

Section C

Key Considerations

It is imperative to note that all interventions are a combination of mediating processes that are moderated by various contextual factors. Interventions must be designed keeping these in mind, as these can positively or negatively impact the outcomes of the intervention. The following moderating factors must be considered as they influence the outcomes of the Play-based intervention for building Resilience:

Country Context

While there is evidence that Play has a universal application towards fostering Resilience and functioning as a multidimensional pathway to Resilience, the context on the country the intervention is being applied in must be considered. The current country context influences the child's ecosystem and penetrates the child's daily living standards, as the macro system signifies whether a country is economically, politically, and socially sound. Children living in countries with elevated risks of political unrest and communal violence, weak economic conditions and harmful cultural practices are also subject to various degrees of cumulative risk factors, and all interventions must be designed after a careful study of the country and community context, and a deep understanding of the children's needs.

Gender

According to research on children who have been exposed to violence, girls respond to exposure to various risk factors with more elevated stress levels than boys, but boys don't respond as well as girls to play-based interventions aimed at mitigating PTSD. It is imperative to understand that gender plays a key role in how children respond to risk factors, and how they develop resiliency. Further research on the needs of male children and how to better address their response systems is required to improve the outcomes of play-based and other interventions aimed at improving children's and in particular male children's resiliency.

Age

If exposed to trauma at certain younger ages, children maladapt to harsher degrees than their older counterparts. Play-based learning has unique responses to children according to the age of the child as well, as younger children respond better to kinesthetic and action-based play forms, and pre-teen children respond to social games that involve networking and more challenging levels of problem-solving. Scaffolding game-play according to children's current expertise is essential for improved outcomes on play-based learning and intervention models.

Degree of Exposure

Children living in harsher conditions of poverty or violence will have more nuanced needs than children living in milder conditions, and they may have established psychopathologies such as PTSD, depression, and toxic stress related syndromes. Play-based learning interventions may be better implemented if children's background and socio-emotional needs are further studied, and the intervention could be further tailored according to their needs.

Household size and connectedness

The size of a child's household and the family connectedness plays a major role in how a child will respond to interventions. Children's development is greatly influenced by family stress, parental harmony or discord, presence of violence of safety, and harsh versus warm parenting techniques. This is also a key reason why parents must be involved in interventions.

Various other confounding variables that could function as moderators need to be addressed through thorough research and understanding of the needs of the target population, and without that any intervention would be incomplete and likely experience diminished effectiveness.

Evaluation

The facilitator distributes evaluation sheets for the participants to respond to the questions. They tell participants they do not need to write their names or reveal their identity on the sheet, and their responses will remain anonymous.

How would you rate this workshop? Circle your choice

(a) Minimally useful (b) Useful (c) extremely useful

What were participants' strengths of the workshop?

(a) (b) (c).....

What could have been done better?

(A)..... (B) (C).....

How would you rate the content of the modules?

(A) (B)..... (C).....

Did you have enough time to share information?

.....

Did you have enough time to network?

.....

Please provide additional feedback you feel will be useful

.....

Additional Resources

Brochure- Play & Resilience

<http://www.iicba.unesco.org/sites/default/files/sites/default/files/Play%20and%20Resilience%20-brochure%20%282018%29.pdf>

Report- Play & Resilience

http://www.iicba.unesco.org/sites/default/files/sites/default/files/Play%20and%20Resilience%20Meeting_6-7%20Feb%202018_UNESCO%20IICBA%20Report%20FINAL.pdf

Safety Guide for Teachers

http://www.iicba.unesco.org/sites/default/files/sites/default/files/Safety%20Manual%20final%20HQ_0.PDF

Resources for Families

<https://www.education.wa.edu.au/resources-for-families>

Importance of Play Brief

<https://www.education.wa.edu.au/documents/43634948/43871733/Play-based+learning+parent+flyer/3bee44e7-4772-1e27-6ff1-3c9f7290ee84>

Stories

THE HUGGING TREE

By Jill Neimark

On a bleak and lonely rock
by a vast and mighty sea,
Grew a lonely little tree.
where no tree should ever be.

How she got there, no one knew
she sprouted stems and little leaves
As any tiny seed will do.

“There’s any hardly any dirt for me
No forest breeze, no birds, no bees
But I will do the best I can to make this rock my home”

Her tiny roots pushed night and day
And bit by bit the rock gave away
A smidge, an inch, a foot, then two
She grew and grew and grew and grew

The ocean hugged the rocky shore
“I like you near me little tree
Let’s keep each other company”

Soft gold sunbeams kissed her crown
Warm as honey pouring down
At night she raised her branches high
To greet the moon up in the sky

“I wax and wane, I ebb and flow
I cycle through from full to thin
And when I’m done, I start again
That’s how life is, you know”

One summer noon a pair of birds
Landed on her leaves
“A pretty tree! A sparkling tree!
Shall we make this place our home and raise our baby chicks
right here?”

The little tree warmed up in pride
She spread her branches high and wide.
“I’ll be your home.” she replied
“And can you tell me if you’ve seen
the forest where my family grew?”

“We’ve built our nest in trees like you
quite far from here, and so you blew
many nights and many days.
You flew on wind just like we do!”

They built their nests, they laid their eggs,
and soon two baby chicks were born.
Summer passed, Autumn too,
The little tree turned red and gold.

Then winter came howling winds
and cutting cold that broke her boughs.

The birds flew south, the sea- all ice
The rock- all snow
The moon was lost in thunderclouds.

“Mighty cliff, hold me tight,
Don’t let me blow away”

“Little tree with all my might
I’ll hold you close, night and day.”

Storms will come and storms will go,
At last the sun melted the snow.
But now the tree could not grow
The storm had torn her roots.

The moon gazed down and softly said
“Sometimes we lose our way
But with some help we start again
That’s how life is, you know”

And soon a boy came running by
Skipping stones into the sea
When he saw the little tree he stopped and stared

He touched the tiny leaves
he felt the ragged roots
he shook his head and said,
“I can bring just what you need.
I can help you little tree.”

A tree can’t hug a boy
it has no hands or arms
but it can hug you with its heart
and that is just as deep and warm

Every day the boy came back carrying a full backpack.
From the pack he took a tin, and poured out rich brown
earth.

He packed the roots and tucked them in
he planted flowers round the tree,
and made a path for all to see.

“Now everyone will know
that even on a granite cliff
a little tree can grow .”

And then he went to sleep
and dreamed the things that boys dream of.

Now every day new people stop
to rest beneath the little tree
and dream of things we dream of
To love, to share, to give, to dare
to grow just where we are
And to this very day, they come.

For on a splendid sunny rock
By a warm and bright blue sea
a great big hugging tree
grows just where she was meant to be.

The End

THE CHILD EGO

One day a war broke out in Ego's country. She and her parents fled from their village in search of a safe place to stay. While fleeing the village, Ego got lost. She could not find her parents and could not find her way. Where are they? Which road have they taken? She asked herself repeatedly, and was terrified.

Ego was alone. She started crying. She cried all day and night. Her eyes were so filled with tears that she could no longer see. Ego walked all on her own for a long time. Eventually she was so tired that she laid down next to the road and fell fast asleep. The owls in the forest were the only creatures watching over her while she slept.

While she slept on, an old man was passing by, and was shocked to see a little girl all by herself. "Wake up, little girl." The old man said. "What is a little girl doing out here all by herself? She must be hungry! "Hey! What! Someone is here with me here?! What a lucky girl I am," Ego thought. She decided to trust the man, irrespective of whether he is old or a little dirty.

Ego followed the old man, and they got to an old hut. This was where the old man lived. Ego was glad to be

with him, and decided to help him. She grinded some grain and cooked a meal. She fetched water from the river to fill the water pot and the big jars. She swept the hut and cleaned the dishes. Ego had found a place she could call home. She lived there with the old man for a long time. Every evening, the old man told her wonderful stories. One of the stories was about an elephant that lost its trunk. There was another story about a monkey that ate too many bananas. Ego loved to sit and listen for hours in awe.

One day, the old man fell ill. He knew that he would die soon. He called Ego and said to her, "I want to give you a gift before I go to a faraway place. Take this little drum. Whenever you get to a crossroad, beat on it three times". Upon saying this, the old man died.

Ego was heartbroken. She had lost her dear friend. What would happen to her now? She left the old man's hut. She walked for a long, long time, until she reached a crossroad. She remembered what the old man had told her and she beat the drum three times. It was magic! Ego found herself back in her old village. The trees had grown taller. The huts had been rebuilt. Ego ran towards the compound where her parents lived. "Papa, mama, I am back" she shouted.



