

Twenty-Five Truths in Blue School Chairs



Our teacher told us to open our big, heavy books
to the page with the old, yellow paper.
She pointed to the top and said, "**We hold these truths...**"
And I thought about how you could ever "hold" a truth.
Is it like holding a baseball in your glove?
Is it like holding your mom's hand in a crowd so you don't get lost?
I think it might mean you keep it safe,
like the cheat code to your favorite game.

These truths are supposed to be **self-evident**.
That's a big, fancy word that means everyone should just see it.
Like how it's obvious that the sky is blue,

or that a warm coat feels good in the winter,
or that everyone just wants to be treated like they matter.

But 250 years ago, a man named Thomas Jefferson
had to sit down with a feather pen
because the truth wasn't so clear to everyone.

Back then, there was a King across the ocean
who acted like the world was his own private playground.
He made the colonists pay for things they didn't want—
that's the **unfair taxation** part our teacher talked about.

He made soldiers stay in their houses
and didn't give people a **fair chance** when they got in trouble.
Imagine getting a timeout for something you didn't even do,
and nobody would even listen to your side of the story.

So, the people decided they had to "sever ties."
They wrote it all down so the King couldn't say he didn't hear them.

They said that **all men are created equal**.

In my class, that means a lot of things.

It means the girl who is the fastest at tag
and the boy who is the best at drawing robots
start the day with the same twenty-four hours.

But sometimes, when the TV is on in the living room,
the world feels like it's shaking.

I see news about cities far away where people are fighting for big
reasons,

where "equal" feels like a word that got lost in the smoke.

There are huge arguments about who is right and who is wrong,
and when it does happen, it feels like everyone is shouting
but nobody is listening.

It's scary to think that even after 250 years,
some people are still trying to find a safe place to sleep, to live.
Some children are still waiting for their fair turn.
The "uncertainty" my teacher talks about is like
walking through a thick fog where you can't see the next step.

But I think that's the reason Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin
wrote the words down in the first place.
They weren't just writing for their own time;
they were writing a map for the fog.
They knew that there would be days when the world felt messy,
and they wanted to give us a jumping-off point
so we would know which way to start running.
250 years is a lot of candles on a birthday cake,
but the fire is still burning because we are the ones keeping it lit.
When I see the fighting and anger on the news, I look back at my desk.
I look at my classmates—some tall, some short,
some loud, some quiet—and I see twenty-five different truths
all sitting in blue school chairs.

We are the ones who have to "hold" the message now.
The ink is old, and so is the paper, but the ideas are brand new every
morning
when the school bell rings and we decide to be kind.
Because if we aren't equal on the playground,
we won't be equal in the world.

**History gave us the first line, but we are the ones who get to decide
how the story ends.**

