

# ADVISORY NEWSLETTER

EDITION 5

editor: Michael Hoyt Remy



## **Live now, not later**

When you're out there living your life and notice something that urges you to stop and observe, STOP AND OBSERVE. Darn it. A brief glimpse of a sunset through some pine trees while blasting along a major highway. A caterpillar crawling through some dead leaves as you rush to work. A field of goats next to an old red barn as you ride your bike to the ice cream parlor. Take the time to soak it in even when, NO, ESPECIALLY WHEN there's absolutely no time. You'll never get it back.

I once rode in a car with a lady who was on the verge of retirement. I asked her what she planned to do in her retirement and she enthusiastically said "finally stop and take pictures of all of the places I never had time to take pictures of". I teared up. It's good to think about retirement even when you are young but don't let it dominate your every move. Don't wait until you are 65 to start living. Don't wait to be alive. Fully enjoy the world you live in right now.

## **Everything is trash**

Think about trash. It's everywhere. There are people in this world who roll down their windows and throw bags of Wendy's out into the forest. What chain of events led to someone thinking that this was a good idea? There's so much trash everywhere and it's disgusting. It's interesting what kinds of things end up on the side of the road. So many cigarette butts. So many Bud Light cans. Why do people even have Bud Light cans in their car? Ughhh. It's infuriating. Who picks this stuff up?

One option: YOU. If you are walking along with your pals and see debris, take ownership from time to time and get the job done. I went through a period of my life where I felt irreversibly guilty into picking up any trash I saw. There were times where I'd pretend I didn't see it only to turn around ten minutes later to backtrack for a Snicker's wrapper. It plagued me. My grandma once developed a system where I could get one piece of candy for every piece of trash I picked up on our walks. Thanks Grandma!

## **ADVISORY NEWSLETTER, edition 5**

I taught PK (FOUR YEAR OLDS) through 5th grade music when I first started teaching in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina- it was rough. You would've been my students there. That's weird to think about. Anyways, sometime in the fall, the kindergarten classes had a project where they had to make lists of things to do for fun. The lists were pure gold. I have one of them on my fridge at home, I'll show it to you another time. Here's my list:

Some ideas for things you could do this weekend:

listen to an entire album from beginning to end while sitting completely still.

paint a picture of a forest. include animals.

pet a dog.

make a new recipe.

call an old friend and tell them that you are thinking of them.

take a walk somewhere you've never been.

go searching for the beginnings of spring.

finish your homework early so that you can fully enjoy your weekend.

revisit something you enjoyed 10 years ago.

talk to someone who is really old about what life was like when they were your age.

talk to someone who is really young about what life is like for them.

talk to a bug.

make a giant sandwich, eat the entire thing, take a long nap.

# ADVISORY NEWSLETTER

EDITION 6

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## PLANTS

You want to look for a plant that shares your worldview. One that represents the best and worst of who you are: a true companion, like a dog without organs. It's gotta be something you care about.

Otherwise, it'll be dead in a week- drying to ash, crumbling into the deserted soil like a saltine into a bowl of clam chowder. You'll feel sad as you toss that pink plastic pot into the trash and kiss that \$9.95 goodbye. You could've bought a Chipotle burrito (half pork, half chicken, white rice, pinto beans, all four salsas, sour cream, cheese, lettuce and a side of guac to eat with a spoon) with that cash but NO, YOU JUST HAD TO HAVE A PLANT. Oh well.

I've had terrible luck with plants over the years.

But I went to Home Depot a few weeks ago and saw the plant of my dreams. A sassy little green plant with what looks like pink tie-died leaves in a red pot. It's fancy but practical. I derive a whole lot of joy out of watering it each morning- opening the blinds to drench it with the morning sun. I can almost feel it stretching up to me, relieved to live another day, saying "thank you, bud".

## Hot lunches are a boil on the hairy back of society.

Seriously.

It always seems like such a great idea. Hot lunch, yum. It's 10:30AM and you can smell meatloaf in the distance. It's 10:45 and you're imagining swimming in an above ground swimming pool filled to the brim with red skin mashed potatoes with a slick of butter shimmering on top. It's 11 and you start eating your own hair to fend off the shakes. I get it. Doesn't matter.

10/10 times hot lunch takes you down an hour later.

Nobody enjoys the afternoon. 1pm-3pm is the worst time. No one has ever had a good time in the afternoon, we're all just waiting for better hours, bloated, sweaty and full of regret.

My suggestion to you is to switch to salads for lunch- with some sort of protein.

**ADVISORY NEWSLETTER, edition 6**

Skipping advisory is lame.

Dreading advisory is lame.

Being in advisory and constantly checking the time and being a body in a room is lame.

Not mentioning the long advisories, we have 8 minutes a day four days a week and many folks waste it (not just Remy advisory specific).

That's 32 minutes a week, 1152 minutes per school year (19.2 hours)= 76.8 hours over the course of your high school career (3.2 days), so... let's count the long advisory: 72 additional hours.

Over the course of four years, you are in advisory for 6.2 days.

That's pretty serious. Don't take it for granted.





# ADVISORY NEWSLETTER

Edition 2, Issue 1  
Remy



## **Advice is hard. Like granite but a smidge harder.**

I started writing a newsletter for my last advisory when they were juniors. I gave advice about how to be a person. I also talked about how to pick a good deodorant and how to wait for the deals to buy corn at the grocery store, unless you just really love corn. I used to think that in order to give advice, you had to have a really, really big mustache and wear a dark wool sweater. Your hands had to be cracked and leathery from decades of grueling labor at the farm.

You'd always bring it up in conversations but never provide any real information about it.

"That's the way it was on the farm".

You'd also had to have a perfect grimace, like a lizard staring directly into the sun from the floor of the desert.

None of that is true.

You all give great advice. Like old farm hands. Or like turtles.

You can get great advice from a turtle. Just keep your hands away from its mouth. That's my only advice to you about turtles.

Keep your hands away from their mouths.

## **I love fresh starts.**

What's the opposite of getting all cozy before bed?

That's what I do whenever I'm presented with a fresh start. I pace around my house making little piles of things I'll need to suddenly be a completely new person now that I've got another chance.

Piles of clothes. Magazines. Baked Goods.  
Guinea Pigs.

Piles and piles.

It never pans out.

Fresh starts are great but more often than not they're a new door to the same musty room. That doesn't mean that life isn't incredible or that you shouldn't be ambitious.

It means that it's ok to be you.

You're Katahdin. You're the Grand Canyon. It's not going to be easy to change a landmark. More often than not, you have to rely on subtle erosion. A mineral packed stream carving out its path for millions of years.

It's often the smallest, quietist actions that make the biggest difference.

I don't have a large mustache, an old hound or any mysterious references to "farm life", but I think the best advice might be to have an "attitude for gratitude".

And my advice about this advice is that an attitude for gratitude (AFG) is more than saying thanks when someone loans you their tractor to harvest your corn. Just like Terry did, back on the farm.

There's much to be grateful for in this world. In this time. On this island. At this school. In this room. Unfortunately, we are distracted and it's grown nearly impossible to experience all the life around us.

The little spider next to the music room sink that's been spinning a web between two crusty coffee mugs for seven months. The way that shy kid in your B block class double ties their CHUCKS by tucking them underneath the crossed laces. The cheeto smeared fingerprints in the dust on a corner bookshelf.

There are stories being told all around you.

There's so much more than snapchat. Maybe someone should make a snapchat of discarded bread crusts and piles of dust and hair. Your user name could have a veiled reference to life on the old farm.

If you spend your entire life on your phone or wishing you were somewhere else, it's nearly impossible to maintain an attitude for gratitude. I'll leave you with one of my favorite Carl Sandburg poems.

Two bubbles found they had rainbows on their curves.  
They flickered out saying:

"It was worth being a bubble, just to have held that rainbow thirty seconds."



