

Catch the Vision of *The Well-Educated Heart*

Introduction

Marlene Peterson

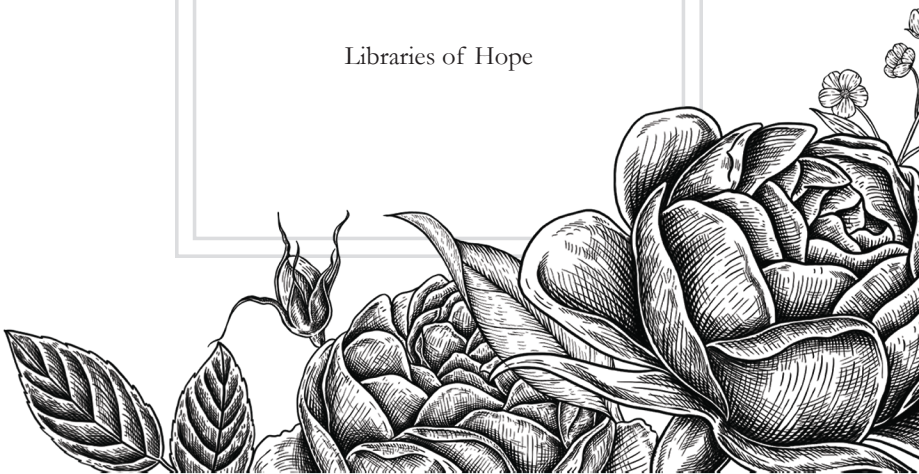


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MARLENE PETERSON

Libraries of Hope



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"Let us keep our children for our own, during their earlier years. The world will have them long enough afterward."

--Lydia Sigourney

"Joy is the serious business of heaven."

–C.S. Lewis

One day, Bismarck was visiting Russia and looked out a window at Peterhof Palace. He noticed a sentry on duty in the middle of a lawn. He asked the czar why the man was there. The czar had no idea, so he asked his aide-de-camp, who also did not know. He sent for the officer in command. The officer in command did not know. Finally, the general over all the troops at Peterhof was sent for.

"General, why is that soldier stationed in that isolated place?"

"I beg leave to inform your majesty that it is in accordance with ancient custom."

Bismarck inquired, "What was the origin of the custom?"

The general replied, "I do not recollect at present."

The czar issued the order: "Investigate and report the result."

It took three days to discover the reason. The reason a sentry reported to the middle of the field every morning was because of an order put on the books eighty years before! Evidently, one spring morning, Catherine the Great had looked out on the lawn and saw the first flower blooming out of the frozen soil. She ordered a sentry to give watch and prevent anyone from picking the flower.

Eighty years later, a sentry still reported for duty.

Traditions hang around for a long time when no one questions, "Why?"

This is no less true for education.

Researchers asked 365 people, "What is the purpose of education?" They received 365 unique answers. It would seem we are trying to find a one-size-fits-all system of education when we can't even agree on the "why."

Before we go any further, let me introduce myself. My name is Marlene Peterson. My husband, Brent, and I have raised eight daughters and one son. I have always been restless where education is concerned, which is why we public schooled, home-schooled, private schooled, online schooled, charter schooled, correspondence schooled, un-schooled and did combinations of all of the above. You might say we are a success—all nine of our children graduated from universities, with several earning advanced degrees. We are proud of their

hard work.

But I still felt like something was missing in their education.

My search for what was missing began with a desire to understand God's purposes for education and His methods of learning.

What I discovered is much grander, as His ways always are.

Perhaps I am merely providing answer #366, but I have come to believe that the purpose of education is to prepare children to live lives of maximum joy. College and career are likely part of that path, but they are not the end destination. And the method can best be summed up in a phrase borrowed from Charlotte Mason's writings: True education is between a child's soul and God.

I am not the Founder of the Well-Educated Heart (WEH), I am simply a Finder. It is not a curriculum; it's a way of learning where learning and life are not separated; where the spiritual is as important as the temporal—the Seen and the Unseen.

I invite you to begin this journey of looking at education through new eyes and to Catch the Vision of possibilities by starting with a brief tour of the history of education, as told in a book called *Crusaders for Freedom*:

One of the most important of all the discoveries about children was that they had a right to an education.

Of course, in one way, children had always had some kind of education. They had always been taught something—otherwise they wouldn't have lasted very long. Boys had learned to hunt and fish and swim and build fires and fight; girls had learned to cook and sew and take care of babies. But when we say education, we mean something more than this. We mean schools and teachers and books and study, and training and discipline.

Of course, education, too, had been going on for a long time. But there are two things you can say about education during all the hundreds and hundreds of years from its beginnings in ancient Greece and Judea to just the other day. One is that very few people got any education at all. Poor people didn't need an education: what good would it do them to learn to read or write? Girls didn't need an education: learning would be wasted on girls. No, education was for the rich and the great, or for those who were going to be rabbis or priests and who had to know how to read.

And the second thing you can say about education is that mostly it wasn't much fun; neither for the children nor the teachers. Most teachers

looked on children as little limbs of Satan; and most children looked on their teachers as their natural enemies. School was a kind of warfare between teachers and pupils. And no wonder. Drill, drill, drill; Latin and Greek; memorize and repeat, and a rap on the knuckles if you got it wrong.

So, the world of children was pretty well divided between the great mass of children who didn't have a chance to learn anything and the handful of children who were made to learn things which they didn't enjoy, and which weren't much use to them anyway.

Now if we are going to follow this discovery, that children have a right to learn, we will be racing all over the world: Germany and Chile and Denmark and Massachusetts and China—it makes you dizzy just to think of it.

Let us start in Germany, right in the center of Germany, in the ancient state of Thuringia. All hills and pine forests. And let us start with a young fellow named Friedrich Froebel. His father didn't think he was very bright, so it was his older brother who was sent to the university, while at the age of sixteen Friedrich went to work as a forester, in the thick Thuringian forests. Best thing that could have happened to him, too, for it meant that he learned to know nature. This was half of what he

most needed to know in his lifetime.

The other half was children.

Some people seem born never to understand children.

You'd think, to listen to them, that they had never been children themselves. All they can think of is: Oh, stop that noise! Why don't you go out and play? Stop asking so many questions! Wash your hands! Comb your hair! Don't slouch! Sit up straight! Don't answer back! Don't speak until you are spoken to! . . . And some people are born to understand children. Hans Christian Andersen, for example, who all his life thought and imagined things just the way children thought and imagined.

Now here is Friedrich Froebel, a German born at the very end of the American Revolution, who fell in love with nature and with children. Almost by accident he got a chance to teach, and after that he was never the same. "I was as pleased as a fish in water," he said, and for him the water turned out to be the water of life. The first thing he did was to go off to the little Swiss village of Yverdon, where a teacher named Johann Pestalozzi was running a very curious kind of school.

What was curious about it was that Pestalozzi really liked children and that children really liked him.

He liked teaching, and they liked learning.

And now here was young Friedrich Froebel to help old Pestalozzi and to work out some ideas of his own, too. Between the two of them, the Swiss and the German, they made a revolution in education. It was the most peaceful revolution you ever heard of, but it was a revolution all the same.

What Pestalozzi and Froebel said was really very simple: children are people too. Children have rights. Let them learn naturally, not by having things hammered into them. Let them talk if they want to—no silence in the classroom or standing in the corner because they spoke out of turn. Let them learn because they enjoy learning—no punishments because they don't know their lessons. Let them work things out for themselves, with their minds, and with their hands. Let them learn to use scissors and needle, hammer and saw. Take them out into the country and let them see how flowers and trees grow and how the birds build their nests and how the fish dart under the rocks in the streams.

Out of all this came a wonderful invention. It was Froebel's invention.

Froebel called it a kindergarten.

The kindergarten was just what its name says—a children's garden, a garden where each child

would have his own little piece of ground to take care of. He could plant flowers and vegetables, water them, pull up the weeds, keep his garden tidy and beautiful. And he would learn lessons directly from nature. In the wintertime when he wasn't out in his garden, he could learn to draw flowers and trees, or to cut out pictures of animals and birds, and then to spell their names and learn about their habits. Learning would be made into a game which teachers and children played together.

The kindergarten caught on, and soon everybody was talking about it. Soon visitors came flooding down to the little town of Blankenburg to see Herr Froebel's kindergarten. They saw that the children were healthy and happy, and that they were learning faster than at old-fashioned schools. Other teachers started teaching by the new kindergarten method, and soon the fame of the kindergarten went all over the world.

A new idea in education!

But aren't new ideas dangerous?

Yes, indeed they are.

So, one day Friedrich Froebel read in the paper that the government had put a stop to all kindergartens.

Surely that was a mistake! Why should the government be afraid of little children playing in

their gardens?

But it wasn't a mistake at all. The government really meant it. After all, they said, if you start with new ideas in school, who knows where you will end? Why, people might get in the habit of having new ideas, and nothing could be more dangerous than that. So, let's stop all new ideas before they really get started.

Ah, but the government was too late. The kindergarten idea was already started!

Ideas are like wind. They blow around the world. There is no telling where they will go or who will breathe them into his lungs.

Over in America, Bronson Alcott felt the winds of new ideas about children and education blowing on his cheek and filling his lungs.

You know Bronson Alcott. You may not think that you know him, but you do, all right. He is the father of the Little Women—the father of Jo and Beth and Amy and Meg. And everybody in the world knows them.

Did you think they weren't real people, or that their father wasn't a real father? He was real all right, Bronson Alcott. He was one of the kindest and gentlest men you ever heard of; only a girl who had grown up in a happy household could have written *Little Women.*

But what an odd man he was, Mr. Alcott, absent-minded and simple-minded; he always seemed to be thinking of something else, far away. You couldn't trust him with any money because he would give it away to anybody who asked for it or needed it, and that was hard on his wife and children because they needed it too. You couldn't trust him to take care of himself either; once when a mob had gathered to rescue a runaway slave, and the soldiers stood at the courthouse door with their bayonets pointed, Mr. Alcott just walked up the steps and pushed the bayonets aside with his umbrella and said, "Why are we not within?" and went in.

He believed that everything should be simple—really simple—just plain living and high thinking, and when he said plain living you have no idea how plain plain could be. He set up a little community in a farmhouse that he called Fruitlands, not far from Boston, and everybody there lived plainly: whether they went in for high thinking is another matter.

But Bronson Alcott was not such a simpleton as you might think. After all, everybody respected him, even men like Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson. In some ways he was more sensible than almost anyone else. He didn't take things for granted but worked them out for himself. He didn't take for granted that everything had already been thought of but was quite sure

that some new ideas were just as good as old ones, and maybe better. He wouldn't accept the notion that all men are naturally bad; on the contrary, he thought that all men were naturally good, and that if you trusted them and were fair to them, they would not disappoint you.

And all that went for children too.

Just about the time Friedrich Froebel was opening his kindergarten over in Blankenburg, Bronson Alcott started the same kind of school in Boston. It was called the Temple School, because it was held in a room in the old Masonic Temple.

What a school this Temple School was: there had never been anything quite like it in America before. It didn't even look like a schoolroom—pictures up on the walls, and statues of gods and goddesses from Greek myths along the floor, and curtains at the windows, and chairs around in a circle instead of stiff desks lined up like an army. And it didn't sound like a schoolroom either. All the old ways of teaching were wrong, said Mr. Alcott; let's wipe the slate clean and start over again. Children were naturally good, not bad: just trust them to be good and they would. Then away with all punishments, away with the sharp voice and standing in corners, with the ruler and the whip! Well, not quite *all* punishments; if a child was naughty Mr. Alcott made him punish the teacher, and that, you may believe, made the

child ashamed…. Learning was natural, as natural as walking or swimming, so don't make a chore of it, just let it come naturally. No drill, no memorizing, no drudgery; instead, conversations and songs and stories—not just from the teacher but from the children too. And just as in Froebel s school, the children were to learn with their hands as well as with their heads; there was to be picture drawing and modeling in clay and working with wood and with cloth, cutting and sewing and painting. And when the weather was good, walks in the park studying nature at first hand.

It was all too good to be true, and of course it couldn't last. It wasn't the government, as over in Thuringia, that closed down Mr. Alcott's Temple School but it was much the same thing. It was people who said, this will never do—imagine education being fun. So, they took their children out of Mr. Alcott's school and sent them to schools where they would really learn something, like how to spell "antidisestablishmentarianism" or to say "*Amo, amas, amat*," and where they would be rapped over the knuckles if they got it wrong.

Bronson Alcott wasn't the only man in Boston who was thinking about children and about education, any more than Friedrich Froebel was the only man in Thuringia who was trying to do something for children. There was one big difference between Boston and Thuringia, however, and that was that in Boston the government was

on the side of the children. And of education.

Boston had such a long tradition of education that some people think Boston invented it. If Pittsburgh is the steel city and Detroit is the automobile city, Boston is certainly the education city. For three hundred years now, Boston has manufactured and exported brains the way other cities manufacture and export automobiles or steel.

It all started when Boston itself started, back in the 1630s. Here is how one of the Fathers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony tells it:

> After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government, one of the things we longed for, and looked after, was to advance Learning, and perpetuate it to Posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to the churches, when our present Ministers shall lie in the dust.

Almost the first thing the Puritans did when they came to Boston was to set up a school. And the very next year they set up a college and named it after John Harvard, who left it his library and a bit of money: that's one way to be immortal!

But the Puritan Fathers knew what nobody

much in England or France seemed to understand: that you can't really build a roof before you have the foundations and the walls. And you can't have a learned ministry unless you start by teaching children their *ABCs,* and a bit more.

So, in 1647 the Puritans passed a law that every town in the colony had to keep a school for its children, so that "learning may not be buried in the graves of our fathers." Well, that's not so much, you say, and perhaps not by your standards. But nobody else had thought of it. It was the first law of its kind anywhere in the world. *That's* much.

What a love of learning in the Bay Colony; yes, and in the other New England colonies too. Look over New England, and what you see is schools, academies, colleges. Why, when the Revolution broke out New England had more colleges than Old England. And New England was probably the only region in the world where almost everybody could read the Bible and the newspapers, and where almost everybody could speak up in public meetings and make sense.

But somehow, after the Revolution, things got bogged down.

Education went backward instead of forward.

The towns began to feel poor and stopped supporting their schools. They crowded their children into

miserable, ramshackle buildings, cold in the winter, hot in the summer, with leaky roofs and drafty windows, and for playgrounds only a muddy yard. When they hired teachers, they got the cheapest they could find—old women who had no other way to stay out of the poorhouse, or down-and-out men who knew nothing about teaching and cared less. Worst of all, the towns didn't even enforce the laws about going to school. Thousands of little boys and girls who should have been at school were working ten or twelve hours a day in factories instead.

What had happened to education in New England?

That's what Horace Mann asked himself. What has happened?

But he asked another question, too. What are you going to do about it?

Meet Horace Mann.

He is another of those people who believed in children. But he was not in the least like Bronson Alcott.

He was as tough as an oak tree and as resolute as a ship driving through the waves. A tall, slender man with an immense forehead and burning eyes; when he made up his mind to do something, he did it. At the age of nineteen he made up his mind to go to college—he had been a working man since he was ten—and he learned enough in six months to get

into the sophomore class at Brown University, and then in time he graduated at the head of his class. He made up his mind to marry the daughter of the president of his college, and he did too. He made up his mind to study law and go into politics, and before he was through, he was a senator down in Washington.

But all of these things counted for nothing when he made up his mind to save the schools of his state of Massachusetts. When he was through you wouldn't have recognized them as the same schools; for that matter you would hardly have recognized Massachusetts as the same state. And before he was through, he had changed not only the schools of Massachusetts but of the whole United States, and of many other countries in the world as well.

He was that kind of man, the kind who knows what has to be done and then drives toward it. Nothing could stop him. Nothing could discourage him. Nothing could turn him aside. Nothing could frighten him. He was like a general commanding an army, firm and patient and brave, and determined to win at whatever cost. He was the George Washington of American education.

In 1837 Horace Mann got a new job.

The state of Massachusetts had finally decided that something ought to be done about its schools. But

just what ought to be done nobody seemed to know. So, they set up a Board of Education, and the governor asked Horace Mann to be in charge of it. The pay? Very poor. The duties? Well, everything anybody could think of.

Not much of a job for one of the leading lawyers of the state. Not much of a job for a state senator. But Mr. Mann didn't hesitate for a moment.

"Be ashamed to die," he once said, "until you have won some victory for humanity." Here was his chance to win a victory for humanity.

For humanity! Not just for the children.

Horace Mann was interested in children all right. But he was interested in them chiefly because they were going to grow up and be citizens and voters. How could they be good citizens or good voters if they didn't have a proper education?

Horace Mann saw what Thomas Jefferson had seen fifty years earlier—that the United States was trying a new experiment in the world and that education was part of it. It was an experiment in self-government. Everywhere else in the world people were ruled by emperors and kings, by generals and admirals, or by the rich and the wellborn. Education wasn't so important in these countries: just educate the kings and the

generals and the rich, and the rest of mankind wouldn't need education. But in America it was the people who were the rulers. They were expected to run all their affairs. They were expected to elect governors and judges and presidents; they were even expected to be governors and judges and presidents! Everybody took for granted that the rulers in the Old World had an education, the kings and lords and bishops. Why not take for granted that the rulers in the New World should have an education too—the farmers and working men and shopkeepers?

Education for citizens—that's what Horace Mann was thinking about day and night. Education so democracy would work. Education so the Republic would survive. After all, as he wrote, "the children of this people will soon possess the *rights* of men, whether they possess the *character* of men or not." That is, they would grow up to vote and to hold office, even if they didn't have any education. So better see to it that they *did* have an education.

With Horace Mann at the helm things really got going. Back and forth, across the state from Boston to the Berkshires, he went, stopping at all the cities and the country villages too, inspecting the schools, explaining to the people why it was to their advantage to have better schools. He persuaded the towns to vote more money for

teachers; he saw to it that the schools were neat and clean and well heated and well run; he got high schools going in all parts of the state. He had been born in a town that took the name of Franklin because old Benjamin Franklin have given it a library, and when he was a boy he had read just about every book in that library. Now he set up libraries in the schools so other children could have the chance that had meant so much to him.

Then he had a brilliant idea. One reason so much of the teaching was so bad was that most of the town fathers who hired the teachers took for granted that *anybody* could teach: all you needed was someone who knew just a little more than the children. And as for knowing *how* to teach, why, there was no trick to it: just beat it into them. But Horace Mann had studied under some of these teachers, and he knew how silly that theory was. You had to learn how to teach just as you had to learn how to do everything else—cook or make furniture or practice law. So, he set up schools to train teachers, the first in America. He called them normal schools, which was the French name for them, but pretty silly when you come to think of it, so we just call them teachers' colleges.

So much for Massachusetts, then. Things were looking up there. But Horace Mann was thinking of more than his own state, of more even than New

England. He was thinking of the children of the whole country—children who would grow up to be voters and who would be running the country in another fifteen or twenty years. How to reach them?

Not everybody could hear Mr. Mann when he talked, but everybody could read what he wrote. So, each year he sat down at his desk in Boston and wrote out a report on education. Each report was really a book. And it wasn't just a report on what he had done during the year; it was far more than that. It was a discussion of what *ought* to be done about education, everywhere.

Never had there been such a discussion of schools and of education as in Horace Mann's reports—twelve of them, before he was through. What should schools teach? How should they be run? How do you get teachers and train them for teaching? How can schools help make good citizens? How do American schools compare with French and German and English schools? These were the things Mr. Mann wrote about in his reports.

Everybody read them—everybody who counted anyway. And almost everybody who read them sat down and wrote Mr. Mann a letter. Why, they had to put on extra postmen every time Mr. Mann sent out one of his reports! "Here is what our schools are like in Ohio," they wrote, or "Here is our problem in Virginia," or "How can we get the people of

our town interested in their schools?" or "How do you get a library started?" And so many of them ended: "Won't you come out and tell us what to do?"

It was not only in America that men and women read Horace Mann's reports. They read them all over the world. They still do.

One day there was a knock on the door of Mr. Mann's house in East Newton, just outside Boston. When Mrs. Mann opened the door, there was a swarthy man with black hair and a black mustache. His name, he said, was Domingo Sarmiento, and he had come over from England just to talk with Mr. Mann. From England—with that accent? Well, really from Chile. From Chile? Well, really from the Argentine, but it was all very complicated….

Anyway, he had read Mr. Mann's reports over in England and he couldn't go home until he had seen him.

That was the beginning of one of the important friendships in history.

For Domingo Sarmiento was no ordinary man. He was the Thomas Jefferson of his country—of the great country at the other end of the South American continent named Argentina.

Domingo Sarmiento was born in the Argentine, in the little country village of San Juan, nestling in the

foothills of the snowcapped Andes. He was a village boy, just like a hundred thousand other village boys in a hundred thousand other little villages where nothing ever happened except the church bells ringing for early mass, or the winds blowing dust in from the pampas, or the wild cowboys riding into town and turning everything topsy-turvy. But something happened to him: maybe it was reading Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography—in Spanish of course—and wondering if he couldn't grow up to be like Mr. Franklin. "I felt I was Franklin—and why not? I was as poor as he, studied as hard as he, and managed to follow in his foot-steps." So said young Domingo.

He didn't really follow in Franklin's footsteps as much as in Jefferson's. But then Jefferson didn't write an autobiography, so Domingo didn't know about him, not until much later on, anyway.

What an ardent young man he was. He started imitating Franklin by getting himself involved in a revolution. That was easy, in the Argentine; there was almost always a dictator in power in Buenos Aires, and almost always a number of little local dictators lording it over some province or other—and almost always some kind of revolution. The difference between Franklin's revolution and Sarmiento's is that Franklin won, and Sarmiento lost. Quite a difference. The wonder is they didn't put young Sarmiento up against a stone wall and shoot him. Instead they told him to get out of the

country. Over the Andes, and into Chile: that's the place for you. Good riddance!

It was just about the best thing that ever happened to Domingo Sarmiento.

For it was in Chile that Señor Sarmiento really found his lifework—a work that turned out to be very much like Horace Mann's lifework. He started to teach; he wrote books on teaching; he set up a school for teachers. Pretty soon the government of Chile, which was much more sensible than the government in the Argentine, made him Minister of Education—much the same kind of job that Horace Mann took on. Señor Sarmiento knew that the Europe of his day was swirling with new educational ideas, so off he went to Europe to learn for himself: Switzerland, Germany, France—talking with people like Froebel and with that odd man who had invented the normal school, named Victor Cousin. Then, before he went home, Sarmiento crossed the Channel to England to see if he could learn anything there.

The most important thing that happened to him in England was that he read Horace Mann's reports on education. He was so excited that he went to Boston just to see Mr. Mann.

You don't usually get so excited about a book that you go clear across an ocean just to talk to the author. But then you aren't Domingo Sarmiento either.

In a way the United States went to Sarmiento's head, and he never got over it. He went back to Chile to carry through many of the reforms he had seen abroad, and he did, too. Then there was another turn of the wheel of fortune in the Argentine, and now they wanted the famous Sarmiento back home. So, there he was, Minister of Education, with power to do almost all the things he wanted to do. But it wasn't easy. The Argentine was so far behind—everything had to be done from the ground up. In no time at all Sarmiento had built hundreds of new schools, and trained teachers, and set up libraries, and opened up colleges; it was a real revolution. And as for Sarmiento, he was so successful that they wouldn't leave him alone but took him away from his schools and sent him back the United States as ambassador.

Horace Mann was dead now, but there were others carrying on his great work, and Ambassador Sarmiento spent most of his time learning about American schools. He saw how the new states in the American West started off with schools and colleges, and he saw how all the millions of immigrants pouring in from Europe were made into Americans by the American schools. That was what the Argentine needed—schools and colleges in the new states out on the pampas—and millions of immigrants who would be made into Argentinians . . . And then there was still another spin of the wheel of fortune, and—well,

remember what we said about Sarmiento being like Thomas Jefferson? Now he found himself President of the Argentine, just as Jefferson was President of the United States. He thought of all that Horace Mann had done, and he thought of all that Jefferson had done, and he knew that this was his chance to make the Argentine the United States of South America. He did many things, as President, but mostly he was an educator President. Mostly he did things for the children and the young people so that the Argentine could catch up with the countries of the Old World and with the United States.

Now over to Denmark, on the other side of the world from the Argentine.

Poor little Denmark! Somehow, she had got mixed up in the war that raged over all Europe, and on the losing side! Here she is in 1815, at the end of her tether. Her territory is torn in two and what is left is almost too small to bother with. Her capital has been bombarded. Her treasury is empty. Her people are poor and, what is worse, they are in despair.

How save Denmark from going under?

That was what the young clergyman, Nicholas Svend Grundtvig, asked himself. And as nobody else had an answer, he found one. As nobody else seemed ready to save Denmark, he undertook to do it himself.

Or at least to call on the Danish people to do it themselves. When you call on people to do things they usually respond. But first there has to be someone with the vision to see what needs to be done.

Save Denmark by religion! And Pastor Grundtvig started a religious revival, speaking to his countrymen in warm, simple language that they could understand and calling them back to the churches. Save Denmark: by remembering its glorious past—after all, it had a longer history than almost any other country. And historian Grundtvig wrote its history in words which everybody could read, and which stirred every Dane with pride in his country's history. Save Denmark by telling the story of its myths and the wonderful story of Norse mythology, of gods and like Odin and Thor and Freya. You know them well because they gave us the names of our days: Odin's day, or Wednesday; Thor's day, or Thursday; Freya's day, or Friday…. Save Denmark by songs and music, and poet Grundtvig—the greatest of all Danish poets—wrote lovely and thrilling songs that everybody could sing, and that sang themselves into the hearts of the people.

Above all save Denmark by education!

What do you mean, by education? Denmark already had schools, and all Danish children were supposed to go to them and learn their letters.

What more do you need than that?

"A great deal more," said schoolmaster Grundtvig, "a great deal more indeed. Your schools are all very well for teaching the ABCs, and the multiplication tables, and such matters, but these are not enough. They are all right to begin with, but we must do more than begin, we must go on and on. Education isn't something that stops when you are ten or twelve years old; education is for life."

You see, Grundtvig was saying much the same thing that Friedrich Froebel was saying in Germany and Bronson Alcott in Boston and Domingo Sarmiento in Chile and the Argentine: old-fashioned education wasn't enough. But Grundtvig came up with a really new idea. There aren't many new ideas in history, so pay attention to this one.

Education didn't need to end when you had finished school. You could go back and start again, in a different kind of school.

He called it the Folk High School.

Not at all like the high schools you know, or like any schools that you know. Really more like the summer camps that some churches run nowadays.

The Folk High School was meant for youngsters of seventeen or eighteen. And pretty soon they would marry and settle down for life on some farm or in some village, and that would be the

end of them. Catch them, while they were still young and full of life and hope, said Grundtvig. Give them something to think about, these peasant boys and girls who might otherwise turn into drudges. Bring them together in the winter months, when work on the farm was slack, and let them study together and work together and sing and play together. Let them read the Bible for themselves and discuss it among themselves.

Tell them stories from Danish history and from Norse mythology and let them get interested in the past. Teach them how to read music and get them in the habit of singing: what a comfort that would be in the years ahead. And teach them practical things, too: teach the boys up-to-date methods of farming; teach the girls how to cook and bake and sew and keep house. Give them the habits of thinking and talking and reading and a sense of self-respect. Open their eyes to the world about them, open their minds to the world of learning, open their hearts to the world of their fellow men. Let them come to know the richness of life.

What an exciting idea—what an exciting program. But Bishop Grundtvig—yes, he was a bishop now—was far too busy to carry it out himself. He let his young friend Christen Kold do that.

Grundtvig was a remarkable man, perhaps the most remarkable man Denmark ever produced.

But Christen Kold was pretty remarkable too.

He was the son of a shoemaker, and his father wanted him to be a shoemaker too, but that didn't work at all. He was so clumsy that he couldn't even hammer a nail into a shoe without hitting his fingers, and he spoiled enough leather to make shoes for a whole army, anyway a Danish army. No, what Christen wanted was to be a teacher—never anything but that. He began to teach when he was only fifteen, and he did well enough, too. But he couldn't get a regular teaching job, because the men who sat in big offices back in the capital and ran all the schools said that he was too much of a dreamer. He might lead the young people astray. Just like Friedrich Froebel and his kindergartens.

It certainly is comforting, the way all the men who sit in big offices, with titles in front of their names and gold braid on their uniforms, worry about children being led astray!

True enough, Christen Kold did have a lot of odd ideas. Curiously, they were almost the same ideas that Froebel had in Germany and that Bronson Alcott had in Massachusetts and that other people had all over the world, so maybe they weren't so odd after all. Why should education be a matter of learning things "by heart"? Really the heart didn't have much to do with it; it was more like learning by machine. Why should children hate school? Why should the teacher and the pupils be at war with each other? Why not make school pleasant by playing games, and telling stories,

and helping with the work, just as mothers did with their children at home?

Anyway, you can see why those officials in the capital wouldn't give Christen Kold a job!

Then young Christen got a chance to go to Syria as a tutor—imagine, way out there almost at the other end of the world—and off he went. After a while he got tired of that just as you would and wanted to go home again. He had money enough to get on a boat to Italy, and there he bought himself a little go-cart and piled all his belongings into it and started to walk back home to Denmark. He did it too—over mountains and across rushing rivers and along valleys and through busy towns, hundreds and hundreds of miles across Austria and Germany, to Denmark. My, how glad he was to get home again.

When he got home he read about Grundtvig's idea for Folk High Schools. Just the thing, he thought, just what he had always wanted to do. So he hurried off to talk with the great man, and to get his blessing, which Grundtvig was quite ready to give. Then he borrowed some money and rented a house in the little town of Ryslinge, and in 1850, smack in the middle of the century, he opened the first Danish Folk High School. At first only one student turned up. Please, God, Kold prayed, let there be at least three so I can go on with it. And on opening day, fifteen more came piling in, and his high

school was launched, and with it one of the great experiments in the history of education. That's the way most things start: one man with an idea and with courage.

Soon Folk High Schools were popping up all over Denmark. Every young man and woman in the country, it seemed, wanted to go to the Folk High School. Almost overnight the Danish peasant was changed. He stopped being a peasant and became a citizen. He got interested in religion, in schools, and in politics. He became a better farmer—in time the best farmer in the world—and a better working man, too, because he was a better man. Within a few years Denmark had come to life, Denmark had had a revolution. How to save Denmark? Why, Denmark was saved. Denmark was prosperous. Denmark was democratic. Denmark had the best schools anywhere. Feel sorry for Denmark? Nonsense. Everybody envied Denmark. And the Folk High School? It spread to Norway and Sweden and Finland and Germany, and to many other countries in Europe.

It spread even to Asia.

Denmark lifted itself by its bootstraps.

But perhaps there wasn't so much to lift. A little country, a mere handful of people . . . why, forty

or fifty Folk High Schools did the job for four or five thousand students each year.

Suppose you had four or five million students to think about?

Suppose you had four or five hundred million people to worry about? All of them a thousand years behind the times. All of them poor. Almost none of them able to read a page or to write his name.

How do you go about educating that many people?

If Yang Chu Yen had thought of *that* he might never have started his revolution. But he didn't —not at the beginning, anyway.

It all began rather by accident, this Yang Chu Yen Mass Education Movement that was to make such a stir not only in China but all over the continent of Asia and in the island countries of the Pacific.

It began when young "Jimmy" Yen—the students at Yale College had called him Jimmy and the name stuck—went over to France with the YMCA right after the First World War, back in 1918. He had had the good luck to get over to America for an education, Jimmy Yen, and now he wanted to see if he couldn't do something for his fellow countrymen. There were a couple of hundred thousand of them over in France, brought all the way from China to take the place of soldiers who were fighting in the trenches.

They were called "coolies," which means peasants and workingmen, and they were simple and poor and ignorant, doing what they were told to do, and feeling pretty lost, so far from home and from their wives and their children.

One day one of the coolies came to Jimmy Yen: please, would he write a letter for him, a letter to his wife? Needless to say, coolies couldn't write—only scholars like Jimmy Yen could write. And no wonder! Chinese is probably the hardest language in the world to write: you have to know thirty or forty thousand separate syllables or signs to write it properly. It's hard enough to learn the twenty-six letters of our alphabet, and how to put them together to make words, and how to spell all the words right; even now you sometimes make mistakes. Suppose you had to learn forty thousand different signs, or words, before you could read and write!

No wonder the coolies came to Jimmy Yen and asked him to write their letters for them.

Mr. Yen wrote the letters, all right, and then so many of his countrymen came to him that even if he had sat up all night every night writing letters, he couldn't possibly have finished them all.

He had a better idea. Why not teach the coolies to write their own letters?

Was it *really* necessary to learn all forty thousand

of the signs or syllables in order to read and write? Couldn't the Chinese alphabet—no, that's the wrong word—couldn't those Chinese signs be simplified, so that even coolies could learn to write their own letters?

What a sensible idea, and how odd that no one had thought of it before!

James Yen set himself to simplify the Chinese language, and after a while he got it down to only one thousand syllables. Even one thousand is bad enough, heaven knows, but if you work at it you can learn one thousand different signs for words: actually you recognize that many yourself without bothering to spell each one out each time; you don't really have to spell out e-a-c-h to get *each,* or t-i-m-e to read *time.* If you look at a word often enough or long enough you get used to it, just as you get used to a face, so you don't have to stop and make sure that the eyes and the nose and the mouth all go together.

So James Yen taught some of the coolies to read and to write, and as soon as one of them had learned he would go off and teach two or three of his friends. And then they would go off and teach *their* friends. It was like a chain letter, or a chain reaction. Soon there were hundreds of coolies over in France who were writing their own letters.

If you could do that with the Chinese in France, why couldn't you do it with the Chinese in China?

So in 1920 Yang Chu Yen—better give him his Chinese name back again now—went home to China with his big idea and his big heart and started a revolution. He didn't mean to start a revolution, but that's just what he did all the same. For once the Chinese peasants were able to read and write, they would be able to do almost anything; once the Chinese peasants could read and write, things would never be the same in China again.

But what a lot for Mr. Yen to do before he could get started.

Have you ever thought of all the preparation that has gone on just to teach you to read? The hundreds of years of working out an alphabet. Inventing a printing press. Working out the right spellings for words, and the right grammar. Making dictionaries and spelling books and reading books. Training teachers and setting up schools and libraries. All just so you can read!

And in China? Nothing. No alphabet, no dictionaries, no readers, no schools, no teachers.

Nobody had ever thought of teaching Chinese peasant boys and girls to read. Reading was for scholars, as in Europe, hundreds of years ago, when—if you were lucky—you would learn to

read and write in Latin. Reading wasn't for peasants. And reading certainly wasn't for girls. Dr. Yen (for he was called that, now) had to select his thousand words; then write his own readers and spellers and get them printed; then build the schools and train the teachers. Even then he was not finished, for he had to go out and persuade the Chinese peasants that they ought to let their children go to school instead of working in the rice fields. What was still harder, he had to persuade them to go to school themselves.

But he did. Dr. Yen was quite a persuader. Before he was through he persuaded millions of peasants in many countries that they ought to go to school; he persuaded learned professors to go out and live in mud huts with their pupils; he persuaded the Chinese government to buy land for its peasants; he persuaded the United States Congress to give him twenty-seven million dollars for his work. They wanted to give him more, and he had to persuade them not to do that!

Dr. Yen started in the province of Hunan, in the middle of China and he started by going right out to one of the villages and living in a mud hut just like the villagers.

For he had already learned what Pastor Grundtvig and Christen Kold had learned: that you have to start with the people themselves, by going out and living with them. That is what Dr. Yen did—and

his wife, too, who was the daughter of a Chinese minister in New York. And pretty soon sixty men and women from the universities—students and even professors—came out to join in the great experiment. And there was another thing that old Pastor Grudtvig could have told Dr. Yen if he had been there to tell it. It is this: that education can't be separated from the rest of life.

It is no more a thing apart than your brain is apart from your body.

You can't educate children if they are at home sick. You can't get their parents excited about schools if they haven't enough to eat. You can't find teachers if war has come along and swept them all away. You can't build your schools if the men in your town won't turn in and help put up the school building and dig the well and do all the other work that is necessary before you have a real school. All of these things—schools and health and food and roads and water and the good will of the village or the town—are tied together in a single package.

But if all the difficulties are tied together, so are all the benefits.

So, Dr. Yen went all over China spreading his Mass Education Movement, until over eight hundred villages had joined it. It was like a snowball. Whenever Dr. Yen or his teachers had managed to train ten or twenty young men and women, they

would, in turn, go out to nearby villages and teach ten or twenty more boys and girls to read and write. They would do more than this. They would teach them how to bring the soil back to life, and how to dig wells deep enough to get pure water, and how to protect themselves against illness and disease, and how to work together for the common good of the village. Dr. Yen and his teachers and helpers were doing what nobody had been able to do for four thousand years: they were breaking down the Great Wall of Ignorance that had cut the Chinese people off from the modern world.

Then came the World War. In 1937 Japan invaded China, and from then on there was nothing but turmoil and misery and poverty and war. The war went on for eight years, and after Japan was finally defeated, poor China was plunged into a civil war that went on for another seven or eight years, so for fifteen years China did not know peace. Dr. Yen kept right on, as best he could, training teachers and working away to wipe out and introducing modern methods of farming. He even started a college near the wartime capital of China, deep in the west.

In the end the Communists drove out Dr. Yen and his teachers and workers. That was a pity, for he was changing the face of China; if they had let him alone, he might have done many of the things they wanted done, without all the war and the death. But what he *had* done was not lost—what is done

is never wholly lost. All those millions of peasants who had learned to read and write; all of those farms with new water flowing down from the hills; all of those babies saved from malaria and from the cholera: that was something. All those minds that were opened to the sun, all those lives that were saved: nothing could change that.

Dr. Yen had no idea of stopping just because he had to leave China. He moved on with many other Chinese to the island of Formosa and started up his Mass Education Movement there. Then on he went to the Philippine Islands with his great crusade. Here it wasn't so much a matter of schools and education—after all, the Americans had put in schools way back fifty years earlier when they took charge of the Philippine Islands. But after five years of war, and another ten years of poverty after the war, there was much to do even in the Philippines.

Dr. Yen used the same methods here that he had used in China. He went to the villages, little collections of huts tucked away in the outlying islands and almost forgotten by everybody except the people who had to live in them. In each of them he started what he called a "wiping-out" program: wipe out ignorance, wipe out disease, wipe out poverty. And he got the young people of each village to carry on the work. He had thousands of posters printed and put one of them up in each of the villages of the islands:

GO TO THE PEOPLE
LIVE AMOUNG THEM
LOVE THEM
SERVE THEM
PLAN WITH THEM
START WITH WHAT THEY KNOW
BUILD ON WHAT THEY HAVE

Not so different from what Bishop Grundtvig and Christen Kold had said back in Denmark, a hundred years earlier.

There's one thing you can be sure of about children—and about schools—and about education—and that is that the job is never done.

You are one of the lucky ones. You know how to read—or you wouldn't be reading this book. And you live in a society that is rich enough to have schools and libraries and books. You live in a society that is rich enough to let you go to school instead of sending you out into the fields to work.

Even after all the work of men like Friedrich Froebel and Horace Mann and Domingo Sarmiento and Christen Kold and Dr. Yen—even after all that, it is still true that most people don't know how to read.

You do, of course.

But China is at least three times as big as your country (that's pretty safe because China is three times as big as every country except India), and

most people in China still don't know how to read.

Or in India. Or in Indonesia. Or in the Congo. Or in Brazil . . . and many other countries. Just think: most people in the world still can't read!

And just think: in many countries of the world they still haven't discovered children!

Curious how everybody seems to get the same idea at the same time!

For hundreds and hundreds of years nobody seemed to worry because the peoples of Asia and Africa and South America couldn't read or write. Education—so one might have supposed—was for white people only.

Then, just the other day, everybody woke up to the fact that all those millions and millions of men and women with black skins and brown skins and yellow skins were people too. Why not worry about them for a change? If it was a good idea for white boys and girls to go to school, why wasn't it a good idea for black and brown and yellow boys and girls to go to school? If it was useful for the men and women of Europe and America to know how to read and write, why wouldn't it be useful for the men and women of Asia and Africa to read and write?

For a long time, people in Germany or England or

America had said: "Education is for everybody." But they hadn't really meant it. They had only meant that education was for everybody in their countries.

Now people were saying, "Education is for everybody." And they meant *everybody.*

There was Dr. Yen over in France discovering that simple Chinese coolies could learn to read and write, and hurrying home to China to spread the good tidings.

And there was Dr. Frank Laubach, preaching the gospel in the jungles of the Philippines. Now he had made the same discovery, and he was getting ready to spread the news all over the world.

Frank Laubach hadn't planned to be a teacher. He had planned to be a preacher. The teaching came by accident. . . . Well, not wholly by accident, of course; things hardly ever do.

He had always wanted to be a preacher. But not an ordinary preacher: that was too easy, and he liked things to be hard. He wanted to be a missionary. But, again, not an ordinary missionary. He wanted to be a missionary in the hardest place in the world. He read that the hardest people to convert to Christianity were the wild Moros on the jungle island of Mindanao, in the Philippines. So of course, he got himself sent out

there. And he quickly found out that, sure enough, they *were* the hardest people to convert. So hard that he stayed there for years and didn't convert a single one of them.

He didn't even make any friends. That saddened him.

Then one day he had a kind of vision.

Why should the Moros like him or accept the religion he preached? After all, he didn't really like them, and he certainly didn't accept *their* religion.

In fact, he didn't even know their language.

Imagine an Arab coming to your hometown and trying to convert you to the Mohammedan religion—by talking to you in Arabic. He wouldn't get very far, would he? He wouldn't get a bit further than Frank Laubach got with the Moros there in the jungles of Mindanao.

So the Reverend Frank Laubach decided on two things. First, that he must learn to like the Moros—really like them. That meant he would have to live with them, and live the way they lived, and be interested in the things they were interested in.

And that meant, of course, the second thing: that he would have to learn the Moro language so he could understand them and talk with them.

But how? Nobody had ever bothered to write down

the Moro language. In fact, there wasn't even a Moro alphabet. How do you set about learning a language if there isn't any alphabet and if there aren't any written words?

That really put Dr. Laubach to the test. It was just the kind of *hard* problem that he liked.

He solved it of course, and with the greatest of ease.

He wrote the alphabet himself. Then he wrote out the words of the Moro language.

Imagine inventing an alphabet! Imagine inventing a written language—for that was what Frank Laubach was doing!

Now everybody was delighted, most of all the Moros themselves. These fierce warriors who had terrified all the other Filipinos on the island were like children with a new toy. Now they all wanted to learn their language…learn to read it and write it. So next Dr. Laubach had to invent a way to teach it. He managed that too—he always managed everything he put his mind to. He did it by drawing pictures of the sounds and writing out the words next to the pictures. But that was only the half of it. The other half was to encourage the Moros to learn, and he did *that* by what you might call the "glad-hand" method. A warm handshake, a pat on the back, a gleaming smile, and at every sign of progress more handshakes, more pats on the back, more smiles and laughter…. It all

worked like a charm.

But of course, Dr. Laubach couldn't teach all the Moros to learn their language—that would have taken a lifetime. So, like James Yen over in France he hit on the idea of making each of his pupils into a teacher.

He called his method "Each One Teach One."

Each one who learned the Moro language would go out and teach it to one other Moro . . . and he would teach it to still another . . . and so on, until everybody had learned. It was all that simple.

When some of the Moro tribesmen hung back because they didn't want to be teachers, one of the chiefs came to Dr. Laubach's help. He was a very important chief, too, so important that he had thirteen wives. "Everyone has got to teach," he said. "If he doesn't teach, I'll kill him."

That helped.

In no time at all most of the Moro men were able to read and write.

Then off Frank Laubach went, to other parts of the Philippines, to remote corners where no missionaries had ever been. Everywhere he went he discovered new languages—dozens of them—and he drew up alphabets and made lists of words and drew pictures that looked like the words. And everywhere he used his Each One Teach One system. And lo and behold, pretty soon

almost everyone was reading and writing.

By now the fame of Dr. Laubach had spread all over the world. Every mail brought him a new invitation to come to some new country and teach the native peoples to read. So off he went—to Mayala, to India, to Ceylon, to Java…. That was twenty years ago, and Frank Laubach has been going ever since. Up and down the great country of India with its dozens and dozens of different languages, and to the neighboring countries of Pakistan and Ceylon as well.

During the World War he went over to the West Indies, and into South America, to ancient Yucatan, to Peru, to Brazil. And then after the war back to Asia and Africa, to the countries on the Mediterranean, on the Indian Ocean, on the Pacific, a white-haired old man with a battered suitcase and a portable typewriter, conquering the world. Remember Thomas Paine said, "Where Liberty is not, there is my country"? Frank Laubach might have said, "Where Learning is not, there is my country."

Everywhere he went he used the same methods that he had used with the Moros back on the island of Mindanao. He had an artist with him now, and the artist would draw the pictures of words and sounds, and then write them out, and in no time at all people who thought they

couldn't read a word were reading schoolbooks. Sometimes Dr. Laubach had to write the books too—just as Dr. Yen had had to write the books for his Chinese readers. But that didn't worry him at all: he liked to write books. And everywhere he went he used his chain letter method of Each One Teach One.

Before he was through, he had taught almost sixty million people to read.

Remember the story of Mr. Chips? He had started teaching in a little English school as a very young man, and he went on and on for fifty years, teaching the sons and the grandsons of his first pupils. And when as a very old man he lay dying, he heard someone say, "What a pity he never had a son," and he raised his old head, and his eyes flashed, and he said, "I had thousands of them, thousands of them."

Think what Jimmy Yen and Frank Laubach could have said:

"Millions of them, millions of them."

So much has changed in the sixty years since this brief history was written. Our access to knowledge and information today is unprecedented. Access to education around the globe has drastically improved. But is there room for something more? A better way to make use of all these modern

benefits?

The education of today determines the world of tomorrow. If you don't like what you see going on in education, I hope you have caught the vision of what just one "ordinary" person with an idea and some courage can do to change the face of education—and the world—in a big way. By small and simple means are great things brought to pass.

I believe a mother is a child's most influential teacher, and I believe many things are in place that will make it possible for this generation of mothers to do something extraordinary. You read of millions of lives influenced by one man; what could one hundred or one thousand mothers accomplish?

> The very foundation of our national life is laid in the home, and the wife and mother is the center, the mainspring of all true home life…. Our wives and mothers have as yet hardly entered the outer chamber of the beautiful edifice of the ideal home of the future. It is the holy of holies…and in it lies the very secret of human progress. The highest civilizations have scarcely as yet glimpsed the possibilities of home. (Orison Swett Marden)

If these ideas have resonated in your heart, I invite you to watch the videos on the home page of welleducatedheart.com and then continue your journey by taking the free Catch the Vision

Introductory Course. You will see a link under the WEH video. It isn't that any of this is difficult, but it requires that you see learning through new eyes, which takes time and diligent effort. You cannot speed grow a garden. Seeds of ideas must be planted, nourished and harvested, and my purpose is to plant lots of new seeds of thought; seeds that I have been gathering as I have studied the writings of heart educators, who were inspired by the work of Pestalozzi and Froebel, who believed education should be a delight.

You will also notice a section called Libraries of Hope. You'll need lots of heart-stirring stories, music, art and poetry to teach your children this way, so a free library of "gardening" tools has been provided.

Some years ago, I had a dream.

I dreamed I was standing in the middle of a large, crowded hall. There were no windows or doors. Several times a day, all of us would sit at one of the long cafeteria-style tables that stretched down the middle of the hall where we would all be fed the same thing.

It wasn't a bad life. It was normal for us.

Then I noticed a door I hadn't seen before. Curious, I walked over to it, looked around to make sure no one was watching me, turned the doorknob, opened the door and slipped outside into a hazy fog.

I could hear the sound of horse hooves off in the distance that were coming closer. Soon a horse-drawn carriage appeared and stopped in front of me. A tall, lanky man stepped out and beckoned me to follow him. He smiled at me and his eyes were so warm, I didn't feel afraid at all. I practically had to run to keep up with him. At first, he didn't say anything to me, but after a while, he introduced himself. He said he was Hans Christian Andersen

Just then the fog broke and I found that he had led me to the most glorious meadow you can ever imagine! All around, as far as the eye could see, were flowers of every shade of color. White billowy clouds floated across a deep blue sky and I felt the warmth of the sun on my face. Butterflies fluttered among the scented blossoms and the breezes carried the songs of hundreds of birds. I could barely breathe, it was so beautiful.

My friend held out his hand and motioned for me to lead the way along the path that now meandered through this glorious meadow. At first, I was anxious—I was going to miss my 2:30 feeding time. What would my peers say?

But soon, the joys of the meadow so filled my heart, I didn't care. The two of us spent all afternoon in the meadow. My friend patiently waited while I stopped to take in each new sight and discovery at every bend in the path.

Then, just as the path ended, he said that he had

to leave me. We were standing in a grove of tall trees and, concerned, I told him that I didn't know where to go from there. He simply smiled and looked heavenward: "God directs."

Suddenly the scene changed, and I was back in the noisy, crowded feeding hall. Immediately I was surrounded by angry peers. Where had I been? Didn't I know I had missed my 2:30 feeding time?

I told them I had just spent the entire afternoon in the most glorious meadow with Hans Christian Andersen himself. I wanted to tell them more, but they rolled their eyes at me in disbelief and left me to myself.

But it didn't matter. All the joys of the meadow were stored in my heart—and I knew it would remain with me, always.

The dream ended and I woke up.

Maybe it was just coincidence, but a day or two later at a library used book sale, I happened to walk by a shelf of books, and one title caught my eye: *The Fairy Tale Story of My Life* by Hans Christian Andersen. I didn't know anything about his life. I had only read his fairy tales. I didn't remember having previously seen his picture, but there on the cover was an image of the friend of my dreams.

I opened the book to read the first page, and at the end of the first paragraph he had written, "The history of my life will say to the world what it says to

me—There is a loving God, who directs all things for the best."

I, too, believe in a God who directs all things for the best.

On the cover of this little book is the painting of a young woman gazing over a beautiful scene. Our big, wide, wonderful world has so much for us to explore and discover, if we have eyes to see, ears to hear and hearts to feel. I have been on this path for many years now, and it has brought so much JOY into my own life, and I have received letters from mothers all over the world who have experienced increased joy and light in their homes and lives as they have applied the principles of the Well-Educated Heart.

I invite you to continue with me on this journey of discovery. This is:

MY WISH FOR YOU
By Charles Snell

This is my wish for you:
That the spirit of beauty
may continually hover about you
and fold you close within the
tenderness of her wings.
That each beautiful and gracious thing in life
May be unto you as a symbol of good
for your soul's delight;
That sun-glories, and star-glories,

leaf-glories and bark-glories,
Flower glories and the glories that lurk
in the grasses of the field;
Glories of mountains, and oceans,
and little streams of running waters,
Glories of song, of poesy, of all the arts
May be to you as sweet, abiding influences
That will illuminate your life and make you glad.
That your soul may be as an alabaster cup,
filled to overflowing
With the mystical wine of beauty and love;
That happiness may put her arms around you
And wisdom make your soul serene.
This is my wish for you.