

# Foundations of Faith

4-Week Morning Time Session | [AwakenToDelight.com](http://AwakenToDelight.com)



Charlotte Mason  
MORNING TIME



## ***Foundations of Faith***

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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Originally created and written by Lara Molettiere as *The Homeschool Garden*

Edited and updated by Alisha Gratehouse and Olivia Gratehouse

Cover image: *The Mayflower Compact, 1620*, by Jean Leon Gerome Ferris, c.1912, Public Domain

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# What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

## About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as **Charlotte Mason Morning Time™**, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

*Aligha*

# How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

# Features

Essential features of ***Charlotte Mason Morning Time™*** curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
  - Poetry
  - Short stories or
  - Fairy tales or tall tales
  - Mythological tales
  - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

**Please Note:** The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

# Week 1 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray A Puritan's Prayer.				
<i>Bible</i>	Psalm 7:17; 1 Chron. 16:34	Psalm 28	Psalm 30	Psalm 34	Psalm 44:4-8
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Now Thank We All Our God	Art Selection 1: Rembrandt Laughing, Read: Rembrandt van Rijn bio	Folk Song: Greensleeves	Listen to: Lachrimae, Read: John Dowland bio	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>	TCOO: The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers		TCOO: The Founding of Massachusetts	TCOO: The Story of Harry Vane	Enter notes into Geography Notebook
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Psalm 100 Copywork, Read: Anne Bradstreet bio	The Mayflower Compact Copywork	Poetry: The Author to Her Book	A Puritan's Prayer Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Landing of the Pilgrims, Ch 1-3, pp 1-9		*The Landing of the Pilgrims, Ch 4-6, pp 10-23		*The Landing of the Pilgrims, Ch 7-8, pp 24-34
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Hasty Pudding, Read: Pilgrim Fathers				Nature journal* Nature walk*

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray A Puritan's Prayer.				
<i>Bible</i>	Psalm 50:14-15; Phil. 4:6-7	Psalm 57	Psalm 69:30; Col. 3:15	Psalm 86:1-13	Psalm 89
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Now Thank We All Our God	Art Selection 2: Belshazzar's Feast, Review: Rembrandt van Rijn	Folk Song: Greensleeves	Listen to: Flow My Tears, Review: John Dowland bio	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>	TCOO: The Story of Anne Hutchinson And the Founding of Rhode Island			TCOO: The Founding of Harvard	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Psalm 100 Copywork, Review: Anne Bradstreet bio	The Mayflower Compact Copywork	Poetry: Before the Birth of One of Her Children	A Puritan's Prayer Copywork	Shakespeare: All's Well That Ends Well
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Landing of the Pilgrims, Ch 9-11, pp 35-51		*The Landing of the Pilgrims, Ch 12-13, pp 52-60		*The Landing of the Pilgrims, Ch 14-16, pp 61-73
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Boiled Bread, Read: Landing of the Pilgrims			Art Lesson: Plymouth Settlement	Nature journal* Nature walk*

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray A Puritan's Prayer.				
<i>Bible</i>	Psalm 92	Psalm 95	Psalm 100	Psalm 106:1-3; Col. 4:2	Psalm 107:1-3; 1 Thess. 5:18
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Now Thank We All Our God	Art Selection 3: Saul and David Narrate: Rembrandt van Rijn bio	Folk Song: Greensleeves	Listen to: Can She Excuse My Wrongs?, Narrate: John Dowland bio	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>	TCOO: How Quakers First Came To New England		TCOO: How Maine And New Hampshire Were Founded	TCOO: The Founding of Connecticut And War With the Indians	TCOO: The Founding of New Haven
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Psalm 100 Copywork, Narrate: Anne Bradstreet bio	The Mayflower Compact Copywork	Poetry: By Night When Others Soundly Slept	A Puritan's Prayer Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Landing of the Pilgrims, Ch 17-18, pp 74-84		*The Landing of the Pilgrims, Ch 19-21, pp 85-100		*The Landing of the Pilgrims, Ch 22-24, pp 101-110
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Stewed Pompion, Read: An Old Fashioned Thanksgiving				Nature journal* Nature walk*

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray A Puritan's Prayer.				
<i>Bible</i>	Psalm 111	Psalm 118:1-9, 19-29	Psalm 136	Psalm 138	Psalm 147:7; Rev. 7:12
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Now Thank We All Our God	Art Selection 4: A Woman Holding a Pink, Discuss: Rembrandt van Rijn	Folk Song: Greensleeves	Listen to: Psalm 100, All People That On Earth Do Dwell, Discuss: John Dowland	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>	TCOO: The Hunt For the Regicides	TCOO: King Philip's War	TCOO: How the Charter of Connecticut Was Saved	TCOO: The Witches of Salem	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Psalm 100 Copywork, Discuss: Anne Bradstreet	The Mayflower Compact Copywork	Poetry: To My Dear and Loving Husband	A Puritan's Prayer Copywork	Shakespeare: All's Well That Ends Well
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Landing of the Pilgrims, Ch 25-27, pp 111-124		*The Landing of the Pilgrims, Ch 28-30, pp 125-138		*The Landing of the Pilgrims, Ch 31-34, pp 139-end
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Cranberry Scones Tea Time Read: A Thanksgiving			Handicraft: Weaving Project	Nature journal* Nature walk*

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Recommended Reading List

## Elementary & Middle Grades

A Lion to Guard Us, by Clyde Robert Bulla  
The Landing of the Pilgrims, by James Daugherty  
Pocahontas and the Strangers, by Clyde Robert Bulla  
Squanto: Friend of the Pilgrims, by Clyde Robert Bulla  
Squanto's Journey: The Story of the First Thanksgiving, by Joseph Bruchac  
The Thanksgiving Story, by Alice Dalgliesh  
Sarah Morton's Day: A Day in the Life of a Pilgrim Girl, by Kate Waters  
Thank You, Sarah: The Woman Who Saved Thanksgiving, by Laurie Anderson  
If You Sailed on the Mayflower in 1620, by Ann McGovern  
The Pilgrims' First Thanksgiving, by Ann McGovern  
A Journey to the New World: The Diary of Remember Patience Whipple, Mayflow (Dear America)  
Sharing the Bread: An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving Story, by Pat Miller  
Story of Plymouth Colony, by Cheryl Harness  
Who's That Stepping on Plymouth Rock? by Jean Fritz  
Over the River and Through the Wood: A Thanksgiving Poem, by Lydia Maria Child  
Mayflower 1620: A New Look at a Pilgrim Voyage, by Plimoth Plantation

## Upper Grades

Of Plymouth Plantation, by William Bradford  
The Witch of Blackbird Pond, by Elizabeth George Speare  
The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne  
The House of Seven Gables, by Nathaniel Hawthorne  
Young Goodman Brown, by Nathaniel Hawthorne  
Thanksgiving: Feast and Festival, by Mildred Luckhardt

# Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: <https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60>. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here: <https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf>

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: <https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.html>

For the ***Foundations of Faith*** session you will read through many of the **Psalms of thanksgiving** and highlight other scriptures that speak of ***thankfulness***.

Your students will memorize **Psalm 100** and ***A Puritan Prayer: The Valley of Vision***.

We have also supplied extra copywork sheets of a few more thanksgiving/thankfulness scriptures for your students to work on if you'd like. (They are included after *A Puritan Prayer* copywork.)

## Psalm 100

- 1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
- 2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.
- 3 Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
- 4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
- 5 For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

## Puritan's Prayer: The Valley of Vision

Lord, high and holy, meek and lowly,  
Thou hast have brought me to the valley of vision,  
where I live in the depths but see thee in the heights;  
hemmed in by mountains of sin I behold thy glory.

Let me learn by paradox  
that the way down is the way up,  
that to be low is to be high,  
that the broken heart is the healed heart,  
that the contrite spirit is the rejoicing spirit,  
that the repenting soul is the victorious soul,  
that to have nothing is to possess all,  
that to bear the cross is to wear the crown,  
that to give is to receive,  
that the valley is the place of vision.

Lord, in the daytime stars can be seen from deepest wells,  
and the deeper the wells the brighter thy stars shine;

Let me find thy light in my darkness,  
thy life in my death,  
thy joy in my sorrow,  
thy grace in my sin,  
thy riches in my poverty,  
thy glory in my valley.

1 Make a joyful noise unto

the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with

gladness: come before his

presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord

he is God: it is he hath

made us, and not we

ourselves; we are his

people, and the sheep of

his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with

thanksgiving, and into his

courts with praise: be

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his name.

5 For the Lord is good;

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into his courts with praise: be thankful unto

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pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with

thanksgiving, and into his

courts with praise: be thankful

unto him, and bless his name.

5 For the Lord is good; his

mercy is everlasting; and his

truth endureth to all generations.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for tracing and writing practice.



Lord, high and holy, meek

and lowly,

Thou hast have brought me

to the valley of vision,

where I live in the depths

but see thee in the heights;

hemmed in by mountains of

sin I behold thy glory.

Let me learn by paradox

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the healed heart,

that the contrite spirit is

the rejoicing spirit,

that the repenting soul is

the victorious soul,

the victorious soul, is the

victorious soul,

that to have nothing is to

possess all,

that to bear the cross is

to wear the crown,

that to give is to receive,

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place of vision.

Lord, in the daytime stars

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wells,

and the deeper the wells

the brighter thy stars shine;

Let me find thy light in my

darkness,

thy life in my death,

thy joy in my sorrow,

thy grace in my sin,

thy riches in my poverty,

thy glory in my valley.

Lord, high and holy, meek and lowly,

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that the repenting soul is the victorious soul,

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the crown,

that to give is to receive,

that the valley is the place of

vision.

Lord, in the daytime stars can

be seen from deepest wells,

and the deeper the wells the

brighter thy stars shine;

Let me find thy light in my

darkness,

thy life in my death,

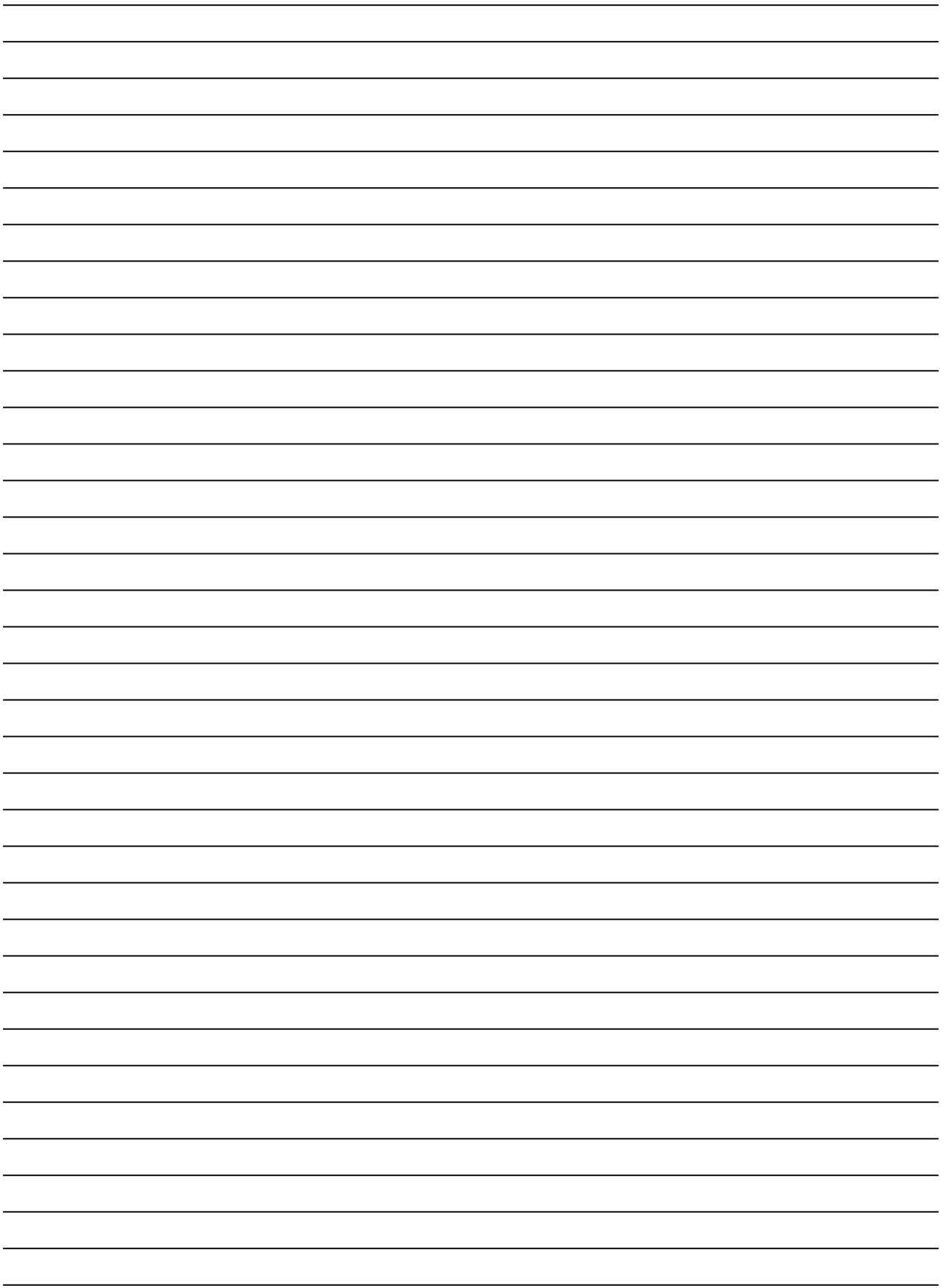
thy joy in my sorrow,

thy grace in my sin,

thy riches in my poverty,

thy glory in my valley.





1 Chronicles 6:34 - O

give thanks unto the Lord,

for he is good; for his

mercy endureth for ever.

Psalms 69:30 - I will praise

the name of God with a

song, and will magnify him

with thanksgiving.

Psalms 95:2 - Let us come

before his presence with

thanksgiving, and make a

joyful noise unto him with

psalms.

Psalms 147:7 - Sing unto

the Lord with thanksgiving;

sing praise upon the harp

unto our God:

Philippians 4:6-7 - Be

anxious for nothing, but in

everything by prayer and

supplication, with

Thanksgiving, let your

requests be made known to

God; and the peace of

God, which surpasses all

understanding, will guard

your hearts and minds

through Christ Jesus.

Colossians 3:15 - And let

the peace of God rule in

your hearts, to which also

ye are called in one body;

and be ye thankful.

Colossians 4:2 - Continue

in prayer, and watch in the

same with thanksgiving;

1 Thessalonians 5:18 In

everything give thanks: for

this is the will of God in

Christ Jesus concerning you.

Revelation 7:12 - Blessing,

and glory, and wisdom, and

Thanksgiving, and honor, and

power, and might, be unto

our God for ever and ever.

Amen.

1 Chronicles 16:34 - O give

thanks unto the Lord; for he is

good; for his mercy endureth for

ever..

Psalm 69:30 - I will praise the

name of God with a song, and

will magnify him with

thanksgiving.

Psalm 95:2 - Let us come before

his presence with thanksgiving,

and make a joyful noise unto

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Psalm 147:7 - Sing unto the

Lord with thanksgiving; sing

praise upon the harp unto our

God:

Philippians 4:6-7 - Be anxious

for nothing, but in everything by

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made known to God; and the

peace of God, which surpasses all

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hearts and minds through Christ

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Colossians 3:15 - And let the  
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Revelation 7:12 - Blessing, and

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Psalms 69:30 – I will praise the name of God

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Colossians 3:15 – And let the peace of God

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Colossians 4:2 – Continue in prayer, and watch

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1 Thessalonians 5:18 In everything give thanks:

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concerning you.

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Revelation 7:12 – Blessing, and glory, and

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power, and might, be unto our God for ever

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and ever. Amen.

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1 Chronicles 16:34 - O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever.

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Psalms 69:30 - I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving.

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Psalms 95:2 - Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

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Psalms 147:7 - Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

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Philippians 4:6-7 - Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God; and the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

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Colossians 3:15 - And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful.

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Colossians 4:2 - Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving;

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1 Thessalonians 5:18 In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

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Revelation 7:12 - Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

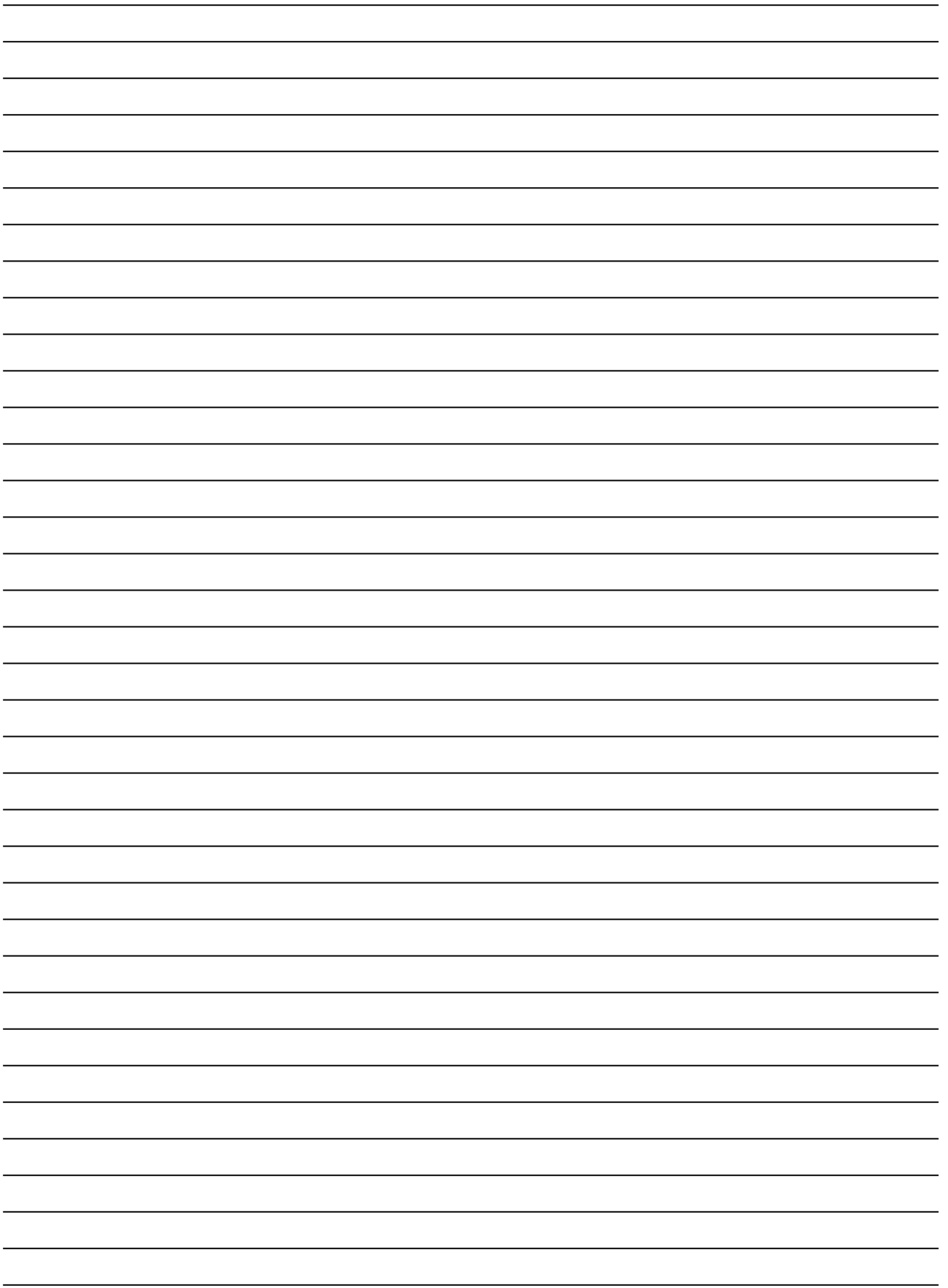
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## Artist & Composer Study

This session's featured artist is Rembrandt van Rijn. We've included four art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *Rembrandt Laughing*
- *Belshazzar's Feast*
- *Saul and David*
- *A Woman Holding a Pink*

Our featured composer is John Dowland. We've included four of his pieces (with links to each) to listen to. They are:

- *Lachrimae*
- *Flow My Tears*
- *Can She Excuse My Wrongs?*
- *Psalm 100, All People That On Earth Do Dwell*

Artist & Composer Study



# Rembrandt van Rijn

July 15, 1606 – October 4, 1669

Rembrandt van Rijn was born on July 15, 1606 in the city of Leiden in North Holland, a province in the Netherlands. His home faced a family-owned windmill which overlooked a branch of the Rhine River. He was one of many children (some say seven, while others say nine). But his parents were well-off enough to give him a good education.

Rembrandt showed artistic talent from a very early age, drawing pictures of his family and windmills near his home. At the age of 15, he was apprenticed to artist, Jacob van Swanenburg, then three years later, he was apprenticed to Pieter Lastman. In 1625, at the age of 19, Rembrandt had set up his own art studio and began selling his paintings of Biblical scenes, as well as painting portraits of local people. By age 21, he began teaching art to others.

In 1631, Rembrandt moved to Amsterdam, the capital of the Netherlands, where he became a

successful portrait painter. Most artists in his day made people look perfect in their portraits, smoothing their wrinkles to give them beautiful skin and correcting other flaws in their appearance. And it was traditional for people to be painted sitting still in their portraits.

However, Rembrandt painted people just as he saw them, using light and shadow to show their wrinkles and tiniest of flaws. He had the ability to capture his subject's personality and emotions. He also liked to show them in action: doctors examining a corpse, or soldiers getting ready for battle. He seemed to make the people in his portraits come alive.

He used an Italian painting technique known as "chiaroscuro" or "light and dark" to show the contrasts of features in his paintings. His attention to detail set him apart as an artist, and he was in high demand.

In 1634, Rembrandt married Saskia van Uglenburgh (pronunciation), the niece of his art dealer. He was earning a great deal of money, but he also loved to spend it, buying fine clothing, expensive jewelry, and collecting artwork. He painted many portraits over the course of his life, and almost 100 of them were self-portraits. But it was his etchings that made him internationally known. Through the process of etching (or cutting hatch marks) onto copper plate, then covering the plate with ink, Rembrandt could create a piece, print as many copies of it as he wanted, and send those copies anywhere in the world.

In 1641, Rembrandt's wife, Saskia gave birth to a son, Titus. Unfortunately, Saskia died shortly thereafter. Later on, he fell in love with Titus' nurse, Hendrickje and in 1654 they had a daughter, Cornelia.

Unfortunately, in his later years, Rembrandt was very much in debt and couldn't earn enough money to support his family. He had to sell his beautiful home and many of his belongings to pay his debts. In 1660, Titus and Hendrickje opened a small art shop from which they sold Rembrandt's art to support their family.

Sadly, Rembrandt's last years were miserable ones. He and his family were destitute. In 1663, Hendrickje died, five years later, his son, Titus died, and the following year, 1669, Rembrandt died at the age of 63.

Today, Rembrandt is considered the most important Dutch painter in history. He is remembered for the exquisite detailed realism of his artwork and has inspired artists and art lovers throughout the centuries. His paintings continue to be some of the highest valued artwork in the world.

Vincent van Gogh wrote: *"Rembrandt is so deeply mysterious that he says things for which there are no words in any language. Rembrandt is truly called a magician... that's not an easy calling."*

# Artist Study

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Date of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Place of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

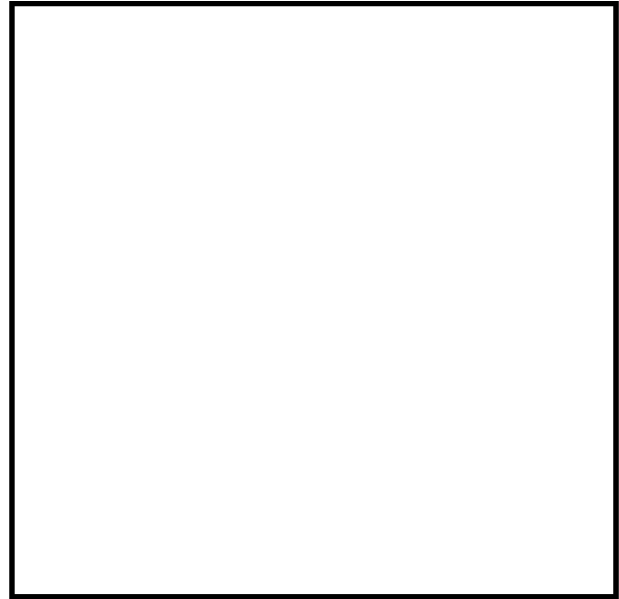
**Artist Fun Facts:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Art Mediums Used:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Famous Artworks:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Further Study:**

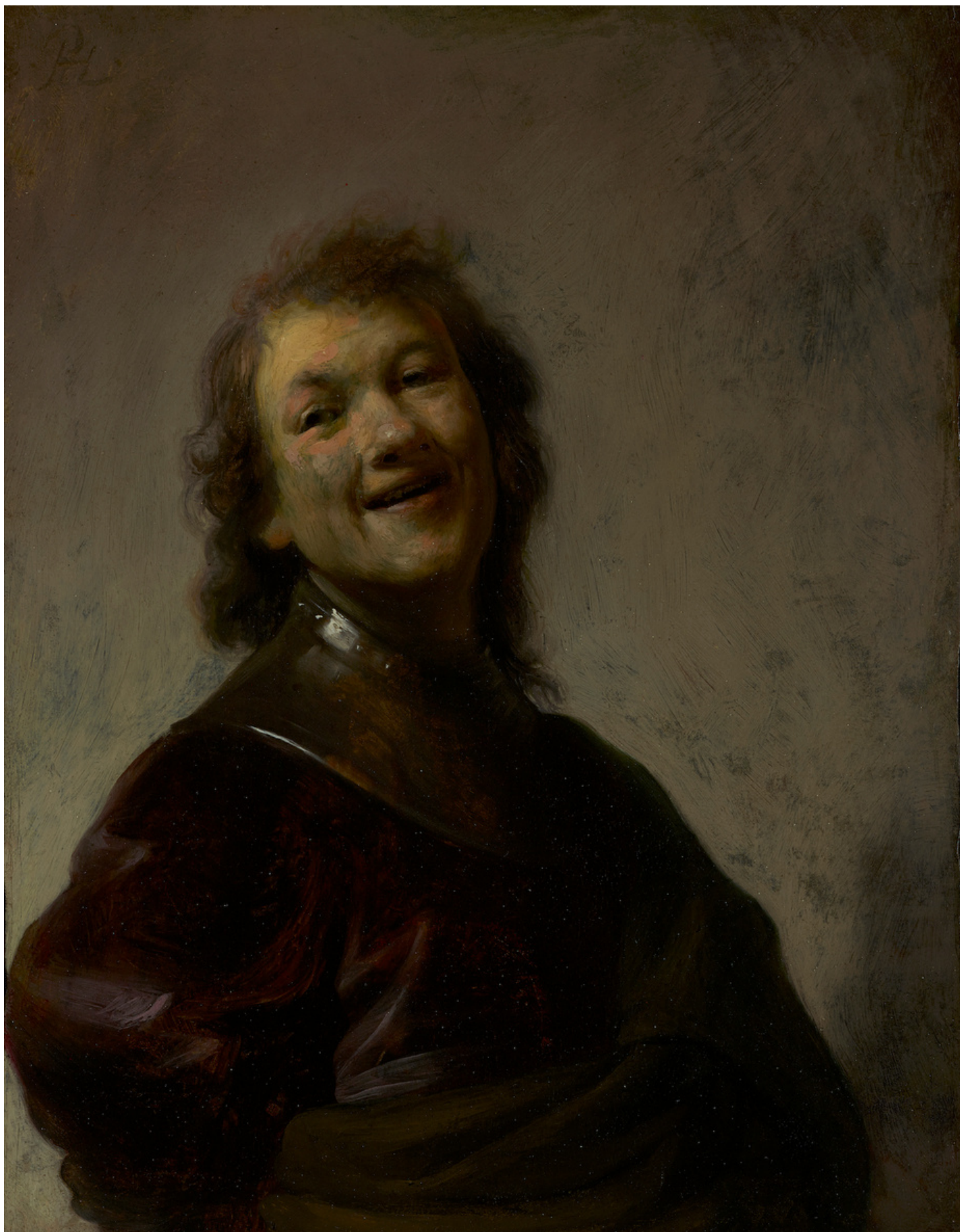
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Rembrandt Laughing, 1628



Belshazzar's Feast, Between 1635 and 1638



Saul and David, Between 1651 and 1658.



A Woman Holding a Pink, 1656

# Picture Study

Title: \_\_\_\_\_

Date Created: \_\_\_\_\_

Art Mediums Used: \_\_\_\_\_

Further Study: \_\_\_\_\_

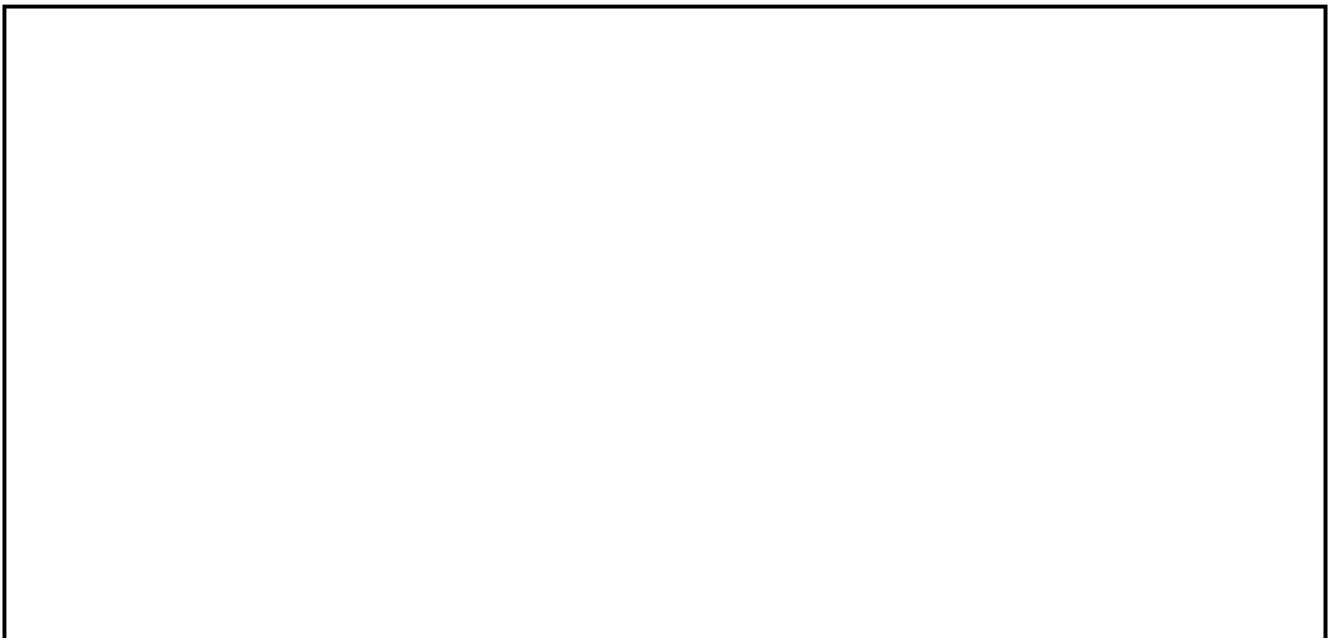
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**Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.**



# John Dowland

January 2, 1563 – February 20, 1626



John Dowland was born in 1563 in London, England. Although nothing is known of his childhood, in 1580 he went to Paris as a “servant” to Sir Henry Cobham, the ambassador to the French court. A few years later, he moved back to England where he attended Oxford University. In 1588, he received a degree in music.

After university, Dowland began traveling to the continent of Europe again and eventually became a lutenist for King Christian IV of Denmark. However, he was dismissed from the king's court in 1606, possibly because his trips to London took him away from court too often or possibly because the Danish court could no longer afford his salary.

He returned to England and served as a lutenist for Queen Elizabeth I. It is believed that Dowland was also involved in a number of espionage assignments in France and Denmark under the orders of Sir Robert Cecil and the Queen.

In 1612 he was appointed one of the “musicians for the lutes” to King James I. However, suspicions of Catholic

sympathies led to him losing his position at James' court, and again he left England for a time.

Finally, Dowland returned in the 1620s and continued to compose music. He wrote four part harmonies, fantasias, and pavans for solo lute, as well as songs for solo voice and lute accompaniment. His compositions were influential in the development of the English madrigal style.

Dowland is best known for his melancholy songs, often with themes of unrequited love, such as "Come, Heavy Sleep" and "Flow My Tears." His song "Lachrimae" became extremely popular and was frequently used as a basis for improvisation by other musicians of the time.

In addition to his solo works, Dowland also wrote chamber music and instrumental pieces for lute. He published books of his music, including *A Pilgrimes Solace* and *The First Book of Songs or Ayres*.

He continued to compose until his death in London in 1626, and is remembered as an accomplished composer, virtuoso lutenist, skilled singer, and one of the most famous musicians of his time.

# Classical Pieces

Week 1 - Lachrimae

Week 2 - Flow My Tears

Week 3 - Can She Excuse My Wrongs?

Week 4 - Psalm 100, All People That On Earth Do Dwell



Pages from one of Dowland's song books. Notice how there are four parts of harmony written but each part is facing a different direction. This was so that each singer would have his part facing him as they sat/stood around the book to sing.

# Composer Study

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Date of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Place of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

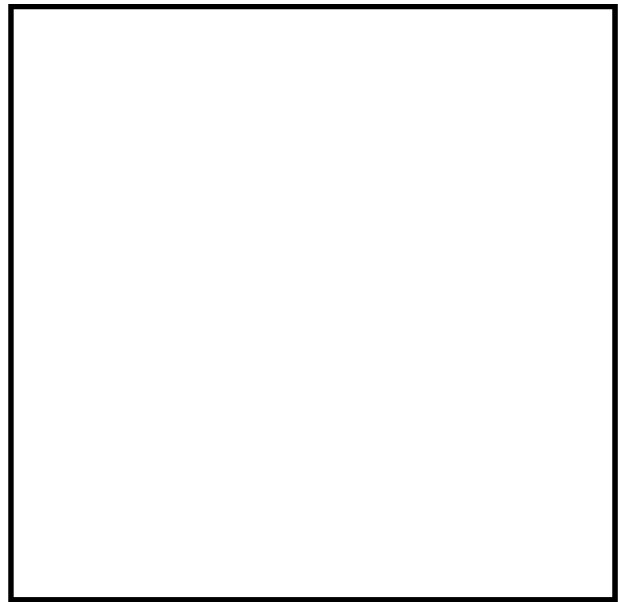
**Composer Fun Facts:**

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**Instruments Used:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Famous Compositions:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Further Study:**

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# Hymn: Now Thank We All Our God

The hymn, "Now Thank We All Our God," was written by Martin Rinkart in 1636 during the Thirty Years War. Rinkart served as a Lutheran pastor in Eilenburg, Germany, during a severe plague. He officiated up to fifty funerals a day (including his own wife's) and ended up presiding over 4,000 funerals in one year. Despite the hardships and tragedies of the war and the plague, Rinkart's words express gratitude and praise to God for His blessings and provision.

The hymn was first published in Rinkart's book of church music in 1647 and later translated into English by Catherine Winkworth in 1863. It has been included in numerous hymnals and is still widely sung today in both its original German and English versions. Its memorable melody, composed by Johann Crüger in 1647, has even been used in J.S. Bach's cantatas, harmonized for four voices, and set in a chorale prelude.

In addition to being a beloved hymn of thanksgiving, "Now Thank We All Our God" has also been used as a national anthem. It served as the unofficial national anthem of Prussia until 1922 and was also adopted by Germany during the Weimar Republic. Today, it is the official hymn of the Evangelical Church in Germany.

Even amid trials and struggles, Rinkart's words remind us to pause and give thanks to God for His faithfulness and provision. As we sing these words of gratitude, we join with countless believers throughout history who have lifted their voices in praise to our gracious God.

## Now Thank We All Our God

597

1 Now thank we all our God with hearts and hands and voic - es,  
 2 Oh, may this boun-teous God through all our life be near us,  
 3 All praise and thanks to God the Fa - ther now be giv - en,

who won - drous things has done, in whom his world re - joic - es;  
 with ev - er - joy - ful hearts and bless - ed peace to cheer us  
 the Son, and him who reigns with them in high - est heav - en,

who from our moth - ers' arms has blessed us on our way  
 and keep us in his grace and guide us when per - plexed  
 the one e - ter - nal God, whom earth and heav'n a - dore;

with count-less gifts of love and still is ours to - day.  
 and free us from all ills in this world and the next.  
 for thus it was, is now, and shall be ev - er - more.

# Folk Song: Greensleeves

The origins of the traditional English folk song, "Greensleeves" are unclear, but it is believed to date back to the 16th century. One theory suggests that it was written by King Henry VIII for his mistress and future queen, Anne Boleyn. However, there is no evidence to support this. In fact, the tune seems to be based on an Italian style of composition that did not reach England until after Henry's death, during the reign of his daughter, Elizabeth I.

According to the book, *English Folk-Song and Dance*, by Frank Kidson, a broadside ballad by this name was registered at the London Stationer's Company in September of 1580, by Richard Jones, as "A Newe Northen Dittye of ye Ladye Greene Sleves". And more ballads of similar titles were registered in less than a year. For example, "Ye Ladie Greene Sleeves answere to Donkyn hir frende," by Edward White, and "A New Courtly Sonnet of the Lady Green Sleeves."

Over the centuries, "Greensleeves" has been adapted into various musical styles and interpretations, including classical compositions as well as popular recordings. The melody has also been set to words for the well-known Christmas carol, "What Child Is This?" It remains a beloved and timeless classic.

# Greensleeves

English Folk Song

Arr. Dominique Makowski

Unknown author (16th century)

♩ = 120

*p*

Red. \_\_\_\_\_

10

*mp*

Red. \_\_\_\_\_

18

*mf*

*mp*

Red. \_\_\_\_\_

26

*mf*

Red. \_\_\_\_\_



## Poetry & Copywork Selections

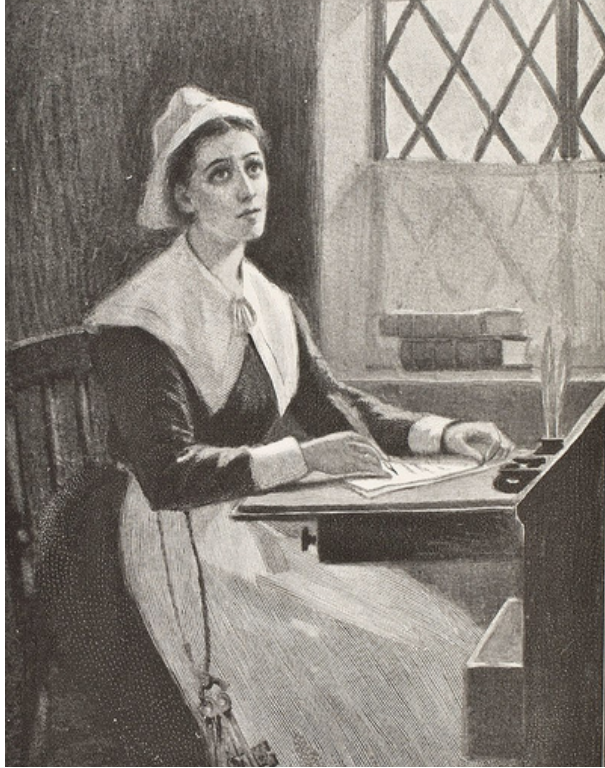
This session's featured poet is Anne Bradstreet. We've included four poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- The Author to Her Book
- Before the Birth of One of Her Children
- By Night When Others Soundly Slept
- To My Dear and Loving Husband

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college ruled for older students.

We have chosen *The Mayflower Compact* to copy.

Poetry Recitation & Copywork



## Anne Bradstreet

March 20, 1612 – September 16, 1672

Anne Dudley was born in 1612 in Northampton, England to a well-respected Puritan family. Her father was the manager of the Earl of Lincoln's estate and her mother was a descendant of royalty.

She received an excellent education from her father, studying both classical literature such as Virgil, Plutarch, Homer, and Seneca, as well as contemporary literature of the time by such writers as Sir Walter Raleigh, John Foxe, Edmund Spenser, Francis Bacon, and William Shakespeare. She began writing poetry at a young age.

In 1628, at the age of sixteen, Anne married Simon Bradstreet, a graduate of Cambridge University and a well-known member of Puritan society. However in 1630, due to King Charles I's increasing persecution of the Puritans, the couple immigrated to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in America with Anne's parents and Simon's father.

In America, Anne continued to write poetry while also raising eight children and managing the family's farm. But for the most part she kept it private, only sharing it with close friends and family.

It was not until her brother-in-law, John Woodbridge, encouraged her to publish that her work became more widely known. In fact, he had her poems entitled "The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up In America," published without her knowledge or permission in 1650 while she was abroad in England. Despite initial criticism from male contemporaries who believed women should not be writing literature, the volume was well-received and went on to have several reprintings.

Anne's poetry often reflected traditional Puritan themes such as God, mortality, and personal relationships. However, she also wrote about uniquely American subjects like the beauty of nature and her experiences as a settler in the new land.

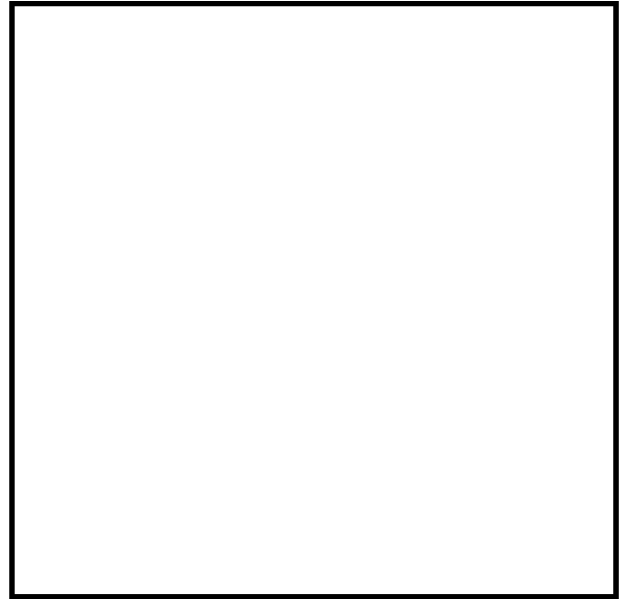
Although her health was poor all of her life, she continued to write poetry despite her hardships. Anne Bradstreet died in 1672 at the age of 60. Today, she is considered one of the earliest known American poets and an important figure in early American literature.

# Poet Study

Poet: \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_

Place of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_



**3 Facts About the Poet:**

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**Best Known Poems by the Poet:**

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# Anne Bradstreet Selections

## The Author to Her Book

Thou ill-form'd offspring of my feeble brain,  
Who after birth didst by my side remain,  
Till snatched from thence by friends, less wise than true,  
Who thee abroad, expos'd to publick view,  
Made thee in raggs, halting to th' press to trudge,  
Where errors were not lessened (all may judg).  
At thy return my blushing was not small,  
My rambling brat (in print) should mother call,  
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,  
Thy Visage was so irksome in my sight;  
Yet being mine own, at length affection would  
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could:  
I wash'd thy face, but more defects I saw,  
And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.  
I stretched thy joynts to make thee even feet,  
Yet still thou run'st more hobling then is meet;  
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,  
But nought save home-spun Cloth, i' th' house I find.  
In this array 'mongst Vulgars mayst thou roam.  
In Criticks hands, beware thou dost not come;  
And take thy way where yet thou art not known,  
If for thy Father askt, say, thou hadst none:  
And for thy Mother, she alas is poor,  
Which caus'd her thus to send thee out of door.

## Before the Birth of One of Her Children

All things within this fading world hath end,  
Adversity doth still our joyes attend;  
No ties so strong, no friends so dear and sweet,  
But with death's parting blow is sure to meet.  
The sentence past is most irrevocable,  
A common thing, yet oh inevitable.  
How soon, my Dear, death may my steps attend,  
How soon't may be thy Lot to lose thy friend,  
We are both ignorant, yet love bids me  
These farewell lines to recommend to thee,  
That when that knot's untied that made us one,  
I may seem thine, who in effect am none.  
And if I see not half my dayes that's due,  
What nature would, God grant to yours and you;  
The many faults that well you know I have  
Let be interr'd in my oblivious grave;  
If any worth or virtue were in me,  
Let that live freshly in thy memory  
And when thou feel'st no grief, as I no harms,  
Yet love thy dead, who long lay in thine arms.  
And when thy loss shall be repaid with gains  
Look to my little babes, my dear remains.  
And if thou love thyself, or loved'st me,  
These o protect from step Dames injury.  
And if chance to thine eyes shall bring this verse,  
With some sad sighs honour my absent Herse;  
And kiss this paper for thy loves dear sake,  
Who with salt tears this last Farewel did take.

# Anne Bradstreet Selections

## By Night When Others Soundly Slept

1  
By night when others soundly slept  
And hath at once both ease and Rest,  
My waking eyes were open kept  
And so to lie I found it best.

2  
I sought him whom my Soul did Love,  
With tears I sought him earnestly.  
He bow'd his ear down from Above.  
In vain I did not seek or cry.

3  
My hungry Soul he fill'd with Good;  
He in his Bottle put my tears,  
My smarting wounds washt in his blood,  
And banisht thence my Doubts and fears.

4  
What to my Saviour shall I give  
Who freely hath done this for me?  
I'll serve him here whilst I shall live  
And Loue him to Eternity.

## To My Dear and Loving Husband

If ever two were one, then surely we.  
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee.  
If ever wife was happy in a man,  
Compare with me, ye women, if you can.  
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,  
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.  
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,  
Nor ought but love from thee give recompense.  
Thy love is such I can no way repay;  
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.  
Then while we live, in love let's so persever,  
That when we live no more, we may live ever.

# Poetry Study

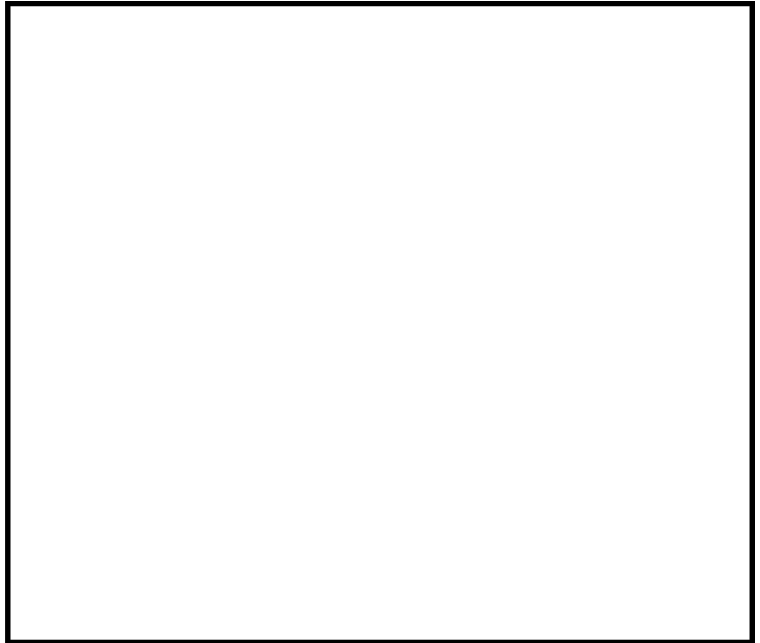
**Title:**

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**Type of Poem:**

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**Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.**



**Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:**

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**Write three adjectives about the poem.**

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**Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work**

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# The Mayflower Compact

*(Agreement Between the  
Settlers of New Plymouth)*

November 21, 1620

In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are under-written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, etc.

Having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our King and Country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the eleventh of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord, King James, of England, France, and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth. Anno Domini 1620.

In the name of God, Amen.

We whose names are

under-written, the loyal

subjects of our dread

sovereign Lord, King James,

by the grace of God, of

Great Britain, France, and

Ireland King, Defender of

the Faith, etc.

Having undertaken, for the

glory of God, and

advancement of the

Christian faith, and honor

of our King and Country,

a voyage to plant the

first colony in the northern

parts of Virginia, do by

these presents solemnly

and mutually, in the

presence of God, and one

of another, covenant and

combine ourselves together

into a civil body politic,

for our better ordering

and preservation and

furtherance of the ends

aforesaid; and by virtue

hereof to enact,

constitute, and frame such

just and equal laws,

ordinances, acts,

constitutions and offices,

from time to time, as shall

be thought most meet and

convenient for the general

good of the Colony, unto

which we promise all due

submission and obedience.

In witness whereof we

have hereunder subscribed

our names at Cape Cod,

the eleventh of November,

in the year of the reign

of the reign of our

sovereign lord,

King James, of England,

France, and Ireland, the

eighteenth, and of Scotland

the fifty-fourth. Anno

Domini | 620.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid).

In the name of God, Amen. We whose names

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are under-written, the loyal subjects of our

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dread sovereign Lord, King James, by the

---

grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and

---

Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, etc.

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Having undertaken, for the glory of God, and

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advancement of the Christian faith, and honor

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of our King and Country, a voyage to plant

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the first colony in the northern parts of

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Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and

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mutually, in the presence of God, and one of

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another, covenant and combine ourselves

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together into a civil body politic, for our

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better ordering and preservation

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and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by

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virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame

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such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts,

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constitutions and offices, from time to time,

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as shall be thought most meet and convenient

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for the general good of the Colony, unto which

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we promise all due submission and obedience.

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In witness whereof we have hereunder

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subscribed our names of Cape Cod, the eleventh

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of November, in the year of the reign of our

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sovereign lord, King James, of England, France,

---

and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland

---

the fifty-fourth. Anno Domini 1620.

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In the name of God, Amen.

We whose names are

under-written, the loyal subjects

of our dread sovereign Lord,

King James, by the grace of God,

of Great Britain, France, and

Ireland King, Defender of the

Faith, etc.

Having undertaken, for the glory

of God, and advancement of the

Christian faith, and honor of

our King and Country, a voyage

to plant the first colony in the

northern parts of Virginia, do by

these presents solemnly and

mutually, in the presence of God,

and one of another, covenant

and combine ourselves together

into a civil body politic, for our

better ordering and preservation

and furtherance of the ends

aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to

enact, constitute, and frame such

just and equal laws, ordinances,

acts, constitutions and offices,

from time to time, as shall be

thought most meet and

convenient for the general good of

the Colony, unto which we

promise all due submission and

obedience. In witness whereof we

have hereunder subscribed our

names at Cape Cod, the eleventh

of November, in the year of the

reign of our sovereign lord,

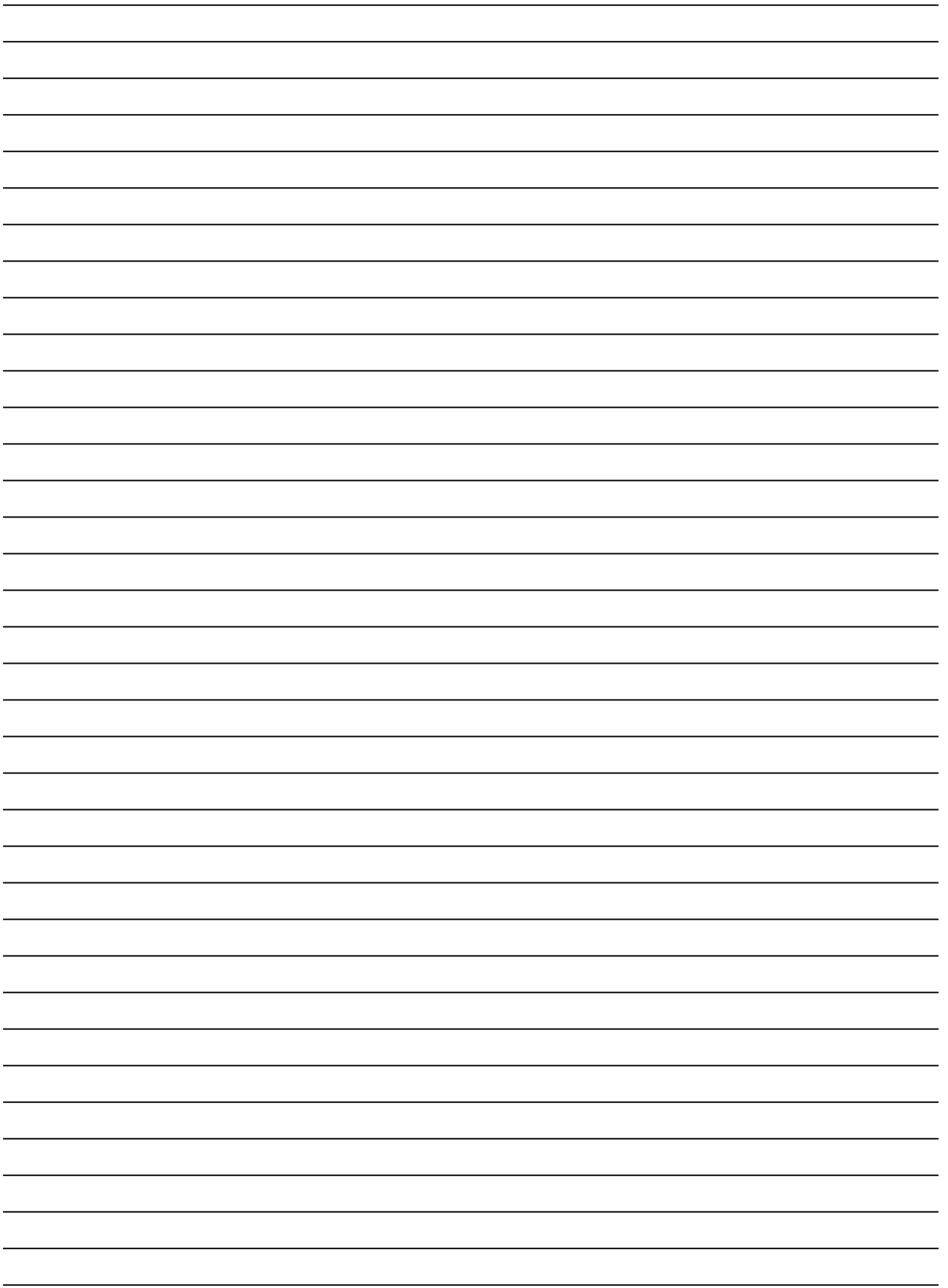
King James, of England, France,

and Ireland, the eighteenth, and

of Scotland the fifty-fourth.

Anno Domini 1620.







## Tea Times

In this session you will experience some of the foods that the Puritans ate in the 17th century: Indian Corn (Hasty) Pudding, Wampanoag Boiled Bread, and Stewed Pompion (Pumpkin). We also added in Cranberry Scones (not exactly a pilgrim dish, but they did eat cranberries). 😊

We will have a Storytime tea and three Poetry teatimes.

1. Poetry Teatime: "The Pilgrim Fathers," by Leonard Bacon
2. Poetry Teatime: "Landing of the Pilgrims," by Felicia Dorothea Hemans
3. Storytime Tea: "An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving," by Louisa May Alcott
4. Poetry Teatime: "A Thanksgiving," by John Kendrick Bangs

*"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endures forever."*

~ Psalm 136:1

Tea Times

# Indian Corn (Hasty) Pudding

Hasty pudding was a dish brought over from England by the pilgrims. But the New England version, which records show was made as early as 1621, was baked with cornmeal (instead of flour) and often served with molasses or honey.

Over time, the recipe evolved to include other ingredients such as milk, eggs, and butter. It was also commonly referred to as "Indian Corn Pudding," likely because it incorporated Native American methods of using cornmeal as a staple food source.

Today, hasty pudding is most commonly associated with New England culinary tradition and can be found on menus at traditional New England dinners or served alongside roasted meats like ham or turkey.



## Ingredients

- 3 cups (24 fluid ounces/710 ml) milk
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/4 teaspoon ginger
- 1/3 cup yellow corn meal
- 1/4 cup unsulphured molasses
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 2 tablespoons (1 ounce/28 grams) unsalted butter
- 1 large egg, lightly beaten

## Directions

Preheat oven to 275 degrees and butter a 1.5-quart baking dish. Then in 2-quart saucepan, heat milk just to a simmer.

While oven and milk are heating, whisk together salt, baking powder and spices in a small bowl and get other ingredients ready.

When milk is hot, gradually whisk in the corn meal. Cook at a slow bubble, stirring frequently, for about 15 minutes until slightly thickened (rather like pancake batter). Remove from heat.

Whisk in the molasses, sugar, butter, and spice mixture. Whisk a little of the hot mixture into the egg, then add it back to the pot, whisking well. Pour into buttered baking dish. Bake for 2 hours. Cool for 30 minutes to an hour before serving. Top with whipped cream or vanilla ice cream.

# Wampanoag Boiled Bread

Boiled bread is a small patty made mostly of cornmeal with crushed nuts and berries added in. It is dropped in a pot of boiling water and when done, rises to the top.

It was introduced to the pilgrims by the Wampanoag tribe, and was very likely served at the first Thanksgiving.

## Ingredients

2 quarts lightly boiled water  
1/2 cup cornmeal  
1/2 cup corn flour (or wheat flour)  
1/2 cup dried currants  
1/2 cup crushed walnuts.  
Maple syrup or sugar to taste.  
A pinch of salt to taste.

## Directions

Mix all of the ingredients together.

Slowly add spoonfuls of boiling water to dry ingredients until a slightly sticky dough forms.

Shape dough into patties (about 3 inches in diameter and 1/2 inch thick).

Drop 1 or 2 patties into boiling water at a time, carefully making sure they do not stick to the bottom of your pot.

Cook until they float (ours took about 12 minutes).



# Stewed Pompion

The term "pompion" was used by the pilgrims to refer to pumpkins and other squashes, which were readily available in the New World and quickly became a staple crop for many settlers. In fact, pumpkin was even used as a form of currency at times.

Stewed Pompion was often made with pumpkin, onions, herbs, and either beef or pork. The ingredients would be slow cooked in a large pot over an open fire, resulting in a savory and hearty dish. This type of stewing method was common among the pilgrims and native peoples alike.

As time passed, pumpkins began to be used more in sweet dishes such as pies and breads. Stewed Pompion fell out of popularity and is now considered a historical dish. However, it can still be found on the menus of some traditional New England restaurants or served at Thanksgiving feasts.



## Ingredients

- 4 cups of cooked pumpkin
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 to 3 teaspoons cider vinegar
- 1 or 2 teaspoons ground ginger
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

## Directions

Cook pumpkin however you desire (bake, boil or steam), then mash with a potato masher.

In a saucepan over medium heat, stir mashed pumpkin together with remaining ingredients. Adjust seasonings to taste.

Serve hot as a side dish or spread over toast.

# Cranberry Scones

The first Thanksgiving feast in 1621 likely included cranberries, as wild growing cranberry vines were abundant in the Plymouth area. Native Americans were known to use cranberries for multiple purposes, including as a dye, food, and medicine. The pilgrims quickly adopted cranberries into their own diets, using them in dishes such as stuffing and cranberry sauce.

For this teatime, we thought it would be lovely to bake some cranberry scones. The delightful tartness mixed with Devonshire cream and jam, makes a tasty treat to eat as you sip your cup of tea.

## Ingredients

2 cups all purpose flour  
½ teaspoon cinnamon  
1 tablespoon baking powder  
¼ cup cold butter cubed  
⅔ cups frozen cranberries  
3 tablespoon brown sugar  
¾ cup milk

## Directions

Preheat oven to 400 degrees and grease a baking sheet (or line it with parchment paper or a silicone mat).

Mix the flour, cinnamon, and baking powder together in a mixing bowl, then add in the cold cubed butter, cutting it in as you would with a pie crust.

When the mixture is crumbly and no large chunks of butter remain, stir in the frozen cranberries and brown sugar. Mix well.

Add the milk to the cranberry scone dough, and mix until a soft and sticky dough is formed.

Turn the dough out on a floured countertop, and knead two or three times to smooth out the dough. (Add a bit of flour if the dough is too sticky.)

Roll out the dough with a rolling pin until it is about half an inch thick. Then cut the dough into triangles, arrange on baking sheet, and brush with milk. Sprinkle tops with a bit of sugar.

Bake at 400F for 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot.



# The Pilgrim Fathers

Leonard Bacon

1802-1881

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand  
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;  
And when they trod the wintry strand,  
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.  
Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:  
Thy blessing came; and still its power  
Shall onward through all ages bear  
The memory of that holy hour.  
Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;  
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,  
The God they trusted guards their graves.  
And here Thy name, O, God of love,  
Their children's children shall adore,  
Till these eternal hills remove,  
And spring adorns the earth no more.

# Landing of the Pilgrims

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

1793-1835

The breaking waves dashed high,  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear;--  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam;  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared--  
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band:  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?--  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod.  
They have left unstained what there they found--  
Freedom to worship God.

# An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving

## by Louisa May Alcott

SIXTY years ago, up among the New Hampshire hills, lived Farmer Bassett, with a house full of sturdy sons and daughters growing up about him. They were poor in money, but rich in land and love, for the wide acres of wood, corn, and pasture land fed, warmed, and clothed the flock, while mutual patience, affection, and courage made the old farm-house a very happy home.

November had come; the crops were in, and barn, buttery, and bin were overflowing with the harvest that rewarded the summer's hard work. The big kitchen was a jolly place just now, for in the great fireplace roared a cheerful fire; on the walls hung garlands of dried apples, onions, and corn; up aloft from the beams shone crook-necked squashes, juicy hams, and dried venison—for in those days deer still haunted the deep forests, and hunters flourished. Savory smells were in the air; on the crane hung steaming kettles, and down among the red embers copper sauce-pans simmered, all suggestive of some approaching feast.

A white-headed baby lay in the old blue cradle that had rocked seven other babies, now and then lifting his head to look out, like a round, full moon, then subsided to kick and crow contentedly, and suck the rosy apple he had no teeth to bite. Two small boys sat on the wooden settle shelling corn for popping, and picking out the biggest nuts from the goodly store their own hands had gathered in October. Four young girls stood at the long dresser, busily chopping meat, pounding spice, and slicing apples; and the tongues of Tilly, Prue, Roxy, and Rhody went as fast as their hands. Farmer Bassett, and Eph, the oldest boy, were "chorin' 'round" outside, for Thanksgiving was at hand, and all must be in order for that time-honored day.

To and fro, from table to hearth, bustled buxom Mrs. Bassett, flushed and floury, but busy and blithe as the queen bee of this busy little hive should be.

"I do like to begin seasonable and have things to my mind. Thanksgivin' dinners can't be drove, and it does take a sight of victuals to fill all these hungry stomicks," said the good woman, as she gave a vigorous stir to the great kettle of cider apple-sauce, and cast a glance of housewifely pride at the fine array of pies set forth on the buttery shelves.

"Only one more day and then it will be time to eat. I didn't take but one bowl of hasty pudding this morning, so I shall have plenty of room when the nice things come," confided Seth to Sol, as he cracked a large hazel-nut as easily as a squirrel.

"No need of my starvin' beforehand. I always have room enough, and I'd like to have Thanksgiving every day," answered Solomon, gloating like a young ogre over the little pig that lay near by, ready for roasting.

Sakes alive, I don't, boys! It's a marcy it don't come but once a year. I should be worn to a thread-paper with all this extra work atop of my winter weavin' and spinnin'," laughed their mother, as she plunged her plump arms into the long bread-trough and began to knead the dough as if a famine was at hand.

Tilly, the oldest girl, a red-cheeked, black-eyed lass of fourteen, was grinding briskly at the mortar, for spices were costly, and not a grain must be wasted. Prue kept time with the chopper, and the twins sliced away at the apples till their little brown arms ached, for all knew how to work, and did so now with a will.

"I think it's real fun to have Thanksgiving at home. I'm sorry Gran'ma is sick, so we can't go there as usual, but I like to mess 'round here, don't you, girls?" asked Tilly, pausing to take a sniff at the spicy pestle.

"It will be kind of lonesome with only our own folks." "I like to see all the cousins and aunts, and have games, and sing," cried the twins, who were regular little romps, and could run, swim, coast and shout as well as their brothers.

"I don't care a mite for all that. It will be so nice to eat dinner together, warm and comfortable at home," said quiet Prue, who loved her own cozy nooks like a cat.

"Come, girls, fly 'round and get your chores done, so we can clear away for dinner jest as soon as I clap my bread into the oven," called Mrs. Bassett presently, as she rounded off the last loaf of brown bread which was to feed the hungry mouths that seldom tasted any other.

"Here's a man comin' up the hill, lively!" "Guess it's Gad Hopkins. Pa told him to bring a dezzen oranges, if they warn't too high!" shouted Sol and Seth, running to the door, while the girls smacked their lips at the thought of this rare treat, and Baby threw his apple overboard, as if getting ready for a new cargo.

But all were doomed to disappointment, for it was not Gad, with the much-desired fruit. It was a stranger, who threw himself off his horse and hurried up to Mr. Bassett in the yard, with some brief message that made the farmer drop his ax and look so sober that his wife guessed at once some bad news had come; and crying, "Mother's wuss! I know she is!" out ran the good woman, forgetful of the flour on her arms and the oven waiting for its most important batch.

The man said old Mr. Chadwick, down to Keene, stopped him as he passed, and told him to tell Mrs. Bassett her mother was failin' fast, and she'd better come to-day. He knew no more, and having delivered his errand he rode away, saying it looked like snow and he must be jogging, or he wouldn't get home till night.

"We must go right off, Eldad. Hitch up, and I'll be ready in less'n no time," said Mrs. Bassett, wasting not a minute in tears and lamentations, but pulling off her apron as she went in, with her mind in a sad jumble of bread, anxiety, turkey, sorrow, haste, and cider apple-sauce.

A few words told the story, and the children left their work to help her get ready, mingling their grief for "Gran'ma" with regrets for the lost dinner.

"I'm dreadful sorry, dears, but it can't be helped. I couldn't cook nor eat no way, now, and if that blessed woman gets better sudden, as she has before, we'll have cause for thanksgivin', and I'll give you a dinner you won't forget in a hurry," said Mrs. Bassett, as she tied on her brown silk pumpkin-hood, with a sob for the good old mother who had made it for her.

Not a child complained after that, but ran about helpfully, bringing moccasins, heating the footstone, and getting ready for a long drive, because Gran'ma lived twenty miles away, and there were no railroads in those parts to whisk people to and fro like magic. By the time the old yellow sleigh was at the door, the bread was in the oven, and Mrs. Bassett was waiting, with her camlet cloak on, and the baby done up like a small bale of blankets.

"Now, Eph, you must look after the cattle like a man, and keep up the fires, for there's a storm brewin', and neither the children nor dumb critters must suffer," said Mr. Bassett, as he turned up the collar of his rough coat and put on his blue mittens, while the old mare shook her bells as if she preferred a trip to Keene to hauling wood all day.

"Tilly, put extry comfortables on the beds to-night, the wind is so searchin' up chamber. Have the baked beans and Injun-puddin' for dinner, and whatever you do, don't let the boys git at the mince-pies, or you'll have them down sick. I shall come back the minute I can leave Mother. Pa will come to-morrer, anyway, so keep snug and be good. I depend on you, my darter; use your jedgment, and don't let nothin' happen while Mother's away."

"Yes'm, yes'm—good-bye, good-bye!" called the children, as Mrs. Bassett was packed into the sleigh and driven away, leaving a stream of directions behind her.

Eph, the sixteen-year-old boy, immediately put on his biggest boots, assumed a sober, responsible manner, and surveyed his little responsibilities with a paternal air, drolly like his father's. Tilly tied on her mother's bunch of keys, rolled up the sleeves of her homespun gown, and began to order about the younger girls. They soon forgot poor Granny, and found it great fun to keep house all alone, for Mother seldom left home, but ruled her family in the good old-fashioned way. There were no servants, for the little daughters were Mrs. Bassett's only maids, and the stout boys helped their father, all working happily together with no wages but love; learning in the best manner the use of the heads and hands with which they were to make their own way in the world.

The few flakes that caused the farmer to predict bad weather soon increased to a regular snow-storm, with gusts of wind, for up among the hills winter came early and lingered long. But the children were busy, gay, and warm in-doors, and never minded the rising gale nor the whirling white storm outside.

Tilly got them a good dinner, and when it was over the two elder girls went to their spinning, for in the kitchen stood the big and little wheels, and baskets of wool-rolls, ready to be twisted into yarn for the winter's knitting, and each day brought its stint of work to the daughters, who hoped to be as thrifty as their mother.

Eph kept up a glorious fire, and superintended the small boys, who popped corn and whittled boats on the hearth; while Roxy and Rhody dressed corn-cob dolls in the settle corner, and Bose, the

brindled mastiff, lay on the braided mat, luxuriously warming his old legs. Thus employed, they made a pretty picture, these rosy boys and girls, in their homespun suits, with the rustic toys or tasks which most children nowadays would find very poor or tiresome.

Tilly and Prue sang, as they stepped to and fro, drawing out the smoothly twisted threads to the musical hum of the great spinning-wheels. The little girls chattered like magpies over their dolls and the new bed-spread they were planning to make, all white dimity stars on a blue calico ground, as a Christmas present to Ma. The boys roared at Eph's jokes, and had rough and tumble games over Bose, who didn't mind them in the least; and so the afternoon wore pleasantly away.

At sunset the boys went out to feed the cattle, bring in heaps of wood, and lock up for the night, as the lonely farm-house seldom had visitors after dark. The girls got the simple supper of brown bread and milk, baked apples, and a doughnut all 'round as a treat. Then they sat before the fire, the sisters knitting, the brothers with books or games, for Eph loved reading, and Sol and Seth never failed to play a few games of Morris with barley corns, on the little board they had made themselves at one corner of the dresser.

"Read out a piece," said Tilly, from Mother's chair, where she sat in state, finishing off the sixth woolen sock she had knit that month.

"It's the old history book, but here's a bit you may like, since it's about our folks," answered Eph, turning the yellow page to look at a picture of two quaintly dressed children in some ancient castle. "Yes, read that. I always like to hear about the Lady Matildy I was named for, and Lord Bassett, Pa's great-great-grandpa. He's only a farmer now, but it's nice to know that we were somebody two or three hundred years ago," said Tilly, bridling and tossing her curly head as she fancied the Lady Matilda might have done.

"Don't read the queer words, 'cause we don't understand 'em. Tell it," commanded Roxy, from the cradle, where she was drowsily cuddled with Rhody.

"Well, a long time ago, when Charles the First was in prison, Lord Bassett was a true friend to him," began Eph, plunging into his story without delay. "The lord had some papers that would have hung a lot of people if the king's enemies got hold of 'em, so when he heard one day, all of a sudden, that soldiers were at the castle-gate to carry him off, he had just time to call his girl to him, and say: 'I may be going to my death, but I won't betray my master. There is no time to burn the papers, and I can not take them with me; they are hidden in the old leathern chair where I sit. No one knows this but you, and you must guard them till I come or send you a safe messenger to take them away. Promise me to be brave and silent, and I can go without fear.' You see, he wasn't afraid to die, but he was to seem a traitor. Lady Matildy promised solemnly, and the words were hardly out of her mouth when the men came in, and her father was carried away a prisoner and sent off to the Tower.

"But she didn't cry; she just called her brother, and sat down in that chair, with her head leaning back on those papers, like a queen, and waited while the soldiers hunted the house over for 'em: wasn't that a smart girl?" cried Tilly, beaming with pride, for she was named for this ancestress, and knew the story by heart.  
drawn swords!"

As Eph quoted from the book, Seth planted himself before Tilly, with the long poker in his hand, saying, as he flourished it valiantly:

"Why didn't the boy take his father's sword and lay about him? I would, if any one was ha'sh to Tilly."

"You bantam! He was only a bit of a boy, and couldn't do anything. Sit down and hear the rest of it," commanded Tilly, with a pat on the yellow head, and a private resolve that Seth should have the largest piece of pie at dinner next day, as reward for his chivalry.

"Well, the men went off after turning the castle out of window, but they said they should come again; so faithful Matildy was full of trouble, and hardly dared to leave the room where the chair stood. All day she sat there, and at night her sleep was so full of fear about it, that she often got up and went to see that all was safe. The servants thought the fright had hurt her wits, and let her be, but Rupert, the boy, stood by her and never was afraid of her queer ways. She was 'a pious maid,' the book says, and often spent the long evenings reading the Bible, with her brother by her, all alone in the great room, with no one to help her bear her secret, and no good news of her father. At last, word came that the king was dead and his friends banished out of England. Then the poor children were in a sad plight, for they had no mother, and the servants all ran away, leaving only one faithful old man to help them."

"But the father did come?" cried Roxy, eagerly.

"You'll see," continued Eph, half telling, half reading.

"Matilda was sure he would, so she sat on in the big chair, guarding the papers, and no one could get her away, till one day a man came with her father's ring and told her to give up the secret. She knew the ring, but would not tell until she had asked many questions, so as to be very sure, and while the man answered all about her father and the king, she looked at him sharply. Then she stood up and said, in a tremble, for there was something strange about the man: 'Sir, I doubt you in spite of the ring, and I will not answer till you pull off the false beard you wear, that I may see your face and know if you are my father's friend or foe.' Off came the disguise, and Matilda found it was my lord himself, come to take them with him out of England. He was very proud of that faithful girl, I guess, for the old chair still stands in the castle, and the name keeps in the family, Pa says, even over here, where some of the Bassetts came along with the Pilgrims."

"Our Tilly would have been as brave, I know, and she looks like the old picter down to Grandma's, don't she, Eph?" cried Prue, who admired her bold, bright sister very much.

"Well, I think you'd do the settin' part best, Prue, you are so patient. Till would fight like a wild cat, but she can't hold her tongue worth a cent," answered Eph; whereat Tilly pulled his hair, and the story ended with a general frolic.

When the moon-faced clock behind the door struck nine, Tilly tucked up the children under the "extry comfortables," and having kissed them all around, as Mother did, crept into her own nest, never minding the little drifts of snow that sifted in upon her coverlet between the shingles of the roof, nor the storm that raged without.

As if he felt the need of unusual vigilance, old Bose lay down on the mat before the door, and pussy had the warm hearth all to herself. If any late wanderer had looked in at midnight, he would have seen the fire blazing up again, and in the cheerful glow the old cat blinking her yellow eyes, as she sat bolt upright beside the spinning-wheel, like some sort of household goblin, guarding the children while they slept.

When they woke, like early birds, it still snowed, but up the little Bassetts jumped, broke the ice in their pitchers, and went down with cheeks glowing like winter apples, after a brisk scrub and scramble into their clothes. Eph was off to the barn, and Tilly soon had a great kettle of mush ready, which, with milk warm from the cows, made a wholesome breakfast for the seven hearty children.

"Now about dinner," said the young housekeeper, as the pewter spoons stopped clattering, and the earthen bowls stood empty.

"Ma said, have what we liked, but she didn't expect us to have a real Thanksgiving dinner, because she won't be here to cook it, and we don't know how," began Prue, doubtfully.

"I can roast a turkey and make a pudding as well as anybody, I guess. The pies are all ready, and if we can't boil vegetables and so on, we don't deserve any dinner," cried Tilly, burning to distinguish herself, and bound to enjoy to the utmost her brief authority.

"Yes, yes!" cried all the boys, "let's have a dinner anyway; Ma won't care, and the good victuals will spoil if they ain't eaten right up."

"Pa is coming to-night, so we won't have dinner till late; that will be real genteel and give us plenty of time," added Tilly, suddenly realizing the novelty of the task she had undertaken.

"Did you ever roast a turkey?" asked Roxy, with an air of deep interest.

"Should you darst to try?" said Rhody, in an awe-stricken tone.

"You will see what I can do. Ma said I was to use my judgment about things, and I'm going to. All you children have got to do is to keep out of the way, and let Prue and me work. Eph, I wish you'd put a fire in the best room, so the little ones can play in there. We shall want the settin'-room for the table, and I won't have 'em pickin' 'round when we get things fixed," commanded Tilly, bound to make her short reign a brilliant one.

"I don't know about that. Ma didn't tell us to," began cautious Eph, who felt that this invasion of the sacred best parlor was a daring step.

"Don't we always do it Sundays and Thanksgivings? Wouldn't Ma wish the children kept safe and warm anyhow? Can I get up a nice dinner with four rascals under my feet all the time? Come, now, if you want roast turkey and onions, plum-puddin' and mince-pie, you'll have to do as I tell you, and be lively about it."

Tilly spoke with such spirit, and her last suggestion was so irresistible, that Eph gave in, and, laughing good-naturedly, tramped away to heat up the best room, devoutly hoping that nothing serious would happen to punish such audacity.

The young folks delightedly trooped in to destroy the order of that prim apartment with housekeeping under the black horse-hair sofa, "horseback riders" on the arms of the best rocking-chair, and an Indian war-dance all over the well-waxed furniture. Eph, finding the society of the peaceful sheep and cows more to his mind than that of two excited sisters, lingered over his chores in the barn as long as possible, and left the girls in peace.

Now Tilly and Prue were in their glory, and as soon as the breakfast things were out of the way, they prepared for a grand cooking-time. They were handy girls, though they had never heard of a cooking-school, never touched a piano, and knew nothing of embroidery beyond the samplers which hung framed in the parlor; one ornamented with a pink mourner under a blue weeping-willow, the other with this pleasing verse, each word being done in a different color, which gave the effect of a distracted rainbow:

"This sampler neat was worked by me,  
In my twelfth year, Prudence B."

Both rolled up their sleeves, put on their largest aprons, and got out all the spoons, dishes, pots, and pans they could find, "so as to have everything handy," as Prue said.

"Now, sister, we'll have dinner at five; Pa will be here by that time if he is coming to-night, and be so surprised to find us all ready, for he won't have had any very nice victuals if Gran'ma is so sick," said Tilly importantly. "I shall give the children a piece at noon" (Tilly meant luncheon); "doughnuts and cheese, with apple-pie and cider will please 'em. There's beans for Eph; he likes cold pork, so we won't stop to warm it up, for there's lots to do, and I don't mind saying to you I'm dreadful dubersome about the turkey."

"It's all ready but the stuffing, and roasting is as easy as can be. I can baste first rate. Ma always likes to have me, I'm so patient and stiddy, she says," answered Prue, for the responsibility of this great undertaking did not rest upon her, so she took a cheerful view of things.

"I know, but it's the stuffin' that troubles me," said Tilly, rubbing her round elbows as she eyed the immense fowl laid out on a platter before her. "I don't know how much I want, nor what sort of yarbs to put in, and he's so awful big, I'm kind of afraid of him."

"I ain't! I fed him all summer, and he never gobbled at me. I feel real mean to be thinking of gobbling him, poor old chap," laughed Prue, patting her departed pet with an air of mingled affection and appetite.

"Well, I'll get the puddin' off my mind fust, for it ought to bile all day. Put the big kettle on, and see that the spit is clean, while I get ready."

Prue obediently tugged away at the crane, with its black hooks, from which hung the iron tea-kettle and three-legged pot; then she settled the long spit in the grooves made for it in the tall andirons, and put the dripping-pan underneath, for in those days meat was roasted as it should be, not baked in ovens.

Meantime Tilly attacked the plum-pudding. She felt pretty sure of coming out right, here, for she had seen her mother do it so many times, it looked very easy. So in went suet and fruit; all sorts of spice, to be sure she got the right ones, and brandy instead of wine. But she forgot both sugar and salt, and tied it in the cloth so tightly that it had no room to swell, so it would come out as heavy as lead and as hard as a cannon-ball, if the bag did not burst and spoil it all. Happily unconscious of these mistakes, Tilly popped it into the pot, and proudly watched it bobbing about before she put the cover on and left it to its fate.

"I can't remember what flavorin' Ma puts in," she said, when she had got her bread well soaked for the stuffing. "Sage and onions and apple-sauce go with goose, but I can't feel sure of anything but pepper and salt for a turkey."

"Ma puts in some kind of mint, I know, but I forget whether it is spearmint, peppermint, or pennyroyal," answered Prue, in a tone of doubt, but trying to show her knowledge of "yarbs," or, at least, of their names.

"Seems to me it's sweet marjoram or summer savory. I guess we'll put both in, and then we are sure to be right. The best is up garret; you run and get some, while I mash the bread," commanded Tilly, diving into the mess.

Away trotted Prue, but in her haste she got catnip and wormwood, for the garret was darkish, and Prue's little nose was so full of the smell of the onions she had been peeling, that everything smelt of them. Eager to be of use, she pounded up the herbs and scattered the mixture with a liberal hand into the bowl.

"It doesn't smell just right, but I suppose it will when it is cooked," said Tilly, as she filled the empty stomach, that seemed aching for food, and sewed it up with the blue yarn, which happened to be handy. She forgot to tie down his legs and wings, but she set him by till his hour came, well satisfied with her work.

"Shall we roast the little pig, too? I think he'd look nice with a necklace of sausages, as Ma fixed one last Christmas," asked Prue, elated with their success.

"I couldn't do it. I loved that little pig, and cried when he was killed. I should feel as if I was roasting the baby," answered Tilly, glancing toward the buttery where piggy hung, looking so pink and pretty it certainly did seem cruel to eat him.

It took a long time to get all the vegetables ready, for, as the cellar was full, the girls thought they would have every sort. Eph helped, and by noon all was ready for cooking, and the cranberry-sauce, a good deal scorched, was cooling in the lean-to.

Luncheon was a lively meal, and doughnuts and cheese vanished in such quantities that Tilly feared no one would have an appetite for her sumptuous dinner. The boys assured her they would be starving by five o'clock, and Sol mourned bitterly over the little pig that was not to be served up.

"Now you all go and coast, while Prue and I set the table and get out the best chiny," said Tilly, bent on having her dinner look well, no matter what its other failings might be.

Out came the rough sleds, on went the round hoods, old hats, red cloaks, and moccasins, and away trudged the four younger Bassetts, to disport themselves in the snow, and try the ice down by the old mill, where the great wheel turned and splashed so merrily in the summer-time.

Eph took his fiddle and scraped away to his heart's content in the parlor, while the girls, after a short rest, set the table and made all ready to dish up the dinner when that exciting moment came. It was not at all the sort of table we see now, but would look very plain and countrified to us, with its green-handled knives and two-pronged steel forks; its red-and-white china, and pewter platters, scoured till they shone, with mugs and spoons to match, and a brown jug for the cider. The cloth was coarse, but white as snow, and the little maids had seen the blue-eyed flax grow, out of which their mother wove the linen they had watched and watered while it bleached in the green meadow. They had no napkins and little silver; but the best tankard and Ma's few wedding spoons were set forth in state. Nuts and apples at the corners gave an air, and the place of honor was left in the middle for the oranges yet to come.

"Don't it look beautiful?" said Prue, when they paused to admire the general effect.

"Pretty nice, I think. I wish Ma could see how well we can do it," began Tilly, when a loud howling startled both girls, and sent them flying to the window. The short afternoon had passed so quickly that twilight had come before they knew it, and now, as they looked out through the gathering dusk, they saw four small black figures tearing up the road, to come bursting in, all screaming at once: "The bear, the bear! Eph, get the gun! He's coming, he's coming!"

Eph had dropped his fiddle, and got down his gun before the girls could calm the children enough to tell their story, which they did in a somewhat incoherent manner. "Down in the holler, coastin', we heard a growl," began Sol, with his eyes as big as saucers. "I see him fust lookin' over the wall," roared Seth, eager to get his share of honor.

"Awful big and shaggy," quavered Roxy, clinging to Tilly, while Rhody hid in Prue's skirts, and piped out: "His great paws kept clawing at us, and I was so scared my legs would hardly go."

"We ran away as fast as we could go, and he come growling after us. He's awful hungry, and he'll eat every one of us if he gets in," continued Sol, looking about him for a safe retreat.

"Oh, Eph, don't let him eat us," cried both little girls, flying up stairs to hide under their mother's bed, as their surest shelter.

"No danger of that, you little geese. I'll shoot him as soon as he comes. Get out of the way, boys," and Eph raised the window to get good aim.

"There he is! Fire away, and don't miss!" cried Seth, hastily following Sol, who had climbed to the top of the dresser as a good perch from which to view the approaching fray.

Prue retired to the hearth as if bent on dying at her post rather than desert the turkey, now "browning beautiful," as she expressed it. But Tilly boldly stood at the open window, ready to lend a hand if the enemy proved too much for Eph.

All had seen bears, but none had ever come so near before, and even brave Eph felt that the big brown beast slowly trotting up the door-yard was an unusually formidable specimen. He was growling horribly, and stopped now and then as if to rest and shake himself.

"Get the ax, Tilly, and if I should miss, stand ready to keep him off while I load again," said Eph, anxious to kill his first bear in style and alone; a girl's help didn't count.

Tilly flew for the ax, and was at her brother's side by the time the bear was near enough to be dangerous. He stood on his hind legs, and seemed to sniff with relish the savory odors that poured out of the window.

"Fire, Eph!" cried Tilly, firmly.

"Wait till he rears again. I'll get a better shot, then," answered the boy, while Prue covered her ears to shut out the bang, and the small boys cheered from their dusty refuge up among the pumpkins.

But a very singular thing happened next, and all who saw it stood amazed, for suddenly Tilly threw down the ax, flung open the door, and ran straight into the arms of the bear, who stood erect to receive her, while his growlings changed to a loud "Haw, haw!" that startled the children more than the report of a gun.

"It's Gad Hopkins, tryin' to fool us!" cried Eph, much disgusted at the loss of his prey, for these hardy boys loved to hunt, and prided themselves on the number of wild animals and birds they could shoot in a year.

"Oh, Gad, how could you scare us so?" laughed Tilly, still held fast in one shaggy arm of the bear, while the other drew a dozen oranges from some deep pocket in the buffalo-skin coat, and fired them into the kitchen with such good aim that Eph ducked, Prue screamed, and Sol and Seth came down much quicker than they went up.

"Wal, you see I got upsot over yonder, and the old horse went home while I was floundering in a drift, so I tied on the buffalors to tote 'em easy, and come along till I see the children playin' in the holler. I jest meant to give 'em a little scare, but they run like partridges, and I kep' up the joke to see how Eph would like this sort of company," and Gad haw-hawed again.

"You'd have had a warm welcome if we hadn't found you out. I'd have put a bullet through you in a jiffy, old chap," said Eph, coming out to shake hands with the young giant, who was only a year or two older than himself.

"Come in and set up to dinner with us. Prue and I have done it all ourselves, and Pa will be along soon, I reckon," cried Tilly, trying to escape.

"Couldn't, no ways. My folks will think I'm dead ef I don't get along home, sence the horse and sleigh have gone ahead empty. I've done my arrant and had my joke; now I want my pay, Tilly," and Gad took a hearty kiss from the rosy cheeks of his "little sweetheart," as he called her. His own cheeks tingled with the smart slap she gave him as she ran away, calling out that she hated bears and would bring her ax next time.

"I ain't afeared; your sharp eyes found me out; and ef you run into a bear's arms you must expect a hug," answered Gad, as he pushed back the robe and settled his fur cap more becomingly.

"I should have known you in a minute if I hadn't been asleep when the girls squalled. You did it well, though, and I advise you not to try it again in a hurry, or you'll get shot," said Eph, as they parted, he rather crestfallen and Gad in high glee.

"My sakes alive—the turkey is burnt one side, and the kettles have biled over so the pies I put to warm are all ashes!" scolded Tilly, as the flurry subsided and she remembered her dinner.

"Well, I can't help it. I couldn't think of victuals when I expected to be eaten alive myself, could I?" pleaded poor Prue, who had tumbled into the cradle when the rain of oranges began.

Tilly laughed, and all the rest joined in, so good humor was restored, and the spirits of the younger ones were revived by sucks from the one orange which passed from hand to hand with great rapidity, while the older girls dished up the dinner. They were just struggling to get the pudding out of the cloth when Roxy called out, "Here's Pa!"

"There's folks with him," added Rhody.

"Lots of 'em! I see two big sleighs chock full," shouted Seth, peering through the dusk.

"It looks like a semintary. Guess Gramma's dead and come up to be buried here," said Sol in a solemn tone. This startling suggestion made Tilly, Prue, and Eph hasten to look out, full of dismay at such an ending of their festival.

"If that is a funeral, the mourners are uncommon jolly," said Eph, drily, as merry voices and loud laughter broke the white silence without.

"I see Aunt Cinthy, and Cousin Hetty—and there's Mose and Amos. I do declare, Pa's bringin' 'em all home to have some fun here," cried Prue, as she recognized one familiar face after another. "Oh, my patience! Ain't I glad I got dinner, and don't I hope it will turn out good!" exclaimed Tilly, while the twins pranced with delight, and the small boys roared:

"Hooray for Pa! Hooray for Thanksgivin'!"

The cheer was answered heartily, and in came Father, Mother, Baby, aunts and cousins, all in great spirits, and all much surprised to find such a festive welcome awaiting them.

"Ain't Gran'ma dead at all?" asked Sol, in the midst of the kissing and hand-shaking.

"Bless your heart, no! It was all a mistake of old Mr. Chadwick's. He's as deaf as an adder, and when Mrs. Brooks told him Mother was mendin' fast, and she wanted me to come down to-day, certain sure, he got the message all wrong, and give it to the fust person passin' in such a way as to scare me 'most to death, and send us down in a hurry. Mother was sittin' up as chirk as you please, and dreadful sorry you didn't all come."

"So, to keep the house quiet for her, and give you a taste of the fun, your Pa fetched us all up to spend the evenin', and we are goin' to have a jolly time on't, to jedge by the looks of things," said Aunt Cinthy, briskly finishing the tale when Mrs. Bassett paused for want of breath.

"What in the world put it into your head we was comin', and set you to gettin' up such a supper?" asked Mr. Bassett, looking about him, well pleased and much surprised at the plentiful table.

Tilly modestly began to tell, but the others broke in and sang her praises in a sort of chorus, in which bears, pigs, pies, and oranges were oddly mixed. Great satisfaction was expressed by all, and Tilly and Prue were so elated by the commendation of Ma and the aunts, that they set forth their dinner, sure everything was perfect.

But when the eating began, which it did the moment wraps were off, then their pride got a fall; for the first person who tasted the stuffing (it was big Cousin Mose, and that made it harder to bear) nearly choked over the bitter morsel.

"Tilly Bassett, whatever made you put wormwood and catnip in your stuffin'?" demanded Ma, trying not to be severe, for all the rest were laughing, and Tilly looked ready to cry.

"I did it," said Prue, nobly taking all the blame, which caused Pa to kiss her on the spot, and declare that it didn't do a might of harm, for the turkey was all right.

"I never see onions cooked better. All the vegetables is well done, and the dinner a credit to you, my dears," declared Aunt Cinthy, with her mouth full of the fragrant vegetable she praised.

The pudding was an utter failure, in spite of the blazing brandy in which it lay—as hard and heavy as one of the stone balls on Squire Dunkin's great gate. It was speedily whisked out of sight, and all fell upon the pies, which were perfect. But Tilly and Prue were much depressed, and didn't recover their spirits till the dinner was over and the evening fun well under way.

"Blind-man's buff," "Hunt the slipper," "Come, Philander," and other lively games soon set every one bubbling over with jollity, and when Eph struck up "Money Musk" on his fiddle, old and young fell into their places for a dance. All down the long kitchen they stood, Mr. and Mrs. Bassett at the top, the twins at the bottom, and then away they went, heeling and toeing, cutting pigeon-wings, and

taking their steps in a way that would convulse modern children with their new-fangled romps called dancing. Mose and Tilly covered themselves with glory by the vigor with which they kept it up, till fat Aunt Cinthy fell into a chair, breathlessly declaring that a very little of such exercise was enough for a woman of her "heft."

Apples and cider, chat and singing, finished the evening, and after a grand kissing all round, the guests drove away in the clear moonlight which came just in time to cheer their long drive.

When the jingle of the last bell had died away, Mr. Bassett said soberly, as they stood together on the hearth: "Children, we have special cause to be thankful that the sorrow we expected was changed into joy, so we'll read a chapter 'fore we go to bed, and give thanks where thanks is due."

Then Tilly set out the light-stand with the big Bible on it, and a candle on each side, and all sat quietly in the fire-light, smiling as they listened with happy hearts to the sweet old words that fit all times and seasons so beautifully.

When the good-nights were over, and the children in bed, Prue put her arm around Tilly and whispered tenderly, for she felt her shake, and was sure she was crying:

"Don't mind about the old stuffin' and puddin', deary—nobody cared, and Ma said we really did do surprisin' well for such young girls."

The laughter Tilly was trying to smother broke out then, and was so infectious, Prue could not help joining her, even before she knew the cause of the merriment.

"I was mad about the mistakes, but don't care enough to cry. I'm laughing to think how Gad fooled Eph and I found him out. I thought Mose and Amos would have died over it when I told them, it was so funny," explained Tilly, when she got her breath.

"I was so scared that when the first orange hit me, I thought it was a bullet, and scrabbled into the cradle as fast as I could. It was real mean to frighten the little ones so," laughed Prue, as Tilly gave a growl.

Here a smart rap on the wall of the next room caused a sudden lull in the fun, and Mrs. Bassett's voice was heard, saying warningly, "Girls, go to sleep immediate, or you'll wake the baby."

"Yes'm," answered two meek voices, and after a few irrepressible giggles, silence reigned, broken only by an occasional snore from the boys, or the soft scurry of mice in the buttery, taking their part in this old-fashioned Thanksgiving.

# A Thanksgiving

John Kendrick Bangs

1862-1922

For summer rains, and winter's sun,  
For autumn breezes crisp and sweet;  
For labors doing, to be done,  
And labors all complete;  
For April, May, and lovely June,  
For bud, and bird, and berried vine;  
For joys of morning, night, and noon,  
My thanks, dear Lord, are Thine!  
For loving friends on every side;  
For children full of joyous glee;  
For all the blessed Heavens wide,  
And for the sounding sea;  
For mountains, valleys, forests deep;  
For maple, oak, and lofty pine;  
For rivers on their seaward sweep,  
My thanks, dear Lord, are Thine!  
For light and air, for sun and shade,  
For merry laughter and for cheer;  
For music and the glad parade  
Of blessings through the year;  
For all the fruitful earth's increase,  
For home and life, and love divine,  
For hope, and faith, and perfect peace,  
My thanks, dear Lord, are Thine!



## Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen "All's Well That Ends Well."

Read it from Edith Nesbit's *Beautiful Stories from Shakespeare* in the following pages. But we also recommend reading the actual play together as a family if you can. (We will link to the Folger Library for this.)

Your older kids and teens may enjoy watching a movie adaptation (please pre-screen these first). And if you can take in a live performance, your family will never forget it!

We are including a link on our website to watch a pre-recorded stage performance of "All's Well That Ends Well" by Los Alamitos TV.

Shakespeare

# All's Well That Ends Well

## by Edith Nesbit

In the year thirteen hundred and something, the Countess of Rousillon was unhappy in her palace near the Pyrenees. She had lost her husband, and the King of France had summoned her son Bertram to Paris, hundreds of miles away.

Bertram was a pretty youth with curling hair, finely arched eyebrows, and eyes as keen as a hawk's. He was as proud as ignorance could make him, and would lie with a face like truth itself to gain a selfish end. But a pretty youth is a pretty youth, and Helena was in love with him.

Helena was the daughter of a great doctor who had died in the service of the Count of Rousillon. Her sole fortune consisted in a few of her father's prescriptions.

When Bertram had gone, Helena's forlorn look was noticed by the Countess, who told her that she was exactly the same to her as her own child. Tears then gathered in Helena's eyes, for she felt that the Countess made Bertram seem like a brother whom she could never marry. The Countess guessed her secret forthwith, and Helena confessed that Bertram was to her as the sun is to the day.

She hoped, however, to win this sun by earning the gratitude of the King of France, who suffered from a lingering illness, which made him lame. The great doctors attached to the Court despaired of curing him, but Helena had confidence in a prescription which her father had used with success.

Taking an affectionate leave of the Countess, she went to Paris, and was allowed to see the King.

He was very polite, but it was plain he thought her a quack. "It would not become me," he said, "to apply to a simple maiden for the relief which all the learned doctors cannot give me."

"Heaven uses weak instruments sometimes," said Helena, and she declared that she would forfeit her life if she failed to make him well.

"And if you succeed?" questioned the King.

"Then I will ask your Majesty to give me for a husband the man whom I choose!"

So earnest a young lady could not be resisted forever by a suffering king. Helena, therefore, became the King's doctor, and in two days the royal cripple could skip.

He summoned his courtiers, and they made a glittering throng in the throne room of his palace. Well might the country girl have been dazzled, and seen a dozen husbands worth dreaming of among the handsome young noblemen before her. But her eyes only wandered till they found Bertram. Then she went up to him, and said, "I dare not say I take you, but I am yours!" Raising her voice that the King might hear, she added, "This is the Man!"

"Bertram," said the King, "take her; she's your wife!"

"My wife, my liege?" said Bertram. "I beg your Majesty to permit me to choose a wife."

"Do you know, Bertram, what she has done for your King?" asked the monarch, who had treated Bertram like a son.

"Yes, your Majesty," replied Bertram; "but why should I marry a girl who owes her breeding to my father's charity?"

"You disdain her for lacking a title, but I can give her a title," said the King; and as he looked at the sulky youth a thought came to him, and he added, "Strange that you think so much of blood when you could not distinguish your own from a beggar's if you saw them mixed together in a bowl."

"I cannot love her," asserted Bertram; and Helena said gently, "Urge him not, your Majesty. I am glad to have cured my King for my country's sake."

"My honor requires that scornful boy's obedience," said the King. "Bertram, make up your mind to this. You marry this lady, of whom you are so unworthy, or you learn how a king can hate. Your answer?"

Bertram bowed low and said, "Your Majesty has ennobled the lady by your interest in her. I submit."

"Take her by the hand," said the King, "and tell her she is yours."

Bertram obeyed, and with little delay he was married to Helena.

Fear of the King, however, could not make him a lover. Ridicule helped to sour him. A base soldier named Parolles told him to his face that now he had a "kicky-wicky" his business was not to fight but to stay at home. "Kicky-wicky" was only a silly epithet for a wife, but it made Bertram feel he could not bear having a wife, and that he must go to the war in Italy, though the King had forbidden him.

Helena he ordered to take leave of the King and return to Rousillon, giving her letters for his mother and herself. He then rode off, bidding her a cold good-bye.

She opened the letter addressed to herself, and read, "When you can get the ring from my finger you can call me husband, but against that 'when' I write 'never.'"

Dry-eyed had Helena been when she entered the King's presence and said farewell, but he was uneasy on her account, and gave her a ring from his own finger, saying, "If you send this to me, I shall know you are in trouble, and help you."

She did not show him Bertram's letter to his wife; it would have made him wish to kill the truant Count; but she went back to Rousillon and handed her mother-in-law the second letter. It was short and bitter. "I have run away," it said. "If the world be broad enough, I will be always far away from her."

"Cheer up," said the noble widow to the deserted wife. "I wash his name out of my blood, and you alone are my child."

The Dowager Countess, however, was still mother enough to Bertram to lay the blame of his conduct on Parolles, whom she called "a very tainted fellow."

Helena did not stay long at Rousillon. She clad herself as a pilgrim, and, leaving a letter for her mother-in-law, secretly set out for Florence.

On entering that city she inquired of a woman the way to the Pilgrims' House of Rest, but the woman begged "the holy pilgrim" to lodge with her.

Helena found that her hostess was a widow, who had a beautiful daughter named Diana.

When Diana heard that Helena came from France, she said, "A countryman of yours, Count Rousillon, has done worthy service for Florence." But after a time, Diana had something to tell which was not at all worthy of Helena's husband. Bertram was making love to Diana. He did not hide the fact that he was married, but Diana heard from Parolles that his wife was not worth caring for.

The widow was anxious for Diana's sake, and Helena decided to inform her that she was the Countess Rousillon.

"He keeps asking Diana for a lock of her hair," said the widow.

Helena smiled mournfully, for her hair was as fine as Diana's and of the same color. Then an idea struck her, and she said, "Take this purse of gold for yourself. I will give Diana three thousand crowns if she will help me to carry out this plan. Let her promise to give a lock of her hair to my husband if he will give her the ring which he wears on his finger. It is an ancestral ring. Five Counts of Rousillon have worn it, yet he will yield it up for a lock of your daughter's hair. Let your daughter insist that he shall cut the lock of hair from her in a dark room, and agree in advance that she shall not speak a single word."

The widow listened attentively, with the purse of gold in her lap. She said at last, "I consent, if Diana is willing."

Diana was willing, and, strange to say, the prospect of cutting off a lock of hair from a silent girl in a dark room was so pleasing to Bertram that he handed Diana his ring, and was told when to follow her into the dark room. At the time appointed he came with a sharp knife, and felt a sweet face touch his as he cut off the lock of hair, and he left the room satisfied, like a man who is filled with renown, and on his finger was a ring which the girl in the dark room had given him.

The war was nearly over, but one of its concluding chapters taught Bertram that the soldier who had been impudent enough to call Helena his "kicky-wicky" was far less courageous than a wife. Parolles was such a boaster, and so fond of trimmings to his clothes, that the French officers played him a trick to discover what he was made of. He had lost his drum, and had said that he would regain it unless he was killed in the attempt. His attempt was a very poor one, and he was inventing the story of a heroic failure, when he was surrounded and disarmed.

"Portotartarossa," said a French lord.

"What horrible lingo is this?" thought Parolles, who had been blindfolded.

"He's calling for the tortures," said a French man, affecting to act as interpreter. "What will you say without 'em?"

"As much," replied Parolles, "as I could possibly say if you pinched me like a pasty." He was as good as his word. He told them how many there were in each regiment of the Florentine army, and he refreshed them with spicy anecdotes of the officers commanding it.

Bertram was present, and heard a letter read, in which Parolles told Diana that he was a fool.

"This is your devoted friend," said a French lord.

"He is a cat to me now," said Bertram, who detested our hearthrug pets.

Parolles was finally let go, but henceforth he felt like a sneak, and was not addicted to boasting.

We now return to France with Helena, who had spread a report of her death, which was conveyed to the Dowager Countess at Rousillon by Lafeu, a lord who wished to marry his daughter Magdalen to Bertram.

The King mourned for Helena, but he approved of the marriage proposed for Bertram, and paid a visit to Rousillon in order to see it accomplished.

"His great offense is dead," he said. "Let Bertram approach me."

Then Bertram, scarred in the cheek, knelt before his Sovereign, and said that if he had not loved Lafeu's daughter before he married Helena, he would have prized his wife, whom he now loved when it was too late.

"Love that is late offends the Great Sender," said the King. "Forget sweet Helena, and give a ring to Magdalen."

Bertram immediately gave a ring to Lafeu, who said indignantly, "It's Helena's!"

"It's not!" said Bertram.

Hereupon the King asked to look at the ring, and said, "This is the ring I gave to Helena, and bade her send to me if ever she needed help. So you had the cunning to get from her what could help her most."

Bertram denied again that the ring was Helena's, but even his mother said it was.

"You lie!" exclaimed the King. "Seize him, guards!" but even while they were seizing him, Bertram wondered how the ring, which he thought Diana had given him, came to be so like Helena's. A

gentleman now entered, craving permission to deliver a petition to the King. It was a petition signed Diana Capilet, and it begged that the King would order Bertram to marry her whom he had deserted after winning her love.

"I'd sooner buy a son-in-law at a fair than take Bertram now," said Lafeu.

"Admit the petitioner," said the King.

Bertram found himself confronted by Diana and her mother. He denied that Diana had any claim on him, and spoke of her as though her life was spent in the gutter. But she asked him what sort of gentlewoman it was to whom he gave, as to her he gave, the ring of his ancestors now missing from his finger?

Bertram was ready to sink into the earth, but fate had one crowning generosity reserved for him. Helena entered.

"Do I see reality?" asked the King.

"O pardon! pardon!" cried Bertram.

She held up his ancestral ring. "Now that I have this," said she, "will you love me, Bertram?"

"To the end of my life," cried he.

"My eyes smell onions," said Lafeu. Tears for Helena were twinkling in them.

The King praised Diana when he was fully informed by that not very shy young lady of the meaning of her conduct. For Helena's sake she had wished to expose Bertram's meanness, not only to the King, but to himself. His pride was now in shreds, and it is believed that he made a husband of some sort after all.



## History & Geography

For history, you will read through *This Country of Ours* (TCOO), by H.E. Marshall. Because the book is so large, we will not include the chapters inside this PDF. However, you can download the necessary chapters under the History & Geography section.

For this session, you will cover **Part III: Stories of New England** (chapters 22 through 34).

*“Just as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone unto many.”*

~ William Bradford

History & Geography



## Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

*"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."*

~ Charlotte Mason

Nature Study



## Chestnuts 1

*Castanea sativa*

- Chestnuts refer to both the nuts, and the trees from which they grow. The trees grow best in temperate climates in the northern hemisphere.
- The nuts become ripe and fall to the ground in the autumn. Their roots sprout almost immediately, so they can start growing very quickly.
- Chestnuts have been an important staple food since as far back as 2000 B.C., particularly in Eurasia (especially the Mediterranean Basin), Asia, and North America.
- The nuts have been used as substitutes for both potatoes and cereal grains, given their high starches and carbohydrates. They can be eaten raw, roasted, and even ground into flour.



## Walnuts 1

*Juglans regia*

- Walnuts are stone fruits that grow on trees and come with a single seed, or kernel.
- Originating in Asia, walnuts are the oldest known tree nuts.
- The shells contain antioxidants that keep the kernels fresh and prevent them from going bad.
- Walnut trees produce a specific chemicals into the soil so that other plants and vegetation cannot grow in the same vicinity.
- In Persia the walnut was called the "Royal Nut" and only royalty were allowed to eat them.



## Goldenrod 2

*Solidago*

- Goldenrod or solidago is a species of flowering plants in the aster family. There are about 100-120 different types of goldenrod.
- Goldenrod is a weed because of how fast and quickly it grows, but it is also considered to be a perennial garden plant.
- Goldenrod is a tall flower that grows from one tall, hairy stem. One plant grows many small yellow flowers in a single bunch and most either hang low or have a flat top.
- The plant can grow in almost any conditions and can typically be found in meadows, fields, bogs, marshes, and even the side of the road.
- Native Americans used goldenrods for medicinal purposes, to aid sore throats and toothaches, and some of the flowers can be made into tea.



## Queen Anne's Lace 2

*Daucus carota*

- Queen Anne's Lace is a biennial plant that can grow between 1 and 4 feet tall. It grows small white flowers that cluster into a flat surface or "umbel."
- Originating in Europe, Queen Anne's Lace is a biennial plant, considered to be both an invasive weed and a wildflower garden plant.
- Queen Anne's Lace is also known as "wild carrot" due to its roots tasting and being used as a substitute for carrots.
- It is said that Queen Anne's Lace is named after England's Queen Anne, who was an expert lace maker.
- Queen Anne's Lace can be beneficial for crops as it helps attract wasps and butterflies for pollination.



## Lobster 3

*Homarus gammarus*

- Lobsters are arthropods: invertebrates that grow hard protective exoskeletons.
- The lobster's habitat is at the dark bottom of the ocean, so their eyes are reflective and they use their antennae as sensors.

- They have eight legs, six of which have claws, plus the biggest, frontmost claws.
- Lobsters have blue blood due to the presence of copper
- They can live up to 50 years old in the wild
- Lobster has been an important food source for coastal regions since the prehistoric period, due to their abundance and accessibility to the shore.



## Shellfish 3

- Shellfish are any type of aquatic, invertebrate animal that have a shell, including mollusks, oysters, scallops, clams, shrimp, prawns, crabs, and more!

- Shellfish are a common food source in coastal regions, but are also among the most common food allergens.

- Even though they are called "shellfish," they are not actually fish, but crustaceans and molluscs. In fact, many shellfish are more closely related to insects than fish!
- The most commonly known shellfish, such as oysters and clams, are bivalve molluscs, meaning they are a type of animal that lives in a shell with two hinged parts.
- Other shellfish refer to crustaceans, which are invertebrates with a hard exoskeleton.



## Cranberries 4

*Vaccinium macrocarpon*

- Cranberry refers to the berries and the shrubs on which they grow. The shrubs are low creeping vines and can grow up 7 feet long.
- Cranberries grow in the Northern Hemisphere and thrive in cool climates.

- Cranberries were originally used by the Native Americans as both a source of food and as a dye.
- Cranberries contain a lot of acid, resulting in a sour taste that is stronger than the sweetness.
- The berries are commonly harvest and made into juice, jam, and dried.



## Currants 4

*Ribes divaricatum*

- Currants are a type of berry that grows on plants, referred to as Ribes, and is part of 200 different species.
- Currants are native to Europe and parts of northern Asia, thriving in winter and cold weather conditions. They are especially popular in the UK.

- Currants are eaten by several different species of moths and butterflies.
- Currant berries can refer to blackcurrants, redcurrants, white currants, and gooseberries, which are made into syrups, jams, pies, and cordials.



# Handicraft Lesson

## Handicraft

The Pilgrims brought their weaving techniques from England to America and primarily wove fabrics using hand looms and wool from their own sheep. They produced items such as blankets and garments for everyday use.

Pilgrim weaving is now recognized as a distinct style, characterized by its use of bold colors and geometric patterns. These handwoven textiles are highly coveted for their beauty and superior quality, making them valuable pieces in both historical and contemporary contexts.

For our handicraft lesson, we will create a cardboard loom and try our hand at weaving.

*"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."*

~ Exodus 31:3-5

# Weaving Project



The Pilgrims brought their weaving techniques from England to America and primarily wove fabrics using hand looms and wool from their own sheep. They produced items such as blankets and garments for everyday use.

Pilgrim weaving is now recognized as a distinct style, characterized by its use of bold colors and geometric patterns. These handwoven textiles are highly coveted for their beauty and superior quality, making them valuable pieces in both historical and contemporary contexts.

For our handicraft lesson, we will create a cardboard loom and try our hand at weaving.

## Supplies needed:

- Yarns (in your favorite colors)
- Popsicle/craft sticks (3)
- X-acto knife
- Cardboard
- Scissors
- Pencil
- Ruler
- Dry twig

## Directions:

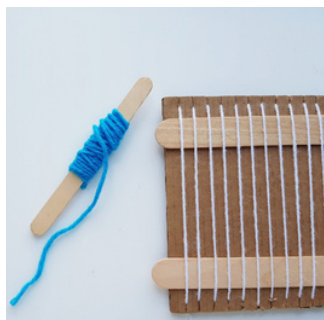
1. Determine the size of the weaving project you want and cut out a piece of cardboard, keeping an extra 1 inch on all sides. Use a ruler and pencil to measure and mark points at every cm gap, on 2 opposite sides of the cardboard piece. Use an x-acto knife to cut 1 cm slits on each marked points.
2. Grab a skein of yarn and draw the yarn through a slit on any one side. Keep 3 inches of extra yarn on the open end.
3. Draw the yarn towards the opposite slit and push it through that slit.
4. Draw the yarn to the back side and then bringing it to the front through the opposite slit again. We are simply wrapping the yarn around the cardboard piece through the slits to keep the weaving nice and even.
5. Continue to wrap the yarn until all slits are filled. Place 2 popsicle sticks between the yarn wrapping and the cardboard. Push the 2 popsicle sticks towards the closed ends.
6. On a small popsicle stick wrap some colorful yarn. We will be using this small popsicle as a needle to weave the wrapped yarn.
7. Let's start the weaving. Draw the popsicle over and under the base yarn to weave.
8. Draw the popsicle all the way out but keeping 3 inches extra yarn on the opposite end.
9. Now draw the popsicle yarn over and under again from its current position and bringing it towards the opposite side. But this time weave over and under by starting from the previous or next yarn strand for the current layer.
10. Continue to weave over and under until you're satisfied with the width of the current yarn.



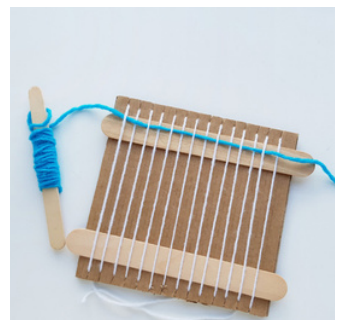
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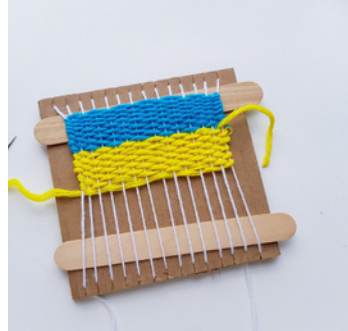


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11. Done weaving with the current yarn? Draw the open end of the current yarn through the loops on the side and cut off extra.
12. Select a different colored yarn and start weaving.
13. Change yarn color as many times as you want to.
14. Draw the open ends of the woven yarns through the side loops. Cut off extra yarn after draw them through the loops.
15. Turn the woven cardboard to the other (wrong) side. Use scissors to cut the yarns along the middle.
16. Bring the woven piece out from the cardboard loom.
17. Grab 2 strands from either sides and tie 2 knots with them. Grab the next 2 strands and similarly tie knots. Continue to tie knots using 2 strands until reaching the other end. The weaving will be secured at this end.
18. Take the dry twig and place it on the other (open) end of the woven piece (placing a strand over and the next one under).
19. Tie a knot around the twig with 2 strands next to each other. Continue to tie knots around the twig with 2 adjacent strands.
20. If desired, you can secure the open ends of the yarn with clear tape behind the twig to be flat with the woven piece. And done!



11



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