

**To Hear a Child**

I believe in patience. I live as a volunteer residential counselor in a small group home. These boys have brought joy and happiness into my life; they have made me laugh and made me proud. However, they have also challenged me, made me angry and tested my patience.

Each day we start anew, going about a 30 \_\_\_\_\_ routine. I drive them to school, pick them up, cook for them and help with homework. We spend the evenings 31 \_\_\_\_\_ about what happened during the day. I meet their teachers and study for tests with them. They are the last people I see each night and the first ones I hear in the morning. They have become a 32 \_\_\_\_\_ of my life. I am twenty-two and am beginning to understand the love of a parent.

I could not have come this far without patience. They do not think like miniature adults and it is not fair to expect them to. 33 \_\_\_\_\_ my expectations of them are high, I must remember that so much of what they see and understand is for the first time. First loves, first failed test, first time feeling the need to break away from the nest. I must have patience with them, because there is still a child within that comes out when I least expect it.

This world is a fast-paced, fast food, fast-internet place. 34 \_\_\_\_\_, no matter how fast things move, children will be children. I believe they will mature quicker and with more tools if I am patient. I see it in their eyes. Over time, sad eyes can glisten again, but only if I am 35 \_\_\_\_\_ of the fact that it takes them longer to get somewhere.

I see around them a world that expects too much of them. They come 36 \_\_\_\_\_ too many things that give them too much sadness. They listen to me, respect me and understand reason but not always when I want them to. This opportunity has given me wisdom but only when I was patient enough to hear a child.

Вставьте пропущенное слово.

1. Daily.
2. Common.
3. Average.
4. Traditional.