



CONNECTIONS

www.uplandhills.org Spring 2009

With this issue, Connections ends the story of the Upland Hills Community with the birth of the ecological center.

Spring is a time of birth and renewal -- a familiar and comforting cycle for a community rooted in the land.

Birth and renewal continue to play important roles in the maturing of Upland from the birth of the Karen Joy Theatre several years ago to this year's birth of the CSA.



The Upland Hills Ecological Awareness Center: My Teacher

by Philip Moore
lyrics by Jackson Browne, from *Before the Deluge*

*Some of them were dreamers and
Some of them were fools
They were making plans and thinking of the future
With the energy of the innocent they were gathering the tools
They would need to make their journey back to nature.*

When I practice meditation, I sit on a black cushion and begin by facing the east. At the end of a period of silence or after 100 breaths, I venerate my teachers, the wild, family, and friends who somehow live for me, in each direction. When I face the south, I almost always venerate the Ecological Awareness Center as a teacher and part of the wild. Why do I think of the EAC as a teacher? How can a

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UHEAC: A Fifty-Year Chronofile

by Richard MacMath

Foreword

It might be difficult to comprehend the origin of the EAC vision and the nature of its ongoing activities without knowledge of the global environmental movement of which it will always be a part. This prose poem attempts to tell the EAC story in the context of a contemporary environmental history timeline. The format tries to convey the synergy of three layers of information: event, time, and place.

- **Bold font indicates events that occurred at the farm, school or EAC.**
- Regular font indicates concurrent national and global events that had a direct and lasting impact on the vision and mission of UHEAC and the worldview of its cofounders.
- *Italic font indicates concurrent national or global events that provide historical context to the vision and mission of UHEAC.*
- An approximate annual timeline is indicated before most events.

Prologue (1960-1974)

- 1960 **Knight, Dorothy, and the Webster clan christen the land Upland Hills,**
- 1962 *Silent Spring sounds a warning that nature poisoned is nature lost,*
- 1966 We almost lose Detroit when Fermi 1 reactor coolant spills,
- 1968 *A Tragedy of the Commons: private profits, communal cost.*
Bucky coins World Game, Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth.
- 1969 Over the grey lunar horizon, Armstrong views Blue Earthises,
- 1970 The EPA, Clean Air Act, and yearly Earth Day are given birth,
- 1971 **Ev'ry child is born a genius, a new Wild School surmises.**
- 1972 As Hubbert predicted, U.S. domestic oil production peaks.
- 1973 Limits to Growth hypothesized, OPEC oil embargo lasts weeks.
- 1974 *Silkwood's fatal car wreck is reward for the whistleblower's role,*
- 1975 **Alternative Energy Workshops 1 and 2 - Jacobs reborn,**
CFC refrigerants destroying ozone o'er the South Pole.
Sing the school electric using wind power from a Dunlite,
Dance to the hardware to heat it with water warmed in the Sunlight.

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**Upland Hills School
Mission Statement**

Upland Hills School, founded in 1971, is an independent school community whose purpose is to educate pre-high school children. Our aim is to discover and respect the uniqueness of every child.

Guiding Principles

Upland Hills School holds the following principles as our core values and seeks to create an environment that:

- Protects, nurtures and defends the innocence of childhood
- Encourages a relationship between children and the natural world
- Empowers teachers and staff
- Fosters cooperation and consensus in decision-making
- Promotes mutual respect and trust that encourages our community to form authentic relationships
- Teaches us to think comprehensively
- Builds friendships that connect us with others around the world

Upland Hills School encourages children to know themselves and to connect with their environment as responsible world citizens. We provide a full academic program that emphasizes mastery of skills and creative growth. Our vision is that through the alignment and commitment of parents and teachers, children will come to see themselves as having extraordinary learning potential and access to the greatest miracle or tool in human experience, love.

Community Calendar

June

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|
| Mon.-Tues., June 1-2 | Final Evaluations - NO SCHOOL |
| Wed. June 3 | Renaissance Festival |
| Thurs. June | All-School Overnight |
| Fri. June 5 | Last Day of School |

July

Enjoy your summer!

August

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| Sat., Aug. 29 | Welcome In / Welcome Back Community Picnic, 1-4 PM |
| Mon., Aug. 31 | Staff Returns |
| Wed., Sept. 2 | New Parent Orientation, 6-7 PM
Curriculum Night, 7-7:45, 7:45 – 8:30 (2 sessions) |

September

- | | |
|----------------|----------------------------|
| Wed., Sept. 9 | First Day of School |
| Fri., Sept. 25 | KJT EVENT /Grandparent Day |

October

- | | |
|----------------|------------------------------|
| Tues., Oct. 13 | Empty Bowls |
| Mon., Oct. 26 | Staff In Service - NO SCHOOL |



The Ever-Expanding Learning Community - the 1970's and Beyond

by Ken Webster

As Upland Hills Farm entered its second decade, the Upland Hills Learning Community was beginning to grow. The farm had attracted a lot of attention from around the state, the country and the world. The business was a unique vision. As the world grew increasingly urbanized, people became more and more separated from the origins and processes of food. For more than ten years, it had provided an understanding of life's rhythms for over a million people.

The way a learning community grows is first through collecting students and teaching them; then by collecting new teachers and training and assisting them in collecting and teaching new students. During the 1960's, the farm profoundly affected many campers, counselors, and visitors. Some of these people were maturing into future teachers and members of the Upland Hills Community.

In December of 1967, Pioneer Camp hosted a winter camp day at Upland Hills Farm. A few months later, Fran Hessler and I (both UHF counselors) were hired as Pioneer camp counselors. Pioneer Camp was an eight-week overnight camp based in the middle of Michigan's Upper Peninsula. Camp activities included hiking, canoeing, biking, sailing, horseback riding, and other types of trips throughout the UP. I spent the summers of 1968 through 1970 at Pioneer Camp, meeting Phil and Karen Moore, John Yaruviian, and David Sosin, all of whom proved to be future members of the Upland Hills Community.

By 1970, my parents felt financially secure enough to build themselves a Frank Lloyd Wright-inspired house on the farm. This was to be their dream home designed by them. It had 4 fireplaces, natural wood throughout, natural grass fiber wallpaper, an octagonal two story living room with total south wall of glass, cedar shake roof, and much more. I had quit college once again in the spring, and had gone home to work on the house.

When summer came, I went off to my last summer of Pioneer Camp. Returning from camp, I went back to work on the house for a few months. In October, I left for Spain to join up with a few friends from Pioneer Camp and spend the winter living in Spain and traveling through southern Europe and northern Africa. As it happened Phil and Karen, separately, did a similar travel. We met by accident in Malaga, Spain. In our conversations there, I told Phil about the new school my parents, the Loznaks, and their friends were planning to start at the farm. We all resumed our trips and returned to Michigan later in 1971.

In September, 1971, the farm initiated its fourth innovation of the last few years. It had established its first franchise farm, Sugarbush Farms, outside of Ann Arbor. Franchising the farm seemed a wonderful way of expanding the learning community. Next, the Loznaks had been hired as farm managers, providing my parents with some free time, something they hadn't had in ten years. My parents had built their creative home, completing a dream they had held since they were married. And now, most important to all of us, Upland Hills Farm School had been established.

The school began in September, 1971 with over 40 students, an interested parent group, and a handful of teacher friends of Tom Hamill. Tom was a Wayne State education professor and the first director of the school. In October, Phil and Karen put their six-year old daughter, Nina, in the school. They were now part of the parent group. Within a few months, the Summerhill idea of an open classroom rooted in the outdoors began to have problems. Was there a curriculum? Were there classes? Was this education? Was it being directed? At least some of these answers were no.

In December, my parents and their friend Jane Cassell hired Phil, Fran Hessler (from Pioneer and Upland Hills Camp), Leslie Webster (who had married Steve the previous August) John Yaruvian from Pioneer Camp, and Jeff and Robin Davis. Following Christmas break, only two previous staff members, Bruce and Annie Tubbs, returned. The Tubbs, along with Phil, Fran, Leslie, John, Robin, Jeff, and Steve (driving the school van) comprised the school staff. There was no official director. My mother was in charge. This was the role she assumed at the farm; she now reluctantly added the school to her responsibility list.

By February, my mother asked me what I thought about the possibility of Phil directing the school. I told her all that I knew about Phil. It was enough to convince her to hire him as the director. In late February, he called a parent meeting. At this meeting he talked about the future of the school. The parents were committed to the future. Several signed a note to allow the school to borrow enough money to buy two used portable classrooms, move and install the classrooms, and build the dome. The farm provided the property along Indian Lake Road and as much other support as it could.

Phil then hired Karen, Marcia Loznak, and Jack Kobliska, and welcomed John Yaruvian. Later he hired Jackie Potter (a friend of Jack's) and her boyfriend, Steve Bhaerman. These people would compose the staff at UHS for the next few years. They began the job of defining the school, its philosophy, its curriculum, and classes. My mother would try to shape Phil into a financial manager in her mould; my father would encourage all but the most outrageous of Phil's new ideas.

That same year, the Loznaks had decided to leave the farm manager position. Marcia was now a UHS teacher. Steve and Leslie were living on the farm and were more than ready to take on some of the work. They became farmers-in-training to my parents. My brother, Bruce, would graduate from high school that year as well.

The early 1970's saw some change in the existing business, but the core components of school tours, day camp, mobile units, and Sunday visits remained the same. Hayride parties declined due to competition. Lack of snow eliminated sleigh rides. New businesses were developed. The State of Michigan asked the farm to develop a proposal for a working farm at Maybury State Park in Novi. A family and school camping/farm education program was established at Camp Tamarack in Ortonville. This program included the Utica School District as well as individual families and schools. In late 1973, Upland Hills School was stable and growing. It attracted local, state, national, and international attention when an article about the school's development of a wind power generating system was published by National Geographic Scholastic Magazine. And Phil was beginning to talk about the idea of the Ecological Awareness Center. The following year, the state accepted the Maybury State Park "living farm" proposal. Bruce and the rest of the farm went to work preparing to open this park in early summer 1976.

Nancy Fry, a 1974 Michigan State University graduate in park management, called the farm about a job. She and Bruce would operate and manage the Maybury living farm. They would raise animals, grow a garden and some grain crops, and demonstrate farm practices such as grinding and harvesting grain, driving horses, and milking cows. They married in the spring of 1976 and returned to run Maybury another summer.

After teaching sixth grade in Lake Orion, and then assisting in the program at Camp Tamarack for a year, I joined the staff of Upland Hills Farm School as a farmer-teacher. Each morning, I took a different morning meeting class to the farm for a farm class. The following year, I became a morning meeting teacher. Steve and Leslie were helping my parents run the farm. After the summer of 1976, the state decided it would run the Maybury Park farm freeing Bruce and Nancy to travel on an extended European honeymoon. The farm also ended the franchise arrangement with Sugarbush Farms.

My dad thought it was time for some real farming -- organic farming. Property was purchased near Brown City, to be forever called the Brown City Farm. Bruce and Nancy would run it, raising organic chickens and beef. The Oxford farm would raise organic pigs and lamb. The job was huge and organic awareness was only just beginning. Five thousand broiling chickens were raised each year. Organic feed was raised or purchased to feed the chickens. Hundreds of dozens of organic eggs were sold at Betty's Grocery, local co-ops, and to individuals. Fifty head of beef

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were grass-fed on organically-fertilized pasture land. The Oxford farm already had a large herd of sheep, so the farm sold organic lamb and goat. All the hay was raised organically at the Brown City farm. Feeder pigs were raised in a wood lot on Indian Lake Road between the farm and school. They foraged in the woods, their diet supplemented with organic soybeans.

The six Websters, Knight and Dorothy, Steve and Leslie, Bruce and Nancy, did everything for the farm. They raised crops, harvested, packaged, and marketed goods, and produced a newsletter on the farm, as well continuing to run the camp and recreation business on the Oxford farm.

Unfortunately, the job proved too difficult. The Brown City farm lasted until 1980. The farm would later be sold and the organic food business ended. With today's organic consciousness, I believe the organic farm would have more likely survived.

Around this time, grant money was acquired to begin building the Upland Hills Ecological Awareness Center. It would take three summers of building to complete this ambitious project. In 1980, Phil, Richard MacMath, and Wayne Appleyard, with help of many others, opened the Ecological Awareness Center. The center opened with a dedication by R. Buckminster Fuller.

In 1978, Jean Ruff joined Upland Hills School. During the recession of the early 1980's, school enrollment was down. Phil, Karen, Jean, and myself were the morning meeting teachers. We were also the accountant, assistant bus driver, transportation manager, custodians, maintenance and repair crew, grounds keepers, and office personnel. Everyone at Upland Hills School and Upland Hills Farm knew hard work and long hours. Money was scarce. We all practiced economy and worked to protect our resources. Phil calls this mentality, "scarcity consciousness."

After a few years, school enrollment revived and its community continued to grow. Project School House, a fundraising drive in the late 1980's, built the present school building. We had lived and taught in those original portable classrooms for more than fifteen years. I left the school in 1986. David Sosin (who had been my camper at Pioneer Camp) was hired to fill my position. Holly MacMahon Neumann and Jan Butcher, who had children at the school when I was teaching, joined the staff within a few years. After Project School House, enrollment increased from 55 to 85. Upland Hills School had come into its own. At this point, the school and the EAC purchased their property from the farm.

The farm now had ten Websters working on the Oxford farm. Steve and Leslie had two young sons, Jason and Nic. Bruce and Nancy had an even younger daughter, Blythe and son, Ben. Farm business was fair even during recession times. A new business, the Pumpkin Fest, began in 1980. It proved to be a great success. The first few years, cars could back up a quarter mile down Lake George Road to get into the farm. Through the years, competition has thinned the crowds but the Pumpkin Festival continues to be an important part of the farm business. Bruce and Nancy built their house on the farm in 1982. A year later, Marilyn and I built our house.

In 1985, the pressure of too many family members running a business together took its toll. Steve and Leslie decided to leave the farm. First they would travel, then return to Michigan. Steve would sell real estate and then work for Lindal Cedar Homes. Leslie would teach nursery school.

The Brown City farm had never been sold. Bruce brought in an old friend and farm worker Tom Cadwallader to farm it, adding to the farm income. On the original Oxford farm, other new businesses began including a Girl Scouts program, catered food parties for the hayride business, and a company picnic business. The Sunday visiting days were ended. A Christmas program was added, extending the farm season.

The farm instituted a pension program for my parents in 1988. My father was 68, my mother 65. Although the new company picnic business was doing well, some others were down. Money was spent on capital improvements to the buildings. Tom and his family decided to leave in 1988, followed by Bruce and Nancy a year later.

In 1989, Steve and Leslie returned to manage the farm. There was serious work to be done. My parents wanted to be at least semi-retired. The farm's overall financial condition was poor. Steve reorganized the financial structure of the business. Leslie planted a million flowers all over the farm. Together they rebuilt the day camp, long the backbone of the farm's economy. They put in the long hours and practiced the scarcity consciousness. Within a few years, the farm's economic picture looked better. My mother died in 1993. My father continued to live on the farm in the summer and spent winters in Mexico. He lived another nine years. The farm had been handed down to Steve and Leslie. They are completely in charge.

Upland Hills School now flourishes in its new building. The core staff, established during those early years, remains. Phil, serves solely as director, replaced as a morning meeting teacher by Ted Strunck. Karen continues to direct play after play. Jean, Holly, and Jan continue to serve as morning meeting teachers. David Sosin left the school in 2008.

The Ecological Awareness Center, established in 1980 by Phil, Richard MacMath, and Wayne Appleyard, continues to receive support from Upland Hills School and the extended community. It has developed a reputation with the larger environmental community for its varied and valuable educational programs. The Detroit metropolitan area benefits from learning about and experiencing wind and solar power, sweat lodges, herbal healing, yoga and more.

The Upland Hills Learning Community continues to grow. The school added the Karen Joy Theatre to its campus and continues to mature in its current building. The recent development of the Upland Hills Community Supported Agriculture model brings the Websters' support for sustainable agriculture into its next phase.

Through decades of cultural and economic change and uncertainty, the Upland Hills Learning Community has served as a beacon for families and individuals interested in deepening their connection with the land and one another. Our community's commitment to hard work and scarcity consciousness, its ability to reinvent itself when needed, and its belief in the inherent value of the relationship between people and land, all ensure our voice will continue to be heard into the future.

WAM/Glassen Education Grant Enables UHS to Continue Important Work

by **Kathy Long**

For eight years, children at UHS have been eagerly weeding out 'Alien Invaders' (invasive plant species not native to the area), seeding several varieties of native grasses and plants, and slowly but surely restoring the delicate balance that makes for a healthy ecosystem. Restoration classes at UHS are offered by many names, but each models a culture of understanding and valuing. In support of this important work, UHS has received a Wildflower Association of Michigan/Glassen Education Grant this school year. The grant monies will be used to purchase more native plants for two UHS restoration areas.

A visitor to any one of the organizations that comprise the Upland Hills Learning Community will notice native plants. They will be used in the new CSA garden to encourage beneficial insects and plant diversity. They comprise the lovely ecosystem of drought-tolerant plants on the EAC roof. The beauty of plants such as Columbine, Bergamot, and Solomon's Seal may be seen next to the theater, school, and dome. Each planting radiates the joy of teachers and students caring for the earth. Beyond the buildings, a Restoration class continues the work begun by Ted's Group years ago. Native grasses and plants such as Little Blue Stem, Cup Plant, Iron Weed, and May Apples slowly take hold, overcoming quack grass and other invasive plant species.

Education and outreach efforts are also increasing. Seeds harvested from natives at UHS were shared with visitors to the school's table at the recent Earth Day Expo in Rochester. Native plants from our garden nursery were brought to the Friends School in Detroit. During the summer months, children participating in Upland Hills Farm camps will tour the UHS campus with an introduction to 21st century farming including native plants and wind farms.

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The insects, butterflies, birds, and animals that adapted to this bioregion after the last great glacial age are our best teachers. All require a habitat rich with grasses, plants, shrubs and trees native to this area, and need us to care for their home. This important work continues here at UHS.

My Teacher.....*continued from page 1*

building be a teacher? Why does that piece of ground mean both teacher and wild for me?

In the summer of 1977, I'm driving a Ford Scout tractor, perched precariously on the top of rolling ground, as slowly as I can. The tractor is pulling a 40 foot octahedron tower which is connected at one pivot point to the vertex of the base of a triangle by a two inch diameter bolt. The tower is horizontal. I'm driving slowly because we (the Wind Power Tower Flippers of North America) have determined that the easiest way to erect this Hans Meyer, Buckminster Fulleresque octahedron structure is to 'flip it' into place. Flip, which was once my nickname in seventh grade, was now my job description.

In times like these, everything seems to occur in slow motion. I'm driving as slowly as possible. The tower is lifting, but placing an enormous amount of stress on the cable. It tightens and lifts gradually from one foot to five feet. I look forward and notice that I've just run out of semi-flat land and have to veer right or left. I look back and my clubmates have let go of the tower and are scurrying to safety. Quickly, I choose left and begin to place a double stress on the cable and the tower. The tractor begins to slide on the wet ground and I throttle up instead of down. The tractor lurches forward and the tower at 47 degrees twists, folds, and crashes following Newton's law of gravity to the letter. Silence.

I look at the tower and see a tangle of struts. I look for my friends and after a healthy period of shock-inspired nothing, hear our lead engineer (a guy once known as Ron Anarchy) offer, "You stupid assholes wouldn't listen!"

Ron then turned, got in his truck, and drove away. We wouldn't see him again for weeks, perhaps longer. The look of disgust on his face is deeply imprinted in my mind. He was looking at me. It was a dark day for the dreamers who wanted to build something that would one day become a lighthouse. A setback for sure.

We had purchased the struts for this tower, had dug the footings and poured the concrete. We had refurbished a 2 KW Jacobs wind system that was probably built in the late 1930's. It had taken two years to get it operational. We had obtained 36-volt direct current motors and a drill, so that we could mix cement and make wind holes. Everything had depended on getting that two hundred pound machine on top of this 40 foot tower. We wanted to build this building with a non-polluting, renewable source of energy. We wanted to harness the power of the wind to power our tools. But mostly we wanted to prove (perhaps to ourselves), that we could change the world.

The realization that the EAC was my teacher came after the tower crashed: the questions and the doubts; the risks and total lack of funds; all the daily challenges that arose as we worked to make the EAC, not just a building but an organization. All of those things and much more came flooding into me. I curled myself into a ball of fear and hoped everything would go away. But moms and dads can't hide for long. I remember little Sasha toddling into my bedroom and bouncing over to me. She dove onto my body and put her arms around my neck whispering, "What's wong, Dad?"

*Some of them knew pleasure and some of them knew pain
And for some of them it was only the moment that mattered
On the brave and crazy wings of youth they would fly
Around in the rain and their feathers once so fine grew torn and tattered.*

The night in January, 1980 that Richard Buckminster Fuller came to open the EAC, stands out as a peak experience in my life. I was asked to host Bucky from 3 PM until midnight. His assistant Shirley helped me to understand my duties. "He needs to be reminded to wear his coat, make sure he has his briefcase with him, a short

nap might be in order as he's been traveling for the better part of two weeks, and remember, despite his appetite for more, he is 84 years old."

I found him just after he had delivered two lectures at Oakland University. He was surrounded by students and faculty and was signing copies of his books and talking with a high degree of vitality and eagerness. I introduced myself and he looked up and said, "Yes, you're the young man with that school. I'm looking forward to seeing this new building. Give me a minute more to conclude here."

I waited on the sidelines until every person who wanted to see Bucky had had an opportunity to say a few words, get a well-worn copy of Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth signed, or just to shake his hand. When he was done, he looked in my direction and said, "Let's go!" to which I responded, "Where's your coat?"

Once we were on Adams Road, just a few minutes away from OU, he fell asleep. I had just asked him a question and when I turned to look, I noticed he was sound asleep. Silence. A golden silence. I was able to quietly look inside myself and notice how beautiful this moment was.

I was with my mentor, a man I had adopted as the grandfather I never had. Bucky, for me, was a hero, a brilliant thinker, a man of vision and a man of daring. He was in my car, going to my house, and honoring our group with his presence as the first voice of the EAC. Because of his sleep, I was able to feel the power of this moment and to remind myself that this kind of exquisite state was available in every moment. When we hit a low bump in the road he opened his eyes and said, "Look at that beautiful tree alone in the meadow." I turned my head to look, and he went back to sleep.

That night, while Bucky was talking, I looked around the room and asked myself, "How did this happen?" The dedication and brilliance of my closest companions and co-founders, Wayne Appleyard and Rich MacMath, had made this night possible. Their hard work that began as lines on a page had become steel, stone, sod, and sunlight. Kim Yamasaki, Marcia Rose, Dee and Lanny Lanzotti, and many others had aligned their hands with their hearts and gave more of themselves than anyone could have asked. Karen and Sasha had worked and supported the people who shaped this new organization. As I was reveling in this gratitude, Bucky looked directly at me and said, "Don't get carried away with yourself! Remember to get the little me out of the way so that the big me can come through."

*And in the end they traded their tired wings for the resignation that living brings
And exchanged Love's bright and fragile glow for the glitter and the rouge*

In the 1990's, we co-created something called Eco-Ekistics. It consisted of a core group of between 10 and 20 people meeting weekly. Over the course of six months, we brought in four guest teachers, including Henryk Skolimovsky. Henryk, a professor at the University of Michigan who coined the term 'eco-philosophy,' helped us create a learning community that dove deeply into all aspects of ecological consciousness. We worked with Joanna Macy, Elizabeth Kubler Ross, Amory Lovins, Eugene Freisen, Rafe Martin, Tom Haden, Glenn Velez, Matt Fox, Jean Huston, and Ram Dass.

One night, while on retreat with Ram Dass, I left Saint Benedict's Monastery across the road, where we had gathered, and walked from the top of this small Michigan mountain to our home near the school. Ram Dass was staying at our home while nursing a cold. I brought him dinner and sat with him when he went down to bed. Here I was, in our bedroom with Ram Dass in our bed, and I'm telling him a bedtime story! At some point during the story, Ram takes my hand. I look into his eyes and see tears. He was writing a new book, *Still Here*, a sequel to *Be Here Now*:

Getting old isn't easy for a lot of us. Neither is living, neither is dying. We struggle against the inevitable and we all suffer because of it. I've been trying to look at the whole process of being born, growing old, changing, and dying, some kind of perspective that might allow me and everyone else to deal with what we perceive as big obstacles

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without having to be dragged through the drama of misery. It really helps to understand that we have something - that we are something - that's unchangeable, beautiful, completely aware, and continues no matter what.

He smiled at me and asked for a good-night kiss.

*Some of them were angry at the way the earth was abused
By the men who learned how to forge her beauty into power
They struggled to protect her from them only to be confused by the magnitude
Of her fury in her final hour*

We started with an intention. We were a small dedicated group of youthful warriors, wanting more for others than for ourselves. We imagined a community of wild, intelligent, compassionate characters and they came. We began our days with gratitude for our families, our friends, our ancestors, our fellow beings, for the green world, and for our Spaceship Earth. We loved our EAC teachers and we learned how to live that love. We made music and we built things with our hands. From Ann Franklin, Marcia Rose, Judy Piazza and Chris Tarr, we learned about the power and the beauty of inspired feminine leadership.

Today, hundreds of people each year visit the EAC. We are a Michigan Energy Demonstration Center, designated by the State Energy Office in order to educate the public about energy efficient and renewable energy resources through hands-on interaction. Clifford Scholz, EAC staff member and UHS parent, has developed a compelling, informative, interactive tour which helps attendees to further spread the word. As one of Oakland County's founding partners in ReBuild MI, we offer free energy audits and services to promote energy efficiency in public and commercial buildings. In April, the EAC held its largest Earth Day Expo ever in the city of Rochester. John Batdorf led the team that brought two days of green activities and awareness to our neighboring town and surrounding areas. For over 15 years, we have been blessed with the leadership and deep teaching of Jorge Arenivar, who skillfully and carefully guides us through many sweat lodge ceremonies.

The EAC as my teacher. A moment of silence and confirmation from my mentor. Words of wisdom and a goodnight kiss from my guru. The ongoing struggle with the challenge of shadow work and the ego. The monthly practice of stones, fire, water and air. Learning how to pray with others and how to work with all kinds of souls. The practice of meditation and place. The lessons of community over time.

When Jackson Browne wrote *Before the Deluge*, it seemed as if he had been looking over our shoulders. This song, written far west of here, felt present, personal. I learned the song and sang it during an Eco Fair in the early 1980's. With Steve Bhaerman on drums, we sang and danced in the school valley. These were the sounds in the air that were with us that day:

*Now let the music keep our spirits high
and let the buildings keep our children dry
Let creation reveal its inner secrets by and by
when the light
That's lost within us reaches the sky
When the light
That's lost within us reaches the sky*

Chronofile....continued from page 2

**We were asking the right questions but the answers we did not know,
Because few had gone before us, there was very little to show.**

Visualize (1974-1978)

- 1976 **Alternative Energy Workshops 3 and 4 - beer cans flat black,
A shared vision of a future UHEAC sees the morn,
Then the doubters ask their questions - wind, sun, green roof? - what's the Payback?**
*Mendez and the rubber tappers, logging of Rainforests deplore,
First National Passive Solar Energy Conference convenes,*
- 1977 Carter calls energy crisis "Moral Equivalent of War,"
Then he gives the new U.S. Department of Energy the means
To reach the goal of Energy Security within ten years.
*T'ward the French coast, Amoco oil - 68 million gallons - nears.
Endangered Species Act upheld, one dam's construction suspended.
Rainbow Warrior in high seas, Pacific whaling upended.*
- 1978 **Building EAC with a thirty thousand dollar Kresge grant
A south sloping site is selected; we heed not the words 'Won't' or 'Can't.
A Groundbreaking - reciting poems, planting trees, and a haiku,
Share music, dance (that was over sooner than we could say 'ahh-CHOO!).**

Realize (1978-1980)

- 1978 **With all our strength, striking picks into hard clay - still I hear the 'chINK',
Straight concrete block walls we mortar, a curved wall of Farm Stones we form,
Pouring tons of washed gravel down the basement - our Solar Heat Sink,
'Round the campfire singing lyrics - "...I'll give ya Shelter from the Storm."**
- 1979 **Rising on the North side hilltop, an octahedral wind tower,
On top we bolt the old Jacobs re-built, wood blades spinning anew,
Building all the while with our tools plugged into On-Site Wind Power,
Staying attuned to Nature and noticing days when the wind blew.
Ready for earth and sod, steel roof I-Beams by Kim and crew are raised,
Each Solar Panel the sky reflects, the glass panes are double-glazed.**
*Love Canal homes sit on toxic waste, Three Mile Island's partial meltdown,
Superfund billions for clean-up, thousands of Greenfields turned brown.*
- 1980 **When completed, as designed, EAC merged within the hillside,
Last group photo...in front of the retaining wall...Smile really wide!
"Where it wants to be" Marcia the last Farm Stone gently places.
At the dedication, Bucky tells us our purpose he embraces.**

Actualize (1980-present)

- 1981 **EAC programs begin, focus on Community Outreach,
Show Energy audits, conservation, and sources renewing**
- 1982 **In step with the Wild School: What's the best way to learn? To teach?
With hands-on workshops, tours, demonstrations, and Learning by Doing.**
Times Beach demolished when dioxin soil contaminants are found,
- 1984 *Bhopal Factory kills thousands, leaks methyl isocyanide,
Suspending North Atlantic Canada offshore seal hunt gains ground,
At fault in deadliest industry disaster - Union Carbide.*
- 1985 **EAC programs expand: yoga, wild roots, medicinal plants,
Stone people's lodge, Eco-Logic, for universal peace we dance.**
- 1986 *Right To Know Act passed, Rainbow Warrior sunk by French intelligence,
Chernobyl nuclear reactor 4 explodes, 'No Nukes' makes sense.*
- 1987 *Chemicals that deplete ozone layer Montreal Protocol bans,*
- 1988 *NASA's Hansen warns of global warming, Congress washes its hands.
Rainforest assassination: rubber tapper leader Mendez.*
- 1989 *Wrecked on Bligh Reef, a giant leaking oil can, the Exxon Valdez*
- 1990 *UN releases report: Global climate change is in progress,*
- 1991 *In Austin, first Green Building Program on the planet realized*
- 1992 *The Energy Policy Act enacted by U.S. Congress,
Rio Earth Summit result - climate change meetings initialized.*
- 1995 **Well into a second decade, the EAC dream perseveres**

- As do Stone People's Lodge, Eco-Logic, solstice celebrations,**
 1997 *Hill, in protest, lives in 'Luna' -- a threatened redwood -- for two years.*
Kyoto Protocol endorsed by one-hundred-twenty nations.
Antarctic ice shelves collapsing, Global Warming's impact mounting.
- 2001 Millennium trend: 6 billion people on Earth and still counting,
 2002 A word for clean, healthy, efficient, and holistic --'Green' -- takes hold,
 First National Green Building Conference stories in Austin told.
EAC grows as a state Energy Demonstration Center,
With the goal of Michiganders, to teach and to mentor.
- 2006 **In decade three, emerge the Earth Day Expo and Green Living Guide,**
The Green Roof gets a re-build and again merges with the hillside.
- 2007 NASA's Hansen warns: Earth's temp in 12,000 years is highest yet.
 The building industry declares that Green Building is now mainstream,
Ev'ry day the Solar Sunflower tracks from sunrise to sunset,
Zero Energy Homes and Buildings are the next challenge and dream
California is First State to greenhouse gas emissions restrict,
Climate Change is 'unequivocal' final UN report states.
Greenhouse gases the states may regulate: a Supreme Court verdict,
- 2008 *G8 Nations agree in forty years to halve emission rates.*

Epilogue (2009-2010)

- 2009 **Sing to the great white Polar Bear, may it always be free to roam,**
And dance to all living species that make this Blue Planet their home.
Even now we're asking Questions whose Answers yet we do not know,
Along the way many Journeyed with us, now there's so much to show.
- 2010 **Let Coming Generations see, as other new problems they face,**
For all of Creation present and future, we fought the good fight,
Respecting an Ethic for land and nature bestowed on this place,
In spirit with the wise Webster clan elders, Dorothy and Knight.

CALLING ALL SCHOOL AMBASSADORS --RECYCLE THIS NEWSLETTER
 SHARE IT WITH A FRIEND!



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