

Honoring Our Rivers 2015

Student Artwork and Literature from Oregon Watersheds

A project of the Willamette Partnership, with major sponsorship from
Eugene Water & Electric Board, Port of Portland, Select Impressions, and Wildwood-Mahonia

Here or Not?

"What is life?"
I think as I flow,
twisting,
turning,
rounding riverbends,
delicate leaves falling onto my calming ripples.
"What is it to be a river?"
"Am I and my crystal-like waves even here?"
"How is it that we are conscious in ourselves?"
"Do we even exist?"
I contemplate this,
splashing softly,
gently hitting silky shores.
Just because I am a river,
Does not mean I cannot have an existential crisis.

Sabine Toews, Grade 7

Honoring Our Rivers 2015

Student Anthology

A project of the



Founded by a group of educators and river enthusiasts in 2000, Honoring Our Rivers creates conservation leaders by connecting Oregonians to their watersheds. By supporting outdoor education and integrating environmental education activities into classroom curricula, we work to promote an understanding of place and self, encouraging students and educators to reflect on their relationships to the environment through art and literary activities. The Honoring Our Rivers Student Anthology is the only statewide anthology of student writing and artwork that is uniquely focused on rivers and watersheds and targets artistic, educational, and environmental goals simultaneously.

Honoring Our Rivers is an ongoing project of the Willamette Partnership, an environmental nonprofit based in Portland.

Contents

Fifteen Years of Small Changes	6
Celebrating Our Partners	7
Student Works: Elementary School	16
Student Works: Middle School	36
Student Works: High School and College	52
Ripples & Eddies	58
Invited Artists & Writers	60

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Honoring Our Rivers:

Student Artwork and Literature from Oregon Watersheds

A project of the



The Willamette Partnership helps build collaborative solutions to complex conservation problems.

www.willamettepartnership.org

Sustaining Sponsors



Founded in 1911, the Eugene Water & Electric Board is Oregon's largest customer-owned utility. For over 100 years, EWEB has recognized that the health of our river systems is vitally important to the economic and environmental success of our community. www.eweb.com



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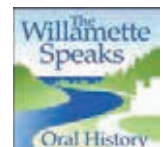
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*Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary
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Partners



Thank you to the watershed educators, writers, artists, and community organizations who donated time and expertise to this year's anthology:

Invited Artists: Jonquil LeMaster, Aya Morton, Mike Putnam, Joe Seymour, Leah Wilson

Invited Writers: Sarahlee Lawrence, Richard Mack, Abby Metzger, Kathleen Dean Moore, Tim Palmer, Carlos Reyes, Ana Maria Spagna, Pepper Trail

Senior Advisors: Bobby Cochran, Travis Henry, John Miller, Chris White, Rick Bastasch, Sarah Schra

Editors and Judges: Aislinn Adams, Laurie Aguirre, Nancy Bales, Rick Bastasch, Quintin Bauer, Larry Beutler, Rachel Chilton, Michelle Cordova, Michelle Emmons, John Femal, Jonquil LeMaster, Willie and Pam Levenson, Joan Maiers, Randall Malcolm, Eve Montanaro, Charu Nair, Christine White

Special Thanks: John and Susan Miller, hosts extraordinaire of the annual judging dinner; Deb Cozzie and Leah Wilson-Haley, Wildwood Mahonia; Holy Names Heritage Center Peregrine Literary Series; Oregon English Language Arts Teacher Update; Oregon Science Teacher Update; Oregon TAG Teacher Update; Big and Awesome Bridges of Portland and Vancouver; Network of Oregon Watershed Councils; Friends of Outdoor School; Corvallis Gazette Times; The Oregonian; NW Boomer and Senior News; Lake Oswego Review/West Linn Tidings; Statesmen Journal; Coos Bay World; Hillsboro Tribune; Smoke Signals (Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde)





Fifteen Years of Small Changes

“Around one small change, the energy reorganizes itself entirely”

– Kathleen Dean Moore

In Kathleen Dean Moore’s poetic essay, featured in our Invited Artists and Writers section, she explains that the river is always changing. Everything the river carries in its current – sticks, bones, debris – moves around in the flow. This movement creates obstructions in the current flow, and those obstructions in turn create new channels that can actually change the direction of the river. We can take heart, she says, that small changes really do make a difference.

For fifteen years, Honoring Our Rivers has been witness to the changes that can happen when young people make connections with their rivers and watersheds here in the Pacific Northwest. When that connection is expressed through poetry, prose, or visual art, the result is touching, profound, and most of all, encouraging. In publishing their work, we celebrate this unique relationship.

Since Honoring Our Rivers began in 2000, we have been looking for ways to connect students to their rivers and to extend outdoor opportunities to all young people. We have developed an array of partnerships with people in the environmental, arts, and educational communities who share this vision. In celebration of our fifteenth year, we are expressing our appreciation for the support of our partners by highlighting their work throughout this year’s anthology.

We have also been fortunate over the years to hear from poets, writers, and artists who have lent their voices to the project. More recently, the anthology has grown into a full-color book that represents all the diversity of this place we call home.

We are extremely proud of what Honoring Our Rivers has become, and gratified by all of the river folk – artists, writers, educators, and volunteers – who have helped to make it a success. But most of all, we are proud of all of the students over the past fifteen years who have sent us their writing and art. We love to see all the different ways you think of to honor our rivers. It gives us hope for the future, that you will create new channels that will make all the difference.



Since Honoring Our Rivers began in 2000, we have developed an array of partnerships with organizations in the environmental, arts, and educational communities who share our vision. In celebration of our fifteenth year, we are expressing our appreciation for the support of our partners by devoting a special section to their work in this year's anthology.

Celebrating Our Partners



Straub Environmental Center

"Straub Environmental Center creates awareness and understanding of our relationship to the environment, working in partnership with our community. Our environmental education programs teach and motivate people to become active stewards of our environment." For more information, visit www.straubenvironmentalcenter.org.



Honoring Our Rivers has enjoyed a rich partnership with Straub over the years. One of our proudest accomplishments this year has been a nature writing workshop facilitated by Straub and made possible by the Gray Family Foundation. In this workshop, teachers learned how to integrate nature into the classroom, and their students submitted to Honoring Our Rivers as a result of the training.



True Colors, Makayla Whiteley, Grade 7



North Santiam River

We heard the river sounding like cars. The river was cold and clean. We saw the salmon floating by us. We saw leaves moving. The sword ferns were covering the ground. The moss was deep and green like a sweater on the branches.

Reem Gerges, Grade 3



Untitled, Matthew Lopez Sosa, Grade 3



Brook Trout, Tony Gonzales, Grade 6

Salmon at Work

Salmon clear waters
Laying eggs for new born fish
Swim up waterfalls

Rylie Forster, Grade 4

New Born Salmon

Baby salmon,
Slimy, delicate
Crazy, energetic, speedy
Swimming cautiously downstream
New born salmon.

Mark Seare, Grade 3



A Hot Day on the River, Kevin Portio-Tellez, Grade 2



The Eye of Nature, Stephanie Rayner-Carreia, Grade 6

The Bubbling Creek

The creek is bubbling as if each wave was playing a game of leap-frog. The wind is silent and it is as if I'm the only one in the world.

Lilly White, Grade 6

The Santiam River

When the bus arrived I was leaping in joy. When I got down the trail, I looked around the site. It was amazing. The leaves were gliding in the air like an eagle.

The river is so intense going over the rocks like a waterfall. The salmon were four and five foot. The salmon were flapping in the water. I got wet. When I put my foot on the rocks it looked like the fins of a flapping salmon. The salmon go up through the rocks and I go up the trail and go home.

Brody Hawley, Grade 3



Falling with the Water, Elizabeth Miller, Grade 6



SOLVE

"Our mission is simple – to bring Oregonians together to improve our environment and build a legacy of stewardship." For more information, visit www.solv.org.

SOLVE brings Oregonians together through volunteering and education to restore our natural spaces. We are fortunate to be connected to SOLVE's Green Team, which works with schools to help students reflect on their outdoor restoration experiences.



Untitled, Erandi Magaña, Grade 12

Hear The Call (Excerpt)

We call ourselves SOLVE
and we do this for fun
to save all the greenery
one by one

David Berezovski, Grade 11



The Creek

The creek that runs into the Willamette.
The creek that holds not only water,
but memories as well.
The creek that watched kids grow up
The creek that caught the children who fell.
The creek that carried craw-fish to be caught,
and fish to be watched.
The creek that held adventures for everyone.
The creek who said hello and goodbye.
The creek that keeps the land healthy.
The creek that's protected by its crazy neighbors.
The creek that doesn't have to worry about
trash floating down its waters.
The creek that will change its course,
And last forever.
Hopefully at least...

Nadea Wilson, Grade 11

Then and Now

I remember when this river was warm and murky,
When birds didn't chirp and salmon didn't swim,
When blackberries and ivy smothered the trees.
Now I watch as cool, clear water
Splashes against logs,
And salmon swim happily.
Snowberry and Swamp Rose
Line the water's edge,
Birds sing in their nests
Among Western Red Cedars
We planted here.
Families wade upstream and laugh
As they soak up the beauty that surrounds them,
And I realize that all the hours of pulling and planting
Were completely worth it

Lindsey Clark, Grade 12



Native, Carl Stephens, Grade 11

Caldera Arts

"Caldera's mission is to be a catalyst for the transformation of underserved youth through innovative, year-round art and environmental programs." For more information, visit www.calderaarts.org.

We have been fortunate to be connected with Caldera's programs, including facilitating a workshop at their camp in Sisters in 2013. We are excited this year to be able to publish work from these talented artists.



Untitled, Elizabeth Stanwood, Grade 12



Butterfly Print, PYT, Grade 11



Hummingbird, Alena Nore, Grade 12



Turtle Print, Reagan Slater, Grade 10



Face to Face, Caldera Students, Grades 6 to 12

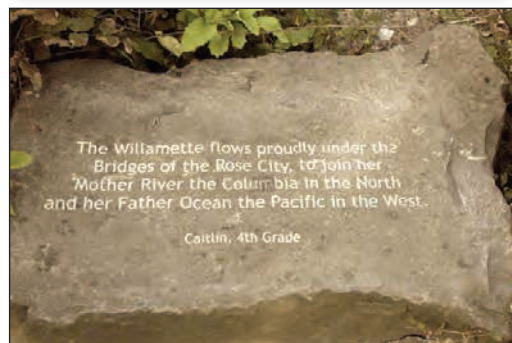
Human Access Project – Poet’s Beach

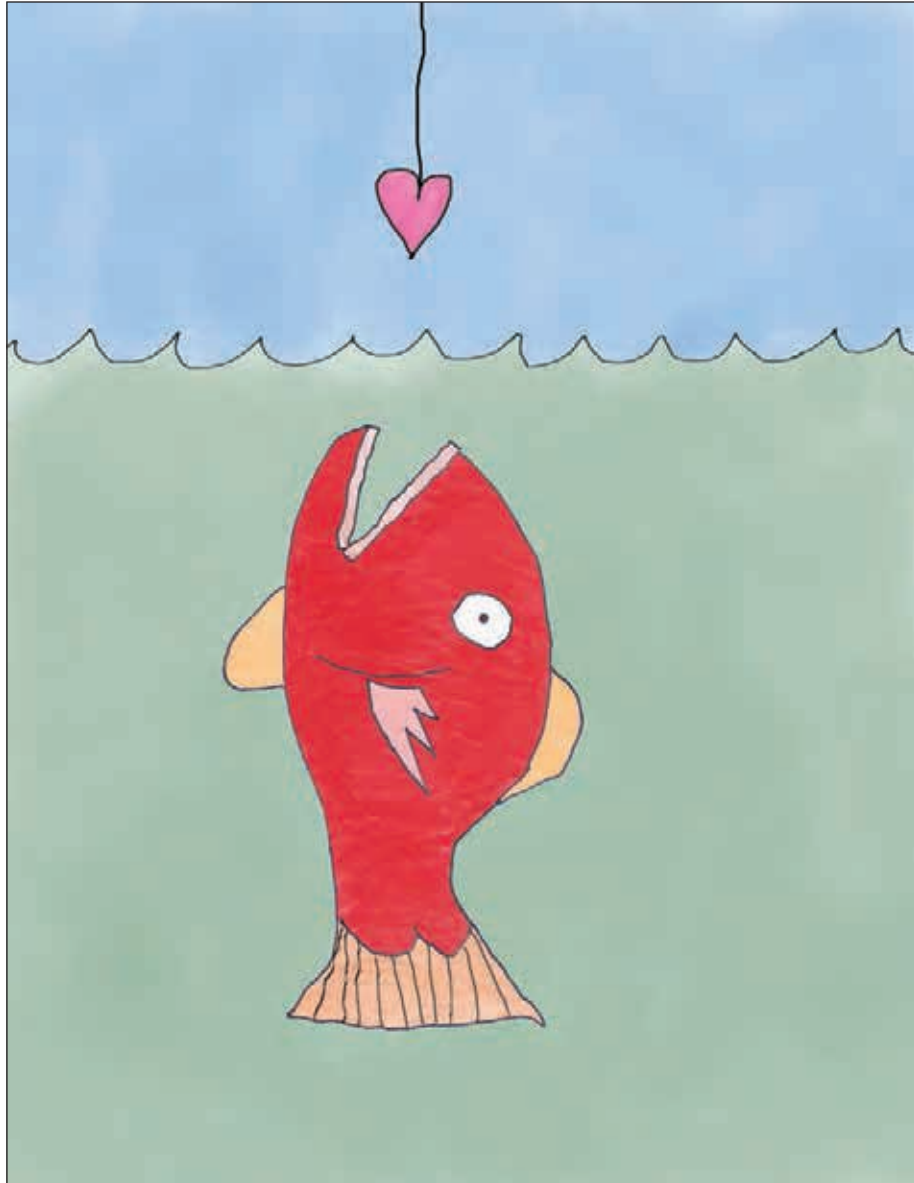
“The Human Access Project envisions a city in love with its river and works to transform Portland’s relationship with the Willamette by creating a human habitat and more accessibility points to the river; inspiring people to get in the Willamette; and facilitating stewardship of the Willamette River and Watershed.” For more information, visit www.humanaccessproject.com.



In July, we joined with the Human Access Project to dedicate Marquam (also known as “Poet’s”) Beach, the Willamette River’s newly-accessible beach just under the Marquam Bridge in Portland.

Along the new pathway that gives the public access to the river, there are stones engraved with excerpts of past Honoring Our Rivers poems, as well as native words from the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde.





My River and I, Ian Siah, Grade 1

Participating Schools

A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Catlin Gabel
Chapman Friendly House
Chapman Hill Elementary
Corbett Grade School
Cummings Elementary
Echo Public Library Reading Program
Franciscan Montessori Earth School
Forest Ridge Elementary
Harritt Elementary
Irvington School
Jane Goodall Environmental School
Keizer Elementary
Lake Grove Elementary
Liberty Elementary
Llewellyn Elementary
Myers Elementary
Oak Hills Elementary
OLE Charter
Portland Jewish Academy
River Grove Elementary
Rock Creek Elementary
Salem Academy
St. John the Baptist Catholic School
Swegle Elementary
Talent Elementary
Talent Outdoor Discovery Program
Touchstone Elementary
The Marylhurst School

Student Works: Elementary School



River walk

I walk past you and I see you gleaming
I stop and sit
I dip my feet in and feel the cool rush of the river flowing over my feet
It feels amazing
I look down and I see the sun looking down at you
I look closer and see my reflection in your clear water
You are the most beautiful river I've ever seen

It is time for me to go home
As I walk home I see you go so far over the hillside
It's like you go on forever
I see you have your little fish swimming with you

I have finally reached my home
I go to my room and look out the window to see you
You look beautiful in the midday sun
I say to myself, I can't wait to go back tomorrow!

Clare Kern, Grade 3

Rivers

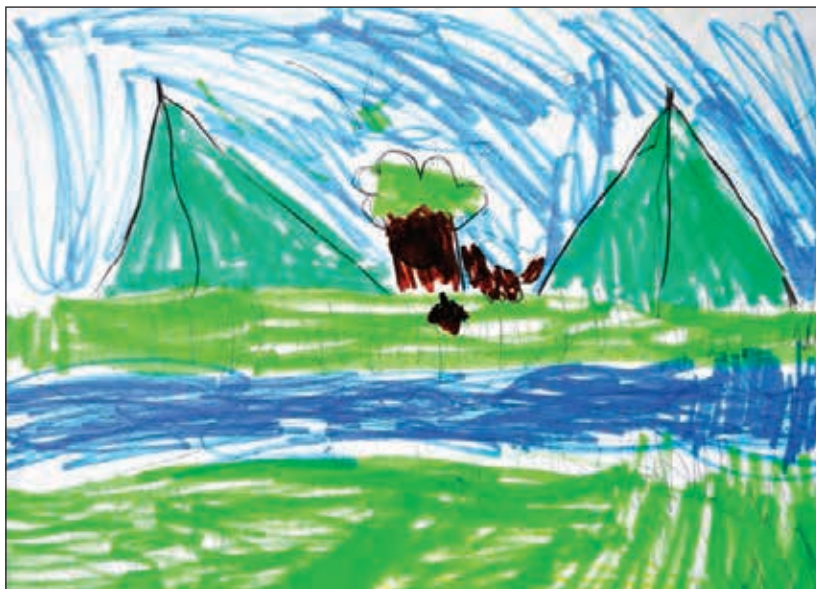
Sparkly, turquoise
Moving, flowing, rushing
My peaceful happy place
Life

Cecelia Lipp, Kindergarten

Shiny Blue Rivers

Shiny and sweet,
Nice and neat.
Flows softly,
As wind blows above.
Blowing nicely and sweetly,
Round and round it goes.

Rylie Smith, Grade 2



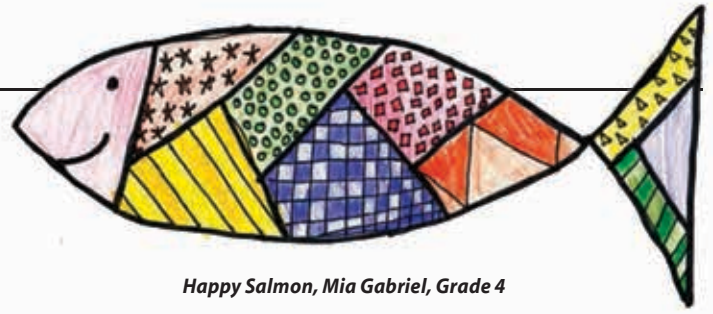
Camping at the Creek, Harrison Sumpter, Kindergarten



Little Trout

Rivers
Wet, calm
Floating, leaping, splashing
They swim together.
Swimming, jumping, eating
Rainbow, colored
Rainbow Trout

Cameron Vandecoevering, Grade 2



Happy Salmon, Mia Gabriel, Grade 4

River Rushing

River rushing with shining fish
Jumping eagerly with gleaming scales
As the sun shines down brightly.

Oliver Leger, Grade 1



The Beauty of the Water, Addison Focht, Grade 5



Fresh Water Fish, Sophie McConville, Grade 1

I am the rippling pool

I am the rippling pool fed by mountain stream, warmed by summer sun.
I look up and I see smiling faces of young children splashing, playing, and laughing.
Others rest in the shade of trees that grow on my bank.
In the evenings the people are gone and everything is quiet except for the hoot of an owl and the whisper of the wind.
Everything is still except for the ripples in the water as they spread across my vast body.
I look up and see the moon and stars shining their sweet light.

Hannah Vance, Grade 4



The River

I feel the river on my hooves.
I see the sun reflect on the river.
I hear the sound of waves and I jump back.
I smell the river.
The wind flows through my mane.
The water feels crisp and cool on my legs.
I see the salmon playing in the river.
I see a fisherman out on the Columbia River.
I see the sparkling river glow like a sweet flower.
I put my head down to drink a little water out of the Columbia River.
I see a little sparrow flying above me, and he comes down to take a drink.

Maria Rohe, Grade 3



Rivers, Weston Long, Grade 1

Streaming Waterfall a Haiku poem

Waves of water glow
Salmon swim through the water bright
Water cascades down

Katherine St. John, Grade 2



Life in a Stream, Sydney Cole, Grade 4





River sounds, Avery Becker, Grade 2

Falling Rain

I fall down to the ground
I form rivers and lakes,
I help water crops,
I go around the world,
I evaporate into clouds,
Just to fall down to
the ground again.

Maranda Rogers, Grade 4

Rivers

Cool, green
Roaring, flowing, going
The best swimming place
Water

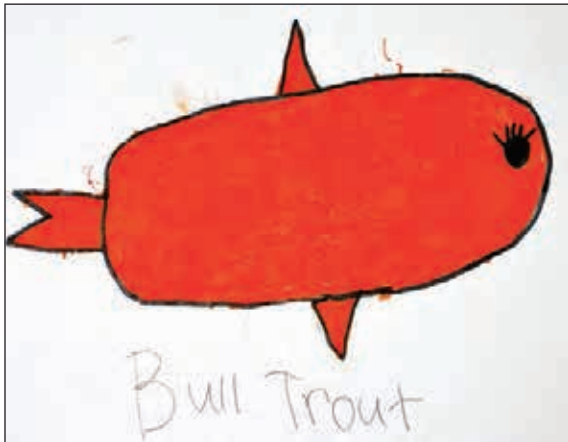
Ahvin Olson, Grade 1

Raindrops

I was in the lake playing with my friends swimming and playing all the time. Then one day I started to turn into thin air! I was seriously panicking. Then I saw all my friends turning into air so I thought in a little while I would be playing with them again but we turned into this thing called clouds! Then we started to get darker when more of us joined our group. All of a sudden we started to fall with thunder and lightning when we hit the ground we landed in a river. We flowed into the ocean again. It happened all over again and this time we went to a different continent. I panicked again I thought I would not bond with them or they would be mean to me. I became friends with them really fast after a long time in a continent it took me to another continent. I thought I would lose all of my friends. After a little while I started to think I would make a lot of friends again. I was right, but the cycle didn't happen till a long time. Then I saw green water pouring into the ocean and napkins floating around everywhere and it was because the first time the cycle happened and I didn't know what it was until my friend told me that it was pollution! I knew I would be really safe at a high altitude!

Austin Gurnee, Grade 4





Bull Trout, Sabine Hagerman, Grade 1

River

River, river in the winter...
How lovely can you be.
The full moon shines brightly
And all the stars are sparkling!

Marlene Goddard, Grade 1

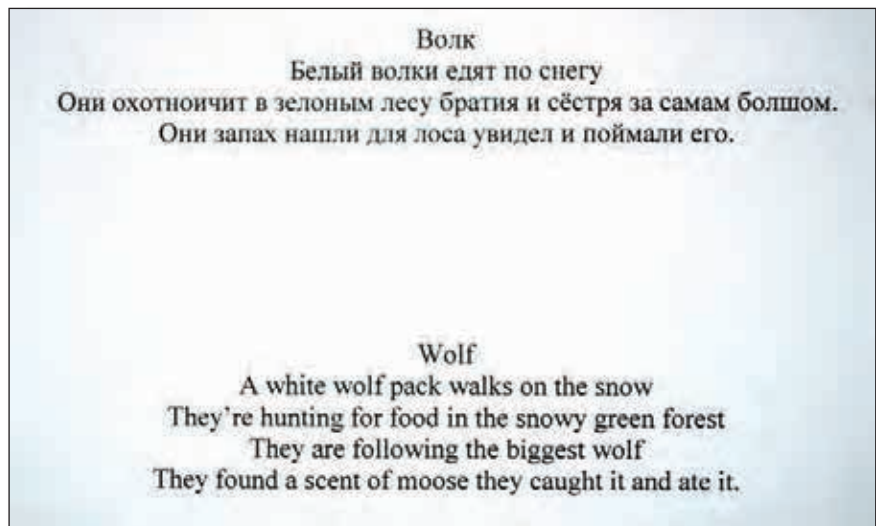
The River

Rivers flowing, smooth
The beautiful birds speaking again

Rivers flowing, slow
Canoes floating peacefully

Down,
 down,
 down
 in the river.

Kaden Digby, Grade 1



Wolf, Katrina Dovgoruk, Grade 4

The Moon and the River

The moon must be tired
pulling this river through the night
without a rest.

Elo Colburn, Grade 1



Stripey, Alina Gunger, Grade 1



Cycles

rushing down rivers
 melting from snow
 water visits its brother cloud
 and takes a trip with aunt rain
 it sees the world
 it shimmers in the light
 and glistens in the night
 it never stops
 like gears on a machine
 it escapes from creeks
 and reunites with the ocean
 it starts to stir in the morning
 turning to dew
 always getting faster
 falling down waterfalls
 snaking through lagoons
 it understands things
 it guides boats and ships
 it's always moving
 never
 stopping
 always moving
 changing
 sneaking
 moving
 it tingles on your hands
 it's graceful,
 and dangerous,
 people say it must be contained,
 but it will always break free
 it has found the secrets of living
 never dying
 never
 stopping
 always moving
 it freezes into glaciers
 and heats into steam
 evaporation
 it goes back to its brother cloud
 takes another trip with aunt rain
 it continues
 never
 stopping
 always moving
 until
 its
 last
 drop

Anna Fuss, Grade 5



Perfect Catch, Brianna Almeida, Grade 4

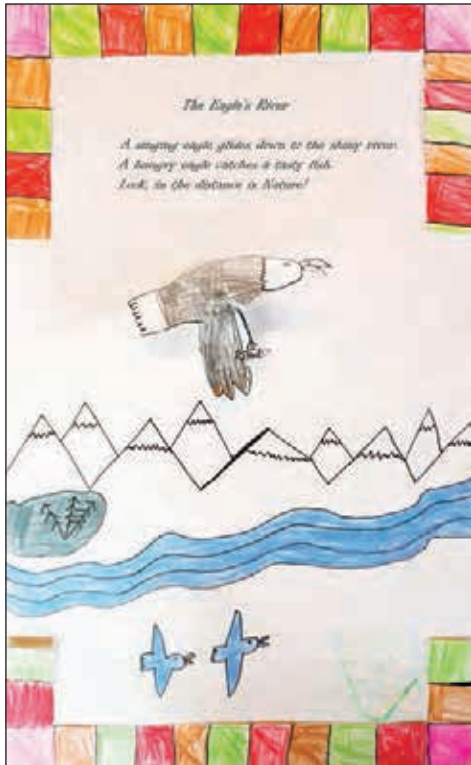
Rivers

Blue, endless
 Swaying, rolling, running
 Reflecting the blue sky
 Corridor

Sylvia Platt, Grade 2



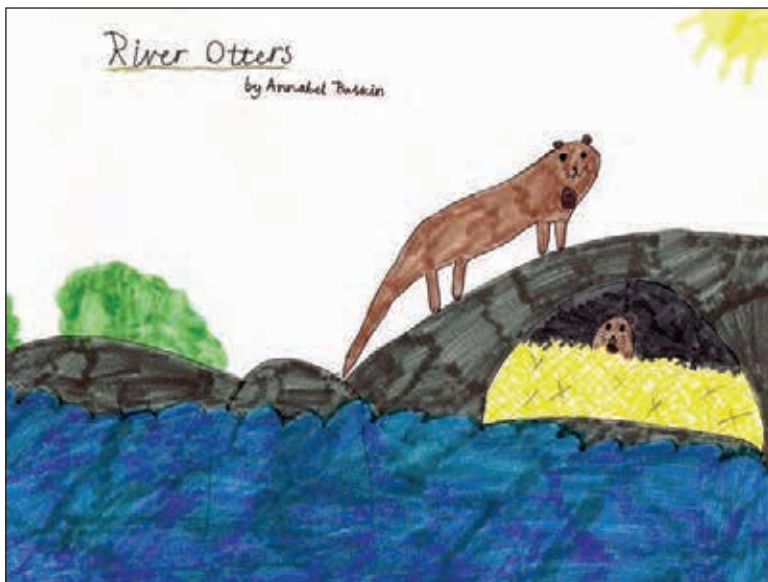
The Journey



The Eagle's River, Elliot Strom, Grade 1

Mist tumbles out of the sky
Falling on a birch tree
The tree droops as water plummets into the stream
below
It rains
The stream overflows
The river marches like a soldier
"To the ocean!" it cries
It swirls and churns as it meets the ocean
Water moves fast,
Filled with the anticipation of being in the vast ocean
Water finds its old friends and explains what it has seen
And what it has done
And how to prepare for the journey
Its friends wake up
It is time, it's their turn for adventure
The day heats up
Sucking and pulling moisture towards the sky
It rains, the soil turning dark brown
Plants shoot up, thriving
They grow and grow
Water is life

Gabrielle Kroepfl, Grade 5



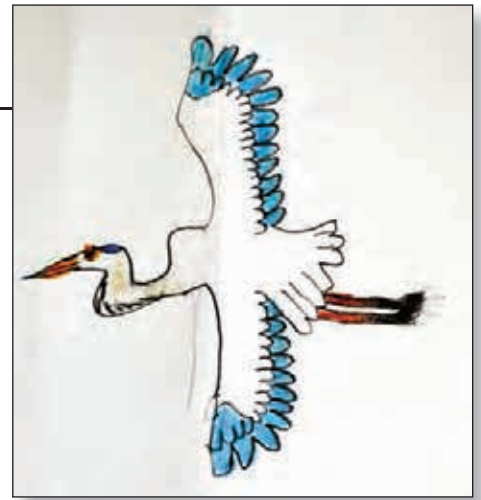
River Otters, Annabel Baskin, Grade 4

Rivers

Big, sandy
Rolling, tumbling, moving
Reflecting the blue sky
Home

Trista Townsend, Grade 1





Flying Heron, Ryan Jan, Grade 4

The Greatest Animal

Once, a long time ago there were three animals. Coyote who was very proud of his dark black color, Skunk who smelled of wildflowers and Eagle who was completely white. The three animals often fought about who was greatest.

One summer afternoon Skunk was napping in a field when Eagle soared into view above her.

Eagle was holding a talon full of greens as she circled low over Skunk smiling mischievously. She dropped the plants and flew away quietly laughing.

"Huh?" Skunk yawned upon finding herself awakened covered in smelly plants. "Oh," she muttered angrily. "I will see to this."

She stomped off towards the forest. She was near her home when she saw coyote gazing at his reflection in the lake and mumbling.

"Eagle and Skunk. Ha! I am so much better, look! My color beats all!" Skunk's temper rose. "No!" She angrily whispered, "I'm best." She released her now awful scent.

"Yuck!" Coyote ran.

"He's going towards the mud pit," Skunk thought. She ran after Coyote using her smell to keep him going toward the mud pit.

The Coyote tripped, falling into the mud pit. "No!" He sputtered as he came up covered in muck.

Laughing, Skunk stole off leaving Coyote behind.

Coyote tried to wash off in the Columbia River but only turned the brown color tan. "My color is ruined forever!"

Later when Coyote was safe in his house a storm started. BOOM! Struck by lightning a nearby tree started to burn. Then rain put the fire out. Soon the storm died.

Coyote decided to check out the tree. As he was looking up through the burnt branches he noticed Eagle flying and felt suddenly angrier. Eagle was still beautiful while he was a drab tan.

Seeing Coyote, Eagle had circled lower. Coyote seized a branch in his mouth and batted up charcoal, hitting Eagle's chest turning her whole underside black. Coyote hurtled more charcoal.

"AHH!" Eagle fell. When she got back to her talons she covered her head and already black body with her wings. Coyote kept flicking charcoal until Eagle's wings were black. Satisfied, Coyote walked away and soon saw Skunk climbing a tree.

"You!" said Coyote unkindly. "It was you who used your smell to make me ugly."

"I was mad!" Skunk said.

Suddenly, Eagle burst in. "I was pretty!" she shouted. "You ruined me Coyote."

"Yes," agreed Eagle. "But still..."

"No," Coyote said. "We must forgive each other."

"Fine!" said Eagle.

Skunk said, "We are all great in our own way. No more fighting."

"Agreed!!!" Everyone chorused.

From then on everyone was happy.

Mia LaFramboise, Grade 3





Untitled, Jack Morgan, Grade 5

The Beautiful Sun River

As the water flows, you will know.
 As the sun shines, the beautiful sound of the stream will make you calm.
 As the flowers grow, the breeze will blow.
 Now you will see, the beauty.
 The rocks will be smooth, and this will be true.
 So never forget, the gentle Deschutes River.

Nidhi Nair, Grade 2

The River Fox

Snow hare and white mice
 In the snow
 I have to dig
 A den of leaves, twigs, grass and mud
 Safe
 By the river
 Fresh icy water
 My cubs play
 Snow drizzles
 Returning back to the den
 Surviving
 The freezing, long winter

Kiera Beyer, Grade 4



Fox, Taylour Veith, Kindergarten



Camping in the Woods, Esther Sumpter, Grade 3



Meadow River, Jana Everitt, Grade 3



Flüsse sind...

(German)

Flüsse sind die Stimme des Friedens
Flüsse sind jung.
Flüsse sind die Stimme der Natur.
Flüsse sind und bleiben für immer.
Flüsse sind...

Maylee Neumann, Grade 3

Rivers are...

(English)

Rivers are the sound of peace.
Rivers are the waters young.
Rivers are the voice of nature.
Rivers are and will be forever.
Rivers are...

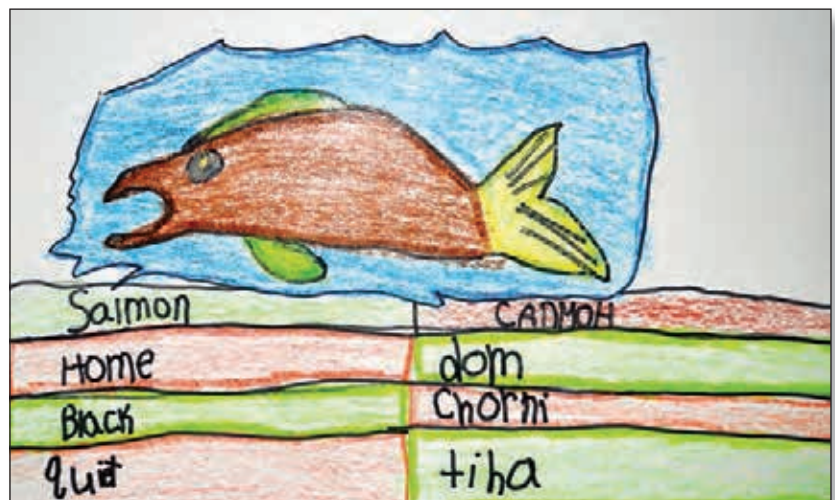


Thunderbird, Juan Romero Garibay, Grade 4

Salmonidae

Salmonidae swimming
Awesome alevin
Leaping salmon
Magnificent mature males
Outstanding osprey
Neat nest

Logan Bowlby, Grade 4



Salmon, Emily Stoyanova, Grade 4

Smith River (Excerpt)

One day my friend Stone and I went to the best river ever – Smith River! We got there and the water was as still as a tiger stalking its prey. I climbed to the top of an enormous rock to jump into the water. It was creepy. It felt like a million years before I jumped. Under water it felt like I was floating through space, entering a new galaxy. The water was cold and everything was silent as it waved through my hair. I came up for air and I was like a whale breaching. It was so fun I wanted to do it a million times!

Then there was a huge 30 foot jump. I stood at the top for hours. I was hesitant to jump but started to fall while looking over the edge, so I went for it. The air rushing around me made me feel like I was skydiving. I hit the water and landed on my side. I thought I broke my ribs! The cold water eased the pain but once I got out I felt like I had just been shot. The pain darted up my chest. It was still awesome. The Stone's mom said we had to go. I couldn't believe it was over so soon.

When it was time to go, I was ready because I was tired. I slept most of the drive back. When we got home, I fell right asleep on my cold bed. It felt good. I can't wait to go again.

Oliver Lynch, Grade 5



The Water Molecule Travels, Singing Its Beautiful Song

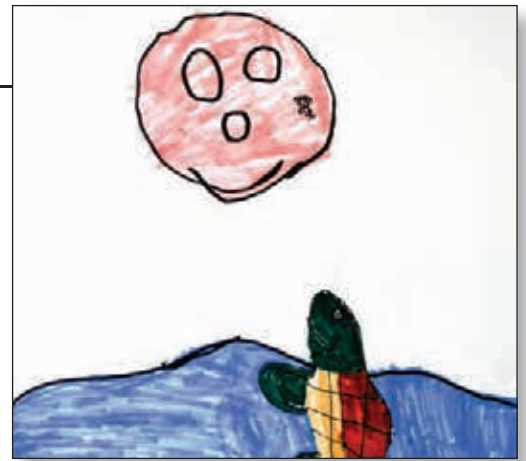
The water molecule travels, singing its beautiful song
Stopping to socialize and then hopping back on the road
The water lives to travel

Some days the water gets tired and takes a nap in the ocean
And sometimes the water gets too overheated and almost evaporates
Turning into steam
So it takes a swim in the river

The water molecule travels, singing its beautiful song
The sun gleaming everyday
The leaves starting to fall in a few days
Then the creamy snow

Then you see the water in your faucet
You fill a glass with the water
You drink the water
You cry out the water
The water can't travel, singing its beautiful song
Because the water is done on this earth
Its mission is complete

Aliza Ellenby, Grade 5



The Turtles, Ukiah Moon Steury, Grade 1

Untitled

Vacant,
And solemn.
But the river on those days is as damp,
And cold as it can be.
I've said all that I've needed to say now.
The Sandy is all it will ever be.
And me,
I'm a raven in a tree.

Bria Kraines, Grade 5



Willamette River, JD Tinseth, Grade 4



Haiku Earth Poems

Loud rushing waters
Tripping, splashing in the mist
Furious rapids.

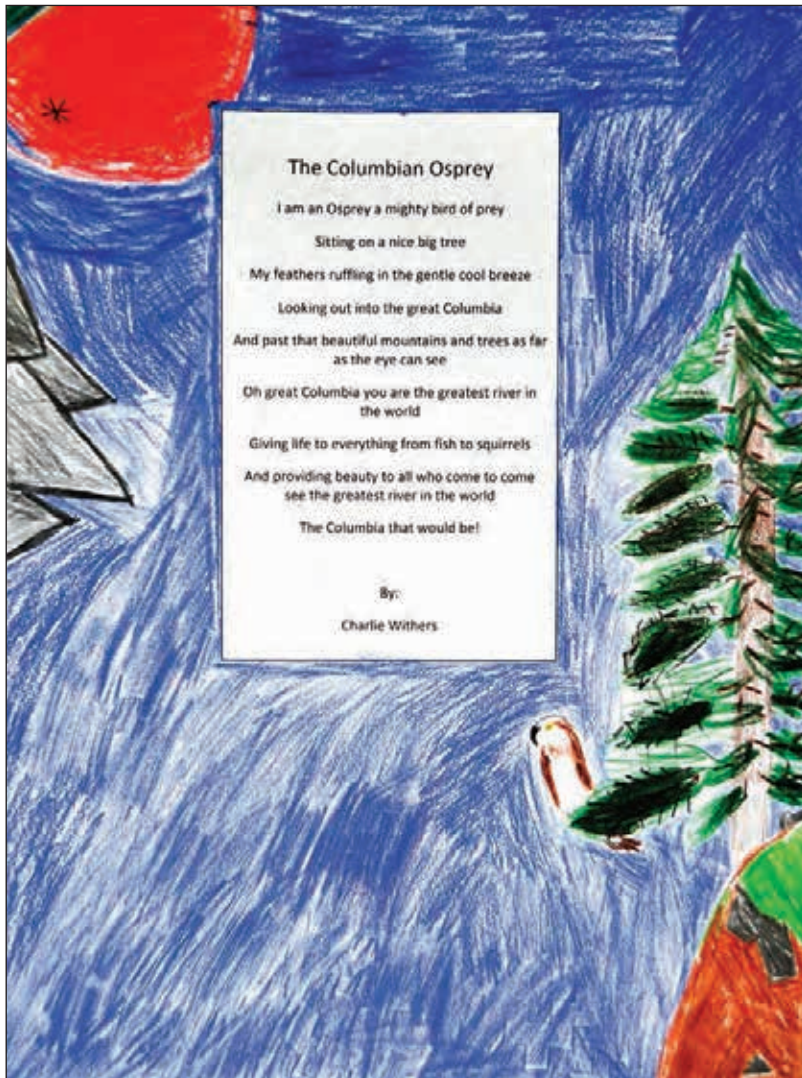
Winter's lonely
Silent snowflakes falling down
Shivery morning.

Winter's blazing sun
Melting snow in the day's warmth
Sparkling afternoon.

Kari Yatsushiro, Grade 2



The River, Saghaley Lewis, Grade 1



The Columbian Osprey, Charlie Withers, Grade 5

Untitled

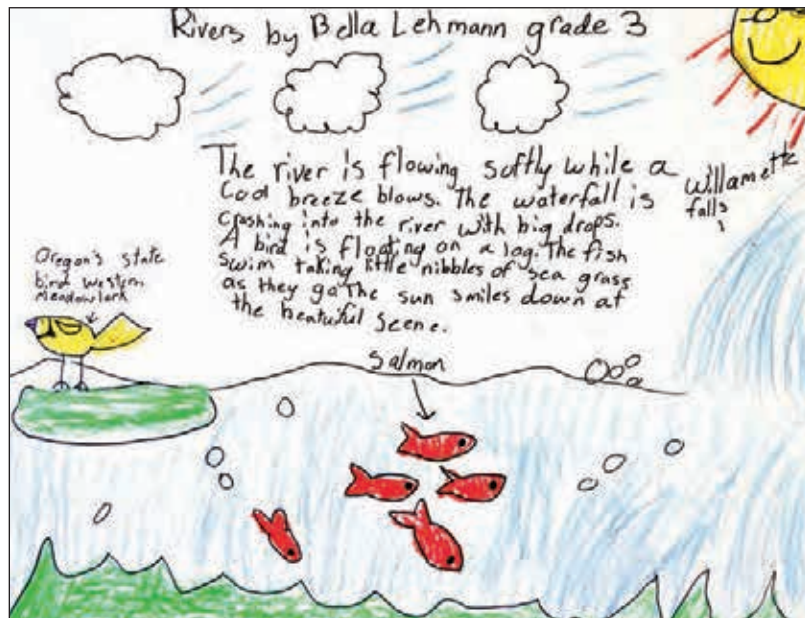
Under the river,
There is a new world.
Full of life,
Colors boring and bold.

Above the river,
There are rocks and rapids,
Twists and turns,
Fast and fierce.

Some are slow,
Some are fast,
Some are just
In between.
But all are equal.

They are all flowing,
And never slowing.

Ava Hilden, Grade 5



Rivers, Bella Lehmann, Grade 3

A Place in My Heart a River Will Be

A place in my heart such a nice wonderful place!
 A river within has a space.
 The river that helps me live, love and laugh
 Together we grow
 So strong
 Like the roots of the trees and the grass that grows
 Like sister like brother a river and me
 Together we go like the flow that the river gives
 A place in my heart
 A river lives
 The rivers that helps to change lives
 Like the fish, the shrimp, the trees that give
 A place in my heart a river will be with me together forever
 A river is part of me.
 So brave
 So calm
 A river will be deep in my heart
 We grow like sister, like brother like 1, 2, 3
 The river is a part of me!

Elise Dolenc, Grade 4



Fly on a Good Day, Keira Wilkens, Grade 4



I Am Nice and Clean

I wonder if my fish like me
I hear fish talk to me
I see other animals in my water
I want to help animals live in here
I am River
I am new to here
I feel they might die
I touch live animals
I worry might cry
I cry "Don't pollute me"
I am River
I understand the animals are nice to me
I say "I like you in my water"
I dream my animals in here will stay alive
I hope they like me forever
I am River

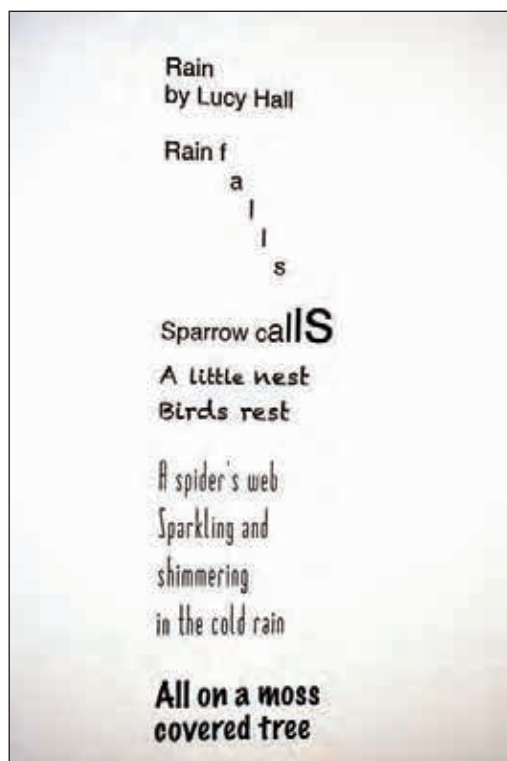
Kate Raschkes, Grade 3



The Outside World, Kylie Gee, Grade 3



Cold Clear Rocky Water, Tyson Smith, Grade 2



Rain, Lucy Hall, Grade 2

Fish

fins gills
swimming racing jumping
salmon trout slimy slippery
hatching feeding splashing
white round
egg

Aiden Lanterman, Grade 3

Cold and White

Fog
hangs in the air
Morning dew
hanging on
pine trees
and chipmunks
scurry through the mist
into blackberry bushes.
And a hawk
perches on
a tree

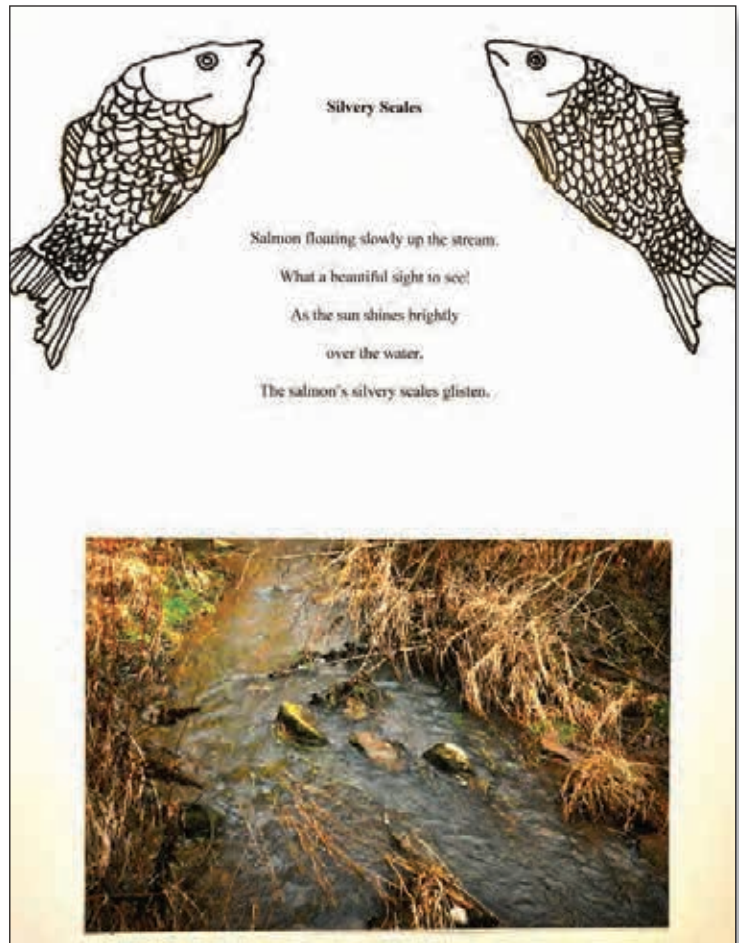
The morning is
still
and quiet

Liam Dubal, Grade 3

I Have Seen

As long as I have stood here
I have watched the river flow.
I have seen fish of many colors,
And I have seen things die
then grow. I have seen things
floating past that are not
supposed to be there, but then,
they're gone thanks to helping
hands. That is my favorite
thing that I have seen
standing here by the river

Rohan Yamin, Grade 5



Silvery Scales, Roman Saporito, Grade 2



Love Our Rivers, Kaden Oprea, Grade 4



Lots of Rivers

Cold raging water
 Beating towards the ocean
Sand shells riding along
 Klickitat Yakima Hood
Willamette White Salmon
 Boats riding with the fish
Anchored down until one is caught
 Clackamas Sandy
Feeding the Columbia
 Feeding the oily fresh water to the ocean

Jack Ferraro, Grade 5



Untitled, Nicole Schnurbusch, Grade 3



The Elk in the Forest, Rhianna Postier-Sims, Grade 2



The Predator, Jackson Lam, Grade 3

Rivers

Rushing Water
Iridescent Colors Shine
Vibrant Light Reflects Above
Extraordinary Powers
Rapids Rage Among The Water
Streams Adjoin Its Mighty Power

Heather Thom, Grade 5

Smith River

My heart beat quickly as we pulled into the Smith River parking lot. My mom, brother and cousins and I had been riding in the car for over an hour and as I got out of the car my legs were so tired. It felt great to stretch and look at the tall red woods. I grabbed my towel and bag and ran to the river. As I ran to the river, the sand was like fire under my feet. I charged into the cool water; it felt excellent.

The rapids swept me down the river then I swam to the shore. I walked to a big rock and climbed it until finally I reached the top. I looked down at the water and saw it was too shallow. I walked down stream to play. When I was tired from playing, I laid in the sun for a long time. I ate cheese and crackers to replenish my energy. Then, as the sun sank low, I made a moat around a rock.

Before I knew it, it was time to go. It was a long ride home but I was happy.

Nathan Stein, Grade 4





Wonder Lily, Allyson Bauman, Grade 2



Untitled, Megha Rao, Grade 2

Hush, and You Can Hear It Now

A drip, a trickle, a flow and then a rush
It rages over the mountain then down a waterfall it goes
It tumbles and turns
Hush, and you can hear it now
oh wow

It meanders down the bend
Then slows down once again
Playing and resting in its river bed all day and night
It works hard to stay moving as it erodes its walls
Hush, and you can hear it now
oh wow

Full of fish, yet fuller by the moment
Don't pollute this gorgeous being, just watch it flow
Appreciate the beauty, and see it age
Full of life and color, gathering and depositing
Hush, and you can hear it now
oh wow

It flows into the estuary
It meets with the ocean
Finally, its long long journey is over
Hush, and you can hear it now
oh wow

Iyah Kaltman-Kron, Grade 5



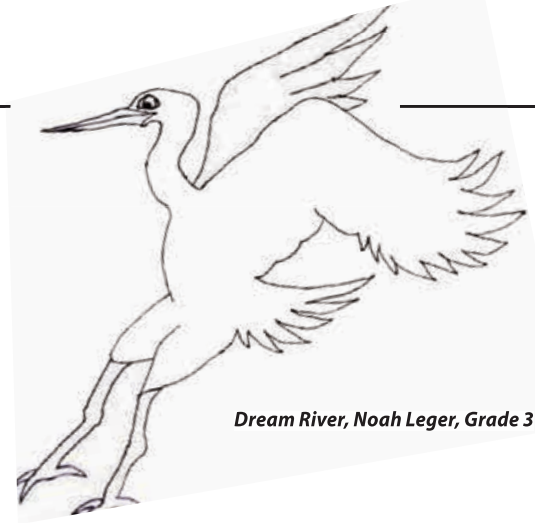
Summer Time

The river was calm.
I was on a boat,
And the trees were vibrant orange.

The river flowed
Through the big Willamette Falls.
Sssshhhhhh, the water whispered to the rocks.

The river mist was rising
Around the boat and me
It was summer time.

Marianne Daubersmith, Grade 1

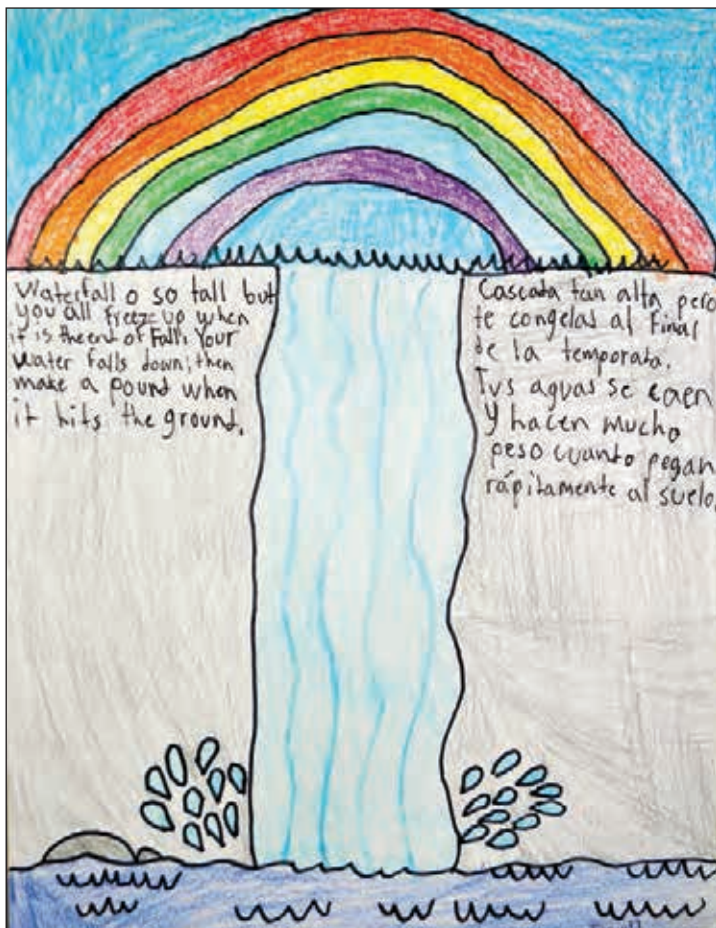


Dream River, Noah Leger, Grade 3

Multnomah Falls

The water is going down a big mountain,
Water roaring like a very loud fountain.
Little air bubbles make the water white,
The water is taking flight.
In the winter very light,
And in the summer
There are lots of pools of water.

David Kong, Grade 1



Waterfall/Cascadia, Isaiah McBride, Grade 4

Water Rafting

White-Water Rafting
Rapids all around
Throwing you around
Paddling like no tomorrow
Level 1-4 Rapids
Boxcar, Devils Hole
And Oak Springs
These rapids will throw you right off
Lots of pressure
This is Deschutes River

Teeyum Samsavar, Grade 5





Once Upon a River, Sydney Smith, Grade 7

Participating Schools

ACCESS Academy
A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Ashbrook Independent School
Baker Middle School
CAPS at Springdale
Catlin Gabel
Claggett Creek Middle School
Corbett Middle School
Crossler Middle School
Five Oaks Middle School
Horizon Christian School
Jane Goodall Environmental Middle School
Lake Oswego Junior High
Portland Jewish Academy
Rachel Carson Environmental Middle School
Skyridge Middle School
Stoller Middle School
Summa Academy
Sunstone Montessori
Tobias Elementary
Waldo Middle School
West Hills Christian School

Student Works: Middle School



One With the River

We walk by like it is nothing
we pay no mind
we block out the sound of the dumping water,
and the tap of the rain on the orange and red leaf covered sidewalk,
instead of it dull normal day by day grey.
You think to yourself that we are too busy,
but have you ever thought that the river is busy too,
rushing to get to a better place, a place of peace.
The wind rattles through the trees,
Whispering like it is sending a message to a friend.
Rain drops down on your nose then your eyelashes.
So you decide to stop,
you take in everything around you,
like it's the first time you've ever seen a river.
You lay down in the damp green grass, you look up through the burnt
golden yellow leaves, to the sky.
Clouds cover and hide the baby blue sky,
like a mother shielding her child from harm.
You close your eyes and listen,
you hear the wind rush by you and the water trip and fall over itself.
So you stop everything in your so called "too busy of a life",
to just be one with the river.
So you lay back,
close your eyes,
and drift away...

CallieRae Michelle Smith, Grade 8



A Day When a Fish Is Happy, Vivian Liu, Grade 6

What is a River

What is a river...

It's more than just a word

It's more than a body of water

It's more than a place to play

A river holds a life

It holds a world

Its water breathes life

Its majestic banks may be fun to play on

But just think

A river touches a heart

Gives life a meaning

Provides a home for a little fish

You can't deny what the earth has given us

It's more than a river

It's life

It's countless souls

It's water of course

But don't you see

It's the very thing you need to live

It fills the mouth of everything

It grows what you want and need

Your food

Your kids

Yourself

What is a river?

It's something you need

So why don't you see that you need

To fill the rivers with love

Not trash

Katterlea MacGregor, Grade 7

Honoring Our Rivers

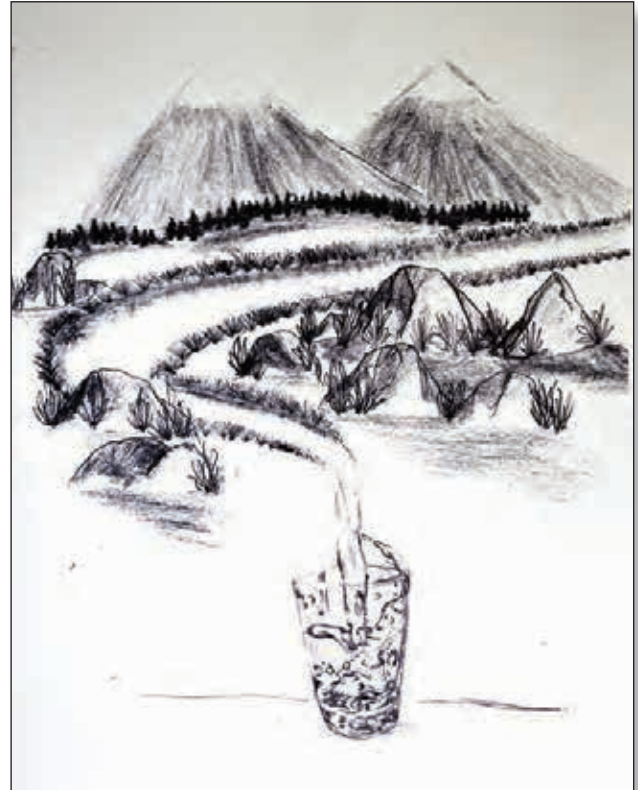
A whisper with no words.

A body without shape.

A stroke with no brush.

A home without a roof is the Columbia.

Layel Parker, Grade 7



Where the River Flows, Greg (Ji-Hoon) Jang, Grade 6

Just One Single River

A single river, so old and yet so young
though brimming with life.

Two single sounds with one hundred
great meanings. Just simply three words
can tell many great stories

Inspiring me to hear your little
whispers, in the breeze. Near, by the
river, just one single river.

Devika Narendra, Grade 6

An Isolated Lake

An isolated lake
reflecting a towering mountain across its surface
multiplying the beauty of the mountain and lake
fish leap out of the water to catch bugs
disorienting the picture as the ripples of the water flow
this isolated lake
carrying life in the water and supporting those around it
as the sun rises it warms the lake making it become alive
making everything around it come to its edges
deer come to the bank to drink its cool and fresh water
while a lizard darts away from a curious fawn
a low quiet hum is heard at a shallow bank, as mosquitoes fly above it
now as the fawn wanders off from the muddy bank
a coyote follows its tracks in hope of a kill
it stalks silently and unseen
finally giving up after the fawn returns to its mother
the isolated lake
visited by creatures
inhabited by creatures
supporting the creatures

Aidan Richards, Grade 8



A SWORD-FERN BY ANY OTHER NAME
CUTS JUST THE SAME.

Sword Fern, Daniel Delaney, Grade 7



Untitled, Pranav Nair, Grade 6

Picture This

Picture this...

The fog hangs over the river, blanketing the ground, blinding the boats that travel through its mysterious waters. You seem to sink as the battling waves pull you into a shadowy sleep. The lapping waves on the rocks are your lullaby. The sand fills in between your toes and hair. You become sand, letting it capture you in its grasp. Then you realize why you're there, a grain of sand on the bottom of the river floor. You are the river.

Paige Baines, Grade 6



The Columbia River's Start of Night

Watching the sunset,
Feeling the crisp, cool, river,
Tasting the moisture in the air,
Smelling the evergreen trees everywhere I go,
In the Columbia River my senses are alive.

The sunset bright with color illuminating the sky,
The river rushing past me into the oncoming night,
The tweeting of the little birds fill my ears with song,
The rivers mist cool and refreshing in my mouth,
The scent of evergreens reminds me of the many river trails,
In the Columbia River my senses are alive.

The final light of day shines on the river's reflection,
The water that once was crisp and cool now chills me to the bone,
The bird's song now fades as I begin to hear the scampering of the night animals coming out to play,
The water in the air now tastes bitter and cold,
The smell of evergreens soon replaced by the smell of the fresh bread my mother was baking.

I edge to the outskirts of the river as my mother beckons me in,
But even as I exit the river my senses are alive.

Katelyn Porter, Grade 6



The Columbia River, Emily Goyne, Grade 8

What the River Dreams at Night

what the river dreams at night
what the river dreams
it sees a canopy of stars
before it falls under a lull
endless thought of floating up
to join the Mother Sky

what the river dreams at night
what the river dreams
a world of brightness
of streaming rays
falling from the sun

what the river dreams at night
what the river dreams
when the rain falls through the mist
landing lightly in the soothing waters
filling it up and through

gushing through the wood
bending over rocks
and swirling past the riverbank
waiting for the closing night
waiting for the glowing moon

for it is then the river dreams, at night
it is then the river dreams

Mariam Nechiporuk, Grade 6



Ecosystem, Mallory Mao, Grade 7

Salmon's Joy

With the trees hanging over the crystal water and the waves crashing on the mossy rocks, I sit on a rock on a sandy beach with fantastic shells and the great breeze. I see the fish flap and splash their dancing tails. When the fog disappears, I start walking into the depths of the river with my heart racing. I look under the river and fish move under the log's shadow. When the glowing sun hits the salmon, they jump out of the water with eyes wide. I walk out of the water with my feet cold and my head raised up, the crystal surface beneath the waterfalls and the depths full of fish with joy, I feel calm.

Sean Zic, Grade 7



Untitled, Makenna Greenwalt, Grade 6



The River That Calmed Me

As I walked down the riverbank
I breathed in the crisp air
And the pains of my life
Vanished in the bare

Deadlines and due dates
Danced away with the wind
My sorrow swam away
Under a fish's fin

Pressure from parents and peers
Swept away by river flow
Flowed down and away
To a place I did not know

Every breath I took
Made my bad thoughts flee
For the river I walked by
Was a river that calmed me

Kaizen Oudom, Grade 7



Hidden Beauty, Megan Swartley, Grade 8

River Poem

I feel the wind brush my face
feel the salty air wash over me
the constant flow of water
catches my eye
the twinkle of the river looks
as if it were kissed by the sun

I hear a splash
of a duck gracefully landing for
a short snack

I slowly turn around to see
a deer
in a field of blood red flowers
with the sparkle of frost
from the cold night

I bend down and feel the cold touch of water
trickling over my hand

I gently submerge
into the delicate flow of the water
close my eyes
and drift away

Grace Baker, Grade 8



Flowing Waters, Christopher Asbury, Grade 7

The Chase

I feel the rush of cool water on my silky fur
as fish struggle to avoid my gaping mouth. A flick
of my tail turns me left and right, my strong, webbed
feet propelling me through the water. My nose and
ears close as I dive. I slip and slide down the
stream, catching fish on my way. Down, down, down
I go.

Zachary Taylor, Grade 7



Music of the River

As you lay on the soft earth that surrounds the calm water,
you smell the fresh breeze and sweet aroma of the flowers and leaves.
Along the river, a symphony plays.
The crickets and the grasshoppers make a lovely tune,
the wind blowing through the trees accompanies the soft sound.
Fish jump up and create the sound of beating drums,
the drops from the morning dew fall to the water making a rhythmic drip, drop.
The soul of the river plays for you until your own heart falls into step with the
song, bum-bum, bum-bum is the rhythm your heart plays.
You can imagine the ancient songs that have been played along this magical river.
The songs of the natives that are lost in time.
The music of the river will play its song till time itself stops,
Spreading peace into those who seek your song.

Natalie Arneson, Grade 8



From the Cliffs Above, Jarett Graff, Grade 8

A Race to the River

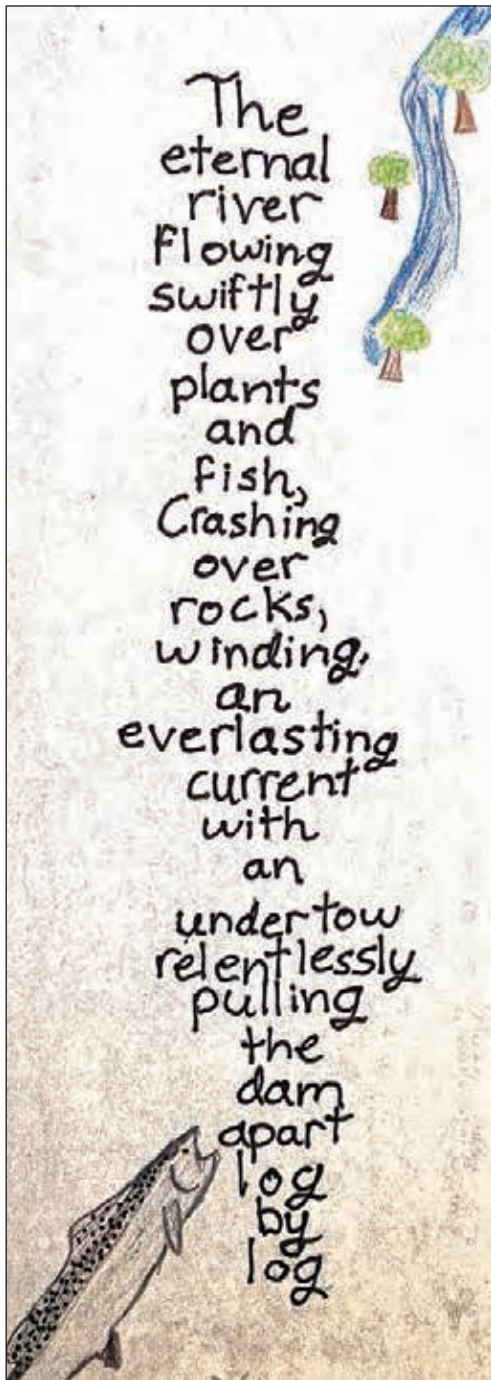
Rain falls, filling the air with a heavy soak.
Seeping through the trees.
A muddy trail, the drench runs through its gutters
chasing the path the pink cheeked children trod.
Rain grows to a narrow snake of water,
rubbing against the polka dots and stripes on
17 pairs of small rubber rainboots.
They hop through muck, chasing the tails of
the rain as it slips and slides.
A heavy plip-plopping of drops beats steadily on
their tightly hooded heads.
They tie in the race to the river as pink and
green clad feet splash through the tide and rivulets of
water run to meet the waves.
Their ways part at the bank as the children romp
and the water runs.

Isabella Mounsey, Grade 8



Chickadees at Night, Emily Shen, Grade 6





The River, Javier Vollmayer, Grade 6



Unittled, Emma MacNeill, Grade 6

Depths

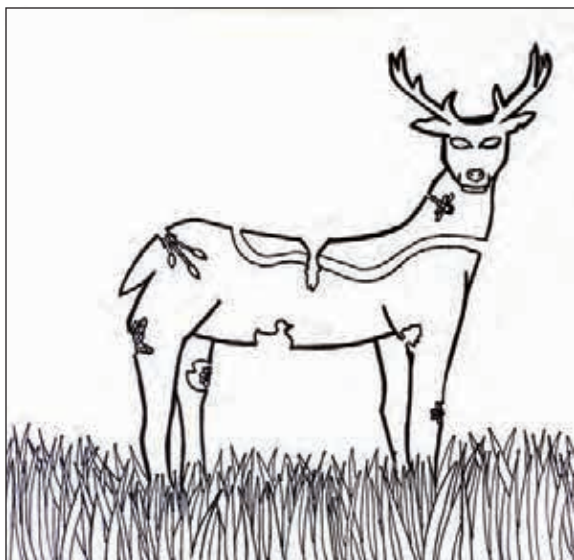
The freezing water rushes swiftly across my leg as I wade into the depths of the river. Fear, excitement, apprehension... they all swell within me as I ponder of the depths teeming with the lives of thousands, from gigantic fish to undetectable micro-organisms. I wade closer and closer to the dark, seemingly-undisturbed water. I stop suddenly and in apprehension, I dive down into the darkness. Before I open my eyes, before the amazing sensation of the water hits me I hear the eerie echo of the splash above me. The sound reverberates around me. Once the ripples die away, everything hits me. I open my eyes and see a fish weaving through my legs, its slick, shiny scales graze my leg, leaving a tingling feeling where it had touched. Though my skin was freezing, on the inside I was warm. My lungs started burning. I burst up, breaking the surface of the river. As I look out, the ripples fade away, traveling down the river with the current. As I look out I see the trees around me, whispering in the wind. I walk out of the river, the cold air shipping around, freezing my exposed skin. I look down. Instead of seeing a dark, inhospitable, cold river, I see an invitation, full of life and possibilities.

Oliver VanderPloeg, Grade 7

Because That's What Good Friends Do

River and I met when I was young.
I was five
And she was eight thousand nine hundred and fifty-five.
We spent days together.
In the summer
her cold, crisp fingers
would pull me in,
not letting me go.
Sometimes, we would dance
wildly
along the bank
with no care or regrets.
We would laugh over the rocks
and giggle under the sunken logs.
Other times we would lay in silence.
When dinner was over,
I would run out, to go lay with River and look at the stars.
Whispering wishes
and telling secrets in the dark night.
And every night before I fell asleep,
I would say "good night" to River,
because that's what good friends do.

Sydney Downing, Grade 7



Story of a River, Jada Fouch, Grade 8



Untitled, Myra Schra, Grade 7

Honoring Our Rivers

Drive by its beauty everyday
Its water moving every way.
Trees casting shadows
All along the shallows.
The river water rushes
while the wind hushes.
Sun specks dropped on its fresh surface
The river knows its purpose.

Jacquelyn Matulewicz, Grade 8

The Sealion

She dances up and down the river
her eyes, once bright as sun on the water,
her body, sleek like river reeds
her face carved of stones collected at the shore,
This is the sealion's beauty.
Look carefully for the years that dance in her
seaglass smooth eyes.

Celia Connor-Smith, Grade 6



The Dive

I run over the hot sand. As it burns my feet I run faster towards the water. I make one last leap and I am in the river. I jump again and my body is swallowed up like a coin getting dropped into honey. I open my eyes, everything is a blurry green. I just make out something moving about ten feet under me. Then I notice that my lungs are about to pop, but I must get close to that thing down there. If I get closer, I might never come back up again. I look up, then look down and look up again. Then I swim down towards the silver moving object. When I get close enough, I can tell that it is a fish. I am now in arm's reach, trying to touch it again, but I grab nothing but sand. I put my feet on the bottom of the river and push up, seeing the sunlight above me. Then I bust into the light.

Sam Swartley, Grade 6



Willow's Tears, Jennifer Claudio Marquez, Grade 8

Old Blue

Cold Water rushes down the river.
Owls fly through the night.
Lustrous trees ruffling in the wind.
Under the river, fish swim.
Moles dig into the ground.
Big salmon swim through the fish ladder.
Intriguing bears come stomping down the valley.
Ants march to their hill.

Raccoons walk along the river bank.
Ice melts from the mountain to the river.
Valleys form what we call the streambed.
Eagles soar through the blue sky.
River is a wonderful place.

Alex Finn, Grade 7



Beautiful Mountain View and River, Hannah Nguyen, Grade 6

Primrose River

Feel eternity in every little step
and watch her slip through your fingers
and disappear.

touch the moist feet that beat rhythms onto you until
dandelions wind into the spaces tween your toes.
count the flecks of rose on your tongue and grab
onto love until it coughs your abandoned memories.

see her tempest toes attached to your slow feet
hold bouquets of primroses, and deny
you haven't found what you're looking for.

lie back in the middle of the street in the night hours
and, stare at the stars landed together in patterns of morse code
that you've forgotten how to read.

drink the soft call of her, barefoot and vulnerable.
undo the tangled ribbons in her hair and wrap them around
until millions of little gods are woven on your fingertips.

build a prison of your laced fingers and let the words you never said
dissolve on your tongue like rainwater.
play patty cake until forget-me-nots bloom from your neck.

tiny droplets that sink into your eyes as she stamps
the cosmos you can smell on your skin,
the countless facets of diamonds floating on her surface.

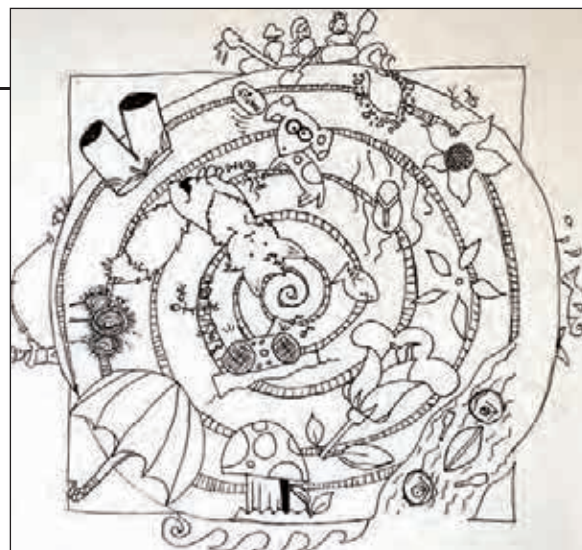
wish on the stars that drop into her unbound magnificence
and feel her pulse slow
under carnations bud from her eyes and blind you with the tears of polluted
defeat.

jump off the edge with only a parachute and a prayer
and dream of a place called home.

watch the silky clouds gather
near

close your mouth and open your eyes
and wait for miracles.

Anushka Nair, Grade 8



River in My Head, Taylor Logan, Grade 7



Untitled, Renee Shaw, Grade 7

Success Through a River

Boulders, curves, ripples,
Shape us into who we are,
beginning to end.

Mena Drakely, Grade 6





Blacke Lake, Emily Harris, Grade 6

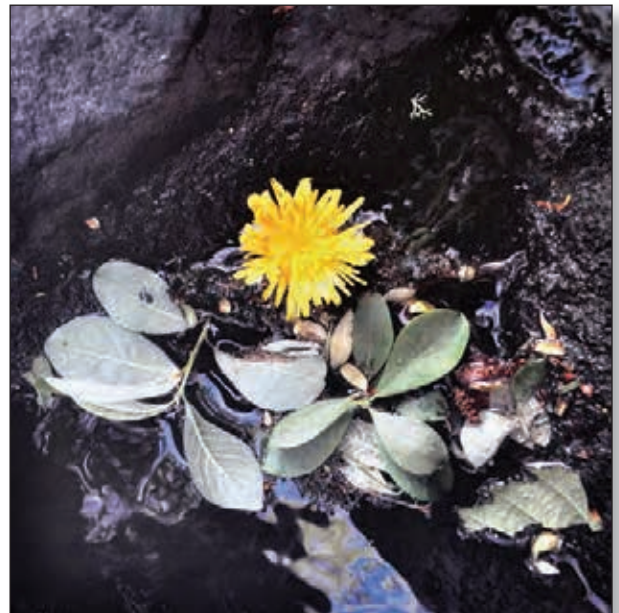
My summer river

The water rushing to my feet
 As clear and blue as the sky
 The fish that everyone loves to eat
 Come and jump so high
 The otter is my favorite because she is so sweet
 I love my little Otter rushing by my feet

And as I stand there watching
 A thought goes through my mind,
 What a wonderful river,
 Rushing rushing by

I come back years later
 And immediately I'm aghast
 The river rushing by my feet is not the river from the past
 It is brown with streaks of other colors
 Something must be wrong
 The fish no longer jump and play
 The otter no longer comes to hunt
 My beautiful, blue river
 Has slipped beyond my grasp
 My beautiful summer river
 Is gone at last.

Lena Becker-Blease, Grade 6



Strange Dandelion, Valena Olivares and Aliyah Suro, Grade 8

The Stream

Sleek, white speckled feathers ruffle in the wind
Long, powerful wings brush the water,
Then soar upwards, touching the sky.
The towering pines sway, the water ripples, clouds like cotton fill the sky
A thousand tiny droplets sparkle in the air
For one moment
Then fall back towards the glittering surface
The beak lets out a piercing cry
The wings pump the air
Carrying the speckled feathers and sharp talons away

Feathers ruffle in the breeze
Gliding through cedar and fir
Moss covered, green, and lush
A woven mess of twig and bark
Pine needles
Small stiff strips of bark
The quiet babble of the stream
The sound of waves lapping at sandy shores
The glow of the midday sun
The rustle of tree branches
Peaceful, quiet
The lake,
The stream,
The woods,
Untouched by tar and shovels,
Never knowing black smoke,
The glint of metal,
Only
The rustle of tree branches
The glow of the midday sun
The sound of waves lapping at sandy shores
and
The quiet babble of the stream.

Charlotte Cody, Grade 6



Vulpes vulpes, Alice Welch, Grade 8



Untitled, Terin Snyder, Grade 6

Not Mr. Cat in the Hat

What swishes and sways and freezes?
What powders and crumbles and breezes?
What twirls and whirls and curls?
What swirls?
Not a rock nor a mountain nor a cat in the hat!
It's water of course, it's as simple as that!
To swish and to sway and to freeze
To twirl and to whirl and to make all that snow?
Not anything can do all that,
No wait!
Can water?
Why Doggone it, it's that!

Bram Nutt, Grade 6





River Life, Bella Beard, Grade 6

Oregonians and the Rain

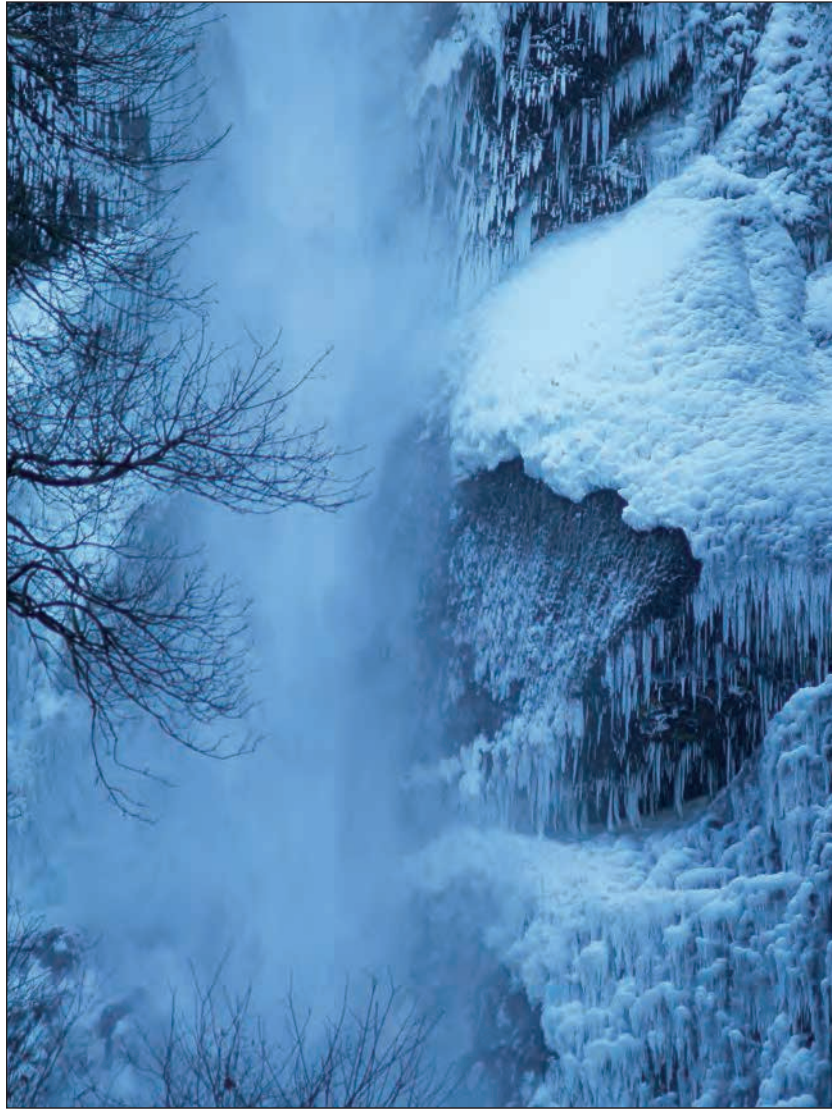
The touch of a rain drop is like
 a soft tear running down your
 face or when it comes down pouring like
 hooves on a dirt road
 or our rain boots stomping in
 puddles like little kids or waiting watching the yard
 for the rain to go away and the sunshine to come
 out but that's not going to happen because we are the city of rain
 the city of worst allergies until our best friend comes
 and makes the pollen go away or who reveals
 beauty in the sun on a cold day
 and on a rainy day you're out buying
 a new raincoat because yours is already
 worn out from last year's rain
 even though you wish it away
 but you're really thinking "Why can't we
 have more rain."

"The way I see it, if you want the rainbow, you gotta put up with the rain." -Dolly Parton

Emma Lindner, Grade 6



Boots, Aaunalei Alvarez, Grade 6



Endurance, Sonja Bales, Grade 11

Participating Schools

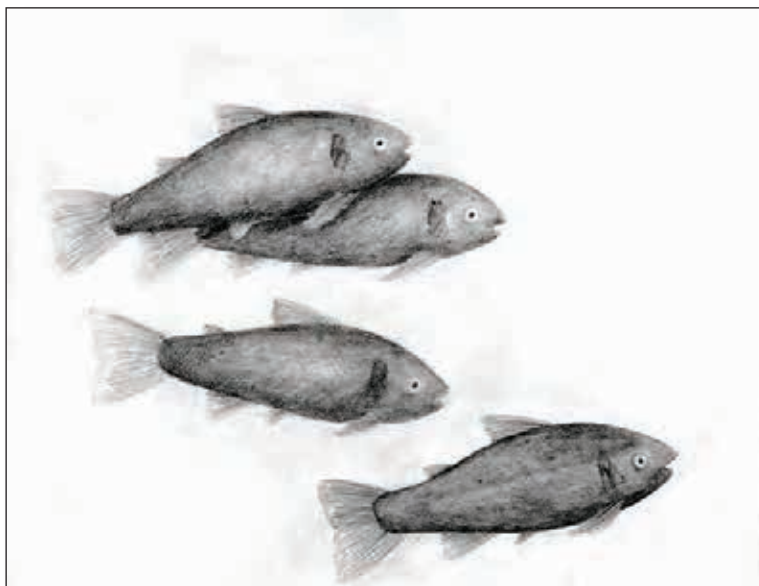
Central Linn High School
Clackamas Middle College
Corbett High School
Early College High School
Eastern Oregon University
Gladstone High School
International School of Beaverton
Rex Putnam High School
St. Mary's Academy
Woodburn High School

Student Works: High School & College





Dependent, Isabel Rickert, Grade 9



Four Fish, Abigail LeMoss, Grade 10



Seasons

The clear water flowed slowly around the log on the Deschutes that spring morning. The six-year-old boy carefully inched his way along the log, as his dad waited with a fishing pole in his hand. Rainbow trout were swimming around the log—today was opening day of fishing season. Eager to get his hands on the pole, the boy pressed forward a bit too quickly. Losing his footing the icy water of the Deschutes engulfed him as he tumbled in. Hastily he scrambled back to the safety of the shore. As father and son laughed, all thoughts of fishing vanished on that perfect morning.

Summer came, and with it, the land became barren. They called it a recession and dad found work out of town in the oil industry. That summer the boy walked alone, along the Deschutes. Jagged stones perturbed where there once had been life-giving water. Summer's drought left both father and son parched—isolated.

The arrival of fall saw the Deschutes filled with water again, transporting fallen leaves downstream. More importantly, father and son are reunited. Together they toured the river, inhaling her glory. In spite of the decay of fall, they forged new ground, and joyfully recalled the old. The elder man shared wisdom with his son, who had aged himself. Together they journeyed along this river of life, painfully aware it would not last forever.

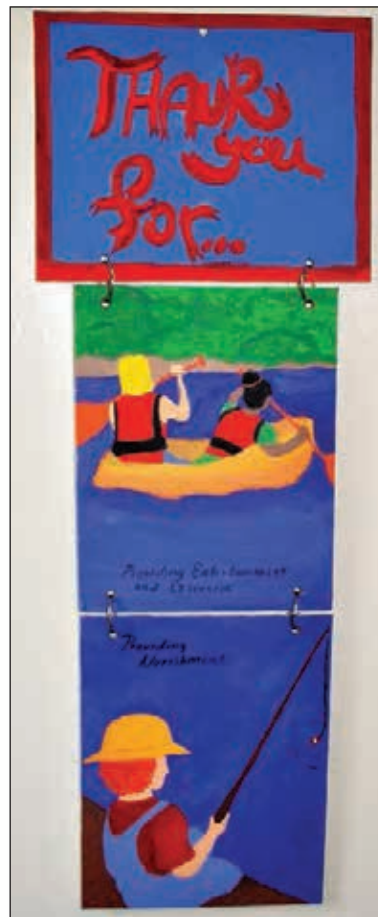
Winter descended far too soon, and the boy trudged to the ice-covered bank of the Deschutes. He had buried his father today. Frozen sheets of ice strangled the river as a bitter wind raged from the Cascades. Nobody noticed tears streaming down his face, transformed into ice as they fell to the Deschutes's shore. Now the only trips with dad would be through memories.

The aged boy, who had become a man, heard a shriek of delight that spring morning along the Deschutes. A familiar log had a young boy stationed on it, with a fishing pole. "I got a bite," the youngster squealed, as the fishing pole bounced in his hands. Swiftly the man moved to the log, and began to inch forward to his grandson. Stability evaded him and he tumbled into the river. Wet from head to toe he pulled himself once again from the icy river. The laughter of his grandson pricked his ears. Then—a sound of delight arose from another source. Others thought the sound was from the nearby rapids, but he knew his father's laughter, which had been silent ever since that frigid winter day. As the sound of ecstasy sprang forth, echoing along the banks of the river, tears streamed down his face. Cries of a grateful heart that knew where he could always find dad. Winter had lost its grip—its ice destroyed. Spring had returned along the shore of the Deschutes.

Randy McBride, College Senior



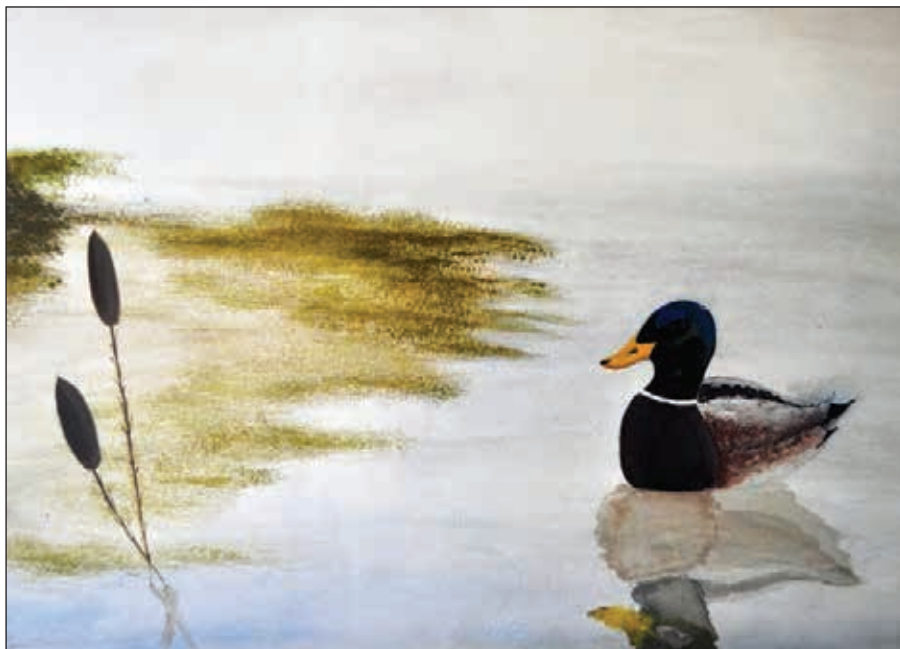
Moose by the Creek, Chloe McCartney, Grade 12



Untitled, Allison Trujillo Arangute, Grade 11



Native Life, Jessica Santillan, Grade 10



Home, Aisha Ambrose, Grade 12

In my unbridled fantasies about education, paddling the length of the Willamette would be a coming-of-age ritual for every boy and girl.

Tim Palmer, Rivers of Oregon (coming 2016).

Ripples & Eddies

Small snippets of larger entries that contained language too exceptional to pass up

The raindrop said, "What happened to me?" His friend said,
"You precipitated and that's the life of a water droplet."

Gavriel Mendez, Grade 4

I realized that nature is the most beautiful and amazing
thing about the world we live in. I realized why the salmon
try so hard to swim upstream.

Taya Riley, Grade 7

I am liquid gold
trimmed by autumn
leaves ablaze with fire

Francesca Pozzi, Grade 6

The web of waters
Regally woven in
The tapestry
Of Oregon

Zoey Blechschmidt, Grade 6



Untitled, Ansar El Muhammad, Grade 9



One Fish, Chloe Wolfson, Grade 1

There was an otter named Harry who lived
down by the river. His whiskers were so long
that they hung down like hair and dragged
behind him in the water when he swam. The
river was so deep that no matter how hard
he tried to see the bottom he couldn't. It
smelled like fresh snow that had just fallen
the night before.

Noah Bastian, Grade 4

Drifting lazily
Frozen tears of winter
Tumble slowly to the ground
Each drop
Uniquely different
A dusting of sugar
Covers the land

Thea Traw, Grade 6



The flowers have blooming and bubbling
petals, like river tea fresh out of the river kettle.

Owen Porter III, Grade 5

A river is air,
A river is life itself

Thomas Thake, Grade 5

A fish's tail flicks up wisps of sand
as it swims by

Felicia Tsai, Grade 8

My river is cold and clean.
It is good for fish and it is a great place to swim.

Adrian Gates, Grade 3

Water everywhere
Animals drinking from a stream
Leaves on the shore's edge

Jesse Williams, Grade 6

A River has a surprise for you
Just for everyone and you
Can you feel it?
Can you see it?
A River surprise for you

Alexa Rose, Grade 5

First we went to the creek to catch macro-invertebrates. The best part of catching macro-invertebrates was catching four crayfish. Then we went to see Darlingtonia. It was awesome because it ate flies without a mouth. Finally we went on a night hike. It was really cool because we got to see bats drinking water in the lake.

Ian Tringolo, Grade 4

Cold, crisp air hits my face, sending a shiver
down my spine. The tree's limbs shake and
sway, never really stopping. Does it yearn?

Brinsley Hammond-Brouwer, Grade 6

She runs along the river until she finds the longing ocean.

Olivia Broadley, Grade 8

Outdoor school is important, because students
need to be able to appreciate the wild.

Ansel, Outdoor School for All Kickoff, January 30, 2015

The snowflakes spin around on the ice,
Like a ballerina at a grand show
A cluster of hail ruins the silence.
The ice is sad.
The hail cracked its heart and now the ice melts.

Joseph Weiner, Grade 5



Fish, Caleb Day, Grade 8



Boat Passes Ship, Aya Morton, acrylic ink, 12"x10". Reprinted with permission. www.ayamorton.com

Sarahlee Lawrence
Jonquil LeMaster
Richard Mack
Abby Phillips Metzger
Kathleen Dean Moore
Aya Morton
Tim Palmer
Mike Putnam
Carlos Reyes
Joe Seymour
Ana Maria Spagna
Pepper Trail
Leah Wilson

Invited Artists & Writers



The Rules of the River

AT MIDNIGHT ON THE Toklat River in the Alaska Range, the thermometer recorded ninety-three degrees. The sun, dragging anchor in the northwest sky, fired rounds of heat against the cabin. I was lying naked on the bunk, slapping mosquitos. Next to the wall, my husband lay completely covered by a white sheet, as still and dismayed as a corpse. He would rather be hot than bitten, and I would rather be bitten than hot.

I had come to the Toklat River to think about global warming, and it wasn't going well. The week's heat was breaking all-time records, drawing a new spike on the graph of jaggedly rising temperatures in Alaska. The average day is now four degrees warmer than just a few decades ago, and seven degrees warmer in winter. The Arctic is heating twice as fast as the rest of the world.

Furious and despairing, I had no chance of falling asleep that night. So I pulled on clothes and walked to the bank of the river.

The Toklat is a shallow river that braids across a good half mile of gravel beds, dried stream courses, and deep-dug channels. Sloshing with meltwater, it clatters along among islands and willow thickets. Banging rocks on cobblestones, surging into confused swells, the gray currents that night looked unpredictable and chaotic. But there were patterns.

A hydrologist once explained the rules of rivers to me as we walked a river-path. The dynamics of a river are manifestations of energy, he said. A fast, high-energy river will carry particles—the faster the river, the bigger the particle. But when it loses energy and slows, the river drops what it carries. So anything that slows a river can make a new landscape. It could be a stick lodged against a stone or the ribcage of a calf moose drowned at high water. Where the water piles against the obstacle, it drops its load, and an island begins to form. The island—in fact, any deposition—reshapes the current. As water curls around the obstacle, the current's own force turns it upstream. Around one small change, the energy reorganizes itself entirely.

And here's the point: no one pattern continues indefinitely; it always gives way to another. When there are so many obstacles and islands that a channel can no longer carry all its water and sediment, it crosses a stability threshold and the current carves a different direction. The change is usually sudden, often dramatic, the hydrologist said, a process called avulsion.

On the Toklat that night, the physics of the river played out right in front of me. A chunk of dirt and roots toppled from the bank, tumbled past me, and jammed against a mid-river stone. The current, dividing itself around the rootball, wrinkled sideways and turned upstream. It curled into pocket-eddies behind the roots. Even as I watched, the pockets filled with gravel and sand. A willow could grow there, and its roots could divide and slow the river further, gathering more gravel, creating a place where new life could take root.

I shoved a rock into the river. The sudden curl of current made me grin. Yes, we are caught up in a river rushing toward a hot, stormy, and dangerous planet. The river is powered by huge amounts of money invested in mistakes that are dug into the very structure of the land, a tangled braid of fearful politicians, preoccupied consumers, reckless corporations, and bewildered children—everyone, in some odd way, feeling helpless. Of course, we despair. How will we ever dam this flood?

But we don't have to stop the river. Our work and the work of every person who loves this world—this one—is to make one small deflection in complacency, a small obstruction to profits, a blockage to business-as-usual, then another, and another, to change the energy of the flood. As it swirls around these snags and subversions, the current will slow, lose power, eddy in new directions, and create new systems and structures that change its course forever. On these small islands, new ideas will grow, creating thickets of living things and life-ways we haven't yet imagined.

This is the work of disruption. This is the work of radical imagination. This is the work of witness. This is the steadfast, conscientious refusal to let a hell-bent economy force us to row its boat. This is much better than stewing in the night.

"Rules of the River" by Kathleen Dean Moore. Published in Orion, September/October 2014. Reprinted with permission.



Blue Kayak – Dark Lake

this is where he can think - here on the flat, clear water
clean lines of thin waves whisper from the bow
of the blue kayak as he pushes it forward
one stroke left, one stroke right

tall granite mountains and summer clouds
rise and shimmer in entwined harmony
and sliding above the slick, dark water
mountains and clouds appear to flow beneath him

deep in the lake gray boulders of granite
rest as pale as death and as bright as life
glacier born they hold the lake in cupped hands
offering sacred water to all who need sacrament

this is where he can think - here on the flat, clear water
here where his breathing becomes the mist
the osprey's essence becomes his essence
fish don't fear him and draw near to be touched

alone in the kayak the breath of nature exhales
water and sky and mountain and man become one
one stroke left and one stroke right
this is where he can think - here on the flat, clear water

*"Blue Kayak – Dark Lake" by Richard Mack, © 2014.
Used with permission.*



*Smith Rock and the Monument, Mike Putnam. Reprinted with permission.
www.mikeputnamphoto.com.*

Spawning in Mud

Laurie came home from work for lunch. Her clothes were soaked, and she needed to change. But she put that off.

"Come on," she said. "Let's go look at the river."

I was wearing shorts. I felt lethargic, spinny from too much caffeine, guilty for not working on the new woodshed.

"Why?" I asked.

"The water's getting pretty high," she said. "It might flood."

Flood? I thought she'd lost her mind.

All summer the threat of a catastrophic wildfire had cast a pall over the valley. Ferns browned up and bowed over. Twigs snapped under Vibram soles, and we winced. I'd spent so much dread on wildfires that I'd forgotten completely about floods. Besides, after that hundred-year flood eight years back, didn't we have a ninety-two-year hiatus coming?

"Come on," she said.

She pointed to my boots in the corner, where I'd left them after my last day of trail work. I pulled them on, and we headed out. The extension cords in the yard were now completely submerged and barely visible. The earth had been too dry for too long, and now it would not accept water, but repelled it, dust-like, so that the whole forest floor was filling up like a series of plastic kiddie pools. Hydrophobic, people would say later: the soil had gone hydrophobic.

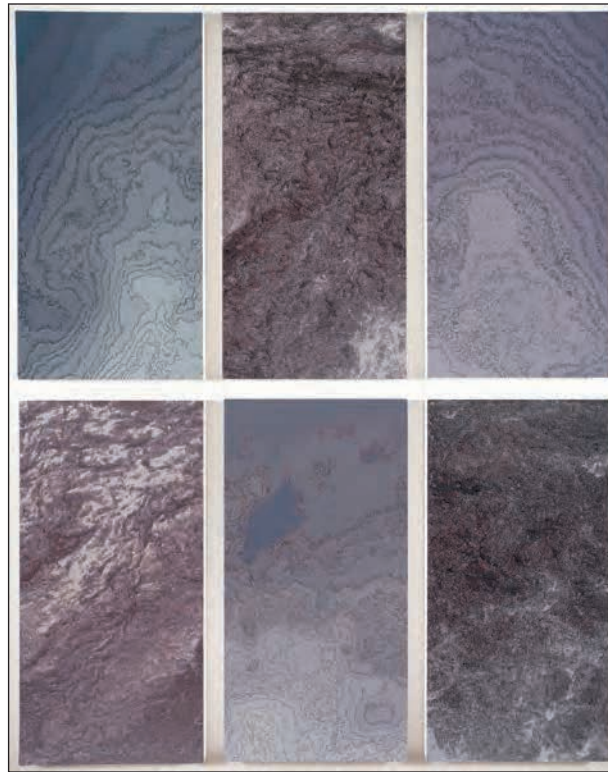
Laurie and I splashed on through. As we neared the river, the puddles began moving in rivulets that divided and spread like a crowd racing for their cars after a ball game. We stood on the bank with our camera and waved at schoolkids standing on the opposite bank. Laurie jumped up and down, mimicking a bufadora—one of those blowholes through which Pacific waves erupt on the Mexican coast—as water sprayed over the top of a log jam, like storm-driven surf. The kids mimicked her.

I stood still.

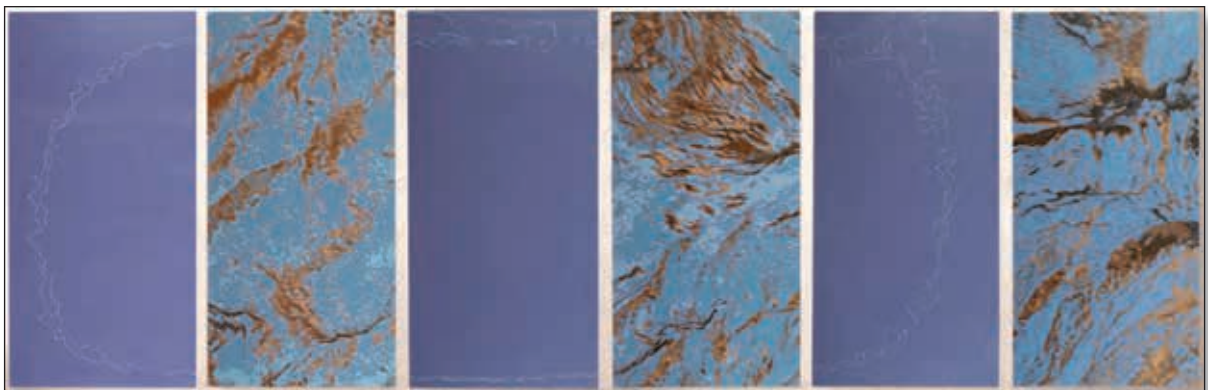
The air buzzed and roared with excitement, but I resisted. As a seasonal laborer on backcountry trail crews, I would have been free to give in to it. We cheered when trail bridges washed away; if it meant more work for us, that was fine. The river not only had more might than us, I figured back then, but more right, too. Once, when I worked in Canyonlands, a visitor had knocked at my door in the middle of the night to tell me about a rattlesnake she'd seen in the backcountry. Someone should do something about it, she said. The park belongs to the rattlesnakes, I said, and I shut the door. For many years I believed something similar about floods. The valley belongs to the river. The difference was that now that we'd settled down and bought land and built a home, we belonged to the valley too.

"Spawning in Mud" from Potluck: Community on the Edge of Wilderness by Ana Maria Spagna, copyright © 2011. Reprinted with permission of Oregon State University Press.





Sky/Water I: January 26, 2013; 1:48 PM; Road 1506 Bridge Over Lookout Creek Near Road 1508 Junction. Oil on 6 Wood Panels 51 1/2 in. x 40 1/2 in. Leah Wilson, reprinted with permission. www.leahwilson.com



Sky/Water II: June 27, 2013; 5:22 PM; Lookout Creek at Discovery Trail. Oil on 6 Wood Panels 45 in. x 142 1/2 in. Leah Wilson, reprinted with permission. www.leahwilson.com

Artist's note: Sky/Water maps the color flow of air and water. Years ago I floated in a hot air balloon above Coloma, California. I could feel the eddies and currents of the air as I peered down at the American River below. The eddies and currents of the air closely resembled the nature of water currents. This project investigates the relationships of color patterns of Lookout Creek in the HJ Andrews Experimental Forest from the vantage point of standing just above the water on a bridge or a log, and the sky above at the same instance.

Canyon Echoes

I.

That crack
is it an avalanche? A stick
of dynamite detonated?
Echoes up the canyon-
then silence
broken by the bugling
of Tundra swans overhead.

Then at my feet
water piping
from melting snow
on rock's edges
points to sandy ground,
to ditches
to creeks
over scree and boulders
to lakes
overflowing
to rivers reaching
the sea.

II.

The echo of empty oil drums
across deserts
of scorpions bigger than sparrows
Winds of fire
oceans of fire.
What drips from broken
tanks and piping
whose death sound is so slick
and smooth
you can't hear it?

III.

Listen in the cool morning
for snow beginning to melt
when water comes in precious drops
and glistens
on the perfect diamond of a boulder,
hear it hit
pine-needle duffed ground,
follow it to the creek
to the river.
Carry it with you
to the Pacific-
remembering what the word means-
Pray for peace.

*"Canyon Echoes" by Carlos Reyes from What the River Brings: Oregon River Poems,
copyright © 2011. Edited by Kathryn Ridall. Fae Press. Reprinted with permission.*



*Our Journey Together, Joe Seymour, silkscreen, 21.5"x14.5".
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Shards of Beauty in a Fragmented Landscape

Once you learn to read a river, you find it has a way of reading you. Personalities float up and become accentuated, in the same way water magnifies stones beneath its surface. The water reflects back your image, but not in exact form. What you see appears dimly familiar, but somehow changed, larger, and fuller than you imagined, and in that regard, a river can show us our essence. I am already prone to lingering; the Willamette brings out my inner slow poke. I love to loiter while paddling. I'm easily distracted by alcoves and islands, sifting through shells and rock by the shore.

If you get on a river enough, the self you've come to know on the water spills into your daily life. Rather than sudden or absolute, the process is like the slow erosion of water cutting a new and untraveled channel. After many times on the water, I'd find myself watching newly hatched black flies sit still longer than even my usual patience could withstand.

But reading a river sometimes isn't enough. You have to learn the dual art of reading and watching, seeing without looking. You have to sense. You have to learn to keep your head forward and scan for fallen tree trunks but always watch your periphery. If you don't, you risk missing a flash of feather or thrash of a heron—shards of beauty that are more an outcome of patience and perception than actual looking.

"Shards of Beauty in a Fragmented Landscape" from Meander Scars by Abby Phillips Metzger, copyright © 2013. Reprinted with the permission of Oregon State University Press.

Flow

In the mountains, tranquil late spring
No rain for days, simply a slow melt
From the higher snows, gentle
Seeping down and down, into the stream
That runs and swerves beneath this bridging log
Falling from ledge to ledge, white foam
Scrawling line after line, illegibly quick
Swelling up and over smooth sunken stones
Breaking around the higher rocks, spinning
Away in galactic swirls, down and around
Out of sight then, beyond the curve

The question is, how comes the stream to be
So orderly and so wild
So tame within its banks and yet
So free to find its line of fall
How not one sheet of downward flow
But every drop alive within the whole
Now in the open air, now in the churning white
Now drifting in the green and glassy pool
Tracing a slow curve toward the cataract
In the push and jostle, loose
Caught in the current, free

"Flow" by Pepper Trail, from What the River Brings: Oregon River Poems. Copyright © 2011. Edited by Kathryn Ridall. Fae Press. Reprinted with permission.



First Kiss

The other guides moved back to their boats and got ready to run. They each made eye contact and gave a nod before we pulled out in a lineup. I pulled in last, watching each boat drop out of sight. As I approached the brink, the sound hit me, and the boat in front of me flipped. I put my right tube on the bubble and dropped in.

In that instant, the world slowed down. Silence and the deliberate placement of my oars into the comforting resistance of current was something I had never felt before. My ten-foot arms did not flail and dive; they were steady. I scanned waves and holes, totally oriented. I caught the corner of the ledge hole and it sent me straight into the V-wave. Leaning forward, I braced my oars so the crashing waves on either side of me couldn't knock them out of my hands. I didn't feel the water that blasted my body and buried the raft. In that instant, under all that water, the river pulled me close, and showed me something wild.

Whatever I was, I was miniscule next to the two massive, choking holes on either side of me. Totally submerged in the aerated white, I reappeared on the face of a breaking wave. It felt like it took years to get to the top. I shot over the lip and leaned back as the boat dropped vertically into the trough, then back up again. A breaking wave blocked my boat, wrapped its strong, wet fingers around me, and squeezed. For a moment, it didn't matter. Nothing mattered. On the other side of the wave my eyes were open and my hands were on the oars. Disoriented from being right side up instead of upside down, I sidled slightly to the left and lined up for the mountains. Time dilated. I took a breath, waited, then stood and leaned on the oars. The boat climbed the first wave for what seemed like forever. I wondered if the bow would tip beyond 90 degrees and topple over backward. My oars were planted like the submerged fins of a ship to keep it from rolling in rough seas. The bow blasted through the lip of the wave, drenching me. Water streamed under my clothes. Pitching down the backside, my body shuddered. When I blew out the bottom of the rapid into the flat water, I leaned back, my oars under my knees, twirling on downstream. There was a sense of mercy and ease as I released the grip on the black rubber handles, my hands cramped and white. That day, the river took a dusty desert girl and made her an insatiable river runner. It was the beginning of my endless search for those dilated moments in the midst of something massive and wild.

"First Kiss" from River House: A Memoir by Sarahlee Lawrence, copyright © 2010. Tin House Books, Portland OR. Reprinted with permission.





Shallow Reflection, Jonquil LeMaster, © 2014. Reprinted with permission. www.jonquil-design.com.



Untitled, Kylee Shelton, Grade 1



The Waterfall, Leo Di Nola, Grade 2


If you would like to submit art, writing, or photography to next year's anthology, or to make a donation, please visit us at www.honoringourrivers.org.

Index

Almeida, Brianna	23	Gee, Kylie.....	31	Metzger, Abby Phillips.....	67	Smith, CallieRae Michelle	38
Alvarez, Aaunalei.....	51	Gerges, Reem.....	9	Miller, Elizabeth.....	10	Smith, Rylie.....	18
Ambrose, Aisha	57	Goddard, Marlene.....	22	Moore, Kathleen Dean	6, 62	Smith, Sydney.....	36
Ansel	59	Gonzales, Tony	9	Morgan, Jack.....	26	Smith, Tyson.....	31, cover
Arangute, Allison Trujillo	56	Goyne, Emily	41	Morton, Aya.....	60	Snyder, Terin.....	50
Arneson, Natalie	44	Graff, Jarett.....	44	Mounsey, Isabella.....	44	Sosa, Matthew Lopez.....	9
Asbury, Christopher	43	Greenwalt, Makenna.....	42	Nair, Anushka.....	48	Spagna, Ana Maria.....	64
Baines, Paige	40	Gunger, Alina	22	Nair, Nidhi.....	26	St. John, Katherine	20
Baker, Grace.....	43	Gurnee, Austin.....	21	Nair, Pranav.....	40	Stanwood, Elizabeth	13
Bales, Sonja.....	52	Hagerman, Sabine	22	Narendra, Devika.....	39	Stein, Nathan.....	33
Baskin, Annabel	24	Hall, Lucy	31	Nechiporuk, Mariam	42	Stephens, Carl.....	12
Bastian, Noah.....	58	Hammond-Brouwer, Brinsley	59	Neumann, Maylee.....	27	Steury, Ukiah Moon.....	28
Bauman, Allyson	34	Harris, Emily	??	Nguyen, Hannah.....	47	Stoyanova, Emily	27
Beard, Bella	51	Hawley, Brody.....	10	Nore, Alena	13	Strom, Elliot	24
Becker, Avery.....	21	Hilden, Ava.....	29	Nutt, Bram.....	50	Sumpter, Esther.....	26
Becker-Blease, Lena.....	49	Jan, Ryan.....	25	Olivares, Valena.....	49	Sumpter, Harrison	18
Berezovski, David	11	Jong, Greg (Ji-Hoon).....	39	Olson, Ahvin.....	21	Suro, Aliyah.....	49
Beyer, Kiera.....	26	Kaltman-Kron, Iyah.....	34	Oprea, Kaden	32	Swartley, Megan	43
Blechs Schmidt, Zoey	58	Kern, Clare	18	Oudom, Kaizen.....	43	Swartley, Sam	47
Bowlby, Logan	27	Kong, David	35	Palmer, Tim	58	Taylor, Zachary	43
Broadley, Olivia	59	Kraines, Bria.....	28	Parker, Layel	39	Thake, Thomas	59
Caldera Students	14	Kroepfl, Gabrielle.....	24	Platt, Sylvia.....	23	Thom, Heather	33
Carreira, Stephanie Raynerr.....	10	LaFramboise, Mia	25	Porter, Katelyn.....	41	Tinseth, JD	28
Clark, Lindsey.....	12	Lam, Jackson.....	33	Porter, Owen III.....	59	Toews, Sabine.....	2
Cody, Charlotte	50	Lanterman, Aiden	31	Portio-Tellez, Kevin	9	Townsend, Trista.....	24
Colburn, Elo.....	22	Lawrence, Sarahlee.....	68	Postier-Sims, Rhianna	33	Trail, Pepper.....	67
Cole, Sydney.....	20	Leger, Noah	35	Pozzi, Francesca	58	Traw, Thea	58
Connor-Smith, Celia	46	Leger, Oliver	19	Putman, Mike	63	Tringolo, Ian.....	59
Daubersmith, Marianne.....	35	Lehmann, Bella.....	30	PYT.....	13	Tsai, Felicia	59
Day, Caleb	59	LeMaster, Jonquil	69	Rao, Megha	34	Vance, Hannah	19
Delaney, Daniel.....	40	LeMoss, Abigail	54	Raschkas, Kate	31	Vandecoevering, Cameron	19
Digby, Kaden.....	22	Lewis, Saghaley.....	29	Reyes, Carlos	66	VanderPloeg, Oliver	45
DiNola, Leo	70	Lindner, Emma	51	Richards, Aidan	40	Veith, Tylour	26
Dolenc, Elise	30	Lipp, Cecelia	18	Rickert, Isabel.....	54	Vollmayer, Javier	45
Dovgoruk, Katrina.....	22	Liu, Vivian	38	Riley, Taya	58	Weiner, Joseph	59
Downing, Sydney	46	Logan, Taylor.....	48	Rogers, Maranda	21	Welch, Alice	50
Drakely, Mena	48	Long, Weston.....	20	Rohe, Maria.....	20	White, Lilly.....	10
Dubal, Liam.....	32	Lynch, Oliver.....	27	Rose, Alexa.....	59	Whiteley, Makayla	8
El Muhammad, Ansar.....	58	MacGregor, Katterlea.....	39	Samsavar, Teeyum	35	Wilkens, Keira.....	30
Ellenby, Aliza	28	Mack, Richard	63	Santillan, Jessica	57	Williams, Jesse.....	59
Everitt, Jana	26	MacNeill, Emma	70	Saporito, Roman.....	32	Wilson, Leah	65
Ferraro, Jack	33	Magaña, Erandi	11	Schnurbusch, Nicole	33	Wilson, Nadea.....	12
Finn, Alex.....	47	Mao, Mallory	42	Schra, Myra	46	Withers, Charlie.....	29
Focht, Addison	19	Marquez, Jennifer Claudio.....	47	Seare, Mark	9	Wolfson, Chloe	58
Forster, Rylie.....	9	Matulewicz, Jacquelyn.....	46	Seymour, Joe.....	66	Yamin, Rohan.....	32
Fouch, Jada.....	46	McBride, Isaiah	35	Shaw, Renee	48	Yatsushiro, Kari.....	29
Fuss, Anna	23	McBride, Randy	55	Shelton, Kylee	70	Zic, Sean.....	42
Gabriel, Mia	19	McCartney, Chloe	56	Shen, Emily	44		
Garibay, Juan Romero.....	27	McConville, Sophie.....	19	Siah, Ian.....	16		
Gates, Adrian.....	59	Mendez, Gavriel.....	58	Slater, Reagan	14		

Participating Schools

Elementary Schools



A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Catlin Gabel
Chapman Friendly House
Chapman Hill Elementary
Corbett Grade School
Cummings Elementary
Echo Public Library Reading Program
Franciscan Montessori Earth School
Forest Ridge Elementary
Harritt Elementary
Irvington School
Jane Goodall Environmental School
Keizer Elementary
Lake Grove Elementary
Liberty Elementary
Llewellyn Elementary
Myers Elementary
Oak Hills Elementary
OLE Charter
Portland Jewish Academy
River Grove Elementary
Rock Creek Elementary
Salem Academy
St. John the Baptist Catholic School
Swegle Elementary
Talent Elementary
Talent Outdoor Discovery Program
Touchstone Elementary
The Marylhurst School

Middle Schools

ACCESS Academy
A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Ashbrook Independent School
Baker Middle School
CAPS at Springdale
Catlin Gabel
Claggett Creek Middle School
Corbett Middle School
Crossler Middle School
Five Oaks Middle School
Horizon Christian School
Jane Goodall Environmental Middle School
Lake Oswego Junior High
Portland Jewish Academy
Rachel Carson Environmental Middle School
Skyridge Middle School
Stoller Middle School
Summa Academy
Sunstone Montessori
Tobias Elementary
Waldo Middle School
West Hills Christian School

High Schools & Colleges

Central Linn High School
Clackamas Middle College
Corbett High School
Early College High School
Eastern Oregon University
Gladstone High School
International School of Beaverton
Rex Putnam High School
St. Mary's Academy
Woodburn High School