



## Mr. John James Mayer

November 2, 1933 - December 18, 2024

Mr. John James Mayer, born Johann Otto Albrecht Mayer in Mannheim, Germany, passed away on Wednesday, December 18, 2024, just one month after celebrating his 91st birthday. John and his parents, Henry and Margerete Lowitt Mayer, came to the United States in 1938, where they made their home in Riverdale, NY. He attended local schools in New York, and later earned his master's degree in Language Arts from Middlebury College. John furthered his education at Indiana University, where he graduated in 1961 with a PHD in Modern Languages.

John was excited to become a United States Citizen at the age of 12. In 1958, he enlisted in the Army National Guard, where he proudly served his country.

John was a professor of French and French Literature at many colleges. In 1970, he moved with his family to Pittsfield where he became a French Language Arts teacher at Taconic High School. John never stopped his pursuit of higher education, including taking advanced legal courses at Boston University.

Among many things, John enjoyed reading anything he could get his hands on, studying history, writing and sharing his own poetry, and collecting all sorts of stamps. He was known for his great sense of humor and would always leave you with a smile on your face.

John is survived by his two sons who were by his side until the very end, Warren Mayer (Cindy) and Andy Mayer (Terri), as well as their mother, his former wife, Sibylle Mayer Baughan. He leaves his three grandchildren, Danielle, Nicholas, and Madison, as well as his two great grandchildren, all of whom he loved dearly.

Funeral Notice:

At his request, there will be no formal funeral services for John.

Please take a moment to read and reflect on the below:

Discovery

a poem by John Mayer

I do not hike

I walk slowly down a trodden path.

Yes, others have come before me.

Now it's my turn.

I come I know not why.

As a persona grata at a surprise party.

I am drawn here without expectations,

Alone, still, engulfed by living pillars.

I walk slowly, reverentially,

for I am a guest here, yet uninvited.

This I know.

Little by little I begin to hear  
the sounds of the forest:

The verdant leaves emit sounds that I vaguely recognize

The stately columns of oak sing to me in tones of brown

All around me I hear responsive sounds.

I am no longer a stranger.

I have come home.

# Tribute Wall

MH

“ *As an activity aide at Springside, we had a lot of fun with Johns discussions at our "round table". He often translated some French we ran across, any legal stories we read, seemed of great interest. And, he certainly knew the planet's. R.I.P..*

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**Mary horton** - December 21, 2024 at 11:27 AM