

## Tiny Skates by Nancy Archibald

Aaron, my three year old son, skate balances on his tiny skates on the newly cleaned ice. His first lesson, in February 1978, at Red Deer College outdoor ice rink, has it's mishaps. Slowly maneuvering around the rink, one foot in front of the other, much like learning how to walk.

He is gaining speed, but it doesn't last for long before he falls. I am his teacher.

What should I be doing to encourage him?

"See what I am doing," I say as I push off with the blade of my figure skates.

Aaron tries again. He glides and then falls.

"Great, Aaron, you are getting the hang of it," I say.

He gets up and tries again. Two strokes this time. He manages to stay up with two feet parallel as he glides.

He keeps trying for the next half hour as I skate beside him. After several falls, he takes several strokes in a row, then glides. He keeps going, not wanting to quit, but its getting late and the sun is setting.

"Time to go", I say.

He continues with more strides toward the edge rink gate.

I help him with his skates.

We are going home for hot chocolate," I say.

"I can skate," he tells me with a wide grin.