

I wrote this poem soon after I retired from my New York City teaching career in 2002. I love teaching and I have identified myself as a teacher for several decades. I was not aware at the time how much I missed the classroom and the direct contact with young people and their minds. I did not know that soon I would be teaching part-time (but significantly) in a new school on Long Island, and that I would be approaching my 20th anniversary as a teacher in my “new” school’s Study Center post-official retirement date.

I haven’t stopped being a sort of mentor-teacher to my grandchildren. I still offer them advice and share life-lessons learned. (They aren’t always as eager to learn and I recognize that life is the better teacher, but part of my “job” is to try.) I also try to teach them by my actions, sometimes under difficult situations.

I have fond memories of reading books with granddaughters over the phone (Facetiming) -- *Catcher in the Rye*, *Macbeth*, a spooky ghost story, essays, etc. ---, and I have never refused the opportunity to help them with editing, through high school and college. I have had interesting discussions of grammatical concepts and novel plots and characters with my grandson.

I admit that I am the “Teacher” and I do so with pride. I hope that, through my poems, I will continue in this role for my grandkids and for many other minds eager to learn and see the world through a perspective different from their own.