Ruth Barnett Barajas shared Tim Barnett's post.

To all of my teacher friends, NEVER underestimate the power of your love to impact someone's life forever. One year can make all the difference in the world. I'm reposting this story about my grandma, who was a third grade teacher.

This past week I met a guy at work that was there to help us with our United Fund Raising for this Fall. His name was Robert Weese and he was on leave from his regular job to do this work. During the course of our conversation I had mentioned I was from South Dakota, he asked where in S.D. When I told him SF - he asked me if I was related to Margaret Barnett that taught school at Cathedral. I told him that she was my mother. He became emotional and said "she saved my life -- well maybe not saved my life but she has been a constant light in my life." Here is a bit of his story - his Dad worked in St. Louis but was transferred to SF. During the summer before they moved, his Mother passed away from ovarian cancer. He was going into third grade in a new place with no friends or siblings and no mother waiting for him at home. He told me that almost immediately he felt safe and at home in an old classroom.

He doesn't remember what school lessons he learned but does remember that he felt special and important. He told me that when mom would work with him she would put her hand on his shoulder or rub his arm and his pain and sadness were gone. (I know that touch).

He said that as he grew up, he understood that she loved all the kids she taught but (some of you may recognize this feeling) that deep down he knew she was her favorite.

He remembered the twinkle in the eye, the smile that always made him happy and even the stern one finger pounding her desk that got everyones attention.

They were only in SF for that year as his father was transferred to Des Moines, IA.

As he was leaving, he looked at me and said "sometimes the hands of God belong to a third grade teacher." I think he was right about that.