

While no single memory of my time at Trinity stands out above the rest, there is a smattering of moments that come to mind when I try to look back:

There is me, lined up outside prior to singing the national anthem, discussing with my neighbors what the longest word ever is;

waiting with boiling anticipation to run my 50-yard dash, in the hopes of finally breaking the legendary record of a boy who graduated a few years before;

presenting my book report, and exquisitely crafted map, detailing the exploits of the various mice and rabbits in Redwall;

listening to my teachers tell me about 9/11 and Hurricane Katrina, and struggling to comprehend the magnitude of what had happened;

telling the kickball pitcher how I like my kickball pitched to me (slow, no bounces, over the plate);

designing a super awesome treehouse on graph paper in math class, replete with many slides and a large refrigerator;

turning typing practice in the library into a race (naturally) between me and the other boys to get through all the colored practice booklets first;

and beaming with excitement when my friends told me that today, my 9th birthday, is my “Golden” birthday because my birthday is also the 9th of the month.

(Strangely, I have no memory of my starring role as Friar Lawrence in our 4th grade rendition of *Romeo and Juliet*, in which, taking messages of “projecting your voice” to heart, I screamed my monologue at the top of my lungs. Video evidence of this performance still exists.)

But if I really squeeze my brain and think, what I get are even smaller moments – flashes, really: bright sunlight on the green grass of the field; the darkness and echo of the long staircase near the Great Hall; a row of colorful backpacks, initialed clearly in stitching; the laminated stoplight in the 5th grade classroom porcupined with clothespins (all of them pinned to the green light except for one pinned to yellow because someone did something naughty); the awful smell of those weird pods from the big tree that once stood in the square; maps of America, colorful and bendy rulers, an aggressively-bearded gold miner on a book cover, and pictures of kelpfish; the smiles, bouncing hair, and goofy gestures of my classmates.

As a teacher now, I hope that my students learn some things, but I hope even more that they associate my class with good feelings – after all, good feelings associated with what I teach them will hopefully mean they’re more likely to remember it, and maybe even keep learning. And that’s why I look back fondly on being a Trinity kid. I don’t remember too much of what I learned, and it’s hard to pinpoint what I managed to teach myself. But I remember the freedom of being a kid, and I remember having fun. Isn’t that the whole point?