

If Dr. Seuss had a gifted child...

by Mary Beth Northrup

Dear Mom-I-am, dear Mom-I-am, we have a problem, Mom-I-am.
Your son won't do what he must do. He drives me crazy, yes it's true!
He will stall and squirm and hum, and leave all of his work undone.
He dreams and will not pay attention, have you considered medication?

With other kids he does not play, he is alone much of the day.
Something does not seem quite right, because I know he must be bright.
He seems to learn, despite the rest, but the work is not his best.
He is disruptive, yes it's true. He just won't do what he must do!

Yes, teacher, I can really see, how frustrating all this must be,
A child who does not meet the norm, a child whose mold won't fit the form.
I've had him tested on WISC-III, by your approved test agency.
He scores far higher than the mean, there's more to this that can be seen.

So help us, help us find the way, to teach this child best if we may.
He is not like the rest you see, he acts and thinks far differently.
We need another way to teach him, another way to finally reach him.
Not the normal thing you do, but something altogether new!

What! Something new - go bar the door! We've not done it that way before!
If we do this thing for you, then all the rest will want it too!
Change our ways, that can't be done. Same for all, not changed for some.
All children are gifted, yes it's true! Just MAKE him do what he must do!

Please, please, teacher, hear me through. The laws say you must help us, too.
His needs are different than the rest, we CAN help him to do his best.
We can make this easy too, it will not be more work for you.
This can work out, you will see. Try it, try it, please, for me?

All right, all right, if I must. I still maintain this is not just.
But first there is red tape you see, tests and checks and IEP.
And after weeks and months of proving, finally we can begin moving.
Then I'll try it and we'll see, if this method is the key.

Hey, I see something, yes I do! We have found something he will do!
No more fiddle, squirm and hum, no more worksheets left undone.
He's zipping through, he's learning fast, he's doing his best work at last.
Why did I put up a fight? I guess dear Mom, that you were right.