



ARTIST: John, age 9

**A RETROSPECTIVE**  
**OF PROSE, POETRY, DRAMA, MUSIC & ART**  
**BY STUDENTS OF**  
**TOOLS FOR TOMORROW**

**2017**

# TOOLS FOR TOMORROW



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Charlie Pasarell - 2016

Harold Matzner - 2015

Donna MacMillan - 2014

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Michael Childers - 2012

Carol Channing - 2011

Mary T. Roche - 2010

Steven Nash - 2009

Jackie Lee Houston - 2008

Lee Appel - 2007

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Annette Bicer

Ellen Brenner

Ryan Chesla

Doryan Dean

Stefania Ford

David Hirsch

Gwen King

Benjamin Lopez

Billy Makuta

Wendy McIntosh

Kathryn Olearnick

Gilmore Rizzo

## **PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS**

### **Cathedral City**

Rio Vista Elementary School

### **Coachella**

Palm View Elementary School

### **Desert Hot Springs**

Bubbling Wells Elementary School

Two Bunch Palms Elementary School

Julius Corsini Elementary School

### **Indio**

Andrew Jackson Elementary School

Lyndon B. Johnson Elementary School

Martin Van Buren Elementary School

### **La Quinta**

Harry S Truman School

### **Mecca:**

Mecca Elementary School

### **Palm Desert**

Abraham Lincoln Elementary School

Ronald Reagan Elementary School

### **Palm Springs**

Cahuilla Elementary School

Vista del Monte Elementary School

### **Rancho Mirage**

Rancho Mirage Elementary School

## **GUEST ARTISTS**

Joyce Bulifant & Roger Perry

Lori Davis

Linda Hushaw

**ARTIST: Eduardo, Grade 4**

## **COLLABORATIONS**

Tools For Tomorrow collaborates with:

- The Unified School Districts of Palm Springs, Desert Sands and Coachella
- Palm Springs Art Museum
- Idyllwild Arts Academy
- Old Town Artisan Studio



## **FOUNDATION AND COMMUNITY SUPPORT**

*Tools For Tomorrow gratefully acknowledges the following foundations and community organizations for their generous support, past and present.*

Anderson Children's Foundation

Agua Caliente Band of Cahuilla Indians

The Auen Foundation

BIGHORN Golf Club Charities

City of Indio

City of Palm Desert

City of Rancho Mirage

Classic Club/Bellatrix Restaurant

The Coeta & Donald Barker Foundation

The Coachella Valley Fund at

The Community Foundation

Strengthening Inland Southern

California through Philanthropy

CODA Gallery

Desert Community Foundation

Desert Classic Charities

Friedman Investment Group

of Wells Fargo Advisors

Gilda's Club Desert Cities

Greater Palm Springs Convention

& Visitors Bureau

Mattress Showroom

Makerville

The Manilow Music Project/Manilow

Fund for Health and Hope

McCallum Theatre

Newman's Own Foundation -

Patty & Arthur Newman

Pacific Western Bank

Wells Fargo Foundation



## **TOOLS FOR TOMORROW MISSION STATEMENT**

***The mission of Tools For Tomorrow is to provide an after-school arts literacy program integrating creative writing, art, music and drama for children grades three through five in elementary schools throughout the Coachella Valley, at no cost to the children.***

Tools For Tomorrow promotes cognitive, emotional, social, multi-sensory and critical thinking skills by offering children a hands-on experience in Art, Music, Creative Writing and Drama. Tools For Tomorrow encourages the children's artistic self-expression and nurtures the positive self-esteem resulting from the discovery of their inherent creativity. As they create their own works of Art they acquire a coping mechanism for the future: a "tool for tomorrow" and a vision of what their lives can become.



## **HOW TFT MEETS THE UNMET NEEDS OF CHILDREN**

- Supports disenfranchised children
- Nurtures children in a safe environment
- Encourages self expression and creativity
- Provides a means for children to feel successful
- Listens to the children's ideas, issues, triumphs and failures
- Provides positive adult role models
- Provides a cultural experience the children would normally not have
- Teaches children tolerance and the value of diversity
- Provides literacy and understanding of the arts
- Provides a hands on art experience
- Teaches the children to take responsibility for their actions
- Fills the need for after school supervision in goal oriented activities
- Fills the gap where budgets have cut the arts in schools



## INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the 2017 Retrospective! I am thrilled to present this anthology featuring the wonderful talents of our Tools for Tomorrow students. More than ever, these creative young people need a place where they can live their hopes and explore their dreams. It has been our joyful responsibility to provide this opportunity to the children of the Coachella Valley for the last two decades.

Tools for Tomorrow uses a comprehensive multi-disciplinary arts education curriculum to meet and develop the creative needs of both students and teachers. Through hands-on experience in art, music, drama, and writing, the children build skills and knowledge they will use throughout their lives. Our dedicated teachers constantly look for new ways to use the curriculum to keep their students inspired.

The 2017 Retrospective anthology showcases the many achievements of our students. As you read their poems and stories, view their works of art, and watch the children in action, you'll agree that the potential of young people in the Coachella Valley is unlimited.

During my five years as a Tools for Tomorrow classroom teacher, I've seen first-hand the impact that interactive arts education can have on the lives of these great kids. Their excitement, their bright eyes, and their smiles of satisfaction with a job well done are incredibly rewarding. It is now my honor and delight to take on a new role as Tools for Tomorrow's Program Director.

I hope to continue the steady growth that has seen our organization greatly expand the number of schools we serve. We're already exploring new avenues for reaching and inspiring our students. With the help of our invaluable partners the Visionaries, and with the continued support of the many fine organizations whose contributions are indispensable to the program, we look forward to bringing fresh enthusiasm to our mission to enrich the lives of children throughout the Coachella Valley.

David Hirsch  
Program Director





## DEDICATION



*ED DiNICOLA*

For the eleven years Ed DiNicola was Program Director (2005 – 2016), he was the face of Tools For Tomorrow. His background in education, his creativity, and his love and understanding of children were reflected in the unique curriculum he created.

Under Ed's direction Tools For Tomorrow grew in strength and in depth. He left a legacy of which he and Tools For Tomorrow can be very proud, a strong foundation on which to build.

Ed wrote: "To have had the opportunity to touch so many young lives with a vision for their future has been the capstone of my educational and personal life."





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2017**



*ARTIST: John, age 9*

**TOOLS FOR TOMORROW**

42-600 Cook Street #203, Palm Desert, CA 92211  
760.601.3954 • info@toolsfortomorrow.org

**[www.toolsfortomorrow.org](http://www.toolsfortomorrow.org)**

MAGICAL HANDS

My hands washed

I shake them dry

Look

Golden coins fell out of my hands

they are magical hands

I should give them to the poor

Kaleigha, 3rd grade



# LOOKING BACK

*Artists and Writers Galleries  
from Past Newsletters*



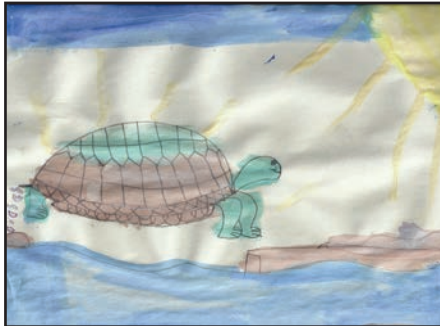


# ARTISTS & WRITERS GALLERY

Fall 2012

Featuring the students at Vista del Monte Elementary, grades 3 thru 5

TFT Teacher: Stefania Ford



Fabiola

### Ode to Camping

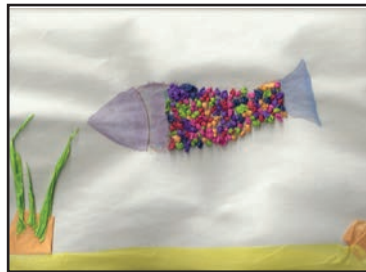
Trees, trees, beautiful trees,  
you smell so amazing, you felt so nice.  
I saw a nice playground, I played on it;  
the slide, big as a nice pine tree;  
the swing wet, wet as the rain.  
My aunt's hot dogs taste the best.  
I heard the hummingbirds chirping  
in the morning.  
Oh beautiful, and amazing camping.

By: Selena M.

### Ode to God

Oh God, you gave us life  
and that's why we have family and friends.  
We have food and water because of you.  
Thank you God for earth.

By: Paulina R.



Carlos

### Ode about my Dreams

Dreams, dreams, you're my secret to keep,  
you are my magical kingdom where everything is possible.  
You are so beautiful and beloved to me.  
You are like a jewel that shines in the moonlight.  
You are like a crystal that fills my every desire.  
You are my friend and you will always be there for me.

By: Stephania Z.



Dedric

### Ode to my Flashlight

Oh flashlight you brighten my way.  
Every day you put your light on my face.  
Every time it's dark out you turn your light on  
so I don't get lost.  
Your shiny bright light always makes the dark  
go away.

By: Makley Q.



Missy

### Ode to the Earth

Oh Earth,  
you have let us live on you for thousands of years,  
even though one day you will get destroyed,  
but you are so special to me,  
as special as my mom.  
You seem magical to me,  
like the shining of the early dawns.  
Even a little piece of litter will hurt you.  
Oh thank you Earth.

By: Priscilla L.



Nelly

## ASSIGNMENTS

### "April Odes"

Watercolor & torn paper art inspired by the music, "Carnival Of The Animals" by Saint-Saëns

**Featuring The Students of Harry S Truman Elementary - grades 3 thru 5**

*Priscilla Vargas, 2012 Daryl Timmons Bryant Art Spirit Awardee*

*TFT Teachers: Nancy Nishiguchi (TFT 2012 Teacher of the year)*

*and David Lawson (TFT 2011 Teacher of the year)*

**Priscilla Vargas**  
Artist - Illustrator - Poet



Priscilla & teacher, Nancy Nishiguchi at the 2012 Vision for the Future Awards Luncheon

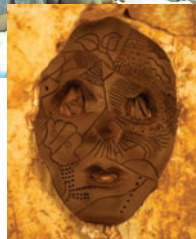
Since the day I met you,  
My world turned upside down.  
Your smile is as bright as the sun.  
You make me feel special when I'm blue.  
I need you the same way a dog needs an owner.  
I shouldn't have said goodbye.  
But now the only thing I think about...  
Is being your friend.

By Priscilla V.



Reading more takes us down a track,  
A track to many places.  
It takes us to the past;  
To explore with our imagination.  
It might take us to the future;  
Maybe to a free life,  
Where everyone is educated.  
A track to freedom,  
To a peaceful world.  
A negative track means a negative life.  
So always think positive  
And read more books.

By Xander K.



During the night,  
the stars are bright.  
But during the day  
They're out of sight.  
They shine with the moon  
Way up in the sky.  
I'd reach up to grab one  
But they're too high.  
If I had a rocket,  
I'd fly to the stars.  
And along the way,  
I would visit Mars.

By Kendra S.



Halloween, the big night of fright.  
Costumes galore.  
Witches, vampires, princesses  
and more.  
Tricks are nothing  
But a treat to young hooligans.  
Come back next year,  
And try to fool them again.

By Mia M





# ARTISTS & WRITERS GALLERY

Fall 2013

At the end of the school year 2013, TFT teacher, Stefania Ford, organized exhibits of the students work in venues throughout the valley. Below are examples from those exhibits.

Venue: Old Town Artisan Studio, La Quinta



A poem is like a  
 Word spoken once with many meanings  
 A voice whispering in your ear  
 A word that has a meaning only you can hear  
 A special feeling a compliment gives  
 The sun through clouds of black and silver  
 The last word in a book before the end

Carlos, age 10



Refreshments at Palm Desert exhibit



I opened a planet and star fell out  
 I opened a star and cloud fell out  
 I opened a cloud and a raindrop fell out  
 I opened the raindrop and a tear fell out  
 I opened the tear and out fell a heart  
 Broken in two

To never be fixed

Louisa, age 10



I will put in the box the words I heard in Despicable Me  
 The colors I saw in the movie about Alaska  
 The last thing I said to him before my dog got lost  
 The roar of the propeller on the first plane that flew

Edgardo, age 11





# ARTISTS & WRITERS GALLERY

Fall 2014

A potpourri of poetry and art from the students of TFT teacher,  
NANCY NISHIGUCHI



Reading more takes us  
down a track  
A track to many places  
It takes us to the past  
To explore with our imagination  
It might take us to the future  
Or to a place where all are free  
Where everyone is educated  
A track to freedom  
To a peaceful world  
A negative track means a negative life  
So always think positive and read more books

Alexander K., age 10



My real name is Issac  
Yesterday my name was Big Eyes  
Today my name is Snow  
Secretly my name is Mathew Wilder  
In my dreams my name is Foxy

My real name is Space  
Yesterday my name was Earth  
Today my name is Moon  
Secretly my name is Pluto  
In my dreams my name is Saturn

Name Poems by Isaac Z, Age 9

Since the day I met you  
My world turned upside down  
Your smile is as bright as the sun  
You make me feel special whenever I'm blue  
I need you the same way a dog needs an owner  
I shouldn't have said goodbye  
Now the only thing I think about...  
Is being your friend

By Priscilla V, Age 9



Artist & poet, Jubilee, age 9

## WOLF

The wolf creeps up in the woods  
He sees the little bird  
But he doesn't bother to eat the little bird  
because he just ate a cricket



Lizbeth, age 9

**OBSERVING THE MONA LISA**

I think Mona Lisa is insane  
 She looks happy, but what's deep behind that smile?  
 She can be mad, sad, broken inside.  
 Or is she just happy?  
 She does have to stay there...  
 so she may be mad or sad.

Jordan T., age 10

**THE FLY**

My little sister saw a fly  
 It flew past her eye and she began to cry  
 Mean old fly you made my sister cry

Gaby P., age 9



Abigail, age 10



Mercedes, age 9



Stephanie, age 9

**FAST**

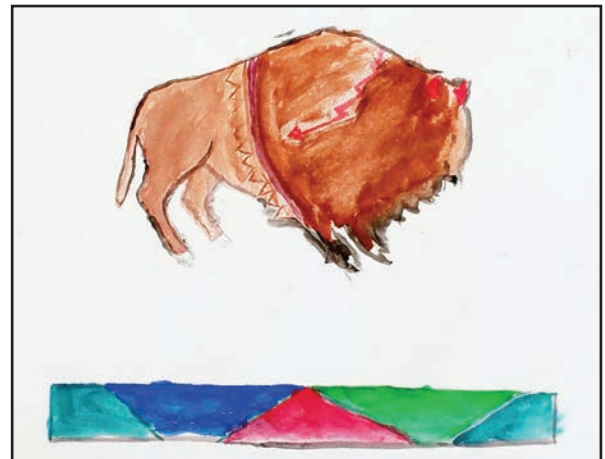
Fast is a dream that never has a speed limit  
 No one can ever slow you down  
 When you're fast the world seems very small

Juan O., age 9

**SCALI ISLAND**

On my island I will have a hut to live in  
 with a memory foam bed.  
 On my island I catch wild pigs and  
 I would smoke the pig.  
 I could surf on my island.  
 The water would be crystal blue.  
 The water would be at the perfect temperature.  
 There would be a stream leading from the ocean  
 that I could bathe in.  
 On the island a volcano that looks about to erupt.  
 On my island I will feel white sand in my toes.  
 I will have a blanket and an umbrella next to a  
 coconut tree and a strawberry bush.

Salisa S., age 10



Daniel, age 9





# ARTISTS & WRITERS GALLERY

Fall 2016

The students of Harry S. Truman Elementary were inspired by the corresponding photographs.  
Teacher: Kathy Olearnick

## Native American Unit



### My Raven, Angel, Guardian

Over the mountains, there was a bright glistening light. A light of hope, a light of love from a mother holding her child. I was born on a day where the wind slaps so hard on the ocean that sounds of loud bears were not to be heard. The ravens' loud, death-like caws were the only thing you could hear besides the ferocious roar of thunder.

Then the enlightening cry of a beautiful baby being born had begun. The night sky began twinkling with starry wonder and blazed with the eyes of angels. The ravens began singing a wondrous tune and their death-like caws became the sound of elegant chirps. They circled around me, while I awoke from my slumber. My mother says that I have the eyes of a raven, but the soul of an angel.

I grew up with a raven always by my side. The leader of the ravens protected me and cared for me. He was there on the day I was born, watching over me, waiting to be my guardian. He took care of me from that day on.

One day I stumbled upon a wild dog. He growled at me with a look of hatred and had the eyes of a devil. He pinned me to the ground tearing into my skin. A loud caw came from the horizon and then a swoosh of a shadow appeared on the ground. Then swoosh again, but this time the devil's roar faded away. My guardian had come to my deafening cries. He truly was angel.

Julieta Ramos

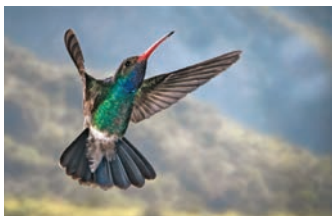
### My Horse Story

Sitting in my room I heard the neighing of a horse. I peered out of my window and saw a dark swoosh of a shadow. I blinked only for a moment, and it disappeared in the sunlight. A day later, as I was taking a walk by the mountains, I noticed a horse. The mighty guardian led me to the path of destiny. Instead of taking it against its will, I led it to my ranch. His golden blonde mane flowed in the wind as it gracefully galloped in the pasture.

The horse has always led me home for the past years. Until one day, I heard the roar of the mighty stallion fade away and nothing was to be heard. Sometime later, however, I was in danger until the horse's spirit saved me. After that, I believe I would never see the horse again. But my horse guide lives on in the stories I tell my children. Then my son said that the horse should allow me one last ride before my heart fades away.

The stallion graciously allowed this. Then after this ride, the mighty stallion and I were gone and off to another adventure.

Ryan Kestell



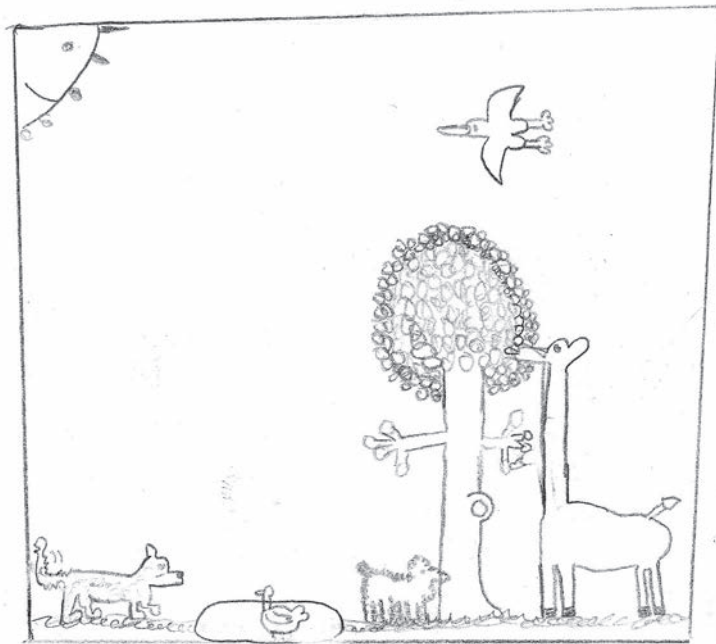
### The Hummingbird

Lost in a dark and dreary forest, I was filled with fear and dread. I hoped that someone or something would help calm my nerves. Then suddenly, I hear a flittering sound and thought to myself what a butterfly can do to help me, but it is not a butterfly.

I realize the flutter is different, because it is a magical flutter. A hummingbird appeared and its bejeweled body sparkled like a rainbow in a dark, forbidding sky. From its height, it can see all the creatures of nature and found me. It led me to a place where I could rest for the night.

Meanwhile the day darkened into night and the blackness spread and the hummingbird, like me, prepared for slumber. I shut my eyes and fell into a deep sleep filled with dreams. In the morning, I came out of my tent and looked. No one was there except a hummingbird. Somehow I know how to find my way home. I named my guide Hope because it gave me hope and I also hope it will stay with me forever.

Addison Johnson



Matthew, 4th grade



### Name Poem

My real name is Aaralyn .  
 Yesterday my name was Curiosity .  
 Today my name is Artist ♡ .  
 Tomorrow my name will be Future .  
 Secretly I know my name is Slender Girl .. 0-0? .  
 In my dream my name is Mysterious .



### Name Poem

My real name is Jacob Teacum Barney .  
 Yesterday my name was Barney! .  
 Today my name is Jackie .  
 Tomorrow my name will be Reader .  
 Secretly I know my name is Jacob B. .  
 In my dream my name is Prince Jacob, of Stardust .

world.  
 (also the  
 best 4th gr  
 ever)

# A Miscellaneous Collection of Poetry, Prose and Art



## RESPONDING TO AMERICAN GOTHIC, by Grant Wood



The painting shows a farmer standing beside a woman that has been interpreted to be either his wife or daughter. It also could be his mother.

But I do know one thing! the lady does not look happy with him.

The Story: There was a farmer named Bob and his wife Martha. They were a happy couple. One day she told Bob to clean up the yard. He didn't want to. So she said do it before we take our picture. He said, "No!" It was time to take their picture. When the photographer told them to smile they didn't want to.

And that's the picture you see today. The woman is vary mad at her husband for not listening.

Bonnie

...

Once upon a time there lived a man named Jeffery and a woman named Susan. Susan and Jeffery were husband and wife. They had 2 kids, a girl named Grace and a boy named Joe.

Susan and Jeffery died in a car crash.

Author unknown

...

On the picture there is a woman and a man together. On the background of the picture there is a big house. In front of the house are two plants.

I think the man and the woman don't have any kids. They are like 50 or 60 years old. I think they live in California.

They are not happy.

Shirley

---

When I feel sad  
I always feel like  
I am a sea monster  
On top of the clouds  
Trying to let out all my tears  
Making a storm in the surface  
Ian G., 4th grade

Artist: Annelie, Grade 5



# NATIVE AMERICAN UNIT

## THE EAGLE

The eagle is my spirit animal. That is why I chose the eagle. I like how the eagle is free.

I used tempura paint because I think the eagle is a dark animal. I also think the eagle is a very mysterious animal.

I like all of the designs. Each one means something. Also they are symbols that were made and used by the tribes. In my painting these 3 symbols are bear tracks, sun rays and cactus plant.

unsigned art



## KACHINAS



## DREAM CATCHER

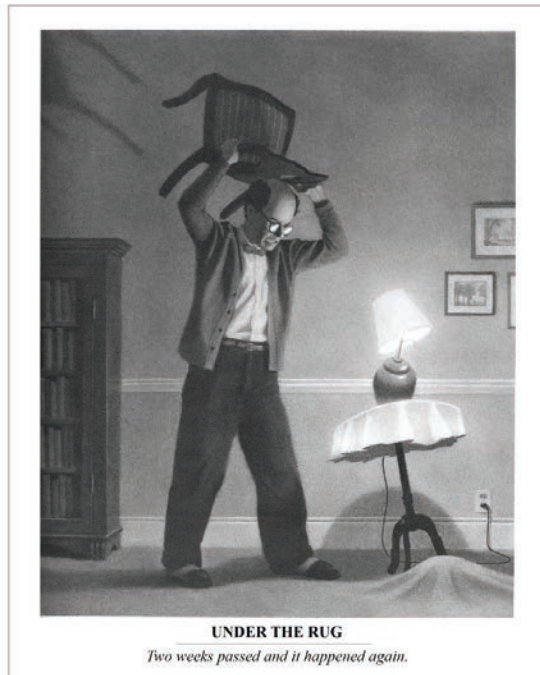


## WEAVING



## HOPI VASES





# Under The Rug

*Attack of  
the Mushroom Man*

Written and Illustrated by  
The Tools For Tomorrow Class  
At Ronald Reagan Elementary School  
May 2015

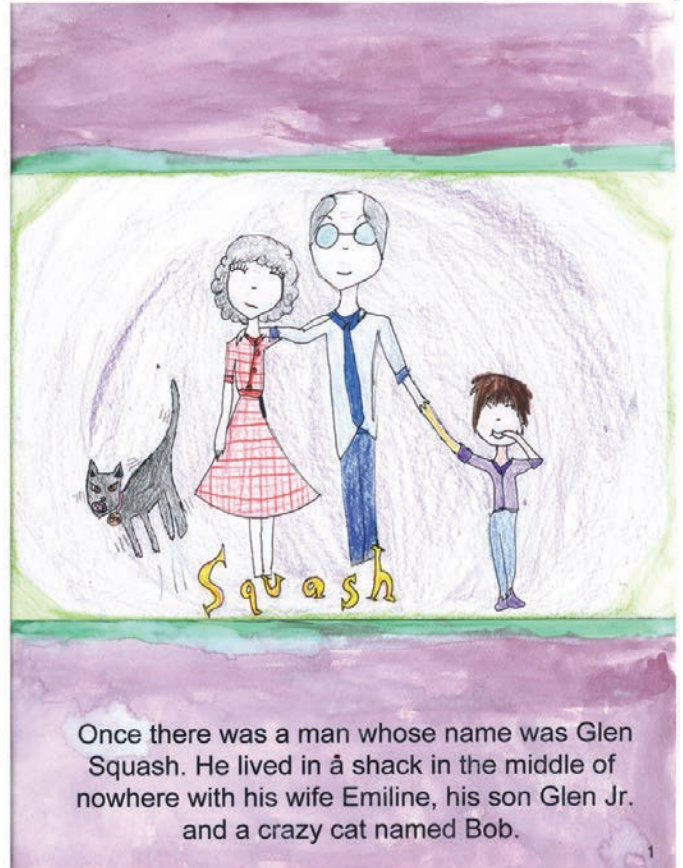
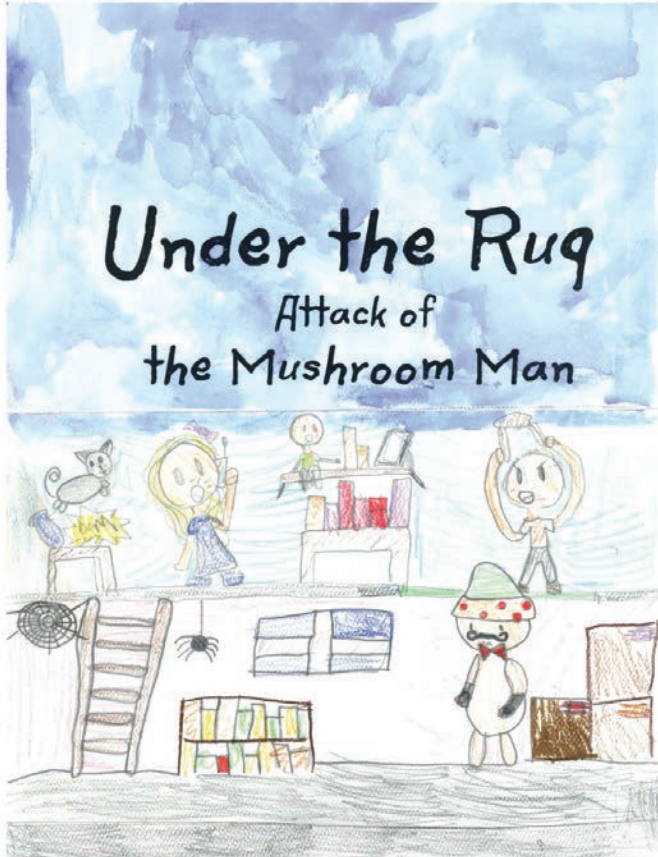
David Hirsch, Teacher

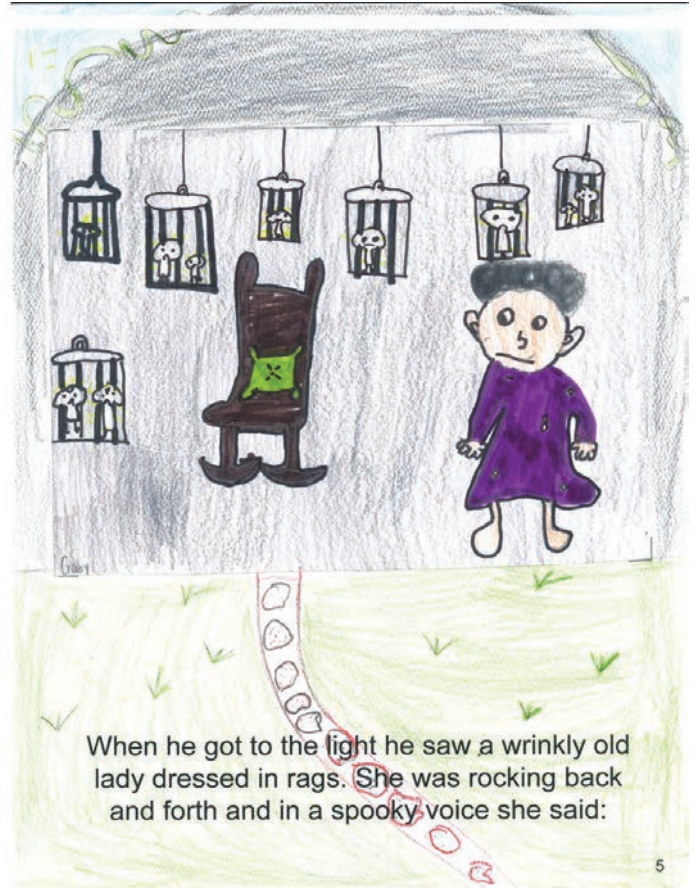
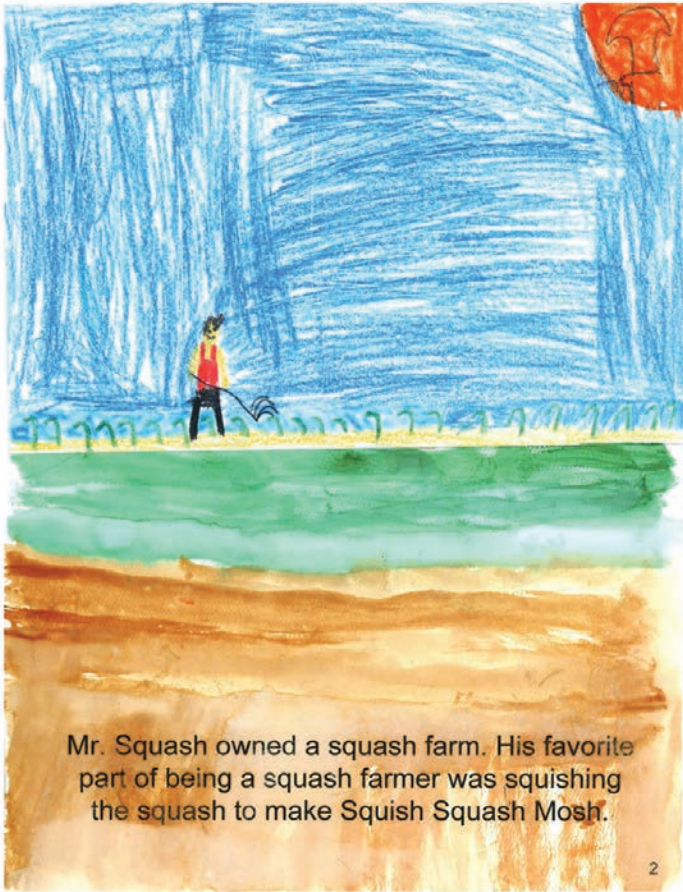


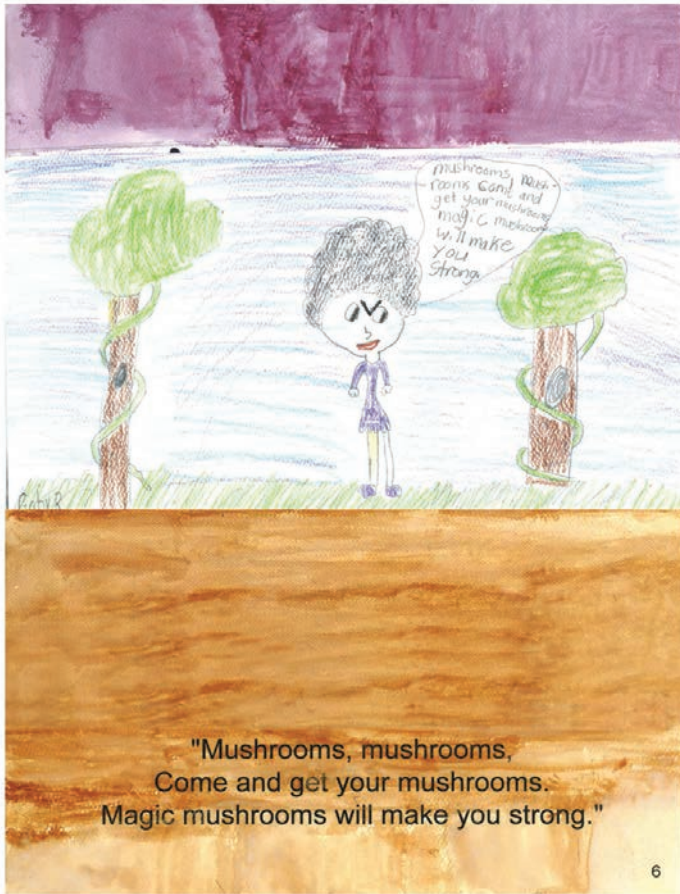
www.ToolsForTomorrow.org  
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The above illustration is from the book *The Mysteries of Harris Burdick* by Chris Van Allsburg. This book consists of fourteen drawings with titles and captions, but no stories. We are called to use our own imaginations to write the stories and solve the mysteries.

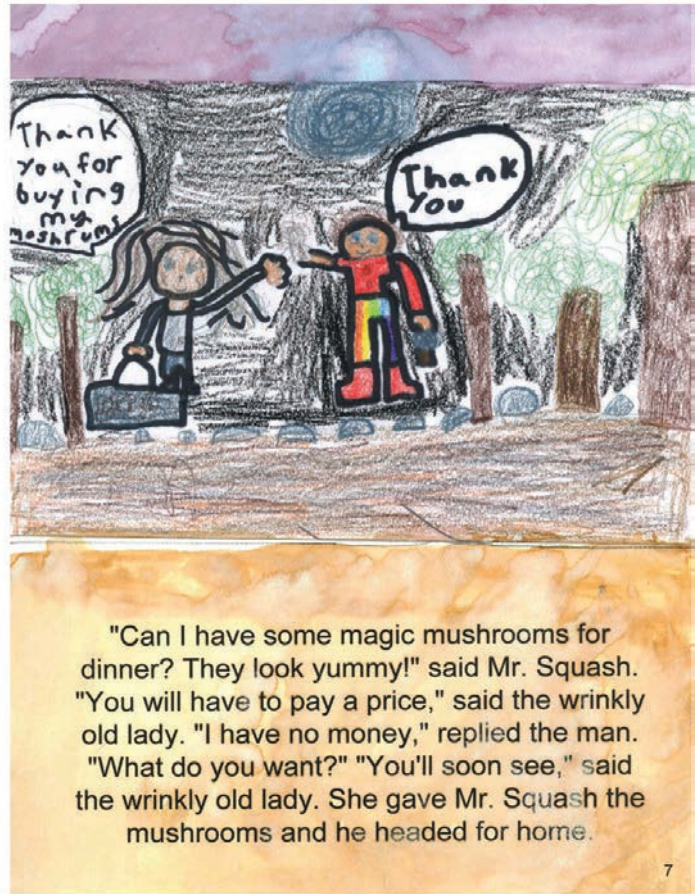
The Tools For Tomorrow students at Ronald Reagan Elementary School and their teacher David Hirsch, using their own words and original illustrations, created the book that you are about to read.





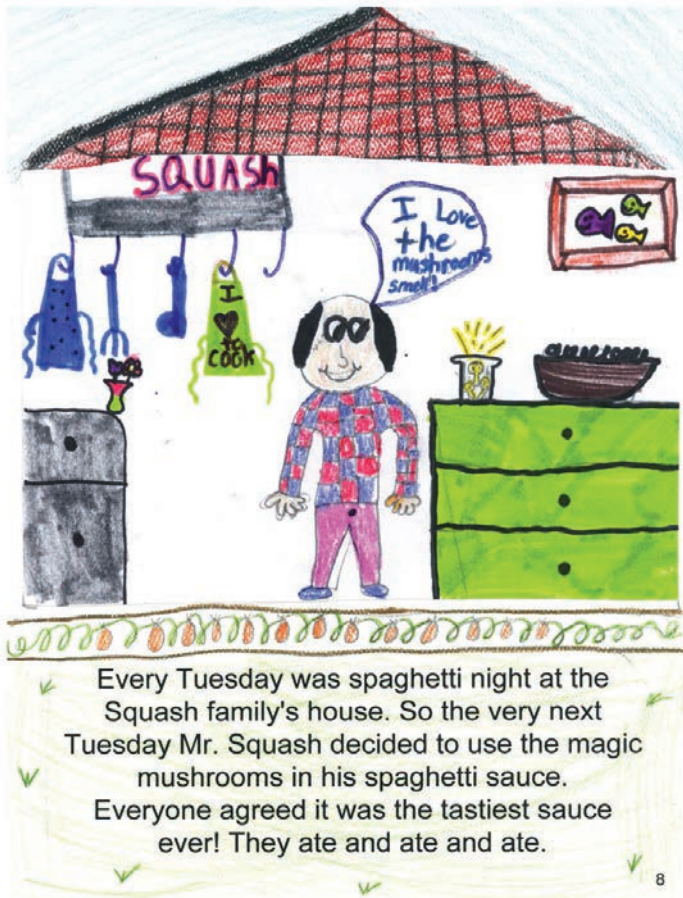


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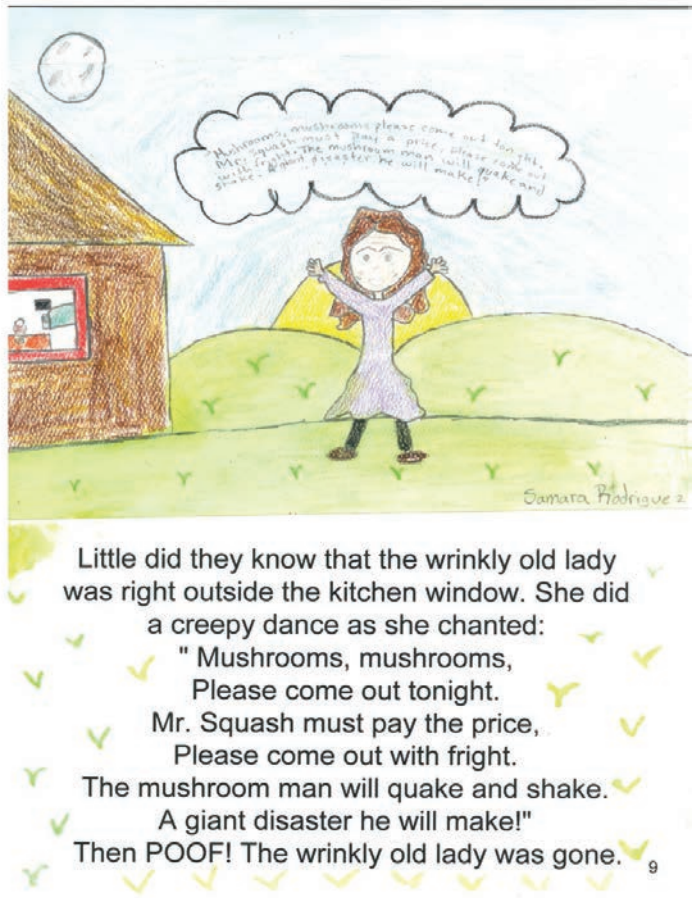
"Can I have some magic mushrooms for dinner? They look yummy!" said Mr. Squash. "You will have to pay a price," said the wrinkly old lady. "I have no money," replied the man. "What do you want?" "You'll soon see," said the wrinkly old lady. She gave Mr. Squash the mushrooms and he headed for home.

7



Every Tuesday was spaghetti night at the Squash family's house. So the very next Tuesday Mr. Squash decided to use the magic mushrooms in his spaghetti sauce. Everyone agreed it was the tastiest sauce ever! They ate and ate and ate.

8



Little did they know that the wrinkly old lady was right outside the kitchen window. She did a creepy dance as she chanted:  
"Mushrooms, mushrooms,  
Please come out tonight.  
Mr. Squash must pay the price,  
Please come out with fright.  
The mushroom man will quake and shake.  
A giant disaster he will make!"  
Then POOF! The wrinkly old lady was gone.

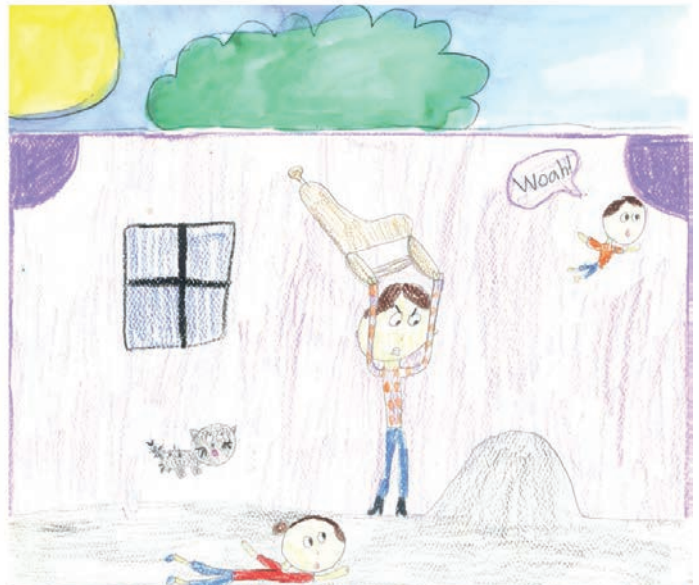
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Meanwhile, inside the Squash home the family settled down to watch Family Feud. Glen Jr. got up to get a snack when suddenly there was a loud crash, then another, and another. Crazy Bob the cat was running around the house knocking over everything in sight including Glen Jr.. Mrs. Squash came running into the room and tripped over a large bump that had appeared under the rug. "What is that?" she cried.

10



As the family trembled with fear, Mr. Squash roared like a lion. Grabbing a large chair, he slammed it down at the bump in the rug. "Call 911," he yelled. Then he turned to Crazy Bob and said, "Look what you've done to our house!" Glen Jr. stood up and said "Dad, stop yelling at the cat. We know he's crazy, but he was just scared."

11



Meanwhile, Mrs. Squash had called 911 but when she returned she said, "I called 911 but they're not coming. They said I must be completely nuts!" Then the Squash family made a thorough search of the house. But whatever had appeared under the rug was nowhere to be found.

12



The following Tuesday was parent-teacher conference night so the Squash family skipped spaghetti night. They had just about forgotten that crazy night but then two weeks passed and it happened again! Mr. Squash made his spaghetti sauce with the magic mushrooms, Bob went crazy and started knocking things over, Glen Jr. was flying through the air, and THE BUMP UNDER THE RUG WAS BACK!

13



"Quick," said Mr. Squash, "guard the doors, we'll try to stop it!" As Glen Jr. and Mrs. Squash ran to guard the door, Mr. Squash stuck his kitchen knives in a circle surrounding the bump. Then Mr. Squash lifted his leg and stomped on the bump with all his might. But the bump was gone, and so was Mr Squash.

14



"Oh my gosh!" said Glen Jr. "Dad's gone!" Mrs. Squash ran to a large hole that had appeared in the floor. She looked through the hole, and then she saw it. THE MUSHROOM MAN. Mrs. Squash screamed like a Banshee and then she fainted.

15



Glen Jr. jumped through the hole and grabbed the rake. Like a maniac he chased the Mushroom Man around the basement. Suddenly the Mushroom Man tripped over a chair.

16

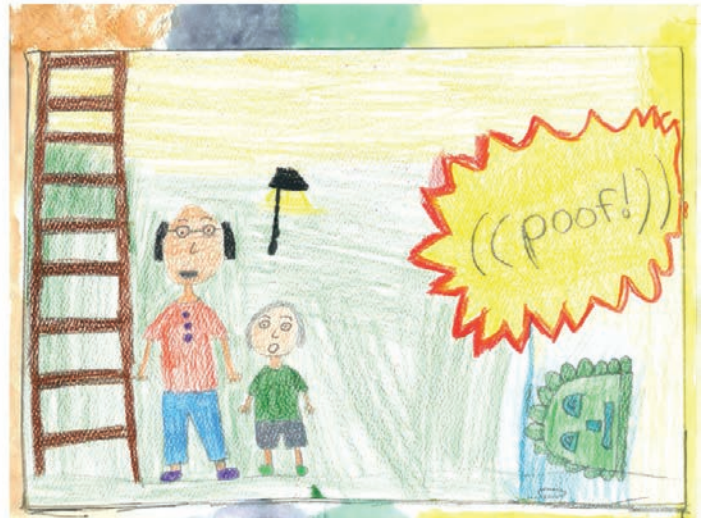


Glen Jr. raked him into a corner and was about to eat him when Mr. Squash ran up and said, "Stop, don't be greedy, save some for me."

17



Just as they were about to take a big bite, the Mushroom Man took off his mask to reveal that he was really the wrinkly old lady. "Never mind," said Mr. Squash and Glen Jr. "We were never that hungry anyway."



Then Mr. Squash said "I thought these mushrooms would make me strong. Instead all they did was wreck my living room." To which the wrinkly old lady replied, "Aren't you stronger from all that chasing me around you did? And if that wasn't enough, think of all the exercise you'll get from cleaning up your house." And then POOF! she was gone.

THE END

## Autographs

Jadon

Gaby

Gabrielle

Makena

Samara

Sonyd

Bella

Cashy

Joseph

Arely

Cadance

Samuel

JACKSON

Jusarah

Savannah

Maxwell

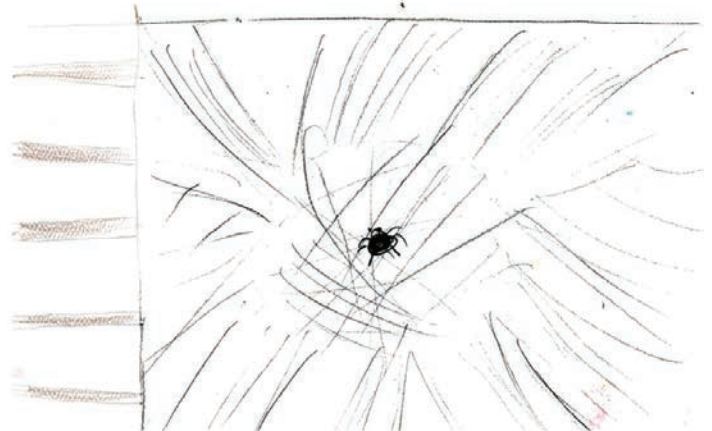
Ara-mis

Morgan



Katherine

11



# ISLAND OF PARADISE

Two Bunch Palms, Desert Hot Springs



Artist: Jazlyn, Grade 4

My island paradise is just a beach away!

Elizabeth, 4th Grade

My island is called JUSTICE

Asia, 3rd grade



Artist: Leslie, Grade 4

Big Blue Island smells like sugar

Ikaika H., 3rd grade



Artist: Arturo, Grade 4

An Island of the Monsters

I see monsters,  
hear the volcano rumble,  
feel the tentacles rapping around me,  
taste the tacos  
and smell the ocean.

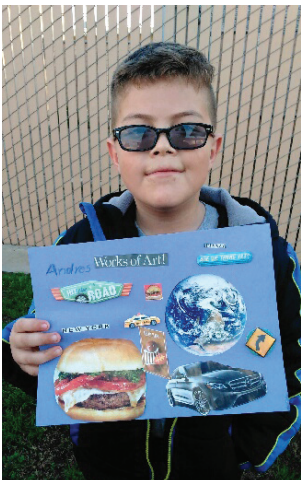
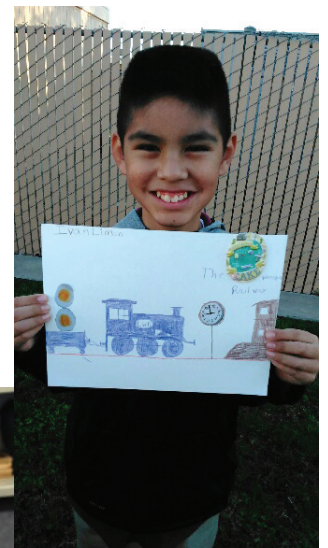
Arturo, 4th grade



Artist: Ikaika, Grade 3



**"If you can dream it you can do it." Walt Disney**





2012



2014



2013





2015



# VISION FOR THE FUTURE LUNCHEONS DRAMA, MUSIC & PERFORMANCE



2016



## THE LAST WORD.....

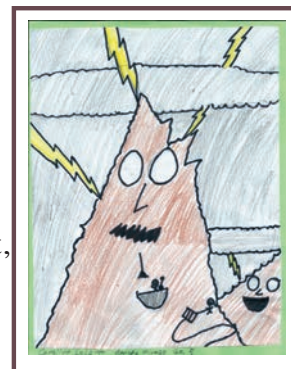
### FROM THE CHILDREN.....

**Bianca, Grade 5** - "Tools For Tomorrow is the happiest time of the week for me. I get to be with friends and do my favorite things, art and acting."



**Bailey, Grade 5** - "I want to play music when I grow up and Tools For Tomorrow is the only place where I get a chance to play music."

**Alma Isabel, Grade 3** - "I learned a lot like drama, art, history and many more important stuff that I can talk about in my classroom. The teacher was respectful to me. He taught me a lot."



**Jennie, Grade 5** - "I am so happy I had this chance. I had fun but learned too. It was a great chance for me to express my artistic talent and not have anyone make fun of me for my imagination. Thank you very much."

**Carlos, Grade 4** - "Thank you TFT for teaching me about native Americans and about making gourds into art. I also liked learning about painting with sand and it taught me how Native Americans use things in nature that they could get for free to make beautiful art. I like being in the class with other kids and helping each other instead of not getting along too good."

### FROM THE TEACHERS.....

"Teaching for TFT is like being a gardener, breaking new ground, planting and watering seeds of creativity . . ." **Doryan Dean**

"... 'Is this what real artists do?' a 4th grade student asked.

I felt excited because this is what this program is all about; increasing children's self esteem and empowering their creativity so they feel like 'real artists' . . ." **Gwen King**

"... Art was a fun, creative outlet for a little girl many years ago that kept her coming back to school for more. I hope that this Tools For Tomorrow class inspires the same excitement for the students in my classes . . ." **Wendy McIntosh**

"... TFT allows students who may not excel in other areas a new strategy, skill, or "tool," to succeed and feel proud of in their future." **Stefania Ford**



### FROM THE PRINCIPALS .....

"Truman Elementary is BLESSED to have this wonderful opportunity for our students. Tools for Tomorrow digs deep into the heart and soul of every child and allows them to find the wonder of themselves, just a creative moment away!"

**Carol Bishop, Harry S. Truman Elementary School**



"... Every year I see children blossom as they gain confidence in themselves and their peers, working together to present, perform and display their creations in front of classmates, parents and teachers."

**Steve Marlatt, Rio Vista Elementary School**

"... In addition, the ability of the program to bring in multi-cultural aspects also brings much needed awareness for our students, who reside in a community that offers limited opportunities . . ."

**Gracie Avalos, Mecca Elementary School**

"... David Hirsch is wonderful with the students and he is part of the reason that students keep coming back to the program."

**Marsha Boring, Rancho Mirage Elementary School**

"... I feel that the students who are lucky enough to be in TFT leave the elementary school a step ahead of their peers." **Joseph Scudder,**

**Two Bunch Palms Elementary School**



## **THOUGHTS FROM THE FOUNDER**

A bit of history...

In 1999, when Tools For Tomorrow was launched, and the office was my guest room, I was warned that two out of three start-up nonprofits would disappear within three years.

Well, here we are, eighteen years later, continuing to serve thousands of children in Coachella Valley elementary schools, from Desert Hot Springs to Mecca.

Thanks to a forward thinking Board, generous donations and grants, and the amazing Visionaries, our fundraising arm, Tools For Tomorrow is in a stronger financial position than ever, allowing us to offer the program in more schools and add classes for special needs children.

But there is so much more.

When a child whose parents are going through a bitter divorce says Tools For Tomorrow is the one place she feels safe, when a mother tells me Tools For Tomorrow has done more for her young son than three years of therapy...when a principal says that if there is bullying on the campus the Tools For Tomorrow students are the first to intervene, we know that this after school program is providing more than literacy enrichment in the arts.

In this time when acrimony, dissonance, discord and disrespect seem to be the norm, Tools For Tomorrow addresses the spirit of the child, building confidence, character, compassion and civility.

As I have said before, and continue to believe, Tools For Tomorrow and programs like it can develop in children hearts and minds that will change the world.

Rachel Druten  
Founder





"My Paradise"  
Artist: Hokulani, Grade 5

This Retrospective was designed, edited and published inhouse  
by staff and volunteers.



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