

January 2. Winter

Picture cue:

Winter woods (NCRS - McCabe)

Enrichment (optional):

A Christmas Carol (C Rossetti) – excerpt

Word mix-up:

In the winter

owns	snow
lovesh	shovel
ocdl	cold
menowns	snowmen
nowssekalf	snowflakes
cei	ice
etaks	skate
delis	slide
eezfr	freeze
iiccels	icicles

A Sensory Poem:

Title: Winter

Line 1: In winter I hear _____ .
Line 2: In winter I see _____ .
Line 3: In winter I smell _____ .
Line 4: In winter I taste _____ .
Line 5: In winter I touch _____ .
Line 6: In winter I feel (emotion) ____ .

Acrostic:

Winter

Poetry interpretation:

The Snowstorm (Ralph W. Emerson)- excerpt

Gratitude journal:

Closing story:

Handmade Woods

Notes:

Poetry interpretation

The Snowstorm (Ralph W. Emerson) – excerpt

1. Read the poem. Then ask these questions. If unanswered, read the line with the clue and repeat the question.

Is the poem about rain or snow?

Is it snowing in the city or in the country?

Can people visit or are they stopped from traveling?

Would this be a day to sit around the pool or the fireplace?

2. Pass out the poem for the group. Notice the lines are set for them to read more easily. Read together.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Closing story

Handmade Woods

In 1952 my dad and my brother make a woods. How does one make a woods?

Dad is thirty-four and my brother is eight years old when they plant one thousand pine seedlings. It is a lot of work. The seedlings barely clear the sandburs. When the hauling, the clearing, the shoveling and the planting are done, the two of them go about their daily living.

The seedlings are in our back yard. But for years the seedlings go unnoticed in the fast growing weeds. Mother Nature is protecting and guiding the seedlings to their destination of mighty pines.

Slowly the tops of the pines shoot over the weeds. Slowly the pines grow taller than my dad. Slowly the pines become our family's thousand wood acre. But all too quickly, our family grows and separates. Mom and Dad stay with the woods.

My dad always has a close affinity for these woods. First, it is a father and son project. My dad loves doing things with his children. Second, he believes that planting a tree plants a legacy for generations to enjoy. Third, the woods would be close by for chopping the annual Christmas tree. But, perhaps the last act of the woods in my dad's life is the most meaningful.

These woods are a part of my dad's essence for forty-four years. In 1978 he suffers a massive heart attack. The next eighteen years before his passing, the woods are his physical therapy. Slowly my dad walks through his woods with his dog three times a day no matter the weather. The dog will not let him miss the walks.

The tall trees now repay the man who planted them decades ago. I know they watch gently over him and remember the hands of a younger man and a little boy. I know they overhear his conversations with God. And just as he is happy for the tall pines they have become, they are happy for the fine man he is.

And so I am drawn to my dad's woods on my first trip home after his memorial service. It is Thanksgiving. The snow arrives early. The boughs bow gently bearing the magical coat of frozen flakes. Snowmobiles pack a path for my search of my dad in the woods. The sunlight is weakening as I step into my quiet thoughts. The silence is only broken by the crunch of my feet.

And a paraphrase of a favorite Robert Frost poem warms: *Whose woods these are I think I know.* And I know whose woods these are. Thanks Dad and Benj. The bounty of your hard work lasts.

January 2. Winter – Poetry interpretation

***The Snowstorm* (Ralph W. Emerson) – excerpt: Realigned for ease in reading**

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow,
and, driving o'er the fields, seems nowhere to alight:
the whited air hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped,
the courier's feet delayed,
all friends shut out,
the housemates sit around the radiant fireplace,
enclosed in a tumultuous privacy of storm.

***The Snowstorm* (Ralph W. Emerson) – excerpt: Realigned for ease in reading**

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow,
and, driving o'er the fields, seems nowhere to alight:
the whited air hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped,
the courier's feet delayed,
all friends shut out,
the housemates sit around the radiant fireplace,
enclosed in a tumultuous privacy of storm.

***The Snowstorm* (Ralph W. Emerson) – excerpt: Realigned for ease in reading**

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow,
and, driving o'er the fields, seems nowhere to alight:
the whited air hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped,
the courier's feet delayed,
all friends shut out,
the housemates sit around the radiant fireplace,
enclosed in a tumultuous privacy of storm.

January 2. Winter – Story / poetry enrichment

***A Christmas Carol* (Christina Rossetti) – excerpt**

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter
Long ago.

***A Christmas Carol* (Christina Rossetti) – excerpt**

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter
Long ago.

***A Christmas Carol* (Christina Rossetti) – excerpt**

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter
Long ago.

