

I'm Amy Grant. I grew up in Brooklyn, NY (accent included!). I have fond memories of hanging out with my two older brothers on our front porch on summer nights.

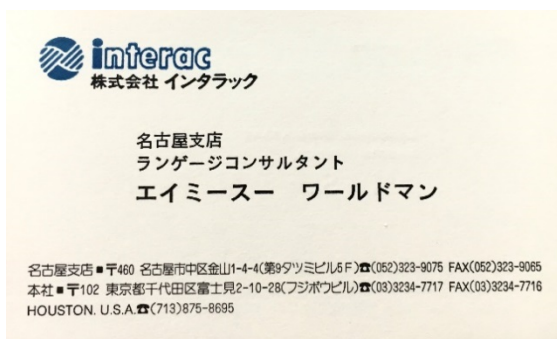


Here I am in my blue prom dress. Notice the big hair! My Dad, Lenny, is shown below. He died last year of COVID.



I went to UC Irvine for grad school. When I finished my degree in chemistry, I took a job teaching English in Japan. I spent holidays travelling to China, Thailand, and South Korea. On the way home, I took a trip to Egypt and Israel. Most of my traveling was solo—which now boggles my mind. I think my guardian angels were working overtime.

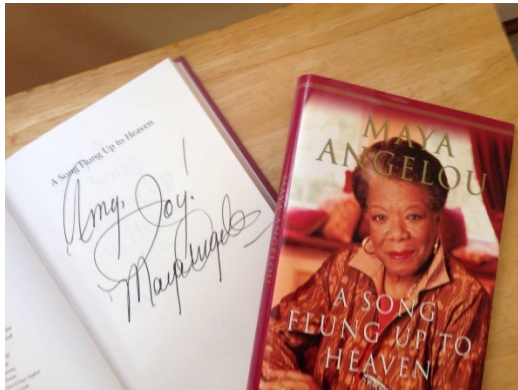
This is my Japanese business card. It says “Amy Sue” because I used to use my middle name. Here I am in front of a pyramid.



Kissing the ground on my return to the States (but avoiding my parents' spare room), I made it back to California. I took a tenure-track job teaching chemistry at El Camino College in 1999 and have been there ever since.

In 2002, I manned a booth at the LA Times Festival of Books for my college, held on the campus of UCLA. During a break, I found the line for Maya Angelou's autograph. It had already been cut off, but the student manning the back of the line was one of my former students. She snuck me in as the last person to meet my idol that day. Happily clutching the autograph, I queued up for a sandwich. The guy ahead of me started to chat—turned out he was an alumnus of El Camino College, and he loved swing dancing and books as

much as I did. We had a book-themed wedding in a historic library in 2005, and we have two teenagers together.



Here is my signed book! What a great day!

My longest lasting hobby has been yoga—nearly 20 years with a yoga teacher who is currently 85 and can do a split. I was an avid swing dancer for a couple of years. I played rock-and-roll drums for a time—my patient husband let me put a full drum set in our bedroom. And I love to travel. I’ve made it to 17 countries.



Our last big trip was a family event—we took our son for his Bar Mitzvah to the Western Wall in Israel.

My husband and I thought we’d be the best parents ever—taking our kids to all kinds of museums, concerts and vacations. He coached sports and I was the Girl Scout Troop Leader. Well, the tween/teen years are really kicking our butts. We adjusted our expectations down to ‘One day at a time’, and then further down to ‘This too shall pass, right?’ They are 13 and 15, so the end is not in sight. I showed my daughter a weird patch of gray hair that’s only on one side of my head, and she quipped, “Is that spot dedicated to me?” Yup.



Here is a shot of my kids from 2020!