

A Hit With The 6 & 7 Year Olds

Today for lunch, I went across the street to my old stomping grounds to help my newly turned first grade 7 year-old niece celebrate her birthday. 10-10-10... three months after I celebrate my own day. She could have had me over Friday but she did not like the menu. Today's offering of chicken strips, muffin, and peaches was fine (I was never fond of the school's cole slaw, so I let that go).

As you can imagine I was the most popular big kid in the joint. All eyes were upon me. Do you think I minded a bit? I did have a hard time getting into the building. All but one door is locked all day, and I did not know which one (it hasn't been THAT long since I've graced the halls). And a lot has changed. The elementary section is now where the halls of my high school were. Alyssa's classroom is where the library/study hall used to be.

I did see a few faces from the past. The same elementary secretary who was there humn years ago still occupies the desk (as she did the first day I entered the school back in 19-). I also came across my fifth-grade teacher. She has since retired but was subbing for a Kindergarten class. All this while sitting at a table outside the classroom (usually meant that you were in trouble... ME!?)

It must be my size that made me think that the lunch room appeared to be smaller than it was. But I thought for sure there were more tables set up in my day. One change almost broke my heart: the milkshake machine was gone ☹ DANG! I also do not remember being so rushed to eat (maybe there are fewer tables). Nope, just learned that the kids are rushed. At least one parent has complained... possible while they were sharing lunch with their little one.

After lunch, Alyssa and I went to the Puppy Pound for a bit. She got on one of the swings. Shortly after, the swing set was occupied with little ones begging me to push them. One kindergartener became a daredevil after he was pushed high enough and leaped from his seat. I remember doing that back in the day! Unfortunately for my new friend, the result was the same: A whistle blown and an escort to the wall. I tried not to grin as he hung his head.

If I had known that I was going to be the center of attention the whole time, I would have taken my camera.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ALYSSA!