

We hear next, out of the "teachers' lounge" of our grade school in Lynden, Washington, from Mrs. Linda Smit. Linda, who is obviously a writer of more than common ability, wrote an article in the Spring, 1988 issue of "Northwood Lights," giving recognition to a class of people in the church who, as she says, are too often forgotten. Princesses, she calls them, in an essay by that name.

Princesses

Linda Smit

There are some in the realm of Christ's Church here on earth who are called to be princesses. Not princesses for a short time like so many of our daughters who are soon called away to be wives and mothers, but princesses for all (or most) of their life.

These special ladies can probably be found in every congregation. Children always recognize them as princesses and pay them homage. The rest of us too often forget them.

As children, we gathered around the electric golf cart that a princess in our congregation used for transportation. She never rebuked us, but took time to talk to each of us and sometimes to give us a ride home from church.

When I moved far from home, a princess made me a part of her family and welcomed me to her home every Sunday for coffee, millions of calories, and precious fellowship. (I know that she helped stay homesickness many

times.)

My girlfriend's aunt welcomed us to her home when we were in the area. Later, as her body was rapidly being destroyed by disease, she came to church in a wheelchair. She could barely speak, but she could always smile. I envisioned that soon her wheelchair would be replaced by a throne in a special place for princesses in heaven.

If there are extra special princesses, I would think they are the ones found in nearly every Christian school. They do so many tasks — big and small — often without others thanking or even realizing their contributions. They are not distracted as I am by things of the world and how I may please my husband, but they care for the things of the Lord; that they may be holy both in body and in spirit (from 1 Corinthians 7:34).

I have had the privilege of doing my teaching under the

guidance of one such very special lady. Her deep and lasting concern for her students has always been evident. She has become companion, counselor, and friend. And despite all the times I've come to her for help, I can't recall a single time she has criticized, but somehow she has always turned it into encouragement. (I hope someday I can learn this exceptional gift.)

So many princesses, and I have

known so few. Yet through each I have been enriched. I've noted their generosity and giving spirit at every shower and wedding and time of sickness. I've seen their concern for the congregation of which they were a part and for the whole of Christ's Church.

I think they will wear a special crown in heaven. Sometimes I can see the glimmering of it already here.

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Not infrequently the work of students finds its way into the teachers' lounge. Some of the work of last summer's Young Writers did just that; so we'll use our remaining space for this issue to give you a sampling of their efforts. Not only will you see how they write, but you'll also learn what they think about homework. Not surprisingly, it seems that homework is not, among students, a controversial issue. They're all against it. Read on:

I come home from school
And what do I have?
Homework.

It is like taking school
home with me.

I cannot go outside and play,
I have to finish my work.

Marijo Brummel (Adams)

Homework! Homework!

That's no fun!

Let's get it done so we can play.

Alan Dykshorn
(South Holland)

Homework is a great displeasure,
Because in math you have to
measure,

Because work is for school,
Not afterward.

Dale Zandstra (South Holland)

Homework is hard.

I don't like it at all.

It takes up time,

I wish I didn't have any.

It usually is plenty.

Lori VanBaren (South Holland)