

My last 50 years

My memories of the last portion of my days at Gecohi are blurry at best. But the most vivid is of the day we were practicing our “march in” for graduation. Standing in line in front of the school, everyone was asking everyone else “What are you going to do?” Meaning, of course, what everyone’s plans were after high school... but more importantly what were your career plans.

I heard the replies cover every aspect of employment possibilities. Me? I had not a clue as to what I wanted to do, let alone what I was going to do. But I did know what I was **not** going to do and stated it emphatically: “*No way* will I ever become a teacher.” Why? I was asked. “Because if you think for one minute that I would be willing to put up with all the shit I handed out to my teachers over the last four years, you’re crazy – no way will I ever do that!”

Well, there is Karma in the universe. The short version of a **very** long story is that teaching is exactly what I ended up doing. After too many years in the restaurant business, I spent a year teaching Earth Science at Waubensee (Sugar Grove, IL) before I signed on to teach Physics at Kaneland High School – stayed for 24 years teaching and coaching before retiring in 2005. And yes, the shit I handed out came back like a boomerang, but I never minded it at all and I had the time of my life. I had some great kids and probably had a few more years in me...

A few peaks and lots of valleys between leaving grad school in 1974 and my Kaneland stint. But I met a girl who in 1994 was hired to teach Biology at Kaneland. Our very first handshake told me I had met my soul-mate. Married in 2004 in Carmel California, the honeymoon has never ended.

Web design and other techie stuff (that I never thought I would enjoy) have taken the place of teaching; My wife got me started in computers and we have been doing that for the last 20 years. Our company is small and so is the income. But liking what I do is more important than any wages I earn. If any of you are/have been teachers, you know what I mean.

I have to admit that I feel I have been extremely fortunate: great parents & sister (close family), lots of travel opportunities, a supportive and loving wife, good friends, great health and best of all I am still here to write about it. Yeah, there are always those things that I am continually reminded are “signs of getting older” (like declining vision and hearing). But life is pretty damn good and I hope to be around for a long time yet.

I miss dearly those friends and classmates who have made an unfortunate and early departure from this world and I raise a toast to you all: Skäl, Salut, Prost, Cheers!