In praise of our school –

A poem of thanks from Lynn Plumridge, Isabelle's Nana

Twas the week after half term, and all through the land,
So many people were changing their plans,
Trying to work out what they could still do,
In a mish-mash of rules that take time to wade through,
Thankful at least that the school would return,
That their children could be with their friends and still learn.

Twas the week after half term and all through the land,
The school staff were silently wringing their hands,
Watching the briefing, the charts and projections,
Fearful and worried with so few protections.

They think of their classrooms, the layout, the space,
The distance, the closeness, the time face to face,
And yet they'll return and open the gate,
With a cheerful "Hello" and a "Let's not be late"
They'll put on their smiles and hold in their fears,
They'll comfort the frightened and talk out their tears.

Thank you for being the safe place, the learning,
For standing there strong with the children returning.
For stories and spellings and phonics and play,
For taking the fear of this moment away.