

Connections: The Hero with a Thousand Faces

By Phillip Moore

“People say that what we’re all seeking is a meaning for life. I don’t think that’s what we’re really seeking. I think that what we’re seeking is an experience of being alive, so that our life experiences on the purely physical plane will have resonances within our innermost being and reality, so that we actually feel the rapture of being alive.”

--Joseph Campbell

The 34th year of our school has just concluded, and what a year it has been. We began this school year in September in new territory. Our enrollment of 90 students made it the largest school population we’ve ever had. Along with all these students came the next generation of staff members. Two former students were invited to teach algebra and music on a part time basis and we old timers shook our heads in delight as we collectively realized that we’ve been here for a very long time.

Brett Piazza attended our school from the time he was five until he was thirteen. During that span of time we came to know, love and respect this inquisitive, thoughtful young man. As Brett’s algebra teacher, I remember how long it



took me to prepare to teach him Algebra 2, and how quickly he understood--and then went beyond my understanding. It was a humbling experience that was to foreshadow many such moments from that time to this. Recently, a ten-year-old student by the name of Zach, a gifted illustrator who has won an award from PBS for his work, designed a cover of our school newsletter with a depiction of some staff and students. Zach’s drawing was of special interest to me, however, because his pictures of Brett and of me made us look like identical, hairy, bearded, twins. Perhaps we are twins separated by generations and the callings of very different times.

Baruch (Josh) Simon has been teaching music and connecting deeply to the essence of our school. I first met Baruch when he was nine years old, a shy and unhappy child, whose mother was determined to find a different school. That first interview with his mom and Baruch is indelibly imprinted in my mind.

After a thoughtful and insightful conversation with his mother I asked Baruch some questions about the things he liked and the things he didn’t like. He carefully and quietly answered a few questions and then bolted out the door crying. Just this year Baruch recalled the incident for an interview that we filmed. When the interviewer asked him why he ran Baruch answered, “I had never been approached by an adult in such a direct and heartfelt manner. I felt so vulnerable...I was accepted because they saw in me things I couldn’t see myself. They knew there was a voice inside that needed to emerge.” Baruch returned to complete the circle. He loved our theatre program and seeing him play with Ted in this year’s musical brought back memories of the young actor.

These two young men have contributed much to the texture and depth of this school year. Their collective work has given us a glimpse

continued on page 6



UHS 2005 FALL CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER	7	Wednesday	First Day of School
	18	Sunday	UHS Community Picnic/Auction Kickoff
	24	Saturday	Liam O Maonlai 8 PM karenJoy theatre
OCTOBER	17	Monday	Empty Bowls
	20-21	Thurs/Friday	Stratford Trip
	24	Monday	AIMS Conference—NO SCHOOL
	28-29	Fri/Saturday	Quilt Retreat
NOVEMBER	5	Saturday	Billy Jonas 1 PM karenJoy theatre
	10-11	Thurs/Friday	TPS Fall Play karenJoy theatre
	17	Thursday	All School Alumni Skate
	21-22	Mon/Tuesday	1st Evaluations—NO SCHOOL
	23-25	Wed/Friday	Thanksgiving Recess—NO SCHOOL
DECEMBER	16	Friday	Staff & Students Holiday Celebration
	19-Jan 3	Mon/Tuesday	Holiday Recess—NO SCHOOL
JANUARY	4	Wednesday	School Resumes
	21	Saturday	Staff 'n U karenJoy theatre

Questions? Contact us at:

info@uplandhills.org ~ for most school information
development@uplandhills.org ~ for Auction, Endowment, Annual Giving, Scrips and Spiritwear
KJT@uplandhills.org ~ for tickets and theatre information
alumni@uplandhills.org ~ for alumni communications

CLASSROOM CONNECTIONS

Love and Care

by Jan Butcher

The tables have been turned. You are reading my mid-summer homework assignment from Linda Bowers. She asked each of the staff to write an article for the newsletter, answering the question, "Why is teaching at Upland Hills School so special to you?" There are so many reasons and responses I could give to this question. I could compose a long list and arrange it in bullet statements, but that seems like I'm writing a recipe.

I first came to Upland Hills School when my daughters were students here. Through meetings with their teachers and observing their enthusiasm about all they were doing and talking to other parents, I knew UHS was special. Then in 1990, I was fortunately in a position to come on staff. The first two years my work was part time, then I took over as morning meeting teacher for my favorite age group.

Becoming a full-time staff member, taking part in staff meetings and staff evaluations made it all very clear---love is at the center of everything that goes on at UHS. Love for the students, love of fellow staff and teaching what you love are the easiest and clearest ways for me to sum up what is special here. While I knew my daughters were happy and safe at school, it was only when I came on staff and took part in the thoughtful planning and discussion that I learned how much loving care each student is offered. That love is extended to the families and expressed to each staff member.

As a parent you may question the reason science is taught this way or wonder how and when reading instruction takes place. You should not feel the need to question the love and care each child is given. (As the mother of two recent college graduates, one of whom just earned her doctorate in the science field, I can assure you both science and reading are taught beautifully and lovingly.)

Other Purposes

by David Sosin

In C.S. Lewis' book, The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe, Aslan spoke to his people saying, "We must move from this place at once, it will be wanted for other purposes." In a way, that quote goes well with the summer at Upland Hills School. We all go away from our routines, our normal days, and we leave the school for other purposes.

The school becomes the daycare center for fawns. Several deer have taken advantage of the quiet safety in our woods. As many as seven fawns were left in hiding during June and July. Also, the woodchucks have found the peaceful school grounds to be to their liking. I've seen the babies in our school garden and behind the school near Jan's room. There was one up in the mulberry tree picking berries in the upper branches. The animals seem more confident and less in a hurry to get away when people approach.

Most Tuesdays, I come to school early and do my best to tame the grounds. It isn't the kind of place you groom, nor is it a goal of mine to sterilize it. The school grounds need a balance of wildness and order, of lushness and space. When the kids return in September, I want the woods to seem the same to them. I want them to feel secluded and full of life. They probably won't notice the scores of branches and bushes I removed to keep the spaces open. From the windows of the school, the place looks just the same. But wait! Is that a lawn out there?

The basketball court is becoming quite beautiful. K & S Tree Service has delivered around 40 yards of woodchips to our school this summer. The extension made by Patrick and friends looks more and more like it was always there. But it sits unused most of the time. In fact, the school and theatre and woods and APG and swing sets and classrooms sit quiet and empty. That's the way it's supposed to be. It's like a field that is fallow. It's like a bear in hibernation. It's like a child in the summer, living much of the summer for 'other purposes'.

The Journey

by Jean Ruff

Jour-ney – n. – travel from one place to another, usually taking a rather long time. A passage or progress from one stage to another.

We all are on a journey. It would take volumes of text to write about our life's journey. I would like to describe part of my journey that brought me to Upland Hills School in 1978.

A voice in my heart continued to speak in consistent rhythms, saying "Keep seeking, keep knocking and the door will be opened." As an educator and one who loves learning with children, I knew there had to be a place on this planet that would allow me to develop and be nurtured as a teacher so I could share my gifts and excitement.

I taught in a variety of learning environments in Michigan, New York and Japan from 1968-78. It wasn't until I drove on the bumpy gravel road, arriving at two portable buildings and a quaint dome, that I felt my journey as an educator had come to rest. Never before had I experienced the delight of seeing teachers so enthused about engaging children in learning. Children were exploring the environment, playing joyfully together, focused on lessons, engrossed in thought provoking discussions, all under the guidance and supervision of a dedicated group of educators who loved and cared for children and each other.

It wasn't an easy process for me to fulfill my dream of teaching here at Upland Hills School. I truly thank those beginning staff, Phil and Karen, Ken, Kathy, Cookie and Knight and Dorothy Webster, and the children and parents for believing in me and giving me the opportunity to share my love of learning with children in October of 1978. I now understand that it is the love and care of others (family, parents, friends, co-workers) that provides the best environment for us to grow and continue our journey. I am deeply grateful for the relationships I have at Upland Hills, which have taken a long time and patience to develop. So thank you all for your continued love and nurturing. The journey is truly the voice of the heart.

Dream and Discovery

by Holly Neumann

Being at Upland Hills School allows me to dream and practice what I know to be an alive way of being with children, adults, and myself. I think that I always moved to a different drummer; my listening ear was hearing other ideas, asking questions that didn't easily find answers. I also think that I was a late bloomer; stepping into my space and voice much later than many others.

The insights about myself, others, and the world around me felt precious enough to lead me on a journey to be with people that I felt connected to. More and more I realize that I am a part of a vibrant organization; there is room to continue dreaming, ask questions, challenge what has been and see if the old answers still have meaning. Indeed, we often discover new ways to feel alive and connected to our work and I know that this is precious.



Monday, October 17, 2005

In Support of the
Oakland County Food Bank

The concept for Empty Bowls is simple. We create ceramic bowls at the UHS Community Picnic in September. On Monday, October 17, we join together to share a simple meal of soup and bread. We each choose a bowl to keep as a reminder that there are always Empty Bowls in the world. In exchange for the meal and the bowl, we give donations, which are tallied and then presented to the Oakland County Food Bank.. The Upland Hills community has generously supported this local hunger-fighting organization year after year. Please join us for this important and meaningful evening!

ALUMNI CONNECTIONS

Parents of alumni: Please forward this to your son or daughter. If they no longer reside permanently at home, please advise Upland Hills of their new address at (248) 693-2878 or development@uplandhills.org

The Guitar

By Valerie Sherwood Sowa

I was 10 and believed I could do anything. Phil Moore amazed me. He could play the guitar like no one else I'd ever heard. In fact, I didn't know anyone who played the guitar. To be able to play guitar like him, well...that was my dream. Every Friday, he belted out the Beatles to open up the All School Meeting. The air in the dome was chilly in the winter months but he got us all singing along to "Rocky Raccoon" and somehow we all felt warm inside. He'd take requests from the crowd and sometimes we'd be so involved in singing, he had to cut the agenda short. It was so much fun!

I made it my mission to convince Phil to teach me guitar. Never mind that there was not a guitar class and never mind that I did not own a guitar nor had any idea how to get one, I was determined. Everyday I asked him the same question, "When will you teach me to play the guitar?" I wore him down. He gave me a Buffy Saint Marie record album to listen to. I fell in love. I wore that record out – in fact, I still own it. I played it over and over in my bedroom and memorized all the lyrics in a week. Did he ever know that? The power of a gift.

Finally, he said he'd teach me, IF I got a guitar. Money was tight at my house. It was the 70s – fuel shortages, 4 kids and my mom worked her heart out to pay for tuition for all of us to go to UHFS. At a yard sale, we spied an old used guitar with chipped veneer. It was too big for me, but I was in heaven!

I remember marching to school the next day and proudly declaring for Phil to hear that I now had a guitar and so now he had to teach me. I had him trapped.

There were three of us to start with. Myself, burning with desire, my friend, Linda Tedesco, and Phil. It was really slow going. Somehow my dream didn't match the reality of sore finger tips and developing my out-of-tune ear. My mom got me a book with chords so that I could work on my own at home. Our little guitar class only met once a week. We'd spend the first part of the class tuning our guitars to each other – an impossibility for me. Try as I might, I couldn't hear the subtle differences that allowed 2 strings to sound exactly alike. Phil would always grab the guitars at some point and tune them himself so we could move on in the lesson. It was really challenging to practice at home on an out-of-tune guitar – which mine always was, being old with new strings.

A defining moment came when Linda was able to tune her guitar and I was not. They left me in the middle of our class to sort it out for myself – alone in the dome. It was an empowering moment, although not at first. At first I was MAD at both of them for abandoning me to a task that seemed impossible. Then I cried a lot, feeling sorry for myself. Then realizing that another class would be coming in at some point I rallied myself together and decided to try. Suddenly it all came together for me. The discernment of the notes, the precise sound of in tune strings. I GOT IT!

What happened after that? I got a new guitar that Christmas – a child-sized one that I kept through lots of moving and several states, all through college and now 30 years later it sits proudly in my living room. I could never bear to sell it. I know my parents sacrificed to get it for me and just looking at it takes me back on a journey through time.. I learned to play all sorts of terrific songs like *You Are My Sunshine* and *The Big Mac Song* about the Mackinac Bridge. As a kid, I even wrote a lot of songs myself and found them just recently in a box, like treasure that has been newly discovered. This past year, my own son, Schuyler begged to learn to play at the same age as me – 10. I hope I can teach it to him. I hope that he has that defining moment of realizing that within himself, he has the power to do anything he sets his mind to. I hope Phil knows that he first taught that to me.



continued from page 1 of a sustainable future for our school. Although Brett is going west and Baruch is going east this next year, somehow we are connected more deeply now than ever before. What they leave behind is the spirit of their youth and idealism and their determination to find their way in this complex crazy world of ours.

In October Rafe Martin, author and storyteller, opened the second season of The Karen Joy Theatre with "A Story is a Doorway." He too was in new territory as we created an event that intertwined his storytelling with performances by our children of original songs written by Ted Strunck. The idea was that Rafe would be able to hear songs inspired by stories he had written and that Ted and Karen Moore had translated into musical plays. In front of a live audience he told two stories; *The Monkey Bridge*, and *The Eagles Gift*. There was magic in the air that night as we all took new creative risks to bring stories from India and Alaska to life in a way never before experienced. As the play reminds us, "a story is a doorway that we can all walk through, a portal for us mortals to expand our point of view, a ride on a magic carpet to far off Timbuktoo, where we can feast on wonders and see our dreams come true."

November brought us the fall play taken from a book by Avi called "Romeo and Juliet are Together (and Alive) at Last." The theatre was full and alive with laughter. Even when a smoke bomb went off as a part of the production and set off the fire alarm (not a part of the production), the children played on, making it an evening that we are not likely to forget.

Later that month, our daughter Nina gave birth to twins, Lola and Violette, and Karen (Grandee) left for Montana where she stayed for six weeks helping Nina cope with the exponential growth of her family. In Karen's absence we learned two powerful lessons. The first lesson was that we could exist without her clear-boundary temperament, her genius for working with children in

literature, poetry, math and the theatre, and her clarity in staff meetings. The second lesson was that each of us needed to take more responsibility in areas we allowed her to handle. Karen cast the spring play from afar, Nina got the best help possible for her new children and herself, and Karen came home to a round of heartfelt applause.

2005 began with a new guest faculty member, that national performer Billy Jonas, who delighted the children with his creative blend of rhythms and rhymes. His original songs, recycled homemade instruments and his genius for inter-active movements and lively sing-alongs, made him a smash hit with the children and staff. His song, "What Kind of Cat are You," which begins with easy clues like "What kind of cat is really, really scared? (scaredy-cat)" and ends up with clues like "What kind of cat is the capitol of Nepal? (Katmandu)" displays his genius for involving every member of the audience in mayhem and mirth.

Our mid-year arts festival was a wonderful celebration of the children's artwork and performances. Our theatre was full to overflowing and wild with applause for the all of the performances, especially the musical "Free to Be" and the poetry of Karin's group. We closed out February with our talent show "Staff and Ewe." Musical guests from England and Nashville helped lift the performances to a new high that surprised and delighted the already predisposed audience.

In March, the author of "The Magical Child and Crack in the Cosmic Egg," Joseph Chilton Pearce, presented a day-long workshop. This time the theatre was filled with educators, parents, and seekers who listened with rapt attention as our octogenarian elder presented a lifetime of lessons. His talk focused on the latest brain/mind research and made it clear that "screen time" is endangering the minds of an entire generation of children. He insisted on making the point that creative, imaginative play is the best way for young minds to develop and that learning through exam-

ple is the most powerful way for children to learn. Parents and teachers have to model the behavior they want to see.

Another March moment that I'll never forget was when our guest faculty member Eugene Freisen performed a cello duet with one of our students, Willie Rowe. Willie and Eugene have known each other ever since Willie was five years old. Their relationship has evolved over time to where they send musical conversations to each other. With very little rehearsal the two cello players sat on stage in front of a full house, creating music that transcended time and place. Eugene's musical guest Tim Rice (Lyle Lovett's piano player) was quite impressed, and so were we.

The month of April challenged our community as we learned that one of the founders of Amerris High School was under investigation by local authorities. This shock wave and its after-effects are still reverberating throughout our community. There was and is a deep sense of loss and pain in many aspects of this situation. One clear fragment is connected to Amerris and Oakland Community College's hosting of Joseph Chilton Pearce and the undeniable fact that Amerris made a huge contribution to the lives of many young people.

Even with this news weighing on us, we continued with the events of our own school community. Our Auction was a wonderful success thanks to so many generous volunteers and to the leadership of Linda Bowers and Terry Gardner. Jim Grossman, our auctioneer, overcame poor health to guide us through a live auction that held a number of peak moments, like the lively bidding for Karin's group's mosaic turtle and the bidding over Ted's group's guitar-motif stained glass window.

In May "Peter Pan" featured remarkable performances from an immensely talented cast. The theatre was "Standing Room Only" for the evening performance, and the children were exceptional. From Zoë's perfect pitch

Peter to Pat's cantankerous Hook, they gave it their all and rocked our world. As is traditional each May, the Beaver Island trip went out into the sweet sea of Lake Michigan and carried with them the memories of over fifteen years of this rite of passage. Jim Gillingham, the remarkable professor that has an honorary place in the pantheon of great teachers of the world, delighted Karin's group with his undying enthusiasm for snakes, Tuataras, and Turtles.

The end of our school year still includes the overnight and a graduation ceremony, a rocket launch, chuggy chuggy, and campfires, but we have now expanded to present senior projects and to celebrate student Renaissance achievements. Pat's senior project was to expand our basketball court, while Kara made a documentary film of the adventure playground. Aaron built a storage shed and Zack volunteered for 24 hours of community service. Each senior impressed us with his or her creativity, dedication and determination to make our world a better place.

Joseph Campbell's master work, "The Hero with a Thousand Faces," divides the Hero's journey into three distinct stages: The call or preparation, the journey, and the return. I view every school year as a Hero's journey. The most difficult stage of the journey, for me, is the return. How do we integrate the lessons learned on our journey? How do we stay awake and alert to the magic of each moment? How do we communicate the beauty and danger

we encountered while away to those who stayed behind? How do we maintain the aliveness that we had while traveling to the routines of our daily lives?

As we begin our 35th year I am just now working on the end of last year. In July, ten people, including most of our staff, journeyed to Chicago in honor of Holly's birthday. We got on board an Amtrak train in Royal Oak (the city I was schooled in) and traveled to Chicago by way of some of the oldest and run down parts of cities and towns along the way. As soon as we arrived in Chicago a former student, Kelley Clute, his wife Annie and their three and a half year old daughter, Sophia, greeted us. They immediately wanted to take us to the Millennium Park. Equipped with a bathing suit and the joy of not being in a train, we walked from our hotel to Chicago's newest public park. What we saw and experienced brought the memories of an entire year into clear focus.

Imagine two towers, huge rectangles facing each other, with internal video systems in each. projecting the image of a human face. The face seems almost perfectly still until at some moment, triggered by a smile, wink, or subtle squint, the face puckers up. Out of its mouth, then, cold clear water streams into a shallow pool of water where a line of children and adults waits to be cooled off. After the stream stops, people line up next to the wall and at some moment an entire water fall cascades over whomever stands at

its base. Then new faces appear and the cycle is repeated, not in a precise mechanical way but rather, in an unpredictable manner. This part of the park is open from the morning until 11 PM at night. Every time we visited, there were sounds of delight and laughter from those in and around the fountain.

One of our group had the opportunity to speak with a security guard at the fountain. He told her that he loves his job, and that there had been very little in the way of problems at the new park. He knew a bit about the man who invented the fountain, a Spaniard from Barcelona. He said that the Chicago film school shot the video images and that the faces on the towers were Chicagoans of all races and ages, who had volunteered for this project. But the most important fact he shared with our fellow traveler was that the number of Chicagoans that randomly appear on these huge towers was 1000.

For a few years my friend Eugene has been talking about co-creating a musical theatre piece complete with masks centered on Campbell's book. When he was here in March he asked Karen, Ted and I to consider teaming up with him and mask maker Rob Faust to create something for this school year. As I said good-bye to Brett Piazza, and Josh Simon, who began their Hero's journeys, I thought of how each of us has a choice. We can live our lives as if they were great myths, or we can live them within the confines of practical, logical thought. We can choose to see our lives as hero's journeys or as simply the lives we lead.

Save the date!

Upland Hills Auction
Saturday, April 8, 2006
Twin Lakes Golf
and Swim Club



COMMUNITY COFFEE

Make new friends and re-connect with old ones each Friday after dropping off the kids! We gather at Starbucks in Lake Orion on M-24 across from Jacobsen's Flowers

COMMUNITY CONNECTIONS



Apotheosis Book Club

Join us for tea, snacks and lots of conversation on September 20, 2005 from 7-9 PM at Holly Neumann's house, 5745 Cobb Creek, Rochester, MI. We meet on the 3rd Tuesday of each month. Check the chalkboard outside the office or call Holly at 652-2108 or Karen Moore at 693-8487 to learn the title of this month's book.

STUDENT CONNECTIONS

Lilac Tree by Austin Leske

The ever so green spring grass
Sprinkled with a drop or two of dew
Torturely tickles my toes
As I cross the abandoned field
In search of a dandelion
The sky, indescribably blue
Follows me.

The scent of fresh lilacs
Greedyly enters my lungs
Daring me to find them
I refuse to turn down the dare
And change my course
This time not my feet
Take me, but my nose
I was a dog
Chasing a squirrel
Through a maze of green with a touch of
blue.

I finally find them
Tiny purple flowers
Stand out
Like an oasis in a desert
I hurriedly grab a blossom
And stuff it nearly up my nose
Trying to get as much scent
Out of the flower
As a tanner trying to get rays
Out of the ever sinking sun

Me by Chad Gibbs

I am whom I have become
a lover a hater
a kind person who makes mistakes

I make a lot
I am a memory I leave on people

joyous

sad

painful

funny

happy

dreadful

you will remember me

it'll be hard to forget

once I have found myself

I hope I wish it's a good me

UHS By Ashleigh Wrubel

Small but homie
hands on the wall
chairs made from our care

in a circle
our spots show who we are
a painted picture of my life

We learn in that room
good friends
like family
I'll be sad to go

PARENT CONNECTIONS

“Why does that boy wear a helmet?”

by Donna Henderson

My name is Donna Henderson and my son Dalton is in Jean’s group this year. Many of your children have seen Dalton’s older brother Craig visiting with me at Upland Hills, and I’m sure they wondering why he wears a helmet. Let me explain, and please take some time to share this information with them. Kids respond beautifully to disabilities when we answer their questions and address their fears.

Craig is a bright, incredibly affectionate eight-year old boy with a great sense of humor. Unfortunately, he has a genetic condition called a mitochondrial disorder. It took many years, and countless doctors visits to figure out what was causing his body to breakdown. The mitochondria are the part of the cell that produces energy. When they are not working correctly the body malfunctions. The brain and the muscles require the most energy to run, and are often affected by mitochondrial problems.

As a result, Craig has trouble walking. He has ataxia, which means that the part of the brain that controls coordination is not working properly. At certain times, the ataxia suddenly increases, and he can’t stand up without falling over. The helmet has saved his head many a hard blow. He also uses a wheelchair as needed.

He has many other symptoms as well- fatigue, trouble talking, difficulty using his hands, pain, seizures, memory problems, etc. He has times of extreme hyperactivity as well (not a good combination with lack of balance). To the children’s eyes it may look like he is purposely destructive, as he enters the room like a tornado, knocking things over. It helps so much to explain Craig’s struggles to them.

Last spring we came to pick up Dalton at the end of a very long and difficult day. Craig fell many times on the way in and out of the building, and the last time was in the mud outside. Karen saw us struggling and kindly asked if there was some way she could help.

“Could you change my life?” I quipped, trying to use humor to combat my tears.

I immediately regretted saying it. The truth is that as hard as it can be dealing with Craig’s condition, I wouldn’t change my life for the world. If you have the pleasure of meeting Craig you will know why I say that. With his unbridled enthusiasm for life and love for people, he is a special gift to us all.

We are thrilled to be part of such a small, loving community. If you see Craig, please say hello and get to know him. Encourage the kids to get to know him too. They will find that, despite his physical challenges; underneath that helmet is another child just like them.

Since Craig’s condition is genetic and can kick in at any age (Craig had normal development until about 2 years old), he may not be the only one of us affected by mitochondrial disease. Dalton has had some mild evidence of problems with energy production which have responded very well to treatment. I recently had a big increase in neurological symptoms, and am undergoing testing for a diagnosis. We would really appreciate your prayers for us all.

This column is a regular Connections feature. We invite parents of current or former students, including teachers, staff, and alumni with kids to share their stories, to give advice, to show off their expertise. There is so much wisdom in our community—please consider passing on some of what you’ve learned. Do not worry about being polished or perfect, just be yourself. Some possible topics include surviving preschoolers or adolescents, dealing with picky eaters, finding balance in a crazy world, fostering children’s friendships, becoming an Upland Hills parent, living through auction stress or anecdotes of your children’s school days are also welcome. Be creative or straightforward—just dare to share! Please send submissions to Lisa Maruca at lisa.maruca@wayne.edu or drop off hard copies at the UHS office.



A Letter to Holly

By Anissa Howard

As promised, here are a few thoughts I have been wanting to share with you! Jane and I have received so many gifts already that I feel inclined to give some back to you...

Last May when Jane was three-and-a-half, she was playing on the floor, arranging a tea party for herself and her stuffed bear when I overheard her say:

“Love is the future of how things go.
Listen to me now.
Me, I, would not be talking
If no one was listening...”



Well, *I'm* always listening (and amazed at her) and she continued on playing and humming to herself while I went racing around trying to find a pen! I love it when Jane says things like this and she does it all the time -it just bubbles out from within her. She's my greatest teacher. But I wondered where in the world a school existed that would nurture this as I do? I didn't know of one. Correctly put by Faye Welden, “Nothing happens, and nothing happens, and then everything happens” and one day I found Upland Hills School...or perhaps it found us. We visited, and on the way home we were already excited about coming back...



One wonderful thing that Rumi said is “*Each day do some work in splendor.*” I find that not only to be the truth about what's *done* here at Upland Hills School but also that splendor is the *essence* from which it arises. And splendor arises out of love. Upland Hills throbs like one great huge heart. Jane steepes in it each day and she is deeply happy with herself and her place in the world. Her dreams create a day in which she will sing alone on the UHS stage, perhaps with her guitar. She is carefully watching each of Ted's groupers and followed them into the theatre a few weeks ago in hopes of learning more about these mysterious people, and maybe to try a little singing herself. On the way home that day Jane wondered out loud what it really means to be in Ted's group. I'm wise now and carry a pen and paper with me everywhere and after I heard her story I wrote it down because I wanted you to hear it sometime. It says so much about human potential and the dreaming-forwardness quality about it is proof that a great love is moving through her:

“Let's pretend you had a dream and in the dream you realized that you weren't in Holly's group and that Holly's group was a ball of light and it came out of you (*she gestured toward her heart*) and floated away from you and you realized you were in Ted's group and you thought this was just in your dream but you noticed it was real.” (*a very dignified smile*)



Jane thought about this the rest of the way home and when we got there she said excitedly, “You know what? Old people are young to themselves!” and she ran off, pig-tails flying. It's beautiful to me that such big thoughts can be articulated by such a young person. It's such a pleasure to be able to share them with you. All of the children look so happy and fresh-faced and innocent, yet in possession of some great inner strength...perhaps some soul secrets.



Holly, Phil and Karen, and all of the teachers and people who weave into the fabric of our children; love & splendor & beauty & grace – please accept these few thoughts and anecdotes in tribute to all you have done and continue to create for the children you touch. You are nurturing and keeping intact Jane's confidence in her own heart while she's away from home. Most days she almost can't stand leaving school, and this is a young girl who dearly loves *being home*. Most days I want to stay, too...it's a wonderful place you've created. It feels good to be here with you.

In love and light, *Anissa*



Dear Upland Hills Family,

I wanted to thank everyone for all of the support we received while Cooper was undergoing chemotherapy and radiation. We loved all of the cards, meals, gifts, and money that was sent to help us get through. Brayden felt loved by everyone at school and we knew he was being taken care of! This was one thing we did not have to worry about!

Although it was a difficult year for us, we feel that we have grown and become even stronger. We have also learned a lot about why we need to protect our environment and our earth. Seeing the big room that is packed full of children and babies with cancer is a real eye opener, at least for me!

Cooper is doing really well and has lots of hair again! He is officially in remission and will have scans again on August 16th. Any prayers for clear scans would be appreciated greatly! If anyone would like to read more about his story or see pictures of all the hair he has grown he has a website. It is www.caringbridge.org/mi/cooper.

Once again, THANK YOU ALL!

Suzi Scott

(and Dave, Brayden, and Cooper too!)

**Check out the latest in UHS apparel at the
All School Picnic on September 18!**

We will have samples of summer and fall spirit wear that you can order, as well as our current stock of hats, tee shirts, sweatshirts and tote bags.



2575 Indian Lake Road
Oxford, Michigan 48370
248.693.2878 Fax 248.693.4317
www.uplandhills.org
Email: info@uplandhills.org

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**Upland Hills School
Community Picnic
Sunday, September 18, 2006**
All Group, All Parent Orientation
2006 Auction kick-off
Great food, great families, great fun!