

An Ongoing Project

Written for Kyla by Briar Heskett

Kyla over the last week you have been working on building a bird house for your tree at home. You were inspired by Sam who initially made one and went home to discuss your plans with Mum. When you arrived the next day, you had a plan of attack and we were at the carpentry table putting your plans into action. Over the week you worked on your bird house bit by bit, taking it home some nights and then bringing in some more things and ideas to add to it the next. Like the peanut butter lid for the birds to eat the seeds out of. On Friday you felt content with your hard work and creating and decided to take it home.



Here you are working on the top (or back?), you were making sure there was an open bit at the top for the birds to see out of.

What learning do I think is happening here?

Over the week I noticed Kyla's hammering skills developing as she worked on her birdhouse. Probably also her muscles as all that hammering was giving her a sore arm 😊.

I also very much admire her ability to sustain a project and her supportive whanau at home working through her ideas with her.

I have come to realise that Kyla thrives off a project, a plan or purpose throughout her day. I also noticed that in doing this project this has supported her sense of belonging here at Lintott's and her relationships with others as she freely interacted with everyone, spoke with those who joined her at the carpentry table working on their projects and at the same time supported them and offering them ideas.

Opportunities and possibilities?

Kyla, I am interested to see if another project develops? I also wonder how the birdhouse was hung from your tree and whether your design worked as you imagined?

My bird house hanging in my apple tree...

Kyla's voice



I was trying to hammer in the staples, but they were too hard Daddy did them.



Daddy was tying string on my bird house, so it could hang from the tree, but I was holding it.



It is hanging from the tree and I wasn't doing anything with it because I can't reach it. And I can't hold it or tip it. When I want to put seed in for the birds I bring my stool or my chair sometimes and I get somebody to life me up, so I can.



There is a sparrow on my bird feeder and it is Henry and Henry and Henry and Henry and Henry and that makes number 5.