

Table of Contents

Smart Kids	1
My Greatest Teaching Lesson	2
A Daring Adventure	3
A Simple Rock	4
When Grades Are Being Earned	5
Believe in the Believing	6
Beyond Collecting	7
Run, Teacher, Run!	8
Our Classroom	9
One Child's Worth	10
Patent Pending	11
Literacy Learning	12
The Standard Deviation	13
Our Memory Nooks	14
I Loved my Way into Language	15
The Three R's	16
Me, the Books, and You	17
A Lifetime Desire	18
The Educator's Role	19
Natural Interdependency	20
Exercise Great Care	21
Double-Knotted	22
A Teacher's Nightmare	23
The Literacy of Change	24
The Most Momentous Minute	25
Follow the Thread	26
Reading Sign Language	27
Assessment by Negotiation	28
The World's Strongest People	29
Be Dangerous!	30

BELIEVE IN THE BELIEVING

**Believe in yourself,
And in your power to teach.
Believe in your impact
On those you expect to reach.**

**Believe that you will make a difference,
And believe that you are.
Believe that believing is important,
Then you shall take them far.**

**Cause it begins in the believing,
And in the dreaming that you can,
In that confidence of the moment,
In that rush before the plan.**

**It begins long before everything falls together,
When everything begins a new,
When you find yourself believing
In the power inside of you.**

**So, believe in yourself,
And in your power to teach.
Believe in your impact
On those you expect to reach.**

**Believe that you will make a difference,
And believe that you are.
Believe that believing is important,
Then you shall take them far.**

Sigmund A. Boloz



THE STANDARD DEVIATION

**It has always bothered me
Why each year we play this statistical game,
And then as predicted,
We look for something else to blame**

**When the results come in,
And the assessment results are low,
Indicating that we are not teaching well
Or that our children are just too slow.**

**Twice a year,
Pulled off a dusty shelf,
Even though it has nothing to do
With anything but itself.**

**The same old story,
Nothing especially surprising or new,
But I sit incredulous and angry
For what children and teachers have to go through.**

**The standardized scores don't tell me anything
Instructional that I need to know,
A year's hard work, I argue,
But the tests say that they didn't grow.**

**I question the lack of engagement,
The meaningless of the task,
The inappropriateness of the measure,
The stupid questions that they ask.**

**I question the relevance,
The curricular mismatch,
And as others nod their heads in agreement
We both grab another batch.**

Sigmund A. Boloz



I LOVED MY WAY INTO LANGUAGE

I loved my way into language.
The first sounds of my existence were of adoration.
They were words of spectacular beauty.
They were the words of my mother
And they comforted me and soothed my cries.
I am nothing without my language.

I loved my way into language.
The first sounds of my existence were of joy.
They were permeated with miraculous passion.
They were the words of my mother
And they connected me to brilliance and to the ecstasy of wonderment.
I am nothing without my language.

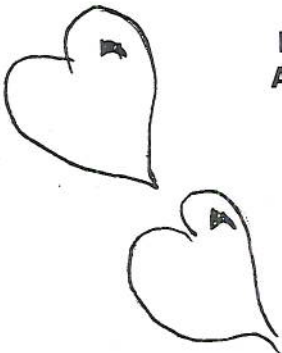
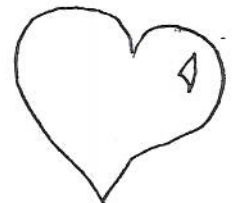
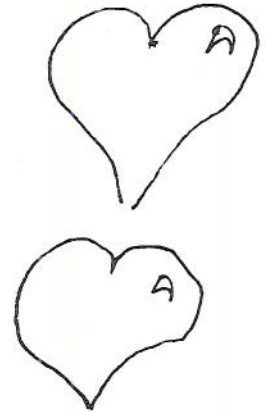
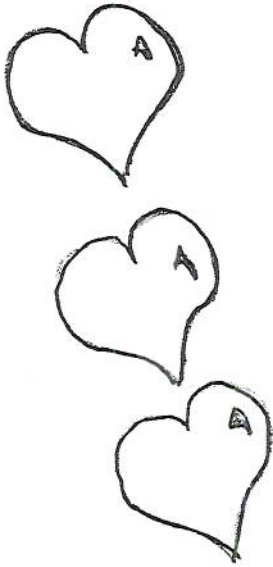
I loved my way into language.
The first sounds of my existence were of happiness.
They were filled with magnificent connectedness.
They were the words of my mother
And they grounded me in who I am and of how I relate to my world.
I am nothing without my language.

I loved my way into language.
The first sounds of my existence were of elation.
They were filled with splendid definition.
They were the words of my mother
And they defined my discipline and the structure my beliefs.
I am nothing without my language.

I loved my way into language.
The first sounds of my existence were of jubilation.
My first breaths inhaled the air of others who spoke my language.
My first smells were filled with the sweat of my people.
My first harmonies were those of my mother's cries and laughter,
Of her songs, her chants and her prayers.

How then, could I be anything without my language,
And how could a new language mean anything to me,
If it were not shared with love?

Sigmund A. Boloz



A TEACHER'S NIGHTMARE

Somewhere between the tossing and the turning
I dreamt last night,
A nightmare which all teachers
Fear to invite.

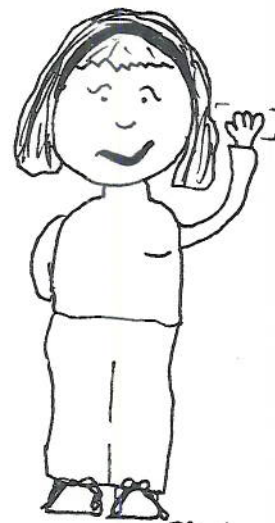
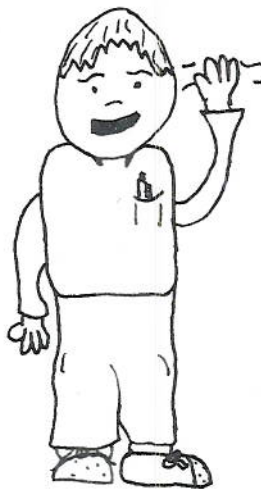
For we were all somewhere,
The boardroom I think,
And someone said something like,
"These test scores stink!"
And I in the audience
Shook my head,
All the time snoozing
On my pillow on my bed.

And in they marched the witnesses,
Well ordered from short to tall,
Brought all of them to the board room,
Lined them all against the wall
And the director of curriculum shouted,
"These are the students, short to tall,
Who each scored well below the national average
This past last fall!"
And I in the audience
Shook my head,
All the time snoozing
On my pillow on my bed.

When the board member asked
These students one and all,
"Who was your teacher
This past last fall?"
And then a bunch of students,
In perfect harmony,
Rose their little arms
And began to wave at me.
And I in the audience
Ducked my head,
All the time snoozing
On my pillow on my bed.

And I smiled sweetly, "You could have lied!"

Sigmund A. Boloz



S.A. Boloz