

Education as an Art

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MAKE SPELLING A LIVELY EXPERIENCE

By Lisa Dreher Monges

Spelling, often a painful and, at best, abstract experience for little children, may become a living and joyful activity. Convinced of this, the author presents here some of the verses she wrote to this end at the request of a teacher who has put them to successful use in her teaching.

Let the children recite these verses over and over again, stressing the rhythm and the particular sound in question. Let them accompany the recitation with the characteristic movements of eurythmy for the various sounds emphasized, so that the whole being of the child becomes one with the sound. Now proceed to writing the verses, making clear to the children that "this is the way grownups write these words." Then let them read what they have written, and finally let them spell the words.

In this way, the Word which has been experienced by the whole being of the child will not lead a mere shadow existence in his soul, but will become his friend, full of colorful life and vigor.

May these verses be of help and bring joy to many children!

I am poor,
Sighed the loon,
As he looked
At the moon.

The fish has a fin,
The thimble is thin,
The cricket is wicked,
It makes such a din.
It hid in the bin.
How did it get in?
 Look there, over there!
 No, it's not anywhere.

See! O see!
We are free!
Let darkness flee!
We're full of glee!

Far away, far
Twinkles the star.

Warm and cold,
Weak and bold,
Silver and gold,
Give and hold.

Bring me a stick,
I'll teach you a trick,
Quick, quick, quick!

What we say
When we pray
Helps us in our work and play,
Makes us happy, makes us gay,
Everywhere and all the day.

O wonderful O!
I love you so,
With your golden glow,
O glorious O!

Fast and slow,
High and low,
Arrow and bow,
Raven and crow,
Above and below,
To stop and to flow,
To puff and to blow,
To swim and to row,
To dig and to sow,

To live and to grow,
To toss and to throw,
To ask and to know.

Good luck!
Says the woodchuck.
I am big,
Says the pig.
Much too fat,
Says the cat.
How? How?
Asks the cow.
Too much beer,
Cries the steer.
Too many noodles,
Bark the poodles.
Too much jam,
Bleats the lamb.
Much too full,
Roars the bull.
Don't you dare,
Hops the hare.
He's a silly,
Neighs the filly.

Ever so tall,
Ever so small,
Ever so lazy,
Ever so crazy,
Ever so sad,
Ever so bad,
Ever so happy,

Ever so snappy,
Ever so bright,
Ever so light,
 Who are the creatures
 Who have all these features?

Over the rubble
Over the stubble,
The roe-buck escapes
From the hunter's gun.

"I'll lull you to sleep with a lullaby,"
Hummed the bumblebee to the butterfly,
 "But first let us sup
 From this flowery cup,
 Ere the sun goes down
 And the moon comes up."

Shimmering, spark on spark,
Stars shine through the dark.

Winter's deed
On the street
Is a sheet
Of ice and sleet.
Let your feet
Take good heed!

Now, now! said the cow to the sow,
 Don't make such a row!
 Just lift up your brow
 And make a deep bow.
 It's easy, I vow!
How, how? asked the sow of the cow.

The owl with a scowl and a frown
Asked, "Where is my golden crown?
Though the color is brown
Of my feathery gown,
I should be king of this town."

Then the wolf with a terrible howl,
And the fox with a nasty growl,
And the boar with its ugly jowl
Set out on their nightly prowl
And made reply to the owl:

"Although you may scowl and may frown,
We never shall give you a crown,
For whose feathery gown
Is not purple but brown
Can never be king of this town!"

Awful, hateful, and frightful—
Joyful, graceful, delightful.
Sinful, mournful, and fearful—
Truthful, hopeful, and cheerful.
Scornful, shameful, and spiteful——
Healthful, wakeful, and rightful.

Each day we shall learn something new.
Our teacher will know what to do.
I hope our mistakes will be few.

To purr and to purl,
To hurt and to hurl,
To burst and to furl,
To curve and to curl.

To knock at the door,
To turn the knob,
To tie a knot,
To knit a sweater,
To knead the dough,
To sharpen the knife,
To carry a knapsack,
To bend the knees,
Always we know what to do!

You need to be skillful
To skate on the lake,
To ski on the slope,
Not to skid on the ice,
To skip with the rope,
To sketch in the book,
To skim the cream,
And to skin the potatoes.

Listen to the bird!
It could not be heard
While the kitten purred.
Hush! Don't say a word!

To dazzle, to puzzle,
To fizzle, to muzzle,
To sizzle, to nuzzle.
The ship in the dock,
The hands on the clock,
The holes in the sock,
The cracks in the rock,
The frills on the frock,
The sleeves on the smock,
The key in the lock,
The milk in the crock,
The shape of the block,
The comb of the cock,

The harder you mock,
The louder you knock,
The greater the shock!

Whirling, whirring, and whizzing,
The whirlwind whisks up the whitecaps.

We thank the Lord that he gave us our head
To think the thoughts of a thousand things,
That he lets us breathe the life-giving breath,
That he gave us the strength to do work on the earth.