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## Math Poem

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pers of his own, in part through editorials on other people's work, continues to unfold. The resulting ferment of perspectives and ideas was heightened by Bob's move, in 1988, to Rutgers. His later work took place within what had now become a wide discussion among collaborating teachers, research scholars, and educational activists, sparked by his continued research on the development of mathematical ideas in children and adults. The communities that evolved around his work found voices, listened, and responded to each other.

Bob often reminded us that strong communities survive their founders, by finding ways to keep on growing. Now we need to demonstrate this truth by how we put it into practice. Bob resisted sentiment in place of honest passion and clear, committed thinking. He didn't want to see his life and work compressed to sound bites, chunks, or easy summaries. We miss him everyday. We miss the power of his listening. We miss his happy laugh, his deep, unflinching care for people, his graceful modesty. When he really liked something, he would say, "This is gorgeous!" and his face would

shine. We miss his pleasure in the work of others.

Survivors include a son, Paul of Ann Arbor Michigan; a daughter, Alexandra Davis-Hay of Bradenton, Florida; his wife, now Rose Garcia of Apopka, Florida; a brother, Edward of Leverett, Massachusetts; a special friend, Mary Howard of Highland Park, New Jersey; and many thousands of young people, most of whom have likely never heard Bob's name, whose lives he cared about, and touched, and changed.

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*and*

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*Co-Editors, Journal of Mathematical Behavior*

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#### **MATH POEM**

Math is easy as A, B, C  
It deals with all numbers  
like one, two, and three

It's simple and easy and fun and it's great  
I can multiply see!  
Two times four equals eight

With angles and shapes and parallelograms and more  
How many right angles in a square?  
I know! It is four!

Denominators, numerators, fractions galore  
Math is so fun, it's never a bore  
With so many things to know and explore!

Beth Corridori

#### **THE POEM OF MATH**

I saw a circle in my book,  
It was so round I had to look.

On the next page was a square,  
Its four sharp sides gave me a scare.

A triangle fell out loose,  
I do believe it was obtuse.

Now the next page was angley,  
Then it was very tangley.

Then I realized it was an angle,  
So I named it very very tangle.

A cylinder popped out of my book,  
It was round I had to take a look.

Michelle Wang