

Capturing the Joy in Writing:

Finding Ways to Love
the Writer's Life in an
Era of High-Stakes,
Standards, and "Rigor"



Danielle Gruhler

Summer, 2017



Please Bury Me in the Library



J. PATRICK LEWIS • Illustrated by KYLE M. STONE



J. Patrick Lewis

Intentions for our time together today. . .



- ◆ Conceptualize ourselves as JOYful writers
- ◆ Write with JOYful spirits
- ◆ Consider ways to bring JOYful writing experiences to the writers in our care

On *writing*, and **JOY** . . .



- ❖ Do you consider yourself a JOYful writer?
Absolutely! Sort of. . . Ummm, no.
- ❖ Please turn and talk, saying something about that.

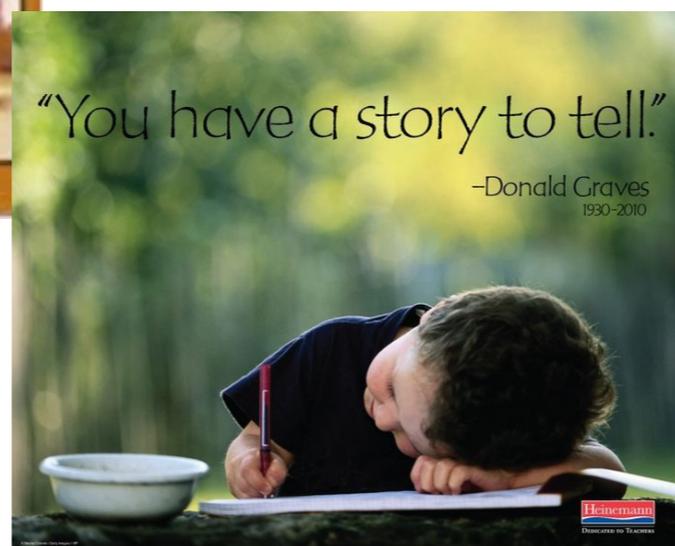
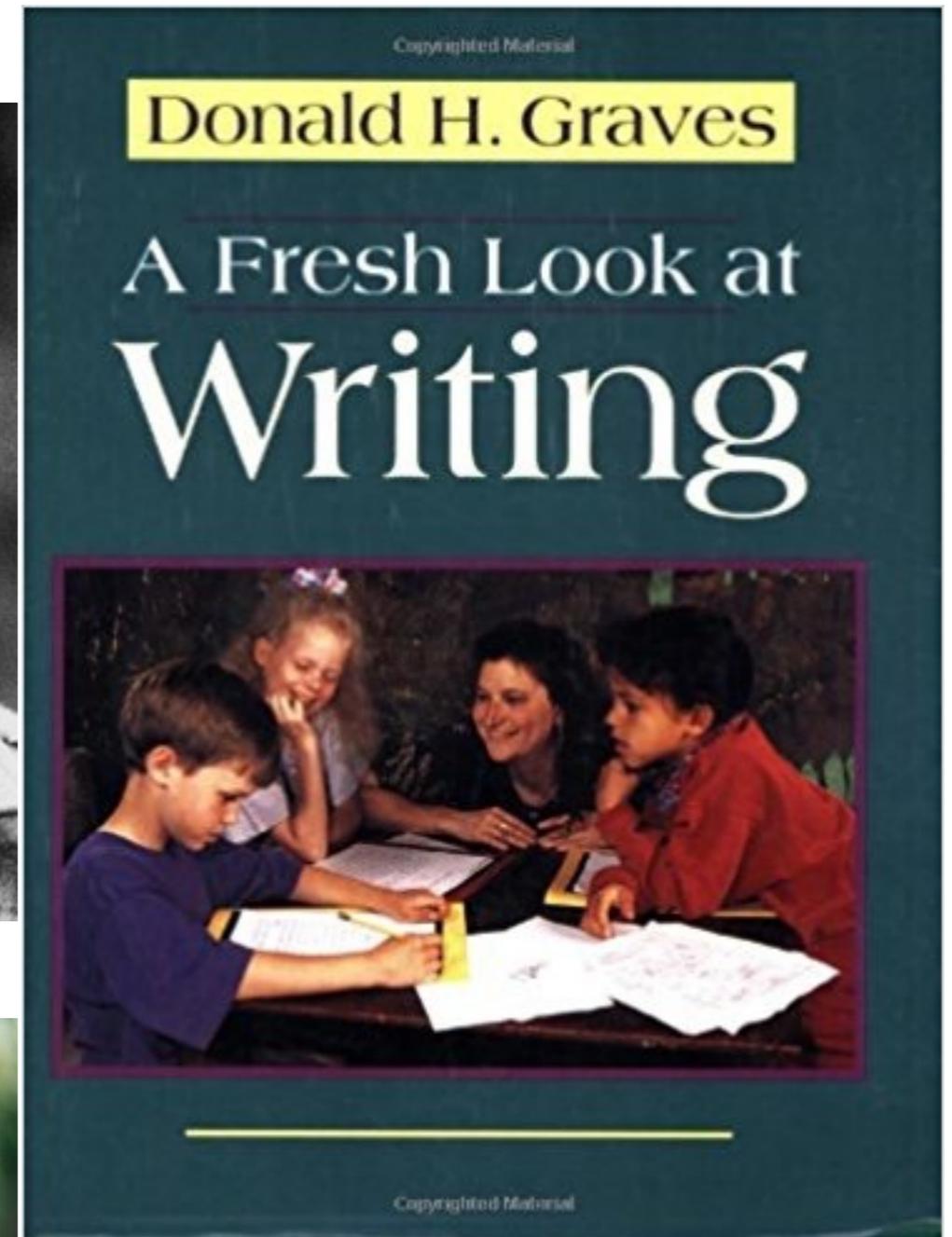
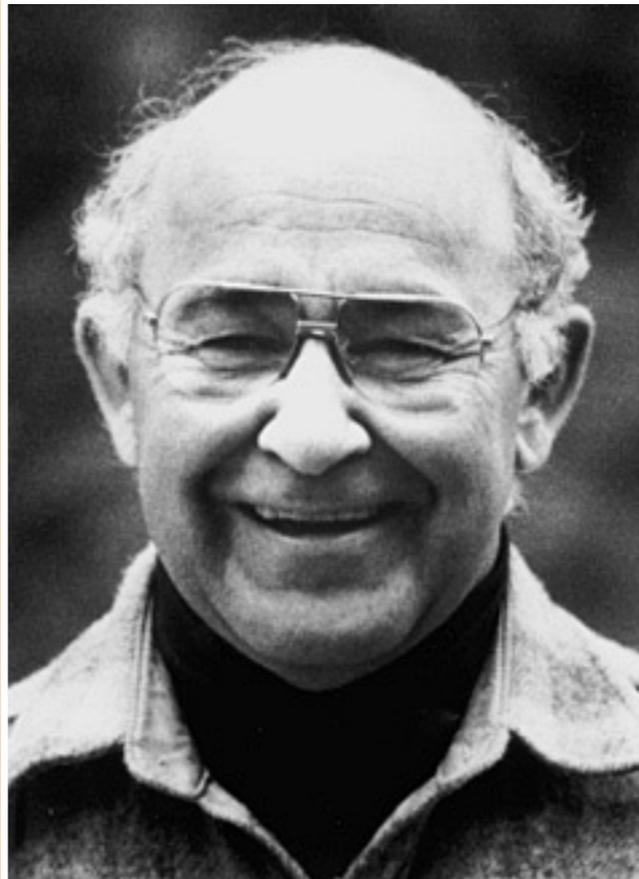
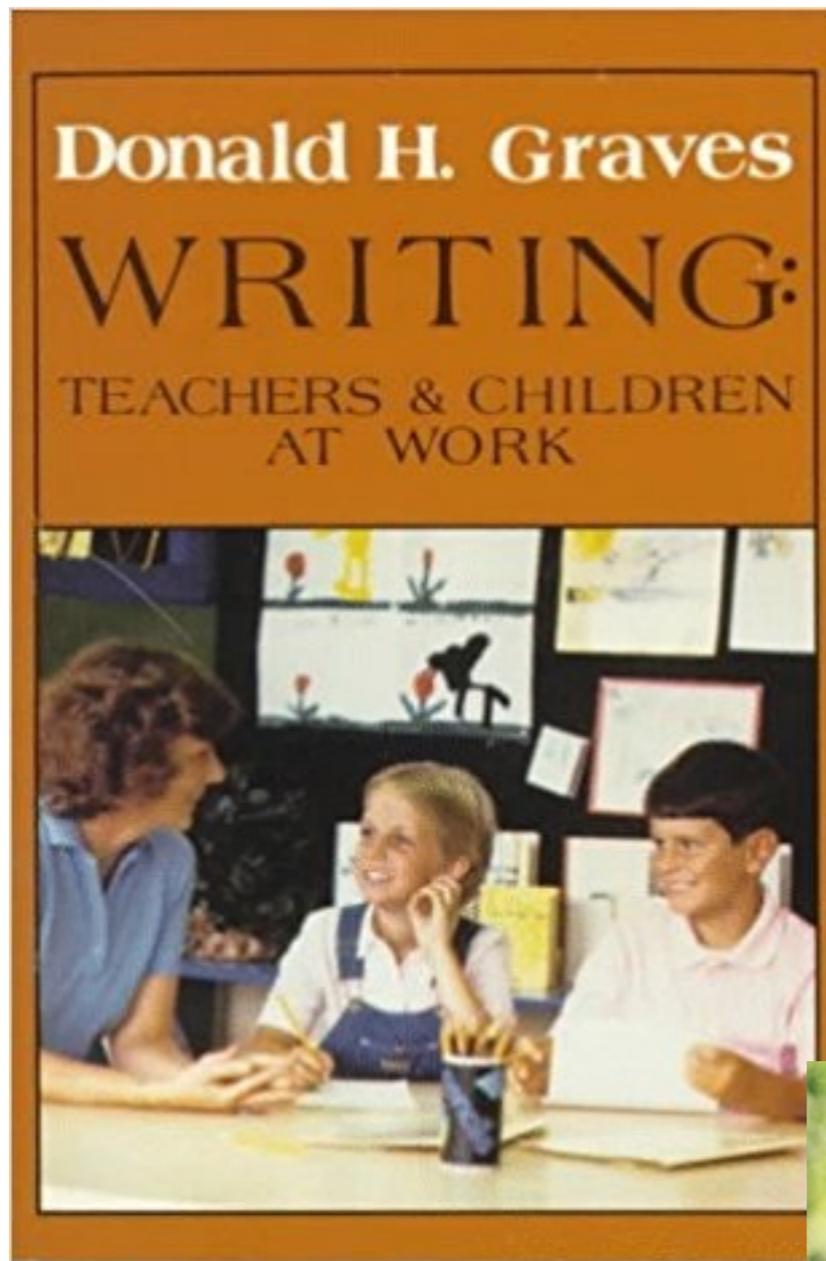
A “Two-Part LOOK”

- ❖ Teacher as JOYful Writer
- ❖ Fostering JOY for the Writers
in our Care

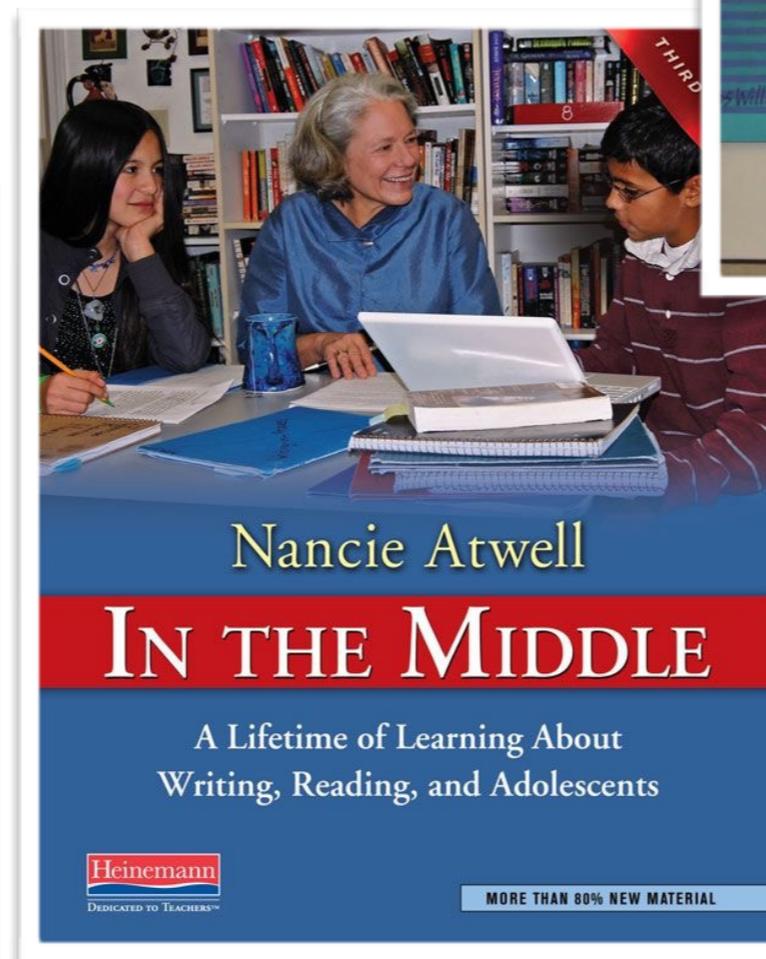
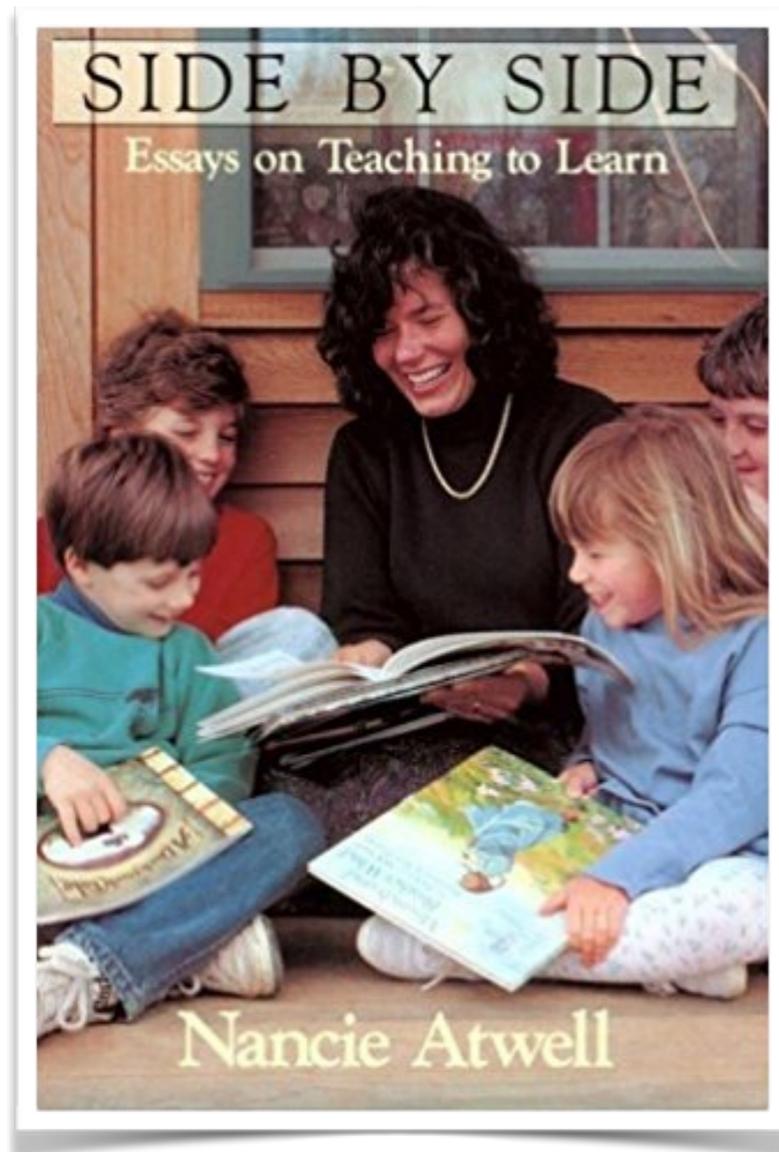


I stand on
the shoulders
of many. . .

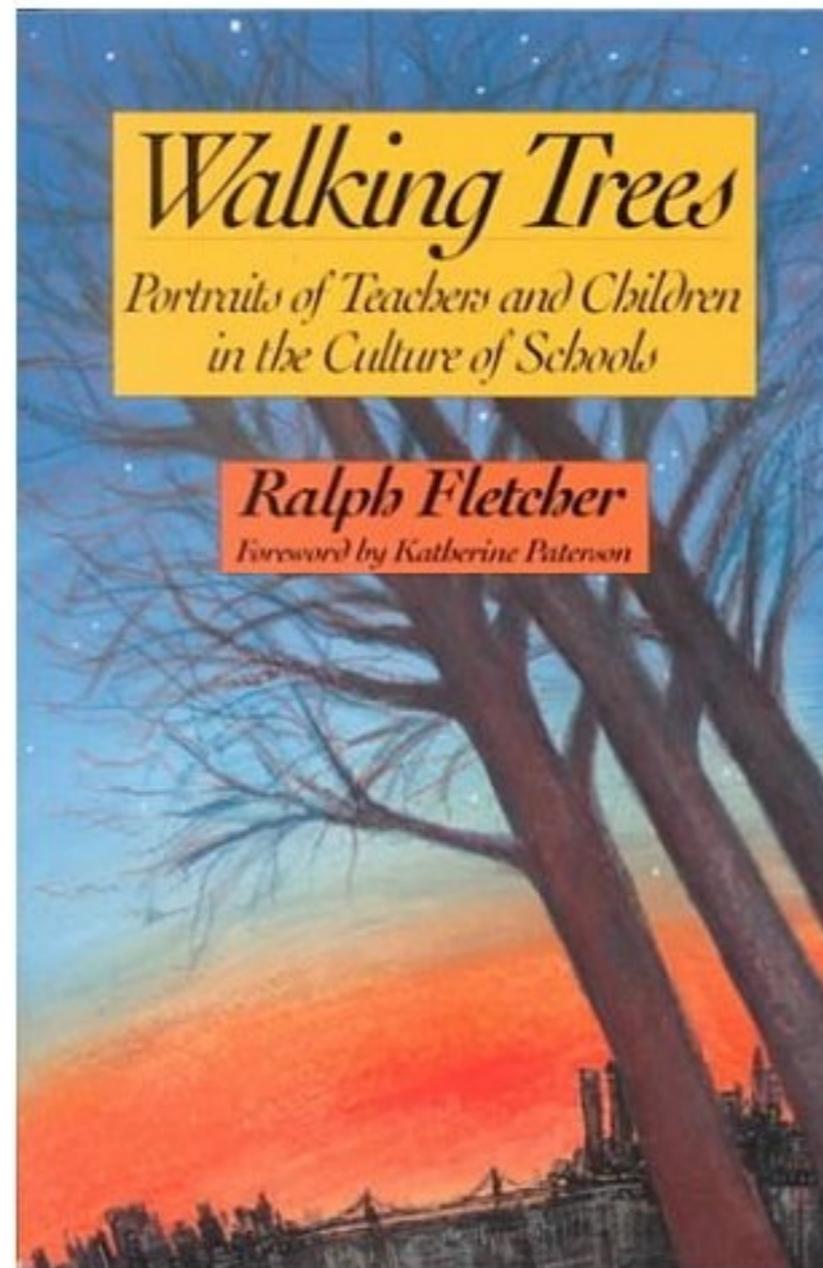
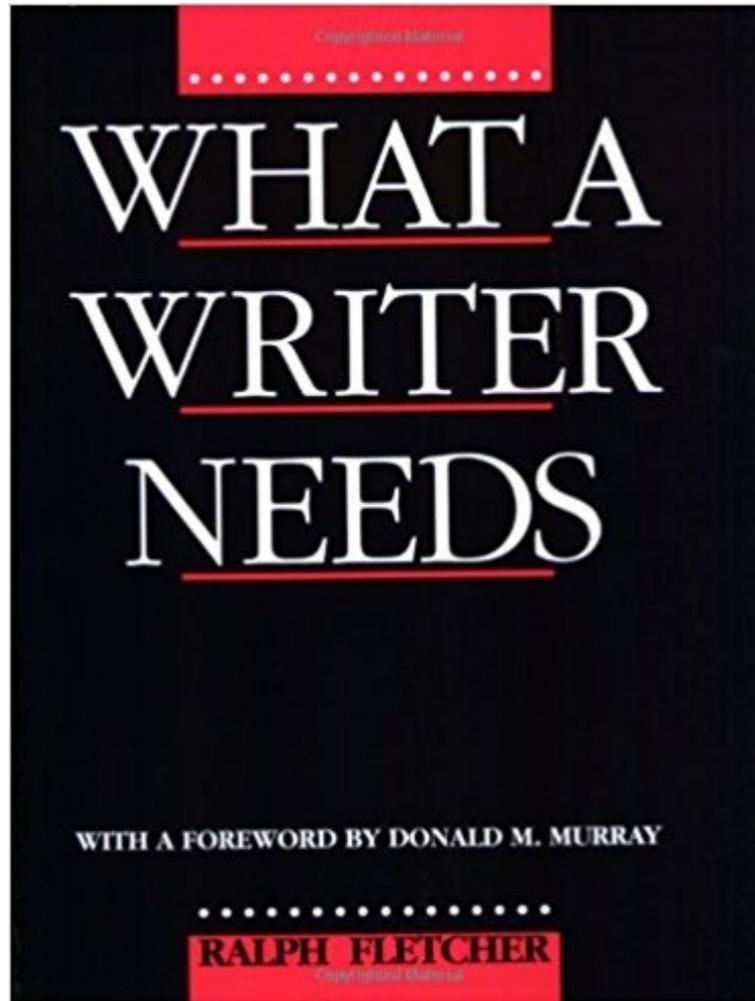
Donald Graves



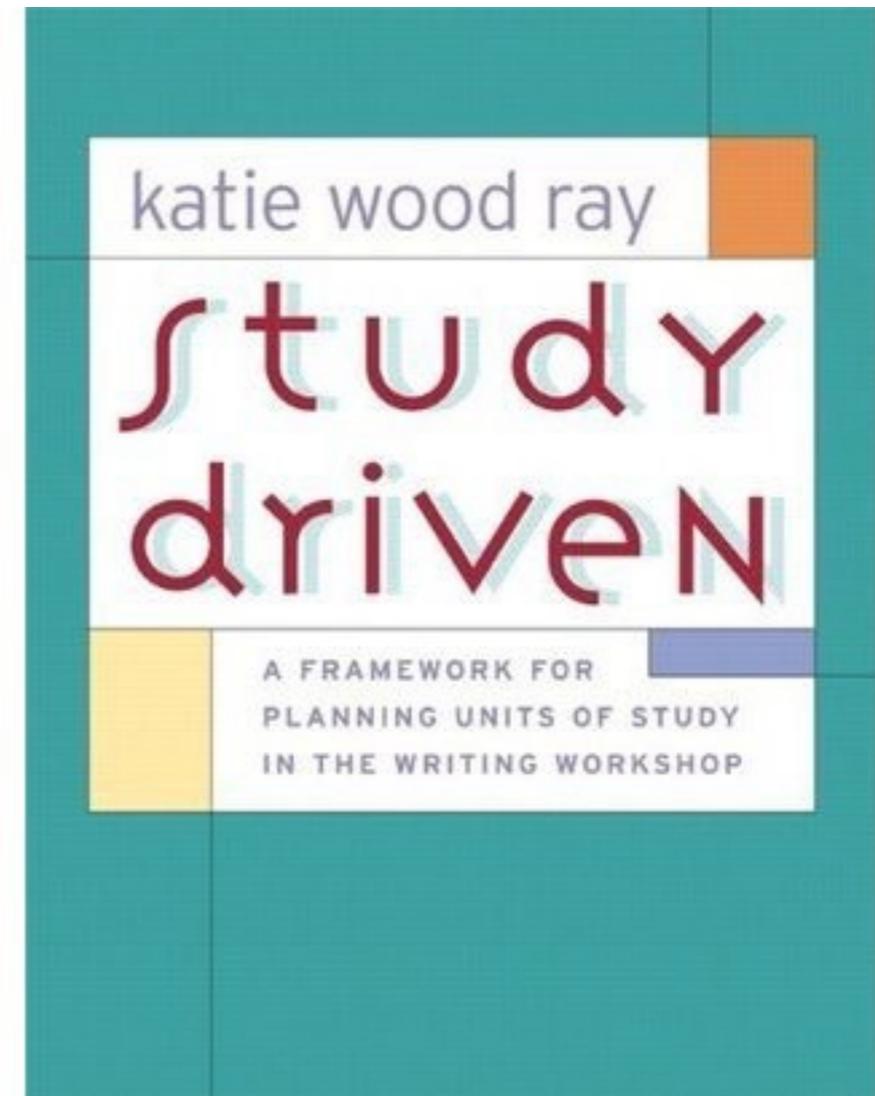
Nancie Atwell



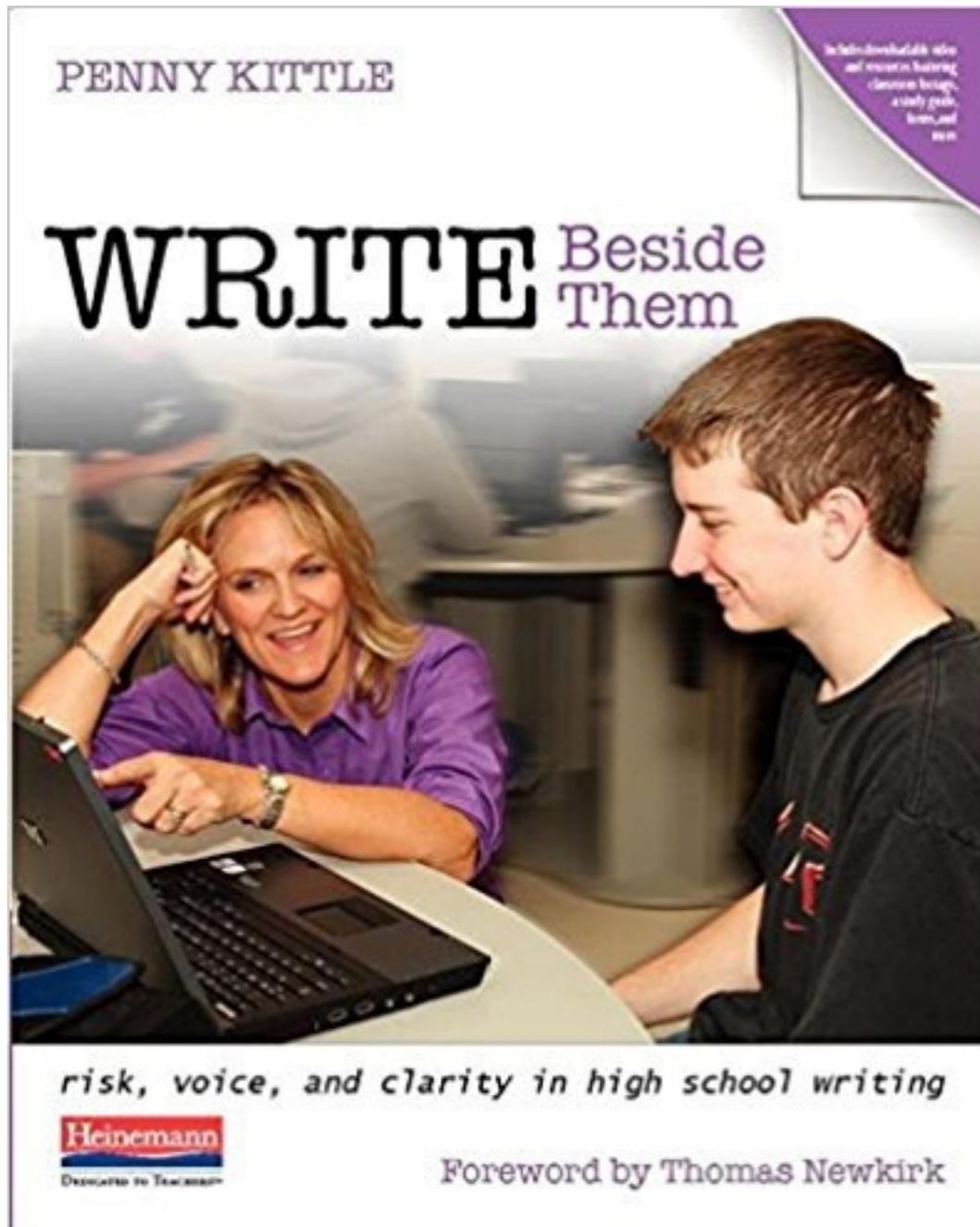
Ralph Fletcher



Katie Wood Ray



Penny Kittle



What I Know for Sure. . .

"Dorothy Allison is, without question, one of the finest writers of her generation." —*The Boston Globe*

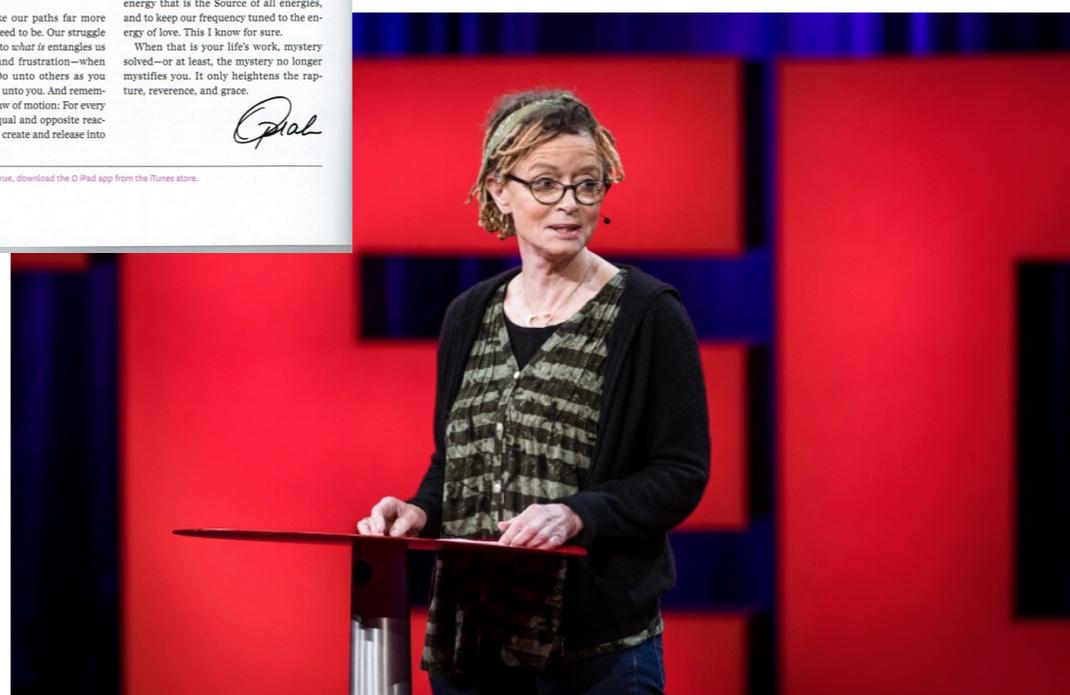
two or three things
i know for sure

dorothy allison

author of *BASTARD OUT OF CAROLINA*



The book cover for "What I Know for Sure" by Oprah Winfrey. At the top left is a logo consisting of four overlapping circles in yellow, red, blue, and green. The title "What I Know for Sure" is written in a cursive font. Below the title is a portrait of Oprah Winfrey smiling, with her hand near her chin. The text on the cover includes a large purple letter "I" followed by the words "'VE ALWAYS" and a paragraph of text. At the bottom left is a small icon of an iPad with the letter "O" on it. At the bottom right is the Oprah Winfrey logo. At the very bottom, there is a small line of text: "172 OPRAH.COM | NOVEMBER 2012".



The first in our
“Two-Part L^oo^ok”



Teacher as
JOYful Writer

Something I Know for Sure. . .

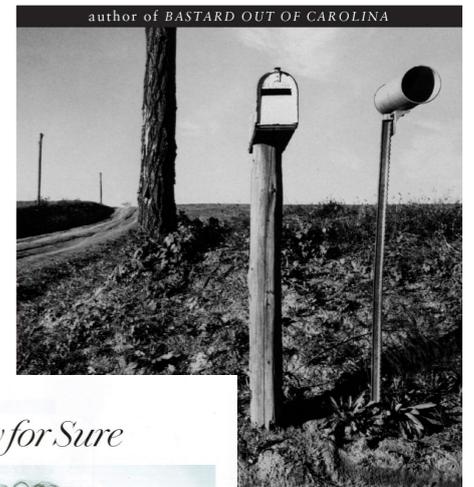
*A writer is one
who writes.*

"Dorothy Allison is, without question, one of the finest writers of her generation." —*The Boston Globe*

two or three things
i know for sure

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 *What I Know for Sure*



I’VE ALWAYS thought of myself as a seeker. And by that I mean my heart is open to seeing—in all forms—the divine order and exquisite perfection with which the universe operates. I am beguiled by the mystery of life. As a matter of fact, on my nightstand I keep a book called *In Love with the Mystery*, written by Ann Morrise. It’s full of tranquil photographs and bite-size reminders of the preciousness of the wondrous journey we’re all on.

Here is one of my favorite passages: “Let the power come. Let ecstasy erupt. Allow your heart to expand and overflow with submission for this magnificent creation and for the love, wisdom, and power that birthed it all. Rapture is needed now—rapture, reverence, and grace.”

I find solace and inspiration in those words. Too often we block the power that is ever-present and available to us, because we’re so wrapped up in doing that we lose sight of being.

I often wonder what Steve Jobs felt when he uttered his last words: “Oh, wow. Oh, wow. Oh, wow.”

I wonder if it was the same vision the mother of a 26-year-old cancer patient shared on my show years ago. With his last breath, her son had said, “Oh, Mom, it’s so simple!”

I believe we make our paths far more difficult than they need to be. Our struggle with and resistance to what a ecstasy is in constant chaos and frustration—when it’s all so simple. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. And remember Newton’s third law of motion: For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. The

the world will be reciprocated on all levels. Our main job in life is to align with the energy that is the Source of all energies, and to keep our frequency tuned to the energy of love. This I know for sure.

When that is your life’s work, mystery solved—or at least, the mystery no longer mystifies you. It only brightens the rapture, reverence, and grace.

Dorothy Allison

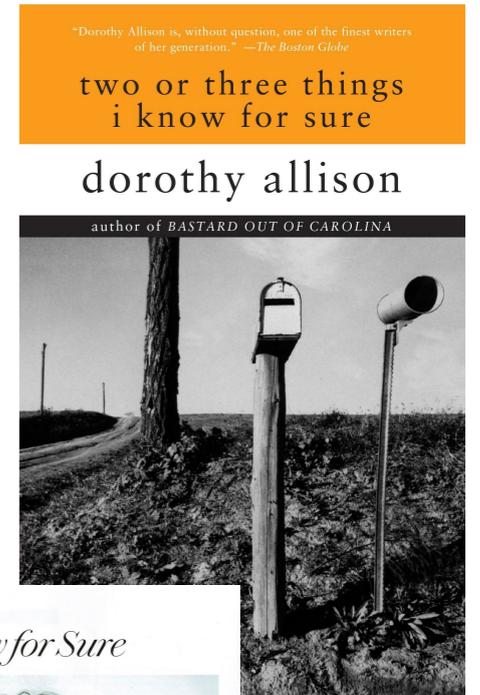
 © 2014 Oprah Winfrey Network. All rights reserved. For more on how she knows when a

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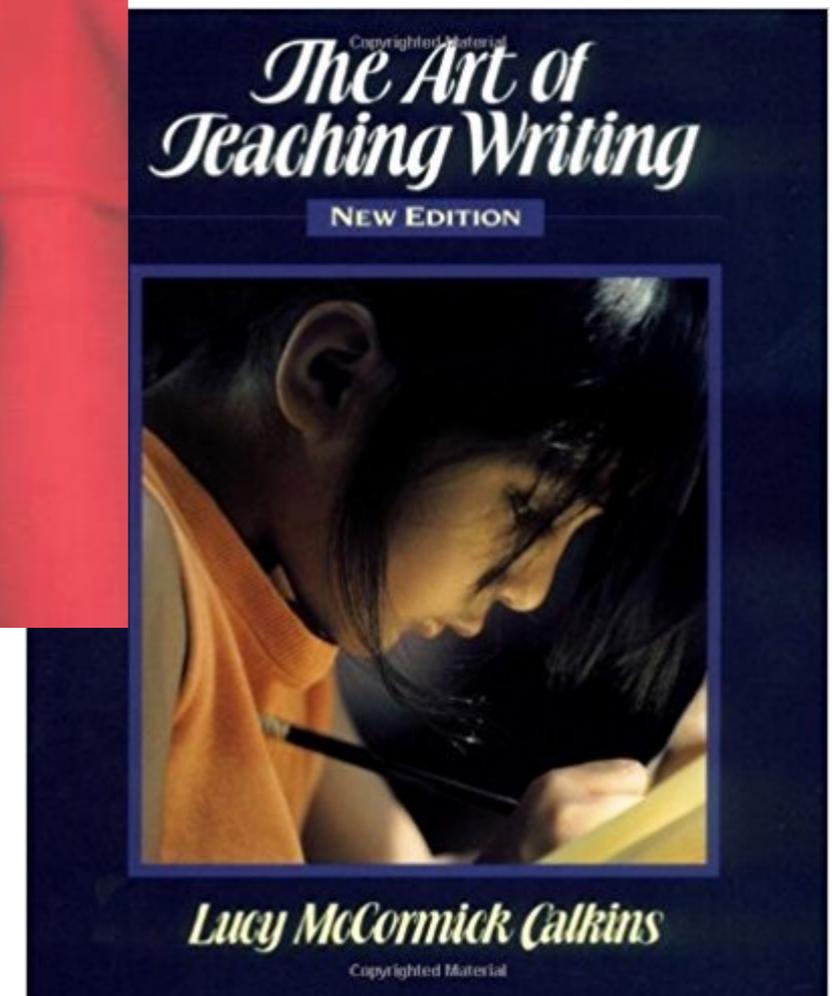
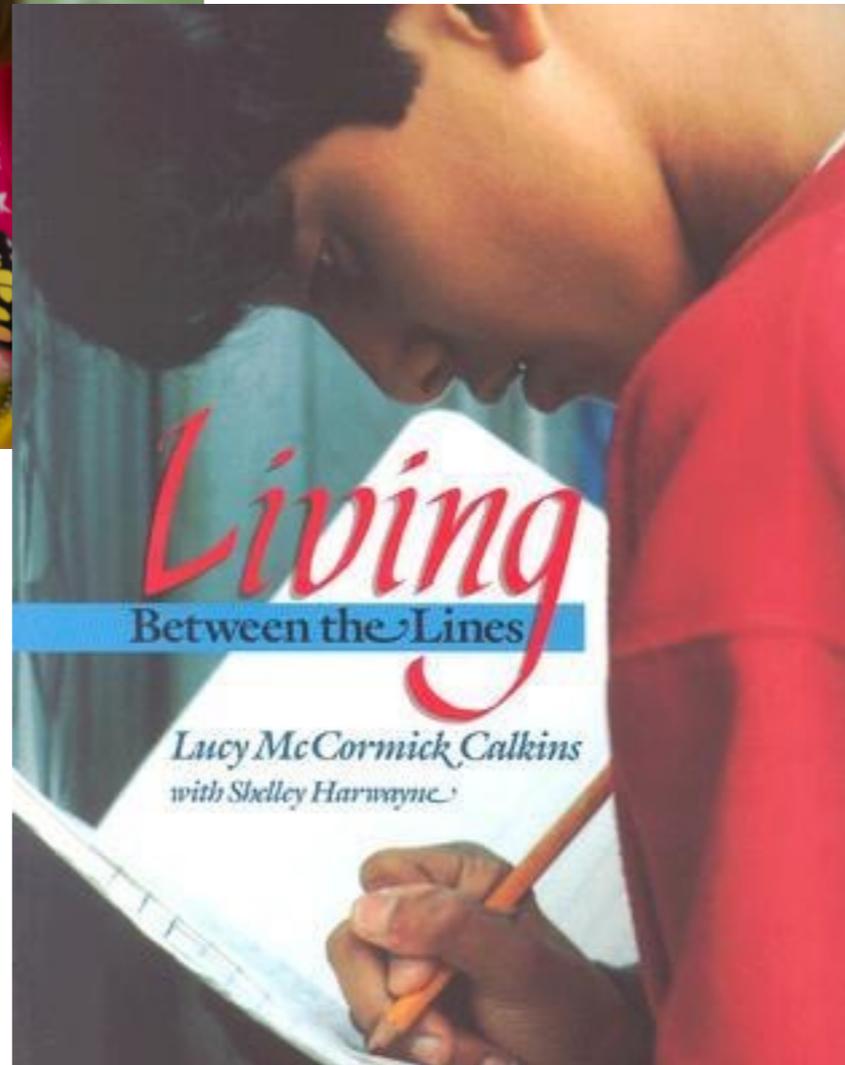


Another thing I Know for Sure. . .

To teach
writers, one
must be a
writer oneself.



Lucy McCormick Calkins







I dwell
in
possibility





Mead
COMPOSITE

Danielle Grub

100 sheets • 200 pages
9 3/4 x 7 1/2 in / 24.7 x 19.0 cm
wide ruled • 09935

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10/12/98

Connections to Tom by Tomie DePaola

My grandparents I wish I had more of them to remember.

My grandma Grunewald. My dad's mother.

She was orphaned at 19 to a 40 year old. My dad's father. She was orphaned as an infant I'm not sure how or why. Then adopted as a baby into the Anderson family. They had money. I've seen pictures of the many beautiful homes she grew up in. Around Pennsylvania and Ohio. She went to the school at the Villa. She was quite an athlete. Track star and basketball player. [She's buried at the Villa now.] In her Senior Year she fell in love w/ the man who I was head of maintenance.

10/13/98

I want to know why she was orphaned, how old was she when she was adopted? Who were her sisters? What story from her childhood could I tell?

What I remember about her:

her squared off silver nails
her white and gray curly hair, very soft, very thin
she was fat all through the middle but her legs were thin. She wore Navy blue slips on Keds or some off brand - she did not spend \$.

I remember the Italian wedding song she used to make though she wasn't Italian. I don't remember any particular heritage tied to her at all. Perhaps because she was adopted.

Interview dad as a way to find out her stories

Come back to this - I could write a story like Tom with my grandma as the main character.

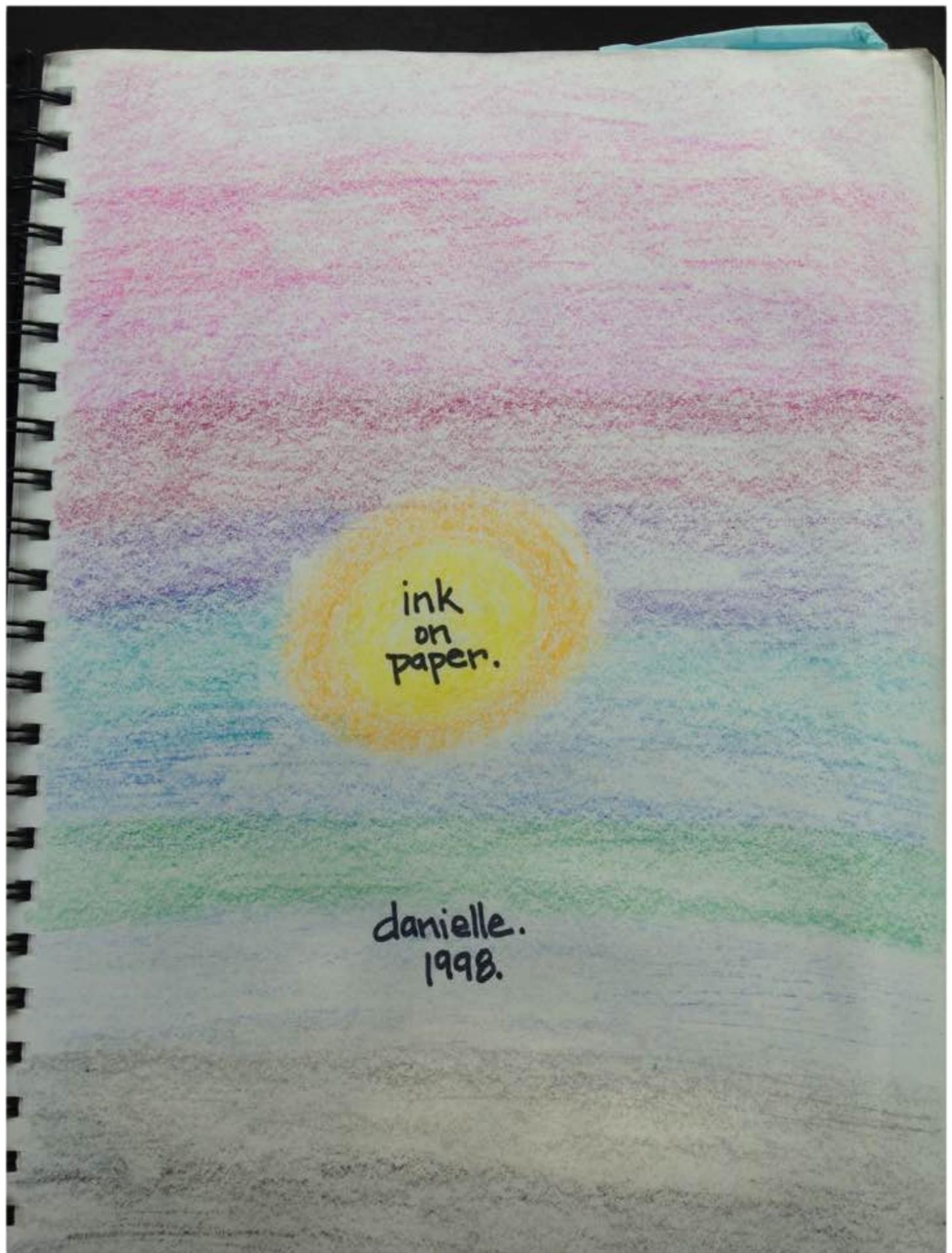
Why not a story about my dad as a little boy?

I remember that she had big blue eyes and freckles all over her body. I remember the tacky plastic sparkle head mirror cross that hung from her rear-view mirror.



I remember the way she sang all the time, and whistled, and chirruped.

I remember how she taught me to drive. She was my most patient teacher - never got anxious or upset.



ink
on
paper.

danielle.
1998.

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My Writing Territories

Brie Cheese
 White Chocolate-covered pretzel clusters
 Shoes of my youth: clogs, Nikes, saddle shoes, sandals
 " " " adulthood

Samantha
 Kobi
 Buddha (Cupcake)

Rosebud
 Faith
 Grubler

"Rosie"
 The Start of a New Year
 Challenging Students
 Gardening
 Charlie & Henry

"Slings and runs", Kick the can, Ghost in the graveyard.
 The adventures of my childhood - what were they?
 Looking for a leaf clover
 Fears: Grizzlies + Great Whites
 Family meals!
 Spunked w/ Wooden Spoon

Camping
 Girl Scouts
 Performing
 Bill Franklin

Riding bikes on the construction site dirt piles!
 Franklin's School of dance

Ballet, tap, jazz
 Costumes from each - wearing makeup!
 2010 Dist. Teaching award
 Fishnet stockings

Fears: Great White Sharks, Grizzly Bears (irrational),
 harm coming to my children, illness

Poems: Famous, Stopping by Woods
 Books: Little Black Sambo, Peter Rabbit, all Beatrix Potter
 Concerts: Barry Manilow, Lionel Ritchie, Billy Joel
 Roller-Skating - Rocky's, Springfield

"The Candy Lady"
 Bubba Lady

Ideas for Poetry:

Colon
 looks
 sounds
 smells
 tastes
 feels

Season

Professional goals
 Cards & letters
 6-word memoirs
 What I'm "allergic" to

Toys from my childhood - like brick, Poig wheel,

Funny things students say
 you know you're a teacher when...
 " list
 Mrs. Lackey
 Mrs. Allred
 Mrs. Moore

My ideal job!
 Map of my neighborhood.

Lists: Words
 Smells
 Sights
 Tastes
 Loves & Hates

Grateful for...
 Places that feel like home
 What I love about _____

Fav. Movies: Footloose
 Tootsie

Running - 13.1, trail running
 ex boyfriends
 Season favorite
 spring, summer
 fall, winter

Being in musicals
 My best friend Donna
 Spirit days in H.S. → watching Charlie do +
 Cedar Point!
 Geauga Lake
 Sea World.

Memorable teachers
 Best friends.
 Pet Pevers
 Staffed

Beloved things: Beatrix Potter books, Velveteen Rabbit, Peter R

Storybook Day Camp

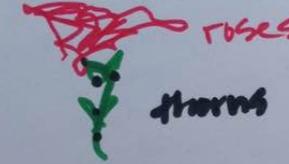
"Scars on my body"
 What agitates me



What I miss - Sensory poems
 "I can't imagine life w/out"

What I look forward to

roses



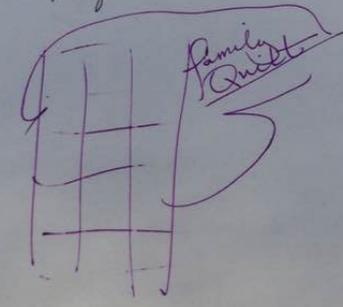
- Things I can't stand
- Things I am
- Book list
- Things I know a lot about

"The tabs that are open in my brain."

I wanna go... to where?

Long lyric ^{selected} lines

Thing I have more than enough of....



One more thing I Know for Sure. . .

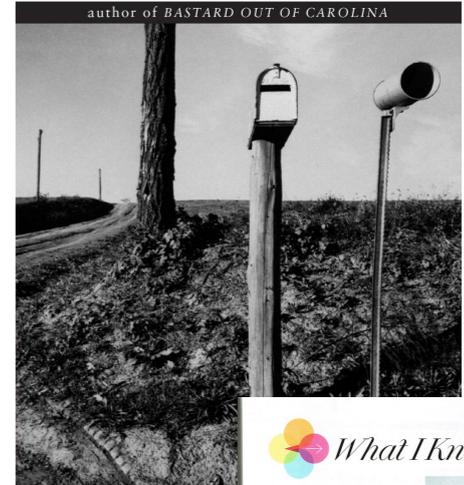
To write with JOY,
it helps if we write
about what “tugs on
the sleeves of our
hearts.” —Lamott

“Dorothy Allison is, without question, one of the finest writers of her generation.” —*The Boston Globe*

two or three things
i know for sure

dorothy allison

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the world will be reciprocated on all levels. Our main job in life is to align with the energy that is the Source of all energies, and to keep our frequency tuned to the energy of love. This I know for sure.

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Opal



Writing “Territories” or Topics

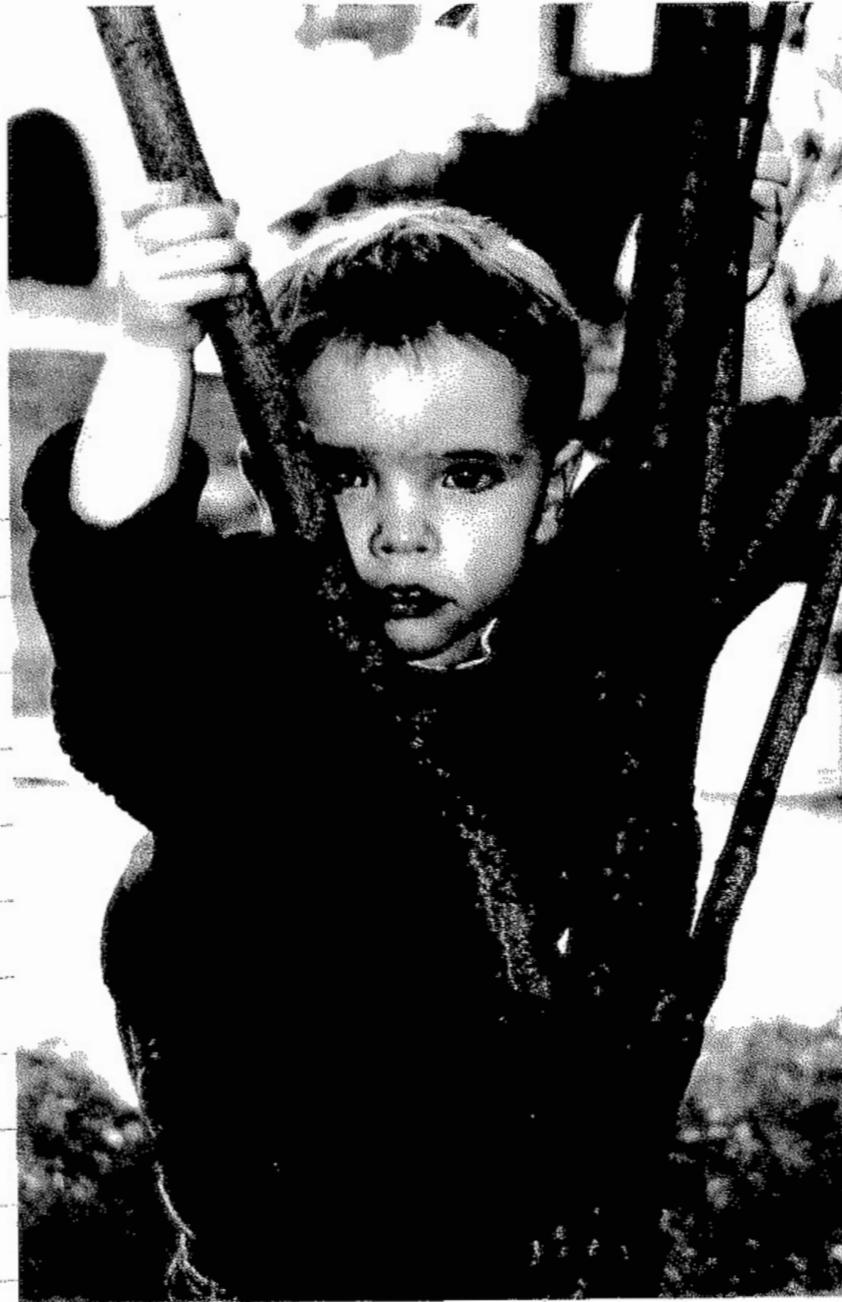


What are *yours*?

What kinds of entries might you find in a Writer's Notebook?



Please be on the lookout for one you'd like to try. . .



I look @ this picture -
Charlie is, in this photo
the age Henry is now -
Henry's 2. He's climb
dogwood in Claudine's
1 21:



23/98

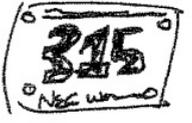
Fall in love 3 times a day:

I love Ragg wool socks, the warm-soft-scratchy feel on my feet and toes, especially in a comfy pair of Doc Martins 😊

I love the generosity of my students, and the simple gifts they treasure. Like using a special purple pen of mine for the day. Wow! What a privilege.

I love Kobus' smell, his soft fine hair on his head, the whiskers that just out from his jowels, the way he curls and wiggles at me first thing in the morning.

- ① I love the way the zinnias grow at Graf.
- ② I love the way the coffee and cream tastes in my mouth that first time in the morning. ☕
- ③ I love the feeling of power you get when finishing a hard road race. 🏍️



Falling in Love 3 times a Day

9/8/15 → Henna tattoos (and feeling a tad sentimental) when they are fading

9/8/15 → Brightly colored toenail polish - and super-short, unpainted finger nails.

9/8/15 → Conversations with my 15-year old son on the way to school. He is a "sophomore" - which means "wise fool." Appropos far

9/15/15 → Discovering the words of a prolific poet who is new to me - a treasure of a man. Juan Felipe Herrera - the newest and first Latino U.S. Poet Laureate.

9/15/15 → High-heeled, fire engine red, platform shoes.

9/15/15 → a good book and a magic blanket in a sun-dappled "mini-grove" of trees in a special park.

I love Charlie, more than anything I've ever loved. I love the way he screams "Mommy's home!" and runs to me with open arms.

I love the smell of the air in the fall - mingling leaves and rain, grass and sun.

I love our evenings at home, cooking dinner Charlie helping with his bowls and spoons. I love bathtime and stories before bed. I love burrying my nose into Charlie's hair.

My thoughts on the Reading/Writing Workshops

I'll give it 5 minutes! to settle into quiet notebook time - if it doesn't happen, I'll gather them together to talk about it.

Nurse came in... with a Note!

2 kids need their hearing checked - was it really that important now?!

What do we do about the reluctant notebook writers? Or the writers who rarely write (but draw/sketch)?

How do we best or effectively structure a genre study?

How might we invite children to find or make a space for themselves and dig deep to write from within?

11/5

Ethan - streaks of sunshine in his hair

Samantha - long and tall, studious behind her glasses

Kathleen - a freckled dust face

Mel - hair that falls in long waves down her back

Rebecca - eyes like ~~cups~~ Hershey's chocolate

Ravinder - skin a cocoa brown

Dante - an impish grin with eyes that wrinkle up

Lindsay - SHE is the girl that ~~is~~ would be a character in a book - like an Anastasia or a Junie B. short straight hair - a wide open smile and crazy socks

Willie - a freckled face full of mischief and fun

Liam - looks out over the tops of his glasses at me.

Ryan S - straight hair that pokes around his face

Jennifer - long brown hair that she pushes away from her slim face.

Andrew - a serious face that breaks into a smile - his hair curls around his ears when he's been running and sweating.

Andi - shiny straight brown hair caught back in a headband ^{of flax} - she talks faster than a river flows after a rainstorm

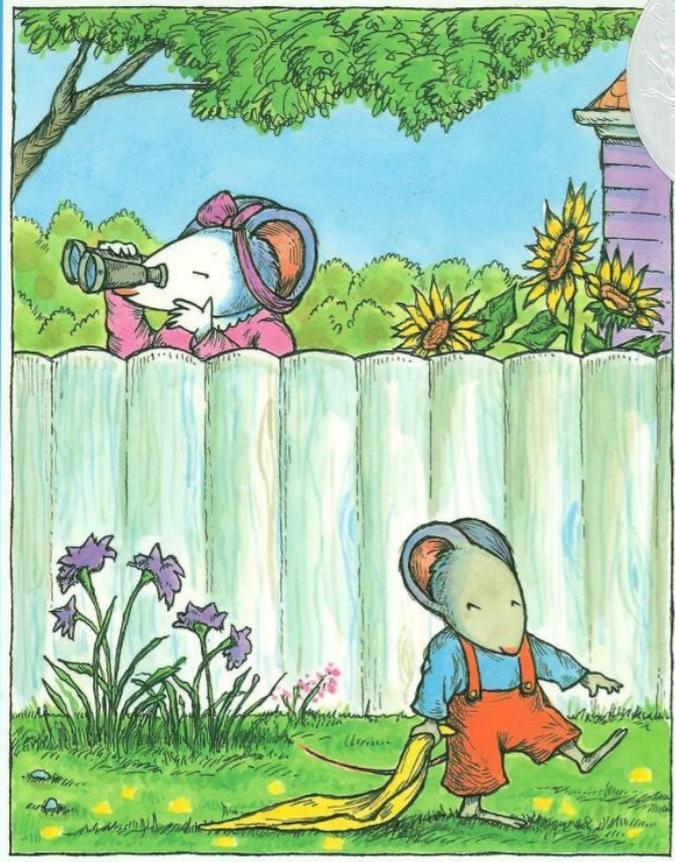
Tori - a waterfall of sunshine hair and eyes of summer blue.

Richard - brown eyes that fill up his face - and a laugh that fills up his throat.

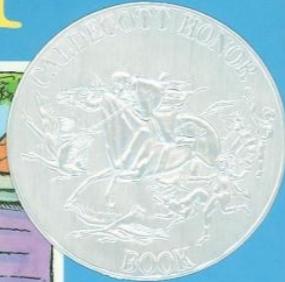
Evan - A smile of teeth. And spots of brown on his nose.

Taylor - His face round and sweet and still.

Owen



• KEVIN HENKES •



7 Feb 97

Owen



Betsy Doll - her head fell off the middle of the night - I woke up to find her decapitated - in my horror, I ran across the hall to my mom's room holding ^{cradling} her head in one hand and her body in the other - my mom sat up suddenly when she heard me come in - she attached ^{Betsy's} her head back on, and we all went back to sleep - I think I ~~always~~ loved Betsy even more after that - and my mom too, for saving her.

There's a big black
ugly fly flying
around our
classroom!!

5/19/98

- Two raccoons were in our tree
above the garage last night - scratching
howling, screaming, whining - it
looked like 2 at least - it was
late and dark - we shined a
flashlight - ~~and~~ up at the
branches and leaves that were
bobbing and swaying. I've
never heard a sound like
that before. I noticed large
brown glops on the driveway
this morning below where they
were last night. When I told
Alyson, she said that one raccoon
was probably giving birth.

2-10-99

Running

The wind passes over my face
my head is capped by a new red
fleece ball cap, and my cheeks
feel cold.

My feet hit the pavement and
I feel the roll of my foot inside
my shoe. I start down a small
slope, and my leg muscles open
up as I sail down the hill. I
watch out for cracks in the pavement.

Life my toes strike my heel.

My running tights, navy blue hug
the skin of my thighs and calves.

I look down at my silver and black
running watch to see how many minutes
and seconds it has taken me to
reach the park.

My hands, fingers, arms and
shoulders are relaxed - my head
held high on my neck. ~~to~~ Kobi
is at my side, harnessed w/ a ^{wool} leather
collar and an old green canvas
leash that is fraying at the edges.

11/8/01

Once when I was little, I got separated in the shopping mall from my dad. We were out shopping, my sisters, my dad and I. I'll bet we were shopping for a birthday or X-mas gift for my mom - I can't remember now. But I do remember getting "lost" - and the feelings of fear and panic that I had. It was near the big fountain where water shot up in all directions - landing with a 'splash' - in the pool below. I must have been watching it ... looking at the water, and gazing at the coins below the water's rippled surface ... counting the pennies, nickels and dimes - and the rare quarter. All of a sudden

2-9-97

It's amazing what you forget about

In oak shadows
 and sloping yard
 young ~~lads~~ spirits
 play in water spray
 sunlight ^{drops} dance
 rainbow ~~drops~~ glister
 giggles - squeals
~~shouts~~
~~squeals~~

Take some
 time
 in each
 image

words in between
 stretch it out.

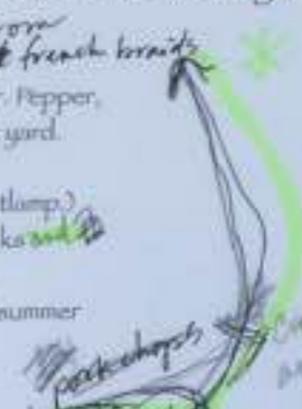
hot summer
 grass feet celebration

"Where I'm From"

by Danielle Grubler—with thanks to George Ella Lyon

I am from bobby pins ^{from} french braids
from Dippity-Do and Dr. Pepper,
I am from the snowy front yard
(Crisp, glittering
diamonds under the streetlamp.)
I am from the towering Oaks ^{and}
the boulder below
whose face was a shaded summer
reading place.

From a father's
rare, but rough
temper, and a
mother's judgment



I am from tuna noodle casserole
from Charles and Mary Rita
I'm from "The Brady Bunch"
Little House on the Prairie
and Donny & Marie.
from "X, I love you" and "Sleep Tight"
I'm from "Our Father, who art in heaven"
and patron saints
and Sunday School.

from a father's rare, but rough temper, and a mother's judgment
"Schlemiel, Schlamazel, Hossenfeffer, Incorporelly."
Lorraine & Shirley Andy Erbb
St. Pat's Pass laughing

I'm from Mary and Michael's Branch
from poppyseed Kolachi and Paska
from the fall of my sister's bike,
the black eye from the water pump handle.

Polichinski?
Paska
Halupki

Inside the coffee table was a photo album
holding foxglove smiles, special clothes
one per daughter per year
to capture the growing up
from all of this.

and an album
do something of this image.
be more specific here

Butter needs to be
in the numerator
Where I'm from
Paska?

Where I'm From

I am from bobby pins, from french braids and pigtailed
from Dippity-Do and Dr. Pepper,
I am from the snowy front yard
(Crisp, glittering
diamonds under the streetlamp.)
From the towering ^{oaks} and
the sandstone boulder below
whose face was a shaded
reading spot.

* From the
arm-breaking
fall from
my sister's
bike and the
black eye from
the water pump
handle.

Inside our coffee table
was a photo album,
Sumoney
holding posed smiles,
carefully chosen out fits

I am from tuna noodle casserole,
Cream of Wheat and scrambled eggs w/ ketchup
from Charles and Mary Rita
I am from The Brady Bunch
Little House on the Prairie
and The Donnie & Marie Show.

from "X, I love you" and "Good night Princess"
from "Schlemiel, Schlamazel, Hossenfeffer, Incorporelly"
I am from "Our Father, who art in heaven"
patron saints and Sunday School

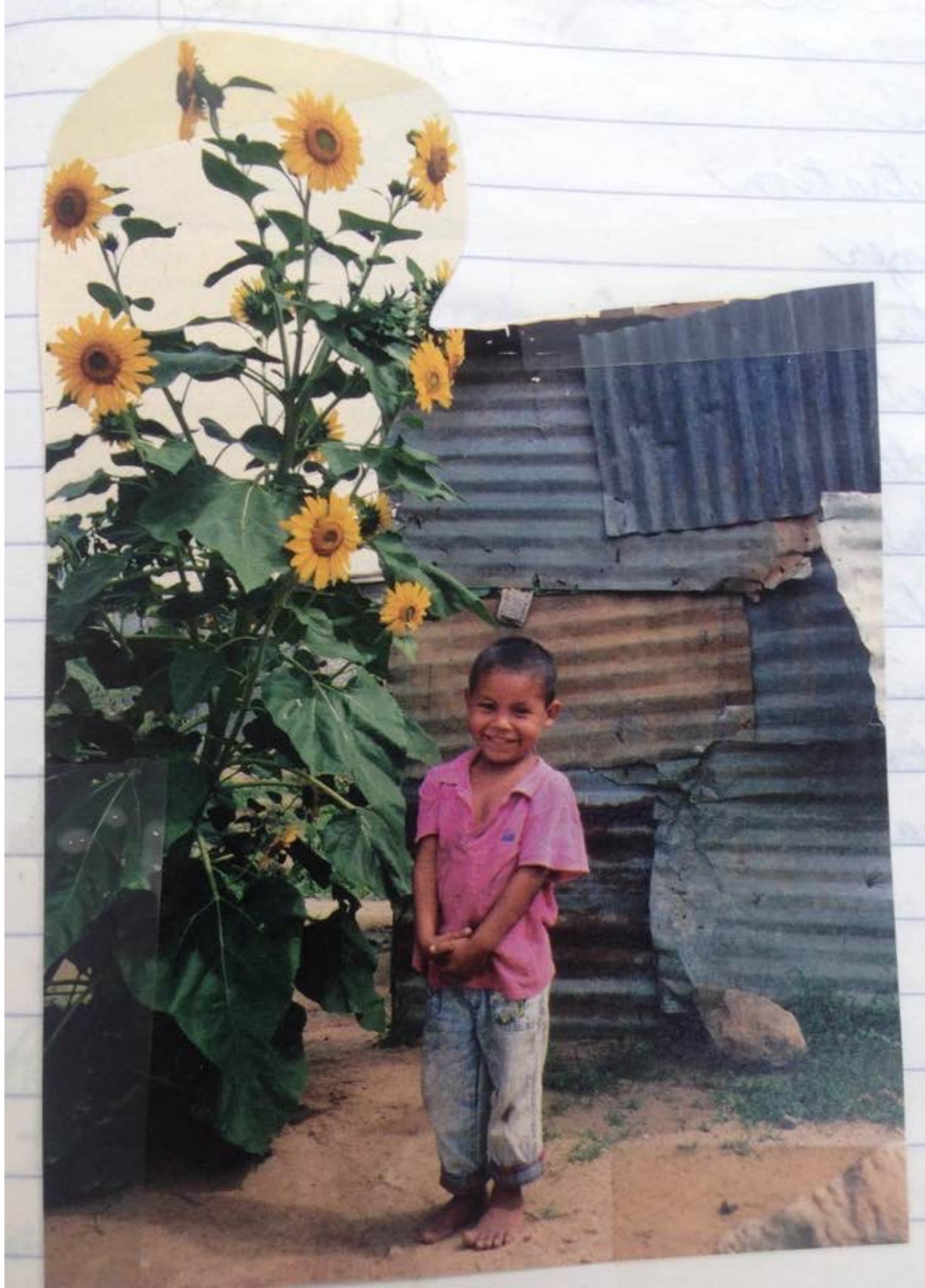
I am from Mary and Michael's branch
from poppyseed Kolachi, Halupki, and Paska.

? Entry date unknown?

In high school, 10th grade, we were asked (instructed!) to write poetry. I don't recall what poetry we had read up till then - how we had experienced it, what forms or functions we had explored... but I do recall one poem that I wrote - about children. I remember comparing children to different things - a lump of clay, a piece of paper, a bird, a flower poem - and thought myself a laureate. ^{in fact} I made the "Poet's Corner" in that high school English classroom. It was there for anyone to read. I was not destined to ever be a poet - nor do I wish to be - but as a teacher now I can't help but wonder what poets sat in that class who didn't make it to the Poet's Corner.

~~My name was never~~

and
at the
I
I
clouds
key in the
the
the



5-7+8

Here's ^{my} ticket from the trip to the Rain Forest and Zoo. A always love going there - the animals are so awesome!!

We had a GREAT group



Jake

Jake recorded every single animal he saw on a checklist he made on a paper on his clipboard

Jordan

Jordan got tired - near the end and just wanted to get back on the bus. I was walking beside him and he said "Ugh! I can't take much more of this"

Liam

Liam is my kind of "Zoo person" - He wanted to take his time and see everything without people crowding around.

Ryan G.

- If Ryan was my son, I'd be so nervous on trips to the zoo b/c he kept running so far ahead.

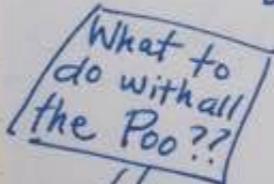
Dante

He climbed ^{high} up on the rocky shell at the Australian outback and it was hard to get down

He and I looked through the giant binoculars and saw a giraffe VERY close up!!

We ran all over to see what we could SEE.

A sign we saw



this sign explained how they use all the animal poo in compost piles to fertilize the gardens

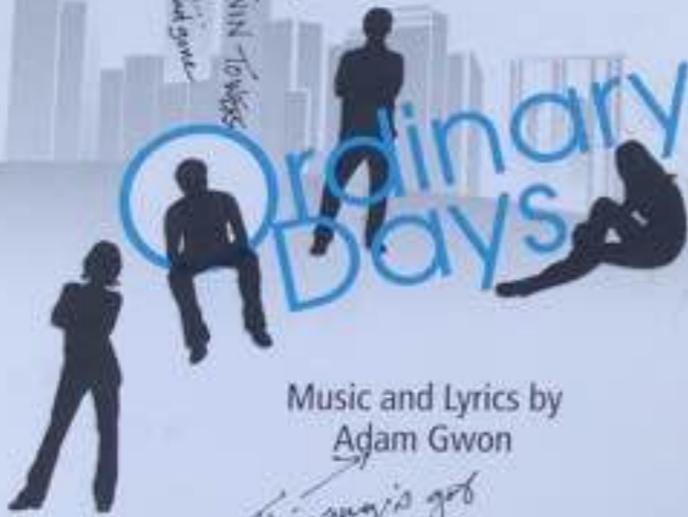
Everyone's got a big picture.
What's yours?

A new musical telling the story of four young New Yorkers whose lives intersect as they search for fulfillment, happiness, love and jobs.



THEATZ THEATER SERIES

I wonder if there is some piece in this experience I want, or even need, to write.



Music and Lyrics by Adam Gwon

This guy's got a lot of talent or crazy.

Oct. 29 - Nov. 14, 2015

WeatherVane Playhouse

What's the point of being alive if you don't at least try to do something remarkable.

Share your life story.



October 29 - November 14, 2015

29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat

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TICKETS
General Admission \$26 Adults
\$22 Seniors
\$12 College Students
Group & Party \$30/RSK 26.26
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weathervaneplayhouse.com



CAST		CREATIVE TEAM	
Joseph Bell	Male	Executive Director	Alan Scott Swartz
Proctor Billingsworth	Male	Artistic Director	John Street
Paula Williams	Female	Stage Manager	A. Stokerson
Shirley Lynn	Female	Lighting Designer	Jonathan Hester
		Sound/Production Designer	Jonathan Hester
		Proprietor/Designer	Ed Smith
		Costume Designer	Christopher King
		Assistant Technical Director	Kathy Kuhl

I love these people. Ordinary Days was a special production - having such an impact on my heart.

Don't worry, everything will be o.k.

On the road of life, let no obstacle great or small, stand in your way.

I can hear these strains of music so clearly - can picture the colorful, fluttering rain-fall of papers!

Joseph's character, read this and handed it to my character in the opening number. I loved that moment.

Breathe.



WRITE WITH ME

PLAYDATE IN MY TRAILER!

THE PLAYERS

NEW HERE? READ THESE

ADVERTISE

HIRE ME

JOIN ME IN THE FIGHT AGAINST HELPFUL PARENTING ADVICE

Email Address

Subscribe



I would like this



RECENT BAD DECISIONS:

Target's attack on children. And America. America's children!

Therapy for my Jenelle (in conversations with a former-real-olddy woman!)

Thinking of the moms who can't keep it

TARGET'S ATTACK ON CHILDREN. AND AMERICA. AMERICA'S CHILDREN!

by renegademom

We went to Target recently and sure enough there were no signs indicating which toys were for boys and girls. Lemme tell you what happened because it was traumatic. Plus, I think I may be on the cusp of uncovering a major conspiracy.

First, my 5-year-old daughter got all confused about which aisle was her section because the 'Great Wall O' Pink' was so subtle she failed to notice it. You know how kids are. I had to steer her in the right direction but she still went to the science kits.

Lo and behold, next to those science kits was a DOLL.

As in, a baby doll.

Well, Target, this is some disturbing left-wing propaganda! Next thing you know she'll start thinking she can be a mother AND a doctor. Thanks a lot. That will take a decent amount of work to undo.

No worries though. I gave her a stern talking to: "Honey, princesses don't do science. Princesses study the humanities because they're better equipped for sensitive artsy things like *Jane Austen and feelings*."

Anywho, my son looked right at me and asked "WHERE ARE THE TOUGH TOYS?"

Growing obviously confused by the subpar signage, he too started wandering over to the doll area. Of course I rapidly explained that he may not play with dolls because nobody likes nurturing males.

The whole point is to block boys from such things so they grow up with a clear idea of gendered work expectations. It bothers me that Target is now placing the reinforcement of heteronormativity and traditional masculinity more squarely on MY shoulders and I resent it. As if I don't have enough to do.

After he was safely set up with things that make loud sounds and kill things, my daughter started crying because she couldn't find the fairy-themed-pastel Legos.

As you know, girls are unable to play with Legos made of primary colors. They try, but their minds are not built for that sort of thing. They end up confused. My girl got so upset I had to get down to her level and remind her of every Disney princess saved by a man. Nothing soothes a confused female brain like remembering she too may someday marry a wealthy white male with a large home and horse.

So my daughter is tearfully staring at red blue green and yellow, lost and afraid, demanding to know where the soft hues of pink and purple went, and I had no explanation for her because THE SIGN WASN'T THERE SO IT WAS HARD FOR ME TO TELL WHICH AISLE WE WERE IN.

Luckily I remember just in time to look for The Wall of Pink. Always look for the pink!

Safely back in the pastels, I realized my son had once again followed us. Normally I would point to the sign above my head that said "Girls' Toys" but THERE WASN'T ONE so I had very little evidence to prove this aisle was off limits to him. Then I had a terrifying thought that stopped me in my tracks: what if my SON picks out the fairy themed Legos for himself?

Well, Target, ARE YOU TRYING TO TURN OUR KIDS GAY?

That's it, isn't it? You are on a mission, probably funded by those fluffy-headed supporters of gay marriage, to turn all kids gay by forcing girls to play with Hulk (that buzz out, remind anyone of butch lesbians? Coincidence? (THINK NOT.) and boys to play with FAIRIES.

Ahem, fairies?

I'm onto you. I know what's happening here. You're trying to get my girls to play with primary colors and my boys to strap on fairy wings in attempt to make them forget Jesus.

Jesus HATES FAIRY WINGS.

Was this Obama's idea?

It was, wasn't it?

Thanks, Obama.

I STAND WITH KIM DAVIS!

I also heard you let women breastfeed anywhere they want in your stores. Exhibitionist trashy weirdo slut store!

Off Target, Target.

Wait, what were we talking about? Oh yeah. Right. The degradation of America's youth through left-wing propaganda involving toy aisles.

Maybe you think you're being sly but I'm a damn sharp tool. I'm the sharpest tool in the shed. Nothing gets past me.

And let me make something clear: You won't be ruining my kids any time soon. I'm going back to Walmart, a place with nice traditional values like gendered signs and worker exploitation.

I'm an AMERICAN. I have RIGHTS. Kim Davis! Jesus! Straight people!

Gendered toy aisles!

Target, you almost really messed us up.

But we'll never surrender. The fight is real.

Eye of the tiger, America.



all girls hate construction stuff target dish

Nikki -

A sly creature
Slips by a trap
just misses it's white tail

white tail of a deer
high and flared in alarm
a car whizzes by

a soft, clean dog
hops up high onto pillows
snoring on the bed

a face appears
in front of a lens
Click! The eyes blink

Girls rul
Boys drul

Seen on the
School
sidewalk
5/13/99

Memorable Language

"The look in his eyes was fear." *Skylark* p. 45

"whirled around"

"music filled the yard"

"Her voice was soft with memory"

Unravel me

glorious sadness

"my mom always called me her little dolphin" - Halle 10/10

"A cloud of seagulls"

"The ocean looked like a huge sheet of glass someone had spent the night polishing." - Fig Pudding p. 58

The sun clattered
into the room
Journey

Empathetic
Severity

"... and to George Green,
who graded them with
his usual empathetic
severity."

This is from the acknow-
ledgements page in Billy
Collins' "The Rain in Portugal".

I just love the poetic
pairing of these words.
As always - he is exactly
right. Juxtaposed. Unexpected.
Perfect. Spot. On.

I want to write a
poem about meeting
Billy Collins.

Things I love

Marty
 Lohr my family
 Chardonnay & lime cheese
 lying fireside
 Starbucks coffee
 new cars
 watercolor paintings
 running
 mid-october
 good hair & skin days
 jockey underpants
 Sergio's Zoo characters
 my notebook
 reading out-loud
 a clean house
 flowers arranging
 my wicker furniture
 my front porch
 manicures
 my wedding ring
 summer time
 snow days

Things I don't

broken fingernails
 peas & lima beans
 hangovers
 pelvic exams
 hospital gowns
 bad hair days
 fighting w/ Marty
 running out of ~~Roll H2O~~ ^{the tub}

What do I think of myself
as a poet?

What do I think about
writing?

What do I think about
"the common good"?

What do I think about
Kent State University? ☹

What do I think about
Kindergarten? What about a Ph.D.?!?

Why do I like this pen so
much?

Why do I keep my nails
manicured?

Why do I get "hooked" into
watching trashy talk shows?

Why do I sweat so much?

Why do I love to plant flowers?

Why is my dog so
stubborn and my husband so not? ☹

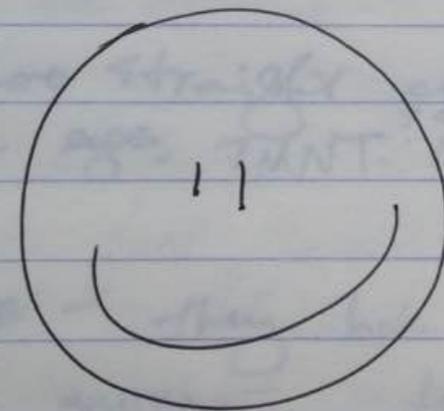
Why do I find I annoying?

Are there universal truths?
What is the truth?

Where is Walt Whitman buried?

Why do "odd" things make
me feel sad?

What makes me most happy?



Words we like

chunks
finicky
persnickity
cheeks
lumpy
esophagus
pickle juice
friends
cheese
squishy lemon
write
ditto
lumpy
specialist
ishkabi bl

chunky
asparagus
Ismael
Socks

Action words

slumped flew
sashayed dashed
collapsed shot
glided raced
slid crashed
hopped collided
skipped stretched
jumped crept
wandered creep
wandered sneak
brushed snuck
combed bawled
snuggled imitated
sniffed laughed
screamed howled
tore cried
tapped sobbed
~~rapped~~ slammed
flipped screeched

(4) "He/she remembers..." from The Book of Memory
Book 13

She remembers the day her best friend
(who was prettier and more popular than
she) dumped a bucket of ^{ice-cold} water
on her during a backyard
water fight w/ her sisters. She
felt betrayed b/c they were
supposed to be on the same
team.

She remembers getting lost ^{from her dad} in the
mall and feeling terrified - but
exhaustingly relieved when he turned
up just on the other side
of the fountain.

She remembers being the voice of
Archie the giant snowman at
Chapel Hill Mall during the holiday
shopping season - sitting in the
North Pole ^{house}, peering out the one-way
mirrored windows to see the kids she
spoke to - who thought they were really talking
to Archie.

6-word memoirs

He brings me coffee every morning.

Love polished ~~toenails~~^{short} bare fingernails.

~~Aspiring community theater actor-~~
Musical Theater (actor) always in ^{the} ensemble.

25 years ~~of~~ teaching: never
gets old.

Grieved

~~Sad~~ I never gave birth vaginally.

Desperately wanted to push out babies.

Terrified I'm pregnant at age 47.

Life gives exactly what I need.

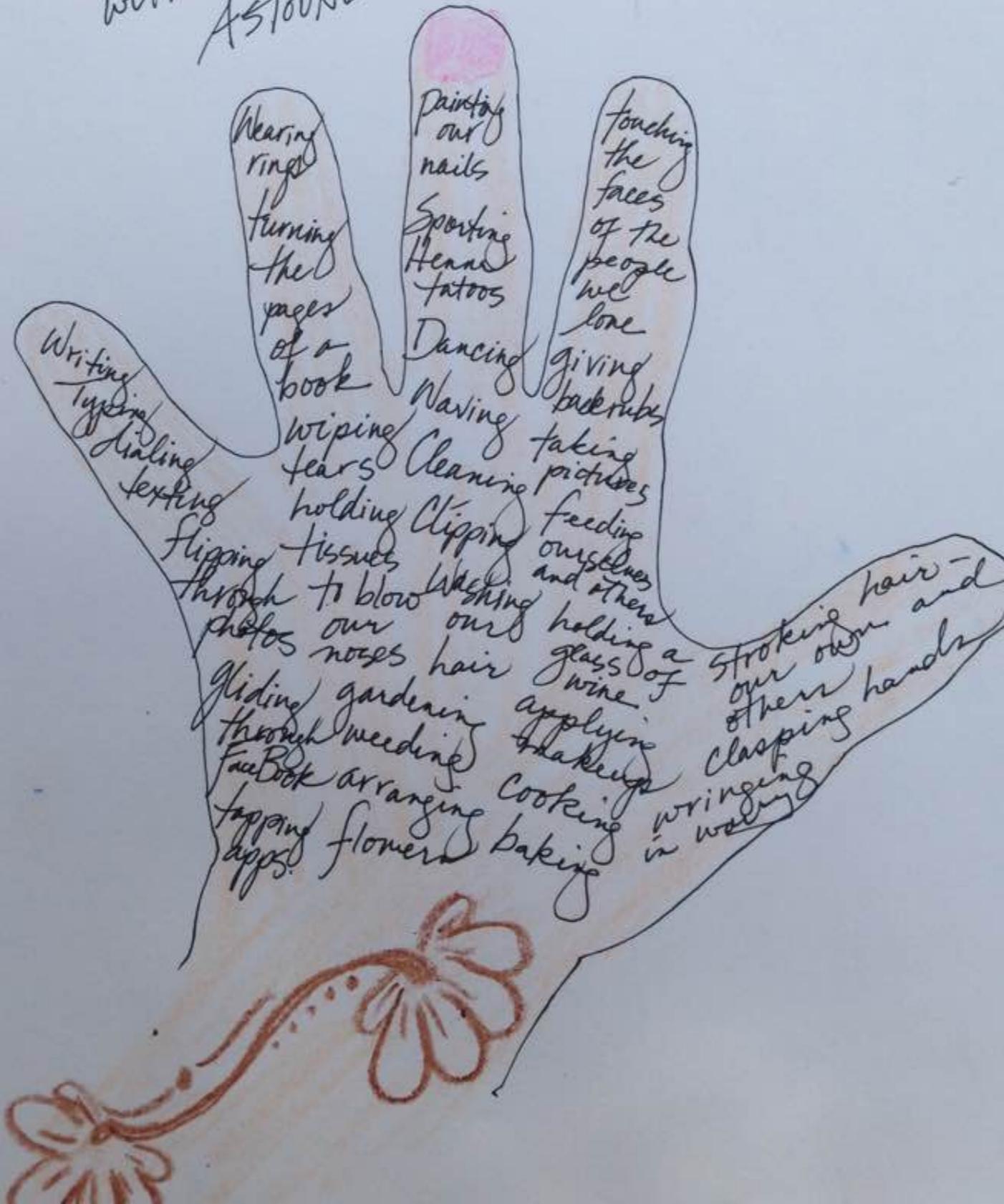
Love cowgirl boots and sparkly jewelry.

Felt the ache of unrequited love.

Began taking guitar lessons at
forty-five.

Have desperately loved
boys since kindergarten.

Hands
The range of what we do
with our hands is
ASTOUNDING



Professional

Boys' literacy

Writing Poetry

Constructivist teaching

Memoir - Peoples lives

The lives and stories of writers

Children's literature

Teaching children, who find reading or writing "difficult"

As I look at

this - I realize that I

could erase these Venn lines

b/c all that is personal

Barak Obama

to me is professional and vice-versa

"Zen"

- Mindful

Hilary Clinton

Yoga

parenting

Organic farming

(as a text and as a concept)

dust bowl era

Fashion!

World War II

American History - women

Personal

later that
evening
10/2/98

Mid-October, Cayahoga Valley. Fog rises up among trees kissed in color. Amber shades. Wink's Prelude.



11/8/16

I voted for the first female nominee
for President of the United States
today... the first "major party" nominee,
(A should qualify ☺).

I fully expect Hillary Rodham Clinton
to be elected the first female President
today. I am filled with anticipation
and excitement. I can hardly wait
to get home and watch election coverage.
I imagine I'll be up late watching
HRC's acceptance speech. (I can
hardly imagine what Trump's concession
speech will sound like - ~~if~~ he even
gives one ☺!?)

Poetry: Kate Messners "The Book in my head"
Nye "Ernest Mann"
Collins: Lewis "Haiku"
Intro to Poetry

Diff. write Assignment
The Story of My Life
A Haiku

Engagement's
for Teachers

• What brings you Joy?
maps or Territories
Where do your poems hide??

Mrs. Frizzle
"Take Risks, make mistakes, Get Messy"

Risk-taking

Ish
Memoir-ish
Editorial-ish
Essay-ish

Peter Johnston
Choice Words:
Notice and Name

Amount
sometimes "reach" - but it must be done
"I see you."

JOY
What do I know for sure...

1990 Oprah mag
Lanett ED talk

Dorothy Allison
2 or three things I know for sure of them is...

Children as Writers

Share LEB of NB entries
Kids Need to Share!!
Meaningful Topics

Katie Wood Ray's story who was lamenting the dirt of 1-1 & she'd had in grading period.

Molly Labuda's story, Like poetry

Read Writer blogs!

Teacher as Writer

Every day
JPLewis's BIC method
Make a promise to yourself!
your students will thank you!

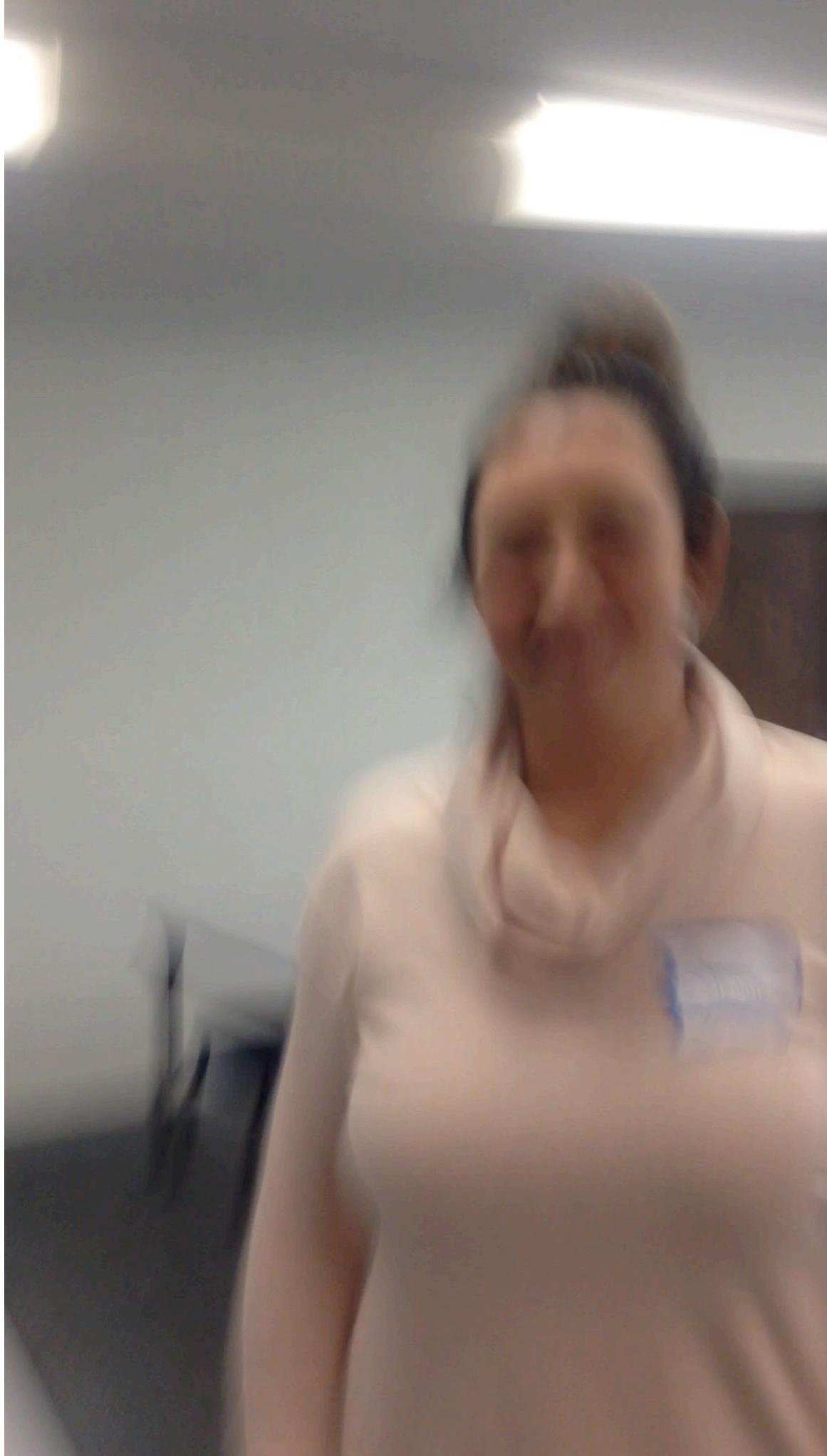
(Josh story)
"Mrs. G. is the best writer!"
Find the shoulders you stand on!
Atwell | Calkins | Graves | Henkes
Fletcher (email print out)

Photos of NB's on shelf, and individual covers of NB's and photos of entries...
NB entries

Video clips of T's talking about writers' NB's for their students

Territories: Maps!

"What is tugging on the sleeves of your heart?" - Lanett



The Second in our Two-Part L^oo^ok”



Fostering JOY
for the Writers
in our Care

Something I Know for Sure. . .

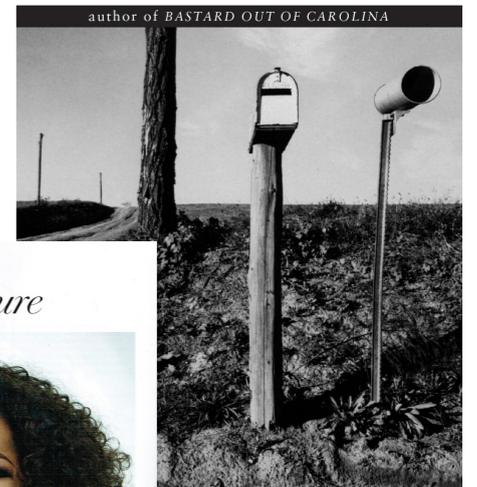
The writers in our care will develop a sense of joy in the process and their writing identities if they have choice in the matter

"Dorothy Allison is, without question, one of the finest writers of her generation." —*The Boston Globe*

two or three things
i know for sure

dorothy allison

author of *BASTARD OUT OF CAROLINA*



What I Know for Sure

I'VE ALWAYS thought of myself as a seeker. And by that I mean my heart is open to seeing—in all forms—the divine order and exquisite perfection with which the universe operates. I am beguiled by the mystery of life. As a matter of fact, on my nightstand I keep a book called *In Love with the Mystery*, written by AnnMarie. It's full of tranquil photographs and bite-size reminders of the preciousness of the wondrous journey we're all on.

Here is one of my favorite passages: "Let the power come. Let ecstasy erupt. Allow your heart to expand and overflow with adoration for this magnificent creation and for the love, wisdom, and power that birthed it all. Rapture is needed now—rapture, reverence, and grace."

I find solace and inspiration in those words. Too often we block the power that is ever-present and available to us, because we're so wrapped up in doing that we lose sight of being.

I often wonder what Steve Jobs felt when he uttered his last words: "Oh, wow. Oh, wow. Oh, wow."

I wonder if it was the same vision the mother of a 26-year-old cancer patient shared on my show years ago. With his last breath, her son had said, "Oh, Mom, it's so simple!"

I believe we make our paths far more difficult than they need to be. Our struggle with and resistance to what is entangles us in constant chase and frustration—when it's all so simple. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. And remember Newton's third law of motion: For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. The energy you create and release into

the world will be reciprocated on all levels. Our main job in life is to align with the energy that is the Source of all energies, and to keep our frequency tuned to the energy of love. This I know for sure.

When that is your life's work, mystery solved—or at least, the mystery no longer mystifies you. It only brightens the rapture, reverence, and grace.

Opal

Listen to this week's audio of Opal
THE OPAL.COM | NOVEMBER 2018



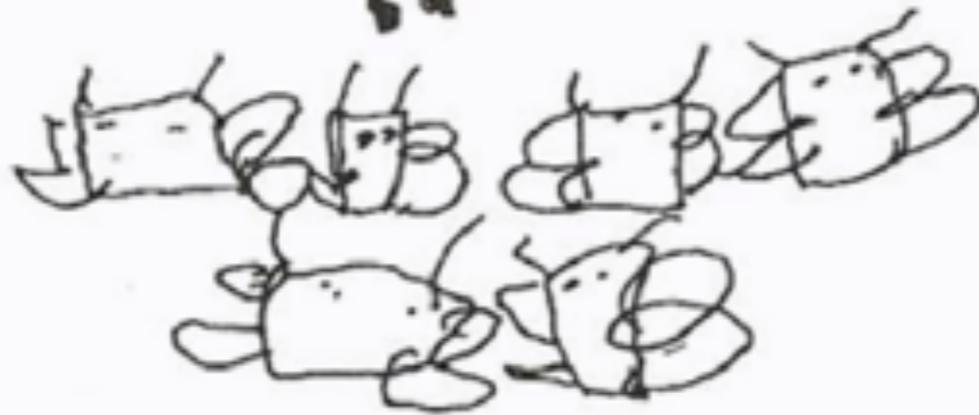
Writers' Notebooks!



216 +

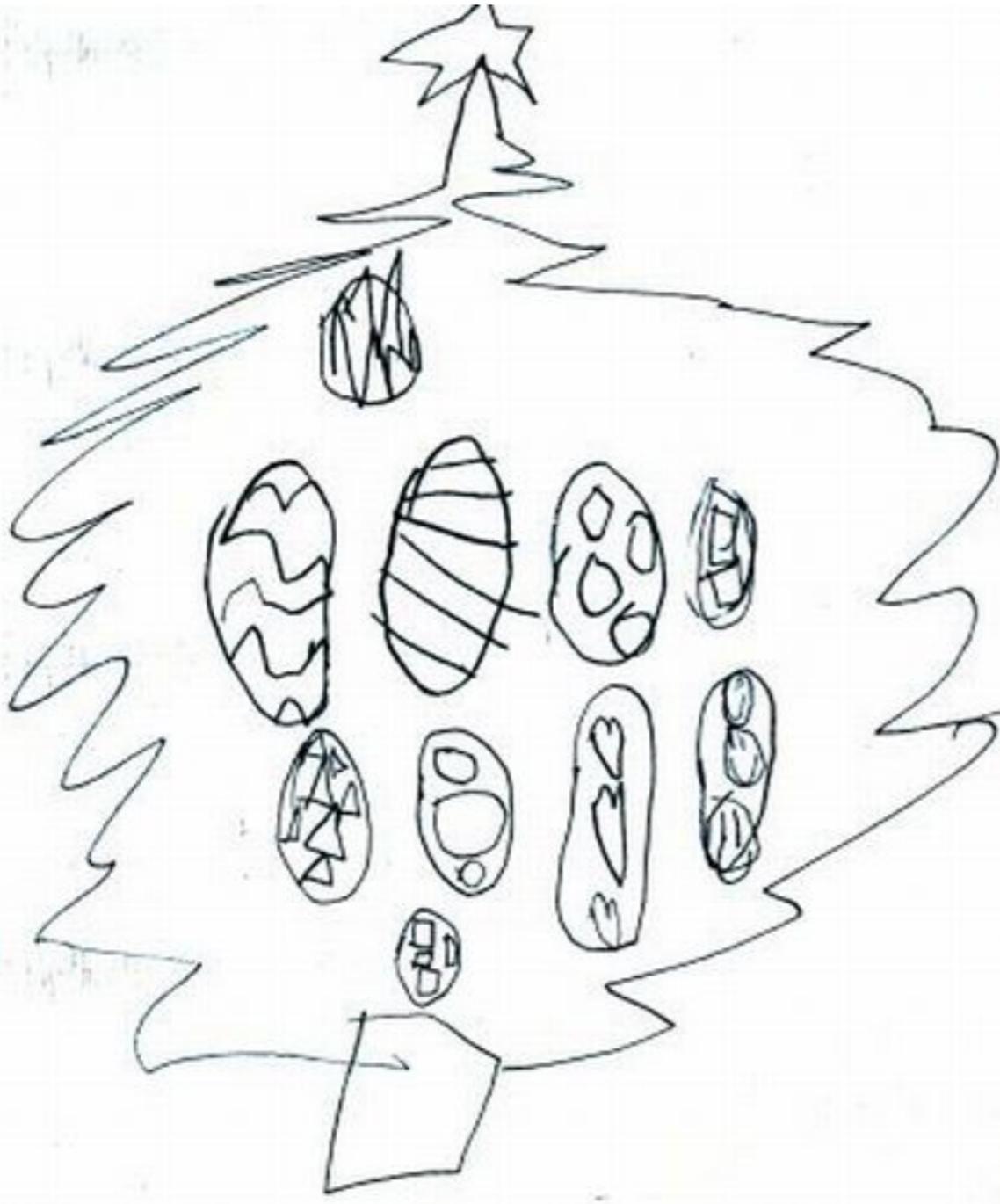


EMNE & DAMPFIMMENBILLEN

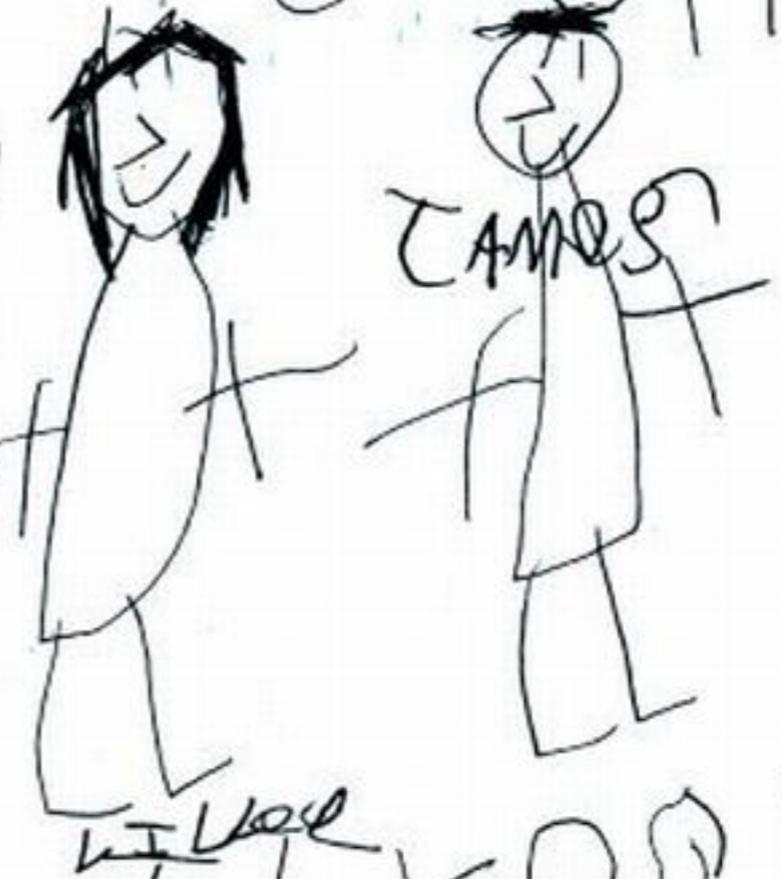




IIH[§]KYL DIABEUM
* DHLUUUBLHHmhr[®]



WEYAWL ME
THE LOHEC



TAMES

WILLOW
CLKPSDG





tuth Fare
wn hit I wsh mi
Bed and the tuth
Fare cam.

LYLE

Dien

today. It was a

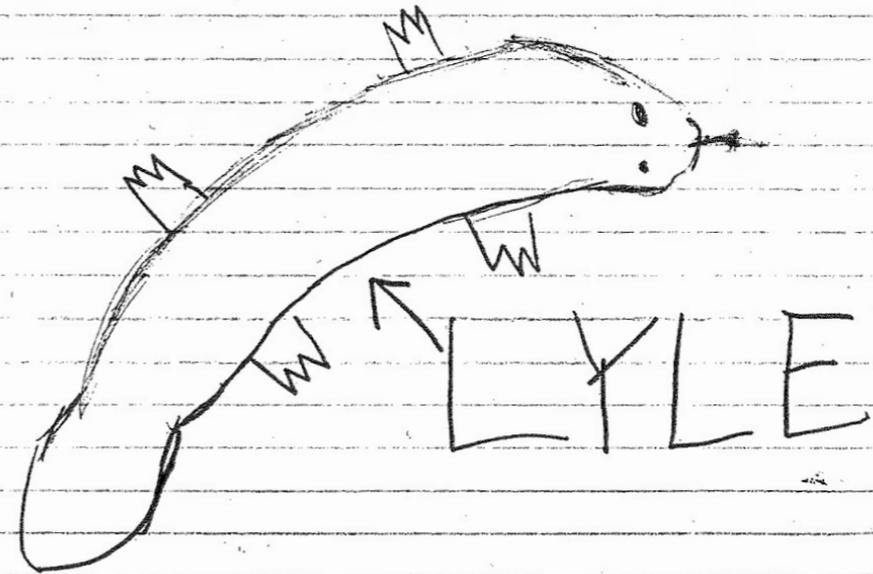
sand day today. I

was very sand today.

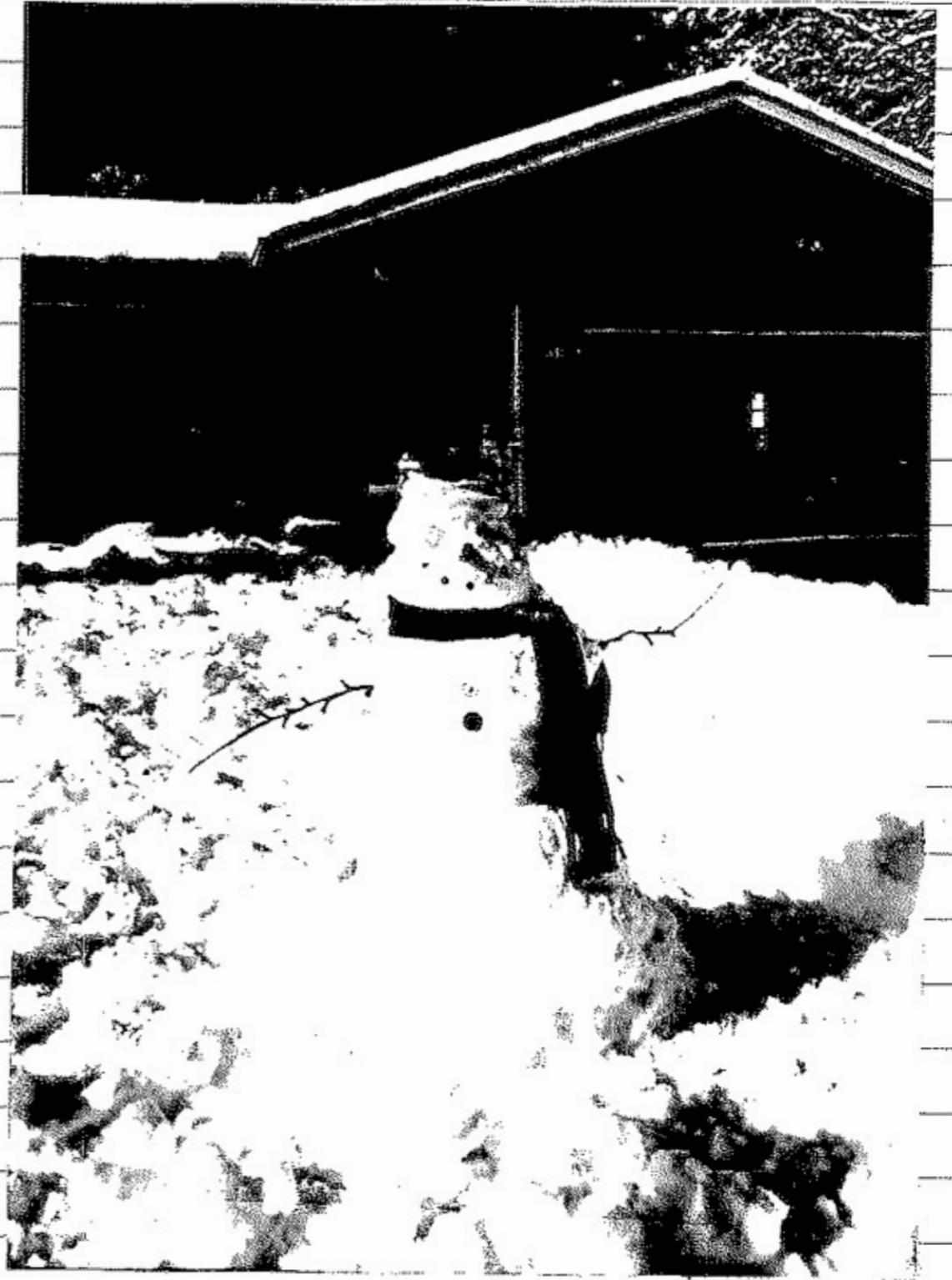
The days with LYLE

was very good. intle

he Dien.



This picture
is from last year
when my sister
my mom and I
built a snowman
out of buttons,
a hat, a scarf and
a carrot for a nose.

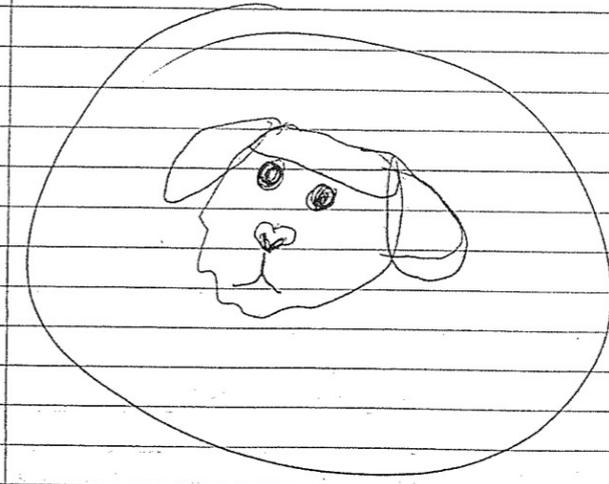


Things I like	Things I hate
<u>Cryach bar</u>	<u>liver</u>
<u>3rd grade</u>	<u>enemys</u>
<u>my friends</u>	<u>Barny</u>
<u>Dogs and parrots</u>	<u>being hassled</u>
<u>Mrs. Bruner</u>	<u>get no beat up</u>
<u>being grown up</u>	being grown up
<u>Memory of grand</u>	<u>tights</u>
<u>Parents</u>	
<u>My class and school</u>	<u>Swering</u>
<u>Mr. Tankes</u>	<u>to lie</u>

15
~~at 13/16~~ things I want to do in my life time

1. grow up
2. be a senior in high school
3. get a red and black car
4. get married have a wife
5. move into my house in Virginia
6. have at least 4 children
7. be a perfect football player
8. be a Quarterback or running back
9. I want my children to play sports
10. I want are family to be healthy
11. have money and a good house
12. don't do drugs
13. don't get divorced
14. have a good life
15. My kids and wife like house

★ Buddy ★



He was the cutest dog I saw in the store. I asked my mom could I have him she said well ok I was so so happy I jumped up so high he almost fell out of my arms. That night I named him buddy! He was a short scruffy cute little beagle. He was the right ^{dog} for me. I love buddy!

my Michelle's grade

Hamster

William sleeping in her hole



Michelle is my Best Friend. She's

a girl. She's nice and friendly. cool swims alot! creative! exiting. good at Art! and shes all those things! to make a friend.

shes in my class in third grade! we changed seats 3 times the 3rd time right now I'm sitting next to her! I trust her too!

she Has a Hamster named William and two brothers. timmy hes (Five) and Bobby hes (2).

she Has a soft animal named bobo hes a rabbit, and a papet named Lamb of course hes a Lamb! hes a Lamb that Eats nuber 2 yellow pencils! only! she Has bangs and

I do not have Bangs! my Hair is about as short as her hair! Theres

this many in of class iant Does not like him! she loves my bird! she can not stay off of them! One time

willim (the hamster) got trapped in a mouse trap.

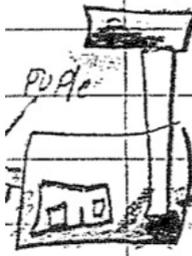
Friend

its so weird

I ceap on putting

in front

of it



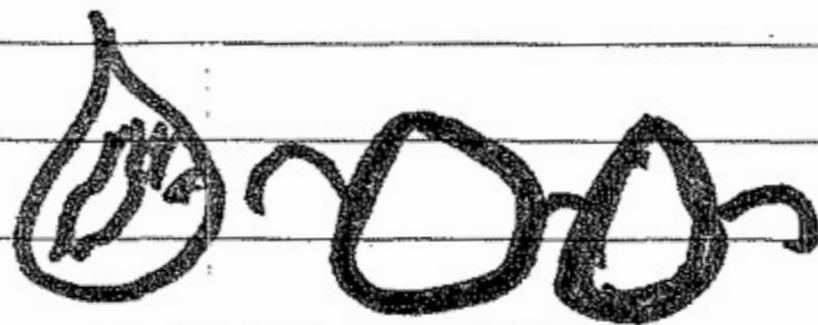
new cage

Spikes Date

G-randma Ruth

R.I.P.

aloving sde, she
died when I was
young, of heart-attack.
she was Beautiful
and happy, and had
a nice pair of class.
I miss her. A lot.



Date Mad, Mad, Mad!

Grumpy

Today, I am grumpy.

1. My

Tights are small. 2. Tim

is making noises. 3.

Bob ~~is~~ won't stop talking.

4. I had to watch

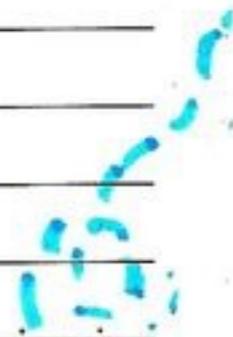
5. Super Man. Mom is

calling me Grumpy.

I checked out a bunch of music CDs from the library today! A couple had cuss words in the title so I had to promise Ms. Jervis I, am 15. I am not yet but I think that lying does not count at the library.

I have listened to all of them by now. I have noticed in a LOT of the CDs that the singers do not like the man. They even cuss at him! I do not know who the man is. Maybe it's Bush or the singer's principal. But if the Dead Kennedys do not like the man so don't I. I also don't like fascists. I think that they are like a cult religion who the man belongs to.

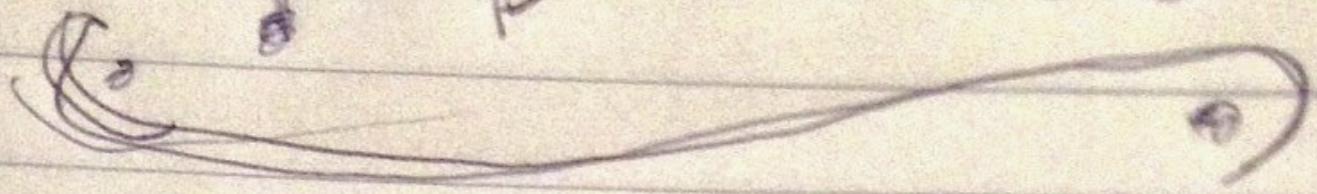
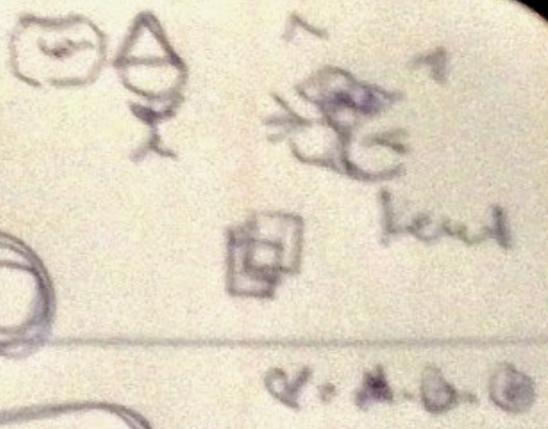
So far I think that I am more punk than anyone else I have met in life.

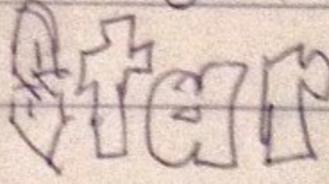


11-8-99

Jayor wife

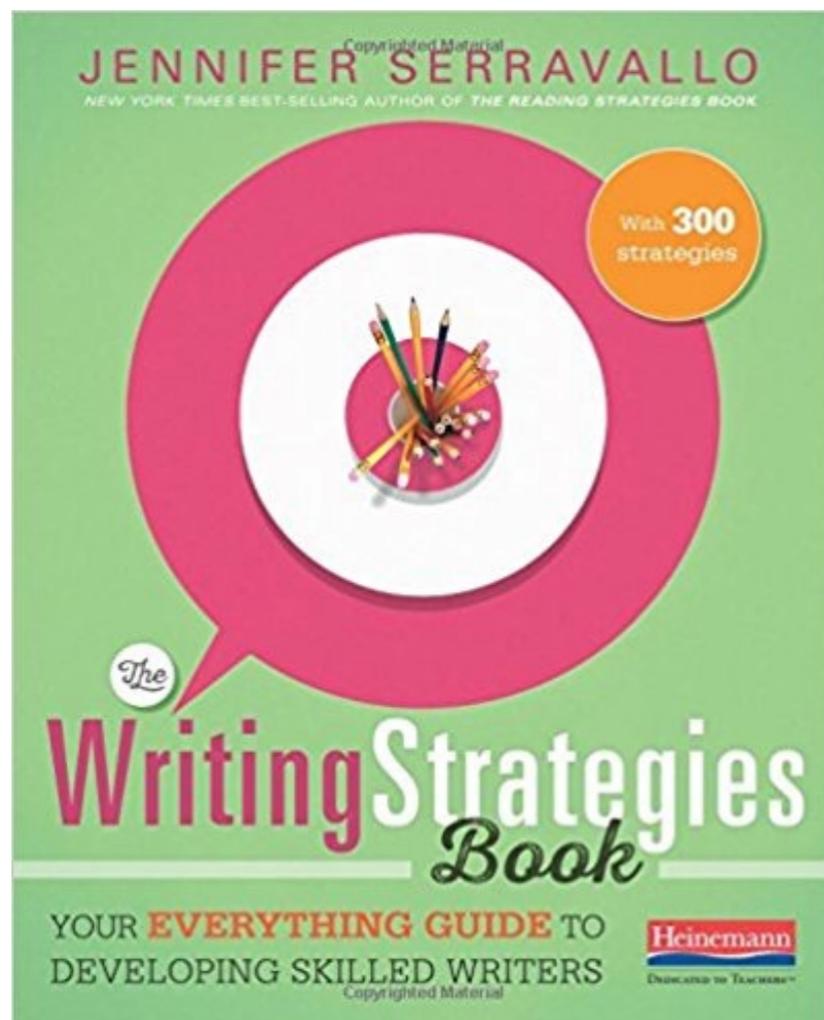
My Dream Job



1. Movie Star!!!!
2. Olympic Gymnast
or Bball player or track runner
3. Work at magazine
4. Design clothes for Limited Too!!
5. ~~Model~~ Food Tester. 
6. Write ghost stories
7. TV Star.
8. Write Super Kewl Movies that
I get to  in!
9. SNL.

“Tapping into personal passions and interests is a crucial part of becoming an independent, self-directed, lifelong learner.”

— Jennifer Serravallo, 2017
in *The Writing Strategies Book*



“Writer’s who
keep notebooks
learn not only to
honor what they
see, but to look in
the first place.”



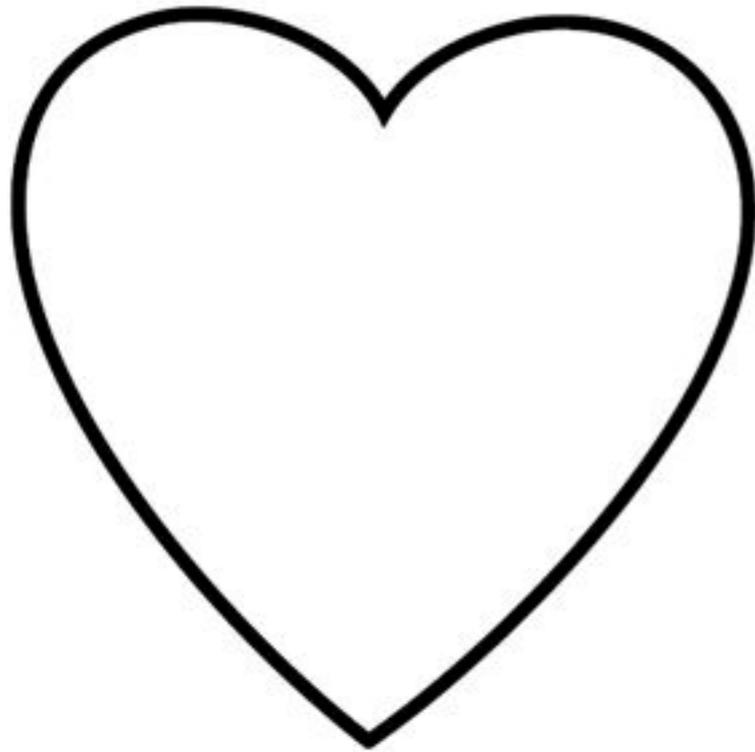
Osborne, (in Harvey, 1998)



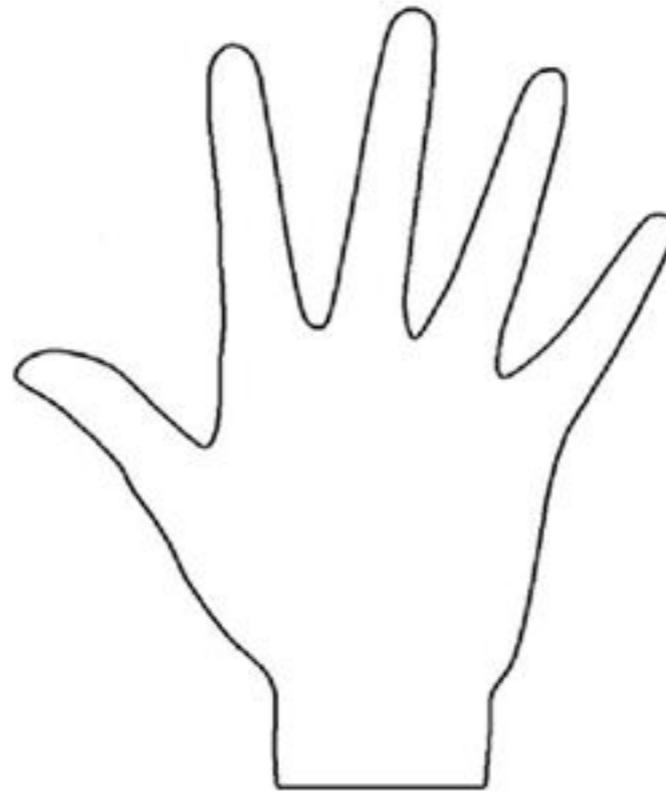
In the party
wobbling, with pink and
purple - lightning like
rockets blowin up
in the sky.

In my comfy bed listenin
to the hard rumbelling
of the thunder.

Heart Map:
Things I Love



Hand Map:
Things I Like to Do



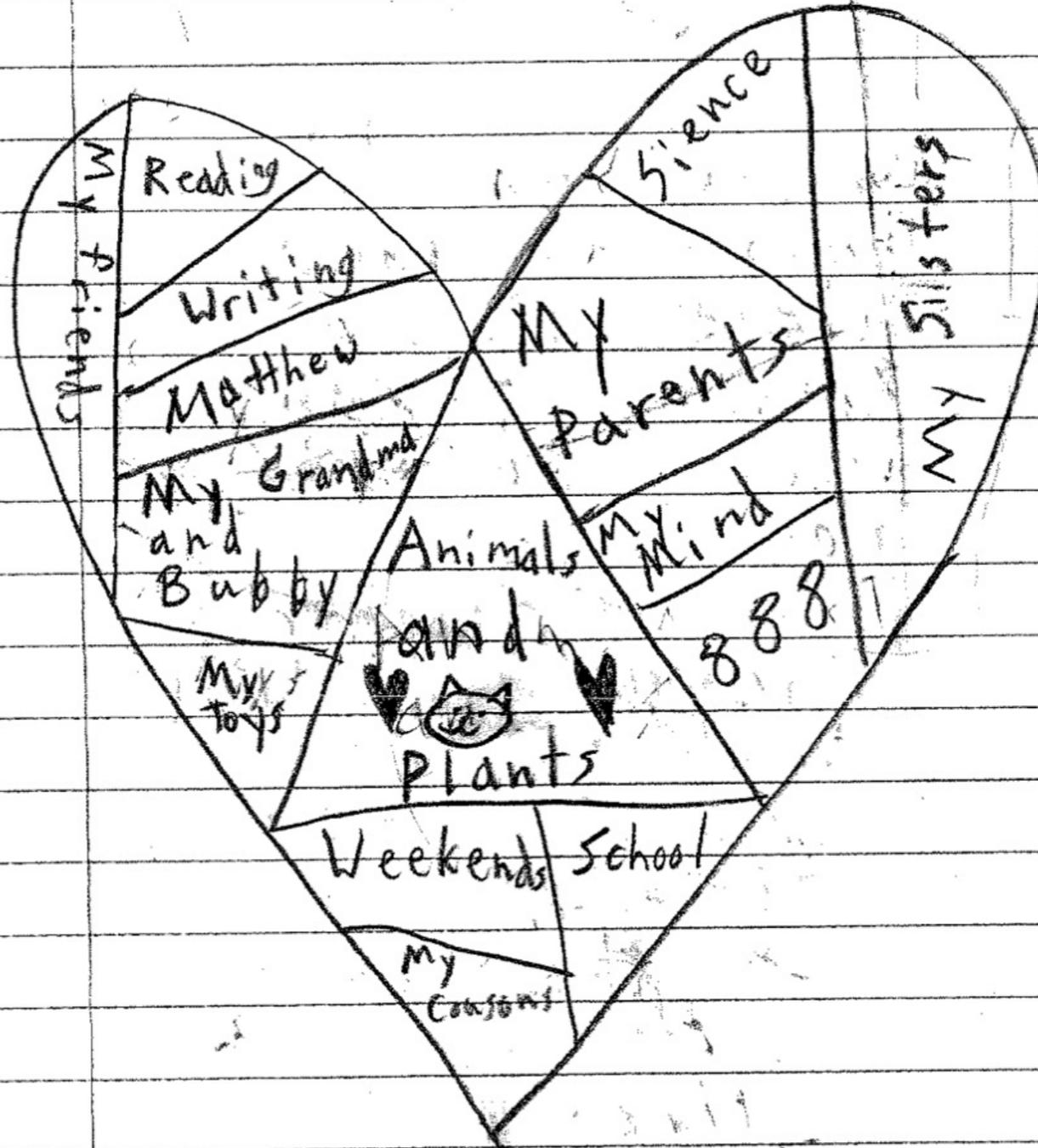
Foot Map:
Places I Have Been



Heart Maps

The
Map
of...

My Heart



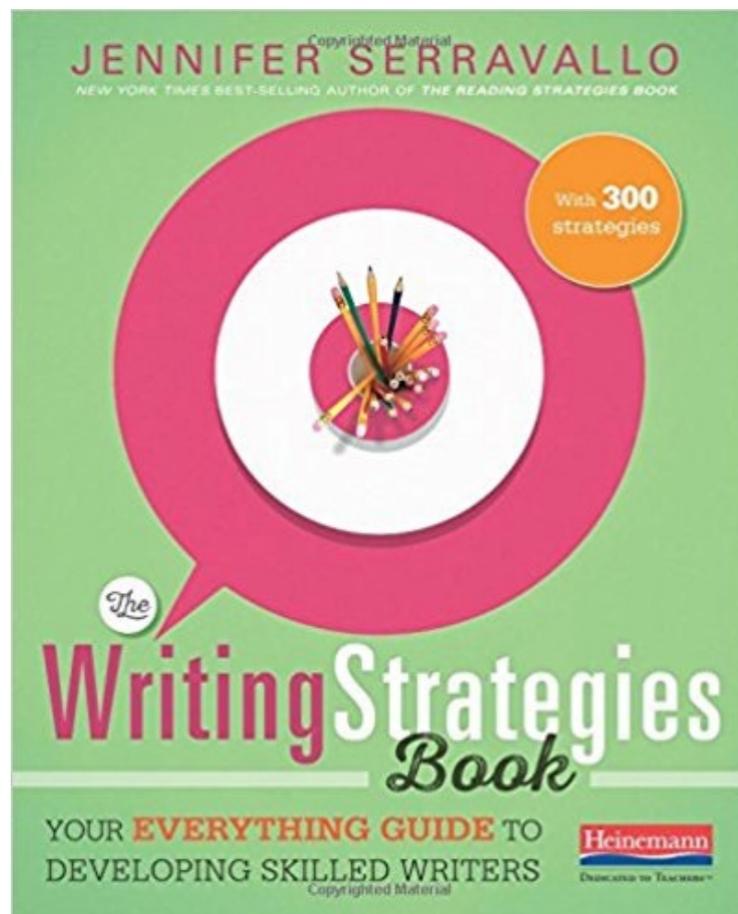




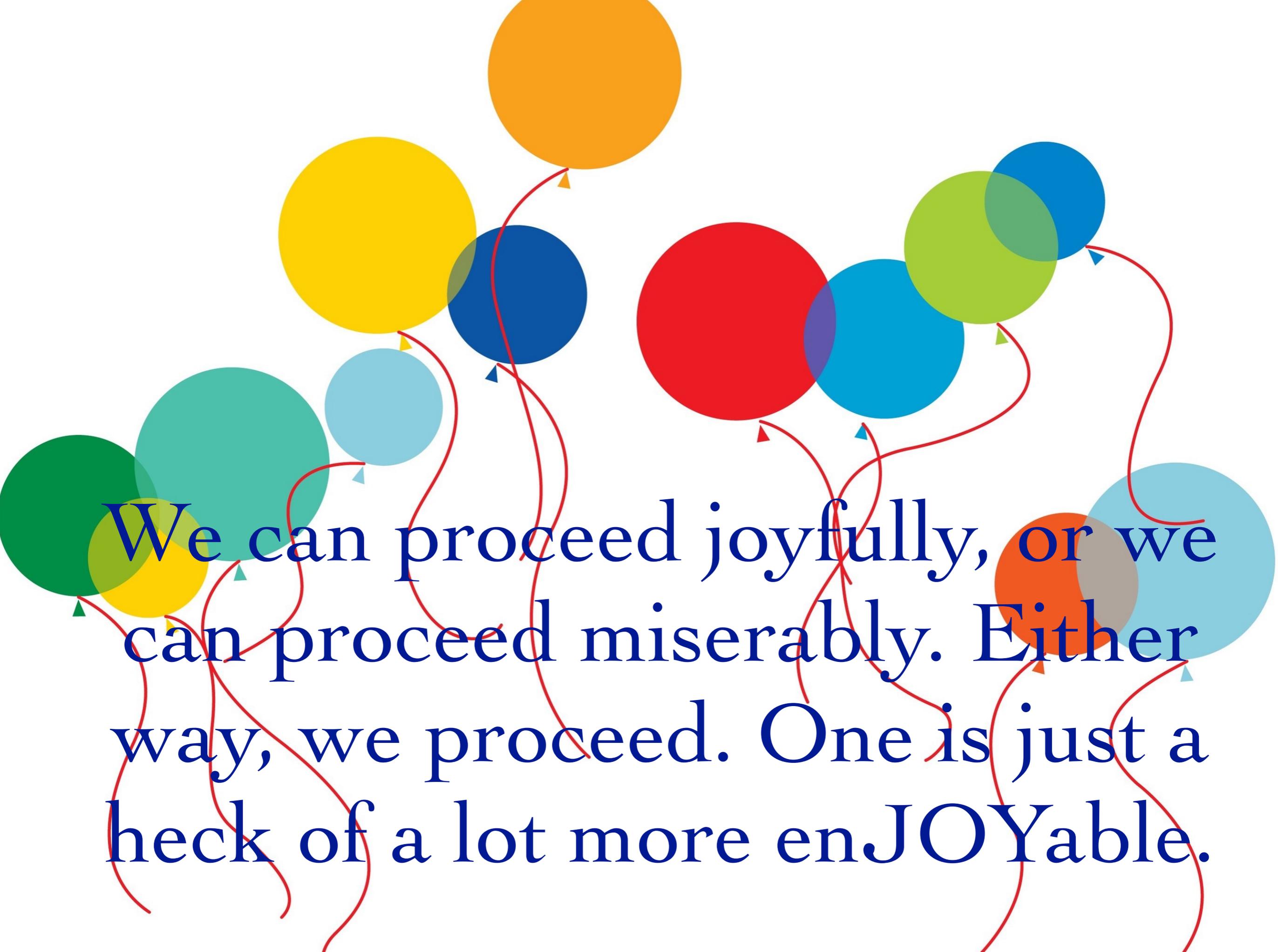
So, in our classrooms,
we:

- Help the writers in your care to see themselves as writers whose lives are **FILLED** with material. Call them “writers,” each and every day.
- Share your own writing with them *on Day #1* and then on a regular basis.

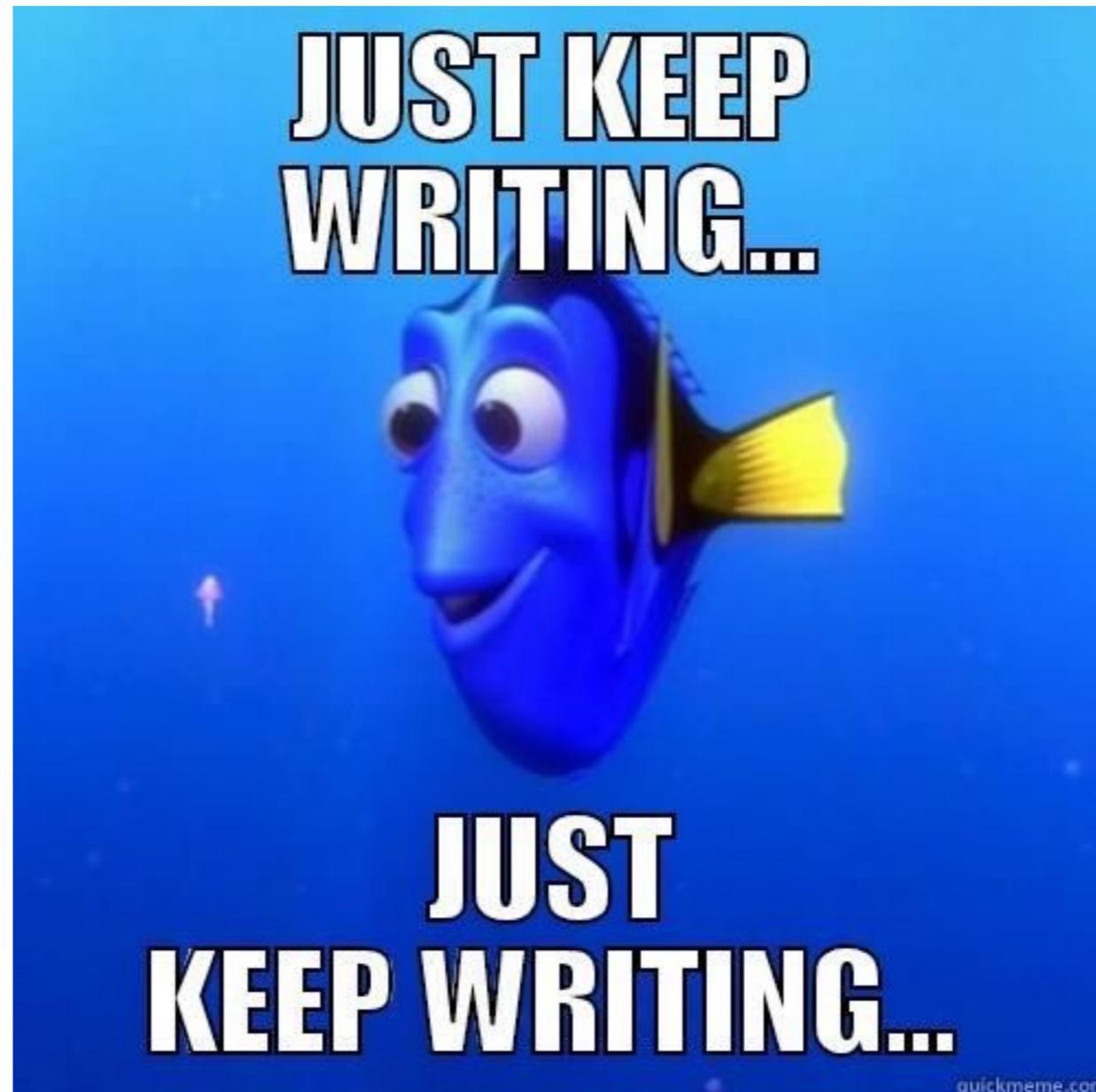
“Can we support children in regarding themselves as writers, understanding their own distinct writing styles, and working in a way that feels joyful? I think yes.”



— Jennifer Serravallo, 2017
in *The Writing Strategies Book*



We can proceed joyfully, or we
can proceed miserably. Either
way, we proceed. One is just a
heck of a lot more enJOYable.



Thanks for
spending this
time with me!

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