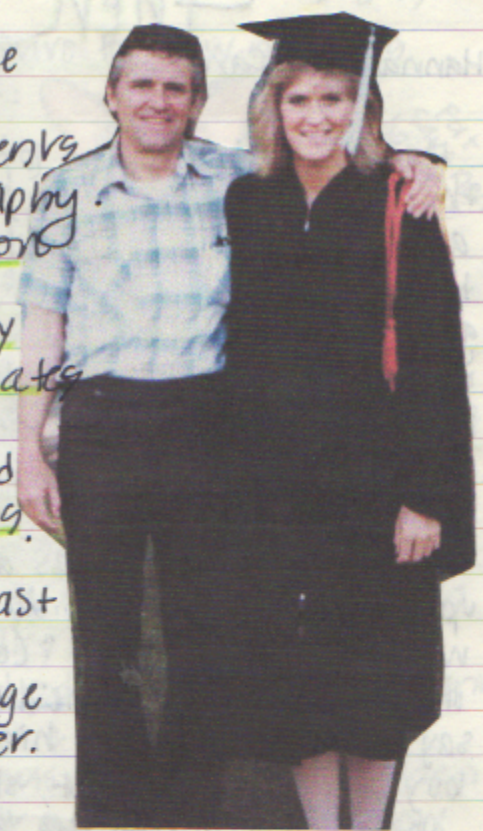


"If you think you're pretty smart, you're not talking to enough people." ~ Bruce Cameron

find this harder than I thought it would be. but because I know it, I can anticipate what will help.

And there we are ~ June of 1983 ~ college graduation. I wrote about this picture in this notebook once already. But it represents such an important place in my autobiography. I was launched in this time from Oregon to southern California. From student to teacher. From the safety of living with my best friend for 4 years to unknown roommates & a house with scorpions & black widow spiders. I had my second serious boyfriend and we would soon be separated for months. What a time in my life...



I considered us over. but he said he loved me.

My parents had a college graduate to boast of. I graduated with honors as well as a member of the honors program ~ my orange honor chord draped across my left shoulder. I had been on my first airplane - for a job interview. I was flying.

Now what?

And just a year later I moved back to Oregon to marry Pat and teach 5th grade. Teaching has been a part of my life every since. Gr. 3 CA, Gr. 5, then 7/0 in OR, then gr. 4, 4, 5, 7, 7/0 in WA, then at EMU for five years teaching teachers, followed by a year in gr. 0 at KMS... 2 more gr. 0, and my mixture of courses gr. 2-12 in the 16 years since. 30 years of teaching. Thirty years. At least 30 kids a year. some years 175! so more than a 1000 kids have called me teacher. Now a consultant traveling all over and talking to thousands of teachers a year. weird career, but so much to write so many stories.

This weekend I organized my library and looked at those empty desks. Who will sit there? What will I learn this year? What kind of risks will we take together?

PROCESS

Have to write... as opposed to want to create... I put pics in, but I changed my mind & didn't want to keep working. it is the telling voice, to "I'm writing from nothing. trying to capture something to say instead of writing beside beautiful language." I want to listen to Sarah Kay or read a poem to spark ideas before I convince. Writing is not