

WinkWorld November 2008

Hello Friends,

In this issue of *WinkWorld*, I am sharing:

- An Observational Tool
- How to reflect
- FVR (Free Voluntary Reading)
- CLT (Cool Like That)
 - Urbandictionary
 - Noslang.com
 - Top 25 Slang Words Parents Should Know
- A Story of a Horse-drawn Hearse
- Our Boy, Bailey rides to school (part two)
- Prairie Pedagogy: Obama, Wink, & the Blizzard



[Loving Frank](#)
Nancy Horan



[Privacy Information](#)

Student Observational Tool

This instrument was originally created and used in LAUSD (Los Angeles Unified School District). It eventually came to Stanislaus County of Education, where it has been used with teachers in the Central Valley of CA. I used it in Gillette WY when I did classroom observations; it focuses on students learning and not teachers teaching. I found it fascinating and revealing. I have adapted it for the beginning teacher education students in a class at CSU, and they will use it to shadow a student who speaks an additional language. I find that printing it back-to-back is the most effective way to use it. Enjoy, and I hope you find it useful. I look forward to any adaptations you might want to share.

<http://www.joanwink.com/scheditems/observational-tool-jw1108.pdf>

"**How do we reflect?**" a student credential candidate asked me. The following was part of my answer. Beginning teachers are always told to be reflective, but often times they don't know how to begin.

"Yeah but," the teacher candidate began. "Teachers and professors are always talking to us about reflection, but I want to know *how?*"

"I'll give you two ways, and you can take your pick. Choose whichever works best for you," I responded.

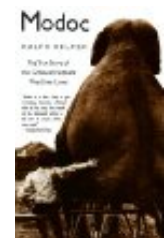
"First, who knows what a killdeer is?" I asked the class.

"It's a small to medium bird, and it makes a sound as if it is singing *killdeer, killdeer, killdeer*," a student answered.

"Yes, and if you watch this bird, what might you notice?" I continued.

"The bird walks fast and moves around a lot and then suddenly just stops and doesn't move for a long time, and then he begins moving around again.

"Yes, that's right. I suggest that you pretend like you are a killdeer. When you take your teacher education classes, you'll notice that you are busy and have to move fast from class to class and assignment to assignment. I encourage you to stop often, like the killdeer, and do not



[Modoc](#)
Ralph Helfer



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move. While you are standing or sitting without moving, I encourage you to focus on your learning; simply, *stop and think*. **Muse. Do not move.** Think about your learning. It will look like you are not doing anything, but in reality, you are doing your most important work. You are reflecting."

FVR, Free Voluntary Reading

Books: Pleasure Reading - just click the hotlink to order.

Loving Frank by Nancy Horan

[Click Here to Order](#)

I struggled with the choices of the heroine, Mamah, but I'm glad I read the entire book, as nothing prepared me for the ending. In addition, the book paints a vivid picture of life at the turn of the 20th century and also a vivid picture of Frank Lloyd Wright.

Modoc: The True Story of the Greatest Elephant that Ever Lived by Ralph Helfer

[Click Here to Order](#)

The best story I read this month, even if his style of writing is not my favorite. Actually, some of the short, choppy sentences even became annoying. However, all of this is irrelevant when compared with the very compelling sort of true story of an elephant and those who loved her. Great read for kids, parents, and grandparents.

A Supremely Bad Idea: Three Mad Birders and Their Quest to See It All by Luke Demsey

[Click Here to Order](#)

This is a laugh-out-loud book-the funniest book I've read in a long time. A perfect holiday book all anyone who loves to laugh and happens to like birds.

Kingbird Highway: The Story of a Natural Obsession That Got a Little Out of Hand by Kenn Kaufman

[Click Here to Order](#)

A great read of a young person growing into manhood as he hitchhikes around the continent and identifies birds. It reminds me of the Bill Bryson books, which I also loved.

Last month, Denise Hurd shared Keeping Kids Safe Online. As I feel this is so important, I am adding a link to it again.

[Keeping Kids Safe Online](#)

In addition, find out if you are **CLT** (cool like that)

www.urbandictionary.com

www.onlineslangdictionary.com

www.Noslang.com

Top 25 slang words parents/teachers should know

www.noslang.com/top20.php



[A Supremely Bad Idea](#)

Luke Demsey



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[Kingbird Highway](#)

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Cool Stuff

Amazon Kindle is a wireless, portable reading device with instant access to more than 190,000 books, blogs, newspapers and magazines.

But after it's debut on Oprah - shipping is a little backlogged. So if you plan to order one for yourself or as a gift - do so now! It's taking up to 3 weeks for delivery.

[Click Here to Order](#)

Got a Kindle? - Send a review to news@joanwink.com
I'd love to share with the rest of the *WinkWorld* readers.



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A New Angel, Mary Lou King

Every month I sadly mention the name of new angels, but I have never written about any of them. This time, I make an exception, as this was a beautifully authentic funeral for Mary Lou. I particularly want to highlight the beautifully restored antique shiny black horse-drawn carriage, which carried the casket in a glass-enclosed area with the original heavy dark velvet curtains. The hearse was pulled by two black one-ton Belgian horses, without out-riders. Two of Mary Lou's grandsons road up high in the front seat with the owner of the horses. The casket rode in the glass-enclosed carriage.

This horse-drawn hearse was originally purchased in the 1960s by my Cousin Donn King to honor Mary Lou's parents when they died. The wood underfloor is stamped with 1885. During the 1970s, Donn sold it to the local mortician, Eldon Jensen, who provides service in a large geographical area of western SD. The hearse (carriage or coach) used to sit for months in a shed and then suddenly have to be cleaned so that it was ready to "roll." He carried it to the various funerals in an open trailer, and now he feels lucky that he didn't damage the carriage or break the glass with rocks and gravel flying up from the dirt roads.

Throughout the years, Eldon and his family have refurbished the carriage to a truly beautiful work-of-art. They began by placing rubber over the steel wheels. The steel served well on gravel roads, but with the advent of asphalt/concrete roads, the "clattering" on new road surfaces was eliminated. In 1995 they had the hearse completely disassembled, stripped, and refinished. The re-assembly and gluing involved putting each refinished piece back into its original place and then the entire unit was placed back onto the refinished steel springs and axles. In addition, the oval canvas roof was replaced. The glass, brass, wood, and curtains are still original. The coach lights are new. Finally, the carriage was painted in high gloss black protected with a marine clearcoat. It is now transported to area funerals and stored in an enclosed fifth wheel trailer to protect it from the weather, which we have a lot of out here on the prairies.

Cousin Donn and Eldon cannot count the times that this horse-drawn hearse has been used since it was brought into "Faith Country," Faith being the name of the little town, 28 miles from us.

From my perspective the prairies are the perfect place for such a quiet, peaceful, elegant horse-drawn hearse.

Enjoy its beauty.



Prairie Pedagogy, Our Boy Bailey, Part 2

Last month, we started the story of Bailey with a picture of him and his classmates on their first day of school. As many of you guessed, yes, it is a one-room schoolhouse, and the kids really do ride their horses to school on the first day.

[Bailey heading to school](#)

[Bailey and Classmates](#)

This month we'll continue the story of Bailey, as his mom, Missy, tells the story of his life this year, as he begins school. First, I want you to know that Missy is the teacher in the one-room school.

As much as we hate to admit it, Bailey is kind of a 'town kid,' even though he always wears Wranglers, cowboy hat, boots, and even spurs and chaps. He loves to listen to rodeo stories from Daddy. We take him out to the country as much as we can, but it's not the same as growing up on the ranch. He spent the first few years of life in daycare and preschools, and his friends are mostly 'town kids,' too.

So, when I started teaching this fall in the little one-room school house near Hereford, we worried because we knew the students rode horses to school the first day. We were nervous about what Bailey would think or do when he learned about riding a horse to his first day of kindergarten.

Bailey has had to deal with a lot this past year: moving to the country; mom starting a new teaching job at a little one-room school house; a new baby brother, Everett; and most significantly, a year of cancer treatments for his other little brother, Cooper. Surgeries, chemo, and constant trips back and forth to Minneapolis have turned Bailey's world upside down. He carries a heavy load on his little shoulders, as the older brother.

As the first day of school approached, Bailey remained resistant to riding a horse to school. Dad could not be there, as he was in the hospital for Cooper's chemo treatment; and I had to welcome the other students to school. Finally, it came down to Bailey making the decision for himself: Would he or wouldn't he ride a horse to school?

"No," he told us for three days in a row.

"I don't want to ride a bucking horse," he told us on the fourth day.

"Where are they going to ride them?" he asked on the fifth day.

"From their homes to the school," we explained.

"No, mommy, they can't! I don't want my kids to get hurt!" This puzzled me, but I couldn't figure out why he thought they would be hurt.

"They won't get hurt," I told him, "They know how to ride horses and their moms and dads are coming with them."

"But where are they going to ride them?" he asked again.

"Well," I said, "they will ride through the pastures between home and school."

"Oh!" he laughed. "That will be okay. We can't ride horses on the roads, or we would get hit by cars!" Bailey had a logical reason why he didn't want to ride!

When the first day of school came, Bailey said, "Mom, will you hold my lunch?! I'm gonna ride a horse." He rode with head held high for pictures, with a look-at-me-I'm-a-cowboy-grin on his face.

Throughout the day, Bailey kept asking me, if it was time to ride again, as all of the kids go to a neighbors for cookies after school. By the time, I arrived to pick him up, he was alone in the saddle on Ace.

Nevermind that it was the first day of school - for him it was his first day as a real cowboy.

I appreciate that this young family, struggling with such a battle against cancer, has agreed to let us tag along with Bailey, so we can see what this young cowboy has to teach us.

Prairie Pedagogy, Obama, Wink, and the Blizzard

I arrived home to the South Dakota ranch just in time to see Barak Obama win the presidential election and Dean Wink win the SD legislator election. Or, as Dawn Wink mused: Wink and Obama, a clean sweep.

As soon as the election was over, the wind started to howl and the blizzard hit. We have had no power since: no power; no water; no landline; no cell; and, of course, no Internet. It is now Day 5. I am teaching an online class, and fortunately, the teacher credential candidates have carried through with their assignments, in spite of the fact that I have not been able to provide feedback. I've been wearing my ski pants in the house to try to stay warm. I have not showered since last Monday when I left CA, but I have given into washing my hair in cold water. The meat in our freezers is now all buried in snowbanks, and I use the back porch for milk and perishables, which, indeed, they are!

Wink, the new legislator, spends hours of each day and night out in the dreadful cold to try to keep horses, cows, and calves alive and the trucks and tractors operating. However, for one glorious hour each a.m. and each p.m., he brings the tractor near the electrical box. When the tractor is running, the PTO behind it turns round and round, and he can operate the generator with this power, which then provides a bit of electricity to the house. During this hour, I run to fill buckets, pots, and pans with washing water and cleaning drinking water. In addition, I run to the computer and make a bit of connection to the world, as I listen to loud Christmas music.

This *WinkWorld* is truly coming to you from a tractor-powered computer. You can't make up this stuff.

I go to bed early (5:30 p.m. being my personal best) with a good book. I have finally become a ~flashlight kid~ and we know the research says that flashlight kids will have high levels of literacy.

<http://www.sdkrashen.com/articles/comicbook/index.html>

Addendum: The power came back on after 6 days.