

LANGUAGE
IS THE
DRESS
OF
THOUGHTS
- SAMUEL JOHNSON



A thing well said will
be wit in all languages.

John Dryden

“ quotzfancy



**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

quote fancy



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.

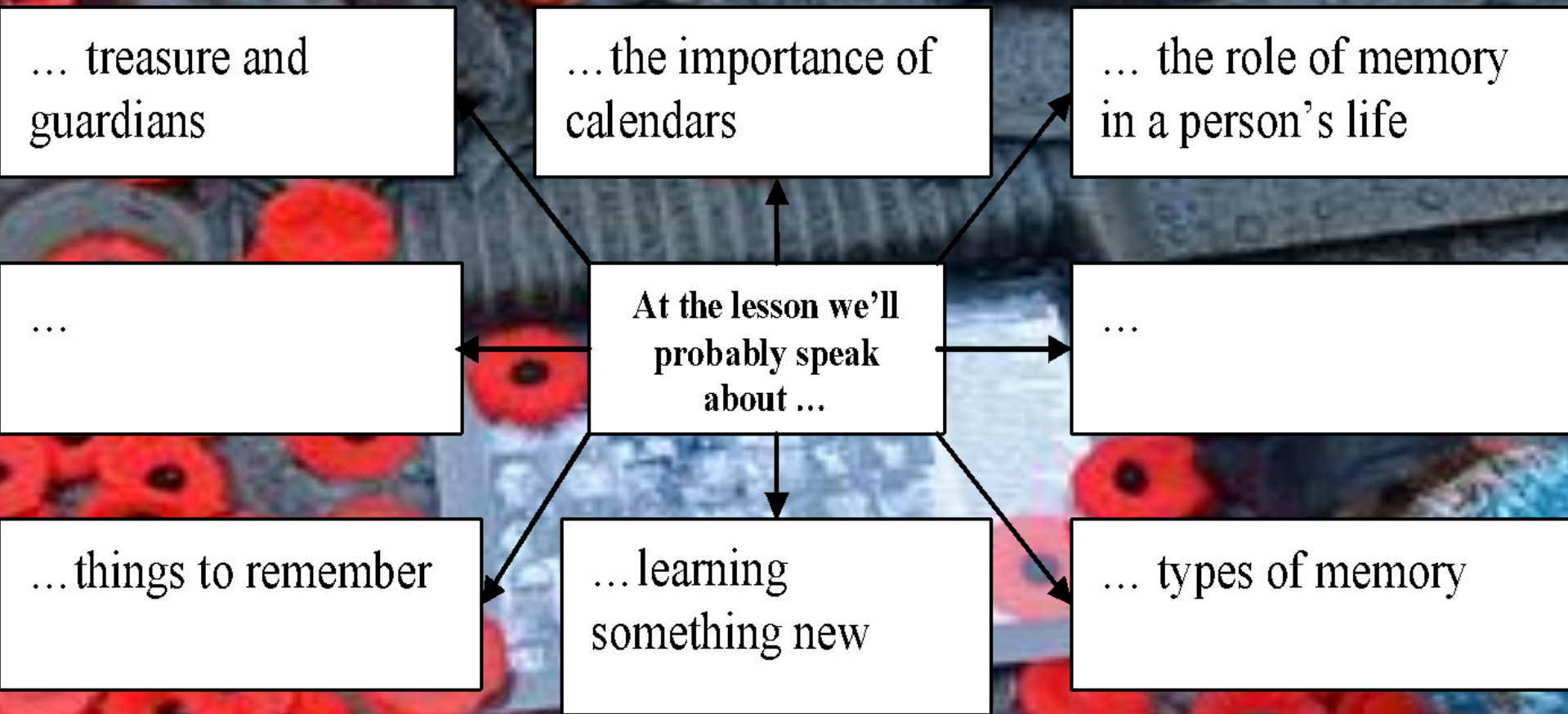


**Memory is the treasury and
guardian of all things.**

Marcus Tullius Cicero

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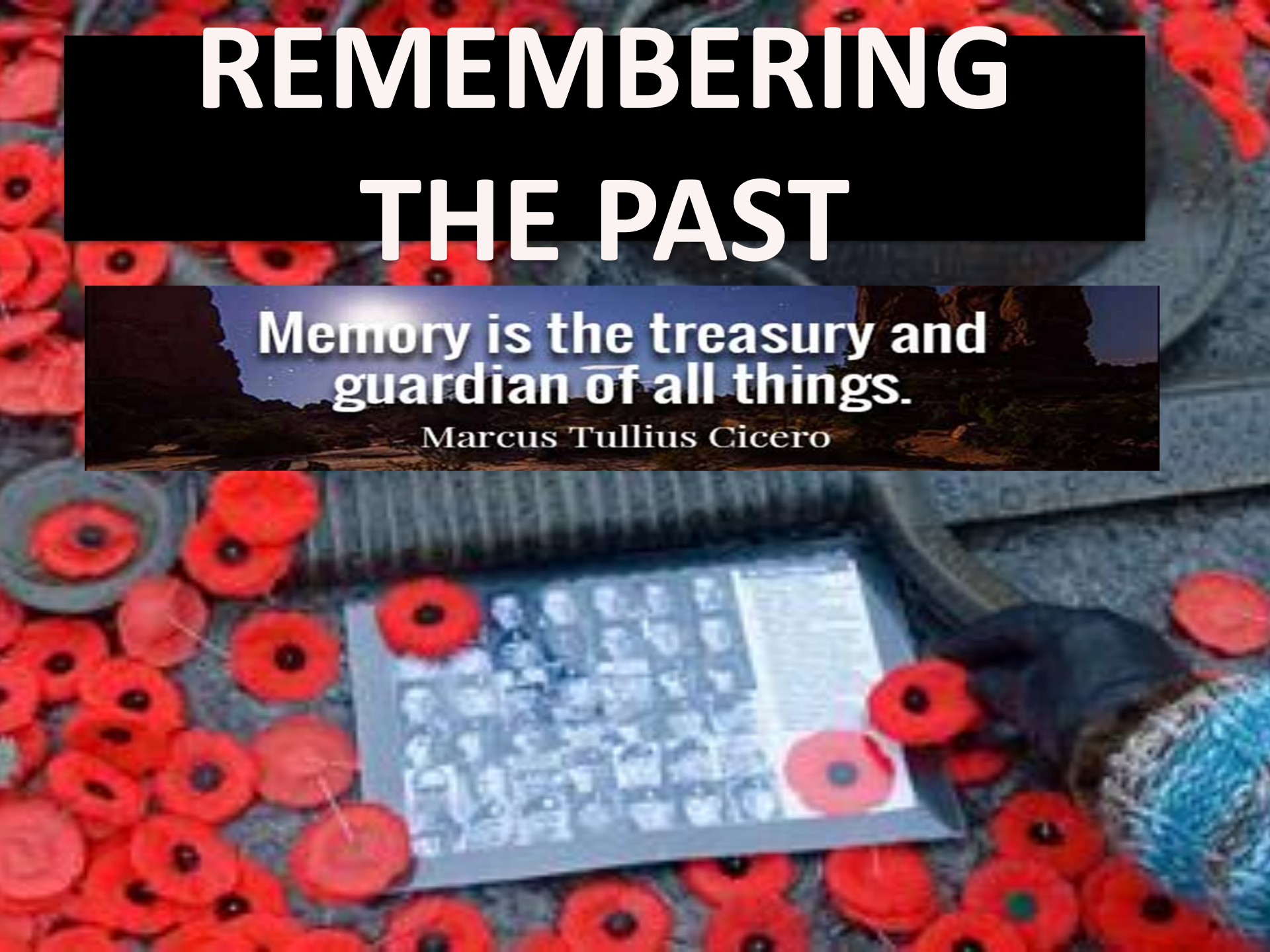
Marcus Tullius Cicero

**RE_EMB_RI_G
THE PA_T**

REMEMBERING THE PAST

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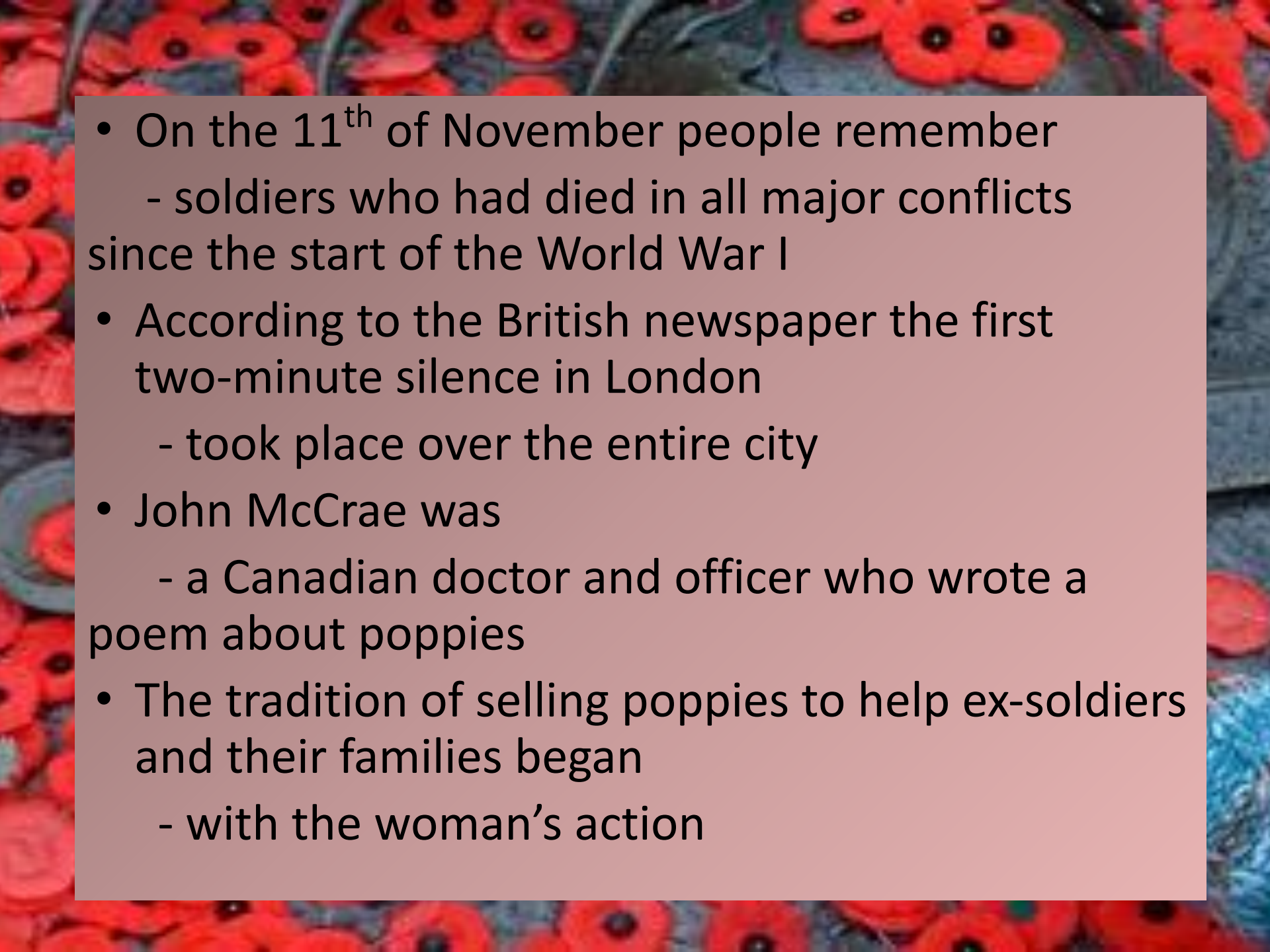
The Cenotaph
(an empty tomb
from Greek)
is a war monument
in London.
It commemorates
all soldiers who have
died in wars
whose remains
are elsewhere

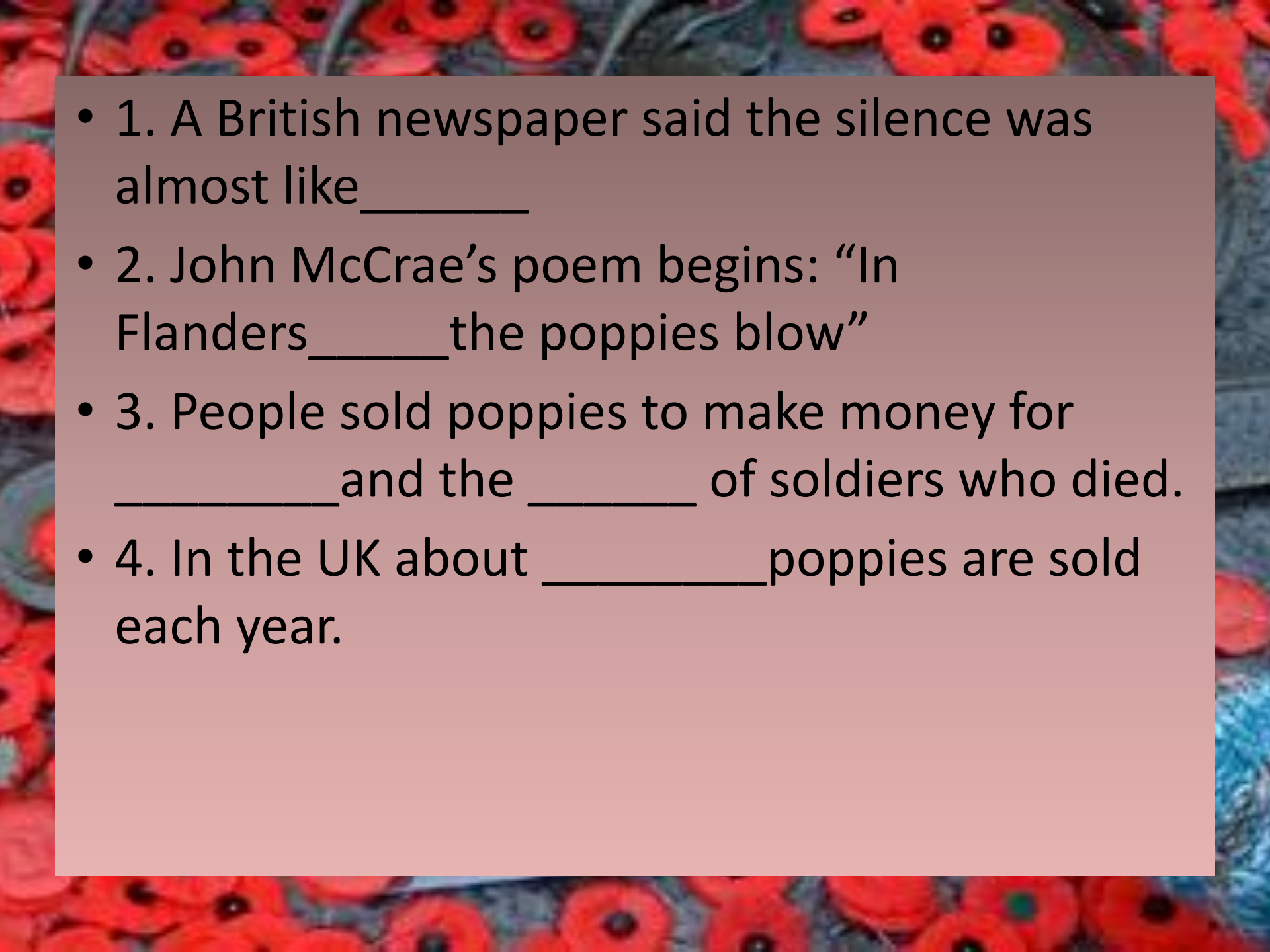


- A person who tells soldiers what to do
officer
- People who fight on the same side as you
comrades
- A place where the soldiers fight
battlefield
- People injured or killed in the battle
casualties
- A situation in which countries or groups of people fight
against each other
war
- Periods of fighting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



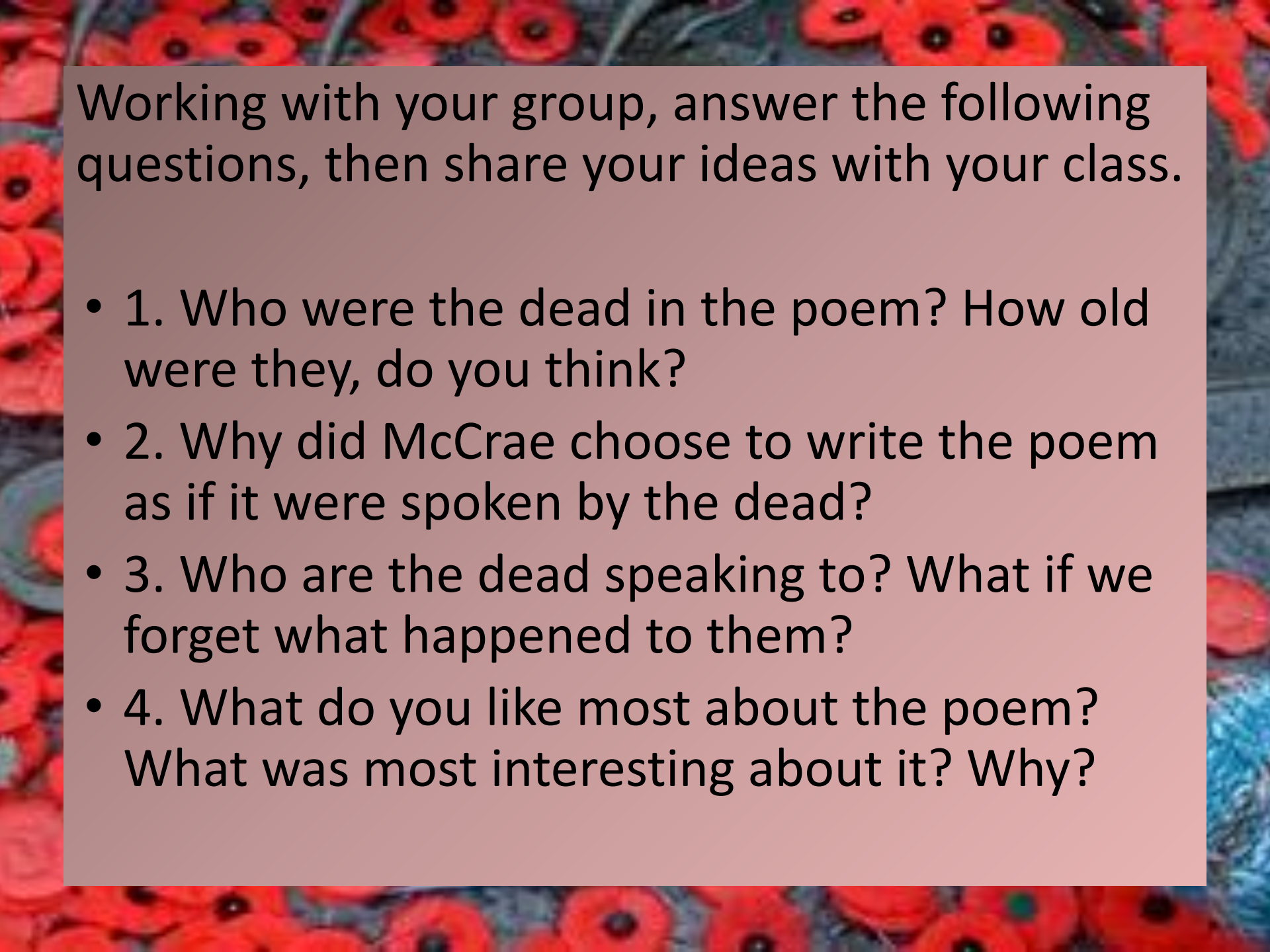


- Flanders
- lark
- dawn
- sunset
- Quarrel
- Faith
- ye
- Foe
- Scarce
- torch

- 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?



REMEMBER

In Flanders fields

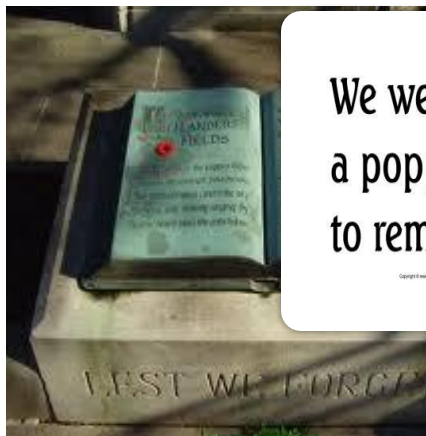
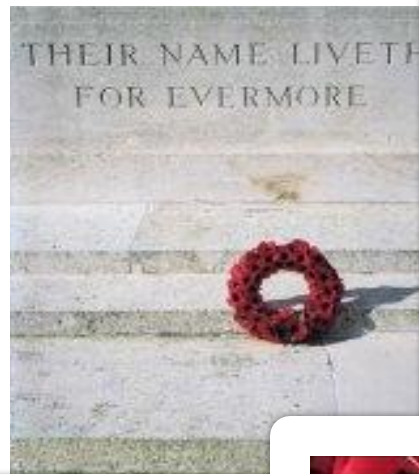
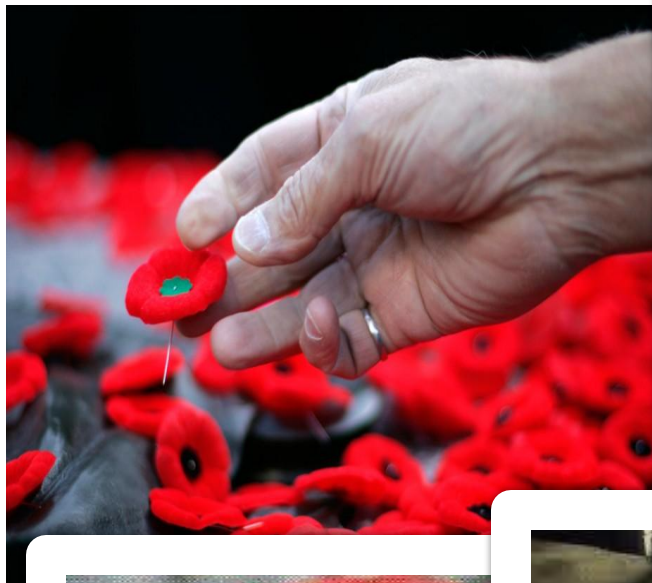
In Flanders fields the
poppies blow
Between the crosses, row
on row,
That mark our place; and in
the sky
The larks, still bravely
singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the
guns below.

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

11-11-11

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



We wear a poppy to remember...

They shall grow not old,
As we that are left grow old,
We shall not weary them,
Nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the sun,
And in the morning,
We will remember them



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