

My Time in Ollies

By Muireann Quirke

Only yesterday I walked up that hill
With my pinafore and new schoolbag.
Stepped through the doors to a world of colour,
Of children and toys and playing tag.
A new beginning.

School tours- I can list them all still
The buses and bogs, boats and beaches,
Each one as fantastic as the next,
I can almost hear the screeches
Of joyful children.

The Garden fête, stalls galore,
Sweets and books and toys.
Heading home with our teeth aching and hearts blazing,
Our ears ringing with the noise
Of happy days.

Competitions were frequent and varied,
Each child given their time to shine.
Gaeilge, writing, capture the flag,
nurturing talents divine
to make children proud.

My buddies- how big and important they seemed,
And the younger ones I cared for so dearly.
The lessons they taught me I well remember,
I can still see their faces so clearly.
Off in college now.

And what I owe to my teachers,
They made the days fly by.
I know I have more to thank them for
Than anyone will ever realise.
This I hope they know.

Looking back now, the memories pour in.
It was the little things; a wink in the corridor from your
favourite teacher, buying a book with your own money at the
Garden fête, laughing with Junior Infants at Playworks.
How much it all meant.

In the blink of an eye, I was twelve,
Sixth class had come and gone.
Eight years of my life I lived here,
And how I loved every one.
I miss them still.

Yes, I learnt my basics, and look where they've brought me.
But I'm most thankful for the unseen things,
The confidence, happiness and self-belief
That a time at Ollies brings.
Brings to all of us.

My brothers learn in different classrooms,
They run along brand new floors.
But I know that what they're learning
Is what my dad and I did before:
How to be a good person.

I remember my four year old self. How proud she would be,
How proud I was of everyone, and everyone of me.
The buildings may have changed, some teachers may be
gone,
But the spirit of Ollies
Will forever live on.