



Helen Estock Elementary School

14741 North B Street • Tustin, California 92780 • (714) 730-7390

John Quigley
Old Glory
419 Pico Canyon Rd.
Stevenson Ranch, Ca. 91381

Dear Mr. Quigley,

Enclosed is the result of an assignment that I gave my fifth-grade students dealing with different perspectives. I don't know if you can recall, but on the night of Thanksgiving, I called up to you in the top of the tree and I mentioned my students would be writing.

Well here it is!

I am attempting to teach perspectives, not all that easy to do, especially with young students who only see the world from their eyes. The students wrote "I Am Poems" from a variety of perspectives and we came up with the conclusion that the tree must be saved. Some students even included some symbolism in their illustrations, which I especially enjoyed.

Learning about your plight through a number of perspectives is an excellent way to give the students a better understanding of the whole situation. Hopefully, my students will begin looking at the world around them from different perspectives, which will nurture their sensitivity for those who share different points of view.

Sincerely,

Steve Heermann
Fifth-Grade Teacher

P.S. On the reverse side of this notebook, is a group letter from my students.

Helen Estock Elementary
14741 North B. Street
Tustin, CA. 92780

To whom it may concern,

We are Mr. Heermann's class. Most of us are ten years old, and we are in fifth-grade. We attend Helen Estock Elementary School. We are all thinking about the tree. We know this is a difficult situation for you, however we would like to offer a solution to save the tree. In the next two paragraphs we will present a solution to save the tree.

You can knock down a few homes around the tree to make room for the road. Then you can give these people, who lost their homes, some incentives to make up for their loss. You can also make a compromise by moving the tree, however, it will probably die in the process. Our last solution would be to vote whether or not to keep the tree.

We have offered a number of solutions for saving the tree. However, we understand that some of these measures may be very costly. We hope you take our suggestions seriously. Thank you for reading our letter and we hope to hear from you shortly.

Sincerely,

Mr. Heermann's Students

Cynthia Chavero

I Am Poem

I am a future home owner

I wonder if the tree will be cut down.

I hear people saying they want thier homes.

I see the oak tree.

I want my house.

I am a rude person.

I pretend to want the tree cut down.

I feel sad for the tree.

I touch the ground.

I worry that they will cut down the tree

I cry for nothing.

I am mad.

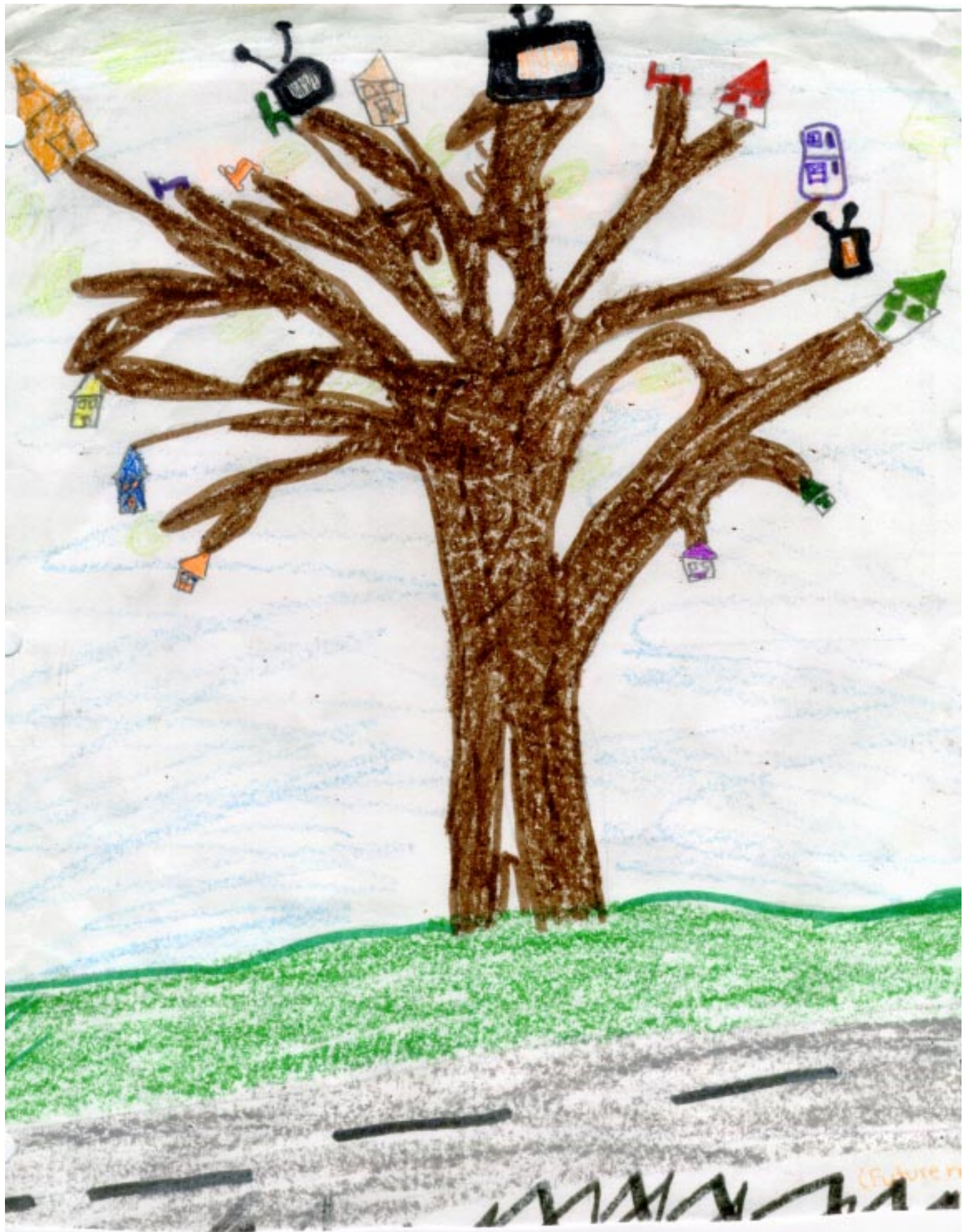
I understand many people dont want the tree cut down.

I say build my house.

I dream of a beautiful home.

I hope my house is very nice.

I am a future home owner



Fire Department
I Am Poem

Dorothy Phan

I am the fire department.

I wonder will anyone cut the oak tree "Old Glory".

I hear the leaves falling from the oak tree.

I see John Quigley on the tree.

I want other people to be responsible for taking John Quigley off the tree.

I am a good person.

I pretend I do everything correct.

I feel proud for doing the right things.

I touch my ladder on the fire truck.

I worry what will happen if I take John Quigley off the tree.

I cry when I do something wrong.

I am a hero in people's eyes.

I understand why John Quigley is protecting the old oak tree.

I say I am not going to take John Quigley off the tree.

I dream I am a brave hero.

I hope I'm doing the right thing.

I am brave.



Name: Misa To Kawakami
I Am Poem Squirrel

I am a squirrel.

I wonder why the people want to cut down my home.

I hear John Quigley moving around on the tree.

I see people looking at the tree.

I want to tell the tree cutters not to cut the tree down.

I am a creature

I pretend the people don't even want to cut down the tree.

I feel sad that they might cut and ruin my home.

I touch the leaves of the old tree, probably for the last time.

I worry about the other animals who live in the precious tree.

I cry "Leave the tree alone".

I am worried.

I understand if they must cut down this tree, I will be miserable for the rest of my life.

I say I should be hoping hard not to be kicked out.

I dream of a peaceful home, here.

I hope the tree huggers help.

I am a sad, worried, scared squirrel.



~~Salvador Salmeron~~
I Am Poem

I am Bill Rattazzi

I wonder if I'm going to be rich

I hear people say don't cut the tree down

I see leaves on the tree as money

I want to cut the tree down

I am from the company

I pretend to be rich

I feel like cutting the tree down

I touch my new home

I worry that the tree is still going to be there

I cry because I think the tree is not going to be cut down

I am a very mean person

I understand Why John Quigly doesn't want the tree to be cut down

I say the tree goes down tomorrow

I dream to be very rich

I hope John Quigly joins me to cut the tree down

I am not a good person

Salvador Salazar



I Am Poem

I am a skinny insect

I wonder if I will get bigger

I hear a mechanical saw cutting down a tree

I see the gigantic tree "Old Glory"

I want to be as huge as the tree

I am useless

I pretend that I am the world's

I feel some of the roots on my stomach

I touch the leaves that fell off of the tree

I worry if they will cut down the tree

I cry when they cut down the tree

I am a helpless insect

I understand if they cut down the tree

I say nothing cause I can't talk

I dream that I will live in the tree with John Quigley

I hope that I will be big

I am an earthworm

"Old Glory"

I Am Poem

Dana Lynn
12-4-02

I am the oak tree.

I wonder if I will live a long life.

I hear John Quigley humming on my trunks.

I see the people in the neighborhood support me.

I want to be very happy.

I am "Old Glory".

I pretend to be a tree that is loved.

I feel John Quigley climbing up my trunk.

I touch the wind with my branches.

I worry because I might get cut down.

I cry when I hear them saying "cut her down".

I am a loving oak tree.

I understand when they say they will cut me down.

I say that I will live long.

I dream of everyone saying "Don't cut her down".

I hope that I will not get cut down

I am a good tree to people.



Old Glory I Am Poem

I am a future home owner

I wonder when they'll cut the tree

I hear John Quigly humming up in the tree

I see people arguing on the street

I want to cut down the tree

I am a rich man

I pretend that I'm swimming in my pool

I feel furious

I touch the glass of my car as I look outside

I worry that the tree cutters won't have a chance to cut the tree.

I cry for my new house

I am a patient man

I understand it will take a long time until the tree is gone

I say to the government to help us future home owners

I dream of my house

I hope the tree huggers give up soon

I am a man who wants his beautiful house.



Squirrel
I Am Poem

Stephanie
Aranda
12-4-02

I am a curious, fuzzy, brown squirrel.

I wonder why that man is sitting on the tree.

I hear a lot of people talking.

I see people chattering down below.

I want them to go away from this tree.

I am sitting on top of thinking of what they're talking about.

I pretend the people down below will go away.

I feel the fragile branches as I run down to take a closer look.

I touch the hard trunk of the tree as I run down.

I worry that the tree will be cut down.

I cry because they might destroy my home.

I am an innocent squirrel.

I understand that they're trying to cut down my home.

I say the tree shouldn't be cut down.

I dream that the tree will stand.

I hope I will live through this.

I am a concerned squirrel.



Susan Deeb
12/4/02

I Am Poem

I am a tree hugger.

I wonder why they want to cut down the tree.

I hear John Quigly humming a sweet song up in the tree

I see the beautiful oak tree in front of me.

I want to stop the tree cutters from cutting down the tree.

I am a good guy.

I pretend that nothing is going wrong and that they won't cut down the tree.

I feel a breeze blowing at my face.

I touch the tree leaves very delicately.

I worry that the government might agree with John Laing Homes

I cry a lot and hope that nothing will happen to my beautiful tree.

I am hoping that some people will sew the tree cutters

I understand that sooner or later the tree will get cut down, but I'm sad about it.

I say that if they cut it down I will cry and cry like crazy!

I dream that everybody will forget about the tree and not cut it down.

I hope they will think about trees more than about homes being built.

I am a tree hugger that is innocent



Mehdi

I Am Poem

I am John Quigley

I wonder if they will cut down the tree?

I hear The cars.

I see people watching me.

I want The tree to stay alive.

I am Smelly.

I pretend To be the tree.

I feel the Branches.

I touch the leaves.

I worry that they will cut down the tree?

I cry out, "don't take me down."

I am The good guy

I understand that the Bill Rattazzi want houses.

I say "Save Old Glory!"

I dream that they won't cut the tree down

I hope this tree lives

I am not getting off this tree.

I Am Poem

I am a tree cutter.

I wonder if I am going to cut the tree.

I hear people talking about the tree.

I see the tree.

I want to cut the tree.

I am bad.

I pretend not to hear the people.

I feel good.

I touch the tree.

I worry about cutting the tree.

I cry to cut the tree.

I am glad.

I understand people don't want me to cut the tree.

I say we have to cut the tree.

I dream to cut the tree.

I hope I cut the tree.

I am happy.



E-2 5th Mr. Heermann
I Am Poem

Neil Patel December 4, 2002

I am John Quigly.

I wonder if I can stay there forever.

I hear cars going by.

I see people sitting and leaning beside the tree.

I want the tree to be safe.

I am the guy who lives on top of the tree.

I pretend that I am not living here.

I feel the branches.

I touch squirrels that come climbing up.

I worry that the tree might die.

I cry whenever someone mentions about destroying this tree.

I am the guy that is going to live here until a solution is made.

I understand that the people might cut the tree.

I say if I can live there my whole life.

I dream that I can live there forever.

I hope I can live as long I want to.

I am John Quigly.



I Am Poem

I am an earthworm

I wonder why its natural that I live in the dirt

I hear rocks being thrown around by kids

I see blackness

I want to be bigger

I am a powerful cool bug

I pretend to be a stick on the road

I feel the dirt on my belly

I touch nothing because I have no arms

I worry about the tree

I cry because they want to destroy my home

I am naked

I understand that I make the soil richer

I say its wrong to cut down Old Glory for land improvement

I dream what will happen tomorrow

I hope that I live for a long time

I am an earthworm



I Am Poem

I am Bill Rattazzi from John Laing Homes.

I wonder if the people will want to cut down the tree.

I hear the wind.

I see the 400-year old Oak tree.

I want money.

I am a home owner.

I pretend to chop down that Oak tree.

I feel money in my hands.

I touch "Old Glory."

I worry too much.

I cry if they don't cut down the tree down.

I am going to be a rich man.

I understand that people don't want the tree cut down.

I say that we should cut the tree.

I dream of cutting down the Oak tree.

I hope to make a lot of money.

I am going to cut "Old Glory" down.



"Tree hugger" Dulce Cortez
I Am Poem

I am a hugger.

I wonder if the tree is going to die soon.

I hear the machine trying to cut it down.

I see the future home owners going on strike.

I want the bad people to have a heart for the tree.

I am a tree lover.

I pretend that I have no heart for the tree.

I feel I have butterflies in my stomach.

I touch the trunk, branches, and it leaves before they cut it down.

I worry that they might try to cut it down when John Quigley
and kill.

I cry that none of the animals will be alive after they cut it down.

I am a tree hugger

I understand that they want to make futures.

I say that we go on strike too.

I dream that they leave it there.

I hope that it lives.

I am a person who loves trees.



I Am Poem

I am a tree hugger.

I wonder when are they going to stop bugging the tree.

I hear the tree cring for help.

I see greedy people.

I want the tree to stay.

I am in touch with trees.

I pretend that everyone is a tree hugger

I feel the rough bark of "Old Glory."

I touch trees of all sorts.

I worry that the tree cutters will cut "Old Glory".

I cry if they cut Old Glory.

I am a tree lover.

I understand that they want to cut it down, but it is

not fair.
I say "Don't cut down the tree."

I dream that Old Groy will still stand in the future.

I hope my dream come true

I am a trees best friend.

Lizbeth De Nova
12/4/02

I Am Poem

I am Old Glory

I wonder what will happen with me

I hear the squirrels chattering upon my boughs

I see the bright blue sky

I want to be left in my home

I am an oak tree

I pretend theres nothing to worry about

I feel theres nothing to worry about

I touch the ground with my roots

I worry about surviving

I cry for my life

I am sad

I understand there are few possibilities

I say nothing

I dream of living

I hope that I survive this ordeal

I am a tree



I Am Poem

I am Old Glory.

I wonder if I will stay alive for a long time.

I hear John Quigley humming on my branches.

I see the neighborhood support me.

I want to be free.

I am an old oak tree.

I pretend that I am a tree that is loved.

I feel John Quigley climbing up my branches.

I touch the wind with my branches.

I worry about me getting cut down.

I cry when they say they will cut me down.

I am a loving oak tree

I understand that I might get cut down.

I say I will live long.

I dream of people saying "Don't cut her down".

I hope that they won't cut me down.

I am a generous oak tree.

"Old Glory" Karen Ramirez
I Am Poem

I am a neighbor

I wonder if they will cut the tree.

I hear people (John Laing Homes & his company) arguing.

I see "Old Glory".

I want the tree to stay there.

I am a good friend to the tree.

I pretend I don't see people fighting.

I feel my heart beating very fast.

I touch the big old tree.

I worry about the tree.

I cry when I'm sad.

I am a good person

I understand the tree will probably will be cut off.

I say don't cut the tree down.

I dream that the neighbors and I are with the tree.

I hope I hope the "Old Glory" will be standing in its
Place.

I am a person who cares about the tree.

Karen R.



I Am Poem MIKE ANTONVICH

I am Mike Antonvich

I wonder if Jhon Quigley will ever let the tree be cut down

I hear people protesting

I see a pile of money in my house

I want money to be donated to me

I am a Supervisor

I pretend that I had a pile of money in my house.

I feel very queezy letting Bill Ratazzi cut down that tree.

I touch money

I worry that people will see me as the bad guy

I cry for this to be over.

I am greedy

I understand that Jhon Quigley will never let the tree be cut down

I say ok cut down the tree

I dream to have a lot of money.

I hope I will be rich someday

I am Mike Antonvich

I Am Poem

Jessica D.

I am the tree cutter.

I wonder if someone is going to stop us from cutting the tree.

I hear people shouting out "don't cut the oak tree"!

I see people with signs.

I want lots of money.

I am going to cut the tree.

I pretend that John Quigley isn't on the tree.

I feel nothing but wood

I touch my saw that is sharp.

I worry that I will lose my job.

I cry with anger.

I am going to finish my job.

I understand that John Quigley has to stay up in the tree.

I say that we cut the tree right now.

I dream that we cut the tree and that I get my money.

I am the person that cuts the trees.



I Am Poem

I am a neighbor.

I wonder if they are going to cut the tree.

I hear that John Quigley doesn't want to get off the tree.

I see people trying to cut down the tree.

I want to go outside and see what's happening.

I am a neighbor of the oak tree.

I pretend to do my best.

I feel sad for what's happening.

I touch the tree and it is beautiful.

I worry their going to chop down the tree.

I cry thinking something bad will happen to the tree.

I am a neighbor and I feel bad.

I understand what is going on.

I say it's bad.

I dream they won't do it.

I hope it's not bad.

I am a good neighbor.

(Neighbor)

Rolfa Ortega



"Old Glory"
I Am Poem

Luis

I am an Oak tree.

I wonder Why Mike Antovich is so greedy.

I hear John Quigley trying to save me.

I see John Quigley on my branches.

I want to live.

I am the tree.

I pretend I'm the Empire state building.

I feel sad.

I touch the dirt and soil.

I worry I might be cut down.

I cry because they want to cut me down.

I am a sad tree.

I understand that they want to cut me down.

I say I have the right to stay alive.

I dream I won't be cut down.

I hope They don't cut me down

I am "Old Glory"

"Old Glory"

Luis



VINI Pableo
I Am Poem

I am Bill Ratazzi of John Laing Homes.

I wonder if I should cut down that tree.

I hear the leaves falling.

I see dollar signs in my eyes.

I want to sell homes.

I am a rich person.

I pretend I pretend to be good.

I feel the cold wind.

I touch my money.

I worry about my homes.

I cry if I don't sell homes.

I am a meany.

I understand people don't want the tree cut down.

I say cut that old tree.

I dream getting my Homes built.

I hope I can sell my homes

I am a house seller.



JOHN LAINO
HOMES

Brandon
I Am Poem

I am a future home owner.

I wonder when they are going to cut that tree.

I hear the leaves from the oak tree falling down.

I see my future home.

I want that tree cut down.

I am not a tree hugger.

I pretend to like the tree, but I don't.

I feel the walls of my home.

I touch the soft grass.

I worry if John Quigley makes the people not cut down the tree.

I cry if they don't build my home.

I am very mean.

I understand that John Quigley doesn't want the tree cut down, but want a home.

I say that I'm greedy.

I dream to live in a mansion

I hope they cut down that oak tree.

I am a future home owner

Cristina B

I Am Poem

I am John Quigley

I wonder if they will cut down the tree.

I hear birds in my tree.

I see people watching me from down below.

I want the tree to live.

I am the guy on the tree.

I pretend to live with the tree all my life.

I feel brave.

I touch the leaves on the tree.

I worry if I will die with the tree.

I cry because Bill Rattzi wants to cut the tree.

I am the good guy

I understand that some people love the tree.

I say "Save 'Old Glory'"

I dream that Bill Rattzi will let tree grow

I hope the tree will live long.

I am the person that sacrifices for the tree.



I am a cute, little, adorable, majestic, elegant, mini, furry, fuzzy, fluffy, tiny, wonderful, and brown squirrel!

I wonder what that man up there is doing in my home!

I hear the man up there in the tree, and the sounds of humans below talking.

I see people looking at the man, and children pointing at me.

I want everyone to leave this tree alone, and if anyone tries to do something bad things can get ugly.

I am happy to have “Old Glory” as a home, and I would be furious if someone wanted to cut down this tree... anyway if they cut it down they might even squash me!

I pretend to have a ton of nuts, and I marvel at “Old Glory’s” leaves and branches.

I feel the soft wind blow in my shiny golden brown hair, and the sounds of the sweet tree’s leaves rustle around.

I touch those beautiful leaves, and run up towards the man.

I worry about the tree’s safety so much that if you wish to even touch this tree you should arrange an appointment with the

I cry out to those annoying humans below, “ If you want this tree down why don’t you come and try because if you do I’ll go after you and pull out all your eyes with my teeth!”

I am screaming that a couple of times, but, of course, humans don’t listen to whatever we, the cute squirrels, have to say to them.

I understand what that man above is trying to do because I heard it on “Squirrel TV” (on channel 3,320)

I say to the man above as I run to him, “ Here, take this” and he tilts his head as I hand him an oak.

I dream of a glorious oak tree that’s in one piece and, full of huge squirrel ornaments!

I hope that will happen because I’m intent on keeping this tree, I mean it was passed down since my great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandfather!

I am wonderful, cute, little, fluffy, furry, fuzzy, mini, majestic, elegant, hyper, brown, and tiny squirrel

