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Friday 16th December 2022

December 2022 Newsletter

Issue Number – 4

We would like to wish everyone a
lovely and safe
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

We look forward to seeing everyone
again on
Tuesday 3rd January 2023!



A Message From Mrs Jones



Very best wishes,

Mrs Jones



Christmas is a magical time in school. The children are tired but excited. On behalf of Staff and Governors, we truly hope all our families have a relaxing, safe and wonderful holiday.

We are looking forward to welcoming you back on Tuesday 3rd January - already there are so many exciting learning journeys planned and trips on the calendar, including Sea City in Year Two and The Houses of Parliament trip in Year Six, Beaulieu Motor Museum in Year One and Fishbourne Roman Villa in Year Three!

We are very aware of the financial pressures on everybody at the moment and we have been lucky to benefit from the support of FOSSA and the proceeds from Treat Friday, to supplement some of these trips. These experiences really bring our school curriculum to life and we know provide life-long memories for children.

Please do read the attached Christmas Truce writing from children in Year 6 - they are thought-provoking and poignant.

Sadly, we say goodbye to Mrs Thompson and Miss Stocker. We will miss them both and wish them all the best for the future.

Merry Christmas,
Anna Jones and the Staff at Shamblehurst.



Rewards



Celebration Certificate - Friday 2nd December 2022

Lemur Class – Jack
Toucan Class – Freddie
Lion Class – Emily
Giraffe Class – Jacob
Seahorse Class – Millie, Thea and Fatima
Caterpillar Class – Axel
Gecko Class – Harry
Koala Class – Marcie
Otter Class – Rosie
Panther Class – Leo
Tiger Class – Daniel
Bushbaby Class – Jaiden and Lillie
Wolf Class – Tom
Outdoor Learner – Michelle

Celebration Certificate - Friday 9th December 2022

Lemur Class – Alexander
Lion Class – Liam
Giraffe Class – Rupert
Seahorse Class – Archie
Caterpillar Class – Emma
Gecko Class – Eli
Koala Class – George
Otter Class – Amelie
Panther Class – Frankie
Tiger Class – Bella
Bushbaby Class – Henry
Wolf Class – Emil and Asa
Outdoor Learner – Amelia



Don't forget to follow and like our
Shamblehurst Primary School
Facebook Page for latest updates:

<https://www.facebook.com/shamblehurstprimary>

We also have a Shamblehurst
Primary School Instagram Page –
you can follow us here for the
latest updates:

<https://instagram.com/shamblehurstprimary?igshid=YmMyMTA2M2Y=>



Family Links

The Family Links Nurturing Programme is coming back to Shamblehurst in the Spring 2023 Term. The programme will run weekly (excluding half term) 9:15am - 11:15am here at Shamblehurst. This is a 10 week course. The start date of programme is Tuesday 17th January 2023 and it will finish on Tuesday 28th March 2023.

Parents wishing to attend this course can click on the below link and do a self-referral to Barnardos.

Click the link to the HSPSS (Hampshire Specialist Parenting Support Service) website. The referral can be made on an online form under "apply for this service"

<https://www.barnardos.org.uk/what-we-do/services/hampshire-specialist-parenting-support-service>

Please complete the information as requested. When you get to the part of the form that says: 'Any further details regarding your referral' please type in the box 'Family Links at Shamblehurst Primary School' this will ensure that you are on the right course!

Please contact me if you are interested, or you would like further details, as spaces will be limited.

My email address is: sarah.curry@shamblehurst.co.uk or just pop in to the office, or catch me on the playground in the mornings.

I will be running it in partnership with Sam from Barnardos. This is a great opportunity for myself and Shamblehurst to do some collaborative work.

What is the Nurturing Programme?

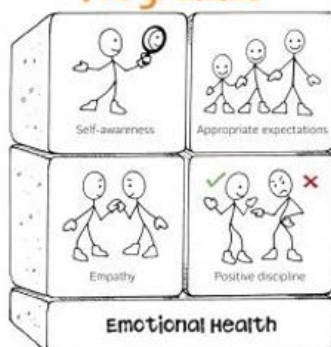
Children are rewarding, stimulating and fun, but looking after them can be stressful and challenging.

The Nurturing Programme helps deal with those challenges so that you can have a calmer, happier life.

A tried and tested programme, it helps us think about what we do, why we do it, and how it makes us feel.



The Building Blocks of the Nurturing Programme



What does it cover?

Over the 10-week Programme, you will look at lots of different topics, including:

- Understanding** why children behave as they do
- Recognising** the feelings behind behaviour (ours and theirs)
- Exploring** different approaches to discipline
- Finding** ways to develop co-operation and self-discipline in children
- Learning** the importance of looking after ourselves

The Family Links Nurturing Programme offers positive and practical advice for nurturing children so they learn how to handle both their feelings and behaviour. It is based on four building blocks:

- Self awareness and self esteem
- Appropriate expectations
- Empathy
- Positive behaviour management

These four areas provide the key elements for successful and confident parenting and happy and confident children!

Sarah Curry
Family Support Worker



Christmas Top Tips!

For most families, Christmas is a joyful occasion, an opportunity to spend time together and enjoy a bit of overindulgence. But for families of children on the autistic spectrum, it can be a different story.

The festive season can be bewildering for many children with autism. The house is full of noise and people, the normal routines have been abandoned, and outings mean coping with crowds, lights, and unfamiliar sights and smells.

If your child has autism, the temptation may be to veto Christmas altogether, but when there are other children to think about, it's not always that simple. Many parents talk about the pressures of juggling everyone's needs, and trying to keep the whole family happy. Parents of children with special educational needs have been sharing their tips for surviving the festive season on [Scope's online community](#).

Prepare ahead

Prepare your child for the changes coming up. Start early, talking to them about what to expect.

Create a plan

Print off a week-to-view calendar page and add a picture of your planned activities during the Christmas holidays (divide into morning, lunch, afternoon, etc.) to help put your child at ease about the plans for the week.

Make special time for your kids

It's easy to get overloaded with Christmas preparations at this time of year, so make some special time for your kids, giving them 5 to 10 mins of undivided attention every day. Let your child take the lead, tune into their world and see it through their eyes.

Use the festive season as a teaching opportunity

Help and encourage your child to give gifts. This provides an excellent opportunity to work on social skills, like thinking of other people's needs and interests, and being kind and helpful. I support my daughter to make gifts for her family and friends. She also looks forward to actually giving out the presents as well.

Decorate gradually

Don't put up the decorations when your child is sleeping – if possible, get them involved. Try to introduce changes into their environment gradually, starting with the Christmas lights for (supervised) sensory play.

Create a Christmas-free zone

Leave one room in the house, perhaps your child's room, free from anything to do with Christmas, so they can come back to the room as a 'safe place' when necessary.



Spice up the playdough

Add cinnamon to your child's playdough to gradually introduce the new smells.

Gift ideas

If family and friends are struggling for ideas for Christmas presents, email them a link to a website of sensory toys or ask for cash which you can put together to buy that (probably) expensive toy!

Prep your extended family

Talk to family members ahead of time. Discuss your child's specific needs, and gently but firmly tell them what your plans are. Be sure to let them know that this will make the whole experience better for everyone. Ask for their support.

Pack a comfort objects backpack

Fill a backpack with things your child finds comforting or enjoys playing with – toy cars, a stuffed animal, a CD and CD player, or a few books. If they get overstimulated, find a quiet corner or a back room and pull out the backpack.

Don't hope for the best, make an action plan

I used to worry about my son's behaviour when spending time at family members' homes over the festive season. Basically, I'd take him and hope for the best! However, I've found that planning and preparation in advance hugely helps. I work with my family and we make sure we have a calm room or a space he can go to for when it all gets too much. I put his favourite blanket in there. Having some time alone, or just with me, keeps meltdowns to a minimum.



Hold off on the perfume

One thing that people with autism often complain about during Christmas is the many different perfume smells coming from visiting adults – ask your family and friends not to shower themselves in scent!

Wrap up something familiar

Luke can't really cope with opening presents, or will unwrap one or two then run away. So we wrap up his favourite big monkey which he always finds funny!

Give your child a job

I always give my sons, who both have ASD, 'jobs' to do at Christmas – they take coats, offer nibbles round and so on. Giving them something to do reduces their stress about having lots of people in the house.

Don't rise to criticism

Ignore well-meaning 'advice' from family members. Remember, it bothers you more than it does your child! You know best what your child needs, and providing it is your responsibility. Try to stay focused on your child's wellbeing and let everything else wash over you.

Create an itinerary

I give my son a programme of events so he understands, for example, that people stand around and chat a lot when they meet up at Christmas, and that is part of the occasion.

Don't stand on ceremony

Putting food onto large plates/ bowls and letting the family help themselves has saved my sanity during Christmas dinner. My adult son with ASD is very fussy about different foods being on the same plate. This way, he chooses what he wants to eat and will try one thing at a time.

Avoid marathon unwrapping sessions

Don't feel all the presents have to be opened on Christmas morning in the traditional way. Our son would get so overwhelmed he couldn't cope, so we find it much easier to give him a few gifts at a time over Christmas and Boxing Day. He opens them all in the end without any tantrums and is much calmer and happier, meaning we all have a far more enjoyable time!

Get gifts ready to go

When we give our daughter a gift, we make sure all packaging is removed, batteries are in, and it is set up ready to use as soon as she's unwrapped it. For someone with limited attention and suspicion of new things it can make the difference between acceptance and rejection.

And breathe...

If your child reacts badly to stress, staying relaxed and low-key over the Christmas period is one of the best things you can do to keep your child's behavior in line. Save the tantrum (yours!) for when you get home.

Stay in control of your child's health

Rates of winter infections are rising rapidly amongst children. When your child is unwell, be sure to know what to look out for and when to seek help using the FREE Healthier Together app. Developed by paediatricians, trusted by parents.

"It's like a digital doctor for you at home."

Using an easy-to-follow traffic light system, you'll find clear information on common childhood illnesses, including advice on what signs to look out for, when and where to seek help if required, what you should do to keep your child comfortable and how long your child's symptoms are likely to last.

"Brilliant. Simple, reassuring and helpful. Thank you!"

Scan the QR code with a smart phone to visit **what0-18.nhs.uk**

Download the free 'Healthier Together' app

Available on the App Store | GET IT ON Google play

@Health_2gether | @Health2gether



Diary Entries – Year 6

Dear Diary,

Christmas spirit was as high as ever this year! Christmas Eve, which emerged into Christmas day, was so unexpected. The merry day was magical: we played football; we took pictures; we sang; we laughed. My face brightened like a lightbulb as it all came together.

The air was filled with excitement as we got handed our gifts from home. Brightly, the sun shone but still had a dark side to it. We were buoyant with optimism as we carefully opened our presents. I handled it with care and love. After a few minutes, we heard a magical, placid choir float over No Mans Land and through our ears. My heart danced. My smile reached for the stars. My ears felt at peace for once. Slowly, I joined in. It was a moment of enchantment in the gloom.

A dainty, calm robbin sat peacefully on the firebox in front of me. It was time... Time to show the world what I had really got! I clenched my hands onto the ladder, shaking with trepidation. My eyes widened as I told myself to relax. My feet (which were freezing) slowly climbed up the creaky ladder. Ferociously, my comrades barked at me like wild dogs. "NO JIM, NO" they viciously shouted. But it fell on deaf ears. I was on the bitter ground of No Man's Land by now: barbed wire acting as a wall blocking the wind; the bodies of fallen soldiers rotting; broken weapons that had been sliced through soldiers. Horror. It filled me up. My shaking body wasn't ready for this. Would I get shot down? Will this be my last time on this wrecked world?

The foe had got ready. Ready to kill me. Then in the blink of an eye, a man clambered out of the other side (of what felt like the world). He had his hands up as a sign of peace. Our eyes met. We walked closer to each other at a steady pace. His name was Otto. We shook hands as our smiles grew into old age. The sun glistened in the sky whilst the world of war vanished. Together, we showed pictures of our families and played Uno! Suddenly, a football match broke out! The score was 1-1. It finally felt like there was peace in the world. Peace. Peace at last...

A fog of wretched war blanketed over us. The bombs, which strangled us, fired into the death-like sky. Shouting, our commander ferociously told us to go back to the place I had been living in for what felt like forever. That's when I knew. I knew what to do. I slipped a chocolate bar into Otto's pocket. With our heads down and feet dragging on the floor, we clambered into the trenches. That's when I realised. I realised. That ... That war was back!

Jim

Dear Diary,

We were washed away by waves of hope and joy : this Christmas Eve , miracles showered us like a new dawn over No Man`s Land. For one day , and one day only , we united with foe like old friends. We exchanged warming acts of kindness , provided our fallen comrades with some dignity and made of a war corrupted battleground a football pitch.

That was the night before the sun dawned , for me to receive my present and my heart to be warmed. It was my saviour in this lonely deserted land , my little package of hope and joy. Then it touched me like a calm hand , it danced through my ears and consumed me. ...”Stiele nacht , Heilige nacht”... It was a beautiful choral sound. It came from the other side. Becoming familiar we joined the magical tune. HOPE...

IT hit me , I had to make a change. Brimming with trepidation , I clenched my fist onto the ladder. I lifted my foot , taking an eerie step into for foreboding secrets ; what lurked around the corner ? I took another perilous step rising over the parapet into the gloom. My pupils dilated – though I was unsure whether it was how terrified I was or the tormenting scene that lay before me ... I was deaf to the pandemonium of screeching from my startled comrades. The crisp white snow which blanketed the bloodshed , was like a bed , it`s occupants – the dead. My secrets were unshackled. The lingering stench of corpses made my eyes water. Shrapnel littered the desolate terrain ; trees were stripped of their foliage ; fallen men lay with only the company of a fine layer of rime resting on their stone cold former selves. One similarity between all of these things was that they were DEAD... I was at the top of the ladder now. Violently, the air turned cold and bitter as if pinching my face raw. Bayonets and the tips of rifles peered over the edge of the OTHER SIDE...

My life flashed before me and I thought, “What have I done?” Shouts... screams... a raucous noise... Unable to think, I clambered over the edge, stumbling over remains of a field (although unrecognisable).

“HALT!”

I heard triggers rest. I saw a figure slide through the mist...

Then I met him. Our quivering hands met... Our wide eyes met... More and more shadows appeared on the battleground, of every man who greeted a foe as a fiend. Otto was his name; he listened intently to everything I had to say and I likewise, and I realised how similar we actually were. We shared our native food, enjoying every morsel. The warmth of sunlight hugged every man like a blanket of hope, shining through the despair. A football match broke out and it was a chance for us to reveal our human side and let our hair down and for a moment, JUST for a moment, we were able to forget about the ‘W’ word. I looked at the chocolate in MY pocket and I knew what I had to do.

Before we knew it, the pounding of shells, which I had become accustomed to, restarted. Every man bustled along, the air filled with shouts. The sun rays scarcely peered through the canopy of dense, unforgiving clouds. I squared my shoulders and trudged back to my side. I returned to war mode, although what had happened was etched in my heart for eternity. I sat in my trench looking at the bullets, only firing upwards from now on, and thought of the chocolate now in Otto’s pocket.

Bushbaby Class

Dear Diary,

Odd. Odd it was. Human kindness had been restored. Once nation upon nation, now friend upon friend. This day will be a bell being constantly rung in my heart. My gift now his and his gift now mine. Serenity filled the air and a fairly new truce had begun... Would it last?

While digging out dirt from under my nails with home in mind, the general called my name to receive my only gift – I was thankful though. The thought, “would this be my last Christmas?” was an endless spiral of dread in my mind. While trying to black out the negatives and think about the positives, an extraordinary sound had polluted everything that could be heard for miles. The sound of our voices brought only jovial and pure glee spirits to this unforgivable world.

With snowflakes lifelessly circling the air early on Christmas morning, I couldn’t help but sit there in anger and confusion. I had been teased and taunted all until my vision was a tiny pinhole and anxiety had manifested around my body. I felt I owed nothing but bravery towards the fallen. My goose bumps were now feeling mountainous on my arm. Although feeling like I was being dragged back to reality, it was too late, my hands were shaking uncontrollably and having a firm grip on the ladder, all I could think of was my mother thinking I would be dead. “Would this be a mistake?” Now horrified, I could see a German. Barbed wire, a thorny crown, stood between me and him...

His eyes locked mine and before I knew it, we were face to face. The mist twisting and twirling down my throat, I held out my hand in respect of man-kind. Without hesitation, he took my hand as a gesture of peace. Because clouds were a distant memory, the sun, was now a thing that brought joy to our hearts. A football match broke out. We weren’t soldiers. We weren’t enemies. We were friends. At least I thought so.

The once corrupted landscape. Still in complete corruption. Hellfire appeared over the horizon was a real dampener of the mood. Now the clouds moulded in the darkest black. My newest friend now sadly my newest foe. Our faces said everything. What was the point of all of this? Today was a memorable one, unfortunately it didn’t last...

Jim

Wolf Class

Dear Diary,

Christmas spirit came and sprinkled us with hope and glee; it's been a day that will forever be engraved in my heart. It's been on my mind since it happened and I just feel I need to get it out so this is why I'm writing it's been a day where enemies came to be pals.

Christmas Eve in the trenches is a miserable feeling: nothing to show for your children; no warmth, no smiles; in fact not even a sound. You imagine the cheers and cracks of Christmas crackers but listen to the cries and cracks of gunfire. Yet somehow it was... silent... No shells like fireworks, no smoke like a sea, no, nothing. Just the heavy breathes of war-torn men. Words cannot describe my happiness when I held my "little bit of home." The parcel. It warmed my heart to remembering the good times. Home. It distracted me from the unsettling silence and my hunger. My burning hunger. Yet, almost to break the silence, a heavenly sound polluted the air. It twisted and swirled in the air like vines across a ruin. Night's dark blanket quickly fled for dawn's appearance as the snowflakes danced innocently onto. No man's land.

Something hit me, it felt like burning needles puncturing my skin but it struck me with faith. The ladder to the battlefield beckoned me over; it teased and taunted till I grabbed at it and couldn't stop myself climbing out. It was like instinct. Horrified, I watched the awful sight before my eyes. The barren wasteland was smothered in pearly sleet as the sons of worried mothers suffered the terrible fate of frostbite. However, my thoughts weren't swift enough for my ever quickening legs. Was this a mistake? Had I just killed myself? No, no, no, no!? Why is he here...? He was young but with a firm expression wiped across his face. I didn't blink, I couldn't, and my eyes were fixated on his!

His face was searching mine as we came together on the field of horror. His face had been etched with scars and gloomy eyes that were detailed with awful memories that left stain. Goosebumps delicately formed on his arms telling me he was frozen as well. I wanted to communicate but instead a mumble came out.... Hello... I reached my hand out in respect. Without any hesitation, he grabbed my hand, he had a firm grip around my hand almost suffocating me like a python. He spoke about his family; wife and kids at home waiting for him to come home. A smile cracked across my frostbitten face: an old feeling; a warm feeling; and yet a new feeling. Before I could properly introduce myself a football match broke out. My heart felt an immense feeling as the warmth of the sun patted us on the back like an old pal. Otto, who had given me the experience, will forever be in my heart! I watched as men smiled and cheered so I slipped a chocolate bar in his pocket! It felt good...well, while it lasted.

It's funny. Y'know, you finally forget and then bang! It's over.. The expression on those poor men's faces just says enough. It feels difficult to breathe as the intimidating clouds rolled over our heads. A frown moulded my face to; I saw men's faces crease back to "enemies". I shook his hand once more, this time hoping his python grip wouldn't let go. I could feel the frozen air whip against my newly frostbitten skin as we sulked back to the trenches. I questioned my place on the battlefield... would this war ever end?

Jim

Wolf Class

Dear Diary,

What I thought was going to be a ruined Christmas was actually quite the opposite. I believe doing my job (being faithful to my country) shall be harder. Today will be etched upon me till the end of time. A truce had begun...

Captain had said by Christmas we would come home, however receiving my only gift told me I was essentially alone in this broken world. God played me. God played me hard and it hurt. But to be honest, seeing some decent food made my heart bounce. Until a peaceful sound filled my head. In all the gloom, the two different enemy's sung. It took a moment but I slowly started to recognise. It was an old song. An old but memorable one.

Goosebumps ran through me: I took cautious steps; the tormented landscape called me; blind terror controlled me; there was no turning back now. Every muscle I had ached. It felt I was being dragged from life and into a pit of guns. As I stood, surrendering on my soldiers lifeless corpses, life flashed before my eyes. "Why did I do this?" I thought, it could have been my last my last Christmas day because of my stupid ideas. But that's when it all turned around...

Our eyes met. Otto his name was. The barren wasteland was finally filled with fun and laughter once again. The sun shone against our backs as the smiles of soldiers engraved into the pearly white sleet too. War was in a light stupor until we were all rudely interrupted by reality.

Gunshots. Filling the air was the sound of reality. It was time. There was nothing to say because our glum faces already had said it all. Grey clouds filled the sky, it was over. Over. Over, for good. Why did it have to end? What was the point of that? This will be etched upon my heart forever.

Jim

Wolf Class

Upcoming Trips

- Koala Class - The Sustainability Centre - Thursday 19th January 2023
- Gecko Class - The Sustainability Centre - Friday 20th January 2023
 - Year 2 – Sea City – Tuesday 24th January 2023
 - Year 6, Houses of Parliament - Friday 27th January 2023
- Year 3 – Fishbourne Roman Palace – Thursday 9th February 2023

Coats

Please remember to send children with coats as they go outside whenever possible. Don't forget to put their names inside so they do not get lost!



Due to several children having severe nut allergies, we have a 'no nuts' policy at Shamblehurst.

This includes Nutella in sandwiches!

If your child is going to be absent from school, please ensure you contact the office, either by phone, absence message or email, to provide us with a reason for absence. Please ensure you contact us each day of absence. Unfortunately, if we do not hear from you and Mrs Comper is unable to contact you, this will result in an unauthorised absence being marked.

If your child is going to be late to school, eg: medical appointment, please let the office know beforehand if your child needs to order a school dinner, otherwise, you will need to provide your child with a lunchbox.

We would like to remind you that school dinners for KS2 have increased to £2.80 per meal.

All dinner money is to be paid for in advance, or on the day of ordering.

There should be no outstanding debt, only in an emergency circumstance.

Communication

The majority of our communication is via email and text so please keep us updated with your contact information.

We strive to respond to emails within 5 working days.

Please bear this in mind if you are awaiting a response.



Christmas DISCO

Hedge end Village hall
Friday 23rd December 2022
3pm - 5pm

🎵 Filled with music, dancing, games & prizes

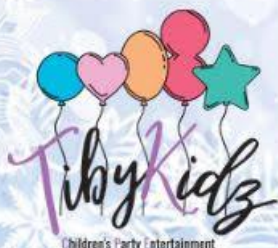
🎄 A drink & small snack for the children

🎄 Mince pie for the grown ups

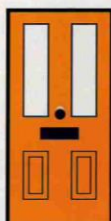
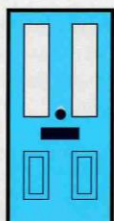
🎄 A visit from someone very special & a gift

£10 per child £2 per adult

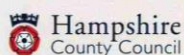
(pre-paid tickets only available via tibykidz@gmail.com or www.facebook.com/tibykidz)



**When every door
is closing on a child...
Can you open yours?**



#OPENYOURDOOR



While we have been working hard to reduce the number of children coming into care through sector-leading transformation programmes, in Hampshire the gap between the number of children needing a loving home, and the number of Foster Carers available, continues to widen.

Children in Hampshire desperately need residents to open their doors to fostering in 2022 and 2023. Almost anyone can foster – parents, young, older, on your own, as a couple, LGBTQ+ – as long as you have a spare room, patience, resilience, open-mindedness and positivity you can do it. Discover fostering today.



In a local child's time of need, can you open your door and be their foster carer?

#OPENYOURDOOR

[Search](#)

FOSTERING HAMPSHIRE CHILDREN

hants.gov.uk/openyourdoor | 01489 587052

Christmas Puzzle Page

Merry Christmas Word Search

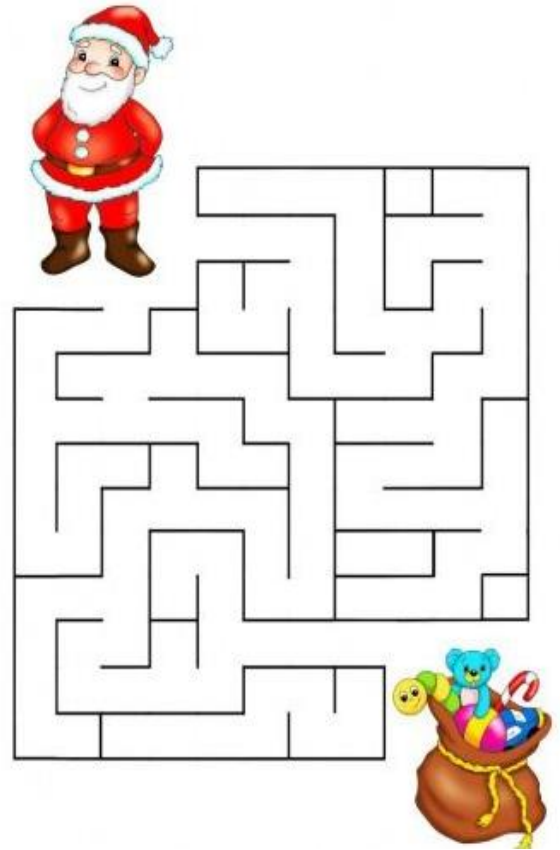
Search for the words going up, down, left and right.



c h r i s t m a s s
t o s d t r e e u t
w l a m a a s v l o
i e c a l t t h i c
n g k r e n n g g k
k n h a s a e i h i
l a i t n s s e t n
e g u s i o e l s g
g l i t t e r s z m
f r u d o l p h l l

tinsel
sack
lights
Rudolph
glitter
angel
stocking

presents
Santa
tree
sleigh
Christmas
twinkle
star



Joke Corner

**Q: Why are
Christmas trees
bad at sewing?**

**A: Because they
always drop their
needles!**

**Q: Where does a
snowman keep
his money?**

In a snow bank!

