

“IF YOU ARE A TEACHER, YOU CAN TEACH ANYTHING,” CALVIN KUENZEL*

Jerome C. Latimer**

Professor Kuenzel's passing has had a devastating impact upon me. He was more than a legend or even a colleague to me, he was a very close personal friend. I was struck, at the memorial to Calvin, by the number of true, very close, friends he did have. Calvin had the ability to make each of us feel that we were special. It was his gift.

When I began teaching at Stetson University College of Law over twenty years ago, he was my mentor. In those days, the full-time faculty was so sparse, we taught courses in which we had no prior exposure in law school or in practice. For example, I was assigned to teach Sales, based on the relatively new Uniform Commercial Code. Prior to teaching, I was a criminal defense lawyer and I had not even taken Sales in law school. I went to Calvin for advice. “If you are a teacher, you can teach anything,” was his reply. With his help, I struggled through the course. The afternoon before, Calvin would enlighten me about the subject matter, and, the next day, I would convey this “enlightened” material to my students. Thus, Calvin in essence taught my first class in Sales. From the feedback from my students, he did a pretty good job.

During this past fall semester, I had the pleasure of teaching students who were in Calvin's last class. They took Contracts from Calvin last summer and are now taking Criminal Law from me. These students probably do not realize the honor that they had being his last students, but they will. My impression of these students is that Calvin was lucky to have had them as his last class. They seem well motivated, sincerely concerned about the profession of the law, and about each other. “They good people,” Calvin would have said.

Calvin and his wife Diane (and sometimes Cal, Jr.) would trav-

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el, together with my wife and me, around the country to various professional meetings. It was a joy to see how he loved life, his family, and enjoyed friends such as me. My memories are of Calvin hugging a redwood tree outside of San Francisco; smoking his pipe, standing on the bridge of a ferry while approaching Vancouver Island and having "High Tea" at the Empress hotel; gazing out over the Grand Canyon like an explorer and remarking, "It is a pretty neat ditch"; attending the *Phantom of the Opera* in Toronto and in New Orleans (he loved it); and riding in a boat down the middle of San Antonio with glorious Christmas lights ablaze. These and hundreds of other precious recollections flood my mind.

Calvin was a unique person. His like will never pass my way again. I will cherish my memories of him forever.