



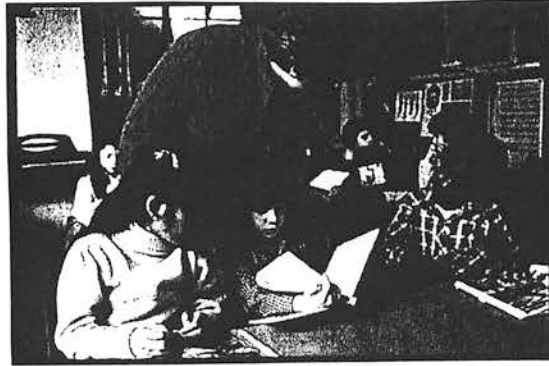
**Thank you for your tears,
Barbara Jean.**

**This book is dedicated
to all teachers who
have received the
grace of seeing
through the eyes of
their students,
and to Barbara Jean.**

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**"I can't go home and leave you
here alone," she said,
believing the classroom
was my home.**

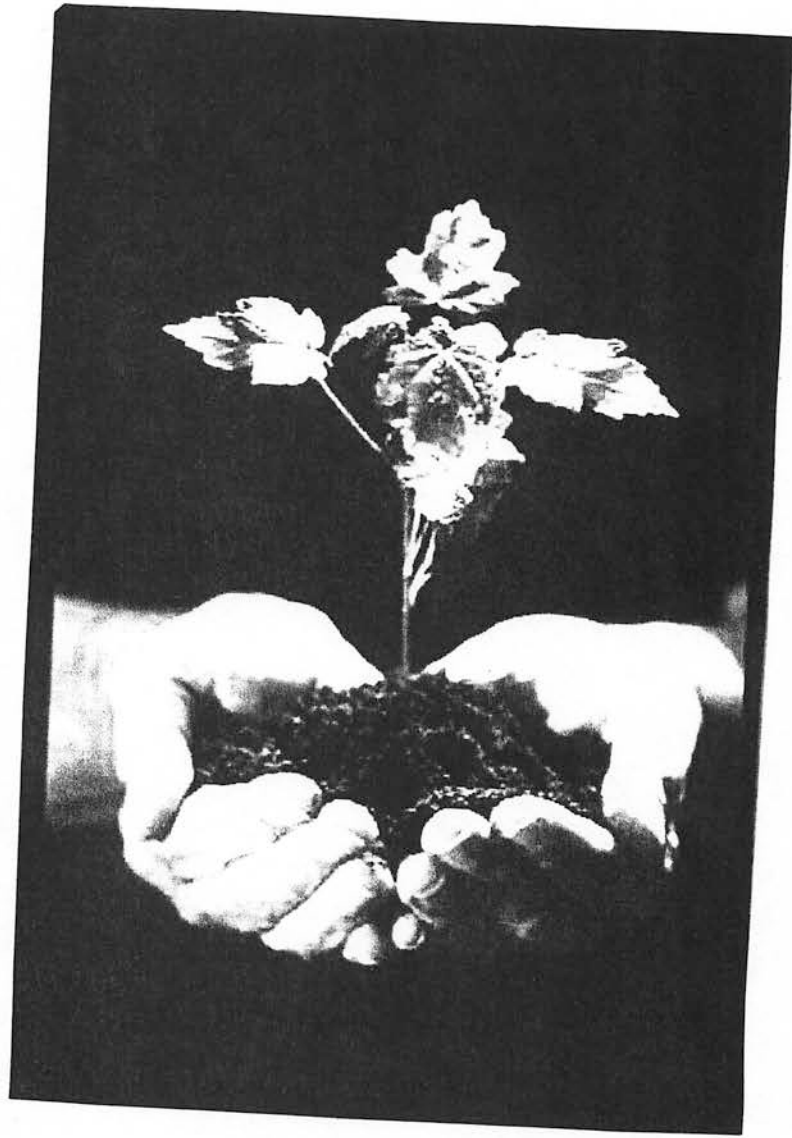


**It's alright, Barbara Jean,
I don't live in this room.
All of me won't fit.
I am as large as the world.**

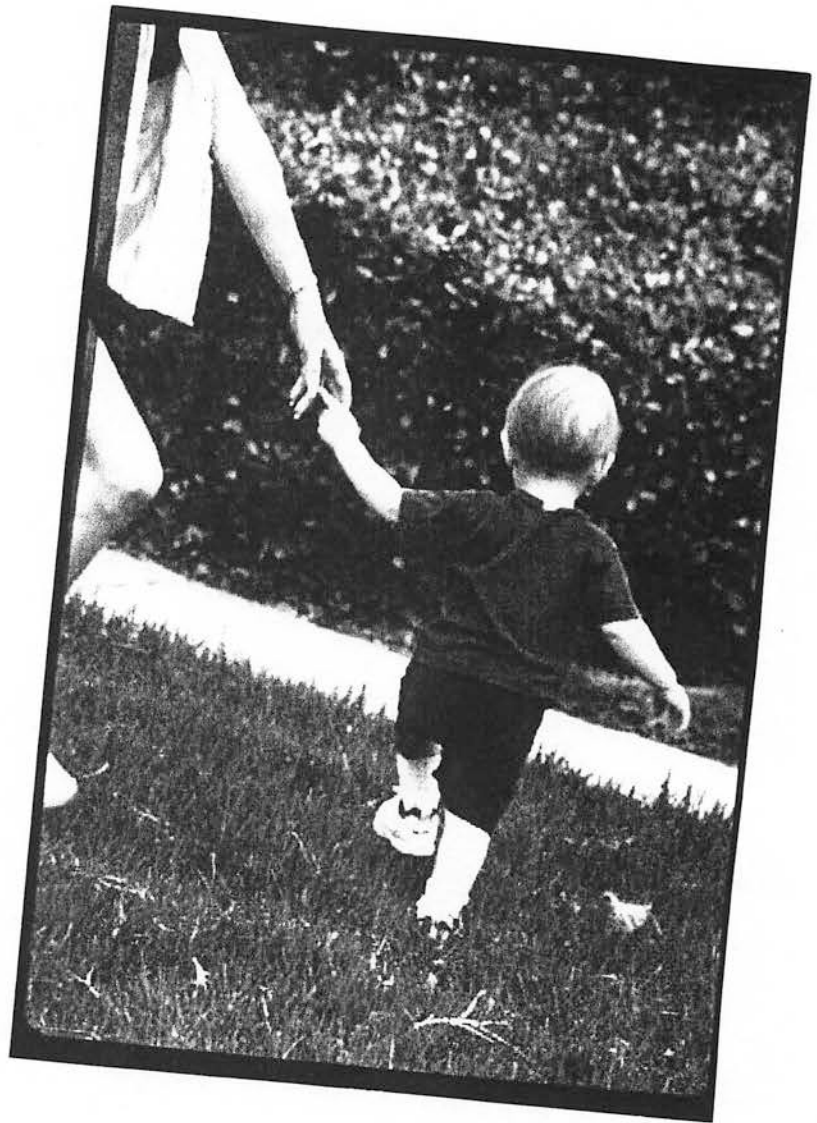


**And through her tears
I saw myself. I am a teacher
...and more.**



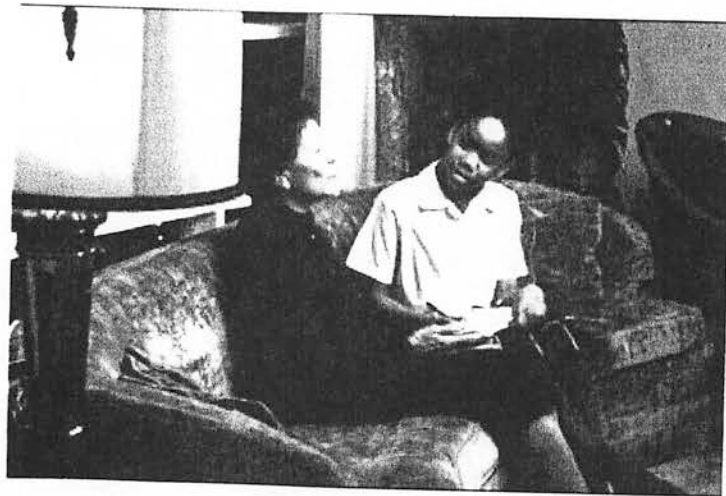


**I am the hands of a teacher,
opening books, and doors,
pointing the way
...and more.**



**I am the the arms of a mother,
enfolding my family with love**

...and more.



**I am the ears of a daughter,
hearing the silent echo
of my parents' words**

...and more.



**I am the laugh of a sister,
sharing the sweet bonds of life**

...and more.



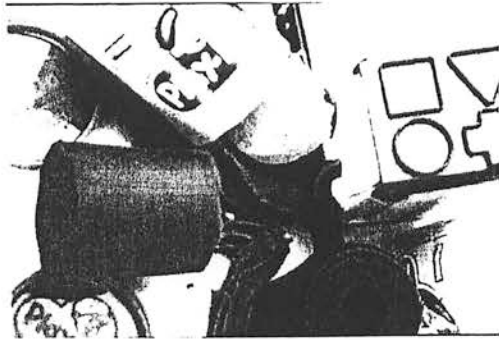
**I am the eyes of a dreamer,
seeking meaning on the wind**

...and more.



**I am the heart of a friend,
in celebration and grief**

...and more.



**I am the mind of a scholar,
playing reason like a toy**

...and more.



I am all these things

...and more.



**I am me.
And as large as the world.**





**But sometimes,
bewildered by that world,
I am Barbara Jean's tears.**



**Thank you, Barbara Jean,
for giving me your tears
...and more.**

Elizabeth Kirnie fits as much of herself as possible into Syracuse, NY, where she lives and works with other very large people.