

Skipping Stones

A Multicultural Literary Magazine

Vol. 32, no. 3
July-Sept. 2020
\$7.00

Best Multicultural & Nature Books * Stories of Arrival

Art: Kelly Lin, grade 11, Eugene, Oregon.

Nature Art by Ms. Tsuchida's Students, Oregon

1. "Winter Sunset" by Tracy Hu, 14, grade 9.
2. "Bear" by Bettina Wu, 15, grade 9.
3. "Nature's Grandeur" by Laura Zhou, 16, grade 10.
4. "Autumn in the Park" by Erika Lin, 18, grade 11.
5. "Small Steps" by Jayshing Goolsby, 10, grade 5.

Cover: "A Moment by the Water" by Kelly Lin, 16.

"I've grown fond of illustrating and painting nature and wildlife. This painting was such a fun challenge—to capture the small details like the intensity of the leopard's stare and the ripples in the water. My goal is to reflect the way I see all of nature's beautiful aspects into my own artwork."



Public outrage over the brutal murder of George Floyd, an ordinary black man, by Minneapolis Police has spilled into streets with thousands of protests all over the country since the end of May. On top of that, we saw news reports of violent police crackdowns on constitutionally guaranteed, peaceful protests in our cities. The police should protect people, not punish protestors. There is a loud cry for justice and racial equality everywhere. The police stop, arrest, and kill Black men and youth more frequently. And Black men make up a disproportionate percentage of prison population.

Fifty-seven years ago in his speech, "I Have A Dream," Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. expressed passionately what kind of society he envisioned. Unfortunately, the brutal killings of Blacks by the police and systematic racism continue to this date. We must stop this.

Racism in the U.S. is not new; it has been going on for over 400 years, since even before the nation's founding. You might like to study the real history of the U.S. to learn how the country has mistreated the African Americans (and the Native Americans) from the very beginning. The trend continued as the European Americans encountered the Hispanics and Asian Americans later on. Need a few recommendations? *A People's History of the U.S.* by Howard Zinn, *A Different Mirror* by Ronald Takaki, and *Between The World And Me* by TaNehisi Coates. As a student, I'd read thick historical novels in a matter of days. In this issue, we announce our Annual Book Awards. Summer is a great time to delve in good reading. Libraries and books are precious treasures of our collective knowledge!

The Covid-19 pandemic—causing hospitalizations, deaths, lockdowns, and associated economic issues—has been very stressful for most of us. Teens and youth are also experiencing emotional stress due to the new social distancing norms. More layers of complications include reduced incomes due to job losses or layoffs, no health insurance, lack of outdoor activities, and closures of schools, daycares and libraries. There are also reports of increased violence against women and children.

Did you know that Communities of Color (especially, African Americans and Native Americans) have suffered more deaths in the current Covid-19 pandemic and more economic hardships resulting from lockdowns? With the centuries of slavery and racism, Blacks have less education, earnings, and wealth. Millions are unable to meet their basic needs. And the homeless in our urban areas are facing even more challenges.

Globally, two billion people, mostly in low-income countries, live in poverty. There are over 65 million refugees and displaced people in the world. Countless children in war-torn countries like Syria have not attended schools for years. Environmental issues like climate change, coupled with wars and conflicts, make life miserable for too many human beings.

What is your opinion on how our communities and countries should be run? If you were to share your vision for the world, for the nation, and for the community you belong, what would it be? Would equality and social justice be part of it? Would the world you create be a racism-free zone—no prejudices, biases or stereotypes? Would the police treat Blacks with respect? Would girls and women be treated equally and respectfully? Would they live freely like their male counterparts? Would all religions and faith traditions be honored? What about kindness and compassion for all? Would nature and wildlife thrive in your dream world?

In most countries, you need to be 18 or older (in some areas, 16) to be able to vote. It means most of you—the K-12 students—have little voice in who leads the country, who represent us, how the country is run, how money is spent, or what policies are adopted.

But that doesn't mean that there is nothing young people can do. As a young person, you might like to express your thoughts on issues that you care about deeply, and thus try to influence public opinion. Recall how Greta Thunberg, Malala Yousafzai, and many other youth have successfully pressured national and world leaders to act decisively for the common good.

I invite you to express your views by writing letters and poems, creating art, theater, and even joining nonviolent protests. Let's learn to communicate effectively—write and tell stories that move listeners, create poems, paint pictures... Locally, Esteban Camacho Steffenson, whom we have featured in the past, paints amazing wall murals that make compelling statements. In this issue, you'll see many nature paintings by youth. Human beings are an integral part of nature, and it is our home. We must solve many pressing issues—climate change, extinction of species, racism, poverty, and violence.

There are many ways to make the world better for all! A smile, deep listening, and acts of kindness are all worth more than a bundle of dollar bills. Let's all work hard to build a kind and compassionate world, with justice and equality for *all* beings. We're all connected!

Arun

Skipping Stones

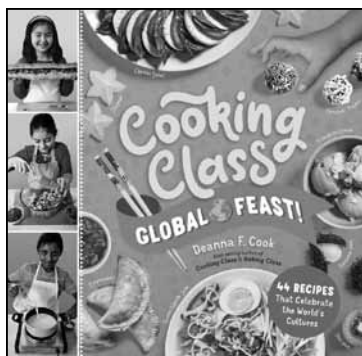
Vol. 32, No. 3

July – Sept. 2020

ISSN: 0899-529X

Best Multicultural & Nature Books • Stories of Arrival • Nature Art

- 2 Nature Art by Ms. Tsuchida's Students, Oregon
- 5 You and Your Time Deserve It All
- 6 An American Tragedy
- 7 Where I Am From
- 9 Secrets • Betrayal • What's in My Journal • Window to Your Twin
- 10 Anna Chromy and The Cloak of Conscience
- 11 Art and Sculptures of Anna Chromy
- 12 Artwork by Tatiana Antonova's Students in Sofia, Bulgaria
- 14 Amazing Praying Mantis • Blossoming
- 15 Wisdom Under The Jacaranda
- 16 When The War Ended
- 18 First Eid in America
- 20 How to Market a Color



See Book Awards, pp. 25-26.

- 21 Dumplings
- 22 The Messenger's Son
- 24 A New World • Earth Alligance
- 25 **The 2020 Skipping Stones Honor Awards:**

Best Multicultural & Nature Books for All Ages

- 27 The Greatest Elephant
- 28 Nature Art by Velda Wang
- 29 Learn to Tell Tales Before You Speak!
- 33 **Stories of Arrival:**

Refugee & Immigrant Youth Voices Poetry Project



"Violet" by Sophia Atwell, 14, Hawaii.

Regular Departments

- Cover "A Moment by the Water" Art by Kelly Lin, age 16, Oregon
- 3 From the Editor: It's Time for a Just & Equitable World!
- 8 What's On Your Mind?
- 17 Nana Jean Experiences COVID-19 Infection and Consequences
- 30 Poetry Page
- 31 Noteworthy N.E.W.S. & Taking Action
- 32 Skipping Stones Stew
- 36 Back Cover: Nature Art



© 2020 by Skipping Stones, Inc. Opinions expressed in these pages reflect views of the contributors, and not necessarily those of Skipping Stones, Inc. Ideas expressed are not professional advice.

In the spirit of ecological sensitivity, we choose to print with soy ink on recycled and recyclable paper with a 30% post-consumer recycled content.



About *Skipping Stones*:

Skipping Stones is a nonprofit children's magazine that encourages cooperation, creativity, and celebration of cultural and linguistic diversity. We explore stewardship of the ecological and social webs that nurture us. We offer a forum for communication among children from different lands and backgrounds. *Skipping Stones* expands horizons in a playful, creative way. We invite you to send us your creative art and thought-provoking writing.

Skipping Stones (Pub. No. 015-089) is published quarterly by Skipping Stones, Inc., 166 W. 12th Ave., Eugene, Oregon 97401. Postage paid at periodicals rate at Eugene, OR. *Postmaster: Please send address changes to: Skipping Stones*, P. O. Box 3939 Eugene, OR 97403-0939.

Subscriptions: *Institutions:* \$35 (call for multiple-copy discount); *Individuals:* \$25; *Airmail:* add \$15; *Low-income discount:* \$10. *Single or back issues:* \$7 each (\$10 by air).

To submit, subscribe or reprint, **contact: *Skipping Stones, Inc.*** P. O. Box 3939, Eugene, OR 97403 USA; (541) 342-4956; e-mail: editor@SkippingStones.org; Website: www.SkippingStones.org

Acknowledgements

Editor/Publisher: Arun Narayan Toké

Associate Editor: Daemion Lee

Interns: Saffron Hunter, Anusha Bansal

Student Reviewers: Maya Savin Miller, Tanisha Gunby, Anusha Bansal, Sanah Hutchins

Board of Directors: Paulette Ansari, Esther Celis, Stephen Mallery, Ron Marson, Joachim Schulz, and Arun N. Toké.

Special Thanks to Bidyut Das, contributors, Stephanie Tsuchida and all teachers whose students' work is featured in this issue. Thanks also to the A. & A. Charitable Fund and the Richard Haughland Fund of the Oregon Community Foundation, Advanced Relay Corp., Oregon Country Fair, Bankoff-Blanchet Family Foundation, Oregon Asian American Association, Ruth Koenig, Katacha Diaz, and Irwin Noparstak for their financial support.

Skipping Stones, Inc. is an educational and charitable organization with a 501(c)(3) tax-exempt status. Donations to *Skipping Stones, Inc.* are tax-deductible to the extent allowed by law. Please support our *free (and discounted) subscriptions* for low-income schools, libraries and families with your donations.

Winner of three National Association for Multicultural Education Awards, as well as EdPress Association of America, Writer Magazine, NewsStand

Resources, Eugene Ed. Assn., and Parent's Choice Awards.



They say that life is but a span
And agonies do always spare no man
Y Yet seldom do I moan for pain E
O But rather wail for what I gain D
U For us all to savor a bliss is E
A True as bitter as to miss S
N When all collapse E
D Days elapse R
Y But V
O Do be brave E
U And dare to crave I
R For all that's yet to come T
T And all you are to become A
I Let men no more waste time L
M To mourn for what isn't a dime L
Oh why should sighing start in wombs
An elegy for all those are in tombs

The title of life is always hidden in time...

In this poem, I ponder on a universal paradox: the savor of bliss is itself an agony as we fear fickle yet inevitable changes in time. The elapse of time is a central theme in my poem, so I wrote it in the shape of a sandglass. Moreover, the poem's shape is in accordance with the shift of emotion. As it tapers, my confusion and agony reach a climax, yet as it expands again, I find resolution for my agony. The line, "The Title of Life is Always Hidden in Time" is a hint for readers to discover the actual title, which is hidden in the two pillars of the sandglass: You and Your Time Deserve It All.

—Jiayi (Joyce) Liao, 17, Beijing,
People's Republic of China.



Our 32nd Year Special Sale on Back Issues

To celebrate our 32nd year, we are offering ten back issues for \$32 (or 32 back issues for \$90), including s & h within the United States! To order, e-mail us at info@skippingstones.org or, snail mail: P. O. Box 3939, Eugene OR 97403 USA (E-mail us for extra postage charges for other countries.)

An American Tragedy

With the signing of Executive Order 9066, the U.S. federal government forcibly relocated over 127,000 Japanese Americans—the majority of whom were U.S. citizens. Given only days to drop everything they knew, these Americans—with only the few possessions they could carry—were sent to live in prison camps across the Western United States. They lived in rows of tarpaper barracks and given only mass-produced food. Worst of all, the camp guards had orders to shoot any interns who attempted to escape. Forced to live for three years in grim and inhumane conditions, these people were treated as criminals, purely based on their ancestral descent.

An American Tragedy depicts two children as they enter a Japanese-American internment camp. I imagined what these children must have felt and attempted

to capture those raw emotions in their faces: confusion, dismay, anxiety, and—most of all—fear. I imagined the little boy on the right as too young to understand the impact of being relocated; the little girl, on the other hand, is just old enough to comprehend the gravity of this moment: her emotions are amplified to the viewer through the dead stare of her eyes and her expressionless face. Their family has just been uprooted from their home, and the children in this piece are now beginning their three-year endurance of the pain and horror this camp will bring. Executive Order 9066 and the resulting Japanese-American prison camps are a dark stain on the history of the U.S., a country intended to stand for civil liberties and justice—mak-



ing this chapter truly an American tragedy.

—John Henley, age 18, Oregon. (Art: Oil on canvas, 2019)

Call for Entries:

The 2020 Annual International Children's Art Exhibition & *Skipping Stones*

Invite Your Entries by September 1, 2020.

Theme: **Reaching through Coronavirus Lockdown, Looking into the Future**

Ideas for Submission:

- ★ Surviving Coronavirus Together: *Divided by Pandemic but United through Art*
- ★ Drawings, sketches, and paintings created during the Coronavirus Lockdown of 2020
- ★ How you and your friends and family survived the lockdown? Share your stories, experiences, ideas, feelings, etc. through art, poems, stories, essays, and videos (one to three minutes long) etc. on various themes such as: Taking care of your pets, surviving the lockdown together, fun, creative, educational activities during the lockdown, gifts and messages for friends, etc. We seek your submissions (both sad and/or happy).

Submit your entries by Sept. 1, 2020 via email: info@arts4kidsoregon.org

by snail mail to: Editor, **Skipping Stones Magazine**, P. O. Box 3939, Eugene, OR 97403-0939 USA

MCAM&EC and *Skipping Stones* will display and/or publish select submissions online and in the magazine.

Where I Am From

I am from years of sharing a bedroom with my
Hermanito.
From fighting over the T.V. remote
and the bathroom.
From watching Saturday morning soccer games with
‘Buelo.
I am from Leo Messi and his magic,
from watching in awe, thinking
¡Yo también puedo!
I can do it too!

I am from steaming bowls of *pozole* in the cold
winter nights
and *carne asada* fresh off the grill in the blazing
Summer heat.
From sweet *pan dulce* in the early hours, when it’s dark.
Always accompanied by the “morning smell” of
café con leche. Always more *leche* than *café*.

I am from my mom who takes me to soccer games,
no matter how far.
From my grandparents who come and cheer me on.
From Wednesday morning before school spent at
China’s house with loud mouth cousins.
I am from family gatherings with too many people.
From my two little sisters,
fighting for attention and red-faced crying,
Always crying.

I’m from the pitch, the field, *el campo*.
From grass stains and turf burns, a legacy of champions.
Long bus rides with teammates.
I am from teammates who double as friends,
competition.
Left wing in the pouring rain and the beating sun.
I’m from sweat or rain stinging my eyes
sometimes both.
From my jersey sticking to my back,
my forehead slick with
sweat.
I’m from the ball at my feet, my heart
pounding after every
shot.
Goal. Yes!
From “¡Tírale Cassidy!” and after-game
hugs.



I am from “Cass”, “Casimira” and “Quesadilla”
I’ve heard them all.
From teasing friends to loving family.
I’m forged by the flames of heartbreak.
Friends can break your heart, too.
From forced conversations and stolen glances.
I am confused feelings and leaping in blindly
Don’t risk the fall unless you know someone will
catch you.

I am from Woodburn High School.
From rushing to class through crowded halls and
homework.
The never ending stacks of Too Tall, Too Much To Do.
From sad looking school lunch with my
friends,
always laughing.

I am from “First”
From first born,
first generation Mexican-American.
First place
From the first state title of a girls team at WHS.

I’m from being the most overlooked one in the room
but with the loudest voice.
I am the gray that stays for days in-between time,
the meantime★,
the “I’m perfect, let me be” time.

I’m from a place Douglas fir trees call home,
inches of rain outweighing the days of shining sun.
From the loud streets of downtown Portland.
Standing in line to watch a Timbers game, and
Voodoo Doughnuts for victory celebrations.

I am Cassidy
Mexican and American
From English and Spanish
I’m good at math and soccer
A know-it-all who doesn’t know enough★★
I am confused and sure
I am happy and afraid
I am okay
I am Cassidy Garibaldo.
—Cassidy Garibaldo, grade 9, Oregon.

★ Inspired by My Song & ★★ by Seventeen, both lyrics by Alessia Cara.

Black Enough?

You're
Not
Black
Enough.

Words uttered
By a mother
A brother
A sister

Not enough
You don't look like us
Too dark
You don't sound like us
Pampered Princess

Words uttered
By strangers
On a quest

To make others feel pointless

Not enough to be me
Never enough to be free.
Why can't I be free
To be me?

—Mary-Catherine Scott, 17,
ACT-SO participant, Oregon.

blossoming

there is a garden
growing in your very soul.
herbs, berries,
wild and wonderful.
a symphony of springtime buds
hidden in the mud
waiting to blossom
if only you knew
the beauty inside of you
so tend to your garden
water it
shower it in sunlight
shower it in love
tend to your garden
it is growing,
learning, changing,
becoming,
blossoming.

—Maggie Munday Odom, 17,
North Carolina.

What's On Your Mind?

Hot

Bonfire hot
Scorching our faces.

We do not care
Not yet disgraces.

Young children,
Gather around,
Sing campfire songs,
Try not yet to drown.

Not yet aware
Of the sad and scary world.
Red flames erupting.
Burning to ashes.

—Melissa Pelley, 17, Michigan.

I Have A Name

My name is not that
Black girl

My name is Bawana
My name is not that
Mexican boy

My name is Miguel
My name is not that
Chinese girl

My name is Chu Hua
My name is not that
Muslim boy

My name is Mujahid
My name is not that
Indian girl

My name is Yellow Feather

I have a name
My family named me
Filled with beauty and affection
So on the playground
Yell my name
And I will confidently answer
Reminding you of the names
In your color crayon
Box

—maggie d., African-American
poet and educator, Washington.

Hope

We have hope in our hearts,
Stored inside like treasure.

We hope that someday,
We can play with our friends with pleasure.

We hope that we can
Hold hands forever and ever.

We hope that we can
Have fun and come together!

We hope to dance and dine
With no distance in mind.

We hope people will not be fined
In the midst of this time.

We hope the feeling of joy will begin once more
And we can soar all the way outdoors!

We hope we can go with groups to ride
And defeat this virus with pride!

—Simran Umatt, 9, California.

Simran has been missing her
school (EBS), teachers, and
friends during this period of
shutdown. So she came up with
her poem, **Hope**, to express
herself during this pandemic.



They Say

They say the best view
Comes after the hardest climb
I've been waiting for my view
For a very long time

They say dare to dream
But dreams can end
No matter what you think
You can't make amends

They say you can be anything
But really you know
You'll never be able
To get all the glow

They say be yourself
But what if yourself is lost?
Nothing left but a muted shell
And you have to pay the cost
—Juliana Igo, age 11, Pennsylvania.

Secrets

The sky is illuminated by your splendor
Ancient oaks bow in greeting, humbled before your majesty
Newborn pines break the surface as they welcome your warmth
The start of a new day

Meadowlarks tell their tales in a sweet melody
Northern winds respond, carrying their message far and wide
The tune of life's foundation has been composed
A frivolous song at which the world finds its meaning

The murky darkness of the deep recoils from your rays
Sheltering that which man forgot
Lost with time, consumed by opaque futility
Its knowledge kept at bay

Your continuous cycle is never ending, yet rarely monotonous
The world for amusement, a ballad of exhilaration
Serenity you always experience, but they never find
Executing your finest to illuminate that which they cannot see

Alas, words of wisdom you seek to bequeath,
but can rarely bestow
Doomed to watch while civilizations fall to ruin
The secret to ecstasy on your lips, yet it never
reaches their ears
Destined for greatness, they thought,
but condemned to isolation

—Emily Greene, age 14, homeschooled, Virginia.



The Window to Your Twin

Black like oil, drifting through the room
I see my opposite twin
As midnight shadows start to loom
A moonlit dance,
For him and me
Seeming like a trance
But who is the opposite?
Is it me
Or am I the backwards one?
I must conclude the dark waltz
Before the night is done.

—Abe Effress, grade 7, California.

Abe is inspired by music from all over the world. He plays alto sax and piano with a jazz and classical influence. Besides writing poems and dark stories, he creates electronic music and loves to collaborate with friends.

"We are all
beads strung
together on the
same thread of
love."

—Amma, the
Hugging Saint

Betrayal

Being all alone means you are lonely
So, you make friends,
Hoping your friendship will be there forever
You pour out everything, thinking,
I can trust them!
One day... suddenly everyone knows
Making fun of you, teasing you, taunting you
And, it snaps you like a stick
As the pain seeps in,
As you see the smirking faces around you,
Every laugh, every taunt, feels like a stab
through the heart
And through all the tears and embarrassment,
You finally learn,
No one is your friend.

—Ryan Yee, age 12, Illinois.

What's in My Journal

Outdoorsy things,
like sailing knots
and Camper's spit drenched tennis balls,
and my multiple pairs of sunglasses piled
near a stack of stones for skipping,
and a messy ponytail for every occasion.

Comfortable things,
like cool, sunny, fall days,
laughter around a campfire,
and the warm hug of my favorite hoodie.

Friendly things,
like colorful Lego brick houses,
the aroma of my favorite coffee shop
Lemonjello's Coffee,
and Polaroid pictures of me
and my best friends:
Kathryn, Maddie, Carrie, and Jenna.

And unforgettable things,
like colorful Lake Michigan sunsets,
soccer team championship wins,
and an intriguing life story:
maybe it's mine.

—Abigail Kestle, grade 8, Missouri. She adds:
"The poem was inspired by William Stafford's
poem, also titled, "What's in My Journal."

Anna Chromy and The Cloak of Conscience

We are pleased to introduce Anna Chromy, a world-class painter and sculptress. Anna was born in Cesky Krumlov, in a country then called Czechoslovakia, in 1940. Her mom, a native of Prague, introduced her to sculptures and paintings, both in her hometown and in Prague. After World War II, at the age of five, Anna and her family were forced to leave Krumlov and moved to Austria. Anna grew up in Vienna and Salzburg and the musical atmosphere of these cities became an inspiration for many of her artistic works.

In 1970, Anna moved with her husband near Paris, France, where she found herself surrounded by painters recreating the natural beauty of Fontainebleau Forrest in their artworks. So Anna began studying painting at the Academy de la Grande Chaumiere in Paris, where she met the famous Spanish Surrealist painter, Salvador Dalí. He inspired Anna's imagination and creativity. It is no wonder, she infused Dalí's Surrealism in her work.

Beginning in the 1980s, Anna's work began to be included in many European art exhibits and events. In 1985, Anna created three pieces called the Faces of Peace for the U.N. Year of Peace. Her painting, "Man, Earth and Universe," her dream for a better world, was chosen for the EXPO '92, in Seville, Spain.

Creation of Anna's Cloak of Conscience

In 1980, when both her beloved mom and her elder sister died within a short period of time, Anna created the painting, "To Be, or Not To Be," paraphrasing life and death. It depicts the body of a beautiful young woman stretched out before a mysterious venetian setting, and an empty white Cloak in a sitting position, bent forward in mourning.

After an accidental fall in 1985, she was immobilized for a long while, and had ample time to study every detail of this painting. A doctor had told her she would likely be not able to walk without crutches, or paint. She also found out that she had lots of heavy metals in her blood, from the oil paints used in the painting process. So she decided to take up sculpting. And, it was only natural that she would try to create the Cloak as her first life-size sculpture.

Her close encounters with death had taught her what was really important in life, what survives our disappearance: it is our soul, our conscience, our creative energy, our empathy and love, all the things we cannot

see or touch. These are contained in the empty shell we leave behind when we die.

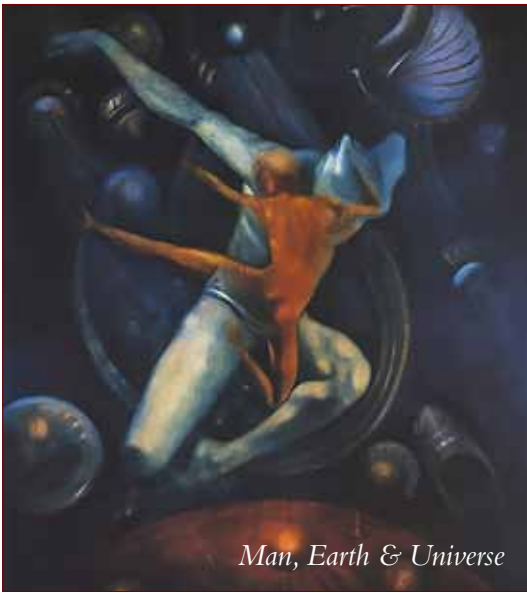
Anna's Cloak is a sculpture, made from the material used for Michelangelo's David and Bernini's Angels, the white Carrara marble from Michelangelo Cave, a crystalline rock of the highest quality. It is the largest sculpture ever to be sculpted into one single block of 250 tons, a giant gemstone. The Cloak is sculpted in its interior, to allow experiencing the energy and the purity of marble, inductive to meditation and healing of the soul. It is conceived as the universal symbol of conscience, tolerance and peace. She felt that the Cloak could become a symbol of her lifework.

While Anna was raised as a Catholic, and has had an audience with Pope John Paul II at the Vatican, she believes, "There is only one God. We are all children of the same Father. We have to advance all together hand in hand." She believes that one of the places from where this message can be most effectively spread is Jerusalem, the Holy City of the three monotheistic religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. Anna dreamt of the Cloak in this Holy City, where St. Francis of Assisi went to teach peace and tolerance among the religions.

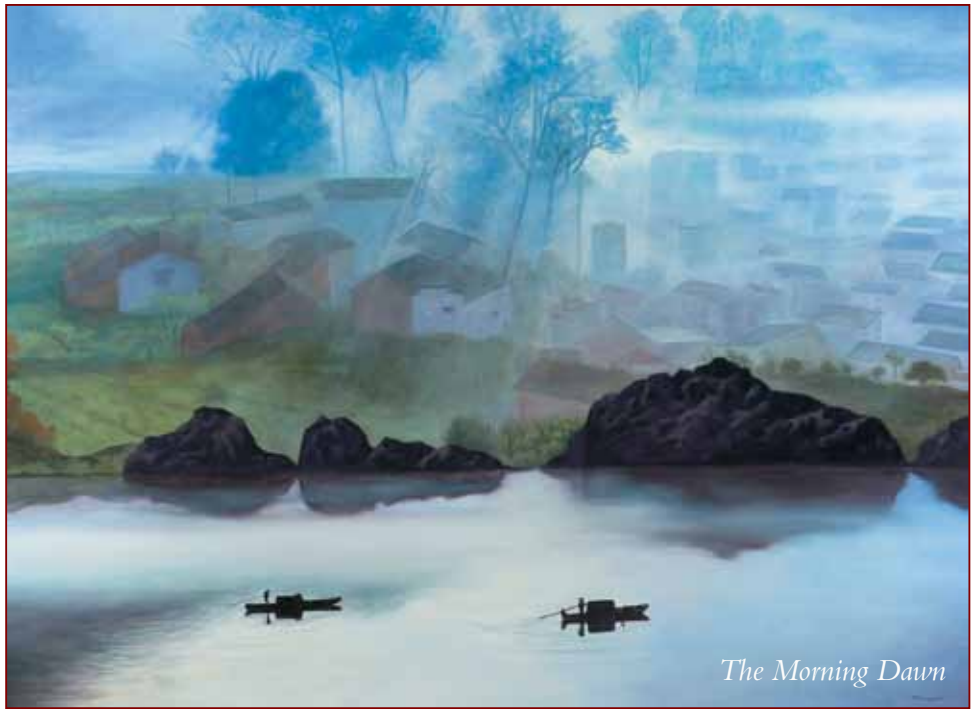
She decided that the Hadassah Medical Center at Ein Kerem, which for over a hundred years has served all people, regardless of race, religion, or gender, would be the ideal place for the installation of a Cloak of Conscience. In March 2019, Hadassah organized an international seminar, "Wrestling with my Conscience," together with the inauguration of the Cloak, and to bestow the 2019 Chromy Award to Judge Rubinstein. In September 2018, a Gold Cloak was installed in the beautiful Sculpture Garden near the Mark Twain Library in Redding, Connecticut. You can find Cloaks and other permanently installed artworks of Anna around the world on Google Maps at annachromy.com/public-sculptures.

Anna is a highly acclaimed artist—a laureate of the Michelangelo, Dalí and Kafka Prizes, and an Honorary Professor of the National Sculpture Academy of China. She lives with her husband, Wolfgang, on the beautiful Mediterranean Sea. In 1999, they created the Anna Chromy Foundation to perpetuate the art and philosophy of Anna. Visit: www.annachromy.com/about-us/

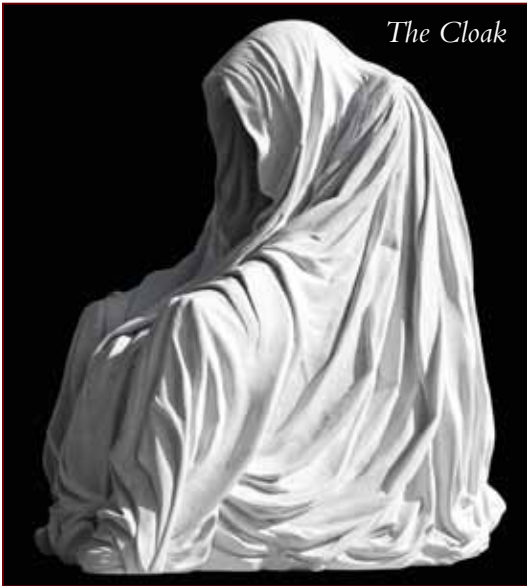
On page 11, we share some of her oil paintings and sculptures; © *courtesy of the Anna Chromy Foundation*.



Man, Earth & Universe



The Morning Dawn



The Cloak



Anna & The Cloak

All images © by Anna Chromy.



The Concept



The Tree



Olympic Spirit



Artwork by Students in Sofia, Bulgaria



Ms. Tatiana (wearing the red scarf) Antonova's Art Students in Sofia, Bulgaria



Art by Tatiana Antonova's Students at "Prikazen Sviat" in Sofia, Bulgaria

1. **Horse Riding** by Alexandrina Stoykova, girl, age 12.
2. **Fantastic Birds** by Michelangela Petkova, girl, age 11.
3. **Tryavna Landscape** by Niya Damgalieva, girl, age 8.
4. **Two Squirrels** by Niya Uzunova, girl, age 14.
5. **Gymnasts** by Maya Dimitrova, girl, age 10.
6. **Bride** by Karina Terzieva, girl, age 8.
7. **First Lesson** by Boris Grozev, boy, age 7.
8. **Dawn** by Katerina Lakova, girl, age 8.
9. **Old Ploudiv** by Victoria Yakimova, girl, age 11.
10. **A Man with a Hat** by Boris Bunardzhiev, boy, age 11.
11. **Rose Pickers** by Radina Chikicheva, girl, age 7.
12. **Colorful Cock** by Petra Bakalova, girl, age 8.



Amazing Praying Mantis

U n i q u e
a m o n g
insects and a specimen of real beauty, the praying mantis stands patiently holding its grasping forelegs tucked under its chin as if it were praying. This gave rise to its name, “mantis,” derived from the Greek for “prophet.”

The praying mantis turns its triangular head in a curious way to look at you over its shoulders. It has two large compound eyes and up to three ocelli between them that helps the mantis navigate its world. The two compound eyes of a mantis enables it to have wider but binocular vision. It can rotate its head by 180 degrees. With good eyesight, it moves its head in all directions watching nature around it. The vision of the praying mantis is much sharper than many insects. It can see objects 50 feet away.

Praying mantises don't have a nose. They use their two antennae at the top of their head to smell. They only have one ear that's in the middle of its thorax. This is like having an ear in the middle of your chest. It gives them great hearing.

The praying mantis varies in size. It can be smaller than one inch long, or up to six inches. It has four legs to stand on while the front forelegs are used to catch its food.

It has straight, leathery forewings that fold over its abdomen when at rest. The best place to find a praying mantis is in a garden. You can also find them in your own backyard. They are experts at hiding in the bushes.

The mantis stays hidden from predators by blending into its environment by mimicking sticks, leaves, and flowers with their colors. They are different colors ranging from bright green to dark brown. They will sometimes strike out and startle you, but will not hurt you. If you think it is biting you, you are just feeling its spiky legs.



Many gardeners and farmers welcome mantis, because they eat pests—insects that damage our crops. They also eat crickets, grasshoppers, spiders, frogs, lizards, and small birds. The amazing mantis are a good helpers to the farmers and gardeners.

—Dr. Sandra Diane Stout lives on a farm in rural Indiana.

My Wish for the World

My wish for the world is not that simple,
Just to think about it makes my eyes twinkle,
I wish the world was a beautiful paradise,
To live in peace and harmony would be so nice.
A world that is clean without contamination,
And people living together without alienation,
For animals to run freely upon the Earth,
To live without fear has so much worth.
I want trees and flowers to forever bloom
And fill the world with its perfume,
To have plenty of food to end world hunger,
To never let problems let us fall under.
I wish for God to continue blessing us forever,
For his love and guidance to leave us never,
My wish for the world is not that simple,
Just to think about it makes my eyes twinkle.

—Alexsamarih Rivera, 12, Puerto Rican, Connecticut.

Are you looking for **bilingual Spanish/English** books? *Lectura Books* publishes books with multicultural and nature content for early readers. For example, *Bees/abejas* is a level 3 picture book by Katherine Del Monte. A bilingual, leveled approach is an excellent way for kids to learn English or Spanish or both. It's also a great way for parents to be involved with kids during the school closures. The books come with worksheets for vocabulary, comprehension, and writing prompts. Visit: LecturaBooks.com.

Wisdom Under The Jacaranda

Y*ou could live here!* As I stepped out of the car onto the St. Anselm College campus for the first time, my inner voice whispered these words to my brain.

While my little voice didn't shout, shake a fist, or jump up and down, other voices have. These were some of the recurring things I heard growing up: "You're too fat." "Be a nurse." "Get a basketball scholarship." "You can't support yourself as an artist." All sorts of people have hurled all sorts of 'advice' and other verbal garbage at me, as well as at other young adults. When the speaker is close, it can be especially hard to sift the gold from the gravel. My precious gem that I share with you today is this: I have experienced that the inner voice is best heard during times of solitude...and it must be listened to.

St. Anselm's wasn't Ivy League, it wasn't known for medicine (my guesstimate for major), and it wasn't cheap; but that little voice won out. I couldn't, at that time, know why I listened to the voice, but I'm glad I did. It was on that campus where I met my husband, gained life-long friends, learned how to act, heard words of wisdom from a mentor, and got the grades that catapulted me into the next phase of my life.

During my sophomore year, I felt the urge to study abroad. *You need this experience.* I couldn't afford it, though. But I spoke to a variety of campus higher-ups and ended up being the first student in the history of St. A's to be able to apply scholarship money towards studying abroad.

About a year later, I found my study abroad adventures coming to a close. I had to board my plane back to America in just two painfully short days. I was restless. I had enjoyed a fabulous time at the University of Southern Queensland but felt this nagging feeling that it was time to make some life choices. My itchiness demanded a climb. I decided to hike to the top of the mountain near campus.

While I walked, I thought about my accomplishments and growth

while in Australia—keeping my faith, traveling by myself, making new friends. As I rounded the top of the mountain, I saw something that took my breath away: a huge flowering Jacaranda tree perched on a ledge overlooking the city of Toowoomba. I sat in its sparse shade and surveyed the progress below, acutely aware of the decisions that loomed ahead of me.

While I had declared a major, I had chosen strategically so that I could afford to spend elective classes studying abroad. And here I was, done with that goal and faced with...what? I literally had to go back down the mountain at some point—and probably sooner rather than later—but I wanted my life to figuratively expand upward; through the sky and beyond!

I looked up, the sunlight filtering through the grape-like clusters of violet-blue flowers. *You want to help people.* I did. *Be a doctor.* But what type of doctor? *You'll figure it out.*

Fast-forward a year... I had volunteered in the maternity ward (*too emotional*), the ER (*too stressful*), and the psych department (*outside of my comfort zone*). I did some research and stumbled upon an article about the work-life balance afforded women optometrists. I sent a letter to all the optometrists within a 20-mile radius of my town. That resulted in two summer jobs, discovering that I needed glasses, and my decision to attend the New England College of Optometry.

Fast forward seven years... I was out of optometry school, done with residency, and had lost my first job (a private optometrist fired me because I had refused to purchase his practice). I was at rock bottom—living with my in-laws, using food stamps, collecting unemployment, and searching for a job that had meaning. The funny thing about trying really hard is that sometimes you need to leave things up to God, or whatever higher power you believe in.

One day I received a call from Healthdrive. They were looking for an optometrist to provide eye care to nursing home residents in New





Hampshire. I began to pace up and down, gratefully alone and able to tune-in to the inner voice: *You always wanted to live in New Hampshire. You always wanted to serve the truly needy. God's calling you to do His work.* It was a no brainer; we moved a short time later.

Fast forward nearly a decade... I took on a side gig at a private practice and the owner and I got along very well. I considered ditching Healthdrive and purchasing this private practice. At the same time, I'd finally allowed myself to pursue a lifelong dream: writing. I had a great critique group, and I was working towards publishing children's books. What did the still, small voice have to say about all that? *You won't have as much time to write if you become a business owner. You're not passionate about owning a business. You like optometry, but you love writing.* The decision was simple—the inner voice hadn't let me down yet.

Now, today, I have so much to celebrate: I'm a successful optometrist, a mother, a writer, an artist, and so much more. Yet... I'm unhappy. I don't know why, but I think it has to do with all the 'other' voices—loud voices—that I heard growing up; voices that weren't healthy for me but which left their imprints like a wrinkle in my brain. My inner voice speaks up: *Go away. Take a break from life and think.* And my husband—bless him—is on board and will watch the children and keep house.

Where will I go? Back to Australia, of course! I'll find another spreading Jacaranda tree on top of another mountain. In the quiet away from home, I will channel my inner voice, trusting her wisdom to guide me through this next stage of my life.

—Sarah A. Hetu-Radny, O.D., New Hampshire.

When The War Ended

Ringling bells and yells stop us in our work
The streets are filled with young men
Joyous cries are heard
they come again,
Physically wounded
and spiritually wounded,
They sing our anthem happy to be here again
I look for my brother in the uniforms of tan
I do not see him
But then again
there are many.

A young man walks up to me.
“Madam,” he says,
“William Cummings died two days ago,
sick with hyperthermia.”
I cry there on the spot
“Miss, are you okay?”
He bends down to ask.
I can feel his stale breath.
I do not answer but cry silently
for I do not want to ruin this time for others.

“Your late brother William,
told me to take care of his sister
if any thing happened to him.”
At this his voice was much softer.
I wiped my tears on my handkerchief,
Then kissed him right on the cheek.
His face reddened a little,
Then I whispered, “Thank you.”
And he understood.

—Eliana Ward, grade 8, African American, Indiana.
Eliana is the editor of *Boxed Poetry Magazine*. You can find her on instagram @boxed_poetry_magazine.

Attention: All *Skipping Stones* Readers!

The Blissful Pursuit, a new online youth magazine published by a nonprofit organization, Blissful Us, publishes writing and art on various important societal issues. It's edited by Anusha Bansal, our student reviewer. She invites your creative art and writing for upcoming issues. The Summer 2020 issue will focus on food and culture. The issues are geared for grades 6-12. Please visit:

www.theblissfulpursuit.org



Nana Jean Experiences COVID-19 Infection and Consequences

As one of the few Blacks in my community, I enjoy the opportunities to meet and spend time with other Black folks. I was excited when I heard that the National Brotherhood of Skiers, a large group of skiers of African descent, would hold their winter summit in Sun Valley, Idaho in early March. I had skied there in December, at the start of a long drive around the U.S.

It was great to be back. What a diversity of color, hairstyles, ski outfits, skiing styles, and abilities. I had so much fun and met so many people. We rode gondolas and chair lifts, shared meals, raced, and joined a dance party with DJ Jazzy Jeff.

When I left, I had no idea why my muscles ached and I had a dry cough. I thought it must be the hard skiing for five days! I then visited and skied with a friend near Boise, Idaho. The next morning I was too ill to get out of bed. I had to struggle to pack my clothes and continue my road trip. I stopped by two urgent care units in the next few days to get medications to help with my recovery. And, I did get better.

Then my friend in Boise texted me that she had become ill. She tested positive for COVID-19 and spent eight days in the hospital. I was devastated that I had unknowingly infected her. Happily, Suzie fully recovered.

Two weeks after I left Sun Valley, I learned that DJ Jazzy Jeff and many other members of the National Brotherhood of Skiers went home ill. The virus had spread during the event. Some skiers were hospitalized and tested positive for COVID-19. Two people I skied with died. I felt sad and fortunate at the same time.

How could I help? I wanted to donate convalescent plasma with antibodies to treat individuals in critical condition with the coronavirus. Twice I drove 500 miles to take a test and then discovered that my travels to a malaria-prone area made me ineligible for donation at one site and my age was too high at another site.

If my antibodies make me immune, does that mean that I don't need to wear a mask? How will I be perceived if I cover my face? Or if I don't?

When the coronavirus first started spreading, so did racist attacks against Asian-Americans. Sometimes, Asians wearing masks were specifically targeted. Now, masks are recommended in many

places, and required in some. At the same time, there have been reports of Black people being asked to remove their face masks.

In a recent trip to the grocery store, I noticed that about 2/3 of the people entering were wearing masks and about 1/3 of the staff. There were signs advising 6 feet distancing, and I worked to keep that distance from others. When I was checking out, I was standing on the other side of my cart near the next checkout counter.

A woman assistant, not wearing a mask, returned to her work station behind me. She loudly stated: "You're not standing far enough away. You're blocking my way into my work area. You are threatening me with illness."

The checkout assistant was surely frustrated, scared, and a little bit angry. Perhaps happy to have a job, when so many people had been laid off, but worried every day that going to work could make her sick, or worse.

She may not have spoken that way to a White man or an elderly White woman. But when an elderly Black woman got in her way, she saw an outlet for her pent-up anxiety and frustration.

I quickly moved, but wanted to tell her how much I appreciated the work she was doing to help the community. But I never got the chance. After she finished venting, she'd turned away. I still felt bad for her, but I was traumatized by this verbal tirade with possible racial undertones. How long will people mistreat others as outlets for their frustration, anxiety, fear and anger?

At this point, stunned, I reached into my pocket and showed the clip-on sign I had made to the counter staff: "*Had COVID-19, Can't Give it, Can't Get It.*" The kind cashier said, "You're the safest person in here."

The world pandemic is distinguishing between those who are nice when they have it easy and whose true character comes out under duress, and those who dig deep for kindness at all times. Both weakness and strength explode under pressure. Some people break your heart, some people rise to the occasion. A wise leader has said, "The strength and beauty I see and experience inspires me to tolerate the weak and ugly."

My reaction, my solution at this point in time, is to find extra kindness to extend to others. And I will continue to thank essential workers for their efforts to keep us in food and supplies, safety and health.



First Eid in America

It had been six long months since our arrival into this quaint little town on the outskirts of Virginia and spring was just around the corner. Just as we were shedding off our winter coats and the gloomy memories of a long winter, the spring arrived with its full bloom. What a spring it was! So enigmatic, so pure and so full of life. Just by looking outside the French window of our small apartment, we would forget all our worries and every pinch of struggle felt worthwhile.

It was also the blessed month of *Ramadan* and tomorrow was Eid. Back home in Pakistan, Eid was my favorite holiday. Our entire household would get struck with the chords of excitement in the days leading up to Eid, reaching its peak on *Chaand Raat*. After breaking the fast, we would all gather at the rooftop, hoping to catch a glimpse of the tiny silver crescent that played peek-a-boo with us behind the clouds before revealing itself. We would then head to *Meena bazaar* to shop for bangles and get intricate *henna* patterns on our hands. Eid day was all about family visits, collecting *Eidi* money and stuffing ourselves with scrumptious food.

The next morning, after offering the Eid prayer at our local mosque, we came back and helped ourselves to the sheer *khurma* that *Ammi* had prepared the night before. There were no visitors and no one to visit. An emptiness loomed inside me, reminding me that Eid will never be the same anymore. After contemplation, I came up with a plan to make our first Eid in America a little festive. I followed *Ammi* into the kitchen.

"*Ammi*, can we please throw a mother-daughter Eid party for all our neighbors tonight?" I requested sheepishly.

Ammi reflected for a moment and then agreed.

"That's a great idea! Most of our neighbors don't celebrate Eid, but they can learn, and you might make new friends along the way!"

I hugged *Ammi* and went to my desk. After shuffling through a pile of supplies, I finally settled on a roll

of green card stock, silver glitter foam, silver rhinestone stickers, scissors, and a glue stick. I made ten green cards displaying a silver crescent moon on top and tiny rhinestone stars sparkling around it. Inside the cards, I wrote my invitation notes.



"You are invited to a Mother and Daughter Eid Party. If you are in the mood for some mouth-watering food and keen to learn about Eid, please come join us at Apartment #401 at 5 PM sharp!"

Thank You,

Ayesha (Mother) & Farzeen (daughter)

P. S.: Farzeen is twelve years old.

I asked *Ammi* to accompany me and together we went door to door, sliding the invitation cards inside each mail slot in the door.

After returning, *Ammi* busied herself with preparing fancy Eid treats and I pretended to be her *sous chef*. She whipped chutneys, seasoned chickpeas, baked and fried. Finally, the food was prepared, and the dining table was adorned. The sight and smell of the mouth-watering food engulfed me with Eid nostalgia.

It was close to five and *Abbu* and my brother Amin left to get our car fixed at the workshop. I dressed into a peach-colored *shalwar kameez* and the glittery glass bangles from last year's Eid clanked around my wrists. The only thing missing was the henna on my hands.

Just then, the doorbell rang. We opened the door and greeted an assortment of female faces. Everyone scooted and settled inside our tiny apartment.

The pretty lady with the blonde hair was the first to introduce herself: "Hi, I am Mary, and this is my daughter Lisa. We celebrate Christmas but would love to learn about Eid!"

Next was the shy-looking Hispanic woman: "Hi, my name is Joanna, and this is my daughter Marianna. We are from Peru."

Then the black lady in a lovely dress introduced herself: "Hi, I am Whitney, and this is my daughter Christie. We celebrate Hanukkah but want to learn about Eid!"

Lastly, the lady wearing the beautiful head scarf pitched in: “*Assalam-o-Alaikum and Eid Mubarak*. I am Fariba, and these are my daughters Hania and Hira. We are from Morocco and just like you, we celebrate Eid.”

I was overjoyed to know that someone else in our building celebrated Eid! Soon after, we invited everyone to the table. All of them admired the food and ate until they could eat no more. Then *Ammi* started serving her special cardamom-infused milk tea. The tea cozy covering the teapot had a black velvet base with articulate silver mirror work done all over. The warmth of the tea relaxed the ambiance, and everyone started mingling. While *Ammi* and Fariba reminisced how they celebrated Eid back home, Mary, Joanna, and Whitney shared their Christmas and Hanukkah stories.



“A lot of different flowers make a bouquet.”

Just then, I remembered an old Islamic proverb that my grandma used to utter—*A lot of different flowers make a bouquet*. It dawned on me that all of us with our diverse backgrounds were the flowers that completed this beautiful bouquet called America. Best of all, I got an amazing henna design applied to my hands.

It was the best Eid ever; my very first Eid in America!

Glossary of Terms:

Eid: Muslim religious holiday marking the end of the month of Ramadan and fasting. This year, Eid al-Fitr was celebrated on 24th of May 2020.

Chaand Raat: The evening before Eid and the night of the new moonsighting that marks the end of Ramadan.

Henna (Mehndi): A natural plant-based dye that is used to create intricate designs and body art. Mostly used by women in Southeast Asia and the Islamic world on certain festive occasions like Eid and weddings.

Meena Bazaar: A woman-centered shopping center in Karachi, Pakistan; women shop there for bangles, cloths and get henna designs on their hands for festivities.

Sheer Khorma: vermicelli pudding prepared on Eid day by Muslims mainly in Pakistan and the surrounding regions of the subcontinent.

Ammi: mother, in the Urdu language.

Abbu: father, in the Urdu language.

Eidi: an Eid gift of money given to children by their elders on Eid day.

Shalwar Kameez: a traditional dress worn by the people of Pakistan.

Assalam-o-Alaikum: “Peace be upon you.” A very common greeting in the Islamic world.

—Kinza Yasar, Virginia. “I was born in Pakistan and immigrated to the U.S. with my parents and two sisters when I was a teenager. Our initial days were harsh and the struggle for existence was real sometimes. On our very first Eid in America, my parents went to work, and we went to school. There was no excitement in the air... Imagine how difficult it can be for a young person to assimilate into a new culture and let go of the only way of living they have been used to.”



While we girls sat encircling the dining table admiring the bright henna on Hira and Hania’s palms. To my delight, their mom Fariba was a henna artist. The girls requested their mom to show us her henna skills. Fariba gladly opened her handbag and pulled out a cone-shaped piping bag.

“I never attend any Eid party without henna!” she said cheerfully.

Before long, everyone sat in a circle waiting for their turns. I made Lisa, Marianna and Christie go before me as they had never worn henna before. The earthy scent of henna permeated the air as Fareeba slowly drenched our palms with beautiful patterns. Our tiny apartment soon came alive with the sounds of giggles and laughter.

How to Market a Color

In Pakistan, I hear, markets litter the streets. Brightly colored comic books and dusty British paperbacks are crammed into shops outside your house. The sweets shop, its shelves trembling under the weight of penny candies and candied almonds, is only a few meters away—you cross the street, and it looms above you.

That's the Pakistan that my mother and father tell me about, their eyes glazing over as their yarn, once tightly coiled around their memories, begins to unravel.

If it's anything like the *Desi* shop 21 miles from my home, then I have lived in it. Yellow colored wrappers depict smiling, English children with pink cheeks and bright blue eyes. When the wrappers are peeled away, you can see the crispy brown biscuits inside. Thick green plastic suffocates white Basmati rice, tightly packed. And in the corner of the shop, near the window—that's where I catch a glimpse of it: the small, innocuous tube, white with pink designs, proof of my ethnicity—and our collective shame.

I read literature growing up, first for pleasure, then for school. I inherited part of my shame from there, but not all at once. It came gradually, wrapping around my mind like the leftover yarn from my mother's tales. I pored over the descriptions of rosy cheeks and golden curls in *Johnny Tremain*; I guzzled down the derision of dark skin in *Jane Eyre*. A slight stirring rose in my mind, constant and jarring, that pressed over my eyes like a thick, pale screen. Perhaps this screen is dormant in many *Desi* children until a certain point.

And though my eyes were fuzzed over, my ears were sharper than ever. Suddenly, in school, wisps of sentences that I had never heard before were raining down around me, twisting in with a bitter, slight pain, drawing blood. Perhaps if only a drop of my blood had been drawn, I wouldn't have noticed. Yet that drop morphed into a trickle, and that trickle grew into a stream. One Pakistani girl I knew scoffed into a cracked bathroom mirror: "*I'm brown; I look like a potato.*" In this manner, I learned that potatoes were undesirable, and by that regard, so was Brown.

Brown. I tasted it in my mouth, testing the flavor. Not ivory. Not snow. Not milky-white marble, not rosy pink, not peaches and cream. What was there left for Brown in stories, when all the flattering adjectives had been sucked dry? In order to make Brown into

an accolade, my friends clustered around sunny windows—their selfies were bleached with light, because Golden, after all, was more desirable, or maybe Tan, which had the approval of Caucasians stamped over it.

I, too, would stare in the mirror, mentally peeling the skin off my bones, wondering how to shed Brown to reveal Golden or Peach. Peach was prettier, undoubtedly, because that was what I was told. The markets proved that, the books, the aunties who had frequented the markets and read the books—and the media wasn't much help. We were taught, simply by a meager ratio, that Lupitas and Beyonces were rare—the exceptions to an ugly truth.

I wish that I could pinpoint an exact moment in time where the shift happened. Many times, I've sorted through my own memories, unraveling the same yarns that my mother unraveled, searching for the exact shock, the slight tremor or ripple that shook the screen off my eyes. Yet I cannot find a definite cause. Perhaps it was adulthood that allowed me to look in the mirror and form my own adjectives: Bronze. Copper. Rich, dark Beige. Deep, honeyed Mahogany. Beautiful.

Or perhaps it was the ever-shifting nature of society, adjusting to our demographics. As I grew older, I saw more stories that gave us our adjectives back than I had seen in my childhood. Or perhaps it was the more personal stories mapped out in my skin color I saw; I could not deny the beauty of the Brown boys and girls I saw every day in our communities, even as I denied my own.

But whatever reason it was, it swept in like miraculous winds, wakening us from Aurora's slumber, our eyes blinking rapidly, blinded by the light we had been imprisoned from. I saw my friends slowly drift away from the windows, taking pictures at dusk, in windowless rooms, before dawn. There was no longer any mention of potatoes, except at lunchtime.

And whenever I go back to the markets, I still see the tube of "Fair and Lovely" cream huddled on its display. I don't know who buys it, but it must be lonely. And I think of it almost like an old friend that you won't see again, someone that you can just pick up out of your mind and close the shutters, then place on a shelf quite neatly and walk away, but not before waving goodbye.

—Ayesha Asad, 18, Pakistani American, Texas.

Dumplings

On Saturday afternoons, we make dumplings. My *Laolao* hauls out metal trays, cutting boards, wooden rolling pins. *Beibei, watch and learn.* Hands that tremble under the weight of her sleeping pill container are suddenly unfathomably strong, kneading mounds of dough, rolling out papery skins, deft and skillful as she folds pork-cabbage filling into flour-dusted bundles and creases their edges artfully. *Mama used to say, the secret is the ratio: your filling should—at most—only take up half the skin.* For a precious few moments, wonder and gaiety flood back into her gaunt frame, her eyes become rapt and glowing, and she is halfway across the world, my sister's age again, toothless and sprightly, carving out plump white dumpling-mice with puckered fingernail mouths and cheerful dumpling-elephants with soft ivory ears.

Laolao's hands are rough and calloused, knuckles protruding like knobby hillocks, wended through with rivered veins, wrinkles wrought from memory and from loss. Her immeasurable journey, encased in skin. A childhood roaming rural China both in fear of home and in search of it, a career fouled by blood and bitter liberation, a retirement bruised by swallowed pain and nights so black, even sleep was afraid to draw near. Every Saturday yields another cautionary tale for her skeptical granddaughter: *The revolution isn't your responsibility. Let somebody else.* But what if—*Don't talk so much, just be safe, safe and out of sight*—But I wanna make a difference—*Then hold to your joys, and this will be your own, private, revolution. Look at me! I have not forgotten how to smile!* And out of the bird-boned woman booms a lion's laugh. She pinches my cheek. A pale smear of white lingers, like a spectral tear. *Beibei, that is revolution enough.* After I look away, I hear her sigh quietly, and flour gusts into a small cloud.

Some afternoons are golden, sunlight shafting in and speckling the floorboards with rainbow droplets; other afternoons, fog mists our windowpanes and I gaze across the balcony at ghost ships slowly passing, sounding their low, mournful moans, forever coming and going. It's a blessing and a curse. China, coloured in red, a shade equal parts fortune and fire. The country that martyred us, the country that mothered us; that which expelled us in bloodied banners and plumes of flame, cleaved our bodies our minds our souls down the middle in a relentless tug-of-war between love

and fear, for we can never quite forget the pop-pop of vermilion firecrackers during the first snows of Xinnian, or the way Huangshan's rice fields glisten like mica after rain showers, so we memorize the taste of dumplings in a battle we cannot win, to keep a country that never kept us. 包餃子. As if a plate of dumplings could replace my extended family. A lump throbs in my throat, and I cannot form the words. I only lift up a sheaf of dough-skin and get to work as *Laolao* turns to boil water. Here I am, part East and part West, part girl and part sea, part ache and part rapture; here we stay, perched between two worlds, longing for belonging, homesick for the home we never had.

—Allyson Ye, 15, Hong Kong.

"I live in Hong Kong, within a culturally mixed environment of East and West. My family is fully Chinese, but my parents immigrated to America to make a living and I spent the first few years of my life in the U.S. I'm fluent in English and Mandarin, and proficient in Spanish. I value humanity and peace (all forms of it), as well as storytelling, because I believe it to be an underestimated but extensively effective tool in spreading the aforementioned humanity and peace. Honestly, I would gladly dedicate my life to promoting these ideals. In the future, I want to story-tell, travel, connect, volunteer, inspire and be inspired, pursue the humanities and the arts, and possibly become a goodwill ambassador for the UN. Most importantly, I would like to enjoy life, make the world a brighter place in my own way, and leave behind a legacy.

I've grown up admiring the wonders and beauties of China, but recently also became exposed to a darker side. Due to the Coronavirus-19 I've been spending ample time with my family, especially my grandparents, making dumplings and chatting with them, and I'm learning of their struggles during China's 20th-Century political turmoil. Because I spent last year as an 'exchange student' in China, I began making connections between my family's experiences within the tumult, and my observations of its lasting effects. Increasingly, I've found myself feeling equal parts fascinated by and scared of my native country, equally connected to and alienated from its people. I wanted to capture this push-pull, tug-of-war relationship in a piece of writing, to essentially reflect on my identity as a third culture kid, as well as the displacement and isolation I sometimes feel.



On a night in the year 1356, Turgen's father lay on his sleeping mat moaning in pain. His mother squatted by her husband dabbing his forehead with a damp cloth. "What can I do for you, Gerial? Shall we get the bone-setter?"

"Turgen, hurry and go fetch him, son," Father said. "Then go to the stables and bring back some *koumiss*. Mother, get more blankets to prop up my leg. Oh . . . I know I broke it when I fell."

Turgen hurried to do his father's bidding. Luckily, the bonesetter's hut was on his way to the stable and the man answered the door. He left for Tugen's home right away and the boy continued on. The earthy smell of the stables reached his nose as he drew near. He found a worker and they traded coins for the *koumiss*, a drink made from horses' mare's milk that would help his father's leg heal and regain its strength.

A rider for the messenger service of Mongolia, Father had a trip tomorrow but couldn't ride. The bonesetter would make him promise to rest after setting his leg. Because of the late hour, his father had no time to find someone to take his place. Turgen's older brother, Baatar, could have gone but had just left for the rural area to help an uncle. Turgen longed to ride the route himself, but, at age ten, his father would think him too young. He kicked the stones in the road, his disappointment coming out in a long sigh.

Back in the family's hut, the bonesetter knelt by Father, fitting the small splints on his broken leg. Turgen had hoped to be back in time to watch the bonesetter do his work, feeling for the break and easing the bone into place.

"Now, Gerial, promise me you'll stay in bed," the bonesetter said. "I'll be back to check on you in a few days."

"He will stay," Mother said, sending Father a piercing look.

"Who can I get to ride my route tomorrow?" Father asked, once the bonesetter had left. "If I don't go, I will no longer be a rider for the messenger service. I have to go, never mind my leg."

"I understand how you feel, Gerial," said Mother. "And life will be difficult without your earnings but you can't make the trip. Not so soon after having your bones set."

"How I wish Baatar were here," said Father.

Turgen couldn't hold back. "Send me, Father. I will ride as hard and fast as my brother and deliver the message."

"You are too young, Turgen, and not strong enough. The important message must be delivered by tomorrow night. How can I be sure you can do it?"

"Trust me. I am strong like my brother and ride as well. We can't lose your position. I have to go." Turgen had always longed for the praise given his older brother and wanted to prove himself to his parents.

"I really have no choice, Turgen. Here is my *paiza*, your pass on the route. You must leave at dawn. I hope you are strong enough."

After fitful hours of sleep, Turgen woke while darkness still lay like a blanket over everything. He saw his mother up already, stoking the fire.

"It's raining, son," she said. "Be sure to wear your warmest *del* and something on your head. The ride will be a cold one and I'll be worried, but I'm proud you're helping your father. I wish you a safe and speedy ride." She handed him a cup of milk tea, draped the *paiza* around his neck and kissed him on the cheek.

"I will ride like the wind. You'll see, Mother. I am as strong as my brother." With those words spoken, he stepped out of the hut and into the cold rain.

Before Turgen reached the messenger stables, water dripped from his *del*. He longed to be in his warm bed, but he had a job to do. Maybe later the sun would dry him out. He fingered the *paiza*, hoping his having it would not be questioned.

Upon reaching the stables, he found the official who managed the riders, relayed the message about his father's broken leg and showed him the *paiza*.

The man eyed Turgen with a doubtful look, "Are you sure your father sent you in his place. You look too young for a 60-mile ride."

"Trust me, sir, because my father does. Why else would I have the *paiza*?"

"I guess you're right," the official said. "Pick your steed and we'll strap you on the saddle in case you fall asleep."

Turgen chose a horse, found the official again, and within minutes trotted down the road. The rain had turned to a drizzle and his under layer of clothing, made of wool and fur, still felt dry.

“I’ve heard of lone wolf attacks... A starving wolf will attack anything, even an animal twice its size.”

Twenty miles ahead lay the first yam station. He could eat something there and perhaps change his wet clothing. He fingered the message pouch and urged the horse to a gallop as they left the city.

For a time, Turgen pushed the horse and the miles fell away. As the horse tired, Turgen slowed him and sat lower in the saddle. As the clouds drifted away, Turgen’s outer clothing dried out. Tired from the night before, soon Turgen drifted off to sleep, rocked by the gait of the horse and the warmth of the sun.

Later he jerked awake and tugged at the straps that held him on the horse, glad they hadn’t failed him.

He hoped to see the yam station ahead but only a nomadic herder appeared, leading some horses tied together. When they met, Turgen stopped and asked the man his destination.

“I have five horses here that I must deliver to the yam station up ahead. I am required by our leaders to donate part of my herd for the *ortoo* (messenger) system. I’m doing what I’m bid.”

“I’m a rider for the system and you can follow me to the station.”

“You seem too young,” the herder said.

“My father’s injured and sent me in his place.”

“Then I wish you safe travel.”

Turgen waved and urged the horse to a gallop again.

Not far ahead, lay the *yam* station. His stomach ached with hunger and he longed to dismount and walk around. A worker met him at the gate, took his horse and pointed to the shelter.

Inside, the aroma from a pot of lamb stew pulled him to the fire. A boy handed Turgen a bowl of it along with a cup of milk tea. Tugen’s hunger overcame his good manners and he gobbled and slurped the stew until he felt full. A basket filled with *boortsog* (cookies) sat nearby and Turgen took a handful.

A man pointed the way to the cots, but Turgen signaled that he must move on. He had 40 miles to go, and an important message to deliver. No time to rest.

At the gate a fresh horse stood ready for Turgen. The man at the gate checked the message pouch and said, “This is an important message. Guard it carefully and make sure it reaches its destination today. Are you sure you can make the ride? You don’t look old enough or strong enough. We have other riders waiting to take

over for you.”

Turgen said, “I will ride” and slipped the message pouch out of the man’s hands and galloped off on his horse.

As the miles melted away, Turgen noticed across the flat terrain of the steppes a dark spot moving toward him. As he and the horse moved, the animal changed its direction and pointed toward them. What could it be? And what does it want?

Turgen urged the horse to a faster gait, hoping to outpace the animal, who increased its speed, getting closer fast. Before Turgen could react, a gray wolf leaped at the horse and boy.

Turgen had no way to fight the wolf off. The horse reared and came down on the animal with his front hooves again and again. The wolf lay stunned on the ground and the horse took off like lightening. Through all this Turgen held on tight, at the mercy of the wolf and horse. Finally, as the horse tired, Turgen soothed him with talk and touch. Only then did Turgen’s heart slow.

By midday the horse and rider arrived at the second yam station. Turgen, still excited about the wolf attack, told the worker who took his mount.

“I’ve heard of lone wolf attacks from other riders, as well. A starving wolf will attack anything, even an animal twice its size. It’s lucky you stayed on the horse,” the man said.

Inside the station Turgen picked up some *borts* (jerky), a treat he loved made from dried meat. After putting his outer clothing in his pack and drinking a quick cup of tea flavored with milk and butter, he picked up a new horse and started on his final twenty miles.

With a fresh horse under him, Turgen and his mount sped along. He chewed on the borts, savoring their rich taste. The boy’s mind filled with thoughts of what his father would say when he heard of his adventures on the road. Turgen knew he would be grateful, but he hoped he would also be proud.

As the warm afternoon sun beat down, Turgen had trouble staying awake. He urged the horse to a faster pace, hoping the speed would help.

As the sun edged downward toward the horizon, he reached into his shirt to get the last piece of borts. As he did, he caught the messenger bag too, flipping it to the ground. In a panic, he jerked the horse to a stop, jumped

The Messenger's Son, *continued*

down, leaving the reins hanging loose. Just as he picked up the bag, the horse reared and took off.

Turgen ran, chasing the horse but the animal couldn't be seen for all the dust he stirred up.

With no one approaching from either direction, he would have to walk. At least he had the pouch. Moving as fast as he could, he reached the *yam* just as the sun set.

A worker met him at the gate. "Your horse arrived earlier and we feared the worst. We were ready to send someone to look for you. You delivered the message safely though, which is the important thing. Hand it over and I'll give it to a courier to deliver. Go inside and get a meal and bed. For someone so young to ride that far is quite remarkable. Job well done!"

Turgen basked in the man's praise but his exhaustion filled his thoughts and he dragged his feet as he headed inside. His body ached and he didn't know if he had the strength to eat. Maybe when he woke up. He flopped on the cot, fingered the *paiza* and dreamed of his father's gratitude and praise.

—Jan Fanimore, *Missouri. Author's Notes:*

Bonesetting Therapy can be traced back to the 13th century which is when this story takes place. The bonesetter used his hands to reset broken bones, manipulating them back in place while spraying alcohol from his mouth on the affected part. Small splints were then used to hold the bones in place until they healed. The healing time is quite short. The practice is still used today.

Koumiss: A refreshing and healing beverage made from mare's milk, used in Asian cultures to aid in recovery from wounds, broken bones or any ailment. It is rich in proteins, fats and vitamins. It is still popular today.

Messenger system: In the 13th century, Mongolia had a horse relay system much like the Pony Express of early U.S. It was called the *ortoo* (OOR-taw) system or *yam* system because the stations (*yams*) were where the messengers stopped for new horses, refreshment and rest. Unlike the Pony Express, the system expected the original rider to travel the entire route. The system was in operation until the early 1900's.

Paiza: A medallion hung around the neck giving the person who wears it access to the relay stations and what they had. Person wearing the medallion was treated with high respect and wasn't required to pay taxes.

Boortsog: A doughnut type treat called cookies.

Borts: Like meat jerky; although horse meat is preferred.

Del: A large coat lined with wool and fur during winter.

A New World

Hope is blossoming in people's minds

Although this pandemic is not over

Everyone will come back to a new world

Almost nothing will be the same

Most people will not forget Covid-19

New habits cover the old

An entire world is waking up

As everyone is learning

Masks are required in most places

Gloves are good too

The new world is blooming

With all the safety restrictions

Construction crews are back at work

Offices are half capacity

Restaurants fill halfway also

Retail stores are partially open

But still, a new world shines through

With all its cautious people

Quarantine is still not over

We all hope it winds down soon.

—Laura Freeman, age 12, Colorado.

The **Earth Allegiance** pledge (*see back cover*) was composed by Cherl Crews, founder of the Living Sky Foundation, as a new world pledge of allegiance in honor of Earth and all her inhabitants, and to emphasize the urgent need for continued conservation and wildlife protection. Many species are endangered or on the verge of extinction. The pledge also recognizes and supports the countless organizations and individuals around the world that work to preserve and protect the precious life on our planet and to strengthen youth leadership.

Living Sky Foundation is sharing this beautiful pledge in its efforts to expand fence lines and incorporate a universal village that values **all** existence. This pledge has been translated in at least nine different languages to unite people all over the planet through a common vision. Living Sky Foundation is an educational organization dedicated to the Living Arts. Please visit Livingky.org for more information on how to support these efforts. You can also keep in touch with them on social media.



The 2020 Skipping Stones Honor Awards

This year we recommend 33 outstanding books and three teaching resources as the winners of our **28th Annual Skipping Stones Awards**. These books promote an understanding of cultures, cultivate cooperation and/or encourage a deeper awareness of nature, ecology, and diversity. They foster respect for multiple viewpoints and closer relationships within human societies. The honored titles offer many ways to explore and understand families, cultures, places, societies and their histories for readers of all ages—from the very young readers to high school seniors and adults.

Visit our website, www.SkippingStones.org for more information.

Multicultural and International Books

Language Together Spanish for Kids: *Story-based Learning, Set 2.* www.language-together.com. Ages 3–8.

Ojiichan's Gift by Chieri Uegaki & Genevieve Simms. *Kids Can Press*. Ages 3–7.

Mango Moon (Also available in Spanish) by Diane de Anda, illustr. Sue Cornelison. *Albert Whitman*. Ages 5–8.

Mother of Many by Pamela M. Tuck, illustr. Tiffani J. Smith. *Mascot Books*. Ages 5–8.

Alitaptap: *A Philippine Myth of the Firefly* by Mylene Leumin, illustr. Stephanie Richoll. talesofpotos.com. Ages 5–10.

Welcome to Jazz: *A Swing-Along Celebration of America's Music* by Carolyn Sloan, illustr. Jessica Gibson. *Workman Publishing*. Ages 4–8.

Hildegard of Bingen: *Scientist, Composer, Healer & Saint* by Demi. *Wisdom Tales*. Ages 6–10.

Okinawan Princess: *Da Legend of Hajichi Tattoos.* (Bilingual Japanese & Okinawan) by Lee Tonouchi, illustr. Laura Kina. *Bess Press*. Ages 6–10.

Cooking Class *Global Feast! 44 Recipes that Celebrate the World's Cultures* by Deanna F. Cook. *Storey.com*. Ages 7–11.

The City of Light by Aimee Ginsburg Bikel, illustr. Noah Phillips. *Mandel Vilar Press*. Ages 9–16.

Jimena Pérez puede volar: *Jimena Pérez Can Fly* by Jorge Argueta. *Arte Público Press*. Ages 9–13.

Who Got Game?: *Baseball: Amazing but True Stories!* by Derrick Barnes, illustr. J. Bajet. *Workman*. Ages 8–12.

Tree of Dreams, a novel by Laura Resau. *Scholastic Press*. Ages 8–14.

The Garden, a novel by Meghan Ferrari. *Red Deer Press*. Ages 10–15.

The Everything I Have Lost, a novel by Sylvia Zéleny. *Cinco Puntos Press*. Ages 12–16.

Unbullied!: *14 Techniques to Silence the Critics, externally & internally* by Kalyani Pardeshi. www.kalyanispeaks.com. Ages 12–17.

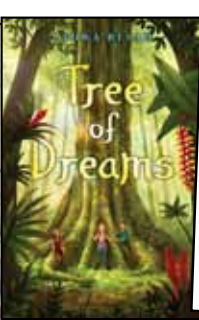
What the Eagle Sees: *Indigenous Stories of Rebellion and Renewal* by Eldon Yellowhorn & Kathy Lowinger. *Annick Press*. Ages 11–18.

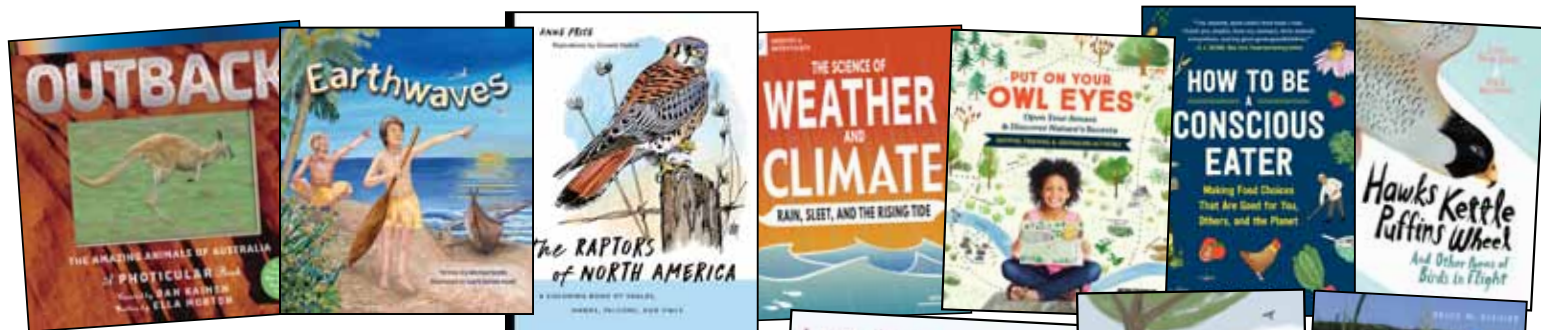
Indigo Girl, a novel by Suzanne Kamata. *GemmaMedia*. Ages 11–16.

Immigration Nation: *The American Identity in the 21st Century* by Judy Dodge Cummings. *Nomad*. Ages 12–15.

A Time to Run: *Stuart & Sam*, a novel by Lorna Schultz Nicholson. *Clockwise Press*. Ages 13–17.

American Heroes: *Fascinating Facts and Inspiring Voices* by Martin Feess. *iUniverse*. Ages 11–18.





Nature and Ecology Books

Put On Your Owl Eyes: Mapping, Tracking & Journaling Activities by Devin Franklin. Storey Publishing. Ages 8-13.

Join the No-Plastic Challenge!: A First Book of Reducing Waste by Scot Ritchie. Kids Can Press. Ages 4-7.

Just A Kid, a novel by Rie Charles. Red Deer Press. Ages 9-12.

Outback: The Amazing Animals of Australia by Dan Kainen and Ella Morton. Workman Publishing. All ages.

Earthwaves by Michael Smith, illustr. Gayle Garner Roski. East West Discovery Press. Ages 7-11.

A Voice for the Spirit Bears! How One Boy Inspired Millions to Save a Rare Animal by Carmen Oliver and Katy Dockrill. Kids Can Press. Ages 6-9.

Hawks Kettle, Puffins Wheel: And Other Poems of Birds in Flight by Susan Vande Griek & Mark Hoffmann. Kids Can Press. Ages 6-9.

The Science of Weather and Climate by Julie Danneberg. Nomad Press. Ages 12-15.

Something is Bugging Samantha Hansen by Nancy Viau. Schiffer Kids. Ages 9-13.

How to be a Conscious Eater: Making Food Choices that are good for you, Others and the planet by Sophie Egan. Workman Publishing. Ages 10 and up.

The Raptors of North America: A Coloring Book of Eagles, Hawks, Falcons, and Owls by Anne Price, illustr. Donald Malick. UNMpress.com. Ages 9-14.

Natural Encounters: Biking, Hiking, and Birding Through the Seasons by Bruce M. Beehler. Yale Univ. Press. Ages 13-adult.



Teaching Resources

The Parents' Guide to Climate Revolution: 100 Ways to Build a Fossil-Free Future, Raise Empowered Kids, and Still Get a Good Night's Sleep by Mary DeMocker. New World Library. All educators.

How to Raise a Reader by Pamela Paul & Maria Russo. Workman Publishing. All educators.

The Incarceration of Japanese Americans in the 1940s: Literature for the High School Classroom by Rachel Endo. www.NCTE.org. High School grades.

For reviews of the 2020 Skipping Stones Honor Books, please visit our website, www.SkippingStones.org.



The Greatest Elephant *The most effective solutions are those that are simple and creative.*

Six of us sat tightly cramped in a small minivan. It was exceedingly hot that day and sweat dripped off of my eyebrows as we bumped along the pothole-ridden dirt road to Wasgamuwa National Park, 150 miles from Colombo, Sri Lanka.

Huge plumes of dust swirled around us, kicked upward by the spinning tires—yet I could still see the silhouette of a large regal elephant standing in the road a few yards behind us. We shouted at my cousin to stop the car, rocking forward suddenly as the van lurched to a stop. The elephant stood tall, its trunk curling as it trumpeted loudly, the sound echoing against the thick tropical foliage on either side the road. I was in awe.

I have always found elephants fascinating. When I was young, my parents told me stories about elephants from their respective childhoods in Sri Lanka. Elephants have long been celebrated in Sri Lanka, and are venerated in both Buddhist and Hindu traditions. During ceremonies, they are painted with bright colors and are adorned with caparisons, a type of cape. During the annual elephant parade, the elephants sway down the main street of many villages, in a celebration of pomp and an explosion of color.

Thus it was to my great surprise and confusion that, as we entered the national park, we saw a congregation of villagers and national park officials surrounding a carcass of a young elephant, its eyes shut with the cold definitiveness of death.

When we got out of the van to see what had happened, we learned that one of the nearby farmers had shot him, a horrific instance of the human-elephant conflicts that resulted in over 300 casualties (both human and elephant) last year. The farmer, wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat to protect his already-sunburned face from the searing sun, cried with remorse: he was tired of losing thousands of dollars worth of rice to hungry elephants. Without an income, he lamented, he would not be able to send his daughter to school.

The farmers that surrounded the elephant's body nodded in agreement: how could they let ele-

phants “take” their resources, they asked. Yet the farmers forgot that elephants have no boundaries or marked territories. They wander when and where they want, as they have for millennia. Instead of addressing these issues naturally, farmers have turned to explosives, poisons, and electric fences, wreaking havoc on elephant populations.

After witnessing the calamity, we stopped near the park exit. Following a dirt path near the visitor center, I walked by a thick grove of orange trees, where fallen fruit dotted the lush green grass beneath them. Beyond the line of orange trees, I saw rice paddy fields with women wearing colorful saris plucking paddy from the ground.

Returning to the visitor center, I learned that the orange trees had been planted by Project Orange Elephant (POE), an innovative solution developed by the Sri Lanka Wildlife Conservation Society (SLWCS) based on a 2006 experiment conducted at the Sri Lankan Zoological Gardens that showed elephants dislike oranges and other varieties of citrus fruit. The trees are planted around farms and serve as physical buffers that prevent the elephants from eating crops. In this region of the national park, this sustainable method has been remarkably effective—farmers can now secure a reliable income and support their families without threatening the lives of elephants, which, like humans, are sentient beings that feel pain and suffer loss.

As I prepared to leave Sri Lanka, I felt confident, hopeful, and inspired, realizing that solutions to the world's most pressing societal and environmental problems don't need to involve complex technology. Rather, the most effective solutions are those that are simple and

creative, like orange trees. As I boarded the plane to return to go back home, I took the innovative spirit of Project Orange Elephant with me. I realized that it is possible to save this majestic endangered species from extinction. I am doing what I can. Will you?

—Akhilesh Balasingam, h.s. senior, California. Photo: Elephants Bathing in a River, Sri Lanka.



Nature Art by Velda Wang

I am an aspiring artist. I have taken art lessons since I was six years old but stopped when I was in middle school. I picked it back up again a couple of years ago, which made me realize how fortunate I was to be able to take art lessons again. I know a lot of children aren't able to afford art lessons or supplies, so I was inspired to start **Young Artists**-Atlanta, a nonprofit that aims to teach kids art and to foster a love for artistic expression!

Being able to spread my love for art and seeing how much the kids enjoy it makes me appreciate art all the more! I describe some of my paintings here.

I feel that *Skippping Stones*' values really resonate with my personal values. I mostly paint landscapes and through my paintings, I hope to evoke either a sense of appreciation for our beautiful home or a sense of urgency how fast it is disappearing because of our destruction. For example, in my painting, **Barren**, I used mostly darker colors like dark green and dark brown to convey the desolate mood, and the brown, murky water symbolizes the waste and filth of our future land, and there are a few trees in the background to show what will happen if we do not take action to protect our ecology.

In **Fall Foliage**, I reflect the beauty of my favorite season—autumn. This piece transports them to a place with clear blue skies and where the yellow, red, orange, and brown leaves meld together to form the series of trees. The reflection of the trees are in darker shades, which represents how nature can change our perception of the same things when we view them differently, whether it be from a different angle or with a different mindset.

In **Tranquility**, I show the power of the mighty sky, water, and land. While drawing this piece, I imagined myself in a mountainous village in China because growing up I watched many Chinese movies, and it seemed that such a pure, untouched environment can only be found in a village where urbanization and all the destruction that goes along with it have not touched it yet. I hope that we can work to preserve these places wherever they may be from a mountainous village in China to the Great Barrier Reef.

My painting, **Quiet and Calm**, represents a message that everyone needs a time to themselves, a time to think and reflect, just as how the lone fisherman is doing in the painting. I like to think of myself as an extroverted introvert because I enjoy interacting with other people, but after a certain amount of time I like to be by myself.

Oftentimes, being alone can be viewed as “awkward” but I hope to normalize it through my painting. Also, I used more muted colors in this painting (*below*) to reflect the mood and show how the beauty of nature is not always flashy. I based this piece on “Feng Jing Jie Du” by Tianjin (*Yanliuqing Picture Publishing House*).

In my painting, **Yellow Shades** (*see back cover*), I use shades of yellow ranging from eggshell to burnt umber. I like how this piece is different from the others since the bottom half is just colors built on top of each other though I prefer to call it organic. The interesting shape of the trees also gives **Yellow Shades** character, which goes to show that nature comes in all shapes and sizes.

And, **Greenery** uses shades of green along with blue to create an idyllic scene. The sky and water seem to be watercolor because I wanted to give the painting a lighter feel and so that the colors used in the water is able to blend seamlessly though the entire piece is done in gouache. The flow of the willow trees transcends the picture and is able to give the viewer the feeling of when wind runs through your hair and tickles your face.

In **Trees**, I use more playful colors like orange, blue, and green together. The largeness of the trees in the center symbolizes the importance of trees in our environment since they are painted front and center.

Another piece I painted conveys a sense of stillness and serenity that accompanies life away from the bustling city. I feel that I would really enjoy spending time in a place like this because the tempo of daily life is always so fast that it would be nice to slow down and enjoy the nature around me.

—Velda Wang, 16, Georgia.



Learn to Tell Tales Before You Speak!

“Storytelling is the single, strongest predictor of literacy. Those who hear stories before the age of four, read the best.”
—George Wells.

If you want to develop confidence and public speaking skills, learn to tell tales before you “speak” to an audience.

Learning to tell stories provides the most effective way to develop a wide range of organizational, speaking, and performance skills to communicate with any audience from pre-school to the oldest adults.

It’s easy to learn to tell a two-three-minute story. You can do so in about thirty minutes.

Find a story anthology (collection) of ghost tales, hero tales, tales from all over the world, or humorous anecdotes. Joanna Cole, Eric Kimmel, Jane Yolen, Virginia Hamilton, Peninnah Schram, Margaret Read MacDonald, Judy Sierra, and the 398 section of the library all have wonderful collections of short easy-to-tell tales.

First read several tales of about 500 to 1000 words each. Select one tale that you would like to learn to tell.

Read that tale three times.

The first time read the tale for the action—what happens in the story.

Read the story again and focus on the characters: Who are they? How does each character act and speak?

Then, read the story a third time, and focus on the scenes and setting.

- Where and when is this story taking place?

Close the book or put the text away.

Tell the story out loud to yourself or to a partner.

You should not memorize the story word-for-word. Storytelling is about sharing the tale with your audience. Then, each time you tell the story, it changes slightly. It’s always “alive.”

Tell the tale all the way to the end no matter how much detail you may leave out.

Ask your partner, or note to yourself ways to improve your telling:

- Do you need more details?
- Clarity: your audience can follow and understand what you are saying?

- Pacing: how fast you are speaking?
- Vocal projection: can you be easily heard?

Read the text a second time. Then tell the story out loud again.

Focus on your clarity, pacing, and vocal projection.

Have fun improvising character dialogue and actions.

Now, read the text through to the end. Note the details you omitted, and changes you made. Some of these changes may improve your telling.

Tell the tale a third time!

And, in about 30 minutes, you should have a tale to tell that your audience will enjoy.

These same skills and approach build your confidence and help make your public presentation more clear, enjoyable and effective.

An audience likes interesting as well as personal anecdotes and stories. Don’t lecture to or at your audience; share with them.

—Robert Rubinstein, storyteller, educator & author, Oregon.

Three Hundred Days of Sun

I could hear water splashing
Drippy drop drop
Will it ever stop
I mumbled to myself
Mustering all my energy
I rose from bed
Before my family woke and
Wrestled to put on raingear
I became hopeful that I
Would not get splattered
On my journey to school
But the sun laughed at my
Lack of loyalty as I escaped
My basement house
With cement walls and
Drippity drop tin pipes

—maggie d., African American poet, Washington.

Grandfather

It's a lonely Friday,
and I'm accompanied only by the buzzing silence of an
empty home.
Outside, the sun thaws away at the frozen ground.
I'm restless.
Winter dies around me, and
I know I said I'd call.

I look to the tilted mantle and find your youth captured
in a monochrome photograph.
I only ever see you in ink now,
as I carefully examine your paper face.
Your skin is yet freckled by time, a smooth canvas of camera
flash paleness.
From timid eyes and the sharp curves of strong cheekbones,
your long nose completes you in
a structure of tight-lipped seriousness.
A boy rushed into a man's uniform,
whose tie chokes him with obligation, and military hat
burdens him with pride.

Yet, fleshy cheeks and rounded chin mold a different person.
Your arched brow suggests a boyish charm.
Flickers of mischief dare to peel back this forced facade.
Hazel eyes dip into pensive pupils
that devour.

By the kitchen window,
my fingers move across the number pad of the home phone.
The sun moves in behind me,
Pressed against my back.
First, a long unfamiliar number,
Then the soft crackle of your voice.
A stream of broken words seep through the phone.
Yours crippled by age; mine, by language barrier*;
but this time, I'm unbothered.
There's no worry of what to say or how to say it.
Moments of silence come and go,
but we rest in them together.

I understand that the many miles between us are unforgiving,
that I exist an hour ahead of you for half the year,
and that seeing you again will never be definite.
But, today, even that is enough.

—Samantha Michelle Repp, grade 12, New York. "I was practically raised by my grandfather. I believe that the person I am today is largely attributed to him. *He spoke Spanish, and I don't."

words like currency

he swipes to buy
your reactions shackle
the mound of expressions
rising
from your larynx (e.g.
 go back to your country
 i'd be better off
 without
 you)

stretching your face
across black screens store
windows & store windows
coffee cups
 wiped shiny

words like a dripping faucet
each drop pervading
the crevices of your
mentality &
when the world grows
cold you manifest ice
from the inside you
on the verge of breaking
 open

words like a swarm
of wasps a storm
of hands pushing up
against you dragging through your
hair squeezing your eyes
shut pulling something new
& raw
from beneath your skin
 you whisper
 of your inability to slide back
 in

words like a funhouse
mirror they say you are
what you eat then you are
what you hear
you listen
and you listen
until you are
 the words
& the words are you.

—Ariel Kim, 17, New York.

Noteworthy North.East. West.South & Taking Action

★ Nearly 30 percent of teens are struggling with their **mental health**, and with the current Covid-19 outbreak, that number is on the rise! Social-distancing and other social disturbances have particularly impacted young people, who often turn to social support structures to cope.

★ A new study highlights how **changing U.S. diets could help tackle the climate crisis**, finding that if Americans cut their consumption of animal-based foods by half, it could prevent 1.6 billion tons of greenhouse gas emissions by 2030. The study was conducted by researchers at the University of Michigan and Tulane University and was commissioned by a conservation group, The Center for Biological Diversity.

Swapping out half of all animal-based foods by 2030—including beef, eggs, and dairy—for plant-based foods such as legumes and soy products could result in a 35% decrease in U.S. diet-related emissions, estimated the study. That equals a decline of roughly 224 million metric tons of emissions per year—the equivalent of the annual emissions of 47.5 million passenger vehicles, said the researchers. If U.S. beef consumption were cut by 90%, the climate benefits could be even bigger, the analysis found.

★ On the 50th **Annual Earth Day** (April 22nd) **Greta Thunberg** received the 2020 **Human Act Award**, which included \$100,000 for her foundation. Greta kicked off the UNICEF campaign by donating the prize money. And **Human Act**, the Danish group that works to end extreme poverty, matched her donation, also giving \$100,000 to the campaign. “No child should be left behind in the face of the pandemic. Please do what you can today,” says the Human Act.

★ **The Civil Rights Act of 1964** outlawed discrimination based on race, color, religion, sex, or national origin. On June 15, the U. S. Supreme Court affirmed that Title VII of the law protects lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender people from employment discrimination.

★ Children around the world are **adjusting to life without school**. The Malala Fund, named after Malala, the 2014 *Nobel Peace Prize winner*, says that their educators are adapting to make sure girls can continue learning during the pandemic and return to school as soon as it's safe. In Nigeria, they're producing educational radio broadcasts so students can continue their studies,

even in remote parts of the country. In Pakistan, they are developing kid-friendly TV programs and Apps for distance learning. In Lebanon, they are training teachers to create new digital content for refugee children.

★ A new study published in *Nature Climate Change* revealed that lockdowns from the Coronavirus pandemic caused carbon emissions to drop in early April by an unprecedented 17%. But climate scientists and activists warned that progress will quickly be erased if the world returns to business as usual and called for systemic changes in the global energy, food, and transportation sectors. Predictably, atmospheric CO₂ levels reached 417 ppm in May, the highest monthly reading ever. Also, May 2020 was the hottest May on record!

★ World renowned primatologist and conservationist **Jane Goodall** has warned of dire consequences if humanity fails to rapidly reform the global food system and stop destroying natural habitats. She blamed the emergence of Covid-19 on the over-exploitation of the natural world, which has seen forests cut down, species made extinct, and natural habitats destroyed... Intensive farming is also creating a reservoir of animal diseases that would spill over and hurt human society, said Goodall at a webinar about Pandemics, Wildlife, and Intensive Animal farming on June 2, 2020. “We must change our ways... if we do not do things differently, we are finished,” said the U.N. messenger of peace, during the Compassion in World Farming event.

★ **Save the Insects!** The evidence is clear: pesticide use is wiping out insect populations and ecosystems around the world, and threatening food production.

★ **Black Lives Matter!** Countless people across the U.S. and around the world—poured into the streets Saturday, June 6th, in displays of solidarity, demanding an end to police brutality and racial injustices in the largest day of demonstrations since the killing of George Floyd at the hands of Minneapolis police officers on May 25. Enormous numbers of demonstrators marched in the streets of Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and other cities in nonviolent protests. The historic demonstrations voiced hopes that a long-overdue social change and serious police reforms can be brought to the country where Blacks have been treated unjustly since its inception.

Our thanks to CommonDreams.org for these NEWS items.

Thunderous Arrival

You mistake our silence for meekness
our blue masks covering the many words
threatening to spill over, rough, quick,
native tongues and dialects smoothed over
like a river's glide over metal shrapnel.

You mistake our respect for submission
dark heads tempted to bow, hands humbly outstretched
even to the ones who throw their pounding judgements
like stones at the crucified, over tear-slicked soil.

You mistake our cream certificates wrapped in red silk
ribbons for genes,
neglecting the hours we burned
over textbook type and Times New Roman numbers
beneath a moon that waxes our dreams together.

You mistake our stillness for acceptance
but our blood is aflame, rice paper on the concrete
origami birds flapping stiff, unused wings
jade souls shattered one too many times

you thought us easy targets
but we were waiting for the thunder
prayer-ridged palms open to a storm
that will forgive, but always remember
eyes blackened by glowing coals
alight from a thousand scarlet lanterns.

—Alicia Hsu, 17, grade 11, New York. Alicia adds:

"I have experienced racism directed towards my family, as well as indirectly through my Asian friends' and peers' experiences, but it has increased drastically as of late due to the spread of the Coronavirus. Since the virus began in China, many people have begun blaming Asian-Americans, not only Chinese-Americans, for the pandemic, and racism



has run rampant throughout the nation. However, I am immensely proud of my home country, Taiwan, for containing the virus so well (only 7 deaths and almost no

Seasons

Fall comes and the wind is swirling with a cool welcome
To those who are born
And a friendly wave to those who leave

The leaves spring up in the air as though they were sailing
As far as they can

The children come out and play
Flying their kites

Winter comes, and the wind still stays
With the snow falling
Singing songs, playing games, drinking hot cocoa
Everyday

Spring comes with the flowers that bloom
Bees fly out from their hives
Animals come out to play

To enjoy the fine day until they have to say goodbye

Summer comes with the generously hot sun
Play, in pools, have some fun
Until the daylight is gone

The seasons come
with a leap of grace
And end the day,
without a trace

—Kate Greene,
age 8, homeschooled,
Virginia.



cases as of May 2020), and Asians all over the world for standing strong against these violent actions.

My poem is about the mistreatment of Asians by others who stereotype and belittle our accomplishments because of our cultural backgrounds, and how Asians have the tendency to attempt to maintain peace at all costs. I have seen Asians being beaten on the subway simply for their coexistence with the Coronavirus, and I have also seen how Asians choose to respect other people instead of starting fights time and time again. I believe people take that as a sign of harmlessness and acceptance instead of the fact that we are raised by a culture that encourages peace and patience rather than violence and anger. In this poem, I want to bring awareness to the fact that this does not mean we will take racism lying down, and that people's actions have consequences and will not be tolerated."

"Stories of Arrival" Poems by Foster H.S. Students, Washington

I Am From

I am from a land
of fearlessness and beauty
a land surrounded by the Red Sea
a land which is always
in the eye of the invader.

A land where mothers
cry silently
a land that is administered
by men who are wolves,
determined to devour sheep,
a land where her saviors die
without reason.

I am from
the blue sky
quiet sea of Eritrea,
the generous farms of its land,
the first sunrise of the world.

No matter how far I travel from
my land, her generous farms
her flowery smile, her calming rain
her kindness, her hard working people
and her bright sky
are planted in my memory.

—Finan Yemane, 17, from Eritrea. "The
'wolves' who devour the 'sheep' are because of a dictatorship in my country."

*"There are people that only look
at your skin color, religion and/or
ethnicity, and they make negative
decisions about you, deciding what
you can and cannot do, without even
knowing you."*

—Amy Sophia Wilson, 15, from Mexico.



Toward A Solution

The earth is burning
Into a heap of ashes.
Time is running out
Time is running out
Time is blowing around
The wind of ashes.

The clouds are crying
Unable to dance,
Still our environment is burning
Carrying away animals and
Killing the Motherland.

Let's find a solution
There's always a solution
Let's open a door to
See what is in our future.

—Jaymark Cabang, age 15, from the Philippines.

*The students in this 8th year's Stories
of Arrival: Refugee and Immigrant
Youth Voices Poetry Project came from
15 different countries. Border crossings
have shaped their experiences and their
stories. Our thanks to project founder
and poet Merna Ann Hecht & E.L.L.
teacher, Carrie Stradley, the co-directors.
The project's support & partnerships
include the Institute of Poetic Medicine,
Palo Alto, CA; Jack Straw Cultural
Center, Seattle, WA; the Satterberg
Foundation, the Tukwila Children's
Foundation, the Tukwila School
District, and generous individual donors.*

Mi Patria

I carried memories of that cold
morning at 5 am,
saying "goodbye" to my grandmother
who didn't know it was "forever."
It was my last time in Villa Mariona,
en El Salvador.

I was looking through the window,
at the streets of my colonia
waiting to arrive to the airport,
thank God I came with my family
hoping to have a good future
and a successful life.

But, I was crying,
I didn't say anything before
leaving, I miss my country.

I will miss my kind neighborhood
and playing soccer in the rain.

I miss my culture, full
of holidays like *Semana Santa*,
spending time with all my family.

I miss the smell and taste
smell of the *Pupusas*
that make me hungry,
and the sweet taste of *chocolate caliente*,
the food that I love.

I hope my anger about gangs
and government will not kill
my faith to go back!

I hope my tears become my laughter,
I want my eyes to show
what my heart cannot.
Come back, come back!
Don't leave. I will see you soon,
Patria Querida
wait for me!

—Alejandra Baires Serrano, grade 11,
from El Salvador. She adds: "I wrote this
poem to show people where I am from, to
represent my people and inspire others."

Because of the school closures due to the COVID-19 pandemic, in place of their planned Earthday community celebration on April 22, the project featured a student's poem each day throughout April, the National Poetry Month.

Let Us Live Our Lives

Let us wear whatever we want
without being easy bait for rude glances
Let us walk in the night without feeling afraid.
Let us go out of our houses without the fear
of never coming back again.
Let us pass by strangers in *el centro de Tijuana*
without wondering if we have something to protect ourselves.
Let us have fun on Friday nights at *Las Pulgas* in Mexico
without worrying about our drink
laced with something dangerous in it.
Let us follow the dreams that keep us
strong enough to not give up
Let us be the book that screams
a wonderful story about strong Mexican women,
Let us live without stereotypes
Let us live with confidence
Let us live our lives.

—Kimberly Martinez Sanchez, age 16, from Mexico.

Border Crossing

I crossed the border from the DRC to Uganda
I crossed the border with fear
because people were being shot,
because the forest was dark and scary.

In the DRC
I saw bombs, houses on fire
people running for their lives.
I saw soldiers holding guns pointing them
at groups of my people.
I carried my hope that my family would come with me.
I carried my sadness
that some of my family were left behind.
I carried food, and my dad carried my little brother
on his shoulders.
I miss my school friends—Jimmy, Aline, and Zambayo
I hope they are alive and well,
And I miss my grandma, going to her house, I miss her.
I miss my friends, I hope they are alive,
I hope they are doing well.

—Elia Jacque, age 16, from Uganda.

Viva Mexico

Land of Mexico
Land of our ancestors
Mexico's land breathes
colorful culture.
Mexican blood pulses
through my veins.
I am honored to have known
the fascinating beauties
of Mexico.
Every time I hear
“*Arriba Mexico ca...*”
my heart beats fast.
The flag represents our history,
the Mexican blood.
And there is eating chips
with *papa mirando el partido*
and screaming *para el*
GOOOOOOL DE MEXICO.
We are in the United States
when we say, “*Arriba, Mexico*”
all the family stands up with honor
we come back to Mexico,
back to our home,
back to our culture,
back to our food,
back to Mexico.

—Iittzy Soriano Hernandez, h.s. student, from Mexico.

I Carry My Memories

I carry the memories of the sound of my culture
how we used to dance with bamboo and with swords
surrounded by a fire, a pig in the middle,
people drumming,
people firing guns.
I carried the tastes of my culture's meat, which I only ate
one time which I can't wait to have again,
I worry for the next generation,
I would like them to remember this.
I crossed the border with my siblings on a tired dark night,
we carried our fear of the soldiers who could appear anytime,
we walked quietly through the forest
so they would not hear us.
We left our country because of the suffering,
we came to America for a better life.

—Thang Suan Mung, age 15, from Burma.



Kimberly Martinez



Littzy Soriano Hernandez



Elia Jacque



Thang Suan Mung



Mariyam Faizi



Muna Aidid



Alejandra Baires Serrano



Jaymark Cabang

My Colors

The red color:
Reminds me of my life,
of love,
of the person I always think of.

The black color:
The color behind my eyes
before I open them
the color that always reminds me
of the war in my country.

The white color:
Reminds me of my friends
Madiena, Muzhda, Farshta, Hila,
Khidaja and Mane,
friends I may never see again
that I think I lost forever
in my country Afghanistan,
the country where you go outside of home
and you are not sure you will come home
unhurt or safe.

The green color:
The color I will always remember
when I walked with my friends
under green trees.

I want the purple sky
to come down and touch my face
so I can forget about these things
that always bother me
and I can start over again.

—*Mariyam Faizi, age 16, from Afghanistan. "I hope that they stop fighting... and that the killing stops."*

Crossing the Border

I crossed the border with sadness
I carried the memories of my village
the sounds like an angry ocean,
the tastes of food that my parents made,
the smell of perfume like flowers.
In my country I saw many difficult things
I carried blood from the place I left behind
I cried for my soul to be safe
I cried for my heart that was broken
I cried a smile for peace
I cried for my father's love
I crossed the border without my father
I crossed the border when I carried our Somali blood.
—*Muna Aidid, high school student, from Somalia.*

www.SkippingStones.org

Skipping Stones

P. O. Box 3939

Eugene, Oregon 97403

facebook.com/SkippingStonesMagazine

Twitter: @SkpStns



Please Subscribe / Renew



1. Yellow Shades by Velda Wang, 16, Georgia. 2. Animals by Rebecca Wu, 9, Washington. 3. The Planets by Rokia Karschnia, 7, Germany. 4. Sahalie Falls by Jayling Goolsby, 12, Oregon.

Earth Allegiance by Cherl Crews, Living Sky Foundation. See p. 24 for more information.

