This book is dedicated to all preschoolers in hope that they will learn more about God each day of their lives.
I Like My Teacher
You Know Why?

Story by Marjorie Stith
Illustrated by Mark Smothers
“I like my teacher,” said William Bradford Green. “You know why?” “Why?” asked Dad. “She knows my name. She calls me William Bradford. She knows where I live. When she came for a visit, I showed her my room. I let her hold my rabbit.”
“That day my teacher said, ‘This rabbit looks almost real, William Bradford.’”
“You know why?”  
“Why?” asked Mother.  
“She knows a lot. She knows where Alabama is, and Africa. She knows how to sing songs. She knows how to say new words. She always knows where the rolling pin is when we have play dough. She knows a lot!”
“One day my teacher said, ‘In Nigeria, mothers carry babies on their backs. They sing softly to the babies and sort of rock them as they work.’”

“Why?” asked Grandmother. “Because she lets me sit close when she reads a story. Sometimes, I put my head on her shoulder.”
“One day my teacher said, ‘We have a new book today. It’s about a faraway place. Have you ever been to a faraway place?’”

“Why?” asked Mr. Lloyd, the doughnut maker. “Because she can do lots of things. She helped us fly our fish kite. It went high! She made a real raincoat for our doll. She fixes things that are broken. She put the wheel back on the red dump truck.”
“One day my teacher said, ‘This truck has been over a bumpy road. It needs some work. Let’s take it to the garage for repairs.’”
“I like my teacher,” said William Bradford Green. “You know why?” “Why?” asked Uncle Henry. “Because she has a wonderful basket. One day she had magnets in her basket. Once she brought a turtle. Sometimes she brings apples and corn to cut and taste. She always has important things in that basket.”
“One day my teacher said, ‘I know you want to see the special things I have from Brazil.’”
“You know why?”
“Why?” asked Gradddad.
“Because she listens to me and talks to me, quiet like. She smiles and says, ‘I’m glad you came today, William Bradford.’
“She listens when I say I am a little afraid. She helps me when Beth and I want the same puzzle.”
“One day my teacher said, ‘William Bradford, could Beth help you with that puzzle? Or would you give her a turn when you finish?’”
“Why?” asked Ashley, who lives next door. “Because she’s always there and always smiling. And she smells good.”
“One day my teacher said, ‘Thank you for the flowers! Let’s put them in a vase. They will make our room beautiful.’”
  “You know why?”
“She helps me find out stuff. She lets me try out things. When I ask a question, she says, ‘I think I can help you with that.’
  “Sometimes she gives me a book or a picture. She says, ‘Why don’t you find out for yourself, William Bradford?’ And I do!”
“One day my teacher said, ‘Now, let’s see if a pineapple has seeds.’”
“I like my teacher,” said William Bradford Green. “You know why?” “Why?” asked Aunt Louise. “Because she lets me strum her guitar. It has lots of strings. We think up songs and play music. Sometimes I just like to be quiet and listen to the music.”
“One day my teacher said, ‘Listen, listen. You can hear the beat. You can clap your hands. You can tap your feet.’”
“I like my teacher,” said William Bradford Green. “You know why?” “Why?” asked his brother, Brett. “Because she lets me make a picture any way I want, even drippy! If I spill paint or drop glue on the rug, she always has a sponge to help me clean it up. She never yells at me. Sometimes we just have green paint. But it’s all right with my teacher if I pretend it’s red and make a fire engine.”
“One day my teacher said, ‘How happy and busy you are, William Bradford. In the Bible there is a verse that says: Work with your hands. That’s just what you are doing.’”
“I like my teacher,”
said William Bradford Green.
“You know why?”
“Sure, I know why,” said Beth.
“She’s my teacher, too!”
“Most every day my teacher says, ‘And I like you, William Bradford Green. And Beth. And all the others, too.’”