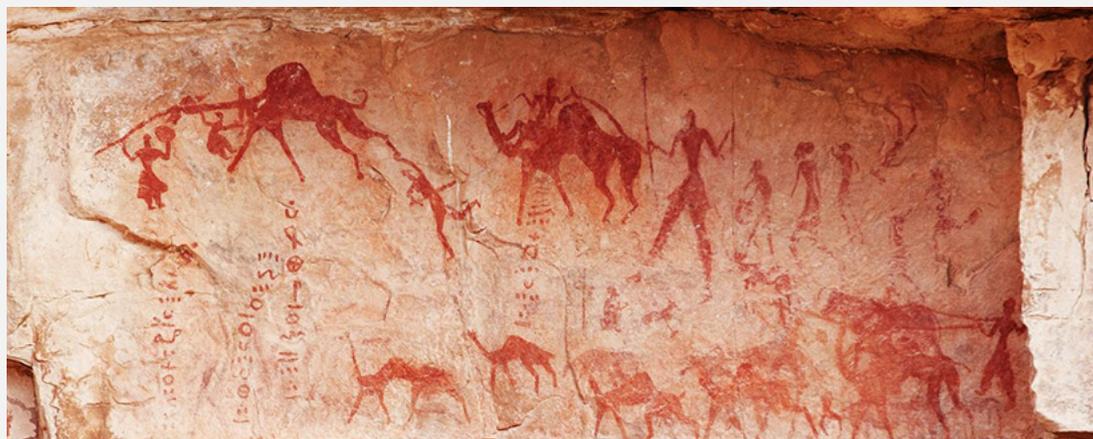


YOUR CREATIVE VOICE: DAY ONE

Today: Voice, Creativity, Space

Tomorrow: Journeys, Structure, Intention

MAGIC OF STORYTELLING



Q: HOW MANY WAYS CAN YOU THINK
OF TELLING STORIES?



GROUP WORK

Write down: An experience that lit you up; that activated you; that you had some part in co-creating. What was it? What did it make you feel like?

In a group, tell somebody that story.

What tools did you employ to translate the emotion of that story?

What did you group take away from that story?

STEPPING OFF THE PATH



LETTERS

- Write a letter to your voice (5 mins)
- Write a letter from your voice to you (5 mins)
- Feedback in a smaller group
- Feedback to the circle



OUR INNER CRITIC

- “The Fraud Police are the imaginary, terrifying force of 'real' grown-ups who you believe - at some subconscious level - are going to come knocking on your door in the middle of the night, saying:
- We've been watching you, and we have evidence that you have NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DOING. You stand accused of the crime of completely winging it, you are guilty of making shit up as you go along, you do not actually deserve your job, we are taking everything away and we are TELLING EVERYBODY.”
 - - Amanda Palmer in *The Art of Asking*

HOW DO WE STAY CURIOUS?



'NOT KNOW MIND'

- Activity: Warming up our head, hand, heart
- Share?
- How do we prepare for teaching?
- Activity: Design a pre-class warm-up for yourself



BUILDING OUR WORLDS

Q: What do your favourite teachers / space holders do to allow you to feel you can make mistakes in that space?

Writing Exercise: At the end of the forest path, lies My Yoga House. I open the door and inside is...

Prompts:

Its windows are made of...

The beams are made of...

There are pictures on the walls of...



YOUR CREATIVE VOICE: DAY TWO

Today: Journeys, Structure, Intention

OUR CLASSES AS JOURNEYS

- Q: Do journeys always have a destination?
- “Not all who wander, are lost”
- Q: Why do we walk, journey, wander in nature?



When I Am Among the Trees

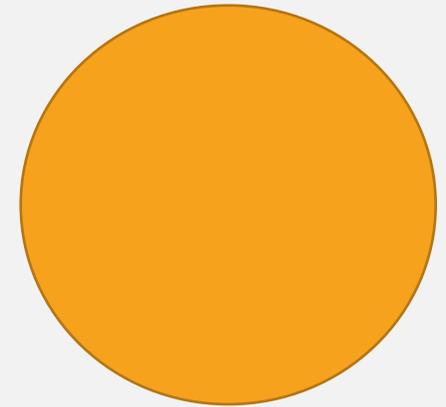
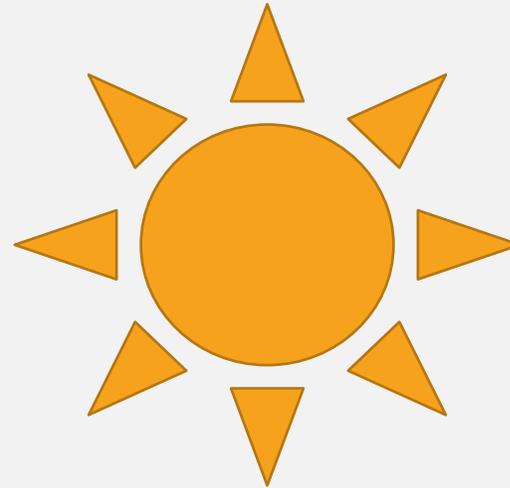
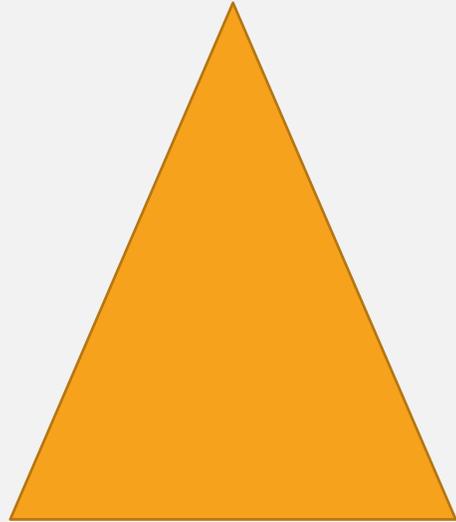
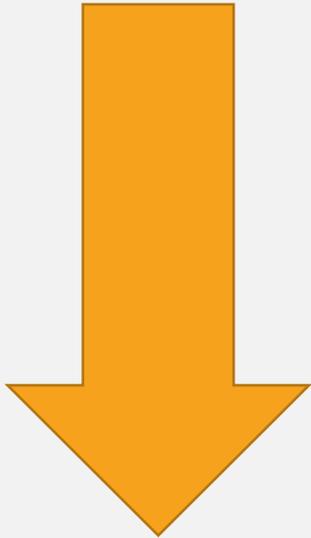
When I am among the trees,
especially the willows and the honey locust,
equally the beech, the oaks and the pines,
they give off such hints of gladness.
I would almost say that they save me, and daily.

I am so distant from the hope of myself,
in which I have goodness, and discernment,
and never hurry through the world
but walk slowly, and bow often.

Around me the trees stir in their leaves
and call out, "Stay awhile."
The light flows from their branches.

And they call again, "It's simple," they say,
"and you too have come
into the world to do this, to go easy, to be filled
with light, and to shine."

THE SHAPES OF OUR STORIES



What might these lesson plans look like?

FORREST-STYLE PLAN

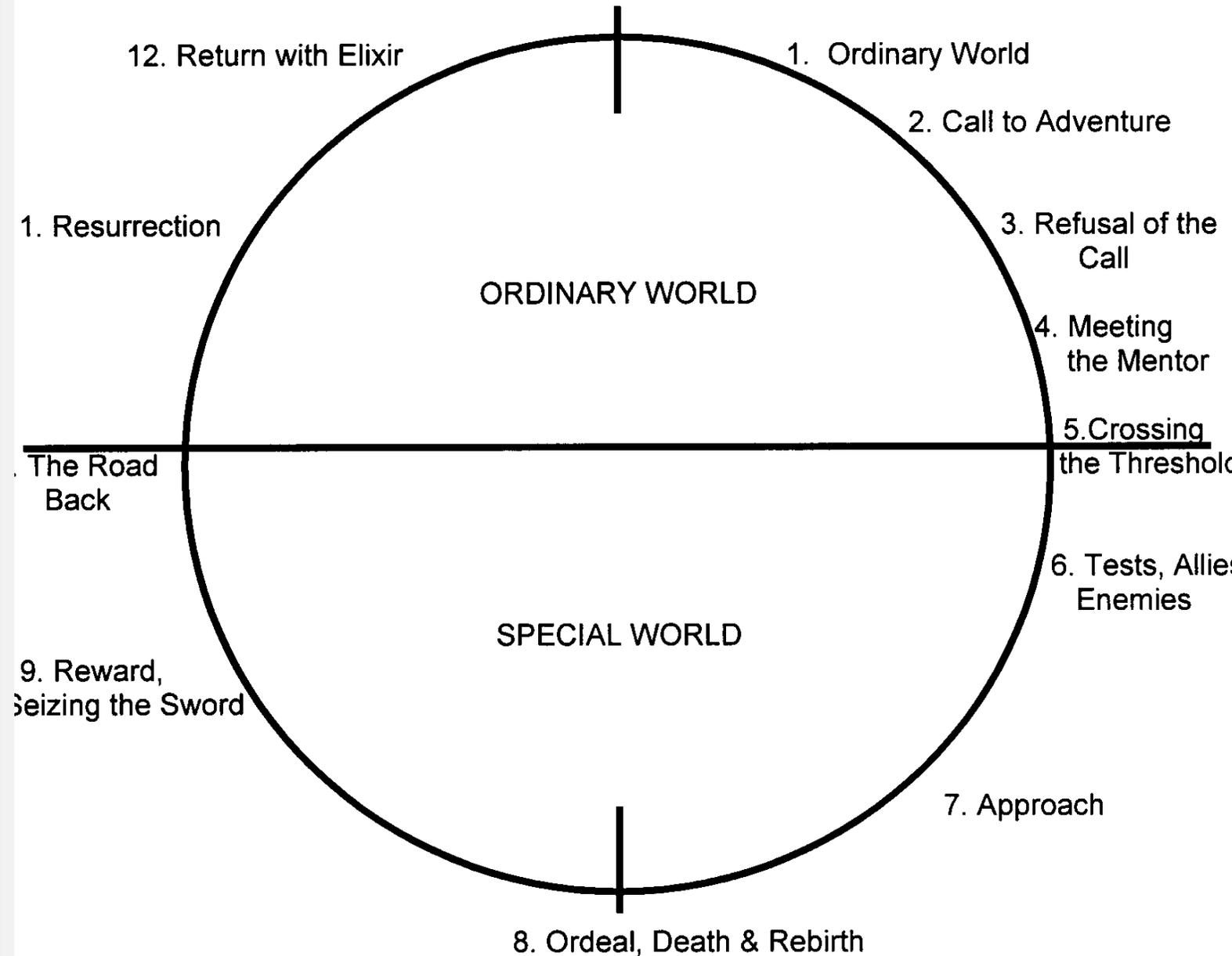
- Warm Up: Pranayama, Seated poses, abs, inversion
- Hot Part: Sun salutations, Warrior sequence, arm balances, hip openers, inversions
- Peak
- Cool Down: seated poses
- Savasana

THE HERO'S JOURNEY

- Joseph Campbell in 'The Hero with a Thousand Faces'



THE HERO'S JOURNEY



THE HOUDINI PLANS

- For somebody with a broken right leg
 - No warrior poses
 - No weight on wrists
 - Pregnant student
-
- 15 minutes to plan a one hour class

Q: What do these
concepts mean to
you?

How are they
different?

OWNING OUR
STORY

TELLING OUR
OWN STORY

WHAT STORY?



WORKING FROM AN INTENTION

Examples of an intention for a class?

Why is an intention useful? When is it not?

What might be some of the layers we would have to move out of the way?

How can we make it clear?

USING AN INTENTION IN OUR CLASS

- Practice a story – write it, tell it to yourself.
- Share with the group
- Feedback

THE POST-IT
PREMISE

OR

‘WHAT IS THE
POINT?’



Can people walk away knowing more about how you interact with life?



What is your elevator pitch for your approach to Yoga?



Q: ‘What kind of Yoga do you teach?’



5 mins to create an answer

How I Go to the Woods

Ordinarily I go to the woods alone, with not a single friend, for they are all smilers and talkers and therefore unsuitable.

I don't really want to be witnessed talking to the catbirds or hugging the old black oak tree. I have my way of praying, as you no doubt have yours.

Besides, when I am alone I can become invisible. I can sit on the top of a dune as motionless as an uprise of weeds, until the foxes run by unconcerned. I can hear the almost unhearable sound of the roses singing.



If you have ever gone to the woods with me, I must love you very much.