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Introduction

The summer months are usually busy with traveling, outdoor projects, and taking a break from school. There are many special holidays during the summer, and this book will help you celebrate those holidays through stories and activities. There are three days devoted to all the holidays except Independence Day. That one has a countdown of two weeks before July Fourth.

It is my sincere wish that this book will be used to create wonderful memories for you and your family. In our society, there are so many things that vie for our attention that we often don't spend time with those we love most. A hundred years ago things were very different. Families spent time in the evenings talking, reading, singing, and just fellowshiping. With the creation of the radio things changed and, when television became a staple in every home, the interaction between family members decreased even more. Now with computers, movies, and a myriad of other gadgets, families spend very little time building relationships. This book has a mission to help families grow closer together.

Before you jump into this book, I have a few things I'd like to say. The book is broken up into daily sections. Each day has a story and an activity that should take about 30 to 45 minutes. The story is first but feel free to change it around and start with the activity if it works best for you. Some of the activities (such as the cooking) may take more than the allotted time, so preview the activity before you get started. Also, if one of the activities doesn't sound like much fun, feel free to implement your own. If you have a special recipe you make every year, do this on one of the cooking days, or if you have a craft that you enjoy, do that on a craft day.

Nearly all the stories in this book were written in the 1800s and early 1900s, so some of the language may seem old fashioned. I have modernized some of the spelling, but I left most of the stories intact because the Victorian people had such a beautiful way of using words. It is always good to stretch our vocabulary. Many of these stories have not been reprinted since their first publication, and I'm so excited to share these with a whole new generation. Most of the stories can be used to help teach children important lessons. At the end of each story you could think of a few questions to ask your children, or maybe even have the children ask you questions!

Thank you for taking the time to read this introduction, and I pray that your family will grow closer to each other and to God during this summer.

Patriotic blessings,
Amy Puetz

Mother's Day

Second Sunday in May

A young girl of twelve bowed her head as her mother said a prayer at the end of their Sunday School class. They had been learning about the mothers of the Bible, and Mrs. Jarvis asked God to one day send someone to found a day to celebrate the influence of mothers. Anna Jarvis was young, but she remembered her mother's prayer and her mother's example. Anna was born during the War Between the States, but she loved to hear stories of how her mother had been a peacemaker between the people of Grafton, West Virginia. Their state had split away from Virginia in 1863 and joined the northern states during the Civil War. Discord ran high in West Virginia during and after the war, but Mrs. Jarvis planned a Mother's Friendship Day that would bring together people from both sides. Many people warned her that a riot may be the result, but Mrs. Jarvis went ahead. She gave a stirring speech that asked the veterans and families who lost loved ones to forgive and live together in peace. The meeting ended with all singing "Auld Lang Syne." Mrs. Jarvis had also started a Mother's Day Work Club before the war that taught people about sanitation and caring for the sick. When the war began, the clubs helped wounded soldiers. Mrs. Jarvis was a devoted Christian woman and taught Sunday School at the Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church for over twenty years.

The young girl who sat in the Sunday School class grew up and followed in the footsteps of her mother by helping to promote motherhood, even though she never married. Anna Jarvis wanted to bring her mother's dream of a national Mother's Day to life. Mrs. Jarvis died on May 9, 1905, and a few years later a celebration was held at the Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church in Grafton to commemorate her life. Anna wrote letters to national leaders promoting the idea of a national Mother's Day and eventually in 1914 President Woodrow Wilson signed a proclamation making it a national holiday.

The second Sunday in May was established as the official Mother's Day. During the early days, a white carnation would be given to people whose mothers were dead and a red one to those whose mothers were alive.



Countdown Your
Summer

Friday before Mother's Day



**Borrowed
Mothers**

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, 1918

“**Y**ou’ll surely come on Sunday, Mother, won’t you?” Edith Wainwright bent over her mother’s chair and put her arms around the slender figure in black. “There’s going to be a special address and different music and, oh, everybody says our Greenlawn Mother’s Day will be the best one we’ve ever had.” Stopping for breath, Edith placed one hand on the pile of white linen that lay on Mrs. Wainwright’s lap. “And there won’t be anybody in the chorus with such a pretty dress as mine,” she continued. “It was a good idea to have them all made in the same style, but mine is going to be handmade and hand embroidered. You’ll finish it in time, won’t you, Mother?”

Mrs. Wainwright looked up, a smile lighting her tired face. “Of course your dress will be ready, Dear. Haven’t I over a week and every one of the evenings free for sewing? It has been a good deal of work, but I like to think that the dress you wear on Mother’s Day will have so much of your own mother’s handwork in it.” She leaned back a second, pretending to look at the fine stitches she had just set, but in reality resting her eyes and flying fingers for a space.

The room looked like Edith. She had blown in like a wayward breeze, as happy and careless. A rug that she had tripped over lay in a heap, and dust from the street came in through the door that she had forgotten to close. Her books were scattered on the table, and she had tipped over a scrap basket in her haste to reach her mother. Edith was a loving, thoughtless girl. Her deep blue eyes were dark now with the affection she had for this mother of hers, but her mind was busy with other thoughts.

“I’m going to basketball practice now,” she said. “I promised Frances I’d stop in to see her. I know I ought to do the lunch dishes, Mother. You haven’t had time to finish them on account of the sewing, and I should get dinner, but I’m afraid I can’t get home in time. You’re coming on Mother’s Day, aren’t you, Dear? Frances wants us to find out how many mothers will be there so she can tell her father.”

“I’ll try,” her mother looked down again at her work, the tired shadows in her face covering the smile. “But the house will need a thorough cleaning the last of the week, and Lonny’s croup has kept me from sleeping very much lately, and—”

“Well, you’ll try to come. I’ll tell Frances that.” Edith pulled her hat low over her curls and darted out through the door, looking like a bluebird in her dainty blue linen and crimson tie.

Her clear call at the big white gate of the parsonage had to be repeated. Edith waited quite a while before Frances, the minister’s daughter, appeared, her white sweater over her arm and her brown eyes full of laughter.

“I thought I’d never get started,” she said. “I promised Father that I’d dust the library for him one day this week, and he wants it done today. I just hate to do it—taking down all those musty old books and getting my nose full of dust. I got off, though, by coaxing, and then he is busy, and he hasn’t any time to scold. He’s beginning his sermon for Mother’s Day. It’s a nice short text, not a bit hard to remember. ‘As whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.’ Is your mother coming, Edith? I want to make out a list this afternoon if the girls can tell me.”

“I don’t know. She’s been so busy since Father died; we haven’t any maid now, you know. Lonny has been sick, and she is making me a dress, all by hand, to wear in the chorus. She said that she might be too tired to come,” Edith answered. Both girls remained silent as they slowly made their way to the school gymnasium. At the door, Edith put her arm around Frances and whispered something in her ear.

Frances laughed. Then she hugged Edith and whispered something back to her. Both girls giggled.

“We always do think of the same things at just the same time, don’t we, Frances?” Edith said.

“Yes, and always the nicest things!” Frances replied. “Now we’ll have to see how the other girls feel about it.”

The basketball practice for once lagged. Rumor flew about the gymnasium that Edith Wainwright and Frances Giddings had an idea, that it was a scheme with a plan attached, and they might share it when the game was over. So it was a few minutes before five when a merry, laughing throng of girls,

led by Edith, put Frances on a kind of throne made of parallel bars and a mattress, and shouted, “Tell us about it, Frances! Please tell us!”

A flush of color rose to Frances’ face, but she tossed her loosened hair back from her forehead and faced her mates with clear eyes.

“Maybe you’ll laugh at us, girls,” she began, “but Edith and I had the same idea come to us all at once, and we’d like to see if it will come to you too. I told Edith about the text father is going to preach on Mother’s Day, ‘As one whom his mother comforts, so will I comfort you.’”

Frances hesitated a moment, and her voice faltered. Then she bravely continued, “You see, I’d just run away from dusting Father’s library—”

“And I’d left all the lunch dishes without washing them,” Edith interrupted.

“So we decided to form a special club,” Frances went on. “We plan to begin just as soon as we leave the gymnasium. We’re going to have code names. They’ll be very unusual code names, so it will make the society unusual and very nice we think. My codename is ‘dust cloth.’”

“And mine is ‘dishpan,’” Edith added with a decided nod of her curly head.

For a short space, there was silence in the gymnasium. A ripple of laughter at first was immediately hushed. Then the girls began to talk all at once.

“It’s perfectly splendid, and we’ll keep it up all the year.”

“Nobody will ever find out about it and we can have hikes and sewing afternoons and picnics when we get through with the regular work of the club.”

“My code name is going to be ‘iron.’”

“Mine is ‘broom.’”

“Mine is ‘thimble.’”

The enthusiasm was contagious. Before ten minutes had passed, every girl in the basketball team had joined the club, and they scattered to begin making use of their new code names.

Frances and Edith went up the street arm in arm, in the glow of the yellow sunset.

“They wanted to do it, really; so did we, Edith,” Frances said, “only they hadn’t thought of it before. Neither had we thought of it.” The sound of an automobile interrupted her, and the two girls saw a car coming down the tree-lined street toward them.”

“There’s Edward Judson,” Edith said. “Doesn’t he have just everything! His father lets him have his car and chauffeur almost every day after school. Hello, Edward!” She waved her hand to him.

The boy in the car motioned to the chauffeur to stop and took off his cap, a smile lighting his cheery, freckled face.

“I’m going over to the mill to get Dad and take him home,” he said. “Jump in, girls, and we’ll stop at the tea room and have a sundae.”

“Goody. Maple walnut for me,” Frances said.

“And chocolate peppermint for me!” Edith added as they drove off. It was at the little round table in the tea room, over the ice cream, that the girls told Edward about their new club, whispering it so that no one else could hear.

“It’s fine!” Edward said as they went out. “I’d like to belong to it myself.” He said goodbye to the girls and started off in the direction of the mill.

Frances turned to Edith when they were alone.

“I almost told Edward that he couldn’t possibly belong,” she said.

“I’m glad you stopped yourself in time,” Edith said. “It would have made him feel bad. Being rich doesn’t make up for not having any mother.”

The week before Mother’s Day went by on wings. The newly formed club astonished its mothers by doing things at home cheerfully that they had grumbled about before or neglected altogether. Edith decided to wear her last year’s white dress in the chorus so that her mother might have some evenings

of rest, and she amused fretting little Lonny and made good use of her code name. Dr. Giddings found his library neatly dusted. The other girls got up early without being called and played seamstress and waitress and kitchen maid and gardener, with the result that the mothers of Greenlawn could hardly understand the change in their daughters. But it was a comfort to be able to rest weary feet and hands and get ready for Mother's Day.

The day was a most lovely one. The girls were bubbling over with happiness, for their work had been made merry by its secrecy. It had been such fun to give the code names in school and mystify the boys, who could not seem to understand their significance. The boys and girls in Greenlawn Grammar School were particularly good friends. The girls were apt to attend the baseball matches in a body and bring sandwiches and ice-cold lemonade of their own making. The boys, in return, were always ready to put up swings for a picnic or shift scenes for a school play.

"I believe the boys are a little bit hurt because we haven't let them in our club," Frances said to her father as they walked beneath the leafy bower of the trees toward the little gray stone church on Mother's Day. "But what could they have done in it? We've never done anything before without Edward, but he hasn't any mother."

The minister put his hand on his beloved daughter's shoulder.

"So many in the world have no mothers," he said, "but that is one reason we have this day. We want to share our mother love, and mother care, and mother spirit." Then he suddenly stopped, putting on his eyeglasses as he looked up the street.

"What is that?" he asked. "Look, Frances, it seems to be a kind of procession."

It was a procession of boys, but they were not alone. Heading it was an automobile full of old ladies. They had each a bright corsage pinned to their shabby black frocks, and they were rivaling the day in the sunshine of their smiles. Following were more old ladies carefully escorted by boys. All had bouquets, and the boys wore their best suits and their very best manners.

"It's our boys!" Frances exclaimed. "They're stopping at the church."

The two hastened and reached the churchyard just as Edward got out of the car and opened the door to let out his party of delighted guests. The other boys ushered their charges in the gate, pretending not to notice the girls, but addressing strange words to each other.

"Wood basket!"

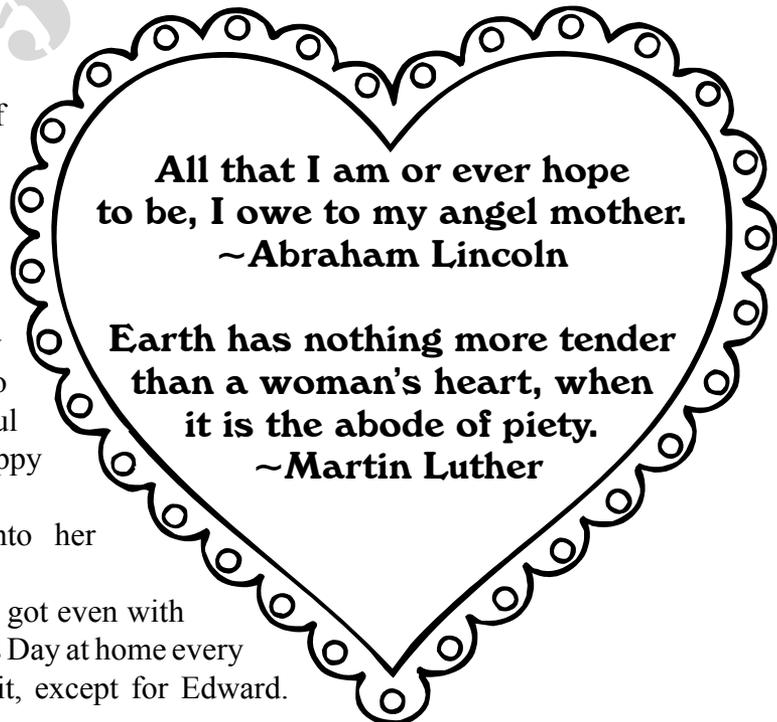
"Grocery list!"

"Clothes line!"

Edward was the most mystifying of all. He said "Green tea" in an undertone to Edith as he helped a particularly old lady of his automobile party up the church steps. Moreover, the mothers of the boys, who had come earlier, seemed to be in the secret too, for they could be seen nodding and laughing to one another. Each one wore a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a particularly happy expression.

Frances looked up laughingly into her father's face.

"Code names!" she said. "The boys got even with us. You see, our club is to have a Mother's Day at home every day, but we didn't tell the boys about it, except for Edward."



They always say they can do things just as well as we can. Edward must have told them, and they've not only done all that we have done, but they've brought all the old ladies from the Poor Farm."

The minister stood beside the gate, his hat off as the last of the boys' borrowed mothers went inside. Their eyes were dim from a great many years of watching, their fingers were twisted and bent from the toil that had gone without its reward, leaving only the scars. But they had shining faces, and not one was without a corsage or a boy to escort her to church.

The music of the prelude poured out of the door, and in a tree in the churchyard a mother bird sang above her nest.

"Wasn't it nice of the boys?" Frances said as she joined Edith.

"As one whom his mother comforts!" Her father said, going inside. "Every one of them comforted!"

Games for Mother's Day

By Mary Dawson, 1916

1 Find photographs, either as children or young girls, of all the mothers to be entertained. Display them on cards that you have numbered. Distribute pencils and papers and let the company guess "who's who?" writing down the answers as they suppose them to be identified with the numbers. If you do not have a large group, you might pick some historically important mothers and have everyone guess who they are, such as the ones pictured at right. They are: (1) Philippa of Hainault, mother of the Black Prince; (2) Mary Ball, mother of George Washington; (3) Anne Boleyn, mother of Queen Elizabeth I.

2 Write out a list of the maiden names of mothers present and see who can guess which is which.

3 Write out twelve quotations concerning motherhood selected from any good book of quotations. See who can guess the authors' names, or omit the last word of each quotation and have the guests add these to the best of their ability. Visit www.AmyPuetz.com/mothers.html for a list of quotes.

