

EDMONTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS

May 7, 2002

TO: Board of Trustees

FROM: A. McBeath, Superintendent of Schools

SUBJECT: Margaret T. Stevenson Talented Young Writer Award Recipient: Lucy Bamforth

ORIGINATOR: Audrey Gardiner, Principal Riverbend

RESOURCE

STAFF: Carol Anne Inglis, Anne Mulgrew

INFORMATION

Lucy Bamforth from Riverbend School is the 2002 recipient of the Margaret T. Stevenson Talented Young Writer Award. Margaret Stevenson is best known for her encouragement of young writers and promotion of quality children's literature during the years she served as supervisor language arts for Edmonton Public Schools. The purpose of this award is to promote annual recognition of a talented young writer completing his or her eighth year of schooling in Edmonton Public Schools. The portfolios of all the applicants are impressive demonstrations of the board priority "to improve achievement of all students with an emphasis on literacy and numeracy."

Samples of writing submitted by Lucy demonstrated evidence of her personal growth as a writer, her positive attitude towards the literary arts, and satisfied the following selection criteria:

- show a range of writing for different purposes, situations and audiences
- show persistence with complex writing tasks
- display a strong personal style and sense of voice
- demonstrate excellence in content, organization, word choice, syntax, and control of writing conventions
- show evidence of reading a wide variety of literature
- show evidence of valuing the work of other authors

Excerpts from the writing of Lucy Bamforth are provided in Appendix I.

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APPENDIX I - Excerpts From the Writing of Lucy Bamforth

**EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITING OF LUCY BAMFORTH,
RIVERBEND SCHOOL**

From Lucy's introduction to her portfolio

When people tell me that I'm good at writing I sometimes wonder what it is about my writing they actually like. For example, what is it about the poem I've just written that makes my parents tell me it is one of the best ever? I like to think that what makes my poem so appealing is the way I express my thoughts, the way I express myself.

Outwardly, I'm a confident, independent, fun thirteen year old. However, I like writing because it enables you to display more than your outward appearance. It also allows readers to make their own image of me based on my words. Most people believe that because I'm a funny person on the outside, my writing would be like my humorous personality. Although my stories and poems can be humorous, more often than not my writing reflects more serious issues. For instance, I find stories about girls like me dealing with real life issues are much more satisfying to write than stories about elephants stuck in elevators.

Writing is one of the rare things in life that people do not have to pretend to be someone they're not. So many people spend so much of their lives changing and conforming that they don't realize who they really are. In writing, you can express yourself, change yourself, improve yourself...be yourself. There are no mistakes in writing, and every piece of writing is a masterpiece. We're all equal in writing-you could be the Prime Minister of Canada or a hobo on the streets, but it's guaranteed that someone out there is bound to love your own unique piece of writing.

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**Excerpt from introduction to, and the piece,
"The Meaning of War"
(Written Fall, 1999, while in grade 6)**

When I wrote this passage I wanted it to be as sad and tragic as possible so people would really understand just how much the war affects people today, and I didn't know just how emotional I made it sound. My grade six teacher told me that one of the teachers was crying in the lunch room after I had read my story.

The Meaning of War

My grandma was married in April 1944, when the war was going on. She had married a young man named Douglas. They had been married for only three months, when Douglas was called off to war in June 1944. They said goodbye, and hugged each one last time. Weeks past, when a letter was sent to her from the army in July 1944. Douglas had been killed, while marching through a small town in France called Cean. He had been marching down a street, when a German in a tree shot him in the head. He died instantly. He was buried in a war graveyard, along with many other young soldiers. Grandma was invited to see his grave, but she refused. She stayed at home, and burned all his belongings. The only mementos left is a picture of them standing together on their wedding day, Douglas in his army uniform. It's hanging in our front hall, to remind us of the terrible meaning of war.

Lest We Forget

Excerpt From Lucy's Poem "Santa's Hot Chocolate"
(Written Fall 2001, while in grade 8)

We were aiming for a very young audience to read this to, and the school principal, of course. The main idea was to write a poem to an assigned staff member and place it in a card. When that was done we presented the poem to them and gave them the card to keep. However, our poem turned out to be more of a six page book, than a two page card.

Everyone loves Christmas,
Or so we thought,
But there's a being out there,
Who obviously thinks not!

High on a perch,
On top of the school,
Sat the Gardiner Grinch,
A Christmas hating ghoul.

Up there she sat,
Plotting Christmas' demise,
While thoughts of evil,
Danced in her eyes.

"Christmas, bah humbug!
It must come to an end,
That Holiday Cheer,
I simply must mend!"

She thought so hard,
She fell asleep
And when she woke up,
She took a great leap.

Santa was there,
So jolly and fat,
Upon his red sleigh,
He comfortably sat.

He smiled at her,
In a kind friendly way,
And said, "Come join me,
On my Christmas sleigh"

"Rudolph will lead us,
With his shiny red nose,
Past Grande Cache, the Yukon,
And goodness who knows!!"

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Excerpt from "Fighting with Demons"
(Written February 2002 while in grade 8)

People have always told me I'll never be able to lead a real life. Maybe they're right, but I'll never believe them fully. I know they're wrong, and I proved it to them, that though I may be different, and my diabetes is slowly getting worse, I can still be the person I am inside.

When my Mum first told me I was a diabetic, I didn't know exactly what to think. I knew being diabetic meant taking needles four times a day and being allowed to eat candy everyday, but not as a treat – as a medication. Some of my friends used to think I was lucky for being allowed to eat candy in class, and being able to leave math class so often because I was so low on insulin. But they never knew the full extent of what I was feeling and what I was going through.

For a few years, my diabetes never bothered me, and didn't interfere too much with my social life. I mean, sure, when it was my birthday party, I was never allowed to have as much cake as I wanted, and it used to bother me when all my party guests had slices of cake as big as their heads, and mine was no bigger than the width of my baby finger. But overall, I wasn't too badly off.

Until the doctors visit.

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