



Maxine Beatrice Berliner Berlin
ROBS History Project Retired '93
October 24, 2009 **137**

It is both a pleasure and my honor to be able to introduce you all to a very special person I have known during my years of service as both colleague and friend. Her full name of which you may already be aware, is Maxine Beatrice Berliner Berlin. When she and Arnie, her husband of fifty-five years, were married in the virtual shadow of WWII, Arnold Berlin embraced his heart's desire with an unconditional acceptance of Maxine's maiden name without so much of a single family branch connection in so far as all their combined research of family ancestry was able to ascertain.

Maxine was named after 'Max', her Grandfather. She'd previously believed he had died in Poland when her Grandmother came here with her father. She later learned that he'd died on a ship in New York Harbor which, she was told had been a kind of quarantine ship. That was all she knew. They arrived about 1907. Maxine's father was no more than two years old when he came to America.

Having been married for some time, Maxine is the mother of three grown children Ann, Kenny and Steven, though not in that order. Kenny is the oldest. He has three children of whom she is proud. He is married to Marsha, with whom Maxine is also delighted. His oldest daughter is Jesse, who was named after

Arney's mother. Her name is Jesse Berliner, exactly what Arney's mother was. Jesse right now is a senior at Tufts University and her grandparents are delighted for her. She has had internships for the past summer with Apple in California, the year before with Google in Manhattan and the year before that at the University of Texas. At any rate even though she hasn't graduated yet, Apple has offered her a job starting in June. She's really a wonderful granddaughter, Maxine's oldest.

My oldest grandson is Kenny's second child, Ari. Ari right now is at Rice University in Texas. I believe he is going to go into medicine like his dad. His father is a Pediatrician and I think Ari will do the same. He's a tall gorgeous, handsome, guy, he really is, and he has the sweetest disposition you'd ever want. He's just a special kid

The youngest grandson is Josh; Ken's youngest son. Josh is a computer wiz. I mean he's amazing. Right now, even though he's only fifteen years old, he's working on a program at School. I think he's almost getting paid, for the computer programming he's doing. Also at the Science Museum in Boston he has a job where he's into robotics. Josh decided one year that he was going to send us an Anniversary gift. And I thanked him for doing it but he sent me a Robot for cleaning the house. Well, I'm not into that kind of technology and I apologized and sent it back but anyway, he's a wonderful kid. His mother has done a great job bringing those three kids up, really. They are truly children of the Twenty First Century.

Ann is my daughter and she's in the middle. Ann has a son Teddy. Teddy is unique. He is probably the nicest, most laid back, delightful boy you are ever going to meet. Right now he's taking driving lessons. We sent our car up to Boston so that he could learn to drive on it. My daughter only has a stick shift car and he wasn't able to learn on that. Teddy is a junior in High School. Right now he's thinking of going to a Marine Academy. He's very science minded.

My youngest son is Steven. He lives on Long Island. He has my darling twin grandchildren; Blair and Zachery. Of course, it was just a bonus to have a boy and a girl. They are both eight years old now and we're probably going down to see them this afternoon. Blair is just like her mom. She's a gorgeous little girl. She really is a lot of fun to be with and very friendly and very outgoing and just a great kid. I love to play games with her.

Josh is just like my son Steven. And you know Steven and Stephanie almost have the same name. Stephanie is my daughter-in-law; a beautiful red head. Zachary, inherited Stephanie's red hair, so he's the red headed twin and Blair has beautiful brown hair. Zach is an athlete and he's on every team there possibly is and he has grown up to be a great kid just like my son Steven.

I would say: "I think that all my children are athletes. I really do. Most of them are and my husband Arnie, is a great athlete and my dad was a great athlete too, he really was. My dad was a chemist and I think the love of science that comes through Kenny's children and passed through Kenny may have been a trait passed down through my dad."

We see all the kids often. As a matter of fact we were up in Boston last weekend. I would say that we see them once every month, or once every six weeks. It's easier for us to get up to Boston with every body's schedules than it is for them to visit us on Long Island. We visit them quite frequently in Boston. That's where Ann and Kenny live.

I was born in Beacon, New York, which is a small town on the Hudson. My dad was a chemist working for Texaco at the time where he developed no-nox gasoline. I was born in 1933 at the height of the depression. He was there for a few years and because he was the last hired he was the first fired. After that we moved to Long Island when I was about three years old. I have no memories of Beacon, New York.

As a matter of fact when my mom was alive, may she rest in peace, I asked her if she would take me up to show me where I was born. She wasn't really too anxious to do that. I've been there since I don't live very far away. It's a nice town that has become more of an art enclave than it was before; with antiques, museums etc. It's being restored.

My earliest memories are probably from Bell Harbor, which is where we moved from Beacon. I just have very vague memories of the street in Beacon before we moved to Bell Harbor. It's on the South Shore of Long Island at the very end of the Rockaway's; Neponset, Bell Harbor, the Rockaway's.

Of course I lived there from the time I was four years old up until the time I was married. It's a small town and you knew everybody in town. I went to Public School Thirty-Nine in Queens. I went from Kindergarten to eighth Grade and then we didn't have a Junior High School so I went on to Far Rockaway High School. I lived there during the War years. I went to a Public School during the War years. I remember that time and my dad being an ambulance driver, and EMT and an Air Raid Warden. I remember school where we had to hide in the Halls and sing patriotic songs. We weren't poor. We were never really poor but it was an effort sometimes to give us the 5 or 10 cents you needed to buy stamps required to purchase War Bonds. Yes, there was also some sort of an identity tag, you reminded me, that had your name on it and everybody had to wear one. I didn't recall that until just now. Those were good years. I enjoyed Public School. As a matter of fact I still have two friends from that time; one that I met in Third Grade. Her name is Rhoda Stockler Freeland. I saw her a few weeks ago. She lives in Hewlett now. We get together every once in a while. I go into the City and occasionally meet her there. She and her husband met us for dinner one night near where we live. Anita is another one, Anita Schoenbeck Forhan. I know her from Elementary School. Yes I do. That's a different kind of relationship because people who know you that way know you in a completely different way. They

know my parents, I know their parents and I knew their brothers and sisters. Unfortunately, not all of them are still alive. It was a very different kind of relationship. As I had written in my biography, my dad was a civilian. He was really not eligible for the draft. He was a little older at that time, but because he was a chemist that was something that was in demand, he was always on the edge - you know to be drafted or not, and he had a chemical business in Manhattan, and then he used to do some freelance work at home with cosmetics and shampoo, He'd sell Halo Shampoo as a matter of fact and my mom was a stay at home mom for many years and then she did go back to work. She was also involved with Hadassah. We were very involved with the Jewish Community in town. As a matter of fact my mom was very instrumental in bringing Hebrew into the High School, into Far Rockaway High School, because that was just about the time that Israel became a State. So I had to take Hebrew. Fortunately, I had taken Hebrew and was given a year's credit for it and the teacher that they hired was one of the teachers from the Hebrew School.

My parents didn't speak Yiddish and I don't think that Arney's parents did either. My grandmother on my mother's side spoke Yiddish and I understand some of it because what they wanted to do was for me not to understand what they said when they spoke Yiddish. That was enough motivation for me to learn it. I do understand some of it today but I'm not fluent or anything close to that.

Your father's name was Berliner but what was your mother's maiden name? *"Her maiden name was Hirshey, originally from Hirshout from what I understand, she was from Austria. Perhaps they were from Austria-Hungary at about 1900".*

Incidentally, I have a tape unfortunately from when my sister passed away, *'May She Rest in Peace'*, When we were sitting shiva, I did an audio tape with my

mother and with my uncles, of my mother's family that contains a lot of information about what it was like when they came over here and what they did. It was interesting. My grandfather started a manufacturing business here and he had to move from New York to Baltimore because they were having problems with unions. The name of the company was *The Charles Hirshey Clothing Company*. My grandfather didn't want to hire Union help because he said it was too expensive and when I sent this tape to my daughter Ann, I think she was appalled because I recall my daughter being a Union organizer for a period of time. She had gone to Cornell ILR (Industrial Labor Relations School), and ended up becoming a Union Organizer. Did she think that was a family value that was passed down? She didn't think it was. At any rate, that was her mother's family and they did move to Baltimore and a lot of her mother's family lived in Baltimore. They've since moved but we used to go down to visit them frequently.

I remember that my mother cooked and she wanted me to learn how to cook. She sewed and sent me to Singer Sewing Machine School to teach me how to sew, she'd take us into the City to Ballet, since that was really her thing; to Punch and Judy Shows. Mainly she was always at home and was always there for me which was wonderful.

I have two sisters. Judith was four years younger than I was. I guess we always got along. I can remember her always tagging along and me saying "*Oh, I wish she wasn't following me around*", but we always got along pretty well. I guess later on we had arguments about her using my clothes or that kind of thing. Unfortunately, Judy passed away when she was in her forties, and I miss her, I still miss her. I really do. My sister Paula was my younger sister and she was eleven years younger than me. So in a way I kind of mothered her and there are times when I think I still do. She's living in Florida now and I take care of her. I just worry about her. From Judy I probably learned to be involved and to be active because

she always was involved, active and outgoing with friends. I admired that about her. She kept old friends for a long, long time. As far as my sister Paula is concerned I admired her for the fact that she has been on her own for a long, long time, she hasn't been married and she has raised both her children all on her own and I think she did a good job with them, I really do. Right now she's doing something very interesting. She's involved with antiques. I've been a finder for her over the years. I've sent things down to her. Right now she's doing things on e-bay. I admire her for doing what she's doing and making the best of what she can.

As the oldest of my siblings I probably learned to be more assertive than my sisters were, to go after what I wanted more so than what they did. I think my parents were stricter with me than they were with my sisters. I've always felt that way; not that it's been a bad thing. They were learning from you. That's right. They really were. I'm sure that when my mother and dad brought me up they did it by the book. I think I did the same thing with my children. Dr Spock was the Bible when I brought up my children. I'm proud of my kids.

As I've said, Kenny is a Pediatrician and Ann is an attorney. Right now she is with Duval Patrick in Massachusetts. Steven is the CFO of a Media Company and they're both doing well. I went back to work when they went back to school. Ann went to Graduate School and to Law School, Kenny went to Medical School. They all went to college. All my years in Brentwood my salary went towards their education and I bless Brentwood for giving me the opportunity to do that and also, I've never resented spending all that money on their education. It was well worth it.

I believe my career choice was based primarily on the advice I received from my dad. He always said that he thought a woman should be able to earn her own living if she had to. Though I never started college with the intent of becoming a teacher that was what I ultimately decided to do. At one time I thought I wanted to become an Occupational Therapist. Another time I wanted to

be a Botany Major. I was talked out of that by an English Teacher at the University. I ended up deciding to go into education because in those days there wasn't a great deal of choice in the matter for women. I've never regretted going into education. My children were in school for some of the years that I taught and it was a wonderful place for me to be. I'd be there to go to their ball games and after school activities, and be with them for their piano lessons and all that sort of thing. College for me was never an option. That was the way I was brought up. I always knew I was going to go to college. Although, most of my friends did not choose to attend college even when they might have done so.

I asked Maxine how she and Arnold had met. *"Oh, she said, he knew someone who he said, knew someone who was perfect for him"*. They met on Atlantic Beach on the South Shore of Long Island the summer they both finished college. He walked over to Maxine and introduced himself. It was right across the bridge from where they both lived in Far Rockaway. Arnie had been in the Service during the Korean War and was then working with his father in British Textiles Company. The summer that Maxine graduated from college was when she met Arnie. They married one year later in 1954. She had started by going to the University of Michigan and transferred at the beginning of her junior year to Boston University. She had been seeing someone else at Boston who she decided to stop seeing and simultaneously changed her Major to that of Education.

She attended PS 39, Far Rockaway High School, University of Michigan, Boston University, got her Master's Degree at Stony Brook University, another one at C.W. Post to re-Certify in Special Education. She is Certified K-8th, High School Social Studies, and Special Education. Maxine said, *"You know I can remember the name of every single teacher that I had from Kindergarten through Public School. If you were to ask me which teacher had the greatest influence on me I'd tell you it was probably an Art Teacher I had."* Her name was Mrs. Icon. *"And as a matter of fact she was the mother of Carl Icon who is so well known*

today and he was a neighbor of ours and he lived up the block. I can remember Mrs. Icon encouraging me not only in Art stuff but also, you know, to do well in school .When I went back to see some of the teachers, she is the one who said to me, and this to me is really sort of sad, "Don't ever become blase' about education. Don't ever become bored with it. Be as enthusiastic as you are now. " I often thought about what she said over the years. I really did.

My first job for which I was paid was that of a baby sitter. Then I worked as a counselor at a day camp in Edgemere on Long Island. One of the teachers at the high school had asked me if I would be one of the Jewish Counselors at the Camp and I think I got paid something like fifty dollars for the whole summer working in the day camp and I think I did that for two years. That was my first job and I did it for a couple of years. In both instances I was working with children. I always liked little kids anyway.

Growing up of course, Passover was a very important Holiday. It was a time when we'd all get together. At times, those of us who lived on Long Island and Brooklyn, mostly Long Island, would get together. And then very often we'd go to Baltimore to see my mother's parents who lived there, and my grandmother would make the whole thing. There are so many things that I remember about those times. She used to have fish swimming in the bath tub. Huge fish. Live fish. You couldn't take a bath. Huge fish in the bath tub because she made kifilta fish out of them. I remember many of the things we did in Baltimore but it was always about getting together with all the relatives and seeing the cousins that we didn't always get to see here. That Holiday was always the most important one we celebrated.

I can remember being in the aquacade and swimming after school. We had a pool in the high school in Far Rockaway High School and that was one of the activities I was Involved in. I remember trying to get into the orchestra. I took a viola home. That was a very sad experience. I didn't make it on to the orchestra.

I tried to be a drum majorette with the drum and the marching band and the baton. I wasn't too successful with that either because I couldn't fit into the uniform. That was probably when I first went on a diet. I was involved with ARISTA in high school. I was involved with the Art Club.

I always enjoyed the summers. Of course, later on my children were home from school in the summer and I could spend my time with them. It was vacation from work and we were home. We had the beach and a boat for many years.

It's a funny thing but I associate the smell of gasoline with a good time. Growing up going for rides in the car was a fun thing to do and I can remember filling up the tank before we went someplace with the pleasant aroma of gasoline being a fun time with family. I remember my uncle having a car with a rubble seat in the back and I remember with Arnie when I learned to pump my own gasoline.

From the time I came to Brentwood I was assigned to a total of eight buildings – eight different schools. I started out in 1970 in Southeast Elementary School for 5 years. It was very shortly after that that teachers were being excessed. And I got five or six of these light green letters informing me that I was being excessed and wouldn't have a job the next year. I must say the Union was wonderful about warning us to go re-certify. It was one of the reasons during those years that I did go to Stony Brook and I did re-certify as a Social Studies Teacher. I did have many friends who were social studies majors in college because it had always been my interest. I thought at one time that I would find a job in the high school. I was almost sorry that I didn't take a job in Huntington High School that I was offered at that time but I didn't, and I was never sorry that I didn't. After that I went to Twin Pines, and I remember Peter Di Mento telling me again to re-certify in Special Education because he said that's where the jobs were. It's not something that I was interested in. I would rather have taught gifted children rather than those in Special Ed but again I did it and it worked out for me.

Then I went one year to Twin Pines and then to Northwest and then to the Seventh Grade Center and the Math Lab but that didn't work out. By then I was certified and offered a job in Special Education in West Junior High School which was a disaster. It was really not where I belonged. Next I went to the alternative high school for special education where I really did enjoy what I did. I would say that was the best part of my experience in Special Education where I started the Resource Room of the High School in Ross and a whole new chapter of my professional life. There weren't that many students in that first class I had. They put me between the Ross and the Sonderling Buildings. I'll never forget the day when into the Ross High School walked Thomas Gallino. I'll never forget Thomas either, because I had had him in Fourth Grade. And here he was back again in the High School in the Resource Room. If you asked me what the most gratifying part of my teaching experience was, I would probably say that which happened to me in the Resource Room, because I not only taught most of what I taught in the elementary school, I also taught reading and had been recertified and was teaching *Naught and Dillingham* a course that I took over the summer. So I was using that program for a reading program and most of those students really needed it. I had very few students in each one of my classes and I got to know them very, very personally. I think I was probably a mother figure to many of them. I really was and I was teaching everything, I was teaching social studies, I was teaching math and algebra and geometry, and reading and spelling and handwriting, it was a very, very varied job. And I really wish now, that I knew where some of those students were and what they are doing. It's one of the things that I would honestly love to know. Some of them dropped out, some of them became pregnant, some of them didn't do too well but I know that some of them were very successful and I knew they were. I wish I knew what they were doing. I heard stories of their families, they asked me questions, even questions that I know they couldn't ask their parents, and I was sort of on the edge, what do I tell them and what do I not tell them. It was a very rewarding experience. When you work with at risk students you can often put yourself at risk. That's true. But I did not.

One of my worst days was when I had a student who was accused of doing something he didn't do. I brought him to Administration who accused him and he dropped out of school. That to me was heart breaking. It really was. I mean this was a kid who had potential. And another one was a student who got shot at McDonalds. He'd been in trouble, he had a family that had been in trouble, I found him to be a really decent, nice kid. I went to the hospital and met his family, his brothers and his parents and they were all so grateful because they didn't look at the high school as being all that supportive of him, but I was a connection for him and it should be said perhaps, his only connection. There were kids who were in foster programs that told me about stories that were going on in the foster home. I had a student I found out who was living in a car. There were some very sad things that I heard; that I learned about.

I came to Brentwood in 1970. I sent out dozens of applications and....one of the responses I got right after I signed a contract from Brentwood was from Dix Hills. That's the way it was to be and I was never sorry. The Principal of the first elementary school where I worked at the time was John Mrowka. He asked me how I would go about teaching kids to read. He asked if I had children of my own and I did, about their ages and my background and where I'd taught before. I'd taught in Levittown when it was brand new and I had been subbing over the years also. My first assignment was teaching 4th Grade in Southeast. It was very stressful for all those years being excessed again and again. The name Jack Zuckerman comes to mind because he was so marvelous. *"I'd call him and he'd say, 'Maxine you're going to retire from the Brentwood Schools' 'My husband often said to me 'Who is Jack'? He would be on the phone with me so often". I got to know him quite well over the years in the High School when I was there. It was Fred Schifferstein and I who helped plan his retirement party which was really a pay back to Jack for some of the wonderful things he had done for us for so many years. Over the years the Union was also so very supportive. The school district or*

the state I don't know who decides when I was excessed, I was getting unemployment insurance over the summer. Well they decided one year that I was not entitled to it. That was because I was being rehired and also because I was paid over the summer but they didn't understand that the contract with Brentwood was a ten month contract and that we had opted to take out some pay during the year so that we could be paid during the (summer?) so that became an issue. Once again the union was very supportive of me and came to the hearings and everything. Eventually, we did win the case.

In the early days I certainly remember working with Sandy Samuels, Bruce Romboli with whom I shared a room, Mary Lou Fitzgerald during those years when there were gas shortages I car pooled with Mary Lou, Bernie Honkie is another one that I remember very well from those years. When I went over to Twin Pines, Alice Funk who unfortunately has passed away, was wonderful to me. They put me into a first grade classroom I had to learn some sort of a new system of teaching reading where I... hamburger, mamberger, pamberger ... I don't remember what the system was called but the day before I started the job I had to go to a class and learn it and Alice Funk was across the hall, another first grade teacher who was just wonderful to me, I mean she really was. When I went up to , I guess it was Northwest next, you know I really don't remember anyone in particular when I was there, I was at the 7th Grade Math Center only for a couple of days, and then that was when I went over to West Junior High with my first Special Ed job and I must say that Goldia Bullock stands out in my mind. I am still friendly with Goldia because I spoke to her, as a matter of fact a couple of weeks ago, she calls me, we see one another occasionally. She was the Social Worker there and I was not having a good year and she was great to me. And the other one who was there and was great to me and stands out in my mind was Bill Dargan because Bill was also a teacher in the school at the same time. Later on when I ended up in Ross, I shared a room with Bill for many years and he was a very good friend, he really was.

You got a lot of your experience in the form of on the job training as opposed to classroom preparation to become a teacher. Your experience has been so rich and so varied in terms of the assignments and the subjects you pursued, if you can try to define it for us (putting aside any job description,) what was your purpose when you would come to work every day at the ungodly hour we had to begin, what got you there – what did you see as your own mission – your purpose?

First, let me say this. I really like teaching. I enjoy teaching. For the most part I enjoy the children. There are always exceptions, but I really did like children. When I was in the elementary school I had (my own) children who were in elementary school or junior high school at the same time and I realized they were getting a great education and I wanted to bring that same thing to Brentwood. I really did. I was very academically oriented when I was in the elementary schools - extremely so. When I got to the High School and Special Ed it was a different kind of thing. It was more of a supportive kind of role that I had with these kids and every day they came in with a different story – I mean with so many different students I was really there to help them graduate from high school. That was really my goal and to make them productive citizens if I possibly could. There were many discussions in the teacher's room about the money being spent on special education and whether it was really appropriate and honestly - I do feel it was appropriate. If anyone of these students could go on and be a person in our society who was self sufficient, then I have done my job and special education had done their job. Rather than spend it on welfare, let's spend it on education. That's how I always felt about it."

You have always impressed me as being someone who is very patient and a great educator due to your boundless patience. At the same time I wonder about what it is that gets to you to make you angry. Humanly, we're all capable of expressing that emotion as well. So, what is it that pushes those ' buttons' in you; When do you feel angry?

"Well, I can remember one of the things that the kids said that really got to me." I said, "Why didn't you do what you were assigned to do for Mr. Sherin's class, or for Mrs. Britt's class, or for Mrs. Finkelstein's class, why are they telling me you're not doing what you're supposed to be doing when we went over it here? and one of them once said to me, "Well, I have to go to work." "Why are you going to work after school"? ""I am going to work after school because I have to pay for my car." "Why do you have to pay for your car?" "So that I can get to work."

Something like that 'circular reasoning' would really get me going I suppose. I guess I was not very tolerant of kids who were fresh. Because we'd seen many changes in the community over the years we were there but by the time you and I retired we were seeing a very different Brentwood from the Brentwood that was when we arrived. So I asked, "Were you ever afraid to come to work in Brentwood"? " She said, "You know, I have often been asked that by people who I have told emphatically, NO, I've honestly never been afraid to come to work here, although there was one student in the cafeteria who picked up a chair and was going to hit me with it - but never did." You see, The students in the regular population of the school didn't really know me because I was not involved in their day. As a matter of fact if I come to your room and ask you something about a student it was before the beginning of a period I'll bet that half your class was already gone because they thought that I was a substitute. If you ever wanted to get rid of your class have me come there.

The year of your retirement was 1993. Your last assignment was in the Special Education Resource Room at the Ross High School. Why did you decide it was time to retire? There were a couple of reasons (1) Mostly, because my husband had retired. He was anxious to move from this big house and I guess I reflected and said, "Yes Arnie, I did promise you I would retire, and it has been twenty-five years (twenty-three to be exact), and so, Okay, I'll do it"

I remember that when I started teaching in Levittown my first salary was \$3,100 and when I was asked what was the most fun part of what I did – it may seem like a funny thing to say but, but it's true I played games with the kids, I really did. It was a huge room and it had been the shop classroom and was hidden away in a corner because that's where the kids wanted to be. It must have been the machine shop and it had like, twenty foot ceilings. I had kids whose eye hand coordination was impaired explaining that's why they were there so we could play games in there at the end of the day when things were at a low ebb we would have bad mitten games in there we had a knock hockey game in there, you know, I guess that was fun that I had with the kids.

What I really miss is the camaraderie in the High School, I miss the other teachers and the friendships that were fostered over all those years working collaboratively together. I surely don't miss getting up that early in the morning, riding on the Long Island Expressway, and the snow and the rain, - that I definitely don't miss.

I'll always remember one student coming back who had been in my class from Sonderling to learn how to read. He just didn't cooperate and he didn't read. He came back, probably the last year I was teaching and he was permanently out of school and he asked me to let him come back into my classroom and to teach him how to read. And I would have but I couldn't do it without permission and I did not get permission to do it. I felt sorry for that kid. Maybe it was one of those unfinished things that I would have liked to have done.

Complete the phrase.....Brentwood's Teachers are....fortunate. Brentwood students are.....trying hard. I think they are trying hard. Advice offered to a new teacher starting today - Select an area you think you'd most like to work in but be prepared to change your mind just in case you learn something about yourself you didn't know before. That often happens. Know your subject well. Know your students, their parents. It helps knowing a family background to build solid relationships with them.

As a final question I asked if I was forgetting to ask Maxine anything about her life and career or if there was something she wanted to add to what we've already spoken about that might be important for her to say. She thought and thought and then concluded that her favorite year had probably been her very first year teaching in Brentwood High School when she divided her time between the Ross and Sonderling Buildings and doing something she had never done before when she taught in Levittown High School. Next, she mentioned what she did after she retired and moved From Long Island up to Brewster, N.Y. in Westchester County. There she volunteered for a Foundation called Delancey Street which she praised for the work they were doing in Brewster. Much like the Retirees of Brentwood Schools (ROBS) motto here and elsewhere is a reflection of what we are continuing to do by volunteering our time to a Community Group which continues to serve the needs of our community. Truly, though no longer in the classroom, we are all, "Still Serving."