

Mama's Garden | Megin's blog - four years!

There she goes. On her own bicycle. For her fourth birthday, she wanted in her own words: "A bicycle with pedals that can cycle quickly, for when I'm late at school." She has been cycling since last summer, with pedals. She has never had training wheels. Practice a few times and she could do it herself. How would going to school go? She can do it twice with training wheels. One morning I am her side wheel and the next my boyfriend. After that she must be able to go to school alone, with 30 children in a strange room.

It feels a bit strange in my stomach that first morning. Neni hangs on me a bit bored while sitting in class. "I think it's boring mom, how long will this take?" All children want to be heard after the weekend, and around 20 fingers take turns in the air. With so many children it takes a long time. Much longer than with the 8 children in the playgroup. Fortunately, she likes playing outside and the self-selected activity, playing with the playmobil pool, much better. I am exhausted after so many impressions between half past eight and twelve. I am happy for Neni that she can come home again after half a day getting used to the class rhythm. I'm exhausted! She does not agree "I want to eat my sandwich here !!!!!" I'm glad she likes it here so much she wants to stay, yet we go home to recover from all the new.



The second day is, in consultation with the teacher, the whole day. Daughter wants to be part of the group. At around half past eleven my boyfriend gets anxious and starts asking me questions (what did you do in class? I had nothing to do). Then he picks her up again at ten past three. It went well, she is cheerful and happy. But then, day three: she forgets to drink. The moment she changes her mind, she is at the end of the line and the teacher is at the very front. She does not dare to walk to the teacher to say this. She has also lost the teacher during break. No one had told her that the teacher also needed a moment's rest and that there would be volunteering mothers. Panic and tears.

After this dip she says: "Mama, can you tell the teacher that I am not coming today? I don't feel well and I don't like my school anymore. It's boring". Together we go to school and we tell the teacher about drinking and how she missed the teacher. Neni is not the first and the teacher knows how to help her through the day. After four weeks the ten minute meeting takes place. The teacher says: "it's like she's been in class for a long time, it's going very well!". She also realizes after a short while that Neni needs a challenge and at the same time is sometimes afraid that she cannot do something. The teacher knows her and yes, she can do without training wheels!