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ON THE OCCASION OF DEBORAH POST'S RETIREMENT

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I first met Deborah when I managed to make my way to the Northeast Corridor Collective gatherings, ages ago. I got to know her a bit better as a member of the SALT Board in 2004-2007, but we became joined at the hip in 2008 and 2009 as co-presidents of SALT. I still miss our daily contact on the important issues that we tackled in that role.

One of those issues was trying to shed light on the inequities that affirmative action sought to address. It is amazing to think of how optimistic such an agenda seems in the wake of the raw hatred boldly expressed regarding President Obama, police killings of black men and women and what that inexorably brought to the nation's attention. We did not anticipate how quickly public sentiment would veer from the goal of inclusion and tolerance to embracing the hatemongering of Trump. But then we knew the road was a hard one, and it was a great experience to walk it with such a brilliant and fun person.

I selfishly look forward to spending quality time with Deborah starting with her first year of retirement and my upcoming sabbatical. We have enjoyed the great music and meals that my husband prepared and, with all that is distressing about our country and the world we now live in, the times spent with friends like Deborah are reminders of how good life can be.

That said, I recognize that while Deborah may be ready to turn to the next page in her impressive career, her leaving legal education, if indeed she stays away, will be a real loss. I know that she loves teaching and that she cares deeply about preparing students to be excellent lawyers. When she talks about her concerns for her students, I think to her 1990 article *Reflections on Identity, Diversity and Morality*, published as part of the Northeast Corridor Collective's articles in the Berkeley Women's Law Journal. In the article, she spoke of how she felt about being a law professor:

There were times when I was in law school and later when I was in practice when I would experience a mild case of dissociation. I would look around me and think, "How did I get here?" I had a feeling that I was in a dream because my life had this surreal quality. It was not exactly a Fellini film, but for me it was almost as unnatural. That feeling disappeared when I began to teach. It was as though I had emerged from some sort of maze having successfully negotiated my way to the end without any idea of how I managed to get there. I did not know, at first, why I should feel so differently about teaching. I just felt like I belonged: I was doing what I should be doing, what I was supposed to do all along.¹

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¹ Deborah Waire Post, *Reflections on Identity, Diversity and Morality*, 6 BERKELEY WOMEN'S L. J. 136, 164 (1990-1991).

Deborah, you certainly belong, we all have benefitted from your role in the academy, and you will be missed in that role.

Much love,
Margaret