

Ladies and gentlemen,

As I stand here today, I can't help but wonder, did I retire or did the school finally take mercy on these poor students? After all, they've only known me as the teacher who accidentally wore two different shoes, forgot the projector remote more times than I care to admit, and once mistook the PTA meeting for my yoga class. Spoiler alert: Downward dog is not a part of the curriculum!

But all jokes aside, this place has been my second home for so many years. I'll miss the students' enthusiastic "Are we doing anything fun today?" and my ever-innovative response, "Oh, you mean like a pop quiz?" Which, I assure you, was met with the kind of joy only a surprise dental appointment could rival.

To my fellow teachers, how I will miss our clandestine meetings over coffee, where we solved all the world's problems before the first bell. Let's be honest, the world needs more of those meetings.

And to the administration, thank you for your support, your patience, and for not changing the copier code every time I managed to jam it. You all deserve a medal--or at the very least, a functioning printer by the end of next year.

Finally, to all of you, please know that I leave with a heart full of gratitude and a closet full of school spirit T-shirts I plan to wear with pride. Retirement is simply the world's way of saying, "You've graded enough papers, and you deserve to forget what day of the week it is."

Thank you for being a part of this incredible journey. Now, I'm off to find new adventures and possibly learn the mysterious art of cooking dinner before 8 p.m.

Thank you, and keep in touch!