

Catherine, Called Birdy

Core G and Language Arts G

Week 23

Creative Expression

A: Dictation Passage

Catherine, Called Birdy | 3rd Day of October, p. 12

"Listen to me, my children," said the old woman then, "do not be like the stupid man. Know where you yourself are. How? By knowing who you are and where you come from. Just as a river by night shines with the reflected light of the moon, so too do you shine with the light of your family, your people, and your God. So you are never far from home, never alone, wherever you go."

Optional: Dictation

Catherine, Called Birdy | 6th Day of December, pp. 50–51

There are no Jews left in England today, Thomas says. By order of the king they have all left the country. I find it hard to believe that the old lady and the little soft-eyed girl who stayed in our hall could be a danger to England. Is it blasphemy to ask God to protect Jews? I will ask Edward.

Or maybe not. Mayhap I will whisper it just to God and trust it is all right. God keep the Jews.

Week 24

Creative Expression

A: Dictation Passage

Catherine, Called Birdy | 22nd Day of February, p. 84

"But, my dear," she went on, "I flap my wings at times, choose my fights carefully, get things done, understand my limitations, trust in God and a few people, and here I am. I survive, and sometimes even enjoy."

She smiled then, a lovely smile except for the cabbage stuck between her only two teeth. "You," she added, "must learn about wings, my dear."

Optional: Dictation

Catherine, Called Birdy | 26th of June, p. 132

Father Huw said Mass and a lot of things about sinners and hellfire and how this should be a mirror to use all for we all shall die and none know when—but nothing about how Perkin's granny had the merriest eyes I ever saw. Or how although she was no bigger than Ralph Littlemouse's youngest, she always had a lap big enough for a crying child. Or how she made the best soul cakes in the village.

Week 25

Creative Expression

Optional: Dictation

Catherine, Called Birdy | 13th Day of August, p. 147

My mother is finally well, thanks be to God, and still carries the child. I might be made to marry by force, but I vow no one could make me have a child! Not only is it dangerous and uncomfortable, the child could grow into Robert. Or Geoffrey. Or Attila the Hun.