

Skipping Stones

A Multicultural Children's Magazine

Volume 5, No. 4

US \$ 4.00



Visiting a Kuna Village in Panama

Inside—

Kuna:

The Natives
of Panama

Japan:

My Heritage

Holiday
Celebrations

Living in
Lithuania

**Méxican
Culture**

**Palestinian
Peace Process**

and

Folktales



Skipping Stones

A Multicultural Children's Magazine

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Skipping Stones is a non-profit, children's magazine that encourages cooperation, creativity and celebration of cultural and linguistic diversity. We wish to explore and learn stewardship of the ecological web that sustains us. We offer ourselves as a forum for communication among children from different lands and backgrounds. *Skipping Stones* is designed to expand horizons in a playful, creative way. We welcome your support, suggestions, subscriptions and submissions. Donations to *Skipping Stones* are fully tax-deductible to the extent allowed by law.

Subscriptions: Institutions: US \$25 per year. Worldwide: US \$30 (airmail). Individuals: US \$18. Single and back issues: \$5 post-paid (\$6, airmail). *Third World and low-income discount: 50%.*

For subscriptions and reprint permission write:

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Guide For Submissions

We invite children and young adults to submit their own writing and artwork (see page 34 for ideas) for publication in *Skipping Stones*. We especially encourage submissions by youth from underrepresented populations. Adults may also contribute materials that will increase cultural awareness and encourage reader participation.

On each page include your name, age or grade, and address. We would be especially interested in hearing about your heritage. What cultures were your ancestors from? Let us know.

If you would like your work returned, please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If your work is published in *Skipping Stones*, you will receive a complimentary copy of that issue.

See page 35 for Parents and Teachers' Guide.

Printed on Recycled Paper

In the spirit of ecological sensitivity, we choose to print with soy-based ink on uncoated, recycled paper.

Vol. 5 no. 4 *Skipping Stones* Page 2

Queridos niños hispanohablantes:

Skipping Stones es una revista multiétnica que todos podemos hacer, en ella se publica cualquier expresión cultural de cualquier parte del mundo, en todas las lenguas de la tierra, para cada día poder llegar a un mejor entendimiento entre los hombres, sin importar raza, color, religión o pensamiento.

Skipping Stones es un foro desde donde se pueden compartir creatividad, tradiciones, sentimientos, y la situación ambiental de nuestra casa común, la tierra. Es la visión del mundo a través del corazón de los niños. Te invitamos a colaborar con nosotros para juntos explorar y aprender un poco más acerca de las relaciones ecológicas que hacen posible la vida en el planeta. *Skipping Stones* es una fiesta impresa para celebrar la solidaridad, la cooperación y la diversidad cultural y lingüística. Favor de escribirnos.

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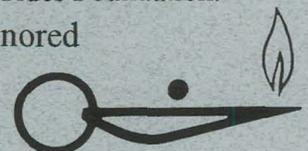
Acknowledgements

Special Thanks to: Hanna Still, Bill and Sadako Hessling, Dennis Kuklok, Stephen Mallery, Russ Mills, Ron Marson, Joachim Shultz, Nancy Bray, Amy Brandt, Esther Celis, Amy Klauke, Julia Keffer, Romney Taylor, Brook Rod and Beth Stein. We extend our sincere gratitude to our supporters and subscribers.

On Cover: *Kuna child and the San Blas Islands of Panama by Marjorie Vandervelde of Iowa.*

Skipping Stones is an educational and charitable organization with a 501(c)(3) tax-exempt status under the Internal Revenue Code. We invite you to support our 50% discount and free subscriptions to low-income schools, libraries and Third World organizations by making a tax-deductible donation. We'll acknowledge your grant or donation of \$250 or more in this space. Financial support provided by *Tops Learning Systems* and the *Still Waters Fund* of the Tides Foundation.

Skipping Stones has been honored with 1993 **EdPress Award** for Excellence in Educational Journalism.



Dear Friends: Greetings

With harvest already in, winter, with its bare trees, gray skies, short days and long, cold nights calls for celebrations! Diwali, Hanukkah, Christmas, Kwanzaa, Solstice...

Get-togethers with family and friends at such times bring feelings of warmth and happiness. But what is it that really makes us happy? Is it getting lots of toys and electronic games? Candy and fashionable clothes? Having no fears? Feeling loved by our families and having real friends? Or reaching our goals? . . . We all might have different answers. What gives you lasting happiness, or peace?

Having material comfort does not always make us happy. Many things such as fear or worries can bring us unhappiness. What we are afraid of is the *unknown*. We are afraid of changes, especially when we can't predict what will happen next. But *change* is in the air. Always! Change is the only constant. And it can be something to welcome, rather than fear. Let's learn to embrace it. Let's take it on as a challenge!

As we enter our sixth year of *Skipping Stones*, we are making several changes. We will no longer be published quarterly—we'll publish every two months during the school year, five issues in all!

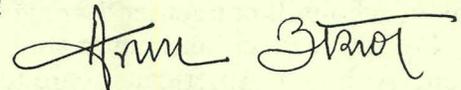
We know that there are many exceptional writers and creative artists among our young readers. We wish to acknowledge and encourage them. Therefore, every year, we'll honor 10 children for their art and writings that encourage cultural diversity and appreciation of nature (see page 34 for guidelines). Want to take on the challenge of designing the Honor Award Certificate? If we use your design, you'll be automatically honored!

We are also opening up the "Guide for Parents and Teachers" for adult readers to share their thoughts, experiences and ideas.

Since the Quincentennial, we have continued to share the ways and culture of Native peoples, celebrating the International Year of Indigenous People. In 1994, we take on the challenge of exploring world religions to better understand ourselves and our neighbors. In the process, we might learn what gives us joy and satisfaction.

Nature seems to be at rest during winter. Yet underneath the silence of winter hibernates the seeds of spring, the warmth of summer and the fruits of autumn. Winter is a time for relaxation, reflection and (getting ready for) resurgence!

Let's welcome 1994—the International Year of the Family!



Kinamatarung Sang Bata

(A Song from the Philippines)

Hiligaynon Version:

Koro:

Bisan kami bata lang

May yara man kami nga kinamatarung

Kinamatarung man namon

Ang palanggaon

Kinamatarung man namon

Ang libre nga edukasyon

(Koro)

Kinamatarung namon

Ang mangin kabahin sa sosyedad

Kinamatarung man namon

Ang magpauwag sang abilidad

(Koro)

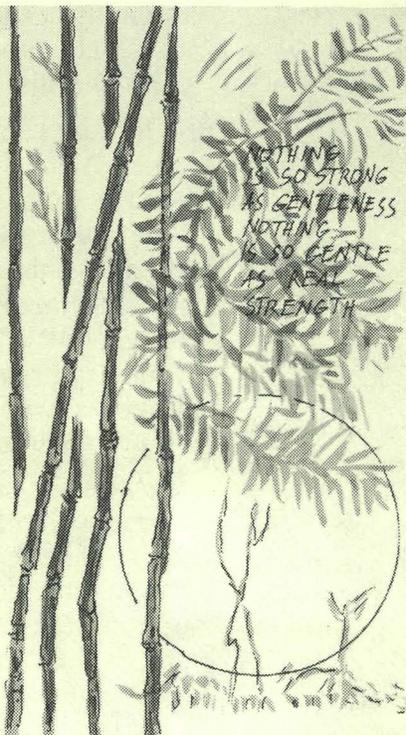
Kinamatarung namon

Ang magpuyo sang kalinong

Kinamatarung man namon

Aton gid nga dampigan

(Koro)



LIKHA/AIDTEC, Cebu, Philippines

Children's Rights

English Version:

Chorus:

Although we are only kids
We feel we have children's rights

It is our right, hear us

To be taken care of

It is our right, hear us

Free and proper education

(Chorus)

It is our right, hear us

To be a part of society

It is our right, hear us

To develop our talents

(Chorus)

It is our right, hear us

To live in a world of peace

It is our right, hear us

Protect the lives of children

(Chorus)

Original Hiligaynon language version composed by Joel Alapar; English translation by Angelina O. Geonzon. Both live in Cebu, the Philippines.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Readers: We welcome your comments and letters about any thing you see (or, would like to see) in Skipping Stones. Please keep your letters brief. Let us know if you'd like your name withheld. We may edit your letter for space, grammar or clarity.

We haven't had a TV for all of my nine years. I don't want one either. I only watch TV about seven days a year. I occasionally see videos. My opinion about it is that you end up watching it when you could be playing games, reading books and doing things outside. I think that TV is boring and addictive. I'd rather be creative and make things, than watch cartoons. There is some good stuff on TV, but you end up watching a lot of stupid things with it.

—Charlie Paget-Seekins, 9, Philo, California

... I learned that American cigarette companies have stepped up their campaign against the health of humanity by beginning to target children. Their campaign to "fight back" is an attempt to allow cigarette smokers to once again light up anywhere it is convenient for them. The project appears to have begun with the invention of Old Joe Camel, a cartoon character, who will conveniently never grow old, never die from cancer, and never stop working for them. Although American cigarette companies continue to try and ram tobacco down our throats, American children are becoming wiser through health education programs in schools such as D.A.R.E. More and more Americans are saying NO to cigarettes, NO to cancers, NO to birth defects. It would appear that the cigarette companies are worried, but unfortunately they have taken their battle overseas.

American cigarette companies have adopted the tactics of hard-core drug dealers. In several countries in South America (and others in Asia) American cigarette companies provide free cigarettes to young people. Once addicted to cigarettes they have a customer for life, as limited as it might be. If this tactic wasn't enough, these companies promote the image that most Americans smoke. "If you want to be more like Americans you should smoke," is their claim.

I am ashamed of the moral values that these companies project to people in other countries! Their dollar is more important than others' health.

Don't start smoking, most educated Americans don't.

—Mark Richardson, Everett, Washington

We received this greeting card from Holland.



Cyclone Kina

It was a frightful day. Cyclone Kina, which passed in January of 1993, was a very horrible and terrifying cyclone. It was a destroyer of the environment of Fiji, the happy isles. Kina destroyed almost every village. The province of Viti Levu suffered the most.

Cyclone Kina struck one Saturday evening. It came to the central division of the islands so suddenly and acted so violently that it has been described as one of the demons sent by the Lord. The attack began sometime around 11 PM. We kept praying. People were screaming, cows were mooing and houses were shaking. Suddenly, mango and coconut trees broke, as well as electric wires and posts. The next day, January 3rd, was tiring. Nobody bothered to go out to assess the damage.

In the evening of the Sabbath day, a big flood came. According to the older citizens, this was the worst flood of their lives so far. Our report from Waila, one of the low lying areas, said that water was above their roofs. The water level was only six feet short of touching the floor of the Rewa Bridge. DISMAC and Red Cross, with other voluntary organizations, were helping people. A phone-call reported that two boys were drifting with the help of a banana tree.

After the sudden disaster, a crew reported that people were cleaning and there were wires lying about. There's not a word in the world that can describe the harsh situation. According to our grandparents, after every twenty years, a cyclone attacks the central division. A cyclone came in 1952, Hurricane Bebe came in 1972 and Cyclone Kina in 1992. Let's hope that one won't come in the next century in 2012.

—Ravinesh Mohan Singh, 13, Nausori, Fiji Islands

Dear Hanna: *My mom and I live together. I know she's already working to make a gift for me. I always wonder what I can give her. I'd like to make something really neat. But what??* — A.A.

Dear A.A.: The real treasure of giving is the wish to create happiness for someone else. I receive the greatest happiness from knowing that another person is 'there for me' at all times. This folktale from Ethiopia spells out what I mean by 'being there for someone' much better than I can.

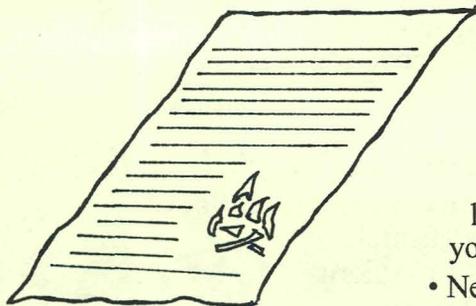
Boshra came from the poor countryside to find work. A very rich man took him in as a servant. On a very cold and windy night, the rich man told Boshra to build him a blazing fire in the hearth. While Boshra was tending the fire, the rich man said: "I wonder how much a man can endure. Could a man stand naked, on top of that icy mountain over there without clothes, food or fire and survive? BOSHRA! I dare you to do that tomorrow night! If you succeed, I'll give you a piece of land, a house and ten cows. You will be a free man!"

As soon as the master went to sleep, Boshra hastened to see an old friend. Dreading that he could not survive the ordeal, Boshra had come searching for advice and encouragement.

Finally, the old friend's face lit up. "Yes, I think I can help you! I will go to the hill across the valley from the mountain. When the sun sets, I'll build a fire and keep it going all night through until the sun rises in the morning. Fix your eyes on my fire. It is far across the valley, but if you strain, you will be able to see it. And all night long, imagine the warmth of the fire and think of me, your old friend. With every stick I put on the fire, I will be sending you strength. However cold the icy wind, you will succeed."



Every agonizing moment of the night, Boshra kept his eyes fixed on the fire which his friend kept bright. To his master's shock and surprise, he descended from the mountain the following morning, unharmed.



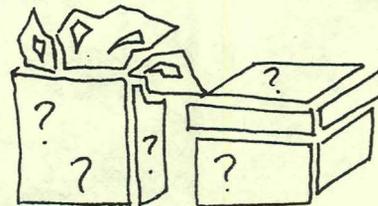
I like this story so much that I will use it to make gifts.

- First, I will copy the story on a large, heavy paper and draw a picture of the fire the friend built.
- Then, I will write a different message for each person. For example: 'Whenever things go badly for you at work, think of me and know I am lighting a fire for you. With every stick, I send you love.'
- Next, I will roll the scroll up and tie it with a ribbon.



Dear A.A., do you think your mom would like something like that?

Dear Readers: I have surprise gifts for five readers who send questions to me, Hanna. Drawing for five names will be Jan. 10, 1994 to decide who shall receive these presents.



All you need to do is send a note to Hanna. In your note, feel free to express an opinion or raise questions about getting along with other kids or adults. Or, write about any problems or issues that go through your mind. Be sure to include your complete address.

Send as many questions as you wish to:

DEAR HANNA
c/o *Skipping Stones*
PO Box 3939, Eugene, OR 97403

In Peace,

Hanna



Grasshopper — The Story of a Lenni Lenape Girl

Kristin Kenney wrote this story for her 4th grade class assignment after interviewing Bright Moon (Rose Ridgeway) and Whispering Feather (Elizabeth Munson), two Lenni Lenape women of the Nanticoke Lenni Lenape Cultural Center in Bridgeton, New Jersey.

Hey, my name is Grasshopper. In my language, hey means hello. I am a member of the Unalachtigo Lenape Tribe. I'm nine years old. When I'm twelve, I will get married and my name will change to Plays With Colors. My father gave me this name because I like to color pictures. I live near the *Wihitak* (the Delaware River). *Wihitak* means "the domain of the Lenape."

I like to play with my friends by the river. *Ellangomellan* (my friend) is named Rainbow. Another thing I do is help *Guka* (Mother) prepare meals. My favorite thing is making cornbread. I first grind the corn in a clay pot and mash it with a rock. This makes cornmeal. Next, I make dough. I wrap the dough in leaves and *Guka* cooks it on a bed of hot stones. We eat cornbread everyday. I love it, but my brothers get tired of it.

Olma, my Grandmother, is my favorite person. She tells me stories about our people of long ago. Because *Olma* is so wise she is a Clan Mother, a woman who helps the Chief make decisions.

My father is a great trapper and fisherman. He is very strong and quick. My father has two big braids of black hair. He paints his face with

black, red and green paint to frighten his enemies. But *Guka* and I think he is very handsome.

My favorite meats are turkey, duck and deer. I also like bass from the river. My brothers' favorite foods are squirrel and beaver.

We are known as the Turkey Clan. *Olma* tells the story of long ago when the tribe was once in danger. A wild turkey flew overhead and squawked a warning that enemies were nearby. A young girl had a dream that a turkey showed our warriors the way to win. From that day on, our people are the Turkey Clan.

Each day we worship *Manito*. *Manito* is the Great Spirit, our God. Every time we take something from the earth, we pray to *Manito* to forgive us. When we are cooking, we thank *Manito* for the food given to us.

Lately, we have had lots of visitors from a far off land across the sea. Their skin is very pale, so Father calls them White Man. Their home is Europe and they say the year is 1650. At first, Father enjoyed the visitors. They liked our *wampum*, our shell and bone jewelry. We liked their calico cloth. Our people are teaching the White Man how to survive.

But White Man doesn't want to share the land. They want it all! So we are very sad. We are moving across the bay to live with our cousins, the Nanticoke Indians.

—Kristin Kenney, 9, Williamstown, New Jersey

Want to Learn Some Native Words?

Sioux (La-Ko-Ta) Foods

- Ta-Tan-Ka— Buffalo
- Wa-Ga-Me-Za— Corn
- Tah-Ca— Deer
- Papa Sa-Ka— Dried beef, moose, elk meat
- Wa-Sa-Na Papa— Dessert made with Papa
- Wo-Ja-Pi— Mixed stew
- Wa-Ga-Moo— Pumpkin, squash, cucumber
- Wa-Ha-Pi— Soup
- Teem-chay-La— Turnips
- Wasté— Good

Inupiat (Eskimo) Foods

- A-Gu-Tuk— A whipped mixture of seal fat or fish oil to which either cooked, ground meat/fish, or berries are added. Also called Eskimo ice cream.
- Ah-Luck — Bear
- Blubber— A fat layer which lies between the skin and muscular flesh of sea mammals. Oil from blubber is used as grease and food as well as fuel.
- K-Wak — Frozen raw meat or fish



Paw-wow in Eugene, Oregon

The Kuna of Panama

I am *Nono Sichi*, which means Black Hair. My Kuna Tribe lives on the always-summer San Blas Islands. These islands are along the Atlantic coast of Panama.

Dozens of cousins live in our *nega* (house) with lots of aunts and uncles. But *Mu* (Grandma) is really the boss.

I look in a mirror to tell you what I look like. Well, I wear a nose ring, and bands of yellow and red beads on my brown arms and legs. Just like 'most everybody, except *Papa* of course, and the boys.

I babysit for *Nana* (Mother).

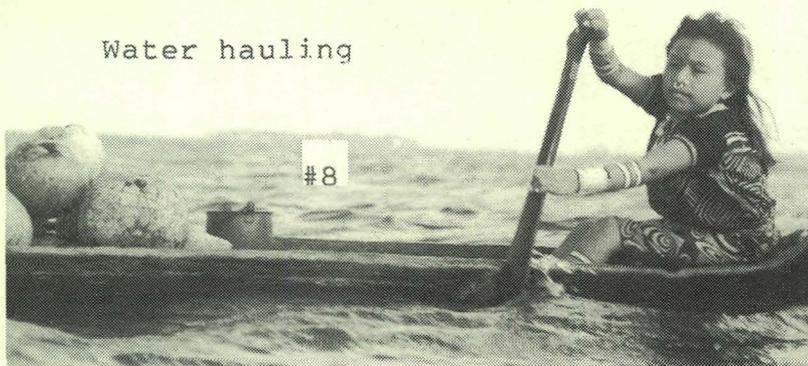


Nana uses a gourd of water to give the baby a shower bath. Then she tells me, "Take a shower, *Nono Sichi*."

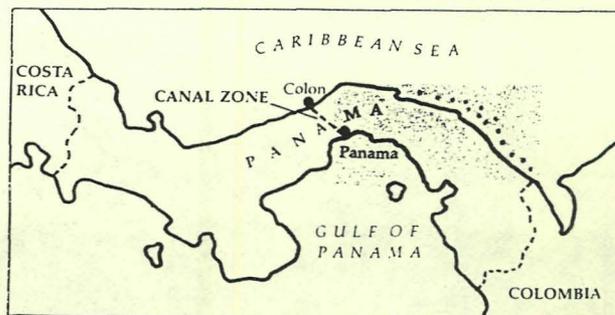


One of my jobs is to paddle my *cayuco* (ka-yoó-ko), a boat hewn from logs, across the ocean channel and up a jungle river, to get fresh water. I fill the gourds, and paddle the *cayuco* back to *Nana*. Our island is surrounded by water, but it is salty, so we can't use it.

Water hauling



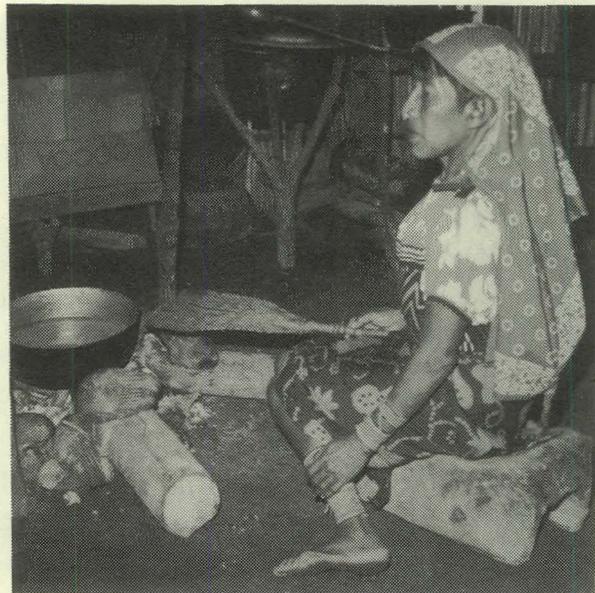
San Blas Islands





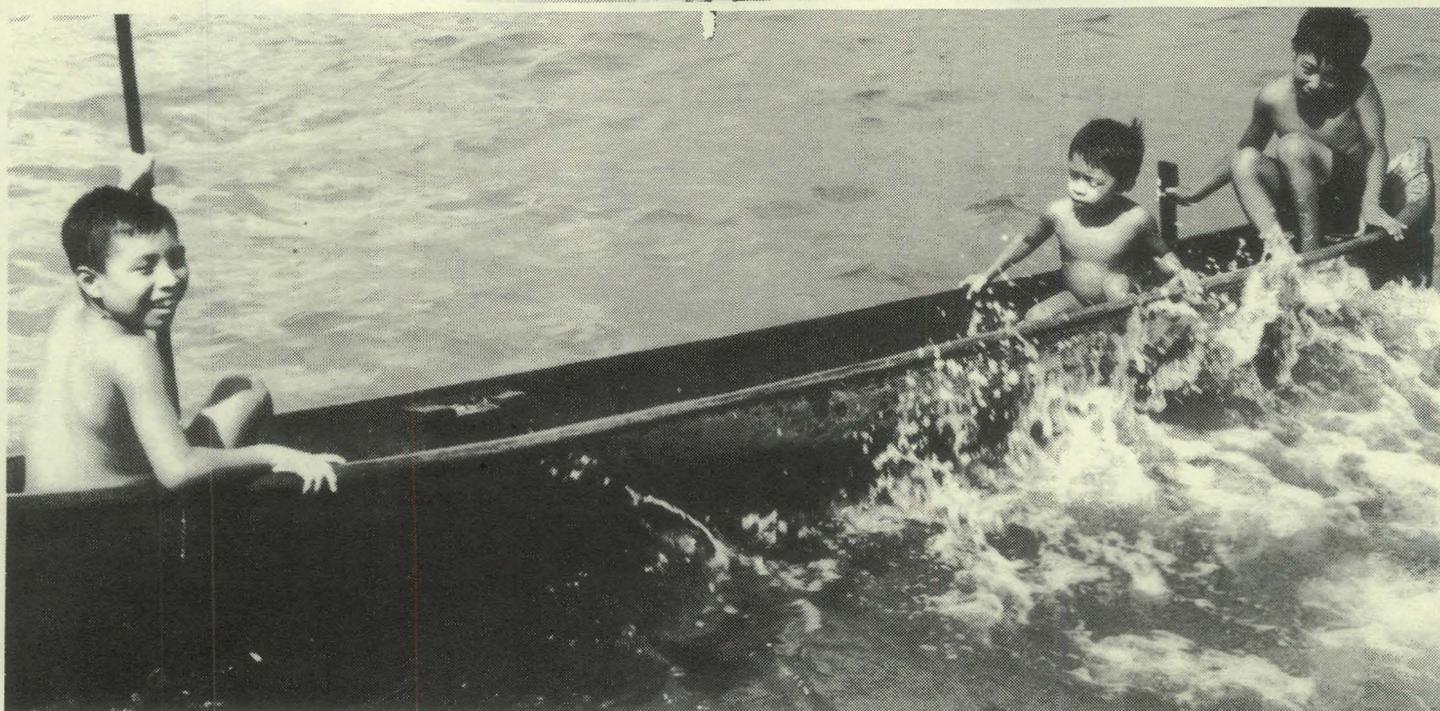
She puts two gourds of water in the *tule mas* (toóli mahs) that is in the cooking pot. *Tule mas* is Kuna food, made of fresh coconut with fish heads and rice. Sometimes it has iguana lizard that tastes almost like chicken. *Nana* is a good cook, and her *tule mas* is delicious.

My dozens-of-cousins all like to dive from tall palm trees into the ocean. *Jon* climbs the tree the fastest.



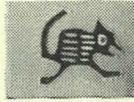
We like to sit on the seawall while the teacher holds class. Our alphabet has just 16 letters.

We play jump-the-rope, and learn to use *cayucos*.



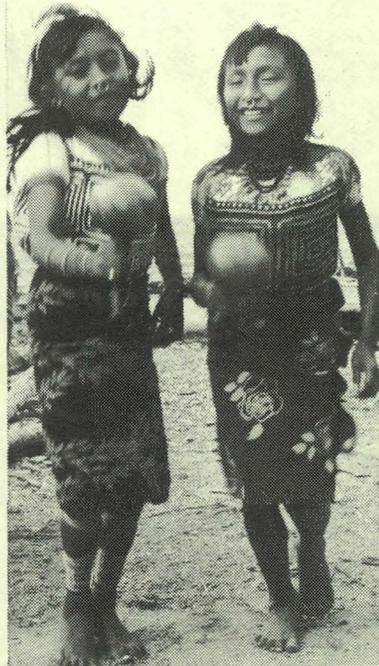


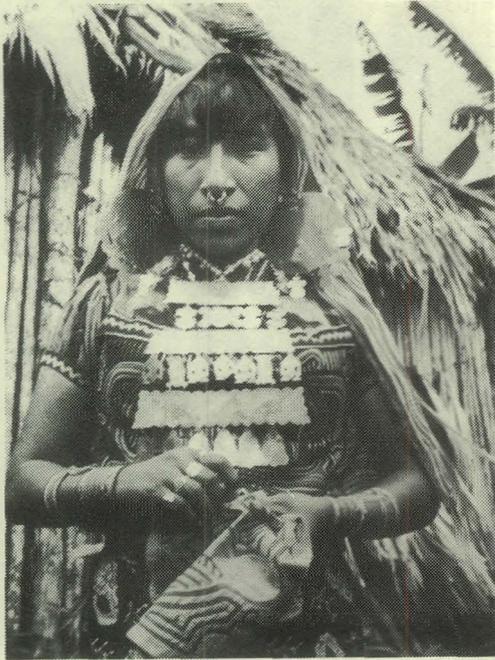
I like to draw pictures, and stitch pictures on fabric to make *molas*, our tribal art. *Mu* teaches us to make *molas*.



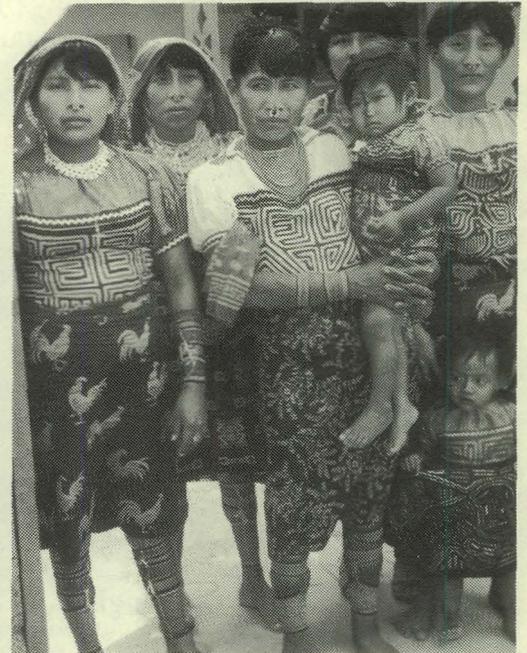
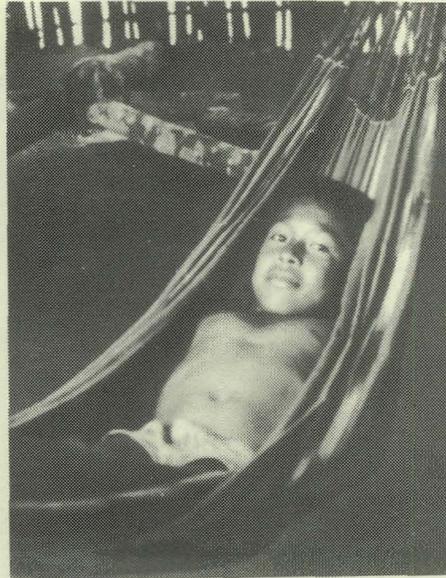
We like to sing and dance. Those rattles are calabash gourds that grow in the jungle. Our aunt plays the pan pipes that she makes herself.

I made up a song, the words are: "Aiie! Nuadi!! Uhooo!!!" We sing them over, and over, and over again. The translation could be, "Good friend, you're just wonderful!"

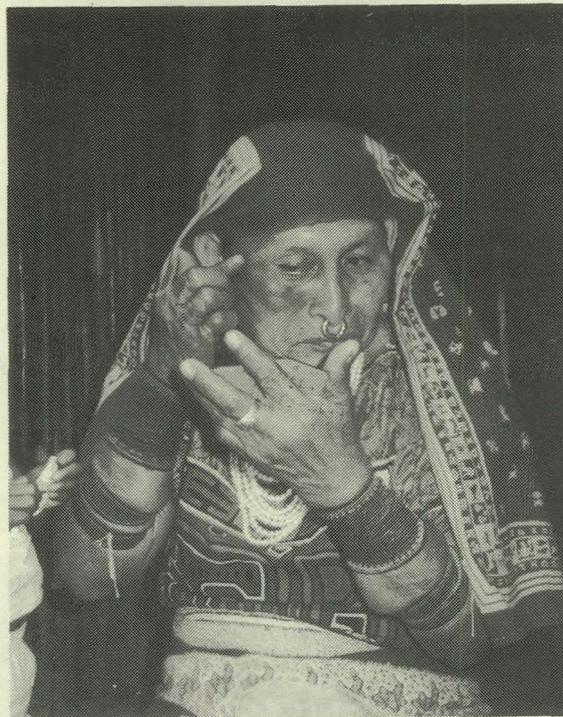




We sleep in hammocks.



Nana says I must tell you that I can read and write pretty well. A school was started on our island by Lonnie and Marvel Iglesias when my grandfather was a boy in 1932. The chiefs wouldn't let girls go to school at first. On the first day the teachers blew a conch shell, because they didn't have a bell to ring. Ninety boys came on the run. At that time children didn't have names until they got older. So, the teachers named their pupils after their friends or famous people. That's why today we have a Chief Franklin D. Roosevelt. (And younger *Kunas* are called President John Kennedy and Yogi Berra).



Anyway, when those 90 boys came to school on the second day, they didn't remember their names. So, the teachers used chalk to write their names on their brown chests. Each boy learned to write his own name. One boy came to school with a pet parrot perched on his shoulder. They named it "Bird." We *Kunas* like to have pets from the jungle.

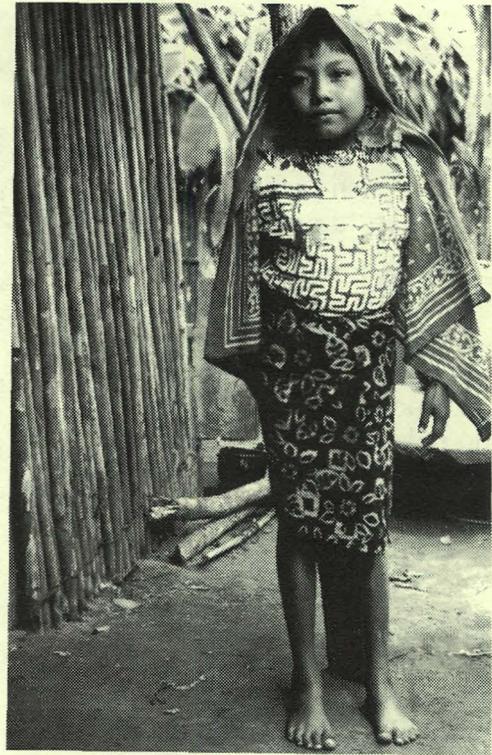




Mom says, "Take a shower, Maria."



We dive into the ocean from a palm tree. It's fun!



Our tribe had only a *spoken* language. But a Kuna alphabet was devised by the teachers. What a gift! "Bird" learned the Kuna alphabet, along with the boys. Then the chiefs decided to let the girls go to school. One chose to be named Queen Elizabeth, and another, Olympia! Our school goes to the sixth grade. Some boys choose not to go to school at all. So, the tribe continues to teach them how to become good fishermen, hunters, and tribal leaders, as they always have done.

Our tribe believes that the morning star is our watchman and guardian. So, before daylight, when one hears the swish of oars, *Pugsu* (the morning star) is watching over Kunas. Kuna men are going to get food for their families from the sea or jungle.

Our mothers row their *cayucos* to mainland rivers to fill gourds with drinking water, and to wash clothes on the river rocks. We dozens-of-cousins take care of the babies.

Our *inatules* (medicine men) go to the jungle to hunt for herbs and roots to use for tribal medicines. Bark of the "fever tree" is used to relieve fever of malaria. On our island there is now a clinic too, for "outside" medicine.

Sometimes Kunas are called **Keepers of the Rainforest**, because we take good care of the jungle. I think our tribe knows almost every kind of tree, bird, flower, and animal. Some trees and animals (like the anteater) are very special to us. Folks say they are sacred. Botanist Aurelio Chiari is a Kuna who has gone "outside" to school. He is helping take care of Kunas' Udirbi Forest. It won a "SAVE THE FOREST" award.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you that Bird, the parrot, pulled buttons off the chief's shirt, when it was on the clothesline! Bird gets into mischief.

We named our friend Marjorie Vandervelde, *Nisbundor*, which means Daughter of the Stars. Well, her camera took a lot of photos so you could get to know us. And my cousins-by-the-dozens say *nueti* (pleasant greetings) to you, the readers of *Skipping Stones!*

Nueti, come to see us sometime.

Your good friend,

Nono Sichi

Written by Marjorie M. Vandervelde of Emmetsburg, Iowa. She has visited the Kuna people a number of times and wrote books and articles about them.

* Plan a journey to visit Nono Sichi. Consider transportation, provisions and daily itinerary. What would you take to share your culture with Nono and her friends? Remember to be sensitive to the Kuna culture.

Puerto Rico

Puerto Rico mi isla bonita
mi familia nació en tí, Puerto Rico.

Hay muchas personas
que tienen la dicha de
vivir en tu puerto rico.

Tus casas son bonitas
con sus jardines adentro.
Sus techos son de cristal
y cuando el sol entra por
ellos es como diamantes
cayendo del cielo que dan
vida a las flores por dentro.

Puerto Rico con tus olas
que van y vienen donde
podemos nadar, jugar y hacer
castillos de arena,
Como te amo Puerto Rico!
Te extraño y un día volveré.

“My family was born
in Puerto Rico. I have
two older brothers and
one younger brother.

I am the only girl in my family. We moved to
Arizona when I was five years old. I went to a



Puerto Rico

Puerto Rico, my beautiful island
My family was born on you, Puerto Rico.

There are many people
who have the fortune
to live in your rich port.

Your houses are beautiful
with their inside gardens
Their roofs are made of crystals
and when the sun comes in
they are like diamonds
falling from the sky that give
life to the flowers from within.

Puerto Rico, with your waves
that go in and out, where
we can swim, play and make
castles of sand.

How I love you, Puerto Rico!
I miss you and one day I will return.

bilingual classroom from
kindergarten through third
grade. I travel to Puerto Rico for
summer vacation!”

—Aixa Garcia-Mont, 10, Aguilar School,
Tempe, Arizona

Proverbios—Proverbs

- Cuando se te ha caído un diente dicen que te has comido el queso del cura.

When your teeth fall off, they say you have eaten the priest's cheese.

- Cuando tienes la tripa llena dicen tienes la panza como la tía Esperanza.

When your stomach is full, they say you have a tummy like Aunt Esperanza (Hope).

—Natalia De Org, 5th grade, from Spain, studying in an E.S.O.L. (English for speakers of other languages) class at Huffman Elementary School, Plano, Texas

La Mujer Hoy en México

La mujer aquí siempre ha trabajado en el campo, así también como en el hogar y la cocina, pero ahora los tiempos han cambiado, la mayor parte de las mujeres están estudiando, pueden elegir cualquier carrera, aunque un número mayor de muchachas estudian para secretarias, enfermeras o maestras. Por lo general las muchachas son más responsables y serias en sus estudios que los muchachos. Esto se debe a que la mayor parte de las mujeres no fuman ni beben como los hombres, no obstante ahora empiezan algunas mujeres a beber y fumar y se ve muy feo. Es una pena que al educarse la mujer imite los malos hábitos del hombre, principalmente porque todo esto perjudica la salud.

The Woman Today in México

The woman here has always worked in the fields, as well as in the home and the kitchen. But times are changing now. The majority of women are now studying and can choose any career. However, most women study to become secretaries, nurses or teachers. In general, the women are more responsible and serious in their studies than men. This is because most women do not smoke or drink like men. Now some women have begun to smoke and drink and it looks very bad. It is a shame that while they get education, women imitate the bad habits of men, especially because all this endangers their health.

—Myrna Dominguez, 14, Venta Grande,
Puebla, MEXICO

¡Baila! ¡Baila! Dance! Dance!

I am a dancer with ¡Baila! ¡Baila!. ¡Baila! ¡Baila! is a dance academy for girls and boys, ages 5 to adult. The type of dance is called *Ballet Folklórico*. We do dances from several regions of México. Mexican dancing has been passed on for many generations.

The way I got into dancing was through my mom. She used to dance all the time when I was little. While my mom was practicing with her group, I would go in the very back of the room and start dancing. I did not know what I was doing but I was trying my best. I would always put my dress shoes on to go to practices because those were the only shoes I had that would make a noise when I started dancing. One time, the teacher asked why I didn't dance in the front of the room with the rest of the group. I went to my mom and hugged her arm and smiled at the teacher because I was to embarrassed to say anything. The teacher said that he was going to start a dance group for kids, but he never did.

As I got older, I started dancing with my mom's group, and performed all over the place. I was getting better, the teacher said. My mom and I soon stopped going to practices. By the age of 8, I had gotten very good, but my mom said that the group was falling apart. A lot of the dancers had quit or gone to another dance group. I had stayed in the group for five years.

My mom found another group with kids my age. The group was called ¡Baila! ¡Baila! I went to the beginners' group. Everybody looked at me because I knew all the steps very well and this was my first try.

I stayed in the beginners' group for about a month. The instructor said I was too good for that, so I went to the advanced group. I fit there perfectly. I have been there for three years now.

I especially like this kind of dancing because you get to put on these wonderful, beautiful dresses, and you get some exercise, too. Also, you get to go places with the dance group like the State Fair, San Antonio, Las Cruces, and Santa Fe.

While you are dancing to the music, we make *gritos*, or noises of happiness. It makes you get more into the dancing.

My dance group went to a national competition in Las Vegas, Nevada because we won the regional competition in San Antonio, Texas. The competition is called "Starpower!" We were ranked ninth out of over 500 contestants. We also won first place for our costumes. The prize was 200 dollars.

We are looking forward to our next competition because we just love to dance! dance! dance! ¡Baila! ¡Baila! ¡Baila!

—Alisa Lucero, 13, Albuquerque, New Mexico

This is a song that we dance to from the state of Jalisco, México.

LA MARIQUITA

Mariquita se llamaba
La que vive junto al río
Tápame con tu rebozo
Que ya me muero de frío

Si porque me la llevé
Su mamá se me enojó
Ahora que me lleve a mi
A ver si me enojo yo

Mariquita dame un beso
Tu mamá me te lo mandó
Mi mamá mandara en mi
Pero en mi boquita no



LA MARIQUITA (LADYBUG)

Mariquita she was called
The girl that lives by the river.
Cover me with your shawl
Because I am dying of cold.

Because I took her away
Her mother was mad at me.
Now that she is the one—
who takes me away
Let's see if I get mad at her.

Give me a kiss, Mariquita
Your mom ordered you to do so
My mother will give me orders
But can't tell me whom to kiss.

Flautas: A Mexican Treat

Crunchy, hot *flautas* are delicious to eat. A *flauta* is a Mexican treat sure to satisfy the tastebuds. To make it, you fill flat corn *tortillas* with shredded beef, chicken, or potatoes. You then roll it into a tight cylinder and fry it to golden perfection in hot oil or lard.

Flautas may be prepared at home or purchased at a *puesto de flautas*, or *flauta* stand. My favorite *puesto de flautas* is located in *Ciudad Juárez* (the city of Juarez), México, across the *Río Grande* (Big River) from my home in the city of El Paso, Texas. In *Ciudad Juárez*, the *flauta* stand and *panadería* (bakery) are great places to visit.

The owner of this *flauta* stand is famous for his wonderful cooking. Even if the line of customers is long, it is worth the wait. Your *flautas* will be prepared before your very eyes. While the *flautas* fry, the owner chops large red tomatoes and mixes them with raw cabbage. He wraps this nutritious salad in thick butcher paper and places it in a plastic bag. He then removes piping hot *flautas* from the fryer and packages them in the same manner.

Three types of *salsas*, or hot sauces, included with the *flautas*, are poured into little plastic cups and secured with wax paper lids. *Salsa colorada de piquín* and *salsa colorada de colorín* are made from red chili peppers. The *piquín* is very hot and the *colorín* is a bit milder. The Spanish word for green is *verde*. *Salsa verde* is prepared from green jalapeño peppers. It has a flavor between hot and mild.

While driving to the *panadería*, I sample a *flauta*. The aroma of the toasted corn *tortilla* makes my stomach growl with hunger. The hot *flauta* scorches my tongue, but I cannot resist. The *tortilla* crunches apart in my mouth giving instant pleasure to my tastebuds.

At the *panadería*, I am bombarded by delectable smells. Trays of pastries line the shelves, and customers serve themselves with tongs and an empty platter. My favorite pastries are *cuernos*. *Cuernos* are horns filled with cream. I choose *empanadas*, which are turnovers filled with fruit. *Esponjas* are round sweet rolls of colored dough. They taste great with a frosty mug of milk. For sandwiches, I select hard crusty rolls called *francesitos*.

In the car, I drive toward home with the smells of fresh *pan* (bread) and *flautas* pleasantly intermingling. If the traffic is heavy on the international bridge, I will not mind waiting. I will have a feast in the car.

Mexican foods are fun to eat! If you would like to try *flautas*, ask an adult to help you prepare the following recipe.

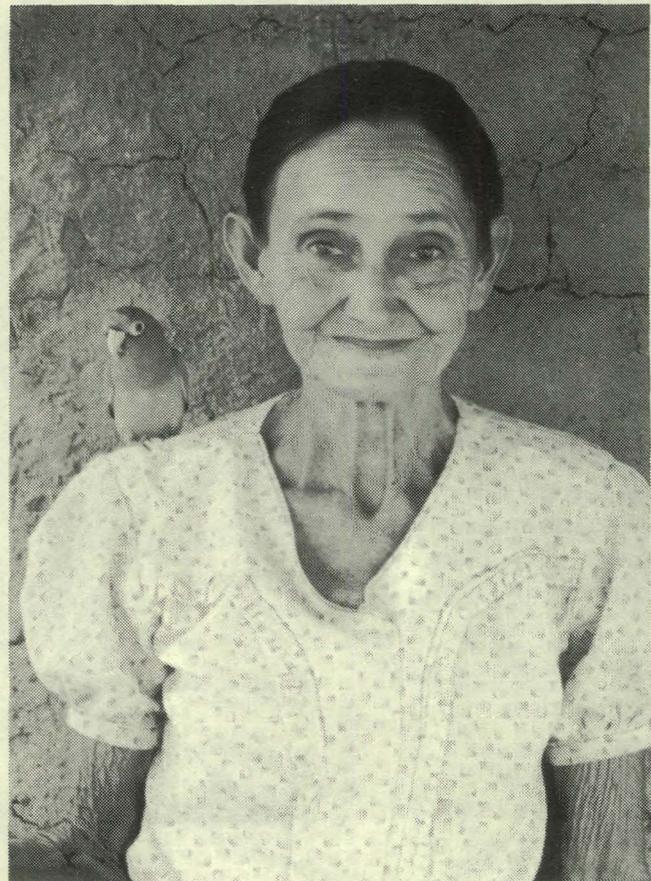
FLAUTA DE POLLO (CHICKEN FLAUTA)

3 cups shredded cooked chicken
12 corn *tortillas*
12 toothpicks
2 cups of cooking oil for frying

Soften the *tortillas* slightly by warming them in the oven. This will make them soft enough to roll into cylinders. Place about one tablespoon of chicken on each *tortilla*. Arrange the chicken along the length of the *tortilla*, then roll it up. Secure the flap with a toothpick to hold the *tortilla* together while frying. Heat about three inches of oil in a deep frying pan. Fry the *flautas* until golden and crunchy. Remember to have an adult help with the frying!

Serve the *flautas* with *salsa*, *guacamole* or sour cream.

—Brenda Hill Ramos, El Paso, Texas

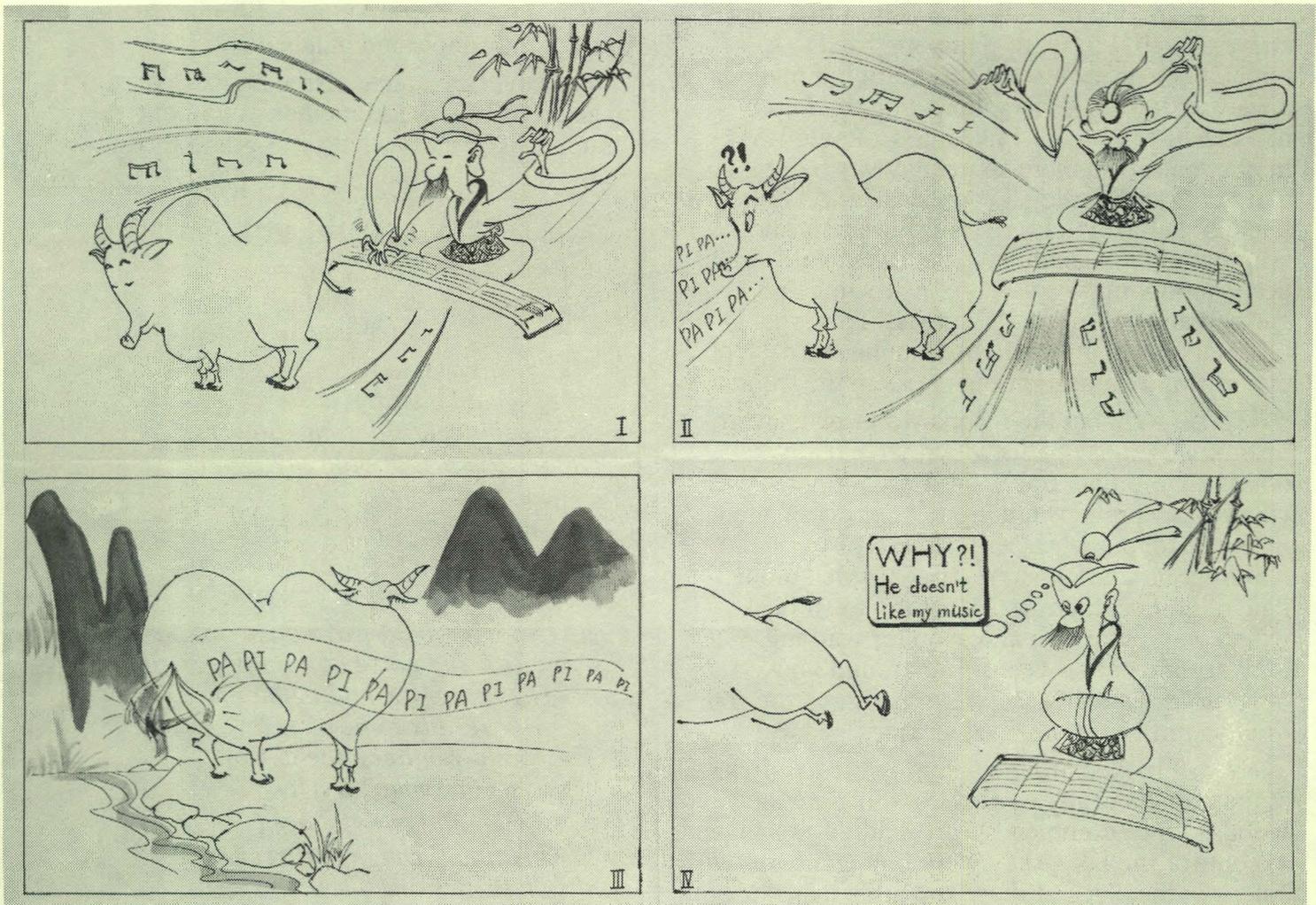


Maria, a grandmother in Santa Marta, El Salvador. She cares for five children orphaned during the civil war that lasted for ten years. —Photo by Brenda Hubbard



- (II) When the musician started playing excitedly, the ox's ears suddenly went up. It seemed that it understood the music.
 - (III) But *no!* The ox heard the noise of a faraway cow. It was the swishing of the cow's tail.
 - (IV) Hurriedly, the excited ox ran up to the cow. The musician became angry and wondered, "Why does this fool prefer the noise of the cow to my nice music?"
- Zhang Zhe-Qing, 14, Shanghai, People's Republic of China

(I) Once upon a time, a famous musician was playing music to an ox. His song was nice. But the ox was not responsive to it.



Who Am I?

I live in the wild—in the lakes, rivers and streams of North America. Snow cover helps me travel. I can slide down a hillside at 18 miles per hours!

I am 40 to 55" long. I have short legs that I can fold against my body. My fur is dense and oily. I have a strong tail that I use as a propeller. My webbed paws I use as a paddle. My eyes can see both in the light and the dark. I have a round, flat head and whiskers on my white muzzle. Under my whiskers I have nerves that tell me what is near when I go into cloudy, dark water. I use my nose to sniff scents. Sometimes I give out a loud snort.

I usually prefer to eat fish. I need three pounds of food a day. When I can't find enough fish, I will eat frogs, mice, and other small animals.

I am a clown. I love to play. The whole world is my playground. I play more when I am young. As I mature, I get a little more serious.

I am secretive. I avoid humans. I do like to play with others of my kind. We wrestle, tumble, and generally shove each other about. I can be very noisy when I play. I rumble, growl, scream, meow, and yowl.

When I am about to have babies, I will make a den in the bank. My babies are called kits. They are four inches long and have silky fur. When they are six weeks old, they go out of the den for the first time. Soon they follow me everywhere. They don't know how to swim, so I quickly teach them.

I am usually left alone by predators, but wolves, eagles, and wolverines will kill me and eat me. I do catch such diseases as rabies, and distemper and may die of these diseases. I live to be about fifteen years old.

I don't do any damage that would make humans angry. I am an endangered animal. I was much hunted for my fur but now I am protected. Hopefully, my numbers will increase.

—Shirley Zebrowski, Honesdale, Pennsylvania

(Answer: Otter)

Warm Memories, Cold Realities

As we pulled up to the beautiful little house I knew so well, I gasped. Thinking back, I remembered arriving at Stockholm International a week before, eagerly anticipating my family's trip to Sjustugan, or "Lakeside Cottage." My mother had lived there so many years before, on that very same Swedish countryside. As in her youth, it still had fields of wildflowers, fairly erupting in their splendor. It still had wild strawberries growing everywhere, ready to be picked and threaded onto timothy grass. This was what I had anxiously awaited. Swimming, card playing, and going for long walks in the woods.

Those walks in the woods were spectacular. Strolling on those paths which were really nothing more than tracks, and whistling to yourself, or perhaps talking to your companion. Every once in a while, you stop to just breathe that fragrant air that is the woods' smell alone. And of course, there was stopping to sit on a log, which was the principal reason for walking. To look around at the web of life around you—a dewy spider's web, a flower growing at the foot of a magnificent tree—was to know beauty.

Now I looked around again, felt tears prick at the corners of my eyes. I couldn't see the woods. Once completely surrounding Sjustugan, except for the lake, they were now gone on two sides. In the place of those splendid, majestic

trees was a mere driving range! Shrubbery grew, instead of toadstools and bluebells.

I will never be able to visit that warm little cottage filled with warm memories without blinking back tears for that once-grand forest.

—Sarah Allison, 12, Littleton, Colorado

If we could get

*the madness to cease
we could see what it's like
to have peace.*

*The birds would be chirping
bees would pass by
while they played in the flowers
under the bright blue sky.*

*The butterflies would
flutter away in the wind
it would be so quiet
you could hear the drop of a pin.*

*The cattails would wave back and forth
as you hear the noise of a bullfrog croak*

*The flowers would be bloomed
ready to be picked
there would be the chirping
of a nearby cricket.*

*You would hear the wind
whistling through the trees
so let's live our lives
in this kind of peace.*

—Stephen Johnson, 15, Glen Allen, Virginia

Japan: My Heritage

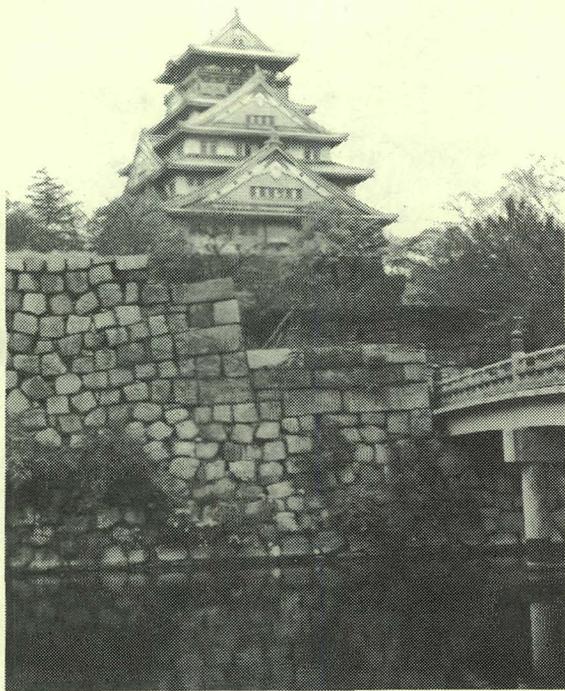
I went to Japan in the winter of 1986 to learn more of my Japanese heritage and to become acquainted with my mother's side of the family. I am a Japanese-American. These photos capture some of the images I remember from my three month visit. —Rhea Connors

日本訪問：ルーツを探る

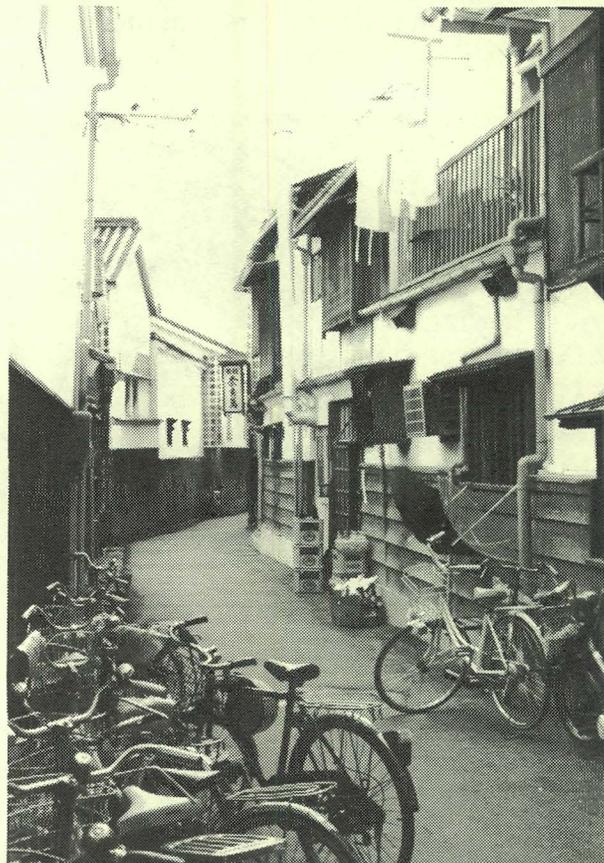


Japan is a fascinating combination of both traditional ways and modern Western culture. Many historic castles, such as this Osaka castle, have been rebuilt and preserved as historic sites.

The Ginza district of Tokyo is a popular shopping spot for Tokyo dwellers. There are many large department stores with entire basements dedicated to foods of all kinds.



A typical sight at various locations, such as the zoo, is classes of school children all wearing the same color hat so as to be easily identified.



Bicycles are still a popular mode of transportation in some cities. Commuter trains are also used and are famed for always being on time. *Shinkansen*—the bullet train—is one of the fastest trains in the world.

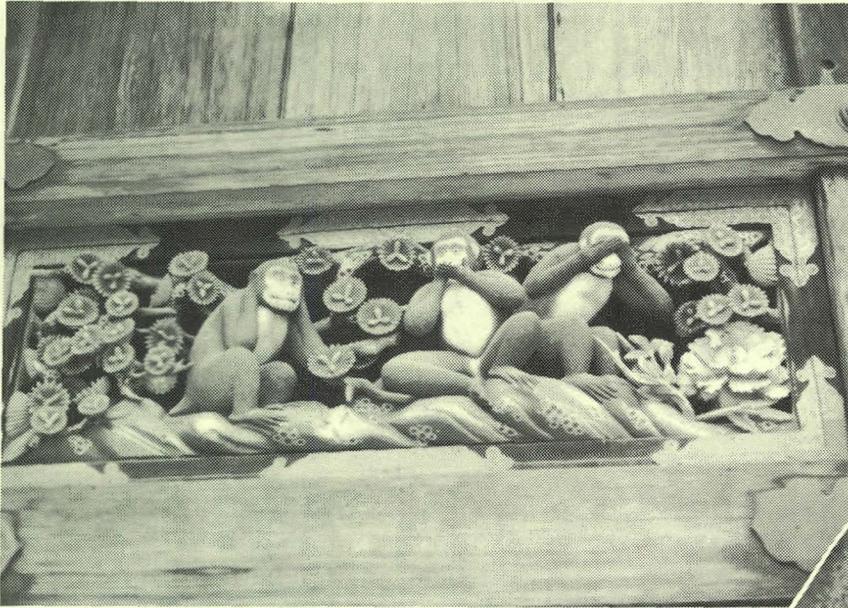


New Year's Day is an important holiday in Japan. Thousands of people visit shrines to pray and to pay their respects to the gods. Often, prayer requests are written down on pieces of wood and hung next to the shrine. Displays are arranged on small tables or shelves near the entrance of a house. Flowers, fruits, a pine and bamboo arrangement and a New Year's wish are commonly included.



Tied rice bales are a common sight throughout Japan, even in cities. Fields of rice paddies take up most of the arable land outside of the cities. The fields stand in shallow lakes of water during the growing season. Rice is eaten by a majority of Japanese three times a day.



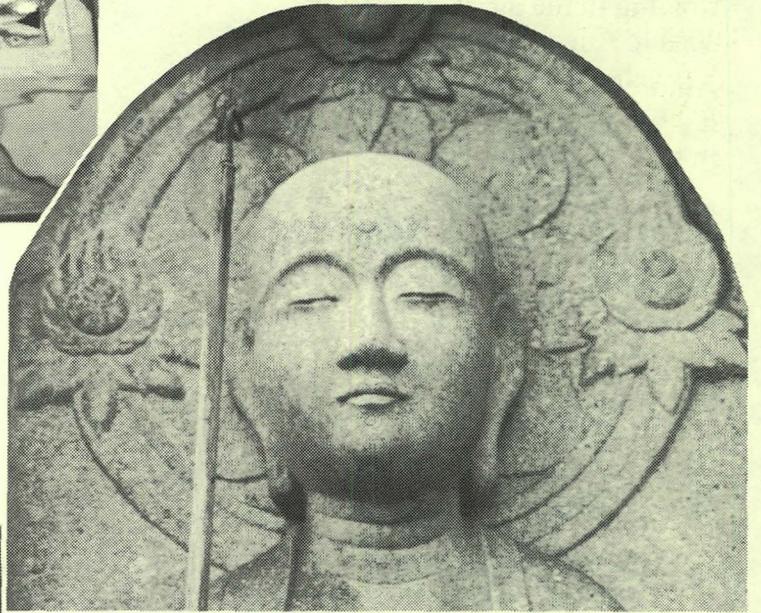


見ザル、聞かザル、云わザル

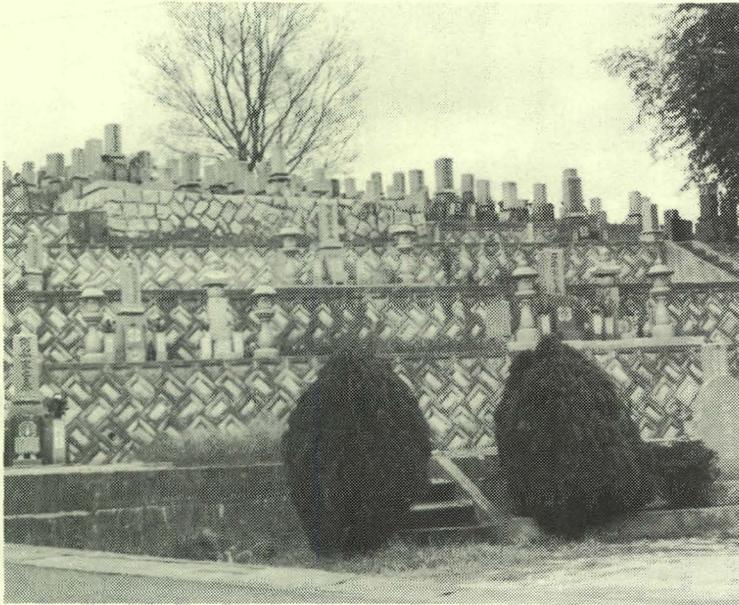
See No Evil, Hear No Evil, Speak No Evil.

The world-famous trio of monkeys is carved on an ornate building in Nikko: an important center for the Tokugawa shoguns.

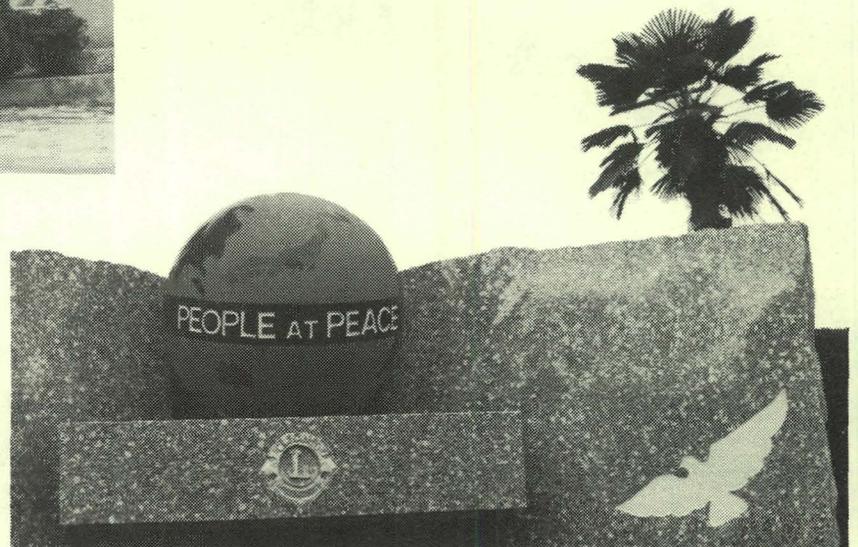
I took this photo in a cemetery because I found the shapes and closeness of the tombstones interesting. Similarly, Japanese houses are built very close to one another to conserve valuable space.



Chinese and Korean priests came to Japan in the sixth century to spread Buddhism, and it has remained a prominent religion ever since. *Shinto*, the native religion of Japan, has been practiced for over 2,000 years. The ceremonies and celebrations of both religions may be observed by religious Japanese people.



A statue at Nagasaki, the site of the second atomic bomb dropped on Japan during the second World War in 1946. Over two hundred thousand people died in the days following. The peace memorials in Hiroshima and Nagasaki declare the commitment of the people of Japan to peace.



Haiku 俳句

Haiku are three-line poems which traditionally have a strict 5-7-5 syllable pattern. A haiku usually contains a reference to nature or a season of the year to express the writer's feeling or experience in one moment of time. (Also see page 32 if you write haiku.)

White, soft, fluffy snow
floating in the air...landing...
Visible Angels.

An orchid spins slow;
it's like a ballerina
in the sun's soft light.

A shadow's darkness
is like someone creeping through
your veins making sounds.

I dream in the night.
I awake to see I'm alone.
I'm scared to look.

Running for hopeful skies,
dreaming of the lights
above to arise.

I appear to be
floating in heaven's waveless
seas—to be found free.

Stars hanging in the
sky making melody for
all people to hear.

Snow falling, freezing,
slippery, sliding, wet, ice
chilly, falling kids.

—Nicole Villegas, 13, Native-
American, Spokane, Washington

Gentle Breezes

The wind blows softly
Ruffling the stalks of Wheat
As it frees my hair.

—someone sent this without a
name. Was it you?

Blooming Moonflower
Unfolding shining petals—
Bright pearl of the sea

—Marcy Cook, 13, Ricks Center,
Highlands Ranch, Colorado

These haiku are by 14 and 15 year old students in a 3rd year English class at Hogashi Chugakko (Middle School), Naganohara, Gunma-Ken, Japan. The poems, written both in Japanese and English, reflect the children's lives in this farming community surrounded by jutting mountains. Naganohara has about 7,000 residents, and is spread out in a long, narrow, winding valley. The town was once seven separate Samurai villages, which have now been connected. The Japanese people say their country has five seasons, not four.

—Julia Keffer, Naganohara, Japan

風いまり

ふわふわふわふわ

わたけに 舞う

Take a wind,
feels soft feels soft
dance cotton hair.

—Ryoko Shimamura

秋の田を 見わたし見れば 二かおいろ

Autumn, a rice field
Look around at the sight of a rice field
Gold color.

—Yuuki Shinohara

秋の野に 広がるすすきの ささやく声

Spread in a field of fall
Whisper voice of *suzuki*.

—Akiko Hagiwara

After the rainy season,
the sea in the crowded
summer has come.

—Rie Takebuchi

Blue mountain
a living thing chirps
the rainy season is over.

—Tomo Yamaguchi



—Ryoko

WHEAT READY FOR HARVEST



—Arun Toké



—Akiko

Freedom Bird

(An Indonesian Folktale)

Introduction: When I was a child there was a neighborhood bully. He could hurt us when we were alone. But if we all banded together, he could not. Then, together, we would chant:



Nya- nya- nya- nya- nya.

In Indonesia they have a similar chant. It goes something like this:

Refrain:



Nya- nya- nya -nya- nya- nya- nya. (clap, clap, clap)
(repeat)

This is a story about an Indonesian hunter and a tiny yellow bird who sang this chant.

* * * * *

Long ago in Indonesia, there was a hunter who boasted of his great strength and his fearsome weapons. Everyone was afraid of him. He carried a long sword in his right hand, a spear in his left hand, a bow over his right shoulder, and a quiver of arrows over his left shoulder.

One day when he was out hunting, the forest was unusually quiet. The hunter was puzzled because he didn't see any animals. Finally, piercing the silence, a tiny yellow bird began to sing:

(Refrain)

"How dare that little bird mock me?" muttered the hunter. He took an arrow from his quiver, inserted it into his bow, and shot the little bird. "There, that takes care of that!"

He was proud of what he had done. But that sassy wee bird, though wounded on the ground, opened one eye, looked up at the hunter, and in a tiny voice began to sing.

(Refrain)

The hunter was furious! "That bird still mocks me!" He took his spear and pierced the bird through the heart. . . but that wee bird still sang!

(Refrain)

A green bird came to join the song.

(Refrain)

In a rage, the hunter cut the body of the little yellow bird into pieces and buried the pieces. The hunter started to walk away, then stopped . . . for that wee bird still sang! The muffled sound came from under the ground.

(Refrain, cover mouth for muffled sound)

A flock of birds of all colors of the rainbow surrounded the spot and joined the chant.

(Refrain)

Beside himself with fury, the hunter dug up the pieces and took them home. He built a fire and threw the pieces into the fire. The fire began to pop, crackle and hiss.

(Refrain, with *ts-s* noise)

In his rage, the hunter threw buckets of water over the fire to put it out. After a time, the ashes cooled and dried. The hunter gathered the ashes, took them outside and scattered them into the wind.

"There!" he said, satisfied, "That certainly takes care of that!" He went inside, had a huge supper, and went to bed. He hadn't been asleep long when he awoke to the sound of a great wind blowing around his house.

Who-o-o-o, Who-o-o-o, Who-o-o-o.

He didn't like the way the wind began to sound.

(Refrain, with *wh-o* noise)

He ran outside shaking his sword, determined to find the voice of that teasing, taunting wind wherever it might be. He followed the wind long into the night to a new part of the forest where he'd never been before.

The night passed, and with its passing came the dawn. The dawn flooded the forest with light, and in the light the hunter saw that *every* tree was covered with little birds of every color in the rainbow. There were *hundreds* and *thousands* of birds. . . and they all began to sing. . .

(Refrain)

In complete frustration, the hunter crushed his sword against a rock. The sword broke in two. Then he broke his spear, his bow, and his arrows. He ran deep into the forest and was never seen again.

The name of that bird is Freedom. . .

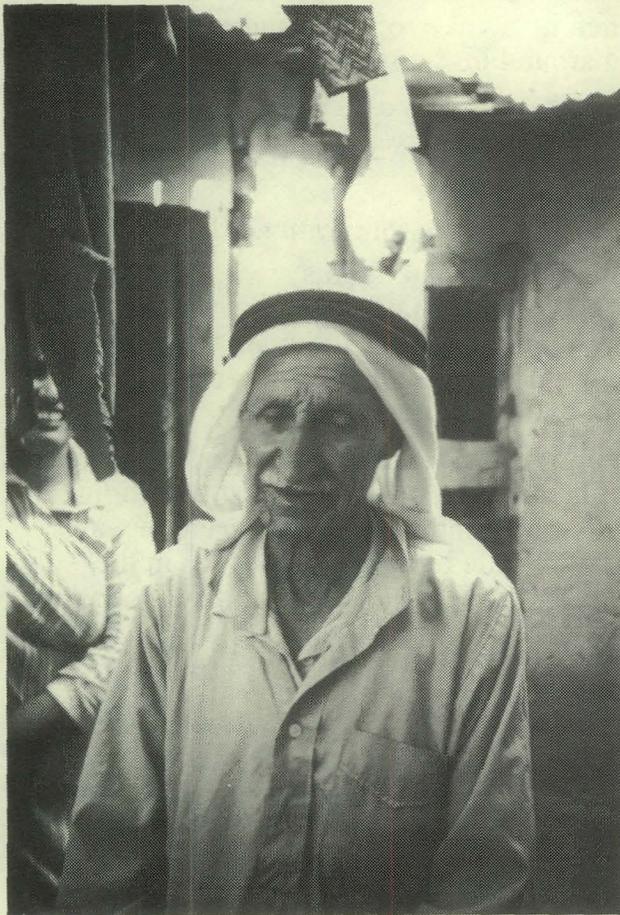
. . . and still that wee bird sings!

Retold by Laurel Dee Gugler, Hamilton, ONT., Canada

Palestinian Peace Process

“The Jews and Palestinians are brothers, blood brothers,” said Father. “We share the same father—Abraham—and the same God. We must never forget that.” For countless years, both the Jews and the Palestinians were good neighbors in the village of Biram where Elias Chacour, the author of **Blood Brothers**,* grew up. When I read this *first-hand account*, it opened my eyes to what really happened when the present state of Israel was born.

Since 1947, we have heard plenty about the conflict between the Palestinians and the Jewish people in the Middle East. Over a million Palestinians have had to flee from their villages and live in refugee camps in other countries. Many Palestinians were born in these refugee camps and they have lived only the life of refugees! In the last forty-five years countless people, on both sides, have died. Both people have suffered tremendously.



***Blood Brothers** (1984) by Zondervan Publishing House, 1415 Lake Drive SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49506 USA

Vol. 5 no. 4 *Skipping Stones* page 22



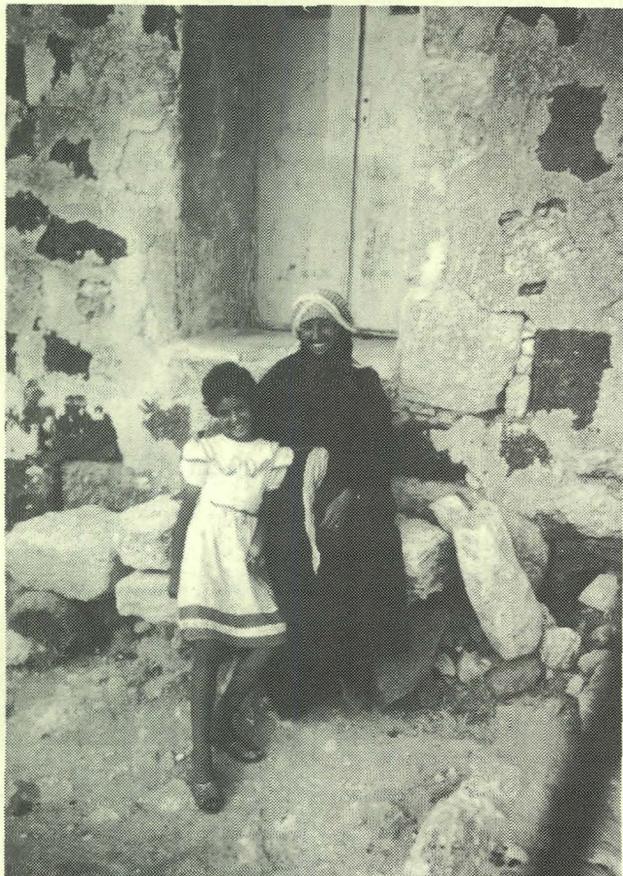
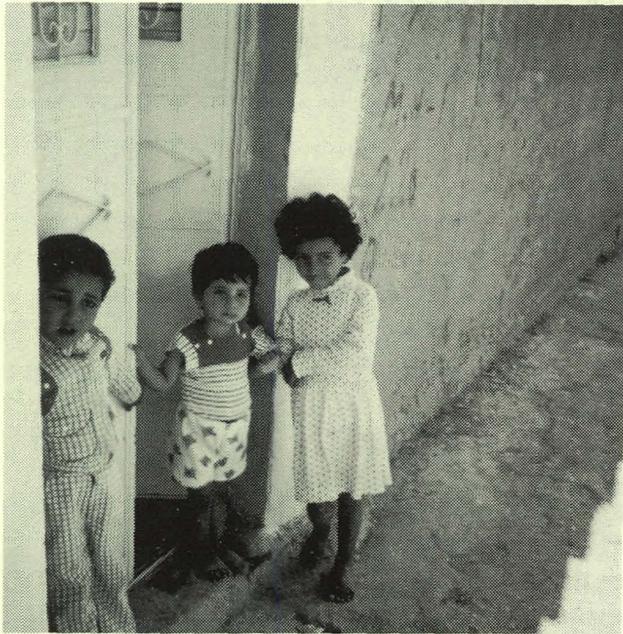
Elias Chacour, and many people like him, are working for reconciliation and understanding among the people of Israel and the Palestine. They hope to change hearts, not simply institutions.

With the September 1993 Peace Agreement between the Palestinian and the Israeli governments, doors have opened once again for a normal life for the Palestinian children and their families. Some 20 Palestinian and Jewish children were present to witness the signing ceremony in Washington, D.C.

Already, hundreds of youth, women and older Palestinian people are being released from Israeli prisons. The Palestinians will have self-rule in the Gaza Strip and Jericho. Many nations have pledged financial support to build the basic structures in this war-torn, run-down region. There are still a number of unresolved issues, such as, “will the Israeli government allow Jerusalem to also become the capital of the Palestinian government?”

But at least the first few steps have been taken. What steps would you recommend next in the peace process, in order to bring life back to normal?





Photos of Palestinian people in refugee camps in Jordan were taken by Galen Martin, Eugene

Persian (Iranian) Proverbs

با یک گل بهار نیست

ba yek goal bahar ne-miesheh
Just one flower does not make the Spring.

ماهی زاهد وقت از آب بگیره تازه اوست

mahee re har vaghat as ob begierie, tazeh asst
The fish will always be fresh, no matter when you catch it.

قطره قطره جمع گردد ، دانگهی دریا شود

ghatreh ghatreh jam gardad, vangahee darya shavad.
Drops and drops can add up and eventually form an ocean.

نا برد درنج گنج میسر نیست

na-bordeh ranj, ganj moyassar nemie-shavad
No (work) pressure, no treasure!

کار را که کرد؟ آنکه تمام کرد

car ra que kard, aunque tamam kard
Who did the job? Only the one who finished the job.

—Magid Shirzadegan, from Iran

A Fowler and the Pigeons

(A Persian Fable)

A fowler crept through the forest, spreading his nets to catch birds. He put grain into the nets so the birds would fly into them. Sure enough, a flock of hungry pigeons soon flew into the nets. Of course they were caught immediately.

They screeched and squawked. They flapped and fluttered.

But it was no use. They could not get free.

They saw the fowler approach in the distance. In their panic they flapped harder and screeched louder. But it seemed the more they struggled, the more entangled they became.

A raven, perching above them in the tree, had been watching the whole thing.

“Stop flapping about uselessly,” he said. “Rather, gather your strength as one, and fly up together. The net will come with you.”

So, the pigeons gathered their strength... one, two, three...and flew up together. The net *did* come with them. All that the fowler could do was curse and mutter as he watched the birds and the net disappear in the distance.

When the birds had gone a safe distance, they flew to the ground. The raven called his friend, the mouse, to gnaw through the net to free the pigeons completely.

—Retold by Laurel Gugler, Hamilton, ONT., Canada

* Questions for discussion:

- What can cause conflict between two people?
- How can two societies or nations in conflict become friends again?
- What conditions are necessary for there to be a lasting peace between two societies?

Hanukkah, The Festival of Lights

About the same time that many families are trimming the perfect Christmas tree and bright lights are shimmering on decorated front doors, another holiday is approaching. This holiday is celebrated by our Jewish neighbours, friends, and classmates. It is Hanukkah, the festival of lights.

A long time ago, the land of Israel was ruled by an evil king named Antiochus. He was especially cruel to the Jewish people. He wouldn't let them pray to their own God. He believed that everyone had to be like him and pray to his Greek idols.

"You must kill anyone who disobeys my order," the king ordered his army.

The soldiers obeyed. They even went to the Holy Temple, a very special place where the Jewish people worshipped. They stole or broke all of the beautiful things inside. The Jewish people were very hurt and angry.

In a nearby village lived a man called Mattityahu. Being Jewish was very important to him.

"No one should make us stop praying to our God," Mattityahu declared. "Everybody has the right to their own beliefs. We will fight any army that tries to stop us."

Mattityahu and his sons went to the mountains and taught their people how to fight. Mattityahu's strongest son, Judah, was chosen to be the leader of the army. They called him Judah the Maccabee; his army, the Maccabees.

Judah led his people bravely into battle. The enemy had great elephants to ride, but the Maccabees knew the land on which they were fighting. They fought and fought for their lives and the right to live as Jews. In the end, the Maccabees won every battle! Finally, they were free to pray to their God in their beautiful temple.

The time finally came to re-light their special *Menorah*, a candelabra meant to stay lit all day and all night. But they found only one sealed jar of blessed oil. That was enough for only one day, and they needed much more than that.

That is when the miracle of Hanukkah occurred. The *Menorah* burned for eight days and nights. By the end of the eight days, someone returned with plenty of oil to keep it lit for a long time.

That is why the holiday of Hanukkah lasts eight days: to celebrate the miracle of the eight

days the *Menorah* burned brightly in the Holy Temple even though there was not enough oil to keep it lit.

Jewish families celebrate by lighting their own *Menorah*. Modern day *Menorahs* come in all different shapes and sizes. One candle is lit each night until the last day of Hanukkah, the eighth day, when all the candles burn beautifully and brightly together.

After the *Menorah* is lit, there might be presents to open! There are also beautiful songs to sing with family and friends and fun games to play like Spin the *Dreidle*. A *dreidle* is like a top with Hebrew letters on each of its four sides. Each letter stands for a different word. If you put all the words together, they say something special: A Great Miracle Happened There.

During Hanukkah, many delicious foods are eaten, such as potato pancakes called *latkes* and jelly-filled doughnuts called *sufganiyot*. *Latkes* and *sufganiyot* are both fried in oil. Since the miracle happened because of the oil, these foods are a way to remember the miracle.

Most importantly, the story of Judah the Maccabee is repeated to remember why Hanukkah is celebrated. Lots of smiling, eating, singing, opening presents, *Menorah* lighting and *dreidle* playing is enjoyed by all!

—Claudia C. Litvak, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Christmas in Bethlehem

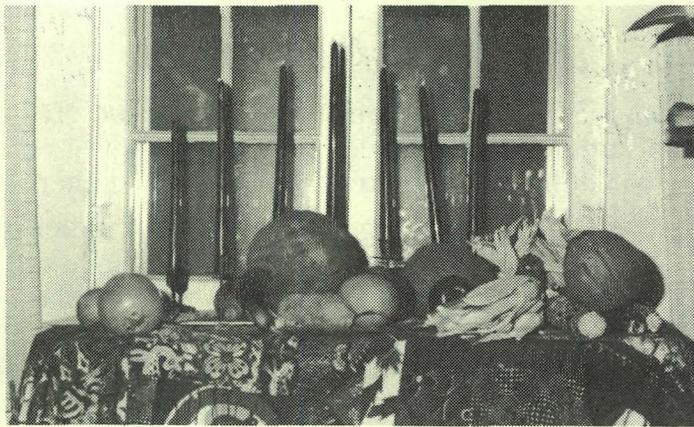
Bethlehem, located in Palestine, is the birthplace of Jesus and Israel's great warrior-king, David. Located in the Judean hills, the city is five miles south of Jerusalem and has fig trees, olive orchards and very narrow streets.

As most children do not have the opportunity to visit Bethlehem, it is not generally known how Christmas is observed there. Christmas is not a festive holiday in Bethlehem, but a very solemn religious occasion to mark the birth of Jesus Christ.

On Christmas Eve, there are religious services held all night in the Latin Chapel of St. Catherine. A procession of priests, bishops, and the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, all dressed in fine robes, both precedes and follows a midnight mass. The procession also visits the Chapel of the Nativity.

Christmas Day in Bethlehem is very different. There isn't any giving or receiving of gifts, or gathering of family and friends.

—Julie Sullivan, Violet, Louisiana



Kwanzaa

Kwanzaa is a Black holiday started in the United States in 1966 by Dr. Maulana Ron Karenga “to give thanks and to make a joyful noise in a meaningful and traditional way.” This year, on the last day of Kwanzaa, which was New Year’s Day, we had a big to-do and invited Henry over.

We dressed up, Tulani and I in *sarongs*, which are pieces of material wrapped around your body and hung over your shoulder. James and Cabral wore baggy pants and African print shirts. Jilo and Ife, who were home on winter break, wore long skirts. All of the girls, except Jilo, wore *geles* (head wraps). Jilo didn’t want to cover her dreadlocks.

When Henry got there we were downstairs in our regular clothes, so we ran upstairs to dress. After much losing of skirts and falling off of wraps, we finally went down. As we went, Tulani played the drum, James used the *shakare*, Cabral strummed the ukelele, and I had to use two blocks. We chanted “Kwanzaa, First Fruits” as we came. We giggled a little as we went through the kitchen. Black-eyed peas, sweet potatoes, and rice were simmering on the stove for us to eat directly after the ritual. When we got to the living room, all the lights were out except one. By that light we read in turn the seven principles of Kwanzaa in *Swahili* and their meanings in English:

Nia—purpose, *Umoja*—unity, *Kujichagulia*—self determination, *Ujima*—collective work and responsibility, *Ujamaa*—cooperative economics, *Kuumba*—creativity, and *Imani*—faith.

“We have adopted these seven principles in an effort to remain sane in a society composed mostly of money hungry, lying, thieving, child abusing, murdering fiends,” said my sister, Jilo.

After we read the principles and lit all seven candles, Jilo read a story that she had written about Kwanzaa with all of the principles included. We then ushered everybody into the dining room while chanting the principles and their meanings. Well,

that was the plan, but nobody but us kids knew the chant, so the adults just sat there and watched us. Finally, we got up and told them to come to the table.

After dinner, Henry told tales about when he was a kid, about his uncles and cousins. Somehow, the conversation went from reminiscences to the state of the world today. Henry and Jilo had quite a discussion that lasted for hours. At the end, Henry went home and we all went to bed.



—Ayanna Williams, 15, Idlewild, Michigan. She has African, European and Native-American heritage. Ayanna with James, Cabral and Tulani. Photo by Tulani

The Best Things To Give—

To your enemy is . . . *forgiveness*
 To your adversary . . . *better tolerance*
 To your friend . . . *sincerity*
 To your father . . . *humility*
 To your mother . . . *good behavior that
 will make her proud of you*
 To your spouse . . . *understanding*
 To your child . . . *a good example*
 To yourself . . . *respect*
 To all people . . . *charity*
 To God . . . *love and devotion.*

—compiled by Andrew Bwalya of Mpika, ZAMBIA

True Beauty

There once was a woman named Josephine,
 Who was told to become a beauty queen.
 She put on a dress,
 But had to confess,
 That true beauty is always unseen.

—Anna Davidson, Tacoma, Washington

Christmas in Bulgaria . . . and in Poland

I like Christmas days. They are days of receiving and giving, days of happiness and hope, days of birth, of light, of every good and bright thing in our life.

Christmas Eve came and went so fast! I was waiting for it for a long time, full of curiosity and impatience. My excitement was quickened by the fact that I haven't known almost anything about Christmas for many years. Only three years ago, did I hear many things about its celebration.

In Bulgaria, Christmas is called *Koleda*. On the eve of Christmas, some young men go from house to house and sing songs for everyone in the family, wishing love, health, happiness, peace and abundance. The hostess gives them a round loaf with honey and walnuts, some dried fruit and popcorn. The men are called *Koledary*. They carry big crooks on which are strung sesame rings.

At some places in my country, there is a tradition for men to disguise themselves like fearful creatures. They are called *Kukery*. They dance and sing and the many bells which are hanging on them make great noise. There is a belief that scary masks and clanking bells scare away evil spirits.

On Christmas Eve, all my family gathered at home. We had twelve delicious things to eat and drink on the table. Before we sat down my grandmother blessed the table and all of us (including the dog) with incense to protect us from badness and evil spirits.

The Christmas tree was beautifully decorated. Candles and fireworks were shining happily and sweetly. Under the tree there were many presents. And in the sack of little Santa Claus were my surprises for my family. I painted Christmas pictures with my best wishes and with colorful threads attached sweets in various colored wrappers.

We were all happy this holy evening and the songs "Silent Night" and "*Stany, Nine, Gospodine*" (a Bulgarian Christmas carol) sounded in my mind late into the night. Even as I dropped asleep, big and small bells continued tinkling in my dream.

—Antoniya Petrova, 14, Sofia, Bulgaria

In Poland, St. Nicholas drops by two weeks before Christmas, families decorate trees on Christmas Eve, and nobody eats turkey for Christmas dinner.



St. Nicholas brings gifts to Polish children on December 6, at least to the ones who have been *good* during the past year. St. Nicholas has a long white beard, wears a red suit, and looks a lot like Santa Claus. For St. Nicholas' Day, parents buy handmade devils with black rabbit fur bodies and red clay faces from street vendors. Parents give the devils to their children to remind them to be good in the coming year.

The main celebration of Christmas takes place on Christmas Eve. During the afternoon, Polish families decorate trees with lengths of shiny foil, glass balls, candy, nuts and small apples. The Christmas Eve supper is eaten later in the day. The table is covered with a special white tablecloth. A little straw is put under it to represent the manger that Jesus was born in, according to the traditional Christmas story. An extra plate is set in case a stranger shows up for the meal. The meal features carp, which is eaten with beet soup, stuffed dumplings, ginger cake and other dishes.

Large tanks of live carp are set up in the street just before Christmas. Fish are dipped out of the tank with a net, weighed, wrapped in paper and hurried home. Sometimes families keep the carp alive for a day in the bathtub, so it will be fresh for the meal!

Most families attend a midnight church service together. Churches are decorated with large Christmas trees and manger scenes. Crowds fill the churches and spill out into the street.

Polish families spend Christmas Day together and visit friends the next day, often taking gifts of fresh flowers. Celebrating Christmas in Poland is a serious, yet joyful, family-centered affair.

—Robyn Burnett, Tebbetts, Missouri



Photo by R. Burnett

Warsaw, Poland

Is God Proud of His Children?

God is our father
Majestic and strong.
We people, his children,
Who sing our songs
Of joy, sorrow,
Love, and grace.
But is God proud
Of the earth's vast face?

I pray he is
But he may not be
For isn't it people
And only we
Who have wars and gangs,
People who smoke,
People who kill others
Just for a joke?
I'm not stating this
About every soul,
But I still think
That on the whole
God might not
Be proud of his children.

—Marisa Mandabach, 10, Curtis School, Santa Monica, California

That Tragic Day
When Nations Died

All the flags are black now
All the banners low
All the people sad now
Everywhere I go
A shot as loud as thunder
Echoes through my mind
And all the children screaming
As they see their families die
A mother and her baby
Try to run and hide
But everywhere around them
There is fear and battle cries
People fighting for their honor
People fighting for their pride
And I'll always remember
That tragic day when nations died.

"I leaned heavily on my Czechoslovakian heritage while writing this poem."

—Regina Barber, grade 7, Westminster, Colorado

Peace is when you're sitting
By a lake at sunset
And everything is quiet;
Not a sound is to be heard.

You feel the wind breathe,
Softly kissing your cheek
As you sift the beach
Through your fingertips.

Everything is so calm
By the lake when it is dusk.
The gritty sand scrapes your feet
As you gently wiggle your toes.

You never want to go back
To that noisy world
Where peace is just a word
And not a feeling.

—Nicole Plourde, Grade 9
Memorial High, Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Sleep Tight Weather

The wind blows like a cloud
breathing. The snow's white like
zebras stripes. The leaves, snow,
clouds and sky all go to sleep.
The dog barks, the cat yawns,
good night. Weather sleep tight,
Beautiful Weather!

—Amber Nicole Jakimczyk, Grade 3
Blue River, Wisconsin

Snowflakes

Individual masterpieces
Exquisite
But unnoticed
In the crowd.

Fragile fragments
Each one unique
Drifting together
So light and carefree.

Snowflakes
Gradually,
Gracefully,
Floating down.

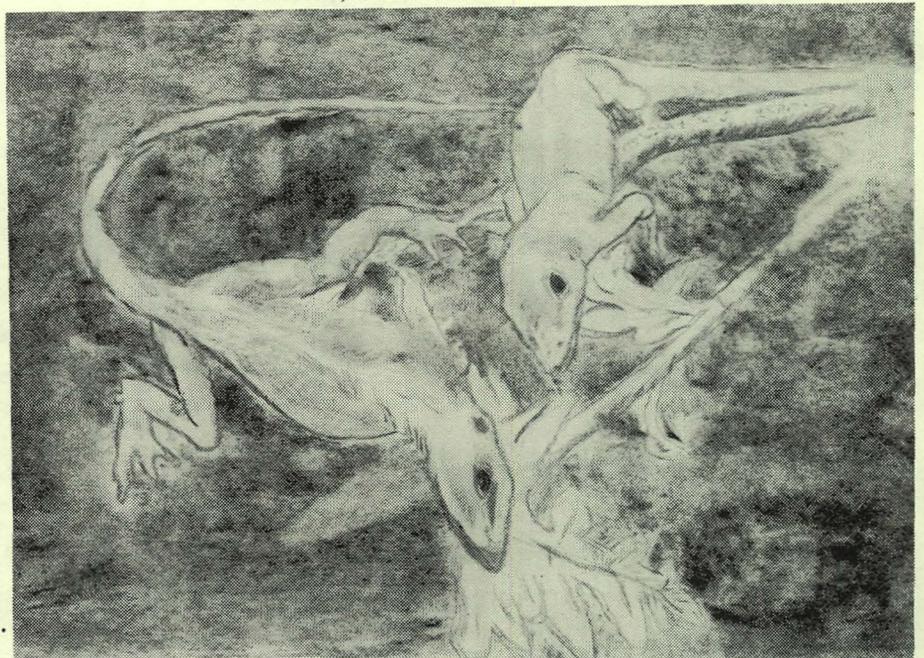
Softly,
Delicately,
To the ground.

—Karissa Robinson, Grade 9
Memorial High School,
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Winter

blue spruce at dusk
such stately starlit shapes
evergreen and everlasting
time's trance

—Jedd Hakimi, Grade 5
Denver, Colorado



"I like lizards. I like the way their eyes shift and they move so easily, their flexible body, their long tail and how they blend in with the world."

—Nathan Lowe, 14, Cherokee, Eugene, Oregon

We Live in Lithuania



—Martyna, 12

Lithuania is a small country, but it is very nice to me. Lithuanian people like camping by the Baltic Sea because it is very nice.

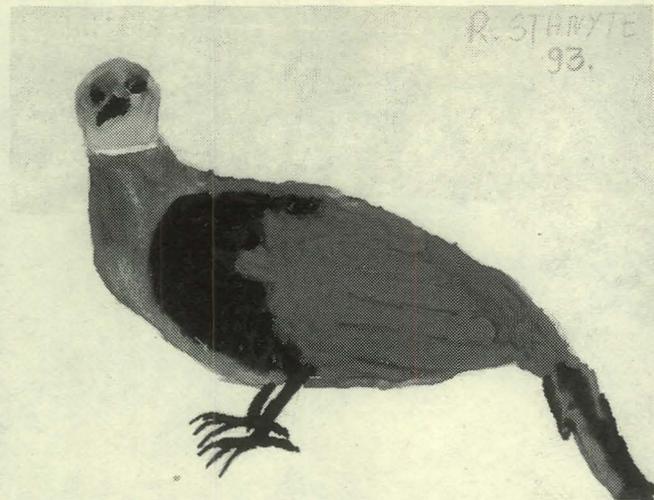
I love Lithuania!

—Robby, 11

In Lithuania there are a lot of forests, hills, lakes, and rivers. I like swimming in the lake or in the river.

In Lithuania there are very beautiful birds. Most of all, I like storks and swans. They fly very nicely.

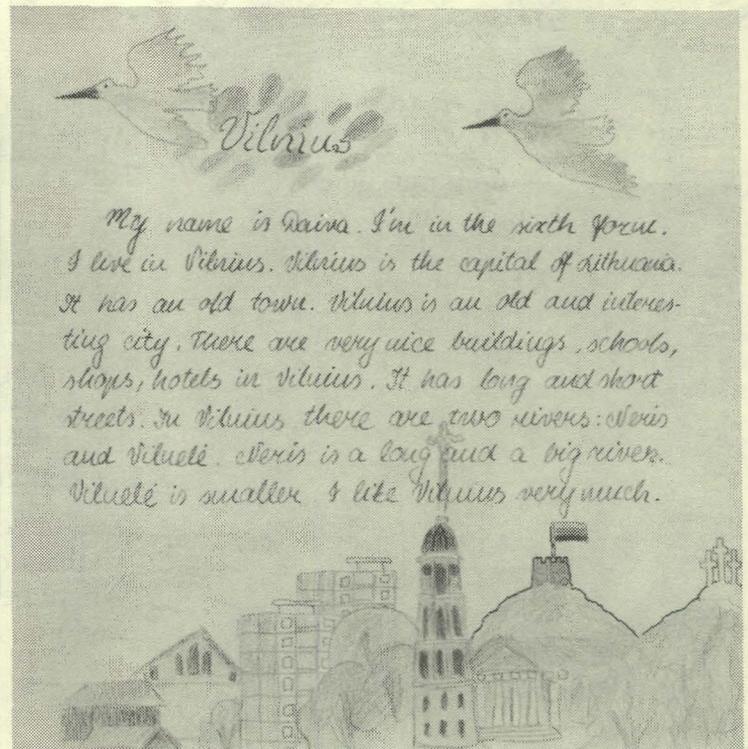
—Paulius



—Rita, 13

I like wild birds and wild animals very much. We have two parrots in our flat. In Lithuania there are big forests. Hares, wolves, foxes, and wild boars live there, but crocodiles, monkeys and many wild animals don't live in our country. I want to see wild animals in your country.

—Saulius



My name is Daiva. I'm in the sixth form. I live in Vilnius. Vilnius is the capital of Lithuania. It has an old town. Vilnius is an old and interesting city. There are very nice buildings, schools, shops, hotels in Vilnius. It has long and short streets. In Vilnius there are two rivers: Neris and Vilnelė. Neris is a long and a big river. Vilnelė is smaller. I like Vilnius very much.

I live in Vilnius. Vilnius is old and nice. There are a lot of streets and parks in it. I like Vilnius very much.

I have a room; it is not large and it is not small. My rat, Lize, has her room, too.

I have a lot of friends and good teachers. I like my school and lessons very much.

I like to play with my rat and my friends, to read books, and to skate. I like flowers, too. All flowers are nice. I love all animals. I want all people to live well.

—Daiva

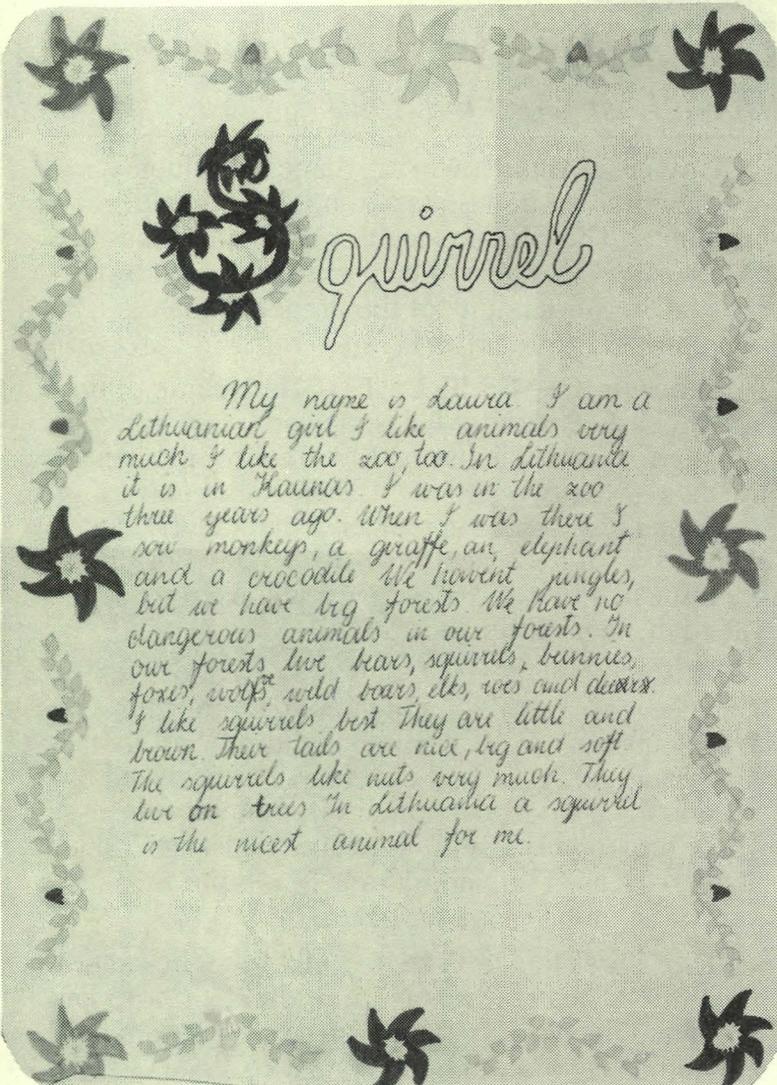


—Margarita, 12

I study at Secondary School # 57 in the sixth form. I learn English and German.

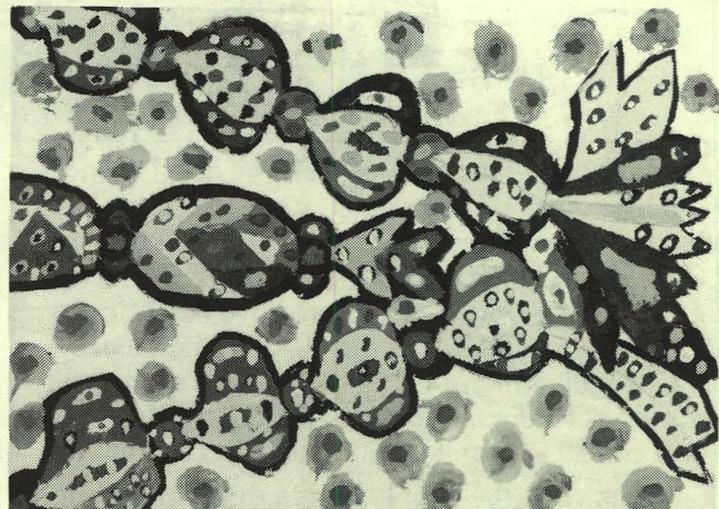
I have a sister and a dog. I like to be in the forest with the dog, to read books, and to draw. In the summer I go to the country. In the winter I like to ski on the hills. I like to play games. I like autumn.

—Birute



quiverl

My name is Laura I am a Lithuanian girl I like animals very much I like the zoo too. In Lithuania it is in Kaunas I was in the zoo three years ago. When I was there I saw monkey, a giraffe, an elephant and a crocodile. We have no jungles, but we have big forests. We have no dangerous animals in our forests. In our forests live bears, squirrels, bunnies, foxes, wolves, wild boars, elks, weas and deer. I like squirrels best. They are little and brown. Their tails are nice, big and soft. The squirrels like nuts very much. They live on trees. In Lithuania a squirrel is the nicest animal for me.



—Lina, 12

I like to walk in the forest. In the forest there are a lot of birds in summer. I like to listen to the birds sing. In autumn, all the birds fly to the south. The forest is very calm, but colorful. The leaves of the trees are falling down. They are brown, red, yellow. The ground is covered with leaves. It looks beautiful. Autumn is the nicest season for me.

—Erikas

We have holidays in autumn, winter, spring, and summer. Our summer holidays begin on the seventh of June. The weather is very warm in summer. We often go for walks to the forests and to the parks too. Sometimes I go to see films with my mother, father, and brother. During the holidays, I play with my friends. I am in the sixth form. My birthday is on the fifteenth of June. I like summer holidays. When our summer holidays are over, school begins again.

—Remigija



—Jurga, 12

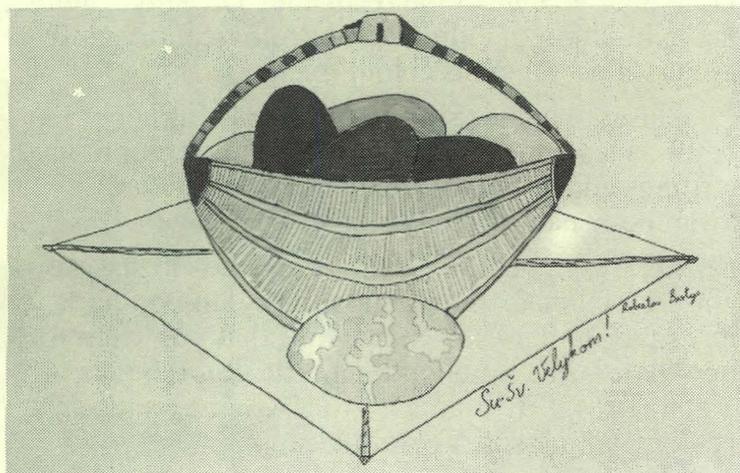
In Lithuania, winter is not very cold. There is much snow on the ground and it often snows. All trees and houses are white. There is ice on lakes and rivers.

Children play ice-hockey and snowballs. They go skating on the skating rink or skiing in the forest and little children go on sledges. In winter we make snowmen.

At Christmas and at the New Year, Santa Claus brings very nice presents for children.

Winter in Lithuania is a very nice season.

—Radvile



—Robertas, 11

NEWS QUARTERLY

Noteworthy News from the North East West and South

World Parliament of Religions— During the first week of September, some 250 religious leaders from around the world gathered in Chicago to discuss and adopt a *Global Declaration of Ethics*. There have been similar interfaith assemblies in the past. In the 1600s, the Mogul emperor of India, Akbar, called varied religious leaders together. It was exactly 100 yrs. ago, in 1893, a similar Parliament met in Chicago.

This year, the people of 125 different religions attended the weeklong event. Buddhist, Hindu, Islamic, Jain, Baha'i and Sikh religions had a major presence.

The Global Ethics document adopted at the Parliament recommends non-violence, tolerance, just economic order and a life of truthfulness. It also calls for disarmament, and an end to discrimination based on gender.

Two-thirds of the wars in recent history have their origins in religion, and many present day conflicts can be traced to religious intolerance. In this light, it is important that the Parliament accepted "the fundamental unity of all religions and have [therefore] agreed to eschew violence."

The Dalai Lama, the spiritual leader of Tibetan Buddhists, urged the gathering of over 8,000 people during the closing ceremonies, to be attentive to ecological issues. "We should not take recourse to actions that upset the balance in the nature."

** If all religions teach loving others, how can wars be fought between followers of different religions? Let us explore what all the religions teach us.*

Bosnia— Until recently, Bosnia was a multi-ethnic country, with Moslems, Serbs and Croats living together side by side. However, the violent civil war, fueled by Bosnia's neighbors, Serbia and Croatia, has changed that. As leaders propose peace and an end to the fighting, they suggest dividing the country into three ethnic states. Over 200,000 people have died and many more have become refugees in this war-torn society during the past two years. And the violence continues. The massive relocations inherent to the peace proposal do not insure that the suffering of its citizens, including children and women, will end.

Universal Health Care? Some 37 million people in the United States do not have health insurance. The Clinton Health Care plan calls for basic health insurance to be provided for all by 1998. One cornerstone of the proposed plan is prevention. *How can we keep healthy?*

Peace in the Middle East — The people of the Middle East, especially Palestine and Israel, are looking forward to a normal life, free from violence. Leaders of the two nations, Itzhak Rabin and Yasser Arafat, signed agreements that lay the foundations for a peaceful co-existence. For the first time in 45 years, Palestinians will exercise self-rule in the Gaza Strip and Jericho.

This agreement has already opened doors for peace accords between Israel and neighboring Arab countries. Jordan, which harbors 1.5 million Palestinian refugees, and Israel have also agreed to a framework resolving their differences. The whole region will benefit as peace ripples spread. Many nations are planning to help rebuild the war-torn region. (Also see page 21)

The **Nobel Peace Prize for 1993** will be shared by South African leaders Nelson Mandela, who has continued the Black people's struggle for equality and human rights, and by President F.W. de Clerk. The two leaders are working together with their people to end the country's system of *apartheid*.

This year's **Right Livelihood Award**, also known as the *Alternate Nobel Prize*, will be awarded to five groups and individuals for their contributions and achievements. Vandana Shiva of India, Arna Mer-Khamis of Israel, Care and Learning of Palestine, the Organization of Rural Associations for Progress in Zimbabwe (Africa) and Mary and Carrie Dann of the Western Shoshone Nation of North America will receive the award on December 9. One of the recipients, Dr. Shiva, holds the cultivation of cultural and ecological diversity as her "most precious commitment."

Closer to home, **Skipping Stones** will honor ten youth, ages 7 to 15, each year for their exceptional writings and art on the themes of multicultural awareness, nature and ecology. (See page 34).

Also, each year, we will give awards to six children's books and publications. Do you have any favorite books or magazines that you want to nominate? We'll honor the multicultural books in Volume 6, no. 1. And look for the nature and ecology winners in Volume 6, no. 2.

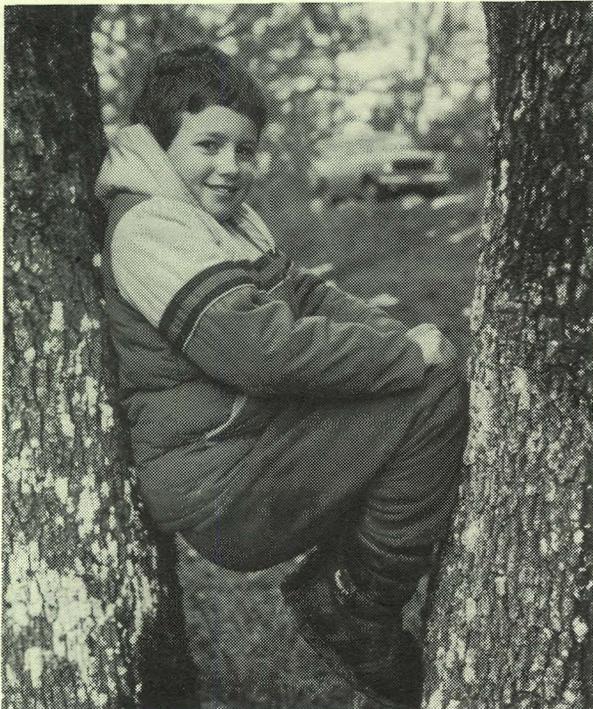
TAKING ACTION

Nearby Nature— Heard of the Boy Scouts or the Girl Scouts? Now you can become a Green Scout!

Nearby Nature, an exciting non-profit nature education group in Eugene, Oregon has just started a kid's group called the Green Scouts. Free and open to all 7-12 year old *Nearby Nature* members, both girls and boys, the Green Scouts work on service projects to protect and increase the wildlife habitat in their town. On the second Saturday of every month, the group works in a different natural area, learning the specific ecology and meeting some of the "inhabitants" of each place.

The Green Scouts' first project last spring was to help build a nature trail behind a community college. This fall, they collected native seed from a Nature Conservancy wetland area, and cut back invasive blackberry bushes, planted milkweed and provided mudholes for butterflies in a local *Nearby Nature* Butterfly Sanctuary. During every project, the group learns about the special needs of that area by working with trained naturalists. The kids keep a record of what they're learning and working on, and after a certain number of projects, they earn a Green Scout t-shirt and go on a Green Scout field trip just for fun. *Nearby Nature* hopes that, eventually, each neighborhood will have its own Green Scouts group to restore, steward and enhance nearby natural areas.

To learn how to set up a Green Scout program in your town, contact *Nearby Nature*, POB 3678, Eugene, OR, 97403 USA, or call 503-687-9699.



Todd Levin rests after helping dig a trench for the Lane Community College nature trail outside of Eugene, Oregon



Josie Casey Witte helps dig a trench for the nature trail.

Skipping Stones will now publish bimonthly during the school year! Five issues a year!

Children's Haiku Contest— To promote cultural understanding of Japan among children around the world, Japan Airlines is sponsoring a haiku contest, celebrating haiku as a traditional Japanese poetry form. Selected entries will be included in a book, "Haiku By the Children," to be published in 1994. (See haiku page 29

You may enter your haiku on the themes "The Sea" or "The Sky:" by **March 31, 1994** to: *JAL Children's Haiku Contest*, P.O. Box 8846, Woodside, NY 11377

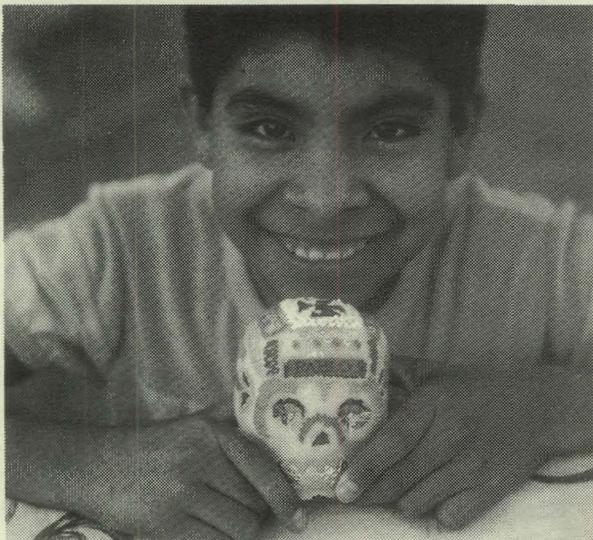
Dovetail is an organization responding to the unique issues and challenges faced by interfaith, Jewish-Christian families in maintaining both of their religious traditions. Their bimonthly newsletter is a source of thoughtful, often controversial discussion on a variety of topics pertinent to interfaith families. It also provides a supportive network allowing families to share their own resources, ideas, and experiences.

DOVETAIL: A Newsletter By and For Jewish-Christian Families, Dovetail Publishing, 3014A Folsom Street, Boulder, CO 80304.

BOOKSHELF

Building Your Multicultural Library

Pablo Remembers: *The Fiesta of the Day of the Dead* by George Ancona (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Books, 1350 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019). Also available in Spanish: **Pablo Recuerda.** A wonderful book describing the three day celebration, *Día de los Muertos*. In this traditional festival of Mexico, families build and decorate altars to honor loved ones who have died. The festival takes place on October 31st and November first and second every year. Colorful photographs beautifully illustrate the preparations.



Why is Everybody Always Picking on Me? *A Guide to Handling Bullies* by Terrence Webster-Doyle (Atrium Society Publications P.O. Box 816, Middlebury, VT 05753). This 134-page book, on how to resolve conflict nonviolently, is both for the young and adults. It deals with the subject using creative stories and activities on how to resolve conflict without harming others. We need not become a bully to get what we really need in our life! Includes questions to help us think a situation through.

Aztec, Inca & Maya by Elizabeth Baquedano (Eyewitness Books, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, NY) Photographed by Michel Zabé, this 64 page book is a mini-museum of the Aztec, Inca and Maya people. Their great achievements included masterpieces of art, spectacular cities, and a unique approach to life. They had strong foundations of economic, political, and social organization.

The book includes plenty of beautiful illustrations, depicting the art and culture of these people of the American continent. Highly recommended for any multicultural library.

Disemba 31



December 31

Habari gani? What's the news?

Kuumba! Creativity!

Habari Gani? What's the News?

A Kwanzaa Story by Sundaira Morninghouse (Open Hand Publishing, PO Box 22048, Seattle, WA 98112 USA). Follows a family's preparation for and celebration of the African-American holiday of Kwanzaa. Explanations of Kwanzaa and its seven guiding principles are expertly woven into the story, emphasizing that cooperation, community service, and family are important every day of the year, not only during Kwanzaa. Jody Kim's richly colored paintings and bold woodcuts complement the story.



Let's Celebrate Kwanzaa by Helen Davis Thompson (Gumbs and Thomas Publishers, Inc., 142 West 72nd Street Suite 9, New York, NY 10023) is an activity book for young readers. Includes songs, gift-ideas, maps and recipes.

UNICEF Engagement Calendar 1994

(published by the U. S. Committee for UNICEF, 333 East 38th Street, New York, NY 10016) A multilingual desk calendar celebrating the International Year of the Family. Expertly compositioned color photographs show families from around the world both at work and at play. UNICEF is an international organization responding to children's needs in all countries.

Girls and Young Women Leading the Way: 20

True Stories About Leadership by Frances A. Karnes and Suzanne M. Bean (Free Spirit Publishing, 400 First Avenue North, Suite 616, Minneapolis, MN 55401) Who said that you have to be *male* or *old* to lead the way? All across the country, girls and young women are successfully taking on the challenge to lead the society, and make a difference in the lives of people, young and old. These inspiring stories remind us that everyone can make a difference!

Pen Pals Wanted

To be listed on the Pen Pal Page, please send \$5.00. (You'll also get a copy of the issue.) Low-income and subscribers get one free listing.

Emeka Egbukichi, boy, 14
E.Cumper Secondary School Obawo
c/o Ekeja P.A. via Otoko P.O.
IMO State, NIGERIA, W. Africa

Alfred Gyamfi, boy, 14
P.O. Box 62

Sunyani-B/A, GHANA, W. Africa
Wants pen pals in North America

Vitus Kwame Frimpong, boy, 14
"C" Meth Junior Secondary School
P.O. Box 502

Sunyani - B/A, GHANA, W. Africa
Interests: playing soccer

Asare Yaw, boy, 14
Presby J. S. School

P.O. Box 5, Odumase,
Sunyani, B/A, GHANA W. Africa
Into: reading books, gift exchange

Nana Yaw Boadi, boy, 17
Starlet '91' Street, POB 335

Sunyani—B/A, GHANA, W. Africa
Into: Soccer, bible, music, writing

Maxim Mazour, boy, 11

Sergei Mazour, boy, 8
MOLDOVA, Chishinev - 277075
Igor Vieru, 3, ap. 56

Int.: drawing, books, soccer, fishing

Arseniy Borisikin, boy

RUSSIA, 620003, Ekaterinburg
Titova, 12-33

Into: art, modeling, constructing

Julia Pelevina, girl, 13

RUSSIA, 164501, Arkhangelskaya
obl. Severodvinsk, ul.

Pervomayskaya, d.41, kv. 63

Into: books, music, tennis, drawing

Natalia Rudenko, girl

UKRAINE, 349600 Luganskaya
obl. g. Starobelsk ul. T. Ribasa-18

Ann Atarova, girl, 13

Visaginas 4761

Visagino 10 - 7, LITHUANIA

Into: dancing, piano, letters, English

Sveta Titenko, boy, 12

RUSSIA, 184411- Sputnik

Murmansk Region

20 Novaya Street, Flat 38

Into: books, stamps, postcards. . .

Lena Serchenya, girl, Gr. 6

BYELORUSSIA - 220017 Minsk

Ul. Pritytskogo, d. 138, Kv. 37

Into: dancing, postcards, calendars

Wants pals in USA

Andrei Ponomarev, boy, 13

RUSSIA, 109052 Moscow
ul. Verkhnyaya - Khokhlovka
d. 33, kv. 68

Into: games, science fiction ...

Alyosha Ruyov, boy, 13

Maxim Rulyov, boy, 8

RUSSIA, 410054 Saratov

ul. B. Sadovaya

d. 100B, k.4, kv.19

Want American pen pals

Denis Surin, boy, 8

ESTONIA, EE 2114 Kunda

ul. Koidu, d. 69, kv. 14

Into: coins, stamps, pins, postcards

Veronika Ugryumova, girl, 14

RUSSIA, 163051 Arhangelsk

ul. Timme, d.B, k.3, kv.33

Into: collecting postcards, calendars

Pals: Mexico and other countries

Masha Korets, girl, 11

KAZAKHSTAN, 459120

Kustanaiskaya obl. g. Rudniy

pr. Komsomolskiy d. 40 kv. 84

Into: sweets, collecting, swimming

Yulia Protasenko, girl, 12

UKRAINE, 349600 Luganskaya obl.

g. Starobelsk,

Kvartal Vatutina, d. 47, kv. 30

Into: dancing, sewing, knitting, art

Russian students, ages 10-17,

want American pen pals. Contact:

Katerina Adarigova, teacher

RUSSIA, 171060 Bologoye

ul. Kirova, d. 18 A

S / shkola # 11

Bizlev Slava, boy, 7

RUSSIA 141070 Moskovskaya Obl.

Kaliningrad, Ul. Kirova, d.11, kv.76

Into: hockey, trees, Disney films, and

English . . . Wants pals everywhere.

Sasha Linok, boy

UKRAINE 245110, Shostka

ul. Rabochaya, d. 5, kv. 35

Into: collecting, coins, karate

French Club for Kids, grades 3-6,

learning more about other cultures,

want pen pals from France, Belgium

and other French-speaking countries.

c/o *Ms. Danielle Edwards Simms*

Le Club Français des Jeunes

16000 Oak Curve Drive

Lakeville, MN 55044 USA

ESL students from many countries
living in China want pen pals. Write
c/o *Jacqueline Baquet*, ESL teacher
International School-Beijing

PSC 461 - Box 50

F.P.O. AP 96521-0002

5th grade class of 27 students in
rural midwestern Canada would
love to exchange pen pal letters with
you. c/o *Mrs. M. Swick*, teacher,

West St. Paul School,

3740 Main Street, Winnipeg, MAN.

R3C 4A3 CANADA

Artistic Students, 8-10 yrs, in
Ukraine want pen pals. Write c/o

UKRAINE 320081 Dnepropetrovsk

Lygovskya Street, No. 211

School No. 55

c/o Helena Ryakskya

Isabel Castelnovo, girl, 7

Via Casale Garabuso 33

22040 Casere di Cremeno (Co)

ITALY. Wants pals everywhere

Int: swimming, books, dance, nature

20 children in E.H.T.P. would
like pals around the world. Contact-

Robin Oak Giordano, Coordinator

East Harlem Tutorial Program

2050 Second Avenue

New York, NY 10029

Jamie Hsiung, girl, 10

2 Powelson Lane

Bridgewater, NJ 08807 USA

Interests: music, reading, animals

We'd love penpals from any (or all)
countries. We're a deaf and hard of

hearing class of six students. Write-

Ms. Carol Cooper, 5th grade teacher

Benjamin Banneker Elem. School

750 Concourse Village West

Bronx, N.Y. 10451 USA

Shauna Cooley, girl, 15 of

Eufaula Adolescent Ctr, POB 1179

Eufaula, AL 36027 USA. Pals from

Brazil, France, Hawaii, Australia

4th graders in suburban Detroit

want pen pals from all over the

world—any class size or request that

you may have—Write to us today!!

Mrs. Cathy Smith, 4th grade teacher

Forest Elementary School

34545 Old Timber Road

Farmington Hills, MI 48331 USA



COMING ATTRACTIONS

Skipping Stones Honor Awards 1994

We are pleased to announce Honor Awards for exceptional writing and art by children, 7 to 15 years of age. The submissions should address one or more of the following themes—multicultural awareness, celebration of cultural diversity, intercultural experiences, nature, ecology, resource conservation, social issues, peace and non-violence. Everyone who enters will receive a copy of the issue containing the winning entries (Vol. 6 #4) in November 1994.

10 entries will be honored. Each selected entrant will receive 5 multicultural and/or nature books and a subscription to *Skipping Stones*.

Guidelines for Submissions:

- Entries must be mailed by May 21, 1994
- An entry fee of \$4. (You will receive a copy of Vol. 6 #4 issue, featuring the winning entries.)

We want to facilitate a meaningful exchange of ideas and experiences. Therefore, having all entrants see the winning entries is integral to the purpose of the *Skipping Stones* Honor Awards.

- Include your name, age and a complete address on each page. Describe your specific cultural background in your cover letter.

- A certificate from a parent and/or teacher attesting to the originality of the entry.

- **Compositions** (essays, poems, short stories, songs, travelogues, etc) should be typed on 8.5" x 11" sheets (double-spaced) or neatly hand-written with a black ink pen.

- Fiction or non-fiction should be limited to 750 words and poems to 30 lines.

- Writings in languages other than English may be accompanied by an English translation. Include the name, relationship, telephone number and address of the translator.

- **Artwork** (drawings, cartoons, paintings or photo essays with captions) should have the artist's name, age and address on the back of each page, 8.5" x 11". Send the originals with self-addressed stamped envelopes. We will consider both color or black and white prints. Limit photo essays to eight photos.

- Entries of high caliber not selected for an award will also be considered for publication in future issues of the magazine.

Send to: Honor Awards 1994
Skipping Stones Magazine
P.O. Box 3939
Eugene, Oregon 97403 USA

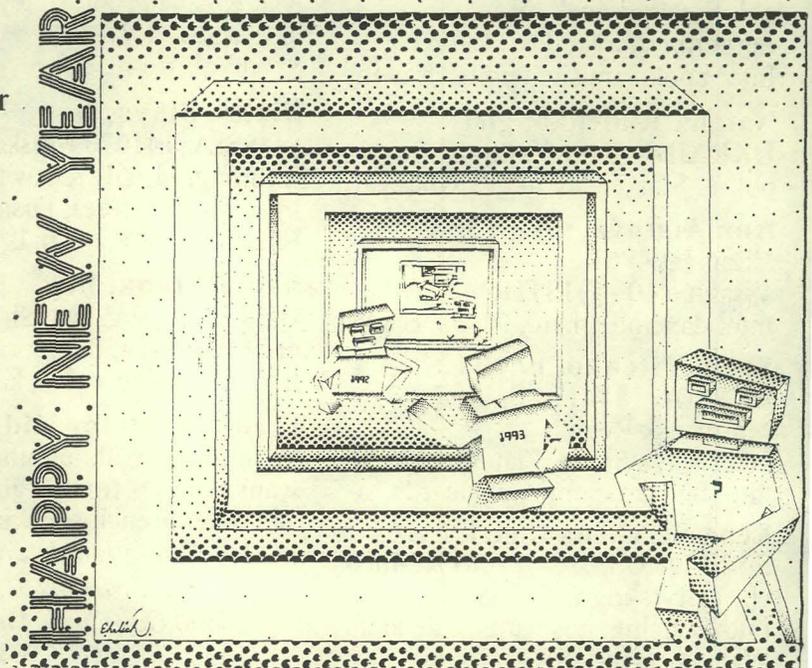
Religion and Culture

Whether we are making a new friend, preventing or resolving a conflict, or working together with others on a project, we need to communicate with others, get to know and understand each other. It's important to talk with people and discover where they are coming from, what they think about, and what they believe in. Who we are and what decisions we make are influenced by our cultural and religious background. Misunderstandings occur if we are not aware of each other's traditions and practices.

Skipping Stones encourages you to help others understand who you are. Share your religion, culture, and way of life through stories, songs, artwork, celebrations, traditions or teachings. Use your creativity to express why your religion or beliefs are important to you. *Skipping Stones* plans to focus on these issues throughout 1994.

We also invite your submissions on . . .

- * Your response to the questions in this issue
- * African-American heritage
- * Folk songs from around the world
- * Favorite ethnic foods
- * Hospitality customs of your culture
- * Reduce, reuse, recycle, rethink
- * The world in the year 2025
- * Your experiences in other cultures or countries
- * Questions to Dear Hanna, Letters to the Editor



—Ehrlich, Randolph, Vermont

Traditional options for group decision making are—

- *One person in charge:* efficient, teaches obedience, does not teach skills for democratic participation.
- *Majority rule:* creates two factions—winners and losers.
- *Decision by representative group:* not all group members have equal ownership of process.

Let's introduce an emerging creative decision making process:

What Is Consensus?

Consensus is different from other kinds of decision making because it stresses the cooperative development of a decision, with group members working together rather than competing against each other. The goal of consensus is a decision to which all group members consent. Of course, consent does not mean that everyone will be completely satisfied with the final outcome—in fact, total satisfaction is rare. However, the decision must be acceptable enough so that all will agree to support it.

Consensus is not applicable to a group in which one or more persons come with an inclination to sabotage the group. It may be useful to establish a ground rule to which all subscribe—each person will work within a framework that creates the best solution for the whole group. Fear can prevent people from doing so. However, in a group where trust and respect have been built, people may be able to lose their reticence, e.g., fear of not being listened to, shyness, or fear of being laughed at. The facilitator can make certain that group members remain sensitive to that person's needs throughout the discussion.

Consensus Decision Making Process Requires—

Unity of purpose: There must be a basic core of agreement within and about the group. Of course there will be many areas where group members have varying opinions about what is best. But there must be a unifying underlying base that is recognized and accepted as a common starting place by all members.

Commitment to Listening: Each member listens carefully to others' contributions. Communication requires both sharing and receiving information. It is important to:

- Listen actively. People tend to think of the listener's role as a passive one. A good listener, though, shares the responsibility for group comprehension by paying close attention and trying to understand. Good listening means using your own communication skills to help the speaker get the message across.
- Try to put your whole self in the speaker's shoes.
- Let the speaker know that you are listening, that you care. Eye contact and head nods can reassure the speaker that you are involved and that you are making an effort to understand.
- When you don't understand, ask questions or determine whether what you comprehended was indeed the speaker's point.

Commitment to sharing: Each member accepts the responsibility to share their thinking with the group, including concerns, questions, fears, reluctance, insights or challenges, knowing the group consists of none but supportive listeners.

Commitment to flexibility: Each member holds their position lightly enough to be able to let go of it and adopt a position which represents the best conclusions for the group.

A well trained facilitator: The many roles of a facilitator are: making certain everyone gets a turn to speak and that all points are discussed thoroughly and summarizing discussion to determine whether or not consensus has been reached.

Overcoming The Stumbling Blocks

• *Let go of competition:* In a cooperative group, members perceive themselves as having mutual goals. Members recognize that there is not always a single *right* solution. A group caught by an *either-or* decision faces a false dilemma. Other creative options may be available, which may respond to the needs and goals of all. When members realize that no single choice is *right*, rendering all others *wrong*, they may be more open to others' viewpoints.

• *Attend meetings with the intention of listening to others:* Let go of the traditional concept that the purpose of attending a meeting is to present/defend a certain idea to which one is attached.

• *Fear of conflict, emergence of feelings:* Conflict itself is neither good nor bad. It signifies the presence of different options. Conflict shouldn't be a clash of one personal interest against another, but a cooperative effort to bring out all perspectives. Welcome diverse opinions as a means of becoming aware of ideas, strengths and weaknesses. This will allow strong and workable solutions to emerge.

Consensus Decision Making—

- is a powerful tool for building group unity and strength.
- enables a group to choose wise, creative courses of action.
- develops sensitive listening skills of all group members.
- shares the responsibilities of preparation, group input, reflection, and of weighing options among group members.
- trains individuals to assume the demanding task of facilitating group discussion.
- encourages the honoring of diverse viewpoints.
- reassures us that even a diverse group can find ways of reaching solutions acceptable to all.

[This guide is based on *Building United Judgment* (see resources) and on a seven-day workshop on *Consensus Decision Making* by Caroline Estes, PO Box 465, Mapleton, OR 97453 —Hanna Still]

Resources:

Building United Judgment, and *Manual for Group Facilitators*, both from the Center for Conflict Resolution, Madison, WI.
Beyond Majority Rule, by Michael Sheehan, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Religious Society of Friends, Philadelphia, PA.

Some Suggestions from *Skipping Stones*

• We are now publishing *bimonthly* during the school year (5 issues a year). This will allow more space for the many excellent art and writings submitted by students. We want to better serve your multicultural and ecological education resource needs. For your classroom use, 5 or more copy subscriptions are discounted 25%.

• We are opening up this space—*Parents and Teacher's Guide*—for you to share your thoughts. You can write about what works for you, how you resolved a particular dilemma, what resources or books you liked for a theme, your experiences in multicultural settings—whatever seems appropriate to share with other readers.

• We encourage you to enter your students' submissions for our Annual Honor Awards (See page 34) by May 25 for 1994. Volume 6, No. 4 will contain the winning entries.

• *Skipping Stones* is a *timely and timeless* educational resource. Back issues of the magazine can help you in planning and preparing units for your classes in social studies, English as a second language, creative writing and general science areas. See our brochure or an order form for highlights and themes of back issues.



“Grasses”

—Inga Podolinskyte, 13, Vilnius Secondary School, Lithuania

Skipping Stones

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