

# *Preface*

I wrote what follows for my daughter, Mary Beth, and my son, Nic, so they could see.

I wrote what follows for the three people most responsible for helping me acquire the teaching passion: Bill Gorgo in high school with his knobby sweaters and scraggly beard and his movement from painting to album to poem to novel to sculpture to opera always asking, “See? See?” To the late Paul Carroll, a poet who spoke in the rain to angels and could hit consecutive three-point jumpers and pointed to the poem and asked me, “See? See?” And to the poet Mike Anania who encouraged and taught me how to question so my students could say, “Aha,” as I asked, “See?”

I wrote what follows for my late father and the words we said in time and for teaching me what to value, how to hold.

I wrote what follows for my mother and her endless love and devotion to the always simple and right thing.

I wrote what follows for the great teachers I have worked with throughout my career, especially all who have worked at York Community High School in Elmhurst, Illinois, where from 1976–1996 I was patiently mentored then helped to patiently mentor a new generation of teachers.

I especially dedicate what follows in memory of my dear friend, Jerry Lombardo, who inspired a generation of students with his passion for music and his steadfast belief in the goodness of all children. He passed much too soon. As William Blake wrote, “We are put on earth a little space / So that we may learn to bear the beams of love.” I mention him here with love and grief for a profound loss.

I wrote what follows to all the students I've helped and who've helped me. Thank you for the love and the laughter and the tears and the moments when we knew something special was unfolding.

I wrote what follows for all the students I've failed by my own word or deed. I remember each and every one of you and hope you're well and successful.

I wrote what follows for the Fellows of the Golden Apple Foundation and especially for Golden Apple's founders, Mike and Pat Koldyke. These two brave and generous people gave a teacher at the end of his career rope the belief that what he did and dreamed had merit. Bless them.

And I wrote what follows for my wife Mary Lee, for the life and ineffable strength her love has given me.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Most of all, I am grateful to my original editor, Faye Zucker of Corwin for her steadfast encouragement and gentle guidance of this manuscript past its original raucous stream of consciousness to something akin to rational thought. That this effort rests in your hands is due to Faye's deeply appreciated tenacity. For this second edition, I am grateful to Carol Collins and Brett Ory for encouraging me to expand upon what I began. I also deeply thank Tomara Kafka for finding the rough edges in my words to further polish but saw value within them anyway and said so. To touch the hearts of students in your sight is a blessing indeed—but to do so for those you do not see? Humbling.