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Assignment: An Essay
About an Early
Childhood Memory

A Special Place

As you grow older, memories from your early childhood fade from your mind. When you try to recall people, places and events the pictures are blurred and unrealistic. Early childhood memories are more fragments and feelings than a whole, uninterrupted picture. There is, however, one place that still stands out in my mental photo album. This place was a home away from home for me for three years. It is called The Canaan Ridge School. I remember looking forward to going to school each day. Canaan Ridge is a place full of warmth and understanding. I had many friends there because the teachers made sure that the children all treated each other with respect and kindness. Therefore, we all got along and had fun together. I learned to read, write and do math at Canaan Ridge, but none of us were ever aware that we were being "taught." The teachers at this school make it seem as the children just absorb knowledge. I remember dancing in the gym, doing interesting art projects in the art class and playing with the "toys" in the classroom. Every holiday brought a special party. Canaan Ridge did not need holidays to be festive, however. There always seemed to be some kind of event going on. In the nice weather and in their summer camp I remember playing on the playground, nature walks and picnic lunches. Most of all I remember Virginia. Virginia is the principal of Canaan Ridge. She is an incredible person who loves children and teaching.

I graduated from the kindergarten at this school six years ago. My only regret is that I do not remember everything about those years and I know that as I grow older those wonderful images will fade even more in my mind. What is important, however, is that this special place started me off with the idea that school is a positive place to be and that learning is fun. Thanks, Virginia and The Canaan Ridge School!!!