

St. Andrew's MAGAZINE

FALL 2012

WINTER 2013

SPRING/SUMMER 2013

- Convocation
- New Faculty
- St. Andrew's in Service





(above) Alex McIlvaine '14 led from start to finish in a St. Andrew's sweep of Wilmington Friends and Layton Prep over Parents Weekend. Photo credit: Karen Gowen P'09, '10, '14.

(front cover) Biology teacher Dan O'Connell extracts a newborn wasp from a nest to the joy and wonderment of his III Form class outside of Amos Hall.



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EDITOR'S NOTE

I've been thinking a lot about the connection between sacrifice and service lately. When Sarah (Atwater) Abbott '99 gave the commencement address to the Class of 2011, she closely tied the two together by describing service that is uncomfortable, unrewarding, sacrificial. As a naval aviator, she puts her life on the line to serve her country. That's service.

In a society where service is too often used as simply a resume-building opportunity to help achieve selfish goals, I am awed by the work of so many alumni, students, and parents who give with no expectation of gain.

Sacrificing to serve others has taken form in students and faculty who traveled to Nicaragua, South Africa, and Haiti to build houses and dig latrines this past year (and will again in the next six months). I see it in faculty members who use their sabbatical year away to research religious education in the Middle East or teach in a public school in Boston. I see it in small ways here on campus every day: the limited free time jettisoned to mentor a kid in town, to search the cold Wilmington streets for homeless men and women to bring them to shelter, or to visit with a friend in need. We don't have to hurt ourselves to help others, but it feels to me that the greatest service should come with some sacrifice.

This August we welcomed back from deployment my cousin and naval aviator, Nelson Keyser '98. He hadn't seen his wife or young son since February. I think of the sacrifice they made so he could serve and the restoring joy they felt upon seeing one another in a California hangar.

I am inspired by such service and by all who work in the spirit of St. Andrew's.

Go Saints,



—Will Robinson '97

Welcome Home: Lieutenant commander Nelson Keyser '98 with his wife, Angie, and son, "Cinco," in August.



St. Andrew's MAGAZINE

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Printed by Pavsner Press in Baltimore, Md.

St. Andrew's Magazine is published by the Communication Office for alumni, parents, grandparents and friends of St. Andrew's School. Copyright 2012.

Mission Statement of St. Andrew's School

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A JOURNALIST'S RECOLLECTION

I was interested in the Headmaster's essay on Robert Caro and Lyndon Johnson in the Spring/Summer *Magazine*. I was in the Kennedy motorcade that terrible day. I may, in fact, be one of a handful left who were in the first (the national) press bus. I wrote my story for the *Dow Jones* weekly, the *National Observer*, on deadline. It was one of my better efforts. I recalled that day and my various encounters with LBJ recently in a piece for the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, edited by my old sidekick at the *Wall Street Journal*, David Shribman. You can read it on the online. (<http://bit.ly/SASPerry>) It's not bad for an old geezer.

—Jim Perry '46 (Chevy Chase, Md.)

CAROLINA HOSPITALITY

I received my *SAS Magazine* today (I of course devoured it) and was happy to see your note about the graduating seniors, especially Emily Grohs '12, who is heading to Chapel Hill. I'm living in Durham and working in Chapel Hill at UNC hospital. I would be happy to be of assistance to her or any other SAS students heading to UNC, Duke, NC State, or other schools in this area as they make the transition to college. Please feel free to pass along my name and contact information.

—Ginna Purrington '94 (Durham, N.C.)

SETTING THE COURSE

Two items in the Spring/Summer 2012 issue of *St. Andrew's Magazine* caught my attention. First, the page 25 piece about Peter Hoopes' Film Studies Program and, second, Joshua Meier's Photography Program. When I attended St. Andrew's in the mid-1940s, nothing of that kind existed. But I was attracted by photography and began to take pictures on campus using a simple Kodak camera my grandfather had given me when I was 8 years old and later some more sophisticated cameras borrowed from classmates. Walden Pell soon pointed out to me that there was a well-equipped darkroom in the basement of the Headmaster's house where I could develop my own films and make prints and enlargements. I was heavily involved with photographs in the '46 and '47 yearbooks. My learning process, however, was mostly trial and error. But the course of my future was set at St. Andrew's.

In college, my roommate and I had a photographic business, and I became involved in movie making, even though the college had no photo or movie courses. I worked for 33 years on new product development at Eastman Kodak as a photographic engineer. Next, my wife and I made and showed 16mm movie travelogues for 16 years (four 80-minute films and 1300 shows).

Now, for the last 12 years, thanks to digital imaging, I am still taking hundreds of still images, and I am converting all my commercial and family movies to DVDs. Thus, I have been seriously involved in photography for almost 70 years, thanks to St. Andrew's School.

—Woody Thomas '47 (Naples, N.Y.)

THANKING BILL AMOS

Further to the many tributes to Bill Amos, I only took two science courses in my secondary, tertiary, and post-graduate education — Bill's Biology class and Sam Glucksberg's Psychology 101.

Both classes left me with enduring lessons and understanding of human psychology. In my law practice I do a lot of Wills, Estates, Trusts, and Family Law work, and often quote Bill's statement that, "There's no debate amongst biologists as to what came first, the chicken or the egg. The chicken is just the egg's way of making another egg." That premise has carried through my life and obviously through St. Andrew's, as we understand we are not here for ourselves but for future generations.

I pass along my heartfelt congratulations to the whole of the school (including alums) for the wonderful job they are doing. Jenny and I are looking forward to seeing everyone for our 45th Reunion in June!

—Chris Reeve '68 (Tewantin Queensland, Australia)

■ WE WELCOME LETTERS

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

HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE



Our Belief in the St. Andrew's Student

A Message for Parents delivered on Parents Weekend

Friday, October 27, 2012

It is an honor for me to welcome you to Parents Weekend at St. Andrew's, our three-day celebration of family, community, and education on this beautiful campus. Our goal as a school this weekend is to give you inspiration, hope, and meaning, both through the experience of reuniting with your son or daughter and experiencing the vigor, idealism, and promise of a school of hope and transformation. We all need places like St. Andrew's in our busy and hurried lives in the 21st century, and as adults, we have the opportunity this weekend to meet fellow parents and guardians from all across the country and the world, from a broad spectrum of socioeconomic groups, races, ethnicities, and religions. We are called together by an abiding faith in the power of education to create new meaning, new hope, new initiatives in a complex world.

I want to talk to you this morning about fear and anxiety, two powerful 21st century emotions that affect the work of parents, teachers, schools, and colleges. It is always dangerous to use broad generalizations, but I suspect many of us today would agree that our adult lives have become more anxious, unsettled, distracted, and complex over the first 12 years of the 21st century. The recession and economic instability that began in 2007 were difficult to manage and understand, as years of savings, investments, and assumptions seemed to disappear overnight. Our tepid recovery has only confirmed our belief that our economy remains fragile and vulnerable to further shocks and disruptions. As adults, we are also anxious about change, rapid accelerating change that speeds up our days, distracts us from the essential moral and spiritual values of our lives, affects our economy and employment foundation, and robs us of our vital and redeeming connections with nature. We are disheartened by scandals in religious organizations, universities, financial institutions, professional athletics—the list seems to go on and on. We see an international world, especially in the Middle East, ready to explode in violence and instability. The center in Yeats' phrase does not seem "to hold" ... "The best lack all conviction while the worst are full of passionate intensity."

I think we have learned through history and literature that times of economic instability and change leave human nature open to the embrace of doctrines and approaches to life that are exclusive, prejudicial, and selfish. In times such as these, we are more conscious of competition—not competition that makes our sons and daughters or us better, but rather competition that distorts our values, our honor, and our most important commitments to honesty and fair play. Our desperation can encourage us to cut corners, adopt philosophies and perspectives that are narrow, destructive, and contrary to the principles of democratic society.

It seems inevitable then, that the world of secondary education would be affected by the turmoil experienced in every sector of American life. With so much change and uncertainty swirling through the country and the world, perhaps it is inevitable that schools will begin to reflect the fears, panic, and emptiness of the adult world. We would expect that economic anxiety and distrust of institutions and virulent competition would affect student life in schools and colleges. We would expect to see a generation respond to news of economic crisis with a surge of vicious competition, cheating, and violations of honor and integrity. We would expect to see a generation look for escapes

HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

through alcohol/drugs and the virtual world. We would expect a deepening sense of anxiety and hysteria over the college admissions process. We would expect to see growing distrust and fissures in our democratic life over issues of class, morality, race, and privilege.

This, however, does not need to be the fate of a new generation of students, coming of age at a time when America and the world look for new energy and leadership. It is important for families and schools to intentionally respond to an era of anxiety and disillusionment.

to compete, how to persist, how to react to difficulty and failure, and how to keep one's poise, grace, and values under pressure. We do not have to be perfect, and we do not have to have everything in our lives under control. However, we do need to know how to react to life in all its complexity in a mature and disciplined way.

Let me use a secondary school example—

For years now, St. Andrew's has developed a strong, unique, and distinctive approach to college admission. We work very hard to place the college process in perspective in the course



We know how to do this work. From our own families and grandparents, we know how to confront change, anxiety, challenge, and adversity: it is through hard work, sacrifice, commitment, and responsibility for the institutions that hold our world together. These institutions have always depended on adults for their legitimacy. They are good, reliable, and responsible only if the people who represent the institution are fighting each day for the highest aspirations and standards of our government, judiciary, universities, financial institutions, religious organizations, and professions. Our faith, our values, our ethical core will be tested in this new era, but I would argue that the development of one's moral and ethical foundation is designed exactly for these times in our lives and in our history. Values are not really values if we discard them in the most difficult and anxious periods of our lives. Grandparents and elders possess the long view, the knowledge and perspective that allows them to see that the anxieties that compel our attention may well not be the ones we should be focusing on.

My educational hero Ted Sizer titled one of his last books *The Students Are Watching*, a brilliant way of saying that adolescents look to adults and teachers for guidelines on how to work, how

of a student's career at St. Andrew's. We put our focus on the essential, transformative elements of the St. Andrew's experience as an end in itself. Our students study, pursue service, play athletics, celebrate the arts not because they are narrow, superficial resume builders, not because they seek to impress an admissions committee, but because this work, these activities give them skills and inspiration to contribute to their school, their college, their nation, and their world. We cultivate the habits of mind and heart necessary for world citizenship and rescue: the ability to think and write analytically, to work effectively and resourcefully in teams, the ability to show resilience and perseverance. We are working collaboratively with colleges on a number of common challenges and initiatives, not to curry favor but rather to fight for liberal arts education and its role in a democratic and global society.

Our goal is to keep our students balanced, focused, and energetic as they proceed through the college process, and over the years, we have been remarkably successful in both supporting students and giving them a full perspective of the opportunities available. Our students are mature, discerning, creative, and independent in the way they approach the process.

They write their own applications; they write their own essays; they take ownership of the process. (It seems absurd to have to assert that 21st century students write their own essays and applications, but the truth is that too many private school parents and consultants are only too ready to perform these tasks for students.)

We try to dispel myths that lead to anxiety: it is not true that college admission brings an end or a beginning to an adolescent's life or defines one's prospects or opportunities for a career. It is not true that only a handful of colleges offer quality educational

The point of our work in education is not to help students game the system—rather we work to inspire them to change the world.

There are smart, intelligent, discerning people who believe that this pursuit of money, status, privilege, and entitlement is precisely the source of the problems that confront us as a society in the 21st century. We apparently have succeeded in designing an educational system that rewards a vicious form of individualism. We have developed an achievement ethic devoid of humanity, integrity, accomplishment, and generosity. It would be more responsible and inspiring if schools explicitly taught



experiences. It is not true that we adults get any credit at a cocktail party if they name-drop a particular selective college. It is not true that station wagons look better with certain college stickers on the back.

It is true that students can miss high school, profound opportunities for moral, spiritual, and ethical growth and friendships and connections with students and adults if they buy in, literally and figuratively, to the madness private schools have created on this topic. And parents, too, can miss the essential gift, promise, and narrative of a school if they embrace the insanity.

St. Andrew's students who work hard and embrace the opportunities around them will flourish in life in all its wonder and complexity. They will lead their college campuses, communities, and professions through a gracious, discerning, honorable approach to the world. The stakes are higher than we realize. If we teach students how to market themselves, how to cheat the system, how to game the college admissions process, they will see their lives, their college and professional pursuits as a form of deception, as a way to make the system work for them.

leadership, citizenship, engagement, sacrifice, collaboration, and generosity.

To inspire our new generation, we also as adults need to share narratives that exemplify and demonstrate human courage, tenacity, and commitment, stories that put our media scandals into perspective. For every Jerry Sandusky story, we need ten stories about Malala Yousafzai or Ambassador Chris Stevens, or Senator John McCain. I wrote about Malala two weeks ago: she is a 14 year old Pakistani girl who refused to accept the Taliban's demands that she cease advocating for the education of girls in her nation. In an essay written in the *New York Times*, Nicholas Kristof writes:

She refused to back down, stepped up her campaign and even started a fund to help impoverished Pakistani girls get an education. So on Tuesday, masked gunmen approached her school bus and asked for her by name. Then they shot her in the head and neck. 'Let this be a lesson,' a spokesman for the Taliban said.

J. Christopher Stevens was the American Ambassador to Libya who was killed during the September 11, 2012, terrorist

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attack in Benghazi. Steven Erlanger drew a portrait of Stevens in his September 15th *New York Times* article:

In his willingness to allow others to be heard, even when he had an important message to impart, Mr. Stevens was an unusual American diplomat. He allowed himself to be governed by the habits, proprieties, and slower pace of the Arab world....

John Bell, an Arabic-speaking former Canadian diplomat, knew Mr. Stevens:

He was a consummate professional, calm and deliberative, with a real sensitivity to the Arab world... he was good on the

He was mostly delirious with pain for weeks, and his weight dropped to 100 pounds, and the other POWs were sure he would die; and then, after he'd hung on like that for several months and his bones had mostly knitted and he could sort of stand up, the prison people came and brought him to the commandant's office and closed the door and out of nowhere offered to let him go. They said he could just... leave. It turned out that US Admiral John S. McCain II had just been made head of all naval forces in the Pacific, meaning also Vietnam, and the North Vietnamese wanted the PR coup of mercifully



ground, and he had a way about him that endeared him to a lot of people; he listened to a lot of people and was not highly opinionated....

Diana Buttu knew Mr. Stevens in Ramallah and Jerusalem:

He was a different kind of American diplomat, he really was. First, he was interested in being here. He brought a lot of energy and he spoke Arabic, and reached out to people and tried to build relationships for the U.S.

The French writer and activist Bernard-Henri Lévy wrote of Stevens:

I was struck by the mix of human warmth and professional diplomacy and by his great capacity to listen and his strategy to speak last.

I teach John McCain each year in my English class, precisely because I want my students to know what courage, sacrifice, and integrity looks like in the life of a man who has nobly served his country. I invariably cite on this passage about McCain, written by David Foster Wallace. McCain finds himself a prisoner of war in October 1967 after being shot down after his "26th Vietnam combat mission." Wallace writes:

releasing his son, the baby-killer. And John S. McCain III, 100 pounds and barely able to stand, refused the offer. The US Military's Code of Conduct for Prisoners of War apparently said that POWs had to be released in the order they were captured, and there were others who'd been in Hoa Lo a much longer time, and McCain refused to violate the Code. The prison commandant, not at all pleased, right there in his office had guards break McCain's ribs, rebreak his arm, knock his teeth out. McCain still refused to leave without the other POWs. Forget how many movies stuff like this happens in and try to imagine it as real: a man without teeth refusing release. McCain spent four more years in Hoa Lo like this, much of the time in solitary, in the dark, in a special closet-sized box called a "punishment cell." Maybe you've heard all this before; it's been in umpteen different media profiles of McCain this year. It's overexposed, true. Still, though, take a second or two to do some creative visualization and imagine the moment between John McCain's first getting offered early release and his turning it down. Try to imagine it was you. Imagine how loudly your most basic, primal self-interest would cry out to you in that moment, and all the ways you could rationalize accepting the

offer: What difference would one less POW make? Plus maybe it'd give the other POWs hope and keep them going, and I mean 100 pounds and expected to die and surely the Code of Conduct doesn't apply to you if you need a doctor or else you're going to die, plus if you could stay alive by getting out you could make a promise to God to do nothing but Total Good from now on and make the world better and so your accepting would be better for the world than your refusing, and maybe if Dad wasn't worried about the Vietnamese retaliating against you here in prison he could prosecute the war more aggressively and end it sooner

reconciliation, and peace to the world. What made this girl so passionate, wise, discerning, and courageous? What made Stevens, "one of the best of his generation," words from David Welch, retired State Department official. What made McCain so strong, so defiant, so tough, so courageous? These are the questions that keep us searching, working, straining towards an educational experience that will prepare our students for the most important moments in their lives. How do we teach the full power and majesty of education? How do we fight for human rights in our country and the world? How do we develop this



and actually save lives so yes maybe you could actually save lives if you took the offer and got out versus what real purpose gets served by you staying here in a box and getting beaten to death, and by the way oh Jesus imagine it a real doctor and real surgery with painkillers and clean sheets and a chance to heal and not be in agony and to see your kids again, your wife, to smell your wife's hair.... Can you hear it? What would be happening inside your head? Would you have refused the offer? Could you have? You can't know for sure. None of us can. It's hard even to imagine the levels of pain and fear and want in that moment, much less to know how we'd react. None of us can know.

But, see, we do know how this man reacted. That he chose to spend four more years there, mostly in a dark box, alone, tapping messages on the walls to the others, rather than violate a Code. Maybe he was nuts. But the point is that with McCain it feels like we know, for a proven fact, that he is capable of devotion to something other, more, than his own self-interest.

This Pakistani girl and these American men remind us that what we are fighting for in the world of education are the most sacred and fundamental truths that will bring enlightenment,

humanity, this humility, this curiosity, this readiness to listen, communicate, share, and lead we see in Ambassador Stevens? How do we teach grit, resilience, courage, and sacrifice?

I think the experience here at St. Andrew's can and must provide answers to these questions, and when we think so broadly and creatively about the adult virtues we hope our sons and daughters will embrace and enact, we see how essentially liberating it is to be a parent or a teacher.

The most powerful message we can share with our students and our children is that we believe in them. We believe in their ability to learn, to connect, to sacrifice, to persist, to compete, to create, to love. Let's make that our credo for the days and year ahead.

For the next two days, our students will express their love and appreciation for your belief in them by introducing you to their school, their community, their second home. Thank you for joining us in this incredible journey. ■



Crossroads

The Campaign for St. Andrew's School

St. Andreans Come Together in Final Year of Campaign *Annual Fund Donations Continue to Increase*

With the Crossroads Campaign scheduled to end on June 30, 2013, members of the St. Andrew's community are rising up in force to meet the challenge of a successful conclusion to this historic effort to protect and strengthen the mission of St. Andrew's. Early returns indicate that gifts to the Annual Fund from alumni, parents and parents of alumni are outpacing last year's record breaking year. Young and old, near and far, our alumni are demonstrating their belief in the power of the St. Andrew's experience to transform young men and women into contributing members of the global society.

The Durkin Fleischer Squash Center Dedication

At this time of year, when our thoughts turn to giving thanks to those who enrich our lives, we look forward to a special opportunity to thank and celebrate the generosity of two St. Andrew's families led by Mary and Pat Durkin P'97 and Calla and Spencer Fleischer P'06,'07,'09,'12 whose contributions through the Crossroads Campaign have helped transform our campus.

We hope you can join us to dedicate the new Durkin Fleischer Squash Center on January 12 at 12:30 p.m. followed by the boys' and girls' opening home matches against Potomac at 1:00 p.m.

The squash program has seen remarkable growth and success since the center opened in 2011 with nine competition courts, spectator areas, and more students than ever trying squash for the first time. In 2011, both the boys and girls teams qualified for the Division II brackets at the U.S. Squash National Championships for the first time in School history.

Headmaster Tad Roach writes: "St. Andrew's now has state of the art courts to meet the needs of the JV and varsity programs for both boys and girls. St. Andrew's squash is developing in exciting and remarkable ways. I hope many alums and past and present parents will join us here at School to thank the

Durkin and Fleischer families for all they do for St. Andrew's."

The Edward H. Hammond '60 Locker Room Dedication

On February 9, 2013 at 11:30 a.m., we will dedicate the Edward H. Hammond '60 Locker Room. Ed Hammond's unexpected passing generated an unprecedented outpouring of letters, emails, and phone calls offering memories of Ed's almost six-decade relationship with St. Andrew's. Ed was passionate about St. Andrew's — its mission, its spirit, its commitment to financial aid and its connection to the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

Ed was also a tenacious worker and born leader. He was senior anchor on the 1960 State Championship wrestling team — a team that won four straight State Championships, leading legendary wrestling coach Bull Cameron to declare it "the greatest wrestling team St. Andrew's has ever produced."

Ed's family has chosen to honor his legacy at St. Andrew's by naming the wrestling locker room in his memory and as part of the Crossroads Campaign. We hope you will join us in celebrating a great St. Andrean and cheer on the boys as they vie for the Delaware Independent School Conference wrestling championship that follows the ceremony.

St. Andrew's Receives Largest Bequest in School History

In the fall of 1953, Chip Haselton's parents created an endowed scholarship fund with an initial gift of \$6,000 to help make the opportunity of St. Andrew's possible for future generations of St. Andreans. Over the years the fund

steadily grew, thanks to sound investment and continuous support from Chip and his family. Upon Chip's passing this year, we learned that the fund would receive a bequest of almost \$2.9 million — the largest bequest in School history. With this gift the Norris S. Haselton, Sr. Scholarship Fund is now the largest endowed scholarship fund at St. Andrew's with a total value of \$3.6 million. The 5% annual draw is enough to fund more than three full scholarships every year.

Chip's commitment to St. Andrew's extended far beyond philanthropy. Like so many of our alumni, he was a St. Andrean to his core. He supported this magazine in its first years as an ardent contributor, pushed alumni relations forward by introducing computer-based data management, and served for many years on the Alumni Association Board even driving to meetings from Miami where he lived. It was during those trips north that Chip would visit his old St. Andrew's mentors and friends, including Dick Barron '59 and Kitty Schmolze.

Still, he often said his greatest St. Andrew's moments were meeting those who benefitted from a Haselton Scholarship. Before his death he recalled meeting Scott Sipprelle '81 who, along with his three brothers, was a Haselton Scholar. "I still remember shaking hands with Scott who sought me out at a Reunion to thank me for the opportunity my family had given to him and his family. I cherish those moments as a proud St. Andrean."

Thank you, Chip, for all you've done and will continue to do for St. Andrew's through your generosity.



The Fleischer Family at Commencement 2012.



U.S. Green Building Council Awards Sipprelle Field House with LEED Gold Certification

The U.S. Green Building Council recently awarded LEED Gold certification to the new Sipprelle Field House making it the first school building in Delaware to receive LEED certification of any kind.

Completed this fall, the field house features environmentally sustainable initiatives throughout and earned certification after an extensive process led by the Board of Trustees, project manager Bill Soukup, and architect Daniela Voith from Voith & Mactavish Architects in Philadelphia.

The building's three new basketball and volleyball courts are situated fifteen feet below grade to take advantage of the earth's fifty-five degree temperature and the space is 100% daylit by natural light pouring in through generous skylights and windows. Many of the materials used in the construction were locally sourced, including stone from nearby Townsend,



Del., that matched the original historic gym.

"This designation represents a commitment by our Board of Trustees, alumni, parents and students to always be mindful of our impact on our world and to lessen it whenever possible," noted Headmaster Tad Roach. "I want to especially thank Gay '78 and Tony Browne for their leadership gift that made this ambitious goal possible and everyone who helped us fill this programmatic need without having to compromise our mission of environmental sustainability. ■

Sipprelle Field House In The News

Students aren't the only ones who love the Sipprelle Field House. The LEED Gold building has received recognition and praise from across the green building and architecture community this fall:

Awards

- AIA Delaware Honor Award, additional recognition as a Sustainable Building
- Engineering News Record, Best Sports/Entertainment Project, Mid-Atlantic
- U.S. Green Building Council LEED Gold certification

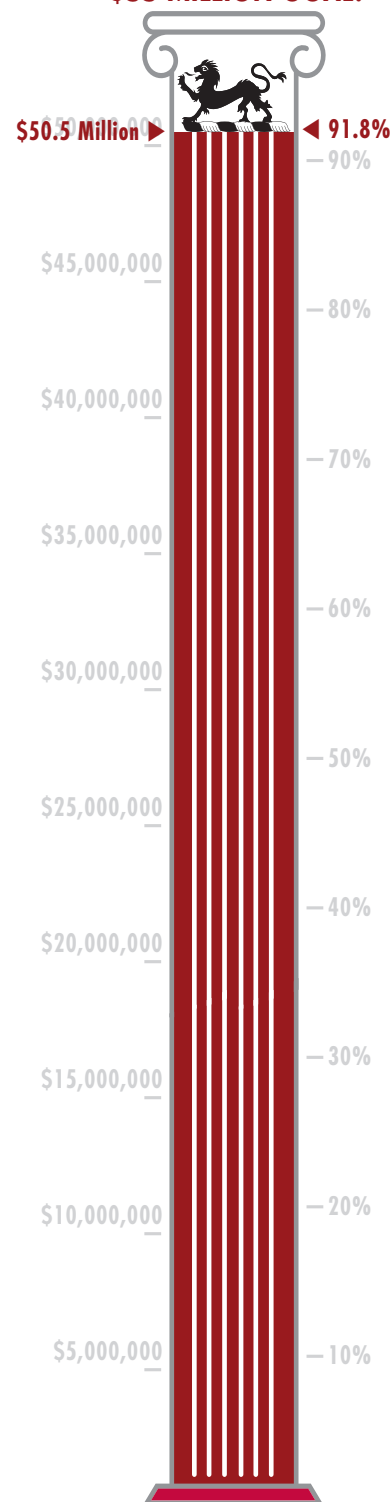
Publications

- GreenSource, "Young Athletes Society", David Sokol, October 2012
- Stone World & Contemporary Tile Design, "Marrying Modern and Historic Architecture," Jennifer Adams, July 2, 2012.
- Net Assets, "Not your average gym," Donna Davis, July/August 2012
- School Planning & Management, "Building Blueprints," December 2012

Online Galleries

- ArchitectMagazine.com
- Architizer.com
- ArchitypeSource.com
- MyGreenPalette.com
- VoithandMactavish.com

\$55 MILLION GOAL!



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

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

\$55 million CROSSROADS CAMPAIGN



- 1** Welcome to St. Andrew's! III Formers survive the Echo Hill swamp walk on the first full day of school.
- 2** III Form girls quickly adapt to life on the Front Lawn.
- 3** Many hands make light work: Students spread out over campus to help clean up after Hurricane Sandy.
- 4** International students came together before the start of school for a two-day orientation. Students this year hail from 16 different countries.
- 5** Pumpkin carving in the Garth.
- 6** Students arrived early to participate in the Philadelphia AIDS Walk in late October.







Women's Network Weekend Focuses on Business & Leadership

On October 12, over 60 alumnae, current mothers and alumni mothers arrived on campus for the second Women's Network Weekend, eager to learn, collaborate, network and engage in conversation about being a leader and a woman in the business world. The idea for this weekend was sparked three years ago in a conversation between Bernadette Devine '99 (co-director of the Women's Network) and Corinna Calhoun '89 in Seattle, Wash. Corinna, a Senior Director of Product Marketing at Microsoft, wanted to connect with the St. Andrew's women who were finding success and becoming leaders in the business world, thereby extending the mission and outreach of the Women's Network. It was at this moment that the idea for a Women's Network Weekend on Business & Leadership was born.

Three years after this initial meeting, Corinna flew from Seattle to Middletown to help lead and facilitate this powerful conference and collection of women. She was joined by Halimah DeLaine Prado '93, Director of Legal at Google Inc., Kimberly Egan '88, Partner at DLA Piper, LLC, Elizabeth Dunton Faison '90, Former Managing Director at Och-Ziff Capital Management, Talley Wettlaufer

'95, Vice President of International at J.Crew Group, Inc., and Carter Wilcox '90, Senior Vice President at The Corcoran Group. Sharing a passion for St. Andrew's, this accomplished and brilliant group of women also shared their experience in and wisdom about leadership, mentorship and business.

Halimah DeLaine Prado '93 delivered a keynote address to the women attending the conference as well as the entire faculty and student body. She began her talk by describing her first visit to St. Andrew's as a shy 8th grader who was later denied acceptance. Thus began her journey of learning how to deal with adversity, of resilience and growth. Because of the strength, encouragement and wisdom of her mother, Halimah reapplied the following year and was accepted. As her journey continued at St. Andrew's and beyond, she learned to be flexible and to stay open to opportunities and possibilities. She nurtured her passion for travel and learned to embrace and engage the unfamiliar. Halimah captivated the room with her humor and humility and inspired everyone with her wisdom and honesty.

The following morning, all six women shared their stories. They spoke of their experience at St. Andrew's, how they found their first job and mentors to guide

them, how they took risks and dealt with adversity, and how they make decisions and lead in their respective fields. Each story was unique and powerful. After two hours of questions and conversations, each of our distinguished alumnae led a smaller discussion group, allowing attendees to have more personal conversations and share more in the insight of our talented panel.

The weekend was a celebration of the collective experience of St. Andrew's, and it was a celebration of women who are making a difference in the world. Attendees made connections and new friends, found new mentors and were inspired by new perspectives. You can find more photos from the weekend on pages 90 and 91.

Election Season Empowers, Educates Students in Democracy

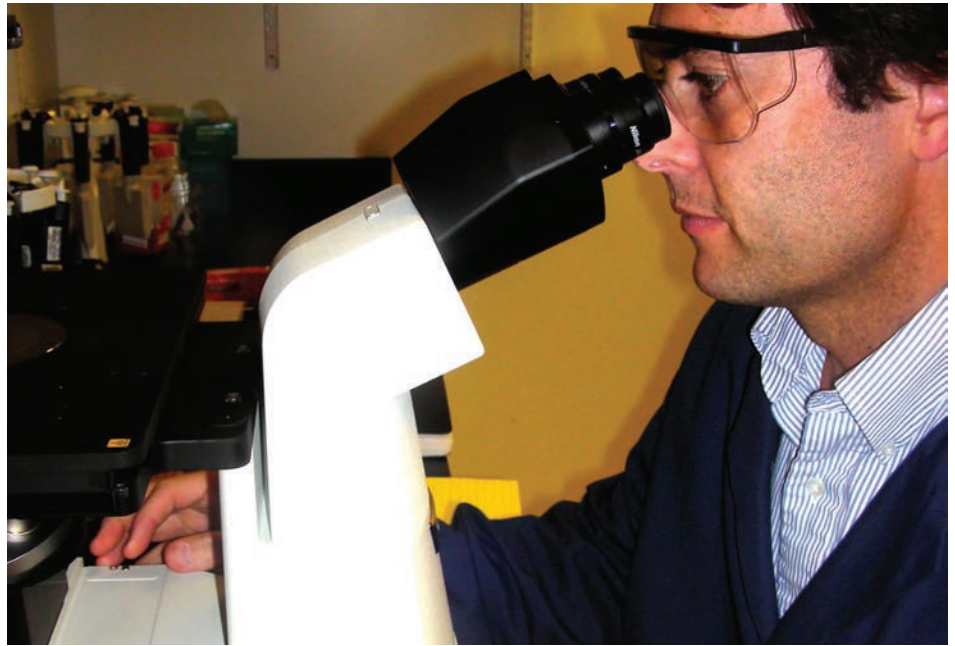
Presidential elections have always created special opportunities for learning and discussion on campus and this year was no exception. It started last spring during the primaries, carried over through the summer



conventions, and landed full force this fall right through Election Day.

The History Department kicked off a series of weekly discussions around political ads during School Meeting before eventually handing the reigns over to students, who led the community in an analysis of the different sides of a particular issue or debate exchange. Students crowded into common rooms or faculty apartments to watch the three presidential debates and vice presidential debate followed by discussions. The Irene duPont Library provided a wealth of resources for students to research and read up on the candidates. Even the math department seized the opportunity to enter the dialogue. Statistics teacher Pemberton Heath '08 treated the community to a three-part series on polling in which she broke down the finer points behind a poll's "margin of error," polling bias, sample size, state polls versus national polls and the ever-evolving science behind polling. Consider, for instance, how the decrease of telephone landlines affects the demographic makeup of a poll.

All of the dialogue, debate, and candidate research came down to a



mock election held just days before Election Day. History Department Chair Emily Pressman transformed the department office into a polling place where students were asked not just to pick their choice for president, but also answer questions around key political issues like campaign funding, healthcare reform, and ways to balance the federal budget. The effort was in conjunction with V.O.T.E.S. (Voting Opportunities for Teenagers in Every State), a nationwide program meant to teach high school students the importance of the voting process. This year's turnout included 54,000 students from more than 130 schools across the United States. St. Andrew's students have correctly predicted all but one presidential election since 1988 (the Bush-Kerry election in 2004 was the only exception). The streak continued this cycle as President Obama prevailed on campus by a 60-40 margin.

"The fundamental right to vote that we enjoy as Americans brings with it the responsibility to be a thoughtful and informed voter, so we are trying to instill in students the importance of understanding the issues and the candidates' positions on them," noted Pressman who drove several VI Formers to vote for the first time at a local polling place on Election Day. "In disciplines

across the St. Andrew's curriculum, our goal is to teach our students to be engaged critical thinkers, and we hope they will embrace this way of thinking in their lives as citizens as much as in their lives as students."

Science Teacher Dan O'Connell Publishes Research in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences

The last day of classes every year can mean different things to different teachers. For Biology teacher Dan O'Connell it means packing up his car and heading west with his wife Quinn and three children to Boulder, Colorado. The high altitude and abundance of outdoor pursuits would seem perfect for the ultra-marathoner who has been known to canoe to campus from his house at the far end of Noxontown Pond. Although he does his best to take advantage of the ridges that line the Rocky Mountains, he spends the majority of his days (and some nights) in a laboratory in a small manufacturing section of northeast Boulder.

In the three years before he arrived at St. Andrew's and eight summers since, O'Connell has worked as a research associate in the Technology



AROUND CAMPUS

Development Department of SomaLogic, Inc., a privately held protein biomarker discovery and clinical diagnostics company based in Boulder. He approaches his lab work with a ferocious curiosity and love of learning that led him to earn both a master's in molecular biology and a law degree from the University of Colorado at Boulder. His research over the years has varied to include separating sperm cells from non-sperm cells in order to streamline sexual assault investigations to using human stem cells to help create microscopic blood vessels that could test the effectiveness of a new treatment for blindness.

In November, the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences of the United States of America published a paper from O'Connell and his SomaLogic colleagues introducing a new kind of molecule they developed called a SOMAmer. The article, "Unique motifs and hydrophobic interactions shape the binding of modified DNA ligands to protein targets," describes the precise

shape of a particularly useful SOMAmer and the way its shape is like a key that fits a specific molecular lock. The lock in question is a molecule known to be involved in the growth of cancers. What O'Connell discovered was that the SOMAmers not only fit the lock, but also inactivate it, and thereby could prevent an early step in tumor growth.

So how does finding new ways to prevent cancerous tumors from growing help O'Connell teach an Introduction to Biology course to III Formers? He explains:

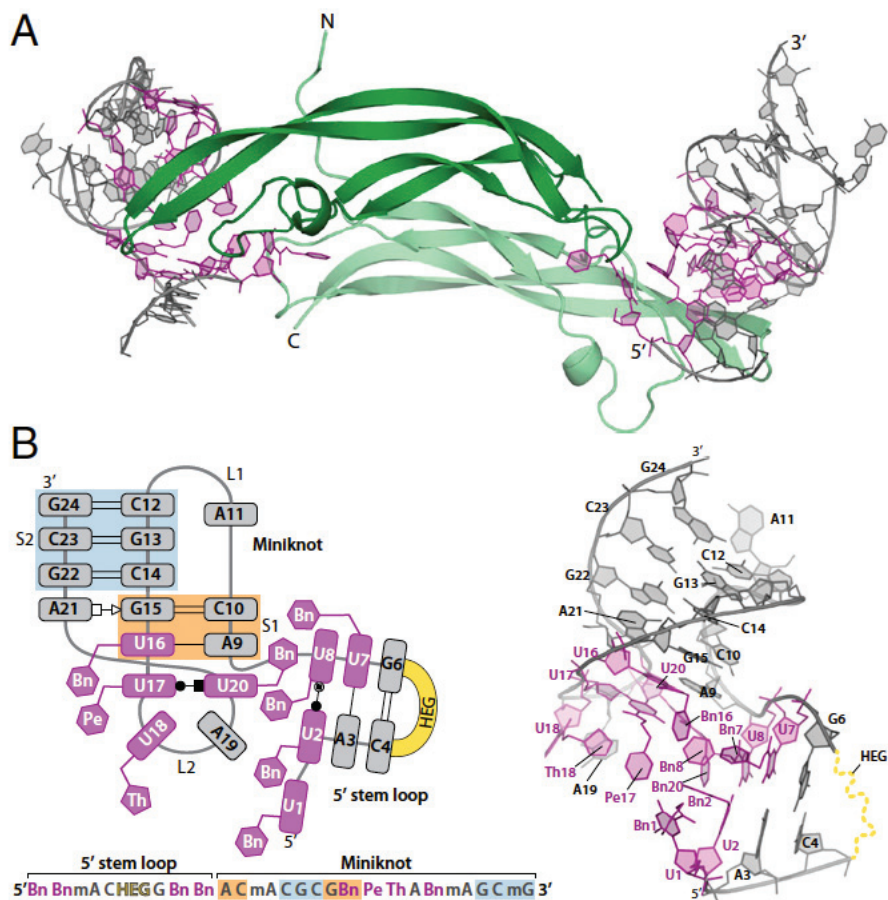
"The experiences I have had at SomaLogic make me a much better teacher. I am humbled each summer to be in the presence of people with so much knowledge, skill and passion. I become a student each summer and try to soak up as much as I can from a generous and vibrant community. They fill me with fresh ideas, insights and stories. Indeed, I am so eager to pick my colleagues' brains that I interview them on camera and play these videotapes for my students. For me, the most

exciting lesson of all, a lesson reinforced every summer through my own daily successes or failures at the bench, is simply that science works. Although nature can be mysterious, science is not. Things happen for reasons and these reasons can be understood by working diligently and creatively. The mysteries of sickness and health will inevitably be revealed little by little each day. You don't have to be a genius to make discoveries, you just have to do the work and follow the evidence where it leads. It can be tedious and unglamorous work, but progress is inevitable and people's lives are made better by it. I am constantly striving to give my students experiences that will help them appreciate the power of science and the wonder that comes from discovery."

The full PNAS article can be downloaded on its website at <http://bit.ly/DanInPNAS>.

Project SSOAR Gives Appoquinimink Middle Schoolers New Opportunity

As a public school teacher in North Carolina through Teach For America, Associate Director of Admission Tony Alleyne '01 saw firsthand how students with enormous potential could fall through the cracks of a strained system. "There were too many students, too few teachers, and not enough hours in the day to give each and every student the boost they needed to succeed," recalls Alleyne. Out on the admissions trail he takes extra time to find students who would realize their potential in a challenging academic program.



SOMAmer structure overview. (A) PDGF-BB homodimer bound to SOMAmer SL5. Dark and light green are PDGF-B chains 1 and 2, respectively. SOMAmers are shown in gray, with modified nucleotides highlighted in purple. (B) Schematic representation of SL5 showing backbone trace and base pairing patterns seen in the cocrystal structure (Left; color scheme as in A; miniknot stem 1, orange box; miniknot stem 2, blue box; see Fig. 1B for structures). Base pairs are coded according to the nomenclature of Leontis and Westhof (48). Stick/cartoon view of SOMAmer SL5 with colors and approximate orientation to match the schematic on the left (Right).

Recent School co-president Emily Grohs '12 was one such student who came to St. Andrew's with Alleyne's encouragement and is now a Morehead-Cain Scholar at the University of North Carolina. Alleyne is constantly thinking of ways to inspire and support even more students not only at St. Andrew's, but beyond campus as well. That desire led him to conceive of Project SSOAR (Study Skills in Organization, Arithmetic, and Reading) with a mission to identify, challenge and support middle school students in our local Appoquinimink School District through an intensive academic summer program and ongoing mentoring.

Project SSOAR kicked off this summer with an intensive two-week academic program. Thirty-nine rising 8th graders from three middle schools arrived on campus each morning and jumped right into four, 75-minute classes focused on math and English/Language Arts. After a brief lunch and recess period, students would bury themselves in work during a two-hour study hall before heading home for the evening. "We knew we had some talented kids coming in, but they brought so much energy and enthusiasm every day," says Alleyne. "It was like someone had opened a door they had been trying to get through for years and they ran right through it. There is so much negativity out there about education in America, but when students are given an opportunity to learn — even in the summertime at eight o'clock in the morning — they embrace it."

Although Alleyne established Project SSOAR as an independent non-profit, it also represents a piece of a larger effort led by Headmaster Tad Roach and Trustee Paul Harrell to engage in education efforts beyond campus. Both were instrumental in helping Alleyne forge the partnership between St. Andrew's, the Appoquinimink School District and the Delaware Department of Education needed to get Project SSOAR off the ground. The partnership was



critical for Alleyne who wanted to build a program that would align with students' current educational experience. The Appoquinimink School District jumped on board last spring and helped identify participants and worked with Alleyne to develop the academic curriculum. "Everything we teach is connected to Delaware's core standards. We are teaching the same content, but the small classes open up possibilities for more individual attention and creative lesson planning," explains Alleyne. "The district provided us with objectives each student needed extra help with before the program began, so we were able to tailor classes to students' needs. Now, many of those students are on track towards the advance math sections in 8th grade."

The partnership extended to the Project SSOAR faculty as well. "It was wonderful to see the collaboration between the teachers," notes Alleyne. "We have two St. Andrew's teachers in Jon Tower and Matt Wolinski '00 working side-by-side with two excellent teachers from Appoquinimink in Kathleen Olenderski and Jennifer Abernethy. The small class sizes allow us to teach a more Socratic method similar to St. Andrew's classes, but Kathleen and Jennifer brought invaluable experience

and insight that help focus our efforts and leave a lasting impact on the students." In addition to the four faculty members, students benefitted from mentoring provided by Jake Myers '12 and Bre Pierce '13 who served as student advisors.

St. Andrew's students will continue to be involved with the program as mentors during the school year. "We plan to have monthly check-in meetings with participants, and bring St. Andrew's students into town for weekly mentoring sessions," explains Alleyne. This summer's cohort will be back again next summer for four weeks of academic instruction before heading into 9th grade. A fresh group of rising 8th graders will join them to begin their own two-year cycle.

Alleyne envisions the program expanding in the coming years. "We've purposely built a scalable model so that other schools can easily adopt the program. I am in the process of finding funding from Delaware's private sector and am working on some grant proposals from some larger companies and foundations. This summer proved the model and I'm excited to continue to grow the program and impact even more students." ■



Professor and Author Martha Ackmann Spends Two Days On Campus, Shares Life of Toni Stone

What would you do with one imperfect chance to live your dream? That was the question Mount Holyoke professor and author Martha Ackmann asked students during her discussion of Toni Stone, the first woman to play professional baseball in the Negro League and subject of her latest book, *Curveball*. When Henry Aaron moved from the Negro League to the majors, Stone replaced him as a sideshow in an effort to sell tickets. She went on to become a star infielder of the championship Indianapolis Clowns and later the Kansas City Monarchs playing alongside Ernie Banks, Willie Mays, Buck O'Neil, and Satchel Paige. At one point in the 1953 season, she batted .364 — fourth highest in the league. She did all amidst skeptics and relentless abuse from fans and even some teammates. Ackmann's first book, *The Mercury 13* (Random House), tells the story of thirteen women pilots who secretly tested to become America's first women in space.

Professor Ackmann spent two days on campus leading up to her Friday night lecture sharing her energy and passion in similar stories of courage and humanity in classes and with students over lunches and in the hallways. "The Harkness table is magic," said Ackmann after visiting an English class. "I witnessed several times that the students were in that golden moment of learning, when they were all leaning into — both literally and intellectually — the conversations."

As co-editor of *The Cardinal*, Pep Ruckpanich '13 took the opportunity to meet with Ackmann to discuss her work and motivation to uncover stories that have long been forgotten. "Professor Ackmann was awesome," recalled a smiling Pep. "Her work uncovering human stories with dogged determination and a genuine curiosity and love of people is incredibly inspiring. She's been interviewed on ESPN, NPR, and CNN, so it was amazing to have a chance to talk with her one-on-one and pick her brain for almost an hour."

Ackmann came to campus at the invitation of the Stuart Chair in English Elizabeth Roach. "Martha embodies the best qualities of a scholar, writer and social activist," praised Roach. "Because she is so genuine, so bright and insightful, so articulate and observant, she connected with and inspired everyone on campus. Her talk explored complex issues of race, gender, history, and storytelling and did so in a sophisticated yet accessible way—everyone loved her; everyone is still talking about her."

Ambassador Chase Untermeyer Provides 10th Annual Levinson Lecture

Ambassador Chase Untermeyer ascended the Engelhard Hall stage on Friday night to thunderous applause after a beautiful introduction from his friend David Levinson '53 P'05. Levinson endowed the annual lecture to bring international figures in history, politics, economics or related social science fields to campus each year and the 10th Anniversary of the lecture brought with it a particularly



celebratory atmosphere not lost on the Ambassador. "If it weren't enough of an honor to have a chance to be here at beautiful St. Andrew's and also to have a chance to talk to you this evening on the subject I've chosen," began Ambassador Untermeyer in his opening remarks, "how much greater an honor it is to give the 10th Levinson Lecture in History. To me, that is the real charm and the joy of this occasion."

Ambassador Untermeyer went on to outline his case for the intensive and purposeful study of history. Only through such study, Untermeyer explained, can a society evolve and improve through each iteration in time. His own study of public servants through biography has made a deep impact on Untermeyer's own commitment to public service and informed many of his most difficult decisions. He offered President Truman's words that, "the only thing new in the world is history you don't know." He pointed to world leaders of the past and present like Churchill, Truman, Kennedy and Obama — historians to various degrees in their own right — as examples of how important it is to read and study history.

In one particularly powerful example, Untermeyer detailed how then President John F. Kennedy had finished Barbara Tuchman's *The Guns of August* about the beginnings of World War I only months before he faced the Cuban Missile Crisis. Kennedy's greatest lesson from Tuchman's work was the speed in which statesmen can lose control in a crisis. He reportedly told his advisors that he would not follow a course that allowed anyone to write a book entitled "The Missiles of October". Many credit the prudence and caution Kennedy showed at that time — traits that were sorely missing after the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand — for avoiding another world war.

Afterwards, students fired questions at the Ambassador ranging from the calculation that goes into U.S.



intervention in foreign countries to his views on the Arab spring and the recent assassination of Ambassador Stevens in Benghazi. Middle Eastern Studies students had an additional opportunity to ask questions of the Ambassador during their Saturday morning class.

"I have been overwhelmed by the beauty and special spirit of this place where you all are so lucky to attend," noted Untermeyer before traveling back to his home state of Texas.

You can listen to and download the 10th Annual Levinson Lecture on our podcast channel.

Andrew Forsthoefel '07 Takes Students On Journey Across America

When Andrew Forsthoefel walked out the back door of his parents' home in November of 2011 with the goal of walking across America, the recent Middlebury College graduate left with little more than a few supplies in a backpack and an open mind. Ten months later he arrived on the beaches of Half Moon Bay, California, with countless stories, new friends, and a deep well of gratitude for those that helped him along the way.

Andrew shared his story with students, faculty, and visiting friends on a Friday evening in November transporting the audience to his first day of walking and his last while adding in the many stories and voices of people he met along the way. As he talked, it became clear that the walk had very little to do with achieving a physical feat and everything

to do with meeting strangers, learning their stories, and embracing every opportunity to peel back the layers on the world around us. "There was a giant Cajun man south of New Orleans who let me camp out next to his trailer on the bayou one wet February night," recalled Andrew. "The next morning we drank coffee together and he said to me before I walked away, 'You know, really all you're doing is reading a book, just with your feet.'"

With thousands upon thousands of pages read, Andrew has moved to Woods Hole, Mass., to begin translating his experience into a book and to edit the dozens of audio interviews he recorded along the way. Please visit Andrew's website <http://walkingtolisten.com> to learn more about his experience.

Dr. Rhett Allain Charges Up Physics Students with Two-Day Visit

Dr. Rhett Allain, a physics professor from Southeastern Louisiana University and physics blogger for Wired.com, spent two days on campus coaching faculty members and working alongside students in physics classes on college-level work.

On Thursday night Dr. Allain held an open physics "jam session" in the lab working with students to solve novel problems using video analysis. He also worked with Dr. Mark Hammond's Advanced Studies in Physics classes to develop a computational model of Felix Baumgartner's Red Bull Stratus Space Jump. On Friday evening he

delivered a lecture entitled, "Physics is Everywhere," discussing the physics of such seemingly disparate phenomenon as the inaccuracies of a flying R2D2 in Star Wars to whether or not a human could fly like a bird with mechanical wings.

"Dr. Allain gave us a different perspective on how we can find physics in the world all around us," said Advanced Physics student Jerry Jana '13. "You quite literally can't do anything without encountering physics in some way. It was awesome to see Dr. Allain take that understanding and try to answer the many questions that inevitably arise."

Dr. Rhett Allain is an associate professor of physics at Southeastern Louisiana University and the author of the Wired magazine science blog Dot Physics. He received his Ph.D. from North Carolina State University in 2001, and works in the field of physics education research. Dr. Allain's visit was made possible by the William A. Crump, Jr. Physics Fund. ■

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You can now watch on-campus speakers and select School events on your computer, tablet or smartphone.

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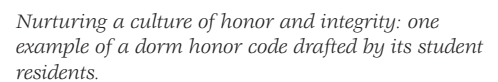
for a schedule of upcoming events or to view an archive of past speakers.

 **livestream**



Gradually, students have taken responsibility for the initiative by submitting questions for the entire community to reflect on and leading the analyses of the questions. Mollie Gillespie '14 offered the first student-submitted question, which focused on downloading music and videos from the Internet without paying for them. "A friend and I actually got into a debate

The Honor Code continues to be a critical piece underlying both academic and residential life on campus. For the first time in recent memory students on every dorm worked with Residential Leaders to draft and sign their own dorm Honor Code that was then posted in each common room. The faculty



If you have an ethical dilemma you'd like the students to wrestle with please send it to Terence Gilheany at tgilheany@standrews-de.org.

Educational Excursions

The thirst for learning and engagement extended far beyond campus this fall as faculty members led students to lectures and discussions around the region. Here are a few of the opportunities students took advantage of this fall.



Novelist Tim O'Brien read from his works at Washington College to the delight of students who devoured his *The Things the Carried* in English class.



The annual trip to Hawk Mt., Pa., led by Peter McLean offered students a chance to night hike along the Appalachian Trail.



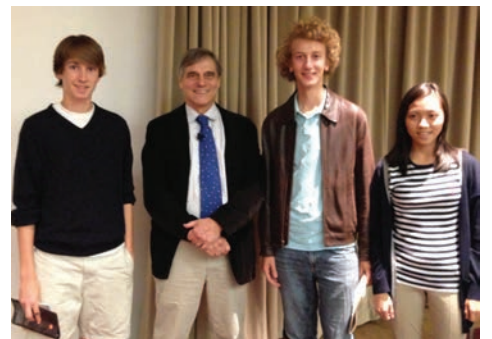
Repertorio Español offered a chance to see Gabriel García Márquez's *Crónica de una muerte anunciada* in New York City.



Several months after spending a day on campus, MacArthur Fellow and Pulitzer Prize-winning author Junot Díaz met students during a reading at the Free Library of Philadelphia and again weeks later at the University of Pennsylvania.



Columbia University professor and world-renowned philosopher Dr. Philip Kitcher delivered the David Norton Memorial Ethics Lecture at the University of Delaware.



UCLA professor Dr. Mark Morris delivered the Harcourt C. Vernon Memorial Lecture in Physics at the University of Delaware.



3,973 miles, 70 days, 9 build days, 3 days rest

Young Alumni Advocate for Affordable Housing Through Bike and Build

Riding your bike across the United States is usually challenging enough, but not for Nick Watson '11 and Mary Shea Valliant '09. The two joined Bike & Build this summer and rode 3,973 miles from Providence, R.I. to Seattle, Wash. with nine stops in places like Youngstown, Ohio and Casper, Wyo. where they helped build affordable housing.

Over the course of Bike & Build's past ten years, a total of 1700 riders have pedaled more than 6 million miles, spent 120,000 hours building alongside affordable housing organizations like Habitat for Humanity, and helped fundraise over \$4 million to allocate to these non-profits —

numbers that continue to grow with each passing summer.

It is not the numbers, however, that helped Mary Shea and Nick understand the breadth of the cause. In their words: "It was building alongside and getting to know families from across the country who could finally afford their first home; it was the incredible, contagious and unending enthusiasm and stories from my fellow riders; it was the countless churches, parishioners, high schools, YMCAs, and families that year after year, have opened their doors and homes to feed, shower, and house a group of thirty sweaty, smelly, and famished cyclists. Organizations like Bike & Build change lives by putting people in places who make a difference. We were part of this wonderful, eclectic, and passionate collection of people that have taken up the cause of affordable housing and stand committed to service."

Mary Shea will graduate from the University of Virginia in May. Nick is currently in his second year also at the University of Virginia.

Debbie McGaha, Jamie O'Leary '14 Make 3-Day Walk for the Cure to End Breast Cancer

When Debbie McGaha, who works in the School's business office, finished the 60-mile Susan G. Komen 3-Day for the Cure in 2011 she immediately signed up to walk again in 2012. "My journey from four months of training all the way to the 60-mile finish line was amazing," said McGaha. "I couldn't wait to do it again this year."

The Susan G. Komen 3-Day for the Cure is a 60-mile walk over the course of three days that takes place in cities across the United States. Proceeds from the event go to breast cancer research and community programs. McGaha made her second walk this October alongside 1,700 men and women through the Philadelphia area to help raise a grand total of \$4.6 million. There may be as many different reasons to walk as there are participants, but everyone shared McGaha's determination to end breast cancer.

"Walking 60 miles is challenging, but I will keep walking until breast cancer is no longer a threat. I walk because everyone deserves a lifetime. I walk so that my granddaughter's future won't include the threat of breast cancer. I walk so that my dear friends that have been stricken by this horrible disease will have a lifetime free from having to fight to stay alive."

Jamie O'Leary '14 decided to make her first 3-Day walk this fall in Washington, D.C. after her second aunt was diagnosed with breast cancer. She fundraised on campus last spring selling cookie dough with her friend Kirstin Anderson '14 and



Jamie O'Leary at the Washington, D.C. Walk

exceeded her goal with a grand total of \$2,487.

Jamie took a long weekend in October and traveled to Washington where she and her aunt joined nearly 2,000 participants for the walk that ended with a celebration at the Washington Monument. "The 3-Day was an incredible opportunity to honor and support the millions of women affected by breast cancer, including my two aunts. I was so proud and grateful to see the St. Andrew's community come together to support this cause."

VI Formers Help Build Affordable Houses with Habitat for Humanity

Amidst a chorus of banging hammers and a late summer heat, Jack Flynn '13 contemplated the dilemma in front of him. He'd been working all day with Martin French '13 and Kieran Conaway '13 securing the framed walls on the second floor of several housing units. The walls require reinforcement to hold the weight of the prefabricated roofs that a crane would later lower on them. The 2x4s he had to work with were too short to reach diagonally across the framing from top to bottom, so Jack had extended them by hammering on a short extension. The result bore a resemblance to an elongated Tetris piece.

With such a piece in hand, Jack carefully nailed it to the upper left and bottom right corners of a hallway wall. It took him about 20 minutes to hammer his cobbled 2x4 sidearm to the frame. He then gave the wall a firm push to check his work. This is where the dilemma emerged. The wall wobbled. The last 20 minutes of hammering was a waste. Jack examined his work to see what had gone wrong. The answer was at eye level.

Jack needed to secure his 2x4 somewhere near the center of the frame, but the way he attached the cobbled 2x4 to the frame made that necessity an impossibility. Think of a lightning bolt shape with both ends attached to the same straight plane. That bowed crook in the middle was where it crossed the middle stud in the frame. The solution was simple,



Tad Roach, Jory Kahan and Will Speers participate in the Delaware Mud Run this fall.

though not exactly appealing. If he turned the 2x4 over then the top would remain flush, the middle would become flush, and he could secure the bottom by wedging it with another small piece. It meant a lot more work, including undoing all of the hard work he had already put in.

Jack took a second to think about whether he wanted to do it "right" or move on and then hammered the 2x4 off of the frame.

In August, members of the VI Form experienced dozens of similar moments over two days as they joined forces with Habitat for Humanity to help build affordable housing for residents of North Wilmington. Students worked on several different stages of the building site that will ultimately lead to 21 new houses. For some, it was the first time they'd ever framed out a wall while others had extensive experience with Habitat or similar organizations in their hometowns. "We had a great time," said Peter D'Agostino '13. "We split up into groups and removed old insulation, painted, put up siding, set up silt screens and cleaned up the job site. The best part was how excited everyone was to help despite the 6:30 a.m. departure from campus on what would have otherwise been a day of rest."

The days' successes paved the way for future trips to the project site. "It's incredible to see how Habitat's managed to transform an entire neighborhood," said photography teacher Joshua Meier. "I think the students are motivated to help see it through to the end."

School Gets Muddy for Leukemia Research

After running, climbing, traversing, and crawling through five kilometers of the Delaware Mud Run course, Headmaster

Tad Roach sported a mud-laden smile upon crossing the finish line. He and Will Speers had worked with other members of the faculty to complete the run (or the walk, crawl, jump, dive) that included multiple rope climbs, slides, and an ice bath thrown in for good measure. Two months later his smile remains. "That's still my favorite day so far this year. It was tremendous to see so many students, faculty, staff, and even parents come together and support the community in that way."

St. Andrew's involvement in the Delaware Mud Run began last year when Peter Hoopes led a team that included fellow faculty members Dan O'Connell, Jen McGowan, and Dave Myers. In 2011, Peter's wife, Sarah, had been diagnosed with Leukemia and the Mud Run, whose proceeds benefit the Leukemia Research Foundation of Delaware, was a welcome and worthy opportunity to support the Foundation's work.

A year later the entire School got behind the effort. There were classic St. Andrew's scenes throughout the day starting with buses lined up in front of Founders Hall to transport the student body that then flooded the field adjacent to Route 1 about ten miles north of Middletown. Students quickly jumped into an impromptu dance party thanks to a live band that blared near the starting line. And then they were off.

The necessity of having teams of four was clear early and often as outstretched hands connected with helping ones in mud pits and over obstacles. Some finished in record time, others enjoyed a more labored pace, but in the end the effort (including a quick rinse with a hose and a shivering run to change clothes) raised close to \$5,000 for leukemia research. ■





Visiting Artist Series Opens with Painter Christine Neill

The works of Christine Neill opened the 2012-2013 Warner Gallery Visiting Artist Series this September. Neill traveled to campus for the show's opening from Baltimore where she is a professor of painting at the Maryland Institute College of Art. Students gathered to hear how Neill uses her background and interest in biology to craft her beautiful mixed-media pieces and about her creative process, which can lead to months of work on a painting that may never make it out of her studio.

Neill paints hybrid forms of plants and flowers that she then weaves together with digital photographs to create ethereal, yet powerful canvases that depict the subtle dichotomy of papaya, crinum, orchids, dahlias and others. In *Dahlia Die Back* she celebrates how "the blooms of the Dahlia corm remain tenaciously brilliant late into autumn, dramatically contrasting with the leaves that turn stiff and black with the first frost."

Students spent the evening asking more about Neill's unique process, her inspiration and thought process behind some of her more striking pieces. "This was one of my favorite shows," offered VI Former Peter D'Agostino. "The paintings are absolutely beautiful in their complexity and color."

Dance Program Establishes Chapter of the National Honor Society for Dance Arts

Led by the efforts of Dance Director Avi Gold, the St. Andrew's Dance Program is thrilled to begin the upcoming school year as a full member of the National Dance Education Organization (NDEO). Membership provides the program the additional opportunity to establish its very own chapter of the National Honor Society for Dance Arts (NHSDA).

Students inducted into the NHSDA will now have a tangible way to quantify both the academic and extra-curricular work they put into their dance education through a point-based system. The NHSDA will not only recognize student's

meritorious work, but also give deserved recognition to dance class grade point averages, cooperative teamwork, motivation, outreach, choreography, performances, student teaching and mentoring and production assistance. NHSDA members will be able to earn awards at the school level and be eligible to apply for NDEO Awards in Artistic Merit, Leadership and Academic Achievement at the national level.

"I am excited for the opportunity this will give our students," said Gold. "The goal for establishing this chapter is to create even greater student involvement in the dance program on campus and recognize the efforts and passion so many bring to the classroom and stage. It will give students wanting to delve deeper into the field of dance an opportunity to keep track of and quantify their accomplishments while promoting artistic merit, leadership and academic achievements."

Gold also took the initiative this summer to begin developing a new organization: the Delaware Dance Council (DeDC). Gold conceived of the Council alongside professors from the University of Delaware, Delaware's Department of Education and dance educators across the state with the goal of promoting dance instruction in the region. The Council is also planning to become the state's first affiliate of the National Dance Education Organization.



Joshua Meier, Students Thrive Under Master-Apprentice Model

When Arts Department Co-Chair John McGiff set out to find a new photography teacher two summers ago, he wasn't looking as much for a teacher as he was an artist who loved to teach. He found one in Joshua Meier, a photographer from Oklahoma who had taught for seven years at the Rocky Mountain School of Photography in Missoula, Mt., and had been exhibiting his work professionally since 2000. Meier was interviewing for teaching positions with colleges and universities when a short posting from McGiff placed on the College Art Association (CAA) job board caught his eye. "I felt that [St. Andrew's] must be serious about its art and photo program. They were the only high school to post an opening on the board," recalled Meier.

"I posted the opening on the CAA board with the hope of finding someone like Joshua," said McGiff. "We want working artists in the Arts Department. Only someone who is working in the field and has invested his or her own imagination and time into personal projects can communicate what that process is like to students."

Meier and his wife, Melissa, started looking at St. Andrew's and were immediately pulled in. "We liked the School's overall philosophy of education and the idea of living and working in a tight knit community where what you do as an artist bleeds over into teaching. After I met John at the CAA conference in New York and learned that he shared my master-apprentice view of education, I was sold."

Joshua worked this summer and through the fall on his latest exhibition, *All Things Passing*, held October 19-November 20 in the Warner Gallery. Students and faculty packed into the space to hear Meier talk about his technique and vision for his pieces: each explores what it means to be in a constant state of transition, or passing. "Students were lined along all four



walls, seven or eight rows deep on one side, and crammed into the doorways," remarked Headmaster Tad Roach who has one of Meier's photographs hanging in the front hallway of his home. "I have never seen that many students at an opening and they didn't want it to end." In fact, Meier hosted a first-ever gallery closing event before Thanksgiving break at the request of students who wanted an additional opportunity to discuss the exhibition. Several teachers from across the curriculum also held classes in the gallery inspired by the questions and ambiguity the show inspired. "It was incredibly gratifying to be able to present that other side of me to the larger community," said a humble and grateful Meier. "In an odd way, it made me feel more complete here at St. Andrew's."

Leighton Durham '13 is in Meier's Advanced Studies in Photography class this year after taking Photography I and II the past two years. She spent the fall working on an ongoing photo diary she is using to express the many emotions that can arise during a VI Form year at St. Andrew's and has relished the opportunity to work with a professional artist. "Mr. Meier works as we work and teaches by doing. When we have class periods to work on projects, he also works on his own projects, providing us with an example of a good work ethic and a genuine passion for making art. He is consistently open with us about his own work and his own process of

creation as an established artist and this has been a main contributor to the development of my own style, passion, and voice as a young photographer. His gallery show was so powerful. Seeing images he created using the same shooting and printing options that I am lucky enough to have at my disposal here at St. Andrew's makes me excited and inspired to continue to explore the wide variety of possibility in the photography world."

Meier's photography world continues to expand with exhibitions this year in Middlebury, Vt., Portland, Ore., and Missoula, Mt. and two more slated in the coming months in Ft. Collins, Colo. and Wilmington, Del.

You can learn more about Joshua Meier and view his work at joshuameier.net.



Final Flight, Tintype, 8"x10"



Student Conductors Make History Over Parents Weekend

"The sooner you can be exposed to the big problems the more time you have to work on them," says Director of Instrumental Music Fred Geiersbach. He smiles and turns to John Suh '13 who, along with Kieran Conaway '13, personifies this mantra in action. Fred challenged both of them this fall to take on a "big problem" and do something no student had ever done in the history of the St. Andrew's music program: conduct the orchestra during a major performance.

To say that the St. Andrew's music program is not bounded by the traditional high school constraints of time, expectations, experience, and, frankly, ability would be a vast understatement. Geiersbach pushes his students through formal classes in music theory, chamber music, and advanced tutorials, but also through Sunday afternoon jam sessions, lessons guided by professional musicians and members of the University of Delaware faculty, and a constant effort to help them find his or her way toward an appreciation and love of music.

It was this constant effort that led him to approach the two VI Formers this fall and ask them to conduct over Parents Weekend. "They both have what it takes to be a conductor — they're expressive, completely in control, and

can distill a score on the fly," says Geiersbach. "They are also in the midst of composing full pieces for the orchestra and every composer needs to experience conducting. Instead of making them wait until graduate school to learn to conduct I thought, why not now?" The "why not now" approach has also led Geiersbach to use the same texts for his music theory class that he used during his Master's program at Columbia University. His students are embracing the challenge.

Both young men are composing pieces for the full orchestra this year, which they will conduct during Arts Weekend in the spring. Kieran, who plays drums and bass in the jazz ensemble and cello in the orchestra, considers the piano his primary instrument. He has a history of performing piano pieces of his own creation on the St. Andrew's stage and even conducted the University of Delaware Chamber Orchestra in a piece he composed this fall. "Conducting puts me into a euphoric state. I think of it as a 'performed passion' where you simply try to show every player how much you care," says Kieran "Aurally active listening is a base skill for musicians; physically active listening is something I'm new to. It's really quite like a dance."

John, a violinist, performs in the orchestra and chamber music, and sings with the Choral Scholars and jazz ensemble. He has also been a member of the All-State Orchestra where he served as assistant concertmaster supporting another St. Andrew's virtuoso, Courtney Chang '12, who served as concertmaster three straight years. He embraced the additional opportunity to compose and conduct this year. "Standing there Parents Weekend in front of my friends and classmates all fixed on my baton was both empowering and scary," says John. "You look down and see the full score and it feels like you're looking at the earth from space and need to make sense of it all. I told myself that everyone will support me and it's time to have fun."

When it came time to perform, both looked like seasoned veterans — asking for more horns with an authoritative nod, or commanding the timed entrance of the percussion section with a subtle hand gesture. Kieran led Georges Bizet's *Farandole* from *L'Arlesienne Suite No. 2* and John took on selections from *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows*. Both received immediate standing ovations and both were equally quick to step aside to allow the audience's applause to wash over their fellow orchestra members.

"Everyone in the orchestra worked together to make this happen," says Geiersbach. "The players worked just as hard for John and Kieran as they work for me and there were several moments where they each galvanized the orchestra through the toughest spots. Sitting in the audience I could hear them willing the orchestra to stay together."

You can watch the performances on our YouTube channel. The young men conduct again on December 14 in Engelhard Hall. John will conduct selections from Bizet's *Carmen* and Kieran will take on *Orpheus and the Underworld* by Jacques Offenbach.



Art & Art History Students Visit The Barnes Foundation

Painting and Drawing teacher John McGiff led a group of his Art History and Advanced Study in Studio Art students to Philadelphia this fall to tour The Barnes Foundation. The Foundation houses arguably the finest collection of impressionist and modernist paintings ever assembled with 181 Renoirs and dozens of works by Matisse, Picasso, Cézanne, Degas, van Gogh, and Seurat.

Students brought sketch pads and immersed themselves in the intimate and intricate rooms that its founder, Alfred Barnes, carefully planned with paintings, as well as African sculpture, Pennsylvania German decorative arts, Native American textiles, and metalwork all working in concert to produce ensembles that served as educational centerpieces for creativity and inspiration.

Students in Advanced Study in Studio Art plan to use the experience to create a series of work inspired by a painter studied during the day. "I fell in love with Paul Cézanne, but I was also drawn in by William Glackens," explained Espen Christoffersen '13. "I decided to start on the second floor where the paintings felt more simple with a black and white focus on light and dark. I then made



my way down to the first floor where the paintings exploded with color. One piece from Glackens burned itself into my memory. It's called 'She Gave Her Daughter-in-Law a Piece of Her Mind' and features an old woman with a fist extended. It is black and white, but then has this burst of purple that completely transforms the image."

For some students it was the first time to a fine art museum, but all plan to return in the near future. "The Barnes has a richness to it that cannot be fully appreciated in one visit," said McGiff who frequented the collection at its old location outside of Philadelphia for decades. "I think this visit sparked a flame that won't soon burn out and will continue to lure them back for years to come."

Yeojin Kwon '13 Paints 2012 Christmas Card

As it has been every year for as long as anyone can remember, a VI Form art student produced this year's annual Christmas card. Yeojin Kwon '13 spent two weeks taking pictures, drawing studies and painting her 14"x10" scene of Founders Hall's main doors after a snowfall. "I've wanted to paint the card since my III Form year after seeing

the previous years' paintings in the Admission hallway," explained Yeojin while putting the finishing touches on the painting in the Art Majors Studio. "It is really exciting to know that it will be in St. Andrew's homes around the world this winter, especially my parents' home."

Yeojin's time at St. Andrew's has allowed her to pursue art in a way that she hadn't before. "Mr. McGiff taught me how to really look at objects — to see colors that you would never think were there," she says. It is obvious that she has taken these lessons to heart. Upon close inspection, the exterior Founders Hall fieldstone in her painting is detailed with blues, reds, and greens alongside the expected browns and grays. The painting itself is actually a collage of sorts. She painted the building, doors, Hillier window, and wreath separately and then pieced it all together for the final product.

"Yeojin is capable of such incredible focus," notes John McGiff. "She breathes visually and has this ability to imagine and fix images without effort. What's most remarkable is that she did this while involved in everything else. Where she found the time to produce what she did is beyond me."

St. Andreans can look forward to receiving the card in December. ■



Arts Department Co-Chair John McGiff prepares students in the Foundation's great hall before setting off into the galleries.



Austin Tilghman '14 Dominates the Field

"I just don't like to get tackled." Leave it to Austin Tilghman, the humble V Former who set nine football rushing records this fall, to understate his achievements. To him, there is no reason to complicate, heap praise, or dissect his unbelievable performance this fall. He simply doesn't like being tackled, which is clear enough if you watched him from the sidelines or had the misfortune to be between him and the end zone this year.

Tilghman ran for a whopping 2,211 yards and 28 touchdowns in only nine games this season to lead the Saints to a 6-3 record and Cannon Game victory over Tatnall. He also threw for two touchdowns.

In early November *The Wilmington News-Journal* declared that, "No Delaware high school football player is having a bigger season than Austin Tilghman of St. Andrew's." Still, the Wilmington, Del. native never lets the attention get the best of him. "Austin came to camp this fall determined to be a leader," says Head Coach Mike Hyde. "He played on the scout team when we needed him and took the game, but never himself too seriously. He is beloved by his teammates."



Austin Tilghman rewrote the record books this fall:

- Rushing carries in a game: 34 vs. Friends
- Rushing carries in a season: 237
- Yards gained in a season: 2,211
- Rushing average/game in a season: 245.7
- All-purpose yards in a game: 439
- All-purpose yards in a season: 2859
- TDs scored in a game: 5 (three times this season)
- TDs scored in a season: 28
- Points scored in a season: 176

Betsy Neill '13 Sets New Single-Season Scoring Record

When Betsy Neill steps onto the field, the quiet, hard-working student from North Carolina who loves photography and country music becomes a tenacious striker who can beat a defense with a lethal combination of speed, grace and skill. She is a goal-scoring machine to the point where you can actually feel the crowd at girls' soccer games lift in anticipation every time she runs onto a ball. Her 22 goals in 15 games for a 1.46 goals/game average makes her the most prolific goal scorer in St. Andrew's soccer history, boys included.

"Betsy is a tremendous soccer player, but behind all the scoring are hours of work and a team-first attitude that makes everyone around her better," praised Head Coach Seraphine Hamilton. "She wants her teammates to succeed and spent much of her time mentoring a young team that featured several III and IV Form starters. For that, I can't think of a better reason for her name to represent this program for many years to come."

For now, Betsy is focused on finishing her senior English exhibition on Toni Morrison's *Beloved*, playing on the varsity basketball team, and looking forward to the spring lacrosse season where she earned first team all-conference last year.





Field Hockey Standouts Joanie Oates '13 and Celeste Lancaster '13 Connect Five Times to Break Single-Game Goal, Assist Record

Like in most team sports, a beautiful goal usually requires an equally beautiful assist. This symbiotic necessity was on full display during a 5-1 field hockey win against Ursuline Academy in mid-September. Celeste Lancaster, a four-year starter at midfield for the Saints, fed forward Joanie Oates five times during the game with Joanie flawlessly converting each one for a Saints' goal.

"We had beautiful connections and I just happened to be there to score," recalled a humble Oates trying her best to shoot attention away as fast as she shoots in field hockey and lacrosse where she is an all-state player. "It was the best game we played all season and a lot of fun." Celeste was happy to heap praise on her teammate. "I was so proud of the way we were able to connect. Joanie would handle a drive towards the cage from the top of the circle and finish it off with a rocket shot. That game was the culmination of four years of playing and working together. It was beautiful."

Head Coach Lindsay Wright has worked with Joanie and Celeste for the past four years and saw a lot of beautiful field hockey as an All Big-10

Player at Northwestern. "It's always a proud moment when your team scores," said Wright, "but that moment of connection is something you live for as a coach. All the girls were so in sync and working together. They 'clicked' and became unstoppable."

Both Celeste and Joanie were honored as first team all-conference selections at the end of the season with Celeste being ranked as the third best player in the Independent Conference.

Girls Cross-Country Asserts Itself Among State's Best

Cross-country can sometimes feel like an individual sport. On race day it is you against the clock. An individual's name is, after all, always listed in the official results *before* his or her school. The 2012 girls cross-country team looked past individual recognition and instead made an effort to focus on the team's success in a sport that does, ultimately, reward the best teams. The result was another remarkably successful season that ended with a 4th place finish in the Division II State Meet and a 5th place overall ranking in the state. Despite a series of injuries, college visits, and illnesses, the team went undefeated through its dual meet schedule and compiled an overall record of 85-15, including Top 3 finishes in the Lake Forest, Middletown, and University of Delaware Invitationals. They finally ran

at full strength in the state meet and saw the top seven finish within 90 seconds of each other, earning recognition as one of the five fastest teams in School history.

Caitlin Porrazzo '15 earned All-State recognition, but was pushed by, and worked to pull, her varsity teammates Emma Porrazzo '15, Aggy Barnowski '13, Charlotte Bristow '14, Liza Tarbell '13, Eliza Bell '13, and Juliette Neil '16 all season long.

Newcomer Juliette Neil perhaps best represented what it means to be a St. Andrew's athlete. She began the year as a novice runner and finished her first 5K race in 32 minutes flat. Looking to improve, she sought out a great teammate to race with and found Eunice Song '14. Eunice showed Juliette what it meant to try, train, focus, and care about one's sport; and Juliette's times dropped significantly as she worked with Eunice. By the end of the year, Juliette earned a spot on the top seven of the varsity team and played a valuable role on the challenging state meet course to finish in a time of 23:01 — dropping nine minutes from her 5k time in only two and a half months.

The team will miss the senior leadership of captains Susannah Donoho '13 and Barnowski '13 next fall, but return four of their top seven runners who look to build on this year's success.





Boys Cross-Country Redefines "Rebuilding Year"

The 2012 boys varsity cross-country team came into the season with only two returning varsity runners from a 2011 team that set the bar as the fastest in School history. Head Coach Dan O'Connell went into the fall preseason unsure of what he had in his group of young runners. His worst fears of a down season for the Saints materialized in their first race at the Lake Forest XC Festival. "We took 8th place with a 20:43 team time," said O'Connell. "We raced the same race, on the same course in 2011 with a team time of 18:06. It was not looking good."

Hiding amidst the team's lackluster early season performance was amazing potential. The team still boasted Riley McDonough '13, a co-captain, and Alex McIlvaine '14, who showed promise in his first two years on the team. Joining them were three hard working new runners in Will Bowditch '13, Sam Fox '14, and Malcolm Brown '14 and returning J.V. runners Ben Egan '13, Daniel Maguire '14, and T.J. von Oehsen '14.

Brown made the jump over from soccer and didn't even attend preseason camp, but he, along with Bowditch and Fox, made significant improvements throughout the year and pushed the team's veterans to work hard to maintain

their positions. McIlvaine came into the season hoping to join the short list of top runners in School history (alongside names like Pignatello '93, Everhart '95, Scoville '00, Gehrs '09, Merlino '09, Hill '12, and Weaver '12). He trained hard over the summer break to fill a need as the team's #1 and mature into a consistent performer.

The boys slowly came together and their team time steadily dropped race after race. They had a good regular season, but not spectacular. Going into the State Championship race, an outsider would have picked them to finish no better than in 6th place — making them the first St. Andrew's team in seven years to finish below 5th at the State meet. O'Connell had a different plan.

"Earlier in the season I floated the idea of making our end-of-season goal a team time of 18:21 at the State meet. This would make them the fastest SAS team time ever on the hilly Brandywine [Creek State Park] course. It was an ambitious goal. Some thought it was too ambitious."

November 12th provided unseasonably warm weather for the State Championship meet. Will Bowditch was peaking at the right time and was as aggressive as ever with a look in his eye suggesting he would run through fire for his team. Fox and Maguire were showing signs of an effective taper and tremendous mental intensity. Ben Egan — the only varsity runner with

the team for four years — was charged up to end his high school career with the race of his life. One week earlier, McIlvaine ran the smartest, most confident — and nearly the fastest — race of his young career at the County Championships. But, the team's secret weapon was Malcolm Brown. Malcolm overcame a knee injury to race in the J.V. division of the County Championships the week before, but posted the fourth-fastest time of any St. Andrew's runner, including varsity. With another week of training and recovery under his belt he was looking to improve on his already remarkable season.

When a cross-country team does unexpectedly well it is usually because one or two members do something exceptional. On that beautiful fall day all seven runners ran the race of their lives. McIlvaine repeated the mature, tactical approach that he perfected the previous week, but raced with tenacity and pushed himself to an 11th place finish and a spot on the second-team All-State. The Brandywine course is so challenging that coaches use an agreed upon conversion table to determine what a runner's time would be on an average course. Six of the top seven runners ran PRs based on this conversion table. Alex ran an adjusted PR of 16:25 — 13 seconds better than his official PR of 16:38. Surging in the middle of the race, Riley McDonough (23rd) set an even larger PR-equivalent than Alex. Will Bowditch (28th) and Ben Egan (50th) improved even more. Their finishing sprints told the full story of the season with a thrilling rush of desire and determination. Sam Fox (35th) approached the finishing stretch with two runners by his side, but none close ahead. Nevertheless, he set his sights on two distant runners in front of him, bolted furiously, and caught them right through the finish line. Together with Maguire (44th), Fox gave Malcolm Brown someone to work with in the early part of the race. Malcolm raced beyond everyone's expectations and finished in 26th place with an adjusted time that was more than thirty seconds faster than his previous PR and ahead of all but two of his teammates. Even without converting,

his Brandywine time of 18:45.42, Brown knocked almost two minutes off his 5k time over the course of the season.

The boys raced with confidence and purpose and ran a team time of 18:34.7 — the second fastest time in School history at Brandywine Creek — and finished fourth overall with 123 points (only one point behind third place). It was a tremendous way to end an exciting season. With four under-formers in the top seven, the team will not have the luxury of low expectations in 2013.

Boys Soccer Wins Back-to-Back Conference Championships, Speers Named Coach of the Year

Spectators at boys soccer games this year saw something they hadn't seen since the late 1990s — Associate Headmaster Will Speers patrolling the sidelines as Head Coach of the varsity team. Speers dusted off his cleats and led the team to its second-consecutive conference championship for the first time since he last coached with John Austin in 1996.

The team featured several new and young starters this fall and their inexperience playing together showed early with only three wins in the first six games. Under Speers' tutelage the team came together and stormed to win seven of its next nine games and earn a berth in the State Tournament. They played #2 Charter in the first round and battled even for 75 minutes, but eventually



lost on a heartbreaking goal in the final minutes off a deflection in the box.

Speers was named the Independent Conference Coach of the Year; an award won by the St. Andrew's boys soccer coach in each of the last four years. Striker Ben Bentil '14 was named the Conference Player of the Year and selected to the 1st team All-State. James Rajasingh '13 and Andy Grabis '13 also earned 2nd and 3rd team All-State recognition, respectively.

St. Andreans Mine for Gold at USRowing Masters National Championships

St. Andrew's alumni joined more than 2,000 athletes rowing in 199 events at the USRowing Masters National Championships in Worcester, Mass. this August and came away gleaming in



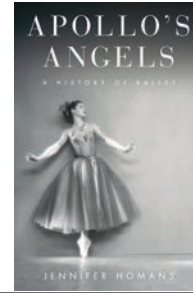
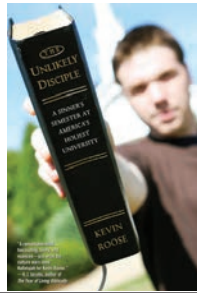
gold. Deb Davis '77, an emergency room doctor from Chestertown, Md., added three gold medals and one silver to her already loaded trophy case rowing for Masters Coaching, a team whose members come from all over the country. Davis stroked a four-woman crew in three races and 8s in two more. Three of her boats led from start to finish.

The St. Andrew's party continued with the Noxontown Navy, a group of alumni from the 1960s entered as "St. Andrew's Racing Alumni," winning the Men's Heavyweight 8. The boat of John Morton '65 (bow), (2) Jud Burke '65, (3) John Reeve '66, (4) Ernie Cruikshank '62, (5) Billy Paul '64, (6) Andy Parrish '66, (7) George Shuster '63, Gardner Cadwalader '66 (stroke) and Cox John Schoonover '63 brought home the gold medal with a time of 3:29.7 over the 1,000-meter course. The men have rowed together for several years now using the St. Andrew's boathouse as their home base. This was their first, but perhaps not their last, National Championship victory. ■



Recommended Reads

FROM ST. ANDREW'S ARTS DEPARTMENT



Elizabeth McGiff, Ceramics

Just Kids

by Patti Smith

This winner of the 2010 National Book Award for Nonfiction gives an insider's look at the evolution of art and music in New York City during the late 60s and early 70s. Patti Smith, often called the "Godmother of Punk", shares her relationship with artist Robert Mapplethorpe as they propel through the New York landscape alongside Hendrix, Jagger, Warhol, and Dylan.

Ann Taylor, Drama

The Unlikely Disciple: A Sinner's Semester at America's Holiest University

by Kevin Roose

Intrigued by religious differences, liberal-minded Brown University sophomore, Kevin Roose, spent a semester at Liberty University. His insightful account of what it was like to fit in, what he learned about the students who attend, and how he faced the challenges of taking courses like "Creationism". His writing is engaging and the book will surprise you no matter your religious beliefs or affiliation.

The Snowchild

by Eowyn Ivey

A lonely couple's life is forever changed by the magical love of a mysterious child that appears in the trees and at their doorstep. Is it possible she is truly made of snow as the old folktale suggests?

Peter Hoopes, Film

Blue Highways

by William Least Heat-Moon

This is a travelogue of the best kind and has inspired my own travels around the area and the country ever since I read it 14 years ago. Moon outfits a green van with a bunk and a camping stove and sets out across America on "Blue Highways"—the small, forgotten, out of the way roads connecting rural America from Why, Arizona to Whynot, Mississippi and beyond. It is an absolute masterpiece of American travel writing.

Avi Gold, Dance

Apollo's Angels

by Jennifer Homans

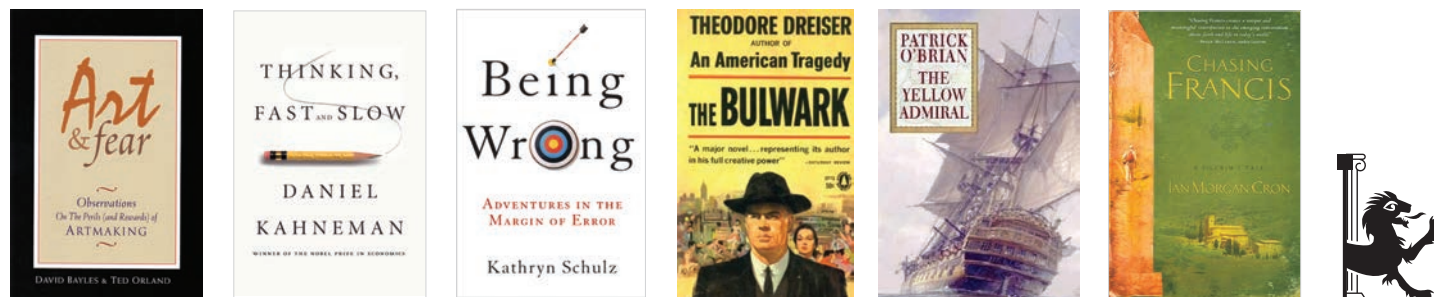
For more than four hundred years, the art of ballet has stood at the center of Western civilization. Lavishly illustrated and beautifully told, *Apollo's Angels*—the first cultural history of ballet ever written—is a groundbreaking work. From ballet's origins in the Renaissance and the codification of its basic steps and positions under France's Louis XIV (himself an avid dancer), the art form wound its way through the courts of Europe, from Paris and Milan to Vienna and St. Petersburg. Homans brings "a dancer's grace and sure-footed agility to the page."

Joshua Meier, Photography

Shop Class As Soulcraft

by Matthew B. Crawford

Philosopher and motorcycle mechanic Matthew B. Crawford makes a case for the value of working with one's hands.



Art and Fear

By Ted Orland & David Bayles

This is a great reminder that art takes work and that all artists feel the same doubts and fears when it comes to producing work. I read this every year and I find it valuable to utilize in the classroom.

Fred Geiersbach, Instrumental Music

Thinking, Fast and Slow

by Daniel Kahneman

WYSIATI — what you see is all there is. This book is a great study of how we assume facts that are not in evidence and how easily we are deceived and deceive ourselves because of lazy or instinctual thinking.

Being Wrong

by Kathryn Schulz

Being Wrong is another great psychology book on the importance of errors. I am always encouraging musicians to play confidently, and this book confirms my belief that errors played confidently can be learned from more quickly than those played weakly.

The Bulwark

by Theodore Dreiser

I had never read much Dreiser and thought I should get around to it. While browsing in the Irene duPont Library I came across this first edition of his from 1946 and picked it up along with another of his novels. This one hadn't been checked out since 1946. It is a gentle read that Quakers would find historically interesting. I'm not a Quaker, but I do worry that if we don't keep checking this book out and others like it, it will not be on the shelves in the future.

John McGiff, Studio Arts

The Yellow Admiral

by Patrick O'Brian

This is more than a lusty sea yarn about the Napoleonic Wars, but a great character study of an individual at odds with the class snobbery displayed by the 18th C. British landed gentry against the working poor. It is also an entertaining buddy adventure that couples this heroic ship's captain, Aubrey, with a naval doctor /naturalist/ secret agent, Maturin. The two not only help to inflict casualties on the French, but top their battles off with musical quartets, performed in the captain's stateroom, by the likes of Haydn and Mozart. Dashing good fun, what!

Nathan Costa, Choral Music

Chasing Francis: A Pilgrim's Tale

by Ian Cron

Ian Cron's *Chasing Francis: A Pilgrim's Tale* (2007) is a compelling fictional account of a megachurch pastor who rediscovers his faith in Italy following the trail and teachings of St. Francis of Assisi. Francis emerges as a great spiritual artist, poet, musician, and visionary, breathing life into his church and world and our own. ■

Welcome New Faculty

We are proud to welcome one returning and five new members of the faculty this year. Each brings a diverse set of experiences and expertise to every aspect of the School community. We asked them to share their impressions of St. Andrew's after spending a fall on campus.

"I have described St. Andrew's to friends and family as 'human.' There is a daily awareness of the needs of students, faculty and staff as people and we grow individually and collectively through a remarkable balance of academics, athletics, arts, and a spiritual foundation."

— Marta Guevara, Spanish

"I am amazed that such a place exists. During the interview process, the picture was painted of a school with students that cared about others before themselves, were interested in learning and were enthusiastic about life. This place exceeded my greatest expectations. It has been a wonderful experience getting to know all of the people that come together to make this place what it is today."

— Kelly Lazar, Math

"One of the highlights for me this fall was seeing the student environmental leaders work together in the Green Cup Recycle Challenge to bring the School's ranking from 38 out of 64 schools competing in the first two weeks to 2nd by the end. Our response to the challenge was just one more sign of our existing commitment to sustainability on campus and of the power of collective action."

— Diana Burk, Director of Sustainability

"The most inspiring thing to me about this community is how it encourages every member to keep learning, join in adventures and cheer others through the inevitable failures that are part of learning. I see it at School Meeting every time a student gets up to share a dance, a song or an idea for a new club and is greeted with thunderous applause and eager participation."

— John Burk, Physics



"I have thoroughly enjoyed my first few months at St. Andrew's. The students' work ethic and passion both in the classroom and on the athletic fields help to create an atmosphere that is truly unique."

— Mike Mastrocola,
Math, Soccer, Basketball, Baseball

"St. Andrew's has at once welcomed me into its inclusive family and pushed me into uncharted territory. Teaching is exhilarating and challenges me in unpredictable ways. I feel so blessed to work with outstanding colleagues who support me unconditionally and have especially loved getting to know so many wonderful students in the classroom, on the soccer field, and on dorm. I am doing everything I can to meet more students outside of the gang that I teach and work with on dorm."

— Pemberton Heath '08,
Math, Soccer, Lacrosse, Lower Mein Dorm Parent

CAN YOU MATCH THE FUN FACT WITH THE FACULTY MEMBER?

- A. Phi Beta Kappa graduate from Davidson College who helped the Department of Energy develop an efficiency standard deemed to be the "biggest energy saver in the history of the DOE"
- B. Four-year starter and 2012 First Team All-NESCAC third baseman at Colby College
- C. Former technologist at *The Wall Street Journal* and ESPN
- D. Worked with NASA and Stanford to build a spacecraft to test Einstein's General Theory of Relativity using gyroscopes orbiting the Earth
- E. A Costa Rican-native who most recently taught at the Think Global School, the world's first traveling high school
- F. Phi Beta Kappa graduate from the University of Virginia who competed for the Women's Rugby Football Club

**You can learn more about our newest faculty members at standrews-de.org/academics/facultydirectory*

A/2. Diana; B/5. Mike; C/1. Kelly; D/4. John; E/3. Marta; F/6. Pemberton

From the Archives

Several years ago I made a great discovery in my classroom. At the back of the room there are several locked cupboards, the keys to them long ago lost or forgotten. I asked our facilities staff to pry open these doors, and in one of these cupboards, placed in the back corner, behind some old trash, I discovered a squat, thick mason jar of earth, sealed with a silver band. Etched into the glass is a St. Andrew's cross and the words, 'First earth excavated at St. Andrew's School 1929'. The silver band is engraved and says 'preserved by Alexis Felix duPont.'

My fingertips tingled the first time I held this simple jar of earth and read the engravings. Now at the beginning of each school year, I start my history classes by passing it around to the students.

I talk to the students about how we are connected to this moment over 80 years ago when Mr. duPont put his shovel into the earth in an empty field along Noxontown Pond and placed the dirt in this mason jar. His vision and generosity, creating a 'distinctly Christian school, open to all regardless of means,' brought each one of us to my classroom, and we should be grateful for his selfless and generous vision of education. I also tell the students that we — all of us, students and teachers — must live up to this great vision, work to the best of our abilities, and appreciate the gift of St. Andrew's.

I conclude by saying that I believe Mr. duPont would be tremendously proud of the group gathered around the table today and the ways in which his vision has born fruit over the decades. Each student then has the opportunity to hold this jar of earth and feel their own fingertips tingle with the connection to our shared past.

— History Teacher Lindsay Brown is in his 27th year teaching, coaching and advising at St. Andrew's.



PERSONAL & PARTISAN

How two recent graduates took a gap year to work tirelessly on opposing presidential campaigns and found that friendship trumps politics.

Seizing the Gap Year Opportunity

G: It's a rare opportunity to work for a presidential campaign and the opportunity became more of a concrete idea as I continued to consider the gap year route. I've always been interested in politics and working with the campaign seemed like a great way to get involved, make some connections, and keep my options open in the years to come.

A: I really wanted to go to college. But the more my friends and family talked to me about taking a gap year, the better it seemed. I realized that I would probably never get a chance like this again so I seized it. Why pass up a great opportunity? I've been able to talk with George Bush, Paul Ryan, Mitt Romney, Mitch McConnell, and many other politicians who have swung through the building.

Working Your Way Up

G: I started as an intern and eventually was charged with managing the campaign's New Jersey Facebook and Twitter accounts. I'm proud that we were able to grow our online presence to engage over 8,000 Facebook supporters and almost 7,000 Twitter followers on a daily basis. I worked full days, seven days a week, so in my spare time I made about 200 calls a day and managed state events to ensure they met our goals.

A: I started out helping with internal polling, but moved in July to our Election Day War Room. We developed a smart phone application that lets volunteers track voting in key swing states. Over 10,000 volunteers spread out at polling places to conduct exit polls and fed information to a dedicated team in Boston that analyzed the data. If we determined that voter turnout was low in critical areas we'd start picking up the phones and calling our supporters to make sure they voted. This was the biggest exit poll ever conducted and it was great to be a part of every step of planning through its execution.

Most Important Lesson

G: The greatest lesson I learned is that volunteers cannot be choosers. I originally thought I would get a great position at the campaign because I was working for free. I quickly realized that more responsibility would have to be earned with time and hard work.

A: Work hard. If I had only worked 9-5 every day I would not have been asked to be a part of the project that I spent months working on with a great group of people. If you stay late and don't hand in work with mistakes, you will be rewarded with more responsibility and opportunity.

Biggest Surprise

G: I was surprised by the amount of focus the parties have on swing states. I always thought the national campaign would try to get its message out to everyone across the nation. I was wrong. About 70% of the work we did was focused on Pennsylvania. The national campaign also had New York and Delaware doing everything they could to make sure Pennsylvania fell the President's way. I heard every day that, "If we don't win PA, we lose the election."

A: This isn't the first time I have worked in politics. Last summer I was a budget researcher for Tom Kean, a state senator from New Jersey. My family has a small history in politics and I like it even though initially I was disgusted by it and still am sometimes. There was one thing that surprised me on this campaign though. I thought campaigns had senior level people that knew everything and knew exactly what to do in a given situation. But because I supplied those people with research data, I could see that no one person always knows what's best for the campaign with some omniscient power. The people making the decisions aren't perfect.

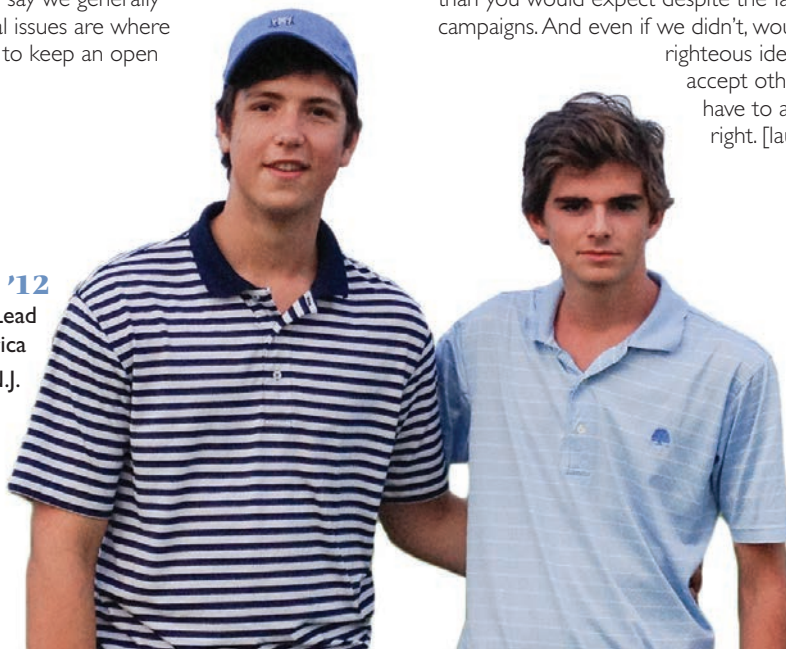
Friends First, Then Politics

G: We are able to look past our differences in politics. For me politics is a part of my life and less a way to define who I am. When we do talk about politics I'd say we generally agree on the social issues. The fiscal issues are where we often disagree, but I always try to keep an open mind during each discussion.

A: Friends are friends. If I only liked people that agreed with my views, I probably wouldn't have any friends. I think Graham and I agree on more than you would expect despite the fact that we work on opposing campaigns. And even if we didn't, would you rather be a lonely self-righteous ideologue or someone who can accept other people's views? Besides, I don't have to argue with him because I know I'm right. [laughs]

Graham Dworkin '12

Digital Lead
New Jersey Obama for America
East Brunswick, N.J.



Austin Brady '12

Data Analyst
Romney for President
Boston, Mass.

Lori Unruh Snyder '92

Green Notes Costa Rica Mobile App

Dr. Lori Unruh Snyder, an Assistant Professor in Purdue University's Agronomy Department, created Green Notes Costa Rica as an interactive digital field

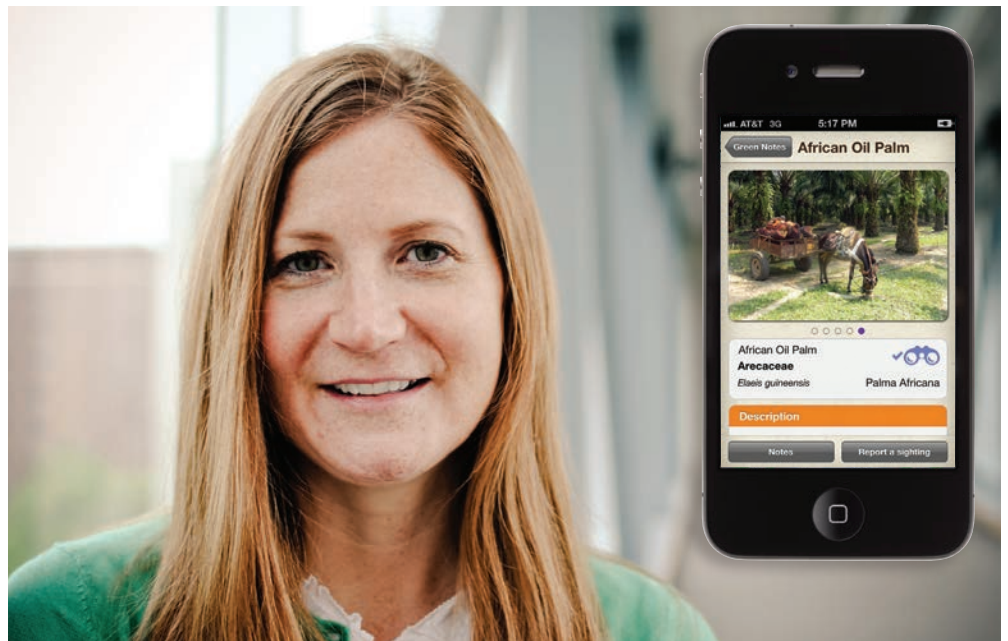
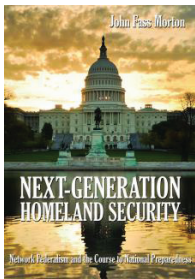
guide that brings a vast library of information and high-quality photos of Costa Rica's native tropical plants directly to your smartphone. The fast and easy navigation allows users to search for and take notes about plants they see while gathering additional images they can email to themselves or add to the app's ever-expanding database. Green Notes also logs the geographical locations of plant sightings and lists additional properties of each plant, such as nutritional information or medicinal or holistic uses.



John Fass Morton '65

Next-Generation Homeland Security: Network Federalism and the Course to National Preparedness (Naval Institute Press) Foreword by Gov. Tom Ridge

Reflecting five years of analysis and recommendations by the Homeland Security Team of the congressionally-funded Project on National Security Reform (PNSR), John Morton posits that the 20th century system of federal-centric governance no longer provides for American security. His inside view of the political dynamics behind the creation of the



Department of Homeland Security and the development of the National Preparedness System led Morton to assert that the nation must advance beyond the interagency model dominated by Washington, D.C. The alternative is Morton's 21st century governance paradigm called Network Federalism, in which he charts a course to statutorily empowered and decentralized intergovernmental staffs in the ten federal regions. Thomas H. Kean, the former Chair of 9/11 Commission, Governor of New Jersey, and current Co-Chair, the Homeland Security Project at the Bipartisan Policy Center, calls Morton's effort a "superbly crafted book" and "an invaluable contribution to our growing understanding of how best to protect our country." <http://www.usni.org/store/catalog-fall-2012/next-generation-homeland-security>

William "Chip" Holman '71

William Holman Gallery Inaugural Exhibition features Classmate Rob Seyffert '71

William "Chip" Holman '71 recently opened his "William Holman Gallery" on the Lower East Side of New York City (65 Ludlow Street).



The gallery specializes in the work of "contemporary American and international artists who share our interests in painting, sculpture, drawing and conceptual work in all media." The gallery's inaugural exhibition featured nine artists, including Chip's classmate Rob Seyffert '71 whose oil paintings of the streets of New York earned wide praise during his show in the O'Brien Arts Center's Warner Gallery in 2011. Holman's gallery also represents the estates of U.S. Army artist Olin Dows who served in Europe during World War II and one-time *Harper's Bazaar* editor Carmel Snow. www.wholmangallery.com.

Lhagyari Trichen '13

TEDx Beacon Street November 18, 2012

Lhagyari Trichen '13 delivered a talk at TEDx Beacon Street in Boston this past Thanksgiving Break. Trichen shared an excerpt from his film, "My Country is Tibet," and then offered his views on Tibet, living in exile, and his hopes for the future of the region. He has shared his story at more than 40 high schools in the United States since the release of "My Country is Tibet" in 2010. "I've learned that many students have no idea about Tibet," explains Trichen. "I give these talks because I have a responsibility



to spread the message of hope and resistance of the Tibetan people." Trichen came to St. Andrew's after the Dalai Lama asked him to study in the United States. "I feel so lucky that St. Andrew's accepted me and supported my education. I want to continue studying here at a college in the United States and then return to India to study Buddhism. Then I will be able to serve the Tibetan people."

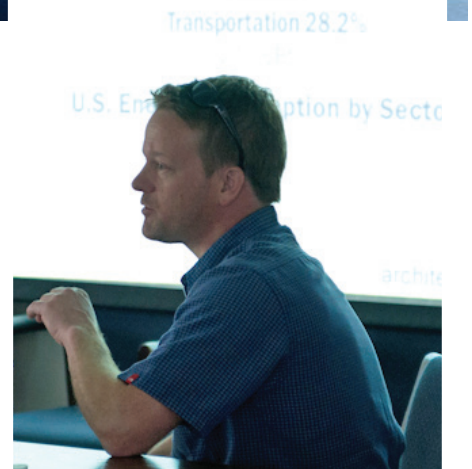
Brian Court '92 **Bullitt Center Architect** **Seattle, Wash.**

Brian Court began working at Miller Hull, an architecture firm based in Seattle, as an intern while still pursuing his master's in architecture at the University of Washington. A decade later he is now an associate at the firm and bears the distinction of serving as the lead designer on what is projected to be the most sustainable



and energy efficient commercial building in the world.

When complete, the Bullitt Center, a six-story building in downtown Seattle commissioned by Denis Hayes (the man who started Earth Day), will produce its own energy, capture and treat rainwater to meet 100% of its occupants' needs, and treat all waste on site to a higher level of sanitation than traditional municipal systems. It is being built without the use of toxic chemicals that are found in virtually all buildings today and from materials sourced from as close to the build site as possible.



The center has been featured in more than 50 periodicals, including TIME, The New York Times, Fast Company, and National Geographic. Please visit <http://www.millerhull.com/html/inprogress/BullittCenter> ■



'57 Chevy, Cortage - Tribeca; 2011, Oil on Linen, 25 x 30"

Making news? **Let us know.**

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

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

NON-FICTION



WHEN YOU GIVE VERMONT A CHEESE FARM

One mile outside the village, Andy Kehler's home sits on the top of a hill in the woods, looking out over the town and surrounding countryside. As my car pulls up the driveway in the dark, the yellow light on the house's back porch provides a warm and welcoming glow in the otherwise cold and unforgiving air.

I knock as I open the door, making way for the mudroom, which is crowded high with boots and jackets of all sizes. Soft Red Hot Chili Peppers songs sound from a small black stereo, overpowered however, by the chatter of people who are catching up on the small details of their lives. Andy stands in the kitchen with his newest baby, James, in a carrier around his chest. The child observes with eyes like his father's as a baby kangaroo might peer out of its pouch. Andy's two-year-old son rounds the corner separating the living room from the dining room area, only to come to a halting stop at the edge of the long table. His chin barely comes up over the edge, but his arm reaches knowingly to the knife on the wooden cheese board, poising it at just the right angle to cut a huge wedge of Weybridge, a soft cheese stored at Jasper Hill, his father and uncle's cheese business. While most kids are allured by fast food and candy, this boy's taste-buds long for his family's cheese and what it represents.

Harbison, Jasper Hill's newest cheese, sits surrounded by gluten free crackers along with the Weybridge. This gooey cheese, nicknamed the "crack cheese" by some regular buyers, was named after Ann Harbison, a local woman in her nineties. Her love and aid towards the community is well known by anyone who is connected to Greensboro and is in line with the goal of Jasper Hill's mission: to do their part in helping to preserve the working landscape.

I sit down to talk to Andy on the tall wooden stools next to the island in the middle of the room. After sending his five-year-old son Charlie out to play in the snow, Andy straddles two stools and rests his feet on the cross bars connecting the legs, reminding me of a small child waiting expectantly for something desirable or important. He smiles with relief as his body relaxes, his dimples reaching up to the lines around his eyes. Rather than indicating an unhappy tension however, his deeply creased face reflects the healthy stress of a happy man.

Half a mile away, down Andy's driveway and up the dirt road, sits Jasper Hill. A sign indicates that the farm is located on a lane which is crossed by a cow trail. As you turn onto the road, one spots the barn and rolling hills of grass, which are often seen inhabited with the beautiful and unique Ayrshire cows. As you turn the corner, where you expect to see a continuation of the rolling meadow, instead, is the glass front, Jasper Hill Cellars built into the side of the hill.

by Alexandra Porrazzo '13

Andy and Mateo Kehler are the brothers and the creators of Jasper Hill, a business which both creates their own cheese as well as ages and ships other small cheese makers' cheeses. Like the building in the side of the hill, there is something completely natural and purposeful about these two brothers, especially when seen in their workplace. Over the summer I worked alongside them and the other 26 employees at the Cellars. A clear picture I have of the two of them at work is Mateo cutting a portionable slice of Cabot Clothbound Cheddar needing to be tasted, while Andy is talking on the phone, both men in "the zone." The workplace flows, and employees move with a purpose in the hygienic ellipse and seven cheese cellars. Speaking with confidence and drive, Andy brings the same intensity and awareness at work as when I am talking to him in his kitchen.

Andy's most striking features are his intense eye contact and soft reddish brown hair. His hair seems to stick straight up with cowlicks, which are rustled as if there is a balloon above his head that is creating a sort of static force. His eye contact, on the other hand, expresses the same sort of intention as his passion. Rarely does he look down, and only often does he look up above his head or out the window. When talking, the level of his voice stays the same, but when he gets passionate about something, as he often does, he pauses purposefully, and speaks at a quicker pace.

Andy and Mateo came up to Greensboro, a rural town in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom, in the summers as children. Since then, it has suffered more than its fair share of the down economy. When asked about how he became a cheesemonger in Greensboro, Andy explains the need Greensboro had for cheesemongers. "Greensboro had 37 dairy farms in the 70s, and there were seven left... The same year we bought the farm, Greensboro lost 30 percent of its dairy farms."

He goes on to name the three farms which stopped milking cows that year, pausing at the end of each one so that I can connect the names with familiar places in town.

"And it was a palpable blow to the community," he continues. "We started looking at what this place would look

KING'S CADENZA

In the creek-bed, concertos resonate
and compliment the wind's falsetto calls,
and all the while, the leaves vibrate applause,
so moved by nature's felt coloratura.

But something new insinuates itself now,
A hushed fermata, leitmotif of silence.
The pause between my heartbeats grows more fleeting;
my human metronome ticks out of time.

Loftily refracted in the water,
a placid buck observes the leaves and trees,
his brown eyes quiet, crowned with antlered beauty.
The woods fall silent at his majesty.

—Nadiri Saunders '13

like if there weren't cows out in the pastures anymore. And we could feel the community changing."

The images in my head of cows grazing in the countryside and the smell of manure in the summer turn into the depressed paint peeling buildings of the winters.

"Dairy farming is really the *heart* of the local community," he concludes.

He says the word "heart" very carefully, as it is an important statement. Unlike the summer community, who generally come up to Greensboro to escape the pressures of society in a place with limited cell phone service, the year round community depends on and struggles with their essential work, farming and forestry. This

community has been built on generations of families who do hard work in a harsh environment. The paradise Andy and Mateo discovered as I and generations of children have before, is built off of this hard working heart. It is their recognition of the needs of the community that has allowed them to be so successful in pleasing their costumers and the town. In the past couple of decades, however, this vital organ has been threatened by development and financial matters.

"One of the problems with dairy farming is that dairy farmers don't have control over the price... And so by making cheese we can actually be somewhat in control of our income," Andy says, ending on a higher pitched tone, as if it were a question.

Income and creating a decent living is a big issue for many locals. Recognizing this, Andy explained the brothers' understanding of what they were trying to accomplish.

"Right, so basically what we're trying to do is show how can you carve out your little slice of paradise, and make a decent income, and by decent income that's like how can you save enough money for retirement and how can you put your kids into college? And how can you, you know, do something positive for your community so that everyone, as a whole, is better off?"

Their goals seem simple, and selfless. Many big companies put their own needs over the needs of the communities which they originally were trying to support. This may be because they can, because its



WHEN YOU GIVE VERMONT A CHEESE FARM

easier, or because it seems to be beneficial for their personal life. However, Andy and Mateo did exactly the opposite. Deciding to make cheese was a seemingly random decision but a motivated choice. Andy majored in political science in college and knew nothing about business, or making cheese. But with the “paradise” in mind, and the community in heart, he and Mateo set forth into an unknown world. There was a need for cheese farmers, so they became cheese farmers.

But to achieve this goal, and to make it work, Andy and Mateo had to do something big. So they partnered with Cabot, a large cheese company.

“Our relationship with Cabot opened some possibilities for us that would allow us to make a bigger economic affect on our community. It was a really hard decision to make, building the cellars, that’s \$3.5 million worth of debt... but we had a product that had a market. We had a plan... and think about what we’re actually doing — not actually making cheese, but creating opportunities for agriculture in our region. And this was an opportunity that would probably never come around again, even though the timing was terrible. And it was really hard on the families.”

He looks back into the living room where his wife, Victoria, is cleaning up a scattered train set that had been abandoned by their three sons.

“But it was a once in a lifetime opportunity that we didn’t see actually being able to happen outside of this relationship that we had with Cabot, and we took it.”

Of course when he says that they’re not “actually making cheese,” he doesn’t mean it literally, because of course they are physically making cheese. But I found it perplexing that he saw the importance, what was real and “actual,” as their impact on the community and not the action they are completing.

“We didn’t get into cheese making to be cheese makers,” Andy explains. “We got into cheese making as a vehicle to help sustain the working landscape. Jasper Hill Creamery, our little 40-cow dairy farm, puts about \$600,000 back into the local community every year... which is huge for this little, rural economy.”

He seems not so much proud, but amazed, and his eyes seem to communicate as if they themselves could



Doing Well By Doing Good: Andy and Mateo Kehler on their farm in Greensboro, Vt.

share this knowledge with me without words.

Jasper Hill sells cheese all over New England and up the East coast. The controlled price of the cheeses, though high, is what allows the company to thrive and give back to the community. Ubiquitous throughout New England working small businesses, and important to our relations to those around us, is the relationship between those working the landscape, those buying the products, and the prices of the products. The prices of those high maintenance products such as lobster and cheese cannot often be afforded by those setting the same prices. The garage door opens, Charlie walks in with all of his snow gear on and red cheeks. “It’s too wet outside,” he says as he pulls off his hat and attempts to kick his shoes from his feet. Like his father and two younger brothers, Charlie’s hair sticks up naturally, though rough and messy on the top of his head. We finish up the

interview as Andy helps take off his son’s snow boots.

Like the cellars in the side of the hill, the succulent Harbison cheese wrapped in tree bark, and the deep resolute dimples the cheese brothers’ faces share, the work of Andy, Mateo and Jasper Hill seems so natural in a society which is developing in a fashion so contrary to the land we live in. Not only is Jasper Hill fulfilling its mission to maintain the working landscape, but it is also reflective of the working landscape. As other small businesses begin to thrive and create a livable atmosphere around the Greensboro area helped by the efforts of Jasper Hill and other people concerned with the forgotten landscape, I feel that hope is generated for all small communities.

I ask Andy to finish the interview with his favorite cheese, and after much inner controversy, he finally decides on Moses Sleeper, smirking childishly, “I can’t stop eating it!” ■



Alexandra Porrazzo '13 is the Residential Leader on Lower Moss, co-leader of the Environmental Stewards, Editor of The Griffin, swim instructor, captain of the varsity soccer team, and was the stroke of the Varsity 8 last year as a V Former. She hails from Greensboro, Vt., and wrote her New Yorker-style profile as a member of Will Porter's English class.



The Art of Conversation

by Elizabeth Roach



In one of our conversations this summer, my daughter Hadley told me that everything she learned about how to engage with people, how to think, question and understand—in fact, her whole approach to life—she learned in her classes at St. Andrew's. I was immensely curious, of course, to hear more from her and asked her to explain what exactly she meant.

She said that it all came down to how we teach our students to be collaborative learners, how we encourage our students to be attentive listeners, to help their peers be better writers, sharper thinkers and problem solvers, to be open to criticism so that they can re-evaluate and strengthen their own thinking, to resist defensiveness, closed-mindedness, and competition, to practice using a tone that invites conversation, thought and reflection. In these moments, we cannot hide from each other; we are open, vulnerable, exposed, to an extent; they are moments that we cannot fully control but rather moments in which we need to be fully present and open and real, moments that may lead to new ideas and new understandings about ourselves and the world around us. ►

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

In essence, she articulated an approach to learning—to living and interacting with people—that keeps us thinking and rethinking our own ideas, our own beliefs, our own selves. She didn't talk about the substance or the material that she learned at St. Andrew's, although she certainly didn't minimize the value of the knowledge that she acquired in her courses. Rather, she insisted on the importance of conversation. By definition, conversations are unscripted, unplanned—that's precisely why we need to listen so carefully, why we need to allow our thinking to unfold and develop in the moment, and why, in the end, conversations are opportunities for creativity and the imagination, for innovation and possibility. We often emphasize the importance of how we interact and engage with the many texts we encounter every day of our lives. These texts are books, newspapers, television shows, symphonies, art exhibits, presidential debates, and plays, but the most important texts that we engage with are people. Yes, people. People are, in fact, texts: layered, complex, nuanced. We are sometimes transparent, sometimes mysterious, sometimes enigmatic, sometimes in agreement with others, sometimes in tension with others—but always living and breathing and thinking and feeling and changing parts of our lives every single day. So it is essential that we learn the most effective, empathetic and generous ways to engage with these particular texts, with the people that we will respect, honor and appreciate for the rest of our lives—even when, especially when their voices disagree with or challenge us.

Our conversation made me think of a poem by Adrienne Rich that I had studied years ago in college, a poem about the difficulties of communication. In some ways, it didn't make sense that Hadley's reflections made me recall this poem, since it actually stands in contrast to her thoughts. But, then again, perhaps that is exactly why I went searching for this poem that echoed in the back of my mind. I remember being struck by the desperate, wrenching tone of the speaker as she explores the power and complexities of communication through both silence and words. We feel this urgency in the first stanza as she contemplates the best way to connect—through conversation or through the words of her poetry. She is looking for, yearning for, dreaming of a “common language” that will bring us together:

A conversation begins
with a lie. and each
speaker of the so-called common language feels
the ice-floe split, the drift apart
as if powerless, as if up against
a force of nature
A poem can begin
with a lie. And be torn up.
A conversation has other laws
recharges itself with its own

false energy. Cannot be torn
up. Infiltrates our blood. Repeats itself.
Inscribes with its unreturning stylus
the isolation it denies.

Rich asserts here that conversations can be difficult, hurtful, often dishonest attempts to communicate, even when we share a “so-called common language.” As she suggests with the image of the ice-floe splitting, conversations can divide us; they can also do damage in deep and lasting ways—they “cannot be torn up” but instead “infiltrate our blood,” “repeat” and “inscribe.” They might leave us isolated, even in the presence of someone else. We feel Rich's frustration and sense of powerlessness as she shrinks next to this “force of nature.”

*People are, in fact, texts:
layered, complex, nuanced.*

In her third stanza, she explores a different form of communication: silence.

The technology of silence
The rituals, etiquette
the blurring of terms
silence not absence
of words or music or even
raw sounds
Silence can be a plan
rigorously executed
the blueprint to a life
It is a presence
it has a history a form
Do not confuse it
with any kind of absence

Here, Rich shows us just how powerful and strategic silence can be: “a plan rigorously executed.” Silence is, in fact, a “presence” not an “absence.” It has weight and meaning, a “history” and a “form.” Silence, she suggests, can often say more, and perhaps even do more damage than words.

So if both words and silence can be so painful, can hurt and damage and separate people, how do we communicate? As Hadley suggested, at St. Andrew's, this is precisely the question we are answering every day in the way that we live and learn on this campus. We are here, together, to find ways to communicate, to connect, to think, to live in productive, vibrant and generous ways. This is much harder than one would think, as Rich so powerfully illustrates in her poem. We often use words and silences—both intentionally and unintentionally—

to divide and hurt. We have to, in fact, work really hard to do otherwise. And because we live in such a close and intimate way on this campus for nine months each year, we need to be fully aware of how we are communicating with each other all the time, how we not only use words and conversations, but how we use silences as well. At the end of her poem, Rich—after great angst and exploration—wishes, hopes for full fruition, a ripeness, an answer to her problem, a completion:

what in fact I keep choosing
are these words, these whispers, conversations
from which time after time the truth breaks moist and
green.

It seems that she has found a way to resolve the problem of communication she poses. She “chooses” a way to communicate with “words, whispers and conversations.” I love the gentle “whispers” that she includes here—whispers are quiet, not hurtful or destructive; instead, they suggest and inoffensively communicate. And as a result, “time after time the truth breaks moist and green.” It’s a beautiful final image, an image suggestive of new life, potential and possibility. Rather than the “ice floe that splits us,” this image gives us the sense that we find ourselves through words, whispers and conversations with others and perhaps even within ourselves in the internal conversations that we have.

What interests me then is that the way we communicate at St. Andrew’s is an unusual attempt to resolve the problem that Rich explores; the language of her final couplet speaks to the ways in which this can happen and does happen at this School. Her dream of a common language is, I think, actualized at St. Andrew’s. For me, Rich’s poem resonates with the way we learn and communicate and connect, the way we actually teach and learn from one another both in academic settings in our seminar or exhibition discussions as well as in non-academic settings, such as in dorm rooms, common rooms, the dining hall. These settings allow for the cultivation of “words, whispers, conversations” that can lead to the unplanned collision of ideas; they are, as Rich’s final image suggests, rich and fertile ground for insight and new understanding.

In her book *Alone Together*, Sherry Turkle articulates the problem of connection and communication we all face today with the onslaught of technology in our lives. She posits that because human relationships are rich, messy and demanding, we clean them up with technology, editing, deleting and retouching ourselves into the selves we want to be; we have, therefore, she says, “sacrificed conversation for mere connection.” We think that we are connecting with others when we are texting and emailing and facebooking (and in fact, we are connecting on some level), but we are not connecting in the ways that we need to connect through real conversation,

conversation that is sustained and thoughtful and face-to face. She writes:

These days, insecure in our relationships, and anxious about intimacy, we look to technology for ways to be in relationships and protect ourselves from them at the same time... Technology allows us to edit and project the self we want to be.

Turkle argues that we use technology as a way to control our relationships, to control the image of ourselves that we wish to project to others, to imagine that we are actually connecting with one another because we fear loneliness and isolation. It’s an escape from ourselves, from facing and deeply engaging with our internal lives as well as with others. As she so beautifully articulates: “technology offers us the illusion of companionship without the demands of friendship.” So we are “connecting but not communicating.” She insists that we need to have eye contact, face-to-face conversations in real time that cannot be controlled, edited, deleted and retouched. Because, she says, we need conversations with each other to learn about how to have conversations with ourselves—we simply cannot compromise our capacity for self-reflection, the skill that is “the bedrock for our development as human beings.”

In July, Mr. Roach and I were fortunate enough to be able to travel to Seoul and visit our Korean students, alumni and parents. It was a visit filled with new food, wonderfully warm and generous mothers and fathers, the unusual feeling of being



THE ART OF CONVERSATION

seemingly the only blonde person in a city of over 10-million people, and new sights—the Royal Palace with Josh, Andy Kwon and Brian Seo, museums with Josh, Ricky and Andy Jeon, shopping with Sangmin, HoChan and Julian. I have never been treated so well, been so warmly welcomed, had so much fun and learned so much in four short but jam-packed days. This experience is worthy of a talk all its own, but I wanted to share one of my favorite moments during our visit. On the final night of our trip, the Korean families all came together for a St. Andrew's reception—the best St. Andrew's reception, I think, that I've ever attended. And this is why: after an amazing evening, each student (past, present and future) and his or

The amazing thing is that you will get to know yourself better as well; you will not have to hide behind a polished version of yourself—your friends will allow you to be awkward and unfinished and still a work in progress.

her family went to the podium and microphone and talked about what it meant to them to be part of the St. Andrew's Family, complete with a collage of photos for each student on the large screen at the front of the room. The students were eloquent, thanking their parents for the opportunity to study so far away from home. They were self-possessed, articulate, funny, confident, thoughtful and clear about their experience at St. Andrew's. And they gave each other advice. This advice mostly centered on encouraging each other to live St. Andrew's fully, to take advantage of every opportunity available at the School, to learn as much as possible, to leave behind the competitive approach to education by collaborating with their peers and talking to and getting to know—really know—as many people, both other students and teachers, as possible, to embrace a deeper, more meaningful approach to learning. In essence, they too were advocating for the same approach to learning and life that my daughter, Sherry Turkle and Adrienne Rich all articulate in their own ways.

So the message is getting through, evidently. I'm here today simply to make each of us more aware of what we're doing here day in and day out in the classroom. Why we emphasize the importance of group problem solving, lab partners, exhibitions, art/music/theatre/film workshops and critiques. In the New

York Times a few weeks ago, Dwight Garner wrote about the importance of critique in our daily lives, saying: "It means making fine distinctions. It means talking about ideas... It's at base an act of love. Our critical faculties are what make us human." This is precisely why we ask you to keep your cell phones in your rooms, and why we push you to turn off video games and go out to the front lawn. I suggest too that you take what you have learned in your classrooms about conversation and apply it to your lives as much as possible. We want you to make "fine distinctions," to be "human" through these "acts of love." So, even when you are in your dorm rooms and can have your computers and cell phones open and active, shut them off instead. Sit and look at each other and have conversations and debates and arguments, arguments about issues that will help you clarify and deepen and perhaps even change your own thinking. Continue the conversations you've had in your classes—about books, current events, scientific theories—in your dorm rooms. Get to know, really know, each other, not just the edited versions of each other. The amazing thing is that you will get to know yourself better as well; you will not have to hide behind a polished version of yourself—your friends will allow you to be awkward and unfinished and still a work in progress. Take full advantage of the many smart, interesting, diverse minds on this campus by engaging in spirited, imaginative ways with one another. We're here to make each other better, and in doing so, we make ourselves better—better listeners, better scholars, better people.

This is not just a student phenomenon. The adult community here is doing the same thing. For me, the past four years of my teaching have been the most exciting, the most rewarding—and not by accident—the most collaborative years of my 32 years of teaching. I have found that many teachers are eager and open to this kind of collaboration. I taught several tutorials with Monica Matouk, and in the past few years, I've had the opportunity to co-teach a course with Emily Pressman, a brilliant historian and teacher. From this work with Ms. Pressman, I have rethought novels that I had taught for many years; I have taught new novels and read and thought about and discussed primary sources and historical perspectives that I had never considered before; I have learned how to lead discussion and listen and think and rethink and correct papers and teach and debate in a completely new way with a friend and scholar always sitting next to me. Ms. Pressman helps me sharpen my thinking; she helps me become a better listener and a better teacher. We spend hours together, not only in the classroom but also preparing for class, preparing for exhibitions, correcting papers, writing feedback, evaluations and comments. These hours outside the classroom are filled with conversations about moments in class, ideas, books, articles and plays—they are my favorite part of teaching with and knowing Emily.

I've also had the opportunity to co-teach a tutorial with Ana Ramírez, another extraordinary teacher who loves to teach Spanish and is also passionate about literature. One of the best teaching moments of the year for me last year occurred during our tutorial last spring. We were reading *The Sense of an Ending* by Julian Barnes with our six seniors; it's a complex and disturbing short novel about memory, the way we remember, often distort our pasts and live our lives blindly and irresponsibly. We had invited Eric Finch to join us in the teaching of this novel because we wanted—and needed—his mind to help us interpret a mathematical equation in the novel that would help unlock the mysteries, contradictions and ambiguities in the first person narration. Ms. Hastings and Mr. Robinson had recently read the novel so they joined us one night as well. Together the eleven of us—six students and five teachers—worked together to gain some understanding of the layered, complicated psychology of the narrator. It took all of us to unpack, to discover, to unravel, to learn. We were exhausted and exhilarated by the end of the class.

So this is all to say that the art of conversation is lifelong work, but it starts here, today. It is an art that we can all practice and refine, and it starts with the people sitting all around you. It starts every time you prepare for class, every time you listen, think, talk and engage in your classes. It is a way of living, and it is a journey of discovery. Adrienne Rich entitles her poem, "Cartographies of Silence." She suggests that we need to navigate and create a map in our approach to silence, to communication, to conversation with others. The terrain, I know, is sometimes difficult and awkward and unsettling, but we need to, we must engage in these real conversations. It's the only way to live fully, to know, really know ourselves. She envies "the pure annunciation to the eye," an image that we can actually enact at St. Andrew's, an image of face to face connection with one another. Turkle urges us to "find places to have conversations," both with others and with ourselves. Those places, those spaces are everywhere at St. Andrew's—seek them out. Find places to be alone, to think and reflect. Find places to be with others and, as Turkle says, "listen, make eye contact, stumble, lose words" and in the process we will learn and discover, create and innovate, and we will also find ourselves.

Finally, I'd like to turn to another writer, one of my favorites—Jane Austen—because she understood this process of communication and self-discovery so well. She is, quite simply, brilliant and timeless in her rendering of people and how the extent of our self-knowledge depends upon how we read or misread others in relation to ourselves. The novel, *Pride and Prejudice*, explores the ways two dynamic characters come to see the world, each other and themselves in completely new and different ways. Early in the novel, Elizabeth Bennet believes Darcy is arrogant, self-centered and haughty, and it is only later that she begins to see that her first reading is too hasty,

too simple, too certain. She lets her own ego, her own pride, her own need to be in control, and her own insistence that she is right get in the way of evaluating others accurately, and she willfully disregards others—Charlotte Lucas, her sister Jane, and her aunt—when they advise and admonish her. She is adamant about her opinions and therefore remains blind, not only about others but about herself as well. She lashes out at Mr. Darcy after his first proposal, hurling insults and accusations—and although she is not entirely wrong in her portrait of Mr. Darcy, she is far from right about him either. The worst thing she does, however, is communicate with him in an aggressive, defensive, closed, rigid and arrogant way. Imagine how damaging it would have been had she been able to text him! For many reasons, some of them valid and some not, she misreads Mr. Darcy as a text (and for that matter, he also misreads her), and it is not until he writes her a letter—a literal text—that she can begin her rereading of him. Interestingly, Austen shows Elizabeth read and then reread the letter over and over again, and with each rereading, with each rethinking and re-interpretation, she begins to understand not only Mr. Darcy better and more accurately, she also understands herself more fully. Elizabeth exclaims to herself:

How despicably have I acted! I, who have prided myself on my discernment! I, who have valued myself on my abilities! who have often disdained the generous candour of my sister, and gratified my vanity, in useless or blamable distrust... I have courted prepossession and ignorance, and driven reason away, where either were concerned. Till this moment, I never knew myself.

The relationship evolves from this point as they try to communicate a different version of themselves through words, actions and tone. It takes acts of generosity—both literal acts as well as more subtle, less tangible acts—from both Darcy and Elizabeth to mend their relationship. They open themselves to new interpretations and readings of each other; they put their egos and prejudices and presumptions and defenses aside and look and listen and communicate. They also have to have, in the end, a face-to-face conversation, one that is a bit awkward and unpredictable but also honest and real and open. Thankfully, they did not have the option to email each other or put a message on each other's Facebook page; they had to resolve the messiness through listening and the reciprocity of full sentences to each other while walking through a garden. And from there, as Rich suggests, the "truth breaks moist and green." ■



Elizabeth Roach is a mother of four and holds the Stuart Chair in English at St. Andrew's School.



Being New

Wednesday Night Chapel Talk

September 12, 2012

by Will Speers

I had thought about giving you a slide show of my sabbatical, because Heidi and I were able to visit some stunning places: the eternal green fields of England; the explosive Atlantic coastline near Land's End; the streets Jane Austen walked in Bath; the cold terror of the Berlin Wall; a silent shaft of light through the dome at St. Peter's in Rome, a moment when I almost became a Catholic; being inside the huge Roman Coliseum, built 2000 years ago, and understanding why Mr. Costa, Mr. Childers and Ms. Kelly love Latin; standing on Mt. Nebo in Jordan, gazing as Moses did from the same rocky vista thousands of years ago, into the Promise Land; swimming in the Red Sea, as the sun set behind us over Egypt; walking through the Siq to stand in front of the Treasury at Petra. Heidi and I touched history and current events: meandering through the Palestine streets of Bethlehem, the whole Middle East conflict came alive in bustling, energetic markets; in aromas from sizzling lamb or shouts from vendors and neighbors; in the faces of scared and confused and wary people; and in the heavily armed soldiers patrolling around us.

But for me, a slide show flattens out what was so multi-dimensional in its experience. It's a short cut from trying to articulate what this year embodied. And in many ways, there are no tangible pictures of where I went, what I found.

My sabbatical had three stages: I began at a public school in Boston, Fenway High School. I taught US History — a course I'd never taught before — from September to Christmas, two classes, 27 students in each section. Eighty-five percent of the students lived at or below the poverty line; almost all were African-American or Hispanic. My colleagues were committed public school professionals who engaged and challenged their students constantly and inspiringly.

Then we flew to England, where Heidi and I both worked at a British boarding school west of Oxford. Kingham Hill School was founded in 1886 by a wealthy banker for orphans and London's poor — a counter-cultural school similar to St. Andrew's. Heidi helped international students learn English, while I taught literature to just about every grade level, and relished being called "Sir" by students with British accents.

Our final two months we traveled — Jordan, Israel, Rome, Venice, Berlin and Vienna, all locations I had never visited.

I want to focus tonight on two experiences to try to verbalize what I think happened to me last year — two pictures symbolic of a journey I didn't know I was on. I'm still not exactly sure if or how they relate, but each represents a seminal encounter.

The first was teaching at Fenway High School. These four months were among the hardest, most demanding, most painful, yet eventually most rewarding of my teaching career. On so many levels, I was out of my comfort zone: new location, different students, different type of school, an unknown course to teach. Everything

was strange, and even with my beloved, beleaguered Fenway Park right across the street, I felt alone. I hadn't been in so many new situations since 1979, when I arrived at St. Andrew's fresh out of college to share the faculty apartment on Sherwood with Mr. Roach. I struggled with the teaching material, with learning so many faces and names, with using class time effectively — periods met three times a week for 70 minutes, and then there was a double period of two hours, 15 minutes. I wrestled with a wider range of academic abilities. Ms. Pressman sent me lots of readings, but I didn't deeply know what I was teaching; I didn't know how to ask questions that engaged the students; I was merely trying to get through the period, rather than fight for two or three more minutes of discussion. There were days when I walked home to our rented apartment depressed, angry, confused, wondering why my sabbatical wasn't reading books on a sunny beach with little umbrellas in my drink.

A rainy November day crystallized my despair. I trudged home on the sidewalk, cars splashing me as they passed, a soaking insult after another frustrating class where I didn't feel effective as a teacher. My questions were flat; I wasn't curious about what I was teaching, and the students, rows upon rows of them, weren't learning.

Why was this going so badly for me? In hindsight, I had let myself be intimidated by this world — I let myself think since this school was so foreign to what I knew, that I had to be different, different from the teacher I had been. I wasn't transferring what I had been at St. Andrew's to what I was in Boston. I imagined that because the students looked, talked, dressed differently, they were, therefore, different.

The change began that night. I pushed aside all the self-defeating barriers I'd erected about me in a city public school, and reminded myself, above all else in my life, that I love to teach. I made that simple, elemental premise — “it's great to be in a classroom” — my defining creed, rather than what I feared. I remembered what I loved about teaching at St. Andrew's — learning from my students, asking questions I cared about, talking with and observing teachers, stealing activities and ideas.

I let myself see my Fenway students as struggling, eager, hungry, confused teenagers, similar to those at St. Andrew's, even with their distinctions. I started class the next day by raising questions that mattered to me; the next thing I knew, 70 minutes had roared by.

I still had frustrating days, but what Fenway taught me was that I didn't have to become a whole new person just to be at a whole new place. Taking on the imagined persona of a public school teacher undermined me. When we join a new community — as a student, teacher, employee, partner — we must continue to be ourselves, honor our roots, affirm our previous relationships and connections and defining experiences. The poet Tennyson

claims that “I am a part of all that I have met,” and we are: we embody our earlier schools and jobs and characteristics; we grow through contact with others; we enrich the larger group by giving nobly of our selves. While there is a vulnerability to being new, there is also a tremendous opportunity we can seize and embrace.

My second “picture” happened in Jerusalem at the Western Wall, the holiest site for Jews. Adam came into being here; Solomon built the First Temple; Jews have worshipped at the Western Wall for centuries, expressing their faith in the rebuilding of the Temple. The Western Wall is just that: a massive, white stone wall, about 2,000 years old, maybe 60 feet high and 120 feet long. It is not ornamented or distinctive; there is nothing visually special or splendidous about

it, certainly when compared to the nearby Dome of the Rock or the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. But Jews and others flock to this Wall — to pray, to remember, to hope. Most worshippers place a small piece of paper in between the slabs, a name or prayer offered to the Hebrew God. There is a majesty, an awesome reverence resonating out of those huge blocks.

Staying with the Gilheanys, we arrived early in the morning; already the large courtyard was alive with people praying — men dressed in black or white robes bending forwards and backwards, chanting passionately, nothing muffled or whispered, communing with these silent stones. The police and army presence was significant. In keeping with Jewish custom, Heidi



*While there is a vulnerability
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and I, our heads covered, went to separate sections of the Wall, as men and women worship apart. Alone, I approached the Wall, my tiny, folded paper carrying my father's name inside. He had died almost a year ago to my visit here; twice he had come to this very spot. I stood beneath this Wall, not sure what to say or think or do, finally stuffing my paper firmly in a small crack. Slowly, I retreated back, conscious of rabbis and rabbinical students reciting in Hebrew, almost in a trance.

Yet as I turned from that ancient wall, a stranger in a foreign land, an erratic Christian at a Jewish holy site, a struggling, stumbling seeker amid devoted followers, I was suddenly overwhelmed, moved to tears I could not stop. I instinctively stepped closer to the Wall, placing my palm against the stones — to hold me up? Steady me? Infuse me? How could a barren, undecorated, lifeless wall be so intimate, nourish such a communion, touch me back? Were these tears and wobbly knees my soul's embracing a father's death and my deep loss? Were they accepting me more than I was willing to admit? Had I travelled across the world, gone back 2000 years, to rediscover my dead father, his presence alive, his reassurance vital and sustaining? Try as I might, I could not leave that Wall; even when I did, I avoided Heidi and Hilary, and returned to it. There was something there I needed.

I'm still not certain what transpired at the Western Wall, but I do know that when I've tried to talk about this moment, I catch a frog in my throat, my voice quivers, the emotions charge back. Strangely, each time this occurs, there's also a restoration, a return to that fortified sustenance.

Ultimately, these two experiences illuminate community, learning, family and the beyond. How have I brought them back to these hallowed, familiar halls in Delaware? I am eager to collaborate with colleagues, to find new avenues to insight and understanding. I am aware of dynamic teachers at other, different schools, and know we need to have conversations with them. I want to learn from my students, to help them embrace the vitality and relevance of what they explore. I am much more sensitive to those of you who are new to St. Andrew's, to a new position, to this country. And I sense more strongly that there is a world I cannot see, spirited by familiar souls, hoping, uniting, believing.

I wish you the chance to encounter other countries, to envision and come to trust yourself in a fresh context, to recognize how much more connects us to than divides us from those we don't know. At the end of *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, Janie realizes that "love is like the sea. It takes its shape from the shore it meets, and it's different every time." That is us too — we are formed and reformed by the people around us; we develop and discover through experiences and conflicts; we create ourselves even as we honor our core. May we all have a year, a life, a world of such affirmation, possibility and generosity. ■



—Will Speers is in his 33rd year teaching English, coaching, and advising at St. Andrew's. He was named Associate Headmaster in 2012.





Understanding the Other

How a year studying religious education in Israel and Palestine revealed a path to progress in the region

Wednesday Night Chapel Talk

October 24, 2012

by Terence Gilheany

When thinking about where to go for sabbatical, the four members of my family had different needs. I wanted adventure. My wife Hilary wanted safety, an urban life and good pediatric health care. My daughter Hannah wanted a school where her teachers would speak English. And Margaret, my soon-to-be three year old daughter, asked, "Do I go too? Is there food there? May I eat it?" Eventually we settled on Jerusalem, which was adventurous, safe, urban, with great health care, a terrific school for the girls, and, indeed, food. By the way, we did decide, after a family meeting, to take Margaret with us.

Last year I sat down for individual interviews with 30 Palestinian and Israeli religion teachers. You will hear some of their voices in this piece. Some are Jewish, some Muslim, some Christian. Some are secular, others observant. Some you may agree with, and others you may strongly disagree with. In between his or her thoughts, I will try to describe some of the hopes and frustrations I experienced in Jerusalem. If I came away from Jerusalem with one overriding sense, it was that we must work incredibly hard to understand the deep commitments held by those who differ most from us.

An Orthodox Jew: "That we have now a state and that the Jewish people came back to Israel, this is unbelievable to think. And this is a miracle - this is a great miracle."

A Palestinian Muslim: "This Occupation is a reality which we all live, teachers and students. I myself have to go across the checkpoint every day. I tell my students that every person has to go sometimes through pains and oppression, but if you are patient, this will not be for nothing. I talk about prophet Mohammed and how he had a very hard life at times."

Hannah, Margaret, Hilary and I walk east down a street in Jerusalem. At a certain point, all the shop signs and the conversations around us change from Hebrew to Arabic. Where further up the street we had passed a synagogue, now we pass a mosque. We notice a pair of Israeli soldiers, while further up the street we would have seen only a police officer. Painted on the walls are pictures of the Dome of the Rock, the holiest spot for Muslims in Jerusalem, in the red and green colors of Palestine. Up the block there were the light blue and white Israeli flags flying, the Star of David visible everywhere. Here is more trash in the street, the sidewalks are more crowded, and the buildings are in worse repair than just a brief walk to the west.

A secular Jew: "You have to teach Jews how to speak Arabic. There are Arabs everywhere. 20% of the population of Israel is Arab, so put that as an element in the curriculum, visiting villages, exposing Jews to the Arab culture along with the language."

A religious Jew: "This school is not a school that exposes our students to the other. You might have visited schools that try to have students meet Arabs, and that's not the thing here. In general, they are seen as the enemy. It's not 'let's feel sorry for them.'"

What changed so radically in my family's short stroll down a street heading from east to west? On our walk, my family and I had crossed an invisible line, one that until 45 years ago was the cease-fire line between Israel and the surrounding Arab states.

ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL

This walk was peaceful; there was no risk of Israelis and Palestinians erupting into clashes, and I was never worried for the safety of my family. Jerusalem is a safe place. Peace, however, is not the same as justice, or a sense of long-term security. To the Israelis living up the street, there is a powerful sense of living near, next to, on top of an enemy that at times has sworn to drive them into the sea, to kill them. Memories of the Holocaust, of millions of Jews being killed and millions more being displaced, are never far from the surface. Though the horror was committed by a different people in a different place and time, many Israelis cannot help but see the shadow of the Nazis in the hateful statements of Hamas or other Palestinian groups.

An Orthodox Jew: "It's very important to challenge students with the history of what Jews went through in other countries and with other people, like the Muslims and the Catholics. For example, the theme of the Holocaust is very strong here. Every second year we go to Poland. The students see there all the things that went on."

A secular Jew: "Normally we teach a lot about the Holocaust. It's important, but it keeps us in the place where we see ourselves, the Jewish people, as victims. Now that we're in our own country, we have to think, we have to teach more about what we can learn from the Holocaust."

To the Palestinians in the neighborhood we had just entered, there are the thousand burdens of occupation. They risk being forced out of their homes. Getting good work is difficult, especially since they are unable to travel around the country without special permits. The school system is underfunded, as are other social services. To my eyes, evidence of Palestinian loss abounds. Jerusalem in 2012 is a city at peace, but that does not mean it is a peaceful city.

I was immensely frustrated by the inequities I encountered, for two reasons. First, they are completely human-made. The first thing most people will say about the Israeli-Palestinian conflict is "it is complicated." I disagree. Without the extremists on both sides acting as spoilers, the outlines of a relatively fair political settlement are clear, and have been clear for decades. Second, life in Jerusalem is getting more and more unfair. In the United States, for all our failings, the arc of domestic human rights in my lifetime has advanced from Martin Luther King to the women's rights movement to the gay rights movement. In Jerusalem and in all of the occupied territories, it is the opposite. Palestinians have been losing houses, employment, and rights of movement throughout this same stretch of time.

The tragedy of Jerusalem is the inability to listen, and not simply to listen to the debating points of the other side in order to refute them. Many on each side fail to appreciate the deep feelings beneath the arguments. These two people, the Israelis and the Palestinians, claim the city as their own. I sought to soak

myself in the stories each had to tell, stories filled with sacred joy, with moments of triumph and beauty, with instances of deep connection. I attended and nodded as I was told stories resonant with visceral suffering, with sadness and longing, with powerful experiences of loss. Sometimes my conversationalists would erupt in anger. Occasionally I would be the one to feel anger, as when a Jewish teacher repeated the claim that most Palestinians had only been in the land 100 years, or when a Palestinian artist joked lightly about his dad having built bombs.

In her Convocation address, Elizabeth Roach encouraged us "to resist defensiveness, closed-mindedness, and competition, to practice using a tone that invites conversation, thought and reflection. In these moments, we cannot hide from each other; we are open, vulnerable, exposed, to an extent; they are moments that we cannot fully control but rather moments in which we need to be fully present and open and real, moments that may lead to new ideas and new understandings about ourselves and the world around us." How do Israeli and Palestinian teachers

open themselves up to each other in these ways? In my interviews I asked each teacher why, of all the paths open to them, did they choose to become teachers? Why specifically did they end up teaching about religion? What did they most hope their students took away from their studies? I also wanted to know how I as a teacher could teach more effectively about those people very different from my students and from me.

An ultra-Orthodox Jew: "We learn the same stuff that we learned 2000 years ago. When we die we will meet the people who wrote our books. We will talk to them on the same level, they will understand us and we will understand them, because these 2000 years that have passed haven't changed anything for us."

A Palestinian Muslim: "My students are happiest when they learn about Islamic civilization and Palestine. They imagine they are living in past times. They imagine how they would act, if they were in the place of a historical person how they would act."

A Palestinian Christian: "So we teach the Word of God. Because as Christians we believe that we are worshipping one God, Jesus Christ, even if we have different denominations."

I found their answers fascinating, and to a certain extent disturbing. Unlike our commitment at St. Andrew's to expose students to a wide range of perspectives and beliefs, I discovered that many teachers in Israel and Palestine teach almost exclusively their own religious tradition. Though in Jerusalem they pass each other in the street every day, the level of distrust and lack of empathy can be extreme. I felt annoyed at times when I heard members of each group steep themselves in their own past, not teaching or learning the past of the other people around them. I spoke with Israelis who believed that the Palestinians, who have lived in Jerusalem for thousands of years, do not consider the



city of Jerusalem sacred, and should be just as happy to live in Jordan. I met Palestinians who believed that Israelis made up the claim that there once was a Jewish temple on the mount where al-Aqsa mosque and the Dome of the Rock now stand. This is not only a central tenet of Jewish faith and identity, it is also an archeologically and historically indisputable fact. I came to believe that these peoples' religious education had failed them, no matter how well one could argue Talmud, or the other could chant the Qur'an. It had failed them. They had not practiced the art of steeping themselves in the personal, social, political, historical and religious milieu of the other. They need, to quote Elizabeth again, "to find ways to communicate, to connect, to think, to live in productive, vibrant and generous ways."

Encouragingly, I also met both Palestinian and Israeli teachers who sought, often without much support from their schools, to communicate an understanding of the other. They could express the holiness of Jerusalem for themselves and for others, a holiness Will Speers evokes so beautifully (*on page 52*). Whether it is a Jew placing a written prayer in the Western Wall, a Muslim standing shoulder to shoulder with other believers and prostrating at the al-Aqsa mosque, or a Christian kneeling to kiss the stone that held Jesus' cross, Jerusalem holds almost too much meaning for too many people. As Will wondered about the Western Wall, "How could a barren, undecorated, lifeless wall be so intimate, nourish such a communion, touch me back?" I often felt relief and comfort when I spoke with the Muslim, Christian and Jewish teachers who make room to listen to this feeling of connection not just within themselves, but within their neighbors.

A Palestinian Muslim: "The Qur'an and the Hadith speak about the love between peoples, peace between peoples, and hope."

A religious Jew who teaches at a rare multiethnic school: "It's so important to us that every child be exposed to the three monotheistic religions, of whom we have representatives in the school."

I also admired those teachers who sought to ask themselves difficult questions about their own histories, beliefs and actions. Tad Roach modeled this from the pulpit at Old St. Anne's in our first chapel service when he simultaneously celebrated the history of the church and yet acknowledged, "As beautiful as this church is, I always remind myself that 'good Christian people' (Flannery O'Connor's phrase) worshipped and prayed here and accepted a balcony section reserved for slaves. Such congregations once gathered secure in their beliefs that they were following God's word; they simply did not allow the words of the service to awaken them to the depravity of racism." Again, we come back to Elizabeth's call to us to listen, in this case to think critically about our own tradition.



A Palestinian Muslim: I don't teach in an extreme way. For example in Islam, we are not supposed to listen to music, OK? So when my students ask me what about music? I say, no we can listen to music. I myself listen to music, but we have to choose what kind of music to listen to. Because of globalization and because of the use of internet and um Facebook and computers, now it's an open world. We don't have to be extreme.

A secular Jew: When I introduce a reading from just one perspective, the students now object, "but this is the Jewish point of view. We are not religious, we want to see other points of view. We understand we are living in the Jewish culture and we want to know about it, but can we learn something else? Something that we can decide to live by?" And it became very clear that they want to meet as many options as possible.

Many times in our year of walking around Jerusalem, and Tel Aviv, and Ramallah, and the Galilee, and the desert, Hannah and Margaret would encounter something that made them say, "That's not fair." Usually it was the way the Palestinians were being

treated under occupation, though sometimes it was the history of the Jewish people. Of course, a reflexive sense of fairness does not necessarily lead to an open appreciation for the others' hopes and fears. It can be, however, a beginning. How do we as members of the St. Andrew's community seek to make the world more fair? After all, unlike many in Israel and Palestine we are lucky that our education does not isolate us from others. I feel even more strongly now than when I departed for Jerusalem that we must

push beyond knowing ourselves to make a deep connection to the worldview of others. We need not come to believe what they believe, but we should seek to have a rich understanding of how they came to be who they are.

I am incredibly grateful to Tad Roach and Will Speers, to St. Andrew's School, to the Fulbright Fund, and especially to my wife Hilary for giving me this amazing opportunity. I am also appreciative of the work of all those across the world fighting for the right of peoples to live justly in multiethnic states. I pray, not just for the peace of Jerusalem, but also for a deep mutual understanding in Jerusalem, an understanding that leads to justice. ■



—Terence Gilheany serves as Chair of the Religious Studies Department. He taught at St. Andrew's from 1993-2002 and then returned in 2005. In 2011 he was awarded a Distinguished Fulbright Award for Teaching, which helped fund his research studying religious education in Israel and Palestine. His academic paper, "Israeli and Palestinian Teachers' Self-Reported Motivations for Teaching Religion: An Exploratory Case Study" is set to be published in Religious Education next fall.

HAITI

ST. ANDREW'S IN SERVICE





In January of 2010, a 7.0 magnitude shook the small island nation of Haiti killing over an estimated 200,000 people. Many parts of the country were reduced to rubble. In the aftermath, students led by Ann Satine '12 created "Help for Haiti" to raise money and awareness of Haiti's struggles on campus. The group educated students during School Meeting and found ways to bring the Haitian culture into the life of the School. This summer, faculty members Diahann Johnson and Jay Hutchinson and four students, Alec Hill '12, Ben Egan '13, Tapasya Das '13, and Karley Nikoi '15 brought St. Andrew's to Haiti. The small, committed group traveled to the small town of Lafond situated in the mountains outside of Port-au-Prince to spend ten days with the townspeople digging much-needed latrines for the town's school.

Ben Egan '13, Tapasya Das '13 and Alec Hill '12, shared their experiences with their friends and teachers during a Wednesday Night Chapel service in late September. It was the first time St. Andrew's students traveled to Haiti as a group and Johnson is already planning a trip back to Lafond again in March.

On the following pages are the words each shared from the pulpit of the A. Felix duPont, Jr. Memorial Chapel.



The Only Way to Know Is To Go

Ben Egan '13

Haiti: There are no words to describe it. When Mr. Hutchinson, asked me to speak about our experience in Haiti, I was truthfully a little intimidated. Not because I was nervous to speak in chapel, but because I didn't believe that I could possibly write a speech to convey to you tonight, what it's like to go to Haiti. After pondering this for quite some time, I figured that I couldn't ever describe the experience of Haiti, because truthfully I believe that the only way you might begin to grasp what it's like, is to go. So in this speech, I will not try to lecture you on how much Haiti changed our lives, or how much better I feel now that I went, rather I will simply recount experiences that particularly struck me during my time in Lafond. If you get anything out of this talk, I want you to know that however you interpret what I say, the only true approach to fully grasping it is to go yourself. I encourage all of you to go sometime in your life and I promise that your life will never be the same. But I'll just stick to the stories, so... here it goes.

I want you to imagine that it's night time, and that you're standing in front of a house, roughly two thirds the size of the student center, that is crudely painted a Pepto-Bismol pink and dark turquoise. At first it seems incredibly tacky but then you begin to appreciate it once you learn that it was painted by members of the community for no reason other than that they were expecting four students and two teachers from St. Andrew's School. You walk into the humble abode to find 15 Haitian men, scrunched into a space seemingly no bigger than a practice room. With a headlamp wrapped around the banister as a source of light, you can barely make out all of their faces.

At first glance it might appear that the yelling men are having a heated political debate, although you can't really tell because it's all in Creole. But then, as your eyes adjust, you realize that in fact it is the absolute, most intense and energetic game of UNO that you have ever witnessed. I couldn't remember the last time that I played UNO, but I will never forget playing in Haiti.

In Haiti, I often had the, "How the hell did I get here?" moments — this was definitely one of those moments. We originally brought the game to give to the children, but the second we introduced the game to the men that plan quickly faded away. UNO, which to me seemed like such a simple and childish game, became an addiction to many of the men of Lafond. They wanted to play it constantly. They played it in the morning, at night, during lunch, and even in the middle of a day hike. Put simply, UNO was life. My opinion of UNO completely changed over the course of my trip to Haiti. I now view UNO, as the single most competitive game, that man has ever created. Although, the poverty, at many times, was so depressing, the people of Lafond quickly put a smile to my face because in their hearts, they had more joy and energy for life, than I ever could have expected.

The second story I want to tell you, is about the overwhelming sense of community that our group witnessed in Haiti. Although poor, Lafond has a greater sense of community between each other than anywhere else that I have been. For example, one day when we were working on the latrine for the school, we realized that a large crowd was beginning to surface around a small house not too far away. Eager to see what all the excitement was about I ran to join them. What I saw was incredible.

Through broken French and English I discovered that the man of the house, because of a feud, was attempting to throw his pregnant wife out of his home. As the women began to pack her things, a crowd formed around the house and started to scold the man for his actions. At the same time, they explained to the woman that there was no way that in her condition she was going to leave her home. I was stunned.

I can't tell you how long it would take me to realize that one of my neighbors had left. It sounds really inconsiderate of me, but I really don't know my neighbors. What shocked all of us was that in Haiti, the goal wasn't to be better or more successful than somebody else. The goal was that the community succeeded. People weren't selfish; they couldn't afford to be. They realized that the only way to really succeed is if everyone works together, and anything short of that is just the wrong way to go at life.

And this brings us to my third and final story, an experience that I have had the hardest time dealing with after my trip to Haiti. On the last day of our stay in Lafond, the community came together and threw us a little going away party. The hospitality was absolutely incredible throughout the trip. But what really struck me that night was when a young boy, named Jilné, approached me and in his best French asked me to transfer him to St. Andrew's. I was tongue-tied. I tried to make excuses on why he wouldn't be able to succeed in an American school but in my heart, I knew that he would. I told him that he would have to speak better English, and he said he would learn, that he would learn very quick, and I knew that he could. I eventually told him that as a student, I had no power in the admissions process and that he should talk to Bertand, our host, about how best to go to an American school.

Despite my most sincere efforts, I could not come up with a good reason for why any of the children of Lafond wouldn't succeed in an American boarding school environment. They loved and were dedicated to learning, and they had a work ethic that I only wish to emulate. It's hard to think about how much better Jilné's life could be if he went to a school like St. Andrew's. He wouldn't have to deal with the daily toils of poverty.

He wouldn't have to go to bed hungry each night or even wonder how much time he needs to set aside in his day to ensure that he can take the four-mile round trip, up and down hills, to acquire his fresh water.

But truthfully there was nothing that I could do, and at the end of the day, Haiti needed Jilné to stay. Haiti needs intellectuals to stay and to thrive there. If all the great minds and hard workers keep leaving Haiti in the search for a better life, Haiti will never succeed. I pray that someday, Jilné will be part of the solution that heals Haiti, but that is only a hope. In reality, I do not know how his or anyone else's life will end up. I can only hope that it will be better than it is today.

Haiti is an incredible place and I encourage all of you to go experience it for yourself. I don't know the solution to their problems and I don't think that any of us really do. After all, the latrine that we built is not going to end their hardships, but what we experienced in Haiti was so much greater. We will always remember the friends that we made and hopefully we sent a message to the people of Lafond, that people

do care, even if they live thousands of miles away.

I am thankful for what I have experienced, and continue to experience, because I took a trip to Haiti. Hopefully, what I talked about finds a special place in your heart and encourages you to seek out similar experiences. If you have any inclination to commit to an adventure and travel to Haiti, I recommend it highly, because the only way to truly grasp the country, is to go.

Why Are They Always Smiling?

Tapasya Das '13

You know what I think is kind of annoying? Wednesday Night Chapel.

I mean, come on, we already have to go to chapel every Sunday. Why should we have to sit here, half listening to some speaker talk about some random topic, while the minutes slowly tick by, eating into the very limited free time we do have?

Actually, a lot of things annoy me. Like having to clean my room until it meets the impossibly high standards of passing room inspection; or having to drag myself over to the dining



hall for breakfast sign-in; or being in dress code, when everybody knows sweatpants are way more comfortable; or the marks system in general. No matter how much I try to avoid them, I somehow always end up getting just enough for detention. There are so many things that I find irritating that if I were to list them all it would probably take up this whole chapel.

I have always been quick to find the flaws in everything I encounter. Though I may not always voice it, I tend to focus on what is wrong. So, when we arrived in Haiti, I immediately compiled a mental list of everything that was wrong. The weather was hot and humid. There was no running water or electricity. The tents we were living in, just for the duration of the trip, were significantly nicer than the villager's houses. Most of them lived in makeshift structures made from wooden planks draped with tarp. Their houses have yet to be rebuilt after the earthquake. Their clothes were tattered and very few of them even owned a single pair of shoes. They woke up around 5:30 in the morning and labored until sundown just to get a bowl of gruel on their table. I judged their lives to be miserable.

So why the heck were they always smiling?

I didn't get it. How were they seemingly unaffected by everything that was glaringly wrong with their lives?

I watched, listened, and tried my best to learn as our days in Haiti passed by much too quickly. We made innumerable new friends. They taught us to speak basic Creole, and in exchange, we taught them more English. Mr. Hutchinson gave them a soccer ball, and every day after the day's work was done, almost the entire village gathered to play soccer — sans all rules — on a rather small field of sand and rock. Madame had brought a

deck of UNO cards, which became an instant hit, not among the children, but the adults. Every night, before bedtime, it became ritual to sit in a small, dimly lit room, playing the most intense and competitive game of UNO I have ever witnessed with a group ranging anywhere from twenty to thirty adults. I was beginning to notice that despite everything, though these people had barely anything, they seemed to be enjoying life far more than I ever had. They were actively engaged in every moment: excited, energetic and cheerful about everything they did whether it be a trip to the market to barter for goods or mixing cement.

I had gone to Haiti to help them, but they were the ones who helped me. Living with them, I came to a realization that has made me a happier person and my life better. This is what I believe to be the most profound aspect of my experience, and it is this that I feel compelled to share with you.

They were always smiling and happy because they understood that though things would always be less than perfect, it is up to us to determine what we make of them. There is always going to be something wrong. That's life. It is what it is, but instead of focusing on it, we can choose to focus on all the things that are right and be grateful for them.

I feel as though I have wasted far too much time finding flaws. I now see it is pointless, and am trying to stop, to focus on the innumerable things that are good rather than the few that are less than perfect. So rather than being annoyed at having to be in chapel on Wednesday night, after a tiring day of classes, when you could be hanging out with your friends, take a moment to look around you. Think about how lucky you are to be sitting here in this chapel, after eating a nice dinner, wearing the clothes you are wearing, surrounded by so many amazing

people that make up the St. Andrew's community.

Hope and Love as Communal Priorities

Alec Hill '12

The greatest and most lasting lessons I learned during my time in Lafond had to do with essentials. There are essentials that any community of human beings needs to exist as a society, the most obvious of which are physical things that are literally essential for human survival: food, water, shelter and sanitation. The people of Lafond had these, but just barely. When they rose in the mornings, the only certainties regarding these essentials were first that they would come in a very basic form — imagine one meal of gruel per day for food, buckets that had to be hauled up the side of the mountain from a spring for water, uninsulated huts or tent structures for shelter, and latrines or holes in the ground as a means of sanitation — and second that these essentials would have to be worked for in a way with which almost all Americans are utterly unfamiliar.



There are other kinds of essentials that a community needs to survive, however. Chief among these, to my mind, is hope for the future, and love of one another. During my time there, it became apparent to me that the people of Lafond had decided to compensate for their relative lack of literal essentials by overloading on less physical essentials such as hope and love.

These essentials were apparent in several aspects of daily life in Lafond. The most obvious manifestation of hope in the community came in their insistent desire for a primary school for their children. Having created this with the help of a German architectural charity, the village sends all of its children to school through sixth grade, I believe. Children who do well go on to secondary school in a neighboring village.

Love for one another is essential in a community because it is the glue that holds individuals, who naturally come with individualistic priorities, connected to each other through concern for one another's well being. There was quite a lot of love in

Lafond, obvious in the evening soccer games that villagers from the ages of 6 to 40 participated in, or in the hike that many villagers volunteered to accompany us on to a fort at the peak of a neighboring mountain. This love was most obvious, however, in the Wesleyan church service that we attended in the village on Sunday morning. I consider myself a questioning, certainly spiritual person who is by no means overtly religious. But this service — the interactive worship that took place, the songs, the sermon, the fact that it took place in a cement cube perched on the edge of a cliff with majestic views of the valleys below — this was one of the most beautiful and powerful events I have ever witnessed.

I knew as I left Lafond that I was returning home to a nation in which the distribution of essentials is profoundly different. In our country, we have more than just the physical essentials necessary for survival, we also have many many nonessentials, and the work that we have to do to earn these essentials, if we must do any, is often painless. I fear that this surplus of physical essentials and other nonessentials, which often would be better described as distractions, makes it very easy for our society to forget about the essentials that were placed at the center of community life in Lafond. If there was one lesson that I took away from Haiti, and that I would wish to share with others, it is that there are essentials within communities of all sizes that are not physical, but that are just as important to the healthy life of a group of human beings. A smart society that cares about its own well being, which I know St. Andrew's to be, would do well to place the procurement of essentials such as hope and love as a top communal priority.

You can watch Ben's, Tapasya's and Alec's talks at [YouTube.com/SASDelaware](https://www.youtube.com/SASDelaware). Keyword: "Haiti". ■

A Prayer for Haiti

by **Diahann Johnson**
adapted from a prayer written
by *Rose Marie Berger*

Most Holy Creator God, Lord of heaven and earth, we bring before you today your people of Haiti.

It is You who set in motion the stars and seas, You who raised up the mountains of the Massif de la Hotte and Pic La Selle. It is You who made her people in your very image:

Their gregarious hearts and generous spirits, their hunger and thirst for righteousness and liberty.

It is you, O Lord, who planted the rhythms of konpa, Twoubadou, and zouk in the streets of Cite-Soleil; You who walk the paths outside of Jacmel and Hinche. Your people, O Lord, cry out to you.

Haiti, O Haiti: The world's oldest black republic, the second-oldest republic in the Western world.

God, You are the One who answers the cries of the suffering.

You are a God who sees, frees, and redeems your people.

"I too have heard the moaning of my people," you spoke to Moses.

Now, Lord, speak again to Chanté, Agwe, Nadege, and Jean Joseph.

Speak now, O Lord, and comfort the Méance family, Bertin, Jacques and all of our friends in Lafond. Raise up your people from the ash heap of destruction and give them strong hearts and hands, shore up their minds and spirits. Help them to bear this new burden.

As for us, Lord, we who are far away from the rubble and the dust, from the sobbing and moans, but who hold them close in our hearts, imbue us with the strength of Simon the Cyrene.

Help us to carry the Haitian cross. Show us how to lighten their yoke with our prayers, our aid, our resources. Teach us to work harder for justice in our own country and dignity in Haiti, so that we may stand with integrity when we hold our Haitian families in our arms once again. We ask this in the name of Jezikri, Jesus Christ. Amen.

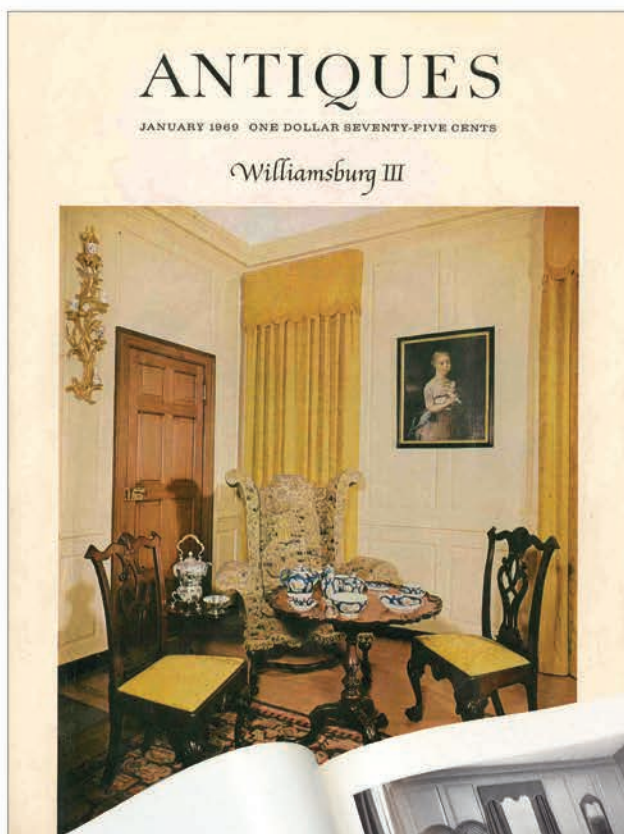


The boy who loved

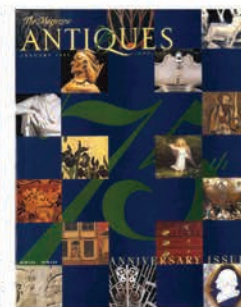
The Magazine

ANTIQUES

"While my childhood friends were engrossed in Boys' Life, Mad Magazine, and racier fare, I eagerly anticipated next month's issue"



When my friend Betsy Pochoda invited me to write a brief celebratory essay marking the ninetieth anniversary of *The Magazine* ANTIQUES, she extracted a promise that I would take a personal approach and recount a story known only to a few close friends and family. At the age of fourteen, I was sent to Saint Andrew's School in Middletown, Delaware, now forever identified with the movie *Dead Poet's Society*, which was filmed there. In those days the younger boys were housed in cubicles efficiently organized with closet, drawers, and storage in blond wood that even then I recognized as inspired by Shaker design. Before lights out on that first night away from home and after parents had long gone, the masters checked in on each of their new charges. The scene was a bit chaotic as adolescent antics were quelled and the occasional stiff but quivering lip of a homesick boy was calmed. When the late Robert Dobson, director of admissions and



By J. Thomas Savage

my corridor master, drew my cubicle curtain aside, he found me happy as a lark, propped up in bed and reading quite unashamedly the current issue of *The Magazine ANTIQUES*. “Do you like antiques?” he asked. “So do I.” Finding a kindred spirit among masters on one’s first night at boarding school is no mean feat, and in my subsequent years at Saint Andrew’s, Bob drove me to incalculable antiques shows, historic house tours and museums, and to my weekend “job” as a guide at the Historic Houses of Odessa, then administered by Wintertur. He also shared his subscription to this magazine.

The truth is that I had been a fan of ANTIQUES for many years before heading off to Saint Andrew’s, and it is more than a little sobering to realize that I have been an avid reader for more than half of the magazine’s existence. While my childhood friends were engrossed in *Boys’ Life*, *Mad Magazine*, or racier fare discovered in a father’s secret drawer or “borrowed” from the barber shop, I eagerly anticipated the next month’s offerings of Israel Sack and David Stockwell, the dealers whose ads took pride of place

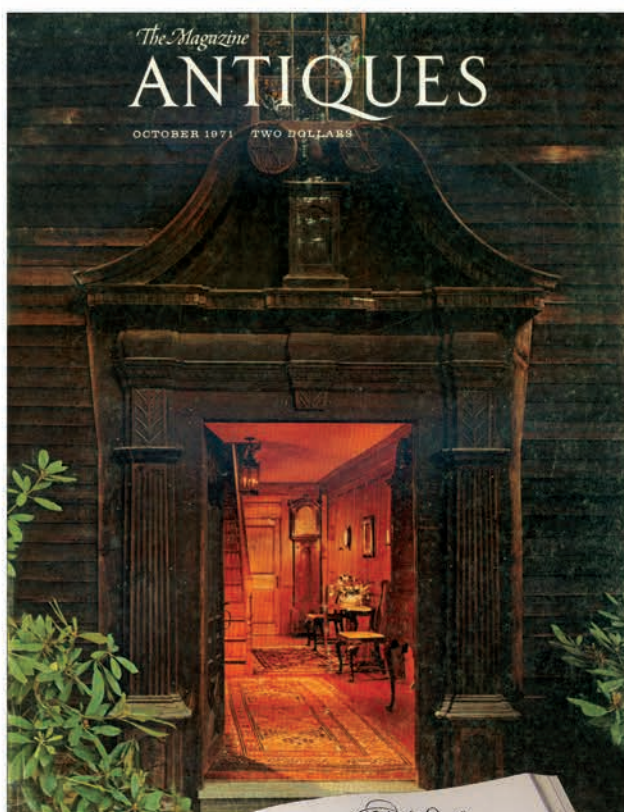


I proudly posed with my sister Mina and mother, Jean Savage, in front of the Governor’s Palace on my tenth-birthday weekend at Colonial Williamsburg in October 1966.

upon turning the cover page and constituted as luscious a centerfold as could possibly be imagined. For me, the chests and legs and drawers that made my little heart race were of mahogany and walnut and yellow pine.

As a kid consumed with old houses and old things, childhood on the Eastern Shore of Virginia was pretty close to perfect. Evidence of seventeenth- and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century habitations survived in abundance.

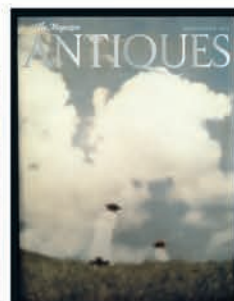
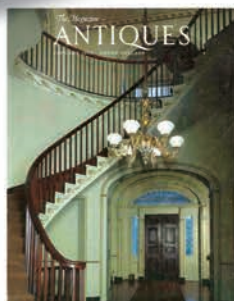




There was Garden Week in Virginia to look forward to each April, and Colonial Williamsburg, to which I required—and was granted—a twice yearly pilgrimage, was a little over two hours drive.

My youthful immersion in all things historic and Tidewater was close to perfect but I wanted to know more. *The Magazine ANTIQUES* became my magic carpet. At the newly opened Eastern Shore Public Library, I was granted permission to check out six issues of the magazine on each of our family's biweekly visits. Favorite issues were checked out twice a year but I made it my youthful quest to systematically devour as much of the published run as I could digest. In its pages I could visit Deerfield, Philadelphia, Winterthur, and even Europe and envision the purchases I would make one day when I imagined myself a collector published in that holy of holies "Living with antiques." My only disappointment was not finding any of the local historic houses on Virginia's Eastern Shore that had inspired my obsession.

The day my letter of acceptance to the College of William and Mary arrived will always be cherished as among life's happiest. At last I would have Colonial Williamsburg—all day, every day and maybe even work in the restored area. I was hired as a costumed interpreter at the end of my freshman year and trained for my first four exhibition buildings in preparation for the bicentennial summer of 1976. Not surprisingly, I aced the written examination because I could recite verbatim the entire January 1969 issue of *The Magazine ANTIQUES* devoted to Colonial Williamsburg's newly opened Peyton-Randolph House, Wetherburn's Tavern, and James Geddy House, not to mention the two previous issues devoted to the historic town, March 1953 and November 1955. In my junior year I was selected to participate in "The Arts of Colonial Virginia," a two-semester course taught by the Colonial Williamsburg curators. Here

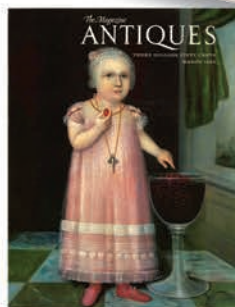
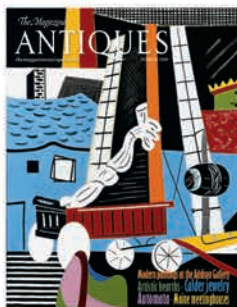
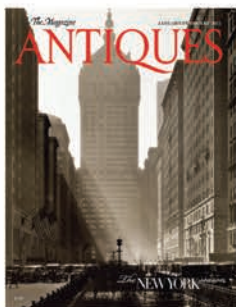
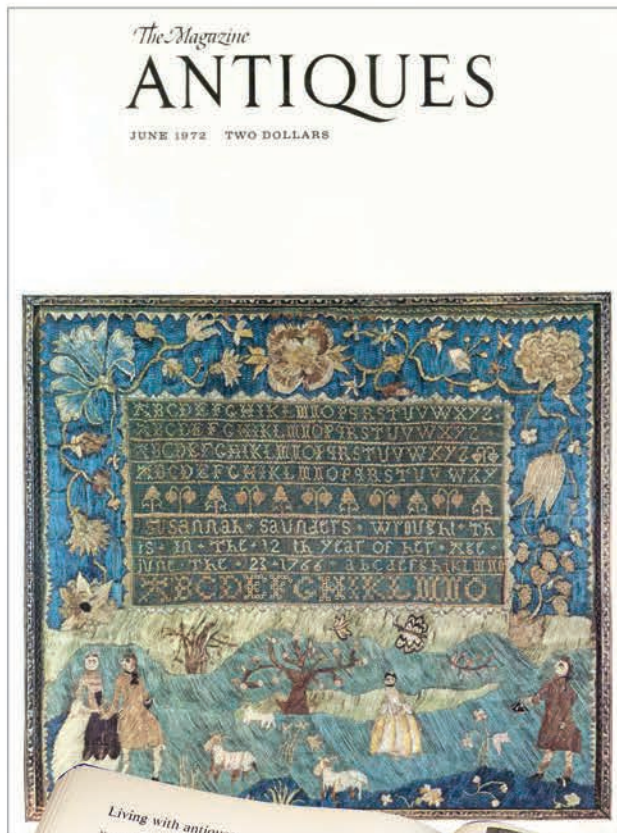


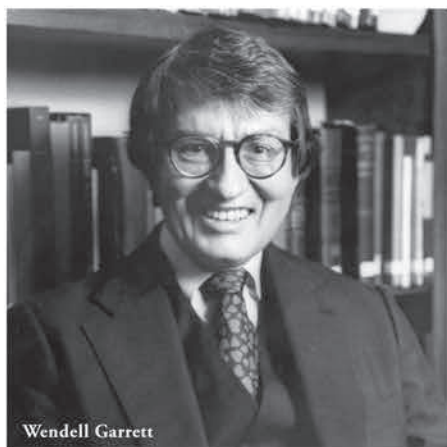
were all the rock stars from the magazine come to life: my early mentor Graham Hood, John Austin, John Davis, Wallace Gusler, Mildred Lanier, Joan Dolmetsch, and the youthful Brock Jobe and Sumpter Priddy. The surprises that awaited the twelve of us each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon—a John Coney sugar box, a newly discovered Virginia chair originally in the Governor's Palace, a Chelsea porcelain figure, or a rare English needle-point carpet—were more exciting than Christmas

For me, the chests and legs and drawers that made my little heart race were of mahogany and walnut and yellow pine

morning and much more frequent.

Fortified by articles from these pages, I embarked for the Summer Institute at the Museum of Southern Decorative Arts and a summer internship at the Webb-Deane-Stevens Museum in Wethersfield, Connecticut. Joining an extremely distinguished coterie known as “Winterthur Rejects” in 1979, I quickly turned to articles on Cooperstown and environs in preparation for a rewarding graduate school tenure close to all the riches of the Hudson River valley not to mention the holdings of the New York State Historical Association. Participation in the Attingham Summer School and meeting my dear friend the late Helena Hayward in 1980 was a life-changing event. My favorite house of those three remarkable weeks, Mawley Hall in Shropshire, was already well known from the June 1972 issue. But seeing it come to life in all its considerable and three-dimensional baroque splendor was a revelation for which Clifford Musgrave’s article had





Wendell Garrett



Allison Eckardt Ledes

The fostering of friendships is perhaps the greatest by-product of *The Magazine ANTIQUES*

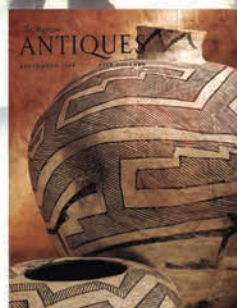
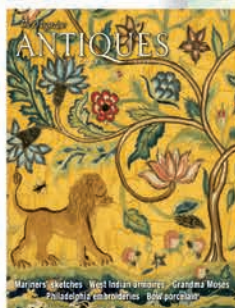
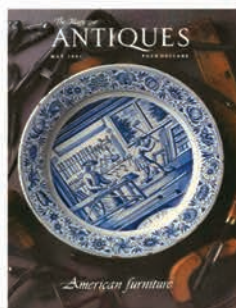
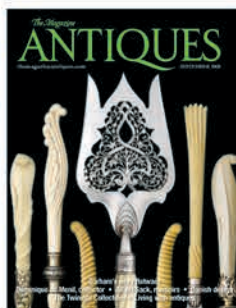
not prepared me. Little did I imagine on first reading about it back at Saint Andrew's that I would ever see such a house or become friends with the Galliers-Pratt family and make a dozen subsequent visits with special groups. As I write this, I am beginning to realize the power and influence of this extraordinary publication. It has been a roadmap, a solace, an inspiration, and a friend.

The fostering of friendships is perhaps the greatest by-product of *The Magazine ANTIQUES*. Three of its editors I have had the pleasure of knowing well. The late Allison Eckardt Ledes had a joie de vivre and capacity for friendship that makes all of us smile every time we remember her. Her cheerful powers of persuasion are such that Betsy Pochoda is one of the few people on earth to whom I would agree to spill my guts in this dangerously self-indulgent piece. But it is Wendell Garrett who has been with me the longest—as a frequent visitor during my Charleston days, as a cherished and much beloved colleague at Sotheby's, and as an inspiration and giving friend to each and every graduate of Sotheby's Institute of Art. I met Wendell first at the Natchez Antiques Forum in Mississippi, a yearly gathering that he has guided and continues to guide into its thirty-fifth year. The offer for three Cooperstown graduate students to attend the forum in No-

vember was most welcome as frosts announced winter's arrival in New York while Natchez still harbored magnolia blossoms. The exoticism of the excursion into the Deep South was heightened by the fact that my classmates Connie Collins and Jayne Stokes had rarely, if ever, ventured south of the Mason-Dixon Line. Our first stop was New Orleans and my polite inquiry to the Lamothe House Hotel there, requesting a room for a single gentleman and one suitable for two ladies to share, was met with a sultry reply worthy of Blanche DuBois, "Honey, all I got left is the Scarlett O'Hara Suite," to which the only possible reply was, "I'll take it."



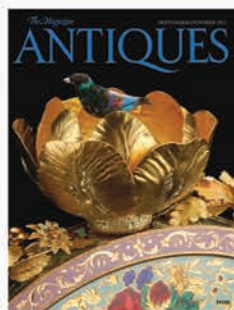
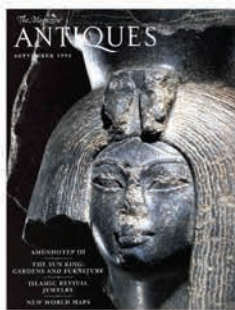
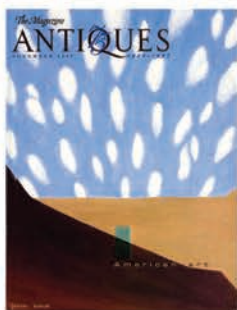
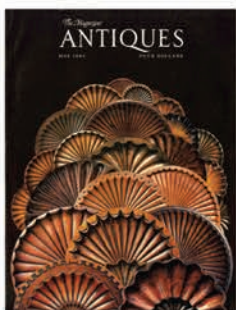
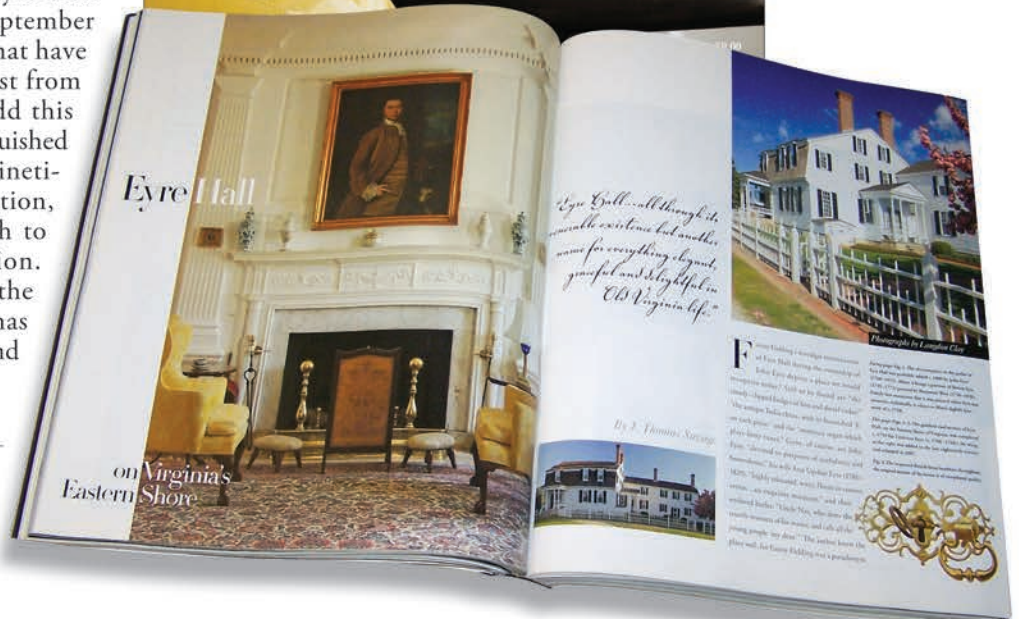
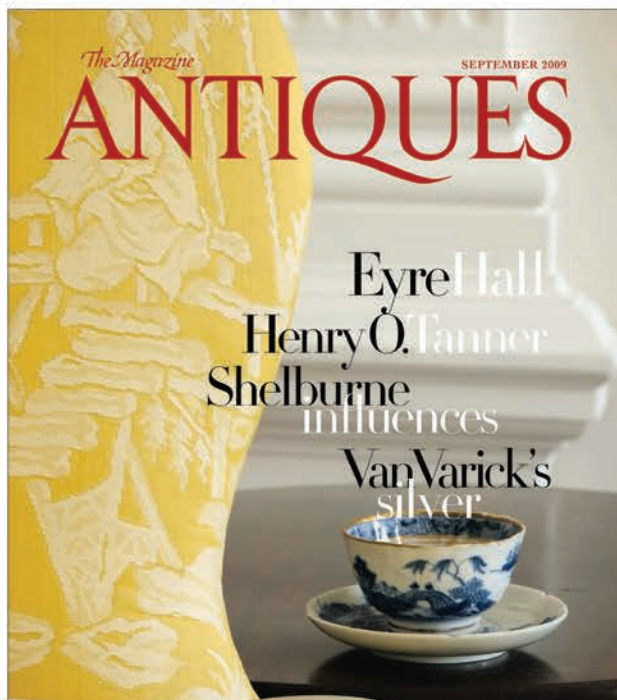
My father J.T. Savage, sister Mina, and me in the garden of the Governor's Palace. Mina shared little, if any, of my youthful enthusiasm for Williamsburg.



You would think a night at the Lamothe House in the Scarlett O'Hara Suite and several Cajun martinis would prepare one for Natchez, but its history and charms are overwhelming and its mysteries deep. After the near-death experience of having Pilgrimage pageant crinolines attack upon opening their guestroom closets at Mistletoe Plantation, my classmates, attired in black cocktail dresses and single strands of pearls, joined me at the welcome reception at Linden given by Jeanette Feltus. All our senses were spinning as we entered a scene that put the barbecue at Twelve Oaks to shame. And there holding court was not Ashley Wilkes, but Wendell Garrett, as much at home as in his native California, his beloved Boston, or his adopted New York. In minutes and in his presence, we felt at home, too, such is this wonderful man's ability to make the humblest graduate student feel a major contributor to the world of antiques and decorative arts.

It was Wendell who suggested to Betsy Pochoda that I write an article about Eyre Hall on Virginia's Eastern Shore for the September 2009 issue. As the house and family that have probably inspired me most and longest from childhood, it was a great honor to add this venerable habitation to the list of distinguished properties in this magazine. On the ninetieth anniversary of this august publication, there are really just two words I wish to have remembered from this reflection. Thank you. You gave one little boy the inspiration to pursue a career that has rewarded and continues to reward beyond imagination.

J. THOMAS SAVAGE is the director of museum affairs at the Winterthur Museum in Delaware.





“On this Founder’s Day, I am so proud that St. Andrew’s continues to reflect the highest ideals and aspirations of my grandfather, A. Felix duPont. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to you – our alumni, parents, grandparents and friends. You have affirmed your belief in the enduring power of St. Andrew’s School to transform lives and to transform our world. Thanks to your commitment, this institution founded over 80 years ago has never been stronger, more ambitious and more motivated for the future. I am proud to carry on his legacy, and I know that he would be pleased and honored to see his school flourish in the 21st century. I hope you will continue to cherish this School and protect its endowment so that generations of students to come will experience the true meaning of faith and learning, the St. Andrew’s mission. Your gifts continue to be vital. Thank you.”

Kitten Gahagan, Chair, Board of Trustees
Founder’s Day, November 30, 2012

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

FALL ALUMNI DAY



FALL ALUMNI DAY

Fabulous fall weather, great games, tremendous St. Andrew's spirit AND the SAS mascot, the Griffin, were all part of this year's Fall Alumni Day.

- 1** A perfect day to relax and take in a game.
- 2** Girls field hockey pushed past Westtown School 2-1.
- 3** Participants in the weekend's Women's Network event enjoy the fall sun.
- 4** Football scored 42 points (in the first quarter) en route to a 54-26 win over George School.
- 5** Just a casual walk through the trees with our friendly neighborhood Griffin.
- 6** Bob Colburn was on hand to cheer on the Saints.
- 7** Ted Park '15 works to control the midfield versus Archmere Academy.
- 8** Alums from five different decades gathered to meet old and new friends.



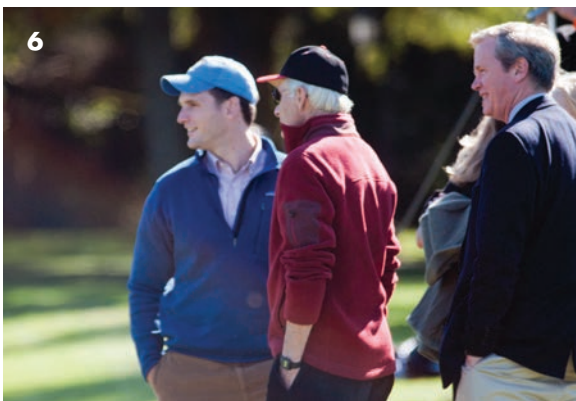
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1 Molly Laramy '99 and Huan Tran welcomed their baby girl, Eloise Katharine, on April 14 at 8:57 a.m., weighing 8 lbs., 5 oz. and measuring 21 inches long. She is a sweetheart and brings a smile to their faces everyday. **2** Mark Cheng '90's daughter, Mikaela, made her entrance on September 20, weighing 6 lbs., 10 oz. and measuring 19.75 inches. Mark wrote, "May her namesake, the Archangel Michael, watch over her." **3** Laura Loessner '86's 10-month-old son, Max. **4** Reuben Foster Whitman, son of Lindsay (Allen) '96 and Marc, was born on May 31. **5** Eva Blair Larkum with father Michael '01 and Sloane Charlotte Orban with father Phil '01. **6** Pierce Simpson, son of Kate (Sidebottom) '96 and George '92, was born on June 24, 2012. This picture was taken when he was 8 weeks old.



1 Hope McGrath '01 married Carey Kopeikin in the A. Feix duPont, Jr. Memorial Chapel at St. Andrew's on July 14. (l. to r.) Joy McGrath '92, Erin Hall '01, Hope McGrath '01, Emily (Behl) Wells '01, Lydia Kiesling '01, and Serena Roberts '01. John "Cap" Roberts '62, Ty Jones '92, Jenny Sanders '01, Elijah Weeks '04, and Nathan Costa also joined in the celebration. **2** Wenjun Jing '01 married Eugene Weinstein on September 24, 2011. (l. to r.): Francesca Duffy '01, Megan Schuller '01, Wenjun Jing '01, Cordo Carraher '01 and Minta Madeley '01. **3** Christopher Matthews '02 married Stephanie Cavill in Baltimore on August 25, 2012. Robert Previti '02 and Dan Troutman '02 were groomsmen, and Alexander Matthews '04 was the best man. Elizabeth (Lea) Troutman '02, David Purcell '02 and Tom Hawkins '04 were also in attendance. **4** Meaghan Rathvon '02 married Will Lisman on March 31, 2012, on Amelia Island, Fla. **5** Laura Kemer '08 married William Wells on June 16, 2012, in the Washington, D.C., Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Their reception was held on the St. Andrew's School campus with their family and friends.



Women's Network Weekend



1 Halimah DeLaine Prado '93, Talley Weelauffer '95, Corinna Calhoun '89, Kimberly Egan '88, Carter Wilcox '90 and Elizabeth Dunton Faison '90 lead a dynamic panel. **2** Class of 2004 return to campus for the Women's Network Weekend. (l. to r.) Sara duPont, Julia Donaldson and Erica Landskroener. **3** Doris Short '96, Mary Loessner P'84,'86 and Pam Brownlee P'05,'09,'14 connect after breakout sessions. **4** 2012 Keynote Speaker Halimah reunites with 2010 Keynote Speaker Meredith Warner '91. **5** Corinna Calhoun '89 leads a discussion group: "Managing Your Career: Managing Yourself." **6** Current mothers, alumni mothers, faculty and alumnae gather on campus for the 2nd Women's Network Weekend on Business & Leadership.



SAS Football

by Mark Dryden '66

Every American kid, I mean, boy, loves football. So when I was sent away to St. Andrew's, I learned fast. The first day, after a morning of vocabulary tests and classroom assignments and rules, the "new boys" in eighth and ninth grades all put on our sweat clothes and assembled in a faraway field under the auspices of the same English master, barking yet more words at us until we dropped from exhaustion. We had to stand in a large circle, all of us, short and tall, chubby and trim, nerd and jock, and throw a few footballs back and forth at each other. Then we ran around the circle and threw some more. Because I was slim and speedy, I got some notice as a ball handler and runner. Other positions were filled by the chubby and listless.

After a day or so of this, we were taken to a large room at the gym with all manner of shoulder pads, hip pads, helmets, pants, and shoes. We just picked up whatever fit. It was hit or miss. The next year I knew to get there early and pick the coolest-looking pads and low-cut spikes. A halfback has to look good! The senior boy assigned to us as a coach's assistant had a habit of keeping pro-like statistics, yards per carry for the backfield being the most important to us. My friend Walt and I vied for leader all season, closely matched at around 5.6 ypc.

We were divided into intramural squads called Senior Eleven, a Red and a White team, and played each other all season. I was number 41. My second year I became a game captain and made a flubbed call resulting in an opponent touchdown. My friend Ted got his arm broken. I did score on a 98-yard end-around after Walt clipped the hapless defender. My friend Cliff, the opponent's backup quarterback, was put in late in the game to presumably pass for the winning TD. I backed up to cover the offensive end. Cliff ran a QB sneak in for a 40-yard score. Yep, we were that good.

One coach observed a lanky fullback hit the line and nicknamed him "Bulldog," which he probably still answers to proudly. When I got the handoff a halfback option pass, I ran wide, then tried to pass, and got the incomprehensible nickname "Footsie." Proud?

Nearby the varsity ran crisp drills in immaculate uniforms. They also had their own dressing room, and equipment such as whirlpools, knee presses, and weights. They got their ankles taped! They wore sunglare patches under their eyes! They had numbers on their helmets! We could never be that good. They went 3-4 most seasons, in the seven games we played against other boys' prep schools in the Quindependent Conference, based around Wilmington, Del.

One Sunday after lunch, I happened by the chemistry lab, and there in the darkened room on the wall, I saw football! Yesterday's game on film, projected and observed by an elite assemblage of coaches, managers and team players, and almost no underformers. They let me stay (they could have easily refused admission to an undeserving kid hanger-on). I soaked it up. Still do.

Sophomore year I made Junior Varsity, switching to first string fullback, and was the team's high scorer. My two good buddies Cliff and Ed were the team captains. They flubbed no calls. Meanwhile the Varsity played through middling seasons, and we watched our upper formers try to make plays we ourselves had practiced. I was in the band, so I had to wear an ugly purple blazer and play On Wisconsin every five minutes. Our band director, Mr. Walker, did bring an innovation to rally our team onward – the song Theme from Peter Gunn, which was a wordless incentive to march fiercely goalward.

We also played touch football every weekend on the spacious campus. I was a receiver and practiced constantly. I'd lie in bed and toss the football around the ceiling. I'd carry it during our ambulatory excursions to the nearby town on a weekend pass to get candy or magazines. (We never bought cigarettes, liquor, or girly mags – we barely knew what they were. Besides, if found by dorm supervisors, they'd be confiscated, or co-opted). Life didn't need those distractions to be full of fun.



Junior year I got the ultimate nod – Early Football. The best players return to school a week early to prep for the season. I switched to end because I was taller than most and had large hands, (hence a new nickname "Hands" – it's on the senior mug). I did alright. Played second string, but I made the kickoff and punt team, so I got to play in a number of game situations. I made a few tackles, I guess, and I know I got hammered on a punt return, but the team did better with our junior class having some good players.

The Varsity letter was given based on total number of quarters played. Because we punted a lot and kicked off less, I got enough for a letter! Only one other non-starter in my class, my friend Jimmy, got one, so we were cool for at least three or four weeks in the fall of 1964.

Senior year we felt like kings. We were finally at the top of the heap – all those years of witnessing losing seasons, with our chance to pull together and make the team go. We had three co-captains, one of whom was the quarterback Chip, who cajoled our huddle energetically. On Saturday, game day, I would go to every player at breakfast with a cereal box of Cheerios or Crispy Critters to provide proper nourishment and motivation. It took me a few years to realize how silly this was.

Something must've worked though, because we played hard in each game, were well coached and captained, and finished the season a surprising 6 – 1, best in recent memory. We beat our major conference rivals, Tower Hill and Tatnall, with even the normally gruff Assistant Headmaster declaring great celebrations to take place on our behalf.

One slight personal glitch was avoided as prior to the last game I had developed a swollen left knee and was pronounced unavailable to play. Somehow coach or management determined it would be worth it to get me in there. So that morning I got taken in to Drs. Hoch and Skrypeck, themselves quite a story and the School's on-call medical team, and one of them lanced my knee, bandaged it up real good and sent me straight to the locker room, where I'm sure my teammates welcomed my return. Coach Webb Reyner, perhaps persuaded by the near-constant presence of my own private cheerleading squad (the family), sent in the play – 134 Counter Pass, whereby I went out, faked a downfield block, cut left, and.....Chip hit me perfectly and I grabbed that ball and scooted untouched into the end zone for my first and only TD of the year. What a thrill I must say.

After that game, my father had the seniors stand together, uniforms all dirty and disheveled, team managers in their clean civvies included in steady support: Conference Champs. Several players made All-State, or certainly All-Conference. My swift patterns and sure hands resulted in my being named Second Team All-Conference, which thrilled the family to no end.

I was designated to write the football summary for the yearbook that year. I hope that the opening lines capture some of that magical yet hard-won season: "Not since the '39 Boilermakers has the rustic little campus on the banks of the Noxontown seen such a football powerhouse as the '65 Saints." As rarely do people connect football sovereignty with St. Andrew's and as the urban legend evolved, the 1965 team became to be known as "The Team of Destiny."

Diverse Summer Experience

by Ian Harding '09

The well rounded education I received at St. Andrew's School laid the foundation of two amazing summers in two very different fields: a one month study abroad in Hangzhou, China, and a ten week materials science research position at the University of Pennsylvania.

In the spring of 2011, I was having difficulty finding a summer position in my field of math and physics. As the summer loomed, I discussed my rapidly dissipating options with my coworkers at my research position in the Temple University physics department. My coworkers knew that I spoke Chinese, a language I began studying my freshman year at St. Andrew's. Chinese is not my primary area of study, but my St. Andrew's education has pushed me to continue to cultivate a variety of interests. One coworker, a Hangzhou native, excitedly told me about a summer language program run by Zhejiang University; one month later, I was on a plane to China. I feel I took the most out of this trip: I haggled in the city's shops, hiked Huangshan with a Chinese tour group, and conversed with monks in hill-nestled monasteries. The St. Andrew's commitment to raising well-rounded individuals has opened doors for me that would have not have materialized for an overly



narrowed scholar.

This summer, I was determined to attain a position that more closely matched my career interests. I applied for and won a National Science Foundation (NSF) Research Experience for Undergraduates (REU) grant to research at the University of Pennsylvania. My research centered on fabricating a cheap and effective hydrogen gas detector. Hydrogen is a very dangerous gas; with a hazard of explosion in concentrations between 5% and 95% in air, early detection of leaks is imperative for safe use. Decreasing the cost of these detection devices increase the practicality of hydrogen use and broaden the applications of this very useful gas. For example, cheap hydrogen gas detectors make mass-use of hydrogen fuel cell technology, a green source of energy with its only byproduct pure water, an operational alternative to fossil fuels. My days were spent entrenched in science in all its gritty glory: building equipment, working in clean rooms, and analyzing samples with electron microscopes. It was a fabulous experience to work at Penn for this program, and I have decided to continue throughout the year on this project. Furthermore, this work has fortified my interest in pursuing a PhD in materials science or applied physics, which I plan to start next fall.

While many schools push their students to specialize academically, have a single extracurricular activity, and to focus on a single sport, this streamlined mindset is ultimately to the disadvantage of the students, as their perception lacks the depth brought on by diversified experience. St. Andrew's is no such institution. The faculty and community ethos push the students to diversify their interests within the fields of academics, athletics, and arts in order to create tactile, multifaceted leaders of tomorrow. I owe the success of my summers to the diversity of interests I now have that were fostered while at St. Andrew's. The excellent, well-rounded education I received has opened the doors to countless opportunities and has equipped me to excel no matter which direction I pursue.



In Memory

Richard Harte Thompson '50

Richard Harte Thompson of Malvern: father, grandfather, and avid supporter, participant, and enthusiast of equestrian Three Day Eventing, Beagling, land conservancy, and equestrian sport communications, passed away on Tuesday, June 5, 2012. Mr. Thompson, who grew up in Berwyn, attended The Episcopal Academy in Merion, St. Andrew's School in Middletown, Del. and Penn State University. During his youth, Mr. Thompson developed a passion for the sport of Beagling. This led to his deep involvement with The Adrossen Beagles in Villanova and the National Beagle Club in Aldie, Va.

It was at the Beagle trials in Aldie, Va., where Mr. Thompson met his future wife, Vita Cowperthwaite. They married in 1958, and the couple settled in Malvern with their sons, Richard Harte Thompson Jr. and James Knox Thompson. The Thompsons soon joined The Radnor Hunt Club, where they developed a mutual passion for the sport of three-day eventing. Spanning more than five decades, the Thompsons volunteered countless hours for The Radnor Hunt Three Day Event and Radnor Races. Mr. Thompson was a founding member and chairman of the Radnor Three Day

Event. He was a committed volunteer, longstanding member, activist, and was currently serving as the Radnor Hunt Club president. He was also a founding member of Waynesborough Country Club, and a current member of Aronimink Golf Club.

Community service was a centerpiece for Mr. Thompson throughout his life. He volunteered as an emergency medical technician for the Berwyn Volunteer Fire Department. He was a supporter of land conservation, and served on the Planning Commission for Willistown Township from 1969-1981. He was committed to supporting the Brandywine Conservancy, and served on the Willistown Township zoning hearing board from 1982 to present.

Mr. Thompson's philanthropic interests centered around his passions. He prided himself on supporting the United States Eventing Association, the United States Equestrian Team, Radnor Hunt Club, St. David's Episcopal Church, Paoli Hospital, and the Brandywine Conservancy. At the time of his death, he was a trustee of the United States Equestrian Association Endowment trust.

The Thompson's mutual affinity for Three Day Eventing horses and competition spanned five decades. During this time, their horses made significant contributions to the United States Equestrian Teams national and international success. Most notable of their horses were: Mr. Maxwell, Upstage, Joker's Wild, St. Barths, Regal Scott, and Castlewellan. Most significant of all was 'Biko', the 1996 Olympic Silver medalist, 2006 United States Eventing Association Hall of Fame inductee, and the "Horse of the Century."

Mr. Thompson received numerous awards and recognition for his dedication to equestrian sports. His proudest honor was that of the United States Combined Training Association's Governor's Cup (USCTA). This honor is not awarded annually, but is bestowed to one who has made the greatest commitment

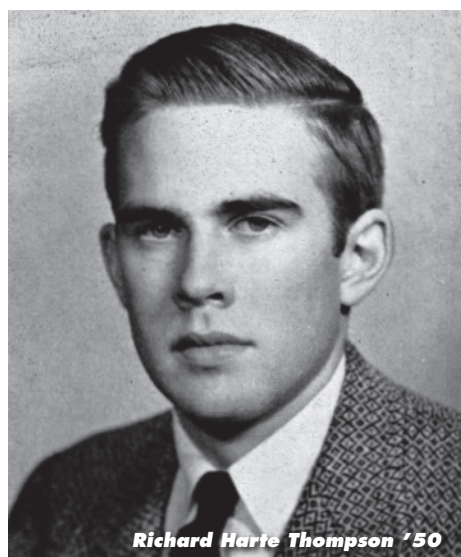
and personal contribution to the sport. Additionally, Mr. Thompson served on the USCTA Board of Governor's from 1982-1987, and served as treasurer in 1984.

Mr. Thompson will forever be remembered for another aspect of his involvement in the equestrian world. He was an announcer, communications manager, timing and technical coordinator through his Sea Horse Communications, and Ox Cap companies. After serving as a Three Day Eventing competition volunteer at the 1984 Olympic Games, Mr. Thompson then became the discipline manager for Three Day Eventing at the 1996 Olympic games. He was also the manager of the Competitions Communications Center at the 2010 Alltech World Equestrian Games in Lexington, Kentucky.

Equestrian participation, community advocacy, and charitable endeavors were endemic to Mr. Thompson. His business acumen included founding and operating the Thompson Equipment Company, and serving on the Board of Directors of the Logan Coal & Timber Association Company.

With all of his accomplishments and passions, Mr. Thompson most enjoyed being home at his beloved Sea Horse Farm. He found great joy in mowing the fields on his tractor, accompanied by his dogs. He reveled in fixing and tinkering with his equipment and gadgets, and in simply embracing life on the farm.

Mr. Thompson was predeceased by his wife, Vita Cowperthwaite Thompson, his father, Rodman Ellison Thompson, his mother, Helen Harte Thompson, his brother, Paul Thompson II, and his sister, Maria Ames Thompson McIlhenny. He is survived by his sons, Richard Harte Thompson Jr. (Diana D. Thompson), of West Chester and James Knox Thompson of Middleburg, Va.; his brother, Rodman Ellison Thompson of Berwyn; and grandchildren, Richard Harte Thompson III, Taylor Ames Thompson and Margaret Ring Thompson.



Richard Harte Thompson '50



Rodney Rhett Ball '63

Rodney Rhett Ball '63

Rodney Rhett Ball, 65 of Wood Valley, Conn., passed away on Monday, March 29, 2010, at High Point Regional Hospital.

Born to Isaac Rhett and Florence Newton Ball on August 13, 1944, in Decatur, Ala., Rodney had been a resident of High Point for most of his life and had been employed as an accountant for W.F. Freeman Architect Company. He served in the United States Navy, graduated from UNC at Greensboro and was of the Episcopalian faith. He was married to the former Karen Eggers who preceded him in death.

Surviving is a daughter, Ashlea A. Ball and a son, Rhyann Rhett Ball, both of High Point; two brothers, Randolph Newton Ball of Los Angeles, Calif., and Robert Lynn Ball of Pacific, Calif., and two grandchildren, Charleston Rhett Ball and Preston Reece Ball.

Paul J. Stewart '63

Paul Jerome Anderson Stewart Sr., 65, of Fort Myers, Fla., died on October 8, 2011, at his residence. He was born on November 1, 1945, in the Panama Canal Zone to Guy Kingsley and Jenny Hillard (Simpson) Stewart.

Paul was raised in Caracas, Venezuela, and schooled in the United States at St. Andrew's School where he held records for swimming and crew; he then attended and graduated from Coral Gables High School in Coral Gables, Fla.

He served in the US Navy from 1964 to 1968 and graduated with an MBA from the University of Notre Dame (63, 68-71) and spent five years in Indiana before

moving to Fort Myers to raise their four children.

Paul was active in Kiwanis of Florida, Jaycees of Indiana and the Pop Warner of Cape Coral; he owned and operated Twin Palms Marina in Bokeelia, Fla., as well as Big Al's Barbeque, North Fort Myers. Paul, with sons Paul Jr. and Rob, co-owned Sigma Development and Construction, Fort Myers. He earned his Class A General Contracting license in the State of Florida.

Paul was a man's man that did not accept limitations imposed by others. He taught his children to be proud of who they are and to be free thinkers who were guided by the principle that family came first. He was passionate in all things and did much in extreme. He was never one to back down from a heated debate and could occasionally rub people the wrong way, often apologizing later, for what he called "His Latin Temperament."

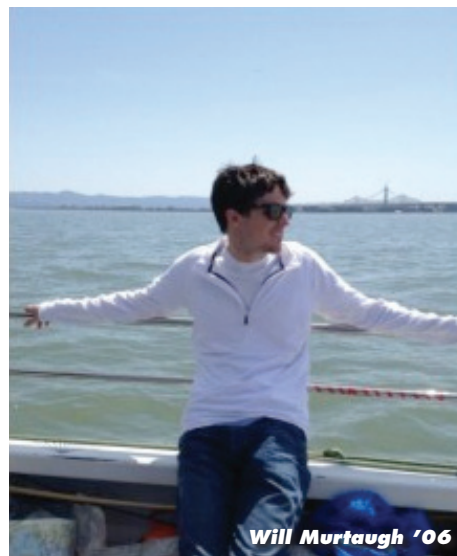
It was with the same passion that he loved his wife, Pamela Jean (Thurber) Stewart, they were married on December 21, 1968, in Coral Gables, Fla. Their marriage was often stormy but always real and stood the test of time for 43 wonderful years. An innovator at work and in the kitchen, he always put effort into everything he did, whether it was a breakfast that took three hours to prepare or the designing and construction of their dream home.

In addition to his wife, Paul is survived by his children, Paul J. (Donna) Stewart Jr. of Tampa, Fla., Robert K. (Anisa) Stewart of Fort Myers, Fla., Christina A.



Paul J. Stewart '63

(Brett) Rudland of Fort Myers, Fla., and Matthew J. Stewart of Tampa, Fla.; his six grandchildren, Paul J. Stewart III, Zachary J. Stewart, Andrew J. Stewart, Robert K. Stewart Jr., Sedona A. Stewart and Cameron Rudland and his brothers, Guy K. "Ticki" Stewart Jr., Esq. of Palm Beach, Fla., and Larry Stewart of Ocean Springs, Miss.



Will Murtaugh '06

William P. Murtaugh '06

William Paca Murtaugh, 25 years old, died Saturday, September 29, with family at his side at a hospital in New York City.

William was born in Bronxville, N.Y., on July 25, 1987. He lived the majority of his life in Wilton, Conn., where he graduated from Wilton High School. He attended the University of Colorado at Boulder and continued on to work as a commodities trader at Trafigura A.G. Will was an east coast boy with a love for the mountains. He lived his life with irrepressible joy and could charm his way out of any scrape his adventuresome nature led him into. He never met a stranger: everyone was his friend. We will forever remember Will as the brave and bright charmer he was, for his smile that lit up any room he walked into, and most of all for his capacity to love.

Will is survived by his parents, Jim and Ginger; his sisters Hannah and Molly; his grandmother Doris Murtaugh; his many aunts, uncles, cousins and friends. ■



I have chosen not to introduce this story because it does not merit introduction. It represents an event that digs up the roots of our history, into what we consider the impudent but all natural ignorance that defines this current claustrophobic society. Neither you nor I am capable of truly understanding what happens in this story because it is not of our time. It is not a casualty of our own doing; it is like Eva Hoffman writes, "We have come to understand that great crimes and wrongs cannot be left unaddressed; that unless some acknowledgment and recognition of what happened takes place, the suppressed past will rankle and return."¹

I remember forgetting; I remember the exact moment I forgot — it was the twenty-third day, of February 2010 at 12:20 p.m., Mountain Standard Time. The room was vibrant and spirited and she was beautiful: her eyes a deep blue, the antagonizing blue, the one that does not see but is merely reflecting. She closes her eyelids, long lashes contour their bottom marking its end. Her face a skinny oval. Long blonde curls protrude from her scalp to form a lustrous array of curls. She smiles. "Oh my god, let's play a game," she says in that buoyant voice. Odd thing to say in a math class. In fact, I find it quite difficult to shift from the definitions of mathematics, the boundaries that limit extraneous or interpretive thought. We shift from finding the angle of a tangent line of an obtuse curve to joyous gameplay from the black delineation of my world to the open macros of her own. Depict yourself. "Here let's do this. I'm going to draw you with my eyes closed." She was ecstatic and I forgot, and I obliged, "why not, go ahead."

What became of her drawing was a divine piece of art. A true artist can make beauty from what is nothing, envisioning without the need of models to create their own landscape. Then: the configuration of my face, an elongated mouth, almost snout-like; an overarching brow that of the gorilla. A displaced nose, incongruent eyes — with lips as large as —

THAT IS A MONKEY. And then I remembered.

My skin is a lush brown. I am that African, that monkey, that animal. How could I ever have forgotten? It is here, Eva. It's still here.

But I cannot blame her. It is ridiculous right? Or maybe just enticing. Or cruel. I remember and yet I may not fault her! I can do math, I speak English, I even speak French. Hell, I'm a swimmer! You know it is said don't judge a book by its cover, but apparently I can't even write... Amusing.

I conclude — she has breathed that poison, and I also. Let it rankle.

Jonathan Witchard '13 teaches swim lessons and is captain of the varsity swim team, president of the French Club, co-founder and president of the School's rejuvenated Model U.N. team, and takes advanced courses in both photography and computer programming among others. He hails from Leesburg, Va.

¹ Hoffman, Eva. *After Such Knowledge: Memory, History, and the Legacy of the Holocaust*. Public Affairs, 2004.



STRONG TRADITIONS

Blackburn Hughes — history teacher, tennis and squash coach and dorm parent — not only carved the holiday ham for faculty and friends at St. Andrew's, he also carved out a piece of his estate and left another legacy at the School.

STRONG FOUNDATIONS

Dave DeSalvo — math teacher, Chaplain and baseball coach — might be carving the Thanksgiving Dinner turkey for his table, but he doesn't talk turkey. Dave inspired hundreds of young alumni to give back to St. Andrew's by joining the Polar Bear Club's jump into an icy Noxontown Pond last February.



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for generations to come with a legacy gift.**



The Cornerstone Society

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

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at chesa@standrews-de.org or 302-285-4260.*



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Small team, big accomplishment: The varsity football team scored three touchdowns in the final quarter against Tatnall to pound out a 41-27 victory, secure the Conference Championship, and retain the Cannon for another year.