

## An Autumn Letter to Teacher

Dear Teacher,

I'll bet you know my son by now. He's the one with the sandy hair, rosy cheeks, and a thousand freckles -- the one who looks like Huckleberry Finn.

You can't miss him. He's the one who can't sit still. The one who sharpens his pencils down to the eraser. The one who gets into fights on the playground. The one who doesn't pay attention and has to sit out in the hall. The one who, for reasons known only to himself, climbed on the school roof last year. (Remember? You heard about it in the teacher's lounge). The one whose antics and terrible papers are a constant frustration. The one who touches everything and everyone. The one who smiles at you and tells you he likes you.

Dear Teacher, you'll recognize my son. He's the one with the problem. What kind of problem? We've been told it's neurological, a learning disability, hyperkinesias. We're trying to cope with it at home as best we can.

Please try to understand my son. He doesn't act the way he does because he dislikes you. In fact, he thinks you're great. He tells me he's trying -- really trying to do well in school and he cries while he's telling me.

If I sound too much like an anxious mother, it's because I am. I have good reason to worry about my son.

Dear Teacher, please try to understand him and find ways to teach him. If you do, you'll forever have the deepest gratitude and respect from the parents of this special child.

Sincerely,

Nancy O. Wilson  
A Thankful Parent