The Little Hearts That Inspired

It was fragile little hands, eager hearts, and twenty-two smiles that made everyday as a senior an unforgettable year. It was hearing “Ms. Kassie!” walking into my kindergarten Legacy class day after day that allowed me to escape from the stress that senior year seemed to bring upon- it was the highlight of my days. Twenty-two little hearts showed me what it means to have a true love for life and how to smile even on the days that seemed so crippling; two things that I can never repay them for, but two things I am forever grateful for.

I became lost for words some days as I set and gazed amongst the innocuous young kids that were so consumed with story time, knowing that each child’s background was different than their friends sitting next to them. This could only lead me to one thought, which became my moto for the rest of the year: “If I can bring joy, happiness, and lather a young child with love, then that is enough for my day to be better than yesterday.” This thought was latched in my heart all year and continues to linger inside of me as each day passes. I am constantly reminded of the precious hearts of those young kids, leading me to question my career choice in becoming a teacher.

This volunteer experience changed not only my views on volunteering, but also my life. I’ll always remember how each one of my kindergarteners made me signs and gave me a big send off before my High School softball playoff game; making sure I had all the necessities for the big day, which included plenty of food, drinks, and a whole lot of love. This particular moment is one that I will always remember, as they showed their gratitude and appreciation through handmade signs that read, “Good luck Ms. Kassie!” or “Strike ‘Em Out!”, and even five
simple words, “We love you, Ms. Kassie!”. These sweet kids gave me a reason to find joy in midst of the hardest days, even after my time in my Legacy class was over. I have developed such a love for these young kids that I couldn’t help but revisit them again as first graders during this past winter break. Not only was I able to see the smiling faces of my first graders, but I also got the opportunity to meet a new group of kindergarteners and help them with their classroom work and Christmas activities.

I went into my Legacy class praying to make a difference in at least one kids life, but in all actuality, they made a difference in mine. I miss walking through their kindergarten doors everyday and miss hearing “Ms. Kassie!”, but I am forever thankful for the twenty-two sweet blessings that were placed in my life. I relish in the fact that I am still able to watch them grow and see what God continues to do in their precious little hearts.