When I was a child back in the late 50’s and early 60’s society’s general opinion of divorce was that only people of questionable morals got divorce. Divorce and divorced people, particularly women were looked down upon. When I was child, my parents in large part, and my mother in particular instilled in me the belief that divorce was immoral and that divorced people, particularly divorced women should be looked down upon and gossiped about.

At age 8, I entered the 4th grade and immediately fell in love with my teacher, Miss \_\_\_\_\_. She was everything my young mind told me to seek: young, sexy, and smart, she carried herself with a poise that stopped my heart occasionally—she was radiant. My goal became to spend as much time as I could with her by volunteering for all sorts of duties before and after school. Everything she shared with me only contributed to my adulation and worship. I sang her praises to myself and fantasized about her constantly (these were the innocent fantasies of an eight year old, not the glandular ones that waited for me down the road at a place called puberty). Put a few years on me and she would be mine.

But that all changed. One day another parent visited my home, and I overheard my mom and her gossiping about Miss \_\_\_\_ , the fact that she had recently divorced, and the concern that a woman of such low morals was teaching their children.

I gleaned two coming-of-age discoveries from that one experience: I discovered that adults are not always what they seem to be or would like to be seen to be. At first, this discovery was directed at Miss\_\_\_. My infatuation for her morphed into avoidance. I avoided any unnecessary contact. I’m not sure if she noticed or understood why the change; I am not sure I did either. Later, looking back as our narrator is, the light of discovery shifted to my parents, their era, and their prejudice. I realized belatedly that their values were nothing more than their values; and that they were as blind to their prejudices as many of us are.