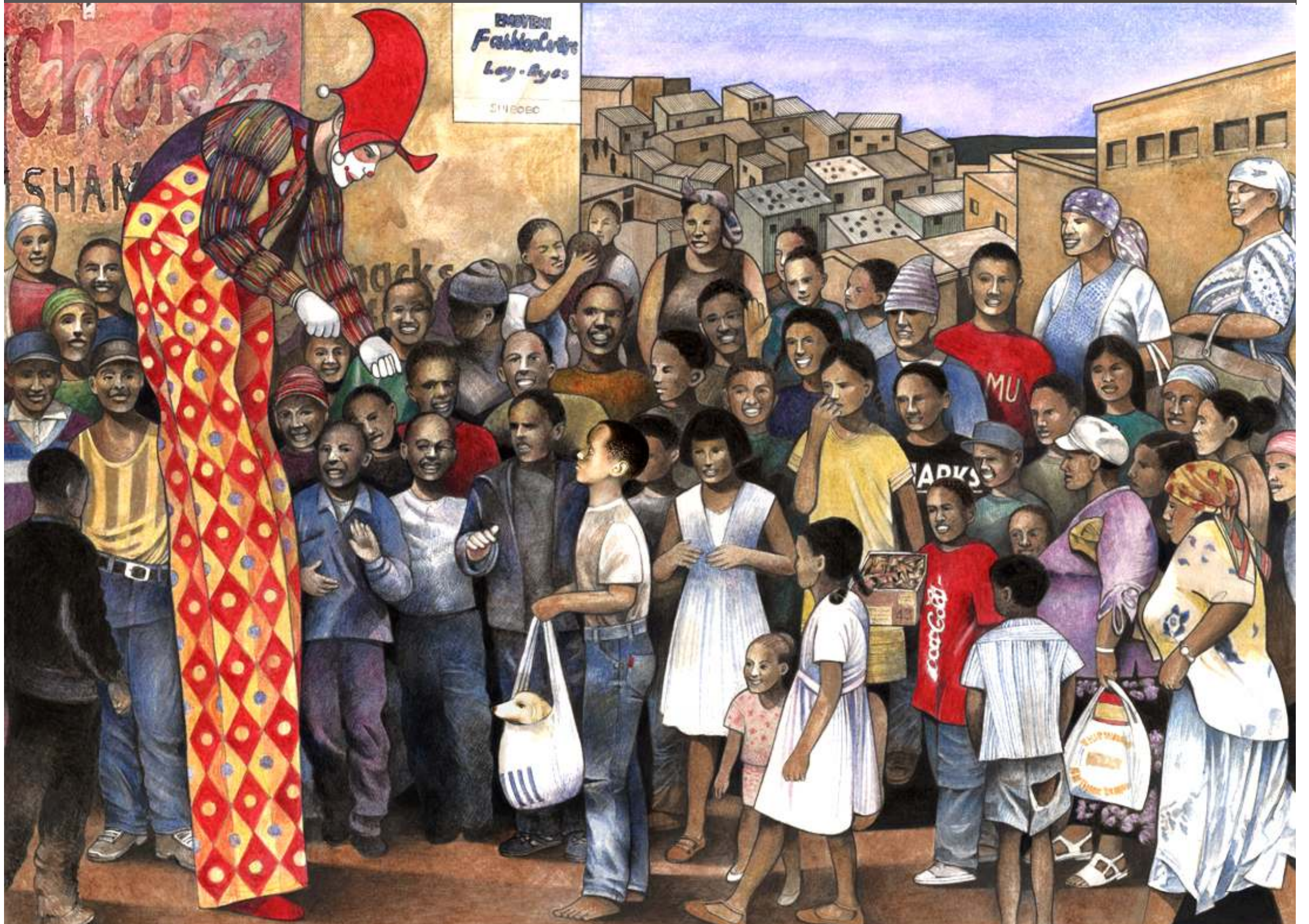


# JAKE & TUFFY

A story of a boy orphaned by AIDS

a children's story 9 yrs -11 yrs suitable for adults

Ray Lacey





*Jake, an Aids orphan lives by begging on the streets.  
One day he sees a stray dog hit by a taxi; he picks up the hurt animal and  
seeks help. This leads him on a journey of self  
discovery and healing.*

*‘The book encompasses many vital points such as care, compassion, reaching out, hope, the power of love, grief and bereavement, feelings associated with loss, reality issues, survival issues, encouragement to use NGOs in the community, the power and importance of support groups, honesty and the miracles in life ..... Awesome.’*

*Marissa Wolheim Director and trainer Hospice in the West, Krugersdorp*

Jake is a little boy with whom all children can identify.  
His story is filled with magic, humbleness,  
hope and affection.

Facing the challenges of the Aids pandemic calls on all  
South African's to find new and meaningful approaches to the problem.  
Working with the arts and modalities of touch therapy can help resource those  
affected by the disease. As emotional and psychological distress can be directly  
associated with HIV progression to Aids it is important that programmes are  
developed to facilitate emotional resilience and provide  
psychosocial support.



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# ***JAKE & TUFFY***

A story of a boy orphaned by AIDS

written & illustrated by

**Ray Lacey**

a children's story 9 yrs -11 yrs  
suitable for adults





# Preface

for adults, teachers & caregivers

*“The solution resides within the child himself. It is he, in the final analysis, who has the capacity to overcome adversity.”*

21 years since the release of Nelson Mandela from prison and 17 years since the end of apartheid, the new South Africa faces many challenges:

Of the 17 million children living in South Africa, about 12 million are classified as living in poverty.

ASSA 2000 projections were that a total of 5 million to 6 million people will have died from AIDS by 2011.

The number of children under the age of 15 whose mothers have died of HIV / Aids is expected to rise to 1 million by 2011.

These figures show a disturbing impact on adult mortality. Without interventions and behavioural change, half of adults can be expected to contract the virus during their lifetimes. The fortitude and courage taken to create a new political dispensation of equality now needs to be applied to a new arena; namely that of health care and social upliftment.

New approaches are required, involving the participation of all citizens in building resources, as these are beyond the scope and power of politicians alone to address. It is incumbent upon South Africans to apply themselves with alacrity and resilience to developing effective and creative, “South African” solutions.



## **AIDS orphans & Trauma**

In the wake of the Aids pandemic is the growing number of orphans left traumatised by the untimely deaths of their family members..... Trauma effectively destroys the trust relationship these children have with themselves and their environment. In most instances they no longer know how to act or what to expect from the world in order to survive. A sense of futurelessness can occur and a belief that there is no point in creating plans, or having expectations, as experience has shown that they can be destroyed at any moment. In order to heal, orphans must re-establish a trust relationship with themselves and the world in a meaningful way. Many children have fears about forgetting their parents and loved ones. Some have expressed their wishes to have someone to talk to about their parents and caregivers who have died. Having someone to confide in, affects the ability of children to cope and adapt in an environment without parents.

## **Resilience**

A useful and innovative approach can be through the cultivation of resilience. The concept of “resilience” has been popularised through the work of the French writer Boris Cyrulnik, and describes the ability to resume personal growth in adverse circumstances. In contrast to traditional counselling techniques, approaches based on this concept, use the inner resources of the traumatised subject. “The solution resides within the child himself. It is he, in the final analysis, who has the capacity to overcome adversity. But to do this, he needs resilience tutors.” Boris Cyrulnik refers to “the availability of emotional support, activities and verbal exchange ...” which allows a child to minimise the trauma that has occurred. Although adults cannot do this healing for the child, they nevertheless have an essential role to play in the process. When a child is mourning for a deceased parent, or for the deteriorating family conditions which the parent's sickness and death entail, one of the ways he can regain control of the situation, is by remembering. The role of memory in mourning has often been discussed in literature on helping children deal with grief and loss. Memory work rests on the theory that it is good for a child to know his family history, however painful this might be, but only if that history is recounted in a warm, non-judgemental way. If the child knows his parent's history, he is better able to overcome the suffering caused by their illness and death. He accesses this knowledge through memory - his own and those close to him. Memory approaches are therefore very important for enhancing the coping capacity of orphans and vulnerable children.

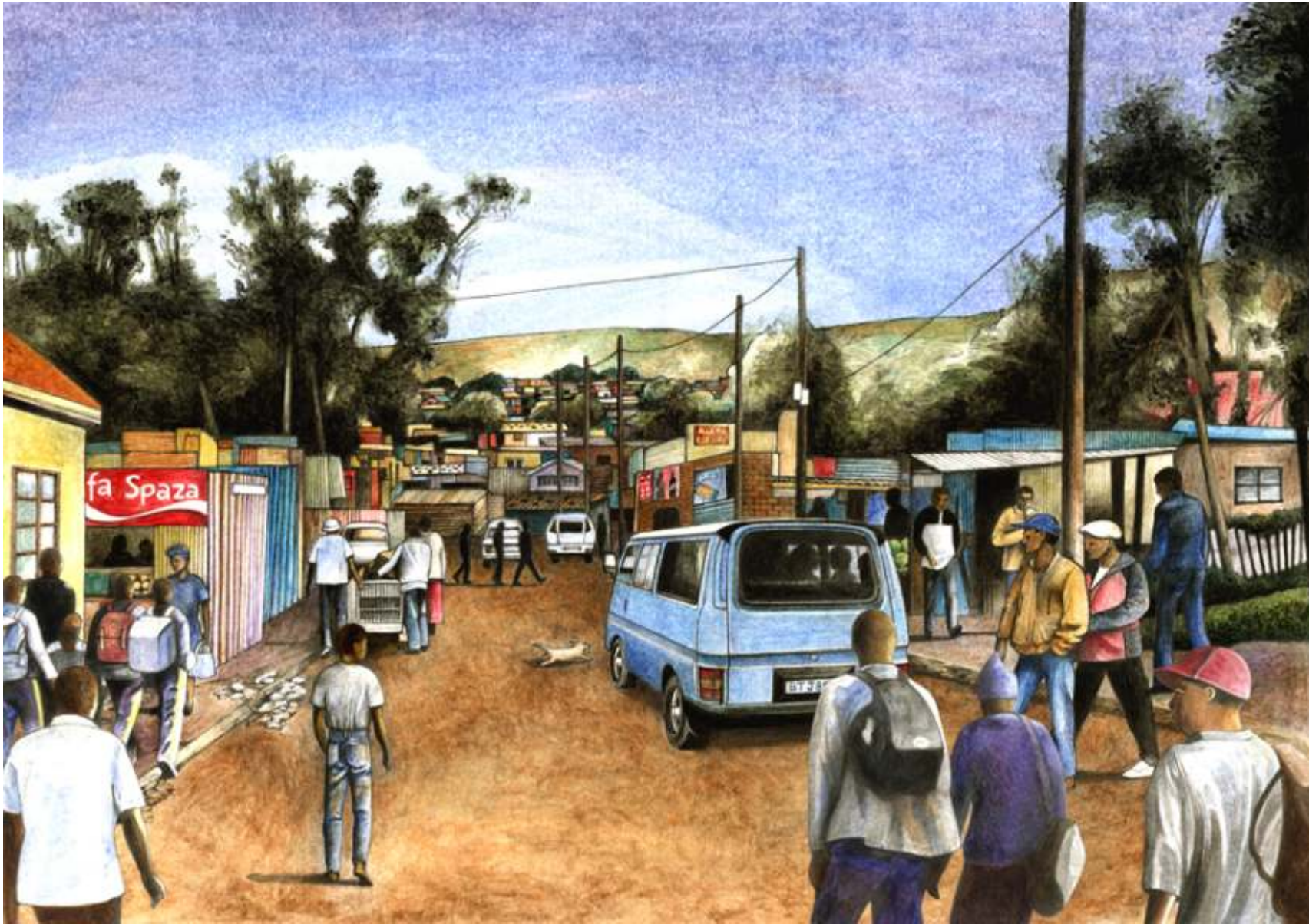
If on the other hand the needs of these children are not adequately addressed, Mr Stephen Lewis, UN special envoy for HIV / Aids in Africa cautions, “ You will have a society where children haven't been to school and therefore can't fulfill even basic jobs..... a society where a large proportion can have anti-social instincts because their lives will have been so hard. You will have a generation of children who will be more vulnerable to exploitation and disease because they won't have a sense of self-worth.”

Building emotional resources and providing psychosocial support are insightful and effective ways of dealing with the Aids pandemic. There are no short cuts or easy solutions and it is important that health care professionals develop an integrative and holistic approach to the problem. Finally it is important to note that emotional and psychological distress is directly associated with HIV progression to Aids.

**J**ake had lived on the streets since the death of his mother. Daily he begged at robots and supermarkets and often had to eat what he could find in rubbish bins. At night-time he would gather up newspapers and cardboard boxes for shelter and warmth. Mostly he slept in the doorways of shops or in old empty buildings. Life was difficult, but he felt a sense of freedom; the other street children were his friends and no one told him what to do.





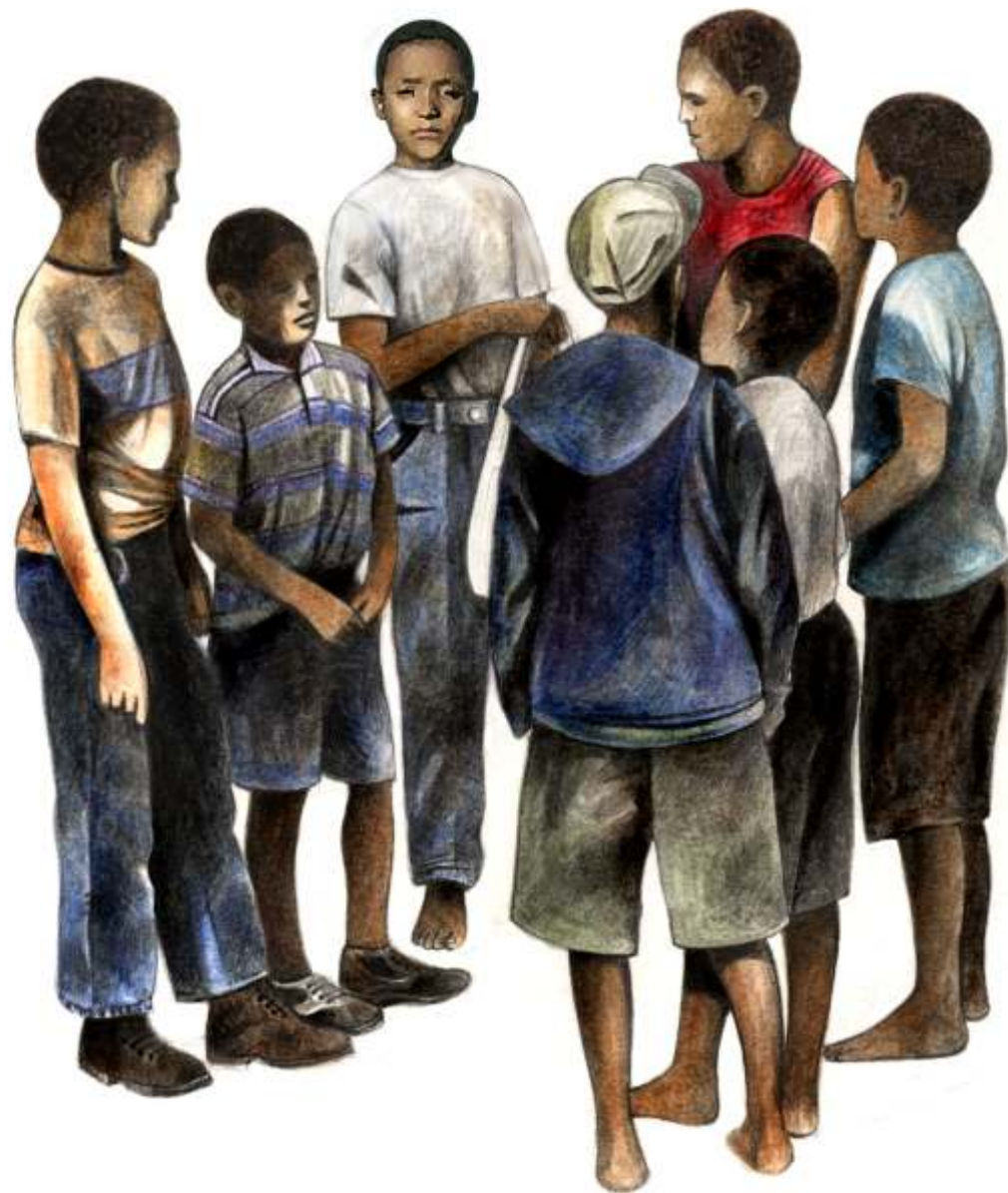


One day on his way to town, Jake noticed a little dog along the side of the road. Suddenly the dog ran in front of a taxi. He heard a thump as the dog was flung aside.

“I hope he isn't badly hurt,” thought Jake as he ran to the small crumpled form. The dog lay very still. Gently Jake picked him up and decided to carry him in a plastic bag as he wondered where he should go and who he could ask for help.







A while later he met some other boys who also lived on the streets. “Hey brother what's up?” they asked. Jake told them what had happened. No one seemed to know what to do with the dog in the bag. The boys continued walking together when they saw a large crowd of people laughing, clapping and cheering. Curious, they wondered what all the excitement was about. “What is happening?” Jake asked pushing his way through the crowd. “MADIBA has come to open a new community centre and they are putting on a magic show for the children,” replied a man.

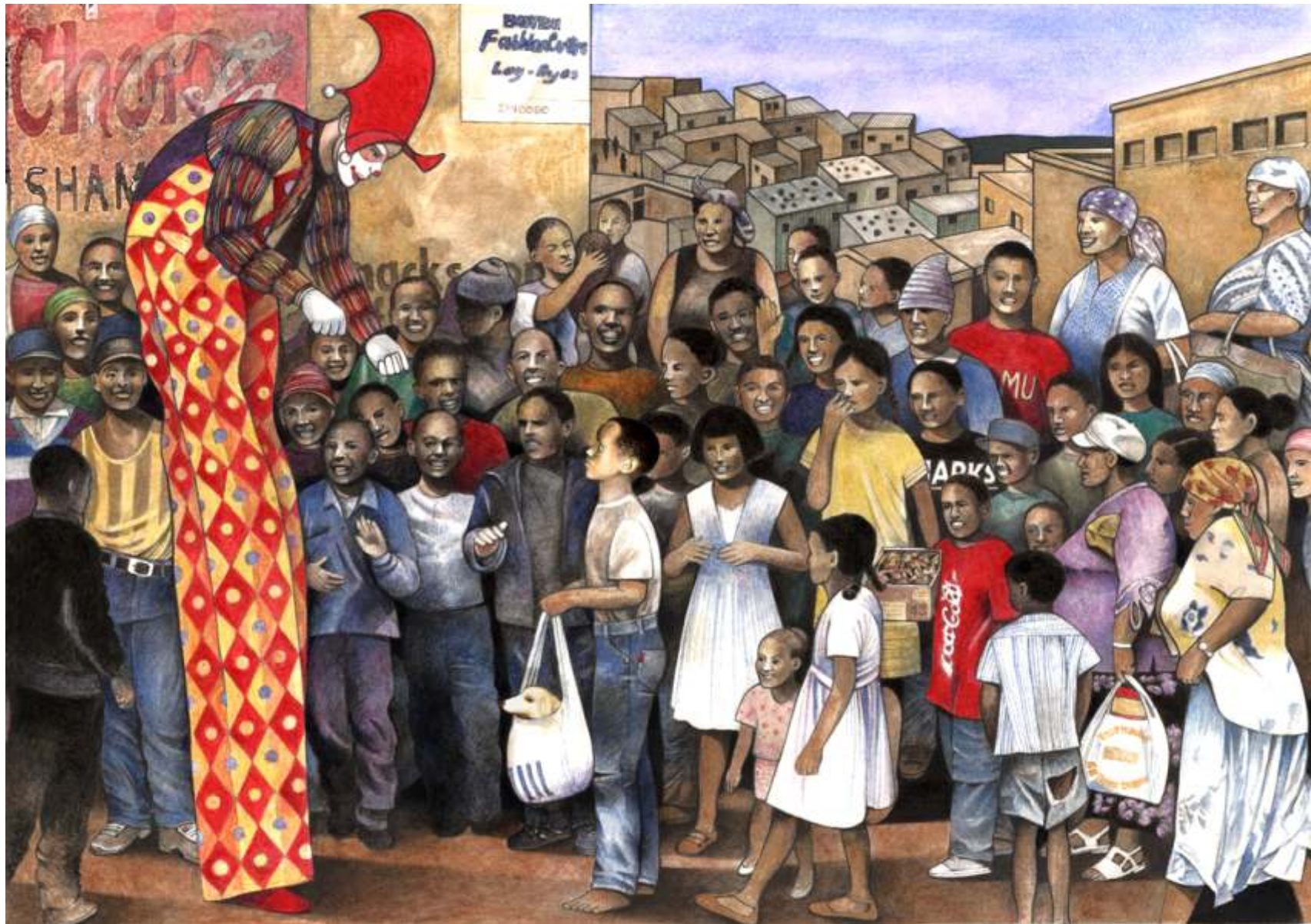




Colourfully dressed clowns and acrobats did juggling and amazing tricks.  
They could also make money disappear and reappear out of people's hands  
or pockets and into noses and ears.  
“How do they do that?” asked Jake aloud.  
“It's magic” laughed someone next to him.  
The people roared with laughter.







Squeezing through to the front of the crowd Jake saw a man with very long legs. He had never seen someone on stilts before. The clown leaned down and asked Jake about the dog in the bag.

"He's hurt," replied Jake, "I saw him get knocked down by a taxi. Do you have anything to make him better?"

"Wait for me after the show," replied the man kindly.

"I can take you to a place where we can get help."

Then he reached down and produced a fifty rand note from Jake's ear. Jake was astonished and the people laughed. Children crowded around to see the little dog in the bag.





The tall man's name was Leander. He took Jake to an old house which was used as a clinic and a shelter for children with no place to go.

"Ivy is a nurse and looks after the children. She will look at your dog," Leander told Jake.

"No bones are broken," declared Ivy, once she had felt the dog thoroughly all over. "Your dog will be safe in a basket on the veranda until he is better." When Ivy heard that Jake lived on the streets, she invited him to stay at the shelter. Jake said no, that he preferred to remain on the streets with the other boys.

"But I'll come and visit the dog," he promised.





From time to time Jake visited the little dog as he had said he would. The other children at the shelter named him Tuffy because he was tough to survive the accident. Jake and Tuffy became good friends and in the evenings would sometimes sit on the stairs at the back of the house and watch the night sky. Looking at the twinkling stars in the darkness Jake often thought about his mother and wondered if she was happy.







When Jake went to see Tuffy one day, a visiting social worker from a hospice came to meet him. Her name was Nomsa.  
“I heard how you saved little Tuffy!” she said with a smile.  
“I would so much like to know more about you, where you are from and how you came to be here.”  
Although she was friendly Jake did not want to talk about himself. Seeing the sadness in his face, Nomsa decided to tell him a story:







Once in the fields lived a rabbit,  
Wild and free he loved running around.  
Yet - scared was he - so afraid,  
For as long as he'd ever remembered.  
Wind even made him quite nervous,  
And he'd run very fast, listening keenly,  
Both ears twitching to catch  
Just the slightest of sounds on the breeze.





Danger he feared all around him  
On his haunches he sat, sniffed the air.  
One day he smelt something new.  
So he followed his nose to a hill.  
There in the side was a hole,  
So dark and so large. Should he go in?  
'Yes I'll go in and find out  
What the creature is who lives deep in there.'



Conquering his fears, hopped Rabbit  
Bravely down into the hole.  
Down through the passages many,  
With heart that was thumping and pounding.  
Now there came hurtling towards him  
A strange, black shape in the darkness.  
Rabbit jumped sideways, avoiding  
Being caught by this mysterious creature.  
Rabbit asked ' who are you creature?'  
But the creature did not reply.  
'Let us talk in the sunlight,  
For then I shall see you quite clearly.'  
Brave words Rabbit had spoken,  
And he hopped out the way he had come,  
Patiently waiting outside,  
For the creature to follow him up.





Carefully ventured the creature  
Out in the dazzling sunlight.  
'So long it's been since I walked here....  
Are you worried by the way I look?'  
'No. Though you do look quite strange,'  
Said Rabbit who was still quite nervous.  
Slowly the creature described  
How he'd been pushed deep under the ground.  
Buried. Forgotten. Alone.  
Until Rabbit invited him back.  
Friends they became and would spend  
Many hours in the shade of a tree.  
Listening with care Rabbit learnt  
Who the dark creature was, where he came from.





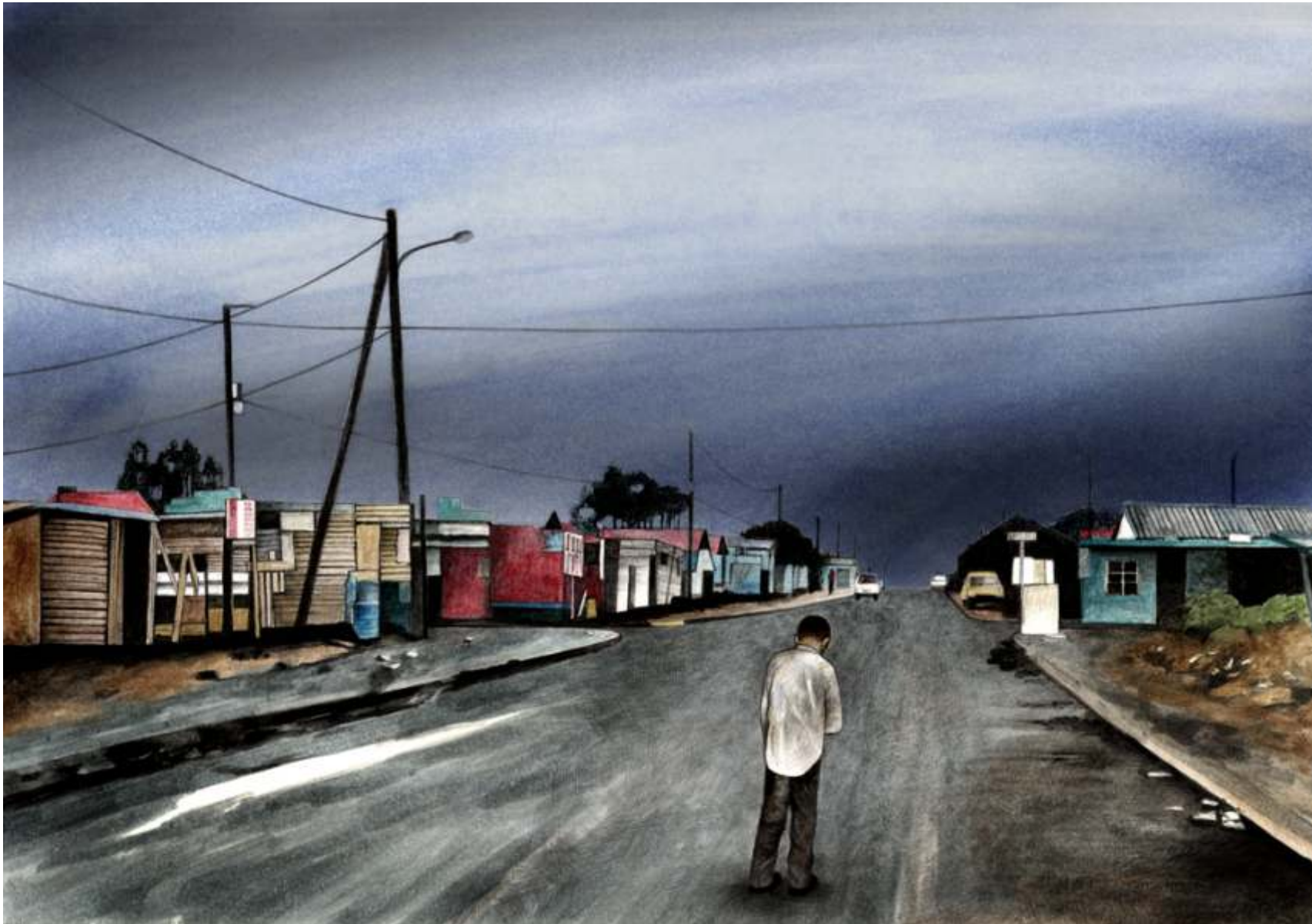
When the story was finished Nomsa quietly said :  
“Jake, the dark creature is like our feelings that we try to ignore; our feelings of pain, fear, loneliness and loss; what we feel when we have lost someone very special to us. These feelings can be so strong that it is easier to bury and hide them under ground deep within us. But the fears don't go away, they get worse. Like the rabbit, we become more afraid. To find these feelings once they have been buried is not always easy. We have to go into the darkness to find them and bring them out into the light. Only then can we understand them - even become friends with them.





Over the weeks, Jake found the courage to tell his story. His mother had become ill and had grown weaker. There was no money for food. He came home from school one day, to find that she had been taken to the hospital. Jake visited her once before she died. The last thing that she gave him was her soft, special head scarf. Her funeral was a blur in his mind. One afternoon when he returned from school he found the door to the rented shack locked. The owner chased him away like a dog. “Get away you rubbish, your mother died from AIDS. Take your dirty AIDS away.”

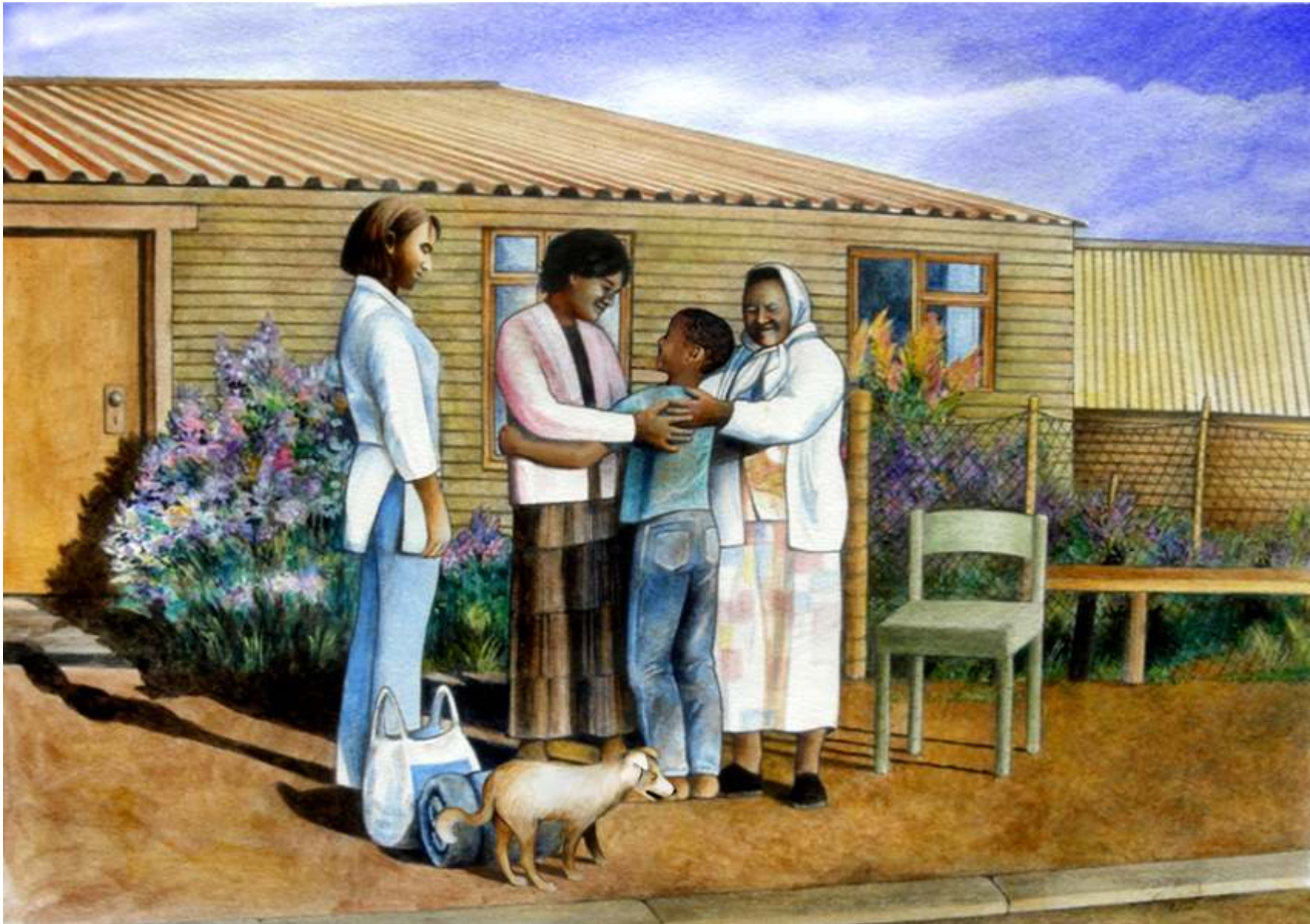




Jake remembered running blindly through the township streets. He had not known where to go. Other children living on the streets taught him how to survive. He knew that he had a granny and an aunt somewhere. They were kind but lived far away - too far for him to walk.







Some weeks later, Nomsa asked Jake if he would like to see his grandmother and aunt. Jake was greatly excited. The next morning they set off in a taxi together with Tuffy on their long journey. It was late in the afternoon the following day when they finally arrived at their destination.

Jake's grandmother, Nokhaya and his aunt, Sabela, were overjoyed to see him. "We believed you were lost forever and that we would never see you again," they cried, as they hugged him happily.

"When at last I had news that your mother had died Jake," said Sabela, "I searched for you but you weren't at the shack."

"I was chased away," Jake explained, looking down.

"Can Jake come to live with you?" asked Nomsa.

"Of course he must," answered Sabela. "He cannot live out on the streets."

They all laughed.

And who is this?" asked Sabela looking at Tuffy.

"This is my best friend Tuffy. Can he also live with us?" Again they all laughed.



When Nomsa came to visit again she explained how Sabela could apply for a foster care grant. Government money would help them look after Jake. She then invited him to make something special.

It was called a memory box.

“I will help you find out about your family history. You can write your own story and keep it in the box with other important papers, like your birth certificate, clinic card and your mother's death certificate.

Together we can collect photographs of your family so that we can make a picture of your family tree. You will have your own key to the box and no one else except you and I will be able to open it.”







Nokhaya and Sabela began to share stories about Jake's mother, father and the family. In an old shoe box photographs were found from Jakes parents' wedding; pictures of Jake as a baby, his brother and sisters, as well as cousins he had never even met. Slowly a picture started to take shape of Jake's family tree. He had not known anything about his father's side of the family and it was an exciting journey of discovery.





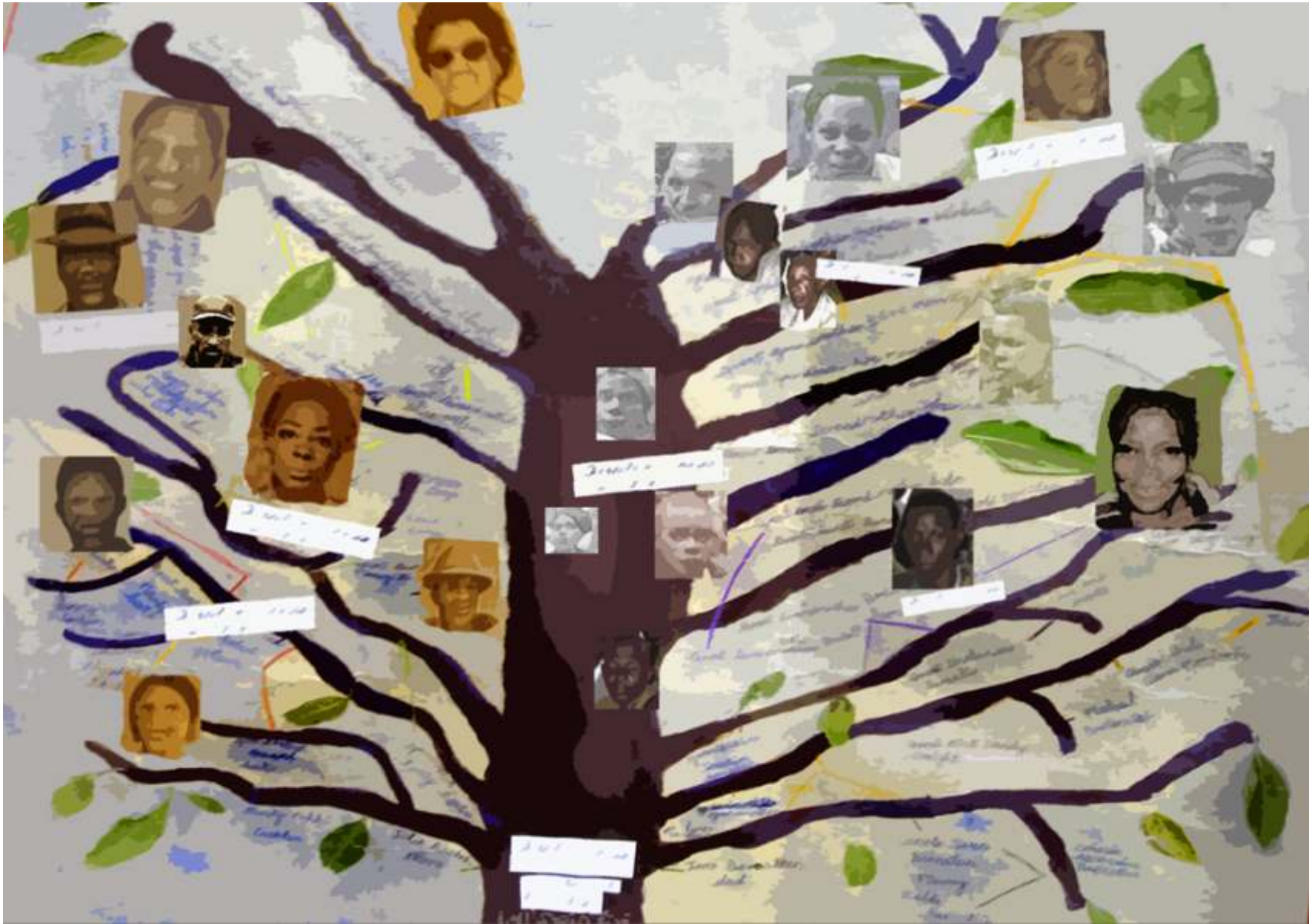


Finding stories for the memory box gave Sabela the opportunity to open up and tell of her own deep feelings. She told Jake and Nomsa that she had been tested HIV positive.

“Learning that I have HIV has been very difficult for me. I did not know how to accept it. I felt angry and sad,” she said. “I did not want to tell anybody. You are the first people outside the clinic to know. At first I buried my feelings of panic and fear. I pretended that everything was okay. With counselling I have been able to change the way I feel about my life. I started the vegetable garden to build my strength and I now look for ways to feel good and happy.”







Jake added letters that his mother had written to his grandmother to the memory box. The most important item to be included was the soft scarf that his mother had given him. He had always kept it in his pocket as his secret treasure. The family tree was constructed with copies of photographs pasted into position. Jake had a strange and wonderful feeling looking at the picture. "I do not feel so lost anymore," he said to himself. The memory box contained all his treasures and he would spend many long hours going through it's contents.



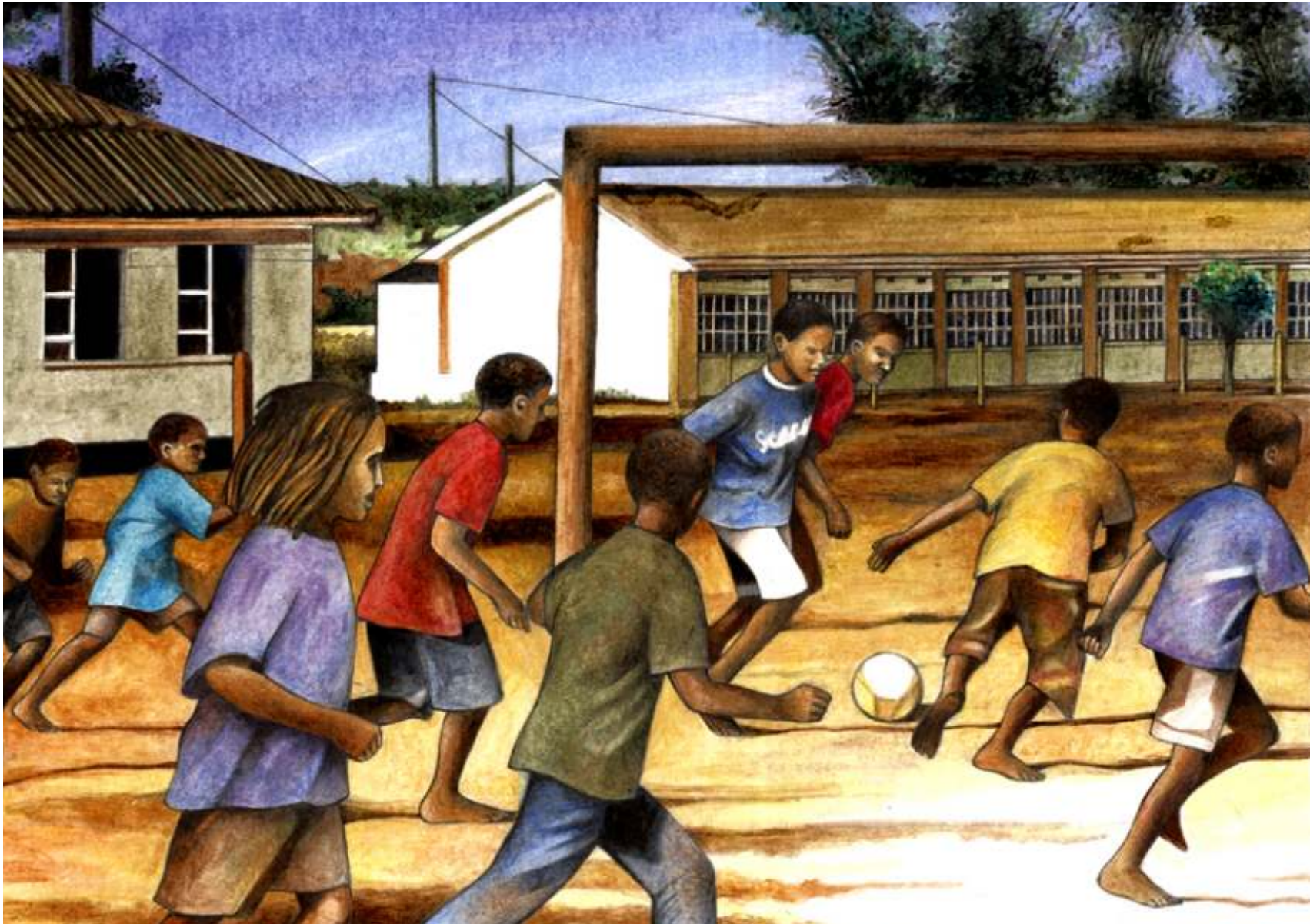




One night Jake had a dream about a tree. It was beautiful filled with light and colour. The tree breathed with life which flowed up and down; in and out of his body. He felt that a tree like this grew inside every one and he had sometimes sensed it when he was very still.

He also dreamed about his mother; she looked happy, serene and at peace.





Back at school Jake battled. The work was difficult as he had been out of school for a long time. He was placed in a class with younger children who teased and called him names when he got things wrong. He tried to ignore them knowing that he would catch up eventually. His favourite sport was soccer and he hoped to be chosen for the school team. Could he play for Bafana Bafana one day?





Jake was overjoyed to be in his new home. He helped around the house and with the vegetable garden. Tuffy helped as well; chasing away the crows and other birds that came to eat the green mielies. Often Jake and Tuffy ran and played together in the open veld. At the end of the day, Jake would sit at his grandmother's feet and listen to her wonderful stories.







Jake's aunt, Sabela, however started to get sick. He could hear her coughing at night and some days she was too weak to work. Jake was afraid of losing his aunt. He knew what it had meant to lose his mother and was glad when Nomsa called around one day to find out how things were going. Jake had written her a long letter which he kept in his memory box. When Nomsa read the letter she hugged him and said that she would arrange for some ARV medicines for Sabela. Then she asked if he would like to join a children's workshop that she was organising at the local hospice.





Jake was delighted to work in the group. Amongst the 12 children, Siphon became Jake's special friend and working partner. They made many drawings, including a picture of someone they admired and respected someone they thought was a star. They were also asked to talk about their feelings in the group. Jake enjoyed being noticed and it made him feel important when everyone listened to him.







One day something extraordinary happened in Jake's life :  
As he and Tuffy were crossing the open veld late one afternoon a sudden, strong gust of wind blew some leaves into the air. Another gust sent a whirl of leaves spiralling into the sky. Jake caught a few in his hands. To his great surprise he saw that the leaves were money! Hundreds and hundreds of rands were floating in the sky! He jumped high, clutching and grabbing them, pushing as many as he could into his pockets. Tuffy joined in - leaping to catch the money in his mouth.  
“ MONEY FROM HEAVEN !” shouted Jake as he ran around gathering up the money.



Jake stopped and looked around. No one had seen the miracle that had just occurred. It was amazing .....

But when he looked at Tuffy he received another surprise; Tuffy had a wallet in his mouth. Jake bent down and carefully took the wallet from the dog. When he opened it he saw that it was full of plastic cards.

Closing the wallet he put it in his pocket and ran home as quickly as he could.







Back home, Jake went to his room and closed the door. He carefully laid out the notes on his bed and began to count.

“What a lot of money!” he thought as he packed the money into his memory box. Jake opened the wallet again and looked at the cards. The name E. P. MTHETHWA was printed on all of them. Jake did not sleep well that night. He wondered what he should do with the money. Should he keep it? Should he tell aunt Sabela about it? What would happen if people found out and thought that he had stolen the money? It was a difficult night. To make things worse, Tuffy got stuck in the cupboard with the pots and pans and made an awful noise.

“Trying to catch mice?” asked Jake as he helped Tuffy out of the cupboard. The dog wagged his tail happy to be free.



The next day Jake had a wonderful thought ; it was as clear as the sunlight that shines through the clouds after the rain:

*“ The wallet had been found on the ground by Tuffy.  
The matter of the wallet lay between the dog and Mthethwa ;  
It did not concern him.*

*The money had come to him from the sky ;  
This was between Jake and God.  
The money was his ...”*

Jake felt a lot better with this thought. The world was a much better place. He was delighted with his new found wealth which seemed limitless and decided that there were lots of important things to do with his money.





First he wanted to help Sabela and Nokhaya: He would buy groceries and clothes. Next he might buy himself a new bicycle. When he went to the supermarket with Tuffy he bought so much, he needed a trolley to take all the things home. Nokhaya and Sabela were amazed. The cupboards had never been so full of food.

“Where did you get so much money?” they asked.

Jake replied simply that he had a ‘piece’ job in town and that they should not worry. He was going to help take care of things from now on.







At the next weekly workshop Nomsa noticed a change in Jake. When they were asked to draw a picture of what their fears looked like, Jake drew a large fat man, scary, with long arms and fat fingers. Mouth wide, with black teeth and spiky hair, he stared out through round, thick glasses. Underneath the picture Jake wrote E. P. MTHETHWA.

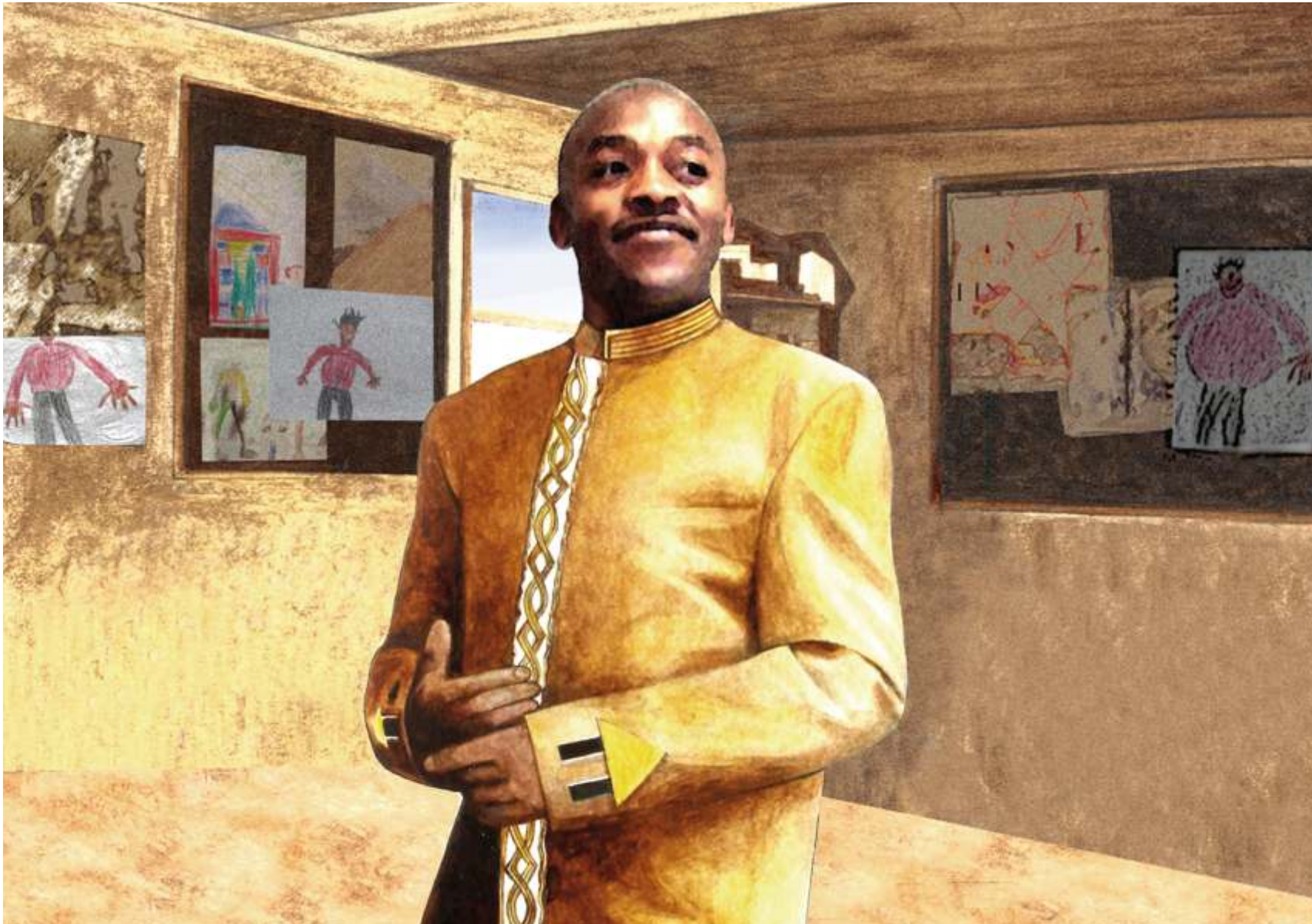
E. P. MTHETHWA





Nomsa asked Jake who the man was. He replied that the man was horrible and he was very afraid of him. When Nomsa and the other children questioned Jake more about the man with black teeth and thick glasses, Jake had to admit that he did not know what Mthethwa looked like because he had never met him. This was a shining moment for Jake. If he had never met Mthethwa who was the man in the drawing? He was very real but where had he come from? The man must be something inside of him, a feeling about something. He then told the group about finding the money from the sky and spending some of it. Everyone whistled and gasped when they heard of the thousands of rands that he had found. No one said that what he had done was wrong, but Jake realised that he did not feel good. The group helped him a lot. They asked him what he would like to do. "I think that I should speak with Mthethwa and tell him what has happened," said Jake.





Nomsa said that she would try to find Mthethwa if Jake brought her the cards and the wallet. A few weeks later Nomsa introduced a special guest to the group. Mr Mthethwa was not scary or fat and he did not have black teeth or glasses. Nomsa told Mr Mthethwa about the work they were doing. She showed him the children's stories and drawings, and finally she asked Jake to tell his story.







When Jake finished there was a long silence. Then Mr Mthethwa started to laugh. He laughed and laughed and laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

“MONEY FROM HEAVEN! I wish I had been there. It must have been a fantastic experience!!!

Jake, you have found the courage to tell me what you have done. You need not have told me anything. You are the star of this story.”

Mr Mthethwa looked thoughtful.

“Your story reminds me of a tale that I heard about a zama zama man who also found a wallet after it was stolen. The thief must have dropped it in the veld.”



Jake didn't know what to do or say. He had been prepared for Mr Mthethwa's anger but was not prepared for his understanding and kindness. Mr Mthethwa put his arms around Jake.

“You should let Nomsa help you look after the money and keep it safe,” he said. “Now, I think that we all need to have a real celebration. I would like you to come to a party at my house on Saturday afternoon. This work that you are doing is very important. I will help you all as much as I can.” The children all jumped and whooped with excitement while Nomsa clapped her hands with joy.







Mr Mthethwa's home was very grand. Jake and the other boys had never been to such a big wonderful house. What kind of party do you think they had? It was a MAGIC party. Leander the magician was invited and entertained them with many, amazing tricks. Tuffy chased butterflies on the lawn. Everyone had loads of fun and Jake was happy. He thought about his long journey that had begun with helping a hurt animal and he realised that if he hadn't helped Tuffy he might still be living on the streets.









# Afterword



The Jake & Tuffy story evolved from the background of my work as a CranioSacral Therapist (CST). My first contact with an Aids orphan was in 2003 when I was asked to do trauma recovery work with an 11 year old HIV positive boy whose mother had died when he was 2 months old. During this time I identified a need for a children's book that highlighted the issues of Aids orphans and that would make CST more comprehensible to a wider audience of people. To date I have seen very few children's story books on HIV / Aids and none that inform the general public about the important kinds of support that hospices, NPOs and NGOs can provide. My original intention was to structure a story on principles of CST and to include aspects from Brandon Bay's "The Journey" and Caroline Myss's "Sacred Contracts"; in essence to write a story about approaching the edges that facilitate inner change and healing. In the final draft, little of the original content remains. While the more obvious elements of Jake & Tuffy lie in describing memory box work the story is still however underpinned by principles of CranioSacral Therapy.

## CranioSacral Therapy

CranioSacral Therapy is a gentle form of touch therapy - possibly one of the most respectful of bodywork techniques, founded on the belief that focus, resourcing and gentleness are the foundations of healing. Stillness, creating a safe space and working in a non-judgemental manner are key elements to its practice. Because it engages with the central nervous system and works with the innate system of health within the body, it is effective in facilitating shifts leading to healing, and the stimulation of the immune system. CST has proven effective in areas of trauma recovery.

The earliest written reference to the “movement of the spinal nerves” and its importance in life, clarity and “bringing quiet to the heart,” is found in the I-Ching, the Chinese Book of Changes, which is 4,000 years old. The ancient Chinese called CranioSacral work “the art of listening.” In the Middle Ages, bonesetters sensed the fine movements of the body to assist resetting fractures and dislocations, and to treat headaches. In modern times the American osteopath William Sutherland, spent fifty years beginning in 1900, detailing the individual movements of the human cranium and pelvis. He called his work “Cranial Osteopathy,” and he made an enormous contribution to the healing arts. His contemporary, Nephi Cottam, an American chiropractor, called it “Craniology.”

There have been more than 40 scientific papers published, documenting various aspects of its effectiveness, and at least 10 authoritative textbooks published. Notable amongst the scientific papers are works documenting the successful treatment of 1,250 newborn children with birth defects, Edna Lay and Stephen Blood's work on temporomandibular joint disorders (TMJ), and John Wood's work on psychiatric disorders.

*References: Gale Encyclopedia of Public Health*

## Touch Therapies

There is much that touch therapies in general have to contribute to health and emotional well being. The Voices project run by Dedel 'ingoma Music Theatre Company sponsored by the CWCI Fund of the European Union was successful in exploring creative arts therapies and linking massage work to trauma recovery. Work for Love an NPO based in Masiphumelele, has likewise introduced a massage training programme into the community with great success.

## The story

Much of the story is based on factual content and real events. Consulting with Juliet Carter from the South Coast Hospice allowed me to include Memory Box work - which forms a part of the palliative care programme run at hospices and care organisations throughout South Africa and the world. The finding of “Money from heaven” actually happened to a friend, Isobel Vidal, in Melville, Johannesburg. The rationalisation that the issue of the wallet lay between the dog and Mthethwa came from a boy “Iyanda,” at a shelter in Port St Johns run by “Ivy.” I have a son, Leander who performed at the opening of a community centre in the Cape by Nelson Mandela, and finally, Jake is the name of the Aids orphan I worked with when I started the story.





## Acknowledgements

My deepest and heart felt thanks to  
all who helped make this book a reality;  
especially my sons Leander, Francis and Luke,  
my mother and my partner Elaine.

Special thanks to Yevette Worrall for drafting the  
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Final thanks to the scientist / Aids researcher, Gamma Bandwana from  
UCT for agreeing to pose as Mr Mthethwa, Antonio from Ocean  
View for posing as Jake and to Pick 'n Pay for their  
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Without this help and support I could not have produced the book.





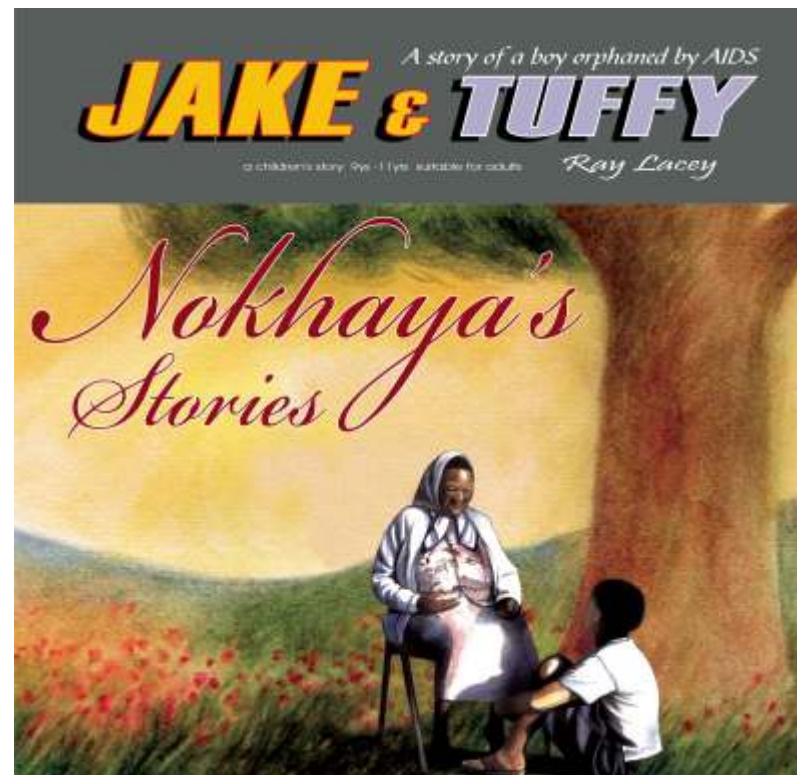


Ray Lacey studied graphic art (fine art) at the Natal Technikon in Durban and graphic design at Wits Technikon. He lectured at Wits Technikon on illustration techniques and then worked as a freelance illustrator and designer for advertising agencies, design studios and magazines for over 12 years.

He decided to pursue an interest in the interpretation of children's drawings and became involved with therapy work for children with learning difficulties. This in turn led him to study CranioSacral therapy. He is a qualified CranioSacral practitioner and continues to work with children.

In recent years he has focused attention on exploring the relationship of therapy and art. “ Is therapy art? and if so what are the elements in therapy that can make it a form of art?”

This forms the content of his work at [www.craniosacral-art.com](http://www.craniosacral-art.com)



A collection of stories that Jake's grandmother,  
Nokhaya told him.

Traditional folk lore and more including ghost  
stories, mythology and wonderful true life  
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