

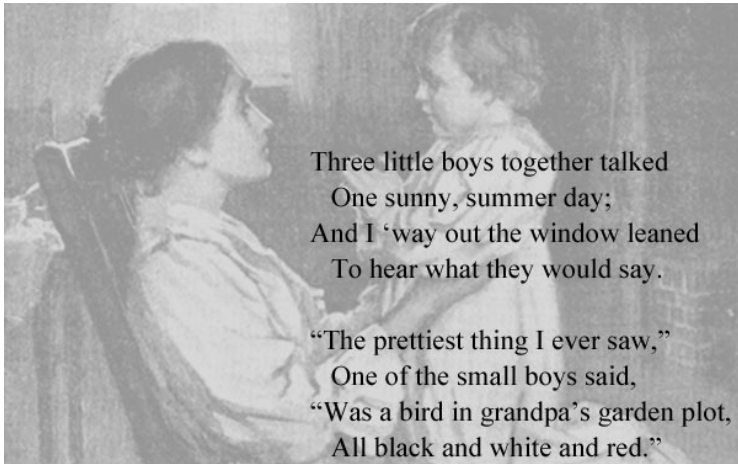
Table 1

Cut around table. We are going to make a hot dog booklet. I am terrible with instructions, so follow directions here, <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YX5jp1hqUG4>.

Glue this side to the lapbook.

Cut on solid lines – Fold on dashed lines.

A Collection of Poems and Quotes



Three little boys together talked
One sunny, summer day;
And I, way out the window leaned
To hear what they would say.
“The prettiest thing I ever saw,”
One of the small boys said,
“Was a bird in grandpa’s garden plot,
All black and white and red.”

“The prettiest thing I ever saw,”
Said the second lad,
“Was a pony at a circus once
I wanted awful bad.”
“I think,” the third wee youngster said,
With grave and gentle grace,
“The prettiest thing in all the world
Is just my mother’s face.”

I would desire for a friend a son who never resisted the tears of his mother.
--Lacretelle

The best monument that a child can raise to his mother's memory is that of a clean, upright life, such as she would have rejoiced to see her son live.

A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom should belong to her
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul!

For all the love you've given me,
For all the prayers you've prayed,
For all the tears and all the care
The sacrifice you've made,
For all I am or can become,
For all in me that's true,
I want to thank you, mother mine,
For all to you is due.”



In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my ripper years, the cares of every time;
When doubt and danger weighed me down, then pleading all
For me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven that bent my mother's knee.
--Samuel Lover.
The mother's heart is always with her children.
--Proverb.
Memories of mothers are sweet, but never as sweet as mothers themselves. Some of us forget this.
--M. D. Hillmer.

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales did tell;
And gentle words and fond embrace were given with joy to me
When I was in the happy place upon my mother's knee.
When fairy tales were ended, "Good night," she softly said,
And kissed, and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed; And I
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee
My Mother's Knee



Table 2

Optional: If you would like to add to this collection or use your own, you can use this here following the same directions and gluing the next cell to the side above that states, 'Glue this side to lapbook.' Then, glue THIS side to the lapbook.

Forgive me if that was confusing. I believe the video on YouTube explains it much better! 😊

Glue this side to the first flap in Table 1.

Cut on solid lines – Fold on dashed lines.