

Mr. Muskoff Opening Words
Gretchen Weis
February 23, 2012

It was my first day of kindergarten – I was probably five years old. And I missed my school bus home at the end of the day. OK, looking back, it was my very first day of any school and I didn't know the routines. But, truth be told, I missed my bus because I was busy talking with friends and didn't notice my bus was loading up, getting ready to take off.

So, it's a little scary at five years old to find out your bus is gone. And it's a little scary to think about having to walk home about three miles down busy country roads with no sidewalks. Scarier still was the thought about how mad my Mom was going to be when she found out I missed the bus.

As scared as I was, I knew just what to do. You see, my principal was Mr. Muskoff. And, it turns out, he was my Mom's principal when she in high school. So my Mom had made a point of introducing me to him to let me know that if anything was wrong, I could always go to Mr. Muskoff for help.

So I steeled my courage and trundled myself to his office and walked right in and stopped in front of his big desk, looking right up at him. I said: "My name is Gretchen Weis and I missed my school bus. What are you going to do about it?"

Now, my heartfelt blessings go out to any of you out there who work in elementary education and have ever had to deal with a shy and retiring little pistol like me. To his credit, Mr. Muskoff got up and came around his desk to stand right in front of me. He was probably biting the inside of his mouth to keep from laughing, but he bent down, put his hand on my shoulder and said very seriously and very kindly, "Well, I guess we're just going to have to call your Mom." And so we did.

His secretary brought me some paper and crayons and I waited in the safety of his office until the cavalry arrived. And isn't this why we come to church? Because when we find ourselves abandoned and lost, when we find our courage sinking, we know there is a safe place to come, a place where we will find help, when we need it the most.

Welcome to our celebration of life.....