My Humble Son

When my son was about two years old he was on the back porch intently watching something buzzing around some of my flowers. He just watched for the longest time. I, in turn, watched him just as intently. I had figured out that he was watching something in or on the Morning Glories. Suddenly, bursting through the door, he loudly inquired,” Mommie, why does that Bumblebee have Cheetos all over his legs?”

How do you answer that?

Silly Bumblebee……cheetoes all over his legs……..

PURTY

When my son was about eight, his Language Arts teacher would send home word scrambles. I hate word scrambles. My son didn’t hate them, he was dyslexic anyway, so they came easy. The assignment was to first unscramble the word, then write it three times, and finally use the word in a sentence. All of this would have been fine except there were 75 of these scrambles. These were for the most part, words like President or community. Now, after about 65 words, I was tired.

And then this word comes up, tptrey, I saw immediately that the word was (pretty). I was excited that we had such an easy one.

My son sees it too. He says, “I know that one.” I say to him, “Okay, what is it?” He says “pertty”.

I say, “really,” “How would you spell that?”

“P E R T T Y” he says.

“How would you use that in a sentence?” I ask.

Without missing a beat he says, “My Mommie is Pertty.”

Without me missing a beat, I say, “Good job, write it down three times.”

My Little Boy

My little boy is the only male that has never disappointed me.

My little boy always takes a back seat, second fiddle, back burner to my daughter.

My little boy never says anything negative about anyone.

Even though others disappoint him, he never speaks ill of any person, animal, place, or thing.

My little boy is big and strong and has the heart of a lion.

He is over six foot tall and more than two hundred pounds.

My little boy breaks down and cries if an animal is hurt.

My little boy insists that ALL of Gods ‘creatures deserve to live.

My little boy can play eight musical instruments.

My little boy can read what Mozart wrote. Isn’t that amazing.

My little boy can sing. And he can cook.

My little boy can factor into the hundreds of thousands, faster than a calculator.

My little boy plays percussion in the Madison Central Marching Band.

My little boy tries to drive a car. Practice for band takes over.

My little boy says, “MoM, everything is fine.” And I know it’s not.

My little boy, where does he get all of that?

My little boy calls me now and says, “Mom, this is your son, Max.”

My little boy says, “We are all out of dish soap.”

My little boy isn’t a little boy anymore, except only in my heart.

Reflection – While writing this, I realized that students could easily generate a number of short written pieces to support a general theme or idea. For example, when studying classification of living organisms, they could write short separate pieces about kingdom, phylum, class, order, family, genus, and species. They could then put these together into one piece. While each short piece would tell about a different part of a broader concept, they would tie together to give the reader a “big picture”.