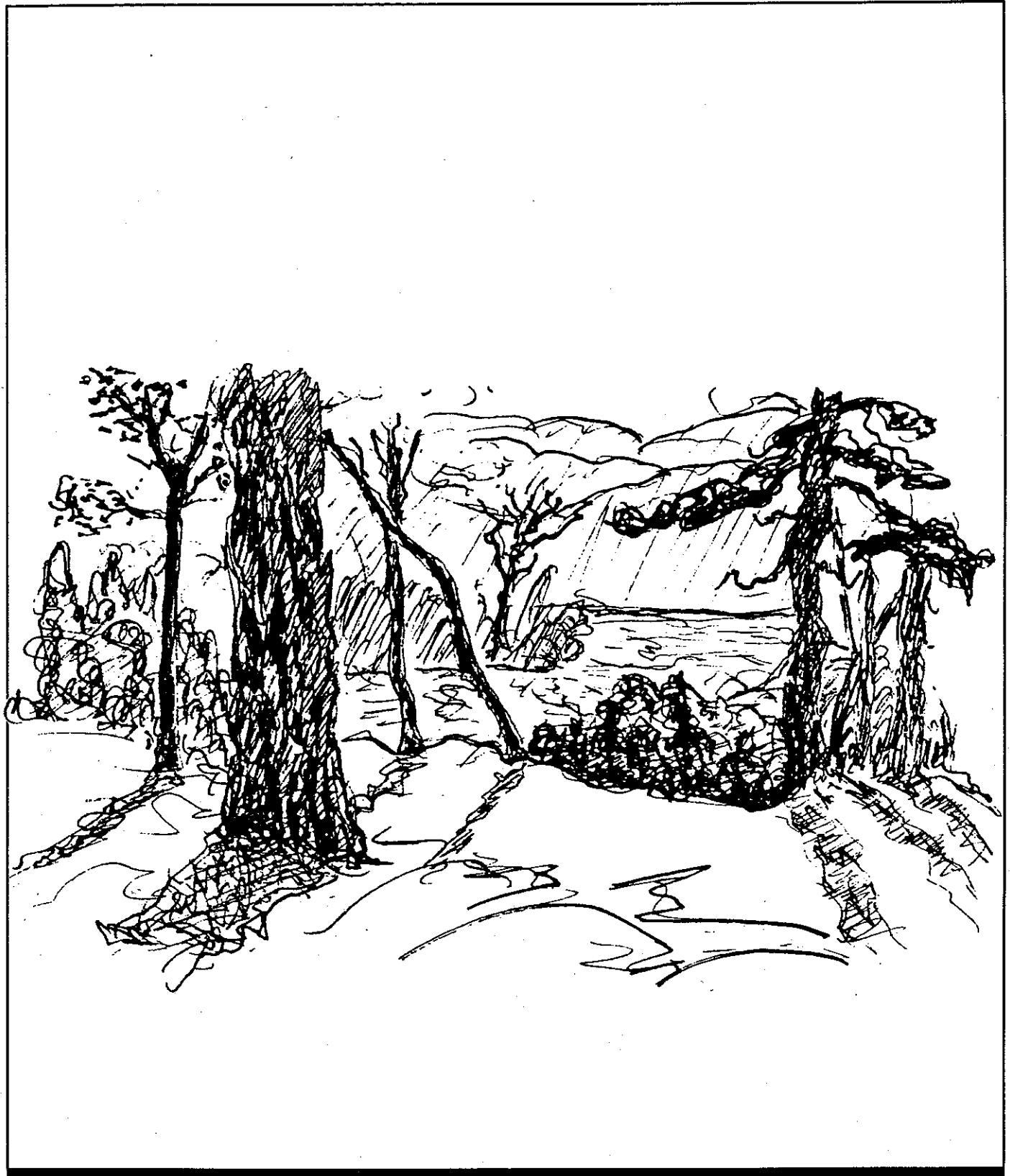


# Pathways

Volume 4, No. 6  
September-October, 1992

THE ONTARIO JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR EDUCATION



# Pathways

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Volume 4, No. 6  
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THE ONTARIO JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR EDUCATION

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## State of the Art

Cover art and selections within by Ron Mossop.  
(See Sketch Pad, page 4).

 *Pathways* is printed  
on recycled paper.

...a rise in attention generally to spiritual expression and environmental thought.

The *Pathways* editorial board would love to run a letters to the editor column regularly. The fact that we do not reflects our lack of sufficient feedback to maintain the column. How we choose themes for issues, therefore, is a product of the general themes of submissions we receive, the themes that seem most relevant at the time, and our own collective fancy as an editorial board. We also receive some feedback as support and criticism of ideas and suggestions from members, but usually these are in conversation and get melded into what we come to think as relevant themes to members. The theme of this issue, spiritual dimensions of Outdoor Education, emerges from these three influences. We have noted a rise in attention generally to spiritual expression and environmental thought. We have noted this attention in other journals as well, for example, *The Journal of Experiential Education* and *Environmental Views*. We hope that this issue makes a contribution to

a broad based "re-enchantment" with the earth. Within our cultural setting and certainly within COEO, this upswell can be felt. If we are on track or not on track with the suggested themes in the box below, please let us know with a letter. Again, we would like to add your thoughts with a regular letters to the editor section.

In the issue, each entry can stand on its own, but there is a hopeful synergistic effect at play here. We would recommend beginning with a moving dedication to Brian Pattison by Helen Parfitt and then going to the opening collection of works by a well travelled spiritual artist, Ron Mossop.

The editorial board would like to dedicate this issue to the memory of Brian Pattison. It is the appropriate issue by which to share in the loss and remember with joy the spirit and energy of Brian as an inspiring Outdoor Educator.

Bob Henderson  
and Clare Magee

## UPCOMING PATHWAYS THEMES

Nov/Dec .....	Eco-Ed Conference
Jan/Feb .....	Northern Outdoor Education
March/April .....	Kids Work
May/June .....	Greening your School or Centre

These themes generally constitute about half of each issue. Of course, all submissions are received with enthusiasm. The list, however, may spark some ideas. If you have any suggestions for future themes, let us know. Better yet, if you would like to serve as guest editor for a theme, please contact a member of the editorial board.

The true spirit of giving may best be reflected by one who volunteers. Looking back over my three years as President of the Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario, I have had the distinct pleasure of working with many wonderful volunteers.

I felt confident with the operations of the Council because of the dedication of the members involved in the many facets of our association. Their time, energy, fresh ideas and recycled ones, were the ingredients for success!

COEO has made significant contributions to the professional development and fellowship of educators across Ontario and beyond. The quality of our journal *Pathways* is second to none! Our workshops continue to be of high quality and attract a diversity of people year after year. ECO-ED was a dream which grew from the efforts of volunteers into reality — a World Congress for Education and Communication on Environment and Development.

COEO has grown to meet the challenges and will continue to do so to provide the professional development opportunities that have come to be expected. COEO will have a fully operable home office by year's end at 1220 Sheppard

Avenue in Toronto. We expect a streamlining of various operations and improved communications and services to the membership.

To the volunteers who contribute to the success of COEO — thank you. To the aspiring COEO volunteer — we welcome your involvement.

Have a successful year!

*Kathy Reid,  
President*



## Ron Mossop

It is with pleasure and gratitude that *Pathways* presents, for the first time in public print, a selection of poems and art of Ron Mossop. Although retired for ten years and unfamiliar with COEO and *Pathways* until last winter, Ron is a kindred educator and outdoor appreciator. He has a quiet, joyful connectedness which winks out in his knowing and expression of the spiritual side of meaningful encounters in nature. Displayed on the walls of his home are his own works in oil and water colour: vibrant paintings of the life, connections and feelings of natural scenes. For years he has kept a personal journal of poems and sketches which flowed from his natural encounters. With encouragement, he agreed to tidy-up and illustrate the selection shared in *Pathways*.

One has to work in conversation to learn about Ron's personal history. He believes in and is fully able to live in the here and now, always focused and authentic in communication. The following glimpses into Ron's personal life reveal more of the person, the artist, the poet.

Scarlet fever, pneumonia and lung infection brought on a collapsed lung in infancy. This apparent infirmity resulted in chronic fatigue while a child and a youth.

Gradually in the latter years of secondary school his health improved so that after grade 13 he passed the physical exam for WWII Air Force Pilots and headed his class "Summa cum laude." He counts it a blessing to have not fired at a human target throughout the war and to have been allowed university entrance as a young veteran, an experience he and his Depression-worn family could not have afforded.

Registered in Forestry, he worked for several summers in the White River area as a "compass runner" doing timber cruising. His work site was seven miles from the base camp, and he quickly and effectively learned to paddle that distance twice a day.

His real interest extended to Art, Teaching and the Ministry. After achieving a B.A., he spent a year and a half as a volunteer missionary at Hudson, near Sioux Lookout, developing a real connection and commitment to the people and to the land. Throughout this time, he earned cash income by off-loading coal, packing fish, and cutting wood.

His calling changed and he experienced 34 years of what he terms the "beautiful stuff" of teaching. As a secondary school teacher in Chelsey, Kenora, and the Barrie area, he became a principal in 1969 and retired in 1982. On being a principal, he says he strived to "have a structure which was respected; but within which each individual was allowed to grow, to move, to be as was right to that person at that time." He regularly took students outdoors to teach math and science when such practice was frowned upon. He often used his paintings and his poems to bring aspects of his own life into the classroom and seek lessons in feeling, appreciating forms, colours and connections, in expressing emotion. As a perennial coach of many sports, he often conducted extra activities for teams: outings to the fishing lodge; a trip to watch the U. of T. Basketball Team, often the first urban education outing for his rural boys.

His summers were always full: raising three children. Directing many summer

*Continued on page 6*

**Boulders in my Mind**



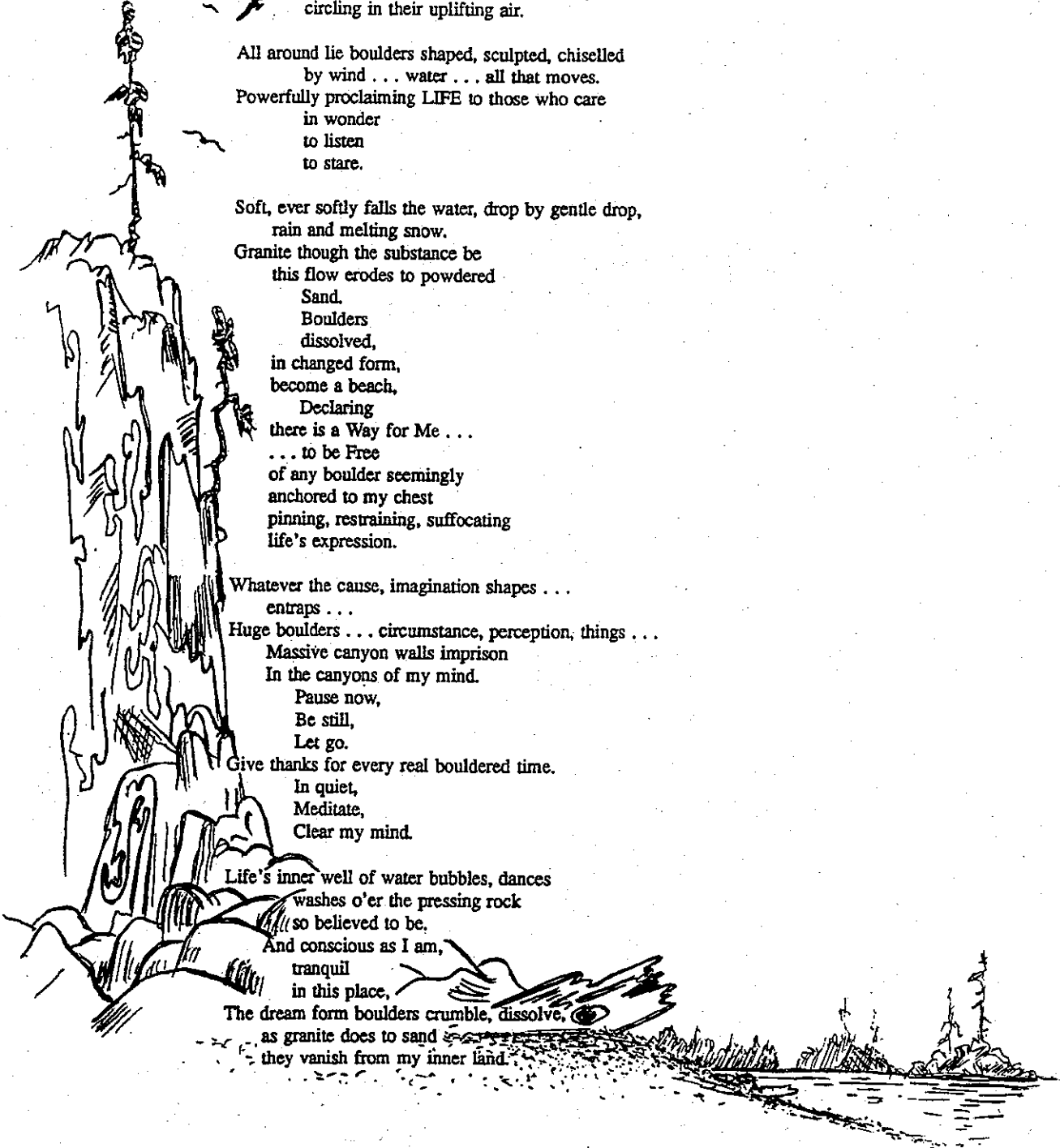
Embraced by towering immortal jagged rock . . .  
cliff face behind my back thrusting overhead.  
Muted bird songs blend with distance, river rapids' purr  
While whispering whoosh  
through feathered wing  
reveals  
the hawks  
circling in their uplifting air.

All around lie boulders shaped, sculpted, chiselled  
by wind . . . water . . . all that moves.  
Powerfully proclaiming LIFE to those who care  
in wonder  
to listen  
to stare.

Soft, ever softly falls the water, drop by gentle drop,  
rain and melting snow.  
Granite though the substance be  
this flow erodes to powdered  
Sand.  
Boulders  
dissolved,  
in changed form,  
become a beach,  
Declaring  
there is a Way for Me . . .  
. . . to be Free  
of any boulder seemingly  
anchored to my chest  
pinning, restraining, suffocating  
life's expression.

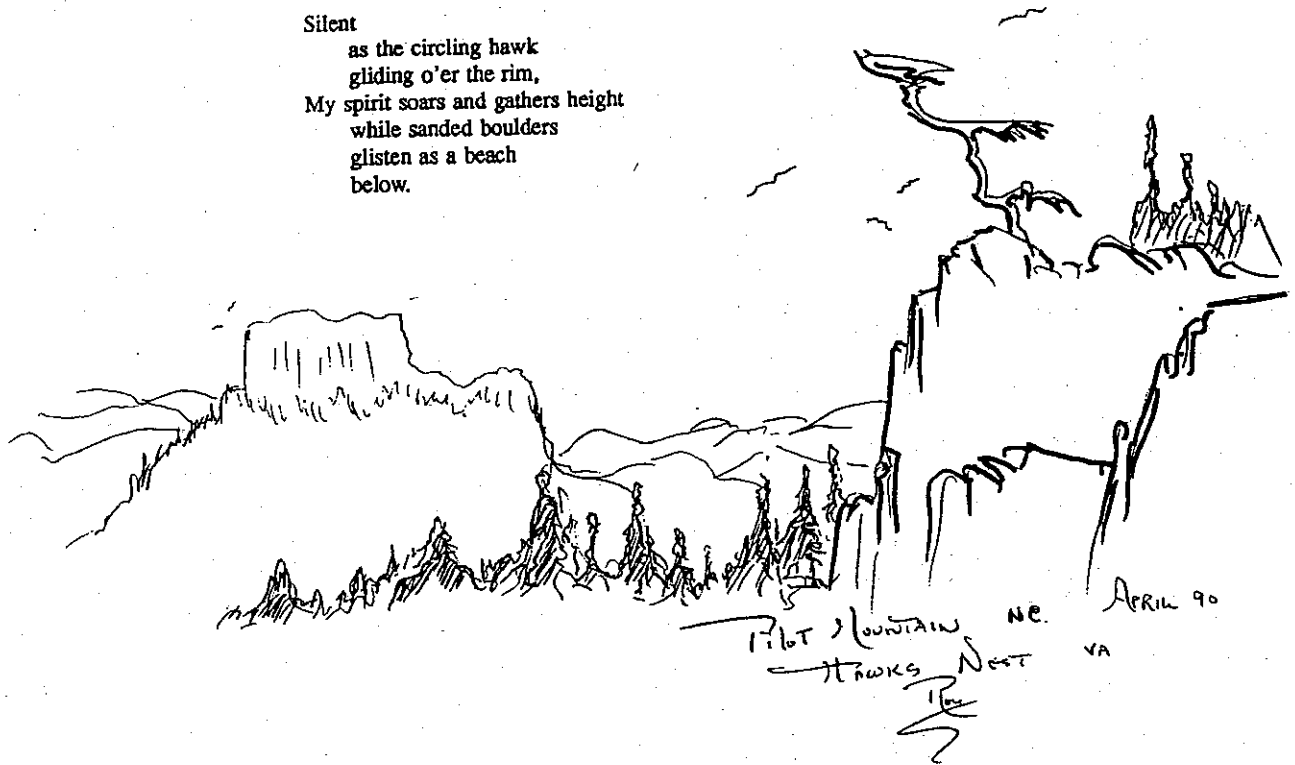
Whatever the cause, imagination shapes . . .  
entrap . . .  
Huge boulders . . . circumstance, perception, things . . .  
Massive canyon walls imprison  
In the canyons of my mind.  
Pause now,  
Be still,  
Let go.  
Give thanks for every real bouldered time.  
In quiet,  
Meditate,  
Clear my mind.

Life's inner well of water bubbles, dances  
washes o'er the pressing rock  
so believed to be.  
And conscious as I am,  
tranquil  
in this place,  
The dream form boulders crumble, dissolve,  
as granite does to sand  
they vanish from my inner land.



Boulders in my Mind (cont'd)

Silent  
as the circling hawk  
gliding o'er the rim,  
My spirit soars and gathers height  
while sanded boulders  
glisten as a beach  
below.



Recreation Programs, helping to construct then manage a fishing lodge, canoeing, painting and "being."

He and his wife, Pat, currently live in their home of 32 years nestled on the shores of Lake Simcoe just east of Barrie. Their three daughters and eight grandchildren are joys to both. Among his friends is Two-Bears, also with a piece in this issue.

Some random personal thoughts on his spiritually-based expression include:

"We're granted two ears and one mouth.  
... silence is the first step of the way."

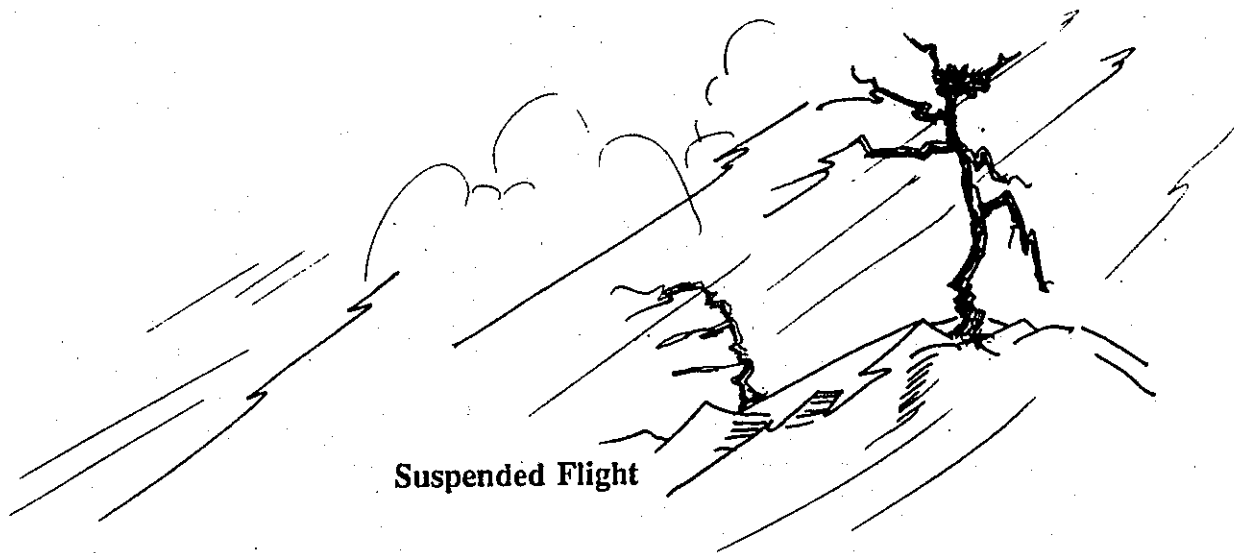
"Sometimes obscure medicine teaches me.  
When Coyote, the Trickster, appears up  
the bay  
I realize to be direct may not work."

"Intuition, an inner knowing, resides in  
us all."

Sharing a cup of tea and a conversation  
with Ron is always delightfully touching.  
His poems also touch. We're pleased to  
share them.

Clare Magee





Suspended Flight

Even the Hawk and Raven pause  
in their flight  
sitting  
silent.

To one who watches they may seem  
joyless  
angry  
fierce.

Observe . . .

Piercing eyes  
beholding creation's floor below  
with grand acceptance  
with grace.

Not always do they soar on winded currents  
nor glide in vibrant  
carefree  
movement.

The storms that rage in majesty  
find them still  
clinging to the cliff face  
the pine branch  
the nest.

In this place as in all others  
they are fulfilled  
wordless,  
beautifully  
eloquent.

Not limited by, but momentarily embracing,  
life's changing  
ever perfect  
Spirit Wind.

W SA APRIL 90

Trussed or Trust

Do wild geese or gliding gulls  
doubt the rising wind . . .  
obey the pulsing in their flight?  
Or eagles question finely feathered wings  
when launching  
from the canyon rim?

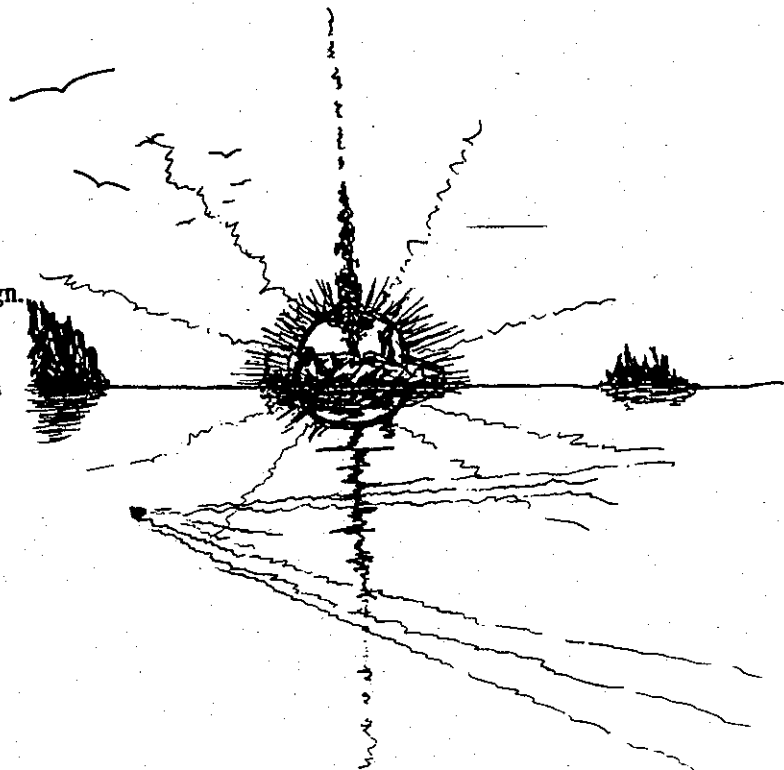


Do beavers know  
without reserves of doubt  
that winter ice will clear  
that young will soon appear  
to fill  
their family lodge?

What of the forest plants  
beneath the winter snow?  
Know they  
without reserve  
that spring  
will see their tender shoots  
pierce the carpet leaves  
to bloom anew?

Tall trees seem to be fulfilled  
embracing,  
connecting earth and sky.

All natural creation Trusts,  
Obeys  
the essence of its being,  
Expands  
Responds according to design.  
Oh man be tuned to all of this  
Aware . . .  
Divinely planted safe within  
lies Truth  
of your unfolding.  
Allow . . .  
the trust to flourish.  
Obey  
the stillness of  
your heart's connection  
with the One.



MARCH 70  
Barrie D.V.  
*[Signature]*

Sunmoon

Deep within the darkened waters  
the moon . . . shines bright . . .  
while high above its twin . . . resides  
Earth's beacon of the night.

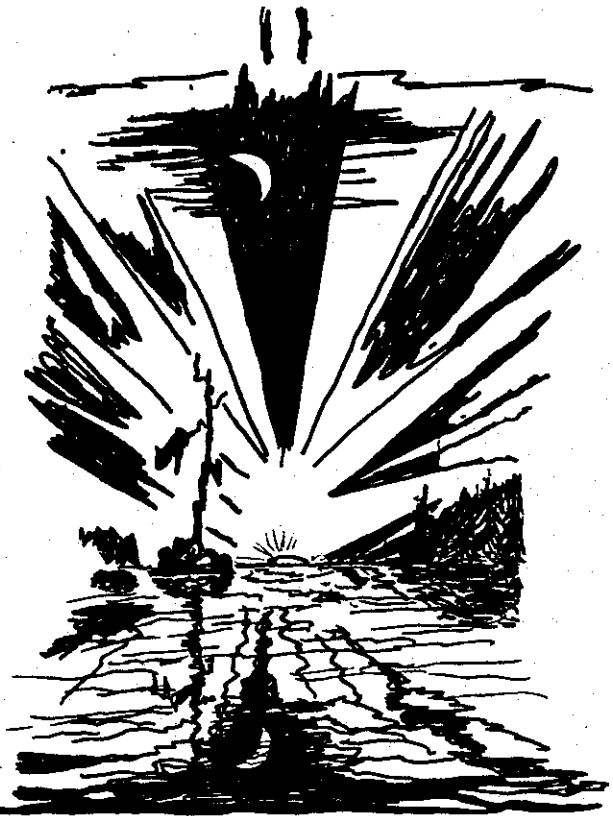
Now dawning sky reveals  
muted varied hues,  
consciousness of movement,  
Heaven's glorious news.

I  
now  
approach the Sun!

Sunlit moon still glows  
light fading in the sky  
its watery form beneath me  
has just now said goodbye.

Reason . . . tells me many things  
It's rising sun that moves?  
Feeling . . . now is whispering  
Let Go of fixed views.

Just  
as moonlight  
Emanates, reflecting centre Sun,  
So  
my child  
You truly are connected  
ALL  
IS ONE.



LAKE SIMCOE / 89

## The Boy and the Man of Cloth

by Rick Two-Bears

*The world in which we live is so caught up in the self-created complex process of life that we sometimes lose sight of the simple beauty in our world. Here is a story that I like to share that is applicable to all people no matter what their faith, belief, cultural preference or life style. It is a story, which on the surface appears to address one level, but beneath has more levels of teaching.*

*...something  
sacred that  
would better  
their life*

I am not sure when this happened exactly. All I can say is that it was a long, long time ago.

Near a Native village in the forest lived a man of the cloth. For years he had been just watching the village people preparing and letting the people become used to his presence. One day he received a letter telling him to get on with his mission or return back to his homeland.

So he went off to the village to talk to the village chieftain about his mission and how he wished to show them something sacred that would better their life. So it was, the chief called the medicine man to also hear what the man of cloth had to say. They decided it was very important. To show their respect and honour, they asked the chief's only son to go with the man of cloth and experience this gift. The boy was told to honour all that he saw and heard.

Not far from the village they came to a clearing and there in the clearing stood a building. The boy stopped, a little frightened. The man said to the boy, "You need not be afraid for that is the House of God."

So they walked on to the building and went inside. There the boy looked at the many rows of seats and the man said, "These are the seats of God where we can hear his words." Down in front were some things on a table. Pointing to some round

things, the man said, "This is the bread of God from which we are fed." Pointing to a container, he said, "This is the blood of God that nurtures us in life." He then pointed to what looked to be funny bark with strange markings on it and said, "These are the words of God so we may speak His Truth."

The boy wondered about all this. On the way back to the village, he was thinking of how he might honour this gift that was so important to this man. He asked the man of cloth if he could share something with him. He thought of how he might share with this man so that he might understand.

The boy led them off the main path up a short trail that came to the edge of a cliff overlooking a beautiful valley.

The boy waved his hand up and out over the valley and said, "Do you see all that is before us?" and the man of cloth said he did. "That is the House of God." "Do you see the forest below?" The man answered yes. The boy said, "That is the seat of God where we learn of life."

"Do you see the animals down there? They are the bread of God from which we are fed and clothed. Do you see the stream that runs through the valley? It is the blood of God that flows through the Earth Mother that nurtures us. Do you see the dew on the grass? That is the Tears of God

## The Boy and the Man

shed each day in the joy of watching His people live life in honour and beauty. Do you feel the warmth of Grandfather Sun upon our bodies? That is the love of God that warms our hearts each day. Do you hear my words that I speak to you? These are the words of God for I speak only Truth."

They walked the rest of the way to the village in silence. Upon reaching the village, the boy told the chief and medicine man what he had seen. As they began to thank the man of cloth for the honour he had shared with the boy, the man stopped them. He said it was he who should thank them. For today, through the eyes of a boy, he had remembered the beauty and joy in the world when he was a boy. He had learned again that God does not live within four walls alone, nor are the written words of God the only place the Truth of God in this world can be heard...

*Just as in the story we can expand our awareness and see Life and the Creator in all things around us. Then we will begin to honour and respect our world.*

*Rick Two-Bears is a Native teacher whose purpose is to bridge the races. He gives involving workshops and talks all across North America centred in this aspect of personal growth. He is an authentic, inclusive teacher with many layers of depth. In the fall, he will resume workshops based out of Heartland, 14310 Old Simcoe Road, Prince Albert, L9L 1C1, (416) 985-7241.*



## The Profanity of "Why?"

by Trish Vahey

*The desire to explore these mysteries and wonders must be awakened.*

There is a bad word floating around the English language. It is a word that children love and adults fear. It exists to create imagination, wonder, mystery and awe; instead it creates doubt, anxiety and insecurity. Surely, you think to yourself, this must be one enormous, thought-provoking word. Indeed, held within its three seemingly insignificant letters lie all the questions and answers to the universe. The word is "WHY?"

Asking someone, "why," creates consternation and invariably they will respond with "how." "How" is much easier, dealing in absolutes, facts, figures, research and proven theory. No one can question a how response. Thinking back on childhood you realize the most important questions were never answered. Why do birds fly? Why is grass green? Why do I pee? Why are there rainbows? Why do I have ten toes? Why do stars twinkle? If the Earth is round, why don't I fall off? All of these, and more, were given the textbook "how" answer or an "I don't know and it doesn't matter" shrug. The Outdoor Educator must encourage such questions. The desire to explore these mysteries and wonders must be awakened. At times, this may seem an insurmountable task, but the rewards are greater than the costs.

What has brought us to this point in history which denies the value of mystery? The unquenchable thirst humans have for knowledge has created a barren landscape of precise, no-nonsense analysis. Science and technology, in all their vaunted glory, have made us into unimaginative and unconcerned robots. Only science holds the answers we want to hear. Mysticism,

spirituality and the nature of the cosmos have lost their appeal. What else has been lost? What has been gained through denial of our fundamental musings?

The answers which science provides can create a lack of harmony between us and the cosmos. What has the potential to exist in place of our infatuation with progress? Brian Swimme suggests an allurement draws us mysteriously to certain interests. Allurement is a quality which captures the essence of the truest form of love. This allurement is in danger of extinction as our actions cause the mysteries to dwindle and fade. In demanding answers to the unanswerable, we lose the significance of mystery.

These wondrous mysteries allow us to maintain relationships. Swimme asks, "Why don't we experience everyone as utter, unendurable bores? Why isn't the cosmos made that way? Why don't we suffer intolerable boredom with every person, forest, symphony, and seashore in existence?" These relationships which we engage in with elements of the natural world are based on the unexplained impulses. The impulses are ingrained and primal, requiring attention and ultimately acquiescence. Giving in to these impulses and allowing fascination to overcome us begins a wild love affair with life. To have this love affair you must become enchanted with inquiry and wonderment. We must preserve the wonderment in inquiry.

*"You will enter relationships in a subtle manner, because your awareness has been opened. More of the world will be present to you; what was formerly invisible now shows itself. That's what we mean by saying your being has been aroused,*

*activated, awakened, and evoked...will carry within yourself the complexity of the world in a manner unimaginable to your previous self. You will know you are not disconnected from the life of the world....”*

(Swimme, 1984, p. 52.)

We have lost this heightened level of awareness, this ability to carry on a love affair with the cosmos. That everything is connected is an understanding that has been lost. All life, matter and energy shares in each experience. That is the rediscovery that we must achieve. A perfect circle — no beginning and no end. The frightening thought is that we may be the end if we fail to rejoin the circle.

Morris Berman explains that prior to the Scientific Revolution, nature was considered to be enchanted, and the cosmos was a place where humans felt a sense of belonging. Individuals did not distance themselves from their surroundings. An awareness of the complete, biotic community existed. People saw themselves as part of the bigger picture, parts contributing to the whole. The whole was of consequence because it was home, the provider. We have lost this enchantment — what we have now is disenchantment. Berman, in *The Reenchantment of the World*, states:

*“...there is no ecstatic merger with nature, but rather total separation from it. ...I am not my experience, and thus not really a part of the world around me...and I do not feel a sense of belonging to it. What I feel, in fact, is a sickness in the soul.”*

In failing to ask the “why” questions and, more importantly, in failing to answer them, we have lost our precious connection with the universe. We no longer fear the natural world because we no longer wonder at it. This lack of fear and wonder leads to no sense of accountability. Ceasing all wonder and imagination is not a healthy enterprise. It leads to dissatisfaction and

the notion that dominance is natural.

Dominance over the cosmos is the perspective that science has provided for human relationships. Science demands that humans remove themselves from nature and reduce it to measurable units, and in so doing manipulate it to their advantage. All objects lose value unless another values them. By dissecting nature, we have gained control over it by achieving an understanding of the “hows.” (Berman, 1981)

Science thrives on recalling all things through intense observation and recording. In doing so it attempts to resolve all doubt, conflict and the lack of explanations which contain qualities of the universe create. As Theodore Roszak says, in *Where the Wasteland Ends*,

*“Who could ask for anything more?...no one who does not know that more exists; no one, who does not know it so vividly, so poignantly, so painfully that neither the easeful distractions of industrial plenty nor the stern authority of science can stifle the vital desire to reside in the greater reality...that it is the culture of science from which we are to be free spirits...for what science can measure is only a portion of what man can know.”*

“For what science can measure is only a portion of what man can know.” The importance of wonder and discovery appear once again. What science cannot measure are the answers we must search for within ourselves. The answers are not necessarily as important as the journey itself. Simply attempting the journey signifies an attempt at reenchantment.

Without reenchantment, we will continue to alter the role of what Roszak calls “mystical consciousness in our culture.” Jacques Monod has said, “...that there is no plan, that there is no intention in the universe...this is the essential message of science replacing the ancient

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animist covenant between man and nature, leaving nothing in place of that precious bond but an anxious quest in a frozen universe of solitude."

Knowing, in the scientific sense, has distanced man from the natural world. It has encouraged callous behaviour; degraded our awareness; and depleted our "ability to defend the claims of the sacred in ourselves, our fellows and our environment." (Roszak, 1972, p. 173) Science never claims to be wisdom, but it does cleverly disguise itself behind the skirts of knowledge.

Science regards much of the natural world as inanimate, unfeeling and separate from human beings. They experience a "compulsive need to disenchant whatever was mysterious, immaterial, transcendent: in a word to reduce...to reduce all things to the terms that objective consciousness might master." (Roszak, 1972, p. 248) By making mysteries objects of study and experimentation, science devalues all that is vitally important. Suddenly, a mysterious experience is someone's thesis and explanations are dutifully provided. What no one seems to realize is that explanations are not always necessary or even desired. It is often enough to experience a mystery — to ask yourself "Why?" and come up with a multitude of answers. All answers are your own and therefore all answers are plausible. The not knowing is what makes a mystery such a breathtaking, awe inspiring experience. If science continues to devalue mystifying occurrences and objects, nature will lose any of the unexplainable appeal it somehow manages to maintain.

*"If our powers of perception could but recover a portion of their original brilliance — that 'visionary gleam' of what Wordsworth sang we should then see that, to one degree or another, all things*

*are enveloped with a magic which it is gratifying (but how weak a word that is) beyond all else to witness."*

Roszak, 1972, p. 254.

Unfortunately, ever since the beginning of the Scientific Revolution that "visionary gleam" has been dimmed. This is due in part to science's concern with the "how" and not the "why." "Why" was then and continues to be less relevant. Throughout the course of history, the importance of "how" increased while "why" became of little or no concern. "How" is measurable and observable, "why" is not. "Why" is creative, imaginative, and best of all, it is elusive. "Why" therefore became the pariah of science.

What is to come of people who don't wonder? Will any chance at a love affair with the cosmos be lost? Without the love affair, the attraction will cease to exist between ourselves and the mystery of the universe.

*"All interest, enchantment, fascination, mystery, and wonder would fall away, and with their absence all human groups would lose their binding energy."*

Swimme, 1984, p. 49.

People must not fear questions which have no answers. It is only through questioning that we can establish some form of communication with the cosmos. Reestablishing an enchantment with that which makes us complete is not nonsense, it is essential.

When a question is posed with the word "why" in it care must be taken not to respond with the "how" of the situation. "Why" should not be ignored, its value is genuine and the discoveries it provides are necessary.

**NOTE:** The science which I refer to, is that which ignores the existence of "why." The contributions science makes to society are often invaluable. A balance must be struck,



however, between the pursuit of "pure" science, and the value of admitting uncertainty.

## A De-Creation Story

There comes a time when every parent must let go of their children. It is a difficult, heart-wrenching decision, however, it must be carried out. Often it occurs when the children believe they know more than their parents. Only after the children have spread their wings, do they realize how little they truly know.

Each inhabitant of the planet has a mother, and ultimately, we all have the same nurturing parent, the Earth. Is it time for her to know as little as the individual child that leaves the nest?

From deep within the planet, Mother Earth grumbles her displeasure as blindly, we qualify her deeds through scientific terms. "Shifting plates, high pressure system meets low pressure system — why do they think these things happen? I grow weary of this lack of respect and the detached manner with which they view my power." Mother Earth was not one to display her abilities for no reason; however, she did tire of her feats being distanced from the reality behind them. She was going to have to take action.

"I have been monitoring these humans for many, many years and I have noted every action,\* every so-called accomplishment and it is with a heavy heart that I make the necessary decision."

Floods, volcanoes, tornadoes and earthquakes had not given the people of Earth enough indication that they had annoyed their mother.\*\* They had annoyed her with their lack of vision and imagination. No longer did they consider themselves a part of her and all her other children.

On the surface, the trembling began to be felt. Homes, schools and skyscrapers began to crumble. Major cities were devastated. Mother Earth listened with anticipation to the news reports but was dismayed to hear the happenings explained away through scientific jargon. So, the destruction continued. Again she listened, the reports remained the same.

Mother Earth wept great tears for many days in honour of the once great children she had lost. As Mother Earth shed her final tear, the last sign of "civilization" was washed into the sea.

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\* As Brian Swimme comments on pages 65-66 of *The Universe is a Green Dragon*, the Earth keeps an accounting of "all energy exchanges no matter how minute. ...no carpet under which anything can be swept: All is counted and entered in the natural ledgers of the Earth."

\*\* As Brian Swimme comments on pages 80-81 of *The Universe is a Green Dragon*, all violent acts which occur over time accumulate and compound themselves. "The Earth suffers under the weight of accumulated misery and pathology."

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## In Search of the Perfect Leaf

by Maxime Monkman

“**M**om! Mom!”

“Yes, Robin, what would you like?”

“I’m going outside to play.” Robin answered.

“Okay,” her mother replied, “but stay away from the road.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.” Robin mumbled as she headed out the door. What did her mom think she would do — wrestle the cars? Robin wondered.

It was about 10:30 on a Saturday morning and eight year old Robin headed to the front lawn. It was a cool autumn day at her farm where she lived with her mom and dad. She had nothing to do and no brothers or sisters to play with. Robin hopped on her bike and rode around and around and around the circular driveway. She tried to dodge the leaves that fell from the trees. There were lots of leaves because huge maple trees were all around Robin’s house.

As Robin cycled past her favourite tree — it was her favourite tree to climb — a leaf hit her right on the forehead. She giggled to herself. The leaf had tickled her.

Well, she was not very good at dodging the falling leaves so Robin changed her game. Now she tried to not ride over any leaves. This was impossible so Robin changed the game rules again and now she tried to run over as many leaves as she could. Robin was swerving back and forth across the land when suddenly her mother called her into the house.

“Robin, it’s time for lunch. Come on in and get washed.”

“I’m not hungry.” Robin answered.

“You will be in an hour and I’m not serving lunch then.” Robin’s mom replied.

Robin biked over the door, dropped her

bike and went inside for lunch.

After she had eaten, Robin said to her mother, “Mom, I’m bored. What can I do?”

“You could draw me a picture.” was Mother’s answer.

“Nah.” was all Robin said.

“How about riding your bike? You could set up a driving course like you enjoy doing.” Mother suggested.

“I already rode my bike.” Robin replied.

“Why don’t you go out and find me a perfect maple leaf?” Mother asked.

“Okay.” Robin said. She got dressed in her coat and hat and headed outside once again. Robin went straight to her favourite tree. Surely it would have a perfect leaf. At first Robin kicked the leaves around with her feet and looked for the leaf. She finally saw one that caught her eye. When she bent down to pick it up she noticed the leaf beside the one she had noticed first. The second leaf was neat too. Before long, Robin was on her hands and knees crawling through the leaves and picking up several of them.

After quite some time, Robin went back into the house. When Robin’s mom heard the door open she hollered to Robin.

“Did you get a leaf?”

“Boy, did I!” answered Robin.

As Robin entered the room, Mother’s jaw fell open. Robin had not one leaf but one armful of leaves.

“Oh my goodness Robin. I thought I asked you to find one perfect leaf?” Mother said astonishingly.

“Oh these leaves are all perfect in different ways.” Robin responded as she let her arms separate and the leaves fell to the floor. Robin plunked herself down beside

the pile and proceeded to tell her mother how each leaf was perfect in its own unique way.

"You see this one?" she asked her mother. "It has a perfect hole right in the middle. And look at this one — its stem is exactly like the letter J. This one here is curved up perfectly like a little bowl. Oh, and this one...."

It took almost half an hour for Robin to explain to her mother what made each leaf perfect. When she was finished her mother asked Robin what she was going to do with all the leaves now.

"I'm going to keep them in my room." Robin stated.

"You know, there's a good way to keep your leaves so they will be around forever and they will be nice and neat." Robin's mother said.

"There is?" questioned Robin, "How?"

"You can press the leaves in a big book for a week or so and when they are really flat you can mount them on a piece of paper and cover them." answered Mother.

"But what about the one with the curved

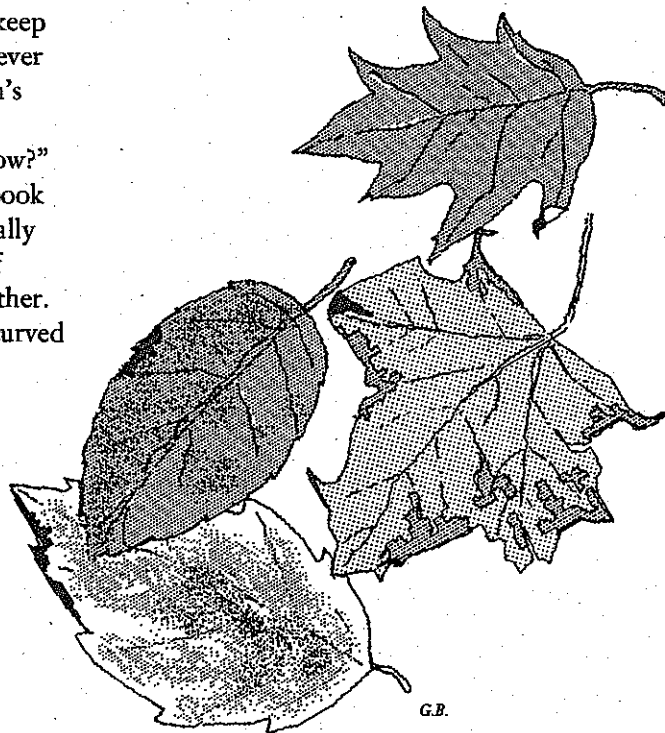
tips and the one like a bowl? They won't be like I found them." Robin said, not wanting to change her leaves. Robin looked unhappy and confused that her mother wanted to flatten her leaves.

Mother, seeing the frown on her daughter's face, understood what Robin was saying.

"You're right dear. Let's leave the leaves just the way they are — they're perfect."

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*Maxime Monkman lives in Chesley, Ontario. Currently she is at Teachers College at the University of Western Ontario.*



## Soil Conservation Kit

Adapted by Mike Puddister  
Ontario Chapter,  
Soil and Water  
Conservation Society

Soil erosion from farmland and urbanization is a major contributing factor to the degradation of water quality in the Great Lakes Basin. The degradation of our soil and water resources through improper soil management has far reaching impacts environmentally, socially and economically. The National Research Council in a 1986 report stated that the costs to farmers from soil degradation total \$1.2 billion annually. A study of three southwestern Ontario watersheds has shown that sport fishing resources could be enhanced to the tune of \$35 million per year through conservation tillage.

Public awareness of problems such as erosion, runoff and reduced water quality is essential in order to identify and implement solutions. Although soil degradation is of particular importance to the agricultural community, its impact on urban citizens cannot be understated. Finding solutions to our environmental issues will require a firm knowledge of scientific principles, compiled with an understanding of human relationships: social, economic, political and environmental.

The Soil Conservation Kit was developed by the Ontario Chapter of the Soil and Water Conservation Society and the Federation of Ontario Naturalists. The lessons and activities in the kit have been designed to meet the requirements of the most current Ontario Ministry of Education Curriculum documents for science, environmental science and geography. While focused on grades 7 to 10, many of the activities can be adapted for younger or older age groups.

The Soil Conservation Kit invites students to explore the fascinating forms of life that exist in the earth beneath our feet!



The Kit encourages us to look at the role of soil in our lives, and how dependent upon it we are. Having students think about how their lives are connected to soil is the hook for helping them realize how the rapidly deteriorating quality of soil in the environment might influence their well being. Most importantly, the Kit provides youth with motivation and the accurate background to get involved in soil conservation efforts.

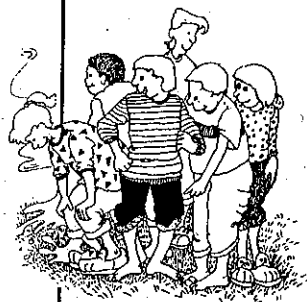
The Kit is divided into seven units, a glossary and a resources section. Each unit consists of a set of lessons, background information and references. A lesson includes several activities with both teacher summaries, and student handouts which can be photocopied for classroom use. The resource section of the Kit includes several material such as slides and a script, soil samples, and an annotated bibliography.

### SAMPLE ACTIVITY

#### Soil Conservation Awareness "Hit the Campaign Trail!"

##### Introduction

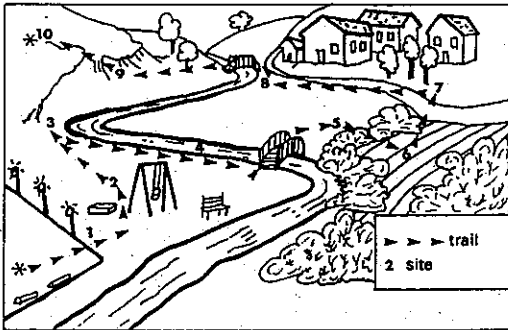
People often feel helpless when they think about environmental and resource problems. The most important thing to realize is that we as individuals can make a difference. This activity will help you plan a soil conservation and awareness campaign. The objectives of planning a soil conservation awareness campaign are to make people more aware of soil, soil degradation and soil conservation, and to encourage environmental action.



## Plan a Self Guiding Trail

### Summary

People learn best from observing or experiencing real situations. The following are instructions for setting up a self guiding trail in your school yard (or in a local park or neighbourhood with permission).



### What you will need

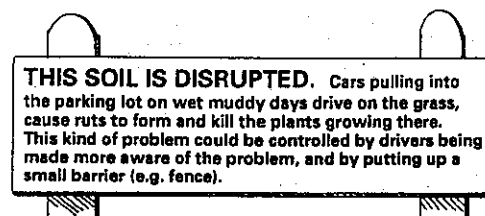
- waterproof poster markers
- roll of clear peel back plastic (e.g., Mactac)
- lightweight cardboard (like that found in nylon or shirt packages)
- 254 popsicle sticks
- masking tape
- scissors
- background information and class notes on soil conservation
- white paper
- black fine tipped waterproof markers

### What to do

1. Find examples of some or all of the following situations. You should be able to link the locations together to form points along a trail
  - compacted soil
  - eroded soil
  - sedimentation
  - rotting logs and leaves turning to soil
  - disturbed or rutted soil surface
  - erosion control (soil conservation)

- healthy, fertile soil
- exposed soil profile
- think up your own situation!

2. Number the locations and draw a map showing the locations of each site (see diagram).
3. For site #1, cut out a piece of cardboard 15 cm x 30 cm. Using a waterproof marker, write the number in the top left hand corner, and describe what is happening and its significance. Try to keep the description to three sentences or less.
4. Repeat step #3 for the other sites.
5. When you have written all your signs, cut out a piece of Mactac 30 cm x 30 cm for each one. Peel away half the backing and stick to the cardboard. Peel away the remaining half of the sticker backing and fold over the Mactac to protect the entire sign.
6. Turn the sign over and tape two popsicle sticks to the base of the sign.
7. Place your signs in the ground at their appropriate locations.
8. Give the trail a name. Prepare a good copy of the trail map using a white piece of paper and the fine tipped black markers. Photocopy enough copies to hand out to participants in the soil conservation campaign.



### How to Get the Soil Conservation Kit

The Kit is available for \$75.00 plus \$5.00 postage and handling from the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, 355 Lesmill Road, Don Mills, Ontario, M3R 2W8 (416) 444-4819.

## Appreciation of Nature

Gathered and adapted by Maithel Lee Wilson

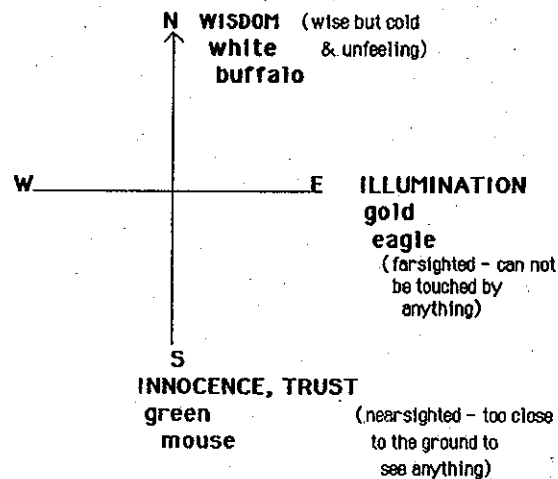
### Purpose

- to improve students' affective skills
- to encourage students to take the time to stop and look at nature
- to understand that we require a balance in our cycle of life
- to notice the beauty of the world around us
- to feel that nature can soothe the mind

Remind students not to harm our natural surroundings, and only to choose something to keep if there are several of them.

### ARTS AND CRAFTS IDEAS:

1. **Medicine Wheel:** Plains Indians of North America taught their children the great powers of the Medicine Wheel. At birth each of us is given a beginning on the Medicine Wheel. The four cardinal points each represent an inner gift. Once we learn that this beginning gift is the most natural to us, our journey throughout our life is to seek understanding in each area. A balancing of our inner self is the ultimate goal. Below is an explanation titled, "The Powers of the Medicine Wheel."



### The Powers of the Medicine Wheel

Among some Native American people, a child's first teaching is of the great powers of the Medicine Wheel.

To the north on the medicine wheel is found wisdom. The colour of the wisdom of the north is white and its medicine animal is the buffalo.

The south is represented by the sign of the mouse and its colour is green. The south is the place of innocence and trust, and for perceiving closely our nature of heart.

In the west is the sign of the bear. The west is the look-within place, which speaks of the introspective nature of humans. The colour of this place is black.

The east is marked by the sign of the eagle. It is the place of illumination, where we can see things clearly far and wide. Its colour is the gold of the morning star.

At birth, each of us is given a particular beginning place within these four great directions on the medicine wheel. This starting place gives us our first way of perceiving things, which will then be our easiest and most natural way throughout our lives. But any person who perceives from only one of these four great directions will remain just a partial person. A person who possesses only the gift of the north will be wise, but will be cold and without feeling. And the person who lives only in the east will have the clear, farsighted vision of the eagle, but will never understand or believe that they can be touched by anything.

A man or woman who perceives only from the west will go over the same thought again and again, and will always be undecided. And if a person has only the gift of the south, everything will be seen with the eyes of a mouse. The person will be too close to the ground and too near-sighted to see anything except whatever is close

enough to touch her or his whiskers.

But none of these people would yet be whole. After each of us has learned of our beginning gift, our first place on the medicine wheel, we then must grow by seeking understanding in each of the four great ways. Only in this way can we become full — capable of growing and seeking, capable of balance and decision in what we do.

**Craft:** After having explained and discussed “The Powers of the Medicine Wheel,” give each student a circle of bristle board with the four directions of the wheel. Have the students find material objects (i.e., 5 of each) in the forest the colour of the wheel and list them on this bristle board. Place your favourite object in the middle of the wheel. Attach the name of the object to your name (e.g., Lee white feather.) Discuss why nature is so important to the Native American.

**2. Dream Catchers:** Tell the story of the Chief who became tormented with nightmares. As a result, his people suffered illness and poverty. His daughter travelled many moons in search of a powerful old woman. She created an object that she gave to the young maiden to hang over her father’s bed. The evil spirits were caught in the webbing and disappeared through the hole in the middle. The good spirits, dreams of balance and harmony, were caught in the web.

**Materials Needed:**

- stick shaped in a circle — endless cycle of life
- web made of sinew — star-shaped — 5 points (necessary to support the web, just as a balance of all things is essential in the cycle of life)

First point — all that is green and growing

Second point — all that moves and breathes

Third point — the different elements

Fourth point — Mother Earth

Fifth point — all those things we cannot

touch (i.e. stars)

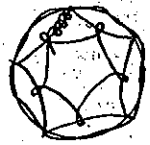
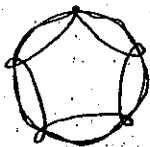
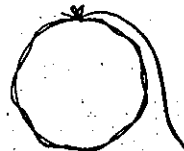
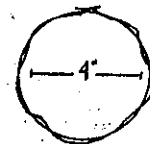
- feather — magical
- beads — Medicine Wheel colours (white, gold, green, black)

Following are the instructions on how to make the Dream Catcher followed by the story.

### Dream Catcher

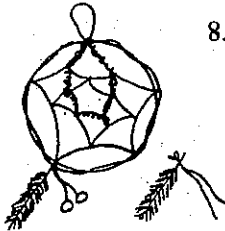
“Hang over the head of a sleeping child; bad dreams will get tangled in the web and the good dreams will slide down the feather into the child.”

1. Make a 10 cm diameter loop with a number 4 reed (or use natural grapevine). Length of reed is approximately 75 cm. Wrap the remaining reed around this loop.
2. Tie one end of a 150 cm piece of sinew (waxed string) where reed ends overlap.
3. Around this hoop/circle, wrap the string once every 4 to 5 cm inches until you have made 5 or 6 loops and are back to the starting point. Note: be sure to pull tightly.
4. Wrap (like a snake around a branch), the string until halfway down its length; then loop over each string length (in the middle) until back to “snake-wrapped area.”
5. On the row you’ve just completed, wrap the first length of string until halfway down; loop over each sinew length (in middle) as before until back to snake-wrapped area.
6. Continue this same pattern until circle gets small in middle of web (perhaps 4-5 times). Remember to pull tightly as you make the web.





7. When you have reached the centre, begin wrapping the string web (again, like a snake) until you've worked your way back to the original starting point. Form a loop for hanging with the leftover string.



8. Tie onto a feather tip, one end of two 30 cm lengths of coloured embroidery floss. Tie the feather onto the dream catcher at one of the loops. Tie a bead each onto the remaining piece of the embroidery floss.

**The Legend:** Long ago in this area, there lived an old Ojibwa Chief and his daughter. This Chief guided his tribe with the help of spirits who brought him teachings and prophecies in his dreams. These spirits were kind and wise and the people were prosperous and living in balance and harmony with their world.

As time passed, however, the Chief was visited more and more often by evil spirits. Nightmares replaced his dreams and his people were confused and grew careless, suffering both illness and poverty. The Chief himself grew weak and his nightmares tormented him both night and day. The shaman tried many medicines but the Chief did not respond and fell deeper and deeper into darkness.

The Chief's daughter was very worried about her father and as she searched for a way to help him, she remembered stories told her by her mother long ago. The young maiden remembered a story about an Old Woman living alone on a hidden island to the north. She remembered her mother telling of the powerful old magic known by this woman and of the mystery surrounding her. Following an ancient instinct, the maiden began her search for the woman and paddled north for several moons.

After a long and tiring journey she arrived at a tiny island almost invisible in the mist. There the Chief's daughter found an Old Woman with the long white hair of one who has much experience behind her;

and with lines of wisdom etched in her face. Knowing the reason for the visit, the Old Woman took the maiden by the hand and led her to a small clearing where she began to create a strange and beautiful object.

Taking a nearby stick, the Old Woman bent it into a circle, the "perfect shape," representing the endless cycle of life. With strands of sinew, the Old Woman then began to weave a web; star-shaped and with five-points. As she worked, the Old Woman explained that the first point represented "all that is green and growing," the second, "all that moves and breathes," and the third, "the different elements" bringing rain to the thirsty, warmth to the cold and change to the seasons. The fourth point was symbolic of "Mother Earth herself" and the fifth of "all those things we cannot touch," like the many silver stars above. The Old Woman explained that every point was necessary to support the web, just as a balance of all things was essential in the cycle of life. Finally, the Old Woman hung a magical feather from the web and decorated it with four coloured beads representing the four compass directions and their medicine wheel teachings about the balancing of man's inner self.

The Old Woman placed the object into the maiden's hands explaining that its purpose, like that of the spider's web, was to catch. The maiden was to hang the web above her father's bed where, in the dark it would catch the spirits guiding the Chief. The evil spirits would disappear through the hole in the middle, taking their nightmares with them, but the good spirits, those guiding with dreams of balance and harmony, would be caught and kept in the web.

The Chief's daughter did as she was advised and as her father grew in strength and wisdom, his people regained their balance and prosperity. Thus, from this day on, the Ojibwa people have kept Dream Keepers above their beds.



**3. Talisman:** Make a pouch out of leather and carry it around your neck. In it keep those special objects (non-living) found in our natural world. The Native people believed that it gave them power. As a token of love, give it to a "special person."

**4. Medallion:** to honour nature

Cut out a round disk about 12 cm in diameter out of bristle board.

Braid a rope out of yarn and glue to the back.

Cover both the front and back with construction paper.

Make a scene out of seeds and plants and glue them on.

**5. Smoke Printing:** Use a toilet paper roll or a piece of rolled paper, look through it, scan the horizon, and select a scene to draw.

Take a piece of bristle board 7 cm x 12 cm and cover sparingly with lard.

Use a candle to smoke the surface.

With a stick, sketch your chosen scene.

**6. Driftwood:** Find a "treasure" (shell, stone) to glue onto the piece of wood. You may have to level off the surface. If preferred, cover with varnish.

**7. Feelings:** Divide a piece of construction paper into the following sections:

How ugly is your environment?

How beautiful is your environment?

Joy in your environment

Sadness in your environment

How time changes the environment

Find natural or human-made materials or objects and create some art from them.

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## Nature — No Word For It

by Jerry Jordison

*Most people collect names when collecting plants or animals, not knowing about the quality of them.*

When my children were very young they would spend hours watching an insect. They would discover how it moved, how it ate, its vision, touch, colour, texture and habits. They would get to know the "spirit" of the animal. Later, as they grew up, the investigation of an insect lasted only until they found a name for it. Names have power. With a name, it seems, everything is known. Tom Brown observes that "Naming tends to remove the mystery, and when the mystery is gone, there is no further searching."

What is a cattail? Does the name tell us that it grows in ponds. That it is useful in sewage lagoons as filters. That you can eat every part of it: the root as a vegetable or ground into a flour, the stem as a delicious green, or the pollen stalk, boiled and eaten like corn on the cob. Does the name tell us that the leaves can be used to make baskets and cordage. The seed heads can be made into a warm sleeping bag or used for tinder to start a fire. Most people collect names when collecting plants or animals, not knowing about the quality of them.

One of my recent endeavours is to locate and identify plants especially for their medicinal and food uses. I find that after I looked up the plant in Peterson or another guide book, my next step is to remember the name and forget about the reason I wanted to know about the plant. I feel I need to know the name of every plant in the area. Over the years, however, I have forgotten more names than I remember.

The ones I do remember are the ones that I have eaten and used in various ways. "Only after animals and plants are intimately known should names be given..." is the advice of Tom Brown. His Teacher, an Apache elder, Stalking Wolf said, "Know the spirit before

you know the name."

Tom Brown's method to get children involved in nature is to ask another question when the child asks to know the name of something. Steve Van Matre suggests that using sign language or mime to act something out "...is good for breaking through the 'words for things' barrier." As a teacher, we have to be aware of the folly of names and try to rekindle the students' natural curiosity.

Observing nature should be passive. Practicing a form of meditation — become silent, avoid internal dialogue — will allow us to receive nature with joy and surprises. During these times it is how you "feel" that is important, not what was that sound or texture.

When people receive inspirations, intuitions, insight, it all comes in a flash of feeling. Van Matre says, "When certainty of thought comes it arrives as a surge of feeling not as a deluge of words." I remember reading about Richard Bach and how he wrote his best selling book, *Jonathon Livingston Seagull*. During a walk one night he experienced a flash of insight and that night wrote the first half of the book. It was not until ten years later that with another flash of wisdom that he completed the book in the next few days. Words did not come to him. It was inspiration or a "knowing" of the story that flooded into his mind.

Tom Brown puts it best when he says don't get caught up with words or names. Everything worth knowing goes beyond the name. Concentrate on interacting with the things you encounter in nature, on the concepts, feelings and sensations. "Know the soul before you know the name, and you will experience much more."

*Jerry Jordison teaches Outdoor Education in Temagami, Ontario*

## Brian Pattison — A Reflection on his Life

By Helen Parfitt

**B**rian Pattison, dedicated outdoor education and C.O.E.O. member, died on June 6, 1992 at the age of 35 after a six year struggle with cancer.

After graduating with a Masters Degree from the Faculty of Environmental Studies at University of Waterloo in 1984, Brian demonstrated his commitment to environmental education by accepting a position as an educator at Durham Forest Outdoor Education Centre for the Durham Board of Education. After being diagnosed with a brain tumour in 1986, Brian went on to teach at Laurie Lawson Outdoor Education Centre in Cobourg with the Northumberland and Newcastle Board of Education. He stayed there until his deteriorating health prevented him from continuing.

Brian's success as an outdoor educator stemmed from his love for nature. He shared this enthusiasm with the children who visited his centre. Children will remember Brian as a tall, gentle, bearded nature lover with twinkling blue eyes. It is in these intense eyes that a child would sense Brian's fascination with the intricacies of the natural world. I will remember Brian as a person who truly lived life with all his senses. He explored each of his senses to the fullest, and really appreciated them. He used these senses to share his love of nature with others.

This appreciation was reflected in his talent for photography. Brian had the unique ability to see nature and capture its true beauty on film for others to enjoy.

Not only was he a talented photographer, but he also had a strong gift for music. Encouraged by his mother as a young child, Brian learned to play the organ, and eventually picked up the guitar. In later

years, Brian enjoyed gathering a group of fellow music lovers together to play until the wee hours of the morning.

When Brian was healthy, he shared his love of life with others through his appreciation of these senses. When Brian's health declined, it was tragic to see him lose each of his senses one by one. However, it is ironic that until the end of his life and after his death, he was able to communicate through his two well-developed talents — music and photography. Not long before his death, when Brian was unable to seek or speak, he would listen to his friends play his favourite folk songs to him, and somehow as if the familiar patterns had been etched on his brain, he could still hum along. When Brian could no longer communicate verbally, he would share his photographs with his family and friends. It occurred to me while visiting Brian this Christmas, that his photo albums had become Bliss boards through which he communicated. In Brian's case, "a picture had come to mean more than a thousand words."

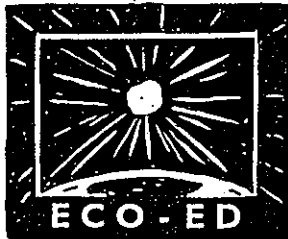
The weekend after his funeral, Brian's family and close friends met at Laurie Lawson Outdoor Education Centre to celebrate his life and plant a tree in his honour. Together we shared his favourite songs and photographs.

As I sat there, viewing some of Brian's nature slides that his brother and some of his friends had chosen to put to music, I realized that even after his death, Brian was able to communicate his feelings about nature. Sitting there in a place that Brian had come to live, it occurred to me that outdoor education is about sensing — and about being able to share those senses with others. This is something that Brian understood, and will be remembered for by those who had the pleasure of knowing him.



### The Excitement Mounts!

by Joan Thompson



**E**CO-ED is shaping up to be an event of international stature that you will not want to miss! By the end of August (press date for this issue), the following statistics were available:

■ Close to one thousand registrations had been received from over thirty countries including the U.S.A., Australia, Columbia, Peru, Switzerland, Spain, Costa Rica, the U.K., Thailand, Indonesia, Barbados, Zambia, the Philippines, and the Ivory Coast.

■ Over nine hundred proposals for presentations had been received from all over the globe. In order to accommodate as many of these as possible, staff was hard at work combining many similar presentations into panels and interact sessions. This will not only give presenters a chance to meet and present with others doing similar work, it will also offer conference participants opportunities to hear more presenters on a similar topic in one setting.

■ The ECO-Exposition was close to 50% sold out and at that rate destined to be a sell-out! Among the exhibits coming to ECO-ED is one from the Smithsonian Institute called "No Laughing Matter", a collection of political cartoons on the environment which will challenge and raise a chuckle. A UNESCO exhibit on the environment, fresh from the Olympics in Barcelona, will be here as well as the Masters of the Arctic Exhibit, a dynamic representation of the creative energies of the Inuit and others who inhabit the circumpolar regions. COEO will have a booth at the exposition as well as our sister host organization, NAAEE. This will

be a great opportunity to raise the profile of COEO and to meet members of other similar organizations.

■ Over two hundred requests to display curricular materials at the Curriculum and Resources Fair had been received. 60% of the requests to display are from outside Canada. There are negotiations under way to provide photocopy facilities at the Fair for those who want to leave with lots of new ideas.

■ The Arts Festival will be an exciting component. Paul Winter will present his *Missa Gaia/Earth Mass* on Tuesday evening with the Toronto Mendelssohn Youth Choir and Opera in Concert Chorus. Kashtin, a dynamic Native rock group from Quebec, will kick off ECO-ED at the opening ceremonies on Friday evening. They are rising stars on the Canadian music scene who combine native rhythms with folk, rock and country styles. Raffi will take part in a panel on the arts and will also perform. The Esprit Orchestra will present a special modern symphony called "Love Songs for a Small Planet" featuring "Images from Heaven", a slide presentation of NASA shots from space.

Another exciting feature will be the Global Commons, a nightly coffeehouse open to all delegates. There will be impromptu singalongs, dancing and other fun — A great place to "network"!

In order for all this to happen smoothly, your help as a willing volunteer will be needed. People willing to donate six hours a day for a minimum of two days, will have registration fees waived. (The conference runs from 8:00 A.M. to 10 P.M. daily.) If you

are interested, contact the ECO-ED office at 482-9212. Those willing to offer shorter amounts of time at the COEO booth, COEO hospitality suite on the weekend, or at the Paul Winter Concert on Tuesday evening,

please contact Margit McNaughton at (416) 873-9195. Let's all work together to make this the most memorable event in COEO history! See you at ECO-ED!

## **COEO Reaches Out Beyond Canada** **Exiting News About Our Special Contribution to ECO-ED**

*by Margit McNaughton*

**A**t the summer meeting of the COEO Board, Chuck Hopkins attended to bring us up to date on ECO-ED. Our mouths dropped open as he informed us off all the international happenings he and others were involved with to make all this happen. Through the ECO-Links Outreach Program and attendance at the Earth Summit in Rio, Chuck has a real sense of the amazing grassroots projects in environmental and development education that are occurring around the world. At a time when news of environmental degradation, poverty, famine etc., seem so discouraging, it is indeed reassuring to realize that many positive small steps are taking place.

Many of these dedicated people are struggling with very limited resources and no way of communicating with others doing similar work. One of the exciting things about ECO-ED will be the opportunity to bring some of these people together with each other and with us.

The members of the board responded to Chuck's presentation by voting unanimously to make a financial commitment to one such project. We decided to make a contribution to the Youth Environmental Education Project in Peru. This project is coordinated by APECO, the Peruvian Association for Conservation of Nature. It involves youth environmental workshops in three different areas of Peru: Lima, on the coast; Iquitos, in

the tropical rain forests; and Puno, in the high Andean Mountains.

In the workshops, students (high-school and early college), examine local environmental problems from a youth perspective. They learn about what is being done by government, business and /or volunteer groups about the problem. Part of the project involves taking the youth to protected areas in Peru to impress upon them the importance of what they are learning in the workshops. At the end, each student is expected to take personal responsibility for a small local environmental problem.

The president of APECO, Sylvia Sanchez, will attend ECO-ED. She will teach a few days at Blake Street Public School (which is subsidizing her travel expenses), and will attend two pre-conferences on Global Rivers and ECO-LINKS. She will be a special guest at the COEO Dinner Dance on Saturday evening where she will speak to us about her work.

Gail MacLennan who coordinates the ECO-LINKS for ECO-ED is very excited about COEO's participation in the Peruvian project. "This money has made a real contribution to the work of these Peruvians who are working so hard at the grassroots level. What seems like a relatively small amount of money to us in Canada goes a long way in Peru". COEO members should be proud of this tangible contribution.

**ECO-ED " NOT TO BE MISSED " HIGHLIGHTS FOR COEO MEMBERS**

**Friday, October 16**

- Official Opening Ceremonies, on Exposition Floor, Metro Convention Centre, with KASHTIN — 6:30-10:30 pm
- Whistler Suite, Room 1-264, Royal York Hotel, following ceremonies (COEO's Hospitality Suite)

**Saturday, October 17**

- Whistler Suite 12:00 - 2:00  
4:00 - 6:00  
7:00 - ?
- Annual General Meeting — 6:00 pm Quebec Room, cash bar, open to all COEO members
- COEO Dinner, PRE-REGISTRATION REQUIRED— see bottom of page and previous *Pathways* for details — 7:00 pm Alberta Room
- COEO Annual Awards and Special Presentation — 8:00 pm following dinner
- COEO Dance with our friend Bill Webster (DJ) — 8:30 pm  
(\$5.00 at the door if you did not attend dinner)

**Sunday, October 18**

- Whistler Suite 12:30 - 2:00 pm
- NIU/COEO Informal Reception in Whistler Suite — 4:30-6:00 pm.

\* *Any spare time after all these events* \*

\* try the Global Coffee House Song and Meeting Room, Metro Convention Centre \*

Please confirm a COEO dinner and dance invitation for:

No. of Tickets requested \_\_\_\_\_ (tickets cost \$40.00 per person)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Please mail cheque to:  
(cheques made out to COEO)  
Margit McNaughton  
16 Charles St.  
Georgetown, Ont.  
L7G 2Z2



## Heritage Interpretation

*Ensuring  
A Lasting Legacy*

Sponsored by Interpretation Canada; Trent University and the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources  
Trent University, Peterborough, Ont.  
May 12-16, 1993

Topics will include Heritage Interpretation: Interpretation Past and future; Eco Tourism and Eco Musee; Urban Ecology; Interpretation of Natural Culture; Technologies, Audiences; Training; and Funding and Partnerships.

Inquiries to Heritage Interpretation Workshop, P.O. Box 2302, Peterborough, Ont. K9J 6Z6.

### Chrismar Fall Activities

#### Wilderness Navigation Skills Course

September 25-27, 1992  
Haliburton Forest Reserve  
\$200.00 (includes GST), room, board, instruction. Info brochure available.

#### Haliburton Forest Marathon

October 3 & 4, 1992  
Haliburton Forest Reserve  
\$40.00 (includes GST) per team entry  
Registration form available.

#### Orienteering Instructor's Course

October 24 & 25, 1992  
Site to be determined  
\$101.65 (includes GST)  
Info brochure available.

For more information contact Mark Smith or Christine Kennedy at 665-5817 (fax 665-9892).

...Metro Toronto Zoo  
Parks of the St. Lawrence  
Bill Mason Outdoor Education Centre  
Albion Hills Conservation Area  
'92 World Mountain Bike Championships  
Haliburton Forest Reserve  
Camp Northland  
Mono Cliffs Provincial Park  
Tiffin Centre for Conservation...

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Chrismar Mapping Services Inc., 470 Sentinel Road, Unit 617,  
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## ***Time to renew your membership***

This will be your last issue of *Pathways* for the current membership year. Check the mailing label on this issue. If the membership number does not begin with 93 then you have not renewed for the 1992-1993 membership year. Please complete the membership form found in this issue and forward it along with the appropriate payment to the membership coordinator.

## **Add One More Member Campaign**

In order to boost our membership, the COEO Board of Directors has authorized the following campaign:

**Nominate 1 new member and receive a complimentary COEO pen.**

**Nominate 3 new members and receive a complimentary COEO coffee mug.**

**Nominate 5 new members and receive a complimentary membership for the next membership year and your name is placed in a draw for a complimentary registration at your choice of ECO-ED; Make Peace With Winter Workshop or Spring Celebration Workshop in 1992-1993.**

Your entry will be based on receiving a membership application in which your name is indicated as the nominator.

Duplicate the membership form found in this issue and pass it along to your friends and associates.



## Hallowe'en

by Nairn Galvin

**H**allowe'en is one of the few festivals of the ancient pagan\* year that is "officially" commemorated by today's culture. Its roots and reality stretch back thousands of years into a time when all growing and harvesting, all life and death were seen as intimately connected with forces that were identified as the "Old Ones," "the Ancient Gods," "the Goddess and Her Consort."

Take a moment and try a word association game: what images come to mind when you hear the word "Hallowe'en"?

Some possibilities are: broomstick, witch, black cat, pumpkin, wheat sheaves, ghosts, spirits, coffin, grave, haunted house, skeleton, trick or treat, full moon, the Wild Hunt.

Each of these images keys into one (or more) of the central themes of this festival: Fertility and Harvest, Death and Rebirth, and those that walk between the Worlds. In other words, none of the images are from our time or culture — all of them arrive out of an ancient world view that existed across Mediterranean countries, Europe and the British Isles.

In those days, we were dependant on the bounty of the land for our continuing existence for the agricultural harvest and for the animals we hunted as food. There were no journeys to the supermarket, no green or leafy vegetables in December. What had been gathered and stored, and was hunted and caught, safeguarded our lives; without them, we died. Even though

these days are past, some of us still relate to this season in the old ways. Late September, close to the great harvest time of the Autumnal Equinox (September 21 to 23) many of us get "the squirrel impulse." We find ourselves buying bushels of squash or potatoes or apples in response to a deep urge to gather in harvest, so our families will survive the long dark to come.

Hallowe'en is the last of the three harvest festivals in the pagan cycle of the year, following the Autumnal Equinox and Lammas (August 2). At this time we glory in the bounty of the Goddess and often find ourselves balanced between joy in the harvest and sadness for the end of the season, the approaching death of all that is green. The word "harvest" has a pleasant, round and open sound to it, but harvest comes at the end of a plant's growth — the fruit is harvested, the plant soon dies, to be reborn next year. For ancient peoples, this was a hinge-time. The old year ended and the new year began on October 31. "All Hallow's Eve," as the new religion called it; Samhain (Sah'win, Seveen, Sav'en) for the Celtic peoples. This pagan festival was so powerful and enduring that in 986 C.E., Pope Gregory III shifted All Saints' Day from May 13 to November 1 in an effort to supplant the old ways. So, October 31, the evening before All Saints' day, came to be called All Hallows' Eve — Hallowe'en.

This is a time when the barriers between the world grow thin, when the paths between the realms of the seen and unseen,

\* "Pagan" in this context, is defined as belonging to, or of the followers of the Old Ways, the people in the country. Christianity, which spread originally through the cities, was seen as "the new religion."

the living and the dead, are easily accessible. It is the festival of the last fruits of the harvest and fittingly, it is also the great feast of the Death. Consequently, much of Hallowe'en imagery depicts ghosts, spirits and skeletons (i.e., those who have gone beyond this realm), returning to communicate and make merry with their loved ones. It is important to be aware that in this pagan world view, death is never viewed as the end — death and rebirth are inextricably fused — they cannot exist without one another. Those who have left us will return again in other lives and somehow their essence can be with us at certain times of the year. There is sadness because we cannot be with our loved ones here as we once were, but our grief is softened and illumined by the belief that in another time and place we will be together once more.

*For we know that when rested and  
refreshed among our dear ones,  
We will be born again, by thy Grace,  
and by the grace of the Great Mother.  
Let it be in the same place and the same  
time as our beloved ones,  
And may we meet and know and remember  
And love them again.*

(Samhain Ritual)

The Walkers Between the Worlds are the spirits of the dead and also those still living, the "Wise Ones" (sometimes called witches), who have the compassion and courage to tread those paths seeking knowledge and caring for all those in need. The image of a witch flying on her broomstick is a symbol of someone who has great power and ease in passing between the worlds. Her companion, the cat (black or otherwise), in its many moods is a symbol of the varied aspects of the Goddess; it has long been associated with treading supernatural paths, especially on full moon nights. Samhain is a time of planning for the next year — what do you want to plant in the spring? Looking at the seed catalogue is all very well, but what do you want to plant in your life? What do you need to clear off in order to begin anew? You can use this reflective time to begin to understand what life is about for you. Don't be afraid to be with yourself. Don't be afraid of silence. It, like darkness, is the soft, warm womb of the Goddess.

---

"Hallowe'en" appears in *Mother of Thyme*,  
Vol. 2, No.1, Fall 1991.



# Opening The door

## ASSIGNMENT FROM TEACHER

MESSAGE: What would you leave for someone who is coming here after you... what would you like to tell them? ...

the wind and  
the sowns rasing  
throw the trees  
I sit thear  
all a lone listning  
to the brese

*By J.S.  
Grade 3  
James Bolton Public School  
Peel Board of Education*

Translation . . .

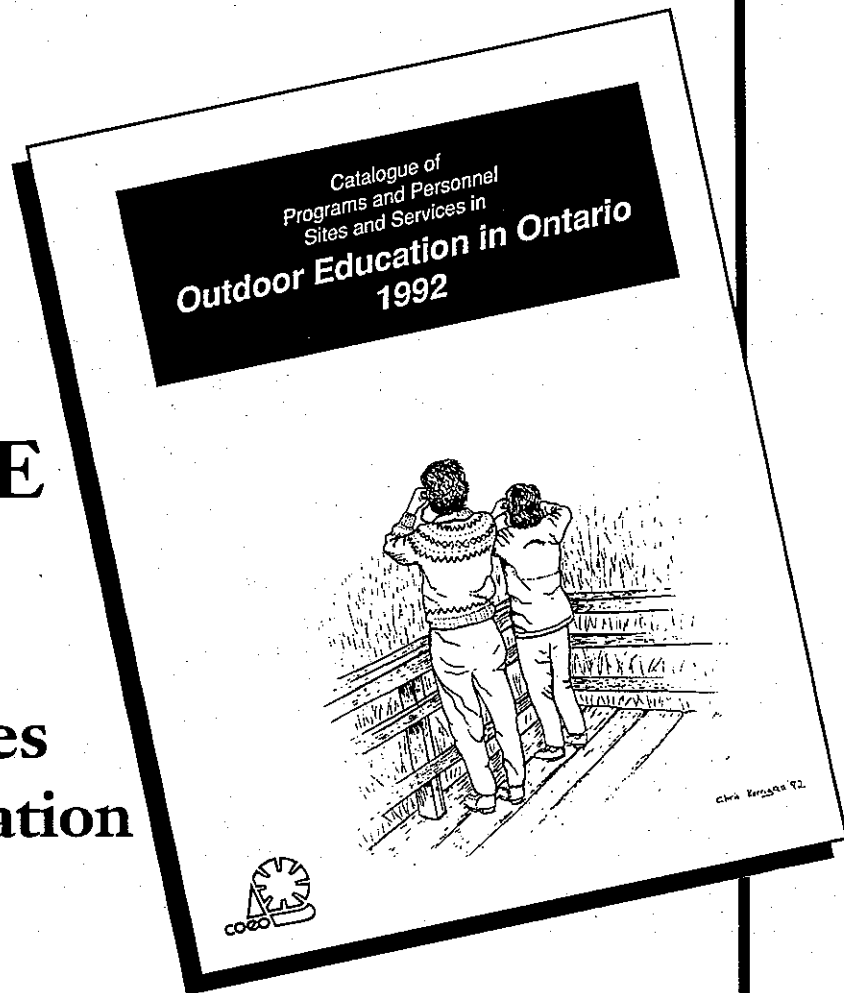
the winds and  
the sounds racing  
through the trees  
I sit there  
all alone listening  
to the breeze.



# Now available!

*The second edition  
of the*

## COEO CATALOGUE of Programs and Personnel, Sites and Services in Outdoor Education in Ontario



### COEO Catalogue of Programs and Personnel, Sites and Services in Outdoor Education in Ontario

Cost: \$18.00 plus \$3.00 shipping and handling. (Make cheques payable to COEO.)  
Send cheque and form to Mark Whitcombe, 34 Blind Line, Orangeville, Ontario L9W 3A5.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_

(If you want this database on disk,  
either DOS-format or Mac-based,  
please contact Mark Whitcombe.)



# Make Peace With Winter

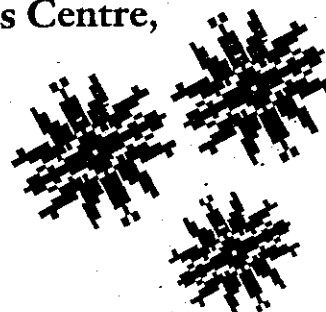
A Winter Conference primarily for teachers  
sponsored by the  
Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario

Date: Friday, February 5th to Sunday, February 7th, 1993

Location: Leslie Frost Natural Resources Centre,  
Dorset, Ontario

Possible Sessions:

- Winter and Science
- Cross Country Skiing
- Winter Games
- Natural Resources
- Environment
- Winter Sports
- The Arts
- Education
- Birding
- Animals and Winter



Fees: \$170.00 Members

\$160.00 Non-Members

This fee covers registration for sessions,  
accommodation, all meals and snacks,  
session fees, prize draws and all social  
activities.

## Registration Form C.O.E.O. Conference Make Peace With Winter

Please fill out a separate registration form for each participant

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Male \_\_\_ Female \_\_\_

Employer \_\_\_\_\_

Home Address \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone (H) (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ (B) (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Membership # \_\_\_\_\_

Accommodation is 2 per room. If you have made arrangements to room  
with another person attending the conference, please indicate their name: \_\_\_\_\_

Please enclose your fee and mail it to: Nancy Payne, 1806 Beechknoll Ave., Mississauga, Ont. L4W 3V2.  
Cheques payable to COEO, please. NO POST-DATED CHEQUES.

Can we give out your telephone number if someone needs a ride? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_  
How many years have you attended Make Peace? \_\_\_\_\_ Is this your first year? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

**Cancellation:** We have a cancellation policy that is stated on your acceptance letter.  
Please write or call as soon as you are aware that you cannot attend the conference.

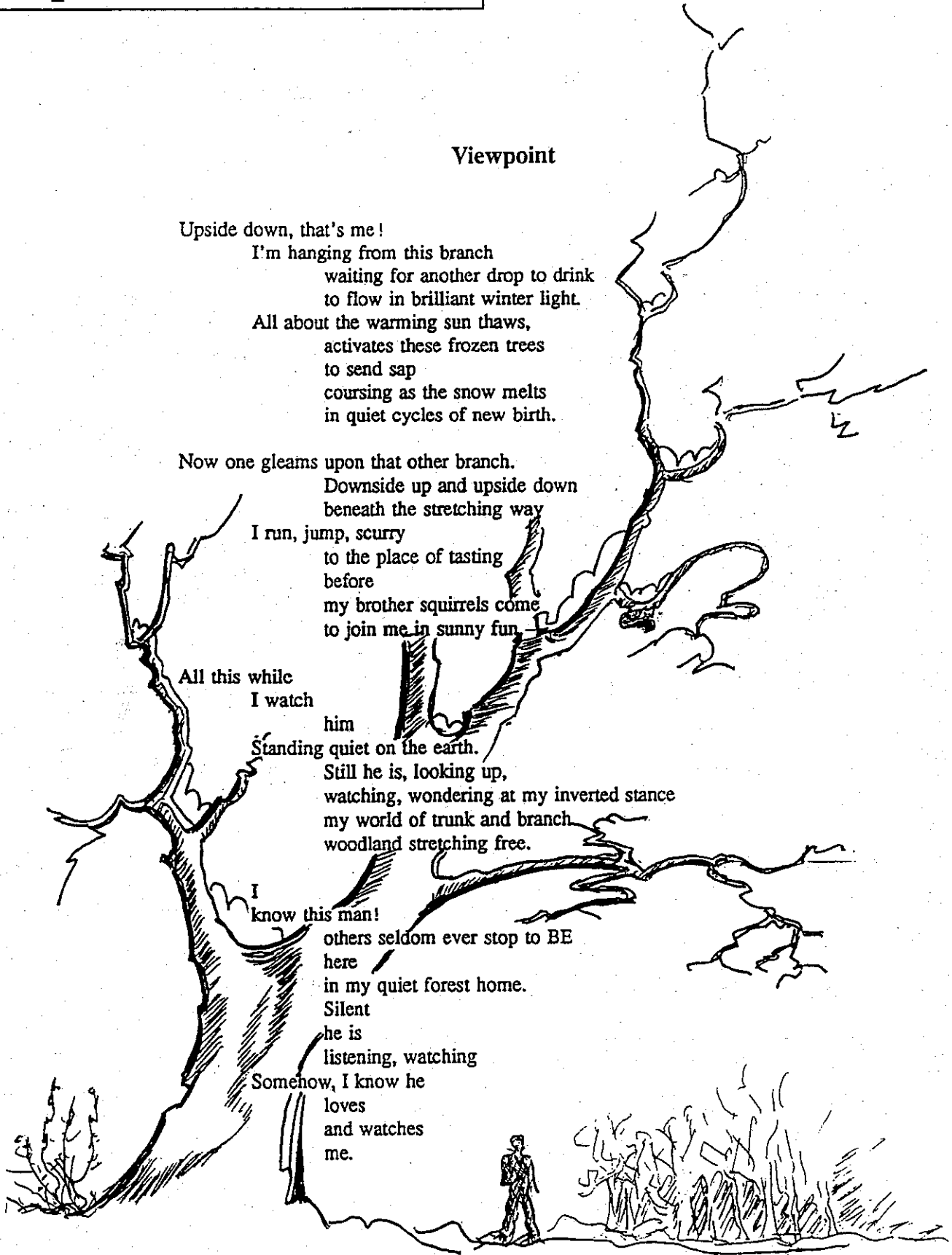
Viewpoint

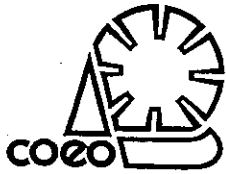
Upside down, that's me!  
I'm hanging from this branch  
waiting for another drop to drink  
to flow in brilliant winter light.  
All about the warming sun thaws,  
activates these frozen trees  
to send sap  
coursing as the snow melts  
in quiet cycles of new birth.

Now one gleams upon that other branch.  
Downside up and upside down  
beneath the stretching way  
I run, jump, scurry  
to the place of tasting  
before  
my brother squirrels come  
to join me in sunny fun.

All this while  
I watch  
him  
Standing quiet on the earth.  
Still he is, looking up,  
watching, wondering at my inverted stance  
my world of trunk and branch  
woodland stretching free.

I know this man!  
others seldom ever stop to BE  
here  
in my quiet forest home.  
Silent  
he is  
listening, watching  
Somehow, I know he  
loves  
and watches  
me.





# Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario

## Regions Served by COEO

- Far North:** Patricia, Kenora, Thunder Bay, Algoma, Cochrane, Sudbury, Rainy River, Timiskaming
- Northern:** Parry Sound, Nipissing, Muskoka, Haliburton, North Bay, Simcoe County
- Western:** Essex, Kent, Elgin, Lambton, Middlesex, Huron, Bruce, Grey, Dufferin, Wellington, Waterloo, Perth, Oxford, Brant, Haldimand-Norfolk
- Central:** Niagara South, Lincoln, Hamilton-Wentworth, Halton, Peel, York, Ontario, Metro Toronto
- Eastern:** Victoria, Durham, Peterborough, Northumberland, Hastings, Prince Edward, Lennox and Addington, Renfrew, Frontenac, Leeds, Grenville, Ottawa-Carleton, Lanark, Prescott, Russell, Stormont, Dundas, Glengarry
- Out-of-Province:** Any area in Canada except Ontario
- Outside Canada**

## Membership Application Form

(Please print)

Name: (Mr., Mrs., Ms) \_\_\_\_\_

Address: (Street or R.R.) \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: (H) \_\_\_\_\_ (B) \_\_\_\_\_

Position: \_\_\_\_\_ Employer: \_\_\_\_\_

If applying for family membership, list persons who will be using the membership.  
\_\_\_\_\_

University/College if full time student: \_\_\_\_\_

I am in the \_\_\_\_\_ Region of COEO.

Introduced to COEO by: \_\_\_\_\_

COEO membership is from September 1 to August 31. Any membership applications received after May 1 will be applied to the following year.

Please check: New  Renewal  Membership # \_\_\_\_\_

Fees: (circle)

Regular: \$40.00 Student: \$25.00 Family: \$52.00

Subscription Rate: \$38.00

Make your cheque or money order payable to *The Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario* and mail, with this form, to:

John Aikman  
Membership Secretary  
47 Rama Court  
Hamilton, Ontario  
L8W 2B3

Please allow four weeks for processing or change of address.