

# LANGUAGE TREASURES AHA!

¡Aprender Español es una maravilla!



Written and edited by Richard Burrill

Exclusive Interview with Professor Armando A. Ayala,  
founder of the Dual Language Model for  
English Language Development

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Front cover: Photograph of Professor Armando Ayala and daughter, Angela, 1997.

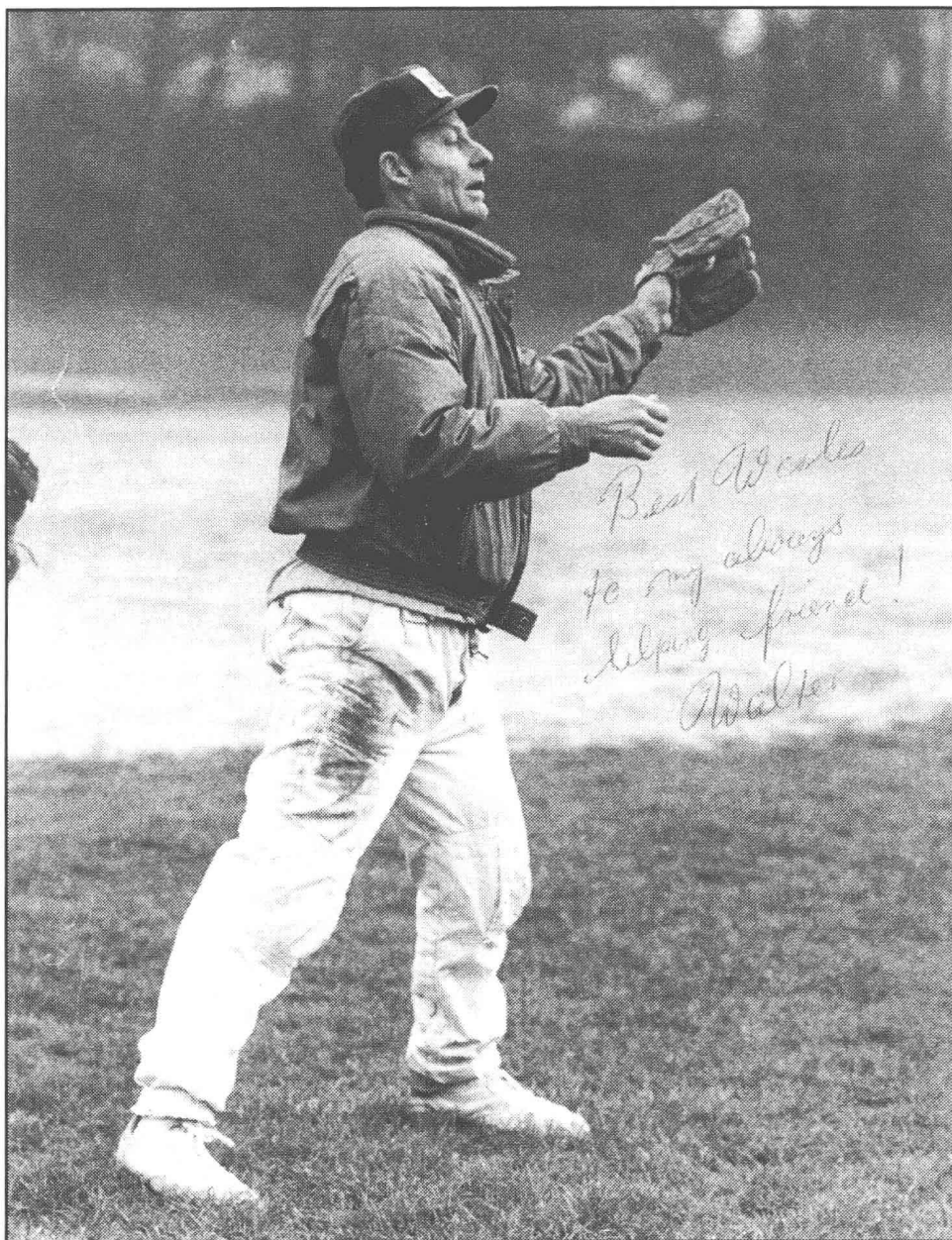
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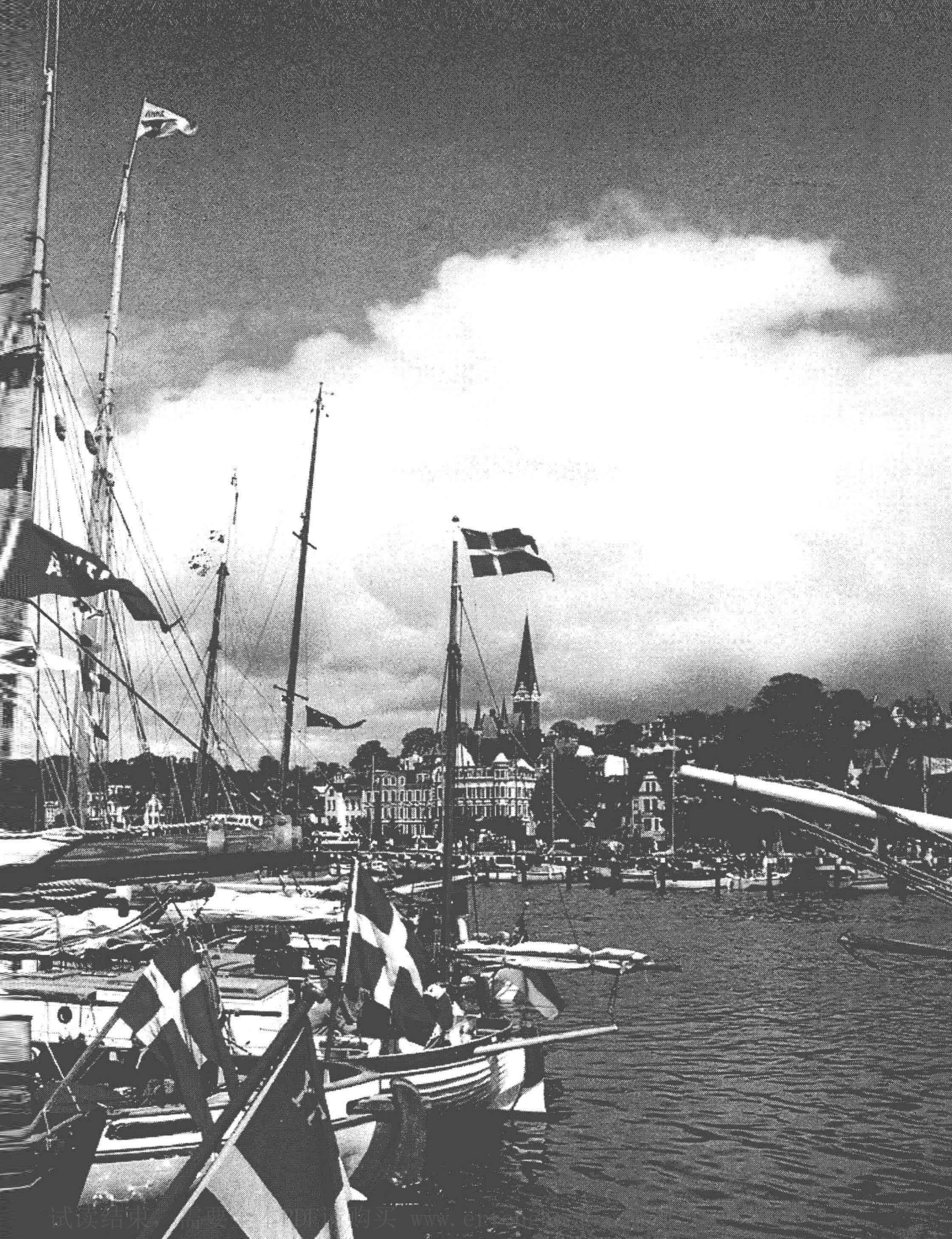
## Dear Reader:

This is me, your author and editor Richard Burrill, pictured here. I 'caught' many wondrous treasures and made many new friends during my 1991-1992 year over seas. See my treasure chest? This is how I shipped by boat to the United States, all my language treasure stories and art pieces collected. I had a great adventure of serving as an International Exchange Teacher. I taught at Duborg Skolen, an enchanted Danish school for 12 to 20 year olds. My home for the year was beautiful Flensburg, German, nestled on the border with Denmark.

In the photo, I'm warming up during baseball practice. I also got hired as baseball player and trainer (i.e. coach) for Flensburg's TSB, the city's largest sports club. The above photo was my gift signed by my friend and TSB Programs Coordinator, Walter Melnyk. I hold lots of fond memories about my year abroad there.

—Richard Burrill





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Figure 3 “En Opdagelse” [“The Education”] from *Bornevennen*, 1888.

## “GOD MADE MAN BECAUSE HE LOVES GOOD STORIES”

God reminded the First Men, “I made you in my own likeness so that I can see Myself in all my infinite ways.”

**Story 1: “In The Beginning”**



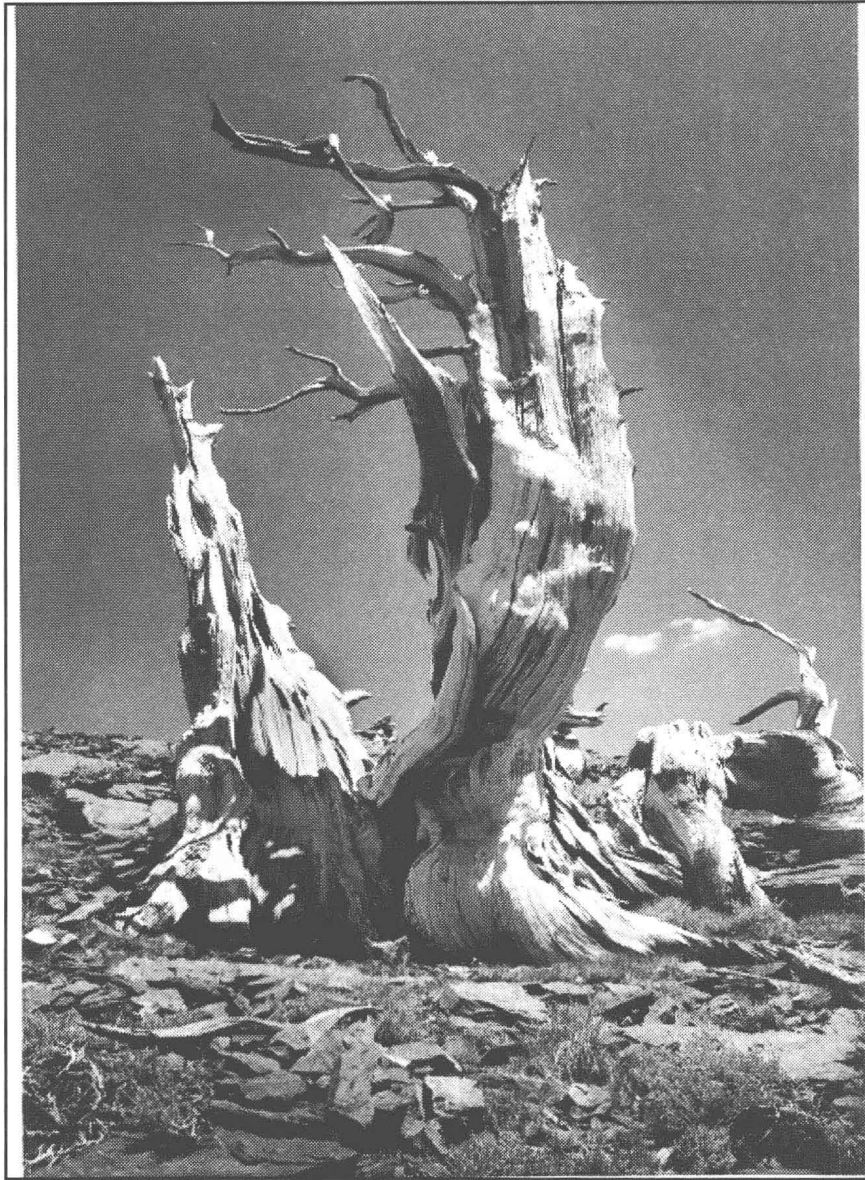


Figure 4 “Bristlecone Pine #2” Earth’s oldest living things, the Bristlecone Pines (*Pinus Longaeva*), are some 4,000 years old. They grow on the wind-swept, rock-strewn slopes of the Inyo-White Mountains of the Owens Valley, CA. Reprinted courtesy of Robert Burrill, Photographer, Milpitas, CA.

By Ivy Oneita Duce\*  
Retold by All Seeing Faces

XX

*(Setting the Scene) Our storyteller, All Seeing Faces, returns. He has more selected stories he shares collected from his world travels.*

**All Seeing Faces:** "Those who have eyes to see, let them see. Discover how good stories came to be. Understand why other language stories contain treasures for the world."



Fig. 5. All Seeing Faces

**T**he call for story --the great call for story-- began when God was waking up from a very, very

long sleep. Sometimes when we wake up we start thinking, "Where am I?" But since there wasn't any WHERE and only God existed, He said, "Who am I?" As He stretched and yawned, He had the whim to find out. He decided He was God, but He needed a mirror to see Himself. Also, He was infinite —without color and without form—so how could He see THAT? What He needed was a body. And how can you know you are God if you don't BE God — that is, ACT!

"When the whim struck Him, it kindled His vast imagination and so, with His mind, He "imaged" and created all sorts of things, just like that! His whim clashed with energy, and what is now called Creation took place."

---

\*The text for this inspiration was adopted largely from the writings of preceptor Ivy Oneita Duce (1966) writings, *What Am I Doing Here?* Walnut Creek: Sufism Reoriented. This group comprises dedicated students of the teachings of the late Avatar of India, Meher Baba (1894-1969).

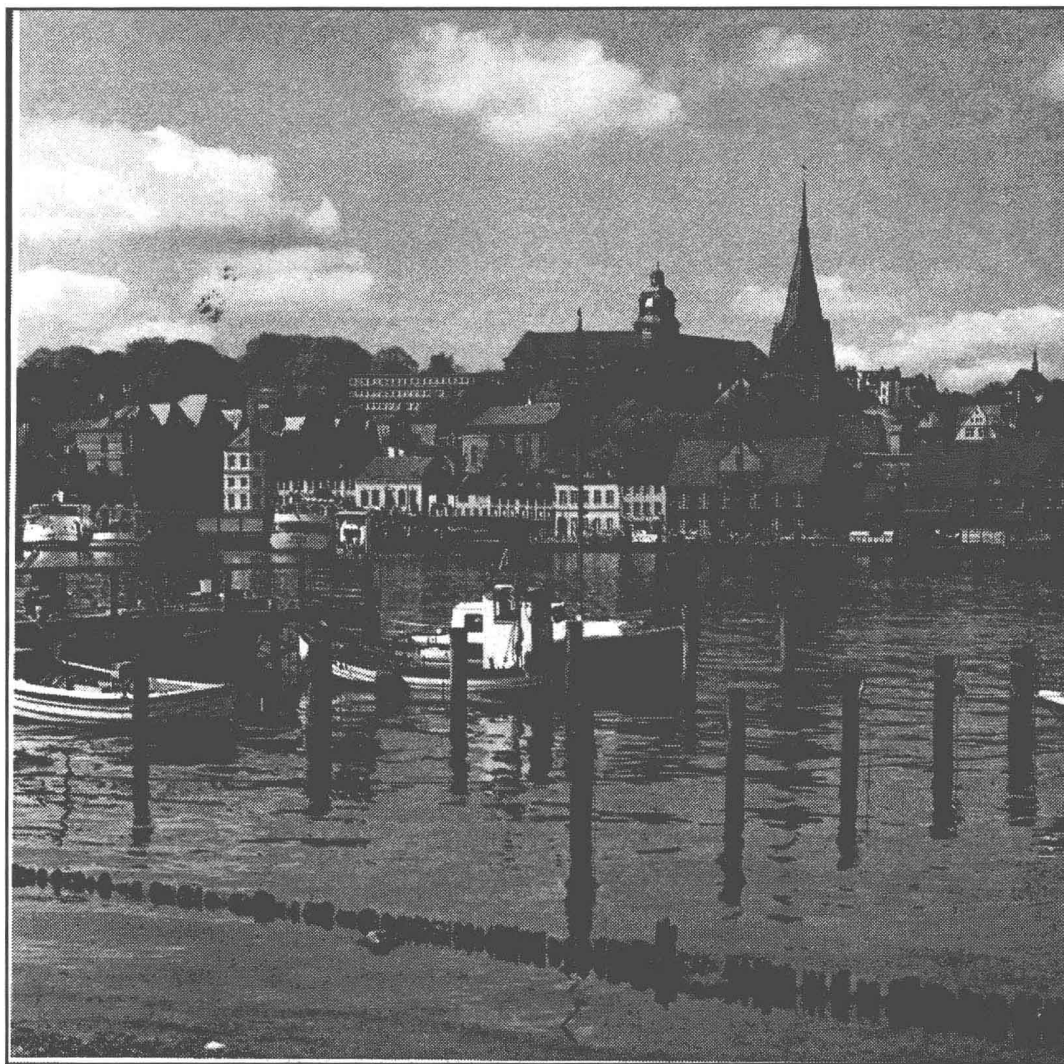


Figure 6 Flensburg Fjord, Germany, looking southwest.  
Reprinted courtesy of Flensburg Chamber of Commerce.

## Story 2: "IT WAS OBVIOUS"

By Hans Christian Østerlund

By All Seeing Faces

A Danish scholar from Duborg Skolen in Flensburg, Germany, work-overalls, and smoking a curved stem pipe. A curiosity was the pair of white knee pads that protruded from the man's partly closed day pack, set on the seat next to him. When the train's controller came around to check for tickets, the controller greeted the stranger by saying, "Moin." The man returned the greeting by waiving his ticket and saying, "Moin, moin."

"Aha!" noted the Danish scholar to himself, "The stranger is also from Flensburg!" The scholar knew that "Moin, Moin," was uniquely Low German; said almost exclusively by both the Danish and German people of the northern most border town of the German State, Schleswig-Holstein.

This seemed very odd to him.

"Who can it be, and why is he going to Flensburg?" he wondered. As it would not be good manners to ask outright, he tried to figure it out for himself. "Now let me see," he reflected. "He is a modern worker, dressed for manual labor, and the type of bent pipe he smokes, is for someone who works with his hands. Whom could a man of this type be visiting in Flensburg? Possibly he's got work to do at one of the shops along the Grosse Strasse? But no, that can't be. There has been no major construction projects there for the last full month, unless it is in some back yard doing reconstruction perhaps. Certainly this visitor has nothing to do with the main pedestrian street!"

"Why then is he on his way to Flensburg?" Perhaps he's working in one of the back yards there or for one of the big houses up on the hill looking down over the inner fiord. But what work would he do? Now let me see. The knee pads and the fact that he works with his hands? Yes definitely, he's a layer of ceramic tiles!

"Perhaps the tile work he's going to do is inside one of the big houses? Now whose house? Yes, Jens Arendt, the banker's house. He's the only one with lots of money right now. But that big cheese Arendt certainly wouldn't open his home to a stranger! So it stands to reason that the tiler must be a member of the family.

The stranger then reached down and took out an apple from an oblong shaped metal box, and then shut its lid. Partly covered by paint and scratches was a silver name plate. Engraved was a small monogram of three letters, 'H.C.P.'



“A funny thing! His first and middle names are Hans Christian. Anybody knows that. So he is also, by blood, part of the Danish minority. But I don’t know him.

“Wait a minute, I think I’ve got it. Maybe he is the son-in-law of the third daughter, Birgit Arendt, who got married sixteen years ago and moved to Kiel —I remember it quite well —because the wedding took place in the Danish Helligands Church. Yes, that’s who he is! And this man here looks at least thirty-five.

“In a nutshell —he is the son in law tiler, living now in Kiel where there is more work now in his trade. And there will be even more now because of the 1990 reunification of Germany. But an ‘HC’ whose last name starts with a ‘P’? What is the “P”? Petersen, almost certainly. No, ‘Pedersen,’ it is in Danish! In short, he is Herre Hans-Christian Pedersen, the tiler. That is how it could be in Danish, just as surely as Jurgen would be Jørgen or Muller would be Møller!

Eager to start a conversation the scholar took out his straight stemmed pipe. He caught the eyes of his travelling companion, and asked, “Hans Christian Pedersen, would you mind loaning me your box of wooden matches for lighting up my pipe?”

“Not at all, answered the other. “But tell me, how do you know that I am Hans Christian Pedersen?”

“It was obvious,” replied the scholar.

Figure 7 (opposite) City of Flensburg, Germany, looking northeast with Denmark’s Sönderborg and the Island of Als at top of photograph. Reprinted courtesy of Flensburg Chamber of Commerce.





Figure 8 Map of Mesopotamia ("Land between the two rivers"). Legend tell that the First Men were building the massive platform along the Euphrates River.

## Story 3:

### “The First Men”

By All Seeing Faces

**W**hen God first made people, He had given all of mankind a single language. That is why today most early traditions tell in their creation stories, something like, “Up to this time, everybody spoke the same language.” Or “Long ago in the early days all the birds and animal-people and human-people spoke a common tongue.”

But speaking one tongue only meant trouble ahead. Created as they were with but one common language, the First Men were without self-control. They had no restraint in their actions, no self-recognition. This meant that when they peered over a river bank and atop still water, they lacked transcendence. They could not think in metaphors. They could not yet recognize themselves in the water’s reflection. Surely, they made fire, foraged and hunted for food, and built shelters quite well enough by which to survive. But they were not yet good storytellers. The First Men could only direct their consciousness outward without prudence, without moderation, without introspection. The First Men were still very much like the animals and the birds, just as much as the animals and birds were very much like the First Men.

As the human population grew and journeyed east, they became settled in Mesopotamia, which means “The Land Between the Two Rivers” (Iraq today). This was before pottery was made. The First Men were remembered as builders of massive platforms on top of which were built monumental architecture.

The First Men began to talk one to the other. Said one, “Let us unite and build a really great temple-tower whose top reaches unto the top of heaven!”

“Yes,” said a second, “A proud, eternal monument to ourselves it shall be!”

“This tower will weld us together,” said a third. “With such a tall structure, those who go a great distance after game or to forage, will be able to find their way back home.”

So the First Men went to work and made great piles of hard-



burned brick, and collected black tar, used as mortar. With this they made one great monument to themselves.

And God came down to visit and to see the city and the outward tower monument they were building, higher and higher. “Behold!” God began. “I have been watching your one concerted effort. But it is the same story with all of you. I love good stories! Don’t you have other good stories to tell ME?”

The early people tried to think of other stories, even one other story. But with only one language, they could not. In chorus, they called out to God, “We are building a tower as a monument to ourselves!” They promised God, “We will build faster and higher!” The First Men could not understand God’s great need for good stories.

God, the Maker Of All And Who Lives Behind The All Of Nature, would not have it. “Enough!” He told them. “There will be more stories always, and all of you will have them . . . I speak for a wondrous world where there will be as many good stories as there are fruits on the trees.

God reminded The First Men, “I made you in my own likeness so that I can see Myself in all of my infinite ways.”

Then God told them, “Why, you are all so stuck!”

The First Men wondered about God’s words, “Stuck? What is stuck?”

Then God went back to the garden workshop.

## Story 4: “The Other Languages Tree”

By All Seeing Faces

**S**o God sang about good stories yet unborn: I am the bud of the flowers exploding forth! I am the force behind the All Of Nature. I am Power yet unborn.

I am that which goes back into itself.

I am Power becoming the Other.

I dance! I move! I sing!

I am the Stuff of Transcendence about which the First Men have not even a clue!

As God kept singing, one shiny fruit, a fig, dropped from the Tree of Wisdom, which was the second tree that God had placed in the garden. God picked the fruit up. With his thumb, He pressed against its soft and ripe surface, which exposed its many, tiny, black seeds inside. God thought about the many seeds, when a new metaphor came to Him.