

Macclesfield Primary School

Responsibility • Safety • Respect • Success • Caring

Principal: Lynne Noll



Government of South Australia

Department for Education

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Term 4 Week 5 Thursday November 12th 2020

NEWSLETTER NO. 18

Week 6 – Self Control

Monday 16/11/20

Year 6/7 Aquatics Day

Tuesday 17/11/20

Kerry in

Pre-school transition visit

Wednesday 18/11/20

Iceblocks 50c

Thursday 19/11/20

Kerry in

Friday 20/11/20

Assembly – R/1/2 hosting

Sunday 22nd

Macclesfield Strawberry Fete



Week 7- Spirituality

Monday 23/11/20

Tuesday 24/11/20

Kerry in

Pre-schools transition day

Wednesday 25/11/20

Ice blocks for sale

Dancify refresher session

Thursday 26/11/20

Kerry in

Instrumental Music Concert

Friday 27/11/20

Newsletter Day

School Concert

The school concert will be held on Wednesday December 2nd from 6pm. We are holding it on the 'oval', amphitheatre style, so that family groups can bring along chairs and blankets to watch in family groups. This will allow us to adhere to COVID-19 requirements, since we anticipate numbers too large to hold it in the gym. We anticipate that the evening will be about 90 mins duration.

It is an opportunity to showcase the dances learnt during the 'Dancify' sessions and as well, each class will present another item.

I know teachers have let you know about anything required as costumes for the evening. If this information has not reached you, please ask your child's teacher directly.

Halloween Disco

A big thankyou to those parents who organised, and ran the Halloween disco on Friday 30th October. It was well attended and the children enjoyed the opportunity.

Instrumental Music Concert

On the afternoon of 26th November, those students who learn an instrument at school, will perform at the annual Instrumental Music Concert. It will be held in the gym from 2pm. COVID restrictions (social distancing, contact tracing) will apply. We very much like parents who can attend to come along.



Training for Volunteers

We will hold training for volunteers about Reporting Abuse and Neglect (often called RAN training) on Friday 27th November at 1.30pm. It is one of the ways we help ensure that schools are safe for children. Please let us know in the office if you would like to attend.

MOVING YEAR 7 INTO HIGH SCHOOL: WHAT DOES IT MEAN FOR YOUR KIDS?

Leadership and teaching

Many students entering adolescence are frustrated by a lack of meaningful challenges. To engage students and show them that class is relevant to their lives, it helps to bring different subjects together into bigger themes that harness students' interests. Rather than just learning Science and History, for example, they might use the skills they learn in each to do a project on environmental sustainability, great inventors in history, or any relevant topic that allows them to integrate the skills they're learning.

To lead such learning and support students, teachers need a strong understanding of young people. Many adolescents, says Dr Swain, feel teachers aren't interested in them. "You have to demonstrate to them what productive adults are, as this is when they're developing the values they'll take with them into adulthood. So teachers must be positive, have a love of adolescence, and want to be there."

Teacher leadership helps junior high schools coordinate subjects and work in harmony with the rest of the school community. A good example is having a teacher in charge of the Year 7 transition: this received great feedback at a school in WA, where the teacher was responsible for Year 7 students' wellbeing, communicating with parents, and building a Year 7 identity.

A focus on student leadership is also invaluable. Leadership opportunities give young students the chance to learn new skills, to develop their values and communication skills, and to be positive role models for others. It offers them a sense of purpose and ownership over their learning, contributing to a positive culture in their cohort. Student leadership roles work best when they're focused on serving others: whether by raising money for a charity, representing peers or helping to organise events.

The small stuff matters

Dr Anne Coffey of Notre Dame University is an expert on the transition from primary school to high school, with extensive knowledge of the Year 7 shift in WA. On the whole, she found that students and parents in the schools she studied were very happy with the way school leaders and staff managed the transition.

...to be continued

Character Strength

Spirituality, Sense of purpose, Faith

The strength of spirituality gives you strong and coherent beliefs about the higher purpose and meaning of life. You know where you fit into in the larger scheme of life and this knowledge is a source of comfort to you.

If you have the strength of spirituality...

- You can articulate your own philosophy of life, be it religious or secular
- It is important to you to have a strong purpose, or calling in life
- You are interested in, and seek out, a range of values to live your life by
- You focus on behaviours, attitudes and experiences that are consistent with these values.

age appropriate CHORES	
2-3 YEARS <ul style="list-style-type: none"> *make bed *pick up toys and books *put laundry in hamper *help feed pets *help wipe up messes *dust (put socks on hands) 	4-5 YEARS <ul style="list-style-type: none"> *clear/set table *load dishwasher *empty silverware from dishwasher *take laundry to laundry room *match socks & fold *put away laundry *straighten room *get the newspaper/mail
6-8 YEARS <ul style="list-style-type: none"> *empty dishwasher *clean bathroom sinks & counters *sort laundry by colors *help pack school lunches *pull weeds & rake leaves *water plants/flowers *collect trash from wastebaskets 	9-11 YEARS <ul style="list-style-type: none"> *clean toilets *take trash to curb *vacuum *mop floors *mow grass *food preparation (wash, cut, dice, measure) *walk pet
12+ <ul style="list-style-type: none"> *baby-sit siblings *wash windows *iron *clean interior/exterior of car *cook simple meals *laundry *clean refrigerator *make grocery list 	

Strawberry Fete

Macclesfield Primary is taking part in the Strawberry Fete in a number of ways. Some students are entering the poetry competition.

Parents are invited to contribute to the baked goods stall or to offer to help on the day.

Rosters for support are on the Front Desk of the office. Please add your name if you have some spare time on Sunday 22nd.

Macclesfield Community Association
proudly brings you the 93rd



Sunday 22ND November

Davenport Square, Macclesfield

From 9.30am



Cake Baking Competition

Live band - Crossfire
Agility dog performance
Food and strawberries galore
Strawberry eating competition
Cake baking competition
Large variety of market stalls
Strawberry produce
Children's activities
Engine restorers
Chevy club



Free admission



For the purpose of COVID-19 Contact Tracing,
please register for your free tickets at:

<https://www.eventbrite.com.au/e/macclesfield-strawberry-fete-tickets-119376914565>

SUPPORTED BY: **MOUNT BARKER**
DISTRICT COUNCIL



STRAWBERRY CAKE COMPETITION

@ Macclesfield Strawberry Fete
22nd November 2020

A CELEBRATION OF EVERYTHING STRAWBERRY

4 Categories

CUPCAKES

Up to 7 years
8 - 12 years
13 - 17 years

LARGE CAKES

18+ years



\$2.00
ENTRY
FEE

VIP GUEST JUDGES

Amanda Blair

Much-loved SA personality, Women's Weekly columnist, mother of four
and Royal Adelaide Show blue ribbon cook

Liz Harfull

Maccy local and award-winning author of "Tried Tested & True" and
"The Australian Blue Ribbon Cookbook"

Entry forms and T&C can be found at
www.macclesfieldsa.com/strawberry-fete-cake-competition
ENTRIES CLOSE: 5pm Monday 16th November 2020

Thanks to the
following businesses:



YEAR 5/6/7 POETRY

During English this term we have been learning about poetic conventions and the history of the ANZAC soldiers. We learnt how to write ballads, and rhyming couplets and how to record our ideas rhythmically. Several of us also shared our poems at the Macclesfield Remembrance Day service. Here are some samples of our work.

The Trenches

Stuck in the trenches,
The fields are ablaze,
My friend is down,
I fill with rage.

I aim for the responsible,
And with no further a due,
I get down on the ground,
And aim for his shoe.

I miss by a mile,
I think it's not fair,
I give up aiming,
And sit my friend in a chair.

How could they take him?
It's really not fair,
But the angels now have him,
And they'll take very good care.

I miss my dear friend,
A great friend he was,
But now he's been taken,
A soldier he was.

By Liam Tregaski

The Perfect Storm

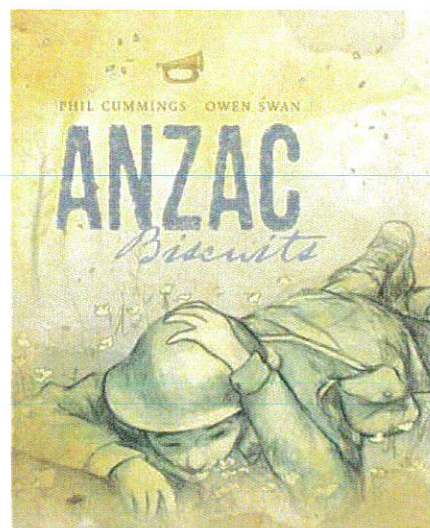
Screaming, crying, a perfect storm,
I'm waiting for the crack of dawn,
Listening for the bell to chime,
I know I'm almost out of time,

The smell of blood, in my nose,
I hope this war comes to a close,
Marching, marching all in line,
Soldiers standing on a mine,

Soldier's bodies lying all around,
I'm surrounded by the blasting sound,
I feel so scared; I wish I was home,
In my bed, but now I'm alone,

Laying there, bleeding out,
I will die, there's no doubt,
My final bed,
I rest my head.

By Annika Sexton



Memories

I walk through the beautiful grounds,
filled with dreadful memory mounds.
Brave soldiers path the way,
for young people here today.

The flowers are crimson, deep as blood,
the dirt sodden trenches, ready to flood.
Waiting for orders, men and boys cry,
while gun shots and bombs ring out through
the sky.

The soldiers are dirty, cold and alone,
and at night in their beds, they dream they
were home.
Safe with their families,
not having to be so manly.

In my bed,
resting my head,
Where I can weep,
while trying to sleep.

I walk out to fight,
in the middle of the night.
I feel it's the end,
there is no time to mend.

By Carlie Slack

ANZAC Biscuits

Gun fire all around,
Blood covering the ground,
All allies falling down,
None will reach their town.

Beautiful smell, nice and sweet,
Mum cleaning, to make things neat.
The oven goes, with heavens sound,
It's worth 40,000 pounds.

One more day of war,
Then his days no more,
He hears a yell,
Then runs like hell.

One bite and all is calm,
Warm cookies in her palm,
One more chew and straight to bed,
Lovely dreams will fill her head.

His friend lying dead,
His heart feels like lead,
He'll see his friend,
And make a mend.

A photo of her father,
Him back, she would rather,
Her dream won't come true,
Nor her mother's too.

By Jedd Oster-Ives

ANZAC Day

Screaming, crying, feeling blue,
I hear gun shots through the fumes.
Pouring water from the dunes,
Now I'm lying in my room.

In the trenches really low,
Now my mate's down from a blow.
Hearing bombs all around,
Now I cry out help me now.

Got a bomb in my hand,
It's about to go off on the land.
Children crying from afar,
Try to help them, but they're too far.

Army's marching through the town,
I'm hiding in my bedroom now.
Bombs go off,
And children scream,
Now I've seen what war can mean.

Try to recover from this shot,
But now I feel the pain a lot.
Hear the church bells really loud,
I think it's it,
I say with a frown.

By Tilaya Milera

Eternal Beds

On a long and dusty run,
Troops around, they come.
From Australia to New Zealand,
All one, to protect our lands.

I am a father, from a barren land.
I am a mother, who wants to take a stand.
I am his, forever in my heart.
I am a victim, robbed of a start.

Bullets pound and hearts roar,
When the guns, hit their score.
Laying down, rage at bay,
Some are shot, most shall stay.

I am a child, reaped of fun,
I am a soldier, firing a gun.
I am lost, not yet found,
I am lying on the ground.

The poppies sway in the wind,
Many minds have come unhinged.
Coloured flowers, crimson red,
Growing on eternal beds.

By Ellis Miles

War

I fight out in the field,
trying not to get killed,
I hear the gun shot,
I hide under a rock,
We watch as the poppies build.

The memories are very deep,
They are something we need to keep,
People dread,
Their family dead,
This is why we are here to meet.

The sound of gun fire rattles the air,
This life of mine just isn't fair,
The soldiers in a world of war,
Battled on a foreign shore,
These horrible nights filled with despair.

All I want is to see my family,
And get away from this insanity.

By Hayley Bolt

Lest We Forget

The waves are swaying beneath my feet,
All I feel like, is sausage meat.
I can feel my fear, come to a start,
But inside, I still have a bleeding heart.

The men will march, from front to back,
Fighting, shooting, ready to attack.
To the trenches we march down,
One by one faces turn to a frown.

I feel the breeze brush against my shoulder,
Day by day we get older.
I did not realise war would be so violent,
Our lives begin to end, the day we become silent.

I see the sunset as I lie in bed,
My stomach groans, I feel unfed.
I miss my family, I hope there safe and sound,
How will I leave this battle ground?
Lest we forget.

By Maddy McFarlane

Family

The trenches with their floors of wood and walls of dirt,
All the men in them feeling hopeless within.
Gun shots fill the air with a crackle and a bang.
All people now wonder what caused it to begin.

Planes fly across the air, their engines roaring loud,
Soldiers underneath run away as bombs come down,
There is booming and banging all over the fields,
Men fall everywhere on the ground that was brown.

The fields filled with yells and screams as soldiers fight the war,
Many are injured many are killed, but still they press on,
They fight until the battle's won, enemies defeated,
The soldiers have so many years of their young lives foregone.

People back in their homelands worried sick about the soldiers.
They bake biscuits and write letters to send to their loved ones,
They mourn for their losses and try to carry their families,
They do their best to look after the soldiers' daughters and sons.

By Rhys Woodcock

In the Trenches

There were gun shots in the distance,
Bombs coming from the sky killing my men,
Army tanks shooting back at the Germans.

There were gun shots in the distance,
Australian bombs killing the Germans,
The Germans shooting back.

There were no more gunshots in the distance,
The Germans give up because they don't want anymore to die,
No one shooting back.

By Cruz Chapman

Remember Them

The final shot in the head,
I lay down, now I am dead.
I hear the church bells ring,
As I hear them all sing.
Then 50 years go by,
They visit my grave,
I shall know why.

By Kimahri Lions