



# CREATIVITY MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER

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Once upon a time, there was a teacher,  
a teacher with a dream.  
Don't picture a typical teacher, with plaid skirts, and a  
button up white shirt,  
an apple in her hand.

Picture someone with a mind bigger than the  
classroom, where pencils and books went to play.  
Picture someone with glasses tucked up in her hair,  
and pulling them down frequently to read a student's  
work or  
maybe even the students themselves.

Picture someone with the care of a kangaroo for her  
joey and the alertness like an owl.

If you envisioned that, you would see Mrs. Jowett.  
I remember...  
We had to write about our religious journey.  
A few days later Mrs. Jowett stopped me from going  
out to recess and asked,  
"Are you doing okay?"  
"Huh? Yeah." I said awkwardly.  
I saw worry and care in her eyes.

I looked away.  
Eye contact scared me.

"Okay, well I was just reading your letter.  
Are you having judgmental, bad thoughts or ideas?"  
"Um sorta, but it's gotten better."

I was hesitant.  
I wanted to be outside.  
I wanted to blend in with the colors of everyone else.  
I didn't want this awkward conversation,  
but I needed it.

"Okay, well one thing that helps me is seeing the good  
in all things and people."  
I nod.

"Well, that's all I wanted to say. If you ever want to talk,  
you can come to me or someone else."

"Okay," I nod along.  
"Have a good recess."  
"Have a good lunch!"

And that was that.  
Seems like nothing, huh?

But it was  
so  
much.

I walked out to recess, and something was different.  
There was an opening

in my heart.

As I walked to my friends, I started thinking...  
I was cared for.  
I told them what happened, and I even opened up a  
little,  
just like my heart did.  
That was just the beginning of my growth.  
And Mrs. Jowett knows it too.

Mrs. Jowett is a Johnny Appleseed,  
A legend.  
A planter, with seeds in her pockets, and they seem to  
spill onto her students like a fresh rain,  
Sprinkling them with ideas and the courage to take  
hold of them.

Mrs. Jowett is a Thomas Edison,  
An inventor.  
A thinker, with thoughts to lighten up a whole world to  
students that knew nothing of the light.

Mrs. Jowett is an Abraham Lincoln,  
A leader.  
A mentor, admired by all, and yet, opening doors for  
her students.  
She has keys to unlock the unknown.

Mrs. Jowett is a Betsy Ross,  
A sower.  
Her hands bloodied with the sting of needles hitting  
her skin,  
but still sewing stars in our minds.

Mrs. Jowett is a teacher  
a writer,  
a painter,  
a genius,

Mrs. Jowett is my hero.  
And like all heroes in history,  
She doesn't wear a cape.  
She wears her heart on her sleeve,  
Words in her smile,  
And inspiration in her mind.



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