



Once again, a whole school art installation is on display, "The Story Children".

Inspired by Mexican artist Helen Escobedo. **"My creative endeavor as an artist is connected to my ecological identity as a human being,"** said Helen Escobedo on one occasion, when speaking about her interest in the relationship between human beings and the environment. Escobedo was one of the first Mexican artists to integrate into her work a concern for ecologic issues, embarking on a quest to merge art with space, human rights, ecology, and the quality of life of humanity.

The 4 Villages

North Village

Nursery	Kindergarten	Grade One	Grade Two	Grade Three	Grade Four	Grade Five	Grade Six	Staff
Geneva	Anabelle	Beth	Ben	Karly	Riley	Ollie	Sean	Ms. Olfason
Piper	Samuel	Samantha	Flyn	Kyler	Carlin	Graham	Mya	Ms. Robbins
Alex	Emma	Matthew	Weidon	Eyob	Quinn L.	Kate	Denise	Ms. Almdal
Myka	Mateo	Carter	Justin	Jessie	Joseph	Emma A.	Nicholas B.	Ms. Zealand
Max		Peyton	Victor	Sascha	Theo	Jessica	Alicia	Ms. Bajon
Stella		Grayson	Brennan	Madison	Clara	Carman	Marcus	Ms. Amaral
				Bronwyn	Shae	Kyanne	McKayla	
				Sidney		Rehel		

South Village

Nursery	Kindergarten	Grade One	Grade Two	Grade Three	Grade Four	Grade Five	Grade Six	Staff
Robbie	Catherien	Eve	Alyana	Evan	Zoe	Emma C.	Eli	Ms. Pedersen
Marcus	Liam	Rorie	Olivia	Bryce	Sophia	Quinn	Noel	Ms. Pellaers
	Noah	Alex	Katie	Ebon	Elizabeth	Thayden	Lily	Ms. Larmour
	Cindy	Evan	Annika	Liam	Caitlin C.	Sheilagh	Meagan	Ms. McDougall
	James	Max	Nicola	Matthew	Mieka	Brooke	Claire	Mr. Dhaliwal
			Kaya	Riley	Aidan	Sabrina	Ashtyn	
			Luke	Sahand	Coral	Emily W.	Alex R.	
				Mitchell	Devon		Nouran	

East Village

Nursery	Kindergarten	Grade One	Grade Two	Grade Three	Grade Four	Grade Five	Grade Six	Staff
Beck	Merrik	Paige	Savana	David	Caitlyn L.	Josie	Max	Ms. Lyss
Evan	Nathan	Paul	Amaya	Nicole	Scott	Samuel	Sophia	Ms. Williamson
Connor	Ava L.	Zeca	Gabrielle	June	Stefanie	Liam	Alex M.	Ms. Berry
	Quinn M.	Amelie	Kate S.	Ksenia	Chris	Meagan	Loanne	Ms. Matsukubo
	Annika	Sophia	Juca	Grace	Hanna	Raelynn	Jaden	Ms. Hughes
	David S.		Ruby	Isabelle	Ruby	Jade	Justin	
	David E.		Roman		Niniichaanis	Mason	David	
							Reynalyn	

West Village

Nursery	Kindergarten	Grade One	Grade Two	Grade Three	Grade Four	Grade Five	Grade Six	Staff
Jaya	Ava A.	Magnus	Timothy	Joey	Ares	Varian	Patrick	Ms. Banks
James	Eithne	Alec	Spencer	Owen	Aela	Julie	Khoa	Mr. Roberts
Stella	Cassidy	Julian	Van	Parker	Brianna	Carelien	Hannah	Ms. Squair
	Grace	Christofer	Hunter	Joshua	Bryson	Sam	Ellice	Mr. Peschel
	Danika		Rowan	Ethan	Quinn M.	Joshua	Matt	Ms. Culligan
			Isaac	Brittany	Jenna		Angelica	Mrs. Clark
			Kai		Marleigh		Maxine	



The 4 Villages Peace Banner posters are available for sale in the front foyer!

DANCE OF THE CARIBOU

North Village Story

The Far North can be a harsh and unforgiving place. There are those who call it home, and home, with all that it offers, should never be taken for granted. The people of the north have traditionally hunted caribou. The caribou give them much of what they need, food, clothing, shelter, tools. In return, the people offer thanks to the caribou for giving up their lives so that the people may survive.

Long ago there was a village of the first people. Every year there was a Great Hunt. Before they went out, the hunters would gather and call out to the Keeper of the Animals, thanking him for the gift of the caribou. But one year the fierce North Wind carried away the sound of their voices. Their cries of thanks never reached the ears of the Keeper of the Animals. When the hunters went out, there were no caribou to be found.

They returned to the village empty handed, followed by an unwelcome guest... hunger. It wasn't long before every woman, man, and child in that village had an empty belly and a heavy heart. They knew that soon death itself would come to be the most unwelcome guest of all.

Behind the village was a mound of caribou bones that the people had saved. One day as sunset the people gathered there. From the oldest to the youngest, they stood hand in hand and wept. They cried for the caribou that had disappeared. They cried for themselves, and for a village that would soon be no more. Their tears fell upon the bones and lay there glistening like jewels in the light of the moon that rose over the tundra. In the moonlight, something happened. The bones began to move! Those tears were a gift of emotion that called to the spirit of the caribou. The bones began to join themselves together and DANCE. The people danced with them, and the caribou came back to life. They ran in a great herd across the tundra. Now the people wept tears of joy and gave thanks. The village would live on.

After that, every year at the time of the Great Hunt, the people of the village would gather together. They would beat their drums as they remembered the sound of caribou hooves thundering across the land. They would dance the Dance of the Caribou Bones, and they would chant long and loud to give thanks to the Keeper of the Animals for the caribou, the gift of life. The Keeper always heard their voices.

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Nature's Gift

East Village Story

There was once a village high in the mountains, where the people had been given a great gift. The gift was a magnificent view in every direction that greeted the people when they woke up every day. They would stand together, looking out for hundreds of miles and feel so happy. They felt like this for a long time. They could sit for hours every day and just admire the view. Slowly over time, things began to change.

The people started getting tired of the same view every day. They no longer seemed to be aware of the great gift that they had been given. The people were getting bored! So they started making toys, puzzles, gadgets of all shapes and sizes. They used bits of the mountain, rocks, branches and woven grass. The more they made, the more they wanted. The people worked for years and years, using more and more of the mountain to make their creations. Finally, after many years had passed each and every person in that village had so many things. They believed that having these things brought them happiness.

One morning everyone woke up to realize that something had happened. Something was missing! It took them awhile to figure out that the view that had been theirs for so long was now gone. You see, they had used up so much of the mountain to make new things to play with, that the mountain had been worn away. The people now found themselves living on the prairie. All their toys, puzzles and gadgets didn't seem so special anymore. Someone once said, "You don't know what you've got until it's gone". It was true. The people hung their heads, and felt a great sense of loss.

Then one clear-eyed person raised his head and looked out across the prairie. Here was a new view; the wind moving through the tall grass, prairie dogs scurrying about and trees growing along the banks of rivers. Like the sun rising bright on a new day, awareness filled the people and hearts. Now they understood. Whether high or low, the beauty of the earth lies all around us. It is always changing. There is always something new and interesting to notice. The memory of what was lost reminds us to appreciate the beauty that now exists.

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Something for Everyone

West Village Story

Once there was a village out on the prairie, where the people started each day as happy as could be. The first thing that they would every morning would be to sit and watch the prairie dogs popping their heads up from their holes to look around. The sight of those little creatures scurrying about was so funny to the people that they would burst into gales of laughter. The sound of that merry laughter would flow up into the trees, and cause a problem.

Up in the trees lived the squirrels. You know as well as how hard squirrels work, how busy they are. First thing in the morning, while the squirrels were trying to get a little rest before their day's labours, the laughter of the people would wake them up again and again. This did not make the squirrels very happy. They needed some peace and quiet. They needed to stop that laughter.

Since the source of the laughter was the prairie dogs, the prairie dogs had to go. Now the squirrels didn't want to hurt the prairie dogs. They are cousins, after all. The main difference between prairie dogs and squirrels is their tails. Prairie dogs have short little tails that don't stick out when they dive into their holes. Squirrels have long bushy tails that help them balance on tree branches. This gave the squirrels an idea.

At night when the people were sleeping, the squirrels scampered down from the trees to visit their cousins. They brought along bunches of leaves and an invitation to visit in the trees. They tied leaves to the tail of each and every prairie dog so that they could balance on the branches. Thus together, the squirrels and prairie dogs went together, up into the trees. When the people woke up the next morning there was not a prairie dog to be seen. With no funny antics to watch the people were so sad. They needed happiness to start their day. Now they began to cry, and cry, and cry.

Soon there were big puddles of tears on the ground. Watching all this from the trees were the prairie dogs. They were afraid that there would be a flood. They ran back down from the trees, tore off the leaves from their tails, and dove back into their holes. The prairie dogs needed to keep their homes safe. As soon as the prairie dogs returned, the tears of the people turned to laughter again. The laughter rose up into the trees, waking up the squirrels who shattered angrily. The squirrels needed peace and quiet. The people needed laughter to start their day. The prairie dogs needed safe dry burrows. How could everyone have what they needed?

The people looked at the squirrels. They looked at the prairie dogs. They looked at the leaves lying on the ground, and they knew what to do. Taking the leaves that had once been tails for the prairie dogs, the people made little ear muffs for the squirrels! Now the squirrels could sleep each morning, and the prairie dogs would be safe in their homes. The people could laugh with joy at the sites Mother Nature offers. When we think of the needs of one another, we can truly live in harmony.

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The Power of Many

South Village Story

Far, far to the south lies a desert, but it is not a desert of sand. It is a land of ice and snow. It is the land of Antarctica. The wind sometimes whistles and sometimes roars across a seemingly desolate landscape. Even in a place like this there is life, creatures that can survive and even thrive in the intense cold. There are creatures like the penguins.

Penguins, considered by some to be the clowns of creation, live together in great numbers. A community of penguins is never totally still. They're moving, standing, playing, swimming, warming eggs, feeding their young and always in the company of many others. But it isn't always this way. Far back in time, things were different.

Back then, penguins were solitary creatures. Each would look to its own needs as best it could. Whenever a penguin was hungry it would make its way down to the water's edge. Giving a little squawk of a prayer, it would dive into the water hoping to find food before it was eaten by a predator. There were sea lions and killer whales lurking in the dark, waiting to snatch a tasty penguin snack. Many a penguin lost its life this way. Until one day, something happened to change this forever.

One by one, the penguins came down to look for food. One, by one, by one they came, until there were many, too many for the ice to hold. With a sharp "crack" the ice broke off. The penguins were trapped on an ice floe! Sea lions and killer whales were circling, waiting. Penguin babies were crying from the shore. Those on the ice floe were in great danger. Then they did something they had never done before.

They all squawked at the same time. It was a LOUD sound, so loud that the predators were frightened and swam away. Then all the penguins lay down along one edge of the floe, with their bellies on the ice and their feet sticking out into the water. As they all began kicking at the same time, the penguins started "mooing". The ice floe back toward shore!! The ice floe bumped against the shore. The penguins scurried off. Families were reunited, and a wonderful lesson had been learned. By working together, the penguins had faced great danger and survived.

A community of penguins is never totally still. They're moving, standing, playing, swimming, warming eggs, feeding their young and always in the company of others. Give three cheers for the power of many. Give three cheers for PENGUIN POWER!

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THE SCRIPT

Introduction to travellers...

It's so good to be home! Seeing my family again – finally, in person – I didn't realize how much I missed seeing their faces or hearing their voices. I have so much I want to share now, so many stories I don't know where to begin. I've visited some breathtaking places and I've seriously taken at least 10,000 pictures. My family might be tired of me already, but oh well – they love me! They're so happy to have me home and they can't believe I'm ready to keep going on this journey! I want to explore and keep making friends around the world. I want to trade stories and learn all I can. This planet used to seem so huge, but now I understand we're all connected. I want everyone to know my name...it's Zoë!

Hey – I'm Sean. I've been inspired to see how people really communicate while on my adventure. A pat on the back or a smile can mean more than spoken words. I could play soccer and not have to speak at all, but of course I did – loudly, and I waved my arms a lot while jumping up and down, but still, everyone got what I meant, even though no one spoke my language. I made friends and connections at the skate park by speaking through stunts and tricks. I'm going to stay in touch with these great people who I didn't even know existed just months ago. Now I can't imagine life without them – we've got different backgrounds and cultures and yet we have so much in common, and we all like to have fun!

I have a confession to make. I wasn't ready to step on that last train to the airport. The big question in my head the whole flight home was – so now what?! I've been taught not to accept things just because that's the way they've always been. I have to ask why, or why not, or what came before this, or how is this alright? It's frustrating, terrifying and more than a little intimidating to realize everything in this world is not as it should be, but how can I make a change? When I start to feel overwhelmed, I try to imagine what my Auntie Jen would say (she's into white water rafting and knows how to stay calm in any situation). "Breathe, Emma. Focus! Let all you know fade to the background and be decisive. Act. Trust your body and mind and heart to make the right choice." So – whether I'm close to home or not, I need to be brave and do my absolute best to put right any human wrongs I experience or witness. A good person can't do nothing, right?

Wow – I made it! There were days when I wasn't so sure. I was the stranger – the one who didn't belong – so uncertain in each new situation and asking my endless questions, and yet – I was accepted and respected and no one rolled their eyes at me. No one grew impatient when I tried speaking their language or when I tasted unfamiliar food and couldn't handle the spices! I felt unconditionally welcomed into so many peoples' lives and they made their homes mine – I'm overwhelmed by the kindness that exists in this world. I wonder now...how will I react when I meet someone who travels here? What if a family is crossing the globe to make Winnipeg their new home? How will I welcome them? I think I'd start by reaching out my hand, saying "I'm Hannah. Have you had dinner yet? Come inside, and make yourself at home!"

I'm Justin, and I'm confident that I will make a difference in my lifetime. There are lots of changes I wish to see in this world and one is that people will not simply learn to be tolerant of one another, but they will sincerely accept all the unique characteristics and relevant voice each person has to offer. It is so hard sometimes, but we have to choose what we stand for and live that choice every second and not back down. What is of value? Human life, compassion, dignity, forgiveness, the environment, respect for all living things and the world we are truly meant to share. I'm home again, but I've really just begun my journey. I'm not going to stop seeking information, or learning from my surroundings and all those I encounter along the way. I'm prepared to be the change.

Hi! I'm Caitlin. I think a family can be any group of people who love and accept you for who you are – no matter what. I believe a home can be anywhere you feel safe and surrounded by those you love. I'm so lucky because I live in a neighbourhood where people know each other. Every family watches out for the children playing in the front yards. I'm part of a community that truly cares for one another. Everyone deserves a home and family. Travelling so far has made me really appreciate all I have and reminds me to be thankful for my warm bed, clean water, nutritious food, and even the right to just play and be a kid! I'm proud of who I am and where I come from, but I see the bigger picture now. I don't have one home or one family anymore – I know I'm part of a world community and I belong in this universe.

Hi! My name's Thayden. The best part of travelling for me has been opening my mind to other points of view. Each museum or art gallery I had the chance to visit allowed me to step back in time, see the current state of the world, or imagine the future as I listened to the message behind a story or image. The answers aren't always clear or easy when you try to interpret a painting or a poem, but it's up to us, as the audience, to make sense of the meaning, or to dig a little deeper to find the truth. Art, music, dance, theatre, design – it's all meant to stir our souls, make us think, react and respond to our own emotions. I consider myself an artist and I hope my work will reflect my own journey and allow me to make change in my own way. I hope my art will tell a story, and that you'll listen carefully.

Hello! I'm Brianna, and I think each new day is an adventure waiting to happen. I know each of us matters. We have a voice that deserves to be heard. We have gifts to offer and talents to share. It would be a shame if our voices were silenced or the gifts we had were hidden away, of no use to anyone, including ourselves. When we give, we get back a feeling of pride and purpose. When I meet someone new I find their spark, or that special something that makes them important and definitely worth getting to know. I bet I can figure out all of your gifts – you're not keeping them hidden, though, are you?

I'm a "glass half full" kind of person and I think that being optimistic and open can make you appreciate so much more in life. I kept a journal on my trip and reading each entry brings memories flooding back...sitting in the shade, teaching origami to some little kids, who started the day so shy, but in the end, they were braiding my hair and calling me "Auntie"...getting caught in the rain and losing my train ticket, then being offered a bowl of rice and shelter and watching the sunrise, drinking in the smell of cherry blossoms, weeping as I had to say goodbye to my friends and family, but knowing, full well, the joy I would experience coming home. Life can be tragic, but it can also be magic. If you ever have a hard time finding joy, just call on Carelien!

(Emma & Brianna)

It's difficult to witness pain and suffering in this world, but we can't pretend it doesn't exist or matter if it's not happening to us, specifically.

I think sometimes the problem is feeling helpless and not knowing how to become part of the solution or create the change that's needed.

Asking meaningful questions about why things are the way they are and being prepared for the difficult responses that come can help lead us to action.

Sharing what we have and learning more about one another by listening to each other's stories and taking time to connect can make all the difference.

I want to work at building awareness, understanding and an action plan that will turn negative realities into positive situations.

I hope that those met with despair and sorrow will find hope and strength in their fellow humankind.

(Sean & Zoë)

It's important to have passion for life and love what you do in this world.

Imagine removing the word "impossible" from your vocabulary and replacing it with "achievable"!

Following a dream or goal can give us drive, energy and the determination to succeed, even if we're met with failure a few times along the way.

Reaching a destination can give us a sense of pride and accomplishment and make us want to keep moving forward.

I wish to use my energy to make a positive impact. I'd like to bring out the strengths and gifts I see in myself, and others.

I plan on dreaming big, embracing life and appreciating every day I'm given. Why not, right?!