



Saint Christina's School Bulletin

Thursday 11th February 2021

Dear Parents,

Well, we have finally arrived at Half Term. It has been long, and I know that everyone that I have spoken to is ready for a rest. I would like to ask everyone, staff and pupil, to log-off their devices tonight and not login again until term restarts in a week. I really do think that we all need as much of a break away from our screens as we can. So please, you have my permission: if you have an assignment to do, do it as quickly as you can and log-off ... and then stay logged off and take a break with a book and not a screen, with a walk and not a Joe Wicks video.

The term has been testing in more ways than just the discomfort of the lock-down. We have lost people we love from the Convent and we have had the worry of members of our own community becoming ill with the virus. Fr Rudolf continues to improve and has made a few cameo appearances in the Year 6 end of day meet-ups. He is very keen to get back and in the saddle, but we do want him to pace himself as he recovers and so we will keep you up to date about when he will officially restart. Mrs Porteous remains off School with the virus and we are keeping her and her family in our thoughts.

The Sisters have included their own thanks further down the bulletin, but I know that they have been really overwhelmed by the lovely gifts, letters and cards that they have been receiving. The candles that Year 6 had made for Sisters Aine and Rufina were beautiful and I know that flowers have been received from across every year group. I think they would just like to give everyone a massive hug, but that will have to wait for now!

This week the children have continued to do some really fantastic work. I have been really impressed with all the work the children have been doing across the School, but I have been particularly pleased with some of the things that Year 6 have been doing in the absence of Fr Rudolf: some of their English work has been outstanding and easily at a level that you might expect in Year 7 and sometimes Year 8 – some examples of their work around Macbeth have been included in the bulletin, but they are not for the squeamish!

Of course, this has not been an easy couple of terms for the Year 6 from the perspective of the 11+. As I have mentioned, many of the things we should have been able to take for granted changed at short notice, but I am pleased to say that the children were amazing. They have shown themselves to be resilient, very measured and incredibly determined. There has been no 'poor me'. There has only been, 'right, let's do it!' and that has made me very proud of them. They have shown great strength of character. Offers from many of the Independent Schools are published this Friday and I know that there is going to be much to celebrate because the children deserve to have their ability recognised. I am looking forward to speaking with all of them tomorrow.

Everyone I know, wherever they live, is weary. This has all gone on for too long. Our brains are hurting, and our emotions are fraying. But you have been amazing, and I count myself blessed to be the Head of such a wonderful community. Thank you for everything you have done to support us as we have worked to serve the children. You have done this whilst juggling so much. And to see the love and compassion your children, the staff and you the parents have demonstrated again and again over this half term, has been humbling.

People say that Saint Christina's is special and Tatler have even described us as 'a hidden gem'. But Saint Christina's really is special and it really is a hidden gem and the children who come here really are blessed with wonderful parents, wonderful teachers and a wonderful start in life. The light at the end of the tunnel is growing and it is not a train! We will be back in School soon. So please switch off the computer and stop if you can. Take a break and rest and we will see you on Monday 22nd February.

"Life is often a desert, it is difficult to walk, but if we trust in God, it can become beautiful and wide as a highway. Never lose hope; continue to believe, always, in spite of everything. Hope opens new horizons, making us capable of dreaming what is not even imaginable." Pope Francis

ABG

Alastair Gloag
Headteacher

Reception Virtual Toy Workshop

Last Friday, Reception took part in a virtual toy workshop hosted by History Off the Page!

We dressed up as some of our favourite toys and characters. Throughout the day we learned about toys from the past; how they were made and played! Most importantly we had the opportunity to make our very own.

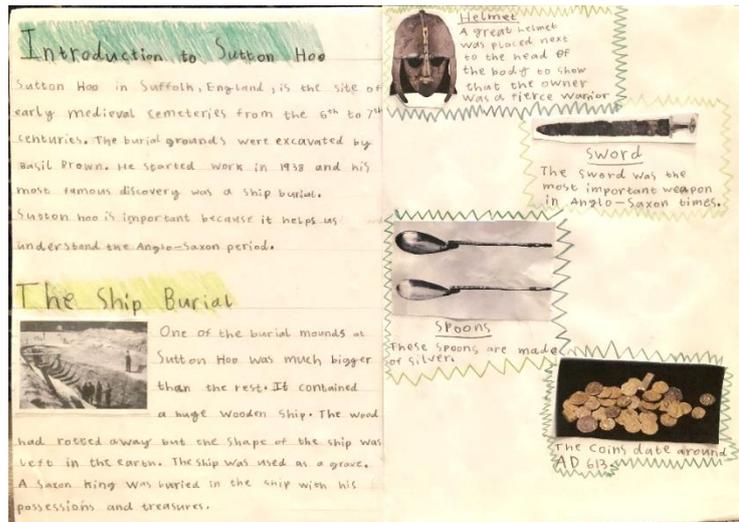
We made split pin teddies, magnetic fish games, spinning tops, a thaumatrope (this was a new one for us too), a football game and wooden peg dolls. Our host, Craig Hatfield, also shared some very funny stories like how to catch a cat!

Miss Nunes and Miss Brennan – Reception Class Teachers



Continuing with their topic in History, Year 3 have been finding out all about Sutton Hoo in Suffolk, which is home to an important Anglo-Saxon archaeological burial site discovered in 1939. Looking at all the evidence which was found there, they had to try and work out who they thought was buried there. They then created a poster about Sutton Hoo.

Ms Sephton – Year 3 Class Teacher



Lunar New Year

This week Reception has been celebrating and learning about the Lunar New Year! We read the story of how the Jade Emperor chose the 12 animals for each year of the zodiac, an eventful race. From this we learned that each year is represented by a different animal. 2021 is the year of the Ox. A year for kindness, strength and perseverance! Children in reception made their own versions of oxen as well as the animals who represent the year they were born, the monkey and the goat. Our week was enriched by contributions from both the Wong and Bonnici families as they shared their songs and traditions!

Gong Xi Fa Cai! Xi Nian Quai Le!

Miss Nunes and Miss Brennan – Reception Class Teachers



Valentine's in Year 2

Year 2 decided to show their friends and family how much they missed them by creating Valentine's Day cards.

They were all very creative and wrote lovely messages to their friend or family member. Year 2 have been asked to send the card or a picture of the card to the person they wrote it for.

Miss McQuillan - Year 2 Class Teacher



Jesus' Miracles

We have been learning about some of the miracles Jesus did which show how powerful Jesus' love for everyone is.

Year 2 have learnt about the miracle Jesus performed when he first met his disciples, how he fed 5,000 people with only five loaves of bread and two fish, and how he cured people with leprosy and a man who was paralysed.

Year 2 wrote about their favourite of these miracles and created a stained glass window drawing to tell the story of this miracle.

Miss McQuillan - Year 2 Class Teacher



Year 5 - Kensuke's Kingdom

Year 5 have continued to enjoy reading Kensuke's Kingdom and this week have written character descriptions of Kensuke. I have been blown away by the progress that the girls have made with their writing. They have thought carefully in this piece of writing to include high level adjectives, power of 3, similes and personification. I hope that you enjoy reading the following examples.

Mrs Ellisdon – Year 5 Teacher

*Kensuke is a short, old and stubby man with long bony arms. Inside his toenails he has a family of bugs living in a disgusting mix of soil, sand and touch of hairs from orangutans that he carries on his hunched back. His hairs on his chin dance in the wind and the chin hairs are accompanied by little patches of white hairs on his slowly peeling scalp. He has red, sunburned skin just like an Irish man that's been sitting in the sun for hours. Inside Kensuke's deep blue eyes you can see a boy splashing in water screaming for help. His mouth never lets out the slightest smile escape his wrinkled, covered with crumbs of years old food mouth. His nose grew him a little "nose hair moustache" that will never be clipped or trimmed and his body is as thin as a pencil with ribs sticking out of his chest. He's as old as a *Desmatochelys padillai* turtle, except older. His legs are flexible and bruised because of all the climbing he does to gather red, delicious and juicy bananas.*

Kensuke likes being in charge and in control. He has no humour whatsoever. He shouts 'Dameda! Dameda!' whenever someone does something he does not like. Whenever he is around people he becomes aggressive and quite scary like a racoon but ten times bigger. Kensuke would have been a dinosaur in a city, with his quick temper and his strange connection with orangutans.

Written by Millicent, Year 5

Kensuke is a feral old man, no larger than your average orangutan. Even if you look at him the first thing that will come into your mind is an orangutan. Kensuke's face is as pale as the sugar white sand next to the sea. His body looks like he has never eaten in his life even though there is so much to eat on the island. His dry black eyes are in a shape that you will never want to move a muscle in your life when he's next to you. His pointy sharp ears make you think of an elf that has come to greet you horribly with presents packaged in seaweed that has already become rotten in the past week or two. Kensuke's green toe nails look as if he just got pushed into a pot full of greenish brownish fungus and straight away dried to the boiling hot sun.

Written by Karile, Year 5

Kensuke is a man with wispy grey hair that jumps on his head all day long. His hands are as shrivelled as raisins. His eyes are like a blazing fire that watches over you drowning in misery. His long beard flows down like a waterfall full of wood shavings, leaves and dirt. He is as tall as an average German shepherd.

He is as feisty as an orangutan. His greeting will usually turn out to be 'Dameda'. He is quite attached to dogs and orangutans. He is stubborn and will not let you light a fire. He is cautious though, as well as being stubborn, he is still soft on the inside and brings Michael and Stella food and water every morning.

He strongly dislikes fire. if he finds you lighting a fire he will destroy whatever you used to light it and what you were lighting.

Written by Marta, Year 5

Kensuke is a short and minuscule, old, wise man with burnt copper skin. He has a beard that flows like a manoeuvring waterfall as the wind dances on it. He has great fiery eyes that make him look fierce and you might mistake him as an orang-utan because of his hunched back! He is bony and dirty and looks like an old crunched leaf. He speaks fluent Japanese and looks wise and pulls a big grumpy face when he sees someone. His feet are wrinkled like an old date. He has bits of fur on him from the monkeys, his breath smells ghastly like he's been eating nothing but dirty bugs. He has got bites all over him from the mosquitoes. He is like a moving skeleton dancing inside him when he sees a human being.

He is not the most sociable person and is very solitary to meet and probably his kindest words are 'Dameda abunai sole wo yanaide kudasai yanaide, dameda dameda!' He is very eerie and when he shouts. It sounds like a terrible nightmare, worst than monsters all whispering in your ear and trying to eat you. He is very grown up and knows what is right and wrong. He is a bit bossy and likes being the boss, however, he can be very stubborn and very, very mysterious and ghostly.

He is friends with the monkeys and mother nature. He is aware of the dangers coming towards him like he is a time traveller from the past knowing everything; he is like a wizard. He is as hard as a rock on the outside but inside he is as soft and as hoppy as a bunny hopping up and down all day long with a smile on his square face!

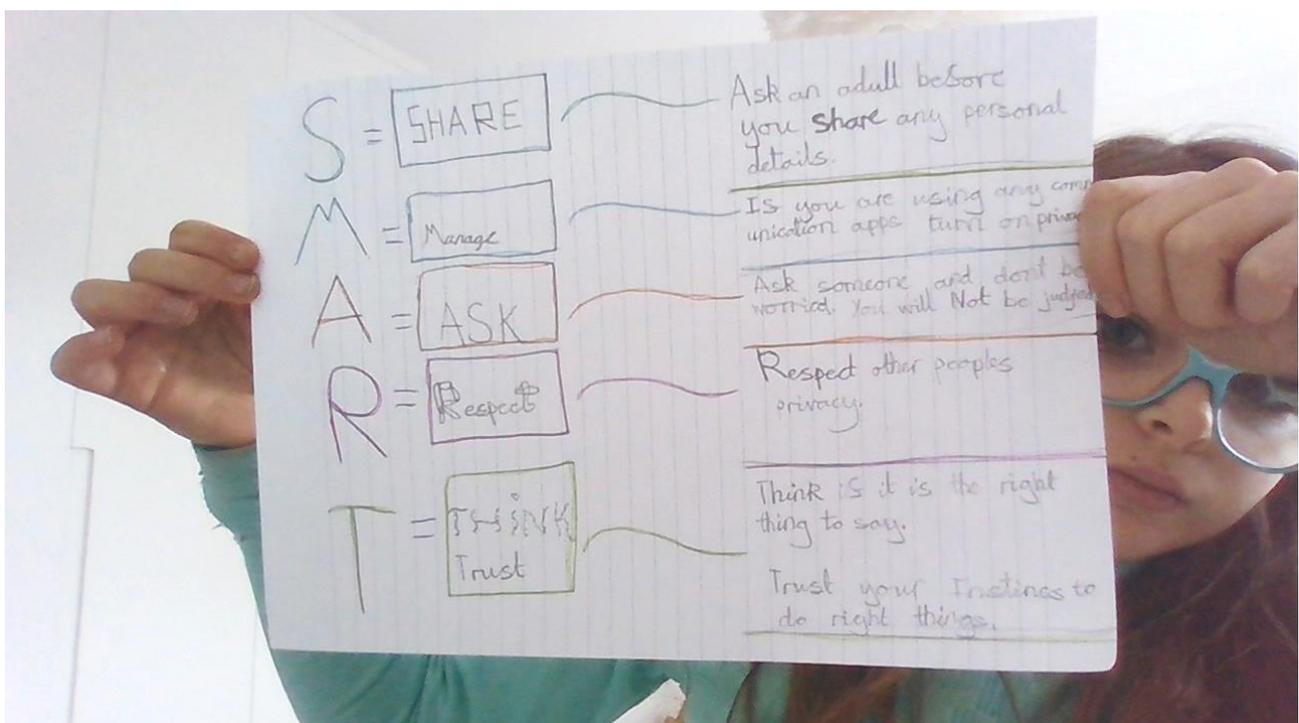
Written by Emily, Year 5

Internet Safety Day

On Tuesday it was Internet Safety Day. Year 5 discussed the importance of staying safe on the internet and what they must be aware of in order to stay safe. This is something that we remind the girls of regularly but it is more important than ever at the moment as the internet is such a huge part of our lives in the current situation.

The girls made posters which we will display in the classroom when we are back in school to remind us how to be 'SMART' online (never share personal details, manage your settings sensibly, ask a trusted adult if you are unsure, respect others, think and trust your instincts).

Mrs Ellidson – Year 5 Teacher



Saint Christina's Expedition to the North Pole!

This half term Year 1 have been learning all about great explorers. This has inspired us to create a challenge for every child at Saint Christina's. We would like Saint Christina's children to go on an expedition together by virtually travelling to the North Pole, raising money for NHS Charities along the way.

We are raising money in gratitude for all that the NHS has done for members of our community: for Sr Noella, Sr Aine and Fr Rudolf when they were in hospital; and for Sr Anne, Sr Margaret, and Sr Rufina at home.

Here's how we plan to get there! The distance from Saint Christina's School to the North Pole is 2,657 miles.

If each child in Key Stage 2 travels 20 miles, in Key Stage 1, 15 miles and EYFS, 10 miles - with a little bit of help from staff we will have reached our goal! You can build up your distance gradually –it doesn't all have to be done in one go!

You can travel by walking, cycling, scootering or you could even swim if this is an option available to you!

We would like each child to travel this distance and kindly ask for sponsorship to do so. When they have travelled the distance please log this in the message box as you donate your sponsorship money into the JustGiving page that you can find on the link below:

<https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/saintchristinas>

Each week we will log how far we have travelled and keep you updated with how we are getting on and how much money we have raised for these wonderful charities.

Let's try and get to the North Pole by the 20th April!

Please email me any photos of you taking part in this challenge so I can add them to the weekly update at dburke@saintchristinas.org.uk

Thank you and good luck on your travels!

Mr Burke – Head of KS1



Your message

This week I ran 20 miles! Good luck fellow travelers!

Your name (optional)
Mr Burke

Hide my name and photo from public view

Continue

Thank you

THANK YOU from the bottom of our hearts to all those who accompanied us as we welcomed Sr Aine and Sr Rufina home to our chapel and as we celebrated their lives and deaths, the following day, at their funeral.

We treasure your loving presence. A special thank you to Mr Hirst and Mr Burke for live streaming and recording the ceremonies so that our families and friends all over the world could join us.

Srs, Margaret, Anne and Noella

Macbeth in Year 6

This half term, Year 6 have been studying Macbeth in their English lessons. All of their writing lessons have been based around different aspects of the play and have encouraged them to think deeper and to analyse meaning in the play. The girls have written in different styles of writing including; character descriptions, setting descriptions, poetry, witches spells, diary writing and written letters from the grave. I am so impressed with the outcomes of the girls writing and I hope you enjoy reading the following few examples.

Mrs Ellisdon – Head of Key Stage 2 & English

Dear Macbeth

Your heart is made of ice. When you murdered me you stared right into my eyes; your eyes charcoal black and lined with malice, as you plunged the blade into my skin as deep as the bottom of the ocean you made my children watch you end my life, you cold-blooded snake. I remember the day as clear as crystal. You came to the castle of fife knocking down our marble white door with a simple kick as strong as a bull making our blood run ice cold, your presence is like unwanted frost on an evergreen tree. You stormed in and demanded where my husband was you threw my youngest child on the floor and stabbed him and out of that scar you made came the flow of fresh apple red blood, I ran to him and cradled him in my arms and you grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and threw him out of the window, with a shriek he fell down into the abyss and with a thud he landed on the grass dead. You monster then you grabbed my little girl by her chocolate brown curls and cut her head clean off with a single swipe of your razor-sharp blade.

Written by Alexia. Year 6

Macbeth,

Everything I thought about you was a lie. Macbeth, what have you done? Trusting those evil witches, and betraying me. Your friend. Your loyal friend. I thought you were confident. I thought you were brave and a fearless warrior. I was wrong. I thought you were loyal, yet, you betrayed me. I admired you and I thought you were determined and a good friend. Why break our friendship? Why? Now that I know everything about you was a lie, you are no longer my friend. You are my enemy, destined to be killed.

The sun has risen, and it was just last night, you decided to betray me. Why? Because you are a coward, Macbeth. A coward. You didn't want me to tell everyone what I thought. Why would I tell everyone? I'm your friend. I was your friend. I trusted you, until you decided to get rid of me. Why would I tell everyone that you killed Duncan? And why kill me? I trusted you. Didn't you think I was loyal? Wasn't I loyal enough? I kept every single word to myself, and yet you decide to make the regretful choice. And you find your trustworthy friend, against you. It is all your fault which you have to fix.

Maybe I should've told everyone. Maybe it would've served you right. Or maybe, you'd die a painful, deserving death. You killed so many innocent people, Macbeth. You'll regret this. Everything is wrong, and you have to make them right. Why can't you be the Macbeth, the one who was fighting fearlessly? Why risk everything and lose everything just for one thing? Why be a king when you can have so many friends and happiness by being a normal person? Being a king doesn't just mean happiness, you have to gain trust, and you are turning away from that. Don't be a coward, Macbeth. Why didn't you trust me? That's what friends are for. Being there, to help you. I didn't say anything, and now, go on, do something good, for me, as a brave friend, do it for Duncan and me.

*Your former friend,
Banquo*

Written by Suzu, Year 6

To Macbeth,

No, I shall not address you by your stolen title, King. You are not a King, you are nothing more than a soldier, a mediocre soldier, a piece of dirt, belonging to the army. A king would not kill an innocent man's children and wife, a King, would not put blood on their hands for no reason. You killed me and my children, and tried to kill my husband, can you imagine how absolutely frightening and unnerving my death was? A sharp banging sounded through the house and I could see through the window that there were your guards, ashen faced and holding daggers and knives. No man can imagine something as sinister they looked, they caught my eye in the window and smiled with pure evil influencing them, giving them strength. My mother taught me of unwanted guests, I think these guards were the exact definition of them. I turned to my children, their facial expressions were horror-stricken. I knew my fate, but in the moment I thought I could save them too, oh how wrong I was, my father taught me of fools, I never understood how much of a fool I was at that moment. I didn't even have to say anything, my children hugged me tight, I kissed their cheeks, told them not to go out, until you heard the door slam shut. They ran for their rooms. I could feel cold tears filling my eyes and an ailing feeling overcame me. It started in my heart and spread like butter on bread around my body, weakening me with every breath, they ran up the stairs and killed me on the spot. In my last sight, the wardrobe opened and my children's piercing screams erupted through the house, I clenched my eyes, praying, hoping this was a dream. It was not. I heard thumps on the floor and a gruff voice saying: 'The deed is done'. Such cruelty, such disloyalty.

Why Macbeth, why? My family and I never did anything to offend you, what was your reasoning? Did you do it for a taste of power? That would be sickening. How dare you kill my children, we did nothing to you, the evil in you has taken over, like a worm in an apple, you are a sick man. Everyone who says they love you or are loyal to you are lying as you were to the former king. How dare you. The King may be what your title is, but what people see you as are two different things. If you had children, you would understand that it is so hard to kill them or to cause them any harm.

You think your murders are the perfect crime, but no. I know you killed the King, I know you killed Banquo and tried to kill his son, but I failed. I wonder how that feels. Oh there is one more thing I know of, you thought it was a secret only you and your wife had. The witches, I know about the witches, but dear Macbeth, did you ever ponder this question, where are they ever on your side? Strange they never told the whole truth to you, right? But they said the word King and you were so, easily manipulated. Oh, poor Macbeth, but what goes around comes around, you killed my family, my husband will get his revenge, I have heard that your wife has 'tragically died'. Now you have no one else to turn to, sad, isn't it? Just remember you are a sick man, you keep digging and digging and digging for treasure, but all you are doing is digging your grave.

Good luck I suppose, but when you finally enter the gates of hell,
Don't let the door hit you on the way!

I hope you rot in hell you snake,

Tata,

Deceased Lady MACDUFF
Message from grave 1267

Written by Lexi, Year 6

THE WITCHES SPELL

***Sneaker off a dead man's toes
Cry of a woman who has nothing to lose
Rotten dead horse's cavity,
Memory of a deathly tragedy.***

***Quid est venire, quod fuit
Not born of a woman's fruit
Quid est venire, quod fuit
To live or die to slaughter or shoot***

***Rotten heart, bloody heel
Slaughtered at noon, electric eel.
Drop of a baby's deafening cry,
Shard of a man's broken heart and sigh.***

***Quid est venire, quod fuit
Not born of a woman's fruit
Quid est venire, quod fuit
To live or die to slaughter or shoot***

Written by Sophia and Nancy, Year 6

KS2 Spring Term House Competition

I am pleased to announce our KS2 Spring Term House Competition and would like to invite the children to write a poem on the theme of 'Spring' and 'Hope'.

The entry requirement for the competition is broad (as with the photography competition in the Autumn Term) so that you will feel free to explore your ideas without too many restrictions.



- ✚ You must submit your poem by Friday 5th March (4pm) to Mrs Ellisdon (lellisdon@saintchristinas.org.uk).
- ✚ Your poem must be no more than 20 lines.
- ✚ Your poem can be of any style of your choice. It can be rhyming or not rhyming.
- ✚ Your poem should follow the theme of 'Spring and looking for Hope' You may or may not wish to include imagery, rhythm and different grammatical features throughout your poem.
- ✚ You should feel free to add illustrations as part of the final presentation of the poem.

The best poems will be published, and all entries will earn points for their House.

I hope that you enjoy the task and I very much look forward to reading your entries.

Mrs Ellisdon – Head of Key Stage 2

Key Dates

Date	Event
Thursday 11 th February	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li data-bbox="517 226 1246 253">• SCHOOL ENDS AT 3.30PM FOR THE HALF-TERM HOLIDAY
Monday 22 nd February	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li data-bbox="517 338 1155 365">• School re-opens to key workers & online learning