

While driving past St. Peter's Lutheran Church in the summer of 1993, I noticed a sign announcing the opening of a new Lutheran school. My son, Ryan, was three years old at the time, and I immediately knew that this was the school that God had provided for my children. He began in 1994, as a four-year-old "Duck", and our family was set on a very special path from that time on.

Through an offhand comment made by my husband at Kindergarten orientation, and a definite leading by God, I found myself employed as a teacher's aide at St. Peter's in the fall of 1995. By 1996, it was time for my youngest, Lauren, to attend school, and we enrolled her as a two-and-a-half-year-old "Teddy Bear" with Miss Yaw. From the very first day, St. Peter's felt like home to the three of us, and we knew how blessed we were to be a part of it.

Now, looking back, it amazes me to find that fourteen years have passed since that drive I took past St. Peter's Lutheran Church in 1993. I have aided in or taught 12 classes of God's precious children. My son is completing his Junior year in High School, and my baby girl is now an eighth grader, who is soon to finish her time at St. Peter's.

My children have known no other school home than St. Peter's. They have heard the name of Jesus proclaimed each and every day of their elementary & middle school lives, and have been shown His ways through the love and nurturing of their teachers, the staff, and Mrs. Cunningham. Their time here has shaped the content of their characters, and molded the adults they will become.

This chapter of my children's lives has closed, and there is definitely a feeling of sadness, as I contemplate the reality of being at St. Peter's without one of my children attending school here. But just as God has new experiences for them to encounter and to be blessed by, He has new lessons for me as well; I will do my best to be open to them and accept them with joy.

I believe that Ryan and Lauren have been blessed, and indelibly marked by their time here. I pray that they will both go on to touch the lives of others, as their lives have been touched. Mostly, I praise and thank God for the opportunity with which He has blessed our family. My children have spent their school days in the knowledge that they are known, loved, and valued, not only by their teachers, but by their Heavenly Father who created them. There is no other lesson that could be more important than that!