



Honoring Our Rivers 2012

An Anthology of Student Artwork and Literature
Collected from the Watersheds of Oregon

A Project of the Willamette Partnership
Major sponsors: Eugene Water & Electric Board, Gunderson, Northwest Natural Gas, Wildwood/Mahonia
and a Grant from the Bill Healy Foundation

Introduction

Honoring Our Rivers was founded in 2000 by a group of educators and river folk who shared the belief that the health and prosperity of our river systems impact this place we call home. As we enter our second decade of publication, we continue to be awed by the quality, profundity and creativity of our local and international students. For the 2012 edition, students submitted hundreds of thought-provoking, charming and often whimsical entries that stimulate an awareness of the fragility of our waterways and challenge us to reflect on how rivers connect us all. We hope you enjoy our 12th annual collection of student and professional work from the Watersheds of Oregon and beyond.

Like the river, these words and images help us to see the energy and life that is flowing through the landscape and teach us to honor the intangible quality that connects us to nature, and ultimately, to one another.

Layout and Cover design by Ute Vergin

Cover Art: *Native Fish*, Tom Ahn, 2002

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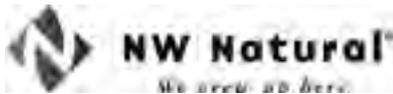
Honoring Our Rivers

Student Anthology

A project of the



Sustaining Sponsors



As a Portland-based company for more than 150 years, we know how much the people of the Northwest value the natural beauty, clean air and precious waterways of our region. Environmental stewardship is one of NW Natural's core values, and we are dedicated to protecting, enhancing and honoring the quality of the natural environment. Our partnership with Honoring Our Rivers is an important part of our environmental sustainability efforts.



Founded in 1911, the Eugene Water & Electric Board is Oregon's largest customer-owned utility. For over 100 years, EWEB has recognized that the health of our river systems is vitally important to the economic and environmental success of our community.



We take our commitment to continuous improvement very seriously. That's why we strive to meet and exceed legal requirements, prevent pollution in our manufacturing operations, provide sustainable products, enhance the habitat of the Willamette River and improve our environmental performance. Gunderson. Where environmental stewardship is a way of life.

environment.gbrx.com

WILDWOOD MAHONIA

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

Contributing Sponsors



Clean Water Services is a water resources management utility committed to working in partnership with others to build a sustainable future for Oregon's Tualatin River Watershed. More than 520,000 customers enjoy clean water and healthy rivers and streams through innovative wastewater and stormwater services, water quality and stream enhancement projects, river flow management, fish habitat protection and more.



We recognize the fragile interdependence between the environment and human beings. The foundation has chosen two points of focus: Environmental Conservation & the Well Being of Children.

Supporting Sponsors



Partners



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Many thanks to the Watershed Educators, Writers and Artists who
donated time and expertise to this year's anthology:

Editors & Judges:

Laurie Aguirre
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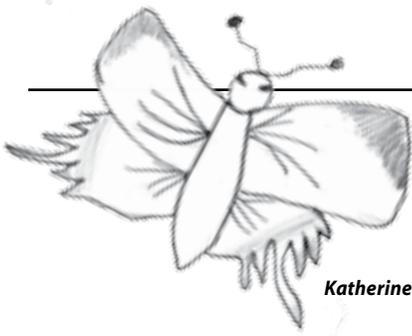
Brian Doyle
Komemma Kalapuya Elder
Ursula Le Guin
Barry Lopez
Richard Mack
Rosanne Parry
Paulann Petersen

Participating Schools

Abiqua School, Salem
Adams Elementary, Eugene
Boone's Ferry Primary School, Wilsonville
Buckman Elementary, Portland
Chapman Hill Elementary, Salem
Edison Elementary, Eugene
Forest Park Elementary, Portland
Forest Ridge Elementary, Keizer
Franciscan Montessori Elementary School, Portland
Hallinan Elementary, Lake Oswego
Hazelgreen Elementary, Salem
Kalapuya Elementary, Salem
Lamb Elementary, Salem
Llewellyn Elementary, Portland
Myers Elementary, Salem
Oak Creek Elementary, Lake Oswego
River Grove Elementary, Lake Oswego
Swegle Elementary, Salem
Willagillespie Elementary, Eugene

Student Works: Elementary School





Katherine Ronning, Grade 3

Waterfalls

Dripping
Falling down
Passing all around
Flowing down the riverside
Flowing

Kallan Smith, Grade 4

The River's Story

In Spring,
I ripple like music through a cathedral of trees. I bubble
around rocks and stones and into valleys lined with weeds. I
let myself be carried by the wind. I am happy.

In Summer,
I calmly sigh, making patterns in the mud. Joyful notes float up
from my graceful movements and linger in the sky.

In Autumn,
I rage down waterfalls, smash into boulders and turn
somersaults in the air. I roar loudly and thunder through
tunnels of green. I lunge at the banks, fighting for my freedom,
but they won't let me past. Finally I surrender, murmuring
memories from my golden days. They are beautiful.

In Winter,
I tuck into my shell of solid ice. It is time for me to rest.

Lindsay Faust, Grade 4



*Blue Eyed Grass,
Jadzia Beard,
Grade 2*

Haiku

The clear water flows
Rush rush rush goes the water
Healthy, fresh I am

Gwynn Llewelyn, Grade 5



Miracle of the Ocean, Annie McClory, Grade 2



Willamette Flood 2012, Caden Barron, Grade 3



The Glow, a Cinquain Poem

The glow
Stars shining bright
She sees her reflection
On the beach where the turtles live
Luna.

Kiera Cullins, Grade 2



The River, Danika DeLacay, Grade 1

Who am I?

My tiny waves ripple,
As I run quickly to my ocean.

I feel the water striders
Tiptoeing on my surface.

I feel the tadpoles
Slithering through me,
Waiting to be frogs.

I feel the frogs on my lily pads,
Floating on me.

They are all part of my peaceful silence.

Who am I?

Alice Mason, Grade 2

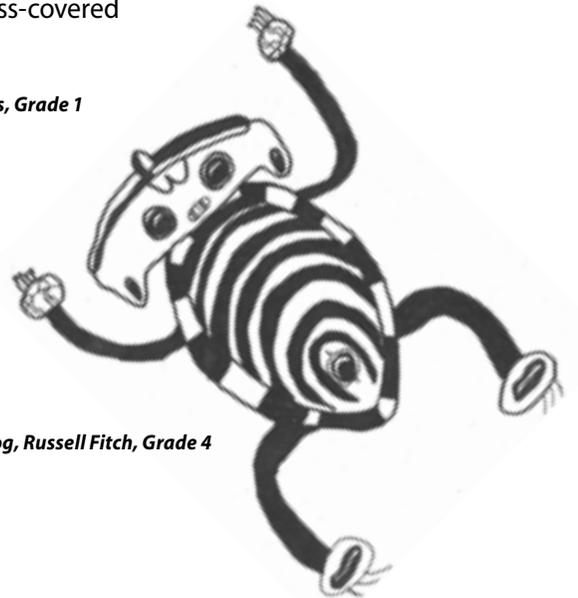


Winter River, Julius Samiee-Hauswirth, Grade 1

Winter River

Icy, cold river
Cirrus clouds flying
Over ice-moss-covered
rocks.

Melissa Williams, Grade 1



The Red Frog, Russell Fitch, Grade 4

EcoSystem

An ecosystem is like glass very fragile
It is like a recipe one part is missing and it doesn't work out
Like Jenga so wobbly and when a piece is taken out it collapses
All things in an ecosystem are unique in their own way but in
Another way are connected.

Conrad Bradford, Grade 4



Michelle Gee, Grade 3

River Time

The twilight dawns above the river
Where the moonlight used to dance,
The river's current runs soft and strong
In an everlasting prance.
When the sun is up and ready
All the birds will sing.
The beautiful Willamette speaks to me.

The river will always come and go,
three generations reunited shining in reflection.
The river of time will never stop and slow.

The wind whispers me to tend,
stories from long ago
that will play like a heart-full song
My grandma's stay will soon come to an end.

The river can never stop and slow
The river will always come and go.
like three generations,
Of time.

Anushka Nair, Grade 5

Dripping Sunshine

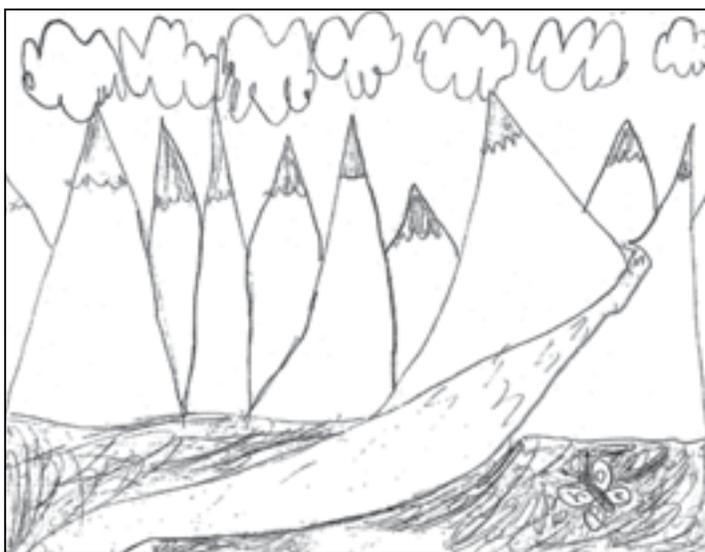
A piece of sunshine dropped in the water.
The water started to glow.
Glowing as much as possible.
On dripping sunshine.
Why melt now?

Shelby Chapman, Grade 2

Melody of the River

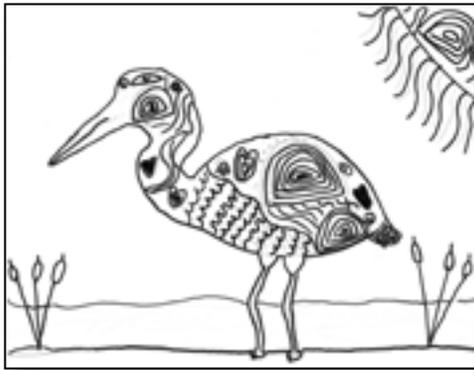
The flowing river with waves of beauty,
Gently sways with the currents in symphony.
Sun rays gleam on the river like diamonds,
As the river keeps flowing and flowing,
Dancing to the rhythm of my heart.
Fish glide through glistening prisms of light.
The river sings the song delightfully,
While the fish dance to the beautiful tune.

Daphne Delaczay, Grade 3



The River in the Mountains, Garrett Hanssen, Grade 2





Hannah Condello, Grade 3

A River of a Kind

A river
 Is not just a river
 It's a river of a kind
 Some are pretty
 And some are not
 A river is a home to fish
 And plants
 Did you know
 It's home to some people?
 I'd like to stick
 My feet
 In a river
 With just me and my mom.
 A river is a river of a kind.

Katie Miller, Grade 2

I Am

I am a line of water rushing, rushing,
 rushing
 rushing away from the mountains
 rushing away from the ice from which
 I was born

I am a snake of blue
 twisting and turning
 trying to find the right
 path to my land

I am a river
 A line of water
 A snake of blue
 A mirror of
 reflection
 A shelter
 I am something
 to honor and
 respect. I am
 a river

I am a mirror of reflection caught against
 whatever the sky might hold.
 I copy it and hold it and I never let it go.

I am a shelter for bugs and beavers
 for fish and worms,
 for tadpoles and their mama frogs,
 for anything that can live and breathe
 under my clear, blue skin

Sona Sridharan, Grade 5



Life Giver, Saghaley Lewis, Grade 5



Water Water

Water water
You shine in the sun
You rain on me
You make rainbows
when you join the sun
I love you water

Summer Holman, Grade 2

Have You

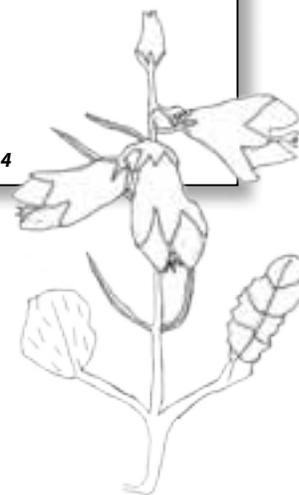
Have you ever sat at the riverside?
See the fish roam in puzzling circles,
Or watch the river flow by?
Witness the sun trickle on the water's calm, gentle waves.
Will the water splash into a million pieces on the rocks?
See a baby fish come to life.
Can you look down through the flowing water, and see a fish lay an egg?
See the crawdad spring to action to get to the next rock.
I hope you have because there is nothing better than riverside.

Jaden Thompson, Grade 5

River Water

I am by the river
the wind blows against my skin
I am cold but I do not shiver
the water glistens in the moonlight
I am hypnotized
the stars twinkle bright
I throw a small stone
the water ripples
I am not alone
the water is with me.

Sydney McGhehey Wallace, Grade 4



*Scotch Bellflower, Farryn
Rushford, Grade 2*

Winter River

Snowy, slippery, icy, freezing, foggy
Night-time, wild, cloudy

Puneet Gandhok, Grade 1

River Swishing

River swishing
And splashing.
River making the sound
Of the sea.
Wind blowing
In my hair
And sun shining
In my face.
Oh how I love
The cold water.
It's in a refreshing pool.

Sakari Harnden, Grade 1



River Home, Olias Laughlin, Grade 4



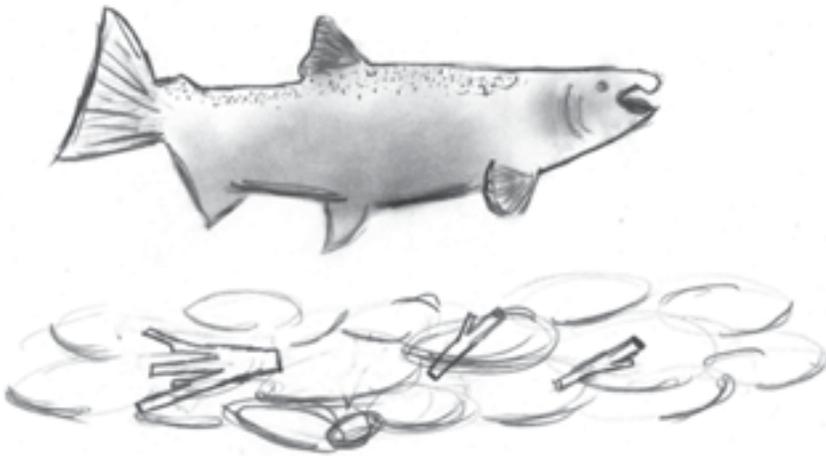
Rivers

What if you were a river?
Where would you flow?
Would you go fast or slow?

If I were a river I would flow through Oregon and then combine with another river
like friends. If I were a river I would go fast like I was racing someone
then slow down and relax. What if you were a river?

Where would you flow?
Would you go fast or slow?

Kalli Schoening, Grade 4



A Friend of Fish, Cami Peddie, Grade 5

Everlasting River

The river rustles down the rocks
It dives like a peregrine
Diving for its prey it calmly comes
Down the green prairie
It tosses up everything in its path
It will never stop
As long as our planet is green
That's why it's an
Everlasting river.

Hannah Condello, Grade 3

Song of the River

The waves sound like a song I heard in the nursery.
The moon shines high in the sky.
I love the sound of the sea
A dreamy sound.
I can't wait until I go to the shore.

Martinique Greer, Grade 1

RIVER

RIVER RIVER ROARING
LOUDLY
RIVER RIVER RUSHING
WILDLY
RIVER RIVER LIKE A MIRROR
RIVER RIVER OH SO NEAR
RIVER RIVER CLEAR AS
CRYSTAL
RIVER RIVER FISH ARE
SWIMMING
RIVER
RIVER
LIFE
SOURCE
Of
The
World

Tyler Palanuk, Grade 3



Loving Our River

The River speaks to me
The Butterflies flutter
The rocks seem like my friends
The river speaking, the Butterflies fluttering, the rocks doing nothing
Sounds like music
Nature comes to life, everything's in my world right now
The rain the water hitting the river
I can hear my sisters jumping in the river joining the music
Don't stop you're too beautiful
RUN,
RUN
River but promise me you won't get mad or people will fall for

Your trap.
Dangerous River
Gentle River
I
Don't
Care
I
Will
Always
Love
The
RIVERS!!!



*The Flutterfly Chain,
Andrea Salisbury, Grade 2*

Katherine Ronning, Grade 3

River

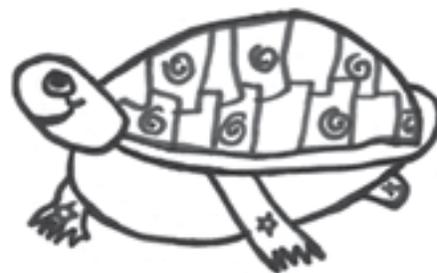
River, river crystal clear
Salmon jumping for all to see
A hawk soaring high diving
For a trout
A Red winged black bird
Soars above
You hold my secrets safe and
Sound

Esther Hudkins, Grade 3

Water, You're So Beautiful

Water
You're so cold and sweet.
You're so gentle and soft.
Your streams are so beautiful
And shimmery.
Water
You're so blue
Like the sparkling waves.

Emma Goldenberg, Grade 1



The Happy Turtle, Myra Schra, Grade 4



First Canoe Trip

The first stroke I make
paddle gliding with the water
I am sitting at the front of the canoe
moving as one with the current
Sometimes you feel like the surroundings
are watching you
My dad catches a fish from the river
but he throws it back
We stop and camp on an island
covered with moss-green pine trees
who seemed
lonely until we arrived
There are no footprints anywhere
so it's just us and the wildlife
I look over the flowing water lit with moonlight
Listening to the sound of rushing water
like the ocean tide when it hits the shore
and continues on
not knowing where it will go next
just like us.

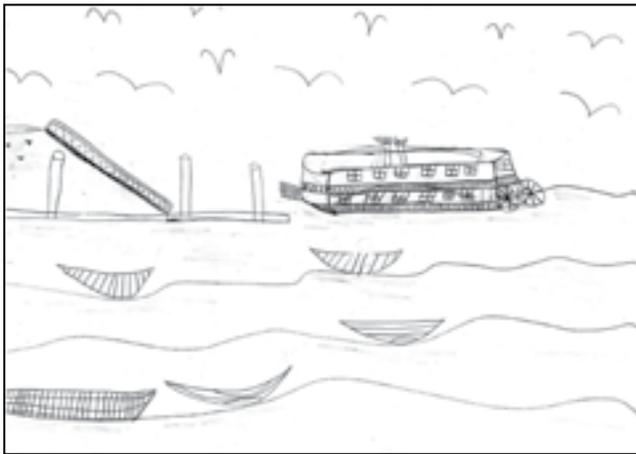
Phoebe Diamond, Grade 3



*The Death Frog,
Andrew Tripp,
Grade 4*



*The Striped Frog,
Angela Morris,
Grade 4*



Queen of the Willamette, Paige Shoblom, Grade 3

Haiku

cute and quick salmon
bears are predators for them
on goes their journey

Ryan Berry, Grade 3

Bears

Wild scary
Climbing tall trees
Catching salmon having fun
Big



Bears, Jack Baez, Grade 4





Bella Biondi, Grade 3

The River

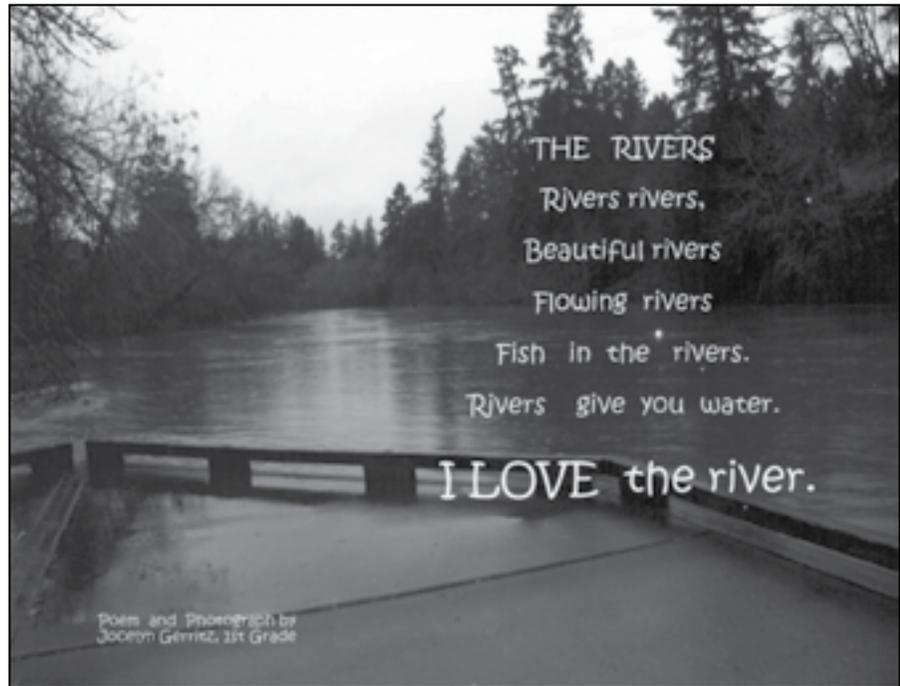
The river is blue
 And brown gray
 Silver gold
 And the animals live there
 Beavers, platypus and fish
 The river sounds like
 BOOM CRASH BAM
 It is a stormy
 And muddy day.

Addie Overall, Grade 1

Water World: An Abecedarian Poem

Attach
 Bait
 Cast
 Down
 Eggs
 Forget they
 Get
 Hidden
 In
 Jurassic
 Kingdoms
 Like
 Movements
 Never
 Observed
 Prehistoric discoveries
 Quack like ducks
 River flows keep
 Secrets
 This unknown e-
 Vaporated
 Water world is e-
 Xtra-terrestrial
 Yesterday's water
 Zoo

Ronan Kelly and Ishaan Rao, Grade 3

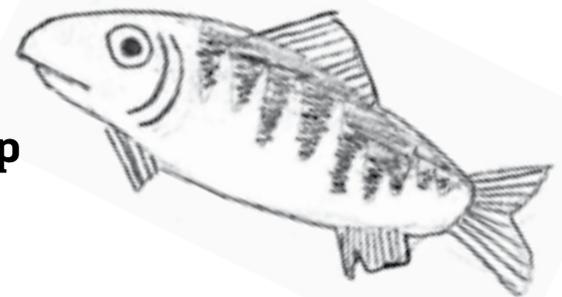


Jocelyn Gerritz, Grade 1

Salmon Swim Deep

Salmon swimming home
 from the ocean deep and dark
 to lay lots of eggs.

Eleanor West, Grade 3



Smolts, Devyn Boonstra, Grade 3



River, River

River, River how gently you go.

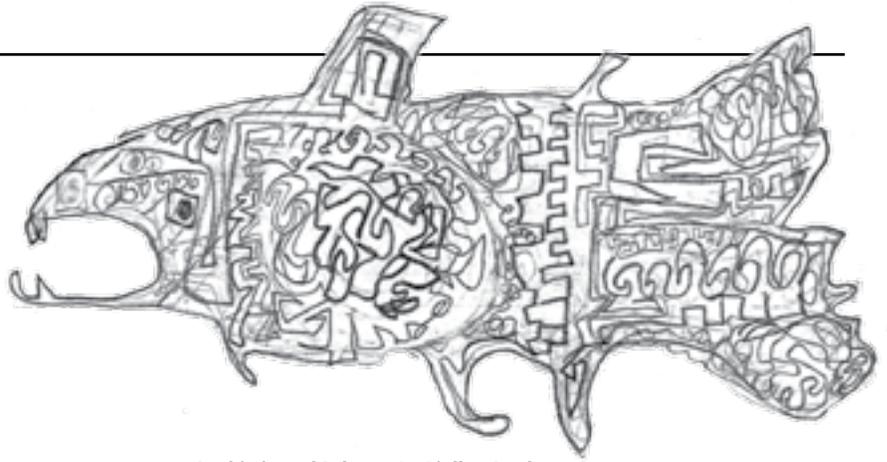
River, River climbing up mountains
Full of fish.

River, River creating canyons.

River, River how sweetly you go.
River, River how long will you grow?

River, River each day you grow.
River, River how gently you give.
River, River how soft you are.

Eliana Dean, Grade 3



Sophisticated Salmon, Bo Bielby, Grade 2

River Home

River sweet river like home sweet home,
shiny and wet lots of creatures call home.

Olias Laughlin, Grade 4

Wonderful Rivers

Animals scurry,
Rivers hurry,
Salmon swish,
Rivers wish,
Water falls crash,
Herons thrash,
Rivers flow,
Plants grow,
Rivers splash,
Fish dash.

Farryn Rushford, Grade 2

River

I am the river, wide and deep
I am the river with all the secrets I keep,
I am the river and your friend
I am the river, I will flow to the end..

Michelle Gee, Grade 3



The Wildlife River, Lucy Taylor, Grade 2





River Secrets, Melina Whalen, Grade 2

River Secrets

Quiet rivers
Have big secrets
That are unknown

Melina Whalen, Grade 2

At the River

Rivers are fast, Rivers are fun,
Rivers are a good place to bathe in the sun,
The otter plays in the river with glee,
The raccoon fishes happily,
Through a field or past a mall,
Why don't we go to the river next fall?

Margareta Keyes, Grade 4

Watershed

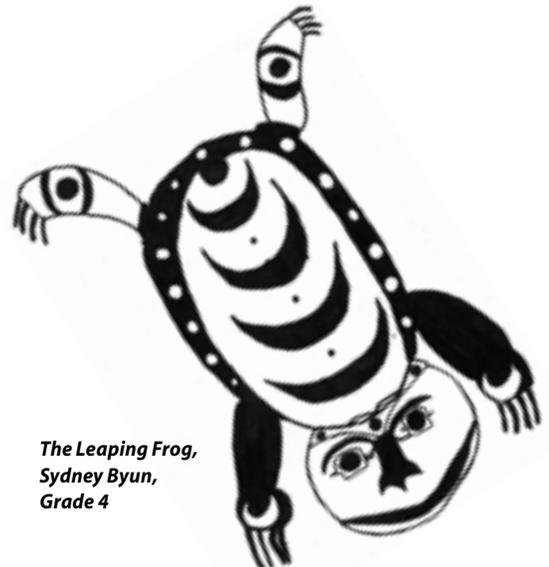
Watershed, flowing, gushing, wildly swirling
trout swim through my mild current
powerboats and canoes drift along
trout in the river belong
Watershed, swirling, swiftly moving
cold touch under my feet
soft muddy brown ground under my feet
skipping flat rocks into the foamy waves
docks go out into the middle of the watershed
houseboats with slides you can glide down
clams stuck onto rocks
holes with sea snails in them were getting near
dogs swimming into me
Watershed, people tubing, walking on my river bank
people stare in amazement
look down from a bridge and see me, the watershed
beautiful swirly swirls gushing down the river
picnics on the golden, warm sand
big hill waters roll into me
rain makes me big and strong
my big journey ends I go into the sweet, salty, ocean.

April Coyle, Grade 4

The River

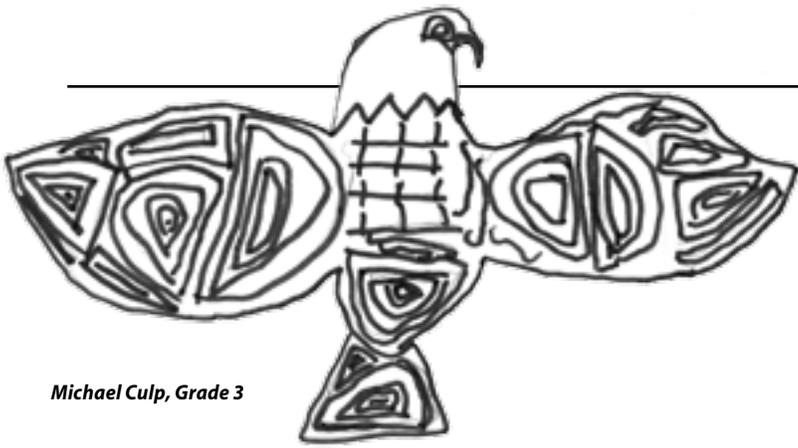
The river is full of life and adventure.
The river is beside us when we are sad.
The river sings to us in our dreams.

Danika DeLaczay, Grade 1



*The Leaping Frog,
Sydney Byun,
Grade 4*





Michael Culp, Grade 3

Our Beautiful River

Our beautiful rivers shine so bright
It gives our eyes with such a sight
It's beautiful with its shining water
I give it some of my honor
It will be remembered always

Kaeli Mina, Grade 3

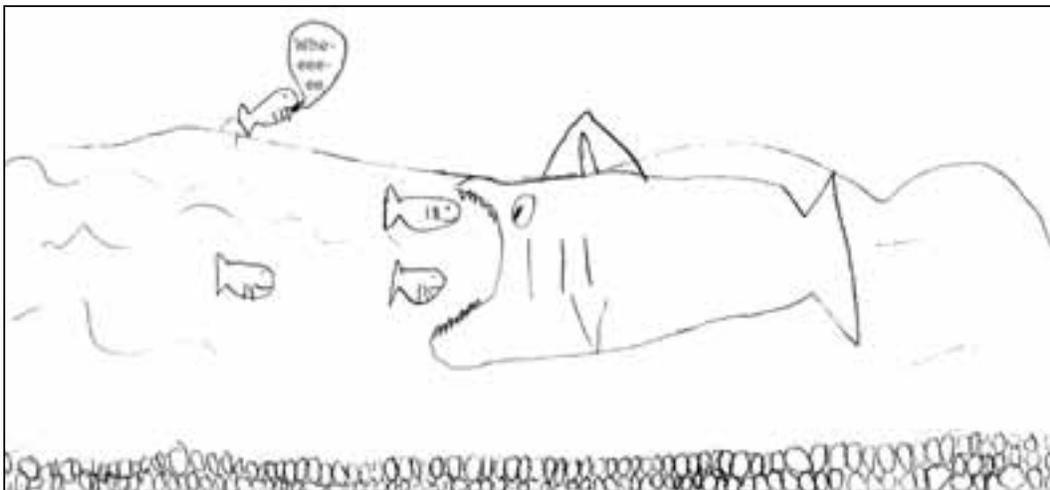
Flowing Rivers

Let's keep our rivers flowing
They are home to so many majestic animals
Salmon traveling upstream
Beavers working hard
The rivers belong to so many
The animals call this home
Is this the place for a dam?
Will the beauty remain with the river tamed?
Ducks settling in rivers
Deer drinking water
As a bear catches salmon
With the owl watching perched on a tree
Imagine all the rivers now flowing interrupted
All the animals losing their homes
There is a place for balance between nature and man
let's keep our rivers flowing

Presley Cable, Grade 5

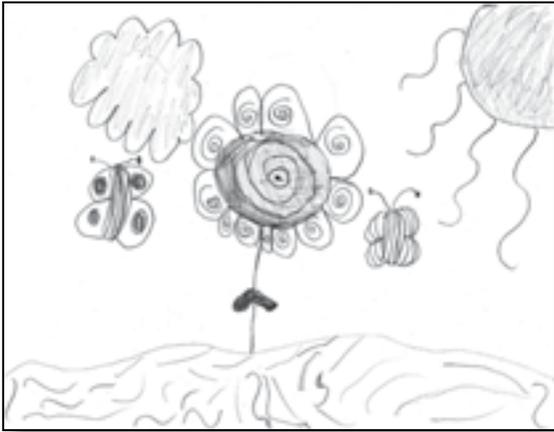


The Fish and the Dragonfly, Palmer Snapp, Grade 2



Whe-eee-ee, Alexander Grube, Grade 2





Eliana Strasser, Grade 1

Rivers

water flowing
fish swimming up and down stream
rain falling
sun ray shining down

Zane Brainard, Grade 4

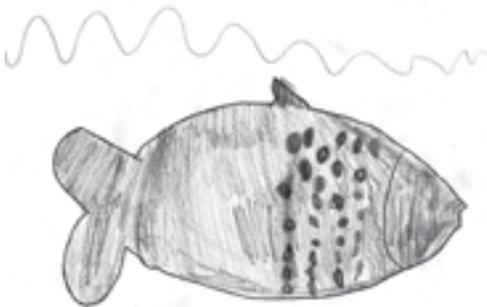
Rivers

Rivers high and low,
Rivers gleaming in the sun,
Sparkling like a dream.
Sparkling in the sun
with the waterfalls
leading to a river.
A mother wolf
and her cubs
by their little den.
The father hunting
in the woods,
coming by the river
to fish,
with his cubs
on the other side.

Sierra Lane, Grade 3



The Outside World, Hannah Barry, Grade 5



Caleb McCoy, Grade 2



*Black Clawed Frog,
Brayden Poling,
Grade 4*

The Baby and the Momma

The baby sleeps
While the momma weeps
By the river bed.

Ben Steszyn, Grade 2





The Square of the Four Fish, Mark Snyder, Grade 2

Oswego Lake

The water
Is cold.
The water
Is slow.
The water
Is quiet when it flows.
The water
Is clear as glass.
It is lovely to watch.
It is very quiet.

Serenity Minick, Grade 2

River Water

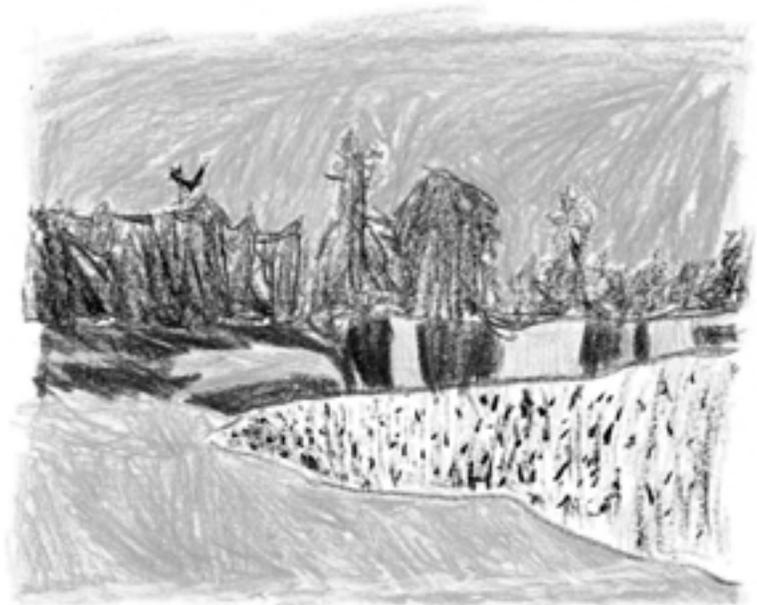
Rivers are silent
But the salmon splash water
The breeze in my face
And the cold sand on my feet
The water goes everywhere.

Alec Dyson, Grade 3

The Outside World

On a sunny day the river flows
The water splashes as the wind blows
The fish in the water swim so deep
As a bird flies down to take a peep
A doe sips a drink from the water
Because the sun is getting hotter
A squirrel climbs up the Douglas fir tree
To gaze down at the beautiful scene
The sun is out the river's cold
The river's glare is bright and bold
The sun illuminates in the sky
As the animals ask how and why
The bird looks again he likes what he sees
A setting of water, sun, and green trees
He takes a deep breath, and closes his eyes
And waits for the sun to slowly rise

Hannah Barry, Grade 5



Willamette River, Logan Russo, Grade 3



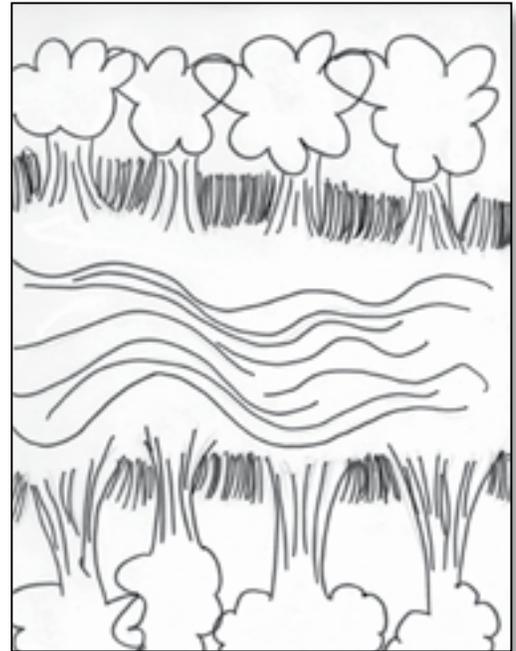


*The Poison Frog,
Elissa Hurley,
Grade 4*

Emerald Green River

Emerald green fluttering
And fresh, tangy, trickling,
Icy and slippery, rushing and
Roaring. Zig zagging across
the town.

Lily McMullen, Grade 2



Peaceful Waters, Sofie Sampson, Grade 4

River, a Haiku Poem

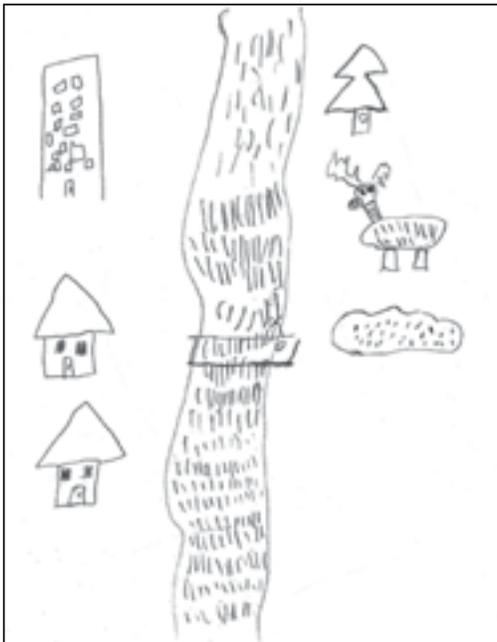
Blue like the night sky
Flying through the morning wake
Shining like the moon

Sarah Cook, Grade 1

River

Snowy, freezing frozen
Ice and fish under the ice
Animals on the side
People in houses close to the fireplace.

Rei Hirasaki, Grade 1



Nathan Williams, Grade 1

Beautiful River

I hear the rushing rapids,
I smell the deep dense fog,
I feel the spongy moss,
I see the beautiful river,
I taste the crystal clear water.

Noah Unwin, Grade 3



Participating Schools

Blanchet Catholic School, Salem
Catlin Gabel School, Portland
Hallinan Elementary, Eugene
Jane Goodall Environmental Middle School (JGEMS), Salem
John F. Kennedy Middle School, Eugene
John Muir School, Ashland
Metropolitan Learning Center, Portland
Portland Lutheran School, Portland
Rimrock Expeditionary Alternative Learning Middle School (REALMS), Bend
Rock Creek Middle School, Clackamas
Roosevelt Middle School, Eugene
Sherwood Middle School, Sherwood
Talmadge Middle School, Independence
Waldo Middle School, Salem
Walker Middle School, Salem

Student Works: Middle School



The Dream River

The river flows through my dreams.
It leads to a happy place away from this
miserable world.

It's a cardinal in a nest of crows.
It's a rainbow in a thunderstorm.

It's an apple in the snow.

It's a life,
A friend,
A home.

Katie Koehn, Grade 8



Life, Chloe Lewis, Grade 6

Leaping Salmon

When I think of the story of my life I think of a time when I went on a hike with K.S Wild conservation organization to Rainy Falls. There we watched the Salmon leap up the falls. Sometimes they would make it and sometimes they would fall back to try again, but they usually made it.

Now I look back and realize that those Salmon are, in a way, like my life, full of ups and downs and lots of obstacles. The falls and rapids represent challenges. My life is full of them. Every day is like a challenge and I never call a day "boring." The environment that the Salmon live in represents one of the things I love: the outdoors. I like everything in nature and the outdoors. I especially like rivers and other water bodies. My favorite rivers are the Rogue, Umpqua and Coquille, but I like them all. The Salmon themselves represent another thing I like: fishing. I will fish in any water body I can find but I especially like to fish Hyatt and Applegate lakes.

Dams represent major obstacles. I encounter many in my life and, like the Salmon and the dam, I sometimes overcome them and sometimes can't. The fish ladder on the dam represents the people who sometimes help me overcome those challenges. The Eagle chasing and catching the Salmon represents what some people consider an enemy but what I consider a helper. The Salmon helps the Eagle by providing food while the Eagle helps the fish by keeping the Salmon population healthy. There are many people who have the same relationship with me.

Large dams with no fish ladder like the Lost Creek Dam represent permanent obstacles or disabilities.

Like the Salmon, I have a goal in my life. That goal is to become a well-known outdoorsman.

I think I have told everything I can about my life, but that is not true. There is always something new going on.

Ayani Mikasi, Grade 7



It Is Time

I am small
Tightly packed in a pomegranate red sphere
It is time

Everything is big and cold
So hungry
I eat in a crazed manner
Growing, growing
A notion, an urging comes to my mind
It is time

Current batters me as I swim
The goal ahead seems far away
Waterfalls loom ahead and I jump
Toiling again and again
Suddenly the current stops
It is time

Exploring the ocean
A great watery expanse of life
Full of relatives
Fish of every kind!
No time to talk
It is time

Lydia Brandt, Grade 8

Haiku

Birds, birds everywhere
Chirping, singing songs
Wanting to hear me

Maddy Oakden, grade 7



Hannah Yoken, Grade 6

Beautiful Blue

I can feel the cool breeze flowing across my skin,
the miraculous smell of evergreen
the sound of cameras clicking, kids laughing,
and crows cawing!
Most beautiful of all,
I can see the shimmering reflection
of the beautiful blue lake. Crater Lake!
I stand in awwwwwwwe
noticing how still the water is,
it is so still and calm,
such beautiful blue!

Paige Hamm, Grade 6

Beautiful Rivers

As I lay on the
sparkly, green grass, I
wonder what our world
would be like without
our beautiful rivers.

How could one forget
about the tall, shiny
beautiful, green trees
that are as tall as
the sky, that surround
the rivers.

When the fresh, clean
water flows the birds
start to tweet softly,
along with the little
splashes of water
gently hitting rocks.

As I walked along
the river, the bright
yellow sun shooting down
at me, I walked along
the river bank, the
soft, moist mud on
my bare feet.

After I shook the
mud off my bare feet,
I jumped into the river,
to have a little swim.

As I left, I told the
river you are beautiful
and you will always be.

Melisa Nava Trujillo, Grade 7



Alyssa Walsh, Grade 8

Untitled

My secret place along the river
Hidden from view
Sometimes still
Sometimes rushing by me
Always changing
Each time you show me something new
Twisting and curving
Other times straight and still
Your power and beauty inspire me
I will always return to you

Ryan Kinnucan, Grade 6

Wallowa Mountains

As I stand here, I can see the wind continuously making designs in the crystal waters of Eagle Creek. All around me, nature is alive! Birds chirp from the branches of the whispering firs. The sun is painting pictures of beautiful flowers all over the rustic mountain sides. Incredible white tailed deer come down to the river to get a cool drink of water. Fish nudge their way against the steady currents to find their way to their infinitesimal lair. I can see beautiful wild berries growing on luscious bushes of green. I can smell the crumbly, fertile soil holding the fresh blades of grass. I see the butterflies making paths in the sunlight, leaving behind trails of happiness. This is home to many, this is the stunning, Wallowa Mountains!

Rachael Fasano, Grade 6



A River's End in Tumalo Creek

It's a strange feeling, to feel like a giant and an ant at the same time. So tall and unstoppable, still fragile and miniscule. Standing here on this ridge, high above the rest of the world, seeing everything below me. A roaring river to a dancing tree. As I look down, all I see is a sea of a million green trees, separated by a snake of twisting blue. Without the soil beneath my feet and the sky that kisses the ridge, you wouldn't know where you are, or supposed to be.

The sun boils my skin and the dirt soils my clothes. A beautiful white butterfly floats by and lands on a warm rock, as innocent as a child. The scenery makes me wistful for more places like this in the world. But in reality there's hardly any left. The world is running out of places like this, with breathable air and natural rivers. The river seems so big and powerful to us. Completely powerless to our bulldozers and wrecking crew, tearing our rivers from the ground.

I breathe in the sweet air, a gift from the trees. My eyes devour the gorgeous view. Taking it all in, as liquid obsidian rushes beneath us. If you listen closely you can hear its gentle roar. Flowing past in a never-ending rush. It's beautiful, it's lush and it's a rare occurrence in everyday life. Today I remember our rivers.

Ibby Selman, Grade 8



Belted Kingfisher, Hayden Hopkins, Grade 8

Death River

Float away all my pain along with others' belongings.
Sweep me under your current with the world's lost secrets.
Lay my body on your soft bed where I forever sleep.
Keep stored my memory in your whispering ripples.
Let me be a part of you, to finally be free.
Feel your undertow pulse with the final beats of my heart.
As I cascade mercifully to the dark depths of your deep waters, numb my body with your
icy vitality.
Twirl my hair into circles around my face as I gracefully descend.
Strip my last breath from my chest as the light vanishes.
Close my eyes, Death River, once I've become no more.

Malika McElravy, Grade 8

Seeing Tumalo Through Senses

I've seen the health of this riparian area here at Tumalo Creek through sound, touch, and sight. I hear the rushing water of Tumalo, which tells me that the water is fast moving, providing cool temperatures to the aquatic insects and fish who reside here at Tumalo. In the background of Tumalo I hear the rustling leaves of Alder, Willow, and Dogwood that make up the riparian area at Tumalo and provide an important habitat for different species. I can see the luscious green deciduous trees along the creek and the texture of Ponderosa and Lodgepole Pine needles in the upland forest. Both ecosystems provide necessities for different animals, insects, plants, and trees – whether from the nutrients in the soil that were replenished in the recent fire in 1979 by burned debris releasing their nutrients, or from the plentiful food sources for the animal inhabitants of Tumalo provided by the plants, trees, and insects.

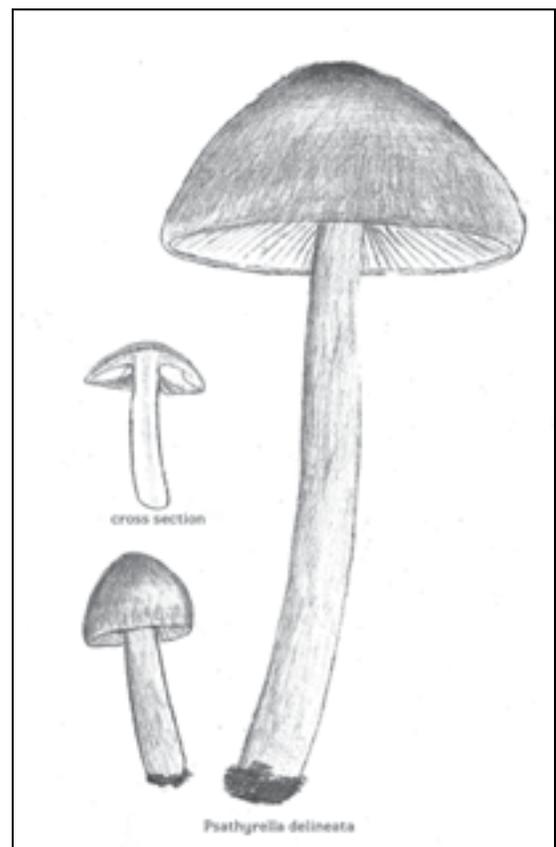
My fingers run over an Alder leaf painting a picture of an A-shaped leaf with holes from a caterpillar getting a meal. Tumalo allows me to use all my senses with great detail. While using my senses I can pinpoint the sound of the roaring waters, the song of a nearby bird, and the chattering of the surrounding leaves. I can see fallen debris creating pools in the creek, creating spawning grounds for fish. I see the forest of conifers, which gives homes to different animals and insects. The different features of both ecosystems counteract one another providing resources that the other can't provide for itself. These make Tumalo a healthy and sustainable watershed and riparian area.

Maddie Collins, Grade 8

White Rapids

A shivering disarray of water
continually spits out the fleeting image
of bleached whitewater
while they long to be free
continual
everlasting
those are only hopes as they disappear back
into an open crystal blue
the waiting river flows on
back to the flawless emerald sea
to be joined with the endless number of other rivers,
with the white rapids long gone.

Leslie Stiff Arm, Grade 6



Judah Costello, Grade 7





Megan Brouddus, Grade 6

Song of the Rain

life-giving
diamond drops spinning to earth
born of the cloud's sorrow
sweet sprinkles of water
landing on your tongue
an elixir
to the parched plants
stretching out their vines
rejoicing
for the downpour has finally arrived
to make the foliage
emerald once more
to swell the churning river
winding along
its endless path
pearly tears
pouring down from the heavens
a kind blessing
to the earth
a gentle caress
so we living things
may live to see another dawn
trickling down mountains
in clear, peaceful streams
Singing
the pure, simple melody
of rain

Anaga Srinivas, Grade 6

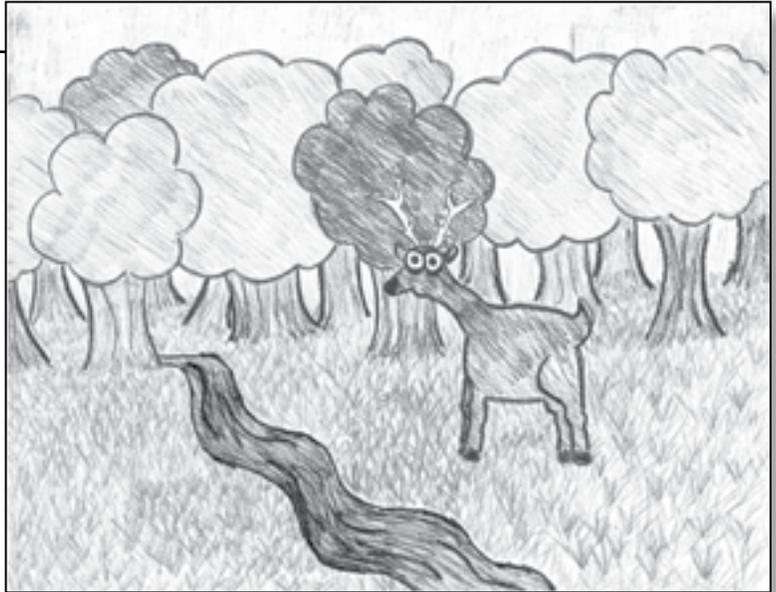
Pollution

Pollution is the cause
of the overly
large problem of the
lack of clean water. One person might contribute one
unit, though it just keeps adding and increasing,
till the river
ingests so much that it is just an
ocean of
noxiousness

Michael Cheans, Grade 7

Amazon Creek

When I look into the heart of the creek, I see what it is now. I see waste and chemicals, falling into the creek, silently killing animals. I see signs of hope, and life, the animals that have not yet been harmed and ducks flying free, clueless of what might happen to them. Though they are helpless we are not, and we can make a difference, each and every one of us. We can help and we must because we can and if we do not we ourselves will suffer a great consequence, that of a barren, dry land.



Deer by River, Abigail Sladek, Grade 7

When I look into the heart of the creek, I see what has been. I see a free flowing creek, used as a resource, respected, and not trashed. I see the work of men, changing and crafting the creek into less of a resource, and stopping flooding, causing great strife to those whom depended on fertile flood plains. I see much that could have been done better, and much that could have been done worse. Not that we can change what has happened, but we still have the chance to change it into something better. I hope and wonder, what will come next? Will mankind make the correct decision or will we cause more damage than we already have?

When I look into the heart of the creek, I see what could come to be. I see plans of rehabilitation forming, I see water beginning to run clear, and clean. I see also trash being picked out, animals flourishing and the creek becoming a resource once again. Starting today, we must rise up and one by one change how we live so we do not poison ourselves and our waterways. We must go the extra step to save the lives of animals, and we must ask ourselves what we can do to help.

Vincent Huynh, Grade 7



Ben Karp, Grade 6

Untitled

One time I went to a small creek near my house. It felt peaceful to be there. There were lots of trees and greenery around. It was kind of like an animal's playground. There were some tires on a tree to climb on, and a rope swing. I just felt like I was connected to that atmosphere, like it was my own little world.

Jessica Hedwall, Grade 7





River, Sarah Hughes, Grade 8

Water

Hear it flowing
See it thriving
Drip
Everywhere
Yet, nowhere
Running through rivers
Basking in bays
As little as we have
We misuse it
Throwing it away like garbage
Easy to do, hard to get back
Our progression is like trying to run in a sink hole
Going nowhere
But, we have nothing to lose
So save the water
Your water
My water
Our water

Piper Kizziar, Grade 6

Listen

The mountains may speak
The rivers may hear
And all of creation may love
Then how is it we do not hear the mountains
And we do not let the rivers catch their breath
We have grown too proud of ourselves to hear the wind's great song
With our mighty bickering, it is a wonder we hear at all

Cassia McIntyre, Grade 8



Portland: Reflection of Our Home, Louise Blair, Grade 6

A Short Journey

The sound of fallen leaves crunching broke the early morning silence. The air was crisp and cool, and there was dew on the world. Orange, red and yellow covered the ground and the sky while green and brown filled the space in between. Rays of sun were visible slipping through the overhanging trees and catching on the light fog. Birds began to chirp as the boy passed by and a soft breeze blew a shower of leaves on the trail.

Nearing his destination the thirteen year old could faintly hear the sound of water rushing over rocks on its never-ending journey. He slowed down and thought of turning and giving up but continued on. The forest opened revealing a crystal clear stream weaving its way in and out of trees, tying everything together.

The boy approached it with caution so as not to disturb anything, a tear dripped down his cheek as he thought of why this might not have worked the past two tries. He looked down at the wood boat nestled in his hands. It was as wide as anything this stream should be made to fit through, and as shallow as this stream should get. There were no openings in its solid wood form for water to leak in, so why had the other two not made it? What had become of them?



Rivers, Alexandra Overman, Grade 8

listening to the calming music of the water. Sometimes the frogs would croak or the birds would sing as it passed by, wishing it luck on its very important journey to the ocean. It passed by many smaller streams or tiny waterfalls each making the creek a little bigger. After a while the boat began to see little fish living in the now spacious stream. They would swim alongside it wishing to accompany the boat on its journey, but they were not old enough yet.

As the boat came farther down the stream it began to get a nervous feeling, something was not right. The stream started to become straight. It saw fewer trees and the water became murkier. Then the current slowed down and as the now great river rounded a corner, the boat saw something that could strike fear in even the bravest of water travelers. From the ground to the sky rose a huge wall of dark gray material, it spanned the entire width of the river and then some. Even the unstoppable current had faded under its massive gaze. The boat tried to turn back but there was nothing for it, the current was pulling the voyager straight towards the impenetrable mass.

Noah Mifsud, Grade 8



The Lake

the lake
calm as a butterfly
quiet as a cat creeping
clear as a piece of shimmering glass
still as the breeze that surrounds it
gentle waves ripple on the shores
tickling the feet of children playing
all of a sudden
the breeze increases as the trees sway
the waters begin to ripple
as the day
moves on
slight puff of air turns into wind
trees start to lose leaves
as gusts tear them off
ripples
becomes waves
the children run indoors
the storm approaches
the lake
once peaceful
morphs into a storming ball of chaos
mud from the bottom
clogs the lake's
once pristine surface
waves on the once calm surface
swirl and foam
the lake roars like a lion
making it seem impossible it was ever quiet
then
as suddenly as it came
the storm ceases
the winds die
the waves calm
the mud floats back to the bottom like a feather
the noise stills
the children return
everything is right again

Olivia Anderson, Grade 6



Blue Eyed Darter Dragonfly, Grace Stewart, Grade 6



Willamette River fury inundates the Wallace Marine Park soccer fields, I am in awe of the river's devastating yet serene beauty. Hannah Chong, Grade 8



Mill Creek Flooding, Jessica Bosworth, Grade 8

The Song of the River

The essence of time itself is forgotten.
The way the Tumalo glistens
And glows, showing off its beauty.
Filling my paradise and me with happiness, as my favorite song
Plays its tune in my mind, my eyes mesmerized
Only along Tumalo does forgotten emotion flow like the river.

The connections that are held to the river,
The way it journeys on to the unknown and the places forgotten.
Its nature, like snowflakes in front of car headlights, eyes mesmerized.
The sun shines down on the river making the calm ripples glisten.
The sounds of Tumalo put together like a human produced song.
Putting my ears at ease and my eyes lost in the beauty.

Sometimes inner contentment and beauty
Within is forgotten, but found and defined by the river.
Just like when you forget the lyrics to your favorite song
You realize the meaning has also been forgotten
So the questions begin to glisten
Finding yourself is hard, it's easy to be caught in fakeness, mesmerized.

Being a part of something that makes you so mesmerized.
And being presented with the beauty
That takes your breath away and glistens
Like the stars. It's a free place to go. It's the River.
It's often lost not remembered, forgotten
That the outdoor whispers healing, whispers songs.

The river and Tumalo have common songs
Songs, healings, connections, majestic powers mesmerizing
views reach out and take care of you. People all around have forgotten.
Lost the meaning of pureness and clean beauty.
People brought together over something as big and small as the river.
The looks of surprised happiness in your eyes glisten.

Your smile too. As it Resembles happiness, it glistens
Never thought Tumalo would be like my favorite song,
Making me want to stay and listen all day to the river.
Frozen in place, one with the earth fallen into being mesmerized.
Never thought that something like beauty could be heard, felt, seen in ways forgotten.
It's this place, wonderland the king or queen of beauty.

I will be in the glistening sun singing those songs I forgot. Mesmerized.
Those songs of nature at the place of natural beauty.
I embrace that part of me I found along the river that I had forgotten.

Marina Eitel, Grade 8



River of Life, Kaylene Abraham, Grade 8



The River is Alive

The river is alive, pulsing, rippling, changing always,
Powerful, yet vulnerable, hiding mystery in its depths
Unbothered, it becomes transparent, crystal clear, and its secrets,
Are revealed.
Its dark depths still hide secrets beneath the grayish-blue surface,
Reflecting the sky that feeds it, yet angers it.
Rain causes it to grow painfully, becoming swollen,
Turned from a pleasant trickle to a terrible raging torrent,
That calms down,
Once the sky clears.

Brett Meador, Grade 8

A Tiger's Life

Silence surrounds
The only sound to be heard
The steady trickle of a creek
As it makes its way
Through miles of vast scenery
Flowing into the lake

Some lay motionless
Cooped up in a tree trunk
While others creep deep in the depths
Of thick plants and grasses
Eyes locked on a juicy meal
Ready to strike any moment
The speed of a bullet
The brain to outwit
The claws to outfight
The power to kill
As another life is sacrificed
The tiger lives to see another day

Doug Heymann, Grade 6



Water in All its Forms, Sarah Daniels, Grade 6

Untitled

How unknown is water
as it slips through your fingers
it is there and then it is gone

A lost myth
A wild mystery
survival
Magic

It is there and then it is gone
as it slips through your fingers
How unknown is water

Celia Parry, Grade 6

Water

Water
sparkling
bouncing
the
light
into
dancing diamond
of
purity

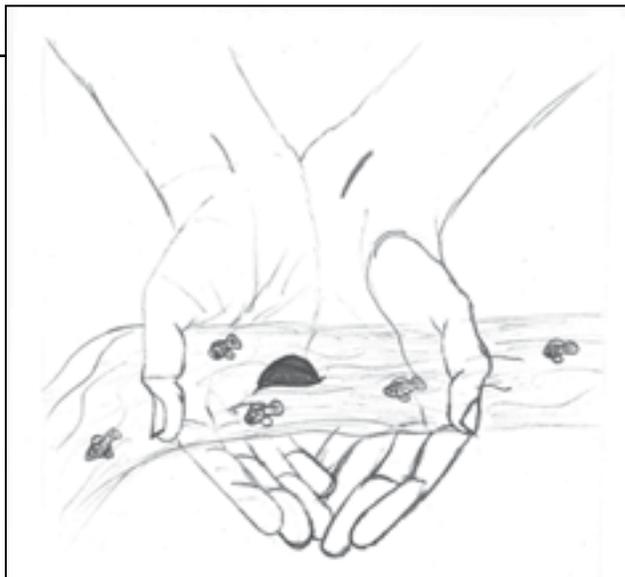
Water
floats
and drifts
bringing life
and happiness

Water
roars returning
nutrients to the
earth

Water
drips
drops
plops

Water

Alyssa Stevens, Grade 6



Our Itty Bitty River, Zoe Perkins, Grade 6

Flow

Filled with life, slipping down ever so gracefully
flowing through the smooth rock bottom,
never ending,
never agitated,
flowing

Like veins the river splits
As the moonlight filters through the swaying trees
The light glistens off the trickling river

Lucas Fuller, Grade 6



Water in the Sky, Andrew Hill, Grade 6



Honoring Our Rivers

The water flows with purpose downstream; lush and alluring, the invitation is unspoken. I lay and watch the brilliant leaves fall from above, fluttering gracefully in their descent. The sun shines down, glowing through the trees, casting shadows against the florid river bank. The early light sends a shimmer through the deep, clear blue waters. I sit in the cool green grass, taking in everything around me. I breathe in the cool, fresh air. A bird chirps. A duck splashes in the sun. This brings my attention to a small, motley crew of insects crawling in my immediate vicinity. Small bees fly in circles, collecting nectar from flowers scattered along the banks. A kaleidoscope of fish swims by.



Maya Rayle, Grade 6

A small, brown squirrel leaps from tree to tree; the leaves begin to fall again, sending ripples and snags through the water as they land. The movement frightens the ducks; they fly downstream in a flurry of brown and white feathers. I shift positions and spy a more concealed part of the river, surrounded by willow trees, their sparse branches blowing in the light wind.

I lie back again and sigh. This place never fails to amaze me. We pollute our resources and threaten the homes of creatures big and small. The river is their home. What can I do to protect this wonderful habitat? The first step is to think. The second—is to act.

Sophia MonDragon, Grade 8



Intake building, Eden VanderHoek, Grade 8

The River Children

They found peace at the river
Their robes billowing around them
Snow white
Against the
Jade jungle background

Their voices rising
In unison
Praising the river
Her
Serenity

Their song rose
Into the heavens
Following a trail of
Pearl white
Clouds

Lingering
On the final note
Waves of emotion
Cascading
Down

A
Waterfall of
Words
And
Sounds

The River children
Filled with
Hope
At the sight
Of the river

One tear
Falls
Into the roiling stream
Connected to the river
Forever

Eleanor Kruse, Grade 6



Bridge Creek, Zoe Vanderhoek, Grade 8

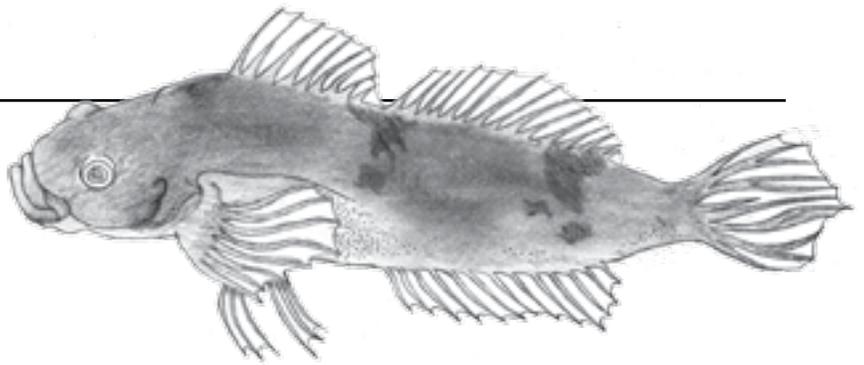


River Animals

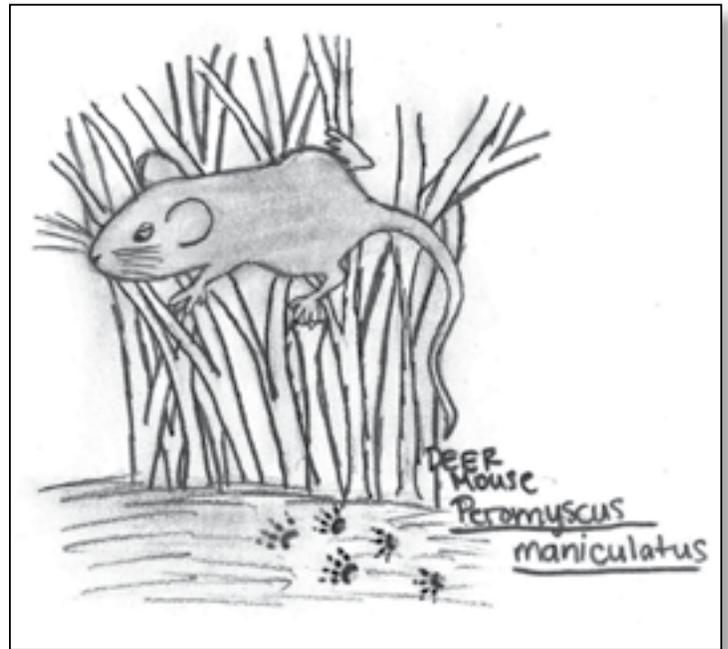
The river is a galloping horse
Jumping down waterfalls
Rearing up to spray foam
Eating away at the grassy banks
Trotting over rocks
Snorting, gurgling
Standing
Calm
In a clear pool.

The river is a flying eagle
Diving down waterfalls
Rising up to spray foam
Creating a nest
Out of the grassy bank
Talons grasp the rocks
Screeching, gurgling
Landing
Lightly
In a clear pool.

Audrey Finlay, Grade 6



Sculpin, Brandon Alfermatt, Grade 8



Squeaking and Crawling, Fatima Ramirez, Grade 8

A Salmon's Journey

I swish my tail back and forth willing myself to move upstream.
The currents are hard and the water is cold but I know I can do it.
I keep on striving, moving forward, so I can reach my destination.

My children will be born soon.
Then they will swim upstream as well.
They will keep striving also and will not give up.

When they reach upstream, their children will be born, and it goes on.
But, for now, I am still striving.
Dodging logs, avoiding bears,
Always pushing against the current.

Rachel O'Brien, Grade 7

The Memory of Tumalo Creek

This is an immense, keen place,
known as Tumalo Creek.
With eternal Destinations
and endless journeys.
Along the way, catching moments and memories,
with pure innocence and glory.

It Fosters virtuous Glory,
that is natural, and beautiful within this place.
And through its surroundings it shares past scars and strong memories,
That have the repercussions of other places shared with Tumalo Creek.
With obvious evidence, of others' journeys,
and of previous destinations.

A book of past, present, and future destinations
is shared with all who appear through beauty and glory,
through the current journeys,
and the moments left at this place,
which make it what it is ... Tumalo Creek.
Generously sharing experience and memories.

It's like a close friend bearing memories,
and stories of exciting, breathtakingly alluring destinations,
from the past, that share their stories with Tumalo Creek.
While it holds impressive glory
that can go unnoticed in a dark, darting, intimidating place.
But, these places are part of the foreseen, for now, unpreventable journeys.

Sometimes it might take extraordinary journeys,
but it adds to the stash of unforgettable memories,
that will always be held in those past locations and that place.
That meet striking, unforeseen destinations,
That result in peculiar, unseen, and unrecognized glory.
That can be seen in a different form at Tumalo Creek.

Beauty, grace and power make up the majority of Tumalo Creek,
the legacy of places are carried through journeys
with shining, elegant glory,
and perceptible memories,
when it is constantly experiencing eternal destinations.
And it can be seen through one place.

If Tumalo Creek shares its memories,
through its journeys and destinations,
We have to appreciate its glory, and help preserve this place.

Zoe Vanderhoek, Grade 8



Rushing Over, Zoe Thomas, Grade 6



Participating Schools

Clackamas High School, Clackamas
Gladstone High School, Gladstone
Marylhurst University, Marylhurst
North Eugene High School, Eugene
Oregon City Service Learning Academy, Oregon City
Oregon State University, Corvallis
Portland Community College, Portland
Resources for Health, Hillsboro
School 28, Kirov, Russia

Student Works: High School & College



Water Flows Like Time

Walking makes me feel alive I find streams of water and follow their paths I watch the currents and listen
The water rushes against the rocks Water flows like time Constant movement and, watching it is very grounding
I walk along the stream and watch It carries everything with it Leaves, rocks, and fish
Afternoon falls into dusk Dusk becomes evening I can hear the sounds of night falling
Everything is dark and still The crickets, the stars, and the sound of the city
It becomes quiet, am filled with wonder
Everything begins to have a shadow

Susan Maguigan, Portland Community College



The Vyatka river, Tatyana Khodyreva, Russia



Journeys of a River Goddess

*I begin this story with Osún, in affirmation and affinity,
with love for the many rivers running deep within me.
I am a daughter of Osún, Yoruba goddess of rivers and waterfalls;
like a tributary, I stream dreams unbroken.
I am a daughter of Osún, Yoruba goddess of rivers and waterfalls;
sweet water is my love potion, water in motion is my symphony.
I am a daughter of Osún, Yoruba goddess of rivers and waterfalls;
my spirit flows with undercurrents, navigating space, time, and change.*

The river named for Osún, identified as one of my godmothers, is located in Nigeria, West Africa. In Yoruba mythology, the Osún River once upon a time was a woman who turned into flowing waters after experiencing a traumatic event. Arrangements of river stones are one way to honor her.

The influence of rivers in my life begins with the Ouachita River, in Camden, Arkansas, nesting place of my "earthly conception". The Indian meaning of "Ouachita" is clear and sparkling waters, but where we lived it manifested as reddish muddy brown. Clear and sparkling waters flowed in the upper stretch of river, surrounded by fancy resorts that were off limits to black folk at the time. Historically, the Ouachita River was a busy waterway - a vital port of river commerce. Today, it moves slowly, almost in stagnation. For me, Ouachita represented crossings over; crossing a bridge to visit our family of farmers; crossing over to fish ponds where Big-mouth Bass and Crappies were biting; and crossing over to escape city complications into rural simplicity. Eventually, we crossed beyond the river, in migration from Arkansas to the Pacific Northwest.

In the Northwest, my love affair with rivers re-awakened. I was baptized in the Sandy River with Errol Heights Baptist Church, Pastor Al Winn presiding. I remember feeling fluttery and weak-kneed as I was about to be dunked. Congregants encircled me, dressed in white while the preacher prayed. A wave of undercurrent energy swirled around my body as I held my breath, trusted God and got baptized.

My relationship with rivers expanded during marriage to a person who likewise loved wilderness. An area called "Bull of the Woods", near the Upper Clackamas River, was a favorite and frequent hiking destination. In this neck of the river, water rushes rapidly, challenging thrill-seeking rafters. However, all I wanted to do was find a flat hot rock, and lie still beside the water.

Experiencing rivers with all my senses - vision, taste, hear, smell, and touch - is a blessing. One of the greatest gifts I enjoy is in our own backyard, the Columbia River Gorge. The Columbia River is amazing from Angel's Rest and Devil's Rest. All viewpoints, on both Washington and Oregon sides, inspire me, yet the vantage point that takes my breath away is from Tom McCall Reserve. On a sunny, blue-sky day, the river gorging through this passage is spectacular! Dark brown hillsides, striped with shades of green, provide contrasting reflection upon glistening waters. It is an awe-inspiring vision.

The Metolius River, a tributary of the Deschutes, is wild and beautiful, a river to be tasted, savored - remembered. Melodious Metolius is a source of fresh, rippling clear, pure, sweet water. Bending over her bank, dipping my cup into the water, drinking directly from the well-spring - this is one of life's rare and simple pleasures.

My journey to Machu Picchu connected me with the mighty Urubamba, also known as "Sacred River" in Peru. It rolls like a temblor through mountains east of Cuzco, nourishing palatial hills and valleys. Urubamba's rapids run swift and furious; the volume of the river is boisterous, while pounding and resounding like thunder. It vibrates the earth and causes me to tremble.

On my third trip to Cuba in 2009, I allowed myself one touristy indulgence, a small boat ride down a natural river, channeling through Indian Caves (La Cueva del Indio) in Vinales Valley. San Vicente River smells like moist, rich loam. Caverns of stalagmites, stalactites and limestone infuse the water with minerals to create mystical surroundings. As boats meander in and out of cave cathedrals, the smell of "The Mother (Earth)" lingers. I will follow where rivers lead me, to continue Journeys of a River Goddess. Let us rejoice and be thankful.

Linda F. Hunter, Marylhurst University



River Flows

River flows.

From the ocean to dry flats,

From dry flats to canyons,

Canyons to rain

Showers make life.

A river starts from the simplest drop of water,

Nature plays its part in carving out the land,

While the rain starts its own adventure.

A canyon fills and becomes a river.

A fish spawns upstream to create more life to cycle on.

Life for a fish is complex and serene

Current to snags,

Snags to poles,

Poles to nets,

Nets to dams,

The simple life of Mother Nature altered.

During what we call the termination of our people,

Our rivers were what brought hope of food,

We took advantage of the eminent supply,

And almost lost it.

Decreases in fish will always be an important interest to our rivers.

Our rivers were our transportation,

The water was our gift from god,

We took advantage of our rivers and all the creatures that grew in them,

Dams are ruining the most amazing part of the rivers,

Rivers should flow calm, like a meadow at dawn,

I should always hear the bird's song.

I will never lose satisfaction for my river

Rivers are the secret whisper of hope

My savior

And I will not let that be forgotten,

Samantha Martin, Grade 10



*Water Connects us All,
Lydia Atsma, Oregon
State University*

Invasives!

"Invasives!" We yell
As we charge the blackberries
Native trees will grow

Slashing and pulling
We conquer the invasives
And restore natives

Ferns and snowberries
Sit in the black pots, waiting,
SOLVE will plant them all

Rosyln Palmer, Grade 11

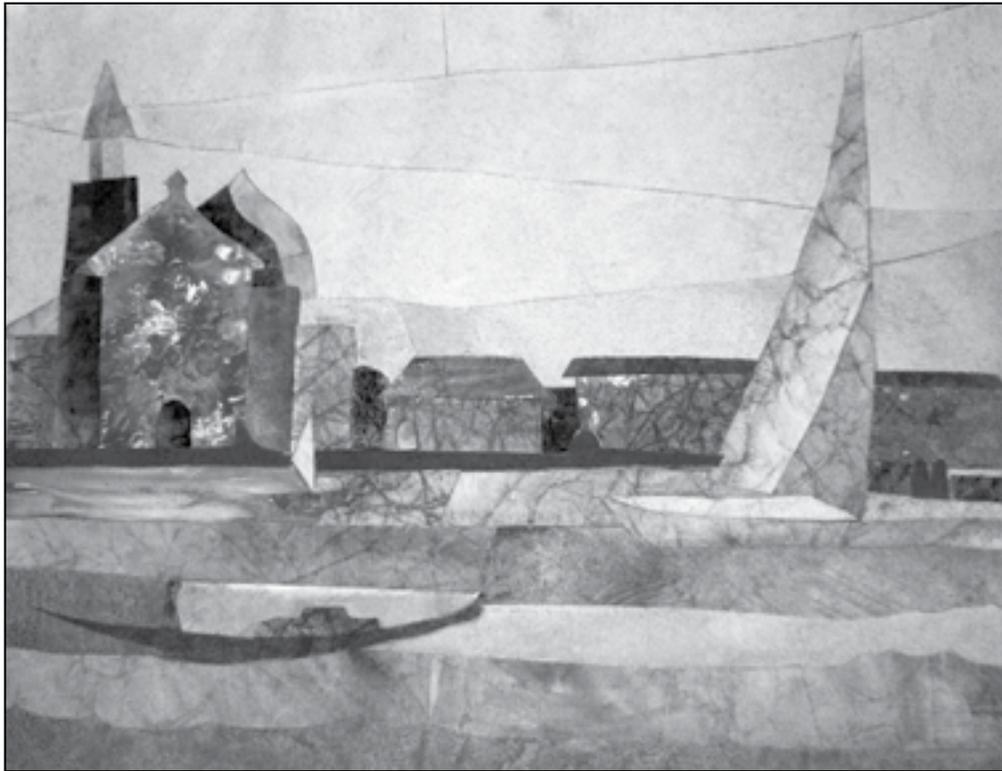
My Favorite River Memory

It is the memory of helping to restore,
a habitat that was once forgotten,
after being disturbed by humans,
who wanted to clear a river,
of what they thought was just brush.

This restoration will bring back the biodiversity this place once had.
It will help stabilize the life that once flourished here.

Miguel Castro, Grade 12





Alina Katkova, Grade 10, Russia

Untitled

Amongst a vast ecosystem engulfed in flourishing wildlife, flows a bountiful habitat known as Clear Creek. Surrounding trees provide shade and nutrients for organism consumption. White rocky sediment leaves pristine locations for spawning. The name Clear Creek indicates a healthful habitat in which fish can thrive. As many current waterways enable degradation and harbor inescapable disease, Clear Creek maintains pure water and continuous life cycles. Decomposing salmon are placed in Clear Creek's mobile waters in order to promote nutrient release, and create large organism populations.

Natalie Kestle, Jesse Debord and Alex Christensen, Grade 12

The Breached Dilemma

Celilo is where it all began,
Where I learned to play and skip rocks.
Standing there watching, holding my granddad' s hand,
If I went in the water I'd always take off my socks.
Something about going to the river,
Where I swam and fished.
I'll never forget the quiver,
When the dam got demolished.
All the fish never made it up the ladder,
Some wouldn't even make it out to sea.
But of course why would it ever matter,
When all who ever cared was me?

Shaila McCulloch, Grade 10

The Journey

As a young sturgeon, Newman was always a luscious silvery grey. His temper was longer than all his brothers and sisters. Out of the 137 fry Newman had the strongest sense of direction and timing and knew when danger was coming. He had his destiny set for him. One day he would make it to the ocean with his family by his side. Newman knew better than to swim near the sides of the river. The water gushed past the sharp, jagged rocks. Somehow the current was pulling at him. Closer and closer he came to the big blurry objects. Newman was swimming as fast as he could, whipping his tail from side to side, but he just couldn't get enough strength to escape the strong current. Soon he couldn't take any more. He was tired of struggling and gave up. The second his fins were set at rest he went tumbling into a spiral. A swirl of dark grays and blues, a spot of orange here and there, Newman's mind blurred. Thwack! And he went into another spiral of black. Just black.

The sun shone through the water, glistening, and sent beams of light through the ripples. As Newman shifted he opened one eye, then the other. Still dazed and confused, he panicked; swimming to the right side of the river and then to his left side. One of his fins was bruised so he swam slower.

Newman did not know where he was. All his brothers and sisters must have kept swimming without him. Their journey was to make it down to the ocean and now he was lost. His only way to the ocean was to follow his instincts. So he started traveling the river the best way he thought possible.

As he brushed past more and more rocks there were no other signs of any fish life. High above the splashing laps of waves he could see osprey dodge and weave through the trees. Newman was careful to hide in the depths of the water.

Eventually Newman came to a rift in the river; there were two ways he could choose to go. Only one of those would lead to the promising salty tides, while the other would end and just take up time. Not knowing the best thing to do, he bobbed his head above the water to take a look. Pines mostly lined the right side of the river. Running out of breath, Newman dunked his gills back under the water. He followed along the right side until he came across a log. He pondered what he should do. Maybe go under it, jump over it, or go around it. Going around it was his first option. Newman tried that, except the log covered the whole length of the river. His next option was jumping over it. He swam at full speed towards the monstrous tree. Closing his eyes, making a full leap in the air. He made it. As the splash of water collided with the surface of the crashing waves he felt a tumbling sensation. Rumbling of the waters underneath sucked him deeper and deeper. Then he was caught being pulled up. The waters threw him out and onto the bank. Sandy and dry he gasped for air as his gills flapped hysterically. The world became dimmer and blurry. All of a sudden, a strange tall figure came running through the bushes at him. It was a young boy. The young boy looked at him with a tilted head and Newman could do nothing but stare back. Then the young boy picked up Newman with both hands. Newman knew he would not make it with the rest of his family now. So he stopped flapping and gave up.

The little boy, with all his force, flung the poor fish back into the river. He stared for a second then saw Newman float to the top of the water. The time ticked on... for a second, then 2 seconds. Newman opened his eyes and realized where he was. The little boy watched as Newman bolted under the surface, leaving ripples.

It was all just fun and games for Newman as he continued to make his way to the ocean. There he met up with his brothers and sisters. Now he was home, ready to start a new journey.

Heather Kau, Grade 10



Beauty of Rivers

I can hear the water hitting against the rocks.
I can feel the water in between my toes.
I can smell the water, fish, and berries.
I can taste the fresh water through my mouth.
I like the way it's cold against my skin.
I like the way my toes sink into the sand.
I hate the way I smell like fish after.
I hate when I move with the current.
The feeling of warmth, and beauty is wonderful.
The feeling of slime, and dirt is awful.
When my friends and I come to see you, you're always there.
You don't laugh at someone.
You have so many semblances,
Shiny, dark, big or small, skinny or fat, curvy or straight, and lots more.
You have different colors,
Big blue, light blue, green, clear, and lots more.
You're just so cherubic with all this beauty.
What are you?
You're a beautiful river.

Jessica Fox, Grade 10



Elizaveta Solozhenkova, Grade 10, Russia

The Azül Majestic

Gray clouds gather close. Heavy with sorrow they weep. Sleet their silver tears. They fall like dense stones. Toward land, they fall to the ground. Regrouping again, to form a great river
Through crooked frames and cracked panes I still see its smooth flow clearly. Its blue wonder captures me, pulling me into a brilliant trance. I watch, as it pushes and pulls on and off the banks. Polishing the rocky floor below, its powerful flow can even smooth the most jagged edges. When you wade ankle deep in the water, when you hear the flow of the river, when you really feel its silky texture flowing past your feet, you have felt its spirit.

Seamus Flynn, Grade 10

Thrill River

This is the story of Peter Ghil, a bartender from Lebanon, Oregon. Born on August 5, 1989, he had lived a good life until the day of 10/28/11. On said day he'd've never guessed that one ride down the rapids would change how he viewed Oregon and her rivers.

Growing up, Peter Ghil was a thrill seeker. From the age of five, he would take any chance he could to get the rush. The rush is what he referred to as the moment when you feel like you have no chance of surviving and a wave of adrenaline surges in you, making all your

muscles tingle. When he was five he jumped off his roof into a kiddie pool on a dare. He went to the hospital with a broken ankle. When he was eight, he rode his bike off a jump across a burning pile of sticks, just barely escaping the flames. He always thought of rafting as a boring pastime, until he went down a river with a group of friends in the summer of 2007. They had traveled for about two hours from their homes in Lebanon before they pulled over to launch. There were about 20 of them and four boats. They launched off, after having a small lunch on the shore of the river. In the water, they started to row downstream, and it was very serene for the first 20 minutes. After 20 minutes, he heard a friend of his yell tritely, "Hang on tight, Pete. This gets intense."

A surge of fear and excitement rushed through Peter's body as his raft tilted down the mini-falls into the erratic rapids. His raft was thrown from one side to another as he descended down the river.

Suddenly the side of the boat opposite Peter shot up into the air, flipping the raft, and sending everyone into the water. Peter hit the water with a mighty splash and was rolled around under water for a while.

The whole time he was under water, he could only think about how much fun this was, and wonder how come he hadn't done this before. He felt a hand grab him and pull him back up into the boat, and almost immediately after they were swirling around and being hit with water again. He kept fighting the rapids to stay afloat with his friends, and eventually they made it to a little bank on the right side of the river.

Peter helped his friends pull the boats onto shore then just sat and stared, sitting beside the river while eating a sandwich for dinner. A little after dinner they started down river again until they made it almost all the way back to Lebanon. Peter was surprised at just how well one trip had erased his prejudices against rafting. Peter is still a thrill seeker, but whenever he gets asked what the best thing he ever did to get the rush was, instead of saying skydiving or bungee jumping he simply says, "Raft down the rivers here, and you won't regret it."

Adam Kincaid, Grade 10



Jacob von Borg, Grade 9



Participating Schools

Camas Ridge Community School, Eugene
Catlin Gabel School, Portland
Chapman Hill Elementary, Salem
Congregational Pre-School, Eugene
Edison Elementary, Eugene
Forest Grove Elementary, Forest Grove
Forest Ridge Elementary, Keizer
Gladstone High School, Gladstone
Hazelgreen Elementary, Salem
Jane Goodall Environmental Middle School (JGEMS), Salem
Lake Grove Elementary, Lake Oswego
Mountain View Middle School, Beaverton
Rimrock Expeditionary Alternative Learning Middle School (REALMS) Bend
Sherwood Middle School, Sherwood
Talmadge Middle School, Independence

Ripples & Eddies

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



Streams are where things are explored
Wonders have been found
Imagination thrives here

Jeremy Shahan, Grade 7

Rivers so cool and sweet
The water so cold and old as
Can be
let's keep it clean forever

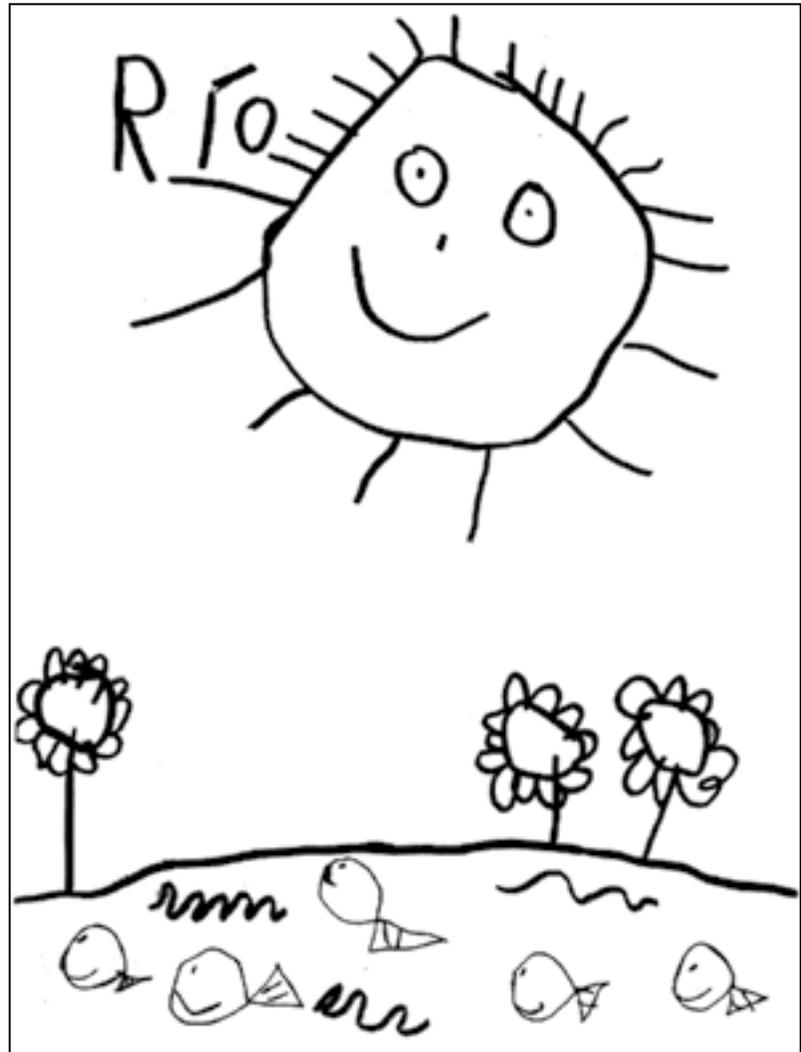
Jordan Walklin, Grade 4

A sanctuary of tranquility.

Hayden McCaa, Grade 8

River you glide across the rocks

Emily Kramer, Grade 3



Fin Welch, Pre-K

The first thing I did when I got home was have a huge glass of Oregon's ice cold water.

Maddy Elmore, Grade 4

Running, charging through nature, never stopping.

Jane Murphy, Grade 2

Trees whistling fast.
Bushes full of bees.

Grant Powell, Grade 2

I am Mother Water. My water provides a home for all marine fish and the fresh water fish. Please do not pollute my water. When you pollute the water and kill the fish and animals that I adore, it makes me feel like you are putting that gas into my heart. Have you imagined a world without water?

Joshua Nieves, Grade 4



And in fall leaves fall from the oak tree and into the river.

Quinten Struyk-Bonn, Grade 3

Watershed: Running, flowing through our world.

Sean Walker, Grade 2

Rivers can be as squiggly as a snake or as straight as a road.

Keefe Ingold, Grade 4

I hope you understand what rivers mean to us.

Owen Nelson, Grade 4

I have had fun being out at Rinearson Creek trying to preserve nature for our generation. I would like to come here in the future and see what it looks like – to see if all the work I did is still here and see it change. I would also like to continue this work and preserve land where I grew up. Keep a little piece of home safe.

Cody Johnson, Grade 11

Water splashing all around
Like the moonlight

Jennifer Parker, Grade 3



Rodion Efremov, Grade 3, Russia

Only whispering winds fill the air,
Adding their gossip to the river's despair.

Samantha Sackett, Grade 8

A liquid that divides
Yet still connects

Rory Corrigan, Grade 5

My icy waters run through the soul of the land

Noah Seiber, Grade 8

The creek bed sings to the forest
Its melody drifting away
Soaring to spread the magic

Kathryn Putz, Grade 6

A river is a really important place.
It's a home,
a family to fish
a home
a wonderful place.

Olivia Zuro, Grade 2



Brookelynn Proctor, Grade 2

A boy whose heart is set on nature would take off his shirt and jump in a river on a hot summer day. Unlike a boy who sits inside on his phone or game-boy.

Ethan Schra, Grade 5

I sat in a rain puddle, waiting for the
ball of intense fire known as the sun to
take me up on the journey that droplets
like me go on.

Miles Camp, Grade 6

Gleaming with beauty
With sparkle of the night sky
Rinearson, stay great

Becky Murlanax, Grade 10

Rolling along like a swift breeze, the Willamette speeds through towns and cities

Holden Howard, Grade 6



Journey

Our life begins
a river
meandering from headwaters
vaulting between eddies
cutbanks or pointbars
ice age gravel undammed
by snowmelt undulating
plaits of stainless
steel-colored currents
their dwindling trickles
propelling our molecules
towards riparian
dwellings immersed
in primal waters

Joan Maiers, reprinted with permission

Invited Artists & Writers





Tangerine Plum Blossoms, Sisy Anderson, Watercolor & Ink on Double Shuen Rice Paper ©2012 Sisy Anderson, www.studiocartouche.com

Peace in Harney County

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

Ursula Le Guin. "Wrights Point," a selection from the larger poem, "In Harney County," copyright (c) 2006 by Ursula K. Le Guin; first appeared in High Desert Journal and the author's collection, INCREDIBLE GOOD FORTUNE (Shambhala, 2006) under the selection title of "Chapman Point"; reprinted by permission of the author and the author's agents, the Virginia Kidd Agency, Inc.



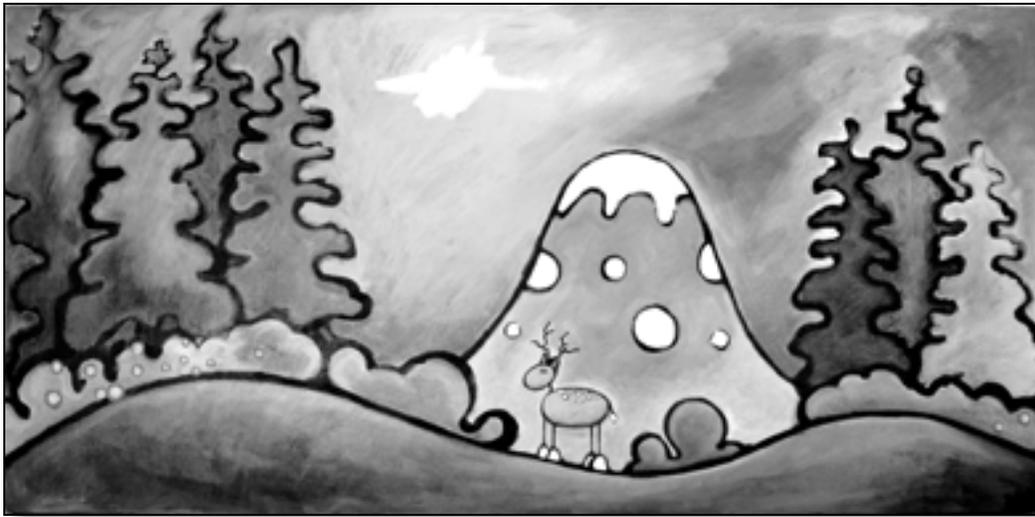
Mink River

At four in the morning, on All Souls Day, the Day of the Dead, the second of November [...] seven drops of water fell from the sky, headlong, pell-mell, sliding from the brooding mist, and then seventy, and then the gentle deluge, a whisper of wet, a thorough and persistent pittering on leaf mold and newt knuckle, web and wood, tent and vent, house and mouse, the rain splintering the sea, soaking boats, rinsing streets, fluffing owls and wetting towels, sliding along power lines and dripping from eaves, rivuleting and braiding and weaving tiny lines in the thirsty earth, darkening the trunks of trees, jewelling the strands of spiders, sliding along clotheslines, moistening the infinitesimal dust in rain gauges. The rain gags a thrush chick who opened her mouth because the rain sounds like her mama. A rushing rivulet saves a shrew who is about to be snagged by a snake. New trout, having never seen rain on the river, rise eagerly to ripples on the Mink. Some windows close against the moist and some open for the music. Rain slips and slides along hawsers and chains and ropes and cables and gladdens the cells of mosses and weighs down the wings of moths. It maketh the willow shiver its fingers and thrums on doors of dens in the fens. It falls on hats and cats and trucks and ducks and cars and bars and clover and plover. It grayeth the sand on the beach and fills thousands of flowers to the brim. It thrills worms and depresses damselflies. Slides down every window rilling and murmuring. Wakes the ancient mud and mutter of the swamp, which has been cracked and hard for months. Falls gently on leeks and creeks and bills and rills and the last shriveled blackberries like tiny dried purple brains on the bristle of bushes. On the young bear trundling through a copse of oaks in the woods snorffling up acorns. On ferns and fawns, cubs and kits, sheds and redds. On salmon as long as your arm thrashing and roiling in the river. On roof and hoof, doe and hoe, fox and fence, duck and muck.

*Brian Doyle. Excerpt from Mink River: A Novel by Brian Doyle, copyright © 2010.
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Reeds and Water, Linda Johansen, hand-dyed cottons and purchased fabrics, free motion quilted, <http://www.lindajohansen.com>

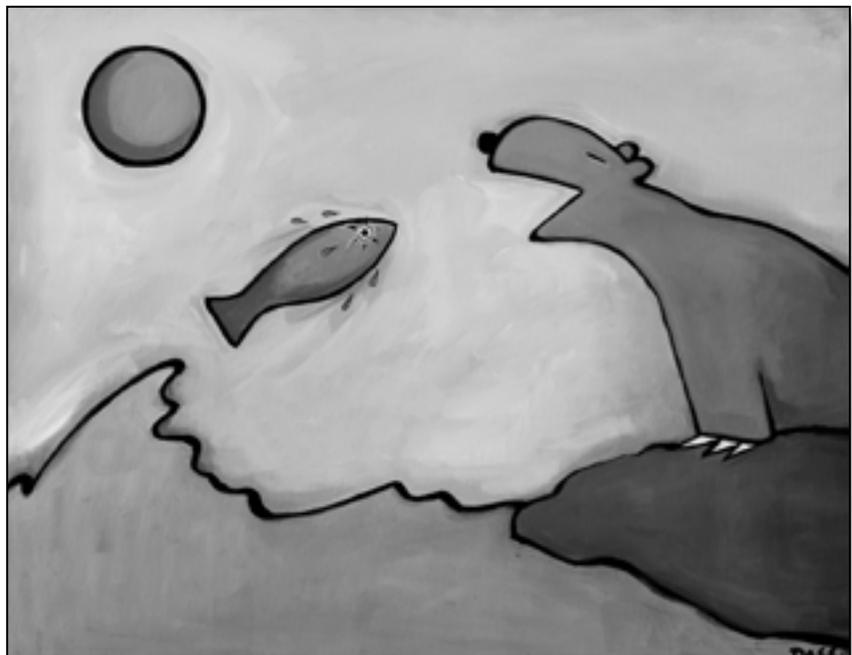


View of Mt. Hood, Noelle Dass, acrylic on canvas, ©2012Noelle Dass, www.artimals.com

Arctic Dreams

Hunting in my experience—and by hunting I simply mean being out on the land—is a state of mind. All of one’s faculties are brought to bear in an effort to become fully incorporated into the landscape. It is more than listening for animals or watching for hoofprints or a shift in the weather. It is more than an analysis of what one senses. To hunt means to have the land around you like clothing. To engage in a wordless dialogue with it, one so absorbing that you cease to talk with your human companions. It means to release yourself from the rational images of what something “means” and be concerned only that it “is”. And then to recognize that things exist only insofar as they can be related to other things. These relationships—fresh drops of moisture on top of rocks at a river crossing and a raven’s distant voice—become patterns. The patterns are always in motion. Suddenly the pattern—which includes physical hunger, a memory of your family, and memories of the valley you are walking through, these particular plants and smells—takes in the caribou. There is a caribou standing in front of you. The release of the arrow or bullet is like a word spoken out loud. It occurs at the periphery of your concentration.

Barry Lopez, excerpt from Arctic Dreams, reprinted with permission



A Meditation on Perspective, Noelle Dass, acrylic on canvas, ©2012Noelle Dass, www.artimals.com



The Rules

You
 must
 be
 this
 tall
 to
 ride,
 says
 the
 roller
 coaster.
 Under seventeen not admitted, says the theater.
 Keep out.
 Members only.
 No trespassing,
 says the wide, paved world.

C
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 to the cold, the wild. W
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 ct, says the river.



Willamette Tree, Linda Johansen, photograph, 2008



Holding the Wild, Thuy Tran, photograph, 2011

Rosanne Parry, reprinted with permission

The Beginnings of the Kalapuya People

A print version of an oral creation story

You see, the world was made of stone. There were stone mountains and stone valleys. At the very top of the stone mountain something came to life, and that life became known as Le-lu, First Woman, who walked down from that stone mountain with two babies clutched to her breast. As she walked, with every step she took the grass began to grow. And as she sat and as she touched the ground, the rivers began to flow.

And she walked until she came to the valley, the valley of the stone. And there she met Quartux, Mother Wolf, who looked at her and said, "Who are you?" And she said, "I am Le-lu, First Woman." And Quartux said, "And where did the babies come from?" And Le-lu, First Woman said, "I dreamed of them and they came to me, but I need someone to watch them while I go out and look around in the world."

Quartux looked at her and smiled and her teeth flashed in the sun. Mother Wolf said, "I will watch them."

Le-lu was a bit afraid, but something inside of her made her trust Mother Wolf. So she wove a pack basket of wild iris, kliskwis. And put the babies in the pack basket and strapped them to the back of Mother Wolf and just to make sure the babies would be safe and would not fall out, Le-lu also wove a wide strap and strapped those babies around their head in that basket, to make sure they were safe and she went away to look around in the world.

She was gone a long time, but when she came back the babies were safe. Le-lu, Mother Wolf, had taken good care of them. As Le-lu lifted those babies out of that basket she saw that something was different. As she unstrapped them from that basket, took the straps from their head, she noticed that their forehead was flattened. She said, "This is good. From now on our people will flatten the foreheads of the babies in honor of Mother Wolf, who took such very good care of the babies." Indeed, that's how life came to this earth. The people of the Kalapuya did flatten the foreheads of babies to honor the Mother Wolf, who also has a forehead that is flattened. This was a practice that was kept until about a hundred years ago when it was considered to be cruel and it was outlawed by the government. So our people did come to earth and we honor the Mother Wolf. We honor Quartux and we believe that she is the protector of the babies.

Komemma Kalapuya Elder, reprinted with permission.

Editor's note: "Beginnings of the Kalapuya People" is a family story from just one of the Kalapuya groups, the Komemma. Several other versions exist, each one representing a distinct creation myth of a particular group within the Willamette Valley Kalapuya people.



Prayers for Rivers, Kayeri Akweks, acrylic painting, www.kayeriakweks.com





Nyx, Sisy Anderson, Ink Wash on Shuen Rice Paper, 2012, www.studiocartouche.com



Johnny Raven, Barbara Herkert, mixed medium, <http://www.barbaraherkert.com>



The Ballpark Ospreys, Barbara Herkert, mixed medium, <http://www.barbaraherkert.com>

To the River Living a Few Streets Away

You're my neighborhood's ocean,
here in your thin, meandering guise.
After you've been mist and cloud
and inland-drubbing rain,
you're this bridge-arc'd ocean,
this self of yourself
a bird can cross in a few breaths.
You're a sweet sea feeding
trees that darken
your banks with shade.

With this less-salty you,
the moon has no particular pull.
All she can do is merely
paint your skin at night
with her changeling face.
Downhill only, you're here
for a sweet interlude
of one-way sleep, a route back
to awake as your huger self.

Paulann Petersen, reprinted with permission

Boating on an Early Morning River

Pre-dawn blacks and grays stole the edge from reality
And smoke from a thousand submerged caldrons
Floated like mist among the cottonwoods
The Grande Ronde River turned a cold shoulder
To the silent slickness as we slid into the backwater
Watery fingers pulled us from the shore
And into the pulse of the current
Oars cut ritualistic patterns on the surface
As aroused ducks ran away from us in unfocused splashing
Gathering strength, the sun swept the mist into tomorrow
And turned back the blanket of today
Lofty limbs of legless trees scratched the sky
As a muskrat slid in murky cleavage across the river
Rounding the last corner, a great blue heron rose from the water
And became frozen in the wingbeats of memory

Richard Mack, reprinted with permission



*Meeting of the Birds, Noelle Dass, acrylic on canvas,
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Plum Blossoms, Sisy Anderson, Watercolor & Ink on Double Shuen Rice Paper ©2012 Sisy Anderson, www.studiocartouche.com





Looking Up, Linda Johansen, hand-dyed cotton, machine freehand embellished with rayon thread, <http://www.lindajohansen.com>

Special thanks to John Miller & Travis Henry from Wildwood | Mahonia
for being our enduring "river guides."

Sarah Schra, Honoring Our Rivers Project Manager
Abby P. Metzger and Inara Scott, Honoring Our Rivers Outreach Coordinators

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Honoring Our Rivers: A Student Anthology

A project of the



"...the river runs tirelessly through the night.
It knows the secrets of the ancient oaks,
It hears the whispers of the gentle night breeze."

Darya Mojab 6th Grade, 2011



Ashley Swartwout 8th Grade, 2004

"The river at night sparkles like glitter on a painting."

Morgan Franks 1st Grade, 2011

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Founded in 1911, the Eugene Water & Electric Board is Oregon's largest customer-owned utility. For over 100 years, EWEB has recognized that the health of our river systems is vitally

important to the economic and environmental success of our community. eweb.org

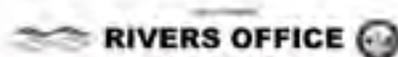


billhealyfoundation.org

We recognize the fragile interdependence between the environment and human beings. The foundation has chosen two points of focus: Environmental Conservation & the Well Being of Children.



Clean Water Services is a water resources management utility committed to working in partnership with others to build a sustainable future for Oregon's Tualatin River Watershed. cleanwaterservices.org



Partners



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LOVE YOUR RIVER



Honoring Our Rivers: A Student Anthology



Please submit your work along with this completed application form to:
Honoring Our Rivers, 4985 Battle Creek Rd SE #200, Salem, OR 97302

STUDENTS: *Are you a writer? An artist? Do you draw, write poetry, essays, or stories? Do you love rivers, animals, and the environment? Ever dream of being published? Submit your work to us!*

WHAT SHOULD I SUBMIT? We welcome written works (no more than 500 words per entry please) that are typed or clearly printed, and original art and photography. Digital entries are encouraged. Please see our website for detailed instructions. Artwork and photographs **MUST** be black and white. One entry per student. A written entry may be accompanied by original artwork.

HOW DO I SUBMIT? It's easy! Simply fill out the entry form below and mail to address above, or visit our website at www.honoringourrivers.org. Submissions will not be returned.

Entrant's Name (First & Last) _____ Year in School (K-College) _____

School _____ Instructor's Name _____

School Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Home Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

E-mail address _____

Title of your submitted work: _____

I certify that this is my original work, which has not previously been published. By submitting this work, I am giving Honoring Our Rivers the sole right to publish this work, for this and any future print or electronic editions. This work may also be excerpted on a website or in promotional materials.

_____ Student Signature

_____ Parent Signature (for students under age 18)

Please indicate type of work being submitted:

- Poetry Fiction Essay
 Artwork Photography
 Foreign Language with English Translation

DEADLINE: entries must be postmarked by
January 31, 2013

For more information, call 503-585-8789

Email: info@honoringourrivers.org

<http://www.honoringourrivers.org>

TEACHERS: We'd love for you to encourage your students to submit. Students can either submit their work directly to us on the web, or you can help by sending us their entries. Students under 18 must have parental permission. Teachers who submit student entries will receive a copy of the anthology for classroom or personal use.

Honoring Our Rivers

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THANK YOU!

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Participating Schools

Abiqua School, Salem
Adams Elementary, Eugene
Blanchet Catholic School, Salem
Boone's Ferry Primary School, Wilsonville
Buckman Elementary, Portland
Camas Ridge Community School, Eugene
Catlin Gabel School, Portland
Chapman Hill Elementary, Salem
Clackamas High School, Clackamas
Congregational Pre-School, Eugene
Edison Elementary, Eugene
Forest Grove Elementary, Forest Grove
Forest Park Elementary, Portland
Forest Ridge Elementary, Keizer
Franciscan Montessori Elementary School, Portland
Gladstone High School, Gladstone
Hallinan Elementary, Eugene
Hazelgreen Elementary, Salem
Jane Goodall Environmental Middle School (JGEMS), Salem
John F. Kennedy Middle School, Eugene
John Muir School, Ashland
Kalapuya Elementary, Salem
Lake Grove Elementary, Lake Oswego
Lamb Elementary, Salem
Llewellyn Elementary, Portland
Marylhurst University, Marylhurst
Metropolitan Learning Center, Portland
Mountain View Middle School, Beaverton
Myers Elementary, Salem
North Eugene High School, Eugene
Oak Creek Elementary, Lake Oswego
Oregon State University
Oregon City Service Learning Academy, Oregon City
Portland Community College, Portland
Portland Lutheran School, Portland
Resources for Health, Hillsboro
Rimrock Expeditionary Alternative Learning Middle School (REALMS), Bend
River Grove Elementary, Lake Oswego
Rock Creek Middle School, Clackamas
Roosevelt Middle School, Eugene
School 28, Kirov, Russia
Sherwood Middle School, Sherwood
Swegle Elementary, Salem
Talmadge Middle School, Independence
Waldo Middle School, Salem
Walker Middle School, Salem
Willagillespie Elementary, Eugene