

“How the Sun, Moon and Wind Went to Dinner”  
Tolerance Theme: Kindness

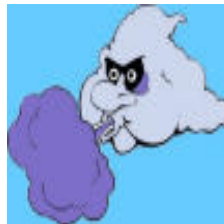
Two brothers, Sun and Wind, and their sister Moon went to dinner one night with their Aunt Lightning and Uncle Thunder. Aunt and Uncle prepared a gigantic feast for dinner, and Sun and Wind ate all that they could, but did not think about bringing home any of the leftovers for their mother, Star. Gentle Moon was more caring than her brothers. From every dish that was brought around, she took morsels from them and put them underneath her fingernails. When the brothers and sister had finished, they went back home to their Mother Star, who asked them what they brought back for her to eat. Sun answered first, and he disrespectfully said that he didn't bring back any food for her because he went out to enjoy himself with his friends. Wind said the same thing. Moon answered last, and she said that she had brought home something wonderful for her Mother. Moon shook her hands over a plate, and the food rained down from her fingernails. Her Mother ate up all of the food, and when she was finished, she turned to Sun and said that because he had forgotten her and was not kind, he would be punished - his rays would be hot and would burn all that they touched, and so men would cover their heads when the sun appeared. Then Star turned to Wind and said because he also forgot her, he would be punished. His winds would be hot and dry, and men would curse him and cover their heads whenever Wind showed his face. Finally, she turned to Moon and said that because she remembered her and brought her food, Moon would be calm and beautiful and men would call her “blessed” when she appeared and her cool rays touched the faces of men.



Mama Star



Brother Sun



Brother Wind



Sister Moon

My name is Katie, and I'm a Freshman at UNCG.

When I was a little girl, my uncle worked at a floral shop with a woman who was deaf. He learned American Sign Language so that she would have someone who could communicate with her. Not everybody who worked at the floral shop was as nice as my uncle. The people that owned the store often made fun of the woman, whose name is Julie. They make comments about how she must be stupid, even when Julie was standing right there. Julie eventually quit her job at the floral shop because her bosses were so mean to her because of her deafness.

Julie's story always struck me as remarkable. I was nine years old when that happened, and I knew that what those people said about her was not true. I wished that there was some way that I could go out and show the world that deaf people can do anything and everything that hearing people can do. Several years after that, I received a sign language book as a present. I began to learn sign language eagerly, but I didn't have anyone that I could communicate my new language with, so I had to stop.

Something inside me always knew that I was going to be a teacher, but the question was in what subject. When I began to look for colleges, I found that UNC Greensboro had a Bachelor of Science degree in Education of the Deaf. As part of my storytelling project, I also told my story in Sign Language so that my audience would be exposed to a different culture. It was a wonderful way to integrate my passion for Sign Language with my ability to tell stories that teach tolerance.

