Reflections from the Lowman Visit

A sample of thoughts & perspectives from our 6th graders from their morning spent with the students of Lowman School

“Love from Lowman” – Mighty B.

Love from Lowman
2 hours of fun
2 buses full of amazing people
4 friends with 1 buddy
Estella, Shayna, Maya, and me
1 buddy named Toni
Didn’t speak but we connected
Full of joy and happiness
Gripping onto our hands and hugging us tight
Making sure we didn’t let go
Dancing and spinning
Walking and playing
Helping her through the day
Teaching her something new
When time to leave
Big hugs and high-fives she gave us all
She waved us goodbye and left us with a feeling of happiness
Love from Lowman
“It’s Ok, I Know” – Dylan S.

In every way
In every form
In every time
In every place
Even though it’s hard
I will reach your heart
Your mind
Your soul
Your feeling of life
I will let you be free
Everyone matters
Especially you

“A Bittersweet Day” – Konnie D.

The bus pulled up, and I was excited. I was eager to meet my buddy for the Lowman School visit.

Opened in 1952, Lowman Special Education Center, Los Angeles Unified School District, was named in honor for Dr. Charles Leroy Lowman (1879-1977), the first orthopedic surgeon in the west, who devoted his life to the service of children with disabilities. I had heard about the annual visit the Lowman School children made ever since Kindergarten, and couldn’t wait for it to happen. I met my partner Vishal with my two friends Emma and Ronnie.

We slowly led Vishal to the music room. Many welcoming children greeted us as we made our way across the campus. We finally got to the music room. Being a little diffident at first, he was scared to touch the instruments. We slowly coaxed him into trying a few things. He loved the chimes. We stayed there until he got tired of it. We also played with the puppets. We determined that he liked the horse the best and took it outside with us and started playing with him outside. However, we found out that he liked the music room better. So we went back, and we experimented with some more instruments.

We all gathered around a picnic table, but one of the assistants instructed us to go over to her. We found out that Vishal needed to be fed from a tube in his stomach. We helped the assistant in a punctilious manner and fed him. Last came the tradition of doing wheelchair racing. Vishal liked this the best. He had a huge smile on his face.

We sadly led Vishal back to the bus, knowing that we would have to say goodbye. Vishal was loaded on the bus first, and with tears filled in my eyes, we waved goodbye. As Vishal was slowly elevated from the ground into the bus, I knew it was very sad, but I also knew that we all had a priceless experience with the Lowman School.
Today was a very special day. Our friends from Lowman came to play. Before they came, I was very nervous. It was a new experience for me, and I am so glad that it happened. It made me feel so lucky to be able to walk, and to be able to do everything that I take for granted. Even though they can't do everything that we can, they were still just as, or even more, happier than us.

They were all truly amazing.

My group’s friend was named Michael. Michael was ten, and he was in a wheelchair. Michael loved to throw balls and he loved to laugh. He was so funny when he laughed and danced. He made me so happy and I realized that we were very similar. We were both double digits in age, we both loved to play with balls, and we both liked to be happy. Michael loved his pudding and probably everything that is sweet, like his personality. Michael was full of energy, just like any other kid. He never got tired of throwing the ball, I even think that the longer he played, the happier he became. One extra special moment was when the music started playing. Michael loved it so much and kept dancing like crazy. It made me feel so good because he was happy. It really made me feel happy to see him having such a great time playing with us.

This day was something that I can never forget. It was so helpful because now when I see someone with challenges, I can understand them, and know how they feel. Seeing the happy face on Michael was terrific. I know that he had a great time, and so did I. Today, I realized that a person’s a person no matter what. I know this because of Michael. I know that people love to dance, play with balls, and be very happy, and Michael loved all of those. When Michael got back on the bus to leave, I actually got very sad. I know that I will miss him, but he will always be in my heart as someone to look up to. Michael taught me so much, and I hope that he learned from us.
“A Day in Another’s Life” – Maya K

I came to school ready to learn
   About another life
   The bus pulled up
I watched as all the kids came out
   So different from us
   I felt guilty
   They don’t deserve it
   I got my partner
   Toni - an enthusiastic
   Kind, sweet little girl
   She held our hands
At some point she got used to us
   She ate, laughed, smiled
   And played with us
I never thought I’d be so proud of
   someone like that
She learned to slide and climb up and down
Her laugh put a smile on my face every time
   I feel so proud of myself
   I just taught a little disabled girl
I showed her how to throw a basketball
I loved to see her dance the morning away
   Her laugh warmed my heart
Her interest in others was intriguing
   She was such an amazing eater
   She gulped every single spoon
   of pudding that I fed her
   Her attention span was amazing
At the end she wouldn’t let go of us
I could tell she was feeling something
   Some type of emotion
As I waved I felt so happy and touched
I think to myself - wow, I just helped a girl
   with a disability
   I will think of her often
   And I know that she is just like us
   in many ways
Today I was in someone else’s shoes
I know how hard it is for her, and I helped as
   much as I could
   I learned a lot today.

Excerpt from “It’s the Little Things That Count” – Grace H.

Goodbye is harder than you think
   I have been impacted, influenced
   Just enough so I can’t put it in words
   I have been guided through this journey
   That was definitely an adventure
   But now I know
   It’s the little things that count