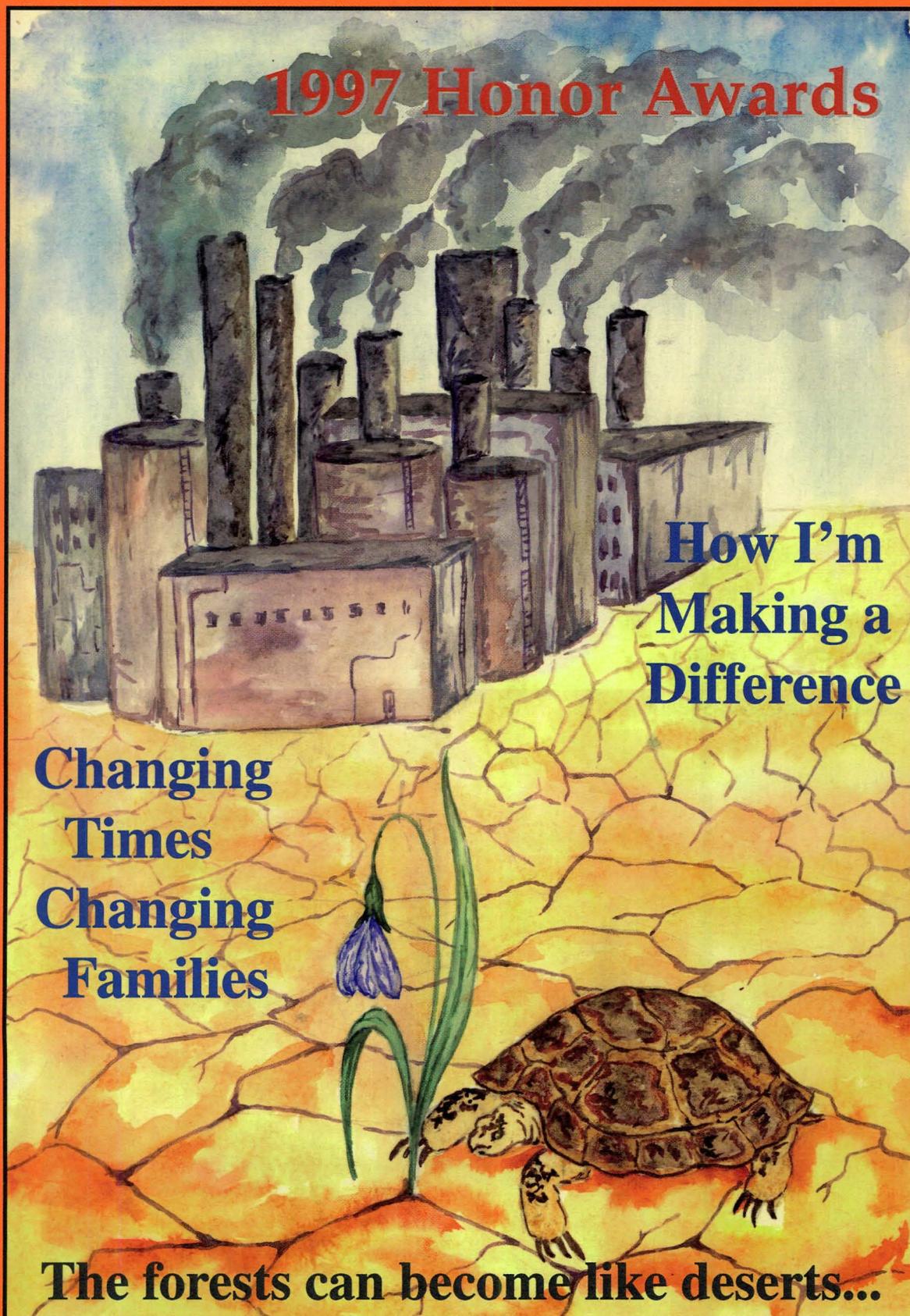


Skipping Stones

Vol. 9, No. 4

A Multicultural Children's Magazine

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Skipping Stones is a nonprofit children's magazine that encourages cooperation, creativity and celebration of cultural and linguistic diversity. We explore and learn stewardship of the ecological and social webs that nurture us. We offer a unique forum for communication among children from different lands and backgrounds. *Skipping Stones* expands horizons in a playful, creative way. We seek your suggestions, submissions, subscriptions and support.

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From the Editor

There is a saying in *Marathi*, my mother tongue—
ही एक तुझी जळती पगती-
उजळील दिवे लाखों गगती!
(*Hee Ek tuzee julti panatee,*
oojáleel divé lakho ganatee.)

“This lit candle of yours will light hundreds of thousands of lamps.” We can be the catalysts for the changes we wish for, but we must act; take the initiative. That’s what this issue is about.

The 1997 Honor Awards theme, “How I’m Making A Difference...,” and the other topics featured in this issue, invite us to take steps in the direction we wish to go in working toward a better world for all of us to share.

Where do we begin? Where we are, of course! At home, in school, on the playground, in church or on the street. That’s where we can begin to create a vision for a caring family, a friendly neighborhood, a beautiful garden...

Yes, the problems may seem too big and too many! The task may seem tremendous and overwhelming, but every little step we each take, on our own and with our friends or family, brings us many steps closer to the goal.

It’s inherent in human nature to take on challenges. I see that even in my two year old son who can’t yet speak in sentences. But he makes it perfectly clear with his own sign language when he wants to do things on his own—without anyone’s help! After completing the task, he points to himself proudly to let me know that he did it!

In 1986, when I felt the need for a multicultural magazine, I took upon myself a big challenge. After ten long years, I can’t say that my task is finished. While multiculturalism is the buzz word in this age, there’s much more to be accomplished.

Our own family is a perfect place to learn and practice the art of creative problem solving. Let’s try out creativity in solving various conflicts over time schedules, personalities, shared-use of things in the house, fair share of everyday housework...

Today’s family structures change very often—many parents working away from home, changing job schedules, family moving to a new place, older brothers or sisters going off to college far away. The family may adopt a baby, or perhaps, parents may go their own way, splitting the family, creating a single-parent family, or they might find a new partner that brings you a new mom, dad, or even new brothers and sisters. All these changes offer plenty of opportunities and challenges for practicing creative

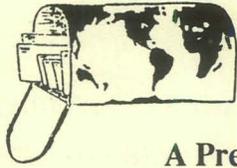
problem solving.

As you go back to school after your summer adventures, your new subjects, classes, school, or teachers will also require that you make new adjustments. Approach them, one by one, with patience and understanding. In the process, you might explore new ways to make a difference, and in turn, discover a new way of seeing the world and realizing your potential to create change.

Arun Narayan Tore



—De Lise Palumbo, Eugene, Oregon



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Precious Friend

To my surprise, I found that my songs, old and new, could encourage people not to give up on this struggle to save the world from thoughtless but powerful people. And when words fail, we could find many ways of leaping barriers of language and religion: sports, arts, food, etc. We all are distant cousins of each other, and if we manage to learn from our mistakes, there will be people on this planet 1,000 years from now who will be descendants of just about *everybody* who is alive today.

—Pete Seeger, *Folk Musician, Beacon, New York*

Concerns

Four students were caught fighting at the high school that I'll be attending in a year. These four students were trespassing on school property. This concerns me in many ways.

First of all, I'll be going to that high school. I would like to feel safe when I'm on school property. I don't want to be constantly worried about getting beat up or even getting into a fight.

People use violence to solve a problem instead of a compromise that's peaceful. The whole idea of people fighting worries me. All kinds of violence scares me badly. I'm becoming more scared as I read about violence at school, in the newspaper, or when I see it on the evening news.

Overall, school is a place for learning, not a place for violence. When I attend high school, I hope I'll be safe, and my brother and my friends will be safe. I also hope that people won't solve their problems with violence but with solutions that are nonviolent and serene.

—Angie Kang, 13, *Lincolnwood, Illionis*

ABCs (Alcohol, Beer and Cigarettes) off TV

Today, there are no cigarette commercials on TV because people thought that by prohibiting the commercials, they'd be cutting down on the use of cigarettes. But why were cigarette commercials banned, but not beer commercials?

Beer commercials should also be banned from TV. Both beer and cigarettes are harmful to the human body. During an hour of prime time TV, a child could see many beer or alcohol related topics, but he would see no cigarette topics at all. Cancelling beer commercials would benefit the world by making it so the

younger generation is not as influenced and drawn to alcohol as adults and teenagers. The world today is focusing too much on cigarettes and not enough on beer and alcohol. Even if beer commercials are not banned, there need to be more commercials about drunk driving and saying **NO to not just drugs but alcohol, too.**

—Bethany A. Harman, *Bellefontaine, Ohio*

Overseas

You helped us find new friends in other countries. Now we have pen pals in Sweden, USA, India, Japan, New Zealand, and Ghana. We agree that writing letters is a great way to build friendships. Now we are sharing love, ideas, and ideals. What a great way of building peace in countries. You have a very fine magazine. Thank you!

—Bessie, Melody, and Memory Mhembe, *Zimbabwe*

Third Culture Kid

I am a Third Culture Kid. I'm an American and a Canadian citizen who has never lived in either of those places. I was born thirteen years ago in Malaysia and have lived here ever since. When I go to North America during the summer, I never feel like I fit in there. My life is very different from theirs. Even though I call all three places home I feel like I fit in here best. Of course, there are times when I feel I don't fit in anywhere.

My school in Kuala Lumpur, the capitol, is an international school. Imagine taking 47 country's styles and mixing them! One of the things I don't like is that the average stay in Malaysia is only two years. Once I make a friend, she or he leaves and then I have to start all over again. My former best friends are scattered from France to Bolivia to Australia. I've liked living in Asia and have adjusted well to my surroundings, but I'm not looking forward to the day when I move to the States and have to readjust. I guess I'm a true Third Culture Kid, but that's just fine with me!

—Megan Quirk, 13, *Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia*

How I'm Making a Difference

(In regards to the upcoming feature) I do not like to "toot" my own horn and wouldn't feel comfortable writing about my goodness in the world. We are home-schooling again, so the only way we are making a better world is to launch better kids!!

—Norma G. Fisher, *parent, Tucson, Arizona*

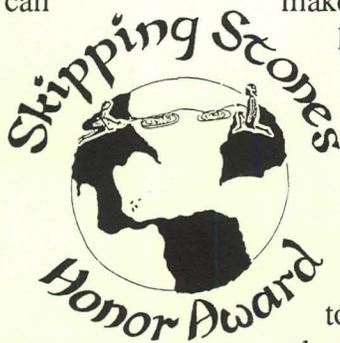
How I'm Making A Difference In The World

Cultural diversity • Peace • Family • Nature • Local and Global Community

For the 1997 honor awards, we invited you to share how you are making a difference in your life, your family, school, community, country—your world. The cover art, by Inna from Russia, and the back cover art, by Vidushi from India, illustrate the conditions in which we live and work. The natural environment is under a serious threat. Forests have been turned into deserts in many places in the world in the last century. Our health depends on the health of the natural ecosystems of the world.

And, where does multicultural awareness come into play? Freedom to express ourselves fully, respect and security, a sense of belonging, cooperation and understanding are essential ingredients for a multicultural world. But it means that we must grant others these privileges that we seek for ourselves.

Here we present a selection of ten youth and three adult entries (and some excerpts) that best represent how we, individually and collectively, can make this world a better home for *all* of us.



I try to never frown, always grin, whether you get first place or third, inside you always win. I help people with their troubles, whether it is helping with music or simply blowing bubbles. The thanks I get is their gratitude, but still there are some who just give attitude. But as in the Bible, forgive and forget, don't scream in judgement.

There are many other things I do than teach, help pick up litter, or feed the hungry with a peach. I may sound like an angel but I'm really not, I have struggled with people and even fought. But despite my sins and the trouble I have caused, everyone forgave me, and I never left God.

The 1997 Honor Award Winners

Youth

Inna Svjatova, 15, Zarechny, Russia
Vidushi A. Bhatnagar, 15, Bhopal, India
Mariana Perrilliat Nava, 16, Mexico City, Mexico
Country Day School, Gr. 5 students, Costa Rica
Lindsay McFarlane, 9, Camrose, Alberta, Canada
Students at Carrollton School, Miami, Florida
Adam Benham, 13, Spokane, Washington
Stephanie Kacoyanis, 13, Wenham, Massachusetts
Leslie Pandina, 12, West Henrietta, New York
Tyann Prentice, 16, Spokane, Washington

Adults

Lillian Colón Vilá, 31, Oldsmar, Texas
Dr. Annie B. Henry, 55, Bemidji, Minnesota
Barbara Barton, 49, San Mateo, California

Making The World A Better Place

To make the world a better place, I take on any challenge I face. Whether it be easy or tough, I must keep a smile when the going gets rough.

When I see a deed of kindness, I am eager to be kind. When a weaker brother stumbles, and a strong man stays behind, just to see that he can help him, then the wish grows strong in me— To be as big and thoughtful as I know a friend ought to be. Day by day, week by week, I will help anyone strong or meek. Day or night, I will be there, rainy, snowy, or fair. But it is very hard to keep on helping, so I help them help themselves.

Life is a job and trouble may rob, the heart is the reason to try. The door just ahead is the one that we dread, but pass it and obstacles fly.

Life is a cinch if bought by the inch, by the square yard it's a chore. The one who begins and fights till he wins is the one that the world is waiting for. I will be ambitious and live life to the fullest, so when I'm ready to leave the world, the world will still be the coolest.

—Adam Benham, 13, Grade 8, Spokane, Washington.

Mas Que Una Generación X

Primero que nada, ¿hago alguna diferencia? ¿De que o para que? ¿Importa que yo haga algo?... Creo que todos nos hemos preguntado alguna vez: ¿Que haré en mi vida? ¿Porque a veces siento que voy para atras, que retrocedo en vez de ir para adelante? ¿Estoy realmente contenta de quien soy y como soy, de lo que he hecho hasta ahora?

Actualmente, la juventud esta catalogada como una generación que no dejará en la historia una huella, sino un vacio; No una herencia sino un agujero en el tiempo. Esto es porque—como dicen los expertos—no somos capaces de comprometernos con nadie, ni siquiera con nosotros mismos. Lo peor de esto es que esos expertos ni siquiera se tomaron la molestia de darnos un nombre como lo hicieron con la generacion de los yuppies o de los hippies, tan solo nos llaman: La Generación X.

¿No es esto horrible? Todo ha tenido un progreso: la tecnología, democracia, ciencia... todo a excepción del ser humano; Todo está en movimiento excepto la juventud, todo parece tener un color excepto nosotros, ya que estamos clasificados como "criaturas grises, opacas y sin brillo".

Pero recuerden que al estar inmersos en un mundo como el nuestro, no nos queda otra alternativa mas que estar y vivir aqui, y no podemos escapar. No pretendo que tratemos de salir huyendo, seria retrógrado e incluso loco el pensar solo en el pasado y querer vivir de recuerdos.

Podemos vivir aqui, en un mundo como este, pero teniendo una meta, navegando con un rumbo definido. Podemos aprender como dejar de vivir como "personas light", como dejar de ser una expresión "virtual" solamente y convertimos en una generacion de peso, ser trascendentales, ser un ejemplo para las siguientes generaciones. *Eso* solo será real cuando la gente joven tome conciencia de los problemas en los que vivimos.

Creo que todos tenemos una misión en esta vida, de todos modos es por eso que estamos aqui: ¡Para hacer algo! La misión mia, es el darme cuenta de lo que pasa y hablar de ello con todas aquellas personas que quieran escucharme. Eso es lo que trato de hacer, el ir, en cierta forma, nadando contra corriente que, aunque es difícil, no es imposible.

More Than A Generation X

First of all, am I making a difference? For what? Is it important that I try?... We have all asked ourselves at one time: What will I do in life? Why do I feel, sometimes, that I don't go forward but backward? Am I really happy about *who* I am, *how* I am, or about what I have done with my life up to now?

Nowadays, youth are catalogued as a generation who is not going to leave a trace but a hole in history, not an inheritance but an empty space in time. This is because—as the experts say—we are not able to make commitments to anyone, not even to ourselves. The worst thing is that those experts did not even bother to give us a name like they gave the *yuppie* or *hippie* generations, they simply named us: Generation X.

Isn't that awful? So much in the world has experienced progress: Technology, Democracy, Science... everything except the human being; Everything is in motion except the younger generations. Everything seems to have color except us, we who have been classified as "gray, opaque, dull creatures."

But remember! Being immersed in this world of ours gives us no other alternative than to be and live here, and we cannot escape. I do not mean we should try to run from this world, or that we should be crazy enough to live in the past, or in the memories of what happened then.

We *can* live in a world like this. But, we must first have a goal; sail with a definite course. We can learn how to avoid living like "light persons," how to stop being a "virtual" expression, and become a generation of weight, to become transcendental, to be an example to the next generations. This can only happen when young people today become conscious of the the problems that face us.

I think we all have a mission in this world, that's why we are here anyway: To do something! My mission is to become aware of what is going on around me and talk about it with anyone willing to listen. That is what I'm trying to do, to go, to swim against the current, which is difficult but not impossible.

En mi país de México, mucha gente vive en extrema pobreza, no solo material sino también espiritual, como sucede en muchos otros lugares. En vacaciones, voy a pueblitos muy pobres. Honestamente la primera vez que fui a uno, sentía que yo era una heroína, un ángel... pero luego, cuando visité a las casas de los habitantes del pueblo, y ellos con su falta de dinero, lujos e incluso comida, se encontraban deseosos de darnos a nosotros, "las señoritas que estaban en su comunidad para darles y enseñarles cosas buenas". Entendí quienes eran los verdaderos héroes de aquella historia.

Se encontraban hambrientos de conocimiento; Y nosotros, estábamos ahí para satisfacer esa necesidad. Los ancianos besaban nuestras manos como veneración, los niños nos brindaban sonrisas de cariño, los jóvenes nos veían como un ejemplo a seguir, los adultos nos veían con respeto. Y yo... pensaba que era generosa. Ahora ya no lo creo, Aquellas personas que nos cocinaban las únicas tortillas que tenían, que nos daban preciosas artesanías que hacían con sus manos... *Ellos* son los héroes, que luchan, que trabajan muy duro todos los días para poder comer, que son invisibles en una sociedad que valora a la gente por lo que tiene y no por lo que es. Mi "sacrificio" de ir en vacaciones no se compara con el verdadero sacrificio que ellos hacían para darnos comida, *su* comida!

Eso es lo que hago para hacer una diferencia: Decirle a la gente y gritar en todo lugar el valor tan grande tiene una sonrisa, enseñar a esas personas que viven sin dinero ni posesiones materiales que tienen algo mucho más valioso: Un corazón honesto y grande.

Nosotros, los jóvenes, la "Generación X" como nos llaman los expertos, podemos hacer una diferencia haciendo saber a nuestro mundo que valemos por lo que somos, no por lo que tenemos. Podemos enseñar a la gente que cree que es menos por no poseer lujos que son invaluablees por sus ideas y sentimientos. Podemos salir de nosotros mismos para hacer entender a la humanidad que estamos aquí no solo para existir sino para vivir, y ayudar a otros vivir: Demostrar al mundo que somos algo más que una "Generación X."

In my country of Mexico, many people live in poverty, not only material but also spiritual, as in many other places in the world. During vacation, I go to very poor towns. Honestly, the first time I went to one, I felt I was some kind of heroine, an angel. But then, when I visited the homes of all the people, they with their lack of money, food and luxuries, were willing to give everything to *us*, "the young ladies who were there to teach them good things." I understood, then, who the real heroes were in that story.

They were hungry for knowledge, and we were to satisfy them! Old people kissed our hands like they were honoring us, kids smiled at us in admiration, young people looked at us as an example to follow, adults looked at us with respect ... And I thought I was generous! Now I know differently; they who cooked for us the only tortillas they had left, who made beautiful handcrafts with their own hands.... Those are the heroes, those who fight, who work very hard to eat everyday, to feed their families, those who are invisible in a culture that values people only for what they have. My "sacrifice" of going there on my vacation is nothing compared to the real sacrifice they made to give us food, *their* food!

This is what I do to make a difference: Tell people and shout the incredible value of a smile, show those persons who live without money or material things that they have got a much more valuable thing: a great and honest heart.

We, all of us young people, "Generation X," as the experts call us, can make a difference by letting the world know that we find worth in what we *are*, not in what we *have*. We can make a difference by teaching people who think they are less because they do not have luxuries, that they are invaluable for their thoughts and feelings. We can go out of ourselves to let the world know we are here to live, and to help others live; to strengthen the human race; to become more than a "Generation X."

—Mariana Perrilliat Nava, 16, Mexico City, Mexico. "I'm mexican but my dad's family is from France. I'm very fond of my country and my culture; I really like Mexico."

How I Am Making A Difference...

by fifth grade students at the Country Day School in San José, Costa Rica

Painting the World
As colourful as can be
Without me
Something would be missing

I'm unique
I touch others' hearts
Besides my own

Stand up! Stand up! Go beliefs, go!
As an author, I cry

"Conserve the environment!
Don't let it die!"



I am making a difference in life, I'm planning on working in forests: forests that shelter us, and save our lives; and saving endangered species, the only ones left on earth, to at least let them live a few more years. Also, I plan on saving the future by raising eternal trees and animals because humans don't deserve to live by killing the earth.

—Manuel Chacón, 12, is a native of Costa Rica.

I am a vegetarian and not a planarian
I believe in animals' rights, and not in fights.
Some people think it's nutty,
But I just tell them I'm a vegi.

At times I give people encouragement
To give them healthier nourishment.
To prove my point, I'd like to say,
"There's plenty to eat without eating meat."

—Nigel Burton, 11, American/Canadian

to the
top
s
r
i
a
t
I'll climb the s
Where elevators can't reach
There's room in me to

be
a president + a musician + an author
The World needs help from me!

_____ A beautiful rainbow _____
_____ of the world shall it be! _____

—Lois Fairfax, 10, originally from Arlington, Virginia

The sun comes up as the birds are singing,
Me, I am one who makes a change in the world,

Thousands of me's wouldn't make any sense,
For there are many people in the world but
The amounts are immense,
Seldom are their lives to change you see,
For even a treasure needs a key.

My love and care is dedicated to
God and His biggest creation,
THE WORLD

Me, I am one who makes a change in the world,
I'm not just a rag doll, or a simple little girl,
I can help animals and all the pets there can be,

So I make a change in
THE WORLD

you see.

—Daniela Blau, 10, from San José, Costa Rica

I'm making a difference by changing myself, if I vary myself, I can change many things. If I only help the world, I'm already helping my family, school, and community. Many simple things like dreaming, getting good grades, cleaning the world, and being kind to your brothers and sisters help you, the world, your family, your school, and community.

—Juan Pablo Ardila, 11, has Colombian heritage.

*I dream that everyone can be a theme
That can grant a child's dream, as fast as a beam going through hot chocolate
cream.*

*If kids' dreams come together and make a team,
We may find a change in our themes that can make a child's dream come
true.*

—Jonathan Lloyd, 11, is originally from the United States.

Freedom For Women

Throughout the course of history,
Women and their lives have remained a mystery.
Their voices pleaded for freedom in accord,
Yet why have they always been ignored?

“A woman’s place is in the home.”

So they were left there to polish the chrome.
A girl’s education meant learning to sew,
For educating women was unheard of long ago.

Until the turn of the twentieth century,
Women couldn’t vote, for they weren’t free.
They invented gadgets time and again,
But the profits and credit all went to the men!

The women of today
Have come a long way.
From astronauts to biologists,
To teachers and archeologists.

Yes, it’s very true,
That life today is better than women once knew.
Jobs and respect are easier to get,
But my story isn’t finished yet!

Women are still beaten and abused,
For some men see them as toys to use.
Women are still second in line,
But hopefully, this will change with time.

The story still doesn’t end here;
This problem will continue for many a year.
I, for one, am very concerned.
How long will it take for us to learn?

—Stephanie Kacoyanis, 14,
Greek-American, Wenham,
Massachusetts. She writes,
“The curriculum at my
school included many books
which centered around male
bravery and survival. It
seemed like the message they
were getting across was that
girls weren’t tough enough to survive in harsh condi-
tions. This, of course, isn’t true.” On self-image, she
writes, “Girls should have confidence in who they are
and try to make themselves as beautiful as they can be
on the inside. Personality is what wins in the end!”

Stephanie is interested in broadcast journalism,
diplomacy, musical theatre, foreign service work, and
hopes to focus on women’s issues and human rights.



The Pollution Rally

Everything was wrong! The park was so polluted.
The fountain was brown and gucky. The hills far and
wide were covered with garbage. Chip bags, choco-
late bar wrappers, banana peels and juice boxes lit-
tered the park. But nobody cared, except for Kevin.

All the kids needed a place to play and to have
fun. But nobody would volunteer to help clean up.

“Why don’t you clean it up?” asked Ms. Jemmi-
nine, “After all, you are the ones who want it clean.”

“But it will just get dirty again. People will just
pollute it all over!” protested Kevin.

“We could have a rally!” shouted Mark.

“Great idea. We could have lots of stuff, like
drinks and good food, and some music!”

It took weeks to plan the rally. Kevin’s mom
cooked. Jenny’s dad’s friend talked his boss into
doing a couple songs. Mark and Elaine made cool
advertising posters. Sam found a good place to
perform. Jenny and her dad also had to talk the city
into letting them have the rally.

Finally, the day came. Most of the town showed
up to listen and eat. “Is this what you want your park
to look like?” asked Kevin, pointing at the park.

“My friends and I need a place to play. We need
your help. You guys over there eating all the food, I
bet you have *some* appreciation for nature.”

Jerod did a song about pollution and how Mother
Nature intended for the world to be perfect and beau-
tiful. Jenny and Mark did a puppet show on how the
earth will look if we don’t help clean it up. Then
Elaine made a speech: “I am sick and tired of people
polluting our land, especially the parks and the lakes.
Maybe some day the earth will float off, mistaken for
a piece of space junk!”

Then Kevin was at the microphone, “I expect
to see at least a quarter of this town at the clean-up
tomorrow, at 10 AM sharp!”

Everyone enjoyed the rally. More people came to
the clean-up than the gang expected. By the end of
the day, almost the whole park was clean. Then the
gang finished it off, and rewarded themselves later
with pop and chips at Kevin’s house.

And that is how a group of kids made their stand
in appreciation of nature!

—Lindsay J. McFarlane, 9, Alberta, Canada. “I
enjoy watching things grow. I hate it when people litter!
Every year our town competes with two other towns for
the cleanest town. This year we won!”

Visions of Peace *by students at Carrollton School, Miami, Florida*

I can help the world achieve peace by doing my best, by sharing my peace, by my examples of how I act and treat others, and by showing I am having a good time. Others may then copy me and also spread peace and goodwill.

At home, I can help by making my bed, washing the dishes, setting the table, and cleaning the house. This will help make peace in my home.

At school, I can help by making people feel happy instead of sad. I can make new people welcome to the school.

In my neighborhood, I can help by picking up litter, baby-sitting, and helping other people. By teaching other students, I would be making a better world.

By doing my best, and helping, I can make the world a better place for you and me. I can help the world achieve peace by doing all of this.

—Traci D. Walder, 8, Miami, Florida

I can help the world achieve peace by doing my best and sharing my love and having a “can do” attitude. At home, I can help my mom around the house, and if my sister is sick I can read to her. At school, I can help my classmates at things they don’t know well. Also, I could be quiet so my teacher can have some peace. For the environment, I can pick up all the trash I see and ride a bike instead of a car. By doing all these things, including stopping fights, I can bring peace to the world.

—Danielle Ezcurra, 8, Coral Gables, Florida

Our Visions of Peace

Peace is a river of Love.

Peace is being at home with my sisters.

Peace is my Mom.

Peace is the touch of a flower to me.

Peace is a quilt. You can pass it on.

I like log cabins and the mountains and the fresh air and I want it to stay that way.

The world is a better place if you take care of it.

Peace is just a dream

if you don’t make it happen.

• SHALOM • PAIX • LAPE • SALAM • PAZ •

I can help my world achieve peace by donating food to a homeless shelter ALL YEAR LONG! Hunger doesn’t go away after Christmas. Poverty doesn’t just go home after Easter. If you really, truly want to achieve peace, you must give your time, effort, and strength to your cause all year long.

Peace is a wonderful and marvelous thing that needs to be felt by all the people of the world. Peace feels no prejudice and does not know the meaning of the word hate. Peace is highly color-blind. It can’t see whether you are purple, green, orange, or turquoise, and it really doesn’t care.

One way you can help your world achieve peace is by smiling. Smiling doesn’t cost any money whatsoever. Even if you are the poorest person in the world, you can still smile. So don’t say you can’t achieve peace, or that you don’t have the time.

—Jenna Clarke-Arnold, 11, Miami, Florida



We made a Peace Quilt this year. We have also been studying about our early Miami heritage. At the historical museum we found that many early settlers came from the Bahamas. Here we are in front of our early settlers. (L to R): Giovana Sallie, Adrian Jeffers, Shantelle Williams and Khambrel Scott. All students featured on this page are in Ruth Young’s class at the Carrollton School in Miami, Florida.

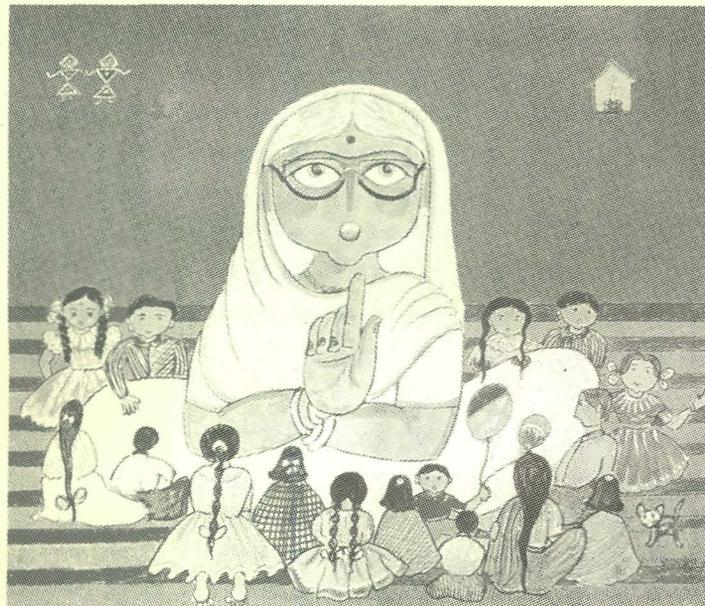
Superhero

She's paranoid
blames it on a leeching government's propaganda
who've labeled her ignorant
raped her imagination
made a profit from it
And now the things that matter
are simplified, symbolized
packaged
and sold in your local shopping mall

Anger and a new fetish now
vigilante salvation
for a sleep-walking public
She's become a heckler in the back row
an ulcer in the bureaucratic belly
Preaching deviation in the streets
spreading it like gangrene
from city to city

Little waif girl
retorts in the place of speech
wakes up every morning kicking and screaming
groping for each inch of freedom
gnawing at the frayed strings
that hold up her marionette body
until they snap
and she can stand on her own

—Tyann Prentice, 16, grade 11, Spokane,
Washington. She enjoys reading, being with friends,
music, and plans to go to college in the future.



“Story Telling” by
Vidushi Bhatnagar,
15, Bhopal, India.
(Also see her art
on back cover.)
Vidushi is also a
serious student of
classical Indian
dance, Bharat-
natyam, which she
performs regularly.
She has also had
solo art exhibits in
many Indian cities.
Here is Vidushi
performing the
classical dance.



The Present

I used to feel a different way
But now I look back and say – *No way*
I was once really sad
but now I don't feel as bad

Things have turned around
Now my feet touch the ground
If I feel I can touch the sky
I no longer want to die

I know now I'm worth something
So nobody ever should tell me I'm worth nothing
I get attention in a positive way
So I no longer have to plan what to say

Now I can act one way
Then, if people don't accept me – Hey
I have myself together
Now, I don't plan to lose me, ever

—Leslie Pandina, 12,
West Henrietta, New
York. She is Italian,
German, Irish, Polish,
and Welsh. Leslie
writes, “I was inspired
by a friend of mine
who wrote poetry. I
never thought I could
write what I felt because I had a hard time expressing
myself in words. So, one day, I tried to write them on
paper, and it was pretty good, I thought.”



Together We Can Make A Difference...

I give joy and help for the ones who need.
I may not change the moon or stars,
but hopefully I'm there for friends of ours.
If we thought of each other,
big changes would happen.

—Lauren Steel, Spokane, Washington.

I sometimes go down to a place called city gate,
and I feed the homeless dinner and we entertain
them. During school, we do a food drive and a coat
drive for the people in need of food and clothing.

The other way I make a difference is when I
grow up, I'm going to earn money and I'm going
to give that money to the homeless, and help the
elderly by doing yard work or cooking dinner.

—Morgan Weller, 13, Spokane, Washington.
Morgan has a little Irish and Russian heritage.

I want people to think of me as a kind,
thoughtful, understanding, and hard-working
person. Since I'm a hard worker, I know I will
have the chance to be successful in life, and reach
my dream of becoming a business woman. I want
to ignore the labors and aspirations of the noisy
confusion of life, and keep peace in my soul. I
feel the knowledge I have should not be used just
by me, but should be passed on. I want to make
a difference in the world. I believe we are the
future of tomorrow.

—Thaimy Matthews, 18, Windhoek, Namibia.
*She writes, "My mother tongue is Oshiwambo,
besides that I can speak English, Afrikaan, and a
little Herero."*

Searching

In life one is always searching
Like I look for who I want to be
Against what I'm supposed to be.
Or the truth hidden among the lies
(only to wonder which I'd be better off with)
Three steps back for every one forward.
Following my pre-destined fate
Or creating my own.

And lately, I've been wondering
Is it worth the endless struggle?
I used to be content with where I'm at
and not obsessed with what tomorrow holds.

And I've begun
(as a reaction to this inner conflict)
To recognize the pleasures of the present
Against the deceit of the future.

—Cybil Archer, 16, Spokane, Washington.
*The poem is styled after Balances by Nikki
Giovanni, Nikki has written many books of
poetry and essays and has won much recogni-
tion for her inspirational writing. See Skipping
Stones, Vol. 8, no. 5, page 15, for an example
of her writing.*

—Color pencil drawing by Jaime Bourassa, 13,
French Canadian and Finnish ancestry, 8th gr.,
Rockford Middle School, Rockford, Michigan.



DEAR HANNA

I can't imagine feeling that I can make a difference. My family dissolved three years ago and I was left homeless on the street when I finished eighth grade. I have had to raise myself and survive by myself. I am writing from a state reform school where I landed a few months ago. I struggle with whether I will make it, whether I will be a nobody, a failure. Can I make a difference?

I am fortunate to have one friend who believes in me. I am enclosing a poem I wrote about how I feel.

I Love You

I love you for all the women I haven't known;
I love you for all the times in which
I haven't lived;
for the scent of wide open places
and the smell of hot bread;
for the melting snow and the first flowers;
for the innocent animals which haven't been frightened by man.
I love you to love.

I love you for all the women I don't love.
Who reflects me if not you yourself—
I see myself so little.
Without you I see nothing but an empty expanse
between those other times and today.
There have been all those deaths
I have crossed on straw.
I have not been able to break through
the wall of my mirror.
I've had to learn life word by word.
How one forgets!

I love you for your wisdom which is not mine.
I love you against everything
which is only illusion;
for that immortal heart over which
I have no power.
You think you are doubt but you are only reason.
You are the powerful sun that rushes to my head
when I am sure of myself.

—Raymond Peden, 17

Illustrated by Rachel Knudson, Eugene

Dear Raymond: I am deeply touched by your poem and honored to print it. You are clearly very insightful and gifted. Remember, that every single person struggles with self-doubt, hopelessness, until they break through to a trust in themselves. Keep being honest with yourself, keep writing and send me a copy when you get a book published.

Questions? Write to—

Dear Hanna, c/o Skipping Stones
P.O. Box 3939, Eugene, OR 97403 USA

In peace,

Hanna

A Path of Light

It seems to me that many kids today are experiencing hopelessness in their lives. They look at the world picture, and it appears to be quite a mess. Where is the hope in that?

I would like to remind us all of the light. No, not as in a lightbulb, sunlight, or an electrical switch. Yes, as in spiritual light.

What is light? Light is a subtle quality of energy which is inspiring, supportive, motivating, alive. It is something that can be felt and it feels good. Like, when you walk down the street and you are greeted by a person as they go by; you walk into a place and sense positive vibes; being in nature and experiencing how beautiful it is and how good it feels; even relaxing to music that feels especially good.

Light is where the hope is. This is because Light's energy is a big solution for Earth. Solutions are what we need, and the time is now.

What does one do?

1) *Focus on your Light.* It's within all of us. So often we get caught up in concentrating on the negative, and we find that it grows. The same is true of the Light, but it is positive. Focusing on it allows it to expand.

2) *Shine your Light.* Fill yourselves up with the Light. It will naturally radiate out.

3) *Notice the Light in other people.* Look for it. It's in there. You will know when you've found it, because you will feel it.

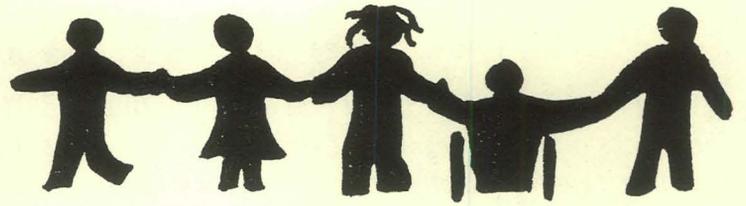
4) *Share your Light.* Connect with others. The Light is about connecting.

Your involvement in this will make a major difference because of the healing power of this energy. The more you do this, the more you will see that the world picture isn't really hopeless after all. All it takes is expanding the view. The results are... Miracles!

All of you Light-oriented beings out there are welcome to share the Light. You can do this from wherever you are—geographically and in your awareness. Anywhere and anytime.

This is an open invitation.

—Nan Cohen, *The Living Light Center*,
907 River Road, Eugene, OR 97404 USA
Tel. (541) 484-9884; e-mail: lightbiz@hotmail.com



Share Yourself by Helping Others

"We'd love to have you help at our Day Care Center!" the manager answered enthusiastically when I asked about volunteering. I was very excited, because I knew this was going to be a rewarding experience.

It all started when I noticed the newly built Horizon Day Care Center close to my home. I waited for their open house, then asked to see the manager and explained why, at twelve years of age, I would be a good volunteer helper. She agreed, and what followed were ten months of watching the block room, faking my way through cooking demonstrations, assisting with crafts, and many other activities at their after school program. The children loved having a young teacher's assistant, and I received work experience plus countless new baby-sitting jobs. I enjoyed my time there so much that in high school I put in more volunteer hours, as a visitor in a nursing home's "Friend-to-Friend" program, and a helper at the Resource Center for the handicapped. Helping others is a rewarding habit even now as an adult.

So why should we consider volunteering—working for free? Do any of these reasons spark your interest?

- It feels great! Have you ever helped with the groceries without being asked? Taken care of your friend's pet? Helping others gives us a warm, needed feeling unlike anything else, so if you want to feel great, help someone and ask for nothing in return.

- We're needed. All of the love, talents, and personality that we have is needed by the hungry, lonely, disabled, illiterate, sick, old, young. We can brighten someone's day just by being who we are!

- Community is important. By sharing our time we set an example for others, and show how strong community can be when everyone works together.

- We will learn to grow. Volunteering experience will help us in later years. Not only will potential employers be impressed by our dedication, we'll likely be a more responsible employee, too. *The choices we make today shape us for tomorrow.*

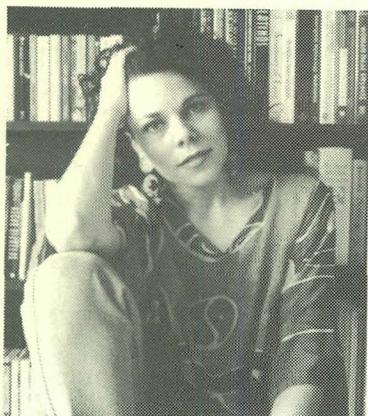
—Dawn Nogales, 31, *Des Moines, Washington*.
Dawn has Scottish, Norwegian, Irish, Welsh and German ancestry. Her husband, Davith, is from Mexico City.

You Are A Teacher!

If you believe every person can be nourished
If you unlock every student's potential
If every class period ends too quick
If you can smile even when the
unavoidable happens
If you open a window of hope
If your justice is wrapped with love
If you fight the wrong-doing but not
the wrong-doer
If you don't believe you know it all
If you re-study things you thought you knew
If you not only question but listen
If you can be a child and still be the teacher
If parents and students say you're
firm but friendly
If simple things still surprise you
If you can see the beauty within
If you can still laugh
If you can share a tear
If you can say, "I'm sorry"
If your life is a lesson
If you look forward to the next year
If your students want to be with you
If your students want to be like you
then my dear friend...

YOU ARE A TEACHER!

—Lillian Colón-Vilá, 32, Oldsmar, Texas.



She writes, "I am an ESL and Theatre Arts teacher at Webster Intermediate School in Webster, Texas. I truly believe that as a teacher I can make a difference. If I touch one child a year, if I guide one student through the right road, if I

uncover a student's potential... I have made a difference. I have enjoyed all of the ten years I have been in education. I have laughed, learned, and lived so many great moments with my students. I enjoy reading, writing, listening and dancing to music from around the world and watching foreign films."

Lillian's book, SALSA, is being published by Arte Publico Press of Houston, Texas, later this year.

Who Can I Talk To? Who Will Listen?

Who has failed our youth? Why, of all the industrialized countries do we, the United States, rank highest in child abuse and neglect, violence against young people, and youth suicide? How do we turn these statistics around?

We must learn to be accesible, and be willing to listen to the concerns of our youth without judging them. So many times they don't know what is happening inside. They don't know how to find a sense of identity in this turmoil. What they do know is that you and I have not created an atmosphere that is accepting, friendly, and reassuring.

When is the last time we shared our dreams with a youth, or asked a youth what their dreams are? They need to know that it is alright to dream, and to work toward having their dreams realized. To be blessed with giving life to a child, to parent that child as best we can, and to then see that youth choose death over life, is a price too high to pay, leaving so many unanswered questions.

Our young people have to deal with being black, red, yellow, and white and maybe even polka-dot. Then they have to be concerned about being the fat one, the skinny one, the rich one, or the poor one. Why is our outside appearance more important than the inside? We need to teach and share our pains, joys, our laughter, smiles, and our tears so that our youth can begin to feel good and proud from the inside out. To understand that it is what is on the inside that radiates outward, like a burst of sunshine, should be valued and appreciated.

Talk to me. I will listen.

—Dr. Annie B. Henry, 54, Bemidji, Minnesota. Annie writes, "There are a lot of young people hurting who feel they have nowhere to turn. This is not true. I have made it my mission to listen to youth and to give them a forum where we can share openly what is on their minds, and what some of their concerns are that causes them to not feel good about themselves."



Give Us Back Our Peace

"What does that sign mean, Aunt Mary?"

"Oh, nothing," Aunt Mary responded.

Matt was visiting his Great-Aunt Mary and Great-Uncle Roy in Northern Ireland. During the week he had been there, he had seen many strange things. When he asked for explanations, they ignored him or changed the subject.

First it was the police station surrounded by a brick wall and barbed wire. Then he had seen paper signs: *One Ireland—Sinn Fein*. Painted on a wall nearby were angry-looking people, dressed in uniforms. Matt had nightmares after that!

He couldn't even watch TV without someone jumping up and turning it off when something about the IRA, Loyalists, or the Ceasefire came on.

Yesterday they had gone into downtown Belfast where he had seen armored trucks parked on the main shopping street. When they went into stores, Aunt Mary had to open her purse and bags so that guards could search them. *What did they think she was hiding?*

Today Aunt Mary and Uncle Roy had driven him out into the countryside. It was in the small town of Ballygally where Matt saw the sign hanging in a school window:

GIVE US BACK OUR PEACE

"What does that sign mean?" Matt asked again.

"There is the castle, see it, out over the water."

Matt sighed deeply and kicked a stone. *Why wouldn't they answer him?*

Matt noticed some boys playing soccer on a field next to the playground. "I'd like to play here," he said.

"Of course, dear, we'll just wait over there," Aunt Mary said and pointed at some benches.

"Wanna play?" the taller boy finally asked Matt as he stood awkwardly on the sidelines.

"Yeah sure," Matt said and ran onto the field.

A red-haired boy was playing goalie, and he deflected all the shots made by Matt and the other boy. But Matt was a good player too and, eventually, he was able to fake left and shoot right to score a goal.

"Fluke," the redhead said.

"They all count," Matt said.

"Don't be cheeky," Red said with a grin. "Hey Sean, I gotta get home. I'm probably late already."

Red picked up the ball and the three sweaty

boys walked together toward the front of the school.

"What's your name, lad?" Sean asked.

"Matt. I'm visiting from America."

"I'm Sean. This is Colin. You can really shoot, Matt from America. I didn't think Yanks played much soccer."

"Some of us do. I love soccer. Is this your school?" Matt asked as they joined the adults.

"Aye," Sean said.

"What does that sign mean?" Matt pointed at the sign in the window. The boys looked at each other. "What does it mean?" Matt repeated his question.

"It's just about the troubles," Colin said.

"What troubles?" The boys backed up.

"Please," Matt pleaded, "I need to know."

"It's between the Catholics, like Colin and me, and the Protestants. We don't get along."

"Why? I'm a Protestant, and I have Catholic friends."

"It's different here. The Protestants want to keep us down..."

"And to keep *The North* from being united with the Irish Republic," added Colin.

"Aunt Mary, why would anyone want to keep the two Irelands from being joined together?" Matt asked.

"Well," Aunt Mary cleared her throat, "the Protestants who live here consider themselves to be English and think that Ireland should remain part of England. They're afraid that if Ireland is united, they would lose control over their lives."

"What are you, Aunt Mary?"

"I'm a Protestant, Matthew."

Sean's and Colin's eyes grew large.

"Do Protestants go to this school, too?" Matt wanted to know.

"Oh no, we mostly live separately. We would never go to the same school."

"Do you even know any Protestants?" Matt asked.

"Not really," Sean answered. "Do you Colin?"

"Naw," Colin glanced at Aunt Mary.

"So, there are the Catholics and the Protestants," Matt pointed at the two boys and his aunt. "The Catholics want to be part of the Irish Republic, and the Protestants want to stay part of

England.” Matt summed up what he had understood so far. “So, who are the IRA, *Sinn Fein*, and the Loyalists?” Matt rattled off the mysterious names.

“*Sinn Fein* is the group that is trying to unite Ireland.”

“What does it mean?”

“Ourselves alone.”

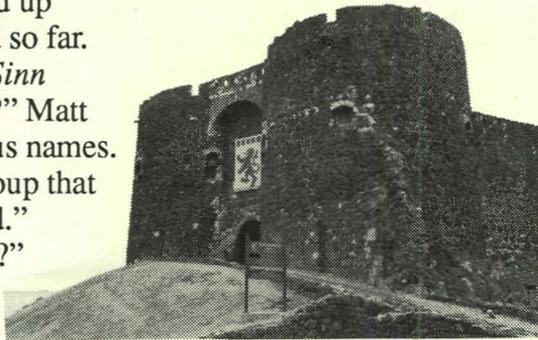
“And the IRA?”

“The Irish Republican Army. They fight people who stand in the way of a united Ireland. Sean was now answering enthusiastically. “The Loyalists are the people who are fighting against us, fighting to keep *The North* part of England. They have killed many Catholics.”

“There has been much killing on both sides,” Aunt Mary said sadly.

“My little sister Janie made that sign,” Sean pointed at the window and drew a long breath. “Two years ago people finally got fed up with the fighting. There was a cease-fire to try to work out our differences.”

“But the leaders couldn’t agree. Last week a bomb exploded in a shopping center, and many



people were hurt. Just like that,” Sean snapped his fingers, “the cease-fire was over. That’s when Janie made the sign.”

As the boys turned to go, Matt solemnly held out his right hand to Colin and then to Sean. Each boy took the extended hand and shook it. “I wish I could do something,” Matt said.

Sean shrugged, “Ain’t nothing you can do. Me and my friends, we’re

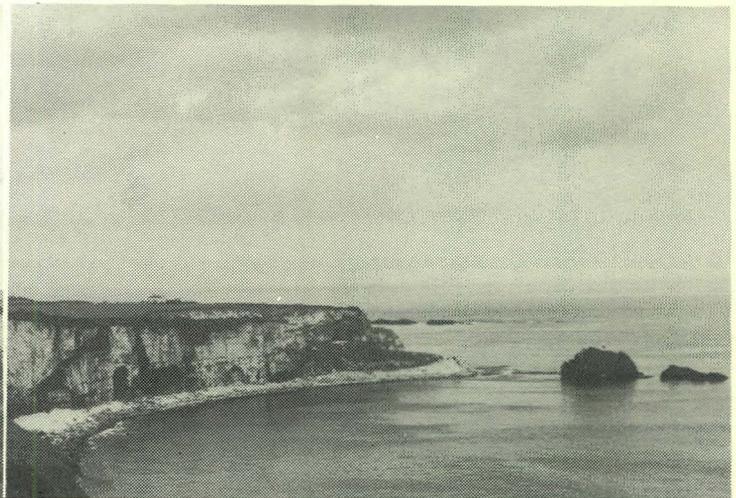
wearry of the fighting. If our parents can’t change things, well, maybe we can.”

“Good-bye,” Colin said. He paused for a moment, then walked over and offered his hand to Aunt Mary who shook it. Then she offered her hand to Sean.

“Now you know a couple of Protestants,” Matt said. “Aye,” Sean said with a smile, “and they all count.”

“Don’t be cheeky,” Matt said with a laugh. But, as he watched his new friends disappear around a corner, his heart was heavy.

—Barbara Barton, 49, San Mateo, California, has spent time both in Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland. Photos in Northern Ireland by Barbara Barton.



**G
U
A
R
D**

You shall not criticize them,
For they are younger than you.
You shall not scold them,
For they are innocent in experience.
You shall not spoil them,
For they will grow to be selfish.
You shall not ignore them,
For they feed on your attention.
You shall not hate them,
For they know not the

meaning of the word.
You shall not deprive them,
For they give and not take.
You shall not force them,
For they will learn to hate.
You shall not hurt them,
For they are too weak to defend.
You shall always love them,
For they are children.

—Daphna Gross, 14, Haifa, Israel.

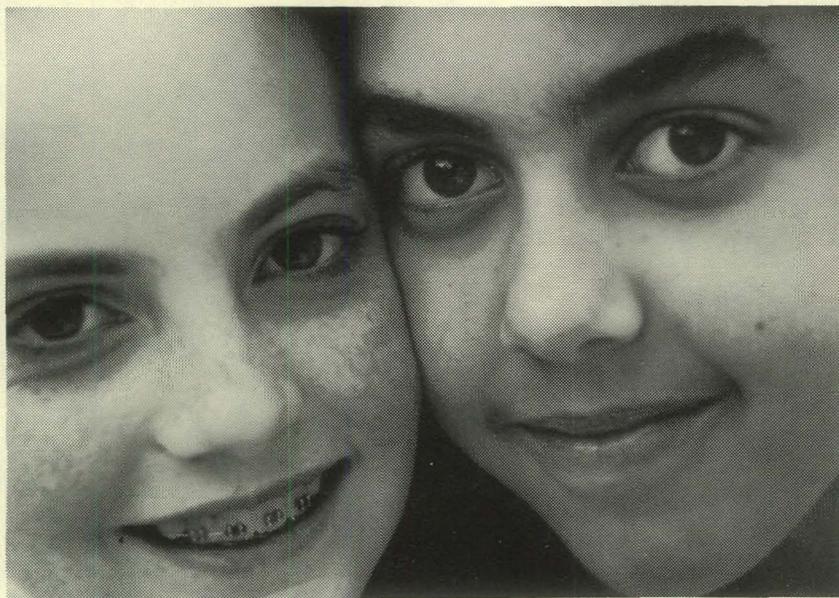
“My religion is Judaism, and I can be considered American or Israeli. I have many interests and many dreams. All of them more or less lead to making a difference, which I plan to do during my life. I do not plan to die without leaving something behind.”

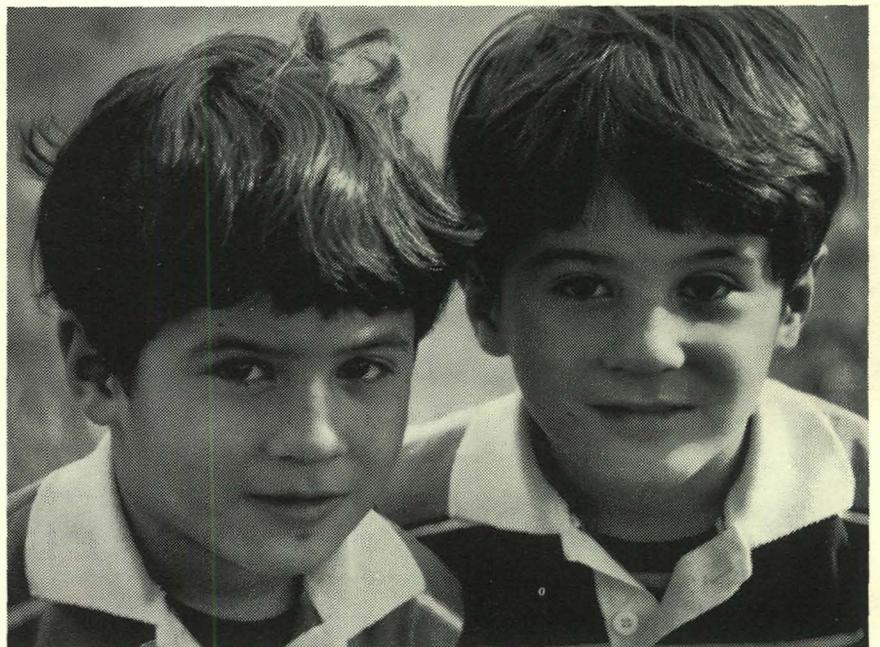
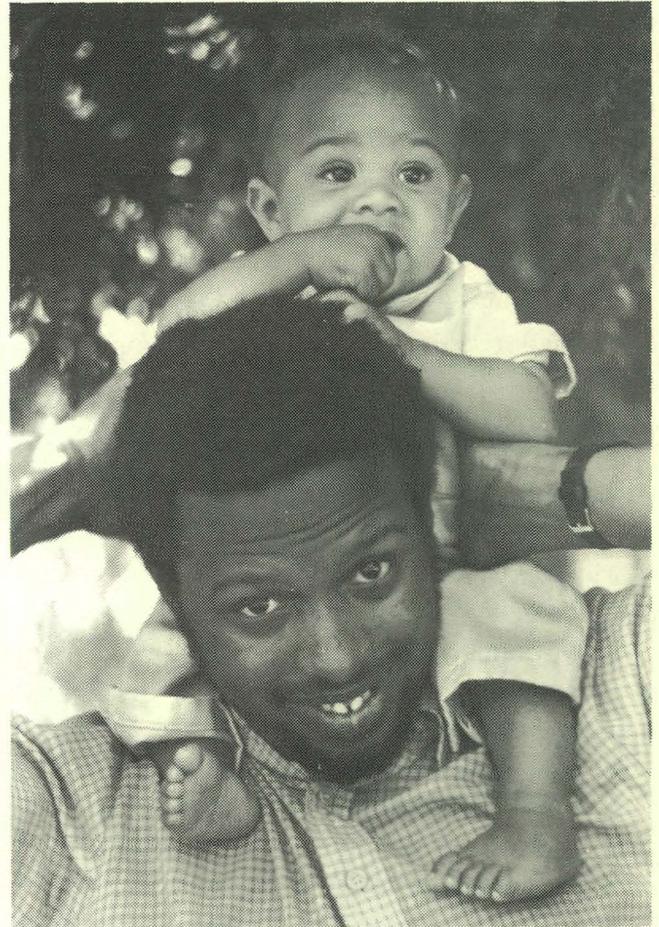
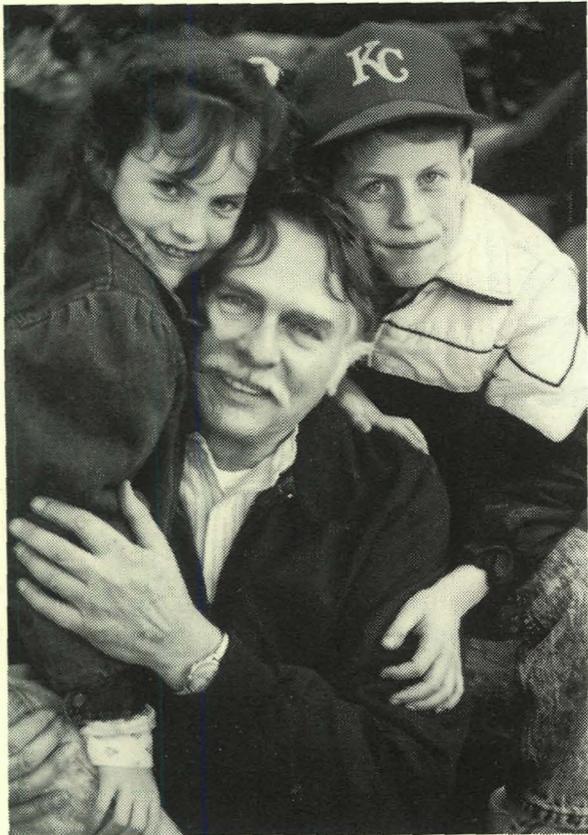
Images Of Our Global Family

© by Cynthia Lewis-Berry, Eugene, Oregon



Time, place, and memory
in a tapestry woven
family and friends
delight in the common
garden of humanity
our purpose to nurture
beauty in one another
center stage glow
on the backdrop of our lives
something eternal to ponder
the joy of harmonious melody
shared together







Changing Times, Changing Families...

My Hero

Throughout my life, my Grandpa has been a big influence on me. He lived through great hardships without becoming broken or bitter. He expressed a great zest for life and knowledge. He instilled in me a respect and love of nature that has led me into great adventures.

Born a Japanese-Canadian in Vancouver, Grandpa lived through the intolerance and injustice of racism. He taught me that rights have meaning. They are most necessary when times are tough. He and his wife and children lost their home, business, fishboat, car and four years of their freedom because of the internment of the Japanese in the Second World War. He must have been very strong to have emerged generous and unprejudiced towards a world not always fair. He was able to come to accept and even love our white friends, including my English mother. His knowledge of the role of the underdog in society gave him a bond with native Indians, which opened the door to rich cultural experiences for all of us. He would have been so proud last October when I was adopted by the Haida Nation as *Killthgula Gaayaa* or a "Good Speaker," at a full-blown potlatch. His example taught us to be not just tolerant but respectful—and very interested.

This ability to be interested pervaded his life. Though he lived to be eighty-five, Grandpa never lost a child-like, insatiable curiosity. Even as a ten-year-old, live-in houseboy, his desire for learning was so great that he read his employer's entire *Book Of Knowledge*. Grandpa just couldn't read enough. He had an endless list of things to do and learn. Though I sometimes overstretch myself, in general, I am proud that I am the same way. He always wanted to know, and inspired in all those around him to wonder at an amazing world. I've learned to value that sense of awe and curiosity. What a tragedy when we take our priceless lives for granted.

Grandpa was a lover of nature. He was often outdoors: Planting trees for neighbors and friends; gathering mushrooms, chestnuts, or crabs for his grandchildren, teaching a neighbor's child to fish. Perhaps it was his appreciation for nature that kept

him going through his internment in the mountains. Later when I was born, Grandpa took me camping, showed me how to check fish entrails to know what bait to use, identified the different trees, and taught me a respect for nature. He also told me how rich the rivers and oceans used to be. It is this influence, I believe, that led me to speak out for the planet in speeches, writing, and television, whenever I can.

I wish Grandpa could know the effect of his influence. I feel I might be able to face hardship, knowing that he did. I try to be self-sufficient. I work hard. I spend my spare time with those who have little. I see myself expressing that same love for life and learning: I read all I can. I never complain at the rain, Gramp. I never build my campfire too big. I ask questions of everyone I meet, and I appreciate, like you, this great gift of life.

—Severn Cullis-suzuki, 17, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

My American Hero

When my brothers and sisters and I fight, Dad gets mad. He makes us stay in the same room together. After a while it gets boring so we all start talking to each other. Then it seems like we never had the fight. This teaches us that what we're doing is wrong, and it's more fun getting along. When my friends and I fight, I tell my Dad about it. He tells me to either ignore them or try to get along with them. When I have ignored my friends, like my Dad says, after a few days they start talking to me again. We become friends again.

—Beaumont Moffett, Grade 7, San Antonio, Texas

Beating Heart

You must know that I am skin, feelings,
bones and a heart,
I know what I am,
And I am your soul, your life, your child,
You bought me tons of clowns
and stuffed animals as a kid,
But since I have grown to a teen,
You ignore me all of the time,
Dad please listen I am still that beating heart.

—Leslie Peck, Whitehall, Ohio

My Own Family Tree

Hello, my name is Katie. I am ten years old and I was adopted from Vietnam when I was a baby. I am Vietnamese. We—my dad Arthur, my mom Delores, and I—don't look anything alike. They are American, and I am Vietnamese.

The reason we don't look the same is because they aren't my biological parents. They found me in an orphanage and brought me home to live with them.

My biological parents gave birth to me. My adopted parents, who I call Dad and Mom, gave me life.

The only time I really think about my parents and me not looking alike is when strangers point it out to me. For example, the other day when my mom and I went shopping and got to the counter, the clerk helped my mom with her purchase and then looked at me and said, "May I help you?"

"No, I'm just shopping with my mom."

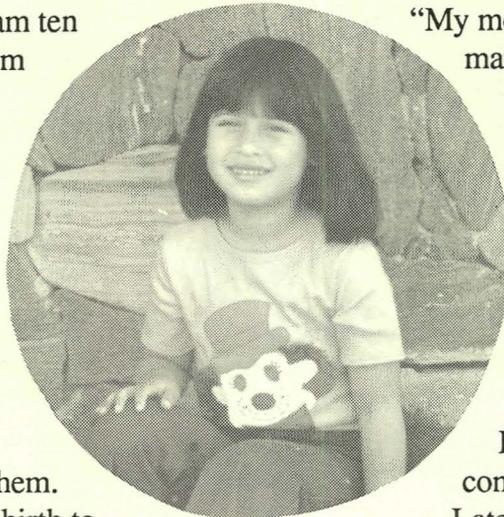
When we took a family portrait I was so excited I took a picture to show my friends. They looked at it and said, "Who are the adults standing with you?"

Last year at my dance recital one of my friend's mom asked me if my parents were there. I said, "Yes, they are in the second row on the left side." She looked right at them and said, "I don't see them." That's because she was looking for a Vietnamese couple instead of my dad and mom.

It didn't really bother me until this year when my fourth grade teacher, Mrs. Edwards, asked the class to make a family tree. She wanted names and pictures as far back as we could go. I thought to myself, how easy. I will just take a photo of myself and place it at the stump of the tree, and I'll be done!

Sarah, who is my best friend yelled out to the whole class, "Wait until you see my Aunt Linda. She and I have the same nose, chin and eyes." Then Sam said, "My dad and I look just alike."

Lisa leaned over and whispered in my ear,



"My mom and I have the same beauty mark on our foreheads."

That day I went home from school and cried. I had never felt so confused, angry, alone, and different from everybody else in my whole life.

I was upset with my parents for adopting me. I blamed them for looking so different from me. From my head down to my toes, I had no characteristics that I could compare to them.

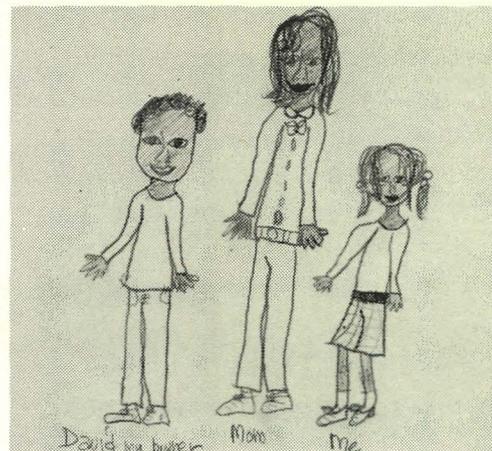
Later that day, my parents came up to my room and asked why I was crying? I told them about the class family tree project and what the other kids had said. When I was finished explaining, my mom turned to me and gave me a big hug. She said, "We love you, and we chose you to be a part of our family tree."

My dad asked me if I loved him. I said "yes."

"Then that's all that matters," he responded. "Remember that the shape of your eyes, the color of your skin and hair, your personality... all make you so unique. Have confidence in yourself."

My mom looked at me with a smile on her face and a tear in her eye and said, "No two people are exactly the same. Biological or adopted. You can always be sure that we will love you and want you. Now let's go look at the old photo albums. I want to tell you a story about your Grandpa Bud."

—Katherine Hopping, Felton, California.



Narumi Edwards, 11, New York

Beginnings

When I was eleven months old, I was adopted into a family of three: mom, dad, and an adopted, two-year-old boy. I was a little scared at first, my parents tell me, but soon I became comfortable with my surroundings and my new family.

A similarity that my adoptive brother and I share is that we both have Cherokee ancestry. When we were young, our parents chose to raise us in our Native American heritage instead of attending church. They enrolled us in a Native American kids education program. We've been going there since I was about 5. My adoptive mom got involved in it quite a bit. My brother and I still attend the culture class and we drum and sing, and soon I'll be dancing again. I think it's wonderful that our parents got us into it, and I hope we will always be active in our Native communities. I do hope that my birth family is also following their Native culture and traditions.

I haven't met my birth family yet. Some adoptive children stay in contact with their birth family throughout their lives—they have an 'open adoption.' If and when I do meet my birth parents, I have lots of questions for them: why was I put up for adoption, if my birth parents are still together, and even the question—*did they and do they still love me?* The most common answer I've heard is, "They wanted the best for you because they couldn't provide it, so they found someone who could; of course, they love you." That does make sense, and as I grow older I see how hard it is to provide money and shelter and food for a new baby. As a young child, I got the feeling that my birth parents might have given me up for adoption because they didn't love me. But I have found it to be true that they didn't have enough money. During my first months of life a doctor came regularly to my home to check on things, and he had to write a log of what he noticed. He saw that there wasn't a crib and other things you would need to properly raise a child. I also know that I had a really hard birth that must have cost a lot.

I feel grateful that I have these loving parents of mine to take me into their home and love and care for me, but at the same time I feel a little

empty spot in my heart for my true flesh and blood family. I will always love my mom, dad and brother, but that doesn't mean I don't want to love my birth family. Sometimes when I look at birth family members that share the same genes it makes me wonder if I look and act like my birth family. I've never even seen a picture of them. I look forward to the day when I can look into their eyes and they will reflect mine and look at their hands and arms and see the resemblance and see parts of me in my own birth family.

When I'm 18, in two years, I can call the adoption agency, and they can open my files for me. However, the only way they can do that is if my birth parents give their consent. Otherwise I'd probably have to take on my own search. In spite of all my doubts, worries, and wonders, I'll always know I have a family who'll always love and care for me no matter what.

—Christa Lowe, 16, Cherokee, Eugene, Oregon

A Little Better Now

My whole life changed when my parents got a divorce. I didn't have to be afraid of my father coming home drunk on a Friday night. I didn't have to feel uncomfortable going to my own house or bringing friends over, afraid that my father would embarrass me with his drunkenness.

My dad used to say he was going out for a newspaper, and he would come back drunk. Sometimes he would sleep in bed all day and say he was sick. Then he would drink bottles of Nyquil to make himself feel better. I always thought it was strange because he would walk down the hall drinking bottles of Nyquil like they were milk cartons. Two years later I found out that my father was an alcoholic and Nyquil is something like 6% alcohol.

I like it better with just me, my mom, my brother and my sister. We are more relaxed now, and I have a kind of free feeling, like I had a ten ton weight lifted off my back.

I haven't seen my father in six months even though he lives in the same city. He has had a big effect on my life.

—Megan Markey, 13, Cambridge, Massachusetts

The Abuse

I was born on June 7, 1983, at St. Joseph's Hospital in St. Paul. My mom was 19 and my dad was 20 years old. My mom was starting college, and my dad was working as a computer programmer at AAA. When I was about 18 months old, my mom and dad split up. I've always lived mostly with my mom and my dad has had visitation. My mom met Dan when I was five, and that was when my nightmare began.

They got married when I was six. At that time, I accepted everyone, and I thought he was cool too. After they got married though, things changed. Dan became a mean control freak, and my mom wouldn't understand when I tried to tell her what was going on. During the six years that they were married, I was mentally and physically abused by Dan. He told me I never did anything right, even though I tried my hardest to please him. He also hit me with wooden spoons when I forgot to clean my room and shoved a spoon through the roof of my mouth when I didn't want him to give me my medicine. I was only six years old!

Half the reason my mom divorced Dan was because I pushed it so hard after this incident happened. I was supposed to clean off my sister's highchair, which I said I'd do as soon as I was done eating. Apparently I wasn't fast enough because he grabbed my wrists and picked me up. At this time all I could think was, "If this doesn't stop, I'm moving to my dad's. I don't deserve this."

When I tried to kick him, he shoved me into a chair and pinned me down with the highchair top. He then proceeded to shove the leftover food into my mouth while I screamed. My mom started yelling at him, and he finally let me go. Relief flowed through me as I ran to my room. I brought my brother and sister with me as I heard the yelling upstairs increase. I told my dad that weekend what had happened. He called the police, but they could not do anything because I didn't have any marks.

In the summer of 1996, my mom divorced Dan. She has apologized for not listening to me when I was younger. My life is a lot better now, even though it still has its difficulties.

—Natalie Wood, 14, Eagan, Minnesota

Your Promises

Mom I remember the promises you made to me
I remember the pledge I took and kept
I didn't have to make promises,
I did anyway
I learned bad habits, did I watch you?
And mom why didn't you go?
You loved me, but you loved a stranger more
There were strangers who lingered in the house
For years and years
They stayed strangers
And mom he never changed
The promises were forgotten
He stayed a stranger

—Michelle Scheiner, 17, Spokane, Washington.

Vanished?

White teeth flashed. My mom smiled as she told us the news that would soon change my life. My mom was happy she got the job. I guess she wanted me to feel excited for her, but I couldn't. It was hard for me to understand why she wanted to wake up with the birds and go to work every day.

Was she tired of our special afternoons after school when we chattered like monkeys about how our days went, and ate buttered popcorn on her bed carefully trying not to drop any crumbs? In the fall, we planted daffodils, waited for the pile of snow to melt, and in the spring admired the new flowers that we had planted together. Had she outgrown the two of us shopping at Mary Moppets and trying to find matching outfits? I just don't know the answers.

Now that she started her job, she comes home late and talks about her day. They are words about deadlines and speeches that I hear her say. She also talks about all the fun things she does at work. It seems like it's an exclusive club only certain people are allowed to be a part of. Is there room for me? Does she want to know about my day or is she too wrapped up in her own life to care?

Thinking back, I remember mommy's little girl. What happened to her? Has she vanished?

—Calla Moore, 10, Trumbull, Connecticut.

Messed Up

I never thought much on the problem until I came face to face with it. My parents split up two years ago, and I was only nine. I had the worst time ever. There were days when I would just cry. "Why me?" I thought. My story begins two years ago...

It was a cold night. Now, I realize that it wasn't the outside that was cold, but the apartment. There was a lot of noise and yells over the cool chill. I made some of them out as my mom and dad. My mom was crying for some unknown reason and I figured that whatever had happened, had to be bad. As I got up, I heard my dad screaming at my mom to quiet down. I knew they were having a very, very bad argument.

I reached for my baton, seeing that it was the nearest thing to me. I attempted to get up, but fell to my knees. I was weak, and I regret that now. I heard my mother's cries... and I just stayed there, collapsed at the foot of my bed. My younger brother and sisters were waking up. I leaned over and said, "Don't wake up, they just have the TV on." That night, I stayed in a complete state of fright. I listened to the cries and just stayed there.

The next day, I went to school broken-hearted. I snapped at my teachers all day, getting into trouble a lot. Then, I was sent to the office; Not because I was in trouble, but because I was leaving. I got in the van and realized it was loaded with all of our things. My grandparents were there and said that we were going home—back to San Antonio. I asked why, they said, "We just can't say." I yelled at them to get their attention and started to cry. They stared at first, then came to comfort me.

As we left the city, my friends, and my home, I said "Good-bye, Daddy. I'll never forget you or what you did. I'll remember all the good times we had and forget the bad. Bye, my father." And with that, I said my last 'I love you.'

The days to follow were okay. Mom actually went out one time with a friend of hers. I thought it was a great way for her to get out more. It took a long time to get adjusted to all the new friends. Then, my life took a turn for the worse when divorce was final. I never really cared at first, because I thought it was for the best. Later, I wondered about the care of my younger siblings, and the absence of their dad in their lives. I felt it was all my fault, then, because maybe I could have stopped it.

There is not so much suffering anymore, and we all live a little more peacefully now. Sure, we have little quarrels from time to time, but what family doesn't? Divorce happens to many children all over the world. I've learned that we can't blame ourselves for something that is not our fault. Sometimes things just don't work out. I'll leave you with this: Never blame yourself, and never think that they have stopped loving you.

—Aissa Rodriguez is a student in Laredo, Texas

Perfect Parents

I sometimes want
A perfect Mom
A perfect Dad, too.
And I think of all the things we'd do.

I try to think of which to choose
A perfect Dad
A perfect Mom
And then I get to thinking,
Who's perfect?
Nobody.

So I say,
There's no way I'll trade
Not even if I get paid
I'd still keep
My plain old parents,
Mom and Dad.

—Kate Payne, Grade 5,
Christianburg, Virginia

My Mom

How I long to see my mom,
Her loving voice saying
"I love you"

Her gentle hands going
Through my soft brown hair,
Her hugs and her kisses,
And her beautiful face,
So far away, but still, I
Remember her love,
And I long to see her.

—Sara Skoog, Andover, Connecticut,
writes, "I'm an 11-year-old that has
moved 11 times since my parents were
divorced. My father is Greek and Indian
and my mom is French, Swedish and..."

Roller Coaster

She stands before me, her soul
large and frightening. My sister is
like a roller coaster, on an up and
down ride to nowhere. She is speed-
ing from the very beginning and
ends right back where she started.
Resting only during the late night
hours and ready to get up early in
the morning. Her passengers afraid
for her, for her falling off her rails,
yet she grows stronger every day.

—Heidi Krupa, 16, Spokane, WA

Tigers on the Television

On Saturday morning, Susan was in her usual place, sitting crosslegged in front of the television. She was very happy because her favorite cartoon program was about to start.

Mother walked in and said, "I'm going to the market, Suzy. Are you coming too?"

"No thanks, Mom. I'd miss my favorite show—the one about space explorers."

"Look outside," said Mother, pulling open the drapes. "It's a beautiful day! Why don't you go out and play?"

The girl squinted into the bright light. "I can't see the TV picture when you do that, Mom."

Mother sighed and closed the drapes. "Are you sure you don't want to go shopping?"

Susan only shook her head. She didn't say anything because her favorite program was starting, and she didn't want to miss any of it.

A few minutes later, father came in. "I'm driving to the gas station, Suzy. Would you like to come along?"

"Daddy, please! I'm trying to watch my favorite program."

"But it's such a pretty day," he said. "Are you sure you want to stay inside?"

Susan did not say one word; she just waved good-bye. But before father left, he said, "Your grandmother is coming to visit on her way home from a meeting at city hall. She'll be here soon."

Talk, talk, talk—everyone wants to talk, thought Susan. Why won't people just leave me alone?

A little later that morning, Susan was watching another television show about the zoo when the doorbell rang. She didn't want to miss the tigers on the television, so she let the doorbell ring three more times before she went to see who was there.

"Hi-ho, child!" someone called through the mail slot. It was Susan's grandmother. "Can a hard-working lady mayor visit her favorite grandchild?"

"Oh, hello, Grandma," Susan said as she opened the door. "Daddy told me you'd be here. I hope you brought a book to read while I watch TV."

Grandma followed Susan into the living room and sat down on the couch. Grandma was quiet for a while, then she pointed at the television picture and loudly declared, "My goodness, those tigers

are amazing! They're so fierce and brave! I wish I had five of them on the city police force. Well, maybe not, because I can smell them from here!"

Susan sniffed, but she couldn't smell anything. "That's TV, Grandma! You're not supposed to smell it."

"Oh, but I do," said Grandma. Then she stood up, walked up to the television set and touched the screen with one finger.

"Please don't do that, Grandma," said Susan. "You'll get smudges all over it. And I can't see the picture when you stand there like that."

Grandma did not move aside. "I wanted to find out if tiger fur is as soft as it looks. Actually, it's kind of scratchy. Come over here and feel it."

"But that's TV!" said Susan. "You can't feel fur on TV!" But, just to be sure, the girl went up to the TV set and touched the screen. It felt like warm glass.

"Kind of scratchy, isn't it?" asked Grandma.

Then, grandma put her nose very close to the screen. "My, but that tiger does smell strange. Can't you smell it, too? Whenever, I smell tiger, I think of wild animals who live in dark jungles. Oh, here's a picture of parrots in a tree.

My, those leaves feel prickly!"

Susan rubbed her fingers across the screen, but the only thing that she could feel was smooth, warm glass. She wondered what a tiger really smelled like in dark jungles.

"Grandma?"

"Yes, child?"

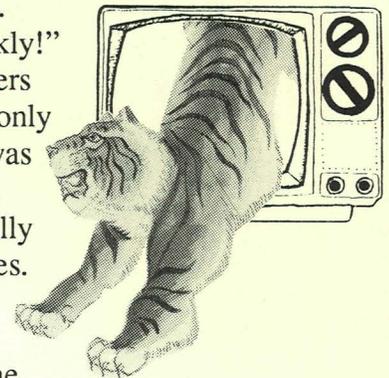
"You're playing a game, aren't you? You can't really smell animals or touch things on the TV. Can you?"

Grandma smiled. "Well, yes—I am playing a game. I'm just pretending that those tigers are real, aren't you? But they're just pictures. The city zoo is not too far away. And it's a beautiful day outside. Would you like to go with me to the zoo?"

"Well, I'd love to smell a tiger," said Susan, thinking about dark jungles. "And could I touch the tiger, too?"

Grandmother just laughed and said, "Sometimes, child, it's better to pretend!"

—Jon Picciuolo, Lompoc, California



The Rose Pin

"You're going to wear a dress!"

"I am not!"

"It's our family reunion, and I won't have you looking like a wild girl!"

"Fine, then I'll just stay home!"

"You're going—and that's final!"

"I don't even have a dress to wear."

"Yes you do. The black velvet one your grandmother gave you for your birthday."

"It's too conservative. Everyone will laugh."

"Everyone will think you look lovely."

"Oh, great...*lovely!* Just how I want to look!"

"It's almost time to leave. I think you'd better get ready."

"Who's even going to be there?"

"Well, the same people as last year. Your cousins, your grandparents...and Great-Grandmother Schuller."

"Great-Grandmother Schuller—She's so old. All she does is sit in her wheelchair and watch us. She gives me the creeps."

"Carrie, this is a special party. Can't you forget about yourself? You think because you're young and have smooth skin, God is more pleased with you? Well, I have news for you. Beauty is as beauty does, and I haven't seen any sign of beauty in you for a long time. Now go to your room and get dressed."

Angela Baker turned back to the dishes. As she rinsed the last of the plates, her face convulsed in tears. What was happening to them? As she often did, Angela bowed her head in prayer. But a thought from last Sunday's sermon ran through her thoughts. *God is not a God of crisis intervention, but rather a God of constant, daily mercy.* "Dear God," she prayed, "what we need is a miracle."

A single phrase flitted across her mind. It took shape and lodged there, and as she wiped her eyes and hands on the crumpled dish towel, she said the phrase aloud. "Rose Pin."

Angela walked slowly down the hall, entered her room and reached for the little jewel box that held her most treasured possessions. Opening the lid, she picked up an exquisite rose-colored pin in the shape of a fragile ballerina; tiny hands and feet poised, waiting for the soft strains of a waltz to bring it to life.

Angela held the pin to her cheek, feeling once

again its smooth lines. Cradling it in her hand, she walked down the hall to Carrie's room.

She tapped softly on the closed door. No answer from within. Softly, she inquired, "May I come in?"

A muffled, teary voice answered, "Go away. You want me to dress like a nine-year-old. You don't even care how I feel!"

Opening the door, Angela sat beside her tear-stained daughter and held out the pin.

"W...what's that?"

"This was given to me many years ago by a wise and wonderful woman when I was going through feelings just like you. I want you to have it."

Raising onto one elbow, Carrie tentatively fingered the pin. "It's so beautiful. Where did it come from?"

"Why, it was Great-Grandmother Schuller's pin. It was given to her many years ago by her ballet instructor in Paris after a very special performance."

"Great-Grandmother Schuller? In Paris? Ballet? Our Great-Grandmother Schuller?" Carrie was incredulous.

"Oh yes. Her family was quite well-to-do in Germany during her girlhood. They fled to Paris after helping some Jews to escape. She was able to study ballet for a short time. When the war spread, they barely escaped to America. They lost everything."

Carrie sat quietly, fingering the pin, absorbing the story.

"I thought the pin would look nice with those new slacks you bought recently," her mother offered. Rising, she gently closed the door on her way out of the room.

As Angela was putting the finishing touches on the cookie tray, Carrie emerged from her bedroom. Her blonde hair hung in soft curls, fastened with velvet ribbons. Smiling hesitantly, she began, "I thought the pin would look better with the dress Grandma gave me..." Fashioned at her neck, was the rose pin.

"Oh, Carrie, you look absolutely..."

"Lovely?"

"Yes," her mother breathed.

"I thought Great-Grandmother might get a kick



out of seeing it,” Carrie added.

Arriving at the party, Carrie and her mother were engulfed in hugs and greetings. As Angela made another trip to the *praline* tray, she found the miracle of the rose pin.

Carrie sat perched on the ottoman at Great-Grandmother Schuller’s feet. Her faded blue eyes shining, Great-Grandmother spoke with more animation than she had shown in years.

“*Oui, les oiseaux blancs de Paris volent plus vite au’ ailleurs. Et le ciel est beaucoup plus bleu.*”

(Yes, the white birds of Paris fly swifter than anywhere else. And the sky is so much bluer).

“Slowly, Great-Grandmother. There are so many words I don’t know yet.”

“We make quite a pair, my dear. There are so many words I no longer remember.” The two shared rich and timeless laughter.

—Ann Schroeder, Atascadero, California.

Illustration by Pam Logan.

**Praline*: a confection of nut kernels made by roasting almonds in boiling sugar until brown and crisp.

One Day

In a crowded, yet
empty world
I stand alone surrounded by a wall
which has denied me
the freedom of
expressing my inner being.
Each brick is yet
another addition
to a physical and
materialistic world
which kills my spirit
and crushes my soul.
In an attempt to break through

I feel more so the pain
of oppression
as my heart and mind
are once again silenced,
and in fear of becoming
an outcast
I become a follower.
I know that one day
the struggle will come to an end
and I will break down
the wall forever.
—Charlene Tobias, 13,
Cape Town, South Africa

“I do not want my
house to be walled in
on all sides and my
windows stuffed. I
want the culture of
all lands to be blown
about my house as
freely as possible.”

—Mahatma Gandhi



Problem Solving

The only way to successfully and efficiently solve a problem is to keep cool and think straight. Mainly, the conflicts I face are with people older than myself when I don't agree with something they're doing. With all my experience, I've become a very successful arguer; I don't get mad. Try to keep a level head—yelling, screaming, and stomping around may feel good, but it gets very little accomplished.

It's also important to keep a sense of humor and be optimistic. If you can look on the bright side, or even laugh, in a time of crisis, you're relaxed, and this will help you think smoothly. But, even when you're like this, you need to be serious and focused. I know this sounds very confusing, but it's hard to explain.

I think that if all countries of the world would put aside their prejudice, anger, and hostility, and sit down, work together, and really talk over their problems, maybe they would find answers. If you would work on the big problems first, some of the little ones might go away. We need to get along, and in order for that to happen we need to relax. Keep an open mind: Don't think of everyone around you as threatening or different. Difference can sometimes be a good thing, as long as you don't care if someone's different. As soon as you pick out the differences and begin to criticize them, you're in trouble.

Two people who think exactly the same can't get a lot accomplished. Those two people would have no 'different' ideas or opinions. You need a leader, a thinker, and a troubleshooter, among other things. That way, discussing two completely contrary ideas can sometimes lead to better solutions.

Basically, difference is good if you use it right. To solve a problem, think about it from every angle. Be calm, confident, relaxed, and focused. That's really all you need.

—Diana Marie Krepich, 13, Altoona, Pennsylvania, "Ever since kindergarten, when I read *The Animal's Alphabet* by myself, I've practically lived with my nose in a book. Writing helps me vent my feelings and express myself and my opinions..." Diana plays piano, volleyball, and wants to be a lawyer, or quite possibly, the President of the United States.

Try Hard, Take Advice and Learn

Problems mean something: that there is something wrong. They can be bad circumstances or bad relationships. I guess they are given to us to make us learn because when we encounter problems, we have to try to be better and learn to use new abilities.

Accidents happen because we have done something bad: We pedal too hard on a bicycle and we fall down. Then we think about it: Was it because I did something wrong? Then the solution would be to stop doing it. Or was it because I don't know how to ride a bike very well? Then practice with more caution. Or if it was because of something unexpected, like a dog came along and made you fall and go to the hospital, it could mean you need to have the experience of being there, and to be open to learn whatever you can. It could be very difficult to know why at the moment, but I'm sure it has a reason: it's a small punishment for doing wrong, or it's the way to gain a new experience.

In problems with people, the first thing to do is talk, to tell them what bothers you about them. If they weren't aware of hurting you, communication should provide a solution. Just be brave when you speak to them, and try not to use categorical words (like never, always, etc.) or those that hurt. Speak calmly. If they do things on purpose then seek the help of someone that is older than both of you: Parents, the boss, the law. In case they don't support you, then take things into your own hands and be firm. If you did all that you could do to make peace and it did not work, *then make war as successfully as you can.*

To accomplish tasks and resolve problems, I like to write. I outline the general problem, then all the small pieces or steps I can think of. Then I write a solution for each one, and deal with them one by one.

Here is a phrase that I like: If you can't do it one way, try another. This is how great discoveries are made.

—Elalt Aguirre, 15, lives in an intentional community, Krutsio, on the Pacific Coast of Baja California, MEXICO. Elalt speaks Spanish, English, French and Esperanto. Last year, she was an exchange student in France.

Wish

The brightest star,
it shines so bright,
will you grant me,
my wish tonight.

As I dream of far off places,
where there are no wars between the races,

I pray for the poor,
and wish for no more war.
For all those starving children,
I pray you'll finally win.

—Adrienne Witheford, 11, Vancouver,
British Columbia, CANADA

I Do Not Understand

Why people fear life more than death
Why outer space is being explored
while half the ocean
hasn't even been seen

Why America trades with China and
still tolerates its atrocities

But most of all

I do not understand why millions of
human lives are put in the hands of a
plastic box filled with cheap electric
innards functioning as a brain

What I *do* understand
is my dog

He is faithful, fun-loving
and sleeps all day
and when you give him table scraps
he is your best friend

—Tyler Thompson, 13, Raytown, Missouri

Untitled

The sun is a phoenix rising up in brilliance
sparkling gold feathers throwing warm energy
upon all creation it soars with the glory of youth
grows old drops to its burial in the fire
the yellow dances with cinnamon flames
then it is gone in the ashes of night
until it dawns in the radiance of birth
up from the cinders it glows new and streaming.

—Jill Wohlgemuth, 16, Spring Grove, Minnesota

I am

Sometimes I am invisible
not even seen around
and nobody cares because
they don't know I'm there.
Sometimes I am invisible.

—Brent Pease, 14, Atlanta, Georgia



Alone

Alone like the rain
Alone like the sun
They are desolate.

I belong there
I feel there

No one is here
Alone.

—Cathleen Bell, 14,
West Pittston, PA. She

writes, "Instead of yelling or
getting into fights, I would go
to my room and express my
feelings by writing poems."

The Storm

Thick black clouds came
flooding in, blocking out the
sky, Their shadows raced
across the land like the ocean
tide, the lightning came up
flashing, through the darkness
slashing beneath the land lay
shivering in the darkness
quivering, Thunder rumbled
crashing like breakers on the
shore. The rain became a
deluge, the spattering
became a roar.

—Kasia Cieplak-von Baldegg,
13, Cambridge, Mass.

The Fall's Leaf

The fall's leaf is red, her borders brown,
She sits peacefully on her throne,
The tree's branches her crown.

She sways in the wind and rustles in the breeze,
Making the best of her days, before winter's freeze.
And when she is called, she rocks gently to the ground,
Peaceful and quiet, making barely a sound.

For this leaf's wisdom, and it should be well known,
That after life comes death, both good and both prone.
And now leaf's story is just about told.

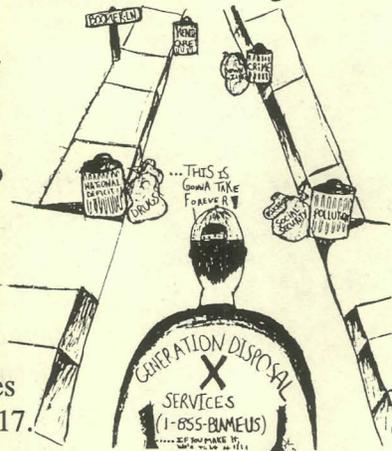
Her once red color no more than memories of old.
For right now, this very second, leaf is once again earth,
A part of nature still, and laughing with mirth.

—Jesse Burnell-Last, 13, Cambridge, Massachusetts

Families: *Poems Celebrating the African American Experience* selected by Dorothy Strickland and Michael Strickland (*Boyd's Mills Press, Honesdale, PA*). Diverse family relationships are explored in this warm anthology of poems by African American authors. The poems explore deeply rooted values—creativity, mutual respect, belonging—of the African American culture. Illustrated in full color. Suitable for ages 5 to 9.

We're All Special by Arlene Maguire (*Portunus Publishing Co., Santa Monica, CA*) A cute, rhyming picture book with a great message—Appreciate Diversity. Ability to adjust, to function well and to enjoy life in our increasingly diverse world is a must for our happiness as well as for our survival. Ages 5–9.

Editorial Cartoons by Kids 1997 Compiled by the editors of *News-Currents* (Zino Press, Madison, WI). A superb collection of 100 cartoons by Kids in grades 2–12. Readers are sure to enjoy these original expressions of modern social and political issues in the country. Ages 7–17.



50 Ways To A Safer World by Patricia Occhiuzzo and Barrie Levy (*Seal Press, Distributed by Publishers Group West*). Whether you are a parent, educator, or community activist, concerned about violent trends in our culture, this book is an invaluable tool in the classroom or at home. It speaks to our fears and feelings of helplessness in the face of violence, and suggests preventative, simple, everyday actions we all can take in making our world a little safer. Provides ways to solve conflicts peacefully. Inspiring lessons for all ages.

Did My First Mother Love Me? A Story For An Adopted Child by Kathryn Ann Miller, Illus. by Jami Moffett (*Morning Glory Press, Buena Park, CA*). An honest story in which Morgan's adoptive mother reads her a letter from her first mom, expressing her love but tells how she could not provide a safe, happy home. Morgan knows she is loved by both parents. *Special section for adoptive parents. Ages 9 and up.

Good-Bye, Daddy! by Brigitte Weninger (*North-South Books, NYC and London*) This gentle book tackles the emotionally charged topic of separation and divorce for younger members of the family. Ages 5 and up.

Peacetimes by Katherine Scholes, Illustr. by Robert Ingpen (*Dragon's World Ltd. Limpsfield, Surrey, Great Britain*). Parents at times can be baffled at how to explain abstract ideas to young children — peace may be one of these. *Peacetimes* helps define and explain peace as more than the absence of conflict in many different and assessible ways. Robert Ingpen's beautiful illustrations complement the text to offer many opportunities for parents to further discuss this issue with young children. Ages 4 and up.

What Kind of Love by Sheila Cole (*Avon Flair, New York, NY*). A story of a teenage girl, Valerie, who gets pregnant on accident by her boyfriend, Peter. They have a lot of thinking and planning to do that makes you question whether Peter will follow through and help Valerie. This book makes us think about growing up, commitment, family life and the struggles of youth pregnancies. For all teenagers.

The Girls' Guide to Life: How to Take Charge of the Issues That Affect You by Catherine Dee, Cynthia Jabar and Carol Palmer (*Little Brown & Co.*) With quizzes, short stories, facts, life experiences, it provides helpful hints about self-esteem, sexism and other women's issues. Also includes historical and social perspectives. This book helps girls to realize their own special talents and to recognize that no matter what others say, you can make a difference in the world. Ages 10 to 13

The Future Is Ours; A Handbook for Student Activists in the 21st Century edited by John Bartlett (*Henry Holt & Co., NY*). Indispensable for activists of all ages. A practical and comprehensive guide which touches on all aspects of setting up and effectively running any campaign, initiative, or action group. The book also highlights advice, in diverse areas, from young activists, and includes a resource directory. Ages 14 and up.

Kids Explore Kids Who Make A Difference by Westridge Young Writers Workshop (*John Muir Publications, Santa Fe, NM*). Written for kids by kids, this book helps to redefine who we think of as heroes; No superpowers here, just dedicated hard work, positive thinking and a sense of humor to make a difference in their lives, and in the world. Kids working on politics, environment, homelessness, disabilities, inventions, community gardens, surviving illnesses... Includes guide to volunteering. All ages (Adults, too!)

NEWS QUARTERLY

Noteworthy News from the North, East, West, and South

Good News About America's Young Adults

(NAPS)—Here's good news about the youth of America—your son, daughter, or the boy or girl next door: contrary to popular stereotypes, teenagers and young adults are focused on their futures. The majority are defining their career goals before high school graduation, according to a recent survey.

A recent study by Massachusettes Mutual Life indicated that young people are extremely focused, motivated, and ambitious. According to the survey young Americans believe they must select a career path by age 17 to succeed. While most survey respondents are willing to work long hours, over 75% place a high premium on being home for dinner.

The vast majority of young people also want jobs where they take responsibility for mistakes or problems that occur. Commitment, responsibility, job satisfaction, and ethical conduct are the four key lessons young people say their parents have taught them about work.

RespecTeen reports that an increasing number of seventh and eighth-graders are visibly concerned about drug and alcohol abuse, pollution and ecological issues, domestic policy and educational reforms. 51 students, one from each state and DC, met with their congressional representatives to discuss the concerns as a part of the annual **RespecTeen National Youth Forum** during the week of April 26-May 1.

National TV-Turnoff Week in 1998 is set for April 22-28! Interested in organizing activities in your school, library or community? Contact: *TV-Free America*, 1611 Conn. Ave, NW, Suite 3A, Washington DC 20009 or visit them: www.essential.org/orgs/tvfa

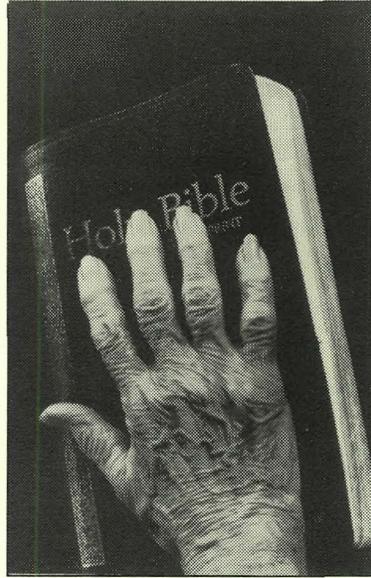
SURGOEN GENEREL'S WARNING: Telivison Promots Illiteracy

In Global Pursuit: Interested in information such as submission guidelines, upcoming themes, and Honor Awards? You can visit *Skipping Stones* home page on the World Wide Web at—

<http://www.nonviolence.org/skipping/>

Ohio Student Wins National Photo Contest

Jessica Fraley, 13, of Salineville, Ohio, was announced as the winner of "**Images of Freedom**" photo contest, conducted by the American Bar Association, for students ages 12-18.



Fraley had entered a dramatic black and white photo showing her great-grandmother's hand on the *Bible*. "I wanted to show that we can worship as we please thanks to religious freedom," explained Fraley.

The 1998 **Images of Freedom** entries must be mailed by Feb. 15. For details, contact American Bar Association, Division for Public Education, 541 N Fairbanks Ct., #1500, Chicago, IL 60611 USA; E-mail: abapub@abanet.org.

India and Pakistan are celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of their Independence. The people of the subcontinent struggled long and hard under many brave and courageous leaders. The nonviolent, non-cooperation movement of *Satyagraha*, initiated by Mahatma Gandhi, finally compelled the British to leave the Indian subcontinent after their 150 year rule. India has become the world's largest democracy with population approaching one billion. Pakistan has the largest Muslim population in the world.

The British government also relinquished its control over the financially-prosperous Crown Colony of **Hong Kong** this July, honoring their long-standing treaty with the People's Republic of China.

• *When writing to a pen pal in Hong Kong or India, perhaps you can ask about these events.*

With 40,000 large dams already built in the world (163,700 sq. miles land under water and 30 million people displaced as a result), the delegates to the **First International Meeting of Dam-Affected People** adopted a resolution, in Curitiba, Brazil, earlier this year, calling for a global ban on building more large dams and restoration of damaged environments.

SWEDEN

Nadja S. Linström, girl, 15
Edingsv. 16
45152 Uddevalla, Sweden.
Int: music, drawing, sports

Samuel Samson, boy
Alemyrsvägen 3
P.L. 10134
45195 Uddevalla, Sweden
Int: soccer, music, penpals 16-18

Alex Malmquist, girl, 14
Itenkullavägen 19
112 65 Stockholm, Sweden
Int: music, reading, dancing

Maria Elfström, girl, 15
Kronrikesvägen 78A
831 46 Ostersund, Sweden
Int: music, books, travel

Elin Samuelsson, girl, 16
S.T. Skattegdn Vinkol
532 94 Skara, Sweden
Int: animals, reading, music, has a twin sister.

Jessica Larsson, girl, 14
Blabarsvargan 4F
806 35 Gavle, Sweden
Int: Writing pen pals.

Sara Sundstrom, girl, 15
Syrenvagen 37
S-954 41 S. Sunderbyn, Sweden
Int: friends, music, writing

Sofia Brink, girl, 12
Vattegrand 55
19275 Sollentuna, Sweden
Int: music, dance. going to discos

Katarina Johansson, girl, 13,
wants a boy pen pal.
Fjälltuna 1
917 99 Dorotea, Sweden
Int: animals

Linda Brandquist, girl, 15,
Cymbal V.12
54430, Hjo
Int: animals, nature, music, boys

Lisa Söderbäck, girl, 15
Violinn. 43
S-893 31 Bjästa, Sweden
Int: music, writing, singing

John Johansson, boy, 16
Dalvägen 10
73135 Köping SWEDEN
Wants girl penpal outside Europe

NORWAY

Siv Asakskogen, girl, 16
Maiveien 10
1793 Tistedal, Norway
Int: music, letters, soccer

Ane Julie Krog, girl, 14
Askerud
1870 Orje, Norway
Int: Horses, keyboard, reading.

Jostein Andersen, boy, 15
Rore Hageby 3
4890 Grimstad, Norway
Int: guitar, rollerblades, friends

FINLAND

Monica Kapténs, girl, 14
Kapténsv. 23
68555 Bosund, Finland
Int: reading, writing

Ivana Milicevic, girl, 15
Teeritie 7B11
54100 Joutseno, Finland
Int: reading, music, stamps,...

Sofie Berg, girl, 17
Sodra Kalax v.33
64210 Kalax, Finland
Int: gymnastics, writing letters

Maiju Laakso, girl, 16
Malminiityntie 20A6
01350 Vantaa, Finland
Int: penpals

GERMANY

Maike Scheinert, girl, 15
Schürenkampstr. 39
45964 Gladbeck
Int: reading, dancing, meet friends and music

Daniela Wachsmann, girl, 15
Schürenkampstr. 36
45964 Gladbeck
Int: dancing and swimming

Bianca Cestaro, girl, 15
Charlottenstr. 77
45964 Gladbeck
Int: soccer and going out

Kathrin Barnhofer, girl, 15
Alte Radrennbahn 1
45964 Gladbeck
Int: guitar, music and friends



CROATIA

Lucia Lazic, girl, 13
Cosmijeva 4
21000 Split, Croatia
Int: Reading, writing letters.

Ivana Vadas, girl, 14
Dr. Vinka Zganca 16
40 000 Cakovec, Croatia
Int: Writing pen pal letters!

Sandra Radic, girl, 16
Put Lokvica 7
21223 Okrug Gornji
Trogir, Croatia
Int: The Beatles, drawing, nature, paranormal activity

SLOVENIA

Ana Rangus, girl
Smrecnikova 5
8000 Novo Mesto, Slovenia

Maja Apat, girl, 12
Irsiceva 6
2380 Slovenj Gradec,
Slovenia (Int: pen pals)

Romina Grizon, girl, 14
Dragonja 121
6333 Secovlje, Slovenia
Int: languages, pen pals

Meta Jerman, girl, 14
Sajovcevo Naselje 18
4208 Sencur, Slovenia
Int: music, writing

Nina Back, girl, 14
Zabreznica 23
4274 Zirovnica, Slovenia
Int: Horses, writing, music.

Natasha Span, girl, 15
Dolenja vas 28
8270 Krsko, Slovenia
Int: penpals, music

Ani Jurisic, girl, 14
Kozloviceva 009
6000 Koper, Slovenia
Int: penpals!

Ursa Gorse, girl, 16
Predilinska 32
1270 Litija, Slovenia
Int: music, CITA, BSB

BOSNIA

Nada Misaljevic
Avnoj - a 6
77000 BIHAC
Bosnia - Hercegovin
Int: music, movies, penpals...

RUSSIA

Alice Dolgih, girl, 14
T. Stavropol
Pirogova Str., 48/2;FI.204
355045, Russia
Int. music, animals, writing,
dancing and sports

Odincova Olga girl, 14
T. Stavropol
Pirogova Str. 40/2 Fl.1
355045, Russia
Int: music, letters, sports

Lera Kotova, girl, 14
St. Stroiteley 15, Apt 35
Novovoronezh
Voronezhskaya Reg., RUSSIA
Int: music, English, animals...

Alexandr Lyapin, boy, 15
Gagarin St, d.3, kv.2
Vyssokogorsky, Enyseysky
Krasnoyarsky krai 663145
Int: pen pals, walk, cook

LITHUANIA

Valia Tvanova, Olesia Kukut and Lena Bugajeva, all girls, 15,
c/o Energetiku Street 68-9
Visaginas, Lithuania 4761
Int. music, dancing, travelling

Kristina Stankievic, girl, 15
Taikos 237-25
Vilnius 2017, Lithuania-LT
Int. playing guitar, reading,
painting, letters and sports

Veronika Pugachova and Natasha Solij, girls, 16
68 Energetiku St, flat 18
Visaginas 4761, Lithuania
Int: music, walking, friends

Ksenija Scenikova, girl, 15
59 Sedulinos Aleja St, flat 1
Visaginas 4761, Lithuania
Int: music, computer, walking

BELARUS

Trina Gordiyuk, girl, 17
Orinzova Street 23-1-298
220 018 Minsk, Belarus
Int. books, music, dance, pets

Oksana Mishkovich, girl, 15
no 125-8/2 Mogilevsky Street
220001 Minsk, Belarus
Int: English, sports

GHANA

Haruna Alhassan, boy, 16
PO Box 388
Techiman B-A, Ghana W/A
Int: soccer, reading, music
Richard Owusu, boy, 15
PO Box 303
Sunyani B/A Ghana W/A

MALAWI

George S. Mhango boy, 17
Shoma's Fun Club
P.O. Box 340
Mzuzu City, Malawi
Central Africa

SOUTH AFRICA

Yolande Nkuna, girl, 15
P.O. Box 277
Letaba 0870 South Africa
Int: music, sports, friends

ZIMBABWE

Pamela T. Mawoyo, girl, 14,
Saint David Girls High
Private Bag J 7904
Mutare, Zimbabwe
Int. radio, stamps, male pen pal
Tatiana Tranquim, girl, 15
7 Maritz Close, Palmerston
Mutare, Zimbabwe
Int: music, basketball, collect

MOROCCO

Hicham Khalfaoui, boy, 17
Bloc Kastor 27, Rue 27, # 60
H.M. Casablanca, Morocco
Int: pen pals is favorite hobby

INDIA

Kirti Parkhi, girl, 15, and
Atul R. Parkhi, boy, 14
both c/o R. B. Parkhi
Khanji Ward, Warora 442 902
Chandrapur, MSS INDIA
Int: books, friends, music, TV

Chaitali Khandalkar, girl, 13
c/o Deoraoji Khandalkar
Girinagar, Yavatmal
Maharashtra, INDIA
Int: reading, dancing, friends

HONG KONG, PRC

A class of 9 to 10-yr-old
students in Hong Kong would
like to have pen pals in North
America. Please write

c/o Miss A. Wong, teacher
B1701, 8 New Market St.
Sheung Wan, Hong Kong,
People's Republic of China

USA

A 7th grade (12-13 yrs-old)
class would like to share in
pen pal fun. Please write:
c/o Linda Garrett, teacher
Lake Dallas ISD Prim.School,
P.O. Box 548
Lake Dallas, TX 75065-2322

Paige LaCour, girl, 13
14808 McClellan Road
Memphis, Indiana 47143
Int: Travelling, friends,
writing, reading, volleyball.

Sarah Kelly, girl, 9
6060 Hearth Court
Colorado Springs, CO 80922
Int: Soccer, drawing, reading,
writing. She's a homeschooler

Sophy Yem, girl, 15
45 Kimball Avenue
Revere, Massachusetts 02151
Int: Music, penpals, cultures.

Nicolette Duke, girl, 8
9600 Mason Crk. Rd.
Norfolk, VA 23503

Int. sports, ballet, music, art

Marcus Swinegan, boy
235 Jordan Street
Battle Creek, Mich. 49017
Int: basketball, computers,...

Marlena Cantrell, girl, 14
362 N. Kendall Street
Battle Creek, Michigan 49017
Int: skating, bowling,...

Raymond Peden, boy, 17
McLaren Correctional Institute
2630 N. Pacific Hwy.
Woodburn, Oregon 97071
See page 13 for Peden's poem!

Hilary Meanet, girl, 12
5705 Verbena
San Antonio, Texas 78240

CANADA

Lindsey Jolly, girl, 13
11 Pineview Trail
Utopia, ONT., LOM 1TO
CANADA Wants to write to
N. American girls, ages 12-14.

Megan Sim, girl, 9
15517— 112th Ave
Surrey, BC V3R 6 H2 Canada

MACEDONIA

Monika Petrussevska, girl 13
ul: Vidoe Smilevski Bato
br. 25 4/8
91 000 Skopje, Macedonia
Int: tennis, music, piano

Biljana, Vanja
and **Milkica**, girls, 13
Kozara 68—1/31
91 000 Skopje, Macedonia
Int:dance, swim,tennis, karate

CROATIA

Ksenija Habjanic, girl, 12
Motija Maltor, boy, 11
Brace Radic 12
42220 Novi Marof, Croatia
Int: friends, computers, sports

Gorana Sekulic, girl, 13
Sitnice 9/2
10000 Zagreb, Croatia
Int: pen pals, making friends

Franciska Cetil, girl, 14
Krizevacka 18
10340 Vrbovec, Croatia
Int: music, walk, computers

Nikola Marzic, boy, 14
Uhlinal 10
53290 Pag, Croatia
Int: writing, reading, stamps

Carmela Sertich, girl, 15
Kulodvorska 15
Gjurgjenovac 31511, Croatia
Int: dance, music, sports

Vlasta Vukovic, girl, 14
Put Pudarice 15 H
23000 Zadar, Croatia
Int: volleyball, music, dance

Igor Marzich, boy, 11
Uhlinac 10
53290 Pag, Croatia
Int: reading, tennis, movies

Silvija Radosevic, girl, 17
Vrazova 45
47000 Karlovac, Croatia
Int: volleyball, music

Helena Cermak, girl, 12
Franje Lovrica 20
44000 Sisak, Croatia
Int: handball, swim, collect
music posters, reading

Pamela Vidovic, girl, 13
Sjenjak 37
31000 Osijek, Croatia
Int: read, write letters, posters

Victoria Hemeth, girl, 13
Republic of Croatia 82
34340 Kutjevo
Int:volleyball, drawing, posters

Tomislav Kovacevic, boy, 14
Kalnicka 5
31000 Osijek, Croatia
Int: reading, writing letters

Melita Koruc, girl, 13
Runjaninova 3
44320 Kutina, Croatia
Int: world-wide friends

Andrea Zupan, girl, 13
Kotorska 60/2
51260 Crikvenika, Croatia
Int: horses, letters, postcards

Dunya Perkovic, girl, 16
Slobodnica 268
35252 Sibiny, Slav. Brod.
Int: penpals, Enrique Iglesias

SWEDEN

Jesper Andersson, boy, 10
Rapphonsvagen 9
S-122 39 Enskede, Sweden
Int: volleyball, soccer, music

Martin Berglund, boy, 17
Sveagatan 51 A
S- 216 14 Malmo, Sweden
Int: animals, music, friends

Erika Blom, girl, 13
Marknadsgatan 38
S- 660 60 Molkom, Sweden
Int: animals, reading, music

Lisa Rhodiner, girl, 14
Ekstubber 113
S- 260 40 Viken, Sweden
Int: dance, music

Robin Svensson, girl, 17
v-m garden, Brystorp
S- 612 94 Finspang, Sweden
Int: music, stamps/coin collect

Sara Termen, girl, 13
Ebbarpsv. 25
S- 283 43 Osby, Sweden
Int: penpals, drawing

Sara Larsson, girl, 15
Hultav 34
S-430 31 Åsa, Sweden
Int: reading, music, traveling

Karin Lennstrom, girl, 14
Borgsheden 1067
S-780 40 Mockfjard, Sweden
Int: Horses, music, handball

Anne Wager, girl, 17
Odenv. 8
S-740 82 Orsundsbro, Sweden
Int: soccer, clothes, friends

Emma Karlsson, girl, 12
Storegards V. 33A
S- 54138 Skovde, Sweden
Int: friends, disco, handball

MORE PALS NEXT TIME!!!



COMING ATTRACTIONS

In The Next Issue

Cultural Celebrations, Folktales, Recipes and Music from around the World

1998 Youth Honor Awards

The theme for the 1998 Youth Honor Awards is **Multicultural and Nature Awareness**. In addition to being artistic and creative, the submissions should also promote cultural diversity, intercultural experiences, social issues, nature, ecology, resource conservation, peace and non-violence.

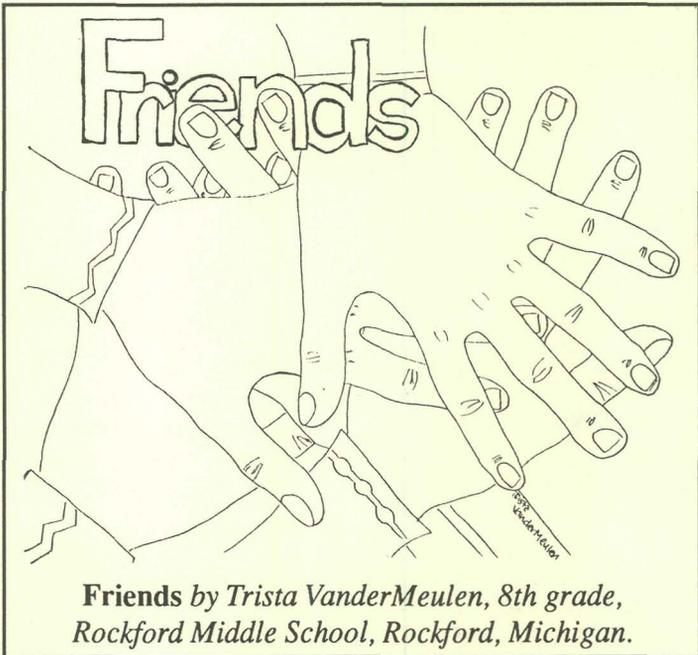
• **Compositions** (essays, poems, short stories, songs, travelogues, round tables, interviews, etc.) should be typed or neatly hand-written with a pen.

Word length: 750; poems: less than 30 lines.

Writings in languages other than English (with or without English translation) are also welcome.

• **Artwork** (drawings, cartoons, paintings or photo essays) 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 B&W prints. Limit: 8 photos or paintings.

Send your entries with a \$3 entry fee (It allows us to send every entrant a copy of Vol. 10, No. 4, featuring the winning entries) by June 20, 1998.



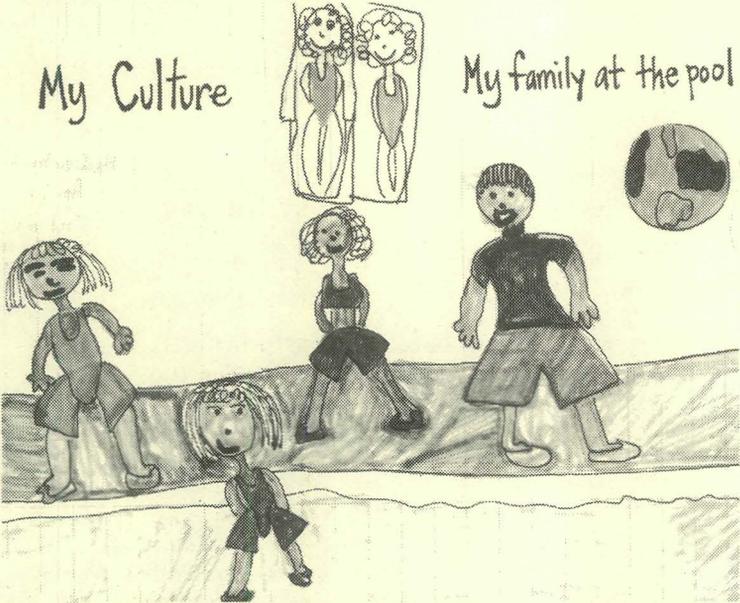
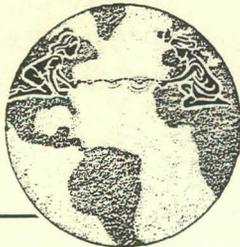
Friends by Trista VanderMeulen, 8th grade, Rockford Middle School, Rockford, Michigan.

We also invite your submissions on...

- **Living Abroad:** Your experiences living in other countries/cultures, exchange programs...
- **Cross-cultural Communications:** Ways we express ourselves. Languages, proverbs, folktales, folksongs, facial gestures and other ways of communicating...
- **Challenging Disability:** Opening our eyes and listening to people facing the challenge. Walking hand in hand with the blind, deaf and differently-abled. Activities to raise our awareness of people who live with disabilities.
- **Rewards and Punishments:** How do we raise caring kids in today's world? What tools do we use? What are the consequences?
- Creative Problem Solving
- Hospitality customs of your culture
- Modern Technology and its Impact on us
- African, Asian & Latin American Cultures
- Indigenous Architecture of your region
- Photo Essays on (a country or region in) Asia, Australia, Africa, S. America, or Europe

Send all submissions to:

Skipping Stones
Post Office Box 3939
Eugene, OR 97403 USA
Tel. No. (541)342-4956



—Deashanette Williams, 12, Port Gibson, Mississippi. She writes, "There have been times when I have felt that I was discriminated against. However, my parents and teachers taught me that people did not understand that we are all equal and that God loves everyone. I dream of becoming a doctor."

GIVE US BACK OUR PEACE

Preparation: Read story pages 16 & 17.

- Review the social, political, economic, religious factors in Ireland to assure all participants understand the situation.

Activity: Assign to individuals (or groups) the various positions currently represented in Ireland.

- Suggest scenes to act out/role play. Examples: going to school, going to church, fights/violence, peace negotiations, alienation, avoidance, etc.

- Ask actors to debrief thoughts and feelings experienced after each role play.

- Rotate positions until all participants have played all the roles.

Discussion: Are there personal, local, or national issues which are similar to the situations in Ireland?

- Can the reflections of Ireland shed light on solutions for these kinds of conflict?

Following Up: Share these solutions/insights by writing a letter to the editor and send it to your local newspaper.

PROBLEM SOLVING

Preparation: You will need some pieces of paper about 3" (7.5 cm) wide. You could also use index cards.

(Optional) Have students brainstorm conflicts that they encounter in their daily lives. Examples: sharing things—*phone, TV, bathroom, toys/games, car, clothes*; schedules—*staying up late, staying out late, dating, chores, homework, teams/activities*; inter-personal problems—*jealousy, breaking up, privacy, substance abuse, violence, divorce, cliques*; etc.

- Write down different instances of conflict on each piece of paper.

Reading: "Problem Solving" page 7.

Discussion: Summary/comments on article.

- Introduce/explain activity.

Activity: Pass out the pieces of paper, one to each student (or group of students).

- Without using their names, have the students write their idea on how to best solve the conflict situations.

- Act out/role play some of the solutions to see how effective they are.

Following Up: How effective are the solutions?

- Are there other ways? Does everyone agree?

ONE DAY

The author describes the pain of living in a society restricting freedom of action. She feels hemmed in by walls and powerless to break them down. We all live within walls which need to be broken through.

Here's a suggestion for transcending walls.

Preparation: Read "One Day" p. 27.

- Make a list of periods in history when individuals, groups of people, and/or nations managed to break down "walls" (national, political, racial, gender, religious, economic dividers, etc.).

Activity: On a large piece of paper, draw a wall made up of layers of brick.

- As you research the methods used to break through walls which caused divisions, write down each method you discover on one of the bricks.

- Keep the mural in a visible place and keep adding more methods as you discover them.

Following Up: Breaking through walls can be a long journey. To help along the journey, keep a journal.

Write about your fears, emotions, anger, frustration—writing is often a powerful tool to release these feelings. Also record insights, successes, how particular situations have been solved, how you get over hard times, or how others you know or read about solved their problems. Recording may help you let go of ways you participate in the wall's existence and help you evolve strengths. Keeping a journal sometimes aides us to escape a sense of being a helpless victim, and instead to achieve personal growth and effective action.

BEATING HEART

Read "Beating Heart" on page 20. Is there some one whose attitude/action you wish you could change?

Ever thought of writing them a poem? Sometimes

feelings can be expressed easier in a poem. The

person just might appreciate your effort and take note of your feelings.

OTHER IDEAS

Conflict Resolution Center: Establish a conflict resolution center in your classroom by setting up a table with two chairs—one for the listener and one for the speaker. Label each position with an ear and a mouth respectively. Each participant then has a turn to sit in each chair, expressing the problem as she and/or he sees it, and a turn to listen.

Feathered Talking Stick: The use of a feathered talking stick is an honored tradition among American Indians. The right to speak when holding the stick teaches respect for the beauty and meaning of the feather, for the earth, and for each other. Take a nature walk and collect materials to design a feathered talking stick, to be used by the members of your group.

RESOURCES

The Drinking Gourd: A catalog for independent learning educational resources for m/c enrichment.

Help For The Hard Times by Earl Hipp: Helps teenagers through difficult issues including loss, grief, healing, and skills in giving support. (*Hazelden, Inc*)

Teaching Young Gifted Children in the Regular Classroom by Joan F. Smutney, et. el. Helps recognize and nurture giftedness in children as young as age four. (*Free Spirit Publishing*)

How to Talk to Your Kids about Really Important Things by Charles Schaefer. Helps parents to answer a child's difficult questions. (*Jossey-Bass Publishers*)

(Contributors: *Hanna Still, Jonathon Neske, Catherine Clark*)



This painting by Vidushi Avrati Bhatnagar of Bhopal, India, is one of the ten *Skipping Stones* Youth Honor Award winners this year. Born in 1981, Vidushi has already received much recognition for her thought provoking, colorful and skillfully composed paintings. (Also see page 11.) Look out for more paintings by Vidushi in our next issue (Nov-Dec '97) on Cultural Celebrations.

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