

Our Wondrous Wanda

By Glenn Currier

I heard laughter from the room
stopped there in my tracks
atypical of the normal gloom
on students writing just the facts.

I looked in to see the source,
the stimulus of this brightness,
she spoke with such great force
on matters of both import and lightness.

What I didn't know then
was the depth and strength of her care,
the great love and respect she'd win,
or the times of fun and pain we would share.

Ms. Jones, the thing that will never vary
is the love of learning and life you've taught
and a spirit wondrous and extraordinary
in whose net all of us have been caught.

Author's Note: This poem was my birthday gift to Wanda Jones on her birthday. It was read to her in the Blue Moon Cafe amidst the bells and beeps of the slots at Choctaw Casino June 9, 2011.

I had the pleasure and privilege to teach with Wanda for several years at El Centro College in Dallas, Texas where she was renowned for her skill and verve as a history teacher. She was one of the most popular and beloved teachers among students.

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