

## It's About Time

*Time for you and time for me,  
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,  
And for a hundred visions and revisions,  
Before the taking of a toast and tea.*

T.S. Eliot **1888-1965**

*How long have you awaited timelessness?  
This auspicious day knows the increasing light of opportunity.*

道元禪師 **1200-1253**

It's about time that we talk. So then let us talk about time. About these troubled times where so much is at risk - most immediately, the lives of the children we serve.

I awaken at 4:55 to an Aiko Hasegawa recording set as my alarm. It is time to get up - and then time to sit in stillness before the dawn's early light - 60 minutes - to work at purifying the heart - to watch thoughts, feelings, and emotions come and go. Then coffee, *La Mañanera del Pueblo*, and I wheel across the park, 20 minutes toward the rising sun and a sleeping school. Through the front door ajar, I then glance back down the block toward 2nd Avenue - the zelkovas' leaves once again turned to flame. An auspicious day.

Autumn has fallen. My own autumn a while ago - and now this one of many early autumns for our young students. I was young once, too - 33, at our founding. And now it is 33 years later as I write to you from 103rd Street in the 309 (103x3) building. Such numbers are the punctuation marks we humans use as auguries - to divide the infinity of space in finite cities - to give meaning to the run-on sentence of our runaway life and times.

We fortunate few get to write the stories of our lives. Should we let others write it, a false narrative unfolds and becomes a life sentence we then serve in quiet, if well-appointed, desperation. I do think we have a choice - it's why I get up in the morning.

Thanks to you, in our home of the free and the brave here in Spanish Harlem, we together have chosen to write a 33 year chronicle celebrating our common dignity and our uncommon beauty. **We are like no other school. We are a place of deep serenity and unyielding virtue, and a refuge where children experience and develop their full humanity.** Our community here has scripted our destiny together in declarative, interrogative, and exclamatory sentences, all with the shining imperatives that empathy must ennoble the patriot's dream and that imagining others makes a more enduring republic possible.

For 33 years we have worked for *los de abajo* - those with lowest of incomes - but highest of values. We happily toil here, in the limited time we have, on our hallowed half acre, also to safeguard our own personal posterity. How do we wish to be remembered?

Even as autumnal shadows grow, we will write our own history on *this auspicious day that knows the increasing light of opportunity* - and that auspicious day is any day and time of our choosing. No time like now.

We are so grateful for your support.

Love for all we are and can be,

Iván