



Edge Hill Country School

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Newsletter: October 2011



THE WALDORF PROFESSION

by Henning Kullak-Ublick

It is more important than ever to create situations for children and adolescents in which they can engage wholeheartedly with the world and have truly saturated encounters with it. For teachers, this includes not only keeping "up-to-date", but above all, working with fantasy, an unbounded interest in the world and the courage to blaze trails together with the children, on which they can discover a new way for the future. We must abandon the idea that teachers are there to fill the children with facts and lifeless knowledge. Being a teacher means mastering the art of relationships, both in relation to each individual child (which can sometimes take time), as well as in the teacher's relationship to the world, through which the children can experience and understand the world. Only those who love the world can educate children.

One of the best experiences that a teacher can have is realizing that that every child becomes a mystery, who learns in his or her own way to set foot on the earth, to develop ideas and to begin to do something with them. . . . Ute Hallaschka wrote that what is new about globalization is the opportunity for humanity to reach an understanding of itself. Every individual is created anew, when she has to ask herself, in a global context, "Who am I and who are you?"

This question . . . can only be answered by those who have learned to discover the unexpected. What better place to practise this than in a community of people who know each other and undertake this journey of discovery

together? This applies not only to a single class, but also to teachers, the parent body, and the whole school community. Waldorf education is a social art; it is about transforming the world through interest in one another.

(from the website Waldorf Today)



Seed and sun art, Citrine Class

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The new board of directors is eagerly at work on a number of fronts. We elected an executive:

Elisa VanderHout - Chair

Bob Bainborough - Secretary

Andrea Johnston - Treasurer

Other board members are

Marc Fortin - Building and Maintenance

Alison Graham and Kimm Culkin -

Fundraising, Marketing, Outreach and Communications

Marie-Eve Fortin is the faculty representative

Governance is an ongoing issue at the school and we have made that one of our main

priorities of work for this year. During the two meetings that have been held we began in-depth discussions, initiated the compiling of resources and research into a number of areas and set tentative meetings with the faculty. All of this will be ongoing.

A second priority is the celebration of Edge Hill's 25th anniversary and the opportunities for awareness, outreach and fundraising this offers which feeds into the third priority for the year, greater financial sustainability. We have had some great ideas from parents, including a cookbook and a chronicle of Edge Hill's 25 years.

The faculty have already organized an open house, on Tuesday, November 1 – spread the word! And we have plans for a November spelling bee fundraiser and new attractions and activities at the Advent Fair on Saturday December 3. Elisa VanderHout and Christine Forand are the co-chairs of this year's fair. Some of you indicated interest in volunteering and we're delighted and WILL be in touch! If you'd like to volunteer in a specific area or find out more, please feel free to contact co-ordinators: Rosemary Crick – Fireside Café, Kimm Culkin – Children's Activities, Aiyana Harris – Vendors' Market, Simon or Che Jo-Keeling – Silent Auction.

Among our most pressing needs is someone who will take on the research and gathering of alumni and former teacher contact information. Anyone out there who really wants to connect with our 25 years of students, parents and faculty? Please let Kimm Culkin know at kimmedge@gmail.com or 519 369-3962. She will give you what has been gathered to date. These groups are great sources of information and donations. For the anniversary we would love to gather as many as possible to celebrate their own history with us.

On another note, all of us are here because of our kids and there have been a number of issues emerging from after-school playtime. Of course we want Edge Hill to be a communal

gathering place, but it seems that some difficulties have arisen after school hours, when faculty are no longer supervising. To avoid problems, we are suggesting that after-school rules remain consistent with daytime rules. That way the children know exactly what is expected in the school ground areas. We would like to count on everyone's cooperation to make the playground a safe and fun place to be. These are essentially common-sense rules, but we can put them up if enough parents think it's a good idea... they revolve around: "No hurting", "Respect each other" and "Adults make the rules." Thanks for your help with this.

Bob Bainborough

MARK YOUR CALENDAR:

October 29

Shantoshram Curry Dinner (see below)

October 31-November 1

Parent-Teacher Interviews; no classes

November 1

Open House, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Thursday, November 10

Lantern Walk

Saturday, November 19

Early Grades Outreach Event, 1 to 3 p.m.,
Colour Jar

Saturday, November 26

7:30 – Contra Dance at Glenelg Township Hall

Sunday, November 27

Advent Spiral

Saturday, December 3

Advent Fair

WORDS ALOUD WINNERS

Congratulations to our talented students who are winners in the Words Aloud writing competition: Marisol Stoltzfus-Forand won first for junior poetry; Hana Perreault-Fortin was third for junior poetry; Jaimie Bainborough won second for intermediate

story; Tessie Bainborough won third for story; Nyah Way won second for intermediate poetry. A fabulous showing by Edge Hill students (see below and at end of newsletter)!

The Wind

by Marisol Stoltzfus-Forand

The wind blew hard
But could just blow the barn . . .
Over the hills and under
The bridge to shiver
And out of darkness
And into the brightness
And into the rainbow's colours.

Class News

Rose Quartz Kindergarten

Marie-Eve Perreault



Jack-o'-lantern, jack-o'-lantern,
You are such a funny sight
Sitting up there on my window
Looking out at the night
You were once an orange pumpkin
Sitting on a pumpkin vine
Now you are a jack-o'-lantern
And your candlelight shines.

In early October we enjoyed a field trip to Glencolton Farms and spent the morning in the orchard picking apples, observing the preparation of filling cow horns with fresh manure and burying them in the ground to gather forces over the winter. Some of the children eagerly jumped in to help. This pure willingness to contribute is very beneficial in the garden as well as the classroom. After we harvested pumpkins in the pumpkin patch and carted them close to the road for eager travellers to buy and we each picked one pumpkin to bring back to school. In the past few weeks we have been living our orchard

and pumpkin play again in our circle time and this week we will carve our pumpkins into jack-o'-lanterns and connect our circle time again with real world activities. Thank you Elisa and Michael for hosting our field trip! Thanks also to Doug and Elke Tocher who have donated some wonderful baking supplies to the classroom.

Amethyst Class

Megan Gruner



*Something told the wild geese
It was time to go,
Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered, "snow."*

*Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly,
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.*

by Rachel Field

The Amethyst Class is coming the end of our first language arts block. We have been immersed in the wonderful world of fairy tales over the past few weeks and the Grade 1 students have been introduced to their first letters through the stories of Grimm and other fairy tales from around the world. The children are told a fairy tale then the next day, after they have slept and digested the story, we retell the story as a class. We then draw a beautiful colourful picture from a scene in the story. From there a letter emerges from the picture and we then practice the form of this letter and write a few words from the story that begin with this letter. It is magical to see the children "discover" the letter F (for example) emerging from an illustration of a golden fish from the Grimm's tale "The Golden Children." In this way the letter lives in the child's imagination and is more than a symbol representing a sound. The Grade 2 students are practising

their sentence composition, spelling and punctuation. The children's favorite way of retelling these stories is through reenactment. The children love to figure out who will play what part and live fully into these characters as they retell these rich tales.

The Amethyst Class continues to sing about the changing seasons, autumn and the harvest. We are also learning new songs about Hallowe'en and the upcoming Martinmas festival. We are learning a beautiful poem about wild geese by Rachel Field and the children have perfected the honk of the wild geese which graces the end of the recitation. I'm sure the Rose Quartz Kindergarten wonder how so many Canada geese snuck into the class next door!

The children are progressing nicely on the pentatonic recorder and are encouraged to play together and softly so that Ricky Douse will come closer to our window to listen. Ricky Douse is a little gnome who lives in the dead tree across the field from our classroom. He loves to listen to the beautiful sounds of children singing and playing recorder but is very sensitive to noise so he will only come closer when the children sing and play softly and together. We have visited this tree to try to see if we could find a gnome door or entrance and indeed we did, much to the delight of the Amethyst Class.

We are looking forward to our first math block which will begin October 2 and continue for four weeks. The focus will be the quality of numbers for the Grade 1 students and continuing the exploration of the four processes for the Grade 2 students. Songs, stories and movement will be key parts of this block.

Handwork continues to be a favorite and everyone is knitting beautifully on his or her own. I am able to read a few chapters of "Tales of Tiptoes Lightly" by Reg Down while they knit. The Grade 2 students are learning to purl now and are working on knitting a little lamb.

We have been able to go on a couple of field trips over the last few weeks, one to Glencolton Farms to pick apples and pumpkins and another to Saugeen River Farm where we made a little home in the root cellar for the gnome, Tomten. He will take care of all the stored root vegetables over the winter. We also helped to fill cows' horns for the biodynamic preparations which are such an important part of fertility on the farm. We were also lucky enough to be able to celebrate Stefano's sixth birthday at his house during this visit. Thank you to both Michael and Elisa and Tanya and Cory for having us at their farms. It is so important that we are able to participate in real meaningful farm work and develop a connection to the farms that feed us all.

Citrine Class

Christina Schwarz



The Citrine Class is in the third week of their money main lesson block. We have had much discussion on how society has developed from bartering to the global economy we have now.



It was fun to draw some goods and services we could offer on a farm on some cards then use them to barter with each other. We all put thought into what would be a fair deal and

learned a bit about supply and demand. Soon we will use real money to do some math.

Thursdays we have spelling quizzes and the class has taken on the task of learning their words with enthusiasm. Luckily they are encouraging of each other and not too overtly competitive.



Dragon and St. Michael, by Jamie Sugarman

Cursive writing has become much more natural to everyone and I noticed this week as we were writing a longer main lesson entry how everyone has gained in both speed and accuracy.

The Grade 4s have all completed reading their first novels and are writing a short character sketch to put into their language main lesson books. We continue with our weekly writing on various topics.

We have begun to learn to read music and are counting the beats of different types of notes and are naming and recognizing notes by their position on the staff. We have also learned several new songs on our recorders. Songs for the upcoming lantern walk are being sung in circle and spontaneously during the day. The class is doing an excellent job of memorizing a rather long, many-versed poem on the subject of the wind and the moon.

In math we strive on with those times tables. We are also making sure place value is fully understood and are reviewing carrying. We have learned Roman numerals, rounding off, and have worked on patterns. Mental math seems to be gaining popularity in the class as everyone's confidence grows. With groups of three and Chinese jump rope exercises we are factoring 24.

We practiced a form in form drawing then used it to draw the petals for the seed sunflowers we made for Thanksgiving. Our latest paintings turned out beautifully full of glowing fiery fall coloured leaves and grinning jack-o'-lanterns. We dyed fabric with goldenrod dye we cooked up. After adding some rusted metal to the dye in the pot, we dyed some more fabric.

The children have been busy digging and raking with Rosemary on the school yard and have done some hard work with Elisa at the farm. Aiyana is teaching the Grade 4s yoga on Monday afternoons and tells me they are doing well. Zak brought in some delicious cinnamon bun treats for the whole school and we thank the bakers at Glencolton Farm.

Congratulations to Meghan and Ethan for having their health care stories chosen to go into the time capsule at the grand opening of the Durham Hospital and Clinic expansion.

Jasper Class

Lise Gunby



Education in a Waldorf context calls upon the awakening – and the reawakening – of awareness, which in turn enriches a person's experience of the world. Greater awareness makes the world seem bigger, more alive. One highlight of the past month with the Jasper

Class was lying in the sun in the (then warm) grass and watching the clouds.



One phenomenon we noticed is that different cloud types and groups were travelling in different directions, a fact that was “proven” to us by the nephoscope constructed by Lyjah and Tessie. In our study of “gaia” and “aura” (geology and meteorology) we have become more aware of the sea of atmosphere surrounding our planet, of its complexity and its beauty.



Odin Schwarz-Frederickson under the grape arbor in Victor Last's garden of follies.

Part of our recently finished block of study was a field trip to the Wiarton area, where we (1) visited the home and garden of Victor Last, who showed us his geological museum and garden of follies – not to mention a showing of *le ballon rouge* in his private art-deco movie theatre! – and then took us on a tour to see various geological features of the area, (2) toured the Wiarton airport and weather station

(where, marvellously, we saw another red balloon, this one released as a mechanism for measuring cloud height), and (3) visited Bruce's Caves with Bruce Trail leader Ron Savage. Thank you to our field trip drivers and supervisors.



With the help of Lucie Tsereteli (Sonja's mother), we have now begun to learn about Egypt, and each student has embarked on a research process in order to create an individual project about an aspect of Egyptian life. We are hoping also to present a drama based on a story of Osiris and Set, and about the coming of light (in time for the Advent season). Thank you, Lucie, for preparing all summer and for presenting each student with a beautiful package of information!



Gabriel Sugarman at the Wiarton airport.

Concurrently, we are reviewing, consolidating, and extending math concepts, with the program adapted to different grade levels (though some students are very ambitious!), and have begun by travelling “through the looking glass” into decimal place values. We have contemplated the concept of infinity as it “travels” through both the positive and negative numbers (integers) and have touched on rational and irrational numbers (not to

mention those times tables!). In a separate geometry book, older students have been sketching on the theme of spirals (nature's, Archimedian, and spirals based on the Fibonacci sequence), while younger students have been working with various forms.

In spelling we have two lists: one from McGuffey and the 1800s, and one from a high school program: something for everyone! In reading we have novels we are sharing in pairs or small groups. In addition, students recently completed "book folders," book reports presented in and on a file folder. Please come to see them displayed in the classroom. Our class novel is *Crispin*, a story of a "wolf's head" in medieval times.



Nyah Way in the garden.

Ukulele has continued to be an inspiration for much of our music, and we are building a varied repertoire. Get ready for our Christmas carolling! We have also been working on some complex part songs – thanks go to Emma Fuller for her wonderful assistance with music. In handwork we have completed a bird mobile, each student contributing a hand-sewn dove. We have begun planning for our animal patterns. In painting we have been especially focussed on a daily sky study.

To conclude, here is a quotation from Eric Sloane's book, *Look at the Sky*: "I could never get to 'see' atmosphere as a tangible material just by reading about it in meteorology books

or by analyzing it in mathematical formulae. But once I became introduced to the sky and to that lower part of the sky which I live in, my life became very much richer. I have tried to be both meteorological and philosophical about the sky, but I constantly find its spiritual qualities outweighing its weather influences. I believe that the sky was created for pure beholding; that one of man's greatest pleasures can be simply looking at the sky."

It's a Contra Dance!!

Saturday, November 26

7:30 p.m.

The band is Scatter the Cats, and includes Edge Hill alumni Sascha Tettero as guest fiddler. The band is a wonderfully lively bunch of local Celtic musicians including Dan McGee (past Edge Hill parent), Will Henry, Randy Martin (past St. Nicolas for Edge Hill!) and Frank Francalanzo.

Glenelg Township Hall

Baptist Church Road and Conc. 4

\$25 maximum per family; \$12 per adult; \$5 children 7 and over; no partner or experience needed – all dances are taught

Pick-up Time

Please remember that pick-up time at the end of the school day is between 3:15 and 3:30. There is supervision until 3:30, at which time we will ring the school bell to indicate that faculty is no longer on duty and parents are responsible for their children. Faculty will ensure that all children have a parent/guardian/pre-arranged carpooling driver present. After-care can be arranged at \$5 per ½ hour per child. Note that after school all children must be directly supervised by a parent/guardian. Playground rules require adult permission and direct supervision when climbing trees.

Parents: Thank you so much from the faculty for the nourishing soups!



WORDS ALOUD WINNERS

The Wind Keeper

by Tessie Bainborough

A long time ago there was no wind on this Earth. I was alive at that time. Let me introduce myself: I am the Wind Keeper. What creatures called me before I took care of the wind only I know.

Listen carefully now, because I am going to tell you a story. Once upon a time . . . when the Earth was still young, I was taking a walk when a deer ran past me, making a stir in the air. "How nice that feels," I thought, "if only the air was always moving around like that, it would be wonderful."

"WAIT!" I cried. "I KNOW WHAT TO DO!" I ran home as fast as I could, climbed to the top of the tallest mountain and began to spin. **Faster, faster, faster, faster, faster faster! I spun, I spun.**

I began to create moving air, fast air. First the moving air appeared north of me. This is what I whispered to the North: "Your name is Boreas. You are the Devouring One. You're

colder and harsher than the rest. You will bring relief from the heat."

This is what I whispered to the East: "Your name is Eurus. You will be called unlucky, but you will have warmth and rain to take care of the crops with."

This is what I whispered to the West: "Your name is Zephyrus. You will be the gentlest. But you can change in an instant to strong so you must be careful. You are a messenger of the spring."

This is what I whispered to the South: "Your name is Notus. You will be hot. You will be a destroyer of crops. You will bring relief from the cold."

"This is what I whispered to all of them: "I will call you the Four Winds. Listen carefully: Boreas, you must make room for Zephyrus, so she can bring gentle breeze and spring after your cold. Zephyrus, you must make room for Notus so she can bring heat after spring. Notus, you must make room for Eurus so that he can heal the crops the heat has wounded with his rain and sun. Eurus, you must make room for Boreas so that he can bring cold after heat. "

"GOOD BYE!" Boreas called in a loud and blustery, but very jolly voice. "Good bye!" called out Zephyrus in a sweet and gentle voice. " **Good bye!**" called out Notus in a raspy, friendly voice. "Goodbye!" called out Eurus in a laughing, burbling voice. "Remember!" I called. "I am your friend and your keeper. Come back to me when you are tired, and you can rest. I will brush the leaves, snow and sand off you, then free you again.". And away they flew.

That is the story of the four winds.

A poem by Hana Fortin

Sometimes
The pollen travels
On the wings of the wind.

The Wind is a Mystery

by Nyah Way

The wind is a mystery to me,
Up high, in the sky,
sycamore leaves rustle around me,
a breeze makes my tree groan
and a gust plays through my hair.

The wind is a mystery to me,
high above me the clouds move
stirred in different directions –
sliding, growing, together.

The wind is a mystery to me,
my kite soars beyond the heavens –
like a seagull being tasselled by many different
winds,
being tossed and churned together.
The wind is a mystery to me.

The Winds

by Malcolm Bainborough

The winds of my mind
Are still.
A whisper,
A rustle,
A rush.
I take off
I fly through the sky
With the wind
Nipping at my heels.

A bird.

It hits me.
I fall,
I hit the ground and
The winds of my mind
Are still.

The Fifth Wind

by Jaimie Bainborough

Everybody always says that there are four
winds: east, west, north and south. That is not
true. I should know: I'm the fifth wind.
I am called Chinook in some places, and Jack
Frost in others. Some people even call me an ill
wind. But they don't know me. I am a prankish
wind, and sometimes that makes humans
angry. I can't help it; I love tricks. And you
know what? They might get mad, but humans
like me, too. They just can't help themselves.
I'm so much fun!

In spring, I bring the first of the summer
breezes. Then the next day I make it cold. In
summer, I'm the storm that blows in just as
you are heading to the river to swim. In fall, I
blow the leaves off the trees.

But my tricks can be beautiful, too. In winter, I
take my paints and draw beautiful pictures on
glass as I pass by. Then I wait until the children
come out.

"Mama," they say. "Look at this! The
window's so pretty!"

"Jack Frost must have been here", says the
mother, and I laugh softly, making the tree
branches sway.

So it's really just that people don't know my
good side. Even my siblings and I are always
fighting because I just can't resist playing my
glorious pranks on them, too. They don't even
know that I also secretly help them.

Sure, I got my brothers and sisters trapped in a
sack and given to Odysseus that time in
Greece. But it was also me who whispered to
the crew to look inside the sack.

And there was that time when I accidentally
went a bit too far and blew that poor girl
Dorothy to Oz. Oh, and the house on the
witch... that wasn't good. But at least I saved
those Munchkins.

And, sure, Charlie Brown doesn't like me for
always putting his kite up a tree.

All right, maybe some of my pranks aren't
sooo great. But some of them are. Like the time
I flew into Calgary and I thought it'd be really
fun to cause a Chinook, so I blew the
temperature up fifty degrees. As it turns out,
five mean children had been playing "bury the
dog in the snow" that day and the poor pooch
would've died if I hadn't played that prank.
My wind melted the snow so he could get free.
So my prank saved a life.

So call me an ill wind if you want, but I do
blow some good.