



**Town of Bedford**  
97 McMahon Road

[Bedfordps.org](http://Bedfordps.org)

## Superintendent Update

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Wednesday, November 23, 2022

Hello Bedford School Community,

I wanted to take this opportunity to wish you all a happy, healthy, and safe Thanksgiving. This year most of us will be able to gather in larger groups than we have in the past few years. For us this means having family visiting us from abroad, which is very exciting. It is a return to our pre-pandemic tradition.

This week we sent home a number of at-home COVID-19 test kits. Please take advantage of these test kits to continue to keep one another safe. I continue to be grateful to the community for putting the best interest of our students at the forefront. Thank you all for your continued support. It means everything to know that our community continues to work collaboratively on our challenges.

As we prepare to celebrate this weekend I wanted to share with you a poem that I thought captured the moment.

[Thanksgiving](#) by [Ella Wheeler Wilcox](#)

We walk on starry fields of white  
And do not see the daisies;  
For blessings common in our sight  
We rarely offer praises.  
We sigh for some supreme delight  
To crown our lives with splendor,

And quite ignore our daily store  
Of pleasures sweet and tender.  
Our cares are bold and push their way  
Upon our thought and feeling.  
They hand about us all the day,  
Our time from pleasure stealing.  
So unobtrusive many a joy  
We pass by and forget it,  
But worry strives to own our lives,  
And conquers if we let it.  
There's not a day in all the year  
But holds some hidden pleasure,  
And looking back, joys oft appear  
To brim the past's wide measure.  
But blessings are like friends, I hold,  
Who love and labor near us.  
We ought to raise our notes of praise  
While living hearts can hear us.  
Full many a blessing wears the guise  
Of worry or of trouble;  
Far-seeing is the soul, and wise,  
Who knows the mask is double.  
But he who has the faith and strength  
To thank his God for sorrow  
Has found a joy without alloy  
To gladden every morrow.  
We ought to make the moments notes  
Of happy, glad Thanksgiving;  
The hours and days a silent phrase  
Of music we are living.  
And so the theme should swell and grow  
As weeks and months pass o'er us,  
And rise sublime at this good time,  
A grand Thanksgiving chorus.

Wishing you and your family a wonderful holiday,

With gratitude,

Philip Conrad  
Superintendent