

Guildford Learning Centre

When entering the Guildford Learning Centre, I hear and feel the hum and buzz of the elevator and feel the cold, metallic buttons that bring me to the third floor. Stepping out I see the warm and welcoming board at the entrance like a reassuring pat on the shoulder. I walk past the office, and see the beautiful flowers that often adorn Maureen's desk, smell the slight scent of them. I hear the audible rustling of paper, and the soft whirring of the photocopier.

As I walk further, I hear the familiar and pleasant voices of teachers and students alike, and see the faces of many known and unknown to me. The soft yet bright light streams in from the large windows and reflects off of my sunglasses. I can still taste the sweet pastries offered for the growling and grumbling stomachs of students within the homey kitchen to my right.

Walking further yet, you can often catch the scent of whatever delicious food has been kindly prepared for the staff and students. Within the welcoming and comfortable classroom spaces, you'll find kind and hard working teachers and students at smooth wooden desks and their hard textured chairs. And when you leave you can taste the satisfaction of hard work and accomplishment. But it is often bittersweet as it means you are indeed leaving one of the most wonderful, refreshing and comforting spaces in the entire world.

Elizabeth Helmer

JUNE 2016