



First day of school quiz...(match the faces)

- a. Teacher
- b. Principal
- c. Janitor
- d. Student
- e. Mom
- f. Bus driver



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As I walked into Frank D Brown Hall one morning, I had the pleasure of being greeted by loitering flowers planted in a raised bed near the sidewalk. One particularly outgoing flower, his purple face leaning in, demanded that I take his picture. How lucky am I to have this bit of joy say hello to me?



...Like a student, hand raised on the verge of erupting with what she believes is the perfect answer, a friend eager to share a bit of good news, a tail-wagging puppy dog eagerly waiting affection, the math problem waiting to be pondered... **HUH!**

Why yes! Opportunity presented itself this past week for getting my hands dirty doing some math for the **fun of it**. Admittedly, the majority of the math that I've done over the last year has been because of work or motivation of some external personality. But there I sat on a Thursday evening, pondering Eratosthenes Sieve. At first, I was a little bored thinking of primes and composites. I had seen this before. What is there to know? But my plodding

persistence gave way to curiosity, then to wonder. I was soon lost in the numbers and patterns, not realizing that an hour passed since I began. And I was joyful, as if catching up with an old friend, stopping to belly rub a puppy dog, reveling in a student's eagerness to answer, or appreciating flowers hurried past on the way into work.

How often do I walk by opportunities for joy?

It got me to looking.

Might there be something that sits right near the path every day?

The purple flower did not just show up **that** Friday ... he had been there, with his brother or cousin and whole family, for at least a few weeks.

What joy is hiding in plain sight, waiting to say hello?

Here's to finding it!

Happy Maths People!

- *Peter*