

THE BUZZ

NEWSLETTER @ THEINSTITUTEOFEDUCATIONDUBLIN

22.02.2021



CONGRATULATIONS

Eve McMahon

On winning **Irish Youth Sailor Of The Year 2020!** This is the second consecutive year Eve has won this award! Eve is managing to strike the perfect balance with both her sailing and academic pursuits. She is currently in Lanzarote helping the Irish Radial Olympics Team prepare for the Olympics and attends all her classes virtually.



IRISH SAILING
IRISH SAILING AWARDS
2020



GUIDANCE

WELCOME BACK,



We hope you all enjoyed a well-deserved break and are feeling refreshed and energised. Remember that the guidance counsellors are available to support you with your future plans as well as any challenges you may be experiencing so please don't hesitate to make an appointment to see one of us.

CAO MARCH 1ST DEADLINE

If you have omitted any restricted courses you now have an opportunity to introduce these courses before 1st March (17:15) for an additional fee of €10.

DARE & HEAR

If you wish to apply to DARE, you must click on the Modify Disability/SLD (& DARE Application) button, complete the Supplementary Information Form and answer 'Yes' to Question 1 by no later than 1st March (17:15). For HEAR, you must complete the online HEAR Application by the 1st March (17:15). DARE / HEAR supporting documentation must arrive in CAO by no later than the 15th March at (17:15).



WEBINAR

This week we will be joined by St. Nicolas Montessori College, DCU St. Pats and Maynooth University to hear all about Primary and Early years Education. While, we love to have a live audience and to hear your excellent questions, don't forget that all our webinars are recorded and available to watch on Moodle. **Have a great week**

Shopping for a Voice

Rebecca Byrne 6th Year

I tried the grocery store at five am,
Thinking they might have baked it fresh
and left it in a bleached loaf of bread.
The great artist of the world,
Giving the white aesthetic a symbolic
stature,
Otherwise known as representing layers
and searching beneath facades.
I didn't find my voice there.
Afterwards,
I tried the hardware store,
For its sellers are argute,
On money matters.
Failing me in inspirational matters as
hammers have predilections towards
mundane pragmatism.
I tried the church,
But there the nun ran to her cloister
In case I'd seen or heard her:
Proof of her existence.
Next to the equivocal horizons of
Ecuador
Where the tsantsas were celebrated as
feats of war.
I thought I might invest in one,
And feed it history books,
So it might give me inspiration.
Then I returned home;
Despondent.
I'd yearned for concinnity when
coprolalia was en vogue.

Creative writing is always infused with a touch a chaos. Its what makes each session new and interesting. There is a kinetic joy in the whirring of minds working in real time, for that time. People are brought together with the goal of creating but have no arbitrary line to cross; here is no threshold of words we must drag ourselves over for the promise of a few percent. We do and are done; the process completed in its action and each member, frames their own process. Good and bad days are not measured in red lines or numbers neatly columned, but in sparks felt. Sparks that need no ruling to legitimise and have no scheme to appease.

Lately, for many, sparks have felt few and far between. Some tasks feel like indomitable monoliths, while others too ephemeral to muster the strength for. And so, this chapter can feel a little bare. But it is worth remembering that a scribble erases the blankness of the page as much as the graph. Below is some advice from author Kurt Vonnegut, written to a group of students of a similar age to yourselves. I don't normally assign work in Creative Writing, but this is one I recommend for anyone.

What I had to say to you, moreover, would not take long, to wit: Practice any art—music, singing, dancing, acting, drawing, painting, sculpting, poetry, fiction, essays, reportage—no matter how well or badly, not to get money and fame, but to experience becoming, to find out what's inside you, to make your soul grow. Seriously! I mean starting right now, do art and do it for the rest of your lives. Draw a funny or nice picture of Ms. Lockwood and give it to her. Dance home after school, and sing in the shower, and on and on. Make a face in your mashed potatoes. Pretend you're Count Dracula. Here's an assignment for tonight, and I hope Ms. Lockwood will flunk you if you don't do it: Write a six-line poem about anything, but rhymed. No fair tennis without a net. Make it as good as you possibly can. But don't tell anybody what you're doing. Don't show it or recite it to anybody, not even your girlfriend or parents or whatever, or Ms. Lockwood. OK?

Tear it up into teeny-weeny pieces and discard them into widely separated trash receptacles. You will find that you have already been gloriously rewarded for your poem. You have experienced becoming, learned a lot more about what's inside you, and you have made your soul grow.

Creative Writing
takes place:
Thursdays
15:30

