In the Fall-time garden…

Notice what is going on in the natural world surrounding you, and draw upon that for the curriculum. What is happening with the trees, are the leaves changing color, the fruit and nuts ripening? As the season moves along, the winds may blow the leaves off the trees, leaving blankets of color beneath them, the days shorten, indicating time to gather our resources and prepare for the upcoming cold months.

1. Morning Circle
2. Songs
3. Activities
4. Activities by the week
5. Movement & Games
6. Fall Games
7. Pumpkin King
8. Cobbler Cobbler
9. Verses and Poems
10. Whiskey friskey
11. In my garden
12. There once was a
13. To incorporate
14. Stories
15. Story Schedule
16. End of Summer
17. Michael & Star Ch.
18. The Giant Turnip
19. Halloween Wish
20. Stone Soup
21. Elves/Shoemaker
22. Celebrations
23. Goodbyes
24. For More Info.

**Morning Circle**

* Good morning! Good morning! Good morning to you! We hope you have a very fine day! The sun is a-shining, a-shining, a-shining this morning for you! Let’s all have a wonderful day!
* Who will join in my wee ring, my wee ring, my wee ring? Who will join in my wee ring, and make it a little bigger? Bodhi will join in my wee ring…
* Morning has come, night is away, rise with the sun and give thanks for the day.
* Up is the sky, down is the ground, there are my friends and here am I. I touch the sky, I touch my feet, I clap my hands on every beat. Without a sound I turn around, and this new day I humbly greet.
* Good morning dear earth, good morning dear sun, good morning dear stones and flowers every one. Good morning dear creatures and birds in the trees, good morning to you and good morning to me.

Qualities of each season are enlivened for the children, without actually needing to point things out, thereby bringing them to the intellect. We want to be protective of childhood innocence – singing to the children instead of giving them wordy instructions etc. Remember the children are doing their life for themselves, not any adult. “I want you to wash your hands”, becomes “you may wash your hands”, etc.

**Songs**

* In the Autumn garden, scarlet evening glow. Pears are ripening, brightening, ripening, brown the hazels grow. In the Autumn garden, whirling winds a-blow, leaves are dancing, prancing, dancing; sink to rest below.
* Way up in the sky, the little birds fly, way down in the nest, the little birds rest. With a wing on the left, and a wing on the right, the little birds go to sleep at night. Then up comes the sun, and the dew melts away, good morning, good morning, the little birds say.

**LATE FALL** (depending on weather)

* The wind is blowing too and fro, ooooooo. The leaves are falling down mmmmm, mmmmm. The winter snow is on its way, oooooo. The light of the sun is fading, mmmm, mmmmm, mmmmm.

**FALL**

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **WEEK** | **GAMES** | **STORY** | **ACTIVITY** | **POEMS/SONGS** |
| Week 1 | The Walnuts are Green | The End of Summer Picnic | Painting: Gold  Start bird tables p.163 Children’s Year | Whiskey, friskey |
| Week 2 | The Farmer in the Dell | Michael & the Star Children (tell) | Golden finger crochet belts with bells |  |
| Week 3 | Five Little Leaves | Michael & the Star Children (puppet) | Plant the garden | In my garden |
| Week 4 | I’m a Little Teapot  One little apple | Michael & the Star Children (children act or puppet) | Dye/iron golden capes – Ceremoniously give capes & bulb wrapped in tissue | Two squirrels did run around a tree |
| Week 5 | Pumpkin King \* | The Giant Turnip (tell) | Painting: Gold/Red  Pine needle herb pillows p.53 A Child’s Seasonal Treasury | The wind is blowing too and fro |
| Week 6 |  | The Giant Turnip (puppet) |  | In the autumn garden |
| Week 7 |  | The Giant Turnip (children act or puppet) |  | This is my trunk |
| Week 8 |  | The Halloween Wish (tell) | Walnut cradles p.118 Children’s Year | Polly put the kettle on |
| Week 9 |  | The Halloween Wish (puppet) |  |  |
| Week 10 |  | The Halloween Wish (children act or puppet) | Pinwheels p.53 A Child’s Seasonal Treasury |  |
| Week 11 |  | Stone Soup (tell) |  | Over the river |
| Week 12 | Cobbler, cobbler | The Elves & the Shoemaker (tell) | Start woven pencil case p.169 Ch. Year. | There once was a cobbler  Cobbler, cobbler mend my shoe |

\***The Pumpkin King**

Children sit in circle with a large pumpkin in the center for the King’s throne, a gold crown, long woolen rope to go around the circle with a gold ring.

One child sits on the pumpkin with head bent and eyes down, sleeping. Others are the castle wall and their finger gnomes pass the ring around until the last line of the poem…”wake up pumpkin king and see, where oh where can your treasure be?” All finger gnomes go around, passing the ring around hiding it. The pumpkin king guesses who has it.

“The pumpkin king in his castle slept, all night long a-dreaming. The finger gnomes in the castle walls, all night long a-scheming. Rickety tay, rickety tay, pass round the treasure and hide it away. (Repeat) Rickety tee, rickety tee, wake up pumpkin king and see, where oh where can your treasure be!

**Over the River**

Over the river and through the woods to grandmother’s house we go; the horse knows the way to carry the sleigh, through the white and drifted snow, O!

Over the river and through the woods, oh how the wind does blow! It stings the toes and bites the nose, as over the ground we go!

Over the river and through the woods, trot fast my dapple gray! Spring over the ground, like a hunting hound, for this is Thanksgiving Day, hey!

Over the river and through the woods, and straight through the barnyard gate, we seem to go extremely slow, it is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the woods, now grandmother’s cap I spy! Hurrah for the fun, is the pudding done? Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

**Polly put the Kettle On**

Polly put the kettle on, Polly put the kettle on, Polly put the kettle on, we’ll all have tea.

Sukey take it off again, Sukey take it off again, Sukey take it off again, they’ve all gone away.

**I’m a little teapot**

I’m a little teapot, short and stout,

Here is my handle, here is my spout.

When I get all steamed up, hear me shout,

Tip me over and pour me out!

**Ten fingers**

**Coloring verse**

**Painting verse**

**Whiskey frisky, hippety hop**

Whiskey frisky, hippety hop,

Up he goes to the tree top!

Whirly, twirly round and round,

Down he scampers to the ground.

Curly, curly, what a tale,

Tall as feather, broad as a sail,

Where is his supper, in the shell,

Snappety, crackety, out it fell.

**Two squirrels did run around a tree**

Two squirrels did run around a tree,

They chased their tails so merrily,

They chased until they were a blur,

Whose tail was whose they were not sure,

Whose tail was whose they were not sure.

**In my garden grows a pumpkin**

In my garden grows a pumpkin,

Turning orangey gold.

Along came a little mouse,

So the story is told.

Nibble, nibble went the mouse,

Until the pumpkin was a house,

With 2 big windows and a door,

And the softest feathers on the floor.

There the mouse lived well, I know,

Even when it began to snow.

**One little apple hanging on a tree**

One little apple hanging on a tree,

It fell down and bumped my knee!

Another little apple as rosy as a rose,

It fell down and bumped my nose!

Another little apple ripe and sweet,

It fell down and bumped my feet!

Another little apple so red and so round,

It fell down and bounced on the ground!

It rolled and rolled nearly to my house,

Where it was spotted by a tiny little mouse.

“This yummy apple will make a fine meal!”

He munch, munch, munched it; even the peel!

**There once was a cobbler**… … …

There once was a cobbler, and she was so wee,

She lived in a hole in a very tall tree. Each morning at 7 she heard a wee tap,

And in came a mouse in his apron and cap.

He lit a small fire,

He fetched a wee broom,

And he swept, and he polished the wee little room.

To take any wages, he’d always refuse,

So the cobbler said “thank you” and mended his shoes.

**Cobbler, cobbler**

Cobbler, cobbler, please mend my shoe. Please get it done by half past two. Stitch it up, and stitch it down, and then I’ll pay you half a crown.

**This is my trunk**

This is my trunk, I’m a tall, tall tree, in the autumn the apples grow on me, they drop, they drop.

This is my trunk, I’m a tall, tall tree, in the winter I go to sleep deeply, I sleep, I sleep.

This is my trunk, I’m a tall, tall tree, in the springtime the blossoms grow on me, they open, they open.

This is my trunk, I’m a tall, tall tree, in the summer the breezes blow through me, I bend, I bend.

**Poems to Incorporate**

TEN FINGERS

COLORING VERSE

PAINTING VERSE

**STORIES**

**The End of Summer Picnic**

One early September morning, Mamma woke Sammy, Iris and Hannah up. It was so early that it was still dark outside. Mamma had already packed the picnic. The ‘end of summer picnic’ she called it, because soon Fall/Autumn would come, it was cooler each morning now. ‘Hurry’ Mamma said, ‘we want to see the first light of day!’

After they were dressed, they all went outside. The children buttoned up their sweaters as they walked to the big hill behind their house. Then up, up, up they climbed the hill. Mamma carried a big blanket, a thermos of peppermint tea, and a basket of blueberry muffins, hard boiled eggs, watermelon, and best of all, sweet, juicy blackberries! These were the best berries of the summer.

‘Listen’ said Mamma, ‘the birds have come along to welcome the day’, their joyful songs greeted the first colors of morning. ‘Oh my’ whispered Mamma, ‘look there!’ The children all looked out as the sky started to turn a friendly, rosy red.

Sammy gazed at the sky, and then smiled, for he saw in the clouds something very special! ‘Look Mamma, there goes a red cloud pony’. They all watched as the pony cloud trotted across the morning sky.

Hannah got excited and looked all across the sky too, and she spotted a pink bunny cloud stretching her morning cloud ears. Iris laughed when she saw the golden cloud fish swimming so slowly across the sky.

After a while of quiet looking, Mamma said, ‘I see the shining sun is starting to peek out. A new day is coming right now’.

It did not take long for Mr. Sun to bring the day, and then, as if by magic, the red pony, pink bunny, and golden fish bowed down low to greet the day, and then they became ordinary clouds in the sky, all white, and the softest grey.

As Mamma and the children ate their picnic, and watched the sunrise, Sammy said, ‘I like the way the sky welcomes Mr. Sun each day’.

It was time to go home, so they finished eating their picnic breakfast, down to the very last blackberry! They packed up their picnic, and blanket, and ran, ran, ran down the hill, all the way home.

That night at bedtime, Sammy, Hannah, and Iris asked, ‘can we wake up early tomorrow too?’

‘Oh yes’, said Mamma, ‘tomorrow is the first day of school! We will be up with the birds, and dear Mr. Sun’. Then she kissed each one, saying ‘happy dreams. I wonder what fun you will have at school tomorrow!’

Before Mamma left their room, the children were already asleep and dreaming…

**Michael and the Star Children**

*Early in the school year comes the festival of Michaelmas, on September 29th. Tales of Michael’s good deeds are found in collections of tales from ancient Oriental cultures and from many European lands. He is associated with courage and is often rotated as a warrior Angel who serves Heaven by vanquishing evil. He is a figure much loved by children who sense the need for strength and courage to overcome the forces of evil in the world.*

Once upon a time there were 20 (# of children in the class) beautiful children who lived among the stars. One by one each of these children took a long, long journey over the rainbow bridge and down to earth. They brought with them from the stars, seeds and bulbs and roots to plant in the earth to make it a good and beautiful place. They dug down into the earth and planted their seeds and bulbs, and roots. They watered them when they were dry and watched that no one stepped on the places where the seeds and bulbs, and roots were planted. They made sure that the weeds didn’t push their way over, crowding the plants and blocking out the sun’s light. As the little shoots of green poked their noses out of the earth, the sun warmed them and the Star Children watched over them with loving care.

But, there was a terrible dragon who roamed about the earth and one day he came to the garden where the Star Children had planted their seeds and bulbs and roots. The dragon did not like to see such beautiful things coming to the earth. He liked everything to be brown, and burned, and dry, so he breathed red flickering fire all around the garden. The little green stalks and shoots that were growing up so carefully and beautifully began to dry up and wither, and burn. The Star Children did not know what to do. They were so very sad that these gifts which they had brought to the earth were being destroyed by the dragon.

Suddenly, a golden light filled the garden, It was the light of Michael, and the golden sword. The knight, Michael, knew that the best way to turn evil into good was to shower it with love and kindness. The dragon must surely be feeling lonely and tired, he thought. So, he asked the Star Children to sing with him, which they happily did. After a long, long time of singing their beautiful songs, wouldn’t you know, the enormous dragon, crept towards them, with tears running down his big, beautiful face. He felt so sorry for his unkind deeds and asked the children how he could help make things better.

The dragon, Michael and the Star Children all worked together to water, weed and care for the garden, the plants began to grow new leaves and shoots… all was well once again. Michael gave each Star Child a golden cape, saying “this golden cape, will protect you always, so that you may work on the earth to help all living things”

**The Giant Turnip**

A Russian Folktale

An old man planted a turnip. The turnip grew and grew. It grew to be the most enormous turnip you ever did see. When it was harvest time, the old man started to pull the turnip out of the ground. He pulled and he pulled, but the turnip would not budge! So he called to the old woman, to please come and help.

The old woman took hold of the old man, the old man took hold of the turnip, and they pulled and they pulled, but the turnip would not budge! So the old woman called to the granddaughter, to please come and help.

The granddaughter took hold of the old woman, the old woman took hold of the old man, the old man took hold of the turnip, and they pulled and they pulled, but the turnip would not budge! So the granddaughter called over to the dog to please come and help.

The dog took hold of the granddaughter, the granddaughter took hold of the old woman, the old woman took hold of the old man, the old man took hold of the turnip, and they pulled and they pulled, but the turnip would not budge! So the dog called over to the cat to please come and help.

The cat took hold of the dog, the dog took hold of the granddaughter, the granddaughter took hold of the old woman, the old woman took hold of the old man, the old man took hold of the turnip, and they pulled and they pulled, but the turnip would not budge! So the cat called over to the mouse to please come and help.

The mouse took hold of the cat, the cat took hold of the dog, the dog took hold of the granddaughter, the granddaughter took hold of the old woman, the old woman took hold of the old man, the old man took hold of the turnip, and they pulled and they pulled--and finally—pop! out came the enormous turnip!

**The Halloween Wish**

It is said that on a magical full moon Halloween night, the most heart felt wishes may come true…

There once lived a wee little witch named Willow. She was not an ordinary witch, but a kind and good witch. She lived alone in the roots of a hollow tree on the edge of a large garden.

It was Halloween, the busiest time of the year for all witches, good and bad. Willow Witch was working in her pumpkin patch. She weeded and watered them, and took good care of them. She worked until night fell, and as she stood up, she looked up and saw a big Harvest moon in the sky. She knew just what to do…

‘Oh I wish I had a child. I am a lonely little witch. I would love her with all my heart’. Then she closed her eyes tight and said…

‘I wish I may, I wish I might, find a child to love, this Halloween night!’

The wind began to blow. It blew through the pumpkin patch, whoosh whoosh. Pumpkin leaves fluttered here and there. Then Willow heard something. It was a small sweet sound coming from one of the pumpkins. Willow went closer to have a look, and there, under a pumpkin leaf, was a small child.

‘A child for me to love!’ cried out Willow. ‘My wish came true! Oh how wonderful!’

Willow quietly and gently picked up the baby, held it close to her heart and sang.

‘Rock-a-bye my baby, from the pumpkin patch. When the wind blew, I looked and found you! My love for you, is so true and so deep, rock-a-bye baby, it’s time for you to sleep.’

‘Happy Halloween’, Willow Witch called out into the night, and they all lived happily ever after.

**Stone Soup** - a story for giving thanks (Thanksgiving Week)

Once there was an old man who had been traveling for a long time. He was poor and had no money or food. When he came to a village, he began to go from door to door to see if someone had food to spare. But wherever he went, the people said they had nothing to give and sent him away.

When he came to the last house, the man of the house jeered and said, “All I have to give you is water.”

“ Oh, thank you,” the old man said with great enthusiasm. “I can make some stone soup with that water”. The man from the village shook his head at him, but because he was curious about this stranger and his stone soup, he gave him a big pot of water.

The old man sang a merry tune as he built a small fire and set the pot upon it. He took a small, round stone out of his pocket and ceremoniously placed it in the pot. After a while a passerby stopped beside him and asked what he was doing there.

“ Oh, I’m making stone soup. Would you like some when it’s ready?”

“ What does it taste like?” asked the villager.

“ Well, not bad, but it would taste a lot better if it had an onion in it.”

The villager said he had one onion he could put in it, if that was all the old man wanted of him. He gave an onion, and into the pot it went. Pretty soon another villager came and asked about the soup. When he asked what stone soup tasted like, the old man replied:

“Well, not bad but it would taste a lot better if it had a potato in it.”

This villager had a potato, if that was all he wanted. So, a potato went into the pot. Since news travels pretty fast in a small village, it was not long before a carrot went into the pot, if that was all he wanted. Another brought a tomato, and one after another, the whole village added one vegetable each.

At last, the soup was ready. Great tables were placed in the square and all around were lighted torches. The villagers brought bread and cider and soon a banquet was spread and everyone sat down to eat. And they ate as much as they wanted.

The old man, who had eaten his fill too, was careful, however, to retrieve the stone from the pot and put it back into his pocket for another day.

**The Elves and the Shoemaker**

A shoemaker, by no fault of his own, had become so poor that at last he had nothing left but leather for one pair of shoes. So in the evening, he cut out the shoes which he wished to begin to make the next morning, and as he had a good conscience, he lay down quietly in his bed, commended himself to God, and fell asleep. In the morning, after he had said his prayers, and was just going to sit down to work, the two shoes stood quite finished on his table. He was astounded, and knew not what to say to it. He took the shoes in his hands to observe them closer, and they were so neatly made that there was not one bad stitch in them, just as if they were intended as a masterpiece. Soon after, a buyer came in, and as the shoes pleased him so well, he paid more for them than was customary, and, with the money, the shoemaker was able to purchase leather for two pairs of shoes. He cut them out at night, and next morning was about to set to work with fresh courage; but he had no need to do so, for, when he got up, they were already made, and buyers also were not wanting, who gave him money enough to buy leather for four pairs of shoes. The following morning, too, he found the four pairs made; and so it went on constantly, what he cut out in the evening was finished by the morning, so that he soon had his honest independence again, and at last became a wealthy man. Now it befell that one evening not long before Christmas, when the man had been cutting out, he said to his wife, before going to bed, "What think you if we were to stay up to-night to see who it is that lends us this helping hand?" The woman liked the idea, and lighted a candle, and then they hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind some clothes which were hanging up there, and watched. When it was midnight, two pretty little naked men came, sat down by the shoemaker's table, took all the work which was cut out before them and began to stitch, and sew, and hammer so skillfully and so quickly with their little fingers that the shoemaker could not turn away his eyes for astonishment. They did not stop until all was done, and stood finished on the table, and they ran quickly away.

Next morning the woman said, "The little men have made us rich, and we really must show that we are grateful for it. They run about so, and have nothing on, and must be cold. I'll tell thee what I'll do: I will make them little shirts, and coats, and vests, and trousers, and knit both of them a pair of stockings, and do thou, too, make them two little pairs of shoes." The man said, "I shall be very glad to do it;" and one night, when everything was ready, they laid their presents all together on the table instead of the cut-out work, and then concealed themselves to see how the little men would behave. At midnight they came bounding in, and wanted to get to work at once, but as they did not find any leather cut out, but only the pretty little articles of clothing, they were at first astonished, and then they showed intense delight. They dressed themselves with the greatest rapidity, putting the pretty clothes on, and singing,

"Now we are boys so fine to see, why should we longer cobblers be?"

Then they danced and skipped and leapt over chairs and benches. At last they danced out of doors. From that time forth they came no more, but as long as the shoemaker lived all went well with him, and all his undertakings prospered.

**ENDINGS**

**Clean-up song**

Let’s tidy up! Let’s tidy up! Let’s put all our things away! Let’s tidy up so tomorrow we’ll be ready for work and play. Let’s put all our toys away, everything in it’s place. Let’s put all our things away, all in a snap! Like that!

**Goodbyes**

**The earth is firm beneath my feet,** the sun shines bright above, and here I stand so straight and strong, all things to know and love.

**Merry have we met,** and merry have we been, merry let us part, and may we meet again. With a merry sing song, and a fiddle-dee-dee, a merry ding-dong and a-let-us-be! yeeee! Merry have we met, and merry have we been, merry let us part, and may we meet again. Good bye dear friends!

**For More Information**

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Resources:

A Child’s Seasonal Treasury, by Betty Jones, 2014

The Children’s Year, by Cooper, Fynes-Clinton, Rowling, 1997

Festivals, Family and Food, by Diana Carey and Judy Large, 1982

Movement Journeys & Circle Adventures, by Laurie Clark/Nancy Blanning, 2006

Sing a Song of Seasons, by Mary Thienes-Schunemann, 2002

Autumn Tales, by Suzanne Down,

Autumn, Wynstones Series, 2005

