FREE SAMPLE · LEADER'S EDITION

Read-Aloud Pack

Four large-print stories to read aloud, with questions to talk about, gentle prompts for memory care and a page of familiar sayings.

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Finish the saying	last page

You're welcome to print and copy this pack for the groups you lead. The stories are inspirational fiction by the Inspire21 story team, written with AI assistance and reviewed before publishing; the people in them are imagined. © 2026 Inspire21 (XFORTIFIDE LLC). More stories at inspire21.com.

FOR THE LEADER

How to lead a 30-minute read-aloud group

1. **Before.** Read the story once to yourself. This leader's edition is for you; for anyone who likes to follow along, print the separate large-print copy of the story, which leaves out these notes.
2. **Open (3 minutes).** Welcome everyone, then read the "Say this first" line above the story.
3. **Read (8 to 10 minutes).** Read slowly and a little louder than feels natural. Pause at each ✦ mark, and follow the reading tip.
4. **Talk (10 to 15 minutes).** Ask one question at a time and let the quiet sit. Every answer is a good answer. In memory care, use the gentle prompts instead; they need no memory of the story.
5. **Close (5 minutes).** Try the activity, or finish with a few sayings from the last page.

INSPIRATIONAL FICTION

Who Raises the Flag at Bell Prairie Elementary

About 9 minutes to read aloud



SAY THIS FIRST

This story is about a quiet Vietnam veteran who has raised the flag at a small-town elementary school every morning for nineteen years, and the friend who fills in for him after hip surgery.

READING TIP

Slow down and pause after Russ says the four names, letting the silence sit; then read the final scene, with Marisol taking the rope in both mittens, gently and unhurried.

Russ Kettering drinks his coffee black and leaves the Prairie Kitchen at ten minutes to seven. You could set your watch by it. For three years I sat two stools down from him at that counter and never once asked where he was going.

He's eighty now. He was drafted in 1968 and spent a year in Vietnam as a radio operator with an artillery battery. After that he climbed poles and read meters for the county electric co-op for thirty-one years.

If you ask him about the war, he'll tell you the food was bad and the rain was worse. Then he'll ask how your tomatoes did.

Last October he had his hip replaced. The night before the surgery he called me at home.

"I need a favor," he said. "Fair warning, it's every day."



He came over with his instructions written on the back of a feed store receipt. He'd drawn a little picture of a cleat, the metal piece on a flagpole you wrap the rope around.

"Bell Prairie Elementary," he said. "Delia Ochoa unlocks the side door at a quarter to seven. Flag's in a canvas bag on the hook inside her closet. Raise it brisk. Lower it slow at four-

thirty. Don’t let it touch the ground, and don’t let it touch wet grass either.”

“How long have you been doing this?”

“A while,” he said, and went back to the drawing of the cleat.

The next morning Delia met me at the side door in her work jacket with her keys on a lanyard. She has been the custodian there for twenty-two years.

“So you’re the substitute,” she said, and handed me the bag.

She told me the story while I fumbled with the clips. Nineteen years ago she hurt her shoulder lifting a cafeteria table. One windy morning she was out there fighting the rope, and Russ was driving past on his way back from the Prairie Kitchen. He pulled over, got out, and helped her.

He came back the next morning, and the morning after that.

“I never asked him to,” she said. “My shoulder’s been fine for fifteen years. I told him so once. He said he’d keep coming anyway, if it was all the same to me.”

“Has he ever missed?”

“Snow days. And then he calls me at six so I know to do it.”

I raised the flag. It took me longer than it should have, and I felt foolish standing out there in front of an empty parking lot with my breath showing.

Except it wasn't quite empty. Over by the curb, where the early breakfast kids get dropped off, a girl in a purple coat was standing very still with her hand over her heart.

She was there the next morning too. On the third morning she walked over while I was wrapping the rope on the cleat.

"You go faster than Mr. Russ," she said.

"He told me brisk."

"He says names when he does it."

"What kind of names?"

She shrugged. "Grown-up names. He says them real quiet."

Her name was Marisol Rios. She was in the fourth grade, and she had to go in because the breakfast line was starting.



I went to see Russ that Saturday. He was sitting in his recliner with a walker parked beside it, watching a ballgame with the sound off.

I told him the flag was going up fine. Then I told him what the girl had said.

He didn't answer for a while. Out in the kitchen his refrigerator hummed and clicked off.

"Tommy Lyle," he said finally. "Dennis Archuleta. Bobby Fenn. Carl Mott."

He said them the way you'd read off a grocery list, steady and plain.

"Tommy was from Arkansas," he said. "He raised the flag at our firebase every morning. Nobody assigned him. He said the fellows coming back in off patrol ought to be able to see it up. Said it let them know somebody was expecting them."

"What happened to Tommy?"

"After Tommy, Dennis did it. After Dennis, Bobby." He looked at the ballgame. "Carl was the last one before me."

I didn't say anything. There wasn't anything worth saying.

"I just say their names to the Lord while the flag's going up," he said. "Seems like the right time for it. Nobody's listening but Him."

Then he turned in his chair.

“That little Rios girl still coming out?”

“Every morning.”

“Her daddy’s deployed. Guard unit, been gone since spring. She started standing out there in April.” He shifted in the recliner. “I add him on the end. I say the verse from Genesis for him. ‘The LORD watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.’”

“I know it,” I said. “Genesis thirty-one.” My mother had it engraved on a locket.

“Well,” he said. “You don’t have to say anything out loud. I just thought you ought to know what you were standing in for.”



I said the names the next Monday. I said them under my breath and felt like I was borrowing something that wasn’t mine. Then I said the verse for Sergeant Rios, and Marisol stood by the curb with her hand on her coat, and the flag went up brisk.

I did it for five weeks. Some mornings it rained and the rope was cold and stiff. One morning the wind took the bag clean out of my hand and I chased it across the lot like a man after

his hat. Delia watched from the door and was kind enough not to laugh until I got back.

Russ came back the first week of November, a few days before Veterans Day. He walked with a cane now, and I drove him over because his doctor hadn't cleared him to drive yet.

It was cold enough for frost on the ball field. Delia brought out two cups of coffee in foam cups and set them on the bench.

Marisol was already at the curb. When she saw Russ she forgot about standing still and ran over, purple coat flapping.

"You're back."

"I'm back," he said. "But I've got this cane in one hand, so I'm short a hand."

He looked at me, and then he looked at her, and he held out the rope.

She took it in both mittens. He showed her how to keep the flag off the frosty grass, and he kept one hand over hers on the rope, just in case.

"Brisk," he said.

She pulled, and the flag went up into the gray morning, and it snapped once when the wind found it. Russ said his four names, and one more, and the verse.

Then the bus from Haddam Road turned into the lot, and the day began.

Let's talk about it

1. Russ started helping Delia without being asked and just kept coming. Who in your life showed up like that, day after day?
2. Tommy raised the flag so the men coming back would know somebody was expecting them. What made you feel expected or welcomed home?
3. Russ says names quietly while the flag goes up. How do you keep the memory of people you have lost?
4. Russ hands the rope to Marisol at the end. What is something someone taught you that you would like to pass on to a young person?

Gentle prompts for memory care

- Do you like your coffee black or with cream and sugar?
- What did your schoolyard look like in the morning?
- Did you ever wear mittens or gloves on cold mornings?

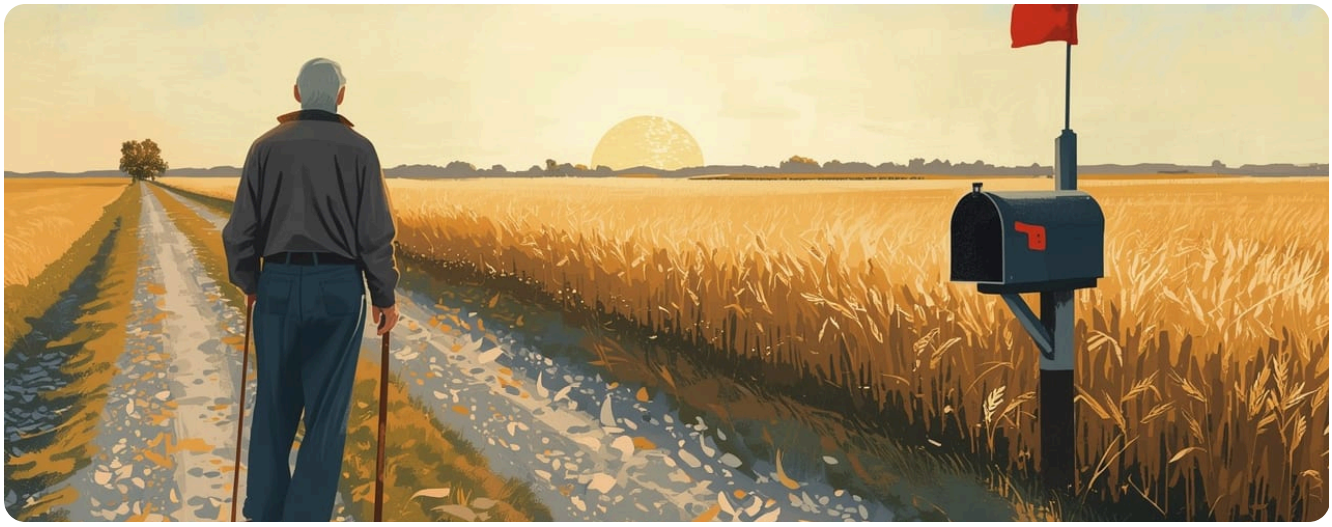
Try this together

Fold a small flag or ribbon and pass it around the circle. As each person holds it, invite them to say the name of someone they want to honor, aloud or silently. Close by having the group wish the people far from home safe return.

INSPIRATIONAL FICTION

Len Tuttle's Postcards to Route 4

About 8 minutes to read aloud



SAY THIS FIRST

This story is told by the owner of a small-town hardware store in Kansas. It's about his old friend Len, a retired rural mail carrier who comes home from a long hospital stay and finds a new way to get his strength back.

Len Tuttle carried the mail on Rural Route 4 out of Larkin Ford, Kansas, for thirty-one years. Before every shift he came into my hardware store at 6:40 in the morning, sat on the second stool by the register, and drank one cup of coffee so full he had to lean down and sip it before he could pick it up.

He retired six years ago. He kept coming in anyway. Same stool, same cup, same lean.

Then last January he didn't come in for a week, and then for a month. Bernice called the store to tell me it was pneumonia, and then it was more than pneumonia. He was on a breathing machine in Wichita for eleven days. After that came three weeks at a rehab place in Hutchinson, where they taught him how to stand up out of a chair.

I drove over twice. The second time he was sitting by a window with a pegboard on his tray table, the kind you'd give a kindergartner, trying to put little plastic pegs in the holes. Half of them ended up on the floor. I picked them up for him. He didn't say much. Len never did, but this was a different kind of quiet.



He came home in March with a walker and a list of exercises. The occupational therapist, a patient young woman named Kendra, wanted him working his hands every day. Squeeze the putty. Do the pegs. Practice writing.

Bernice told me later that he did the putty and threw the pegboard in the hall closet.

“So write something,” she said to him one night.

“Write to who?”

“Len, you know every address in this county.”

That was close to true. He knew all 342 boxes on Route 4, in order, the way some men know the books of the Bible. So the next morning he sat at the kitchen table with a stack of postcards Bernice had bought at the drugstore and wrote to box number one, Ray and Lois Hollister, at the corner of Route 4 and Pell Road.

Ray brought it into the store a few days later and set it on the counter. The writing went uphill and back down like it had been done in a moving truck. It said, “Your cattle guard needs welding. Hope you’re well. Len T.”

“That’s him, all right,” Ray said. “He’s been telling me that since 1998.”

✦

He wrote three or four a day. He’d put them in his own mailbox at the end of the lane with the flag up, and Danny Ochoa, the young fellow who has the route now, would pick them up and carry them out to the same boxes Len used to fill.

The first week, getting to the mailbox took Bernice walking beside him. It's about two hundred yards of gravel. By April he was making the trip alone with the walker, and by May he'd traded the walker for a cane off my back shelf.

People wrote back. That was the part he hadn't counted on. Cards and letters started coming to the Tuttle box, more mail than it had seen in its life. The Yoder girls on Kiowa Road sent drawings of horses. Mrs. Ferrell, who's ninety-one, sent a full page about her late husband's tomatoes and a recipe for green tomato relish that Bernice says is very good.

Gus Lindqvist wrote back, "Who is this?" Len's second card to him was a lot neater.

Folks kept bringing his cards into the store to show me, the way you'd show somebody a picture of a grandbaby. I got so I could tell where he was on the route by who walked in. The Hollisters in March. The Pruitt brothers, who run the grain elevator, in April. The ladies from Cedar Street Methodist, who live mostly on the stretch past the cemetery, all in one week in May. They'd had him on the prayer list since January, and every one of them came in to tell me his card was in her purse.

You could watch his hand come back in those cards. I don't know how else to put it. The early ones looked like a seismograph. By June, the letters sat on the line. By July, they had that little forward tilt Len's writing always had.

I'd know. He signed for his charge account at my store for thirty years, and I've been looking at that signature longer than I've been looking at my own.



My store is the last stop on Route 4. Box 342. It always has been, which is why Len used to come in at the end of his day too, for the second half of whatever was left in the pot.

Around the middle of August I did the arithmetic and figured my card was about due. Danny came in Tuesday with the mail, and there wasn't one. Wednesday, nothing. I'll admit I looked through the stack twice.

Thursday morning at 6:40 the bell over the door rang.

Len came in with the cane in one hand and Bernice waiting out in the car. He was thinner than he'd been last fall, and he took the step at the threshold like a man testing pond ice. He

walked the length of the counter without holding onto it, sat down on the second stool, took a postcard out of his shirt pocket and slid it across to me.

“Figured I’d deliver this one,” he said.

The writing was straight and dark and leaned forward. It said, “Fill it too full. Len T.”

So I did. I poured it right to the brim, the way I’d done a few thousand times, and set it down in front of him. He leaned over and took the first sip without picking it up.

The card is tacked up by the register now, above the key machine. People ask about it. I tell them it came special delivery.

Let's talk about it

1. Len knew every family on his route by heart. Who was your mail carrier growing up, and what do you remember about them?
2. Folks brought Len's postcards into the store to show them off. What letter or card have you saved over the years, and why did you keep it?
3. Len had a regular stool and a regular cup of coffee every morning. Where was a place you went so often that everyone knew you?
4. Len's handwriting came back a little at a time. What is something you had to learn again, or practice slowly, and how did you keep at it?

Gentle prompts for memory care

- Did you ever get a letter in the mailbox that made you smile?
- Do you like writing with a pencil or a pen?
- What did your hometown hardware store smell like?

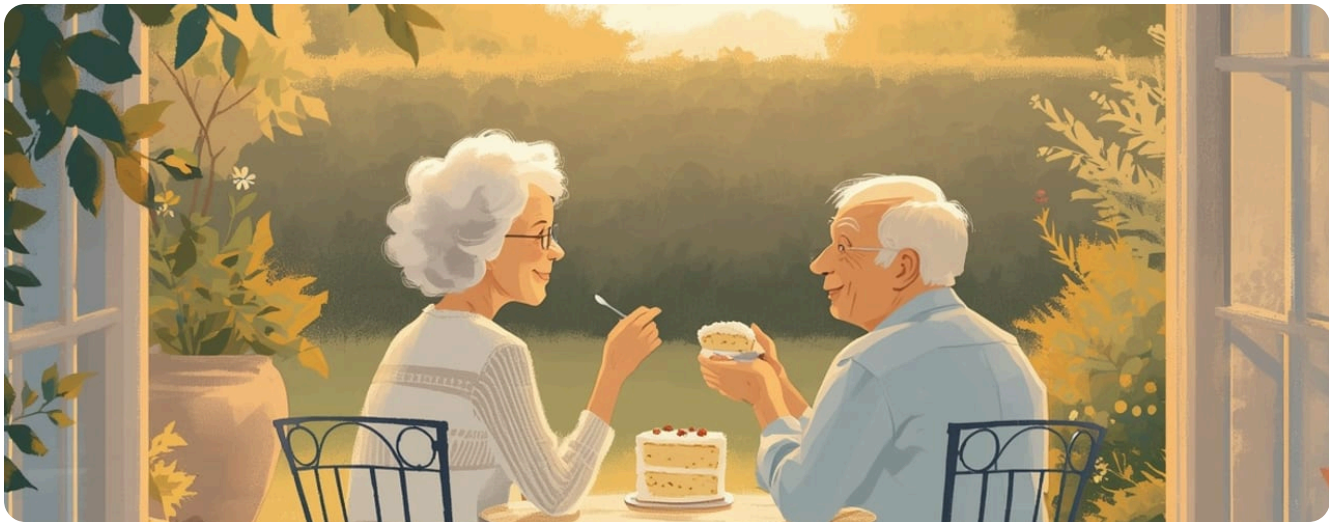
Try this together

Write postcards together to someone outside the room, like a former neighbor, a volunteer, or another floor. Each person can write a line or sign their name. A leader can address them, and the group can help put up the flag on a real or pretend mailbox.

INSPIRATIONAL FICTION

The Great Pettibone Wedding Weather Debate

About 8 minutes to read aloud



SAY THIS FIRST

This story is about Ruby and Harlan, married fifty-five years, who still can't agree whether it rained on their wedding day. A church friend sets out to settle it once and for all.

READING TIP

Pause after "one vote for mint" for the laugh, slow down for the microfilm discovery, and let a beat of silence fall before the final word, "Blue."

Ruby and Harlan Pettibone have been married fifty-five years, and for fifty-four of them they have disagreed about the weather on their wedding day.

Harlan says it rained. Not a sprinkle, either. “It came down like the Lord had been saving it up,” he’ll tell you, “and decided June the fourteenth was the day to spend it.”

Ruby says there wasn’t a cloud in the sky.

They have this discussion every June in the fellowship hall at Cedar Fork Community Church, usually beside the coffee urn, and the rest of us have learned to step back the way you would from a lawn sprinkler. It isn’t a fight. It’s more like a hymn they both know by heart and insist on singing in different keys.

So when the hospitality committee decided to give them a fifty-fifth anniversary reception, and I said out loud, in a meeting, that somebody ought to make a little toast, I should have seen what was coming. On a church committee, the person who suggests a thing is the person who does the thing. I have served on enough committees to know this. I keep forgetting it anyway.

I decided my toast would be a gift. After fifty-four years, I would settle the question.

I started with Ruby's sister Opal, who was maid of honor and remembers everything, including several things that never happened.

"Oh, it poured," Opal said. "My hair went flat as a flapjack. I've got a picture somewhere."

The picture, when she finally dug it out of a shoebox, showed Opal from the shoulders up in front of a brick wall, looking put out. Her hair was certainly flat. Whether that was the rain or simply 1969 was hard to say.

Next I called on Mrs. Lindquist, whose late husband performed the ceremony. She is ninety-one and still does the crossword in ink, and she was very sure it was hot.

"Hot as blazes," she said. "I remember because the butter mints melted together into one big mint. Somebody had to cut it with a cake knife."

That made one vote for rain, one vote for sun, and one vote for mint.

Then I went to the source. I borrowed the Pettibones' wedding album "for the slideshow," which was not entirely a fib, since there was going to be a slideshow and it was going

to have pictures in it. Halfway through I found Harlan standing on the church steps with the shoulders of his good gray suit soaked dark.

“There,” I said, and showed Ruby. “That’s rain.”

Ruby studied it over the top of her glasses. “That’s punch. Opal’s boy knocked the bowl over on him.”

“Ruby, he’s standing outside.”

“He went out to dry off.”

I should mention that Ruby taught fourth grade for thirty-eight years. You do not win a point with a woman who has heard every excuse a nine-year-old can invent. She has better ones of her own.

✦

Which is how I ended up at the county library on a Tuesday morning, in a dark little room with the microfilm machine. Toby, our patient young librarian, threaded the reel of the old Pruitt’s Ferry Courier for me and backed away slowly, the way people do when a church lady has that look.

The Saturday morning edition, June 14, 1969, had the forecast right on the front page: “Fair and hot.”

I cranked ahead to Sunday's paper. Page three had a headline about a sudden storm flooding Main Street. Three inches of rain in forty minutes, Saturday afternoon around four. A wedding party at Cedar Fork, it said, had been obliged to carry the reception indoors in a hurry, "with the punch bowl among the casualties."

The society write-up didn't run until the following Thursday. It was clearly composed by Ruby's mother, who never met an adjective she didn't like. "Under sunny June skies," it began, "the radiant bride wore ivory peau de soie."

So the ceremony was sunny. The reception was a flood. And Opal's boy really had knocked the punch over, right onto the groom, in the stampede for the door.

They were both right. I sat in that little room and laughed until Toby came to check on me.



The reception was the following Saturday evening. The fellowship hall was full of ham biscuits, cousins and a sheet cake the size of a card table. Thunder had been grumbling over the river all afternoon.

When it was my turn, I stood up with my paper cup of punch and my notes.

“Ruby and Harlan were married,” I said, “on a day the Courier promised that very morning would be fair and hot.”

Ruby lifted her cup like she’d just taken a blue ribbon at the county fair.

“And by four o’clock that afternoon, Main Street was under three inches of water.”

Harlan slapped the table so hard the forks jumped.

I explained the rest, sun for the vows and rain for the reception, and everybody clapped. I sat down feeling like I’d negotiated the end of a long war. I may have been a little proud of myself.

Ruby leaned across the table. “Well, the wedding is the ceremony. Everybody knows that.”

“The ceremony’s twenty minutes,” Harlan said. “The reception’s where you find out what you married. That’s where you find out if she’ll share her cake.”

“I did share my cake.”

“You shared half.”

“It was a generous half.”

And off they went, as content as I have ever seen them. I had not settled a thing. I had given them new material.

Right then a crack of thunder rattled the windows, and rain started sheeting down the glass. Harlan pointed at it like he’d ordered it from a catalog.

“See there?”

“That’s not our wedding, Harlan.”

“It’s our anniversary.”

“Then it doesn’t count.”

He slid his plate over to her anyway. She took a generous half.

Driving home, Dale and I listened to the wipers for a mile or two before he spoke up.

“I’m glad we never had a silly thing like that between us,” he said.

“We have the first apartment.”

He kept his eyes on the road for a long time. Forty-six years teaches a man caution.

“The green one?” he finally said.

“Blue.”

Let's talk about it

1. What did you think of the way Ruby and Harlan argue without ever really fighting?
2. What do you remember about the weather on an important day in your own life?
3. Who in your family remembers things differently than you do, and what do you disagree about?
4. Why do you think some couples hold on to a little friendly argument for years?

Gentle prompts for memory care

- Do you like rainy days or sunny days better?
- What did a church fellowship hall smell like?
- Do you like cake with white frosting or chocolate frosting?

Try this together

Hold a friendly group debate on a harmless question, such as whether the cake or the frosting is the best part. Let each person share their side, then share a slice of cake or a few butter mints together.

INSPIRATIONAL FICTION

The Blue Plate at the End of the Table

About 9 minutes to read aloud



SAY THIS FIRST

This story is about a family's first Thanksgiving after their mother has passed, and the odd blue plate she always set at the end of the table for whoever the Lord might send.

READING TIP

Pause after "That was when the doorbell rang," and slow down for Tessa's words "She made me write it on my hand." Let the final line, "Mama sent her," settle before closing.

My mother set one plate at Thanksgiving that never matched the others.

The good china was cream with a thin gold rim, a wedding gift from 1958 that came out twice a year and was washed by hand, never by machine. The odd plate was blue willow, with a chip on the edge shaped like a fingernail moon.

She put it at the end of the table nearest the kitchen door. A folded napkin, the second-best fork, and the chair pulled out just a little, as if somebody had stood up to fetch the gravy.

“For whoever the Lord sends,” she’d say, if anyone asked. Mostly nobody asked. We grew up with that plate the way you grow up with a creaky stair.

Some years the Lord sent nobody, and the chair held coats, or the cat. Some years He sent somebody.



This was the first Thanksgiving without Mama. She passed in March at County Memorial in Hollis Bend, eighty-nine years old and still giving the night staff advice about their love lives.

So the turkey was mine now, and the house on Sorrel Street was mine, and so was the question my husband asked while I stood at the china cabinet with the blue plate in my hands.

“You setting it, Marian?”

I didn’t answer right away. It felt like pretending. It felt like setting a place for her.

My brother Lloyd came through the back door stamping sleet off his boots, took one look at me, and said, “Set it. She’ll haunt us if you don’t. She’ll rattle the gravy boat.”

So I set it.

✦

We were eleven at the table. Dennis and me, Lloyd and his wife Carol, our son Kyle and his family, and Carol’s sister, who brings the same green bean casserole every year and is right to.

Lloyd tried to say Mama’s grace. He got through “Bless this food and the hands that made it” before his voice went thin. Our granddaughter Molly, who is nine, finished it for him without being asked.

“And the feet that brought us here. Amen.”

She’d learned it at this table. I hadn’t known she was listening.

It was Ben, her little brother, who pointed at the blue plate with a roll in his fist. “Who’s that for?”

I went to the hall closet and came back with the tin.

It was a round cookie tin that once held shortbread, dented on one side from a long-ago move. Inside was a stack of instant photographs, the square kind with the white border. On the back of each one, in Mama's slanting pencil, was a year and a name.

Taped inside the lid was an index card in the same hand: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Hebrews 13:2.

We passed them around between the sweet potatoes and the cranberry sauce.

1973. A skinny young man in an Army jacket, grinning over a drumstick. "Dale, hitching to basic training. Ate three helpings."

1983. A tired woman and two boys with cowlicks. "Mrs. Pruitt, flat tire on Route 9. Lloyd changed it."

"I did," Lloyd said, surprised. "I forgot that. I was fifteen. I put the spare on backwards the first time."

1990. A man in a feed cap holding his plate up for the camera. "Mr. Abernathy, new in town from Georgia. Brought peaches in November, bless him."

1996. A girl about Molly's age, very serious, picking at her plate. "Rosalind, with the Hendersons for the winter. Would not eat the stuffing because it had celery. Ate four rolls instead."

Molly leaned over to look. "I don't like celery either," she said, with deep approval.

There were blank years too, years with no photograph at all. Mama never seemed bothered by those. She set the plate anyway, the way you leave a porch light on.

"Did any of them ever come back?" Ben asked.

"Not that I know of," I said. "She never needed them to."

That was when the doorbell rang.

✦

The young woman on the porch had sleet in her hair and a pumpkin pie from the grocery store, the price sticker still on the plastic lid. Under her puffy coat I could see hospital scrubs, the soft blue kind.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I might have the wrong house. Is this Opal's house?"

I must have nodded.

“I’m Tessa. I worked nights on the fourth floor. In March.” She held the pie a little higher, as if it were a ticket. “She couldn’t sleep, so we’d talk. She asked me where I’d be for Thanksgiving, and I said working, probably, or sleeping. My people are all out in Oregon.”

She swallowed.

“She said, ‘Then you’ll eat with us. Fourth Thursday, one o’clock, Sorrel Street. There’ll be a blue plate.’ She made me write it on my hand. Then I went off shift, and when I came back…”

She didn’t finish.

“I didn’t know if it still counted,” she said. “I got off at seven this morning. I almost turned around twice.”

I thought of the last week in March. Of Mama, half-asleep, gripping my wrist and saying, “Don’t forget the plate, Marian.” I’d patted her hand and told her Thanksgiving was months away. I thought she was confused.

She wasn’t confused. She was making arrangements.

“It counts,” I said, and took the pie, and took her coat.

✦

Molly lifted the cat off the chair without being told. Kyle's wife fixed a plate. Lloyd passed the rolls with both hands like he was handing over something precious, which I suppose he was.

Tessa sat down at the blue plate and touched the little chip on the edge with one finger.

"She told me about this," she said. "The moon on the rim. She said I'd know it was mine."

She ate two helpings of everything and told us things about Mama we'd never heard. How she'd quizzed the respiratory therapist on his Sunday school attendance. How she'd hummed "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come" at three in the morning, in March, because she said it was never too early to practice.

We ate Tessa's grocery-store pie. It was too sweet.

When the dishes were stacked, Lloyd went out to his truck and came back with Mama's old instant camera. He'd found film for it at an estate sale in October and hadn't told anyone why.

"Everybody stay put," he said.

Tessa laughed and held up her fork. The flash went off, and the square of film slid out gray and blank and slowly filled with her face.

I found a pencil in the junk drawer, the same drawer Mama had kept it in for fifty years. I turned the photograph over on the tablecloth and wrote in my own hand, underneath where hers would have been:

“This year. Tessa, from the fourth floor. Mama sent her.”

Then I laid it in the tin, right on top, and pressed the lid down until it clicked.

Let's talk about it

1. Why do you think Marian's mother kept setting the blue plate, even in the years when nobody came?
2. Who was the most unexpected guest you ever had at a holiday table?
3. What tradition from your family's table would you want the grandchildren to carry on?
4. What does it mean to you to make room for a stranger, the way Opal did?

Gentle prompts for memory care

- Did your family use the good dishes on holidays?
- What did your kitchen smell like on Thanksgiving morning?
- Do you like pumpkin pie or apple pie better?

Try this together

Set an extra place at the activity table with a plate and napkin. Pass around paper and pencils, and have each person write or say one name of someone they'd welcome to that seat, or a kind word for a stranger.

TO CLOSE

Finish the saying

Read the first half and let the group call out the rest.

1. A penny saved is...
2. An apple a day...
3. If at first you don't succeed...
4. Every cloud has...
5. A friend in need...
6. Make new friends, but keep the old; one is silver...
7. Many hands...
8. Little strokes...
9. Early to bed and early to rise...
10. Home is where...
11. Laughter is...
12. Where there's a will...

Answers: 1. a penny earned. 2. keeps the doctor away. 3. try, try again. 4. a silver lining. 5. is a friend indeed. 6. and the other gold. 7. make light work. 8. fell great oaks. 9. makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise. 10. the heart is. 11. the best medicine. 12. there's a way.