

Chapter 1 : Funeral Poems-Meaningful Funeral Poetry and Funeral Readings

The Rain-Giver has 4 ratings and 1 review. James said: K C-H's reputation as a translator, children's author, and story teller sometimes overshadows his.

Although this legend implies that we should keep our wishes silent, there are some wishes that need to be expressed out loud. To those that have been touched by the disease we are helping to fight today, We wish the caregivers strength and tranquility, and thank them for their gifted labor of love. We wish the survivors a long and happy life, and thank them for showing us how to fight with courage and determination. We wish those currently fighting the battle energy and hope, and thank them for showing us what true bravery is all about. And finally, we wish the victims peace and love, and thank them for the joy and happiness they brought to us. Hold a hand, say a prayer, close your eyes and see me there. And for a brief moment its glory and beauty belong to our world. But then it flies on again, and though we wish it could have stayed, we feel so lucky to have seen it. The animals you have been given will emerge from their envelopes and alight on your hand for a moment before flying off. Butterflies, a symbol of life, and freedom, were always special to name. When instructed, please open the envelope and allow the butterfly to emerge on its own. It may take a few moments for the beautiful creature to adjust to the light and temperature before it flies off. These animals are natives, will thrive and insure the continuation of their species, keeping memory alive. They were a happy colony, living a quiet life in the cool shade. For many months they were very busy, scurrying around and munching on the soft Milkweed leaves. They did notice that every once in a while one of the colony seemed to lose interest in crawling around with its friends. It would go off alone and crawl high up in the trees. It gradually moved out of sight and was seen no more. Where do you think he is going? No one had an answer. They were greatly puzzled. Finally one of the caterpillars gathered its friends together. The next one of us who climbs to the tops of the trees must promise to come back and tell us where he or she went and why. One spring day not long after the caterpillar who had suggested the plan found himself climbing high up into the trees. Up up and up he went, higher and higher into the trees. Before he knew what was happening he had broken through the canopy of leaves into the warm sunlight and fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke he looked about in surprise. A startling change had come over his old body. He now had beautiful wings! Even as he struggled he felt an impulse to move his wings. The warmth of the sun soon dried the moisture from his new body. He moved his wings again and suddenly found himself flying into the blue sky. He had become a butterfly. Swooping and dipping in great curves he flew through the air. He felt exhilarated in the new atmosphere. By and by the new butterfly landed on a leaf to rest. Then it was that he chanced to look below to the bottom of the meadow. Why, he was right above his old friends the caterpillars! There they were, crawling around and munching on Milkweed, just as he had been doing before. Then the butterfly remembered his promise. Without thinking the butterfly darted down. He landed on a flower and looked into the grass. Now that he was a butterfly he could no longer go back. Even if I could go back, not one of the caterpillars would know me in my new body. Dear God, please remember those who have left the meadow we live in and remember us who are still here. The sight is so spectacular, please wipe away the tear For I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year. I have no words to tell you, the joy their voices bring, For it is beyond description, to hear the angels sing. I know how much you miss me, I see the pain inside your heart. So be happy for me, dear ones, You know I hold you dear. I sent you each a special gift, from my heavenly home above, I sent you each a memory of my undying love. After all love is a gift more precious than pure gold. It was always most important in the stories Jesus told. Please love and keep each other, as my Father said to do. So have a Merry Christmas and wipe away that tear. Remember, I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year As the Lord had finished creating the earth, something was missing so he chose pieces from all the flowers, threw them into the sky and blew life into them and the butterflies were born. Although the years have come and gone Your memory is deep within our hearts Until the day we are no longer apart Unknown Bereavement Poems Collection Item 2R Still Missing You They say there is a reason They say that time will heal But neither time nor reason Will change the way we feel. For no one knows the heartache that lies behind our smiles, No one knows how many

times we have broken down and cried. We cannot bring the old days back, when we were all together The family chain is broken now, but memories live forever. Bereavement Poems Collection Item 32R Smile because he Lived You can shed tears that he is gone, or you can smile because he lived, You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back, or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left. You can remember him and only that he is gone, or you can cherish his memory and let it live on. You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn back, or you can do what he would want: Smile, open your eyes, love and go on. The words you shared were always kind. You loved us all with your whole heart. Watching over us day and night. In our hearts you will remain Until the day we meet again Forever Your love will live on in our hearts and the hearts of those you touched. We are so grateful to God for blessing our lives with the beautiful gift of you. We miss you sweet angel, more than you can imagine. We love you, we miss you and We are proud to keep your dream and vision alive. In life we loved you dearly, in death we do the same. It broke our hearts to lose you, you did not go alone. For part of us went with you the day God called you home. You left us peaceful memories, your love is still our guide. And though we cannot see you, you are always on our side. Our family chain is broken and nothing seems the same. But as God calls us one by one, the chain will link again. There is perfect joy and beauty in this everlasting light. All the pain and grief is over, Every restless tossing passed: I am now at peace forever, Safely home in Heaven at last. Did you wonder how I so calmly Trod the valley of shade? And he came himself to meet me in that way so hard to tread. Then you must not grieve so sorely, For I love you dearly still: There is work still waiting for you. So you must not idly stand: He will gently call you home: Oh, the rapture of that meeting, Oh, the joy to see you come! But that night I was able to hold and kiss you. I have wished every day and night since then to be able to do the same, but can only dream of it now. Some nights my dreams are so real, I awaken expecting to find you here with me. Physical tragedy brings pain and suffering, but for us Christians there is a supernatural strength that brings us hope, courage, and joy to keep perspective the reality that since we are immortals in the will of God, our meeting in Heaven is waiting for us: It is our blessed hope, and because we were saved in this hope, we eagerly wait for our new bodies, bodies that will never be sick again and will never die. We think of you in silence and often speak your name. All we have now are our memories, and your picture in a frame. You have changed our lives forever.

Chapter 2 : Kevin Crossley-Holland

Rain Poems Depending on where you live in the world and what you do for a living, you will have a very different opinion on rain from others. In some countries, rain is the great facilitator of life.

Edmund Hall, Oxford, B. Hobbies and other interests: Music, archaeology, travel, architecture. Career Writer and translator. BBC, London, talks producer, ; contributor to radio, television and musical works. Reteller, with Jill Paton Walsh Wordhoard: Reteller Green Blades Rising: Reteller The Fox and the Cat: Reteller British Folk Tales: Reteller Wulf, Faber London, England , Reteller The Old Stories: Levine New York, NY , King of the Middle March third volume of trilogy , Arthur A. How Many Miles to Bethlehem? My Son, Turret London, England , The Nunnery, Turret London, England , Norfolk Poems, Academy London, England , New and Selected Poems: Selected Poems, Enitharmon London, England , An Introductory Selection of the Poems of W. And translator The Anglo-Saxon World: The Wanderer, Jardine Colchester, England , Differentâ€”but Oh How Like! Sidelights British poet and translator Kevin Crossley-Holland has introduced many readers to the myths, legends, and folktales of the Anglo-Saxon traditionâ€”particularly from his native East Anglia, Englandâ€”through his lucid translations and retellings. The characters and messages in these retellings are timeless, and their stories convey subtle truths about life that are as pertinent today as they were when these tales were originally told. Crossley-Holland has been repeatedly praised by critics and readers alike for his ability to bring these ancient stories sharply into the present, while preserving their mystery, richness, and texture. James Guide to Young Adult Writers essayist. He was born into a very musical family and had little recollection of reading books, claiming to have read less than fifteen books throughout his youth. White in the Dictionary of Literary Biography explained: It was when he studied English literature at Oxford University that he was first bitten by the writing bug, when he learned about the history of Britain. The Anglo-Saxons, an ancient people who lived on the island of Britain before the Norman Conquest , fascinated him, and he immersed himself in a study of their history, language, and literature. He also discovered poetry, and a love of words, and published his first book of poetry, On Approval, in , at the age of twenty. A year later he finished up his degree at Oxford and graduated with honors. On the strength of his academics and his first book, which was well received, Crossley-Holland got a job at the London publishing firm of Macmillan, where he worked for almost a decade as an editor. Surrounded by writers and editors and books, he was able to sustain what became a successful writing career as well, publishing his first book for children, a retelling of a medieval romance titled Have-lock the Dane, in New Versions were later published as picture books. The Green Children, one of his most acclaimed works, contains retellings of several medieval tales. The second novel in the Arthur trilogy, At the Crossing Places, appeared in In this story, Arthur leaves home to train as a squire so he can participate in a crusade. During his own preparations for the journey, he turns to the stories of King Arthur and his knights preparing for battle for inspiration. Arthur also seeks to learn the true identities of his parents. In addition to collecting British folk tales, Crossley-Holland has also spent time searching out and documenting the age-old stories of Iceland for the collection Northern Lights: These stories draw from the rich, often violent Icelandic sagas that are among the oldest tales in the world. The Labours of Herakles recounts, in picture-book format, the twelve labors performed by the Greek hero for the king of Argos. A Publishers Weekly contributor noted that, "the familiar sequence of events unfolds in a courtly retelling shot through with flashes of humor," in prose "as elegant as it is lyrical. His early exposure to the rhythms of music also figures strongly; when writing about the sea, he insists on getting the cadence of the waves into his prose. In his translations, Crossley-Holland tries to be as faithful as possible to the original work, although he is not afraid of taking an innovative approach to an ancient tale. Frederick Rebsamen, Beowulf, White, The Once and Future King, Jane Yolen , Sword of the Rightful King, He enjoys bringing to his books some of the things he lovesâ€”the sea, Anglo-Saxons, and East Anglia. Asked to describe the basis of his work, he once commented that it was lodged in "roots, the sense of past embodied in present, [and] the relationship of person to place. Poets of Great Britain and Ireland since , , Volume James Press Detroit, MI , Listener, November 14, Observer Review, February 26, Punch, October 23, Saturday Review, March 15, Mac-Donald, review of

Sleeping Nanna, p. Riordan, review of Long Tom and the Dead Hand, p.

Chapter 3 : The Giver Poem by Sara Teasdale - Poem Hunter

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

His name was not known but people referred to him as the Rain Giver. He was an orphan who was raised by his people. He was always considered different because of the white patches of skin all over his dark brown body. The elders were desperately trying to find a solution for the water shortage. All their usual waterholes were all dried up. They tried digging for water with no luck. Soon, the people started to look for someone to blame. And they found someone. Some of the elders said they should burn him and his skin so that the curse would not longer linger around the clan. Many agreed, however it was decided by the eldest of them all, that they pack their things and leave in the middle of the night when the boy was still asleep. So the plan took action the very next night. Desperate to find water or rain, the clan packed up and took off ever so quietly leaving the little boy fast asleep. When he awoke in the morning to find himself abandoned, the little boy began to weep. He wept for he knew he was the cause of the drought. The harsh sun began to burn as the day went by so he went looking for some shade. He came across a tree which was swaying side to side even though there was no breeze. The boy approached the tree with caution, but soon found there was nothing to be weary about. It was just a tree. He climbed on one of the big branches and soon fell asleep. He woke up and found some berries places beside him. Hungry, he quickly ate them and just as he finished the last one, a snake darted down from the branch above. The snake then curled itself around the little boy. The people were lying on the ground, waiting to become a part of the land when all of a sudden, a dark brown snake with white spots started gliding across the sky. The snake spoke unto them "I am a child of the land. You left me during times of need. I am not the spotted devil you once called me. I am your child. And I am here to bring you rain. The rains began to fall and the people began to thank the rain giver. Every year, the clan return to that same spot to give thanks to the rain giver and to celebrate the arrival of the wet season. We receive an overwhelming positive feedback each year from the teachers, parents and students who have involvement in these competitions and publications, and we will continue to strive to attain this level of excellence with each competition we hold.

Chapter 4 : Rain Giver, Short Story | Write4Fun

The Rain Giver, by Kevin Crossley-Holland. Andre Deutsch Ltd, This book has hardback covers. Ex-library, With usual stamps and markings, In fair condition, suitable as a study copy.

Chapter 5 : 10 Classic Poems about Rain Everyone Should Read | Interesting Literature

Find The Rain-Giver by Crossley-Holland, Kevin at Biblio. The Rain-Giver:Poems: Poems. VG/VG. Lightly bumped spine and "s, a" nd very "lightly bumped corners and.

Chapter 6 : Short Giver Poems - Examples

The best poems about bad weather. Poets have often been drawn to the harsh weather of wind and rain, either to celebrate it as a force of nature or to lament its ubiquity (at least in the British Isles!).

Chapter 7 : in poetry - Wikipedia

A collection of poems by Kevin Crossley-Holland Kevin Crossley-Holland is already known for his translations from Old English and his books for children; his first full collection of poems carries further this preoccupation with the past and

future, and their pertinence.

Chapter 8 : Give Yourself to the Rain: Poems for the Very Young by Margaret Wise Brown

Collected here for the first time are twenty-four of Margaret Wise Brown's children's poems, which range in subject from jig-dancing pigs and the wild sound of the wind to the colors of a summer day and the joy of giving oneself to the rain.

Chapter 9 : - The rain-giver: poems by Kevin Crossley-Holland

Short Giver Poems. These are the most popular short Giver poems by PoetrySoup poets. Search short poems about Giver by length and keyword. Rain Giver of all life.