In the Winter 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, the air, the ground? What are the animals and birds up to, the sun? How do things feel?

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. As we are protecting childhood innocence, the quality of **warmth is essential.** As human beings, we need to be exuding warmth, be available for the children to draw from and of course, make sure they are dressed well enough that their own warmth is contained so their developmental forces may be used for their own growth.

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. Time to bring the warm cloths back?

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| **WEEK** | **GAMES** | **STORY** | **ACTIVITY** | **POEMS/SONGS** |
| Week 1  | In the Winter Garden | **A Winter Home**  | Painting: Blue Gnome HatsBird Nests Drawing: Spirals, houses, trees  | The North Wind Doth Blow…Little Nancy EtticoatFour little stars… |
| Week 2 |  |  | Painting: Blue Spirals (clockwise starting top upper center edge)Gnome Hats |  |
| Week 3 |  |  | Painting: Blue with saltGnome Hats |  |
| Week 4 | Cat and mouseA tisket, a tasket | **A Million Valentines** | Painting: Red HeartsPine cone bird feeders | Big Steps, Sturdy Steps…Jack Frost is Very Small |
| Week 5 |  |  |  | Little Jackie Frost |
| Week 6 |  |  |  |  |
| Week 7 | Mice in my house | **The Mitten** | Painting: Red/BlueCrystal Gardens | Oh where do you come from.. |
| Week 8 |  |  | Snow Flakes |  |
| Week 9 |  |  |  |  |
| Week 10 |  |  |  |  |

**MORNING CIRCLE**

* 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.
* Shivering, quivering, freezing cold (hug self - shiver) Rub your hands, then your arms hold. Brrr! Shivering quivering frosty as ice, rub your feet hard, at least once or twice! Brrrr! Shivering, quivering, blow out your air; take a deep breath and blow it out there! Brrr! Brrr! Brrr!
* Big steps, sturdy steps, walking in the snow. Big steps, sturdy steps, through the woods we’ll go. Tiny steps, tiptoe steps, walking in the snow. Tiny steps, tiptoe steps, through the woods we’ll go. Big steps, sturdy steps…(repeat) ….shhh – what is it? What can it be? The wind is blowing through every tree.
* Tall trees in the forest! Pine cones on the ground! Tall trees in the forest! Pine cones all around! Tall trees - they stand strong!
* Five little snowmen stand up tall, their bodies are round, their heads are snowballs. Five little snowmen would walk if they could, to the shade of the trees or the shelter of the wood; for five little snowmen know when father sun is around; they won’t last long, because they will melt on the ground!
* Make a ball of soft white snow, pat pat pat and watch it grow. Big round snowballs, 1,2,3; build a man of snow for me! Sun comes out to warm the day; Mr. Snowman melts away!
* Little Jackie Frost pinched my nose. Little Jackie Frost pinched my toes. So I ran into the house and shut the door, so little Jackie Frost couldn’t catch me anymore.
* Let’s put on our coats and zip them all the way, it’s very cold this wintry day! Next come our boots, mittens and hat, now we are ready, just like that! It is so cold, lets get warm by moving about, clap your hands, spin around jump in and jump out, and all about! Now stand still, just like that!

**SONGS**

\*Oh where do you come from, you little flakes of snow? Falling, falling, softly falling to the earth below. On the trees and on the bushes, on the mountains afar, tell me snowflakes do you come from where the angels are?

\*Four little stars one winter night, were twinkling down their shining light. The night was cold, the wind blew far until it froze each little star. They all turned white, and sparkling bright, and softly fell all through the night. They reached the earth, and do you know? Each little star was a flake of snow.

\*The North wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, and what will poor Robin do then, poor thing? He’ll sit in the barn, and keep himself warm, and hide his head under his wing, poor thing. Aaaaaah!

**GAMES**

* In the winter garden, rosy morning glow; little seeds are sleeping deep below. Here come the children, one, two, three; skipping through the garden quietly. Look out! Look out! Jack Frost is about! Look out! Look out! Jack Frost is about! Father sun come and warm us with your gentle rays. Make it so that Jackie Frost won’t come out today.
* I am the cat of this fine house and I am looking for a mouse. House mouse, rat cat, I’m coming to see just where you are! (mother cat all others are mice.)

**Poems to Incorporate**

* **Ten** little toes go out together, out together in the windy weather. Ten little toes in shoes of leather. Ten little toes by the fireside stay. Ten little toes in slippers gay. Ten little toes are warm all day.
* **I am** going to build a little house with windows big and bright. With chimney tall and curling smoke, drifting out of sight. In winter when the snowflakes fall, or when I hear a storm, I’ll go and sit in my little house, where I’ll be snug and warm.
* **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.

**STORIES**

**A Winter Home**

The new year blew in full of wind and snow. January in the little northern village by the pinewood forest was deep with snow, right up to the windowsills! Anna was outside sweeping away the snow so she could walk to the barn. The cow still needed to be fed and watered each day, snow or not. As Anna worked she felt the cold of the wind nipping her cheeks. She was bundled up from head to toe with hat, scarf, mittens, a warm coat and new winter boots. Still she was cold! She noticed, up in the bare branches of the old pear tree, a little bird was fluttering and flittering in the gusty wind. “How cold that little bird must be” thought Anna. She watched it for awhile, then the wind blew fiercely, and she trudged on out to the barn to feed Moola the cow. She opened the big red barn door and went inside. It was just as cold inside the barn. The north winds slipped in through the cracks of the doors. Even the snow crept inside today. Anna patted Moola, and gave her extra hay. Her water always froze in January, so Anna had brought a bucket of warm water for Moola to drink. The steam rose from it as she poured it into Moola’s water trough. When all was done, she patted Moola again and went back to the house. Anna was happy when her chores were done and she could sit by the warm, cozy fire in the house. She put all her wet clothes by the fireplace to dry, especially her very wet boots. She noticed one boot had some hay inside it. It must have fallen in when she fed Moola. Mamma brought Anna a bowl of delicious vegetable soup to warm her, Anna thought about their summer garden and how she had loved watching the carrots, beans and squash grow. Mmmmmm, the soup was so good! The sun was setting and mama lit the lanterns. It was cozy in the little house in the northern village.

Outside the wind and snow still flew. No one in the whole village was outside, and soon all the people would sleep. Mamma tucked Anna under her warmest quilt, and put a cap over her head to keep her warm. Then Mamma went to bed. The cozy fire slowly died out, and all was quiet in the house - but outside…..Tip Tap Tip Tap…..on the window pane; sounding like a gentle rain, Jackie Frost went too and fro; dancing in the wind and snow, painting pictures oh! so nice; window stories made of ice! Jackie Frost knew how much Anna loved his pictures and he took special care painting her window pictures. As his ice brush touched here and there, a little bird flew close. It was the same bird Anna had seen earlier, being blown in the wind. She sang out to Jackie Frost…..”help me, help me Mr. Frost! I’m afraid that I am lost; it is so cold, I seek the warm; where can I be safe from harm?” Old Jackie Frost looked up at the little shivering bird and wanted to help. “Fly down this chimney little bird, the fire is out. These people are very kind. You will at least be warm tonight.” So the little bird flew down the dark chimney into the quiet house. The snow outside lit up the dark room just a little, and the bird flew here and there looking for a spot to spend the night. It was warmer in the house and no wind blew cold. Before long the little bird began to warm up and fell fast asleep. In the morning Anna hopped out of bed, and got dressed to go and check on Moola and bring her more warm water to drink. Her outside clothes were dry now, but what was this? In the boot with the hay in it from the barn, a little bird was sleeping. It must have thought it had found a nest! “Look Mamma! A bird has found a winter home” whispered Anna. Mamma and Anna quietly watched the little bird who was so tired and slept on and on in his new little boot house. Anna wore her old boots out to the barn and the little bird lived in his new nest until spring. Anna and her Mamma fed her well and took good care of the little bird. When spring finally came, Anna put the boot next to the open window. The little bird did not fly off to the forest, but every morning he came back and sang the sweetest songs for her. And they all lived happily ever after.

**A Million Valentines**

**The Mitten**

Once there was a boy named Nicki who loved to play in the snow. When the snow began to

fall one winter’s day, he asked his grandmother to knit him a new pair of white mittens.

His grandmother looked at him and said “If I knit you white mittens you will loose them in the snow and never find them again. I will knit you some red mittens.”

“Oh, grandmother, would you please knit me some white mittens,” begged Nicki.

“If I knit you white mittens you will loose them in the snow and never find them again. I will

knit you some blue mittens,” replied his grandmother.

“Oh, grandmother, would you please knit me some white mittens,” he asked again.

“Well, well... I will knit you some white mittens.” She picked up her white wool and began

to knit, knit, knit. When she was finished, she gave the mittens to Nicki. He put them on excitedly, saying “thank you”, giving his grandmother a big hug, and ran out to play in the snow.

First, he played in the freshly fallen snow and moved his arms and legs to make a snow angel. Then he threw snowballs and he even built a snowman. All that running around and playing made his hands very warm and he decided to take his mittens off. He put them in his pockets but it wasn’t long before one of the mittens slipped out and quietly landed on the soft snow. Nearby amole had been digging under the deep cold snow and when he poked his head out of the snow, he saw the mitten. It looked warm

and cozy, so he decided to crawl in. Along came a rabbit, hopping through the snow. He, too, noticed the white mitten. He put his nose in and saw mole. “May I come in?” rabbit asked.

Mole wasn’t sure at first but then said, “It is cold outside. Come on in.” And in rabbit climbed. The mitten stretched a bit to make room for the two animals. A little while later, along come a hedgehog. He put his head in the mitten and saw mole and

rabbit. “May I come in?” hedgehog asked. Mole and rabbit weren’t sure if there was enough room but then said, “It is cold outside. Come on in.” So, hedgehog climbed in. Next a big owl swooped down from the trees. She put her head in the mitten and saw mole,

rabbit and hedgehog. “May I come in?” owl asked. Mole, rabbit and hedgehog weren’t sure if there was enough room but then said, “It is cold outside. Come on in.” So, owl climbed in.

Then a badger came walking through the forest. He put his head in the mitten and saw

mole, rabbit, hedgehog and owl. “May I come in?” badger asked. The animals weren’t sure if there was enough room but then said, “It is cold outside. Come on in.” So, badger climbed in and the mitten stretched some more. It wasn’t long before a fox discovered the

white mitten. He was curious and peaked inside. He saw mole, rabbit, hedgehog, owl and badger. “May I come in?” fox asked. The animals weren’t sure if there was enough

room but then said, “It is cold outside. Come on in.” So, fox climbed in and the mitten stretched some more.

Suddenly the animals heard a low growl. It was bear tromping through the forest.

He put his head in the mitten and saw mole, rabbit, hedgehog, owl, badger and fox.

“May I come in?” bear asked.

The animals didn’t think someone as large as bear would fit but then

said, “It is cold outside. Come on in.” So, bear climbed in and the mitten

stretched and stretched and stretched.

Just then a mouse came along, scampering through the snow. She put her head in the mitten

and saw, mole, rabbit, hedgehog, owl, badger, fox and bear.

“May I come in?” mouse squeaked. The animals looked at each other and agreed.

If bear can fit we can make room for a little

mouse. So they said, “It is cold outside. Come on in.” The little mouse climbed in and the mitten only stretched a wee bit.

Mouse snuggled in right next to bear’s warm nose. As she wiggled in her whiskers tickled

bear’s nose. And suddenly bear went “Ah...Ah...Ah...Ah-choooooooo!” and let out an enormous sneeze. All the animals popped out of the mitten and the snow-white mitten flew off into the air. The wind carried the mitten almost all the

way back to Nicki’s house. When Nicki came back home from playing in the snow he saw the mitten laying in the snow. He picked it up and carried both his mittens inside.

His grandmother was happy to see that he still had both of his show-white mittens. Though,

she could never figure out why one mitten was so much bigger than the other.

**CRAFTS**

**Gnome hats:** from the sleeves of shrunken woolen sweaters

**Pine cone bird feeders:** pine cones, nut butter, bird seed

**Bird nests:** Wool roving shaped like a nest with a few twigs etc.

**Crystal garden:** Growing crystals

**Snow flakes:** Cut from paper

**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!