



FIRST IS BEST



When I am introduced as a teacher, I am usually asked what I teach. When I say "grade one", I generally hear a very flat "Oh."

I have never been certain whether this is an expression of pity, sympathy, disgust, or perhaps disinterest. Always I wish I had the time to tell people something like this:

Yes, I teach grade one.

Where else would a handsome and very young man put his arms around me and ask "Do you know that I love you?"

Where else could I wear the same dress day after day and be told each time that it is pretty?

Where else could I walk up and down aisles and have warm hands touch me?

Where else could I have the privilege of wiggling loose teeth and receive a promise that I may pull them when they are loose enough?

Where else could I eat a soiled piece of candy from a grimy little hand and not get ill? (I have to eat it because she watches me see that I do.)

Where else would the future look as bright as it does amid an energetic group to whom nothing is impossible?

Where else could I guide the first letter formations on chubby little hands that may some day write a book or an important document?

Where else could I forget my own aches and pains because of so many cut fingers, scratched knees, bumped heads and broken hearts that need care?

Where else could I forget taxes and even the state of the country because Suzy isn't grasping reading as she should and other methods must be tried?

Where else would my mind have to stay so young as with a group whose attention span is so short that I must always keep a bag of tricks up my sleeve?

Yes, I do teach grade one. And I love it!