

Mandala News

October 19, 2012



Building Self-regulation

For people to act on their own they need practice. Being a good parent/teacher/manager means knowing how much responsibility to allow another.

We need practice with this. The hardest part is getting used to the mistakes, poor choices, and false starts of those we mentor. We suffer as they suffer.

We help by structuring environments to allow choices within a range that we think is appropriate then seeing how things go. Lots of discussion can help others understand their environment, the choices made, and their consequences.

This is the real power of self-regulation: knowing that our actions have consequences.

The use of punishment often gets in the way of learning from our mistakes. It redirects the consequences from one's actions to the actions of the authority figure. Now there is someone else to blame for the bad feelings instead of oneself.

Allowing a person to make mistakes seems paradoxical yet it is necessary to build self-regulation and self-confidence. Our difficulty as elders is knowing how much freedom and responsibility to provide.

Good luck!



Lydia's artful arms

Team Handball

Team handball is a game where you pass the ball to our team and try to throw the ball into the goal. It can bounce into the goal, too.

RULES

Once you have the ball you can take three steps and then pass or try to make a goal. You have a goalie.

How to get the ball

You can get the ball if you intercept or hit it out of the air when the opposite team is passing. If you drop the ball or miss the catch, it's the other team's ball. When you miss a pass or something, just let the ball roll until the other team picks it up.

What you can't do

You can't take more than three steps. You can't hit the ball out of someone's hands.

How to win

You win by getting the most points.

Giacomo D'Orazio

Camp Allegany



Beginning our four-mile hike in the rain.



Crayfish catching



Backcountry desks



Water Pennies only live in healthy water



Hold-up at Rock City



Pregnant newt



Chris as Abe Lincoln



Fishing is about more than fish



Carving at camp



Brrr.....



Jake sharing some classics



Anglers preparing





Studying the outwash plain left by the melting of the glacier.



Hungry for spaghetti dinner



Little pebbles that eroded from conglomerate

See the end of the newsletter for Audrey's article about Camp Allegany

This Week at Mandala School

- Graphing the rising and setting times of the moon and sun. Are there patterns?
- Lots of running around during Team Handball at the club
- Earth Science lab on using Polaris to find latitude
- Presentations: Leonardo da Vinci, Edgar Allan Poe, satellites, last words, & mussels
- Many poems written
- Incredible charcoal drawings hung on the walls
- Discussed *A Mother at Mannville*
- Economics class with Ben

Found on the Path

I look in a distance,
Just a replay,
Of everything,
So long ago,
O everything of yesterday,
All those times I gave up,
All those times I tried,
All those times I laughed
All those times I cried,
I never thought I'd end up here,
But I never thought I'd stop,
On the road of life,
But I still fear,
My world will suddenly drop,
But it looks
All will stay,
Of everything,
Of yesterday.

Julia Haney



A high-level conversation



Janus

Left or right,
Good or bad,
One door holds certain death
The other shows the path.
Go through that door,
You'll never be found,
This one is safe and sound,
Or maybe it's the opposite,
Daring you to follow it.
Whichever way chaos,
Be careful and be wise,
Because one way will fill you with wisdom,
The other will fill you with lies.

Josie Morrissey

Coming Events

Monday: Science Fair with Fredonia students

Tuesday: Hunter's Creek (need lunch)

Camp Allegany

Hiking through the rain was a unique experience. My old Converse would slide over fallen leaves and slick mud, though thankfully I never fell. Siamese raindrops would occasionally land on my head and shoulders, leaving my sweatshirt nearly soaked through where they had hit.

In certain views, we would not see into the distance. Instead, we would head out into dense fog. But we could see the trail right in front of us and our feet, so we kept moving. The hike was about four miles long and ended at the Admissions Lodge that was made of stone. Towards the end, my toes began to blister, so I untied my shoes and stepped barefoot for the last leg of the hike. I could keep up with some well-placed steps.

At the Admissions Lodge, my mom and my youngest sister, Jessie, were waiting for us. They said that they had waited a long time for us to finish the hiking; we expected it to last only half the time it had. Some stopped to smell the roses.

My sisters, Elyse, and I rode back to camp in my mom's Subaru. Jessie was the first one to the car and had claimed the front seat for herself, even though I had called dibs. I opened the door and easily dragged the eight-year-old out of the car. I got in the passenger seat and we drove back.

Later that afternoon, Mr. Roach decided that he wanted to take some people fishing at the lake a few streets away. He quickly gathered the people that wanted to go, or had nothing better to do, and set off in his box truck, everyone crowded into the back. My mom took Lizzy, Elyse, Josie and I in her car, mostly because the back of the truck was too confined. We were going because there was no one left at the campsite.

When we got to the lake, a few people had fishing poles dangling into the water. Next to the spot they had chosen, was a boat

rental place. Their metallic paddle boats were chained to the dock, and most of the seats were pooled with water. We sat down in the sparse dry seats, as there was nothing better to do, as I didn't want to fish.

Lizzy asked our mom if she could go swimming in the lake. Julia had already jumped in, and she stood dripping lake water, on the grass. My mom said that if she found five other people willing to go swimming, she would drive Lizzy back to the cabins to get her suit. She only found four, but it was okay for them, because Dr. John had offered to drive them.

I went with my mom, Elyse, and Josie to the Allegany Gift Shop to buy Lizzy some dry clothes. During the few days we've been here, Lizzy had managed to get all of her clothes either wet or dirty. We pick her up a red shirt and blue sweatpants that when she pulls on are too long for her short legs and group at both ankles. I also got an Allegany sweatshirt for myself.

That night Ms. Barb put together a talent show. Erin, Lydia and I quickly put together a dance to Too Close, by Alex Clare. Jake had played a never ending violin piece, Giacomo and Ethan had done the worm and Josie refused to do anything, so Julia lifted her up, as her talent. Afterwards, we played charades for a while, and then went to bed after the long day, my favorite of the camping trip to Allegany.

Audrey Parker

