

HONORING OUR RIVER: 2009

A STUDENT
ANTHOLOGY
COLLECTED FROM
THROUGHOUT THE
WILLAMETTE RIVER
WATERSHED

Honoring Our River: A Student Anthology began as an effort to stimulate an awareness of an important but fragile resource, the Willamette River. Our goal has been to foster basin-wide participation from students of all ages and disciplines. This project is designed to nurture respect and appreciation for the river system that connects all basin dwellers and provide a showcase for creative student writing that honors our river. Students from several other countries have submitted entries, reflecting the world wide importance of healthy rivers.

Acknowledgments

We would like to acknowledge the Willamette Watershed educators and writers who donated their time and expertise to the anthology through their participation as editors, guest writers and/or judges.

Jim Nicholson
Laurie Aguirre
Joan Maiers

Leah Stenson
Laine Latimer
Meghan Warren

Henry Hughes
Bob Heffernan

Participating Schools

A special thank you to all the schools that participated in the creation of **Honoring Our River 2009** by submitting student entries to our contest. Your contribution was crucial to building this wonderful collection of literary works from throughout the Willamette River Basin.

Abernethy Elementary
Agnes Stewart Middle
Bridlemile Elementary
Chapman Hill
Cloverdale Elementary
Forest Park Elementary
Forest Ridge Elementary

Harrisburg Middle
Heritage Elementary
Hoover Elementary
JFK Highschool
Lake Grove Elementary
Oak Grove Elementary
Parkrose Middle School

Perrydale School
Rural Dell
Skyline School
Talmadge Middle
Triangle Lake High School
Yolanda Elementary

In addition, we would like to thank John Miller and Briana Pierce from Wildwood/Mahonia for producing the anthology and guiding the process, as well as to Michael Frye for creating the layout. Our thanks also to Julie Schaum from EWEB for the beautiful cover design.

The Willamette River Watershed is home to two-thirds of all Oregonians. The health of this precious natural resource is in great need of protection. Students, as well as other basin citizens, need to see themselves as part of a basin-wide community, sharing both the costs and the benefits of a healthy river system.

*For more information on the Honoring Our River project contact
Briana Pierce at 503-585-8789 or email: info@honoringourriver.org
Please see the entry form in the back of the anthology.*



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A Word from Our Sponsors



The Eugene Water & Electric Board appreciates the value of the Willamette River watershed and the vital role it plays in providing our customers with water and electricity. The McKenzie River, a major tributary of the Willamette, is the sole source of clean, high-quality water for nearly 200,000 people served by EWEB, and the watershed provides reliable, low-cost hydroelectric power to our customers. For nearly 100 years, EWEB has recognized that the health of the Willamette River and its tributaries is vitally important to the economic and environmental success of our community. We're proud to support "Honoring Our River." It provides a great stage for students to explore and share our common connections with the watershed.

*Randy Berggren, General Manager
Eugene Water & Electric Board*



Portland General Electric

Looking at our river through the eyes of the young authors and artists represented in this year's Honoring Our River anthology is both refreshing and inspiring. Their willingness to share their perspectives – and the excellent work they have created – have resulted in this valuable gift to our community. As members of the Willamette watershed community, and as part of our commitment to a sustainable Oregon, Portland General Electric is pleased to sponsor this collection of literary and visual arts. We sincerely encourage you to read it for yourself, then read it with a child.

*Carol Dillin, Vice President of Public Policy
Portland General Electric*



The Wildwood/Mahonia family of companies is proud to be part of this wonderful publication. Our diverse range of activities: agriculture, urban planning and development, watershed restoration and international ventures all share a common commitment to sustainability. Our definition of profit includes benefits to people and the environment. We have a very active community service program that includes donating our time, dollars, materials and expertise to many community organizations and schools. Whether we are working in Oregon or Asia, we see the similarities in thought about our rivers that are found in this anthology. It reflects the growing awareness of our shared environment and shared future.

*John D. Miller, President
Wildwood/Mahonia*



When People Get Together
Things Get Done.

SOLV, a 36 year old statewide nonprofit founded by Governor Tom McCall, builds community through volunteer action. It is committed to involving members of the Oregon community in learning about and improving watershed health. Honoring Our River is a wonderful way for students to share their thoughts and experiences about the Willamette Watershed. Through their poems, essays and artwork the rest of us can be inspired to preserve this treasure called Oregon.

*Jack McGowan,
Executive Director
SOLV*



The Sustainable Oregon Schools Initiative (SOSI) is a voluntary program that accelerates the pace of integrating sustainability into Oregon's schools and school districts by:

- Engaging relevant stakeholders and organizations to share information, and create relationships that best support sustainability in our schools.
- Developing and sharing resources and tools that facilitate integrating sustainability into schools and school districts.

These are accessible from the SOSI website as they're available, making it a focal point for sustainability information.

The website offers sections for the many topic areas listed on the reverse side.

- Assisting Oregon's K-12 school system and students on their journey toward a sustainable future, for as long as needed. Please visit us at www.sustainableschools.org

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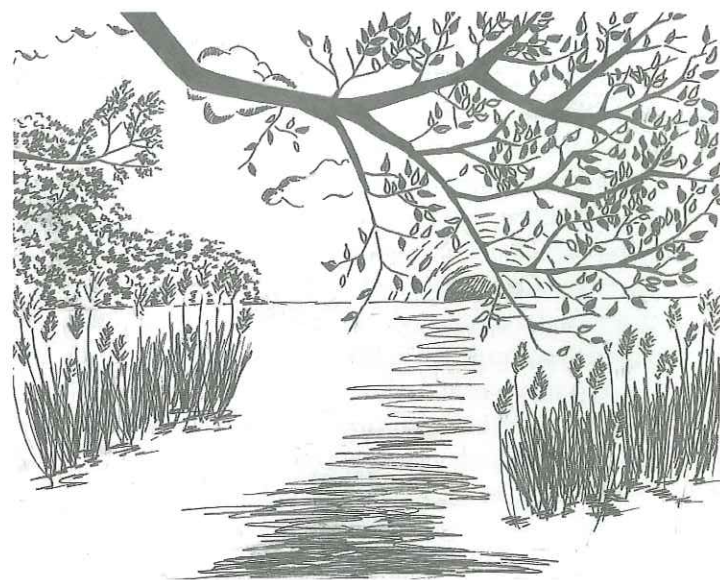
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Entry Information and Form



Marie Tempels, Grade 12
John F Kennedy HS

The Creative Work of Students

The Mighty Willamette

Brennen Boese, Grade 5
Cloverdale Elementary

As the water glistens in my eyes,
I float down the Willamette.
I see so many beautiful fish and plants.
I feel the fresh wind in my face
Until it's all over.

The Willamette

Jenna Christensen, Grade 5
Cloverdale Elementary

Rolling down for miles
Lost in a beautiful river
Realizing it's getting late
A waterfall's coming fast ahead
I don't mind getting wet
It is a tiny waterfall
Like me in this big world
I got a little wet
But now I know where I belong
Right by the Willamette River.

She Is The River

*Ciara Galvin, Grade 5
Cloverdale Elementary*

As the river splashes against the bank
As the children play
One person, and one person only can hear it all
She controls nature in herself because nature is her
She controls the flowing river
She's everywhere you look
She is Mother Nature.

Willamette River

*Jagen Gates, Grade 5
Cloverdale Elementary*

The river has become peaceful,
So the river is mindful.
The river makes me feel grateful.



*Ben Goodwin, Grade 12
Triangle Lake HS*

This Great River

*Austin Martin, Grade 5
Cloverdale Elementary*

A river flows, ever so fast.
Just like it has in the past.
Children skipping hard, smooth rocks.
Jumping fishes and flying hawks,
Right next to this great river.

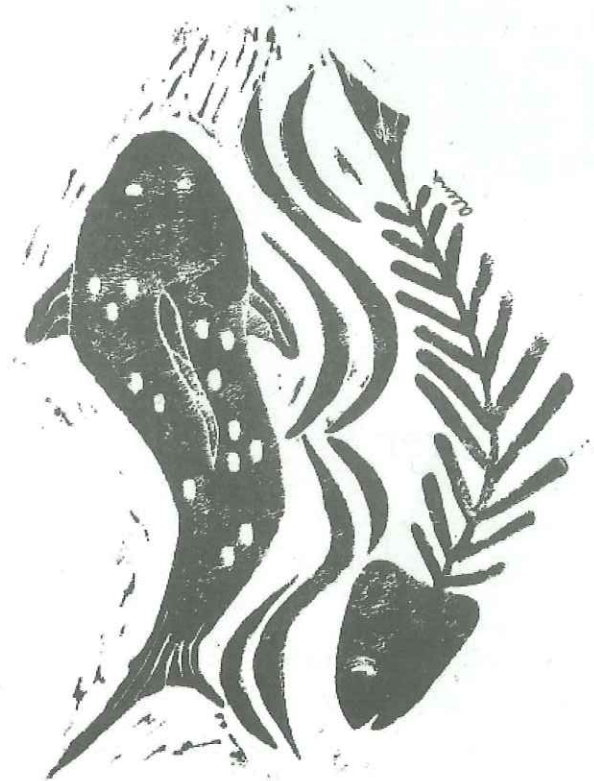
Timeless and Tireless

*Kathryn McClintock, Grade 5
Cloverdale Elementary*

A timeless age of flowing water
Runs throughout the land.
It's silky smooth as velvet fur,
The sound of tides, pebbles, and fish is nature's band.

A tireless age of flowing water
Runs throughout my hand
It's silky smooth as velvet rocks,
The sound of rabbits, mice and birds is nature's band.

We care about time, we care about being tired,
But the river doesn't care about the things we do.
The Willamette River is something to admire.



*Alena Crocker, Grade 12
Triangle Lake HS*

The River

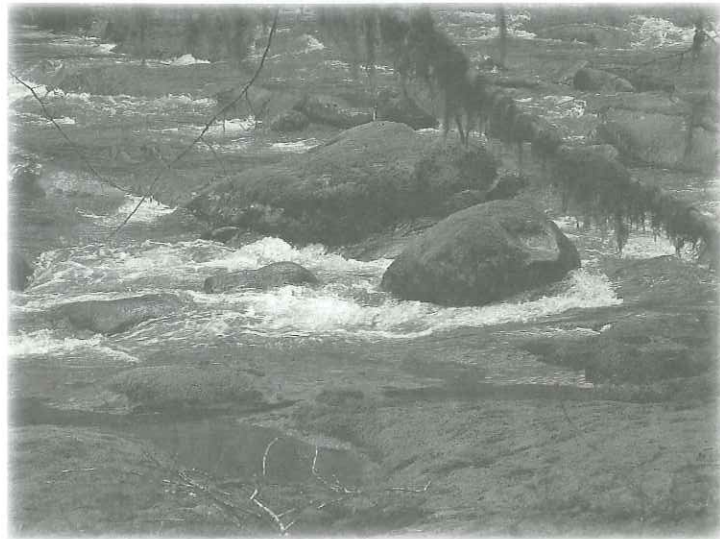
*Adam Kerr, Grade 5
Cloverdale Elementary*

The rushing water flows past
The warm sand comforts me
The fish swim and jump so fast
Plenty of nature for us to see
In front of me the river is vast
Here there is peace for you and me
I hope forever it will last
Just seeing it fills me with glee!

Willamette River

*Marco Rocha Ibarra, Grade 5
Cloverdale Elementary*

I think of a river, any river
A river that's fishy
A river that's colorful
Willamette
Your beauty inspired Willamette University



*Photo by Jeffrey Pierce
Rocks and Rapids*

The Willamette River

*Miranda Rosenau, 5th Grade
Cloverdale Elementary*

The Willamette River is definitely the perfect place to be.
Sitting on damp rocks watching the sun go down.
The beautiful sunset so pink and so yellow.
Go see the Willamette River and watch the colorful sky go down.

Nature's Melody

*Austin Schaeffer, Grade 5
Cloverdale Elementary*

Where water whirls round and round
The air makes a ghostly sound
Fish jump high and low
Heading upstream is where they go
Indians fishing in the streams
Until they've lost the sun's beam
Tap, tap, tap
There they go
To somewhere else
I don't know

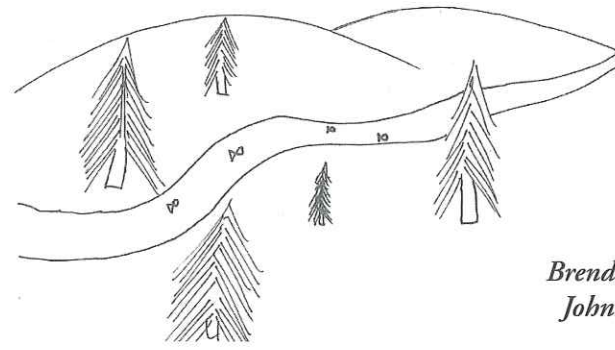
The Roaring River

*Jason Vettrus, Grade 5
Cloverdale Elementary*

I closely listen to the roaring river. The rocky shore is bound with surprises.
The rushing water, the clean fresh air, and all for no price.
Trees line the shore making a beautiful scene. If you haven't been to the
Willamette, you're missing a lot.



*Luis Juarez, Grade 11
John F Kennedy HS*



*Brenda Dye, Grade 12
John F Kennedy HS*

The Ride

*Stephen Woods, Grade 5
Cloverdale Elementary*

As I ride down the swift river and shift my position so I can paddle,
I smell the fresh aroma going through the air. A rapid was ahead.
It made us go faster.
The water glimmered in the sunlight,
and was as smooth as glass.
Finally the majestic Willamette was
in front of us.

Willamette River

*Coulby Nguyen, Grade 5
Hoover Elementary*

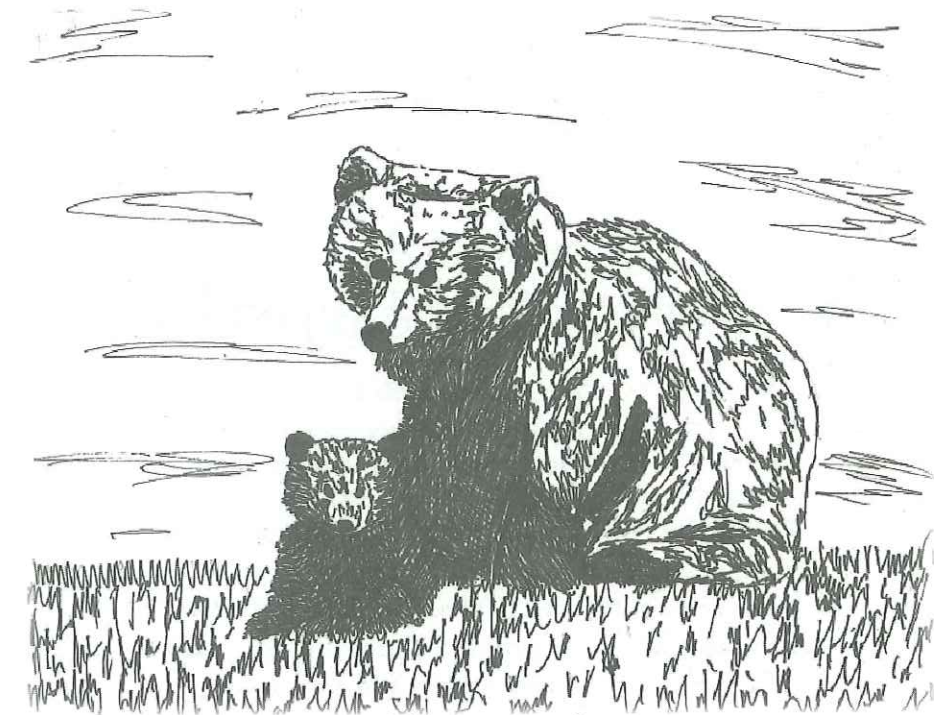
The Willamette River is so clean,
It's mean, it's lean, it's Oregon's queen.
It's so majestic and miles and miles long,
The tunnel that departs the river is mighty strong.
It's boundaries,
Borders Linn, Benton, Polk and Yamhill counties.

Dixon creek behind our school,
I find you calm and cool.
We learn your story; we tour your home,
We hear your sound as we roam.
The wildlife in you and all around,
You're our backyard playground.

My Favorite River

*Jasmin Yang, Grade 5
Hoover Elementary*

The Willamette River is so beautiful;
It's my favorite after all,
It seems so wonderful, when the water is calm.
When I stand far away and look at this amazing river,
I can see lots of things, including a little critter.
I see lots of trout in this river,
They seem really slimy and cold,
They also look very confident and bold.
The water looks like a big blanket, peaceful and nice,
And when the river's really quiet,
It looks like a sheet of ice.
I look to the left and see swimmers,
Jet skiers, even people kayaking,
On the right, you can see some bikers.
There are so many reasons why the Willamette
Is my favorite river,
Maybe because of its beauty or because it's
Fun to play in,
But whenever I think of it, it always makes me grin!



*Rachel Maurer, Grade 12
John F Kennedy HS*

River Willamette

*Mikaela Washien, Grade 5
Hoover Elementary*

Never slam it,
Our River Willamette
You'll enjoy
Girl and boy
Splish, splash, tweet and buzz
New sounds to hear, just because
Night or day
So fun to play
Sun, fun and shad
Kids love to wade
Trees and rocks
Great place for walks
Great things to see
The price is free
Fast flow or slow
Oh, what a show
Inhabitants to see
Bird, fish and bee
Snakes 'tween hill and dale
Slithering through the vale
Come and see, come and play
For a week or just a day
Always changing
Never changing

The Willamette Both Day and Night

*Leah Hanen, Grade 5
Hoover Elementary*

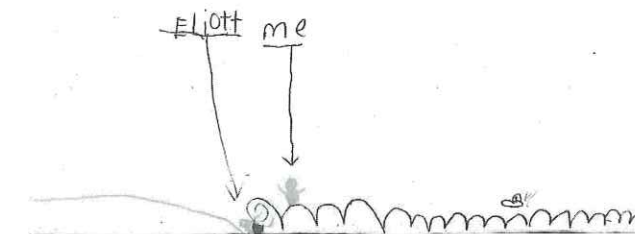
Willamette flows like the clouds move across the sky.
It shines like a star in a blank, empty, black night sky.
The color of the river is like a baby's first blanket.
When the sun sets it gleams like a gem sitting on the sea.
When the sun rises it glimmers and glows.

Sauvie Island

*Christopher Elfick, Grade 2
Skyline School*

The Willamette River ends at Sauvie Island where it joins to the Columbia River. I like to play in the river. When a boat comes, I like getting hit by huge waves. It is better than the sea because it is not salt water. I like boogie boarding when there are no waves in the river. People take potatoes to Idaho on boats through the Columbia River and the Willamette River.

Sauvie Island



*Christopher Elfick, Grade 2
Skyline School*

A Riddle

*Bailey McCormick, Grade 2
Skyline School*

It is dark blue with lots of mud. There are lots of boats and canoes. There are some bridges and some house boats. There is sand on the bottom. The wind blows frequently and steadily. Sometimes there are trees in the middle sticking out. It is a very pretty sight. What am I talking about?

Answer: The River

River My River

*Megan Lo, Grade 4
Forest Park Elementary*

Outside: The River gently flows in the beautiful shining sun.

Inside: The River holds the strong bridges like a giant holding the earth.

Outside: Cars race by on the bridges like thunderbolts.

Inside: Fish swim along the river with the other animals.

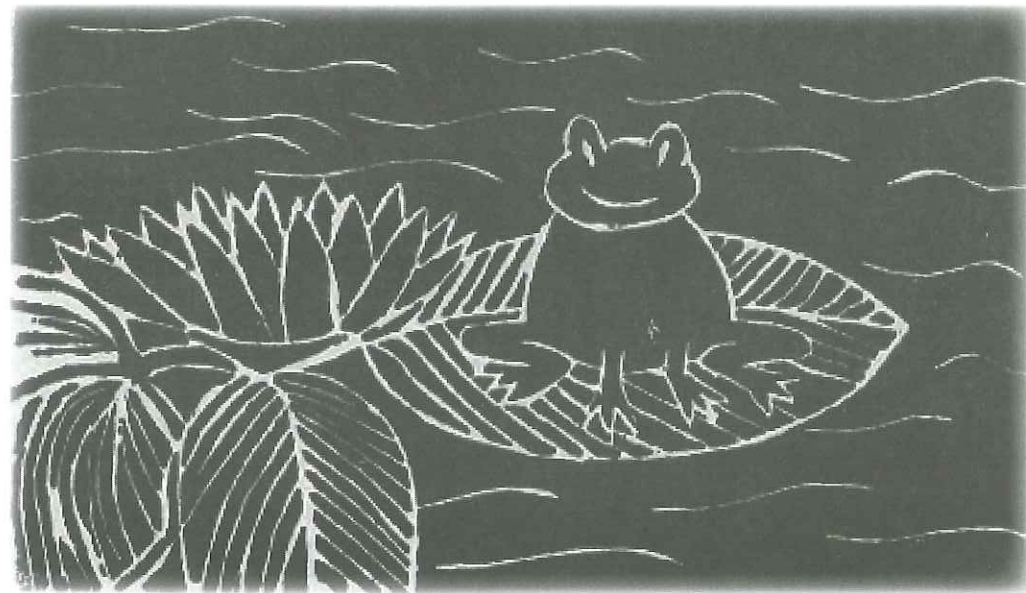
Outside: A speed boat zooms by like a rocket, and leaves fresh wakes.

Inside: Children swim in the river like little frogs.

Outside: Beavers use their teeth to chop down trees.

Inside: The water slowly cools down and whistles through the night.

Inside and Outside: I love the Willamette River day or night!!

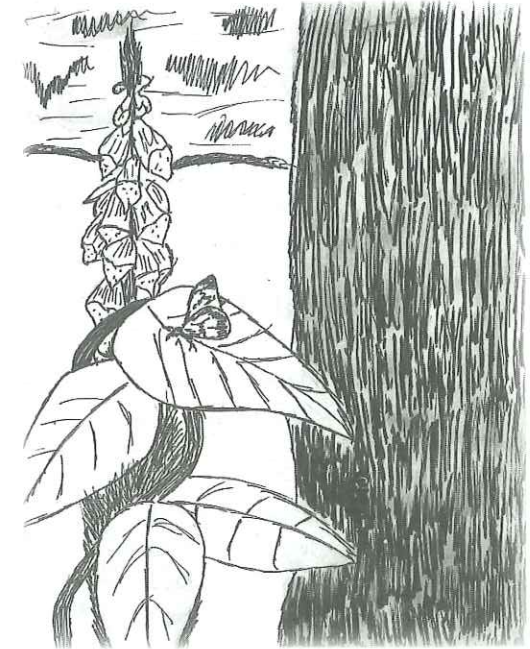


*Maike Kuckertz, Grade 11
Triangle Lake HS*

Sparkling Water

*Jeron Lindekugel, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

Respect our water.
I can hear the frogs croaking on the lily pad.
The sparkling water is so pretty.
I can smell the water.
It makes me calm down.
I can hear the water when the fish jump.



*Tyler Geddes, Grade 12
John F Kennedy HS*

Water

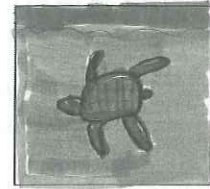
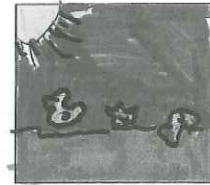
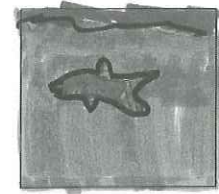
*Cade McNeely, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

The water flows through the hot summer sand.
The salmon zig-zag through the rock.
The baby is the slowest.
The sunlight shines on the scales
As it works its way through the rocks.
A scale fell just gleaming there like a bag of silver.
The yellow on the sand was like a buried treasure.
As it swam away it turned around hitting the
Top of the water,
It said good-bye.

Strong Water

*Tameron Hampton, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

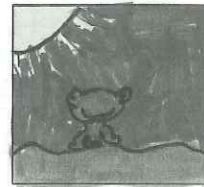
Strong water makes a smooth sound,
Like the stream.
I can feel the strong waves push against me,
Like melted chocolate.



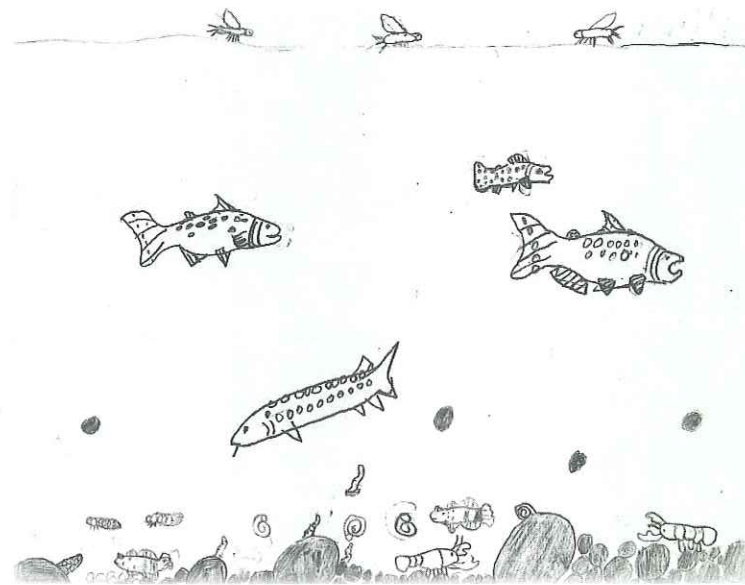
Salmon

*Kaylee Unwin, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*

In our rivers there is
A fish called the Chinook
Salmon. It is almost EXTINCT!
So take care of our water!



*Audri Pittsley, Grade 3
Forest Ridge Elementary*



*Tanner Masal, Grade 5
Hoover Elementary*

River at Night

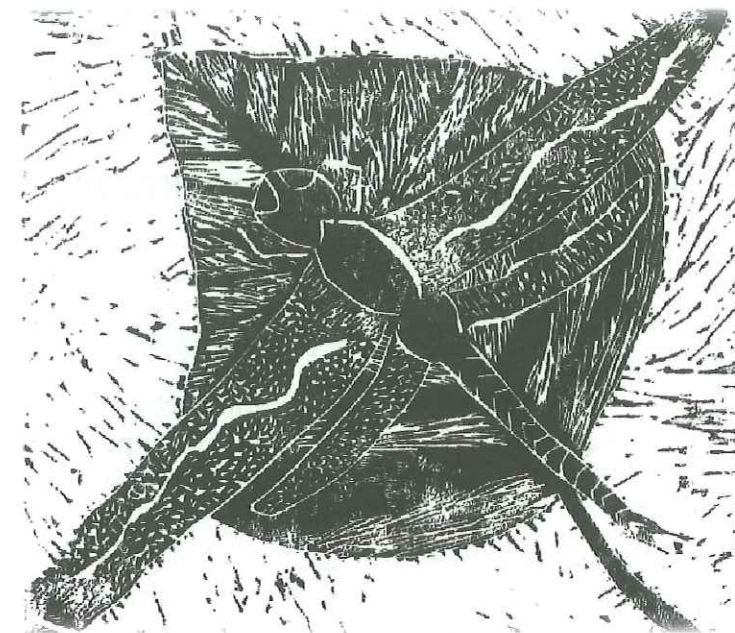
*Brock Thomas, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*

Whoosh!
The stream was jetting past the island.
It was clear, cold, rocky water.
And all of a sudden it was peaceful and quiet
As it approached the Willamette River.
And the stars were sparkling on the river and it was
Gorgeous.

Willamette River

*Jonathan Anderson, Grade 5
Forest Ridge Elementary*

River
Dark, blue
Fish, green scum
Murky, full of life
Wet



*Stacey Swain, Grade 11
Triangle Lake HS*

Otters

*Morgan Montoya, Grade 5
Forest Ridge Elementary*

Swimming freely
Eating, laughing, smiling
Being destroyed by us
Mammals

The Fast River

*Travis Brewer, Grade 5
Forest Ridge Elementary*

The river is fast,
So very, very fast
It takes the earth with it
Because it is so fast.



*Stefani Schaenzer, Grade 11
Triangle Lake HS*

The River and The Salmon

*Karmyn Yeane, Grade 3
Forest Ridge Elementary*

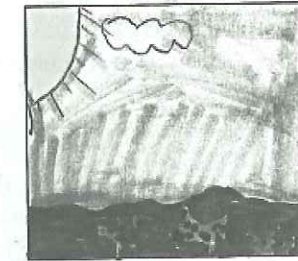
The river is silent and flows smoothly.
The salmon jump up and down to get to the
shallow waters to lay their eggs.

But, if we pollute the rivers, that won't happen.
It will be too late and the salmon will die.

Our River

*Sophia Salinas, Grade 3
Forest Ridge Elementary*

A river is a lovely place to relax.
It is so silent.
All the salmon swim in the stream
The river is our river.
We should treat it like we treat ourselves.
If we ever go down my the river
And we see trash, like wrappers,
We should go get gloves and get
That trash out of there
To keep our rivers clean!



*Sophia Salinas, Grade 3
Forest Ridge Elementary*

The River

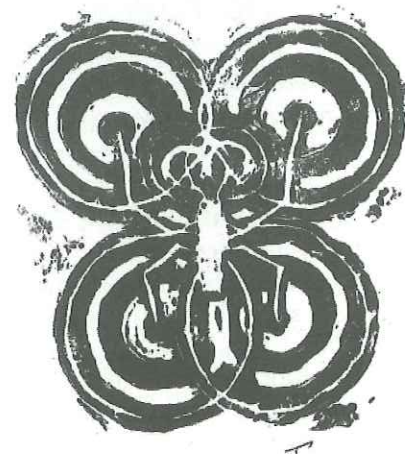
*Grace Condello, Grade 3
Forest Ridge Elementary*

The river flows through the valley.
It's rocky and deep in some parts.
In others, calm and shallow.
It is splashing at my feet.
When I turn back, there are
Wet footprints in the sand.
The river is swift and slow.
The river flows through our valley.

The River

*Anna Smiley, Grade 4
Forest Park Elementary*

Winding through the endless fields,
I am the river.
Swirling past fisherman's feet,
I am the river.
Sleek and slender fish swim through me,
I am the river.
Deep crevasses I soon form,
I am the river.
Thundering down a steep rock path,
I am the river.
Sturdy metal bridges loom over me,
I am the river.
Ancient stones are my bed,
I am the river.
Winding through the endless fields,
Swirling past fisherman's feet,
Sleek and slender fish swim through me,
Boats glide on my surface,
Deep crevasses I soon form,
Thundering down a steep rock path,
Sturdy metal bridges loom over me,
Ancient stones are my bed,
I am the river.



*Daniel Wagner, Grade 12
Triangle Lake HS*

Our Beautiful River

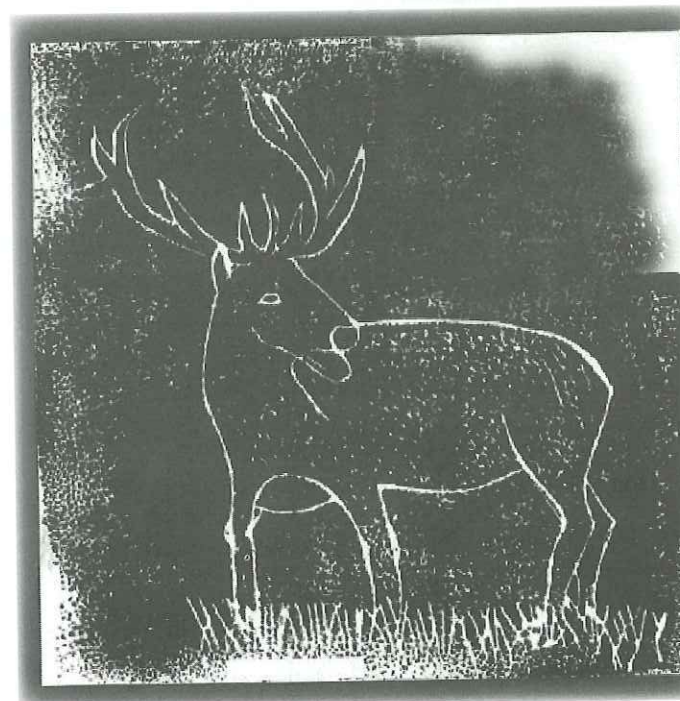
*Caitlin Huang, Grade 4
Forest Park Elementary*

The Willamette flows proudly under the
Bridges of the Rose City, to join her
Mother River the Columbia in the North
And her Father Ocean the Pacific in the West.

The Spring water from the mountains
Brings life back to the land. Soon, the fawns and
The squirrels come out to play in the grass
And smell the fresh air.

The Cohos and the Chinooks, the Steelheads
And the Cutthroats lead her faithfully like guides.
As a passing train carrying timber says goodbye,
the river waves back with fallen leaves
orange and yellow.

And when Winter comes, the geese fly South along the
River to their second home. Once again the proud
Willamette stands alone with the bare trees guarding
By her side, waiting for Spring to return.



*Tyrel Sumich, Grade 11
Triangle Lake HS*



*Rosangelica Alcaraz, Grade 10
John F Kennedy HS*

The Images of Nature

*Jonathan Huang, Grade 4
Forest Park Elementary*

The winter snow reveals a soft white painting,
With icicles hanging everywhere.
The deer are now gone,
Leaving the trails empty and bare.

As spring comes and the snow melts,
The river regains life from the mountain.
Fishes return along with the birds, while
Flowers bloom and trees awaken.

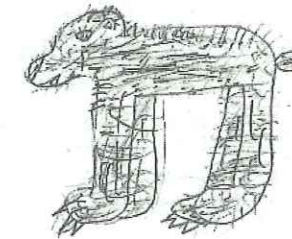
The river is lazy in the summer,
Like the willow trees that sway over the water.
The air is filled with festivals and laughter,
Fireworks, hotdogs, and hamburgers.

Fall is brilliant with all kinds of colors.
The leaves are now golden,
With hues of red and orange and yellow.
Soon winter will be back with a new painting.

The River

*Paolo Bifulco, Grade 4
Forest Park Elementary*

There is a river sparkling in the light
Rafting slowly with such might
Strength of a bear in a fight
You won't find a river like this anywhere
Like it only happens in dreams
The river



*Kaylee Unwin, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*

Nature's Beauty

*Justin Huang, Grade 4
Forest Park Elementary*

The wind howls through the night
Carrying the scent of the River.
Faint moonlight dances over the water
As the streams quietly feed the earth.

A brooding mist creeps along the valley floor,
Covering the River like a thief at night.
The morning is broken when a Great
Blue Heron sings a high pitch trill "whoop-whoop."

The River's surface is dark with waves of white.
The sun rises with a glorious conflagration
Of pink and yellow, adding welcomed warm colors
To the frigid water.

The air is fresh and sweet like the
Autumn pear trees.
The River named Willamette brings out
Nature's true beauty.

The Wonderful Willamette

*Michael Ioffe, Grade 4
Forest Park Elementary*

A stream glides through my hand,
And the water seeps through my fingers.
Trees; firs, pines, and shrubs,
Dance along to the wind's quiet song.
The crow of an eagle sirens through the mellow forest,
As the waves crash and bellow
And leap upon the rocky shore.
Pebbles float to the surface,
Smooth and warm to the very touch.
The Willamette flows on the south,
As the gush of the channel chants on,
For the millionth time,
And not the last.



*Vega Volakakis, Grade 2
Chapman Hill Elementary*

A Far Off River

*Samuel Berger, Grade 4
Forest Park Elementary*

The gentle sound of the river stroking the river bank
As it guards the water
Protecting it from escaping its endless path.

As the water flows to its unknown destination
It picks up what others have left behind
As if it were a street cleaner cleaning the streets of its dirtiness.

The zephyr blows the water back and forth
As if it were a musical conductor
Teaching a song to a class.

As the sun hits the water
Like you hit a baseball
The ships get carried down the river.

Tall buildings tower
Over the river
Like toy soldiers ready for battle.

When it rains the small water droplets
Hit the water poking it
From all different angles.

When it snows
The small snowflakes melt into
The dark cold river.

When it is sunny
The glistening sun reflects off of the water
Toward the big loud city.

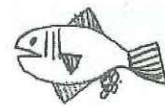
When it is just cloudy
The water flows closer and closer
To its unknown destination.

A Year by The Willamette River

*Susannah Cassell, Grade 7
Talmadge Middle*

I look at the sky,
The rain making me cry.
The height of our river
Rising in rage.
I wonder what we've done
To make the water run black
I miss the crystal blue fire,
It always had me inspired.
It starts raining harder,
Winter on its way.
The water freezes over,
I wish it would melt away.
The rain softens,
My wish comes true
The hard ice of winter
Melts into smiles of happy spring.
Flower petals flow,
Covering scurrying fish
The crystal fire returns
Late June
My tears dry and I laugh
I'm happy summer is back.
Fall soon returns,
Then my face falls
Oh where did my summer go?
My happiness is at fault

Save our Willamette River!!!



*Katelynn Byrd, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*

My Living River

*Marcella Swartzendruber, Teacher
Talmadge Middle School*

I have dipped my baby's toes into the river,
Fished for memories alone and together with little boys gleefully baiting hooks.
I have canoed, kayaked and rowed,
Myself through the ripple of time
That has changed everything
Yet nothing is truly altered.
I have witnessed the murky water scream in protest,
To flooded shores dripping with debris.
I have been enveloped by clear blue
Water and come up sputtering in laughter.
I have floated the dream on an inner tube from Les Schwab's
Given joyfully by memory laden men.
I have camped near the glory, driven its line on a map
And been a part of its ebb as it is a part of mine.
My river.
My Willamette.
My home.



*Noah Hudkins, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*

Can You Hear It?

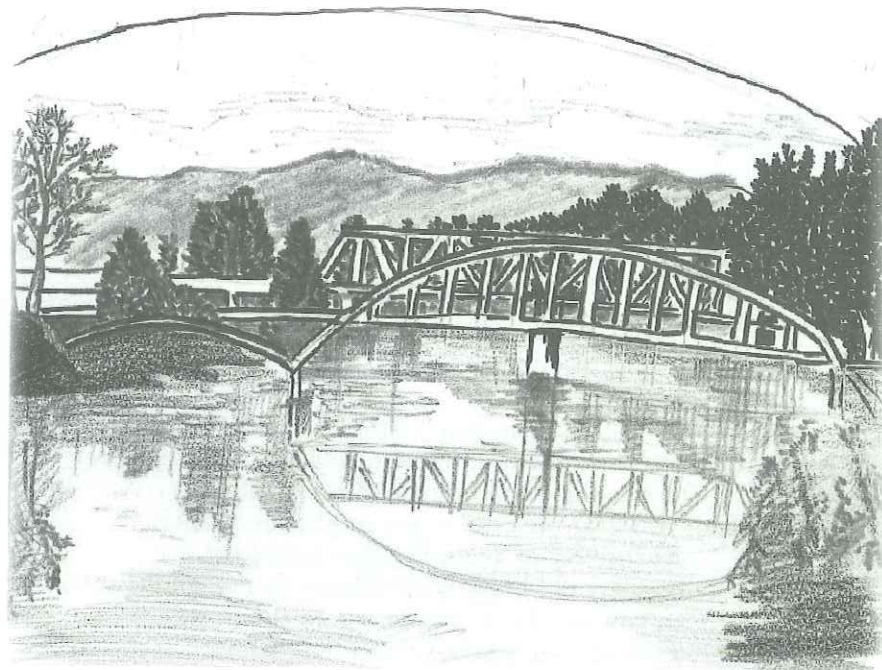
*Emma Nicassio, Grade 8
Talmadge Middle School*

Can you hear it?
Can you hear the splash of water against the dam surface,
As my old life plummets to the bottom?
Can you hear the cries of my mother and father
As they try to save what they have lost?
Can you see how my old life is washed away by the gentle waves?
Can you see that I now belong to the river?
Can you understand that I now know,
All the secrets of the beast?
Can you hear it?

My River

*Emily Elott, Grade 5
Lake Grove Elementary*

The river
It winds and turns
It flows and climbs
The river
Fish, plants, algae
Food for all
The river
Crashing and rushing
Down to the Columbia
Willamette River
Beautiful and pristine
As it will always be
I will always see it as
The river I imagine
Whether it's polluted or pristine
It will always be
My river



*Danny Ryou, Grade 4
Hoover Elementary*

River's Wish

*Shannon Gu, Grade 6
Lake Grove Elementary*

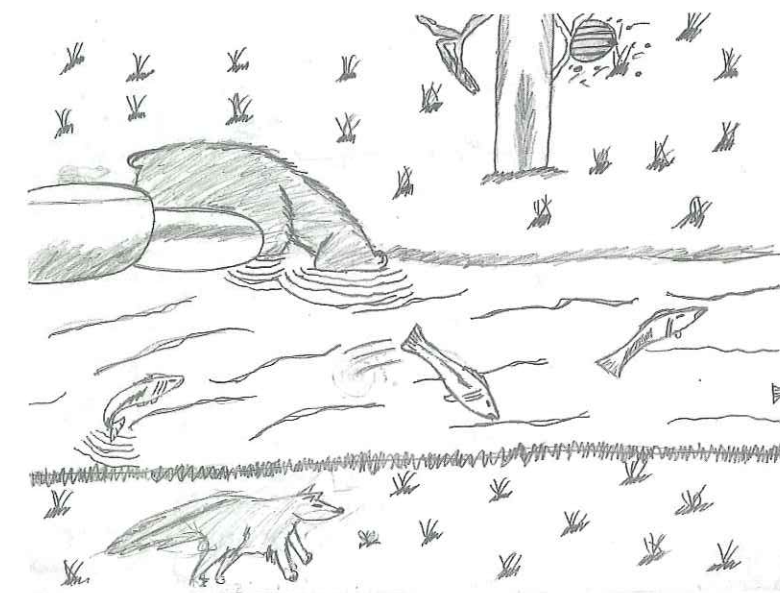
The flow of the stream
Reflects the light
Of the day
And through the night.

The mighty stream
Carries the soil and rocks
All the way
To the docks.

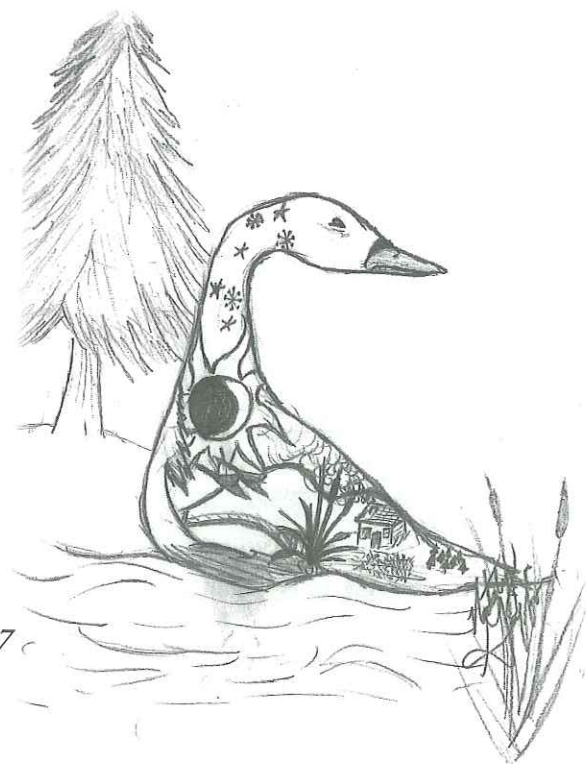
The river is home
To many fishes
But the poor river
Doesn't get its wishes.

Part of the river
Is full of trash
It seems so angry
When it starts to thrash.

Please grant the river's wish,
The river is begging you to
Everyone can make a difference
Everybody can, including you.



*Jonathan Pedraza, Grade 7
Perrydale School*



Nataley Griffin, Grade 7
Perrydale School

Rivers Twist and Turn but Never End

Haley Moss, Grade 6
Lake Grove Elementary

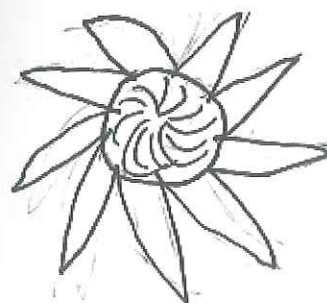
Rivers twist and turn
Some are fast and fierce
Some are calm and subtle
Some are rocky with rapids

None of them are alike
Except in one huge way
All the rivers in the world
Have no ending for sure

When they seem to have ended
No sight of them around
They are truly still flowing
As long as you believe in your heart

The loss of a loved grandfather
Is like the Sacramento River
His life may seem to have ended
But when you feel him in your heart

He is still there... living forever



River Wonders

I watch the river,
as it flows.
What lurks its bottom?
No one knows.

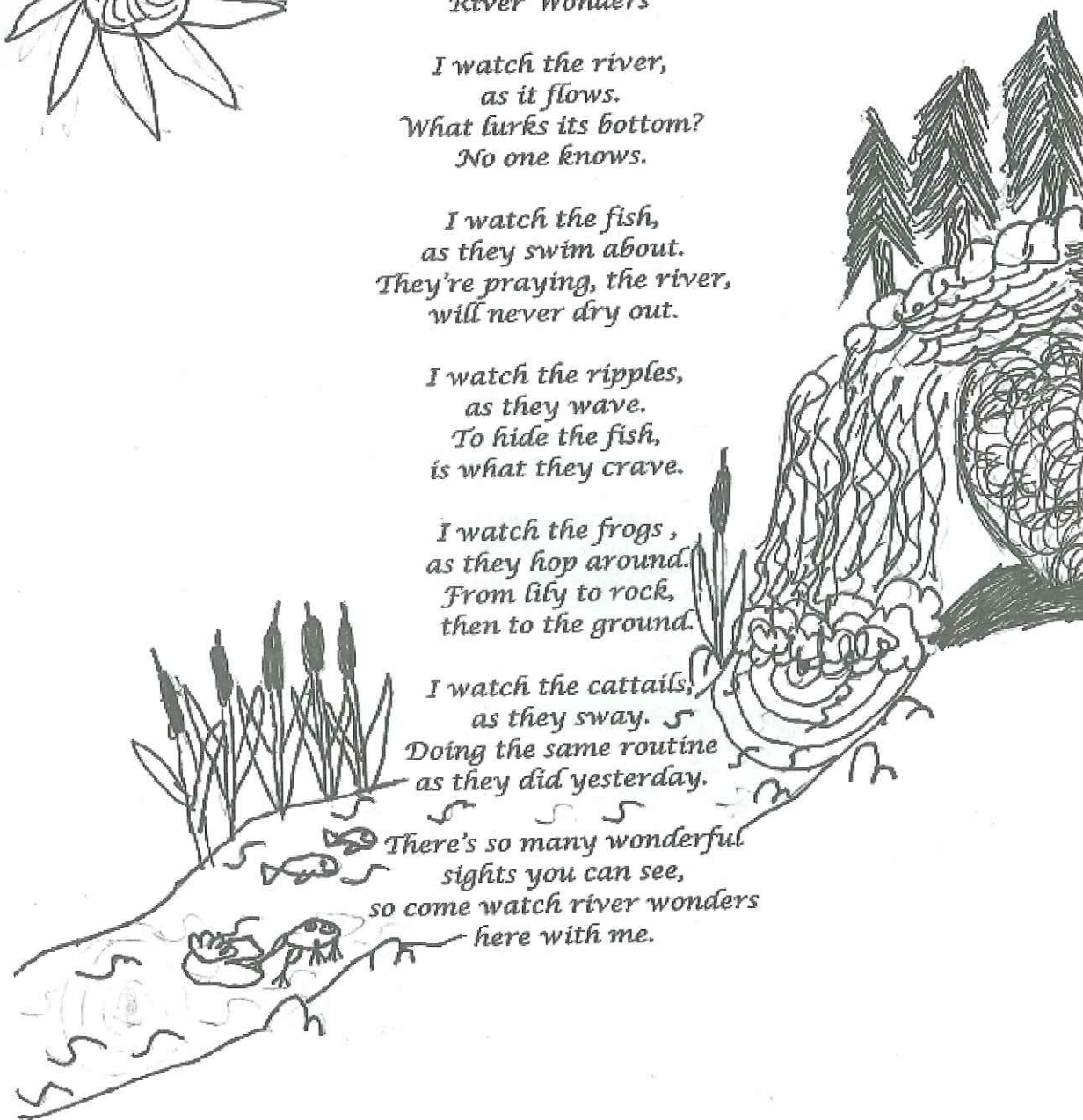
I watch the fish,
as they swim about.
They're praying, the river,
will never dry out.

I watch the ripples,
as they wave.
To hide the fish,
is what they crave.

I watch the frogs,
as they hop around.
From lily to rock,
then to the ground.

I watch the cattails,
as they sway.
Doing the same routine
as they did yesterday.

There's so many wonderful
sights you can see,
so come watch river wonders
here with me.



Lexy Beyer, Grade 4
Rural Dell Elementary

River Poem

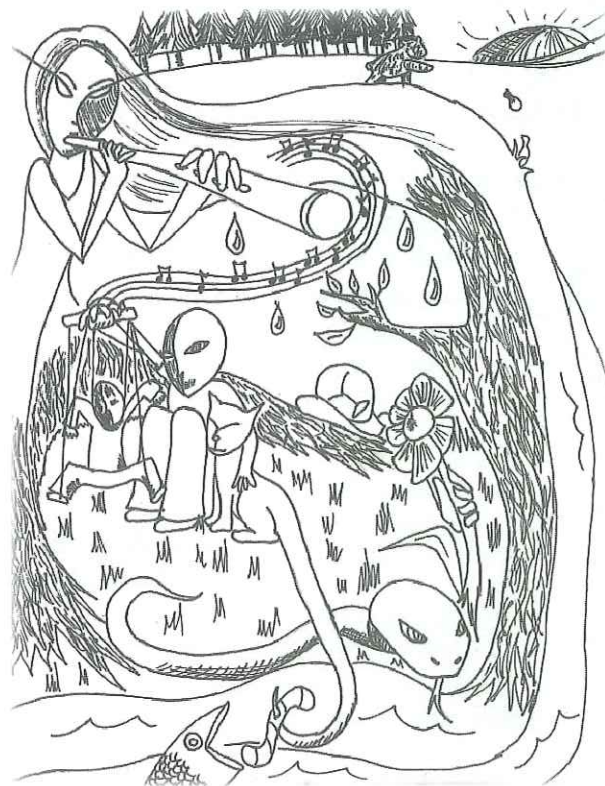
*Kayla Allen, Grade 6
Lake Grove Elementary*

A river reminds me of my feelings,
It's overflowing with emotions!
Always trying to speak,
And feeling very unique.

When I feel angry,
The water seeks darkness.
But when I'm perky,
The water's less murky.

When I move around,
The water is restless.
But when I dance and sing,
The water holds a special bling.

A river is a quiet place,
A place for us to sit and think.
But when showing our vibration,
Well it might just be our imagination.



*Jessica Jasso, Grade 11
John F Kennedy HS*

Rivers

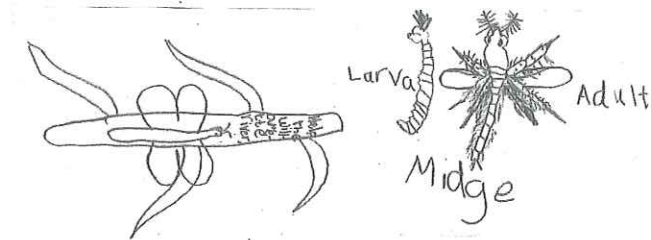
*Dominique Moore, Grade 6
Lake Grove Elementary*

The soft slithering silk
That floats through my fingers
Coldness numbs my toes,
Flittering through the rocks.
The crystal clear blue,
Looking at it is like looking
Into a pool of diamonds,
Glistening in the sun.

I see the ways the water
Moves, as it gracefully dances along,
Always moving never stopping.
It doesn't stop when there is a rock.
It doesn't stop when there is a branch,
Nor when there is a boat.
I look in and see small fish swimming,
Of all different colors,
Their scales shining in the
Same rhythm of the water.

I hear the tinkling sound of the water,
As it goes rushing by.
It goes so fast, but yet it
Still stays so calm.
I hear the faint melody
The birds are singing far up in the trees.
I take a deep breath and
All my worries wash away.

Willamette
River



*Mackenzie Gill, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*

JASPER POND

February 13, 2009



Photos by Francisco Mendez Chavez

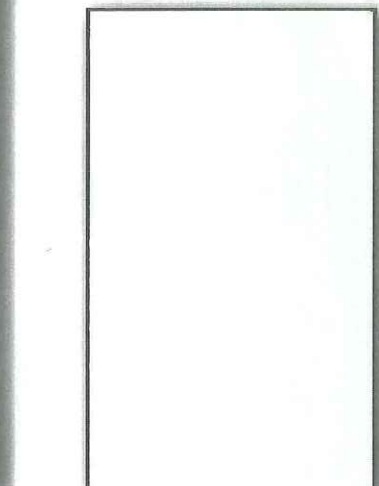
Help Ponds, stop polluting

by: Francisco Mendez-Chavez

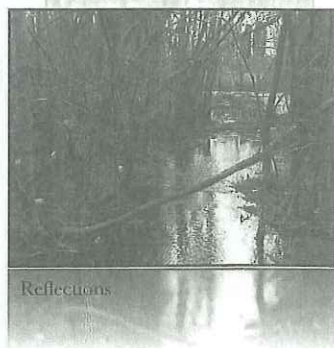
The Jasper Pond is very important for our neighborhood. It cleans the water by processing the storm water. Also, when the water is clean it goes to the Jasper Slough and then after that, it purifies the water a little bit more and it flows to the Willamette River. That is good because some people drink from that river, We need to stop using toxic chemicals because they eventually go to the Willamette River. *

"The Jasper pond site is mostly a detention pond processing storm water runoff from the neighboring residential area" (Gillson). There are trees that surround the Jasper pond the Willow Thicket *

Bibliography
 Greg Gillson, Feburary, "Jasper Pond" 11,2009
http://www.willamalane.org/1_parks/birding/jasperpond.htm

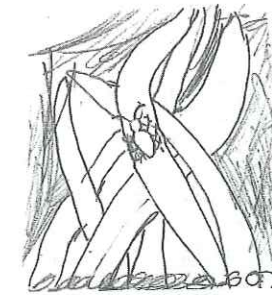


Willow thicket surrounds the Jasper Ponds



Reflections

Francisco Mendez, Grade 7
 Agnes Stewart Middle School



Sydney Snapp, Grade 2
 Forest Ridge Elementary

River of Ours

Bryn Hester, Grade 3
 Bridlemile Elementary

187 miles of a twisting curving vein of water
 Rainfall giving life
 Native Americans discovered it
 Clark mapped the valley with coal on animal skin
 ... this is the Willamette River.

Life is not the same without our river
 Our water makes Oregon much more beautiful
 Beauty of our river makes people feel alive –
 Refreshing
 ... this is the Willamette River.

Water glistening, rippling tides
 Cold air
 Shiny and sparkling water
 Musty, dusty and clear sometimes too
 ... this is the Willamette River.

River

Elsa Batten, Grade 3
 Bridlemile Elementary

As I listen to the river's beautiful melody,
 The breeze rustles the leaves nearby.
 Men in canoes are visible on the water's surface.
 I can feel the wind and sun against my face,
 Scents of animals and plants tickle my nose.
 The fresh air slips into my mouth and calms me.
 All is quiet and peaceful.

JONATHAN'S INVESTIGATION

FEBRUARY , 19,2009

keys to our nature

This is a picture of the Western Cedar and the Jasper Slough is behind it.



This is a picture of the Jasper Slough and it also shows the Big Leaf Maple.

The Jasper Slough is located in Springfield , Oregon behind Agnes Stewart Middle School. The water in the slough is polluted most of the time. However, you can see tons of birds, turtles, and frogs. Also, my step dad said this, "A slough can be stagnant like the Dead sea." A slough can also become stagnant when an area of water becomes land locked. (Land locked is when there's no inlet or outlet)

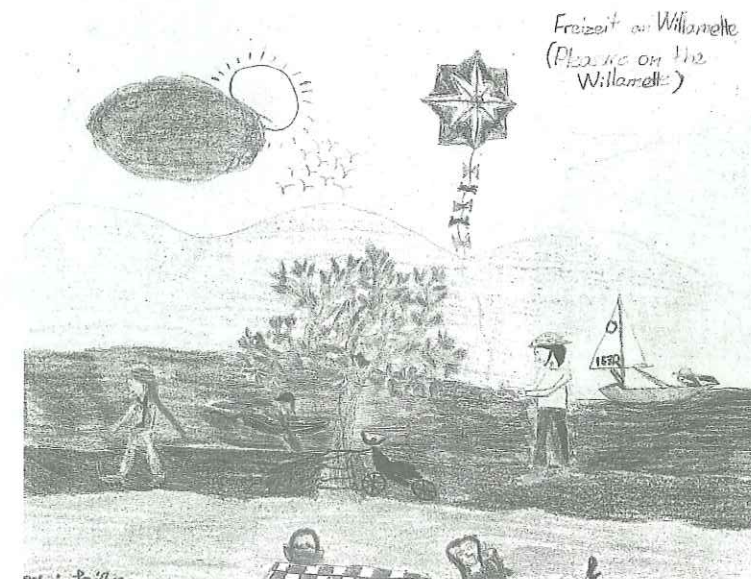
Poem by Jonathan Sosa-Orta
Sometimes at the slough, the sky is gray and blue.
There could be a bird sitting on the log and singing
near by a frog.
In the distance you can hear a slow moving train and
watch the flight of a gray crane.
I watch a playful deer, these are the sounds I enjoy
to hear.

I THANK MY STEP DAD FOR TEACHING ME ALL ABOUT THE JASPER SLOUGH! 1

*Jonathan Sosa, Grade 7
Agnes Stewart Middle School*



*Aries DeYoung, Grade 4
Hoover Elementary*



*Olivia Loibner, Grade 3
Bridlemile Elementary*

Invited Oregon Writers

The authors featured in this section of the anthology were invited to contribute to our publication because of their passion for education and our river. They are people deeply connected to the river through their writing and storytelling.



Photo by Jeffrey Pierce



Photo by Jeffrey Pierce

STEELHEAD ALMOST

by Henry Hughes

Too dark to retie,
they walk fishless over the bridge,
break-down rods and unboot
for the dry drive home.

*Oh well, one man says. That's fishing.
The other doesn't want to talk.
There's a barbecue tomorrow.
If you catch something, she said. That'd be wonderful.*

Following headlights, he feels again
that strike behind the stone—
cherry-blushed chrome, leapsilver and dive.
Then gone. Canyon pouring river,
swallows spading air. The trees shrug
as if nothing happened.

In a hole deeper than sleep,
the steelhead
undulates fragrance and flow,
nudging forward—

three thousand orangey eggs
in her bright sleeve.

A native of Long Island, Henry Hughes has made Oregon his home since 2002. His first collection of poems, *Men Holding Eggs*, received the 2004 Oregon Book Award; his poetry and essays have appeared in *Harvard Review*, *Northwest Review*, and *Seattle Review*. He is currently an Associate Professor of English at Western Oregon University in Monmouth, Oregon.



Photo by Michael Frye



Photo by Michael Frye

River

by Melanie A. Huggett

Mother, today I stood beside you
And listened to your summer song.
Your river's gargled, lilting voice
Talked to me in her mother tongue.

The tiny rapids endless chatter
Rippled 'cross the deeper baritone
Of currents headed seaward,
Water, traveling, headed home.

As the wavelets rippled softly out
And splashed so gently at my feet,
I took deep breaths and listened more,
My whole self feeling quite complete.

I listened to your river song
And to the chorus joining in,
The warming breeze that filled
The leafy treetops, whispering.

The killdeer and the sandling's cries
That echoed glibly in the air
Allowed me comfort in the thought
That I was honored to be there.

And Mother, as I stood there,
Listening to your summer song,
The reverence that filled me deep
Showed to me I was not wrong.

And the beauty of the moment,
Drew forth a single, salty tear,
For as you sang so clearly
It was your love that I could hear.

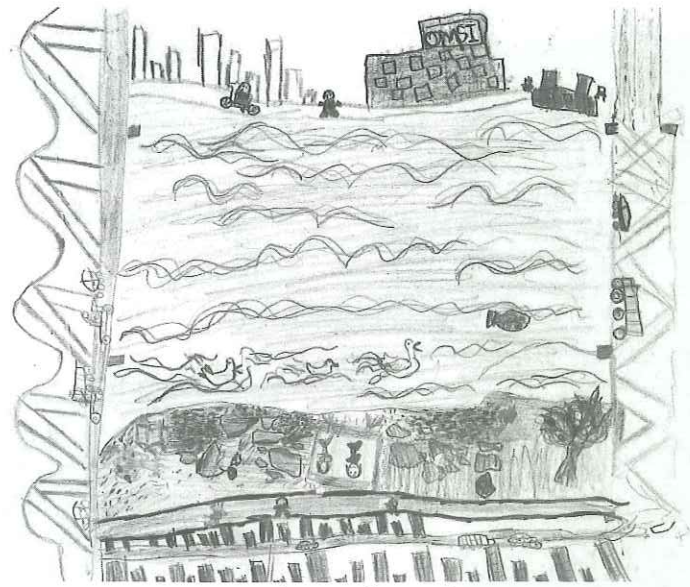
Melanie Huggett was born in England and moved to Oregon in 1987 with her locally-born husband. She has had poetry published in several magazines, both here and in England, and has published a collection of her poems. Melanie spends her days with her horses and in the outdoors, and writes to share the beauty and wonder of our Earth. The poem is from her book, *The Oak Grove*.

Student Work, continued

The Willamette River

*Gabi Sewell, Grade 3
Bridlemile Elementary*

The Willamette River is beautiful. It is purple, blue, turquoise, and also it is green. The river has all sorts of creatures on and in the river. Like fish, ducks, turtles, crabs, plants, clams, and many more! There are also lots of bridges I have only seen two but I think there are lots more. They come in all sorts of shapes and sizes too. On both sides there are many cool places. On one side there is OMSI and the submarine and a walking and biking track. On the other side there is the rocks, ducks, and a few grassy spots with a bench and some trees.



*Gabi Sewell, Grade 3
Bridlemile Elementary*

The River

*Emma Aldrich, Grade 4
Rural Dell Elementary*

The river rushes really fast and nothing can stop it. I can hear the water hitting the rocks. The dog swims in the water. The dog is so happy.

River River

*Andrew Daniels, Grade 4
Rural Dell Elementary*

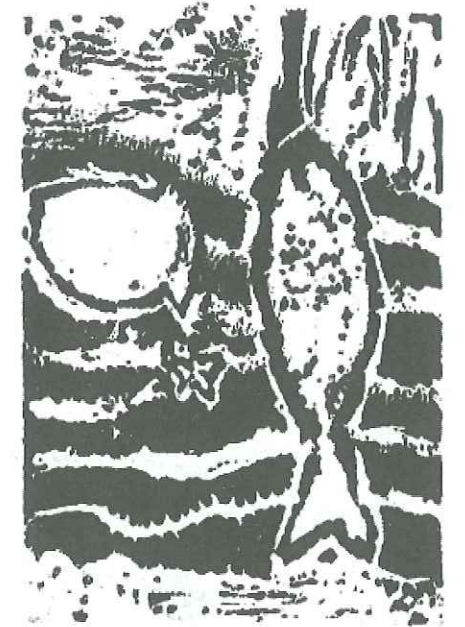
River river what do you see
I see rain drops making ripples on me.

River river what do you see
I see leaves floating on me.

River river what do you see
I see rocks skipping on me.

River river what do you see
I see kids splashing in me.

River river what do you see
I see fish swimming in me.



*Dure Amna, Grade 11
Triangle Lake HS*

Fishing at the Umpqua River

*Kennedy Birley, Grade 4
Rural Dell Elementary*

One day while I was in Roseburg with my Grandma, Grandpa and my family, my Grandpa and I went fishing. This was my very first fishing trip. We didn't catch much but we did catch a small green bass. It was my very first fish that I caught. We had a lot of fun. The fish was too small so we let it go. I was happy that we let the fish go because I didn't want to hurt the little fish. My grandpa showed me all the fishing lures he had in his tackle box, they were so cool.

My grandpa died a few months later. I miss him very much but I'm glad I will always have the memory of him taking me on my first fishing trip and catching my first fish. I wish he was here to see how much I've grown.

The River and Me

*Reid Wandercheid, Grade 4
Rural Dell Elementary*

I sat down by the river. I could hear leaves falling, fish jumping, birds chirping, and the wind blowing. As I walked down by the river the leaves crackled under my feet, one by one, piece by piece. As I sat down on a rock by the river I heard the rocks scratchy crumble. After I sat down I heard my stomach grumble and I knew it was lunch time.

river Wildlife



*Jacob Haller, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*

River

*Kaitlyn Burke, Grade 4
Rural Dell Elementary*

River
Happy, Quiet
Fishing, Wading, Playing
Molalla, Clackamas, Salmon, Trout
Swimming, Jumping, Hiding
Scaly, Slimy
Fish

The River

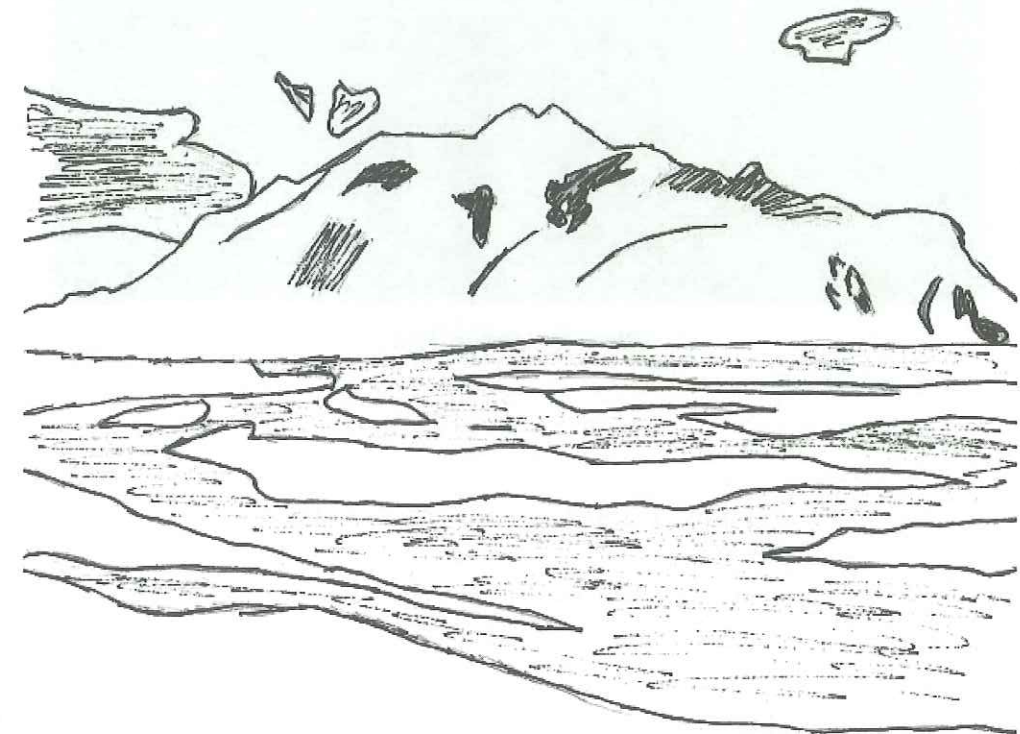
*Abigail Avila, Grade 4
Rural Dell Elementary*

The moon shines like a crystal in the sky.
The waves wash through the rocks.
The wind whispers to me that I am home.

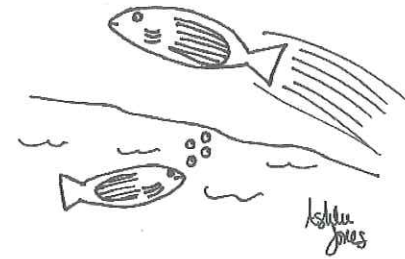
Indus River

*Avinash Sankar, Grade 6
Lake Grove Elementary*

The river that was once in India
But now mostly flows in semiarid plains of
Pakistan
The river that sparked
Some of the greatest
Civilizations
The river covered with history
The river that accepted many
Different cultures
The river that harbors a variety
Of marine animals
The river that runs from
Himalayan glaciers to the salty shores
Of the Arabian Sea
This river has seen it all



*Avinash Sankar, Grade 6
Lake Grove Elementary*



*Ashlee Jones, Grade 11
John F Kennedy HS*



Photo by Michael Frye

The Fish in The River

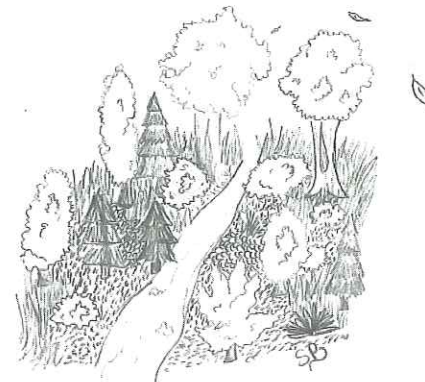
*Brandon Cole, Grade 4
Rural Dell Elementary*

The fish in the river had a problem with their liver. The problem with their liver made the fish quiver and shiver. Because of the garbage that was being delivered.

The River

*Trevor Dodd, Grade 5
Oak Grove Elementary*

The water flows smoothly
Around rocks and over sticks.
The river's cool green fluid soothes
Fish as they swim freely through the calm water.
Ducks ripple the surface,
But the river doesn't care.
It just keeps flowing on and on,
Like they were never there.



*Shylie Paoli, Grade 8
Talmadge Middle School*

My River

*Delaney Campbell, Grade 2
Forest Ridge Elementary*

The Willamette River can be...
Quiet, peaceful, slow or fast,
Flowing down the river.

The Cold River

*Shirley Wong, Grade 5
Oak Grove Elementary*

The cold river,
All frosty and white.
Even though it can't,
It tries to move with all it's might.
Salmon and others can't jump in the air,
Just for them, it seems unfair.
When the time is right,
The plants start to grow.
Our river is back,
And is ready to flow.

A Day on the Willamette

*Alek Showalter, Grade 5
Hoover Elementary*

Our trip began at the boat landing in Peoria Park. My parents and I were in one raft with a guide and two other people. We packed our lunches and watches in waterproof containers, so they would be safe and dry in case our raft turned over or got bumped. We all put on sunscreen and wore hats to protect us from the bright sunlight.

The guide tells us that in this part, the river has slowed down from its faster pace coming from Eugene. It is spreading out to become slower and wider, and its path straighter. Still we must watch out for logs and shallow spots that could catch or damage our raft. This part of the day is fun because the river carries us along at a good pace, and we are all learning how to control the raft with our paddles.

Along the shore we see farms and the pipes that the farmers use to take our water for the crops or drain extra water back into the river.

Soon we see the channels that surround the Upper Kiger and John Smith islands. These channels are big enough only for kayaks or canoes, so we did not try to enter them with our rafts. Here we stopped to explore the area and have a scavenger hunt to learn about the different plants and creatures that live along the river. I found some pine cones, flowers, lots of different twigs and grass, and

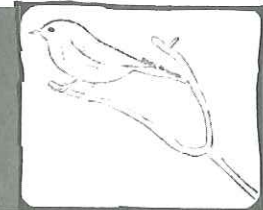
I saw some fish along the shore. Then we returned to the channel, where the faster moving water gave us a chance to play in the current. The adults went downstream in the water so they could catch and help anyone who couldn't stop themselves, and we took turns letting the current sweep us along at high speed. I almost got past the line of parents at once but my mom caught me. It was a struggle for us to get back up to the starting place because along the shore there was a muddy slope with nothing to grab.

After playing in the water for an hour, we were ready to return to continue our trip down the river. This section of the river was slower and more relaxing than the upper parts and we took turns paddling with the oars. Sometimes we had little races with the other rafts, but we were all too tired to paddle too fast for very long. Crystal Lake boat ramp was our destination in south Corvallis. There we took the rafts out of the water and put them on trailers. After arranging and packing our belongings and changing into dry clothes, we were ready to head home.



*Photo by Michael Frye
Convergence*

THE WETLANDS AND THE YELLOW-RUMPED WARBLER



Yellow-Rumped Warbler
sketched from a photo by John Heidecker



The Wetlands

The Wetlands is a beautiful river where animals live and it makes the world a better place.

My ELD class was working on a wetlands project at Agnes Stewart Middle school so my class and I went to the Wetlands to take pictures. I tried to take a picture of the Yellow-Rumped Warbler but I couldn't so I decided to sketch a picture of the bird instead. It was hard but I finally did it. I chose the Yellow-Rumped Warbler because it is one of the most beautiful and most common birds in North America.

The Yellow-Rumped Warbler is a small songbird with a bright yellow rump in all of its feathers. It has patches on the sides of its chest. It's size is 12-14 cm and weighs 12-13 grams. The Yellow-Rumped Warbler is also the only Warbler able to digest the waxes found in bayberries and wax Myrtles.

"Its song is a slow musical trill, usually rising or falling at the end and its call note is a distinctive "chek"" (All about birds).

Beautiful River

Poem by *Itzel Huaracha*

This beautiful river makes a lovely sound. Sometimes even beavers can be found. I can happily jump up and down and will luckily see a bird some where around. While hearing the noisy birds near I always put a smile on my face.

The river needs to be clean and clear to help the world and this beautiful river be a better place.

Bibliography

"All About Birds: Yellow-rumped Warbler" Feb 13th, 2009
http://www.birds.cornell.edu/AllAboutBirds/BirdGuide/Yellow-rumped_Warbler.html#sound

*Itzel Huaracha, Grade 7
Agnes Stewart Middle School*

A River of Idioms

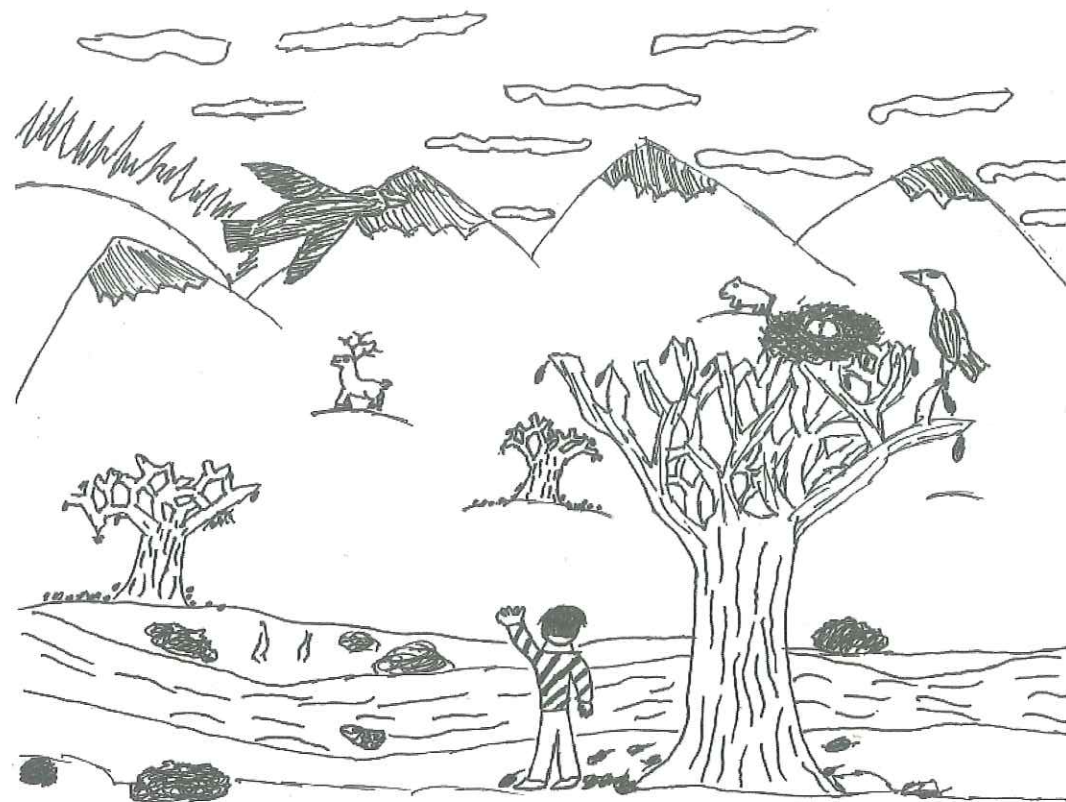
*Zack Ragozzino, Grade 6
Lake Grove Elementary*

I was treading on thin ice when, CRASH! A river of idioms surrounded me. I started to think about past memories. I thought about last week's test and how my grade was very low. I was in hot water with my parents that time.

I also had the memory about the time I wore my Halloween costume to school on Halloween when we had to wear uniforms. I was like a fish out of water that time.

Then I thought about the bully at school who made me spend money like water for him and how I would have to go through fire and water just to get past him. Whenever I was around him I was in deep water and I knew I would have to tread water before I could overcome him.

But as I stare onto the beautiful Willamette River right when the sun sets, and as I gaze at the wonderful sight of these flowing masterpieces, I can see that nothing will stop these rivers from making their path and nothing will stop me from making my path. There may be bullies and embarrassing moments on the way, but it won't stop me from moving on. These things might slow me down, they might even pull me into another direction, but I know that I will never stop my path and that I will always end up back on the right path. It's like the old saying, you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink it.



*Alan Venegas, Grade 10
John F Kennedy HS*



*Kyle Vaughn, Grade 12
Triangle Lake HS*

The River

*Cheree Pelkey, Grade 8
Harrisburg Middle School*

I hear the rush of it. I hear the local people of Harrisburg Oregon, swimming and enjoying it in the summer. I see the fish that jump out of it and the life that lives around it, the trees bushes and birds.

I see the Willamette River. The river has carried these stones, the stones that let us go down and enjoy her, the stones that Mother Nature has brought us to enjoy. Maybe one day she may take those stones away from her river, to bring them back another day for generations after us to have. When winter comes around I see the people come a little less. She brings storms to us. Storms that take and leave new things for the local people to discover at her river's shore.

Sometimes I think of what could happen to her river. Some people don't know, don't care, and don't think about this. But I do. Is it real? Is it happening this very moment? What is the cause of it? What is it called? What can we do to stop it? I don't know if it is real, but if it is, it IS happening this very moment. The cause is multiple things. It is called pollution and global warming. Our cars and our trash are part of it. It could dry up our rivers, our oceans, our rain clouds. We can do everything to stop it except do nothing.

What if that happens to Mother Nature's river that she is sharing with us? Could she take it back? Yes she can. We need to take care of this beautiful river that she has given us. This river. This beautiful river. This beautiful rushing river. This river I enjoy so much and I know other people do too. This ancient river that will always be here, next to our houses, our bridge. This river I see almost every day. I love this river and I have made a lot of memories here, with friends and family. This river that I hope I will be around for a long time. This river that I hold dear to my heart. This river. The Willamette River.

Wally Bee Island

Gerard Pepin, Grade 5
Oak Grove Elementary

Wally Bee Island: A name given to the island I and 15 other people "discovered" in a class rafting trip on the Willamette River. From upriver, it looked more like a rock pile. On getting there, it was surrounded by small rapids. The island's topography was mostly rock, but the other part was riparian plants and scrub bushes. The island had been flooded once, because there was a large watermark.

Two spawning pools were on the outer edge of the island. One pool, the largest, was home to an endangered fish, the other was holding algae. The fish on the island looked like a hybrid of an eel and a fish. Other wildlife included some kingfishers and a heron. The pools were off-limits to let the species grow, an example of conservation. The island was completely clean, no fake balancing rocks, no litter, and no graffiti. This can be an example for our state to keep our parks and rivers like this island, completely clean.

In the tributary leading from the island our raft got wedged. We learned that ferries used to run a service through there and the rest of the river. Imagine what the passage would be like to get an entire ferry through! In the old days tree stumps called snags were hidden under the water like land mines. Boats were always crashing so ferry service was stopped to clear the stumps by using many methods, including blowing them up. I saw a car-sized stump, hidden for ages. What would a past 10-year old think about the island looking at it from a ferry? Buried treasure? Pirates? Now what would a future 10-year old want to call the island? A future person would probably mark it for development, as well as the river, because of land shortage. That's not the idea. We should preserve our river for future generations.



Gerard Pepin, Grade 5
John F Kennedy HS

Trees

This Big Leaf Maple and Western Cedar live around the Jasper Pond and Jasper Slough in Springfield, Oregon.

Big Leaf Maple

The Big Leaf Maple has a big leaf and its usually found in Western Canada where there is enough water. The Big Leaf Maple is popular in the Northwest woodland.

Some birds make their nests in the Big Leaf Maple to hide out. The Big Leaf Maple has a common name its called Acer Macrophyllum.



Photos by: Kai Gampon

The trunk of a Big Leaf Maple by the Jasper Pond.

Western Cedar

Western Cedar is also called Thuja Plicata. They actually called it Western Red Cedar, The cones are slender, 15-20 mm long. Western Cedar is an evergreen so it doesn't lose its leaves. It has a fresh smell.

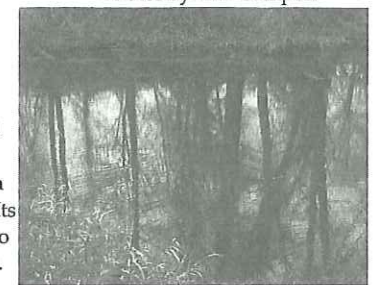


Photos by: Kai Gampon

Our science teacher planted this Western Cedar. Its native to Oregon.

Jasper Slough

The Jasper Slough is a slough in Springfield, Oregon. There are a lot of frogs, turtles and fish living in Jasper Slough.



Photos by: Kai Gampon

Photos by: Kai



Kai Gampon, Grade 7
Agnes Stewart Middle School

Me And The River

*Kate Bakken, Grade 2
Yolanda Elementary*

Ever since I was a little girl, my dad has shared his love of the river with me. I feel lucky that the river is right down the street from my house. I have been able to walk, ride my trike, bike or scooter there for the first eight years of my life. Me and my dad always seem to find something new to see and do when we go to the river.

Whenever we go down to the river, we see tons of animals. We have seen snakes, ospreys, bald eagles, ducks, deer, turkey vultures and kingfishers. We have also discovered a sneaky, orange fox living in the field by the river! We see her mostly in the evening, hunting for food. Once, when I was three, we even ran into a gross, smelly, dead raccoon! It was weird because there were ugly vultures waiting in the trees for us to walk away. It was funny, because I said, "Eew, dead raccoon" in a voice that sounded like I was holding my nose! I wonder if I will ever get to see a bear at the river?

As long as I can remember, my dad has loved the river more than anyone I know (especially when he catches a fish). My dad teaches me tons of things on our trips to the river. He even taught me how to row our drift boat. I'm getting good at rowing backward but I am still dreadful at rowing forward. When we go down to the river, I love to fly fish. Dad taught me now to cast and now I can fish with him. One time I even caught the first fish of the day! On a very hot day last summer, I used a float tube tied to my dad! I sat with my legs in the icy water, ate snacks and watched the river, while my dad fished. That taught me a great way to keep cool on a hot day! A few times in each summer, I go down and swim in the river! I look for fish under the water with my goggles and when I see one, I tell my dad where to cast. My dad and I make a good team!

We go to the river all year round! In the fall, we pick yummy blackberries and wild hops. In winter, we walk in the snow, throw snowballs into the water and watch them float away. In spring, we pick flowers and watch the caddis flies hop along the water. In summer, we spend our time swimming and fishing. No matter what the season, me and my dad go to our super secret fishing spot. But that's all

I will say about that! Hey, I said super secret didn't I?

Something that doesn't make me so happy when we visit the river is the litter. Some people think they can just dump their trash there. I have seen tents, furniture, coffee cups and beer bottles dumped at the river. I wish everyone would help to keep the river clean.

That means, pick up your trash!

When I was little, I would always try to get wet at the river! I also loved to play with snails and bugs! Now that I am older, I explore the shore, read to myself and skip rocks. When I grow up and have kids of my own, I will bring them down to the river and teach them all the stuff I know. There are many, but not all, of the reasons I love the river! In the future, I know I will find even more reasons to visit and love the river in my own backyard.

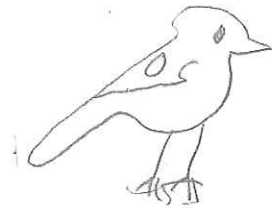


*Kate Bakken, Grade 2
Yolanda Elementary*

Ripples & Eddies

I watch the water crackle down the spine of the river

- Sydney Downey, Grade 5, Cloverdale Elementary



*Kimberly Candland, Grade 2
Forest Park Elementary*

I hung my feet over what I thought was the water
but looked as muggy and black as ink
no reflection
no fish

... I think the only clear water that was going into that
river
was my tears that day
lots and lots of tears...

- Tiare Fauria, Grade 8, Parkrose Middle School

The river is like a lovely swan, gliding around rocks and pebbles.
The river is a beautiful creation, oh how it swirls.
Filled to the brim with mucky earth shows just how natural it is.
The river is home to many a type of fish.
The river is like streamers hanging off of a doorway,
Leaping off of the waterfalls.
The river is giving life and water to you.

- Cole Theobald, Grade 4, Hoover Elementary

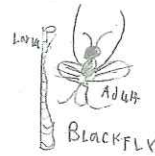
When the leaves fall in the water, it makes a soft tapping
noise like rain on a roof.

- Eve Selbie, Grade 3, Skyline School

I see the crested river.
I close my eyes.
My dreams come true.

~ Jalyssa Lindekugel, Grade 2, Chapman Hill Elementary

Lexi Ronning, Grade 2
Forest Park Elementary



During a flood, the calm Willamette will show its wild side
and take everyone by surprise.

~ Zachary Kurilo, Grade 4, Forest Park Elementary



Photo by Michael Frye

So big I'll remember the river when I die.

~ Aimee Egbert, Grade 2, Chapman Hill Elementary

The waterfall comes down like a shower of salmon.

~ Lizzy Seare, Grade 2, Chapman Hill Elementary

The stream sparkles as the diamond that glows,
it shimmers like the eyes of a fox.

~ Mikayla Foster, Grade 2, Chapman Hill Elementary



Lexi Ronning, Grade 2
Forest Park Elementary

Trees
Looming over the river like giant wooden soldiers
protecting it from pollution

~ Sammy Gold, Grade 3, Forest Park Elementary

Inside sand and dirt wash carelessly away
like a hand wiping away tears

~ Rebecca Reynolds, Grade 4, Forest Park Elementary

The river flows peacefully,
Laughing as it goes.
Tripping, slipping, sliding,
Everywhere it flows.

~ Susannah Cassell, Grade 7, Talmadge Middle School

My river has the peace and quiet that everyone can enjoy.

- *Elsa Batten, Grade 3, Bridlemile Elementary*

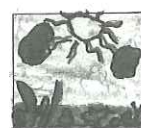
River oh River
I like the sound,
The sound of the water
in the river

- *Spencer Boeckel, Grade 4, Rural Dell Elementary*

The river holds a gentle current,
like a piano filled with music.

It flows on towards an ocean
Like notes course through a song.

- *Claire Lee, Grade 4, Forest Park Elementary*



*Lyndan Bliss, Grade 3
Forest Park Elementary*

People blindly pollute the river unaware of the great
beauty they are destroying.

On the banks, people clean the river feeling good
that they are changing the world.

- *Riley Wilson, Grade 4, Forest Park Elementary*



A blanket of stars fills the shadowy sky,
making the river sparkle

- *Alisha Zhao, Grade 4, Forest Park Elementary*

BECOME A PUBLISHED AUTHOR

HONORING OUR RIVER:

A STUDENT ANTHOLOGY



"The river is a slithering serpent, winding in rock caves and crevices. . ."

Sean Harlan 10th grade



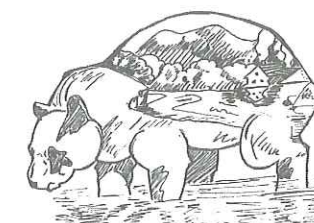
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THE WILLAMETTE RIVER WATERSHED...AND AROUND THE
WORLD!

DESIGNED TO NURTURE RESPECT & APPRECIATION FOR THE
WATER, LAND, PLANTS, ANIMALS & HABITATS THAT MAKE UP
THIS BEAUTIFUL AND FRAGILE RIVER SYSTEM.



Ashley Swartwout
8th grade 2004

*"I know that long ago an Indian boy walked on the banks of the
Willamette River.*

He thought that it was the most beautiful river he had ever seen."

Connor Webber
Kindergarten 2002

HONORING OUR RIVER: THE DETAILS

MANUSCRIPT & ARTWORK GUIDELINES

- Written work must be typed (double-spaced) or printed clearly. 3 pages max.
- Artwork: B&W only, camera ready, 8.5x11" max.
- One entry per student
- Check spelling & punctuation carefully
- Keep a copy of your work. It will not be returned

- Free copies of the anthology will be mailed to all selected contributors and participating schools
- Foreign language entries with English translation are strongly encouraged

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Toolkits include educational information on the Willamette River Watershed, a copy of the Willamette Legacy video and a previous edition of Honoring Our River.
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Please submit your work along with this completed application form to:

Honoring Our River, 4985 Battlecreek Rd SE #200, Salem, OR 97302

Entrant's Name _____ Year(K-College) _____ Check here if teacher _____

School _____ Instructor's Name _____

School Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

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If you want updates & resource tips, please provide your email address _____

Title of your submitted work: _____

I certify that this is my own original idea and work (student's signature) _____

I am satisfied that this is an original work (instructor's signature) _____

DEADLINE: entries must be postmarked by February 28, 2010

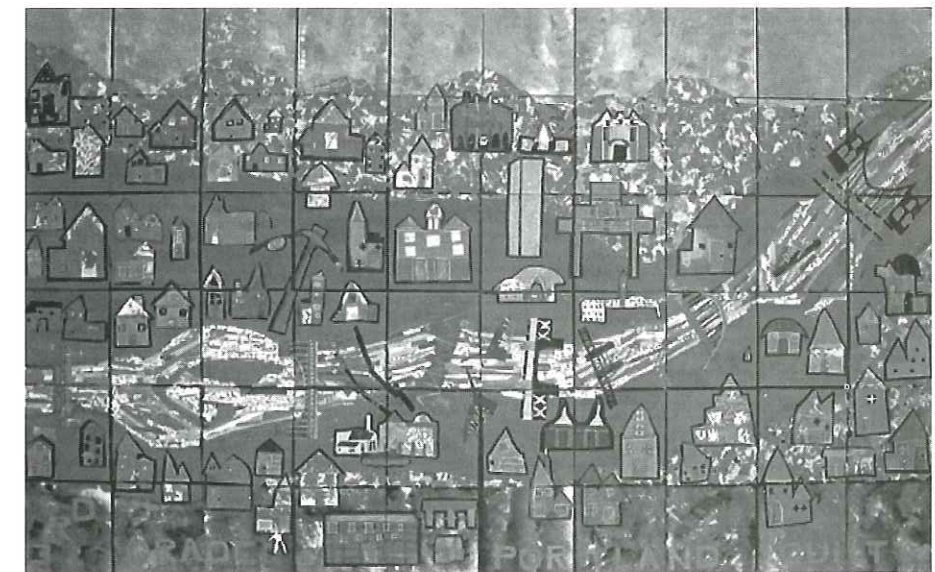
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- poetry essay fiction
 my artwork is included artwork only
 foreign language with translation

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The Portland Quilt, Grade 3
Abernethy Elementary



a rapidly winding snake, stretching for miles. It also calms people. We crown the earth with our structures and trash. It keeps fish from drying out. Everything is moving. Ricocheting off the earth. The river is the oceans daughter, helping with chores. So hurry, my river, become true. What would I do without this stream? I wonder as I drift into a dreadful dream about all these fish who'll end up on a dish. The salmon swim free, like feathers flying in the wind. Do you know how hard it is for a salmon to get upstream? It's very hard. Splish splash trickle and kaplog is the sound of a happy river. The river sounds like birds in the woods. Little kids get the joy of running with their little legs and screaming with such joy that they fall down and laugh until they can laugh no more. The flowing river you run within me. The river is