

## **With heartfelt thanks to amazing colleagues and dear friends**

There are no words that can fully express my gratitude for your emotional and energizing farewell on Thursday evening. From the moment Cathy and I arrived at Ron and Erin's to meet Zachary at the door with a request to don black mustachios and red scarves, we knew we were in for one memorable time. And what a night it was, launched with zesty wines on arrival and that amazing spread of Italian cuisine, enveloped by such laughter and camaraderie upstairs, all leading up to that unforgettable tribute downstairs. The skits and the songs were hilarious (I was sore from laughing well into Friday) and all the messages from the heart were so deeply touching.

And those overwhelmingly generous gifts! We absolutely love the stunning *Bird's Nest* created from PEI apple and maple woods and perfectly balanced on a driftwood base, all so intricately crafted by Darrell DesRoches and so thoughtfully titled 'A reflection of new beginnings and nurturing tendencies'. I have such deep respect and admiration for Darrell since getting to know him on his Master's thesis journey, and you couldn't have picked a more beautiful gift to honour my retirement. It will soon grace our coffee table once living room renovations are complete and will always be a reminder both of Darrell's special talents and your thoughtfulness and sincerity that shone throughout the entire gathering on Thursday evening.

With the busyness of life even in summertime we have been to only a few events at Indian River since it began and were just talking last week about taking in some shows this summer. So your Gold Festival package was perfectly timed and Cathy and I have our seats now confirmed for five shows this summer and so look forward to them. They include Quartet with Cindy Church, one of our very favourite singers, who coincidentally joined Ian Thomas for the song *Grateful* the first time we heard it on stage at the Confed Centre five years ago February past, and from that moment on I knew I would be singing a version of that song on my retirement. Also I can't believe our luck that the Newfoundland folk group The Once is performing at the Festival in August. Their rendition of *By The Glow of the Kerosene Light* capped my opening class in Indigenous ED451 last January to underscore the words of a beautiful poem written by the late Dr. Rita Joe, Eskasoni First Nation, for her *For The Children* collection. Cathy and I so look forward to

hearing this song for the first time live by The Once in mid August. And then on top of all that, a basket filled with red wine that just happens to be one of my favourites - Italian Primitivo from the Gambellara wine region, just about an hour west of my grandfather's home village of Falze di Trevignano in Venetia. I will save a few bottles for when you come to visit us on Cathy Drive.

I must confess that I didn't even see the personal letters many of you wrote until we were leaving that night. But, the next morning, I was brought to tears on reading them. Your special book of messages, both hand-written and typed, will also stay on our coffee table in our living room to serve as a reminder of all the love, support and validation I received over my years at UPEI.

Cathy sends to you all her special thanks for the lovely spring flower bouquet and that hilarious sympathy card, which we laughed at all the way home! What an ending to one of the most special nights we have enjoyed together in a long time, and which I have been telling our families about by phone ever since.

In closing I wanted to say a very special thanks to Ron and Erin for hosting so graciously such a wonderful evening. It was a full circle moment for me as it was 50 years ago that Ron's Dad taught me Chemistry in high school and he was so instrumental in my making honours in the provincial chemistry final exam, a half century ago to the week.

My special thanks to everyone for coming, for the kind email messages and letters from those who couldn't, and last, but certainly not least, to the Social Committee for your inspiring team enterprise in organizing and orchestrating such an amazing evening and in such meticulous and thoughtful detail (even to the napkins the colours of the Italian flag, and the green tissue in the red gift basket).

Cathy and I truly experienced the warmest of glows shining through the ambience of your farewell gathering on Thursday evening, which brought back so many special recollections of all the good times we shared at UPEI, and beckoned thoughts of new possibilities for hopeful collaborations in the future.

To you all, grazie dal profondo del nostro cuore. Basil and Cathy

I leave you with the lyrics of my two farewell songs and sincere best wishes for lots more singing and laughing for team building down the road.

## **Grateful – A tribute to my colleagues and dear friends**

Written originally by Ian Thomas from Lunch At Allen's *Catch The Moon*. ‘

Lyrics revised by Basil Favaro with accompaniment by Debbie Keating (his sister) for the Faculty of Ed  
End-of-Year Party, June 2014

Some luck in my sails, success on many trails  
A few tough times, but made it through,  
More often than not, a room with a view  
Found the truest love of mine  
At a BEd dance in '69  
Lovin and livin mighty fine  
And 45 years of grateful in me

### **Chorus**

A whole lot of grateful in me  
A whole lot of grateful in me  
I wouldn't go back and change one thing  
O'er all these years and some  
Especially at UPEI  
To this time and place we've come,  
There's a whole lot of grateful in me.

After 11 great years at UCCB  
Mount A came calling fortuitously  
There I found new happiness  
As Department Head– I was specially blessed  
13 years on a glorious high  
Came to an end and we wondered why  
But Ted Aoki never far away  
Sayin' better times are comin' your way

### **Chorus**

A whole lot of grateful in me  
A whole lot of grateful in me  
I woun'd't go back to change one thing  
O'er all those years and some  
A faculty extraordinaire  
To this time and place we've come  
There's a whole lot of grateful in me.

Now I retire with not one regret  
ED411 I'll never forget  
Indigenous Ed is soaring high  
That legacy fills me with pride

Chorus

A whole lot of grateful in me  
A whole lot of grateful in me  
I wound't go back to change one thing  
O'er all those years and some  
Friends I love like family  
The finest of camaraderie  
There's a whole lot of grateful in me.  
A whole lot of grateful in me

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**Here's to Song: A farewell to all my colleagues and dear friends** Music from  
Allister MacGillivray's 'Here's To Song' from the *Songs for the Mira* collection Lyrics revised by Basil  
Favaro with recorded accompaniment by Devin Krauskopf (Class of 2014) for the Faculty of Ed End-of-  
Year Party, June 2014

The candle flickers toward its last;  
Our time together's ending.  
These 16 years have quickly passed,  
No richer way of spending.  
Before we go our separate ways  
I'd like in truthfulness to say:  
You've made these years such special times  
With memories unending.

Chorus:

Here's to song, here's to time  
To lasting friendships may they shine  
Here's to all we raise our voices high  
Some may have riches widely laid  
Some may gain fame but then again  
We'll all have memories no wealth can buy

Verse 2

We each a different road now go  
To mountain, sea or city.  
All stages in careers, I'm ending mine  
Our parting seems a pity.  
So let's resolve with all heart  
To stay connected after we part  
For every end leads to a start  
We need not leave so sadly

Chorus (repeated)

Verse 3

And 'til our paths in future cross,  
May blessings kindly greet you.  
Until that time I must alas  
Only in memory meet you

But often I will sit with care  
And think upon this evening rare  
The company beyond compare  
For now, farewell and thank you

Chorus

Here's to song, here's to time  
To life-long friendships may they shine  
Here's to you we raise our glasses high  
We all change the world we know,  
Our candles bright where e're we go  
With memories of times like these inspired.  
With memories of times like these inspired!