



**This year is...
Washington D.C.**

ISS Recruiting Fairs have already started. But my sights are on DC.



Where to? No idea!

Everyone wants to know where to next. So would I. No idea. Doesn't matter. My path will soon be clear. Say...February.

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ST. SOMETIMES

**The Life and Times of Greg Lemoine,
International Educator Since 2001.**

In A Slump

This is just another dull month in the life of ...me. Life in the desert is so blah. It's a roller coaster ride. When the dips come, they are deep. I couldn't get out of the slump, get rid of the uneventful weeks, or drown myself in Lord of the Rings and Expanse episodes. Nope.

Next month will have to be a month of change. Something must be done. I've got to change things. It's time to seek health, fill my soul with BauSheng, and live life. I've faltered in the shadow of boredom for way too long.

It's time for major changes. The time is nigh. It's rambling time again for this kid. The window is open. The exact path is unclear, the direction is ambiguous, but change is inevitable now.



I've got nothing. Even thinking, recording minor events, and more thinking, it is so difficult to write a newsletter volume when there is so little input. Life drags on.

The Job Morphs and I Follow

At the beginning of this year, I really didn't know what my job would entail. My room was taken over by a new teacher. We imported a second teacher for our group, and my work wife and I were slated to do what we always do... two jobs: tech support and full time teaching in Future Lab. What we didn't know was...how would we split the time devoted to each part of the job.

The boss agreed, an extended time split between teacher and support was important. Every other week just

wouldn't work out. I spent the first full month of school in tech support organizing our lists, data bases, and collecting information. Naturally, I did all the things techies do at schools: move monitors, connect printers, fix email groups, problem solve smart boards and classroom tech, teach teachers, and more. Just waiting for the final decision about the split.

Finally, the second week of September, it was decided for us. I would be the teacher. She would be the tech. How

long? Maybe the rest of the year. Maybe not. But the decision was made.

A month into classes, I took over the full time teaching of our maker space. I'm now one of three teachers in a team I helped develop over the past two years. But I'm just a sideline. One of the new teachers is the team leader. I just give my two cents and follow the decisions made for me. If I am included. True or not, that's how I feel.

The writing is on the wall.

Dixie Band?



To quote Jake and Elwood, “we’re putting the band back together!”

Just a few weeks ago, Ian and I managed to clear the red tape and get the band back into the middle school practice room. No more hauling all the crap to some random open dining hall. After a 2 year hiatus, we are back in the room where the magic was born 8 years ago.

Now it has been long enough. I need to join the dixie version of the band again. There are only a few players. Something like 5 or 6 when I broke off from the group last spring.

I sent my saxes home with David so it’s time to dust off the clarinets and brush up on my fingerings again. Dixie here I come.

It’s like I’m in 6th grade again. The only difference is we are all adults, some are even Band teachers, there are only a handful of us, and only a few are truly familiar with American Dixie Jazz. At least, that was how it was in the beginning. We’d warm up with an easy version of Saints and spend the rest of practice looking at measure upon measure of improvisation keys. That’s not easy. I need to practice. Bring it on. Bring on those Saints.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

BauSheng



It’s time to get back into the one thing that encompasses the rest of life for me...BauSheng. It’s a way of life. A way of looking at everything. The way to go through life in a positive way. A pure exercise. A sense of self. And so much more.

David isn’t here. But that isn’t as important as it may seem. Even if David is around for inspiration and guidance, I am the only truly important part of BauSheng. The commitment is mine. BauSheng is not practice. It is doing. It is living a 24/7 connection to self and everything around me.

It starts with the most basic functions of any minute - breathing, moving, awareness. David showed me the door. I have to reassess and walk back through that door. I’ve neglected my commitment to myself for a month now. It started with taking one day off of practice, last month. That day turned into way too long.

Welcome back new, BauSheng Greg. October is my reawakening. Breathe, move, be aware. I look forward to it as I write this. Tomorrow, October 1, is the day of my recommitment.

You know you love something if you truly miss it’s absence. BauSheng is so for me.

8 Years Old



Living on the island is such a “long strange trip”. Ask anyone who lives here. What’s the first thing you do when you have some free time and want to enjoy yourself? “Go to Bahrain.”

It may be for alcohol, shopping, diner, dentist, massage, swimming, a night out dancing, Friday brunch (similar to a Sunday brunch in the US), or the vital sense of FREEDOM. Nine out of ten people here, even locals, will go to Bahrain.

Matt and Stacy’s twins turned 8 the last weekend of September. I found myself in their car at the last minute. The local Amazon delivered legos a few days before. I even wrapped them and included a gift for Ru and Moo. The other brothers that I rarely see. (I always bring gifts for all four since I see them so rarely - even if it’s a birthday for one or the twins.)

We spent the weekend at the Gulf Hotel pool with a load of other teachers from the district. Everyone goes to Bahrain like its Spring Break - even if it’s just a long weekend like this one. Three days? Let’s go to Bahrain.

I love being with my Judd family. I tell everyone I am the oldest son. You should see the looks we get.

I'LL GET OUTTA THIS SLUMP

