

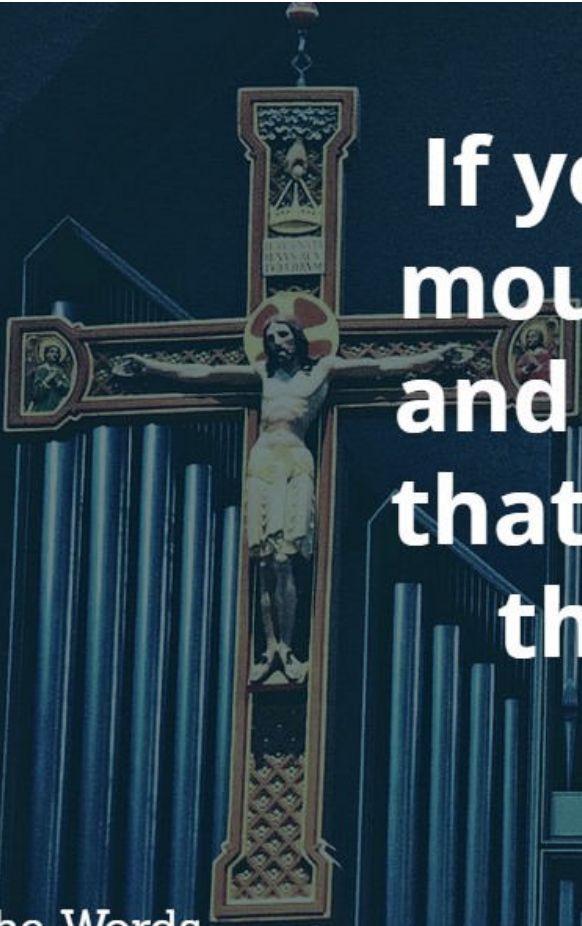
# **ENGLISH BLACKOUT POETRY**

**MRS. HOLCOMB**

# TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 2022

- **Grab a piece of printer paper.**
- **Take out your markers.**
- 😊





If you confess with your  
mouth that **JESUS** is Lord  
and believe in your heart  
that God raised him from  
the dead, you will be  
saved.

~ **Romans 10:9** ~

Feel The Words

**Amen!**

# **BLACKOUT POETRY-INTRO**

## **WHAT IS IT??**

## **WATCH THIS**



- [http://viewpure.com/wISWKSzO50c?start=0&end=  
0](http://viewpure.com/wISWKSzO50c?start=0&end=0)

# ERASURE/ BLACKOUT STEPS

- **Read** the text
- Find vivid and detailed words that lend themselves to a topic or theme. **What words jump out at you??**
- **Circle** those words **(at least 8)** **IN PENCIL** FIRST!!!
- Finalize words or lines and glue on to printer paper.
- Add artistic elements/color/ picture to match
- Cover over all the words on the page EXCEPT your poem.
- Neatness Counts!! 😊 (No scribble scrabble) Take your time. This is an art project. Show off your creativity!!
- Add a **creative title**

# AN EXAMPLE: SHOWING THE STEPS

...your hearts (that is, your mind, the part of the human soul which exercises faith or unbelief), as in the provocation (MERIBAH), in the day of testing in the wilderness. What is the third chapter of Hebrews saying to us today? In the past God had a moment-by-moment Sabbath for His people. He gave them promises. He demonstrated His faithfulness, and then He put them in the place of testing, and said, "Will you trust Me, or won't you?" And they failed! Now, God says to you today, "are you going to fall into the pattern of failure, or are you going to trust Me? You have trusted Me for the big thing, salvation; will you trust Me for the needs of your life—that "no water" situation that you face right now? Will you trust Me for that?" Will you hear His warning, "Harden NOT your hearts as in the day of provocation, in the day of testing in the wilderness, when your fathers tested me, proved me, and saw my works forty years?" He was faithful to them for forty years.

Verse 10. "Wherefore I was grieved with that generation, and said, They do alway err (wander) in their heart; and they have not known my ways." Notice, ignorance of His ways. Not only did they fail to trust Him, to mix the promises of God with faith, but the Holy Spirit says here, "They don't even KNOW about my moment-by-moment Sabbath, even though it is there, even though it exists." Here is something that belonged to them,

so much of a family lately." He nodded, as if he'd convinced himself of something, then said, "This is how we hoped America would work, people caring for other people in such a way as this."

Even Michael thought he was starting to spread it on a little thick, but he could see there was no stopping him now.

"Would anybody like some lemonade?" Michael said. "Manny and I were just going to make some when Mr. Gibbs showed up, weren't we?"

Manny said, "Right! Lemonade. Boy, I'm thirsty enough to drink a whole pitcher!"

They walked through the kitchen doors as they heard Mr. Gibbs say, "So, Mr. Arroyo . . ."

"Call me Victor, please."

"So, Victor," Mr. Gibbs said, "tell me about your brother."

Michael and Manny were standing just inside the kitchen door. Manny said, "This is so on."

Michael pinched Manny's arm with one hand, put a finger to his lips with the other.

"Ouch!"

"Shhhh."

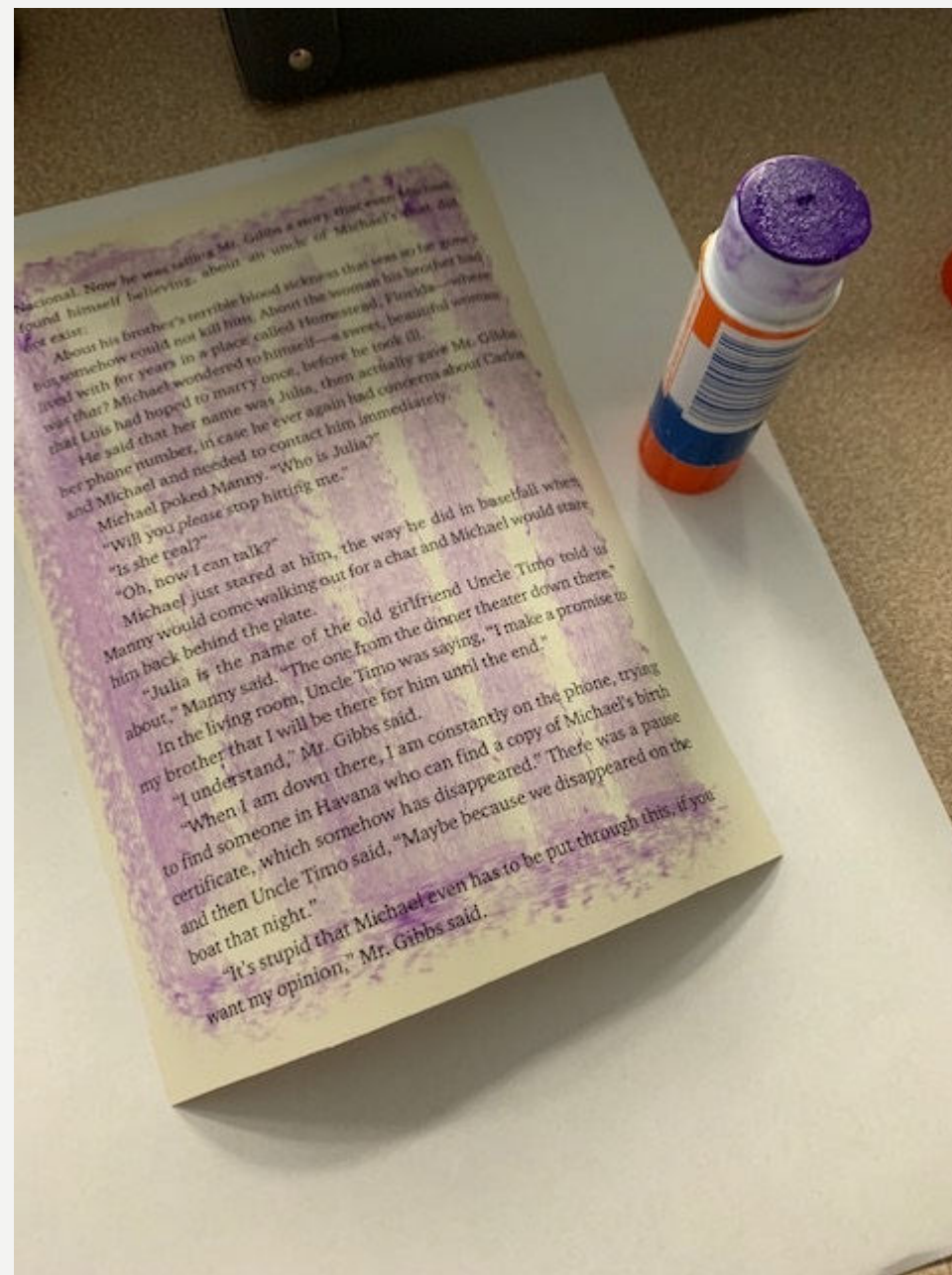
Manny said, "I was just saying."

"You're always just saying," Michael whispered. "I just would appreciate it if you didn't say anything right now."

Manny couldn't help himself. "All I was trying to say . . ."

"Manny," Michael said, "just this one time, I don't want you to do play-by-play on your life."

They both listened at the door to Uncle Timo, who Michael thought was a clown when he met him, like one of the clowns that used to make him laugh at the famous Havana circus, El Guinol



# Stand Tall

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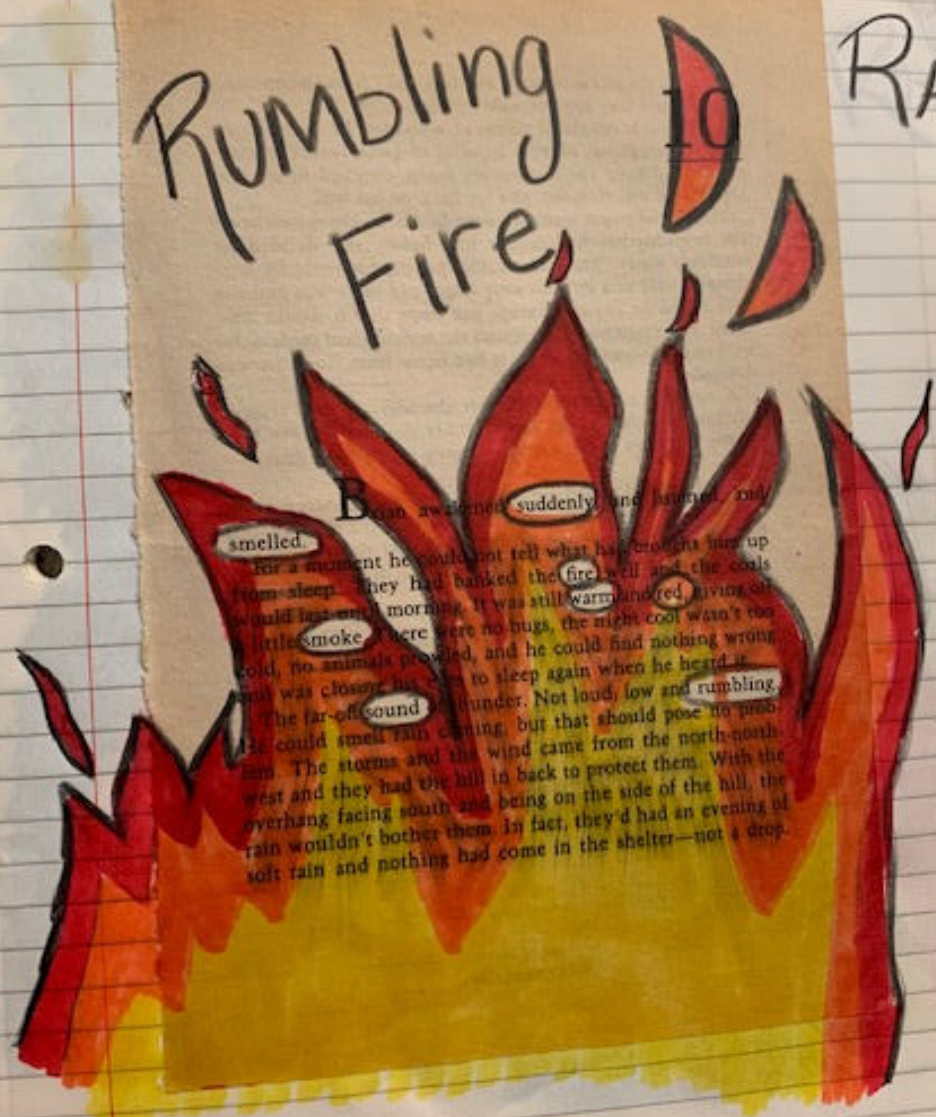
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by Mrs.  
Holcomb  
4-11-22

# Rumbling Fire

Rah



Brian awakened suddenly and listened, only smelled. For a moment he could not tell what had brought him up from sleep. They had banked the fire well and the coals would last until morning. It was still warm and red, giving off a little smoke. There were no bugs, the night cool wasn't too cold, no animals prowled, and he could find nothing wrong with his closing eyes to sleep again when he heard it. The far-off sound of thunder. Not loud, low and rumbling. He could smell rain coming, but that should pose no problem. The storm and the wind came from the north-northwest and they had the hill in back to protect them. With the overhang facing south and being on the side of the hill, the rain wouldn't bother them. In fact, they'd had an evening of soft rain and nothing had come in the shelter—not a drop.

# Praise by Mrs. Holcomb

With his arms outstretched for balance, Twig made his way along the branch to the trunk of the tree. There he began to climb. Higher and higher he went, looking for some configuration of branches that would both support his weight and offer some comfort in the long night ahead.

As the leaves around him grew denser, Twig's eyes began to sting and water. He plucked a leaf and looked at it carefully. It was angular and glowed a pale turquoise. 'Oh, banderbear,' he sighed. 'Of all the trees you could have chosen, why did you have to place me in a lullabee tree?'

There was no point climbing any further. The upper branches of the lullabees were notoriously brittle. What was more, it was cold so high up. The biting wind was turning his exposed arms and legs to gooseflesh. Twig shifted round to the far side of the trunk and started back down again.

Abruptly, the moon disappeared. Twig paused. The moon remained hidden and the wind plucked at his fingers. Slowly, slowly, guided by the touch of the rough bark on his feet, Twig climbed carefully down. Wig-wigs or no wig-wigs, one slip and he'd crash down to certain death below.

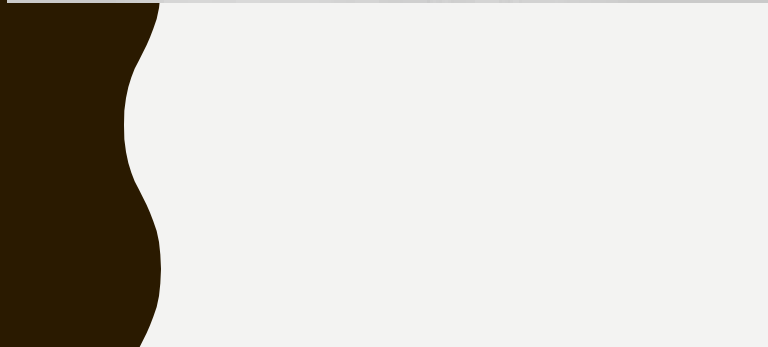
With both hands gripping tightly to the branch by his head, and his left foot bent at the knee, resting in a knothole in the trunk, Twig eased himself down. Droplets of cold sweat beaded his brow as his right foot probed the darkness for somewhere to stand.

Lower and lower he stretched. His arms ached. His



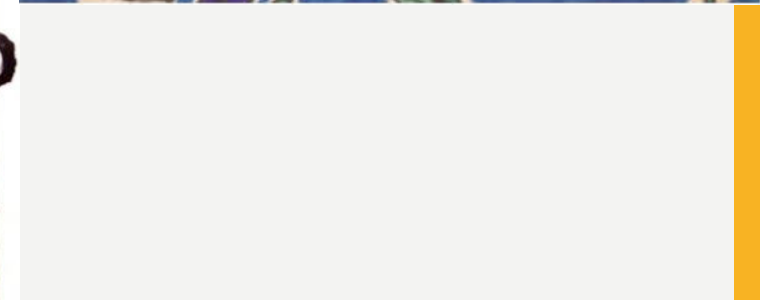


BLACKOUT POETRY: The art of stealing art



Often times living so close to work which may have become a hindrance, staying close by a radio for the latest news, reflecting continually upon life's tragedies—all this can make us miss seeing the wonder and majesty of God's love, always evident to those with eyes that see. If we get too close to a tree, our view of what lies beyond may be obliterated. One tree may shut from our gaze a forest. One tragedy may prevent us from seeing beyond to its use. One war may eclipse for us all that is good within the world. One failure of a friend may blot from our memory all remembrance of good deeds done. If we need to ascend to a steeple to gain an accurate view of a town.

The Psalmist knew of this overflow of God's love when he said, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and, "My cup runneth over." No wonder this expression of faith and thanksgiving has become a favorite for in their



# WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 2022

- Find your Blackout Poem.
- Finish the artistic elements.
- Poems due today! 😊



"Love one another with  
brotherly affection.  
Outdo one another in  
showing honor."

**ROMANS 12:10**



# BLACKOUT POEM CHECKLIST/RUBRIC

- 8-20 word poem
- Neat and covered with artistic elements
- Only your words are not colored in some way
- Creative Title