



Harvest Festival 'Generosity'

THURSDAY 6TH October 2022

10:20 – 10:40 A.M.





A big thank you to all parents, carers and families for their kindness and generosity during a time when people are under a great deal of financial pressure. The food and household items were donated to Wirral Foodbank.







‘We meet in the presence of God,
who gives us hope.’





On Thursday 6th October 2022, we celebrated Harvest. The service was led by Reverend Christine and Reverend Josie with the children across the school sharing stories, reflections, prayers and hymns on the themes of Generosity and Harvest.



Our images show our Vision Ambassadors helping to begin our celebration by lighting the altar candles and bringing up the bible.

Year 4 and Year 3 presented the story of Johnny Appleseed with Year 4 children using 'readers theatre' and Year 3 using a 'rap' to convey the important message "to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with his God."





APPLE-SEED JOHN

by

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

Subject(s): Chapman, John (1774-1845)

*POOR Johnny was bended well nigh double
With years of toil, and care, and trouble;
But his large old heart still felt the need
Of doing for others some kindly deed.*

*"But what can I do?" old Johnny said:
"I who work so hard for daily bread?
It takes heaps of money to do much good;
I am far too poor to do as I would."*

*The old man sat thinking deeply a while,
Then over his features gleamed a smile,
And he clapped his hands with a boyish glee,
And said to himself: "There's a way for me!"*





*He worked, and he worked with might and main,
But no one knew the plan in his brain.
He took ripe apples in pay for chores,
And carefully cut from them all the cores.*

*He filled a bag full, then wandered away,
And no man saw him for many a day.
With knapsack over his shoulder slung,
He marched along, and whistled or sung.*

*He seemed to roam with no object in view,
Like one who had nothing on earth to do;
But, journeying thus o'er the prairies wide,
He paused now and then, and his bag untied.*





*With pointed cane deep holes he would bore,
And in every hole he placed a core;
Then covered them well, and left them there
In keeping of sunshine, rain, and air.*

*Sometimes for days he waded through grass,
And saw not a living creature pass,
But often, when sinking to sleep in the dark,
He heard the owls hoot and the prairie-dogs bark.*

*Sometimes a log cabin came in view,
Where Johnny was sure to find jobs to do,
By which he gained stores of bread and meat,
And welcome rest for his weary feet.*





*He had full many a story to tell,
And goodly hymns that he sung right well;
And he seemed so hearty, in work or play,
Men, women, and boys all urged him to stay;
But he always said: "I have something to do,
And I must go on to carry it through."*

*The boys, who were sure to follow him round,
Soon found what it was he put in the ground;
And so, as time passed and he travelled on,
Ev'ry one called him "Old Apple-Seed John."*

*Whenever he'd used the whole of his store,
He went into cities and worked for more;
Then he marched back to the wilds again,
And planted seed on hill-side and plain.*





*In cities, some said the old man was crazy;
While others said he was only lazy;
But he took no notice of gibes and jeers,
He knew he was working for future years.*

*He knew that trees would soon abound
Where once a tree could not have been found;
That a flick'ring play of light and shade
Would dance and glimmer along the glade;*

*That blossoming sprays would form fair bowers,
And sprinkle the grass with rosy showers;
And the little seeds his hands had spread,
Would become ripe apples when he was dead.*





*So he kept on traveling far and wide,
Till his old limbs failed him, and he died.
He said at the last: "T is a comfort to feel
I 've done good in the world, though not a great deal."*

*Weary travellers, journeying west,
In the shade of his trees find pleasant rest;
And they often start, with glad surprise,
At the rosy fruit that round them lies.*

*And if they inquire whence came such trees,
Where not a bough once swayed in the breeze,
The answer still comes, as they travel on:
"These trees were planted by Apple-Seed John."*

