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My father was in the military, so we moved around a lot. We lived mostly up and down the east coast. We lived in Florida, Virginia, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. But my favorite place we lived was Jamestown, Rhode Island. Jamestown is a little island 9 miles long and one mile wide. It is in the Narragansette Bay between the mainland and Newport.

What I like best about Jamestown is that it is an island. You know all your neighbors and you are surrounded by water. Being surrounded by water gives you so many opportunities for recreation. There's fishing, boating, swimming, beachcombing, storm watching, lobstering and just relaxing.

When we first moved to Jamestown there was a ferry that travelled back and forth to Newport. I can remember getting on the ferry and paying a price. (Can't remember exactly how much.) But as long as I didn't get off the ferry, I didn't have to pay again, and I could ride it back and forth all day if I wanted to.

On the south end of the island there was a lighthouse and rock ledges to climb over. On stormy days my family and I would go out to Beavertail. (That's what the south end of the island was called. And we would watch the storm surge pound into the rocks and ledges. I can remember the excitement I felt with the anticipation of the

next huge wave to come splashing into the shoreline and the tremendous force of nature I encountered with these storms.

There were also old fort sites on the island that we used to explore. There were dark, narrow tunnels to climb through and huge, cement craters in the ground where cannon guns used to be. It was a lot of fun to go there with family and friends.

At Fort Getty there are piers which you could moor your boat to or you could fish from. This was one of my favorite hobbies or recreation - fishing for flounder or sea bass. Mainly flounder, though. When my grandpa came to visit, this is what we spent the majority of time on.

If I had to pick one place to live again, it would be Jamestown, Rhode Island. I have the fondest memories of my life there. Always having the aroma of the sea air to inhale and the energy you get from it. To have fishing, boating and swimming be so accessible to you. To enjoy watching storms and to go beachcombing. These are the reasons I would pick Jamestown, Rhode Island.

Thinking About Heaven

As the sun sinks into the earth
the moon rises high above.
It is night
and there is no sound at all, only silence.

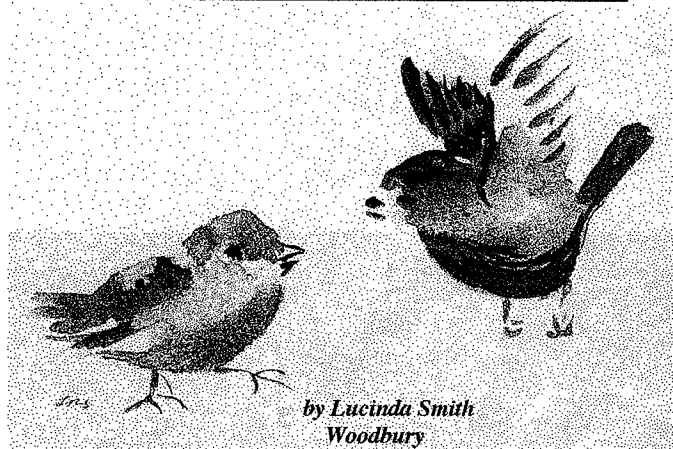
The moonbeams shine on the birdbath
and the water reflects onto the sky.
It looks as though the sky is a big ocean
with diamonds swimming in it.

The man in the moon smiles down at me,
and I smile back.

It didn't go to bed that night.

As I watched the black blanket of night surrender to the sun,
I knew that the sun, moon, earth, and sky
would guide me up to Heaven.

William Paessler
Northlands Job Corps Center
Vergennes



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The book, *As Long as There Are Mountains* was a great book to read. My favorite part in the book was when the horse Bennington and Iris's father came out of the burning barn safely. The book was sad in some parts and then it got better at the end of the book. There were a lot of bad things that had happened to the family.

The father had been depressed because he lost his leg. He thought that he couldn't do anything anymore, but after everything happened to the family, they all had forgiven each other for what had happened that summer. Also, the father was no longer depressed and was going out to the new barn that friends and family had built for them. The father had help finding his brother's child.

I think that this book is going to be good for kids to read. It's a sad book, but after everything happened, the end gets better. They don't end up moving, they stay on the farm and Iris is happy because she has her farm back and her new calves for Christmas. I think that the book is great and a lot of my classmates liked it too.

Catherine Ann Wujcik, Bennington

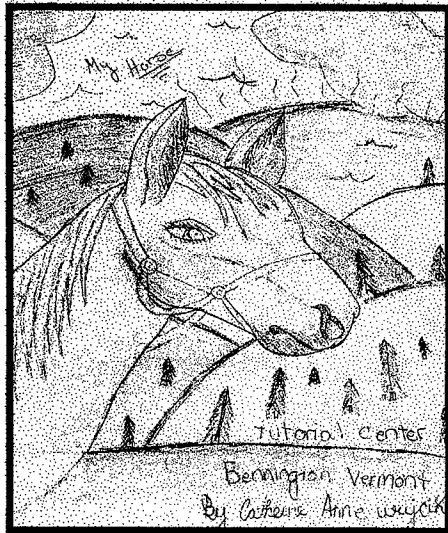


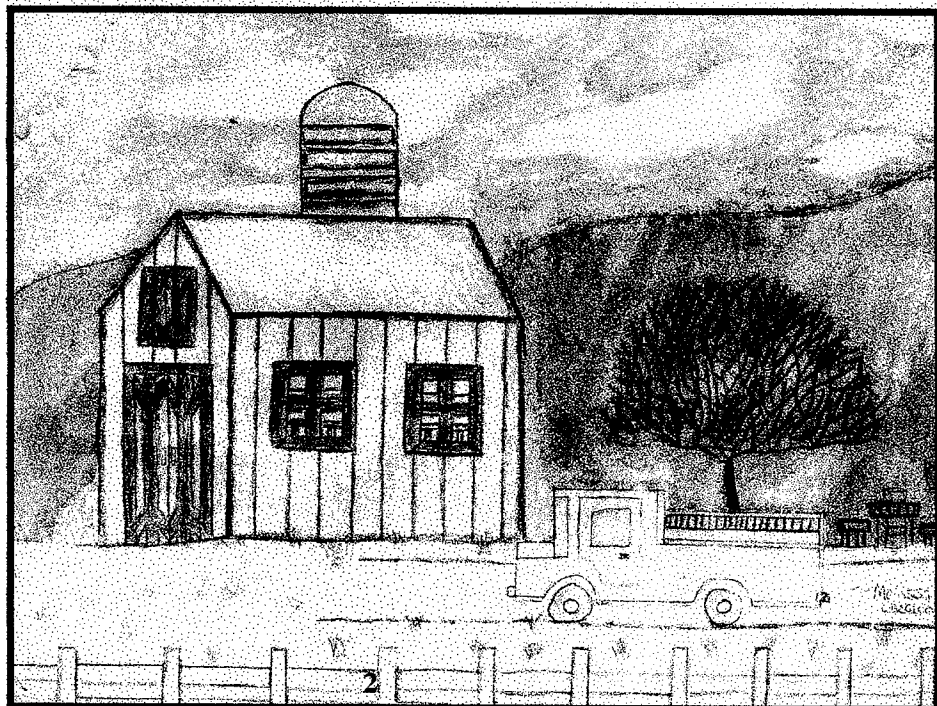
photo by Melissa Lescaubeau Bennington

I had a few favorite events in the book, *As Long As There Are Mountains*. However, my absolute favorite event was when Hazen was in the hospital. Every person in town drove to Iris's home and all of the men brought materials to build a new barn for the family. All the farmers' wives brought food for the hard-working men to eat.

I find that it's amazing how these people came together to help a family in crisis. I only wish that things today would be more like things were in 1956 when this book took place. There were strong family morals, everyone was a hard worker, people respected each other, and people cared about their lives, other people's lives and Mother Nature.

Melissa Lescaubeau Bennington

by Melissa Lescaubeau



A true friend, in my opinion, consists of three major things: truth, honesty and endurance.

I believe in order to have a good relationship you need to tell the truth and be able to hear and accept it, even though it might not be what you want to hear. I know, because a friend asked me to tell her the truth about her boyfriend cheating on her. She said all her other friends kept lying to her. It was hard for me to tell her, but I wouldn't want people lying to me.

People should have respect for everyone, not just friends. I have respect for my friend because she treats people with kindness and is always ready to help people without asking for things in return. She's a hard worker and never complains. I have respect for her, even though we don't always see eye-to-eye.

You have to work on some things that are hard to do, not just the things we like. You have to have the strength to endure life's losses and gains alike. Many things can happen in a lifetime of friendship. Both myself and my best friend have endured many hardships through the years - deaths, births and the loss of her home.

It's my opinion that these three words, truth, honesty and endurance can help make me and other people live in a better world. All three have to be worked on every day.

**June Casper Theisen
Franklin/Grand Isle**

One of the difficulties I had in my life was anorexia. I was unhealthy, sick all of the time, and I almost died! I overcame it by seeing a nutritionist. I went on a special diet, and I had lots of people help me.

I went to a nutritionist every week, so I could see what foods were healthy for my body. She told me that eating three meals a day is healthy if you eat the right foods. The nutritionist gave me a diet plan to follow that helped me a lot. I followed it well. I got all the right foods in my body and drank a lot of water. I slowly got better.

My whole family was concerned. They were happy to help me on my way to recovery. They helped me by buying me all the right foods I needed. It was wonderful to have my family around!

In conclusion, if I hadn't gotten the help I needed when I did, I wouldn't be here today. So many people are experiencing eating disorders today. I'm glad I'm not one of those people anymore!

Bennington

If I was a millionaire, I would help pay off my children's debts so they would be able to enjoy their children and not have to work hard or so long.

I would set up a trust fund for each of my grandchildren, so they could go to college if they wanted to, so they wouldn't have to go into debt for the next four years of their life. Last of all, I would take my three sisters with me on a trip to Ireland because it's been a dream of ours for some time.

My children work hard and long hours to give a good home to their children, but with housepayments, car loans and bills in general, it's hard to keep up with everything.

I don't want my grandchildren to struggle with loans and debts for college like so many young children have to because their parents can't afford to send them.

My sisters and I have always wanted to visit Ireland and tour the countryside, visit the castles and old cemeteries. Some of our ancestors came from Ireland. Our grandmother on our mother's side was of Irish descent.

I want to see my children enjoy life more with their children and not have to spend so much time working, like I did when they were small. I hope my grandchildren's future is a better one than ours is. And I hope they grow up in a future where their children aren't faced with terrorism, wars, and the fear of getting shot at or even killed while at play or going to school.

**Veronica J. Buock
Franklin/Grand Isle**

Thoughts On the Use of Credit Cards!

The use of credit cards has become more and more a matter of public concern. People everywhere are using them and getting into debt. My opinion on these horrible pieces of plastic is that some credit card companies should be outlawed. People should only have one or two credit cards, with a maximum credit limit of three hundred dollars.

I know from experience as a credit card user, overuse of credit cards is bad. I have gotten into much debt from the use of credit cards, because of failure to control their use. I have been paid for my lack of judgment in high interest payments. The interest ranges from 15% to 28%.

Take my advice and my opinion on credit cards, and never get them! If you do get a credit card, use it only for an emergency. I do have a card with a three hundred and fifty dollar limit on it, but I never use it - knowing how great the temptation is of over using it!

**Kenneth Hoag
Bennington**

Teachers Write Too

Mama showed my brother and me how to find them. "You had to get an eye for them," she said. "You had to learn how to see them.."

Those smooth clay stones from the wash at the bend in the river were gifts and discoveries at the same time. Mama would take us to the river on days when we were driving her crazy. She would bring her paint box and paint, and my brother and I would search for hours for these prizes from the river. Some of them were perfectly round with concentric circles. Some were connected to form turtles, animals and fertility figures. No two were alike. When we got home we put them in a special basket so that on other days we could look at them, touch them, and remember the sunlight on the water and the smell of the river bank.

As I look back at these times, I am reminded that real learning should always be fueled by discovery. For in discovery is ownership; a feeling that what you find belongs to you... "finder's keepers." More than that, no one can ever take it away. I was made joyful as a child by simple discoveries. This has defined learning for me ever since. I am attached forever to the connections I can make on my own; the connections I discover, and not necessarily the ones that others identify for me.

As teachers and parents, we should not seek to provide the answers, but to provide paths to discovery, and to guide the learner toward his or her own quest. And quest is the root word for question. If we are not asking the questions, will we be interested in the answers?

* What are these stones made of and why are they only found in some parts of the river? (science)

* How old are these stones? (history)

* What are they called, do they have a name? (language)

* Were they really used as money by the Native Americans as Mama used to tell us? (social studies)

My mother died many years ago, but I still have that basket of stones and those memories. And I shall continue to question and to seek pleasant surprises in the world that surrounds me.

Garden Question Answered

The spinach went by and the flowers are dead.
The woodchuck has eaten my broccoli bed.
But thanks to the Swiss, hooray for the chard,
It's still standing tall and green in my yard.

I'll have winter soups of that green leafy stuff.

A reminder of summer, it's almost enough
To answer that question that I ask routinely:
Is it worth all this work for Swiss chard and zucchini?

This issue's featured teacher/writer is Lucinda Smith of Woodbury. She is a teacher at Lamoille Valley Even Stant in Morrisville. The drawing on this page is her work as well as the text. See the front page and page 5 for more of her art.

Pantoum for the Empty Nest

What is this place?

We feel a little lost.

Our children are finding themselves,
And this is shaky ground.

We feel a little lost.

Our words fall on their empty rooms,
And this is shaky ground.
Precious spirits seeking flight.

Our words fall on their empty rooms,
We cannot follow but remain.
Precious spirits seeking flight,
We must not spare them their discoveries.

We must not follow, but remain.

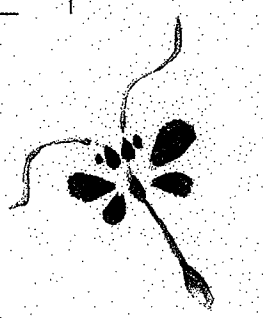
This is unfamiliar,
We must not spare them their discoveries
We will keep the heart-light burning.

This is unfamiliar,

Can they find their way?
We will keep the heart-light burning.
Will they remember where we are?

"Rapping" Fall

Ax..whack!
At the woodstack
Clocks gone back
Day turns black
Woodsmoke rising from a smokestack
Rifle coming down from a gunrack
Painted frost on windows (Jack)
Boots on icy puddles crack
Click-clack click-clack
Along abandoned railroad track
Back to back, back to back
Rows of golden tamarack
Deertrack
In the silent black
Night goes slack
Dawn goes crack
Clocks gone back
Day turns black
Ax..whack!
At the woodstack
Woodsmoke rising from a smokestack
Clocks gone back
Day turns black
Click-clack
Click-clack
Click-clack
Click-clack



Goals For Life

I plan on completing my Making-It-Work program. The knowledge and resources will help me not only in my career, but will help benefit my professional and personal life.

I'll spend time pursuing my goal as a writer. I also plan on trying to change my view of life - the things I need and want to better my life and better that of my children. The steps I need to take to complete my goals are to complete my schooling, then commit myself to myself and my kids. My career needs to be in an area I enjoy, can expand, make money, and still have time to be a good mom, a better mom, and better in my professional life.

My life goal is to use and continue to use the resources I learn along the way of life and use them to better myself and the life I want so deeply for my children. In my writing, maybe I could better the lives of someone else as well. Even if it's just one person or one situation, it would be well worth it.

**Mattie Bell
Burlington**

One Scary Night

One cool, windy night, the wind blew across the field in the middle of the night. Then something woke me up from a deep sleep. I stayed there looking at the ceiling. Soon I heard the sound again. *It sounded like a monster was at my window.* Boy that was pretty creepy, because it was the night before Halloween.

The sound scared me, so I screamed for my mom. Mom came running down the hall to see what was wrong with me. When she came into my room, I was hiding under my bed.

Mom asked me, "What are you doing under your bed, Aaron?"

"I am under here hiding from the monster outside my window," I answered.

Mom replied, "There isn't any monster out there. Aaron, you have to see this."

"No!" I said. "I am staying under here until morning comes."

"You will have a very long wait you know," Mom answered.

"Yes, but I am still hiding until morning. Will you come and join me, Mom?"

"OK Aaron, but just for a little while," said Mom.

We both fell asleep under the bed until morning came. Mom and I woke up from under the bed.

Mom said, "Come out from under the bed now, Aaron. You have to see this."

I walked over to the window and looked out to see what made that noise last night. After seeing what it was, just a branch on a tree, I was not scared anymore after that.

**Melissa Allen
Bennington**

Friendship

Friendship to me is that people do not call people like five times on the phone and also don't make a scene at Shaw's and where we live or where we work. Friendship isn't telling people what to do and ordering people around.

Friendship is friends saying "Hello," and "How are you?" but not ordering people around and telling them what to do. It's saying nice things and not saying "I have to work around my schedule." They should back off and leave you or us alone and let you live your life in your home or apartment.

Friendship cannot use people or hurt people and lie to people. That person that lies and is bossy and has a bad attitude toward people and tells them what to do and tracks them down - that is not good friendship.

It is other people's business only, and they have to live with that and they have to stop bossing people around and hurting people's feelings. They should not go in people's places without permission. This friend didn't get permission at all, and then ordered us around in the livingroom and then stormed out and slammed the door. That is not right.

So now that person can lose our friendship. That person will never leave my husband and me alone and let us live our life and enjoy our life. So this person is no longer having a friendship with my husband and me.

We had these problems with this person, Arlene, for a while. She does not want to listen to anyone. My other friend, Alice, said to us that she has not listened to her for about 40 years. That proved that Arlene is very wrong and she has no right to order people around and to call her way the right way.

That does not work in friendship and could ruin the friendship forever. I think the friendship between us and Arlene can't be repaired. She wrecked it for good and we have to move on and enjoy our life in Bristol, Vermont. We do our work the best we can.

**Ginger and Bruce Swan
Bristol**



*by Lucinda Smith
Woodbury*

Our Son

Our son was born with club feet. Aaron has his braces and he still has to have them on at night and he can't walk yet at all. We are working with him at walking. He might not walk until he is three years old. He just turned one year old on October 12, 2006. Aaron is not crawling yet.

We had to take Aaron over to New Hampshire every week at first and then once a month. It took a lot of gas to go over there. Me and my husband had to get up early in the morning to take him over to the hospital.

He couldn't do some of the activities with the braces on. We bought him some clothes and then he couldn't wear them. He's been going through a rough time with this and will have to all his life. We hope he pulls through this. He is crawling on his butt and he is trying to get on his knees to crawl. I hope that he can crawl on his knees.

Aaron has some nice doctors and nurses in New Hampshire. He pees on some of the nurses sometimes when he goes down for his feet. We hope that he can make it through with his health.

**Many Kidden
Hardwick**

The Wind Chimes

When I first met my husband in June of 1990 there was a ceramic shop in Bristol, VT owned by friends. In this shop you could buy ceramics and goodies. They had paints and brushes and all kinds of colors to choose from. They had dolls and toys, cars and trucks, and things you hang up. The store had a painting class that cost \$2 a person per lesson to learn how to paint whatever ceramic you bought.

One day my friend got new windchimes in her store. They cost \$4.99 each. There were dolphins, elephants and seashells. I got them for my mother for Christmas, 1990. They were the first windchimes my mother got from me.

Now my mother has over 300 windchimes. They cover her ceilings in the livingroom, kitchen and diningroom and the downstairs hallway. It became a trend. Everyone started buying her windchimes for every holiday. My mother has chimes that are hummingbirds, fish, dolphins, deer, eagles, cows, tigers, flowers, wolves, pigs, and many, many more. I started a trend that will carry on for many holidays to come.

**Kitty Fæegand
Stanksboso**



What is Friendship?

Friendship has many virtues.

There are no exit clauses or curfews.

It is walking that extra mile for a person you care for.
We are accepted for all our imperfections and much more.

It is being there when a friend is in distress.

Whatever problems, together they can be addressed.

It is looking into a person's eyes and saying I am here.

It is looking into that person's eyes and wiping away every tear.

This is what true friendship is all about.

In your heart there will never be any doubt.

Reach out to a friend today.

Listen to what they have to say.

**William Pæessler
Northlands Job Corps Center
Veigennes**

Pain

I want the pain of this life to end.

I want the pain of never being loved to stop,

And for once, I want to be held close and told I love you.

Life

Is life really worth living after all the pain that it has caused?

And if so, how do we cope and move on with our lives?

Free

Some people live to live.

Some people live to die,

But me, I live to be free.

**LK
Bennington**

About Jessie!

Cool sweet intelligent bad,
Child of the stars,
Lover of pork chops,
Who feels mad and bad,
Who needs a mom, a dad,
A best friend, a family.
Who would like a dog, a cat, a cheetah
As a pet.
Resident of the woods.
Jessie.

Jessie Huard, age 13
Jay

*Jessie is the daughter of Bridget Huard,
a student at the North East Kingdom
Learning Center in Newport.*

Families Write Too!

**If you have a daughter, a
son, a friend, a mother, fa-
ther, aunt, grandfather,
friend, husband, wife,
...someone you know who
has written something they
would like printed in the
Eagle, please send it to us
along with a note to say who
they are.**



by Sonny Durenleau

Black Bear

Insatiable

Scrounging, Climbing, Eating

Gouging on bennies in the bush

Omnivore

*These are cinquain poems and artwork from the
Tuesday Night Chittenden Learning Center
students and teachers:*

- Norma Blades**
- Sonny Durenleau**
- Jim LaBerge**
- Joey Donovan**
- Martha Colyer**
- Gail Babinger**

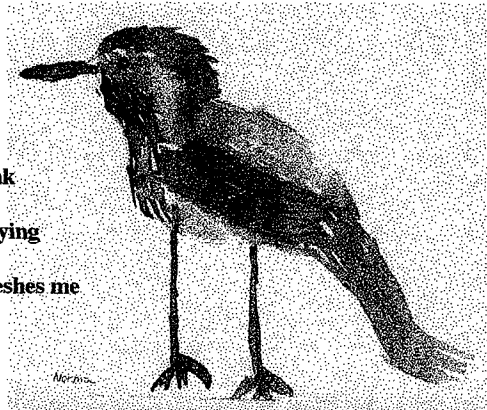
HERON

long, yellow beak

wading, fishing, flying

its graceful flight refreshes me

Great Blue



by Norma Blades

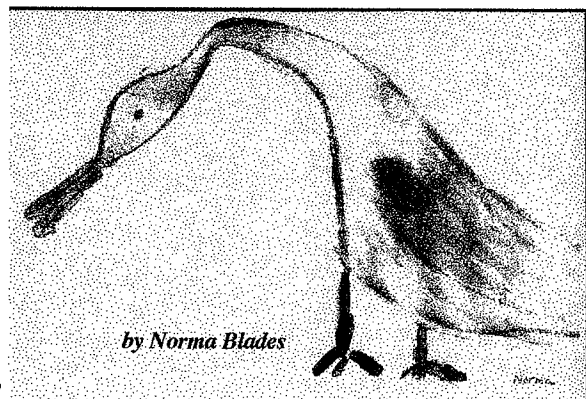
Lightning

Night blinding flash

Illuminating charge

A perilous flame rebounding

Spark show



by Norma Blades



by Amanda King
Northlands Job Corps Center
Vergennes

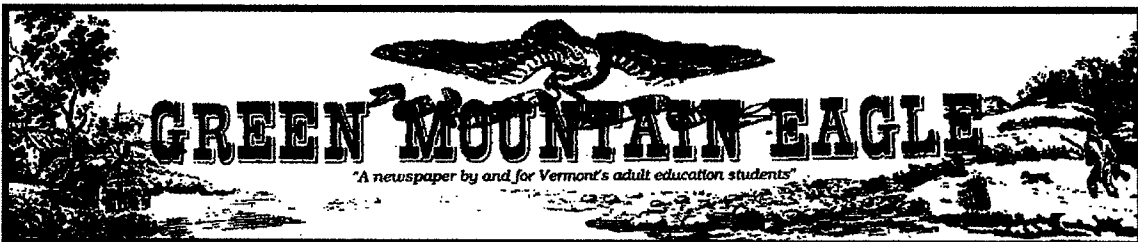
We are accepting entries for the *Michael Amstein Award*.

First prize: \$50. Two second prizes of \$25 each. One of the second prizes will be awarded for an original drawing or graphic design.

Everything published in this issue of the *Eagle* and the next two issues will be eligible for the awards. To enter: send something you've written or drawn to the *Eagle*!

This Award is made possible by a gift from Michael's sister, Rita Hersh Schwartz.

*The Eagle online?
What do you think?
How would you use it?
Please let us know!*



KEEP YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS COMING!

Send all comments, questions and contributions to:

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Fax: (802) 388-4396
Phone: (802) 388-4392

E-MAIL ADDRESS: gmeagle@vtadullearning.org

Please be sure to include your name, phone number and/or address or a way to reach you in case we have questions about your contribution.

We need your drawings and photos!

The more there are, the better the *Eagle* is. Send us your drawings done in black ink on white, unlined paper. Send us photos!