



# EXPLORATIONS

*Blue Hill Consolidated School*

60 High Street • Blue Hill, Maine 04614

January 24, 2013

*From the Inauguration this week...*

## ONE TODAY

By Richard Blanco

One sun rose on us today, kindled over our shores, peeking over the Smokies, greeting the faces of the Great Lakes, spreading a simple truth across the Great Plains, then charging across the Rockies. One light, waking up rooftops, under each one, a story told by our silent gestures moving behind windows.

My face, your face, millions of faces in morning's mirrors, each one yawning to life, crescendoing into our day: pencil-yellow school buses, the rhythm of traffic lights, fruit stands: apples, limes, and oranges arrayed like rainbows begging our praise. Silver trucks heavy with oil or paper—bricks or milk, teeming over highways alongside us, on our way to clean tables, read ledgers, or save lives—to teach geometry, or ring-up groceries as my mother did for twenty years, so I could write this poem.

All of us as vital as the one light we move through, the same light on blackboards with lessons for the day: equations to solve, history to question, or atoms imagined, the “I have a dream” we keep dreaming, or the impossible vocabulary of sorrow that won't explain the empty desks of twenty children marked absent today, and forever. Many prayers, but one light breathing color into stained glass windows, life into the faces of bronze statues, warmth onto the steps of our museums and park benches as mothers watch children slide into the day.

One ground. Our ground, rooting us to every stalk of corn, every head of wheat sown by sweat and hands, hands gleaned coal or planting windmills in deserts and hilltops that keep us warm, hands digging trenches, routing pipes and cables, hands as worn as my father's cutting sugarcane so my brother and I could have books and shoes.

The dust of farms and deserts, cities and plains mingled by one wind—our breath. Breathe. Hear it through the day's gorgeous din of honking cabs, buses launching down avenues, the symphony of footsteps, guitars, and screeching subways, the unexpected song bird on your clothes line.

Hear: squeaky playground swings, trains whistling, or whispers across café tables, Hear: the doors we open for each other all day, saying: hello, shalom, buon giorno, howdy, namaste, or buenos días in the language my mother taught me—in every language spoken into one wind carrying our lives without prejudice, as these words break from my lips.

One sky: since the Appalachians and Sierras claimed their majesty, and the Mississippi and Colorado worked their way to the sea. Thank the work of our hands: weaving steel into bridges, finishing one more report for the boss on time, stitching another wound or uniform, the first brush stroke on a portrait, or the last floor on the Freedom Tower jutting into a sky that yields to our resilience.

One sky, toward which we sometimes lift our eyes tired from work: some days guessing at the weather of our lives, some days giving thanks for a love that loves you back, sometimes praising a mother who knew how to give, or forgiving a father who couldn't give what you wanted.

We head home: through the gloss of rain or weight of snow, or the plum blush of dusk, but always—home, always under one sky, our sky. And always one moon like a silent drum tapping on every rooftop and every window, of one country—all of us—facing the stars hope—a new constellation waiting for us to map it, waiting for us to name it—together.

*Della L. Martin, Principal • Loretta Smith, Secretary • Beth Jackson, Librarian • Matt Jurick, Technology Specialist*

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**PTF News...**

**Bedtime Story Hour**

Join us this Friday, January 25<sup>th</sup> for a bedtime story hour with Rebekah Raye. You can have her sign books you already own or you can purchase her books. Wear your pajamas if you want. Stories begin at 6:30 PM.

***PTF Potluck and Variety Show***

***Friday, February 8<sup>th</sup>***

***Dinner at 5:30 PM***

***Show at 6:00 PM***

***Students who are interested in performing should see Mr. Shubeck or Mrs. Means***

**Cabin Fever Reliever Potluck**

First Congregational Church, Blue Hill. Community Supper & Variety Show, Friday, February 1, 6:00 PM. This is a fundraiser for the Youth Group and the Tree of Life Food Pantry. Suggested donation for adults is \$6, and \$3 for children. Kids ages 6 and under eat for free. Bring food or pet food for the Tree of Life to get \$1 off. For more information call 374-2891 or email [bhcongo@yahoo.com](mailto:bhcongo@yahoo.com).

**Tree ID Walk & Talk**

“Identifying Trees in Winter” with Val Libby

Saturday, January 26<sup>th</sup> at 11 AM

South Street-Parker Trail

Meet at parking area on Parker Point Road, which is approximately .5 miles from the Blue Hill Library. For more information or to register, call 374-3118. Free and open to all ages.

**Dates to Remember**

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| Fri., Jan. 25   | Bedtime Story Hour with Rebekah Raye, 6:30 PM, library                            |
|                 | 6-8 Dance in Brooklin, 7 PM   |
| Sat., Jan. 26   | Round Robin Basketball Tournament, 8 AM – 4 PM, Sedgwick School                   |
| Friday, Feb. 8  | PTF Potluck and Variety Show<br>Dinner at 5:30 PM<br>Show at 6:00 PM<br>BHCS Café |
| Mon., Feb. 11   | Hancock County Spelling Bee, 6:30 PM, Ellsworth Elementary-Middle School          |
| Tues., Feb. 12  | Board Budget meeting, 5 PM  |
| Wed., Feb. 13   | Regular Board Meeting, 5 PM   |
| Thurs., Feb. 14 | GSA Registration – grade 8  |
| Feb. 18-22      | February Vacation   |
| Mon., Mar. 4    | NAEP Testing – grade 8  |
| Fri., Mar. 8    | Trimester 2 Ends  |