



JUNE 2025 SCRA SCHOLARSHIP RECIPIENTS

- 1. Dominic Kessler, SCRA Scholarship recipient, will receive \$1500.00 after one semester of Higher Learning Education. He is planning on attending the University of Hawaii at Manoa in Honolulu, Hawaii. He says “I plan to pursue a career in the medical field, most likely pursuing a career path as a Physician Assistant.” He estimates that schooling expenses for the first year will be over \$54,000**
- 2. Casey Haas, another SCRA Scholarship recipient, will also receive \$1500.00 after one semester of Higher Learning Education. He is planning on attending Penn State University in University Park, Pa. He says: “I plan on majoring in Biochemistry and Molecular Biology at Penn State. I then plan on going to med school and achieving a Doctor of Medicine (MD) to become a surgeon at my own practice.” He estimates that schooling expenses for the first year will be almost \$60,000.**
- 3. Iris Clements, recipient of the Joseph Clement Scholarship, will receive a \$1000.00 award after one semester of higher learning education donated by the Clement family. She says: “I plan to major in Early Childhood Education, and become an elementary school teacher.” She estimates that schooling expenses for the first year will be over \$26,000.**

ANDREA PAGE PROMOTES HER NEW BOOK



Andrea M. Page is thrilled to announce her middle grade book **WHO WAS WILMA MANKILLER?** is available now from where you buy your books. Please visit WriterAndreaPage.com for more information.

Book Description: Wilma Mankiller grew up immersed in the Cherokee community and culture of Oklahoma. When her family moved to San Francisco as part of the Indian Relocation Program, she had to quickly adjust to city life. Along the way, Wilma never lost her dedication to her people and her Cherokee Culture. She grew up to become a major political activist and became the First Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation.

Ed Note: This book is available on Amazon for \$6.99.

THINGS THAT MAKE YOU THINK**Reprinted From Facebook****July 13, 2025**

“Today, a 7-year-old told me I was useless.” That’s how my last day as a public school teacher began. No smirk. No attitude. Just a plain, indifferent voice—like he was commenting on the weather.

“You don’t know how to do TikTok. My mom says old people like you should retire.” I smiled. I’ve learned not to take it personally. But still... I felt something crack a little deeper inside.

My name is Mrs. Carter.

I’ve been teaching first grade in a small town outside Columbus, Ohio, for 36 years. Today, I packed up my classroom for the last time.

When I started in the late ‘80s, teaching felt like a calling. A sacred bond. We were trusted. Even admired. We weren’t paid much, but there was respect—and that made up for a lot. Parents brought brownies on conference nights. Kids drew me birthday cards with misspelled words and crooked hearts. And when little ones finally read their first sentence out loud? There was a kind of joy no paycheck could ever match.

But something’s changed. Slowly. Quietly. Year by year. Until one day, I looked around my classroom and didn’t recognize the job anymore. It’s not just the iPads and smartboards—though they’ve taken over, too. It’s the exhaustion. The disrespect. The loneliness.

I used to spend evenings cutting out paper apples for bulletin boards. Now I spend them documenting every incident on a student behavior app, just in case a parent threatens to sue.

I’ve been screamed at in front of my class. Not by students—by parents. One told me, “You clearly don’t know how to handle children. I watched a video of you on my son’s phone.” He was filming me while I tried to calm another child having a meltdown. No one asked how I was doing. No one cared that I was holding it together with gum, caffeine, and sheer will.

Kids are different now, too. And it’s not their fault. They’re growing up in a world that’s too fast, too loud, too disconnected. They come to school sleep-deprived, overstimulated, addicted to screens. Some are angry. Some are scared. Some don’t know how to hold a pencil, how to wait their turn, or how to say “please.” And we’re expected to fix it all. In 6 hours. With no aides. With 28 students. And a budget that wouldn’t buy snacks for a birthday party.

I remember when my classroom was a little haven. We had a reading nook with bean bags. We sang songs every morning. We learned to be kind before we learned to multiply. Now? Now, I’m told to focus on “learning targets,” “data points,” and “measurable outcomes.” My value is based on how well a 6-year-old fills in bubbles on a test in March. I once had a principal pull me aside and say, “You’re too warm and fuzzy. This district wants results.” As if human connection was a liability.

continued on p. 4

continued from p. 3

I kept going, though. Because there were always moments. Small, sacred ones. A child who whispered, “You’re like my grandma. I wish I could live with you.” Another who left a note on my desk: “I feel safe here.” Or the quiet boy who finally looked me in the eye and said, “I read it all by myself.”

I held onto those moments like life rafts. Because they reminded me I was still doing something that mattered—even when the world insisted I wasn’t.

But this past year broke something in me. Violence increased. One child threw a chair across the room. Another threatened to “bring something from home” after being told to sit down. My classroom phone became a hotline for behavior crises. The guidance counselor quit in October. The substitute list was empty by November. The burnout was so thick you could feel it in the air—like a fog of quiet despair. And me? I started to feel invisible. Replaceable. Like an outdated tool in a digital world that no longer sees the need for human touch.

So today, I packed up my classroom, peeled faded art projects off the wall—some going back decades. I found a box of thank-you cards from a class in 1995. One said, “Thank you for loving me even when I was bad.” I cried when I read that. Because back then, being a teacher meant something.

Now, it feels like a job you’re supposed to apologize for. There was no party. No speech. Just a firm handshake from the new principal, who called me “Ma’am” and looked at his phone halfway through our goodbye.

I left behind my sticker box. My rocking chair. My patience. But I took the memory of every child who ever looked at me with wonder, trust, or relief. That’s mine. They can’t take that away. I don’t know what’s next. Maybe I’ll volunteer at the library. Maybe I’ll learn to bake bread from scratch. Maybe I’ll just sit on my back porch, sipping tea, remembering a world that used to feel softer.

Because I miss it. I miss a time when teachers were seen as partners, not punching bags. When parents and schools worked together. When education meant growth, not just grades. If you’ve ever been a teacher, you know. We didn’t do it for the summers off. We did it for the kid who finally learned to tie his shoe. For the one who smiled after weeks of silence. For the ones who needed us in ways no test could measure. We did it for love. For hope. For belief in something better.

So if you see a teacher—past or present—thank them. Not with a mug or an apple. With your voice. Your eyes. Your respect. Because in a world that moves too fast, they stayed. In a system that crumbled, they stood. And in a society that forgot them, they remembered every child.

Let the teachers of the past know they’re not forgotten.

Let the teachers of today know they’re not alone.



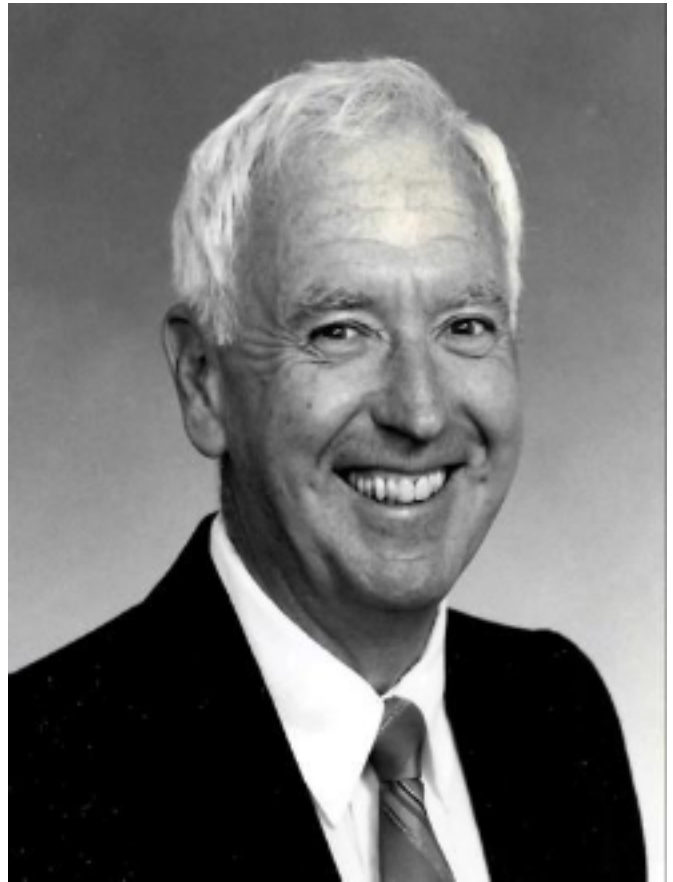
IN SYMPATHY



ANN MURPHY

Ann Murphy, Music teacher in the Cosgrove Middle School and E.J. Wilson High School, passed away on June 26, 2025. She is survived by her husband, Michael and daughter, Cecilia.

Calling hours were on June 30, at Bartolomeo & Perotto Funeral Home and her Funeral Mass was on July 1, at St. Pius Tenth Church, 3010 Chili Avenue, Rochester, NY



GEORGE J. DUFORD

George Duford, retired high school counselor, passed away on July 14, 2025. He is survived by his wife, Patty, sons, David, Mark and Craig, six grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

A Funeral Mass was held on Monday, July 21, at St. John the Evangelist Church. Internment to follow.

*In
Loving
Memory*



FROM LEFT: KATE HARRINGTON (DAUGHTER), SAMANTHA GOLDMAN (GRANDDAUGHTER) PAT HARRINGTON, AND JOSEPHINE GOLDMAN (GRANDDAUGHTER)

Patricia Harrington, a lifelong educator, devoted mother, and beloved grandmother, passed away in July at the age of 84.

Her love for children extended far beyond the classroom. Patricia was active in the teacher's union, taught Sunday school at her church, and tutored children during the summers. She also participated in the Fresh Air Program, welcoming children from New York City into her home for a few weeks during the summer, providing them with a nurturing environment and unforgettable experiences.

Perhaps her greatest act of love and dedication was adopting her daughter, Kate, from Seoul, Korea, as a single parent. Patricia embraced motherhood with grace and unwavering devotion, raising Kate with the same care, compassion, and strength she brought to her students.

Patricia is survived by her daughter Kate Harrington, son-in-law Neal Goldman, and her cherished granddaughters, Samantha and Josephine Goldman. Her legacy lives on through them, and through the countless lives she touched as a teacher, mentor, and friend.

IN SYMPATHY**GAY H. LENHARD**

Gay Lenhard, past President of the Spencerport Board of Education, passed away on September 14, 2025. She was 91, and living at the Maplewood Nursing Home in Webster, NY

She is survived by her daughter Robbie (Dave) Dewey, four grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

A Memorial Service was held on September 27, at the First Congregational Church of Spencerport.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the White Church in Gay's memory.

**MARGARET JILL GARWOOD**

Jill Garwood, retired Administrative Assistant, passed away on September 25, 2025. She was 93.

She is survived by her four sons, nine grandchildren and four great grandchildren,

A Memorial Service was held on October 3, at the Congregational White Church in Spencerport. In lieu of flowers, donations in honor of Jill may be made to the Spencerport Athletics Varsity Club, 71 Lyell Avenue, Spencerport, NY 14559

OUR ANNUAL PICNIC WAS HELD ON SEPTEMBER 16, 2025 AT PINEWAY PONDS PARK. SEE IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY ANY OF THE PEOPLE IN THESE PICTURES.

Please refer to the attendee list on page 11.







PICNIC ATTENDEES

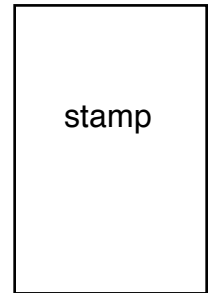
- Steve Clarke
- Mary Clarke
- Kathy DeLorme
- Donna Randazzo
- Bill Wolf
- Donna Wolf
- Howard Harris
- Terry Dingee
- Sue Dingee
- Judy Ball
- JoAnne Maier
- Bette Sherman
- Deb Yeara
- Sandy McGreevy
- Mary Ann Grazioplena
- Mary Lane Alexander
- Joyce Knutowicz
- Donna Austin
- Trudy Demarte
- Teresa Trujillo
- Andrea Page
- Berka Mou
- Janeen Henry
- Sandy Ritz
- Carol Lennon
- Doug Lennon
- Lynne Mullins
- Adele Palmateer
- Melva Owens
- Pete Hinchey
- Diana Hanley
- Kim VanDeWeghe
- Lisa Zona
- Nancy Knight
- Steve Dzina
- Beth Brooks
- Gretchen Breon
- Robin Allison
- Sue Stein
- John Beradicurti





SAVE THE DATE
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16
FOR OUR ANNUAL
HOLIDAY PARTY
AT
RED FEDELE'S
BROOK HOUSE
More info later

Spencerport Central Retirees' Association
Kathy DeLorme, President
60 Hideway Lane
Brockport, NY 14420



FIRST CLASS

