

# *...from the School Coordinator's desk...*

Dear school community

## **Something magical....**

It has been a while since my last communication and so much is happening at the school on so many levels. But there is a real sense that things are shifting. The Renewal process has helped to surface so many positives, as well as areas we need to reevaluate, strengthen, and possibly let go of. As this week's Governance Dispatch #5 reminds us, schools are living organisms. We need clarity, we hold differing opinions, but we are all here for the children and the community we strive to build and strengthen.

As I have been pondering this, and thinking about why we are drawn to Michael Oak, one word has kept coming up in conversations, presentations, and reports. The word magic, or magical. And it is not used in the Hogwarts sense. It is something else. A feeling, a sense that deeper work is at play. Something we can't always put our finger on, but we all feel. Not every day, but often.

We feel it in the way the children play and are free. In the nooks and spaces of the school. In the ever-evolving Class 3 vegetable garden. In the organic, child-loved kindergarten playground. In the smell of Prussian blue paint and wet-on-wet watercolour creations, the dynamic form drawing displayed on classroom walls, the children skipping in eurythmy, or marching in a line through the admin building led by their teacher, playing 'Rise Up Oh Flame' on their recorders in preparation for the St John's Festival.

This word 'magic' was spoken by teacher Caleb at the school's 64th birthday assembly, when he described how as a reluctant little boy he was brought to Michael Oak, and how very soon the magic of the place filled him and he grew strong and confident and stayed. Now he back, teaching in the High School and on the sports ground.

It was also spoken by our High School intern Tyron, also a former pupil, who came back remembering the magic of the spaces, the High School gate he had wished to enter for so many years, the teachers who shaped him. It has been spoken about the recent Class 4 Norse play and the Valhalla feast, the feeling in the library, and soon ... in term 3 we will be transported by the magic of the Class 9 Shakespeare play - A Midsummer Night's dream...

Magic is not accidental. It is made by the people who tend this place every day: the teachers, support and maintenance staff, admin team, parent volunteers, coaches, therapists, Board of Trustees, College of Teachers, and all the forums and committees who give their time quietly and without fuss. And by the children, who make it the most magical place of all with their laughter, questions, creativity, and joy.

We are a living organism. Perfectly imperfect, but wonderfully magical.

Thank you.  
Beulah Tertiens-Reeler