



M.

The
McAuley
Catholic High School
and Sixth Form
DONCASTER

**May 191
blossom**

M. i91 blossom

The school year is a very particular one and those working in schools recognise the rhythm of the year.

In Catholic schools, the liturgical calendar is divided into seasons; Advent, Christmas, Ordinary Time (Time after Epiphany), Lent, Easter, and Ordinary Time (Time after Pentecost). This gives a structure to the way we organise our assemblies, liturgies and even charitable works.

In temperate and sub-polar regions, four seasons based on the Gregorian calendar are generally recognised: spring, summer, autumn and winter. In the UK, schools always begin the year in September which marks the end of the summer. The dark days of autumn and winter give way to the freshness of spring and the excitement that the summer term brings; promising those long, seemingly endless and free summer holidays.

Spring is so welcome after the drab, damp winter days and is best illustrated by the magnificent **blossom** show on the Acacia site.

We don't need to remind our Y11 and Y13 students that the public exam season is nearly upon us. In many ways we see our pupils begin to **blossom** at this time of the year, particularly Y11 and Y13. The working partnership between teacher and pupil is timed so that they **blossom** ready for the exam season.

Like blossom, they eventually give way to the next stage of growth, leading to an abundance of fruit and further growth.

The poet Laureate, Yorkshireman Simon Armitage, has just released a poem about plum tree blossom.

It is a perfect way to describe the way that **blossom** has a way of standing out against any backdrop even the most incongruous.

My wish and prayer is that our pupils realise their full God-given potential in the coming weeks and that they fully allow themselves to **blossom**.

The glory of God is a human fully alive.

John Rooney, Headteacher

Plum Tree Among The Skyscrapers by Simon Armitage

She's travelled for years
through tangled forests
and formal gardens,
edged along hedgerows,
set up her stall
on tenanted farms
then moved on, restless,
empty handed sometimes,
sometimes with fruit
in her arms.
She's hopscotched
through graveyards and parks,
settled down in allotments,
clung to a church roof
by a toe.
She's pitched camp on verges
and hard shoulders,
stumbled on threadbare moors
above the tree-line
and slumped it on wasteland,
but dug in on steep hillsides
and rough ground.
She was Queen of the May
on a roundabout once
in a roundabout way.
She's piggy-backed
across trading estates, hitched
in a mistle thrush beak,
drifted with thistledown.
She's thumbed a lift into town.

Now here she is,
in a cracked slab
in a city square
in a square mile
mirrored by glass and steel,
dwarfed by money
and fancy talk.
Hand-me-down brush,
pre-loved broom,
to the paid-by-the-minute
suits and umbrellas
and lunchtime shoppers
she's a poor Cinderella
rootling about
in a potting compost
of burger boxes
and popped poppers.
In that world,
orchard and orphan

Listen to Simon reading it here;
<https://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/who-we-are/news/poet-laureate-simon-armitage-creates-blossom-inspired-poem#cb-336220293-0>