

Waldorf Essentials



Class One

by Melisa & Erik Nielsen

Sigi

Waldorf Essentials

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Melisa Nielsen LLC

Contents

Introduction. 1

- What is the best way to put this book and course to work for you? 1

Rhythm, Parenting and Living 2

- What exactly is this “rhythm” thing? 2
- Sleep window? 3
- Dinner is the Runway for Bedtime 4
- Rhythm of the Day and Week 4
- Let’s Talk about Inner Work 6
- Discipline and Development 7

Festivals 9

The Nature Table 10

Main Lesson Layout & Content 11

- Housekeeping 11
- Three Days or Four 11
- Opening Verses for Classes 1-4 12
- Sample Block Layout 12

Main Lesson Content: Block One - Fairy Tales, Letter Introductions 17

- The Wise Sophia 17
- The Letter M, Simeli Mountain 19
- The Letter V, The Vagabonds 21
- The Letter S, The Six Swans 24
- The Letter T, One Eyes, Two Eyes, Three Eyes 27
- The Letter W, The Fisherman’s Wife 31
- The Letter C, The Poor Miller’s Boy and the Cat 37
- The Letter F, The Lambkin and the Little Fish 40
- The Letter H, Frau Holle 42
- The Letter J, The Water of Life 45
- The Letter B, The Willow Wren and the Bear 49
- The Letter G, The Golden Goose 51
- The Letter K, King Thrushbeard 54
- The Letter D, Hansel and Gretel 57
- The Letter R, Rumpelstiltskin 62
- The Letter L, The Bremen Town Musicians 65
- The Letter N, Spindle, Shuttle and Needle 67

Main Lesson Content: Block Two - Festivals 70

- Michaelmas 70
- All Souls/Halloween 71
- Martinmas 72
- Saint Nicholas 73
- Saint Lucia 73
- Yule 73
- Christmas and Other Holiday Celebrations 74

Main Lesson Content: Block Three - Fairy Tales, Letter Introductions 75

- The Letter P, Princess Mouseskin 75
- The Letter Q, Little Briar Rose 77
- The Letter X, The Spirit in the Bottle 79
- The Letter Y, Sweet Porridge 83
- The Letter Z, The 12 Dancing Princesses 85

Main Lesson Content: Block Four - Introduction to Mathematics 89

- Roman Numerals 89

Main Lesson Content: Block Five - Fairy Tales, Vowel Introductions and Reading 100

- The Letter A, Snow White and Rose Red 100
- The Letter E, The Queen Bee 103
- The Letter I, Snow White 105
- The Letter O, The Crystal Orb 111
- The Letter U, The Mannikin 113

Main Lesson Content: Block Six - Festivals 118

- Three Kings' Day 118
- Candlemas 119
- The Spring Equinox 120
- May Day 120

Main Lesson Content: Block Seven - Mathematics 121

- Review Roman Numerals and Introduction to Number Qualities 121
- Introducing the Four Processes and Whole to Parts Math 129

Main Lesson Content: Block Eight - Nature Stories 139

- Form Drawing Review 139
- How the Seeds Were Scattered 139
- The Trees 143
- The Stones 145

Year End Wrap Up 150

Handwork 151

- Handwork Verses 152
- Math and Nature Table Gnome Patterns 153
- Felt Crown 155
- Finger Knitted/Crocheted Jump Rope 156
- Wash Cloth 157
- Rainbow Ball 158
- Pot Holder 159
- Recorder Case 160
- Pouch with Button Hole 162

Bonus Gnome Story - Cooperation: Many Hands Make Light Work 164

Poems and Verses 166

Jump Rope Verses 170

The Tooth Fairy Song by Jodie Mesler 172

The Knitting Song by Jodie Mesler 172

Resources and Supplies 173

Waldorf Curriculum Chart 174

Opening Verse for Classes 1 -4	Additional Verse for Opening or Closing
<p>The Sun with loving light Makes bright for me each day, The soul with spirit power Gives strength unto my limbs, In sunlight shining clear I revere, Oh God, The strength of humankind, Which Thou so graciously Has planted in my soul, That I with all my might, May love to work and learn. From Thee stream light and strength To Thee rise love and thanks.</p> <p>~ Rudolf Steiner</p>	<p>There lives in me an image Of all that I can be Until I have become it My heart cannot be free.</p>

Sample Block Layout

<p>Block One - Fairy Tales, Letter Introductions</p> <p>9 weeks fairy tales with letter introductions Weekly form drawing</p>	<p>Block Two - Festivals</p> <p>7 weeks festivals with lesson ideas</p>	<p>Block Three - Fairy Tales, Letter Introductions</p> <p>3 weeks fairy tales with letter introductions and review Weekly form drawing</p>
<p>Block Four - Introduction to Mathematics</p> <p>2 weeks Roman numerals</p>	<p>Block Five - Fairy Tales, Vowel Introductions and Reading</p> <p>4 weeks fairy tales with letter introductions and beginning reading Weekly form drawing</p>	<p>Block Six - Festivals</p> <p>4 weeks festivals with lesson ideas</p>
<p>Block Seven - Mathematics</p> <p>4 weeks number qualities and four process introduction 1 week mathematics review Daily reading practice</p>	<p>Block Eight - Nature Stories</p> <p>3 weeks nature stories Form drawing review Daily reading practice</p>	<p>Year End Wrap Up</p> <p>Wrap up and lessons that may have been missed Write your end of year evaluation</p>

Festivals, holidays and breaks should be intermingled throughout the year. Lessons ideas for holiday weeks and festivals are given in Block Two and Block Six. Block Two will cover Michaelmas, All Souls, Martinmas, Saint Nicholas, Saint Lucia, Yule and Christmas. Block Six will cover Three Kings' Day, Candlemas/Brigid, Spring Equinox and May Day.

Week 2: The Letters M and V

This week will begin your regular rotation of one form drawing per week, two letters and two stories. Be sure to discuss the sound of the letter. See how many words in print you can find that have the same letter and sound. Practice writing the letter and remember, we begin with crayons in first grade and move toward colored pencil as we move into second grade.



The Letter M, Simeli Mountain, Part 1

After a full day of journeying, the family set up camp near a mountain. Joseph built a fire and Ben helped him pitch their tent. Once settled, Katie would receive her first lesson. Joseph would teach her about the letter M. He began to tell the magical story of “Simeli Mountain.”

Simeli Mountain, edited by Gerhard Siepker

There were once two brothers, one rich and the other poor. The rich one, however, gave nothing to the poor one, and he gained a scanty living by trading in corn, and the poor brother often did so badly that he had no bread for his wife and children.

One day when he was wheeling a barrow through the forest he saw, on one side of him, a great, bare, mountain, and as he had never seen it before, he stood still and stared at it with amazement. While he was thus standing he saw twelve great, wild men coming towards him, and as he believed they were robbers, he pushed his barrow into the thicket, climbed up a tree, and waited to see what would happen. The twelve men went to the mountain and cried, “Semsli Mountain, Semsli Mountain, open!” and immediately the barren mountain opened down the middle. The twelve went into it, and as soon as they were within, it shut. After a short time, however, it opened again, and the men came forth carrying heavy sacks on their shoulders. When they were all once more in the daylight, they said, “Semsli Mountain, Semsli Mountain, shut thyself.” Then the mountain closed together, and there was no longer any entrance to be seen to it, and the twelve went away.

When they were quite out of sight the poor man got down from the tree and was curious to know what really was secretly hidden in the mountain. So he went up to it and said, “Semsi Mountain, Semsi Mountain, open!” and the mountain opened to him also. He went inside, and the whole mountain was a cavern full of silver and gold, and behind lay great piles of pearls and sparkling jewels, heaped up like corn. The poor man hardly knew what to do, and whether he might take any of these treasures for himself or not, but at last he filled his pockets with gold and left the pearls and precious stones where they were. When he came out again he also said, “Semsi Mountain, Semsi Mountain, shut thyself,” and the mountain closed itself, and he went home with his barrow. Now he had no more cause for anxiety. He could buy bread for his wife and children with his gold and had extra for wine. He lived joyously and uprightly, gave help to the poor, and did good where he could.



When the money came to an end he went to his brother and borrowed a cart so he could haul more from the mountain. He still did not touch any of the most valuable things. After a time he had made three trips with his brother’s cart to the mountain. The rich man could not figure out how his brother’s fortune had changed, and had become envious of his brother’s possessions and comfortable way of life. He also wondered what his brother needed with his cart. He thought of a cunning trick, and covered the bottom of the cart with pitch. When he got the cart back, a piece of money was sticking in it. He went at once to his brother and asked him, “What have you been hauling in my cart?”

“Corn and barley,” said the other. The rich brother showed him the piece of money, and threatened that if his brother did not tell the truth he would turn him in to the authorities. The poor man then told him everything just as it had happened.

The rich man decided he would take better advantage of the mountain's treasures. When he came to the mountain he cried, "Semsi Mountain, Semsi Mountain, open!" The mountain opened, and he went inside it. There lay the treasures all before him, and for a long time he did not know where to start. He greedily grabbed as many precious stones as he could carry. He wished to carry his burden outside, but, as his heart and soul were entirely full of the treasures, he had forgotten the name of the mountain and cried, "Simeli Mountain, Simeli Mountain, open!" That was not the right name, and the mountain never stirred, but remained shut. He was alarmed, but the longer he thought about it the greater his confusion, and his treasures did him little good. In the evening the mountain opened, and the twelve robbers came in. When they saw him they laughed and cried out, "Fool! Did you think you could keep coming back and we wouldn't catch you?" Then he cried, "It was not I, it was my brother!" The rich man begged for his life, but the robbers, satisfied that they had caught their man kept him as their prisoner! THE END.

With that, Joseph tucked Ben and Katie into their sleeping bags and the family drifted off to sleep.

After the story, draw or paint from it; you can use our picture as a guide. Also, practice the letter M.

The Letter M, Simeli Mountain, Part 2

Have your child retell the story and together write a short summary. Remember that many children are not ready to write at this stage, so you may have to write it in their lesson book for them. Practice drawing the letter M and making M sounds. Also, this gives the opportunity to look at landscapes and a bit of world geography. If you live near the mountains and it is possible to go enjoy the beauty of them for the afternoon, take a picnic and go on a road trip. I might say things like "I wonder if Mt. Semsi was as beautiful as our mountain?"

The Letter V, The Vagabonds, Part 1

The morning sun peeked over the mountain and the family made a breakfast over the fire of corn cakes and milk thanks to Nanny who cheerfully let Ben milk her. Katie woke with chatter, making the sound of the letter M all day during their walking, until the family found a great valley camp near. Joseph searched for the same spot that he had found when he came with Ben three years before, and after searching a bit found the marker he had left for himself. The family would make a more permanent camp here that would house them for the next few months as Katie continued to learn the lessons she needed to know before receiving the Gift. Upon finding the right spot, he and the children began to unload their handcart and build their camp. That evening Katie learned about the letter V. Joseph told her the story of "The Vagabonds."

The Vagabonds, edited by Melisa Nielsen

The rooster said to the hen, "It is harvest time. Let's go to the mountains and have a good feast for once, before the squirrels come and carry all the nuts away."

"Yes," answered the hen, "come along. We will have a great time." Soon, they set off to the mountains, and it was a fine day. They stayed there until the evening. Now whether it was that they had eaten so much or because of their pride and haughtiness I do not know, but they would not go home on foot, so the rooster set to work to make a little carriage out of nutshells. When it was ready, the hen seated herself in it and said to the rooster, "Now you can harness yourself to it."

"That's all well and good," said the rooster. I would sooner go home on foot than do such a thing, and I never agreed to it. I don't mind being coachman, and sitting on the box, but as to pulling it myself, it's quite out of the question."

As they quarreled, a duck came quacking, "You thieving vagabonds, who told you you can come to my mountain? Look out, or it will be the worse for you!" and she flew at the rooster with bill wide open.

But the rooster held his ground and struck the duck, and hacked at her with his spurs so valiantly that she begged for mercy and willingly allowed herself to be harnessed to the carriage. Then the rooster seated himself on the box and was coachman, so off they went at a great pace, the rooster crying out, "Run, duck, as fast as you can!"

Block Two - Festivals

These are intentionally set into their own block for the first portion of the Northern Hemisphere school year. If you are in the Southern Hemisphere, you'll likely also be working on some of the weeks in Block Six which is the second festival block. Put these weeks where appropriate in your plans. Make these festival weeks fun for your family. We have more information on festivals, including stories, in the Thinking Feeling Willing program. You can also come to Office Hours and get ideas from our coaches and others in the community.

Week 1 - Michaelmas

This might be my favorite festival - but I will say that again about something else! I love all the festivals! While the slaying of dragons is often seen as a game for the children, for us adults we have the opportunity to do a good deal of inner work at this time. What dragons do you need to slay or set free?

Some writing practice for the week:

Brave Saint Michael is my guide,
As free and fearless forth I ride.
With courage of Saint George of old,
I dare to fight fierce dragons bold.

This painting suggestion is likely too advanced for your first grader, but it would be fun for you to try. Bring them a more simple version or just encourage them to paint dragons.



Block Four - Introduction to Mathematics

Week 1: Roman Numerals

These riddles are intended to be given one at a time over the period of two weeks. Take your time with them. Consider drawing, painting or modeling from each one.

The next morning Joseph woke the children early. The sun was just rising and Roak was already at the little hut to guide his friends up the mountain to Sophia's cave. The night before Joseph secretly packed all they would need for the day's hike so he could surprise the children when they got up. Katie was so excited to leave that she ran to the stream to wash up for their trip. She wanted to look her best for Sophia so she put on her best apron and her whitest stockings, laced up her shoes and was all ready before Ben was even out of bed. She jumped and shouted for Ben to hurry up. Soon the family and their guide were ready to leave. Joseph put a lead on Nanny and off they went.

The group circled around the mountain and as they walked they all helped Katie recite her sounds so she would be ready to tell them to Sophia. After hours of travel they finally arrived at the cave. Roak left his friends standing outside while he went in to see if the wise old woman was home. Katie's belly was full of butterflies as she waited in anticipation. Ben was excited, too. He wanted to tell Sophia about all the wonderful books he had read since he received the Gift, and Joseph was looking forward to a nice warm bowl of potato stew, for the old woman could make stews and soups even better than his mother or wife.

Before long a beautiful old woman was at the entrance of the cave. Her hair was long and white. She carried with her a magical walking stick that was carved from an enchanted oak tree. She welcomed her guests and brought them into the cave to warm themselves by the fire. She scooped each one of them a bowl of soup rich with potatoes and carrots and gave them each a slice of bread. Katie had already collected a jug of milk from Nanny for them all to drink and poured them each a cup full. The friends feasted around the fire while Katie recited for the old woman each one of the letters her father had taught her. When she was finished, the beautiful woman gave Katie a big hug and began to tell her of the riddles she would have to solve before she could finally receive the Gift. The riddles could only be given by a special little being, the Gnome King. Sophia pointed to a curious little door in her cave, carved to look like crystals with a beautiful crystal knocker that blended into the door so much it was hard to see. It was much too small for any of them to fit through, so they had to knock and hope that the Gnome King would answer and come out. With caution Katie walked to the door and carefully used the knocker to knock. To her delight the sound made was like beautiful music. At once, as if waiting for her, the door swung open and a cute little gnome, no bigger than two feet, three inches tall answered it. He was wearing a beautiful crown with jewels on it that was so small Katie could have worn it for a bracelet. He also wore a snow white robe and cloak as he stepped into Sophia's cave, and he shone as bright as the sun. Katie tried to peek through his door to the world beyond but the Gnome King was too quick and shut the door before she had a chance to see what was there.

The First Riddle

The Gnome King greeted and introduced himself as "The Great and Wise King Equals." Katie curtsied. Without delay King Equals began:

"Since you have knocked on my door, you must be here for the keys of heaven to unlock your Gift. These keys I will give you if you can answer my riddles."

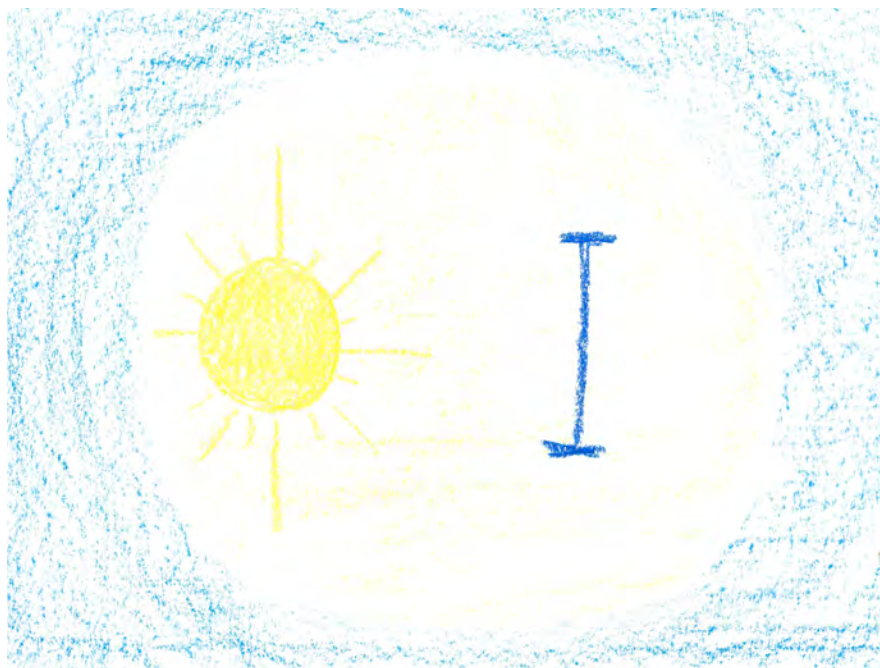
The first riddle goes like this:

I live in the sky
Up far away
I brighten the earth
I bring light to our days
And each night when the day is done
You will be sure I am the only one.

What am I?
(The Sun, and the Roman numeral I)



Your main lesson book might have a drawing of the sun or moon or your child. By this time your child should be able to write some short sentences, even something as simple as “Our sun is I.” This may seem like a short lesson – it is meant to be. Toss bean bags in preparation for bean bag math, work on counting together, marching or skipping rope. Remember that it is natural for children learning to count to have trouble with the teens (13, 14, 15, etc.) as they don’t sound in English like the other numbers do. Some have found it helpful to teach them to count “10 and 1, 10 and 2, 10 and 3, etc.” all the way to twenty when the numbers begin to sound like the first then again (21, 22, 23, etc.) These sorts of activities will fill in the gaps as they work up to harder math that will come once the processes are introduced in later lessons. Also, remember hopscotch? This is a good time to introduce it! It is a counting activity.



The Second Riddle

The next riddle goes like this:

For me and you
We each have two
It's not our feet
Or hands to eat
Our legs are strong
But that too is wrong
Our arms are bold
But this we cannot hold
With these you see with so much glee

What am I?
(The eyes and the Roman numeral II)

What else comes in twos? Spend some time drawing together or baking things in twos, e.g., two loaves of bread. Again, simple writing like “My eyes together are II.”

Block Five - Fairy Tales, Vowel Introductions and Reading

The Letters A and E

Remember to bring those short vowel sounds and combine them with the consonants. Do not get discouraged if your child doesn't get it right away. Take the time to watch Reading, Writing and Spelling in the curriculum course and please come to Office Hours for support.

The Letter A, Snow White and Rose Red, Part 1

Katie was very pleased with herself as she answered the last riddle. The Gnome King and everyone in the room also had a proud look on their faces. King Equals walked back to the tiny crystal door, turned the knob and opened it. Finally Katie could get a glimpse into the little room beyond the door. Several tiny little gnomes were running about like they were busily doing tasks. A young gnome with no beard met the king and handed him a golden key ring.

"Thank you, Super Sam," the king said to the gnome and then he quickly disappeared into the sea of other busy gnomes.

King Equals held up the key ring and Katie could see that there were five golden keys. Each one shone with the same brightness as the king. Equals pointed out five holes in the walls of Sophia's cave and told Katie that these were five very special doors, and once she unlocked them all, the Gift would appear. Upon looking closely at the keys, Katie noticed that each one had a different symbol on it. They were the same numbers she had just learned from King Equals! The first one was the Roman numeral I, the next one II, III, IV and V. She saw that the little holes in the walls were also numbered.

Katie took the first key and inserted it into the first hole. Magically came the sound "ahhh ahh ahh ... ahhh, ahhh, ahhh." A being of light so bright she had to shield herself appeared and said, "I am the archangel Michael, chief of all the angels in heaven. You have unlocked my door; you must be here to learn the first angel sound." (Make the sounds of the letter A for your child) Michael then told the story of "Snow White and Rose Red." With delight, Katie recited for Michael all the words she could now read because she had the first part of the Gift. She thanked Michael and shut the door.

Snow-White and Rose-Red, edited by Melisa Nielsen

A poor widow once lived in a little cottage. In front of the cottage was a garden in which were growing two rose trees. One of these bore white roses, and the other red.

The widow had two children who resembled the rose trees. One was called Snow-White, and the other Rose-Red. Snow-White was gentle, and quieter than her sister. Rose-Red loved to skip in the fields, looking for flowers and chatting with the birds. Snow-White enjoyed staying at home with her mother, helping with the chores or reading. The two children loved each other very much. They were always seen holding hands and looking out for each other. They ran together in the woods, collecting berries and talking to the animals. They never feared, for all the animals were kind to them and protected them. At times the sisters would sleep in the woods, and never worried for their safety.

Once, when they had spent the night in the woods and the bright sunrise awoke them, they saw a beautiful angel in a snow-white robe, shining like diamonds, sitting close to the spot where they had been sleeping. The angel arose when they opened their eyes and looked kindly at them, but said no word and passed from their sight into the wood. When the children looked around they saw they had been sleeping on the edge of a cliff, and would surely have fallen over if they had gone forward two steps further in the darkness. Their mother said the beautiful angel must have been keeping watch over them.

In the summer Rose-Red attended to the house, and every morning, before her mother awoke, placed by her bed a bouquet which had in it a rose from each of the rose-trees. In winter-time Snow-White set light to the fire, and put on the kettle after polishing it until it was like gold for brightness. In the evening, when snow was falling, her mother would ask her to bolt the door, and then, sitting by the hearth, the good widow would read aloud to the girls while they were spinning.

One evening, as they were all sitting together, there was a knock at the door. "Quickly, girls!" said their mother; "Open the door; it is surely some traveller seeking shelter." Rose-Red accordingly pulled open the door, expecting to see some poor man. But it instead was a bear! For a quick moment, Rose-Red and Snow-White jumped in alarm.

The bear began speaking, and said, "Do not be afraid; I will not do you any harm; I am half-frozen and would like to warm myself a little at your fire."

"Poor bear!" the mother replied. "Come in and lie by the fire." Snow-White and Rose-Red, seeing that the bear was kind, came close.

"Children," asked the bear; "knock some of the snow off my coat." So they brought the broom and brushed the bear's coat quite clean. The bear stretched himself out in front of the fire and was content for the girls to comb him as he told them stories about living in the forest.

The bear was allowed to sleep each night by the hearth, and in the morning the girls let him out into the woods. This continued all winter long.

When spring came, and the flowers began to bloom and the snow melted from the hilltops, one morning the bear said to his sweet playmates, "Now I must leave you, and all the summer long I will not be able to come back."

"Where are you going, dear Bear?" asked Snow-White.

"I am going to the woods to protect my treasure from the naughty dwarfs. In winter, when the ground is frozen hard, the dwarfs cannot get to my treasure, but as the snow melts and the ground thaws, they come and take whatever they can and carry it off to their caves."

Snow-White and Rose-Red were very sad when they said goodbye to their friend. As he left their home, a piece of fur got caught on a hook, and they were sure they could see something golden on his skin. The bear moved so quickly that before they knew it, he was hidden in the forest.

One day the girls went to the forest for kindling. They found a big tree lying on the ground. Near the roots they noticed what looked like a little man jumping about looking angry. As they got closer to the little man, they noticed he was a dwarf. They began to be cautious as the bear had told them many stories about how tricky these creatures could be. Being the kind girls that they were, they wanted to help him in his anger. It appeared that his long beard was caught in the tree roots. He stared at the children with his red, fiery eyes, and called out, "Why are you standing there? Can't you come and try to help me?"

"What happened?" inquired Rose-Red.

"Stupid, inquisitive goose!" replied the dwarf; "I meant to cut down the tree so I could have kindling and logs for my home. We do not eat as much food as you greedy humans do. As I was striking the tree, my beard became stuck and I cannot free myself. You stupid pale-faced creatures! You laugh, do you?"

The girls were trying very hard to be kind and not to laugh, but the little man was so angry and bouncing about and he looked like a grasshopper in the grass. After composing themselves and apologizing for the laughter, the girls tried to solve his problem.

"I will run and get someone else," said Rose-Red.

"Idiot!" cried the angry dwarf. "We do not need more people! There are already more people here than need to be! Don't you have any better ideas?"

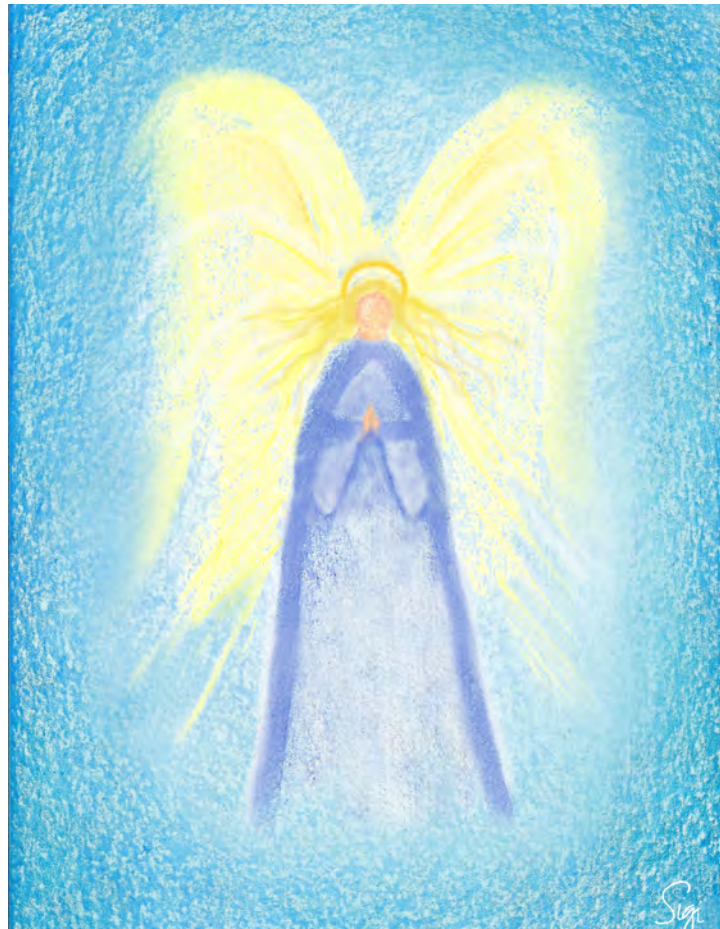
"Goodness, you are impatient," said Snow-White. "I have an idea, but it will mean I have to trim your beard." Snow-White often carried sewing supplies in her apron in case they needed them while on their adventures through the woods. She had mended dresses caught on tree limbs and bonnets torn while crawling under the bramble. Today she would use the scissors to snip off the end of the dwarf's beard. Quick as a wink, once freed the grumpy dwarf yelled

at the girls for cutting his beard and then grabbed a sack of gold from the tree roots and ran off, almost as if he were running from someone.

Not long afterwards the two sisters decided to go fishing. Their mother loved fresh fish for dinner and they wanted to bring some home as a surprise. As they approached the brook, they saw something curious. Here was the dwarf again now in another fix. He looked like he was about to dive into the water.

"Where are you going?" said Rose-Red. "Are you going into the water?"

"I'm not such a simpleton as that!" yelled the little man. "Don't you see that the fish is pulling me in?"



The dwarf had been fishing on the side of the brook and his beard got tangled with his fishing line. At that moment a fish took his bait and was pulling the dwarf this way and that. The sisters tried to hold him and set him free but couldn't. Again Snow-White took out her mending scissors and snipped off the tangled beard. This time the dwarf was even more angry.

"Again you have damaged my beard! First you make it shorter and now even smaller. I will be a disgrace around my other dwarf friends. I wish you had not crossed my path today!" Then the girls noticed that he grabbed a sack of pearls that lay among the tall grasses and off he ran, again, like he was being chased. The girls caught some fish and took it home to their mother.

could make certain parts of this beautiful whole work. I think of those root children working with the flowers and Mother Nature to keep things vibrant on the surface but then I think about the little folks that work behind the scenes...not unlike us as mothers...making sure that things get done, the seed babies get put to bed in the fall, they get woken and replanted in the spring, they help the minerals push forth to the surface to give us beautiful stones, all manner of things these gnomes must do to keep life moving along... putting them in charge of the sacred nature of math is natural to me as they come together to help the whole. Don't take my word for it, though! If you prefer squirrels and nuts to gnomes and gems then by all means do that! This is about YOUR dance, not mine! I will show you how I bring it forth; you must decide how to do it for your family.

Now of course, the other question I get is "Do you teach higher math through gnomes?" I supposed you could find a way, but no. This line of story thinking is really present until about the changes that happen around age nine. Your child will let you know when the gnomes are no longer needed, and they will transition on their own and be able to have higher capacities for thinking because you allowed the gift of analyzing to blossom when they were young. I do remember trying to explain something using gnomes to my middle son at age nine and he looked at me like I was from Mars! He proudly told me that was for babies and that he didn't need them anymore, although I caught him listening to his younger sister's math lesson with much joy.

Remember that the subjects brought forth in Waldorf education are taught in lesson blocks; math is no different. Children at this age will not be working on daily math in the form of written practice. This doesn't begin until about Grade Four. It is, however, entirely appropriate and necessary to practice math in movement daily through marching, bean bag tossing and other such games.

For the next lessons you will want to get some "jewels" to help with counting. Flat marbles will do and they are so colorful, making this a fun journey. Take good care of them; you will need them for a few years.

Back to our stories.

Remember how we said that Super Sam was a Number Gnome? Well, there are many Number Gnomes in The Kingdom of Numbers. Many of them have different jobs. Sam is new to his job, so he spends his days learning all he can about numbers, their history and all the ways to count. He has other friends who have been Number Gnomes for a long time, and some of them have special jobs. One of the special jobs in the Kingdom of Numbers is to be a Four Process Math Gnome. These gnomes help us take all the numbers and give them order or help us know how much or how many something is. This is one of their stories.

The Four Processes, Part 1 - The Math Gnome Story

Before you begin, read through the story and decide just how much each gnome will bring, and you could certainly use the premise of this story for a couple of days and see all the ways to get to 48, but you will likely have to help.

King Equals needs precious stones for trading all over the world and for energetic use to help with the sick. With so many people in the world, the mining gnomes work hard to do their part. Each day the mining gnomes pile their jewels at the front end of the caves so that our four new friends, the Four Process Gnomes, can gather them. Their names are Plus, Minus, Times and Divided By (you can call her Divide!) They each have different personalities.

Plus is a jolly gnome most of the time; he doesn't move very fast unless he's motivated by something to collect. It's a good thing that his calling is as a Math Gnome! He loves to add things together and sing $1 + 1 + 1$ are 3 and 3 more are 6! and so on. His cloak color is green.

Minus is a sad little gnome, grumpy much of the time – he talks and talks to all his friends but it's usually a whine. You see, Minus is thin and his blue robes tend to hang and so he ends up tripping and making holes again and again. One day his hat fell off and he tripped on that, too; thankfully his dear friend Times was there to mend it. Now each day when he goes to work the others just hear him groan because his pockets and bags all have holes in them, and so he rarely has jewels of his own.

Now this gnome is Times; she is smaller than the others but the cheeriest of all! Her color is as bright as the morning sun. She loves everyone she meets and is almost always looking for ways to help them. She does her job as a Math Gnome very well. She only has one flaw...she likes to be moving from one job to the next so quickly that sometimes she's like a butterfly and cannot sit still! She gathers her jewels early each day so she can run off to play.

Our last gnome is Divided By, but everyone calls her Divide. She is nice and bright, too, and her cloak color is red. She tends to be bossy at times but has a sweet heart and just cannot stand to listen to Minus carry on, so she is always sharing what she has collected in the mining caves with him.

Now each day King Equals expects that each of his Four Process Gnomes will bring him just what he needs to run the kingdom. He has asked that they each bring him 12 jewels for a total of 48 each day. He knows his gnomes well, for he knows that Plus and Times will bring him more than they need to, but that is okay because Minus won't bring nearly enough without the help of Divide.

Plus is the first gnome to report back to the king. At first he tries to only hand the king 12 jewels, but the king can see the pockets and pouches under Plus' cloak are bulging and so he turns Plus upside down and gives him a good shake. Out pop 2...4...6 more jewels! So how many did Plus bring? Yes, 18! Plus thanks the king for keeping him honest and goes about his merry way counting all he can. Hmmm...chocolate sounds good to count, he thinks as he walks off to the gnome candy shop.

Times is next to report to the king. She lights up the room with her smile. Before the king can ask her, she gladly hands over her bag to him. Of course we know that she likes to get her job done quickly, but she did get a little distracted while talking to one of the mining gnomes so she had to hurry. Today she counted in haste 3 times 2 are 6 AND 2 times 4 are 8 AND 2 times 2 are 4. She also brought 18 jewels to the king. He thanked her and off she went on her way to bring cheer to others.

Divide and Minus come in together, arguing just a bit. Divide was reminding Minus to repair his robes so that he could bring the king what he needed and Minus was getting mad. The king cleared his throat, and the two gnomes turned to him to apologize and compose themselves. Now remember, the king needs 48 jewels; he already has 36 so between Divide and Minus they only need 12. Minus only had two jewels in his hand and sheepishly handed them to the king and then in an angry voice said, "If she would just share with me some more then I would have more than two for you."

"Now, now" said the king, "if you would only repair your robes then you would not need Divide to share. I know you are a wonderful Process Gnome, for only my smartest Math Gnomes can have your jobs. Please take the time, my child, and go fix your robes."

Divide handed over her sack of jewels with a bossy flare. "I would have had more if it wasn't for him!" she announced.

"Now Divide, I know you are kind as well as organized; that is why you have this job. Thank you for sharing with Minus; he needs you. Now perhaps you could go find Times and get a hug from her to brighten up your day," said the king.

The king counted out Divide's bag and sure enough, his gnomes came through once again. There were 10 jewels in her bag. He bid them a good day and called for the treasury gnomes to come and take away the jewels of the day.

The Four Processes, Part 2 - Focus on Plus

Today you will want to reinforce the concepts learned in yesterday's lesson. There are so many ways to do this! I like to give the gnomes a chance to go for a walk; some days they go together and some days not. I will give you a couple of scenarios in the following lessons and you can always make up more if you need to. I think you will find that most children want to have more and more gnome stories, so get ready!

Today let's have Plus go alone. Your main lesson page may look something like our picture. Notice I added some writing to it as well as some math problems. I would write it all in your main lesson book; they can do a two page spread with the verse on one side and the math problems on the other. I would include some practice as well. The verses come from Harrer's book *Math Lessons for Elementary Grades* and she adapted them from verses written by Margaret Peckham.



Now you may look at this lesson and notice it isn't whole to parts! You might be saying, "Melisa, you told me that Steiner says it has to be whole to parts!" No worries! We worked from the whole (48) down to the parts with yesterday's work, but today we are dealing with Plus. By his very nature he is a greedy little synthesizer! He adds to his materialism constantly; he is a perfect example of what Steiner meant. Balance out today's work with whole to parts practice tomorrow! Some further writing for today might be to write the names associated with Plus. He is also known as Addition, but usually only his mother calls him that ("Plus Addition, get in here!") Point out that when Plus adds things together they are called "sums." You don't have to worry too much about making them memorize it just yet; I do like to make colorful signs for the schoolroom space, using recycled water color paintings for backgrounds and writing different "rules" as we come across them. It does help to have them write it, too.

When Plus adds things together they are called sums.

The Four Processes, Part 3 - Whole to Parts Practice

Today let's get back to reinforcing whole to parts. Start with a number like 12. How many ways can you make 12? Show your child that by using all the processes you can easily see all the sides of 12. What happens if you divide up 12? You could divide it into many different piles. Using your jewels and Divide, see how many different ways you can divide up 12 and then using Times and Plus see all the ways you can get back to 12. How about using Minus; what happens if you begin to take things away from 12?

For your main lesson book you can have your child draw all the gnomes and then all the ways you thought of to play with 12.

Block Eight - Nature Stories

These stories have graciously been lent to us by Roberto Trostli, an amazing Waldorf science teacher who has a wonderful ability to captivate through story. They are part of a larger work of his called Stories for 1st and 2nd Grades.

Form Drawing Review

We'll take one day each week during this last block to review form drawing. Start from the beginning of the forms and work through a few each week. Have fun drawing them with chalk in your yard or practicing them on a chalkboard. See how much your child has changed from the beginning of the school year!

How the Seeds Were Scattered, Part 1

When we walk by a farm, we see neat gardens of vegetables, fields of grains all planted in straight furrows, and orderly orchards with their rows of trees. Each plant has its place among others of its kind. How is it then, when we walk through the woodlands and meadows that the plants grow all together, mixed together, topsy turvy? It wasn't always this way...

Long, long ago, when the earth was young, Mother Nature's garden was neater, more orderly than the best kept farm. In the forests, trees were planted in neat stands. Oaks grew in great groves, pines soared skyward in straight rows; there were stands of maple, beech, spruce and hemlock, each growing among its own kind. The forest clearings were lined with borders of ferns and mosses, with bunches of sweet violets at each corner. The meadows, too, had been carefully planned. In one only goldenrod grew, in another only chicory; there were meadows entirely of daisies stretching in a sea of white and others of asters rippling in purple waves. The byways were lined with blackberry blossoms, and here and there were clumps of wild roses. Every place on the earth displayed Mother Nature's love and care. For years, the plants thrived and grew; all was at peace, until...

One day, a restless daisy turned to her neighbor and said, "I wish I could move away! I'm tired of all this daisy talk! Don't you wish you could see more of the world?"

"Yes," answered her friend. "Much as I like living among my friends and relations, I'm ready for a change, but what can we do?"

"I don't know," answered the first daisy, "but I'm not willing to remain here forever." Some other daisies overheard what they said, and soon the field was a-whisper with talk of moving away, seeing the world, and making new friends.

Mother Nature overheard their talk and was sad. She could not bear for any of her children to be unhappy. "What can be done?" she wondered. "They cannot move. All the plants have their appointed places in my garden. I will ask Father Sun. Perhaps he will give me some good advice."

The next morning Mother Nature went to Father Sun and told him what she had heard. "What can I do?" she asked..

"Don't do a thing," Father Sun replied. "Leave them alone and they will soon forget their troubles."

But the daisies didn't forget. They spoke of nothing else, and soon the goldenrod and the chicory in the neighboring fields were also talking of moving away and seeing the world. Mother Nature overheard their talk and thought, "I must do something. I will ask Sister Rain. Perhaps she will give me some good advice."

That afternoon Mother Nature went to Sister Rain and told her what she had heard. Sister Rain remained lost in thought for a long time. Finally she said, "I'm so sorry to hear that the flowers are unhappy. But what can be done? You can't transplant them all. I'm afraid they will simply have to stay where they are and accept their lot."

The next day, as Mother Nature roamed over the earth, she heard nothing but eager talk of the future and far off places. "I must do something," she thought. "I will ask Brother Wind. Perhaps he will give me some good advice."

That evening Mother Nature went to Brother Wind and told him what she had heard. Hardly had she finished before Brother Wind said, "I know exactly what to do! Tell the flowers that they can't be transplanted now, but if they wait patiently until next year, their wish will be granted."

"But what will you do?" asked Mother Nature.

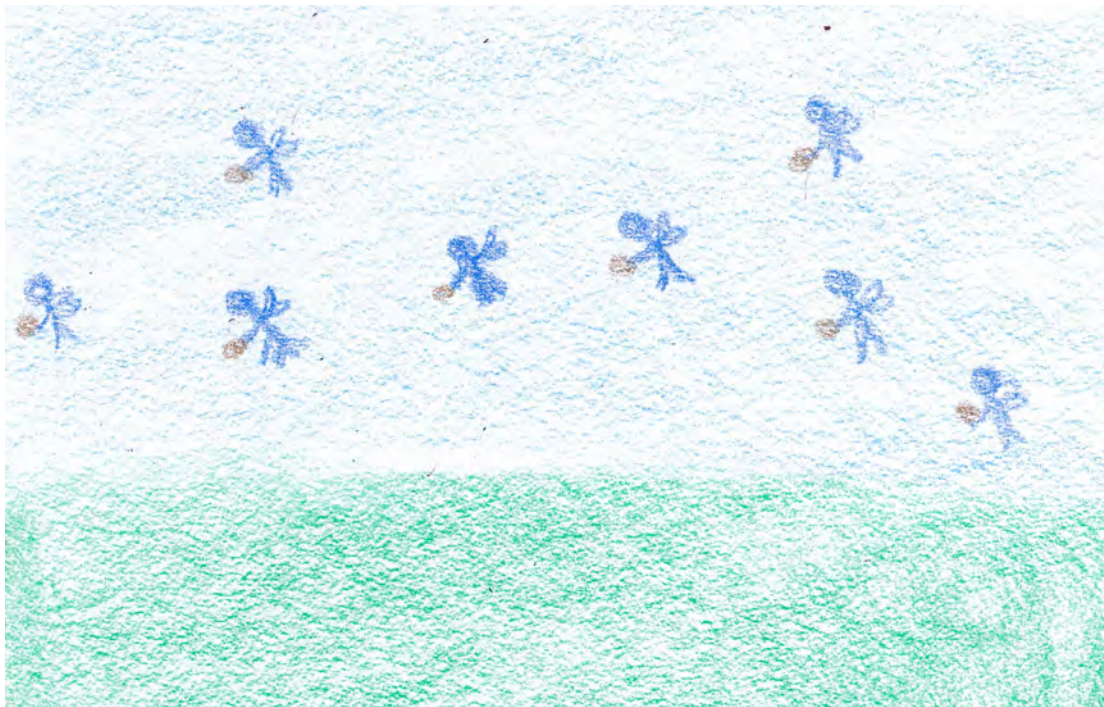
"Just wait and see," said Brother Wind. "Wait and see."

All that week Mother Nature roamed the earth promising the flowers that if they waited patiently until next year, their wishes would be granted. They thanked her gratefully, and the fields were full of joyful talk of what the new year would bring. Meanwhile, Brother Wind was busy. He summoned his helpers and told them what to do. All summer long, the wind fairies watched the flowers carefully. When they dropped their seeds, the wind fairies caught the seeds in their fingers and flew over the fields, scattering the seeds here and there. Through the summer and early autumn the wind fairies did their work. Then winter came and covered the earth with a blanket of snow.

Finally spring returned, and Father Sun warmed the earth once again with his bright warm rays. The seeds sprouted. The green shoots poked their heads above the earth. The plants grew leaves, then buds. As spring turned into summer, the buds opened. "Hurrah!" cried the white daisies when they found themselves scattered among the goldenrod and the blue chicory. "Hurrah!" cried the red poppies when they found themselves growing among the blue cornflowers and purple asters. "Hurrah!" cried the black-eyed Susans when they found themselves flowering among the white Queen Anne's lace and the purple lupines. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried all the flowers as they looked around at the new sights and made new friends.

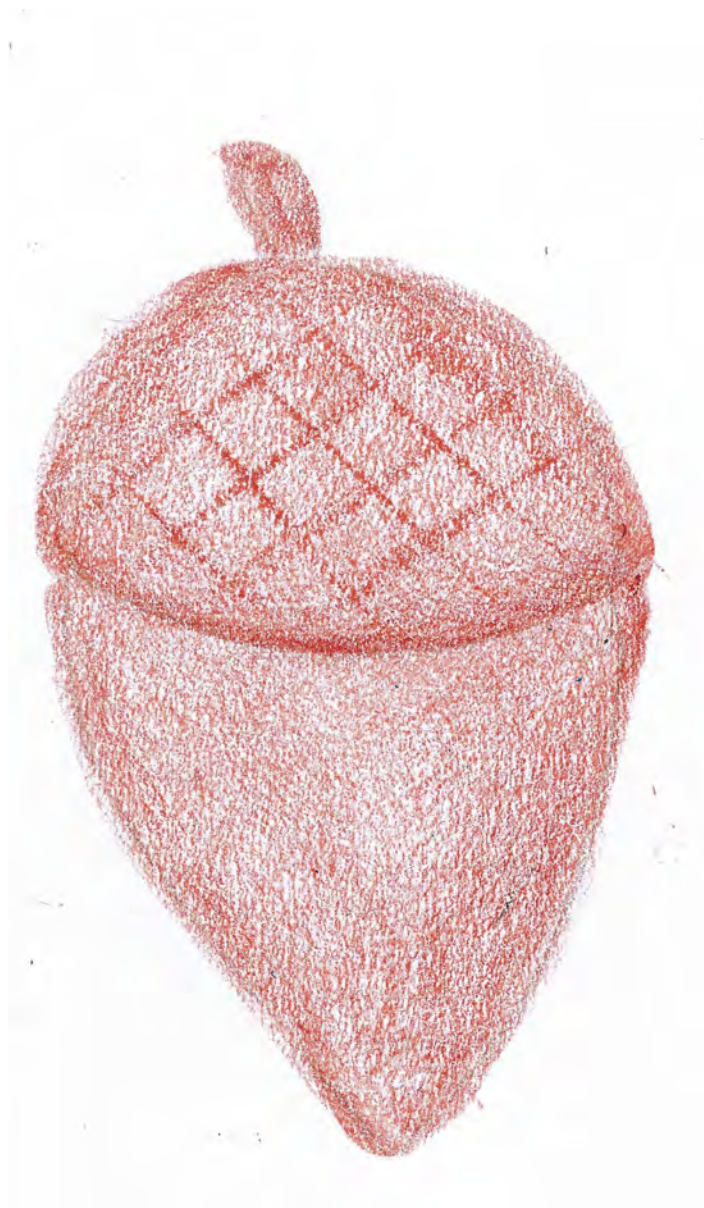
Mother Nature heard their cries and looked down at the earth. Gone were the neat patches of white, gold, and blue. Gone were the ordered borders of pink and purple. Gone were the winding rows of white and yellow. Instead, the fields and meadows, the highways and byways were awash in a splashes of color. Mother Nature's heart swelled with joy. She had never seen anything more beautiful. "Next year I will do more!" she promised. "Each year I will do more; the whole earth shall reflect God's glory.

But that, dear children, is another story.



How the Seeds Were Scattered, Part 2

As spring turned to summer Mother Nature marveled at the splendor of the flowers in the fields and meadows. She had never expected that they could look so beautiful all mixed together. She was not the only one that noticed the changes. The bushes and shrubs along the highways and byways noticed and wondered why they could not move away and see new sights. The trees of the forest in their stately groves noticed and wondered why they had to live among their own kind and never meet new friends. It didn't seem fair: if the flowers could move away from their appointed places, couldn't the trees and shrubs be granted the same privilege?



Throughout the summer Mother Nature overheard their conversations and was sad. She had promised that she would do more, but what more could she do? Already the wind fairies were complaining; they were not used to such hard work. Because they had to watch the flowers so carefully, they had no time to play in the warm summer sky. It didn't seem likely that they would even be willing to gather and scatter the flower seeds, much less help with the trees and

Handwork

Handwork is such an important part of Waldorf education. At home the lines can easily blur a bit. Hopefully you will be continuing your own handwork skills, staying ahead of your child and growing your own repertoire. We have included several patterns for simple first projects that will easily take you and your child through your first year. Once your child is comfortable, you can move on in their skills. There are many books on the market full of patterns. One of my favorite things to do is scour our library for resources, take them home and copy the pages that I know I will use. This really keeps me within my budget. I also try to not over buy on my yarn – this is a task that definitely takes me controlling my will! Yarn shops are better than a candy store. All those bins full of beautiful yarn... they just want to come home with me. I try to knit with a few things in mind – remember this is just me; you may have a completely different system that works for you. I like to have a project, like socks, that I don't have to think too much about, so that when Erik and I are enjoying a movie or some late night TV together, I have something to keep my hands busy. I also like to have a more detailed project going, something that stretches me a bit and I can put my meditative forces to – I will often listen to some recordings of Steiner lectures while knitting early in the morning. I don't like to have more than two projects going; even though I am pretty sanguine in nature, too many make me frazzled and my attention too divided. You'll have to work into a handwork rhythm that makes you comfortable.

Something that is super fun to do with your first grader is to make your own knitting needles and dye your own yarn. Making knitting needles is easier than one might think. I use 1/4 inch dowels and cut them to 6-8 inches in length. Sharpen the ends with a pencil sharpener and wax them or oil them with olive oil. For the ends you can use wooden beads or Sculpey clay.



Dyeing your own yarn is a great way to keep your child interested in projects. I like to use the bulky yarn from www.knitpicks.com. I break the hank into 20 yard segments so we can make many tiny skeins. See our Instagram highlights for instructions on simple yarn dyeing with Kool-Aid.

A Note About Our Patterns

These are patterns I have collected over the years; some we have made up as needed and seemed logical, and others we altered from patterns we found. I am NOT a pattern writer. If I make a mistake in writing the pattern I am very sorry; please email our team and we will try to help. Please remember that in the Skills section of Thinking Feeling Willing we have instruction on all the handwork we cover in our curriculum.

We have included patterns for parent/teacher:

- Math gnomes
- Nature table gnomes
- A felt crown

Patterns for your child:

- Finger knitted/crocheted jump rope
- Wash cloth
- Rainbow ball
- Pot holder
- Penny whistle/recorder case
- Pouch with button hole

The Appendix also includes music for a great knitting song written for us by Jodie Mesler of livingmusic.net.

Handwork Verses

May our hands perform their tasks with patience,
May our work be done with care,
May our fingers work together
And may our friendship (or love) we share.

The Knit Stitch

Under the fence
Catch the sheep
Back we come
Off we leap

Timing

Throughout the school year, I tend to do handwork at least three times each week. It doesn't always have to be on main lesson day and can instead be saved for quiet afternoons. That being said, I have found bringing handwork *before* main lessons helps the brain wake up a bit before academic work begins.

Math and Nature Table Gnomes

These are so much fun. If you used Waldorf Essentials for your kindergarten then you may already have some of these little gnomes. These patterns are perfect for Math Gnomes, Super Sam and any other gnomes. For the Math Gnomes, I generally stitch the process symbol on the hat as well as the back of the cape.



Child Development

BIRTH TO TWENTY-ONE



melisa nielsen



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