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Term 3 2021

FROM THE PRINCIPAL

Introducing Geoffrey Fouracre – Orana’s next Principal.

I wanted to take this opportunity to welcome Orana’s next Principal, Geoff Fouracre. Geoff will start in mid-January 2022. Geoff is eminently qualified for the role; he holds a MEd Admin (UNSW) and BEd (Sydney University).

Geoff is an experienced, adaptable, and highly capable educational leader with Principal and Executive leadership roles across a range of schools in city and regional areas, including an appointment as the principal of an International School in Singapore.

Geoff’s formal training is in Science Education, and he has taught Junior Science, Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, PDHPE and Information Technology Studies at High School level. He told us during the recruitment interviews that he equally enjoys exploring the wonders of Science and Mathematics in the Primary classroom and hopes to pass on his life-long love of learning to students by being in the classroom as much as possible.

A strong advocate for the performing arts, sport and outdoor education experiences, Geoff believes they have a vital place in a well-rounded education. He enjoys getting to know students outside of the classroom, especially by participating in school musical and dramatic productions and training and coaching sports teams. This approach is supported by his broad range of recreational interests including singing, guitar, endurance sports, cycling, triathlon, marathon, and half-marathon running events. He is a good fit for Orana Steiner School, given our philosophy and approach to child development.

I am in regular contact with Geoff, and I will work with him during Term 4 to see that he is ready to start well in January. I am pleased that the Board have asked me to work with Geoff and the Board in an ongoing way during

2022 to ensure a smooth leadership transition and to work on a range of medium to long-term projects.

The community (COVID-19 permitting) will get the chance to meet Geoff during November. I know you will extend Geoff a warm, friendly Orana welcome.

Paul Teys, Principal.

FROM THE HIGH SCHOOL DEPUTY

Wow!! What a month we’ve just had – such change and with such frequency. It seems as though we encounter change several times each day; certainly, this change is evident for all schools. Electronic conversations; electronic meetings; electronic planning; and online learning at home. As Heraclitus said (a Persian philosopher from 2,500 years ago) ‘the only thing constant in our world is change’. Well how close did he get to that? Change is a big part of our lives at the moment – for all of us. But there are still things that we can rely on as givens in this changing world. New routines have been established with schooling, teachers continue to be committed to your children’s care and education. Parents and carers continue to support and love their children.

It has been inspiring to see the quality of work and dedication by many students to produce outstanding work whilst working remotely. Senior College students have been particularly amazing, it’s been hard to continue to be motivated with the circumstances they have been under. I’m very proud of their work ethic and support for one another, this dedication will pay off in their results. The teachers at Orana have continued their tireless commitment to your children in educating them, and caring for them during this difficult period. I feel very privileged to work with such professional and competent teachers.

You may recall that the High School was closed for Moderation day on August 13th, the afternoon of lockdown. This is a day that teachers across

Canberra get together in their teaching areas (i.e. Mathematics, English, Art etc.) and ensure that there is alignment between schools in assessment tasks, the grading of those tasks and the quality of the feedback given to students. The Board of Senior Secondary Studies (B.S.S.S.) captures and uses data from moderation day for schools to use to improve assessment. The AST tests would normally have occurred this term but have been postponed till Term 4. The Year 12 students have been preparing during the remote learning period for these upcoming tests.

Other events that occurred in the first half of Term 3 were; Australian Math's Competition, Year 7-10 Australian Science Olympiad, 7/8 and 9/10 Southside soccer days, Year 9 Movie and Pizza night, Year 10 P.A.R.T.Y. Program at Canberra Hospital, Main Lesson Excursions for Age of Political Revolution, Meteorology, Oceanography and Climatology, Year 9-12 Snowsports Camp.

The whole of Orana school staff were involved in Professional Learning with A Gender Agenda on the topic of Understanding Sex and Gender Diversity. This was very informative for educators at all levels. Many staff have also continued to improve their own individual knowledge in various aspects of teaching and the Steiner curriculum through numerous professional learning programs.

It has been wonderful to finish the term with parent teacher interviews, where we can connect on the most important aspects of our work, your children, their education and well-being.

Congratulations to the following Year 12 students who have received early entrance into courses for 2022. This is well deserved and recognition of all the work you have done to achieve this.

- Riley Withycombe Bachelor of Science ANU
- Harini Rangarajan Bachelor of Finance ANU
- Taij Mundy Bachelor of Science ANU

- Ela Mor entrance into Perform Australia.

We have many other students who are waiting on early entrance from the University of Canberra, we will inform you once these have been announced.

I hope you can all take some form of a break during the holiday period with your children. Although it will be very different from what you had perhaps envisaged, I hope you can still have some quality family time. We look forward to seeing the children again face to face and will be just as excited as they are when this occurs.

Kelly Armstrong
Head of Senior School / Deputy Principal

FROM THE PRIMARY DEPUTY

Laughter, Longing and Love in Lockdown.

Like many, I was half expecting, but personally unprepared, to be in Lock Down for the final third of Term 3. The ACT is landlocked by our NSW neighbours and as I listened to cases be announced across the border and watched as Sydney limped through stages of restrictions, I knew logically that it was only a matter of time until it reached us too, and so I began all the necessary preparations for our School, staff and students. But my heart was still in denial; we had sustained our daily lives under comparatively "normal" circumstances for nearly a year, and my friends and colleagues in Melbourne had looked on enviously as Canberra had continued fairly unscathed. It seemed a bit surreal to be instructing my students and staff to take home what they would need for remote learning, knowing that things would change drastically for everyone in just under 4 hours. I walked around the school on that Thursday afternoon, saying goodbye to families, checking rooms were secure and trying not to show that my heart was breaking just a little bit. It's difficult to take stock of what is necessary in such times and my mental list included everything from packing my budget codes folder to checking with our Site Team that we could enact a plan to care for the bees and chickens. (An ex-colleague in New York laughed

when I shared this. “Charmaine, if you ever needed proof that you are where you need to be, this is it. That is perhaps the most Steiner Covid check list an educator could have.”)

I was ready, but I was not.

On the drive home, I tried to switch into “family mode” and car-called Sean to check he had managed to leave his work and collect Quincy; to see if there was anything I should try and collect on the way home. “Just come home. Nothing else matters. We can make do.” Sean, the eternal balance and purveyor of reason that makes our dynamic work. And yet not even Sean has been able to make “remote learning for a 6-year-old while both

adults are working full time”, work. Like a lot of families, we have had to prioritise and be selective about what can be achieved. Some days (many days) Quincy doesn’t do any of the learning activities offered by her Class Teacher. Sean is in online conferences at one end of the house and I am running a Primary School from our dining room table, spiralling between online meetings, phone calls and emails while we navigate our “new normal”. I jokingly commented to a friend recently on the irony of me being the Head of a Primary School while my own daughter was perhaps the only child in the ACT to not have begun her “at home learning” programme until about Day 4 of Lock Down. Every witticism cradles a seed of truth.

It’s difficult not to be jealous of the parents with more flexible circumstances, who manage to make all the class Zooms and don’t miss that important school email declaring that tomorrow’s 9:45 am online session will be a dress up or a “class talent show case”. I sat, engulfed with Mum-guilt and a firm sense of horror as each child took their turn with pre-prepared props, photos and practised routines, and when my daughter looked up at me questioningly as her turn was announced, I seriously contemplated turning off the wifi so that I could feign a connectivity issue. Instead, I helplessly shrugged my shoulders in the universal “I have no idea what we do now and am possibly the World’s worst

parent” gesture. But my despair turned to fierce pride as she clicked herself off mute and announced she had “so many talents” but was “happy to share just one”, before launching into song. It was predictably awful and she didn’t care and I marvelled at this tiny human who refused to be defeated by something as terrifying as an impromptu talent show in front of her very prepared peers, a scenario that would completely undo me in my best moment.

I share these insights with you so that you don’t feel alone. So that you might laugh but also recognise yourself in an anecdote. So that on those days where things just feel way too hard, you can know that there are lots of us for whom remote learning is not the Instagram-worthy collage of gorgeous moments featuring children happily doing a Maths activity outside in the dappled sunshine. There is always a comfort to be found in knowing that you’re not the only one. “Misery loves company,” my Grandmother would jibe, and it’s true, but not necessarily as dark as her quip would suggest. In amongst the chaos and challenges, there are moments of pure hilarity and also unexpected realisations and learnings. And there is love. *Just come home. Nothing else matters. We can make do.* A Steiner education focuses on capabilities, creativity and resilience – you have already gifted your children a schooling experience and curriculum that places them in the very best position to emerge from challenges as the makers, the doers, the thinkers and the creators. Because of your choices and your parenting, your children are better prepared to navigate this than you think. As a parent, you are doing your best and that is enough. This time will look different for everyone and that’s okay, too. Our current reality is temporary; it will pass and we long to be welcoming our students and families – the beating heart of our school – back onto our beautiful campus.

Charmaine Rye
Head of Primary School / Deputy Principal.

PLAYGROUP

There comes a time in Playgroup each year when I begin to experience a tangible sense of 'settling in'. Attending children start to feel at home in the Playgroup space and their creative play evolves and expands. Connections between children and parents emerge and seemingly overnight there is a knowing understanding and constancy of 'holding space' amongst us all.

We gently eased into this time at home with that sense of connection remaining. Playgroup families have embraced the routines of our weekly mornings with bread baking & nature walks now taking place alongside family in our own houses and neighbourhoods.

It was serendipitous that our play time transitioned into our homes just as the blossoms appeared in backyards and in local parks and streets, reminding us of the wonders of spring. Hearts & minds are easefully drawn into gardens at this time of year, to explore with curious wonderment the treasures mother nature has lying in wait for us when we pause and bear witness.

May all families of our Orana community take comfort in this season's heralding of longer days, breathtaking sunsets and more time to gently enjoy the beauty of warmer days and evenings outside, together.

Kirsty Goodwin, Playgroup Leader

EARLY CHILDHOOD



We in Early Childhood are a flexible lot and have hit the ground running with this latest lockdown. Our regular presence, even though it's virtual, is reported by parents to be reassuring for both themselves and their child. Families may not be aware of how collegially teachers are working at this time. Your child may listen to

a story told by Gill, or a chapter book told by Tracy, they may do a craft activity sourced by Kasia, or listen to some songs and do the actions recorded by Rowena. This is the way we can bring a diversity of content to support you at home while benefiting from each other's strengths. Children have taken to the online platform with much more ease than their teachers and are engaging with story time with their teachers and showing their classmates what they have made. We have also been pleased to see that many families are taking the time to engage with the outdoors and do some garden projects - being connected to nature will help families get a sense of balance at this time.



Indiana looking at the signs of Spring



Henri's woven bag - Kindy handwork done at home



Tamsin showing off her Yarn Stick (Schoolbox craft suggestion)

Teachers are all looking forward to seeing their students soon.

Tracy Lewis

YEAR ONE

Year 1 students have been exploring small creatures in our Backyard Safari Main Lesson during lockdown. We started with a code of caring. We used our code of caring when looking for, and while observing, small animals in our backyard or local area. We have found ants, slaters, spiders and snails (just to name a few).



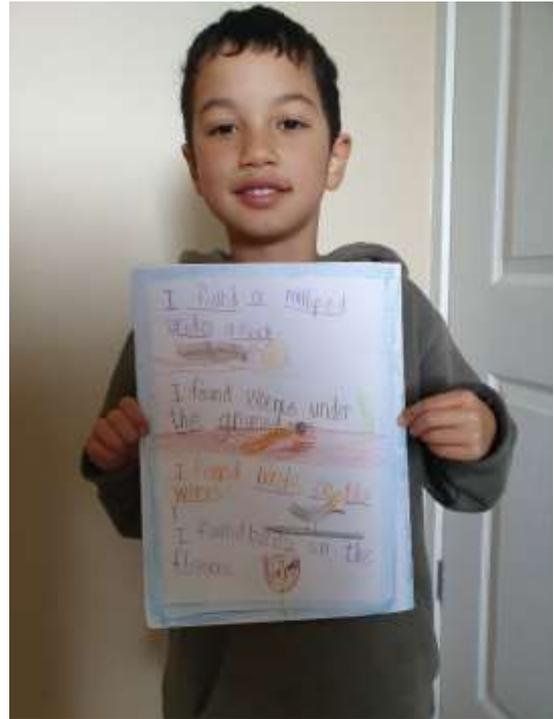
Some children made worm observatories as part of this lesson so they could watch the worms busy at work!



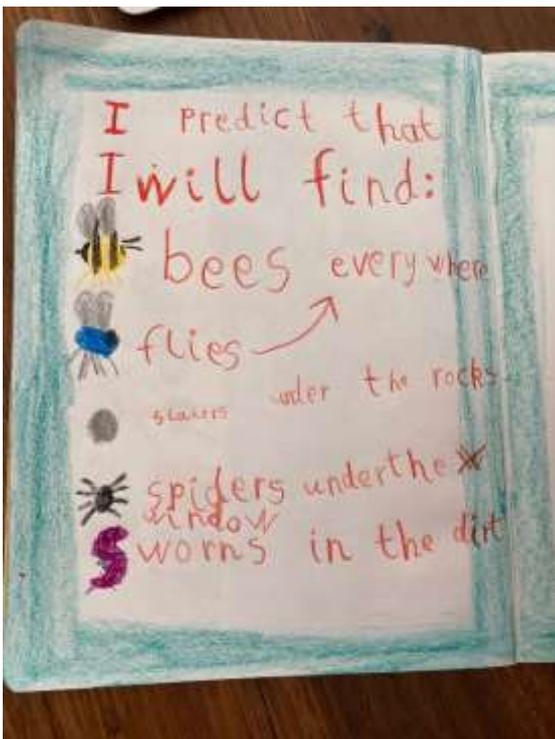
As part of this work the children mapped their backyards.



They used their maps to predict where they might find particular animals, before heading out to look for them.



It was a lot of fun!!
The children observed animals in their natural habitat and up close.





In PE this week Year One have been creating their own bush obstacle courses and running them. The obstacle courses had to include running, crawling, balancing, climbing and jumping. There were a few injuries but a lot of fun.



YEAR TWO

Year Two students celebrated NAIDOC Week this term. This was an opportunity for the children to celebrate the history, culture and achievements of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples. The children participated in a number of activities for a variety of key learning areas. In a hands-on Art Lesson, we investigated the Tjanpi desert weavers and their weaving techniques to create different sculptures. We used this as an inspiration for us to create our own sculptures of Australian Native Animals.



YEAR THREE

Narrative is such an important part of the Steiner curriculum. We often cite how it stirs the imagination of our students, providing an emotional engagement as well. We capture heart and imagination, and real learning can spring from both.

And this is all true and important, but it is not simply about the books and stories per se, it is the story-telling that is most important. Oral traditions impart imagery that can be interpreted at many levels, and go some way to transmitting cultural knowledge while also renewing and developing said knowledge. Indigenous cultures are grounded in oral tradition, integrating intellect, emotional and practical intelligence.

Michael Thompson and I have been collaborating online to present the Farming and Gardening main lesson to Year 3. As part of this main lesson we have challenged ourselves and each other to author stories for the children. Michael T has created a beautiful, bittersweet world of Seed and Clod who meet, fall in love and support each other through their life-cycle; I had recounted some autobiographical tales of my youth spent on a farm while wrestling with my ideals and values.





In each case, the students have responded with eagerness to both 'discover' Clod in the soil of their backyard, and to retell the farm stories in a story-board comic. In each narrative we have included imagery that can be accessed on many levels, yet used accurate language when describing the farm tools or the plant anatomy. We have imparted knowledge through head, heart and hand. We have sought to find the divine



in the everyday, a magic that only comes from story-telling. We have hopefully inspired the children to learn.

YEAR FOUR

Year 4 have made the most of our running stream in the playground this term. There has been a lot of creative and inventive mud and water activities including mud cooking, dam building and dam breaking. It's been a joy to watch the students working collaboratively and excitedly together in the playground. An elaborate 'Olympics' in the Year 4 playground was also an impressive organizational and collaborative feat that emerged with teams and countries and events and medals and judges and timetables and cartwheel training sessions for the gymnastics events!



In the classroom, 4EG started the term with a Continuing Fractions main lesson which culminated in the much-awaited Fraction Cake tradition. Meanwhile 4JG worked hard towards their performances of 'Dot and the Kangaroo' where their colourful characters entertained their audiences in week three.



Year 4 then moved into the History of Writing Main Lesson, firstly enjoying the challenge of communicating through pictures in rock art and then learning how symbols and the first alphabets developed. Being banished to Home Learning didn't curb the creativity of Year 4 students as they practised various writing styles, designed an illuminated letter and enjoyed interpreting and creating written codes.



Year 4 also enjoyed creating their own robot design to help specific people or to help the world. These designs were as diverse as the students themselves: creative, unique and well thought out. We miss each other when we are Home Learning and we will appreciate each other more than ever when we are back together again.



YEAR FIVE

Year 5 started the term by delving into the mythology of Ancient Greece. The stories of Zeus and the other Olympians, of Pandora and her box, the war with Troy and Odysseus' long journey home inspired and engaged us for several weeks. As we heard the stories and learned more about the Gods and Goddesses of the Ancient Greeks, we came to realise that Greek Mythology has had a significant influence on our society and culture today – whether it be Nike, the Goddess of Victory, and her connection to the sporting brand, or an understanding of the etymology of phrases such as “The face that launched a thousand ships” or “Beware Greeks bearing gifts”, these stories still pervade thousands of years later.

In addition to this, Class 5LHR was also busy at work memorising, rehearsing and getting set to perform their Class Play, “The Odyssey”. Unfortunately, with news of the snap lockdown in the ACT, the performance has been postponed, but just as Odysseus never gave up during his long journey home, neither will 5LHR, who hold hope that they will be able to perform the play at some point in the future.

For Home Learning, we turned our sights to another key ML in the Year 5 curriculum – Botany.

Following on from studies of the Animal Kingdom in Year 4, and preceding studies of the Mineral Kingdom in Year 6, the exploration of the Plant



Kingdom in Year 5 offers children the opportunity to turn their gaze outwards to the world and explore the magnificent beauty that nature offers us each day. In learning about a plant's unfolding from seed, root, stem, bud and flower, children see a mirror of their own development, having grown from a young baby through the phases of infancy, early childhood and now the

precipice of puberty and adolescence, which will represent a significant change for them, both physically and emotionally. Just as a seed becomes a flower that presents the world with the gift of its colours, petals and beauty, so too will the Year 5 children one day blossom and grow into the wonderful young adults they will surely become.





FLORIADE COMMUNITY was introduced in 2020 as part of Floriade: Reimagined and saw more than 80 community groups plant bulbs and annuals to help create a tulip trail through Canberra's suburbs.

Following the success of last year's Floriade: Reimagined, Floriade Community is back again this year. Hundreds of thousands of bulbs have been distributed to schools, community groups and organisations over the past few months and the bulbs have been planted in local areas for the community to enjoy.



Year 5 students, under the guidance of Chris Boswell (Orana parent, Board Member and Weston Creek Orchard Community member) were very fortunate to have been involved in the Floriade Community project at the Weston Creek Orchard. If you live in the area, a visit to the Orchard is a wonderful thing to do on a sunny day during lockdown! Don't forget to check in with your Check In CBR app though!



Recently, I rode up to the Orchard to check on the progress of our bulb plantings so that I could provide our Year 5 students with an update on School Box. No doubt in a few weeks' time our flower beds will all be bursting with colour!

Lena Hoffman-Raap



YEAR SIX

Year 6 students have been working on artworks, poems and stories to enter into the Schools Reconciliation Challenge 2021. Here are some examples of the fantastic work they have done.



Uniting

They were here before us, they grew this land,
 So, let's lend them a helping hand.
 If we rise together,
 This land may live on forever.
 But the way we're going,
 With our rivalries still growing,
 We'll tear each other apart,
 So, we must remember,
 The art...
 Of forgiveness,
 Of hardships and sorrow,
 Of tomorrow!
 So, let's all plan and hope,
 That it reaches for the sky,
 And grows into a better future
 For you, and me,
 And all the generations to come,
 Let's join hands everyone!
 And climb this tree to a better tomorrow!

Savannah Lancaster



This Land

I Look up to the sky,
Deep blue, beautiful;
One of the amazing features of this land.
This land is filled with people,
Black and white,
Girls, boys and beyond,
Families, friends, community,
Different cultures and traditions.
Let's build a stronger future,
Together, all of us.
We are all under one sky,
Yesterday,
Today,
And Forever.

Charlotte Woodward

This Poem is about Australia and how there is so much diversity. The line "Let's build a stronger future" means that if we work together, we can all live in harmony.

To me, reconciliation means that if we work together, we can live in harmony, and that's mainly what my poem is about.

Free as a Bird

As darkness fell,
I looked up at the sky,
I saw a young magpie.
Its wings were young, but oh so strong.
It seemed so happy and free,
It flew by, singing its song,
And then I noticed the starlit sky.
And there, just above Uluru,
I saw the Dark Emu.

Myka Slattery

The Night the Stars Realigned

It happened at 11:11, the night that the stars realigned. They shifted to tell the story of Spirit and Nigh. Only the most significant of stories can shift the night stars. The tale of two birds – one white and the other black – and their most unlikely of friendships.

Spirit was the name of the white dove. She was one of a kind. No other like her existed anywhere. Her wings, the purist of white. She flew with the grace of a queen. And as she flew, all the animals in the land that she lived, stopped to stare at the beautiful sight. When Spirit spoke in the language shared by all animals, all the animals stopped to listen. For when Spirit spoke, she spoke of truth, love, peace and understanding.

She lived in the land of Utopia, where all animals lived in harmony. The deer were friends with the giraffe, the elephants, friends with the lions and sea creatures were friends with land-dwellers. News travelled throughout the world and more animals arrived to live in the land. No matter the animal type, they all got along in friendship. All, that is, except for Nigh!

Nigh was a crow who lived in a tree, near to where Spirit lived. While Spirit was popular throughout the land, and was recognised wherever she went, Nigh was overlooked and shunned. He was without friend and treated as an outsider even though Nigh had lived in the land for the longest of time. For Nigh was the original - the first - of all the animals to live in the beautiful land. After Nigh, came the others. One by one they came!

For many days and many nights Spirit watched on as Nigh was ignored by the others. She was deeply saddened by this. No matter how hard she tried to break down the barriers that existed, Nigh continued to be alone. The others, it seemed, had reached conclusions that Nigh was different to all others, and one to be avoided.

One day, as she was out flying, gliding high above the plains, she saw Nigh flying a short way in the distance. She decided to follow and saw Nigh swoop down, deep into the nearby forest of Solitude. It was there that she saw how deeply

distressed that Nigh was. The crow was perched by a small pond crying. Spirit flew down and perched beside Nigh. And there they sat for a bit, those two birds, before Nigh flew off. The birds repeated this every day for many days, until the day came that Nigh begin to speak. In his words, he told Spirit of his hopes and dreams and how much he wished to be included. He spoke about his experiences. Spirit listened and, after a short time, the two birds became friends. Back at the land of Utopia, the dove and the crow were the best of friends. The other animals noticed, and they also became friends with Nigh. And that was how the stars realigned!

Izzy Donnelly

YEAR 6 POETRY

Since Home Learning began, Year 6 students have been working on poetry during Main Lesson times. Many different types of poetry have been listened to and the students have tried writing in a number of different styles. These range from the poems of emotions, to rhythmic and rhyming poems such as limericks. Students have continued to work in their Main Lesson books, illustrating the poems to enhance their meaning. Here is a selection of their wonderful work:

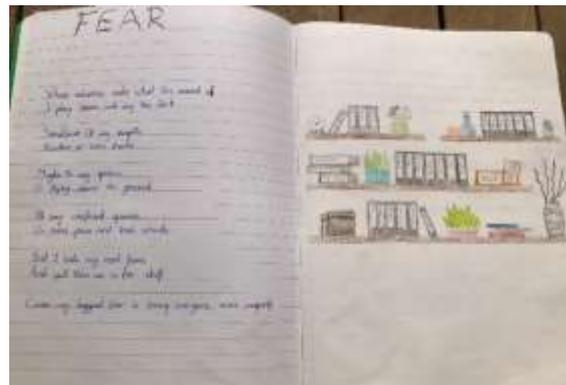


Nature poem by Jade Jackson

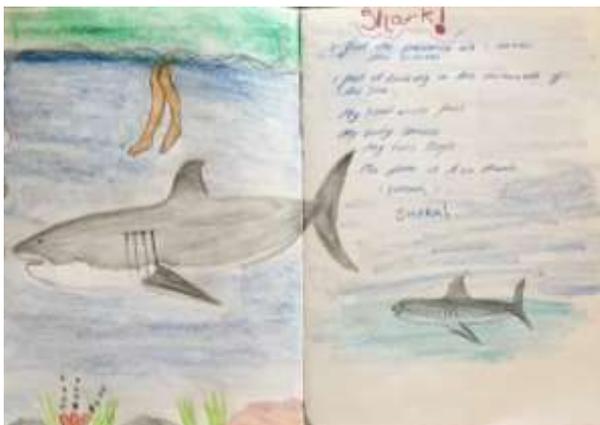
Onomatopoeia Poem

Buzz, buzz, zoom went the fly,
 fling, swat went the boy,
 buzz, buzz, buzz, the fly was laughing,
 buzz, fling, zoom, swat, buzz, zip,
 zip, buzz, fling, swat, bang, squish,
 no more fly, fly is dead.

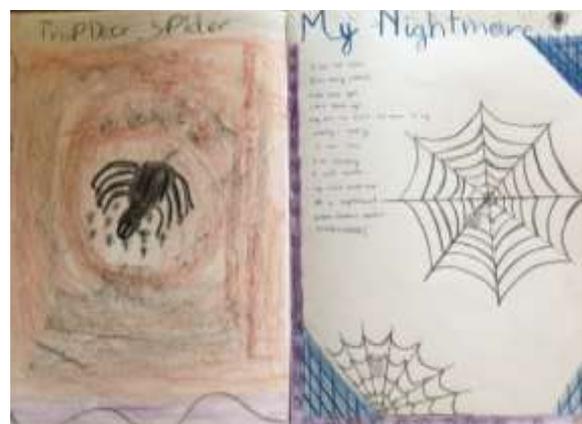
Emily Hosking



Fear poem by Niamh Lejeune



Fear poem by Jade Jackson



Fear Poem by Sabah Jackson

A Tongue Twister

Shifty sharks with shingles shopped for sham
shotguns and sharp shredded shields to shoot the
shoals sheltering in the shallows with shabby
shoes and shiny shrapnel, but the shoals with
shielding shovels sheepishly shivered and the
shrewd shells shunned the shuddering shoals and
shushed the shrieking short-tempered sheriff and
shouted "sheesh!"

Noah

Rhythmic Poems and Limericks

Staying at home isn't fun
So I go out and play in the sun
I jump up and down
And act like a clown
So I can get all of my work done.

I love to jump on the trampoline
I hide there because my siblings are mean
I fly through the air
And I do not care
Because my backflips are something to be seen.

Genevieve Stinziani

A Rhyming and Rhythmic Poem (inspired by the Macbeth witches)

Hubble bubble, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Scald and skin a rattlesnake,
In a cauldron boil and bake.
Stardust silver, slips of yew,
Dragon heartstring, fresh and new.
Sap of hemlock golden red,
Horn of unicorn encased in lead.
Fang of wolf over flame held steady,
Then the potion shall be ready.

Sanya Kennedy

Can technology save our planet, or do we need to change our habits?

As young people living in 2021, we are faced with a bit of a confusing reality. We are told to value things and possessions, and social media pressures us to have, and be, the best at everything. But we are also trying to care for our environment and make changes to

our lifestyles to live more simply. It is confusing to know what to do. It seems like the leaders of the world are also confused; they place value on progress, but only talk about the environment. What if leaders placed the same economic value on the environment, as they do on other things?

Elliot Harris from the United Nations talks about measuring the balance of nature before it's too late. He says,
"If we put a value on nature, then we will measure it. If we measure it, we can manage it. If we manage the value, we avoid destroying it. That is the problem we've suffered from for a hundred years. Since we did not take that value into account, we've treated nature as though it was free and limitless. We've been using it up without being aware of how much value we were losing."

People like Elliot Harris are working to educate our leaders to make informed choices,
"We need to bring the evidence out. We need to show people what is actually happening. And we need to give them the perspective that we can fix this because we have the tools, and now the information to best use those tools."

I hope that he makes them listen, so our environment is healthy in the future.

Alex Sakkas, 6EM

TANABATA FESTIVAL

Year 6 Japanese students performed their Tanabata play on August 6 in the Overture Hall.

Known as the Star Festival, Tanabata is a very special event in Japan. The Festival celebrates the coming together of two stars, Altair and Vega,



which are normally separated by the Milky Way. This is the story of the Year 6 Tanabata play.

In Japanese tradition, people make wishes which they write on paper named Tanzaku. The Tanzaku are then used to decorate a bamboo tree along with other paper ornaments. Orana students have made a lot of Origami decorations for our own Tanabata Festival.



The students have made beautiful wishes for their family and friends, for the Orana community, for natural environments, animals, plants and for world peace.

I hope that the Year 6 Japanese students really enjoyed performing in Japanese and that all the Orana Japanese students enjoyed the

Tanabata experience this year.

Fumi.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A LOCKED-DOWN ORANA TEACHER (WITH TWO CHILDREN)

It's 6:15am and the chickens are making a ruckus... or is it the children? I roll over and go back to sleep, if I can. I wake past eight o'clock and peel myself out of my bed. I have the luxury of extra time in bed in the mornings because Dave is up – he is not a night owl. He disappears into his office to run his Year 11 & 12 classes from around 8:45am. Thankfully, the children have eaten breakfast, got dressed and brushed their teeth and hair.

I have a child in Year 2 and a child in Year 4 and, as many of you know, I teach Year 6. I've had my class since the end of Year 1, so I'm well equipped to teach my own children their lessons. As their teachers, and long-suffering Genelle, will verify, this does not mean I'm fully reliable to send in their 'Shared Learning Moments' on time. Even as I click and scan through my own class's shared learning moments and send out reminders to the ones who might have forgotten, I can still miss it myself.

I try to dress quickly, likely in the same clothes I was wearing yesterday, and make it out to the kitchen table to begin gathering all the resources we will need:

- A couple of devices – hopefully charged
- Year 2 main lesson book, pencil case and crayons,
- Year 4 main lesson book and text books, fountain pen and pencil case.

While the kettle boils, I round everyone up for a bit of fitness. We all 'exercise the alphabet' from the Year 2 page before sitting in our designated spots around the table.

Now that we've been a few weeks in lockdown, and due to the routine set of daily expectations, Elsa can mostly manage the beginning of her lessons, doing a page of each task before tackling the main lesson task – where she needs more help. Rafi, on the other hand, needs constant guidance, redirection of focus, and help with sounding and spelling out words.



The next three hours are *very* intense for me. I am constantly shifting my focus between Year 2, Year 4 and Year 6 content. Someone is always at risk of either becoming impatient or losing focus completely, due to my attention being drawn in so many directions. Once again, I've spilled a cold cup of decaf coffee all over the table, the floor and Elsa, pushing laptops aside to make room for ruling a page.

Then, there's the constant chatter:

"You spell that word with a different letter for the 'k' sound."

"Oh, there's a video from your teacher."

"Can we both watch it?"

"Ok - now back to spelling that word."

"Elsa, please focus."

"Rafi, sit up."

"Please stop singing 'Baby Shark'."

"I'm hungry."

"Try not to stop writing halfway through a word."

"I can't find my ruler."

"Was that someone at the door?"

In the meantime, I respond individually to every piece of work submitted by my own students, some so blurry that I can't read it at all. At the same time, I am trying to click into three different Schoolbox pages and attempting to decipher the two different methods of instruction from my children's wonderful teachers.

At some point, I notice little Rafi's head is being held up by a tired arm, and Elsa is focussing more on page design than content. It's time for morning tea and a short break.

While they are eating, I manage some breakfast, as I didn't fit it in before 9:00am, and I get a chance to respond to my class properly. There's really only time for a short break, because I know the momentum of the morning gets harder and harder to bring back, the later it gets.

We launch into the second session, first finishing off main lesson work, then starting the literacy and numeracy tasks for the day. Focus is good again, for a while, after food and a break, but then it begins to wane. Some days, we only seem to get the main lesson work done by lunch time, due to the extra effort it seems to need without the drive of the classroom energy around.

From midday, I'm needed in various Zoom meetings with individuals, small groups or staff meetings. I quickly prepare some salad veges and left-over pasta for the children to eat while I'm otherwise engaged. If there are no Zooms, the three of us click into the dance session and we work up a sweat together - practising my Charleston skills, amongst others.



My afternoon is spent marking, planning with Khia - the other Year 6 teacher, or responding to issues with technology or understanding the online tasks. I decide to set up my laptop in the alleyway in the sun, with my chickens in a portable fence nearby for company. Meanwhile, Dave takes the children to finish their school tasks or goes outside for some exercise. If I can finish by 3pm, I can might be able to join them.

The evening of cooking dinner, tidying up, children's bedtime routines begins so quickly and the hands of the clock seem to fly by. I get

Students learned about the respiratory, cardiovascular, nervous and reproductive systems and the associated health conditions for each system. Nutrition and care for one's body, and in particular learning how to make healthy food choices, was a focus throughout the Main Lesson, and students were encouraged to cook a family meal for their loved ones. Finally, students learned about their own journey into the world through the story of their birth and their earliest days on Earth as newborn babies. Connection



with and care for the self, others and the environment was a central tenet of the Main Lesson. Learning about health at this age has wider (and sometimes initially unseen)

impacts on future physical, mental and social health choices and it is a unique window of time to align the capacities of the students to understand broader health issues and their own instinctive sense for health.



Class 7IS have been working on a Physics Main Lesson using Simple Machines to make a Balloon Popping Machine. As part of the process, they designed their own Rube Goldberg Machine as a title page and also made their own pulleys using

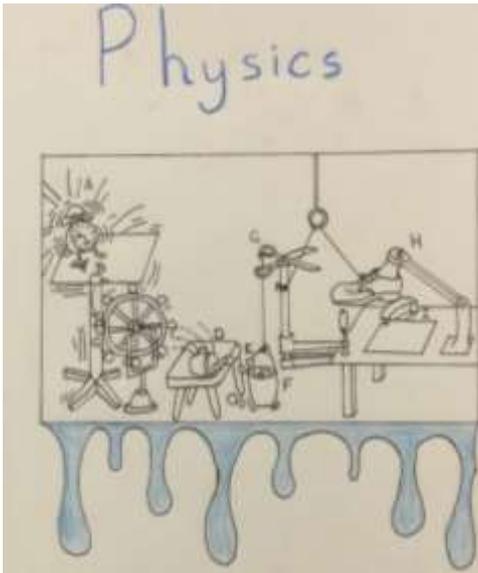
objects around the house. Here are some of the fruits of their labours. It was so good to see their imaginative responses. Next week we look forward to seeing their machines in action. Some machines promise to be wide and large, all through the house or garden. One of the benefits of being at home is the freedom to build large and fun machines that do not need to be brought in to school!



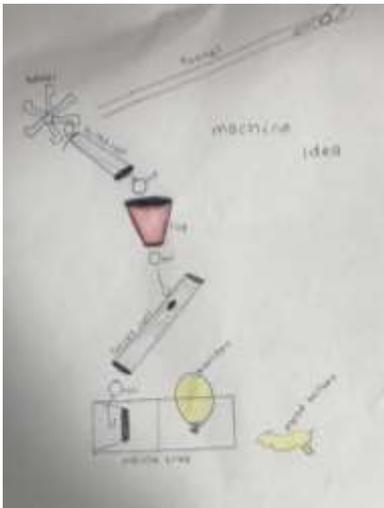
Marina



Connor



Katya



Matilda



Ana



Bonnie

LIBRARY

Unfortunately, Book Week this year landed in the middle of lockdown, however thanks to a wonderful online video by our guest (and Orana Dad) Shane W Smith, the children were able to enjoy a great workshop on creating a graphic story.

The Primary School students were able to do lockdown dress-ups with their class, but our dress up fun day assembly and book swap for the Indigenous literacy Foundation will wait until we are all together again later in Term 4. Many stories were read by the primary teachers as well as activities and recommendations posted on the library catalogue and school box pages. Primary School teachers also dressed up for the occasion!





The CTRL+A writing competition organized by the P&F is underway and I hope that many students will be taking part. This year the competition will be judged by authors Jackie French and Harry Laing.

The library looks lovely, decorated for our “Old World, New World, Other Worlds” theme and will stay waiting for the children to enjoy. Lynne, our



new primary school teacher, created magical images that the children

were able to use for their zoom sessions last week.

Cheryl.

YEAR EIGHT

Year 8 English students have been working on a novel study of a multi-modal text by David Almond, called *My Name is Mina*. Here are some of their creative responses to the text.

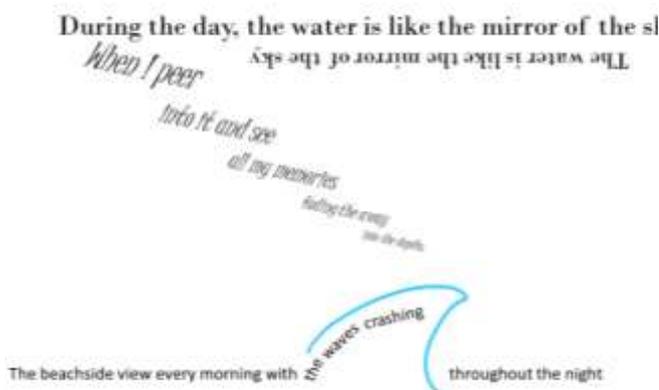
Reaching heights,
depths of empty air.
Far below,
Twisty, gnarled, tangled trees.
Thin grasses cast shadows,
between my boots.
High above,
against the peaks.
Wheeling, dipping, soaring,
on the air currents.
Rides a flock of birds.
I hear their cries.
Among the grass,
between the trees,
against the sky.
The way the wind blows,
and the sunlight falls.
The cool wind,
and warm sun.
The rustling leaves,
the cries of birds.
I am here.
close my eyes.
Some say,
one picture is worth a thousand words.

Anneke

Beach

Dear Rodney,

This is day four of being stuck on this confounded island I have lost all hope of rescue. But do not worry, parts of my boat are almost perfect to create the mansion that we always wanted. There is a beachside view every morning with the crash of the waves throughout the night, there are few animals here, but I still hear them in my dreams. During the day, the water is like the mirror of the sky, when I peer into it and see all my memories fading away into the depths. I know my time has come but my soul shall live on, on the windswept dunes of sand like mounds of coins in a dwarven hall. I have many friends on this island, all fish, and birds, some big some small. I still send messages by leaf boat in the hope of someone finding me. But I know they will not. I am not afraid of death, I am afraid of forgetfulness and madness. When I pass, I will remember you and our fantastic journey, and maybe I shall meet all our comrades that fell on this mighty voyage. The clouds look evermore like soft beds of cotton. Do not miss me for I will always be with you in the sky looking down on you and my friends.



Benji.

YEAR NINE

Year 9 English students have also been studying 'Multi-modal' texts. Their task was to alter a text that someone else had written, to create their own meaning. Here is one of the creative responses received.



On 5 August many of our Year 9 cohort came together to enjoy a movie night. After sharing pizza and treats we settled in for a showing of 'Jumanji, Welcome to the jungle' on the big screen in the SRC. It was a relaxed, fun night and Suzanne and Mike are looking forward to running more social nights with the group.

SNOW TRIP

In Term three, over 40 students joined Kirstie, Steve and Mike for a two-day snow adventure which saw many of our students enjoy the snow for



the first time. With COVID affecting Year 9's trip last year, many of them took the chance to come along too and were rewarded with a super time. The mixed cohort of Year 9 to 12 students blended beautifully; their genuine care for each other and desire to enjoy the experience instrumental in creating a truly fantastic time for us all.



We enjoyed two days on the snow and although there was limited mountain skiing available due to the windy conditions, Friday Flat was optimised by all. Our beginner skiers learned to make their first turns, while the more adventurous headed for the untouched snow amongst the trees. We were all very appreciative of the opportunity to go on the trip and considered ourselves very lucky to get such a great experience in the midst of a pandemic. With the current COVID situation meaning we are unable to offer many of our valued camp experiences, it is very likely that we will aim to run a similar short excursion next year.

SENIOR COLLEGE

In Year 12 English this term, the students' last English unit at school, we have been looking at Myths, Folk Tales and Fairy Tales. Students have explored the nature of the stories, recalled favourites from early childhood and written their own, as well as reading a novel focused on the possibility of a threshold where magic and everyday life meet. The following story is by Harini Rangajaran.

Myna

Once upon a time, there lived a wandering orphan boy, Iqbal. He was adopted by a travelling circus at a young age. They travelled the banks of the Indus river and the rolling Himalayas, stopping at nearby villages and putting on grand and spectacular shows for the town's children. Townsfolk from faraway villages would travel by bullock-cart to watch the magnificent trapeze artists swinging from bar to bar and the tightrope walkers tiptoeing on flaming ropes like elegant swans.

Iqbal usually did the odd jobs around the camp. Iqbal would wake up before dawn, put on his tattered blanket which barely protected him from the hissing northern cold wind to fetch firewood. He would then sweep the courtyard and wash the dishes. At nightfall, he would only receive scraps and leftovers after everyone else had their fill of food. He would curl up near the dying embers of the fire with his old and holey blanket. Iqbal was frightened of the Boss. The Boss was a tall and fat man who always wore a dark fur coat made of bear hide and pointy shoes. He had a voice as loud as the twang of a brass gong. Everyone in the circus shivered in his presence, their knees turned into noodles and their jaw chattered as if they were freezing. He always carried a long rosewood cane with him. He would beat Iqbal with it if he did not sweep the floors clean enough or collect enough firewood.

One morning, Iqbal woke up before sunlight and ventured into the woods to collect firewood. He picked up whatever twigs he could find and collected them in his blanket. The sticks were sodden from the snow fall the night before. He

walked further into the thick of the forest to find dry wood.

He suddenly caught sight of a glint under the snow. Curious, he brushed off the snow, to reveal a great big golden egg!

“Oh poor baby egg inside, it must be freezing”, he thought to himself.

He wrapped his tattered blanket around the egg and hobbled back to the camp, egg in hand.

No one paid the egg heed as he had cleverly draped his old blanket over it. Every day he woke up in anticipation of the egg hatching. He would sing to the egg at nightfall.

One afternoon, Iqbal heard a loud *CRACK* from the egg. Hurriedly he unwrapped the egg and watched intently. The egg fragmented to reveal two little arms stretching out. It was a little girl. Her skin was flushed and her hair was as soft as feathers. She had wings with the prettiest midnight azure feathers, resembling a clear new moon night sky.

She slowly opened her big black eyes and smiled at Iqbal.

“I’ll call you Myna”, whispered Iqbal.

She opened her mouth and sang.

“Keevee, Keevee”

Her song was so heavenly, all the circus people gathered around Iqbal’s corner to listen to her chorus.

This piqued the Boss's attention.

He hobbled over to Iqbal’s nook and chortled in glee.

“The Bird Girl who sings! Come one come all to watch the Bird Girl who sings!” he bellowed. He immediately brought over a big golden cage, locked Myna inside of it and wore the key around his neck.

Iqbal wept into his tattered blanket that night. Hearing Iqbal’s sniffling, Myna blew him a single feather, into the night wind. Iqbal clutched it in his palm and fell asleep.

The next day, people from far, far away, young and old, rich and poor, flooded the showgrounds to see the ‘Bird Girl who Sings’. They clamoured to listen to her song. The Boss counted in bagfuls of coins as smirked to himself in greed. The children would reach into Myna’s cage and pull her hair and touch her feathers.

Day after day, the grounds were teeming with people who paid to see Myna sing her birdsong. “*Keevee Keevee*”, she cooed for the jeering crowd. Night after night, Iqbal and Myna slept apart from each other, forlorn. Myna would blow him a single feather each night, Iqbal collected them in his blanket.

Myna grew more beautiful each passing day, her song became more melancholy.

Iqbal could not stand to see her rosy cheeks turn grey and her lustrous feathers turn dull from ennui. He knew he would get into big trouble with the Boss but he just had to set her free. That night, Iqbal snuck into the Boss’s tent. He was fast asleep, his snores sounded like the menacing din of the Indus. Iqbal tiptoed upto the Boss’s mattress and nimbly slipped the key chain off his fat neck.

He sprinted outside and found Myna still in her cage, weeping into her wings.

He quickly unlocked her golden cage.

“You’re free to leave now, Myna. Fly away Myna, fly away”, he said through his stifled sobs.

Myna smiled at him sweetly in gratitude. She leapt into the air, spread her great indigo wings and flew into the night.

Iqbal walked back dejectedly to the Boss’s cabin. He crept back in and gently opened the door.

“EEEEEEEE”, the door creaked. The Boss’s snoring stopped abruptly. Iqbal froze in fear, his hair on end and blood draining from his face. The Boss stumbled out with heavy steps and stood in front of Iqbal, towering over him. He noticed the key in the shivering Iqbal’s hand.

He grabbed Iqbal by the ear and dragged him out into the courtyard where the golden cage was.

His face turned red and his chest heaved when he noticed the gate ajar and Myna not in it. He raised his rosewood walking stick and struck Iqbal with all his might. He rained down blow after blow while Iqbal curled up into a ball on the floor, yelping in pain.

That night, Iqbal fell asleep alone, sobbing and rubbing his wounds to soothe them. He clutched his blanket full of Myna’s feathers and cried himself to sleep.

Seven days passed. The Boss would still make Iqbal sweep the courtyard, wash the dirty clothes, collect firewood and at the end of the day, he fell asleep with an empty stomach. Iqbal missed Myna very much but he knew she was with her bird friends, flying free.

On the seventh night, Iqbal was fast asleep, clutching his stomach.

“*KeeVee, KeeVee, KeeVee*”, he heard the call of a familiar songbird. He dashed out of his little corner into the courtyard. Atop the golden cage, perched on the roof was his bird friend, Myna. “*KeeVee, KeeVee, fly with me*”, she cooed, cocking her beak towards Iqbal’s blanket.

Iqbal unravelled his blanket to find his collection had magically turned into a lustrous black-blue coat of feathers. He wrapped them around himself.

“*KeeVee KeeVee fly with me*”, Myna sang melodiously.

She grabbed Iqbal’s hand.

They leapt into the air and flew away from the circus, into the midnight sky, never to be seen again...

The following story was written by Chelsea Ciancio. This story has been read to a 5 year old, who loved it.

Sparkles the Gnome

Once upon a time there was a gnome named Sparkles. Sparkles lived by a riverbank and recently there had been a big windstorm. This windstorm destroyed Sparkles’ home and he had nowhere to stay.

The next day, he woke up early and wrote down a list of things he needed to do to make his new warm and cosy home. He needed 10 sticks, 10 pieces of bark, 10 long blades of grass and 10 pieces of straw. Then Sparkles started his journey to find everything on his list.

As Sparkles walked and walked, the first thing he found was a stick. But this stick was so big he decided he could not use it and continued his search. A few minutes later, Sparkles found another stick, but this stick was too small. Eventually, he found a stick that was the right size. Sparkles decided that it was now time for him to find 10 sticks exactly that size and he continued his search. By the end of the day, he went back to the riverbank with 10 sticks 1, 2 ,3, 4 ,5 ,6 ,7 ,8 9 and 10. Sparkles went to bed by the riverbank and kept his 10 sticks safe nearby.

The next morning, when Sparkles woke up, the first thing he remembered was his building list. He knew the next thing he needed to find were 10 pieces of bark. So, after breakfast, Sparkles walked along past the river and over the bridge and saw a big lone tree with a piece of bark dangling off it. He said to himself, "This piece of bark is way too big! I’m going to crush this huge piece of bark into 10 pieces so I can have all the right sizes I need to build my new warm and cosy home. Sparkles did exactly what he said he would do and crushed the bark into 10 pieces. After that he made his way back to the riverbank where he rested peacefully knowing that he had exactly 1, 2, 3,

4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 pieces of bark. The next morning Sparkles woke up and he knew his mission for the day was to go and find 10 long blades of grass so he could build his new warm and cosy home. Sparkles went along over the bridge and over the big hill to a big patch of green grass. He collected exactly 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 long blades of grass. Sparkles then made his way back to the riverbank and fell asleep.

Again, the next day he woke up and he knew he only needed to find one last thing on his building list. So, after he got dressed and had his breakfast, Sparkles the gnome walked along past the river and over the bridge then stopped when he came to a farm with big cows, sheep, pigs, and chickens. He walked around the farm until one of the cows asked him what he was doing, he let him know what he was doing and the cow kindly gave him 10 hay bales 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 then Sparkles preceded back over the bridge and to the riverbank.

Once there, he re-checked his building list Sparkles said "Great, I have collected everything on my list. This is perfect! I'm going to start building my warm and cosy home tomorrow!"

The very next morning, Sparkles woke up extra early and he started building his home. He used 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 sticks to make the walls. He then used 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 pieces of bark to make the doors and windows. Finally, Sparkles used the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 bales of hay to make the roof and he used the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 long blades of grass to tie it all together. That night Sparkles was so cosy he could finally have a nice warm sleep in his new home.

MUSIC

Music during Lockdown

"...to think creatively, we must be able to look afresh at what we normally take for granted."
— George Kneller

The Year 4 String orchestra sounded amazing! It was only a few weeks since the whole cohort had

begun playing together and the rich warm sound as over 50 violins and cellos played 'The Grand Old Duke', 'Monster Gnat' and 'Banjo Song' attracted the attention of passing staff and older students. Then, suddenly, with the announcement of lockdown later that day, new pathways and plans emerged...

Travelling along new paths can feel challenging but also exciting. Music learning is so much about connecting with others. In online forums, this connection is made in a different way and different aspects of music learning come to the fore. Listening and finding sounds in the world around us is a good place to start. Often in daily life we miss opportunities to 'look afresh' or in music, to 'listen afresh'. This time of online learning is a good opportunity to hear the music in our immediate environment and to create with the sounds around us.

Online learning certainly requires a different sort of creativity!

During online music lessons, Year 1 and 2 students are experiencing music lessons from Maia's vegetable patch. Here is the possibility of being inspired by Spring's energy as they sing and play recorder. Year 3 have opportunity to make their own musical staves from found objects like stones, wool and blades of grass. Year 4 can play along with recordings from Jenny and her dog, Truffle! Year 5 are listening afresh to birdsong, both in their own environment and in an eclectic resource library. They are using this as inspiration for original compositions. Year 6 are trying to fathom the stories in sounds. They will examine the bridge between music and meaning and create their own sets of meaning-imbued sounds with objects in their homes. Year 7 have been creating harmonies using virtual instruments and have made big leaps in their use of technology. Year 8 have created melodies out of water and glass – one of the more popular song choices is 'Hot Cross Buns'! Year 9 and 10 students created individual arrangements of a song using a combination of public use music and their own recordings of their voices and instruments (one trend so far has been to create the creepiest versions possible!).

While there are understandably mixed feelings about engaging with music in the online learning environment, many students are working in very creative and resourceful ways and are pushing themselves beyond usual boundaries, sometimes even in ways that they wouldn't be comfortable with in the classroom. The best of distance learning is when we suddenly experience curiosity and playfulness and explore our musical world afresh!

The fairest thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion that stands at the cradle of true art and true science – Einstein

Maia, Sarah and Jenny.

SPORT

Rowing

Many of our rowers have been working through winter to keep their fitness going. They have enjoyed joining their Daramalan crew mates on the cold, icy, frosty, foggy (did I mention icy?) mornings. It has been fantastic to see the dedication and discipline that these students continue to show through both the water sessions and the gym-based sessions at Orana.



Many other students from Year 9 and up have joined us in the gym for our 7am workouts as they look to keep fit for their own sports. Much of this work has continued through lockdown, with many of our students still greeting me with a smile at 7am via zoom to continue their weights or complete an aerobic session. The highlight of the zoom sessions would have to be the combined post-workout breakfast, where athletes come back to the zoom with breakfast for a catch up

and a chat. It is fantastic that many of our students can keep up this level of work through this time and is an extra bow in their quiver showing resilience in such situations. Well done team!



CRAFT GROUP

Spring is such an important time for the Orana Craft Group. We really need that effervescent energy which comes with lengthening days and warmer weather, as we are usually busy preparing for the Craft Stall at the Spring Fair in November. Our needle-felted fleece dolls would be gracing the cupboard in the Kurrajong building, our playmats getting their final embellishments, our lovely at-home crafters bringing in treasures like wooden swords and shields, little boats and farm fences, swirly cloaks to go with the beautiful felt crowns. And the Orana Crafters would be quietly (or not so quietly) persevering with felt dragons and unicorns, making Steiner doll heads for walking gnomes or pillar dolls, and finishing up the unfinished box so that all the wonderful treasures started over the past year have the best chance of finding their new homes.

This year, however, we are taking Spring a little more slowly. We have had to take a step back from our hopes for the Fair, and start thinking about what we can do instead to support our school community.

We've shared the 40 dolls for 40 years knitting patterns widely, and hope that there are many little woolen folk being created as a positive side effect of the lockdown, particularly for crafters

looking for a creative outlet which combines community spirit with making lovely dolls.

We'll keep the CG emails coming, so that we can keep in touch with our crafters, and share suggestions for things to do in these trying times. If you need instant inspiration, check out our Pinterest page at <https://www.pinterest.com.au/bluecardy/orana-craft-group-ideas/> and you are always welcome to drop us a line at the craft group mailbox craftgroup@oranaschool.com if you have any questions or hit a snag.

And we'll keep on planning for our return to 'normal', for new crafts to share with you and for different ways to sell the results of your and our hard work to support the school that supports us all.

Welcome to Spring - the season of hope and renewal.



