



TAPPS TIMES

Issue 71 March 2009



Great February books to read with your child:

Good morning sweetie pie, and other poems for little children: By:

Cynthia Rylant

Marc Brown's favourite hand rhymes: By: Marc Brown

Big Fat Hen: By: Keith Baker

I went walking: By: Sue William

Ten, Nine, Eight: By: Molly Bang

Happy Birthday

Cutris March 4

Madison March 20

Courtney March 18

Julio March 20

Claire March 6

Chase March 28

Danielle March 6



The Luck of the Irish

Want to be lucky this St. Patrick's Day? Follow this advice: 1. Find a four-leaf clover. 2. Wear green (so you don't get pinched). 3. Kiss the blarney stone. 4. Catch a Leprechaun if you can. In honor of the festivities we leave you with this Irish blessing: May your blessings outnumber the shamrocks that grow and may trouble avoid you wherever you go!



Upcoming Monday Night Topics:

March 2: TBA

March 9: Erin Margetts from the Beautiful Minds program is coming in to speak. (mental health)

March 16: Zaleh from Women in Crisis is coming in to speak on healthy sexuality

March 23: Zaleh from Women in Crisis is coming in to follow up from last weeks session with communication.

March 30: Activity Group

A Toddler's Point of View

Over the next three months TAPPS Times is going to be looking at a toddler's point of view from age one up to age 2 ½. This month of feature age is One to One-and-a-half!

My Body:

*I'm always on the move. I scoot upstairs, crawl downstairs backward, clamber up furniture, charge through rooms.

*I'm impulsive. I grab at anything—a plant, a vase, the dog's tail. I might dash out into the street.

*When I throw a ball, I push with my whole arm. To kick a ball, I run right into it. I take corners wide.

*If you try to snuggle with me on your lap when I'd rather be on the move, I stiffen up and slide down. But when I need a cuddle, I put my arms up and say *Up, up* or maybe just *Eh-eh*.

*Some days I eat as if I'm starving, shoving the food in with my hands. Other days I may have no appetite at all. I gain weight more slowly now, but I develop a rounded tummy.

*I might balk at having a bath. I hate having my hair washed.

*I need to be protected from exploring big, messy, potentially dangerous things—makeup drawers, garbage cans, litter boxes.

My Feelings:

*I start out my second year fairly happy, but I become more serious and intense over the next six months.

*I'm very self-centered right now. I tolerate hugs and kisses, but I may not return them without prompting.

*I'm fearful of many things—thunder, big dogs, the dark.

*One I can walk, I feel out of control when I'm placed on my back. I squirm when you change my diaper. I'll be less impatient if you change me beside a mirror or while I'm standing.

*I enjoy dancing or bouncing rhythmically to music.

*I understand *No!* I may even be saying it myself. But if you say *No!* to me after I touch the glass bowl, I have an irresistible desire to touch it again. I'm not purposely defying you—I just can't help it.

My Mind:

*I use a single word to express a complete sentence. *Ball?* may mean *Can we go outside and kick the ball around the way we did yesterday?*

*I use trial and error, mostly error, to solve problems such as jamming the wrong piece into a toy.

*My memory is still pretty short. Just because you tell me something once doesn't mean I'll remember it forever. My attention span is the shortest it will be in my whole life.

*If you tell me that handling my toy roughly may break it, it won't stop me. I have to see it break in order to learn that lesson myself.

*I'm more interested in real things—the phone, the TV, your camera—than in colourful, plastic imitations. I haven't developed enough of an imagination to play make-believe.

My World

*I become more dependent and independent at the same time. I may act like a dauntless explorer, but cry when you leave the room.

*To keep you connected to me as I wander father afield, I keep coming back to you to dump things that I've found into your lap.

*I love playing simple games with you, as long as I never lose.

*A structured day, with definite times for meals and naps, helps me understand sequence and makes me feel secure.

