



**Carol Jean Basso**  
**ROBS History Project**  
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My full name is Carol Jean Basso. In the Jewish religion you are named after a deceased relative you memorialize by borrowing the first letter of their name. In my case my parents chose my name Carol, after the name Charles, which had belonged to my maternal Great Grandfather. The name Jean, was given to me because Eugene, was the name of a friend of my parents who died of tuberculosis at an extremely young age. My maiden name was Schuster. I am married to a former Brentwood teacher, Joe Basso. This will be his tenth year of retirement from Brentwood. So, presently, it's just two of us at home. We have a daughter, Jill, who actually lives in Baltimore right now. She's twenty-five and works in the city of Baltimore, MD. I have three step children; one daughter who lives in Manhattan and a step son who lives in Virginia and another son in New Hampshire. The two boys each have two children so I have four grandchildren; two girls and two boys. They are all about the same age. The two girls were born in 1992 and the two boys were born in 1994. My grandchildren are Emily and Zachery, and their dad is Phil and their mom is also Carol, and they live in Virginia. My other two grandchildren are Amanda and Joe and their parents are Joe and Suzanne and my stepdaughter Dianna lives in Manhattan as does our daughter Jill. Those are our children.

My husband was actually my math teacher when I was in ninth grade. That was where we met and built a unique and very special relationship. I loved math at the time and everyone always has that favorite teacher. He was my favorite at

the time. As a matter of fact I babysat for my step children at the time and I would come back to visit. Whenever I needed something like filling out an application, or a reference it would be Joe, I would contact for help. When I started teaching after being away for four years at college we became very good friends and colleagues and then four years after I began teaching we started dating and got married. There were eleven years between the time we first met and we started dating. I loved numbers and I'd play around with numbers that he's eleven years older than I am and I was fourteen when I met him and he was twenty-five and then eleven years later when we started dating I was twenty-five. So it was the elevens, fourteen and twenty five. Those were the numbers that I liked to play in the lottery.

Our kids are all really excellent, excellent math students. My husband's youngest son just went back to school to become a teacher. He's hoping to be teaching sixth grade with a concentration in mathematics. My daughter would eventually, like to teach – but not mathematics, she was always a good math student but because I think both parents were math teachers we used to talk numbers a lot she would say, so now she doesn't like math. Nevertheless, everybody definitely has a talent for math. Yes! We are both game players, big card players; especially Joe. I also love playing cards and I would do a lot of crazy, strange things with numbers.

We try keeping in touch with the children as often as we can but not as much as we would like to because everyone is so far away. Even so, this weekend for example, we're going up to New Hampshire to visit the two New Hampshire grandchildren and again in early October to see the changing of the leaves. The two grandchildren from Virginia spent a weekend with us this summer. We'll be going down to see them there again soon.

I was born in Queens, but I don't have too many early memories, because I was only four years old when we moved from the city to Brentwood, but I do have a few that date back to my first memory from when I was very young.

I remember being at a store in a stroller with a balloon tied to my carriage when the balloon burst. That was my first memory. Later on I told my mother, what I remembered and she was the one who told me I was eighteen months. I remember it frightened me and I can remember crying. My next memory I was two and a half and I actually remember Hanukah and getting a present from my grandparents and I remember my four year old birthday party. Then once we moved out here I have a lot of memories. Our mailing address was Bay Shore but we were actually in the Brentwood School District. I was born June of '49, when we moved to Brentwood following WWII and was known thereafter, as a *Baby Boomer*.

When we moved I wasn't yet of school age but my brother was in Second Grade. The only school open was Village School. We moved just as Brentwood began to grow. There was no room for him to have a Class in Village. He finished 2<sup>nd</sup> Grade in the basement of the firehouse where the District set up a Second Grade for him. We were a new development and one of our neighbor's daughters was in high school but there was no high school in Brentwood. She had to go to Bay Shore to attend high school. The first Class I'm aware of to graduate from Brentwood was in 1957. I started Kindergarten in 1954 and that was the year that Southwest Elementary and Southeast Elementary Schools opened. I was the first class at Southwest, and then when I was in fourth Grade (1957), South Elementary was built. More than twenty years later it became the first home of the Maslow-Toffler School of Futuristic Education which is now gone. It was on Paradise Lane which was named before we started school there. We had split session for at least a month at Southeast Elementary School. We went in, but I don't remember if it was in the morning or the afternoon and then we went to South. I remember that South Junior opened in 1957 and I think, my brother was the first class to go to South. The only school that I went to that wasn't brand new was when I started 7<sup>th</sup> Grade in North Junior High and it was opened. Then when I was in 9<sup>th</sup> Grade West Junior High opened. I can't even tell you when all the Elementary Schools were built. I began attending Sonderling in September of 1964 and it was brand new at the time. I went to three brand new schools in

Brentwood. It just kept growing by leaps and bounds while I was enrolled there.

I remember Fifth Avenue when there was nothing there. It was farmland going down to where Southern State Parkways stopped at Exit 41. The Parkway was new. I think the Expressway came out to Huntington. I'm not even sure. The shopping was done on Main Street in Bay Shore, which was beautiful at the time. Downtown Bay Shore was a neat place to go. The South Shore Mall was built in the mid-sixties. That's when Bay Shore had already started its decline. There was Grant's and Bohack's. I remember going to the library all the time. It was a very small building. I don't think it was on Third Avenue. I think it was on Fourth Avenue and across the street from the old Administration Building.

My mother's maiden name was Block, and both her parents were from Russia. Both parents came from very large families. They had come to the United States in the early 1900's. My mother was an only child who grew up in New York City after which she had moved to the Bronx. I believe her mother originally came from Lithuania. They all had come over during the pogroms in Russia. I still remember going through Junior High with people from Latvia. That was a time when it was part of the Soviet Union and it was a very tight group back then. That's what I remember. When my grandparents came over, they wanted to assimilate. My grandmother went to school so that she wouldn't have an accent. She used to say she *"didn't want to be known as a green horn"*. They never had an accent. They just wanted to be American. My grandmother had a saying and she used to say it in Russian. It was something like, *"The slower you go the faster you'll get there."* It's so funny but it was just a saying she used to have and she'd say it in Russian. It just meant the slower you change the faster you'll assimilate. That's what I remember from my grandmother. Now my dad, both of his parents came from Austria. But my father never knew his father. My father's father died

while my grandmother was pregnant with him. She died when she was thirteen. So he lived with his grandparents in the Bronx. My parents lived in the same building in the Bronx and my mother lived on the first floor and my father lived on the fifth floor and they met in the elevator in the Bronx. They lived with my grandparents for a while and then they got married and got their first home together. My father was in World War II and that was when they got married while he was in Service. After that they got an apartment in Glen Oaks Queens and eventually came further out on Long Island to Bay Shore. Everybody in the family thought they were moving to the end of the world; it seemed so far away to family at the time. As a matter of fact my grandparents moved to Elmont which was right over the New York City line, and people wouldn't even come to visit in Elmont it was so far -- and then when my parents moved to Bay Shore -- everyone was shocked.

As a matter of fact, I've never had any interest in exploring my family roots in Russia. My father however, because he had been an orphan did, and I believe he did devote time to tracing his family after my mom passed away back in 1993. I think he knows more of the history now than I did growing up. I can remember that as I was growing up my father used to have a habit of fainting when ever anything happened to me. That was a big thing. Actually the first time he fainted was when he found out that my mother had given birth to a girl. It became a big joke in the family that he fainted when he found out he had a daughter. The first time I was aware of his fainting was when I was ten years old and I needed a little surgery on my toe, and the doctor -- doctors were different then, --doctors used to make house calls and doctors knew everybody very well and the doctor told my mother not to come because she was the nervous type -- and so my father brought me and as soon as the doctor gave me an injection -- my father went right out. So that was the first time that I remember he fainted. I broke my foot and they were setting my foot and they told my father that he could stay in the room and he said, "*No, I can't*", and he went right out. That's my memory of my father. He fainted many times. He went with me after I started teaching and I saved my money and I bought my first car, and my father was very excited and very emotional and he fainted. So that was always the big joke in the family.

I have two brothers. They're both also Brentwood graduates. My older brother graduated in '64. His name is Gary Schuster, and he is now the Dean of Science at Georgia Tech in Atlanta Georgia. He's very famous in his field. He's an organic Chemist. My younger brother Davis Schuster, graduated in '74 and lives here on Long Island. He has his own business where he sells medical equipment. One of the things that I'll say about my older brother – he was like a genius growing up – one of the funny stories in the family was, I was very sick as a baby but what it turned out to be was, I had a milk allergy. They didn't know at that time that's what it was. So there was a period of time when my brother was three and the way the story goes in the family, is that the doctor used to come every day to check on me and would be fascinated by my brother because at three he was already splicing wires and taking radios apart and things like that. And he was just a regular kid in growing up, but I would always say that he outdid anything I would do. Like when I graduated high school he got engaged. When I got my bachelors degree he got his doctorate so that was always the big joke. I would just joke around about it. I was always very proud of him. This story to me typified our relationship. I used to smoke and I had this lighter that was a revolver that used to light and I thought it was very cute that my friends had given me that so I showed it to my brother and he said, "Oh yeah?" and he took out this big canon that was a lighter and I said, "*this typifies our relationship!*". It's my favorite brother story. I used to be very protective of my younger brother while we were growing up and now perhaps because he lives here on Long Island, we're actually closer than I am with my older brother who lives in Atlanta, Georgia. I think because both my parents were only children they became the main adult influences on our lives as children.

Actually, I don't remember ever *not wanting* to be a teacher. And from the day I entered first grade I knew that's what I wanted to do. You know what you know, so going through elementary school I wanted to be an elementary school teacher. But then I was in ninth Grade, the year that Joe was my teacher, I decided to be a Math teacher. I loved math and that's what I saw myself doing and I stayed with that until I entered college I also thought about going into Psychology for a while and becoming a Counselor. Eventually, I went back to Math.

At a time when once again, I was considering changing my major in college from Math to Psychology the day I first knew I could make that change but then still change it again later, it was raining outside very heavily. The math department was right there and the Psychology Department was a few block away and so I decided there and then to be a Math major. I often wonder what would have happened if it wasn't raining that day. Might my life's direction have taken a different course? That was a pretty major decision. Everything just seems to fall into place. A big decision is to retire or not. In my case, I retired the year I was eligible and a big reason for that was Joe and I are eleven years apart and he'd been retired for nine years. I just wanted to be home with home with him. I've taught for thirty-three years and so I decided the year I was eligible to retire to do that. Now the next decision will be what to do next?

As a child I used to love playing the game of life. Clue and cards; Five hundred Rummy, my closest friends growing up were all game players. Growing up on Long Island we loved to play Hide and Seek, Red Light Green Light, Ring-a leaveo, King of the Mountain, whatever. It just so happened that the development where we lived was all boys. Not that I was ever a Tom Boy but I always used to play with the boys; till I went to Kindergarten and met a few girls nearby but my block was all boys.

First memory that came to my mind when you asked the question was a gift my daughter gave to me this past Christmas. It was a Brownie Pin. The reason why it was so significant, was when I was young I was very shy. When I was in First Grade I was in the Brownies and I loved the Brownies and I lost my Brownie Pin. Rather than tell anybody I lost my Pin, --I don't know what I was thinking, --I didn't want anybody to yell at me because I lost my Pin. Instead, I told my mother I didn't like the Brownies. So I stopped going. . And then as you get older and you look back -- you say to yourself what a silly thing? How sad that I gave up something that I enjoyed because I lost the Pin. So this past Christmas, my daughter gave me a Brownie Pin and I was very touched by that.

I recall my first job was working for John's bargain Store in Bay Shore, on Main Street. Oh, sure, Baby Sitting before that -- but my first *paying job* was working for John's Bargain Store in Bay Shore.

The biggest holiday we celebrated as a family was probably Passover. We weren't a religious family, but it was nice for a lot of the tradition associated with it. We would always be with the same people, and we had a lot of traditions. Holidays to us meant having dinner. After school as a young person I was involved with the yearbook and student council a lot of clubs in school. I was never a sports person at all, just being with friends. My favorite activity from the time I was very young was reading. I still enjoy reading. I remember loving to play with dolls and games. Summer unquestionably remains my favorite season of the year even to this day. The aroma of honeysuckle reminds me of summer, the family home in Bay Shore, the time of growing up. The house was in the family for a long time. My dad sold the house in 1998, and we'd been there since 1954.

I started Kindergarten in Southwest Elementary School. It was a half a day. and then I did First, Second, and Third Grade at Southwest. I did Fourth, Fifth and Sixth at South Elementary School and for South Junior High it was South Junior at the time and actually I was supposed to go to West Junior High when I was in Ninth Grade, and I did go there for a couple of weeks but, I had been in the Honors Math in the Eighth Grade taking Ninth Grade Math in Eighth Grade and when I went to West they didn't have it there so it took a while but I transferred to South and I entered South Four Weeks after School started. My first memory of that day is walking into Joe Basso's Math Class. He was teaching Eleventh Grade Math, to Ninth Graders and I walked into the room with my little sign-in sheet from Guidance and it was October 7<sup>th</sup> 1963, and his very first words to me were, "*What the hell are you doing here?*" So that's become a joke because those were his first words to me. And again, at the time I was very shy and that was the year that I overcame my shyness and a big part of it was making that switch from West to South because I never wanted attention drawn to myself. The fact that I did this I was only able to do because I knew people at South. I had been there and so to prove to him not to worry that night I went home and I learned everything they



had done in the first four weeks. I came in and that Friday I took a test and got 100% on the test. That was the beginning of our relationship. He was for me a great teacher. He was the kind of teacher that as a kid, I needed. Ninth Grade was a very strong Grade for me. Bob Farina was my Social Studies teacher. Gilda Mantin was my English Teacher. It was a great year for me. They were fantastic teachers; they stick out. Up at the High School -- because then I went to the Sonderling Building, -- Claude Frank was my math teacher, that sticks out, my 12<sup>th</sup> Grade Social Studies Teacher – I can't think of his first name, Warner, Jack Warner, Excellent--Excellent teacher! He was a great teacher for me. Those are the ones that stick out. And another interesting thing was Dave Martz, was my Chemistry teacher and I also had Mike Welsh, they team taught. And the second year I had Dave Martz's daughter in my class and it was very interesting to have him sitting in the audience while I was up front as a teacher talking to the parents and that was one of my early memories of teaching that sticks out.

So then I went to the High School, I went to Sonderling High School, the year it opened and in those days, it didn't matter where you lived, you were either in Sonderling or you were in Ross. Today if you live East or South you go to the Ross and if you're North or West you go to Sonderling. But when I went it didn't matter where you lived. Most of my classes were in Sonderling and I had a few at Ross. Then I graduated in 1967 and went to Syracuse University and to be perfectly honest at the time I was not planning on coming back to Brentwood. I wanted to move to Boston. I thought Boston was a great city to live in and it was just at the beginning of the time when it was becoming difficult for teacher's to find employment. I applied to twenty-seven school districts in Boston and didn't get any of the jobs, then I applied on Long Island and came back to Brentwood because it was like you go back to where you came from and I lived with my parents for a couple of months and thirty three years later I retired.

I had a dual major in Mathematics and Secondary Education at Syracuse as an undergraduate and I earned my Masters at StonyBrook University then went on during my years of teaching taking in-service courses. I know during all those years I invested in the classroom (and I believe everyone who has taught can say this,) there have been many young people whose lives I have touched and others who I never knew about, that I also reached. But over the years I've saved the letters students have written thanking me. Sometimes you get letters from students you had no idea you were having that kind of effect on, or students that come back to visit and let you know you have definitely influenced their life and you have no idea you're doing that while it's happening. Those are the moments that make me proud. After Joe and I got married we team taught together. We did it for nine years. We started with a group of seventh graders, his and mine, we followed them through for three years. We taught 7<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> Grade Math to students and I happened to give birth to my daughter when my daughter was in 9<sup>th</sup> Grade. I would say that fifty kids came to the Hospital to visit and to see the baby that they had 'physically' felt and they really felt as if they had a little sister. Those are memories you take with you when you leave teaching. My first year teaching I was given the honors math class and they were given a Regent's at the end of the year. My first year I had nine students get 100% on the Regents. Here I was a kid, fresh out of college and I wouldn't tell the kids, I'd never tell anyone it was my first year teaching. I remember feeling very good about that. Hard to pick one, but those are a few.

It wasn't part of teaching but teaching helped me when I lost my mom. It was the hardest thing I've ever had to do in my life. She got sick in 1990. She had cancer and was sick for three years. At that point I went from the classroom when South became a Middle School to what was called being a Math Lab Consultant. It was a position created because since we now had sixth Graders in the School. It was because 6<sup>th</sup> Grade teachers became what they called General teachers. They wanted a math Specialist. It was around that time that my mom got sick. I remember being in the Lab when I got a call my dad actually needed me to come and we brought her to the hospital and she died about five days later. I took a

week off and coming back to work at that time was very, very hard. Yet, anytime people go through a difficult time, working is good because during the school day you forget. And so, you know being with the kids and hearing the kid stories definitely helps you get through it. Like anything else in life, time helps. Being at work made it possible and being with kids you have to be busy and you have to be with them and spend time on task and not let your personal life get in the way.

I had wanted to go to Boston, but I had no job there. It was actually April of my senior year in college. Now people get jobs a week before school starts and I was getting a little concerned that by April I didn't have an offer and my Principal at South Junior High School was Mike DeBellis and what happened is this. Mike actually offered me a job. He found out through a family friend who was also a Principal in the district at the time that I was looking for a job and Mike called and offered me a job while I was in Syracuse. The interview if you can call it that was quite informal because he knew me very well because of the kind of student that I was. Actually what I remember Mike telling me was, because I wanted to go to Boston and I remember him telling me on the phone, he said, *"I will give you the same kind of advice I gave my daughter,* (and his daughter was actually my age and starting teaching in Brentwood the same year I did – and it was at the very beginning of the time when it was hard to find openings in teaching jobs, and he said *"for now, take the job"*.

I remember him also calling me *"Mickey math teacher"* and then I also remember when I came in to sign my contract, I remember I wasn't even twenty-two years old yet and I remember Mike talking to me about the *New York State Retirement System* and how that to me was the absolute last thing in the world I was thinking about. And it's just amazing to me that here I am retired after thirty-three years in Brentwood. But it really does – It goes so fast. I remember very well that my first year in Brentwood I made \$8,500. Then I got a raise the next year to \$10, 200 and I thought OMG I'm making over \$10,000 a year and with my first pay check I brought home \$254.

I'm glad I thought of it here and I'm happy to say it now, one of the best things about Brentwood was all of the years that we got to work with Tony Felicio. I think that made Brentwood into one of the most wonderful places in which teachers could work. Through different in-service courses I've taken or different workshops I've had and teachers I've met in other districts about the things that have gone on in other districts -- we've never had that. We had a great career in Brentwood working in a district that I felt was so pro-teacher. I felt very lucky that the things I wanted to try and the things I wanted to do I did. A lot of the different things over the past thirty-three years that I wanted to try I was enabled to do because I was trusted and supported at every turn. I started out teaching by myself and then when we team taught, and it was very different nobody had done something like that in the seventies. Today a lot of people do it. The fact that we had two teachers in the same classroom we had a lot of support for what we wanted to do. The way we wanted to track our students we were always encouraged. And we had the freedom to do things that were new and different. We were meeting with teachers from other districts who were worried about their contracts, districts that came close to going on strike -- we didn't have that. The last time there was any kind of problem where maybe we wouldn't get a contract was back in 1975. Right before school started it was Labor Day Night and we had a meeting at the Colony Hill, to vote on the contract and that was the last time I remember we ever had any doubt that we would have a contract and we picketed outside the administration building and Les Black was President of the Union that year when we picketed. Guy DiPietro was the Superintendent. When I was a student here he wasn't here. Our Superintendent was Dr Lou Naninni.

I've seen a big change in our students over the years. We have a very diverse student body, we have very needy students, but our students are very appreciative. One of our problems has always been getting parents to respond when we needed their participation with us when a problem would surface. Yet the parents you did meet were parents that had a lot of respect for us. In other districts teachers are not treated that way. They are treated almost like servants;

as if you were expected to take care of their children. But many, many of the parents I would meet would treat us with respect. And that's not to say I met all the parents that I needed to meet because you make those phone calls and you try to get them but they would not come. Part of it is because it is a low socioeconomic community and our parent's priority is putting food on the table and that sometimes means working two or even three jobs at one time.

We've had some stories over the years I remember one time I had a kid who wanted to talk with me privately, that he didn't do his homework the night before. The reason he didn't do his homework was because their electricity was shut off and the only power they had was emergency power. They had their refrigerator and it just broke my heart. So many of the kids came with stories like that and we didn't even know the stories they came with. And a lot of them yes, there were behavior problems and they weren't going to do work but there were so many students that rose above what they came with and really tried hard. I said to that student there are a lot of things in life that are sometimes more important than math. Those are the things that you remember. Brentwood teachers for the most part are dedicated.

My job changed. My purpose when I was in the classroom was to teach math. I wanted them to like math rather than to get them ready for the Regents. The job that I have now is so involved with all of this testing. I'm hoping that the people don't lose the purpose of the joy of learning. That's what I say all the time. I have no regrets. No Regrets. I say it like the Mary Tyler Moore Show. It was one of the first shows to go off the air when they were still high in the ratings. On my last day in my room I thought about the Mary Tyler Moore Show. On the last episode they sang, *It's a long way to Tipperary* and as I closed my door in my head I could appreciate that as I was singing *It's a long way to Tipperary*. No regrets. I was ready to retire when I retired. Still, when I look back the last twelve years were spent working with teachers, working with small groups, working with testing, working with curriculum.

There was a time when I was very involved with the School Improvement Team (SIT). That was in the early days of the SIT Committee; it was one of my only involvements with the BTA. I might consider joining ROBS – Retirees of Brentwood Schools. We'll see.

Michael DeBellis was instrumental in helping me during my early days as a teacher. He was very helpful on many occasions. Kevin McNicolas was very helpful during more recent times. As Principal of South I wish I had been able to work with him longer than the two and a half years that I did. Working with him was a great way to end my career; a really nice way to go out. June 25<sup>th</sup>, 2004 was the actual date of my retirement.

In retrospect what Carol enjoyed more than anything else was teaching her honors classes. She loved it when a student came up to her after class and said *"I know what the correct answer is but I don't understand why"*. To see students enjoy learning.

I had a student in the early days in a C Track class back when we still had tracking. He was diagnosed with mono. I home taught him and when we did one-on-one I was able to see how bright he was. When he came back to school I continued to work with him since we couldn't get him into the honors track. I worked with him independently and had him sitting in on Joe Basso's 9<sup>th</sup> Grade Math Class – I was teaching 8<sup>th</sup> Grade Math at the time. From a C Class he took the Regents at the end of the year and got 100%. He went into Honors the following year and again got 100% – a proud moment for me. Working one-on-one I had picked him up in the classroom. I always thought that in one ironic way it was fortuitous that he got sick.

Yes, I did have a favorite year. It was my fourth year of teaching. Those students were born in 1961. I had a second favorite group with whom Joe and I team taught for three years. They were without a doubt an exceptionally bright

group.

I identified with them quite early on because when I entered Kindergarten in Brentwood I'd done so already knowing my times tables. I give credit there to my brilliant older brother with whom for a good part of my early life I had and obsessively competitive relationship.

I was in the 9<sup>th</sup> Grade when JFK was assassinated. I remember being in the Math Lab at the time of 9/11. Everybody remembers where they were then and what they were doing on both of those days

Mostly, when I think of old times both the good and bad what I honestly miss the most was the camaraderie I had with colleagues. They were some of the best times I can remember.

If I were asked to wave a magic wand to change three most negative element of my Public School teaching experience I would eliminate (1) testing, (2) the policy of requiring Regents for all and (3) a restoration of vocational education for all those students whose experiential education was deemed lacking as a result. The amount to testing that is going on is absolutely ridiculous. Not every student will be going to college. Many young people are extraordinarily gifted in areas that would allow them to excel in fields for which experiential training they are not receiving -- not academic preparation would be helpful to them. It's blatantly unfair to expect what may be impossible from those students to do without the experience for which they are deprived.

To new teachers I'd say, don't take it personally. If you know you're giving your best don't take it home with you. It's nice to form relationships with students as long as you respect each other, but remember, they're not your friends. One other take a way for me is that I won't miss getting up at 6am every morning.

Right now we are experiencing a serious problem of gang violence in the District. We all know the problem is not one belonging to Brentwood alone. It is the result of tensions originating a world away from the Brentwood community yet those tentacles have their roots elsewhere. We see it manifested not so much at the elementary level of even middle school but at the High School where is the most severe. As a consequence we've witnessed changes in students and in their relations with each other. Lives may be at risk unless the current problem is confronted and addressed hopefully sooner rather than later.

Last but not least, I'd like to be remembered by my students as someone who did care very much about them.