

# THE SAWPER

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## SAWP Snap

*Time* is the theme for this issue. After taking time to peruse this issue we hope you will take *time* to consider submitting an article for the Winter issue. Start the new year off by being published.



From left: Roger Shanley, Deborah Dimmett, Amethyst Hinton-Sainz and Sharon Miller

## SAWP Goes to the Big Apple

By Sharon Miller

The National Writing Project meeting this year was in New York City, and SAWP was well-represented. Deborah Dimmett, Amethyst Hinton-Sainz, Roger Shanley and I attended the meetings, from which we learned a great deal to share with our colleagues in Tucson.

With our hotels in Times Square, we were right in the middle of one of the most exciting parts of the city. When we had free time between meetings or in the evenings, getting out into the "bright lights, big city" atmosphere was exhilarating. Roger encountered the Naked Cowboy, a street entertainer clad only in a hat, boots and briefs. I don't know how we girls missed that, but we did take the double-decker bus tour our first night. It was a little colder than we are used to, but we survived. Amethyst took a skating lesson at Rockefeller Plaza; Deborah spent an evening with some Haitian contacts gathering research for her dissertation, and I stayed an extra day so I could visit Ground Zero—a very moving experience.

The NWP Annual Meeting is always a fantastic experience, but the Big Apple made it all the more fun.

# Director's Disk

By Erec Toso



## *Doing Time. . . or Going Back to Prison*

The first job I found when I moved back to Tucson in 1984 was teaching basic literacy, ESL, and GED classes in a federal prison, Metropolitan Correctional Center, on Wilmot Road, south of Tucson. The classes were as much about collaborative problem solving as they were about language. When I left, the inmates somehow smuggled a cake to class. It broke my heart to leave them.

But now I'm going back. Richard Shelton has asked me to help him do writing workshops at the state prison in the Rincon, Echo, and Catalina Units. We drove to the jail this morning. Going down the same road I drove twenty three years ago did not trigger memories; it is unrecognizable, now lined with condos, strip malls, and distant towers of new jails. No, it did not evoke nostalgia of driving down those same roads on my dilapidated motorcycle. Instead it shocked me. Prisons are a growth industry. In fact, the amount of money that has been deducted from university funding by the state over the last fifteen years equals that added to the prison system. Where are the priorities?

Richard drove through the Units: Echo, Catalina, Manzanita, and Rincon. We parked in the full lot in front of the main gate, the main entry point into the jail. Here guards as well as visitors gain access to "The Yard." I can't see much beyond the windowed guard house and iron



benches where the visitors wait to get passes. Three women, all dressed nicely and made up for Saturday night sit on a bench. It is 8:00 on a Friday morning and one of them carries an infant.

Inmates wearing orange jump suits sweep the sidewalks, I watch one sweep the walk clean of pea gravel, over and over, a never ending meditation on moving particles unnoticed by all but himself from a sidewalk that seems to collect

them. He is doing time, making the most of the moment he is given, even though it is here, incarcerated. Predictions for how many prisons to build are tied to reading and writing at grade level, to literacy. I had to wonder if this meditative fellow would be here under different circumstances, different

outcomes with language, with reading, with writing. Maybe. Maybe not. The numbers don't lie. It works out.

Richard gets up to see if he can contact the director, who is now late. Richard is here just to connect me with the prison. I am hope for him that his legacy will endure. He wants to get things in place so that he can retire, can decline into old age now that he has emphysema. We talk about the difficulties of his retirement, of his story about not having a PhD. We all have our stories, our regrets, our doubts about what is possible. He just keeps going. We wait. He says credentials count only if we use them. He looks

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## Doing Time

*Continued from p. 2*

at me pointedly, a look that says “you have less time than you think.”

I could not enter the jail because I have no clearance so we had to wait for Education Coordinator to come out and interview me. As we waited, guards flung the baskets with a spin and a flourish back to the stainless table after processing visitors through the metal detector. Dogs leaped behind visitors who lined up on the other side of a steel mesh, backs pressed tight, shoulder to shoulder, so the dog could do his work. A muzzle on the dog gave him a sinister look, a masked demon.

“I want to die like a man,” said one of the guards, in response to some comment from a fellow guard whose foot was propped up on a steel table where baskets collected. He looked bored, a little mean, and filled out his guard uniform with a thick, strong body. “Yeah, like man,” said the first guard, “you know what I mean?” He looked like a playground bully grown-up, with a badge, brown shirt, and club.

I had to ask myself why I was going back. I have way too much to do as it is. Sometimes it is better to simply act than to think too much. I was going back because this is what I do: literacy. For some things there will never be enough time.

*Erec's newly released book, Zero at the Bone: Rewriting Life after a Snakebite, can be found at the University of Arizona Bookstore.*



Dear SAWP Members:

I would like to introduce you to the Tucson GEAR UP Project, a University of Arizona college preparation and access program funded by the U.S. Department of Education. We work with our school partners to develop programs and services to students, professional development opportunities and support for teachers, and programs for families. We are pleased to be partnering with SAWP on some exciting projects, including the “Desert Living is Different” initiative as well as much-needed professional development and student workshops to help support our goal of making the dream of a college education possible for the 3600 students in SUSD and TUSD with whom we are currently working. Our students are currently enrolled in 8<sup>th</sup> grade in fourteen middle schools in predominately Latino/a and low SES communities, and we will follow this cohort through 2012 as they move into high school and beyond. We welcome your participation, and if SAWP teachers are interested in leading PD or student workshops, I would love to hear from you. For more information, please contact me, Anna Varley, GEAR UP Writing Specialist.  
[varley@email.arizona.edu](mailto:varley@email.arizona.edu), 626-0531.

## The Bells of Arcosanti Take Time for a New Tradition

By Debbie O'Dowd



On impulse, I steered our family van down the freeway off-ramp.

A groan from behind ensued. Then a screech.

"It's a tradition passed down from Papa," I said.

From the comfort of his bench-sized throne in the middle of the mini-van, my oldest son, Kyle, protested.

"No!"

As the concrete and steel architecture of Arcosanti drew closer on the desert horizon, he leaned up from a sea of granola wrappers and empty water bottles to protest some more.

"I wanna go home! Now!"

Barely thirteen-years-old, was my easy-going oldest son beginning to show symptoms of the 'teen disease,' I wondered. Or was this a *normal* reaction from a *rational* human being on the last legs of a 1,800-mile road trip home from Wisconsin to Phoenix?

His yelling and the sound of tires on the gravelly dirt road alerted my younger two sons, half-asleep in the back of the van.

"Mom, where are we going *now*," demanded nine-year-old Ryan.

"We wanna go home," eleven-year-old Troy whined.

I nodded with sympathetic determination, remembering my own eighteenth summer and my own protestations when my father, Papa, charged with the simple task of transport and chaperone during my freshman orientation at Northern Arizona University, digressed from our mutually agreed upon travel plans to turn down this same off-ramp to "explore" this same "crappy, dumb museum" for the purpose of making my teenaged life more difficult. Papa was famous for doing stuff like that.

But today, I remembered the bells; I remembered the cliffs and the stairwells. And I remembered the terms "commune" and "arcology."

"It's an alternative urban development," Papa told me as we passed the sign for Cortes Junction. "Earth-friendly architecture. And they use solar power, terraced farming... You can eat the landscape!"

My teenage brain interpreted his words as such: "They built this place for the sole purpose of torturing teenagers like you."

And it was at this moment after driving 1,800 miles, at this unexpected stop for gas, at this sign and this dirt road on the declining Arizona topography that I realized, suddenly, how much Papa's "side trips" taught me and how grateful I was. And listening to the van-full of dis

*See Bells, p. 5*

senters and sulkers it occurred to me that fate had a twisted sense of humor: I'd become my father.

I shook my head, knowing how unprepared my kids were for this, but convinced it would be okay. Someday.

"We're just gonna look around a few minutes," I promised.

Groans.

"You can eat the landscape."

More groans.

The heat of the Arizona summer sun propelled every straggler out of the van, past the mint and olive tree landscaping and into the coolness of the Visitors Center's cement and metal stairwell where we began a geometric procession toward the Agua Fria Valley floor.

At the first landing, Troy and Ryan pressed hands and faces against the glass overlook.

"Wow, Mommy. We're high up," Ryan said, his voice echoing.

"Echo, echo, echo," Troy said.

Surveying the desert grasslands that stretched into the mountains of the Agua Fria National Monument, I smiled, savoring the café smells of mint tea and carob muffins wafting in from the passive ventilation system.

"I'm hungry," Troy said, his red hair shining in the sunlight.

"Let's see the bells first," I said.

As breezes ebbed ceramic melodies in the concrete caverns, I pushed open the gift shop door.

On a landing just out of sight, I heard Kyle's footsteps behind us.

"Look at all the bells!" Troy exclaimed as we entered a geometric world where a cylinder of sunlight pierced the square-framed balcony, then splashed its brilliance on the lobby below.

And floating in that universe of natural light hung the bells, ceramic and bronze, each unique and dangling independently like stars or, I imagined, dashing in and out of existence like electrons on the edge of space and time.

Troy and Ryan followed me around the balcony to look at the bells.

"Stay away from the railing," I cautioned.

Ryan paused to trace fingers on some blue-glazed ceramic tiles.

In the doorway, Kyle appeared.

After ten or fifteen minutes, four tired faces reassembled in the parking lot. I unlocked the van. Kyle skulked limbs back onto his throne, repositioning his Bluetooth crown.

Climbing into the way-back seat, Troy asked a question.

"That was tradition? You mean, just looking at stuff?"

"Yup."

"I liked the bells," he said.

"Me too," I agreed. "I never forgot the bells."

"I'm gonna tell Papa," he said.

Me too, I assured myself, starting the engine for the final drive home.

It's about time I told Papa how much his side trips meant to me, especially the bells, I thought. It's about time I thanked him, too. It's a new tradition.

*Debbie O'Dowd was a SAWP Fellow in 2003. She teaches at Metro Tech High School in Phoenix.*

# Student Writing

*Time to Read:* The writer reflects, for her Children's Literature class with the editor, on how she fell in love with reading—reminding us of why we teach reading.

## Where the Wild Things Took Me

By Moanikeala Kanae

My mom is a reading fanatic and as much as I tried to fight the urge to pick up a book and read, I failed. I would pick up a book and get lost in its world long after its covers were shut tight. *Is Your Mama a Llama?* Was I sure my mama wasn't a llama? *Chicka, Chicka Boom, Boom*—I would find myself staring up at a coconut tree for hours wondering if the entire alphabet could fit up there, or if my class could. Then came *Green Eggs and Ham*, my teacher made us green eggs and spam, and my book fantasies began to come alive. I took an adventure with Jack Prelutsky and his book *Something Big Has Been Here*. I flew with *Ickle-me, Tickle-me, Pickle-me, Too* in their lovely flying shoe. Then the book came. The book that defied the walls in my mind—that took me on an adventure that never ended—that continuously plays in my mind: *Where the Wild Things Are*. I could roar at the top of my lungs. Every night I'd curl up with my book, in a place where no one could see. I'd open the cover slowly, very slowly, so the roars of the Wild Things wouldn't jump out of the book. I'd meet my friend, Max, and discuss our cool wolf outfits. As each page turned, as each new picture danced across the pages, I sank deeper and deeper. The walls around me began to turn into a forest. Then we arrived at the home of the Wild Things. We danced, we played, and we rested. But each night, as much as I wanted to stay, Max and I made the voyage home. I'd close the book, but I would still be in the forest of the Wild Things. I close my eyes now and see my friends who danced with me across the forest. This book took me to places where I have never gone before, a book whose pages never stopped turning. After I had seen the adventure a little book like that could take me on, I wondered if other books could take me to a place like no other—places I dreamed of going. I flew to Neverland with Peter Pan; at night I would leave my bedroom window open so if Peter would come he wouldn't have to knock. I ran the streets with Maniac Magee. I swung into Terabithia with Jesse and Leslie. When I opened a book, it was like traveling the world without leaving my room. No matter what book I open, it takes me back to the place where the Wild Things roam, where reading takes a twist, where I can get lost in-between the lines—where I fell in love with reading.

*Moani is currently attending the University of Arizona, South, full-time, where she is working toward a degree in Elementary Education.*

*Time Away . . .*

Pura

Vida



By Kari Madden

Every morning my homestay partner, Liz, and I would wake up from the roosters' "ki-ki-riki-riki," eat our Gallo Pinto, drink our Agua Dulce, and slip on our rubber work boots before heading off to work at the school. Every afternoon we'd return for lunch and then once more head back to the school. In the afternoon, the rain would come, guaranteed, so our final walk up and over the hill to our house was generally done in the rain, in our brightly colored rain coats.

Several times a day we huffed and puffed our way up the hill and then half walked, half trotted our way down, trying to slow ourselves down as we went. But when we neared the top where the slope began to flatten out, I couldn't help but take my eyes off the rocky ground and look out over the valley. Never before had I seen so many shades of green until the first time I saw the view from this hill. Now, that may not be saying much since I'm used to the limited colors of the Arizona desert, but I don't think anywhere in the U.S. could have compared to Costa Rica. Here, the trees weren't just green. One leaf was the color of asparagus, while the one next to it was the color of a pear. The stems of the two were olive-colored, connected to a tree covered in sea green moss. Even then, if you looked close enough you could see that what you thought was moss was actually a bundle of tiny leaves and colorful flowers adding their own splash of color to the scenery.

When I first flew into Costa Rica, visitors' signs reading, "Bienvenidos - Welcome to Costa Rica!" greeted my group and I as we stepped off the plane. All the little stores and gift shops in downtown San Jose had their walls lined with the coined phrases "Pura Vida" or "Save the Rainforest." When we got to the rainforest we realized we had to look past the colossal leaves spanning out in front of us in order to see the orchids, barely the size of peas, growing on the trunk of a tree right behind the massive leaf. Once we headed off onto the back roads and got away from the main cities, we began to see a different Costa Rica. In San Antonio, the little community we resided in for the next few weeks, no one except the English teacher knew how to speak anything but Spanish, and even the English teacher couldn't fully converse with us. The only food available was either what was currently in the kitchen or what was in the backyard. This was their daily life and we had to jump right into it with no extra luxuries provided because we were travelers.

We quickly became accustomed and soon had our own daily routines. The walk to the school got easier as the days passed and I noticed more about our surroundings on every walk. Just past the barbed wire fence lining either side of the road, the land sloped down into someone's cow pasture or coffee field and then barely reached bottom before sloping back up into the next hill. Out in front of us, a jagged mountain range ascended over the valley in the distance, but up close, it seemed as if we were standing taller than any other hill. The hills continued to roll on and on with coffee, plantains, or barbed wire fences splitting them down the middle to mark someone's property. Down below us, a woman would be hanging up laundry to dry on the line. Her kids had just come back from school, from the same school Liz and I were coming home from. That school had just recently become important to the two of us, we weren't just helping build onto it, but we each had our own projects going as well. And besides the work we were doing, we became friends with some of the little kids there, and even more so with the workers who were volunteering their time to help us finish the school. They were the locals who got used to our choppy ways of

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*Continued from page 7*

speaking Spanish and after a couple days we could all understand more or less what we were trying to say to each other. They would correct our Spanish while we taught them to say, "What's up man!" in English.

Maybe they were so open to our broken way of speaking their language because they knew little English themselves. They spoke fast and with a heavy accent, something I wasn't used to, but by the end I could understand them well enough, and they seemed to understand me too. If you messed up conjugating a verb or you switched words around it was okay, they just laughed it off. They took what little Spanish I had to offer, and did their best to understand what I was trying to say. Together we had a great time learning, singing, and joking around.

However, when I returned to the States, I suddenly found myself in Spanish class thinking twice before I would answer a question. The Spanish language seemed to change altogether. Both the teachers and the other students here judge you when you try to speak in Spanish; you look into their eyes and see them evaluating everything you say, and inside you just shut down that part of your brain and then all hope is lost. I suddenly found myself mumbling like an idiot.

I walked into Spanish class on my first day back, and sat down next to my classmates, many of whom I had known for a while. *El Profe* walked in blabbering about something in his pathetic gringo accent and I suddenly wanted nothing more than to be back in San Antonio with Liz and my host family. I listened to my teacher, only half heartedly taking in what he said, because inside my head, I wanted to be sitting on the floor of my *casita* playing cards with my cousin, Raquel, watching her dimples explode from her cheeks as she tried, with little success, to explain to Liz and I what exactly she was saying. I wanted to be walking down the street and have that unstressed, peaceful sensation sweep over me as I looked out across the valley. Someone I knew from the school would walk by or be standing at the door to the local store and we'd wave "*adios*" to each other before passing. What was it that I found in these people that I admired so much? I could barely speak to the people I met and knew close to nothing about the majority of them. So why was it that when asked to write about something I "connected" with in English class, I looked out over the valley at the rolling sea of green once again? I saw my mother standing in the kitchen with breakfast ready. I saw all the smiling faces as they laughed and joked with us. I think I even heard all our conversations over again. I could have chosen anything, but when my teacher kept saying "just any thing you've connected with," my trip was all I could think about.

The night before we left San Antonio, my father sat with Liz and I at the kitchen table and told us his story of how he had worked in America for two years. He had everything he could hope for, a great job, a house, a place for his daughter to go to school, and enough money for them to keep a good life. His boss asked him to move to the U.S. and continue to work for him, but my father turned him down. His family, he said, was back in Costa Rica and so he couldn't stay in America. They returned to Costa Rica after two years and they were happier because they had their family all around them. "You girls", he told us, "are now part of our family, too."

The next morning Liz and I ran over to our grandparents house to say one last goodbye. Throughout the entire trip, our grandparents were the only people whom neither of us could ever understand. Every time one of them would say something to us, we would sit there with a big smile on our face and simply nod our heads while saying, "*Si, Si,*" neither of us understanding a single word coming from their mouths. But this particular day, our very last day, our grandmother started speaking to us and we both understood every word. "You are special people," she said, "I don't know how to read or write, but if you ever write, I will have someone read it to me," she continued on and we understood. This time we weren't just smiling and nodding because we didn't know what else to do.

We passed over that hill on our way out of San Antonio and I looked out over the valley for one last time. I had understood my grandmother loud and clear, "*Quiere que las calles en la que usted camina sean bendecidos y caja fuerte. Nunca olvidarse de lo que tiene y de que ha aprendido.*"

*Kari is a senior in Amethyst Hinton-Sainz' AP English class. She attended a three week program with Global Routes ([www.globalroutes.org](http://www.globalroutes.org)), an organization that runs three- to five-week community service programs in the summer for teens. The programs are designed to help rural communities around the world by doing restoration work, construction, educational programs, etc. Kari's program was in a small town outside of San Isidro in Costa Rica where she helped build an addition to an elementary school, including a multipurpose facility for the arts.*



## *Reflecting on Time or is anyone on time anymore? Arriving . . . Late*

By Beverly D. Herman

**I'm** late, I'm late, for a very important date. Did the White Rabbit of Alice in Wonderland fame say that? Late. L-A-T-E. "Honey, I'm late." Don't be late intone those pesky voices in our heads.

We all need more time but we have all the time there is. Time management, time mismanagement. Clocks everywhere, digital, analog. The Conference Room clock ticks away the days of our SAWP lives. Even the writing room clock quietly weighs in.

There's a saying: "you have arrived . . ." If we're late, does that negate as Johnny Cochran might say? Dolly Parton warbles woefully, "It's too late." How late *is* too late? Is it the reverse axiom to "Too much, too soon?"

So when is it *too* late? Two minutes late, quarter past? I wonder if there's a jump rope rhyme to instruct . . . it must surely have to do with losing your sweetheart.

My students are frequently late. I always say "Hi glad to see you I'm glad you're here" because I hate being scolded by fellow adults at meetings. (Hey, honey, walk a mile in my support hose.)

Still, I feel suitably shamed and blamed at being punctuality challenged. As an aging boomer, *late* was not in the lexicon. Back in the day, it was just not done. Never tolerated. Factory efficiency— $x$  number of widgets produced on  $x$  number of days for  $x$  number of customers. What in the heck is a widget anyhow? Are they still an item?

Now we are in the knowledge economy. Are we in Real Time? Am I? Are you? Cyberspace is open 24-7 til the end of time. Pretty melody on that song from another time. It seems like my time, my fleeting multitasking time, escapes me like a silverfish skittering along the interior of a utensil drawer. Eeyew—hello, ugh, get out, run, RAID!, bang! Ewyew bills, hello note from a friend, ugh Jury Duty, put the dog out, dammit Peaches get in the yard, throw that *cuca gigunda* out the house, shut the door you have stock in TEP!?

Weeeeeee!lllllllll, as the saying goes, when you have no problems, you're dead so I guess I'll "take it " . . . before it's too late.

*Bev teaches 3<sup>rd</sup> Grade at Ochoa Elementary in the Tucson Unified School District. She attended SAWP in 1991, 2003, and 2007. She would attend all the time if she could. You can reach her at Ttortuga@aol.com*

## The SAWPER Wants You!

The aim of *THE SAWPER* is to provide a vital network for the exchange of ideas within the Southern Arizona Writing Project community. *THE SAWPER* seeks short fiction, poetry, and brief articles on teaching strategies. In addition, stories focusing on SAWP projects, in-services, and outreach programs will be considered.

*THE SAWPER* is also seeking submissions for its "Young Writer's" column. SAWP Fellows often discover that their SAWP experiences have led to dramatic changes in their writing classrooms. How about student responses to new strategies you have tried in your writing classroom? Short writing samples from students are welcome, as well as narratives on their experiences as "authors." You will need to follow your school district's policies (parental permission, releases, etc.) to allow your students to be published. Teachers, let us know (a short blurb) what works in your writing classrooms. As SAWP teachers, your written comments on how you motivate young writers are welcome.

**The deadline for the next newsletter is January 25th.** All submissions should be electronically submitted to [kmc@email.arizona.edu](mailto:kmc@email.arizona.edu). Please include the words SAWP submission in the subject line of your email.

# Southern Arizona Writing Project: *A License to Write*

By Kelly Bell

The Southern Arizona Writing Project completed its annual Summer Institute designed specifically for southern Arizona teachers. Teachers came from all over southern Arizona to participate in a five week intensive day-long graduate course (6 graduate credits are earned upon completion of the institute) covering several aspects of teaching writing and improving their own writing. This novel concept comes from the National Writing Project started originally by the Bay Area (San Francisco, AZ) Writer's Project.

The first writing project, pioneered in the 1970s, brought to light the need for improved writing instruction in the classroom. In turn, it was discovered that teachers who actively participate in writing make better writing instructors.

This year's workshop was facilitated by SAWP Director Erec Toso, and Co-Directors, Flory Simon and Roger Shanley. Each of these individuals are experts in both education and writing and continue to teach others to become better teachers.

The typical workshop day begins with one hour of "Daily Writing". Participants are asked to simply *write*. Anything that comes to mind, a pet writing project, journaling, a response to a topic randomly listed on a whiteboard, or maybe even a novel can become an escape for the next hour. Daily Writing is followed by the option of sharing what has been created during the last hour. Participants then break into groups to continue working on their own creative writing.

Additional groups are formed to help teachers research a topic of their choosing designed to improve writing instruction. Topics range from personal narrative writing, combining math and writing, writing across the curriculum and how to use art to improve writing instruction. As "Teacher Researchers", teachers create research projects regarding an aspect of writing, prepare a presentation and revise that presentation for educators throughout the state.

*Participants from the 2007 Southern Arizona Writing Project: A License to Write, along with the topics of their presentations, are listed below:*

**Kelly Bell - Sahuarita High School** - Writing across the curriculum and implementing it school-wide.

**Karen Bristow - Rio Rico High School** - Using the 5 senses to evoke memories; helping writers tell personal stories and revise them with specificity.

**Alyssa Covington - Desert View High School** - How to make functional writing interesting for high school students through the use of portfolios; development of resumes using interviews and other prewriting techniques.

**Tori Davis - Tortilita Middle School** - How to put together a multi-genre research project, adapted from Tom Romano; applying Georgia Heard's 6-Room Poem to historical photographs.

**Roxy Gil - Schumaker Elementary** - How to teach to music and use multiple intelligences across the curriculum.

# Dorm Living for Dummies

By Laurie Hoffsmith

*Going Back in Time: Laurie wrote this in response to her Summer Institute experience during the past summer.*

*Written specifically and explicitly for those returning students whatever shape, age, or mental capacity they arrive in or at by the end of their university stay.*

1. **Your dorm key** does not come with a room number engraved on it. It is recommended that you memorize it using a pneumatic device.

The air conditioner works.

2. The sheets on the bed are not provided free of charge or laundered. They are another avenue for revenue to the unsuspecting guest. (Read dummy here)

There is plenty of hot water for your shower.

3. The beds are higher than normal ones, so watch that first step in the morning.

The shower doesn't leak.

4. The red button on the wall by your door is not for room service.

There are snacks all over the counters in the community kitchen. (No one seems to put anything away here. What would their mothers think?) Community means if it's there, eat it before somebody else does. (You snooze, you lose might apply here.)

5. You are here for pleasure, not for learning, or at least for distractions. The hour-long cheerleading/singing sessions on the grounds under your window are evidence of that. These activities are designed to remind you of exactly how old you are, or are not.

6. The refrigerator is turned on and yes, the bottle of water is complimentary.

7. There is a laundry facility on the first floor, so you're really not on vacation. Furthermore, when the time comes there is no excuse to bring your laundry home to mom.

Raid your piggy bank.

8. Escort services are allowed in the dorms. The sign on the door says anyone can come up to your room as long as you, the resident, escorts them.

A comforting thought for parents; your child is safe as long as they don't invite anyone in.

9. Nutrition is a high priority. The community kitchen sports 6-8 vending machines filled with snacks (with OJ and milk tossed in for appearances) all labeled with nutritional values.

10. The front desk in the lobby does not provide those little niceties that you sometimes leave at home like; razors, band-aids, shower caps, small sewing kits, etc. And you won't find the sample-sized shampoo, conditioner and body lotion in the bathroom either.

Forget the pillow mints.

Don't worry about putting the DO NOT DISTURB sign on your door. There is no Maid Service.

**But . . .** the top floor view is great and the elevator works.

*Laurie experienced dorm life last summer while attending the Summer Institute. She currently teaches a fourth/fifth grade loop at Bella Vista Elem. in Sierra Vista,*



*Time to Remember . . .*

# The Snapshot

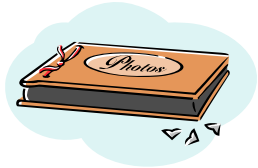
By Laurie Hoffsmith

Scrapbooks full of photos  
Of another day and time  
Pictures of mama, brother, sister  
None of them are mine.

The little puzzle piece  
That doesn't quite fit in  
Always on the edges  
Always looking in.

One lost photo  
That finally filled the space  
Mama holding baby  
Now I see her face.

The love that I've been searching for  
Yearning all my life  
I saw me there in her arms  
The proof that fills the space.



# Speechless, Unspeakable

By Beverly D. Herman

Starry starry night  
Cool clean peaceful  
Camping outside  
Night dark and deep  
Galaxy upon galaxy

Light  
Dimensions of gray  
Charcoal  
White noise

You yes  
You no

Pounding pounding pounding  
Squeaking screeching  
Screaming silence

?????????WHY GOD WHY?????????

Why me

Why us

WHY NOW

NONONONONONONONONONONONO  
NONONONONONONONONONONONO

onintoinfinity

*Six room house poem written in response to a photograph of the history of the Holocaust—Multigenre Research Project Teaching Demonstration by Tori Davis during Summer Institute*

# WRITING CONTEST

*"Wild violets as small purple secrets  
whispered all over the lawn."*

*Ralph Fletcher, Breathing In, Breathing Out*

*There were only two submissions to the simile contest. It seems that most were not up to the challenge, or perhaps, as teachers, we are more comfortable giving assignments than taking them. Congratulations to our two winners for taking the time to work on their craft.*

Sally Hill

At night, the black cat is as stealthy as a B-2 bomber and able, with laser-like precision, to apprehend the pack rat.

Amethyst Hinton-Sainz

He greeted the delivery of the discount mail-order investment system with self-congratulatory ignorance, a little like the mother in Arizona who buys organic, free-range eggs without realizing that the hens only had access to outdoor society at one end of a long barn, a square of light in the distance over acres of spasmotic feathered heads, and that the processing plant was in Texas.



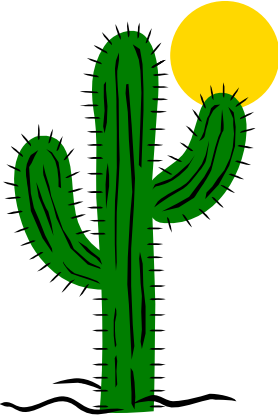
# Desert Living Is Different!

The *Desert Living Is Different!* contest now has nearly 600 K-12 students studying the desert environment through field trips, speakers, publications and the Internet. Once they complete their research, the students will write and/or illustrate a 100-page environmental guidebook. The guidebook is aimed at newcomers, who are usually from other bioregions, and its purpose is to teach them how to protect our magnificent Sonoran Desert and live safely in it.

The importance of the students' work has been recognized by Governor Janet Napolitano, Congressional Representatives Gabrielle Giffords and Raul Grijalva, Mayor Walkup, the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, and the Sonoran Institute. The Desert Museum is giving free passes to students whose work is in the guidebook and exhibiting their work.

Teachers and students are still welcome to join the *Desert Living Is Different!* contest.

Teachers can sign up by emailing [kittyreeve@cox.net](mailto:kittyreeve@cox.net) or [kdlocke\\_arizona@msn.com](mailto:kdlocke_arizona@msn.com) and requesting a registration form. There is no cost to participate. Resources and sample lesson plans are available on the SAWP website: [http://english.arizona.edu/index\\_site.php?id=451](http://english.arizona.edu/index_site.php?id=451) Please note: The deadline to submit student entries is December 12.



# Professional Learning Communities

PLC Writing Groups Get Together and Write, and We Pay!  
 Apply by Dec. 5 for best consideration, later if we have some openings left.

<p><b>Who:</b> You and friends, 3-7 people.</p> <p><b>What:</b> Write together about                  Student learning                  New curriculum you want to develop                  Research on best practices                  An issue or action plan                  For publication of                  professional, personal, or creative writing</p> <p><b>Where:</b> Anywhere you want to meet</p> <p><b>When:</b> Meet 24 hours during Spring Semester or                  Spring and Summer semesters</p> <p><b>Why:</b> Get writing and GET PUBLISHED. We'll help you do that.</p>	<p>Professional Learning Communities have at least one SAWP graduate of the Summer Institute or Critical Friends.</p> <p>Pay: \$500 for one facilitator (the SAW-Per) or \$500 divided among the group</p> <p><b>Contact Sue Smith,</b>  <b><a href="mailto:snsmith@email.arizona.edu">snsmith@email.arizona.edu</a></b></p>
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- APPLICATION FORMAT:** Just copy and answer these questions:
1. GOAL/RATIONALE: What will the PLC accomplish? Why is it important?
  2. BACKGROUND: How and why did the group come together?
  3. PLAN: How often will you meet, where, how will you accomplish your goal?
  4. FACILITATOR: What Summer Institute or Critical Friends group did your facilitator attend?
  5. PARTICIPANTS: Who will participate, and what are phone numbers and emails?
  6. USE OF FUNDS: How will you use the stipend?

# The Southern Arizona Writing Project

June 4 – July 3, 2007

Monday – Thursday 8:30 – 3:30

Co-Directors: Roger Shanley, Flory Simon, Erec Toso

Since 1978, K-University teachers have attended SAWP each summer to work together to become part of a network of Writing Project fellows. Participation in the project offers teachers a change to reinforce and fine tune good teaching of writing, to develop and try new approaches, and to experience professional renewal. We welcome teachers who are eager to demonstrate their best teaching practices, work on their own writing, and share in a supportive and collegial setting.

STIPENDS: 18 scholarships - FULL

CREDIT: 6 credits in English/LRC 597a

LOCATION: Transitional Office Building – 1731 E. 2<sup>nd</sup> St. – UA Campus

*All K-university teachers with three years experience are eligible. Contact: Erec Toso at (520) 621-3436 or netoso@u.arizona.edu*

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## License to Write

*Continued from page 10*

**Bev Herman - Ochoa Elementary** - Content + Literacy Learning = Achievement!

**Debbie Hildreth - Marana Middle School** - The right to make mistakes and learn from them.

**Laurie Hoffsmith - Bella Vista Elementary** - Using roles in revision groups as a way of getting students to pay attention to aspects of the 6 Traits in their writing.

**Joey Larson - Lawrence Intermediate** - How to revise the muscle of the text, not just the conventions.

**Carolyn Mongeon - Reynolds Elementary** - How art can be used to free the writer within.

**Heather Ordover - AZ Virtual Academy** - Revisiting the grammar paradox: how to teach grammar without teaching grammar.

**Gigi Plowman - Desert Springs Academy** - Using subject area to promote descriptive multi-modal writing.

**Susan Ropp - Maldonado Elementary** - Exploring the discourse and discipline of mathematics.

The experiences and friendships gained from this workshop were invaluable. The majority of Teacher Consultants created through this intensive workshop have already presented, or have been scheduled to present, to educators in southern Arizona. For more information on Teacher Consultants or the Southern Arizona Writing Project, contact Erec Toso at netoso@u.arizona.edu

Second Annual Teacher/Action Research Conference  
Co-Sponsored by Southern Arizona Writing Project and  
the Sunnyside Unified School District Career Ladder Office

*Saturday, May 3, 2008*

Lawrence Stenhouse\* once said, "It is teachers who, in the end, will change the world of the school by understanding it." Classroom inquiry and the concept of the "teacher as researcher" represent a way of viewing and understanding our own classrooms as places of inquiry and interest. Investigating our teaching practice and how it influences student achievement places research and theory in the here and now of the classroom, not in legislative or administrative offices. What we are learning can and should influence what happens in classrooms, schools, and districts in the future.

This conference will bring together the many teacher and action researchers across Arizona and beyond, drawing on all disciplines, K-16. This will be an opportunity to learn from the research conducted in our classrooms, share our findings, seek common agendas, and lay the groundwork for future communication and alliances.

We are issuing an open call for proposals for interactive, forty-five minute panels, individual presentations, roundtables, data festivals, or poster presentations. We will also entertain proposals for teaching demonstrations from writing project teacher-consultants.

The conference will take place at the University of Arizona and will include a keynote speech (speaker to be announced) followed by a series of concurrent sessions presented by teacher and action researchers, as well as writing project teacher-consultants. Registration information and additional details will be forthcoming.

Proposal Deadline: December 19, 2007

Email completed proposal form to: [skmiller@email.arizona.edu](mailto:skmiller@email.arizona.edu), or snail mail your proposal to Sharon K. Miller  
Southern Arizona Writing Project  
P.O. Box 210067  
University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona 85721-0067

**Questions? Contact Sharon Miller at [skmiller@email.arizona.edu](mailto:skmiller@email.arizona.edu)**

\*Cited in Rudduck, J. (1988). "Changing the world of the classroom by understanding it: A review of some aspects of the work of Lawrence Stenhouse." *Journal of Curriculum and Supervision*, 4(1), 30-42. EJ 378 725.

**Please complete the attached form to submit your proposal by December 19, 2007.  
Presenters will be notified by January 14, 2008 of our decision.  
At that time, AV and special requests will be considered.**

**Please consider joining us to share your teaching and learning stories.**

Call for Presentations
Second Annual Teacher/Action Research Conference
at the University of Arizona, May 3, 2008

Proposals Must Be Received by December 19, 2007

Name (please print clearly)
Grade/Subject
School District
Address (work)
Address (home)
Phone (W) (H)
Email (please print clearly)

1. Please complete the following information on another sheet of paper and attach it to this form:

For Teacher/Action Researchers

- A. What is your research question?
B. Briefly describe the data you collected and what you think you learned through conducting this research.

For Teacher-Consultant Demonstrations

- A. What is the topic of your demonstration?
B. Briefly describe the nature of the instruction and student work ou will share.

Your description should be approximately 100 words.

2. Title of your proposed session (as you wish it to appear in the program):

3. Brief description (1-2 sentences) of your session for the program. Participants will use this description to select concurrent sessions. See examples below.

4. Intended audience for your proposed session (check all that apply):

- Early Childhood Primary Upper Elementary Middle
High School College Administrators Other

5. Please Indicate the discipline(s), if any, to which your proposed session pertains:

- Math Language Arts Social Studies Middle Art Other

Examples of Session Descriptions:

Cross-Age Tutoring/Collaboration: Providing an Authentic Learning Environment, Alison Porter, Fifth Grade Teacher, Harrison Elementary School, St. Louis Central School District. When fifth grade students become teachers of kindergarteners, surprising things happen to the learning and achievement of both. In this data festival, participants will look at student work generated from this study and consider its impact on student learning in both grades.

Feedback: Encouraging Revision in the Writing Classroom through Peer and Instructor Commentary, Kinsey McKinney, Writing Instructor, Central Arizona College, Winkelman, Arizona. What happens to the quality of revision when students revise their writing based on feedback generated in the writing workshop? In this round-table, the teacher researcher will share her project, highlighting data that demonstrates changes in student writing.

Email completed proposal form to:

skmiller@email.arizona.edu, or snail mail your proposal to Sharon K. Miller, Southern Arizona Writing Project, P.O. Box 210067, University of Arizona, Tucson, AZ 85721-0067