

“GARY, WE HARDLY KNEW YE”

John F. Cooper*

At the memorial services for Dean W. Gary Vause, speakers and attendees alike described Gary as reserved, private, and dignified. All of these terms described one side of him, but as former Vice Dean Tom Allison accurately observed, Gary Vause was one of the most complex and multifaceted individuals he had ever met.

When I think of Gary Vause, I often think of Ernest Hemingway and his writings. Hemingway can be read at many levels. Some read his novels and short stories for the travel, the adventures, and the love of life that Hemingway’s writings evoke. Others read his writing and marvel at the simplicity of style and the strong emotions that this simplicity evokes. Literary scholars marvel at how much of Hemingway’s themes and thoughts are submerged beneath the surface of his writing, in a technique that Hemingway himself occasionally referred to as “iceberg” writing.

For me, Ernest Hemingway wrote three great books with timeless themes. The first was *A Farewell to Arms*,¹ where he offered a gripping illustration about how to live a passionate and gratifying life. The second was *For Whom the Bell Tolls*,² where Hemingway provided a compelling analysis about how to die with dignity. In *The Old Man and the Sea*,³ Hemingway fashioned a forceful analysis of growing old with grace.

Both Hemingway and Gary Vause shared a complexity that was often misunderstood, and generally resided below the surface. Together, Hemingway and Gary Vause have been my teachers in learning how to live life, grow old, and die.

Like Hemingway, Gary Vause could function effortlessly in any foreign culture. In the early 1980s, he donned a backpack

* © 2003, John F. Cooper. All rights reserved. Professor and Interim Director of Graduate and International Programs at Stetson University College of Law. B.A., The College of William and Mary, 1972; J.D., University of Oklahoma College of Law, 1979; LL.M., University of Florida College of Law, 1988.

1. Ernest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms* (Scribner Paperback Fiction 1995).

2. Ernest Hemingway, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (Charles Scribner’s Sons 1968).

3. Ernest Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea* (Charles Scribner’s Sons 1952).

while on sabbatical and purchased an around-the-world plane ticket from Pan American Airlines. With the small backpack filled with a few personal belongings, Gary Vause visited such exotic places as Morocco, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, China, and Tibet. Travel was always gratifying to Gary. The trip to Spain was particularly rewarding because he met his future wife, Celia, in Madrid where she was studying.

Gary lived to travel and to traverse the globe. He used every opportunity to pursue this interest. After spending most of one summer teaching in China, but prior to returning to his teaching duties at Stetson University College of Law that fall, Gary traveled on his own to Inner Mongolia, South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Thailand, and Vietnam. Celia and he planned to retire to Fortaleza, Brazil, her hometown.

Gary had a flair for languages. While in the Air Force, he first learned Mandarin Chinese at Yale University to prepare for monitoring Chinese radio broadcasts from Kadena Air Base in Okinawa, Japan, for the Air Force. After marrying Celia, he quickly learned Portuguese.

In addition to his language skills, Gary quickly grasped and was sensitive to cultural concerns that would have escaped many. He used chopsticks like he was born with them in his hands, but he also understood that the hygiene in China was suspect, so he carried his own chopsticks. In China, reciprocal toasts at banquets were viewed as a polite courtesy, and the failure to reciprocate was viewed as an insult. At an informal gathering with our Chinese hosts, our hosts toasted our visit to their college. Although I was caught off-guard, Gary promptly responded with a gracious toast to our Chinese colleagues.

As a legal academician, Gary loved to teach, produce legal scholarship, and promote Stetson. Teaching young students was what first attracted Gary to becoming a law professor. He taught not only Stetson and University of Connecticut law students, but also law students all over the world. His teaching carried him to China several times, where he often lectured in Mandarin—once under a Fulbright grant—and to Brazil, where he taught International Law in Portuguese. Even after becoming Dean, Gary often was able to sneak in a little teaching in Stetson's summer study-abroad programs in Estonia and Spain.

Gary appreciated excellent scholarship. He earnestly believed that scholarship was the duty of every faculty member. As a

young faculty member, Gary published articles in labor law—the area in which he had practiced. These law review publications included respected articles on labor law in Vietnam and China.⁴ However, when he recognized that international business law was becoming a prominent specialty practice in Florida, he shifted his academic writings to that area. He subsequently published a number of articles in prestigious international law journals.⁵

In April and May of 1989, I was a relatively young, non-tenured professor at Stetson who agreed to travel with Gary Vause to China to teach for a brief, two-month period at the Beijing College of Economics. When I was traveling with Gary throughout China during that period, our days and evenings were filled with teaching, traveling, and interacting with our Chinese hosts. We would usually retire to our separate rooms between 10:00 and 11:00 p.m. We would then meet in the morning for breakfast between 7:00 and 7:30 a.m. What I did not know then, but learned from the secretarial pool after our return, was that Gary, following our separation in the evening, would then work on chapters for a book he was authoring in *International Business*.

Upon our return from China, Gary suggested that we co-write a short article about our experiences in Tiananmen Square. The first issue of the *Stetson Lawyer* was being prepared, and the editors were soliciting timely articles. He knew I had kept a daily journal of our experiences in China, and asked me to prepare a draft article based on that journal. Some of the journal was in the first person, and most of it was very personal. I wrote the journal as an exercise of reflection on each day in China. I had never contemplated that some or all of it might be published. Nonetheless, I reviewed my journal and spliced together a chronological sequence of our experiences in Beijing at the time of the Tiananmen Square demonstrations. Without any expectations, I sent the draft to Gary. I assumed he would conclude that the article had no future and return it to me.

About a week later, I was amazed when Gary provided me an edited version of the article. He had taken my draft, separated the

4. Stetson U. College L., *W. Gary Vause*, <http://www.law.stetson.edu/faculty/vause/default.htm> (accessed Aug. 20, 2003) (listing his various publications).

5. *Id.*

various incidents into distinct parts, and then woven around the separated parts an illuminating discussion of Chinese history and culture. I was amazed by his additions, which added such depth to the incidents I had reported. Almost everything that I had drafted survived, but it was better for Gary's commentary. The writing was seamless.⁶

Gary also found time to co-author a legal text with a Bulgarian lawyer, Kalina Sarmov.⁷ Prior to immigrating to the United States, Kalina had served as counsel for Bulgarian airlines. Today, Kalina is a successful real estate attorney in Pinellas County. I doubt she would have attained that level of achievement without Gary's constant support.⁸ Unfortunately, Kalina arrived in the United States with limited English language skills. Regrettably, this lack of language skills hindered her ability to attend law school productively. Gary mentored her as she developed her language skills. Ultimately, with Gary's support, she was admitted to Stetson. Once again, she struggled with English comprehension issues, as well as new and difficult legal concepts. She contemplated quitting many times, but Gary counseled her to persevere. Although Kalina admits that her law school experience was difficult from the day she entered law school to the day she graduated, she never gave up, and Gary never failed to support her.

Most of the achievements discussed above advanced Gary's personal reputation and only indirectly enhanced Stetson's reputation. However, Gary loved Stetson and found many ways to convert his personal interests and skills into programs that would directly enhance the reputation of the law school. Early in his career, Gary developed an interest in alternative dispute resolution.⁹ He became a mediator and developed his mediation skills. Ultimately, he established a Center for Dispute Resolution at Stetson and organized Continuing Legal Education seminars on the topic.

6. Gary Vause & John F. Cooper, *Chinese "Democracy" and the Rule of Law—The End of Illusion or Beginning of Change?* 1 Stetson Law. 24 (1989).

7. W. Gary Vause & Kalina Sarmova, *Business Law Guide: Bulgaria* (BookWorld Publications 1997).

8. Kalina Sarmov, *One Life in Eternity*, 33 Stetson L. Rev. 55 (2003).

9. Cary R. Singletary, *W. Gary Vause: Educator, Scholar, and Southern Gentleman*, 33 Stetson L. Rev. 59 (2003).

His interest in travel and international law also bore a rich harvest for the law school. He established summer study-abroad programs for Stetson in Tallinn, Estonia and Granada, Spain. Prior to and after selecting these sites, Gary continued to promote Stetson abroad by visiting foreign law schools in Germany, China, Thailand, Taiwan, Russia, and Australia. These visits often resulted in faculty visits from foreign lawyers and educators. In the last few years, the Stetson campus has hosted visiting scholars from China, Ghana, England, Russia, Germany, Spain, and Iceland.

As chair of the faculty's International Programs Committee, Gary spearheaded Stetson's efforts to establish a Master of Laws (LL.M.) degree in International Business at the law school. This goal was ultimately achieved when Stetson's first class of LL.M. students arrived on campus in the fall of 1998.

Despite these many commitments, Gary applied for and was appointed Dean of Stetson University College of Law by University President H. Douglas Lee in 1999. During his four-year term as Dean, Gary achieved a number of notable goals for the law school. He supervised the creation of standard rules and policies at the law school. Being a keen judge of talent, he professionalized and upgraded the law school staff, and he presided over the hiring of an impressive number of promising young scholars. He supervised the revision of the faculty merit-pay system to more effectively mirror faculty productivity.

Gary spearheaded the establishment of a part-time law program in Tampa, and he employed his keen negotiating skills to purchase land for the law school at a choice Tampa location and at a cost favorable to the law school. He oversaw the plans for the construction of the Tampa campus and leased one floor of the Tampa campus to the Second District Court of Appeal. This arrangement has the dual benefit of providing rental income to the school while enhancing the school's claim to establishing a law center in Tampa.

Gary realized that Stetson's endowment needed significant growth. He supervised the development of the Cornerstone Campaign, thereby jumpstarting the law school's fund-raising. This campaign focused on faculty needs and student scholarships. Although the campaign was still in its infancy when he died, initial contribution levels are encouraging.

This is a remarkable record by any standard. Considering Gary's rather humble beginnings, it is an epic achievement. Gary Vause was born into a rural, blue-collar, north Florida family. The Vause family immigrated to the Tallahassee area from South Carolina in the early 1800s.¹⁰ His father was employed in the timber and logging industry,¹¹ and sometimes Gary's father would take him to work. As a young boy, Gary watched his father toil in difficult manual labor. Gary's father would ask, "Son, do you like doing this kind of work?"¹² When Gary would say, "No, I don't," his father would tell him to get an education.¹³ So, to fund this education, Gary delivered newspapers around Tallahassee using a 1958 Volkswagen with all but the driver's seat removed.¹⁴ Four Volkswagens later, Gary was the first member of his family to graduate from college, and later law school.¹⁵

Gary learned perseverance from his parents following his father's diagnosis of terminal cancer. Ultimately, his father was transferred to Hospice care when the medical authorities determined that there was no course of treatment that could improve his condition. Most Hospice patients return home, become bedridden, and slowly die. Gary's father fought back. During the six months after being released to Hospice, Gary's father hand-made wooden rocking chairs for each of his three children and several of his Hospice nurses. Hospice nurses are not supposed to accept gifts from their patients, but they made an exception in Mr. Vause's case. The rocking chair that his father made for Gary sits proudly in the Vause living room.

Gary had been born and raised a Southern Baptist. A few months before his death, Gary, who had been attending Catholic services for years with his wife, Celia, converted to Roman Catholicism. Father Bill Swengross, the priest who performed the conversion, was astonished at how knowledgeable Gary was about Catholicism. Gary had studied the precepts of his new religion well.

10. Frank Klim, *A Life of Service*, 43 *Stetson Law* 24, 25 (Spring 2003).

11. *Id.*

12. *Id.*

13. *Id.*

14. *Id.*

15. *Id.*

But Father Swengross was also quick to observe that, although Gary had converted to Catholicism, Gary viewed this conversion as just one more step in his religious development. Gary became a Catholic because it was consistent with his religious beliefs at that time. As Father Swengross emphasized, Gary was also proud of his Baptist background and he never rejected his Baptist roots. This was easily evidenced by two of Gary's favorite hymns that were sung to him nightly by Celia, and that were played at his funeral service: "How Great Thou Art" and "Amazing Grace."

At his Stetson memorial service, Celia said that Gary had two great loves in his life. The first was Celia, and the second was Stetson. Celia claimed that she was never jealous of Gary's love for Stetson, because at least the law school was not a woman. However, while Stetson was not a woman, it did consume large quantities of Gary's time.

Gary's love affair with Stetson began in 1975 when Gary was a partner in a small labor law firm that he had established in Connecticut. While on a trip to Tampa to visit his sister Suzanne, she suggested that they visit a small law school located across the bay in Gulfport. Gary agreed, and they drove to the Stetson campus for the first time. Gary was taken aback by the beauty of the campus, and he asked Suzanne to wait in the car while he attempted to introduce himself to the Dean.

Gary walked into the Dean's office where he introduced himself to the Dean's secretary, Dorothy Bishop. Dorothy was working in the same office that she occupies today. Gary asked to introduce himself to Dean Richard Dillon. Dorothy knew that Dillon was occupied with a particularly thorny legal issue, and that he did not want to be interrupted. Gary persisted in his quiet, unassuming way, and Dorothy grudgingly relented. After being escorted into Dillon's office, Gary asked a somewhat irritated Dillon what legal issue was perplexing him.

The issue was an employment law question. As a labor lawyer, Gary was interested, and he had actually researched the question several months earlier. Gary explained the answer to Dean Dillon. Meanwhile, a puzzled Suzanne waited patiently in the car. Several weeks later, Gary was hired as a Professor and Assistant Dean at Stetson College of Law. Gary's love affair with Stetson had begun.

President Doug Lee's eulogy described Gary as a Renaissance man. It will be that man, with all his personal and professional achievements, that most will be remembered, but not to me. While I admire Gary's accomplishments as a law professor, and as a dean, the Gary Vause I will remember is not the one whose accomplishments are memorialized in bricks and mortar, or in history books. What I genuinely admired about Gary was his character, kindness, compassion, quick wit, and sense of adventure.

While Gary's academic accomplishments were obvious to all, his personality and character were submerged below his calm, reserved surface. Gary's father was demonstrative and emotional. Gary's brother and sister, Bobby and Suzanne, seemed to inherit these traits from him. Gary's mother, however, was cautious and circumspect. She also had a stoic and inscrutable nature. Suzanne believes that Gary inherited these traits from their mother. Gary merged his mother's stoic nature with his father's hardiness. He blended these traits with his own intellect, education, and savvy to become the man he was. Gary did not offer his opinions freely, and he always held his own counsel. This aloof demeanor was often misinterpreted and misunderstood by others. He was viewed by some as a dispassionate, humorless, maybe even uncaring person. This conclusion really misses the mark.

Because of his private nature, Gary tended to internalize his feelings. When his daughter GariAnn was killed by a house fire in Connecticut in 1994, Gary did not mention this personal tragedy to anyone. Instead, in the days following his daughter's death, he managed a Continuing Legal Education program. Even close friends found it difficult to approach or console him. One of Gary's closest friends and mentors was Professor Don Weckstein, a former dean at the University of San Diego Law School. Don was incredulous that Gary attended the seminar. Don also said he had never seen a man in such internal pain. Ultimately, the unreleased grief affected his physical appearance. His hair grayed quickly, and I, for one, believed he physically aged a decade in the year following his daughter's tragic death.

We will never know what motivated Gary to mask his basic nature, but at heart, he was a warm, compassionate, and caring man. At the Stetson memorial service, Celia graciously agreed to exhibit several of the many letters that Gary had written to her over the years when they had been temporarily apart. In one letter, Gary exposed a deeply romantic side. He wrote lovingly to

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Celia that he was sitting at his desk, but that he could not get any work done because his thoughts kept drifting back to her. He also spoke of his loneliness and his great love for her.

As for Celia, how could anybody think that Gary lacked feeling when he was married to such a strong, caring, and loving woman as Celia? Celia was the love of Gary's life, and Gary was the love of Celia's. At Gary's funeral, Father Swengross said Gary's life was well lived. He also was well loved by a strong, exceptional, and deeply religious wife. Gary loved to teach—and Celia knew this. On the night of Gary's death, I heard Celia say something that will stay with me forever. She said, "Gary, soon you will be teaching to the angels." During the moments immediately following her husband's death, this incredible woman ignored her own pain and loss, and instead sought to comfort the others in the room.

Gary was a quietly compassionate man. This compassion often led him to make unpredictable decisions, if he felt it was the right thing to do. When Gary was Associate Dean, he had to deal with a difficult personnel problem. An employee had done something that was clearly inappropriate, and maybe even reckless, but the offending conduct was not representative of the employee's overall service. Although few could have blamed him if Gary had recommended dismissal of the individual, Gary took the unexpected course. Instead of recommending dismissal, Gary counseled the employee, emphasizing to the individual the seriousness of the indiscretion, but giving the employee a second chance. This individual went on to a successful legal career at another law school. Shortly before Gary's death, this individual wrote to Gary: "Gary, you made a major difference in my life and career. I hope you know how much I appreciate the balanced and reasoned way you dealt with me over my poor judgment—10 years ago." Few people ever knew what Gary had done for the employee. I told this story in the Stetson memorial service held for Gary on May 2, 2003. At the reception following the service, two individuals inquired whether the story was about them. Apparently, below his stoic demeanor, Gary could have a bit of a soft touch. However, I doubt that anyone ever received a third chance.

During the last week or two of Gary's life, Professor Luz Nagle and I spent time with Gary and Celia—first in St. Anthony's Hospital and then at their home. I learned a lot about Gary during this time. One evening, a young man appeared in the

hospital hallway. I asked the young man how he knew Gary. He said, "He's my father." He then said not biologically, but that Gary had raised him. Prior to meeting Celia, Gary dated a single mother with two small boys. Gary assumed their absent father's role. This father-son relationship continued after Gary's relationship with their mother had ended. The young man I met in the hall visited Gary daily. The other brother flew in from his home in Maui to spend time with Gary in the hospital.

Gary had an adventurous and inquisitive side that I still envy, and have frequently, and unsuccessfully, tried to emulate. In many ways it is almost ironic. All the caution that Gary exhibited in his professional dealings disappeared wherever and whenever he traveled. An appealing and clever wit replaced the reserve. During one of the memorial services, Gary's close friend and former law partner, Tom Sullivan, observed that to understand and know the real Gary Vause, you had to get him off campus. Apparently, geographical distance acted to soften his intense focus on his work and job.

As mentioned above, in 1989, Gary and I traveled within China as part of a faculty exchange arrangement that Gary negotiated during an earlier trip to China. I had only recently joined the faculty and did not know Gary well. From my previous dealings with him, I expected a productive, but formal business trip with limited fun; that was my first mistake.

I met Gary at the Tampa airport where we caught a flight to Los Angeles. I had previously checked two bulky suitcases. Gary arrived at the gate with a small backpack. I assumed his other luggage had been checked—but it had not. He had no other luggage. During the course of the next month or so, I swear I saw him remove from that backpack business suits, sports jackets and slacks, dress shoes, athletic shoes, books, a camera, a camcorder, and several gifts for our Chinese colleagues.

On the flight to Los Angeles, Gary struck up a conversation with a young woman seated next to us. She had started a small business in St. Petersburg manufacturing leather swimsuits. That was more than enough conversation for me, but all the way to California, Gary inquired about what leather she used, where she obtained it, how she treated it, how she cut it, and how much it shrunk after use. I remember thinking, "Who is this guy?"

In Los Angeles, we changed to a Korean Airlines flight that took us to Hong Kong via Seoul and Taiwan. While we awaited

the announcement to board the flight, Gary suggested that I stand back and wait until the boarding announcement was made. When it was, the primarily Korean passengers raced in a pack to the plane door. Gary knew that Koreans had no cultural sense of “queuing up.”

I remember arriving in Hong Kong exhausted. Gary did not want to sleep; he wanted to explore the back alleys of Hong Kong. We ate Indonesian food, priced fake Rolex watches, and bargained with vendors all over the island. I remember walking by a blind tailor, and Gary observed wryly that now he knew where Professor Tom Marks had all of his suits made. He wanted to travel to Macao, but our time in Hong Kong was too short.

We were met at the Beijing Airport by a delegation from the Beijing College of Economics. They took us for a quick Chinese meal and deposited us at the Furong Hotel. The Furong was not a tourist hotel, but a hotel for visiting workers primarily from Taiwan. Gary anxiously hurried the meal. I assumed he finally wanted to rest, because I know I did. Instead, he wanted to explore the back streets and byways of Beijing.

Gary steered me away from the large tourist hotels that excluded all Chinese, except as employees. That was not the real China. Gary spoke Mandarin, so we were able to travel through parts of Beijing typically closed to tourists. We quickly found a small restaurant located near our hotel. We had already eaten, but Gary still wanted to go inside. We entered, finding four or five nonmatching tables with plastic tablecloths. Posters of rural American scenes were displayed on the walls. The cash register was a tin box. The food was cooked over an open coal fire, and served in dishes that did not match. We may have been the first Americans ever to have stepped into this restaurant that was operated by one of the new capitalists permitted by Deng Xiaoping’s recent economic reforms. This, not a hotel restaurant, was more Gary’s style.

I had told Gary that I did not know how to use chopsticks, and this was the place Gary selected to teach me. He ordered a large plate of peanuts. I was supposed to pick up single peanuts with my chopsticks. Although clumsy at first, hunger improved my technique quickly, or I would have starved.

In this same restaurant, only warm beer was served. Gary observed that a small refrigerator was located in the corner of the restaurant to cool the makings of jiaozi—a dumpling that was a

local favorite and staple of the restaurant. Gary convinced a confused waiter to place a few beers in the refrigerator. Upon our frequent returns, we were always served refrigerated beer. Before we left China, I looked around the restaurant and saw many of its Chinese patrons drinking cold beer. This led me to my belief that Gary Vause had single-handedly introduced refrigerated beer into China.

The college at which we were to teach went on strike immediately upon our arrival. Nevertheless, the students showed up for our classes. We were supposed to teach International Business Law, Labor Law, and Income Tax Law. While the students were polite, they wanted to hear about United States Constitutional Law, particularly the Bill of Rights. At first, we tried not to offend our hosts by lecturing on the requested subjects. After a while, Gary said that we were free to answer direct questions. Eventually, the questions would start before we had even begun our lectures. In answering these questions, Gary ardently lectured the Chinese students about democracy and individual liberty.

Ultimately, we had to reschedule our classes later in the day, because so many of our students were demonstrating in Tiananmen Square. At the time, the students foolishly believed that the Chinese's "Peoples' Army" would never attack Chinese people. Gary knew the students were wrong, and it was only a matter of time before the Chinese leadership violently suppressed the student demonstrations.

Knowing Gary felt this way, I would have preferred to stay in our hotel room whenever we were not teaching. Gary would not have it. Instead, he insisted that we go to Tiananmen Square to monitor the demonstrations first hand. During the early evening of April 27, 1989, Gary and I attempted to reach Tiananmen Square using the local bus system. The traffic jams and crowds in the street eventually blocked our way, and we found ourselves walking towards the Square. The official Chinese media reported that 40,000 students participated in an illegal demonstration that evening, while western media sources placed the number closer to 200,000. Whatever the number, students and others filled the Square, and the surrounding streets were overflowing with stalled cars, pedestrians, and thousands of bicycles.

Platoons of armed soldiers in tennis shoes jogged in formation into the Square with no apparent destination or purpose, other than to intimidate the students. Chinese soldiers with bulging

heavy overcoats ran behind the Great Hall of the People on the warm evening. Chinese Army trucks packed with standing soldiers were visible all over Beijing. Gary admired the courage and conviction of the students, but feared the end was near. The end ultimately arrived on June 4th, when Chinese troops armed with AK-47 assault rifles and backed by tanks cleared the Square by indiscriminately firing against unarmed people. Although fortunately the issue never arose, I am quite convinced that Gary would have remained in the Square with the students that evening if the Chinese army had attempted to clear the square. He certainly was not intimidated by the armed soldiers who were there that evening.

To get us out of Beijing during the continuing demonstrations, the college sent us on a train trip to Inner Mongolia. We arrived in a city called Hohhot, which literally translated means "Yellow, Black City." Never was a city more appropriately named. From there, we took a day-long trip in a Toyota minivan, first on roads and then on a naked prairie, into the heart of Inner Mongolia. Power and phone lines disappeared. Children went to school on horseback. We arrived at a camp that the Chinese government had established as an exhibit of Mongolian culture. Upon our arrival, we were asked if we wanted any finger foods. I envisioned triangular tuna fish sandwiches with the crust removed. The spine of a sheep with congealed grease and buzzing flies was casually tossed on our table. We were expected to tear off the meat with our fingers. Gary acted like he ate that way his entire life.

We lived in a tent called a yurt, and housekeeping arrived on horseback. Gary took up archery. During an exhibition of Mongolian wrestling, Gary told one of the larger wrestlers that I wanted to challenge him to a match. Ultimately, I was able to extricate myself, while an amused Gary laughed. Given the opportunity, Gary decided to go camel riding across the treeless prairie. At the end of a Mongolian culture show, a red bandana was placed in Gary's right hand and he was invited to dance with the performers as the audience sang the Chinese anthem, "The East is Red."

Gary left China before I did. I always found it coincidental that the only English language menu in our hotel restaurant disappeared on the same day that he departed.

As I write these words, I am sitting in a building at the University of Granada in Granada, Spain, which was constructed in

1611 and which architecturally reflects the influence of the Muslim Moors' occupation of Southern Spain. I am teaching in the summer study-abroad program that Gary Vause, as Dean of Stetson, established for Stetson students. The topic of this program blends two of Gary's great loves. The program is called "International Dispute Resolution." One reason I was pleased to be asked to serve as resident director of the program was because Gary Vause would be teaching in the first week. I had hoped that, for a few days, Gary and I might share an experience or two similar to those we experienced so many years ago in China. Sadly, that will never happen.

In China, Gary, like Hemingway's writing, helped me learn how to live. During the last year of his deanship, Gary, like Hemingway's writing, taught me how to die. Although he had known for close to a year that he had cancer, and for several months prior to his resignation had known that his condition was terminal, he never failed to fulfill his duties as Dean. He never sought sympathy, exhibited any self-sympathy, or offered his illness as an excuse. During the final year of his deanship—and his life—Gary was confronted with two of the most difficult, emotional, and time consuming issues that he had to face as Dean. He confronted each of these issues firmly and professionally.

The first time that most members of the faculty knew that Gary was ill was when he appeared at the final faculty meeting of the 2002–2003 academic year supported by a cane. After lengthy reports were given by all of the administrative staff attesting to the healthy condition of the law school, Dean W. Gary Vause announced that he was not. He had been diagnosed a year prior with colon cancer. He indicated that colon cancer was easily treated if diagnosed early and implied that his had not been. With tremendous strength and dignity, he ended the meeting to a standing ovation from the gathered staff and faculty. Forlornly, I realized that Gary would never be able to show me how to grow old.

In the hospital and ultimately during his final days in his home, he continued to fight the disease that he knew he could never beat. Even in intense and unremitting pain, his thoughts were always of Celia. One night as Celia was preparing to leave the hospital for a brief rest at home, Gary called me into his hospital room. "Drive Celia home—and take care of her," he said. That is a request that I hope we all will honor.