confirmation email containing information about joining the meeting.

European, Asian and Australasian Launch

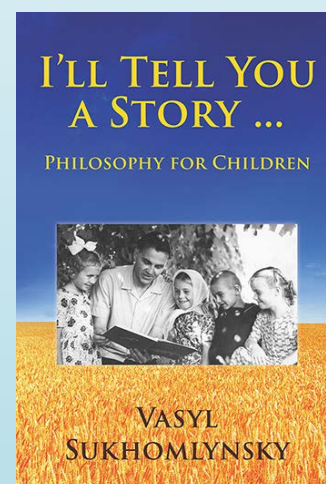
The second launch is primarily for readers in Europe, Asia and Australasia and will be held at 9 am London time on Sunday 19 January. This equates to 11 am in Kyiv, 2:30 pm in New Delhi, 6 pm in Tokyo, 7 pm in Brisbane (AEST) and 8 pm in Sydney and Melbourne (AEDT).

Register in advance for this launch at:

<https://us06web.zoom.us/meeting/register/tZEud-yrqT4tGNLniPorGilZatMaRmD603vI>

After registering, you will receive a confirmation email containing information about joining the meeting.

Both launches will include reading of some of Sukhomlynsky's stories and discussion of the content of the book and values education more generally. Please pass on this information to anyone who you think may be interested in attending.



608 pages AU\$44.99
from [The Really Good Bookshop](#)

From *I'll tell you a story ... (cont.)*

A kind word

A mother had a little girl named Olia. When Olia turned five years old, she fell gravely ill. She caught a cold, took to her bed, began to cough, and weakened by the minute.

One by one, relatives began to visit the sorrowful mother: Olia's aunts and uncles, grandmothers and grandfathers. Everyone brought something delicious and nutritious: linden honey and scrumptious butter, fresh wild berries and nuts, quail eggs and chicken soup. Everyone said, 'You should eat well, and you should breathe fresh air, then the illness will disappear into the deep forests and swamps.'

Olia ate the honeycomb and the scrumptious butter, the wild berries and nuts, the quail eggs and chicken soup, but nothing helped. The little girl could hardly get out of bed.

One day, all her relatives gathered around the sick girl's bed. Her ninety-year-old Grandpa Opanas said, 'She is missing something, but I cannot tell what.'

Suddenly the door opened, and Olia's one-hundred-year-old great-grandmother walked into the house. All the relatives had long forgotten her. She had kept to herself for many years, not going anywhere and not visiting anyone. However, when she found out about her great-granddaughter's illness, she decided to set out to visit Olia.

The great-grandmother approached the sick girl's bed, sat on a stool, took Olia's hand into her own wrinkled one and said, 'I don't have honeycomb or scrumptious butter. I don't have fresh wild berries or nuts. I don't have quail eggs or chicken soup. I am old and can hardly see. I have brought to you, my dear great-granddaughter, only one gift: my sincere wish. One wish has planted itself in my heart—that you, my little flower, be healed and rejoice again in the bright sun.'

And this kind word carried such great strength of love that little Olia's heart began to beat more quickly, her cheeks became rosier, and joyful little fires began to flicker in her eyes.

'That's what little Olia was missing,' said Grandpa Opanas, 'A kind word.'

The autumn maple

We went to the forest to admire the trees' autumn attire. We stopped by a tall maple tree and sat on the ground. How beautiful it was! The maple stood there dressed in its gorgeous attire, and not a single leaf stirred or made a sound.

'Look, children,' said the teacher. 'The maple is asleep. It is dreaming of all the things it saw from spring to autumn. Look at that yellow leaf, the colour of a dandelion. In spring the maple was enchanted by the beauty of a dandelion, and it remembered that beauty. It went to sleep recalling the beauty of the dandelion, and that leaf turned yellow.'

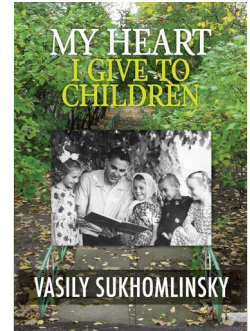
And over there you can see a leaf the colour of the morning dawn, a tender pink. And that one is like the crimson evening sky on the eve of a windy day.

And look over there at that branch. That leaf is as bright and beautiful as the wing of an oriole. Probably an oriole once settled on that branch, and now the maple is dreaming of its wing.'

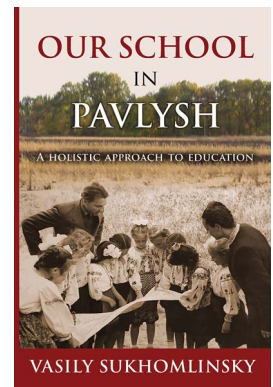
 **REALLY GOOD
BOOK SHOP**

<https://www.thereallygoodbookshop.com.au/>

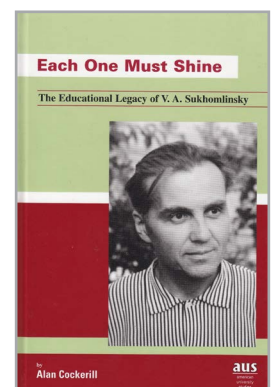
Pricing from
The Really Good Book Shop



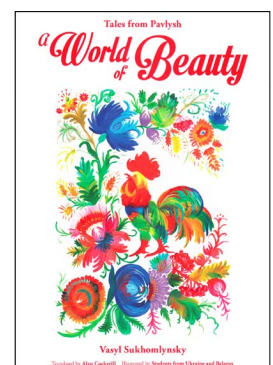
AU\$24.95 (special price)



AU\$34.95



AU\$34.95 (original hardback)



AU\$14.95 (original edition)

We all admired the beauty with bated breath. Everyone was silent, as if afraid of disturbing the maple's magic sleep.

The fir tree and the linden tree

Autumn arrived. The leaves turned yellow and withered. The linden tree was sad, because it was about to shed its bright leafy gown and sleep till spring. An evergreen fir tree grew just beside the linden tree. The linden tree knew that the fir tree would remain green throughout the winter, so it asked its neighbour, 'Please, dear fir tree, when spring comes, tell me what the winter was like. I'll be asleep and will not see it ... The woodpecker told me that winter is beautiful and the colour of silver. Is it really so beautiful?'

Winter came. The linden tree slept, but the fir tree admired winter's evening stars and its white blanket of snow.

Spring arrived. The snow melted, and springs, streams and brooks filled the air with the sound of running water. A lark trilled high in the sky. The linden tree woke up and asked the fir tree, 'Dear fir tree, tell me all about the winter.'

The fir tree was silent for a while, then it sighed and quietly said, 'Can you hear the sound of the babbling streams?'

'Yes, I can,' answered the linden tree.

'Their song is a recollection of winter.'

The flower of friendship

Dmytryk was in grade three. His father had died, and his mother was often sick. He had two little sisters. His mother often could not work, and then it was very difficult for the family. Sometimes, when Dmytryk's mother saw him off for school, she did not give him any lunch or any money for lunch. On days like that, Dmytryk spent the lunch break waiting for the next lesson, standing by a window with an aquarium. He used to watch the fish and wait for the bell to ring. The break seemed very long, and the boy wanted it to end as soon as possible.

One day, during the lunch break, a girl with blonde hair and deep blue eyes approached Dmytryk. He knew that her name was Katrusia and that she was studying in grade four. One day at an assembly he had spent a lot of time looking at her eyes and admiring how beautiful they were. Katrusia had looked over at him and had been embarrassed ... When Katrusia came over to the aquarium, stood next to him, and even touched his hand with hers, Dmytryk's heartbeat raced.

'Dmytryk, would you like some bread and butter?' asked Katrusia.

Dmytryk felt uncomfortable and ashamed, and his face turned red.

'Take it, don't be ashamed,' said Katrusia. 'And here's a piece of sausage and half an apple. Mum always cuts my apple into halves so it will be easier to eat.'

Dmytryk accepted the bread and butter, and the sausage and the apple. It all tasted very good. He forgot to thank Katrusia, and when he thought of it during the lesson, he felt very ashamed.

The next day the same thing happened. Katrusia gave Dmytryk half her lunch. Dmytryk had a feeling that she was giving him the bigger half. They stood by the aquarium, ate, and watched the goldfish.

After they had eaten, the boy and girl dreamt about what it would be like to be a fish in an aquarium. Do they realise that outside the walls of their little home there is a wide and wonderful world with a sky, a sun, clouds and stars? Now Dmytryk did not want the break to end so quickly. Now, for some reason, the lunch break seemed shorter.

And then, one day, someone noticed that Katrusia was giving half her lunch to Dmytryk and wrote about it in the school newspaper. Wasn't it wonderful, they wrote, that she had the awareness to help a fellow student? If only everyone could be like Katrusia ...

At the next lunch break, Katrusia ran to the aquarium, but Dmytryk was not there. She cried. Dmytryk was sitting on a bench at the far end of a half-lit corridor. He was afraid that someone would come up to him and ask, 'Was that you they wrote about in the school newspaper?'

And sure enough, two girls ran up to him. He did not know what class they were in. They were about two years older than him. They sat down next to Dmytryk, and one of them said, 'This is where he was hiding ... We have been looking for you, Dmytryk. Our class has decided to help you. Look, we have brought you some lunch. Please take it and don't be shy.'

Dmytryk burst into tears and ran away. He ran to his class, collected his books, and walked home. The next day he came to school pale, with tortured eyes. Now Katrusia and Dmytryk kept far apart, but they were experiencing the same feeling. It seemed to them that the beautiful flower that they loved and admired, that is known as friendship, had been taken by dozens of hands, and that dozens of fingers were now poking at every petal.

Dad came home

In one happy family, two little girls, Zina and Zoia, lived and grew. They were both two years old. Every day they would wait impatiently for their father to come home from work. They would run to meet him at the gate, and their father would lift them into his arms, holding Zina in his right arm and Zoia in his left. That was how he entered the house, with his daughters in his arms, and their happy mother welcomed them as they came in.

But then a great misfortune visited our land: fascist troops invaded. The girls' father went to the frontline.

For three years he fought the invaders. Letters often arrived, in which he asked their mother to kiss Zina and Zoia, and their mother cried as she kissed them. 'Mum, don't cry,' the little girls said. 'Dad will come home.'

Then there were no letters for several months. Suddenly, a letter came from their father's friend on the frontline. He wrote to Zina, Zoia, and their mother, that their father and husband had been wounded, and would soon be coming home.

One sunny morning in early spring, Zina and Zoia were playing in the garden. They were now five years old. They were standing next to a melting snowman and wondering how they could get it to survive for just one more day. Their mother was standing by the house.

'Dad is coming!' she shouted.

Zina and Zoia saw a tall, well-built soldier approaching, with a bag over his shoulder. Joyfully screaming 'Dad!', the girls ran to meet him. They stretched out their arms, expecting that he would lift them into his arms as he always did, Zina in his right arm, and Zoia in his left.

But their father was silent and did not lift them up. The children wanted to take his hands in their little hands, so that he would lift them up, but they suddenly saw that he did not have any arms. The sleeves of his great coat were hanging limp.

The girls lifted their heads and looked fearfully into their father's eyes.

He bent over them, and tears fell from his eyes onto the white snow. Zina and Zoia hugged their father, resting their cheeks on his empty sleeves, and wept.

'Don't worry Dad, you don't need to lift us in your arms. We're not little anymore,' whispered Zina.

'We're five already,' added Zoia.

The lamplighter

A river flowed through green meadows and thick forests. It was deep and free flowing, but quiet and gentle. Its clear water had flowed for many centuries. Boats and even small ships sailed on that river.

On the banks of the river lived an old lamplighter. Every evening, he climbed into his boat, rowed to the middle of the river, and lit a lamp. Its light flickered in the middle of the river until dawn, showing the way to travellers. Waves tenderly lapped at the shore. The river was glad: people loved her, and she felt needed by them.

But people needed lots of wood to make tables and chairs, and they cut down the forests on the banks of the river. It seemed to people that the green meadows were an unnecessary luxury, and they ploughed them to grow corn.

The cold springs that fed the river dried up, and the river itself choked with thirst and died. For a few years, where the boats and ships had sailed, a stream babbled in spring, and then it too dried up. The old riverbed was now used for vegetable gardens. The only reminder of the river that had flowed there was the post where the lamplighter kept hanging his lamp each spring, as he was accustomed to doing.

But the rain clouds gathered less and less often overhead. Hot winds blew in from the desert and knocked at people's doors.

As soon as dusk fell, the old lamplighter would walk through the fields, light his lamp and hang it on the post. A little boy named Serhiiko asked him one day, 'Grandpa, why do you still light your lamp? There has not been any river here for a long time.'

'So people can more easily see their stupidity,' he replied.

The scent of apples

It is a quiet autumn day. The apple orchard hums with the sound of bumblebees. They have swarmed to an apple that has fallen from a tree and is lying on the ground. Sweet sap is oozing from the apple, and it is covered with bumblebees.

The sun sets, but the scent of apples warmed by the sun still lingers. Somewhere a cricket starts singing. Suddenly an apple falls to the ground with a thump ... The cricket falls silent, and a frightened bird flits by. Beyond the forest, a star appears in the evening sky. The cricket starts singing again.

Now the moon is drifting across the sky, but the apples still smell of the hot sun.