

St. Andrew's MAGAZINE

FALL 2013
WINTER 2014
SUMMER 2014

- Commencement
- Unanswered Prayers
- Framing Possibilities





*(above) Saints fans react to a come from behind victory by Doug McLaurin '14 and Ryan Chiu '14 at second doubles to clinch the Boys Tennis State Championship.
(front cover) Grayson Ahl '15 works alongside ceramics teacher Elizabeth McGiff to add decorative detail to his onggi, a traditional Korean earthenware vessel.*



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EDITOR'S NOTE

Mary Durkin P'97 was 12-years old in the fall of 1953 when her parents put her on a train in Minnesota bound for boarding school outside of Chicago. She arrived a few days early to the dismay of school officials who shooed her away before closing the door on her.

"My mom always remembered that," recalled her son, Charlie '97, one evening this fall. The experience left her committed to making sure those around her never felt alone or cast aside. When Mary became a St. Andrew's parent in 1993, she was soon an ever-present figure in my life and the lives of many of my classmates, always inquiring on how we were doing well beyond our years on campus.

She was indicative of the greater St. Andrew's family — the gift of so many caring adults and loyal friends. When I married one of those loyal friends on campus in 2004, Mary and her husband, Pat, drove to Middletown from New York City, braving a deluge of rain for an outdoor rehearsal dinner. She walked through mud in her high heels to get to the dance floor at Rodney Point. Years later she fawned over my sons during a weekend visit to her house, offering them ice-cream sundaes and little winks.

Mary passed away last spring after a long illness that she had kept private to avoid attention she'd rather be spent on others. Her family and hundreds of friends filled St. Ignatius Loyola Church in Manhattan to celebrate her life marked by loyalty, love, courage and joy. That week, Charlie, his wife Kristen, and Pat established the Mary P. Durkin Fund for Student Life at St. Andrew's with the goal of bringing joy to the lives of all students and to ensure that no student ever feels alone.

Last month, St. Andrew's hikers ended their weekend trip to Hawk Mountain, Pa., with a warm lunch at the Durkins' farm, a tradition that Mary started 20 years ago. It took the students a few moments to get over the somewhat odd experience of having seeming strangers bring them into their home and feed them after a night of winter camping. It was Mary's way, carried out faithfully by her family. Everyone is a new friend just waiting to be welcomed.

I missed seeing Mary on the front porch where she would always end every gathering with a group picture. But as trip leader Peter McLean would later assert, she was there with us laughing, making new friends, and enjoying the St. Andrew's family.

Sincerely,



—Will Robinson '97



▲ Mary Durkin (top right) with Hawk Mt. hikers



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

GREETINGS FROM CAPE TOWN!

Right now I am at the end of my study abroad semester in Cape Town. I have been studying at the University of Cape Town for the past five months and can honestly say that I am feeling so lucky and so blessed to be in the space that I am in right now hearing the things that I am hearing! I am loving UCT, the people I am meeting and the AMAZING things that I am learning, reading and thinking about in and out of lectures! It's been such a joy to have been given the opportunity to return to South Africa and to reconnect with my roots, my family and my academic interests in such direct and engaging ways!

While reflecting on my semester during my last days in Cape Town, I felt the need to send an email expressing the thanks and immense appreciation I have for St. Andrew's. I honestly believe that many of the amazing experiences that I have had here in Cape Town could not have been possible without the support that I received from all of you both in and outside of the classroom. The foundation that I received at St. Andrew's changed not only the way I think, write and engage academically but also changed the way I engage with others. My time at SAS helped me to become more curious, more passionate about collaborating with others in order to spur change; it helped me to become more invested and interested in connecting with others, not for the superficial gains I may receive but for the simple reason of wanting to understand and feel with another person. I know that the growth I experienced during my three years at SAS was greatly influenced by you all and for that I am so thankful.

I am so grateful for the help you gave me and for your ability to share your amazing gifts of teaching to me and the rest of the students that pass through SAS's halls.

Omololu Babatunde '11
Cape Town, South Africa

SPIRIT OF GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

I am not sure if you attended the St. Andrew's vs. St. Elizabeth soccer semi-final game last night. It was a great game. St. Elizabeth ended up winning in the last 15 seconds of double overtime. St. Andrew's played the game without two of its top players who were injured 10 minutes into the game. I was in the stands on the St. Elizabeth side. After the game all of the St. Andrew's fans left the stands by walking directly in front of me and many of the St. Elizabeth fans. I wanted you to know that after a loss like that, you might expect fans of the losing team to walk out angry, but all of your fans walked out with their heads up, and many of them stopped to say good game. I was very impressed.

Michael Naughton
Parent of St. Elizabeth's JV Soccer Player

THANK YOU

I would like to thank my students of Latin and Greek, advisees and soccer players as well as Jon O'Brien and current and former faculty for their kind wishes at my 85th birthday. It was quite an experience to have known you. You accepted me as a foreigner with his special idiom and customs. I shall be forever grateful for this. Part of our "family" day we spent at SAS. Here is one of the many photos Victor took while there. And remember: Semper ubi sub ubi!



Evert van Buchem
Teacher of Latin and Greek, 1965-1994

■ WE LOVE LETTERS (AND EMAILS)

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.





The Diamond States Masters Regatta has attracted some of the country's best Masters rowers to Noxontown Pond every summer since 1991, but few are as inspiring as the regatta's elder statesmen Bill Brownlee '44 and Carter Werth '52. The mariners return year after year to stroke their double past their alma mater to the sound of cheering fans that swarm to the sides of the pond to watch. Years ago their bodies were more willing as they raced in wooden boats amidst the aftermath of World War II. St. Andrew's crews coached by Dan Holder, Coerte Voorhees, Dave Washburn (a classmate of Bill's), and for the last few decades by Lindsay Brown has always been about building character, integrity, and confidence in the graduates of the School. Bill rowed in the four that won the King's Cup and beat the University of Pennsylvania 150s handily in 1944. Carter won a National Championship, also in a four, in 1952. On this day they finished lengths behind their younger opponents, but still very much won our hearts, minds, and eternal respect.

BY JOHN SCHOONOVER '63

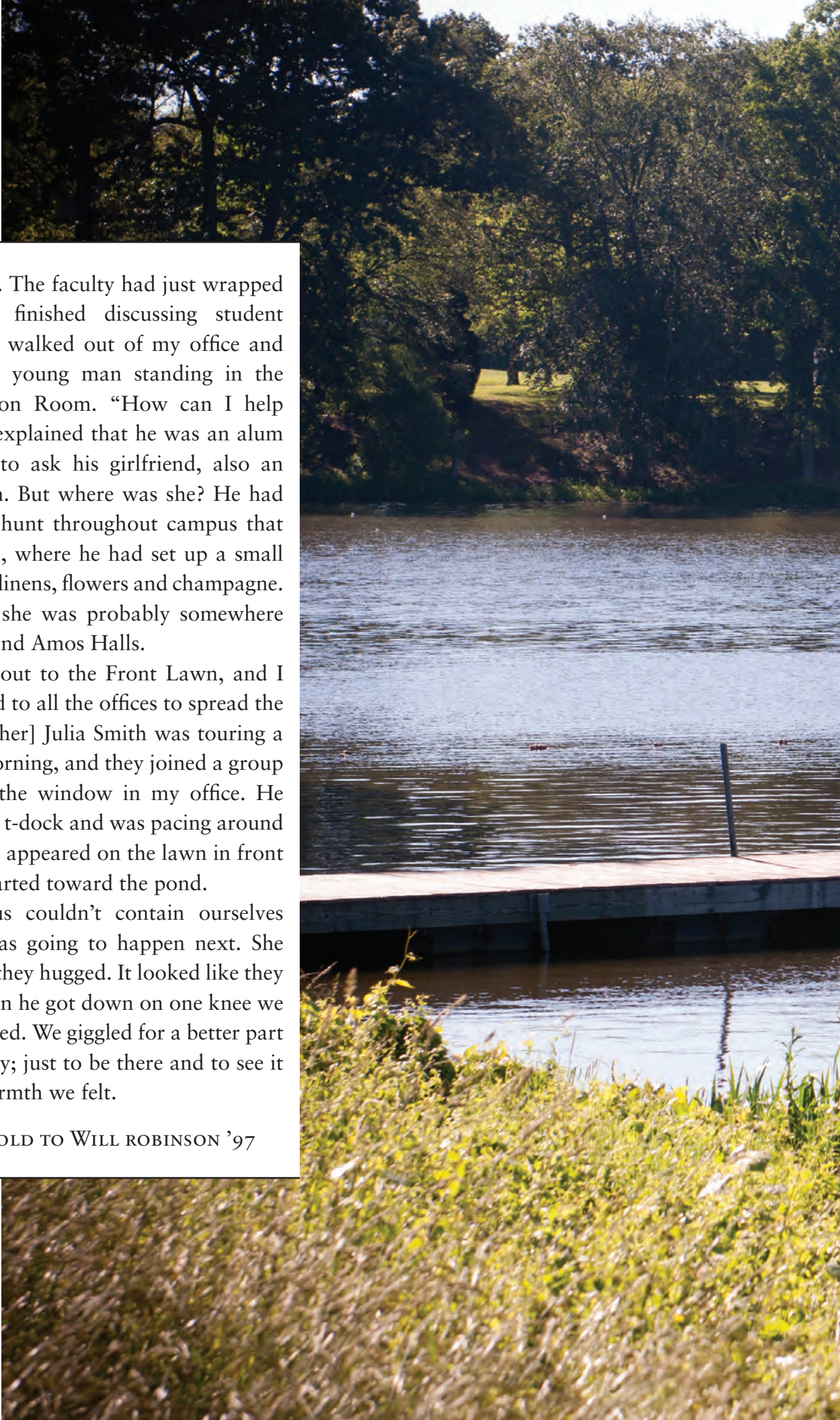
The eye and wing of this osprey or fish hawk convey such beauty and power. This one, a male as told by the white breast, is one of hundreds that now populate the Chesapeake Bay region. Widespread use of DDT, a persistent pesticide used to control mosquitoes, caused the decline of all birds of prey and even the extinction of the eastern race of the Peregrine Falcon; fortunately, with the ban of DDT in the early '70s, the osprey and bald eagle and other raptors have recovered although they have yet to achieve population levels of years ago. A worldwide citizen, osprey are commonly seen on Noxontown Pond and will compete for fish with Bald Eagles which nest nearby. Recent research has revealed that ospreys have a social, and perhaps altruistic nature as they will communicate, a dance much like that of honeybees but on the wing, to nearby nesting osprey the size and location of schools of fish. We admire the osprey's fishing prowess, and their grace and beauty as well as their integrity. In early March, these faithful migrants return after flying hundreds of miles from Central and South America to the exact same nest, with the exact same mate, year after year.

BY PETER MCLEAN

Photograph by Paul Bramble '95







It was early in June. The faculty had just wrapped up the year and finished discussing student promotions when I walked out of my office and found a handsome young man standing in the Admissions Common Room. “How can I help you?” I asked. He explained that he was an alum and was planning to ask his girlfriend, also an alum, to marry him. But where was she? He had set up a scavenger hunt throughout campus that ended at the t-dock, where he had set up a small table set with white linens, flowers and champagne. He calculated that she was probably somewhere between Founders and Amos Halls.

He then headed out to the Front Lawn, and I ran as fast as I could to all the offices to spread the news. [Spanish teacher] Julia Smith was touring a new teacher that morning, and they joined a group of us plastered to the window in my office. He walked down to the t-dock and was pacing around waiting. Finally, she appeared on the lawn in front of Pell dorm and started toward the pond.

The group of us couldn’t contain ourselves wondering what was going to happen next. She made it to him and they hugged. It looked like they were laughing. When he got down on one knee we all instinctively roared. We giggled for a better part of the rest of the day; just to be there and to see it happen, just the warmth we felt.

BY JO GRAVES, AS TOLD TO WILL ROBINSON '97



Giving Thanks



It is an honor to share with you the latest *St. Andrew's Magazine*. These pages are an expression of our thanks to you for your faith in and belief in St. Andrew's as a school of hope and inspiration, and we hope it gives you a sense of the spirit of possibility and energy that pervade the School every year.

Of course, we feel we need to say more than thank you to you and to all the donors across the United States and the world who contributed \$55 million to St. Andrew's. These gifts were for me tremendous expressions of faith, generosity and trust in St. Andrew's resolve to be the best school of its kind in the world. Crossroads sought to give us the campus, the facilities, the endowments for faculty development and financial aid that we need to flourish in the 21st century. You responded. And now the work that lies ahead of us is so exciting, affirming and important.

We argued that our community desperately needed more space for winter sports and recreation, year round fitness, and facilities that send the powerful message to visiting families that St. Andrew's had invested in its mission to provide an athletic program that taught the virtues of hard work, discipline, resilience, teamwork and sportsmanship. We argued that a 21st century school dedicated to a generous and transformational financial aid program needed a continued infusion of endowment gifts to protect and strengthen our ability to change the nation and the world through the creation of educational opportunity. We argued that a great 21st century faculty that literally embraced the full majesty of boarding school education needed resources for professional development and revitalization. We argued that St. Andrew's spirit, energy and goodness could succeed in a campaign bracketed by a financial crisis when many institutions moved into positions of fear, anxiety and paralysis. We argued that the 21st century St. Andrew's simply had to not only survive but flourish not only sustain itself but transform itself.

I witnessed this phenomenon we called Crossroads, and I experienced the remarkable feeling of exultation and happiness that came with each conversation that essentially said: Yes — St. Andrew's is unique, distinctive, special and worthy of my deepest and most generous commitments. I also felt the immense responsibility and privilege of serving as the School's Headmaster at a time of unprecedented generosity.

We are strong here at St. Andrew's today thanks to your support, but we will become even more ambitious, skilled, committed and innovative. We will continue to fight for those students and families who deserve a chance, an opportunity, an opening to meet a great teacher, a remarkable peer group, and a school that sees, hears and honors them. We will think carefully about the skills and habits of mind and heart 21st century students and leaders need to be change agents in college and in their adult lives. We will teach hard work, resilience, determination and tenacity as St. Andrew's principles designed to prepare our students for anything life throws at them. We will create a diversity here that will help our students see what is possible in a diverse global world. We will develop and attract the best boarding school teachers in America to work on this exceptional campus. We will have great answers to share when we evaluate how St. Andrew's School contributes to the growing good of this world.

We will teach the art of argument, the art of communication, the art of collaboration, the art of compromise — all skills necessary for life in this century.

In short, we who work at St. Andrew's will respond to you all with our best creative and innovative efforts to honor this place we love so much. And think with me of the remarkable cumulative effect of these great students going out individually and collectively into the world.

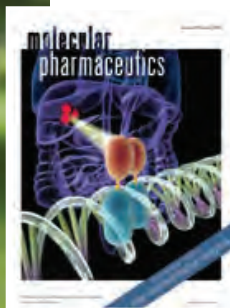
We have work to do, and yes, we feel your support, energy, pride and high expectations. We will not disappoint you. ■

ST. ANDREW'S MOMENTS





- 1 Varsity Field Hockey celebrates "Yay Day" in winning fashion.
- 2 Chewbacca jumps right into Vergil during a surprise visit to Mary Kelly's Latin class on October 31.
- 3 Caitlin Porrazzo '15 and Emma Porrazzo '15 started a Math Circle this fall teaching basic math concepts to an eager group of faculty children. An early analysis from some very happy kids determined that a "Double Stuff" Oreo has more than double the creamy filling of an ordinary Oreo.
- 4 New III Formers find common ground during the swamp walk at Echo Hill Outdoor School. The half-mile walk through the ancient Chesapeake Bay tributary has become a rite of passage for students quickly shaken out of their comfort zone.
- 5 Noah Rickolt '14 introduces chef Gary Grosse from Sage Dining Services during a September School Meeting to a standing ovation from grateful students. "We care about you guys," responded Gary. "Thank you so much."
- 6 Michael Alexander '15 presents Headmaster Tad Roach with a flag from his father serving in Afghanistan. Troops flew the flag in honor of St. Andrew's over the Combined Joint Special Operations Task Force, Bagram Airfield, Afghanistan.



Faculty Member Dr. Harvey Johnson '97 Publishes Research in American Chemical Society's Journal of *Molecular Pharmaceutics*

When Dr. Harvey Johnson gives his St. Andrew's math and science students the opportunity to develop his or her own questions and search for answers he does so with a clear goal in mind. "I'm asking them to do the work of real scientists. That means not simply solving problems," says Johnson, "but also uncovering and exploring new problems to solve." It's an ambitious undertaking that Johnson practiced at St. Andrew's as a student and continued as a prolific researcher during his undergraduate years at the University of Delaware and through his PhD program in chemical engineering at the University of California-Berkeley.

Johnson has spent his young career tackling questions like: How do changes in the molecular arrangement of polymers affect the physical characteristics of polymers? How can bioreactors be designed to increase rates of waste conversion while reducing rates of cell death? How can crystallization be used to reduce the time it takes engineers to design a production facility, from compound synthesis to full-scale production?

His most recent challenge was designing new formulations of

therapeutic antibodies that are highly concentrated, safe and efficacious for subcutaneous injection.

Johnson answered the question in the paper, "Characterization and Suitability of Therapeutic Antibody Dense Phases for Subcutaneous Delivery," which was

selected for publication in the September issue of *Molecular Pharmaceutics*.

The paper, co-written by the Chair of the University of Delaware's chemical engineering department Dr. Abraham M. Lenhoff, conceives a new way for chemists to deliver antibodies to patients battling cancer or autoimmune diseases.

"We've come up with a way to use antibodies in the same manner that insulin is used in the management of diabetes," says Johnson. Ultimately, the work has the potential to revolutionize the way complex diseases are treated.

"The implications are exciting, but we haven't solved all the world's problems," Johnson cautions. "There's a significant amount of study that still needs to be done, including clinical trials, but this is a necessary first step in a chain of research yet to be done. It's one piece of a pretty complex puzzle."

For the past four years at St. Andrew's, Johnson has been on the front lines of cultivating the next generation of scientists who can tackle such complex puzzles. "I try to foster a sense of wonder in my students everyday. You can't understand sciences or really all subjects until you actively engage with asking and answering a subject's essential questions. St. Andrew's students are asking those types of high-level questions usually found at the graduate school level. I see it as my job to create an environment where they can pursue those questions now."



Jennifer Kern '83 Recognized with Distinguished Alumni Award

Headmaster Tad Roach presented international human rights lawyer and disability advocate Jennifer Kern '83 with the 2013 Distinguished Alumni Award over Reunion Weekend. Ms. Kern's relatively brief career has already included work as a teacher, attorney, disability advocate, wheelchair builder, fundraiser, and public speaker. She has also led human rights projects in five developing countries.

Her work at St. Andrew's began in the early 1980s where she was a distinguished athlete, member of the concert choir, and active participant in the Chapel program. At graduation, the faculty honored her with the St. Andrew's Cross, the highest award a St. Andrew's student can receive, recognizing the student whose contribution to the School has been distinguished for qualities of concern for others, humility and high principle.

Ms. Kern attended Wesleyan University where she was a varsity rower. After her sophomore year, Ms. Kern was on a summer cross-country road trip to help a friend return to San Francisco when the vehicle she was riding in crashed. She sustained a spinal cord injury and, in an instant, emigrated to a new world as a wheelchair rider.

She went on to receive her B.A. from Barnard College in 1988 and spent the next spring at St. Andrew's teaching and coaching crew before earning her J.D. from Hastings College of the Law in San Francisco. She then practiced civil rights law with a focus on police misconduct cases in Oakland, California.

After attending the U.N. Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing, China, Jennifer changed her focus to international human rights work. From 1997 through 2000, she was Program Director of Whirlwind Women (WW), an international women's wheelchair-building project, and she spent several years as a consultant on international disability rights' projects.

This work included learning metalworking skills and building Whirlwind wheelchairs. She and St. Andrew's classmate Andrea Kelly then traveled to Limuru, Kenya, to assist with WW's first wheelchair-building course for women with disabilities.

Ms. Kern has organized other projects internationally, including in Uganda, Mexico, Uzbekistan, and Costa Rica. She has worked as a consultant with Mobility International USA (MIUSA) and with Disability Rights Education and Defense Fund (DREDF) where she has served as Board Chair for the past four years. She helped organize DREDF's 2001 international law symposium in Washington D.C.: From Policy to Practice.

She returned to graduate school in 2002 to pursue a Master's Degree in East-West Psychology and has worked as a counselor and lawyer helping people with estate planning and end of life issues.

In 2004, Ms. Kern's son, Jasper, was born and currently keeps her endlessly engaged with Legos, audiobooks, swimming, and knock-knock jokes.

Ms. Kern is the seventh recipient of the annual Distinguished Alumni Award established by the Class of 1959 and presented to the alumnus/a who has distinguished him or herself professionally, personally and

in service to the community and country, with strength, commitment and perseverance. Recent recipients include Delaware Supreme Court Justice and Trustee Henry Ridgley '67 and journalist John Seabrook '76.

St. Andrew's Named U.S. Green Ribbon School

There are many reasons for the School's continued effort to find and execute ways to be more environmentally sustainable. A greener St. Andrew's has the potential to decrease operating costs, reduce our carbon footprint and educate the next generation of scientists and leaders who can tackle the environmental challenges of the 21st century. The School's early successes led by Director of Sustainability Diana Burk have also meant national recognition.

The U.S. Department of Education recently named St. Andrew's a 2013 Green Ribbon School, making it only one of 64 schools and among the first three boarding schools nationwide to receive the honor. Schools were selected based on their exemplary efforts to reduce environmental impact and utility costs, promote better health and ensure effective environmental education, including civics and green career pathways.

St. Andrew's was one of three schools from Delaware nominated for the award after an extensive vetting process and

was the only one to ultimately receive the honor at the national level. Delaware Secretary of Education Mark Murphy noted that St. Andrew's was the first from Delaware in congratulating the School. "St. Andrew's justly deserves this national honor for the school's commitment to promoting sustainability and environmental education in the classroom and across the school's campus. I hope other schools in our state will emulate their work."

Murphy honored St. Andrew's as well as Red Clay Consolidated School District's Conrad Schools of Science, Richardson Park Elementary and Learning Center as 2013 state winners.

"St. Andrew's truly walks the talk," said Delaware Department of Natural Resources and Environmental Control (DNREC) Secretary Collin O'Mara. "Over the past few years, they have emerged as a national leader in demonstrating environmental stewardship, reducing one's ecological footprint and inspiring students to create a more sustainable future."

"The U.S. Green Ribbon School award recognizes what we in Delaware already know — that St. Andrew's commitment to sustainability is a model that we hope to replicate over and over again."





Abu Kamara '16 Wins Maryland Chess Association's Susquehanna Scholastic Tournament

Abu Kamara '16 cemented his status as the School's unofficial grandmaster chess champion by taking home first place in the Maryland Chess Association's Susquehanna Scholastic Chess Tournament in early November. Abu won all four of his matches over two days playing a brand of positional chess that relies on control, planning and pressure.

"I try to break the board down and plan a long-term offense while also limiting my opponent's options," he explained while holding a three-foot trophy, topped off with a king's head in gold.

Abu is a product of Newark, Delaware's Thomas Edison Charter School's chess team where he began playing three years ago after a close friend persuaded him to try it out. "I was pretty good at math and a teacher agreed that it would be a good way to apply my interest," he recalls. He started staying after school every day for the team's two-hour practices and fell in love.

"I learned the basics of the game pretty quickly and moved onto chess puzzles," he recalls. Eventually, a coach handed him an old copy of Bobby Fischer Teaches Chess and he devoured it. He studied positions and openings and how to navigate different situations

throughout the game. By that time he was hooked and began joining the team at tournaments around the country.

Abu quickly found success. He finished the 2012 Junior High National Chess Championship with a 6-1 record, which he was surprised to learn tied him for first place with two other players at the tournament. He traveled to SuperNationals in Nashville, Tenn., last spring, which occurs every four years and included more than 5,000 players. This summer he played at the World Open Chess Championship in Washington, D.C., where he competed with players from around the world. "One guy I played against from South America opened with a Ruy Lopez," said Abu clearly excited at the many challenges the game can offer.

Abu prefers to start his games with an Italian opening, a style developed in the 16th century that seems to perfectly reflect his own modest disposition. "It's subtle," Abu explains. "It's not too passive and not too aggressive."

He's not yet wedded to any particular method. After all, it's the creativity he loves the most about playing. "The game is a puzzle and there's so many different ways to solve it. I go into every game knowing that it's my mind against my opponent's mind. I'm sacrificing pieces to gain a future advantage and following the paths on the board that open up for me."

The paths for Abu remain wide open as he improves and finds games when he can, though he's been hard pressed to find a worthy opponent on campus. For now, he'll continue to enter tournaments with hopes of adding to his collection of golden trophies.

John McGiff Delivers 2013 Convocation Address

How do we learn and grow, both as individuals and as a community? "The healthiest societies provide each person the ability to reach his or her greatest potential, while protecting the common good. That's what we do here at St Andrew's," explains Arts Department Co-Chair

John McGiff who delivered the 2013 Convocation Address. He's discussing the central theme of his talk after a day of teaching painting and drawing classes in the O'Brien Arts Center.

McGiff's talk, entitled "Framing Possibility," challenged students to reconsider the notions of limitation and expectation that a community such as ours holds for each student. "My proposition for you all today," he posited, "is that the expectations and boundaries we often chafe against are, in fact, the frame around opportunity. The structures that we allot to classes or the boundaries of an athletic field — are, in fact, the frame around what's possible."

He continues: "In order to learn how to do anything well, we have to create a contained space, an organized curriculum, or the boundaries of a canvas so that within these confines we can come to practice and understand the given discipline we're undertaking. We practice our given craft with an aspiration to mastery. Ultimately, the boundaries of these given disciplines provide us with the opportunity to surpass the expectations of an apprentice and achieve the command of an expressive language. When you see football players take flight near the sideline to break the plane of the end zone or drag the tips of their toes to stay in bounds they are transcending what we expect from a human being. You don't take flight without knowing where the edge of the world is, and this holds true for dance, song, poetry, theatre and all the visual arts."

The talk resonated with many in the student body who used McGiff's words to reframe their approach to the school year. "I really appreciated what he said about being yourself and following your passions in the face of adversity," said Eliza Calkins '14 while boarding a van on the way to a field hockey game the team would eventually lose. McGiff's words would later prove prescient. "We fail all the time as apprentices, whether in athletics or dance or calculus,"

he says. "It's hard, but we have to keep going back again and again."

Asia Cadet '14 "liked how [McGiff] talked about how finding yourself doesn't have to be some large, existential moment. It can happen by looking at or questioning something small in a way that opens up an entire world for you."

"That's what living creatively is," says McGiff, "when you are actually beginning to pay attention to things that are starting to really matter to you. It's not a gift from God; it's part of the human spirit. We want to interact with the world with the questions we have and with the responses to those questions."

For the full text of McGiff's talk, see page 64.

Students Promote Safe Space for All

A 2009 survey conducted by the CDC of more than 7,000 LGBTQ middle and high school students aged 13-21 found that, because of their sexual orientation, 8 out of 10 had been verbally harassed at school, 4 of 10 had been physically harassed at school, 6 of 10 felt unsafe at school, and 1 in 5 had been the victim of a physical assault at school.¹

"For any kid to thrive in his or her school and community they need to feel socially, emotionally, and physically safe and supported," says Bob Martz of the United Way of Delaware. "We need to make sure we are providing that for all of our kids and, right now, Gay Straight Alliances appear to be the best way to do that." It is with that in mind that five members of the St. Andrew's GSA attended the United Way of Delaware's inaugural Gay Straight Alliance Summit in late October. The students met with two-time Olympic Gold Medalist Theresa Andrews, U.S. Senator Chris Coons and others who thanked them and provided additional resources for the important work they do on campus and in the community.

Mollie Gillespie '14 came away from the daylong conference dedicated to



further improving the GSA's work in now its 10th year of existence. "We spent a lot of time learning how to make the GSA more inclusive, as well as gauging the school environment. It can be easy to conclude that we have an open and accepting atmosphere, but there can always be discomfort or a lack of understanding bubbling under the surface. We want the whole community consistently on board and engaging with the issues."

The School's commitment to universal human rights has led to the GSA having a different tone than GSAs at other high schools. The majority of members identify themselves as "straight," so discussions are less affinity-based. The group instead focuses on education around current LGBTQ issues in politics and the world. "We see LGBTQ issues as basic human rights. It's not problems with 'those people,' or the other, these are all of our issues," says Bertie Miller '14.

The group also works to send a clear message that there are students and adults on campus actively working to represent and protect the rights of LGBTQ students. "We want every student

to feel as if they can learn and be happy here," says Bertie. "The GSA provides a direct signal that there is at least one group that will go out of their way to ensure their safety and happiness."

Bertie appreciated the conference's broad perspective and was disheartened to learn that St. Andrew's was only one of three private schools in the state with a GSA. "We visualized the power, purpose and need to support LGBTQ youth not only at St. Andrew's, but also in Delaware, and around the country. As a boarding school we also have the distinct opportunity to impact communities around the world. We can be a beacon of new understanding with people from diverse backgrounds coming together and reaching a new attitude toward and in the LGBTQ community."

The group is also considering the possibility of forming closer ties to alumni and parents. "It would be great if we could collaborate with the greater St. Andrew's community," says Bertie. "We know that we're working on issues that many feel passionate about and we would love to connect with them." ■

1. Kosciw JG, Greytak EA, Diaz EM, Bartkiewicz MJ. The 2009 National School Climate Survey: The Experiences of Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender Youth in Our Nation's Schools. New York: Gay, Lesbian Straight Education Network; 2010. Available at www.glsen.org/binary-data/GLSEN_ATTACHMENTS/file/000/001/1675-5.PDF.

ST. ANDREW'S MOMENTS



- 1 Rob Ward '99 and his band, Food Will Win the War, stop in Middletown during a stretch of tour dates to perform for students on the Front Lawn.
- 2 Students and faculty "Stuffed the Bus" with food for the Food Bank of Delaware. All donations were distributed to families in need over Thanksgiving.
- 3 Determined faculty children band together to trounce a generous Ryan Bellissimo '16 and Grayson Ahl '15 during a pickup football game on the Front Lawn.
- 4 Students spent two weeks traveling through China this summer led by Chinese teacher ChiaChyi Chiu. The trip included intensive language study, visits to the Great Wall, games of badminton at China's Olympic training facility, learning tai qi, volunteering at an orphanage for children with mental and physical challenges, and many eating adventures where they munched on Chinese delicacies like fried duck head.
- 5 The School celebrated its inaugural Environmental Orientation in early September with students, faculty and staff choosing from over 20 outdoor activities from kayaking down the Appoquinimink River and hiking the trails along the pond to biking the School's farmland and building tree swings around Founders Hall. Afterwards, groups met to discuss potential sustainability initiatives for the School.
- 6 Tad Roach presents Kevin Knotts with a 25 Years of Service Medal. "Kevin Knotts is as reliable as the level he uses and the hammer he swings. St. Andrew's School has been blessed to have this humble craftsman quietly and unselfishly dedicate himself for 25 years of service and friendship to this community," said Director of Facilities Dave McKelvey.





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Delaware Governor Jack Markell Challenges Students to Live a Life That Matters

"It's not enough just to show up anymore," exhorted Delaware Governor Jack Markell near the end of his talk with students on Thursday, October 24, in Engelhard Hall. Governor Markell, whose first term has focused on improving education, attracting jobs, and extending human rights for all Delawareans, challenged students to build the skills and experience necessary to thrive in the global community.

"You're competing for college and jobs with people from all over the world. While the challenges may be bigger, so are the opportunities, particularly with the education you're getting here."

Governor Markell, who chaired the National Governor's Association in 2012, visited campus for more than an hour talking with students and answering questions.

Jamie O'Leary '14 and Josue Chavez '14 introduced the governor, whom they first met last year through their work with the Delaware Youth Leadership Network. "I loved hearing about what Governor Markell has done to improve education in the state," said Jamie. "I was especially interested in his partnership with The College Board to help high school seniors navigate the college application process. I had no idea that so few Delawareans go to college. Governor Markell's passion for education has made me see my own college process as a privilege instead of a burden."

Governor Markell also noted the culture of service at the School: "I want to thank the faculty and the staff for the phenomenal job that you all do. This school is a gift to the State of Delaware and beyond. It's a gift not

only because of the amazing academic work you expect from your students and the amazing work that they do as a result of that expectation, but because of the culture of service that you have developed. You don't have to have a community service requirement because it's built into who you are."

The governor's praise was a call to action to many. "His acknowledgement of our culture of service and challenge to do something more was inspiring. His faith in education is uplifting and it pushed me to think further about my own role in changing the community around me," said Josue.

Students had the opportunity to ask Governor Markell questions after his remarks. Mollie Gillespie '14 asked how he would reconcile how Delaware corporate law attracts businesses, but also might make it easier for companies to circumvent taxes and regulations. Other questions included the importance of learning multiple languages to compete in the global economy, how he defines success, how globalization helps a Delaware farmer, the next frontier for civil rights, how we can improve the American education system, and how he would grow the American economy within the opportunities presented by globalization.

In the end, the governor emphasized the importance of serving others whether you are a CEO of a multinational corporation or working at a non-profit: "If you're serving other people and you're working hard to make their life better than you are living a life that matters."

Governor Markell visited the School thanks to the efforts of Trustee Paul Harrell P'90 who has worked closely with the governor in his role as the Director of Public and Private Partnerships for the Delaware Department of Education.



St. Andrew's Welcomes Leading Islamic Scholar Dr. Muqtadar Khan to Campus

Dr. Muqtadar Khan's hope for democracy in the Middle East is more subdued than it was in 2010 during the height of the Arab spring, but he remains optimistic that change will come. It was a message he was happy to deliver as St. Andrew's welcomed Dr. Khan this week for a Wednesday Night Chapel service.

Dr. Khan insisted that Islam is not only compatible with democracy, but must live within democracy for it to thrive. His theory played out this summer while reporting on protests in Istanbul's Taksim Square and Cairo's Tahrir Square. What he saw there convinced him that people across the Arab world know that change is possible, even if they need to be careful how they pursue it. "People are searching for two things: bread and human dignity," explained Dr. Khan.

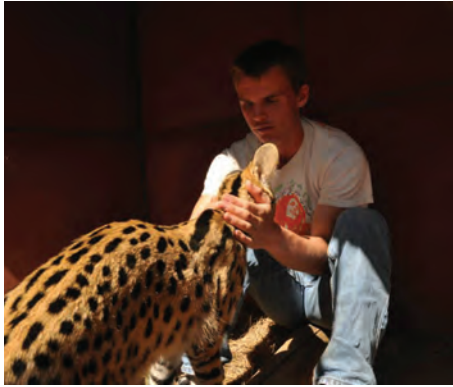
After his talk, students asked Dr. Khan questions, including how he would define "dignity," how Sharia law is compatible with democracy, and when he feels U.S. military intervention is necessary in the context of intervention of Libya in 2011 and the ongoing Syrian conflict.

Dr. Khan remained after Chapel to answer more questions and dialogue with Religious Studies Chair Terence Gilheany, who was also in Taksim Square this summer as part of his study under a National Endowment for the Humanities grant, and Chaplain Jay Hutchinson who has worked with Dr. Khan for the past several years.

Dr. Khan's visit marked the third year in a row he has come to campus to offer his insight and expertise as one of the world's leading Islamic scholars. He is currently an Associate Professor in the Department of Political Science and International Relations at the University of Delaware where he founded the Islamic Studies Program and was its first Director from 2007-2010. He earned his Ph.D. in International Relations, Political

Philosophy, and Islamic Political Thought from Georgetown University in May 2000.

Dr. Khan is a Fellow with the Institute for Social Policy and Understanding and has authored four books on Islamic democratic discourse and moderate Islam.



Forrest Brown '11 Shares Experience Working with Endangered Species in South Africa

As a young boy, Forrest Brown '11 would spend a few days a week in the care of a woman in nearby Townsend, Del. "She would take me outside in search of wildlife," recalls Forrest who grew up on the St. Andrew's campus. "It was my first recollection of really appreciating animals." His appreciation manifested this summer in the form of a five-week service commitment at Khulula Care for Wild in the far, northwest corner of South Africa.

Forrest, who is a Jefferson Scholar, writer for the student newspaper, and varsity rower at the University of Virginia, found Khulula through African Conservation Network, a non-profit that establishes, maintains and supports conservation projects in southern Africa. He joined Khulula's rhino team helping to feed and monitor rhinos constantly exposed to the threat of poachers. The center is also home to birds, antelopes, cats, primates, and elephants.

Forrest shared his many pictures and stories from the trip with Peter McLean's biology students this week. "The most remarkable part of his journey for me," said McLean, "is that he is such a talented young man who can go and do anything with his life, but he has chosen to work with animals in a real and meaningful way. It was a powerful message for the students."

Forrest first fell in love with South Africa during a St. Andrew's trip there organized by faculty member Joleen Hyde in 2011. Hyde, who is from South Africa, helped Forrest plan his visit to Khulula with a few extra weeks living in Capetown. He hopes to return often in the future, but there is already a part of him that never left. "A rhino gave birth a couple of weeks after I left," he says. "They named him Forrest."

Paintings of Dylan Critchfield-Sales Open 2013-14 Visiting Artist Series

Dylan Critchfield-Sales opened the School's 2013-14 Visiting Artists Series in the Warner Gallery with an array of paintings representing his work over the past ten years. Entitled *The Nature of Seeing: Landscape, Figure and Interior*, the paintings reflect both his surroundings and growth as a painter who continues to push his art.

Critchfield-Sales began painting as a teenager in his hometown of Pittsburgh before earning his B.F.A. from the Maryland Institute College of Art. He also studied in Italy at the International School of Painting, Drawing and Sculpture. In 2009, he received the Elizabeth Greenshields grant and in 2011 earned his M.F.A. at The Henry Radford Hope School of Fine Arts at Indiana University. Shortly thereafter, he spent six months as a studio assistant to the internationally renowned painter, Odd Nerdrum, in Norway and France. His work over the years has reflected his travels.

Alex McIlvaine '14, one of thirteen seniors in Advanced Study Studio Art, noticed the many shifts in Critchfield-Sales's paintings and noted during the open discussion that it looked like four or five artists were actually represented on the gallery walls. Critchfield-Sales thanked Alex for what he considered a compliment and explained: "I started out with small landscape paintings and became very good and very comfortable with them. I could have made a successful career painting them. However, I'd rather be uncomfortable — to push myself into areas that scare me a little. That's how my work has grown and improved."

Only 27 years old, Critchfield-Sales teaches painting at the University of South Carolina and came to campus from Columbia to install the show and work with students in John McGiff's painting and drawing classes. "We were thrilled to begin this year's Visiting Artist Series with Dylan," said McGiff. "He is a fantastic and dynamic young painter and his message to students about pushing their work in new directions was exactly what we emphasize in the arts and across all disciplines."





Professional Actor and Director Jodie Markell Teaches Master Classes to Film and Acting Students

Jodie Markell has spent the past thirty years uncovering the motivations and mindsets of her characters. As an actor, she learned from directors such as John Malkovich, Gary Sinise, and Woody Allen before also stepping behind the camera. In 2009 she directed her first feature film, Tennessee Williams's "The Loss of the Teardrop Earring," where she worked with young actors Bryce Dallas Howard and Chris Evans. Her work on the film led her to share her passion through teaching. She's since started teaching a class on directing actors in the MFA Film Program at Columbia University's School of the Arts and recently spent a day with St. Andrew's film and acting students in the O'Brien Arts Center.

Markell generously spent two sessions sharing her depth of knowledge and experience with Peter Hoopes's film students offering them a rare opportunity to ask questions about the practice of making films, but also how or why Markell made certain decisions on the films she's worked on. "We were able to watch some of the behind the scenes footage of 'The Loss of the Teardrop Diamond' and it was great to see how she put the film together," said Matthew Gore '15.

Later that night, Markell met with Ann Taylor's acting students on the Engelhard Hall stage for a master class. Each student came prepared with a monologue to deliver and Markell teased out each character with an eye for detail and expression. "I really enjoyed working

with Mrs. Markell," glowed Bella Miller '14, who is currently in rehearsals for the winter play. "She jumped right in without any hesitation and gave clear advice and asked interesting questions about my character that I had never considered before. I hope she will come back and help us work on future projects."

Markell's sister, Alison Wetter P'14, joined her on campus. The two were born and raised in Memphis, Tenn., where Markell studied theater from an early age before eventually attending Northwestern University and pursuing her career in New York City. Her roots remain firmly planted in Memphis with her love of Tennessee Williams and Eudora Welty influencing some of her greatest professional achievements.

Dr. Beverly Gage Delivers 11th Annual Levinson Lecture in History

Yale University history professor Dr. Beverly Gage presented the 11th Annual

Levinson Lecture in mid-November with an inside look at her current work examining the life and career of J. Edgar Hoover. It was a rare opportunity to learn about a man who stood at the epicenter of almost every major event of the 20th century, but to also experience the benefit of dissecting the process of Dr. Gage's work as a historian.

Dr. Gage began the lecture by emphasizing Hoover's staying power as head of the FBI for 48 years and encouraged students to consider her insights on Hoover not in a vacuum, but in relation to other historical figures and events and as part of a continuum through present day. She then deftly wove the story of Hoover's rise from a child raised just steps from the U.S. Capitol through his leadership of the FBI beginning in 1924 at the age of 29 and through his death in 1972.

Dr. Gage's many insights were backed up by years of inquiry and research she's undertaken while writing Hoover's definitive biography for Simon & Schuster. It's easy to imagine him being impressed with her relentless inquiry into his life. At one point she projected a photo of Hoover's second grade report card and coyly explained that she found little insight from it, but wanted to show it because she was so proud at having tracked it down.

After touching on the key points of Hoover's life, Dr. Gage brought it back to the students to consider the important questions of how was he able to stay in the position for so



long, what is it that he built, and, ultimately, why should we care?

"One of the most exciting things about Professor Gage's work as a historian is that she makes so very clear the relevance of the past to our lives as citizens today," said History Department Chair Emily Pressman. "Even though many students had little knowledge of Hoover going into the talk, they emerged excited to discuss what he and his history at the FBI can tell us about both our past and our present."

Dr. Gage posited that Hoover's career had a direct impact on America's current political ideologies, including debates on small versus big government, how appointed positions fit into our democracy, and government surveillance. "Are we more willing to accept certain types of surveillance now? Do we need another Church Commission?" asked Dr. Gage in reference to the 1975 committee chaired by Senator Frank Church investigating FBI intelligence gathering.

Students had an opportunity to respond to Dr. Gage's talk and ask questions that further tied Hoover's past to the present. One line of questioning was aimed at reconciling his leadership of the controversial COINTELPRO program that disrupted groups like the KKK, but also threatened the work of Martin Luther King, Jr.

The conversation continued well into the evening as Dr. Gage graciously made herself available to more student questions while signing copies of her most recent book, *The Day Wall Street Exploded*, examining terrorism in America in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Upon her departure, Dr. Gage was animated with Pressman about how much she enjoyed the visit and the time spent with students. Her book *G-Man: J. Edgar Hoover and the American Century* is scheduled for release in early 2015.

The annual Levinson Lecture in History is made possible thanks to the generosity of David '53, Marilyn and Micah '05 Levinson who endowed the lecture to bring a noted figure in history, politics, economics or related social science fields to campus each year.



Author and Farmer Joel Salatin Highlights 2013 Fall Festival

For St. Andrew's students, appreciating the natural world is never more difficult than stepping outside. With 2,200 acres of woods, trails, waterways and fields inhabited by bald eagles, red-tailed hawks, deer, owls, foxes and critters of all sizes, every day is an opportunity to learn and experience the outdoors. It was made all the easier in mid-October during the 2013 Fall Festival thanks to a dedicated group of students, faculty and parents.

The weekend kicked off with a visit from renowned author, farmer and activist Joel Salatin who spent two days on campus highlighted by visits to classes, a Chapel talk, touring the School farm, meeting with the School's land use committee and an all School event in Engelhard Hall on Friday evening. There he discussed his latest book, *Folks, This Ain't Normal*, in front of a capacity crowd of students and guests. Salatin argued passionately against government regulations that he sees as detrimental to the local farming movement he's worked tirelessly to grow over the past two decades. He made a point to celebrate the work he saw promoting environmental sustainability during his stay. "What's going on in this place is magic, it's healing, it's empowering and it's inspiring and it's wonderful to be here," proclaimed Salatin. His words proved prescient as the rest of the weekend unfolded.

Several days of rain broke on Saturday morning just in time for the many events planned by students and faculty. Students had the opportunity to go apple-picking, carve pumpkins, enjoy s'mores on the Front Lawn, spend the night camping, go on a nighttime bio barge trip in search of owls, take a night hike with Louisa Belk '16, or milk Shara and Al Wood's cow, Daisy, before using the milk to make ice cream.

Dining Services hosted meals featuring salad, okra, and tomatoes from the organic garden, roasted chestnuts from the trees along Founders Drive, local grass-fed beef, and flan made with butternut squash, also from the organic garden and ice cream from the University of Delaware creamery.

"We are focused on the environment everyday here at St. Andrew's, but it's also nice to take a weekend and celebrate our beautiful campus and the work we need to do both locally and globally to sustain our earth," said Director of Sustainability Diana Burk. "Joel's visit in particular sparked several conversations and debates among the students. We can all agree that something needs to change, but I think the students understood that the complexities of how to go about that change need to be addressed and answered."

The environmental education continues well beyond the weekend. St. Andrew's is once again participating in the Green Cup Challenge this winter and opportunities for weekend camping trips continue to increase.

We offer a special thanks to two alumni families for making Salatin's visit possible. ■

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Please visit

bit.ly/SASLive

for a schedule of upcoming events or to view an archive of past speakers.

 **livestream**



St. Andrew's Welcomes Five New, Two Returning Faculty Members

St. Andrew's is proud to welcome five new and two returning members of the faculty for the 2013-2014 school year. The group is one of the largest in recent years and promises to add to the vitality and strength of the faculty and School community.

Kellyann Connors is a 2012 graduate of Union Theological Seminary and a 2009 graduate of Denison University. She has worked for the Auburn Theological Seminary in New York and for AmeriCorps in Fort Meade, Maryland. During her undergraduate career, she was a teaching assistant in the Denison Religion Department. Kellyann will teach classes in IV and VI Form Religious Studies and Wellness. She will coach volleyball, girls basketball and girls soccer and serve as the Head Dorm Parent on Moss Annex.

Katherine Crowley is a 2013 graduate of the University of Virginia where she double majored in American Studies and history. Katherine served as Chief of Staff with the International Relations Organization where she coordinated the Virginia International Crisis Simulation Conference. At UVA, Katherine served on the College Council and was Vice

President of her sorority. At St. Andrew's, Katherine will teach IV and V Form English and coach boys soccer, girls basketball and girls lacrosse. She will be the Head Dorm Parent on Upper Mein.

Matt Carroll returns to St. Andrew's after two successful years in the world of consulting in New York City. He is a 2009 graduate of Dartmouth College, where he majored in Government and played varsity soccer for four years. As captain and leader of his team, Matt developed remarkable abilities to coach, inspire and persevere. Matt will teach U.S. 3-4 history, serve as a Co-Dean of the V Form, coach varsity soccer and girls varsity lacrosse, and work in both Admissions and the Athletic Director's office.

Jen McGowan also returns from St. Andrew's after a year teaching at the Hackley School in New York. Jen is a 2008 graduate of Hamilton College where she majored in Mathematics and earned both the Coleman Burke Prize Scholarship and the Dirvin Family Prize Scholarship. Jen also earned All-America Honors and captained the women's lacrosse team to a Division III National Championship her senior year. Jen will teach Honors Algebra 2 and Precalculus/Trigonometry and coach girls cross-country and girls varsity lacrosse. She is

the Co-Dean of the V Form and the Head Dorm Parent on Lower Mein.

Dr. Sara O'Connor is 1989 graduate of St. Andrew's. She earned her B.A. degree in Ecology and Evolutionary Biology at Princeton University and earned her medical degree at West Virginia University's Robert C. Byrd Health Services Center School of Medicine. Following a distinguished career as a clinical and surgical Ophthalmologist, Sara made the decision to embark upon a teaching career. She will teach Introductory Biology and Advanced Biology, coach girls squash and tennis and work with Kelly Lazar on Gaul East dorm.

Piper Nash graduated from Oberlin College in May 2013. At Oberlin, Piper majored in Biology with a minor in Chemistry. She was a Physics workshop leader in the Oberlin Physics Department, a teaching assistant in Biology and a researcher in a biology professor's laboratory. Piper was also a member of the Oberlin cross-country and track team and served as team captain her senior year. Piper will teach Biology and Honors Physics and coach girls cross-country.

JaiVon Wesley is a 2009 graduate of St. Andrew's. He graduated from Greensboro College in May 2013 with a B.S. degree in Athletic Training. During his career at Greensboro, JaiVon served as a student athletic trainer at East Forsyth High School, the Sports Medicine & Orthopaedics Center, and Greensboro College. JaiVon has served on the medical staff team supporting the Delaware/Blue/Gold Game, the Sports Challenge Summer Sports Academy, the U.S. Figure Skating Championships and the Special Olympics. JaiVon is a member of the National Athletic Trainer's Association and the recipient of the Founder's Scholarship from 2009-2012 at Greensboro. He will be assisting Al Wood in the training office and supporting teams across the athletics.

Introduction to Physics Classes Explore Real World Solutions to Energy Sustainability

What if a lesson can have a lasting impact on not just a student, but on the building the student is sitting in? Physics teachers John Burk and Mark Hammond have attempted to answer that question this fall with the help of 40 students across three sections of Introduction to Physics. The two began thinking about ways to integrate principles of environmental sustainability into their curriculum over the summer and found the School's ongoing energy audit as a perfect platform to teach thermodynamics, which, in its simplest form, is the study of energy and its transfer through heat. "We want students to do work in physics that has a lasting benefit not just in their learning, but for their community," explained Burk. Early indications suggest they're well on their way.

The classes spent the fall studying basic thermodynamics by creating smaller case studies like calculating how much energy is used to heat water in Founders Hall or determining which has more energy, a single peanut of a AA battery (it's the peanut). The initial work has students thinking about energy savings off campus as well. Peter Stansbury '15 related a lesson on how heat transfers through various materials to his summer work installing insulation in the attic of the Swain School in Allentown, Pa. where his father serves as Headmaster. "We talked about the R-value [a measure of thermal resistance] of insulation and helped the school identify the most efficient insulation to help reduce its energy costs and carbon footprint."

In early December, the classes conducted full-scale energy audits on



three historic faculty homes: the Roach's, Hammond's home on Noxontown Road, and the Noxon House, just up the road from the apple cider mill. The classes measured the overall efficiency of each house using a blower door test to calculate how much air is leaving the house every hour. From there, they'll estimate the cost of the leakage and then come up with a series of recommendations that they will present to the occupant of the house and the facilities team. The work has the potential to significantly reduce energy costs and the carbon footprint of all three houses.

John Andrew McCown '07 is lending his expertise to the project. He works for Efficient Home, LLC performing energy audits and implementing recommendations for low-income families receiving energy assistance from the State of Maryland. "John Burk is the best teacher I ever had. He has a way of teaching you how to learn that I'd never come across before and haven't yet," said McCown. "I lit up when we realized I'm in a field of work that he's directly working on with his students." Burk is equally excited. "It's fantastic to have a recent alum show students how

easily the ideas they are learning in the classroom can empower them to make a difference in the world around them."

McCown has found his work promotes both a healthy planet and bottom line. He estimates the state can spend up to \$8,000 on a house spraying insulation, replacing old heat pumps, and installing more energy efficient air conditioners, refrigerators, electric stoves and light bulbs. "It's obviously a lot of money up front, but the state usually recoups the cost in under two years through lower energy bills. Everything after that is just savings. People can argue about providing energy assistance, but as long as we're doing it we should do it in a fiscally responsible way."

The classes hope to finish the project by February, but will continue to ask questions and try to find more energy efficient solutions to real world problems. "If we're going to solve the climate change problem it's most likely going to be through efficiency," said Burk. "Energy savings doesn't have to be an all or nothing proposition. We're trying to transcend the usual debate about sacrifice versus consumption. We can have a comfortable life while using less energy."



Arts Department Expands Offerings with Multi-Media Art Class

"We're all students and teachers. We're all going to learn from each other," said John McGiff on the first day of his new multi-media art class this fall. Nine students, all veterans of his Painting and Drawing classes, stood around the 1960s-era Charles Brand Machinery etching press photography teacher Joshua Meier brought back to life over the summer in a refurbished corner of the second floor art studio of the O'Brien Arts Center. "We really weren't sure what we were getting ourselves into," recalls Miller Murray '15, "but we'd all taken at least one art class with Mr. McGiff before, so obviously we trusted him and were excited to try something new."

That newness is part of the fun for students who are producing work perhaps never imagined by students before this year. In what represents a more contemporary approach to art, McGiff has opened up a new world of possibilities using any number of printing techniques. Students can expand the limits of their creativity by walking into the studio on any given day and choosing from linocut, etching, solar printing, drypoint, lithography, screen printing, and monotype. It's very much develop your own adventure with students tending to using multiple techniques that



they then methodically layer into original compositions.

Looking across the wall of student work the eye catches a spectrum of fall leaves individually painted and rolled through the press contrasting with a solar print of a Portuguese port etched into an ultraviolet light-sensitive emulsion. A printed wolf howls at a swirling moon. Charlie Taylor '14 found remnants left by photo students on the floor of the dark room and incorporated them into an abstract print reminiscent of a Kandinsky painting.

It hasn't always been smooth of course. The class has had its fair share of lessons in resiliency and problem solving. "The first couple of times we tried solar printing we just couldn't get it right. It drove us all crazy," says McGiff clearly excited at the many possibilities for success that failure can bear. Indeed, the students' many struggles led to some of their greatest breakthroughs. Morgan Hallow '15 was so unsatisfied with her early prints that she decided to invent her own process using photos, a printer, an X-Acto knife, and whatever paints suit her particular mood.

McGiff believes the class offers students more room to explore than anything he's ever taught. "Their personalities are coming out not just in the final product, but in the processes they choose to use to get there." It's also opened up a whole new world for McGiff who continues to push his own work as a painter. "We are in this new world together and I'm learning as much from them on any given day as they are from me." Two months later his prediction on the first day has come to fruition.

History of the Middle East Course Evolves With Complexities of the Region

As in most ambitious endeavors, the History of the Middle East course has been the work of many hands over many years to find its current form — a full-year Advanced Studies class, offered across three sections taught by two faculty members. Teacher insight and student feedback improves the offering every year, connecting it dynamically to current events in the Middle East and to concerns in the students' lives. Today the course continues to evolve and to address a strong student demand for an understanding of a region different from, yet so intertwined, with the United States. Reed McLaurin '14 grew up in Texas with an acute awareness of the importance of the Middle East in foreign policy. "From 9/11 and the U.S. wars in Iraq and Afghanistan to the Israeli/Palestinian conflict and the recent Arab Spring, the Middle East has dominated headlines throughout my life. I took the class to get a more complete and unbiased view of the region to help further my own understanding, and to expand on the knowledge of Judaism and Islam that I had gained from my IV Form religion course."

Former chaplain Carl Kunz understood the need to offer students more in-depth exposure to the historical and contemporary Middle East, and to Islam even before September 11, 2001. Current Religious Studies Chair Terence Gilheany offered a World Religions course soon after his arrival at St. Andrew's in 1994, and under Kunz's guidance he developed and offered a VI Form religion course on Islam. Soon the department began incorporating more Islam into their required IV Form course. Chaplain Jay Hutchinson gave Islam a full role in the course, helping the course develop into our current Abrahamic Religious Traditions.

From 2002-2005 Gilheany taught a semester-long Middle East history course at Middlesex School in Concord,

Massachusetts, which he redesigned and expanded into a full-year experience for V and VI Formers when he returned to St. Andrew's in 2005. Lindsay Brown co-taught the course with Gilheany that year, and the two experienced history teachers have been responsible for the course ever since.

Over the years the class has come to focus on the compelling questions of the contemporary Middle East informed by a deep understanding of its history. Gilheany and Brown frame the central question of the class as, "What forces have brought the Middle East to its current situation and, given those sources, what are the best chances for peace in the future?" Brown instituted a short research paper on a current issue or crisis facing the Middle East at the beginning of the year. The paper brings the students into contemporary issues and helps them frame their questions for the course. This year's topic asked the students to give a briefing to President Obama about current events in either Egypt or Syria and offer a suggestion about U.S. policy towards that country for the President. Michael Alexander '15 credits that initial paper with forcing him to view the world with a wider scope. "The course has taught me to look at all possibilities and repercussions of a political or cultural struggle when forming an argument or making a decision."

The course culminates with another, longer research paper with students choosing a topic. Jamie O'Leary '14 decided to travel to Saudi Arabia as part of her research on the experience of women in the Middle East, "I was fascinated by what we read in class about women in the Middle East, and I wanted to learn more about what it means to be a woman in the context of Islam. I traveled to Saudi Arabia where I wore a hijab and interviewed women, speaking with women who felt liberated by the hijab and women who abhor it. Experiencing a culture I had explored in class and asking questions to women who grew up in



the Middle East was incredible. When I returned home I contacted more women and conducted research in order to write an essay about the complex relationship between beauty and freedom in Saudi Arabia. I loved the process so much that I was upset when I had to turn the paper in."

In 2011-2012 Gilheany spent his sabbatical living in Israel and the Palestinian Territories and traveling to Jordan, Egypt, Turkey and Lebanon as a Fulbright Distinguished Teacher. In the summer of 2013 he joined a National Endowment for the Humanities course on Ottoman Cultures in Turkey. After each experience he brought back new resources, questions and insights for the course. This year, he significantly revised the unit on the Ottoman Empire, focusing on a debate between the models of the ethnically delineated nation-state and the multi-ethnic empire.

Throughout the course, Brown and Gilheany seek opportunities to build students' critical thinking skills. The class uses traditional historical inquiry — reading a variety of sources, understanding broad, historical narratives, seeing the present as part of a historical context, and stretching students to think outside of their own time and place. In addition, the class brings students to the present, and lets them see themselves as essential to contemporary issues of global importance. As Brown notes, "Students today need to read carefully and with a critical eye, without

being cynical or dismissive. They should be able to think, speak, and write with a base of knowledge as well as a sense of humility and openness to the complexities of the world. They should feel excited about asking tough questions and seeking a deeper understanding of other cultures and historical narratives, while also feeling grounded in their own time and place."

In the future Brown and Gilheany are looking into opportunities for students to virtually "meet" with students in the Middle East, to discuss aspects of their lives and their views on both historical and contemporary events. Next year will likely see the culmination of a process of gathering primary sources into a course reader specifically designed for St. Andrew's. This summer Gilheany will be leading a group of students on a trip to Israel and the Palestinian Territories, and their experiences will be used to shape the class going forward.

History of the Middle East, like many great courses, continues to develop, progress and mature, responding to political events, pedagogical changes, and student reaction and response. As Gilheany notes, "I cannot envision what the course will look like in five years, any more than I can envision precisely what the region will look like in five years. We will continue to innovate and learn along with our students, and seek to give them the tools to engage in a fast-moving world." ■

Who Has Rights?

In Ethics, students work on crafting the most logical arguments possible in a given number of words. Here, Doug McLaurin '14 seeks to respond, in 300 words or less, to the following questions: "Do animals have rights? What effect does your answer have on the question of whether it is ethical for humans to eat animals?"

So, who has rights?

"A right can only be granted if the agent has the ability not to infringe upon the rights of other agents.

"Inanimate objects, animals and severely mentally handicapped humans do not have the ability to fulfill their duty not to infringe upon others' rights because they cannot understand morality and laws. Because they are not moral agents, they do not have rights.

"The society of moral agents must eat to function. Because life is a right for those with rights, moral agents must kill and eat only agents without rights. Because all agents without rights are equally without rights, moral agents have the equal right to eat any agent without rights and use these agents as a means for survival.

"Many agents without rights have the capacity to suffer in a way at least similar to the way in which moral agents suffer. Moral agents should do what is kindest to the agents they use as a means, so moral agents should minimize the suffering inherent in the process of eating agents without rights.

"To do this, moral agents must learn about the meat they buy and avoid, to the greatest extent they can, supporting the suffering of animals that are factory farmed in ways that induce unnecessary suffering. Moral agents must seek to eat meat that they know was raised and killed in the way that minimizes suffering to the greatest extent.

"Eating meat in any capacity entails some suffering, so humans with the capability should do the most good by eating the least meat possible. It is not inherently wrong to eat meat though. In the case of an overpopulated group of animals threatening its own survival or an animal that dies of natural causes, eating meat could lessen or at least support no suffering."

What would your response have been? Do you see places where Doug's logic is particularly strong, or places where it breaks down?

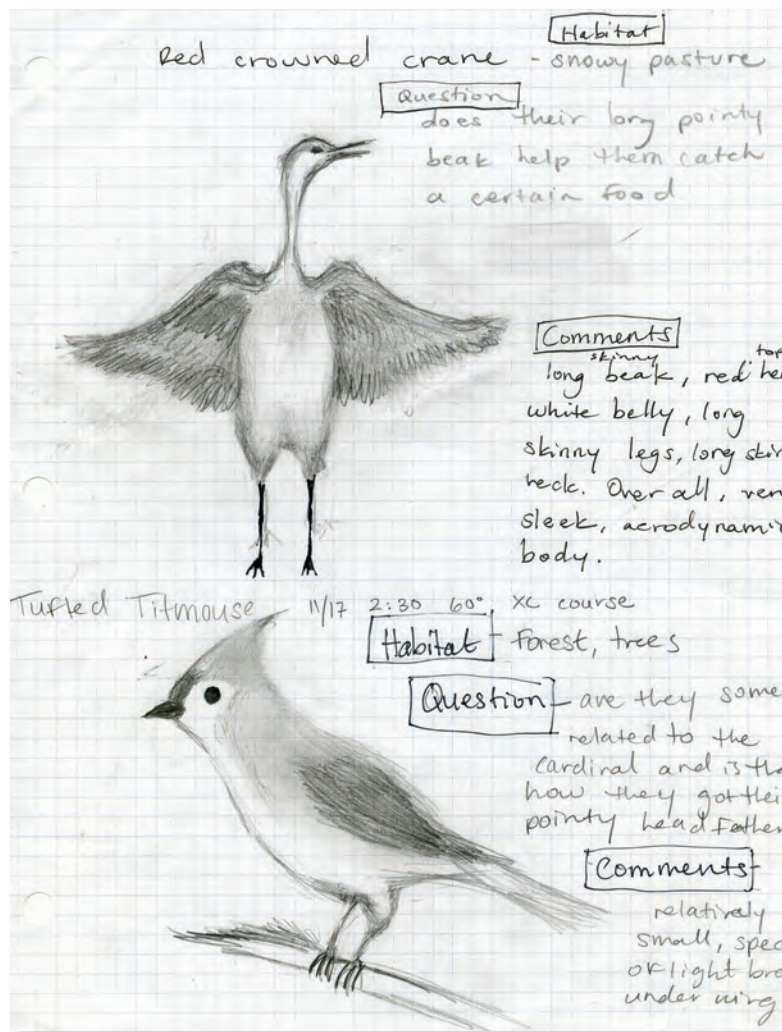


Doug McLaurin '14 wrestles with life's daily ethical questions as co-head of the Honor Committee, senior leader on Hillier Dorm, chapel acolyte and weekly mentor to a middle school student in Middletown. He plays squash and clinched the 2013 boys tennis State Championship with a doubles victory last spring. He originally hails from Lufkin, Texas, about 60 miles west of Louisiana.

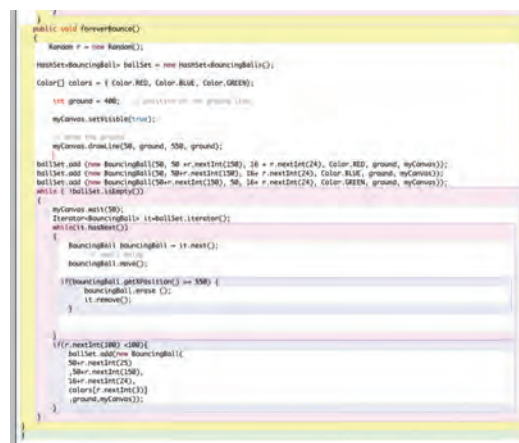
Peek Inside:

Intro to Biology

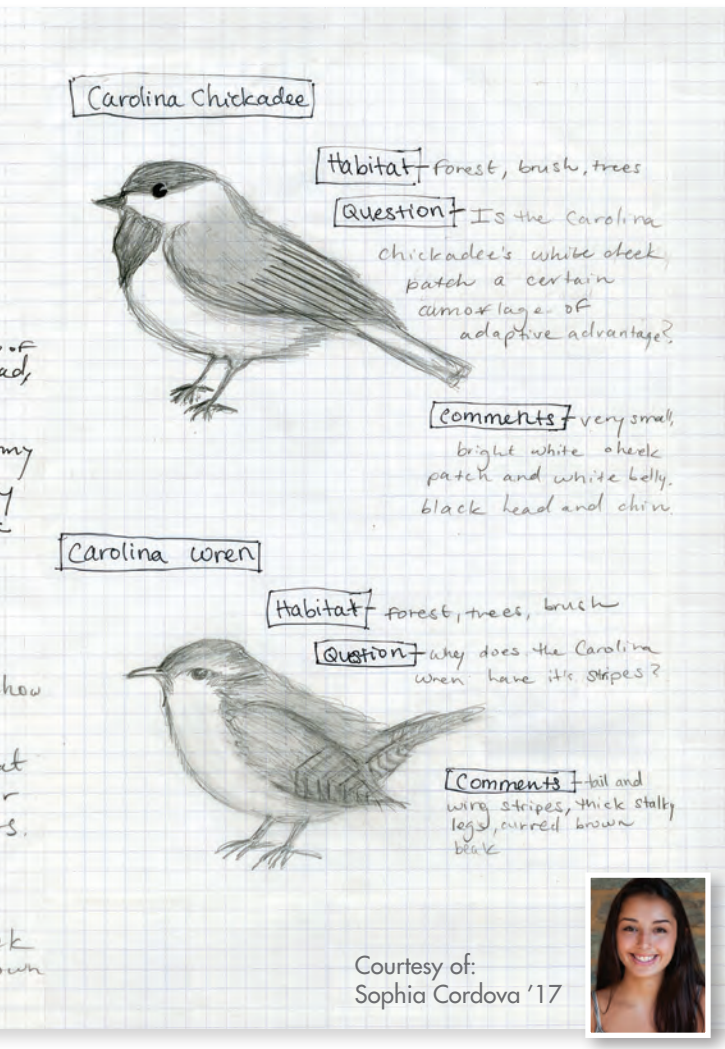
For the past 25 years, students in Peter McLean's Introduction to Biology class have conducted the work of biologists through his famed "Bird Project." Each student is required to make 75 observations of 25 different species and record each with a description of the bird, quick contour



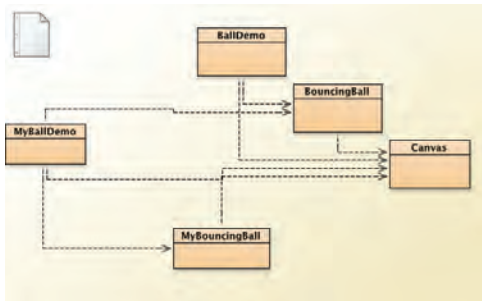
Computer Programming 1



sketch, brief description of its habitat, a comment about the bird or its behavior, and a question or hypothesis based on observations. Ultimately, it's a chance to get outdoors and use the scientific method to explore and appreciate the natural world.



Computer Science students learn Java components like *HashSet*, *Iterator*, and *Random* through an extension of a bouncing ball simulation. By extending and building upon existing code, students are able to add functionality to the simulation while learning how to use new Java classes within their programming code.



Syllabus

AS French 5

Diahann Johnson,
Modern Languages Department Chair

Course Description: This course surveys the literature of the French Diaspora. Advanced Study in French 5 aims to refine students' command of sophisticated vocabulary and linguistic structures while developing their skills in literary analysis. Students learn to develop a thesis, write formal dissertations and present a final exhibition. Topics have included studies of art, literature, theater and film from France, the Caribbean, West Africa, Asia and Canada. Readings are supplemented with non-literary sources and articles in order to situate the works in their political and historical contexts.

Core philosophy: There is inherent value in all languages setting apart and unifying the human family. Language serves the fundamental human desire to communicate. A better understanding of self and others develops within the context of language. Learning a second language helps us better understand the structure of our own language and to appreciate the parallels between two cultures. Mastery of a second language will be a minimum requirement in a world where, "globalization [has gone] from globalizing industries to globalizing individuals." (Thomas Freidman, *The World is Flat*)

On the reading list:

L'Etranger (Camus)
Une Vie de boy (Oyono)
Une Fois pour Toutes (Longman)

Assessments: Students work individually, or as a group, to present a topic relating to a specific historical figure, literary or cultural event. Students will also keep a journal throughout the year in which they respond to "thought questions" generated by class discussions. Although accuracy (grammar, spelling) is important, journals will be graded more for thoughtfulness, creativity and attention to detail. Students will also write a more formal 5- to 8-page thesis and end the year with a culminating research project inspired by a particular unit or topic in the curriculum. The project may have both an oral and a written component.

An assignment in Madame Johnson's words: Suite à notre étude de Camus et *L'Etranger*, vous allez faire un projet de recherche qui comportera deux volets: Un devoir écrit de 5 pages et une exhibition orale (15 à 20mn). Je vous laisse le choix de sujet selon vos recherches mais vous êtes contraint à choisir un sujet qui correspond à la période 1956 à 1962, soit la Guerre d'Algérie. Ceci peut toucher la politique, les questions sociales, ou culturelles.



Thanks to the successful completion of the Crossroads Campaign, more faculty than ever were able to pursue professional development this summer. Here is a cross section of how faculty strengthened passions and sparked new ones.



Terence Gilheany Visits Istanbul, Turkey to Study Ottoman Empire

Religious Studies Chair Terence Gilheany landed in Istanbul, Turkey this summer to study the Ottoman Empire through an award from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Gilheany spent part of his first day strolling through Taksim Square, a frequent gathering place for human rights protestors this summer. There he met a man who warned him the country was “at war” and a young Turkish protestor who shared her firsthand experience and views on the current political strife. Gilheany detailed the conversation and his observations on his blog, *From Middletown to the Middle East*, which he’ll be updating throughout his trip.

Gilheany spent time traveling across Turkey on the Anatolian plain, up the Bosphorus River, and retracing the ancient silk trade on Silk Road before settling back in Istanbul. “I am fascinated by the relationship of the Ottoman Empire to the history of both the Middle East and Europe,” explained Gilheany who continues to push his own understanding of the region both through his classes and independent study. He is only one year removed from spending a year in

Israel and Palestine through a Fulbright Distinguished Award in Teaching.

Lindsay Brown Coaches at Navy Crew Camp

Head Crew Coach and history teacher Lindsay Brown has led St. Andrew’s boys crew program to national and international recognition for the past 25 years, but he knows there’s always more to learn and experience to gain. It’s with this mentality that he once again joined the coaching staff of the Navy Crew Camp this summer.

The camp, run by the Navy coaches, features three, five-day sessions in June for high school rowers and coxswains. The campers, and the coaches, live on the Naval Academy grounds and stay in the main dormitory. Brown was one of five or six outside coaches invited to supplement the staff.

“I am able to talk with coaches who have a range of experience and expertise,” explains Brown. “Even as I’m teaching young rowers, I’m constantly learning from the other coaches there.”

The coaching staff included several former U.S. National team athletes, including Brown, college coaches from major universities, and some high school coaches. Brown and the rest of the staff toured the Navy facility, worked out in the weight room, offered teaching seminars on various aspects of rowing, and spent hours on the water teaching rowing.

“I always take away several great ideas to improve my own approach to coaching, both in terms of the technical aspect of teaching good rowing as well as training ideas, nutrition, equipment setup, and mental preparation for racing,” says Brown.



Classics Teacher Mary Kelly Inspires Students in TEAK Fellowship Program

In some ways Mary Kelly’s experience teaching at the TEAK Fellowship program is simply a story about a dedicated teacher offering her services in the summer to a wonderful group of young students. But if you know Mary Kelly or have had the opportunity to see her teach, you know that her experience is much more than that.

Kelly recently completed her second summer teaching in the program designed to help talented New York City students from low-income families gain admission to and succeed at top high schools and colleges. She returned for a second summer for several reasons, but they all centered on her desire to continue improving as a teacher. She wanted to learn from Sarah Demers, a former St. Andrew’s English teacher and coach who, at only 28-years old, is the Director of the Summer Institute. She wanted to once again experience what it was like to push her students to learn a semester’s worth of material in six short weeks and do it with sky-high stakes on success. She wanted to work with younger students who would continue to push and stretch her ability to relate and teach students at all levels. It forced her to work in ways that she hadn’t worked in years and do things she’d never done before.

“The summer is incredibly intense, exhausting, and exhilarating,” said Kelly as she headed into TEAK’s Manhattan campus on her last day of work. “I wasn’t sure if I wanted to come back this year, but TEAK’s mission and the

incredible professional development experience won out in the end.”

As a third-year teacher, Kelly embraced the opportunity to constantly work on her craft. Her love of learning and desire to push herself became evident as she continued: “I’ve learned to be a better planner and the importance of holding students accountable in order to make sure they are learning as much as they can. I’ve also spent a lot of time articulating why studying Latin is valuable to students who are required to take the course. The entire experience reinforced to me why I love my job so much. Being around students who are motivated and work hard — who see education as an opportunity and a privilege — is incredibly inspiring.”

Seeing education as an opportunity and a privilege is how Kelly has defined her own academic career. She attended the Bronx High School of Science before graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Bowdoin and winning the Nathan Gould Prize for Latin and Greek. She then came to St. Andrew’s and promptly won a Klingenstein Fellowship to Columbia University’s Klingenstein Summer Institute, a program that gathers 75 young teachers from around the world for an exploration of teaching styles, educational philosophies, educational issues and personal development. There are perhaps many more awards and fellowships in her future, but the names and accolades don’t drive Kelly’s passion for learning. She did, after all, spend parts of the summer after her first year of teaching studying Latin in a small Wisconsin classroom with Fr. Reginald Foster simply for the joy and experience it offered.

Her pure pursuit of knowledge continues to make her a catalyst for learning and collaboration within the St. Andrew’s community. She invited her colleague in the Classics department a fellow Phi Beta Kappa graduate Chris Childers to her classes this summer so he could share his gift for translating and reciting poetry. “Chris’s readings captivated my students,” recalled

Kelly. “They were thrilled to hear Latin and Greek poetry read in meter and to get an idea of how the languages might have actually sounded. He is an immensely talented reader of Latin and Greek and he makes the languages sound so beautiful and fluid. One of my students declared him not only ‘cool’ but also a ‘language god.’”

Kelly also cherished the time she spent learning from Sarah Demers. “I really can’t say enough about Sarah. She brings a consistent positive energy to everything she does. She’s a phenomenal leader who encouraged us all to ‘empty the tank’ every day. I am so grateful for everything she taught me this summer.”

With less than two weeks between the end of TEAK and the start of classes at St. Andrew’s, Kelly decided to take some time off in the Berkshires of Massachusetts. “I’m hoping to read a lot,” she says.



Sharon Phelan Spends Summer Studying at China’s Yunnan University

In a 2012 Wednesday Night Chapel Talk, English teacher and Dean Sharon Phelan urged students to push themselves to be “out of breath” in all endeavors. She’s been heeding her own advice for the past two summers through intensive study of Chinese with Middlebury College. Last summer Phelan attended the college’s Chinese language program in Vermont taking classes and adhering to a strict full-time language pledge. She decided to stretch even further this summer dedicating herself to an eight-week summer Chinese Language Immersion program at Yunnan

University in Kunming through the C.V. Starr-Middlebury School in China.

Phelan took a full load of intensive Chinese language classes, living with a Chinese roommate and, again, abiding by a full-time language pledge.

One assignment instructed Phelan to interview an older person to prepare for an oral exam. “I headed down to Green Lake, the most promising place to find elderly people practicing tai chi, dancing, flying kites, selling vegetables, or simply sitting around talking and laughing,” recalls Phelan. “At first I struggled to find not only someone disengaged from these activities but also the courage to approach and begin a conversation. After a few failed attempts, I engaged a lively and rich and long conversation with an older married couple. We talked about their daily lives, their satisfaction and concerns about the immense cultural and social changes they have experienced in China. I was able to share with them stories of my experience in China, my interest in the culture and lives of the people, as well as my perceptions of the lives of Americans. While we talked, others began to gather to listen. My preparation for a five-minute oral exam turned into a forty-minute invigorating conversation.”

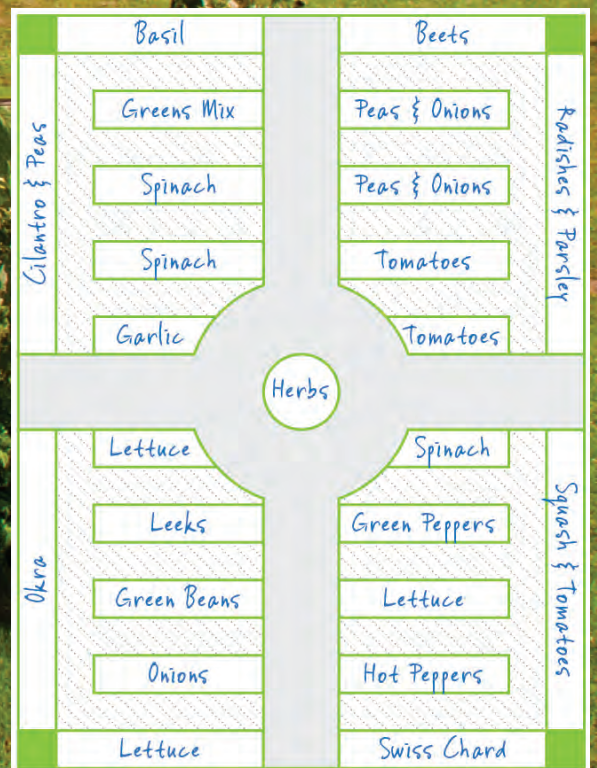
At night and on weekends Phelan and her roommate explored Kunming’s many restaurants, temples, and parks.

“I live this intense life as a student during the summer in order to prepare myself to be a better teacher during the school year,” explains Phelan. “As I experience all the eagerness, disappointment, pride, and energy of new learning, I often think of my students and their daily lives at St. Andrew’s. I trust their deep intent to indulge the opportunities both in and out of the classroom, and I feel their excitement and exhaustion to meet the seemingly impossible expectations set before them.” ■

Sustainable Saints

Susan Kemer and several groups of enthusiastic students continue to grow produce in the rich soil in and around the organic garden. Their work this semester yielded more than 200 gallons worth of tomatoes, greens, potatoes, beans, radishes, okra, butternut squash, peppers, basil, parsley cilantro, leeks, zucchini and watermelons — all of which students, faculty, staff and guests happily consumed during family-style meals.







Al Wood and JaiVon Wesley '09 Pursue the Science of Athletics

Classes end at 3:50 p.m., but athletic trainers Al Wood and JaiVon Wesley '09 are making a case that the academic life at St. Andrew's continues well into the afternoon. Al and Jai (pronounced "Jay") are using cutting edge research from people like Rob Butler '94 and Mark Cheng '90 to quietly re-imagine and redefine the St. Andrew's athlete. "You can't just bark at a kid to work harder," explains Al. "You have to work smarter too."

Working smarter has meant implementing Functional Movement Systems, or FMS. The basic premise is to first test an athlete's functional movement through a series of tests. The tests can reveal issues with athletes that would otherwise go unnoticed, like a hip or a knee that's not working at peak efficiency. Al and Jai can then address the issues with the athlete leading to significantly improved performance. Gray Cook and Lee Burton developed FMS and have worked with over 22 professional sports team and universities, including the San Francisco 49ers, Green Bay Packers, Montreal Canadians, Toronto Blue Jays, University of Texas, Stanford University,

and the University of Wisconsin. FMS has also been implemented in all five branches of the United States Military and the United States Secret Service. Al first implemented FMS in 2010 and it paid immediate dividends.

Alex McIlvaine '14 joined cross-country as a III Former and showed flashes of promise, but was otherwise a good runner on a team filled with good runners. "There was something missing in his performance," recalls Al. "You could see it in his fundamental movement patterns. He didn't have efficiency. He was also dealing with a lot of knee pain." Al gave Alex an FMS screening and determined he had some hip mobility, single leg stance stability and core stability issues. "The issues were limiting his stride length and balance," explains Al who set to work creating an individualized program of exercises for Alex to work on. Over time, Alex progressed toward a more efficient and athletic movement. To put it in simpler terms, Alex became very, very fast. He's now among the fastest runners in School history and finished sixth at the State meet this year.

Jai joined Al's laboratory this year. Jai played football and lacrosse at St. Andrew's before heading to Greensboro College in North Carolina where he played lacrosse and joined the swim team with no prior experience.

"I went into college thinking I wanted to be a physical therapist," he says, "but athletic training is the only health profession where you're there from when the injury occurs all the way through to recovery. I love the challenge of trying to figure out how to fix people and help them to move correctly. It's a puzzle and it's always different."

Jai returned to work at St. Andrew's for the opportunity to study on the cutting edge of the profession. "We're taking the best research and using it to prevent injuries and prepare athletes on an individual basis," says Jai. "It's how I want to practice. We're not here helping kids bench press and taping ankles. We are opening up avenues for kids to be more resilient and durable. I laughed off Al's invitation to return to St. Andrew's, but the fact is that he is building the best athletic training program a high school can offer, and I want to be here to help him do it."

Al sees a kindred spirit in Jai. Each is accomplished at treating injuries, but also possesses the drive to search for and learn ways to prevent them in the first place. "I love Jai's eye for detail," praises Al. "I trust him completely. All the work we do — the reading, the studying, and the one-on-one training — is for a common goal: athleticism in St. Andrew's athletes."

Boys Tennis Wins State Championship

After finishing second in the state in each of the past three years, seniors Z Roach, Pep Ruckpanich, and Riley McDonough finally met their goal; some would say shattered it. The three led the boys tennis team to the state championship in dominating fashion at the University of Delaware in May.

Pep won his record fourth doubles championship alongside Reed McLaurin '14 at 1st doubles. The boys cruised in the first set against their opponents from Caesar Rodney only to drop the second set. They came storming back in the third to capture the first points of the day for the Saints. The 2nd doubles team of Ryan Chiu '14 and Doug McLaurin '14 faced a similar challenge against their opponents from Tower Hill. Needing to win to secure the overall team championship,



the boys found themselves down 1-4 in the third set before digging in to win six of the next seven games to capture the set and the match. A large crowd of faculty, students, and alumni erupted after the match's final point.

The victories were only just beginning. Riley dismantled his opponent at 2nd singles — the #1 seed he had lost to twice this year — 6-0, 6-3 and Jasper Haritz '14 beat the #1 seed at 3rd singles for good measure. Four finals, four wins, one State Championship.

"I couldn't be prouder of these guys," said head coach Peter Hoopes. "They set a goal early in the year and did everything they could to meet it. Extra practices, conditioning in the offseason, even focusing on their mental approach to matches. They worked for everything they received."

It marked the 11th state championship for boys tennis since 1984 and the second highest point total in championship history (25). The girls have also won seven team championships.

Louisa Belk '16 Runs to State Championship

Ultimately the greatest athletes are the ones who can perform under the greatest pressure. Louisa Belk '16 did just that in solidifying her spot as the greatest girls cross-country runner in School history. The first-year runner went undefeated in the state en route to winning the Division II State Cross-Country Championship. Her time of 18:08 was the fastest time in the state this year and fourth fastest time ever run at Killens Pond State Park.

She didn't do it without a fight. Tatnall's #1 runner gave Louisa her first real challenge of the year, running with her for the first three miles before eventually fading in the race's final quarter mile. Coach Wilson Everhart '95 knew Louisa would be tested. "The state meet is the final meet of the year, so everyone empties the tank. The state's best runners were all gunning for her, but she stepped up."

Louisa's accomplishment is made all the more impressive by the fact that she, like the rest of her teammates, is a three-sport athlete and considers lacrosse her first love and best sport. "She competed all season against girls who focus solely on running. What I love about Louisa is that she's going to jump in the pool this winter to try swimming for the first time."

Louisa's emergence in only her first year running cross-country couldn't have come at a better time. The program has

benefitted from Charlotte Bristow '14's consistent leadership over the past four years. "We only had fourteen runners during Charlotte's first year," recalled Everhart. "We now have 42 kids. I credit the growth to Charlotte's grit and ability to set a very high standard for the team."

That high standard resulted in the team's first DISC Championship in 13 years and a 3rd place finish in the 31-team state meet. Neither is possible without a full team of elite runners. "All of our varsity runners are running under 21 minutes," said Everhart, "which is what our #1 runners would typically run in the past. We have the fastest runner in the state with six of the fastest girls we've ever had pushing each other every day."

Caitlin Porrazzo '15 earned All-State honors with a 10th place finish in 20:07 followed closely by Emma Porrazzo '15 in 20:32. Brookie McIlvaine '16, Bristow '14 and first year runner Lucy Slack '14 all came in at 25th, 26th and 28th, respectively. Ella Bristow '17 rounded out the scoring with a 31st place finish in 20:59. The team was easily the fastest team in School history.

"We were excited about third at States, but this was the first time I could see that the girls wanted more," said Everhart. The team will get their chance in 2014. Everhart acknowledged the impending loss of Charlotte and Lucy to graduation this spring, but is looking forward to bringing back five of the team's top seven runners next fall. "I told them to have fun playing other sports and I'll talk to them in late June. We'll be ready to go."





Susie Gurzenda: A Drive to Serve

A champion for sportsmanship and goodwill, Susie Gurzenda '10, spreads her uplifting attitude far beyond the campus playing fields. On three separate occasions, Gurzenda, a member of both the ladies field hockey and lacrosse teams, made trips to eastern Africa in efforts to share knowledge with, as well as care for and learn from, the underprivileged.

In her most recent trip during the fall semester of her junior year, Gurzenda landed in Nairobi, Kenya, where she took one month of intensive Swahili, followed by classes in international development, public health, and more Swahili. The final six weeks of her trip were dedicated to a research project that took her to the coastal village of Mwachinga, near Mombasa. There she studied the relationship between children's knowledge of Schistosomiasis, a waterborne disease, and their decisions to seek or ignore treatment.

Upon her return to Gambier, Gurzenda, originally from Somerset, Pa., helped guide the Ladies lacrosse team to the 2013 North Coast Athletic Conference title, the first conference title in program history. The Ladies rang up a 13-3 record and participated in the NCAA DIII Tournament. At season's end, Gurzenda was one of two Kenyon players named to the Intercollegiate Women's Lacrosse Coaches Association's (IWLCA) Academic Honor Roll.

Her return to campus triggered the inception of a Swahili study table. Additionally, Gurzenda became an upperclass counselor and continued her work with Christian Outreach and Social

Justice, as well as with Spiritual and Religious Life.

"It's just great to be at a place like Kenyon where there are so many opportunities," Gurzenda said. "I have amazing teammates, coaches, and professors. There is so much curiosity in the classroom and so much drive on the field...all of that just excites me."

Prior to the Kenya trip, Gurzenda twice traveled to Tanzania to teach school children near the city of Arusha. Her first time there she spent three months teaching English and physics at a secondary school. The second time around, she taught HIV/AIDS awareness and nutrition education. The people, the area, and especially the Swahili language, captured Gurzenda's interest and had a major influence on her decision to become an international studies and economics double major.

For now, Gurzenda is geared up for field hockey, keeping the Kenyon women on a winning path. Graduate school is likely in her future and return to Africa is almost a certainty.

Former Olympic Coach and Four-Time National Champion Theresa Shank Grentz Works With Girls Basketball

Theresa Shank Grentz cuts an imposing figure studying the movements of the girls basketball team working through a new drill in the old gym. The Hall of Fame player and former U.S. Olympic coach looks every bit of the competitor she was playing for Immaculata University where she was a three-time All-American and won three National Championships (she won another coaching Rutgers University in the 1980s). The girls are sprinting through the drill that involves a complex series of passing, dribbling, and shooting. It was already the second practice of the day during three days of workouts in late August under Grentz's guidance. They look good and Grentz calls time for a special chalkboard session on defense.

It's only been a few short days, but the girls have already bought into the routine. They gather around a small white board with snacks and water, using the master class on the 2-3 zone defense to refuel before going back onto the court. The girls have developed a

reputation for tenacity over the past three years under Head Coach Seraphine Hamilton and Assistant Nathan Costa, but their drive to the second round of the state tournament and 15-5 record put the rest of the state on notice. They won't surprise anyone this winter and it is clear from the mini-camp with Grentz that they're looking forward to the challenge.

"Our goal this year is to make it to the state semifinals," says four-year varsity player Janee Dennis '14. "Coach Grentz broke down the little things we need to do to become better players — a pivot after a rebound, how to handle the ball in different game situations or made adjustments to our shooting form. We all became better players in a very short amount of time. I'm looking forward to coming together as a team this winter."

Aly Saliba '14 is also in her fourth year on the varsity team and came away from the camp with Grentz excited at the positive mindset she instilled in the team. "I loved everything about our days with Coach Grentz, but I was most impressed with the time we spent talking about leadership. She would ask us what the team would be like if everyone shared our attitude. What would a team full of 'yous' be like? It made us think about what we bring to practice everyday."

The focus on team comes naturally to Grentz despite the fact that she was the undisputed star of women's college basketball in the early 1970s. Her star power led to the first televised women's basketball game in history, a 68-53 win over Mississippi State for the school's third-straight national championship. After graduation she went on to become the first full-time women's college basketball coach in the nation and compiled a 671-309 record over a 32-year career coaching at St. Joseph's University, Rutgers, and the University of Illinois. She also coached the women's Olympic team to bronze in the 1992 Barcelona games.

"We feel so lucky to be able to learn from such a basketball legend," says Saliba, "and now we're focused on coming together as a team. Coach Hamilton wants us to know what it means to compete for each other as a team. We make sure no one works harder than us, but competing means more than working hard. We have to also play smart, prepare,

put the team first in everything we do. Coach Grentz reinforced that lesson over the summer and Coach Hamilton and the rest of the senior leadership will make sure we stay the course."



Wilson Extends Duke Rowing Presence in PAGE Program

The DukeEngage program offers Duke students a chance to travel the world and immerse themselves in the cultures of otherwise unreachable regions, all the while empowering those students to address critical human needs through service and the use of talents that they may or may not know they possess. The program boasts international destinations such as China, India, Ireland and Egypt, as well as domestic spots such as Miami, New Orleans and Washington, D.C.

So when Duke sophomore rower Mary Wilson '12 decided to sign up for the program last summer, it may have seemed a bit of a letdown that her destination did not require a passport, or even the need to cross state lines. A trip to Hot Springs, N.C., a town of just over 2,000 located in the Blue Ridge Mountains, at first seemed not to be the best use of her DukeEngage-sponsored summer. For Wilson, however, DukeEngage was not so much about the destination as it was the mission.

Wilson teamed up with DukeEngage program director Deborah Hicks and the PAGE program, which stands for Partnership for Appalachian Girls' Education. The program aims to provide middle school-aged girls in the rural area with a summer enrichment program focusing on a 21st century education, including computer skills and literacy. The program is cost-free for families, as PAGE provides breakfast and lunch as well as round-trip transportation. What appealed to Wilson was the PAGE program's focus on empowerment

through education, which Hicks details in her book, *The Road Out*.

"I saw that, and I loved it because I'm really interested in education and empowerment and what that means and how education can transform people's lives," said Wilson, who first heard of PAGE from a poster on campus. "I saw that last year and knew I had to do it. I didn't even know it was connected to DukeEngage."

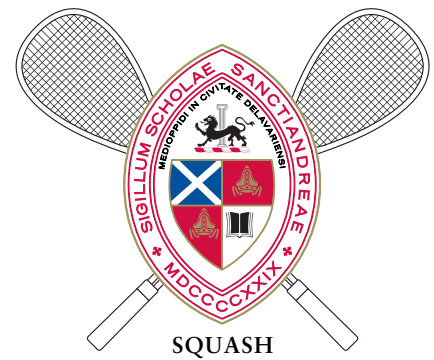
It proved to be a unique opportunity, especially working with middle school students, Wilson said, because of the unique array of personalities and levels of social development among girls in that age range.

"Middle school is such a wild card age because you've got some girls who are 10 years old, running around, just excited and playing games and they don't want to stop, and then you've got other girls who, some of which have been through an awful lot, more than I have and they're dealing with a lot of family issues. Some have boyfriends at this age, so it's a really varied spectrum, and it made it really exciting."

Some of Wilson's most rewarding moments came during the hour each day when she taught the girls to play basketball. "I didn't have to worry about conditioning or winning, so it was the pure, 'Let's play a sport and learn how to communicate with teammates and pass the ball around. Pass with each other, work as a team and take as many shots as you want. I don't care if it goes in.'"

"During the last bit, it was time to go, but one girl took one last shot, and it was so perfect, and it went in. And she was just elated because this was a girl who hadn't gotten a lot of exposure to sports, and she was so excited. She was normally a calm, quiet girl, but it just made her day. It made my day, too. It made my week."

So while her fellow DukeEngage participants were off carrying out their own missions in better-known locations, Wilson's time in the quaint, mountainous, stoplight-free town left her impacted just the same. She is now contemplating crafting her own area of study through Duke Program II, an option that allows Duke undergraduates to craft their own major. What is she leaning towards? Just what she taught the girls of Madison County: empowerment through education.



Durkin Fleischer Squash Center to Host to U.S. Squash Silver Tournament

Momentum continues to build around the St. Andrew's squash program since the completion of the Durkin Fleischer Squash Center brought the total number of courts to nine. The additional courts have provided more opportunity for new players to learn the game and veteran players to log longer practice sessions. The sport has never been more popular on campus and both the boys and girls varsity teams have broken through onto the national scene in recent years.

The center is now set to host its first ever officially sanctioned U.S. Squash event. The St. Andrew's Silver Junior Open will take place at the center January 10-12 featuring some of the best junior squash players in the country. St. Andrew's squash coach Chris Childers conceived of the program and worked with U.S. Squash over the summer to make it a reality.

The School also welcomed former U.S. National Coach and Cornell Head Coach Richard Millman to campus this year. In addition to helping Childers plan the Silver Junior Open, Millman is working with St. Andrew's players of all levels two to three days a week through the winter. "Coach Millman has already helped us to think about our games with a more analytical approach," said Doug McLaurin '14 who first played squash as a III Former and intends to play in the Silver Junior Open. "We feel lucky to have someone with his experience working with us this season."

You can learn more about the St. Andrew's Silver Junior Open by visiting SASsquash.org. ■



Abigail Cain '05 Jumpstarts Career in Medicine with Service Trip to Tanzania

There was a moment toward the end of Abigail Cain '05's service trip to Tanzania when all her faculties were put to the test. It was a blistering hot day and Abigail heard a baby crying in her mother's arms. The woman was waiting in line to be seen at the rural clinic Abigail and the rest of her mission team had set up earlier in the day using tarps, sticks, and ropes made from banana leaves.

"The baby had a high fever, was lethargic and had not been able to keep food down for days," recalled Abigail who saw all the signs of malaria, one of the country's leading causes of death for children under five years old. Abigail placed the little girl in "Group A" to be seen immediately by the doctor who confirmed her concern and administered life-saving treatment.

Every day the small group, which included a doctor from New York, a pharmacist from Oregon, a priest from Colorado, an aspiring medical school student from California, a nurse, and a priest's wife from Florida, would drive from their headquarters in Bukoba on the west side of Lake Victoria to a new village to offer medical assistance. Many of their patients would walk miles to see them. Crowds would necessitate plastic chairs be set up under shady trees for village elders waiting to be seen and a soccer ball for children to play with.

Abigail spent much of her time shadowing the team's doctor and helping in the pharmacy at the end of the day

handing out the medications that he had prescribed. "My time in the pharmacy was a good opportunity to care for patients," said Abigail. "As I handed out medicine to one mother with three children who all had worms, I explained the dosing instructions, but also how she could prevent the children from getting infected by making sure their hands were clean before eating."

Most people Abigail saw in the clinic suffered from intestinal worms, largely due to not washing hands before meals with clean water. "Clean water is really hard to come by there," said Abigail acknowledging that only 55% of the population has access to potable water. "In some villages, we saw women carrying buckets of water straight from Lake Victoria to their homes." The Orthodox Christian Mission Center Abigail traveled with has donated a machine to dig wells to help villages find clean water and hopefully help the issue.

For Abigail, the experience solidified her desire to attend medical school, which began for her in July at white coat ceremony at the University of Texas Health Science Center ~ at San Antonio. Former St. Andrew's Chemistry teacher Jen Cottone and her family flew down from Pennsylvania and joined Claire and Tom McLaurin and their son Reed '14 to celebrate the occasion.

Abigail hopes to work in primary care, either as a pediatrician or in family practice, two specialties that will help her be most effective working in under-served areas in her home state of Texas and abroad. That's only half the equation though for Abigail. "Tanzania taught me that it isn't enough just to



work with individual patients. To be effective, physicians must work with the community as a whole. That's why I decided to pursue a Master's in Public Health alongside my M.D.

"I learned so much at St. Andrew's — academics, of course, but even more the importance of serving others. I am particularly grateful to my math and science teachers, especially Jennifer Cottone, Mark Hammond, and Dave DeSalvo, for all the support they have given me both at St. Andrew's and after I graduated. I still remember going to Mr. Hammond's house, where he would work with Gabby Tomlinson '05 and me at the kitchen table until we understood our physics lessons."

Rev. Abigail Moon Leads Episcopal Youth Mission to Quito, Ecuador

Abi Moon was 10 years old in 1985 when Madonna was lighting up the pop charts with songs like "Holiday" and "Material Girl." She was the "Queen of Pop" and the idolized by almost every girl in America; every girl except for Abi. She had her heart set on another kind of role model. "I wanted to be Mother Teresa," remembers Abi. "I knew I wanted to make a difference in the world at a young age." She eventually realized she wasn't going to be Mother Teresa after she succumbed



to a love of clothes and grew to be 5'9" with a head full of fiery red hair. She was still set on making a difference.

"I joined the Peace Corps as a health volunteer in Guinea, West Africa," says Abi. "I taught everything from AIDS awareness with teenage girls, to songs about how to wash your hands with kindergartners. It was during that time that I realized I needed to work with children."

Abi went on to teach elementary school and serve as a volunteer coordinator for several years before becoming a youth minister at an Episcopal Church in Spartanburg, S.C. In 2011, she graduated from the University of the South School of Theology in Sewanee, Tenn. and is now the Associate Rector at St. John's Episcopal Church in Tallahassee, Fla., working on children, family and young adult ministries.

Her experience serving in West Africa has continued to inform her work. "I learned how important it is for people to step out of their comfort zones to learn something new and be transformed," says Abi. She continues to push herself to discomfort while passing on that lesson to the next generation. This summer, she led a team of eighteen youths and seven adults from nine diocese and six states on an Episcopal Youth Mission trip to Quito, Ecuador. The team spent ten days teaching Vacation Bible School, repairing concrete and plaster walls, and painting alongside the parishioners of Buen Pastor Church.

Abi recognized the work was as much a gift to the teenagers she led as the people that stood to benefit from their work. "Everything we did could have been done by anyone or we could have just sent money, but in being present and working alongside the parishioners of Buen Pastor, we worked and learned not only how to make concrete the old fashioned way, we also learned how to grow in relationship — the old fashioned way — through time, presence and sharing. We loved, laughed, and lived with our new family."

Abi expects to lead many more youth trips in the future and is also serving on



the planning team for the 2014 Episcopal Youth Event to be held in July near Philadelphia. She'd be the first to tell you that she's no Mother Teresa, but her heroine would never take Abi's work for granted. "We ourselves feel that what we are doing is just a drop in the ocean," Mother Teresa is attributed with once saying, "But the ocean would be less because of that missing drop."

SAS Walking Warriors Join Forces to Support American Cancer Society

Finding a cure for cancer requires the world's best physicians, researchers, patients, and people like School accountant Debbie McGaha. McGaha's journey to help find a cure began in 2005 when longtime St. Andrean and colleague Carol Simendinger invited her to a fundraising Tea Party at a local church. Carol was a breast cancer survivor and had spoken at the event the year before at the invitation of friends Jane and Bruce Murray.

"The American Cancer Society's Relay for Life was starting to grow here in Middletown and all the proceeds from the event went to the church's Relay team," recalled McGaha. "I've attended every Tea Party since and walked in the Susan G. Komen 60-mile, 3-Day Walk in each of the past two years."

McGaha added yet another effort this year becoming the leader of a new Relay

For Life team she dubbed the SAS Walking Warriors. "The team is in memory of six St. Andrew's family members we've lost to cancer in recent years, including Carol, Bruce, and Jane." The School also lost former CFO Mike Schuller, faculty member Dyann Miller, and "Griz" Montesano after courageous battles with cancer.

The inaugural Walking Warriors team fielded ten members committed to relaying for twelve hours, sunset to sunrise, around the track of a local elementary school. "I had no idea what to expect," said first time walker Will Robinson. "I arrived for my 2:00 a.m. shift and was awestruck by the crowd of people and tents filling the field. Luminaires circled the track honoring both survivors and those we have lost. It was incredibly moving and inspiring and I forgot how tired I was pretty quickly."

McGaha committed to the entire twelve hours, organized the relay shifts, set up the team tent, and designed the team's flag they continuously carried during the walk. Sometimes a solitary person carried the flag, but more often other team members joined them as they made their way around the track and under a banner at the end of each loop that read, "There is no finish line until we find a cure."

The team of McGaha and her husband Wesley, Trish Carrico and her family, Maureen Bradley and her family, Bonnie and Bill Beaston (survivor), Jay

Hutchinson, Bill Cashion, Robinson, Louisa Zendt and Kassy Fritz raised \$2,603.40, contributing to the event's total of almost \$190,000.

"We are so grateful for everyone who supported the American Cancer Society, but you can't put a price on being there, putting one foot in front of the other and physically participating in an event like this," said McGaha. "You're part of almost 1,000 people, rallying together in the middle of the night, filled with determination, hope, faith, and love, and striving for the same goal: a cure for cancer."

You can learn more about Relay for Life and how you can help at relayforlife.org.

Margaux Lopez '11 Open Robogals Chapter at California Institute of Technology

In 2011, the National Science Foundation reported that only 4.7% of women entering their first year of college that fall intended to major in Engineering or Math compared to 18% of men. The numbers follow the antiquated notion that boys are simply better at Math. Don't tell that to Margaux Lopez (or any boys she's shared a classroom with).



Upon graduation from St. Andrew's, the now CalTech junior from Lewes, Del. won the Harrison Prize for Mathematics, the Scott Prize for Science, the Founder's Medal and the King Prize for academic excellence. She added the Fleming Prize in French as a clear sign that she didn't have to make a choice in the left or right brain debate. It's worth noting that Annie Imbrie-Moore '12, now at M.I.T., won same awards at her graduation except the minor swap of the Fleming Prize in French for the Baum Prize in English and Zhibing Fu'13, now at Harvard, won the Harrison and Scott prizes the year after that marking the first time a girl has won both prizes three years in a row.

Margaux arrived at Caltech in the fall of 2011 as one of those 4.7% of women intending to study mechanical engineering and went straight to work trying to find ways to pass along her love of science and math to a younger generation of girls. She eventually collaborated with a small group of classmates to start a Caltech chapter of Robogals, a student-run non-profit aimed at engaging schoolgirls in engineering topics from a young age, with the long-term goal of increasing female participation in engineering and technology. The idea for Robogals came out of the University of Melbourne in Australia in 2008 and there are now 17 Robogals chapters around the world. The Caltech chapter came online in February 2012 as one of the first three chapters in the United States alongside Columbia University and the University of Arizona.

Margaux stepped up as the chapter's lead educator and began developing a syllabus around robotics and mechanical engineering lessons. Several months later she started leading Friday afternoon workshops with middle school girls at the Polytechnic School in Pasadena. Margaux begins each class began with a short activity pertaining to a different area of study. For instance, an early lesson was building towers

out of toothpicks and marshmallows to learn principles of engineering. "I try to introduce a new programming challenge each week," says Margaux. The girls also participated in a LEGO Mindstorms challenge requiring them to build and then program robots. "The girls program their robots to do everything from navigate a labyrinth and following a curvy black line taped to the floor to dancing the hokey-pokey."

Time will tell if there's a future Margaux in one of her workshops, but the early results are promising. "The students show genuine excitement and enthusiasm during our classes together. They love building and programming and learning. At the end of our classes there always is an "aha" moment when they're smiling and feeling good. I think they go home really seeing that math and engineering can be fun."

You can learn more about Robogals at Robogals.org.

Emily Vooris '12 Spends Gap Year at Malawian School for the Deaf

Emily Vooris was looking for a stripped down gap year experience that allowed her to serve, but also be completely immersed in a foreign culture with little more than her instincts to rely on. She found Latitude Global Volunteering. Latitude was founded in 1972 and offers a simple and unique value proposition: instead of paying a large fee that few can afford, participants are offered room and board in exchange for six months of service.

Emily had experience at St. Andrew's mentoring kids in the community with special needs through Adapted Aquatics, so a Canadian coordinator felt she could succeed at the Mountain View School for the Deaf in southern Malawi, a country sandwiched between Mozambique, Tanzania and Zambia. Emily proved the coordinator right by spending seven months living at the school and serving as a teacher, mentor, and activity coordinator. She knew no

sign language when she arrived, but dedicated herself to learning the local sign language by spending all of her limited free time with the students. "Within 2 weeks, I was teaching Standard 7 (ages 15-21) mathematics and English and substituting in other classes when needed," recalls Emily.

She wasn't completely alone in her endeavors. Her roommate, Ruby, was from Taiwan and the two worked to organize activities on and off campus, but also more pressing issues facing the school. "We fundraised and looked for donors when the school struggled to feed the children and struggled to remain open," says Emily who at the time was only months removed from graduating from St. Andrew's. "We both plan to continue to help ensure the school survives."

Emily shared the following blog post on August 6, 2013 upon returning home to Maryland. She is now a first year at Dickinson College.

"Harvest season came and went. I hiked Mulanje. I continued to spend much of my free time with the Mahere family. Ruby and I chugged along with our teaching and handed out exams in the end of June. My mother came to visit and see the world I had been living in for the past seven months. She and I traveled to Lake Malawi and Majete Nature Reserve and fumbled with multiple flat tires, a mad man, running elephants and a strong cross wind. Ruby and I cried and clung to our students as we watched the majority of the pupils leave on July 10th. We laughed and enjoyed the lack of electricity and running water for the remainder of our stay. I spent my last moments with the Mahere family, Malawian friends and other volunteers. I pushed away travel and took my last spoonfuls of Malawian culture and simple happiness.

"On July 29th, I made my way to the airport with a group of volunteers. We waved goodbye and yelled 'Bao!' to any person looking at us on the way. Many volunteers were excited to go home, others mournful. This is when my sense



of ground and realities began to slip away.

"Now, everything is crisp but not clear. Edges, colors and the size of things make my eyes want to do a double take. Is this the same street I walked down nine months ago? Was I actually sleeping in this bed, this room? Did I honestly think that this was important? All of these questions intermingle with questions of my recent experience in Malawi. Did I really teach adjective clauses in sign language? Were those children really running and calling out 'azungu bao' to me? Or was it a dream? Is this a dream? I am stuck in two worlds and yet at the same moment I don't feel as if I am living in either. My two worlds are facing each other fists up and screaming.

"Everyday I face a new realization and I know that the growth and knowledge that I found in Africa is only just settling in. I have now accepted that I was naïve, am naïve and will be forever naïve. While I spent seven months in Malawi and made it my second home, I can never fully understand what it is like to be Malawian. All I can do is try. Habits that I never thought of are now foreign: the amount of people in a car must match the number of seat belts....no more 'SQUEEZE!' I have become hyper-aware of how huge America and everything in this country is...whether it is the length of the Bay Bridge or the amount of waste we create. We are imperfect humans.



The complexities of life make living interesting and I have to pick and choose which drama is worth my time. Getting on with life makes my day brighter. I am grateful for at least three things a day and I know things may go my way.

"As I continue to watch the world tilt around me and feel as if I am on a movie set of a glamorous film, I take hands with my thoughts and ask them to teach me who I am and who I want to be. I hold tight to the free spirit I have and the culture I became a part of. When I am asked, 'How was Africa?' I smile back, 'Great!' and ready myself for more questions." ■

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ST. ANDREW'S MOMENTS



- 1 Painting I student Emma Porrazzo '15 uses a painting knife to illuminate the different hues of a complex grouping of gourds, with a focus on the quality of light and shadow that falls across its surface.
- 2 Alexia Ildefonso '16 takes the Engelhard Hall stage during a performance from Dance 2: Ballet.
- 3 Mollie Gillespie '14 is indeed that merry wanderer of the night during the fall play: William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.
- 4 Chamber Music players Aija Cave '15, Lily Shao '15 and Evan Zhong '15 absorb themselves in Mozart's "Kegelstadt" trio in one of the O'Brien Arts Center's many practice rooms.
- 5 Ted Park '15 and Alphonso Ramirez '15 sing Jason Mraz's "I'm Yours" in the Warner Art Gallery on a free day after Parents Weekend. Noah Rickolt '14 (foreground) spent most of the day working with a parade of student musicians to hone his self-taught mixing and recording skills.
- 6 With music from an old Van Morrison record filling the studio, John McGiff's Drawing I students focus on defining shapes in a tonal study.





Recommended Reads

BY VICK MICKUNAS '73,
Host of *Book Nook* on NPR



It's perhaps an odd twist of fate that one of the most well read St. Andreans in the School's history left after his IV Form year. "I received a letter from Howard Schmolze early in the summer informing me that I was required to take a summer algebra course," recalls Vick Mickunas '73. "I really hated algebra and didn't want to do it, so that was it. I traveled to Middletown and retrieved my stuff from the B Corridor common room. I went to public school that fall and a beautiful girl was sitting in front of me in one of my classes. That beautiful girl and I are now happily married. Things happen for a reason."

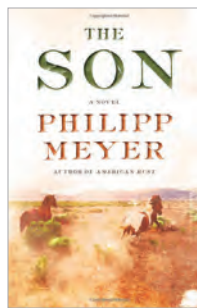
What's been happening since is that Vick has read between two to three books every week and turned his passion for reading into a career. He has single-handedly built a treasure trove of more than 1,300 book reviews and interviews for *Book Nook*, a radio show and now podcast he started in 1994 at WYSO, the NPR affiliate for southwest Ohio.

Vick has interviewed some of the world's most influential writers, musicians, poets, politicians, and actors over the last 20 years. His many guests include David McCullough, Doris Kearns Goodwin, Mario Cuomo, George McGovern, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, John Glenn, Buzz Aldrin, Richard Holbrooke, Garrison Keillor, Dave Barry, The Doors, The Rolling Stones, Amy Tan, Pat Conroy, James Lee Burke and Rebecca Skloot to name only a few.

Vick also reviews books for the *Dayton Daily News* and the *Springfield News Sun*.

"Before I came to St. Andrew's I was a big reader, but the School pushed it up to another level," says Vick. "I loved the library. I spent many happy hours there. Today my life is all about books and St. Andrew's showed me the way."

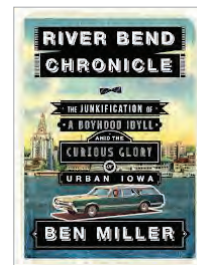
You can listen to Vick's interviews and subscribe to his podcast at <http://wyso.org/programs/book-nook> and follow him on Twitter @BookNookVick.



The Son

by Philipp Meyer

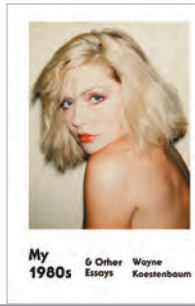
Meyer avoids the sophomore jinx by penning a second novel which is as impressive as his 2009 debut "American Rust." In "The Son" Meyer imagines the multi-generational saga of the McCulloughs, a Texas cattle/petroleum dynasty. The story is told from the viewpoints of three main narrators. Eli, the patriarch of the family, was abducted as a teenager by a Comanche raiding party. He is nearly 100 years old when he recounts his adventures to a WPA researcher. This sprawling Western is cinematic in scope. Eli's section alone is worth the admission price.



River Bend Chronicle: The Junkification of a Boyhood Idyll Amid the Curious Glory of Urban Iowa

by Ben Miller

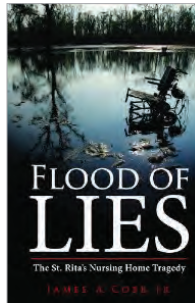
Ben Miller spent two decades honing and polishing this memoir of growing up in the Mississippi River town of Davenport, Iowa during the 1970's. In a series of extended vignettes Miller reveals the darkness; his troubled family, and the light; a kindly neighbor, and a writer's group that offered a teenager some nurturing and support. Miller writes with a fearless exuberance that reminds one of the way Michael Jordan used to play basketball. This is a virtuoso prose performance.



My 1980s and Other Essays

by Wayne Koestenbaum

Wayne Koestenbaum writes widely and he thinks deeply. This latest collection of essays takes readers to some unexpected places. A random sampling of some of his essay titles from this collection might give you a sense of some of the areas that he explores here: "Heidegger's Mistress," "Susan Sontag, Cosmophage," "Privacy in the Films of Lana Turner," "Cary Grant Nude," and "Debbie Harry at the Supermarket." Koestenbaum's insights can range from scintillating to provocative. Fortunately he's also quite entertaining.



Flood of Lies: The St. Rita's Nursing Home Tragedy

by James A. Cobb, Jr.

Hurricane Katrina brought many horrors to the New Orleans area. One of the worst things that happened eight years ago when Katrina made landfall occurred at the St. Rita's Nursing Home as a massive wall of water washed over the facility. Thirty-four residents lost their lives.

This particular sad event stood out among the many horrors that took place. There was a media feeding frenzy. People wanted to know why these unfortunate souls had not been evacuated before the storm hit?

Lies, untruths, and exaggerations filled the airwaves. The elderly couple that owned St. Rita's were being called "The Monsters of Katrina." They needed a good lawyer. Fortunately, they hired Jim Cobb. He defended the couple in their criminal trial. They had been charged with negligent homicide. "Flood of Lies" is their story; Cobb's clients, the Manganos, and his, Jim Cobb spins out a story here that is stranger than fiction, and utterly compelling.



The World is a Carpet:

Four Seasons in an Afghan Village

by Anna Badkhen

Anna Badkhen spent a year in Northern Afghanistan documenting life in a remote desert village. The residents of this place are poor by our standards. Badkhen sees beyond the poverty and discovers their courage, strength, and generosity. She watched as one woman methodically created a gorgeous Turkoman carpet by tying over one million tiny knots during the course of seven months. Badkhen's lyrical descriptions of the landscape of this mysterious place are as beautiful and meticulously woven as the threads in that carpet.



A Man Without Breath

by Philip Kerr

Philip Kerr's Bernie Gunther series of noir crime novels is without peer. This series shifts back and forth in time from the 1920's to the 1950's. Gunther was a homicide detective in Berlin during the 1930's as Hitler took power. Bernie hates the Nazis. This causes problems for him. As "A Man Without Breath" opens, it is March 1943. Bernie is summoned to the Ministry of Propaganda. He is being sent to the Eastern Front to investigate evidence of an atrocity that occurred in the forest at Katyn. These novels are steeped in moral ambiguity. Bernie is frequently forced to choose between doing what's ethical, or what might keep him alive. ■



Abigail DeLashmuth '00

The Policy

The Act One: One Act Festival

Early in Abigail DeLashmuth's one-act play, *The Policy*, the main character, a spiritual insurance salesman named Lange, assures his young prospective client that "the future is happening now." The same could be said of Abigail's writing career. *The Policy* was Abigail's first attempt at playwriting, yet it was selected for "The Act One: One Act Festival" held in September at The Secret Theatre in Long Island City, just over the 59th St. Bridge from Manhattan.

The comedy is completely driven by Abigail's fast-moving and witty dialogue between Lange, his dour assistant, Pickles, and their mark, the carefree and confidently neurotic Jessie. Despite Jessie's best defense, Lange successfully (and hilariously) spins her into considering an

insurance policy on her psychic well-being.

"I actually started writing the play as a short story, but it was terrible," explains Abigail. "Still, it had a lot of dialogue and I felt there was an interesting idea at the heart of it." A friend at *Trop*, an online literary magazine based in Los Angeles where Abigail is a contributing editor, had written plays before and helped her through the process. She then looked online to find opportunities to submit the play to different festivals and was surprised that *The Policy* was one of 24 selected out of several hundred for the One Act Festival.

"It was fun to write," says Abigail who wrestles primarily with short stories and a novel she's working on. "It was an experiment for me, so I didn't have any expectations for it."

The Policy premiered on September 5th with Oliver Turner '94 and Laurence Birdsey '00 in the audience to support Abigail. "All of my writing up until this point was static. I write a thing, hopefully others read it, and it usually ends there," says Abigail. "It was a much different experience sitting in the audience and watching people react word-by-word."

Abigail isn't sure where this possible new direction will take her. She continues to write fiction, short stories, and creative nonfiction for *Trop*, and her writing has appeared in *McSweeney's* and *theNewerYork*. She's

written in some form or another for the past 10 years, but only became comfortable calling herself "a writer" last year. The audience at The Secret Theatre might argue she is still suffering from an identity crisis. "Oh I'm not really a playwright," she says confidently, "but 'playwright' does have a nice ring to it."

Clay Farland '00

Dante Ferretti: Design and Construction for the Cinema September 28 – February 9 Museum of Modern Art, New York

Clay Farland '00 was tending to the final details of her first gallery show at New York's Museum of Modern Art when she learned that Italian Prime Minister Enrico Letta had requested a private tour later that day. He was in town for U.N. week and the request was yet another item to check off her list in what Farland has considered her most frenetic, complex, and rewarding work experience in her young career.

Dante Ferretti: Design and Construction for the Cinema examines Ferretti's work as the production designer on over 50 feature films, 24 opera productions, and over a dozen television, museum, fashion, festival, and publication projects, working with the likes of fashion icon Valentino and directors Liliana Cavani and David Cronenberg, among others. His career-defining



Dante Ferretti (Italian, b. 1943). *Ferretti Labyrinth* exhibition design. 2013. Mixed media.

work has been done in collaboration with filmmakers Pier Paolo Pasolini, Federico Fellini, and Martin Scorsese.

Farland produced the show under the direction of Film Department curators Ron Magliozzi and Jytte Jensen and was instrumental in developing the exhibition's centerpiece — a 12-screen labyrinth featuring projected scenes from Ferretti's work and original set pieces from the films that earned him three Academy Awards.

Farland's work on the gallery show was yet another milestone in a career that began as a film student at Duke University. She later worked for the Sundance, Telluride, and Full-Frame Documentary film festivals before earning an M.F.A. in film from Boston University. She has also served as a juror for Full Frame's Kathleen Bryan Edwards Award for Human Rights over the last six years. After graduation, she took a chance and moved to New York City where St. Andrew's friends like Joey Hickman '00 offered her a place to stay while she applied for jobs. In the fall of 2010 she landed a coveted position in the Film Department at MoMA.

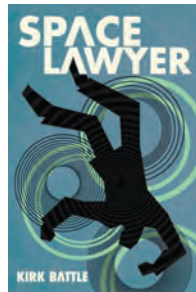
She's spent the past three years primarily working on the museum's film series, where seven days a week patrons can take a break from Hollywood blockbusters to view the artistic works of filmmakers like Yasujiro Ozu, Javier Rebollo, and Jean-Jacques Annaud. The low, but constant roar of the film series eventually gave way to the feverish pace of the Ferretti full gallery show that took months to produce. The extensive legal wrangling required to secure the rights to screen scenes from his many films was enough for Clay to consider law school. (I'm struggling a bit here.)

"After three years working on the film series I've gotten to the point where I figured out how things work here," says Farland. "Now after doing the gallery show I learned a completely different angle of working in this position. I've really enjoyed it. We'll see where it takes me."

Dante Ferretti: Design and Construction for the Cinema runs through February 9, 2014, in MoMa's Roy and Niuta Titus Galleries and Film Lobby.

Kirk Battle '01

Space Lawyer
(CreateSpace)



Despite interests that range from psychology to economics, Kirk Battle has always found time to pursue his love of writing. Kirk won the Amanda Leyon '95 Prize for

Creative Writing at St. Andrew's and was Editor of the student newspaper at Sewanee: The University of the South. He then spent a couple of years in Manhattan and even taught creative writing for a summer at the Putney School in Vermont before returning to his home state of South Carolina for law school.

During the three years he spent studying in classes like Contracts, Property, and Civil Procedure he also wrote a weekly column for the web magazine PopMatters. "I wrote a lot of complex theory and academic type material on virtual economies, game architecture, social structures, and psychology of media," says Kirk.

In 2010 he became a litigator in Conway, South Carolina, about 15 miles inland from Myrtle Beach. It wasn't in his nature to slow down. "One day I was bored, single, and decided that a lot of my recent work on metric-driven systems of government might make for a cool sci-fi novel. So I just started writing."

Three years later, Kirk published his first novel, *Space Lawyer*, a sci-fi thriller set in Charleston about tech disruption, media, gender issues, and the complex possibilities of a data-driven world. The book describes a world where women are in charge, men struggle to find an identity and the government knows where you

are and what you are doing every minute. The book's protagonist, a lawyer named Lane, discovers that his client is involved with a faster than light (FTL) travel device and the fallout is a Pandora's box of conflicting, hidden agendas. The future hangs in the balance as Lane fights to solve the mystery and win the rank of space lawyer.

The book is available on Amazon in print and in Kindle versions and has a 4.3 out of 5 stars rating from readers. One reviewer proclaimed the book has changed the way he thinks about social media. "It is a very educated guess about where we will be socially, demographically and politically. My friend is borrowing it over the weekend and I can't wait to have someone to debate with! PLEASE WRITE MORE."

The reviewer doesn't need to worry. Kirk has every intention to continue writing well into the future. "I'll be starting the sequel to *Space Lawyer* soon."

Dave Scherer '51

Bogie, Birdie, Dormie, Death:
The Romantic Irish Golf Mystery
(iUniverse)



Dave Scherer fell in love with Ireland during his first visit in the 1950s and the island's charms, folklore, and mystery are on full display in his second book and first novel *Bogie, Birdie, Dormie, Death*.

The story takes off with the murder of golf innovator and caddy Jud Slade. Protagonist Danny Swift's quest for answers leads him to a local innkeeper, Siobhan Delaney, and together they navigate intrigue, love, and age-old Irish violence.

In a story that spans from Massachusetts and Delaware to the smallest corners of Ireland, it's a must-read for Irish enthusiasts and golf fanatics, alike.

Scherer wrote the book's first draft 13 years ago before revisiting it in 2010 and bringing it to completion this past year. He is also in the process of writing a play and a children's book.

His first book, *Ramblers in Paradise*, recounts a lifetime of adventure with his wife and lifelong friend, Martha. The two visited 148 countries together — including nine circuits of the world — where they managed to crash a hot-air balloon, confront lions and kidnappers, sail unwittingly into seagoing nudist colonies, and discover stoned koalas. Now a bit more settled, the two live happily together in Crystal River, Fla.

JJ Stives '60

***Diary of the Phantom Lieutenant*
My Green Publisher**



Everyone has a war story — even those who never fired a shot or left the relative security of the rear area. Somewhere in between the horrific daily combat missions of the foot soldier and the sheltered environment of rear area goof-offs were thousands of men and women who lived in the gray zone. Their lives were often in danger, but they weren't in daily contact with the VC or North Vietnamese Army. What they were in contact with was other Americans and locals who shared the untold experience of a war that is slowly being forgotten.

Forty years after Vietnam, many people, except for those who were there, no longer even remember what it was like. The images that remain are mostly from television news coverage and films that portray the horror and frustration experienced by those who were in nearly constant combat. A collection of fictional narratives inspired by the Viet Nam Era experience, *Diary of the Phantom Lieutenant* tells about the less glamorous and uninspiring aspects

of being a junior officer in a combat zone during one of our nations most turbulent periods.

JJ Stives, writing under the pseudonym Steve Jeffreys, paints a picture of Americans thrown unwittingly, and in some cases unwillingly, together into Vietnam. The stories are sometimes humorous and always interesting. Stives laces his work with commentary and footnote details of how the U.S. Army actually operated in those years. Readers will come away with a different view of the war than the one they saw on television or read about 10,000 miles away.

Alex Handy '96

The MADE (Museum of Art and Digital Entertainment)

Can a video game be a work of art? At one time that question might have elicited laughs (remember Pong?), but Alex Handy is leading a growing crusade to prove that the computer is the greatest artistic medium of our time and the games we play on them will one day rest alongside works from Monet, Dali, and Warhol.

Alex has spent the better part of the past decade writing about video games and holding editorships at *MacHome Journal*, *Computer Gaming*

World, and *Game Developer Magazine*. His writing has appeared in *Wired*, the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, the *Austin American-Statesman*, *Gizmodo.com*, *Computer Games Magazine*, *Information Security Magazine*, *MacAddict*, *GameSpot*, the *East Bay Express* and *Gamasutra.com*. He's considered one of the most well respected journalists of an industry that grossed \$74 billion in 2011 and is projected to grow to \$115 billion by 2015.

In 2010, Alex founded the MADE (Museum of Art and Digital Entertainment), an all-volunteer non-profit museum based in the San Francisco Bay area dedicated to the preservation of videogames and the presentation of games as art. A Kickstarter campaign in 2011 raised more than \$20,000 to help fund a space behind Oakland's city hall. The museum's entire collection was donated and contains over 5000 computer and console games, as well as over 100 consoles. (Kung Fu Master for the Atari 2600, anyone?)

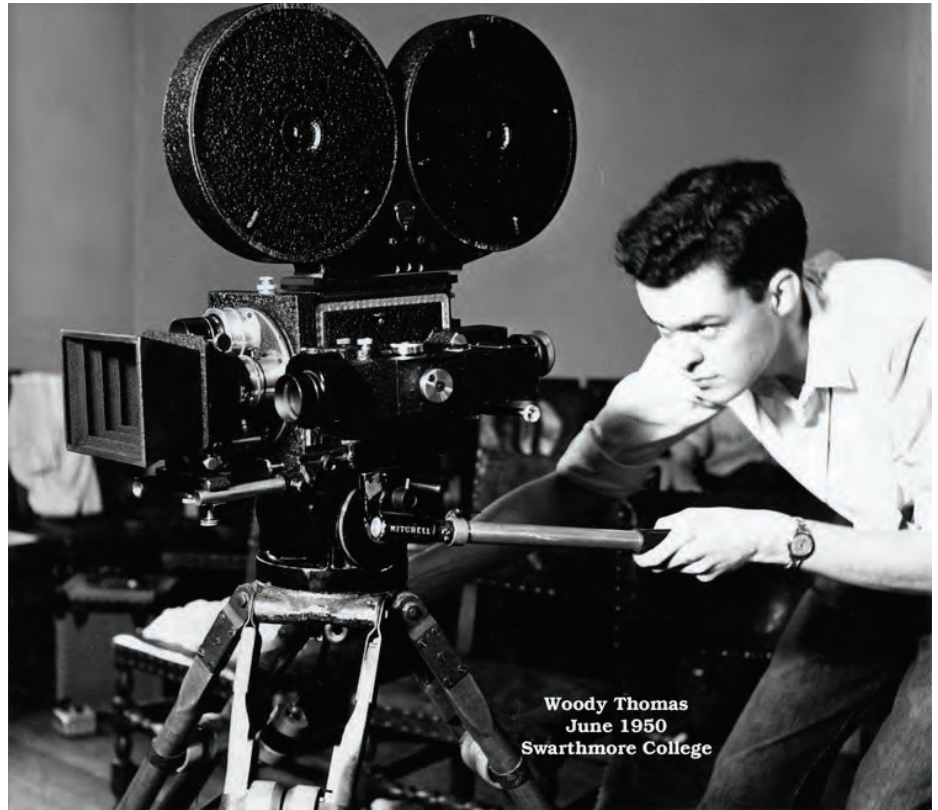
Henry Lowood, Curator for History of Science & Technology Collections at Stanford University Libraries and founding member of The MADE's board of directors, was an early believer in Alex's vision. "Digital games without a doubt have become



one of the central creative media available for entertainment, art and other forms of expression. So much so that contemporary cultural history is difficult to talk about without including digital games."

Alex has taken the common definition of the word "museum" and flipped it on its head. The MADE stores and exhibits objects of interest, but it also hosts free programming classes for kids, interactive fiction meetups, indie developer co-working days, game creation jams, and weekly tournaments. Last April, museum volunteers recreated downtown Oakland in the game Minecraft as part of an exhibit on customization at the Oakland Museum of California. The museum also just leased more space in its building to host its free Saturday morning programming classes for kids. "We can now accommodate 14 kids," says Alex. "We have new computers coming from Google in October and we're ordering special tables to go with them when they arrive." Rackspace, Dolby, Kalypso and several other companies have joined Google in supporting the museum.

The MADE's 15-year goals include raising enough money to build a world-class facility in San Francisco. "We'd like to build a permanent home for the museum near the existing San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and the Yerba Buena Center for the Arts," says Alex. When that happens, visitors will be able to appreciate the work of Shigeru Miyamoto, designer of Donkey Kong, The Legend of Zelda, and Super Mario Bros., among many others, before a short walk to the Museum of Modern Art to appreciate Edward



Hopper, Frieda Kahlo, and, yes, Andy Warhol.

Woody Thomas '47 "French Bread and Cheese" Rochester International Film Festival

Woody Thomas was a devout member of the "movie squad" during his time at St. Andrew's, which required him to run the projector from a booth at the back of the auditorium on Saturday nights. He made his first movie during his junior year at Swarthmore College that he parlayed into paying jobs in Wyoming and Philadelphia before embarking on a 33-year career at Eastman Kodak as a scientist.

He retired from Kodak 1984 and set out to create movie travelogues with his wife Merrilann. They made four, 80-minute films ("Yellowstone to Sun Valley," "A Journey In Japan," "France, Boulevards and Byways," and "A New England Sampler") and spent the next 15 years touring the U.S. and Canada showing the films and offering narration from the stage to over 1,300 audiences. The School's Irene duPont

Library boasts all four movies in its collection.

Thomas's love of film has never waned. This spring, the 55th Rochester International Film Festival accepted he and Merrilann's short film, "French Bread and Cheese" as an official selection. The 7-minute film offers a visual feast of the making of French baguettes by a village "Boulangier" and Roquefort blue cheese.

Thomas helped start the festival in 1959 with a group of Rochester-area movie enthusiasts to provide a venue for independent filmmakers to present their cinematic creations. The festival now bears the distinction as the longest running short-film festival in the world. This year's program included films from Australia, Germany, Spain, South Africa, France, Denmark, Bolivia, India, Chile, Iran, Germany and, of course, Rochester where Thomas continues to thrive in his now seventh decade of filmmaking. ■

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
magazine@standrews-de.org.

From the Archives

St. Andrew's near kick crown

INDEPENDENT CONFERENCE

	W.	L.	T.	Pct.
St. Andrew's	7	1	0	.875
Friends	3	2	2	.600
Tower Hill	3	2	3	.600
Tatnall	2	4	2	.333
Sanford	1	3	2	.250
Westtown	1	5	1	.167

St. Andrew's School moved closer to the Independent Conference soccer title by crushing

its closest rival, Friends, 5-1 yesterday.

The victory gave St. Andrew's a 7-1 conference record and a 10-1 mark overall. Allan Marshall scored two of the goals, giving him 22 for the season. Jerry Sock, Walter Birkholz and Greg Moon add-

ed the others.

John Davis scored three times for Tower Hill, which blanked Westtown 6-0. Tom Johnson, Jay Stewart and Rick Cates also counted for the Hilliers.

Alex I. du Pont salvaged something from a winless Blue

Hen Conference season by tying McKean 1-1 in its final league game. Reynolds Dods scored for A.I.

In non-conference play, Conrad deadlocked Upper Merion, Pa., 2-2 with Bill Greigs and Doug Challenger scoring for Conrad.

Images of the 1981 soccer team winning the School's first State Soccer Championship remain etched in our collective memory. Black and white photos show exhilarated fans swarming the Baynard Stadium field on a cold November night to celebrate with their classmates and young first year head coach Tad Roach and his assistant, Will Speers. The boys, some riding on fans' shoulders, flash adrenaline-fueled smiles under shaggy hair and smeared eye-black. Headmaster Jon O'Brien wrote in the Winter 1982 *Magazine*: "We laughed, cried, cheered, slapped each other on the back, jumped about, whooped and expressed our joy in innumerable other equally physical ways. (Normally stable, conservative and highly respectable Trustees were seen bouncing about like teenagers.) It was wonderful." It was also an unprecedented victory for both the School and the Independent Conference. Up until that night the state champion had always emerged from the dominating Blue Hen Conference with Brandywine and that evening's opponent Concord winning 10 of the tournament's first 11 titles since its inception in 1970. Christiana High School won in 1973.

Alone and quiet on the bleachers sat Henry Hauptfuhrer '74. The scene

on the field was bittersweet for the 26-year-old lab supervisor at Wyeth Laboratories who travelled to the game from suburban Philadelphia. He felt joy for the boys who had proven to be the tournament's dark horse, surprising #1 William Penn in the semifinals and #2 Concord behind three goals in the overtime period. It was hard not to get caught up in the euphoria of the moment. It was equally hard to forget that he and his teammates were denied the opportunity to experience a similar moment only eight years earlier.

Hauptfuhrer was an All-Conference right fullback for St. Andrew's in 1973. For many, that statement would be no more or less interesting than if he played on the 1977 or 1985 or 1994 team. Few recall or know the story of the 1973 team. Over the years we begin to rely on the banners that line the gym wall to find the great teams that laid the groundwork for today's successful programs — wrestling in the 1950s, tennis in the 1980s, and lacrosse in the late 1990s. There is no State Championship banner from the 1973 soccer team. All we have are the memories of those that were there, some old 16mm films, and a scrapbook of statistics and newspaper articles saved by a young coach. Four decades later, we honor those 25 boys,

breathe new life into the memory of their remarkable season, and offer them their rightful place as the most dominant soccer team in St. Andrew's history.

The 1973 soccer team annihilated its competition en route to a 12-1 record. Their one blemish, an early 1-0 loss to out-of-state Westtown was summarily corrected in a 5-1 win two weeks later. The team outscored opponents 55-9 during the season behind a stifling defense led by All-State sweeper Gordon Brownlee '75 and a dynamic offense spearheaded by Allan Marshall '74 and his state-leading 28 goals (he scored 30 in 1972). Nine other members of the team were honored with All-State or All-Conference selections. They were effectively an All-Star team and their victories would be unthinkable today: 5-1 over Tower Hill; 8-1 over Tatnall; 6-1 over Sanford. They beat four teams from the vaunted Blue Hen Conference, including Christiana 3-2 and conference co-champion Dickinson 7-1 in preseason contests. They were the best team in St. Andrew's history to that point and clearly the best team in the state. They aimed to prove it in the state tournament. ►



(standing) Tom McCoy (mgr.), Peter Schaeffer (mgr.), Lars Allfather '75, Sam Goodfellow '75, Henry Hauptfuhrer '74, Jeff Petty '74, Jeremiah Sock '74, Jon Rodgers '75, Walter Birkholz '74, Paul Nelson '74, Henry Koenig '74, Gordon Brownlee '75, Greg Marsh '75, Dave Strong '75, Charles Olson '74, Coach Robert Pasco, Coach John Moses. (kneeling) Bob Amos '75, Chris Hunt '75, Bill Shields '75, Ralph Neel '75, Greg Moon '74, Allan Marshall '74, Mike Kadick '75, Dwayne Breger '75, James Gerrish '75, Tom Washburn '76, Rob Harrington '75, Karl Meyer '75, Bob Greenlee '75.

1973 Varsity Soccer Season Report

<u>DATE</u>	<u>SAS</u>	<u>OPPONENT</u>	<u>GOALS</u>	<u>OUTSTANDING PLAYER</u>
preseason	3	Christiana	2	
preseason	7	Dickinson	1	
preseason	9	Caesar Rodney	1	
TOTALS	19		4	
9/28	5	A.I. duPont	1	Marshall
10/2	5	Milford	0	Washburn, Sock, Rodgers
10/6	2	Mt. Pleasant	0	Hauptfuhrer
10/9	0	Westtown	1	Brownlee
10/12	5	Tower Hill	1	Birkholz, Moon
10/16	3	Friends	1	Marshall
10/19	2	Tatnall	0	Shields
10/23	4	Sanford	0	Hauptfuhrer
10/27	5	Westtown	0	Shields
10/30	8	Tatnall	1	Marshall
11/2	5	Friends	1	Moon
11/6	5	Tower Hill	1	Moon
11/10	6	Sanford	1	Marshall, Moon
TOTALS	55		9	

Soccer Victory To St. Andrew's

Revenge-minded St. Andrew's defeated host Westtown Friends, 5-1 in soccer Saturday to remain on top in the Independent Conference with a 66-1 record. Westtown had beaten St. Andrew's 1-0, earlier this season.

Five players hit the scoring column for the visitors, including first-half goals by Alan Marshall, Gregg Moon and Jeremiah Sock. St. Andrew's got second-half goals from reserves Paul Nelson and Ralph Neel.

St. Andrew's faces Friends Friday for the Independent Conference title and a possible berth in Delaware's post-season soccer tournament.

No soccer tourney for St. Andrew's?

matt zobitka
A hoax.

That's what Bob Pasco labels the state scholastic soccer tournament. It opens Tuesday night at Baynard Stadium with a semifinals doubleheader that includes three teams from the Blue Hen Conference.

The St. Andrew's School coach was in an angry mood as he discussed the by-passing of his team, which clinched the championship of the Independent Conference (8-1), is 11-1 overall.

"I'm totally flabbergasted. I'm still in a state of shock. I just can't believe it. Neither can the players or the student body. I think we got passed over on pure politics of the Blue Hen Dennis Madigan, St. Andrew's athletic director, added: "Needless to say, there's turmoil on our campus today."

Comparisons favorable

Jay Widdoes of Concord High, chairman of the state tournament committee, explained his committee felt "St. Andrew's schedule didn't meet the competitive level of the (three) teams involved in the Blue Hen playoffs."

Poppycock is what Coach Pasco replied, only in stronger language. Pasco, 26, a Williams College graduate who coached and taught at Episcopal High in Jacksonville, Fla., last season, isn't

"The committee was informed last spring that Independent Conference schools are interested, depending on the decisions of the respective headmasters, who had to take scheduling into consideration. The committee then said it would do away with the Independent berth and use an open berth.

"It just doesn't make sense to give three of the tournament berths to Blue Hen teams."

Widdoes concurred that for the first three years of the tournament the Independent Conference was written into the bracket. Allan Marshall, All-State center-forward last year when he led the state in scoring with 30 goals and has 25 this year, is

Jerry Sock is from West Africa, where he was on the Gambian national team for two years before coming to St. Andrew's.

Walter Birkholtz, 17, a one-year exchange student, is from West Germany. "His dad graduated from St. Andrew's in 1939 and he wanted his son to come here," explained Pasco. "His dad was killed in an auto accident last August. The Sock boy was assigned to us by the ASSIST program, which is run by the headmaster of Suffield Academy, Conn. We didn't know he was coming here until the middle of August."

has an eight-game winning streak, and closes its season today, against Sanford, at home.

"We're the only undefeated team (against in-state competition) in Delaware," said Pasco, a Richmond, Va., native, in his first year at the Middletown school. "I believe we have scored the most goals (49) and allowed the least (8) of any team in the state. We haven't allowed more than one goal in any game. And we don't get picked for the tournament!"

coaches. The state soccer tournament committee is made up of public school people. The Independent Conference has no representation."

guage. "We defeated two Blue Hen teams, Alexis I. du Pont (5-1) in our opener and Mount Pleasant (2-0). Brandywine beat Mount Pleasant by only 4-2 and Conrad by 3-2. So by comparative scores, we're better.

"We also defeated Milford 5-0 in the rain, at their place, and Milford is in the state tournament.

"Our kids feel they're the best in the state and they're being deprived of the opportunity to show it in the tournament." buying any of that stuff about the committee not knowing the Independent Conference was interested in competing. ets, but the conference didn't choose to enter. So the Independent berth was done away with.

Blue Hen re-run

"But this had no bearing whatsoever in selecting the teams this year," Widdoes quickly added.

Pasco feels this isn't really a true state tournament, but a Blue Hen re-run.

"We have the best talent in the state," he emphasized.

The Saints' roster has a strong foreign flavor. from Bermuda, where his dad drives a taxi.

By this time, Pasco had no appetite for the steak that was broiling in the oven at Madigan's apartment where the interviewing was taking place. The steak was medium rare, but Pasco was "well done" and still broiling.

At St. Andrew's next week, they may just start wearing black mourning bands on their sleeves to protest what they feel is a miscarriage of justice.

Meanwhile, at Baynard Stadium ...

At that time, the tournament was built like an invitational with a select group of coaches meeting to decide which four teams would get the nod to compete for the title. That select group was made up of a close-knit cohort of five coaches and teachers from the Blue Hen Conference. They met behind closed doors in early November and emerged with a list that many felt was a hoax. Milford made the tournament with an automatic bid as the downstate champion. The three other slots were filled by teams from the Blue Hen Conference — Brandywine, Dickinson, and Conrad. St. Andrew's was out.

The uproar that followed in the media and throughout the state and even into parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey lasted for weeks. This was the time of Nixon and Watergate. People demanded answers and conspiracy theorists emerged from every corner of the state. The company line was that the St. Andrew's level of competition was inferior to the teams selected. Bob Pasco, an energetic young Williams graduate in his first year as St. Andrew's head coach, wasn't willing to let it go. "Poppycock," he

The Real Reason St. Andrew's

By ELLS EDWARDS
Special to *The Inquirer*

In this, the era of Watergate, hypocritical flag-waving by officials who turn out to be criminals, and flagrant conflicts of interest, sometimes it's hard for kids to understand.

One of the places a kid can still turn when the world outside is spinning, screeching on its axis, is to athletics, that corner of existence where ideals remain untarnished, where the win-at-any-price boys haven't been able to spin their slimy web. But when the lengthening shadow of the times falls over even high school athletics, where are the

kids going to turn?

A lot of kids, and some of their parents, were wondering this week — wondering why St. Andrew's (13-1), the state's only undefeated (against in-state competition) soccer team suddenly found itself uninvited to the state tournament.

"The committee felt that the level of competition that they play against isn't on the same level with the Blue Hen Conference," said Jay Widdoes, state soccer committee chairman. Widdoes said that St. Andrew's only shot at the four-team tourney was to be picked for the at-large berth. The first two Blue Hen finishers and the top downstate team are automatically in-

vited.

Bob Landis, Mount Pleasant High soccer coach and committee member, said that because the Blue Hen league was knotted in a three-way tie (among Brandywine, Conrad and Dickinson) for second place when the committee met to consider an at-large choice, it was decided that the third place Blue Hen team would be the at-large pick.

"We felt that St. Andrew's was not a competitive team," Landis said.

Funny how a man whose Blue Hen team was shut out 2-0 by St. Andrew's could say they were not "competitive." And odd that the Middletown school had trounced A. I. du

Pont; had beaten both Dickinson (the at-large selection) and Christians (tournament champ) in pre-season scrimmages and had blanked downstate selection Milford, 5-0.

Ah, surely there must be another reason or two why St. Andrew's wasn't in the tournament.

"Well, the biggest thing that hindered their selection was all the things that happened in the past," Landis conceded.

St. Andrew's, you see, plays in the Independent Conference, which had turned down automatic invitations to play

Analysis

in the state's first three tournaments. So last fall the committee wrote them off.

This past spring, the independent schools decided to play. "We really felt our team would be chosen (tournament), particularly it's a tremendous team," Jim Coulter, soccer coach at Westtown (Pa.), which defeated St. Andrew's, 1-0.

But one committee member blurted out the real reason why St. Andrew's was uninvited.

told legendary sports reporter Matt Zabitka, though he used, as Zabitka noted, "stronger language." Milford lost 5-0 to St. Andrew's during the season and made it to the tournament final before losing to Christiana (who St. Andrew's also beat that year). "This whole thing hasn't helped soccer," said Milford's head coach Robert Mitchell. "It's a sorry mess."

The inferior schedule explanation made little sense to anyone. A more viable theory was that the team was too good or too foreign, or perhaps both — xenophobia mixed in with an unwillingness to cede the title to a team outside the inner circle. Three of the team's top players — Allan Marshall (Bermuda), Jeremiah Sock (Gambia), and Walter Birkholtz (West Germany) — were from overseas. Marshall was voted Bermuda's best junior player in 1970. Sock came to Middletown as a member of the Gambian national team. "He was the best player I'd ever seen," remembers forward Ralph Neel '75. "He would dribble around the center circle and let other teams try to take the ball from him." Ultimately, only the selection committee could do it.

Bill Muse was a first year head coach at Princeton University when he came to Delaware to recruit Marshall and Sock. "I really think St. Andrew's got overlooked not invited to play in this tournament," the soft-spoken coach told Zabitka. "I've seen films of their games. They have an outstanding team." Christiana came away with the title over Milford, but as one observer wrote in an op-ed: "...a dark cloud remains as to who is really the best team. I am sure that Milford and Christiana would have relished the chance to play St. Andrew's again."

Universal outrage over what appeared to be a fraudulent system controlled by a few powerful coaches promptly led to reforms. The DSSAA (now DIAA) instituted an automatic berth to the Independent Conference champion the following year. The move was a small consolation, but eventually made it possible for the unranked and unheralded St. Andrew's team to make their Cinderella run to the State Championship in 1981 (beating two Blue Hen Conference teams along the way).

Years later, Henry Hauptfuhrer's lasting memories skew towards the positive. Any bitterness that lingered in his early twenties is long gone, consumed by the memory of playing with two-dozen other guys for the love of the game. "When I think back I feel pure joy," says Hauptfuhrer. "We had seamlessly fluid play controlling the possession and passing beautifully, working from the back to the front. Our team unity made the individual parts greater than the whole. We had no egos, no finger pointing. We supported each other. We worked hard. I remember Coach Pasco's passion to make us work even harder and to make sure we fully appreciated our accomplishments. My memories are filled with great moments with my teammates on and off the field." ■

D 12-E Sunday, Nov. 18, 1973 Philadelphia Inquirer

ew's Wasn't Invited

"The independents' decision to play this fall was initiated by St. Andrew's," he said, the rancor rising, crowing the words from his throat, "because of the superb talent they brought in for soccer."

So there it was — the real nitty gritty. Of course, St. Andrew's had the talent. People like foreign-born Allan Marshall and Jerry Sock. And all those platitudes about not being "competitive" were suddenly inoperative.

But why should the 12-member committee hide the real reasons for not inviting perhaps the state's best soccer talent?

Well, let's take a look at the committee. Ron Gilbert

coaches soccer at Brandywine High, one of three schools that stood to benefit from the committee's decision to take the third-place Blue Hen team as the at-large selection, remember? Ned Landis coaches at Conrad High, another of the schools involved in the league's three-way tie for second place when the selection was made.

James Robinson and Ken Horn both coach at junior high schools that serve as feeders for schools involved in the decision. Jay Widdoes, the chairman, formerly taught and coached at Brandywine and still teaches in the same school district.

You'd like to think that

these men made an objective decision. You'd like to believe them when they tell you St. Andrew's isn't "competitive." But you have to wonder.

You have to wonder how the kids at St. Andrew's feel. You have to wonder what's going through the minds of the kids who played in the tournament, knowing that maybe, just maybe, they'd been given something they didn't earn.

And you have to wonder with Milford High coach Robert Mitchell how long it will take Delaware schoolboy soccer to recover.

"This whole thing hasn't helped soccer," he said. "It's a sorry mess."

SPORTS

Once Over Lightly

The DSSAA Criticized

By Hal Bodley
Sports Editor

Cleaning out the mailbox:

Roderick Stanard, a career education teacher in the De La Warr School District, joins many other Delawareans in complaining about the omission of St. Andrew's School from the just-completed soccer tournament.

Writes Stanard:

"As it presently functions, the so-called State Soccer Tournament is a farce, and the Delaware Secondary School Athletic Association selection committee should be recognized for the fraud which it is perpetrating on so many unknowing sports fans.

"These 'championships' are nothing more than an invitational tourney, and should be advertised as such.

"With absolutely no malice toward the fine teams involved, or to the schools for which they competed, I publicly deplore the closed-club backroom politics presently in sway in the DSSAA.

"I question the motives, integrity and judgment exercised by the selection committee, and publicly ask how St. Andrew's School, undefeated in state play, and a 5-0 victor over Milford, a tourney finalist, can be bypassed, overlooked, or even ignored. The selection committee deprives the fans from viewing one of the finest school boy teams ever assembled in Delaware.

"In addition to their victory over Milford, the Saints defeated Christiana, the other finalist, 3-2 in preseason play.

"It is a shame that no matter who emerged as victor in this year's tourney, a large group of knowledgeable soccer fans are aware that a question, like a dark cloud, remains as to who is really the best team. I am sure that the Milford and Christiana teams would have relished a chance to play St. Andrew's again.

"Does the DSSAA run an NCAA or NBA championship and exclude UCLA or the Celtics?

"If the situation of bias in the DSSAA continues, isn't it interesting to ponder what may happen to the Sallies, St. Marks, et al in future tournaments. They also are private schools. If bias is not the case, why the obvious and deliberate slap at St. Andrew's? They took all the required steps in order to participate, including having an outstanding season.

"Soccer is emerging in this country as a major sport. It is followed throughout the world as the No. 1 sport and draws by far the greatest numbers of fans.

"The DSSAA should realize that there are increasing numbers of fans who expect it to run a soccer championship, involving the best teams in our state.

"Anyone can run an invitational tourney."

It has been mentioned on these pages frequently the last few days that it was unfair for St. Andrew's to have been excluded from the tournament. The selection committee's reasoning is legitimate, although fragile and certainly open for second guessing.



MEMORY AND THE INNER LANDSCAPE OF JOSHUA MEIER

*In reminding us of the strange and sometimes disquieting variations
of our own inner landscapes, Joshua Meier orients us to our past.*



FACULTY PROFILE

The expansive space of western Oklahoma focuses the mind. The long vistas and the open landscape force the eye to find nuances, to locate small distortions and strange disruptions to the horizon, in order to clarify some sense of where it is and where it might have been. Variations within the endless plain of red clay, yellow and cracking grasses, and barren shrub stand out like beacons, and the mind memorizes, intuitively, an unusually large rock, a slight mound of earth, a broken branch swinging in a dry breeze. Each becomes a landmark. A signpost. A marker of memory and certainty and place. Each becomes, ultimately, a geographic pole around which our inner compass spins, quivers, and finally settles. Joshua Meier, in reminding us of the strange and sometimes disquieting variations of our own inner landscapes, orients us to our past and asks us to recollect memories that, for all their supposed certainty, shift and change each time we risk speaking about them.

Meier was raised in western Oklahoma, and the austere landscape of that territory marks his work, even if not always literally. His photographs challenge us to attune to those singular moments in our memory that



Lineage, 2003



Versions of Unraveling, 2013

shape our lives, and they provide haunting glimpses into dark corners of our minds. While Meier experimented with a wide range of art forms in his youth, photography allowed him to access those places, to re-imagine the signposts we sometimes only briefly glimpse, and to make sense of the world around him. From an early age, he focused on the construction of scene, attuning to odd juxtapositions or surprising compositions. He remembers photographing a semi-nude young woman in an abandoned and collapsing house, and he remembers pairing odd objects for still lifes. From 1993 to 1994, having just finished high school, he spent a year in the Netherlands, and there, he saw new possibilities for his life. He enrolled in Rogers State College back in Oklahoma to pursue art, but he abandoned school and headed to the mountains to work in Yellowstone before settling in Missoula, Montana, in 1996. The transition to Missoula from Oklahoma was a statement about new possibilities and rewriting his own story. He apprenticed with Raymond Meeks and explored not simply the complex (and serendipitous) photographic processes for which Meeks is well known, but also the complex inner voice that was driving him to pursue a career in photography.

Meier's work began to rapidly gain attention. He first enrolled in and then

became an instructor at the Rocky Mountain School of Photography (whose best known itinerant photographers include Jay Dusard and Dennis Darling), and in 2005, he returned to Oklahoma, ultimately pursuing his MFA at the University of Tulsa. Throughout this time, his work drifted toward narrative and metaphor, and he began work on an ongoing body of images called *The Parables*. *The Parables* has been exhibited in various forms across the country, and its hallmark is dramatic, at times absurdist, scenes that highlight almost archetypal figures on ruinous landscapes. In "Necessary Burdens," for example, a figure labors up a scree carrying a thin, translucent construction that, despite the exertion of the figure, appears light, airy, and luminescent. Similarly, in "Wiman's Harvest," a field hand harvests enormous balls of twine. In both, the angle of vision is from slightly below, as though we are looking up at their labor, watching it from a small space beneath and away from them. We sense their exertion and their power, and we are reminded that we too carry absurdities, that our harvests may leave us wandering away with new creations on our shoulders. Meier presses us to consider what each image might teach us—a parable, by definition, teaches a lesson—and Meier's lesson may be something more like witnessing and encouragement to find



Watching Her Watching Me, 2013



Wiman's Harvest, 2005

ways to see and believe the impossible stories of others as they make their way in a fallen world. We find a deep connection and relationship with his figures when we allow our minds and hearts to connect with their stories.

The lingering power of the story remains the heart of Meier's most recent work, but unlike *The Parables*, which demands that a story be filled in to make sense of the scene in front, his new work, entitled *[Un]Remembering*, un masks the stories that have already shaped us. Meier's sense of a shared memory dominates his new work, and its use of repetition, in both subtle and explicit ways, recalls the ways that we retell and re-imagine the stories of our own lives. The haunting young girl in "Watching Her Watching Me," for example, stares back at us in rows and columns, each time slightly altered, but her gaze does not change. Distortions in each image, birthed from dark room chance, force a reconsideration of the young woman and her story. Still, she seems oddly stable and permanent. Her umbrella never tilts, but the space around her darkens or brightens, and sometimes streaks or clouds, as we move from scene to scene trying to remember what it is we have seen. In "Versions of Unraveling" a similar stability in the midst of differences dominates. The "versions" challenge us to rethink what actually has been unraveled. The spool

suspended above the hand does not, itself, unwind. Instead, the printing of the images changes, and trying to determine what may have unraveled becomes an exercise in observing the light, color, and filter through which we witness the scene. Each time we see the spool, suspended over the expectant hand, we have to rethink what we want to say about it and what we think may have led us to that moment.

Meier, however, is not examining a cliché in these images. He's doing much more than simply rewriting the idea that how we remember things is filtered through our own individual lenses. Instead, the work seems to be a retelling of stories, a repetition that circles around an idea in an attempt to make sense of it. The subject of the image holds all of the retellings, and each version of the story, always referring to the ones around it lifts gently at its edges to suggest that it may fall away entirely as new stories are told.

Meier clearly has deep control over not only the photographic process, preferring to print in silver gelatin as he experiments with light and texture, but also the presentation of the image. One gets the sense that, even in the repetition of the printings, we are witnessing a rather purposeful building



Lower Jaw, 2012



Necessary Burdens, 2010

toward an idea. Still, to discuss Joshua Meier's work in terms of the control of photographic processes, or even creative processes, inevitably undermines the impression of his work on the imagination. Meier's photographs capture us and demand our attention. We know we are seeing something that requires us to say something, even if, in Whitman's words, only to ask "whose?" Despite the fact that much of his work lingers at the edge of metaphor, often frozen in a stark and lonely landscape, it seems always eerily familiar, as though we are remembering some place we've been or some life we've lived. We recognize the world he is examining. We feel it within ourselves. We want to tell its story, even if we can't quite say where it happened or why it mattered to us.

Roger Thompson is an art critic and English professor at Stonybrook University in Long Island, New York. His profile of Joshua was originally featured in the photography magazine, Don't Take Pictures, a publication of The Kiernan Gallery. With the gallery's permission, we felt compelled to share it here.

Joshua joined the Arts Department in 2011 and continues to work professionally. You can view all of his work at www.joshuameier.net.

A limited edition print of "Lower Jaw" (left) is available through The Kiernan Gallery.

HUMANS

This September, Mr. Roach opened up the year with his reflections on the notion of preemptive sympathy, or the compassion, interest, and concern we extend to everyone around us. Sitting in a pew in Old St. Anne's Church, I was thrilled to hear his words, for they gave the explanation for not only my ongoing project, Humans of SAS, but for my life. For as long as I can remember I've wanted to help others; wanted to make others happy and to maintain and protect that happiness. However, events can often make this difficult, and for a long time I felt defeated and lost, having realized that my greatest passion, my mission, was, in a way, impossible to fulfill.

When I first started this project last fall, I didn't have words to describe the motivation behind it. Listening to others and working to share pieces of their story was something I had been doing in some capacity for the past several years. Until Mr. Roach's talk, I could not articulate that this project is not the attempt to rescue others, but an attempt to prove to myself that there is power in simply empathizing with someone, in listening to and telling their story instead of carrying the weight of their pain and trying to secure their happiness.

Humans of SAS is then ultimately a selfish endeavor. With each and every interview I prove to myself that my passion for helping others is not futile. I just need to transform the way in which I enacted it. I feel, with every passing interview, incredibly lucky to be surrounded by the people at St. Andrew's. The more I interview the more I understand more deeply the person I interview. I want everyone in the St. Andrew's community to feel that in some way. I post the pictures and interviews on Facebook, not only so that the people I interview can be better, more completely understood by their peers, but also to encourage others to engage in these same types of conversations, to try to ask real, meaningful questions.

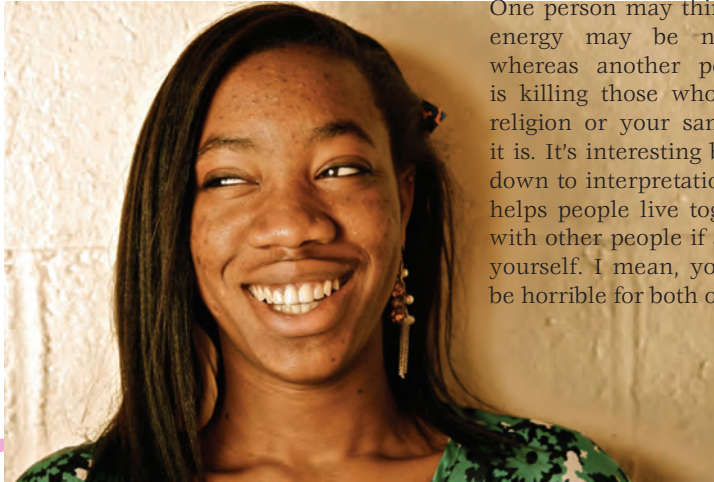
Although I am deeply thankful for Mr. Roach's words, there are still few that accurately describe the way I feel when I interview someone. The 40 minutes that I get to spend immersed in another's life, sharing, in some capacity, their life right alongside them, is indescribable. And when they walk out of the room, I can feel lost, having sometimes unearthed their deepest troubles, and wanting nothing more than to eradicate them. Sometimes I feel inspired, curious, adventurous, motivated. Whatever it is, I know that I've been given a part of them that I feel privileged to share.

of SAS

by Bridget Dufour '14

WHAT DO YOU THINK SYMPATHY AND EMPATHY ENABLE?

I think it just comes down to humanity in general. A human can be so many different things, and so I think that is what empathy and sympathy try to define even though it's such a broad term. You can't define it very easily. I think it comes down to human goodness. And just trying to be a force of positive goodness in the world. One person may think a force of positive energy may be not killing someone whereas another person may think it is killing those who are not your same religion or your same race or whatever it is. It's interesting because it just comes down to interpretation. I think it also just helps people live together. You can't live with other people if all you think about is yourself. I mean, you can... but it would be horrible for both of you. —Dia Nikoi '13



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?

When I was little I used to walk around with my dad's little notebook — a little tiny notebook and a pencil. We had magnolia trees and I don't know if you've ever seen a bud of a magnolia but it's brown and has a little thing and I used to pretend that those were grenades. Because I was always reporting from some war in the Middle East or the Congo or the Amazon. I would walk around pretending to interview some trees and ducking behind and under things when there was an air raid. When other kids play house, I was playing Christiane Amanpour. I still want to write and travel and see things and share it with others. I don't really care if people see it. I think that's just witnessing things, that's part of what travel's about, getting lost and letting all your senses awaken ... and watching ... and part of it's being humbled, witnessing something greater than yourself. —Eliza Bell '13





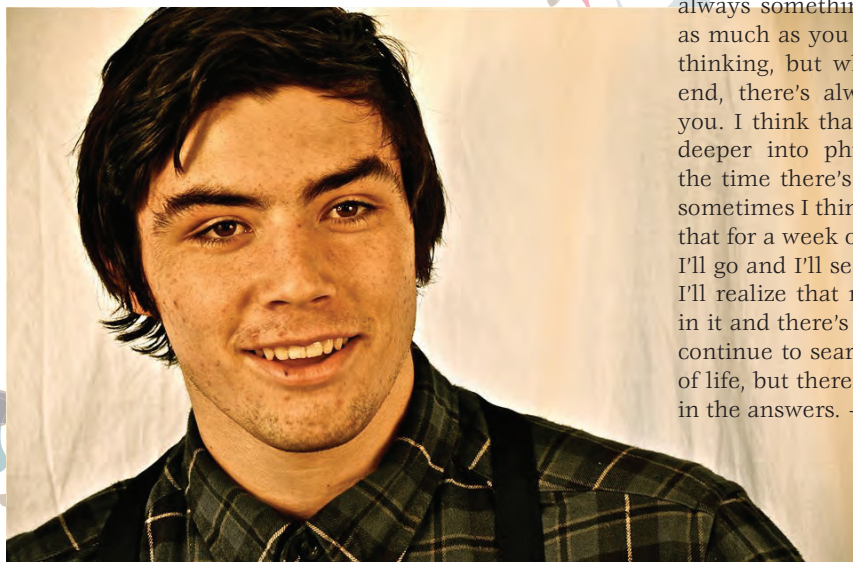
WHERE DOES YOUR HAPPINESS COME FROM?

Somebody described coming to St. Andrew's as going outside after being inside for a long time and that's totally how I feel being able to breathe. I feel like being here has let me find that everywhere I go and not have to be here to feel like I can breathe. Sort of like you can go out and find your people, find people who aren't your people and still be able to interact with them and just really be yourself. I get a lot of my happiness here and at home from the support of the people around me. So I guess back to your original question — it didn't start out as something conscious. It started out as an energy level thing. I just tried to keep my energy level up to make myself feel happier and then it became instinctual. —Alexandra Porrazzo '13

WHAT DO YOU STRUGGLE WITH?

I struggle with my own opinions a lot. I love having these little conversations with people where I talk to them about their perspective on whatever...on anything. And I feel like a lot of times I am looking for an answer and sometimes I feel like I have it and other times I'll get into these conversations and I think I'll have it and then I'll keep kind of digging deeper and deeper with other people and going against whatever they say and even going against my own belief. I'll just kind of oppose things and a lot of times I'm opposing my own idea. I always leave conversations with a lot of contradicting ideas and so I never have a definitive answer. I think I'm a concrete thinker and that's what I'm looking for.

I like science and I'm fine with math. There's always a concrete answer. There's always something that you can argue about as much as you want and it requires a lot of thinking, but when you finally come to an end, there's always an answer waiting for you. I think that's my problem with digging deeper into philosophies because most of the time there's never a correct answer and sometimes I think I'll have it and I'll live with that for a week or a month or a year but then I'll go and I'll see a different perspective and I'll realize that maybe my answer has flaws in it and there's always loopholes. I think I'll continue to search for answers in every part of life, but there will always, always be holes in the answers. —Colin Brownlee '14

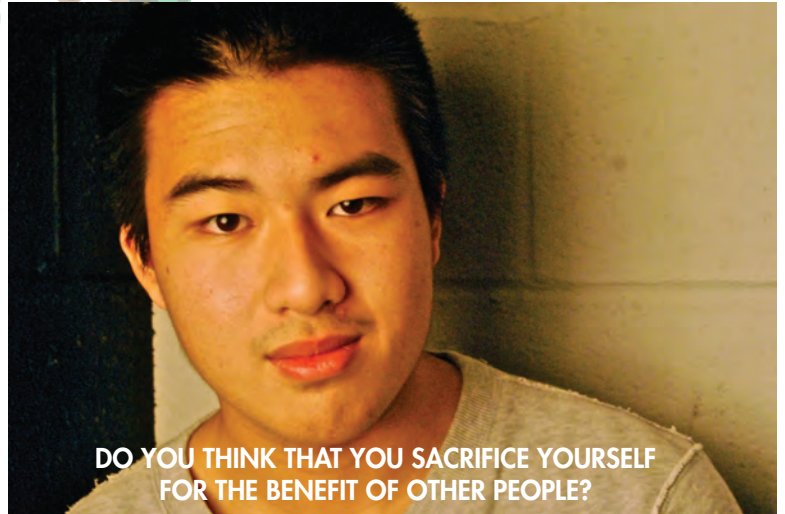




WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? WHAT ARE YOU WORKING TOWARDS?

Those are questions we really can't answer because we don't know what the future holds for us. One minute I'm here, safe in my room with my incredible roommate, and I'm happy. I feel like, *hey, my ambitions to become Jamaica's next prime minister might come true*. I'm well on my path; but then the next minute, I'm dropped into a situation where I'm inspired to become a doctor and dedicate my life to orphans, and then bam!, the most important thing in my life is just to save as many as I can. So in truth I really don't like predicting the future, but if I were to say what is my goal?

My goal is not to come to a level where I'm comfortable with my knowledge of the world. Because once you feel as if you know enough about the world, that's when you're ignorant. There is no way you can know enough about this world. It's just too vast. There's too much to explore and too much to learn. Part of my goal is to be at a balance: a balance in my social life, a balance in my mental engagement, a balance in my family life. I need to keep the ball rolling. Never stop. Never sit down on my couch for three months and watch tv. No, keep the ball rolling. That's my goal: to achieve at a constant speed. —Dominique Duncan '14



DO YOU THINK THAT YOU SACRIFICE YOURSELF FOR THE BENEFIT OF OTHER PEOPLE?

I have heard that said about me. I stay up really late sometimes. I'll be helping people with homework for all of study hall and then I'll start my homework after I put kids in room at 11:00 [p.m.] so my study hall goes from about 11:00 to 2:00 in the morning. I don't feel like that's sacrificing myself because if I make the choice to do that then clearly that's where my priorities are. So I guess some people could say that. I don't feel like I'm giving up too much. I wouldn't have it any other way. —Ryan Chiu '14

WHAT WOULD YOU CHANGE ABOUT THE WORLD?

I don't want to be all Miss America and say "World Peace," but I wish people got along. I wish there wasn't as much poverty, but a little more happiness. People are in these positions where every aspect of their life is calculated and overworked and over-processed and exhausting and I just wish there was a little bit more free spirit and a little less concern and a little less stress and a lot more music and a lot more dancing and a lot more enjoyment. To have world peace and to end poverty would be great, but wouldn't it also be just as great if everyone was — I don't want to say happy all the time because that sounds too artificial — but able to find just a little bit more enjoyment and a little more appreciation for opportunities we're given and the lives we have and how we are raised because I think that would make for a better life for everyone. I think as much as we all want to change the world to make it the utopian, better place, I think what everybody wants and what everybody needs is happiness and success that is defined on their own terms. Our happiness comes from our perception of success. —Liza Tarbell '13





FRAMING POSSIBILITIES

BY JOHN MCGIFF

Ever since I can remember, I've believed that, given the right prevailing winds and atmospheric conditions, I could fly. My childhood was full of aeronautic experiments that involved pitching myself from tall slides and garage roofs out into the blue sky, a brightly colored, make-shift cape sometimes snapping behind me, and a pile of mattresses below, just in case. At night, I could feel the earth curving beneath my feet and space in my dreams expanded with the yearning to soar over the treetops—I would repeatedly run and jump as high as I could manage, hoping for lift-off and, although I often woke-up tired from all of the exertion, I did frequently catch air in these reveries, and gravity would lighten as I rose over the cusp of a hill, a wild thrill swelling in my throat and spilling from my mouth in a chortling gasp that surprised me every time. My head pushed through the clouds, and I was soaring over the landscape, shot through with a giddy joy that was boundless.

This desire to reach beyond our natural limitations is, I think, common to us all. We are charged in every cell of our being with the desire to stand out, be recognized and extend ourselves into the world. The call is to create value, to rise to the instinct for heroism that drives our species. The cultural anthropologist Ernst Becker, in a Pulitzer Prize winning book entitled *The Denial of Death*, has this to say about the root purpose of the societies we build:

“

“The fact is that this is what society is and has always been: a symbolic action system, a structure of statuses and roles, customs and rules for behavior, designed to serve as a vehicle for earthly heroism. It doesn't matter whether the cultural hero-system is frankly magical, religious... or secular; scientific and civilized or primitive. It's still a mythical hero system in which people serve in order to earn a feeling of primary value, of cosmic specialness, of ultimate usefulness to creation, of unshakeable meaning.” —Ernst Becker

”

This is why we are here together, adults and students alike: to be stretched by challenges and develop experiences that will excite our desire for larger vistas. Becker describes a successful society as a collective enterprise that serves both the individual and the common good; it is the frame out of which we are meant to rise and seek our most expansive selves. St. Andrew's is a microcosm of the American Experiment of which we are a part, and everything we do is meant to enshrine Respect, Freedom and Opportunity as our primary set of values. In our embrace of these expectations of support and trust, we create the conditions for our mutual growth here at school. We need one another to work with, and to work up against, refining the questions that matter. Nurtured here, stretching abilities to see and understand our lives in new ways, whether its in Freshman Bio, Physics, History, Photography or Greek I, we grow in our abilities and press against the limits of the known world. Our daily commitments that unfold in the classroom, the dorms and studios, on the sports fields and countless van rides, frame possibilities for us. The pressure of schedule propels us along corridors and walkways, and the tower bells excite the clip of our steps, but my proposition for you all today is that the expectations and boundaries we often chafe against are, in fact, the frame around opportunity; an invitation to create balanced rituals. As an artist, my fantasies of flying up over the rooftops and sailing into the radiance of bluer air still serve me, but they are necessarily wrestled into the painted rectangle-flight, my adult mind keeps insisting, happens for me within the confines of the canvas and, as I practice this act of focus, I get better at what I've chosen to do. How maddening this contradiction seemed to me when I was younger, though: that only in giving myself over to the practice of one or two activities, could the sweet liberties



of my life begin to unfold. As scholars, artists and athletes, we are seasoned with this ambiguity: only from the structure of commitment is the freedom fit for heroes born.

It's not for nothing that the Founding Fathers are also called The Framers. I would argue, in fact, that what the writers of the Constitution and Bill of Rights did for our country, setting up the framework that enables each one of us to embrace our personal freedom in conscientious, inspired ways, you must all now do for yourselves. We are here to frame questions and possibilities, whether it is around the Harkness table, in the lab or studio or out on the playing fields or simply "chilling" in our common rooms. This engagement with each other, with the world of ideas and action, demands a listening attention; and once we start to listen, we begin to really care about how we use our time—this is what I call living creatively. Happily, creativity isn't a rare gift bestowed on a few lucky souls—we are all heirs to the Apollonian love of form, that intense



engagement we feel when our thinking hands fashion something new: I see a landscape, I listen to birdsong, I catch the scent of honeysuckle or bite into a crisp Macintosh apple and I am moved to recreate this experience in a poem, a painting, a melody, a beautiful chair, a dance, an orchard, a park. To create is to grow—literally. The Italian root, *crescere*, means just this. We are transformed and affirmed by our engagement with the world, when the creative spirit frames it.

As a visual artist, I have a license to look; I can stand out in the middle of a field for 3-4 hours without moving, and no one is going to call the cops. I can look closely at another person's face, noticing how light casts their features into relief or how the colors of their shirt reflect across their neck and cheeks, and not feel wildly awkward at the same time. But this is also your birthright; the right to yield to the beauty of the world; to risk involvement and to be touched by, to listen to and gaze at what attracts and holds you. Our embarrassments

about being “caught looking” at some one in the dining hall, for example, or being brought to a standstill to listen more raptly to a voice in a room we are passing by, to smell something more deeply, investigate a texture more keenly—these embarrassments fade away when we enter the creative mindset. The spirit stirs and we connect. The mathematics of creativity, then, looks like this: $1 + 1 = 3$. We are moved to translate our encounter into a form so that it doesn't disappear, we have allowed ourselves to be transformed by merging with something or someone else and new life is born.

Now consider how deeply rooted this instinct for creative involvement is inside each one of us. Beyond the imaginative games we play as children, whether it's rehearsing the adult relationships to come or single-handedly saving the world from darkness as a super hero, many of our daily rituals spring from the drive to refashion our surroundings in personally expressive ways. E. Gombrich, in his survey, *The Story of Art*, refuses to describe art as the lofty practice of a few divinely inspired individuals, and points instead to this natural impulse in all human beings for design. We are all invested in presenting and recreating ourselves—the fabrics we make and the clothes we wear; the arrangement of furniture, rugs and the domestic artifacts with which we populate our rooms; the shoes and hats we sport; our temples, gardens and garages; our electronic desktops, games and websites—all of these areas reflect our eye and aptitude for design. Ikea, Home Depot and Lowe's exist for a society of dream-weavers. You don't have to salivate over a pair of Christian Louboutin Miss Penniman 70 Patent-Leather slingbacks shoes or a SeanJohn short sleeve dip-dyed Cambrai shirt to have taste. The person who sports a white T-shirt, jeans and sneakers just as assuredly enters the domain of fashion as the student who dons a plaid

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WORK
=
PRACTICE
=
PLAY

jacket, red popped-collar polo, yellow khaki pants and tasseled loafers with no socks. These are choices. We project our personalities, and we are driven to arrange the things we own so that they reflect some type of personal value. We frame the possibility of ourselves.

Style, attitude, rhythm, the drama of color and light, the cadence of joined voices, the arc of flight; these are the beats of the performances we aspire to mastery in. We are all disciples and apprentices, at work on improving our skills, our balance and focus, and this equation is how St. Andrew's will challenge and push you: Work = Practice = Play. We aspire to play music, to play sports and no one here will deny that to play well, you've got to practice. A LOT. Mr. Geiersbach or Mr. Gold, Coach McGowan or Coach Hamilton, all of them push you to stretch yourselves in remarkable ways. Martha Graham, a great, 20th Century innovator in the tradition of American dance, has this to say about the preparations a dancer makes in anticipation of performance:

"I believe that we learn by practice. Whether it means to learn to dance by practicing dancing or to learn to live by practicing living, the principles are the same. In each, it is the performance of a dedicated precise set of acts, physical or intellectual, from which comes shape of achievement, a sense of one's being, a satisfaction of spirit. One becomes, in some area, an athlete of God. Practice means to perform, over and over again in the face of all obstacles, some act of vision, of faith, of desire. Practice is a means of inviting the perfection desired."

—Martha Graham

Every day presents us with the opportunity to improve our mastery of the moves we choose to make our own, and the field of play is the frame we build to test our agility and acumen. Professional football players, to take what *Sports Illustrated* claims as the most American of pastimes, must learn to compete on a stage that is called the

gridiron. A 100 yards of 10 yard hash marks and a pitch a little more than half as wide as it is long. If a player steps on a sideline everything stops, and the results of many plays are judged relative to the fraction of an inch. Time is strictly monitored and, it's calculated that from snap to whistle, the average play lasts between 6-7 seconds. Although players are often giant men bristling with aggressive energy, there are tons of rules about how they are allowed to touch one another. How is it that 60,000 fans can maintain a sometimes hysterical involvement in these tightly controlled contests that are bound by a stopwatch and a closed, regulated geometry? The game seems especially restrictive when it is compared to the American Indian form of Lacrosse practiced in colonial days by the Iroquois. Victories were considered supernaturally ordained and occasionally the field of play stretched out over many kilometers of country and would last a couple of days. Hundreds of men flying through the woods with long sticks, jockeying for the possession of a small deer-hide ball, poses a stark contrast to America's favorite sport; strict geometry vs. a cross-country melee.

Only our post-industrial, urban world, however, could create the game of football and develop such a passion for it. An Eagles fan at the Linc can relate to the strict formality of ball movement, the impersonality of the time clock and the frustration felt at thoughtless penalties and turnovers by the home team, because the life of an adult in the American workforce is based on a repetitive schedule, the clock determines the pace of our day and we have so much at stake in providing for our loved ones. Our hopes can live and die with our teams because we know what success looks and feels like and the hope for timely heroics that will bring us all safely through is never far from our mind. Similarly, only a rural, semi-nomadic group of hunter/

farmer/warriors could make sense of an athletic engagement that spilled across wide stretches of open land and might involve a hundred or more players at a time. Both games demand discipline and seek a similar experience, which is the function of both art and sport: the transcendent moment, when boundaries vanish and play is elevated to a new, heroic dimension. We move beyond our limitations and leave the ground in our play—the frame has served its purpose.

For us to grow in this way, for you and me to design and create the geographies of place that we believe in and are challenged by, we have to be open to possibility and vulnerable to the passing world. This state of being receptive to others is often interpreted as weakness. Arguing from this definition, one could easily be persuaded to play it safe, to lay low, to not risk too much because what's worse than public failure? I still occasionally have dreams in which, not only am I not flying, but I've shown up to class in my underwear and I'm not sure if I'm a student or the teacher. Fear of failure never really vanishes and it can lead us to create a box for ourselves to hide in. Maybe this is why the activities and relationships we initially find the most difficult, are often the ones we commit ourselves to over the long run. There's a rumor afloat, for example, that our legendary teacher of literature for the last 35 years, Mr. Speers, actually got a 400 on the English portion of the SAT; as a boarding school student in England back in the 70's, I took "A" Levels in Art, English Literature and Classical Civilizations and the 15 hour exam that I failed did not involve a lot of reading. Ms. Smith, beloved teacher of Spanish currently studying abroad, once wrote in a 4th grade homework assignment that, although she wasn't sure what she wanted to be when she grew up, she was dead certain she didn't want to become a teacher. She also tried to drop Spanish as a major after a disastrous semester



abroad in Spain, but was counseled out of this decision by her advisor. Where is she now?... Mmm. Back in Spain learning how to be a better language scholar and teacher—everything she at one time had tried to run away from. Ms. Smith has embraced her central heroic challenge and the road in front of her gains definition.

This awareness of our fallibility, those moments of discomfort, humiliation and disappointment, constitute a challenge to our very being and the inner hero stirs within. We all experience these moments. Perhaps vulnerability is, after all, one of our greatest assets, because we are lured in the profoundest way possible to the rituals of practice and mastery. We are compelled to work through what threatens to upend us, and the requirements of a chosen direction give us focus. We are forced to frame what matters by asking what are we capable of and what it is that we really want.

One of my favorite example of troubled beginnings forming the roots of future strength is James Terrell, a contemporary American artist who was the subject of three simultaneous shows this summer in Houston, New York and

Los Angeles. He spent the year after he graduated from art school in a San Francisco jail for coaching kids how to dodge the Vietnam draft. While lingering in his small cell, Terrell noticed how the light from the one window in the tiny room completely changed the color and atmosphere of the space as the days grew into evening and back to morning again. When released from prison, he began to experiment with how interior spaces might be transformed by light falling through different kinds of window surfaces. The rooms were like a light stage, transformed with each variation of aperture he arranged. Terrell was stunned by the possibilities of how light could transform space and eventually bought a used, single engine airplane and flew off to find a property with high elevations from which he could watch and frame the dome of the sky. The limits of his ambitions grew.

With grants from various Arts Groups, he bought Roden Crater, an extinct volcano on the edge of the Painted Desert in Arizona, and he has been at work digging into its surface now for over 40 years, using beautiful, sumptuous materials to frame his vision. The pictures [on these pages] are all of one particular room, taken from different angles and times of day. It has been called the single most ambitious artwork ever undertaken by one person. The work has been compared with other, more ancient temples to the heavens, like the Mayan Chichen Itza or the Druidic Stonehenge. Terrell explains:

Terrell has proven true this contradiction that resonates in all imaginative explorations: only by limiting the window you look through, can you glimpse with understanding what is far greater than yourself. In your history papers, the novels you read, the physics and chemistry labs that put you in touch with the tangible forces at work in nature, in everything that you press up against here at school and beyond, the greatness and mystery of nature asserts itself, and the lens you look through focuses the truth you see. Terrell frames wonder in the simplest and most complex of terms and he asks us to look beyond the world we are familiar with and to imagine possibilities that are both unsettling and awesome.

To close, I'd like to share the story of a friend I visited this summer, and who had just recently lost her husband of 39 years. She chose to move out of the home they shared and had raised a couple of their children in. She moved to a completely new town in which she knew hardly anyone. Needless to say, my friend found herself in unfamiliar territory and was driven to frame this new chapter of her life with questions, not unlike how you all will embark on this new year.

She had just moved in two weeks prior to my visit and, although we had a great dinner together, her eyes misted over once or twice and I could see that the shock of the new was still pretty unnerving. What she then told me about how she managed her daily anxieties, however, blew me away: Every morning

"At Roden Crater I was interested in taking the cultural artifice of art out into the natural surround. I did not want the work to be a mark upon nature, but I wanted the work to be enfolded in nature in such a way that light from the sun, moon and stars empowered the spaces... I wanted an area where you had a sense of standing on the planet. I wanted an area of exposed geology like the Grand Canyon or the Painted Desert, where you could feel geologic time. Then in this stage set of geologic time, I wanted to make spaces that engaged celestial events in light so that the spaces performed a "music of the spheres" in light. The sequence of spaces, leading up to the final large space at the top of the crater, magnifies events. The work I do intensifies the experience of light by isolating it."

—James Terrell

upon waking, she framed her day by first acknowledging the uncertainty of being alive and then wrote out in her journal all the questions that appeared before her. These are also questions you might be asking yourselves about now, as the possibilities of the year begin to unfold:

What were her short-term goals, what did she want from new encounters and connections with people, how social or private did she want to be? What kind of job or position should she go after, should she be ambitious or play it safe? Should she relax into herself and see what happened or join in the greater communal life with intention? The only way she could clarify the character of the immediate future was by asking questions that framed possibilities. These seeds of attention that she has daily planted and watered, will help to define places of connection for her.

I hold this same genuine anticipation for every one of you budding heroes in this room. Embrace the perceived limits of your world as an opportunity to achieve more than you thought yourself capable of. Make choices about where to channel your curiosity and desire and find a garage roof from which you

can see the vastness of the sky and then throw yourself into the space in front of you. My friend's daughter shared this Rainer Maria Rilke poem with her, upon the advent of her moving into the next stage of her life:

*Have patience with everything unresolved in your heart
and try to love the questions themselves...*

*Don't search for the answers,
which could not be given to you now,
because you would not be able to live them.*

And the point is, to live everything.

Live the questions now.

*Perhaps then, someday far into the future,
you will gradually, without even noticing it, live your way into the answer.*



John McGiff serves as Co-Chair of the Arts Department where he teaches Drawing, Painting, Mixed Media, and Art History. He is also chief curator of the Warner Art Gallery. He remains an active model for aspiring artists on campus and you can often find him painting in his studio on the second floor of the School barn. His work can be found in galleries around the Mid-Atlantic or prominently displayed on the walls of St. Andreans' homes on campus and around the world.



Keeping the Faith

The Miracle of Unanswered Prayers



Have you ever prayed, or wished, or hoped for something to happen in your life, but it never came true? We all have prayed for something miraculous to happen to us at one time or another, ranging from something big like winning the lottery to something small like doing well on a test or in an athletic event. I would guess that at some point in time, we have all been disappointed when a prayer didn't come true. Sometimes an unanswered prayer can leave us with the feeling that God isn't listening, or that he doesn't have time for our prayers, or that he doesn't even exist at all.

by Al Wood

In late May of 2002, I was sitting alone in the training room when the phone rang. It was my wife telling me she had received word from the doctor's office that her pregnancy test had come back positive. We were going to be parents! When we got the news, Shara was only three weeks pregnant. Her first ultrasound and our first glimpse at our child was scheduled for two weeks later.

The two weeks following the news of our impending parenthood were very exciting. We wondered if we would be blessed with a boy or a girl. We discussed names, parenting philosophies, and what baby supplies we would need. At this early stage, my thoughts were less of my unborn child and more of how I would maintain my hobbies and free time after the child arrived. Sure, I had heard all of the comments of how a newborn changes everything, but I've always lived life my own way, and I was confident that I would figure out something.

Finally, the day of the first ultrasound arrived. At the last minute, I was required to be here at St. Andrew's for a meeting. So again, I'm in the training room and the phone rings. It's Shara, but this time she is crying. My heart dropped. My initial thoughts were that we lost the baby. I asked Shara what was wrong. She told me she was calling from the doctor's office, then she paused for what seemed like an eternity. Between the sobs she mustered two words, "There's three." My response: "Three what?" Before the words finished coming out of my mouth, I knew what she meant. A burning sensation began in the pit of my stomach. My wife was pregnant with triplets.

The next two weeks were not nearly as enjoyable as the previous two. Shara and I seemed to argue over anything and everything. We argued over how we were going to pay for three kids, three sets of clothes, three times the food, three college tuitions. The door was closing on my life as I envisioned it. The only statement that seemed to diffuse our arguments came from our doctor. He said that at only

five weeks of pregnancy with multiple embryos that it is very common for one or more of the embryos to be absorbed by the woman's body. There was a high percentage that this pregnancy would still just result in a single child. I felt very strongly that this would be the "best case scenario" but I still couldn't help but feel like the weight of the world was on my shoulders.

I pray often. One hot June afternoon I sat in my car at a red light. There I prayed to God that if there was any way to relieve me of this great burden, if there was any way to take away the mounting pressure in my life associated with this pregnancy, to please give me that relief. To make this perfectly clear, I was asking God to have two of the three embryos conveniently absorb into my wife's body as our doctor had described and give us only a single child.

Over the following 15 weeks a number of extreme changes occurred. Shara's belly began to grow quickly, *very quickly*. This was also the time of numerous doctor's visits and countless ultrasounds. There was more detail revealed with each passing week. It began by seeing small gray blips on a screen that represented the heartbeats of the triplets. Then we began to see definition of the arms, legs, spines, and heads. The more time passed, the more we realized that there would be no natural reduction of these embryos from three to two or one. But each week I began to root more and more for these little guys. Instead of becoming inconveniences, they were becoming my children and I was beginning the process

of becoming a parent. I was falling in love with my children.

By 21 weeks of pregnancy, the babies were beginning to kick. An ultrasound revealed that we were having two boys and one girl. We even knew where they were positioned in Shara's belly. This allowed us to name them and talk to them individually.

My daughter, Bryer, would kick feverishly when I would talk to her through the upper left area of Shara's belly. It was the highlight of my day. She wasn't even born yet, but she was already Daddy's little girl. The exponential growth of our triplets was taking its toll on Shara's body, however. At 21 weeks she was told by her doctor she would remain on bed rest for the remainder of the pregnancy to alleviate some of the stress on her body. A full term pregnancy is 40 weeks.

At 22 weeks, when we were at the hospital having an ultrasound, we noticed that the doctor was spending significantly more time examining Bryer than he had the two boys. Then, the doctor said the words that turned our world upside down: "Your daughter is suffering from a condition called low placental blood flow." We were told that our daughter wasn't growing as fast as her brothers and it was





due to a lack of oxygen and nutrient-rich blood into her placenta which threatened her life. We left the hospital, arrived home and held each other as we cried and prayed for our daughter's health.

After a very long and emotional two weeks, we had the follow-up ultrasound to determine the health status of our daughter. Her condition had worsened. Low placental blood flow is a chronic condition. Its effects can range from physical and mental birth defects to death. We asked if there was anything we could do to help improve Bryer's chances. The doctor said that our best hope was to put my wife in the hospital on 24 hour a day IV fluid and oxygen for the remainder of the pregnancy to potentially help increase the blood circulation to our daughter. It would mean that Shara would spend the next seven weeks living in a hospital bed.

A few days after Shara was admitted to the hospital, we had a meeting with a neonatologist to advise us on the health of the triplets. He told us that our daughter would probably live no longer than three more weeks because of her faulty placenta. I could tell my wife's heart was breaking.

One night I left St. Andrew's and went home to eat before driving to Christiana hospital to visit Shara. The emotional stress of having my wife in the hospital was getting to me. The house felt particularly

cold, dark, and empty that night. I noticed a pile of baby clothes that we had received as gifts and decided that I would fold them and put them away in the babies' room.

As I folded the pile of clothes, I came across a newborn outfit for a little girl. It was white pajamas with little pink pigs on it. I remember laying the outfit on my leg and imagining that my daughter was there. I pictured her looking up at me and smiling. She would be happy, knowing she was safe and protected. Those happy thoughts were brief as I realized that one day soon I might have to take all of those little girl outfits and box them away for good. The thought of losing my daughter while I stood by powerless to help her had overwhelmed me. I crumbled into a ball on the couch and cried harder than I've ever cried in my entire life. Why was this happening?

It was then that I remembered my earlier prayer asking God for relief. I remember telling God that three babies at once would be too difficult. Was this God's way of answering my prayer? I pleaded to God, "Ignore that prayer; it isn't what I want now. I don't care how hard it's going to be, just give me my children, safe and healthy." I called Shara in the middle of my emotional breakdown, and she comforted me. She said that God had a plan and no matter what that plan was, that it would be for the best because God knew what was best for us. There I decided to let all of my anxiety and feelings of helplessness go and follow my wife's lead and have faith in God's plan.

From then on, we prayed that our children would hold on another week. By week 31 the contractions had grown stronger and my wife's body couldn't hold on anymore. On the morning of December 3 at 9:30 in the morning, the triplets were born and one by one Caden, Bryer, and then Tyler were examined by their own personal team of doctors. Although they were hooked up to monitors and oxygen and were very small, our prayers had come true. Our babies were healthy, including our 2 pound, 6 ounce little girl.

One morning, shortly after the triplets came home from the hospital, I awoke to the sound of my clock radio. I was extremely tired and turned off the alarm and turned and looked across the bed at a sea of three children that lay between my wife and me. As I mustered up the energy to get out of bed, I looked down at my son, Tyler, who was sleeping nestled into my chest. He had one hand resting under his cheek and the other firmly grasping the front of my t-shirt. As I leaned down to kiss his cheek goodbye, I could almost hear him say, "Don't go just yet, Daddy. Stay a little while longer." So I laid down my head and as I fell back asleep I realized that even though last year at this time, I never would have asked God to give me this life, this life is exactly what I've always wanted... and God knew that all along. So today I thank God for answered *and* unanswered prayers.

Those were my words almost 11 years ago and since I wrote that talk, a lot has changed in my life. The triplets are growing up quickly. I've traded late night feedings and diaper changes for soccer practice, homework, and learning about who is asking who to the dance. The bedtime stories about princesses and aliens have been slowly replaced with



questions about life and the real world around them.

Nowhere else was this transition from innocence more apparent than one afternoon a few years ago that Bryer and I had one of our Daddy-Daughter dates. Every summer, Bryer goes to the fabric store with Grandma, and then they spend a couple of days of quality time together laughing and sewing until they complete a very pretty dress for Bryer. Once they are done, my job is to take Bryer out on a date and show her off. On one of these dates after a nice lunch, Bryer and I went for a walk outside on a beautiful, warm, and sunny day. After a few minutes of walking and holding hands, my then 9-year-old daughter looks up at me and asks the question, "Daddy, what does it feel like to fall in love?" We spent the next 45 minutes talking about what it feels like to have butterflies in your stomach, how alive love can make you feel, and I told the story about how I met and fell in love with her mother. We also talked about friendship and respect. Most importantly, we talked about how she should expect a boy to treat her and what the ramifications would be for that boy if he did not meet her very high standards.

Moments like these make me realize how quickly the time has passed and they force me to take inventory on what I've learned over the last 11 years of parenthood.

One: I've learned that being tired won't kill you, but it will make you stutter, forget the names of people you've worked with for years, and drop things for no reason. The first year after the triplets were born my wife and I probably averaged three hours of sleep a night and while I survived it, I'm pretty sure I received some form of permanent brain damage from it. However, I can also remember sitting on the couch with my wife at 3 o'clock in the morning with the children in our laps for one of their many middle of the night feedings. We joked, sang made-up songs to our children, and generally went crazy together. I also remember feeling

very strongly during those times that all I would ever need in life was on that couch.

Two: I've learned that my life, if I want true happiness, shouldn't resemble anyone else's life. Students that have been around me in the training room in the afternoon see this short, stocky weightlifter with a strange sense of humor who touches everyone's sweaty feet. And he has this beautiful wife who teaches Taekwondo and milks cows, and they live in the middle of a field in a house that is filled with so many children that it is constantly loud from laughter and singing and playing and wrestling and arguing and, "Mommy, tell Caden to stop touching me!" But it is also filled with God, and it is filled with love. So students see this person I am and think, "OK, this guy is pretty weird... but he seems really happy."

After having triplets, I knew that my life was never going to resemble the term "normal." My wife and I had always planned on having a normal family structure, but God blessed us with three children at once. Then five years later, just as we were regaining our sanity, God blessed us with a fourth child, Chase. Then as our children grew, my wife and I wanted them to have a different understanding of and connection to the world around them, to their health, and to their food. So we got chickens, then goats, then a cow, and then a garden, and we now have a home where the children take care of animals and plants and they get dirty and they learn about life and they grow. If God had granted me the "normal" life I wanted so badly to have, I never would have been a part of this amazing adventure that he had in store for me instead.

Three: I've learned that the obstacles in our lives, the fear that lives in our hearts, and the mountains we are forced to climb

Al Wood has been a tireless teacher, trainer, mentor, advisor, and friend to St. Andreans since 1998. He enjoys woodworking and playing the guitar and once spent several months making a Fender-style electric guitar called "The DeSalvo" for his good friend and colleague, Dave DeSalvo.



are not there to hurt us or punish us, they are there to reveal us. They reveal our character, they reveal our strength, they reveal the people willing to climb those mountains with us. In athletics, there is no growth, no development of strength without first overcoming a resistance. Lifting a weight, running up a hill, pulling an oar against water. A life without obstacles, a life without challenges isn't an easy life, it's a life where you'll never know all of the amazing things you are capable of being. Without having felt the fear of losing my daughter, without having lived the sleepless nights of parenting triplets and doing it all while side by side with my wife, I never would have known the man I was capable of being or of how truly extraordinary and unbreakably strong the bonds of love and family can be.

So my advice to you is, don't attempt to live a "normal" life. This world needs the abnormal, the weird, the strange, the amazing, and the beautifully unique life that you are meant to live. Don't work hard because you feel like you are supposed to, but invest your heart and soul into the people you love and the things that inspire you. And when you feel lonely, and tired, and afraid and the world around you seems so cold and dark, **have faith**, because the greatest adventure of your entire life might be just about to begin. ■





The Price of Success

HOW STRIVING TOWARD PERFECTION CAN LEAVE ONESELF WILDLY IMPERFECT

by Pemberton Heath '08

Delivered May 8, 2013

A. Felix duPont, Jr. Memorial Chapel

When Leighton Durham told me that I had been in the eighth grade with her sister Elizabeth, she has no idea the fright she gave me. In the midst of my first week of teaching—scary enough as it was on its own—she gave me a middle school flashback. “Oh cool” I calmly replied. “Oh no” I panicked to myself. Earning the respect of my students was going to be challenging enough, and now I had to face someone who had possibly heard stories of me from middle school.

In order to talk about what I want to talk about tonight, I am going to have to be very honest about myself, and no better place to start than at eighth grade graduation. My younger sister Claudia actually gave me the idea to tell this story in a phone conversation this week. For those of you that remember Claudia, you might think of her as sweet. In fact, she is ruthless.

“Remember how awkward you were! How terrible graduation was! When you won all of those awards, and you didn’t really have any social grace or friends so it was just kind of...uncomfortable. They clanked. Around your neck.” I couldn’t help but smile at the memory.

In middle school I was a straight A student, a driven athlete (I was so cool that I played on the boys basketball team), and a “leader” in the sense that I sucked up to every teacher and followed the dress code religiously (the long khaki shorts went smashing well with my glasses and braces). I preached to my peers about inclusivity and kindness. I had few friends that weren’t teachers and even then I spent way too much time studying. At the young age of 13, I could not possibly recognize this moment for what it was—a snapshot of a conflict I would wrestle with for the next decade (and something I still wrestle with today). By many measures I had been a success in middle school, and was in high school and in college. Yet the middle school story shows that there were serious trade offs to these accomplishments.

Tonight I am going to talk to you about a very hard lesson I learned in college. I am going to talk about success. To focus, I am going to narrow in on my very twisted relationship with

success throughout my third and fourth year of college, and the double-edged nature of success I learned about through intense personal experience. With incredible mentorship and coaching, at St. Andrew’s I believe I understood well that accomplishment for success’s sake was a foolish and meaningless endeavor. But let me tell you: this is easy to forget when success becomes euphoric, when those around you praise it, and when that success leads to more and more opportunities for more and more success.

Like I did with the middle school anecdote, to begin I need to just lay out there what my third and fourth year of college looked like. Let’s just say third year was not my best year in college. Tricky, because looking at my resume you would think that it was brilliant. My third year I took tough classes. I got straight As that year taking calculus based probability, differential equations, and the rigorous seminars required for my distinguished major in Political and Social Thought. I was the chair of the University’s biggest diversity group, Sustained Dialogue, and I was racing for the cycling and triathlon teams while recovering from a back injury I got on the rugby field. In the fall, I was selected as one of only two third years in the College of Arts and Sciences to join the Raven Society, the University’s oldest academic honorary society. In the spring, I was chosen from the top 4% of my class to join Phi Beta Kappa. I was awarded Dean’s List and Intermediate Honors. By the end of the spring I had encouraged to apply for the Rhodes and Marshall Scholarships—two of the most prestigious academic and leadership scholarships in the nation. But—like with every story—there is another side to that coin.

I studied constantly. I studied alone most of the time, closing out the library and shutting down coffee shops on Friday nights. When I got the email that I was invited to join Phi Beta Kappa, it was a Friday evening close to midnight. The rest of the school was, you know, relaxing, enjoying one another’s company, eating and making merry. I was busy solving differential equations and reading Marx. By the time

the music started cranking up, I was crawling into bed, having studied enough and in need of rest before a 60 mile training ride the next morning. I excitedly forwarded the PBK email to my parents and as I drifted off to sleep, I felt the exhilaration of the moment. Such a recognition felt great. But by that point in the year—by March—I was also aware of how empty that success would ultimately feel. I gave the excitement of the news a week max. Then it would be back to the same. I had friends that I cared about and cared about me, but my reputation became MIA and when I showed up at social events it was shocking. I lived in a house of 8 that regularly hosted gatherings in which I took no part. I missed my little sister's last ever soccer game because I was too busy with work—a decision I continue to regret. I called my parents constantly, overwhelmed by how much I had to do and how I didn't have enough time to do it right. To do it extremely well. To do it perfectly. And I will admit that there were occasional tears on the phone to my worried parents. I was exhausted, and I was lonely.

Throughout my third year and into my fourth year, I learned an extraordinarily difficult lesson about the dangers of success, or rather, the wrong kind of focus on the wrong kind of success. Out there in the world, external indicators of performance abound. Grades, highly selective schools, honors programs, honor societies, dean's lists, academic awards, leadership awards, social societys, sorority's and fraternity's, all conference sports teams, GPAs, selective majors, high paying jobs, bonuses...the list goes on and on. These external indicators measure and reward a specific type of behavior—*and that reward feels really good*. In fact, it is addicting.

At St. Andrew's these external indicators are limited and we appropriately celebrate the genuine. The authentic. We celebrate learning over achievement. We relish the intellectual journey as much as the outcome. We celebrate the nuanced attributes of our 300 talented students and we know what it takes to build a meaningful and caring community.

But when you leave this place and face the outside world, it is easy to get caught up in other forms of success. At least,



that is what happened to me and I would have considered myself a strong advocates of St. Andrew's values—values that to me are more harmonious with a deep and fulfilling life. But over the course of my third and fourth year I learned about the danger of becoming too caught up in a type of success that did not carry real meaning for me.

How does such a transformation happen?

There are a couple of components of this process. It starts with the fact that being told you are good at something feels great. Setting goals and achieving them feels great. You see, success can be euphoric. The more you get, the more you want. At the end of my first year of college, after I had gotten a 4.0, my godfather—who is a very wise man—asked me to promise him one thing: don't get a 4.0 again. I was too naïve to understand his admonishment, and I went

back to school driven to get another 4.0.

Once you have a 4.0, anything else is a step down. The more successful you are, the more successful you need to be. Before you know it, you are seeking perfection—and why? In the example of grades, it is because a 4.0 requires it. Nothing but an A averages to an A. In this mindset you cannot take risks. You cannot take the dangerous and challenging class. You cannot explore. You are bound to stay within the narrow confines of what will be rewarded with an "A".

**** ASIDE**** Now, as much as I loved sports and other things, for me this was about school. But for you, it might not be! It doesn't have to be! It could be school and doing well academically, but it could also be about being praised as an athlete or getting invited to a certain social club or dating the most attractive person in your social group. I was personally not struggling with the aftermath of too much success on the dating front, but everyone's struggles are different. Whatever your personality, you are all going to thrive in many ways. The key is to not get too caught up in external verifications of that excellence.

But back to the point. Soon enough, you start to rely on that excellence as a part of your identity. Conveniently, your

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intense focus on goals distracts you from the much more difficult questions life can pose, like “who am I?” and “what do I really care about” and “what do I stand for?”. It is much easier to instead listen to the outside world tell you who you are: a success. You become defined by being successful, and in the process your own sense of identity—your internal sense of self—erodes. In the end, I was left feeling like I was what I had achieved. But those achievements felt fleeting. I constantly felt like my very sense of self could be snatched at any moment. People—in various ways—constantly told me I was smart, a leader, good at things—and I valued their praise. But what if I wasn't as smart as they thought? Was I a fraud? This feeling grew more intense as time went on.

David Foster Wallace captures this sentiment brilliantly:

He writes: “If you worship money and things — if they are where you tap real meaning in life — then you will never have enough. Never feel you have enough. It's the truth. Worship your own body and beauty and sexual allure and you will always feel ugly, and when time and age start showing, you will die a million deaths before they finally plant you. On one level, we all know this stuff already — it's been codified as myths, proverbs, clichés, bromides, epigrams, parables: the skeleton of every great story. The trick is keeping the truth up-front in daily consciousness. Worship power — you will feel weak and afraid, and you will need ever more power over others to keep the fear at bay. Worship your intellect, being seen as smart — you will end up feeling stupid, a fraud, always on the verge of being found out. And so on.”

Wallace's writing speaks exactly to the feeling I had. And this feeling is more common than you know. Later, once I figured out how to put the brakes on this train and connect with people, I learned that others were feeling this

way too. For too long, our identities had become too wrapped up in being told we were good at things. As a result, we didn't have claim to ourselves anymore. We needed others to affirm what we merely hoped to be true. To fight that feeling of being a fraud, we had to keep achieving.

Because that is another thing about success. It goes stale. An accolade, an accomplishment, whatever it was—no one cares next year. Unless you accomplish that again, or preferably do something bigger and better, no one cares that you were X Y or Z last year. In a few weeks we will give some awards of our own here at St. Andrew's. To the future recipients, I offer a

bitter sweet congratulations. Enjoy the day! But don't derive too much value here. Next year, no one will know or care that this happened. They will remember you for who you were. Ultimately, these accolades and awards are ephemeral. If you do derive value from them, you will have to keep achieving to feel fulfilled. Once you are on that train, the longer you stay on, the faster it goes, the harder it is to jump off. I got stuck on this train.

By my third year of college, I was paralyzed. I knew that my relationship with success was making me hollow but I didn't know how to stop. As evidence, here is an excerpt from a gchat conversation I had with my old St. Andrew's advisor in the late fall of my third year:

“I don't know how to take the pressure off right now because success has become too important...Right now I feel like I've lost touch with what makes me me, I've become a machine. Successful, but not happy... And it also starts to go beyond the grades. Like with Political and Social Thought [my major], I don't feel like I'm getting much out of the class because I'm rushing the reading and I don't have time to think about what I'm learning. That's not me. I'm not a grade chaser. I'm here to learn. But somehow I've devolved into something else. And I don't like what I see.”

As I reflect on this time, I realize the price I paid. That gchat conversation says everything about what I sacrificed. I gave up

real learning for playing the game of school. I sacrificed important moments with friends and family to put in more work. I sacrificed my happiness and sanity. Most importantly, I sacrificed my sense of self.

This all came to a tee in the late fall of my fourth year. The fall of my fourth year was the most intense time of all of this. I had been selected by my school as an

applicant for both the Rhodes and the Marshall Scholarships. These are major scholarships that require an intense internal selection process to even be allowed to apply. I was busy in every way. Between working with a new faculty/staff/student diversity group I had founded to racing mountain bikes to keeping up my grades—I could hardly come up for air. I was living on the historic lawn at UVA but I hardly knew any of the “lawnies.”

I spent all of my time alone trying to keep it all together. There was so much pressure to do well with the Rhodes and Marshall selection process. Admittedly most of the pressure

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ALUMNI VOICES

came from right here. From me. Since the spring of my third year when the office that runs selections started coaching me for the application and interview process, I had become driven to succeed. And this is not the kind of process you can easily master. It is intense, to say the least. You need 7 letters of recommendation, three personal essays, and a minimum GPA of a 3.85 to apply. You need to succeed in leadership and scholarship and citizenship and be able to ace an interview that can ask about literally anything.

Once selected by UVA, I had three mock interviews where panels of UVA faculty interrogated me for 30 minutes. By the time I was selected as a finalist for the Marshall and traveled to Atlanta for the final interview I was exhausted. I was living in a community at the heart of the University but I felt totally alone. This interview should have been tremendously exciting—an opportunity that most never get. I should have been thrilled just for the opportunity to talk with these amazing former Marshall scholars about my work in college and my passions and what I wanted to do with my life.

My passions.

Hmm. And what were those? The environment? Diversity? Community? I didn't know anymore. At St. Andrew's I had written a draft of a college essay that made the claim: "if I know anything about myself, it is that I am passionate. I love what I do." Now, I hadn't a clue what I was doing and I definitely did not know why I was doing any of it. I was stuck on a treadmill and I couldn't get off. A shell of myself, I exuded no passion in that final interview. I didn't need to wait for the email saying I had not been selected. I knew.

When I was a senior in high school I interviewed for the Jefferson Scholarship—a merit scholarship at UVA. My approach to that process had been totally different. When I showed up for that interview, I was there for an opportunity to have a great conversation with some interesting UVA alums. I hadn't spent an excess of time prepping, and the Jefferson was NOT a focus of my senior year. I was focused on this. St. Andrew's. My community here, my friends, my work, my sports teams—the things I cared about. I was tremendously

passionate individual and I was driven to do my best with things I cared about. I had a great conversation that afternoon in Wilmington with the Jefferson selection committee about the things that mattered the most to me, and about the way I thought about what was going on in the world.

I happened to get chosen for the scholarship. And that news was not the highlight of my spring at St. Andrew's—I was busy relishing the final few weeks of being a part of the St. Andrew's community.

The story I told about my experience with the Marshall paints a totally different picture. I lacked the passion and I was chasing success for success's sake. And the irony is—in my pursuit of success I had lost sight of myself, and therein was the root of my failure.

I found out the same afternoon that I was out of the running for the Rhodes and not selected as a Marshall. The sting of disappointment was intense, but what set in more strongly and more permanently was an overwhelming feeling of liberation. You see, most people—myself included—probably believed that if I had gotten such a major award as a Rhodes or Marshall scholarship that I would be

set for life. Happy go lucky, care free, I'd have done it all at the age of 21. But I had learned a deeper lesson. Had I won that scholarship I would have been even more tightly bound to my narrow path of consistent success—each metric harder to achieve and more exhilarating than the one prior. Ironically, in my failure I felt liberated from what would have been a deeper entrapment by the ever-increasing expectation of more and more achievement.

When confiding these feelings in a close friend, she shared the following quote by Po Bronson. It captured my sentiment perfectly:

"Failure can be a hard thing, but success is far more dangerous. If you are successful at the wrong thing, the combination of praise and money and opportunity can lock you in forever."

These words rang so true. I had become prey to the dangers of success. The Marshall offered all of those things—praise, money, opportunity—but my focus was all wrong. I was striving

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to be successful by external metrics, and those external metrics had grown to replace my own sense of identity.

Things changed rapidly after that. This was a turning point for me. Liberated by this failure, I became more comfortable my own fallibility. What's more, I began to see more clearly the exceptional gifts in the people around me. I engaged. I began to get to know the 53 incredible people living in the lawn rooms around me. I started spending Thursday and Friday evenings in my best friend's lawn room with other friends, listening to music, talking about the future, laughing, and sharing our experiences of learning these same hard lessons. I stopped doing things I was doing just because I felt I had to. I became more generous with my time. I laughed a lot more.

Now, this story does not have a cliché ending. That semester I had two Bs on my transcript. I was not the "leader" or organizations that I had been in the past. I was not an academic stand out in my physics class—my calculations in my final paper concluded that my leg would break if my knee extended just 1 cm past my ankle—and while I am prone to injury it wasn't my most convincing work. Had I had this semester every semester, many of the accomplishments I had would never have happened. And I'm not sure I would have hands down taken that road. It's just not that easy.

Unfortunately, there just isn't a good answer to this conundrum. It is life long conflict and I don't think there is a formula for how to do this right. If there is one, I'm not old enough to be in on the secret. But I don't think there is. I think this give and take is life.

What I can say confidently is this: there is no such thing as perfection. It does not exist. You have to choose. You have to make sacrifices. As Alfred de Musset says, "Perfection does not exist. To understand this is the triumph of human intelligence; to expect to possess it is the most dangerous kind of madness."

I chose this topic because I know it will matter for you. You are amazing students, just bursting with potential and talent and energy. You are going to be successful in myriad ways. How you handle that success—what kind of success you choose to care about—this will play a huge role in your life. So while I do not have the formula for how to do this, I can offer concrete tidbits of advice:

- ❖ The place I thrived the most—thrived in my intellectual life, thrived in my relationships with others and with myself—was here. This community is made to support that. But you won't always have it. So make it. At UVA I was often in a community that was focused on achievement. The draw was magnetic. Reject that and make your community like this one. Surround yourself with people who get that sometimes you have to fail by external metrics in order to succeed by internal

ones. Those are courageous decisions and you need the support of others to make them. Build that support network wherever you go, and be that support for others.

- ❖ Beware consecutive 4.0s. They say far less about your intelligence than they do about your willingness to challenge yourself and take risks. Take the risks. Be comfortable with imperfection in exchange for the truer success of stretching yourself beyond your limits.
- ❖ Nourish yourself to have the courage when the euphoria of success comes calling to do what is in your heart. There will be times when the euphoria of success lures you to sacrifice your integrity. NEVER do this. You will be riddled with self doubt forever. There will be times when the euphoria of success will call you out of the intellectual life and into the game of school...where you will be compelled to strategize for grades at the expense of learning. Don't sacrifice the beautiful opportunity to learn something just to get a grade.
- ❖ Engage. Connect with other people. You can't take on this world on your own. The connections you build with others are essential for your happiness.

What a privilege to give this talk, and more importantly to spend an incredible year with you. Each of you is inspiring, and getting to spend this year with you has been humbling indeed. But don't get confused about what among your many attributes is most integral to your worth. It's not your grades and accolades or other types of accomplishment. The world will reward this and its praise will feel good. But remember that it is really your generosity of spirit your St. Andrean ethos that make you you and authentic and true. Follow the compass you hone here and accolades may come. But if you start to live for that kind of success, be careful. It feels more ephemeral and empty than you know. But if you live resiliently, driven by your passions, your love for others, your generosity, you will dig so much deeper and find a different kind of success—success that is your own, success that you control. And even though you will inevitably struggle with how to face both failure and success, you will do so on the solid ground of knowing yourself and what you stand for. And that is the real prize. ■

Pemberton Heath spent last year at St. Andrew's teaching math, coaching girls soccer and lacrosse and serving as a head dorm parent on Lower Mein. She is currently enrolled in a post-baccalaureate program on Boston in preparation for medical school. She plans to apply in the fall of 2014.





The 80th St. Andrew's Commencement exercises celebrated the dedicated work of 76 students from across the country and around the world over Memorial Day weekend. Headmaster Tad Roach recognized the significance of the day by beginning the ceremony by honoring the courage, sacrifice, dedication, and service of the men and women of our armed forces. "We remember that Americans have fought and died to preserve freedom and to accept their ultimate responsibility as citizens of this country," said Tad, before asking members of the military and veterans to stand and be thanked.

The day was also an opportunity to honor the power of education with longtime Silver Lake Elementary School teacher and current principal Cyndi Clay providing the day's commencement address. Tad emphasized the importance and impact of excellent teachers while introducing Clay:

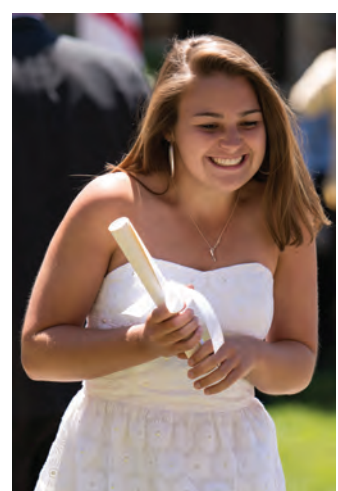
Although we can study report after report on the subject of school reform and exemplary 21st century education, we know intuitively that our students do not need plans, agendas or governmental oversight and control: they need great principals and great teachers like Cyndi Clay. You know these leaders and teachers when you meet them: they exude an excitement and passion for students – students as writers, thinkers, mathematicians, scientists and historians – students as individuals with unknown and exciting resources of goodness, creativity and responsibility ready to be developed and released.

Thank you to the Class of 2014 for your tremendous work over the last four years. We are excited for the opportunities ahead of you and wish you more than luck for wherever life may take you.





Commencement



First and foremost, our transformation is a product of the diversity of our class and the entire St. Andrew's community. For many, including myself, St. Andrew's was the first place where we were introduced to people whose life experiences differed dramatically from our own. It is an extreme culture shock to come to St. Andrew's where the student body is comprised of talented, smart, and interesting kids from every race, ethnicity, religion, and socio-economic class. It is that diversity of culture and spirit that has enabled us to mature and develop as we have.

—Co-President Emily Troisi

COMMENCEMENT 2013

The Class of 2014

Michael O. Akande <i>Bowie, Maryland</i>	Jessie M. Duncan <i>Charlotte, North Carolina</i>	Eric L. Peghini <i>Rehoboth Beach, Delaware</i>
Nnana Amakiri <i>El Paso, Texas</i>	Everett L. Durham <i>Charlotte, North Carolina</i>	Breahna J. Pierce <i>Dover, Delaware</i>
Agatha C. Barnowski <i>New York, New York</i>	Benjamin M. Egan <i>Jacksonville, Florida</i>	Anne R. Pohl <i>Wilmington, Delaware</i>
Kelsey L. Barolak <i>Riverside, Connecticut</i>	Paul B. Egan <i>Jacksonville, Florida</i>	Alexandra P. Porrazzo <i>Greensboro, Vermont</i>
Eliza S. Bell <i>Charlottesville, Virginia</i>	Jack C. Flynn <i>Camden, Maine</i>	Irene R. Rajarigam <i>Upper Darby, Pennsylvania</i>
Emilio Bernal <i>Newark, New Jersey</i>	Charles M. French <i>Winston-Salem, North Carolina</i>	James N. Rajasingh <i>Easton, Maryland</i>
William P. Bowditch <i>Darien, Connecticut</i>	Zhibing Fu <i>Shanghai, China</i>	Morgen K. Ricketts <i>Chestertown, Maryland</i>
Alexander W. Bowman <i>Lancaster, Pennsylvania</i>	Anton W. Grabis <i>Chestertown, Maryland</i>	Daniel T. Z. Roach <i>Middletown, Delaware</i>
Christian Burke <i>Bronx, New York</i>	William N. Hughes <i>Ardmore, Pennsylvania</i>	Sirin Ruckpanich <i>Bangkok, Thailand</i>
Peter M. Burrus, Jr. <i>New York, New York</i>	Madeline J. Izard <i>Charlotte, North Carolina</i>	Nadiri M. Saunders <i>Chandler, Arizona</i>
Helen R. Cammerzell <i>Centreville, Maryland</i>	Jerry A. Jana <i>Easton, Maryland</i>	Charles L. Scott III <i>Arnold, Maryland</i>
Jiani Chen <i>Shanghai, China</i>	Ji Ho Jeon <i>Seoul, South Korea</i>	Abigail T. Smith <i>London, England</i>
Yoonseok Choi <i>Seoul, South Korea</i>	Benjamin Kang <i>Seoul, South Korea</i>	Carter P. K. Speers <i>Middletown, Delaware</i>
Espen M. Christoffersen <i>Phoenix, Arizona</i>	YeoJin Kwon <i>Seoul, South Korea</i>	Sangwon Suh <i>Seoul, South Korea</i>
Emily H. Claytor <i>Falmouth, Maine</i>	Lillian C. Lancaster <i>Monkton, Maryland</i>	Elizabeth W. Tarbell <i>New York, New York</i>
Emilia Cobbs <i>New York, New York</i>	Dongheon Lee <i>Seongnam, South Korea</i>	RoShondra E. Tedder <i>Durham, North Carolina</i>
Kieran T. Conaway <i>Seaford, Delaware</i>	Isabella T. Lilly <i>Richmond, Virginia</i>	William H. Thompson <i>McAllister, Montana</i>
Sterling R. Cousar <i>Philadelphia, Pennsylvania</i>	Faith A. Loehr <i>Dumont, New Jersey</i>	Lhagvari N. Trichen <i>Vancouver, Washington</i>
John P. Crowley <i>Colgate, Wisconsin</i>	John C. Marshall III <i>Bronxville, New York</i>	Emily A. Troisi <i>Wilmington, Delaware</i>
Peter C. D'Agostino <i>Greenwich, Connecticut</i>	Riley G. McDonough <i>Savannah, Georgia</i>	Margaret B. Whiteman <i>Avalon, New Jersey</i>
Nicolas A. Dandridge <i>Middletown, New York</i>	Isabelle P. McGrail <i>Manchester Center, Vermont</i>	Haley E. Wilbanks <i>Orange, Virginia</i>
Tapasya Das <i>Mount Laurel, New Jersey</i>	Zachary F. Meadows <i>Lexington, Virginia</i>	Jonathan E. Witchard <i>Leesburg, Virginia</i>
Nicholas L. Desrosier <i>Greenwich, Connecticut</i>	James E. Mihalcik <i>New York, New York</i>	Joo Heon Yoo <i>Seoul, South Korea</i>
Susannah B. Donoho <i>Wilmington, Delaware</i>	Elizabeth S. Neill <i>Winston-Salem, North Carolina</i>	Sydney C. Young <i>Linwood, New Jersey</i>
Mason G. Dufresne <i>Charlotte, North Carolina</i>	Naa Kuorkor Nikoi <i>Rome, Italy</i>	Ryan J. Yursha <i>Middletown, Delaware</i>
	Joan E. Oates <i>Charlotte, North Carolina</i>	



At St. Andrew's, we work hard. We hold ourselves accountable to the people around us because they are teachers and classmates and mentors whom we respect and admire. Our end of the bargain in these relationships means working beyond exhaustion and creating the types of intangible achievements that will ultimately reflect lives well lived.


—Co-President Peter D'Agostino



Your teachers have taken you to new levels of learning; they have provided you with guidance and words of encouragement; and they have been there for you, even when you didn't know you needed them. Because of them, you have the opportunity to do great things, go to great places, and to be great people. You are our hope for peace, fairness and equality, our hope for progress, our hope for health and well being, and our hope for social consciousness. You are our hope and inspiration for the future.

—Commencement Speaker Cyndi Clay





2,251

people supported the Annual Fund last year, each with a different reason — the teacher who changed a life, a friend who became family, the staff member who still says hi or the quiet spot on campus that feels like home. Whatever the reason, each gift ensured that St. Andrew's remained strong and sustainable so that the next generation of students will one day have their reasons.

Share your reasons by making a gift to the 2013-2014 Annual Fund.

Please visit www.standrews-de.org/giving or call Mary Cameron at (302) 285-4267.

2013-2014 Annual Fund *It's Personal.*

VI FORM DINNER 2013



Several dozen alumni returned to campus in May to welcome the Class of 2013 as the newest members of the alumni body. The Class also presented this year's class gift in honor of Michael Schuller. The Class came together to donate an addition to the carving wall in the basement of Founders Hall. The wall is a traditional gathering place for classes to carve their names the night before Commencement. "We hope that the wall will serve as a reminder that although Mr. Schuller is no longer with us, his life work continues to impact and inspire St. Andrew's students," said Mason Dufresne '13.

- 1** Alexandra Porrazzo offered remarks while presenting the senior class gift to Candace Schuller in memory of Michael Schuller.
- 2** Bill Brownlee '44 greets the newest members of the alumni body.
- 3** Viv Smith '09 and faculty member Eric Finch before the dinner.
- 4** Bill Brakeley '86 catches up with Will and Josh '09 Speers before dinner.
- 5** Janice Nevin Pohl '77 celebrates her daughter Annie '13, one of the newest alumnae!
- 6** Family affair for the Hughes Family, Charlie '10, Kent '63 and Will '13 touched base at the dinner.
- 7** Will Blue '04, Richard DeSalvo '04 and Griffin Stabler '04 reconnected at the VI Form Dinner.
- 8** Maggie Rogers '12 came back to see her girls.



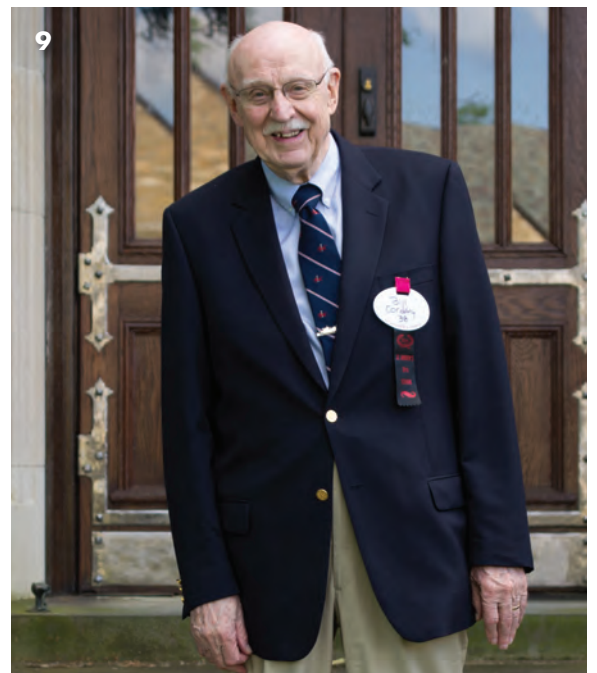
REUNION WEEKEND 2013



Reconnecting and celebrating with old friends was reason enough for more than 400 people to enjoy campus during Reunion this year, but they were also treated to lectures, golf, a replay of a state tournament soccer game against Caesar Rodney High School alumni, pony rides for the kids, the life (human and otherwise) of the pond, a bike tour and much more.

- 1** Even a lot of rain couldn't dampen SAS spirit! Almost 50 golfers turned out, shot a few holes (most even played all the way through!) and shared some SAS camaraderie at the 19th hole reception, raising funds for the SAS Golf Scholarship Fund.
- 2** Record Crowd at Reunion! SAS staff member Rachelle Miclette checks in 1953ers Mike Milligan, Dick Schulze and Bill Luke.
- 3** Soggy but smiling: Taylor Cameron '90, Cal Hurrst '90 and Tourney Chair Bob Kidd '93.
- 4** Reunion soccer with Coach Will Speers.
- 5** 55 years later: Jerry Wigglesworth signs Bulent Atalay's 1958 yearbook as Erling Speers looks on.
- 6** The Class of 1988 had an incredible turnout for their 25th Reunion, thanks to outreach that began many many months before. By Saturday night dinner the Class was fired up and was in a spitting contest with the Class of 1993 for the Giving Bowl.
- 7** The First Tour de Noxontown Bike Ride.
- 8** Three Olympians on Campus: Classmates Rob Van Mesdag '48 and Carlos Echeverria '48 are still remarkably engaged in their respective sports, sculling and sailing! Pictured here with Gardner Cadwalader '66, an Olympic rower who was on campus as part of the Noxontown Navy.
- 9** Bill Corddry '38 Celebrates His 75th Reunion: something not many alumni have done over the years! Bill stayed on Sherwood Corridor in the room he lived in his VI Form year — back then it was the Senior Corridor (and then was A Corridor). As the lone member of his class, he was quickly adopted by the Class of 1968 who were also staying on Sherwood. Unfortunately, no photos are available of the late night common room camaraderie of the two classes!





In Memory

Arthur B. Dodge '41



Arthur Byron Dodge, Jr. passed away at the age of 89 on Thursday, April 18, 2013, at his home surrounded by his wife Gretel and two sons, Arthur B. Dodge III and

Andrew N. Dodge. He was a patriot, husband, father and philanthropist.

Born 13 June 1923, Arthur was the son of Arthur B. Dodge and Marion Cochran Dodge. Arthur was the last of four sons and the first to be born at the General Hospital. His brothers Richard, William and James all preceded him in death. The family resided on East Orange Street, Lancaster, Pa., where Arthur was raised not far from St. James Church. A member of the original Orange Street gang, Arthur regaled family and friends with stories of Lancaster in the 1920s and '30s that sounded like episodes of "The Little Rascals."

Arthur attended East Junior High School (now Edward Hand) and one semester in high school at the newly opened J.P. McCaskey before his parents decided that he was becoming too 'socialist' and sent him off to boarding school at St. Andrew's in Middletown, Del. Arthur flourished at St. Andrew's winning the Headmasters Prize in English and rowing varsity crew. In Arthur's senior year, St. Andrew's crew won the New England championships and defeated the Princeton 8 Freshman crew. Arthur attended Williams College as a member of the Class of '45. Renowned up and down the East Coast for his voracious appetite for laughter and good company, Arthur once hitchhiked from Lancaster to Philadelphia in a tuxedo to attend a debutante party.

Arthur enlisted in 1942 in the U.S. Army as a private, foregoing officer's training school. After boot camp in Texas, Arthur's Company, the 88th Infantry (Blue Devils) sailed for North Africa.

Landing in Tangier, Morocco, Arthur campaigned through North Africa and Sicily before landing in Anzio Beach in Italy. Arthur led the first American troops to enter Rome during the war and received a Papal audience. During the 18-month Italian campaign, Arthur received numerous decorations including two Battlefield Commissions to the rank of Captain, two purple hearts, two bronze stars, one with clusters and a distinguished service medal. He was also nominated for the US Congressional Medal of Honor and, though not a recipient, was occasionally invited to attend US Medal of Honor Award events.

After the war, Arthur completed his education graduating from Franklin and Marshall College in 1948. Arthur joined his father and oldest brother Richard in that year beginning a more than 50 year career in the cork industry. An active Army Reservist, Arthur was called back to active duty during the Korean War serving under General Strickler while stationed at the US Army Headquarters, Europe in Heidelberg, Germany. It was there that he met Margaretha Gerbert (Gretel). Arthur would say that courting Gretel was his second and most difficult European campaign. They married in December, 1954.

Arthur's professional career was interlaced with his deep commitment to his family, the community and giving back. Among his many activities and passions, Arthur served as president of the Cork Institute of America and as an active member of the Newcomen Society, Sons of the American Revolution, the Pennsylvania Society and the American Society of Testing Materials (ASTM). In addition, Arthur is past president of SOS Children's Villages USA and the 88th Infantry Division Association where Arthur was appointed by President Bush to attend the 50th Anniversary of D-Day. Arthur also served as a trustee of St. Andrew's School and was active in the vestry and leadership of St. James

Church. Arthur was also a director of the Lancaster Theological Seminary.

Arthur joined Dodge Cork Company in 1948 eventually succeeding his father and brother Richard as chairman and president. In 1989, Dodge Cork formed a joint-venture to become Dodge-Regupol which Arthur continued to lead as chairman until his retirement in 2007. Today, Dodge-Regupol is known as Ecore International Inc., North America's largest manufacturer of recycled rubber products.

Arthur was loved for who he was; a very bright, creative, curious, witty, devout, dashing and lovable human being. He loved casual conversation on virtually any topic.

Arthur is survived by his wife, Gretel; his two sons: Arthur B. Dodge III, husband of Justina Juvonen-Dodge and Andrew N. Dodge, husband of Lorraine Dodge, both of Lancaster; his grandchildren: Marc and Natalie, Southampton and New York City, N.Y.; Emilie, Harbor Island Bahamas; Alexandra, Sabrina and Hayden Dodge of Lancaster and Camilla and Sloane Grover-Dodge of Lancaster.

Reflections from classmates John Ball and George Lewis: AB's great success in life would not surprise his classmates. His energy, talents, and interests led to many achievements at SAS. In sports, he was an important member of the football and wrestling teams. His biggest success was as a member of the crew, which won the New England Championship in 1941. Other activities were business manager of publications, editor of the yearbook, acolyte, choir, band, and library staff. AB brightened the whole VI Form corridor in '41. No bull session was complete without his pertinent remarks on the social and theological status of the world. As a trustee of St. Andrew's for 27 years, he had significant impact on the shaping and growth of the School. His appearance at our 70th Reunion in 2011, in his wheelchair, will always be treasured.

Ralph Forrest Munyan '42



Ralph Forrest Munyan, 87, died on Sunday, September 25, 2011, in Naples, Fla., where he resided for 38 years. Previously, he lived in Cincinnati, Ohio, for 46 years.

A veteran of WWII, he graduated from Princeton University in 1948 and was then employed by Procter & Gamble in Cincinnati. According to his wishes, funeral services were private. Burial with military honors took place at Arlington National Cemetery.

George B. Wood, Jr. '42



George B. Wood, Jr., died on Thursday, June 6, 2013, in Malvern, Pa. He was a loving husband of 59 years to Eugenia (Beppie) Wood (nee Levanger). Devoted

father of sons, Dr. Steven C. (wife, Roseanne and daughter, Maya), Dr. David L. (wife, Patricia, daughter, Juliana and son, Alex). George was a graduate of University of Pennsylvania, Class of 1948. He was steadfast in his business dealings as a salesman. He was active in Saint Paul's Episcopal Church—West Whiteland, and the parochial and dioceses of the Episcopal Church. George was proud to have been a naval fighter pilot and was prepared to defend his country. Services and interment were private.

Bruce Graham '43



Bruce Campbell Graham, 86, died on Wednesday, January 19, 2011. Spending the last six years near his son's family in Hamilton, Mass. Bruce passed away with his son, Eric

Graham, at his side and under the loving care of Blueberry Hill Skilled Nursing and

Rehabilitation in Beverly, Mass. Bruce was born August 24, 1924, in Patterson, N.J., to the late John and Jean Graham; having spent his youth in Bergen County, N.J., and Rockland County, N.Y. Bruce graduated from St. Andrew's School. Upon graduation, Bruce served in World War II as a First Lieutenant and B17 Pilot. Thus began his life-long love of flying. After the war, Bruce earned a degree from the College of Architecture at Cornell University. He then went on to start his own architecture firm, Bruce Campbell Graham Associates, in New York City, in which he moved to Westport, Conn., in the early 1970s.

Too much cannot be said about how architecture factored into his life and how the other joys of his life were merged with his practice. Bruce's architectural fingerprints can be found in vacation homes in the Bahamas, to introducing Vermont to its first A-Frame ski chalet, to master planning of a Maryland thoroughbred horse complex, to downtown Stamford office buildings, to the Summit Lodge at Killington Ski Area. Many young architects found their start with Bruce and consider him a mentor, including acclaimed architect Norman Jaffe, and local architects Jonathan Wagner, and Alex Esposito.

Beyond architecture, Bruce was tirelessly involved with activities to enrich the lives of others. He worked with Levitt Pavilion, community theaters in Westport and Wilton, mentored children in Norwalk, worked with the chambers of commerce in Westport and Norwalk, and the Wilton Kiwanis, just to name a few. Surviving him are his sons: Eric Graham and his wife, Jennifer, of Wenham, Mass., and Ian Graham and his wife, Susan, of Nyack, N.Y.; his step-children, Brian, Terry, and Brooke Quinn; his step-brother, Barnwell Straut and his wife, Barbara, of Princeton, N.J.; his step-sister, Tinker Moore, and her husband, Jim, of Hohokus, N.J.; and his grandchildren: Heather, Patrick, Luke, Carson, and Ella. Bruce's enthusiasm for family, the outdoors, architecture, and dogs will be truly missed by all who knew him.

Thomas E. Waters, Jr. '48



Thomas E. Waters Jr., a resident of Lower Gwynedd for the past 10 years and formerly of Fort Washington, died Wednesday, July 31, 2013. He was 82. He was the beloved husband of

Ande S. Waters for 30 years. Born in Abington, he was the son of the late Thomas Englar Waters, Sr. and the late Elizabeth Turner Waters. In 1948, Mr. Waters graduated from St. Andrew's School, a private boarding school in Middletown, Del. After earning his bachelor's degree from Lafayette College, Mr. Waters continued his education at the University of Pennsylvania, where he earned his Juris Doctor.

Mr. Waters served with the U.S. Navy as lieutenant. Mr. Waters began his legal career with Waters, Fleer and Cooper. He served as district attorney for Montgomery County and also served as solicitor for Abington. Mr. Waters also served as president of the Montgomery County Bar Association. He was past master mason of the Charity Lodge, No. 190, F.&A. M. He was an avid golfer and long-time member of Old York Road Country Club. He and his wife enjoyed traveling, especially to Outer Banks, N.C. In addition to his wife, he is survived by his loving children and their spouses, James and Betsy Waters, Douglas and Lisa Waters, Anne and Kevin Cooney and Steven Waters and Mindy Rising; and by his dear grandchildren, Dan, Amy, Michael, Gwyneth, Emily, Ben, Julia, Amelia and Quinn.

William Hugh Johnson '52



William Hugh Johnson, 79, of Centreville, Va., passed away Monday, June 10, 2013, at Heathcote Health Center in Haymarket. Mr. Johnson studied French literature,

earning a B.A. from Princeton, an M.A.

IN MEMORY



(l. to r.) Cale Boggs, Dick Williams, Will Johnson, Dave Washburn, Canadian Lake house boat

from Cornell, and a Ph.D. from the University of Maryland. He was the International Affairs Administrator for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Mr. Johnson was active in Boy Scouts and coached youth basketball and soccer. Survivors include his wife, Georgia M. Johnson; sons, Steven Grove Johnson, Eric Mohr Johnson and Peter Billingslea Johnson; and two grandchildren, Autumn and Ben. He was preceded in death by his parents, Dr. Philip Johnson and Jean Billingslea Johnson of Fairmont, West Virginia.

Reflections from Cale Boggs: Will and I were five year classmates at SAS. Will was the scholar, the athlete, the leader—most of all, FRIEND. Years later we reconnected at an SAS reunion. Though he was limited by a stroke in 1991, his memory was encyclopedic. He not only recalled our football team's record (2-2-3) but also the scores of each game. Will was undaunted by his handicap and pursued hunting (deer and turkey in Quantico, Va.) and most of all, fishing. He improvised fishing equipment for use by one arm, and he accepted help when needed. His wife, Georgia, speaks of the pride Will had in landing a 5-pound trophy bass that still resides in their den.

"In June 1998, Will and I took off for a 5-day fishing trip in his home state of West Virginia. Not only did he make all the arrangements, lodging, boat rentals, guides, etc., but later compiled a 20-page document detailing our journey. I cherish this now, as I refresh my memory. This led to numerous fishing trips in the

following years. Will would do all the planning and preparation, saying he enjoyed the anticipation as much as the actual event. Many St. Andreans were invited and many attended—to name a few: Dave Washburn, Greg Doyle '87, Doc Ellis, Dave Jenkins, Gabby Smith, Willie Smith, Carter Werth, and Dick Williams. I know I left some out. I apologize. These excursions included long-range RV trips to Canadian lakes and to western Lake Erie, but most frequently, Noxontown Pond was our destination.

"Dave Washburn joined us one year in Canada, driving several hundred miles to do so. When he arrived all the bunks on the houseboat had been taken, but each of us (*see photo)—his former students—offered our bunks to him, but he refused and slept on the deck. It's hard to see your former master and coach being so humble. On that trip, when disembarking, Will misstepped and got a bloody gash in his foot. Our immediate response was to disinfect it with what was most handy—scotch. It upset Will that we would waste it, but later when the EMT told him it was the best thing we could do at the time, he forgave us.

"The Noxontown excursions would cover several days with our group staying at the motel in Odessa—just down the road from the bait shop—which to our delight, was run by a very accommodating relative of Steve Foley, an SAS staff member in our time. Greg Doyle, an ardent fisher of this pond, would be our guide and lead us to the 'hot spots.' A fishing trip is nothing without the camaraderie, and Will enjoyed a lot of camaraderie after fishing hours, enjoying crabs at Sambo's in Leipsic, enchiladas at the Mexican restaurant in Middletown, and a breakfast at Helen's Famous Sausage House on Route 13.

"Will generously liked to share his fishing gear and tried to start a fishing club at SAS. He donated and encouraged others to donate equipment to SAS. He even sent a cookbook with fish recipes—ever the optimist!

"Will was proud to be a U.S. Marine. He told of enlisting, and just before his reporting date, he learned that he had won a year's scholarship to study in



The Werth brotheres, Herndon '52 and Carter '52, enjoyed visiting with classmate and fishing club founder Will Johnson '52 (center) at Homecoming 1998.

France. The Corps gave him a one-year deferment. Upon completion of his studies, Will flew from Paris, France, to Parris Island for boot camp. He thought this was a singular record.

"Should have been here yesterday, they were catching the big ones. Maybe they will be back tomorrow! Oh! Happy days!"

Reflections from George Carter Werth:

"Following a passage of three decades, Will and I crossed paths for the first time since our graduation year. The reunion occurred when we were teamed at the initial SAS Telethon scheduled for the Washington, D.C., Metro area which combined DC with the nearby Virginia and Maryland suburbs. Will and my brief association at the Telethon launched a string of shared events and a strong tie of friendship for several decades, yet to come.

"Born in the wilds of West Virginia, during his youth, Will became an avid fisherman. This was later underscored when Will and I would periodically carpool for our return for the football game on Alumni/Homecoming Day. Our first return trip was briefly interrupted for stop at a sporting goods store where Will purchased several fishing rods and boxes of fishing tackle. Before the start of the game, this equipment was dropped off as a benefit donation to establish Will's founding of the SAS Fishing Club.

"Owing to Will's interest in fishing, several years later, there were photos and stories about fishing trips planned by Will and Cale Boggs that were featured in the SAM publication. I recall Will and Cale scheduled a weekend to catch fish in Noxontown Pond. Will, Cale and I were joined by three colleagues of Cale's; all four were former pilots that flew together

when serving in the USMC. It turned out to be one of an absolute hoot of a weekend.

"We rented rooms at the No Tell Motel located on nearby Rt. 2 for it was close to the Noxontown Pond. On Saturday morning we did some Pond fishing, but in the summer months fish don't bite much during the early afternoon hours, so owing to the heat, our gathering took a ride down to Little Duck Creek near Leipsic, Del. Destination: Sambo's Seafood Restaurant for an afternoon crab feast.

"A young couple was seated close to our table. On their departure, they stopped by our table and the gent identified himself as an off-duty police officer from Wilmington and he explained that they were so entertained by our camaraderie, he took some photos of us with his digital camera and offered to e-mail them to me, which he did. Of course, the cheerful event was sparked by a band of middle aged dudes, swapping tall tales, frequently stimulated by Will's super fine, dry wit, always accompanied with his trace of a smile. During the ensuing years, Will, his wife Georgia and I would do lunch, often twice a year, in the late fall and the next early spring."

Robert M. Foster '54



(Note submitted by Church Hutton '54)
"In a sad note, George Baxter reports that Bob Foster has died in Delaware, Ohio. Bob had not been in recent contact with SAS and none

of us heard when he died in 2010. He was one of our Senior Prefects, captain and quarterback of our football team, a leading practical joker, and a much-loved member of the class of 1954. Late in life, he suffered a debilitating illness but was active in local broadcasting and media, living near Columbus where his family and widow, Molly, remain. Rest in peace, Bob."

J. Nash McIntosh '56



John Nash McIntosh, 75, died peacefully on Friday, August 2, 2013, in Winchester, Tenn. Nash was born in Savannah, Ga., on May 23, 1938, to

the late Olin and Sally McIntosh. Nash graduated from St. Andrew's School in Middletown, Del., and earned his B.A. degree from the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. After serving in the U.S. Navy, he worked in naval stores and banking, and then ran his own company, Whitney and Oettler. Nash also spent much of his career in real estate, focusing primarily on the rural land that he loved. A lifelong resident of Savannah, Nash would spend every spare minute enjoying the wonders of the coast and downtown Savannah. Nash knew the rivers and creeks by heart, and loved to take his boat, Po' Cracker, out fishing. Swimming was a part of Nash's life since he was a youngster growing up in Isle of Hope. He celebrated his 70th birthday by swimming from Tybee to Hilton Head. Nash also enjoyed windsurfing and was an accomplished sailor. He passed all of these passions and more on to his sons and granddaughters, and his love of living life to its fullest will be their fondest memory. Survivors include his sons, Horace Smithy McIntosh (Lisa), Cheshire Nash McIntosh, and Christopher Wood Dixon McIntosh; his granddaughters, Mary Taylor and Elisabeth Smithy McIntosh; his sister Sally McIntosh Ziegler (Ted); his beloved JoLyn Hilliard and her children, Britton, Bailey, Sydney, and Jared Hilliard; and countless McIntosh cousins.

Reflections from Bill Britt '57: "Nash was my first cousin. We were born and raised in Savannah, at the family place at Isle of Hope. Twenty years ago I wound up owning that old riverfront house built

in 1915 by our grandfather. Nash spent a lot of time with me there. He often came by boat. We sailed and ate and partied on the porch, and on the lawn overlooking the Skidaway River. We often caught shrimp and crabs in the creeks nearby, partly as fare for the many people who came to visit."

Bill was subsequently looking through some things and came across a little volume titled, "Whistling Wings of the South," by Nash McIntosh. It was published in 2005 as a tribute to Jack Cay, well-known Savannah native. The book is a celebration of the low country outdoors, the waterfowl that live there, and the men who pursue them. Although the book is about Jack Cay, Nash penned his own obituary as an author's note at the end of the book. It reads,

"Nash McIntosh. Born 1938. Had the good fortune to grow up on 125 acres at Isle of Hope, which included a duck pond. Graduated from St. Andrew's School, Middletown, Delaware, and University of North Carolina with a degree in English. Father to three wonderful sons: Smithy, Cheshire and Christopher, all of whom are avid outdoorsmen. My business is selling land in Georgia and South Carolina, which lets me earn a living while wandering in the woods. My hobbies are sailing, fishing, and watching the ducks, now safe from my old side-by-side 12-gauge Winchester."

Timothy B. Kniffin '59



Timothy Bedell Kniffin Sr. died peacefully in his home surrounded by his family on

July 7, 2013, after an inspiring battle with cancer. He was born on September 23, 1941, in Westerly, R.I. The youngest son of Edgar and Agnes Kniffin, he grew up in Pelham, N.Y., and New Canaan. Tim was a graduate of St. Andrew's School and Boston University where he earned a degree in political science.

IN MEMORY

After graduating from college, he served in the Army and was stationed at Fort Benning in Georgia. While serving under Lt. Col. Vernon Walters, Tim was the most junior officer in the Army ever to receive the honor of being assigned as Infantry Battalion Commander. In 1966, Tim was awarded the Army Commendation Medal for “meritorious service” as he displayed astute leadership and the ability to accomplish any mission assigned to him or his unit.

Tim had a very long and rewarding career in the printing press field. He retired from Heidelberg as Director of Eastern Regional Sales 2003. He was responsible for the sale of more than \$1 billion in web offset printing equipment during his career with Heidelberg and the former Harris Graphics Corporation.

Tim was an avid sailor, participating in the Bermuda and many other sailing races over the course of his life. He was a most enthusiastic member of the Watch Hill Yacht Club since his childhood where he learned to sail. He served on the board of the Watch Hill Yacht club and the club's race committee. As the club's historian, Tim spent countless hours writing about the history of the Watch Hill Yacht club, culminating into a treasured Centennial Book. He was also a member of the New York Social Registry and the Mayflower Society.

Tim was also a passionate musician. He enjoyed all types of music but was particularly fond of Irish Folk music. Gordon Lightfoot was one of his favorites. In the late 1990s, Tim and his acoustic guitar formed a trio consisting of friends Eric Neff and Ted Donovan. This group regularly patrolled the local folk music establishments and gave Tim a new avenue to showcase his love for singing and performing.

Tim had many interests over the course of his life. He loved to occasionally race cars. He was very fond of his Jaguar XKE 2+2 and Datsun 240z. Racing formula cars at Limerock Raceway in Lakeville was an especially fun pastime for Tim. He had a huge love for model trains and built a large train set in the basement of his home. His love of trains was passed down from his

great-grandfather, Samuel Spencer, who was president of the Southern Railway. He also loved studying the genealogy of his family. Tim is survived by his wife of 36 years, Marque M. Kniffin; sons, Timothy B. Kniffin Jr. of Westerly, Toby M. Kniffin of Westerly, and Jon A. Kniffin of Stamford; and his twin daughters, Hollie C. Hamm and Lindsay V. Murphy of Darien. Additionally, Tim is survived by his beloved grandchildren, Alexander M. Hamm, Caroline H. Hamm, Abigail V. Murphy and Cyril L. Murphy, all of Darien. He was pre-deceased by his brother, Edgar A. Kniffin Jr. of New Canaan, and sister, Sally K. Cizek of Ponte Vedra, Fla.

W. Marks Dryden '66



Willard Marks Dryden, husband of Yvonne Ericson and father of Morgan, passed away the morning of July 23, 2013, at their home in Larchmont, N.Y. A lifelong musician,

lover of football, and follower of news, Mark was a native of Virginia who was raised in Maryland. He graduated from St. Andrew's School in Delaware and held degrees from Bucknell University and New York University. Mark was an early childhood educator, and was an administrator at various childcare programs and centers in the New York area, most notably Royal Child Care Center in New Rochelle, N.Y. Throughout his life, he enjoyed close relationships with a diverse group of friends from his many interests and broad experiences. His friends and his four sisters were a steadfast and loving support for him and his family during his long illness.

Reflections from Classmate Ed Strong:

“Imagine if you can the St. Andrew's of the early 1960s—165 boys in forms two through six, pre-co-education, pre-*Dead Poets Society*, but abuzz with the sounds of the British Invasion—the Stones, the Kinks, the Searchers, The Who, the Zombies, the Beatles, the Beatles, the Beatles...

“Mark Dryden, my good friend and senior year roommate, was the local field marshal of that invasion, and we dove in; Mark absorbed it all, living and breathing those chords that animated his entire life. We watched the *Ed Sullivan Show* on a Sunday night in February 1964 to get our first glimpse of the Liverpool phenomenon—who had ever heard a sound like “I Want to Hold Your Hand” before? Hurling onwards to the next cultural milestone, we listened two weeks later to a scratchy radio broadcast of the upstart Cassius Clay amazingly taking out the baddest man on the planet, Sonny Liston.

“We formed our own rock band, The Fabulous Edsels; Mark, Cliff Nuttall, Ted Thornton and I enlisting a spinal tap-like succession of drummers, recording our first album ‘at last’ in what used to be the rifle range in the garret of the Old Gym. We sought the vicarious cool by trafficking in the distinctive catch-phrases of the era—it was all ‘high, bubbly and fast’; ‘we can work it out’; ‘he’s a very clean old man, you know’; George Harrison in response to a reporter's question: ‘how do you find America?’ Answer: “Turn left at Greenland! We loved it all; how could it ever end? ‘Nanker phelge’, the *Lloyd Thaxton Show* late afternoons in the VI Form common room, Paul Revere and The Raiders ‘Hungry for Those Good Things Baby’—it was all before us.

“Saturday afternoons in the fall on the dreamy expanse of green fescue fields were peak interludes; Mark #85 at left end, and me, # 88 at right end. In the embrace of Webb Reyner's wing-t offense we listened for Chip Burton to call for the counter pass in the huddle, either Mark's or my ticket to long downfield pass glory. Mark was the master of the one-handed catch in what must surely have been an oversized paw—the iconic picture of the sweaty, muddy gridders at St. Elizabeth's after winning the conference football championship our senior year a perfect moment capture.

“Mark was smart, funny, good-natured, talented and popular, suzerain of a singular Eastern Shore clan featuring four lovely younger sisters, Marty, Marlene,

Abby and Amy, who were oft in evidence on campus, and clearly idolized the big brother who had made the leap from Berlin, Md., to St. Andrew's. Father Bill, publisher and editor of the *Eastern Shore Times*, and schoolteacher mom Beryl were powerful presences, Bill teaching the children how to set type and sell ads for the paper when they weren't all off working at Frontier Town, and Beryl (who sported the same upswept sixties bouffant hairdo as my own mother) serving as the wry mistress of the improbable and legendary 'Merry Sherwood' Manor.

"Soon after graduation from Bucknell, Mark married his college sweetheart, Yvonne Ericson, who loved the music and the culture as much as he did—in her role as a marketing executive at CBS Records, Yvonne astonished us all with her brilliant 'peek-a-boo' print ad campaign helping launch Elvis Costello in the United States. In the 1980s, they were graced by the arrival of their own beautiful boy Morgan, grown now into a fine young man who, unsurprisingly, can also play that guitar just like ringing a bell.

"Chronicler, player, father, husband, brother, educator, character—Mark, we'll

miss that low chuckle and the boundless enthusiasm. 'Life is very short, and there's no time...' Farewell, old friend; may those flights of angels attend you now."

Kelly Sue Lindale '83

Kelly Sue Lindale, age 32, of Milford, died Sunday, January 5, 1997 due to injuries sustained in a skydiving accident in Bushnell, Fla. Ms. Lindale was a 1982 graduate of Milford High School and a 1987 graduate of the University of Delaware. She had recently completed training at Delaware Technical & Community College and became licensed as a medical assistant. She had worked at Milford Memorial Hospital and for several doctors' offices in Rehoboth. She was an avid bicyclist. She was preceded in death by her mother, Joyce Austin Lindale, who died in 1983. She is survived by her father and stepmother, Clifford S. and Lorraine Lindale of Milford; her paternal grandfather, Harry Lindale of Milford; and her fiancé, Keith May of Milford.

One classmate recalls, "Kelly joined the Class of 1983 in the fall of 1979 as one of 47 III Formers. As it happens, Kelly only spent a year with us before

moving on and finishing her high school career at Milford High School in her native Delaware. It should be noted that Kelly was bright and gifted to the extent that she graduated MHS in 1982, a year ahead of her erstwhile SAS classmates. I recall that Kelly was slight of build but could answer a teacher's question with confidence, despite her soft voice. Indeed, she had a spring in her step and joie de vivre beyond her years."

Reflections from Treava Milton: "I was stunned to hear that Kelly passed in 1997 and I am hoping that her family is being made aware that her classmates are moved by her absence. Kelly was one of those persons whose appearance and temperament could fool us if we didn't look closely at who she was. It's almost ironic that she was lost in a skydiving accident as there was this incredible softness and fragility about her. I remember that Kelly and I always had these contemplative, introspective conversations and she was incredibly and deeply passionate. She could be strong-willed and defended what she believed in. I loved that about her and it deeply saddens me to know that she was taken so soon. My best to Kelly's family." ■

Remembering Norman Miles Thornton



Longtime former St. Andrew's School business manager, active in local community affairs, loved to sing and garden. Norman M. Thornton, 94, died peacefully early Monday at the McCarthy Care Center hospice following a brief illness. Born in Somerville, Mass., and raised in Winchester, Mass., he graduated from Wesleyan University in 1941 where he was a member of the Chi Psi fraternity and sang in the glee club. He then served as a commissioned officer in the Navy stationed at Pearl Harbor during World War II.

After the war, he received his MBA from Harvard, and in 1952 became the business manager and chief financial officer at St. Andrew's School in Middletown, Del. He retired from St. Andrew's in 1983 and moved to Yarmouth Port.

Mr. Thornton was an active community member in both Delaware and on Cape Cod, serving on school and civic boards and offering his financial expertise to local organizations. He sang in his church choirs his entire life and loved to attend local music concerts. He was an avid golfer and gardener and loved to travel.

He was predeceased by his wife of 60 years, Ruth Henderson Thornton, in 2005. He is survived by a son, Norman Edward of Northfield; a daughter, Barbara McBride of Middlebury, Vt., and four grandchildren.



Remembering Catherine Carpenders Amos

1924-2013

Faculty wife and SAS parent 1947–1984

Surrounded by her family, Catherine Amos died peacefully in St. Johnsbury, Vt., on May 31, 2013. When Catherine arrived at St. Andrew's in September, 1947, she appeared no older than the students and immediately captured hearts of all ages.

She was a model of style, grace and good manners in the St. Andrew's dining room and always made sure everyone at her table was comfortable and involved in the conversation. A keen observer and compassionate listener, students discovered she always knew when to say something, and exactly what to say to cheer them up and make them feel at home.

Long before it was the norm at SAS, she invited students to cook in her kitchen, and to escape school routine by relaxing in a warm, home atmosphere. Gatherings at the Amos household were cheerful, stress-free, and the birthday cakes she prepared for advisees were consumed on the spot. She was a Mom away from home for many students. This was especially true at the start of coeducation when the Amos family housed girls the year before dormitories were available. A challenging time for such a feminine minority amidst an overwhelmingly male population, the girls found an understanding mother in Catherine who was willing to talk with them far into the night. One of them speaks of her as "Mom" to this day.

Her hospitality and close friendship didn't stop after students graduated. For many years alums were weekend guests until she and Bill retired in 1984; they remain in close touch. Among alumni attending her Memorial Service in Vermont, July 6, 2013, one flew up from Texas especially for the occasion.

Catherine's participation was non-stop in School organizations, the Chapel's Altar Guild, groups and especially the Animal Rights Club that she organized and ran. And she is vividly remembered as the first woman to appear in hitherto all-male School dramatic productions; her role as the nurse in Mr. Roberts brought cheers from the largely male audience.

The St. Andrew's community was part of her daily life. She developed lasting friendships with other faculty wives and their families, hosting memorable dinners and parties for them over

the years. She even bested Ed Hawkins in bridge, a rare defeat he grudgingly admitted.

She was steady and strong in her political activism. The campaigns of Russell Peterson and especially Joe Biden were important to her, the latter remaining a grateful, personal correspondent for years.

Catherine had a sharp wit and a great sense of humor. When a visiting parent said she looked much too young to have five children, she responded, "Well, you know, I am Bill's second wife!"

At informal dances she might appear in disguise. Students loved her sense of mischief. Once the wrestling captain was challenged to a match by a spritely little person in baggy pants, SAS hooded sweatshirt, grungy sneakers, incognito behind a grimacing mask. He fled.

Catherine was a talented poet, sometimes a satirical one to the discomfiture of those with opposing views. Her haiku, epics, children's, nature and love poems are treasures, and her familiarity with great literature was conveyed not only to her children, but to students who came to know her well.

Catherine loved the beauty of the campus with its stone buildings, idyllic pond, wide field of springtime daffodils above the T-dock and always, its wildlife. Every year wrens nested in her porch garden closet, so she always made sure the door was left cracked open. Once Bill found her sitting cross-legged on the kitchen floor cradling a baby bat, feeding it with a milk-filled medicine dropper.

In addition to all this she raised five children at St. Andrew's with loving attention, all of them forever grateful for her unconditional love and continual support throughout their upbringing and beyond. She considered raising her children her greatest life's work.

Finally, of course, for over 70 years Catherine was the beloved wife of Bill — and his best friend, companion, critic, editor, advisor and fellow adventurer in far-off lands.

Catherine's intelligence, graciousness, warmth and generosity live on with the many men and women who knew and loved her.



Remembering Carol Simendinger

1946-2013

On Monday May 13, 2013, Carol J. Simendinger, age 67, passed away peacefully in the comfort of her home and surrounded by family and friends.

A lifelong resident of the Middletown-Odessa-Townsend area, Carol attended Middletown High School and was homecoming queen in 1962. Carol returned as honorary homecoming queen 50 years later in 2012. Carol graduated from the University of Delaware in 1965.

Everyone who knew Carol thought of her as a mother. Her patience, empathy, and ability to be a relentless listener made her everyone's "go to." Her rare ability to truly put the interests of others before her own, and her selfless nature of caring about the wellbeing of others made Carol the source of guidance and counseling for countless people in her life. Never would you hear Carol speak a bad word about any human being. She always pointed out the positive things in all situations, and she was always a beacon of encouragement and inspiration. Though Carol was a very quiet and private person, she was always the first person to be there for friends and families in times of crisis or need.

Carol will be remembered for her amazing holiday meals and the many lists she wrote to ensure everything worked perfectly. Carol loved to rhyme, and her family considers themselves "lucky ducks" to have her in their lives. Anyone who knew Carol knows that heaven welcomed her with open arms. (We can only imagine Chris welcoming her with a "CARE-ol!") She was a member of the MOT Senior Center and a patient advisor at the Helen F. Graham Cancer Center. Carol recently retired after 33 happy years as a member of the St. Andrew's School family, where she was "mom-away-from-home" to hundreds of students throughout the years.

Carol remained positive and courageous throughout her battle with illness even through her final days. She maintained her sense of humor, her timeless grace, and her dignity throughout.

Carol was preceded in death by both her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Leland O. Johnson; her daughter Jacqueline

"Missy"; and her son-in-law Christopher Sturmfels. She is survived by her high school sweetheart and husband of 47 years, Gary; her daughters Kingsley Simendinger and Heather Rivera, her son-in-law Isaac Rivera; her grandchildren Beck Sturmfels and Hayden and Elias Rivera; and a loving extended family.

Reflections from Tad Roach, given at Commencement 2013:

Carol Simendinger excelled in every aspect of her life, but at St. Andrew's she excelled in the art of human relationships. She and I met early in my career as Headmaster as we agreed that one change we wanted to enact here was to develop a better level of respect, collegiality and appreciation between teachers and staff members. We wanted to remove hierarchies and divisions between teachers and staff members and emphasize that every adult brings meaning, coherence and generosity to the students and community of St. Andrew's.

Carol embraced this ethic every day at St. Andrew's, making time to mentor, support and inspire students who needed specific help with transportation, banking, packages or copying; students left her office with the knowledge that Carol gave them so much more: an adult who somehow empathized with students living far from home and trying to make their way here. One of our ABC scholars from the early 1980s, Viviana Rodriguez Davila, still identifies Carol as a second mother who gave her hope and support throughout her career at St. Andrew's. Viviana speaks for generations of St. Andrew's students who loved and appreciated Carol's deep and generous commitment.

Carol provided staff members and teachers with friendship, perspective, good humor and hope. In her life, she confronted tragedy and adversity with courage, faith and determination, and her approach to life, love of people and generosity of spirit defined the spirit of our school.



Remembering John A. Higgins

1942-2013

Remarks by Daniel T. Roach, Jr., at Middletown Baptist Church on Saturday, November 9, 2013

It is hard to describe what John Higgins meant to me, to St. Andrew's, and to the generations of students and teachers he taught and mentored in his incredible life and career.

When I talked to Lee on the day of John's death, I felt desolated, stunned, speechless, and forlorn. I experienced the loss of a dear friend, a generous, thoughtful, and gracious colleague, and one of the great lights in the world of teaching and education. I know we live among life and death every day, but the loss of this exceptional man was difficult to bear and to accept. I could, at first, think of no way to rekindle the light, the hope, the promise of John Higgins in the life of St. Andrew's.

But as a few days passed, and I had time to reflect on John's life and our work together, I grew more hopeful,

energized, and inspired by John's spirit and example. Perhaps, it is the knowledge that his voice, perspective, wisdom, and advice reside powerfully in me, his students, and his colleagues; perhaps, it is the example of the strength, courage, generosity, and faith of Lee, Molly, and Susannah; perhaps, it is the many random Yankee baseball cards John gave me over our 32 years together — they all still reside in the top drawer of my desk and represent the spirit of camaraderie and laughter we shared so often.

The greatest gift to a community, a nation, and the world is a teacher, a man or woman who possesses a passion, love, and reverence for his/her discipline, a deep respect for the dignity, character, and promise of his/her students, and an ability to communicate and transfer that

genius to colleagues. In other words, an exemplary teacher changes everything in a school.

These transformational teachers are rare in the world of secondary and undergraduate education. It is unusual to find teachers who master the art of teaching and the art of human connection in the complex communities that make up our schools and colleges.

John Higgins wrote the definition of a consummate teacher and professional for me, and he did so by displaying day after day, year after year, what it meant to honor a school, a discipline, a class, a student, and a faculty.

John possessed so many abiding commitments in his life as a teacher. First, he believed in his students: he honored their individuality, their various contributions to life in the School, and

the ability, work ethic, and humanity they brought to his classroom. The students always came first, and it was the students who literally brought him back to the classroom whenever he battled a particularly difficult health issue in his life.

What made John so distinctive as a teacher was his ability to teach all levels of mathematics at our school. He could take the most highly accomplished math students in the School and challenge them and honor them with seminar and tutorial instruction. He could develop confidence, self-esteem, and poise in the students who did not believe in their own ability to do math. Whether you soared towards remarkable levels of scholarship and mastery in the most challenging courses in the School or whether you literally needed a person to make you relax, think, and achieve, John Higgins was the teacher who made all the difference.

He had this beautiful understanding of two paradoxical imperatives for a teacher. First, he possessed a deep understanding and appreciation of the high level of achievement and mastery his students needed to display, and he saw it as his responsibility to guide, coach, and prepare his students for exemplary work. Secondly, he understood the interpersonal and academic lives of his students and, therefore, was always remarkably patient, kind, and encouraging. One of his most gifted students Michael Atalay, Class of 1984, describes John beautifully:

He was the best teacher I've ever had. From secondary school through college, medical school, Ph.D. residency training and fellowship, I've had literally hundreds of teachers, many outstanding and many truly world class. But none has impacted me more than John. None has affected my life's trajectory like John. For me, John Higgins stands alone.

My eighth grade daughter Annie tutored with John every Sunday for the past two years. When I asked her to

describe Mr. Higgins' gifts as a teacher she said simply and eloquently:

For me, he made the mess that is math, manageable!

This devotion to the integrity and dignity of each student extended to John's commitment as Director of Studies to design ways of honoring each student's course selection. As Academic Dean, I sat in meetings for hours with John as he refused to stop working, revising, and creating until each student's own personal schedule had been recognized and enabled.

Secondly, John expected, valued, and celebrated collegiality, collaboration, and friendship on the faculty. For him, serving as an adult role model, mentor, and teacher was a simple proposition: you did your work generously, graciously, and well — there was, in the Higgins' philosophy, no room, no time, no purpose in adult drama, dissatisfaction, or selfishness. He and I bonded over our belief that for schools to thrive, teachers had to be happy, engaged, challenged, and ever growing and developing. This was more than a theory, for John quickly became the teacher of teachers both at St. Andrew's and in Delaware through the auspices of the Teaching and Learning Center at the University of Delaware. Teachers responded to John in the same way his students did: they marveled at his calm, encouraging ability to communicate so many aspects of the discipline of teaching — curriculum, assessment, learning styles, instructional methods, and philosophy, the cultivation of student curiosity, creativity, and confidence.

Many of you in this congregation have found inspiration, direction, and guidance through John's generosity and brilliance — the way you teach, the way you respect your students, the way you collaborate with colleagues, emerged from John's gentle and affirming guidance.

Finally, John displayed faith, courage, resilience, and tenacity in his life as

he experienced significant health challenges and crises at the end of his career. Whether I visited him in the hospital or at home, John worked very hard to recover quickly and return to his beloved students. In the last years of his career, we would talk about retirement on a yearly basis. We would meet at least three times a year to review his retirement plans; in October, usually after comment time, he would tell me that he was pretty sure the time had come to retire; in February, he would come in to say that he would teach only two classes; in April, he would ask if he might jump up to three or four sections.

Even after his retirement, John's home was a place where Middletown students, St. Andrew's faculty, and staff children found an oasis of coherent math teaching, where St. Andrew's teachers found tutorial wisdom, good humor, and friendship, and where I always found a friend who understood, better than most, the complexity of my job. Each Thursday, Eric Finch and the Math Department eagerly awaited John's visit to our classes.

He had so much more to teach us about math, about teaching, about life, about the Civil War, baseball... the list goes on and on.

If I needed a reminder that John would forever be a guiding force in my life, I received one this week. Two days after his death, I received a hand-written letter from John expressing his and Lee's condolences as I mourned the loss of my father. John's last note to me was so typically thoughtful, lovely, and gracious, the very qualities he brought to all the relationships he had in his life. On behalf of all of us at St. Andrew's, we express our love to Lee, Molly, and Susannah. You have so many of us here ready to support you all at this difficult time.

We all are blessed to have learned from this man, to have loved this man, to have been transformed by this man. ■



This summer I embarked upon a journey to challenge myself and accept the responsibilities of the adult world. I was determined to find and keep a job based on my merit and work ethic. I like working with people and possessed the manners necessary to work in a position with a large amount of customer interaction, so I set out to Southlake Mall near my home about 10 miles south of downtown Atlanta.

I bounced from store to store with an energetic salutation: "Hi there, my name is Tiara, and I would love to know if you guys are hiring!" I surprised a few storeowners with my approach and all were happy to give me an application. The store most interested in me was American Eagle Outfitters located in Zone A, Upper Level, right around the corner from the vending machines and across from a FootAction USA. They hired me after a five-minute interview and offered me \$7.50 an hour. I was elated.

I showed up early on the first day eager to start, but oblivious to the inner workings of retail. I learned on the fly thanks to a few kind coworkers. I learned that jeans needed to be stacked seven high, fluffed like you would a pillow, and then turned ever so slightly with the waistbands turned out to reveal the America Eagle logo.

There were days where I did not want to stand for hours and fold clothes or help rude customers. I once had to help a customer who was returning a pair of jeans she bought for her husband who had been murdered. She stood in front of me crying while I tried desperately to go through the return process while trying to console her. To make matters worse, the woman behind her started loudly complaining that I was taking too long.

I worked at the store for two months and made less than a \$1,000. Quitting was never an option. I gave my word and made a commitment to work each shift with the same amount of enthusiasm that I exemplified when I applied. I was grateful for the opportunity and reminded myself of this often. I found purpose in everything I did, regardless of how menial the task seemed.

I returned to St. Andrew's this fall with a renewed sense of urgency and appreciation for what the School means to me. It is an incubator for purposeful people and allows me to work for a better future for myself. As a V Former, I feel a great responsibility to the School and my classmates. I am ready and humbled for the year ahead.

Tiara Milner '15 plays volleyball and lacrosse, mentors in a local elementary school, and is an award-winning member of the School's Mock Trial team. She currently hails from Conley, Ga.

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At St. Andrew's, we are family: students, faculty, staff and alumni. We all develop a deep and abiding respect for and appreciation of the individual gifts, personality and contributions of every member of our community. For 45 years, Happy Vasquez has worked in our housekeeping department at St. Andrew's, all the while developing friendships and connections with our students and adult members of the community.

We recognize this dedicated service not because he is retiring (Happy is continuing his work on behalf of the School as long as he desires), but because this kind of contribution to our School and culture deserves our recognition and applause.

Happy is a vital and essential part of the St. Andrew's story and St. Andrew's family, and I hope he will not mind a moment when the spotlight falls on him.

— Headmaster Tad Roach, October 17, 2013, School Meeting