LANGUAGE IS THE DRESS OF THOUGHTS - SAMUEL JOHNSON

A thing well said will be wit in all languages.

John Dryden

a quotefancy

Words are, of course, the most powerful drug used by mankind. Rudyard Kipling

England and America are two countries separated by the same language.

George Bernard Shaw

English is a language that came from nowhere to conquer the world... It is the dominant international language in science, communications, business, aviation, entertainment, radio and diplomacy.

Memory is the treasury and guardian of all things. Marcus Tullius Cicero

Memory is the treasury and guardian of all things.

Marcus Tullius Cicero

... the importance of ... the role of memory ... treasure and in a person's life guardians calendars At the lesson we'll probably speak about types of memory ... learning ... things to remember something new

Memory is the treasury and guardian of all things.

Marcus Tullius Cicero

RE_EMB_RI_G

REMEMBERING THE PAST

Memory is the treasury and guardian of all things. Marcus Tullius Cicero

The Cenotaph (an empty tomb from Greek) is a war monument in London. It commemorates all soldiers who have died in wars whose remains are elsewhere



A person who tells soldiers what to do officer People who fight on the same side as you comrades • A place where the soldiers fight battlefield People injured or killed in the battle casualties A situation in which countries or groups of people fight against each other war Periods of fighting conflicts Red flowers poppies

In __the Great War started. A young soldier, who __, wrote a ____, because he ____. The World War I ended at ____. It had lasted ___. The 11th of November is called ____. After the war ended people started ____to help ____On this day they wear _____ and at 11 they stop what they are doing for _____to remember ____. People who fought are called ____.



On the 11th of November people remember
soldiers who had died in all major conflicts
since the start of the World War I

- According to the British newspaper the first two-minute silence in London
 - took place over the entire city
- John McCrae was

- a Canadian doctor and officer who wrote a poem about poppies

- The tradition of selling poppies to help ex-soldiers and their families began
 - with the woman's action

- 1. A British newspaper said the silence was almost like_____
- 2. John McCrae's poem begins: "In Flanders_____the poppies blow"
- 3. People sold poppies to make money for and the _____ of soldiers who died.
- 4. In the UK about _____poppies are sold each year.





- Flanders
- lark
- dawn
- sunset
- Quarrel
- Faith
- ye
- Foe
- Scarce
- torch

- belief in someone/something
- Enemy
- light that can be carried
- bird that sings beautifully
- fight/argument
- part of Belgium where there was heaving fighting during World War I
- hardly at all
- time when the sun comes up in the morning
- time when the sun goes down in the evening
- Old English word, used for "you"

- 1. The sky was beautiful this morning at
- 2. Last summer, I heard ______ singing every day.
- 3. I'm a religious person, so I have ______ in God.
- 4. In battle, armies try to defeat their
- 5. The _____ region was the scene of terrible loss of life during the Great War.
- 6. Last night's ______ was incredible the whole sky turned red and orange.
- 7. I had a ______ with my brother last week, but we are friends again now.
- 8. He passed the ______ to me so I could see the way.



Working with your group, answer the following questions, then share your ideas with your class.

- 1. Who were the dead in the poem? How old were they, do you think?
- 2. Why did McCrae choose to write the poem as if it were spoken by the dead?
- 3. Who are the dead speaking to? What if we forget what happened to them?
- 4. What do you like most about the poem? What was most interesting about it? Why?



-

dian's dian' and

ALC: NO

Frieddau Nolasin Paul Verb

ALA, AND

ALC: NO

11

SAPE RATE

And a second

and and

<u>In Flander</u>

In Flanders fields the poppies blow Between the crosses, row on row, That mark our place; and in the sky The larks, still bravely singing, fly Scarce heard amid the guns below. We are the Dead. Short days ago We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved, and were loved, and now we lie In Flanders fields. Take up your quarrel with the foe; To you from falling hands we throw The torch; be yours to hold it high.

Pause to\Remember

If ye break faith with us who die We shall not sleep, though poppies grow In Flanders fields.

