



Honor Element 11: Leaving an Imprint

Music, Art, Life Skills	Leaving an Imprint
<p>Grade Levels: Variable</p> <p>Time: 1 ½ hours</p> <p>Resources 2 videos – La Rosa Maori The Clay Pot</p> <p>Reading material Journals Handmade clay</p> <p>Objectives</p> <p>Learners will</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Apply metacognition to focus on practicing the habit-of-heart. • Celebrate the group acts of honor, past and future. • Use the arts to express these accomplishments. 	<p>Teachers, Parents or Self-Guided Learners:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Using guided imagery techniques, reach through the story on honor as learners visualize themselves in the role. (Or older students can read to younger students.) • Show the video. Read the thought questions about Romulo Castro’s song La Rosa Maori. • Discuss the meaning of “the imprint of your time.” Each learner sketches an image to represent the story of honor they imagined or one they accomplished during the unit. Whose life did they improve? • Students make clay imprints to decorate the walkway outside.



Preparation

As we near the end of the learning unit, we reflect back on all the ways in which we tried to show honor. We will start by taking a journey to a faraway place. We do not need a plane ticket to go there. We only need our imagination.

For whom do you breathe? Whose life is better because of your efforts? Whose life will be better because of something you do today?

1. Read the attached guided imagery story together, "Island of Honor." All eyes are closed except for the reader's eyes.
2. Before speaking with anyone, after the story, you will open your journal. Write key words or draw a quick sketch to show the story you would have told on the Isle of Honor.
3. Afterward, watch the video of the song, *La Rosa Maori*.

Discussion after Video

“Every man carries the imprint of his time,” sang composer Rómulo Castro. He insisted that our struggles should not “stop the flame in our eyes from shining” but, rather, contribute to our sense of common humanity. His song, “La Rosa Maori,” reminds us that as we move from place to place, we take our love and empathy and commit acts of honor. “We go on breathing for others,” the song reminds us.

For whom do you breathe? Whose life is better because of your efforts? Whose life will be better because of a promise kept?

Create the “Imprints of Our Time”

What did you dream about? What acts have you already completed? What will you continue to do to create acts of honor?

List in your journal the commitments you have made and kept during this learning unit, including the one on the Isle of Honor. Share one commitment with the group.

Together, we will line the walkway with clay imprints, to celebrate and honor the commitments we have made and will make.

The Clay Pot video in the Resiliency unit shared a method for working with clay. If we do not have our own clay, we can use that method to create a clay bed. Each sketch will represent a commitment. We will create an “imprint of our time” in fresh clay to line the walkway. Hints:

1. Use prepared clay or refer to the clay pot instructions to mix your own clay. Pat into temporary square tiles along a walkway (You may consider placing them inside or under a shelter if rain is expected).
2. Using a stick or kitchen utensils, draw the stories you want your family to remember. Enjoy your celebration!

ISLAND OF HONOR

We must prepare to take special journey. First, please close your eyes and breathe deeply. Breathe in and hold it....Now exhale slowly. Breathe in again....and exhale slowly.

Roll your head to the left, and to the right. Now feel your arms filling up with air as if they are balloons....so tight they are ready to pop, and now they pop! Whew...you feel them limp at your sides. Now your thighs are filling up with air. Make them tighter and tighter like balloons....and now they pop!

Now your shoulders are relaxed, your body is relaxed, your eyes are closed and you are breathing slowly. Breathe in lightly. Exhale deeply.

Now we are ready to take our journey.

You sit nestled by the window, waiting for the afternoon to yawn into evening. The sky stretches across a wide expanse. As you watch, suddenly a bird the same color as the sky takes shape, larger than any living thing you have ever seen. The bird swoops down out of the clouds and lands by your window. She leans her wing toward you and beckons you to come and ride.

You willingly crawl out the window and onto the wing of the big bird. Her feathers are so soft, you feel you are lying on a giant pillow. You cradle her neck as she lifts off the ground, up, up into the air, above the budding trees, through the sky to where snow is falling on the mountains. She carries you above the snow clouds. You can feel the wind graze your cheeks, but you feel snug as you hug her neck and feel the thick feathers moving beneath you. You soon fly down over the meadows where wildflowers nod at you. You can smell the aromas carried on the breeze see little pockets of flowers in your favorite colors.

The bird flies farther, over the cliffs, down toward the ocean, where the waves rock the tugboats along the shore. Gulls squawk at the big bird from below. You can smell the salt air as you go farther and faster toward a special island. You can see it in the distance. Tall palms trees wave at you to come and land on the sandy shore.

The bird finds a wide space and gently careens down to the beach, where a kindly grandmother is waiting for you. She looks so much like your own grandmother. She takes your hand and leads you around the driftwood, beside a plumeria tree, where women make necklaces from its frangipani blossoms. A group of people of all ages are sitting around a luminous campfire. The people come from all over the world. They are passing around a coconut full of coconut milk and telling stories. The grandmother whispers to you.

“This is the Circle of Honor, on the Island of Honor. Everyone invited here has done something special to show honor. They are sharing their special stories, to inspire each other to do ever greater acts of honor. Some told the truth at great risk to their safety. Others forgave or apologized when it was difficult to do so, or they stood up for their convictions when others did not. Some led lives of great sacrifice to help others. Of course, they all showed the ability to keep a promise to the people they served.”

“When it is your turn, you will tell your story. Think about what act of honor you have committed today.”

You think hard as you listen to the tales of heroic acts, large and small. Laughter and tears make the stories even brighter. What have you done to show honor? What can you share with the group?

You are thinking and drinking your coconut milk when you notice that the sky has turned from pale blue to orange and coral. The clouds reflect the glow of the setting sun. The grandmother gently takes your hand.

“Come. It is almost dark. You must fly back home and tell your story tomorrow.”

You look around at all these members of your human family. You desperately want to see them again, but you go readily, yawning, as she walks with you to take your place on the big bird. She helps you slide up the wing and grasp the neck, and she waves at you as the bird flaps once, then twice, then lifts off up into the sunset. You watch the sea swallow up the sun in one last gulp, as the vastness turns a deep blue.

Venus takes its seat in the sky, to watch over you on your journey home. You nestle into the pillow of feathers and close your eyes, planning the acts of honor you will be ready to perform tomorrow, so you will have a story to tell when you return to the Island of Honor.

What story will you tell? What daily acts of honor make up the story of your life? Think about this as you fall asleep tonight. When you open your eyes next, you will be ready to live a life of honor and, in tomorrow night's dream, you can tell your story in that circle on the beautiful Island of Honor.