

# MAGIC SPOT TIME AT THE RVOEP

We try to spend a little time each day sitting in our own special place in moonlight meadow, or on a forest trail, or maybe beside the Russian River. Quietly we tune into what is happening around us. We call this our magic spot time. This is an opportunity for us to listen to nature with our hearts. We write and draw about what we notice.

As I sit here and quietly listen to the sounds of nature, I hear the beautiful music of the Earth, the trees rustling, the birds chirping, and the wind blowing through the grass. With every sound leading your ears down a different path to discovery.

*A Mom From Frank Zeek*

Nature

*Nature is something that binds into you.*  
So, I sit here in this spot and I can hear birds.  
I can feel nature. I can feel the stillness.  
But, something else is always going on.  
When you go through the forest just feel nature. You can feel the animals.  
You can hear the wind rustling the trees.  
Nature is great--- it's beautiful.  
What can I say?  
I had the experience.

Sydney, Frank Zeek

Woodpecker

I hear a woodpecker pecking.  
It is so loud I keep on checking.  
It keeps on pecking and pecking.  
I just can't stop checking and checking.  
It just won't stop pecking!

Keven, Frank Zeek 3<sup>rd</sup> grade

A tiny ruby-crowned kinglet landed in the black berries right by my shoulder. I was pretending to be a rock, so it didn't notice me. But, I noticed it! It's yellow brown feathers, it's quick, flighty attitude about life...here for a second, then gone. On the trail near me, a much calmer bird searched for seeds in the damp earth, never getting far from the cover of the blackberries. It was the golden-crowned sparrow---- such a magnificent name for a small gray bird.

Mother Nature

The sun is warm  
upon my face.

I hear a squirrel  
giving chase.

Oh, to be this calm  
and at peace

Everyday, every week.

To be one with  
nature, at it's peak.

Nature is a beautiful thing.  
Trees are tall and come in all shapes and colors,  
But all are different like all of us.  
We are all different colors, but have  
Something in common  
We are all people and  
We all should be friends.

By Grasshopper

I am a tree with strong  
branches.  
I sway in the wind.  
I grow a little bit  
Each time the sky rains.  
I am a home  
For the squirrels and a  
home for the fox.  
The owl is a guest in my  
Branches up top.

Jamie, 5<sup>th</sup> grade  
Yokayo