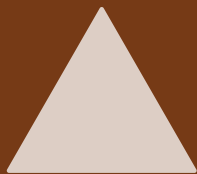




COUNCIL QUESTS

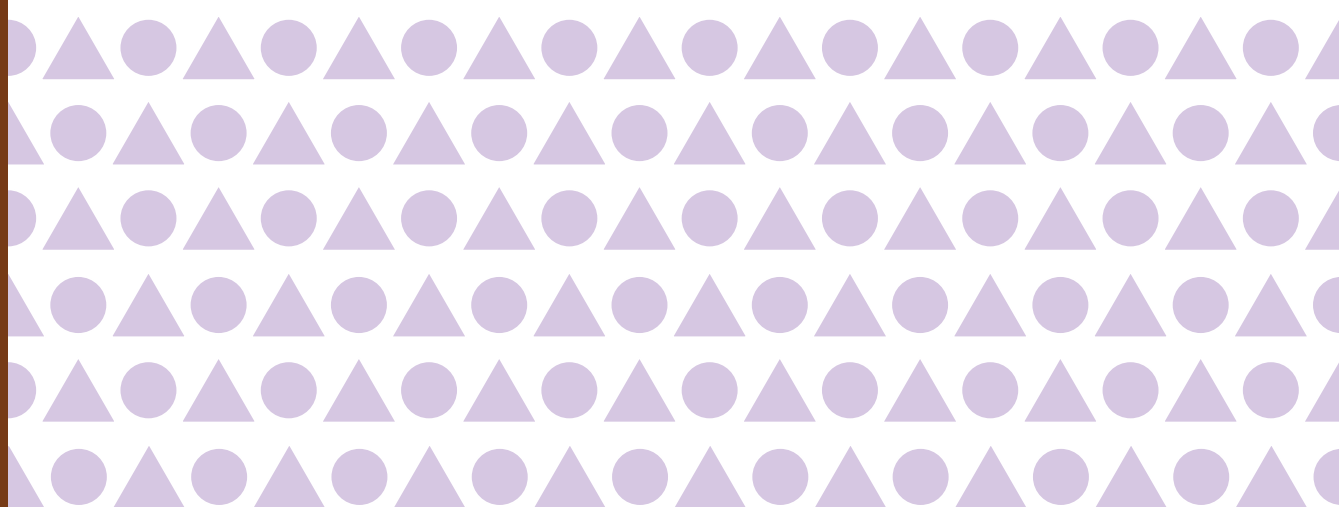
— Josephine's Journey —
Camp Holloway: 1955



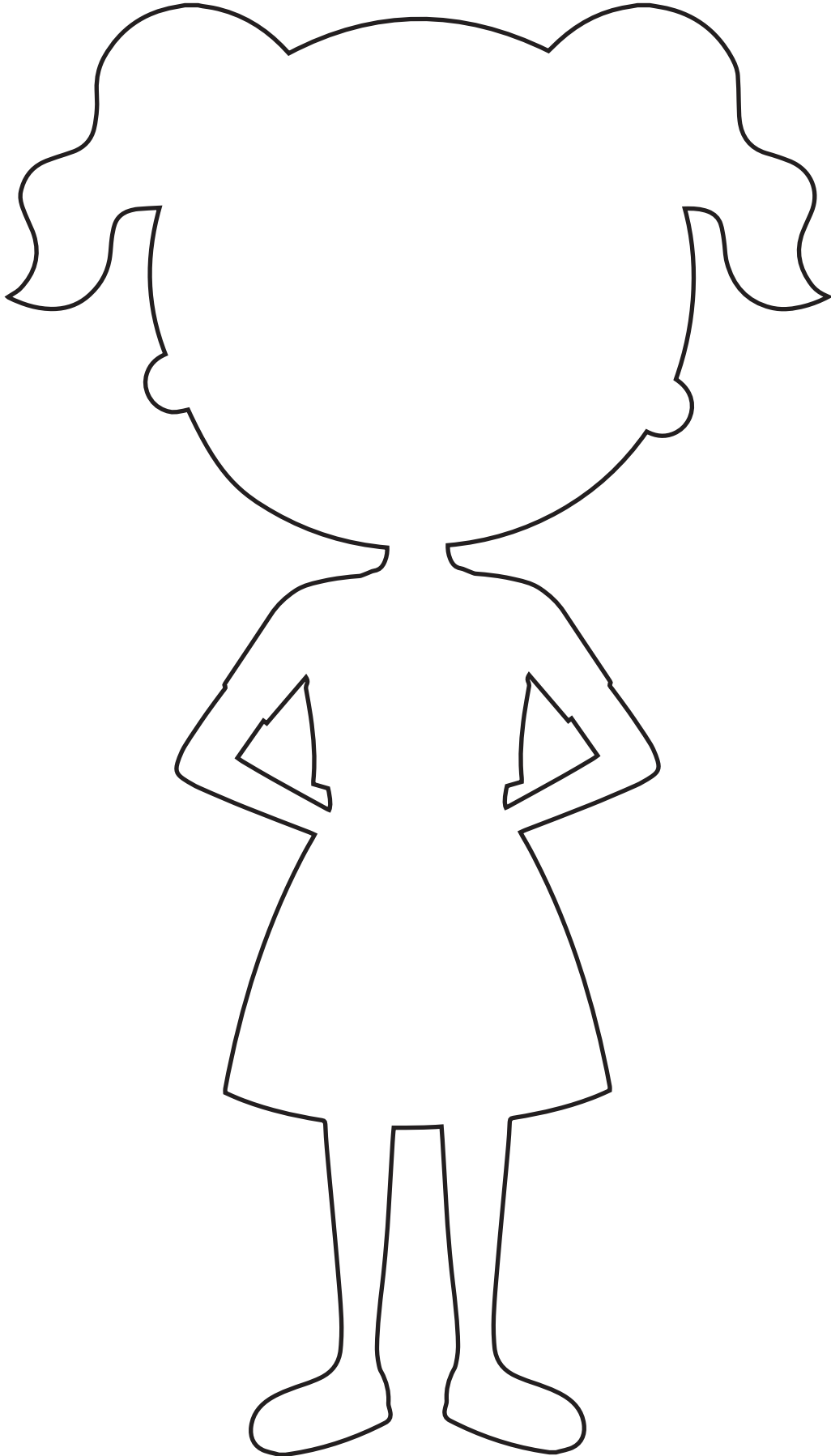
Brownie



Junior



Session 1: Body Outline



Session 1: Museum Placards

Honest and fair

Friendly and helpful

Considerate and caring

Courageous and strong

**Responsible for what
I say and do**



Session 1: Museum Placards

Respect myself and others

Respect authority

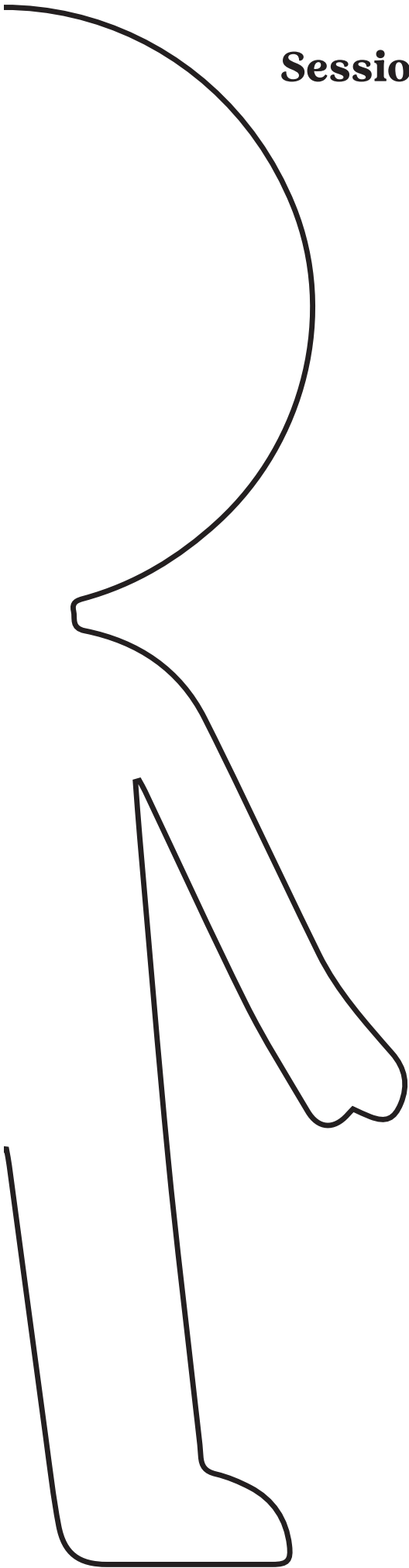
Use resources wisely

**Make the world
a better place**

**Be a sister to every
Girl Scout**



Session 3: Paper Doll Template



Session 3: Role-play Scenarios

A boy comes to school one day in a great mood because his older sister let him wear her sparkly silver nail polish on his fingernails and toenails. When he gets to his class, though, the other children give him funny looks and start calling him names. No one will sit next to him at lunch or play with him at recess.

Students are playing different games and sports at recess. One girl really wants to play basketball, and so far only boys are playing. The boys tell her she can't play. When she goes to complain to some of the girls, they tell her she can't play with them either because they don't want to play with a "tomboy."

At lunch, a group of kids are sitting together and eating. There is a new girl in their class and they invite her to sit with them. She opens up her lunch and it is food that they have never seen or heard of before. One girl tells her that it smells weird and that she should have brought some "normal food." The new girl puts away her lunch and doesn't eat it.

A new girl joins a Girl Scout troop. She and her family have just moved from a different country to the United States. Her new Girl Scout friends are excited to meet her, but soon realize that she doesn't speak English very well. It takes a while to understand each other and they don't know about the same books or movies. They begin to leave her out of activities because it is too hard to include her.

In science class one day, three friends learn about genetics and how common or rare different eye colors are. Two of the friends are excited to realize that they both have blue eyes. At recess, they tell their other friend that she can't play with them that day because she doesn't have blue eyes.



Session 4: I'm Proud of Myself

**I'm Proud of Myself
because...**

**I'm a Good Student
because...**

**I'm a Good Friend
because...**

**I'm a Good Leader
because...**



Session 4: Designing a Fair Camp

Who will be included?

How will you make them feel included?

What adventures will you have?

What will you do for fun?

What food will you make?

What songs will you sing?

Draw a map of your camp.



Session 4: StoryCorps – Michael

Down Syndrome is a "chromosomal anomaly." That means my chromosomes made a mistake when I was being made that caused a "structural" difference in my cells. Structure is the way something is made. The number of my chromosomes is different. The way they are put together in my cells is different from most other people's.

When I was born, the doctors thought I had Down Syndrome. I didn't have enough "traits" or "characteristics" for them to just look at me and tell for sure. They had to conduct a "cytogenetic investigation." That means a scientific study of cells from my blood. The doctors did a special study called a "karotype" of the chromosomes in my cells. Blood was taken from my foot to do the test. The test was done the day after I was born and still in the hospital. It took three weeks for the test answers to come back.

When chromosomes from my mom and dad came together to make me, a normal chromosome broke. The broken piece moved and stuck onto another chromosome. No one knows why. This is rare and doctors called it "spontaneous translocation." So in my cells, I have a short chromosome and the long one with the extra piece stuck on it. That is why I have Down Syndrome.

Besides my cell structure, and a few quirks we all have, I am just like everyone else! I go to school, like sports, have feelings, have different interests and things I like to do, and have lots of friends. I have some things that I need help with. I learn differently than some people do, but I am able to learn many things.

Sometimes it takes me longer to process incoming information, form my thoughts, and communicate with you. If you have introduced yourself and I know you, I don't forget who you are. Sometimes I know you because I have seen you but don't know your name. I have a great memory and will remember you!

So when you see me, don't think that I don't know who you are. Tell me "Hi" and I'll do my best to answer you! I want to be friendly! Sometimes I look away from you so I can concentrate and process what you've said to me. It doesn't mean I'm not interested or don't understand. That kind of frustrates me.

I am bashful, quiet and don't talk much unless I am very comfortable. I have a large tongue because of Down Syndrome. That makes it harder for me, than most people, to breathe and talk clearly. That's probably one reason I don't talk much. I'm afraid you won't understand me, might ask me to repeat what I said, or might make fun of me. It's frustrating, so I just don't talk a lot. Some people confuse "not talking much" with "not knowing very much." That isn't true. I know a lot!



Session 4: StoryCorps – Michael *(continued)*

I try to do many different things, so I am very brave. I'm in your class, aren't I? When I'm in regular classes, I learn about the subject. Also, I learn how to fit into the mainstream of life with you.

When I'm learning things or taking directions, it's easier for me if information is broken into basic tasks or chunks. Getting the answer or information back to you takes me a little longer. So sometimes it's helpful if there are different ways for me to do these things. That could mean talking, pointing, drawing, locating and showing things, selecting items or answers, or many other ways.

It frustrates me because some people think that I don't know or understand things when I do. I'm smart, too, but maybe in a different way. We just need to figure out easier ways for us to talk!

So remember my report the next time you meet or see someone who isn't like you. Everyone is different. We are all unique individuals. No two are the same. We were made that way so we would have variety and be more interesting!

From Teaching Tolerance, Issue 26, Fall 2004



Session 4: StoryCorps – Sadana

Hi, I am Sadana. I moved to Queens, New York City, from Chennai, India. My mother, father, brother, and I flew here on a plane. When we landed at JFK airport in New York City, I was really surprised. Everything is so big, and it was so cold. In India, it is hot.

My brother Guru is 9 years old. He and I go to a public school. I don't like school much because I don't have any friends yet and I don't know English well. I've been studying English since fourth grade. I am in fifth grade now. I like math, because I can do that correctly. I really miss my friends in India. I also miss my family, my teachers, and my principal.

Our house in India was different. We had three bedrooms and a kitchen. Here in Queens, we have only one bedroom and a kitchen. Also, the roads are different. Here, they are smooth. In India, they are sometimes made of stones. India's roads are crowded with people. Here they are crowded with cars instead. In India, I would see cows outside in the roads, but here there are no cows.

We drew Kolam outside the gate at our home in India. (Kolam is the art of drawing designs on the ground using brightly-colored rice powder.) “Kolam” means beauty in Tamil, the language I speak. Drawing Kolam outside your house makes it a sacred place. Kolam is like a prayer you draw. It is a prayer for success and happiness.

My father is a priest at the Hindu temple near our home here in New York. The temple is my favorite place in New York.

Since I am Hindu, I wear a bindi on my forehead. Hindu people wear bindi to make their face beautiful. It signifies good fortune.

Even though we live in the United States, we still eat Indian food. My favorite Indian food is noodles. My favorite food in America is ice cream!

From “Immigration: Stories of Yesterday and Today,” Scholastic.com

