

confident peace Confident peace trust doubts loves

Virtue of the Week – CONFIDENCE



"Believe in yourself! Have faith in your abilities! Without a humble but reasonable confidence in your own <u>powers</u> you cannot be successful or happy." (Marie Curie)

You might be awarded a *confidence* virtue for doing things like:

- Getting straight to work, even when the work is challenging
- Answering questions in class
- Ignoring distractions



a voluntary academy

- You can do things without fears or doubts stopping you.
- When you are confident in someone, you can trust and rely on them.
- If you trust in God you have confidence that God loves you and watches over you.
- Confidence brings peace of mind.



World Book Day 2023

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Practice

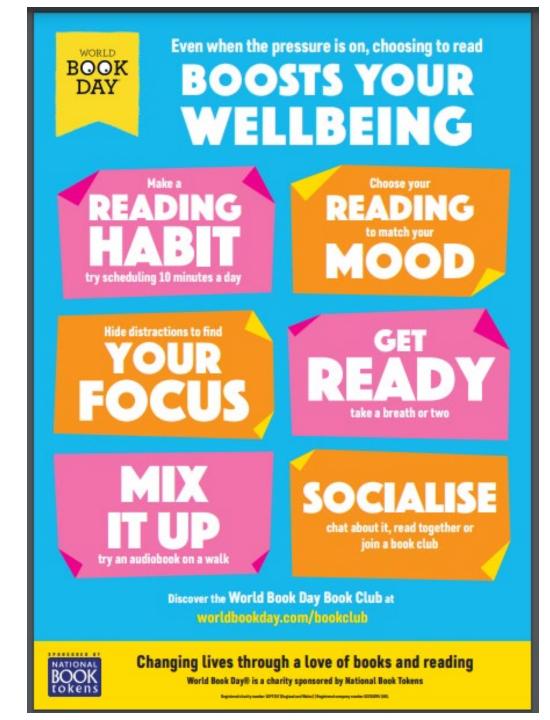
It is here again! World Book Day encourages us all to re-focus our habits of reading and celebrate books. World Book Day was created by UNESCO on 23rd April 1995 as a worldwide celebration of books and reading. It is marked in over 100 countries around the globe. The first World Book Day in the UK and Ireland took place in 1997 to encourage young people to discover the pleasure of reading.

As a form discuss the following questions:

- 1. How often do you read for pleasure/fun/interest?
- 2. What different kinds of books are there? (genre)
- 3. What other reading is fun and do you engage in regularly?

Discuss the world book day poster. Choose what/how to read to boost your well-being.

- 1. Read together an extract as part of this years World Book Day celebrations (following slides).
- 2. As a form choose a reading strategy to boost your well-being.
- 3. Access your virtual book token and buy a book.



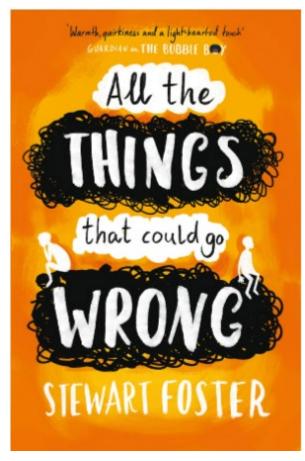


Alex: This is me

My Worry List

- 1. Everybody is going to die.
- The glass in the aquarium tanks is going to crack on the school trip tomorrow and all the water will pour out and drown everybody in my class and Mr Francis.
- It won't happen if I stay home, but if I don't go I'll feel bad for not telling anyone and I'll feel even worse for being the only person in my class who is still alive.
- 4. All the fish will pour out of the tanks and flap about on the floor with their mouths wide open. But if they flap hard enough maybe they'll make it out of the aquarium doors, across the beach and into the sea.
- All the fish are going to die. They won't survive in the sea because they're used to being fed in their tanks and all the bigger fish will eat them up.
- I'm worried about my worries. I could tell Mum and she'd phone the school and warn them what's going to happen. But everyone would laugh and think I've gone crazy.

If I tell Mum my worries, she'll worry too. She hates it when I'm worried and I hate it when she worries about me. I could go on the trip and die with all the others, but then Mum and Lizzie would be left at home on their own when I'm gone.



There was a lake a mile from his uncle's farm where he and his uncle used to go in the fall for firewood. He sat in the back of the rowboat trailing his hand in the cold wake while his uncle bent to the oars. The old man's feet in their black kid shoes braced against the uprights. His straw hat. His cob pipe in his teeth and a thin drool swinging from the pipebowl. He turned to take a sight on the far shore, cradling the oar handles, taking the pipe from his mouth to wipe his chin with the back of his hand. The shore was lined with birchtrees that stood bone pale against the dark of the evergreens beyond. The edge of the lake a riprap of twisted stumps, gray and weathered, the windfall trees of a hurricane years past. The trees themselves had long been sawed for firewood and carried away. His uncle turned the boat and shipped the oars and they drifted over the sandy shallows until the transom grated in the sand. A dead perch lolling belly up in the clear water. Yellow leaves. They left their shoes on the warm painted boards and dragged the boat up onto the beach and set out the anchor at the end of its rope. A lard can poured with concrete with an eyebolt in the center. They walked along the shore while his uncle studied the tree stumps, puffing at his pipe, a manila rope coiled over his shoulder. He picked one out and they turned it over, using the roots for leverage, until they got it half floating in the water. Trousers rolled to the knee but still they got wet. They tied the rope to a cleat at the rear of the boat and rowed back across the lake, jerking the stump slowly behind them. By then it was already evening. Just the slow periodic rack and shuffle of the oarlocks. The lake dark glass and window lights coming on along the shore. A radio somewhere. Neither of them had spoken a word. This was the perfect day of his childhood. This the day to shape the days upon.

Join us on 2 March 2023 WORLD BOOK DAY

THE ROOM

SCAN the QR code to get your World Book Day book token!

and a manage



TOKENS VALID: Thursday 16 February – Sunday 26 March 2023