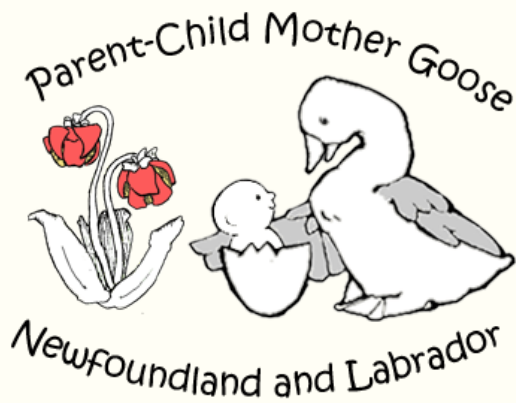


# PARENT-CHILD MOTHER GOOSE PROGRAM<sup>®</sup>

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND  
AND LABRADOR PARENT-CHILD MOTHER GOOSE  
PROGRAM,<sup>®</sup> INCORPORATED



Fun in the Summer!

"Some of the best memories  
are made in flip-flops!"

Kellie Elmore

## SNEAK PEEK OF WHAT'S INSIDE:

[Outdoor Summer Programs](#)

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and craft](#)

This summer we have been very fortunate to offer continued support to all our Mother Goose families. Through funding received from the Department of Education we hosted 12 outdoor programs, and continued our online outreach with weekly Facebook posts of songs, rhymes and stories.

# Mother Goose Heads Outside



..in the sun



..and in the fog

Parent-Child Mother Goose facilitators travelled the city and surrounding areas singing songs and rhymes and telling stories this summer. Programs were held in many parks including: Bannerman Park, Bowering Park, Victoria Park, St. David's Park and Pippy Park, as well as one hosted on the grounds of Government House.

It was wonderful to see all of our Mother Goose families and to meet new ones.

*"Cause a little bit of summer is  
what the whole year is all about"*

*John Mayer*

# Fun Summer Crafts

## A LADYBUG FAMILY



### SUPPLIES NEEDED



Paint



... and beach rocks



Paint 1/2 the rock



Add the spots!



Add the eyes!

# Meet one of our Families



*Patience and Ademola during a Mother Goose Program*

## *Head of Hair*

*Head of hair (tap head)*

*Forehead bare (touch forehead)*

*Eye winkers (point to eyes)*

*Nose dropper (touch nose)*

*Mouth eater (touch mouth)*

*Chin chopper! Chin Chopper!*

*Chin Chopper! Chin!*

*(tickle under the chin)*

*Patience and Ademola attended the Mother Goose program for three years. Ademola was just two years old when he started.*

"We were always looking forward to attending the Parent-Child Mother Goose Program® each week. The children enjoyed all the program activities a lot. My son was always very excited to be there and when at home, we sang the rhymes and songs together. The facilitators are really nice and fantastic people. They taught us new rhymes, stories and songs every week to share with our children. They made everyone feel comfortable; it doesn't matter where you come from or who you are, and to me; the group was a family outside your family at home. We enjoyed every moment we spent there. This program is really helpful for both parents and their children. Parents make new friends, share their experiences with everyone, and learn from one another. The children learn how to communicate, and gain skills and confidence by playing together."

**"... the group was a family outside of our family at home."**

*Shawn Higdon is 3 years old and has been coming to the Mother Goose program with his mom Kristen since he was a baby. He always has lots of requests for songs, rhymes and stories!*

*Here are a few of his favorites!*

## Shawn's Favorite Rhyme

**Bubble Gum! Bubble Gum!**

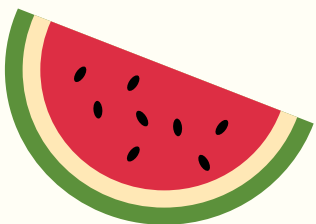
**Bubble gum, bubble gum in a dish.  
How many bubble gum do you wish?  
1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10!**

## Shawn's Favorite Song

**Down By the Bay**

**Down by the bay  
Where the watermelons grow  
Back to my home  
I dare not go.  
For if I do, my mother would say,  
"Did you ever see a llama wearing pajamas?"  
Down by the bay.**

*...Did you ever see a cat wearing a hat?  
...Did you ever see a monkey, climbing a palm tree?*



# Shawn's Favorite Story

## Caps For Sale *by Esther Slobodkina*



Once there was a peddler who sold caps. But he was not like an ordinary peddler, carrying his wares on his back. He carried them on the top of his head. First he had his own checked cap, then a bunch of grey caps, a bunch of brown caps, a bunch of blue caps, and on the very top a bunch of red caps.

He walked up and down the streets, holding himself very straight so as not to upset his caps. As he went along he called, "Caps, caps for sale, 50 cents a cap!!" One morning he couldn't sell any caps. He walked up the street and he walked down the street calling "Caps, caps for sale, 50 cents a cap!" But nobody wanted any caps that morning. Nobody wanted even a red cap. He began to feel very hungry, but he had no money for lunch. "I think I'll go for a walk in the country," he said. And he walked out of town, slowly, slowly, so as not to upset his caps. He walked for a long time until he came to a great big tree. "That's a nice place for a rest," he thought. And he sat down very slowly under the tree and leaned back little by little against the tree trunk, so as not to disturb the caps on his head. Then he put up his hand to feel if they were straight....first his own checked cap, then the grey caps, then the brown caps, then the blue caps, then the red caps on the very top. They were all there. So he went to sleep. He slept for a long time. When he woke up, he was refreshed and rested. But before standing up he felt with his hand to make sure his caps were in the right place. All he felt was his own checked cap! He looked to the right of him. No caps. He looked to the left of him. No caps. He looked in back of him. No caps. He looked behind the tree. No caps.

Then he looked up into the tree and what do you think he saw? On every branch sat a monkey and on every monkey was a grey, a brown, a blue or a red cap!

The peddler looked at the monkeys and the monkeys looked at the peddler. He didn't know what to do. Finally, he spoke to them. "You monkeys, you," he said, shaking a finger at them, "you give me back my caps." But the monkeys only shook their finger back at him and said, "Tsz, tsk, tsz." This made the peddler angry, so he shook both hands at them and said, "You monkeys, you, you give me back my caps." But the monkeys only shook their hands back at them and said, "Tsz, tsz, tsz." Now he felt quite angry. He stamped his foot, and he said, "You monkeys, you, you better give me back my caps!" But the monkeys only stamped their feet back at him and said, "Tsz, tsz, tsz."

By this time the peddler was really very, very angry. He stamped both his feet and shouted, "You monkeys, you, you give me back my caps!" But the monkeys only stamped both their feet back at him and said, "Tsz, tsz, tsz. At last he became so angry that he pulled off his own cap, threw it on the ground, and began to walk away.

But then each monkey pulled off his cap...and all the grey caps, and all the brown caps, and all the blue caps, and all the red caps came flying down out of the tree. So the peddler picked up his caps and put them back on his head...first his own checked cap, then the grey caps, then the brown caps, then the blue caps, then the red caps on the very top. And slowly, slowly, he walked back to town calling, "Caps, caps for sale, 50 cents a cap!"

