

Thoughts of a Headteacher



For our children – the children of Wren's Nest...

On the twentieth of March, twenty-twenty,
I was told that I had to shut school,
I really did not want to close us,
But had to follow the Government's big rule.

I knew it was going to be difficult,
And it all felt so scary and unknown,
But we made the most of our last day together,
Before I sent you all off, safely home.

We've still been here for a few children,
Making sure that they have a great time,
Doing things that we don't always get time for,
In the great outdoors, under beaming sunshine.

I've missed you so much since you left us,
And I think of you in all that I do,
Nothing seems quite right with no children,
And I can't wait to be reunited with you.

I miss the daily 'hello' and 'welcome',
And the big rush to all get inside,
Seeing no bags and coats hanging down on the pegs,
The cloakrooms just feel empty and wide.

Daily phonics has stopped with your teachers,
When you learn how to read, spell and write,
The pride on your faces as you learn new words,
And knowing that you're getting it right!

Assemblies in the hall are missing,
When we gather, talk, listen and share,
Coming as one to give thanks for each other,
Sing songs, reflect and show we care

Our playground is big, grey and empty,
And the field is all lonely and bare,
Your games and your chatter are missing,
Spaces are just not right now you're not there.

I can't hear you counting and adding,
As you learn in your daily maths time,
There's no sorting shapes or using measuring tapes,
Or singing and chanting number rhymes.

At lunch the big hall sits all silent,
With the tables and chairs packed away,
They've all been cleaned, 'til they sparkle,
For you to sit at on your return one day.

Science is not being studied,
And PE lessons are now on hold,
History and geography are waiting their turn,
And no children's stories are being told.

Arts and crafts remain in the cupboard,
Musical instruments can't play by themselves,
Library books sit there unopened,
Gathering dust on the wooden book shelves.

What's still here are your wonderful workbooks,
Great displays with your work on the walls,
The photos of reading and writing,
And playing with big bats and balls.

And all the love that I have for you is going nowhere,
It's safely locked deep down inside,
So when all the germs have been sent far away,
You'll be here, safely back by my side.



Love from
Mrs Parkes 💖 April 2020