



# BE KIND TO ALL THAT LIVE

ELDERS' WISDOM, *Children's Song*<sup>TM</sup> SONGBOOK  
VOLUME I



by **LARRY LONG**

in partnership with  
Eden Prairie Schools





# BE KIND TO ALL THAT LIVE

ELDERS' WISDOM,  
*Children's Song*<sup>TM</sup>

## SONGBOOK VOLUME I

*Featuring Elders' Stories, Photographs,  
Song Lyrics and Song Notation*





## BE KIND TO ALL THAT LIVE

*Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song Songbook: Volume I*

by Larry Long in partnership with Eden Prairie Schools

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To learn more about Elders Wisdom, Children's Song™ and to listen to the audio recordings from the songs featured in this songbook, visit [www.communitycelebration.org](http://www.communitycelebration.org).

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THE MCKNIGHT FOUNDATION



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# EDEN PRAIRIE HISTORY AND CULTURES COME TO LIFE

*Through Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song*

During the school year 2004-05, Eden Prairie Schools hosted a special artist-in-residency with Larry Long, the distinguished Smithsonian Folkways Singer/Songwriter. Through his "**Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song**" project five elementary schools celebrated the lives of 21 elders of the community who were honored as elders by the students and families. The elders were from both the new and older immigrant communities in addition to the original people of Minnesota.

Eden Prairie Schools experienced five magical moments during the 2004-05 school year thanks to the wonders of Larry Long. Larry created this celebration as a way to teach students through story and song about the remarkable people who live in our community. Each school identified four elders to honor. Each elder met with a classroom filled with excited fourth or fifth graders to share their story. Larry then worked with students to find the magic in each story and bring it to life through poetry and song.

The true magic happened when elders and families were invited to an evening where students shared their admiration of the elders through song. It was during that evening when amazing stories of diverse community members were unveiled. Each story and therefore each song was moving, heart-wrenching, and unique and special in its own way. Children learned first-hand about the history of Eden Prairie, the new history of the Somalis, how an Anishinabe Ojibwa Nation elder grew up in Minnesota, and the story of a Russian Jewish elder who faced many hardships in the former USSR. Each story brought history alive in a way that made us laugh and cry and learn together.

The "**Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song**" project was a wonderful vehicle for the diversity of cultures and compelling histories to be celebrated in a school setting with the families of the elders and the children coming together. Our participation with "**Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song**" has given us many lasting images. It has given us stories that will continue to be used in our classrooms to teach about history and determination and compassion. It has given us songs to remind us that each of us is a hero or heroine. "**Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song**" is a celebration of life and life's stories and the five magical moments of 2005 still blaze in our mind and heart today.

This songbook is a special remembrance for future classrooms and generations to use and appreciate and is dedicated to the 25 amazing elders who shared their life story so that we all may learn from their life lessons.

*With fond memories and warm regards,*

*Nanette Missaghi & Larry Leebens*



## INTRODUCTION BY LARRY LONG

For the past thirty years I have traveled the world over with a guitar and song, working both in small towns and urban centers.

I often tell people, "I was born a southern Baptist. Raised in the arms of the Jewish community. Adopted by Franciscans. Rediscovered my relationship to creation in a Dakota sweat lodge."

As Mark Twain wrote, "Travel destroys prejudice."

In many ways, this project with the Eden Prairie community brought me back home again. People are often under the impression that suburbs are entirely homogeneous. Where I grew up it wasn't so, and it's even more not so today.

I would like to share with you a story of my youth. When I was thirteen years of age, my father passed away in a neighborhood not far from Eden Prairie. Good neighbors like those being honored in this songbook helped my family with food and letters of comfort. One of those letters of comfort came from my Little League coach, Mr. Mayeda.

Thirty years after my father's death I came upon Mr. Mayeda's letter. I was so moved by his words that I sought him out. He had moved to Oceanside, California. He was terminally ill. I called and thanked him for his letter of comfort to me when my father passed and for his years of volunteering as my Little League coach.

Mr. Mayeda said to me, "Larry, my family was part of the 125,000 Japanese Americans placed into internment camps during World War II. I have one favor to ask. Could you please write a song about the Japanese-American internment camps?" I promised Mr. Mayeda I would. He passed away soon thereafter.

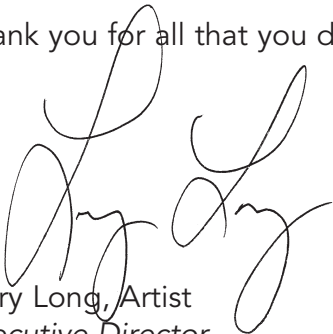
In his honor, I visited the Manzanar Internment Camp in California and read books about the Japanese-American experience with hopes of inspiration. Nothing came in the way of a song, until now.

During my residency in Eden Prairie, Mrs. Helen Tsuchiya, the grandmother of a child in one of my classrooms, shared her Japanese-American internment story with the children. After she spoke, I discovered that her husband and she were best friends with Mr. Mayeda and his family. Not only that, but her husband coached with Mr. Mayeda in the Babe Ruth League!

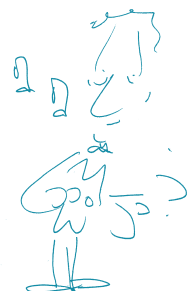
The last song and name of this collection, "Be Kind To All That Live," not only honors Mrs. Tsuchiya, but also is a fulfillment of the promise made to my Little League coach, Mr. Mayeda.

In the same spirit, we open this collection with "Duty, Honor, Courage" for the volunteers of the Eden Prairie Fire Department who represent the many lifelong volunteers that make a community safe and whole.

Thank you for all that you do,



Larry Long, Artist  
Executive Director  
Community Celebration of Place  
[www.communitycelebration.org](http://www.communitycelebration.org)

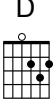
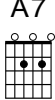





# EDEN PRAIRIE FIRE DEPARTMENT

# DUTY, HONOR, COURAGE

Words & Music by LARRY LONG

(VERSE)  



Here's to the peo-ple who put out the fires,  
hel - mets of white, red yel - low, and black,






who fall in - to line, seem ne-ver to tire. In  
when they go in might ne-ver come back.

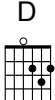
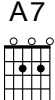



Walk-ing through fire, when dan - ger is near.



To vo - lun - teer, year af - ter year with



a wa - ter - hose as a life line,



11 **A7** **D** (CHORUS)

nev - er to leave their bud - dy be - hind. Du - ty and

13 **G** **D** **A7**

ho - nor, ho - nor cou - rage. Du - ty and

15 **A7** **D**

ho - nor, ho - nor cou - rage.

17 **F#m** **Bm** (BRIDGE)

We are in trou - ble down here, there's blood in the dirt

19 **F#m** **A** **G** **D** **Em**

look - ing up to the sky for help on this earth.





# DUTY, HONOR, COURAGE

## *Honoring the Eden Prairie Fire Department*

Here's to the people  
who put out the fires  
Who fall into line  
seem never to tire  
In helmets of white, red  
yellow, and black  
When they go in  
might never come back

Walking through fire,  
when danger is near  
To volunteer,  
year after year  
With a water-hose,  
as a life line  
Never to leave  
their buddy behind

### *Duty, Honor, Courage*

We are in trouble down here  
There's blood in the dirt  
Looking up to the sky  
For help on this earth

First responders and EMT's  
Neighbors, classmates,  
and family  
Soon to go in  
to the base of that tower  
Everything in life  
has a golden hour

Suicide, stroke,  
a heart attack  
A Senator in a plane crash  
Surrounded by flames  
above a crib  
A fire fighter  
now holding him

### *Duty, Honor, Courage*

We cannot summon the rain  
Nor make the wind blow  
But we can raise up a fire  
Know your way out.  
Stop, drop, and roll.

Please don't hide  
under your bed  
Crawl low and go  
to stars overhead  
With your family  
away from harm  
Change those batteries  
in your fire alarm

Train like a team,  
no time to freelance  
Nobody's life  
should be left to chance  
Count to five  
when you're in a rush  
Give thanks to those  
in them fire trucks

### *Duty, Honor, Courage*

Words & Music by LARRY LONG





CEDAR RIDGE



**LISA BELLANGER**

Anishinabe Ojibwa Teacher and Activist

# LISA BELLANGER

My English name is Lisa Bellanger. I was born in Cass Lake, Minnesota on the Leech Lake Reservation in October, at 11:40 pm, in 1961. I was born 20 minutes before Columbus Day. I am second degree Medewiwin. It is our spiritual society. My spirit name is Young Links Woman and I am from the Martin Clan. A martin is like a fox. I am from the White Earth Nation in Northern Minnesota. I live in Minneapolis now.

I went to school during the year in the cities, but in the summers I lived on the reservation with family and friends. We also traveled up to the reservation in the spring for maple sugar time and the fall for the wild rice season, so we could harvest the wild rice off of the lake, pick grapes, and go hunting.

I remember growing up and dancing with grandmothers. Women dance in a jingle dress, a healing dress, and there is healing power. The grandmas would wear this dress and you could only wear it if the grandmas picked you. We would dance in a row and a line through the crowd, around and by the people.

I went to school at Webster Elementary. I went to school with kids from other races. By third and fourth grade people started calling me names. I knew when they called me names it wasn't right. I got tired of being harassed and punched a boy in the eye. I'm not a fighter. It was not one of my happiest moments.

I went to a junior high called St. Paul Open School. This was a time when cultural groups began to take more pride in who they are. I helped form an Indian club at the school and a class on American Indian history. It was the beginning of my organizing years. I learned you had to come up with different ways to teach about equality.

I became involved in demonstrations and protests. One time, my son Jacob and I were watching the Minnesota Twins and the Atlanta Braves play ball in 1987. He saw them do the tomahawk chop. My son, said, "Why are they doing that?" Later, I was with other people and we were talking about the Braves and the World Series coming to the Twin Cities. I told them what my son Jake said, and they said, "He's right. We can't let them come here to the Twin Cities and do that!" I launched a huge demonstration which evolved from a little boy's idea of what was right.

We've been forced to put away Indian things and assimilate into the main culture. We have learned, though, that it is hard on our people, so we have to bring culture and traditions back. We believed in Ojibwa that when you are born you come to this earth with four things; your language, name, clan, and free will or choice. A horse will always be a horse, but as people, we have the power to change. We have a relationship to the earth and view water as important. Nothing can live without water.

MY SPIRIT  
NAME IS  
YOUNG LINKS  
WOMAN.

## WORDS OF ADVICE: Take the time to get to know other people.

What we share with each other and what we are willing to learn about each other will really make a difference as we grow old with people of other cultures.



# WHAT ARE THEY DOING THAT FOR

Honoring Lisa Bellanger

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and CHRISTI KAEHN'S  
3rd GRADE CLASS OF CEDAR RIDGE ELEMENTARY SHOOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

D A/C# Bm D

What are they do-ing that for? We don't do that.

3

D A/C# Bm D D A/C# Bm

What are they doing that for? We don't do that. My kids don't understand why some

6

D A/C# Bm D A/C# Bm D (VERSE)

people are un-kind What are they doing that for? We don't do that. I

9

Bm F#m

came from the Mar-tin Clan from the White Earth Na - tion up north.

11

Em F#7 Bm

To this sa-cred land where me-nomen grows. Bou - jou means hello.



14

F#m

Em

When Co-lum-bus came in - to our ho - ly land it

16

F#7

was a sad day.

WE DON'T DO THAT.  
 ... WE DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE UNKIND  
 MY KIDS DON'T





# WHAT ARE YOU DOING THAT FOR

*Honoring Lisa Bellanger*

## [CHORUS]

*What are they doing that for? We don't do that!  
My kids don't understand why some people are unkind  
What are they doing that for? We don't do that!*

I come from the Martin Clan  
From the White Earth Nation up north  
To this sacred land  
Where menomen (wild rice) grows  
Boujou means hello  
When Columbus came  
Into our holy land  
It was a sad day

(CHORUS)

I was born twenty minutes before  
Columbus Day  
Born Mdewawin (Traditional faith)  
Anishinabe (Ojibwa)  
Born with a birthmark  
On my back that looked like a bruise  
The nurses and doctors thought  
I was being abused

(CHORUS)

My mother she is good  
For her I do my best  
The grandmothers chose me  
To wear a jingle dress  
For the people who are in need

For the people who are ill  
When the women jingle dance  
The people they are healed

(CHORUS)

When someone calls you names  
It makes you feel bad  
When the teasing doesn't stop  
It makes you feel so mad  
The fist won't solve it at all  
I learned another way  
If they keep their tomahawk chop  
We'll boycott the Atlanta Braves!

(CHORUS)

Women carry life  
Water is the source  
For all that lives on earth  
With each birth there comes the force  
Of language, name, and clan  
Freewill and choice  
To give honor to this land  
To give honor to this voice

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Christi Kaehn's 3rd grade  
class of Cedar Ridge Elementary  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)





**THU NUY NGUYEN**

.....

South Vietnamese Veteran  
and Reeducation Camp Survivor

# THU VAN NGUYEN

My name is Thu Van Nguyen. I was born on February 13, 1946 in Vietnam. I come from a large extended family, most of whom still reside there. I live in Chanhassen with my wife. We have four children.

I will begin my story as an 18-year-old. I was called by the government to fight in the war. I did not have a choice. They sent me off for training and stationed me in a city called Camranh. I fought in the DMZ (Demilitarized Zone). In 1975, the communists took over so we were moved to Vungtau. Later we were sent to the Philippines and then to Guam.

I stayed in Guam for six months but longed to be with my family. I made the decision to return to Vietnam, even though it entailed being sent to a reeducation camp, a horrible prison. It was the only path I could take that held the hope of reuniting [me] with loved ones. I felt it was better to die with my family than to die alone.

I had no idea that my journey home would take five grueling years. I traveled by boat along with 1,632 others. When we were finally allowed to port, the communist government stripped us of everything we had. They loaded us into buses, windows closed and blocked. The bus led us to the jungles of Vietnam where we would have no contact with the outside world. Many died. Their families never even knew they were there. Reading the Bible was my only nourishment. My faith in God is the only explanation I have for my survival.

In 1980, five years after I had arrived, my prayers were answered. I “graduated” from camp. The government still followed me, watched me, and studied me. They told me I had to farm, though I did not know how. But I was finally back with family. That was all that mattered.

In 1995, we were the last family granted citizenship to the United States as a result of a government-sponsored program. We started our new life in Chanhassen. I got a job that paid \$8.00 an hour. It was hard to raise a family and repay our government loan on that salary.

Then I got a job at Cedar Ridge that had health benefits. I have been working there since 1997. My life is good now. My son attends the University of Minnesota. He is studying to be a designer of houses. My oldest son has a family. My youngest son and daughter go to school in Chaska. My wife works for Eden Prairie Schools as well.

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** You don’t know how lucky you are to live in a free country. Try to study very hard and get a good education. Give back to your country. Give back to your parents. You have a bright future.

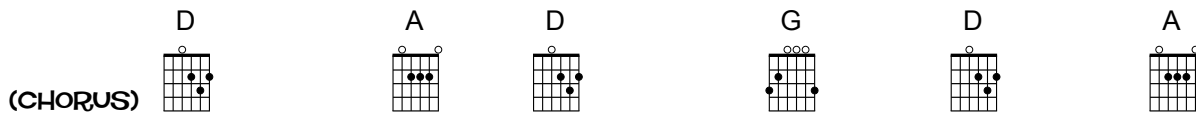
I WAS CALLED BY THE GOVERNMENT TO FIGHT IN THE WAR...



# YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE TO LIVE IN A FREE COUNTRY

*Honoring Thu Van Nguyen*

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and KATY ANDERSON'S  
4th GRADE CLASS OF CEDAR RIDGE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)



You don't know how lu - cky you are to live in a free



(VERSE)



coun - try.

Dad was a fi - sher-man.

We

were Ca - tho - lic.

So



lived by the sea

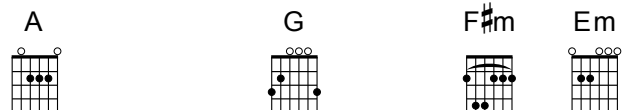
with five sis - ters,

Dad,

when the com - mu - nists

took con - trol of the north

we



Mom, and me.

We chose to re - sist.

You



# YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE

*Honoring Thu Van Nguyen*

[CHORUS]

*You don't know how lucky you are to live in a free country*

Dad was a fisherman  
We lived by the sea  
With five sisters  
Dad, mom, and me  
We were Catholic  
So when the communists  
Took control of the north  
We chose to resist

(CHORUS)

First the Japanese  
Then came the French  
Then the Americans  
By plane and by ship  
We lived in times of war  
Dressed in black, brown, or  
green  
When the planes soared  
above  
We would not be seen

(CHORUS)

At the market Dad would  
shout  
Face down to the ground  
Pretend you are dead  
Pray the bombs don't come  
down  
By day we belonged  
To the armies of the South  
By night the Vietcong  
Traveled about

(CHORUS)

We all went to war  
We didn't have a choice  
We didn't know why  
We didn't have a voice  
Sent to the DMZ  
A sailor at sea  
When the country fell  
No refuge for me

(CHORUS)

Waves of people pressing  
down  
So many could not swim  
Nothing but a mass grave  
When the war did end  
Took us to the Philippines  
Got transferred to Guam  
I missed my family  
Back in Vietnam

(CHORUS)

1,500 women and men  
Returned to Vungtau  
They put us in one room  
They made us write down  
What position we were in  
What rank and where we  
served  
After that we were sent  
To a place no one  
deserves

(CHORUS)

Worked eight hour days  
Mixed mud to make bricks  
Two bowls of rice a day  
Thousands died or got sick  
With beds of bamboo  
30 men to a room  
Your life was on the line  
If you talked or if you  
moved

(CHORUS)

Had to study Karl Marx  
Learn about Ho Chi Minh  
With Jesus in my heart  
I had a special friend  
I hid the rosary  
On a ledge in my room  
At the end of the day  
Asked God to guide me  
through

(CHORUS)

After five long years  
Dreams became reality  
Was released from the  
camp  
To join my family  
Invited to the States  
Became a citizen  
So thankful am I  
My new life has begun

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Katy Anderson's 4th grade  
class of Cedar Ridge Elementary  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)







# GLORIA WINANS

African-American Historian  
and Celebrator of Diversity



# GLORIA WINANS

---

My name is Gloria Winans. I was born with the name Gloria Hamilton. I'm 61 years old. Does that seem real old? It's kind of in the middle. I am married now and the mother of two children. I have a boy who is 41 and a girl who is 36 years old. I have two granddaughters. They are 17 and 11.

I was born in Nebraska. When I was in 3rd grade, I lived in South Sioux City, Nebraska. In 1948, there weren't a lot of African Americans living in Nebraska. I was one of two children who were brown. It was very special to be just two of you in the class. The teacher and other friends were mostly white. We came to Minnesota because of work.

I want you to know how I am brown. My mom and dad are from a different country. Both of them are brown and that's why I am brown. In order to be brown and not totally white, there are two colors mixing together. My mom's mom was white. Her dad, he was brown. My dad's mom was also white. Her dad's dad was black. So that's how we all got brown. You get brown because you are mixing together. What kind of brown am I? I would think I'm caramel, or honey. Honey brown caramel.

We call ourselves African-American. That's because people who are from Africa came here years ago. It wasn't a pleasant journey. Anyone who is African-American, that's how they first came long ago. We came across the Atlantic Ocean into the Caribbean, Jamaica, and Cuba to work. Some came to the United States to work. Do you know what kind of work they did? Lots of ladies washed clothes. Other people cut down trees to make houses. They picked cotton. In the warm climate there were big fields of cotton. Cotton makes our clothes.

What is it like when you're the only one? You might not have any friends to play with. They might tease you. They might say you look kind of weird. They might not say it, but think it. If you work with your family and talk to them, you will find out it is not lonely, and you can be friends with anyone you want to be friends with.

That's what makes friends—someone who is friendly and knows how to be kind and how to be honest. The friendship is about what kind of person you are. I love people no matter who they are. It doesn't matter to me. If someone has a good heart, I will treat him or her right. Friendship doesn't have a color. Friendship is how you treat other people.

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Two things, one is about reading. Read a little bit of everything so you can broaden your thinking. If you see a new publication and book, read it and find out what it is about. I like reading biographies.

My second point is about friendship. Friendship has no color. You can make friends with anyone you meet. Friends are honest people with whom you share something in common. You can find friends all around.

I WANT YOU  
TO KNOW HOW  
I AM BROWN.



# THE WHOLE WORLD AROUND

Honoring Gloria Winans

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and MATT HARDEY'S  
3rd GRADE CLASS OF CEDAR RIDGE ELEMENTARY SHOOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

C D F# G C D F# G

The whole world a - round is filled with ma - ny hues. The

6 C D F# G C D C (VERSE)

whole world a - round is all mixed up like me and you.

12 C G

In or - der to be brown, not to - tal - ly white, there are two co - l - ors mix - ing to - geth - er.

16 E F#

My mom's mom was white. Her dad he was brown. My dad's mom was brown

19 G D A D D C G B Am

His dad's dad was black And that's why I'm brown.



# THE WHOLE WORLD AROUND

*Honoring Gloria Winans*

## [CHORUS]

*The whole world around  
Is filled with many hues  
The whole world around  
Is all mixed up like me and you*

In order to be brown  
Not totally white  
There are two colors  
Mixing together  
My Mom's Mom was white  
Her Dad he was brown  
My Dad's Mom was brown  
His Dad's Dad was black  
And that's why I'm brown

(CHORUS)

Some of my family  
Came from Africa  
Across the Atlantic  
To the Caribbean  
Jamaica, Cuba  
To the U.S.A.  
To pick cotton  
To make clothing  
Back when we were slaves

(CHORUS)

There were only two  
African-Americans  
In my classroom  
When I was younger  
Some thought I looked weird  
But through talking

With my Mom and Dad  
I got through it  
With friends who care

(CHORUS)

There are lots of browns  
In this world of ours  
Caramel, honey brown  
White milk chocolate Hershey Bar  
Each of them sure taste good  
I like all kinds of foods  
You can be friends with  
Anyone you want to  
Be kind to all that lives

(CHORUS)

We are Italian  
English, Scandinavian,  
Czech, Slavic, Chinese  
Korean, South Indian  
Egyptian, Peruvian  
First Nation, Mexican,  
Greek, Hungarian,  
A Good Samaritan  
African, American, too

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Matt Hardy's 3<sup>rd</sup> Grade  
Class of Cedar Ridge Elementary  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)





# **MARIE WITTENBERG**

Lifelong Eden Prairie Resident  
and Pioneer Days Historian

# MARIE WITTENBERG

---

My name is Marie Wittenberg. I was born in 1935. My mother was a Mitchell and came from Ireland. My father was from Germany. I have lived in Eden Prairie my whole life. My childhood farmhouse was red brick, built in 1860. It was where Cedar Hills Golf Course was later built. I lived there with my parents and two sisters until 1954.

I attended the Eden Prairie School. It was a grade school and high school. It was where Central Kindergarten is now. We took the bus to school. It had a wonderful gymnasium. Lots of our activities revolved around the school.

It was a safe and good childhood living on the farm. We had a loving family. We never had a lock on the door. Mother worked hard being a housewife. She made delicious meals and baked goods on her cast iron stove. Dad was an excellent book-keeper, as well as a good dairy farmer. He worked hard in the fields, and also did chores like hauling wood and taking care of all the animals.

We grew much of our own food in the garden. Mother had a huge strawberry patch and would hire pickers and sell the berries at the market. Dad would deliver the crates to Shakopee. There was a large field where we grew cucumbers. That was when there was a pickle factory in Eden Prairie. We survived completely on our farm.

We had beautiful trees on our farm. There was an apple orchard, with beautiful blossoms in the spring. I would go there to smell them. I would pick flowers and play with my dolls. I would read by our creek. There were birds all over.

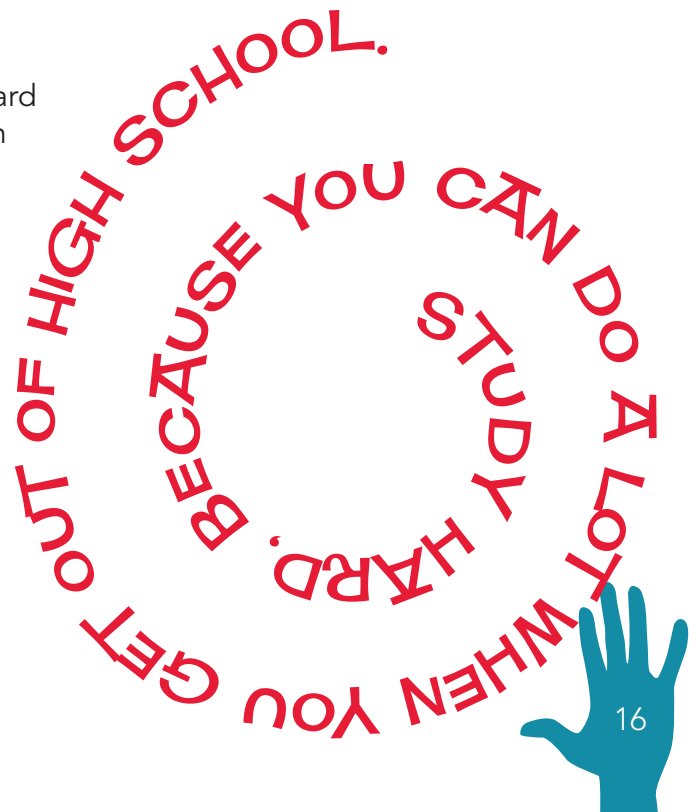
I helped with chores. I set the table, helped with cooking, hung rugs on the clothesline and beat them. I even drove the tractor.

We were dirt poor during the depression, but we had anything we wanted. We were so fortunate. We never threw anything away. We didn't go into debt. We waited until we could afford something. There wasn't crime, or kids running away. We had fun with our neighbors and looked forward to getting together.

I was married for 47 years, until my husband died. I have my sisters, daughters and several grandchildren. The farmhouse I grew up in was bulldozed down one night to make room for Flying Cloud Airport. My family hadn't lived there for a long time.

I have written books about the history of Eden Prairie and am active with the Eden Prairie Historical Society. I am working hard to restore the Anderson School so people can visit this one-room schoolhouse.

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Study hard because you can do a lot when you get out of high school. You really need to go to college.

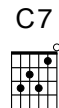
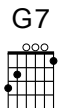
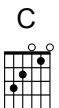
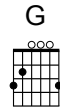
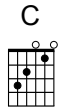


# I COME FROM A LONG LINE OF OLD TIMES

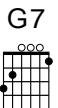
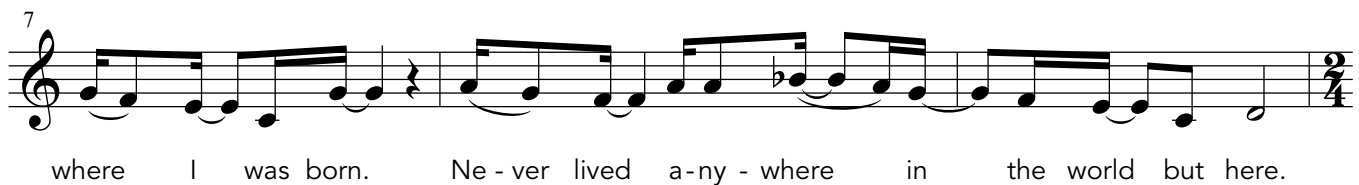
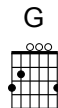
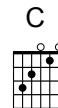
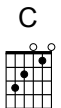
Honoring Marie Wittenberg

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and GINNY LEPPART'S  
3rd GRADE CLASS OF CEDAR RIDGE ELEMENTARY SHOOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)



(VERSE)





# I COME FROM A LONG LINE OF OLD TIMES

*Honoring Marie Wittenberg*

[CHORUS]

*I come from a long line of old times  
A long line of old times  
A long line of old times  
On Eden Prairie Road*

I still live three miles  
From where I was born  
Never lived anywhere  
In the world but here

(CHORUS)

The home I grew up in  
Was built in 1860  
A safe red brick house  
They bulldozed to the ground

(CHORUS)

My folks were stay at home people  
Socialized with neighbors  
On a sleigh ride with horses  
To church and school we'd ride

(CHORUS)

Mother was a housewife  
Life was tough back then  
She washed clothes on a washboard  
In a wash tub with a crank

(CHORUS)

We threw rugs over the clothesline  
Hit them with a rug beater  
Dad hauled wood to the kitchen  
To feed mother's iron stove

(CHORUS)

Wonderful things came out of that stove

Hot fudge and apple kuchen  
Homemade bread, chocolate frosting  
On yellow layered cake  
MMM—that's making me hungry

(CHORUS)

We had a patch of land for cucumbers  
We picked in the hot August sun  
It was the worst job ever  
I just hated those pickles

(CHORUS)

There was a big orchard  
With children riding horses  
Beautiful apple blossoms  
Falling like snow in the spring

(CHORUS)

The cows knew what you wanted  
Marie, Betty, Ruthy, and Daisy  
They clomped into the red barn  
With Dad at milking time  
*Thank goodness they weren't pigs!*

(CHORUS)

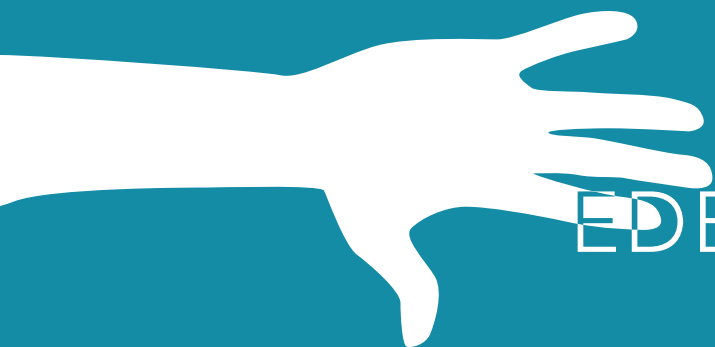
We really had a good childhood  
We had everything and didn't know it  
We didn't know we were dirt poor  
Satisfied with what we had

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Ginny Leppart's 3<sup>rd</sup> grade  
class of Cedar Ridge Elementary  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)





EDEN LAKE



# HELEN ANDERSON

Historian and Author of  
*Eden Prairie: The First 100 Years*



## HELEN ANDERSON

---

My name is Helen Anderson. I was born on July 23rd, 1911 in a town called Aitkin, Minnesota. I married Calvin Anderson and moved to Eden Prairie 65 years ago. At one time you couldn't step on any land east of Eden Prairie where there wasn't an Anderson living there.

When you go out in Eden Prairie today you see houses, churches, schools, apartment houses and business buildings; all the land is taken up except for land saved for parks which we are fortunate to have.

One hundred and seventy-five years ago this was the home of the Mdewakanton Dakota Sioux people. There were wild strawberries, blueberries, wild raspberries and cranberry bogs here. The Dakota called it Wa-shi-sha, "land of plenty." It was as beautiful as the Garden of Eden. They didn't realize something would happen to change their way of life.

Fortunately there was Mary Jane Hill Anderson, one of the first settlers in Eden Prairie, who wrote down about her journey in Eden Prairie. How lucky we are that she did that.

There was a potato famine in Ireland. Times were hard, so Robert Anderson and his wife, Mary Jane Hill, took a boat across the Atlantic Ocean. To get to Eden Prairie they had to come up the Mississippi River. When they got to St. Paul they piled all their things on a wagon and an oxen took them here.

I thought, if you don't have it written down people in the future won't know anything about it in the future. I wrote a book, *Eden Prairie: The First 100 Years*. In sixth grade you'll be studying this book.

I have one daughter, Mary Ellen, a biologist who teaches at the University, and one son, Paul Anderson, who is a judge on the Minnesota Supreme Court. One of my granddaughters, Uvania Anderson, teaches in this building. I love being a grandmother.

THE DAKOTA  
CALLED IT  
WA-SHI-SHA,  
"LAND OF  
PLENTY".

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Take time to read and forget about the television and enjoy books and be selective on books you pick. Enjoy reading and it will make you happy your whole life.



# EDEN PRAIRIE, I LOVE

Honoring Helen Anderson

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and MARK BROWN'S  
4th GRADE CLASSROOM OF EDEN LAKE ELEMENTARY SHOOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

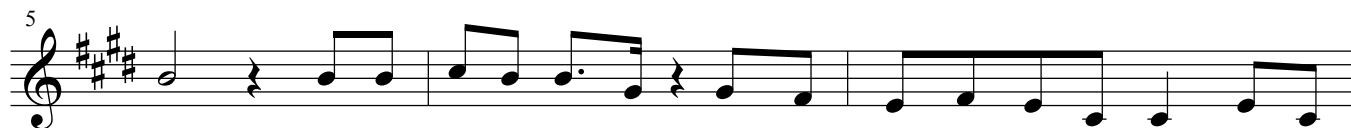
(VERSE)

E B E



She was born in Ire-land far a-way. From a-cross the A-tlan-tic she

B E A



came up the Mis-sis-sip-pi. Her great grand-son carr-ied me in this

B E E

(CHORUS)



land of E-den Prai-rie, I love. In this land that I

A G#m B



love. In this land of E-den Prai-rie, I love. With her



# EDEN PRAIRIE, I LOVE

*Inspired by Helen Anderson*

She was born in Ireland far away  
From across the Atlantic she came  
Up the Mississippi  
Her great grandson married me  
In this land of Eden Prairie, I love

With her husband on a sailing ship  
In the midst of a storm  
they almost flipped  
The Lord's good hand did lead  
Them in times of need  
In this land of Eden Prairie, I love

From New Orleans to Galena, Illinois  
With two sons,  
and a three-week old boy  
With one sheep and seven cows  
Oats and seeds, and a sow  
In this land of Eden Prairie, I love

Down trails worn by the Dakota  
To this land of plenty, Wa-si-sha  
To stake family homesteads  
Through mounds of the dead  
In this land of Eden Prairie, I love

Wild rice, and cranberry bogs  
Homes and barns in those days  
made of logs  
While the men squared logs in place  
A feast the women made  
In this land of Eden Prairie, I love

To make sure no child did without  
They built a one room school house  
With one teacher for all grades  
A spelling bee, a Christmas play  
In this land of Eden Prairie, I love

On a horse along Highway 5  
Her great-great-great  
granddaughter did ride  
Where the prairie grass stood tall  
There's now a shopping mall  
In this land of Eden Prairie I love

Take time to read and forget  
About looking at your TV set  
You can do anything you  
Set your mind to do  
In this land of Eden Prairie I love

Words by LARRY LONG

Music by LARRY LONG with Mark Brown 4th grade of  
Eden Lake Elementary School  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)







# **MOHAMED ESSA**

Refugee from Somalia and Community Worker

# MOHAMED ESSA

---

My name is Mohamed Essa. I am from Somalia. My people are from Somalia. I was born in Yemen, a country east of Africa. Somalia and Ethiopia are sometimes called the Horn of Africa because they look like an animal horn on the map of Africa. Africa has many beautiful animals, like lions and tigers.

In Somalia my people were very happy. When I was young my country had a government. In 1991, a group of people fought and drove our president from Somalia. Then many groups of people were fighting each other, each trying to choose the next president.

During the fighting people without guns ran away to other countries. Some people went to Ethiopia and Kenya. Some people came to the United States. The people in Somalia were fighting and starving and dying.

Our culture is different from some other cultures. In our culture, extended family members live together in a home. You live with your grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, your parents, your brothers and your sisters.

We are Muslims and follow Muslim traditions. We celebrate the month called Ramadan by fasting from sunrise to sunset.

We dress differently than many of you. Women cover their heads and bodies. They only show their feet, hands, and faces. In our religion respect is very important and one way we show respect is to pray five times a day.

When I came to America there were less than ten Somali people in Minnesota. Now there are 70,000 Somali people living in Minnesota. Many came from refugee camps and had nothing.

I help them find housing. We take children to school. People say, "When you go to Minnesota go to Mohamed Essa. He will help you." Now many of the Somali people have graduated from college and own shops, houses, and buildings.

I have lived in Eden Prairie for seven years. When we first came here my wife said, "No, we will not live here. It's too cold." We came and soon saw that it was a good place to live. It looks like back home. A lot of trees. It is friendly. It is beautiful.

SOMALIA AND  
ETHIOPIA ARE  
SOMETIMES  
CALLED THE  
HORN OF AFRICA

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Remember that you live in the biggest and strongest country of the world. Your education is the most important thing. Work hard. Do your homework. Do not put things off for tomorrow. In the future you can be whatever you want to be. The possibilities are endless.



# I WANT PEACE FOR MY PEOPLE OF SOMALIA

Honoring Mohamed Essa

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and CATHY McNAMARA'S  
3rd GRADE CLASSROOM OF EDEN LAKE ELEMENTARY SHOOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

D Bm F#m Bm

I want peace for my peo-ple, I want peace for my peo - ple, I want

D Bm A D A D (VERSE)

4 peace for my peo-ple, of So - ma - lia. I want ma - lia. My

G D G D

7 peo - ple were hap-py, and then start - ed fight - ing. My

G D G Asus4

9 peo - ple were starv-ing, run - ning and dy - ing.

A7

12 I want



# I WANT PEACE FOR MY PEOPLE OF SOMALIA

*Inspired by Mohamed Essa*

My people were happy  
And then started fighting  
My people were starving,  
Running and dying . . .

I want peace for my people (3x)  
Of Somalia

Those without guns started fleeing  
To Ethiopia  
Yemen and Kenya  
California, Minnesota . . .

I want peace for my people (3x)  
Of Somalia

Each year we keep fasting  
From sunrise to sundown  
For love everlasting  
To care for each other . . .

I want peace for my people (3x)  
Of Somalia

To be smart like a tiger  
To be quick, to be ready  
To be strong like a lion  
Loyal and steady

I want peace for my people (3x)  
Of Somalia

Grandmothers, grandfathers  
Grandsons, granddaughters  
Mothers, fathers  
Brothers, sisters

I want peace for my people (3x)  
Of Somalia

With heart, mind, and body  
We pray for the families  
For this land, for this nation  
For respect for each other

I want peace for my people (3x)  
Of Somalia

I WANT PEACE FOR MY PEOPLE OF SOMALIA  
I WANT PEACE FOR MY PEOPLE OF SOMALIA  
I WANT PEACE FOR MY PEOPLE OF SOMALIA

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Cathy McNamara's 3<sup>rd</sup>  
grade of Eden Lake Elementary School (Eden Prairie,  
Minnesota)





# BOB HALLET

Navy Veteran, Principal  
and Community Volunteer



## BOB HALLETT

---

My name is Bob Hallett. I was born 1937 in a little farming/railroad town called Glenwood, Minnesota. In the fall a lot of the farm kids were busy picking corn and in the spring planting seeds. Many of them only came to school half of the time because they needed to stay on the farm and work.

I was an only child. My dad worked on the railroad. He worked six days a week. He would always say the railroad runs 24 hours a day.

My mom was a piano teacher. She gave piano lessons to town and farm kids. Many farm families could not pay her in cash so they paid her in chickens and eggs. My dad took me fishing and hunting. My mother taught me to play the piano. My mom was fine arts and my dad was outdoors. I had both.

We all had many jobs to make extra money. I set pins in a bowling alley, delivered the *Star Tribune* newspaper, and detassled corn in the summer. When I was older I caddied at a golf course and worked in a drug store as a soda jerk.

When I graduated I joined the Navy. I was stationed aboard a big aircraft carrier. I visited Hawaii, Japan, Singapore and the Philippines. When I got out of the Navy, I went to St. Cloud State College to become a teacher. While I was in college I married my wife Jan. She was already a teacher.

In 1963, I started teaching in Eden Prairie. There were only 35 students in the graduating class at Eden Prairie. In fact, there were more horses in Eden Prairie than people. I taught fifth grade and then went to school to become a principal. I was the principal at Prairie View, Forest Hills, and Eden Lake.

If parents have confidence in the principal they have confidence in the school. If parents trust the principal, they feel comfortable with the teacher.

I was very busy during those years volunteering in the Lions Club, the Jaycees, the Hockey Association, our church and the city planning commission. I think leaders should live in the town where they work.

When we first moved to Eden Prairie we thought we would just stay two years and then move to a small town. Thirty-five years later we are still here. We have three sons: Craig, Scott, and Todd. They are all married and have children. Soon our sixth grandchild will be born. I love spending time with my wife and three boys. We've done a lot of fun things together over the years.

**IN THE FALL  
A LOT OF THE  
FARM KIDS  
WERE BUSY  
PICKING CORN.**

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Be nice to your parents and teachers. They both love you a lot. Tell your parents you love them. Tell them you think they are really nice. Your teachers really care about you. Work hard at school. Play hard and laugh and smile. And you'll do just fine.



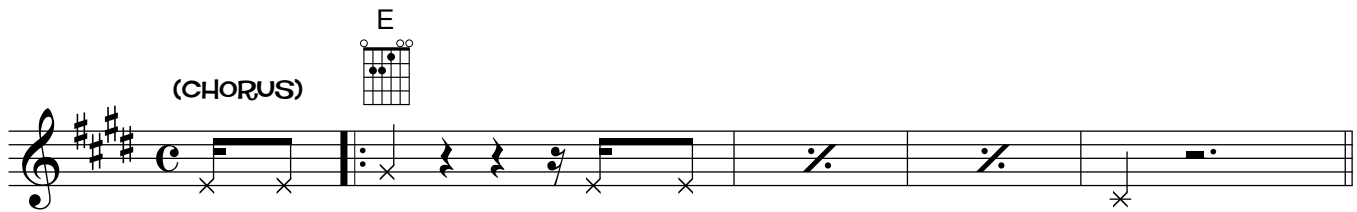
# YOU KNOW WHAT

Honoring Bob Hallett

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and KAREN FOGARTY'S  
4th GRADE CLASSROOM OF EDEN LAKE ELEMENTARY SHOOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

E



You know what?

You know

what?

(VERSE)

B

6

1, 2



I was born in a rail-road town. You could hear the train for miles a - round.

My dad said, "If you go to get a job on the rail - road,

8



My dad worked on a railroad line on the night shift work-in' all the time. You know  
it'll be the day I kickyou out." I can hear my dad shout! You know

A

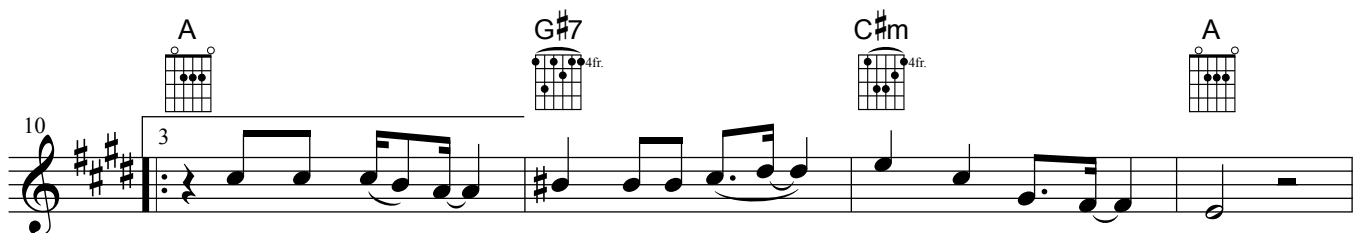
G#7

C#m

A

10

3



He was ne - ver a - ble to see me play base - ball.

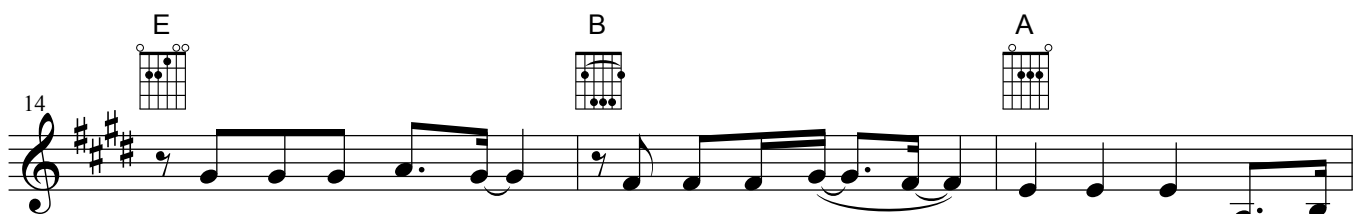
Mo - ther she taught pia - no. They could ne - ver date,

E

B

A

14



They had him work - in' four to mid-night his whole life long.  
so she went out by her - self 'cause Dad, he worked



17

E

1 2

late. You know

BORN IN A RAILROAD TOWN  
 ... AS BORN ...  
 ... COULD HEAR THE TRAINS  
 ... FOR MILES AROUND ...  
 YOU

# YOU KNOW WHAT?

*Inspired by Bob Hallett*

## **You know what? (4x)**

I was born in a railroad town.  
You could hear the train  
for miles around.  
My dad worked on a railroad line,  
On the night shift workin' all the time.

## **You know what? (4x)**

My dad said, "If you go  
To get a job on the railroad,  
It'll be the day I kick you out."  
I can hear my dad shout!

## **You know what? (4x)**

He was never - able to  
See me play baseball.  
They had him workin' - four to midnight  
His whole life long.

Mother, she - taught piano.  
They could never date.  
So she went out - by herself  
'Cause Dad, he worked late.

## **You know what? (4x)**

At the age of seventeen  
I joined up with the Navy.  
I saw the world, got set free,  
Went to college, got my degree.

## **You know what? (4x)**

Then I met a cute girl.  
She made my head twirl.  
She had a car, a job, some dough.  
We got married, and built a home.

## **You know what? (4x)**

We found work here in Eden Prairie  
Back in '63.  
There were more - horses than people,  
And that's just fine by me.  
My wife and I, we had children  
All boys: one, two, three.  
Lots of family - time together,  
And now - 6 grandkids on my knee.

## **You know what? (4x)**

Principal for 31 years  
Prairie View, Forest Hills, and here.  
Use to hunt where we are now.  
From family farms to a great big town.

## **You know what? (4x)**

Tell your parents, "I love you!"  
Do the best that you can do.  
Work and play hard all the time.  
Laugh and smile and you'll do fine.

## **You know what? (4x)**

A leader should live where they work  
And always volunteer,  
To give support to those who've given  
Us help year after year.

The greatest thing in my whole life  
Is my family  
Jack, Alex, Sam, Otis  
Jake, and Molly!

## **You know what? (4x)**

*Music by LARRY LONG*

*Words by LARRY LONG with Karen Fogarty's 4<sup>th</sup> grade of  
Eden Lake Elementary School  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)*





**MIRIAM LAY**

Chinese-Cuban American and Teacher

# MIRIAM LAY

---

My name is Miriam Lay. I was born in Cuba on November 4, 1938. My parents were Chinese. My dad was born in China. My mother was the first generation of Chinese born in Cuba.

The population of Cuba is mainly Spanish descent. During the colonization period, the native people were forced to do very hard work. Many died. Later, Africans were imported to the island by the Spaniards, to work on the plantations. In 1902, Cuba earned its independence. At that time, there was an immigration of Chinese to work in Cuba.

I have great memories of my childhood. I started Catholic school at seven. I was the first Chinese student in that school. The nuns had very high standards and values. After I graduated, I studied pharmacy at the University of Havana. My schooling was interrupted by the revolution.

I met my husband, Amando, while in college. He had already graduated and was practicing law. In April 1960, my mother died. In June of 1960 I was married.

The revolution occurred in 1959. I left Cuba in 1962 looking for freedom in the United States. You don't always know when you have freedom, but you feel it when you don't.

When we arrived in Miami we each had only two pairs of shoes, two changes of clothes...that was it. Our son, Amando Jr. was 11 months old. We were fortunate because a friend of my husband was already there to help us.

From Miami, we went to Denver. In Denver we were helped by the Presbyterian Church. We were young and did any kind of work. My husband took courses at Denver University. He was able to find a teaching position in Great Falls, Montana. Later he was hired by Gustavus Adolphus College in Northfield.

In Northfield, I worked for a local bank. I also did Spanish translation for the Green Giant Company. I went to Gustavus Adolphus and graduated with a business and economic degree.

After my husband retired, I found a job in Bloomington. Our son had graduated from college, so we moved to Eden Prairie. We've been here for 19 years. My favorite place is where God has put me.

What I always try to be is a human being. I don't think people should be labeled. The way you act in everyday life is how the person inside you develops.

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** My mother would say, "if you are going to give something to me, give it to me when I'm alive." Show respect for everyone...and love.



# I'M A CHINESE CUBAN AMERICAN

Honoring Miriam Lay

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and STEVE JOHNSON'S  
3rd GRADE CLASSROOM OF EDEN LAKE ELEMENTARY SHOOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

C F

I'm a Chi - nese Cu - ban A - me - ri - can. I'm a Chi - nese Cu - ban A -

C F C Am

me - ri - can. I'm a Chi - nese Cu - ban A me - ri - can. I'm a

C G C C7 F

(VERSE)

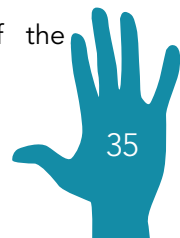
Chi - nese Cu - ban A - me - ri - can. I was born in Cu - ba not far from Ha -

C G

va - na. Co - lo - nized by the Spa - niards for hundreds of

C F

years. Af - ter they killed the na - tive peo - ple of the



C

G

15

is - land                      they      brought   in   the      A - fri - cans                      to   work   them   as

C

17

slaves.                      I'm   a





# I'M A CHINESE CUBAN AMERICAN

*Inspired by Miriam Lay*

I was born in Cuba  
Not far from Havana  
Colonized by the Spaniards  
for hundreds of years  
After they killed the native  
people of the island  
They brought in the Africans  
to work them as slaves  
**I'm a Chinese Cuban American (4x)**

My father came from China  
My mother from Cuba  
My father owned a grocery store  
My mother kept the books  
At home we spoke Spanish  
But my Dad had a funny  
Pronunciation  
But we understood  
**I'm a Chinese Cuban American (4x)**

I went to a Catholic school  
At the age of seven  
I was the first Chinese  
student in that school  
We wore white uniforms  
They were impeccable  
We were taught to work hard  
And to respect everyone  
**I'm a Chinese Cuban American (4x)**

We were a democracy  
Until Batiste  
Took power over Cuba  
Took our freedom away  
What you don't know when you have it  
You feel it when you don't  
When Castro took over  
We said, "Adios!"  
**I'm a Chinese Cuban American (4x)**

With my son and my husband  
We fled to Miami  
We had to start over  
We did all kinds of work  
My husband decided  
To go back to college  
To become a professor  
We moved way out west  
**I'm a Chinese Cuban American (4x)**

My favorite place on Earth is  
where God has put me  
We moved to Eden Prairie  
Not far from my work  
No one should be labeled  
Respect everybody  
How you act each day is  
what you become  
**I'm a Chinese Cuban American (4x)**

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Steve Johnson's 3rd grade  
of Eden Lake Elementary School  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)







FOREST HILLS 2004



**LESLIE ELLIS**

African-American Army Veteran  
and Medical Researcher

## LESLIE ELLIS

---

My name is Leslie Ellis. I was born many, many, many years ago in Richmond, Virginia in the year of 1927. First I would like to say thank you for inviting me here today. As I sit and see your beautiful faces, my thoughts go back to when I was your age. I must say that things are quite different today than when I was your age.

First, we had no cell phones in those days. We had a phone that was ugly and occupied space. Another thing we didn't have in those days was refrigeration like you have today. In those days we had the old ice box. When it comes to television, we never heard of it. We did have radios. We use to gather around and listen to stories and plays.

When I was your age, in the south we had segregation. The law stated that whites and blacks had to be separated. It was difficult at times to tell who was Caucasian and who was African American. Blacks had to live in a black neighborhood and whites in their neighborhood. We had to attend separate schools. We had to attend separate restaurants to eat. We even had segregation in the military.

I went to an all-black elementary school, an all-black high school, and a mostly all-black college. I earned my Bachelor of Science degree in biology. After college I worked in medical research and then went into public health. I retired around 1980. Since retiring I've been doing volunteer work for the cancer society and also with committees for my wife's memorial. My wife's name was Jean Harris. Jean was vice president of Control Data and mayor of Eden Prairie from 1995 until she died of cancer in December of 2001.

Jean played the piano and gave recitals. One day I saw advertisements on the trees and lamp posts around the city announcing her recital at my college. I looked at the posters and thought, "She's a pretty girl." I attended and after the concert her mother was standing outside talking to friends. I went up and I told her mother how much I enjoyed the concert. She said, "Wonderful, are you a musician?" I said, "I am studying piano a little, plus music theory and composition." She said, "Oh, you must come over to our house and play for us."

I started thinking, "Play for you. I can hardly play at all." I went over a week later to visit, because I wanted to meet Jean. I had my music under my arm. I was late and Jean said, "Well, you were going to play for us, but mother has gone to bed. It's getting late, but please play something for me." I took a seat on the piano bench and positioned myself. As my wife use to tell the story, I then proceeded to play with one finger.

We dated eight years. The parents questioned our intentions, so we got married after Jean finished medical school. We had two daughters. We moved to Minnesota in 1985.

Our guiding philosophy is to treat everyone on equal terms. It was our obligation to reach back and pull someone else forward. We felt we were lucky to have been able to achieve whatever we did.

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Study hard. Do your best. You have every opportunity to be who you want to be and do what you want to do. Set your sights high and reach for the stars.



# CHANGES

Honoring Leslie Ellis

Music by LARRY LONG  
 Words by LARRY LONG, KRISTIN CAYO and JAMIE PETERSON'S  
 3rd & 4th GRADE MULTI-AGE CLASSROOM OF  
 FOREST HILLS ELEMENTARY (Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

E A F#m B A B7

I would like to say thank you for invit - ing me here to be

E E A E

(VERSE)

with you. I would with you. I was sitt - ing, see - ing your  
 I find that I do re - call the

A B7 A B7

(CHORUS)

young beau - ti - ful fa - ces. chan - ges through the a - ges. I would

E A F#m B A B7 E

like to say thank you for invit - ing me here to be with you.





F#m C#m B A F#m C#m B A  
 E D# C# E D# C#  
 4fr. 4fr.

17

La la la la la la. La la la la la la.

A#dim G#m C#7  
 8fr. 4fr.

(BRIDGE 1)

21

Chan - ges; from big u - gly phones to cell phones  
 Chan - ges; te - le - vi - sion sets they weren't here yet, so we

F# E B F# F# E B F# B  
 D# C# D# C#

25

1 2

with - out wi - res. ga - thered a - round the ra - di - o.

B E F# G#m7 E F# B  
 A#

(BRIDGE 2)

31

Some - times I feel like I live bet - ween

B E F# G#m7 C#7 F#  
 A#

35

life as it is now and how it used to be. When



E C#m B G#m E C#m B G#m

39

I was young there was Jim Crow. If you were black, you had to go to

E C#m B G#m E C#m B G#m

43

separate schools, cafes to eat. That is why I believe, reach

C#7 F# E A

(CHORUS)

47

back and help some - one! I would like to say thank you for

F#m B A B7 E E

51

inviting me here to be with you I would with you

(INSTRUMENTAL) F# E C#m F# E C#m C#m

55







# CHANGES

*Ballad of Leslie Ellis*

## [CHORUS]

*My, my, my, my / Set your sights high  
My, my, my, my / Do your best and always try*

I would like to say thank you  
for inviting me  
here to be with you (2X)  
I was sitting, seeing your  
young beautiful faces  
I find that I do recall  
the changes through the  
ages  
I would like to say thank you  
for inviting me  
here to be with you

### *Changes*

From big ugly phones to  
cell phones  
Without wires  
*Changes*  
Television sets  
They weren't here yet  
So we gathered around the  
radio

Sometimes I feel like I live  
between  
life as it is now and how it  
used to be  
When I was young there  
was Jim Crow  
If you were black you had  
to go  
to separate schools, cafes  
to eat  
That is why I believe,  
reach back and help  
someone!

(CHORUS)

Life is like a poker game  
You play the hand you're  
dealt  
You play to win but if you  
lose  
You learn to help yourself  
Identify with like souls  
No matter what you do  
Open up your heart and  
mind  
Love will pull you through

(CHORUS)

Don't let your life just  
happen  
I'm telling you my friends  
Take a calculated risk  
No regrets in the end  
To retain some measure  
Of control over life  
Don't be a bystander  
Work hard like my wife

(CHORUS)

Be you man or woman  
Take care of yourself  
If you are not satisfied  
You can't help someone  
else

Big systems swallow you  
Don't let them bring you  
down  
To rise above the mundane  
Keep both feet on the  
ground

(CHORUS)

Skills we develop  
To help cultures progress  
Our task is to identify  
To make the whole world a  
success

Do everything within your  
power  
Without a doubt  
If you really want it  
Go for it flat out

(CHORUS)

Be it Russia, China  
Somalia, Mexico  
People are just people  
Look at us, it shows

The last and most important  
Of my dictums is don't miss  
The fun of simply living  
May your life be filled with  
bliss

(CHORUS)

I would like to say thank you  
for inviting me  
here to be with you

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Kristin Cayo & Jamie  
Peterson's 3rd & 4th grade multi-age classroom of  
Forest Hills Elementary School  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)





# JOAN SCHADEWALD

First Nation Brothertown Elder and Cowgirl

## JOAN SCHÄDEWÄLD

---

My name is Joan Schadewald. My maiden name was Welch. I was born in March 1933 at home in Redwood Falls, Minnesota. My dad and his family were all born in the same home. I was born in a four-room shack on a hill. It had a wood stove to cook on and a wood stove that heated the house. We had an outhouse and no running water, so we had to get our water from a well.

I loved living on the hill because the sun was warm and we saw lots of hawks and things above us flying down into the meadow. We had woods of our own. We had our cousins around it. It was a mini-reservation. We had a lot of freedom.

Life was fun and good and pleasant. I got my surprise when I started school. I learned they didn't want people from the hill in school. We were called names and pushed around. We learned that we were different.

I lived as a poor kid, but I didn't know I was poor. I was happy and didn't know I was unhappy. We would gather at grandmother's place and dance and sing. My uncle played violin, another played an accordion, and another played spoons on a wash-board. Everyone was laughing and having a good time. We didn't have television.

I was 23 years old when I got married, in 1956. Everyone got married at 18, so I was an old maid to them. I sold lumber until I got married. I wasn't allowed to work after I married because married women didn't work. I had to stay home. I had seven babies in ten years. I had Richard, Michael, Gregory, Bernetta, Karen, Kenneth, and Maureen. I now have 19 grandchildren.

My tribe is the Brothertown Nation. In my native tongue we call our people EEyam-quitto-wau-connuck. The Brothertown is a confederacy. We are made up of seven nations. They are the Mohegan (Mohegan, CN), Montauk (Long Island, New York), Niantic (pronounced "nahantic" (Niantic, CN)), Narragansett (Charlestown, R.I.), Tunxis (Farmington, CN), Pequots of Groton (CN), and Pequots of Stonington (CN). They decided that in order to survive we needed to be like the English.

I am an Indian and a cowgirl. My grandmother and mother performed in the rodeo back in the 20s and 30s. They traveled with wagons. They did sharpshooting and trick riding.

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** The best time of your life is right now, if you know or not. Try to appreciate it and don't look for negative things. Your life is long, but it is also short. If I dwell on the down side, I will always be miserable. Look for good things in others. If you are happy other people will be happy. Be contented. Spend time with those you love whenever you can.

# BROTHERTOWN

*Honoring Joan Schadewald*

Music by LARRY LONG  
 Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. STAMSON'S  
 4th GRADE CLASS OF FOREST HILLS ELEMENTARY  
 (Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

F C F C C

Bro-ther - town. Bro-ther - town. |

(VERSE)

C G B F C

6

come from a long proud fa - mi - ly, A se-ven na - tion con-fe-de-ra - cy,  
 he - gon, Mon - tauk, Ni - on - tic, Tunxis, Pe - quots, Nar-ro-gan - sett,

C G B Am Am

8

From Rhode Is - land, Con-nect-i-cut we come. of Bro-ther  
 are the ma-ny na - tions



# BROTHERTOWN

*Honoring Joan Schadewald*

Brothertown, Brothertown  
I come from a long, proud family  
A seven-nation confederacy  
From Rhode Island,  
Connecticut we come

Mohegan, Montauk, Niantic,  
Tunxis, Pequots, Narragansett,  
are the many nations of...  
*Brothertown, Brothertown*

Eeyamquittoowauconnuck  
We survived on more than luck  
Driven out when the  
wagon wheels did come

Out to the Michigan Territory  
Found land near Menominee  
A little ways east of Lake Winnebago  
*Brothertown, Brothertown*

Then they said we had to go  
Once again and leave our homes  
Unless U.S. citizens we become

When we did we lost it all  
So we moved to Redwood Falls  
Built a four-room shack up on the hill  
*Brothertown, Brothertown*

We heated water on a potbelly stove  
To take a bath in our home  
On Saturday night  
in a wood barrel tub

Whenever we went into town  
We were called names  
but we never backed down

If they picked on my sister and brother  
they picked on me  
*Brothertown, Brothertown*

From Minnesota to the Alamo  
Where a policeman said, "Hit the road.  
We don't want no dark-skinned  
people around here."

From rationed gas to horse meat  
From one pair of shoes on my feet  
To selling cards at the Hallmark Store  
*Brothertown. Brothertown*

To be a witness, involve the young  
In all of life, tell someone  
So the story is told for  
generations to come

From the Revolution to the Civil War  
From Vietnam to Desert Storm  
Now my grandson is fighting in Iraq  
*Brothertown. Brothertown*

It's not the money we have or lack  
We just want our nation back  
Speak the truth  
so we will not forget...

The best of time in life is now  
Don't let anyone bring you down  
Spend time with those you love  
whenever you can  
*Brothertown. Brothertown*

Music by LARRY LONG

Words LARRY LONG with Liz Stamson's 4th grade class of  
Forest Hills Elementary School  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)







# LEONID SONKIN

.....  
Ukrainian Jewish Immigrant, Siberian Labor Camp  
Survivor and Red Army Veteran



## LEONID SONKIN

---

My name is Leonid Sonkin. I was born June 5, 1931 in the Ukraine. World War II began in 1941. I was in the second grade. My father, Simon, went into the Red Army to fight the Nazis. In August 1941, he was killed in a huge battle.

When the Nazis invaded our city, my mother, sisters, and I were evacuated to work in Siberia. My mom, Gitta, worked day and night. I babysat my little sisters until 1943. When I turned twelve, I, too, went to work in the factory. There were a lot of kids working there. We put boxes under our feet to work, because we were so short. All of us slept, ate, and worked in that factory.

When the war ended we came back to the Ukraine. Everything was destroyed. The Nazis killed my grandparents. They put huge stones around their necks and lined them up along the river with other Jewish people; kids, babies, children, old people, everybody. That memory is kept. Even though sixty years have passed, not even a soul will swim in that river.

In 1950, I graduated from college to be a chemical engineer. After graduation, I went into the Red Army. I served on the Iranian border for four years as a guard. During that time parents from Iran were trying to get across to visit their children living in Azerbaizhan. What can you do? You don't want to shoot them. So I would sometimes just let them go.

We were living in socialism. When I married in 1956 my wife and I received one room to live in. When our son was born we were given one more room. I was in the communist party for forty years. I had to be, because if I wasn't I couldn't get work. In the Soviet Union I couldn't practice Judaism. People were afraid to because the communist system is atheist. To be a Jew was to be looked down upon.

I came to the United States in January of 1993. The Soviet Union began to disintegrate. I came here for a better quality of life. People in America are the same nice people as people are all over the world. When I came to America I had my legs, but they were very sick. They started to get sick when I worked as a child in Siberia. My legs got very cold because there wasn't heat in the factory. I got gangrene. After I arrived in the United States I lost one leg completely and in the other leg I lost my foot.

I have two sons living here in Minnesota, Boris and Dmitri. I have two grandsons, Eugene and Mark. One grandson is now serving in the United States military. He is driving a tank in Iraq. My wife died in the Ukraine in 1989. I married a second time, two years ago, to a Russian woman named Rimma. She would come with her daughter to clean my apartment. We fell in love. I proposed to her. You're never too old for love.

**ALL OF US  
SLEPT, ATE  
AND WORKED IN  
THAT FACTORY.**

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Listen to your teachers. Your teachers always wish for you the best. Don't rush ahead to be an older person. Be as beautiful as you are today. Now is the best time in your life.



# BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG CHILDREN

Honoring Leonid Sonkin

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and LINDA BERGMAN'S  
3rd GRADE CLASS OF FOREST HILLS ELEMENTARY  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

Am Am G D F Am D F

I was born in the U - kraine Be -  
When they did, my fa - ther

Am Am G E7 Am Gm Gm Fm

5 fore the Na-zis in - va - ded Mom and I Sis - ters, too  
Joined the So - vi - et Ar - my

Fm E7 Am

11 (CHORUS)


Tra-veled four slow months to U - ral Si -

F Am Am G D F


19 be - ri - a, it was cold Liv - ing and work-ing in the fac-to - ry



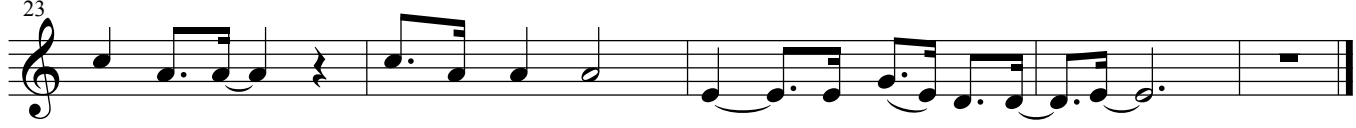
F



E



23



With bo - xes                  un - der our feet      When      the war    was o - ver

... I WAS BORN IN THE UKRAINE BEFORE THE NAZIS INVADED



# BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG CHILDREN

*Honoring Leonid Sonkin*

I was born in the Ukraine  
Before the Nazis invaded  
When they did my father  
Joined the Red Army  
Mom and I  
Sisters, too  
Traveled four slow months to Ural

Siberia, it was cold  
Living and working  
in the factory  
With boxes under our feet  
When the war was over

Came back home to find out  
That grandmother and grandfather  
Were killed by the Nazis  
Lined up along the river  
People who  
Thought to be Jews  
The Nazi's killed my father

Then I went back to school  
Worked my way  
through college  
To become an engineer  
Then served in the Red Army

In Azerbaizhan it was my job  
To keep people from  
crossing the border  
Families, old and young  
Children on their shoulders

Sometimes I  
Closed my eyes  
And just let them cross over

From Stalin to Krushchev  
Climbing up that ladder  
In the Ukraine to Moscow  
But what did it matter

When they found out, with a shout,  
"Out of ten million people  
You couldn't find me one engineer  
Who wasn't Jewish?"

So off I flew  
I'm telling you  
After I retired

To eat borscht made of beets  
In this land of chicken noodle  
With my sons and grandchildren  
Together we now doodle

In my home, where I live  
In Eden Prairie  
There's one thing  
I have learned  
There's no need to be contrary

Be beautiful  
As you are  
Beautiful, young children

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG with Linda Bergman's 3rd grade  
class of Forest Hills Elementary School.  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)





OAK POINT 2005





**MANI BATCHU**

Hindu Immigrant from India



# MANI BĀTCHU

---

My name is Mani Batchu. I was born in 1946. I am from India. I came to the United States 29 years ago when I was 28 years old. I grew up with my grandparents.

When I was little I didn't work. We had maids to do the dishes. My grandparents had a cook to make the food. All I did was study and play. The tradition in India was for family and extended family to live together.

My family is vegetarian. The cow is very sacred in India. We won't kill cows. It gives milk and cream, yogurt and cheese, butter and ice cream, ghee and buttermilk. The cow symbolically represents all other creatures to the Hindu.

We are of the Vaishya (visya) caste, which is business people. There are many castes in the caste system. Hindi is the national language. I am Hindu. Hindus believe in reincarnation. Once you die you will be reborn. Whatever good things you do in this life will affect the next life.

My husband's family came to my family to ask them if they would give their oldest daughter to him. We didn't know each other on our wedding day. There were 500 to 600 people at our wedding.

My husband was 23 and I was 15 when we married. He was done with engineering school. We had three daughters who were born in India. Our children were born at home. The doctors came to our house.

My husband wanted to work in America, so we moved to the United States in 1976. America is a great country. You have more freedom and opportunities. I did my undergraduate at Metro State University. I got a job and enjoyed working. In 2003 I retired. Now I spend more time with my grandchildren. Our daughters are now 38, 35 and 30. They married people from India. I have four grandchildren. I go to India every year to spend time with parents, brothers, sisters and relatives.

We chose to live in Eden Prairie. It is closer to work for my husband. He is an engineer for General Mills. My friends from India who now live in the United States don't look at what caste you are from. You are simply Indian.

I pray each day. One of my teachings is: Unless you sing for your own joy, you cannot bring joy to others. I am pleased only when love is the keynote, when the melody comes from cleansed, God-loving hearts.

THE COW  
IS VERY  
SACRED  
IN INDIA.

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Respect your parents. Whatever they say, do. Have patience with them. Talk to them and be positive.



# PEACE ABOVE, PEACE BELOW

Honoring Mani Batchu

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and KENT CARLSON'S  
5th GRADE CLASS OF OAK POINT INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

**(VERSE)**

**Cm** **G7**



My name is Ma - ni Ba - tchu. I was born in In - di - a.  
I come from the mer - chant class. A fa - mi - ly of wealth.

**Cm** **G7**



5  
I came to the U - ni - ted States twen - ty - nine years a - go. Twen - ty -  
Who am I, if not for you, if on - ly for my - self? If

**F** **G/B** **Cm** **F** **G/B** **Cm**



9  
nine years a - go. Oh oh oh.  
on - ly for my - self.

**F7**



**(CHORUS)**

15  
2  
Peace a - bove, peace be - low, peace all a - round.

**G7**



19  
Do the best you can in life. Don't bring no - bo - dy down.

# PEACE ABOVE, PEACE BELOW

*Honoring Mani Batchu*

## [CHORUS]

*Peace above, peace below*

*Peace all around*

*Do the best you can in life*

*Don't bring anybody down*

My name is Mani Batchu  
I was born in India  
I came to the United States  
Twenty-nine years ago (2x)

I come from the merchant class  
A family of wealth  
Who am I, if not for you  
If only for myself (2x)

(CHORUS)

I lived with my grandmother  
And grandpa in their home  
With cousins, aunts and uncles  
I never felt alone (2x)

When you have relationships  
With those who care for you  
You are there, for them, as they  
Are there to help me through (2x)

(CHORUS)

At fifteen a family came  
To ask if I might wed  
Their son who I did not know  
"Yes." my father said (2x)

Gifts of gold from my household  
To my chosen family  
At the three-day wedding feast  
My husband married me (2x)

(CHORUS)

My husband he found work  
In the U.S.A.  
With my children, I came here  
They help my life each day

As Hindu, my guru  
Teaches love of God  
Everyday, I do pray  
At home in my Ashram.

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Kent Carlson's 5th grade  
of Oak Point Intermediate School  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)





# ANA CANANDA

Survivor of the Civil War in El Salvador

## ANĀ CĀNĀNDĀ

---

My name is Ana Cananda. I was born August 15, 1931 in El Salvador. I have four brothers and sisters. After finishing high school I went to secretarial school. I was 20 years old when I got married.

I immigrated to the United States in the 1970s and have lived here off and on for 40 years. Unfortunately, I had a divorce from my husband and that's when I immigrated. I had to provide clothes, food and schooling for the family. Their father didn't help out. For five years my children stayed with their grandmother and relatives while I was working in the United States to support them.

El Salvador is a very small country. In the early 1980s there was a civil war going on there. The civil war lasted ten years. About 80,000 people were killed in that war. The war ended in 1988. It was difficult living through that experience. During that time when you left home, you suddenly heard explosions, but didn't know from which direction the explosions came.

When I came to America I brought my savings of \$6,000 colones with me. One dollar equals 8 colones. When you transfer it to dollars, you lose quite a bit. Once I was in the United States I earned dollars. I got work doing house keeping and child-care.

Sometimes I lived in the house where I worked and took care of the kids when the family would go to work. In New York on Long Island, though, I rented a small one-room studio. I was paid \$8.00 an hour in the 1970s when I lived with the family. When I lived in my own studio, I would get paid \$25 to \$30 an hour.

In El Salvador I loved cooking for my family. When I was little I liked to draw. My favorite memory was on my parents' farm. There was a river that went through their property and I liked to swim there. I liked to play in the water.

I have a strong belief in the values of family. The family is really important. You have to visualize what family is like in El Salvador. The whole family helps take care of the children and each other. The Catholic Church plays a big part in our life. I have much value in my faith.

I have felt satisfaction that I have been able to see the family whole again. My daughters have married and now I have grandchildren. I see the other part of my family complete. My oldest daughter lives in California. My youngest lives in El Salvador. My middle daughter lives in Eden Prairie. Now I travel between California, Minnesota and El Salvador. The kids' homes are my homes.

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Study and be a good person to your friends. Be a good student. Be respectful of your teacher and of the elderly.



# EL SALVADOR

Honoring Eleanora Cananda

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and MONA HANSON'S  
6th GRADE CLASS OF OAK POINT INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

G

F#m

El Sal - va - dor, El Sal - va - dor,

A A6 A7

(VERSE)

5

El Sal - va - dor. With four

D A7

10

bro - thers and a sis - ter, in the land of  
stud - ied, where I mar - ried. Where I ran a

D A7 D

15

1 2

El Sal - va - dor. Where I con - ve - nient store.





# EL SALVADOR

*Honoring Eleanora Cananda*

With four brothers and a sister  
In the land El Salvador  
Where I studied, where I married  
Where I owned a grocery store  
*El Salvador, El Salvador, El Salvador*

With three children my husband left me  
With three daughters on my own  
With little money I decided  
To find work so far from home  
*El Salvador, El Salvador, El Salvador*

I left my children with their grandmother  
From San Francisco to New York  
Cleaning houses, babysitting  
To make money to give support  
*El Salvador, El Salvador, El Salvador*

Without a green card, without a passport  
I returned to El Salvador  
To my daughters, to my mother  
To find people in civil war  
*El Salvador, El Salvador, El Salvador*

Fires burning, one man hanging  
Buses tipped over, no place to go  
Children dying, parents crying  
During Mass they killed Bishop Romero  
*El Salvador, El Salvador, El Salvador*

We would not gather  
at nights for weddings  
After sunset we stayed inside  
Afraid of shootings, or being kidnapped  
Eighty thousand people died  
*El Salvador, El Salvador, El Salvador*

My oldest daughter was a student  
They barged into her classroom  
She sought asylum in Minnesota  
To Eden Prairie we soon did move  
*El Salvador, El Salvador, El Salvador*

When I ask God for guidance  
God is there to hear my plea  
My children's homes are now my home  
My grandchildren care for me  
*El Salvador, El Salvador, El Salvador*

ONE MAN HANGING  
FIRES BURNING...

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mona Hanson's 6th grade  
of Oak Point Intermediate School  
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)





**MAHIN HASHEMI**

Baha'i Refugee from Iran

# MAHIN HASHEMI

My name is Mahin Hashemi. I was born August 1, 1937. I grew up in a city next to the Caspian Sea in northern Iran, which is a beautiful place. I use to go fishing and camping all the time.

My father was a physician. Patients would give him chicken and rice for payment. I only got to see father on the weekends. That's how we lived until [I was] ten years old. My mother got very ill with tuberculosis. We had to move to the capitol of Tehran to treat her. My mother died in the hospital when she was only 42 years old. My father remarried and had his own life. I felt lonely a lot.

Religion isn't hereditary. You have to investigate and then choose. We had two religions in our family. My father was Muslim, but mother was Baha'i. When I was fifteen I decided I wanted to be Baha'i. After that I didn't feel lonely anymore. If you believe in God you will never feel lonely. You always have someone.

The Baha'i religion is so peaceful. It's teaching you to serve and love mankind. Its basic principal is the equality of men and women. Baha'u'llah is the prophet and founder of the Baha'i faith. Baha'i started 160 years ago in Iran.

I got married when I was 22 years old. I have four children, two boys and two girls. In 1979 there was a revolution in Iran. There was a religious man called Ayatollah Khomeini. He promised the people that when he returned to Iran he would make every thing nice and beautiful. Sadly, the Iranian people got fooled.

The Ayatollah started bothering the Jews, Christians, Zoroastrians and the Baha'is. With the Jews and Christians they would take their money, but wouldn't kill them. With the Baha'is they would not only steal all of your things, but if you would not refute the Baha'is faith they would kill you. There were 300,000 Baha'i living in Iran at the time.

It was very scary. We were one of the last ones who could leave Iran by plane. There was an American Baha'i family in Fargo, North Dakota who accepted us.

This was during the American hostage crisis, so some people in America didn't like us because we were from Iran. At that time, we really had no place to really be.

I was 39 years old when I left Iran. For 26 years I have been in America. People are very good to us here. Right now I enjoy being with grandchildren and taking care of them.

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** The first thing is to associate with very well behaved individuals. If you want to succeed choose your friends wisely. Number one is to serve mankind. If you get an education you can serve people.



# IRAN

## Honoring Mahin Hashemi

Music by LARRY LONG  
 Words by LARRY LONG and LINDA FELIX'S  
 6th GRADE CLASS OF OAK POINT INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL  
 (Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

D G A7 D

All na-tions of this earth should live in peace to - ge - ther. All

A7 D A7 D G A7 D (VERSE)

live in peace to - ge - ther. I -

G

12 ran. A beau-ti - ful place to be next to the Cas-pi-an Sea. I -

D G

17 ran. I - ran. My fa - ther was Mus - lim my

D A7

24 mo - ther Ba - ha'i I - ran, I - ran. All



# IRAN

## *Honoring Mahin Hashemi*

Iran  
A beautiful place to be  
Next to the Caspian Sea  
Iran, Iran  
My father was Muslim  
My mother Baha'i  
Iran, Iran

All nations of this earth  
Should live in peace together

Iran  
My mother got ill with TB  
So we moved to the capitol city of  
Iran, Iran  
With six siblings by my side  
My mother forty-two when she died  
Iran, Iran

All nations of this earth  
Should live in peace together

Iran  
Mother never talked about her faith  
On my own had to investigate  
Iran, Iran  
To unite all of humankind  
The prophets of God  
come at different times  
Iran, Iran

All nations of this earth  
Should live in peace together

Iran  
When times went bad, we trusted a man  
Who said I will make everyone happy  
Iran, Iran  
We soon figured out when he came

His follow through was not the same  
Iran, Iran

All nations of this earth  
Should live in peace together

Iran  
He put a mark on the doors of the Baha'is  
To intimidate and to make us cry  
Iran, Iran  
If we would not give up our faith  
Misery or death was our fate  
Iran, Iran

All nations of this earth  
Should live in peace together

Iran  
Every time I feel alone  
I turn to God and I'm at home  
Iran, Iran  
Husband said we can not stay  
So we caught the last flight to the U.S.A.  
Iran, Iran

All nations of this earth  
Should live in peace together

Iran  
So many Iranians are my friends  
I will return when the fighting ends  
Iran, Iran  
Love humankind with all your might  
Peace on earth, do not fight  
Iran, Iran

All nations of this earth  
Should live in peace together

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Ms. Linda Felix's 6th grade  
of Oak Point Intermediate School  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)





**RACHEL HJORTH,  
DOROTHY DOTTY  
& IRENE SCHWARTZ**

.....  
Eden Prairie Oral Historians & Lifelong Residents



# RACHEL HJORTH, DOROTHY DOTTY & IRENE SCHWARTZ

My name is Irene Schwartz. I was born February 18, 1919. Soon I will be 86 years old. I graduated from Eden Prairie High School. I had to walk two miles to school. There were many berry farmers and dairy farmers in the area at that time. All summer we worked in the fields.

My husband Jesse graduated from Eden Prairie in 1932. There were nine in his graduating class. I graduated in 1937. There were seventeen in my graduating class. We owned the Flying Red Horse Mobil.

My name Rachel Hjorth. I was born on July 24, 1916. I was born in Milaca, Minnesota. When I came to Eden Prairie, we were in the new school on 8100 School Road when it was built. All the grades were together.

I grew up on a dairy farm on Sunny Brook Road. I had to get up in the morning at 5 o'clock and help my dad milk cows. We milked about 20 cows all by hand every morning and every night. We had a chicken coop full of chickens. We had two goats and a pig house where we raised two pigs. We had a barn full of kittens to keep the mice away and one dog, named Nap.

I didn't graduate. I went to the eighth grade and then went out to work to help my Dad, until I was married.

My name is Dorothy Dotty. On June 14, 1916, I was born in Eden Prairie beside Long Lake. My dad owned farmland on the river bottoms near Shakopee.

For fun we had dances and went ice skating. We would go to a roller rink and skate. We would ski and toboggan. We would play with our dolls. In the summer the mosquitoes would get to be very bad in the evening.

We took a bath a couple times a week. We'd carry in the water and heat it on the stove to take a bath. We all grew up without electricity, except for Dorothy Dotty's dad who had a row of batteries with an engine running to give some electricity.

Today they're tearing down all the trees. There are too many houses. It bugs me; I have memories of rolling hills.

## I HAVE MEMORIES OF ROLLING HILLS . . .

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Work hard, so you can get ahead. Listen to what your folks have to say and your teachers. Be good kids. Don't smoke. Finish school. Get all the schooling you can before you get out in the work field. Keep in touch and care about one another.



# THREE STRONG WOMEN FROM EDEN PRAIRIE

Honoring Rachel Hjorth, Irene Swartz, Dorothy Dotty

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and RON CASE'S  
6th GRADE CLASS OF OAK POINT INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

**Swing**

**(CHORUS)**

B $\flat$  C7 F Dm

Milk those cows. Pick ber - ries.  
Grow that corn. Pull them weeds.

5 2

Three strong wo-men of E - den Prai - rie.

**(VERSE)**

F C7

9

Worked all sum-mer in the field. With a rag cleaned those wind shields

F C7 F F7

13

at the Fly - ing Red Horse Mo-bil. Here in E - den Prai - rie



# THREE STRONG WOMEN FROM EDEN PRAIRIE

*Honoring Rachel Hjorth, Irene Swartz and Dorothy Dotty*

[CHORUS]

*Three strong women from Eden Prairie*

*Milk them cows*

*Pick berries*

*Grow that corn*

*Pull them weeds*

*Three strong women from Eden Prairie*

We worked all summer in the field  
With a rag cleaned those wind shields  
At the Flying Red Horse Mobil  
Here in Eden Prairie

(CHORUS)

We never got paid much  
We had to walk home for lunch  
No such thing as a school bus  
Here in Eden Prairie

(CHORUS)

When the leaves began to fall  
We would throw an old rag ball  
Up against the old barn wall  
Here in Eden Prairie

(CHORUS)

We went out on Anderson Lake  
All together we would skate  
Then roasted wieners we all ate  
Here in Eden Prairie

(CHORUS)

Dad set a trap in early morn  
To catch a skunk eating the corn  
Which scared my mom who's city born  
Here in Eden Prairie

(CHORUS)

While their husbands were at war  
The women handled all the chores  
Laundry, dishes, farming more  
Here in Eden Prairie

(CHORUS)

Memories of rolling hills  
Sunflowers, daisies, daffodils  
Which we saw by an old windmill  
Here in Eden Prairie

(CHORUS)

Care for the past bring in the new  
Plant more trees, apples, too  
We still have me and you  
Here in Eden Prairie

(CHORUS)

Words of advice our elders said  
Work hard so you will get ahead  
Do not smoke, live well instead  
Here in Eden Prairie

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Ron Case's 6th grade  
of Oak Point Intermediate School  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)





PRAIRIE VIEW





# **BHAVNĀ “BONNIE” BALKRISHNĀ SHAH**

.....  
Computer Programmer from Gandhi's Hometown



## BHĀVNĀ “BONNIE” BĀLKṚISHNĀ SHĀH

My name is Bhavna Balkrishna Shah. I was born in India. I am from the same hometown as Gandhi, near Bombay. I was born a Hindu. Nowadays in India, Hindus and Muslims are not friendly to each other. In Eden Prairie, though, we try to be friends.

In 1973, there was a big war in India between the Hindus and the Muslims. It was so bad that Muslims didn't dare to leave their homes. I had a friend who was a Muslim and I knew her parents well. I would hide food and give it to them, so that they would not go hungry. My parents helped them, even though some people thought we should not.

Mahatma Gandhi was an important leader in India. He believed in non-violence and worked to have British rule removed from India. He was very similar to Martin Luther King, Jr. After India won its independence, girls were able to go to school and get jobs.

My daddy worked on the railway and my mother stayed home. There were six children in my family, as well as an uncle who was handicapped. We had to share rooms and hardly ever had new clothes. Our neighbors had a cow, so we always had fresh milk. We had no TV. I learned to do a classical dance called Bharatnatyam.

My mom and dad arranged my marriage. I did not see my husband before they brought him to me. My father and my husband's father met first to see if we would be a good match. Then the two of us met, and we decided if we would be a good match.

In India, things are family to family. When there are problems they are not just between the two people, but both families become involved. We trust parents will help make good decisions. After I was married for eight months, my sister who was living in the United States sponsored me to come to this country. Two years later my husband joined me.

My husband and I both went to Mankato State University. He received a master's degree in engineering and I received a master's degree in computer programming. For a few years we lived in Winona, Minnesota. In 1996 we moved to Eden Prairie.

Families in India are intergenerational. That is the same for us today. My husband and I have three children. In addition my husband's parents and two cousins live with us.

My son received his first haircut in 2001. This is a big ceremony for a Hindu because he is keeping the family history alive. We thank God with a 10-day celebration. We returned to India in order to bring his hair to the temple and the Sabarmati River.

We study the holy book, called the Geta. One important chant is: The sky, the earth, and the ocean—we worship all three of them. They have given us life. Whatever we have today—food or clothes—we will share with everyone. We give all our soul to peace, peace, peace.

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** The value of family is very important. Family gives you your strong beliefs and they are always there for you. Study hard! When you can get more education, you learn to be a broad-minded person and you can help people.

MAHATMA  
GANDHI WAS  
AN IMPORTANT  
LEADER IN INDIA.

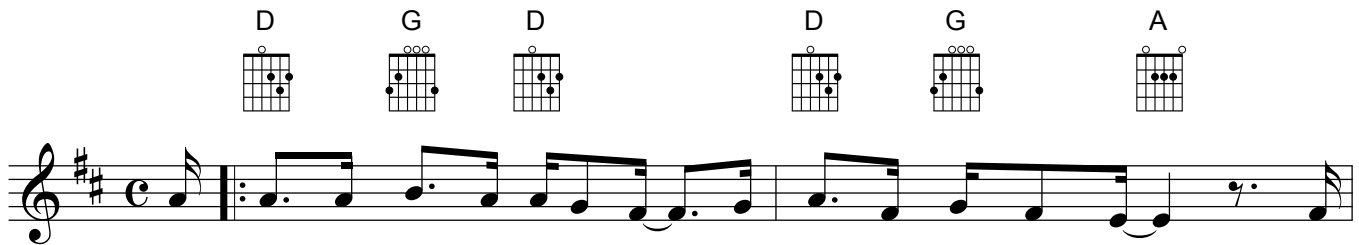




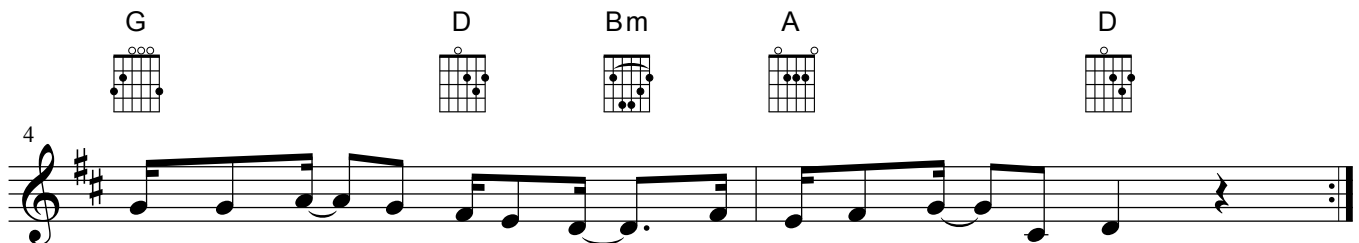
# THE SKY, THE EARTH, THE OCEAN

*Honoring Bhavna Balkrishna Shah*

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and KATHY RUUSKA'S  
3rd GRADE CLASS OF PRAIRIE VIEW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)



The sky, the earth, the o - cean. The dance bet-ween all three. To -  
I was born in In-di - a in the same home - town of  
My caste is Vi - shnu. The one who gives us life. To



ge - ther now in mo - tion. To - ge - ther now in peace.  
Gan - dhi. A Hin - du. The same as I am now.  
share what God has giv - en. The fes - ti - val of light.



# THE SKY, THE EARTH, THE OCEAN

*Honoring Bhavna Balkrishna Shah*

## [CHORUS]

*The sky, the earth, the ocean  
The dance between all three  
Together now in motion  
Together now in peace*

I was born in India  
In the same hometown  
Of Gandhi a Hindu  
The same as I am now  
My caste is Vishnu  
The one who gives us life  
To share what God has given  
The festival of light

(CHORUS)

When I was young the Hindus  
And the Muslims were at war  
When they were I carried  
Food to my friends next door  
Even though my Uncles  
Told me I should not go  
Next door to feed the Muslims  
Because we were at war

(CHORUS)

We fast to keep sharing  
The food we do not eat  
With those who are hungry  
Who need a place to sleep  
Just like Brother Martin  
Who set the people free  
Like Gandhi through non violence  
Who fought for liberty

(CHORUS)

Lord Shiva the Destroyer  
Grew angry with each day  
Yet from his sweat of anger  
Goddess Bharat came his way  
As she grew older  
Who began to dance  
To calm the world from anger  
Give love a chance

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Kathy Ruuska's 4th grade  
class of Prairie View Elementary School  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)





# **RUSSELL HANSON**

.....  
Classroom Mentor and Community Volunteer

# RUSSELL HANSON

My name is Russell Hanson. I was born Oct. 21, 1920, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. I was born at home. When the doctor came to the house, he had a little black bag that he carried inside to help mother with my birth. Later, a troupe of excited siblings announced that Dr. Lysne brought me to the house in that little black bag he carried in.

My Dad drove a grocery delivery truck and my mother stayed at home, taking care of me and my four older siblings. My elementary school was a half-mile from our home and we walked there and home twice per day.

Before I started school my older sister would read to me. I could read books in kindergarten. The very first word I could read was butter. The second word was Monitor, which is the name of the stove that heated the house.

We had to bring coal up from the basement to pour into that Monitor stove to keep warm in the winter-time. The coal bucket was big. It was our job to make sure the buckets were full. If they weren't full we got scolded.

I was always one of the smaller boys growing up. My dad told me, "You don't have to be nine feet tall to be a man. A man is one who has fixed principles, stands up for what is right, keeps his word and always does his best job possible."

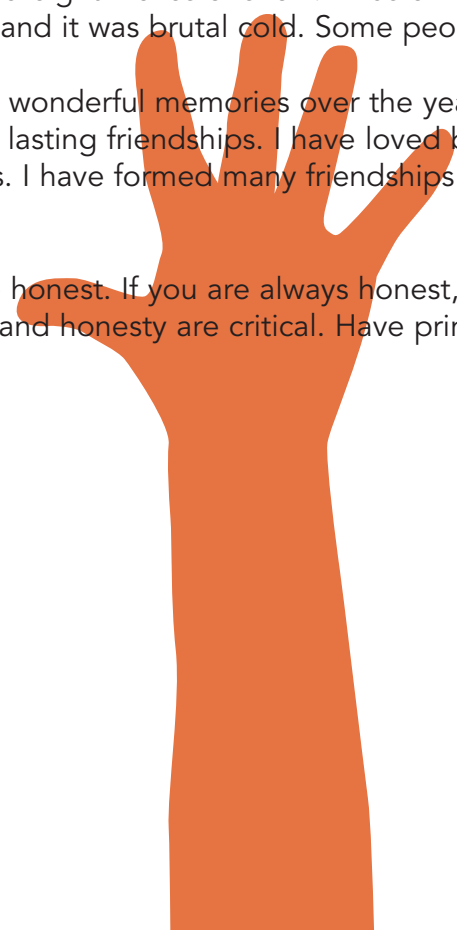
In those days getting a pair of long pants was a sign of becoming a man! Normally I wouldn't have had long pants until I was confirmed at age 13. Since I sang in the Boys Glee Club, though, our uniform was a white shirt with long pants, so I got my pants when I was ten years old. My brothers were jealous of me.

One thing I remember was a terrible storm on Armistice Day, November 11, 1940. I had a light jacket on. It started raining and as it progressed through the day the temperature dropped. By noon we had eight inches of snow. I was driving through snowdrifts delivering groceries to people and it was brutal cold. Some people froze to death. Our groceries all got out, though.

School has been the source of many wonderful memories over the years. I had wonderful teachers and I had made many lasting friendships. I have loved being a pen pal with elementary classes over the years. I have formed many friendships with young students by writing letters back and forth.

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Be honest. If you are always honest, you will not have memories that you regret. Integrity and honesty are critical. Have principles and stick to them.

**SCHOOL  
HAS BEEN  
THE SOURCE  
OF MANY  
WONDERFUL  
MEMORIES.**



# IN THOSE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG

Honoring Russell Hanson

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and RAYNA LECHOLT'S  
3rd GRADE CLASS OF PRAIRIE VIEW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

G C G

Pro-hi - bi - tion was in in - fan - cy. That's all right by me.  
Har - ding was Pre - si - dent. Those days came and went.  
Fa - ther he drove a truck for the gro-cery store to earn a buck.  
Ac - cord-ing to Mrs. Brown when I was born I weighed nine pounds.

D G D

In those days when I was young War-ren In those days when I was

G D G

(CHORUS)

young In those days when I was young. Oh boy!

A7 D G

In those days when I was young. E - very - bo - dy they went broke.

C G D G

Hard to tell Nor-we-gian jokes in those days when I was young.



# IN THOSE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG

*Honoring Russell Hanson*

Prohibition was in infancy  
That's all right by me  
*In those days when I was young*  
Warren Harding was President  
Those days came and went  
*In those days when I was young*  
Father, he drove a truck  
For the grocery store  
to earn a buck  
In those days when I was young  
According to Mrs. Brown  
When I was born  
I weighed nine pounds  
In those days when I was young

*In those days when I was young*  
*In those days when I was young*  
Everybody they went broke  
Hard to tell Norwegian jokes  
*In those days when I was young*

We played marbles for keeps  
With a trusty shooter at my feet  
*In those days when I was young*  
A steely, agate, or a crock  
Not one of them store bought  
*In those days when I was young*  
Walked to school in a bunch  
Sometimes walked home for lunch

*In those days when I was young*  
Folded papers to protect my shins  
From those hard blowing winds  
In those days when I was young

*In those days when I was young*  
*In those days when I was young*  
To be Norwegian, to be proud  
Of who I am, as I am now  
*In those days when I was young*

I recall my teachers' names  
As if it were yesterday  
*In those days when I was young*  
Miss Elliot, Miss Buckby  
Mrs. Tripp was good to me  
*In those days when I was young*  
Miss Kaepfel and Ms. Roll  
I got straight A's from Ms. Lowe  
In those days when I was young  
Honesty, integrity  
Both mean the world to me  
*In those days when I was young*

*In those days when I was young*  
*In those days when I was young*  
Now here I am a special friend  
Call me Pal with a pen  
*In those days when I was young*

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG with Rayna Lechelt's 3rd grade  
class of Prairie View Elementary School  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)







# **CARL FREDERICK PETERSON**

.....  
Businessman and Son of Swedish  
RCA Recording Artist

## CARL FREDRICK PETERSON

I was a Depression baby. Not that my parents were depressed, but I was born during the Great Depression. My father and grandfather were wealthy, but they lost everything in the Depression.

My father, Hjalmar Peterson, was a Swedish comedian and singer, traveling from coast to coast entertaining in Scandinavian towns. My mother and I traveled with him. My mother would play the piano and I would sing as well. The shows were mostly in the Swedish language.

On stage, my father would dress in a country bumpkin costume with a big scarf and a red wig. He had old clothes and boots. He used his hat as a prop and many of his teeth were blackened.

He would simply walk out on stage with his funny appearance and stare at people. His stage name was Olle i Skratthult, which in English meant Ole in Laughtown. He could get the audience laughing without ever speaking a word.

My dad recorded songs with major record companies. He would record with a big orchestra and he would sing through a megaphone. His most famous song was "Nikolina."

My mother died when I was 13 years old and my sister was five. We went to live with my grandparents on my mother's side because my father needed help taking care of us.

I went to Central High School in Minneapolis. I wanted to be in the entertainment business like my dad so I went into radio broadcasting at Brown Institute when I was 17 years old. They thought my voice was too immature, so I joined the Reserves for eight years.

I went to the University of Minnesota, then back to Brown Institute and then I took a job with WLOL radio as an announcer. I moved with my family to Eden Prairie over 40 years ago and began a business called Prairie Offset Printing.

We have two daughters and five grandchildren. My daughters went through Eden Prairie Schools and now some of my grandchildren are doing so as well. My children and grandchildren have brought me much happiness in my life.

**I WAS BORN  
DURING  
THE GREAT  
DEPRESSION.**

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Be happy with what you have. Don't get greedy! Remember—do unto others as you would have them do on to you. Count your blessings. There's an old saying, "I was unhappy because I had no shoes, until I met a person who had no feet." Be content with what you have.



# OLE, OLE SKRÄTHULT

Honoring Carl Fredrick Peterson & his father, Carl Hjalmar Peterson

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and NANCY MASON'S  
3rd GRADE CLASS OF PRAIRIE VIEW ELEMENTARY SHOOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

**(CHORUS)**

C

G G

O - lle, O - lle Skrat-thult was my fa-ther's name. O - lle, O - lle Skrat - thult

C C F

4 was my fa-ther's name. O - lle, O - lle Skrat-thult was my fa-ther's name.

F C G7 C

7 O - lle, O - lle Skrat - thult was my fa-ther's name. He was

**(VERSE)**

F C G

10 Swe - dish co-me - dian and sing - er. I traveled with him when I was  
dan - ces. He would give con - certs from Ca - li

C G C

13 young. He'd play for for - nia to Mi - chi - gan.



# OLLE, OLLE SKRÄTTHULT

*Honoring Carl Fredrick Peterson  
& His Father, Carl Hjalmar Peterson*

[CHORUS]

*Olle, Olle Skratthult  
was my father's name*

He was a Swedish  
Comedian and singer.  
I traveled with him  
When I was young  
He'd play for dances  
He would give concerts  
From California  
to Michigan

(CHORUS)

In a big house  
With a big basement  
It was a tavern  
Where we would dance  
He had a big band  
That would play with him  
Whenever he would  
Have a chance

(CHORUS)

He walked on stage  
He would say nothing  
Until somebody  
Began to laugh  
He would look at them

Kind of funny  
Then everybody  
Would start to laugh

(CHORUS)

Olle meant Ole  
Skratthult meant Laugh  
Town

He never used  
A microphone  
People would travel  
For days to see him  
By horse & buggy  
From their farm homes

(CHORUS)

He would carry  
Cash in a suitcase  
Because the banks  
They all did crash  
All through the  
Great Depression  
My father he would  
Stash his cash

(CHORUS)

For RCA  
My Dad recorded  
"Nikolina"  
Oh how he'd smile  
Like Robert Redford  
Orlando Bloom  
Who like my father,  
Drove young girls wild

(CHORUS)

He was a great guy  
And I loved him  
Because of him  
I love to sing  
For my church and  
At social functions  
So much joy my  
Dad still brings

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Nancy Mason's 3rd grade  
class of Prairie View Elementary School  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)







# HELEN TSUCHIYA

.....  
Japanese-American Internment Camp Survivor

# HELEN TSUCHIYA

My name is Helen Tsuchiya. My maiden name was Tanigawa. I recently celebrated my 80th birthday. Growing up, my family included my parents and three sisters. My parents were born in Japan, but I was born in the United States. My father was a farmer, growing mostly grapes on our farm.

Many things changed for me, beginning December 7, 1941 when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. The United States declared war on Japan. Some people believed that Japanese-Americans could not be trusted. Executive order 9066 was passed. This order said that Japanese-Americans must be put in internment camps. There was war hysteria.

Japanese-Americans on the West Coast were evacuated from their homes. We had only a few weeks to prepare and we could only take a few things with us. We ended up selling some of what we owned for very little money. My mother thought that the house would be protected and things would be fine when we returned. But in one day, everything had been stolen—even pictures of my parents' wedding. It broke my mother's heart.

In the internment camp, we lived in barracks and the land was surrounded by barbed wire. Our family lived in a 20-foot by 20-foot room for three years. It was so dusty it was difficult to breathe. Bathrooms had no privacy.

The survivors of the camp later received \$20,000 as an apology from the United States government. But my parents had died before receiving the apology—they were the ones who really deserved the apology. Once a woman questioned why I had received this money. I told her, "You can have it, if you're willing to lose three years of your life and lose all that you own."

This is so difficult to understand because everyone in my family was a United States citizen. There were even Japanese-Americans who served in the United States military but later could not eat at some U.S. restaurants because they would not serve us.

Sometimes a Pima girl would walk up to the barbed wire fence and talk to the Japanese-American children on the other side of the fence. She felt sorry for us confined in the camp, while we felt sorry for her, confined to the reservation.

After the war my family decided to move to Minnesota. In California someone else was farming our farm and living in our house. We didn't want to go back to California. They hated us there because we were Japanese. Minnesota saved us. I didn't run into prejudice here.

I am a Buddhist. Buddhism teaches you to be compassionate and kind to people. You must be compassionate, patient and think of others in a good way.

**WORDS OF ADVICE:** Respect your teacher.  
Learn to respect each other.

**OUR FAMILY  
LIVED IN A  
20-FOOT BY  
20-FOOT ROOM  
FOR THREE  
YEARS.**





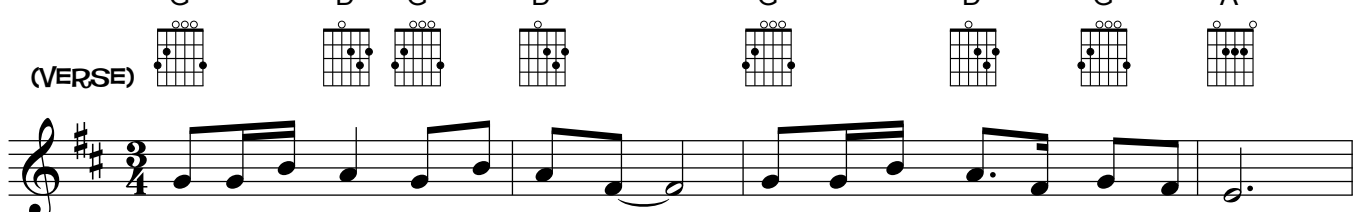
# BE KIND TO ALL THAT LIVE

## Ballad of Helen Tsuchiya

Music by LARRY LONG  
Words by LARRY LONG and BRENDA DRONEN'S  
4th GRADE CLASS OF PRAIRIE VIEW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL  
(Eden Prairie, Minnesota)

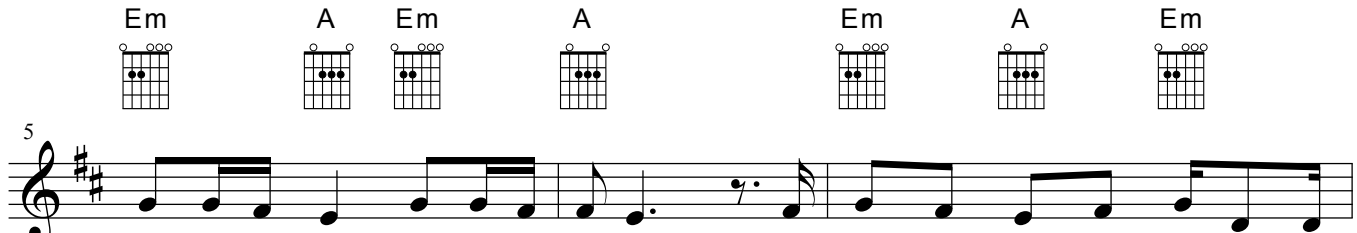
(VERSE)

G D G D G D G A



My fa-ther he was a far - mer. He grew the grapes to make the wine.

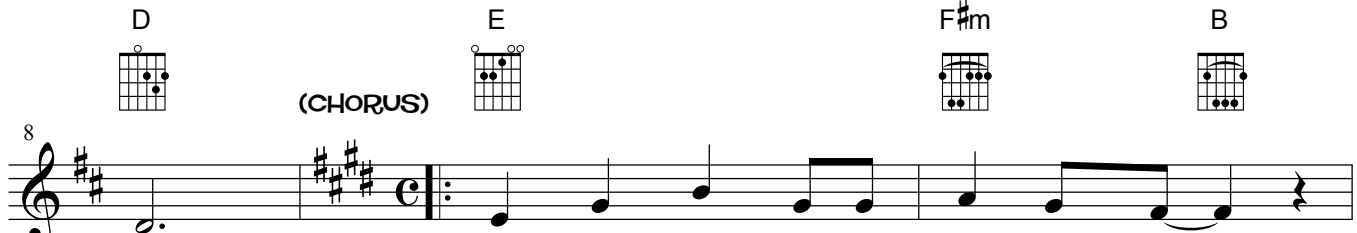
Em A Em A Em A Em



Out in the fields of Ca - li - for - nia to grow the grapes that grew on the

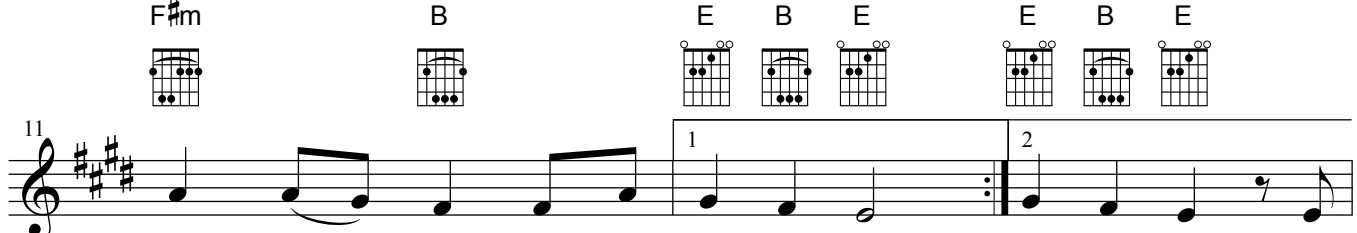
D E F#m B

(CHORUS)



vine. Words a - lone can - not re - store  
If on - ly we could right the wrongs

F#m B E B E E B E



lost of years the that won't come back no more. in this song Be



D

E

B7

14

kind
to
all
that
live.



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# BE KIND TO ALL THAT LIVE

*Honoring Helen Tsuchiya*

My father, he was a farmer  
He grew the grapes to make the wine  
Out in the fields of California  
To grow the grapes  
that grew on the vine

Words alone cannot restore  
Lost years that  
won't come back no more  
If only we could right the wrongs  
Of the past in this song

*Be kind to all that live*

From Japan, Mother and Father  
Came to this land, where I was born  
But after Japan, bombed Pearl Harbor,  
The life we loved, was no more

It was like the Grapes of Wrath  
The home we loved was ransacked  
Mother left wedding pictures there  
To protect our home, soon stripped bare

*Be kind to all that live*

Three sisters and I and one brother  
Mother and Father forcibly removed  
Into a camp, behind barbed wire  
To live in a twenty square foot room

With one toilet after another  
No partitions, no privacy  
With two bathrooms for several hundred  
American Japanese

*Be kind to all that live*

Father he could not make the payments  
on the farm, we lost it all.  
The grapes he grew were plowed under.  
The farm replaced by a mess hall.

A Pima girl she would ride bareback  
On her horse, to the barbed wire fence  
When she did, the kids came running  
Looking out towards  
the life they missed

*Be kind to all that live*

We made the best of a bad situation  
For three long years in the intern camp  
Kabuki plays, standing ovations  
So many never did come back

If I were to change tomorrow  
I would start here right now  
To help put an end to sorrow  
I know we each know how

*Be kind to all that live*

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Brenda Dronen's 4th grade  
class of Prairie View Elementary School  
Eden Prairie, Minnesota



## ABOUT LARRY LONG

Larry Long has made his life work the celebration of American stories and heroes. In a curriculum called *Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song*, he has brought these heroes to the classroom to share their life history with a younger generation. Now a *Smithsonian Folkways* recording artist, he has sung at major festivals, concerts and events throughout the country, Europe, Russia, Brazil and South Africa. Long produced *I Will Be Your Friend: Songs and Activities for Young Peacemakers* through the Southern Poverty Law Center, honored with a PARENTS CHOICE Award. Long is a recipient of the Bush Artists Fellowship, the Pope John XXIII Award, Leadership In Neighborhood Fellowship (St. Paul Companies), Sustainability Award, and In The Spirit of Crazy Horse Award for his work in forgotten communities.



PHOTO CREDIT: Paul Irmeter

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## ABOUT COMMUNITY CELEBRATION OF PLACE

The demand for Long's work sparked the creation of a non-profit organization, *Community Celebration of Place*. Community Celebration of Place works with communities to use music, performance, art and oral history to bring together children and elders, and people of different backgrounds—economic, faith, racial, and cultural—to honor and celebrate our commonalities and differences.

WEB SITE: [www.communitycelebration.org](http://www.communitycelebration.org)

## ABOUT EDEN PRAIRIE SCHOOLS

Eden Prairie Schools has an outstanding reputation and long history of excellence. Our 10,000 students attend one of four elementary schools (kindergarten-4th grade), one intermediate school (grades 5 & 6), one middle school (grades 7 & 8), and one high school (grades 9-12). In addition, we have the Eagle Heights Spanish Immersion School and an Education Center that offers classes to learners of all ages starting at birth (Early Childhood Family Education, preschool, Community Education, etc).

Our district is a leader in innovative programs as well. We teach children a second language beginning in kindergarten. And we have a strong "Classrooms of the Future" initiative that's helping improve student learning through technology. We offer both half- and full-day kindergarten as well as before and after school programs.

The District has an outstanding reputation of excellence in academics, arts, as well as athletics. We regularly top the state in the number of National Merit Scholar Finalists, Advanced Placement Scholars, as well as high ACT and SAT scores. Many of our 1,500 staff members have received national and state recognition for their accomplishments and efforts in Educating for Success in Our Diverse and Changing World.

LEARN MORE ABOUT EDEN PRAIRIE SCHOOLS AT [www.edenpr.org](http://www.edenpr.org)