



Keeping In Touch – December 2008

Dear Members of the St. Edmund's Academy Community,

The following writing, "God Made the Teacher..." has been widely circulated on the Internet and among schools during this holiday period. The source is unidentified. Some have offered the explanation that it appeared by "divine intervention" as a tribute. Whatever the reason for its existence, please read it in the spirit I feel that it appeared and is being shared. WE are all teachers of children and of each other. Parents (and I am proudly one) are the primary teachers of their child(ren,) especially in the years leading to adulthood, but the professional teacher is and will always be our special, cherished partners in guiding the formal learning process and opportunities that contribute significantly to each person becoming a successful and fulfilled adult.

God Made the Teacher....

On the 6th day, God created men and women. On the 7th day, he rested. Not so much to recuperate, but rather to prepare himself for the work he was going to do the next day. For it was on the 8th day that God created the teacher.

This teacher, though taken from among men and women, had several significant modifications. In general, God made the teacher more durable than other men and women. The teacher was made to arise at a very early hour and to go to bed no earlier than 11:30 P.M. ---with no rest in between. The teacher had to be able to withstand being locked up in an airtight room with 35 little monsters on a rainy Monday. And the teacher had to be fit to correct 103 term papers over Easter vacation.

Yes, God made the teacher tough---but gentle too. The teacher was equipped with soft hands to wipe away the tears of the neglected and lonely student...of the 16-year-old girl who was not asked to the prom.

And into the teacher God poured a generous amount of patience. Patience when a student asks to repeat the directions the teacher has just repeated for someone else. Patience when the kids forget their lunch money for the 4th day in a row. Patience when 1/3 of the class fails the test. Patience when the textbooks haven't arrived yet, and the semester starts tomorrow.

And God gave the teacher a heart slightly bigger than the average human heart. For the teacher's heart had to be big enough to love the kid who screams, "I hate this class; it's boring!" and to love the kid who runs out of the class at the end of the period without so much as a goodbye or a thank you.

And lastly, God gave the teacher an abundant supply of hope. For God knew that the teacher would always be hoping...hoping that the students would one day learn to spell...hoping not to have lunchroom duty...hoping that Friday would come...hoping for a free day... hoping for deliverance.

When God finished creating the teacher, he stepped back and admired his work. And God saw that the teacher was good. Very good. And God smiled, for when he looked at the teacher, he saw into the future. He knew that the future is in the hands of the teachers. And because God loves teachers so much, on the 9th day God created *snow days*.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

Bill Kindler