

Mel Boring



When I graduated from Southfield, I had absolutely no idea what I wanted to be when I grew up; I had doubts about whether I would ever even grow up. I went to college because my friends' mother, Annie Evans, asked me in my senior year, not if I was going to college, but where.

I owe a lot to Gary and Lary Evans' mother for I would not have gone if not for her. I went to a small Kansas college—Sterling—and four years later still didn't know what I wanted to be when I grew up. So I went to Princeton Theological Seminary, a place with a big name, where I felt like water out of a fish.

After seminary graduation, I stumbled my way into the ministry, but three years later discovered that I still didn't know what I wanted to be when I grew up. Having married and had two boys, I needed money, so I mistaked my way into school teaching. There, reading *Charlotte's Web* to my one-room school students, I finally thought I knew what I wanted to be—a children's writer.

After that, my marriage failed, making me feel like I had gotten an F in Life. But then I met Carol, and for 32 years our marriage has been what I had once only hoped marriage could be.

Carol and I took on my two sons after my first wife died in 1978, then we had a son and daughter of our own. Though I had once been a teacher, I became a student, taught things I would never have learned without our Josh, Jeremy, Zack and Katy.

I continued to write, always keeping a job to support me in a career that is not at all lucrative. Since we moved to Washington in 2006, I have been able just to write. I have a dozen published books, but feel like what has been written into my life by things that have happened to me is truly the best writing, and the most profitable for me. I look very much forward to coming full circle and seeing you people I began my Life journey with in high school.