

Belle Meade School

April 2014 Newsletter



Guess Who or What ?

With unending patience I toil away, working with vigor till my hair is grey. I listen politely to that you have to say, then just turn around, and do the other way. People, they like me, they see me all day. But don't think that when they see me, they run the other way. You'll see me, or hear me, or smell of my hay. You'll whisper, "Here's that guy" and look the other way. You're the granddad of cattle, and the papa of feed. You're here when we need you, for whatever we need.

Leif

As I gaze out my window, I see something lustered with a faded glory. Something that was once in its prime, but now sits old and used. Try as I might to breath new life into her, she only wants to fight back. But with what I love comes this cyclical battle; a never ending struggle to build and create only to have to put my dreams aside time after time. Her skin is faded with an earthy hue cast about what was once the apple of my eye. Not to say it isn't any more, for with age comes experience, and with experience comes wisdom and this is what this old girl has most of: wisdom. I've learned more in the short time I've known here than any other time before. I've learned how to take care of her when she is cold, and how to mend her when she is sick. I watch her sit in faded glory waiting for her knight with a huge wallet.

Just
Empty
Every
Pocket



David



Shiny, smooth leaflets of soft sinew and fragile twigs stretch out to reveal the brilliant, nearly iridescent folds of gentle, weightless fingers. Slender curves, softened by mature threads of silk, are graced by the many colors of the spectrum. Sunshine fades to dusk, while dusk fades to midnight. The peak of this majestic being is striped spontaneously with sky blues and stormy purples. Graceful talons allow a firm grip, while the tough grooves of skin make for a warm, harmless landing.

The noises emitted can be loud and thunderous, but also quiet and content. Whistling air is heard often from the textured vernacular, in sequence and in song. The pleasant sounds are often radiated out like a heat wave, leaving small echoes behind. Powerful harmonies can be formed, simultaneously enjoyable and deafening.

What am I?

Ana

Uniform yet confused
Beautiful yet bruised
The colors of this place
Will please many a face.
This place requires patience

And lots of other things too,
Including boots, a hat
and some gloves
To tend to every hue.
When working in this setting,
You might just eat some food
For in this outside setting
Things are very good for you.

Ava



I am a teacher. I have brown hair and hazel eyes. Sometimes I
were a glasses, sometimes not. I teach both class, middle
school and high school. I have one school table with some
chairs. I use the same computer like most high school students.

I teach in the morning but also in the afternoon.

I am not every day here. Who I am?

Pascal

I have many personalities

I have many talents

I sooth in the morning

And gain a lot of energy at the end of the day

I am close to the students but am still known as their teacher

Some days are easier than others someday I just want to fly

back to my mother but these kids are great most of the time

can anyone guess who am I?

Elliott

The knowledge of the school is on them. Teachers with a
kind and gentle way. Understands as best as they can.

But loves us all, no matter.

Amelia

Big and tall. Always growing always shrinking.

Into the clouds it grows. Over fields and forests it looms.

They are around the world. What is it?

Kavan

Smiling faces all around,

Our feet never touch the ground.

Laughter so infectious,

That it only grows.

Smiling like a child.

Giggling with glee,

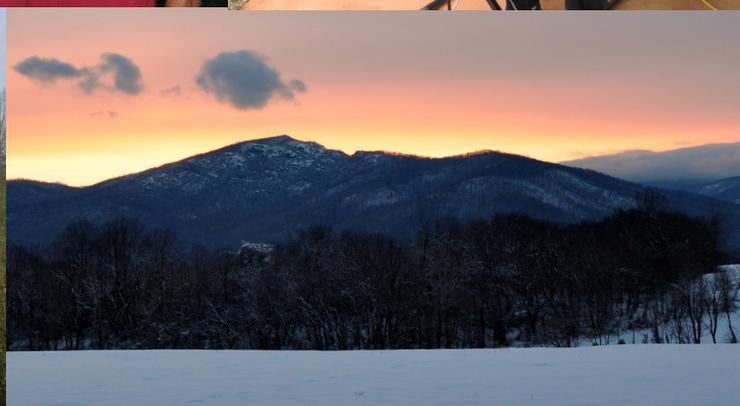
Running, jumping, playing,

Because it's so free.

Dumb decisions,

Silly mistakes, that's what makes it so great.

Emily



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353 F. T. Valley Road, Sperryville, Virginia 22740