



We'll start the year with things shiny and new,  
But little by little things will be covered in . . . . goo.  
A sticky hand print here, a muddy foot print there,  
A bottle of paint tipped onto a chair.  
And just when you're ready to cower and hide,  
Think of this and be filled with pride:  
Each disaster, each mess, each flop and each blunder,  
Is all a sign that you're filling us with wonder.  
So even when the classroom looks like a zoo,  
Just remember we're so grateful you've taught  
us something new.