

## WORKSHEET #1

# LETTERS FROM THE FRONT LINES

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_



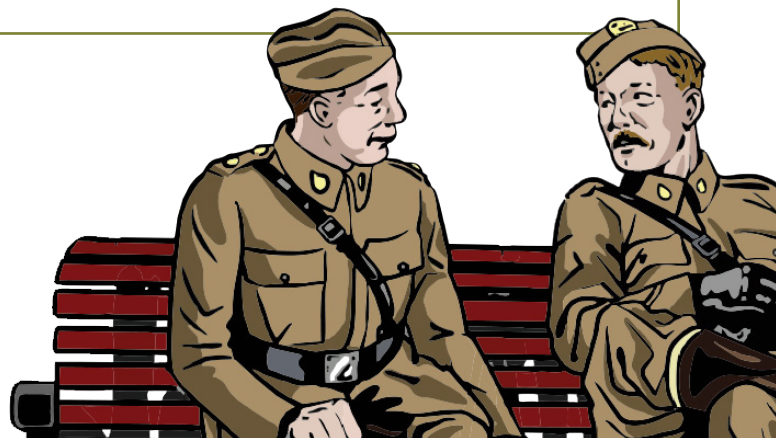
1. Soldiers in the First World War wrote letters home to their families, but those letters could take a long time to reach them. How do you think soldiers in combat today communicate with loved ones back at home?
2. Read this excerpt from one of McCrae's letters to his mother, dated Friday, April 23, 1915. After, imagine you are fighting abroad. Send a message home describing your experiences through:
  - A short video clip
  - A Facebook post, Instagram Reel, TikTok video, etc.
  - Or by composing your own modern version of John McCrae's letter using the template provided on the next page

As we sat on the road, we began to see the French stragglers, men without arms, wounded men, teams, wagons, civilians, refugees, some by the roads, some across country, all talking, shouting. The very picture of debacle... Traffic whizzed by, ambulances, transport, ammunition, supplies, despatch riders, and the shells thundered into the town, or burst high in the air nearer us, and the refugees streamed. Women, old men, little children, hopeless, tearful, quiet or excited, tired, dodging the traffic, and the wounded in singles or in groups. Here and there I could give a momentary help, and the ambulances picked up as they could.

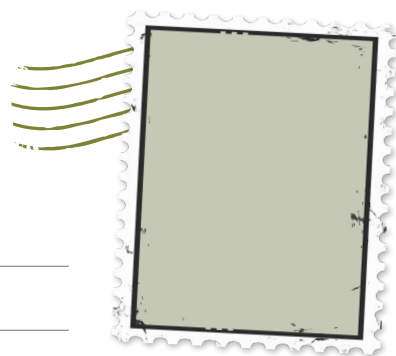
So the cold moonlight night wore on—no change save that the towers of Ypres showed up against the glare of the city burning, and the shells still sailed in.

Published in *In Flanders Fields and Other Poems* (WWI Centenary Series)

By John McCrae (Read Books Ltd, 2014)



Dear \_\_\_\_\_



Twelve horizontal lines for writing the body of the letter.



## WORKSHEET #2

# POPPIES AROUND THE WORLD

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_



Read the poem below and think about the significance of the poppy in both art and John McCrae's poetry. Research different designs of poppies from around the world and design your own poppy using a medium of your choice.

### IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

