

**Note to Nerds**  
**May 17th 2019**

**Giving Our Best**

I'm not sure my wife and I could truly have imagined this day would arrive.

We are seated in Paulson Stadium on a beautiful day. The weather is nice. There are enough clouds in the sky to beat back the full measure of the South Georgia sun. There is no threat of rain. The field in front of us filled with chairs expectantly waiting scholars adorned in black robes, colorful collars and the funny square mortarboards. Tassels sway back and forth as the graduates greet each other and turn in conversation. Our youngest is about to graduate from University.

We could not be more proud of him and his accomplishment. And while this is a moment for our son, in many ways it's a moment for us.

There are several hundred graduates on the field and thousands in the stands, like us, families and friends here to witness and celebrate.

Being a teacher of almost 31 years, these moments never get old for me. Quite frankly, graduations touch my heart.

I have attended dozens of them.

Having played the role educator, parent, spouse, and participant, my heart is no less touched by these annual exercises. It is a time of reflection for this teacher.

I think of the graduates and their families over those years. And I'm happy for them and proud. In many ways I understand the hard work and sacrifice they made for graduation to become reality.

Those students who would not wear the graduate's robe or square cap, or join in the ritual of graduation, cross my mind, touching my heart as well. Remembering the words spoken by a respected educator, "Parents send us the best children they have." I ponder none too lightly how the support we provided those children was a bridge shy of graduation.

So ... one school year ends ... and the seeds of the next are planted.

Happy maths folks and wonderful weekend,

*Peter*



The influence  
of a good  
Teacher  
can never be  
erased  
Happy Teacher  
Appreciation Week!