

Upfront

Two weeks ago, in a very abbreviated version of this column, I promised to “return to more verbose form” in the following issue (this one). I’m going to break my promise.

If you read this piece regularly, you know that I am teaching (five one-hour sections, back to back to back to back to back) to Horizons middle school program students for six weeks this summer. We are smack in the middle of those six weeks. It’s exhausting. I’m up early and I can’t navigate my way to sleep at a reasonable hour. When I get home, I have neither the time nor the energy to do half of the things on my list that require attention.

We tend to view teachers through the lens of homogeneity, as we do with “the police,” “the military,” “the government,” as if one educator is seamlessly interchangeable with another. As though, within a vast community with one common characteristic (job), there’s a normative, tightly banded level of aptitude and competence and motivation and diligence and virtuous intent. There’s not. As it’s an oversimplification to classify each person pursuing a particular vocation as a “hero,” so is it inappropriate to conflate the characters of each person who has chosen an educator’s path to professional purpose and paid bills. The truth is: These are human vocations, and the quality of the human output is subject to each of the human practitioner’s capacity and imperfections. Some days I think I’m doing a good job; others, I feel defeated. Some days I connect with a kid in a special way; occasionally I ask one to leave to save either one of us from wasting any more of our time. But there’s an immutable fact about the work: It’s hard.

Which leaves me with less residual intellectual firepower than I need to craft 1,000 pithy words in 90 minutes up against a hard deadline. Yet there is a serendipitous connection to a teacher’s toil in the pages that follow. Read on and you’ll find our annual salute to Skidaway’s high school graduates. This year, there are 84 (whom we’ve been able to identify). When we conceived this feature almost 20 years ago, we hoped to affirm that Skidaway Island was and is much more than a retirement community. High school grads are evidence that many families have chosen to raise their children here. While it’s not mathematically disciplined to extrapolate this year’s senior class to assume that the other 12 grades have a similar number of Skidaway kids filling school seats throughout the region, it’s a reasonable approximation. Such logic suggests that Skidaway Island could be home to close to 1,000 school age children. Even if half the resident families waited until their youngsters were in middle school to move to Skidaway, it’s likely that there are 750 students in the households that receive this magazine. Not a retirement community, for sure.

Perhaps it speaks to the popularity of the graduation issue: This is the biggest book we’ve printed in several years. Forty-eight pages. Our size is driven by advertisers’ demand for space. More ads mean more room for content. Advertisers fund our work and your entertainment. We are continuously grateful for their support and hopeful that you patronize them. On this occasion, the release of an issue that is a five-year size record for us, it’s important to acknowledge our patrons, just as we honor the members of the Class of 2022, who are soon to follow their dreams.

This column is shorter and more mercenary than my aspirations prefer, but we think you’ll like what you find as you turn inside. Enjoy.

Scott A. Lauriat

World-Class Dental Care Close to Home

Abby L. Dew, DDS • Landings Resident

BOTOX®

INVISALIGN®

SMILE MAKEOVERS

COMPREHENSIVE CARE FOR COMPLETE DENTAL WELLNESS



Schedule Online Now!

50 Meeting Street • Suite B • Skidaway Island • 912.480.0804 • DentalHarbor.com • @DoctorAbbyDew