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 3rd grade

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 its 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, 5th grade Yokayo

A tiny ruby-crowned kinglet landed in the blackberries 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

Nature

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