A Lesson in Love

Little Dreamers Big Believers daycare center in Harrison West raised $267.00 for the Faith Thomas Foundation with the help of the Bright Beetles Room 5-year-olds. The Faith Thomas Foundation supports individuals living with sickle cell disease and works to provide a smooth transition of care from childhood to adulthood. The teachers at Little Dreamers were shepherding their students in supporting good works through their effort with this fundraiser.

“We as teachers felt it was important to teach our kids how to give back to organizations that support our communities. Sickle cell has touched people near and dear to our classroom, so we wanted to spread the love for Valentine’s Day and support Faith Thomas Foundation and the important work that they do throughout our communities.”

The check was presented on February 26, 2019 at the Little Dreamers Big Believers Harrison West Center at 870 Michigan Avenue. For more information about the Faith Thomas Foundation, visit their website at www.faiththomasfoundation.org or call 614.476.6304.

Looking through the Window of Vincent’s Bedroom

“This time it’s quite simply my bedroom – here color is everything; objects are given a greater style by simplifying them, thereby giving the impression of peace and general sleep. Simply stated, the picture should stir the head, or more properly the fantasy.”

Vincent Van Gogh

Purple walls. Purple doors. Two purple doors. What mother in her right mind would approve of lilac doors? The room is small and only for sleeping. Vincent painted it that way just for you. The magic red blanket invites you to curl atop it, perhaps grab one of the pale lemon-green pillows, nestle, and fly, while catching forty winks. The rails of the yellow wood bed are strong arms to cradle you tight so you will not fall out when it loops and flies upside down. The bristly orange washstand. Your mother would not like it either. It does not budge when you lean on it while you feel the thick blue basin and run your fingers over softer blues around the rim of the pitcher. Rough orange soap stings your nose and brings a tear to each eye. Behind the bed Vincent has taken the liberty of hanging his hat and painter’s smocks on the pegs. And just for you, he has chosen some of his paintings to hang on the walls.

Your mother would probably approve of his Haystack and his Self-Portrait. She wouldn’t know Vincent kept changing the pictures of this attic room, high in the sky, Unseen rafters arch over you like boughs of a tree. They drip love like raindrops fall from wet leaves after the storm has passed away. The tiny hole in the roof lets you see the starry sky. Vincent would gladly have slept downstairs on the floor of the studio among turpentine and oil smells, so that you could dream wild dreams, sleeping on his yellow bed in a room your mother would not approve of because of lemon-green sheets and purple doors.

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