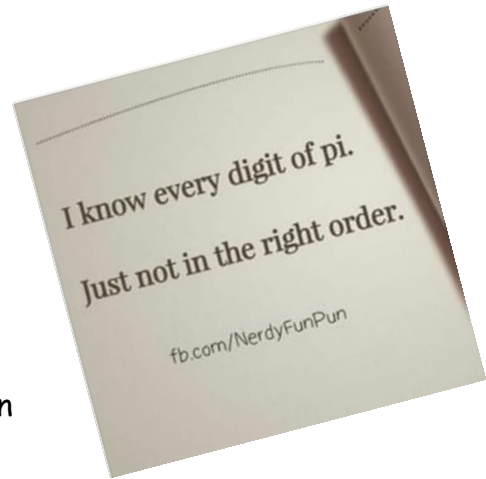


## Note to Nerds

### April 12<sup>th</sup> 2019

#### Old Friends

Saturday afternoon I was putting up the last of the groceries from the weekly shop when I happened into our garage and noticed a lonely but faithful friend that had been hanging around unnoticed. After putting away the grocery bags, I walked over, gently lifted the friend, and set him on the ground right side up.



We have bumped into each other on occasion. Except for the cursory nod or the perfunctory good morning, we had not hung out for some time. The last I remember, it was a warm spring morning in early June. We went to the lake. The cares of a busy school year were behind us and the promise of many more leisurely excursions lay before us in the unencumbered summer days ahead.

Yet, here we stand some nine months and a handful of days later reconnecting and recounting quietly the good times.

So, I got the dusty old bicycle pump from the closet and breathed life into the knobby wheels. I placed him back on the hooks near the front of the garage, awaiting the moment of escape that would come the next day if... he could hold his air.

We have had an amazing spring for the most part. Punctuated by weather that could be described at its best as a bit salty in attitude. Sunday afternoon, though, was amazing! And demanded that my friend and I take a ride to the lake. So I

lifted my friend from the hooks of his perch and set him in front of the wide open garage door. My wheeled accomplice ready to be set free on the open road beyond! Not wasting a moment to bother and dust my two- wheeled buddy. We flew, cobwebs in the wheels and dangling from the handlebars like wisps of the childhood fringes fluttering from the bicycle grips of old. We could not be bothered by the vanity of cleaning, our miniature odyssey urgently called.

The hills just big enough to make us appreciate the kinetic energy they imparted and curves enough to make the ride interesting. We barreled towards the lake and the trails that trace its shores. The lake was low. The woods open, a controlled burn had cleared the view below the canopy of pines and oaks. No deer today but plenty of small animals and birds. Their merry fussing and chatter became the music of our travel.

The ride back home was a bit up hill and much slower. It's as if gravity itself was hinting that we should stay a little longer down near the peace of the lake and woods. The call of unfinished chores, the business of preparing for the week ahead ... oh, and a good dinner proved to be the more powerful force pulling us home.

Home in the garage, we reveled in our brief escape as I cleaned the wheels and chain of my faithful friend. My cloth wiping the mud, dust and few tenacious cobwebs from the frame, I gently returned my two-wheeled partner to his rest, cleaned and ready for our next ride.

We promised we would not wait so long between adventures ... just as we had last June.

Not so sure what this has to do with math or teaching, I will leave it to you for that ciphering.

I came across a quote from an old Roman poet named Ovid, "What is without rest will not endure?"

I hope you find time for an old friend whether it be a book, a pair of walking shoes, or, for heaven sake, an actual human. Enjoy them ...

*Peter*