

# You ask, "What's in my backpack?"

You ask, "What's in my backpack?"  
When I come home each day.  
I wonder what you hope is there.  
If it's empty, is that okay?

I tell you about my busy day,  
How the teacher watches over me.  
We sing, we laugh, we share, we  
learn  
That's the way it's suppose to be.

You ask, "What's in my backpack?"  
I say, "Today it's empty."  
I see the disappointment  
As you look down at me.

School is much more than "things"  
That you can see and touch.  
It's all of my life lessons,  
And that means so very much.

For if you really want to know  
What I do each day,  
It won't be on paper;  
You'll know by what I say.

Please don't look so unhappy  
When you open the zipper wide.  
What you are looking for today  
Is all in my inside.

Ask me about my hands and ears,  
My nose and my eyes.  
Ask me what we talked about,  
And if I remember why.

Each day we do so many things,  
So many books to read.  
Sure is nice my teacher knows  
Exactly what we need.

That backpack on my back today  
Carries back and forth my stuff.  
If you want to know what I learned,  
Listening to me will be enough.

My teacher wants to plant a seed,  
Get my "love of learning" to sprout.  
He wants it to last a lifetime-  
That's what school is all about.

It's in my head and in my heart  
That learning will take place.  
"Childhood should be a journey...  
Don't look at it as a race."

Written by Donna Whyte

