



SIEBENQUELL

A grandmother's thoughts on her granddaughter's 1st day of school



A lunch box, a heart and the story

The time has come, your first day at school.

A different rhythm now, the clock determines

which rooms you will spend time in.

Of yourself you say: »I am not sure, whether I am pleased.«

I ask myself: »What should I wish for you?«

Enjoyment while learning?

Friends?

Good teachers?

Yes, with all my heart, I wish you all that!

Yet, even more, I have us, the supposed »big ones« in mind.

How do we create spaces that are conducive to learning?

So that wide-awake, happy, self-reflective beings can
develop and unfold?

How do we define education from its infancy
into a community of solidarity?

Anyone who thinks that these questions do not belong on the first day of school is right!

These questions should be thought out and expressed beforehand!

There are, and have been, enough women and men who have shown how it could be done.

Take a look at history, take a look at our society.

For the time being let the approach suffice:

May education be taken seriously, very seriously, be us »big ones «,

so that things can never again happen, of which hardly any contemporary witnesses can tell.

Thus I wish you, my granddaughter, on your first day at school:

Stay sheltered. Trust your curiosity and never lose the courage to ask your questions.

May your heart be receptive to the stories and may they always be food for you,
like daily bread.

You will find in your school bag:

A lunch box with your name, a necklace with a golden heart and a story.....

Sylvia Ditt

Koblenz, September 12, 2024