

4th Grade eLearning

English Language Arts

4th
Grade
h



Activities may or may not require internet access. Each activity is labeled with the following.

Requires internet access!



Does not require internet access.



ELA

Grade 4

Day Two

I Can...

- **I can** infer character traits based on thoughts and actions within the text.
- **I can** explain how the author's choice of words and illustrations contribute to the meaning.

Standard(s)

4.RL.5.1 Ask and answer inferential questions to analyze meaning beyond the text; refer to details and examples within a text to support inferences and conclusions.

4.RL.9.2 Explain how the author's choice of words, illustrations, and conventions combine to create mood, contribute to meaning, and emphasize aspects of a character or setting.

Essential Question:

How does an author's use of words, phrases and/or conventions shape meaning and tone in texts?

Materials and Resources:

1. Laptop
2. eLearning Day Two PowerPoint

Activities:

1. Interactive Read Along: The Sunsets of Miss Olivia Wiggins.
2. Independent Reading
3. Independent Reading Response



Today we are going to review how choices an author makes contributes to the meaning of the story.

Let's review... Explain the terms below to your parent, grandparent, brother, sister, or friend.

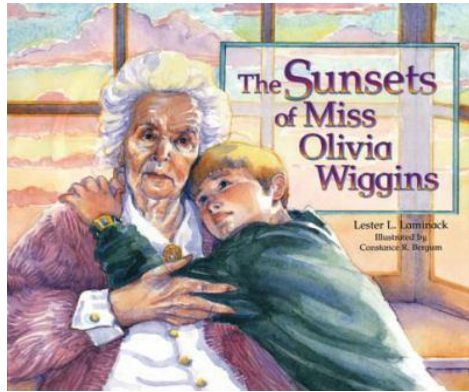
- **Inferences**
- **Conclusions**
- **Author's Choice**



ELA



ACTIVITIES



Click [here](#) to listen to the book online. Then, answer the question [here](#).



OR

Click [here](#) to read The Sunsets of Miss Olivia Wiggins. As you read, answer the questions throughout the story.

Choose One:



Read a story on EPIC, BookFlix, or Raz-Kids. Click [here](#) to type your teacher a message below about what you read.



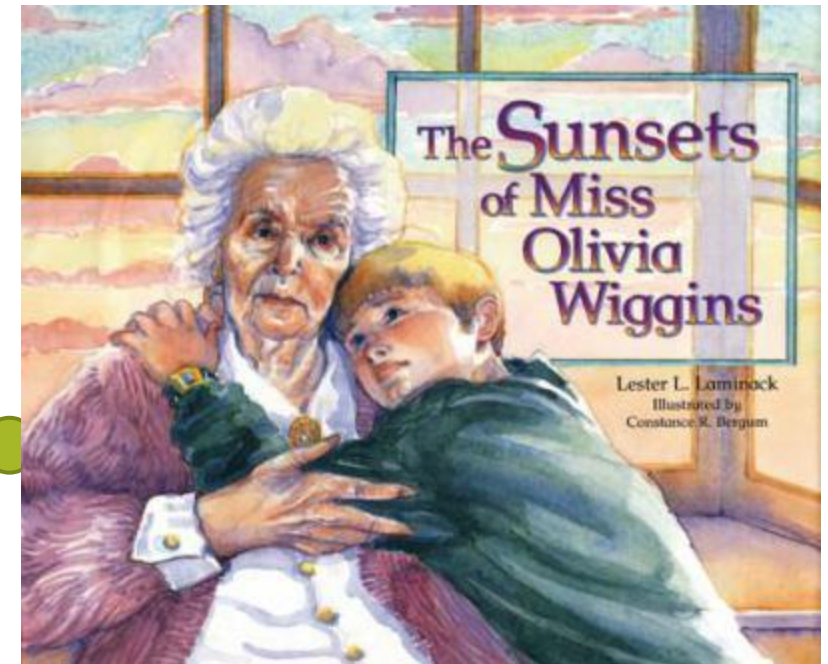
OR

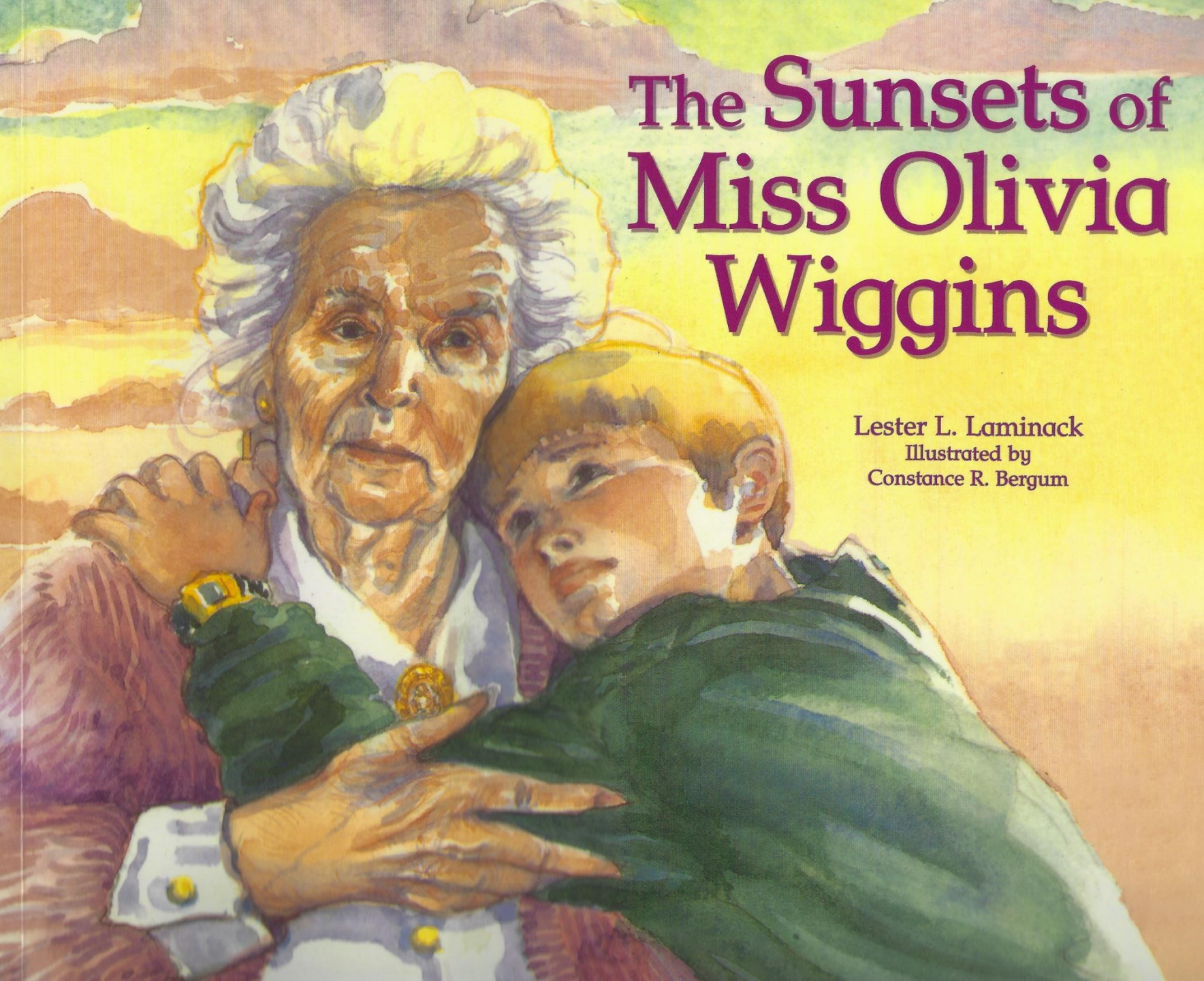


Read a book with your parent, grandparent, brother, sister, or friend. Click [here](#) to type your teacher a message below about what you read.

Explain that some older people get a disease called Alzheimer's that may cause them to act differently and forget things. Some people with Alzheimer's disease can't take care of themselves and go to live in a nursing home, where doctors and nurses care for them.

Today's book is about a woman who has Alzheimer's disease.



The illustration is a watercolor-style painting. It depicts an elderly woman, Miss Olivia Wiggins, with short, curly white hair. She has a gentle expression and is wearing a light purple or lavender dress with a white collar and a large, ornate gold brooch at the neck. Her hands are visible, showing age and a yellow watch on her left wrist. She is holding a young child with blonde hair, who is wearing a green jacket. The child is looking up at the woman. The background is a soft, warm wash of yellow and orange, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall style is soft and painterly.

The Sunsets of Miss Olivia Wiggins

Lester L. Laminack
Illustrated by
Constance R. Bergum



The Sunsets of
Miss Olivia
Wiggins



PEACHTREE PUBLISHERS
1700 Chattahoochee Avenue
Atlanta, Georgia 30318-2112
www.peachtree-online.com

Text © 1998 by Lester L. Laminack
Illustrations © 1998 by Constance R. Bergum

First trade paperback edition published in 2018

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other—except for brief quotations in printed reviews, without the prior permission of the publisher.

Cover illustration by Constance R. Bergum
Book design by Constance R. Bergum and Loraine M. Joyner

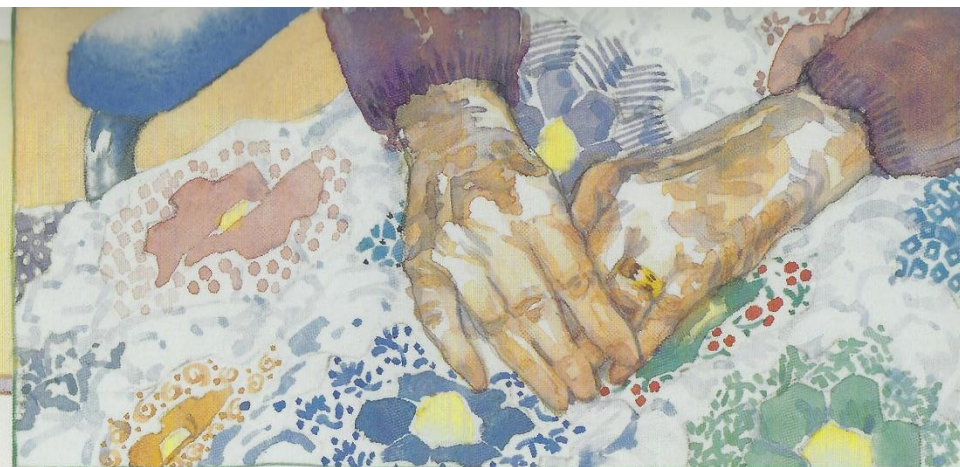
The illustrations were rendered in watercolor.

Printed in April 2018 by Imago in China
20 19 18 17 16 15 14 (hardcover)
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 (trade paperback)

HC ISBN: 978-1-56145-139-5
PB ISBN: 978-1-68263-063-1

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Laminack, Lester L., 1956–
The sunsets of Miss Olivia Wiggins / Lester L. Laminack ; illustrated by Constance R. Bergum. —1st. ed.
p. cm.
Summary: Even though Miss Olivia seems unaware of the world around her, when her daughter and her great-grandson come to the nursing home to visit, they awaken happy memories of her past.
ISBN 1-56145-139-5
[1. Great-grandmothers—Fiction. 2. Old age—Fiction.] I. Bergum, Constance Rummel, ill. II. Title.
PZ7.L1816Su 1998
[E]—dc21
97-40949
CIP
AC



Miss Olivia Wiggins sits and looks at nothing and at everything,
all at the same time.

She spends much of each day just sitting. Sitting with her hands folded in her lap. Hands once strong, with nimble fingers that milked cows and gathered fresh eggs. Hands that shelled peas, shucked corn, and quilted bed covers. Hands that braided hair and soothed babies. Hands that loved.

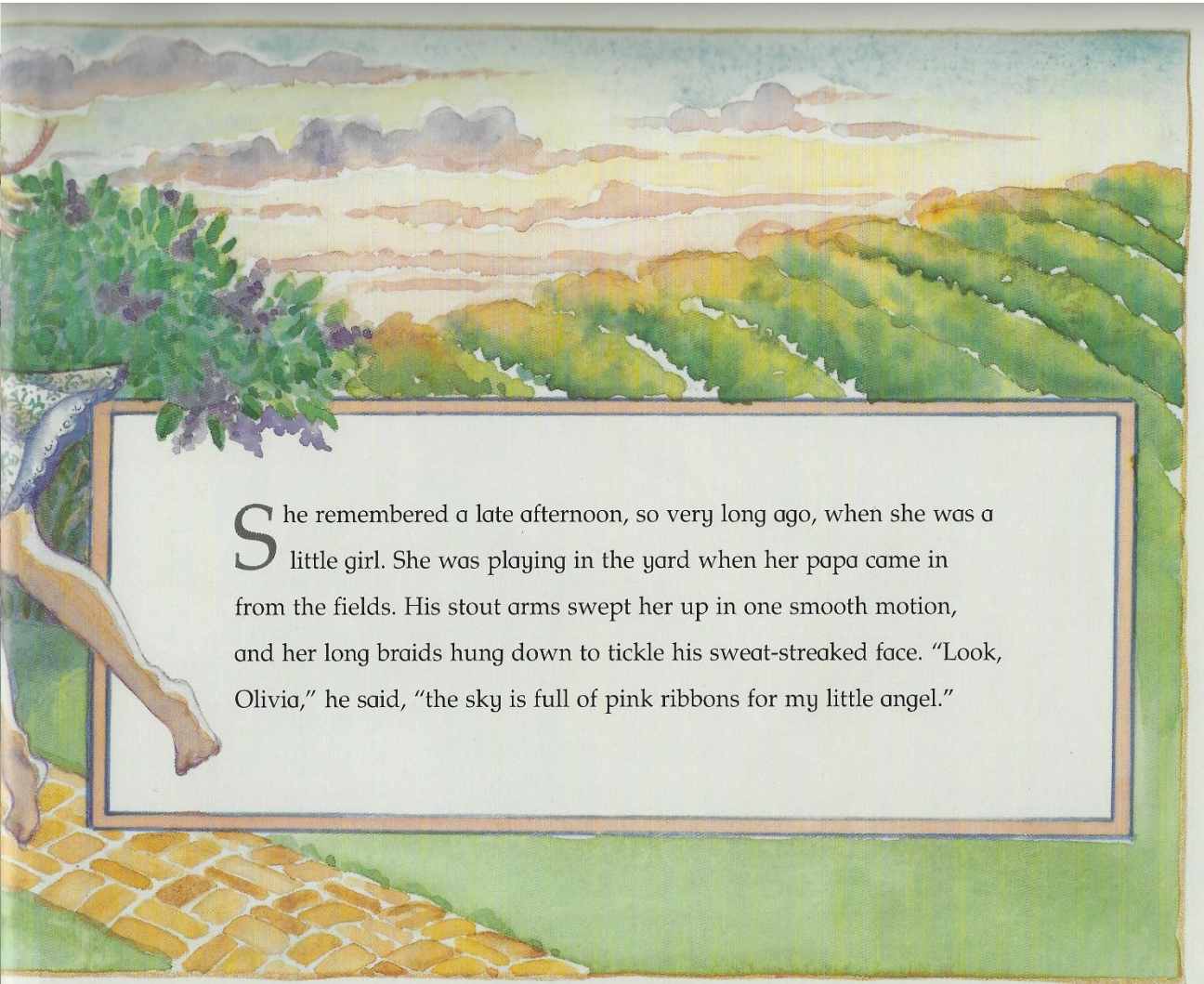
Now those hands are fragile, frozen, folded in her lap.



"Miss Olivia?" the nurse spoke softly. "There's a lovely sunset this afternoon. The sky is streaked with pink. I'll move you over here where you can enjoy it." And he pushed her wheelchair to the west windows.

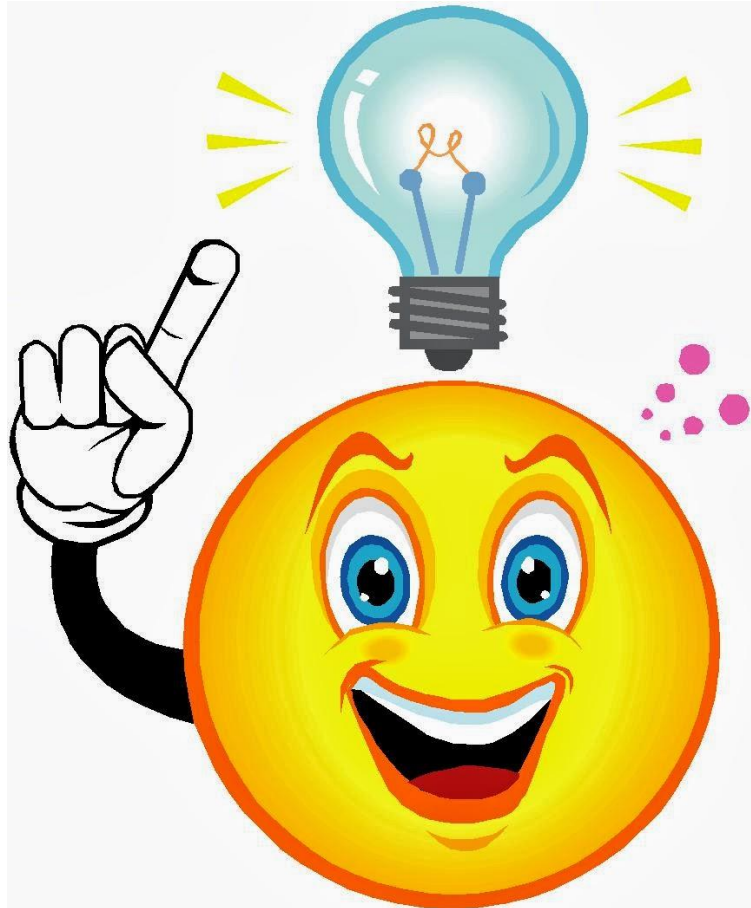
Miss Olivia Wiggins had enjoyed many sunsets in her long life. But now, she sat perfectly still, staring straight ahead, at nothing and at everything, all at the same time. She didn't move, she didn't even blink, but slowly, quietly she began to think....





He remembered a late afternoon, so very long ago, when she was a little girl. She was playing in the yard when her papa came in from the fields. His stout arms swept her up in one smooth motion, and her long braids hung down to tickle his sweat-streaked face. "Look, Olivia," he said, "the sky is full of pink ribbons for my little angel."

Even though Miss Olivia isn't speaking or moving, she seems to be remembering. Who or what does she remember? What causes her to remember?



Type your response here.



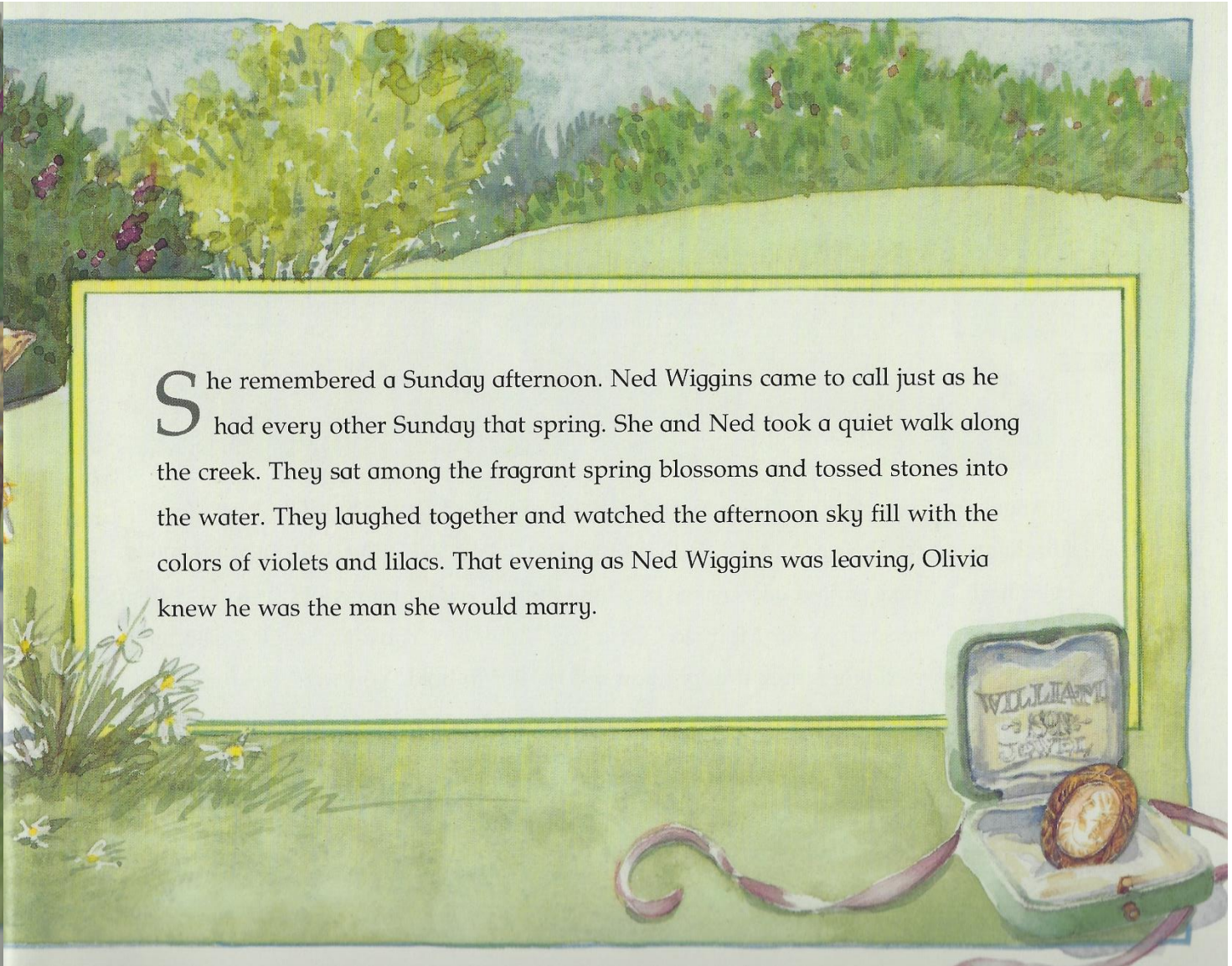
The nurse returned with two visitors. "Miss Olivia, look who's come to see you. It's Miss Angel and Troy." Angel leaned over and kissed Miss Olivia's forehead. "Hello, Momma," she said. "It's your girl, Angel." She took Miss Olivia's hand. "Do you know me, Momma?" Miss Olivia was still and quiet. "You see who came with me? It's Troy. You remember your great-grandson, don't you, Momma?" Angel asked. Troy stepped over to her chair. "See what we brought for you, Momma Olivia? It's a bunch of lilacs," he said. "Grandma Angel and I brought them from your yard."

Miss Olivia Wiggins didn't say anything. She just sat there, staring straight ahead, at nothing and at everything, with her hands folded in her lap. She didn't move, she didn't even blink, but slowly, quietly, she began to think....





She remembered a Sunday afternoon. Ned Wiggins came to call just as he had every other Sunday that spring. She and Ned took a quiet walk along the creek. They sat among the fragrant spring blossoms and tossed stones into the water. They laughed together and watched the afternoon sky fill with the colors of violets and lilacs. That evening as Ned Wiggins was leaving, Olivia knew he was the man she would marry.





Angel was rocking next to her mother while Troy stood by the window watching a family get out of their car. "Look at that tiny baby," Troy exclaimed. "It must have just been born." Angel smiled and looked at Miss Olivia. "Troy, I remember the day you were born," she said. "Your Momma Olivia was there, too. You should have seen her. She was so proud when they brought you out for her to hold. You were her first great-grandchild, you know."

All the while Miss Olivia just sat facing the window. Her hands still and folded in her lap. She didn't move, she didn't even blink, but slowly, quietly she began to think....





She remembered the cry of her first child as the midwife said, "It's a girl, Olivia." She wasn't sure if the golden glow that fell across the room that day was from the halo of a new angel or from the autumn sun. It didn't matter.

It was a glorious day, and she decided to name her child Angel.



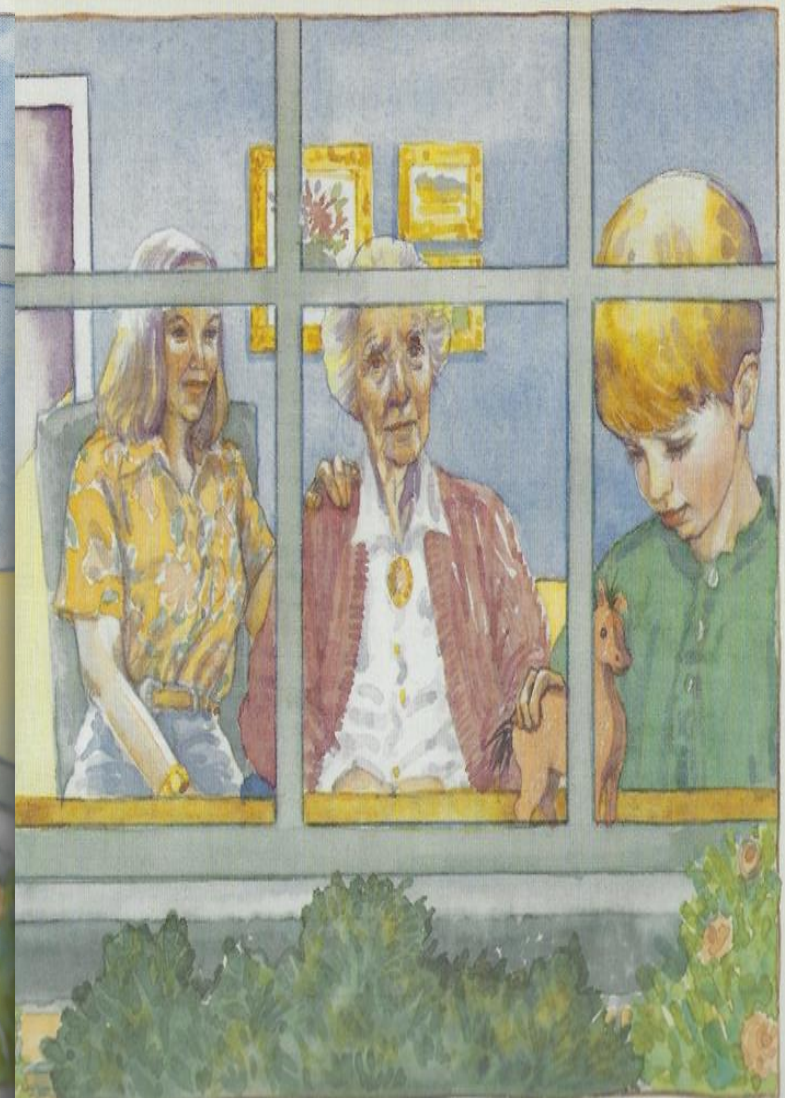
Why do you think Olivia named her daughter Angel?

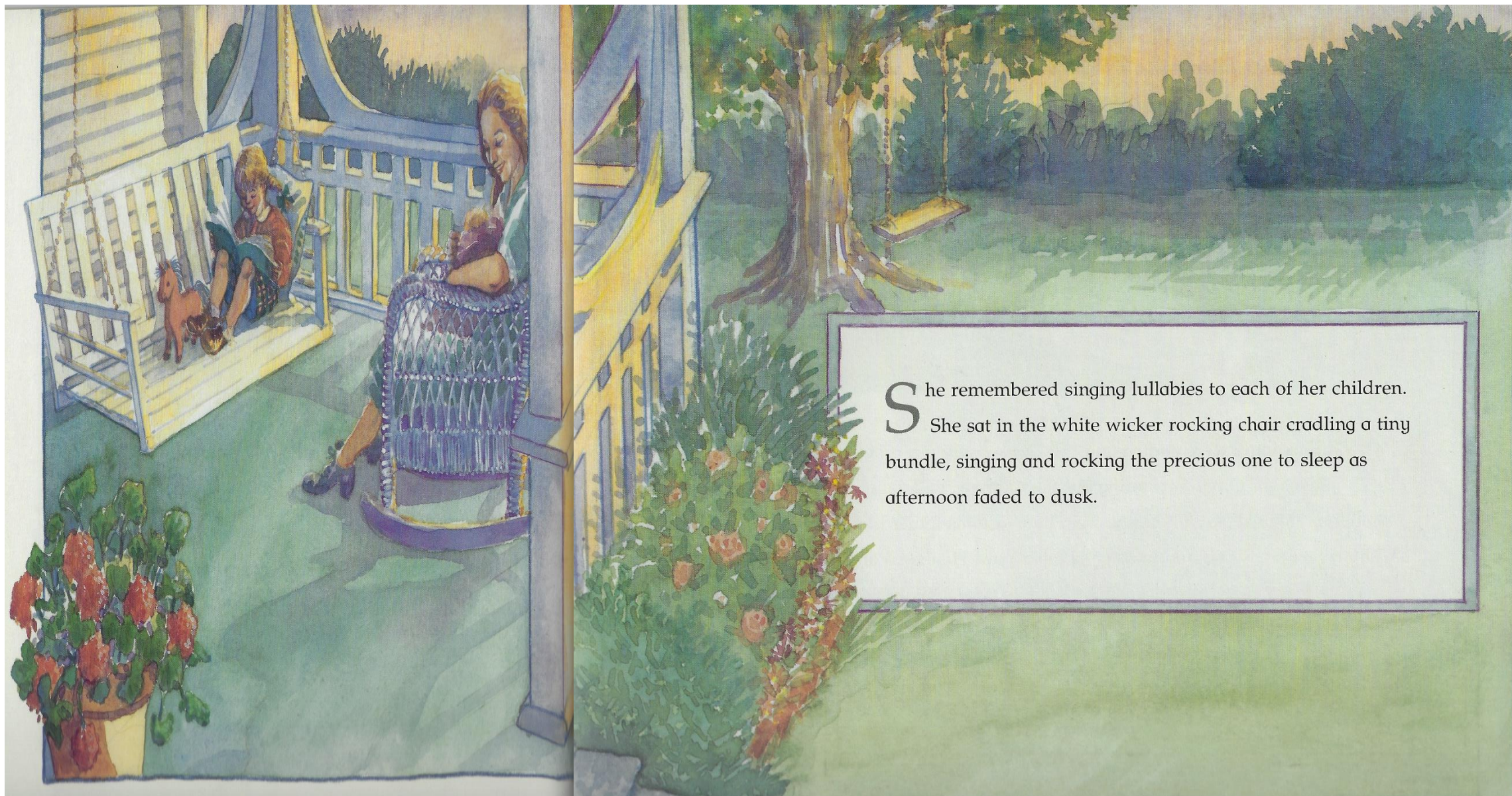


Type your response here.

Miss Olivia sat staring at the window as Angel sat quietly next to her. Troy stood by his great-grandmother, humming a tune she had sung to him when he was very young. That song and the fragrance of rose water were his only memories of Momma Olivia before his visits to see her here.

The three of them faced the west window staring at nothing and at everything. Troy leaned against the wheelchair, humming as he gently rocked it back and forth. Miss Olivia didn't move, she didn't even blink, but slowly, quietly, she began to think....







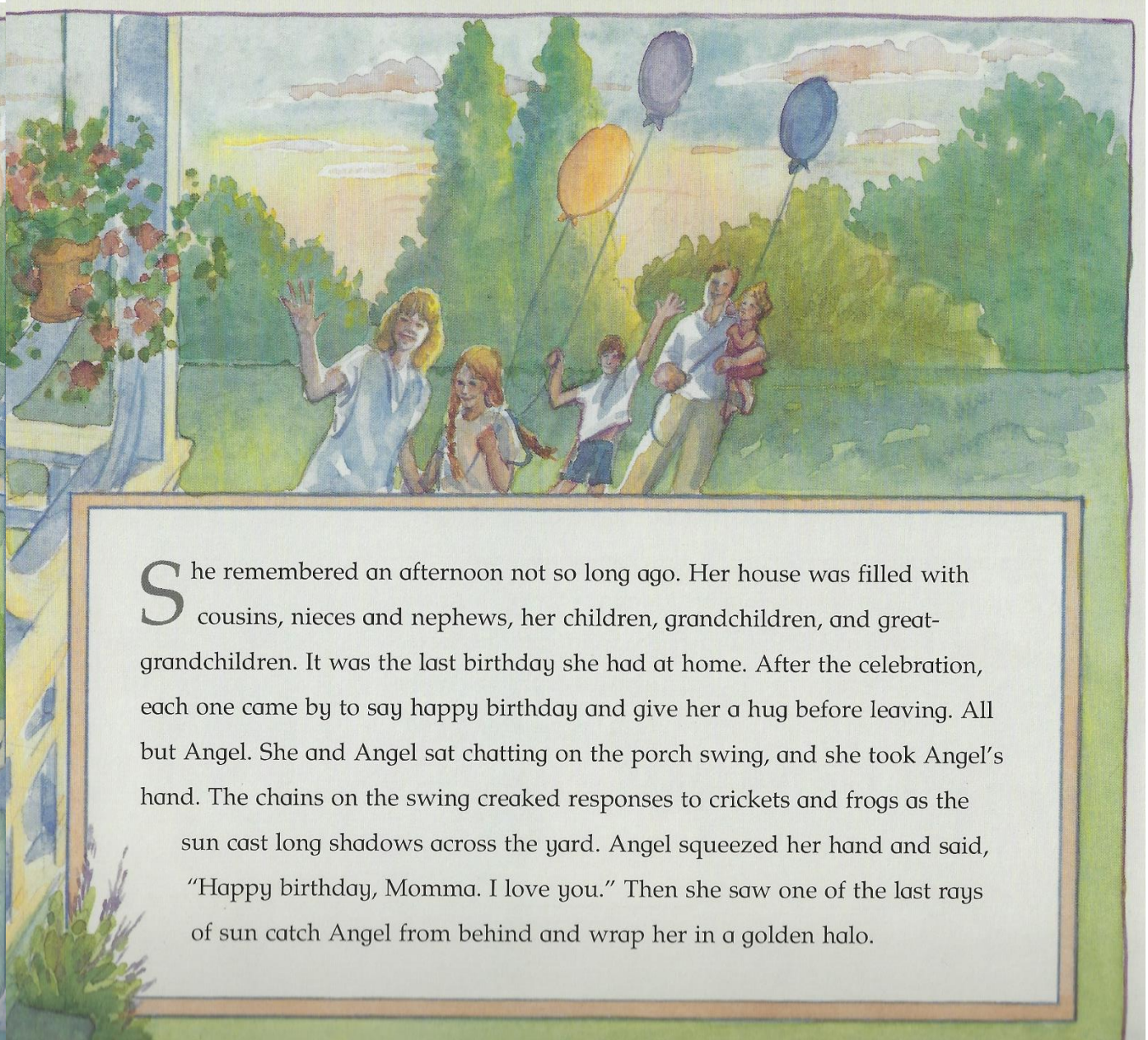
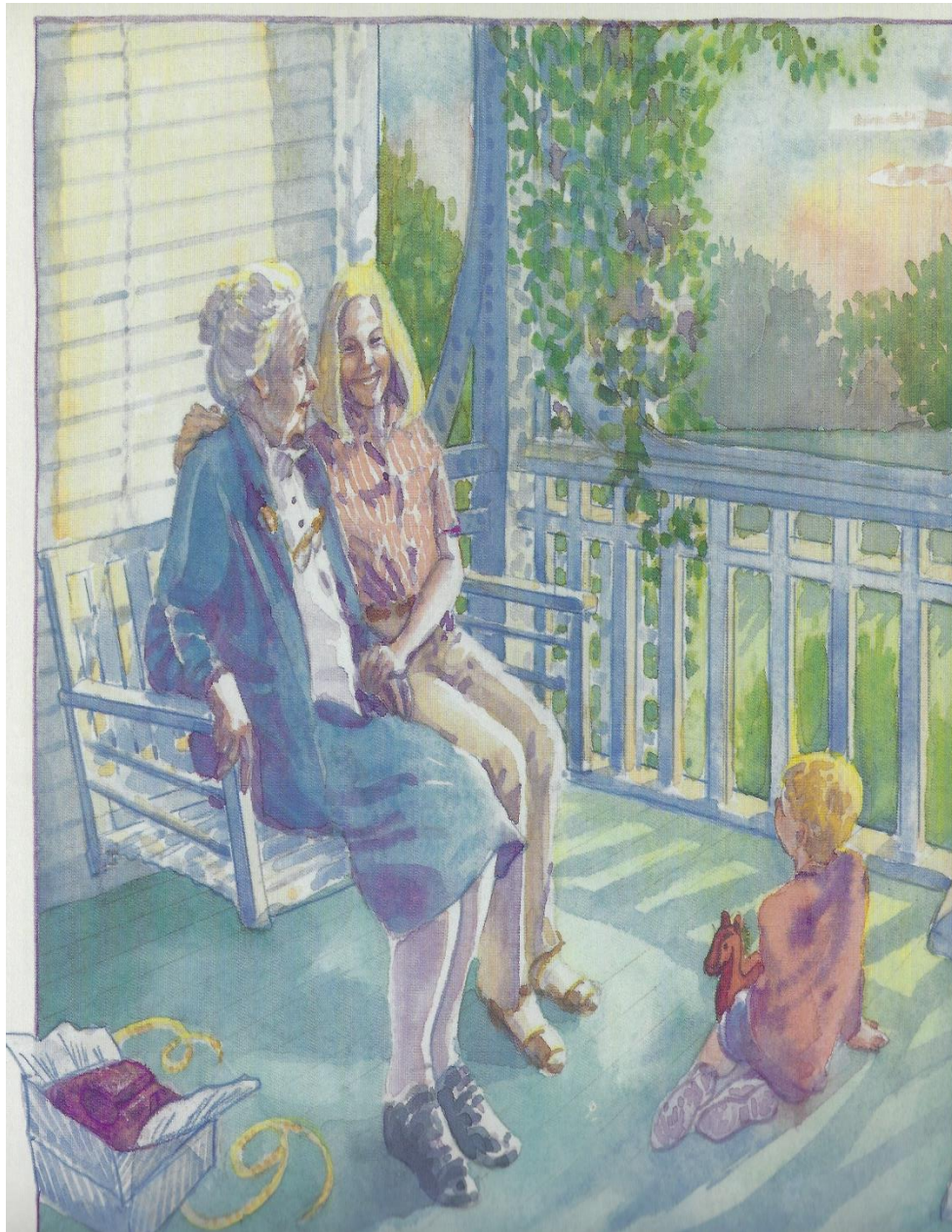
Visiting hours were ending and the sitting room was filled with good-byes and hugs. Miss Olivia sat staring out the window, and Troy rested his head on her shoulder. He talked about her house. The house his father had played in as a child. The house where his Grandma Angel lived now. He talked about the front porch swing. It was his favorite place. All the while, Miss Olivia didn't move, she didn't even blink, but slowly, quietly, she began to think....



Have you noticed a pattern? What do you think is coming up next?

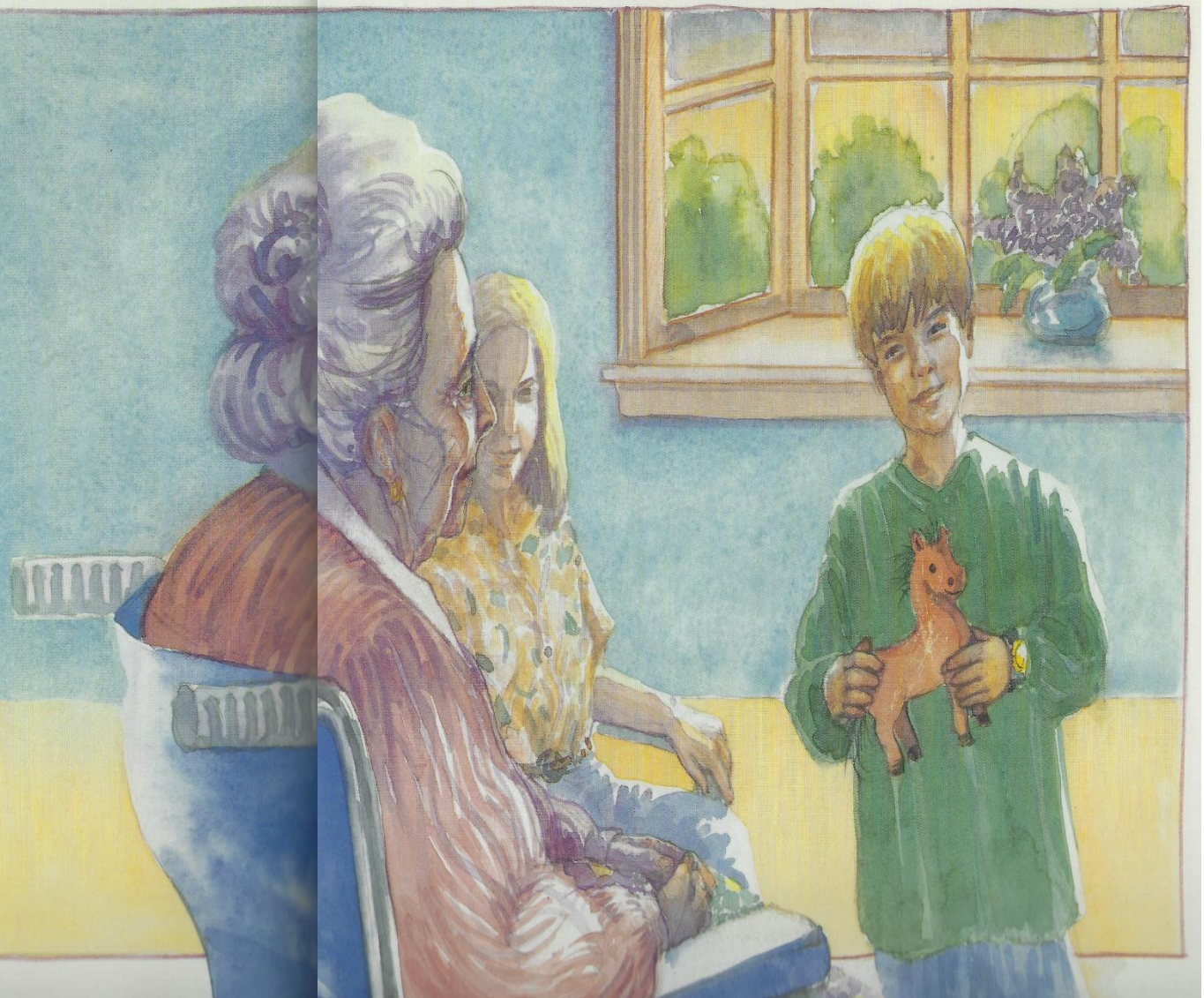
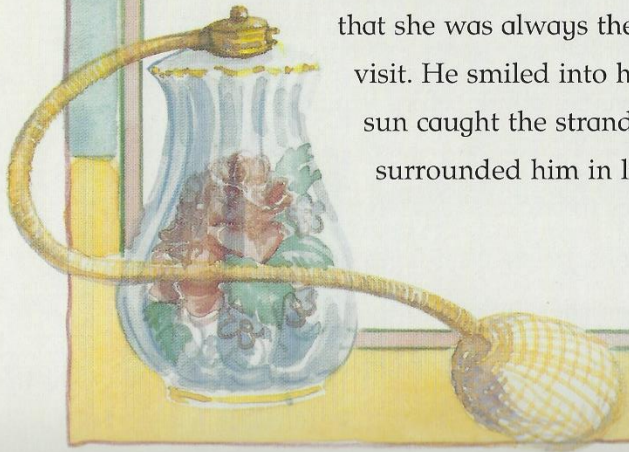


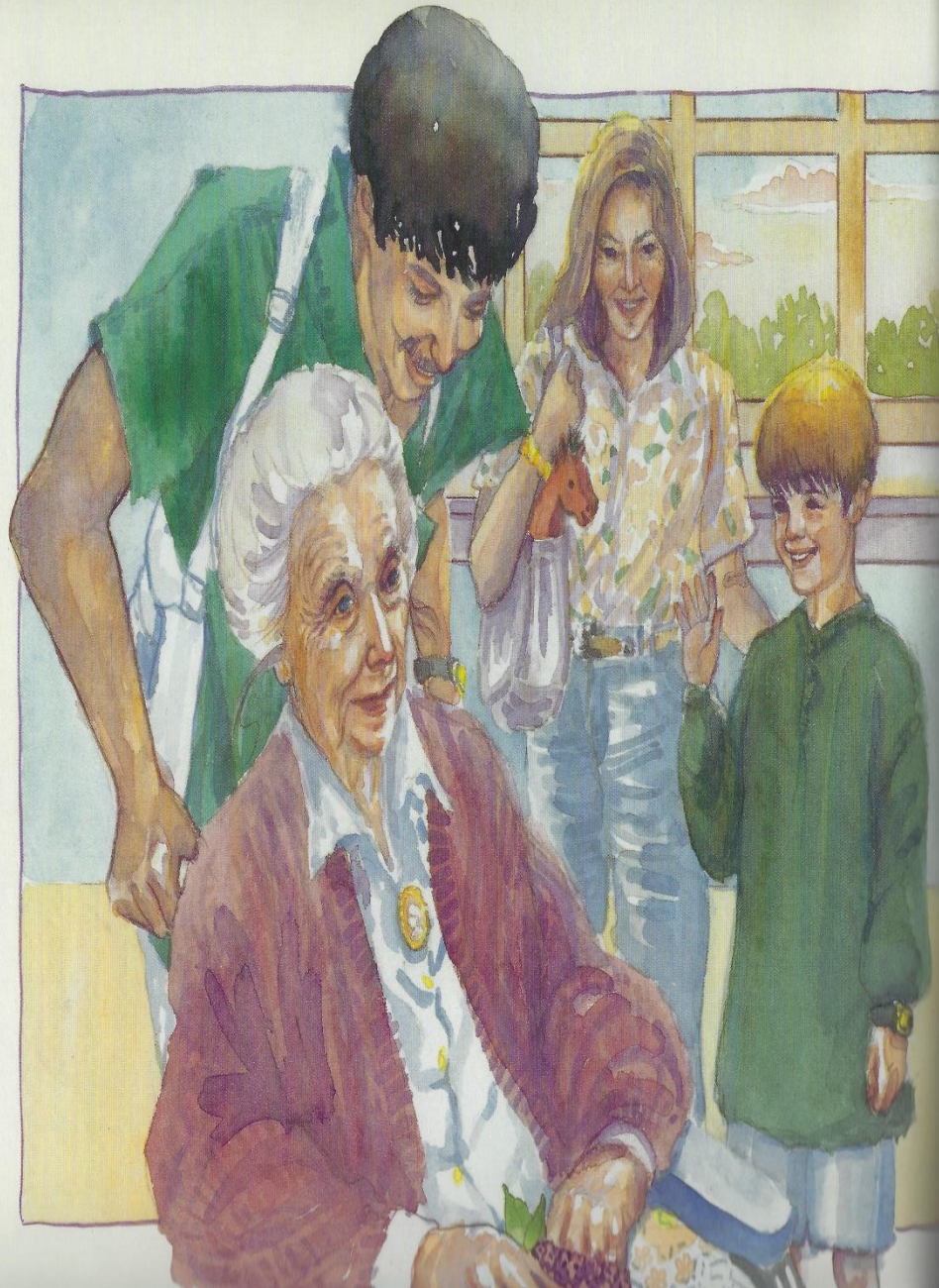
Type your response here.



Troy walked around the wheelchair to face Momma Olivia. He didn't know what to say. He had heard the grown-ups talking about her, saying that Momma Olivia didn't even know when people visited, that she didn't understand anything anybody said.

But Troy and Grandma Angel knew better. He knew that Momma Olivia couldn't talk back, that she couldn't sing her song again, that she didn't smell like rose water anymore. But she was still his Momma Olivia. He knew that she was always there waiting for his next visit. He smiled into her eyes as the last of the sun caught the strands of his blond hair and surrounded him in light.





Angel stood up slowly. "I hope you enjoyed that sunset, Momma." Miss Olivia didn't say anything, but Angel was almost sure she saw a smile. "Did you see that, Troy? You do your Momma Olivia a world of good."

Then the nurse came to get Miss Olivia for dinner. Troy stood quietly next to his Grandma Angel. He waved and blew a kiss as Miss Olivia was wheeled away to the dining room.



All the while, Miss Olivia Wiggins sat perfectly still, staring
at nothing and at everything, all at the same time.

The title of this book was The Sunsets of Miss Olivia Wiggins. Why do you think the author chose this title? Use evidence from the text to support your response.

Double click here to type your response to your teacher below.

ELA

Double click here to type your teacher a message below about what you read.

