

January 28, 2008

DEAR FRIENDS,

FIRST WE LEARNED TO PRINT - ALL CAPS.

Then we printed with small letters, learning when to use a capital - at the beginning of sentences, for example, and for names of people, days of the week and holidays, etc.

Mrs. Harrington was a wonderful teacher - first grade - there was no kindergarten at the Gleason School in West Medford. She loved us, and we loved her. Each morning she sang to us: "Good morning dear pupils... you're all in your places with bright shining faces..." We sang back.

In June we were told we would have a different teacher in September - Miss Nestor. She was nice, but not as nice as Mrs. Harrington. Then there was Miss York, then Mrs. Kelly who taught us how to use cursive writing, taking turns at the blackboard, staying in the lines she drew for us.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that both my computers are down. So I decided to write in longhand in honor of Mrs. Harrington and all the other teachers who taught me to read and write, to think for myself, and most important, who encouraged me and taught me to respect myself.

The world is changing fast. Almost no one uses a fountain pen; dipping it into the ink well as we did. When is the last time you wrote a letter long hand? When is the last time you thought about your first teachers?

Don't worry, I'll get the computer fixed - and a new one in the office. But I thought this would be a good way to remind you to slow down, to remember with appreciation all your teachers.

Yours,  
Frank