Newsletter

News from Mr Edwards-Grundy

Last week I shared with you Psalm 23, it is a Psalm that has echoed through the week.

The Psalm speaks into our dark and difficult days and offers us comfort, it speaks Hope into the every day challenges as well as the more life changing, earth shattering moments.

There are no easy answers to those times of unimaginable difficulty, no quick brush off of the things that we are struggling with, but as a Christian I believe there is Hope.

This week we have all faced challenges. Whatever those challenges, as the Psalmist says, I believe we can all find hope and comfort in God, he provides us with a rod and staff to steady and comfort us. We are not left alone or comfortless and for me that is Hope.

In Collective Worship this week, the children in Year 6 shared some of their thoughts on Hope, especially how they can offer hope to those who are down. Their words were inspiring and challenging-

- Support and encourage.
- Remind them of the great things in their lives.
- Acknowledge that what they are going through is real and challenging.
- If pain and upset has come from a poor choice, remind them that they are forgiven.
- Give them a smile or a hug.
- Cheer them up.
- Help them to be part of the solution, don't leave them alone, give them practical help.
- Give them your time, listen.

We also spent time during Collective Worship, reflecting on all that we have learned together about Hope over the past month. The children were incredible recalling all that we have thought about and discussed. As I came away from our time together, I was heartened to think that what we have learned together has changed the things that we do and the way that we behave, because that is the power of Hope – it changes not just today, but the future.

This week has finished on a real note of celebration as we watched the Year 5 dress rehearsal of their forthcoming production. The children were amazing! I am looking forward to welcoming Year 5 parents in to watch the performances next week.

Values Awards



Congratulations to all the children who this week were given Values Awards.

Awards this week were given for a whole raft of reasons, including co-operation on the playground, respect for friends and courage and perseverance in learning.

Well done to everyone who has been living our Values over the past week.

News from Around the School

Rumours of the quality of writing that is being produced by the children in Year 6 have been circulating for the past few weeks and today the team were finally ready to unveil their work inspired by 'The Highwayman'.

The rumours have not been over exaggerated! Well done Year 6, your writing is fantastic.

Highwayhorse They tode up to the Mindow. Clip-Clop. dup-Clop. then he saw the landloid 's daughter. Bess the landloid's daughter, the Highwayman came tiding, tiding the Highwayman came tiding, tiding the Highwaym

THE

His bulging eyes poped out of his head When he head the High Mayman's whistly His empty heart gilled Mith depression an Sealousy, His mouldy geet distracted people grow his greedy face, Tim the ostler Went snitching, snitching snitching. Tim the ostler Went snitching up to king & orges men.

The inky black sky over took the town in the distant, the charlos Bord engulged the sky, the misty sky flowed over the moone, the Highwayn came filing, fiding, thing the Highwaynman came filing up to the old in door. the tapped on the shutters of the old inn aloor, and then he looked up for a bentiged sight he saw. A worman leaning over period down at him. It was love al first sight for the both of them.

When the time struck midnight, the sound of pounding hooves were all your could mar.

Growing more awrites of her love she

pulled the brigger of a muchet, warning him with her dusth, shaltering her guture. 8 ut the Highwayman

protosdid with a heart gull of rage.

Under the darkish - tee moon, The wind was wichee, The Dod was a care- Re ribbon, The High waythian he has petwer coare gleeming whe gole, is Boots are gole are black, A sik ge French coexed has tay whon his head, A dearly shop awe from inf door casement Bessor Pure beausy

emerait ever shin, she sachfied herself for loves ond,

a lunatic deservited he

houses to the casement, pistous tracun From

King George's man were hicing sehind the hang Old inn 2000

the highway men pecc

of is hole down to his deach

The old inn door The moonlight sparkled o

The moonlight sparkled over the purple moor. Up he rade to the old inn door. Tim the ostler lurking in the clark. Just watching gave him a furious heart.

Bess was gone with a blink of an eyer So he came to watch with his own eyes. The highwayman was down and so was Bess. Now they're ghost and lay to rest.

> The moonlight sparfiled over the purple moon up he rode to the old inn doon. No-one can see there love no more. But he was waiting at the old inn door...

Upon his head lay a The Death Bringer grench - cocked hat and charcoal The moon was an inky black wid, black hair , His wine red coat waved in the raven tossed upon the aroomy Mky black sky. The high narman trotted along the death, Boots that climb up to the thigh . sty lobbles. He held his repier high and proved as the gleaning gold handle glittered like stars in (leg-Dop Mig- Nop. the moonlight. The Souless man came riding -riding -riding. A deadly scho shot out the King George's lunning men charged towards Loomed correment , the Ild moder in. Bers of sure beauty. her saphire eyes glashed They barged through the old inn before her love . boot and drank there delicion Bers heard the sudden sour g horse horres ringing she peered but the casement the ale. Glug-Alig-Alig musket at her side . They tak up the The triggure at least here. She somed him with her death. Stails, looking go Head board over the musket drenched in Bess. her am red blood. The last two of the HWA The ash more angul you the interland S richard doub's digted storty. The wind chistled, Sworth. The Highway non come riding, riding. The Highwayno A ghastly terre monolished a crimen outrage The Shewl Greekers wind charished there last Tinged creatly screeched through his staggard van Fury burned upon the heart-bother. His brain corrupted lite a volcono. The read was a raven black makimum over the glisting amethyst men the miner. The highwaymon came, ridiay, riding, riding, the highwayman came, iling up to the old inn door. lun. netherst ma The carment creacted in the wind, creacts ... Heleveled up and who should be wilking-Burs the will load's daughter. Ipon ha head Bers the black eyed hand lord's laughter braiding a red love not into he long blac He bigger his longly sout his he

Welcome!

We are delighted to welcome Lucille Gillitt to our TA team.

Lucille has recently moved from South Africa, where she worked in finance.

Lucille told us that she loves working with the children and is already enjoying the variety of the work.



Loving, learning and flourishing in community