

HONORING OUR RIVERS

ISSUE 19

AN ANTHOLOGY OF STUDENT
ART & WRITING CELEBRATING
OREGON'S WATERSHEDS

Straub Outdoors proud to present the outstanding student artwork and writing in this issue of the *Honoring Our Rivers* anthology celebrating Oregon's watersheds.

Submissions were juried and selected by representatives from our Education Team, Board of Directors, Future Forward youth leaders, program participants, and community partners. The featured students represent a range of ages and geographic areas in our state. All submitted artwork and writing illustrates creativity, individuality, and a sense of environmental stewardship.

The theme for this issue of the anthology was "Envisioning Our Watersheds: Present and Future." The students were asked to consider the following questions:

What do you think our watersheds will look like in 25 years? In 50 years? Will there be clean rivers surrounded by healthy forests and abundant native wildlife? What steps can we take to ensure this future?

The theme draws attention to the future of Oregon's natural resources and how we can conserve and protect them. We encouraged students to express what they think our state's ecosystems will look like in the future.



ABOUT THE ANTHOLOGY

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

Honoring Our Rivers is an Oregon-based anthology of student writing and artwork that is uniquely focused on watersheds and connects the arts, education and the environment. Learn more at HonoringOurRivers.org.



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Front Cover..... Evelyn Eggers
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“The Belted Kingfisher” by Liam Anderson, Grade 1

The Diamond

The river shines like a diamond.
It waves like the ocean.
The river is lots of things,
But most of all it is a home for all the water creatures.

El Diamante

El río brilla como un diamante.
Ola como el océano.
El río es muchas cosas,
Pero sobre todo es un casa para todas las criaturas del agua.

Autumn Cove, Grade 2



"The Mussel" by Avery Carvey, Kindergarten



"Water Can Be..." Caden Reedy, Grade 7

My Friend the River

My dear friend the river,
the river is my friend.
We play all day
'til the day is at its end.
When I come back,
the sky is wet and grey
there's trash everywhere
I am dismayed.
I go to see where it came from,
It came from the sewage pipe,
it was dark and grey.
I cleaned up the trash and
you were no longer dark and grey.
You were crystal clear
And now we can play.

Ava Thomas, Grade 4

Futuristic Watershed

Clean and beautiful waters in 2019, no one knows, but in 2039,

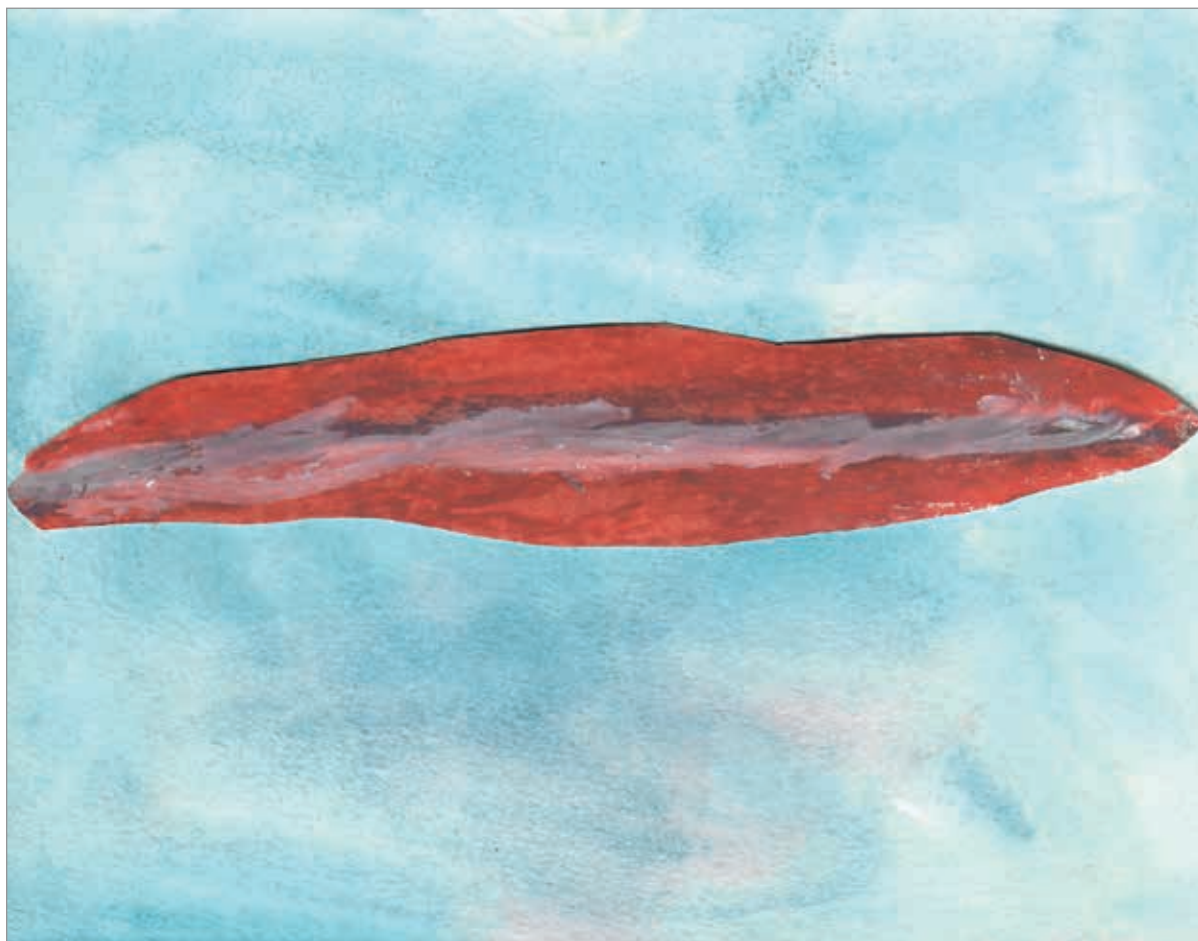
watershed will be polluted and murky,

It will be impossible for plants and animals to live,

once People can't get clean water and fish,

Oregon will be an abandoned place.

Ben Rasmusson, Grade 4



"The Red Ribbon Worm" by Blake Weinberg, Kindergarten



"The River's Wisdom," Lee Marsh, Grade 2

Streams

Water rushing, seeming like
it will never end
coming down from the mountaintop.

Fish huddling together
to stay away from their enemies,
bears and wolves and any other
animal you can think of.

Children playing together
Washing themselves and playing some more
in the diamond colored stream

Oh, the beautiful, beautiful stream.

Grant Eliason, Grade 2

Multnomah Falls

As I stand on Multnomah Falls bridge
I look down and see goldfish jumping in a pond
Graceful birds fly over my head
The busy bees buz, buz, buz
And colorful hummingbirds hum, hum, hum
All day long.

Cataratas Multnomah

Estoy parado en el Puente de las cataratas de Multnomah
Miro abajo y veo pez de colores saltando en un estanque.
Pájaros elegante vuelan sobre mi cabeza
Las abejas ocupadas “buz, buz, buz
Ycolibries lleno de color hum, hum, hum
Todo el día.

Charlotte Dauz, Grade 2



"Multnomah Falls," Charlotte Daux, Grade 2



"The River Waits," Evelyn Eggers, Grade 4

The River in Kahneeta

The river in Kahneeta is a beautiful place to be,
With fish leaping gracefully in and out of the glitter water.
The trees swaying gently in the morning breeze.
Reflecting off of the crystal, clear water,
The trees look like little dots of paint that someone
deliberately painted on the river.

The river in Kahneeta is a lovely river to sit by
Birds sing, so peaceful,
The water rushes, so graceful.
So when you go to the river in Kahneeta,
Just stop for a moment and appreciate the beauty
That Mother Earth created, when you go to the river in Kahneeta.

El río en Kahneeta

El río en Kahneeta es un hermoso lugar para estar,
Con peces saltando con gracia dentro y fuera del agua brillante.
Los árboles meciéndose suavemente en la brisa de la mañana.
Reflejándose del agua más claro,
Los árboles parecen pequeños puntos de pintura que alguien
pintó deliberadamente en el río.

El río en Kahneeta es un río preciosa para sentarse
Los pájaros cantan, tan tranquilos,
El agua corre, tan Graciosa.
Así que cuando vas al río en Kahneeta,
Pararse un momento y aprecia la belleza
que Madre Tierra creó, cuando vas al rio en Kahneeta.

Gretchen Linderkamp, Grade 3

Seasons of Sunriver

A winters string takes hold,
As we sink into the depths of the woods.
Branches hold blankets of snow,
A white forest in a black starry night.
Lamps and fires flicker in the homes
Of all who come to share this cold...
That brings in warmth.

Blossoms jump from earth's wet soil.
The trees shake off the sun's frozen tiers,
Rising from slumber.
Animals run to greet the morning,
Who cling at the orange blossom sky.
And the sun unveils his cloak,
To smile down at earth.

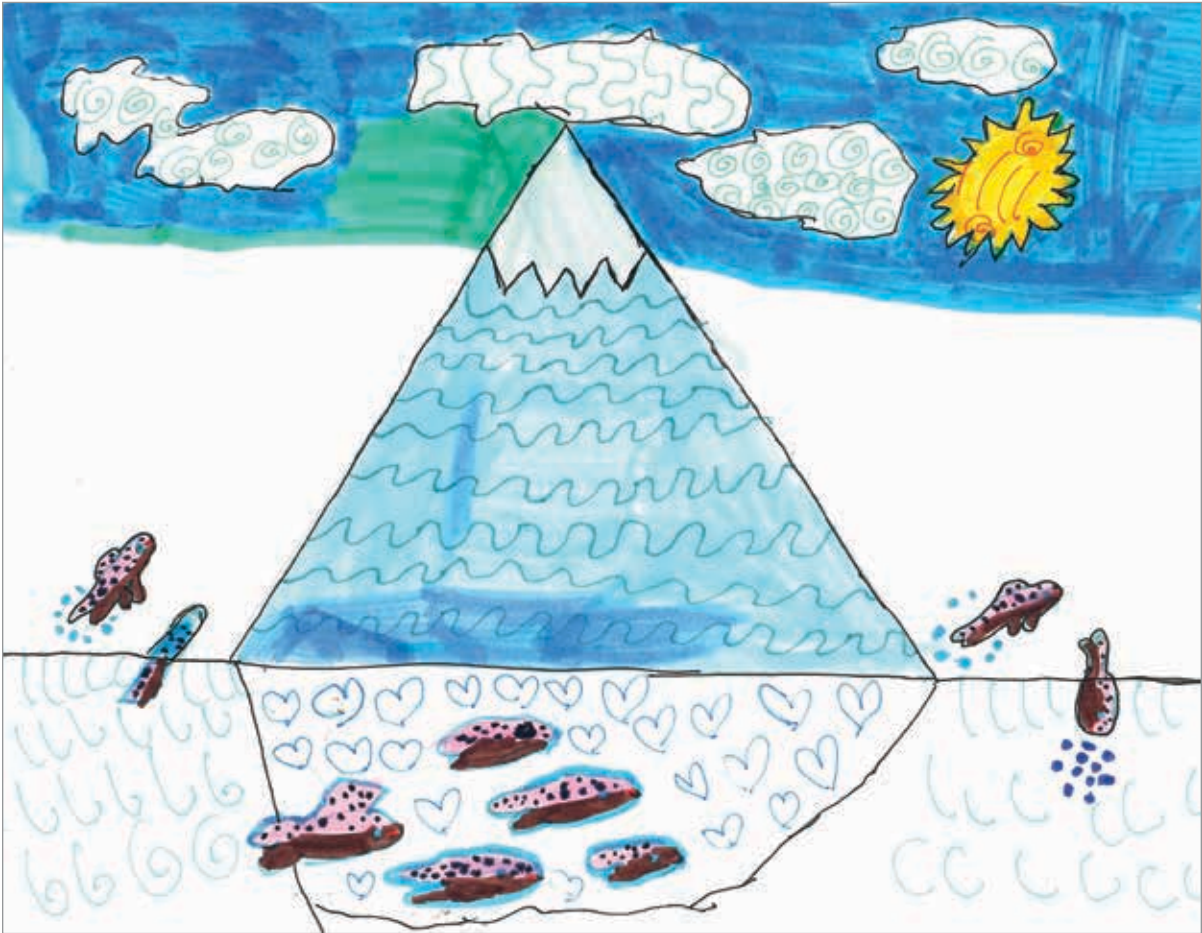
Beams of heat shoot down
As the blazing sun erupts.
Ripples of water spring to the edge of the pool,
Only to be sent off the corner of the earth.
I stroke through the water,
which splashes like the sea.

Colors coat the ground like paint on a canvas
As the woods make their nest.
I leave my memories behind,
The trees of the woods wave farewell.
And I wave back, as I slip,
from Sunriver's grasp.

Hanna Rose Layton, Grade 7



Beatrix, Grade 6 | Straub Outdoors Summer Camp



"Flowing Water," Lucia Cabrera, Grade 1

Crater Lake

You are as gentle
and kind as a drop of water
you have the freshest water in the world

People think you are wanting to stay
the way you originally were

You have one of the most beautiful
Depression Lodges
of the depression that happened years ago.

You have so much pumice
so much promise

An odd lake
you have no rivers
originally you were filled by the rain

You have a lot of sightseeing sights

How would fish rain out of the sky?
good question
They're too heavy

Jaren Feuz-Krumm, Grade 2

Dunawi Creek

Dunawi creek park, a natural beauty of Corvallis. Looking around, there's not a lot that stands out, but that's the beauty of nature. It doesn't have to be flashy or bright or modified by humans to take your breath away. The small amounts of the area that have been altered are not large; it's planners must have understood the real reason people would come here: to be surrounded by nature. There is more to this place than just aesthetics, though. You could not capture its full essence with just a camera. Not to say that it's not gorgeous, though. The millions of different yet complimentary greens create a gorgeous scene. I have never seen colors more spectacular. The subtle hints of autumn creeping in on the leaves' edges, the dark, murky clue of the unmoving brook, the sudden fade from ground to sky: that is part of what makes Dunawi Creek so beautiful; nay, what makes life so beautiful. You have to be there, really experience and be in the nature to understand it. First, the aroma; unmistakably alive. To see it is not enough, but to smell the life and flourishing plants is to be in complete serenity. It is something humans are simply drawn to. It brings a sense of peace and an ability to just be, exist purely. As you walk through the trees and brush, your ankles are tickled by the shrubs and fallen branches, almost in an affectionate way, as if the trees are welcoming you playfully into their home; as if to say, "Stay a little longer." In other words, Dunawi Creek is a welcoming place where everything can simply belong.

Jasper Dawson, Grade 7



"Untitled," Mason Ford, Grade 5



"The Happy Salmon," Flynn Gorman, Grade 3

The River

I rush over the rocks
beings live in my depths
I splash, swirl, whirl
I am a river.

Zach Brown, Grade 2

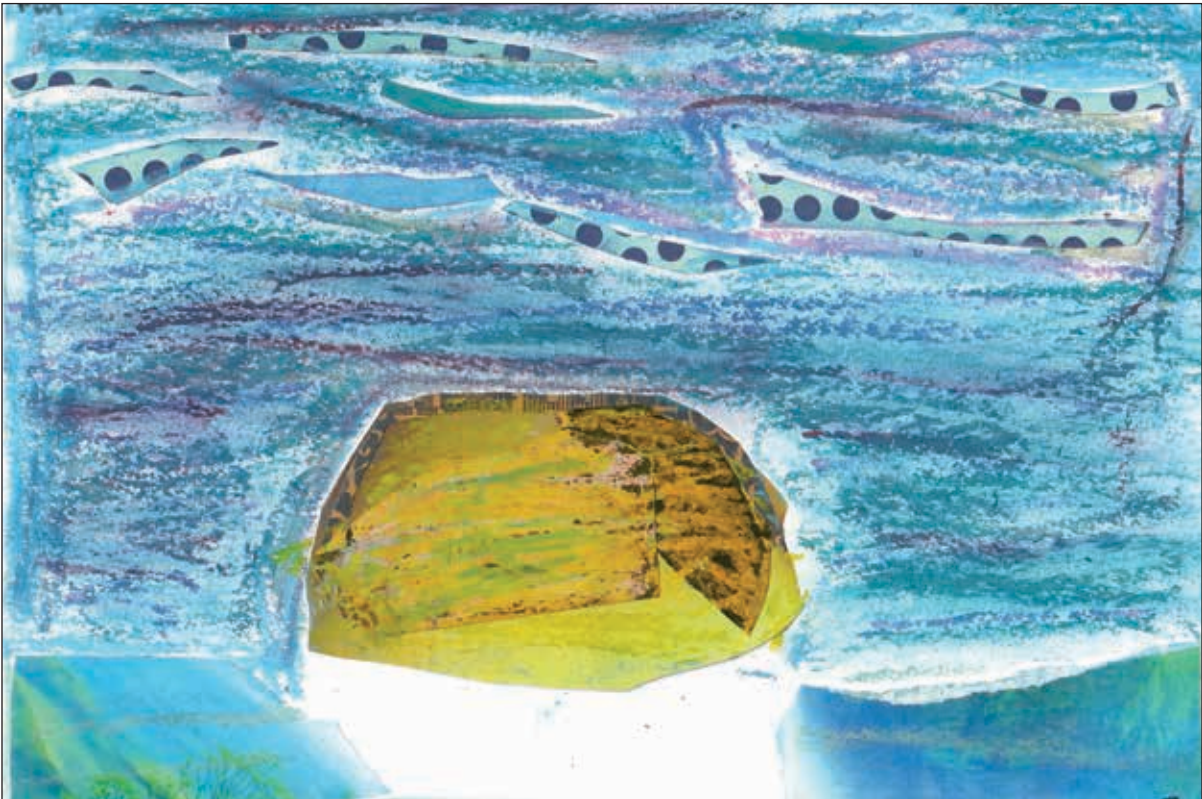
Ocean

CRASH, CRASH
I hear waves crashing
Against the rocky shore
Sand squishes in between my toes
As her friendly waves engulf me
Into her gentle arms
Up and down, up and down
Now I see things from a dolphin's point of view
Gripping onto a reed
Now I see things from a sea horse's point of view
I have seen many creatures
of the deep
I must go on,
Go to a nice cozy house by the ocean

Leila Holland, Grade 4



Miahi, Grade 4 | Straub Outdoors Eco Explorers Program



"Untitled," Fox Guenther, Grade 3

Life of a Raindrop

I stand, waiting for my time. It is coming. I take a deep breath and jump. Falling, and falling, the blue sky shines in the sunlight, and as I fall, my crisp, icy jacket melts away. Vibrant colors of the autumn trees come into view. The crisp oranges, the blood reds, the cheery yellows. I get closer to one and more things come into view. A vast, flowing river. Then, as I look to where it's flowing from, I see a whole new side to the river. Slow moving, gentle and calm. Just like animals and humans. I hit the leaf, and roll off it into the river. I become one with the river, and flow down it. It's just like life. It can be slow moving and gentle, or it can be fast paced and exciting. I flow into the open ocean, the vibrant greens and blues enveloping me. Then I rise up, up and up, prepare for my next adventure.

Me paro, esperando mi tiempo. Está viniendo. Respiro hondo y salto. Cayendo y cayendo, el cielo azul brilla a la luz del sol, y cuando caigo, mi chaqueta crujiente y helada se derrite. Los colores vibrantes de los árboles otoñales están a la vista. Las naranjas crujientes, los rojos sangre, los amarillos alegres. Me acerco a una y más cosas salen a la vista. Un vasto río que fluye. Luego, cuando miro hacia donde fluye, veo un lado completamente nuevo hacia el río. Movimiento lento, suave y tranquilo. Al igual que los animales y los seres humanos. Golpeé la hoja, y la arrojé al río. Me vuelvo uno con el río, y fluyo lo hice. Es como la vida. Puede ser lento y suave, o puede ser rápido y emocionante. Fluyo hacia el océano abierto, los verdes y azules vibrantes me envuelven. Luego me levanto, me levanto y me preparo para mi próxima aventura.

Pablo Garcia, Grade 7

10 ways of looking at a tree

Among one cold forest
The only things moving
Are the leaves of a tree

I was of two minds
Thinking about the future
And thinking about the past

The leaves whirled in the winter winds
It was a small part of the world
but still big

A man and a woman
Are one
A man and woman and a tree are one

I do not know which to prefer
The beauty of your bark
Or the elegance of your roots

Icicles filled the long tree
To which your shadows fill me with fear
Traced in the shadows
Was a chipmunk

looking into Oregon
All I see is your standing army
Protecting us from the wind

giving us air
And in the country where the trees live
Where the butterfly's land
twisted vines in the roots
Of the earth

I find a leaf of many colors
to which I may one day
Return to

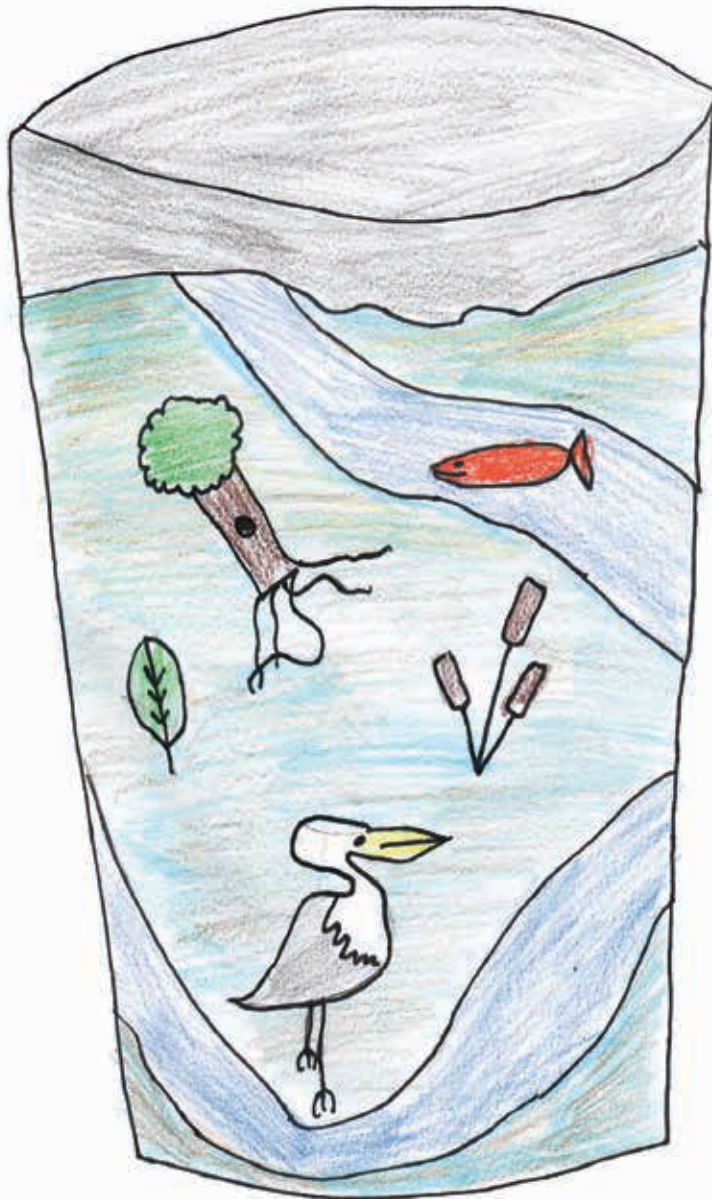
But I cannot imagine this world without
you
To your roots that spread through the
ground
like a salmon needing water
I hope it doesn't end
But I need the help of many
To get to this.

Lucy Price, Grade 8



Aria, Grade 5 | Straub Outdoor School

"Thousands have lived without love, not
one without water." ~ W.H. Auden



"Glass Half Full," Lauren Gilman, Grade 7

I am the River

I am the river. I have been here for hundreds of years. I am the Willamette. I have been around long enough to memorize the feel of every rock within my grasp, memorize the life cycles of the rise and fall of trees. I was lonely at first, with only the sounds of the rain pittering and pattering to comfort me. I've made some friends over the course of the centuries. There are joyful hellos and sorrowful good-byes, but someone is always there at my side. They have been here before, and they still will come, part of the rhythm of time. I have been lonely through the months of winter. At that time, my friend the Deer comes to forage for berries and drink from my cold streams. I have seen him grow, and have seen his children. The process goes on. It's sad, but it is the way of nature. In springtime, my streams water the land, spreading the gift of life to plants and animals alike. In that time, I can feel the frigid water of melted snow as it brings to life a new season. In the summer, I get people, swimming relaxing in my warm waters, I feel dragging sticks and leaves, leaving their tiny wakes. And the fall! The graceful ballet of leaves pirouetting through the air. The colors are always stunning. I don't even mind carrying a few permanent friends. No matter how good your friends are, they always move on. It can get boring, too. And some of the people who come here thoughtlessly pollute my waters with trash, plastics, and garbage. Not all of them are bad, but they should reconsider. I have always been serene, except for a few occasional floods to get ready for the seasons of spring and summer, ready for action. I am the streams that feed the ground, the Earth. I am peaceful, slow and long. I am the Willamette. I am the river.

Jonny Junkins, Grade 6

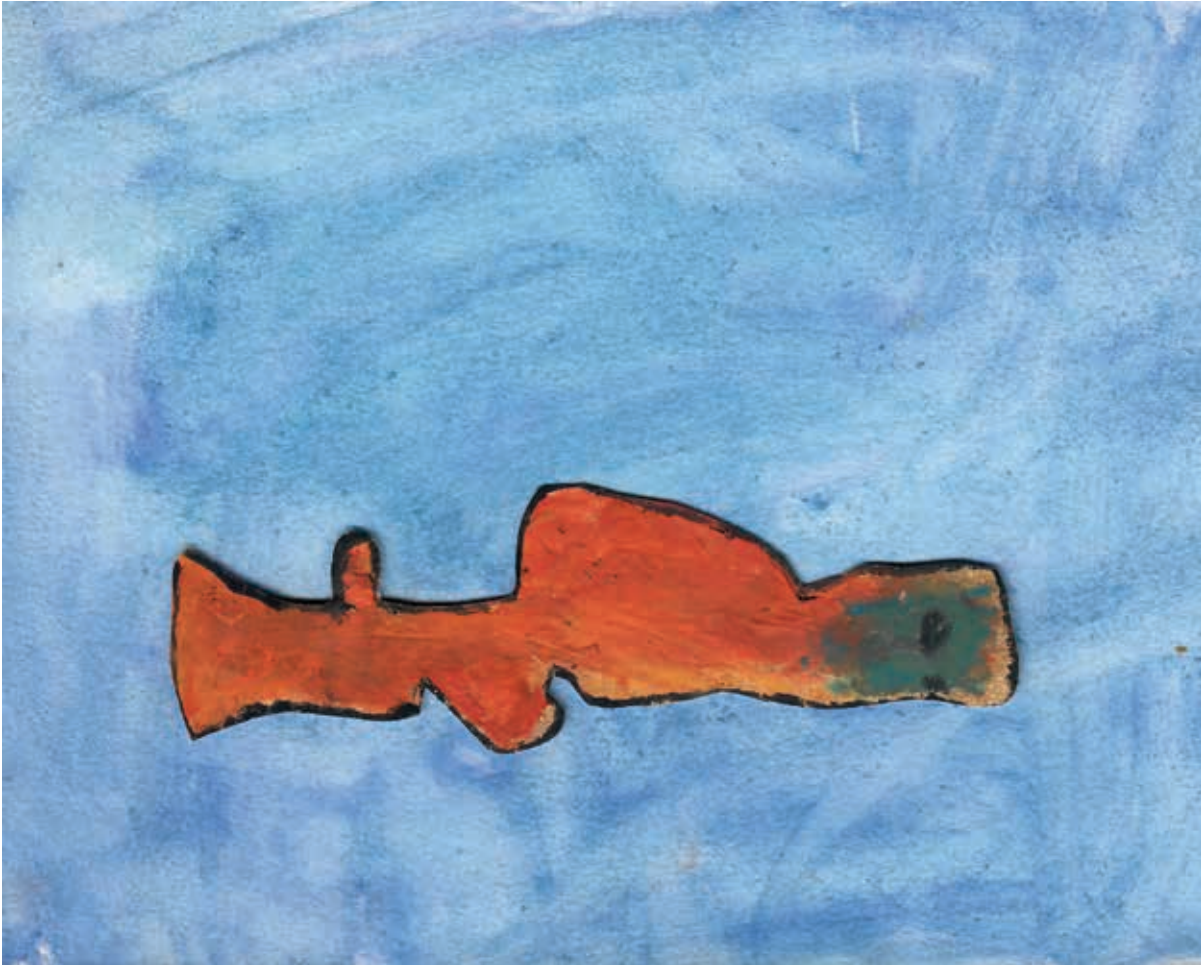
Sludge, Dust, and Hope

In fifty years, a long time later,
I would expect sludge to be common in the waters.
Fish would find nowhere to live peacefully without harm,
For in the rivers there will always be tar.
You may hope, but that isn't a good helper,
Because if you don't take risks, you can't create a future.
So stop dreaming, get up and help,
To clean away the trash and clean away the kelp.
If we do that, it would be better I bet,
The rivers and the waters will be clean and no one will regret.
I want to tell everyone to get up and clean,
To take away climate change,
The world will finally be in peace.

Luna Han, Grade 5



"The Recycled Fish," Riley Norrington, Grade 4



"Sockeye Salmon," Cooper Russell, Kindergarten

Fish in the future

Fish swimming
Rapidly down stream
Some dying
Some eating trash
Some swim gracefully
Some swim fiercely
Some get caught
Some swim free
Some spawn
Some don't
Some make it back
Some don't

Mason Ford, Grade 5

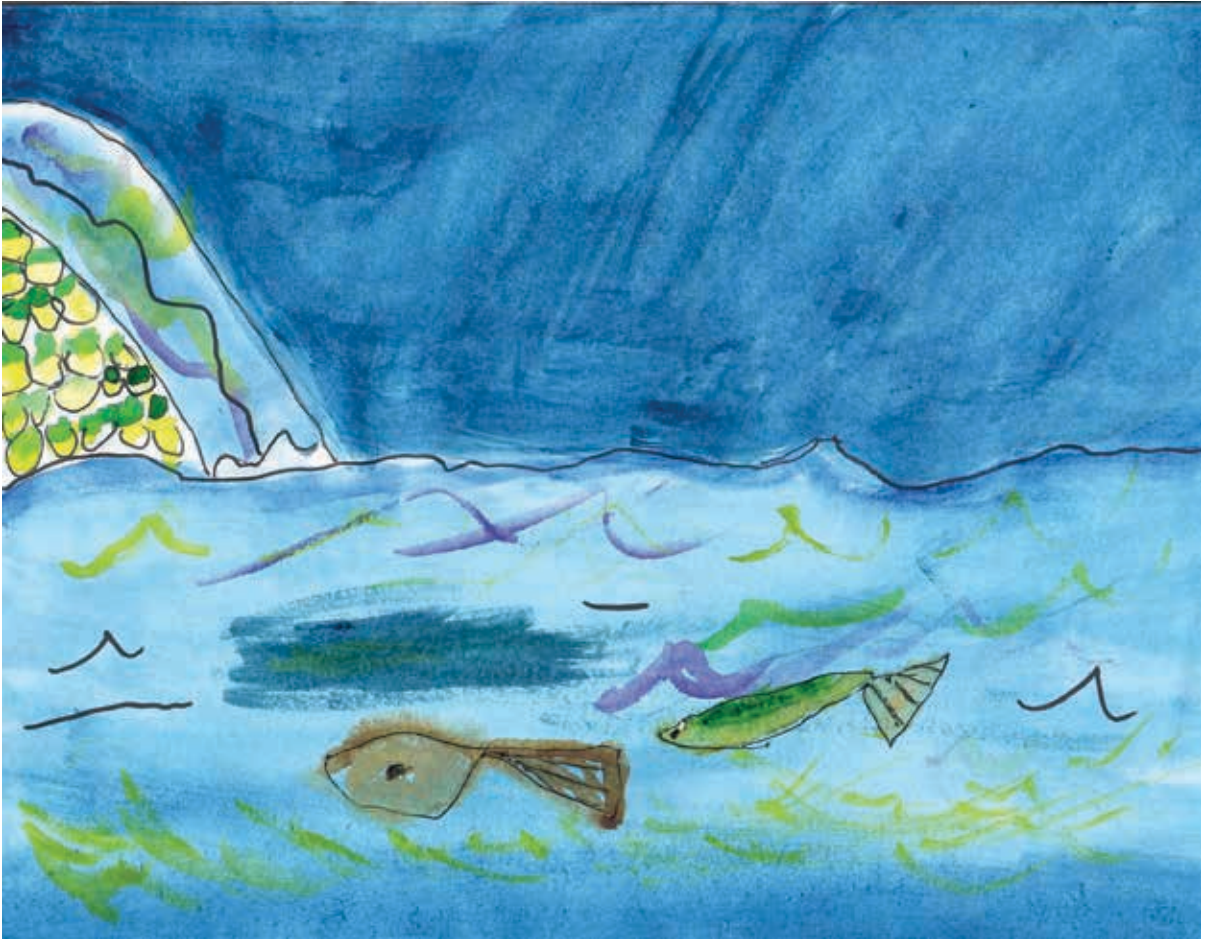
The Journey Home

Green salmon leaping
Determined to reach the sea.
Swimming through obstacles
Excited to see the estuary
Then swim in the salty ocean
Joyful to lay eggs in their birth river.

Korean Transliteration

nogsaeg yeon-eo ttwieo neomgi
bada-e dochaghagilo gyeoljeonghaess-
seubnida.
jang-aemul-eul tonghan suyeong
gang-eogwileulbogo heungbun
geuleon da-eum jjan bada-eseo suyeong-
hasibsio
geudeul-ui chulsaeng gang-e al-eul
nahneun geos-i jeulgeobseubnida.

Zoe Chang, Grade 2



"The Journey Home," Zoe Chang, Grade 2



"The Otter Swims in the Sea," Clara Cullup, Grade 1

The Gift of Summer Days

If pages could have scent, this page would be full of them. The chilly, salty scent of the evening along with the smell of fish. The smell of wet wood scraping away slowly, but sadly pages cannot smell.

If this page could have sound there would be cries of seagulls screaming that summer is coming to an end, the waves crashing against the rocks making me cling to the side, parents yelling down to be careful and the laughs of good friends. But this page does not have sound.

If this page had texture there would be the feeling of my hands gripping the rocks and the soft sand catching our falls from down below, and the wet wood rotting away slowly, but this page cannot have texture.

Most importantly of all, this page would have light. The sun setting into what looks like the end of the ocean, the lighthouse shines brightly turning 'round and 'round. Barges that look so small shine lights to look like ghost ships after the sun goes down. The mystical light shines through the rocks, but unfortunately this page does not have light.

But, this page tells you of a place that is home.

Meagan Hyzer, Grade 7

All My River

As my river softly flows my way
All I can think about is the soft
whisper in my ear

“all is well, all is well”

I throw a small rock
-splash-
into the river
it feels peaceful

“hoo, hoo, hoo” call the mother owl

“croak!” call the frog

“awoooooo!”

calls the coyote
and I heard it loud and clear

Noelle Swing, Grade 2



"Osprey by the River," Brayden Boercker, Kindergarten



"Singing in the Mountains," Paige Hunsberger, Grade 5

Watershed

Beautiful calming Wagner Butte
Snowy peaceful, strong tall
Melting it rolls down, down
Trickling, slowing beautiful
Calm moving gently past the rocks
Splashing, swirling rapids
Happy rafters
A waterfall tumbles off a cliff
Calming cold blue ocean

Olive Chambers, Grade 1

Something Meaningful

Quiet, Peaceful,
Something meaningful,
Clean air,
A world of care.
Swimming fish,
A child's wish.
Warm yellow sand,
A hopeful land.
All is well, in this land.
Quiet, peaceful,
Something meaningful.

Dark and mucky,
Not very lucky.
No trees,
Not even weeds.
Smoky air,
Not much care.
Dry streams,
Revolting as it seems.
Cracked dry dirt,
Everything hurt.
This is our future,
Step up and Nurture.

Paige Hunsberger, Grade 5



"Eagle in Search of its Prey," Blue Browning, Kindergarten



Vondra, Grade 2 | Straub Outdoors Summer Camp

Second Chances

It's 2040.

The thick, soft mud underneath the river that we used to bury our feet in as a child is now covered in a layer of plastic and other poisons we humans have conducted. The river, the one that helped us through hard times like a close friend, we have ruined that too. The trees we cut down were the ones that held the soil together. It couldn't take it any longer and collapsed into the water.

It is now a trench of sludge and trash.

The few trees bow their heads in sorrow as if to say, "You could have saved us."

Could we?

If only we knew ten years ago what this would look like. But we did. So many people warned us how this would end. We didn't listen.

Some believed the warnings were fake. Some of us just ignored them.

I believe in second chances, though. Maybe there's a way to fix this concrete jungle where the only animals left are monsters who made this happen in the first place.

It's 2060.

Thousands of people pick up trash in the river daily.

We plant trees. They are just infants now, not yet do they know how important they are to the earth. And even so they're starting to make a difference.

They hug the soil with their roots and keep it from eroding into the river.

There is still a long way to go, but I believe in second chances.

It's 2080.

We've made peace with the environment. It lets us play in its waters and climb in its trees.

In return, we treat it with kindness, not dumping chemicals and plastic into it.

The trees are no longer mad at us.

If you listen closely, you can hear them whispering, "Thank you," in the breeze.

No fish have died of pollution for ten years.

We have become the guardians of our earth and changed our fate despite our odds.

Most importantly, we are back on speaking terms with the river. She no longer throws water into our land and in return we treat her with kindness.

We swim in her and don't pollute her.

We are at peace with the earth.

We've asked for forgiveness and the river has given us a second chance.

Marianne Daubersmith, Grade 5

Protect Our Rivers

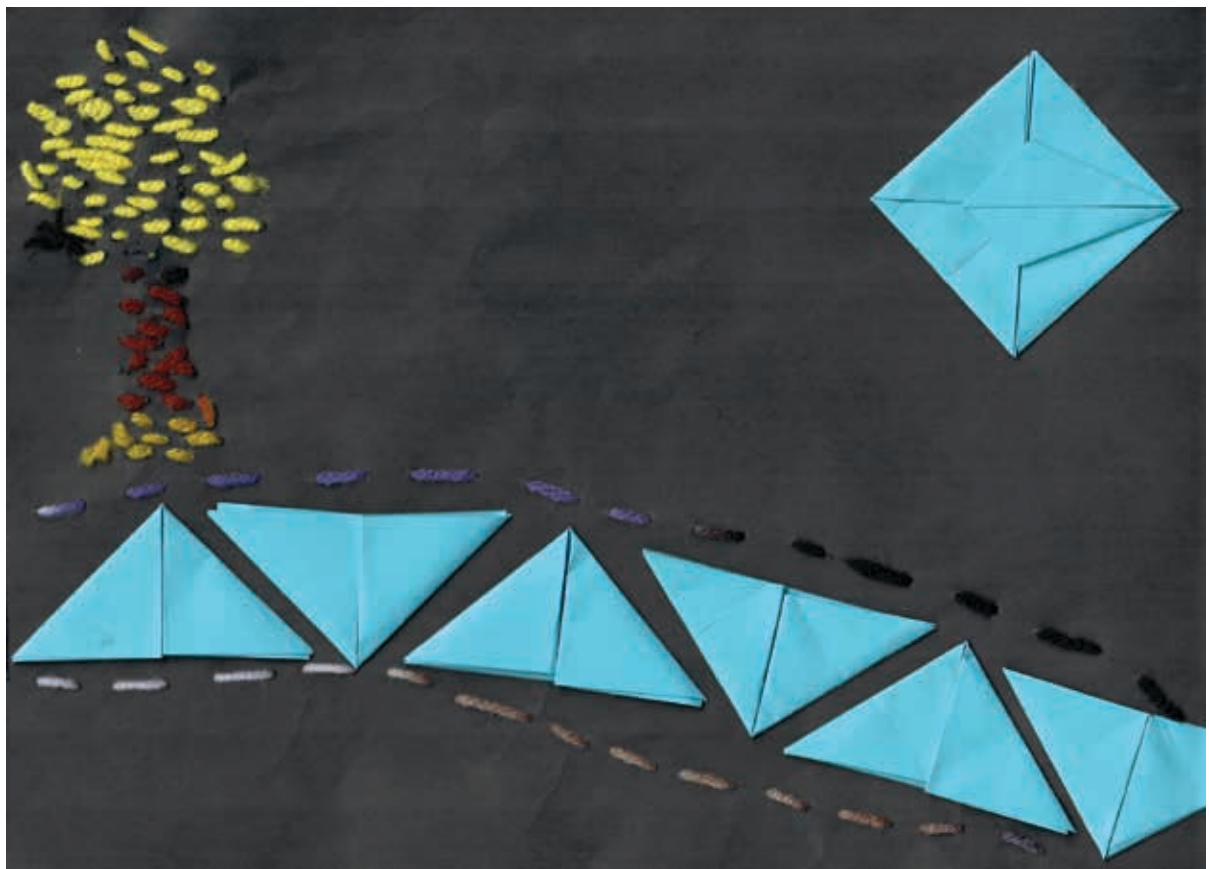
Only when the last tree has died, and the last river has been poisoned, and the last fish has been caught will we realize we cannot eat money. That is a Native American proverb that is very true. Approximately 40% of the lakes in America are too polluted for fishing, aquatic life, or swimming.

I know I want to keep our rivers, lakes, and oceans clean, so I can keep making unforgettable memories with friends and family. I want to be able to splash around in the frigid water of the breathtaking Oregon coast, without getting sick from the pollution. I want to go camping with my family, and catch fish at a lake and enjoy them with my family without worrying about getting sick.

More than 8 million tons of pollution ends up in the ocean over year. If we continue to pollute at this rate, there will be more plastic than fish in the ocean by 2050. By then I'll be around the age 40, and hopefully, have children. I don't want my children to grow up in a world where they can't swim in the oceans, and where they can't fish in lakes and rivers.

We cannot live without water. The ocean, rivers, and lakes matter to our wellbeing! It's all of our responsibilities to keep Earth's oceans, rivers, and lakes clean. We can do that by not littering. We can do that by recycling. What will you do to protect our scarce resource?

Sofia Robel, Grade 6



"Triangle River," Kaden Larson, Grade 4



"The Shimmering Waterfall," Ruthie Kimmelshue, Grade 1

(Untitled)

A gentle touch of water, you can hear
Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, plop
That was a rock hitting another rock

Little did I know I would not come back until 20 years later

Tweet, tweet, the sound of a bird chirping
The watershed is like time passing by slowly, but in fast ways

It has been 50 years

The watershed is no longer all blue and wavy
It is green like the grass
I no longer hear the whoosh
All I hear is the pop, pop like I am making popcorn

That's a sign for us to treat our watersheds better.

Mateo Dronkowski, Grade 4

The Flood

A few years ago, a flood that I will never forget
swept up over the lush and rich soil
turning the water dark as oil.
Water swept over the ground
without a sound
soaking everything in its path
with its persistent, patient wrath.
We waited a year and the next
but never did we see such a startling sight
as the day that the banks overflowed.
I wished for another
but no other came
I wished for the flood
I wished for the rain.
It's been quite a time
and even a crime
that the world has stolen the flood.
It torments my brain
that there is no rain
to bring me the mud and flood.

Linus O'Brien, Grade 8



"Untitled," Ava Thomas, Grade 4



"Evolving Salmon," Milo Ford, Grade 3

Clear Water Dream

A dream crosses the river. The children clean out cans, tinfoil, food containers. The dream moves slowly but swift at the same time. Water ripples behind the dream. A girl stops and looks at the mucky river. An image came to mind. An image of clean rivers, fish swimming forever. She started to work faster, harder, when all the other kids went home, did she? Never. Her hands filled with bags of trash. She worked for months, that turned into years.

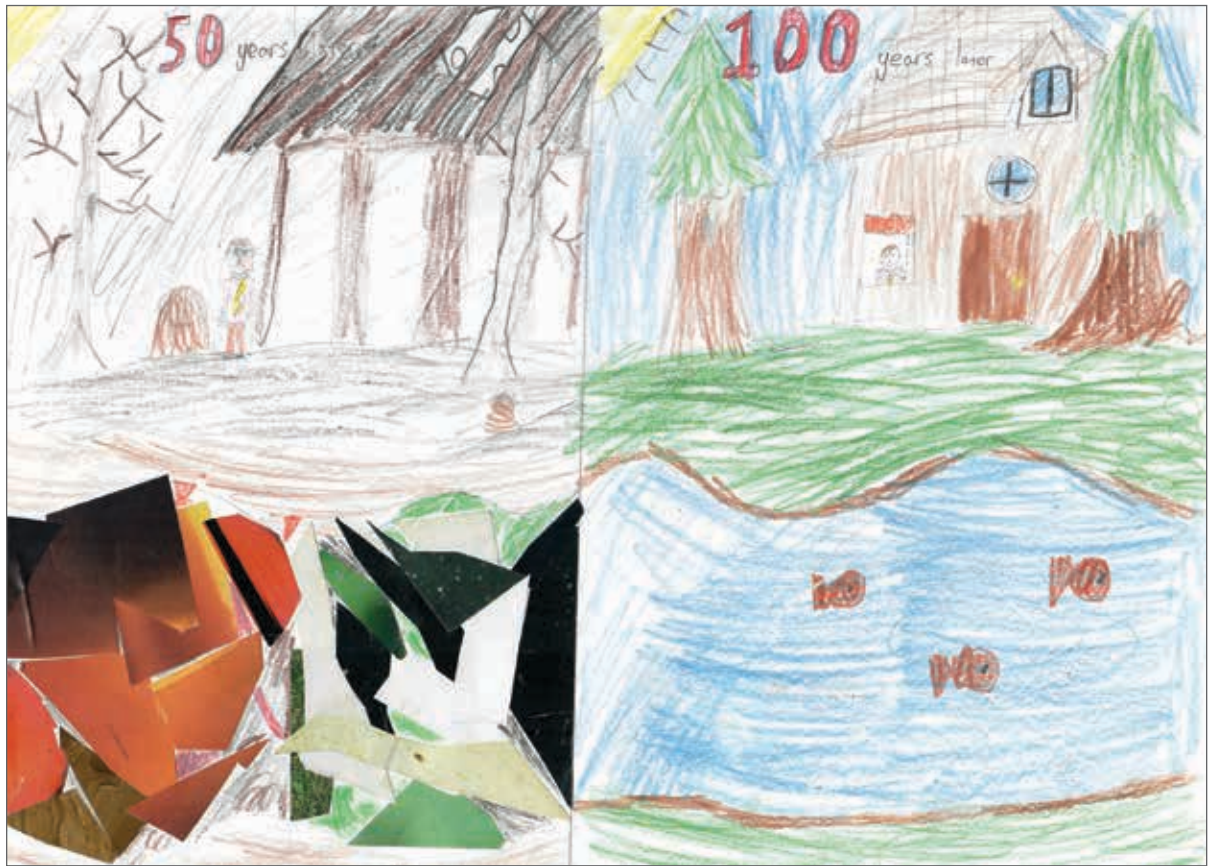
Twenty years later, a woman comes to the river. The dream crosses once again. The dream that it gave her as a little girl. The Clear Water Dream.

Willow Wilson, Grade 4

WATER SLUDGE

This water once was clean and clear
But that was before 50 years,
Of pollution and logging struck this world
And now it is an ugly sphere.
Where waters green and black and white
Run throughout the town at night,
But in the day the colors change
To brown and red and gray.
This is not water that I see
This is not water to me
This is what I call Water Sludge
Filled with gunk and buzzing with bugs.
Fish that called this river home
We do not know how far they've flown
For throughout all the gunk and grime
We cannot tell which chunk is which
Maybe it really is some fish,
Or maybe it's plastic that made it this way
We do not know up to this day.
All the trees that were by the bank
Were stumps before the quality sank
The stumps are now gone and houses will spawn
But none will live on the bank of Water Sludge.
You could clean up all the sludge
And heck we have the right tech
So let's find the old and the new
To make this water clear and blue
Like it was 50 years before.
Maybe that day is knocking at the door
Or maybe it's 50 more years away
We cannot wait until that day
When we can see the river floor
Like that day 50 years before.

Thomas Fredricks, Grade 5



"Water Sludge," Thomas Fredericks, Grade 5



"Sparkling Life," Gabby Mansfield, Grade 3

The River

I lie on the rocks and feed the ducks bread
I jump into the beautiful river
My mother comes ahead
My father comes splashing through,
My brother swims by,
I see pollution in the river once again.
Soda cans, plastic, all of the above
I try to pick it up but it floats away too quick.
I stumble and fall in the river,
sadly I have to go home
I'm sorry I couldn't save you river or your animals
I hope I come again soon.

25 years later

I'm 35, I'm married and have 2 kids
I can save the river and animals
my children can pick up trash from you and me and my husband
we can help the animals.
I hope we can save you river.

Riley Norrington, Grade 4

Watershed

Freezing cold tall mountain.

Melting.

Snow melt trickles into bubbling Wagner Creek.

Water from the bubbling Wagner Creek
tumbles into the strong current of the
flooding Bear Creek.

It falls down a steep drop of a waterfall
into the churning Rogue River
on its way to
the very, very vast Pacific Ocean.

Sebastian Perchemleides, Grade 2



"Art of Jungle Blue River," Brandon Bradley, Grade 3



"The Great Blue Heron," Estelle Mask, Grade 1

Life by the River, a Haiku Poem

Life by the river
Leaves fall from an Alder tree
Beyond the river.

Leben am Flub (German Translation)

Leben am flub
Blatter fallen ven den weidenbaumen
Über dem flub.

Owen Pierce, Grade 1

EDUCATOR TOOLKIT: PAINTING A RIVERSCAPE

The Little North Santiam watershed drains 113 square miles of Oregon’s Cascade Range on the eastern side of the Willamette Valley.

Youth participants in the 2019 Straub Outdoors Summer Camp program visited the Little North Santiam River—a 27-mile tributary of the North Santiam River—to study and visually describe the riparian (riverside) habitat they saw and experienced there.

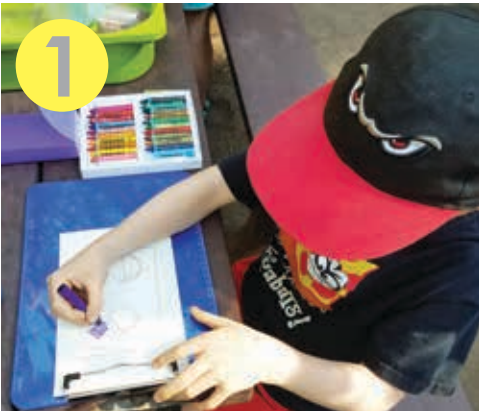
Outdoor explorations, ecology studies, and creative arts are woven together in this fun lesson for ages 6-12.

Use the steps below as a guide to engage young people through an enriching hands-on activity in a natural area with a stream or river near your home or school.



MATERIALS + SUPPLIES

- Small sheets of 140-lb watercolor paper
- Clipboards
- Small picture mats
- Watersoluble crayons or watercolor sets
- Watercolor brushes (round)
- Small containers for water
- Cloth rags
- Mechanical pencils
- White vinyl or kneaded erasers
- Handheld pencil sharpeners
- Trays or carrying cases



PRACTICE SHAPES

- Place a sheet of watercolor paper on the clipboard.
- Using a pencil lightly draw a circle, a rectangle, and a free-form “blob” shape on the paper.
- Using watersoluble crayons or travel set of watercolor paints (the kind in cakes, not tubes) and a brush, color the circle shape with one color and paint the entire page with a brush to create an even “flat” wash of color.
- In the blob shape, paint a **gradient** wash from dark to light, using more paint on one end and dipping the brush in the water to create a gradually lighter color toward the other end.
- In the rectangle paint one side with one color and working toward the middle, getting lighter as you go. Then rinse your brush and paint another color at the other end, working toward the center from the other side to the middle. In the middle the two colors will blend to create a third color.



OBSERVE AND SKETCH

- Find a quiet place to sit with a view of a river or stream. Silently observe your surroundings.
- Use a pencil to lightly draw a rectangle on another sheet of watercolor paper using the opening of the picture mat as a guide.
- Hold the mat in front of you at arm’s length and close one eye to “frame” a scene to draw.
- Riverscapes are often like a layer cake, with the foreground (the part closest to you) on the bottom, the river in the middle, and the riparian forest on the other side of the river at the top.
- Lightly sketch the scene you see onto the watercolor paper (inside the rectangle you drew).



ADD WATERCOLORS

- Add color to your sketch using watersoluble crayons or watercolors and a brush. Try including flat, gradient, and two-color washes.
- Squeeze the water from your brush and use it to add textures to represent leaves, grass, and watercurrents. To do this, brush over the colors in your painting before they dry.
- You can also add textures using dry crayons.
- Add darker colors to create shadows. Use a clean, wet brush to “lift off” color for lighter areas.



SHARE AND REFLECT

When everyone is finished, arrange the paintings together and take turns noticing things about your painting and those of others. How does each painting describe the riverside or streamside habitat in a unique way?

ESSENTIAL QUESTIONS

- What species (kinds) of plants and trees grow along rivers and streams?
- How do these plants and trees help keep the water clean?
- What would happen to the water if the trees and plants were cut down?
- How might this affect the fish, aquatic insects, and other species that live in the water?

Comfort Among Nature

Walking through the preserve
Venturing to the bog
we take a wide turn
A crane is hunting
Let him be

Beautiful petals
Among depressing stumps
Walking on the gravel
Puddles surrounding us
We must go on
Through this powerful place

Its empowering
All green
No noise
Is
This,
peace?

Dew drops dropping
Seeing the ducks,
As,
a Family

Eagles nest far back
owl swoops down to comfort
at least that's what I thought
then
Snowing
how long has it been
In this
One,
Tiny,
Spot

Sagen Diestel, Grade 5



HONORING
OUR RIVERS

“Fiery Dawn” by Luna Han, Grade 5