

## 22th Storyworth: Did You Ever Get In Trouble At School As A Child?

As with last week's, this one will be pretty short. Except for getting relatively poor grades, I was a pretty well behaved child growing up – probably more serious than was really good for me. My rebellion came a bit later; ninth grade and then through High school ;-). One of the few things I do recall was while I was attending Regina Coeli in Hyde Park, which I only did through midyear in 6<sup>th</sup> grade, at which point my parents recognized that their lack of opening the science books by that time meant I was WELL behind my peers in the public school in things technical, and my parents recognized that I was eventually going to be technical, even if they knew little else of my future. So they moved me to Hyde Park Elementary “just in time” for me to start learning how a jet turbine works.

I DO recall that any misbehavior in parochial school would result in a sharp rap on the knuckles with a wooden yardstick from Sister Johnny Kat. Merely one of my early indicators that something was desperately wrong with religious teachings, which has been borne out regularly with news of sexual mis-conduct and the like, and by NO means limited to Catholics either. Just think about what little we ever knew of madrassas'.

But as I indicated, I was a pretty conservative guy who rocked very few boats. Which I presume was part of why I was given the opportunity, reinforced by my performance in the roles, of sales and the like on behalf of the Boy Scouts, schools, and whatever, plus my yard care business ventures which netted me my spending money liberties. I guess I was “practicing” for my eventual career as an Independent Contractor, where personal responsibility was the only way to succeed at ANYTHING. I don't view me as BORING, per se, but rather as dependable and forthright. But that means I had very few rap sheets on me as a kid ;-)

One obvious change in that HAD to be 9<sup>th</sup> grade, at the very least the first time through. They insisted I study a foreign language because I was evidently smart enough to have NOT been put on the “BOCES track”, and that was the limit of their thought process. I had other ideas; I wanted shop. So I basically tuned out and dropped in, which must have been an issue because they flunked me. Then repeated me, only to have one perceptive Guidance Counselor ask “What's wrong with this picture?” when, having finally gotten shop, I built a model plane which did aerobatics but returned to me, which is clearly NOT typical for somebody bad at math ;-)

You've already read about the outcome from THAT episode elsewhere ;-). I was SUCH a bad boy ;-)

Still am. Ask anybody ;-)

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