

Kid Wisdom – When Our Kid Becomes Our Teacher



Some 30 years later I can still see the blind student tapping his way towards class with his long, red-tipped cane. My son and I stared in unison at his slow but steady progress.

Sensing a “teachable moment” (I was probably trying to instill compassion or something), I commented how hard it must be to get around when you’re blind. Just like that my son became my teacher: *“It’s a lot better than being blind and staying home.”* He was right.

My son’s words opened my eyes to something I’d missed. *I saw the student’s disability; my son saw his dignity.*

| *What have your kids taught you?* |