The Star-Ledger

APRIL 17, 2012 • New Jersey, Page 9

After principal's untimely death, his lessons live on

By Mark Di Ionno STAR-LEDGER STAFF

The kids went back to school yesterday, piling through doors they decorated over spring break. Some of the signs had blown away, swept off by a week's worth of mild, breezy weather, but there was no rain to speak of so their words were still intact and legible, their messages now 10 days old.

Outside those doors, dried flowers and small stones painted with messages were moved aside, out from underfoot. The kids were back in the old stone-and-brick Tudor building, where footsteps echo down granite halls when class is in session, and where the shrill racket of middle-schoolers bounces off plaster walls when class is not.

The building was full again, yet empty in a way that only adults should have to understand. But the kids at Briarcliff School in Mountain Lakes now know, too. They got a hard lesson on their week of vacation.

Their principal, Mr. Cera - Marco Cera to people outside the school - died on Good Friday, the first day of spring break. He was 39.

Death, to most young teenagers, is for old people. Grandmas and grandpas. On the timeline of expected life, Marco Cera left too early, and too abruptly, and under circumstances that are hard to comprehend even for grownups. He came to the school just 14 months ago - young and vital - and became an immediate force, everpresent in the halls, at the concerts and science and book fairs, at the team events. A few months later, this man who never worked in heavy industry or a shipyard, was diagnosed with mesothelioma, an asbestos-related lung cancer. The news was as perplexing as it was devastating as it was unnerving. Especially to sixth-, seventhand eighth-graders. He was younger than their parents, and had children younger than them.

Mr. Cera fought if off and hardly missed a day of school at first. There was treatment at Sloan-



Kettering, an operation to remove lung lining. Still he was in the building; strong, optimistic, hovering over the kids, meeting with their parents.

And then he was not.

That was the hard lesson. All that strength

and optimism, all those prayers and goodwill, didn't force a happy ending. Mr. Cera was gone, just like that, it seemed to the kids who had been shielded from the realities of his disease.

But he wasn't done teaching. What happened next were the lessons he gave in death. Lessons of caring, and community, and life, no matter what it brings. The signs, in middle-school scrawl, began to show up Friday, many addressed to his family, all sprinkled with the word "love." Mr. Cera, it seems, got as good as he gave.

There was a spontaneous bake sale by three seventh-grade girls who took cookies and brownies and cupcakes and cake pops to the town's playing fields and sold to whoever was around, and whichever team was practicing. They raised \$175 for Cera's family. A seventh-grade boy started making Mr. Cera T-shirts. Some freshman boys from Mr. Cera's first class are organizing a pizza fundraiser.

And that is just the beginning. As school reconvenes this week, more will be decided on. A scholarship fund for his daughters is being talked about, and while adults will decide structure and fill out appropriate forms, kids will do the work of baking, selling, washing cars or whatever else is needed.

On the day of Mr. Cera's wake, the line at Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church in Boonton went out the church and down the block. The families from every district Mr. Cera worked in came out: Pompton Lakes, Kittatinny, Madison, Franklin Lakes, Mountain Lakes. His wife, Danielle, brother, Christopher, and parents, Anthony and Corinne, met hundreds of his kids. They came and told the family how much Mr. Cera did for them, unaware of how much they may have done for Mr. Cera. They gave him a life as an educator, and a chance to impact each and every one of their lives. Danielle Cera met each one and laid comforting hands on all their shoulders. She was the widow, yes, but a mother first.

There is nothing quite as heartbreaking as watching young teenage girls cry tears not born of some silly drama, but of deep, internal, chestheaving sadness. Nothing, except watching teenage boys drop their pretense, and do the same. All cried openly and without shame.

The homily by the Rev. Thomas Fallone was directed at all those kids. It was about caring, and community, and living a life of service to both. It, too, was sprinkled with the word "love."

"Never forget this day," he said. "Never forget what Mr. Cera did with his life. Never forget what he did for you, and what you can do for oth-



ers. Never forget his was a life so well-lived."

It was a full life that touched so many, short as it was.

And - does it need to be said? - there are lessons in that for all of us.

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