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SCHOOL THAT MATTERS: You're More Than Your Grades

This Thursday we celebrated the Feast of the Ascension, one of the great feast days of the Church's year. However, it can be hard to make sense of in these times. Ascension Day is the fortieth day after Easter and commemorates Christ's ascension into heaven. It is supposed, amongst other things, to mark his redemption or returning home. But this image of a man, newly risen from the dead, being lifted to heaven is difficult to understand in our modern age.

So, it is helpful to look for what does ring true for us in this event. Witnessing it are the Apostles: confused, perhaps a bit lost, scared even. In other words, like us a lot of the time as we look around our world and our lives at events that don't make sense or are beyond our control, either far away or close to home. Possibly, those feelings of anxiety are what most of Year 11 have felt this week as exams started. The sense most of us have had of opening an exam paper with nagging worry that we don't know what's inside. The terror that it will all go wrong and our lives will never be what they could be. The confusion of organising five years of learning into a shape that allows you to answer the questions in the time limit.

On Thursday I was lucky enough to be part of the line-up of staff seeing pupils into the RE exam, wishing them luck and keeping them positive as they entered the arena. I was so impressed with

the calm and focus they displayed, the cool-headed way they went about the first whole-year-group exam. All of which is a reminder that whilst we might often be like those bewildered apostles, we can also take control of the situations that we find ourselves in. We also need to be reminded that we are all more than just a list of achievements and that is hard to do when the world is telling us that grades are what really matter.

Of course the grades that our pupils achieve this summer will open doors and offer new possibilities. as well reflect the hard work of young people and staff. What they won't do is represent the deeper truth of each young person's character: their humour, their true talents, their kindness, their friendships and the things that make them special. These are the gifts that our pupils will take out into the world, along with their academic achievements when they leave and the world will be lucky to have

All of our staff, especially those who have worked so closely with them, wish our Year 11 the very best for the exam season ahead.

Ben Davis Headteacher

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CALENDAR

Year 8 Parents' & Carers' Evening Thursday, 16th May 2024

Year 7 Parents' & Carers' Evening Thursday, 13th June 2024

Year 11 Prom, Worsley Marriott Hotel Thursday, 27th June 2024

Year Group Leadership

A

Year 7

Year Manager: Mr Healey (Senior Leader: Mr Jordan)



Year 8

Year Manager: Mrs Vincent (Senior Leader: Mr Jones)



Year 9

Year Manager: Miss Moore (Senior Leader: Mrs Johnston)



Year 10

Head of Year: Mr. Pemberton (Senior Leader: Miss O'Leary)



Year 11

(Senior Leader: Mrs Tulloch)

AROUND OUR SCHOOL THIS WEEK: HIGHLIGHTS

Well done to the Year 7 and 8 Girls Rugby team (picture on page one). The girls played their hearts out and their determination saw them crowned winners of the Salford Red Devils Foundation tournament! Well done to you all!

GCSE Exams: Well done Year 11 for all your hard work and resilience.

Remember, we are all so proud of you all and how much you have achieved so far. We are all here for you and if you need any support please speak to a trusted adult.

Well done to this week's GCSE revision raffle winner! Enjoy your chocolate hamper Brian!





ART FOCUS

An artist study inspired by Nanami Cowdroy by year 9 pupil Issy, using ink and fine liner.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Furious Thing - by Jenny Downham

Lexi's angry. And it's getting worse. If only she could stop losing her temper and behave herself, her step-father would accept her, her mum would love her like she used to and her step-brother would declare his crushing desire to spend the rest of his life with her. She wants these things so badly she determines to swallow her anger and make her family proud.

But pushing fury down doesn't make it disappear. Instead, it simmers below the surface waiting to erupt. There'll be fireworks when it does. Jenny Downham shows skill & lightness of touch in exploring challenging themes. Exceptional characterisation and careful pacing ensure readers are gradually exposed to what is really going on in Lexi's world. Unmissable.





Well done to our Year 8 rugby team who were crowned the Salford Champions last Thursday! We are so proud of you all!





POETRY FOCUS

Well done to the two winners from our St Ambrose Barlow Poet's Laureate competition. The brief was to create a poem based on current events in the news. Mikhayla and Heidi Lei created beautiful poems about the current war in Ukraine.

MISSILE

Written by Heidi-Lei Richardson

I'm usually scared of thunder,

But this thunder is the sound of Russian bombs attacking multiple homes around me

Houses ruined

Families broken

Children crying

But yet they don't seem to stop.

Loud sirens fill my ears, flood my brain

Are you listening Putin?

Houses ruined

Families dying

Children crying

But yet they don't seem to stop.

Cuts and bruises

Army boats like cruises,

taking equipment and food to save as many of us

Houses burning

Families dying

Children crying

But yet they don't seem to stop.

Stop this nonsense

Ukraine is our home

Just please, leave us alone...

Houses, to ashes

Families searching

children screaming

Bombs still burning

People lay hurting

Doctors helping

And finally now and only now it's almost over.

LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER

Written by Mikhayla Vera-Warith

Pockets of primrose, dashes of dahlia
Wildly traipse the soil surrounding the stream
Whispering wisteria, naive nostalgia
Glimpses of glass emboss the remnants of a dream

My dear Oleksanandra lies in a haze
Our dear daughter, Kateryna, eyes wide 'wake
This shamrock sanctuary - a moss maze
Only few can envisage past the epoque

I embrace this euphoric euphony Before the birds bereave their broken ballad Spring solaces the sky a sunset symphony Dahlia dreams dread, primrose preaches pallid

For I must leave behind my wife and daughter And take like a lamb to the slaughter Garden of grenades, horizon of hostility Blood is the wine that here tenders to the field Fear only fortifying Ukraine's futility One can simply yearn for Russia to yield

The opposition covertly lies in wait
Russian soldiers prepared to inflict strife
Camaraderie on the brink of late
As comrades lose their lives to Russia's knife

I detest this dire dissension
For it conflicts my Christian creed
Pacifism now my passive pretension
Dull dahlia droops, powerless primrose pleads

The soil surrounding the stream seeps
Blood - a sacrificial lamb it seems
Not those of his family, but a slaughtered Ukrainian father and
His dreams.