



FIRST IS BEST



When I am introduced as a teacher, I am asked what I teach. When I say "FIRST GRADE", I generally hear a very flat, "Oh!"

I have never been certain whether this is an expression of pity, sympathy, disgust or perhaps disinterest. I always wish I had the time to tell people something like this; Yes, I teach first grade.

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 go to work every day with a whole new set of surprises and adventures?

Where else would I tie so many hair ribbons and daily get to see a style show of pretty dresses and cool shirts?

Where else could I walk up and down aisles and have warm, loving hands reach out to me?

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 of a cute little hand that may someday 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, and bumped heads that need my care?

Where else could I forget taxes because one of "my kids" isn't grasping reading as he/she should and I must try to find a new method for his/her learning?

Where else would my mind 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"?

Where else could I feel so blessed as I do each year when, because of something I have done, little children learn to read?

Yes, I do teach first grade, Mr. and Mrs. America. And I love it!

(adapted from J.G. Meyer)

