

## FUMC ESL 11-15-2021 High Intermediate and Advanced Lesson

Introduce yourself. Tell where you are from and where you live now.

### **Pronunciation:**

In most words, CH sounds like CH. EX: children, check, chapter, chocolate, choice, each, church, porch, lunch, speech, coach

Except in words that have a T before the CH which sound subtly different: catch, sketch, kitchen, pitcher, itch

This pronunciation with a slight T sound is also present in some words that don't have a T. EX: much, such, touch, which, sandwich, rich

### **Practice saying these sentence quickly. Listen for the CH and TCH sounds.**

1. I have a pitcher of punch in the kitchen.
2. Will you pay by check or charge?
3. The nurse checked each child's chart.
4. He reached up to touch the tree branch.
5. That rash will itch much more if you scratch it.
6. The coach made the choice to switch players.
7. I'd like to catch the thief that stole my watch.

In some words, CH has a K sound. EX: Christmas, chorus, choir, chemistry, character, mechanic, orchestra, orchid, anchor, ache, stomach, school, schedule

### **Practice the CH sound in these sentences. Tell if each underlined word has the CH sound or the K sound.**

1. He gave me an orchid for Christmas.
2. Charles Mitchell teaches choir.
3. My back aches. I'll schedule a doctor's appointment.
4. Chris and Chuck want to be mechanics.
5. Here's my high school class schedule. I have chemistry at ten, choir at one, and speech at two.

In some words, CH sounds like SH. EX: Chicago, champagne, chandelier, chaperone, chauffeur, parachute, brochure, machine, mustache, chef

### **Practice these sentences. What sound do you hear in the underlined words.**

1. The chauffeur drove me to church in the Chevrolet.
2. Too much rich food can lead to a stomach ache.
3. Don't touch the switch on the machine.
4. The chemical plant in Chicago was shut down in March.
5. Chris doesn't want to chaperone the school dance.
6. Cheryl made chicken sandwiches for lunch.
7. The orchestra played a march, then the choir sang.
8. Charlotte watched the chef make a chocolate cake.

## **The Secret Life of Bees, Part 11**

**( Teachers read the paragraph first, then choose a student to re-read the paragraph. Ask the students if there are words or phrases they don't understand. Ask them to summarize the paragraph they read.)**

***Review:** Today is July 4th and Lily's birthday. Rosaleen is planning to walk to Sylvan, the closest town, to register to vote. Lily asked Rosaleen if she could come along because it was her birthday and T. Ray did nothing for Lily's birthday. Lily just wanted to get away from the peach farm for the day.*

The bees were still in the jar this morning even though the lid was off and they were free to fly away. T. Ray was already in the peach orchard picking peaches. Rosaleen showed up bearing a birthday cake with fourteen candles.

"Here you go. Happy birthday," she said. We sat down and ate two slices each with big glasses of milk. Then we started our walk.

Sylvan was miles away. We walked along the edge of the highway, Rosaleen moving at a snail's pace. Rosaleen said, "Are you limping? I think your knees must still be sore from kneeling on the grits." My knees were aching to the point that I was struggling to keep up with her. "A little," I answered. "We can sit down for a bit," she said.

"Nah, our church is just ahead. We can rest in there. It will be cooler out of the sun."

We walked into the church and I led us down front and sat in the second pew, leaving room for Rosaleen. She sat down and looked around. Rosaleen never went to church herself, but in her house back in the woods she had a special shelf with a candle, some rocks from the creek and a reddish feather. In the center a picture of a woman was propped up without a frame.

"Is that you?" I had asked Rosaleen.

"Nah, that's my mama," she had answered. It seemed to me that shelf was about religion. It was kind of a nature and ancestor worship religion. Rosaleen had stopped going to the Black church because it started at ten in the morning and went all day until three in the afternoon. Rosaleen said that was too much religion. Sitting there all day could kill a person," she said. T. Ray made fun of Rosaleen's "religion" but it drew me to her to know she loved water rocks and woodpecker feathers, and she had a single picture of her mother, just like me. That picture had worn edges caused from Rosaleen picking it up and looking at it, same as mine.

We were sitting there trying to catch our breath when I heard the church door open and the pastor come in. I said, "Hello Brother Gerald." He said, "What are ya'll doing here?" I explained we had just come in to cool off. He was not happy about Rosaleen being there. His church was a white church and Black people were NOT welcome. I tried to distract him by telling him it was my birthday. Then Rosaleen said, "Ask the pastor if you can have a couple of these paper fans for your birthday." I thought Brother Gerald was going to choke. He started trying to explain that those paper fans were for his white parishioners. I said, "She was just kidding, Brother Gerald. We'll be moving on now." Brother Gerald looked so relieved. When we got outside, Rosaleen pulled two of those paper fans out of her blouse. I was shocked. I hadn't

seen her slip them inside her blouse. But when she handed me one, I took it. I had to admit it did help make us a little cooler.

We came into Sylvan on the worst side of town. As we passed the gas station there were some men sitting outside paying poker. We tried to hurry on by before they noticed us, but no such luck. One of them looked up and said, "Well, look what we've got coming here. Where you think you're going?" They weren't talking to me. They were looking straight at Rosaleen. I was hoping Rosaleen would just ignore them, but she looked right at them and said, "I'm going to register to vote. That's what I'm doing."

"Well, did you hear that. We've got us a model citizen here, boys." One of the men said, "I haven't ever seen a woman that Black. She's downright purple." Another chimed in, "And I haven't seen one that fat, either." The men laughed. One of them noticed Rosaleen carrying a fan. "Hey, where'd you get that fan." Rosaleen looked at him and said plain as day, "I stole it from the church." Then, as if we weren't already in enough trouble, Rosaleen leaned over and spit tobacco juice on the men's shoes.

That's when they attacked Rosaleen. Before I knew it, Rosaleen was down in the grass. Blood ran from a cut beneath her eye. The men pummeled Rosaleen until the police rolled up. The sheriff jumped out and the men screamed that Rosaleen had assaulted them. He arrested Rosaleen and put her in his car. Then he told me to get in the car. I asked him what was going to happen next. He said Rosaleen would go to jail and he would call T. Ray to come get me as soon as we got to the station.

**Discuss:**

1. Is there a connection between the bees in the story and Lily?
2. Why is Rosaleen concerned about Lily when they start walking?
3. Why did Brother Gerald almost choke when Rosaleen asked for the fans?
4. Did Rosaleen's actions surprise you?
5. What did Lily do to try to protect Rosaleen?
6. In the 1950's in the south, it wasn't always safe for Black people to simply walk down the street in a town. Do you think Lily knew something bad was about to happen when she saw the men?
7. What were some ways that Rosaleen was bullied?
8. In what ways did Rosaleen stand up to the white people she met?
9. Why did she do this when she knew it would get her in trouble?
10. Would you say Rosaleen was crazy for spitting on the men's shoes or was she brave?
11. Why weren't the men arrested for hitting Rosaleen?
12. Have you seen people behave in a racist way since you have been in the U.S.?
13. Have you ever been the victim of racism?
14. What other questions or comments to you have about the story?