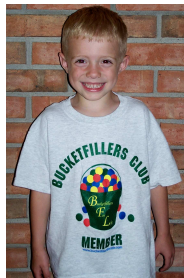




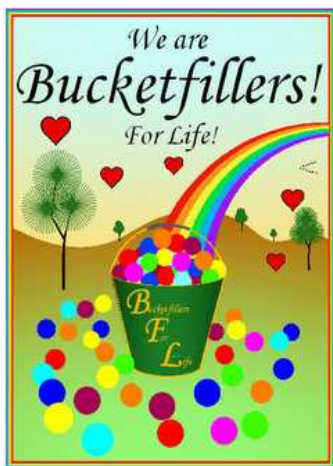
BFL News & Views

May 2010



Bucketfillers Club Member T-shirts are available through our web site at a cost of only \$9.95 with free shipping (with purchase of 4 or more.)

"We Are Bucketfillers For Life" Posters! These posters are 18" x 24" and high-resolution printed on heavy weight coated paper.



How to purchase: \$8.00 each. Available via phone or email:

517-546-3701

or

peter@bucketfillersforlife.com

Bullies Recognizing Why They Bully

By Stacey A. Lundgren

One of the things I absolutely love about doing this work is reflecting upon what happened in each school. Drive time is reflection time as I head back to the home office. What I've thought about most often lately is the insight that children have about themselves.

During classroom workshops, we talk about bullying. Two words we never use are "bad" and "wrong". Instead, we talk openly about WHY. Establishing trust in the room is usually easy. So when I ask children who among them has been bullied, many hands are raised. Then comes the next question: "How many of you have been bullies?" In almost every class, hands go up; sometimes hesitantly, but they go up. Students look around to see which of their peers will admit to doing what everyone already knows they do. **Honesty!** They are congratulated for their honesty. And then we talk about WHY. Most times I say very little because the students take the lead. They know why they feel like bullying someone—because their buckets are empty. Introspection is easy for children when they feel they do not need to defend themselves for their actions, when they can simply take an honest look into their own buckets. Anger, loneliness, fear: whatever it is, they see it.

Recently, my heart was particularly full after completing two days of programs at an elementary school. Powerful things often happen, but one fourth grade boy (and his classmates) impressed me in a way I will

never forget. When we were discussing bullying, he raised his hand. It was the first time he had spoken during the workshop. I called on him. He said, "I think I'm a bully. I'm really mean to some kids. I know it's wrong, but I can't stop doing it. Now I know my bucket is empty." The room became completely quiet. "Why do you think your bucket is empty?" I asked him. He stared at his desk and thought for a moment. Then, without looking up, he said, "Because since first grade, no one wants to play with me." (This was one of those times I felt grateful to know that I don't always have to speak. My heart tells me "be still".) At the back of the room, the teacher's eyes went wide in obvious surprise. Without raising his hand, a boy said "I'll play with you." Then another, "I'll play with you, too."

Do I know if that boy stopped his bullying behavior? No, I do not know that. But I feel confident he now has the insight to inspire him to stop. I picture him at recess, throwing a ball to those two classmates. They throw it back. I imagine them laughing and running and playfully teasing each other. This is what I hope. What do I *know*? I know that some children are willing to take a look at themselves and recognize what needs changing, and I know that other children will support them in doing it. And that is a great start.

True Bucketfilling Stories: Legacies of Love

The book *True Bucketfilling Stories: Legacies of Love* continues to do well, garnering all 5-star ratings and reviews. It may be purchased on Amazon, Ebay, or through the publisher at peacemountainpublishing.com. Peace Mountain Publishing is currently offering the book at a special price and with **free shipping**.

NOTE! If the author, Stacey A. Lundgren, has recently taught Bucketfillers For Life programs at your school, please contact her directly to purchase her book at a low price for quantities of four or more. Her email address is Stacey@bucketfillersforlife.com

We are pleased to present an excerpt from the Story "Mr. Archer", one of the ten true stories from Stacey's book:

Ellen Farrell, an elementary school principal, moved to a new neighborhood. She had lived out in the country on 10 acres for many years. She was ready for a change. The new house was smaller—just perfect for her and 10-year-old Spud, a cocker spaniel and Ellen's best friend since he was a pup. The yard was also small, and the grass would be quick and easy to cut. Sunshine blanketed the front yard, and there was lots of room for flowers. In the back were tall, mature shade trees.

Ellen stood at the kitchen sink and looked out the window at Spud in the backyard. He was barking at butterflies and squirrels. Ellen sighed. *He's getting old, she thought. No chasing anymore, just barking.* Ellen was concerned that even though Spud moved slowly these days, he may still wander out of their yard and bother the neighbors. After all, he was used to lots of space with no restrictions.

In less than a week, Ellen's worry was confirmed; she found herself yelling, "SPUD! Come home, Spud!" several times a day. He would obedi-

ently come home, limping through the hedge from the neighbor's yard. *Uh-oh, worried Ellen. He's going into Mr. Archer's yard. I hope Mr. Archer likes dogs.*

Ellen was welcomed by a few of the people on her street, but she had not yet met Mr. Archer. He obviously kept to himself.

"He's an elderly man who doesn't talk to people," a neighbor told her. "Ever since his wife died, he's been reclusive and unfriendly."

School started right after Labor Day, and Ellen was busy. Every afternoon when she came home, Ellen turned on the front sprinklers, watered the flowers and let Spud out into the backyard. One day as she walked out onto the patio to relax, something caught her eye. *What's that?* she thought when she noticed a tall, brown paper bag on a corner of the cement. Ellen carefully walked close enough to peer into the bag. *OH, NO!* The bag contained more dog poop than she had ever seen before in one place. The smell was awful! There was a bright, yellow note stuck to the top of the bag. It read, "OBVIOUSLY THIS IS YOURS! KEEP THAT MUTT IN HIS OWN YARD!"

"Oh, Spud," she said to the dog. "We're in trouble with Mr. Archer. I better keep a much closer eye on you." Spud looked at Ellen and tilted his head as if to say, "Huh?" Ellen wrinkled her nose, held her arm straight out in front of her and picked up the sack. It was heavy, and the bottom fell out of the bag, spilling the contents onto the patio. *Yuck, thought Ellen. Mr. Archer must have been collecting this for a long time.*

As Ellen looked at the mess, she felt irritation bubble up inside of her. This would not be fun to clean up. *Mr. Archer could have just come over and told me Spud had been in his yard, Ellen thought. This is not a good way to settle a problem! I know some people who would just throw that poop right back into his*

yard!

At that moment, a memory from long ago came to Ellen's mind. When she was seven years old, a neighbor backed out of his driveway and hit Ellen's dad's car. She saw it happen from her bedroom window. The neighbor, Mr. Redmond, got out of his car and inspected the damage. He looked nervously at his watch, then got out a piece of paper and scribbled a note. He stuck it under the windshield wiper of her dad's car, got back into his own car and drove away.

Just before supper, Ellen's dad discovered the badly dented driver's door. He read the note: "I'm sorry I did this. I will pay whatever it costs. *Jim Redmond.*"

"What kind of a man just writes a note about causing so much damage!" raged Ellen's father. "He should have come to our door and spoken with me personally! When he gets home I'll go over there and give him a piece of my mind. What a jerk!" he shouted to Ellen's mother. His yelling frightened Ellen. She wished that Mr. Redmond hadn't driven away in such a hurry.

The next morning was Saturday. At 8:00 Ellen's father walked across the street to Mr. Redmond's house and pounded on his door. He was calmer by then, but still very angry. Ellen watched again from her window. Mr. Redmond opened the door. Ellen's dad leaned in toward Mr. Redmond, and Ellen could hear his loud voice. He pointed his finger at Mr. Redmond and got even louder. When he was finished, Mr. Redmond said something. Her dad became very still, turned around and walked back toward their house. Mr. Redmond shut his door.

This story is proving to be one of the favorites in the book! Read it in its entirety soon. We hope you enjoy "Mr. Archer" and help children learn from all of the stories in ***True Bucketfilling Stories: Legacies of Love***.

Program Comments, Feedback, and Words from our Student and Adult Bucketfillers

Mom, I love and respect you because you don't put peanut butter and jelly sandwiches in my lunch.

4th grade student

I love and respect you, Mom, for giving me a baby brother and not another sister.

4th grade student

Dad, I love and respect you because you are the best soccer coach I could ever have.

4th grade student

Grandma, I love and respect you because you helped me get through it when Grandpa died.

5th grade student

Dad, I love and respect you because you hug Mom a lot and don't get embarrassed.

4th grade student

Mom, you are the shiniest star in my sky!

5th grade student

I love and respect you because you think I'm beautiful even when I first get up in the morning.

Teacher to husband

Dad, I love and respect you because you worked two jobs so my brothers and I could all go to college.

6th grade teacher

Mom, I love and respect you because even though sometimes we didn't have enough food on the table, you made sure we were never starved for love.

2nd grade teacher

This was a very thoughtful and eye-opening experience. Some of the things (my son) listed surprised me! You never know what things kids appreciate.

Mother of 4th grade student

It was nice to know that she, over all of her family, picked me. I loved the comments she wrote about me. It was neat to hear that from her because she never told me that before.

Friend of 4th grade student

I sure do plan on expanding filling buckets. I think this is a wonderful way to show family and friends you love and care for them.

Sister of 4th grade student

Having (my daughter) read this to me was the best thing in the world. I hope I can live up to the comments not just now, but for a lifetime.

Father of 4th grade student

*Bucketfillers For Life, Inc.
P.O. Box 2172
Howell, MI 48844*

Phone/Fax: 517-546-3701
Email: Info@bucketfillersforlife.com
Web: www.bucketfillersforlife.com