



On my first day of teaching at Delta Secondary, I had the usual “first day jitters,” but I unexpectedly was feeling something I had never felt as a teacher: intimidated. The week prior, I had been to the building every day and was growing more comfortable with the idea of starting anew after 11 years at Westdale. When colleagues at Westdale heard I was transferring, they treated me like I had lost a loved one, and their misplaced sympathy angered and worried me. Is Delta that bad? Are the *kids* that bad? As I walked through the Wexford entrance on that sunny September Tuesday, my heart was in my mouth and I wondered what would become of my car in the parking lot? I made my way warily through the throng of excited and noisy students, when I was stopped by a smiling young lady who said, “hey. You look new. What’s your name?” I said “you’re right. I am new. I’m Mr. Connolly and this is indeed my first day here.” Emma sensed my nervousness and immediately put me at ease with her kindness and reassuring words of “I think you’ll like it here.” She was right.

