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The lesson behind the lessons

As I sit for a spell on the sofa next to the large open window on Memorial Day weekend, I gaze out it. I watch the seemingly endless glistening rain pour and pour. The skies are gray and sleepy. A crisp breeze chills my bones. Yet, the pitter splatter of rain drops on the sidewalk and step in front of my porch sounds as tranquil as a tick tock of an old clock.

I look at the flags hung out on neighbor's porches, limp from the rain. I begin to wonder if tomorrow's barbecue plans will ever take place. With a sigh, I slump in my seat, and drift further into tranquility. I start pondering of days to come. The end of our school year is the thought at hand now, not the rain.

I'm thinking of the friends that were made this past year, the teachers we met. Some of these people we will never forget. They entered our lives as strangers. They made a heart stamp, and exit as friends. Still, life's journey will head us down separate paths. The school year is coming to a close, but certainly will never be forgotten. A smile overcomes me, as I continue down memory lane.

I ponder the lessons we learned, and all the tests passed and failed. The endless craving of questions that we needed answered. During the school year, we sought knowledge, independence and guidance from our teachers. Lectures taught out of desire to pass along something substantial, even if someone was slumbering in class.

School does impact and enrich all our lives immensely. Teachers contrive to do this so eloquently with the blending of all of those things aforementioned. Doing this before sending all of us, one by one toward a beginning, not an ending as we thought it to be. When I think of it in that way, the mist starts to clear a bit on this rainy day. I look beyond the rain drops, to the horizon, and see the rainbow given us

I would like to thank not just all the teachers, but anyone who has given their knowledge and time to all of us who sought it. A part of you always will be a part of us all forever. Thanks for heart stamp 101 and a good year.

To quote a teacher, "It's where the rubber meets the road." He said this all year long. I never really fully understood the saying. Notwithstanding, I have come to conclude the teacher was the rubber

on the road. He was the foundation on which we now stand. The lesson by school's end... we were meeting on the same road, able to choose the path we would like to travel. Head held high as we look to the horizon for our own rainbow. Thanks, teach. Here is a quote of my own, "Your example will inspire others."