

## **This Too Shall Pass**

For all the tribulations, challenges, and joys of teaching youngsters,  
often pacing with the slower learners,

putting up with the interrupters,

one element of time silently grows upon us; slips in as if being cast,  
when we realize that these will soon leave us, grow, and move on.

“This too shall pass”.

Year after year, it becomes part of our expectation;  
A hope that next year’s class will be better; this year’s class,

“Please leave at vacation!”

Insidiously, a teacher’s life adapts to the constant, temporal engagements;  
here today, gone tomorrow,

always more replacements.

This can tend to change commitments as something not to count on,  
Traditional commitments, marriage, family friendships under stress,

better gone?

Easier to leave, easy to replace? A teacher’s way of life is scheduled to embrace.  
What happens when the job ends, constantly changing relationships,

trying to keep pace?

Will we find what we need? Will the peace and quiet suffice?  
Will we be happy if lonely? What will this stigma change?

What is the price?

What is the loss?