# Don’t Tell Me

By Linda Pitts, Beta

Driving home from school one day many years ago, I heard the song “Flowers on the Wall” (1966) sung by the Statler Brothers. That prompted (“inspired” is too strong a word) me to write the following:

Chasing hamsters in a ball,
Hanging artwork in the hall,
Zipping zippers that won’t zip,
Collecting money for the next field trip,
Teaching how to tie a shoe<
Now, don’t tell me I’ve nothing to do!

Putting band-aids on skinned knees,
Catching cold each time they sneeze,
Taking time to dry some tears
Resulting from a small one’s fears,
Stopping some from eating paste,
Now, don’t tell me my day’s a waste!

Hearing about a recess fuss,
Letting them settle it, what a plus!
Planning a lesson to shed some “light,”
Planning again when it just isn’t “right.”
Grading papers with Jay Leno,
Now, don’t tell me my day is slow!

Buying school “stuff” with my pay,
Helping the kids make it OK.
Coming early and staying late,
Explaining to a patient mate,
Summer classes to “make the grade,”
Now, don’t tell me I’ve got it made!

Going home tired with feet that ache,
Counting the days ‘til the next school break,
Calling a parent with news that’s bad,
Wishing so much it was something glad.
Knowing the hurt won’t soon be eased,
Now, don’t tell me this job’s a breeze!

Getting a note from a parent who
Is “very grateful for all you do,”
Deciding it’s good to go the second mile,
Knowing I was right when I see a kid smile,
Savoring a brief moment on the “mount,”
Now, don’t tell me my job doesn’t count!

Sharing ideas with the teacher down the hall,
Teaching – “All for one and one for all,”
Humming a tune when the day’s gone well,
Looking around for someone to tell,
Receiving kids’ hugs when the day is over,
Don’t tell me I’m not walking in clover!

Ending each day with heartfelt prayer
To teach each child with love and care,
Hoping I’ve helped more than I’ve hurt,
Asking forgiveness for the times I was curt,
Anxious for morning when they run through the door,
Now, don’t tell me any job offers more!