



Love/Blessing/Grateful

My dear kindergarten,

I've recently been told that you are celebrating the 40th anniversary of the school's opening. How time flies! I recall my parents bringing me in when I was a little, the little finger crackers we got as snacks, and being asked to take our nap in a dark quiet room. All those memories, despite not being the clearest, make up an important piece of my childhood.

I don't remember the name nor face of my kindergarten teacher, but I remember a kind lady who was gentle with us kids. She was patient when some of us didn't feel like taking our nap. She was encouraging when we struggled with our little art projects. She let our parents know when we needed help. Even though I can't remember her name, I'd like to thank you for taking such good care of us.

It's been a long time since I've thought about my time back in my kindergarten days. But unlike the rest of my academic life, which is filled with both good and bad memories, for me I've always looked back on my kindergarten time with fondness.

I'm married now, and even though I have no plans to have children of my own. A friend of mine has a daughter that's in one of your classes right now. I have no doubt that she will receive the same level of care that I got when I was there. My own young nephew is about to embark on his own academic journey starting with kindergarten next year. His mother has not decided on a school yet, but I hope he will have a teacher that would care for him as my own teacher did when I was in your care.

Happy 40th Anniversary, and may you have many more successful years caring for happy kids!

Yan, class of 1990