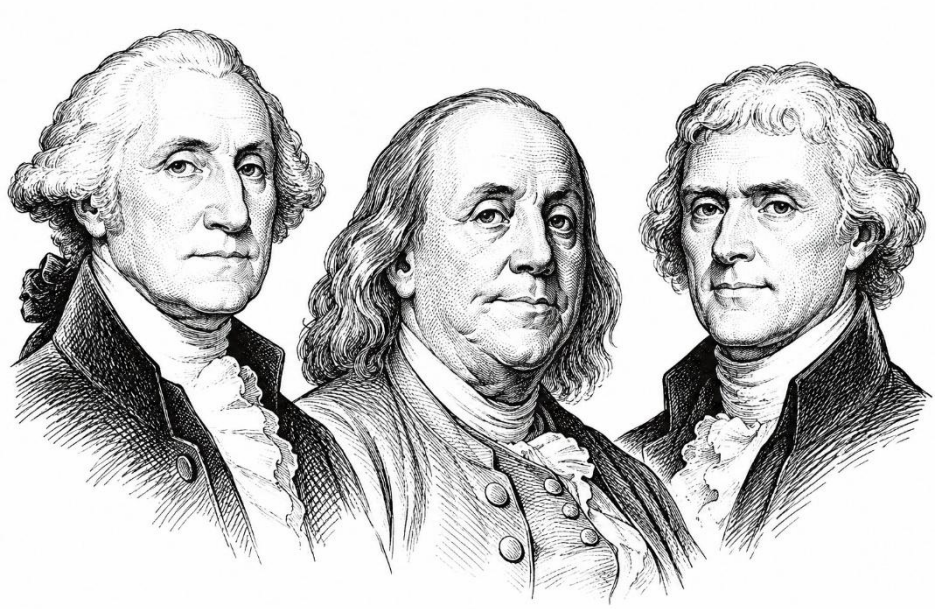
I Love America 1700s "Let Freedom Ring"

January Lessons



Parent / Teacher Manual

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I Love America 1700s
"Let Freedom Ring"
JANUARY LESSONS

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I Love America 1700s -- January

LESSON #1

The Early Life of George Washington

PURPOSE OF THIS LESSON: To help the students gain an appreciation for the developing character of young George Washington, and to learn some of the colonial customs of his day.

Items Needed:

- ☐ Map of the Thirteen Colonies
- ☐ Pictures to color for the story booklet (in activity packets)

LESSON: It's a new month! We are going to learn about the great men and women of our history this month, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson. You will discover some facts about them that you never knew!

Today we are going to learn about the childhood of our first Founding Father-- George Washington.

Review in your own words some of the information from the BACKGROUND INFORMATION that would be of interest to the class.

Invite the students to turn to the booklet pages in their activity book and explain to them that the pages are for making a little story booklet (front and back). As they color the pictures they might want to think of someone they would like to give the booklet to, or they can take the booklet home to read the story to a younger brother or sister. Tell them to do their best coloring.

Read the following story:

The Legend of the Cherry Tree

They say this story is only a legend. But people still usually think of cherry pies and cherry trees when George Washington's birthday comes around on February 22nd . If the story of the cherry tree is not true, it IS true that George was expected to behave properly at all times, and show good self-control. Listen to what happened when one day, according to our story, George Washington lost control of his temper.

"George! Do you know anything about this tree?"

Six-year-old George Washington hung his head in shame. He shivered a little, for he knew that this was the very moment he had been dreading. Now he must tell his father what had happened.

In George's mind, it seemed as if the whole day flashed before him in one instant. He remembered how the morning had begun so happily. His mother had prepared a fine breakfast and he ate hungrily at the table, alongside his little sister Betty and his younger brother Sammy. Baby Jack was still sleeping in his little cradle-bed. Father sat at the head of the table. "I'm going to town today," his father had remarked to Mother. "I probably won't be back until late afternoon."

George's heart leaped to his throat with joy. Being the oldest in the family, he was allowed to go with Father to town sometimes. And what an adventure it was! So many people! So many stores! And maybe a candy-stick to buy! But children were not allowed to talk at table. He could not ask his father now if he could go.

George decided to get his chores done quickly and then ask for permission.

George ran quickly after breakfast to do his chores. Every single day it was his job to cut a small pile of wood for the kitchen fireplace. It had to be stacked neatly by the back door. The stack of logs had to be three feet high, three feet long, and three feet wide.

The sound of George's little axe rang in the air as it went chop, chop, into the wood. Just as fast as he could cut the wood, he piled it neatly by the door.

George had almost completed the job when little Sammy came to him.

"Geowge," he had said in his baby voice. "Mama says you must help me wif my garden. You are s'posed to tell me which are duh weeds, and which are duh veg-ables."

George had watched Sammy run back to the house–probably to get his garden tools. And George was angry. If he helped Sammy, he wouldn't get his chores done, and he wouldn't be able to go to town with Father. He wouldn't see all the people. He wouldn't go into the stores. And he wouldn't get any stick-candy.

George's hands were sweaty around the axe handle in a tight grip. His face turned red. His breathing became rapid. His teeth were clenched together, and suddenly...

WHACK! George swung at a young tree that was growing near-by. WHACK! Went the axe once more. The little tree shivered and

shook at each blow, almost as if in pain. George drew back to hack the tree once more, and then realized with horror what he had just done.

George stopped. In disbelief of what he had just done, he looked at the poor tree. There were two ugly gashes in its small trunk. He may have killed it! George dropped the axe and ran to the wood shed behind the house, and he didn't come out. Crouched in a corner, he heard his father's wagon rumbling out of the yard towards town. "Father didn't even know I wanted to go with him," sobbed the boy.

And George was remembering all this. And he remembered how long the day was while he waited for his father's return. Surely he would see the tree. Finally he had crept out of the shed and finished his chores. Then he obediently helped Sammy with his garden. But he didn't talk much.

Inside the house, George practiced his penmanship with a feather quill–without much enthusiasm. The warm sun kept moving across the sky as the hours passed. George read from a little book, practicing the sounds and letters as best he could.

"Is something wrong, George?" Mother had asked. George could never figure out how his mother always knew what he was feeling. "You've been awfully quiet. But now you can't sit still! Is something bothering you?"

George just shook his head. "I'm just kinda tired," he replied. And that was true.

The sun was nearly setting when George heard the dreaded sound he'd been waiting for all day–the wheels of his father's wagon returning from town. Now Father will see the tree!

George listened.

Before long, he could hear his father's heavy footsteps. They were long strides, and they came closer. Then they stopped. "He's looking at the tree!" thought George in alarm.

There was a long pause, and then the footsteps made their way more slowly to the front porch. Father opened the door.

"Papa!" shouted little Sammy. He ran over and grabbed his father's leg and squeezed tight. Father bent down and picked Sammy up. After a long hug he said, "Did you finish your garden like Mother asked you to do?"

"Oh, yes. And Geowge helped me!" Father put Sammy down and looked at his eldest son. George's face was hidden behind his reading book.

"George," his father said. George peeked over the top of his book and looked at his father. "Yes, father?"

"I think you'd better come with me." Mother looked over at her husband and son with a questioning look. George just got up from the bench and obediently followed his father out the door.

And that's how George remembered his day. Now his father was still waiting for a reply to his question. "Well? George, tell me. Do you know anything about what happened to this tree?"

George spoke very softly when he said, "Yes, Father I know about that tree. I hit the tree with my axe."

"I cannot understand what could have made you do such a thing!" replied his father.

"I...I..." George could feel more tears coming to his eyes. "I wanted to go to town with you. I was going to finish all my chores. But Sammy said I had to help him with his garden. And..."

"And you were angry and lost your temper."

"Yes, sir."

"Son, this tree is...or was...very valuable to us. What we grow is what we eat. What we do not grow we cannot eat. I was counting on this tree and have tenderly nurtured it so it would grow and produce fruit for our family. But more important than this tree is the fact that you lost control of your temper. This disappoints me more than the injured tree, George. If you do not master your temper, your temper will destroy you!"

"I'm sorry, Father." Now the tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"And I'm sorry, son. But this is a lesson you need to remember. Come with me."

George knew what was going to happen next. He turned and followed his father to the wood shed – the very place he had been hiding earlier that morning. In a corner of the shed a stack of small straight rods or twigs leaned against the wall. George knew what the rods were for, though they were seldom used. But George knew he must be punished for what he had done. He knew he must never lose his temper again, and the lesson must never be forgotten.

At his father's bidding, George chose one of the rods and handed it to him. His father looked at George with sympathy and love. He never wished to punish his children, and he never did so in anger. But it was his firm belief that if a parent "spared the rod," meaning if a parent did not punish a child for doing wrong, the child would not learn to do right. And a child who does not learn the difference between right and wrong becomes "spoiled" and grows up to be sad and rebellious. George's father wanted his children to grow up to know what was right...AND what was wrong.

George's father gripped the rod in his hand, and carefully little George leaned his body over his father's knees.

When the punishment was over, George stood up. His father let him cry only a moment more, for boys his age were expected to not ever whine or cry. He put a hand on George's shoulder.

"I hope you will always remember the lesson you learned today, George. I shall try to forget it, but YOU should not. You must always control your temper. Do you understand this?"

George wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand and nodded. Then he looked at his father. When he saw his face, somehow George felt suddenly relieved. He had received punishment for something he knew was wrong. He felt better now that it was over! He knew his father loved him and would forgive him. George promised

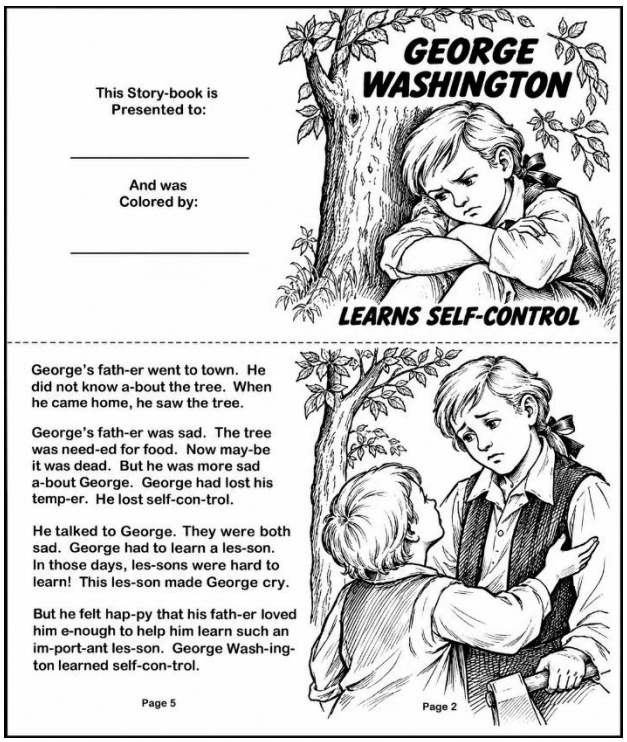
himself right then and there that he would truly remember this lesson to never lose his temper.

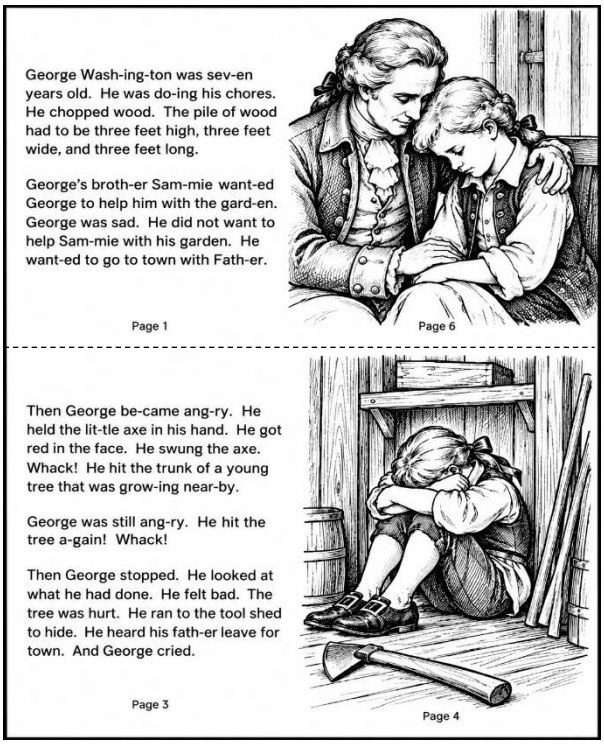
To his father's surprise, George reached out and gave him a great big, slobbery kiss! George's father put his arms around his young son and gave him a long, warm hug. Already he felt proud of this little boy, for he knew that his son, George Washington, had just learned a lesson about not letting anger rule over him.

Many years later, George Washington said that this kind of training helped him have patience and long-suffering during the terrible years of the Revolutionary War. And as you know, after the war Washington had become so well-loved by the people that they voted him in as the first President of the United States of America.

In the next lesson, they will learn more about Washington, and how he had served as one of King George's soldiers when he was a young man, and fought against the Indians. The Indians ended up giving him a special name, for even though he fought against them -- they honored Washington as "one who could not be killed"!

ACTIVITY: Students can make a story-booklet of the George Washington story to give (or read) to a younger child. (A full-sized booklet is in the student activity packet.) After the illustrations have been colored, instruct the students to cut the page in half on the dotted line. Place the bottom half over the top half and fold in the middle. Pages 3 and 4 should be the center pages, with the cover on the front. Placing the booklet through the stapler, staple the OUTSIDE center fold, so that the smooth part of the staples are showing. They can then sign the booklet on the back.





ADDITIONAL INFORMATION FOR THE INSTRUCTOR

(From *The Real George Washington* by Andrew M. Allison, NCCS, 1991)

It is impossible to fully calculate the influence of George Washington on the formation and early development of the United States. In our own day historians wonder whether any other figure in its history could have done what he did to unite first a fractious army, then thirteen wrangling and strongly independent states. One historian has declared, "If there ever was an indispensable leader at a critical moment in history, it was George Washington. In the formative years of the American republic, roughly between 1776 and 1796, the man, the moment, and the crisis coincided. It was the sheer personality of Washington that was the decisive element in the three crucial events of early America – the Revolutionary War, the Constitutional Convention, and the first national administration." (Ralph Waldo Emerson)

...Most of the Washington lands in Virginia lay along the "Northern Neck," a long peninsula reaching into Chesapeake Bay between the Potomac and Rappahanock rivers...There, in a modest four-room house, lived John Washington's Grandson Augustine. Augustine married Jane Butler and fathered four children, but only two of them – Lawrence and Augustine – survived and grew to maturity. When Jane died after bearing her fourth child, Augustine married a second time in 1730. At ten o'clock in the morning of February 22, 1732, his new wife, Mary Ball, presented Augustine with their firstborn, a large-boned, healthy boy. They named him George Washington.

Growing Up on the Farm

George's father was called "Gus" by his friends. According to one of them, he was "blond, of fine proportions and great physical strength, and stood six feet in his stockings." Like his grandfather, John Washington, he became a skillful land trader. In 1735, Gus moved his family to a property he had acquired forty miles up the Potomac, a 2,500-acre farm on Little Hunting Creek called Epsewasson.

This site, later renamed Mount Vernon, was probably the scene of young George's first memories. When the boy became a man, he inherited the farm and built his now-famous home there. Ten miles farther up the river was a swampy area where a beautiful city would someday rise to become the seat of the American government and make the name of Washington famous worldwide.

But those great events were all in the distant future as curious three-year-old George Washington first began to explore the new world of Little Hunting Creek. We know very little of his earliest years.

The area of Epsewasson was in an isolated part of the country, so George was acquainted with very few people outside his family circle. He was the oldest child at home because his two older half-brothers, Lawrence and Augustine (called Austin), were away at a boarding school in England, and his half-sister Jane had died shortly before his third birthday. However, other siblings came quickly during these years, and before long George had acquired a