

When I started kindergarten many years ago I was much younger than I am now.

Kindergarten is when I learned to tie my shoes, to share with others, to match hens to chickens, put away my toys and listen to the teacher without too many wiggle worms. It was when I learned not to take my yoyo to class.

“Put away your toys and sit down to listen,” says Miss Schmidt, kindergarten teacher. Having no pockets and no purse to put my blue yoyo it rested in my lap. Miss Schmidt took it away and put it in her desk drawer. She was then called out of the room. I courageously walked to her desk and took out My yoyo and put it in my coat pocket. By the time she returned I was innocently seated. I learned that tattletales abound in Kindergarten.

I learned well that day. Even though I now don't wear shoes that tie, I do share my fabric with other quilters however, and I can draw a line from a mommy cow to baby calves. I still wiggle and sometimes talk when a teacher is talking. Not often, though. And I wait to retrieve my toys before I go home. Kindergarten has played an important part for me as an adult. I am a good learner.

You see, kindergarten, as a new beginning, comes around often. Every class I take I learn new things whether it be the names of birds on a hike, or a new technique in a quilting class. Nowadays my brain gets slammed into hard drive. So, I have to let some knowledge go in order to allow room for more knowhow. Miss Schmidt whispers in my right ear to “behave and listen”. And “after naps we will have snack.” I grew to love snacks. (Naps fall into that category, too.) Hardly anything is worth doing if there are no snacks. My favorite choice was (still is) Vanilla Wafers. Each time my turn came around to supple snacks I would hand in a box of those cute little cookies. Miss Schmidt would add a small carton of milk to the snack if we remembered to bring in our two cents a day. Kindergarten taught me the need for snack and the compulsion to add my “two cents” to most new beginnings.

I have been in kindergarten class many times over the years. Learning more than one way to appliqué a tree onto a block of fabric has brought tears to my eyes with needle punctures. Learning to hand quilt a small wall hanging of flower baskets with the tiniest needle ever has offered me the opportunity the use of eye glasses. Class time can be strenuous. Putting A to B and having all those points meet can be difficult. Concentrating on each stitch can make a person hungry. That is where snacks come into play. They are a necessary evil. It's been written that “all I needed to know I learned in kindergarten”. I still have a lot of learning to do and will learn with yet another day of kindergarten.

And I will always leave my yoyo at home.

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