

Buy Nothing Day Activity Ideas 2015

Stay Home & Stay Busy



Autumn Leaves

“Where did the colors go, O mother,
The oranges and the reds, that glowed
So brightly on the branches
Only a moment ago?”

The leaves I kick along the ground,
These leaves are brown that swirl around -
Surely they were orange and red
Not long ago. - Now - are they dead?”

“The leaves are dead, but their colors live on -
So the poets say - in your heart and mine.
There they will glow like the golden sun
And from our hearts forever shine.”

Barbara Dawson Betteridge
“Whittle Your Ears: Poems, Songs, and Plays for Children”

Walnut Candles

What You Need:

- walnuts
- wax (beeswax, old candles, or crayons)
- wicks
- tin can for melting wax

What You Do:

1. Preheat oven to 250°F.
2. Place a single layer of walnuts in a shallow oven safe pan. Roast for 35 minutes.
3. When walnuts are cool, begin cracking. We found that after roasting, the stem end of the walnut usually separated just enough to work a small flat head screwdriver into the seam. Gently work the screwdriver along the seam wiggling as you go. The walnut should gradually break in half. Clean out the meat.
4. Use a double boiler and melt the wax. Stir frequently.
5. Carefully fill 5 or so shells with wax and then insert wicks. Continue until at least 25 candles are complete.

These little guys look great floating in water filled glass bowls or used with the Winter Spiral.



Salt Dough Advent Spiral

What You Need:

- 1 cup salt
- 2 cups flour
- 2 cups water

What You Do:

1. Pre-heat oven to 350°F. Mix all ingredients. Aim for a consistency that is not too wet or dry. You may need to add small amounts of one or the other until you get it just right.
2. Once it is well mixed, knead the dough just a little so that it is nice and pliable.
3. Roll the dough into a "snake." Ours was about 36" long and 2" wide.
4. On a greased cookie sheet - roll the dough into a spiral shape.
5. Evenly space 25 walnut candles on the spiral. Once you are satisfied with the spacing, gently press and remove each walnut into the dough to form an indentation.
6. Place spiral in oven and bake for 40 minutes!

Add the walnut candles and the Advent spiral is now ready for December 1! (Watch for a blog on this topic.)



Autumn Leaves

Arranged by M. Preston

From the Waldorf Publication,
Music from Around the World for Recorders

This piece tries to express the beauty and sadness of the last leaves falling at autumn.

Introduction softly, sadly

The image shows the first four measures of the vocal introduction for Soprano, Alto, and Tenor parts. The music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The Soprano part consists of a series of quarter notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. The Alto part consists of a series of quarter notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. The Tenor part consists of a series of quarter notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat.

The image shows the next four measures of the vocal introduction for Soprano, Alto, and Tenor parts. The music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The Soprano part consists of a series of quarter notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. The Alto part consists of a series of quarter notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. The Tenor part consists of a series of quarter notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat.

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Musical score for measures 10-13. The score consists of three staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The music features a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff contains a more active melodic line with eighth notes and some beamed sixteenth notes. The bottom staff provides a steady accompaniment with quarter notes.

Musical score for measures 14-17. The score consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melodic line from the previous system. The middle staff features a more active melodic line with eighth notes and some beamed sixteenth notes. The bottom staff provides a steady accompaniment with quarter notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The Fir Tree

(Dorothy Harrer, Verses and Poems & Stories to Tell)

One winter day, some shepherds were guarding their sheep in the high mountains. Far above them towered the snow-covered peaks. For several days, they had grazed their sheep in a sheltered valley, and now all the grass was used up. So they decided to move on, over the snowy heights, in search of another green valley.

The oldest shepherd gave a call, and from all sides the sheep came running, while the dogs drove them all together, rounding up the few who didn't heed the shepherd's call right away. Then the shepherds headed the bellwether toward the mountains, and they all set out.

Timothy, the youngest shepherd, ran ahead of them all to find the safest paths. The sun was shining brightly, but the air got colder and colder as they climbed the steep slopes. When they reached the snow, Timothy had to be very careful to feel for solid ground under the snow and to find a way that didn't go near any deep crevasses into which the sheep might fall. Timothy had done this many times before and knew how. He was a brave boy. He was not afraid of wolves and had killed many to save his sheep. He was not afraid of snakes that hid in the grass to bite the sheep as they grazed; he had killed many snakes. Nor was he afraid of storms.

He looked up at the sky and saw a small cloud in the north. It didn't look like a storm cloud, but there it was! As they climbed ever higher into the mountains, the cloud got nearer and bigger. All the shepherds kept looking at it, but they said nothing. In their hearts, they hoped that they would find a sheltered valley before the snowstorm came.

All worked hard to travel fast—the men, the dogs, and the sheep. But they had to climb over a very high ridge, and the way was so steep that they could not go very fast. Soon the sky was almost covered by the dark cloud. The shepherds talked to their sheep, telling them to hurry on. The sheep struggled ahead and even stopped their bleating and climbed almost silently, as if for dear life.

Timothy was a good pathfinder. Just as the sky became quite black and the first flakes of snow began to fall, the whole company found

themselves at the top of the ridge. Down on the other side appeared another valley where the grass showed green.

The snow was falling now quite thickly, and the shepherds paused to count their flock as the dogs raced around the sheep to drive them all together. Were they all safe? One little lamb began to bleat. They looked to see that he was calling for his mother. Where was she? She was the only one who was missing; yet she had been with them when they started.

The snowstorm was rapidly getting worse, but a shepherd will risk his life to save one of his sheep. "Take the flock to the valley below," said Timothy, "and I will search for the mother who is lost." Then he picked up the little, motherless lamb to carry it with him. Perhaps she would hear its bleating and answer.

So the other shepherds drove their flock below to the sheltered valley. Soon all were safe from wind and snow except Timothy and his lamb who went back the way they had come, in the face of the storm, to look for the mother sheep.

It was nearly night. The snow fell so thickly that Timothy could hardly see anything ahead of him. He carried the lamb inside his cape, and they kept each other warm. The wind blew more fiercely, and the snow turned to sleet and cut into Timothy's face. He pulled his woolly cap down over his eyes and ears and felt his way down the mountain with his feet and with his shepherd's crook held out before him.

"Cry, little one, for your mother, and maybe she will hear you," he said. And the little lamb bleated, "Maa- Maa-." And then Timothy gave the shepherd's call for lost sheep, but no sheep answered.

Down they went, step by step, calling and bleating, unable to see for the blackness of the night and the fierce and icy storm. It took them all night to reach the valley from which they had come the day before.

In the gray, early-morning light, Timothy saw that the meadow was covered with snow. Not a sheep track was to be seen. Perhaps the mother was buried in a drift! He spent the whole morning searching and calling, and the lamb was bleating and bleating, for he was hungry and homesick for his mother. But no mother did they find.

The snow had not stopped falling, and in the early afternoon, Timothy decided to go back up the mountain to try to join the other shepherds before dark. He was so tired that he could hardly lift his feet

out of the deep snow. He wanted to go to sleep, but he knew that if he did, he would be covered with snow and never wake up again.

As he climbed upward, the storm seemed to get worse. The wind howled and beat him back with every step he took. The poor, hungry little lamb under his cape seemed to grow heavier and heavier. It was night again before he knew it. He struggled on until he could not take another step. Without wanting to, he fell down in a snow bank and went right to sleep, with the little lamb next to his heart still wrapped in his cape.

Then he dreamed that he was the lost mother-sheep lying at the bottom of a high cliff from which she had fallen. On all sides rose steep rocks that she could not climb, and there she lay calling and calling for the shepherd to come and find her. Suddenly she saw a beautiful light, and in the midst of the light stood a gentle and strong shepherd who had come to find her. So bright was the light that was shining in this dream that Timothy opened his eyes and woke up.

He saw that the storm was over. The stars shone in the clear sky overhead, and below on earth, the pure snow shone bright in the starlight. He saw one star brighter than all the rest, brighter than any he had ever seen before, and strangely enough, it shed its light in a shining pathway down to earth. The star seemed to be shining down on a special place somewhere nearby.

Timothy jumped up, and the lamb cried out for his mother. All that Timothy could think of was to find the place toward which the starlight was reaching. He hurried through the snowdrifts, no longer tired and hungry. He climbed over icy rocks, hooked his shepherd's crook around tree trunks and pulled himself up the steep slopes, ever toward the rays of the gleaming star.

Suddenly he stood on a high place and looked down into another snow-covered valley where the path of starlight touched the earth, and right in the midst of the light stood a single fir tree. All around this spot, the valley was dark, but there the star's light was bright.

Down Timothy went toward the starlit fir tree. Nearer and nearer he came. The little lamb began to bleat again, as if to say, "Hurry, hurry, hurry." And then they reached the fir tree.

It was filled with light. Its long branches sloped down like a snug roof, and there under the shelter of the branches, where the light was brightest, stood the mother sheep, safe and well and nibbling some grass that grew green under the thick fir branches.

The little lamb was so happy to find his mother. He frisked and played, and she gave him milk and he ate some grass and felt strong and hearty again. Even Timothy felt fresh and strong and as happy as the lamb in finding his lost sheep.

As the sun rose over the mountains, Timothy led the mother sheep and her lamb away from the sheltering fir tree. Before the day was over, they found the other shepherds and the flock.

When Timothy told his friends all that had happened to him, they said, "It was a sign from Heaven that something wonderful is going to happen."