



Celebrating 100 Years of Waldorf Early Childhood

What do we need to learn to enable Waldorf Education to grow beyond 100 years?

A century is a long time; some of us live to that age, and many of us do not. One hundred years of Waldorf early childhood education represents a rich history of practice, development, and growth. Many dedicated educators have traveled far and wide to share and support those seeking Waldorf education, while others venture out to find colleagueship, growth, and inspiration and bring it home. Today, Waldorf early childhood education is present in 37 countries worldwide.

How does an organization last for 100 years? It signifies that Waldorf Early Childhood has worked with clear intention, a strong supporting culture, and a deep commitment to avoid complacency. How does an organization or a movement enter, with grace, into its next 100 years? To step into the next century, we must continue to hold this clear intention to serve the young child, to innovate with full awareness of why we do what we do, and develop and grow our capacities to meet the changes—both good and difficult—that we face in the world today. To mark 100 years is to show that we have paid close attention to the evolving needs of education worldwide. Now we must ask how we can, as those responsible for Waldorf Early Childhood, work together to ensure that this education endures into the future?

For these reasons and more, WECAN has chosen the image of the magnificent butterfly as a symbol for this milestone in our development. The butterfly is a creature that starts as a crawling caterpillar, carefully choosing what it eats to grow and develop, then becomes a chrysalis, and eventually unfolds into an entirely new creature: a butterfly with the gift of flight! Although it appears delicate, the butterfly travels great distances to find the right environments in which to rest and grow. Perhaps most notably, the mighty Monarch journeys across all three nations in North America that united to form WECAN - traveling across borders through Mexico, Canada, and the United States. WECAN invites you to discover the extraordinary life of the butterfly in your classrooms and communities.

This is a way to celebrate the past 100 years and look ahead to the next century. In this packet, you'll find some ideas to begin your journey of celebration within your classrooms, schools, and local communities. We encourage you to post other content and ideas you have for celebrating on the [WECAN Hub](#) with the hashtag #W100ButterflyFestival.

Be creative, be inspired, and enjoy this celebration of Waldorf Early Childhood Education.



Blue Morpho butterfly

Blue butterfly, dance and fly,
With silky wings, soft and light.
In the green jungle, dance gracefully,
And in the blue sea, your magic is reflected.

Mariposa Morpho azul

Mariposa azul, danza y vuela,
Con alas de seda, suave y ligera.
En la jungla verde, baila con gracia,
Y en el mar azul, se refleja su magia.

O'u ca e kimimila o

Kimimila to, kiying na waci,
Hupahu ki habhapela s'e, panpanla na kap'ojela,
Can otehika ekta, lila yumpiya waci,
Mni Wanca ekta, wakan ki yak'pazo.

Papillon Morpho bleu

Papillon bleu, danse et vole,
Avec tes ailes de soie, douces et légères.
Dans la jungle verte, danse avec grâce,
Et dans la mer bleue, ta magie se reflète.



Inner Work for Educators

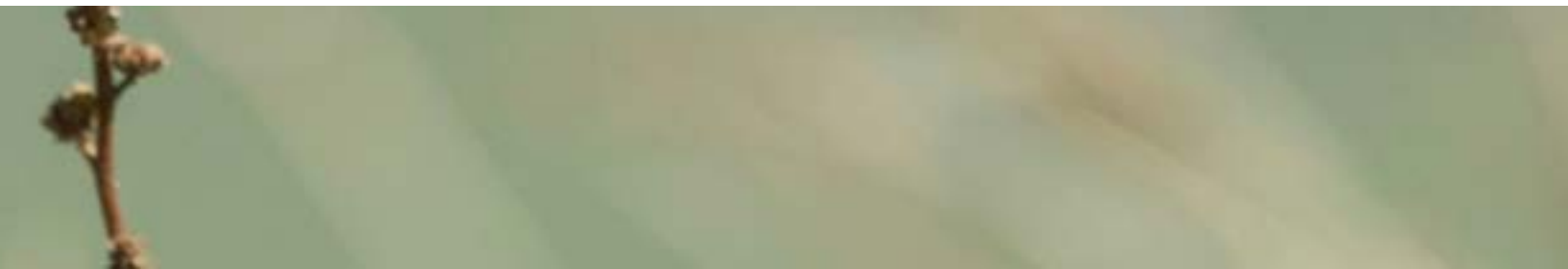
WECAN and the IASWECE Council invite colleagues across North America to join in two pieces of shared study:

Peace Dance, a verse by Rudolf Steiner, has been translated by many countries around the world for use in faculty meetings or personal meditation. We have included the English, French, Lakota, and Spanish versions and a link to the original German.

We are encouraged to read the lecture: The Conditions for Esoteric Schooling in Rudolf Steiner's How to Know Higher Worlds, which describes the inner qualities that support true development. Out of this work, you are encouraged to consider the following guiding questions:

- How do I grow these qualities in myself?
- How do we support each other as colleagues?
- How do we help the children around us to develop these same qualities for life?

[Conditions for Esoteric Training](#)



Peace Dance

Peace Dance

The wishes of the soul are sprouting,
The deeds of the will are growing,
The fruits of life are ripening.

I feel my destiny,
My destiny finds me.
I feel my star,
My star finds me.
I feel my goals in life,
My goals in life are finding me.

My soul and the great world are one:
Life grows brighter around me,
Life grows heavier for me,
Life grows richer within me.

Strive for peace,
Live in peace,
Love peace.

Rudolf Steiner

Danza de la Paz

Germinan los deseos del alma,
Crecen los actos de la voluntad,
Maduran los frutos de la vida.

Yo siento mi destino,
Mi destino me encuentra.
Yo siento mi estrella,
Mi estrella mi encuentra.
Yo siento mis designios,
Mis designios me encuentran.

Mi alma y el mundo son uno solo:
La vida se hace más clara en torno a mí,
La vida se hace más difícil para mí,
La vida se hace más rica en mí.

Busca la paz,
Vive en paz,
Ama la paz.

Rudolf Steiner

La danse de la paix

Les désirs de l'âme germent,
Les actes de la volonté grandissent,
Les fruits de la vie mûrissent.

Je sens mon destin,
Mon destin me trouve.
Je sens mon étoile,
Mon étoile me trouve.
Je sens mes buts dans la vie,
Mes buts dans la vie me trouvent.

Mon âme et le grand et vaste monde ne font qu'un :
La vie s'illumine autour de moi,
La vie s'alourdit pour moi,
La vie s'enrichit en moi.

Aspire à la paix,
Vis en paix,
Aime la paix.

Rudolf Steiner

Waci iblihec'iya

Nagi mitawa ki taku cin lena icagin kte.
Wowacin ki lena wanna icage.
Waskuyeca ki wanna sutun.

Wicohan ki ewapatan
Wicohan mitawa ki eyemaye

Wicahpi ki eblutan
Wicahpi mitawa ki eyemaye.
Wiconi ki lel wokuwa ki eblutan
Wokuwa ki lena eyemaye.

Nagi mitawas ki e na maka ataya wanjla

Wiconi Immihommni ojanjanya ahi
Wiconi ki lila mici tke
Wiconi ki tammahel, ijica aye.

Wolakota iblihec'iyeye
Wolakota oga un
Wolakota tehila

Translated by Joyce Little Whiteman, teacher at Lakota
Waldorf School

Activities for the Classroom

Stories:

The Story of a Butterfly

Jo Valens

Authors' note: At the beginning of the school year, I looked to find a milkweed stalk with Monarch caterpillars on it. I collected a few and brought them into the classroom. This is a story I've told the children after they'd experienced seeing the caterpillars emerge from their sleeping bags and fly away. I sense that the story helps to anchor the experience for the children. When I tell this story, I don't use puppets, but I do use my fingers, arms, and hands to create the caterpillar, milkweed, and butterfly—making a little gesture dance.

Once upon a time, there was a little caterpillar. He was very hungry. He crawled along a milkweed leaf, eating as he went—nibble, nibble, nibble. He made holes in the milkweed leaves as he filled up his tummy. He ate, and he ate, and he ate. At last, he had had enough.

And now he began to climb. He climbed up and up until he found just the right spot to hang upside down. Oh my, didn't the world look different this way!

He curled himself just a little, and then began to spin for himself a little blanket—a beautiful green blanket with a thin little thread of gold at the bottom. And then he went to sleep. Now the little caterpillar dreamed himself a beautiful dream—a dream of blue sky and sweet wind. And as he dreamed, something remarkable began to happen...

When at last he awoke, he climbed out from his green blanket. But he was no longer a caterpillar. Yes, he was a butterfly! And what beautiful wings! First, he had to dry them, and then to stretch them. He opened and closed them, opened and closed them. He walked a bit and played with his wings some more.

At last, he was ready. He lifted up off the branch and took to the sky. He wasn't ready to fly very far yet, so he just flew a little, from one branch to the next. And now a little further, and a little further—taking sips of nectar along the way.

He had a long journey ahead of him, but his wings were strong and he was full of good food. Off he took, up into the beautiful blue sky, heading to the Southlands far away, where the breezes blow warm even in the winter.

Goodbye, little butterfly, goodbye!

The Three Butterflies

Adapted by Claire Christerson from a story originating in Germany and Italy

One summer day, three butterflies were happily playing in a garden. One butterfly was red, one was yellow, and the last one was orange. Suddenly, it started to rain, and the three butterflies decided to fly home. When they reached their door, they realized they didn't have the key and could not get inside. What were they to do?

The butterflies decided to seek shelter until the rainstorm passed. As they flew, the butterflies came across a red flower, standing so tall and proud in the rain. The butterflies asked: "May we seek shelter under your petals until the rain has passed?" To which the flower replied: "I only have room for the red butterfly under my petals." The butterflies looked at each other and shook their heads no. "We would rather be wet than be parted." So on they flew.

Soon enough, they came across a yellow flower and asked to seek shelter under its petals until the rain had passed. But alas, the flower said, "I only have room for the yellow butterfly under my petals." And just as before, the butterflies said: "We would rather be wet than be parted." So on they flew.

The butterflies found a third flower, this one orange. They asked for shelter, and sadly received a familiar answer: "I only have room for the orange butterfly under my petals." To which the three replied: "We would rather be wet than be parted." At this point, the butterflies' wings were heavy with rain, and they were quite discouraged.

Meanwhile, the Sun had been watching all of this from behind a rain cloud and decided that enough was enough. So the Sun shone a bright beam that pierced the rain cloud, and suddenly, the rain stopped. Every flower shook its petals dry, and the butterflies felt the warmth of the Sun on their wings. They instantly felt lighter as the heavy raindrops dried.

The butterflies made their way back home, this time finding the door unlocked. And so, all altogether, the three butterflies flew inside for a good long rest. As they flew in, a rainbow appeared at the arch of their door, and all was well.

Activités pour la classe

Histoires:

La rose et le papillon

auteur inconnu

Il était une fois une petite plante qui poussait dans une grande prairie verte. Lutins et fées étaient tous occupés à l'aider à grandir. Ils déroulaient doucement les feuilles et les étalaient à la lumière du soleil. Puis, ils les frottaient jusqu'à ce qu'elles brillent et luisent. Les fées et les lutins aimaient la petite plante et, tout en travaillant, ils lui parlaient. Ils lui disaient : " Il y a les fées de l'eau qui t'apportent la rosée du matin que tu bois, il y a les lutins de la terre qui rendent tes racines fortes et solides. Et puis, il y a aussi les fées du soleil qui descendront bientôt sur un rayon d'or et viendront peindre tes pétales."

La petite plante se réjouissait de savoir qu'un jour, elle verrait les fées du soleil et que ses pétales se couvriraient de couleurs. Aussi poussa-t-elle toujours plus haut, toujours plus haut. Enfin, un jour les petites fées ouvrirent doucement son bouton et déroulèrent ses pétales....Or , il n'y avait pas de couleur sur eux ! Pendant un jour entier, la petite plante attendit les fées du soleil; mais elle attendit en vain...

Elle demanda à ses amis : "Où habitent les fées du soleil ? Je dois aller dire qu'elles m'ont oubliée ! ". Et ses amis répondirent: " Grandis, grandis encore jusqu'au plus haut du ciel ! Sur un rayon d'or, tu verras les fées du soleil ".

Alors la petite plante essaya de grandir encore davantage, plus haut que l'arbre le plus grand ! Mais bientôt, elle s'aperçut qu'elle ne pouvait plus grandir du tout. Elle pria alors ses amis de l'emmener près des fées du soleil. Mais bientôt la petite plante les implora de la ramener sur terre: " Regardez, pleura -t-elle , mes pétales sont en train de faner et mes feuilles sont tombées. Je ne me sens vraiment pas bien du tout ! " Alors, les fées la transportèrent à nouveau sur terre. Et comme c'était le soir, la petite plante ferma les yeux et s'endormit.

Le lendemain matin, quand elle se réveilla, savez-vous ce qu'elle vit ? Très haut dans le ciel, elle vit une petite fleur danser et voltiger. La petite plante était émerveillée ! Aussitôt, elle appela la petite fleur: " Petite fleur volant si haut dans le ciel, as-tu vu venir les fées du soleil ? "

Oh oui ! Bien sûr ! s'écria la petite fleur, j'ai vu les fées dans le ciel, j'en ai vu des milliers ! Regarde dans l'air ensoleillé, et tu verras leur rayon doré !...

Et comme la petite fleur voltigeait, un rayon d'or apparut derrière elle.

La fleur s'approchait de la petite plante et bientôt, celle-ci put voir les fées du soleil qui dansaient sur le rayon et descendaient vers elle en chantant et en riant. Elles portaient toutes des pinceaux et des pots de peinture - de la peinture de fée bien sûr - et très vite, elles se mirent à l'oeuvre, s'occupant activement de peindre les pétales de la petite plante. Les couleurs utilisées : le jaune du soleil à l'aube, l'or du soleil à midi, le rouge du soleil au crépuscule. Que la plante était heureuse de voir les couleurs apparaître sur ses pétales !

" Merci ! merci ! merci à vous, les fées du soleil! "

Pendant ce temps, la petite fleur voltigeait toujours dans le ciel. " Je dois partir, dit-elle enfin, et reconduire les fées du soleil sur leur rayon d'or. Mais d'abord, dis-moi ton nom s'il te plaît, car j'aimerais revenir te rendre visite ". La petite plante répondit qu'elle s'appelait " Rose " : " Mais, dit-elle, moi non plus je ne connais pas ton nom ! " . " Oh ! rit la petite fleur, tout en s'envolant dans la lumière du soleil, tu peux m'appeler Papillon ! "

Et à partir de ce jour-là, la Rose et le Papillon furent les meilleurs amis du monde. Aujourd'hui encore, le Papillon rend visite à la Rose et fait apparaître pour elle le rayon -d'or des fées du soleil. Et la Rose pense toujours que le Papillon ressemble à une fleur qui vole.

Et moi aussi.

Et s'ils ne sont pas morts, ils vivent encore aujourd'hui.

Actividades para el aula

Historias:

PAPALOTL Historia de una mariposa

Ilustrador J.L Montes y Textos: A. Lande 2017

Cuenta la leyenda que gracias a que su ligero vuelo es totalmente silencioso, la mariposa es el único ser vivo capaz de llegar hasta la diosa de la alegría y de las flores.

Así que si tienes la fortuna de atrapar una mariposa, susúrrale tu sueño más secreto y libérala, como agradecimiento ella se elevará al más alto de los cielos y llevará tu petición hasta la diosa, que por haberla liberado, concederá tu deseo.

María atrapó a Papalotl un domingo. Sé que era domingo porque María llevaba su pelo trenzado con todas las cintas que tenía. Y solo en domingo lo hacía.

María le habló bajito y bonito y así fue que le dijo:

Linda mariposa, mariposa bella, escucha mi deseo y llévalo hasta ella.

La hermosa mariposa parecía no entender, así que María se lo repitió en la antigua lengua:

- Quetzalpapalotl, kualtsin papalotl, tlakaki notechkopa machtilia inauak.

Aunque Papalotl sí la había entendido, porque las mariposas comprenden todas las lenguas que los hombres han inventado. Sólo se había quedado muy, muy sorprendida por el deseo de María pero ella era valerosa, y fuera cual fuera el deseo de la niña, ella lo llevaría hasta la diosa.

Así que Papalotl inició el vuelo y María la ayudó con su aliento.

Tanto pensaba María en la mariposa que casi era como si la acompañara. Fue así como vio el viaje de Papalotl.

Primero la vio en el bosque, donde se reunió con sus hermanas. Porque las mariposas, cuando van a realizar un largo viaje lo hacen acompañadas por todas las que llevan el mismo camino. Vio también cómo se alimentaban para emprender el largo viaje con fuerzas.

Cómo volaban. Ni el más fuerte viento las frenaba.

Cómo pasaban la noche durmiendo en la copa de los árboles, camufladas. Cómo, ya en la mañana, alcanzaban el mar y sobre él volaban.

Lo último que vio María fue cómo se acercaban al sol, le pareció que todas las mariposas ardían, que morían abrasadas. Eso la dejó muy apenada. Ya nunca más vería a Papalotl, ni tampoco la diosa podría escuchar nunca su deseo. Pero de nuevo la niña se equivocaba, las mariposas no se morían, ya casi estaban al otro lado, donde la diosa vivía.

Era aquel un mundo mágico, a nada se parecía.

Papalotl ya iba cansada, sus colores se apagaban, su fuerza ya flaqueaba. Solo su deseo la mantenía.

Y al fin pudo ver a la diosa.

En un susurro le trasladó el deseo que María le contó. Y, aunque no era lo habitual, la diosa le pidió que regresara con la niña. - Ella se encuentra al otro lado del aquel río— le dijo.

Y allá se fue Papalotl, un poquito sorprendida, se sentía alegre y fresca, su cansancio desaparecía. A su regreso, de nuevo al mundo una gran luna brilla en el cielo.

Papalotl vuela, contenta, hacia donde María se encuentra, ya ve el lugar donde la niña la espera.

Se encuentra a la niña con sus rodillas hincadas. Le da gracias a la diosa, que ha cumplido su deseo y también a Papalotl, por hacer de mensajero.

Linda mariposa, mariposa bella, la diosa me ha concedido ¡¡ convertirme en tu compañera!

Verses and Songs



A tired caterpillar went to sleep one day
 In a snug little cradle of silken gray,
 And he said, as he softly curled up in his nest,
 "Oh, crawling was pleasant, but rest is best."
 He slept through the winter, long and cold.
 All tightly up in his blanket rolled,
 And at last he awoke on a warm spring day,
 To find that winter had gone away.
 He awoke to find he had golden wings,
 And no longer need to crawl over sticks and things.
 "Oh, the earth is nice," said the glad butterfly,
 "But the sky is best when we learn to fly."

~ Unknown

Little Caterpillar, are you in a hurry?
 Going around the garden in your coat, so furry?
 Soon you will sleep wrapped in silken threads,
 While dreams of rainbow colors are dancing in your head.
 Then you will awaken, stretch, and find your wings;
 Fly on your path of color and sing to us of spring.

~ Association for Healing Education

This may be performed as a blanket wrapping exercise. Lay the child on a blanket with the head sticking out. Roll them up firmly while applying pressure, all the while saying the above poem. Unwrap the child at the end of the verse and let them flap their arms like wings.



Vers et chansons



Le Papillon Blanc

By Francine Cockenpot

Sur une fleur entrouverte
S'en vint un papillon blanc.
Un papillon dans le vent qui vole,
Vole, vole doucement

Tous les rayons de la lune
L'ont couvert d'or et d'argent.
Et l'ont lancé dans le vent qui vole,
Vole, vole doucement.

Il m'a frôlé de son aile,
Je l'ai frôlé de mon chant.
Et tous les deux dans le vent qui vole,
Sommes partis en rêvant.

Dame chenille s'accroche, s'accroche

De Hélène Besnard; Kate Hall-Gauthier, et d'autres.

Dame Chenille va se promener
Elle a tant de petits pieds
Qu'elle ne peut les compter
Dame Chenille a tant de pieds
Qu'elle ne peut les compter

Elle grimpe sur les branches
Et descend sous les feuillages
Se cache dans l'herbe tendre
Et puis reprend son voyage

Dame Chenille a tant de pieds
Qu'elle ne peut les compter
Elle fait le gros dos
Elle fait le petit dos
Enfin tout en rond
Fait son long dodo...

Dame Chenille rêve
Que dans le ciel, elle s'élève
Elle frissonne par la fente
Dans son cocon: il vente!

Mère Marie de là-haut
A pitié de son sort
Lui prête un joli fil d'or...

Et file et file
Tout autour de Chenille
Pour tisser un cocon tout rond...
Et des ailes...de papillon!

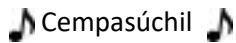


Versos y canciones

Ronda Día de Muertos

Soplan vientos más fríos,
Llueve menos en cada lugar,
y en casa cada familia se comienza a preparar.

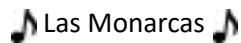
Colocan ricos alimentos,
Para la importante ocasión,
Encienden una a una las velas,
Como es la tradición.
Un camino de pétalos
Para todos billará,
El cempasúchil con su olor,
a todos invitará.



Se acercan con ligereza,
Vistiendo un vibrante color,
Son las bellas almas
de traen mucho amor.

Revoloteando felices,
Pues tienen su camino.
Se encuentran con su familia para
unirse a la gran celebración.

Como mensajeras sagradas
Las Monarcas van llegando
Y como la lluvia de otoño
a todos van visitando.



Cuando cae la noche suave,
y las velas parpadean,
los recuerdos se despiertan
y las almas festejan.

Las estrellas en el cielo
brillan con más resplandor,
pues miran cómo en la tierra
se celebra con amor.

El viento susurra historias,
la luna escucha en calma,
y entre cantos y sonrisas
viven siempre en nuestra alma.

Así termina la jornada,
con perfume de cempasúchil y pan,
dando gracias por la vida,
que vuelve a comenzar.

Piano

Cempasúchil

Ak Lu um Waldorf Community

Música: Alirio Pérez Gaona



*Flores que alumbran,
pétalos de luz
Formando un camino,
bajo el cielo azul.*

*En el sol el cempasúchil
Abre otra vez
El brillo y calor
Abriga mi ser.*

Piano

Las Monarcas

Ak Lu um Waldorf Community

Música: Alirio Pérez Gaona



*Adornando el cielo van
Bellas mariposas
En un vuelo ligero
Con su brillo hermoso*

*Van y vienen sin parar
Vuelan alto vuelan
Aunque su aleteo
Se ha ido volverá*





Hada Mariposa
Letra: Rosa Barocio
Música: Mayra Mendoza

A cabodoverpusa! Ma lumbaniposa que me pa re ve vientos al co ra-
zón de una rosa. És ta- vé li- bando naíel? ¿Se se crete reá di ci-
do? Me aso ma ré y di- rá. És u- na ha- di- ta- dar mien- do!

La mariposa se va al mar
Rosa Barocio
Mayra Mendoza

Sobre la gua- da la rroyo vi una vez flotar flotar una ho-
jita color de oro que ar ran co el vien to al pa sar una mariposa cul
se po sea lla de can- sar sobre la ho ja color de oro na- ré go- he- cha al mar.

Alas de ángel

Letra: Rosa Barocio
Música: Mayra Mendoza

A- ca- ri- cian do al ai- re, sa- lu dan do al sol
la pe- que- ña ma- ri- po- sa de mi se a ñe- jó
Vo- ló vo- ló, y en- tre las flo- res se per
díó y su de- li- ca- do vue- lo a los án- ge- les
me re- cor dó

Crafts and Activities

Butterfly Paintings

Cut out painting paper in butterfly shapes and have the children paint them with multiple colors. Hang them on the classroom wall or from a string across a window.



Brooklyn Waldorf School



Rudolf Steiner School

Photos: Claire Christerson

A Butterfly Circle and Activity

Maria Kata - Firefly Oasis

During my time in the Mixed-Aged-Kindergarten, one of my most cherished Spring circles was “The Root Children Circle” compiled and composed by Laurie Clark and featured in Movement Journeys and Circle Adventures, Volume 2: Therapeutic Support for Early Childhood. This circle brings song and dance to welcome the Spring and a rich sensory experience which included gentle touch games between the children - painting spots on Ladybugs was a favorite!

The circle ends with the magical transformation of caterpillars into butterflies! As Laurie suggests, my assisting teacher and I would “burrito roll” the child in a long cloth or sheet until they were tightly wrapped in their ‘cocoon’ and then slowly begin to unravel them with a ‘log roll’. We began with one child at a time, building to several in subsequent circle times, and eventually with children rolling each other up! They reenacted this during free play as well! Once hatched, the new butterflies would fly around the classroom until coming back to rest on the new sprouted root children flowers.

To build on our circle journey, children were invited to create beeswax caterpillars which we then wrapped carefully in pieces of wool. Each child found a safe resting spot in the classroom - usually nestled in our trees or plants - where their caterpillars would sleep. There they would stay until the day before our Spring break when children would enter the classroom to find that their cocoons had transformed into colorful butterflies! It was always a magical moment of wonder and joy!

The butterflies were made out of tissue paper and hung by a string so that each child could go home with a butterfly marionette to celebrate new beginnings and the beauty of Spring!

Making Plantable Seed Paper

[How to Make Plantable Seed Paper](#)

Be creative and share with us!
Post using this hashtag #100yrsWECE.

Butterfly Birthday Cake

Bake a cake with your class and host a butterfly birthday party

Cake Recipe

Keelah Helwig, Waldorf School of Garden City

3 ½ cups flour
1 TB baking powder
1 tsp salt
2 sticks of melted butter
1 cup milk or ¾ cup heavy cream and ¼ cup water
1 ½ cups maple syrup
1 TB vanilla extract
3 eggs

Mix all of the dry ingredients. Mix all of the wet ingredients. Combine and pour into a well-oiled bundt pan. Bake at 350°F for 40-50 minutes, or until golden brown and a toothpick comes out clean.

Butterfly Garden

Plant a butterfly garden to attract butterflies and support the butterfly migration through your region. See the article [Butterfly Plants for School Gardens](#) or the YouTube video [Making A Butterfly Garden](#) for more information.





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