

Recollections from my school days

by Wayne Goff

I remember quite a lot about my school days. **Kindergarten** started out with finger painting, naps on rugs, and walks down the street to get a popsicle. **First Grade** taught me how to read, write, count, and watch a kid staple his own finger with a Swingline Tot Stapler! **Second Grade** continued more of the same, but I remember winning a drawing contest by drawing a pretty decent “mink that drank pink ink.” Our class also had to test for tuberculosis (TB) because the girl sitting in front of me came down with it! Fortunately we all tested negative. **Third Grade** taught me multiplication facts, cursive writing, and much about history and geography. **Fifth Grade** taught me the state capitols. I made 100% on the test, and nearly got a paddling the next day when I couldn’t remember all of them! My **Sixth Grade** teacher introduced background music to us while we studied. That was difficult for me at first, but we all got used to it. We also got to make a trip to Memphis, Tennessee to see a new musical: “The Sound of Music.” Loved it. **Seventh Grade** was a new experience – “Junior High” and changing classes for every subject. Wow! Did I ever think I was grown up. **Eight Grade** found me in Conway, Arkansas after a move that summer. It was also the first time to experience integration. Segregation came to an end. Good thing. **Ninth Grade–Twelfth Grade** taught me all the “high school” things – algebra, geometry, psychology, social studies, foreign languages, biology, and “study hall” (few did).

So what do you remember about your school days? Those years of school which seemed to take **forever** were only twelve or thirteen years of my life, but they were formative years. It helped prepare me for college and then a lifetime of studying and teaching as a gospel preacher. I smile to myself when I hear the young ones complain about having to go back to school. I frown when I hear those who have graduated proudly affirm that they are not going to study anymore, nor read many books. And I realize mostly that all during those school years I was **learning** about the Bible, the church, Christians, obeying the gospel, living a faithful life, morals, and “the issues.” My parents taught me much about these things by the lives they lived. God bless them. The many Christians I observed taught me even more. God bless them, too. Preachers and Bible class teachers taught me the rest. Yes, I did listen to most of the preachers after I reached about age 10 or 11. Before that, I don’t remember as much. Hmm... But of all the “book learning” I’ve had, the most important and most precious is learning from “the Book of Books.” How about you?

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