

Rosen Manor

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To my descendants,

Greetings from the year 2017. I hope this message finds you well. My son, Eleazer Nathaniel Rosen, just turn 8 months old a few days ago and a few recent events have persuaded me to embark on a project I wanted shortly before he was born. When Lazer was born, I saw my parents (Stephanie and Steven Rosen) looking on at their grandchild, I realized that this would most likely happen to me someday, and someday to my children and my children's children and I think you can do the rest this yourself.

And it made me slightly sad. All these amazing people, and I'll most likely only get to really know a few of them. I have many flaws, but one of my big ones is that I always want more time. There's never enough of it to got around, and certainly not enough of it to meet and love and teach everyone in a family tree of potentially infinite depth.

Then I remembered I have a time machine. It's not a particularly good one, I admit. It only goes in one direction, and it only takes **me** so far, but anything I write has a good chance of traveling farther, especially in this day and age where the Internet has really turned into something amazing and fault tolerant.¹

It turns out to be the same one that everyone else has, but I can use it to send you all sorts of things (there's plenty of room): letters, some videos about what I know, lectures, congratulations, advice, encouragement, trust, and, most importantly, knowledge.

Your Ancestor (or possibly crazy
relation up the tree)

Professor Andrew Benjamin Rosen

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¹For those of you happen to have decided to foolishly join me in studying Computer Science, this fault tolerant thing is actually something I got tangentially involved in. Check out my research and those of my coauthors from slightly before this year.