

St. Andrew's MAGAZINE

FALL 2011
WINTER 2012
SPRING 2012
SUMMER 2012

Special! Double Issue

- Financial Aid
- Alumni Support
- Commencement
- Reunion Weekend





*(above) Excitement and Pride: Molly Belk '12 and Khary Dennis '12 during the procession of the 79th Commencement.
(front cover) Sarah Demers flanked by grateful students during a surprise ceremony naming the girls' locker room in her honor as part of Crossroads: The Campaign for St. Andrew's School.*



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Alec Hill '12



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EDITOR'S NOTE

We had just finished grilling Emily Grohs '12. The heads of several academic departments, Tad, and I were called in to simulate the interview for the Morehead-Cain Scholarship to the University of North Carolina and we let her have it. We asked her questions about religion, politics, technology, literature and leadership. We asked her questions we knew she would struggle with and some that left her completely at a loss. We finally relented after two rounds and Emily looked exhausted, more than a bit flustered and completely unsure of herself. She sat across from us waiting for our feedback. I was first in line and said what all of us in the room were thinking: "You really don't have a clue how incredible you are, do you?" Her face contorted in a way that confirmed my assertion. I went on. "Emily, when my friends and classmates ask me about the School today I tell them about you."

I hope you take a moment to read Emily's letter to the person who helped make her opportunity at St. Andrew's possible (found on page 60). It will tell you everything you need to know about this school, its mission, and especially the incredible students that bring the buildings to life. Emily is of course just one student in the long history of our school and would be the first to point out the beauty in her own friends and classmates. There's her co-president, Ike Amakiri, who will head to Johns Hopkins later this summer with plans to study medicine; the boy from Honduras who has overcome the language barrier to earn honors grades; the boy from Houston who made a point to shake my hand, look me in the eye and thank me after I took him into town to get a haircut; the girl who made the national orchestra, but insists it's "not a big deal." During a vacation I was alone on the empty campus with my two sons when my 4-year-old broke open his chin and needed stitches. I didn't want to bring my 2-year-old along with me so I did the only thing I could think of at the time. I called Jake Myers '12 who lived in town and asked if he could look after him. I told Jake I didn't know how long I needed him — it could be hours — but that I needed him. He was there in 15 minutes. These moments are relatively small, but when you add in the workload, the high expectations, the successes, the failures, the camaraderie and the kindness that permeates everything we do you start to see a picture of a pretty special place. I can't express how proud I am to be associated with a school like St. Andrew's and I hope you feel the same.

Emily of course earned the Morehead-Cain — they were thrilled that she accepted. One day she will fully realize the incredible things she is capable of accomplishing in her life, but I also happily know that she will never consider herself "incredible."



—Will Robinson '97

St. Andrew's MAGAZINE

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Mission Statement of St. Andrew's School

In 1929, the School's Founder, A. Felix duPont, wrote:

The purpose of St. Andrew's School is to provide secondary education of a definitely Christian character at a minimum cost consistent with modern equipment and highest standards.

We continue to cultivate in our students a deep and lasting desire for learning; a willingness to ask questions and pursue skeptical, independent inquiry; and an appreciation of the liberal arts as a source of wisdom, perspective and hope. We encourage our students to model their own work on that of practicing scholars, artists and scientists and to develop those expressive and analytical skills necessary for meaningful lives as engaged citizens. We seek to inspire in them a commitment to justice and peace.

Our students and faculty live in a residential community founded on ethical principles and Christian beliefs. Our students collaborate with dynamic adults and pursue their passions in a co-curriculum that includes athletics, community service and the arts. We encourage our students to find the balance between living in and contributing to the community and developing themselves as leaders and individuals.

As an Episcopal School, St. Andrew's is grounded in and upheld by our Episcopal identity, welcoming persons regardless of their religious background. We are called to help students explore their spirituality and faith as we nurture their understanding and appreciation of all world religions. We urge students to be actively involved in community service with the understanding that all members of the community share responsibility for improving the world in which we live.

St. Andrew's is committed to the sustainability and preservation of its land, water and other natural resources. We honor this commitment by what we teach and by how we live in community and harmony with the natural world.

On our campus, students, faculty and staff from a variety of backgrounds work together to create a vibrant and diverse community. St. Andrew's historic and exceptional financial aid program makes this possible, enabling the School to admit students regardless of their financial needs.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TOO QUICK TO COMPARE?

Dear Editor,

First of all thank you for the copy of the Magazine. I love the "Pit Fire Ceramics!" I am writing because I cannot resist commenting on Mr. Lindsay Brown's article, "I Own a Chainsaw." When discussing the view of University of Delaware's Political Science Professor Muqtedar Khan, Brown says, "Similar to the Protestant work ethic, Islam wants all people to seek excellence in their lives." We need to be clear about the differences in perspective in these religions and not just brush them over with a quick comparison.

Sincerely,
Skip Fraley '72

Thank you for your note! The IV and VI Form Religious Studies classes work very hard to uncover the many similarities and differences among various religions. As Religion teacher Nate Crimmins puts it: "In a day and age in which differences are often used to formulate wedges that hinder understanding and unity, it becomes both our duty and responsibility to recognize the shared spaces that do exist as well as the differences." —Ed.

LOVING THE CONTENT!

Dear Editor,

I LOVED the Winter Magazine. It seems to just keep getting better and better! I especially enjoyed the Junot Diaz piece ("Our Day with Junot Diaz") and the "Recommended Reads" section from the faculty is also a great idea. Thank You!

Sincerely,
Alexandra Cox '97

Thanks for the positive feedback, Alexandra! We are working to capture our wonderful school in as many different ways as possible. You can find this edition's "Reads" section from the Modern Languages Department on pages 26-27. —Ed.



WE WELCOME LETTERS

Please email us at communications@standrews-de.org. You can also reach us by fax at (302) 378-7120 or by regular mail at **Communications, 350 Noxontown Road, Middletown, DE 19709**. Letters should refer to material published in the Magazine and may be edited for clarity and length.

A School of Generosity & Love
Old St. Anne's Church Chapel Remarks
Sunday, May 20, 2012



The day was November 22, 1963. Slowly, over the radio and television, Americans learned that President Kennedy had been shot to death in Dallas as he rode in a motorcade through the city. That same day, Vice President Lyndon Baines Johnson became the nation's 36th President. In a famous photograph taken aboard Air Force One, a somber Johnson stands beside Jacqueline Kennedy (her dress still spattered with blood) as he takes the oath of office.

The brilliant work of historian and biographer Robert Caro enables us as readers to understand the context, the story and the reality behind this photograph: the Kennedys and Lyndon Johnson hated one another.

In a political feud that became primal, the Kennedys viewed Johnson as a grasping, ambitious and ruthless man — they viewed his family, social class, education and Southern heritage with contempt and disdain.

For Johnson, the Kennedys represented the presumption of privilege, affluence and entitlement in America. He scowled at the Kennedy's wealth, prep school and elite Eastern college experiences. He saw John and Bobby Kennedy as soft, weak and pampered, ultimately undeserving of the positions of political power they acquired through the wealth and manipulation of their father.

Yet Kennedy needed Johnson to provide a crucial electoral boost in the 1960 Presidential election, and Johnson decided that serving as John Kennedy's Vice President would give him the best chance of reaching his ultimate goal of becoming President. He calculated the exact percentage chance of a President dying in office.

When Air Force One landed in Washington carrying the body of President Kennedy, a grieving widow and a new President, Bobby Kennedy met the plane. In a recent review of Caro's book, Garry Wills describes the dramatic scene that unfolded:

Robert Kennedy sped up the steps to the plane and rushed fiercely down the length of the cabin through

everyone standing in his way (including the new President) to reach Jacqueline Kennedy. Understandable that he would first of all want to comfort the widow? Yes, but, this was the first of many ways Bobby tried in the first days to ignore the man who had ignominiously, in his eyes, supplanted his brother by a murder in the man's own Texas.

Caro understands that Bobby was determined not to see Johnson, even if he saw him — so he did not see him. But Johnson saw him not seeing, and hated him the more. That is how hate narrows one — narrows what one wants to see, or is able to see, in order to keep one's hatred tended and hard.

As Wills' essay suggests, the power of hatred overwhelms both Johnson and Bobby Kennedy at a particularly pivotal moment in the history of the country and their relationship. As Wills points out, there could have been opportunity to compromise here:

Bobby should have recognized the need of the nation, and gulped down the unpleasant fact that Johnson was the President now. He should have set a pattern for stricken Kennedy loyalists on the plane. Johnson... should have sympathized with a brother still reeling from an incalculable loss, a man moving in a blur of emotions, and he should have swallowed his resentment at the snub. But they were blocked from the generousities needed at such a moment of tragedy by their previous clashes . . .

Caro and Wills give us an opportunity to study the phenomenon of hatred in our lives. I was particularly struck by Wills' sentence: "That is how hate narrows one — narrows what one wants to see, or is able to see, in order to keep one's hatred tended and hard."

Let's do a close reading of that remarkable observation. We notice immediately Wills' repetition of the word "narrow" — it is a word that suggests that when we hate, we diminish our perspective, our vision, our outlook — we create a habit and insistence on seeing

only what confirms our prejudice, our depravity, our hatred. And furthermore, this narrowing not only confirms our vision — it prevents us from considering alternative points of views and perspectives that might liberate us from our hatred.

But what is most disturbing and unflinching accurate is Wills' description of the love and attention we bring to the emotion and phenomenon of hatred. He suggests we carefully tend to this emotion — we seek to make it hard, invincible and unchangeable; he implies we nurture our grievances as we would tend a garden.

I am sorry to say that Caro and Wills are right in their assessment of the power of hatred in the adult world. We know all too well that once created, nurtured and engendered, hatred is a force that will show no mercy, know no boundaries and reject any offers of reconciliation, empathy and forgiveness. Hatred can be fueled by resentment, envy, competition and ambition. It usually arises from a desire to destroy, denigrate or desecrate a person who seems to have an aura of success, contentment and ease in the world. In adolescence, boys and girls practice the art of hatred — they freeze one another out of conversations; they refuse to honor or even recognize a peer's individuality. They may use gender or race or social class or sexual orientation as a weapon to wound their victim. In adolescence, these expressions of hatred can be fleeting and temporary, evidence more of the offending person's fear, insecurity and hatred of self.

Adults, though, have mastered the art form: they narrow their perspective, construct narratives that feed their hatred and disdain. They apply every conversation, every insight through the narrowing prism of hatred, and they develop an insatiable urge to strike out, to threaten and to destroy.

That is why we focus our School and our culture and our faith on the virtues of love, empathy and compassion. If hatred is radical egotism, radical narrowing of our worldview, belief system, then love is radical generosity, radical expansion

of our capacity to read, embrace and imagine a world where we are serving, loving and sharing.

The Class of 2012 has excelled in the art of expansion and the expression of radical generosity and love. They know intuitively that it is not easy to meet cruelty, violence and hatred, with love, kindness and peace, but ultimately, they have embraced what the School seeks to express in every aspect of our mission. We celebrate community — not individualism; we seek to enact a culture of kindness, respect, empathy and generosity at a time when human beings young and old gain identity and affirmation from words, attitudes and behavior that are hateful, discriminatory, violent and narcissistic. We express a commitment to making the world a better place at a time when people see the world as a stage for their own self-promotion and materialism. We see diversity as a source of all that could be good in the world at a time when our country becomes narrow, provincial and segregated. We seek to reduce environmental degradation at a time when citizens believe that they have no responsibility for saving the earth.

St. Andrew's literal and metaphorical curriculum suggests that we all need expansion — a commitment to widening our perspective, relieving our presumption, privilege and arrogance, and intensifying our desire to do good work for others and the world. That is why you as seniors have experienced the emerging recognition of the power of friendship, diversity, humanity and courage in your lives — that is why you are different people than you were when you arrived. And this is why you are ready to go out into the world on Friday.

You seniors have inspired us, lifted us up, strengthened our School and defended our culture. You have expanded the mission of St. Andrew's in unprecedented ways. We thank you, we honor you and we wish you a great last week in the community. Next year, thanks to you, we are going to expand and flourish as a School of generosity and love. ■



Crossroads

The Campaign for St. Andrew's School

Annual Fund Hits \$1.9 Million Goal! *Helps Lift Campaign to 90% of Goal Heading into Final Year*

We are thrilled and grateful to the more than 2,000 members of the St. Andrew's community for coming together this year to meet our Annual Fund goal of \$1.9 million and lift the Crossroads Campaign to 90% of its comprehensive \$55 million goal. The outpouring of support from alumni, parents, trustees, parents of alumni, grandparents and friends demonstrate the collective power of this community to the mission and ambition of St. Andrew's. We thank all of our donors for their generosity and look forward to working together to achieve historic levels of philanthropy over the next year.

Neill Family Names Locker Room in Honor of Faculty Member Sarah Demers

Six years ago, Sarah Demers joined the St. Andrew's faculty as an English teacher, dorm parent, advisor and coach of soccer, swimming and lacrosse. Her impact was immediate as her vitality and passion permeated every aspect of School life. "She is an absolute dynamo and serves as an incredible role model for students," praised Tad Roach.

Sarah is leaving us this summer to work for the TEAK Foundation, a wonderful organization that provides exemplary educational opportunities for low-income students in New York City. This spring, Scottie and David Neill P'13,'14 decided to thank Sarah for her incredible work by directing their Crossroads Campaign gift to name the new girls' varsity locker room in her honor.

The Neills surprised Sarah with their decision after she coached a game



flourish in her next stage. As her parents, we are immensely grateful that she has had the opportunity to attend this very special school. We are delighted to give back as a way to demonstrate our appreciation for all St. Andrew's has meant to Annabel and our family."



earlier this month. Sarah's colleagues, parents and students packed into the lobby of the Sippelle Field House to join the celebration and give thanks for the everlasting gifts Sarah brought to St. Andrew's.

The following is an excerpt from David's remarks at the ceremony:

"It is a great day at St Andrew's. For whenever an institution or organization pauses to acknowledge the contributions of one of its own it is a day to remember! As Tad mentioned, Sarah has meant so much to the School — from athletics to academics and to the personal development of the students — we have experienced it all.

"Her relationship with Betsy has been extremely special. It started with visit back day with Betsy and Scottie, then as a dorm parent, her coach in sports and then as an advisor and tutor. For Betsy she has been a friend, mentor and above all a role model. Scottie and I are so thankful Betsy has had you to reach out to while being so far from home.

Sarah's maturity and wisdom are well beyond her years. We have seen her character most prominently displayed on the athletic field. She truly coaches from the heart. All of Sarah's teams come out with energy, determination and grit. She always remains positive, finds something good in what has happened and as a last resort redirects the girls' focus to something positive or funny. The greatest attribute is that the game is all about the girls. It's theirs to win or lose and to enjoy. The whole team buys-in. They cheer for each other and find a way to

"The quality of the St. Andrew's community and its inspiring celebration of learning and character have given Annabel the roots and the wings she needs to

—Betsy & David Wilmerding P'12

“We give to St. Andrew’s in part out of gratitude for my wonderful experience at this very special place and it is especially meaningful to have our gift benefit the tennis program from which I will always carry such fond memories. But as a family we also give because we believe strongly in all that St. Andrew’s and its wonderful faculty are doing today to provide a distinctive academic and social experience for the current students — each time we come back to the campus we are truly inspired by all that is going on here!”



—Kellie Doucette '88

make everyone feel a part of the team no matter their skill level. In the end Sarah builds “Spirit,” which in itself, whether in athletics or life, always allows you to win your fair share of games, create opportunities, win a few you shouldn’t, achieve things you never dreamed of, and enjoy every minute of it!

Sarah is a rare gift in the win/lose world of youth sports today. The Neill family has four kids all of whom have been playing multiple sports for many years for numerous coaches. We have seen it all and there is no doubt that Sarah ranks at the top of list!

When we think about St. Andrew’s we think about the culture and how critical it

is to its mission. We also know people will always be coming and going and there will be those that arrive and adjust to the culture and those that quickly become a part of its fabric and foundation. That is Sarah Demers. It all comes so naturally to Sarah. She is warm, accepting, compassionate and intelligent.

With that thought in mind, we would like to name the Women’s Locker Room in her honor as a testament to all the students who have experienced Sarah in so many ways, a reminder to the returning players of her energy and enthusiasm and as a cue to future teams and coaches who ask who she was. They will learn about a young lady in her twenties, who in her brief stay at St. Andrew’s, demonstrated to everyone she touched the power of Team Spirit and Individual Honor. Thank you, Sarah, for all you have done for us and for St. Andrew’s.”

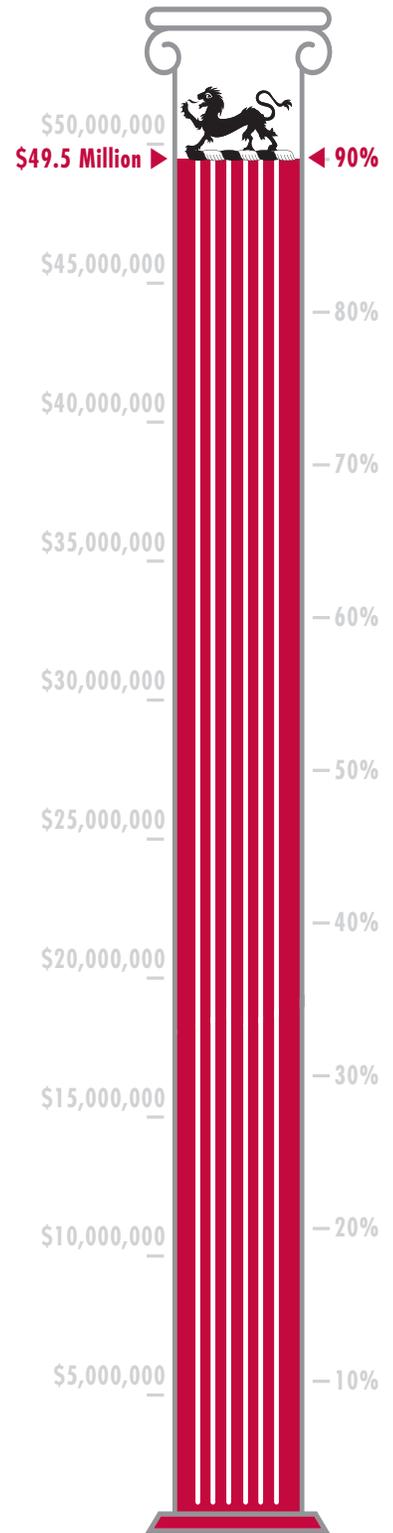


“Nina’s experience at St. Andrew’s has exceeded our most optimistic expectations. Four years ago we decided as a family that Nina would benefit from attending St. Andrew’s because we believed

she would participate in a learning environment that would not only challenge her academically, but as importantly prepare her to think critically about the world around her and give her a sense of commitment and responsibility as she follows her life path. Nina has fulfilled our aspirations as well as her own — she is confident in her abilities, she has ambitions for success and she is eager to make meaningful contributions in all that she chooses to do. We believe we had an obligation to make an investment in St. Andrew’s so that future generations of students can benefit as Nina has from an educational experience unlike any other.”

—Susan & Gary Labovich P’12

\$55 MILLION GOAL!



Contributions to the Crossroads Campaign support our five major campaign initiatives:

-  \$6 million for **FINANCIAL AID**
-  \$25.6 million for **ATHLETIC FACILITIES**
-  \$6 million for **FACULTY ENRICHMENT**
-  \$10.9 million for **ANNUAL FUND**
-  \$6.5 million for **PLANNED GIVING**

\$55 million **CROSSROADS CAMPAIGN**



1 Advanced Study in Environmental Science students approach Burnside's Bridge on Antietam Creek during an overnight camping trip.

2 Revelry on the Front Lawn.

3 As he is every year, Bishop Wayne Wright was on hand to confirm Bo Miller '14 and others in the A. Felix duPont, Jr. Memorial Chapel.

4 Elizabeth Roach walks her students, Lisa Jacques '12 and Rob Rasmussen '12, through a scene from Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*.

5 Students from Jory Kahan's Algebra 2 class find shade outside the Headmaster's Office during group work.

6 Ellen Copper '14 is amazed by classmate Kelvin Cuesta's one-orange juggling act.





Thank You!

Headmaster Tad Roach celebrates four faculty members' service to St. Andrew's

Joyce Nelson and John Higgins Retire After a Combined 75 Years of Service

Joyce Nelson, our Registrar, has worked at St. Andrew's for 43 years. She began in 1969, and during her distinguished career, she has contributed in so many ways to the spirit, ambition and integrity of this place. As an Administrative Assistant to the Registrar and as the Registrar for the past 13 years, Joyce has overseen dramatic changes in the administration of the School's academic recordkeeping. Before the age of computers, this work involved the careful documentation by hand of all grades and the creation of report cards with teacher comments pasted on reports. As our School size increased, as the curriculum grew, and as the demands for academic recordkeeping intensified, Joyce has demonstrated complete mastery over every aspect of this work.

What has remained constant through years of technological and institutional change is Joyce's professionalism, warmth, sense of humor and love of the community. Along with her trusted



colleague Barb Samson (who has worked along side her for 29 years), Joyce has made the Registrar's office a place where all have felt welcomed: faculty, staff, children, dogs, filter in and out, and Joyce has brought us all together as a community. As a woman who has watched the School move through change, transition, and developments in culture and complexity, Joyce is a keeper of the spirit of this place. Her energy, her work ethic, professionalism and integrity taught us all young and old to do our work well, to do our work promptly, and to make time for one another every day. We will miss her in many, many ways, and we hope she will visit often. Thank you Joyce for sharing your life with St. Andrew's.

John Higgins has taught math for 32 years at St. Andrew's. In that time, he has served as Registrar, Director of Studies and Math Department Head. He has coordinated course selection, scheduled St. Andrew's classes, directed the School's Elder Hostel Program and coached III level soccer.

He and his wife Lee came to St. Andrew's in 1980-81 as a dynamic teaching team. John established new strength, vitality and versatility in the Math Department. Lee led our Theater Department in new, innovative and creative ways.

After a career at St. Andrew's building a strong theater program, Lee became a superb teacher in the Delaware public school system; she was a trusted and respected educator: so patient, versatile and steadfast in her commitment to educating children at all ability levels. And as Lee became a leader in the Appoquinimink School District, John became the best math teacher I have ever known.

What was the secret of his genius? First, he loved and honored his students in powerful and



compelling ways. He was gracious with encouragement and praise; his students knew that this was a man who was teaching and committing himself to helping students understand. He was an expert in the use of questions, including all students in the work of the seminar. He modeled his deep commitment to the life of the mind by sharing his remarkable knowledge of history and especially the Civil War.

Each Higgins' class was a lesson in logic, in reasoning, in critical reading, in the precise use of language and the art of hypothesizing.

Over his career, he built relationships with students and professors of the University of Delaware. He organized and presented workshops, mentored and advised private and public school math teachers across the state.

John was always ready to do whatever it took to make the School and the Math Department flourish. If he needed to teach five classes, he did it; if he needed to tutor students struggling in other teachers' classes, he did it. If a young member of the department needed mentoring, John was there morning, noon and night. For years, he spent every summer completely committed to making each student's course selection choices work within our schedule. He talked to parents in the most patient, gracious and effective way possible.

Over the past seven years, John has experienced significant health challenges, but throughout these moments, he remained committed to his teaching.

Ultimately, he taught so long and so well and so courageously because he loved the students of St. Andrew's. We would meet every year, check in with one another and agree that no student body rivals the one we have here at this School. So, however he felt, our meetings would end with John saying, "I could do 3 or 4 sections. Actually, put me down for at least 4."

When he fell ill this December, notes, cards, letters, emails poured in from students from the full range of his career.

We honor and celebrate John Higgins' career at St. Andrew's.

I am proud to read this note John gave me at his home on Tuesday:

*Dear St. Andrew's Community,
I am sorry I am unable to join you on this day of celebration marking the graduation of the Class of 2012. I send my best to all of you. Most especially, I wish the Class of 2012 great success in every future endeavor. I want to thank everyone for making my work at St. Andrew's School not merely a job, but a source of great satisfaction and enjoyment. I miss you very much, and I hope to see many of you as I plan to volunteer at St. Andrew's in the fall. Finally, thank you for giving me so much in our shared time at St. Andrew's. I am deeply grateful!*
John A. Higgins

Eric Kemer and Rev. Dave DeSalvo Awarded 25th Anniversary Headmaster's Medals

When I became Headmaster of St. Andrew's 15 years ago, one of my first appointments was to ask Eric Kemer to become Associate Academic Dean for math and science. I appointed Eric to that position, for I knew Eric brought a deep understanding of both disciplines and a creative and significant commitment to the study of great teaching. Since his appointment, Eric has continued to teach powerful courses in both departments; he has led searches that found outstanding teachers to join these two departments.

Eric is a student of teaching, and for the past decade, he has worked hard to visit and evaluate classes taught by our math and science faculty. Today, with this faculty and students, Eric has built an innovative and creative program in math and science.

In his career, Eric has coached soccer, basketball and cross-country, and he has served our students as a trusted advisor and mentor. He is a writer, scholar, scientist, reader and athlete. I am proud to award Eric this 25th Anniversary Headmaster's Medal.

It turned out that 1987 was a good year for St. Andrew's, for we hired a promising young math teacher that year in addition to Eric Kemer. His



name was and is David DeSalvo, and for the past 25 years, he has immersed himself into every aspect of this community of faith and learning. As a math teacher, Dave is a teacher our students love and respect — he is clear, articulate, generous and intelligent, and he is with his students every step of the way in each one of his classes. As a Chaplain, Dave works to make the Chapel a place of humanity, exploration and warmth. He brings his love of music and love of people to every service he leads. During his career, Dave has coached baseball, advised the yearbook, advised classes and served as an inspirational colleague, advisor and mentor. He reminds us of the joy and privilege and responsibility of being an Episcopal School, and he lives out a life of faith, humanity and integrity.

For Dave DeSalvo, life at boarding school is all about the appreciation and cultivation of small but powerful moments of human connection: moments that arise on Fridays at Sunrise Bogel, moments that emerge in a Friday Chapel, conversations that develop on dorm or in a classroom or field. If there is good work to be done in support of the mission, if there is a need for a scorekeeper, timer, announcer, community service leader, trustee for the homeless shelter in town, leader of a service trip, Dave DeSalvo will be there — alert, quiet, enthusiastic and generous.

It is an honor for me to award Dave DeSalvo with a 25th Anniversary Headmaster's Medal. ■





Mock Trial Team Competes in State Championship

Led by veteran student-attorneys Annie Imbrie-Moore '12 and Chaitanya Singhania '12, the St. Andrew's Mock Trial team had an exciting two days of competition at the Delaware Mock Trial Championship in Wilmington this spring.

This was the twenty-first year of the competition. Each year, teams of high school students are provided a case to analyze and present. St. Andrew's competed in a total of four preliminary rounds, or trials — three as the defense and one as the prosecution — in the case of "Duke Kennilworth," a high school bully alleged to have been poisoned.

During the Mock Trial, students play the roles of the witnesses and attorneys. Madeline Wood '15, Tiara Milner '15 and William Wetter '14 were newcomers to the team this year, but stepped up as attorneys alongside Annie and Chaitanya. All five attorneys showed quick thinking and poise throughout the competition with Annie winning a Most Effective Attorney Award after the third round. "[Annie] demonstrated deep understanding of the evidence, and the arguments of both sides," noted Coach Dan O'Connell. "In addition, she performed with more drama than ever before. The judges were obviously very impressed."

Trial attorneys know that an effective witness can make all the difference in a case. The St. Andrew's team had a tremendous group of witnesses:

Andy Kwon '15, Bella Miller '14, Jamie O'Leary '14, Noah Rickolt '14, Jiani Chen '13 and Casey Schuller '12, each worked effectively with attorneys to present their side's case while also showing ability to adapt to and deflect questioning from their opponents. While all performed well, special recognition was given to Bella and Jamie who each took home a Most Effective Witness Award.

Although the team ultimately did not make the top five, they more than held their own against Archmere Academy (3rd) and Ursuline Academy (5th). With only three members graduating this year, the team is already looking forward to improving on their strong performance next year.

A special thanks is due to Coach Dan O'Connell for his tireless effort with the team and to Chaitanya for the dedication he showed this season and throughout his high school career. "He has been one of the most valuable

members in the history of the team," noted O'Connell. In the true spirit of St. Andrew's, Will Rehrig '11, a four-year veteran of SAS Mock Trial, returned to campus throughout the season to help coach the team. His insight and support were greatly appreciated.

Six Students Represent St. Andrew's at Washington Area Model United Nations Conference

Six St. Andrew's students recently attended the Washington Area Model United Nations Conference. Duy Anh Doan '12, Jerry Jana '13, Young Heon Lee '14, Jonathan Witchard '13, Liza Tarbell '13 and Jiani Chen '13 arrived in Washington as the first Model UN team assembled in recent school history. The students competed on the topics of Palestinian Statehood and Iran's nuclear program. The opening ceremonies featured a speech from Ambassador George E. Moose who currently serves as the Vice President of the United States Institute of Peace. Afterwards, the delegates spent two hours in committee learning parliamentary procedure before preparing their position papers for the next day's competition and going to sleep around midnight. They were up early the next day working on refining their papers which they submitted during committee meetings in the afternoon.





Students Line Up to Give Blood During Annual Drive

It was another great year for the Annual St. Andrew's Blood Drive with 56 usable pints of blood donated in the daylong event organized with the Blood Bank of Delmarva. Many gave for the first time while others continued the growing tradition on campus.

The Delmarva Blood Bank services 16 hospitals in Delaware and Maryland's Eastern Shore and needs more than 350 blood donors every day to meet the needs of patients at those hospitals. Each pint (or donor) can save three lives.

St. Andrew's Recognized with Governor's 2012 Agricultural and Urban Conservation Award

The Delaware Agricultural Museum and Village was the setting for a Stewardship Week proclamation and presentation of the Governor's Agricultural and Urban Conservation Awards. On behalf of Governor Jack Markell, Department of Natural Resources and Environmental Control Secretary Collin P. O'Mara led a ceremony with Delaware Association of Conservation Districts President Wendy O. Baker recognizing the honorees. Ms. Baker also read a proclamation previously signed by the Governor officially designating April 29 through May 6 as Stewardship Week in Delaware.

St. Andrew's was recognized for its conservation efforts on the School's 2,200-acre property. Projects over the past 60 years have included: the dredging of Noxontown Pond in 1984; the implementation of grassed waterways, diversions, and grade control structures to manage water and control erosion; the planting of erosion-blocking filter strips, grasses, and trees on critical areas of the property; the use of conservation tillage and crop rotations; the planting of winter cover crops such as wheat and barley; and the conversion of cropland to hayfields and forestland to help improve water quality and soil conditions by controlling erosion.

In 2005, a 107-acre reforestation project was completed and more recently a riparian buffer adjacent to existing forest lands around Noxontown Pond was planted. The School has also installed a rain garden, controlled invasive species, planted native species and converted lawn into native wildflower meadows. The School has accomplished this while working with local, state and federal partners to enhance and conserve agricultural lands, increase wildlife habitat and have a sustainable campus landscape.

Michael Schuller, Director of Institutional Planning and Strategic Initiatives, was on hand to accept the award alongside Gary Simendinger and Bill Alfree who farm the school property.

Delaware Department of Agriculture Secretary Ed Kee congratulated the honorees. "Today's recipients are



excellent examples of how Delaware's farmers and landowners work to protect our land and water for future generations," said Secretary Kee. "These good stewards are committed to keeping Delaware strong and healthy."

Nick Watson '11 and Mary Shea Valliant '09 Commit to Bike & Build for Summer 2012

3,949 miles. That's how far alums Nick Watson '11 and Mary Shea Valliant '09 are riding this summer in an effort to raise awareness of the need for affordable housing in the United States. The riders have joined Bike & Build — a non-profit that has engaged over 1,500 riders and has donated more than \$3.3 million and 100,000 hours to affordable housing groups throughout the country since 2002.

Nick and Mary Shea departed from Providence, R.I., on June 16 and plan to arrive in Seattle, Wash., on August 21. They will participate in at least nine "Build Days" along the way when they will park their bikes and pick up hammers to help build houses alongside local affordable housing organizations in Rhode Island, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho.

They are currently studying at the University of Virginia. You can track their progress on the Bike & Build website, <http://www.bikeandbuild.org>.



Dr. Read Montague Delivers 13th Annual William H. Crump '44 Physics Lecture

The 13th installment of the William H. Crump '44 Physics Lecture featured Dr. P. Read Montague of the Carilion Research Institute at Virginia Tech. The title of his talk was “Sharks Don’t Go on Hunger Strikes: How Brains Compute and Humans Decide.”

Dr. Montague began his lecture by drawing the key distinctions between the computations of human-designed semiconductor-based computers and evolution-designed protein-based human brains. In this he showed how the key differences arise from the fact that living creatures must “recharge their own batteries” to survive. This key distinction has led to an understanding of how brains encode differential “value” into their computations, which provides a “guidance signal” of decision-making.

From this, Dr. Montague moved on to various implications of “natural” human computing and finished with a discussion of his latest research involving the use of fMRI brain imaging to discover the neural “signatures” of autism and Parkinson’s disease.

A biophysicist by training, Dr. Montague became a pioneer in the field

of computational neuroscience in the early 1990s as a post-doctoral fellow at the Salk Institute for Biological Studies. There he performed theoretical work involving the mathematical modeling of how our brains compute at the level of single neurons. Dr. Montague’s research has sought to bridge the gap between neurons and behavior employing some of the most advanced work in fMRI brain imaging studies that monitor people’s cognition as they think their way through problem-solving tasks and social interactions.

The next morning, Dr. Montague led Dan O’Connell’s Advanced Study Biology class giving students more opportunity to learn more about his research. Senior John MacIntosh relished the chance to participate in the small class discussion. “Dr. Montague brought such passion and energy to his subject. His subject matter was fascinating, and I found my own interest and passion in his work grow as he spoke. I am now looking into studying neuroscience next year at Wesleyan.”

Dr. Diane Reilly Delivers 2012 Payson Art History Lecture

Indiana University Art History Professor Dr. Diane Reilly delivered this year’s Payson Art History Lecture from the stage of Engelhard Hall. Her talk on medieval monasticism engaged students from the beginning as she used slides and oral histories to illustrate the life of the monastery as centers of education and culture and precursors to modern universities.

Dr. Reilly shared a series of illuminated manuscripts and songs that stressed the importance of monasteries as recorders and, as some would argue, drivers of our modern culture. One such manuscript included the Lindisfarne Gospels (or the Book of Lindisfarne), which was created at Lindisfarne,

Northumbria at the turn of the 7th and 8th Century using Celtic-style decorative elements to depict the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. In it, monks succeeded in transporting parchment and pigment to create one of the most spectacular illuminated manuscripts to come out of the Middle Ages. The manuscript was indicative of the heroic lengths early medieval monks went to in terms of preserving and spreading the culture of early Christianity.

The artistic qualities of the works were essential. Most of the people who saw the manuscripts were illiterate, but they were so taken with the beauty of the actual work that they were compelled to Christianity. In the end, the paintings and writings within the manuscripts were the vehicles for the proselytizing. Many students felt the same sense of awe when shown the manuscripts. “The brilliant colors and attention to detail were extraordinary,” noted Jake Myers ‘12. “It’s incredible to imagine the amount of time and effort spent on each page of a manuscript containing hundreds of pages.”

Dr. Reilly’s visit also included dinner with students giving them an opportunity to learn more about her work and interests, but also offering a chance for her to learn more about





St. Andrew's. Afterwards, Dr. Reilly expressed her appreciation for having the opportunity to visit campus in a letter to Arts Department Co-Chair John McGiff. "I very much enjoyed meeting your students and faculty, and was so impressed especially with the engagement demonstrated by the students, particularly given the time of night at which I spoke, and the number of activities in which they participate every day. They really are a remarkable group."

Diane Reilly's specialties include Romanesque illuminated manuscript, especially Giant Bibles and early Cistercian Office manuscripts, the process and functions of text illustration in monastic culture and the image of the medieval king and queen. She has lectured around the world. Her most recent book, *The Practice of the Bible in the Middle Ages: Production, Reception and Performance in Western Christianity*, was published by Columbia University Press in 2011.

The Joan Whitney Payson Art History Fund was established in 2005 by John Whitney Payson and Joanne D. Payson to honor the life of John's mother, Joan Whitney Payson and to celebrate the graduation of their daughter, Joan Whitney Payson '05. Income from the fund underwrites a bi-annual lecture by a notable art historian or installation of

an art exhibition for the benefit of the St. Andrew's community.

Marc Elliot Reinforces Message of Tolerance in Special School Meeting

Marc Elliot joined the St. Andrew's community in March to share his story of living with Tourette syndrome and his universal message of tolerance and acceptance. In his presentation, "What Makes You Tic?" Mr. Elliot offered his own experiences of not fitting in or feeling comfortable with others in order to discuss fundamental lessons about tolerance and how to live with our own and others' differences. He summed it up beautifully with a simple mantra: "Live and let live."

Mr. Elliot came to campus after Co-Directors of Diversity and Inclusivity David Miller and Treava Milton '83 heard him speak at a recent conference. "We knew about halfway through his talk that we needed to bring him to St. Andrew's," explained Mr. Miller. Ms. Milton agreed, "His message of tolerance is so clear, personal and real that we felt it would resonate with our wonderful student body. We are delighted to see that it did."

"Mr. Elliot opened our eyes and reminded us about the importance of tolerance and not making assumptions about others in our daily lives," said Alex Bowman '13. "People are still talking



about his message on corridor and I would imagine they will be for a while."

Mr. Elliott has spent the majority of his life with "tics," which manifest through blurring out inappropriate words, barking like a dog and chomping his teeth. During his talk, he often used humorous stories to explain how hurtful going through life with uncontrolled tics can be. "People make assumptions about you that they then believe is 'truth' and then they act on it," explained Marc. "I've been called 'retarded' and 'crazy'. Every day is a struggle, but it is much easier when people just 'live and let live!'"

Only 26, Marc was the 2011 College Speaker of the Year and 2011 Diversity Artist of the Year. He graduated from Washington University in St. Louis and recently published his first book, *What Makes You Tic?*



Univ. of Texas Professor Dr. Jacqueline Jones Gives Lecture on Savannah and the Civil War

Dr. Jacqueline Jones visited St. Andrew's this spring to join classes and offer her unique insights into the life of the South during the Civil War. She spent a Friday evening with students in Engelhard Hall providing firsthand accounts of Savannah's role in the war. Her details on the complex social systems that slaves and freedmen created during the war helped explain not only their own survival, but also how Savannah was able to emerge from the war relatively intact.

Students seized the opportunity to enter the conversation at the conclusion of Jones' lecture asking questions about memory, her research, the factors that led her to becoming a historian, and how Savannah confronts its history today. Jones stayed late into the evening signing her latest book, *Saving Savannah: The City and the Civil War*, and thanking those in attendance: "For a Friday night you were a really great audience. Thank you so much."

Jones stayed overnight to join classes on Saturday morning where she jumped right in to discussions with excited students. History Department

Chair Emily Pressman hosted her in a morning class. "Professor Jones is a brilliant historian and — as was abundantly clear from the time she spent with our students, both in her lecture and in her time visiting classes on Saturday morning — a wonderful and engaging teacher. She brought the city of Savannah alive for us in her talk, prompting a number of really interesting questions from our students. We are so lucky to have had her visit!"

Jacqueline Jones is the Walter Prescott Webb Chair in History and Ideas and Mastin Gentry White Professor of Southern History at the University of Texas at Austin. She was awarded a MacArthur Fellowship in 1999 and is the recipient of several awards including the Bancroft Prize in American History, the Taft Prize in Labor History, the Spruill Prize in Southern Women's History, and the Brown Publication Prize in Black Women's History.

Jones' lecture marked the second time this year a Bancroft Prize-winning historian has come to campus. David Blight, the Class of 1954 Professor of American History at Yale University, had a similar impact on students in discussing the Civil War and memory at this year's Levinson Lecture.

St. Andrew's Welcomes Permanent Representative to the United Nations Prince Zeid Ra'ad Zeid Al-Hussein

The St. Andrew's community welcomed Prince Zeid Ra'ad Zeid Al-Hussein to campus for a special School meeting in Engelhard Hall this May. Prince Zeid is serving his second appointment as Jordan's Permanent Representative to the United Nations. He has also served as Jordan's Ambassador to the United States and is recognized as one of the world's leading experts in the field of international justice.

Prince Zeid engaged students by describing his career path from boarding school to Johns Hopkins University, research assistant, military service, Cambridge University and finally with the United Nations. Along the way he shared important lessons on moral courage, accepting challenges and how stretching himself helped him grow and advance into one of the world's most respected diplomats. His experience in the military and working for the U.N. in war-torn Sarajevo helped inform his work helping to establish the



International Criminal Court and as the first president of its governing body.

He also took the opportunity to implore students to consider public service as a career option. "The greatest threat to humankind," he noted, "is the mediocrity of public officials around the world. We need more people like you who are capable of understanding the world's problems and solving them." He continued, "I hope that 15 years from now one of you will approach me at a conference and tell me that you are from St. Andrew's and are now working in government. We need people like you in positions of power."

Afterwards, students asked questions about how nations decide when to get involved in another country's internal conflict ("We can't just sit there while people are being murdered."), the most prevalent root causes of war ("Our inability to learn from the past and understand that unthinkable atrocities are possible."), and the possibility of peace in the Middle East ("We need to do more to deserve it.").

His answers inspired Molly Belk '12 to think about recent discussions in her Religion and Violence class. "His thoughts on believing the previously unthinkable and learning from the past

completely reinforced everything we are discussing right now about the conflict in Kashmir," said Molly. "He was completely inspiring."

The School would like to extend a special thanks to Trustee Paul Harrell for helping to make Prince Zeid's visit possible.

Earth Week Features Academy Award-Nominated Documentary *Sustaining Life*

Documentary filmmaker Robert Hess screened his Academy Award-nominated film *Sustaining Life* during the 2012 Earth Week festivities in Engelhard Hall. Through stunning animation, compelling visuals, and the scientists, researchers, and humanitarians working on the ground, this film exposes the problem of poverty in the developing world, provides the solution, and lets the viewer know exactly what they can do to help. The film pushed action not only as a moral imperative, but also shed light on the national security, environmental and economic benefits the developed world can realize by effectively addressing the problem. "If [those living in poverty] are not actually plugged into the global economy we are missing enormous value. The entire human race is not achieving what is possible," notes Dr. Josh Ruxin an Assistant Clinical Professor of Public Health at Columbia University's Mailman School of Public Health and one of the many experts the film features.

The showing was part of the student-led Earth Week, which helped bring even more awareness to the importance of environmental sustainability on campus and around the world. Other events



during the week included tree planting, a barbecue with locally sourced food and an outdoor Chapel service. Students are already invested in recycling, energy conservation, composting, and tree planting throughout the year, though they are always looking for ways to be more efficient and earth-friendly.

Hess visited campus thanks to relative Mary Wilson '12 who was active in the School's Environmental Stewards program. You can learn more about *Sustaining Life* online at <http://www.sustaininglife.org>. ■





Student Artists Find Inspiration in Sonoma County, California

In March, fourteen students in Advanced Studies in Studio Art and two of their teachers flew to San Francisco, California to begin a one-week sojourn creating paintings and photographs of the flowering, springtime hills of Sonoma County. Three photographers and eleven painters clambered into a sizable van every morning, alive to the opportunities that the day promised them and, whether it was a small, family-owned vineyard or the looming Golden Gate Bridge itself, that provided the motifs, students responded with great appetite and pictorial versatility to their subjects of choice.

At the end of each morning session, painters would line up their work along a wall, fence or picnic table, and a lively critique of the current crop of images would ensue, the framing question being: what kind of visual journey has the artist created for the viewer, and by what means?

Each day's quest was fueled by all the previous answers to this question. Photographers provided a beautiful parallel exhibition every night after dinner. Students experienced this crossover between the disciplines with excitement and learned to find inspiration in new ways of seeing.

The group was blessed to be hosted by the Fleischer family. Calla and Spencer proved to be as passionate in their pursuit of the expressive image as the younger generation was. Indeed, the most consistently enthusiastic member of the group was the grandmother of senior Molly Belk, a.k.a. "Babe", who, at 85 years of youth, kept the rest of the group hard pressed to maintain her pace as a plein air painter.

Choral Scholars Tour Central Europe

The Choral Scholars made the most of their 2012 European Tour with early stops in Budapest, Cesky Krumlov and Vienna. The choristers began their tour in Budapest performing in front

of a capacity audience alongside the Gabrieli Choir on Saturday evening before exploring the artists' village of Szentendre and local baths.

From there, they headed to Cesky Krumlov, a picturesque village of castles, old walls, and cobblestone streets located in the southwestern corner of the Czech Republic. Again, the choristers had the opportunity to perform with a local choir at an old Jesuit monastery and school, the Hotel Ruze. The choirs were able to overcome linguistic barriers as they sang pieces in the other choir's language.

Vienna was the next destination. After a brief stop at Melk Abbey, a 900-year old Benedictine monastery and school where they sang in the Abbey Church, the choristers traveled on to Vienna where they toured central Vienna and the Cathedral of St. Stephen where they sang Mass.

The whirlwind tour continued to Bratislava, Slovakia where they sang as the featured choir at the Bratislava Conservatory.

John McGiff Brings the Teachings of Neil Kosh to Life in the Year's Final Visiting Artist Series

The Warner Gallery was the stage for a unique exhibition brought to



campus by Arts Department Co-Chair John McGiff. Neil Kosh founded the Department of Art and Art Education at Temple University over 60 years ago where he taught until succumbing to cancer in 2010. John was a novice teacher in Kosh's department at Temple for seven years in the late 1980's and early 1990's where he learned the conceptual rudiments of what he teaches students on a daily basis here at St. Andrew's.

Upon his death, John visited Kosh's studio where he discovered hundreds of sketches and paintings Kosh created while instructing students. From the piles of work he chose forty or so that he felt best demonstrated Kosh's approach to art and teaching. From there, the show was born.

As a teacher, Kosh was widely considered one of the University's finest. He won nearly every single award Temple bestows upon faculty and legions of former students have gone on to be accomplished teachers and artists in their own right. Many of those former students and several colleagues were on hand for the gallery opening to honor Kosh's legacy.

"What's so cool about this show for me," said John, "is sharing my own teacher's work with current St. Andrew's students, some of which I saw him create during classroom demonstrations. These drawings embody a way of seeing the world that is central to my practice of art education."

John continued: "Many of the drawings are only half finished because they served to illuminate the process of organizing one's visual sensations for students. Kosh understood that optically, we see patterns and not 'things', the eye's movement constantly shifts from wide-angle to focal vision, some have speculated 20-25 times per second. Language helps us

differentiate 'things' in this complex, moving pattern so that we can isolate an object from its context and 'know' it. But the visual truth, which he often supported by readings in Gestalt Psychology, is that the closest we might come to a genuine experience of the way we see the world is if we were suddenly cured from blindness and, seeing the world for the first time, saw the flat constellation of shapes that dance before us as a completely new experience. This was Neil's central axis — to restore an innocence of vision so that one might move through — back from — cultural expectations about how 'things' should appear, and for the student to develop a confidence in reporting about what they actually saw for themselves. He posited the contrast as sensation versus perception, the raw data of sense versus what we've learned to expect. His drawings are all about being aware of the liveliness of a general shape pattern in any given subject and allowing the hand to be loose in its work at suggesting these relationships. Ultimately, he wanted students to be critical and to see for themselves."

Kosh's son was also on hand and expressed his appreciation for John and the School for bringing the show to life. "This show was the fulfillment of a dream for myself and quite a few of my father's former colleagues and friends from the world of art at Temple University and the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. John McGiff did an exceptional job of organizing the show, from his early conceptualization of a theme, through the final preparations for viewing. The discussion John led us through was thoroughly engaging, and elicited remarkable stories and insights from my father's former colleagues, not to mention the students at St. Andrew's. I can only judge from their questions, but it struck me how interested these young students were in the work of an artist they did not know, and how receptive they were to the whole experience. The exhibition left me feeling very impressed with St. Andrew's students, and the culture at St. Andrew's, which fosters such an exceptional program for the arts." ■



■ CARDINAL SPORTS



1

- 1 James Craig '12 throws a fireball during Bob Colburn's 51st season leading Cardinal baseball.
- 2 One year removed from reaching the Henley Final, the Boys V8 broke the School record on the Noxontown course and won bronze at Statesbury.
- 3 The Girls V8 also raced in the Statesbury finals for the second year in a row making St. Andrew's the only school in the country to have both its girls and boys boats make the finals the last two years.
- 4 Michael Ding '12 jumped up from first doubles to play first singles his senior year and help the boys to a second-place team trophy in the State Championships.
- 5 A tireless Molly Belk '12 provides a spark (after spark after spark) to a fierce varsity girls lacrosse team that lost several players to the college ranks, but still made it to the State Championship final.
- 6 John MacIntosh '12 helped lead the Saints to their first State Tournament appearance in five years.
- 7 Annabel Wilmerding '12 pushed through 17 deuces to win her match and help the Saints to a team victory during their 12-2 season.



2



3





In Sophomore Sermons, Students Tackle Life's Toughest Questions

"What is of ultimate concern for you?" Grounded in the theology of German-American existential philosopher Paul Tillich (1886-1965), who wrote that God is what concerns man ultimately, this question is the way religion teacher Nate Crimmins introduces his students to the sophomore sermon project. By asking students to consider questions, dilemmas, and experiences that have challenged them, Crimmins hopes they will both develop a topic suitable for this St. Andrew's rite of passage and embark on a journey of meaningful reflection. At its core, the sophomore religion class is about exploring questions of faith from a myriad of angles, says Crimmins' fellow religion teacher Terence Gilheany, and the sophomore sermon asks students to grapple with an authentic moral quandary and then share their thoughts with classmates in a formal delivery.

This year, many of the sermons engaged notions of family, especially relationships with siblings. Students discussed the unique remorse that blossoms after we hurt our brothers and sisters; the mixed emotions

surrounding living in a sibling's shadow; the many ways we can find beauty in sibling interactions that are often messy, complicated, and confusing. The idea of family echoes the broader working terminology that many folks — alums, faculty, staff, and students — embrace when they speak of the "St. Andrew's family," and several students spoke to that concept, as well. IV Form religion teachers encourage students to remain in "conundrum mode" as long as possible when drafting their sermons, emphasizing that the struggle inherent in addressing thorny issues is more meaningful than an oversimplified, perhaps facile moral lesson. Gilheany reflects that this approach is more appropriate to the "inquiry-based design of the course overall."

While students are free to develop topics of their choosing, the one required ingredient in each sermon is a piece of text — perhaps sacred, perhaps authoritative in other ways — that informs the talk and speaks to the particular challenge being discussed. Some students will choose from scripture passages they have studied earlier in the year, while others are drawn to the work of philosophers, musicians, playwrights, and poets.

Selecting the core text for the sermon is the first step in the weeks-long process of writing, editing, and practicing the sermon's actual delivery. Students edit each other's work both on paper and in live performance, and each sermon is filmed for further feedback from classmates. For many St. Andreans, the sophomore sermon is the first time they have ever spoken in a public setting to an audience of peers, and much time is spent honing public-speaking skills in the chapel before the final presentation. Once each student has delivered his sermon to his classmates, students and teachers identify four outstanding pieces for a Wednesday Night Chapel service. This year, TJ von Oehsen, Megan Hasse, Alex McIlvaine, and Zahriyah Wilson were those IV Formers honored by their classmates with this distinction.

"As we think about the ideal St. Andrew's ethos we want to foster on campus," remarks Crimmins, "the sophomore sermon stands out as an authentic pathway to embody the voices that are here in our community. Hearing each other's stories helps us shed light on the humanity we all possess."

You can watch the four Wednesday Night Chapel talks by visiting <http://bit.ly/IVFormSermons>

Interdisciplinary Efforts Yield "Poetry in Translation"

This April, the English, Modern Language and Classics Departments embarked on an interdisciplinary experiment tackling poetry in translation. Timed to coincide with National Poetry Month, the exercise kicked off with an all-school talk delivered by Classics teacher Chris Childers on the intricacies of

translation. Highlighting some of the challenges and nuances in this process, Childers pointed out the translator's often warring loyalties to meter and meaning. If we focus too much on the literal meaning of a poem, he warned, we may lose much of the music that gives poetry its beauty. Alternately, emphasizing only meter and rhythm may result in a nonsense verse that bears little resemblance to its original. Duly advised, teachers and students set out to experience this business of translation for themselves.

Teachers partnered across departments to select poems appropriate for each level of language study, and students began by translating the poems themselves in class, allowing individuals fluent in the foreign language to act as experts and guide the class to understanding. Once the class had created its own translation, students compared their rendition to published versions as a way to consider the importance of imagery, word choice, punctuation and historical context. At times,

students were given a "crib," or literal translation, to aid in the process.

English teacher Gretchen Hurtt and Chinese teacher Chiachyi Chiu led two sections of Chinese 3 students through a discussion of "Jade Flower Palace," written by Tu Fu in the 8th century. They applauded their students' willingness to "fumble through difficult passages" and, in the process, develop an authority that made them feel more confident with the poetic form. Students formed strong opinions about which translations they felt were most true to the original.

Modern Language Chair Diahann Johnson commented that the translation exercise gave students in her French 5 class, who worked with West African francophone poems, an opportunity to consider the global implications of translation — the ways translating a piece from its original language into English is at times a "microcosm of colonialism," in which word choice reflects the politics of discourse. The exposure to other cultures was an

added benefit to the more technical virtues of close language study.

Chris Childers, in his Latin 4 class, and Sarah Demers, in her English III and IV classes, emphasized the art of writing: both stress the importance of "teaching students to write like writers, cultivating the creative voice" while also acknowledging that writing is work; the "light at the end of the tunnel," points out Childers, can be a motivating factor through the difficult moments every writer encounters.

The Poetry in Translation project offered teachers a chance to collaborate with colleagues in other departments, and students appreciated the flow of ideas between classes and between languages.

Senior Tutorials Push Intellectual Curiosity

Frailties of the Mind... Modern Microeconomics: Game Theory... Telling Our Stories... Not Knowing What You Are Thinking, While You Are Thinking... U.S. Foreign Policy toward Latin America: Cuba — A Case Study...

"Up the Stork Tower" by Wang Zhi-Huan, 688-742 AD, China

登鶴雀樓 (王之渙)

白日依山盡，
黃河入海流。
欲窮千里目，
更上一層樓。

Literal translation:

White sun lean against mountain; end/over
Yellow River enter sea flow
Desire; want; exhaust/finish thousand li (miles) eyes
More up one story floor

Various translations:

"Climbing White Stork Tower" (tr. by Bill Porter)

The midday sun slips behind mountains
The Yellow River turns for the sea
Trying to see for a thousand miles
I climb one more story

"Up the Stork Tower"

(Wang Zhi-Huan, 688-742 AD, China)

Ying Sun © 2008

By the hills the sun loses its glows.
Into the sea the Yellow River flows.
To gain a three-hundred-mile view,
Keep climbing up a floor or few.

■ IN THE CLASSROOM



Reading the titles of just a few of the thirty 2012 Senior Spring Tutorial students could choose, it's easy to understand why many St. Andrew's graduates identify the tutorial as the most enjoyable academic experience of their St. Andrew's career. Modeled on the Oxford tutorial system, the classes cover a broad range of topics including literature, politics, psychology, law and ecology. Each teacher works with 2-6 students in a discussion format that emphasizes intellectual engagement, critical thinking, writing and peer critique, says English Chair Elizabeth Roach: "At a time [of the year] when many seniors all over the country are perhaps losing interest in their academics, our students are working harder than ever — as they continue the exciting process of discovery and scholarly debate all the way to graduation."

Seniors Lucy Copper and John MacIntosh, whose tutorial offered the chance to delve into Salman Rushdie's luminous novel *Midnight's Children*, depicting India's transition to independence, reflect on the close

relationship between teacher and student in the tutorial setting: "it was even easier to connect with classmate and teacher and work together towards a new understanding or interpretation of the work. The focused reading that an intimate setting provides, and the independence it brings, are what St. Andrew's English has prepared us for." After finishing *Midnight's Children*, Lucy and John tackled Michael Ondaatje's fictional memoir about Sri Lanka, *Running in the Family*, and emerged from the class with a deeper understanding of magical realism and postcolonial literature. Their teacher, Will Porter, admits that the experience is as rewarding for him as it is for the students. "These are books that I love and want to read again and again," he says. "Reading them in the company of bright, curious, passionate students allows me to discover new meaning in the texts." Roach agrees: "We have the opportunity to take our students to a very high level of learning, and of course, as a result, we too learn so much more."

While many tutorials are intensive literature courses, others seek to engage students in contemporary social issues. Senior Peter Whitesell, who chose religion teacher Nate Crimmins' tutorial addressing the Occupy movement, has been inspired by studying civic responsibility, public consciousness and group dynamics. When the members of the class traveled to New York to explore what the Occupy movement looked like in action, Peter felt the trip complemented the work he was doing in the classroom: "Taking part in such a hopeful, energetic, and, as many within it feel, historic movement has been great. The way we approached it, through exploring issues in a critical way, has allowed us to take away a lot." Peter appreciates the "responsibility and creativity" that the course has elicited from its students.

It's hard to imagine that there's a downside to the tutorial system. After all, not many high school seniors have the chance to pursue an area of personal interest in such an intense, hands-on way. When asked if there

was anything she would change about the tutorials, one senior said without hesitation, "Why do we have to choose just one? I want to take them all."

Film Studies Program Inspires Student Storytellers

The story goes that when Director Peter Weir drove down the long driveway toward Founders Hall he knew immediately that it was the perfect setting for the film that would earn him an Academy Award nomination. It's been more than 20 years since *Dead Poet's Society* introduced the world to the beauty of St. Andrew's, but the campus has continued to serve as a backdrop for great storytelling in the years since through Peter Hoopes' Film Studies classes.

In sharing his passion for storytelling and the craft of filmmaking, Peter Hoopes has quietly built the St. Andrew's film program into one of the strongest high school programs in the country. Five St. Andrew's graduates have gone onto NYU's prestigious Tisch School of the Arts to study film in recent years, including one in each of the last three graduating classes.

Charlie Martin '11 recently finished his first year at Tisch and credits the multiple short films and documentaries he produced at St. Andrew's for helping him hit the ground running. "Mr. Hoopes always gave me great feedback on scripts, structure, and the best way to edit. It gave me a ton of background on how to tell a story, which gave me a leg up when I arrived on campus." Dan Hasse '10, also studying at Tisch, agrees. He credits not just the film program, but his overall St. Andrew's

education for helping him find success at the next level. "I also paid attention in English and History classes. There were kids in my [Tisch] class who were technically proficient, but didn't know who Virgil was. I was more prepared to not only understand the mechanics of filmmaking, but the actual storytelling as well." He is putting his education to use. In two short years, Dan has become a driving force behind "Shakespeare in the Square", a student-run organization that performs in Washington Square Park, written a feature screenplay and is spending the summer shooting and directing a sitcom pilot he wrote.

As the program has grown and students have found success they have also begun networking and supporting each other in true St. Andrew's fashion. Parrish Tigh '08 graduated from Tisch this year and is now working as a Production Manager coordinating original programs for BBC America in New York. Still, she has found the time to help Charlie work on sets and even visited campus recently to meet with film students and discuss the industry. "It was great to better understand the steps of how to get to where we are now to where

she is," said Julio Ramirez '12 who will be heading to Tisch this fall.

Julio was this year's unofficial student leader of a crop of up-and-coming young filmmakers who are thriving at St. Andrew's. Arts Weekend provided a chance for them to premiere their short films — dozens of hours of work distilled into only a few magical minutes. The reviews were outstanding and Hoopes believes the program will only continue to improve. "We made a few additions this year that have paid major dividends. First, we started using digital single-lens reflex cameras (DSLRs) and the image quality and lenses are far superior. Second, photography teacher Joshua Meier jumped into the program to provide another perspective and add his expertise in cinematography."

As the program grows Hoopes would like to add a shooting studio that would allow students to set up a green screen and do special shoots. "However, for me the core of the course is understanding story and working on great editing and that will stay the same."

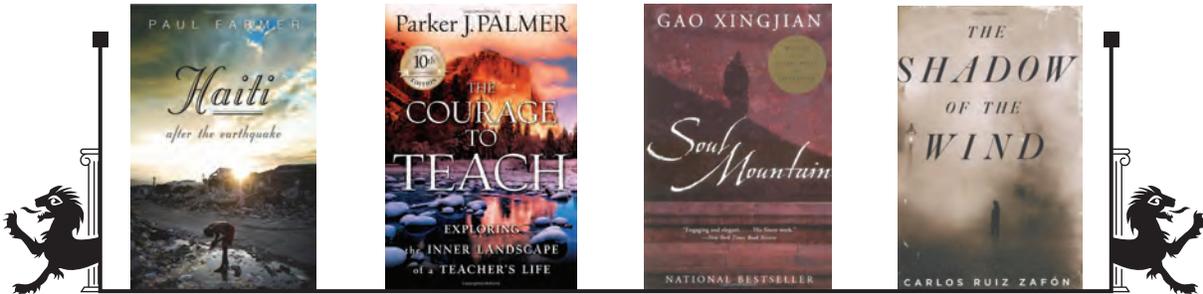
You can watch this year's film presentations on our website at <http://www.standrews-de.org/arts/film-studies-gallery>. ■



Parrish Tigh '08 (center) took time out from her job at BBC America to watch and discuss student films in Peter Hoopes' Film Studies class.

Recommended Reads

FROM ST. ANDREW'S MODERN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT



Diahann Johnson

Haiti After the Earthquake

by Dr. Paul Farmer

In anticipation of the St. Andrew's trip to Haiti this summer, several students and I had the pleasure to hear Dr. Farmer speak and talk about his latest book at the Free Library of Philadelphia in December. In it, Farmer sets out to unravel the complexities of providing humanitarian aid in the aftermath of the massive 7.0 earthquake that devastated the island nation. The earthquake created an "acute-on-chronic" problem where saving lives vies for importance with the urgent need to rebuild a long neglected infrastructure. What really shines through the book's compelling data and statistics is the emotional and inspiring narrative of resiliency and hope. We read the stories of the Haitian people and hear their voices most clearly in the final pages. In one such moment, a woman exclaims, "Cheri, Nèg Mawon p'ap jamn krazé." The phrase is Creole for "My dear, the free man will never be broken."

Julia Smith

The Shadow of the Wind

by Carlos Ruiz Zafón

I love to read the presence of place in a book, which is why I love Carlos Ruiz Zafón's *The Shadow of the Wind*. The book transports the reader to post-WWII Barcelona, Spain to meet, Daniel, a young boy living with his antiquarian book dealer father. Daniel's seemingly innocent quest for a forgotten author leads him to an epic story of murder, magic, madness and doomed love.

Chiachyi Chiu

The Courage to Teach

by Parker Palmer

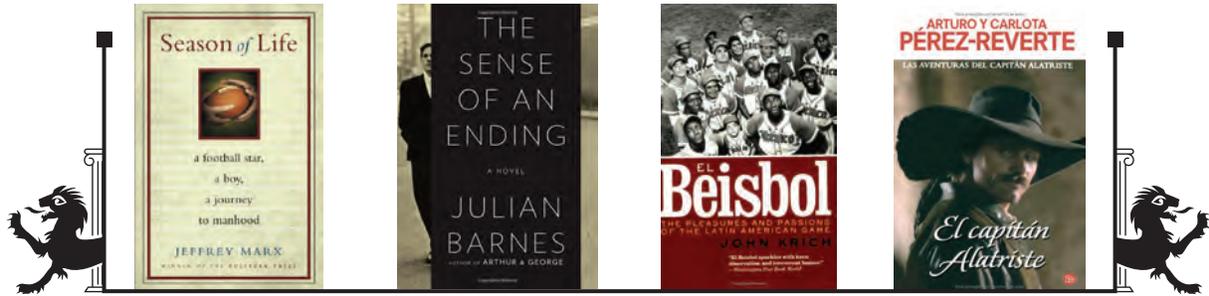
The Courage to Teach builds on a simple premise: good teaching cannot be reduced to technique but is rooted in the identity and integrity of the teacher. Good teaching takes myriad forms but good teachers share one trait: they are authentically present in the classroom, deeply connected with their students and their subject. These connections are held in the teacher's heart — the place where intellect, emotion, and spirit converge in the human self. Palmer's book taught me how good teachers weave a life-giving web between themselves, their subjects, and their students and, in turn, helping their students learn how to weave a world for themselves.

Shanshan Xu

Soul Mountain

by Gao Xingjian

One of my favorite books is *Soul Mountain* by Gao Xingjian. Gao was largely unknown in the West when he won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 2000. The book offers a fictionalized account of Gao's actual 15,000-kilometer journey from Beijing into the remote mountains and ancient forests of Sichuan in southwest China. He now lives in exile in Paris. The book took me a long time to finish because it is constantly begging the reader to stop and reflect. It is a great summer read if you are interested in Chinese history and philosophies.



Lindsay Wright

Season of Life: A football star, a boy, a journey to manhood

by Jeffrey Marx

Pulitzer Prize-winning author Jeffrey Marx shares his remarkable journey with former Baltimore Colts football player Joe Ehrmann in this New York Times bestseller. It is filled with powerful messages about hope, leadership and the development of young men. Olympic track star Carl Lewis wrote that, “*Season of Life* should be required reading for every high school student in America and every parent as well.” I agree.

Ana Ramírez

The Sense of An Ending

by Julian Barnes

Elizabeth Roach and I team-taught this Man Booker Prize-winning novel to our senior tutorial students this spring and it sparked one of our liveliest discussions. Middle-aged and divorced, a strange bequest from a long-lost acquaintance forces the narrator Tony Webster to reflect on his life and the decisions he made along the way. I would highly recommend this unique and powerful novel.

David Miller

El Beisbol: The Pleasures and Passions of the Latin American Game

by John Krich

A quirky, wry, and often hilarious odyssey through the baseball fields of Latin America — both sports book and travelogue, political reportage and meditation on New World identity. John Krich evokes a world where barefoot kids perfect their swings with stalks of sugar cane, midget mascots dance the merengue atop dugouts, and wily

scouts compete with dictators for the souls of promising shortstops.

Donald Duffy

Las Aventuras del Capitán Alatraste

by Arturo Perez-Reverte

This is actually a series of six novels centered around the fictional Don Diego Alatraste, a Spanish veteran of the Flanders War that Spain waged during the latter part of the sixteenth century and the first half of the seventeenth century. Alatraste is a swashbuckling mercenary with his foot in both the Spain of the poor and destitute as well as the Spanish aristocracy. Alatraste rents out his blade and dagger to the highest bidder between both sides of the Royal Spanish Court and the Catholic Church. The remaining principal characters are based on actual people, including King Felipe IV, the Count of Olivares, and Padre Bocanegra, the President of the Holy Inquisition. The small story lines of conspiracies and intrigue are intricately and brilliantly woven through major historical events. I truly enjoyed reading these books as well as watching the movie. It was a nifty way to learn about 17th Century Spain. ■

The Wonderful World of Dr. J

Dr. Harvey Ryan Johnson '97 graduated from St. Andrew's with every major math and science award the School bestows. His subsequent academic and professional résumé is equally astounding — University of Delaware honors graduate (where he won four major awards at graduation), a Ph.D. in chemical engineering from Cal-Berkeley, biotech analyst at Credit Suisse — but it only tells a piece of the story. The man students call "Dr. J" is a citizen of the world in the greatest sense. He devours books, conjures impossible math problems and then tries to solve them, studies vegan recipes and can make any conversation interesting while decoding a 4x4 Rubik's cube. Still, he and his legion of loyal friends would agree that his greatest attribute is his wife, English teacher Neemu Reddy. Students know Dr. J as a gifted and tireless teacher of chemistry, physics and multivariable calculus, academic advisor to VI Form boys, coach of soccer and basketball, and the only faculty member who rides a longboard to class. He's also one of the nicest human beings you'll ever have the fortune to meet.

St. Andrew's Magazine: What compelled you to teach at St. Andrew's?

Dr. Harvey Ryan Johnson: The pursuit of knowledge has always been an organizing principle in my life. Regardless of our profession, our most profound experiences consist of apprehending something beautiful about Nature and sharing it with others. St. Andrew's faculty spend a large amount of time and mental effort considering and preparing course material about this Natural beauty, but as a community, St. Andrew's is exemplary in fostering an environment where the "something beautiful" grows out of the very fabric of the School. Here, for example, students can use game theory in Eric Finch's economics classroom to show how cooperation provides the most favorable outcome for all participants, but outside the classroom, they feel this result directly when the entire school supports a team in the state tournament or when, after graduation, a class comes together to support the annual fund to ensure that financial aid is available to the next generation of St. Andreans.

I am proud to be a member of this community, and it is a personal honor and pleasure to be able to give my time to the School.

SAM: Who were your important teachers while a student at St. Andrew's?



Dr. J: That is an easy one, and I have a record in the form of my 1997 senior page to prove it: Eric Kemer, David Wang, Dave DeSalvo and Nan Mein. By becoming a teacher here, I have the good fortune to be able to add to this list; so far, these include: Eric Finch, John McGiff, Elizabeth Roach, John Higgins and of course my wife, Neemu Reddy.

SAM: Do you ever find yourself channeling these teachers in your own classes?

Dr. J: What I found exceptional about these teachers is that they were able to recognize and stoke the fire of curiosity in each student and then direct that energy toward deliberate practice that led to real gains in self-confidence and competency. The really excellent teacher provides a narrative, which elaborates the larger story of the field and its important problems, to which the next generation of students will make significant contributions. This is the key. We now know from education research that students who conceive of themselves as future practitioners put more effort into their daily practice and work more effectively at organizing their new skills into a coherent whole, a prerequisite for expert competence.

SAM: What do you hope your students take away from your classes?

Dr. J: I think all teachers hope that their students will take ownership of their

learning. We, as a student-teacher pair, but also as a community and as a nation, are engaged in an experiment that is critically important. We are searching for the most effective way to teach students to learn how to learn. We already know that motivation is a key factor. We shouldn't expect to motivate teachers, or students for that matter, with money. The behavioral economists have taught us that what really motivates us is autonomy, purpose and mastery. That is, students and teachers should feel that they have autonomy to find the best way to learn but should also be working toward mastery and should find purpose in that experience. My hunch is that many students in failing schools do not see the purpose or the mastery piece clearly when they sit down to learn about something that, at its heart, should be something really beautiful in the world. I hope that my students are proud of their hard-won mastery. And I hope they have learned how to motivate themselves to accomplish their future goals in the next class (through autonomy, purpose and mastery).

SAM: How does your previous work-experience inform your teaching?

Dr. J: When I prepare a class, I try to think about the work from the student's perspective. I think that my work-experiences are very important to provide that "larger story" for

each student. By working in higher education as a graduate student and postdoc, I have research experiences to share that provide a bit of that larger story. My experience in the financial sector allows me to draw on some of the more applied science and pseudoscience in the business world.

SAM: How important is the financial aid program to you as a former student and current teacher? Why does financial aid matter to you?

Dr. J: Like many St. Andreans, I was a direct beneficiary of financial aid. St. Andrew's, along with my family, instilled a profound appreciation of the importance of education. Now, it is probably not the time and this is not the place to enumerate all the wonderful effects St. Andrew's has had on my life, but suffice it to say that I would not prefer any other secondary education to the one I had at St. Andrew's, and I am very grateful for all that I have received through it and the generosity of so many people who came before me that made it possible.

It is abundantly clear that each St. Andrew and the larger community benefits mutually through the generosity of the St. Andrew's community. I am awestruck by the wonderful multi-level cooperation that is at the root of what is so special about this community; I am thoroughly convinced that financial aid at St. Andrew's is simultaneously the cause and consequence of this cooperation, which continues to generate all of the most significant education that happens at St. Andrew's. ■



Bob Amos '75
Borrowed Time
 (Bristlecone Records)

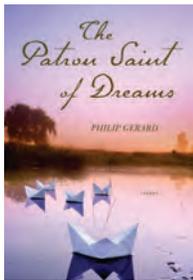
After a successful 25-year career in the acoustic music business, Bob Amos has released a new all-bluegrass CD on Bristlecone



Records. Tom Huntington of the *Times-Argus* and *Rutland Herald* (Vermont) writes: "Bob Amos is back in bluegrass, and better than ever on the brand-new *Borrowed Time*. Amos shines on one of the best bluegrass albums to come out of the Green Mountain State in years." Bluegrass stars Lynn Morris and Marshall Wilborn write in the liner notes, "This is Bob's first bluegrass outing since the last *Front Range* CD in 2003, and we must say, he's hit a homerun. We love this CD!" Bob has dedicated the album to Davey Staats, formerly of the St. Andrew's School maintenance department, who introduced Bob to bluegrass music in the early '70s. Bob continues to live in Vermont with his wife Anne (Rhodes) '78. Their son Nate is studying music production at Columbia College in Chicago, and daughter Sarah is studying music and marine biology at New College of Florida.

Philip Gerard '73
The Patron Saint of Dreams
 (Hub City Press)

Seldom does a book ache so beautifully with loss, mystery and wonder page after page, story after story. But that's exactly the experience of reading acclaimed creative nonfiction writer Philip Gerard's new collection of essays, *The Patron Saint of Dreams*.



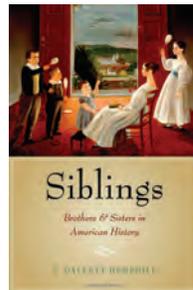
This collection of 15 narrative essays addresses events in the

world through the lens of personal experience, moments when seemingly small decisions have large consequences. As John Jeremiah Sullivan writes in his introduction, "These essays are the work of an observer. The best thing one could do in introducing the book is to simply put you on alert for this gift. You are reading the natural-historical memoirs of someone who makes a religious habit of noticing things... writers who pay attention like that can help us see the world more clearly."

Philip Gerard chairs the Department of Creative Writing at the University of North Carolina-Wilmington and is co-editor of the literary journal *Chautauqua*.

Dallett Hemphill '75
Siblings: Brothers and Sisters in American History
 (NY: Oxford University Press)

Brothers and sisters are so much a part of our lives that we can overlook their importance. Even scholars of the family tend to forget siblings, focusing instead on marriage and parent-child



relations. Based on a wealth of family papers, period images and popular literature, this is the first book devoted to the broad history of sibling relations, spanning the long period of transition from early to modern America.

Illuminating the evolution of the modern family system, *Siblings* shows how brothers and sisters have helped each other in the face of the dramatic political, economic and cultural changes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The book reveals that, in colonial America, sibling relations offered an egalitarian space to soften the challenges of the larger patriarchal family and society, while after the Revolution, in

antebellum America, sibling relations provided order and authority in a more democratic nation. Moreover, Hemphill explains that siblings serve as the bridge between generations. Brothers and sisters grow up in a shared family culture influenced by their parents, but they are different from their parents in being part of the next generation. Responding to new economic and political conditions, they form and influence their own families, but their continuing relationships with brothers and sisters serve as a link to the past. Siblings thus experience and promote the new, but share the comforting context of the old. Indeed, in all races, siblings function as humanity's shock-absorbers, as well as valued kin and keepers of memory.

This wide-ranging book offers a new understanding of the relationship between families and history in an evolving world. It is also a timely reminder of the role our siblings play in our own lives.

C. Dallett Hemphill is a Professor of History and American Studies at Ursinus College.

T.C. McCarthy '88
Exogene
 (Orbit)

Former CIA analyst McCarthy delivers a stark and wrenching sequel to *Germline*. Against the backdrop of a continent-spanning, barely described war in Asia, Catherine, a



genetically engineered American super-soldier turned loose on the battlefield at 15, breaks free of her religious conditioning and makes a run for freedom. Standing in her way are half of Asia, starvation, radiation, and the impending breakdown of her body and mind, part of the army's fail-safe on its two-legged biological weapons. As she travels, Catherine and her companion, Margaret,

progress from one faction's territory to the next, uncovering lies and learning deeper truths — or at least ones that will serve to get Catherine to her hoped-for refuge of Thailand. The conclusion is simultaneously heartbreaking and triumphant, and utterly appropriate for the brutal, bloody, and magnificent story. McCarthy won the 2012 Compton Crook Award for his first novel *Germline*. Reprinted from *publishersweekly.com*.

Rob Ward '99 & Food Will Win the War
A False Sense of Warmth

Food Will Win the War is accordion-infused, violin-tinged glockenspiel rock. Their new album, *A False Sense of Warmth*, was produced by Jeremy Sklarsky (Freelance Whales) and mastered by Sarah Register (The Shins, The Morning Benders). Singer Rob Ward both grounds and lifts you into space simultaneously. Painting enigmatic conversations as surreal portraits with his trademark baritone, Food



Will Win the War explores a space largely unexplored even in Brooklyn's dense music scene. There's a delicate balance in this music between the fun of surrealist fantasy and the acceptance of life's realities.

The inviting acoustic roots rock of this band will lull you into a private space, but there's some intangible quality here that reminds you, even during this voyage's more fantastic moments, that Rob is a real person with the same questions and troubles we all find ourselves wanting to know the answer to. This is a man whose lyrics speak of traveling to far off destinations, even as the music speaks of already being home.

Maggie Rogers '12 Releases First Album

Maggie Rogers has much to celebrate. In addition to graduating with her classmates she has also released her first album. "The Echo" features ten original songs all written and performed by Rogers. She credits her classmates and faculty with supporting her throughout the



process. "This was completely a St. Andrew's effort," noted a smiling Maggie. "Mr. Hoopes was incredibly helpful as producer and sound mixer, Mr. Meier provided the cover art and many of my friends joined me as musicians or found other ways to help. I am so excited and thankful to them all." Katherine Haroldson '12, Courtney Chang '12 and James Craig '12 all lent their musical talents to the album.

"The Echo" can be downloaded directly from Maggie's website — <http://www.listentomaggie.com> — or found on iTunes and Amazon in the coming weeks.

Making news? Let us know.

Did you write a book? Record a cd? Make a movie? Let us know. We do our best through word of mouth but the best information comes from the source. Don't be shy.

Email your news to communications@standrews-de.org.

There's An App For That...

Rob Willey '97
Speakeasy Cocktails; The Better Bacon Book

Rob Willey lent his signature writing style seen in the *New York Times*, *Details* and *Esquire* to a pair of book-length apps — a bartending bible for amateur and expert mixologists alike and a comprehensive guide to curing your own bacon.

Ty Rayner '97
Flight Kit

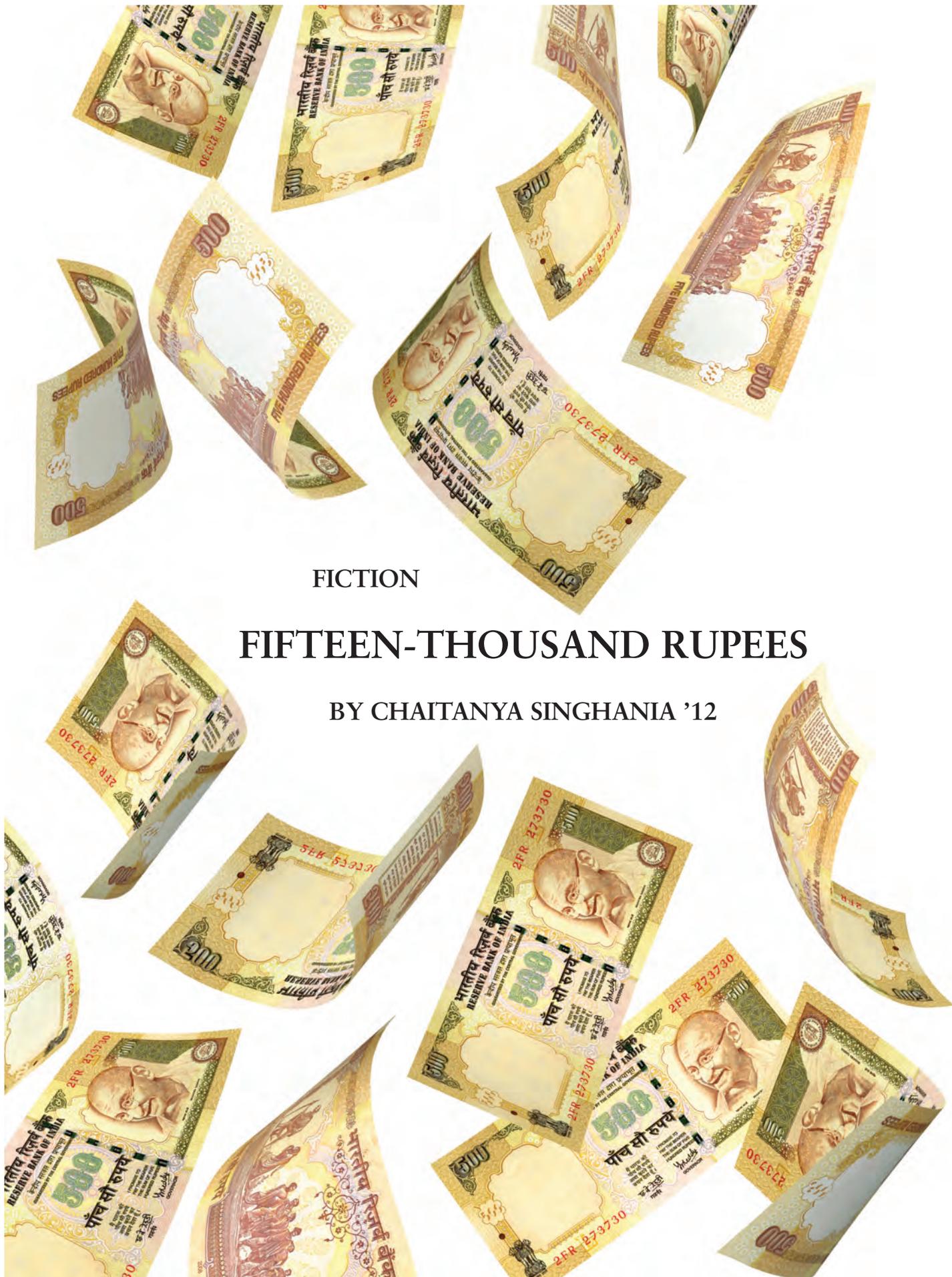
Ty Rayner combined his love for flying with his gift for development (he helped develop the handy gadget on the left while working at Apple) to create this all-in-one navigating tool for general aviation.

Luke Baumann '15
Old Currency

Have you ever wanted to know how much £200 in 1330 is worth in dollars today? Ever wondered how much \$400 today was worth in 1790? Old Currency allows you to convert money to and from its old values in different currencies.

Scan the QR code with your smartphone to go directly to the app.





FICTION

FIFTEEN-THOUSAND RUPEES

BY CHAITANYA SINGHANIA '12

Gopi glanced nervously at the seven empty chairs at the other end of the white-marble table. The chandelier's crystals projected a rainbow in the face of the silver spoons lying by his tablecloth. A man dressed in a crisp, stainless, white shirt glided by and placed a bone-china plate in front of him. Another identical man repeated the same drill with the man in the suit, seated across from Gopi — his son, Rakesh.

"What would you like to eat, father?" Rakesh asked, as the server flashed a selection of five intricately prepared dishes. "I've asked my chef to specially prepare for you my most distinguished delicacies. I don't normally serve them to anyone but my most important guests."

Gopi stretched his trembling hand and randomly pointed to the multicolored dish in the middle of the tray.

"Ah, caviar. Good choice, father. My favorite," Rakesh remarked as the white-gloved server placed it on Gopi's dishwasher-washed plate.

"What is caviar?" Gopi mumbled, self-conscious about the fact that he hadn't contributed yet to the conversation. He was staring at the glittering ring wrapped around Rakesh's middle finger.

Rakesh turned to the server, who smiled and promptly replied, "Caviar is a processed, salted, non-fertilized sturgeon roe." "Fish," he added, noting the frown on Gopi's face.

"Beta, you eat meat?" Gopi asked, suddenly turning his body to Rakesh and lifting his eyes to his son's.

Rakesh laughed, but not with the hearty laugh that came straight from the belly, the laugh he remembered from twenty years ago. Instead, this new laugh reminded Gopi of the pale-skinned man in Mother India, the only movie Gopi had ever seen. He found himself unable to look Rakesh in the eye; his eyes fell back to Rakesh's neckline. Rakesh said, "Father, don't tell me you still live in the middle ages? Hasn't any development reached your village yet? Come on, try that caviar. It's not beef; it won't kill you. I guarantee that you'll be asking for more very soon."

Gopi blinked, exhaled, and stared at the cabinets, loaded with statues, that lined the front wall of the dining room. He thought back to teenage Rakesh, back in the village, the Rakesh who would sit on the floor at dinner every evening, dig his fingers into his mother's plain *paraanthas*, tear a piece off and wrap it

in cabbage gravy, and smile as he popped the wrap into his mouth; the bony, dark-skinned Rakesh who loved to milk cows at 5am every morning, sit under a tree in the fields with his books, chase flies and butterflies through rows of corn, and spend an hour every evening scrubbing the floors of three rooms in the village temple; the Rakesh who once ran to school, giggling, with a white and green spatter of bird dropping on his left ear. Then he looked at this Rakesh sitting in front of him, wearing an ironed shirt and a stainless suit, ordering waiters around his dining room. Again self-conscious, Gopi dropped his eyes down to the mud stains spattered across his *kurta*.

Gopi was a thin man with short white hair like poorly trimmed grass. Back at his village, he herded cows. A black circular birthmark mottled the tip of his left elbow; a small oval scar crossed his stomach, where a mother cow had kicked him once when he was seven. Everyone said the scar showed the mother cow's love and led to his prowess with cattle. Every evening back in the village, he would wait outside his fields for his cows to return. He would watch as Gappu, the mother, always the last, strolled back into the fields with wet mud dripping from the brown patches on her white skin, and a chorus of moos, of all different pitches, welcomed her home from her evening walk. He would grin as Gappu responded with a snort, before settling herself down into the tall mattress of grass under the rusty margosa tree. Gopi would pick up a bucket of cold water with his bony hands and pour it all over Gappu. Gappu would shake her snout from side to side, splashing drops of water on Gopi's white *kurta*. He would tap Gappu's back with his right palm and gently run his hand down her spine. The next morning, after the milking, Gopi would release Gappu, and the younger cows — Govinda, Golu, Guchhar and Galbu — till evening, when he would watch them waddle back towards his fields again.

Gopi glanced outside, through the glass window to his left, beyond the balcony, hoping that the sunset, if not the Rakesh that sat in front of him, might conjure up an image of home — but only saw a grey, smoggy sky with a sun as faint as a lamp during a power-cut. He couldn't picture the bright yellow sun that drenched the cotton-candy clouds haloing the mountains in orange — a sight he

admired every evening from the village temple balcony. Sitting in a room with no sound other than the occasional clicks of clashing cutlery, he couldn't even faintly recall the sound of his cows mooing.

"Father, are you alright?" Rakesh asked, as Gopi stared blankly through the window.

Gopi didn't answer. Rakesh cut a piece of asparagus with a knife and fork. Gopi picked up a long, green asparagus stick ("imported," the server told him) with his right hand, and began to nibble at one end.

Rakesh straightened his spine and began, "Well, Father, as I told you in my letter, I can help you with this mining business."

The asparagus fell on Gopi's silver-rimmed plate as he looked up at Rakesh's face. "This mining business" — he recalled sitting in that claustrophobic, tiny office the previous afternoon, with light flickering into his eyes from the nameplate on Vermaji's desk that read, "Alok Kumar Verma, Joint Secretary, Uttarakhand Div., Ministry of Rural Affairs." In that rectangular office, four rusted cabinets, an assortment of VIP portraits, a thin, long leather-cushioned couch, and a photograph of a snow-drenched city ("Dehradun," Vermaji explained, inexplicably, as it never snowed there) surrounded him. Gopi had sat across Vermaji's desk, in the middle of the room, while Vermaji glared at him with his lower lip dangling outward like the mouth of an unfed cow, bounced his stomach up and down while puffing air through his half-open mouth attempting a laugh, and called him an "idiot," an "ignorant fool," a "useless backward piece of trash" for not knowing that the red domed structure out in the distance was the Presidential Palace.

Gopi had visited Vermaji's office to discuss the matter Rakesh mentioned: "the mining business." "We're building a bauxite mining unit on your village," Vermaji, digging his armpits, spat at Gopi. "We'll raze your entire village, blow up your mountains, and then extract the stuff in it." Yelling at a white-faced butler dressed in white, Vermaji smirked to Gopi, "Come back in another week with a better plan, or I'll write to Dehradun asking them to send in the bulldozers — that means big machines with big teeth that can blow up your village in two days."

Sitting in Rakesh's dining room, Gopi tried to picture his hut, his home, the valley, the mountains. His village, Kalahasti, stood atop the Keshavi hill in the lower Himalayas. Bending over from the balcony at the village temple, he could see the entire Keshavi valley. Streams snaked down its slopes. Tiny clusters of roofs punched periodic holes in its blanket of trees. A few years ago, when his eyes weren't so wrinkled, he could even see the mighty Bhagirathi River charging ahead hundreds of feet below. Once a week, he took the village's children down the flights of flattened farms to bathe in the river's cool waters. He loved the river, especially as it was in the Keshavi valley, before it bled into the Ganges. Here it was clean, narrow, fast and fresh: the way rivers should be. Gopi clenched his fists as he remembered that he had planned to lead an excursion with Pavitradidi and Manjudidi, the schoolteachers, to Gomukh, the glacier shaped like the mouth of a cow at the river's source; but now he would have to miss it. A chill ran down his spine as he thought that might be the last expedition ever: the government was planning to destroy the entire mountain.

All of a sudden, Gopi's head felt heavy, as he thought about the burden the *panchayat* had placed on his judgment. "Gopibhai, we're putting our full faith in your hands to sort out this land business," the *panchayat* had told him, before providing him two hundred rupees for his stay in Delhi. "There's no one we trust more, there's no one who cares more about the village than you." As the words of Manjudidi, the village schoolteacher and current *panchayat* chair, echoed through Gopi's ears, he sat, looking earnestly at Rakesh's eyes, praying that Rakesh may still remember it was Manjudidi who made it possible for him to go to Delhi for college, that the village priest took a thousand rupees from the temple treasury to fund his education, that his mansion, his chandelier, his jewels, are all indebted to the village; Gopi hoped that if not respect for his home and heritage, at least some regard for justice would motivate Rakesh to help Kalahasti.

"I spoke to Gupta — Verma's divisional director in the Rural Affairs Ministry," Rakesh continued, staring straight into his father's eyes. "Here what we've decided," he said, flipping both palms,

THE WEDDING DRESS

The flowers of white lace slipped
Through my childish fingers
Bathing me in intoxicating scents
Of lilac and lavender.

The dress pooled at the ground,
A freshet of white water,
A gauze of morning rain.
I was always drifting towards it,

Rippling the soft, white waves, begging
To slip beneath the waterfall, awash
In lavender and lilac. My time would
Come, you said and hugged me tight.

From there, you married, moved
To Colorado. You called occasionally.
Now, once more cut adrift
From you, I stand at the river where

You wanted us to let your ashes go
Sluicing over the stones, and touch
The white bloom of the water, as time and you
Keep slipping through my fingers.

—Lisa Jacques '12

"after detailed deliberation. Verma's office will provide apartments, clean plumbing and electricity for that village. Might modernize things a little. Seems like you could use it there."

Rakesh paused to gauge Gopi's reaction, and grinning proudly through both cheeks, announced, "I've convinced the government to make you the site director. No more backbreaking labor, no more cleaning cow dung, no more counting the number of carrot you buy. They'll pay you fifteen thousand rupees a month. *Fifteen thousand.*" Moving his thumb and index finger an inch apart, he said, "Pardon me for saying this, father, but I don't think you've seen — or can appreciate — the value of that kind of money."

A sudden thrill ran through Gopi's stomach. He thought about the hard labor he performed that morning, scrambling to earn money to buy a few pieces of *roti* to eat that afternoon; he felt the irritation of the sweat dripping down the back of his neck as he had lifted a pile of books for the sixteenth time. The alleyway Gopi had walked down was narrow: only five people could stand in a row, shoulder-to-shoulder, at any given point. Walking down the alleyway, free of taxis

and cycle-rickshaws, Gopi had marveled at the beautiful red Old City sandstone that was hidden behind the layers of graffiti on the walls, and was amazed that Delhiites could barge through without looking up once. He had thumped the books on the bookkeeper's desk, adjusted the napkin wrapped around his forehead, and wiped the back of his neck with his *kurta*. Admittedly, the bookkeeper he was working for was quite nice. Like the bookkeeper, Gopi would, as site director, lead a middleclass life; if middleclass people are like the book keeper, would Gopi really mind their company? Gopi smiled and looked at Rakesh in the eye and said, "Thanks for the offer. I'll think about it, son."

The servers dressed in stainless shirts reentered the room and whipped up Gopi and Rakesh's plates in perfect synchronization. Two other servers simultaneously placed a platter of brown dessert in front of both men. Must be foreign desserts, Gopi thought, thinking of the fuzzy, pink fluff called cotton-candy he had once tried at the new stall on the village's main square. Gopi looked at Rakesh's hands, attempting to imitate the way he smoothly moved his fork around the plate. Rakesh then said,

"Well, do you know where you're staying tonight?"

Gopi said, "No. Not really. Don't worry, though; I'll find a place."

"I, unfortunately, have guests, but I can put you up at the hotel next door." Rakesh turned to one of his servers and said, "Call a limo for father; ask them to take him to The Imperial Hotel." When the server fumbled and asked, "The Imperial Hotel?" Rakesh impatiently blurted, "You don't know where the Imperial is, and you've been working in Delhi for what — seven years now? The Imperial, you fool; ask any of the other staff in the house." Rakesh shook his head as the server mumbled a weak "ji." With a white face that reminded Gopi of Vermaji's treatment of his butler, the server stepped backwards towards the door.

As the server left the room, Gopi asked Rakesh, surprised at the sharpness of his tone, "Why are these mining people coming into our villages? What is there in the rivers and mountains that they want so much?"

Rakesh dropped his fork on his plate, and speaking slowly, replied, "Father, I'll give you my candid thoughts. The new rising India has no place for small farming communities like that village; as much as I liked life there, it is time to move on." Joining the tips of his right thumb and index finger and pointing his hand in the air, like a teacher lecturing a third-grader, Rakesh continued, "The world is getting bigger and better, faster too. It will not wait for the likes of you to catch up. When you become site manager, you'll see what I mean. You'll finally have a life worth living. You'll learn what the finer pleasures of life are all about."

Gopi stared uncomfortably at the statues in the cabinets, the uniformed men patrolling the table with raised noses, and Rakesh's clean-shaven face and neatly trimmed hair. He felt an unsettling pain rise in his stomach; his eyes nervously ran down his *kurta* — his torn, smelly, stained rags.

Why did Rakesh remind me of Vermaji, Gopi wondered, as Rakesh waved to him from the step of his house door? Why didn't I feel like asking him the questions I had craved to: Married yet? Have any children? When do you plan to visit us? Do you still ever remember your mother's plain *paraanthas*? Gopi felt a sudden urge to

return to the bookkeeper's district in the Old City, to stroll through the alleyway where he had worked that morning. He walked out through Rakesh's wrought-iron gates, and without turning to look back at the mansion behind him, crossed the street and politely told the limousine driver that he didn't need him. He watched the limousine drive down the horizon; he walked a few steps, and paused in the middle of the footpath.

Gopi nervously removed from his pocket the fat envelope Rakesh had handed him at the door. He didn't feel like unsealing it and counting the number of notes. He turned to the visiting card his son gave him, on the palm of his other hand. It read, "Dr. Rakesh Kumar, Esq. Chairman & Executive President, Kumar Mining Corporation. Statesman House, Five Barakhamba Road. New Delhi 110001."

The street was empty. Gopi didn't know where he was. He started walking down the street, hoping to bump into some kind, sympathetic soul somewhere.

Gopi looked up at the night; a full moon floated over the city, like a great eye watching. He tried to breathe the night's calm, and coughed out the polluted Delhi air. Around him, the large walled mansions had given way to smaller brick houses. He would probably live in a house like that, he thought, if he accepted the government's offer. It would have a fence, an iron gate, yellow walls, a tree in the courtyard and a flat roof. He stepped in closer to the gate, carefully avoiding the potholes in the pavement, and surveyed it: it had a dog drawn with sharp teeth protruding out of his mouth, and a sign that read, "Warning: Thieves Stay Away. Dog Bites."

What would happen to Rupert, the village dog, if he had to live in such a house? Would Rupert grow sharper teeth and become a guard dog? Gopi tried to picture Rupert chasing an intruder down the road. And who would the thieves be? His fellow villagers?

Gopi recalled how Rupert had looked one afternoon, tired and sick, lying across the ground in the village school courtyard. He lay on his side, left leg crossed over the right, with one eye touching the ground and the other closed. The lunch bell rang. The second graders came out for their lunch break and crowded around, confused by his sluggishness. As Gopi was about to get

Rupert some food from the pantry, one girl walked up to him, yelled his name and petted his back. The girl wrapped her arms around the big, golden dog's neck, and called to the other second graders. Within a minute, they were standing by Rupert, emptying their lunch boxes into his mouth with their bare hands. Gopi and Manjudidi, standing a few feet away, watched as Rupert's left ear pricked straight into the air and his left eye lazily opened halfway. Later that evening, as raindrops fell on his dry skin, Gopi watched Rupert and Gappu playing in the puddles together. Rupert kicked water onto Gappu's snout, Gappu snorted and splashed slush back onto Rupert; then, both licked off each others' mud stains and walked towards the children digging thin water channels on the farm's gentle slope.

Gopi looked at the dog on the gate, thought back to Rupert, and chuckled. He saw a trash-bin at the next corner, walked to it, and slid Rakesh's visiting card down the chute. After asking people at a few corner stores for directions, Gopi found his way to the New Delhi Railway Station. He didn't feel like renting a room for the night; instead, he walked to the rows of families sleeping peacefully on Platform 13. He looked at them: like him, they wore *kurtas*, like him, they clenched tiny bundles in their hands. Gopi removed Rakesh's envelope from his pocket, tore open the seal and walked down the platform, sliding a hundred-rupee-note into each person's bundle. He slipped the remaining money back into the envelope, borrowed a pen from a ticket counter, and wrote "PANCHAYAT DONATION" on the envelope's front. He walked down the platform until he found a thin open space between two sets of white-haired couples. He lay down between them and stretched his limbs; picturing himself sitting across Vermaji at his office the next day, Gopi waved away the fly buzzing around his nose and closed his eyes.

—Chaitanya Singhania '12 hails from New Delhi, India. He led the Disciplinary Committee this year and was active in all aspects of student life. He will attend Yale University in the fall.





Arts at St. Andrew's

A 2012 Retrospective

When the arts program moved from an old, two-bay garage to the new Joan D. and Jonathan B. O'Brien Arts Center in 2004, the hope was to provide a space where creativity and artistic expression could flourish. At the time, few could have imagined just how far students and faculty would push themselves and each other. An orchestra was born. Multiple ensembles emerged. Students flooded into the studio arts. The Choral program pushed even higher. Prospective students stood in awe as they walked through on their tours. The building quickly became a place where any person on campus could come and realize their greatest artistic potential. Today's student artists are no exception. Arts Weekend 2012 was once again a marvel as students exhibited work in every discipline to amazed audiences whose standing ovations never lost their luster. The arts exploded throughout the year with energy, creativity, passion, fun, spirit and every other goodness you can imagine. The following pages provide mere windows into the experience. They do not include the boy who composed his own piano pieces, the girl who wrote, recorded and produced her own album with the help of her friends, the students who filmed movies perched on skateboards using helmet cams, the impromptu concerts given by staff members, or the hundreds of other big and small moments of creativity that happen every day.

Still, we hope you enjoy this visual feast. ►

DANCE

In its first year of existence, the St. Andrew's Dance Program exploded onto the arts scene giving students a new opportunity to express creativity in motion. A proud Director of Dance Avi Gold praised, "These students completely exceeded my wildest expectations both technically and artistically through their commitment and self-expression."







THE NOXONTONES

The Noxontones entered a competition for the first time this year and were rewarded by being one of nine groups selected to compete in the Mid-Atlantic Regional of the 2012 International Championship of High School A Cappella.







ORCHESTRA & JAZZ ENSEMBLE

The Jazz Ensemble always entertained and the 75-member St. Andrew's Orchestra included 12-members of the All-State Orchestra and one member, Courtney Chang '12, selected to the National High School Orchestra. St. Andrew's again hosted Delaware's 5th Annual Solo & Ensemble Festival in April.

WARNER GALLERY

The Warner Gallery hosted four professional exhibitions and three student shows in 2011-2012 highlighted by selected works from the Buhl Collection (that most recently toured New York City's Guggenheim Museum). John McGiff curated an exhibit of works by his mentor Neil Kosh, which brought art professors and artists from around the region to campus.







DRAMA

The St. Andrew's Theater Program brought to life three works from Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright David Lindsay-Abaire (*Snow Angel*, *Rabbit Hole*, *Wonder of the World*) and Tennessee Williams' *This Property is Condemned*. Students had a chance to discuss the winter musical, *Curtains*, with Tony Award-winning actor David Hyde Pierce before putting on a dazzling, unforgettable performance.



CHORAL SCHOLARS

The Choral Scholars represented St. Andrew's well on their ten-day tour through Central Europe: highlights included singing Mass at St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna and performing as a featured choir at the Bratislava Conservatory in Slovakia. Their year also included singing Fauré's Requiem to commemorate All Saints' Day in the School chapel and an annual service of Evensong at Immanuel Episcopal Church on the Green in New Castle.







PHOTOGRAPHY

Joshua Meier joined the faculty this year and led students by example. He continues to show his work in galleries around the country and embraced the opportunity to come to St. Andrew's to share his passion with the next generation of young artists. Says Joshua, "Next year we are going to begin looking at both historical processes and digital imaging to keep pace with where fine art photography is heading."

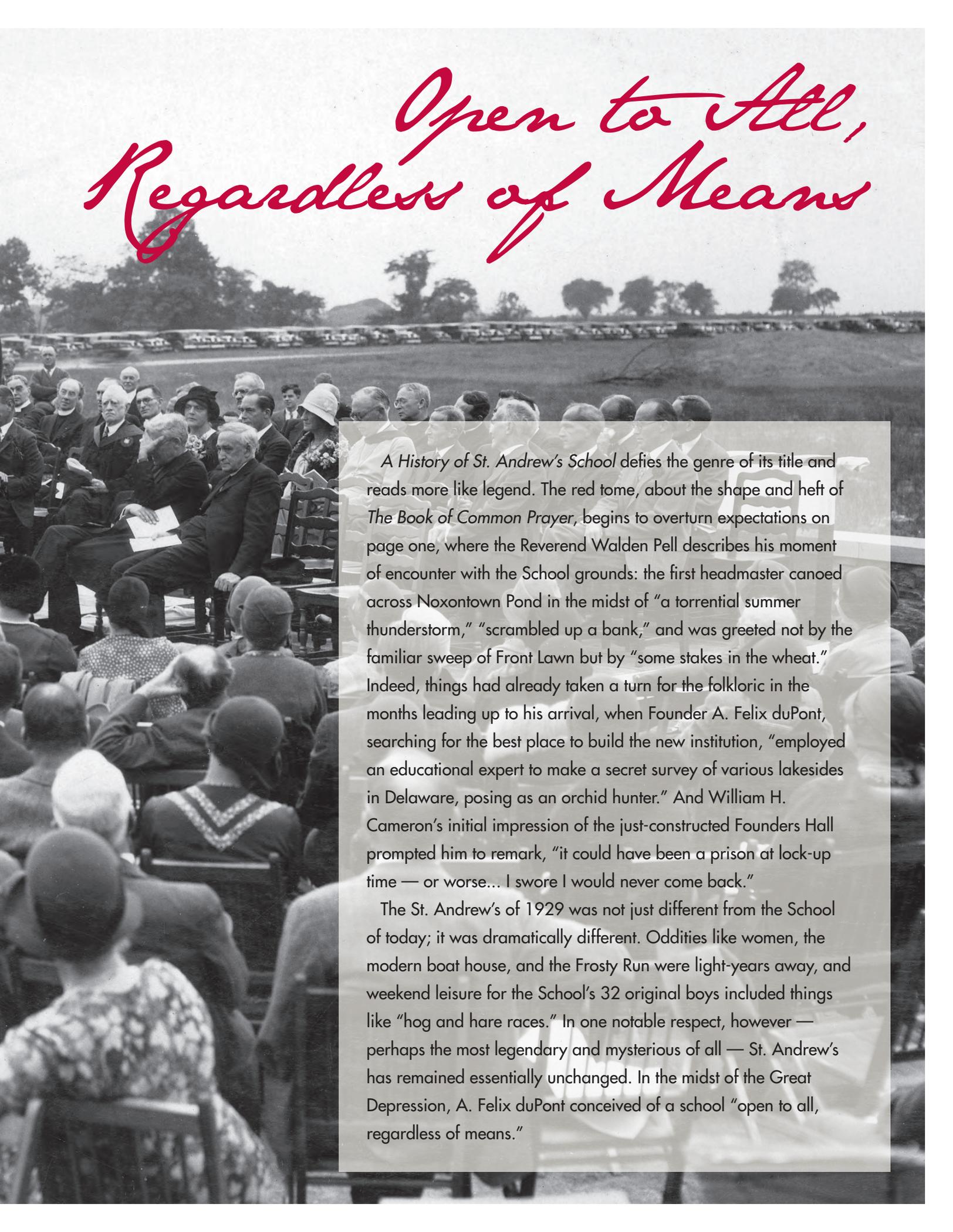






October 1930: First Headmaster Walden Pell II speaks at the Dedication Ceremony of the School.
May 2012: Fourth Headmaster Tad Roach speaks at the 2012 Commencement.

Open to All, Regardless of Means



A History of St. Andrew's School defies the genre of its title and reads more like legend. The red tome, about the shape and heft of *The Book of Common Prayer*, begins to overturn expectations on page one, where the Reverend Walden Pell describes his moment of encounter with the School grounds: the first headmaster canoed across Noxontown Pond in the midst of "a torrential summer thunderstorm," "scrambled up a bank," and was greeted not by the familiar sweep of Front Lawn but by "some stakes in the wheat." Indeed, things had already taken a turn for the folkloric in the months leading up to his arrival, when Founder A. Felix duPont, searching for the best place to build the new institution, "employed an educational expert to make a secret survey of various lakesides in Delaware, posing as an orchid hunter." And William H. Cameron's initial impression of the just-constructed Founders Hall prompted him to remark, "it could have been a prison at lock-up time — or worse... I swore I would never come back."

The St. Andrew's of 1929 was not just different from the School of today; it was dramatically different. Oddities like women, the modern boat house, and the Frosty Run were light-years away, and weekend leisure for the School's 32 original boys included things like "hog and hare races." In one notable respect, however — perhaps the most legendary and mysterious of all — St. Andrew's has remained essentially unchanged. In the midst of the Great Depression, A. Felix duPont conceived of a school "open to all, regardless of means."

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It is difficult to conceptualize just how unusual those six words might have seemed in 1929. Pell's *History*, and its discourse surrounding the topic of "means," gives readers a taste. Upon learning of the School's mission and its "magnificent funding," Pell was disgusted. "A school to be born with the silver spoon of a huge endowment in its mouth? Preposterous!," he exclaimed. "That's no way to start a school! I wouldn't touch that place with a ten-foot pole." Several others — including trustees, bishops and statesmen — expressed astonishment bordering on skepticism at duPont's original endowment. His initial \$1 million gift was a remarkable investment, and one that ensured that his founding mission could be fulfilled in the many years ahead. But even those who became the School's first leaders and supporters weren't quite able to grasp its importance or purpose. A shy man whose magnificent gun collection was rivaled only by his magnificent generosity, duPont was painted an eccentric. Cameron, writing in 1948, took the best stab at understanding duPont's motivations:

"I rather suspect that when Mr. duPont specified that St. Andrew's 'was not to be just another high priced church school' he was thinking of doing what he could to make equality of opportunity something more than an empty phrase."

"Mak[ing] equality of opportunity something more than an empty phrase" is the project that ties St. Andrew's earliest days to its current ethos and mission. More broadly, it is also the project that resonates most powerfully with the 21st century worlds of education and opportunity. Within the

current landscape of American college and university education, initiatives like need-blind admission and no-loans programs signify the hot-button topic of socioeconomic diversity. In a world where socioeconomic class tends to remain an invisible and undiscussed — and therefore more powerful and hegemonic — boundary, elite schools



and universities have stepped into a dialogue about the importance of financial aid. For most institutions, this signifies a new approach, a new attitude, and a new set of challenges. For St. Andrew's, it signifies a continued and strengthened commitment to duPont's founding principle.

In the early 1980s, seminal educational ethnographer Jean Anyon explored the role of social class in hundreds of American schools. She mapped the socioeconomic demographics of the schools alongside their typical classroom practices, and argued that within almost all institutions there existed "a hidden curriculum" — a set of academic and

social codes — which served to reinforce the boundaries and inequalities already in place between working class, middle class and affluent professional families. Her findings were stark and disturbing: students of different class backgrounds were receiving dramatically different sets of social signals, expectations and opportunities. Those differences, she

argued, served not only to influence the individual development of the students in each classroom, but also "to reproduce a system of unequal social relationships." The opportunities afforded to low-income students, in other words, replicated inequality instead of promoting equality. Even more alarmingly, despite America's recent movements towards coeducation and racial integration, a new kind of de facto segregation was taking place across class lines. And this time, it was invisible.

Anyon's study was one of the first to confront the taboo subject of social class, daring to suggest that the American dream of social mobility was being actively discouraged by the national

school system. It made waves in the world of educational studies. Ironically, rather than impacting the middle and high schools it primarily examined, it inspired action and further study among American institutions of higher learning. As an earlier article in this magazine remarked, by 2000 financial aid had become “the watchword of American

Chronicle of Higher Education, “students and parents recognize that postsecondary education has become the arbiter of economic opportunity, and as a result, enrollments have surged — including enrollment by low-income and minority students.”

The top-down movement towards financial equity, unfortunately, has generated as many problems as it is

opportunity is at risk of reinforcing class stratification,” it is difficult to ignore the uncanny echoes of Jean Anyon.

Such trends in higher education, unsurprisingly, do not exist in a vacuum. They are often directly attributable to the kinds of class stratification that begin in American elementary, middle and high schools. Within the private school world, replicating social inequality tends



elite colleges and universities. They are holding forums, announcing new initiatives, and launching ambitious capital campaigns — all in the hopes of increasing their financial aid allocations and attracting students who more accurately reflect the diverse demographics of American society.”

Indeed, at this time, many institutions of higher learning are measuring their strength and success based on the number of financial aid dollars they are able to provide to their students. And, in response, families from all economic backgrounds have begun to place even more stake in college education as the hallmark of success and opportunity. According to September 2011’s *The*

seeking to remedy. The same article in *The Chronicle* points to a widening chasm within the post-secondary system, between “competitive” top-tier four year colleges and the community colleges and sub-baccalaureate institutions “at the bottom of the selectivity scale.” A staggering 80 percent of our nation’s lowest-income college students attend the latter type of institution, where degree completion is low and the likelihood of graduating with an entryway into professional or managerial careers is even lower. When the article concludes with the statement, “the higher education system we have created to encourage mobility and economic

to mean shutting the doors even tighter against those of middle and lower-class economic backgrounds. Headmaster Tad Roach argues, “The push in colleges towards more open access and more financial aid has caused private schools to become more elite, more strategic and more entitled. There is an inverse relationship between the efforts of four-year colleges and the efforts of private high schools; one is pushing towards open access, and the other is responding by becoming even more privileged, myopic and narcissistic.”

In the midst of this polarized educational climate, St. Andrew’s has remained a rare example of an

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independent school whose focus is on socioeconomic equity and opportunity. Even a cursory glance at the numbers is revelatory; the School spent over \$5 million on financial aid this year, which is spread across 19 states and 132 students. The average grant is \$39,492. And while several students receive full scholarships to attend the School, there is also a growing middle class presence that represents a true anomaly in the age of merit scholarships. Financial aid dollars are granted solely on the basis of family need, and are never used as a bargaining tool to lure students under the guise of “merit.” As a result of the School’s commitment to need-based scholarship, its student body is one of the most socioeconomically diverse in the country, representing an entire spectrum of class backgrounds — including the often ignored middle class.

Maintaining that spectrum in the midst of economic turmoil has been the primary challenge of the last several years, and will remain a challenge in the years to come. While Roach admits that rising costs and an endangered endowment have presented the School’s most significant tests in recent years, he remains unwilling to compromise on its founding mission: “Just like the schools of the 60s and 70s had to become integrated and coeducational, the 21st century academy needs to have a financial aid commitment that allows students to go to school with those from radically different class backgrounds. Full pay students learn as powerfully from socioeconomic diversity as full financial aid students. In fact, the very strength of our admissions process, our classrooms and our student life depends on this historic commitment to financial

aid. If we lose that, St. Andrew’s becomes a part of the problem.”

Maintaining and strengthening the financial aid program means several things for today’s St. Andrew’s: carefully maintaining the School’s endowment, cutting costs wherever possible by examining and evaluating expenditures, and, most importantly, relying on the

phrase may sound, financial aid is actually the gift that keeps on giving.

Tony Alleyne, who is now in the midst of his fifth year working in the Admission office, exemplifies the kinds of cyclical relationships that have come to define financial aid at St. Andrew’s. When Alleyne was a seventh grader in Brooklyn’s public school system, he says,



generosity and vision of alums, parents and friends of the School.

As any St. Andrean knows, however, the story of financial aid isn’t really about numbers. Students from every generation acknowledge that the very strength and identity of the School is dependent on its commitment to socioeconomic diversity. The classroom, the athletic field, the dorm and the performance hall become the spaces in which that commitment unfolds and does its work. And especially in recent years, the financial aid program has been what draws people back to the St. Andrew’s community as teachers, mentors and advisers. As trite as the

a teacher “saw” him and talked to his mom about giving him the opportunity to attend “a different kind of school.” He enrolled in Prep 9, a program that identifies and prepares New York City students of color for success in independent schools. “I didn’t really want to do it,” Alleyne says wryly. “I felt perfectly fine: I was playing my sports, I got easy grades. When I found out Prep 9 meant boarding school I was like, ‘Hold up. You guys are trying to send me away?’”

His first two years at St. Andrew’s were difficult. “Prep really gets you ready academically, and they try to prepare you socially. But as much as you can hear about how different things will be, the

change itself is a huge culture shock,” he reflects. By the end of his sophomore year, however, Alleyne had led initiatives on campus for students of color, found his niche volunteering at Middletown’s Boys & Girls Club, and reconnected with alums of color who were eager to share their experiences at the School and beyond. Alleyne reflects, “One thing I

is now next door to Stacey Duprey’s. He coaches, mentors and tutors students in addition to working in Admissions. It doesn’t get any more full circle than that.

Or does it? Between graduating from Wesleyan University and returning to St. Andrew’s, Alleyne worked at an enormous public school in Charlotte, N.C., as part of Teach For America.

My whole policy with my students was just, this was our classroom, our world, and once I closed the door I shut out all the craziness for my 40 students.”

Walking around in the midst of that chaos was an 11-year-old girl named Emily Grohs. Although she was not his student, Alleyne quickly identified her: “If you picture the insanity of that



definitely held dear to me during my time here was that I felt, as a student of color, very proud of my background... I wanted to form more unity around that, and create more opportunities to come together in unofficial affinity groups. One of the more inspiring ways we accomplished that was to meet alums like Stacey [Duprey ’85, who is now the director of girls’ residential life], people that had gone through the same experiences we were going through and had made it.”

Fast-forwarding ten years, it is instantly clear that Alleyne is generating that same support and inspiration for students at St. Andrew’s today. His office

Statistically speaking, he says, the school where he taught couldn’t have looked much “worse.” 98-99% of the 2,500 students were from low-income families. The majority were black and Hispanic. Ironically, the school building itself was brand new — it had been designed to house the discards from four other public schools in Charlotte. “When they built our school,” says Alleyne, “all the principals from the district got to choose which kids they wanted to take out of their current schools and put into ours. We had pretty much the worst kids from four different schools, and on top of that we had a failing principal with an improvement plan... It was a nuthouse.

school — ridiculously crowded, fights breaking out in the hall — Emily would be that girl that’s just navigating through it all... She was one of a handful of white students at the entire school. I started watching her, keeping an eye out for her to make sure she was doing okay, and I could just see this girl was insanely focused.”

When Alleyne returned to St. Andrew’s during Grohs’ eighth grade year, she was one of the several students he had already been able to “grab” and enroll in preparatory programs like ABC (A Better Chance). During his first year working in Admissions, he says, he didn’t know much about protocol or

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policy. He did know, however, that Emily would be the closest thing to a perfect fit for the School. “I turned to Louisa [Zendt], and I was just like, ‘I need her at St. Andrew’s. Trust me.’ I knew that if we could get her here, she would milk this place for everything it has to offer.”

Four years later, Emily Grohs is the current student-body president. She has also received one of the oldest and most prestigious scholarships for undergraduates in the United States: she will be attending UNC Chapel Hill as a Morehead-Cain scholar in the fall. Says Tad Roach, “Emily Grohs is, quite simply, what this school is about. She has done it all. She has been a leader in every area of school life, just absolutely breaking everything open in the classroom, on the dorm, with her peers. And what is most striking about Emily is that she has done it all with such a quiet determination and humility, and with such a keen awareness of how much this opportunity means. So yes, she was given the chance to be here. But what she has done with that chance? It’s breathtaking.”

In Emily’s final letter to the benefactors who made her time at St. Andrew’s possible (quoted in full on pages 60-61) the complete financial aid story unfolds. Emily’s voice is a testament to the ways in which giving and receiving become inextricably connected, mutually constitutive, within the framework of financial aid. What she has been given at St. Andrew’s, and what she has given, are the same remarkable story. She writes, “If I had stayed at home for high school, if St. Andrew’s didn’t have the financial aid program it has, thanks to the kindness of people like

you, I would have gotten good grades, I would have joined and led clubs, and made friends and I would have applied to college. But I would not have seen the amazing human potential, spirit and kindness that I have seen here, of that I am sure, and I would not be graduating high school with 300 brothers and sisters and 80 parents and innumerable other family members all over the world. I wouldn’t be nearly as passionate, excited, motivated or happy as I am today — this place has made me all of these things more than I ever thought possible.”

Alleyne sums up his story, and Emily’s, just as eloquently. “I couldn’t have afforded to come here. I needed every single penny St. Andrew’s could give me. Emily was in about the same situation, financially. But I knew that wouldn’t be a hindrance for her having the opportunity to be here, and to be amazing here.”

The project of financial aid is not simply to give. It is to experience a cycle of giving and receiving, growing and learning. It is to challenge the kinds of stratified education that remain so prevalent in American schools, and to participate in creating the world that colleges and universities of the 21st century are pushing towards.

St. Andrew’s was founded in the midst of — and in spite of — a time of great economic turmoil. The ways in which it will continue to exist and thrive in today’s equally complex climate are only just beginning to unfold. The School’s hope and vision, however, is clear: that the unwritten chapters of the School’s history are just as radical and powerful as those that fill its original red volumes. ■

Financial Aid By the Numbers (2011-2012)

\$47,000
Full Tuition

\$63,500
Actual cost per student

100%
Percentage of students
receiving a “hidden”
scholarship

47%
Percentage of student
body granted additional
aid

\$4.9M
Total aid dollars

19
States represented by
students receiving aid

295
Students who benefit
from a diverse student
body afforded by
financial aid

10%
School budget covered by
the Annual Fund

\$1.9M
Annual Fund goal

50%
Percentage of every
Annual Fund dollar
dedicated to financial aid

100%
Participation in the
Annual Fund from the
Class of 2012

Eliminating the Disparity

An Alum's Perspective on Financial Aid
by Jennifer Walcott '01

Unbeknownst to me, I started my journey to understand the achievement gap and why financial aid matters in 1999 when I matriculated to the V Form at St. Andrew's as a full-pay student. Up until that point, I had always earned straight-A's. I was shocked at the first paper I received back from Mr. Speers with a C-minus emblazoned at the top. When my family and I made a decision to seek out St. Andrew's due to the lack of rigor at our local high school, I did not appreciate how much further I needed to go to be on par with the best students in the nation.

I had gone to a mix of private and public schools growing up and always considered them at least decent educational institutions. Unfortunately, I lived in an area with below-average incomes, which predisposed me to attend schools with fewer classroom resources and poorer academic performance than my peers in more prosperous districts. In supporting my move to St. Andrew's, my parents had the financial ability to eliminate this disparity in only a few short months. Most children growing up in this country are not that fortunate.

Upon joining Teach For America as a corps member after college, I had gained the perspective to clearly see the achievement gap I briefly experienced in my first few weeks at St. Andrew's. It is startling. Only 8 percent of kids from low-income communities will graduate from college by the age of 24, compared to 75 percent of kids from higher-income communities. The moment I stepped onto campus I was seven times more likely to graduate from college than many children born and raised in my hometown. I struggled to get my footing at first, but at least I had the opportunity. Study after study shows that an individual and a community's level of educational attainment is the most significant predictor for longer-term life outcomes, including wealth, health, longevity and social status. It is why I am so grateful for my experience at St. Andrew's; it has without a doubt helped dictate my life's outcome.

I'm sure that many of us can cite stories of how the achievement gap plays out in our own communities and schools. As citizens of our communities, I believe it is incredibly urgent that we all play a role to help combat this challenge. It's not just a matter of schooling; it's a matter of social justice, equality and long-term community health and sustainability. One of the greatest lessons I've learned working in public

education is that educational equity in this country will not arise exclusively within the four walls of schools — rather, it is a social issue that involves families, policy, community members, private and parochial schools and corporations.

Leveling and equalizing the playing field for all students starts with recalibrating the expectations for those in low-income communities to be the same as those of their higher-income peers. My experience shows that when students are put in an environment where the expectation of achievement is the only option and their families and communities are given appropriate support to combat the challenges of poverty, they can meet this higher bar and thrive.

One way to raise that expectation is to provide more and more students the financial means to attend great private high schools and colleges like St. Andrew's. Providing a student the ability to go to a school like St. Andrew's not only dramatically changes that student's life; it also impacts their

home communities and contributes to the growing solutions aimed at closing the achievement gap. It shows other students that a different option is possible and raises the community's expectations for their schools. It allows that St. Andrew's student to have the skills, connections and credibility needed to go forward and advocate for education reform in their job, social network and hometown. It reinforces the mindset of current St. Andrew's students and faculty members that the achievement gap is not an intractable problem as they work and succeed side by side with peers from all walks of life.

At KIPP, we constantly seek out, have students apply to, and support them in attending private high schools. We do this because we know that these schools provide a better educational opportunity for our students and put them on a clearer path to college. Yet, each year, there are typically more students that qualify to go to these schools than have the means to cover the costs. St. Andrew's has few peers when it comes to providing financial aid to talented and deserving students. It is a core part of the School's identity and something we need to protect and support. I am proud to be a St. Andrew's alum and am forever grateful that my family could support me throughout my experience. Now it is our challenge to extend that opportunity to future generations, regardless of their ability to pay. In doing so, we are not only impacting St. Andrew's, but also quite literally helping solve our nation's achievement gap.



Jennifer with her students at East St. John High in Laplace, La.

Jennifer Walcott '01 serves as the Chief of Staff at KIPP New Orleans Schools. KIPP is a charter school network running over 100 high-performing, open-admission public schools for low-income students across the country with the mission of getting all students to and through college. In her free time she is pursuing a master of Public Health from Tulane University's School of Public Health & Tropical Medicine.



(Top) Emily with Associate Director of Admission Tony Alleynes '01. (Bottom) Emily arrives at St. Andrew's on opening day in 2008.

Opening

Dear St. Andrew's Benefactor,
Dear St. Andrew's Benefactor*,

Hello again! It is so hard to believe that it was almost three years ago that I wrote you that first letter, and now I am writing my final letter to you as a St. Andrew's student... Woah! I am half-convinced that any moment now I will wake up from a dream about the most amazing high school experience in the world.

It seems like all that we seniors can do or say anymore is, 'Oh my goodness, it is almost over!' It certainly feels as if things are ending, and much too quickly, too. It is my senior spring and I feel as if I just moved in. Although, in a lot of ways I also feel like I have lived here forever. I started this year with a million things to do — from being school co-president, to living on dorm with 32 freshman girls, to mentoring and leading clubs and fundraising and a full course load... I have been busy, and tired, that is for sure. As tired as I was, though, this year has been the smoothest, by far, and the most satisfying for me, as a student, a leader, a member of my class and as a member of this community. I think I, and many of my classmates as well, just kind of hit my stride this year — just in time to leave.

As sad as I am to go, though, the prospect of taking everything I have learned in my four years here out into the world is a fantastic and exciting one. And seeing as how it isn't really an option for me to stay a St. Andrew's student for another year (as much as I would love to), this prospect has become a huge comfort to me whenever I start to feel upset about having to leave. In case you are wondering, I do indeed know where I will be for the next four years, where I will inevitably search for and create the type of home and community I have here, and where I will teach my new classmates all of the amazing things I have learned here. And I am so excited for and open to all that I will learn out in the world as well! And, if there is one thing I have truly learned about being a part of St. Andrew's, whether as a student, a faculty or staff member, a trustee, a family member, a friend, etc., it is that you never stop being part of the community, no matter how far you wander or how long you are gone! Whenever I get that queasy feeling and find myself thinking that things are ending, I remember that and know that, even though my high school career is technically coming to a close, the conclusion of this year is in no way an end to the things I have experienced here and the relationships I have formed.

So, here is the story of how I found out about where I will be next year. Imagine this: It is four days into Spring Break, and 17 other students and I are in Las Palmas, a small village in the mountains of Nicaragua, living with the families there and working with them digging new latrines from sun-up to sun-down. Only a week before this I was in Chapel Hill, N.C., for Finalist Weekend for the Morehead-Cain Scholarship. I was staying in the beautiful Carolina Inn, meeting the most amazing people, falling in love with the school and the scholarship, and attempting to calm my nerves before my interviews. About 60 of the 125 finalists there would be offered the Morehead and I knew I could use it for a lot of amazing things. But the weekend was fast, a blur, and before I knew it, there I was, in the mountains in Nicaragua, having the most amazing time. The only drawback to being in Nicaragua at that moment, digging a latrine in the hot sun, was that the decision about the

*The donor has asked to remain anonymous.

A Thousand Doors

A Student Offers Thanks

scholarship had come out three days before! I was going out of my mind, I knew that the other students all knew whether or not they had gotten it, and, as much as I was enjoying my day, I really just wanted to take a day trip to a town with some form of phone or internet so I could find out. And then, lo and behold, Tim Gibbs appears! Tim was the fearless leader of our trip, a St. Andrew's alum who started the program, and also the only person for miles who had a cell phone. Mr. Roach and my college counselor, Mrs. Fritz, had been trying to get in touch with him but he could not get a signal... until, that is, he hit a very specific spot on the mountain and managed to get Mr. Roach on the phone. So, there you have it, I found out that I was chosen for the Morehead-Cain Scholarship in the mountains of Nicaragua with a shovel in one hand and a Blackberry in the other. I accepted the scholarship as soon as I was back in the country.

When you read that story, you should know that you all are the ones who made it possible for me; in fact, the chance to apply for the Morehead, especially with the amazing guidance I got throughout the process, and the chance to visit and volunteer in Nicaragua are both experiences you made possible for me. Even after I leave St. Andrew's, even long after I leave Chapel Hill, I will be a St. Andrean and I will be a Tarheel and I will be a Morehead. Without your generosity, I would likely not have been any of these things. I would not have had the most amazing four years of high school — for which I am beyond grateful, even without the college scholarship at the end — and I certainly would not have had the chance to do and learn the things that made me the person I am today. If I had stayed at home for high school, if St. Andrew's didn't have the financial aid program it has, thanks to the kindness of people like you, I would have gotten good grades, I would have joined and led clubs, and made friends and I would have applied to college. But I would not have seen the amazing human potential, spirit and kindness that I have seen here, of that I am sure, and I would not be graduating high school with 300 brothers and sisters and 80 parents and innumerable other family members all over the world. I wouldn't be nearly as passionate, excited, motivated or happy as I am today — this place has made me all of these things more than I ever thought possible. So, sure, I wrote the application for the scholarship, and I did the interviews, but I had a thousand coaches and cheerleaders who made it possible. Thank you for being a part of that; by opening this one door to St. Andrew's for me, you opened a thousand more, and each of those doors, as far as I can see, lead to even more. I cannot thank you enough!!

I would love to extend the invitation to all of you to attend my graduation, if you can, on May 25th this year. While I am sure that words will always fall short of expressing adequately how thankful I am to you, it would still mean the world to me to be able to express my gratitude in person, as best I can — your gift to this school has changed me and my life for the better in a million ways, and I would like nothing more than to meet you and tell you once again: Thank you!

Emily Grohs, Class of 2012





At what point do you give up on your dream?

*(Answer: **Never.**)*

Perseverance

A WEDNESDAY NIGHT CHAPEL TALK

BY JORY KAHAN

With the 23rd pick in the 2012 Major League Soccer draft, the Chicago Fire selects, from Dartmouth College, Luckymore Mkosana.

When I heard that D in Dartmouth, I knew they were going to say Lucky's name and I started screaming and jumping up and down. There were only five of us in the room — Lucky, my younger brother Elisha, my parents, and me. Being with Lucky during that draft, and hearing his name called, was one of the top moments in my life.

Even though we have different parents and there is little resemblance — Lucky has black skin and thick dreadlocks down to his shoulder — he is part of my family, and I call him my brother.

Five years ago, the Dartmouth soccer coach recruited Lucky from Zimbabwe. Before he enrolled at Dartmouth, however, Lucky needed to spend a year at an American high school, and so he attended Kimball Union Academy where my brother was about to begin his junior year.

I remember the first day I met Lucky. I came home from doing my summer workout program and playing pickup soccer, when I found Lucky on my couch watching a game.

"Hi, I'm Jory."

"Hi, I'm Lucky." I remember thinking to myself...Wow! That is a cool name.

He had only been in the United States for four days so we talked about what he thought of the U.S. and I asked him about his family. He asked me if I played soccer and I told him all about my soccer program. Looking back on that conversation, I wonder what he thought of me: here's a kid who scored 37 goals in 13 games in his one year of high school. That is an average of almost a hat trick per game. He was Ivy League Rookie of the year (unanimously), four time 1st Team All Ivy Selection (each year unanimously), and he was named Ivy League player of the year in his senior season. He broke records for career goals and career points. And now he is a professional soccer player. He was very polite when he talked to me, but I'm guessing he was thinking, "Yeah right, this scrawny kid in front of me is any good at soccer?"

That fall, Lucky came to stay with us for Thanksgiving. Then for Christmas. Then March break. Then the summer. And then the following Thanksgiving. He is now an integral part of my family. I've seen him cry through tough times and I have seen him smile in times of true happiness. That draft day six weeks ago was a defining moment in his life and a culmination of all his hard work.

But this talk isn't about Lucky's success. It's about some of the things that he has taught me throughout the past five years. And it's about some of the things that I have learned about myself in the last six weeks. It's about success, rejection, and what I believe is the true definition of failure.

While January 12th may have been one of the best days of my life, January 13th was maybe one of the worst. As many of you know, I have applied to medical school. It has been a lifelong dream of mine to become a doctor, and I have worked incredibly hard to give myself this opportunity. But unfortunately, I have not yet been accepted. And for the past six weeks, I wake up every day and feel like a failure.

Last year 42,000 people applied for 19,000 medical school spots. A school like George Washington receives 14,000 applications for a class of 160. Boston University receives 10,000 applications for a class of 115. Do the math and that's about a 3% acceptance rate.



Jory (left) and his brothers

To say that the medical school application process might be competitive is probably an understatement.

But hey, I'm a good applicant I said to myself when I applied last August. I had straight A's in college except for two B's that I got from, of all subjects, math. I have good board scores, strong community service and extensive extracurricular activities. Not to mention I am a high school math teacher at the greatest boarding school ever. I thought I would get in somewhere.

In order to get admitted to a medical school, you must first earn an interview. Unlike a school like St. Andrew's, medical schools only offer interviews to about 10% of applicants.

This past December I received an interview with Tufts. My interview up in Boston was the greatest day ever. I'll admit that it started off a little unexpected when I walked into the Gross Anatomy Lab, which is the place where the cadavers — or to put it bluntly, the dead bodies — are kept. This was my first experience in a Gross Anatomy Lab, and when I walked in, the smell of formaldehyde immediately jumped into my nose. I could feel the blood completely drain from my face, and I became dizzy. *Lock it up Jory*, I said to myself and I hit my face a couple of times. There is no way you can pass out during your interview day. What future doctor does that?

Luckily I held it together so that I didn't completely embarrass myself,

and things only got better from there. When I looked at my interview schedule, I almost jumped out of my seat. I was interviewing with a doctor who had the same last name as me! Same spelling, same pronunciation. I had never met a fellow Kahan before and as you can imagine, this made for great small talk. I walked out thinking I had crushed the interview. Seriously, how can you not when the guy interviewing you is probably some distant relative. They told me they would contact me in six weeks with their decision. I felt great about my day and I was sure I would be accepted.

Approximately six weeks later was January 13th. It was the day after the MLS draft and life was great. When an email popped up on my phone "Message from Tufts School of Medicine," my heart jumped. This was the moment.

Unfortunately, it was not the news I was hoping for. Even though it wasn't a flat out rejection, I was still devastated. I thought I had made such a great impression. How could they not accept me? I walked up into my parents' room and I told my dad what happened.

There are few times where I felt worse than that day. I felt totally defeated. "Why don't they want me," I said to my dad. "I've worked so hard and it is for nothing. I want to go to medical school so badly. And I can't get in. I'm a failure. I'm a total failure."

Throughout my life, my dad has always been there for me, and has always made me feel better. But not that day. Nothing

he said could make me feel better. Nothing anyone could say would make me feel better.

Over the past six weeks I have thought about this idea of failure. I have thought about what I would say to one of you as a coach, advisor or teacher when you experience failure. This process has helped me cope with my own sense of failure and it has given me a spirit to keep fighting.

We all fear failure. What if I fail that test? What if I miss that shot? But why do we fear failure? Maybe it is because we don't want to let others down, like our teachers or our parents or our teammates. Maybe it is because failure can be embarrassing. For me, it is incredibly embarrassing admitting failure to students, colleagues and parents, who have often asked about next year. When they say, "So I hear you are going to medical school?" I hate having to answer, "Actually, I haven't gotten in yet." Translation: I'm a failure.

So why do we even give ourselves the opportunity to fail? Wouldn't life be better if we could totally avoid those situations where failure is a possibility? The answer to this is a resounding no.

First of all, I know that the best rewards come from the greatest challenges. For example, I take more satisfaction from coming behind and beating Tower Hill 4-3 in overtime than from beating Red Lion 5-0.

Second of all, and perhaps most importantly, if we tried to avoid failure at all costs, then we would limit our opportunities to succeed. Penny Bartsch, our director of facilities, includes a great quote from TS Elliot in all of her emails: "Only those who risk going too far can possibly find out how far one can go." I believe that challenging ourselves is the only way to improve and to find out what we are truly capable of achieving.

There are times when some of us — myself included — think what's the point of trying if I am just going to fail miserably? I encountered this exact situation with Julie Bennett '15 in JV squash this past winter. To be frank, Julie could barely hit the ball at the beginning of the season. In the day before our first match, she was so worried that she would

embarrass herself that she told me she didn't want to play. I told her that was fine — I certainly was not going to force her to play in a squash match.

Later that night, Julie emailed me the following: "Hi, Mr. Kahan, so I've decided that I think I want to play tomorrow. The worst I can possibly do is lose 11-0 three straight times, and if that does happen, I can only go up from there, right?"

Although Julie didn't lose 11-0 three straight times, she did lose 3-0 rather decisively. But she played so hard, and we, as coaches, were tremendously proud of her. That day was the beginning of one of the most remarkable improvements I have ever seen. Even though she lost that match, Julie did not fail. She enjoyed a true moment of success by getting out on that court.

How can we define failure? Is it a lack of success? I think it's more complex than that, because successful people fail all the time. Michael Jordan was cut from his high school basketball team. Is he a failure? What about Jeremy Lin, or Linsanity, who was cut from not one, but two NBA teams before achieving stardom with the Knicks. How about Steve Jobs? He was once fired from Apple — the company he founded. I'm sure at that moment he felt like a failure, but I would argue that he is one of the most revolutionary and successful men in history.

We sometimes define success and failure in external ways. There is this crazy notion that you are only successful if you make the varsity team, if you earn a good grade, or if you get into a selective college. I have certainly fallen into this trap of measuring my own success with a medical school acceptance. But we have to realize that this measure of success and failure is ridiculously narrow minded and just plain absurd.

This past Monday I received a rejection from Albany. Yesterday, I received a rejection from Cornell. Earlier today, I received a rejection from Mt. Sinai. Am I a failure because I didn't get in to those three medical schools? I have come to realize that the answer is no, and I don't care if someone else thinks otherwise. What about Lucky? Is his work over now that he has been drafted? Of course not. He is now a rookie who is fighting to just be on the team.

Throughout this process I have discovered what success and failure really mean. True success comes with being the best versions of ourselves — that simple idea of being the best you can possibly be. And I believe that true failure is only when you give up or don't try at all.

As of now, I have not been accepted to medical school. But it isn't completely over. At this point, I still have a couple of options. I would put my odds of acceptance this year at about 50 percent. Heads or Tails. But what will I do if I end up receiving rejections from every one of the schools where I applied? Well, maybe it's not for me. I love my job here at St. Andrew's. I love teaching my rowdy precalculus class full of knuckleheads. I love advising an entertaining and combustible group of advisees. I love coaching both the incredibly easy-going JV squash teams and the complete cast of characters on the soccer team. And I love more than anything, living on Hillier corridor with the III Formers, however loud, obnoxious, and sometimes just plain weird they can be. How can I leave this place that I love so much?

I will look back on these two years as some of the best years of my life, but I know that I must leave, because medicine is my true calling. I believe that I can serve others best through medicine, and I will never give up trying, even if

it takes me ten more years to earn an acceptance.

So how does the story of Lucky, who seems to be living the dream, relate to failure? Throughout the past five years, Lucky has endured his share of failure on his way to achieving tremendous success. And now, right after one of the greatest achievements of his life, he experiences failure on a daily basis when he doesn't score a goal or even dress for a game. He is basically starting all over again. On March 1st — tomorrow — the final rosters for MLS are released. When I talked to him last night, he said that ten people, including himself, were fighting for five roster spots. What will you do, I asked Lucky, if you don't make it?

"Well, it will be really awful," he replied. "But I'll keep working hard and keep my head up and I will find a way to make it happen."

There are times when things are difficult; when they don't go our way; when we don't get what we want when we want it. But you must remember that rejection and failure are a universal part of life. What seems like failure and what feels like failure is simply the process of trying to succeed. It's not a question of *if* you fail, but *when* you fail.

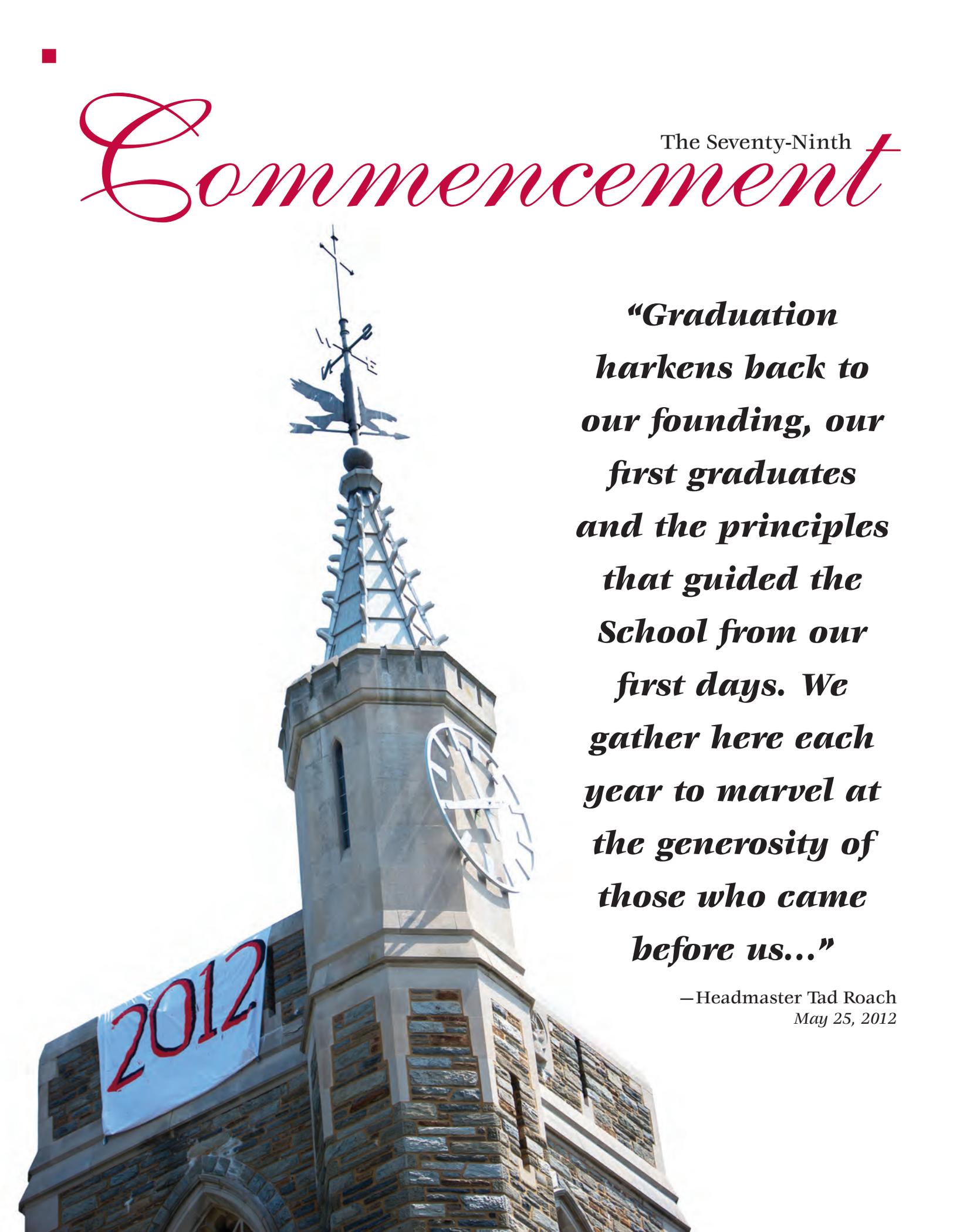
So what will you do when you fail? How will you turn that negative into a positive? It doesn't matter how often or how hard you fail. It is how you respond to failure that will truly define your success.

I will say it again: It is how you respond to failure that will truly define your success. ■

—Jory Kahan has taught math, served as a dorm parent on Hillier Corridor, and was named the 2011 Delaware High School Soccer Coach of the Year after leading the boys to a 14-2-1 record and second-round appearance in the state tournament. He graduated from Wesleyan University in 2010 majoring in neuroscience and behavior while captaining the soccer team to an undefeated season and being named an ESPN/CoSIDA Academic All-American.

And as for Lucky... He was cut from the Chicago Fire and was just signed by the Harrisburg City Islanders, a minor league affiliate of the Philadelphia Union. He scored a goal in his first game against the New York Red Bulls.

I believe that challenging ourselves is the only way to improve and to find out what we are truly capable of achieving. —Jory Kahan



The Seventy-Ninth
Commencement

***“Graduation
harkens back to
our founding, our
first graduates
and the principles
that guided the
School from our
first days. We
gather here each
year to marvel at
the generosity of
those who came
before us...”***

—Headmaster Tad Roach
May 25, 2012

We have exceeded our own expectations and have grown into a class full of writers and musicians, tree huggers and entrepreneurs, athletes and dancers, filmmakers and actors, scholars and activists.

Ike Amakiri

School Co-President

We made it. For a year we've been waiting — excited, ready and eager to embark on the next major journey of our lives. Complementing these feelings have been those of anxiety, concern and apprehension. We ask ourselves: Will I be prepared for the academic rigors of college? What will my position as an athlete, artist or musician look like? We may even wonder if we will find the love of our lives. But ultimately we hope we can pack all the life lessons, fun times and life-long friends that we have had here and take it away with us to college.

Class of 2012, to your right and to your left is someone who has made a difference. To your right and to your left is a musician, a writer, an athlete, a jokester, a comrade or a life-long friend. Every single one of you has contributed to this community, a community that we are able to brag about being the most compassionate, empathetic, accepting and authentic one. Because of you we can say that the girls' lacrosse team are state finalists; that the men's soccer team was undefeated in conference; that the math team are state champions; that the men's basketball team is undefeated at home; that men's crew medaled at the Stotesbury Regatta; that



the musical and play were amazing; and that our orchestra is the best around.

Three years ago we sat where the freshmen sit today — smaller, less confident and cuter. We wondered if we would ever be like the passionate, animated and enraptured seniors graduating before us. But as we sit here now, ready to embark on a world beyond St. Andrew's, we are not like the class we saw graduate then. *We are better.* We have exceeded our own expectations and have grown into a class full of writers and musicians, tree huggers and entrepreneurs, athletes and dancers, filmmakers and actors, scholars and activists.

So what are we to fear? Why should we fear the future when we made our own? Why should we be anxious when the power to make memories is in our hands? Nelson Mandela said, and I quote, "Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate, but that we are powerful beyond measure." End quote. Even the smallest, quietest and most reserved of us all has had and will have the power to make a world of difference.

Given this privilege, it is our duty, responsibility and obligation to take what we learned during our time here to our respective colleges. We must take the lessons in diversity, tolerance and acceptance; lessons in learning and lessons in life that we have learned here and manifest them wherever we go.

Of course none of this would be possible without the help and support of our families. Thank you for being there for us in the worst of times and



the best of times. Thank you for being just one phone call away. And most importantly thank you for sending us here. To the faculty and staff: Thanks for being really good at what you do. Thanks for guiding us along the way. And thanks for being that so prized and very necessary late night ride to Wawa. To the Class of 2012: Thanks for everything you have done for me. You all have made me the man I am today, and I will forever love and miss all of you.

Emily Grohs

School Co-President

Before I talk about our class and our journey specifically, there are a few things I want to say to the rest of the school, on my behalf and on behalf of the Class of 2012.

First of all, to the staff here: We thank you, for everything you do, especially the stuff that goes unseen and unmentioned. You make life here, and all that it entails, possible. We love you for it all!

To all our teachers, dorm parents, coaches, advisors, and amazing faculty mentors and friends: We love you — more than you can know — and you have changed us for the better in a million ways. You have showed us clearly and unquestionably in all that

We are so lucky to have had this time together, and to have each other to return to for the rest of our lives. We are so lucky, and strong, and wonderful, to have lived this place and this life for so long.

you do for us what it means to be a good person, to care for others, to love life, and to make the most of what we have. For that, we are infinitely thankful to you. The world owes you a great debt for who you are and for who you have helped us become.

Last thank you and message, to the underclassmen: We love you and

Now to us, the Class of 2012. Do you remember the day you moved in here for the first time? I can remember it all, but in a hectic, theatrical way, like a movie trailer. A lot of you know this already, but I didn't visit before I moved in. So I relied on Mr. Alleyne, who had taught at my middle school and with whom I was suddenly

Who were we back then? I mean we were essentially the same, I suppose, but I never could have imagined the things we would do in four years here, and the friends we'd make and the people we have become. Four years! And we did it! Not "we did it," as in, "wow, we survived a terrible, near death experience." But as in "we



believe in you and want nothing but the best for you. All I can say to you, the best advice I can give, is to LOVE and appreciate this place and these people while you can. Sign up for anything you can, and feel everything that happens to you deeply and with your whole self. Sometimes this place, and the busy-ness, will make you tired — rest as much as you need to and get back up. I've been there, and I know that life gets really hard, really quickly sometimes, but I promise that you are fundamentally powerful, wonderful and beautiful — you can do anything. You are lucky to be alive and to be you and to be here, and this place is glad to have you. Even when you cannot find light or hope or happiness in yourself, these people will see it in you and they will save you. Approach everyone and everything with an open mind and kind heart. You are all going to do and be so many amazing things, I can't wait to hear about y'all in the years to come!

embarking on this scary, exciting and mythical journey to boarding school. And thank heavens I trusted him! Mr. Alleyne, you already know this I hope, but *you are my savior*.

Anyway, move-in day. We stopped in the Acme parking lot so the camera crew for the admission video could get in the car and film me seeing campus for the first time. Long story short, after walking up and down the breezeway eight times with my big sister Louise, being introduced and reintroduced to my classmates, meeting my roommate, getting my first tour — all of this is being filmed, mind you — I finally got to collapse in bed. Where I lay awake all night. I knew something big was happening to me, and to every other new student I had met that day, and I could see it in the upperclassmen's eyes and smiles — our lives were about to change in the most amazing and frightening ways.

did EVERYTHING!" We took all our exams, the ones we used to complain about, and went to classes, and did exhibitions, and wrote fifteen page papers and organized dances and raised money and volunteered and all those things they told us we would do when we moved in. We are the almost grown-ups with the laundry lists of accomplishments and leadership roles and hilarious, one-of-a-kind memories and jokes that we watched with awe our freshman year. Can you believe how much we have accomplished?

Two days ago, as I was reading the letter I wrote to myself freshman year, one thing in particular stuck out to me. The second sentence of my letter, right after "How's it going, home doggy dog?," is this: "I want you to remember some things from freshman year." I then list a few things like Darwin Penelope Mouse II, the disco clown suit fiasco, and "my hands are bananas" — things that most people

won't find funny, but that I always will. The best part, though, is that we all have these things, even if we weren't strange enough to document them on photobooth.

Why are birthday announcements so great? Contrary to the belief of many, it is not the relationship references, or the embarrassing nicknames — it's the

leaders and front lawn loafers and bike-to-town-ers and elaborate costume wearers and, and, most importantly, as family. We are so lucky to have had this time together, and to have each other to return to for the rest of our lives. We are so lucky, and strong, and wonderful, to have lived this place and this life for so long.

so proud of everything we have done, everything from that first day four years ago to right this second. And so my most important message, for my own survival and for my sanity, since I feel pretty close to losing it, is this: This — this day, our graduation — is not it. This is not it for us, for this school, for our friendships, or for our



jokes, which each represent memories. Think about that — every thing we can possibly mention about this place, every word or phrase we found funny or important once, is a memory.

This is our biggest accomplishment. Not our awesome prom, or all the colleges we are going to, or our academic records — the biggest and best thing we have done here is to live. We have lived here, all day, for most of the year, together, for four years. And right now I'm feeling like four is a small number, not quite enough maybe, but it really is an impressive amount of time — those four years hold more life and fun and happiness than a whole lifetime does for some people.

And the best part is, you can't unlive them! No one can! Everything from this place will be with us forever, as part of who we are and as part of what helps us grow even more. We have lived here, as friends and classmates and students and teammates and dorm

There are a few things that I want us to remember on this strange, surreal day — first, we have a million reasons to love each other and be thankful for everything we have been given by these people, our classmates, the Class of 2012. Second, enjoy everything! We have lived, and will continue to live, and there is so much good to find in every moment of every day, even those that seem to be our worst. Life is ours, and this life in particular, and we have an obligation to live it to the utmost.

Seriously guys, I love you, and I know I am a cheesy person, and typically cheerful, so this may not seem to be that big of a statement. But I love all of you, absolutely no exceptions, to your core, and I owe you more than you will ever be able to understand, for making me a good person, for making me happy and hopeful when I didn't even understand that I was missing those things. In a lot of ways, I owe my life to you. I am

home at St. Andrew's. We are going to live in a lot of different places next year and make new friends and homes elsewhere, but by no means is this it. We are tied together, intricately, hilariously, happily, *for ever*.

This is not a funeral, it is a birth. The people we have been transforming into over the last four years are here, today, and today we are being sent out into the world to change it and make it better. And while we change the world, each and every one of us will still be a member of this family, the St. Andrew's Class of 2012. I love you guys, and I am so proud of how we have lived, but, while this is certainly a day to celebrate, it is not an end.

In true St. Andrew's fashion, I want to leave you guys with a quote, one I have found a little comforting these past few weeks when considering what this day means. This poem was in a book for one of my classes, and I love it. Yu Lu, a Chinese poet, writes:

*The clouds above us join and separate,
the breeze in the courtyard leaves and
returns.*

*Life is like that, so why not relax?
Who can stop us from celebrating?*

We are like those clouds, and that wind — we may be leaving today, but we will be back again, together, soon. Life is like this — who can stop us from

a closely knit organism with a splendid unity of life and action. For this reason they have been and I think always will be equal to any task that confronts them in this challenging calling and to any situation that arises here.”

Those words could have been written yesterday. And although I promised myself that I would not

literature, and the governor of Massachusetts. So I have been puzzling for months over why Mr. Roach invited me to speak to you today. Perhaps the Dalai Lama was unavailable.

Because you see, unlike these others, I am not in any position to impart words of wisdom or issue injunctions to virtue, as I am neither wise nor



celebrating all that we have become?

**Elizabeth Kirkland Cahill
P'11,'12**

Commencement Speaker

It is an enormous honor for me to be here today. I am grateful to the various members of the faculty and of my family who have helped me prepare for this moment. But I owe special thanks to my son Thomas, for graciously allowing his mother to crash his graduation.

Before I begin my formal remarks today, I am going to borrow a few words from the first headmaster of St. Andrew's, the Reverend Walden Pell, who was both a fellow Rhodes Scholar and a fellow denizen of Christ Church, Oxford. In 1934, at the School's first commencement, he had this to say about the St. Andrew's faculty and staff: "Bringing widely varying gifts and types of personality to their work here, [they] have become merged into

use the adjectives "transformational," "powerful" and "brilliant" in my remarks — they are, after all, the classic Tad Roach triad — when it comes to describing the teachers and staff of this school, there are no better words. So today, on behalf of every parent here, I would like to acknowledge Mr. Roach, the faculty and the staff of St. Andrew's as the "brilliant," "powerful" and "transformational" teachers and mentors that they are, and to thank them for everything they have done for our St. Andreans.

It is customary, when selecting a commencement speaker, to invite a person who has made a substantial mark on the world through his or her accomplishments or erudition. In recent years, St. Andrew's seniors have heard words of great wisdom from the former Director of National Intelligence, a well-known news anchor, a professor of Russian

virtuous. My failings, in fact, are legion. I haven't read much Faulkner. I'm no good at finance. I lack mastery of any language that might actually be useful, such as Spanish or Chinese. As a mother and a wife I am often unnecessarily cross. As a scholar, I have vast gaps in my knowledge. As a person of faith, I am guilty of spiritual pride and occasional doubt. In short, I am no saint. If you don't believe me, ask Thomas.

How, then, do I dare enter the "Home of the Saints," as the scoring table in Sipprelle Field House proudly proclaims St. Andrew's to be? Unlike the 3,431 living alumni of this school, many of whom are in the audience today, I am not a saint, and I never will be. This is not to say that St. Andrew's hasn't worked its magic on me. Every time I spend a day or two on this campus, in a community where kindness, hope and idealism are so openly embraced and practiced, I feel

that I become a better person — at least until I hit I-95. But I'm still not a saint.

And therein lies my freedom: precisely because I'm not a saint, I have the distance and objectivity to reflect for a few moments on those who are: namely, the Class of 2012, who today, after years of work (mostly theirs) and lots of sacrifice (mostly

white-robed multitude in the *Book of Revelation*, where they are described as those “who have come out of the great ordeal.” (Maybe John of Patmos had to do a senior exhibition, too.)

Hold on a minute, you may say. We're not saints. Saints are people who work miracles, who live lives of perfect holiness, who die for their faith. Saints

pressures of a Humanities paper to show some humanity to a sophomore in a crisis, or temporarily put down their math problems to take up the problems of a homesick third-former. They are people who can locate the beauty in a line of Vergil or Elizabeth Bishop, and articulate the complex causes of the Civil War. They are

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their parents'), finally attain the rank of saints first class.

Now, seniors, your identification as saints may come as a bit of a surprise to your parents, not to mention your siblings. (You will have many opportunities over the summer to prove them wrong.) Your training in sanctity has been a long and arduous process — for everyone involved. There may even have been moments — say at the end of your sophomore year — when your teachers despaired that you would ever meet success. That process began upon your arrival as slightly inadequate, possibly even clueless, third- or fourth-formers. You were immediately taken in hand by the faculty and by your seniors. It was their task to teach you what it means to be a St. Andrew's student. To see how well they have done their job we need only gaze upon the shining constellation of accomplished and good saints who appear before us now, arrayed like the

are missionaries — St. Paul; martyrs — St. Sebastian; mystics and founders of monastic orders — St. Teresa of Avila. Saints are philosophers — St. Thomas Aquinas, and theologians — St. Augustine. Saints, you may say, are not like us.

To which I say: “No.” Saints are simply people who respond to God's call in the circumstances they inhabit. Saints are people who engage in the daily concerns and ordinary struggles of their time. Saints are people who take on the challenges of their world with imagination, with compassion, and with love. They are, as Jesuit theologian Karl Rahner wrote, “the initiators and the creative models of the holiness which happens to be right for, and is the task of, their particular age.”

Saints are people who will go to seventeen deuces if that's what it takes to win a tennis match for the team. They are people who will lay aside the

people who rehearse for hours in order to get the descant just right, or develop print after print until the contrasting shadows are satisfactory.

Sound familiar? It should: I'm describing the Class of 2012. You see, I've been checking up on you all a little bit, lurking in the dining hall and waylaying your teachers and advisors all over campus to ask, “What makes this class so... saintly?” And I wish you could hear the pride in their voices as they talk about you. They have recounted to me innumerable examples of sanctity, St. Andrew's style.

I have learned of the leadership that each one of you has shown, whether you hold a title or not. I know about the fort in the woods, and the matching argyle sweaters of the Zach and Cody wannabes at this year's Disney semiformal. I am fully aware of (and frankly horrified by) your polar-bearish imperviousness to

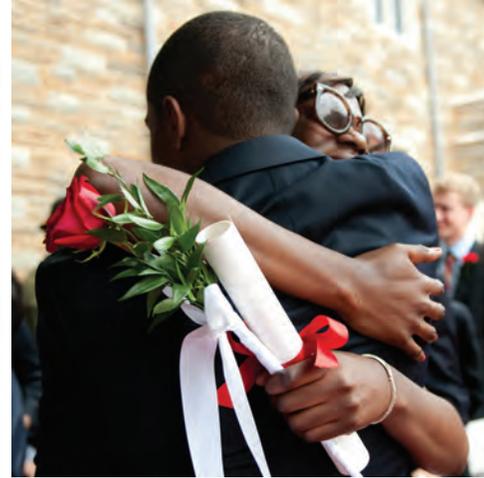


■ ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL

the icy depths of Noxontown Pond. I know of your discussions about the subtleties of evolutionary theory, and your imaginative engagement with the novels of Junot Diaz and Isabel Allende. I have heard how you recover from mistakes, triumph over setbacks, and help one another up when you stumble. I understand how far some of

model of community out to the world and to recreate it, wherever you may find yourself. You can start right away, by engaging with your college teachers and expecting that they will engage with you. You can show interest in and respect for your peers. You can reject a “whatever” culture that is awash in cynicism and apathy. You

across freshman boys who were a little too attached to the X-Box, you didn't mutter, “whatever” and continue down the corridor — you collared them and dragged them out to this very lawn to throw the Frisbee. You have filled this campus to the brim with your engagement, your compassion and your devotion. Now, it's time to go fill



you have come, and how far some of you may still have to go.

In a few moments, your work as St. Andrew's students will be at an end. As you make your exodus from this place, in one sense you will be gaining freedom from bondage: no more Friday night study hall, or room inspections, or dress code, no more detentions (although I'm sure that wouldn't apply to any of you). In another, sadder sense, you will be entering the wilderness: a world without advisee gatherings, the Frosty Run, SAISL matches, and the morning mist on Noxontown Pond. You can be forgiven for not knowing whether to laugh or cry. You might be doing both at the same time.

But while your work as St. Andrew's students may be at an end, your work as St. Andrew's saints is just beginning, as you turn to face what Rahner called the “task of your particular age.” And your task is to take the St. Andrew's

can demonstrate your capacity to think rigorously, to write forcefully, and to communicate effectively, skills that you have honed in Mr. O'Connell's biology lab and at Ms. Xu's Chinese table, at Mr. Higgins' white board and in Mr. Speers' classroom. You can and you must show the world, to quote Rahner again, that “a certain form of life and activity is a really genuine possibility.” And that form of life and activity is the engaged, caring community life that you have lived and learned at this school.

Your training for this task has occurred every day of your life as seniors. When you became aware that someone was having a rough time, you didn't turn away — you lent a hand yourself, or tipped off Whiz or Mrs. Brownlee. When you encountered an opposing viewpoint in an ethics class, you didn't just shrug and tune out — you listened to the other person and engaged in a dialogue. When you came

the world.

The task ahead will not always be easy — being a saint rarely is, or so my husband tells me. You will encounter teachers who seem indifferent and peers who show little respect for anyone, including themselves. You might not make the varsity squad, or earn first chair in the orchestra, or make straight A's (although coming from St. Andrew's this might not be such a novelty). And when setbacks occur, you won't be able to walk into Mr. Roach's kitchen and console yourself with ice cream from his freezer, or knock on your advisor's door at midnight to bare your soul. But in those moments of difficulty, you will be able to call on the resilience you have developed from the challenging work of making a life for yourself at this school.

You may have heard people refer to the St. Andrew's “bubble,” as if the life here is a bit of a contrivance

or a fairy tale, fine for this place but not realistic for “out there in the real world.” I prefer to think of this school as an incubator. Yes, it is a warm and cozy environment. By and large there is more mercy than justice, more kindness than cruelty, more engagement than apathy. This is not to say that St. Andrew’s

chips don’t fall their way, people who embrace a larger purpose than strategic and narrow self-interest. And if you can recreate the life you’ve known here in new ways and in new places, the world will be better for it. Saints of 2012, you’re just in time.

Your school’s eponymous saint, Andrew, models how saints do their

St. Andrew’s would soon rise. Being well-versed in his Scripture, the good Reverend immediately connected this tableau to the feeding of the 5,000. “To me,” he said, “the building up of this school has been another miracle of the loaves and fishes, which have been multiplied not into more loaves and fishes but into a food of the mind, of



is a Miltonic paradise, shielded by a “verdurous wall” and made fragrant by “gentle gales.” Nor are you perfect: you have sometimes strained the quality of mercy past its limits. You have occasionally adopted postures of cynicism or apathy. It’s even possible — despite Señora’s most strenuous efforts — that you have let an unkind word cross your lips once in a while. But if St. Andrew’s can make me a better person in the space of a weekend, it has surely worked its magic on you, too.

Now it is true that the rest of the world is not like St. Andrew’s — at least not yet. That’s your job: to take with you the life, the values, the lessons that you’ve learned here and carry them out to the world. This is what saints do. And believe me, the world needs saints. It needs people who can model empathy, and intellectual rigor, and authentic engagement. It needs people who can bounce back when the

work. Known in Greek tradition as the Protoclete, or “first-called,” he dropped everything to answer the summons of Christ, and he followed that call to his own death, on an X-shaped cross. He was faithful and engaged. Although he never attained the fame of his brother, Simon Peter, he helped the ministry of Jesus in small but crucial ways. In particular, as John’s Gospel tells it, Andrew played a pivotal role in the miracle of the loaves and fishes: he brought forward the boy whose scarce provisions Christ blessed and turned into food for 5,000.

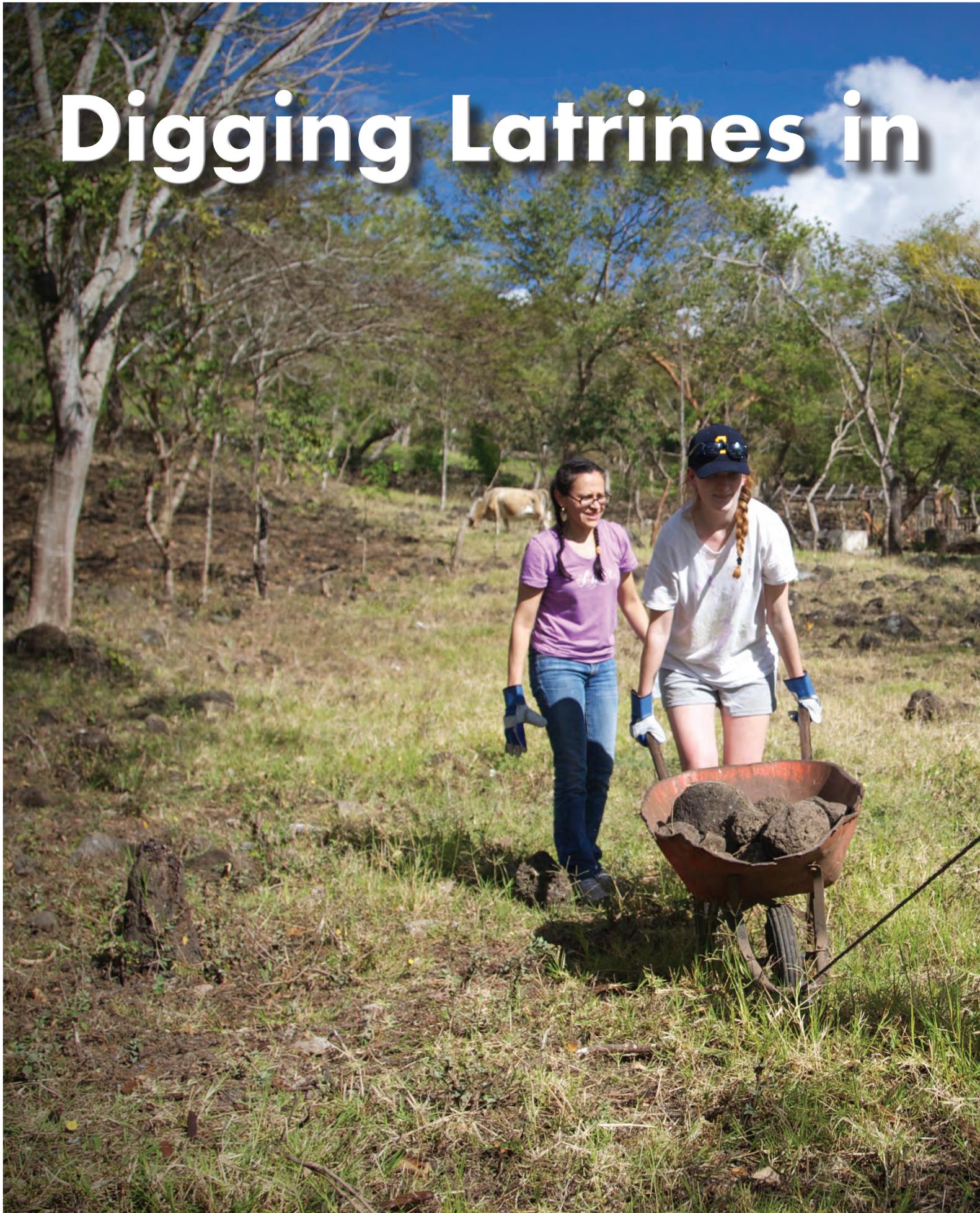
In his remarks at the School’s first commencement, Headmaster Pell linked that Gospel miracle to the very founding of St. Andrew’s. He recalled rowing across the pond to the point, climbing up the bank, and surveying the site of the future school. He saw people fishing for bass on the lake, and caught sight of a stand of golden wheat next to stakes in the ground where

the spirit, a food of life for many boys.” (And now, of course, for many girls, too.)

Today we celebrate the miracle of loaves and fishes writ large in the life of a school. Even though you are leaving today, never again to be a St. Andrew’s student, your work as a saint will spread to the world beyond the classrooms and dorms and fields where you have already done so much good. Thanks to your brotherly advice, your sisterly concern, and your facility with the Frisbee, future saints will preserve and hand down your legacy of wisdom and kindness at this school. And from this moment onward, if you continue to step forward and offer what you have, countless others will be blessed with abundance.

Congratulations, Saints of the Class of 2012, and Godspeed. ■

Digging Latrines in



Las Palmas

St. Andreans in Service



Again the bus stopped abruptly along the long rocky road. We craned our necks to see what it was this time. Another herd of cattle? Maybe another creek bed that would require us all to get off the bus so it could cross safely? Perhaps one of those stubborn bulls that just stood in the middle of the road until the bus horn convinced it to move? What we saw instead was an expansive landscape of mountains and green forest to the north. To the south stood a group of local 'campesino' men, women and children standing on a hillside with anxious smiles. We had arrived.



For the second year in a row, a group of St. Andrew's students traveled to Nicaragua with Al Campo International, the service learning travel company led by Tim Gibb '90. For the next twelve days the students would immerse themselves in the local language and culture while working on sustainable development projects to improve health, nutrition and sanitation in rural agrarian communities.

This year's group of eighteen students and two teachers — Assistant Headmaster and Spanish teacher Ana Ramirez and Chaplain, Math teacher and coach Dave DeSalvo — spent the majority of their trip in the small mountain village of Las Palmas in the environmentally protected area of Miraflor located 30 minutes outside of one of Nicaragua's largest northern cities Estelí.

Las Palmas is a typical rural Nicaraguan village. Families of anywhere from five to eight people share a small

adobe structure with two to three rooms. Each home has a small kitchen where food is prepared over an open wood-burning stove, a living room and a bedroom shared by the entire family. Water is available through springs or wells, but few homes have running water. All families rely on pit latrines, or outhouses, to handle their sanitary needs. The goal of our stay in Las Palmas was two-fold: first to address the immediate need of the community to improve sanitation by digging 11 pit latrines and second, to immerse the students in the language and culture. Not just to see, but to share, live and embrace a different way of life. We stayed in their homes, and worked alongside them to dig the latrines, including one composting latrine. By doing so we experienced, firsthand, both the hardships and joy of their way of life. In the end, we became members of their families.

The most striking thing for me, throughout my entire extraordinary and life-changing trip to Nicaragua was how close I became to the people of Las Palmas in only five days. To be honest, before getting to the village, I was absolutely terrified. I worried if my Spanish was good enough; I worried if the family would like me; and I worried about the work we were going to be doing. Yet, by the end of the first day I thought of the Mendozas as family. Through working together and sharing the laughs of living together, we had become close. I even became close to the families that lived around us and, on the last night while we were having a bonfire, I was touched when the kid who lived next door to us called my name and motioned for me to sit next to him. He then proceeded to teach me the names of different constellations in Spanish and was just genuinely interested in my benefit. The people of Las Palmas will forever stick out in my head as the nicest group of people I had ever met. They were funny, caring, dedicated, and everything in between. I am already thinking about a return trip to check up on my newly extended family.

—TJ Von Oehsen '14

A lack of infrastructure in developing countries requires individuals to rely on their families and their neighbors to provide many of the things that we in the developed world are provided through government works. Without any sort of human waste management, pit latrines are the only alternative for millions of people around the world living in poverty. While pit latrines offer an immediate solution to domestic sanitation, they also present a risk of water contamination as the concentration of latrines increases as population grows. The composting latrine is an appropriate and effective solution to the health and sanitation issues associated with pit latrines but because of its greater cost to build, is not immediately attainable for many of these small subsistence level farmers and their families. Among the twelve families who were in need of a latrine for their household, the community selected one family to receive a composting latrine with the agreement that having learned how to construct

it, they would follow the protocol for proper use and maintenance of it and would serve as a model for the rest of the community. Additionally, they will be required to help those members of the community interested in constructing their own composting latrine in the future.

To reduce the environmental impact of the pit latrine, we modified the design to lower the risk of ground water contamination. Traditional pit latrines are, as their names suggest, pits. The construction of the eleven pit latrines we built with our host families included the use of stone and cement grout to filter out effluent before it enters the soil and reaches the groundwater. The added use of local organics like the leaf of the nim tree and the madero negro tree as well as sawdust and ash promote quicker decomposition and sanitation. This project was quite a large undertaking for eighteen teenagers but the involvement and leadership of the community enabled us to fully complete the project in five

days.

Outside the hours we spent on the project, we enjoyed the company and hospitality of our host families and built, in just a few days, a uniquely profound relationship that under different circumstances would have taken years. Breakfast, lunch and dinner were always some variety of rice, beans and cheese and our beds were much like thin camping mattresses. But after our rigorous workday, sleep was not lost and food was rarely left on our plates. At first, our conversations were simple and rudimentary because our host families spoke no English and most of us had never had to use our Spanish for more than the one hour at a time in school. But slowly all those rules and lessons we had learned in class came into play. We struggled at times and substituted words with hand gestures and laughter, but our Spanish grew with our confidence and encouragement from our new friends.



■ SERVICE LEARNING

“At the end of the trip Ms. Ramirez had congratulated me on how much my Spanish had improved, and in class I feel a lot more confident in literary discussions and I’ve stopped stuttering!”

—Will Bowditch '13

We set out from the village with heavy hearts and traveled to the remote canyon of Somoto. Somoto is a unique and relatively undiscovered natural formation along the northern border with Honduras. We floated, hiked and swam through several miles of the canyon arriving at our beloved bus with wet, sand-filled shoes and a newly found appreciation for peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Our next destination was San Juan del Sur, just 20 km north of Costa Rica. We spent two days there



learning to surf (with varying degrees of success) and took advantage of amenities like electricity, running water and ice cream. With a world of experience under our belts and a new appreciation for everything in our lives, we were looking forward to sharing our photos and experiences with our friends and family in less than two days. But our trip was not quite over. Several of the students had heard about La Chureca from classmates who had visited the year before. Still there was no way to prepare for what we were about to see.

“It was heart-wrenching and really made me think about ‘community’. I realized that I am part of a global community and that I have a responsibility to these people as my brothers and sisters.”

—Charlotte Bristow '14

‘La Chureca’ means trash in Spanish. The community that bears this name

is a collection of shanties and shacks surrounding the municipal landfill of Managua. Three hundred families scrape together an existence in La Chureca by collecting anything of value from the piles of trash brought in from all over the city. In a place that may seem so devastating and hopeless there are still children whose smiles cannot be suppressed. Much of the credit goes to one school with a single mission: to give every child in La Chureca an education and an opportunity for a better life. As we sat with the children singing and playing we weren’t thinking about flying home the next day or the comfortable bed or warm shower. We were fully in the moment. These bright and lively children were providing us with an education and that our lives will be forever better for the opportunity.

For more information on Al Campo International and service learning trips please contact Tim Gibb '90 at tim@alcampointernational.org. ■



**Class notes have been removed
from the online version of the
Magazine in order to protect the
privacy of our alums.**

■ COAST-TO-COAST TOASTS



COAST-TO-COAST TOASTS

Cheers to St. Andrew's! Collectively around 400 members of the St. Andrew's family celebrated the School's spirit on April 19. Alumni, parents of current students and graduates, former faculty, alumni children and friends gathered at 15 locations across the country and in London and Toronto! Together with Tad Roach's Toast (about fighting for future generations to be able to experience the power and joy of a St. Andrew's education), St. Andreans reaffirmed what is special about the School and about St. Andreans.

- 1** San Francisco hosted by Julia Robinson '01 and Ned Trippe '68
- 2** NYC hosted by Barry Register '51 and Ed Cuervo '04
- 3** Augusta, Ga., hosted by Julie Herbert Leopard '88
- 4** Pittsburgh hosted by Hank '60 and Linda Pool and Samson Patton '09
- 5** Raleigh hosted by Holly (Fling) '97 and Roger Austin, Kate '96 and George '92 Simpson and Rodger and Noreen Fling P'93;97
- 6** Punta Gorda, Fla., hosted by Joan and Dave Phillips P'83;85 GP'12;14.
- 7** Toronto hosted by George Pyron '63 shown here with Genny Burgess '92.
- 8** Chicago hosted by Kevin Grandfield '82 and part of the week long St. Andrew's women's and college network events with Elizabeth Roach, Emily Pressman and Bernadette Devine '99.

Let us know if YOU would like to host or co-host a Toast in your town or city on April 18, 2013!





Reunion Weekend 2012





1 Class Agents Anna Hickman and Ashley Gosnell accept the Fishers of Men Award from Headmaster Tad Roach for 53% of class participation in the Annual Fund. Way to go, Class of 2002! **2** The Class of 2007 arrives on campus and catches up. **3** The gents of 2007 looking good for Saturday's cocktail party. (l. to r.) Frederic Gunnemann, Max Freidman, Tolly Taylor, Rob Bryan and Frank Leach. **4** Eric Boateng '05 stopped by the Reunion on his way home to London for the Olympics and caught up with Sunny Small P'98,'00,'04 who was part of the 50th Reunion celebration. **5** Ladies from the Class of 2002 at cocktails: Santhi Voora, Ashleigh Pattee, Searcy Milam, Katie Hawkins, Hollis Callaway McFadden and Charlotte Taylor.







1 Amazing Alumni Speaker Sam Wyman '57 discussed his global career in and out of the government and shared insights on current world situations. **2** Elizabeth Roach with Natalie Reese '97 and Meredith Blake '97 on Friday evening. **3** Three Generations of Colburns: Dot and Bob, Gabriel, Margaux, Agnes Couffinhal and Bruce '82. **4** Class of 1981 Golfers: Eric Larsen, Karl Saliba, John Paradee and Scott Sippelle. **5** Bernadette Devine '99 surrounded by 1997 Rox Veghte, Tom Stephens, Kirk Kieffer and Chip Herr. **6** Crew Practice is always a Reunion highlight! Here a men's 8 returns to the dock. **7** Class of 1997 Golfers: Will Robinson, Tim Trumbauer Harvey Johnson, Randolph McEvoy and Charlie Durkin. **8** Pretty in Pink! Pia Juarez and Maisey Ashooh, daughters of Sarah Siebert Juarez and Meg Alexander Ashooh, Class of 1997. **9** John Schwab '82 shares a laugh with classmate Geoff Garner on the front lawn. **10** Amazing Alumni Speaker Brian Court '92 shares his experience with the Living Building Challenge.



HANDSOME BOYS * BEAUTIFUL GIRLS



1 Cute kids from the Class of 1995 (l. to r.): Liz (Dwyer) Van Sickle's daughter, Lucy, Shelley (Haley) Huntington's daughter, Ada, and Ellee (Richards) Frieson's son, Brendan. **2** Philip Everett Lunger, son of Penn (Graves) '98 and Eric, was born on February 4, 2012, and weighed 9 lb., 8 oz. He joins a big crew of fac brats at Blair Academy. **3** Eva Claire Saddleton, born November 29, 2011, daughter of Simon '97 and Elise Saddleton. **4** Taylor Price Arwood, daughter of Anne (Farland) '01 and Daniel Arwood, was born on May 1, 2012. She weighed six pounds, eight ounces and was 21 inches long. **5** Robert Bryan '07, Lark III '07, Lark IV and Jim McNinch '07 visiting. **6** Patricia Denz '94's daughter Lydia was born 11:51 p.m. on March 1, weighing 6 pounds and 15 ounces. Patricia and Lydia are both healthy and doing great! **7** Carter and Mac Wilcox '90 welcomed baby boy Benjamin Palmer Wilcox on January 30, 2012. **8** Reg '96 and Anna Hargrove are enjoying watching little George grow up. He is 15 months old now.



1 Mary (Vaughn) '99 married Alex Moor on June 11, 2011, in Rehoboth, Del. (l. to r.) LeMar McLean '00, Sarah (Bowers) Hensley '00, Kodi Shay '00, Matron of Honor Annie Caswell '99, Bridesmaid Angela Caswell-Monack '99, Bridesmaid Katie Wolinski '02 and Matt Wolinski '00. Buzz Speakman '38 was there, but is not pictured. **2** Wedding of Alex (Pfeiffer) '02 to Matt Reynolds of San Diego: (l. to r.) Bridesmaids Charlotte Taylor '02, Emily Pfeiffer '00 and Stephanie Pfeiffer '04, as well as Victoria (Pfeiffer) Metz '95, Rachel (Pfeiffer) Bee '97 and Andrew Pfeiffer '09 were in attendance. **3** Wedding of Annie (Taylor) '00 to Andrew Douthit (from Nashville, Tenn.): (l. to r.) Tolly Taylor '07, Liz Grant '00, Courtney Cordeiro '00, Charlotte Taylor '02, Annie '00 and Drew Douthit, Daphne Patterson '04, Rev. Dave and Mary DeSalvo, and Ann (Matthers) Taylor '86; **4** Emily (Behl) '01 married Brian Wells on October 1, 2011, in Charlottesville, Va. Hope McGrath '01, Serena Roberts '01, Jenny Sanders '01, Kirk Battle '01, Lydia Kiesling '01, Erin Hall '01, Clay Farland '00 and Cap Roberts '62 all joined the fun. **5** At Emily's wedding: Serena Roberts '01, Cap Roberts '62, Emily and Hope McGrath '01. Also in attendance were: Jenny Sanders '01, Kirk Battle '01, Lydia Kiesling '01, Erin Hall '01 and Clay Farland '00

In Memory

Franklin Hawkins '35

Franklin Hawkins, 94, formerly of Arlington, Va., and a long-time resident of William Hill Manor in Easton, Md., died on Sunday, February 19, 2012. He was born in Montclair, N.J., on August 3, 1917. He was the son of Wilford Judson and Julia Davenport Fackler Hawkins, and husband of the late Helen Boswell Hawkins. He and his wife had a daughter, Anne, who died in infancy.

During part of his childhood he lived for several years with his parents and four older sisters at Rich Neck Manor in Claiborne, Md. He attended middle school in Easton before attending St. Andrew's School in Middletown, Del. He later earned his B.S. from MIT.

During World War II he joined the US Navy and served in Pearl Harbor during the attack in 1941. He was later transferred to the David Taylor Model Basin in Washington, D.C., where he was a specialist in naval architecture. After the War and until his retirement he worked for the CIA in Langley, Va., as an analyst with expertise in Soviet submarine design. Upon retiring to Easton, Md., he became a loyal volunteer for Choptank Habitat for Humanity.

He is survived by sixteen nephews and nieces — Julia D. Stevens of Harpswell, Maine; Clement S. Wilson of Elkton, Fla.; Mary Wilson Carpenter of Newton Center, Mass.; Cynthianna Hahn of Chicago, Ill.; Elizabeth H. Winslow of Dallas, Texas; Anne Powell of Atlanta, Ga.; Doretta Partington of Winter Springs, Fla.; George Alan Hahn, Jr. of Jacksonville, Fla.; John Hawkins Miller of Easton, Md.; David F. Miller of Easton, Md.; Lucy K. Stevens of York, Pa.; James C. Saunders of Yarmouth, Maine; Wilford H. Saunders of Pipersville, Pa.; Mary Schultz of Kenmore, Wash.; Susan S. Johnston of Baltimore, Md.; and John Saunders of Durham, Maine.

Edwin L. Sibert '38

Edwin Luther Sibert, Jr. of Vineyard Haven died peacefully at home on March 5, following a long struggle with Parkinson's disease. He was 91.

The son of Maj. Gen. Edwin Luther and Laura (Carey) Sibert, he was born on June 4, 1920, in Washington, D.C. His grandparents were Maj. Gen. William Luther and Mary Margaret (Cummings) Sibert and Col. Edward and Ruth (Palmer) Carey.

Ed was educated at St. Andrew's School in Middletown, Del., and graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1942. After graduation he served as the torpedo officer on the destroyer USS Pringle during its 1942 midwinter North Atlantic convoy run. In the spring of 1943 the Pringle was sent to the South Pacific; Ed became its gunnery officer and was awarded the Navy Commendation medal with combat "V." Following the war he spent eight months sweeping mines on the destroyer minesweeper USS Doran.

In 1950, following a two-year stint as an assistant professor of Naval Science at Princeton University, Ed left the Navy and joined the Bankers Trust Company in New York City. Studying at night, he received his M.B.A. from New York University Graduate School of Business Administration in 1956. At the time of his retirement from Bankers Trust in 1982, he was a first vice president and head of the personal trust investment division.

Ed and his wife Maggie lived in Irvington, Westchester County, N.Y. They spent each summer at their Lambert's Cove home that had been built for Ed's father in the early 1930s. Following Ed's retirement, Ed and Maggie purchased a home in the historic district in Vineyard



Franklin Hawkins '35



Edwin L. Sibert '38



Thomas V. Ashton '39

Haven and moved full time to the Island, where he was active in community affairs. Ed was a passionate sailor and curler. In his later years he was an avid birdwatcher and Red Sox fan.

Ed is survived by his wife Margaret Larsen Sibert, his children Anne Sibert Buitert of London, Edwin Luther Sibert III '74 of Madison, Wisc., and Judith Howland Sibert of Washington, D.C., and his grandchildren, Alex and E.J. Sylvia of Boston, David and Lizzy Buitert of London and Toby Sibert of Madison.

Thomas V. Ashton '39

The Alumni Office recently received a note from Tom's daughter Sarah notifying us of his passing.

Thomas V. Ashton, 88, of Fort Myers, Fla., passed away Tuesday, December 7, 2010. He was born April 5, 1922 in Greenville, Del., and moved to Fort Myers from Woodbury, Conn. He retired as a Commander in the United States Navy and served in World War II and Korea. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Trinity College in Hartford, Conn., attended Officer Candidate School at Columbia University in New York City, attaining the rank of Ensign USNR. Following his service in the U.S. Navy, he retired as a senior manager for the Southern New England Telephone Company.

Left to cherish his memory is his wife, Jean P. Ashton of Fort Myers and Woodbury, Conn.; his daughter, Sarah S. Ashton and husband, James A. Metzler

of Sanibel, Fla., and his sister: Margaret Biggs and husband, Charles Biggs of Berkley Springs, W.V. He was preceded in death by his parents: Rev, Frederick T. and Elizabeth V. Ashton; his daughter, Mary G. Aston-Taylor and two sisters: Elizabeth Bewley and Amelia Clarke.

Mr. Ashton was a devoted husband and father and faithfully served as a lay Eucharistic Minister. He served as a volunteer EMT for the Woodbury, Conn., Ambulance Service until 2000 and then as their treasurer until 2005. He also served on the Elder Housing Council of Litchfield County until 2008.

S. Layton Ayers '42

S. Layton Ayers, of Seaford, died on Tuesday, July 15, 2008, in Peninsula Regional Medical Center in Salisbury, Md. He was 83. Mr. Ayers was the founder and CEO of Sussex Printing Corp. publishers of the Guide in Seaford. He was the son of the late Thomas and Margaret Ayers; a son, Sidney L. Ayers, also preceded him in death. Mr. Ayers is survived by his wife of 65 years, Elizabeth "Star" Ayers; two sons, Timothy E. Ayers and Mark G. Ayers and his wife Connie; five grandchildren, Amy Higgins and her husband Ed, An Vane and her husband Chris, Tiffney Belcher and her husband Dwight, Margo Takas and her husband Chris and Austin Ayers and wife Holly, and six great-grandchildren.

Robert F. Thomson '49

Robert F. Thomson, 81, of North Wildwood, passed away peacefully on

Tuesday, March 13, 2012, at his home. Born in Bryn Mawr, Pa., and formerly of Haddonfield, he has been a Cape May area resident since 2002. Robert served his country in the US Navy during the Korean War. He was a self-employed architect in Haddonfield, N.J., for many years and also worked for Radey & Radey Architects of Cherry Hill, N.J.

Robert was a member of the First United Methodist Church of Wildwood, a former member of the First United Methodist Church of Collingswood, a past president of the West Jersey Society of Architects, and was very proud to have been an Eagle Scout.

He was preceded in death by his wife Jane (nee Colson) on March 11, 2011. Robert is survived by his sons Marc Steven (Susan) Thomson of Collingswood, N.J., and Robert "Jeff" Thomson of Cape May Court House, N.J. Also surviving are his grandchildren: John H. (Laurie) Thomson, Robert S. Thomson, & Katie Thomson; his step great grandson James Snyder; and his step great-great grandson Chase Snyder.

Mike McSherry '49 writes, "Bob was my roommate my last two years at St. Andrew's School! He was most bold to put up with me. He was president of our class our last two years and well liked by all. Sorry to hear that he has passed away at such a 'young' age."

Norris S. Haselton '54

Norris Swift Haselton, Jr. died on April 20, 2012, in Miami, Fla. Chip was born



Robert F. Thomson '49



Norris S. Haselton '54



Norris S. Haselton '54



Albert E. Peirce '55

on April 10, 1935, in Berkeley, Calif. His father Norris S. Haselton, Sr. was a career foreign service officer, retiring with the rank of Career Minister. His mother was Elizabeth Garrett Haselton who accompanied her husband on assignments in the United States and abroad.

Chip spent his childhood around the world: Mexico, Panama, England, India, Chile and Brazil. He attended the Landon School in Bethesda and graduated from St. Andrew's School in Delaware and then Washington College in Chestertown, Md. He proudly served in the armed forces in Vietnam and Germany and received a commendation medal.

He worked as the personnel director in Saigon for an American company and then returned stateside and worked in the computer industry, the Pentagon and then as a travel officer for the State Department in Washington, D.C.

Among his passions were cruise ships, and after 15 years in federal service, Chip became the accountant for the food and beverage subcontractor of Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines, headquartered in Miami. It is here he called home where he continued to cruise, sailing on the maiden voyages of the refurbished QE2 and newly built QM2.

He enjoyed his beloved cats, photography and big band music, as well as all things nautical. Chip was a member of the Propeller Club and served three terms on the St. Andrew's School Alumni Association Board.

Most of all Chip was a true humanitarian and loved helping others. And thus, there are countless people from around the world whose lives he touched and who miss him greatly. Chip was predeceased by his parents and by his wife Gloria in 2010. A memorial service will be held at a future date at the Columbarium at Arlington National Cemetery.

Ian MacInnes '54 writes, "Sometime in life you acquire a friend you keep forever and will always remember. Such a person was Norris (Chip) Haselton. His love and admiration for St. Andrew's School was a great part of his life, and in many ways it seemed like St. Andrew's and its alumni were his family. Along with **Bob Whelihan '54** and his family with whom we connected in Coronado, Calif., in 1959, Norris (Chip) was our most permanent, long-running St. Andrew's School friend. From his slide shows of Korea with long commentary, to his funny little car, a Morris Minor if remembered correctly, to his motor scooter, which Bettie MacInnes insisted upon riding; only to fall off and break her thumb, we enjoyed all of our associations with Chip.

"Once, Chip acted as tour guide for our sixteen-year-old son who was sent to visit relatives in Virginia. Chip took him to Wolf Trap and other D.C. attractions. In later years we enjoyed visits in Florida, taking in a Brazilian restaurant as he conversed in Spanish and Gloria in Portuguese, also joining us to watch our daughter Sara in an ice-skating show in Florida. Our last visit was in Ft. Lauderdale after his long illness from his Big Band cruise on the Queen Elizabeth. He was not well at the 55th St. Andrew's School reunion for the class of 1954, but he still drove us to the Philadelphia airport in his beloved and long-owned Ford Taurus station wagon called 'Snowball!' Except for minimal phone calls and emails, that was our last time with Chip. He was truly a devoted St. Andrew's School alum!"

Class Agent **Church Hutton '54** remembers Chip, "Chip's devotion to us and generosity to the School never wavered. A few years ago when Chip went off the Alumni Association Board (AAB) after a long tenure, Tad thanked him with a silver tray for his many contributions. When Chip's estate settles, SAS will receive a substantial legacy — something we must all consider in our wills.

"Chip was the son of a Foreign Service family and his father was US Ambassador to New Zealand when Chip came to SAS. They established a scholarship for Foreign Service kids that helped many, including my brother Powell in 1955.

"The family lived for many years in the D.C.-area with a strong commitment to national service. You may have known them there. Chip initially joined the Air Force and was a USAF crew member on USA One flying President Johnson many times before becoming a civil servant in the Pentagon. He then worked in the travel industry, especially with cruise lines in Miami, which is why he later settled there. I knew little of his personal life, but he told me once he had married a second time and that his later years were his happiest.

"Chip battled health problems throughout life — A.D.D. early on, pulmonary problems later, and finally lupus, but they couldn't dampen a wonderfully friendly and generous man. He would help anybody and did. His devotion to St. Andrew's was an example to all of us."

Max Alston '54 writes, "I was Chip's roommate in V Form; and have one anecdotal memory to contribute. Chip had a great (capabilities and size) tape machine with much recorded music, and the potential to record and play anything that interested us. We (his other roommate, **Pete Peterson**, and I) thoroughly enjoyed the constant availability of the music. However, some more authoritative voices, who heard it and other sounds blasted out of our window facing the boathouse, had more

than one occasion to tell whoever was in the room to 'knock it off.' I would not swear to the source of all those reminders; but I believe I recall Messrs. Voorhees and Baum each doing so on one occasion."

David Campbell '54 writes, "Chip was one of my best friends in the class. I know he spent much more time at St. Andrew's than me after graduation. I'm sorry that I didn't see more of him, especially since he was so dedicated to the School. In recent years, I had only talked to him on the phone. I think his health problems made it difficult to travel north. He will be missed."

Albert E. Peirce '55

The Alumni Office received notice that Alby Peirce died on March 14, 2008. No other information provided.

John Devenney Keen '57

John Devenney Keen of Clayton, N.C., formerly of Oxford, died unexpectedly August 6, 2011. He was 71.

John was raised in Denton, and attended St. Andrew's School in Middletown, Del. Upon graduating from the University of Maryland, College Park, he immediately earned his CPA license and began working for Arthur Young and Company in Baltimore. During that time, he was an enthusiastic member of the Towson Jaycees, at one point serving as a director.



John D. Keen '57

John eventually moved back to his beloved Eastern Shore and became a partner with Faw Casson and Company, and then CBIZ Beatty Satchell, both in Easton. As a longtime member of the Talbot County Chamber of Commerce, he proudly served one of those years as its president.

John completed his 48-year accounting career with his longtime client and friend, Dave Wilson, Preston Automotive Group, Preston.

John's passions were sports, gardening, bird watching, woodworking, and most of all, spending time with his family and friends.

John is survived by his college sweetheart and wife, Gayle Venere Keen of Clayton; his daughters, Patrician Ann and Frank Jennings Donovan of Albuquerque, N.M., and Karen "Charlie" Elizabeth and Patrick Timothy Brown of Holly Springs, N.C.; three grandchildren, Kathleen Marie Donovan, a junior at New Mexico Tech, Socorro, and twin grandsons, Jack William and Dylan Sterling Brown of Holly Springs.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Herman Edmund Keen and Georgia Elizabeth Patterson Keen of Denton.

Tom Rightmyer '57 writes, "John Keen was not tall but he was quick. He had the best hand-eye coordination I've ever seen, and I remember him as a star guard on the basketball team in our junior and senior years. He and I both went to Johns Hopkins but lost touch with one another there. I was sorry to hear of his death."

Tim Bloomfield '57 writes, "John Keen passed away suddenly on August 6, 2011. He and his wife of 51 years, Gayle, were attending a wedding at a country club in North Carolina. They had just finished a dance and were walking to visit with friends when he collapsed and could not be revived.

"John was an accomplished and highly respected member of our class. He served as a Praefect and earned varisty letters in football, baseball and basketball

(co-captain VI Form year). He was an excellent athlete, with great ball handling skills. He was high-spirited and everyone liked him. He had no pretensions and a great sense of humor. He was fun to be around; he never took himself or anyone else too seriously. In our yearbook's 'Vital Statistics,' his 'wants to be' was 'mechanical engineer'; and his 'should be' was 'sanitary engineer'.

"He went from St. Andrew's to Johns Hopkins and then transferred to University of Maryland, College Park, where he graduated. He met Gayle in college; he wore his SAS blazer on their first date. She says she thought he looked pretty young, but they hit off right away and had a long and loving marriage.

"John got his CPA license right after college and worked for Arthur Young and Company in Baltimore. He was active in the Towson Jaycees, serving as a director. They moved to the Eastern Shore, but he stayed in touch with the Jaycees, who evidenced their respect and affection for him by being major contributors to John's family's fundraising for a defibrillator for the country club.

"John was a partner at two accounting firms in Easton and then, in about 2004, went 'in house' at Preston Automotive Group, which owns eight dealerships on the Eastern Shore. John worked with Dave Wilson, a principal at Preston Automotive, for a total of about 30 years.

"John's role at Preston Automotive was obviously unique. While his business card said 'Vice President,' he served as overall financial advisor and even mentor to Dave Wilson. Dave says they ran everything by John, often seeking input on matters that might otherwise go to outside counsel. He described John as extremely meticulous, always asking the questions needed to get a full appreciation of the problem. They called John 'Old School' because he was so thorough and careful, and they didn't fully appreciate how much he did until he was gone. Dave says John was passionate about his business life and also his family life and that he was



Arthur W. LaGrone, Jr. '64

always able to balance the two. Dave says that John loved to golf and fish but that his real hobby was his children and grandchildren.

"Gayle and John moved to Clayton, N.C., a few years ago to be closer to their daughter Karen, her husband and their twin boys. John continued to work, however, from his home and on frequent visits to Preston's offices on the Eastern Shore. In all, his accounting career spanned 48 years.

"Gayle says that although John did not maintain contact with St. Andrew's, he was proud to have gone to SAS and remembered his experiences there fondly. His daughters have his SAS yearbooks, and Karen has his old varsity letters. Gayle wishes us all the best.

"It was truly a pleasure to talk with Gayle. John was obviously a devoted husband, father and grandfather. She said John would have been bowled over by the expressions of respect and affection that came pouring in after his death, that he had no idea how much he meant to people that knew him."

Arthur W. LaGrone, Jr. '64

Arthur Welling LaGrone, Jr. died suddenly on February 3, 2011, but peacefully. He was a man who lived large. He was an avid collector of many things from art and American patriotic to colorful socks. A supporter of the arts in Nashville, Welling was founding president of the Nashville Ballet. He has been a loyal supporter of the Frist Center for the Visual Arts, serving on

its development council and sponsoring the Contemporary Arts Project Gallery. He loved his family, friends and his log house at Beersheba Springs, Tenn. He was a committed congregant of St. George's Episcopal Church. He was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati and the Belle Meade Country Club.

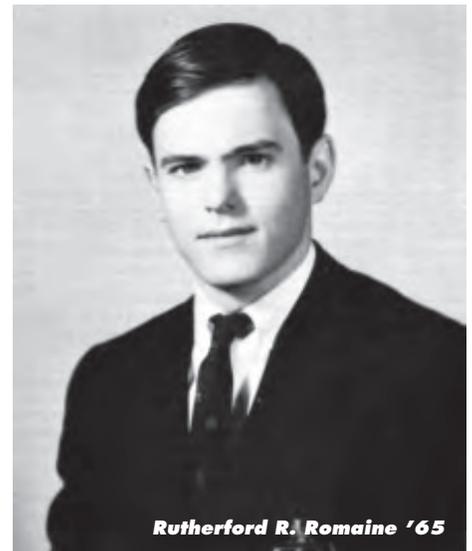
At the time of his death, Welling was a managing director at Morgan Keegan. Prior to that he was top broker at J.C. Bradford. Before his successful career in the financial services industry he worked in the textile industry including a three-year stint in London as head of a European sales operation for Greenwood Mills. He served in the U.S Army during the Vietnam era.

A native of Greenville, S.C., Welling was a graduate of the Darlington School in Rome, Ga., and Clemson University in South Carolina. Born in La Grange, Ga., on August 6, 1946, he was the son of the late Martha Dunson LaGrone and Arthur Welling LaGrone. He is survived by sons Arthur Welling LaGrone III (Heather) and David Wright LaGrone; sisters Ann LaGrone Bull (Dan) and Jarrell LaGrone Bruner (John) of Greenville, S.C.; grandchildren Miranda, Zara and Sam LaGrone and Mills and Robert Howell. Stepchildren Robert Boyte Crawford Howell (Katie) and Sarah Gordon Fontana (Aracelis Kearney). Former wife Elizabeth Crook.

Rutherford Robbins Romaine '65

Rutherford Robbins "Robb" Romaine lost a valiant battle against glioblastoma multiforme, a pernicious form of brain cancer, on January 31, 2012, at his generously loaned cottage in his gratefully adopted community/haven of Belvedere.

Robb was born to Dr. Hunter Huideköper Romaine and Jacqueline Amelia Lane in New York City, N.Y., on May 25, 1948. He was raised in Ardsley Park, N.Y., spending summers on Cape Cod in West Falmouth, Mass. He graduated from The Harvey School (Katonah, N.Y.), St. Andrew's School (Middletown, Del.), Philips Exeter



Rutherford R. Romaine '65

Academy (Exeter, N.H.) and Yale University where he was a member of the Society of Orpheus and Bacchus and of Skull & Bones.

He met his wife and the love of his life when they were performing Gilbert & Sullivan's *HMS Pinafore*. They went on to actively participate in and support theatre while raising their four children in Greenwich, Conn.

Robb had an inexhaustible passion for life, never having met a stranger and always looking to see how he could help. But above all, he cherished his family. He loved travel, poker, politics, cooking and settling in for a talk about anything and everything — he always had a new idea.

He was an athlete (state tennis champion; golf club first flight champion; avid NJ Devils and NY Giants fan); a musician (lead singer and bass player for The Third Section); a singer and actor (SOBs of Yale, The Blue Hill Troupe of NYC, College Light Opera Company and Highfield Theatre of Falmouth, Mass., St. Paul's Players and St. Catherine's Players of Riverside, Conn., and numerous choirs); a scholar who never quenched his love of learning and desire to help others learn; a pioneering businessman in the managed futures industry, who founded The RXR Group, Excalibur Advisors and Round Table Ventures and served as vice chairman of the Managed Futures Association (now the Managed Funds Association) where he organized conferences and was a frequent keynote speaker and panelist,

Rusty Food '65

by Chris Hunt

always endeavoring to educate people on the benefits of portfolio diversification in order to best protect themselves. He was also a frequent source for the media. He was a member of the advisory board of the CBOT. He was also responsible for the “Goobers, Raisinettes” jingle while a founding partner of French Fried Films.

Robb was active in the community in myriad ways, from running and coaching junior bowling leagues and youth baseball teams, to always lending a hand in the schools or at church. He was on the Board of Crystal Theatre (Norwalk, Conn.) and the Boch Center for the Performing Arts (Mashpee, Mass.) and was head of the Condominium Owners' Association of his alternate residence/refuge at Sapphire Beach in St. Thomas, USVI.

He was a member of St. Paul's Church (Riverside, Conn.), Innis Arden Golf Club (Old Greenwich, Conn.) and The Yale Club of NYC.

He is survived by his wife, Carol Grey Romaine, their children, William Rutherford Romaine, Kristina Robbins Romaine, Heidi Kristoffer-Xethalis (and her husband, Alexander Xethalis) and Edward Bassett Bretschger, Jr. (and his wife, Elizabeth Jenkins, and daughter, Louise Clark), his brother, Lawrence (and his wife, Ann Marie, and their children {Lissa [husband JM and son Trevor] Scott, and Amelia, Brian and Barbara Rose Romaine}) and his sister, Craecroft (and her husband, John Murphy, and children, Joshua and Samantha Akerson). He was predeceased by his mother and father and one brother, Hunter Romaine.

Robb truly lived what he believed to be the goal of life: to leave the world a better place than one found it. Throughout his battle with GBM, he was committed to helping those dedicated to finding a cure. ■

At its best, our class thought of itself as irreverent, entertaining, musical, and smart in ways not limited to schoolwork. (Modest, too.) Early this year we lost a member who embodied all of those qualities: Robb Romaine, or as we knew him, Rusty Food. I don't remember exactly how he got the nickname. Jon Smith '65 says it was probably a play on his rarely used first name, Rutherford; I'd thought it came from one of the goofy characters he riffed on, like the television acne authority Blemishes Anne Doyle. I associate Robb more than any other classmate with the informal '65 slogan “Certainly do,” spoken in a Bowery Boys accent and used most effectively when it made no sense at all.

Robb joined our class in the III Form. He supplanted me as the youngest member, by a month and a half. Being a year younger than most of our other classmates was part of our bond. So was playing together on a woeful squash team, a middling soccer squad and a state champion tennis team. That's a lot of road trips, a lot of shared victories and defeats. But what I remember most were the long conversations — especially our V Form year, after lights out, through the electrical outlets on the wall between our adjoining rooms on B Corridor. I don't remember the topics — Robb wrote over his photo in my yearbook that they were often about girls (duh) — but they were one highlight of what was for both of us a bittersweet experience at St. Andrew's School. I also recall the great pleasure Robb took in singing; as memories of those years have faded, one image that has stuck with me is of Robb singing a madrigal in a performance by the glee club.

We lost touch in college and didn't reconnect until 1995, when I was deputized to persuade Robb to attend our 30th reunion. He shared the same misgivings I did about returning to a place where we had been happy enough but also homesick. I assured him he would have a great time, as I had had at the one reunion I'd attended, our 20th. He brought along his nine-year-old daughter, Kristina, and in an irony he surely appreciated, she liked the school so much that she later attended it. Our friendship was rekindled, and over the ensuing years we met again now and then in New York City, where I live, and Connecticut, where he did. My wife and daughter and I went to a few of the Romaines' Christmas caroling parties, where the singing went on after the carolers had returned to the house. We were also at Robb's 50th birthday party, at which his big gift was a bass guitar and he jammed with his drum-playing brother.

Robb reveled in his family life with Carol, their two kids and her two by her first marriage. He was a warm host and a generous friend, full of enthusiasm and good cheer. Expansive, as my wife aptly described him. He connected especially well with children. On a visit to my home in Brooklyn one autumn afternoon he spent some time talking with my daughter, then four or five years old. She was so taken with him that when we went to his caroling party at Christmas she did something she'd never done with an adult outside the family: ran and leapt into his arms.

One summer Saturday we played tennis on the court at his house, on a beautiful rise overlooking Long Island Sound. Just easy hitting, keeping the ball in play for the sheer pleasure of the strokes. Perhaps that's what we remembered most fondly about St. Andrew's School, playing the game, traveling to matches and, that last year, going undefeated. It's something I'm happy I got the chance to share with him again. Godspeed, Rusty.



The Rev. Canon Simon Mein

JANUARY 5, 1927 – FEBRUARY 20, 2012

On behalf of our trustees, faculty, staff and student body, I welcome you all to this beautiful memorial service celebrating the life of Simon Mein. We who gather in this Chapel today represent generations of men and women across the country and the world who have been touched, guided and inspired by the love, humanity and brilliance of Simon and Nan Mein. Today, St. Andrew's embraces Nan and her family, assuring you of our love, our ardent support, and our commitment to making this a school and community that reflects the values you lived out and taught us so well. We particularly welcome Simon and Nan's daughter-in-law Olivia Ringer and her husband John, his daughter Casey, as well as Nan's sister Margaret Cota and her daughter Elizabeth.

Simon would often visit St. Andrew's English classes, both before and after his retirement, to reflect on the work and vision of the English novel and to read passages from Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*. Of course, he brought a flair and exuberance and a remarkable English accent to these performances — he loved the clarity and wit of Jane Austen's prose, and he particularly appreciated her vivid and searing characterization of men and

women who were pompous, self-assured, arrogant and haughty. Mr. Collins was one of Simon's treasured characters — you might remember Collins as the newly ordained minister who declares in one memorable and curious letter to Mr. Bennet that he intends “to demean himself with grateful respect towards his patroness,” the equally ridiculous and pompous Catherine de Bourgh. In Chapter 15, Austen breaks from her narrative to give us her opinion of the new minister:

Mr. Collins was not a sensible man, and the deficiency of nature had been but little assisted by education or society . . . his very good opinion of himself, of his authenticity as a clergyman, and his rights as a rector made him altogether a mixture of pride and obsequiousness, self-importance and humility.

It struck me over the past few days that Simon read Jane Austen the same way he approached, crafted and interpreted his life: he worked with all his heart and soul to preserve and strengthen his church, his school, his Chapel and his students and colleagues from the perils of insensibility, egotism, selfishness and

complacency. As comic and outrageous as Mr. Collins appears, he is in fact Jane Austen's portrait of the temptations that assail and defeat us each day: the proclivity to think ourselves superior to others, to view the world as the source of our own egotistical needs and concerns, to express power and superiority over others. Simon Mein embraced a Church and school that sought openness, creativity and humanity. He modeled and asserted an approach to education and Episcopal identity that was daring, open, progressive and enlightening.

He did so during a career when both the educational and religious establishments embraced conventional thinking and narrow philosophies. Simon served as Chaplain and teacher of religion at St. Andrew's from 1971-1992, a tenure that included the decade of the 1970's, a particularly arduous decade for schools and colleges across the United States. The very principles and assumptions of the private academy were assaulted by the bitterness, anger and chaos of the 1960's. As the country debated the ethics of a tragic and controversial war and explored new and progressive approaches to women's rights, civil rights and issues of poverty, schools and colleges found their curricula, cultures, values and traditions under siege. Headmasters, Chaplains and College Presidents found themselves educating and developing a new generation that viewed the country with profound skepticism, anger and contempt.

Some colleges and schools maintained a contemptuous attitude towards the new and angry generation, fostering a culture of division and confrontation on campus.

Others left mission, values and tradition behind in a desperate attempt to appear superficially relevant and responsive to societal division and anger.

Simon and Nan entered this complex world, bringing qualities, habits of mind and heart that would enlighten St. Andrew's. Both were gifted scholars with deep interest in reading, research and study, and from the beginning, they modeled an approach to life, to marriage and to the profession of boarding school teaching that was calm, mature, confident, thoughtful and ambitious. Despite and because of the chaos of the national culture, they believed in

the possibility and need of a Christian community that opened its minds, doors and windows to the world that was emerging in all its complexity. Education, Episcopal education, residential education could develop a powerful, affirmative and transformational reply to a world in crisis.

Simon and Nan began working with colleagues to assert an ethic of empathy, flexibility, creativity and love into the dorms and classrooms of an all-male school. Simon began to question the distance that separated teachers and their students; he worried about a culture that left boys only with a support structure of muscular independence. He suggested to his colleagues that they open up their lives and minds, release their tendency to judge and label their students and instead honor, celebrate and guide their distinctive journeys. You can hear Simon teaching, exhorting and envisioning in these excerpts from his early letters and essays:

The primary element in the social environment of the boys is that of interpersonal relations. Whatever a boy achieves at school, in academics or athletics, is of little use unless he becomes a mature and integrated person, able to function usefully in society.

We have to remember that it is the fate of educators to have to tolerate and absorb the mistakes and resentments of successive generations of students. Each generation needs the freedom to feel its way. Of course, we have seen it all before, but the boys with us now have not. It will just appear cynical if we are not ready to listen sympathetically. This is a major part of our vocation. (Perhaps we talk too much!)

The boys have a desperate need to relate to persons; if they cannot do it positively, they will do it negatively. I think there is some evidence that we unconsciously encourage negative reactions by our fear of too much expression of positive emotions: love, freedom, etc. The old English public school tradition of the stiff upper lip reinforces the reticence adolescents have of experiencing emotions freely. The resultant (repressed) emotions then reappear in anti-social, hostile and

destructive forms, and we react with punishment.

In such passages, Simon envisioned a school of the future: a community of adults and students who owned the culture in a collaborative and creative way, who found inspiration, hope and meaning from one another. The teacher became the mentor, the coach, the adult who believed in students — believed in a student's potential for service, goodness and leadership.

This was more than a philosophical shift — this was a new way of envisioning the rituals and traditions of school life. Simon and Nan modeled and explored the life of the dorm parent, the advisor, the teacher, the mentor, and they did so by hosting legions of students, teachers and community members in their apartment and homes. As Director of Residential Life, Simon understood that the dormitory could, with effort and creativity, become a community, a family, a place of hospitality and kindness. He taught me and countless others what it meant to live as adults in a boarding school, and through the power of his example, we learned, changed, grew and developed.

He was the first school counselor — he initiated and led community service programs in the school.

When coeducation came, Nan and Simon were ready to lead, ready to assert a vision of coeducation that honored the active collaboration and respect of men and women throughout the community. As a feminist and advocate of lives of women and girls within the school, Simon helped create a coeducational culture at St. Andrew's that is strong, powerful and distinctive.

If one of Simon and Nan's gifts to St. Andrew's was a radical redefinition of the adult/student relationship, Simon's other calling was to renew and strengthen the school's Episcopal calling and identity. This was no easy matter at a time when religion and ritual faced profound skepticism and scorn from a new generation of students. Simon worked to make the Chapel and the religious values of the school relevant and meaningful to the community. He worked passionately to help the community to see that a God

of hospitality, kindness and radical love rejected a world of prejudice, division, violence and hatred, and he challenged the community to live these principles out not for an hour on Sunday but through seven days in the upcoming week. In one of his last sermons preached at St. Andrew's, Simon spoke at Reunion Weekend and articulated the God he worshipped and sought to emulate:

Down the centuries, the openness of God has had to be continually reasserted against human efforts to maintain a narrow, closed community, and repeated efforts to insist on rigid legalism. As we are well aware, the struggle is part of our contemporary scene: too many people make it their job to defend God against the kind of people Jesus welcomed to the table.

Simon's faith and ministry insisted upon human beings growing consciousness and awareness of their blindness, prejudice and hypocrisy. He lived to see and participate in a radical redefinition of what it meant to be an Episcopal leader in America, and he rejoiced in St. Andrew's embrace of diversity in all its forms. To acts and expressions of fear, intolerance and exclusivity, Simon answered with his voice and his pen — with reason, love and fearlessness.

And yet there was more — more than the exhibition of a Christian life, more than an exhibition of what a 21st century marriage would look like. More than a radical redefinition of what it meant to be a teacher, a Chaplain, a leader. There were tests, excruciating tests of this man and this woman's love, faith and courage. As Simon and Nan wrestled with Andrew's tragic death or successive bouts with cancer, there easily could have been a day, an hour or a minute of anger, bitterness, despair and weakness. Instead, by prayer, by word, deed and action, Simon and Nan taught us that this love, this faith, this belief is transcendent, authentic, powerful and redemptive. It is in the end indomitable. ■

*—Headmaster Tad Roach
Eulogy, February 23, 2012*

From the Archives

The tuition fee, covering tuition, board, lodging, and laundry, will be \$800, payable half-yearly in advance. This figure is made possible by two factors: First, that the boys will so far as practicable assume the care of the building, the service in the dining-room, and the upkeep of the immediate grounds; and, second, that the salaries of the Faculty will be paid from endowment. The expense of “extras” will be reduced as much as possible.

—Reverend Walden Pell II
Headmaster's Report, 1930

<u>JOBS FOR THE COLLEGE BOARD WEEK</u>		
<u>FRIDAY AND SAT</u>	<u>SUN., MONDAY, TUES.</u>	<u>WED., THURS., FRIDAY.</u>
(1) <u>Kitchen</u> Zoldy Orr P. Patterson G. Bastenbeck	(1) <u>Kitchen</u> Trippe W. Scott G. Patterson Cain	(1) <u>Kitchen</u> C. Bastenbeck Cresson Niles
(2) <u>Dining room</u> Trippe G. Patterson Townsend Ellis	(2) <u>Dining Room</u> Zoldy Orr P. Patterson Hanby Culleney	(2) <u>Dining Room</u> G. Bastenbeck Mitchell Kirkland
(3) <u>Sweep</u> C. Bastenbeck Cain Cresson Culleney Niles Mitchell Kirkland W. Scott Hanby	(3) <u>Sweep</u> Ellis G. Bastenbeck C. Bastenbeck Cresson Niles Mitchell Kirkland Townsend	(3) <u>Sweep</u> Ellis Cain W. Scott Hanby Culleney.

1930s



2011





Tonight Must Only End At My Command

In skips and waves, the breeze assaults the pond
and me. It stings my lungs in nauseous gulps.
But when the gusts subside, the night is calm—
a silent comfort. This Adirondack Chair
still creaks, though, worn and notched with years of use.
Its riddled surface gives no answers as
I wonder how I've come here, to this dock,
or where I am to go when daylight comes.
The gentle rhythms of the dark are soothing—
the silver water's echo below my feet,
the slivers of the moon on the canoes—
but even they cannot withstand the breath
of coming summer. At change's precipice,
the swirling air of memory makes me dizzy.
These rusted woods, these waxy greenstone floors:
such places have found purchase in my being.
But hours from now, parading out the door,
in coat and tie I'll walk (unshowered, though,
with car keys in my pocket). After that—
I'm gone. Till then, I'll walk the lawn and scream
obscenities for fun. This vulgar breeze
is forcing me to go—but not to sleep!
Tonight must only end at my command.

—Alec Hill '12

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The Cornerstone Society

Planned gifts — bequests, charitable gift annuities, charitable remainder trusts, life insurance policies and other tax-saving estate planning vehicles — are part of the financial cornerstone of St. Andrew's School. Please consider joining other alumni, parents and friends who have included St. Andrew's School in their estate plan.

*For information, details and calculations, please visit www.standrews-de.org/plannedgiving
or contact Chesa Profaci, Director of Alumni Relations,
at chesa@standrews-de.org or 302-285-4260.*



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Congratulations! Jennifer McGowan was named Delaware High School Girls' Lacrosse Coach of the Year after leading the Saints to back-to-back State Championship games. Jen joined Jory Kahan as the second SAS coach (and Math teacher) named a 2011-2012 Coach of the Year.