

Not quite who I'm thinking of...

Hey, I recognize him. Hmm, a bit younger, wearing pink, and in a wheelchair- I guess I didn't recognize her after all. No, I'm not on any sort of drug, illegal, prescription, or otherwise. The class I was in today, a mentally impaired class, had a dead ringer for a boy who was in my cabin last summer and comes to church from time to time. No, he didn't look like a girl, but rather with the short haircut and the familiar face I thought the girl was a boy. Then I saw the pink jacket and shoes, so I actually asked if the student was a boy or girl. I didn't realize at first why the face, not just the haircut but the face, cried "boy" to me, but once I looked closer at her I was like, "Wait a minute, I know that face..." Well, if not the boy I know, then was she his sister? Nope. Completely different last name, and a foreign first name to boot, Preet, unlike *his* very English name of Danny.

To get on with things, this day was extremely easy for me. It seemed like whatever I tried to do I felt like I was just getting in the way more often than not, so the usual best thing to do was in fact nothing at all and let the teaching assistants (there were three of them for the six students, usually eight though two were absent) do their thing. These were primary kids (K-2), so that coupled with their impairments meant they needed the consistency anyway. Their schedule for the day looked something like this: calendar time, which included singing; writing, which was either cutting and pasting words and pictures or inconsistent script for the higher-level students; an assembly which was a band concert by the area junior high; language lab where they put toppings on cookies (one refused to eat his too, saying the icing on it tasted "yucky"); making ziti for the party in the afternoon; lunch; self-selected reading; party with another

class- they had made the dessert to go with the ziti-delicious!; more writing.

Well, I'm about to fall asleep so I will let the post end here. If you see any errors, it's because I couldn't be bothered to fix them. Tomorrow. Until then. Maybe I'll add a picture to the top then too... ☐