



STRONGER THAN COVID-19

Reflections on the
2019-2020
School Year by Southern
Trinity JUSD Community

Written by

Superintendent Peggy Canale and
the Entire Southern Trinity JUSD Community

Foreword by **Ama Karikari Yawson**

STRONGER THAN COVID-19

*Reflections on the 2019-2020 School Year
by Southern Trinity JUSD Community*

STRONGER THAN COVID-19
Reflections on the 2019-2020 School Year
by Southern Trinity JUSD Community

Foreword by Ama Karikari Yawson
Copyright © 2020 by Milestales

Cover design by Mohammad Usama

Graphic design by Boris Cvekic

Articles from *The Trinity Journal* are used by permission. The article “Trinity County Communities Under Evacuation Orders As Nearby Fires Rage” by Marissa Papanek is used by permission of KRCRTV.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced by any mechanical, photographic, or electronic process, or in the form of a phonographic recording; nor may it be stored in a retrieval system, transmitted, or otherwise be copied for public or private use without prior written permission of the publisher.

The intent of the author and the publisher is to inspire each reader to love and respect their own God-given gifts and those of others. Although the author and the publisher cannot assume responsibility for the awesome feats that each reader will achieve with this renewed love and respect, they wish that they could.

Published by Milestales



milestales
stories that help us grow the distance

Stories That Help Us Go The Distance
www.milestales.com

Contents

Foreword: Stronger Than COVID-19 By Ama Karikari Yawson, Editor and Publisher.....	9
Introduction: And Then It Affected Us By Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	11
COVID Concerns Grow Journal Entries by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher.....	12
Soft Closure Announcement by Southern Trinity JUSD.....	13
Fear Increases And Heightened Precautionary Steps Are Taken Excerpt from <i>The Trinity Journal</i>	14
STJUSD Closes Announcement by Southern Trinity JUSD.....	15
Stay Home, Stay Healthy, Stay Strong Artwork by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student.....	16
Only Time Will Tell Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	17
Navigating Zoom Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher.....	18
The Answers Essay by Jazman Holt, Student.....	19
Quarantine Advisory Announcement by Trinity County Office of Emergency Services.....	20
STJUSD Campus Closures Continue Announcement by Southern Trinity JUSD.....	21
The Feeling Of Isolation Sets In Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	22
The Stress Has Been Unreal Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher.....	23
Peas During Quarantine Journal Entry by Kenden Frasier, Student.....	24
Schools Remain Closed Through Early May Excerpt from <i>The Trinity Journal</i>	25
Bodies Stacked In Morgues Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher.....	26
Buck Short Story by Daphne Cheney, Student.....	27
Can't Wait For Break Journal Entry by Kenden Frasier, Student.....	29
My Feelings Essay by Susie Toerpe, Parent.....	30
How I'm Feeling Journal Entry by JP, Student.....	31
Mountain Living During a Pandemic Essay by Dottie Simmons, Community Member.....	32
Black Bear Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher.....	34

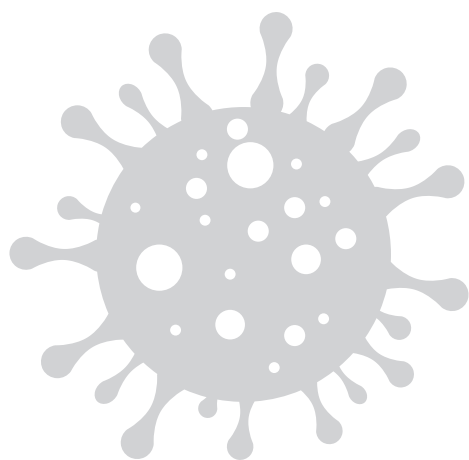
We Are OK	
Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher.....	35
No Closure	
Journal Entry by Tammy Frasier, Staff Member.....	36
Schoolwork	
Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student.....	37
Dystopian Story	
Short Story by Chelsea Branham, Student.....	38
Certainty In The Midst Of Uncertainty	
Essay by Daphne Cheney, Student.....	41
I Am Not Giving Up Hope Entirely	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	42
Distracted	
Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student.....	43
Welcome Back	
Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student.....	44
The Hunt	
Short Story by Dalten Toerpe, Student.....	45
Coronavirus: 20/20 Hindsight	
Article from <i>The Trinity Journal</i>	47
Lucky	
Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student.....	48
Windex	
Artwork by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student.....	49
A Regular Day	
Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student.....	50
Maintaining	
Journal Entry by Erica Badal, Student.....	51
To Open Or Not To Reopen	
Journal Entry by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student.....	52
Letter Of Health Emergency To Superintendent	
Letter by David J. Herfindahl, Health Officer.....	53
IVAN, Trinity Pack Mule	
Artwork from <i>The Trinity Journal</i>	54
Grateful For A Beautiful Place	
Essay by Lauri Rose, Community Member.....	55
Beautiful Poem - When The World Stopped	
Poem by Donna Ashworth, Community Member.....	56
Quarantine Moods	
Journal Entries by Chelsea Branham, Student.....	57
Doing School At Home Is Hard	
Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student.....	59
Expanded COVID Testing	
Article from <i>The Trinity Journal</i>	60
Grieving	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	61
Mercy On Us All	
Poem by Lauri Rose, Community Member.....	62

I Miss Them	
Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher.....	63
Masks On	
Journal Entry by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student.....	64
Mother's Day	
Journal Entry by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student.....	65
The News	
Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student.....	66
Cutbacks	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	67
The Homesteaders	
Short Story by Kenden Frasier, Student.....	68
Why Are We On Curbside?	
Poem by Levi Cheney, Student.....	71
Keep Away	
Artwork by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student.....	72
Interview With A Health Worker	
Interview by Mark Boggs, Student.....	73
Getting Used To Quarantine	
Journal Entry by Erica Badal, Student.....	74
The Invisible Enemy	
Artwork by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student.....	75
Second Confirmed COVID-19 Case In Trinity	
Article from <i>The Trinity Journal</i>	76
Bring Out The Jets	
Journal Entry by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student.....	77
I Miss My Friends!	
Journal Entry by Erica Badal, Student.....	78
Quarantine Learning	
Essay by Lia Clawson, Student.....	79
Rona And Rain	
Journal Entry by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student.....	80
A Good Day	
Journal Entry by Kenden Frasier, Student.....	81
Friendship Is Everything	
Journal Entry by Erica Badal, Student.....	82
A Wonder Day	
Journal Entry by Kenden Frasier, Student.....	83
Two Weeks To Go	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	84
Horror Movie Or Reality	
Essay by Jean Nichols Trust, Community Member.....	85
New Excitement	
Comic by Tim Cordell, Professional Cartoonist.....	86
Change Is A-Comin'	
Essay by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	87
3000: A Dystopian Story	
Short Story by Kenden Frasier, Student.....	88

Thoughts On Quarantine/Shelter In Place	
Journal Entry by Jocelyn Moore, Teacher.....	90
Best Efforts	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	92
Hamburgers And Homework	
Journal Entry by Erica Badal, Student.....	93
The World Could Not Wait	
Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher.....	94
Cake And Graduate	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	95
Letter To Myself	
Journal Entry by Jordan Pacheco, Student.....	96
Graduates Describe A Final Year Like No Other	
Article from <i>The Trinity Journal</i>	97
County Confirms Second COVID-19 Case As Testing Ramps Up	
Article from <i>The Trinity Journal</i>	98
Proxy Voting By Democrats	
Article from <i>The Trinity Journal</i>	99
Good News!	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	100
The Last Day Of School	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	101
A Class All Their Own	
Article from <i>The Trinity Journal</i>	102
Senior Speech	
by Andy Felt, Principal.....	103
A Beautiful Finish	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	105
We're All In This Together	
Artwork by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student.....	106
Best Of Luck	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	107
Trinity County Communities Under Evacuation Orders As Nearby Fires Rage	
Article from KRCRTV by Marissa Papanek.....	108
The August Complex Fires	
Essay by Daphne Cheney, Student.....	111
From The Frontline	
Essay by Susie Toerpe, Parent.....	112
No School, Yet	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	114
All Gone?	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	116
Fall At The Lake	
Poem by Darla Toland, Community Member.....	118
October	
Poem by Dottie Simmons, Community Member.....	121
Thankful	
Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	126

Afterword

By Ama Karikari Yawson, Editor and Publisher.....	127
The People Who Made It Possible.....	128
Peggy Canale, Superintendent.....	129
Andy Felt, Principal.....	130
Ama Karikari Yawson, Milestones Founder and President.....	131
The Institutions That Made This Possible.....	132
Southern Trinity Jt. Unified School District.....	133
Milestones.....	134



Foreword: Stronger Than COVID-19

By Ama Karikari Yawson, Editor and Publisher

We blinked, and our entire way of life changed.

We could no longer run in and out of supermarkets. Instead, we were greeted by long lines and the mandate to wear masks and remain six feet apart from all other patrons.

Toilet paper, bleach, hand sanitizer, and disinfectant items stopped being regular household items. They became precious resources that could rarely be found.

But perhaps one of the biggest changes is that we had to abandon our daily routines of traveling to and from home, work, school, houses of worship, and other places. The COVID-19 pandemic in the United States in 2020 caused states across the country to shut down daycare centers, schools, offices, houses of worship, dine-in restaurants, gyms, amusement parks, playgrounds, basketball courts, and other places of communal gathering to halt the spread of the deadly and highly infectious respiratory illness.

Students were forced to be educated at home as they met their teachers for video conferencing via Zoom, Google Hangouts, or other platforms and did their schoolwork at home.

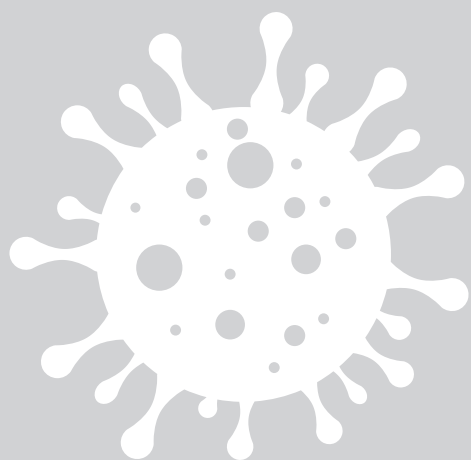
How did we manage this shift? In this book, we see how the parents, students, and teachers of a small district in California—the Southern Trinity Joint Unified School District or STJUSD—managed to remain resilient during the spring semester of 2020 when, due to social distancing guidelines, they were forced to close their school doors and finish the school year virtually. Through their personal journal entries, essays, and artwork, we are able to understand their disappointments and frustrations, as well as their determination to make the best of the situation and support each other during a time of great challenges.

Their reflections are incredibly significant. Moreover, excerpts from school announcements and news articles allow readers to understand the policies that shaped the lives of members of the community.

As of the date of publication, many school districts are still perfecting their mix of offerings with respect to in-person instruction, completely virtual instruction, a hybrid in-person and virtual schedule, or a home education option where students work with their parents or tutors and receive support from the district.

It may take years for us to understand the impact of these various models on the educational outcomes of students. However, through these contributions from the Southern Trinity JUSD community, we are able to gain an understanding of the emotional impact of the crisis. More importantly, we are able to appreciate the resilience of the human spirit. It is clear that this community is stronger than COVID-19.





Introduction: And Then It Affected Us

By Peggy Canale, Superintendent

As the news reports on the coronavirus became more prevalent in late February and early March, it all seemed so very far away from our little corner of the world. No cases had been reported in our county, and I did not feel the need to change what we were doing in our district. I had consulted with our county school nurse, and she confirmed that being in school was the best place for our students to be.

However, that was all to change early in the third week of March. As the numbers of cases being reported continued to rise, parents began to panic. By Wednesday, March 18, around ten to twelve families had called to put their students on independent study. At the time, I felt that the parents who wanted to school at home allowed the remaining students to have greater “social distancing,” which was being promoted to stop the spread of the virus. So, this was all a good thing so far.

Nevertheless, on the evening of March 18, 2020, Governor Newsom declared that “all schools should close their doors to in-person learning and that districts should prepare for distance learning.” With that mandate, I felt that we had no choice but to comply.

On March 19, 2020, we notified families that all students would be receiving instruction from home beginning March 20, 2020. Our doors closed, teachers made lesson packets, and we began our new work of providing schoolwork for students to do at home. Our cafeteria began making breakfast and lunch boxes for those families needing food support, and school staff delivered them twice a week.

At that time, I did not know how long the situation would last. I felt that we had to try our best to manage the circumstances. Eight months have since passed, and we are still trying our best under the circumstances. It has been a growing and learning experience, and I’m immensely proud of our entire community. We have loved and supported each other fiercely through disruption after disruption. Indeed, we are stronger than COVID-19.

Editor’s Note

During the early months of 2020, there were U.S. news reports of a respiratory illness that had originated in China called COVID-19. However, there was conflicting information about how severe and how contagious the disease was. Some political leaders belittled the illness and said that it was no worse than the flu and that Americans would just have to wash their hands and cover their noses and mouths when sneezing and coughing. However, news of the rising death toll in China certainly created cause for concern. On the following page, Van Duzen Elementary School K/1 teacher Maria Hill journals about her personal life, and we are able to see and feel her growing concern about COVID-19. This theme of managing the normal issues of life with the national crisis of COVID-19 is very prevalent in Ms. Hill’s journal entries, interspersed throughout this book.

COVID Concerns Grow

Journal Entries by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher

February 26, 2020

Harold is dying. I had no idea how much I really love him. I did write him a letter telling him how much he means to me and thanking him for all he's done for me. Jeannie and Fred are at home with him. It's so hard to suck it up at work—brain fog and sadness—not a great teacher. Fred has a birthday this year. I really hope his Dad doesn't die on Leap Day.

March 4, 2020

Harold died on the 27th. I'm not absolutely sure it was that date. It has hit me really hard.

March 5, 2020

I'm in Corning for a conference on health. Super ironic as we are all "volunteering" to expose ourselves to the COVID-19 virus. The whole world is freaking out. A bottle of Purell is running over a hundred bucks.

With the stress of losing Harold, the zombie virus, and the kids (Dey, John, and Matt) still in our home after seven months, I went to the doctor after consulting with my therapist. They gave me Ativan, the lowest dose. I took 0.5 mg twice, and it really worked, like hitting a reset button on my anxiety. Haven't felt like taking any more. Thank God.

March 6, 2020

I'm in Orland for a health standards conference. On my way down, I stopped at Jeri's, and she gave me a beautiful gold-plated hummingbird necklace. It's the prettiest piece of jewelry I've ever owned.

I'm soooo not ready to go home. Dey is having an allergic reaction—face swollen. Dey and John have one more week before they leave for Georgia, and the "zombie flu" is rapidly spreading. So, chaos and stress galore. This feels like time out of time.



Editor's Note

By early March of 2020, the concerns about COVID-19 had grown. In response Southern Trinity JUSD announced a "soft closure" in which parents were allowed to use the district's curriculum to educate students at home. However, the school building would still be open for all students, and more rigorous cleaning and sanitizing protocols would be in place. The "soft closure" announcement follows.



Soft Closure

Announcement by Southern Trinity JUSD

March 9, 2020

Southern Trinity Schools remain open with what we are calling a “soft closure.” We still feel that being on a regular schedule of learning is our best defense. We are being careful to continue regular cleaning, keeping social distancing, and monitoring all students and staff who are present. For those families who need/ want to stay home, it is our expectation as well as the state’s expectation that a regular schedule of “school” is taking place. Per state guidance, we are expected to do the following:

1. provide educational opportunities
2. provide meals for those who need them
3. provide supervision
4. provide compensation for staff

Continuing our current program is our best way of meeting these needs. When or if the virus hits our county, we will most definitely make the necessary adjustments to at-home learning.

- *Southern Trinity JUSD*



Fear Increases and Heightened Precautionary Steps Are Taken

Excerpt from *The Trinity Journal*

http://www.trinityjournal.com/news/local/article_a124c6c8-68b0-11ea-a673-1bbf926bad17.html

COMBATING CORONAVIRUS

Trinity takes precautionary steps, no confirmed cases in county so far

By Amy Gittelsohn The Trinity Journal
Mar 18, 2020



The shelves at Dollar General (above) and Holiday Market in Weaverville were stripped bare of toilet paper over the weekend. Certain other items such as sanitizing wipes were also gone.

Amy Gittelsohn | The Trinity Journal

As the country scrambles to contain outbreaks of the new coronavirus, even Trinity County where no cases have been reported has implemented measures that would have seemed draconian a couple of weeks ago.

Most schools in the county closed as of Tuesday with plans for online or packet work. Many workplaces have closed to the public or limited access by the public. Schools are closed in neighboring Shasta and Humboldt counties as well. Each of those bordering counties have had a confirmed case of COVID-19, the illness caused by the new coronavirus. As of Tuesday, Trinity County had no confirmed cases.

In an update to the Trinity County Board of Supervisors on Tuesday, Trinity County Public Health Nursing Director Marcie Jo Cudziol reported that there have been eight tests from persons in Trinity County to check for COVID-19. Seven have come back negative and one is still pending.

Although tests so far have been negative, there is concern that Trinity County could see some cases.

"The medical community seems to want to lean forward with any precaution that we can take," said Trinity County Office of Emergency Services Manager Ed Prestley.

On Friday, Trinity County Health Officer David Herfindahl declared a local health emergency for the county.

Global situation

According to the Centers for Disease Control, the COVID-19 outbreak first started in Wuhan, China, but cases have been identified in a growing number of other locations internationally, including the United States.



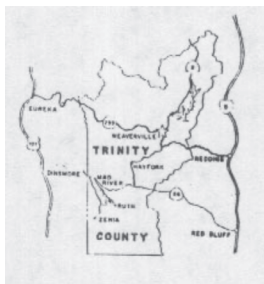
Editor's Note

By March 20, 2020, Southern Trinity JUSD Superintendent Peggy Canale had to tell families that the schools in the district were closing. It is a sobering announcement.



STJUSD Closes

Announcement by Southern Trinity JUSD



Southern Trinity Joint Unified School District

680 Van Duzen Road * Bridgeville, CA 95526 * Phone (707) 574-6237

Peggy N. Canale, Superintendent

March 20, 2020

RE: STJUSD closures

Dear Parent,

As of March 20, 2020 all schools in the Southern Trinity Joint Unified School District have officially closed to student attendance. All students are currently on Independent Study. Teachers will be in communication with each of their students on a regular basis.

For families needing short term child supervision in order to attend to essential business outside of the area, please contact the school prior to your need in order to ensure someone is available to provide it. We can provide supervision between the hours of 9 and 3, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Please contact us if there are any questions/concerns regarding this.

All students are expected to do school work each day of the week. Teachers have provided packet work and/or work online to every student. Packets of work need to be dropped off every other Thursday beginning April 2, and new work picked up at that time. You must make specific arrangements with your child's teacher if you need alternative pick up times.

If your child needs/wants tutoring in any area please contact your child's teacher via phone, text, or email.

Finally, please strive to remain in place to the greatest extent possible so that we can return to school to our regular schedule. We will be reassessing the situation and will notify you by April 16, 2020.

Stay healthy and safe!



Editor's Note

During March of 2020, there were many social media campaigns to convince people to stay home in order to halt the spread of COVID-19. The mandate to stay at home was strengthened by creative artwork such as the work on the following page.



Stay Home, Stay Healthy, Stay Strong

Artwork by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student



- Stay Home
- Stay Healthy
- Stay Strong

Haileys

Only Time Will Tell

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

March 24, 2020

Only a few staff here yesterday. Jenna and Rolinda got the first set of meals made. Tammy, Lyndsey, and Claudia made the deliveries. Hopefully, the kitchen staff make this process easy on themselves. I suggested bulk wrapping, not making all the sandwiches, etc., just wrap up the food in family portions.

We will see as we go.

Some parts of the world are really getting slammed by this virus. I pray our area is spared. Only time will tell.



Navigating Zoom

Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher

March 27, 2020

I'm on my third week of teaching my K/1 class on Zoom. It's been nerve-racking to say the least. My main function, it seems, is to support the parents who have become the students' teachers.

Dey is doing well, and I am too, considering we live in terror and dread of the COVID-19 virus.



The Answers

Essay by Jazman Holt, Student

Jazman holt

The Answers

The first thing I miss doing outside of my house is going to see my friends from school. But right now my house is going crazy because of the Coronavirus. When I am stuck at home for the past month I finished my book from school "holes" and then I started a new book "The Hunger Games" and I finished that book two weeks ago and so I am on the 2 book "catching fire" and I am on part 2 of the book. The only benefits for being at home is I can eat food all day long and I can help with the garden that we are doing this year. What new skills did I learn is to do your homework on time. How did I adjust learning at home? I did not. I wish school would come back. I hate home. The Advantages of e-Learning is you can ask your parents for help, you don't have to go to school. The disadvantages of eLearning is that you don't have teachers around here to help you and if you need help you can't contact your teacher in person you have to do it over the internet and some people don't have internet. What are the challenges that you have experienced since the COVID-19 outbreak? We have to wear mackes and NO FRIENDS. What are the miracles or good experiences that you have had since the COVID-19 outbreak? What are you grateful for? There are no good Aspects of this Covid 19 Breakout. How do you keep a positive attitude and a joyful spirit? Do you mean I was Super depressed. What has this COVID-19 outbreak taught you about yourself, your community, the nation, and or the world? The breakout of covid-19 taught me about myself that I'm impatient, I like books now actually like reading now. my community is scared to death that someone from Tom's going to bring up the disease. the world is kind of going in chaos slowly but surely because of the covid-19. What are the good things that may come out of this very challenging time? I can go see my friends, I can go to a store without wearing a mask or gloves and I can go back to school. What is the first thing that you look forward to doing once this pandemic is over?The first thing I am going to do is hang out with my friends, go to a store and hang out in the sun and go to the river. What advice would you give other people who are going through a similar situation? Do what people say put on masks, put on gloves, put on whatever you need to do and then stay at home like they advised so people can get rid of the virus so we don't have to deal with it again.



Editor's Note

In order to halt the spread of COVID-19, many jurisdictions required that people quarantine for fourteen days upon entering the county from other places.

Quarantine Advisory

Announcement by Trinity County Office of Emergency Services



Trinity County Office of Emergency Services

Elizabeth Hamilton, Interim Director
Ed Prestley, Emergency Operations Manager
61 AIRPORT ROAD, SUITE B
P.O. BOX 399, WEAVERVILLE, CALIFORNIA 96093
PHONE (530) 623-1116 FAX (530) 623-5094

For Immediate Release

3.27.20

TRINITY COUNTY – As of today, there are no reported cases of Coronavirus (COVID-19) in Trinity County. The Trinity County Public Health Department and the Trinity County Office of Emergency Services continue to work closely alongside our local, regional and state-wide partners to monitor the COVID-19 Pandemic and to coordinate response.

The Trinity County Health Officer recently issued an order that requires all individuals traveling to use a second home in Trinity County to self-quarantine for 14 days. If you must leave your home within those 14 days, it is essential that you practice social distancing and other precautions to limit the potential spread of illness. This applies to those who are not full-time residents of Trinity County. Residents of Trinity County should continue to follow the states orders. All non-essential travel to and from Trinity County is discouraged.

Self-Quarantine: To refrain from any contact with other individuals for a period of time during an outbreak of contagious disease by remaining in one's home.

To reduce transmission of a contagious disease, it is common that individuals are asked to self-quarantine following known contact with an infectious person or after returning from a region where cases of the disease are widely reported.



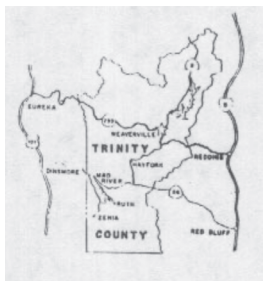
Editor's Note

Many believed that the initial school closures that happened nationwide in March of 2020 were temporary. Families eagerly anticipated announcements that schools would reopen. However, as time passed, shutdowns were extended over and over again. In the announcement that follows, the STJUSD school district tells parents that the school closures will continue.



STJUSD Campus Closures Continue

Announcement by Southern Trinity JUSD



Southern Trinity Joint Unified School District
680 Van Duzen Road * Bridgeville, CA 95526 * Phone (707) 574-6237

Peggy N. Canale, Superintendent

April 1, 2020

RE: STJUSD on campus closures

Dear Parent/Student,

With two weeks of home learning under your belts, I am hoping you have all adjusted to this new way of doing school. ☺ Trinity County superintendents met yesterday via Zoom and all agreed to extend distance/home learning through May 1, 2020 in order to comply with the President's suggestion to maintain physical distancing through April. We will be evaluating the situation daily and will know by then whether we can resume on-campus activities for the month of May and onward.

Some feedback I am receiving from teaching staff indicates that some students are not completing much if any of their school work. It is essential that all school work is completed and that students continue to progress academically in order to prepare themselves for the next grade and/or to meet the requirements for graduation, if that applies. Schools and students are still mandated to complete academic work and make progress toward graduation. **All students** are expected to do school work each day of the work week, M-F (approximately 4 hours- of course less for prek-2). If you haven't already, please create a schedule for each day consisting of 40-50 minute blocks of time for each subject. Take breaks as necessary. Time should be monitored and validated by parents. Keeping a log is an excellent way to do so.

Teachers have provided packet work and/or work online to every student and are making regular contact with them. Packets of work need to be dropped off every other Thursday. The next packet drop off/pick up is April 23. You must make specific arrangements with your child's teacher if you need alternative pick up times or other assistance. If your child needs/wants tutoring in any area please contact your child's teacher via phone, text, or email.

Finally, our Easter break is still in effect, so if you need a break from school work that is the week to do so. Otherwise, keep hitting the books!

Stay healthy and safe!

The Feeling of Isolation Sets In

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

April 1, 2020

A combination of working from home and at school. The flex hours are rather nice, but I can see that many are tiring of the isolation. Our last food drop (once a week/Mondays) has gone well, overall. What isn't working that well is the amount of work students are completing. And for many, the quality is not good at all. Nothing new in some regards, but so important that students take their academic life seriously.

We had a countywide conference call yesterday and all agreed that we would do distance learning for the month of April and reassess by May 1. We were hopeful that we could return by May 4, but in the evening I saw a letter from Tony Thurmond, state superintendent, that pretty well says school doors are closed until next fall. Ugh!

What we do have to be thankful for is that as of this moment we have had no reported cases of the virus in Trinity County. I pray that it stays that way.

Lyndsey has quarantined herself as of Monday because Jason was at her mom's in Fortuna on Friday, March 27, and they found out on Sunday that one of her mom's coworker's spouses had contracted the virus! So in order to use the most precaution, she is staying home.



The Stress Has Been Unreal

Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher

April 5, 2020

Everyone is well and getting through the epidemic. The fridge went out again, the day after I shopped for the next two weeks.

I wonder what life will be like after this crisis. The stress has been unreal, just absolutely surreal at times. If someone like me could see this coming, why didn't the people in power DO something?



Peas During Quarantine

Journal Entry by Kenden Frasier, Student

April 7, 2020

Today, I had to do lots of work because I didn't do very much while I was sick. At lunch time, we got to go outside. It was pretty cold, but the sun was out. Me, Mom, and George planted peas. The peas are for the chickens to eat. Mom planted them all the way around the chicken pen. When they get big the chickens can eat the peas off of them. They will probably eat the leaves too. We had to plant them a little way away from the fence so they couldn't reach to eat them when the plants are still little. Grandma Goose is incubating eggs for us. They are supposed to hatch the day before Easter. On Easter, we are going to Grandma Goose's so we will get to see the little chickens. Mom wants to see them hatch. There is a chance they will still be hatching by then. Grandma Goose gets to have half the eggs. I think there were sixty-something eggs. They all came from Mom's chickens.

Schools Remain Closed Through Early May

Excerpt from *The Trinity Journal*

http://www.trinityjournal.com/news/schools/article_3cf6a8b2-792f-11ea-8f83-077537c564c2.html

Trinity schools remain closed through early May

By Sally Morris The Trinity Journal

Apr 8, 2020

All Trinity County schools plan to remain closed through April in response to the coronavirus pandemic, but district administrators hope to reassess by May 4 as they make plans for the next few weeks after that, if not for the rest of the school year.

Though physical facilities are closed, each district is continuing with distance learning and take-out food services for students. The details vary by school district and are listed on a COVID-19 information page created by the Trinity County Office of Education. It can be viewed online at www.tcoek12.org.

"We recognize that COVID-19 has created an unprecedented situation and one that has challenged all of us in many different ways," said Trinity County Schools Supt. Sarah Supahan last week in a letter to the Trinity County school community, parents and students.

She noted the State Superintendent of Public Instruction said last week that "due to the current safety concerns and needs for ongoing social distancing, it currently appears that our students will not be able to return to school campuses before the end of the school year." Governor Gavin Newsom affirmed the sentiment a day later.

Supahan said the statement is not a directive, but a reflection of the many unknowns regarding the pandemic.

"In Trinity County, district administrators have been working closely together to make the best decision for all students in Trinity County, based on our local situation and the needs and safety of our families," she said, adding that "while we want to continue to be hopeful that teaching and learning may resume in school buildings at some point this spring, we know that in reality, this may not be the case. The decision rests on the spread of COVID-19, and state or local public health directives."

She indicated that by May 4, all district superintendents in the county will have made a decision as to what the plan will be for the remainder of the school year.



Bodies Stacked in Morgues

Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher

April 10, 2020

Online teaching is starting to feel better. I am learning to use the tools I need to teach effectively.

It's Easter weekend, and I expect we will see another surge after all the religious COVIDIOTS get together and spread the virus along with more disinformation about the science of viruses. Sixteen million people are trying to get on unemployment. Sixteen MILLION...

Bodies stacked in morgues. Over and over, we see the reality while Trump spews anti-democratic rhetoric and lies. He is doing to Americans EXACTLY what Hitler and Mussolini did to their societies.

Buck

Short Story by Daphne Cheney, Student

Spring 2020

All I can smell is dead deer when I reach the bottom of the ravine. And that means animals can smell it too. It's a new moon. It is black around me, aside from the heroic and small penetration of my flashlight into the night.

Beginning to gut the buck quickly, I hardly look at his antlers. After about an hour of hiking, I want to get out of this ebony trap. The smell of death along with my heaving could draw attention that I do not need. An owl takes flight, and the sound of the swaying branch it takes off from makes me jump. It reminds me that in this environment, with the smell of death clinging to me, I am not dominant. In these woods, at this time, and in my weakened state, I am prey. And I feel like I am being hunted.

My buck is gutted, and I point my flashlight up the steep side of the ravine to my truck. Starting to chug up the hillside, leaves cracking under my feet like chips, I can only think of the safety of the truck while trying to push my present vulnerability away.

However, it sounds like something is walking down the hill behind me. Stopping abruptly, the mystery creature stops. The light crunching begins again when I start to trudge along again. Gosh, maybe I'm going crazy. The paranoia is just getting to me, isn't it? Yes. The anonymity that a moonless night causes and the knowledge of mountain lions in this area are making me feel like someone or something is keeping its eye on me.

I cannot help but accept the fact that I am a feeble, weak being, reeking of blood. My foot slips, and I body-slam the hill. My grip on the antler moves; the buck slides down the hill about a yard. Muttering under my breath bitterly, I turn around to get the deer again. As my flashlight hits the ravine below me, lemon-lime colored eyes appear to move, or close. All the hair on the back of my neck stands up. I scan the area with my flashlight thoroughly. But I cannot find the creature.

"HEY!" I shout loudly in a deepened voice. Hoping that it will scare off whatever is stalking me, I turn around slowly and start to drag my buck up the hill again. And again, it sounds like something is walking behind me, stride for stride, stop for stop.

The truck is a mere 120 yards up the hill. I'm getting close. It sounds like the animal behind me is getting closer, crinkling the leaves, more quietly than me yet audible. I hum loudly while trying to cover the sound of my feeble heaving. Stopping abruptly, the monster stops too. But then it starts again with careful, measured steps.

"GET OUT!" I yell. It stops but then starts again. I whip around and shine my light to see what has been pursuing me. And when I see it, it takes everything I have not to cry at the sight of the animal less than twenty feet from me.

It has ears curved like the letter C that gives it amazing hearing. Whiskers the length of a small trout stick out from the cloud-colored fur around its mouth. Its paws are the size of dinner plates. Its cheekbones are sharp and curvaceous. Its nose is coral-colored and found my deer and me on this moonless night. But those

eyes! Even though all I can see is the yellow-green glare and not whatever its natural eye color is, they are just as powerful. They penetrate my soul; they make my skin crawl. And yet, they are still beautiful. A terrifying, beautiful sight.

This lion, seemingly something that should only belong in South Africa, advances on me. I raise my hands, trying my hardest to appear bigger and scarier than something straight out of my nightmares.

Lying on my back, I slowly wake up. Trying to remember why I am lying on a hill, I think back on my day. I gasp, recalling the sight of those eyes, those haunting eyes. But when I gasp, I hear my breath. It is raspy and shallow. In an attempt to stand, I cry out in pain. My legs are mainly bone, with a bit of meat on my femurs and calves. Remaining horizontal, I feel my face. It is sticky with blood, and my cheeks are cut up like someone took a razor to my face.

I close my eyes and think about my six-year-old son while letting myself drift to sleep and whatever lies beyond.

Can't Wait for Break

Journal Entry by Kenden Frasier, Student

April 10, 2020

Today, Friday, April 10 is the last day we have to work. Then we get a week off. I can't wait. Tomorrow we get to go to Grandma Tammy's and go Easter egg hunting. It will be fun. It will be nice to have a break from doing schoolwork. It is not very fun to be at home and do schoolwork. It is hard to want to do my schoolwork when I just want to play outside. I can't wait for our break. We are going to go gold mining. We are going to go gold mining by Forest Glen. I hope it will be fun. It will be nice to play outside in the sunshine. All in all, hopefully our break will be fun.

My Feelings

Essay by Susie Toerpe, Parent

My feelings about this “unprecedented” time can be summed up in one word: FRUSTRATION! Frustration with expectations thrust on me with no warning. Frustration with not being able to help students that really need it. Frustration with students being thrown into an experience they never asked for. Frustration with those in authority that think they know what is best for our community. Frustration with inconsistencies and moving targets. Frustration with technology that doesn't work. Frustration with homeschooling my own child with little to no support from those expecting results. Frustration with those who just gave up without a fight. FRUSTRATION.

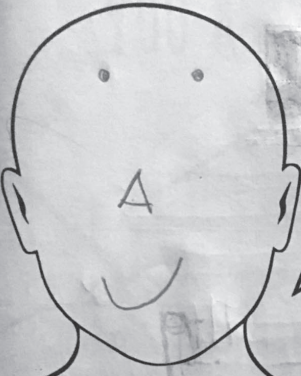
However, there is always a silver lining, right? I really appreciate the time at home on the farm in the early spring, spending quality time with my son and husband, being actively involved in my son's education and being able to support his learning in a way I haven't been able to in a while, participating in weekly webinars to enhance my teaching, having time to clean my house, train my puppy, and a flexible schedule to attend to volunteer activities.

I guess that means my feelings are mixed with an overriding frustration and an appreciation for time I normally wouldn't get.

How I'm Feeling

Journal Entry by JP, Student

HOW I'M FEELING



WORDS TO DESCRIBE HOW I FEEL:
I feel bored at this time.

HOW MY FACE LOOKS

😊 😐 😐 😐 😐

I AM MOST THANKFUL FOR
YouTube

WHAT I HAVE LEARNT MOST FROM THIS EXPERIENCE:
Math

THE 3 THINGS I AM MOST EXCITED TO DO WHEN THIS IS OVER:

1 play basketball	2 See my friends	3 get a new dirt bike

Mountain Living During a Pandemic

Essay by Dottie Simmons, Community Member

Our life is centered around our homestead, and in many ways, nothing has changed; while at the same time, everything has. We are retired now, older, and by doing nothing more than staying alive, we find ourselves part of a high-risk group. Our mountain life makes us experts at hunkering down. We are not anxious to go to town or attend a lot of crowded events, and our pantry and freezer are full. And we are incredibly grateful that our life makes the chaos going on out in the world barely a blip on our radar.

We still have a garden to raise, repairs to do, hens and lambs and pets to tend to. Life is busy and full as ever. We have the knowledge to do what we need. And we have discovered even more the generosity of neighbors who bring us back animal feed and other necessities when they must go into town.

But we do notice the edge to life, a caution that means we cannot spend time with family and friends as freely as we are accustomed to. We miss weeklong visits of wild abandon with grandchildren who must now keep their distance. We have things to celebrate! What to do? Get creative, learn new technological skills, be patient. And going, when we must, to town, we watch for new things—masks, distance. Never before have we found ourselves backing up from people. A new skill, and we are not sure we like it.

And we try to keep up with the news and the discoveries and changes. It is fascinating watching science happen before our eyes. But we would rather, I think, just read about it after the fact. Once it's all figured out and without having to be part of the experiment. It is hard to see the normal trials and travails of life go on without pause as if nothing is happening to complicate the joys and sorrows of everyday. There is no “everyday” anymore. There is invisible caution tape on virtually every aspect of life.

COVID

I should be writing
About this first day of Spring
Glorious day
Blue skies and daffodils
Brilliant and
Uplifting
Still, this is life
In the time of Covid
And it is real
Real in a way we rarely face
On a large scale
Not political opinions
Not personal beliefs
Not stocks and bonds
Not cultural differences or
National boundaries
Drawn on a map
Or promises
None of those things
Are real



None of those
Are important
If it leads you away
If it leads you astray
From understanding
Now
Is when we have to pay attention
To look out for each other
By looking out for ourselves
Our strength will be
Doing the hard thing
Making the sacrifice
Not to win
Just to break even
And it won't be the last time
This is real
Like science
You don't have to
Believe
But disbelief
Won't change it

Black Bear

Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher

April 13, 2020

We saw a bear today on the Hyampom road. He or she was young, a black bear. It was really cool that we saw it together.

The river was beautiful and the forest felt healthy. I felt hopeful.

We Are OK

Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher

April 19, 2020

Quarantine continues. People are starving, dying of COVID, and beginning to protest and not use social distancing. We are OK. The kids are OK.

No Closure

Journal Entry by Tammy Frasier, Staff Member

April 20, 2020

As I sit here processing the last forty days, it finally occurs to me why I find it so hard. It's as if we all died. There has been no closure for any of us. We were in school one Thursday, and it ended that night.

Now, I walk into the school, and it's vacant but not "summer" closed. There are posters and artwork hanging on the walls. Students have clothes, toys, and personal items in cubbies and desks. It's apparent we were planning on being back soon, like after a normal weekend. Some calendars still haven't been turned. Job charts are waiting with students' names in place.

I feel as though we never got to say goodbye. Like someone died. It did ... our school year died suddenly. Our projects, our plans, the celebrations, transitions, and recognitions ... our ending. It all died that evening.

The Lord bless you!

Schoolwork

Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student

April 20, 2020

Today I woke up and did schoolwork. I worked on school most of the day. I then got on the four-wheeler and drove to a spot and saw a coyote. I then went to the top of the ridge to call our dogs because they have been missing for days. Then I had a stick stuck in the tire, so I started home and saw another coyote on the way. I didn't shoot at either one because if our dogs were in the area, I didn't want to scare them. I got home even with the stick in the tire.

Dystopian Story

Short Story by Chelsea Branham, Student

It was October 20, 2050. The weather had been charming from March until then. Every day had been sunny, except for the occasional two days a week when we got just enough rain to keep us out of a drought. Our species had significantly advanced so that our cities looked like the Emerald City from *The Wizard of Oz* except with much more modern travel methods.

I was helping my mom with the dishes when, all of a sudden, clouds covered the sky so that it looked like there wouldn't be any sunshine for a week.

"Whoa, where did the sun go? It was right there. What happened? There wasn't a cloud in the sky!" I asked my mother while she was rinsing the dishes.

Then the wind took off. It shook the entire house! It was almost like a tornado was going to come through.

"Oh, wow, you are right! I don't know," she said with a puzzled look on her face. "I wonder if there is something wrong with the weather control stations."

"Maybe. I mean, we did lose connection to the International Space Station about a week ago," I replied.

"That's true. Two bad omens at the same time. This might not be good."

She had a worried facial expression. It kind of scared me. I had never seen her like this before, except when Dad got sent up into space.

We went outside and sat on the porch. The porch was oak wood, about ten feet wide and fifty feet long in the front, and wrapped around the entire house. Around the deck, there were lots of fruits and vegetables planted. There were pumpkins, squash, zucchini, apple and plum trees, and orange bushes. The oak trees had beautifully colored leaves of red, orange, and brown. The air had a heavy scent of fresh grass, flowers, and fruit, and the birds were chirping as if they were singing hallelujah. There was also a slight zephyr, which had made the warm day so lovely.

"It is so beautiful out here," my mother said.

"It is." My face had turned sad. "I wish Dad was here to see it."

"I know, sweetie, but he will be back soon," she replied with a sincere look on her face.

I snapped, "You don't know that Dad could be dead! We don't even know ..." I started crying. "We don't ... even know if ... if he is still up there."

I ran to my room and just sunk into my bed and stayed there for about two hours. I heard Mom crying in her room, as well. All of a sudden, the house shook, and a rock came flying through my window. I screamed, and my mother rushed us out of the house immediately. The house had stopped shaking, so we decided to go back inside. Then we turned on the news.

“Breaking NEWS from Southern California! Aliens attack!”

On-screen, there was a video of the sky turning cloudy and gray and making the sun disappear. Houses were shaking, people were screaming, and a UFO came out of a cloud. Then the video stopped. The power had gone out.

“Seriously, now the power goes out!” I said furiously. “Why couldn’t it have gone out after the NEWS? I swear I will develop a way to make the power stay on because this sucks.”

“I know, right!” Mom said. “Did you notice how the sky turned gray immediately?”

“Yeah, but what does that have to do with anything?”

“That is the same thing that happened down there. Don’t you pay attention?” Mom said harshly.

“Oh my goodness, you’re right. Maybe the aliens are going to attack Earth!” I said dramatically. “It is probably fake news, Mom. They do that a lot.”

“You’re right. I’m still nervous, though. We should round up the fuel cans for the generator and go to the store. Are there any groceries we might need?”

We made a quick list, gathered the cans, and headed for the store. The wind was getting worse, nearly blowing us off the road, and it had started to rain buckets.

About halfway to the store, the lightning started. It was horrifying. I’d never seen so much at one time before. The sky was alive with it, and the thunder was so loud we couldn’t hear the car running.

“Maybe we should just go home. This is crazy!!” my mom yelled over the thunder and rain.

“Sounds like the best idea I’ve heard all day, Mom!!” I shouted back.

As she pulled off to the side of the road, there was a bright green flash, brighter than anything I’ve ever seen! The car died, the cell phones sparked, our hair stood on end.

“What the hell was that?!” Mom yelled.

“I don’t know!” I screamed as I started to cry.

“The car won’t start! Maybe it was some kind of EMP burst from the aliens!”

I’ve never seen my mom look so scared and worried. The slight wrinkles that were usually on her face were deep creases of worry now. She had aged years in mere moments, it seemed.

As we sat in the car, trying not to panic, it seemed the world was ending all around us. The rain lightened just a bit and, down the road in both directions, we

could see other cars that had been affected by the burst. Some were stopped at weird angles in the middle of the road; others had managed to get off to the side. As I strained to see the farthest one, my mom grabbed me in a big hug and said, "Don't look, baby girl. There's nothing there you want to see." Tears were rolling down her cheeks in rivers now.

I chanced a glance at the car again, and I could just barely see the mangled metal with a body hanging out the window, broken and battered, with the rain slowly washing away the blood. The rain mixed with the blood and made red rivers running away from the nearly unrecognizable car.

I started to cry then too. Terror raced through me like a hot sword in my heart. Memories of friends and family flooded through me. I began to sob, and Mom did too.

"Are we going to die, Mom?"

"I don't know, baby. I don't know. If we are, there's no one I'd rather be with, but I wish your dad were here. He might know what to do."

"I miss him so much!"

"Me too, baby, me too," she sobbed into my hair. As we sat there, clutching each other in the torrent, there was another flash, even brighter and bluer than the first. Accompanying it was a sort of thunder without sound that we felt more than heard. It made our hearts do a funny flip-flop and brought on an instant headache like I had never felt before. We both clung to each other even harder, but the pain became so great we couldn't help but scream and hold our heads.

"I love you!!"

"I love you too, MOM!!"

Our last words were lost in the torrent, and our last thoughts were lost to the sickening sound of bone and flesh, ripping apart at the seams as the alien's unknown weapon rent every living soul on earth to shreds of bloody, unrecognizable piles of goo and bone shards.

Certainty in the Midst of Uncertainty

Essay by Daphne Cheney, Student

Hello, friends. I am Daphne Cheney. I am in eighth grade, and I live in Kettenpom. As many others are, I am keeping myself busy during this time, but I have also had a lot of time to analyze our predicament. People keep calling this an “uncertain time.” However, this “uncertain time” has proven to make me very certain of some things. For example, I am certain that homeschool is not for me, and I am sure that I am not the only one who feels this way. I am also certain that as annoying as some of my classmates can be, they are true friends and I miss them, even if they shoot paper at me. And possibly the most important thing I am certain of is we cannot let this mysterious pandemic tear us apart. Racism and domestic violence are high at this time. Anger towards the world and each other will cause problems.

As anyone who knows me would tell you, I am a smiley person. It is natural at this point for me to smile at whomever is around me. And when I was in town a few days ago, there was no exception to this. However, all I was returned with were grumpy eyes peeking out over masks. It's as if they think that being a nice person will make you contract COVID. I believe this is the real danger. When we stop showing small acts of kindness, what will happen? Think about how miserable town will be with a posse of unhappy fellows. Think of the tension that could lead to violence. I know that some of us are very frustrated or nervous right now, but please, try to stay positive.

Even if this is an “uncertain time,” some things remain the same, such as schoolwork, random questions, and turkeys. Kindness should be one of these things. Other kind gestures are nodding at someone as you walk by them, saying hello, or if you are very adventurous, complimenting those cute little patterned face masks some people are wearing. I am not going to stop trying to smile at people, even if I get glared at. I hope we can rise above as a group of happy people. Because, honestly, who wants to be angry?

I Am Not Giving Up Hope Entirely

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

April 21, 2020

Lots of Zoom meetings today. Our county admin met as we have been each week since our “shutdown.” All along we have said we would reevaluate our next step regarding opening or staying closed until next Tuesday, the 28th. While we were discussing various things, Debbie Miller said, “Well, we are not going to even try to reopen.” I was shocked, and even more shocked at my own reaction to hearing that comment.

I felt tears well up in my eyes! I did not realize how much I have been hoping to have our students return, if only for the very end of the year celebrations. I am not giving up hope entirely; however, as the governor continues to speak of all the changes to our lives we are going to have to continue to do, I think I know my hope is faint. I also realized that Public Health is the one to make the call.

As I write this now, I think I will contact Public Health when we get to mid-May and ask if we may at least have a graduation ceremony. With all of us trying to practice social distancing, of course. I just don’t feel we should give up hope!

Quote of the week from Tony Thurmond, State Superintendent of Public Instruction: “There is no playbook for the times we’re in. Yet throughout our agency and in our school communities across California, we are witnessing hardworking educators, school support staff, families, and students bravely rising to one of the greatest challenges we will experience in our lifetime. We see you, we are inspired by you, and we thank you for your courage and dedication as we work together to keep educating our students.”

Read more news and comments from Tony at:

<https://www.cde.ca.gov/re/di/nl/cdecurrenssapril2020.asp#Tony>

Distracted

Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student

April 21, 2020

Today I got up and did school. I was distracted because both of my parents were on a fire in Ruth. I tried to do work, but it would not work. I went out and did chores, shot my gun a couple of times, and played with a stick. Then my parents were home, so I did more school. I don't like night school, and neither does my mom.

Welcome Back

Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student

April 22, 2020

The dogs came home this morning! Just before my parents left to go to the fire again. I tried to do school. I had a hard time getting it done and staying on track. I bounced from assignment to assignment and could not accomplish anything. I went out and did chores in the afternoon, and my parents got home. I did school until 11 at night. I REALLY don't like night school.



The Hunt

Short Story by Dalten Toerpe, Student

Brian, a tall dark-haired man, and Edd, a shorter red-haired man with a long curly beard, got their hunting gear ready and in their truck long before daylight so they could get into the woods before dawn. On the way to their spots, the two split up and went down different trails to circle around and push game for the other. While walking down the trail, Edd heard something in the brush to his left, but when he turned to see, there was nothing there so he decided to keep going down the trail. He heard it again, but this time it had a long deep growl that followed it. He assumed it was Brian trying to mess with him.

“Brian, I know it’s you, you can come out now.”

grrrrrrrr

Edd walked toward the rustling bush.

grrrrrrrr

“Brian, knock it off!”

Grrrrrrrr

It came from behind the bush, louder now and deeper.

Getting nervous now, Edd walked around the bush and was violently struck by a mountain lion. The lion pounced, catching Edd off guard as it flew through the air and landed on him. A scream choked in his throat as the lion killed him instantly. Then it left him and jumped on top of its rock and,

RRRAWWWLLLL

Brian heard the loud lion and knew he was in the area. Brian wondered if Edd had heard the lion. Brian and Edd had planned an all-day hunt and were supposed to meet up at 6:30 p.m. Brian continued his hunt, but he heard it again, this time louder and more intent.

RRRAAAWWWWLLLLLLL

The lion knew there was another hunter in the area. And at that moment the hunters became the hunted. Brian was still hunting, but now more carefully and with his wits about him.

Brian spotted a track that appeared to be a mountain lion’s, but was huge and the size of a 250-pound bear track. But upon closer inspection, it definitely belonged to a lion with three toes on one foot and no claw marks in the soft dirt. Brian instantly knew that the lion was a giant and extremely dangerous. Brian had heard older people talk about an old lion with three toes that had been caught in a trap when it was younger, and then killed the two trappers and escaped. Brian thought that they were just telling stories that were not true, until now.

Brian then thought about his friend Edd who was on the other side of the canyon where he had heard the lion. Brian started to circle up and around to the trail Edd

was supposed to come down. There was no sign of him. Brian started up the trail to see if he could find Edd. While walking up the trail he noticed a lot of lion signs. Brian continued to go up the trail but still no sign of his good friend Edd. The farther Brian went the more worried he got. Brian was three-fourths of a mile from where they had split up, and he spotted Edd's tracks turn around and start to go back up the hill. Then he saw the drag marks and blood.

Brian had found Edd. The lion had got him, and Brian had a man-killer to deal with now. Full of rage and sadness and with his wits more about him now than ever, Brian started to track the monster lion. Brian lost the track in the rocks, but continued on higher up the rock. The lion, sensing Brian's presence, circled around off the rock and into the thick brush where it had more of an advantage, and climbed up a tree. Brian crept up the rock with careful eyes and gentle steps. He was determined to get the lion that had killed his best friend.

Carefully, Brian crawled over the top of the rock and peered over the other side. He could not see the lion only a few hundred yards away. Brian then realized he had to go after the lion on its own turf. It was risky but needed to be done. Brian started down the rock. There was a ledge that had bones and poop where the lion had paced back and forth on the rock and watched for its next meal.

"I am on him now," Brian said.

Brian found where the lion had left the rock and got on its trail; he followed it to the brush line where the lion had gone into the brush. But Brian didn't realize the lion was hunting him as well. Brian walked into the brush where the lion was waiting for him. Brian snuck through the brush waiting to see the flash of fur in the bushes. He crept gently and carefully. With its ears pinned to the side of its head and ready to pounce, the lion caught Brian off guard.



Editor's Note

The COVID-19 crisis is not just a health crisis, it is an economic catastrophe. The nation grappled with figuring out whether to shut down businesses in order to curb the spread of the deadly virus. It became a question of loss of lives versus loss of livelihoods. The opinion article that follows expresses the great challenge of making such choices.

Coronavirus: 20/20 Hindsight

Article from *The Trinity Journal*

http://www.trinityjournal.com/opinion/letters_to_editor/article_ae7bc036-8423-11ea-a098-3fd32b554de6.html

Coronavirus: 20/20 hindsight

From Richard Jeans Mad River

Apr 22, 2020

The United States has been suffering the coronavirus for about three months now and still, no one is certain when it will peak or when we can all return to our normal way of life.

One thing is certain though, those who have 20-20 hindsight, are eager to find someone to blame for our condition. They excoriate others for not having the vision that they profess to have had and act as if they, and they alone, really understood the gravity of the situation.

As the financial crisis deepens along with the pandemic, they have found even more fodder for their rants, in that anyone who considers the easing of restrictions on travel or on quarantines in the interest of salvaging the economy, simply doesn't care if people die as a result. These arguments are easy for those who bear no responsibility for what the outcome of such decisions might be.

The severity of the pandemic and its effects were unknown at its onset and there is still much to be learned as we accumulate more information about it. We don't know how long it will last nor do we know what the death rate will ultimately be.

There is one thing however, that we do know; every day that quarantines and travel restrictions are in place, jobs are lost and businesses are nearing failure. Many of those that do fail will not be resurrected.

Jobless people often become homeless people, they become hungry people, and they become desperate, often suicidal. Jobless people will suffer more illnesses due to malnutrition and exposure. There will, therefore, if restrictions remain in place, be an increased death rate, not related to the pandemic. No one today can predict what this death rate will be, but as the financial crises deepens, we know it will be substantial.

Who then, has to make the Solomon-like decision to open up the economy, possibly at the cost of lives to the pandemic, to save lives from the crumbling economy? Our legislatures, neither state nor federal, can react fast enough to manage the rapidly changing situation in which we find ourselves.

Those who do have to make the hard decisions do not enjoy any form of anonymity or the comfort of participating in a group decision. I can think of no one who would want this responsibility.

Who could sleep at night if they had to make such choices? It's easy to be critical, exercising 20-20 hindsight and speculative foresight, of those who must make these most difficult decisions. They deserve more respect.



Lucky

Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student

April 23, 2020

Today I woke up early and did school before my mom left to go to school. Then I went back to bed, and when I got up, I went on a long walk and made a boat out of board and carved it with a chainsaw. I was up at my Gramma's house checking on her when I saw my cousins coming. I ran out to meet them, and George and I went to find a turkey with a blowgun. We took that because Grammy said two boys can't have a gun together. When we couldn't find a turkey, we set up our decoy by the road and messed with people when they slowed down. My mom said we were lucky we didn't get shot, but it was funny.

Windex

Artwork by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student



A Regular Day

Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student

April 24, 2020

I got up today and did Edgenuity for science class. Then I had no more schoolwork to do for the day, so I walked around and went to the creek and shot a fish with a blowgun. Then I ate and went home and did chores. Then I went to Ruth with my brother and messed around on the river.

Maintaining

Journal Entry by Erica Badal, Student

April 29, 2020

Today at work hasn't been busy, but I have been trying to keep up on schoolwork and my job because I do want to maintain both. I just have to try. Plus, it's nice to have some money in my pocket so I can get around to the things I need to be at. Working makes me feel good about myself, knowing I am doing something that will benefit me. It will also teach me skills and other things I didn't know.

To Open or Not to Reopen

Journal Entry by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student

April 29, 2020

Some states are reopening slowly. Georgia is making a risky decision by opening unnecessary businesses at this time, such as opening nail salons, bowling alleys, barber shops, and movie theaters. Plus, other states are making it not mandatory to wear protective gear when going out in public if they don't want to. I personally feel like these businesses aren't needed in a time like this. Who is thinking about their nails when they are all supposed to be staying inside? This doesn't seem very smart to do because these actions could just start this whole thing over again.

Letter of Health Emergency to Superintendent

Letter by David J. Herfindahl, Health Officer



TRINITY COUNTY HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES

Elizabeth Hamilton, Interim Director
#51 INDUSTRIAL PARK WAY
P.O. BOX 1470, WEAVERVILLE, CALIFORNIA 96093
PHONE (530) 623-1265 (800) 851-5658 FAX (530) 623-8250

David Herfindahl MD, MPH
Health Officer

Marcie Jo Cudziol RN, PHN, MPA
PHN Director

April 29, 2020

Sarah Supahan, Superintendent of Schools
Trinity County Office of Education
P.O. Box 1256
Weaverville, CA 96093

Dear Ms. Supahan,

First and foremost, I want to extend our sincere appreciation for the incredible work of the school leaders, educators and school personnel in Trinity County. It is most evident that the collective educational team is deeply invested and committed to not only the education of all students, but the overall well-being of every child.

On March 13, 2020, I signed a Declaration of a Local Health Emergency which was ratified by the Trinity County Board of Supervisors on March 17, 2020 and its continuance thereof on April 7, 2020. This order identifies that the novel coronavirus (named "COVID-19") is a very serious public health threat. There is still much we do not know about this virus including the exact modes of transmission, the factors facilitating human to human transmission, the extent of asymptomatic viral shedding, the groups most at risk of serious illness, and the case fatality rate among different populations, all of which remain active areas of investigation. What we do know is that this virus has the ability to infect large numbers of persons in a very short period of time in congregate settings, including schools. Therefore, Trinity County schools must remain physically closed to classroom learning and congregation for the remainder of the 2019/2020 academic year.

As of this date, Governor Gavin Newsom has not lifted the stay-at-home order currently in place in California. On April 28, 2020, the Governor publicly announced the "roadmap" for modification of the stay-at-home orders. The framework he laid out will be driven by data and will occur in four (4) phases over the upcoming weeks for phase 2, and months for phases 3 and 4. We will continue to partner with you and the school districts in this endeavor in lock-step with the Governor's Office to ensure we proceed safely and strategically.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature of David J. Herfindahl in blue ink.

David J. Herfindahl
Trinity County Health Officer

Adult Services/IHSS
Public Guardian
PO Box 1470
Weaverville, CA96093
(530) 623-1265
Fax: (530) 623-1297
□

Child Welfare Services
PO Box 1470
Weaverville, CA96093
(530) 623-1314
Fax: (530) 623-1488
□

CalWORKs
Eligibility/Employment
PO Box 1470
Weaverville, CA96093
(530) 623-1265
Fax: (530) 623-1250
□

Public Health
PO Box 1470
Weaverville, CA96093
(530) 623-8209 or
1-800-766-6147
Fax: (530) 623-1297
□

WIC
PO Box 1470
Weaverville, CA96093
(530) 623-8209
Fax: (530) 623-1297
□

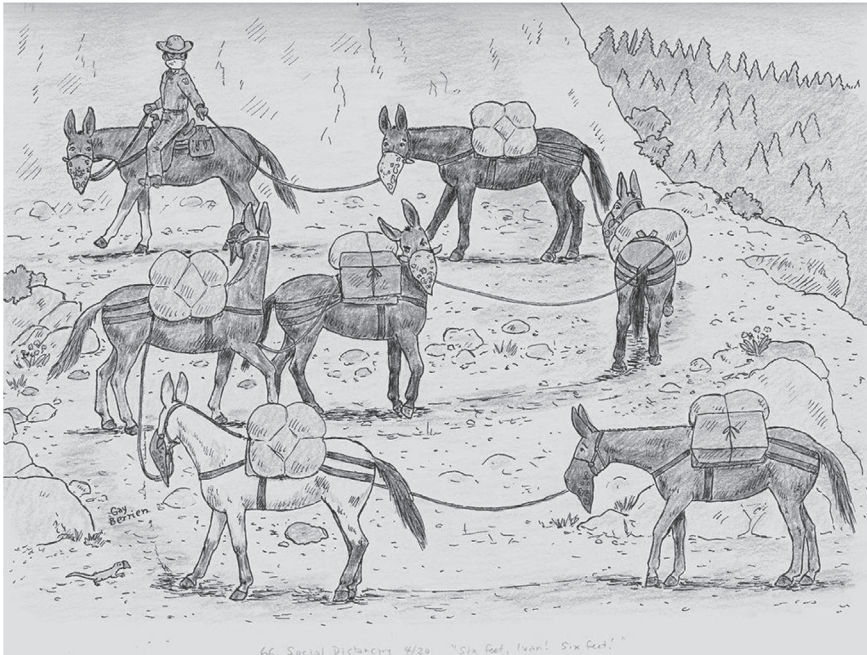


IVAN, Trinity Pack Mule

Artwork from *The Trinity Journal*

IVAN, Trinity Pack Mule

Apr 29, 2020



"Six feet, Ivan! Six feet!"

Grateful for a Beautiful Place

Essay by Lauri Rose, Community Member

I've always liked spending a lot of time by myself. And living three miles up a dirt road has gotten us used to not seeing people for days at a time. So, for us, the social distancing hasn't been a huge problem. However, it turns out that we do like to see our friends now and again. Before, we could just go and hang out with them. Many people ignore the distancing orders and do visit friends even without using masks and physical distancing. However, I'm a nurse and I understand the risks both to ourselves and our community, so we don't do that. Not seeing people makes us realize how important it is to us to connect with our friends and be an active part of our community. It's made us grateful for where we live and who we live with.

It has been a challenge to not let the low level of background fear take over our lives. I'm always wondering if I am standing too close to someone, worried that I might get sneezed on in the grocery store, afraid that if I go to work I may bring something back to my family. What really gets to me and is hard to manage is the fear that my elderly parents might get this, and I won't be able to be at their bedside. That's really, really scary for me. The idea of my mother dying alone is absolutely unacceptable. I can't even let myself contemplate it, at all. I just don't go there.

There have been blessings too.

My book group is over twenty years old. Time will fracture any group, and over all those years, there have been many comings and goings. During this COVID-19 time, we've been meeting via Zoom, which has allowed our far-flung book family to "come home." That has been a blessing. But we do miss sharing food and hugs. We are looking forward to doing that again.

There has been more time for gardening and crafting, but mostly, I have just been reading escapist novels. I cope by practicing mindfulness and remembering we live in a really beautiful place. I'm very grateful for that.

Beautiful Poem – When the World Stopped

Poem by Donna Ashworth, Community Member

History will remember when the world stopped
And the flights stayed on the ground.
And the cars parked in the street.
And the trains didn't run.

History will remember when the schools closed
And the children stayed indoors
And the medical staff walked towards the fire
And they didn't run.

History will remember when the people sang
On their balconies, in isolation
But so very much together
In courage and song.

History will remember when the people fought
For their old and their weak
Protected the vulnerable
By doing nothing at all.

History will remember when the virus left
And the houses opened
And the people came out
And hugged and kissed
And started again

Kinder than before.



Editor's Note

In the following series of journal entries by Chelsea Branham, we are able to see how a student's perspective changes. In some ways, the lockdown was beneficial. People no longer experienced the stress of rushing to get to school in the morning. There was a sense of peace. However, the isolation sometimes felt suffocating, and many students felt the lack of having face-to-face interactions with their teachers during lessons. Chelsea Branham's journal entries from day to day reveal the advantages and disadvantages of staying home.

Quarantine Moods

Journal Entries by Chelsea Branham, Student

April 6, 2020

I think that the school closing could be a good time to get back into good habits and disconnect from my devices. However, it may be inconvenient for a proper schedule.

April 10, 2020

Not being at school is peaceful because I don't have to get up super early and I have a bit of leeway with my work.

April 13, 2020

This quarantine is the worst because I am having a hard time keeping up. I never thought that a simple virus could have such an impact on the world.

April 17, 2020

My quarantine is growing more boring as the days stack on. Homeschool is really boring and can be hard at times because there aren't any teachers to help me.

April 20, 2020

Quarantine life is really boring now that we aren't camping. I don't know if anyone has the virus in the community.

April 23, 2020

I don't know anyone with the virus although I am sure that someone I know will get it. I really enjoy quarantine life at the moment because it has really made my life much less stressful.

Today, I turned in my work and finished my story. I wanted to continue it but didn't have the time. I miss seeing my friends. I also miss teachers. I miss teachers because I can ask them questions and get a better understanding of the unit or subject I'm working on. However, I have been able to get a lot of work done with help from my mom and Alex. I'm really glad that I get help from them. I ordered a desk off of Amazon so that I can do my work in my room rather than in the living room. I need to clean a spot for it, though. Anyway, I need to go get my room ready for it. Goodnight.

April 28, 2020

Do you know anyone who has the coronavirus? I don't. Plus, my quarantine life is awesome because of my new desk. How is yours?

May 1, 2020

Today, I went to my friend's house. I left around eleven and got back about half an hour ago. We had a lot of fun. We played with puppies, went swimming, and jumped off a big rock. The water was really warm, and it felt good. There were six puppies, and they are all adorable. I jumped off the big rock, but my friend didn't because she was scared of getting eaten by something. My room looks amazing. Also, I hope this quarantine is over soon because I want to be able to go see all of my friends. Also, so I can have less homework.

May 4, 2020

Today, I did a bunch of homework and started to type my story. I also did my hair. I just got done with it. I need to let it dry so I can brush it though. Neither me

nor Mom know anyone with COVID-19. Michael and I did our homework together. Quarantine life has gotten really exciting mainly because I finally get to do what I want to (within reason of course). How's quarantine? I can't wait to get to next week's work. I'm actually looking forward to it. Anyway, I gotta go. Good night.

May 6, 2020

Today, I went to town. It was the first time I have been to WinCo and Costco since quarantine happened. We got a bunch of food and a few other essentials. I was amazed at how empty every store was. It was almost like Eureka has become a ghost town. This is because there wasn't anyone on the streets. There wasn't a lot of traffic either. It is really spooky. When we got home I did math, career choices, and English work. I also got music on my TV. This caused me to listen to my favorite music. What kind of music do you like? I like a lot of different genres, but my favorite artist is Eminem. Anyways, gotta go.

Doing School at Home Is Hard

Journal Entry by Dalten Toerpe, Student

April 27, 2020

Today I woke up and did schoolwork. After my schoolwork, I went for a walk and shot digger squirrels and walked around. I went to my grandma's house and sighted in my gun so it is dialed in. Then I went home. Doing school at home is hard.

Expanded COVID Testing

Article from *The Trinity Journal*

http://www.trinityjournal.com/news/local/article_9be2beca-8996-11ea-a72a-a394c639aed4.html

COUNTY HOPES TO EXPAND COVID TESTING

Director updates efforts; still zero positives

By Sally Morris The Trinity Journal
Apr 29, 2020

Still reporting zero positive test results in Trinity County for the COVID-19 illness caused by the coronavirus, Public Health Director Marcie Jo Cudziol said efforts are underway to expand the testing capacity here beyond just those who are displaying symptoms to other groups including first responders, health care providers and people over 65 with underlying health conditions placing them at greater risk of death.

As of Monday, 82 tests for the illness had been conducted on Trinity County residents, all returning negative results. There were zero positive tests and zero pending.

"We expect our testing ability to expand over the next few weeks," Cudziol said, noting that 25 percent of the county's population is over 65 and includes many with increased risk factors "that could take their lives if they are infected. Protecting them is paramount."

She said the county is working in collaboration with other counties in the region on best practices and that supplies needed for increased testing capacity are beginning to move more quickly.

"It's not ideal, but it is increasing in numbers, and we are working with our hospital lab so they can conduct testing once we have the supplies," she said.

Cudziol said that 'ideal' would be for all low-risk, asymptomatic persons to be able to get tested in order to control disease outbreaks going forward.

"Testing is a big piece until there is a vaccine, and we need data, so we have to have enough people tested to know what's going on," she said.

County Administrative Officer Richard Kuhns said that beyond the present public health issue "is the question of when do we re-open the county? 'When are we going to re-open our communities' is the biggest question we hear."



Grieving

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

May 1, 2020

The word we discussed yesterday among the staff who were there was “grief.” We are grieving for the loss of our school year. We are grieving for our students and their families. Most of them do not want to be their child’s teacher. They do not want to be the ones to “make the student do their work.”

And then we hear of families whose homes are going into foreclosure. What will become of the kids who live there? Where can they go? They were so fragile to begin with. We are grieving and feeling inadequate. We are missing social interaction. Oh my goodness, the amount of conversation that was swirling around me yesterday was akin to our first days back to school in the fall as we prepare for a new year. Only this time there was sadness, frustration, speculation, concern ... instead of excitement, anticipation, and joy. And this is our norm for the remainder of our school year.

Mercy on Us All

Poem by Lauri Rose, Community Member

Standing in the doorway,
watching a too-warm rain
make concentric circles in street-dark waters.
I breathe in, breathe out.

It is 8 p.m. and the neighbors are howling
to remind us we all share something,
though in our isolation we can't quite remember what.
I howl too.

I Miss Them

Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher

May 2, 2020

This week has been very difficult. I'm sad and frustrated at not being a better support for my students and their families. I miss them. It's a weird feeling of loneliness I've never dealt with because I've always been a social person at work. Everything, when it doesn't feel overwhelmingly anxious, feels blank. My emotions just aren't the same.

Masks On

Journal Entry by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student

May 5, 2020

Some people are wearing masks but pull them down to talk to people; that kind of defeats the purpose. The virus doesn't stop spreading when you feel like talking to someone. The best way to keep it away is to keep your masks on. Also, more than seventy veterans at a home in Holyoke, MA, tested positive for COVID.

Mother's Day

Journal Entry by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student

May 6, 2020

They are already on Phase 2. More businesses are getting ready to open Friday. Mother's Day is this weekend, which is still good for the kids to celebrate it at home with their moms. However, it might be hard on some people to celebrate if their mom is sick in the hospital and quarantined. This whole homeschooling thing, this is way better than actual school.

The News

A Journal Entry by Dalton Toerpe, Student

May 1, 2020

Wednesday, I overheard Mom's meeting with Mrs. Canale and learned we are not going to go back to school this year. I had mixed feelings about this because I like only having half days of school, but I don't like not seeing my friends.

Yesterday my mom went to work, and I got up and did schoolwork. I finished my schoolwork and went for a walk. I walked out to our lease and found a cow that was having problems giving birth, so I ran home and called everyone, and nobody answered their phone. I finally got G to answer, and she called my grandpa and texted my parents while I went back out to the cow. My mom and Grandpa showed up about the same time and tried pulling the calf. It didn't come out. It was stuck so bad that with my mom, grandpa, and me pulling as hard as we could, we couldn't get him to budge. Owen showed up to help too, and we still couldn't get the calf to budge, and the cow was in distress by then.

We then tried to pull it with the truck, and that didn't work either. We came to the conclusion that she was hip-locked, and we would either have to cut the calf out in pieces and probably lose the cow to infection in a couple days or kill her to end her suffering and then we could still use the meat. We ended up deciding to kill her. I shot her and started gutting her. Grandpa ended up helping me. We thought that when she was dead she would relax enough that we could get the calf out, but Grandpa had to use a hatchet to cut her pelvis to get the calf out. She was definitely hip-locked. I drug the guts and the calf away into the brush, and we hung her in a tree. I had to climb the tree and learn to tie a square knot from Owen giving me directions from the ground. Owen, Grandpa, and I skinned her, and we left the meat to hang.

Today, I helped Dad put the roof on Mom's shed, and we finished the inside too. I had some schoolwork, and my brother came to pick me up so we can go turkey hunting in the morning.



Editor's Note

The COVID-19 health crisis and its accompanying shutdowns created great challenges for municipalities around the country. Funds had to be diverted to hospitals and critical care, and as a result, many municipalities were told that funding for schools would be reduced. In the following journal entry, Peggy Canale expresses her concerns regarding potential cutbacks.

Cutbacks

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

May 5, 2020

Lyndsey and I met with maintenance and transportation staff to discuss needed cutbacks as there is a rumor from the state that our revenues could be reduced by around 10 percent! Of course, that did not sit well with folks. It is never fun to be the bearer of such news.

The Homesteaders

Short Story by Kenden Frasier, Student

The morning sun was just coming over the mountains on that frosty morning. Matt Bell came from the barn with the milk. Melissa and Louise had started breakfast.

“Fine morning,” stated Matt. “Perfect to start breaking the land.”

Matt and Melissa Bell were newcomers to the country. They arrived in their covered wagon just like everybody else. It had been a year and a half since the day they had broken away from the wagon train to get here. The land back east was filling up. The Bells had had enough of it, so they struck out west. Matt found the first wagon train heading out, and so it began, the Bell family part of the historical movement west.

When coming upon the land they called the Great Plains, Matt and Melissa Bell broke from the wagon train to begin their new lives. Now a year and a half later, they had a sod house, a barn, a milk cow, and two fine horses. They had come too late in the year to do any farming, so this year Matt was going to make an attempt.

By midmorning, Matt had only a small part of what he had wanted done in the field. Melissa came out with water and a little ham from breakfast.

“This is going to be harder than I had figured, Mel,” Matt explained. “I think I am going to need help.”

If only our boy hadn’t died, he thought. Young Matthew Bell had died in infancy.

“I know that you miss Matthew at these times, but you must not focus on such things,” sympathized Melissa.

“He would have been twelve now, perfect for helping,” replied Matt.

“I know, but we will have another son, God willing, and you must not forget Louise. She has been working hard,” Melissa reminded him.

“Yes, I should be grateful for the family God blessed me with.” Having said that, Matt went back to work.

At sunrise the next morning, Matt rode off to find another homesteader to help him. “I’ll be back after sundown,” he promised, and rode east into the morning sun.

Matt did not know what he would face, but he was armed with his trusty old muzzle loader. He hadn’t used it much. He had only shot at an occasional rabbit for supper. They had passed a settlement about a day and a half from where they built their home. He figured it would only take him a day on horseback to get there. He was riding peacefully when out of the corner of his eye he glimpsed movement. Matt turned in his saddle to see. About a quarter of a mile behind him and to the south was an Indian war party. They were gaining on him fast. It was another hour or so before he would come to the settlement, and he was riding his plow horse. He couldn’t outrun them even if he tried. He needed to find shelter and quick.

Back at the house, Melissa and Louise had started supper. “When’s Pa going to

be back?" asked Louise.

Louise was ten and just old enough to know the dangers, but not quite old enough to worry much.

"He should be home soon," replied her mother.

They made a nice supper of ham, some old potatoes, and biscuits. They made a whole bunch because they were expecting company.

"You can set out the dishes now," Melissa told Louise. "And make sure you set out an extra plate for our company," she reminded her.

While Louise busied herself, Melissa went to the barn for the evening milking. On her way, she thought she glimpsed dust. Expecting to have Matt home by the time she was done with the milking, she hurried. When she was done, she returned to the house to get supper set on the table. Half an hour later, Melissa was worried.

"Can we eat supper now, Ma? Pa can have his when he gets home," begged Louise. "I'm hungry."

Absentmindedly, Melissa replied, "Ya, I guess." She went to the window. At the sight she saw through it, she screamed.

"What's wrong, Ma?" asked Louise.

"Go grab the pistol from under my bed!" demanded Melissa.

Louise quickly brought her mother the revolver.

"Now go hide under your bed, and don't come out no matter what," she said.

"But Ma, I—" Louise was cut off.

"Just do it!" Melissa ordered.

Covering the windows, Melissa hoped none of them would be damaged. She had prided herself for being one of the only women with real glass windows. Seeing that Louise was safe, she stepped out her door. What lay in front of her was both a curious and horrifying sight. She had never seen an Indian before. These Indians, though, were painted and bloody from fighting. They all had fresh scalps, and at the sight of them, Melissa felt a gasp in her throat and a shiver run down her spine. Those were not Indian scalps, but rather white men scalps; and a few, she quickly concluded, were women's from the length and beauty of them.

Melissa was brought to attention when the Indian that seemed to be the leader started his horse forward. He made a motion toward his mouth as if eating.

"Eat," he said.

Melissa shook her head. She remembered what the old buffalo hunter that had ridden along with the wagon train had said. "Never feed an Indian," he said. "If you do, they will take you for everything you've got."

The Indian did not seem to be very happy. “Eat,” he said again, more loudly.

Melissa shook her head again. The Indian was now angry. He started his horse forward again, but stopped at the click of the revolver’s hammer.

“Don’t come any closer or I’ll shoot,” Melissa warned. Melissa did not know what to do when, out of nowhere, they all heard horses coming. She saw Matt with a group of other men. She took a moment to get into the house. She watched through the window while the settlers and the Indians fought.

Finally, the remaining Indians ran away on their horses. Melissa ran outside to meet Matt. He explained that the Indians had raided the settlement, and he had found cover before they were upon him. Matt had rounded up the remaining men, and had hightailed it home.

“You were just in time,” Melissa said, relieved.

Melissa and Louise heated up the food and fed the hungry men.



Editor’s Note

In the following poem by Levi, a first-grade student, Levi expresses his confusion about being on a curbside. Levi’s parents own Kettenpom Store. Patrons must, in light of the pandemic, pick up their groceries via curbside delivery.

Why Are We on Curbside?

Poem by Levi Cheney, Student

I am home.
Why are we all on curbside?
Why are we on curbside?
Curbsides, stop going outside,
Gargle salt water.

Keep Away

Artwork by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student



Interview with a Health Worker

Interview by Mark Boggs, Student

Spring 2020

During these difficult times of the COVID-19 pandemic, I interviewed a clinic employee, Danene Bates. She gave me the medical standpoint from the local Mad River clinic.

How has COVID-19 affected employees? She said that they could only accept essential patients at the beginning, so all of the dental and back-office employees were laid off.

How has COVID-19 affected patients? She said it changed the way they see patients. Not everyone could have face-to-face visits. Phone and video calls were used so that they could see each other. They do still see patients but only if it is essential.

How many people have been tested for COVID-19? She didn't have that information, but they were, in fact, testing.

Have there been any positive COVID results? She said none that she knows of, but there was one in Trinity County from a different clinic.

Have the prices for medical supplies gone up? She said, "Yes, the prices for medical supplies have gone up, and the availability for personal protective equipment has been limited."

When will the clinic have in-office visits for all appointments? She said, "Hopefully in the next few weeks, but they have to follow CDC guidelines." But they are seeing more and more patients. On Tuesday, May 26, they were seeing some patients inside the office and also meeting patients outside in their vehicles.

When will the dental office be opening? Right now, they are open for emergencies like abscesses. They want to start doing fillings, but can't until they are approved by the CDC and the ADA.

A huge thanks to Danene Bates for allowing me to use her name and information.



Getting Used to Quarantine

Journal Entry by Erica Badal, Student

May 11, 2020

It's Monday, May 11, and I have no work until tomorrow. So, today I am just going to focus on what I need to do or get done. For the past couple of days, I've been trying to work on science and get caught up.

Being stuck in quarantine, I have gotten used to it. It ain't that bad. You just have to keep yourself occupied and busy. And think about the positive side of being in quarantine. During quarantine, I have been doing a lot of my old hobbies I used to do like beading and sewing. Beading I have been doing most because I found an art box full of beading accessories and tools. During quarantine, I have also been learning recipes to cook and trying new things.

But, during quarantine, I have worries that I won't have enough credits to graduate. Even though my work has been late, I am trying to get everything done whether it's late or not.

The Invisible Enemy

Artwork by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student



Second Confirmed COVID-19 Case in Trinity

Article from *The Trinity Journal*

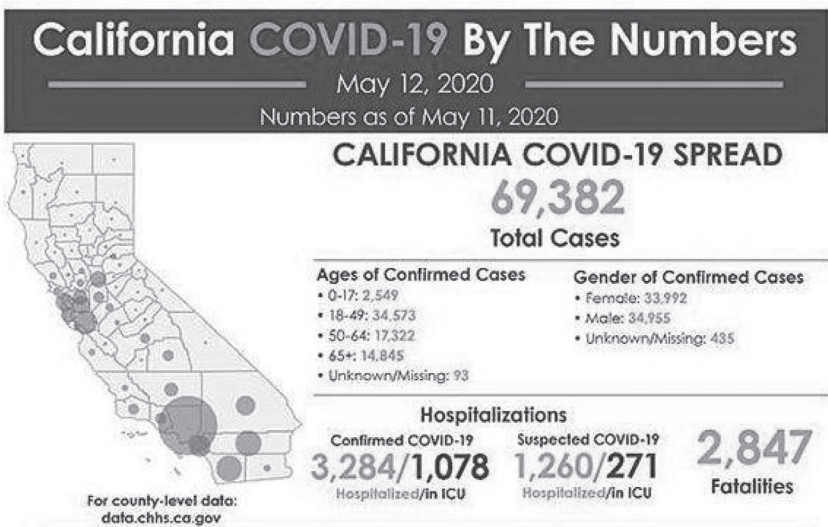
http://www.trinityjournal.com/news/local/article_c01b4c08-94b3-11ea-9896-bbb0fe1eb58c.html

Second confirmed COVID-19 case in Trinity

No answers on where individuals live

By Sally Morris The Trinity Journal

May 13, 2020



Your actions save lives.

covid19.ca.gov



Covid spread in California

Bring Out the Jets

Journal Entry by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student

May 13, 2020

As of today, we are already in Phase 2. Restaurants open for dining starting today. Also, malls, swap meets, office-based businesses, personal services, outdoor museums, and galleries are a few more things that are going to open.

Trinity County added a second case today. (It was then transferred to Humboldt County.) We are getting testing sites in Redding, so that will help.

Also, I think it's cool that military jets are going to fly over the north state this Friday to honor all the nurses, doctors, and healthcare workers. They will be flying over Redding, Red Bluff, Chico, Paradise, and Nevada City hospitals.



I Miss My Friends!

Journal Entry by Erica Badal, Student

May 15, 2020

...Longer into quarantine, I do miss hanging out with my friends. I feel like this year we wouldn't say any of us had a great school year because we didn't. So I am going to try to make this year great for myself by doing the things I love. I also got a new kitten that looks just like my first cat when I was six. Not sure what I should name her, but I will decide on a name someday.

Quarantine Learning

Essay by Lia Clawson, Student

My experience with quarantined learning hasn't been easy even though I was already on independent study. I used to be able to go into the school whenever I needed help, along with once a week. Now that I can't do that, it's harder to stay on track. A lot of my classmates are struggling too. I think a lot of it comes from being used to having someone always making sure they do what they need to be doing, and at home, there are a lot of distractions. Some parents don't take it seriously either.

It is just difficult. Luckily, the teachers have been pretty understanding so far. I am just hoping summer won't be so terribly strict and that the coronavirus will be cured or something. I don't mind the distancing. I just hate the masks. Anyways, I hope this will be over soon.

Rona and Rain

Journal Entry by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student

May 19, 2020

There have been 12 million tests done already, and they still have a lot more to do. Also, China said they are going to pledge us 2 billion dollars to help fight off the coronavirus. One hundred eighty people attended a church on Mother's Day, and right after that, a person in that group tested positive. So now, all the rest of the 179 have to be tested. The good news is we are getting a lot of rain.



A Good Day

Journal Entry by Kenden Frasier, Student

May 19, 2020

Today, Tuesday, May 19, Frog and I did our science project. We had to figure out how to prove one of Newton's laws. We chose to prove the second one. The second law is the law that says that force equals mass times acceleration. We used a bow to prove the law correct. We shot the bow at a target using two arrows with different masses. We timed the arrow from the time it was shot to the time it hit the target. We got the correct results. All in all, we had a good day.

Friendship Is Everything

Journal Entry by Erica Badal, Student

May 20, 2020

It's Wednesday, May 20, and I have work at the Burger Bar today with John and Dia. Today hasn't been that busy, but we did get a lot of shakes done. Besides working at Burger Bar, my day was overall pretty good. I got one of my old dressers fixed, and I got paid \$35 bucks in tips. But, some things I still wish we could do, like hang out with our friends at school. When this whole virus ends, I plan to meet up with my friends and have fun with what we usually do, whether it's talking or doing something that could possibly get me in trouble. But since school hasn't been going, I've realized it's important to take in moments with your friends and to always expect the unexpected in a situation like this. We cannot determine when this will end, but I hope ...

A Wonder Day

Journal Entry by Kenden Frasier, Student

May 26, 2020

Today, Tuesday, May 26, is a wonder day. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and the bees are buzzing. It is not too hot either. There is a gentle breeze that will keep it cool. Today is an ideal spring day. Everything is happy and enjoying life. All in all, today is a beautiful day.

Two Weeks to Go

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

May 27, 2020

Only two and a half weeks remain in this bizarre year! Throughout all of this craziness, the state has wanted to help with computers and MiFis to aid in distance learning. We have plenty of computers. MiFis would have been great; however, Verizon service has been virtually nonexistent! Very frustrating.

Horror Movie or Reality

Essay by Jean Nichols Trust, Community Member

When I first heard of this virus, it was called corona, coming from China and created by man in a laboratory.

My mind immediately went to old scientific movies, where madmen in underground laboratories created monsters. Their experiment would get away from them, and they would create something that became a Frankenstein or another monster.

The horror of the disease that could wipe out an entire population frightened even me. No cure; transferred by coughing, breathing, touching your face, etc. Horrible ...

However, as time went on, I came to the conclusion that the worst thing about COVID-19 was the isolation. You are to isolate yourself from other human beings; even keeping some people from their pets as they supposed they would catch it also. We are social human beings who were created to interact.

The saddest part is if you have a child and this child tests positive, you are separated from the child and may never see them again. You cannot visit the child; you cannot comfort the child; you cannot hold the child's hand, hug, or stroke this beautiful child.

This same thing goes for a husband or a wife, a sibling. This has got to be the loneliest disease ever.

To me, this is so wrong, and I feel it interferes with the healing process. You can die of loneliness. If nurses can touch them and doctors can touch them, why cannot we have access to the same suit that they wear for protection? Most would pay the price for this to be with our loved one. These could be disposable or rented (laundered daily) somehow, some way, so no one dies alone or is even sick alone.

There are so many unknowns with this disease. Even the professionals differ in their opinions. Some will say six-foot distancing will protect you. At first, it was simply, "Wash your hands and don't touch your face. Stay home and never leave your house." Then the next week it is, "Wear a mask; if you wear a mask, all will be well. You can go out, but wear a mask."

Then our jobs are divided up into essential and nonessential. As we ALL associate our lives with what we do, we are all feeling the pain of "I'm essential" or "I am not essential." Now we are not only isolated, but are feeling we are nonessential. This can play havoc with the human mind.

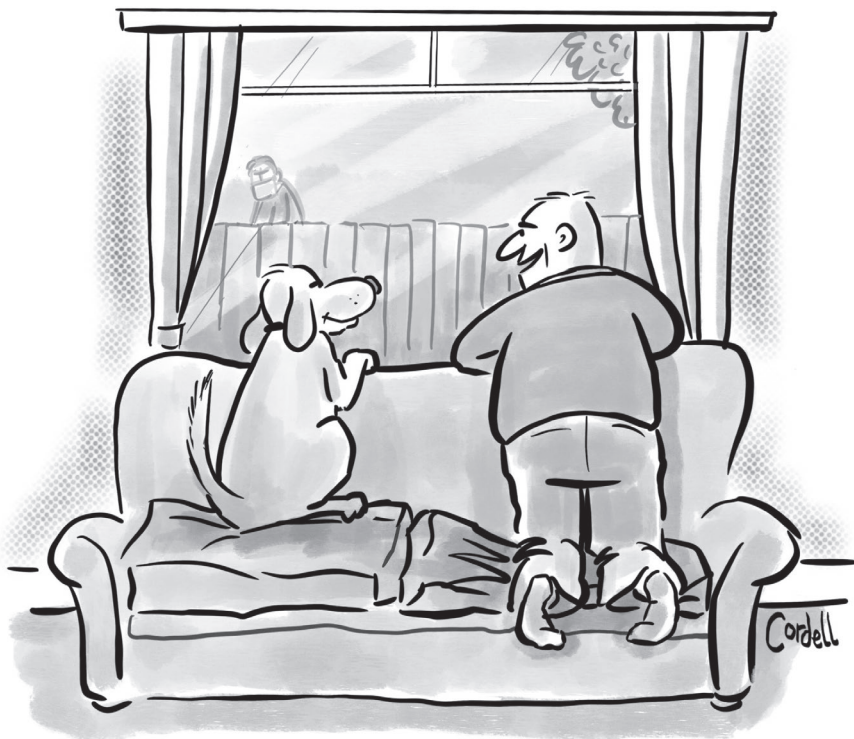
We get overloaded with information that changes daily. We watch the news, on which there is nothing else but COVID-19, on and on and on. Statistics that they show are not correct. Some deaths, some cases, some tests, counted twice, some not counted at all, deaths that were actually from another disease that the patient had previously ... we do not know truth.

Not knowing what is truth and what is not adds to the horrible isolation of this disease. Also, to the endless frustration that goes with it.

I have found one solution to keeping my sanity and one only, and it is Proverbs 3:5-6: "Trust in the Lord with all of your heart. Do not depend on your own understanding."

New Excitement

Comic by By Tim Cordell, Professional Cartoonist



*“Until now, I never understood why you got so excited
when someone walked past the house.”*

Change Is A-Comin'

Essay by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

June 30, 2020

Change is a-comin' whether we like it or not. I find that many people hate change and avoid it at all costs. This last quarter of our school year, change was forced upon all of us by an unseen enemy virus. With our schools forced to close their doors to the daily entry of students, parents suddenly became "the teacher." From what I gather, most of you did NOT want that role! I can honestly say WE truly want to take back the role of teacher and hope beyond hope that, when September arrives, your child/children will once again be walking the halls of our schools and playing on our playgrounds. We miss your children!

While all of this has been playing out, other changes have begun that will be activated for the 2020-2021 school year. First, Mrs. Metcalf has had to make the difficult decision to take on the role of caregiver for her father who lives in Oregon. I commend you, Mrs. Metcalf, for honoring your father and putting your needs/wants aside for him. Not every daughter is willing/able to do so. This change causes another change at Hoaglin-Zenia Elementary as a teacher is needed there. I have chosen this opportunity to make a change myself and to return to Hoaglin-Zenia as that teacher. I am excited to be back in the classroom once again as I wind down my career. For now, I will still assume the role of superintendent while I pass the baton of principal for Van Duzen and Southern Trinity High School to Mr. Andrew Felt! These changes are positive ones as people with new ideas and visions take the role of leadership in our district. Change can be scary, but it can also be exciting and invigorating! I am excited for the future of our school district and hope that you all will join us in that excitement.

As we plan for our next school year, 2020-2021, it is more important than ever that we communicate our needs and wants. It is very likely that we will return under new modifications, such as a blended approach of attendance/at-home learning. As we work this out over the next few months, please know that your input is welcome. We want to keep everyone safe, while at the same time offering quality opportunities for your child/children to achieve academically. Thank you for your efforts this past quarter, enjoy the summer break, and we hope to see all the students back in the classroom come September 8. Take care!

3000: A Dystopian Story

Short Story by Kenden Frasier, Student

Nobody knew how the year 3000 would be. Some imagined it a beautiful utopian society. Others thought there wouldn't be a year 3000. Only those who had seen and lived it know how it really was.

Zack was just out of college looking to start his career. He was a business major and wanted to have his own line of hunting products. He would turn twenty-six on March 14, in the year 3000. He had just returned to his hometown to begin.

Jan had graduated high school and went right into the business world. She was now twenty-four and the assistant manager in the local grocery store.

In a rural town in Nevada, things seemed all right on the outside, but the truth is they were not. Everyone did what they were told, and no one asked questions. The government was getting more and more oppressive. New and more controlling laws were passed daily. These things were not noticed by the American people. The news outlets were all propaganda. They were paid their cut and did what they were told.

Zack was working very hard with his business. One hot day in June, normal for Ely, he took a break to get away from his computer screen. He got a glass of lemonade and sat on the couch for his daily dose of news. He had just turned on the TV when he heard the news reporter say, "All hunting and fishing has been banned throughout America. Just today the president signed the bill to outlaw all hunting and fishing."

Zack was awe-stricken. All of his dreams just went swirling down the drain. Who is going to buy products outlawed in America? He questioned himself. He could still sell things to other countries since it was an online business. Things were feeling better until he heard, "All hunting and fishing businesses in America will be closed by January 3001." That was the last thing the news reporter said before Zack turned off the TV.

A few months later Zack was still horrified. He couldn't believe all the things he had worked for were just flushed down the toilet by one dumb man. He was at the store getting some last-minute things for his party on Saturday when he saw men taking the hunting and fishing things out. That sent another surge of anger through his veins. He quickly took his things to the counter to pay for them. He couldn't wait to get home and have another angry rant on the phone with his college buddy, Drew. He would understand. He always did.

"How was college?" asked a familiar face, interrupting his angry thoughts.

Zack gave the cashier a confused look. "You must not remember me," she replied to the question in his eyes. "I'm Jane. We went to the same high school. I heard you went to college." She ended in a less confident voice.

"Yeah, I went to college, but it was all a waste of time," Zack answered in annoyance, hoping the conversation would be over.

"I am sorry to hear that. What happened?" Jane replied with compassion.

"I was going to have my own hunting and fishing business," he responded in disappointment.



“Oh, I see,” Jane said. “We are taking out all of our stuff today. We have waited as long as possible. We had to lay off two employees, and my pay has been reduced, too,” Jane explained.

Zack and Jane talked for the better part of an hour, and they both felt better. Zack left feeling happy for the first time in weeks and was excited about the coming party. He invited Jane.

Drew flew up from Yuma, Arizona, for the party. Zack’s sister drove from Caliente, Nevada. She was going to stay for a few days. A few neighbors came over. They were enjoying each other’s company and having a fine time until Zack mentioned the president. That brought up the subject of having to eat bean burgers. Beef had been outlawed. They all talked of the many laws that had passed and made their lives harder to live. For example, they no longer got to have any animal products.

Zack said, “Now that we don’t get to go hunting, we won’t get to have any meat.”

Jane agreed and added, “Yeah, remember when Mr. Davis had his dairy farm and he would bring cream so we could make ice cream on the Fourth of July.”

They all sat in silence for a minute, remembering. Drew hadn’t been there, but he had his own memories. The government had really ruined their lives.

“Just think,” Russel, a neighbor, stated, “children won’t even know what ice cream is.”

“That is horrible to think about,” replied Nancy, Zack’s sister.

“We really need to do something about this,” exclaimed Zack. “The government is ruining everyone’s lives. The next generation won’t even be able to enjoy simple things that we got to do as children!”

The talk went on and they all decided something must be done.

It wasn’t until February of the next year that the country began to realize what the government had done. There were riots at every capitol in America. Zack and his friend started an underground movement. Having their own movement, they began to realize how many other people had their own movements. To communicate with other groups, telegraph lines were wrapped around the phone lines. Very few people knew Morse code in that time, so it would be hard for the government to take notice. There were even a few members of the CIA in on the action.

The movement, now over 10 million people, worked together. They made plans to take over Washington, D.C., and every capitol in the nation. These people changed America forever. They made history. Now because of them, life could be enjoyed again. Children could eat ice cream. Lives were saved, and maybe next time, the country would remember. They might remember those who fought for the freedom of America. Now it is known that the freedom of the American people cannot be taken. Someone will always fight. Yes!

Comments from Mr. Maybee, Teacher

Kenden - You demonstrated that you understand what a dystopian society could be like! Well done!



Thoughts on Quarantine/Shelter in Place

Journal Entry by Jocelyn Moore, Teacher

Students from various classes were asked the same four questions:

1. Do you know why we're quarantined/shelter in place?
2. What's your favorite part about staying at home?
3. What's your least favorite part?
4. What is the thing you are most excited about doing after the quarantine/shelter in place is over?

Oliver, a preschooler. Oliver knows it's the coronavirus. He loves building the family garden and doesn't like people getting sick or being sick himself. He hates not seeing friends and other people. Oliver is most excited to go to the fair. Last year, he was a little short for the rides and has been growing this year!

Cypress, a preschooler. Cypress doesn't really know why we are sheltering in place. He enjoys swimming but is missing school because it's so boring (at home), but also sometimes fun! Cypress misses his friends and can't wait to see people.

Ezra, kindergarten. Ezra was interrupted during his morning cartoons, so he doesn't know why we are quarantined. There is no favorite part about staying home. He is not sure what his least favorite part is. He is looking forward to seeing his friends.

Evelynne, kindergarten. Evelynne knows it's the coronavirus and it can spread if we hug someone so "we have to use our elbows." She enjoys hanging out with mom, dad, and sisters. Evelynne is not enjoying the homework but is looking forward to going to Auntie Autumn's and her friend's house and being in the first grade!

Dax, first grade. Dax knows it's coronavirus and is enjoying staying at home although he misses seeing and playing with his friends. Dax is looking forward to camping.

Arielle, third grade. The coronavirus can spread really easily. Arielle has been watching TV and hanging with her family. Arielle feels that having to do school at home sucks and can't wait to hang out with her friends.

Ridge, third grade. "We're quarantined because of the coronavirus. I love not going to school, but I do not like the schoolwork." Ridge is pretty excited about not having to wear a mask after it's over.

Jeremiah, fifth grade. Jeremiah knows it is COVID-19 that is keeping us home. He is having a good time planting a garden and spending time with his little sister. "It's hard being away from school, missing my friends and teachers, people getting sick. It's sad, and I lost a friend to COVID. I can't wait to go back to school!"

Annika, fifth grade. "The coronavirus is keeping us home. I like not having to get up early for school, but homework isn't much fun. When this is over, I look forward to traveling."

Hayden, fifth grade. "We're quarantined because the government doesn't want us to spread the virus. I don't think it's very smart because we haven't had it yet

and then when this is over we will all get it. I am enjoying staying home and going fishing, but I am not enjoying not having any sports. I am most excited to play basketball and baseball when it's over."

ShyAnn, fifth grade. "It's the corona that is keeping us home. I like sleeping in, but miss not seeing friends. I can't wait to go to the lake."

Lydia, sixth grade. "We are staying home to slow the spread of the coronavirus. I like that I can do my homework now and when I want, but staying at home isn't fun. I can't wait to see my friends and go swimming."

Sierra, seventh grade. "We are staying home so we don't spread the coronavirus more. I get to adventure more being at home, but I don't like the homework. I will be glad to hang out with my friends again."

George, seventh grade. "We're quarantined because of stupidity. My favorite part is staying home. My least favorite part is having to wear a mask in town. The thing I am most excited about afterwards is buck hunting."

Kenden, ninth grade. "The coronavirus is keeping us home. I am enjoying playing outside, but not enjoying homework. I am most excited about everything going back to normal!"

Best Efforts

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

June 1, 2020

Conferences with parents and students the next few days. If students have completed the majority of their assignments with quality, they are officially done with school. The others we will continue to hound until they have passing grades. We are not going to give a grade for no effort. I cannot see how that would teach the students anything positive.

We have been approved to have small graduation ceremonies. We are planning to have them outside if the weather cooperates. That will allow greater distancing for attendees.

Hamburgers and Homework

Journal Entry by Erica Badal, Student

June 1, 2020

It's finally Monday, June 1, and it's a little cloudy. But it's been getting hot. My plans today are to get things done around the house and to give the dogs a bath. Lately, I have been trying to do better working on my schoolwork with the weird schedule I have. But Burger Bar is still going good; our sales are going up and our hours have increased. During the whole virus, I do feel cautious and worried working because you never know where your customers have been. But also, I try not to handle the window unless it's bagging or the fryer. Overall, I enjoy working. It keeps me busy, but it just gives me a weird schedule to do my homework. Since my boss sees how my schoolwork is with my job, she is going to give me Tuesday, Monday, Sunday, Saturday, which I am glad about so I can use the other days for my homework.

The World Could Not Wait

Journal Entry by Maria Hill, K/1 Teacher

June 2, 2020

The world could not wait. There are riots, and 36 million people have lost their jobs. As the reality of jobs not returning hits, protests have begun and people are realizing that the brunt of the pandemic has fallen on the poorest people who have struggled for generations to access resources that “increasingly only go to a favored few.” Rich parents buying college entry; cops brutalizing, murdering and lynching Black Americans for the crime of not being white; and a president who is stoking a race war and who may well lead us into a revolution, with white nationalists leading the charge into anarchy and chaos.

Cake and Graduate

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

June 6, 2020

Rolinda called yesterday and agreed to make individual cakes for the graduates. Two for high school, Christian Soria and Ashley Tidd. Four for eighth graders, Daphne Cheney, Mark Boggs, Breanna Sanchez, and Dennis Wheeler. We are going to have each graduate take them home as we are not allowed to serve any food or drinks. Let's hope each student completes the work they need to in order to graduate!

Letter to Myself

Journal Entry by Jordan Pacheco, Student

LETTER TO MYSELF

June 8, 2020

DEAR, Me

It was hard in 2020 because
I had to do school this year at
home. Also I couldn't see many of my
friends.

LOVE, Me

Graduates Describe a Final Year Like No Other

Article from *The Trinity Journal*

Ashley Tidd, Southern Trinity High School

Hello. My name is Ashley Tidd. My parents are Dawn and Jason Tidd and my grandma is Cheryal Holms. I am a senior this year at Southern Trinity and I'm getting ready to graduate.

It's been a crazy school year for me. In the beginning of this school year, I was having problems going on with my stomach and the doctors couldn't figure out what was going on. A week before school started I was hospitalized for a week and they still couldn't find what was wrong. They prepared me for surgery so many different times, it was scary! I ended up missing almost a month of school and my grades were low. That went on for two months and by the end of October, I was scheduled to have my appendix taken out. By the time I finally had surgery, it was November 1. I went back to school a week after my surgery. By the time I went back, I was basically failing and behind in everything. But I worked really hard and got all my credits in the end.

The best part about my senior year is that when the second semester happened, I switched out of my first class and went to be a TA with the preschoolers! I did that for a while and I loved it. I also loved the freedom as a senior.

School got a little messed up because of COVID-19, and we are now doing work at home. I was failing big time for a while. It's hard to focus at home. It felt like summer and as a result, I didn't really do much until Mr. Felt called my mom saying with the way my grades were and how much I was turning in, I might not graduate. After that I just started to do all of my work! Now it looks like I'm back on track and I WILL graduate in June!

All in all, my year was eventful and very unconventional! BUT I made it!

Christian Soria, Southern Trinity High School

From the time I've been at Southern Trinity High School, I've been doing my work for the most part while at the same time I can throw in my awesome personality. The past four years attending this school has been pretty cool. I've met some awesome people and made some awesome memories. Most people don't like the fact that the student body is pretty small, but I personally loved it because it's easier to get the help you need and it feels like you're acknowledged more because it's a small school and the teachers don't have to worry about a couple hundred more students. The senior class this year consisted of two students: I'm one and Ashley Tidd is the other. Senior year is the biggest of all years; it's the last year of high school, then you're an adult. When I was a freshman thinking about the senior year, I expected it to be super hard. I ended up slacking off a little, and it made my senior year harder because I had to redo a class from freshman year. Other than that, my senior year has been pretty smooth. Once this shelter in place thing started I've been sooo bored and have only been hanging out with family or at home jamming out to music. Since I have more time on my hands I've been riding my dirt bike almost every day if I have gas. I'm happy to be a senior because this is just one of many goals I want to accomplish in life.



Editor's Note

June 10, 2020: First confirmed county case

County Confirms Second COVID-19 Case as Testing Ramps Up

Article from *The Trinity Journal*

County confirms second COVID-19 case as testing ramps up | Local News | trinityjournal.com

http://www.trinityjournal.com/news/local/article_96ed79d0-aaae-11ea-b6d5-2fe322ab75e3.html

County confirms second COVID-19 case as testing ramps up

Trinity Journal staff
Jun 10, 2020

The Trinity County Health and Human Services Public Health Branch received lab confirmation last Friday, June 5, of a second positive COVID-19 case in Trinity County.

The department's COVID-19 Surveillance and Control Team was activated to identify all persons in close contact with the asymptomatic positive individual and issue quarantine orders for those exposed. All persons exposed are being monitored for symptoms.

Trinity County Public Health will not release specific details on individual infected persons to the press or the public. Director Marcie Cudziol said it is important to maintain the privacy of individuals, and the information that is released will be for the purpose of protecting the public, the local health care system and first responders as allowed under the law.

The county previously confirmed a second COVID-19 case, but the individual was later determined to be a resident of Humboldt County who had not been in Trinity for a month before testing positive, so the case was transferred from Trinity to Humboldt. The positive test reported last Friday is a new case.

Cudziol emphasized the importance of maintaining six feet of social distancing and wearing face coverings when in public to slow the spread of the virus as well as other prevention practices including wiping down surfaces regularly, not congregating in close proximity with other groups of people, staying home when ill and getting tested.

On that end, the county has ramped up available COVID-19 testing for residents. It has partnered with the California Department of Public Health Testing Task Force and Verily Life Sciences to bring community-based mobile COVID-19 testing to Trinity County.



Proxy Voting by Democrats

Article from *The Trinity Journal*

Proxy voting by Democrats | Letters To Editor | trinityjournal.com

http://www.trinityjournal.com/opinion/letters_to_editor/article_43880e8e-aaa6-11ea-a83c-d7e9aebdb241.html

Proxy voting by Democrats

From Richard Jeans Mad River

Jun 10, 2020

For the first time in the history of the United States, House of Representatives members were allowed to vote by proxy. According to NPR, more than 70 Democrats voted by proxy, while Republicans chose to be present for the vote.

This should be of interest to the many dedicated people who are risking their health every day as they continue to perform their essential jobs. Medical personnel, postal workers, truck drivers, farmers, police, military personnel and many more are doing the work necessary to maintain our civilization during this pandemic. They are the essential people and know that they face considerable risk of contracting coronavirus in the course of their daily work, but they keep on doing what they know must be done.

Now it seems to me that if some of those who desire to run our country cannot show up for work, then possibly they are nonessential. It is the duty of the House to represent the people of our country and they cannot properly do this from the comfort of their living rooms. The business of governance requires vigorous and healthy debate, and this is something that cannot be conducted by proxy.

Yes, they increase their risk of contracting coronavirus by coming to work but so do hundreds of thousands of others who do the essential work of our country. These representatives are paid handsomely for their efforts and they should attend to their work as do so many others. It should not be too difficult to determine who these nonessential representatives are and to vote, in the next election, for someone who is a bit more essential.



Good News!

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

June 11, 2020

Today the good news is that each eighth grader and senior has passing scores and qualifies for graduation participation! I am relieved. Tomorrow is graduation, and our year is complete! The weather is not cooperating. It is very cold and rainy, so we are going to have our ceremony in the big gym.



The Last Day of School

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

June 12, 2020

The last official day of school and graduation is tonight! What a surreal feeling to all of this since the school has been virtually empty for almost three months!

A Class All Their Own

Article from *The Trinity Journal*

http://www.trinityjournal.com/news/local/article_7850f374-b023-11ea-a95a-0ffcd0a0a82c.html

In a class all their own

Submitted By Assistant Principal Andy Felt Southern Trinity High School | Special to The Trinity Journal
Jun 17, 2020



Christian Soria and Ashley Tidd, the 2020 class of Southern Trinity High.
Contributed

Six feet apart. It is the distance needed to lessen the spread of COVID-19, but it is also a distance that allows for human interaction and the opportunity to connect with and celebrate the accomplishments of graduating seniors. Southern Trinity High School conducted the graduation of 2020 at 6 p.m. Friday, June 12, in the Goularte-Brown gymnasium.

Senior Speech

Speech by Andy Felt, Principal

This won't be a traditional speech from me. Hopefully it will be brief, and I can avoid shedding tears.

Obviously, the elephant in the room is COVID.

It's been a long time since such an event has weighed so heavy on a graduating class.

But I'll take it over war, gladly.

Seniors in the Great War, World War II, and Vietnam had an easy answer for the proverbial question...

"What are you going to do after graduation?"

Those generations had an answer, and it wasn't necessarily pleasant.

Thankfully, the challenge of COVID hasn't been allowed to overshadow this special occasion.

It has not dampened our joy ... the rain has been trying though.

Instead, COVID has shone a light on a great life lesson.

We get out of life what we put into it. Set your sights on goals and ambitions. You'll get there or even somewhere better.

There may be another pandemic or other obstacles along the way, but you've already proven you can persevere.

So thanks for that, COVID. You have taught a more valuable lesson than I ever did in history class.

The remote learning model that we experienced the past two months hasn't been easy.

But I personally found satisfaction in trying to help these graduates succeed.

I really appreciated the increased communication with families. That is something I'll apply to my professional life moving forward.

I enjoyed meeting with Ashley and Christian at Ruth Store several times to discuss work and graduation.

It was interesting to observe. It was if they already had one foot in the future and were about to pick up their other foot that was connecting them to the school.

Shoot, we even held graduation practice in a laundromat last Wednesday ... what a kick.

In one of those meetings, Christian and I talked about me being a blubbering idiot and crying at graduation.

He astutely pointed out that it was because ST is like a family. We spend so much time with each other. People are always there to help each other out. And just like families, things aren't always smooth and easy.

With that said, congratulations you two. First for graduating and second for persevering through this "new normal."

A Beautiful Finish

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

June 13, 2020

The graduation ceremonies went well. The small crowd followed the required protocols. The students did well considering the fact that they did not have the opportunity to practice at all. Mr. Felt delivered very nice commencement keynote words. All in all, it was nice. I am so glad that we were able to finish this way.

We're All in This Together

Artwork by Hailey Ann Willburn, Student



Best of Luck

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

July 13, 2020

As we have been on the regular summer schedule, COVID-19 seems so far away from us. Our county still only has two cases confirmed. However, with the spikes all around, questions continue to swirl around us regarding what our school year will look like in September. I so hope that we can begin school on campus. The state has provided thermometers, masks, hand sanitizers, and face shields. All of that along with our regular cleaning I think will keep us as virus-free as possible. Public Health has the final word, so it is the patient wait until we get close enough to truly plan.

This has been an experience, and I continue to guard my thoughts and my judgments. There are many who feel that COVID is mostly a hoax. It is easy to believe that when it is still so distant from our area. However, while I do not personally know anyone who has died from COVID, I do know several people who have lost family members to it. That is devastating and hard. I hope we each can support one another regardless of our opinions regarding the wearing of masks, or of distancing, or of homeschooling, or quarantining, etc. We each need to do what we feel is right in our own area and be willing to comply with those mandates when we go out in public. I don't like it, but I feel it is the right thing to do. I pray that our county, our community continues to be COVID-free. That would be the best.

Since my role with the district is changing in September, I look forward to being in the classroom every day in Hoaglin-Zenia. With fewer than ten students, we should be able to attend each day. I wish everyone all the best at Van Duzen Elementary and Southern Trinity High School. I imagine we will have waves of being able to attend and then perhaps having to work from home. It will be challenging no matter what. We are all going to have to be creative, diligent, and untiring in order to give our students the learning opportunities they so desperately need. Best of luck, everyone!



Editor's Note

Sadly, COVID-19 is not the only crisis that the STJUSD community had to endure during 2020. On August 17, 2020, at approximately 11:45 a.m., a wildfire started in the Mendocino, Shasta-Trinity, and Six Rivers National Forests. The cause of the fire was determined to be lightning. The fire impacted 1,032,648 acres and was not contained until November 15, 2020, at 6 a.m.¹ The massive August Complex fire burned more than 471,000 acres and is currently officially regarded as the largest blaze in California history and the most destructive fire of 2020. It destroyed at least 26 structures and killed one person.² Superintendent Peggy Canale's dream of starting in-person school at the start of the 2020-2021 school year was not realized due to the large fire and the evacuations that ensued as a result. It was a heartbreaking situation that delayed the much needed sense of normalcy that students, faculty, and staff so desperately desired after the abrupt shift to online learning in the spring of 2020.

¹<https://inciweb.nwcg.gov/incident/6983/>

²<https://www.latimes.com/california/story/2020-09-10/massive-august-fire-now-largest-in-california-history-at-471-000-acres-and-counting>

Trinity County Communities Under Evacuation Orders as Nearby Fires Rage

Article from KRCRTV by Marissa Papanek

<https://krcrtv.com/north-coast-news/eureka-local-news/trinity-county-communities-under-evacuation-orders-as-red-salmon-hopkins-fires-grow>

Trinity County communities under evacuation orders as nearby fires rage

 Hopkins Fire east from Penny Glades (Courtesy USFS Sept. 8)

Communities in Trinity County are under an evacuation order Wednesday as flames from the Red Salmon Complex and August Complex continue to spread.

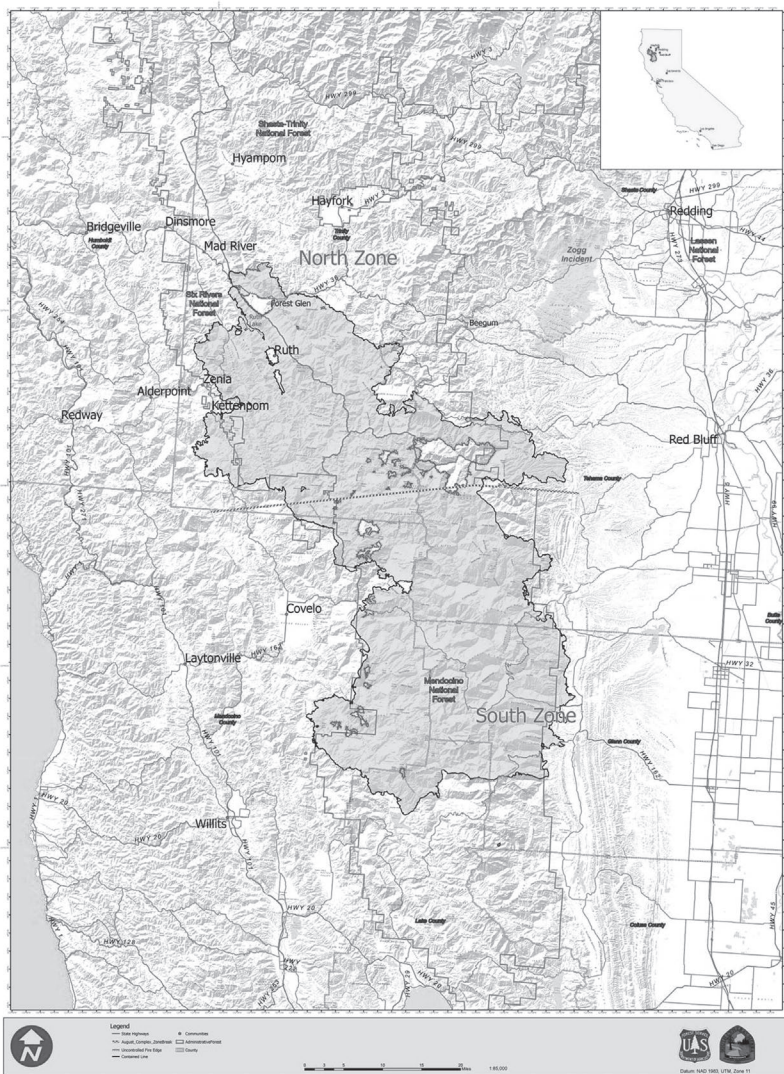
Red Salmon Complex

Due to the Red Salmon Complex, the entire community of Denny has been ordered to evacuate and move to a safer location immediately. As of Wednesday morning, the fire had grown to 71,610 acres and officials had it 17% contained, according to the U.S. Forest Service.

Recent growth on the Red Salmon Complex has been mostly in the Trinity Alps wilderness, but has also moved closer to several communities, officials said.

Red Salmon Complex (Courtesy USFS Sept. 8)

The school at Burnt Ranch is open as a community resource center for anyone needing help due to evacuations or power outages.





The August Complex Fires

Essay by Daphne Cheney, Student

The August Complex fires destroyed much of Northern California, as everyone knows. My mom, brother, dogs, horses, and I were evacuated twice due to such an event. On September 9, nothing felt normal. A giant mushroom cloud caused darkness over my home and community. My horses were nervous, and I, like many others, had an overwhelming sense of doom. That night, at around 10 o'clock, a neighbor warned us that the fire could be on our doorstep in less than two hours. So we loaded the horses, the dogs, special things, and some clothes in the car, took one last mental picture of our home, and headed for town.

The next day, many firefighters arrived to protect our little corner of the world. At that point, the fire was still almost completely uncontained on our side and moving very quickly. My dad decided to stay home and help fight the fire, as many other homeowners chose to do. He cut trees down around our neighbors' homes and buildings, as well as our own. My mom, brother, slew of critters, and I were with my grandparents in McKinleyville, nervous but safe. Hoaglin Valley was wiped away by the beast, and many structures were lost in the seventeen days we were evacuated. Happily back in the hills, we thought we were done.

A week to the day of being home, a sheriff showed up at the store, issuing orders again. And so, we all left again, excluding my father who once again decided to stay. That evening was orange. I'm sure most know what I mean. It wasn't just the sky. It wasn't just the clouds. An eerie film hung in the air and covered everything like a blanket, a dull scarlet color. It was the kind of sight you couldn't unsee, the kind of sight that terrified us to the core.

In the second evacuation, the fire didn't get as close to us. The fear was that it would blow up and be back to our doorstep in about a half hour, so we had to stay evacuated for twenty-two days. In those twenty-two days, Hettenshaw was devastated and so was Ruth. (Again.)

When all things are considered, I hope we can grow as a community from this. Despite all the loss, so many new friendships were formed. People reached out to each other after not talking for who knows how long. If any good thing came out of this horrific event, it is that love prevails, and that the small town feeling we know and love isn't dead.



From the Frontline

Essay by Susie Toerpe, Parent

This entire community is impacted by the devastation, destruction, and despair arising from the August Complex fires. Everyone has thoughts and opinions on how the fire could have been mitigated before it even got to us and even more about how it should have been fought. That is not what this article is going to focus on. That's way above my pay grade and beyond my control. As volunteer firefighters, our job is to drive toward the flames to try to prevent tragedy while maintaining our own safety.

On September 8, my engine crew and I made the turn into Three Forks area as all hell broke loose. We could feel the heat of the fire as we drove deeper into the fire area. It was as if we were driving directly into the jaws of hell. The morning sun was completely blocked, and all was eerily dark except for the deep red of hot flames roaring down both sides of the road. Ash was falling so thickly we had to turn on the windshield wipers as we found a place to park to attempt to engage this beast. As we disembarked from the engine, we heard yelling, though not panicked, to not engage but pull out and regroup at the bridge. The fire was moving too fast. It had already far surpassed all trigger points on both sides of the road. We joined the other engine crews, firefighters, and homeowners as they drove safely through the flames to the bridge. It was several long minutes before the last vehicle made it out, and then there was a collective sigh of relief and yet a feeling of impending doom.

We gathered around our vehicles as more crews responded to the call. We stood in small groups and avoided eye contact, avoided thinking about what was happening before our very eyes. I swallowed the lump in my throat, blinked back the tears, kicked the dirt, and laughed at silly non-important things so as to not dwell on the heartbreak that was coming. We all knew this was going to be bad, and it wasn't over. We regrouped and were assigned to structure prep and protection and spread the word about the evacuation notice. So, I pulled strength from the hopeless, helpless feeling, put my head down, and did what we were trained to do. I focused on the task at hand, focusing only on the now, promising myself time to process the destruction later, while hoping "later" never comes. We set about preparing our friends' and neighbors' homes for what appeared to be impending fire—not a slow, easy fire, but a raging inferno.

Over the next weeks, we settled into a routine of long days filled with exhaustion and looks of pain and despair on fellow firefighters' faces as we began to process the desolation and destruction of our once beautiful area. We rejoiced with one another when we saw signs of life—cows wandering out of the black toward water, does with their babies tagging along behind, a buck standing in the blackened remains of his home, a fox making his way cautiously through the remnants of his once lush surroundings. During this time, we faced so many swirling emotions as we began to prepare our own homes as well, pulling out of the driveway with no way to know if our efforts were enough and praying we never had to find out.

On September 27, we found out. After church, we were notified from a member of the fire team that the fire had jumped lines and was making a wind-driven run toward Ruth. We were mildly concerned but figured we had days to prepare to assist in Ruth, and we were still not feeling unsafe in the valley. Throughout the day, the concern grew as the wind pushed the fire toward the lake in a matter of hours. We received a call when it spotted across the lake, causing us to actively

begin preparations. A couple members of my crew began patrolling, watching for spot fires. At approximately 2200, I received a call saying that the fire had spotted behind a neighbor's house and my crew was responding. I quickly joined them in what became three days of physically propelling forward through sheer force of will and adrenaline. The fire never came low and slow. Every time, it came as a roaring inferno, deep reds and oranges swirling together in a super-heated wall of destruction, moving at unbelievable speeds, covering miles in literal minutes. The inferno threw fireballs up to a mile ahead of itself.

During these three days, my crew slept two to four hours each, and not consecutively, as we continued to battle for our homes and the homes of our families and neighbors. Despite our best efforts, several homes were lost as the heat and speed of the fire kept us from successfully combating it as it came time after time, each time driven by winds from a different direction.



At one home, we were standing ready to fight when all of a sudden in a thunderous explosion the fire became a tornado and spun embers and boards and debris everywhere. Fire was suddenly all around us in every direction where seconds before there had been no fire. The heat was intense, and seeing was nearly impossible. Then just as suddenly, it cleared. The fire was burning all around the house and in treetops and on all sides, but we could see to continue the fight. We were able to work together to save the home and outbuildings.

We fought through the fatigue only with the strength of faith and family, as the crew was entirely made up of family and friends. There was never fear—concern for loss of homes—but never fear. We saw many miracles throughout the time of the fire as well, increasing faith and the heartfelt prayers of thanksgiving.

No School, Yet

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

September 19, 2020

Our school district has kept the tradition of opening the day after Labor Day. This year, 2020-21 was no exception. However, the powers that be had other plans for us as we received notification that there would be a wind event beginning the night of September 7. This prompted PG&E to shut off power to our area around 1 a.m. on September 8. Parents were notified that we would begin school on Thursday, September 10 instead as the wind event should be over.

The power being shut off was truly a godsend as the wind surely was an event and before we knew it our community of Ruth was receiving evacuation orders due to the Hopkins Fire burning out of control and racing toward our little town. I can only imagine the fear and chaos that would have occurred had our students been in the first day of school and heard that their homes were being evacuated! The fire had begun in the Yolla Bolly Wilderness on August 16 during a lightning storm. Fire suppression was not engaged when it started because it was in the wilderness. We were not really concerned about the fire as it was many miles from us. It had been burning for two weeks, but seemed to be doing little damage. However, with the wind egging it on, once it left wilderness boundaries and began roaring toward the town of Ruth, crews jumped in to try to suppress it.

As luck would have it, the only crews available were our local fire crews and volunteers. A very small bunch of men and women for sure. By the evening of September 8 it was confirmed that at least seven homes had been lost in the Three Forks and Barry Creek area. How could that be? Three Forks and Barry Creek are miles from the wilderness! As the crow flies more than thirty! We later heard that some of the residents, Faye and Bobby Hunt, had lost their home. They were not at home at the time, but were traveling. They had security cameras that they could access from where they were and watched their house burn! I cannot imagine how difficult that must have been. Sue and Elmer Middleton also lost everything.

Closest to home for our school family is Brandon and Brianna Yang and their parents. They also lost everything and will have to attend a different school this year. Heartbreaking! The fire was held near the Double AA Ranch, and then branched east and west threatening Hettenshaw Valley, Kettenpom, and Zenia.

My birthday is September 9 and on that day my husband and I drove to Zenia to open the gate to our one-room schoolhouse so that volunteer firefighters could try to save our school in the event the fire reached that far. The day was surreal as the smoke was so thick as to make it seem like nighttime. My son lives in Zenia and we stopped at his house to check on him. He had packed; his horse, his dogs, and other personal belongings. It is such a huge decision to make as to what to do. We know they said to evacuate but strongly have the need to stay and defend our property. His dad and I had the same struggle. We all stayed, watchful, having a difficult time believing a fire could move so fast, so far.

The firefighters had a difficult time at Kettenpom, only just barely saving the store and homes nearby. As the fire raced to the west others were not so fortunate.

We had postponed school until September 10, but then postponed school again until September 17. By Monday, September 14 it was evident we were not going to

be able to have school anytime soon so we postponed school “until further notice.” The evacuation zone had been moved to include all of Ruth to Ruth Dam, all of Hettenshaw Valley, Kettenpom, and Zenia. At one time there were warnings for all residents south of Hwy 36! Virtually our entire school district.

September 13, firefighters stopped at my daughter’s home and told them they were moving off the mountain to try to provide structure protection. That made it sound like they were giving up! She and her family spent the next two nights with us as we are five miles north of them. Thankfully, the main Cat operator, Jay Dillon, kept cutting line above them and kept the fire from reaching Ruth proper.

On September 14, Lois Hall called me. She and I worked together at Hoaglin-Zenia for eight years when I began my teaching career. She was my mentor; she is my friend. They lost everything. I believe they have about 280 acres. All gone. Lois is eighty-five. I know we must hold all things loosely. But this really hurts.

The care and concern from folks is wonderful. So many have called to check on us as we have made national news. The Hopkins Fire was joined to the August Complex, which has become the largest fire in the history of California. Over 800,000 acres and as of today, September 15, only 30 percent contained. We have heard from old friends and family as well as others who want to help with donations and services.

Our volunteer fighters have saved the day numerous times. The Willburn family in Hettenshaw Valley used their Cats to cut line to protect their valley, while other family members did manual hand labor to prevent the fire from entering the valley. Several of these folks also work for our school district: Tammy Frasier, Susie Toerpe, Shane Willburn, Terri Willburn. Jay Dillon worked endlessly cutting line and falling timber on South Fork to provide a fire break. Chad Heaton graciously sent us a fire update text each night, which gave us accurate information regarding fire progress. That is, until he was injured by falling timber. What a blessing that has been!

September 16 was the first day that the smoke cleared a little so we could breathe! The heaviness of the smoke and the darkness sure weigh on a person’s psyche. Thankful for sunshine!

On September 17, evacuations were lifted from Hettenshaw!

September 18, evacuations were lifted from Kettenpom and Zenia!

Now we can open school there!

Perhaps life will return to “normal.” After this distraction we now have to start thinking about COVID again. Ugh.

All Gone?

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

September 21, 2020

My daughter, Caitlin, was informed by her secretary that she had received a text from the Trinity County sheriff stating that the road closures are hard closures due to the fact that the fire they were allowing to move down the mountain was moving faster than they would like. This was prompting the fire crews to place personnel at homes for structure defense. My husband and I took our granddaughter home and watched the fire burning on the mountain above my daughter's house. It was alarming. Another sleepless night.

On our way home we were stopped by two deputies in our driveway. They informed us that indeed we were not to be out on the road as fire personnel would be busy the next few days with the back burning. I tried stating that I must get to school, get to work for our students! They were not moved. They stated if I was on the road I would be cited. I guess no school for Hoaglin-Zenia after all. Such a bummer. The parents have been very understanding, which makes the bitter pill a little easier to swallow.

On Saturday, September 26 it seemed that a corner had been turned on the fire. Fire personnel spent the week doing back burns all around the Ruth area. The fire appeared to have calmed and the skies were clear. The calm was not lasting, however, as my principal texted me Sunday morning, September 27, asking if I had watched the morning briefing. He wrote, "Not sure if you caught the fire briefing this morning. If not, you could see the concern on their faces for the people in Ruth who have chosen not to evacuate. They likened the fire and wind conditions to those from several weeks ago when the fire blew up."

As my heart sank, I found the recording and confirmed what Mr. Felt had shared. As I began to watch the skies to the north of us I could see that what was predicted was coming to pass. I began packing again as did my husband. Pieces of burned bark over two inches in diameter were falling in our yard. The sky was growing dark as the wind began to whip around again. My husband was not too keen on leaving as we have stayed before and protected our property. This time I did not feel safe and told him as much. I wanted to go!

Just a short time later fire personnel began unloading Cats and equipment on the parcel next to us. As the Cat began up the hill for some reason he left the road and pushed some old logs out of the way. This caused him to hook our water line and break it. That event changed everything for us as now we had no water and no way to protect our home. The power had already gone out and we only had 10 percent of propane left for our generator. My husband decided it was time to go as well. My thoughts as we drove away: I must hold all things loosely. Driving to Mad River to stay at a friend's home, I saw fire on the other side of the lake! It was all beginning again and this time so much worse! Fire was surrounding our community. I texted my sister-in-law, warning her that the fire was rushing toward them again. She and her family continued to fight.

We spent a very anxious night at the home of a friend on Van Duzen. Of course, sleep would not come. Two different times law enforcement came to that house and warned us to leave. We said we would in the morning. The rumors flying on Facebook about the devastation were difficult to read, but I couldn't keep from

looking. I so wanted to know how all of our property fared. Not just our home, but our neighbors and family members as well.

Sunday night our daughter called to say that her fiancé and friend Jonathan had taken the county road department water tender and sprayed 4,000 gallons of water all around our home. We prayed that that would be enough.

Monday morning the teary call came from my daughter, Caitlin.

“Grandma’s house is gone—all gone!” She lives right next door to us. At first I thought she said our house was gone!

“What?” I cried.



Grandma’s house was gone, but our house remained standing! Tears of joy along with tears of sorrow! Numerous neighbors’ homes were also gone and miraculously, others were unscathed. Other family members in Hettenshaw Valley had to return to the fire fight as the fire had jumped the lake and roared over the mountain. As of this writing I know two homes were lost as well as several barns and outbuildings. Without the local efforts the entire valley would have succumbed! The professional firefighters had fire camp set up in Hettenshaw Valley. Once the firestorm roared down South Fork mountain they pulled up camp and evacuated. As I watched them leaving the area it felt as though they had given up on the fight and we were left to save ourselves.

Today, Wednesday, I am safely in Cottonwood, California. As I try to monitor what is going on in my hometown my heart is restless. We want to go home, to begin rebuilding, to help those who have lost everything. Yet, it may be weeks before we are allowed back in. The effects of this event far outweigh COVID-19. We have not had time to think or worry about COVID-19.

I pray for those who lost everything. I have been tested on holding “things” loosely. So far, my things have survived. I praise and thank my LORD for that, for now. Life in our mountain community is forever changed. Thankfully, while we have lost much in the way of property, we have not lost lives. I pray it stays that way.

Fall at the Lake

Poem by Darla Toland, Community Member

Written September 27, 2020

Fall is upon us
Everything is extra dry,
Billowing clouds of smoke
Quickly reach the sky.

Hot winds are coming
Up on mountain top,
Waking the Fire Dragon
A meal he will not stop.

No time to be slacking
Grab this and that with fright,
Should have done the packing
Just the other night.

This Ominous gut feeling,
a vision from the Seventies,
For Generations yet to pass
To Love the beautiful Melody.

Of living in the Forest
In Love and Sorrow,
What is here today
Can vaporize tomorrow.

Fifty years counting on
Summer each time,
Next year much different
The Fire Dragon's crime!







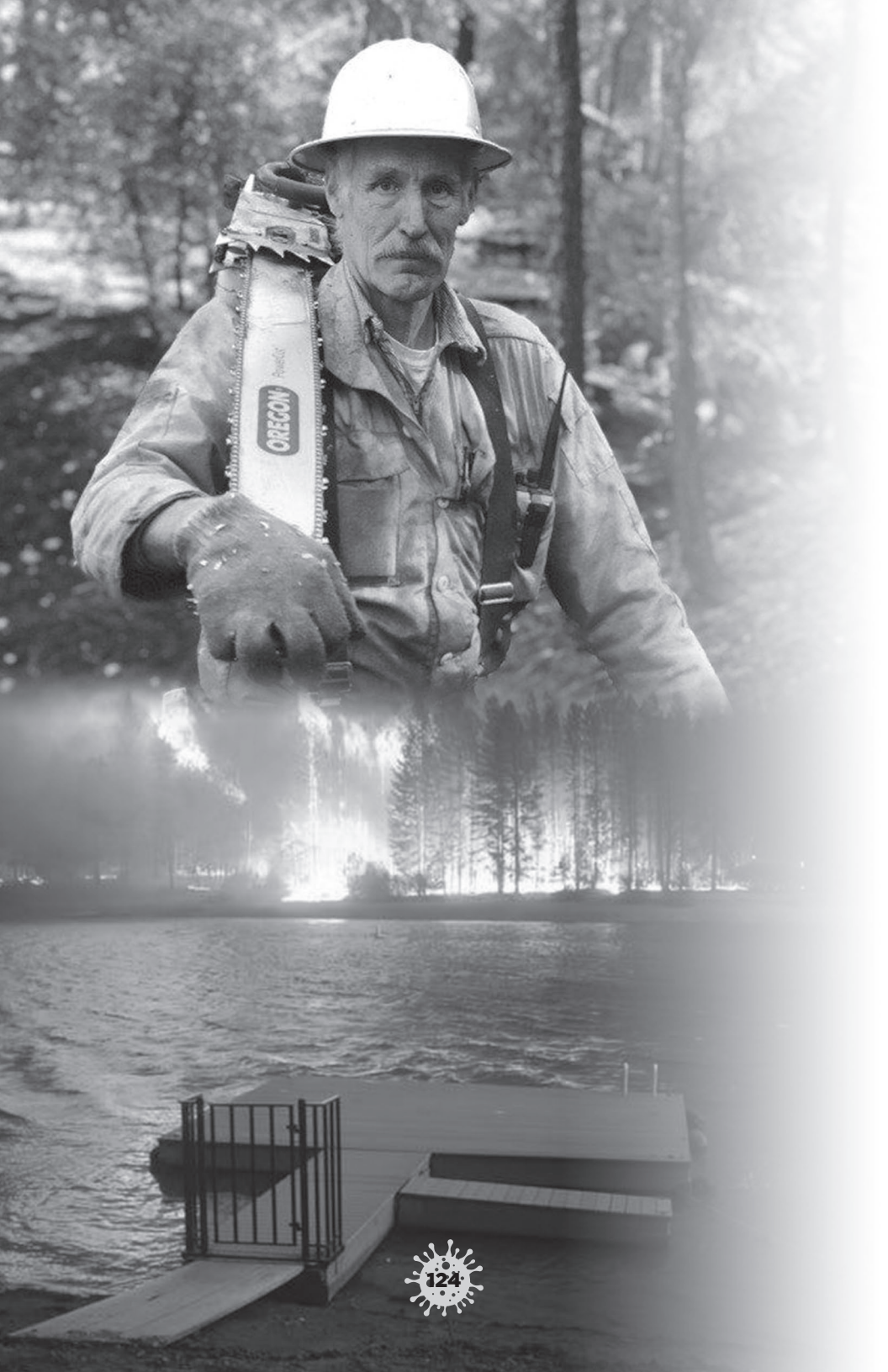
October

Poem by Dottie Simmons, Community Member

October
This round red moon
Rises over mountains
Harvest Moon
Red as the blood of forests
How can I call it "Harvest Moon"
This year
Even though tomatoes hang heavy
On the vines
This year
It is the Fire Moon









Thankful

Journal Entry by Peggy Canale, Superintendent

November 14, 2020

As Thanksgiving approaches I must say we have so much to be thankful for even though we are surrounded by devastation in every direction. The fire burned so hot in so many directions it will take a lifetime for our area to physically recover. At last count, 276 homes and approximately 350 outbuildings were lost. Thankfully, no one lost their life in the fire. Thankfully, my home was spared. Thankfully, as we have finally resumed school, our students seem to be able to move on without a lot of evident trauma.

Sadly, two of our elderly residents who lost their homes passed away within days of the loss. Many of those who lost their homes are senior citizens, in their eighties and beyond. The stress of trying to find a place to stay and to make the decisions regarding rebuilding, etc. is overwhelming. Many folks did not have fire insurance.

Thankfully, there are many people and organizations in Trinity County as well as Humboldt County who have done amazing things: providing food, water, clothing, trailers, generators, cash aid... The response and the outpouring of care is tremendous. Our entire area is profoundly grateful.

The cleanup process has begun and we are all anxious to see the debris removed so that we can begin rebuilding. We know this will take time. It takes so long to even get to our area. We know we must be patient.

Out of the 1,032,648 acres that burned in the August Complex, it is estimated that approximately 350,000 of those acres were southern Trinity County. This fire was announced fully contained on November 12, 2020. Almost two full months! Many mistakes were made during this fire by those who came to our area to fight it. Stories have been shared by local folks that the firefighters did not want our help. Sadly, because the firefighters were not familiar with the area's terrain, decisions were made that resulted in greater loss. Firefighters pulled away from homes because it was "too dangerous" or "not worth it." This left our local people having to fight alone for all they have. Were it not for the locals who chose to stay and fight our losses would have been many times greater, including my home.

I end this entry once again being thankful for all that was spared. Minus my stepmother's home, all of my family's homes were spared. This includes my children, siblings, nieces, and nephews. We are truly blessed. We are also forever changed and we are reminded of those changes each day as we go back to a somewhat routine way of living.

We thought COVID was the enemy; however, the August Complex has taken so much more from us. I can only pray that as we rebuild we are spared being hit by the virus. We have lost enough.

Afterword

By Ama Karikari Yawson, Editor and Publisher

“The human capacity for burden is like bamboo – far more flexible than you’d ever believe at first glance.” – Jodi Picoult

It has been such a privilege and immense honor to work on this storytelling and publishing project with the Southern Trinity JUSD community. I laughed, smiled, and cried as I reviewed the poems, essays, artwork, and journal entries. The students, parents, educators, and community members have done a remarkable job of chronicling their feelings and experiences during what must be one of the most challenging times of their entire lives. COVID-19 and the closures and social distancing that it necessitated were all immensely challenging. However, this community confronted the additional and intersectional hardship of forest fires. The community is not just stronger than COVID-19; the community is stronger than forest fires, stronger than evacuations, and stronger than biological and environmental calamities.

At this time of writing, November of 2020, life has not returned to normal. On Thanksgiving Day, over 90,000 Americans were hospitalized for COVID-19, and although there are three vaccines that are hailed as being over 90 percent effective against COVID-19, they are not yet available for distribution. Most public experts are warning that things will get worse with the impending holiday season and the socializing that the holidays typically bring before they get better.

If we have learned anything from 2020, we have learned that we can’t predict the future. But our immediate past has taught us that we can get through life’s most harrowing challenges with faith, love, and the spirit of community. There are blessings ahead for the Southern Trinity JUSD community.

THE PEOPLE WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE





Peggy Canale

Superintendent

Peggy Canale is a native of southern Trinity County and attended STJUSD for grades K-12. Upon graduation, she attended College of the Redwoods then transferred to Chico State University, where she acquired a BA in social welfare. After working for the Tehama County Department of Welfare, she married and returned to Southern Trinity in 1983. Ms. Canale began teaching at Hoaglin-Zenia in 1985, where she taught for eight years. She transferred to Van Duzen Elementary in 1993 and taught full time until 2006. Upon receiving her administrative credential through Simpson College in Redding, she worked as a teacher/vice-principal for several years before taking on the role of superintendent/principal in 2006. Ms. Canale has worked in this role for the past fourteen years.

Most recently, she has passed her principal duties on to Mr. Andy Felt and has transitioned back into the classroom at Hoaglin-Zenia in the role of superintendent/teacher.

Andy Felt

Principal

Andy Felt earned a bachelor's degree and a teaching credential from Humboldt State University and a master's degree in pupil personnel services from the University of La Verne. Later, he earned an administrative credential through Humboldt State University. Mr. Felt began working for Southern Trinity Joint Unified School District, a small rural district in the mountains of Northern California, in 1999. He is committed to providing students with as many opportunities to explore their passions as possible, whether it is exploring the nearby wilderness, learning local history, gaining experiences on school trips, or participating in athletics.



Ama Karikari Yawson

Milestones Founder and President

Ms. Yawson earned a BA in social studies (cum laude) from Harvard University, an MBA from the Wharton School, and a JD from the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

Her unique understanding of social issues, business, and the law has enabled her to become a relevant voice on issues as varied as race relations, women's issues, dating, parenting, self-love, hair bullying, and entrepreneurship. Her articles have been published in MSNBC's *TheGrio*, *The Huffington Post*, *The Atlantic*, *MadameNoire*, and other publications. Ms. Yawson has also appeared on *The Today Show*, Al Jazeera's *The Stream*, *The Nate Berkus Show*, and Fox Business.



In 2013, a painful experience in which a barber called her son a racial pejorative term and said that his hair was not pretty and should be shaved off inspired Ms. Yawson to venture into writing empowering children's books. Her first book, *Sunne's Gift*, provides the universal message of self-love and being true to one's own gifts and passions. She was so touched by the story that she quit her job as senior counsel at Citigroup Inc. to start her own publishing and education company, Milestones.

Through Milestones, Ms. Yawson and her partners provide books, performances, enrichment programs, and training sessions to corporations, schools, libraries, churches, prisons, institutes, and other organizations.

Ms. Yawson currently lives in New York City with her husband and two elementary school-aged sons.

THE INSTITUTIONS THAT MADE THIS POSSIBLE

Southern Trinity Jt. Unified School District

Southern Trinity Jt. Unified School District is committed to providing excellence in educational programs that carry high expectations for each student's achievement and success.

Guided by the highest expectations, STJUSD provides our students with a broad range of rigorous educational opportunities. Staff enables students to reach their full potential and successfully meet the demands and opportunities of a highly technological twenty-first Century.

Students graduate with a core of knowledge and skills that become the building blocks for lifelong learning. They graduate with a positive attitude and the leadership, character, and academic skills necessary to excel in a global arena.

Families are an integral part of the educational process. In recognition of this important role, family involvement is actively sought, encouraged, and welcomed.

Business and community partnerships greatly enhance students' learning experiences and educational opportunities. Partnerships offer students opportunities to apply their learning to real-world situations.

Schools serve as community hubs, places where the community gathers to celebrate and improve learning and to enjoy art, music, sports, public speaking, drama, and other school-related activities. The use of school facilities by the community is encouraged.

School facilities are a reflection of the entire community. We provide students with the educational tools to meet the technological demands of the future and the social skills to function in a culturally diverse society.

Milestales

Milestales is a publishing, media, and education consulting firm that strives to provide stories that help us to grow emotionally, physically, and mentally so that we can achieve our greatest dreams, both individually and collectively. Milestales achieves this aim by producing socially conscious and culturally aware books and media.

Additionally, Milestales provides training sessions, workshops, performances, arts residencies, and enrichment programs to schools, universities, organizations, and corporations.

Through its network of artists, educators, academics, and thought leaders, Milestales services a number of clients including the New York City Department of Education, State University of New York, GEAR UP at Nassau Community College, Nassau BOCES, Eastern Suffolk BOCES, and other school districts, organizations, and corporations.

Arts and enrichment programs offered include storytelling, publishing, college and career readiness, entrepreneurship, vocal music, meditation, chess, African djembe drumming, and STEM. Training sessions surround diversity and inclusion, social and emotional learning, respect for all (bullying prevention), sexual autonomy (sexual violence prevention), culturally responsive education, supporting students with special needs, mindfulness, and much more. Moreover, Milestales offers a number of storytelling and musical performances by New York's top talent.

Email: info@milestales.com

Phone: 347-886-2026

Website: www.milestales.com

Other books by Milestones

All That We Need

Earthe's Gift

How to Deal with Kids

Sunne's Gift

Sunne's Gift Spanish and English Activity Book: Libro de

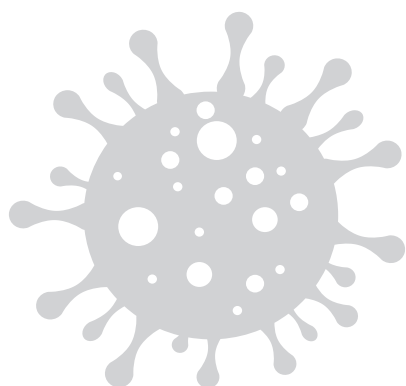
Actividades El Don de Sunne

The Talk: A Black Family's Conversation about Racism and Police Brutality



milestones

stories that help us grow the distance



STRONGER THAN COVID-19

Reflections on the 2019-2020 School Year
by Southern Trinity JUSD Community

Do you want to be inspired?

Look no further. In the pages of this book, you will find the poems, speeches, journal entries, and artwork of members of the Southern Trinity JUSD community, a small school district in California, that valiantly handled the transition to remote education during the COVID-19 crisis in the spring of 2020. You will laugh and cry as you experience the ups, downs, joys, and sorrows of students who had their way of life disrupted severely as they dealt with family illness, Zoom classes, parental job loss, illness, and sometimes death. But they supported each other, persevered, and proved to themselves and the world that they are stronger than COVID-19.

This book has been published as part of Milestales Publishing and Education Consulting's storytelling residency program entitled Storytelling for a Better World. It is a collaborative project between Milestales and Southern Trinity JUSD.

Other books by Milestales

- *All That We Need*
- *Earthe's Gift*
- *How to Deal with Kids: A Guide for Adults by a Kid*
- *Sunne's Gift*
- *Sunne's Gift Spanish and English Activity Book: Libro de Actividades El Don de Sunne*
- *The Talk: A Black Family's Conversation about Racism and Police Brutality*



milestales

stories that help us grow the distance

www.milestales.com