I found this article in a Parent and Child Magazine. I have used part of it before, and I think it is timely to have a second look...

Your home is the primary environment in which your child’s potential and personality will take shape. It’s important to make sure that you create a positive, open atmosphere that will not only support what goes on in the classroom, but will also instil the desire to learn. It is through your love and encouragement that your kids will become motivated — first to please you, and then to please themselves. This leads to self-confidence, curiosity, the enjoyment of mastering new tasks, and other healthy attitudes, all of which contribute to successful learning.

Young children identify strongly with you, your attitudes, values, and innermost feelings are contagious. They become embedded in your child’s mind at the deepest levels. If your own experience with school was miserable, you might feel anxious about your child’s school experiences. Your child will sense this, and it could hamper their ability to throw themselves wholeheartedly into learning. They may feel disloyal if they allow themselves to like school and work hard, even if your words are telling them to do so.

For your child’s sake you’ll need to put the past behind you and “start over,” assuming that your child’s teachers, school, and overall experience will be good and happy. Even if you didn’t like school, the best way to help your child is to endorse their experience: Get involved, be positive, and trust their teachers. Your child will get the message: “School is important; we want you to engage fully.”

I may sound like a broken record but the message is clear. When you support the school — and you do have a wonderful school here at Clarke Creek — it is a win win situation for you, your children, and this community. I would like to thank you all for the privilege of working with your children, in your community and I wish you all the very, very best in the future.

Lisa R

Farewell Mrs Roach

Mrs Roach is leaving at the end of this term. Lisa is going to be the Acting Principal at Monto State School.
Clarke Creek School has had a major transformation both inside and out since Lisa has been with us and we love our new look.
We have been extremely blessed to have had such a wonderful, dedicated teacher, teaching our students over the past year and a half.
You will be missed at Clarke Creek School.
We wish you all the best at your new school.
The last few weeks have been extremely busy with athletics. We have had 3 carnivals in two weeks. The Interhouse challenge on June 10 between Isaac and Lotus was an enjoyable morning with all children competing in either Junior or Senior age groups in all athletic events. Even our little ones are capable of running 800m and 200m easily due to their excellent running fitness levels attained through the Go’n’Run running program. With such small numbers, the community joined in the fun to gain points for their team. Parents participated eagerly in sprints, standing long jump, relays and a “high” jumping obstacle course – much to the amusement of the children.
Brigalow was a cool and overcast day at Nebo on June 12 whilst at Marlborough on June 19, we enjoyed perfect weather. Our children capably competed in all events with fitness, skill and a positive, never give up attitude. We are very proud of them all for their outstanding efforts.

Congratulations to Tom for winning age champion at the Brigalow Carnival and to Tom and Mick for winning age champion and being selected to represent Marlborough at the next level of competition in Rockhampton on the 5th August.
The students proudly display their Go n Run badges which they obtained through lot of hard work and determination with their fitness. All of our students have reached between 100km to 125kms except our preppsies who are on their way up.

Farewell Lisa

Lisa is also leaving us to reside in Middlemount. Lisa has done a great job of keeping our school, grounds and pool clean. We will miss you, Hayley, Sal and Roy.
Cameron Hill         June, 2015

The Very Fat Steer

Hey, at the moment I have no time to talk because I am being chased by a chestnut horse!
Yay! I have finished my turn so I can talk to you.

So where did my story start? First I was chewing green, juicy grass when suddenly I was in a red striped truck with dusty, dirty decks and we were going down the road.

We thought that we were going to the slaughter house but we were going to the Clarke Creek Campdraft.

When we were on the way, the driver flipped the truck and we were scattered across a wheat paddock that had not been harvested.

I said, "This is the best day of my life!" because there is a lot of wheat and I love eating wheat. We keep eating until our bellies are the size of two million litre water tank.

We go crashing through fences. We find more and more wheat. The whole property is full of wheat. We smash through the boundary fence and taste the nice juicy grass and realize that we are finally home.

Bayden Reeves May/June 2015

The Best Day of My Life.

When I was in the green paddock, I felt the hot breeze, it was nice to drink the water and eat the green grass.

But now I am in the noisy, bouncy truck and soon I will be at the dangerous campdraft.

I am getting unloaded of the truck. Now I am in the camp getting cut out. The man of the horse is making me go where ever he wants me to go.

Now I am getting chased around the orange and white pegs. The bright, burning sun makes me feel hot.

Now the red whip cracks but now it is even worse because more horses come out of the ring!

Do you know I am in a pen with other cattle in the pen? Now my other friends are doing it.

But I can have lunch and water now. Yum. And the horses too.

I can see that Peter won a trophy, and Jim came second. Third came Robert and Sally came fourth.

BEEP BEEP BEEP. The truck is here now. I am getting on the noisy truck and going down the dusty track that leads to home. BEEP BEEP BEEP. I'm Home! Now I can eat.

It was a fun day, it was like an adventure, but the best thing was that we could go home and eat green grass.

Ty Soutter  June 2015

A Steer's Life at the campdraft.

Mmmm green grass!

Vrrroom, tick tock, trot, trot.

I'm being chased. "What' that?"

It's Shaw's truck rolling in with a big, red cloud of dust. Up we go. I'm on the top deck. Shaw's truck is the truck that loads and unloads cattle from the Clarke Creek Campdraft.

Off we go. There's a nice breeze. Side to side it is swaying up here on the top deck. "Where am I?" Click, clack, my hooves are tapping on the slippery, slick, steel on the ramp of Shaw's truck.

Before we go to the cut out, we wait in the yards eating a bale that has just been dropped off by a tractor.

There are lots of gates on the way to the cut out. There are men hanging off the gates and pushing us up to the cut out.

I'm in the cut out. I'm watching my mates get chased away. Now it is my turn. I get cut out of the mob. The man yells loudly "Gate!" and the gate opens violently and quickly. The man and the horse chase me around the tall, straight pegs. Dirt is flicking up. I run as fast as I can. I hear a whip crack and more men and women on horses come out onto the arena and persue me into the back pen.

Now I'm in the back pen getting a drink. Slurp, Slurp. I'm eating grass waiting to get put back on the truck.

Munch, Crunch.

Time to get on the truck. The men are using jiggers to jigger us up the ramp. Ouch! Now I'm back on the truck. I'm on the bottom deck this time. I am excited to be on it again because I know I get to go home.

Beep, beep. We're backing up to the ramp. Chhhh. Home Sweet Home! Mmmm.

We all fight to get out of the truck. Tick tock. I'm in the paddock again. Munch, Crunch! We have a bail to eat and the grass is juicy and green.
The Adventure

Horses and men came to get me. They went around the back and rounded me up. "Get up into the square," shouted the ringer. One of the men walked around the square and opened the gate. Now we are walking up into the lane. There are 200 of my mates with me being steady and slow along the lane heading towards the stockyards. All of the men went and had lunch while we waited in the dusty yard. We heard the diff of the truck changing gears as it rolled down the track towards the yards. The truck backed up - BEEP BEEP BEEP - and then we heard a big noise of the truck's air brakes. CHHHHHHHH. Next we were running up the ramp onto the first deck of the truck. I wasn't scared anymore - I was confused. "What did I do? Where are we going? There is another truck too!"
The truck rumbles away from the yards. We look shocked. It's one whole hour until we arrive at Clarke Creek Camp draft. The air brakes make a loud sound. Ohh Chh Chh.
Out of the bottom deck, onto the portable ramp. The bottom ramp went down and I ran off into a big yard. We get moved every ten minutes from big pens to little pens, to even littler pens. Now I am in the cut out yard waiting, hoping that nobody will pick me.
I wondered why all of the horses were here. I watched my friends run away from the horses and riders. I get it! It's a campdraft and they are trying to make us get around those orange and white thingummyjigs. I think.. I could be naughty.
It was my turn, I got cut out and the gate opened.
I ran straight not going around those thingummyjigs - until BANG! I have run into the rail! It is hard and I think I may have bent it.
I stumbled over my feet. I wondered where I am, my head is spinning. Eventually I get up and more horses are coming at me. They chase me really slowly into the back yards. I waited in the back yards until the truck appeared again.
The gate opened up onto the truck. I was the first one on the top deck. Off we go. Today it has been a long day, but that's not all. One whole hour until the truck turned in to our home. BEEP, BEEP, BEEP. Down we go into the dusty yards.
The rusty old gate was opened into a new paddock.
UMM, YUM, new grass. Maybe it was all worth it to get into a new paddock.