
The Classroom Is a Clearing

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I. Invocation

Father God, in the name of Jesus.
Before the noise finds the hallway,
before breath becomes performance,
I ask You to hover here.

Let my tone be read as care, not fire.
Let passion not be mistaken for threat.
Open eyes, open hearts, open minds.
Send an angel to walk these floors.
Let healing come quietly,
like light through a curtain.
Let learning reach beyond language.
All glory. All honor.
All of it, Yours.

II. The Clearing

I turn the key and the air shifts.
Still enough to hear the hum of the vents,
the far-off murmur of other rooms
trying to remember peace.

They arrive in waves—
each one carrying a private weather,
each one trying not to drown in it.
We take our seats like a prayer circle
disguised as routine.

There is no talk of diagnosis here,
only translation:
how sound becomes shape,
how thought learns to rest in its own timing.
I ask what they carry today,

and the answers are everything but words.
A twitch of the wrist,
a glance that asks permission to exist.

III. Revelation

A voice cuts through the quiet—
measured, deliberate, alive.
That's just a perspective, they say.
We all come from different knowing.
And something holy happens.
No need for correction, no raised breath.
Only the soft hum of discernment
entering the room like an inheritance.
I think—this is what freedom sounds like:
a child becoming fluent
in their own grace.

IV. Benediction

When the day exhales,
I walk the room once more.
The chairs remember their small obediences.
The floor still holds our weight.

I whisper into the settling air,
Kids don't stay kids forever.
And there is a God.

A God who moves
through patience and presence,
through the unspoken,
through every quiet thunder
that learns to name itself whole.