All outside is dark and cold
But just beneath the earth
Sleep seeds from which new life springs
Bringing Natures gifts to birth.

Indulge me.............

How the year flies, it is already winter.

I looked out of our classroom window the other day and watched the Lindleberry children walk with Lucy and thought how small they were, how soft and round. I checked and to my astonishment it was the Blossoms only a season or two away from starting school.

It does not seem so long ago that our children looked like this. Their first day of school so wide eyed and apprehensive. I know it is sometimes difficult to watch your child be brought into consciousness. School does that very quickly. There are some things that happen at school that you have no control over. Whereas a year ago you were so very much in control over so many of the things they were exposed too.

Your conscious parenting to nurture and support the development of your child comes to fruition at school.

During the school day moments occur and your child absorbs, processes and changes. With the strength of a solid secure base the child is un-wavered. The strong inner life that has been carefully tended at home allows the child to blossom. They are also becoming conscious of themselves in relation to others. Who am I? Where do I fit?

We strengthen their will. We endeavor to secure them in their place within the world. Safe in the knowledge that one season follows another and they are snug within the arms of Mother Nature, her children are their brothers and sister.

I talk often to the children about loving each other like a family. As your child continues through the year, nurture their foundations make their inner life strong, build their resilience and inner strength, nurture their soul and love, love, love them. Then do the same for yourself.

Our Term.

This Term we welcomed Autumn and said goodbye to summer.

The children adored the Autumn crafts and embraced the images of Autumn fairies and gnomes. We watched the leaves fall down and gather in the yard and we eagerly awaited each Monday to see what part of the playground had been worked on over the weekend.

The children made their lanterns, first the lantern to hold the last light of Autumn, then their beeswax candle so as to hold the light and finally their festival lantern which is used to take the light out into the community. They started their stitching and work with wool and thanks to everyone for stitching their work onto their library bags it makes it easier for them to find their own and starts our very very gentle ponderings over letters and concepts of print.

The children adore the new playground and their play has really changed. So much digging and creating in the sand pit. So much water play, creating worlds of gorges and canyons. So much digging.

The ropes have given rise to a troop of monkeys, swinging and dangling in the most inventive ways.

Our garden and plants have been picked of every flower and fairy potions are regularly a precious gift for teachers.

One day the children thought it would be wonderful to carry saucepans of water up the ramp to the top of the slide and pour the contents down behind their friends "like a water slide". The greatest fun that day was watching squealing prep's laughing raucously in the hallway and changing their clothes.

Every day is filled with joy. Every single day brings me such incredible moments of happiness. I thought once to record them but now I'm selfish and just enjoy them.
My Winter Festival welcome from a couple of years ago……………..

We give thanks for the blessing of winter the season to cherish the heart.

Our Winter Festival is being held on the traditional lands of the Boonwurrung people and we acknowledge them as owners. We pay respects to their Elders, past and present, and the Elders from other communities who may be here tonight.

Like the Boonwurrung people who call this time of year Beerreen ‘the time of no sun’ we come together, like families and communities long since passed who come together for hope and warmth we too come together, we come together to celebrate winter the season to cherish the heart.

Our lanterns are lit to celebrate the heavenly forces warming our souls, and they remind us to nurture the light within when all around us is dark and still.

When sunlight fast is dwindling our little lamps need kindling, for their beams shine far in darkest night little lantern guard us with your light.

We create the spiral of greenery the symbol of going inwards and we begin the walk in darkness, for winter is a time to be quiet and hibernate, a season to cherish the heart. Just as the leaves need the winter to die off so they can grow lush again in the spring we need the quiet times of winter for our own renewal for the lightness of the seasons to come.

We walk into the spiral amid the darkness and we spiral out with the light.

Just as Father Sun begins his return to summertime we light our lanterns to bring light and we celebrate and welcome him back from his winter home.

With our winter lanterns lit we now journey just as children have done for centuries into the night walking the narrow paths and welcoming back the light into the world.

We give thanks for the blessing of winter the season to cherish the heart.

To make soups and broths for the heart
To cook for the heart and read for the heart
To curl up softly and nestle with the heart
To dream with the heart
To spend time with the heart

We give thanks for the blessing of winter the season to cherish the heart.

A poem by Michael Leunig.

Have a very safe and happy winter break. Stay warm and cosy and we look forward to seeing you back at school in Term Three.