



Poppy's Butterfly.

Today I noticed Poppy, sitting at the workbench tinkering with, what looked to be, an ordinary hinge. She was studying it closely, turning it over and examining it from different angles. I wondered if Poppy had ever seen a hinge in this way before, or if she knew its intended purpose? So I continued to watch.

And then a lovely little moment happened I had not expected, yet which completely flipped the whole context over. Poppy lifted the hinge high and began undulating the sides, singing a curious little melody about a flying butterfly.

Poppy may not have seen a hinge before, but it appears she has seen a butterfly.

My thoughts on the learning...

So much happened in those brief moments, in both of our minds, Poppy. You were studying the object closely, trying to figure out what it was. And then, a connection! When held from a certain angle, it looked like something you had seen before – a butterfly.

I can also say much for my own state of mind following this experience. I have been reminded that the workshop and its contents, like any place in the world really, is seen differently from person to person. I entered this context thinking I was the expert, carrying all there was to know about the object in your hands. I left with the realisation that this was not the case. As adults, I am reminded of how easy it is to accept the world for what we have made it, cemented in the meaning we have cast it in. How immeasurably malleable and creative is the mind of a child then by comparison? Poppy you reminded me today to keep an open and flexible mind, and to accept that others may see the world very differently to me.

From Gavin – August 2015



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