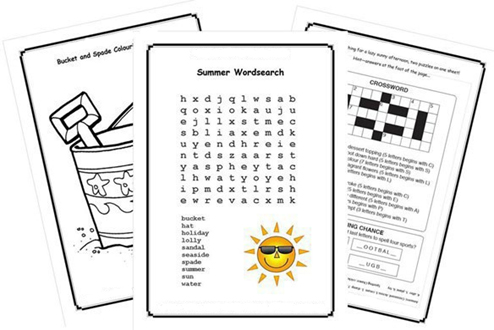


June 2024

Activity Pack







Dear Friends,

We are now in the month of June, and we hope that we will get to enjoy the sunshine soon!

In the month of June, we will celebrate ‘Father’s Day’. We would like to wish all the Fathers, Grandfathers and Great Grandfathers a very special day!!!

We are hosting several Alzheimer Cafés. They are a place to come together, share a cuppa and listen to our amazing guest speakers. For information on how to attend visit: <https://alzheimer.ie/service/alzheimer-cafe/>.

Our Social Clubs is a social gathering where people can drop in to chat, access information and support, meet other people. Click the link below to find your nearest Social Club.

<https://alzheimer.ie/service/socialclub/>

Calling all artists and writers among us, we would love to hear from you! We warmly welcome submissions of poems and stories to be featured in the pack. Additionally, if you'd like your artwork from this pack or photos of any local fundraising events showcased on our social media, please send your images via email to [communityengagement@alzheimer.ie](mailto:communityengagement@alzheimer.ie).

Our Free Helpline is available at

Phone: **1800 341 341** and Email: **helpline@alzheimer.ie**



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### Guessing Game – Who Am I?

This is a wonderful reminiscing activity.

Guess the names of these famous people from the clues provided.

### *Instructions:*

* Show a picture to your loved one and read out the clues.
* Ask them to guess the name of the person and reminisce about what else they were famous for.
* Repeat with the next picture.

Extend the activity by asking who else was famous in their time and reminiscing together.

### Famous male movie star of the 40s and 50s

He was nominated for an Oscar for his role in the movie *Casablanca*

in which he co-starred with Ingrid Bergman.

He was also in a movie with Katharine Hepburn called *The African Queen*.

He was married to Lauren Bacall and had they two children.

### Who is he?

### 

##### Answer: Humphrey Bogart

*“Ain’t nothing a man can’t do*

*if he believes in himself.”*

– Humphrey Bogart



She epitomized feminine beauty and glamour and was admired

for her ground- breaking charity work.

In 1981, she married the Prince of Wales.

Their marriage was regarded as the "wedding of the century".

It was watched by an estimated global TV audience of 750 million people. They divorced in 1992.

She had two sons.

She died tragically in a car crash in 1997.

### Who is she?

### 

##### Answer: Princess Diana

*“Carry out a random act of kindness,*

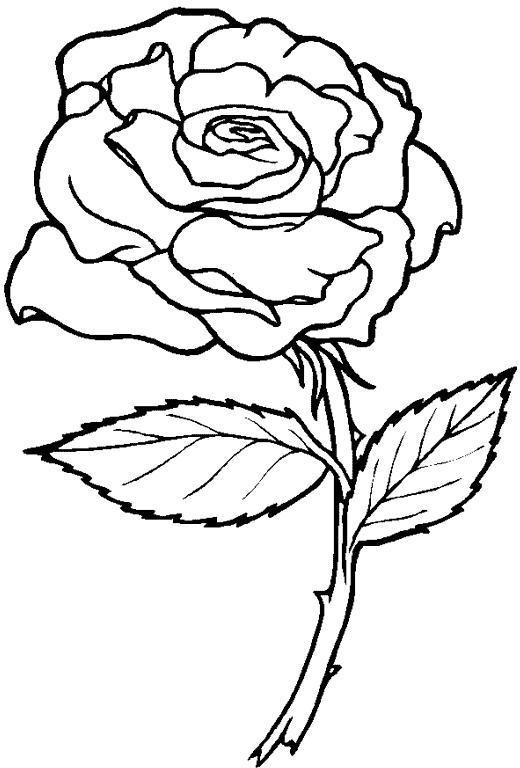
*with no expectation of reward,*

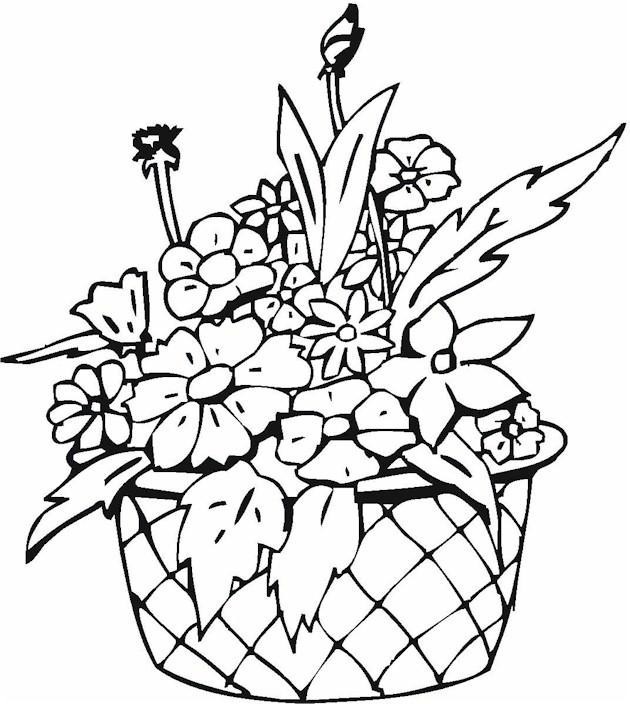
*safe in the knowledge that one day*

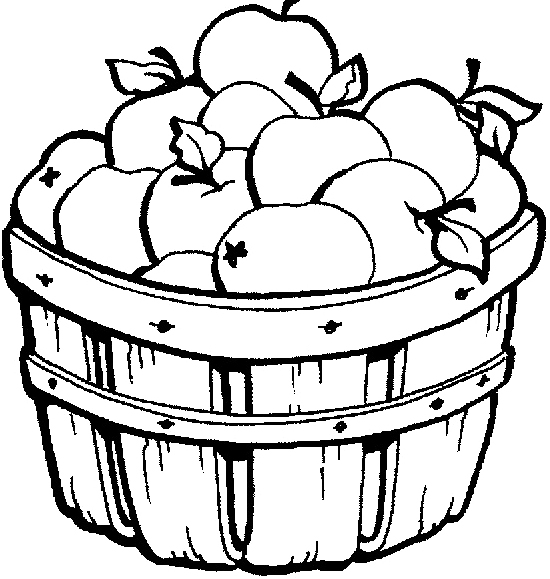
*someone might do the same for you”.*

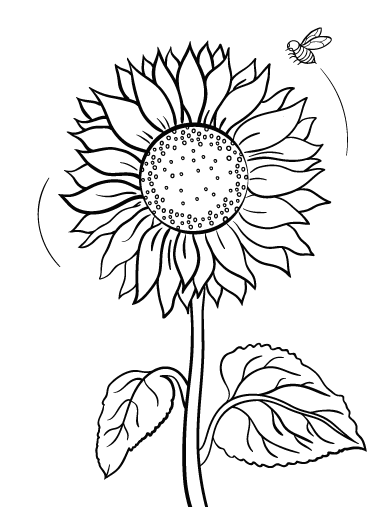
- Princess Diana











### SONG FOR THE MIRA

Out on the Mira on warm afternoons

Old men go fishing with black line and spoons And if they catch nothing they never complain I wish I was with them again



As boys in their boats call to girls on the shore Teasing the one that they dearly adore

And into the evening the courting begins I wish I was with them again



Can you imagine a piece of the universe

More fit for princes and kings?

I'll trade you ten of your cities

For Marion Bridge and the pleasure it brings

Out on the Mira on soft summer nights Bonfires blaze to the children's delight

They dance 'round the flames singing songs with their friends I wish I was with them again





Can you imagine a piece of the universe

More fit for princes and kings?

I'll trade you ten of your cities

For Marion Bridge and the pleasure it brings Out on the Mira the people are kind

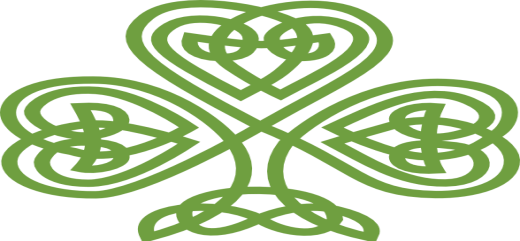
They treat you to home-brew and help you unwind And if you come broken, they'll see that you mend I wish I was with them again



Now I'll conclude with a "wish you go well" Sweet be your dreams, and your happiness swell I'll leave you here, for my journey begins

I'm going to be with them Going to be with them

I'm going to be with them again…



### Óró, sé do bheatha ‘bhaile

##### Curfá

Óró, sé do bheatha ‘bhaile, B’fhearr liom tú ná céad bó bhainne!

óró, sé do bheatha bhaile,

Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

##### Véarsa 1

‘Sé do bheatha, bhean ba léanmhar, B’é ár gcreach tú bheith i ngéibheann,Do dhúiche bhreá i seilbh méirleach, ‘S tú díolta leis na Galla.

##### Curfá

Óró, sé do bheatha ‘bhaile, B’fhearr liom tú ná céad bó bhainne! óró,

sé do bheatha ‘bhaile,

Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

Tá Gráinne Mhaol a’ trial thar sáile óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda, Gaeil iad féin ní Gaill ná Spáinnigh Is cuirfidh siad ruaig ar Ghalla.

##### Curfá

Óró, sé do bheatha ‘bhaile, B’fhearr liom tú ná céad bó bhainne! óró,

sé do bheatha ‘bhaile,

Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

##### Véarsa 3

A bhuí le Dia na bhfeart má dhearcam Mura mbím beo ‘na dhiadh ach seachtain, Gráinne Mhaol is míle gaiscíoch

A’ fógairt fáin ar Ghalla.

##### Curfá

Óró, sé do bheatha ‘bhaile, B’fhearr liom tú ná céad bó bhainne! óró,

sé do bheatha ‘bhaile,

Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

**THE TOWN I LOVED SO WELL**

In my memory, I will always see,

The town that I have loved so well,

Where our school played ball by the gas yard wall,

And they laughed through the smoke and the smell,

Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane,

Past the jail, and down behind the fountain,

Those were happy days in so many, many ways,

In the town I loved so well.

Now the music's gone but they carry on,

For their spirits been bruised, never broken,

They will not forget but their hearts are set,

On tomorrow and peace once again,

For what's done is done and what's won is won,

And what's lost is lost and gone forever,

I can only pray for a bright, brand new day,

In the town I love so well.

**The Fields of Athenry**

[**The Dubliners**](https://www.google.com/search?sxsrf=ALeKk03h-Wf8lJD0gNTjbIIODijqAHhnlg:1591284157673&q=The+Dubliners&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLUz9U3MKoyLitexMobkpGq4FKalJOZl1pUDACcQWVHHQAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwj8pdG3u-jpAhUFSBUIHTMhCRoQMTAAegQIEBAF)

By a lonely prison wall,  
I heard a young girl calling  
Michael they have taken you away,  
For you stole trevelyn's corn  
So the young might see the morn,  
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay

Low lie, The Fields Of Athenry  
Where once we watched the small free birds fly  
Our love was on the wing  
We had dreams and songs to sing,  
Its so lonely round the Fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall  
I heard a young man calling  
'Nothing matters Mary, when you're free'  
Against the famine and the crown,  
I rebelled, they brought me down  
Now its lonely round the Fields of Athenry

By a lonely harbour wall  
She watched the last star falling  
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky  
Sure she'll live in hope and pray  
For her love in Botney Bay  
Its so lonely round the Fields Of Athenry

**The Rose of Tralee**

[**John McCormack**](https://www.google.com/search?sxsrf=ALeKk03k9bpuIiUV3p4YWYCc8x3H8b-Amw:1591284255594&q=John+McCormack&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLSz9U3MCwzjLdIXsTK55Wfkafgm-ycX5SbmJwNAH6SvVYfAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwj__6nmu-jpAhWisXEKHVNoBusQMTAAegQIDhAF)

The pale moon was rising above the green mountain  
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea  
When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain  
That stands in beautiful vale of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer  
Yet, 'twas not her beauty alone that won me  
Oh no! 'Twas the the truth in her eye ever beaming  
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle were spreading  
And Mary all smiling was listening to me  
The moon through the valley her pale rays was shedding  
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.

Though lovely and fair as the rose of the summer  
Yet, 'twas not her beauty alone that won me  
Oh no! 'Twas the the truth in her eye ever beaming  
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

**Molly Malone**

[**The Dubliners**](https://www.google.com/search?sxsrf=ALeKk01mUORbaC1txX9YpdZ5KQIrletaGg:1591284330577&q=The+Dubliners&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLUz9U3MKoyLitexMobkpGq4FKalJOZl1pUDACcQWVHHQAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwizwIqKvOjpAhWSr3EKHc3lDjkQMTAAegQIEBAF)

In Dublin's fair city  
Where the girls are so pretty  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone  
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow  
Through the streets broad and narrow  
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh  
Alive, alive, oh  
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

She was a fishmonger  
And sure, t'was no wonder  
For so were her mother and father before  
And they wheeled their barrow  
Through the streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh  
Alive, alive, oh  
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

She died of a fever  
And sure, so one could save her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
Now her ghost wheels her barrow  
Through the streets broad and narrow  
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

**Come Back Paddy Reilly**

The Garden of Eden has vanished they say  
But I know the lie of it still  
Just turn to the left at the bridge of Finea  
And stop when halfway to Cootehill.

It's there you'll find it I know sure enough  
For fortune has come to my call  
The grass it is green around Ballyjamesduff  
And the blue sky is over it all.

And tones that are tender and tones that are ruff  
Come whispering over the sea  
Come back, Paddy Reilly to Ballyjamesduff  
Come home, Paddy Reilly, to me.

My mother once told me that when I was born  
The day that I first saw the light  
I looked down the street on that very first morn  
And gave a crow of delight.

Now most newborn babies appear in a puff  
And start with a sorrowful squall  
But I knew I was born in Ballyjamesduff  
And that's why I smiled at them all.

The baby's a man now, he's toil-worn and tough  
Still, whispers come over the sea  
Come back, Paddy Reilly to Ballyjamesduff  
Come home, Paddy Reilly, to me.

### LOOKING FORWARD TO KNOCK

##### By Colette Moore, Athy

Old Mrs. Quinn stood in the kitchen. Strands of her dull white hair falling from the bun she neatly placed in it earlier this morning. Her shawl loosely draped from her shoulders. In her hand she held an old envelope, from that envelope she took a note and laid it on the table and into my hand she placed some coins. The note held instructions on what I was to get her in **Knock**. I listened as she told Mammy, then repeated them to me and waited till I repeated them back to her.

Her purchase was of the utmost importance**. Mrs. Quinn** was in her 90th year, this was 1974 so she was born in1884, the same year as my Grandfather as she was fond of telling me.

Tomorrow morning my older by one year sister **Evelyn** and I were going with the Parish of **Portarlington** on its annual Pilgrimage to **Knock**, and we were going on the Special Train organised every year just for this occasion.

All day I had examined and re-examined my beautiful clothes I’d be wearing, my mammy had bought me new socks in **Goodwin’s** drapery store. Oh my, they were so beautiful and I wouldn’t have to hold them up with bands, also I loved my new **Aran** jumper mammy had knitted with new stitches, it turned out so beautiful. Daddy had polished our shoes to within an inch of life, and they shone. Oh I just couldn’t contain my excitement.

**Mrs. Quinn** wasn’t the 1st to call that day, there were many others, **Hinny McGuiness** and her sister **Nan** and they had left instructions. **Granny Burke** had called and left us money and we were to buy ourselves something.

Mammy placed all the money belonging to people in a purse and wrote down what I had to get. She said, “***keep it separate and don’t spend a penny until you’ve got everything on that list”*** There was **Holy Water, Rosary Beads, and Medals** of all different Saints. For **Mrs. Quinn** a **Green Scapular,** the instruction was very clear, it had to be green, and for Aunt Maura a red one.

Daddy dragged in the bath to the kitchen floor and mammy had two huge, big saucepans on the range full of hot water. And while she washed us, she kept repeating over and over again “***Stay together***”. **Mr. Connolly** was going and he was going to watch over us. If anything happened we were to go to him. Daddy said, “***watch where you’re going, stay with the group and Shamie would look after you”*** (that was Mr. Connolly’s name).

Packing our food for the day was just over the top excitement. Mammy had baked Porter Cake and had boiled a ham and she had bought Lemonade from **Emerson’s Shop** and custard cream biscuits.

After the Family Rosary it was time for bed , but before we went, Daddy and Mammy gave us our spending money for the next day, oh how I skipped around the kitchen, I’d never had so much money not even for my Communion. It was very hard to sleep that night, my eldest sister Ann told me the “**Child of Prague**” that Mammy had had put out earlier had fallen and smashed. We were chatting away and Mammy shouted up the stairs, that if we kept it up she’d kill us, in her words *“****I******won’t be responsible for my actions, this day of the Lord!”.*** That was what Mammy said every single day.

Daddy came up to turn of the light in our room as we weren’t allowed next neigh or near the long wire that held the switch.

I woke the next morning to the sounds of the kitchen, Daddy shaking out the ashes – the kettle starting to boil – mammy putting on the pan for the breakfast. I ran down the stairs – Mammy said “***miracles have already started*”** it was the first time she didn’t have to scream and roar to get us up.

I remember running outside to see if there was any sign of **Mr. Connolly** stirring- the air was silent almost holy- the most wonderful day of my life.

I’ll never forget the sight of **Mr. Connolly** as he came out. So smart in his **Civil Defence Uniform**. Daddy walked with us the mile or more to the train station. All along the way we met other groups and families heading to the station. Everybody greeting each other and laughing, but when we reached the train station I almost ran home, I’d never in my life seen so many people at one place, not even at Sunday Mass. Busses full of people, Groups with Banners, families, Civil Defence, the Priest, the nuns. There was such a large crowd I was almost lost already. **Mr. Connolly** brought us on to the train as all the people piled on.

I heard the whistle of the train as it slowly pulled out of the station, Daddy wished us a lovely day and made us promise to stay with Mr. Connolly.

I was so excited as the train pulled away until I heard over the speaker the voice of **Fr. Byrne** as he started the **Rosary**, Yes, the **Rosary** was said all the way to **Knock.** I asked **Mrs. Burbage** who was sitting near us, why we were saying the Rosary so much, and she snapped ***“’tis Pilgrimage isn’t it?”.*** I never said another word to her. I waited and waited for it to be over when suddenly the beautiful voices of the Church Choir started the Hymn

“***Oh, Mary we crown thee blossoms today”***

Oh, it was just wonderful.



**Mindfulness and Meditation**

The following links can be copied into your web browser to access online meditation practice:

* 5-Minute Meditation You Can Do Anywhere – [5-Minute Meditation You Can Do Anywhere](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=inpok4MKVLM)
* Forgetting Time 10 minute meditation by Calm – <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YF_P1ZzYgjA>
* Rainy Day Antiques Meditation by Headspace – <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9OHvPNatlBc>

**Try taking some time for yourself to relax and decompress. This can be done alone or with a loved one. Try the following tips:**

* Play some calming music and give yourself permission for 5 or 10 minutes to just sit comfortably, close your eyes, and listen.
* Give your loved one a hand massage. Use soft, slow motions over the skin and a scented hand cream to add an extra sensory element. Think of all the amazing things those hands have done in their lifetime.
* Sit comfortably and think of:

5 things you can see around you

4 things you can feel or touch

3 things you can hear

2 things you can smell

1 thing you can taste

**If I Had My Life to Live Over**

[**Lou Rawls**](https://www.google.com/search?sxsrf=ALeKk02LCnNx32wcKhM_wx7A13fMbmbCvA:1591284776082&q=Lou+Rawls&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLUz9U3MCrPMDFdxMrpk1-qEJRYnlMMAEr-02MZAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwj7h8LevejpAhWCSxUIHX_YDeQQMTAAegQIDRAF)

As I review my life with you  
Since the days of old  
I wouldn't think of changing things  
For all the World and its gold

If I had my life to live over  
I'd do the same things again  
I'd still want to roam  
Near the place we called home  
Where my happiness never would end  
I'd meet you when school days were over  
And we'd walk through the lanes we once knew

If I had my life to live over  
I'd still fall in love with you

If I had my life to live over  
I'd do the same things again  
I'd still want to roam  
Near that place we called home  
Where my happiness never would end  
I'd meet you when school days were over  
And we'd walk through the lanes we once knew

If I had my life to live over  
I'd still fall in love with you

Yes, if I had my life to live over  
I'd still fall in love with you

# **The Daffodils – William Wordsworth**

I wandered lonely as a cloud

That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host, of golden daffodils;

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,

Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine

And twinkle on the milky way,

They stretched in never-ending line

Along the margin of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,

Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not but be gay,

In such a jocund company:

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought

What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude;

And then my heart with pleasure fills,

And dances with the daffodils.