



THE ALZHEIMER  
SOCIETY *of* IRELAND

# Multilingual Activity Pack





The Alzheimer Society of Ireland honours and supports the diversity of cultures that make up the people of Ireland.

Created in response to feed-back we received to our monthly activity packs, we are very excited to be able to present you this special multilingual activity pack.

This is something we would love to provide more of in the future so if you have anything you would like to contribute, whether it's a story, poem, or recipe, please send them along via email to: [communityengagement@alzheimer.ie](mailto:communityengagement@alzheimer.ie)

Many thanks to the friends of ASI staff member Danielle Keogh who helped to make this collection possible, and we hope you enjoy what's inside!



***“A lot of different flowers make a bouquet”***

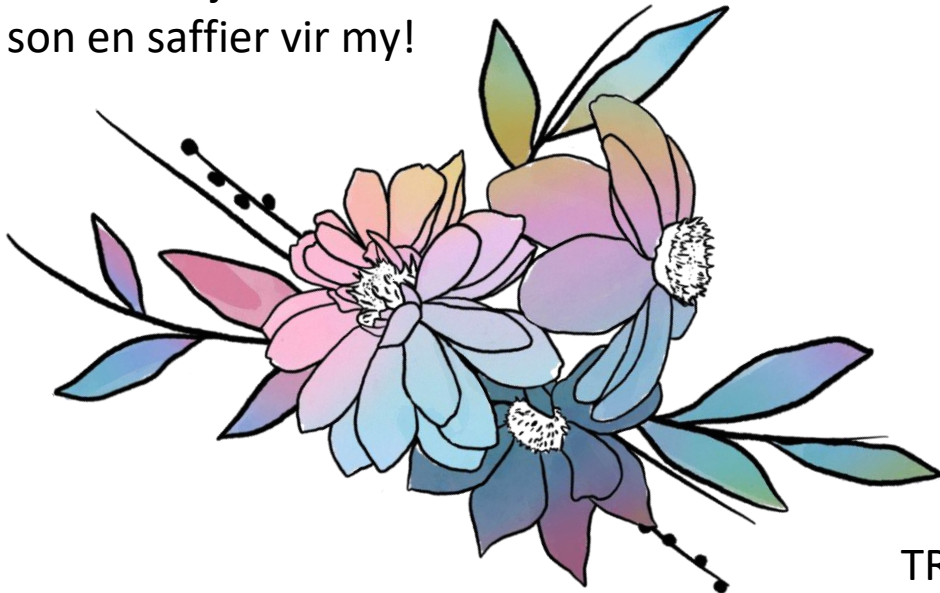
***~ Islamic Proverb***



## AFRIKAANS

### **Die Beste - C. Louis Leipoldt**

Roem van mense, rykdomme, pragte –  
Alles vergaan soos die mis op die vlei:  
Sterre wat skiet in pikdonker nagte,  
Het langer lewe as roem kan kry.  
Boetie, as ons nou 'n keus moet wae,  
Hier op die wêreld, wat vra jy?  
Roemryke lewe en lengte van dae?  
Somer en son en saffier vir my!  
Boetie, as jy nou jou keus kan kry,  
Wat is die wens wat jou hart sal wae? –  
Somer en son en saffier vir my!



### TRANSLATION:

Fame of men, riches, splendor—  
Everything perishes like the mist on the swamp;  
Stars shooting in pitch dark nights,  
Has longer life than fame can get.  
Brother, if we have to make a choice now  
Here in the world, what do you ask?  
Glorious life and length of days?  
Summer and sun and sapphire for me!  
Brother, if you can have your choice now,  
What is the wish that will weigh your heart?  
Summer and sun and sapphire for me!

# Arikaans Animals Wordsearch

U X H T T G J Z W O F W L F A  
G Q R X R V F E I T Q Y A M P  
V E M B U F F E L E M K Z J E  
C P Q D B R W I D G L E E U O  
V B M D A S S I E P U T C W L  
U T W G O Y G V B M I P N X I  
M C R E N O S T E R S U G U F  
O F U J B F A H E V F L B V A  
G Z Z A A A E B S V S U L P N  
U E G K A V E J Y V E I Y F T  
U O V K P Y Q L R Z E P I U M  
X Q U A H D J W I L K E A Y F  
G J O L T I I Q Z T O R F F X  
F A P S I J A R I W O D M D P  
L S C M J U M Y G X I N X Q P

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AAP

DASSIE

LEEU

OLIFANT

SEEKOOI

BUFFEL

JAKKALS

LUIPERD

RENOSTER

WILDEBEES

## POLISH

Nic dwa razy - Autorem wiersza jest WISŁAWA SZYMBORSKA

Nic dwa razy się nie zdarza  
i nie zdarzy. Z tej przyczyny  
zrodziliśmy się bez wprawy  
i pomrzemy bez rutyny.

Choćbyśmy uczniami byli  
najtępszymi w szkole świata,  
nie będziemy repetować  
żadnej zimy ani lata.

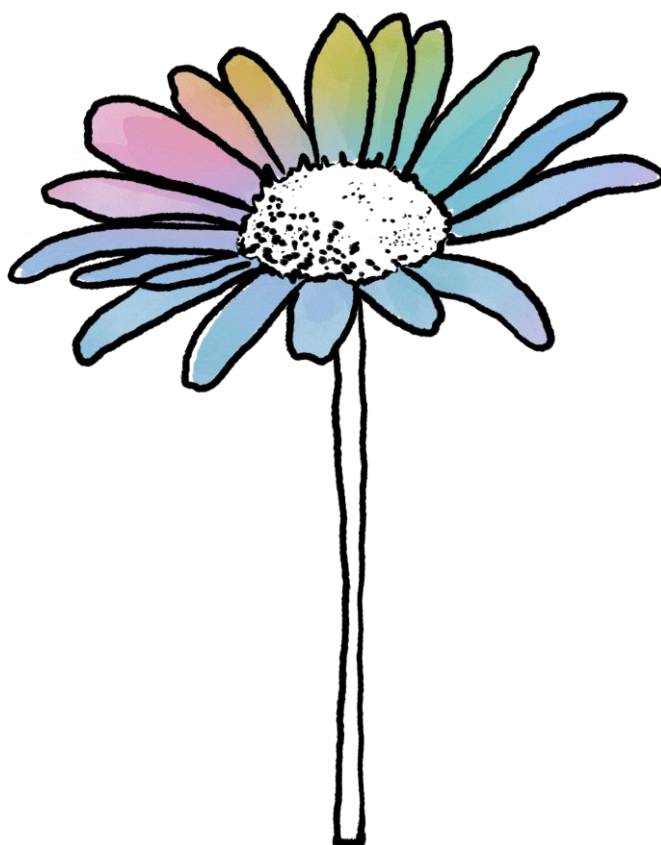
Żaden dzień się nie powtórzy,  
nie ma dwóch podobnych nocy,  
dwóch tych samych pocałunków,  
dwóch jednakich spojrzeń w oczy.

Wczoraj, kiedy twoje imię  
ktoś wymówił przy mnie głośno,  
tak mi było, jakby róża  
przez otwarte wpadła okno.

Dziś, kiedy jesteśmy razem,  
odwróciłam twarz ku ścianie.  
Róża? Jak wygląda róża?  
Czy to kwiat? A może kamień?

Czemu ty się, zła godzino,  
z niepotrzebnym mieszasz lękiem?  
Jesteś - a więc musisz minąć.  
Miniesz - a więc to jest piękne.

Uśmiechnięci, współobjęci  
spróbujemy szukać zgody,  
choć różnimy się od siebie  
jak dwie krople czystej wody.



## TRANSLATION:

Nothing happens twice  
and it won't. For this reason  
we were born out of practice  
and we will die without routine.

Even if we were students  
the cheapest school in the world,  
we will not repeat  
no winter or summer.

No day will repeat itself  
no two nights are alike  
two of the same kisses  
two identical looks in the eyes.

Yesterday when your name  
someone pronounced aloud to me  
I felt like a rose  
a window fell through the open window.

Today when we are together  
I turned my face to the wall.  
Rose? What does a rose look like?  
Is it a flower? Or maybe a stone?

Why are you, bad hour,  
you mix with unnecessary fear?  
You are - so you must pass.  
You will pass - so it is beautiful.

Smiling, sympathetic  
we will try to seek consent,  
although we are different from each other  
like two drops of pure water.

## PORTUGUESE

### Canção do exílio - Gonçalves Dias

Minha terra tem palmeiras  
Onde canta o Sabiá,  
As aves, que aqui gorjeiam,  
Não gorjeiam como lá.

Nosso céu tem mais estrelas,  
Nossas várzeas têm mais flores,  
Nossos bosques têm mais vida,  
Nossa vida mais amores.

Em cismar, sozinho, à noite,  
Mais prazer encontro eu lá;  
Minha terra tem palmeiras,  
Onde canta o Sabiá.

Minha terra tem primores,  
Que tais não encontro eu cá;  
Em cismar – sozinho, à noite –  
Mais prazer encontro eu lá;  
Minha terra tem palmeiras,  
Onde canta o Sabiá.

Não permita Deus que eu morra,  
Sem que eu volte para lá;  
Sem que desfrute os primores  
Que não encontro por cá;  
Sem qu'inda aviste as palmeiras,  
Onde canta o Sabiá.



TRANSLATION:

## **The Song Of Exile**

My homeland has many palm-trees  
and the thrush-song fills its air;  
no bird here can sing as well  
as the birds sing over there.

We have fields more full of flowers  
and a starrier sky above,  
we have woods more full of life  
and a life more full of love.

Lonely night-time meditations  
please me more when I am there;  
my homeland has many palm-trees  
and the thrush-song fills its air.

Such delights as my land offers  
Are not found here nor elsewhere;  
lonely night-time meditations  
please me more when I am there;  
My homeland has many palm-trees  
and the thrush-song fills its air.

Don't allow me, God, to die  
without getting back to where  
I belong, without enjoying  
the delights found only there,  
without seeing all those palm-trees,  
hearing thrush-songs fill the air.

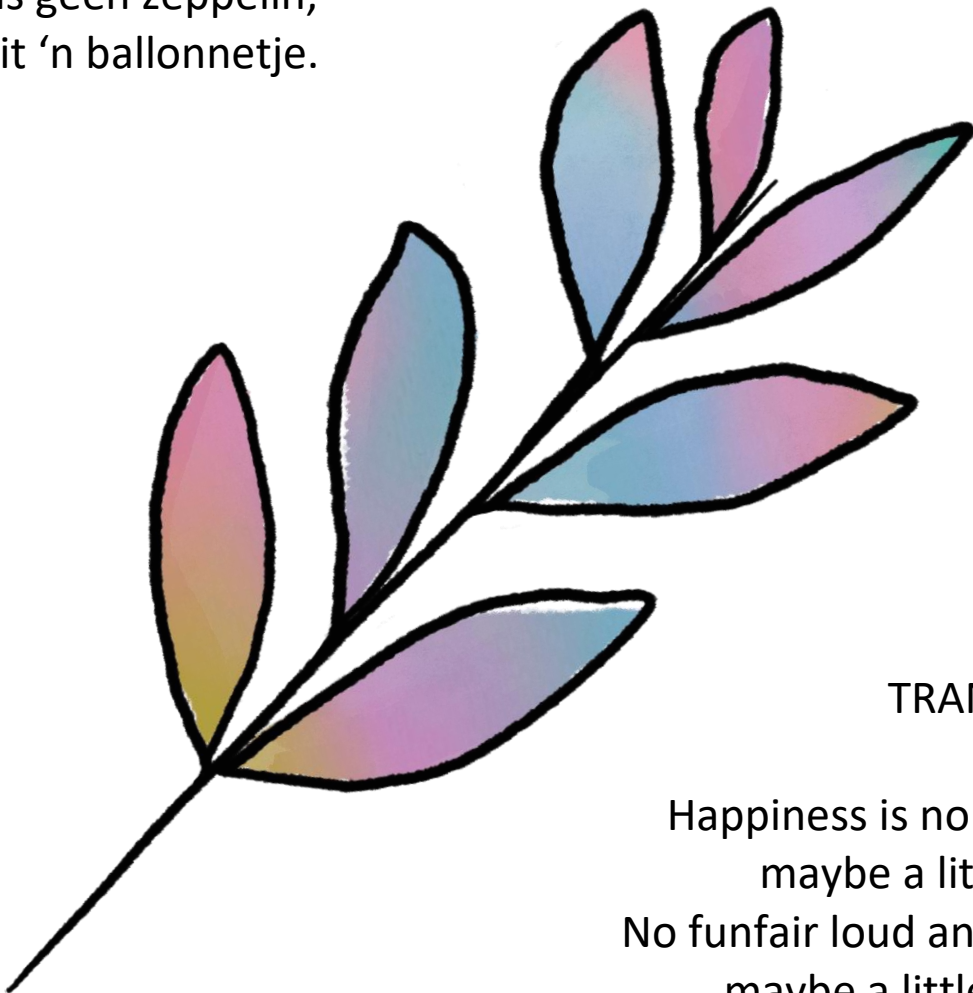


## DUTCH

### Geluk by Toon Hermans

Geluk is geen kathedraal,  
misschien een klein kapelletje.  
Geen kermis luid en kolossaal,  
misschien een carrouselletje.

Geluk is geen zomer van smetteloos blauw,  
maar nu en dan een zonnetje.  
Geluk dat is geen zeppelin,  
't is hooguit 'n ballonnetje.



### TRANSLATION:

Happiness is no cathedral,  
maybe a little chapel.  
No funfair loud and colossal,  
maybe a little carousel.

Happiness is no summer off endless blue skies,  
but every now and then a little sunshine.  
Happiness is no Zeppelin,  
it is at most a small balloon.

## Dutch Foods Wordsearch

S B S T X A T I G H R A K P B  
H U N N M Y Y E A X E C Q O I  
C U E R J R K T F R I E T J E  
P N R M S P H T O M P O E S R  
A H T H G O A I N Z K O F T K  
P S C Y J F G O Q K A G T R T  
B P U A N F E B S T A M P O T  
J E M A D E L R Y W S F F O U  
T C I H B R S S Q S D C J P Q  
K U E R H J L N I C R E T W A  
S L S N A E A M H K O K T A K  
Z A I Z R S G E M A P W Y F D  
C A Q B I T T E R B A L L E N  
F S B K N M Q X E P I F B L X  
T Z T V G I X O Z V W C W F F

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BITTERBALLEN

FRIETJE

HARING

POFFERJES

SPECULAAS

STROOPWAFEL

DROP

HAGELSLAG

KAAS

SNERT

STAMPOT

TOMPOES

## SPANISH

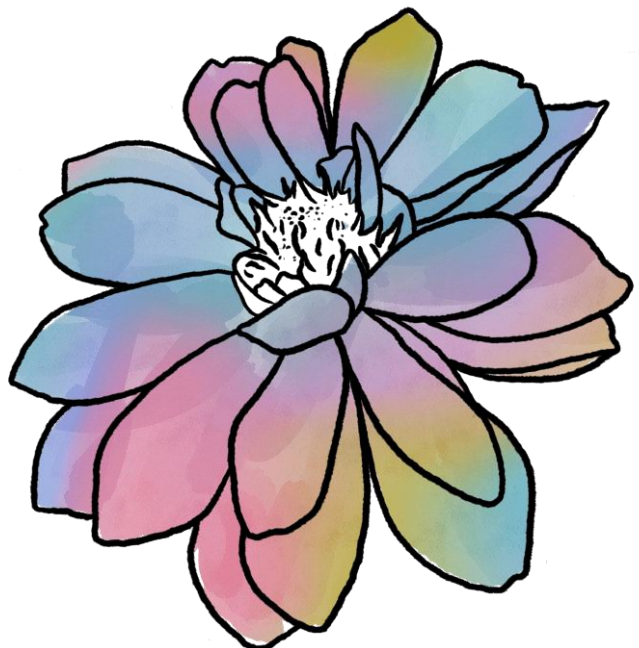
### Luna urbana - Francisco Aragón

Disco perfecto de luna, enorme  
y a fuego lento, rozando  
el horizonte sucio de la capital— ¡Ay,  
qué luna más hermosa! dice ella  
empujando el cochecito de niño por Atocha.

El cielo sobre la Puerta del Sol toma  
otro tono de azul. ¿Quién dice  
que no se convierte en el único  
ojo de la noche  
al escalar: palideciendo  
y menguando antes de cruzar

el cielo de finales de junio? Y abajo,  
hombres persisten, dando vueltas  
por la plaza, las fuentes gemelas rebosantes  
de aguas luminosas. De aquí  
a unas horas con el calor  
desvaneciéndose, la misma luna verá

su figura  
pasando Neptuno, el Ritz,  
los monos de color naranja  
que saltan de los camiones a barrer  
y pulverizar, regando  
esas calles eléctricas.



TRANSLATION:

**City Moon - Francisco Aragón**

Perfect disc of moon, huge  
and simmering  
low on the capital's muddy horizon— ¡Ay,  
qué luna más hermosa! She says  
pushing the stroller slowly down Atocha.

The sky above Puerta del Sol turns  
a darker shade of blue. Who says  
it doesn't become night's  
one eye  
as it scales the heavens, paling  
and shrinking before it moves

across a late June sky? And below,  
men persist and circle  
the plaza, twin fountains brimming  
over their brilliant waters. Hours  
from now with the heat  
waning, the same moon will spot

the figure of him  
making past Neptune, the Ritz  
the orange jumpsuits  
hopping off trucks to sweep  
and spray, hosing  
down those electric streets.

## GERMAN

### **Nicht alles, was Gold ist, funkelt – By JRR Tolkien**

Nicht alles, was Gold ist, funkelt,  
Nicht jeder, der wandert, verlorn,  
Das Alte wird nicht verdunkelt,  
Noch Wurzeln der Tiefe erfroren.

Aus Asche wird Feuer geschlagen,  
Aus Schatten geht Licht hervor;  
Heil wird geborstenes Schwert,  
Und König, der die Krone verlor.



TRANSLATION:

**All that is gold does not glitter**

All that is gold does not glitter  
Not all those who wander are lost  
The old that is strong does not wither  
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.

From the ashes a fire shall be woken  
A light from the shadows shall spring  
Renewed be the blade that was broken  
The crownless again shall be king.

## IRISH/GAEILGE

### Mo-chean do theacht, a sgadáin - Anon

Mo-chean do theacht, a sgadáin,  
druid liom, a dhaltáin uasail;  
do chéad beatha 's do shláinte!  
do thuillis fáilte uamsa.

Dar anam h'athar, a sgadáin,  
gidh maith bradáin na Bóinne  
is duit labras an duain-se,  
ó's tú is uaisle 's is óige.

A fhir is comhghlan colann,  
nách déanann comann bréige,  
cara mar thú ní bhfuaras;  
ná bíom suarach fá chéile.



### TRANSLATION:

[All] my love for coming, herring!  
come with me, noble fosterson;  
for a hundred blessings and for health!  
for [you have] earned [this] welcome.

By my father's soul, herring,  
the salmon of the Boyne was good,  
but for laurel, the poem [is] yours;  
for you are noble and pure.

(O men, [who] are pure flesh,  
do not make false community)  
A friend like you is not cold,  
nor is mean [to] a companion.