



Marsha Gaynor Lewis
Founder and Director

Some Portraits of Lewis School Students

I first met Marsha Lewis in 1975 when my son was an afternoon tutorial student at The Lewis School. It was housed, at that time, on one floor of the old Woodrow Wilson Building on John Street. The rented space was humble, but the expertise of the school's special educators, their warmth and positive spirit was clearly apparent. I never doubted that I had entrusted my bright child's academic repair to teachers who could help him. Norman later returned to the school as a college sophomore for two semesters of rigorous full time study. He then transferred to Boston College where he earned his Bachelor of Science degree from The School of Management in 1989. *Norman T. (Pete) Callaway, 1994 In a Holiday Letter to Parents*

The Lewis School changed my children's lives for the better. In return, my family and I have served the school in any way we could to help it prosper and grow in its mission and outreach. We've worn many hats, all with brims that say "The Lewis School." The journey I've taken with Marsha Lewis and the faculty, through the challenges and victories of many years, has been rewarding. Yet as a parent, I feel gratitude still deeper than that of a trusted advisor.

A child's first day of school, with lunchbox and bookbag in tow, is a great milepost. Anxious but brimming with curiosity, each begins the journey toward enlightenment and purpose. But for my children, before they found The Lewis School, and for thousands of bright, capable persons whose unorthodox needs are not understood or significantly addressed, this journey is often fraught with heartbreak and hopelessness, a passage marked by conflict and pain. I know too well the waste of talent and resources among Learning-Different Persons who feel they have nowhere to turn for help and understanding.

And there are thousands of other histories filed away in the school's basement that can also be recalled with pride. The early intervention and ongoing mentoring of The Lewis School gave Felicia

Herman the grounding and educational support she needed as a dyslexic student. Felicia graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Wellesley College and is a published poet studying at Brandeis University in a combined doctoral program. As one of Marsha Lewis's first students, she learned to read, spell, and write with the "proper directionality of pencil strokes" when she was only four years old.

Joseph, a custodian at Squibb, invented his own color-coded language to keep the paint cans straight at work. His wife always accompanied him to interviews because he couldn't read or write. Joseph learned the alphabet for the first time at The Lewis School, shortly before his forty-sixth birthday. He reads to his children now and is proud of his position as Maintenance Supervisor for a local firm.

For Jon, a dyslexic junior from Harvard struggling to earn passing grades and Louis, an NYU medical student at the top of his class until his ADD overwhelmed him, or Kathleen, a Princeton Seminarian no longer able to cope with the demands of her course load because she read too slowly and forgot much of the material, the school's multisensory strategies of survey reading, study skills and test preparation created the freedom to excel and enjoy learning once again.

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