

Jerry's Wild Ride

Rosalyn Nolt

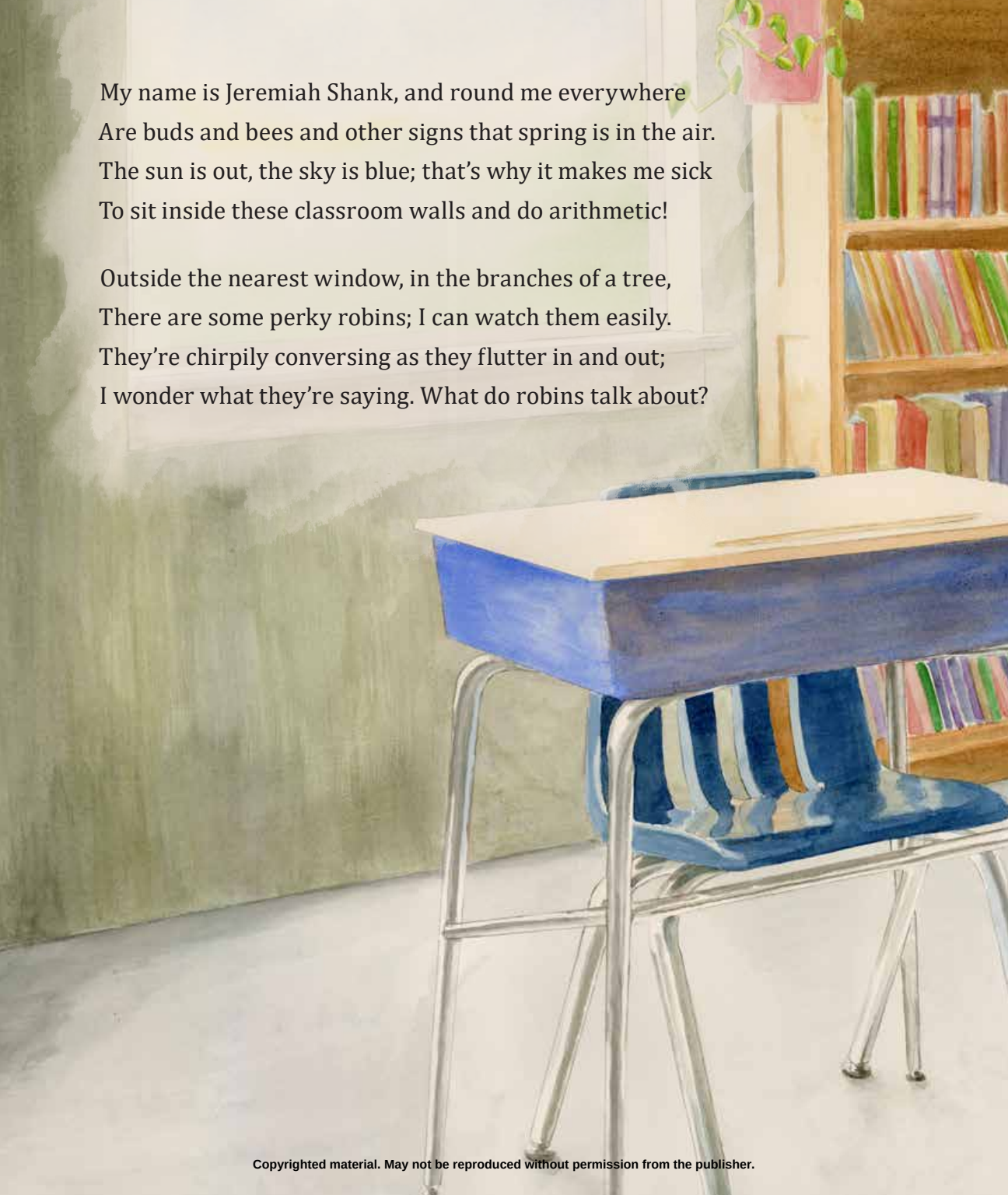
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CHRISTIAN LIGHT
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My name is Jeremiah Shank, and round me everywhere
Are buds and bees and other signs that spring is in the air.
The sun is out, the sky is blue; that's why it makes me sick
To sit inside these classroom walls and do arithmetic!

Outside the nearest window, in the branches of a tree,
There are some perky robins; I can watch them easily.
They're chirpily conversing as they flutter in and out;
I wonder what they're saying. What do robins talk about?







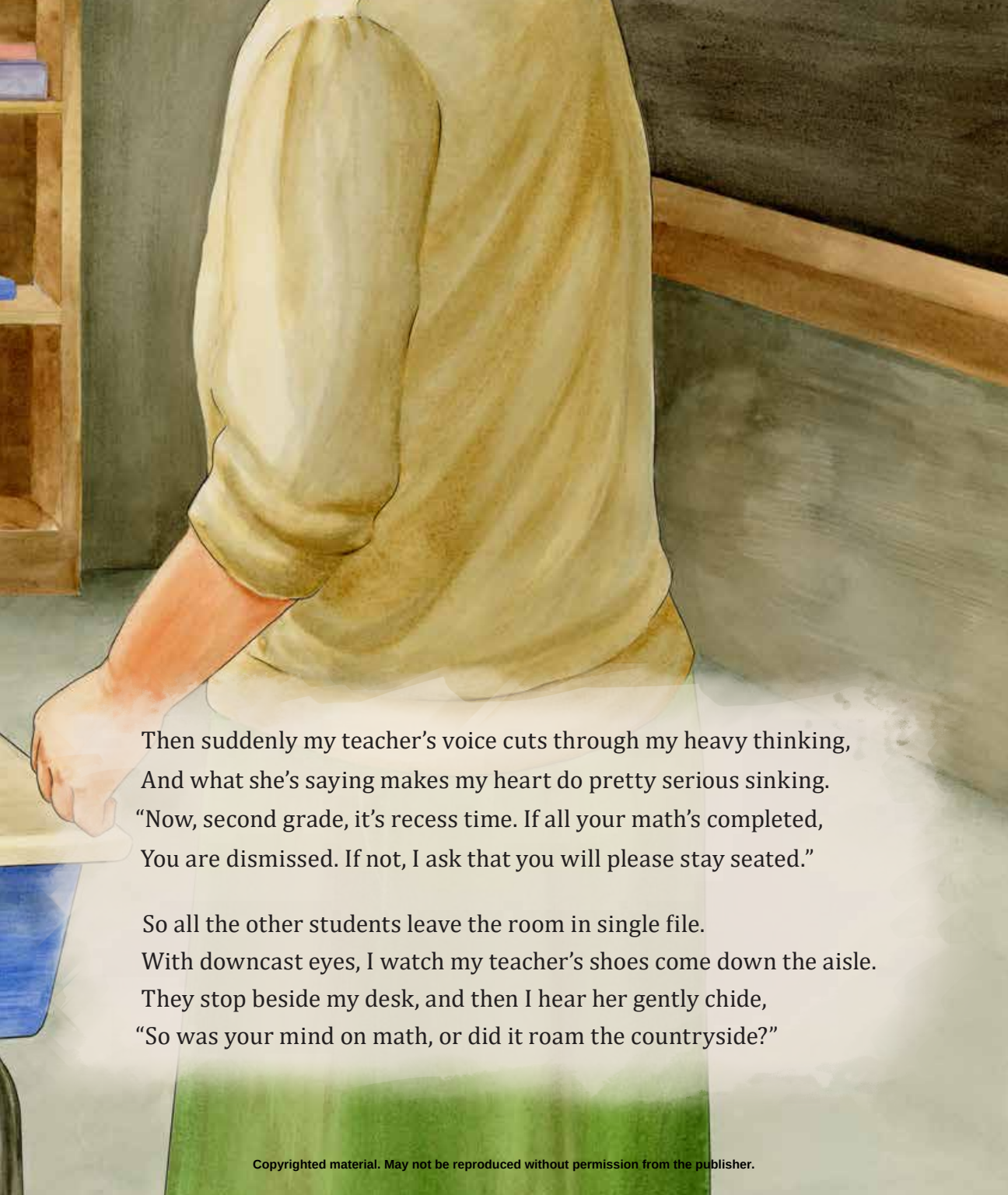
If I could understand them, I could ask them if they know
Where I could find a certain bird whose name is Lassie Crow.
She used to be my faithful pet, but now she likes to roam.
She's all grown-up and living life and rarely coming home.

I'm always glad to see her when she stops to say hello,
But it's not long until she seems to feel the need to go.
I guess she has a new home now. I wish that I could find it,
Then I could go and visit her! I'm sure she wouldn't mind it.

Oh, wouldn't Lassie be surprised to find a waiting guest,
When she returns from roaming free to settle in her nest!
Now that would be exciting; how I wish that I could do it.
If only I could find her nest. Could robins lead me to it?





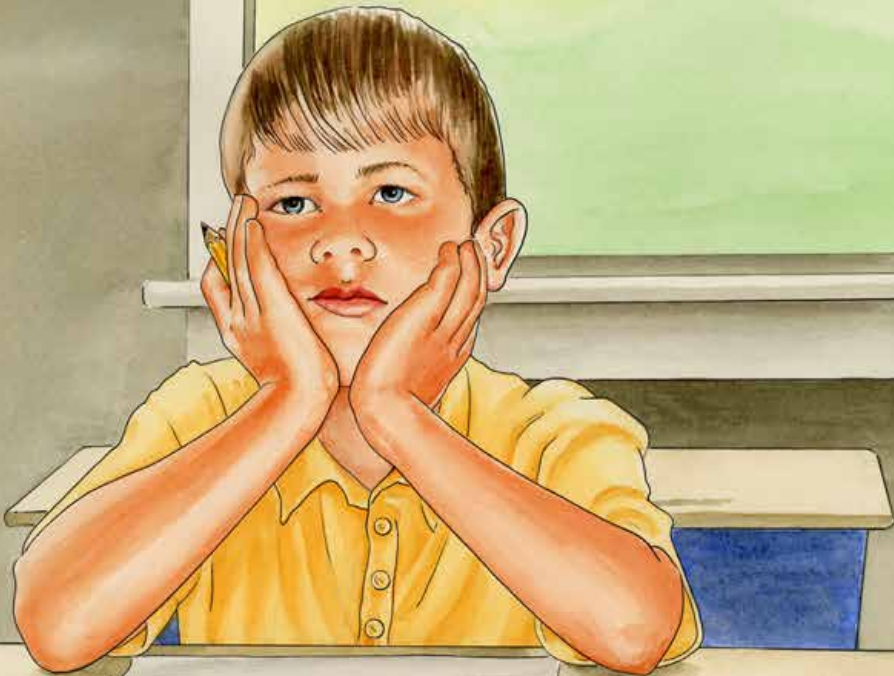
An illustration showing the back of a person, likely a teacher, wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved shirt. The person's right arm is extended downwards, with their hand resting on a desk. The background includes a wooden bookshelf on the left and a dark, textured wall or chalkboard on the right. The floor is a light, mottled grey.

Then suddenly my teacher's voice cuts through my heavy thinking,
And what she's saying makes my heart do pretty serious sinking.
"Now, second grade, it's recess time. If all your math's completed,
You are dismissed. If not, I ask that you will please stay seated."

So all the other students leave the room in single file.
With downcast eyes, I watch my teacher's shoes come down the aisle.
They stop beside my desk, and then I hear her gently chide,
"So was your mind on math, or did it roam the countryside?"

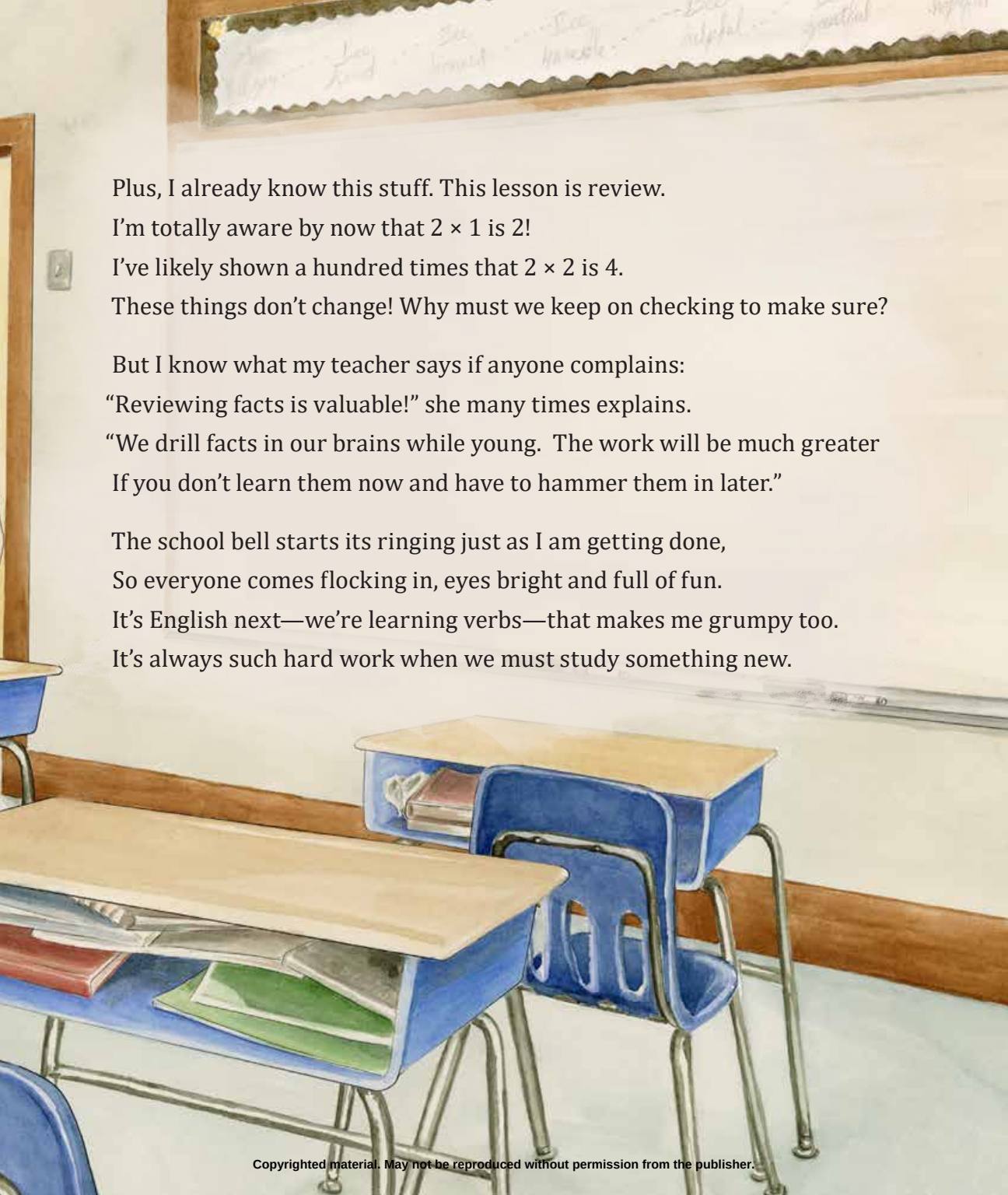
"I know it won't be long until this school term's over, Jerry.
But working hard at lessons is still very necessary.
We've talked of this before. Just think of all that you could do,
If your imagination would not run away with you."

She talks a little longer, then she leaves to join the rest.
Alone with glaring numbers, I feel very unimpressed.
Deep down I know my teacher's right and that I shouldn't pout,
But I hate missing recess time! Of that there is no doubt!







A watercolor illustration of a classroom. In the foreground, there are blue school desks with light-colored wooden tops. One desk has a green folder and a red book on it. Another desk behind it has a small white cup and some papers. In the background, there is a whiteboard with a decorative border. The text is overlaid on the upper part of the illustration.

Plus, I already know this stuff. This lesson is review.

I'm totally aware by now that 2×1 is 2!

I've likely shown a hundred times that 2×2 is 4.

These things don't change! Why must we keep on checking to make sure?

But I know what my teacher says if anyone complains:

"Reviewing facts is valuable!" she many times explains.

"We drill facts in our brains while young. The work will be much greater
If you don't learn them now and have to hammer them in later."

The school bell starts its ringing just as I am getting done,

So everyone comes flocking in, eyes bright and full of fun.

It's English next—we're learning verbs—that makes me grumpy too.

It's always such hard work when we must study something new.