

## WinkWorld March 2004

by Dawn Wink

Wyatt's schooling has taken an unexpected turn in the past couple of weeks. For a multitude of reasons, I've decided to home school him for the rest of the semester. Last year, in first grade, Wyatt spent the year in a classroom full of chaos and not a whole lot of learning. This year, what I witnessed from working in the class, Wyatt was not only not thriving, but languishing. When I spoke of this with one friend who had also spent quite a bit of time in the classroom, she said to me, "You know what I see, Dawn, with Wyatt? Everywhere he turns in that classroom, he runs into a brick wall. Either he's not supposed to do what he's doing, or there's nothing TO do, or he's getting into trouble." Of course, as a mother, hearing these words pierced my heart and my decision was made.

I have considered doing this for the past year, but have resisted, because frankly I didn't want to forfeit what little writing time I have. But, I felt the window of opportunity to set Wyatt off on the right path, to interest him in learning and living joyfully, rapidly closing. I felt myself losing him. I think every parent knows this feeling and it is a dreadful, hopeless feeling. This time my heart demanded what my brain had always responded to with a loud, "Nonononono! I don't want to give up my writing time!" And, thankfully, as one writing friend told me as we discussed this that night, "Dawn, he's a human being, not a book."

So, the adventures of home schooling begin. I've set up Wyatt's desk right next to mine in my writing room. We have yet to really get into a routine, as this is all so very new yet. I will say, though, that I noticed an immediate difference in Wyatt's sense of peace, sense of centeredness. He is already genuinely happier.

These first few days I haven't worried about curriculum in the slightest. Wyatt and I did things together, mundane things, just the two of us. As the oldest of three very busy children, he and I rarely get time alone together. I relished this opportunity. He glowed.

So, the rest of the semester I'll walk with Wyatt, walk with this son of mine I love.