RHYTHM AND RHYMES: A TEACHER’S ODE

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One, little two, little three, little fingers…

We’ve been teaching them to count, to learn numbers, to compute, to measure…Lest, we are also being measured, counted, numbered…measured by our capacity on how fast they can count from zero to infinite.

We are numbered through our own identifications, subjectively not by proportions but individually measuring our efforts on how we can let them learn how to size up their own character.

For the 7100 or so island in our country almost a million of us have computed our worth qualitatively, our rubrics thus include our performances like being judged on a noontime variety show as contestants for the day.

Twinkle, twinkle…little stars
May the stars conspire and align and brighten our path so that we can light the runways of every endorphin glands of our beloved learners. May we carry the torch that forever will ignite the spirit and values of a Filipino.

The constellation that we have taught them should serve as guiding principles to their muted future, overexposed to ultra violet rays, LED, microchips and nano technology.

May they not be blinded by fake news, social media rants and narcissi attitudes because of selfies and camera 360.

Rain, rain, go away…

Countless natural calamities have tested our strength physically and morally. Seeing our classrooms being inundated not by rain water but by mud, rocks and trash. We ditch first our tears and in clenched fists we let sweat roll first and grasp our breath as we dig our learning materials to the rubbles of wrath.

We are teaching them to plant trees, put up a vegetable garden, clean and conserve the coastal. But in the midst of these illegal loggers, dynamite fishers, and vegetable prices soaring high as their ambitions written in their biography. Were they absent during the time we discussed the lessons?
We developed scientists, doctors, engineers but they are being overpowered by these enemies of earth whom were classmates once, whom they rubbed elbows with during their class reunions.

...ang mamatay ng dahil sa iyo.

And as we raised our right hand when we took our oath, when we started writing a comma and LPT after our surnames (insert MA, PhD), we pledged to our dear Mother Land that we will take care of her youth...no matter what...no matter how.

As a teacher we have our own rhythm and rhymes... own story of struggle and triumph. We compose our own music and write our own lyrics. We dictate our own beat and rehearse our own performance. We create our own ode...cause there’s no dress rehearsals backstage.
References:

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star - https://www.youtube.com/watch

Ten Little Fingers - www.songsforteaching.com/nurseryryhmes/tenlittlefingers.php

Rain Rain Go Away -https://www.youtube.com/watch
