

A poem by Ms.Fady for the students and parents of the Mignet International Section

These I have loved:

*White chalk dust and the sound of a blackboard;
a winter's walk and the sunrise from my classroom windows;
children's voices and shouts and laughter and what are we going to do today;
parent-teacher meetings and keep up the good work;
tears falling and putting an arm round a shoulder: what happened? Tell me;
sudden understanding like a radiant glow, a poem, a play, an author's words all at once
bright and new and shining—yes, that's it, exactly;
opening the classroom door in September and closing it in June;
excuse me; thank you; have a nice weekend; here, this is for you, Miss;
giving a lesson when I lost my voice and finding a little heart on my desk afterwards;
Fall break, Christmas and the month of May;
the comfortable smell of young people thinking, growing, learning, becoming;
all the lost homework: on the bus, on a desk, at home; in another binder, in a locker; my mom wanted to read it; so sorry; last
week I couldn't come to school, Miss, I had to go to New Zealand; so sorry; I didn't have time; so sorry; next time I'll do better;
so sorry;
is this graded?; turn your tables for group work; is this graded?;
we're going to do a play; is this graded?; work together; is this graded?; beautifully done; is this graded?; quiet please; is this
graded?; open your books to page 42;
is this graded?; is this graded?; is this graded?;
watching boys and girls come in as children and leave as young adults;
the pens and pencils and felt tips and highlighters and notebooks and post-its;
marking papers and inventing spelling tests and wondering about lessons;
going up and down the staircases; the computer room, the cinema room, the salle des casiers;
Who wants to go first? Pick a number;
and here's to the trips to England or Scotland or Wales or Ireland by train, by bus, by plane;
to losing luggage and children and passports and to finding them again;
to the Czech Republic and Bohuslav Martinu;
to colleagues and friends;
I have a dream; All animals are created equal; For centuries I have walked my world alone; In spite of everything I still believe
that people are really good at heart; Nothing gold can stay; Yes we can; When shall we three meet again; Double, double, toil
and trouble; Marley was dead, to begin with;
Elementary, said he;
Sherlock Holmes and Juliet and Old Major and Anne Frank and Jane Goodall and Malala and Greta Thunberg and Dracula
and Atticus Finch and Omakayas and Dr Jekyll and Harry and Ron and Hermione and Bilbo Baggins and Oliver Twist and
Pyramus and Thisbe and the quest: I have loved you all;
Nothing remains, everything fades and changes, but yet you will go on;
and I have loved you all,
Every moment, every day, every one...be the voice be the change be the belief in the dark be the name be the place be the
time...and now it is my time to say thank you and good-bye. Fare well.*

- Julia Fady -Section Co-ordinator/ English language and Literature teacher, Mignet International Section

