

Connections



Spring 2012 || www.uplandhills.org || 2575 Indian Lake Road, Oxford, MI 48370 ||
248-693-2878 || info@uplandhills.org

Contents

Earth Ethics	pg.1
Celebrating Transition	pg.3
Forever Home	pg.5
Make Good Memories	pg.7
The Way of Heaven	pg.9
Why Pencils Have Erasers	pg.13
An Invitation to Collaboration	pg.13

*Stay connected with Upland Hills School -send your email to **info@uplandhills.org** and find us on facebook for photos and event updates.*

Earth Ethics

An Open Letter from Phil

I am preparing to pass the torch, and leave my current position as director of Upland Hills School.

My intention is to leave only after a thorough selection process occurs that involves the board, the staff and our UHS community, and only after I know that we have found a new director to serve our mission.

When I was seventeen years old and preparing to serve as a camp counselor in the Upper Peninsula, my teachers told me that whenever we camped at a state or national park, we were to 'leave the camping space better than we found it.' These few words continue to guide me.

During this, my 40th year as the director of Upland Hills School, I have already begun to prepare for leaving this place better than I found it. This newsletter is intended to inspire us to think of change in a different way. We often approach change with trepidation. But what if we could learn to accept change? What if we were able to go beyond accepting it and begin to embrace and even celebrate change? What if we were able to transform our fears and anxiety about change into new possibilities that include all that we have learned from our past experiences and mistakes and move to a stage of deeper understanding.

By announcing my eventual departure now, my intention is to give myself, the Board, the staff and parents past and present the opportunity to plan, strategize, discuss, and move into the future with confidence. As the old leadership passes the torch to the new, I hope this process will present yet another opportunity for Upland Hills School to flourish.

From an evolutionary perspective, change is the only constant. Death is a natural and necessary process which makes room for new life.

My North Star now is the same Star that enabled me to accept the role of director decades ago, when I was just 23 years old. It is this: Be Creative.

Through many conversations, reading, listening, meetings and deep silence, I aspire to work with all of you to co-create a new way of leaving that connects my departure to an old way of behaving in the wilderness: I shall endeavor to leave our school in the best possible shape—in impeccable shape.

Please join me.

Phil



2011-2012
BOARD OF
TRUSTEES

Dave Hudson - **President**
Sandy Rollin - **Treasurer**
Rick Joesph - **Secretary**
Phil Moore
Tim Thomas
Joe Wegrzyn
Ken Webster
Jan Butcher - **Staff Rep.**
Debbie Pace
Marilyn Szost
Ryan Hertz
Sara VanPortfliet

UHS STAFF

Jan Butcher
Robert Crowe
Terry Gardner
Anissa Howard
Kathy Long
Holly MacMahon
Karen Moore
Phil Moore
Shaun Piazza
Jean Ruff
Lori Schultz
Ted Strunck
Ken Webster
Melissa Ziemann

GLOBAL TEACHERS

Jorge Arenivar
Eugene Friesen
Medard Gabel
Billy Jonas
Rafe Martin
Judy Piazza



Celebrating Transition

By Phil Moore

Each moment, life as it is, the only teacher.

I can't remember October of 1971, but I know it was when I first discovered Upland Hills Farm School. 40 years later I am still here. 40 years can be a lifetime. 40 years can be a second of the long now and 40 years can seem like an eternity.

I am preparing to pass the leadership torch to a new director.

I don't know where I'm going and I don't know what my life will be like without the deep patterns of school days, weekends, vacations, and teaching. I'm intensely curious about this new stage in my life, and I find myself drawn toward it by images and ideas about what may be in store for me.

When I was a young man, I wanted to travel the world so badly that when I was 17, I pretended to be from Liverpool and affected an accent so ludicrous that even the 16-year-old girl I was trying to impress laughed in my face. My urge to see the world grew into an obsession. I would've gladly dropped out of college but in 1970 dropping out of college meant being drafted to fight in the jungles of Viet Nam--not what I had in mind.

So I waited until I earned my degree, and with the encouragement and support of my worldly wife, off we went. Karen and I rented a cottage in Scotland for a month, bought a VW camper and had it delivered in Paris, drove through the Pyrenees mountains after a stay with my relatives in Nice, and ended up in the south of Spain for the winter. In Scotland I learned the lessons of place and community. I learned how the sea enchants everything it touches. In Paris, I felt the power of the arts and how a city can be an entire country of possibilities. Crossing the mountains between France and Spain, I marveled at the beauty and wildness of the people and the land. And in Spain we settled into a small international community of kindred souls and together we created a feeling of 'suspended time' that allowed us to redefine ourselves and our goals.

Travel became a metaphor for the true 'wild school' and it transcended all of my expectations.

Since that time I have smelled the air in Bombay, felt the crush of a frantic crowd in China, visited with the artists who painted from memory the scenes of horror after Hiroshima, been surrounded by 120 loving five-year-olds in the South African township of Gugulethu, and watched in awe as the Moreno Glacier cleaved and roiled as it melted, forming a new fresh water lake in Patagonia. The wild school of travel has given me a perspective that has opened my consciousness and humbled my ego and it leads me to a new place. Yet this place is not a geographical location but rather, it's a form of love that is impersonal, fierce, free, and unyielding. And that's what's calling me.

I remember Ram Dass saying, I think that it's better to be souls than roles. While we were traveling from the fall of 1970 until the spring of 1971, I was not only experiencing the wild school--I was also looking for a role that I could play. I had just taken on the role of husband and stepfather, but I wanted more. I wanted to find my purpose: what could I do that would make the world a better place and keep a roof over our heads? I had received my degree in education but I barely survived my student teaching assignment. In fact, my supervising teacher wrote that 'Phillip Moore is not a suitable teacher for public schools' and he went on to explain why.

But in my wild school adventures, the idea of doing a different kind of school kept showing up in unusual forms and in my imagination. By the time we returned home, I wanted to teach so badly that we traveled to the west coast and back again, rejected from every kind of school I could find. There were a few close calls, the closest being a job offer in the outback of New South Wales, Australia. And even though I had signed a contract to teach in Australia, it was Upland Hills Farm School that gave me the opportunity to be a teacher right away.

***So I'm asking the
question, how do I
take this hat off?***

So I'm asking the question, how do I take this hat off?

Living in this community for four decades and being with children has taught me something about parenting, which could be summarized by the statement 'good parenting is about learning how to empower and let go'. Yet- letting go is a skill that requires attention, timing, vision, and compassion.

Buckminster Fuller, whom I often refer to as my mentor, used the phrase "anticipatory design science," to indicate that we need to look into the future and anticipate what might arise, then construct a design that will achieve the desired result, and do it by using our minds and our hearts.

In this time of great shift and great change, I have adopted the idea that we need to be co-creators of this next stage of evolution. I would love to stay rooted in this community but

I don't know how. I would love to have a stage of my life where I was free to be where I wanted to be, without the responsibilities of a director. I would like to make a contribution to shaping the future, but I don't know how that will look.

I remember long ago when I was so much younger, a thought arose that I could not dismiss. It was the idea that if I could work with children in a way that was deeply loving and empowering, the world would be changed by them, because they would become the future. And now I can say all these years later, that with the love and dedication of the beautiful teachers I have worked with, we have scattered nearly a thousand seeds. Those seeds have grown into young men and women: one helped make a rocket ship that's on it's way to Jupiter, another invented bolt covers to prevent erosion on giant wind towers, one has received a medal for Justice and Law enforcement defending civil rights for the EEOC, one has won the ASCAP young jazz composer for 2004, another has created the Yosemite leadership program for students who attend UC Merced, and more than one father has decided to be the primary care giver for their children. Many former students have chosen teaching as their profession. In short, they ARE changing the world.

Each moment for me now has become more precious. Heart attacks can be wake up calls. The point is that our world does not need more "successful" people. But it definitely needs more creative thinkers, problem solvers, healers, builders, and risk takers. And it needs earth lovers of every size and shape. It needs people who know how to live lightly on this earth. It needs people who have a strong moral compass and are willing to fight for the diversity of all living things. And these needs have little to do with 'success' in the conventional sense.

Life is the only teacher and I aspire to use every moment I have left as consciously as possible. And to celebrate transition.



Karen, Nina and Phil

Forever Home

By Kathy Long

On September 3rd I stood in the large room at Upland Hills School with only one other person, but we were not alone. All around us were tables with picture albums, lovingly prepared, from the last 40 years of the school. The other person introduced himself as Jim McFall, the father of Melanie, alumnus from the 1970s. Jim, his wife Barbara, and Melanie and her son Nathan had traveled from Ohio for the reunion. Jim pointed to a picture of Melanie: a black and white All School photo of fifty-three students and five staff members, set in front of a geodesic dome built just prior to the 1973 Arab Oil Embargo. The photo documented those early visionary years when an estimated eight hundred independent schools, sprouted up, though only a handful of those schools remain today. As I listened to Jim, I felt humbled by his memories and deep appreciation of those years.

Our attention shifted from the silent photo displays as the room began to fill with laughter and hugs from friends old and new. I suddenly remembered that during the previous school year, I had often heard laughter echoing from the valley when I didn't expect it. Each time the laughter occurred, I would look outside, wondering why I was hearing children at an unusual time. The surreal experience happened often enough that

I began to believe I must be hearing the happy sounds of children from years ago—that their joy had been imprinted upon the land, springing from what David Steindl-Rast describes as "that kind of happiness that doesn't depend on what happens." I wondered if the Upland graduates who were arriving at the reunion would encounter their imprinted memories and re-experience their child-selves still playing and laughing, free upon the earth.

Jim's daughter, Melanie, joined us briefly. Her eyes were a perfect mirror of those I see daily as a teacher at Upland, excited and quick to take in the interior landscape before darting outside to the open spaces and beckoning beauty of nature. Melanie is the vibrant mother of Nathan, a tall young man with open, receptive eyes who looked right into mine, ready and willing to enter into this place he had grown up hearing about. He represents what I think of as the third generation of UHS. They are the children of early students and the grandchildren of the first teachers and parents, and they are increasingly present at school as the newest and youngest students. (There is a second generation at Upland as well—the early students who have returned to the classroom. Our intern in Ted's Group, Shaun Piazza, and teacher assistant Tina Tomzack in my group are members of that same generation). As I looked around me that morning, the generations blended into that experience we all know and love at Upland--a feeling of coming home.

Just like on a normal school day, the bell rang and we filled the Karen Joy Theater for an All School Meeting. We were at Upland Hills, where even well-planned meetings with songs, pictures and stories often give way to laughter and love! Afternoon classes included all our favorites: Woodswalk,



Candle Lighting Ceremony

Adventure Playground, Theater Games, Papermaking, Clay Bowls, and of course, All School Games. I saw Melanie's son, Nathan, play a lot of basketball, and my own son Isaac helped shoot off the rockets at the end of the first day. Mostly though, the children ran free: safe, secure, and nurtured by a whole family of friends.

By the time we entered the theater for the finale on Sunday, we were quieter. Tears of joy became tears of deep appreciation and respect for the visionaries: Dorothy and Knight Webster, the Moores, and the early teachers and parents. They all risked much and invested even more to create a curriculum that honors the natural world, protects childhood, and is dedicated to the core value of love. We lit birthday candles on a simple cake, and as we witnessed the close of the School's fourth decade, we lit the future with our thankfulness for the past and warm wishes for the future.

Many days have passed since we gathered together on Labor Day weekend, and I am now immersed in what I think of as a Life Curriculum which began forty years ago. As a relatively new teacher, I feel and see the realities of the transition that our community is being invited to embrace. I believe that the visionary curriculum, that which mentors every new teacher and lives as an imprint on generations of children, is a foundation that can ensure a sustainable future for Upland Hills.

Soon, Phil will be traveling to meet old and new friends, inviting many to become today's visionaries. Together, we are all being invited to risk and invest in "our" children: children of multiple intelligences who will feel and

think and imagine and invent. I hope that we, like the role models of the last forty years, will risk much. We, also, may intentionally take money that could have gone into a banking system with no guarantees, and instead, invest it in children, and not just for college or their future, but for our children's lives today. We are the first to be asked to lead with conviction in a capital campaign which, unlike any other, is dedicated to dignity, diversity and development. And we will have to risk letting go of fear and instead, align daily with a model of education that fosters interdependence, the freedom and responsibility of choice, and the joy of learning. Today I trust. I trust that together we will fulfill our role in this on-going, daily experiment called Upland Hills School. And I trust that someday, my boys will return as grown men for yet another reunion. Their bodies will recognize the imprinted laughter and freedom of their younger days and they, too, will feel the joy of a reunion with the land and a family that will always feel like a forever home. For my part, I will be overflowing with memories and appreciation for everything our investment has produced for many generations—just as my new friend, Jim McFall was on September 3.



**40th
Anniversary
rocket launch**



The Big Room

Make Good Memories

By Lori Schultz

It's the first week in September on a crisp, yet sunny, blue-sky sort of day. Families are gathered in the Apple Tree parking lot, surrounded by trees and facing a gravel path that leads up to Upland Hills School. At the head of the path stand two smiling teachers, Holly and Jean. Both of their arms are laden with baskets overflowing with brightly colored paper cones. Radiating warmth and happiness, they call the names of individual children. These children leave their parents; some reluctantly, some eagerly, and some for the very first time, to receive smiles, hugs, and a special first day of school surprise. Paper cones in hand, the children begin to gather together, venturing away from their parents and into the fold of a new group forming. Soon all the children have been called and they stand waiting for what comes next. "Morning Meeting!" calls Jean. "All Aboard!" calls Holly. With confidence in their step and a twinkle in their eyes, they turn and lead the children forward up the path to begin their UHS journey.

Years ago, simultaneously yet separately, Holly and Jean were on their own journeys through the world of education. Both had a strong awareness of the needs of children. Each had her own way of facilitating those needs. Frustrated with the then current climate of teacher directed learning, Holly and Jean moved through their experiences,



Jean Ruff, Karen Moore, Holly MacMahon

always striving to bring to light the voices of the children. Recognizing that this was not being valued in the schools in which they were teaching, they began to look elsewhere.

Jean, who follows her heart to all places wild and wonderful, arrived on the grounds of the Upland Hills Farm School on a warm day in 1976. Not knowing exactly what it was or what it was about, she witnessed children playing on a field laughing with delight. Jean vividly recalls their laughter and joyous abandon. "They were so happy and having such fun," she says. "I knew it was where I wanted to be." That didn't happen right away, however. Life takes its turns and moves in its own time. Eventually, Jean did come back and began what became her 34 year journey within our learning community.

Similarly, Holly's life took twists and turns. At a certain point, her heart compass was centered on finding a school for her son, David. Like Jean, Holly also had a strong feeling of resonance when she visited the campus of Upland Hills. She waited two years for a spot to open up. Holly, herself, grew into the Upland Hills Community, coming first as a volunteer, then tutor, part-time teacher, and, eventually, full-time Morning Meeting teacher. Remembering the process of discovering what UHS was all about, she recalls, "I knew it in my heart but it took

time to understand."

Both Holly and Jean stretched and grew through their years at Upland Hills. They moved through changes in the physical structure of the school, staffing, and population while weathering many transitions in their personal lives. Through it all, they deepened their relationships with each other, the school, the families, and most importantly, with the children. For me, to try to talk about Holly and Jean, to try to distill who they are and what they have meant to so many people, is like trying to hold the ocean in the cap of an acorn. Like the ocean, their beauty and wisdom needs to be experienced first-hand and can be carried only in memories. Through the gift of mentoring here at Upland Hills School I have been able to do just that. Simply by being in their presence I have been privy to countless moments both large and small and keep them as treasures to reflect on and hold.



staff retreat 2012

When I need them, I know I'll be able to recall these images and more:

Holly laughing with delight over a great idea for an Afternoon Class

Her eyes brimming with tears of joy as she witnesses the children coming together as a whole group, immersed together in imaginative play

Jean quickly grabbing her special notebook, ready to inscribe more "Pearls of Wisdom" coming from the children she considers her Teachers

Her arms open wide ready to receive a child who has reached his limit at the end of a long, tiring day

Both Holly and Jean in Neighboring, welcoming "New Folks Comin'!" so graciously or in joyful play as they perform their traditional Night Before Christmas with props gathered from their rooms.

I'll carry their voices in my head as well, remembering important words such as:

"What a good friend you were just now."

"I'm so glad you said that. It helped us understand more."

"What an important thing to remember." "That was so kind."

"How do you feel when that happens?" "You did that yourself!"

*"This isn't working. What can we do to make it better?"
"That was such a thoughtful thing to do."*

"I know this is difficult. You are doing so well." "I'm so glad you're here!"

Most importantly, for me, I'll recall Jean's wise advice to, "Make good memories! Difficult times will come. You can move through them more easily with strong memories of fun and celebration." How many of those memories have Jean and Holly provided for children and parents through the years? Countless. During the 40th Anniversary Celebration weekend, several alumni walked through their classrooms, reminiscing about games that they had made up with each other, songs they had sung, toys they had touched and played with, even the smell of paint and paper from projects long since discarded. They were lit up with those memories and grateful to the people who had allowed the space for them to be made.

Both Holly and Jean are retiring from full-time teaching at the end of this school year. How does that feel for them? How does it feel for all those who love and appreciate what they have offered of themselves through the years? It cannot be written down. It may not even be fully spoken. But it can be witnessed. We can follow their example and be Present with whatever arises. Acknowledging the strength of relationships forged through the trials of time and experience, as well as the strength of our own character and abilities, we can: cry when there is sadness, laugh when there is joy, embrace when knees get wobbly or love is so strongly present that we just have to share, and above all, Celebrate.

Holly and Jean are a part of the UHS Learning Community and always will be. We have so many beautiful memories to sustain us when we are apart and will have opportunities to make more when we're together again. Whether we choose to sit with Holly in the Handwork Group or at Book Club or meet up with Jean at the Ice Cream Social or just for a cup of tea, we can take the time to appreciate who they are and what they have meant to us.

The Way of Heaven

By Phil Moore

37. Doing Little

It puzzles people at first, to see how little the able leader actually does, and yet how much gets done. But the leader knows that is how things work. After all, Tao does nothing at all, yet everything gets done. When the leader gets too busy, the time has come to return to selfless silence.

Selflessness gives one center. Center creates order. When there is order. There is little to do.

From ***The Tao of Leadership***, John Heider

My granddaughter Lilliya asked me if there was anything she could do to help. It was Saturday night sometime after 10 PM, a hot and humid night, after a hot and humid but joyful first day of the 40th birthday celebration. I was not surprised by her eagerness to help, for Lilli is someone who loves to work and loves to be of service. In August I had watched her from a distance as she busily made lemonade for a long line of customers at the Livingston farmers market, working a full four hours without complaint.

"Yes", I said "let's see if all the garbage is put away or we'll have raccoon escapades to deal with tomorrow morning."



And so off we went, starting with the dome.

As we walked, I thought about the opening ceremony and how, originally, I had imagined Eugene Friesen playing his cello during the bridge of "All You Need is Love," and how I had thought of Anjuli or Mary singing without accompaniment, as they walked into the theatre and down onto the stage. But a few days before the celebration, Eugene emailed me to tell us that he wouldn't be able to make it until after lunch. He said that both Mary and Anjuli were not coming. So when Zoe Grossfeld showed up with her mother Karin 40 minutes before the ceremony, I'd asked Zoe if she could operate the sound booth and sing the opening to "All You Need is Love."

It was the way she said yes that changed my mood from anxious to open. Here we were--moments before the theatre would be filled to capacity, with many hours of planning and preparation on the line--and here was Zoe, ready to do whatever it took to make it work. So after I gave Zoe some brief instruction about the computer and the slide show, Ted began to play the introduction just as it was first performed by the Beatles in June of 1967. Zoe hit the computer in the sound room, then walked down the stairs of the theatre singing "love, love, love" in this beautiful clear voice. She got to the stage and by that time I'm playing the guitar and we looked into each others' eyes and sang "its eeeeasy."

My heart opened.



Lilli and Granda

So widely, it went beyond its previous limit. I marveled at this young beautiful woman, who I had known since she was five, this girl who grew up a few blocks from where I had grown up. This was the girl that Central Casting had sent as an answer to a prayer, and she was standing before me singing “its eeeeeasy.” As the Tao says, “The Way of Heaven is invisible, and yet it can be seen.” Zoe--her voice and her presence--was my gift from heaven. The day had unfolded as a string of moments born in the fertile imagination and hearts of those who choose to make the

journey. All of our planning and preparation had given way to this string of moments that belonged not to any one person, but to all of us as a community. There was an All School Picture with over 250 people in it. There was food grown near here, organic, fresh and in season. There were classes: paper making, a hike, adventure playground, all school games, and a KTK called searching for gems. There was time to visit and to reconnect. There was time to tell stories and take walks. There was a talent show that transcended all previous talent shows. There was a rocket launch, a cello concert, a camp-fire and plenty of spaces for coming and going, and for doing and being. But at this particular moment, after 10 pm on a hot and humid night, it was just me and my 11-year-old granddaughter walking through the dome and looking for trash. Outside of Ted’s room we noticed a wheel barrel full of corn-cobs, so we rolled it down to the compost area and dumped it there. We continued to

look inside and out for anything else. We checked the Theatre, and then we crossed the bridge to the Ecological Awareness Center where over 30 people were camping. A village of tents near the north sod roof of the EAC was humming with voices, laughter and some snoring. No trash there, either. By the time we were headed back to school, something started to wash over me. It was the realization that the absence of garbage meant that people had taken the initiative to clean up on their own, out of the connectedness that this event had given us. It was an act--a series of actions--born out of love. It was a spontaneous form of wholeness, and for the umteenth time that weekend I felt tears rising again.

A true community takes care of each other and is rooted in place. So many things happened that day. We sang songs, old friends reunited, we shared two meals, took pictures, activities unfolded, and throughout it all, anonymous people looked around and made sure that the place was cleaned up and that it looked good. That was the small miracle that touched my heart, as I walked back to our full house, holding the hand of my granddaughter, feeling a wave of gratitude as we walked.

Being a leader from the improbably green age of twenty-three has humbled me. From those early years to this day, I have traveled a long and winding road. When I began to lead, my intuition guided me. But the more I grew, the less I knew. When I pushed too hard it fell apart. When I thought it was about me, things ripped asunder. When I carried too much, no one offered to help. When I tried to solve problems, I made them worse. When I started talking too much, I needed to listen. Yes, my long and winding road is filled with lots of mistakes.

So when I tell this story of Lilli and me, I change it each time. Sometimes I say I cried, sometimes I say I began to weep, sometimes I say that Lilli asked ‘what’s wrong Granda’ , and sometimes I say that the night air was very still, but every time I feel my heart. The same heart that seized up on a spring day three years ago. It is our hearts that need to be considered every time we choose, and when we use them, we need to learn from them and use them as guides. It is then that something that used to be hard is transformed into something that feels like you’re doing little.

***Fill your bowl to the brim
and it will spill
Keep sharpening your knife
and it will blunt
Chase after money and security
and your heart will never unclench
Care about people’s approval
and you will be their prisoner
Do your work, then step back-
the only path to serenity.***

***(The Tao Te Ching : The book of the way :
Tr. Stephen Mitchell)***



Moore Family

Ice Cream Social

With

Holly & Jean



Sunday, June 10th 1:00 – 4:00 pm

An afternoon dedicated to celebrating teachers, childhood and play.

Return to Holly and Jean's class for the day. This is a special event to sing songs, share memories and express your well wishes to these dearly loved people as they transition away as Upland Hills School Morning Meeting Teachers.

Those unable to attend can go to our website uplandhills.org to send a message to Holly and Jean.

Why pencils Have Erasers

By Phil Moore



Some of you may have received our invitation for this year's auction, which will occur on Saturday, **April 21st 5:00 pm at the MSU Management Education Center**. It opens into a beautiful poster that represents our attempt to list the names of all students and staff over the past 40 years. This list is a work in process. Upland Hills Farm School, which has also been called Upland Hills School (and even had an incarnation as The Farm School), has a well-deserved reputation for being statistically challenged.

The first year of our school, 1971-1972, we didn't even have a roster. We had a rooster, but not a roster. From 1972 until 1989, we used a closet as an office. In 1986 while I was in India, the State inspector showed up asking for the attendance lists of the past 5 years, and when Jean opened up the file cabinet, a family of mice darted from the file cabinet into the storage silo. We now have a proper office and a proper filing cabinet, and a skilled office manager.

To our dismay, we discovered that we have inadvertently left some names, off this list. We are determined to correct our mistake. **If we left your name or the name of someone you know off the list, please contact Terry by email terry@uplandhills.org or phone 248-693-2878.** You can go to our website to see our current All School Roster.

Our goal is to have as complete a list as possible by June 30th, and to make a commemorative poster suitable for framing available by the fall of 2012.

Please accept my humble apologies.

With love
Phil Moore

An Invitation to Collaboration

By Jill Hough

In his open letter, Phil speaks of leaving Upland Hills better than he found it. This is not something Phil can do alone—he will need the rest of us, too, since Upland Hills is, first and foremost, a community. If we join together in a spirit of love and generosity, we have the power--collectively--to leave Upland Hills better than ever. Together, we can help ensure that the teachers, the school, and the students begin the next forty years from a position of strength. We can do this by putting a measure of our energy--that is, a small portion of our income, which is no more and no less than our daily work, translated into dollars and cents—into the Upland Hills School of today and tomorrow. Between now and the end of the school year, Upland Hills School is seeking to raise \$250,000 in order to complete the first phase of our long range plan, which you may know as the 3-D program. This winter and spring capital campaign would accomplish three simple goals: First, we would establish and fund a modest retirement gift for the founding teachers at Upland



Students harvesting from the CSA

Hills School. This would ensure that six of them—Jean Ruff, Karen Moore, Jan Butcher, Ted Strunck, Holly MacMahon, and Phil Moore—would receive a small monthly pension as they retired from teaching and moved into the next stage of their lives. Phil speaks of this as a gift of dignity, and a gesture of respect and gratitude for these teachers, who have devoted something in the neighborhood of 130 years (collectively) to the school. Secondly, we will purchase more land for teaching, for exploring, and for the preservation of wilderness. Upland Hills Farm has offered to sell us additional acreage. We are grateful for their willingness to sell us this property and we hope that we will be able to take advantage of their generous offer while it still stands. The school would like to purchase fifteen acres which would more than double the size of the school grounds from our current eleven acres. In the next couple of weeks, we will be putting photos of this land up on the website. We encourage you to “walk” this land with us, and consider making a contribution toward its purchase. And finally, a portion of the capital campaign will allow the school to remodel and expand our

existing kitchen. This would allow us to accommodate our wonderful food curriculum which seeks to provide students with a “seed to soul” experience, from healthy food grown organically at the school and in the CSA, to the kitchen, where the children learn to prepare and serve it, to nourish their bodies and souls. In the next few weeks, we will be putting up photos of the existing kitchen on our Facebook and sharing the plans for the new kitchen. We hope all of you who support “farm to fork” and “seed to soul” will think about contributing to this effort. This is a grand plan, but it is also eminently doable. But it will only work if it is a collaborative effort. And indeed, we are seeking the energy and input and generosity of each and every one of you. Please visit our website at www.uplandhills.org to look at the photos of the land and the plans for the kitchen, and visit the “Upland Hills School” page on Facebook to leave your fond remembrances of our founding teachers, to voice your support for this campaign, and to connect or reconnect with the Upland Hills School community. If you wish to make a donation, please email terry@uplandhills.org for details, or phone her at 248 693 2878. You can also simply mail a donation to: Upland Hills School, 3575 Indian Lake Road, Oxford, MI 48370. Thank you.



Staff Elders
Front row : Karen Moore, Phil Moore
Back row: Ted Strunck, Jan Butcher, Holly MacMahon, Jean Ruff



Luke Farwell at Jack's Pond



UPLAND HILLS SCHOOL

2575 Indian Lake Road

Oxford, Michigan 48370

248.693.2878 Fax 248.693.4317

www.uplandhills.org

Email: **info@uplandhills.org**

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 6
Lake Orion, MI



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



VISION STATEMENT

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.

SEND US YOUR EMAIL ADDRESS...

STAY CONNECTED WITH US.

[INFO@UPLANDHILLS.ORG](mailto:info@uplandhills.org)