



Catholic Children's Society (Plymouth)

Putting All Children First

ADVENT APPEAL 2017 – Make Love Your Aim

Introduction

Thank you so much for participating in this year's Advent appeal for the **Catholic Children's Society Plymouth (CCSP)**. We are so grateful for your support!

The theme is '**Make Love Your Aim**'. We are asking schools to explore how CCSP helps local children and families in the diocese and how they can get involved while growing closer to Jesus ready for Christmas during Advent.

Easy to teach activities and a PowerPoint presentation are provided for each year group to introduce the CCSP to children at an age appropriate level. These lessons link directly with the differentiated learning outcomes and suggested activities from the **Advent teaching materials provided by the diocese and Unit 3 – Advent from 'God Matters'**. The planning is easy to follow, features engage, explore and express activities and also highlights AT1 and AT2 elements. All resources are free of charge and are available to download from our website: <http://ccsplymouth.org.uk/good-shepherd/> Please feel free to use or adapt the resources and activities as you see fit to support your teaching.

Fundraising

Our hope is that after learning about the CCSP, staff and children will feel inspired to help with our fundraising as part of their Advent preparation. Every child will get their own crib collection box to take home following their learning on the work of the Children's Society and how it links to Advent. Not only will it be a wonderful reminder of the true meaning of Christmas but it can be filled with current or previous currency, from this country or any other. Boxes will then be returned to school in time to celebrate at Epiphany. Any donations at all will be gratefully received by the CCSP. The charity has a crisis fund which provides emergency support for children, young people and their families who are having financial difficulties. It provides one-off grants to meet emergency needs such as essential white goods or clothing. Any head teacher in the diocese can access the fund for a family in need by completing a simple form stating the circumstances and needs of the family.

100% of the money you raise for the Catholic Children's Society Plymouth will go to supporting families living in Cornwall, Devon and Dorset.

Contact

If you have any questions please email Claire.Warren@prcdtr.org.uk or call Heather in our main office: **01364 645420**

Thank you so much for supporting CCSP this Advent!



Make Love Our Aim - Year 3

<p>Learning Intentions</p>	<p>God Matters learning Objective To understand that the presence of Jesus calls us to show great care to others. To know that Christians believe that the presence of Jesus can be found in different circumstances in life.</p> <p>Working towards Age Related outcomes</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Pupils will be able to describe ways in which Christians prepare to celebrate the birth of Jesus (AT1) <p>Age Related Outcomes</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Pupils will be able to make links to stories showing how people journey to the Christ Child and the beliefs Christians hold about preparing during Advent (AT1) • Compare their own views and that of others about the correct way for Christians to prepare during Advent (AT2) • Give their own view on the belief that Jesus came for the weak and the poor (AT3) <p>Working at greater depth</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Give their own view on the question Jesus came for the weak and the poor with reasons (AT3) <p>Additional learning To know how CCSP helps local children through their services. To understand how we can help CCSP help local children</p>
<p>Resources</p>	<p>www.youtube.com/watch?v=0N8axp9nHNU 'Why the Chimes Rang' by Raymond MacDonald Alden (attached). Pictures of Santons (attached) Nativity set</p>
<p>Key questions</p>	<p>How do Christians prepare for Jesus during Advent? Is there a 'right way' to prepare for Christmas? Do you feel Jesus came for the 'poor and the weak'? Why?</p>
<p>Engage Activity</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Watch the John Lewis advert about the snowman and his wife. www.youtube.com/watch?v=0N8axp9nHNU (Pause at 1.25 to avoid advertising!) • Why does the snowman bother to make the journey? What do you think it was like? When you are giving a gift, does the effort you go to make a difference? (AT2)



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	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Thinking of the Christmas story, who made a similar journey? Why do you think these people made their journey even though it was extremely hard?
Explore and Express Activities	<p>Read 'Why the Chimes Rang' by Raymond MacDonald Alden (attached). Once pupils have heard the story try to explore the ideas with the following questions or similar:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none">1) What do you think was so special about the little brother's gift?2) Why were the gifts the rich people brought not enough to set the chimes ringing?3) Why was Pedro's choice hard to make? Did he do the right thing?4) How is this similar to the story of the snowman?5) What do you think this story tells us about preparing for Christmas during Advent?6) How else can you prepare for Jesus so you give him an extra special 'gift' this Christmas? <p>Catholic Children's Society Appeal Link to what Pedro did for the lady. He put someone's needs before his own. In Advent, Christians try especially hard to help those who are less fortunate so that they are ready to give Jesus a wonderful 'gift' at Christmas. Share the PowerPoint with the children explaining the 'Make Love Your Aim' appeal and sharing the charity's work. Discuss the appeal and how they might be able to contribute.</p> <p>Note - Ideally you need to start this with an empty stable in view as you will see in the PowerPoint. The children can then add the people who should be present as they suggest them.</p> <p>Santons The word means 'little saint'. In France people make these little figures (See pictures below) to put in the crib. They usually start the figures off away from the crib and move them closer each day. These figures however are not the normal ones you might see. They are images of ordinary people from the past and the present. Each of the people carries something important to them so that they can do or give something special to Jesus. What would you give? Children to create a personal santon using clay or salt dough which can be moved closer to the class crib as they journey through Advent growing closer to Jesus.</p>
Prayer	<p>God our Father, Your only son was born with no home and was laid in a manger; fill us with love for all in need. Bless your church as it works for dignity, hope and peace across the world and give us generous hearts as we prepare for your most generous gift to us, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen</p>



Why The Chimes Rang

There was once, in a far-away country, where few people have ever travelled, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city; and every Sunday, as well as on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to its great archways, looking like lines of ants all moving in the same direction.

When you came to the building itself, you found stone columns and dark passages, and a grand entrance leading to the main room of the church. This room was so long that someone standing at the doorway could scarcely see to the other end, where the choir stood by the marble altar. In the farthest corner was the organ; and this organ was so loud that sometimes when it played, the people for miles around would close their shutters and prepare for a great thunderstorm. Altogether, no such church as this was ever seen before, especially when it was lit up for a festival and crowded with people, young and old.

But the strangest thing about the whole building was the wonderful chime of the bells. At one corner of the church was a great grey tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as the eye could see. The tower rose so far into the sky that it was only in very fair weather that any one claimed to be able to see the top. Even then one could not be certain that it was in sight. Up, and up, and up climbed the stones and the ivy; and, as the men who built the church had been dead for hundreds of years, everyone had forgotten how high the tower was supposed to be.

Now all the people knew that at the top of the tower hung enormous bells. They had hung there ever since the church had been built, and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place; others said it was because of the great height, which reached up where the air was clearest and purest: however that might be, no one who had ever heard the chimes denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some described them as sounding like angels far up in the sky; others, as sounding like strange winds singing through the trees.

But the fact was that no one had heard them for years and years. There was an old man living not far from the church, who said that his mother had spoken of hearing them when she was a little girl, and he was the only one who was sure of as much as that. They were Christmas chimes, you see, and were not meant to be played by men or on common days. It was the custom on Christmas Eve for all the people to bring to the church their offerings to the Christ-child; and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there used to come sounding through the music of the choir the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. Some said that the wind rang them, and others that they were so high that the angels could set them swinging. But for many long years they had never been heard.

It was said that people had been growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ-child, and that no offering was brought, great enough to deserve the music of the chimes. Every Christmas Eve the rich people still crowded to the altar, each one trying to bring some better gift than any other, without giving anything that he



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wanted for himself, and the church was crowded with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells might be heard again. But although the service was splendid, and the offerings plenty, only the roar of the wind could be heard, far up in the stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the city, in a little country village, where nothing could be seen of the great church but glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They knew very little about the Christmas chimes, but they had heard of the service in the church on Christmas Eve, and had a secret plan, which they had often talked over when by themselves, to go to see the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear; and I have even heard it said that the Christ-child sometimes comes down to bless the service. What if we could see Him?"

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, with a few lonely snowflakes flying in the air, and a hard white crust on the ground. Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away early in the afternoon; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near their path, and stepped aside to look at it.

It was a poor woman, who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired to get in where she might have found shelter. The soft snow made of a drift a sort of pillow for her, and she would soon be so sound asleep, in the wintry air, that no one could ever waken her again. All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her, even tugging at her arm a little, as though he would have tried to carry her away. He turned her face toward him, so that he could rub some of the snow on it, and when he had looked at her silently a moment he stood up again, and said:

"It's no use, Little Brother. You will have to go on alone."

"Alone?" cried Little Brother. "And you not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro, and he could not keep back a bit of a choking sound in his throat. "See this poor woman. Her face looks like the Mary in the chapel window, and she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. Everyone has gone to the church now, but when you come back you can bring someone to help her. I will rub her to keep her from freezing, and perhaps get her to eat the bun that is left in my pocket."

"But I cannot bear to leave you, and go on alone," said Little Brother.

"Both of us need not miss the service," said Pedro, "and it had better be I than you. You can easily find your way to the church; and you must see and hear everything twice, Little Brother—once for you and once for me. I am sure the Christ-child must know how I should love to come with you and worship Him; and oh! if you get a chance, Little Brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in any one's way, take this little silver piece of mine, and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking. Do not forget where you have left me, and forgive me for not going with you."



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In this way he hurried Little Brother off to the city, and winked hard to keep back the tears, as he heard the crunching footsteps sounding farther and farther away in the twilight. It was pretty hard to lose the music and splendour of the Christmas celebration that he had been planning for so long, and spend the time instead in that lonely place in the snow.

The great church was a wonderful place that night. Every one said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and the thousands of people sang, the walls shook with the sound, and little Pedro, away outside the city wall, felt the earth tremble around him.

At the close of the service came the procession with the offerings to be laid on the altar. Rich men and great men marched proudly up to lay down their gifts to the Christ-child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle. A great writer laid down a book that he had been making for years and years. And last of all walked the king of the country, hoping with all the rest to win for himself the chime of the Christmas bells. There went a great murmur through the church, as the people saw the king take from his head the royal crown, all set with precious stones, and lay it gleaming on the altar, as his offering to the holy Child. "Surely," every one said, "we shall hear the bells now, for nothing like this has ever happened before."

But still only the cold old wind was heard in the tower, and the people shook their heads; and some of them said, as they had before, that they never really believed the story of the chimes, and doubted if they ever rang at all.

The procession was over, and the choir began the closing hymn. Suddenly the organist stopped playing as though he had been shot, and everyone looked at the old minister, who was standing by the altar, holding up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church, but as all the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly, but distinctly, swinging through the air, the sound of the chimes in the tower. So far away, and yet so clear the music seemed—so much sweeter were the notes than anything that had been heard before, rising and falling away up there in the sky, that the people in the church sat for a moment as still as though something held each of them by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together and stared straight at the altar, to see what great gift had awakened the long-silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Little Brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.



Santons

The word means 'little saint'. In France people make these little figures to put in the nativity. They usually start the figures off away from the crib and move them closer each day. These figures however are not the normal ones you might see. They are images of ordinary people from the past and the present. Look at the figures below:



A Fishwife with her fish.



A blacksmith with his tools



**An old woman carrying
firewood**



**A poor man who thinks
he has nothing to give
carries a lantern to help
light the way for others**