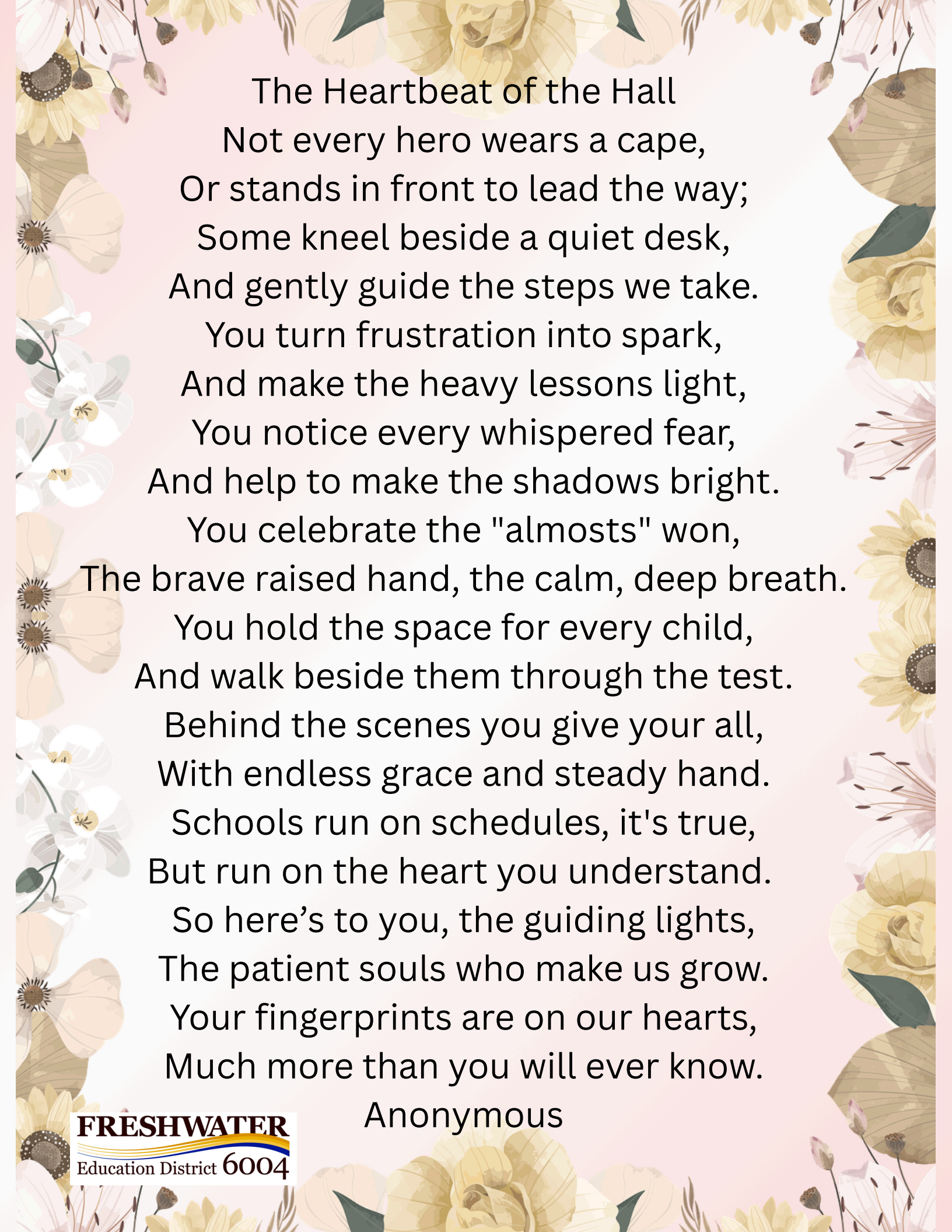




The Heartbeat of the Hall
Not every hero wears a cape,
Or stands in front to lead the way;
Some kneel beside a quiet desk,
And gently guide the steps we take.
You turn frustration into spark,
And make the heavy lessons light,
You notice every whispered fear,
And help to make the shadows bright.
You celebrate the "almosts" won,
The brave raised hand, the calm, deep breath.
You hold the space for every child,
And walk beside them through the test.
Behind the scenes you give your all,
With endless grace and steady hand.
Schools run on schedules, it's true,
But run on the heart you understand.
So here's to you, the guiding lights,
The patient souls who make us grow.
Your fingerprints are on our hearts,
Much more than you will ever know.

Anonymous