



HONORING OUR RIVERS

ISSUE 18



Student Artwork and Literature from Oregon Watersheds

A project of Willamette Partnership

Major sponsorship from Wildwood | Mahonia, the Gray Family Foundation, and Eagle Web Press



HONORING OUR RIVERS

A Student Anthology

A Project of



WILLAMETTE PARTNERSHIP

Increasing the pace, scope, and effectiveness of restoration and conservation for both natural and human communities.

Willamette Partnership brings together the science, policy, and relationships needed to increase investment in restoration and conservation throughout the American West. We help people understand the value and benefits that nature provides for ecosystems, human health, and the economy. We work with farmers, governments, businesses, tribes, healthcare professionals, conservation organizations, environmental groups, and others.

www.willamettepartnership.org

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Lead Sponsor



The Gray Family Foundation awarded Honoring Our Rivers a grant to work with two Oregon outdoors schools to integrate more arts and creative writing into their curricula.

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

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HONORING OUR RIVERS

A Student Anthology

Founded by a group of educators, writers, artists, and watershed experts in 2000, the Honoring Our Rivers program seeks to nurture the next generation of conservation and civic leaders in the Pacific Northwest by engaging the creative capacities of our youth.

An ongoing project of Willamette Partnership, *Honoring Our Rivers* is the only Oregon-based anthology of student writing and artwork that is uniquely focused on watersheds and works at the intersection of the arts, education, and the environment. Learn more at www.honoringourrivers.org.

THANK YOU FOUNDING SPONSOR:

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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 benefiting children and the environment. www.wildwoodco.com

With special acknowledgment to John Miller, President of Wildwood | Mahonia, a founder and supporter of *Honoring Our Rivers: A Student Anthology* for the last 18 years. John has been a tireless champion for the anthology's blending of art, literature, and environmental education for students throughout the state.

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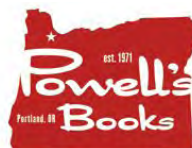
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Thank you to the writers, artists, watershed educators, and community organizers who donated time, work, and expertise to this year's anthology and programmatic endeavors:

Invited Artists: Frances Ashforth, Daniel Dancer, Larry Olson, Lillian Pitt, Sara Siestreem

Invited Writers: Ed Edmo, Jonathan Merritt, Elizabeth Woody

Senior Advisors: Bobby Cochran, Travis Henry, John Miller, Chris White

Judges: Laurie Aguirre, Catherine Alexander, Quintin Bauer, Wendy Given, Travis Henry, Roy Iwai, Esther Lev, Willie Levenson, Joan Maiers, Tess Malijenovsky, Gary Munkhoff, Charu Nair, Gabe Sheoships, Leah Stenson, Anna Wilde

HONORING TRIBES OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The following featured section of *Honoring Our Rivers* presents the words and visual art of students across Oregon who responded to our call for submissions honoring the different tribes of the Pacific Northwest and, in particular, their ancestral and present-day relationships to the rivers we all know today. Our intention is to increase awareness and appreciation of Native culture, history, and arts here in the Pacific Northwest, and also to hold space for students to express themselves creatively regarding this topic.

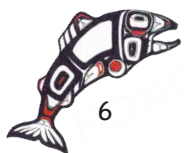
For this featured section, we invited a Cayuse and Walla Walla educator of Indigenous studies to help us vet the submissions we received. Together, we reviewed many beautiful and moving reflections—reflections that our invited judge said gave him “hope:” “It is due time,” he said, “for Indigenous people to tell their own story, of their own lands.”

We also saw opportunities to improve how we teach about Native people and our natural resources. One simple yet powerful example is shifting away from thinking of Tribal people as living in the past tense and recognizing instead their values centered on fishing the same rivers today, as their ancestors have done since time immemorial.

I am grateful for our advisors and sponsors who believe in the importance of this topic and “conversation;” for all the teachers and parents who encourage their students to respond; and to *all* the students who have the courage to “speak” up whether or not they were published in this year’s anthology. When we give young people a platform to express themselves, the power and beauty of their authentic and candid voices can influence even the most resolute adult mind.

I hope you enjoy,

Tess Malijenovsky, Honoring Our Rivers Project Manager
Willamette Partnership





"Roosevelt Lake," Raegan Heffler, Grade 8



"Animals by the Pond," Adele Ulbricht, Grade 3

In a River of Peace

In a time of peace,
in a time when
the mountains had
a thousand voices,
each one uniquely
powerful—

In a time of Raven,
a river of peace
where the balance between
animals and humans
is strong
where
salmon play every day—

You could feel
the cool mist, near
the pond.
In a time of
peace.

Fox Guenther, Grade 2



"The Crouch," Langston Mask, Grade 3

River Creator

It is creator of life and hope.
It is creator of all that lives.
It is provider of safety of fish and treasured like gold
by all that lives on land.
It is the passage from the ocean to the sea.
It is the power of a thousand worlds in just a tiny drop.

Cordelia Hall, Grade 3

A "Cedar Child's" Song

Little Life Giver,
you stand so tall right next to me
pointing upwards towards the skies,
blocking the sun from my eyes
with your evergreen branches.

Little Life Giver,
each new day I see your cedar smile,
bright and pure
as the sun hits your dense brown skin
and gently shines on you.

Little Life Giver,
how I wish I could be up there with you
in the warmth of the sun,
laughing in the sunlight,
watching the commotion down below.

Little Life Giver,
the clouds of spicy cedar pollen
that you blow in the air
make my nose twitch and tremble.

Little Life Giver,
your hollowed-out logs of the red cedar
give me a home to stay safe
and canoes to travel out into the ocean
and return with fish for my meal.

Little Life Giver,
you give me towering poles that reach the heavens
to carve breathtaking totems
that will protect and guide me through life
in all that I do.

Little Life Giver,
you help create much beauty,
offering your precious wood
to create masks for special ceremonies
and bentwood boxes to store my treasures.

Little Life Giver,
your root fiber and shredded bark
provide cloth and protection in the cold,
keeping us warm through the winter
until the arrival of the warm summer sun.

Little Life Giver,
if I didn't have the baskets
woven with your bark
to store all of nature's treasures,
what would I ever do?

Little Life Giver,
your berries protect me from illness,
giving me life and good health.
You give me so much, without you I will perish.
Thank you, Life Giver... I'll love you forever!

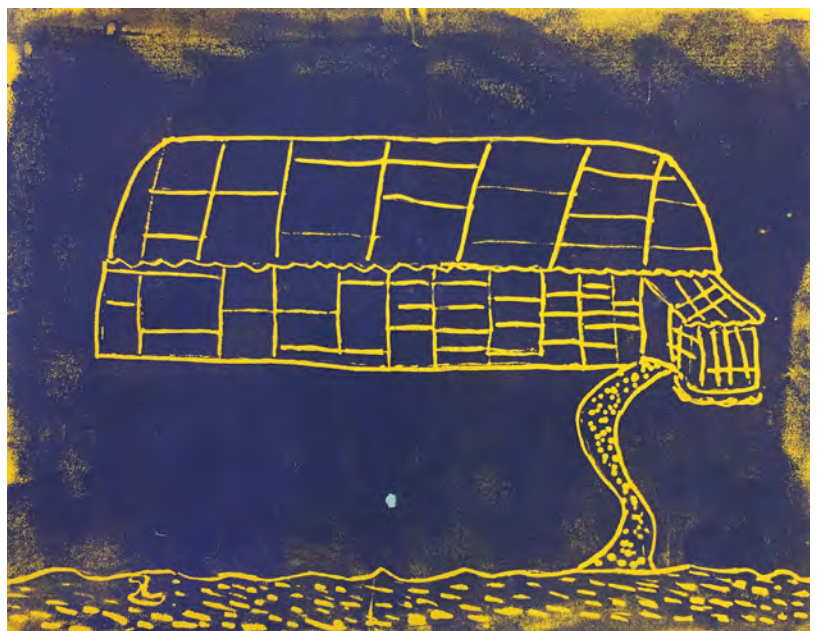
Annie Phillips, Grade 4



"Untitled," Leo Alvarez, Grade 12



"Untitled," Davyd Kirkhart, Grade 12



"Untitled," Nelson Vance, Grade 11

Our Originals

They all traveled in dugout canoes,
wearing leather moccasin shoes.
They fished on the rivers with nets and spears,
long before the pioneers.

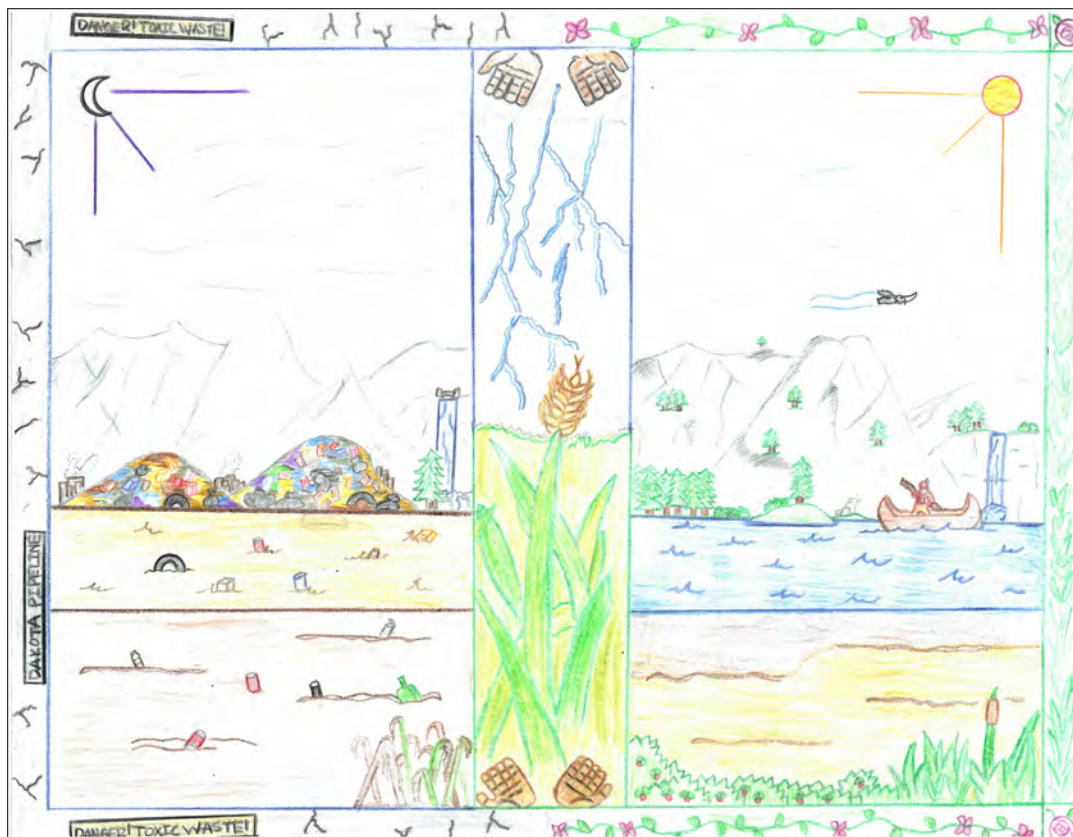
Like eagles, they soar above the rest
as the most knowledgeable and wise.
Never taking extra food,
even if they were in the mood.
Only taking what they need
for the very mouths they feed.

Their love for the land they shared
truly showed how much they cared.
These are our originals.

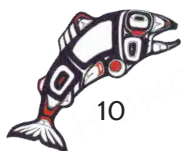
Bella Rogers, Grade 5



"Tribal Basket," Maiah Flack, Grade 11



"What Is Happening to Our Rivers?" Winston Liang, Grade 7





"River of Life," Reese Bridgens, Grade 8

Willamette River

The Willamette River
awakes me
in the morning
as all of its
sparkling waters
with its sparkling
beauty is left
within. Fish
bring life to
human mortals.
All the canoes connect
the people
in the woods
and it
sings me a
lullaby as the
moon comes
out and I fall asleep.

Gwyneth Works, Grade 2



"Eagle," Eva Vu-Stern, Grade 6

The River Spirit

You can't catch a fish
With your back to the river,
so we face our challenges
and obstacles head on.

It is at this moment where
a kindred spirit is born,
a spirit between mankind
and the Chinook salmon.

All existence gathers here,
beginning our Journey
in the river of life.

The Journey is not easy
and is full of snags and boulders.
Sometimes the way is so treacherous,
fear overwhelms our navigation.

We, like the Chinook salmon,
rely upon our spirit,
a spirit always pushing, always driving,
achieving our pursuits and
never giving up.

When we arrive at our
final destination,
we shudder in our last breath
but there is life in death.

Some say we give all
in our passing,
but a spirit is carried with us
and is only shared,
and is continuous in its giving.

Where we began, we will end.
We will not stop giving,
and the River Spirit will
always be giving, too.

Derek Ellwood, GED Candidate



"Blackberries," Chandler Hayzlett-Hayes, Grade 12



"Otter," Joey Marino, Grade 11



"Untitled," Hope Ketch, Grade 11

The Tillamook and the Sea

Under the water
I'm a fish.
I swim as a salmon,
then pulled up by a Tillamook,
reborn as one.
The river blue and green, it sparkles beautiful.
Crisp is how it feels in the water.
No trash or pollution. Beauty everywhere. Flowers everywhere.

But then,
many years later,
the river feels in pain.
The Tillamook spirit watches trash,
pollution, fish dying from the river.
Not sparkly, barely sparkly at all,
not as blue or green...
but if we did not litter, we could have prettier rivers.

So please don't litter. Please don't.
We would have a prettier world.
What a beautiful world.
Don't throw trash in the river in front of the fish
because the salmon have spirits.

Chloe Smith-Wolfson, Grade 4





"Trail of Tears," Sloane Warmkessel, Grade 6

Equality for All

Some might call the Northwest gloomy,
drippy and often gray,
but beauty... is in the eye of the beholder.
The first people of the Pacific Northwest
Coast claimed it,
taking only what they needed:
Water,
Salmon,
Roots,
Cedar.

Then the Europeans made their entry,
disrupting the first people's world.
Lewis and Clark talked and traded
and left when they were satisfied.
Odd things happen.
It's part of everyone's life.
But, the first people carried on,
Fishing,
Foraging,
Flaming like a healthy fire.

Then more people came,
then even more...
and more.
The first people believed
that land was a thing to be shared.
The Europeans disagreed.
They stole their land,
forcing the first people onto reserves,
like cows on too small of fields.
They could not get enough of what they
needed,
and this continued...

Decades later...
They were freed.
But, the number was few
because of things out of their control—
Plague,
Starvation,
War,
—that they struggled to escape.

Years later...
after being denied their right to have their
voices heard for so long,
even though they were humans,
just like us,
they were finally given their voting rights
after decades of not having a say in
anything.

Time and again,
other events like this happened.
How can peace be possible
if we don't learn to trust each other?
The tribes deserve better.
Learn from the mistakes of the past
and towards equality for all!

Kamran Mohamedy, Grade 4





Celilo Falls (Wyam) / Oregon Historical Society



confluence

An interview with the executive director of Confluence, Colin Fogarty, by Honoring Our Rivers.

“Why art? Why teach the history of Native people through art?”

We asked Colin Fogarty, executive director of Confluence, a nonprofit that builds art installations along the Columbia River and brings Native artists into schools.

“Art has a unique power to connect us to something deeper,” said Fogarty. “The mission of Confluence is to connect people to an inclusive story of the Columbia River ecosystem, a story that begins with indigenous voices.”

Their program, Confluence in the Classroom, is an education program that connects a Native artist or tradition-keeper to classrooms (K-12) to do projects about the Columbia River. Fogarty shared a

story that demonstrated just how powerful art can be as a tool for teaching children about the history of a place, in this case, Celilo Falls.

Celilo Falls was a series of rapids and waterfalls and a tribal fishing area along the mid-Columbia River, about 12 miles east of what is today The Dalles. Native people settled near the falls to fish, for Celilo Falls had abundant fish runs of lamprey eel, salmon, and sturgeon. Eventually, European-American settlers moved in, and in 1957, the construction of The Dalles Dam flooded part of Celilo Village and completely submerged the falls.

To teach fourth graders about the history of Celilo Falls, students were asked to build a miniature Celilo Falls replica out of paper maché over the course of a week. At the end of the week, the



educators flooded what the students had proudly built, destroying their work. The students were asked how they felt:

“That was terrible. All that work gone to waste. I wonder if the real Celilo was actually like that,” said one student.

“Our village took a week to make. I feel only a little part of what the Natives felt,” said another.

“I feel sad and mad. That’s probably how they felt,” said a different student.

And, “There were only two things that survived, the salmon and us,” one said.

This art experience created a personal investment in the history of Celilo Falls for the students.

In addition to the art-making that is part of *Living in Celilo*, a curriculum mandated by the State of Washington and part of the state’s *Since Time Immemorial* curriculum, the students of Wallace and Priscilla Stevenson Intermediate School in White Salmon, Wash., learned the Native Ichishkiin

language through song, storytelling games, and interactive activities with Warm Springs Language teacher Jefferson Greene; they listened to first-person narratives about growing up at Celilo Village from a Celilo elder, and took a field trip to Celilo Park to learn more about culture, salmon, treaties, and stewardship—all part of the grant-funded Confluence in the Classroom programming.

Oregon will soon have its own curriculum about Native history that school districts will be required to implement. Senate Bill 13 directs the state Department of Education to work with tribes to develop the curriculum and to provide professional development for teachers to deliver the curriculum.

“Most of us grew up with the origin story, ‘Lewis and Clark discovered the Columbia River and the pioneers settled it,’” says Fogarty. “It’s time to replace that narrative with something more complex and inclusive, a story that connects us more deeply to our landscape.”

The Installations of Artist Maya Lin

Confluence shares the stories of the Columbia Rivers through six public art installations by artist Maya Lin, including the Sandy River Delta Bird Blind (pictured).

When you enter the restored forest ecosystem at Sandy River Delta, you’ll encounter an elliptical bird blind. Stroll up a gently curving 150-foot ramp to the bird blind, constructed of sustainably harvested, durable black locust wood. From this quiet spot, you can view birds and wildlife that inhabit the area today as you learn about the flora and fauna, some of which are now extinct, endangered, or threatened species. The artwork serves as a lasting reminder of the impact humans have had on the environment and a model for a new way to envision the connection between people and the natural world.

Maya Lin is an American designer and artist who is known for her work in sculpture and land art. She achieved national recognition at the age of 21 while still

an undergraduate at Yale University when her design was chosen in a national competition for the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. It is considered one of

the most influential memorials of the post-World War II period.

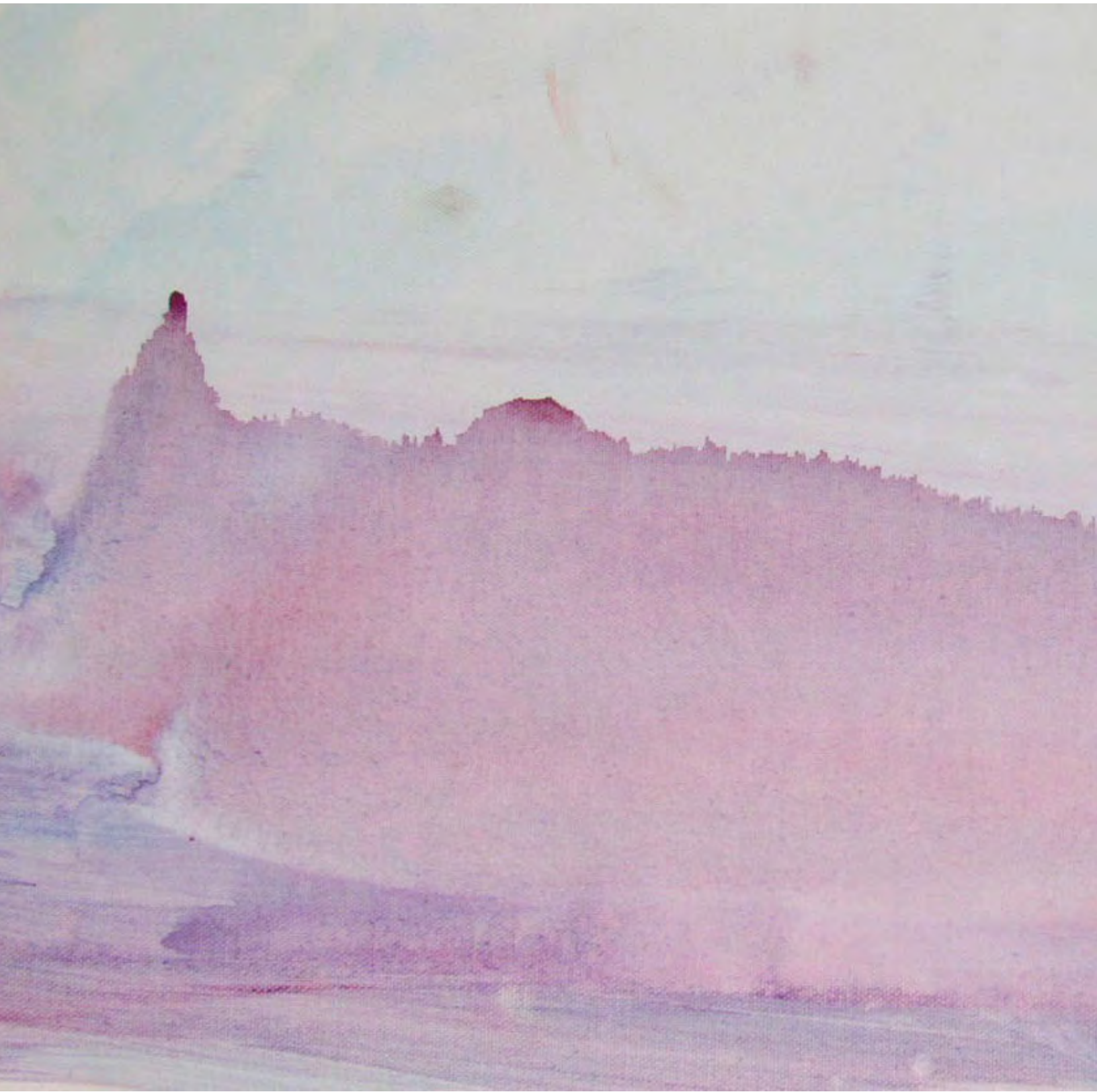
Currently, five of the six Confluence sites are complete, including Cape Disappointment (Ilwaco, Wash.), Fort Vancouver (Vancouver, Wash.), Sandy River Delta (Troutdale, Ore.), Sacajawea State Park (Pasco, Wash.), and Chief Timothy Park (Clarkston, Wash.). The final site will be at Celilo Park (near The Dalles, Ore.). Each site is meant to explore the confluence of history, culture, and ecology in our region.

To learn more about how to visit the Sandy River Delta bird blind or to explore through



(Above) Sandy River Delta Bird Blind by Maya Lin.
(Left) Engravings of local fauna and flora in wooden beams of the bird blind.
Images / Courtesy of Confluence.

Confluence’s digital Journey Book, visit: www.confluenceproject.org.



STUDENT WORKS:

Elementary School

Participating Schools

A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Abiqua Academy
Deschutes Public Library
Forest Ridge Elementary
Franciscan Montessori Earth School
Gubser Elementary
Hallinan Elementary
Homeschool
Irvington Elementary
Lake Grove Elementary
Lee Elementary
Menlo Park Elementary
Myers Elementary
Oregon Episcopal School
Portland Jewish Academy
Powell Butte Community Charter
Talent Elementary Outdoor Discovery Program
The Marylhurst School
Touchstone Elementary

Artwork: "I Am the River," Gretchen Lindecamp, Grade 2



Where Does the Rain Go?

The warm April rain
patters on the rooftops.
It drips and splashes
onto a robin's nest,
and drips off of my hood,
and sprinkles onto
my face.
It runs into Bear Creek
and rolls
into the Pacific Ocean.

Olive Chambers, Kindergarten



"The Sea Star Scooches," Cambria Dunn, Kindergarten



"The Jumping Fish," Olive Johnson, Kindergarten





"Untitled," Clara Cullup, Kindergarten



"The Harbor Seal," Paige Swakon, Kindergarten

River Sights

Shining Sun
Wet Sand
Swimming Creatures
Cold Breezes
Soft Grass
Dirty Mud
Swaying Trees
Flowing Waves
Sparkling Rocks
Blooming Flowers
Reflecting Faces

Abiqua Academy Kindergarten Class



La Casa Acuática del Salmón

Cascada salpica.
Camino a través de un puente de madera.
Veo el salmón rojo.
saltando en su casa acuosa.

Lee Denning-Marsh, Grade 1

The Salmon's Watery Home

(Translated from Spanish)

Waterfall splashes.
I walk across a wood bridge.
I see red salmon
jumping in their watery home.



"The Story of the Great Blue Heron," Brandon Chesney, Grade 1

Cisnes Pacíficos

Los cisnes pacíficos están nadando dentro del estanque brillante.
Se voltean con cuidado.
Salir volando poco a poco.
El cielo es azul claro.

Charlotte Dauz, Grade 1

Peaceful Swans

(Translated from Spanish)

The peaceful swans are swimming inside the sparkling pond.
They turn around carefully.
They gently fly away.
The sky is light blue.



"Colorful Fish," Carson Brink, Grade 1

Koi Königin

Ein Cinquain

Koi-Königin,
symbol der Liebe,
im mondlicht leuchtet sie,
unter einem grünen baum schwimmt sie,
erfüllt vom frieden.

Audrey Willcox, Grade 2

(Translated from German)

Koi Queen

A Cinquain Poem

Koi Queen,
symbol of love,
in the moonlight she glows,
swimming under a leafy tree,
in peace.



Yo Soy el Río

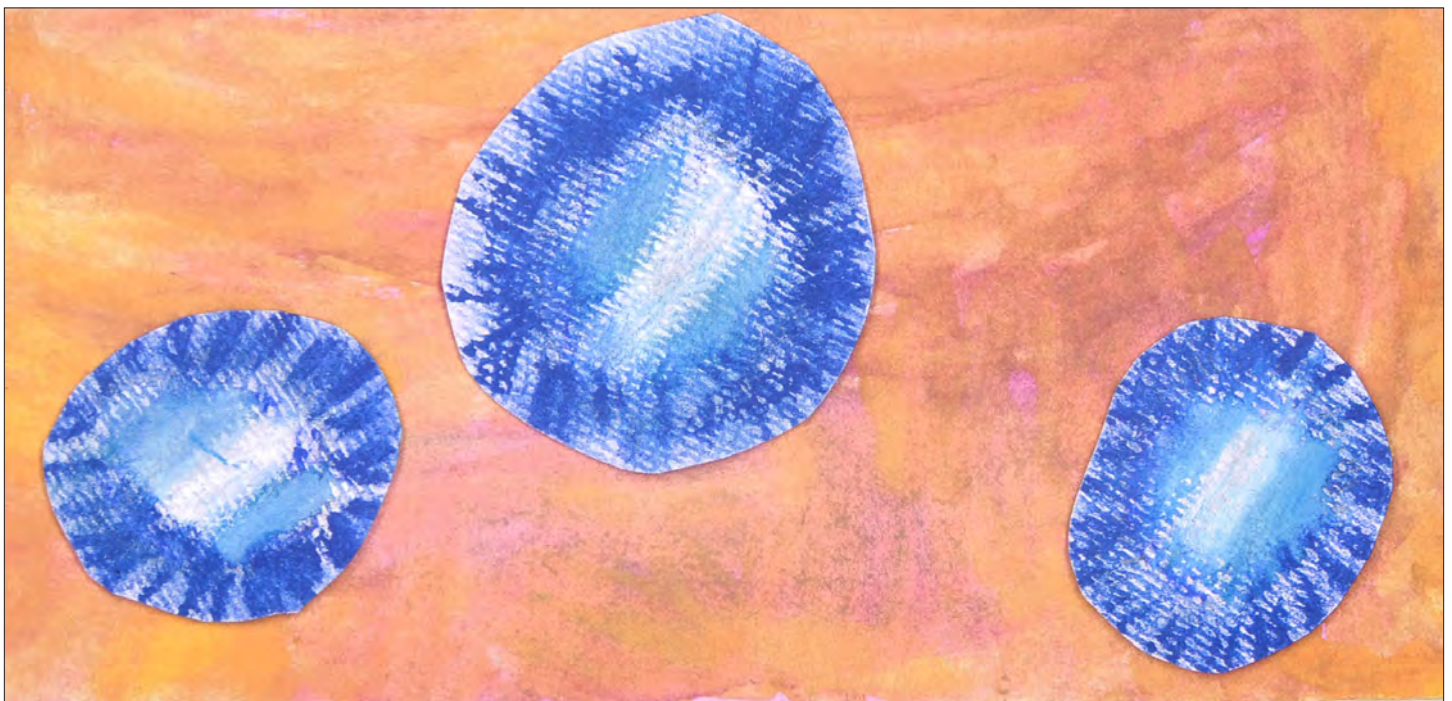
Los árboles se bambolearse suavemente en la brisa de la mañana,
mirándome como una madre cariñosa
cuidando a sus hijos.
Corro por un camino de guijarros alisados de mi agua que fluye.
El sol rebota en mi agua ondulante,
como una pelota,
maciéndolo brillar como una lentejuela.
¿Sabes quién soy?
¡Yo soy el río!

Gretchen Lindecamp, Grade 2

(Translated from Spanish)

I Am the River

The trees sway gently in the morning breeze,
gazing upon me like a caring mother
watching over her children.
I run through a path of pebbles smoothed from my flowing water.
The sun bounces off my rippling water,
like a ball,
making it shine like a sequin.
Can you guess who I am?
I am the river!



"The Sailor," Faustin Cullup, Grade 1





"The Frog," Kylan Digby, Grade 1

(Translated from Korean)

Dragonfly and Frog

A Dialogue Poem

잠자리와 개구리, 대화시

잠자리: 나를 잡아먹을거니?
 개구리: 아니. (윙크하며)
 잠자리: 정말?
 개구리: 응. 정말이야.
 잠자리: 누군가 널 잡아먹는다면 좋겠니?
 개구리: 싫겠지!
 잠자리: 그러니까 넌 날 먹지말아야해.
 개구리: 난 배가 고파서 널 잡아먹을거야!
 잠자리: 음, 남들에게 그렇게 대하면 안 돼.
 친구를 잡아먹는건 예의가 아니야.
 개구리: 곤충은 내가 제일 좋아하는 음식이야!

Zoe Chang, Grade 1

Dragonfly: Are you going to eat me?
 Frog: No (with a wink)
 Dragonfly: Are you sure?
 Frog: Yes, I am sure.
 Dragonfly: How would you like it if someone ate you?
 Frog: I would not like it at all!
 Dragonfly: Then you should not eat me.
 Frog: I am going to eat you because I am hungry!
 Dragonfly: Well, you should not treat others like that.
 It's not polite to eat your friends.
 Frog: Insects are my favorite food!



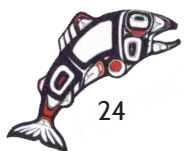
Beautiful Nature

The bright green, yellow and orange leaves fall from the trees into the beautiful, glittering river.
The rivers flow so nicely and quietly. I love the smell of the flower and the river together.
The wind is cool and the sun is bright yellow. The river twists and the birds whistle a tweet.
Leaves flow through the air. The sun reflects in the water. The rocks are smooth but some are bumpy. There are bugs crawling.
Time for the sun to set. Orange, blue and something the sky turns the brightest of blues.
I blend in the with the sky.
Beautiful nature.

Wyatt Timmerman, Grade 2



"Ospreys in the Wild," Camden Sajovic, Grade 2





"The Owl's Night Flight," Gabby Mansfield, Grade 2

Schneeeule

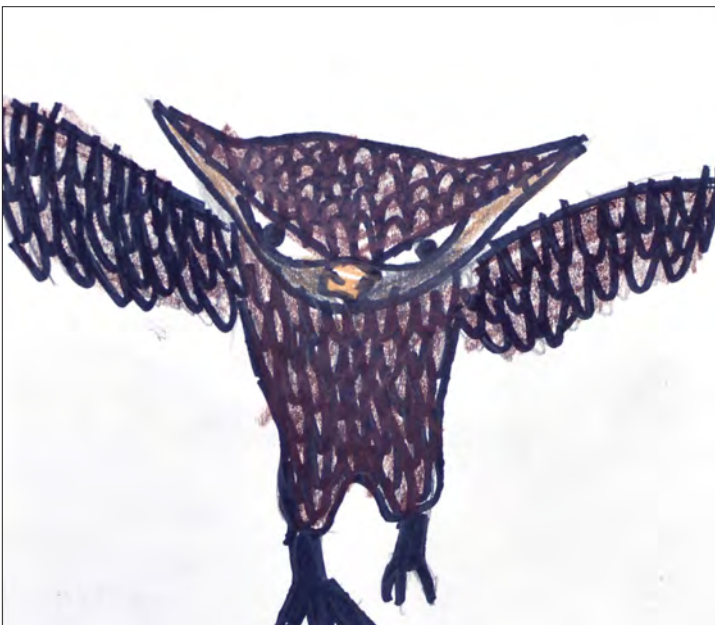
Schau zu, wie die Schneeeule aufsteigt,
durch den Sternenhimmel,
vorbei an singenden Vögeln,
unter dem glitzernden Mondschein.
Das Wasser rauscht.

(Translated from German)

Snowy Owl

Watch, while the snowy owl soars
through the starry sky,
while the birds sing,
while the glimmering moon shines.
The water rushes.

Farryn Christensen-McElroy, Grade 1



"The Owl," Gabriel Andrews, Grade 5





"The Cloudy River," Riley Norrington, Grade 3

La Corriente Sinuosa

Una Poema Pi-ku

Árboles que fluyen
balancearse.
Dientes de León
crecen.
La corriente fría y sinuosa
corre con entusiasmo al océano.
El sol
brilla brillantemente en la corriente.

Cambria Arnold, Grade 2

(Translated from Spanish)

The Winding Stream

A Pi-ku Poem

Flowing trees
sway.
Dandelions
grow.
The cold, winding stream
runs excitedly to the ocean.
The sun
shines brightly on the stream.



The Legend of How the Catfish Came to Be

A long time ago, an orange cat was wondering what water felt like. So, he went to a deep, deep river to find out. He jumped, not knowing the cool, icy, blue, water below him would feel so peaceful. He swam down the river. Meanwhile, a fish was out looking for a tasty, aquatic worm. Suddenly, he saw the cat's orange tail, that looked like a worm underwater. So, he bit it. The cat felt a tight pinch. The cat turned around and ate the fish. The cat started to feel queasy. Then, he started to grow fins and scales. He realized he could breathe underwater. He was starting to feel normal again. The two animals had merged together and had become one. They became a catfish. And, that is how the catfish came to be.

Amélie Creten, Grade 5



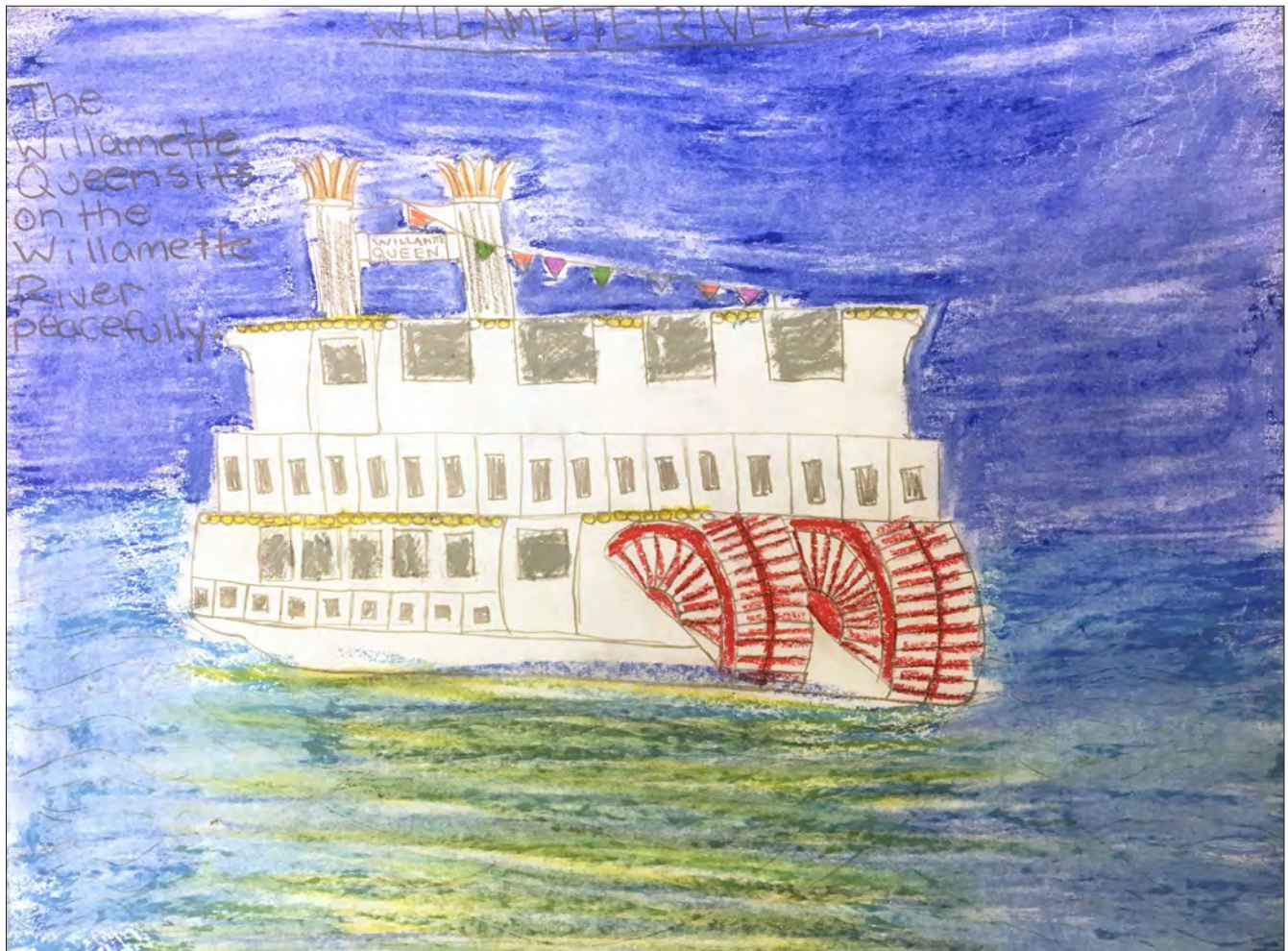
"King Fisher," Kyla Bollier, Grade 2



The Willamette River

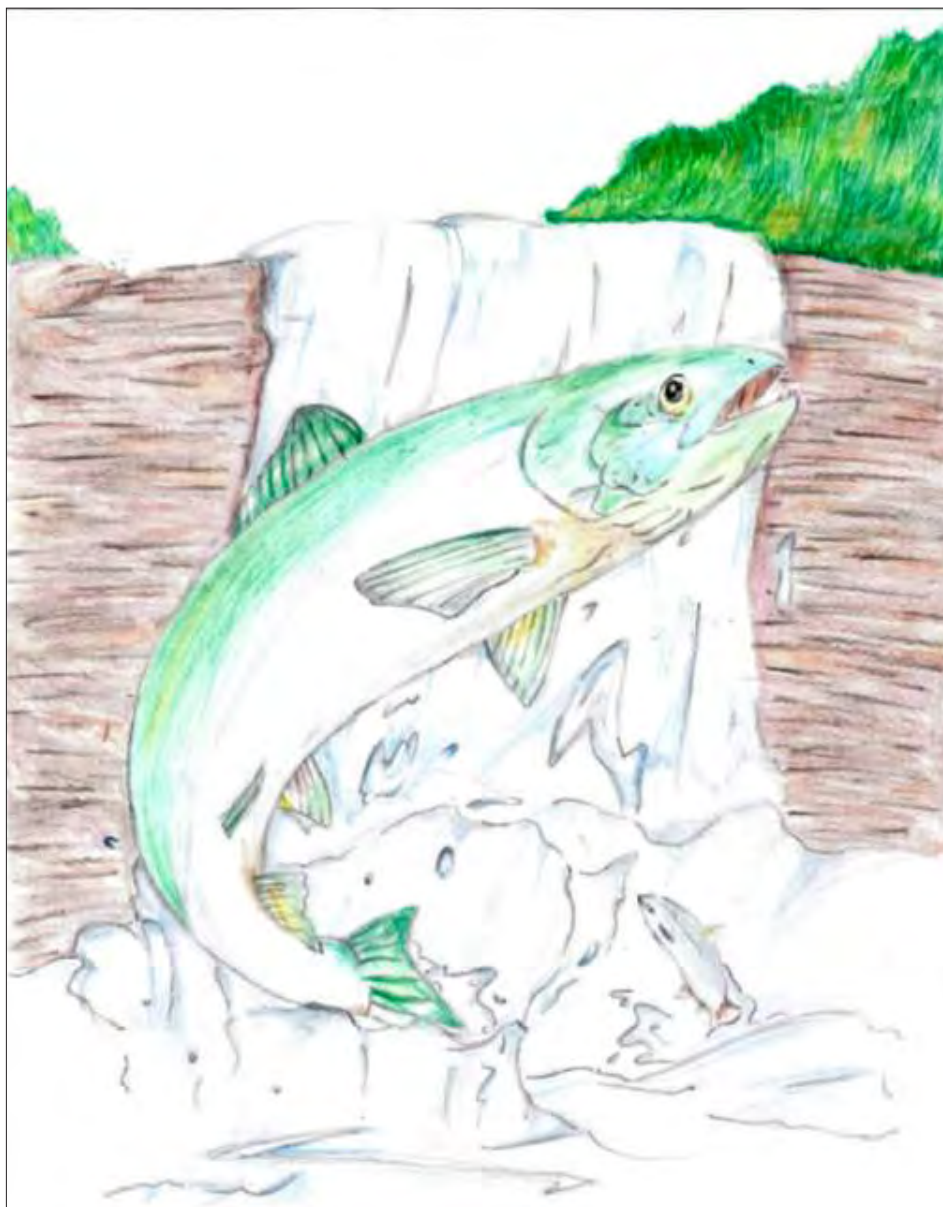
On the Willamette, a sea lion jumps out to grab a salmon and goes over to the shore to eat his catch. Now the river is quiet. Suddenly, a goose flies off the water and soars away until he is a black speck in the distance. A cormorant rests on a rock then dives in. A train goes over the bridge as the water rushes around and flows underneath. An eagle flies above then dives down and skims the water. This is the Willamette.

Gryphon Cipriano, Grade 3



"The Willamette River," Avery Meier, Grade 4





"Roaring Rivers," Alexis Zou, Grade 4

Honoring Our Rivers

The dewdrops and mist sprinkle out in the trees,
the sound of the river travels in on the breeze.
Roaring blue waters crash down on the bank,
salmon and small fish frolic and play.
Small migrating minnows journey the seas,
fishermen fish and go as they please.
Every year, a cycle begins,
every year, the fish grow their fins.
We honor our rivers, young and the old.
We treasure the wild, and watch it unfold,
and we all do our best,
to protect our beloved Northwest.

Alexis Zou, Grade 4

El Salmón Carmesí

El salmón carmesí nada
a través de rápidos burbujeantes
mientras que los abetos Douglas altos se balancean.

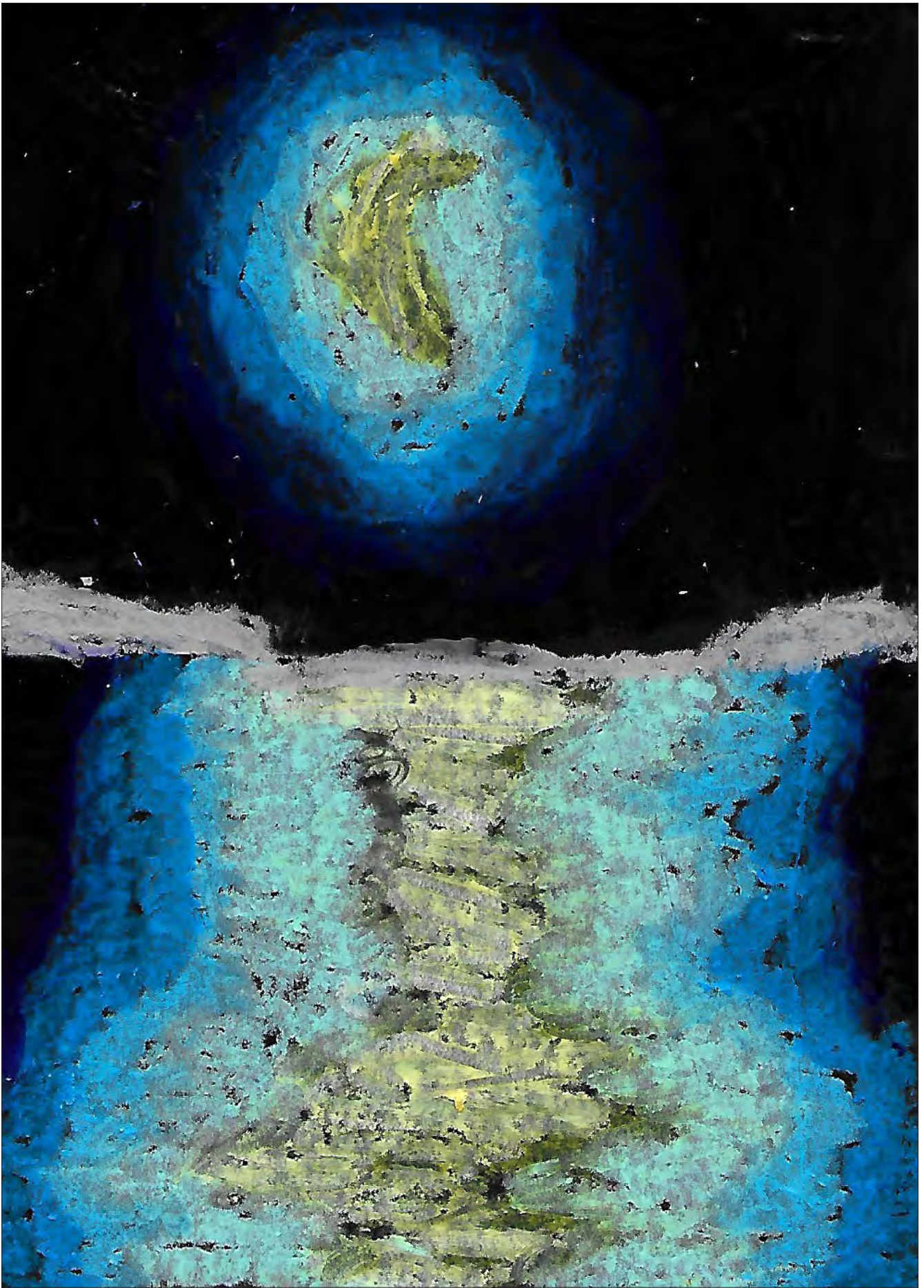
(Translated from Spanish)

The Carmel Salmon

Crimson salmon swim
through bubbling rapids
while tall Douglas firs sway.

Teddy Kelleher, Grade 3





"Lunar River," Justin Fisher, Grade 3

Lunar River

River, river,
so crystal clear,

I never thought that I would see you differently.

The moon changes you.
Now, there is so much more to see.

Light turns to dark,
and dark turns to light.
Bats flutter over you,
and fish flow through you.
Coyotes drink at your shores.

River, river,
so crystal clear,

Thank you for showing me this magical night.

Justin Fisher, Grade 3



"Mountain Range," Tiggy Moran, Grade 4

Luciérnagas en la Noche

Luciérnagas en la noche
brillando su hermosa, brillante luz
sobre el mar reflectante, espumoso.
La luna brilla en el cielo
Mientras las luciérnagas vuelan.

Ava Offerdahl, Grade 3

(Translated from Spanish)

Fireflies in the Night

Fireflies in the night
Shining their beautiful, glittering light
over the reflective, sparkling sea.
The moon glimmers in the sky
While fireflies fly by.



A Pollution Free Home

Once there was a shark named Savion. Savion was poor. His mom died from suffocation, and his dad was very sick and couldn't move, meaning his dad couldn't go to work. Savion had to transfer to a school of fish and leave his old school of sharks. He was now in a river where he was very lonely. The fish, like trout and catfish, were scared of getting eaten, so the little shark had to learn to become a vegetarian, which he didn't really like. But he had to, so he could keep going to school and learn.

So, he became a vegetarian. There were two fish that wanted to become friends, but the rest still didn't like him. So, one day the shark told his new friends why he had to become a vegetarian and live in the river. They felt bad that the shark couldn't be in his own habitat. For a few months they would hang out with him and his dad, so the shark didn't feel lonely.

Then one day all the fish started to get sick. The shark was very confused about what happened. Then soon afterward, he found out that people were polluting the ocean and rivers. So he decided to go up to the surface. Then he found a little kid and he showed him all the pollution. The boy decided to go get his parents, but the shark didn't want the parents to know or they would report him; so, the shark tried to stop the boy, but he didn't listen.

The shark left and soon he came upon a fisherman. He tried to show him the pollution, but the fisherman didn't care; however, the fisherman made a deal if the shark gave the fisherman his dad he will help him. The shark said "no," but the fisherman didn't take "no" as an answer, so he took the shark instead. He put the shark in a fishing net, but then the boy came and took the net and saved Savion.

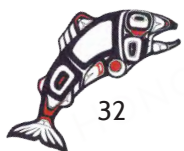
After that the boy had a plan. He went to school the next day and told everybody they should start a recycling team, and we will go and clean rivers and lakes. And everybody agreed. They started cleaning rivers every day and soon all the rivers were clean. Savion's dad was no longer sick, neither were the fish. They spent one last day in the river, and then they went back into the ocean.

The end.

Sincere Nathan, Grade 4



"Columbia," Eli Swartley, Grade 4





"The Heron," Miles Kraines, Grade 5

The Effects of Water

A drop of *agua*
is something
to fight for.

A gourd of *ka wai*
is a symbol
of hope.

A well of *woda*
is life
changing.

A river of *eau*
is worth
defending.

A country desperate
for water is
heartbreaking.

A universe
divided by
water.

A universe
united by
water.

Corbin Hartman, Grade 4

Columbia

River--
powerful, elegant,
rushing, guiding, wandering,
flowing over rocks, giving life.
My Columbia.

Eli Swartley, Grade 4



"The Whispering River," Ava Thomas, Grade 3



"River Light," Maya Simpson, Grade 4

Think Like a River

Think like a river.
 Give shelter to strangers.
 Go with the flow.
 Be prepared for what's next.
 Let the sun glimmer on you.
 Change with the weather.
 Be playful, be kind.
 Stay tough through winter.
 Hang onto life's rapids.
 Think like a river.

Celia Wood, Grade 5

The River

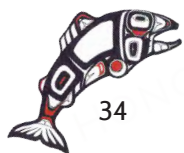
Blue, rushing deep water,
 waves thundering over the rocks.
 Salmon jumping through the waves
 while the other salmon plunge through the air into the deep water.
 Sun as hot as fire.
 Trees shadowing over the river.
 Rain as loud as thunder.

Birds chirping like frogs croak.
 Water crashing against the sharp, jagged rock.
 Tree branches falling into the river.
 Clouds thundering overhead.
 Frogs croaking on the mossy riverbank.
 Dragonflies fluttering in the distance.

Cold raindrops trickling against the river.
 Smooth and jagged rocks on the beautiful riverbank.
 Slimy, rough salamanders on the shore.
 Waves rushing through the land.
 Whispering wind in the air.
 Leaves as soft as a baby kitten.

The crisp fall air flowing all around me.
 Mist in the air, everywhere.
 Pine scents from trees blowing around in the wind.
 The smell of dew on the wet grass.
 Musty water drifting up my nose.
 Wet soaking beavers build their lodges.

Meadow Peters, Grade 4



Beautiful Earth

A misty sky where birds fly.
A sparkly lake where fish frolic.
A strong mountain with waving grass.
And, a beautiful Earth, finally, at last.

Jordan McGrath, Grade 4



"Sunset Over the Crooked River," Shelby Lewis, Grade 4



"Sunset at the Waterfall," Liv Allison, Grade 5

Smith River

Flowing adrift white waters galore,
the Smith River takes me on a journey ashore.
Along the peaked boulders,
with the gentle wind pressed against my soaked shoulders,
I paddle my pounding heart out
until the livid skies begin to cool and SHOUT.
They tell me to leave, although I wish I could stay.
And my mind is telling me that I just may.

Mallory Ensing, Grade 5





"Untitled," Marianne Daubersmith, Grade 4

The Rivers Loom

The river weaves us together,
a loom,
a loom of splashing,
crashing.
Its calming self.

The river brings.
She brings life,
slick salmon,
waves
and secrets,
stories.

The river connects.
She connects people
in paths,
in currents,
in water.
She guides us
to where we are.

The river can speak.
She can speak if you can listen.
In lessons,
she can teach you things you didn't know.
She can whistle
in notes you don't know about.
She can play,
if you can play.

The river can catch you and hook you in.
You don't want to leave when you're with her,
silence when you're with her.

We depend on water.
We depend on the river.
She holds us together in a tight wave,
a weave,
a tight loom.

Josephine Kobos, Grade 4



Three Sharing Sisters: Behind the Scenes Players of the Pacific Northwest

A tree, a Cedar to be exact,
the first sister, just planted, sprouting,
growing slowly,
inch by inch, day by day,
expanding, out and around,
extending up toward the sky.
Pushing down through the soil,
her roots creating a freeway system
and connecting the underground.

Fungus, the second sister,
her threadlike tubes no bigger than eyelashes
finds the young Cedar and knocks on her door,
asking to borrow her sugar.
The generous young tree
retrieves her sugar bowl and offers it to her sister.
In return, Fungus bestows protein upon her.
The tree continues to grow.
Both stronger together, interconnected and interdependent.

Salmon, the third sister,
begins life as a small alevin with big dreams.
As the egg sac thins, she gains in size
and migrates to the dangerous Pacific Ocean.
She stays there until mature and ready to return,
making her difficult journey upstream...
She reaches her spawning grounds,
lays her eggs and completes her life cycle.
As her life ends, she offers what is left of her body to her sisters.

Sister Fungus
finds sister Salmon, the giver of life,
dead and motionless.
While Fungus pulls back the soil, making a path for sister Salmon to enter,
she sucks out all the minerals and offers them to sister Tree...
Tree grows bigger until salmon rings appear.
Her branches spread over the water,
and in gratitude, offers protection, food and shade
to sister Salmon's precious babies.

Each cycle renews itself.
First sister, strong and daring.
Second sister, connecting and sharing.
Third sister, making the ultimate sacrifice.
Forever giving...endlessly sharing,
not just with each other,
but spreading their gifts to families nearby.
The three sisters...behind the scene players
make our Pacific Northwest lush and ever so beautiful.

Evelyn Chan, Grade 4



"Nature's Beauty," Lucile Berglund, Grade 4





"Magical River," Naadirah Pedersen, Grade 5

The Source of Us

Water, the source of life.
 Water, the vast superior of a precious jewel,
 taking the form of everything around it.
 Merciless water, sweeping you along without your permission,
 playing with and taunting you as you try to stand.

It comes in many forms:
 droplets, vast plains,
 from an inch to half the world.

It rushes, and it calms, and it provides.
 It is used for electricity and building things
 that will change lives.

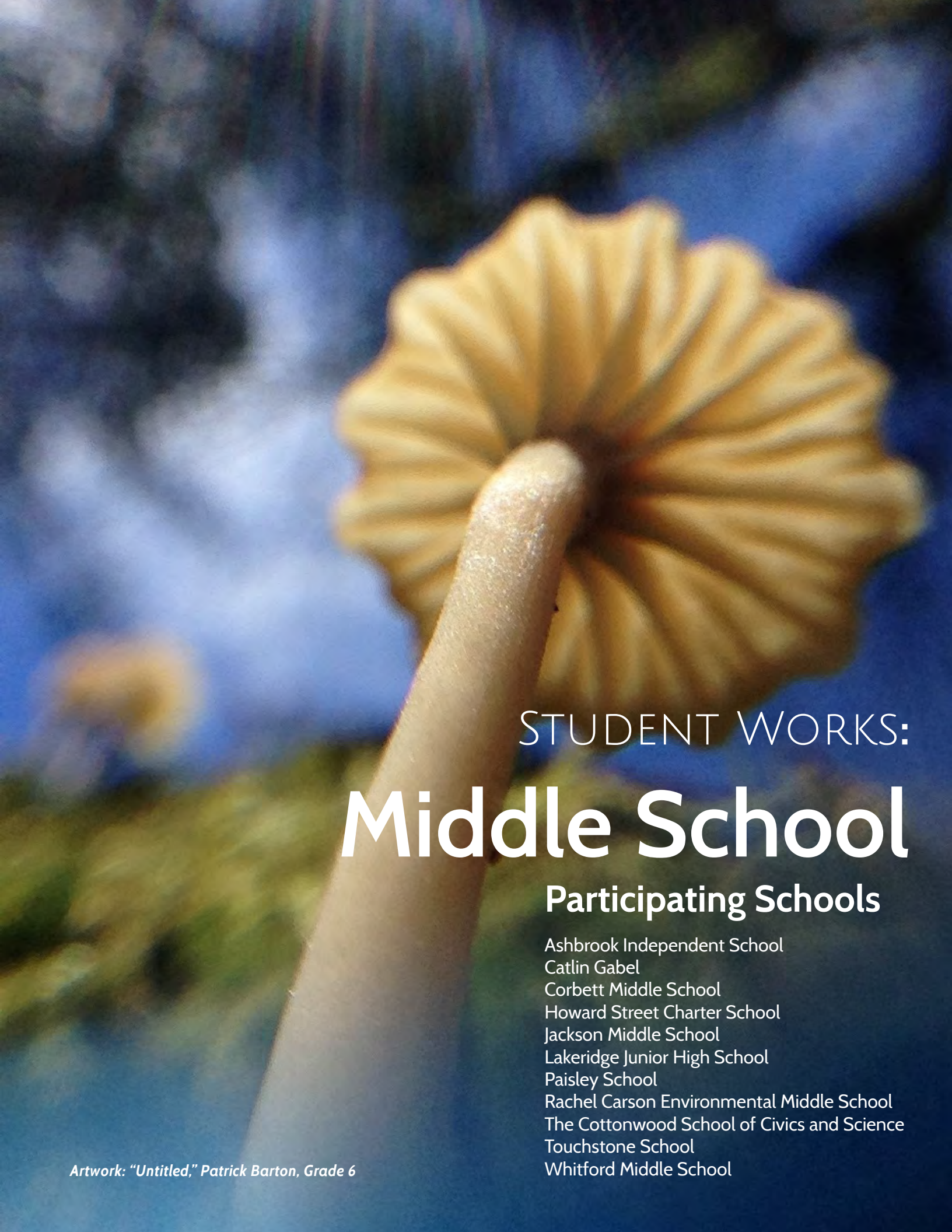
It is used to nurture and feed the ground,
 and everything that dwells in the ground,
 and the ground springs forth with new life.

It washes over when you create a line in the ground
 bordered by the line that you made.
 The two-point-five percent of it falling into our mouths,
 the rest bordering fish and underwater mammals like
 sharks and black marlin.

This is who we are,
 no matter what.

This is the source of life.

Catherine Ruzicka, Grade 5



STUDENT WORKS:

Middle School

Participating Schools

Ashbrook Independent School
Catlin Gabel
Corbett Middle School
Howard Street Charter School
Jackson Middle School
Lakeridge Junior High School
Paisley School
Rachel Carson Environmental Middle School
The Cottonwood School of Civics and Science
Touchstone School
Whitford Middle School

Artwork: "Untitled," Patrick Barton, Grade 6

The Earth's Dilemma

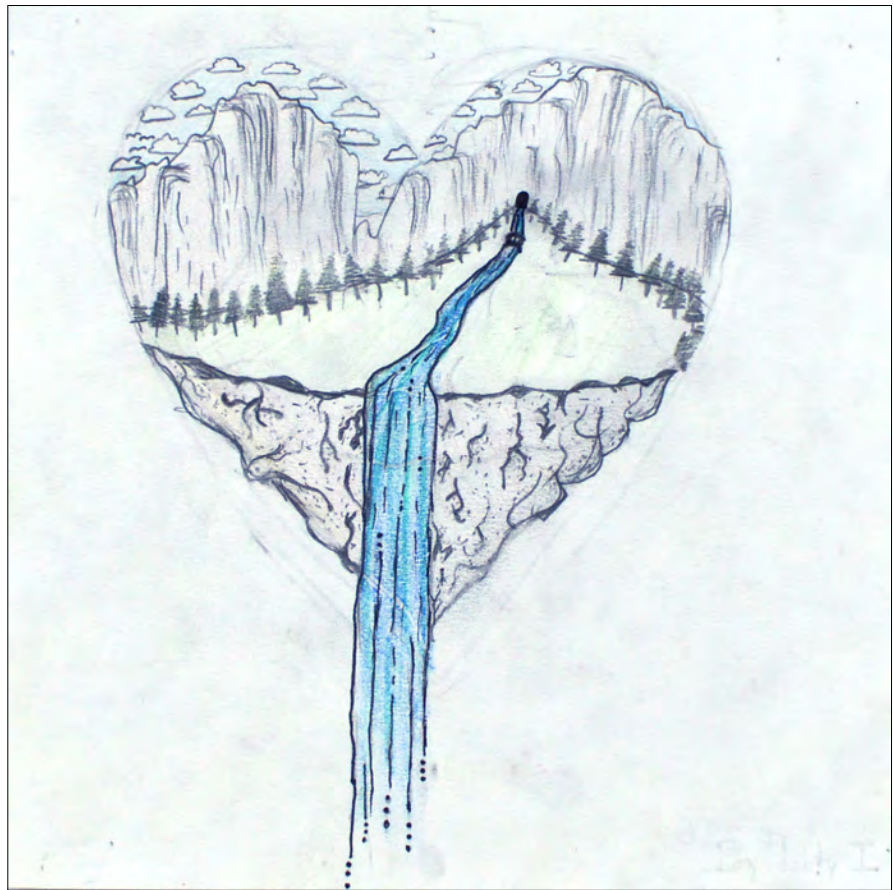
A bubbling creek, benign and wavy,
I feel joy flood through me as it rolls on,
when I am standing there, vision hazy,
I grasp the world's biggest phenomenon.

Yet we are destroying this incomprehensible beauty
with our coal plants, cars and greenhouse gases.
We put pollution into the air like it's our duty.
The solution is more significant than we learn in our classes.

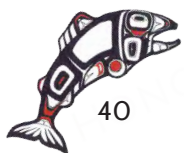
We could stop this as quick as it was started
with our "Meatless Mondays" and electric Teslas.
But this project is not for the faint-hearted
We need to make Earth better than it ever was.

From grand oak trees to the tiniest mice,
They all need us to make this Earth paradise

Olivia Levy, Grade 6



"The River That Flows," Lily Ingram, Grade 6



My Only Wish

Racing,
falling,
cutting through rocks,
tumbling over cliffs,
I am free.

Silvery fish
darting through my crystal stomach
without a care
in their minds of pure instinct.

But then
strange creatures,
tall and noisy,
thundering along my sides,
pelting me with stones,
stealing my life.

They come and go,
each time taking a part of me with them,
shining energy *wriggling* in their grasp,
then fading.

They leave their mark,
thick substances coursing through my veins,
more lives
gone.
Oil and gasoline is what I hear them say,
their voices muffled
by what they have given me,
strangling me,
slowly fading.

I fight.
I have been since they came.
But my time has arrived.
The clock turned
to a timer
upon their entrance.
The battle is coming to a close.
I finally succumb
to their grip,
never to return.

My only wish:
that others do not suffer
the same journey.

Stella Bonta, Grade 6



"Cerulean," Stella Bonta, Grade 6





"The Clackamas River," Ellie Schmidt, Grade 6

(Translated from Hausa)

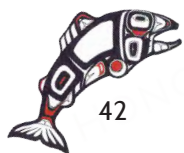
Ruwa Ne Aboki Nawa

Kogin ne abokina.
 Yana dariya tare da ni.
 Yana taka tare da ni,
 kuma yana taimaka mini.
 Kamar ni,
 kogin yana kuka
 saboda mutane suna aikata mummunar abubuwa.
 Suna jefa kaya a cikinta.
 Suna yin ba'a,
 kuma ba su kula da shi ba.
 Amma kogin ne abokina.
 Kuma kamar abokin,
 zan yi dariya tare da kogin.
 zan yi wasa tare da kogin,
 kuma zan taimake shi ma,
 saboda kogin ne abokina.

Joelliane Iyasele, Grade 6

The River Is a Friend of Mine

The river is a friend of mine.
 It laughs with me.
 It plays with me,
 and it helps me too.
 Just like me,
 the river cries
 because the people do bad things to it.
 They throw trash at it.
 They ridicule it,
 and they don't treat it right.
 But I will.
 And just like a friend,
 I'll laugh with the river.
 I'll play with the river,
 and I'll help it too,
 because the river is a friend of mine.



Honoring Our Rivers: A Good Friend of Mine

Williamson? Why yes, he's a good friend of mine. He's a chilly fellow, but still quite a character, with the clarity of glass and coolness of the shady pines. He's got a sharp face, like ice or pointy rocks. He's a skinny little man, with very angular limbs to match his face. He's tall, too: he starts all the way up near Modoc Point and drops all the way down to the ocean. Williamson isn't temperamental: no, he's quite the opposite. There are a few rough days, days when he comes crashing down in a blitz of frigid white water, but they are few. His disposition is a cheerful one, roaming around in search of adventures. He's always wearing that stupid jacket; the long sand colored one he thinks makes him look dramatic. It's really quite amusing, though, because it snags on every little rock and branch he passes. He never shuts up some days, and others he's quiet as a mouse; that does seem to be the most variable aspect, from shallow to deep. He'll occasionally pull practical jokes, too; he seems to think it's fun when people run aground on dark rocks they can't see. Williamson is a fine river, I suppose, and a good friend of mine.

Kylie Tully, Grade 7



"The Blood Moon," Taylor Henderson, Grade 6



She Stays

My old house was by a beautiful singing creek. No one ever visited her, so our family had her all to ourselves. Whenever I got upset or annoyed, I would saunter to her. She was a lovely shade of jade, and I miss the sloshing she made when I waded through her. I miss the velvet sand that greeted my bare feet, and the smooth purple rocks below. Everything about her was beautiful. Sometimes I'd just bask in the sun and stay alone with my thoughts. I'd walk over the water and balance on scratchy logs covered by shaggy moss. I would sit on stones baking in the sun, dipping my toes in the sunkissed water. I would stay and listen to the babbling she made when all was still. I plunged into the shimmering water. The water was freezing, but it was something about the icy chill or silky water that I adored about her. Maybe it was the warm sun that hid behind the trees. During heavy rain or after the snow melted, the water became so swollen she could cover you, and bundle you up. The creek always stayed after I left her, and she always knew that I'd be back. Saying goodbye was rough. As I ran my fingers through her for the last time I couldn't help feeling a sense of guilt. As slowly as I arrived, I left her knowing that I'd never see her again.

Taylor Moss, Grade 8



"Punch Bowl Falls," Kiera Beyer, Grade 7





"Observant Eagle," Devin Atalay, Grade 6

We Are All Immigrants

Together, together we came here in search of land. The roads and winds were restless.
 Together, we built the city we stand on and we came from the place we were dying in.
 We are all immigrants, not to each other but to this Earth. We came here with a purpose, to help and love.
 Together, we have suffered losses, destroying our hopes and our hearts.
 But, together we stay strong and do not stray from our path.
 We are together, a powerful place.
 I have watched you grow. I worked and helped you grow your civilization, divide and conquer.
 I am the river, the Willamette River to you. I wanted to help you grow.
 Now, today the things that you have done to me have destroyed and hurt me, for what I have done for you,
 I helped you. But to us, we are all immigrants.

Mihir Joshi, Grade 7



Triumvirate

Long, long ago, before any Life on Earth existed, there were two dynamic, prevailing forces in a locked battle for dominance: Land and Water. Land's utmost desire was to tower over Water, while Water intended to flood and drown all of Land.

Then came Life, which evolved around the peaceful pockets of space between the two opposing forces. Over millennia, pushing its boundaries, Life spread further into the violent regions of conflict, with each organism adapted to a particular environment.

"What are these?" Land asked.

"Are they here for entertainment?" Water mused.

"Organic matter, species, animals, plants, cells, whatever you want to call us," Life answered. "We shall populate your surfaces and we will act as peacekeepers and provide an end to this war of yours."

Grudgingly, Land and Water agreed to negotiate a truce with Life as their mediator.

For eons, peace prevailed.

Land depended on Water to change its surface, while Water depended on Land to form pockets that became rivers and lakes. Life depended on the two for a home and was looked to by the others to populate their dismal surfaces. When Water threatened to pound down Land's shores, plants prevented shorelines from being washed away. When Land tried to build upward, animals trampled down its structures until two million years ago when an apex predator, the powerhouse of Life, rose to power: Man.

Land was delighted to meet Man, while Life welcomed Man into its ranks. Water was the least pleased, for it saw the devastating capacity that Man possessed. Man learned how to navigate Land and live with other forms of Life. Water taught Man the Most Important Rule: to return what Man found back to where it belonged and to never leave something where it didn't correspond.

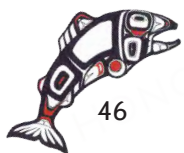
At first, Man followed what Water cautioned. Later, Man started to indulge in furnishing his life with comforts, but with bleak consciousness of the consequence from violating the Most Important Rule. With cities, waste was left untreated, and Man observed the shocking aftermaths of what industrialization did to his surroundings. Land remains buried with the waste left on its expanse, while Water suffocated under titanic patches of garbage on its seas, rivers, and lakes. Life went through the worst, as Man drove down mighty species to extinction: either directly or through ill fate.

What used to be a triumvirate is now a downward spiral. Are today's environmental problems natural or unnatural? Climate change, extinction, pollution ... Is Man truly responsible? Have our decisions already determined the outcome?



"Morning Dew," Nathan Merrill, Grade 6

Megan Tian, Grade 7





"Untitled," Abigail Fisher, Grade 6

Beauty of the Chewaucan

The steady flow of the Chewaucan, the birds
and the deer. It's beautiful here. It's so peaceful.
When the river moves in a graceful way,
as the sun beats down making a
beautiful glare.

Brianna Haynes, Grade 6

Kindred Waters

I kneel in the forest
beside a trickling stream,
my hands in cool water
adrift in a daydream.

I tell my stream my stories,
I speak of magic lands,
of princesses and fairies,
of lovers holding hands.

I whisper of my darkest fears,
of crying in the night.
The water ripples soothingly.
It sparkles in the light.

I share all I hold so dear,
I tell of family,
and as I murmur about love,
my stream glitters back at me.
Years pass and I return
to my little stream.
Silt and trash obstruct its flow,
deface its prior gleam.
Aghast I sprint along its bank,
watch people littering.
I cry out and remember
its water glittering.

Many days I labor here,
removing all the waste,
restoring its clear waters
with urgency and haste.

And then one day I see
a pure and glistening creek.
I watch it sparkle up at me.
I smile back and hear it speak.
I listen to its low lament,
that trash and dirt abound.
It begs me to remove them
in rivers all around.

I make a promise to my stream
and to all the world, too.
The water is my family,
I'll keep it bright and blue.

Alorah Rencher, Grade 8





"Crawdading," Eli Eaton, Grade 6

Mighty Willamette

The river is a place of wisdom,
because who knows how long ago it was created?

Who knows the number of creatures that have looked upon it,
or lived in it,
flown over it,
drank from it?

Who knows all the secrets it holds,
from the message in the bottle,
the crumpled lesson plan,
the old tennis shoes,
the gum wrapper,
the ink filled bottle,
the chewed-up pencil,
the ragged t-shirt,
the rusty Coca-Cola can,
and all the whispers it has heard?

The traffic-at-all-hour bridges,
from the turquoise St. John's,
to the terrifying Marquam,
and the modern looking Tilikum.
all towering over or on
the river,
depending on how you look at it.

This river is all in this place,
just like the river is where I come from.
I just hope people realize its beauty,
or who knows what will happen?
They better take care of the
mighty Willamette.

Vidalia Flores, Grade 8



Meditation by the River

The great moon shining over the meadow,
burning its way through the infinite darkness.
Seven holy shards of light,
cutting away at the despair in your soul.
You see water, rising and thundering around you,
eroding the pain in your heart.

The fire blazes in the warmth of the hearth,
and you feel the earth covering your feet.
In the distance, the river roars,
shouting its gentleness and ferocity to the heavens.
The wind howls in return,
giving voice to a thousand years of solitude,
feeling the joy of being home.

People say that home is where the heart is,
but home, I believe, is where birds can sing freely,
where flowers can bloom without disruption.
When your heart and your soul are in perfect accord,
when the great light of the sun gives way to the gentle darkness of the night,
when the mirror that is your soul reflects what is truly important,
that is home.

All have limits,
all have a darkness in their hearts that no light can penetrate,
so you must feel the heat of the flame,
the strength of the earth.
You must roar with the river,
scream your pain, your sadness, your anger to the heavens,
and hear it yell back in a primal fury that finally breaks those emotions,
leaving you with nothing but warm shadows that wrap around you in a gentle embrace.

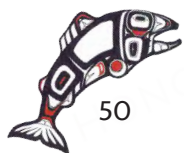
Push past your limits,
and you will find that home is not a place, nor a thing,
but is instead an emotion.
An emotion that strips you of all things but a gentle peace;
an emotion that saves you from the pain of this world,
and leaves you with the flame of your heart and the mirror of your soul,
burning in an endless darkness,
and turning it to light.

Eli Merritt, Grade 8





"Majestic," David Hart, GED Candidate



STUDENT WORKS:

High School, GED & College

Participating Schools

Beaverton High School
Eastern Oregon Correctional Institution
Enterprise High School
Lake Oswego High School
Oakridge High School
Portland State University
St. Mary's Academy
Summit Learning Charter

The Bull Elk

A beautiful creature, like no other,
the only way to shoot him is through a shutter.
Pictures like this are far and few between,
one of a kind this one surely does seem.

Against a background of beautiful, rolling hills,
what a wonderful sight, what a wonderful thrill.
So many of God's creations, all in one place,
the hills, grass, stream and the bull elk, feeling so safe.

Just one of Oregon's majestic sights,
a bull elk makes your heart take flight.
Not a care in the world, walking through the stream,
wandering through the cool water, so content he does seem.

David Parsons, GED Candidate



Hello and Goodbye

I wonder if you
talk to strangers, if you laugh
when little streams tickle you—
your sprightly children.
Have you seen where
the geese fly when they swoop
shadows over you?
Or maybe you lounge in the
shade of the firs and let
roots dip their toes. I've seen you
with ducks nestled in your lap,
with algae tendrils twined
in your hair. Belly heavy with
sticks and mud, a face that
reflects the clouds and stares
wistfully into the blue.
Your old, slow heartbeats, counts
the moments until you embrace the sea.
To be always there and gone—do you
remember anything, or do you drift away
on yourself?
Perhaps you don't even notice the
motorboats skimming your skin like flies.
Perhaps the dimpled hills whisper to the
maple leaves too quietly for your ears.
But I think you eddy and whirl
to grasp the passing banks
and follow the v's of geese
with your eyes and want to
ask them what lies beyond your bed.
I think you, like me, wish
the horizon would flow towards you
a bit more slowly.

Elena Lee, Grade 11



"Melting Sun," Michaela Lenhart, College







"Tamanawas Falls," Caleb Jacobson, Grade 11

The Tongue

Each summer I began to understand the language of river. The calm ripples and churning, white-capped waves became laced with meanings that, unbeknownst to me, had been there all along. Only after drifting along the sinewy veins of the water in a floating blue boat with my family, did I become aware of its language, and somehow, my own.

Why can't you step into the same river twice?

When I was younger this question dumbfounded me. I could not comprehend that the river's rate of change and my own were continuous, natural. On my first rafting trip, I stepped in and out of water, wondering what made this a different river. I did not notice the imperceptible changes occurring in the river, nor in me during an indiscernible period of time.

I was fettered by shyness. My arm stood crooked and shrinking in a sea of straight hands. It was a simple task: I had to read my writing in front of the class. What would people think of my writing? Hours spent writing and rewriting my story, changing the tone, searching for the right word, left me feeling as if it were an extension of myself. I heard my name called. Silently, I stood up.

On this same rafting trip I first heard of the tongue. I sat nervously for the approaching rapid, a mass of white spray and rocks. My dad pointed out the tongue, an arrow of smooth water in the rapid, guiding us to safety. The tongue was the first symbol I familiarized myself with on the river, and quickly I became fascinated with the linguistics of moving water: how the shallow ripples signal the coming rapid and the obscured dip of the river signals a rock tucked beneath the surface.

As I stood in front of the class, crisp white paper in my shaking hands, I found my tongue, hidden in the back of my mouth. I began to speak. And as I stood there, weaving together my last sentence, I glanced up. The room sat frozen, but I saw faces painted with the subtle glow of kindness. As I headed back to my seat, I noticed that my heartbeat, once so frantic, had faded to its normal rhythm. I had used my tongue to navigate my rapids, and I had made it safely.

The river led me to the ocean, and in this ocean I found language. By putting pen to paper, writing stories, I discovered the high that comes with each new facet of my imagination. By finally opening my mouth to speak words I had hidden away, I discovered language as my catharsis for thoughts and emotions. But as the river swells in the spring and constricts in the fall, I am the product of my longing for communication and backlash against my own expression. I exist at the precipice of this paradox; between these two conflicting ideas, between voice and silence, I discovered that my tongue functions as my guide.

Mother

She loves us only like a mother could
Unconditional
Raising the beings that sometimes hurt her the most

Remember the steep curves her body are not our conquered home
But we are a guest
Without the fragility of a cherishing tenant
Thrust onto the prairies of her stomach like ice-cold hands.
Pressed into the tangled ivy of her curls like kisses wrought with teeth
Constantly outstepping the bounds of our undemanded welcome

Recognize that we are curled inward like a pair of parentheses
Cradled inside the brilliant fists
Of a giant
The air rushing from the winds of her fragile lungs
thoughts held in the oceans of her brain
Heart cradled from beneath the tree trunks of her ribs
and

Pray that she can be
Sewn back together with the mossy thread of dandelion prayers
Watch her shrink
Smaller
With the weight of the tragedy of Ophelia
Wonder if she has already drowned

When the poisoned water is too heavy for the tremors of shaking shoulders
Battle the scattered pieces of
Crumpled paper cups on her spine
Protect the power of the battered dreams held in the golden strength of her
dandelions
the throbbing echo of her forgotten wounds and drop
Apologies into the streams of her tongue
Fighting for forgiveness

Anushka Nair, Grade 11



Ripples and Eddies

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

I am wistful,
wistful of the Willamette.
No other wild will have I met so tame,
as warm and loving,
as flowers growing,
as cold hard December rain.
Every paradise a desert
beside the flame
of her mossy glens and glades.

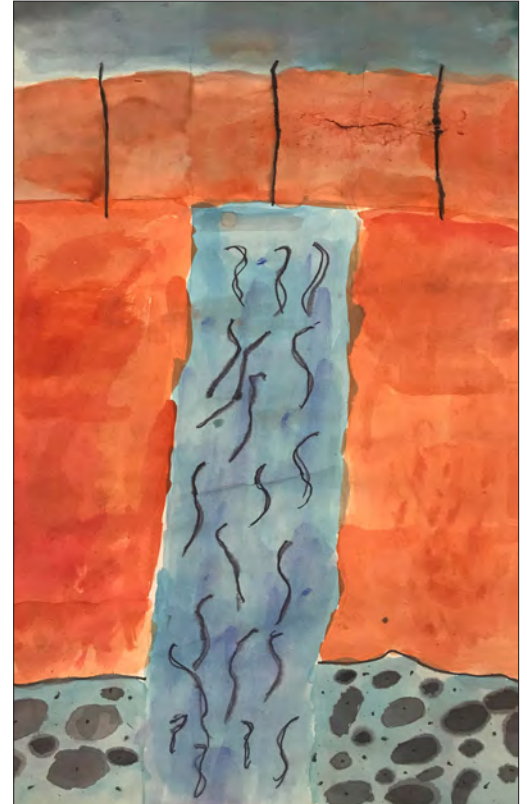
*From "Wistful of the Willamette,"
Linus Norgren, GED*

The leaves are flying in
the air like they always
wanted to be lifted up
and carried.

*From "A Breezy Day,"
Eli Plukchi, Grade 2*



"Reynolds Pond," Paislee Reynolds, Grade 1



"Look at the Waterfall," Iris Miller, Grade 3

Owls flying, gliding in the night.
Great horned owls.

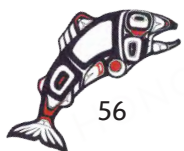
From "Watching," Rylee Camp, Grade 4

Profundo en
el bosque brillante,
un río brillante corre.
Los pájaros cantan ruidosamente.
Tritones y salamandras nadan alegremente
chapotear.

"Honrando Nuestros Ríos," Henry McGrath, Grade 1

(Translated from Spanish)

Deep in
the bright forest,
a shiny river runs.
Birds chirp loudly.
Newts and salamanders swim playfully
splashing.



Flowing down the river bed,
the Willamette River never sleeps.

It splashes through summer
while people float down it.
The water is cool and refreshing,
a good break from the heat.

From "Willamette River," Grace Kaufmann, Grade 6

Finally, the puddle understood
he *did* have a purpose.
He is water.
He can make life grow
and fill the deep blue sea.

With one last glimpse,
he closed his eyes and drifted into the sky.
He *knew* he had a purpose.
Everyone has a purpose.
And his is being water.

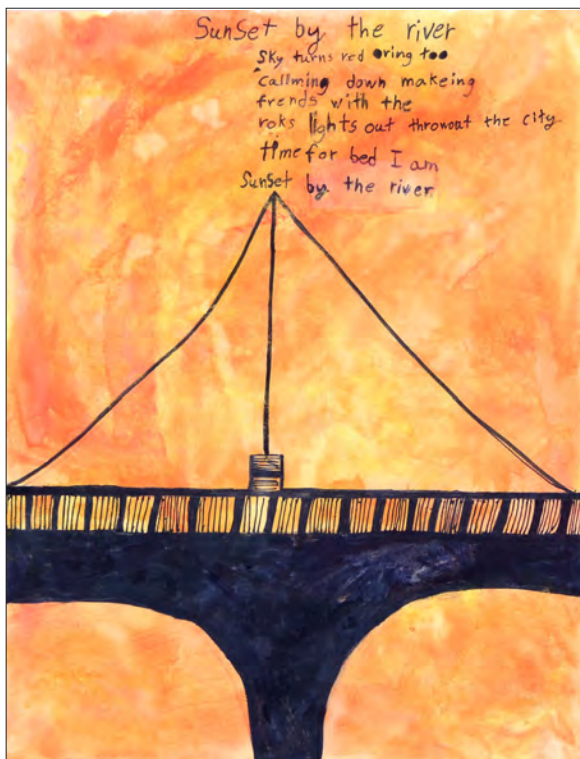
From "A Water's Purpose," Bella Robinson, Grade 5



"Mystical Feathers," Genevieve Nguyen, Grade 5

The sun is like my mother,
she watches me play, in the day.
The moon is like my father,
he watches me in the night,
making sure I'm safe.

From "The Sun, the Moon, and the River," Kristen Greenfield, Grade 6



"Sunset by the River," Indira Cook, Grade 2

The river is like a snake slithering around the rocks.
The touch of a slumberous salamander resting on a rock
with rough skin.
A slimy salmon jumping into my hand,
splashing water on my face
with algae slimy as eels.

From "Wonderous River," Riddick Jones, Grade 3



"The Pixelated Fish," Sofia Pritchard, Grade 5



INVITED ARTISTS & WRITERS

Frances Ashforth
Daniel Dancer
Ed Edmo
Jonathan Merritt
Larry Olson
Lillian Pitt
Sara Siestreem
Elizabeth Woody



Featuring work from professional Pacific Northwest artists, poets, and writers. To learn more about each contributor, visit the "Invited Authors & Artists" section of our website: www.honoringourrivers.org.



SARA SIESTREEM

"Umpqua Eden," Acrylic, graphite, color pencil, and charcoal on BFK Rives paper. Printed with permission.

Sara Siestreem is a Hanis Coos artist from the Umpqua River Valley of Oregon's southern coast. Her primary language is painting but also works in photography, printmaking, drawing, sculpture, video, and traditional Indigenous weaving. Siestreem created and runs a weaving program for the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Indians. She teaches studio arts and Indigenous studies courses at Portland State University and community education courses at Pacific Northwest College of Art. Her work in institutional reform relates to curatorial and educational practices regarding Indigenous fine art.

Siestreem writes, "This painting, 'Umpqua Eden' is about an ancient village site at the mouth of the Umpqua River in Winchester Bay, Oregon. My ancestors have lived and fished in this place since the beginning of human history on this land mass. It has been vacant and waiting our return for a hundred and seventy years. This land was returned to us this year by the U.S. Government. This summer we will occupy it once again."

Opposite page:

DANIEL DANCER

"Salmon Circle," People, fabric, mulch, leaves, recyclables.

Daniel Dancer "paints" with people. Think human pixels in giant living paintings that only make sense from the sky. Since 2001, Dancer has created over 300 experiential-living and breathing-sky-art paintings in 42 states and 8 countries. Each created image is filmed from the sky, lasts for about an hour and leaves no trace. Daniel, part Mohawk, summers in Oregon and winters in Aspen.

Dancer writes, "The salmon circle sky art project with local schools [in Lyle, WA] was a way to honor the interrelationship between salmon and Native people in the Columbia Gorge that has been ongoing for thousands of years. The temporary living sculpture celebrates the resilience of both the salmon and River Indians in the face of the onslaught of modern culture and is a prayer for their continued endurance."



Celilo Fishermen

you made your nets
& tested the knots
seeing that they held.
little did you know
what was to hold you
after the sound of
water falling
over what
used to be.

ED EDMO

Published in *These Few Words of Mine* © 1985. Reprinted with permission.

Ed Edmo is a Shoshone-Bannock poet, playwright, performer, traditional storyteller, tour guide and lecturer on Northwest tribal culture, and he served as a consultant to the Smithsonian Museum of the American Indian. He lives in Portland, Oregon with his family.

Artwork on opposite page:

LILLIAN PITT, WITH MIKKEL HILDE AND SARALYN HILDE
“River Guardian,” Sculpture. Reprinted with permission.

Primarily a sculptor and mixed media artist, Lillian Pitt’s lifetime of works include artistic expressions in clay, bronze, wearable art, prints, and most recently, glass. Born on the Warm Springs Reservation in Oregon, she is a descendant of Wasco, Yakama, and Warm Springs people. The focus of her work draws on over 12,000 years of Native American history and tradition of the Columbia River region. Lillian’s contemporary works are all aimed at giving voice to her people. “Everything I do, regardless of the medium, is directly related to honoring my ancestors and giving voice to the people, the environment, and the animals. It’s all about maintaining a link with tradition and about honoring the many contributions my ancestors have made to this world.” Her works have been exhibited and reviewed throughout the Pacific Northwest, nationally and internationally, and she is the recipient of numerous awards and distinctions.

Pitt writes, “River Guardian will watch over the flowing river, the mountains, people boating, runners, cyclists and passersby. It will stand as tribute to the resilience and enduring presence of native peoples, especially those of my people from the Columbia River Gorge. It is designed with several themes in mind: honoring the ancestors, respect for nature, healing and understanding, and sustainability.”





Reminiscent of Salmon Woman

Abalone swinging on the ears of Salmon Woman signals
the time to witness. The dance of budding camas flowers, yellowtail butterflies and wild roses.
Spring in green and blue. Light moves water.
In one motion, dawn and dusk separate into daylight.
Salmon Mother at the head of stream, speaks.
The spawning rush of salmon tails makes space for roe and milt. The salmon's precise eyes glisten.
Diamonds reflect dark carbon of age in the center.
The passage absorbs the deep voice of her renewal song.
The woman's mouth breaks through the surface of tranquillity.

ELIZABETH WOODY

"Reminiscent of Salmon Woman," from *Seven Hands, Seven Hearts: Prose and Poetry* by Elizabeth Woody, © 1994 by Elizabeth Woody, published by the Eighth Mountain Press, Portland, Oregon 1994. Reprinted by permission of the author and publisher. Willamette Partnership is the sole owner of the rights granted herein and the work does not infringe upon the copyright or other rights of anyone.

Elizabeth Woody is an Oregon Poet Laureate Emeritus and an enrolled member of the Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs, Oregon, of Yakama Nation descent, and is "born for" the Tódich'iinii (Bitter Water clan) of the Navajo Nation. She received the American Book Award in 1990, and the William Stafford Memorial Award for Poetry and was a finalist for the Oregon Book Awards in 1995. Elizabeth has published three books of poetry. She also writes short fiction, essays, and is a visual artist.





© Larry N. Olson

LARRY OLSON

"Deschutes River," Photograph. Printed with permission.

Larry N. Olson makes "intimate landscapes". For forty-five years, his photographic passion has revealed the essence of wildness. He has traveled throughout the West and exhibited his prints in numerous museums and galleries. Westcliffe published Olson's coffee table book *Oregon Rivers*, an intimate look at Oregon's designated Wild and Scenic Rivers. He currently resides in Portland, Oregon.

Olson writes, "I have been drawn to water since the age of 10. My childhood revolved around a lake in Minnesota ringed by rivers and swamps--now called wetlands. My friends and I spent our youth boating, swimming, and exploring this lake and its surroundings. In 1988, motivated by Oregon's landmark river legislation, I began making photographs for a book to celebrate our rivers. I made repeated visits to all of the 56 designated Wild and Scenic Rivers in Oregon, hiking along (and often in) the rivers, roaming up and down the canyons and drainages surrounding them, and seeking to capture on film the contours and facets of landscape that make up a river system. This photograph of the Deschutes River is from that period in my career. It took some work to capture this particular spot, but I was drawn to its unique blend of river, island, and light."



“Water and gravity. The earth’s twin sculptors, carving away mountain and desert to reveal delicate streambeds and the grandest of canyons, building beaches with what they carry away. Water evaporates, floats inland as weather, falls, and the cycle begins again. But the work—the streambeds, canyons and edges of continents—remains.”

FRANCES ASHFORTH, ACCOMPANIED WITH TEXT FROM DYLAN TOMINE
Water + Words Project. Hand printed folio using silkscreen and intaglio printmaking techniques, water-based ink.

Frances Ashforth is an American printmaker whose works have been exhibited throughout the United States and internationally. The Water + Words project was a two-year long collaboration with 11 conservationist and their thoughts on water. She asked each of them the question, ‘What does water mean to you?’ and paired their individual thoughts with her images.

Ashforth writes, “This folio is meant to honor those who work daily towards the belief that our rivers and watersheds are crucial habitats worth preserving. A group effort, Water + Words celebrates art & thought. It is meant to make us all think about the role water plays in our daily lives, as everybody truly does live downstream.”



Every Stream Is a Sacred Being

She wells up from the earth
and channels down the mountain
carving the mineral wealth from the stone.
It is her wealth.

She gathers her little sisters and brothers
as they trickle down through the forest.
She becomes her brothers and sisters
And they become her.

She carries her fish,
feeds and shelters them.
They are in her
She is in them.

She spreads her wealth
to the reeds and bushes and trees
and receives leaves, petals and stems.
She becomes them.

She laughs all white in her rapids.
The wind swoops low above her
and carries her laughter
and becomes her voice.
She receives the rain and becomes the rain.
She spreads herself across the land
and takes in her body the vital soil.

The animals and people all drink from her.
She begrudges them nothing.
She flows through their bodies and becomes their bodies,
and receives their minerals and oils.

She guides the people through the forest.
She guides the people back home.

She joins the river and becomes the river.
She feeds the fields and gives life to the cities.
She spreads wide in the delta and lingers there.

She gives herself to the holy of holies,
her mother, the sea,
who welcomes her and becomes her
and carries her forever in her great watery heart.

JONATHAN MERRITT
Debut publication.

Jonathan Merritt is a healer who has been practicing the art of poetry for nearly fifty years. He was the founding editor of the literary magazine, *Five Fingers Review* (1984-87), and the spiritual magazine, *Sacred Fire* (2005-2012). He has published several chapbooks of his poetry and is currently compiling a full-length manuscript called *Divine Guidance*.

Merritt writes, "'Every Stream is a Sacred Being' was composed by the Cispus River in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest. As I sat by the river near a smaller stream that was flowing into it, a sudden rain began falling. Sheltered under an old growth fir, I watched the smaller stream swell as the rain dripped off the needles. It felt so joyful--the rain, the swelling stream, the river flowing white over boulders. The exquisite music of this flowing made me feel the sacredness of the Cispus as it gathered the waters from the forest and poured them toward the Cowlitz River, to the great Columbia and to the Pacific Ocean where its waters finally arrive."

A LOSS OF WORDS

Tribute to Ursula K. Le Guin and Brian Doyle

Two giants of the Northwest writing community who graciously allowed us to include their work in several *Honoring Our Rivers* editions have died since our last publication. Their words will endure and continue to inspire the students who were honored to appear beside them in our anthology. Each of these two fine authors wrote enticingly of their real and imagined natural worlds, enabling writers young and old to describe their own connections to nature.

With enduring thanks,

John Miller and the Honoring Our Rivers family

URSULA K. LE GUIN

"Peace in Harney County" first appeared in *High Desert Journal* and the author's collection, *Incredible Good Fortune* (Shambhala © 2006). Reprinted with permission.

"Peace in Harney County," a poem by Ursula K. Le Guin:

rests in the line of a long, low mountain, blue against blue,
hangs in the meeting of willow and image of willow in water,
describes all the sky with the vulture's rapturous, languorous circle,
sleeps in a whitening deer bone in dust at the fall of the rimrock.
Peace is the form and the meeting, the soaring, the sun on the bone.

BRIAN DOYLE

Mink River (Oregon State University Press © 2010). Reprinted with permission.

An excerpt from Mink River, a novel by Brian Doyle:

"I begin as a sheen on leaves high in the hills, a wet idea, a motion, a dream, a rune, and then I am a ripple, and I gather the small waters to me, the little wet children, the rills of the hills, and we are me and run to Her muscling through wood and stone cutting through everything singing and shouting roiling and rippling and there She is waiting and whispering her salty arms always opening always open always."

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KUDOS TO PARTICIPATING EDUCATORS

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Elementary

A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Abiqua Academy
Ashbrook Independent School
Deschutes Public Library
Forest Ridge Elementary
Franciscan Montessori Earth School
Gubser Elementary
Hallinan Elementary
Homeschool
Irvington Elementary
Lake Grove Elementary
Lee Elementary
Menlo Park Elementary
Mosier Community School
Myers Elementary
Oregon Episcopal School
Portland Jewish Academy
Powell Butte Community Charter
Queen of Peace
Talent Elementary Outdoor Discovery Program
The Marylhurst School
Touchstone Elementary

Middle School

Ashbrook Independent School
Catlin Gabel
Corbett Middle School
Howard Street Charter School
Jackson Middle School
Lakeridge Junior High School
Paisley School
Rachel Carson Environmental Middle School
The Cottonwood School of Civics and Science
Touchstone School
Whitford Middle School

High School & Up

Beaverton High School
Eastern Oregon Correctional Institution
Enterprise High School
Lake Oswego High School
Oakridge High School
Portland State University
St. Mary's Academy
Summit Learning Charter