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Matters of Consequence

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Matters of Consequence

Christina is surrounded by reading material. When bedtime became crying time it was renamed story time, providing the final opportunity of the day to cuddle and read.

Among Christina's Christmas gifts was a subscription to a magazine for preschool kids. At four years of age she knows that magazines are a source of reading pleasure, usually for adults. Now she, too, can expect reading material from the mail carrier.

Magazine in hand, Christina climbs into my lap. "Read this to me, please, Mea Mau?" "Sure, let's see," I murmur as we open the cover. We read and talk our way through text and illustrations until we encounter a page of six turtles.

"Read about the turtles, Mea Mau," says Christina. I tell her it's a game. "How do you play it?" she demands to know.

"You have to find the two turtles that are *exactly* alike," I explain. I think this could be difficult for someone so recently turned four, but Christina selects two turtles who are placed side by side. Clearly they have differences, but before I can help her to see that they are not exactly alike, she informs me that they are the only two with their heads close together so they can share their lunch. "See," my granddaughter intoned, "they are smiling at each other."

I hug Christina, thankful her eager response prevented me from insisting that she count the segments on the turtles' shells or explain that some heads faced right and some left.

In my life I have had countless teachers and I myself have been called that name, but if I can keep up with her, it is my granddaughter who will finally educate me.