**2024 Junior History Interpreter Application**

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| To be considered for an interview, this form and essay must be completed.  |  |
| Name | Birthday |
|  |  |
| Address |  |
| Email Address | Phone |
|  |  |
| School | Grade |
|  |
| Parent(s) Name |

Why would you like to become a Junior History Interpreter at the Seton Shrine?

How did you learn about the Junior History Interpreter program?

Hobbies (including clubs/sports in which you participate):

Which of the following things interest you? Check all that apply:

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
|   | Historic Dress |   | Plants/Flowers |
|   | Knitting/Crochet |   | Painting/Drawing |
|   | Spinning/Weaving |   | Letter Writing |
|   | Reading |   | Dance |
|   | Music |   | Journaling |
|   | Acting |   | Foreign Languages |
|   | Sewing |   | Cooking |

Essay

Pick any time and place in history 1950 or earlier and pretend that you are living in that time (Examples: 1776 Colonial Virginia, 1863 Gettysburg, late 19th century one-room schoolhouse, 1936 Olympics).  Using your best penmanship (cursive if you know it), write a diary entry of 150-200 words describing your life in that period using details that are historically appropriate. Focus on what you may have done recently (chore, trip, family activity), who you may have interacted with, and your impression of the story.  Make sure what you are writing about connects with the history of the period and place you have chosen. For examples, please reference any *Dear America* book and/or the passage below taken from Mother Rose White’s Journal describing her time in Emmitsburg:

Sample (192 words):

We walked every Sunday to the Mountain at this time. There was no bridge nor road to the mountain; we had to go over one by one on horseback when the water was high, and when low, we would walk over the creek on stones, climb the fences, and often lose our way through the thick woods. We would carry our dinner in a sack and often fry our meat at the mountain and take it from the frying pan and place it on a piece of bread without knife or fork, eat standing, and take a good drink of water, and go up to church and wait for Vespers.

When we came to the creek, we would meet a horse which Father Dubois would send from the mountain to take us across, and the oldest Sister would remain standing in the rain by the old oak tree, until all had passed over; then in her turn, she would be taken and sometimes continue her ride to the farmhouse door of our home. Our shoes would be heavy with mud, and our clothes so wet that we would have to change them.