

From the President

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IALL was well represented at the Service of Remembrance for Robert Henderson on September 18th at the University of Pittsburgh. The chapel there is a large one, and it was full of Bob's family, colleagues, and friends. Fittingly, music carried the service—music performed by close friends. Harry Pease played the bagpipes for the Introit and Recessional; Beverly Harris-Schenz, Associate Provost and Professor of German at Pitt, sang several spirituals, and Dan Everett, Chairman of the Linguistics Department, played the guitar and sang. Ed Anthony, Professor Emeritus in the Department, and a long-time colleague in the Language Acquisition Institute, gave the Tribute—and even those who knew Bob well were surprised at the breadth and depth of experience and generosity that he brought to all areas of his life.

Following the service a reception provided the opportunity for tears and laughter and exchanges of memories and tributes. Dan said that the Department, in trying to pick up the pieces, was realizing that they'd have to find three or four people to take on all the responsibilities that Bob had so quietly and competently handled. He also told me that a student had asked to do an independent study program in Arabic; when he was told that there had been no budget for Arabic for several years, he said, puzzled, that he had already been taking it for some time—and it turned out that Bob had been paying for it out of his own pocket.

I remember Bob for his warmth and generosity of spirit and sense of sharing. During my one-year visiting appointment at Carnegie Mellon, he came regularly to the faculty research seminar I was conducting, lending support and offering quiet, cogent insights. All his friends felt that he was always there for them, personally and professionally. But I remember him equally for the sense of fun that he brought to everything. He had a gift for thinking up interesting things to do and getting his friends to enjoy them with him. When he asked if I wanted to join the dawn balloon ride at CALICO

last May, my first instinct was to refuse, since I'd always been afraid of heights. But his confidence that it would be wonderful was contagious, and now that hour aloft is one of my best memories. When he played the pipes, or danced, or went out with a group to eat or to see the sights, he gave out a clear unselfconscious pleasure in living, in sharing, in learning, in being together with friends. I think we all count ourselves lucky to have known him.

Although the service at Pitt was a deeply moving occasion, which did provide a sense of closure for those of us who were fortunate enough to be able to attend it, I know that we will want to remember Bob next summer at FLEAT III as well. We need a special time, as IALL and LLA, to share our sense of loss and gratitude, and I hope that many of you will contribute ideas as to fitting ways to do that. Meanwhile we too have to pick up the pieces and continue with the work to which Bob gave so much, the building of IALL. He felt, and so do I, that we are coming into a period of great growth, a period of increasing recognition in the language teaching world of the importance of the expertise that IALL represents. But it wasn't just the expertise that he valued IALL for; it was the eagerness to share it, to build the profession. He had enormous faith and pride in the organization and in all of us. He loved IALL, and we loved him. ■