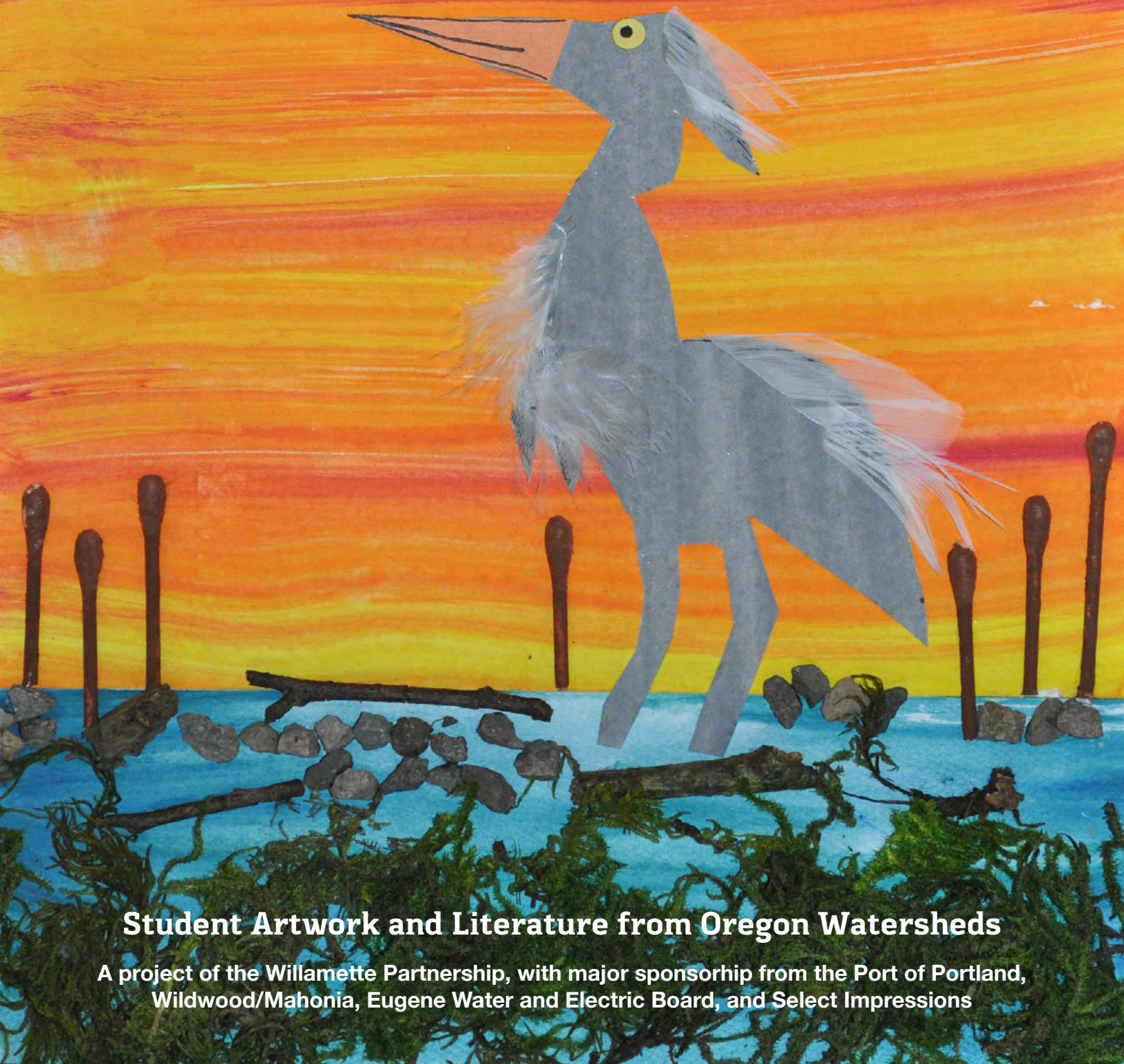


Honoring Our Rivers 2016



Student Artwork and Literature from Oregon Watersheds

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

I've Known Rivers

I've known rivers.
I've known the Rogue.
My papa taught me to cast, to bait, to reel in my catch.

I've known rivers.
I've known the Coquille.
The waves thrashing and crashing against the rocky shore.

I've known rivers.
I've known the Sixes.
I found a snake, it took me to a world of nature.

I've known rivers.
I've known the Deschutes.
The snapping, crackling of the tiny waterfalls.

I've known rivers.
I've known the Sacramento.
The icy touch of the deep, dark as night.
The waves roaring, crashing on the rocks.

I've known rivers.
I've known the Yu Long.
The bamboo rafts floating atop the emerald water.

I've known rivers.
I've known the Coos River.
The fishing vessels drifting down the salty current.
The seagulls flapping to land on the river's edge.

The known rivers.
I've known the Tiber.
Winding its way through Rome, like a snake slithering along.
Ancient sentinels standing guard.

I've known rivers.
I've known the Columbia.
Weaving its way through the heart of a megatropolis.
Ferries drifting down the sapphire colored water.

I've known rivers.
I've known the Willamette.
Fishermen litter the shores searching for salmon.
Small waterfalls trickle into the river.
While birds fly from the heaven to feel.

I've known rivers.
I've known many rivers.
And I know that water and nature combined can heal any disease.

I've known rivers.

Jeffrey Varga, Grade 5

Honoring Our Rivers 2016

Student Anthology

A project of the



Lead Sponsor



Conservation that's grounded in results.

Willamette Partnership helps build collaborative solutions to complex conservation problems. Our work is focused on building resilience, both in natural ecosystems and in the communities that depend on them. Our approach is rooted in a strong sense of place and community, and it depends on contributions from a diverse coalition of partners from the worlds of conservation, business, government, agriculture, and science.

We believe that solutions to many of our seemingly intractable conservation problems are within reach.

To learn more about our work, visit www.willamettepartnership.org.

Possibility. In every direction.

Celebrating its 125th Anniversary in 2016, the Port of Portland's mission is to enhance the region's economy and quality of life by providing efficient cargo and air passenger access to national and global markets, and by promoting industrial development.

The Port owns three airports, four marine terminals and five industrial parks supporting nearly 27,000 jobs. Portland is one of the greenest cities in America, and Port of Portland strives to make it even better.

For details about our award-winning sustainability projects visit: www.portofportland.com/Green-Side_Home.aspx. Find us on Twitter @PortOfPortland and Facebook www.facebook.com/portofportland.

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Sustaining Sponsors



Project Manager/Editor: Anna Wilde

Outreach and Development Team: Rick Bastasch, Bobby Cochran, Travis Henry, John Miller, Chris White

Cover Art: *Great Blue Heron at Sunset*, Aiden Castillo, Grade 2



Honoring Our Rivers

Student Artwork and Literature from Oregon Watersheds

Founded by a group of educators, writers, artists, and watershed experts in 2000, Honoring Our Rivers creates conservation leaders by connecting Oregonians to their watersheds.

Through this anthology, and through supporting outdoor and environmental education, 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.

An ongoing project of the Willamette Partnership, Honoring Our Rivers is the only statewide anthology of student writing and artwork that is uniquely focused on rivers and watersheds and works at the intersection of the arts, education, and the environment.

Special Thanks to Our Founding Sponsor



Wildwood/Mahonia is a family of companies with a diverse range of activities: agriculture, urban planning and development, watershed restoration, and international ventures. Our commitment to sustainability includes actively supporting community programs, especially those benefitting children and the environment. www.wildwoodco.com.

A very special acknowledgement to John Miller, President of Wildwood/Mahonia, a founder and supporter of the Honoring Our Rivers Student Anthology for the last 16 years. John has been a tireless champion for the Anthology's blending of art, literature and environmental education for students throughout the state.

Sustaining Sponsors



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Founded in 1911, the Eugene Water and 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.

Contributing Sponsors



The Gray Family Foundation is founded on the belief that fostering an understanding and appreciation of our natural world is a crucial part of a child's education.

A supporting organization of the Oregon Community Foundation, we work to encourage greater civic engagement in Oregon through investments that promote environmental literacy. We believe that studying not just about but in the out-of-doors has a profound and lasting impact on a child's learning as a whole. www.grayff.org.

Supporting Sponsors



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

Invited Artists: Carson Ellis, Lin McJunkin, Aya Morton, Debby Neely, Suzi Bradley Sheward, Leah Wilson

Invited Writers: Marilyn Johnston, Richard Mack, Colin Meloy, Abby Phillips Metzger, David Oates, Wendy Thompson

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

Editors and Judges: Laurie Aguirre, Catherine Alexander, Rick Bastasch, Rex Burkholder, Rachael Chilton, Vanessa Cochran, Michelle Emmons, John Femal, Caroline Fitchett, Karen Goldberg, Jess Graff, Joan Maier, Randall Malcolm, Charu Nair, Lydia Rich, Sarah Schra, 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 Language Arts Teacher Update; Oregon Science Teacher Update; Oregon TAG Teacher Update; Statesmen Journal; The Oregonian; Network of Oregon Watershed Councils; Outdoor School for All; Oregon Outdoor Education Coalition; Green Living Journal

Partners



Two Perspectives on the Benefits of Being Outside

Every year, thousands of kids in the Pacific Northwest will pack up their rain boots, some sunblock, or both - it is Oregon after all - and venture out into nature. Some will go with their families, some with their schools, some with volunteer groups, and others on their own initiative. Some will go into the mountains, some will go to a river or lake, some will go to the ocean, and some will go into their own schoolyards. But all of them will have the shared experience of taking that first step out the door and into the natural world.

These values are reflected every year in the student work we collect and feature, and it is reflected this year in particular, in this special section of this anthology highlighting two important projects that are happening here in Oregon to connect kids with the outdoors. The first is the **2015 Action Framework for Health and the Outdoors**, created by the Willamette Partnership and a diverse team of community leaders. The Action Framework focuses on the health benefits of nature, measuring those benefits, and addressing barriers to the outdoors that prevent people from accessing those benefits. The pieces included here show us how those benefits look to students.



In addition to - and we think, connected to - the health benefits of the outdoors, our partners at the **Oregon Outdoor Education Coalition and Outdoor School for All** have been working tirelessly to ensure that outdoor school is an experience available to every student in Oregon. We are proud to include student work here that supports their efforts and illustrates why outdoor school is important in the lives of students.

No matter how you look at it, being in the outdoors is central to who we are here in the Pacific Northwest, with important benefits for the health, well-being, and education of the next generation. We believe that being outside provides many connected benefits that help young people become healthy, knowledgeable, and thoughtful stewards of our rivers and watersheds. Thank you for being part of it!

For more information on the **Action Framework for Health and the Outdoors**, visit www.willamettepartnership.org/publications.

For more information on the **Oregon Outdoor Education Coalition and Outdoor School for All**, visit www.outdoorschoolforall.org.

**All work is property of Outdoor School for All unless otherwise credited.*



Blue Heron, Savannah Mills, Grade 8



Having a quiet walk turns on my mind.
Walking alone opens my heart to the river.

Olivia Burtram, Grade 5

Breathe, Bodie Russell, Grade 12

Right Next To the River (Excerpt)

The river is my therapy, as I jump into the warm water. The hot sun shines on the river, making it glisten. I float along the river peacefully, washing away my sadness. The sadness I have kept inside ever since I was a kid.

I listen to the soft waves rolling. I smell the fresh air as it hits my face. Tears stream down my face, as the memories come back into my mind.

Feeling the river flow over my toes, brings me happiness. I close my eyes and think. I think about how fortunate I am. Fortunate to have a river that calms me. I think of how I could be alone. But I am not. My mother will always be right next to me. Right next to the river.

Margaux Johnson, Grade 5



Wandering, Kennedy Kaas, Grade 6



I realize that it is the river that is making
me calm...

Stella Bowden, Grade 5

Trees on every side, giving a sense of
peace

Ariana Ross, Grade 5



The River is in Our Hearts, Ali Petruzzi, Grade 12

What I Learned From The River (Excerpt)

I put my hand gently into the river's cool water and I watched how it flowed towards my hand and embraced it, recognizing just how flexible the water was. It embraced my hand just like it embraces any rock or obstacle in the river. It embraced my hand reminding me of how I should embrace my problems and work through it. I didn't have to act quickly. I could ponder for a while and be flexible to come up with the best solution...

I noticed that the river's water never gave up. However many obstacles the river had to go around, it never stopped, never gave up hope of reaching the ocean. I realized that I should never give up either; giving up would actually make this harder.

The next day I went to school and I tried my best to listen and focus. I got nothing wrong in the day's math work, and my teacher praised me when she saw the sudden change in me. She asked me, "How did you think of the solutions to the problem? What made you listen and focus so well today?" I was thinking of what to say, and finally something came to me. "It was the lesson I learned from the river."

Keona Burch, Grade 4

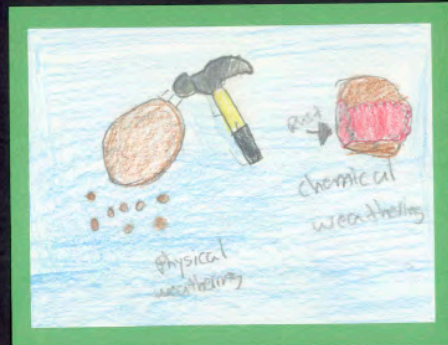
Animals

On Animals field study we saw Bird, Deer and Bugs. We learned a game called prey and predator. Also animals leave tracks with their paws or like finger. One thing I learned at animals is that sometimes they travel a lone or with a friend or parent. Another thing I learned is that after a long time a tree can be knock down by animals and they can use it for shelter. One thing that was fun is that we went on a hike.



Soil

At soil field study I learned about weathering and how there are two sorts of weathering, like physical weathering and chemical weathering. Physical weathering is performed by breaking rocks, soil, and minerals with direct contact with the planet's atmosphere. Chemical weathering is by chemical liquid or rain that makes rocks decay and break down. Without weathering there will be no plant life thus, no life at all just rocks.

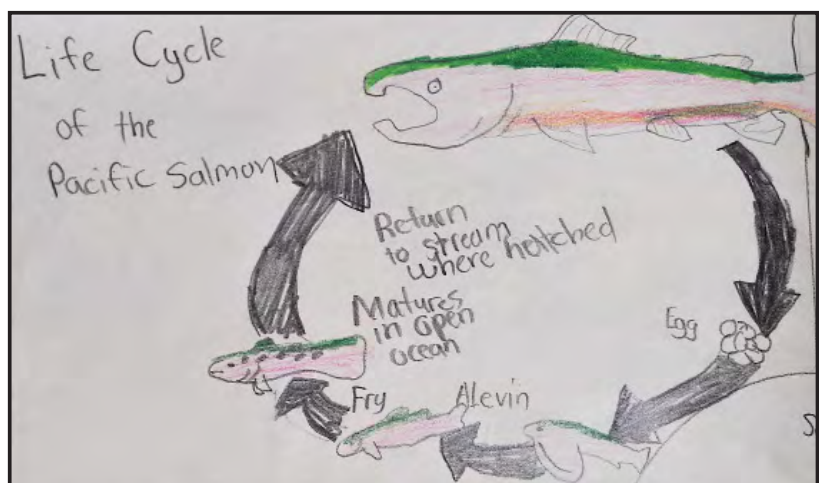


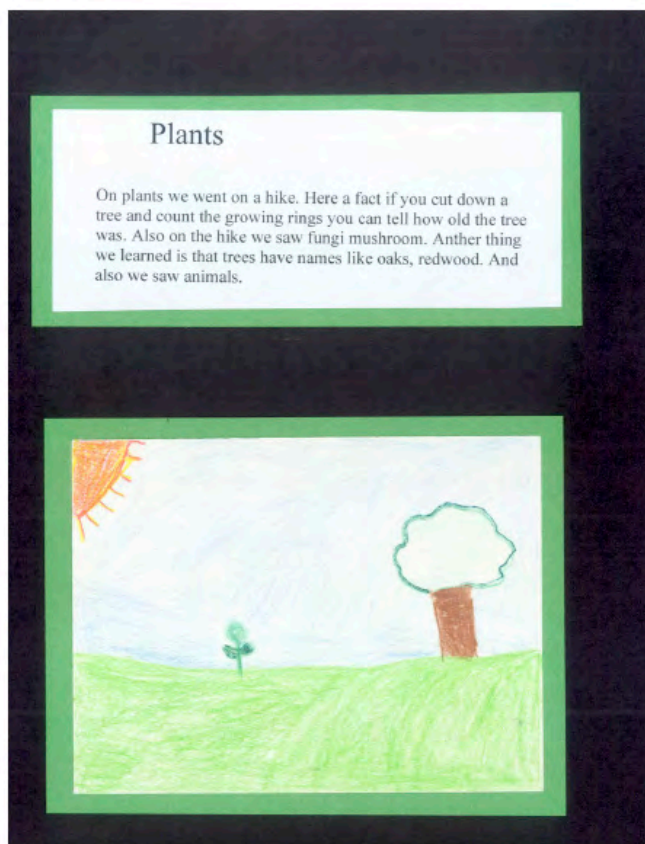
Salmon Eggs

We released them
Into
The wild river...

Swimming as quick as lightning
Twirling around the twists of the
river

Lianna Lovett, Grade 6





Plants

On plants we went on a hike. Here a fact if you cut down a tree and count the growing rings you can tell how old the tree was. Also on the hike we saw fungi mushroom. Another thing we learned is that trees have names like oaks, redwood. And also we saw animals.



Yellow and orange fire
Kids singing songs very loudly
The sound of crickets behind
the dark and tall trees.
The shiny stars in the sky.
Everybody singing until
campfire was over
and the night was silent.

Part of the ecosystem
Leaves
Animal Habitats
Nurse logs
Trees

River Story

My class and I went to Deer Creek. First we played a game. After a while we went down to the creek. When we got there the first thing we did was cross the creek. There was a board on two rocks and it was hard to cross because the board was tippy. When we all got across, we went up and learned about the carnivorous plants there.

Then we went back down, crossed the creek and we went on a hike. When we were half way through the hike, we stopped to have lunch by a different part of the creek. The creek sparkled in the sunlight. It was beautiful. After we were done eating, we kept walking. We finally got to a hill beside the creek and looked at serpentine soil. It was called serpentine soil because it was green like a snake. After we finished learning about the soil. We went back down and ate dinner.

After dinner, we went on a night walk. We saw a frog. The next day we packed the bus and said goodbye to the counselors and left. When we got back, I was so happy to be home.

Anabella Meister, Grade 3





Fish It, Miles Daly, Grade 4

Participating Schools

Archbishop Howard School
A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Ashbrook Independent School
Battle Creek Elementary
Bohemia Elementary
Buena Vista Elementary
Chapman Hill Elementary
Corbett Grade School
Forest Ridge Elementary
Franciscan Montessori Earth School
German International School
Gubser Elementary
Holy Family Catholic School
Horizon Christian School
Hudson Park Elementary
International School
Irvington K-8
Markham Elementary
Marylhurst School
Myers Elementary
Newport Visual Arts Center
Oregon Episcopal School
Portland Jewish Academy
River Grove Elementary
Scott Elementary
Straub Environmental Center
Talent Outdoor Discovery Program
Touchstone School
Three Rivers Homelink RSD
Valley Inquiry Charter School
Wright Elementary
Yoshikai Elementary

Student Works: Elementary School



Fishies, Ben Boroff, Grade 4

Heart of the River

On a bridge above a river and a lush forest green
 A young boy stands seeing what is rarely seen.
 The river is great and blue.
 His heart is clear and true.
 He has the heart of the river.

Lucas Halbrook, Grade 3

Fish and Rivers

Rivers are soothing.
 Rivers are as slippery as fish.
 Beside the summer sunset
 the reflection of the sun on the water
 Looks like a great place for fish to swim.
 Rivers are the helpers of Mother Earth
 The giver of life.

Max Deggendorfer, Grade 2



Fish in the Sea, Elizabeth Morgan, Grade 1



Seasons

In the winter

There is a frozen roof for my fish
I can no longer hear the chirping of the birds
My furry friends are all cuddled up in their homes
That is a season of my life

In the spring

My cold blanket has started to melt away
The birds have decided to move back home
The bears have come to snatch some fish from my stream
That is a season of my life

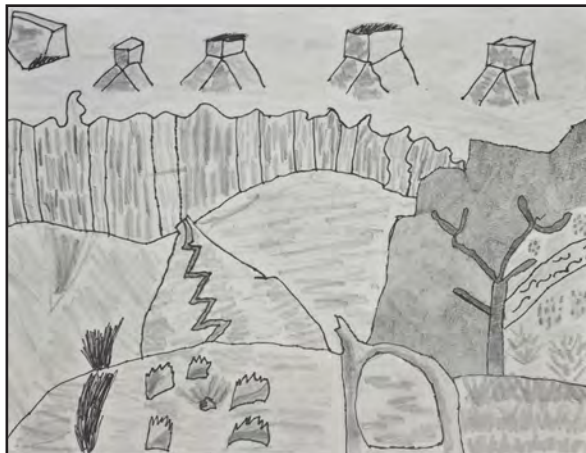
In the summer

Every morning I am awakened by my little fish squirming around
Humans peacefully swim and have picnic on my shore
My cherry blossoms have created beautiful pink fireworks
That is a season of my life

In autumn

All of my pals are storing up for hibernation
The leaves on my trees have all started to float to the ground
And I am gradually gaining my frozen blanket back
These are the seasons of my life

Avery Ray, Grade 5

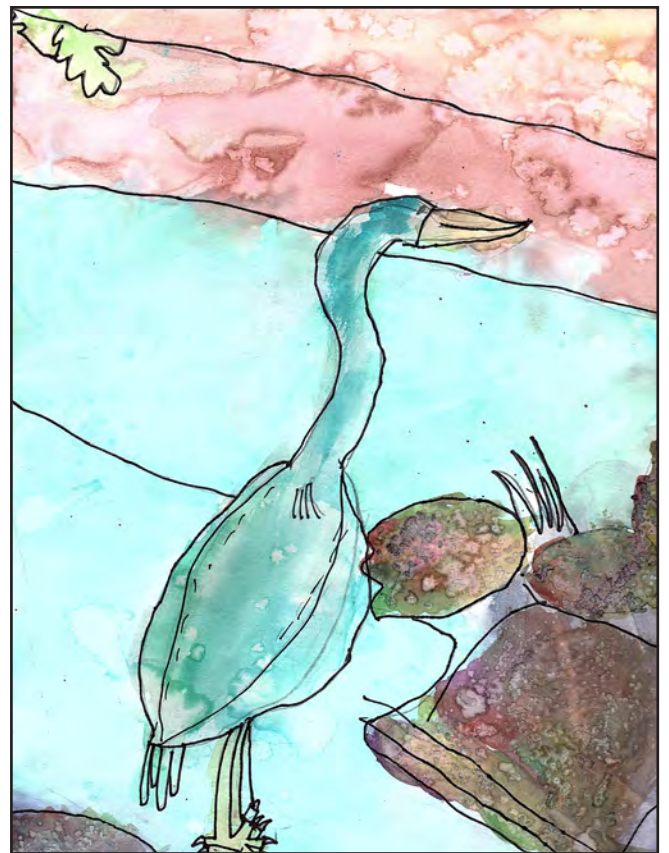


Canyon Ridge, Roman Saporito, Grade 3

Heron

Heron
Tall, grey
Eating, calming, fishing
Calling to her mate
Walking, nesting, flying
Big, calm
Hunter

Mason Horton, Grade 1



Peaceful Heron, Oliver Dortmund, Grade 4



River Waterfall, Cesar Garcia Martinez, Grade 5

Journey to the Ocean

I feel the rocky canyons as I pass.
I stretch out my arms and touch both sides.

I kick up sediment as I glide.
My feet feel sore. Whoosh!!

Down,
down,
down I go.

The current gives me a head start.
It encourages me. It whispers "You can do it."
My back feels heavy as I slip over algae.

Finally, after what feels like a million miles,
I arrive at the ocean relieved,
and the

I
o
n
g
cycle begins again.

Marianne Daubersmith, Grade 2

Magnificent River

I see a magnificent river skittering down
from a beautiful rocky and mossy cliff.
I smell the freshness of the beautiful and magnificent river.
I feel the cold water of the rushing river.
I hear the pretty birds singing their wonderful
melody and the river joining in.
I taste the best taste of the river.
I love the river.

Yuliya Tkachenko, Grade 5



The Clashing of Rivers, Sophia Dube, Grade 5



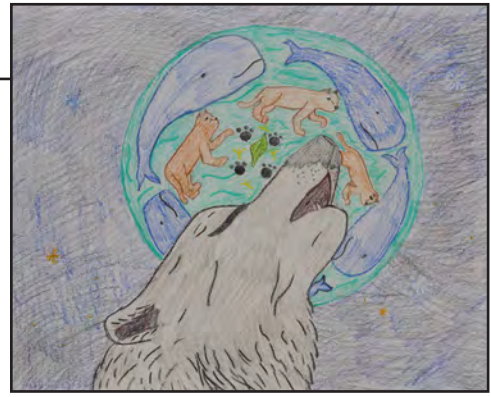
Tha Bald Eagle, Yuankai Gao, Grade 4



River Flowing

Some slow, Some fast and some in the middle
Salmon splashing,
Birds creeping,
Water flowing,
Fish splashing,
Waves crashing,
Rain tumbling,
Leaves falling,
Bears feeding,
Fish dying,
Kayaks gliding,
Waters smashing,
Rapid splashing,
Water falling on rocks,
Story ending,
I am a river.

Maverick Musser, Grade 4



River Howler, Katrina Dovgoruk, Grade 5

Water

Smooth as silk,
Running from a
Pipe, wet
Crystal, like
Diamond cut
Clear.
Cool like a
Gust of
Wind,
Hot like a
Burning
Fire
One way or another both

WATER

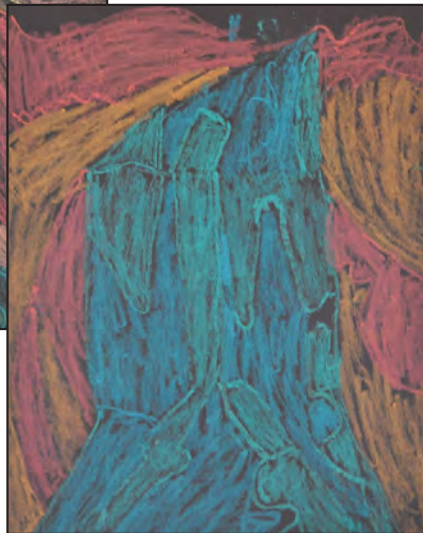
Nizhoni Nez Begay, Grade 5



Waterfall,

**Angel Comacho Olivera
Jacquelin Hernandez,**

Grade 3



The Weeping Tree

It was dark
Crying.
Weeping,
It covered my braches
"Clip, clip, clap"
It was coming down
With gracious speed
Finally,
It stopped.
Quiet
Calm
The dew was dripping off my branches
It oozed off me like a slug.
She stood under me,
Protected from the rain
She smiled,
A little mouse smile
Then slopped away.
Quiet then,
Just me.
The river
Flowing behind me
"Crash crash"
"Rush rush"
Embracing the light around me.
Mist rose
From the brown mud
"Tip tip tap"
The dew dropped off me with a plop.
The sound of geese on the nearby pond
The frogs croaked
Hopping about.
The caterpillar climbed
My roots
While munching and crunching
On a leaf.
I stood still
In silence
While the mist
Wrapped me in
A warm blanket.

Sophia Stoeber, Grade 5



Sparkling Waterfall, Isabella Saporito, Grade 1

The Peaceful Tree

Red, Yellow, Orange, and Green
The trees are swaying to the breeze
The bark is hard, the roots are strong, all the bugs
are crawling along
Tall and silent safe and sound
Grows a great oak tree sprouting from the ground.

Kaizen Connor, Grade 5





Rivers, Sierra Daves, Grade 2

Rivers

Rocks, trees, algae, and branches are all a part of the river
Smell, you can almost taste the intense smell of clean water
That's part of the river.
Be careful, you can touch the thorny spike of a thorn tree.
That's part of the river.
Be quiet, you can hear the frog croaking and the crickets chirping.
That's part of the river.
Rain, snow, thunder, or lightning. The river still stays.
That's part of the river.
Sometimes the leaves are green, but when the frost comes the trees then
turn into mint green leaves.
That's part of the river.
Beautiful flowers, red, white, and blue, that stands where our country is.
That's where the river lays.
That's part of the river.
Pine nuts smell dry and gingery.
That's part of the river.
House sparrows, crows, ravens, and blue jays.
Yellow, black, and blue birds come to eat the seeds from the feeders.
That's part of the river.

Ajay Shah, Grade 3

By The River

Do You Notice the Beauty of Rivers?
Do You Notice the Beauty of Rivers?

the silence is so glum.
the shades of blue,
are just so splendid.
Do you notice?
Do you notice
how fast it is?
It's amazing how the river flows so smoothly.
Do you notice the fish
that calls that river home

Do you notice the
beauty of rivers?

Fcaterina Pocetari, Grade 5

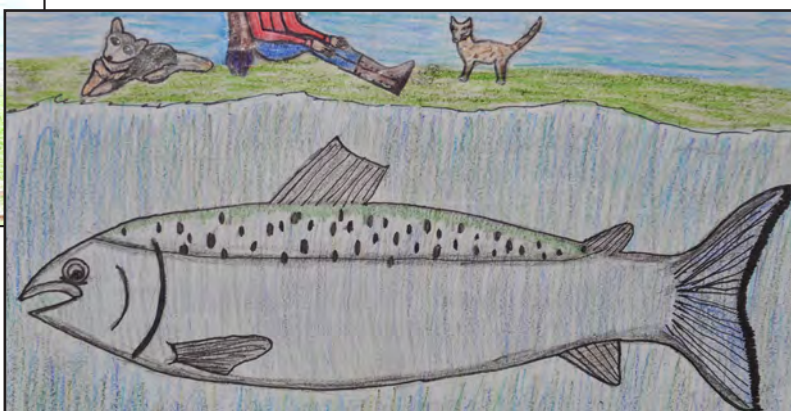


Summer Landscape, Mason Gann, Grade 3

The Sandy River

I am cold.
I am fast.
I see the wind rustling through the trees.
I feel the falling leaves.
I hear the birds chirping in the trees.
I feel the fish swimming in me.
I watch people go.
I see snow fall.
I start getting colder.
I warm up again.
I see people visit me again.
I see leaves grow on the trees once more.
I hear people laugh.
I hear people cry.
I feel rocks move with my current.
I think I am loved.

Taylor Doney, Grade 5



The Living River, Lana Skoro, Grade 5





Drop of Water, Elliot Strom, Grade 3

The River and the Ocean

Eons ago, there was modern tornology of whatever the heck it's called. River and Ocean met in a place that was known to man as the sacred reunion of the waters. River was calm and peaceful. He was the source of water for land animals and he was the home of many freshwater fish. Ocean was different. He could be calm and serene, but he could create waves the size of hurricanes in his temper. But River and Ocean were never together in the first place because of an old argument. River had claimed that his water was better while Ocean had claimed that his water was better. And so the fight continued.

On the day of the fight, Ocean had said: "So what?!? It's just stupid land animals that need fresh water! What's the point of needing to drink water, anyways?"

But finally, they both came to their proper senses. They agreed that being separated really did no good. So River summoned a messenger from his water. The messenger was a man. Strangely enough, this "man" could do many things fish can do. Many thought that he was a god. But he was a human. Made by Prometheus, god -correction, Titan - of creation, this so called man was a wonder. Prometheus was a believer in peace, so he made this man to be used as a messenger between River and Ocean. Now was the perfect time to use it. The "man" set off to the ocean with a letter in his hand. After a while, the man arrived at the edge of the ocean.

He raised his hands and called, "Oh great Lord of the Tides, bringer of the waves. My patron, the River, has asked me to bring you a message of peace."

The waves rumbled, then, gradually, they began to swell. Soon, the waves were as high as 17 story apartment buildings, even though apartments haven't been invented yet. The messenger trembled in fear. He could already see a face in the waves.

"Why has River waited so long to ask for peace?" he boomed, "Is it because he was too timid to face me?"

"Uh, no My Lord," the man stammered, "He only thought that it was stupid to be separated when we could have been friends."

"Hmm" Ocean mused, "That sounds nice. Go tell him that I accept his offer for peace."

So man set off, back to his master, River. A few weeks later, River and Ocean met in the place that was known to man as the Sacred Reunion of the Waters."

Megan Tian, Grade 4





Barn Owl, Sarah Clothier, Grade 4

Nature's Masterpiece

Whistling peaks,
Beautiful creeks,
Trees and birds galore,
Rolling streams,
Shiny light beams
Leave me asking for more.

The clear blue sky catches my eye,
But the ripple of water does, too
Is it the whispering wind
who's a comforting friend,
Or the clogged up water in my shoe?

Ellie Rinella, Grade 5

Splash

Water
Flowing through a clear stream
Falling quickly over jagged rocks
Splash

Leo DiNola, Grade 3



The River Knows, Claire Hunsberger, Grade 4

Earth's River

Dark brown is my river.
You flow down my rocky mountains
as your water tickles me
you trickle down hill.

You are a waterfall.
Light blue, you spray moss beds,
but you are still a river.

You smooth the river rock,
polishing the rocks below
and I guide your way.

I am Earth.

Emily Lebowitz, Grade 2



The World

The air tastes like salt.
The grass blows in the breeze
and the trees lean against each other.

Langston Mask, Grade 1

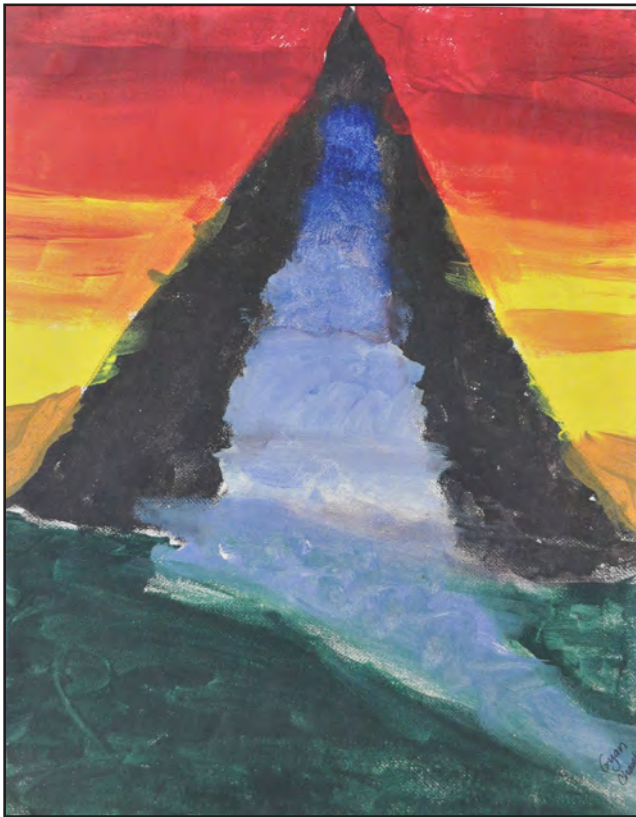
Free Water

Water is flowing freely,
Water chooses its own path,
separate from the rest.
Bubbling, bouncing,
carving canyons,
falling in silence.

Alex Rawls, Grade 3



The Bird, Chase Cloyd, Grade 5



Untitled, Gyan Chawla, Grade 4

Drop of Water

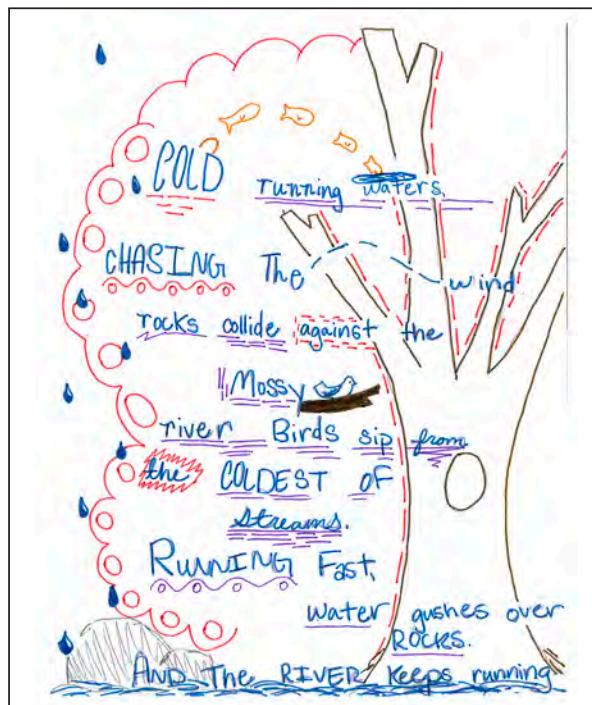
Drop of life
Drop of thought
Drop of love
Drop above
Drop up high
In the sky
Drop of daughter
Drop of rain
Drop of lovely water

Elliot Strom, Grade 3

I Am One, But I Am Me

Here I am; this is me.
 I stand my ground,
 swaying in the wind, saying,
 "This is where I shall be."
 The birds fly by,
 in colors of white and gold,
 as I stand by the river,
 I see my reflection,
 I see me.
 I have a double,
 it's just you and me,
 standing alone,
 a tree.
 My branches stretch up to the sky,
 intertwining.
 I am a beloved tree,
 the opposite of hatred,
 but the love of peace.
 My leaves are my kin,
 the only ones around.
 Each part of me has a story to tell.
 As the seasons go by,
 I lose my leaves,
 my only kin.
 Inside, I know I'll miss them,
 but I stand tall.
 I am one, but I am me.

Yael Raider, Grade 5



The River Keeps Running, Ella Jeanseu, Grade 5



Sunset River, Mina Gregg and Kaylee Spencer Grade 5



Adoration of a Simple River

The soft
Plip-plop
Of hooves from the deer,
Come softly in the moss
Of rivers far and near.
With owls taking flight in the
Quiet Twilight.
Are swooping to the river
In the early
Midnight.
Soft small dewdrops
Glistening on the shore,
Of a large,
LARGE
River,
That we all adore.
Crickets chirping,
Raccoons lurking,
Falcons fishing,
Bugs are twitching,
Waiting for the
rain to return.

Eden Smith-Flowers, Grade 5



Multnomah Falls Watercolor, Nolan Arnold, Grade 2

Rivers

The important thing about rivers is they
can be beautiful.

They can swell when it rains a lot or when
a levee breaks. The sound of a river is
soothing and you can even read by a
river.

However, the most important thing about
rivers is they can be beautiful.

Anaiah McKinstry, Grade 2

The Kind River

I feel the sharp metal and plastic
scrape against my banks as I try to flow.

I push the trash as I thrash
I push it away till it is in the water no more
for a man has come to pick it up
and I thank him as he leaves the shore.

McKenzie Kelly, Grade 5



Rivers and Seasons, Nettle Grey, Grade 3

A River's Lifetime

The way it moves, the way it sounds, the way it does
 what it does
 It snakes, it crashes, it heals
 When it goes away, it is missed
 When it comes back again it is applauded
 by the clapping of pebbles and rocks
 And when it goes away forever
 Everything is affected
 Species wither
 Food becomes scarce
 Soil becomes hard, dry dirt
 Even humans are affected because of the lack of
 water
 Our rivers are a home, a home that deserves tending

Karinne Aiello, Grade 5

Rivers

By the river
 I smell the fresh wet grass
 I hear the wind
 Forcing the trees to move
 Then the seagulls come
 They move swiftly and fast
 The river water is mucky and murky
 I love what I smell, hear, and see by the river

Audrey Hudspeth, Grade 5





Nature, Issac Loo, Grade 4



Bird of Paradise, Jordin Schell, Grade 1

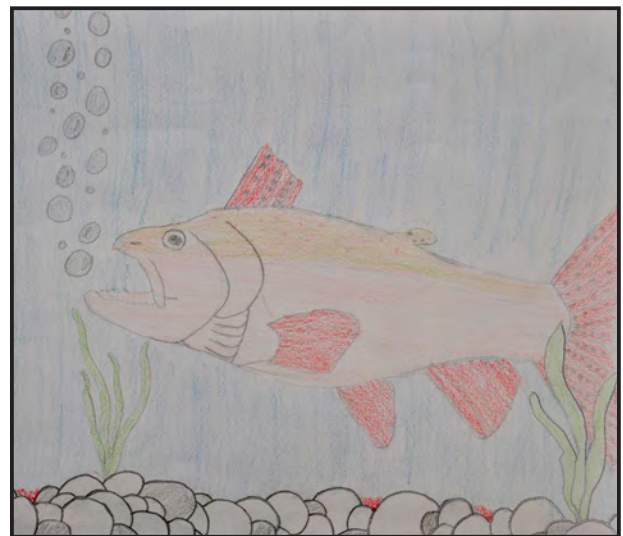
The River and the Moon

The river is the sun,
the clouds, and the sky.

When the fish jump; sleep time.
The moon glows tonight
and the stars shine bright on the river

The waves splash.
When the sun shines the moon goes down
and the sky turns blue.

Trinity Ellermann, Grade 1



Salmon in a River, Holly Provost, Grade 5

Newt River

I once went to a lake to swim. On the rocky shore I found out I was not swimming alone, newts were swimming too. I picked one up, it was slimy and tiny. I put it back in a little pocket of water. I looked for more until it was time to go. Goodbye newts.

Daniel Cooper, Grade 3

Salmon

Slap; a tail hits the surface of the stream
A scaly body crashes through the water
Little splashes show where salmon are passing away
Males whirl around each other, fighting
Overhead, birds await a meal of fish
Near the shore, salmon rest under the tree's shade

Swishing their tails, females dig redds
Pink, tiny eggs roll into their new homes
Arching, a salmon thrashes in the water
Wind, carrying the scent of decay, attracts bears
Nimble, an osprey snatches a dying salmon from the river
In the creek, tired salmon drift with the current
Nature is depending on this keystone species
Gills stop filtering the oxygen from the water as the life of one
of nature's most helpful creatures ends

Mia LaFramboise, Grade 4



We All Dream of Flying, Katherine St John, Grade 3



Mountain Morning, Eleanor Hardison, Grade 4

Heron

Heron
Lanky, careful
Wading nesting, eating
Catching lots of fish
Catching hunting, calming
Tall, beautiful
Predator

Cecelia Lipp, Grade 1





Snowy Owl, Oliver Leger, Grade 2

Tiny Owl

Little owl, flapping his tiny wings of peace
On a starry night
Breathing heavily
Lands smoothly on a bumpy branch
Climbs into his fluffy Juniper home
Falls asleep happily
Goodnight little owl.

Ukiah Moon Steury, Grade 2



Great Horned Owl, Alexea, Grade 4

In The River

Every once in a while,
I walk down to the river
for a swim.
I climb in and I start to shiver,
but my body adjusts to the cold.
I walk around for a fw moments,
then I pull back my hair and go under.
I swim around for a
while,
then I
dry off
and walk back.

Ezra Greenhill, Grade 4

Strawberry Colored Fish

Strawberry colored fish swimming through the stream
Tadpoles hiding in the reeds,
Ripples from a frog leaping in
Eggs swirling in the shallow pools,
Air whispering through the trees nearby,
Magnificent stream flowing through the forest

Nathan Callahan, Grade 3

The River

I am the river swiftly moving by
Suddenly swaying side to side
I am the river going down the mountain
Happily speeding quickly by
I am the river crashing and dashing
Moving softly to make my way to the ocean
Now I've met the ocean

Arvin Mirtorabi, Grade 5



The Willamette River in Winter

The Willamette River in Oregon is the most beautiful in winter.
There are four main types of weather in Oregon during winter:
Rain,
Sunny, but cold,
Hail,
And snow.

Rain is the most common.
It rains almost every day in Oregon.
When it rains, you see the drops go one at a time into the river, making little splashes.

Sunny, but cold is the second most common.
When it's sunny, but cold, you can see yourself reflected on the river.
The waters ripples from the wind, because when it's cold, it is windy.

Hail happens about once every winter.
When it hails, the hail drops into the river, making big splashes.

It hardly ever snows, but sometimes when it snows,
some parts of the Willamette River freeze over.
The parts that are frozen when it snows are white and beautiful.
The snow plunks into the parts of the river that are not frozen,
making huge splashes.

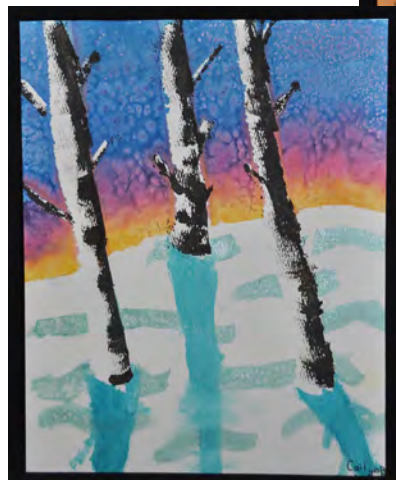
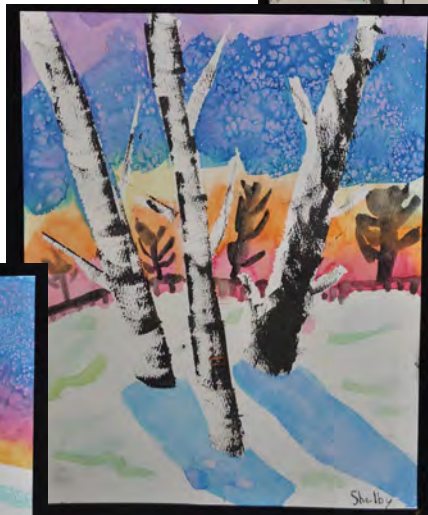
I love the Willmaette River in winter.

Celia Wood, Grade 3

Untitled

When walking by the river side,
Just reach out and touch the water,
For if you tried,
You might find an otter!

Catie Tassinari, Grade 5



Birch Tree Forest,

**Cailyn Bunker
Kristine Orton
Shelby Mavity
Brynley Williams,**

Grade 5





Drifting Dragonfly, Isabella Kilby, Grade 2

A Salmon's Journey

Flip, flap, splash
I swim tirelessly upstream.
Flip, flap, splash
I look for a place to lay my eggs.
Flip, flap, splash
Around me swim fellow salmon.
Flip, flap, splash
I see a hood with a worm in front of me.
Flip, flap, splash
I know that I must keep going.
Flip, flap, splash
I swim on.
Flip, flap, splash
I find a place to lay my eggs.
Flip, flap, splash
I lay down to rest.

Zoe Schuman, Grade 5

The River's Life

In the beginning, mountains feed
their BABY with melted water.
The baby plays with rocks and
picks up leaves. He rattles as the
moss on mama tickles him.
Birds come to the baby to drink
the gentle water.

Cruising TODDLER flows along
mama. A duck dips its head into
look for small fish. The toddler
ambles at full speed pushing hard
on rocks, hurrying down the
slope.

Laughing and playing now the KID
digs at the river banks. Calm and
cheerful, but jumping on the
bank. He scrambles through the
rocks and branches. A deer sips
water out of the riverlet.

Roaring and guzzling he bursts
into town. Fish dive through him
glimmering in the water. The
TEENAGER winks at the houses
as he rapidly twists and turns.

Bursting down the falls and
tumbling into the waves. Fight-
ing his way out into the great
ocean where he pummels the
waves, but the waves overpower
him. The strong mighty MAN is lost
in the beauty of the ocean.

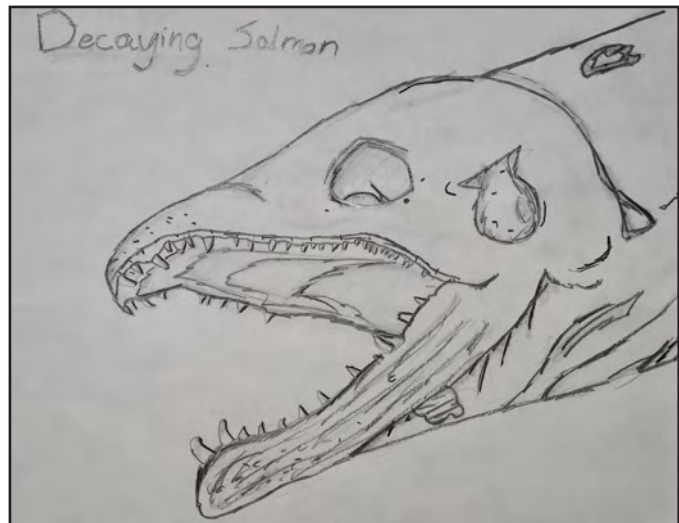
Samuel Lee, Grade 4



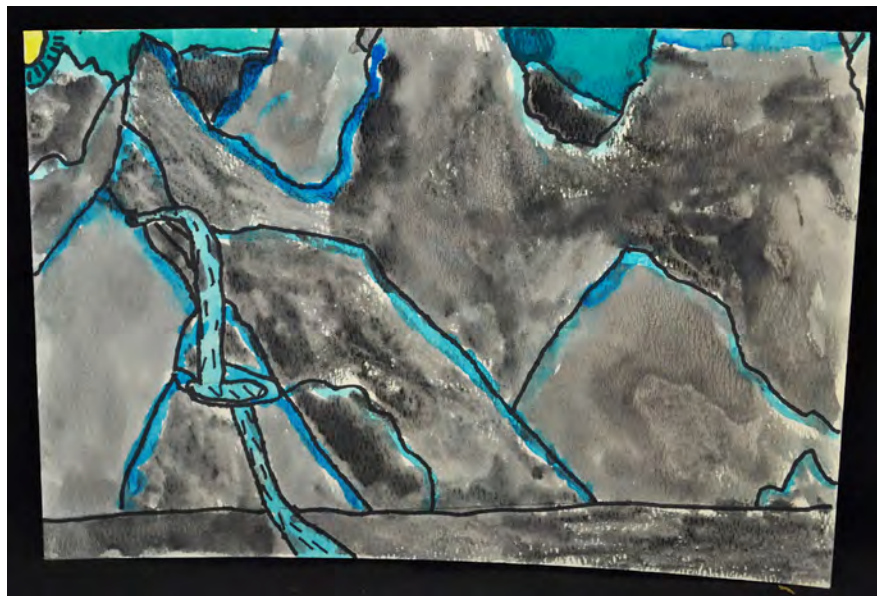
Imagine

Imagine what
a river means to
you and me and her
Imagine how it
touches hearts of
many little ones
Imagine how
the river curves
and drives a path of life,
Imagine what
would happen
if the river died
of
TRASH

Cadelyn Wood, Grade 5



Decaying Salmon, Patrick Barton, Grade 4



From the Mountains to the Rivers, Luke Neazor, Grade 3





Fred the Dragonfly, Riley Black, Grade 2

Fireflies

Fireflies shining
Shedding their sweet little light
In the dark twilight.

Ava Offerdahl, Grade 1

The Wind and the River

See the lovely ripples I made
Gently lapping on the river bank.
Swirling eddies twirl on the watery surface
while Luna glistens.

Fiona Cloud Strom Sedita, Grade 1



In the Wind, Sedona Snyder, Grade 6

Participating Schools

Academia Celestia
ACCESS Academy
A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Ashbrook Independent School
Baker Middle School
Catlin Gabel
City View Charter School
Claggett Creek Middle School
Jane Goodall Environmental Middle School
Judson Middle School
Newport Middle School
Parrish Middle School
Pleasant Hill Elementary
Prairie Mountain Middle School
Rachel Carson Environmental Middle School
Rainier Jr High School
Robert Gray School
Summa Academy



Student Works: Middle School

Dunawi Creek

The creek, like glass, shines between the
banks

The wind rustles the trees above

Many leaves are sent into the air

One lands on in the stream disturbing all

Once again, the ripples subside, and all
peace is restored

The water, like a dark mirror, reflects the
sky and trees above

The trees' bare branches swaying in the
wind

And the bright white clouds, flying
across the sky

Very little sunlight reaches ground

The mist in the air displays the light like
rays of gold

Xander Maestri, Grade 8



Life, Ryan Gutierrez, Grade 7

În Afara De Creek/Outside By The Creek

Cresterea exagerata acoperă pârau

Acesta pute prea mult.

Nu numai că miros,

Am chiar gust.

Este foarte frig.

Aceasta trebuie să fie pâraul adjacent

școala mea,

Când am auzit voci familiar.

Overgrowth covers the creek

It reeks too much.

I not only smell it,

I even taste it.

It is very cold.

This must be the creek

adjacent to my school

Since I hear familiar voices.

Sakura Matkin, Grade 8



When You Wish Upon A... River?

A river is a swirl of emotions
thoughts and feelings passing us by
Many may wish upon a shooting star
and I find myself wondering why

For a shooting star comes and goes
always saying goodbye
While a river swirls, laughing and dancing
reflecting the blue of the sky

It travels from ocean to lake to sea
one never knows where it could be
It was touched by our predecessors
long before us
And will be touched by our ancestors
long after us

A river will carry your wish
carry the words of a thousand people
long after they are gone

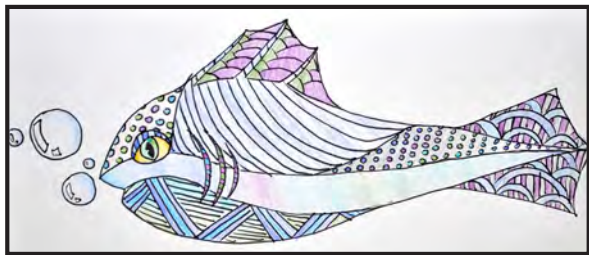
It is rushing and angry
meandering and calm
new and old
ageless and finite

So that is why
when I come across a river
I close my eyes and make a wish
knowing it will last forever

Grace Corpron, Grade 8



A Spoiled Drop, Jake Andrichuk, Grade 6



Fish of Wonder, Nicole Johnson, Grade 8

Rio

Velejar com o vento
na madrugada verão

Sail with the wind
in the summer dawn

Sanon Meleah Bennette-Gerard, Grade 6

Waltzing With the River

A young girl, not quite five but very good at pretending she is, standing by the river.
It's big, and wild like the wind, and confusing but she doesn't notice as she watches.
Enthralled she stands, as the sunbeams play tag and the grass does a waltz to the tune
of the water rushing; one, two, three, one, two, three.
And she's happy, because she can waltz too.

A young lady, not quite twelve but very good at pretending she is, standing by the river.
A friend at either shoulder, a plastic-and-paper boat in her hands. The river is unforgiving,
apathetic as it pushes the boat along like a condemned prisoner, but she doesn't notice.
Grinning she stands, as her friends sing off-key and the boat does a waltz to the
tune of the water rushing; one two, three, one, two, three.
And she's happy, because she can waltz too.

A young woman, not quite eighteen but very good at pretending she's younger, standing by
the river. It's big and wild like the wind, and all at once she realizes how confusing
it is, rushing by so fast. Like a condemned prisoner she stands, afraid of the other side of
the bridge, and what lies ahead. The days of tag and toy boats are gone, washed away in
the current.

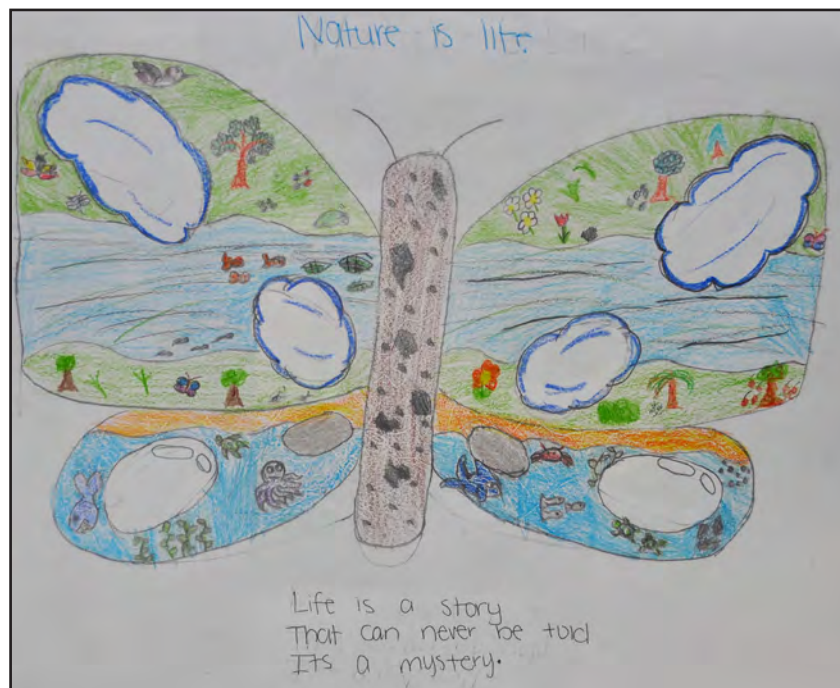
But she stands there long enough, and the grass does a waltz with the ghost of a plas-
tic-and-paper boat, and all to the tune of the water rushing. The sunbeams take out their
violins, and
the trees tap their pianos and smile.

And just for a moment,

She's happy.

Because she can waltz too.

Scarlett Loney, Grade 8



Nature is Life, Mia DalPorto, Grade 6



“It” Is The River

The Pacific receives it
taking in the water the sky reflects
The rocks hold it
so very determined to pay their respects

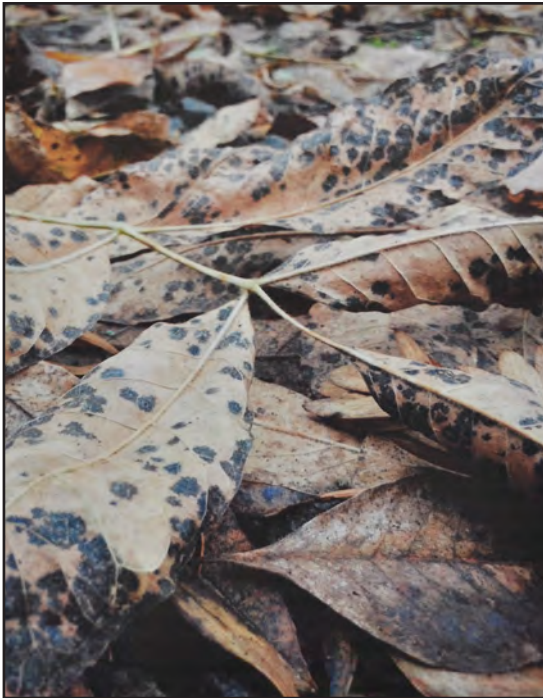
The bridges stand over it
tall and strong
The canoes glide through it
short or long

The waterfalls throw it
the salmon struggle, but eventually find their way up
The fishing lines are cast in it,
but the fish stay as still as a stump

We have to protect it
and, no, we can't forget
We can't let it disappear,
or be ruined for good

Because the rivers we have are it
they can never be recreated or reincarnated
The rivers may be gone soon, so you must remember,
they are all we have, they are all we get

Mallory Wilson, Grade 7



Falling in Love with Fall, Paige Williams, Grade 8



River Stars, Karli Lonnquist, Grade 6

The Salmon River

Deep
full
clear water
Rushing
churning
splashing
plunging my paddle
into the bubbling abyss
I feel the water
resist me
I hear
the crashing sounds
of the river ahead
The sweltering sun
is like fire
on my bare skin
I dream
of diving in
imagining
cool
relieving
water
flowing over
burnt skin

Anna Semler, Grade 6



Untitled

rivers cold
uncontrolled
come down from the mountains
spilling like fountains
Flows along rocks
In front of docks
Fish swim around
use it as their playground
flow to the ocean
causing a commotion

Oliver Pendergrast, Grade 6



Koi Fish, Sherie Ahn, Grade 8



Difference, Sydney Smith, Grade 8

The Lake

In the evening, the Lake seems to
glow.
The moon is a shimmering sphere
upon the surface.
The stars are countless particles of
light.

Over the water a tree hangs low.
A single drop of dew falls, disturbing
the perfect, peaceful water.
The ripples spread in miniature waves
slowly moving outward.
On the shore a swan sits, sleeping.
Everything is silent, full of nature.

Ronny Junkins, Grade 7



Untitled

Ich fühle die Kältel
rauschenden Luft, die von den
Stromschnellen.

Ich höre das Rauschen
der Damm gegen das Kühle
Wasser.

Ich sehe die schöne
Klare Wasser springen mit
Lachs gefüllt.

Und ich wünschte die
Mutter war nicht da, und
sie den Lachs eindeutig
und nicht sehen Konnte,
Immer in Richtung einer
besseren Fluss sicherer zu
sein.

Kaitlyn Jones, Grade 6

I feel the cold
rushing air coming from the
rapids.

I hear the crashing
of the dam against the cool
water.

I see the beautiful
pristine water filled with
jumping salmon.

And I wish the
dam wasn't there, and
the river was a free
place for the
wild's call
to be
heard.

Honoring Our Rivers

A dark pool
Fish dart around
The water flows slowly

Picking up speed
The stream carries leaves
Lazily moving

Merging with another creek
Now a river
More Powerful
Bigger

More steady now
Moving with a motive
Sweeps away all in its path

The river is more than just water
Full of wildlife
Stops for nothing
Stops for no one

More powerful than ever,
The river is speeding across the land
Throwing mist into the air

Finally at an end
The water stops
All that's left of the once majestic rushing
Is a faint trickle
And a dark pool

Ross Poteet, Grade 8

They Are Not Walls

We think of them as barriers
But really they are homes
And offices
And supermarkets.
But not for us.
For everything there.
The life, The beauty.
That we consider walls,
But oh
We do not
really know.
For we think of life
In all the wrong ways.

Henry Senters, Grade 7



Dragonflies Above Water, Enya Wallace-Nix, Grade 6



Mi Familia Va Al Willamette

Mi familiar va al Willamette
Wl agua corre entre los dedos de mis pies
enfriándolos, refrescándolos, limpiándolos.
Las piedras estrujan las suelas de mis pies
masajeándolas; haciéndoles cosquillas.
Miro hacia arriba y veo los pájaros
cazando, jugando, volando a trevés de los cielos.

Despacito se ve un lancha pasar,
después otra y otra más;
las personas riendo y hablando mientras se
salpican y juegan.

El sol descende y las estrellas despiertan.
El sonido del río permanece, pero
ya nadie juega, ya nadie habla, ya nadie ríe.
La noche cubre de silencio al río.

And soon I worry day will too.
No toes will be cleaned,
No feet will be massaged.

No birds will fish,
And no people will play.
The river will be full of dirt, trash, pollution.

The river will no longer be a place to enjoy
But a place to burden.

The Willamette will be a landfill;
And that magical place to spend your days will
no longer be there for its purpose
To make people laugh, play, and be happy.
I worry rivers will no longer be what they
are supposed to be.

Ana Bechtel, Grade 7

We go to the Willamette.
Water rushes through my toes
Cooling, refreshing, cleaning my feet.
Rocks press the bottom of my heels
Massaging, tickling them.
I look up and see the birds
Fishing, playing, flying through the skies

Slowly you see a canoe go by,
Then another and another.
People laughing and talking as they
splash and play

The sun goes down and the stars wake up.
The rush of the water still goes by, but
No one is playing, no one is talking, no one is laughing.
Night brings silence to the river.

y temo que pronto ed día también
No habrá dedos que se limpien
las piedras no masajearán ningunas
plantas do los pies.
Los pájaros no pescarán,

El río estará lleno de suciedad, basura, contaminación.

El río ya no será ya un lugar para disfrutar
sino por el cual agobiarse.

El Willamette será un basurero;
y ese lugar mágico donde pasar los
días dejará de server su propósito
de hacer a la gente reír jugar y ser feliz
Yo temo que un día los ríos dejen de
ser lo que se supone que son.



A Glimpse of Wildlife, Gabriel Martinez, Grade 6



The Secret Creek

The sound finds me first
A fresh, frigid moving sound
That refreshes me.

It is a small creek
A creek hidden in the woods
With many creatures.

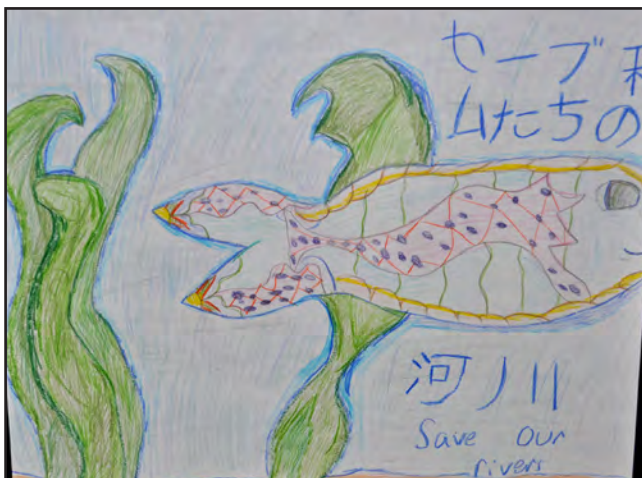
Fish sparkle and shine
Flitting under the surface
Eating tiny bugs.
They all have one instinct: Eat
In the secret creek.

A frog croaks loudly
Then leaps into the water,
Splashing quietly.
He climbs back out, catching flies
In the secret creek.

There is a turtle
He slowly eats a grass blade
Sitting happily
The settles down on a rock
Resting in the sun.

All the creatures live
The creek itself is living
Housing all of them.
The creek must stay a secret
Or it will be gone.

Jenna Barnum, Grade 6



The Color of Our Rivers, Isabel Hock, Grade 6

A River's Promise

I will ease you, the river spoke
To the blue boy who bawled on the beach.
I will sew together your tears and heal your heart, the river spoke
To a somber soldier who sought out his old future.
I will seep through your pores and mend your bones, the river spoke
To a girl who lost all of her hope as if she fell off of her life's tightrope.
I will revive your mind and breathe for you, the river spoke
To the companies that try to steal his home.
I will aid you, the river spoke
To every broken soul and everybody who had no self control over
their own role.
I will help you the river spoke
To every last person until the river was nothing but a hole.
Once a hole and now a puddle
Thanks to the sunshine boy who was the first attempt to fix this
trouble.
Once a puddle and now a stream
Thanks to the soldier with a new self esteem
Once a stream and now a river
Thanks to the gleeful girl who was the next giver
Once a river and now an ocean
Thanks to the worldly woman and her nascent knight who jointly
continued the notion.
Once shattered and now invincible
Thanks to the world's devotion.

Quaye Dydasco, Grade 8

The Mirrors of our Universe

silken currents wrap around our expanding souls,
the starless waters of the world parting at the change.

the cool breath of adam's ale lingers in the microcosm of nature,
where the feeling of nothingness cannot be given a human name.

swirling tendrils of intangible memories intertwine with the waterway,
the sacrosanct progeny of business bowing their heads as slither of darkness lay claim.

no human truly cherishes the creations of the earth,
we only care because some of us know how much a piece of frozen river can set our skin aflame.

yet we are all children borne by the unseen currents of determination,
the plagued energy of the tormented world roaring through our contaminated veins.

our hearts are connected at tributaries of crashing devotion to ourselves,
where sometimes the water overflows, and no one is willing to accept the blame.

these stormy rivers are the mirrors of our cracked universe,
forming cascades where we fell, carving out prodigious canyons during moments of fame.

in the beginning, they contain the pureness of untouched frost,
but, like the fireflies dancing within the children's hearts, they will all, with time, fade away.

these rivers reflect to us our own imperfections,
they have taught us to love ourselves throughout the blazing shame.

eventually, each one of us will don the crown of willful ignorance,
and turn our backs on the darling waters from which happiness we obtained.

SkyCat Huang, Grade 8



Reflection, Ian Kittell, Grade 8

Sapphire Beauties

Our Sapphire Beauties go by many names

Watercourse

Tributary

Rivulet

their glassy, blue water

Frigid,

watch them playfully run over the rocks.

Waterway

Inlet

Rill

They are being filled with trash.

An unimaginable abuse

to one of the many great gifts

that Mother Nature has given us,

we don't take care of

we must ask ourselves.

have we been treating our water like a gift?

or like a worthless burden.

Water is like an animal.

Treat it well, care for it,

it will help you.

But abandon it,

abuse it.

We will only make the world suffer

get your voice out there,

it will be heard.

Save our

dancing

flowing

lapping

ice blue

ivers.

They should be savored

and kept far away from the dangers

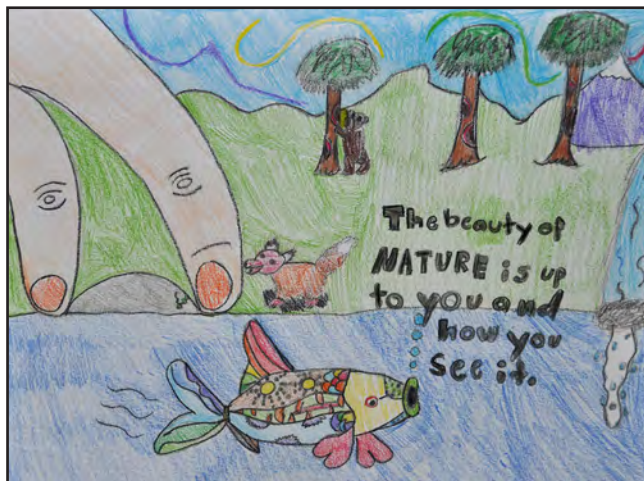
that lurk out there

in our world.

They are in grave danger

and you could be the hero.

Paeton Smith-Hiebert, Grade 6



Beauty of Nature, Kaylee C., Grade 6

Watching the River

Swiftly smoothly sliding
with a soft small splash,
though why you make
this sound, I dare
not to ask! The
whole world loves you,
the things you do,
simply by sitting there,
content with your
range of motion,
moving slowly, with
a journey that seems
to never end, once
again, swiftly smoothly
with a soft, small
splash, and why
do you make
this sound?

I don't

know,

but,

even if I did, it wouldn't
matter, even if
nobody knew
we would still
dear rivers, we would
still love you!

Mikori Sheridan, Grade 6

The Winter's Pond

The sea of frozen time will
wake up in spring
with flowers all around
that day
feels so far away

Until then,

The fish under the thin sheet of
glass like ice
will stay underwater,
in the cold, silent beauty,
looking up at the cloudy atmosphere,
from below the frozen plate,
and imagine a sun in the sky
just a season's time away.

Megumi Oishi, Grade 6

The Journey of a River

Somewhere water wanders
Down a narrow channel
Snaking through a forest
The only sounds are
Birds
And the steady rush
Of the stream itself
Crashing against the walls of the channel
Bubbling and churning
It flows
Until it reaches a river
Where it
Slowly
Travels
Away
From the isolation
of the forest
And into a city
Where the song
Of the rushing water
And the birds
Can't reach
Instead we hear the sound
Of many voices
Mingling
With the rumble of automobiles
And the wail of sirens
The sounds so blurred together
It's difficult to pick out any one noise

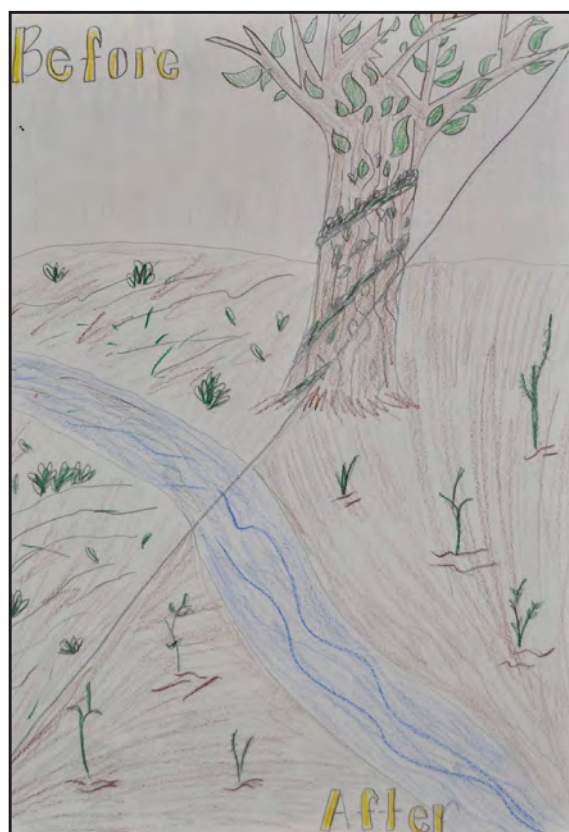
On it travels slowly
Steadily
Until it flows into the ocean
Where once again
The only sound to be heard
Is the rhythmic crash
Of the waves against the sand

Esmée Cowing, Grade 6

The Beauty of Nature

The wind blows, shaking the forest.
This is the beauty of nature.
The moonlight spins the path in a silver curtain.
This is the beauty of nature.
The thornbush poking a hole in the blood red rose.
This is the beauty of nature.
The larks in the trees, sleeping after a hard day.
This is the beauty of nature.
The soft but powerful river gurgling in the distance.
This is the beauty of nature.
You may never see nature in its true glorious state,
But that is the beauty of nature.

Eli Meritt, Grade 6



Untitled, Natalie Fisher, Grade 6





Howling At The Moon, Savannah Mills, Grade 8

Untitled

Water is
Something
Special
It shapes
Our lives
Birds quietly fly down onto the water
Stalking their prey
Silent but vicious
It's not realized
How crucial
Water is
Something marvelous
That changes everything
It's reflection in the light
Is unstoppable and precious
Water is
Amazing

Kyle Blackburn, Grade 6

The River Flows Within Us

The river flows within us,
As it does, ebbing and creeping,
Reaching, reaching,
Stretching for that unknown sense of life.
The current a gentle hand,
Soft and careful,
Beautiful and effervescent-
To touch,
And to heal,
The river carries us all.
The salmon lazily shimmer,
Rippling the water so effortlessly-
It is yet a mere taste,
A faint memory that the water clings onto for perpetuity.
And because nothing,
Not even the winds nor rain
Could tear that memory away,
Or allow it to glide just so far as the banks of the river,
Or even the skies that swoop low above,
That memory becomes a piece of the river.
With each movement the river makes in turn,
It holds onto what we,
As inhabitants of this world,
Leave behind.
Confidently wrinkling into a glinting sheet of silk,
An azure hue,
The river shapes life.
The river creates life.
The river becomes life.
The river is us-
We are the river,
The life that keeps this world going,
Flowing as the river does,
Just as it does,
Within us.

Claire Bledsoe, Grade 8





Endless Journey, Kira Wang, Grade 6

Raindrops

Falling fast and faster.
Surrounded by others but alone.
The clouds become distant and I
can see the ground approaching.

Finally I'm seconds away
from hitting The River

I brace myself
for whatever mysteries lay
beyond. The currents pull me every
direction. Emotions swired together.

It was madness, and I loved it!

Ruby Morgan, Grade 6



Uphill Battle, Tony Gonzales, Grade 7

Repurcussi/Reflections

De aetatis infintae
Et infinitum tempus
De doloris et lamentis
Et risus et gaudium
De lucentium aurorum
Et obscurantium crepusclumoram
Et annui ritās
Aquae omnia viderunt
Omnia audiverunt
Omnia senserunt
Squamas argenteas spectaverunt
Salinentes super nitentia saxa
Audiverunt
Arbores de prasinis veribus venituris
susurrantes
Senserunt
Lenes attrectatus de tenebras
Basium de stellas in media nocte
Deprehendentes repercussus infinitos
Ad tempus infinitum

Aida Krzalic, Grade 8

Of infinite age
And infinite time
Of sorrow and pain
And laughter and joy
Of shining dawns
And darkening depths
And annual rites
The waters have seen it all
Heard all
Felt all
They have watched the silver scales
Leap over gleaming rocks
They have heard
The trees whisper
of emerald springs to come
They have felt
The gentle touch of night
The kiss of midnight stars
Held in an endless reflection
For endless time

Thinking in the Rivers

You harbor life like beavers, otters, ducks and fish.
You carpet the forest, giving life.
So gentle
as I raft down you
I see the eggs that the mother salmon
Have entrusted in your care.
Rushing, trembling,
Cooling off your neighbors and inhabitants.
Gurgling, swirling,
So heavenly the water you provide.
Unseen below ground, but
Mapped and visible above it
You can be both as you feed lakes
And nature.
Born pure and pure
From springs hot and cold.
Or melted from ice and snow.
All this I think and I thank
While swimming in one of your pools.

Riley Callahan, Grade 6



Monarch On Daisy By The River, Danielle Stone, Grade 6



Salmon of the Pacific Northwest, Isabel Rickert, Grade 10

Participating Schools

Beaverton High School
Caldera Arts
Camp Florence VESOY
Corbett High School
Gladstone High School
Lake Oswego High School
Lord High School
McKay High School
McNary High School
North Salem High School
Rex Putnam High School
South Eugene High School
St Mary's Academy
Three Lakes High School
Valley Inquiry Charter School



Student Works: High School and College



Sunset Salmon (Goyataku), Shea Keeley, Grade 12

A River

Rocks shining underneath,
Ripples moving one way or another,
cold water up to your ankles
something slimy swims on by,
A little nibble, oh my,
The sun beats down, turns the water
a different color shade,
so beautiful, photo perfect,
this is a river.

Destiny H., High School



Life's Greatest Necessity, Robert Rodriguez, Grade 12





Bobo virginianus, Alice Welch, Grade 9

Forgotten Highways (Excerpt)

Water does not discriminate;
It offers itself as a gift.
The answers to preservation are
etched into
our two hands.

Noah Schultz, College

Otters

The river flows, and the surface of the moving water ripples with disturbance.

The ripple happens along the bank, near the trees with branches so long they dangle down to cut into the mirror-like liquid surface. In the current, leaves are pulled at and flow with the water. But it isn't the branches that caused the ripple.

Its creator is already gone, having slipped beneath the surface and vanished. There is a person standing in the trees, and when they wander closer and investigate, they find naught but the slide marks near the water's edge which reveal there was ever something else there. A shine of brown fur, perhaps, or a gleam of gray, might be glimpsed farther down the river, but not by human eyes.

A little while on, others of the same coloring join. They are playful, sleek and long, and the first dives down again and comes with a crayfish in its grasp.

The human standing at the bank does not see this. Instead, they turn, and go back the way they came. There was something there, they know, but now it has gone and it is time to return. Whatever they thought they saw, they missed, and it will go on unnoticed, as things in nature tend to do when it comes to humans. Or most of them, at least.

A distance ahead, the creature in the river leaves its companions behind. It reaches the bank once more, and leaves water for dry land and a place to rest.

In a while it will return, and when it goes back into the river again, it will create ripples of disturbance on the water's surface.

Crystina Nakayoshi, Grade 12



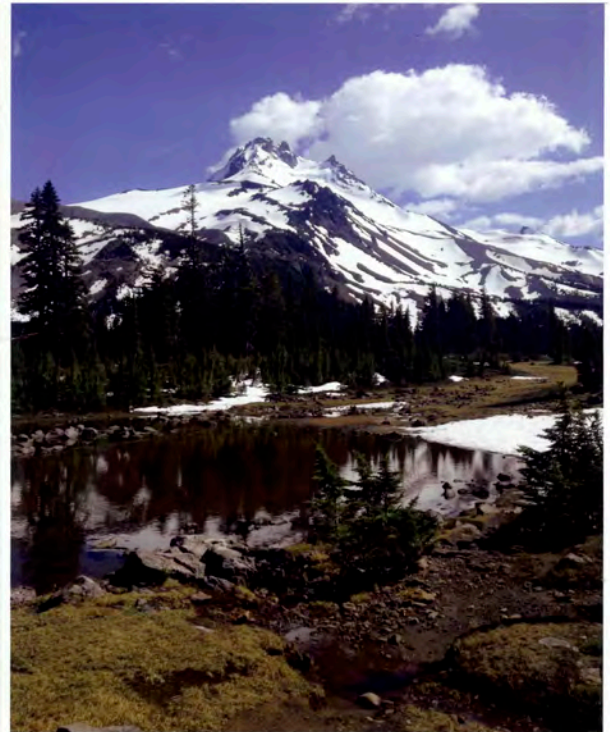
Gel-Yek (My Tribe's Word for Salmon)

Its silver scales like titanium
seem unbreakable
from the bonds of its home
wild and untamed like the river it lives in
traveling in the dark glassy river
waiting to be seen
with Shad Chinook and Cutthroat
on the dock
waiting for commemoration.

Kiana Younker, Grade 9



Lost Journey, Emily Wick, Grade 12



Subalpine Spring, Marissa Lane-Massee, Grade 12

My Helpful Little River (Excerpt)

A person once told me, "All rivers end at the ocean", but what I do not understand is, where do they begin? Like the well-known Mississippi - how old is it? Where did it begin? If it connects to other rivers, does that then make those rivers a part of the Mississippi, also? It took me a long time to realize that a person can only explain where one river begins, and that one and only river is their own.

My river began a long time ago. It is the second to the smallest river to branch off from seven others. To start at the beginning would be going too far back. Instead let's swim down a few miles, to where the river begins to flow through one side of a chain-link fence. To reach the end of this fenced-in area it will require a long, nine mile swim to continue the beautiful journey.

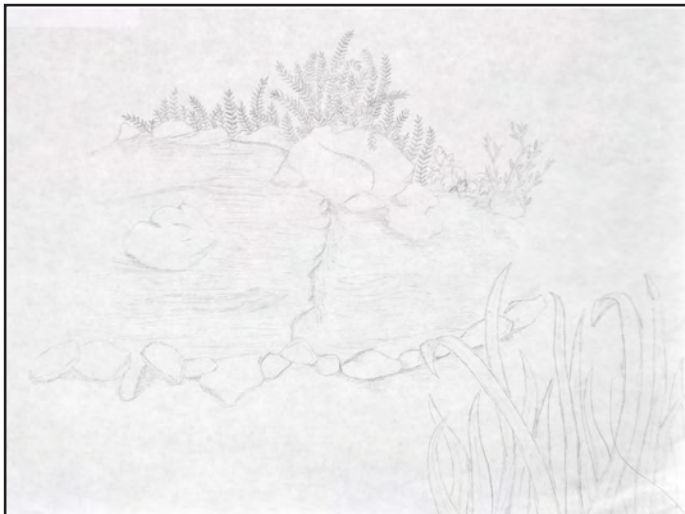
Although the river has passed through an old, rusty, and very tall fence, the sun has not been hindered from warming the water, and the bright colors still continue to shine. Extending from this large river, a smaller three mile river emerges, radiating spectacular hues of pinks and purples. The amazing little river connects to only one other river. This little river's essence is of happiness, hope, the feeling of not swimming alone, and proves to be a lovely detour from the rough, deep areas, all throughout the swim.

A few miles into the gated area, the sun was forced back behind the clouds. The water became colder and the colors became dull until, eventually, the current started to pick up once again. The two rivers have not crossed paths in a while, leaving the large river on its own, for now.

It's unimaginable how great of an impact such a small river can have on one as large as the Mississippi. It serves as a testament that no matter how tiny something is, it can have the greatest impact and make the biggest difference especially to all those who have the responsibility of navigating, not only for themselves, but for others as well.

Although my arms and legs are beginning to cramp and my mind is growing weary I know I only have five miles left to swim in this unpredictable part of the river. I gurantee somewhere further down the way, my helpful little river is there waiting to do what she does best; make it all better.

Wili Gomez, College



Little River, Alayna Amrein, Grade 10



Untitled, Zoey Sanders, Grade 11

Ripples and Eddies

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

The rivers and nature work in harmony
Singing their sacred melodious song.

Otillia Schreuder, Grade 10

Rivers are
swimmed waters and
enjoyable, loved places,
where families go to play.

Kami Harrison, Grade 7

The winds whisper to the calm,
slow river,
the salmon eavesdropping,
the river responds gently, softly,
calmly...

Abby Frank, Grade 7

Snaking through the marshes,
The current breathes.
Silence is overwhelmed by wind.
It whistles through the grass
And carries the river with it.

Nina Jiang, Grade 8

It has dreams of the world. A
peaceful world.
A world where trees are all around.
A world where we respect each
other.
A world where nature can thrive.
It is a peaceful tree. A wise tree.

Ruthie Zeidman, Grade 5

Trout filled
Oar beaten
Nature filled

Lucy Burroughs, Grade 3

Water drips from the trees
Like a cello
Then it stops
Disappears
Comes back
A moon century later
Repeats over and over
Until it vanishes into the sky...

Shay Moore, Grade 6

I am mom and dad to most creatures that live through me.
I stay a river, a river stays me.

Ruth Hoffmeister, Grade 5

Now that it is winter, the water is low along the river banks and frozen
over in a quiet, snowy world of cold and calm.

Luke Johnson, Grade 7



Yaquina River, Aia Simpson, Grade 6

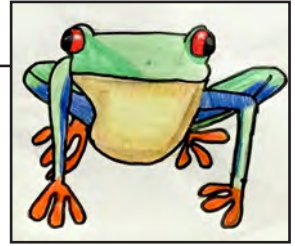
Tonight your eyes are swamped in blue
while you dig wet fingers in my hair, plaited gently like recently opened
fault lines...

Anushka Nair, Grade 9



If you throw trash in the river that is deep and blue,
you can harm animals like fish and frogs or ducks.

Chloe Smith Wolfson, Grade 2



Frog, Summer Lebow, Grade 4

Dappled sunlight floats through the leaves above
Some water is now clear to the silt and stone of the bottom
While some is a dark mirror, showing the sky above, not the sand below.

Ellis Kline, Grade 8

The air then filled with joy
As one lovely, ringing cheer
Rose from every girl and boy
“The salmon are here!”

Alorah Rencher, Grade 6

The day is hot, the air hangs over the river.

Adele Ulbricht, Grade 1

When the water moves
It changes the way you live
We follow the stream...

Thomas Wagner, Grade 11

The waterfall is a tall glass of water.

Tabitha Harten, Grade 3



Blue Jesse Wiese, Grade 8

The lone traveler rises to his feet, taking in the majesty of Mother Nature. He knows his difficult trek will never compare to the mighty river's journey.

Colson Tubbs, Grade 4

The river is a home to some, a world to others, and connected to us all.

Gabriella Goldstein, Grade 7

The rivers a spell of joy...

Sidney Myers, Grade 5

The humans gathered around me when I was just beginning and will continue to stay until I disappear.
I will serve them for the rest of my days.

Sincerely, The Willamette River

Emily Lonsdale, Grade 11





“They walked in silence for a while; a deep gully in the trees opened up to their left, and they scrambled down the bank to the bottom, skidding on the mossy loam of the forest floor. The small trickle of a creek had cut a wash down the valley of the ravine and no trees grew, only short plumes of fern and shrubs. The walking was easier here, though they occasionally were forced to struggle underneath some of the low fallen trees that crisscrossed the ravine. The sunlight dappled the ground in hazy patterns, and the air felt pure and untouched to Prue’s cheeks.

As she walked, she wondered at the majesty of the place, her fears subsiding with every step in this incredible wilderness. Birds sang in the looming trees above the ravine, and the underbrush was periodically disturbed by the sudden skitter of a squirrel or a chipmunk. Prue couldn’t believe that no one had ever ventured this far into the Impassable Wilderness; she found it a welcoming and serene place, full of life and beauty.”

From *Wildwood* by Colin Meloy and Carson Ellis, © 2011. Reprinted with permission of Harper Collins.



Carson Ellis
Marilyn Johnston
Richard Mack
Lin McJunkin
Colin Meloy
Abby Phillips Metzger
Aya Morton
Debby Neely
David Oates
Suzi Bradley Sheward
Wendy Thompson
Leah Wilson



Invited Artists & Writers

The Democracy of Water

On a late-summer's day, second-to-last of my journey, I rested my paddle on the kayak and stared out across the green Columbia, over the quiet pastoral of Hayden Island with its munching, dopey-eyed cows and past the space I knew was occupied by the Columbia's other channel just beyond the island. What arrested me was the strangely pleasing sight of five or six towering derricks, their black girder-tops gliding above the trees and cows and drifting kayakers. It was the Port of Portland's Terminal Six, an impressive industrial structure in a busy paved complex I had visited months earlier. Now I was sliding waterside, following the UGB along its northern edge, from Gresham to Portland and from the Sandy River to the Willamette. My oldest hiking buddy was in the other kayak, it was the tired end of a twenty-mile day, and as we turned to beach ourselves at Kelley Point we watched a cargo ship turn massively in front of us onto the Willamette. A kayaker's eyes are only two feet above the water; it's a critter's view, a river-surface view, lowly in the very best sense. And believe me, from that perspective a derrick or a cargo ship is big. A city is big.

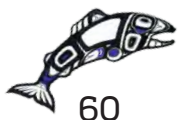
But then, so is a river.

There's a democracy of water which it's hard to overlook when you're on it. The forty miles of Clackamas, Willamette, Sandy, and Columbia I kayaked, the countless creeks and streams I walked beside or crossed on foot: all that flowing together, each drop of it, that might have started as runoff from someone's backyard or as raindrops hitting the summit of Mt Hood. Here they come, democratically confluent. And these waters will flow right through us, too, entering and leaving effortlessly. Such intimate and extravagant courings, from mountain slope to mouth to membrane – then out again to oceans and clouds and mountains – make a mockery of our definitions of “inside” and “outside”. We invest so much of ourselves in hard-shelled definitions of me – my skin, my house, my family, my rights – as if their boundaries were not comically porous. The other, the not-me, swarms us, joins us, sweeps us along. Continually. Lewis Thompson (in *Lives of a Cell*) jokes that it takes a lot of denial to sustain our pet illusion of separateness...

A democracy of water is the democracy of our common flesh and common fate. Suffering, compassion, the common good. This is not a question which individualists ponder: they cannot.

That's a big thought, big as a river or a city. So I take my vision at a humbler level. Stenciled next to those subversively reappearing streams, on curbs and storm-drains around town, are little salmon-outlines, each a reminder that this water, here, is headed for our river, there. This lowly measure is my model. Direct and effective, it stimulates people daily to imagine real (though unseen) connectedness.

“The Democracy of Water” from City Limits: Walking Portland's Urban Growth Boundary by David Oates, copyright © 2006. Reprinted with the permission of Oregon State University Press.



October Morning on Minto Island

Sun-drenched path stretches out
before me as the fog lifts,
and the heron sounds
its indignation as it flies slowly,
fading slightly with each
wing beat down the narrow
corridor of the riverbed.
Hundreds of times I've walked
this river trail, over each season,
but the light surprises
around each bend:
the moment a rabbit appears,
stationary, listening;
the clipped conversation of quail
in a blackberry bush;
a gaggle of geese
as they rise in a V
on their brotherly search
for new ground.
I can almost forget
what brought me back here
and what follows—
the road never completely straight;
the truth, like life,
never entirely easy.
But for now,
orange and yellow leaves
flit and spiral in the crisp air
on their descent to the river's edge—
a reminder that somewhere
grace falls, a cover of softness
left at our feet.

**"October Morning on Minto Island" by
Marilyn Johnston, © 2015. Reprinted with permission.**



***Riparian Totem (detail), Lin McJunkin © 2013,
Western Star Studios, Marysville Washington.
Kiln carved glass, steel. Permanent display at
Auburn Justice Center, Auburn, Washington.***

"This piece honors the coming together of the Green and White Rivers, and the industries that those rivers helped flourish. Each metal strand of river grass contains panels that feature symbols important to the past and present life of the city of Auburn, WA: the confluence of the Green and White Rivers; feathers for the aviation industry; hops and berries from agriculture; cow udders for their dairy past; and salmon, all in my translation of traditional local Coast Salish designs."



**Recompose, Leah Wilson,
gouache on Paper, 16"x96"**
© 2016. Reprinted with
permission. www.leahwilson.com

*Sustaining More Life in its Death.
Window-like holes created by in-
sects open into the interior of a log
revealing ribbons of cubical brown
rot, cellulose long gone. Fungus,
like an old scab with edges curling
and dry, has been transforming the
log that became part of the archi-
tecture of the creek many floods in
the past.*

Migration, Debby Neely, © 2004.
Reprinted with permission.
www.debbyneely.com.

*"I wanted to express the feeling of
being pulled or nudged somewhere
with an ever increasing urge. Both
the goose and the fish are feeling
this urge but are still uncertain what
it means. The fish are somewhat
hidden by the water just as their
desire to move forward is still
uncertain."*



Crane Season

placed deep in the furrowed ground
each slice keeps two eyes
we are planting seed potatoes
we thought that was our job for the day
until we heard the unmistakable trill
high in the gray-marbled sky of April's afternoon
battalions of birds undulating overhead
V's form and merge
risen from riverbanks among the marsh
Sandhills swarm above the valley
circling, they drift higher and higher
altitude mimicking latitude
cranes rising toward the cold
finally, the instinct of species says "now"
and the birds disappear as a hundred ebony ciphers
drifting north over pothole lakes
and scabland coulees toward Canada
still on our knees, we return to the planting
but wistfully we listen for the thin trill
high in the gray-marbled sky of April's afternoon

***"Crane Season" by Richard Mack, 2015.
Used with permission.***



***Alert, Suzi Bradley Sheward, acrylic,
18"x24", © 2015. Reprinted with
permission.***

"I painted it over navigational maps of the local rivers. We live on the river and have the same bird land on our moorage on a daily basis... it seemed a good thing to put him on a river map."

Ditch

Mom told us not play in the creek by our house
The old ephemeral channel turned permanent ditch
The one dug by Chinese laborers in the 1850s
Put there on purpose for wealthy white men to run mills
And get even wealthier

Don't go in there she would say
It's dirty
It smells
And there was an old bum who crooned half-crazy songs
Part yelled, part mad
Fully sunk in sorrow of some lost life
But did mother listen to the song sparrow's quilted call
Its notes sewn into a patchwork song?

In summer, the creek ran dry
Yellowed grocery bags gaped on nearby branches
Dirty laundry on a line
Fir tree needles and junkie needles
Thorned thickets of Himalayan blackberry
The crosshatch of willows on steep banks

In winter, water filled the trench
Slow and brooding
Skimmed by iridescent oil
Topped by torched-out ash leaves, unable to hold color
Then sometimes the water hurried by a storm
By concrete roads and driveways swooshing the rain in too fast
Cutting the channel down to the blue clay
Away from our feet and cares

Out of site, it can be so easy to ignore
In the creek by our house, we never touched the water
Or caught crawdads and periwinkles

Or followed the tracks of nutria
In the soft mud of this ditch dug on purpose
The absence of experience bears a
Stronger mark on my youth
Than a creek itself

Don't go in there, mother's words still echo
But not as strongly as the stalking curiosity
Of what might happen when I do.

They say there's a Chinook in those still waters
They say the creek could be something more
And now as my child awaits the world
Born into the same place I grew up
By the ditch dug by Chinese laborers
What will I tell him?

***"Ditch" by Abby Phillips Metzger, 2015.
Used with permission.***



Salmon, Aya Morton, silkscreen on topographical map, 20"x28", © 2015. Reprinted with permission.



Klickitat Kayak Song

(with homage to Whitman)

At ease and at ebb with the ebb-tide

Once I was naked
on a rocky river bank
sweet flesh on granite
tender curves
over rugged stone

And I was at ease
and at ebb with the ebb-tide

Once I was a stoic
baking in a summer sun
squinting at the world
and wondering
why am I still
at water's edge
while fine spokes of light
glance like shimmering gems
off the River Klickitat.

At ease and at ebb with the ebb-tide

Once you told me
you like to read the obituaries --
"Not 'like' as in it brings me pleasure
to read them," you said,
happy to be alive and 50,
"but take this one, for example:
Only 23 years old, dead, gone...
makes you think, don't you think?"

At ease and at ebb with the ebb-tide

What if you only
had 23 years, or five
or just a 3-hour river run?"
Makes you think,
don't you think,
about the choice
to flaunt away the day,
and just receive the summer sky.

At ease and at ebb with the ebb-tide

"Are you ready?" you ask.
Are you ready to pass through the rapids?
"You know, it's okay to back out," you say
to suspend here and everywhere,
but then I go nowhere
so I know it's not okay
to stop short of the finish line
shy of sunset.
It's not okay.

So I catch one last gaze
from your thirsty eyes
and dig my paddle
into the white water
drenching me
I follow you
into the V
into the splash
of canyon shadows
and fears
and mere seconds pass
before I am soaked and grinning
the moment splendors me
then spits us out
from the river's tongue,
alive and

at ease and at ebb with the ebb-tide

***"Klickitat Kayak Song" (Spoken Word).
Wendy Thompson, © 2014.
Used with permission of
Goldendale KVGDL.***

Call for Submissions for the 2017 Honoring Our Rivers Student Anthology

As always, we are soliciting student entries from all parts of Oregon that reflect upon students' relationships to the environment through art and literary activities.

This year, in recognition of the Port of Portland's 125th anniversary, we are also seeking entries that will reflect all elements of working rivers, including those from locations and ways of life that are river-dependent, such as agriculture, fishing, and transportation to the world.

Conservation, planning for the future, and sustainable transportation are issues the Port values. To honor that, we will include a special section of student work in 2017 that highlights the unique ways that rivers have shaped who we are here in the Pacific Northwest. From pre-contact trade to the fur trade and the Lewis and Clark expedition to Portland's iconic bridges and ships, rivers have connected communities in the Pacific Northwest to each other.

For more information about the Port of Portland's 125th Anniversary, visit:
www.portofportland.com/GreenSide_Home.aspx.
Find the Port on Twitter @PortOfPortland
and Facebook www.facebook.com/portofportland.

Submissions due January 31, 2017

Submissions can be emailed to info@honoringourrivers.org, or mailed to
Honoring Our Rivers c/o Willamette Partnership
4640 SW Macadam, Suite 50



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Participating Schools

Elementary Schools

Archbishop Howard School
A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Ashbrook Independent School
Battle Creek Elementary
Bohemia Elementary
Buena Vista Elementary
Chapman Hill Elementary
Corbett Grade School
Forest Ridge Elementary
Franciscan Montessori Earth School
German International School
Gubser Elementary
Holy Family Catholic School
Horizon Christian School
Hudson Park Elementary
International School
Irvington K-8
Markham Elementary
Marylhurst School
Myers Elementary
Newport Visual Arts Center
Oregon Episcopal School
Portland Jewish Academy
River Grove Elementary
Scott Elementary
Straub Environmental Center
Talent Outdoor Discovery Program
Touchstone School
Three Rivers Homelink RSD
Valley Inquiry Charter School
Wright Elementary
Yoshikai Elementary

Middle Schools

Academia Celestia
ACCESS Academy
A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Ashbrook Independent School
Baker Middle School
Catlin Gabel
City View Charter School
Claggett Creek Middle School
Jane Goodall Environmental Middle School
Judson Middle School
Newport Middle School
Parrish Middle School
Pleasant Hill Elementary
Prairie Mountain Middle School
Rachel Carson Environmental Middle School
Rainier Jr High School
Robert Gray School
Summa Academy

High Schools & Colleges

Beaverton High School
Caldera Arts
Camp Florence VESoy
Corbett High School
Gladstone High School
Lake Oswego High School
Lord High School
McKay High School
McNary High School
North Salem High School
Rex Putnam High School
South Eugene High School
St Mary's Academy
Three Lakes High School
Valley Inquiry Charter School

