

# Consumable Supplement

Lingua Mater:  
Language Lessons from Literature

Copies of the literature for marking up,  
blank charts, and outlines

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# Week 1

## Day 1

### The Guest

In a certain orphan asylum the words of the grace said before meals were: “Lord Jesus, come and be our guest at this time.” A little German boy took those words literally; and one very stormy night, as the children were all sitting down to supper, he asked the Sister who presided at the table, “Sister, Our Lord never comes, and yet we keep on asking Him. Will He *ever* come?”

“Oh yes!” answered the Sister. “He will surely come.”

“He may come tonight!” whispered the child. “May I set a chair for Him?”

Yes, surely,” replied the Sister.

So the boy drew up another chair and just then someone knocked. When they opened the door a poor young man stood there, wet and weary and hungry. He was taken in and furnished with warm, dry clothing; and then the Sister led him to the vacant chair and bade him eat.

“Now I understand, Sister,” said the little German, after the meal was over. “Our Lord could not come Himself, so He sent that poor man in His place. Is that the way it was?”

## Day 2

Then the King will say to those at his right hand, “Come, O Blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me.” Then the righteous will answer, “Lord, when did we see thee hungry and feed thee, or thirsty and give thee drink? And when did we see thee a stranger and welcome thee, or naked and clothe thee? And when did we see thee sick or in prison and visit thee?” And the King will answer them, “Truly I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me.”

Matt. 25: 34-40

**Day 3** (Week 1, continued)

<b>Person</b>	<b>Place</b>	<b>Thing</b>	<b>Idea</b>

**Day 3**

<b>Noun in the Story</b>	<b>More Specific Replacement</b>	<b>Useful to This Story? (yes or no)</b>

## **Week 2**

### **Day 1**

#### **Character Anecdote Michelangelo**

A friend of Michelangelo's watched the great artist at his work upon a statue which was nearly finished. Some time afterward he went again and found the sculptor still at work upon the same statue. The friend exclaimed, "You have been idle since I was here last! This figure was finished then."

"By no means," replied Michelangelo. "I have softened this feature and brought out that muscle. I have given more expression to the lip and more energy to the eye."

"Well," said the friend, "but these are all trifles."

"It may be so," responded the artist, "but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

## Week 3

### Day 1

#### A Sea Song

By Allan Cunningham

A wet sheet and a flowing sea  
A wind that follows fast,  
fills the white and rustling sail  
And bends the gallant mast;  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While, like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

“O for a soft and gentle wind!”  
I heard a fair one cry;  
But give to me the snoring breeze  
And white waves heaving high;  
And white waves heaving high, my lads,  
The good ship tight and free,  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud  
But hark the music, mariners!  
The wind is piping loud;  
The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
The lightning flashes free,  
While the hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea.

### Day 3

"O for a \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ wind!"

I heard a \_\_\_\_\_ one cry;

But give to me the \_\_\_\_\_ breeze

And \_\_\_\_\_ waves heaving high;

And \_\_\_\_\_ waves heaving high, my lads,

The \_\_\_\_\_ ship \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_, -

The world of waters is our home,

And \_\_\_\_\_ men are we.

### Day 4

A \_\_\_\_\_ and a \_\_\_\_\_

adjective

noun

adjective

noun

A \_\_\_\_\_ that \_\_\_\_\_

noun

action word

modifier

And \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_

action word

adjective

adjective

noun

And \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_

action word

adjective

noun

And \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_, my \_\_\_\_\_.

action word

adjective

noun

noun

While, like the \_\_\_\_\_

noun

adjective

\_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_

action word modifier

adjective

noun

action word

action word

\_\_\_\_\_ on the \_\_\_\_\_.

adjective

noun

noun



## Week 4

### Day 2

Who?	What?	When?	Where?	Why?

**Introduction**

**Main Narration**

**Conclusion**

## Week 5

### Day 1

#### “A Chase on the Ice” by Henry Whitehead

During the winter 1844, being in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure for the sports of a new country. To none was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The sequestered lakes, frozen by intense cold, offer a wide plain to the lover of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates and glide away up the glittering river, threading every mazy streamlet that flowed on toward the parent ocean, and feeling every pulse bound with the joyous exercise. It was during one of these excursions that an adventure befell me which I can rarely think upon, even now, without a certain thrill of astonishment.

I had left a friend's house one evening, just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kennebec, which, under its icy crust flowed directly before the door. The air was clear, calm, and bracing. The new moon silvered the lofty pines, and the stars twinkled with rare brilliancy from their dark-blue depths. In the stillness, the solitude, and the magnificence of the scene, there was an effect almost preternatural upon the mind. I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little tributary stream, I turned in to explore its course. Fir and hemlock trees of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an evergreen archway, radiant with frost-work.

All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and, as I peered into the unbroken forest, I laughed in very joyousness. My wild hurrah rang through the wood and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again until all was hushed. Occasionally from some tall oak, a night bird would flap its wings. I watched the owls as they fluttered by, and I held my breath to listen to their distant hooting.

All of a sudden, a sound arose, which seemed to proceed from the very ice beneath my feet. It was loud and tremendous at first, and ended in a long yell. I was appalled. Coming on the ear amid such an unbroken solitude, it sounded like a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on the shore snap as if from the tread of some animal. The blood rushed to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn; but I felt a strange relief that I had to contend

with things of earthly and not spiritual mold. My energies returned. The moon shone through the opening by which I had entered the forest, and, considering this the best direction for escape, I shot towards it like an arrow.

The opening was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could not have skimmed them more swiftly; yet as I turned my eyes to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double that of my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they gave, I knew at once that they were of the much-dreaded species known as the gray wolf. The untamable fierceness and untiring strength of the animal,

*“With its long gallop, that can tire  
The hound’s deep hate, the hunter’s fire.”*

render it an object of dread to benighted travelers. The bushes that skirted the shore now seemed to rush by me with the velocity of light, as I dashed on my flight.

The outlet was nearly gained; one second more, and I would be comparatively safe; but my pursuers suddenly appeared on the bank directly above me, which rose to the height of some ten feet. There was not time for thought; I bent my head and darted wildly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, sprang behind while their intended prey glided out upon the river. Instinct turned me toward home. How my skates made the light icy mist spin from the glassy surface! The fierce howl of my pursuers again rang in my ears. I did not look back, I thought of the dear ones awaiting my return, and I put in play every faculty of mind and body for my escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice; and many were the days I had spent on my skates.

Every half-minute an alternate yelp from my pursuers told me they were close at my heels. Nearer and nearer they came; I could hear them pant. I strained every muscle in my frame to quicken my speed. Still I could hear close behind me the pattering of feet, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves unable to stop and as unable to turn, slipped and fell, sliding on far ahead, their tongues lolling out, their white tushes gleaming from their red mouths, their dark shaggy breasts freckled with foam; and as they slid on, they howled with redoubled rage.

The thought occurred to me, that by thus turning aside whenever they came too near, I could avoid them; for, from the peculiar formation of their feet, they cannot run on ice except in a straight line. I immediately acted on this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly toward me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed past them. A fierce howl greeted my evolution and the wolves slipped upon their haunches, and again slid onward, presenting a perfect picture of baffled, bloodthirsty rage.

Thus I gained at each turning, nearly a hundred yards. This was repeated two or three more times, the wolves getting more excited every moment, until, coming opposite the house, a couple of stag-hounds, aroused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. Quickly taking the hint, the wolves stopped in their mad career, turned skulkingly, and fled. I watched them until their dusky forms disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house, grateful to Providence for my escape, and determined never to trust myself again, if I could help it, within the reach of a gray wolf.

## Day 3

<b>Event (Including When and Where it Happened)</b>				
<b>Things You See</b>	<b>Sounds You Hear</b>	<b>Things You Taste</b>	<b>How Things Feel</b>	<b>Smells</b>
<b>What It Means to Me or What I Think About It Now</b>				

## Week 6

### Day 1

#### **The Manly Life**

By Henry Van Dkye

Four things a man must learn to do  
If he would make his record true:  
To think without confusion clearly;  
Love his fellow-men sincerely;  
To act from honest motives purely;  
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

## Week 8

### Day 1

#### **Country Mouse and City Mouse Adapted from Aesop**

Once upon a time a Country Mouse who had a friend in town invited him, for old acquaintance' sake, to pay him a visit in the country. The invitation being accepted in due form, the Country Mouse, though plain and rough and somewhat frugal in his nature opened his heart and store, in honor of hospitality and an old friend. There was not a carefully stored-up morsel that he did not bring forth out of his larder, peas and barley, cheese-parings and nuts, hoping by quantity to make up what he feared was wanting in quality, to suit the palate of his dainty guest. The Town Mouse, condescending to pick a bit here and a bit there, while the host sat nibbling a blade of barley-straw, at length exclaimed, "How is it, my good friend, that you can endure the dullness of this unpolished life? You are living like a toad in a hole. You can't really prefer these solitary rocks and woods to streets teeming with carriages and men. On my honor, you are wasting your time miserably here. We must make the most of life while it lasts. A mouse, you know, does not live forever. So come with me and I'll show you life and the town."

Overpowered with such fine words and so polished a manner, the Country Mouse assented; and they set out together on their journey to town.

It was late in the evening when they crept stealthily into the city, and midnight ere they reached the great house, where the Town Mouse took up his quarters. Here were couches of crimson velvet, carvings in ivory, everything in short that denoted wealth and luxury. On the table were the remains of a splendid banquet, to procure which all the choicest shops in the town had been ransacked the day before. It was now the turn of the courtier to play the host; he places his country friend on purple cushion, runs to and fro to supply all his wants, presses dish upon dish and dainty upon dainty, and as though he were waiting on a king, tastes every course ere he ventures to place it before his rustic cousin. The Country Mouse, for his part, affects to make himself quite at home, and blesses the good fortune that had wrought such a change in his way of life; when, in the midst of his enjoyment, as he is thinking with contempt of the poor fare he has forsaken, on a sudden the door flies open, and a party of revelers returning from a late entertainment, bursts into the room. The affrighted friends jump from the table in the greatest consternation and hide themselves in the first corner they can reach.

No sooner do they venture to creep out again than the barking of dogs drives them back in still greater terror than before. At length, when things seemed quiet, the Country Mouse stole out from his hiding place, and bidding his friend good-bye, whispered in his ear, "Oh, my good sir, this fine mode of living may do for those who like it; but give me my barley-bread in peace and security before the daintiest feast where Fear and Care are in waiting."



# Day 1

## Grammar Study

### Exercise

**Read the following sentences carefully. Identify for your teacher the complete subject and the complete predicate. Then write the simple subject and the simple predicate of each sentence on your paper.**

1. The soldiers lit their breakfast fires at dawn.
2. Smoke swirled high up into the sunny October morning.
3. All through the night, they had prayed for a day without rain.
4. Coughing could be heard all up and down the camp.
5. Some men crouched over the fires.
6. Supply wagons, full of fresh supplies, had arrived the day before.
7. Hope stirred in the hearts of the soldiers.
8. As they moved about, rumors passed among them of the day's march ahead.
9. Shining as bright as the new morning, the general's sword lay astride his horse.
10. It glinted in the eyes of the soldiers as he slowly meandered through their ranks.
11. Grateful admiration, won by his care for them and the trial of battle, shone in their faces.
12. They would follow him, indeed, to the ends of the earth.

## Day 3

### Grammar Study

**A. Read the following sentences from the story. Underline the subject once and the predicate twice.**

1. We must make the most of life while it lasts.
2. The affrighted friends jump from the table in the greatest consternation and hide themselves in the first corner they can reach.
3. The Country Mouse, for his part, affects to make himself quite at home, and blesses the good fortune that had wrought such a change in his way of life.
4. It was late in the evening when they crept stealthily into the city, and midnight ere they reached the great house, where the Town Mouse took up his quarters.
5. You are living like a toad in a hole.
6. You can't really prefer these solitary rocks and woods to streets teeming with carriages and men.
7. Here were couches of crimson velvet, carvings in ivory, everything in short that denoted wealth and luxury.
8. Overpowered with such fine words and so polished a manner, the Country Mouse assented.

# Week 9

## Day 1

### Robert the Bruce and the Spider

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, the King of England took his army into Scotland to conquer that country and add it to his realm. As often happens in difficult times, many brave champions rose up to fight for the rights and liberties of the Scottish people, and one of the most famous was Robert Bruce.

The Scots fought bravely to keep their land free and proved more of a match than the English King expected. At last, however, the English thought that they had earned victory. Robert Bruce had been beaten in six consecutive battles and was losing his strength and confidence. He concealed himself in a cave and berated himself, saying, “It’s of no use to try again. I shall never win.”

He saw near him a spider about to weave her web. He watched her work. Slowly, slowly and with great care, she tried to throw her fine thread from one place to another. Bruce counted six times that she tried to reach the place she wished. *Poor little spider*, thought the great man, *I, too, know what it is to fail.*

Did the spider give up? O, no! With more care than ever she tried again for the seventh time and at last reached the place she had been trying so hard to gain. This cheered Bruce so much that he sprang to his feet, called his men about him, and led them in battle against the enemy. In this seventh try, just as the spider was successful, so he won the great battle of Bannockburn and defeated the English.

## Day 3

<b>Virtue This Story Will Show</b>
<b>Describe the Character</b>
<b>Problem</b>
<b>Events/Action to Narrate</b>
<b>How the Problem is Solved</b>

## Unit 2

### Week 11

#### Day 1

#### **The Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist**

In the liturgical calendar the feast of most saints is commemorated on the day of their death, thus honoring their birth into eternal glory. However, the Church honors St. John the Baptist in a special way by celebrating both his death *and* his birth. His nativity is celebrated on June 24, six months from the day of Our Lord's nativity. Throughout history there has been great devotion to St. John the Baptist on this day.

St. Augustine, in commenting on this feast, says that the timing of this celebration is most appropriate since St. John himself said about Christ, "He must increase and I must decrease" (John 3:30). St. Augustine couldn't help noticing that after the birthday of St. John, near the summer solstice, the days begin to get shorter (decrease), while after the birthday of Christ, near the winter solstice, the days begin to get longer (increase).

The Early Church Fathers taught that St. John the Baptist was sanctified in the womb at the Visitation. When Mary, with Jesus in her womb, greeted her cousin, Elizabeth proclaimed that the baby "leapt" in her womb. At this recognition of the Savior, John was cleansed of original sin before his birth. Since his soul had already been sanctified, his birth was considered holy. From that teaching sprang the devotion to St. John on the feast of his nativity.

This devotion was at its highest in Medieval times. In many places three Masses were celebrated on St. John's nativity just as on the feast of Our Lord's nativity. The first was celebrated at midnight and commemorated his title as the Precursor of the Messiah; the second at daybreak reminded the people of the Baptism which John preached and conferred; the third Mass at 9:00 A.M. honored the sanctity of the Baptist. In addition, so great was the veneration of the people that when two armies met on the vigil of his Nativity, they decided to put off the battle until the day after the feast. This was the case in the memorable battle of Fontenay which occurred on Saturday, June 25, 841.

Another tradition associated with the feast of his nativity was the lighting of huge bonfires on the vigil of the feast. This custom was practiced in nearly every European hamlet in the Middle Ages. "St. John's fires," as they were termed, symbolized the coming of the light (Christ) into the darkness. It was considered an honor to light the St. John's bonfire. In fact, King Louis XIV, in 1648, following the custom of his royal predecessors, kindled the bonfire on the Place de Greve in Paris. This custom still exists in Catholic Brittany where the parish priest blesses the pile of wood and is invited to place the first burning brand on the bonfire. The blessing prayers for the fire on the vigil can still be found in the priest's book of blessings.

A sign of the prominent place St. John the Baptist still has in the devotion of the Church and the Popes is St. John Lateran Cathedral in Rome, the so-called Mother and Head of Churches, which is dedicated to St. John. This Church is the Pope's own

cathedral and although it was originally dedicated to Our Savior, it was later dedicated to both St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. At Christmas Mass in 1999, Pope John Paul II commented on the importance of this Church:

I have just opened the Holy Door of this Lateran Basilica, “Omnium Ecclesiarum Urbis et Orbis Mater et Caput,” Mother and Head of all the churches of Rome and of the world and of the Cathedral of the Bishop of Rome. It was here, in 1300, that Pope Boniface VIII solemnly inaugurated the first Holy Year in history. Here, in the Jubilee of 1423, Pope Martin V opened the Holy Door for the first time. Here is the heart of that special dimension of the history of salvation which is linked to the grace of the Jubilees and the historical memory of the Church of Rome.

Although this devotion to St. John the Baptist was more popular in the Middle Ages, many people today maintain a lively devotion to this significant participant in salvation history. After all, it was given to St. John to announce the arrival of the Messiah. The Church today honors St. John on his two feast days and prays especially to St. John as the patron of Baptism. In the words of the liturgy for the Feast of the Nativity of St. John Baptist: “Let thy Church, Oh God, be glad at the birth of blessed John the Baptist; through whom she knew the author of her new birth, Our Lord Jesus Christ.”

*Adapted from The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament, August 1918  
issue (Vol XXI. No. 8) by Rev. F.K., O.P. with new information by  
M. Davidson*

## Week 12

### Day 1

#### Lullaby of an Infant Chief

By Sir Walter Scott

O, hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,  
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;  
The woods and the glens from the tower which we see,  
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,  
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;  
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,  
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O, hush thee, my baby, the time will soon come,  
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;  
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,  
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

#### A Gaelic Lullaby

Hush! the waves are rolling in,  
White with foam, white with foam;  
Father toils amid the din;  
But baby sleeps at home.

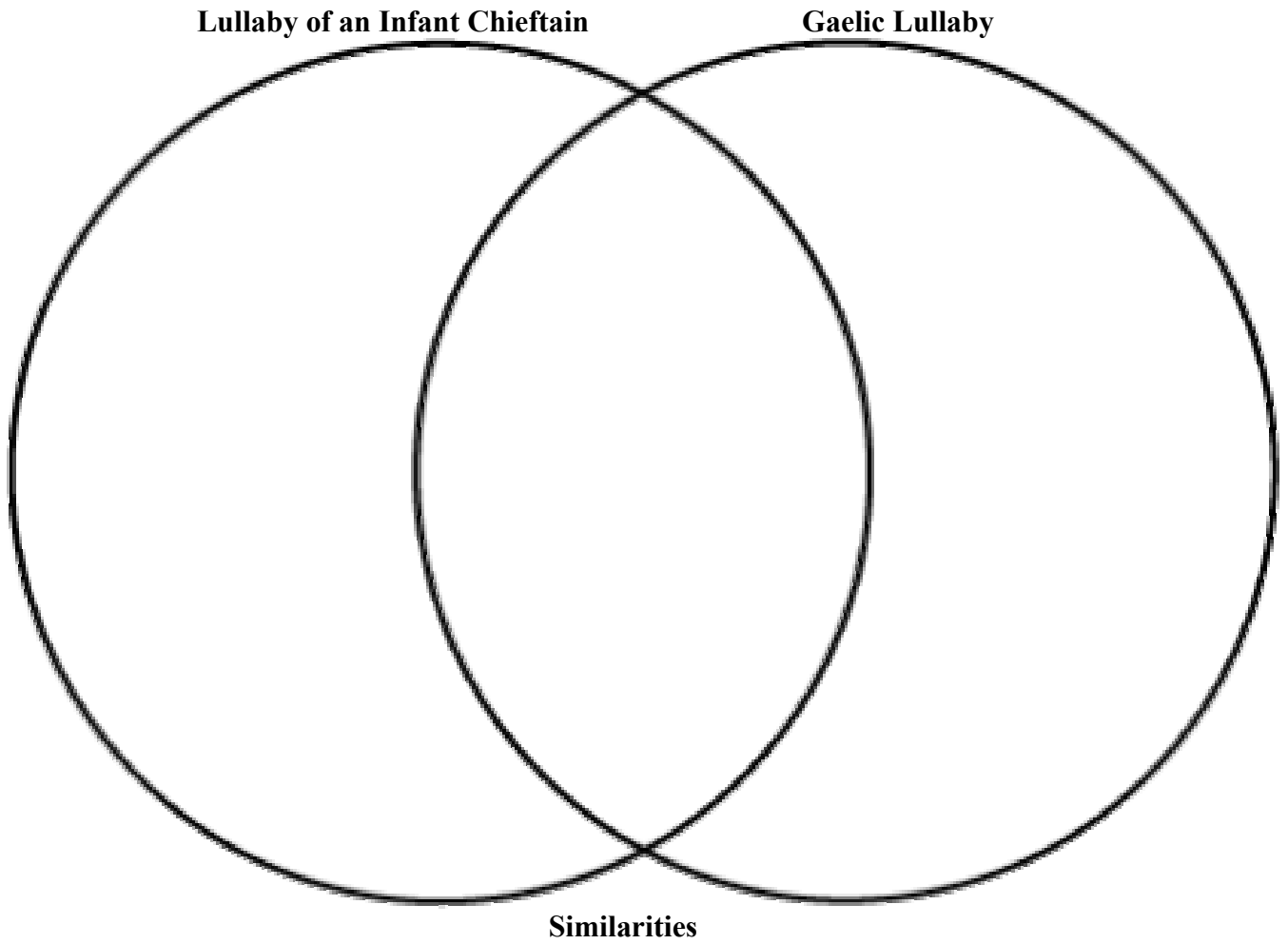
Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep, --  
On they come, on they come!  
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;  
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes;  
Where they roam, where they roam;  
Sister goes to seek the cows;  
But baby sleeps at home.

*Anon.*

**Day 3**

**Venn Diagram**





## Compare and Contrast Essay Note-Taking Chart

<b>Introductory Comments About the Two Poems</b>
↓
<b>Controlling Idea (Thesis)</b>
↓
<b>Similarities</b>
<b>Evidence (include quotes from the poem)</b>
↓
<b>Differences</b>
<b>Evidence (include quotes from the poem)</b>
↓
<b>Conclusion</b>

# Week 13

## “How-to” Essay Note Taking Chart

Introduction:



Supplies needed:



Step 1:



Step 2:



Step 3: (Optional, if needed) and/or any cautions the child should keep in mind



Conclusion:

# Week 14

## Day 1

Beware of practicing your piety before men in order to be seen by them; for then you will have no reward from your Father who is in heaven. Thus, when you give alms, sound no trumpet before you, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets that they may be praised by men. Truly I say to you, they have their reward. But when you give alms, do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing, so that your alms may be in secret; and your Father who sees in secret will reward you.

And when you pray, you must not be like the hypocrites; for they love to stand and pray in the synagogues and at the street corners, that they may be seen by men. Truly, I say to you, they have their reward. But when you pray, go into your room and shut the door and pray to your Father who is in secret; and your Father who sees in secret will reward you.

And in praying do not heap up empty phrases as the Gentiles do; for they think that they will be heard for their many words. Do not be like them, for your Father knows what you need before you ask him. Pray then like this:

Our Father who art in heaven  
Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kingdom come,  
Thy will be done,  
On earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread;  
And forgive us our debts,  
As we have also forgiven our debtors;  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil.

For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father also will forgive you; but if you do not forgive men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses Matt 6:1-15.

## Grammar

A. On your chart enter the simple subject, simple predicate, and direct object from each sentence.

1. The soldier began his story.
2. I heard a loud noise.
3. The story surprised me.
4. The party finally reached it.

5. Tom followed his guide.
6. The pilot gave the command distinctly.
7. They found the horse the next morning.
8. The crew understood the situation.

Subject	Verb	Direct object
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		
6.		
7.		
8.		

## Day 3

### Writing

Printed below is a *commentary* on part of the Sermon of the Mount based on the writings of St. Augustine.

The “Our Father” is a new kind of prayer for the listeners of Christ. Nowhere in the Old Testament are God’s Chosen People told to call Him “Father.” But now in this sermon, Jesus is instructing His people to pray to God as their Father. This is a sign of the New Covenant in Christ. St. Augustine says that at the petition “Our Father” love is aroused in us and the confidence of obtaining what we are about to ask. For what father would not give to his children who ask.

St. Augustine goes on to teach that “*Our Father who art in heaven*” is rightly understood to mean that God is in the hearts of the just, as in His holy temple. Heaven is not a physical place in this sense, but a state of being.

Following this opening line, there are seven petitions, or blessings, in the “Our Father.” The first three draw us toward the glory of the Father; the last four present our wants to Him and are our ways to Him. The first three, “hallowed be thy name,” “thy kingdom come,” and “thy will be done” turn our hearts toward the glory of the Father. We do not mention ourselves at all but are wrapped up in the love of the Father and the hope of His life.

The last four, “*give us . . . forgive us . . . lead us not . . . deliver us,*” are prayers of petition for our needs. The first asks for both our physical need of nourishment and the spiritual nourishment in the Eucharist. The rest ask for spiritual help to live as we should, forgiving others, and keeping free from temptation and evil. We present our needs to God, the Father, who cannot refuse His children.

The “amen” at the end, our “so be it,” signifies our agreement with and acceptance of the petitions.

Adapted from *Sermons* by St. Augustine

**“For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also” Matthew 6:21**

Fill in the chart with our ideas about this quote. Your ideas do not have to be expressed in complete sentences. Just take notes.

What Jesus meant by this quote (Explain the quote.)	How should it be applied in our lives? (What should our response be?)

**Day 4**

**Grammar**

**D. In the following sentences, identify the verb (V), direct object (DO), indirect object (IO) and object of the preposition (OP).**

1. The Barkley’s father left Pete a large sum of money.
2. My teacher at the day school gave me a fine old book.
3. The priest from the mission told the children a story about Father Serra.
4. The tutor assigned the students more work on composition.
5. The evening after the concert, Edmund sent the pianist a congratulatory note.

## Week 15

### **Breathes There the Man**

From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto 6<sup>th</sup>  
By Sir Walter Scott

Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said  
“This is my own, my native land!”  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go mark him well  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

# Week 16

## Day 1

### History of the Rodeo

*The horse's nostrils flare as the cowboy tightens his grip. Suddenly the gate opens, and the horse rears and bucks into the arena. The crowds cheer. One hand poised in the air, the cowboy holds on against the violent bucking of the maddened horse. Eight seconds pass in the blink of an eye, yet for the cowboy it seems an eternity, suspended midair between dirt and sky.*

This scene is repeated thousands of times each year in rodeos across America and Canada. With all their theatrical glitz and high expense, today's rodeos bear little resemblance to the origins of this popular sport, except in the very basic events of the competition.

The first cowboys of the open range were Spanish *vaqueros* who worked the cattle in Spanish-owned western territories. The word "rodeo" comes from the Spanish word *rodear*, which means "to surround." At round-up time all the special skills of the *vaquero*, like riding and roping, would be used to work the cattle, gathering them and getting them ready for branding or taking to market. When the Western territories became part of the United States, American cattle workers or *cowboys*, as they came to be called, worked alongside their Spanish counterparts, adopting their skills and lingo. The cattle punching cowboy became an emblem of the Western experience.

The first rodeos were impromptu competitions organized by the cowboys themselves. After long months on the range, the cowboys would arrive back in town ready to blow off steam and have some fun. They would often compete with each other in the skill of their trade, trying to best each other at roping cattle, cutting cattle out of a herd, or riding unbroken horses. Resembling the champions of Medieval jousting tournaments, the rodeo winners often won a prize or spontaneous honor.

Different groups have claimed to have held the first rodeo. Texans say that in the early 1880s, cowboys would come into the streets of Pecos on July 4<sup>th</sup>, "raising a ruckus," driving steer, and roping them in the courthouse square. July 4<sup>th</sup> came to be known as the Cowboy Christmas. Others say that the first rodeo was in Cheyenne, Wyoming, the forerunner to the now popular Frontier Days celebration which every year features a widely acclaimed rodeo event.

However, the first one to name these events a "rodeo" was Buffalo Bill Cody. Capitalizing on the country's great fascination with the West, he put together the first of his Wild West extravaganzas in 1882. He called it a rodeo, and the sport took one step closer to the rodeos of our time. That is, people *paid* to see the cowboys exhibit their skill in competitions. A new kind of cowboy was emerging, one who performed only in the arena, not on the cattle range.

Today's rodeos feature several standard events. They include bareback riding, steer wrestling, team roping, saddle bronco riding, and calf roping. Bull riding, which



was added late in the development of the sport, is probably the most popular of all the events. Many rodeos also include barrel racing, a sport dominated by women.

Rodeo has been made into a professional sport with a well established-circuit and standardized rules and cash prizes. Points are tallied based on the participant's cash winnings and those with the highest points advance to final rodeos. These ranking contestants compete in more than one-hundred rodeos per year for total prize money and awards in excess of 12 million dollars.

Today's rodeo cowboys rarely actually work with cattle for a living. Their job is to perform at rodeos. Millions of rodeo fans across North America will say they don't care about that much. Rodeos are still exciting and great exhibitions of skill. For, although the rodeo has shifted away from its origins as a way for working cowboys to boast and brag, it still retains the fundamental elements of cowboy competition: who can rope that calf the fastest, who can stay on that bucking bronco, who can wrestle that steer to the ground! M.D. 2004

Know/Question/Learned Chart (duplicate as needed)


## Day 2

### I. Introduction

#### A. Anecdote

#### B. Thesis statement:

### II. Body

#### A. First cowboys

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

#### B. First rodeos

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

#### 4. Buffalo Bill Cody, Wild West Show

#### C. \_\_\_\_\_

##### 1. Events of today's rodeo listed

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

### III. Conclusion

A. \_\_\_\_\_

#### B. Restatement of thesis:

## Day 3

### Outline

#### I. Introduction

A.

B.

C. Thesis statement:

#### II. Body

A.

1.

2.

3.

B.

1.

2.

3.

C.

1.

2.

3.

#### III. Conclusion

A.

B.

C. Restatement of thesis:

# Week 17

## Day 3

### Prewriting

Record your observations about the painting on this chart. For each part of the painting that you will describe (such as hands, garment, eyes, etc.) make a new row on the chart.

Part of the Painting	Notes About It

## Day 4

**A. Use an appositive or an appositive phrase to complete each of the following sentences. Insert proper punctuation.**

1. Mary \_\_\_\_\_ had left the party early.
2. Although the teacher \_\_\_\_\_ tried to teach the Math concept the children did not understand it.
3. Last Tuesday \_\_\_\_\_ we attended Holy Mass.
4. Our baseball team \_\_\_\_\_ won every game last season.
5. My brother \_\_\_\_\_ learned how to make a special kite.
6. One day Susan \_\_\_\_\_ drove me all the way across town to taste the homemade ice-cream at Dessertums \_\_\_\_\_.
7. Mr. Dennis \_\_\_\_\_ let us use his cameras.
8. Being a little worried about the lightning, Mr. Reed \_\_\_\_\_ cancelled the baseball game.
9. Our favorite team \_\_\_\_\_ won the championship.
10. The editor of the local newspaper \_\_\_\_\_ interviewed the players after the game.

# Week 18

## Day 1

### Sir Edwin Henry Landseer

(1) Edwin Landseer was one of the most famous artists of his time. He lived from 1802 to 1873. He was born in London, the son of an engraver whose work was much admired. His brother was also a famous engraver.

(2) Edwin learned to draw at a very young age. He loved to go out into the fields with his paper and pencil, and draw the trees and the animals he saw there. He drew so well that his friends soon began to be surprised at the quality of his work. Some of the drawings he made before he was eight years old are on display at a museum in London. He most liked to sketch animals.

(3) As a youth, Landseer became the pupil of a famous English painter, Benjamin Hayden. Hayden taught him to study the structure of the animals he painted so that he might know the place and shape of every muscle and bone. So, Landseer studied dissection and the anatomy of animals, which helped make his paintings much more realistic and interesting. However, he was not content with merely studying animals' bodies; he watched them as they moved about in the fields, played with one another, slept, and hunted for food. He was their friend, and he understood them so well it was almost as if they conversed with him.

(4) He began to exhibit his works at the Royal Academy when he was only 13. In that same year he received a medal from the Society of Arts for his drawing of a hunter. He was elected as an Associate of the Royal Academy when he was only 24 years old.

(5) In 1824, Landseer visited Scotland to see his friend Sir Walter Scott. Landseer loved the beauty of the Highlands and returned there often to hunt, draw and rest. His painting *The Hunting of Chevy Chase* was inspired by his friend Scott and reveals his romantic view of the Highlands.

(6) Queen Victoria was especially fond of Landseer and a fan of his work. She owned some of his works and commissioned him to make paintings of her royal pets and several portraits of the royal family. The most famous commission she gave him, though, was to design and model the huge lions at Trafalgar Square in London. In 1850, Queen Victoria knighted him and he was thereafter known as *Sir Edwin Landseer*.

(7) Landseer enjoyed widespread esteem for his work over the course of his long life. He exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1815 to 1873. His elder brother Thomas made engravings of his paintings so that prints could be made of them. Many prints were published, thus creating a wide audience for Landseer's paintings and making him one of the most popular painters of his time.

Adapted from *Mother Tongue*, 1903, by M.D.

# Expository Essay Revision Checklist

## Introduction

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. Have you started with general information about your topic? (Use broad general statements.) Is there any information the reader needs to know to understand the reason for your paper?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Have you clearly stated your controlling idea (thesis)?

## Body

- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Have you broken the body down into its logical parts?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Will your reader be able to see how each part relates to your controlling idea?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. Have you put these parts in a logical sequence, one that makes sense for the particular topic?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. Check to be sure that you have removed any sentences that do not relate to the controlling idea.

## Conclusion

- \_\_\_\_\_ 7. Did you restate the controlling idea trying to avoid the exact words you used in the introduction?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 8. Did you leave the reader with an interesting thought about the controlling idea?

(Permission given to reproduce this page as needed.)



## Week 19

### Day 1

#### The Alpine Travelers

Two travelers were lost amid the snows of an Alpine mountain. All day long they struggled against the winds, which drifted the falling flakes into huge banks, hiding the path and obstructing their way. No friendly house greeted their eyes, no voice of man or beast made music in their ears. Night drew on apace – the awful blackness of an Alpine night, which was not pierced by any star of hope in the sky or light in a cottager’s abode. One of the men gave up.

“I can go no further,” he said, “there is nothing for me but to die. But I beg of you to keep on; and one of us, at least, may live to tell of this awful journey.” So saying he lay down, and the other, whose strength had not yet failed, said a sad farewell and left him. But when he had gone a little way, he said to himself: “Have I lost all humanity? A beast that has no soul to save would do more. I will not leave my companion to perish; or if he must die, I will not let him die alone.”

He found his way back – it was but a few steps – and began rubbing the limbs of the other. It was at first hard work, for his own hands were fast becoming numb. But after some minutes he felt a glow of warmth in the flesh of his unconscious friend, who at last was revived and able to stand and walk. Then the rescuer found, to his great joy, that he too was warm. The efforts he had used in helping and saving his friend had sent the blood coursing through his own veins.

“Let us try again!” he cried. And they plunged on, to be rewarded before long by the sight of a feeble light in a hospitable huntsman’s chalet.

There is no surer way to help oneself than to help others. The story of the Alpine travelers is a lesson for us all.

*Anon.*

## Day 3

### Story Mapping Chart

**Describe your main character – it could be you.**

---

**Describe the setting (place and time).**

---

**Describe the person who needs help (who is it and what is his/her problem).**

---

**What motivates the main character to give this person help (what is his/her thought process)?**

---

**How does the main character help the person?**

---

**How does this benefit the main character?**

---

**What does the main character think about the benefits he receives?**

---

# Week 20

## Day 3

<b>Introduction (General thoughts about vacations or taking holidays):</b>
<b>Opinion Statement:</b>
<b>Reason # 1 This Place is the Best</b>  <b>Detail</b>  <b>Detail</b>
<b>Reason #2 This Place is the Best</b>  <b>Detail</b>  <b>Detail</b>
<b>Reason #3 This Place is the Best</b>  <b>Detail</b>  <b>Detail</b>
<b>Reason #4 This Place is the Best</b>  <b>Detail</b>  <b>Detail</b>
<b>Conclusion</b>

# Week 21

## Day 1

### *The Door in the Wall* by Marguerite D'Angeli A Review

Have you ever thought that a crippled boy could be a hero? In the story *The Door in the Wall* by Marguerite D'Angeli that is just what happens. In this story, set in Medieval England at the time of the plague, a young boy, Robin, has lost the use of his legs through a mysterious illness, and he is very bitter about it. Through the events of the story he learns to accept his situation and make good use of the parts of his body that are not crippled. In the end he becomes a hero by getting word from his uncle's besieged castle to allies who come to lift the siege. The best part of this story, however, is the relationship between the boy and a monk, Brother Luke, who takes him in and shows him a way to live through the disappointment his crippled legs have brought him. He helps Robin see that there is a door through the wall of his handicap.

(1) The first thing Brother Luke does is treat Robin's physical as well as his spiritual wounds. He feeds and bathes Robin, and then he takes him to the monastery where he can recover and become a useful part of a community. He understands and comforts Robin when he is missing his parents and wondering what they will think of him now that he is lame. Brother Luke also constantly gives Robin gentle reproaches for his spoiled-child behaviors and follows them up with advice for overcoming the anger that brought on the behavior. For example, when Robin, in anger, throws the wood he had been whittling, Brother Luke merely tells him that they will now divide their days between work of the hands and work of the mind so that "weariness does not give way to discouragement." Robin is shamed by his behavior without Brother Luke having to speak harsh words to him.

(2) Another thing Brother Luke does is teach Robin that he can still do many things even though his legs are useless. He teaches him to use his hands to whittle wood. He teaches Robin how to swim, which strengthens not only his legs but also his confidence in himself. He teaches him how to read and write, saying that reading is another door in the wall. All these things help Robin to feel that he can be useful even though his legs are not.

(3) Brother Luke helps Robin most, however, by not babying him because of his handicap. Instead he allows him, even encourages him, to take on big challenges. For example, he lets him start to swim when he's not quite strong enough yet. He accompanies Robin on a dangerous trip from the monastery to the castle of Robin's uncle and then finally encourages Robin to take the perilous mission to bring help to the castle.

The story of Robin's recovery and acceptance of his crippled condition hinges on the relationship he has with Brother Luke. Without Brother Luke's encouragement and care, Robin would never have had the confidence to take risks and to improve himself. In the end he becomes a better person as he stops feeling sorry for himself and finds many doors through the wall of his crippled legs.

M.D. 2004

## Grammar Study

**A. There are two clauses in each of the following sentences. Copy the sentences onto your paper. Underline the first clause once, and the second clause twice.**

**Example:** Man proposes, but God disposes.

1. The book that we read last year was our favorite.
2. Before George Washington became the commander of the Continental Army, he had fought in the French and Indian War.
3. We shall meet again, but we shall miss him in the meantime.
4. When we go the library, we take hours and hours looking at books.
5. Winter has come, and the fields are covered with snow.
6. Whenever I want to feel at peace, I make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

## Day 3

### Book Review Chart

<b>Assertion or Opinion Statement</b>
<b>Reason # 1 You Think Your Opinion is True</b> <b>Examples or Details from the Story That Show This</b>
<b>Reason #2</b> <b>Examples or Details</b>
<b>Reason #3</b> <b>Examples or Details</b>
<b>Reason #4 (if needed)</b> <b>Examples or Details</b>
<b>Conclusion</b>

## Week 22

### Day 1

#### A Sermon

Whatsoe'er you find to do,  
Do it boys, with all your might:  
Never be a little true,  
Or a little in the right.  
Trifles even  
Lead to heaven;  
Trifles make the life of man:  
So in all things,  
Great and small things,  
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim –  
Spotless truth and honor bright!  
I'd not give a fig for him  
Who says any lie is white!  
He who falters,  
Twists or alters  
Little atoms when we speak,  
May deceive me;  
But believe me,  
To himself he is a sneak.

Help the weak if you are strong;  
Love the old if you are young;  
Own a fault if you are wrong;  
If you are angry, hold your tongue.  
In each duty  
Lies a beauty  
If your eyes you do not shut,  
Just as surely  
And securely  
As a kernel in a nut

If you think a word will please,  
Say it, if it be but true:  
Words may give delight with ease  
When no act is asked of you.  
Words may often  
Soothe and soften  
Gild a joy, or heal a pain;  
They are treasures  
Yielding pleasures  
It is wicked to retain.

By Charles Mackay

## Week 24

### Day 1

#### **Foxes Among the Vines**

An old rhyme

Among my tender vines I spy  
A little fox named "By and by."

Then set upon him quick I say,  
The swift young hunter "Right away."

Around each tender vine I plant,  
I find the little Fox "I can't."

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,  
Chase him with bold and brave "I can."

"No use trying," is among my vines;  
I hear him as he lags and whines.

Then drive him low and drive him high,  
With the good hunter named, "I'll try."

Then among the vines in my small lot  
Comes another fox named "I forgot."

Then drive him back to his own den  
With your good gun, "I'll not forget again."

The fifth small fox that meddles there  
Among my vines is "I don't care."

Then send "I'm sorry," the hunter true,  
To chase him from the vines and you.

*Anon.*



# Week 25

## Day 1

### The Gettysburg Address

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion – that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain – that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

**By Abraham Lincoln, 1863**

## Day 2

Background information on the Gettysburg address:

The Union victory at Gettysburg after three days of fighting on the first, second and third days of July, 1863, was the turning point in the Civil War. It was by far the bloodiest battle of the war. Both armies fought with the most determined courage and bravery, and each suffered severely in the loss of men, killed and wounded. Although the South struggled on for nearly two years longer, the death knell of the Confederacy had been struck in this battle.

The Governors of the states whose soldiers had fought at Gettysburg secured a portion of the battlefield as a final resting place for those who had died in battle, inviting President Lincoln to dedicate it as a national cemetery. This the President did on November 16, 1863.

Lincoln's brief speech is considered one of the great speeches of history and one of the finest gems of literature. At the close of his speech, Lincoln thought that the speech had been a failure, as not a hand or voice was lifted in applause. He learned very soon that this was a silence of awed reverence – the most perfect tribute that can be paid by any people to an orator.

From *Mother Tongue*, 1903, adapted by M.D.

# Week 26

## Day 3

### Chart for Persuasive Speech

<b>Introduction</b>   <b>Suggested course of action:</b>
<b>Reason #1</b>
<b>Reason #2</b>
<b>Reason #3 (The strongest, most convincing reason)</b>
<b>Conclusion</b>   <b>Call to Action:</b>

## Week 27

### Day 1

#### **Call to Arms for the Second Crusade, 1145 A.D.**

By St. Bernard of Clairveaux

You can not but know that we live in a period of chastisement and ruin; the enemy of mankind has caused the breath of corruption to fly over all regions; we behold nothing but unpunished wickedness. The laws of men or the laws of religion have no longer sufficient power to check depravity of manners and the triumph of the wicked. The demon of heresy has taken possession of the chair of truth, and God has sent forth His malediction upon His sanctuary.

Oh, ye who listen to me, hasten then to appease the anger of Heaven, but no longer implore His goodness by vain complaints; clothe not yourselves in sackcloth, but cover yourselves with your impenetrable bucklers; the din of arms, the dangers, the labors, the fatigues of war are the penances that God now imposes upon you. Hasten then to expiate your sins by victories over the infidels, and let the deliverance of holy places be the reward of your repentance.

If it were announced to you that the enemy had invaded your cities, your castles, your lands; had ravished your wives and your daughters, and profaned your temples—which among you would not fly to arms? Well, then, all these calamities, and calamities still greater, have fallen upon your brethren, upon the family of Jesus Christ, which is yours. Why do you hesitate to repair so many evils—to revenge so many outrages? Will you allow the infidels to contemplate in peace the ravages they have committed on Christian people? Remember that their triumph will be a subject for grief to all ages and an eternal opprobrium upon the generation that has endured it. Yes, the living God has charged me to announce to you that He will punish them who shall not have defended Him against His enemies.

Fly then to arms; let a holy rage animate you in the fight, and let the Christian world resound with these words of the prophet, “Cursed be he who does not stain his sword with blood!” If the Lord calls you to the defense of His heritage think not that His hand has lost its power. Could He not send twelve legions of angels or breathe one word and all His enemies would crumble away into dust? But God has considered the sons of men, to open for them the road to His mercy. His goodness has caused to dawn for you a day of safety by calling on you to avenge His glory and His name.

Christian warriors, He who gave His life for you, today demands yours in return. These are combats worthy of you, combats in which it is glorious to conquer and advantageous to die. Illustrious knights, generous defenders of the Cross, remember the example of your fathers who conquered Jerusalem, and whose names are inscribed in Heaven; abandon then the things that perish, to gather unfading palms, and conquer a Kingdom which has no end.

## Day 2

### I. Introduction

A. Situation

B. Suggested Course of Action

### II. Body

A. First Argument

B. Second Argument

### III. Conclusion

A. Summing Up

B. Call to Action

## Day 3

### Persuasive/Opinion Paper Revision Checklist

#### Introduction

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. Have you started with a description of the situation or general information about your topic? What information does the reader need to know to understand the reason for your paper?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Have you clearly stated your opinion or your call to action? (Sometimes the call to action is reserved for the end. That would be acceptable for this paper.)

#### Body

- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Have you broken down your argument into its logical parts?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Have you put these parts in a logical sequence, one that makes sense given that your goal is to persuade your reader to embrace a specific opinion?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. Have you included transition words or sentences so that the paper moves smoothly and easily from one idea to the next?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. Have you saved your strongest reasons or argument for last?

#### Conclusion

- \_\_\_\_\_ 7. Did you remind the reader of the situation while avoiding using the exact words of the introduction?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 8. Did you leave the reader with a definite impression of your opinion or a strong call to action?

## Week 28

### Day 1

#### Lead Kindly Light

By Blessed John Henry Newman

- 1 Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom  
Lead thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead thou me on!  
Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead thou me on!  
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

## Day 4

### Sample Poem

Gray is sadness.  
Clouds with promise of torrents  
Hover above the somber day;  
And yet it does not rain.

Like a heart in gloom  
The drab hollowness presses in;  
No rain relieves the gray again.

Waves surge and foam with the wind  
Muted by the gray above, they wait  
And yet it does not rain.  
Gray is sadness.

## Week 29

### Day 3

(1) Dear Madam,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the adjutant-general of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you

(2) from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

(3) Very respectfully yours,  
Abraham Lincoln

1 – Greeting

2 – Body

3 - Salutation



## Week 30

### Day 1

#### The Fish I Didn't Catch

The old homestead nestled under a long range of low hills. It was surrounded by woods in all directions, save to the south-east, where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low, green meadows picturesque with wooded island and jutting capes of upland. Through these a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden-side, wound, silently to a larger stream known as the County Brook.

In spring meadows the blackbirds and bob-o'-links made the meadows musical with song; and on summer nights we loved to watch the white wreaths of fog rising and drifting in the pale moonlight, like troops of ghosts, with the fireflies throwing up ever and anon signals of their coming. But the brook was far more attractive – for its sheltered bathing places, clear and white-sanded; and deep pools, where the stupid sucker stirred the black mud with his fins.

It was a quiet, romantic little river. There had, so tradition said, once been a witch-meeting on its banks of six little old women in short, sky-blue cloaks; and a ghost had been seen bobbing for eels under County Bridge. It turned the mills to grind our corn, and we drove our sheep to it for the spring washing. On its banks we could find the earliest and the latest wild flowers, from the pale blue three-lobed hepatica, and small delicate wood to the yellow bloom, of the witch hazel burning in the leafless October woods.

Yet after all, I think the chief attraction of the brook for my brother and myself was the fine fishing it afforded. Our uncle, who lived with us, was a quiet genial man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the great pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his expeditions. I remember our first fishing excursion as if it were yesterday. I have been happy many times, but never more intensely so than when I received my first fishing pole, and trudged off with my uncle through the woods and meadows. It was a sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier than ever before. My uncle knew where the best haunts of pickerel were, and placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line and waited for a bit, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the pool. Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I, "here is a fish at last."

I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms and drew it back empty. I looked to my uncle appealingly. "Try once more," said he, "we fishermen must have patience." Suddenly something tugged at my line, and



swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, "I've got a fish!"

"Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a splash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my fish.

Overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's reassurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

"But remember boy," he said with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

How often since I have been reminded of the fish I did not catch! When I hear people boasting of a work that is not yet done and trying to anticipate credit which belongs to actual achievement, I call to mind the scene at the brook side, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "Never brag of your fish before you catch him."

## Day 3

### Personal Narrative Chart

<b>Event</b>				
<b>Sensory Details of the Setting↓</b>				
<b>Things You See</b>	<b>Sounds You Hear</b>	<b>Things You Taste</b>	<b>How Things Feel</b>	<b>Smells</b>
<b>Events in the Order They Happened</b>				
<b>Personal Reflection</b> (What this event meant to you or why it is memorable.)				

# Week 31

## Day 1

### Daffodils

by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd  
A host, of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company.  
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

## Week 33

### Day 1

#### The Wreck of the Hesperus

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

- (1) It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.
- (2) Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May
- (3) The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South
- (4) Then up and spake an old Sailor  
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,  
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.
- (5) "Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.
- (6) Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.
- (7) Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

- (8) “Come hither! come hither! my little daughter  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever a wind did blow.
- (9) He wrapped her warm in his seaman’s coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.
- (10) “O father! I hear the church-bells ring,  
Oh say, what may it be?”  
“Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!” –  
And steered for the open sea.
- (11) “O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
Oh say, what may it be?”  
Some ship in distress that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!”
- (12) “O father! I see a gleaming light,  
Oh say, what may it be?”  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.
- (13) Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.
- (14) Then the maid clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who still the wave  
On the lake of Galilee.
- (15) And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Tow’rds the reef of Norman’s Woe.
- (16) And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

- (17) The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck
- (18) She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.
- (19) Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!
- (20) At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.
- (21) The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.
- (22) Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

# Week 34

## Day 3

### Persuasive Writing Chart

Introduction (Explain a Situation)  Call to Action:
↓
1 <sup>st</sup> reason: Explain
↓
2 <sup>nd</sup> reason: Explain
↓
Answers Possible Objections
↓
3 <sup>rd</sup> and most persuasive reason: Explain
↓
Conclusion (Review Reasons)  Call to Action



# Week 35

## Day 1

### **A Lesson in Politeness**

**Once in the days of long ago, the boys of Sparta went to the great theater of Athens. They were guests of the Athenian boys, and were given seats of honor.**

**Just before the play began, an old man leaning heavily on a staff came into the theater. The place was crowded, and he looked in vain for a seat, as he made his way down toward the front.**

**At last he stopped near the seats of the Athenian boys. They began to point at him, and to laugh as his long gray beard and his back bent over with age. Not one of them offered him a seat.**

**The Spartan boys sitting near, saw the old man turn sadly away. At once they all arose, each eager to offer his seat, beckoned to the old man to come, and gave him a seat.**

**For a moment the Athenian boys looked ashamed; then they burst out with a loud cheer.**

**By this time all the people near them were looking and listening. When the cheering stopped, the old man pulled himself up and facing the people, said in a loud voice: "The Athenian boys know what is right, but the Spartan boys do what is right."**

*Anon, source unknown*

# Week 36

## Day 1

### Feast of the Sacred Heart

By Father Abram J. Ryan

1. Two lights on a lowly altar;  
Two snowy cloths for a Feast;  
Two vases of dying roses;  
The morning comes from the east  
With a gleam for the folds of the vestments  
And a grace for the face of the priest.
2. The sound of a low, sweet whisper  
Floats over a little bread  
And trembles around a chalice,  
And the priest bows down his head!  
O'er a sign of white on the altar –  
In the cup – o'er a sign of red.
3. As red as the red of roses  
As white as the white of snows!  
But the red is a red of a surface  
Beneath which God's blood flows;  
And the white is the white of a sunlight  
Within which God's flesh glows.
4. Ah! Words of the olden Thursday!  
Ye come from the far away!  
Ye bring us the Friday's victim  
In His own loves' olden way;  
In the hand of the priest at the altar  
His heart finds a home each day.
5. The sight of the host uplifted!  
The silver sound of a bell!  
The gleam of a golden chalice  
Be glad, sad heart, 'tis well;  
He made, and He keeps love's promise  
With thee all days to dwell.

6. From his hand to his lips that tremble  
From his lips to his heart a thrill,  
Goes the little Host on its love-path  
Still doing the Father's will;  
And over the rim of the chalice  
The blood flows forth to fill.
  
7. The heart of the man anointed  
With the waves of wondrous grace;  
A silence falls on the altar –  
An awe on each bended face –  
For the Heart that bled on Calvary  
Still beats in this holy place.
  
8. The priest comes down to the railing  
Where brows are bowed in prayer  
In the tender clasp of his fingers  
A host lies pure and fair,  
And the hearts of Christ and Christian  
Meet there – and only there!
  
9. Oh! love that is deep and deathless!  
Oh! faith that is strong and grand!  
Oh! hope that will shine forever,  
O'er the wastes of a weary land!  
Christ's Heart finds an earthly heaven  
In the palm of the priest's pure hand.

## Day 3

### Grammar Study

**B. Review parts of a sentence. Copy the following sentences onto your paper.**

For each sentence below, underline the subject once and the predicate twice. Label: simple subject=S, simple predicate=P, direct object=DO, indirect object=IO, predicate nominative=PN, predicate adjective=PA, subordinate clause=SUB.

1. Our uncle, who lived with us, was a quiet, genial man
2. I have been happy many times.
3. He gave me a clear broad smile.
4. Jerry caught the ball while running down the field.
5. A deserter brought the general news of the battle.