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Mission Statement of St. Andrew's School

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

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

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

Our students and faculty live in a residential community founded on ethical principles and Christian beliefs. We expect our faculty and staff to make our students' interests primary, to maintain professional roles with students and to act as role models at all times, to set and maintain healthy boundaries with students, to encourage student autonomy and independence, to act transparently with students, and to support each student's developmental growth and social integration at the School. 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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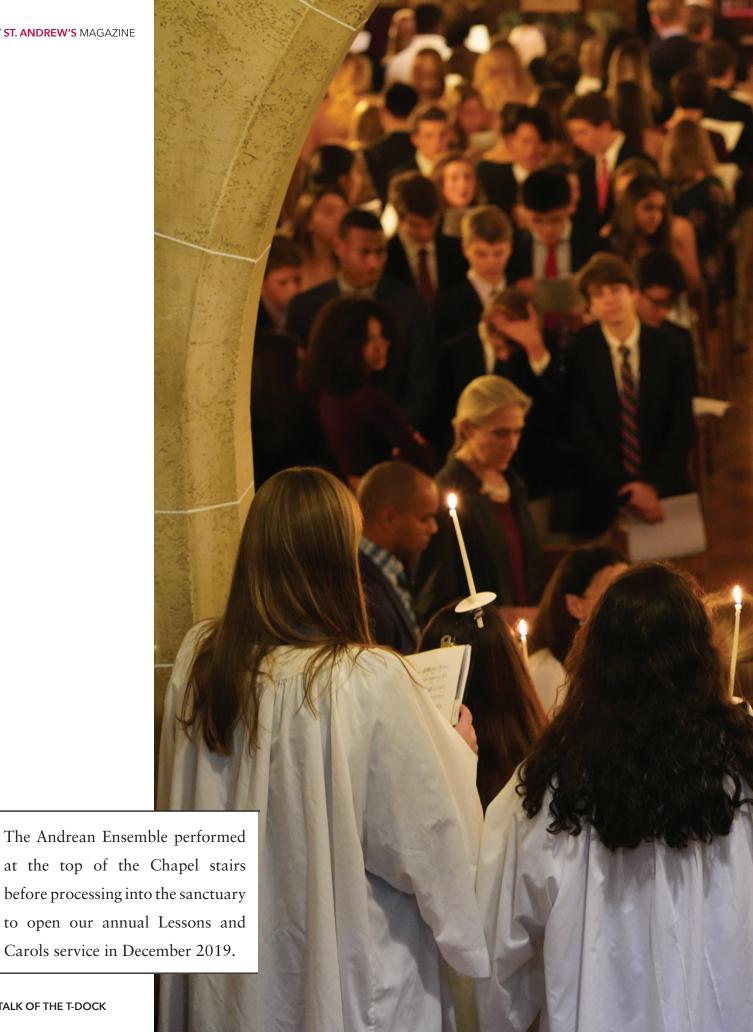
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Since May 30, self-taught photographer Gary Dean Clarke '85 has been capturing indelible images of ongoing Black Lives Matter protests in Manhattan and Brooklyn, where he resides. You can see more of his photos beginning on page 54, or on Instagram @garydeanclarke.





Cierra Martinez '20 celebrated her (virtual) graduation from St. Andrew's in late May with her family by her side. Due to the COVID-19 pandemic, the Commencement ceremony, along with all other Senior Week events, was held via Zoom—but that didn't stop the Class of 2020 from celebrating in style. See page 32 to learn more about this extraordinary Class.







In a recent essay in *The New Yorker*, Jelani Cobb powerfully describes the devastating synthesis of the rayages of COVID-19 and the murder of George Floyd on the streets of Minneapolis:



Today, the weight of grief and poverty in this country still falls disproportionately on black shoulders. The eight minutes and forty six seconds during which a Minneapolis police officer killed George Floyd as three other officers looked on cannot be understood outside the context of a pandemic in which African Americans have died at three times the rate of white Americans... In death, George Floyd's name has become a metaphor for the stacked inequities of the society that produced them.

At the beginning of the pandemic, some assumed that COVID-19 would challenge citizens equally across the country and the world, but similar to the progression of our understanding of the effects of climate change or natural disasters like Hurricane Katrina, we soon realized that the real suffering and death would center themselves on the most vulnerable in the society, country, and world we have built and accepted. Cobb argues that the victimization of George Floyd and Black COVID-19 patients are part of a long historical narrative we have both created and ignored.

I believe the heart and soul of America shattered on the day we learned of the death of George Floyd, filmed in horror by Darnella Frazier, 17, on her cell phone.

As Elizabeth Alexander writes in The New Yorker, Darnella Frazier not only filmed the eight minutes and forty six seconds—she exposed the Orwellian rhetoric within the

police report about the murder:

"Man dies after Medical incident during police interaction."

In contrast, Frazier's response perfectly expresses the outrage and the truth:

"Medical Incident??? Watch outt they killed him and the proof is clearlyyy there!!"

At 17 years old, Darnella Frazier knew that everyone in America needed to witness what happened on that street in Minneapolis. In doing so, she joined so many courageous Black Americans who understood that real change only comes when the country together sees the brutality and terror of racism in proximate ways.

In 1955, 14 year-old Emmett Till visited relatives in Mississippi from his home in Chicago. After an accusation that he had whistled at a white woman, Emmett Till was kidnapped, tortured, and thrown into the Tallahatchie River by two white men who were later acquitted of murder. In her essay "The Condition of Black Life is One of Mourning," Professor Claudia Rankine describes Mamie Till Mobley's decision "to create a new pathway to think about a lynched body. She requested an open coffin and allowed photographs to be taken and published of her son's disfigured body. 'Let the people see what I see,' she said, adding 'I believe that the whole United States is mourning with me."

In 1957, Dorothy Counts, 15 years old, became the first Black student to enroll in Harding High School in Charlotte, North Carolina. As described by Professor Eddie S. Glaude, Jr. in his book Begin Again, the walk from her father's car to the door of the high school was lacerating and traumatic:

Dorothy Counts, wearing a new red-and-yellow dress made by her grandmother, with a low bow that flowed beyond her waist, waded in a sea of white rage. Dot Counts confronted a sea of hatred that morning, all captured by the camera of Don Sturkey, a photographer for the Charlotte Observer. As she walked towards the school, white students, their faces distorted with hatred and unmistakable glee, screamed [racist obscenities]. They threw sticks and chunks of ice. They spat on her new dress...

She made the walk three more days before deciding never to return... Don Sturkey's photos of Dot's harrowing experience traveled around the world, to great effect.

In 1965, John Lewis, at the age of 25, stood in the front of the March across the Edmund Pettus Bridge and observed the gathering of what he described as a "sea of blue-helmeted, blue uniformed Alabama state troopers, line after line of them, dozens of battle-ready lawmen stretched from one side of U.S. Highway 80 to the other." Lewis gave the order for the demonstrators to kneel and pray, but within a minute, they endured the fierce and devastating attack of the troopers. The attack was so fierce, hateful, and violent that on that Sunday evening, ABC News interrupted a film about Nazi racism to share images from the Pettus Bridge. Lewis writes:

The American public had already seen so much of this sort of thing, countless images of beatings and dogs and cursing and hoses. But something about that day in Selma touched a nerve deeper than anything that had come before. Maybe it was the concentrated focus of the scene, the mass movement of those troopers on foot and riders on horseback rolling into and over two long lines of stoic, silent, unarmed people...This was a face-off in the most vivid terms between a dignified, composed, completely nonviolent multitude of silent protesters and the truly malevolent force of a heavily armed, hateful battalion of troopers. The sight of them rolling over us like human tanks was something that had been never seen before.

As a teacher and as a leader, I thought I understood the ways racism has sanctioned inequity in education, health care, housing, and the justice system. I assumed that the progress we had witnessed in my lifetime and the dramatic exposure of the poison and degradation of racism and white supremacy would lead us towards a very different national culture by 2020.

However, we still see the stark, enduring reality and oppression of racism in America. Isabel Wilkerson, in her essay "Where Do We Go From Here" describes this tragic rhythm of the American experience for the Black community:

We seem to be in a constant feedback loop of repeating a past our country has yet to address. Our history is one of spectacular achievements (as in Black senators of the Reconstruction era or the advances that led to the election of Barack Obama) followed by a violent backlash that threatens to erase the gains and then a long slow climb to the next mountain where the cycle begins again.

The terror and the violence continue, one after another: the deaths of Trayvon Martin and Eric Garner, the massacre in the Mother Emanuel AME Church in Charleston, the revolting march in Charlottesville, the murders of Ahmaud Arbery, Breonna Taylor, and George Floyd.

I keep returning to these haunting and powerful words written by Professor Claudia Rankine in her essay quoted above and below:

Though the white liberal imagination likes to feel temporarily bad about black suffering, there really is no mode of empathy that can replicate the daily strain of knowing that as a black person you can be killed for simply being black: no hands in your pockets, no playing music, no sudden movements, no driving your car, no walking at night, no walking in the day, no turning on to this street, no entering this building, no standing your ground, no standing here, no standing there, no talking back, no playing with toy guns, no living while black.

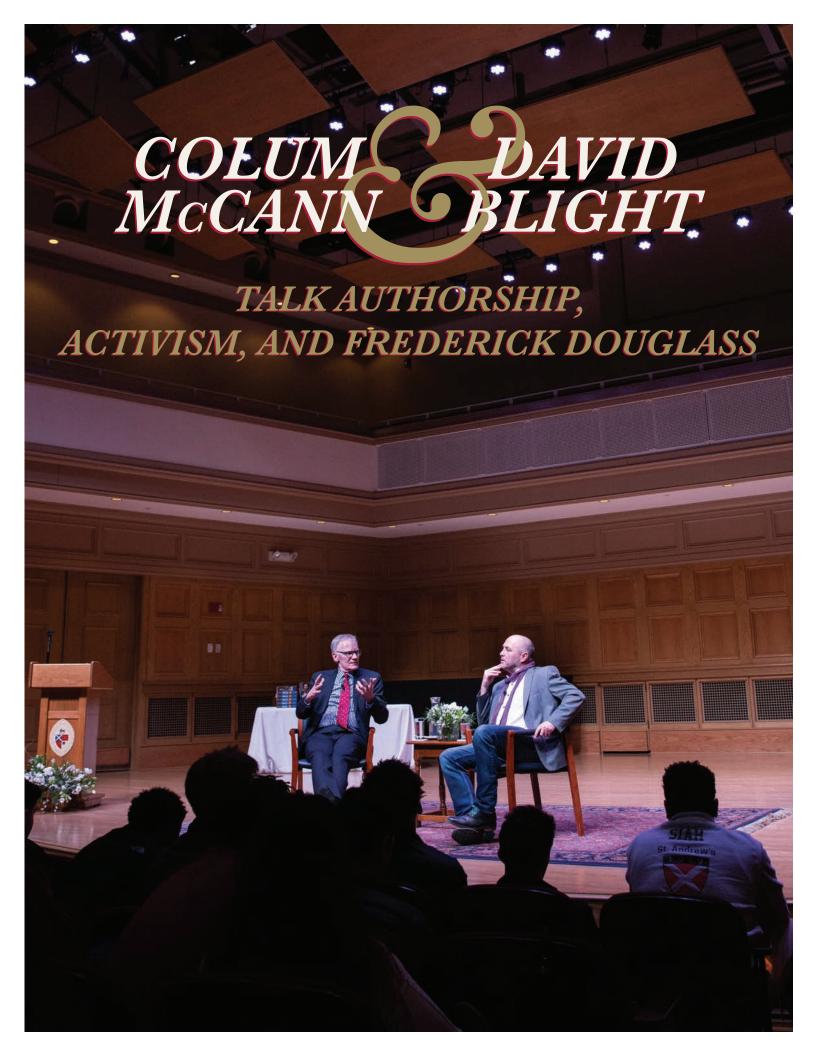
I am going back to school, asking larger questions, and trying to see new perspectives, new solutions, and new opportunities for reform and clarity.

I am reading. I am listening. I am grieving. I search for ways for education to play a role, a leadership role, in a truth and reconciliation movement in America. I honor and embrace insights, reflections, experiences, recommendations shared with me by students, alumni, staff, parents, past parents, faculty, trustees of color.

I find hope in the legacy, humanity, and courage of Representative John Lewis, who at 80 years old and weeks before his death, suggested that the Black Lives Matter "protesters will redeem the soul of America and move closer to a community at peace with itself."

On the day of his funeral, The New York Times published Lewis' final reflections on the country he loved and served so well. He wrote:

When historians pick up their pens to write the history of the 21st century, let them say that it was your generation who laid down the heavy burdens of hate at last and that peace finally triumphed over hatred, aggression, and war. So I say to you, walk with the wind, brothers and sisters, and let the spirit of peace and the power of everlasting love be your guide.



n what would turn out to be one of the last on-campus events of the school year, students gathered in Engelhard Hall on February 6 to participate in a conversation with author Colum McCann and historian David Blight. Blight is the Sterling Professor of History and Director of the Gilder Lehrman Center for the Study of Slavery, Resistance, and Abolition at Yale University. His 2018 biography Frederick Douglass: Prophet of *Freedom* received the 2019 Pulitzer Prize in History. McCann is the author of seven novels, including Let the Great World Spin, which won the National Book Award in 2009, and TransAtlantic, which was St. Andrew's all-school read for the 2019-2020 school year. Part of the plot of *TransAtlantic* centers on Frederick Douglass's visit to Ireland in 1845.

The two authors visited classrooms and worked with students throughout the day, then took to the Engelhard stage in the evening to engage in an interdisciplinary conversation about history and literature. Dean of Teaching & Learning Elizabeth Roach wrote the following reflection after their visit:

It was truly inspiring to have Colum McCann and David Blight together on campus this week, sharing their wisdom, experiences, insights, and stories. It was also illuminating to witness two brilliant teachers with two distinct pedagogical styles as they drew students into their teaching of history and literature.

Colum McCann encouraged students to ask questions, listened carefully to and validated each student's voice, and sprinkled

in beautiful pieces of advice such as, "We need to embrace and love silence and know when it's time to make noise," and, "When you read a book, your head, heart, and engagement get bigger." He led his classes with students like a seminar discussion, adeptly guiding discussion as well as allowing students to take ownership of the conversation with their ideas and inquiries, even cold calling a few times to promote engagement.

David Blight only needed one question at the beginning of the class period to get him rolling, launching into a riveting lecture-style talk about Frederick Douglass as a husband and father for 40 minutes. He covered two marriages, his relationships with his five children and 21 grandchildren, and the burdens, the complications, the commitments, the love, and the responsibilities of being a husband and father. Blight did all this while also giving us access to his work as a historian, a researcher, and a biographer.

Both teachers are brilliant; both teachers held us spellbound; both teachers communicated their knowledge, expertise, and wisdom; both teachers captivated their students; both teachers are skilled in the art of teaching and learning, both are experts in their fields and experts in their pedagogical styles. We saw how powerful the blend of these styles could be on Thursday night.

We wanted to sit in their classrooms forever. ♥







Beating Hearts & Bigger Thinking

DR. O'CONNOR ON HER ANATOMY & PHYSIOLOGY SCIENCE ELECTIVE

With the introduction of our new academic schedule in the fall of 2018, St. Andrew's began offering its students a slate of new semester-long science electives, including Anatomy & Physiology. The course is designed and taught by biology and chemistry teacher Dr. Sara O'Connor, who prior to joining the SAS faculty worked as an ophthalmologist in Charleston, West Virginia. Dr. O'Connor attended medical school at West Virginia University and has participated in medical mission trips in Kenya and Ecuador. We sat down with Dr. O'Connor to learn more about her Anatomy & Physiology course and how she is bringing a little bit of med school to Middletown.

BY ANNIE ROACH '18

Walk me through what a student would experience taking your Anatomy & Physiology elective.

We start with what anatomy and physiology mean, and what the difference is between the two. Then we explore how organisms are organized, with a focus on the human body and its types of tissues. That's the introduction. Then we start talking about the body's systems and "normal" physiology; for example, with the cardiovascular system, we study how the heart is organized, how the blood vessels work, what makes up blood. And then we move on to cases. Normal physiology is interesting, but it's really interesting, when it goes bad, to try to understand why it goes bad. One of the first cases we do is congestive heart failure, which is when the heart isn't pumping well. We talk through hemodynamics and what exactly happens when someone has congestive heart failure—the signs that you see. We use the same format of cases to understand the respiratory system and the nervous system and the digestive system. That's pretty much what we get through—I could do more if the course were a full year, but I think the fact that it is a semester-long class helps get more kids into the class. Students can combine Anatomy & Physiology with another science that they're interested in, which is great.

How do you format each class? Is it mostly discussion or lecture, or does it depend on the day?

Some of the normal physiology is kind of complex, so I'll have students read about it for homework, and then in class the next day we discuss their questions about the reading and I'll explain anything they don't understand. Then I'll give the case presentation: "This guy was out shoveling snow and he fell over. He complained that his chest was hurting. The EMTs arrive and his blood pressure is this, and his pulse is that. What happened?" The students split into groups and begin thinking through the case. In this instance, they would know we are learning about the cardiovascular system, and they have read about the normal physiology, and they are thinking about what could've happened within that system. They come up with their ideas and then we get back together and discuss the case. I'll give them a little more information: "He gets to the hospital and it turns out this is what his EKG looks like, and here we see his heart isn't getting enough blood. Okay, now what do you think?" We move back and forth between small groups and group discussion. Some cases are harder than others—some days I lead the students more, and every class is different in terms of how far we get. But the focus is on students working together to think about cases because that critical thinking piece is the valuable skill I'm trying to teach.

Is there a particular moment that stands out for you as the highlight of teaching this course?

Gosh...you know what was really cool? At the end of the semester last year, students put together their own cases, and what they had to do was not just research. They were allowed to pick their own topic, and of course they researched and read about their topics, but they also had to come up with a patient and present the patient's perspective. One student, for example, picked scleroderma, because they had a family friend who has scleroderma and they wanted to know more. That's an autoimmune disorder, which we hadn't explored in the class, so this student also had to educate the class on that topic generally. It was really cool to see how far the students had come in just one semester, and to see how they had



each developed the ability to approach a case from both a patient's and a physician's point of view.

You created this course on your own. What inspired you to make this course, and how did you design it?

Well, when I went to med school, we did a year of anatomy, and a year of physiology, and you would study these things separately. But I'd been hearing from people who have gone to med school more recently that med schools had started teaching these courses using a case approach—you have a patient who has congestive heart failure, for example, and students learn the cardiovascular system by studying that patient. It's really just problemsolving. So I modeled the course after that case approach to the subject.

I just wanted to get students excited about human physiology and medicine and all of it—especially kids who think "Oh, I could never do that." Well, this course is what med

students do, and you can do this. It's just a glimpse into what med school, which has this big scary reputation, might be like. At the same time, I want students to develop skills that they can use in other areas. Problem solving, collaborative work—these skills are not just for medicine. So the course is about learning how to do this kind of "bigger thinking," but then also showing students how cool anatomy and physiology are.

Do you find that there are a variety of students who want to take the class, or is it typically students who have an interest in science?

A whole variety of students take the course. There are definitely people each semester who want to go to med school. But there are also lots of students who are just curious about their bodies. We're all human and we all have a heart beating in there, and they want to know more about that.

many substantive changes to the course during the virtual term. We still followed the case-study approach. But we did have an event [seen above], courtesy of **Lindsay Robinson** '97, where we got together via Zoom with alums who are healthcare professionals to discuss COVID-19.

—DR. SARA O'CONNOR



THREE SAINTS FOOTBALL PLAYERS SHINE IN FORBES THEATRE PERFORMANCES

ate in the fall of 2019, Theatre Program Director Ann Taylor was taking in a Saints football game when she realized she'd have to make adjustments to her upcoming musical tryouts schedule: three of the students who had signed up to audition for the winter musical were out on the gridiron, catching passes and making tackles.

"I loved seeing them out there, knowing that in another week they would all be 'playing against type' and singing and dancing their way through auditions for the musical," Taylor recalls. "And then I thought... 'Please be careful! We need you in one piece!"

If you're a member of the St. Andrew's family, you know our school not only encourages its students to "pursue their passions" (to use a phrase found in so many admissions viewbooks)—we also enjoy a community and a school culture in which students actively and enthusiastically support one another in all their endeavors, artistic, athletic, or otherwise, without regard for the standard social expectations you might assume adolescents would apply to one another. Which is how Nick Oxnam '22, Dante Soriano '20, and Alex Maruszewski '20 (seen above from left to right) all came to find themselves as teammates both on the football field, and on stage.

Alex has spent his three years at St. Andrew's playing for Saints varsity football as both a wide receiver and a defensive back, and he's performed in three winter musicals as well. His interest in both football and theater date back to his early childhood, thanks to his father's avid Steelers fandom—"I have photos of me shirtless in first grade, middle of December, with Troy Polamalu's numbers painted on my chest"—and his kindergarten's bitesized theater productions.

"One of my priorities when I was looking at boarding school was finding a place where I could harness all of my interests together, authentically," Alex recalls. "The reason why I came to St. Andrew's is that

I had a really strong feeling that I could do that, and be accepted for who I was—not only accepted but also encouraged to branch out and do stuff outside of my comfort zone. That sounds so cliche.... But the really awesome thing about St. Andrew's is that

students are living through those values. The culture of kindness here is real, and it's a unique thing, I think among high schools even nationally."

Nick also had prior experience in football and theater, but wasn't sure he would do both at St. Andrew's. He'd heard stories from his sister, Charlotte Oxnam '19, and her friends about how accepting and encouraging the St. Andrew's student body could be. "I didn't really know if that was true or not," Nick says. "But I came here, played football, did the musical, and realized it's all true. We're able to go to practice and run plays, and then four days later we're all in the theater auditioning for the musical, and no bats an eye. People think it's cool, actually. To me, that's amazing, because if I was at home I think a lot of people would judge me for it."

As for Dante, when he arrived at St. Andrew's, he had never before played football or performed in a play. His middle school did not have an athletics program, and he was eager to participate in team sports upon his arrival at St. Andrew's—but not the theatre program. "I always wanted to play football," Dante explains. "My mother said, 'Well, if you do football, you got to do the musical.' My uncle was in his high school's production of Bye Bye Birdie, and my mom thought it was awesome to see a guy on stage singing, acting, and dancing. It was sort of like [he was] fighting a stereotype. So that's why she wanted me to do it. I have a musical background-I just wasn't too keen about going on stage

THE REALLY IMPORTANT THING I'VE LEARNED IS WHAT TO DO AFTER I MISS A TACKLE OR I MISS A CUE. WHAT IS MY MENTALITY AFTER THAT HAPPENS? YOU CAN'T FORGET THAT YOU MADE A MISTAKE, BUT AT THE SAME TIME YOU CAN'T DWELL ON IT.

with a bunch of people and dancing. But I ended up falling in love with it."

His freshman year, Dante played the role of Underling, a butler, in The Drowsy Chaperone— "almost reluctantly," recalls Ms. Taylor—and has appeared in the winter musical every year since then. In this past winter's *The Addams Family*, he took on the lead role of Gomez, and "Dante absolutely brought down the house with his performance," notes his advisor, Dean of Student Life Will Robinson.

When asked to compare their experiences on the football team and in various musicals, all three students note that while the two pursuits are very different on the surface, there are fundamental similarities.

"In obvious ways, football and theatre are very different," Alex says. "Musicals are meant to be completely structured;



everybody's going into it wanting and expecting the performance to be as flawless as possible—nobody flubbing their lines, no miscues. Whereas in football, you're working to break loose every play, and you're forced to act on your intuition a lot of the time. But on second glance, football and theatre are a lot more similar than you would think. Improvisation is a huge part of theater, and you have to act on your intuition there, too."

"It's all about teamwork," adds Dante. "One thing I know from choir is that a choir is only as strong as its weakest link—and you can apply that idea to anything. You can apply that to football, you can apply to the musical theatre program. And you don't want to be the weak link, holding everyone else back. So you have to work to be the best you possibly can, and lift everybody up."

"The teamwork and the camaraderie are very similar," Nick agrees. "Ms. Taylor and [Saints football Head] Coach Moffitt work in very similar ways to try to make everyone better, every day. There were times last year when we'd be rehearsing a scene, and someone didn't know their lines very well, or forgot their staging. Ms. Taylor would work

kind of guy, and Ms. Taylor helps you 'get there' a bit more."

"They're both intense," Dante notes.

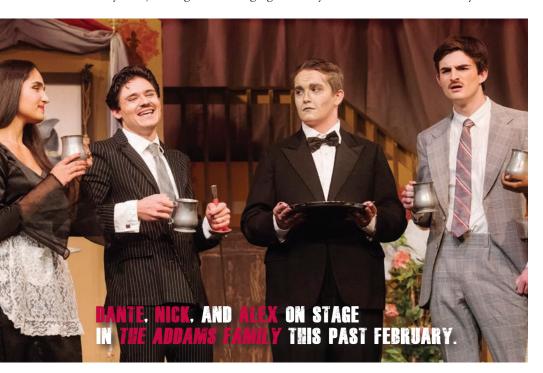
For all that they've put into the football and theatre programs at St. Andrew's, Nick, Dante, and Alex have gotten a lot of out of their experiences together, too.

"I've learned that a little extra work goes a long way," Nick says. "For both football and theatre, and just generally in life, if you put in the practice, when other people aren't—if you go to the early morning lifts with Coach Moffitt, or if you take an extra 15 minutes to practice your lines, or if you get to rehearsal a little bit early and talk to Mr. Hoopes about what song we're practicing that day—that helps immensely. Working just a little bit harder can make a really big difference."

"That preparation that Nick's talking about," Dante says, "you definitely learn the value of that from acting and from playing football. Coach Moffitt always says, 'You have tests in school, and if you do bad on the test, nobody's going to know except for you and your teacher. But if you do bad in a game...' People are out there,

watching you, whether you're on the field or on stage, and you just don't want to embarrass yourself. But I think for me, the really important thing I've learned is what to do after I miss a tackle or I miss a cue. What's my mentality after that happens? I've been trained through football and theatre to have a more positive outlook on what's next. You can't forget that you made a mistake, but at the same time you can't dwell on it."

"Coach Moffit says, 'The most important play is the next one,'" Nick concludes, "So I've learned to say to myself, 'All right, I messed this up. Fix it next time. Learn from it and get it right.' I've been able to use that advice in classes, in theatre, in other sports, in everything."



with that person to make sure they understood what they needed to know, and then we go back to the scene and get it right. Same with Coach Moffitt. If we're in practice and people are running plays and they're not in the right place, he'll put them in the right place, and make sure we all know what we're doing, so that the entire team can get better. The way they do things is different. Coach Moffitt is very much a 'throw you into it and you'll figure it out'



Four Saints Receive National Recognition for Poetry & Fiction

Four St. Andreans were recognized with national medals in this year's Scholastic Art & Writing Awards competition.

For the past century, the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards have granted both recognition and scholarships to artists and writers in grades 7-12. Students are invited to submit their creative works to the competition in 29 categories of art and writing; in 2019, more than 340,000 works were submitted to awards committees, which are comprised of leaders in the visual and literary arts. Scholastic Awards are first granted on a local level; works receiving the highest award (the Gold Key Award) at the local level are then submitted to a national competition. The students below received Gold and Silver Medals at the national level.

This is a huge accomplishment— and our best year ever within this competition—for the St. Andrew's creative writing program. It's a really big deal to win these awards at the national level.

> -WILL TORREY ST. ANDREW'S WRITER-IN-RESIDENCE



Poems for the Female Existence, Gold Medal in Poetry

CHRISTINE CHEN '21

Raining Leaves, To the Couple in the Kitchen Across from My Window, Silver Medal in Poetry



We'll Miss You, Happy!

Facilities Team member Happy Vasquez retired from St. Andrew's this spring after 52 years of service to the school. Head of School Tad Roach delivered the following commemoration of Happy during Commencement.

Happy Vasquez has worked at St. Andrew's since 1968, a period spanning 52 years. His loyalty, integrity, humanity, and kindness make him one of the St. Andrew's people most responsible for the culture we celebrate today.

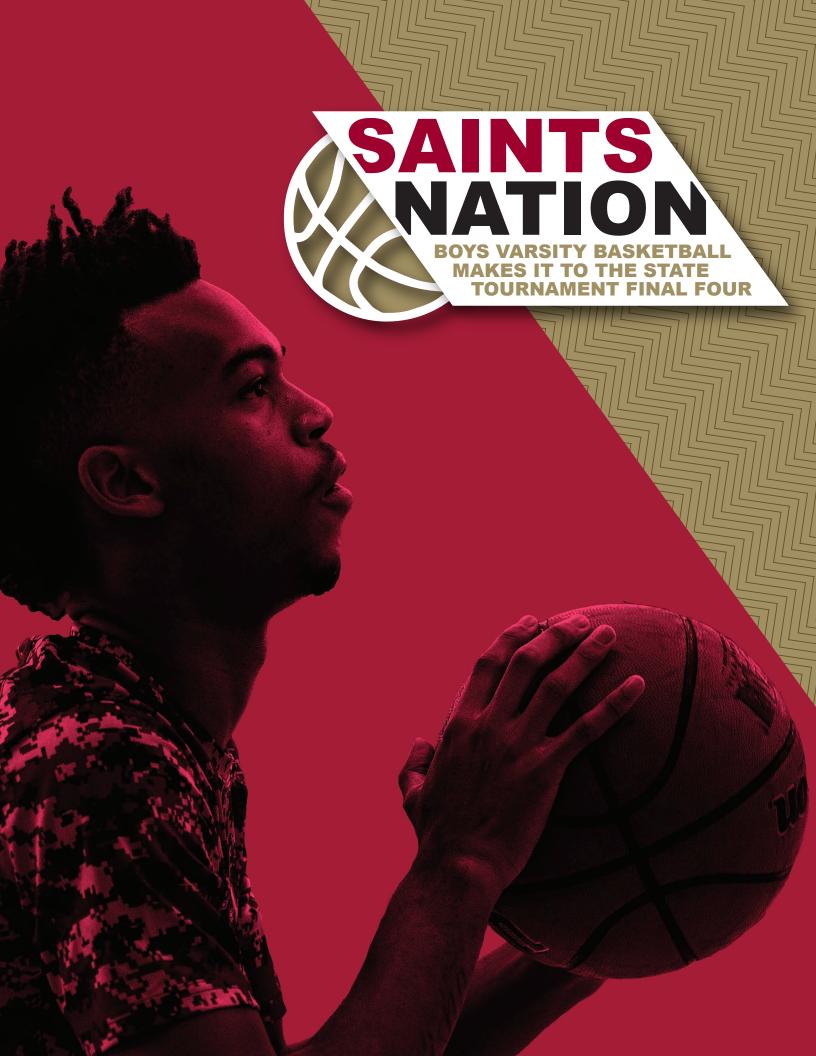
When you work in a community full of students, we as a faculty and staff become adults who help students begin to interpret the mysteries of adulthood, life, and character. We each have very important work to do together, but ultimately the way we work, the

way we speak, the way we express love, kindness, and humility resonate throughout the campus.

If you do this human and spiritual work for 52 years, you become a legend, a role model, a seemingly eternal figure standing strong in the protection of St. Andrew's. That is why so many alumni wrote to [Director of Alumni Engagement] Chesa Profaci when they heard that Happy was about to retire. One alum wrote:

When I think of Happy, I think not only of his work ethic, consistency, and dedication. I focus my memories on his very kind eyes and that remarkable expression on his face--a look that somehow welcomed generations of students, faculty, and staff to the School, to the mail van and a stop at George's for a cheesesteak, to the dorm, to the dining room, to the kitchen, to the very heart of the School.

I think of the wisdom, experience, knowledge he has about life etched on his still youthful and joyous face. And I feel deep gratitude for Happy's role in creating St. Andrew's every single day. \(\nabla\)



f you're an avid ESPN viewer, you might have caught the following report from SportsCenter anchor Scott Van Pelt on March 24:

"As the second-smallest state in the Union, Delaware holds a 24-team one-division state basketball tournament. The Saints of St. Andrew's are the only boarding school in the state. They've got 300 students. They were playing during Spring Break. They were staying in a hotel. It turned into a lengthy stay. They just kept winning and winning. Fueled by seven seniors, they reached the state final four for the first time in the 91-year history of the school, and knocked off the #2 seed along the way, but the semis in Dover and the remainder of the tournament, sadly, were cancelled."

Yes, St. Andrew's boys varsity basketball team made it all the way to the Final Four and ESPN this winter. (The ESPN appearance was thanks to SportsCenter's "Senior Night" series highlighting high school and college teams whose seasons were been cut short by the pandemic, with a goal of giving them 'the end of the season they deserve in light of the circumstances.') Saints boys basketball had their best season in school history: the team set a school record for most wins in a season (17), and also became the firstever Saints boys basketball team to reach the semifinal round of the state

tournament. They began the tournament as the #18 seed out of a field of 24—"Personally, I thought that 18th seed was a little disrespectful," commented sophomore sharp-shooter Frankie Koblish '22 to a reporter in March. On their way to the Final Four, the Saints knocked off #15 seed Smyrna High 66-57 in the first round, upset #2 seed William Penn 54-42 in the second round, and beat #23 seed Dickinson High 41-28 in the third round. The team was scheduled to play #3 seed Dover High in the Final Four at the Bob Carpenter Center at the University of Delaware in Newark, DE on Thursday, March 12, but the tournament was cancelled that week due

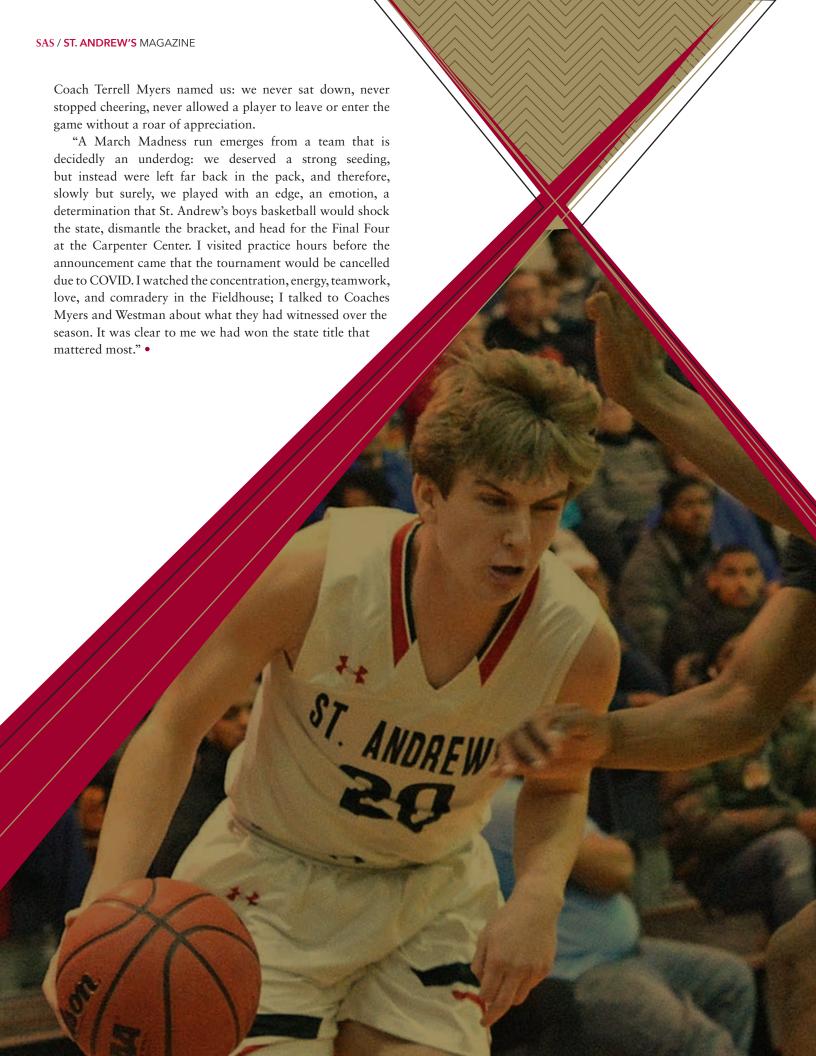
to the COVID-19 pandemic. The four remaining teams each received a Final Four trophy and no champion was declared.

"St. Andrew's, we're always doubted. But we're always here," said Lamar Duncan '20. "This is us. Now I hope the state knows this is St. Andrew's basketball. I know we can play with anybody in the state, and I hope everybody can see that after this game." This season, both Lamar and his teammate Adrian Watts '20 became the fifth and sixth players in Saints boys basketball history to score 1,000 points. Lamar was also nominated to play in Delaware's Blue-Gold game, which showcases the state's top basketball talent, and at the close of the season received First Team All-Conference and Honorable Mention All-State Honors. Adrian Watts and Brandon Graves '22 were named Second Team All-Conference, and Frankie Koblish was named Honorable Mention All-Conference. Brandon was named the team's MVP.



"I love March Madness every spring, and of course particularly enjoy the runs our girls and boys varsity basketball teams have created, especially over the last 15 to 20 years at St. Andrew's," commented Head of School Tad Roach. "Before then, we never accepted bids to the tournament due to our school spring break calendar.

"A March Madness run always involves the natural and dynamic coming together of coaches and teammates; it features seniors literally refusing to allow their high school basketball careers to end; it involves parents, guardians, siblings, and friends who suddenly re-arrange their lives to be at every game; it involves the team becoming more confident, courageous, and self-assured; it involves Saints Nation."



St. Andrew's Pushes Hotel Stay into DIAA Boys Basketball Semifinals

Written by Brad Myers and reprinted from the March 12, 2020 issue of the Wilmington News-Journal.

This has been the best spring break ever for the St. Andrew's boys basketball team.

As their classmates departed on Feb. 26 for a threeweek vacation, the Saints buckled down for six days of preparation going into their opening-round game in the DIAA Boys Basketball Tournament.

With the dorms and dining facilities at the boarding school near Middletown closed, the players stayed in a hotel near Christiana Mall and bused back to campus daily to practice in their home gym.

Now, 15 days later, the Saints are still in the hotel. And they are loving it.

Because they are still alive in the tournament.

Not much was expected of the 18th seed in a 24-team field. But the Saints (17-6) knocked off Smyrna, William Penn and Dickinson last week.

They set a school record for wins — and became the first team in St. Andrew's history to reach the semifinals of the state boys basketball tournament. The Saints will play at third-seeded Dover (21-2) at 6:30 p.m. Thursday.

"Normally, at a boarding school these guys' schedules are extremely busy," St. Andrew's coach Terrell Myers said. "After practice, they've got to run to choir. After practice, they have meetings.

"So we don't have a lot of time together off the court. This is one of the rare times we've got to spend time off the court and just play basketball."

classes. No other activities. No distractions.

"We're living together. We're eating together," senior Adrian Watts said.

"We're winning together."

For the past two weeks, there have been no

QUIRKY SCHEDULE

As a boarding school,
St. Andrew's employs a
schedule far different
than other Delaware
high schools.

The Thanksgiving break stretched from Nov. 22 to Dec. 2, cutting into the start of preseason basketball practice. Winter break went from Dec. 18 to Jan. 7. A winter "long weekend" stretched from the afternoon of Friday, Jan. 24, through the following Tuesday.

The Saints didn't play any games during those periods, and Myers said his team lost 38 days of practices that every other team likely had.

"There are a lot of days these guys aren't in the gym," he said.

And when St. Andrew's is in session, the academic schedule is taxing.

"These kids also go to class on Saturdays, so it evens itself out," Myers said.

On top of that, 10 of the 14 athletes on the Saints' roster competed in a fall sport at St. Andrew's. They aren't year-round basketball players.

But somehow, their coach thought this team could overcome all of that and become a cohesive unit.

"I told them from Day One, 'You guys are a special group, because you care about each other," Myers said. "A lot of times, people put it on X's and O's. When you have a team that really likes each other and cares about one another, they're going to play for one another. I saw that early in the year."

COMING TOGETHER

The Saints also struggled with some injuries, and Myers said they have only played about 15 games with their full lineup. Despite all of that – and two lopsided losses to Sanford, the No. 1 seed and defending state champ – St. Andrew's had some impressive wins during the regular season.

The Saints beat Tower Hill, Woodbridge, Tatnall (twice) and Dickinson – all of whom reached the DIAA tournament. They also own a 69-66 victory over Appoquinimink, which is the No. 5 seed and will play Sanford in the other semifinal on Thursday night at St. Mark's.

The seedings and tournament pairings are determined by a DIAA points system. But going into their postseason opener at No. 15 Smyrna on March 3, the St. Andrew's players believed they were better than the number next to their name.

"Personally, I thought that 18th seed was a little disrespectful," sophomore Frankie Koblish said. "I thought we should be a little higher. So I don't think a lot of people expected us to be here, but I think our whole team knew we should be here."



'SHOOTERS SHOOT'

The left-handed Koblish hit five 3-pointers – all in the second half – and scored 17 points as the Saints pulled way to win 66-57 at Smyrna.

Two days later, he hit two more big 3s as St. Andrew's never trailed and produced a 54-42 shocker at No. 2 William Penn.

Then last Saturday, Koblish stroked four more 3s on the way to a career-high 26 points in a 66-52 win over No. 23 Dickinson – which had also scored two upsets – in the quarterfinals at Middletown High.

"Shooters shoot," Myers, a 3-point sniper himself during his college days at Saint Joseph's, said of Koblish. "We have a philosophy, shoot to get hot, shoot to stay hot. He's allowed to shoot the ball. We have supreme confidence in him.

"... Once he starts making his shots, the crowd gets going and our guys get going."

Watts, a 6-foot-4, 220-pound banger who is also one of the state's top football players, gives St. Andrew's a presence in the lane. With his teammates spreading the floor to create space inside, he scored 21 against Dickinson.

"He's been holding down the paint, making big plays," Myers said of Watts. "He's been really active, talking, directing the defense, rebounding at a high level. But most important, he's just being loose and having a lot of fun."

PLENTY OF CONTRIBUTORS

Sophomore Brandon Graves led the Saints with 19 points against Smyrna, and senior Lamar Duncan was huge with 17 points against William Penn.

The Saints also get key contributions from Jack Lauer, Jake Kelly, Timothy Odutola and others. Everyone has handled the ball well against full-court pressure in all three playoff games, which will be an even bigger key against Dover.

Whatever happens the rest of the way, it has been a fun ride.

"We've been on spring break, staying in a hotel, and every game has been in limbo," Myers said. "We haven't known if we have to continue to stay here or the kids have to go home.

"... It hasn't been too difficult for the boys. They're actually enjoying themselves, feeling like they're independent. It has worked out better than I thought it would."

It has been all basketball, all the time. And it has taken the Saints within one game of playing for a state championship.

"All of our classmates are away and can't really make it to the games," Watts said. "We knew it was going to be us in the end, we were going to have just ourselves, just our team.

"... Our chemistry has definitely grown a lot, just being together every day." ♥





PHINEAS HUNT '22 PLACES FOURTH IN THE STATE IN SHOTPUT

St. Andrew's co-ed indoor track team competed at the DIAA Indoor Track State Championships on February 22. Seen below are our relay teams and Phineas Hunt '22, who competed in shotput. He was the only sophomore competing with Flight 4, the furthest throwing group, at a meet of 60 teams. "He went into the day seeded ninth overall with his far throw on the year going 42' 2.5"," said Assistant Coach Pat Moffitt. "He must have been playing cov all season; he went out and absolutely demolished his PR mentioned above by throwing almost a full 2 1/2 feet farther than he has all year with a monster throw of 44' 8.25". This catapulted him into a fourth place finish in the state of Delaware as a sophomore." Phineas is the first St. Andrew's athlete in the history of the school to meet the qualifications for a field event for the state championship.



GIRLS SQUASH PLACES SECOND AT NATIONALS

Saints girls squash team had their best season in years, capped by a 2nd place finish in Division IV of the U.S. High School Team Squash Championships at the end of February. The team finished towards the bottom of Division V at the 2019 Team Championships, and did well just to earn a spot in Division IV this year. Competing at Avon Old Farms outside of Hartford, CT, they cruised to a 7-0 win over Mercersberg Academy in the first round, followed by a 5-2 win over Shipley School to make it into the semi-finals, where they were matched up against Berkshire School. Berkshire was led by some worldclass players at the top of their lineup, but the Saints won at positions 4-7, highlighted by a clinching win from Nicole Saridakis '20 at #5 to send them into the finals. The Saints hung tough with Brooks School but ultimately fell 5-2 to finish runner-up. The team has been building towards this successful season for a number of years thanks to a great team culture set by seniors Saridakis, Campbell Nicholson '20, and Ingrid Hoopes '20. Otherwise, the girls squash roster is young, and will look to build on the 2020 team's success in the years to come.

"MAT MEN" CLEAN UP AT INDEPENDENT CONFERENCE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Saints wrestling (aka the "mat men") took home five medals at the Independent Conference Championship this past weekend. In their respective weight classes, Tyler Wood '21 placed 4th, Theo Taylor '21 placed 5th, Graham Abramo '22 placed 8th, Ibrahim Kazi '23 placed 6th, and Nick Osbourne '23 placed 7th. "The Independent Conference is now the biggest wrestling conference in the state with 17 teams," notes Head Coach Phil

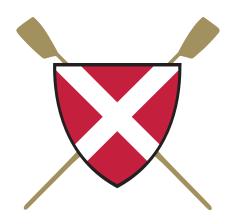
Davis. "The above wrestlers had to battle with stiff competition to earn a spot on the podium. Great job men." Tyler, Theo, and Nick will go on to represent SAS at the state championship meet.



MULTIPLE SCHOOL SWIMMING RECORDS BROKEN AT DISC MEET

Elizabeth Rainey '21 set school records in the 50 free (24.29) and 100 free (53.27) free at the Delaware Independent Conference Championships, held St. Andrew's on February 9. She took home first place in the 50 and second place in the 100. She went on to place second in the 50 and sixth in the 100 at the DIAA State Championship meet on February 25, and was named First-Team All State for her performance. Andrew Park '22 also beat a school record at the DISC meet in early February—his own, finishing first in the 100 fly with a time of 51.97. He later placed third in the 100 fly at states, and was named Second-Team All State.





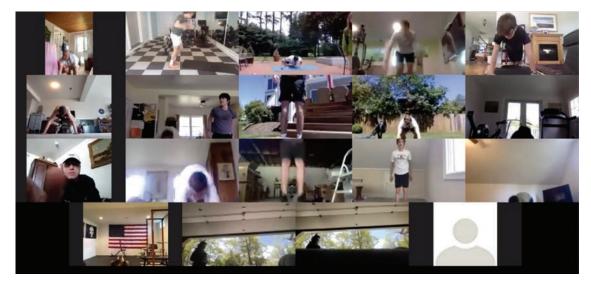
SAINTS BOYS CREW HOLDS VIRTUAL BURPEE CHALLENGE TO RAISE FUNDS FOR DELAWARE FOOD BANK

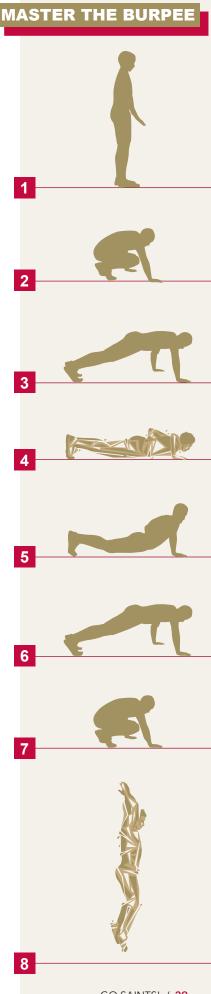
With their spring 2020 season canceled, Saints boys crew captains JT Meyer '21 and Blake Hundley '20 worked to bring the team together virtually for an event that would also help our local Delaware community. Since not everyone on the team has access to ERG machines and other fitness equipment at home, JT and Blake came up with the idea of a five-minute burpee challenge held via Zoom (since a burpee requires only the human body!). The team set the goal of raising \$1,000 for the Delaware Food Bank and getting as many current and alumni rowers as possible to join in. "We were thrilled to have 18 team members join in the burpee challenge, and we raised nearly \$2,000," said Saints boys rowing Head Coach Will Porter.

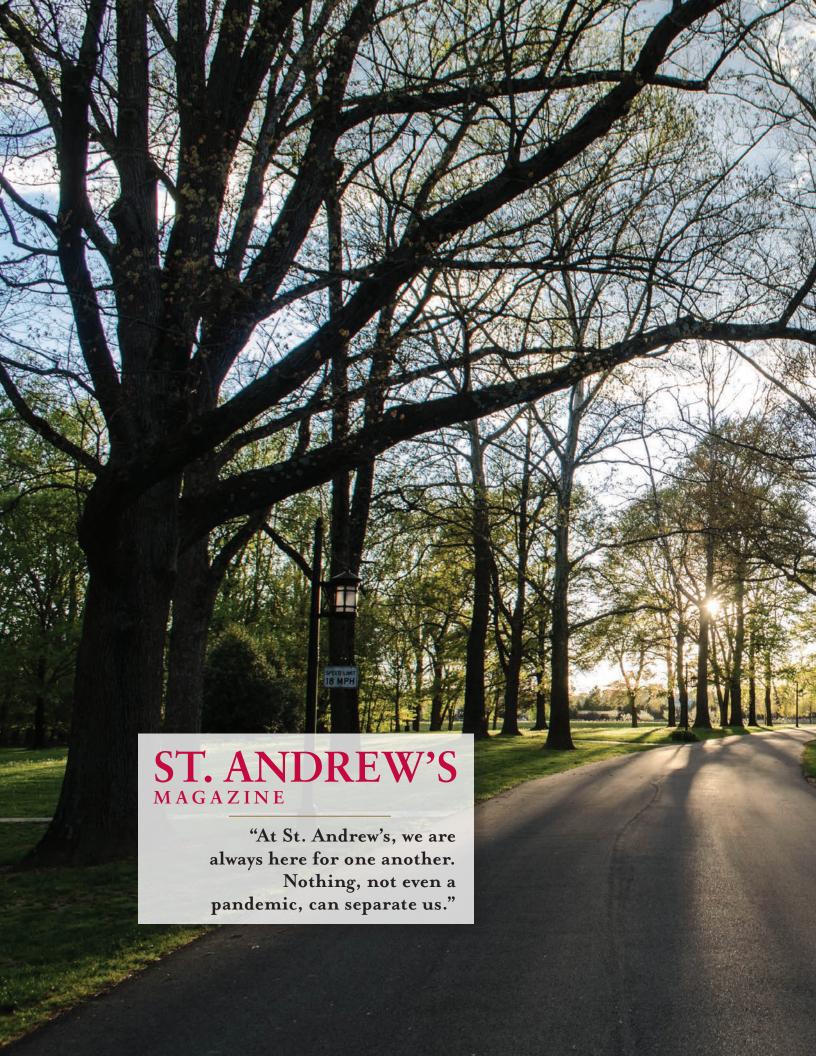
Three members of the Class of 2019—Xander Atalay, Shap McCoy, and Nick Loh—joined the current rowers for the challenge. Coach Dave Myers brought his baby to the Zoom—"to burp, but not burpee," noted Coach Porter. Coaches Porter and [Terence] Gilheany, missing the relative comfort of the coaches' launch, gamely joined the boys in the suffer-fest. Alec Finch '22 won the day with an astonishing 76 burpees. "Five minutes of burpees is a good approximation of what a 1500m race feels like, so there were lots of groans of pain and post-race congratulations all around," explained Coach Porter.

A recent report from The Brookings Institute suggests that "by the end of April 2020, more than one in five households in the United States, and two in five households with mothers with children 12 and under, were food insecure. In almost one in five households of mothers with children age 12 and under, the children were experiencing food insecurity."

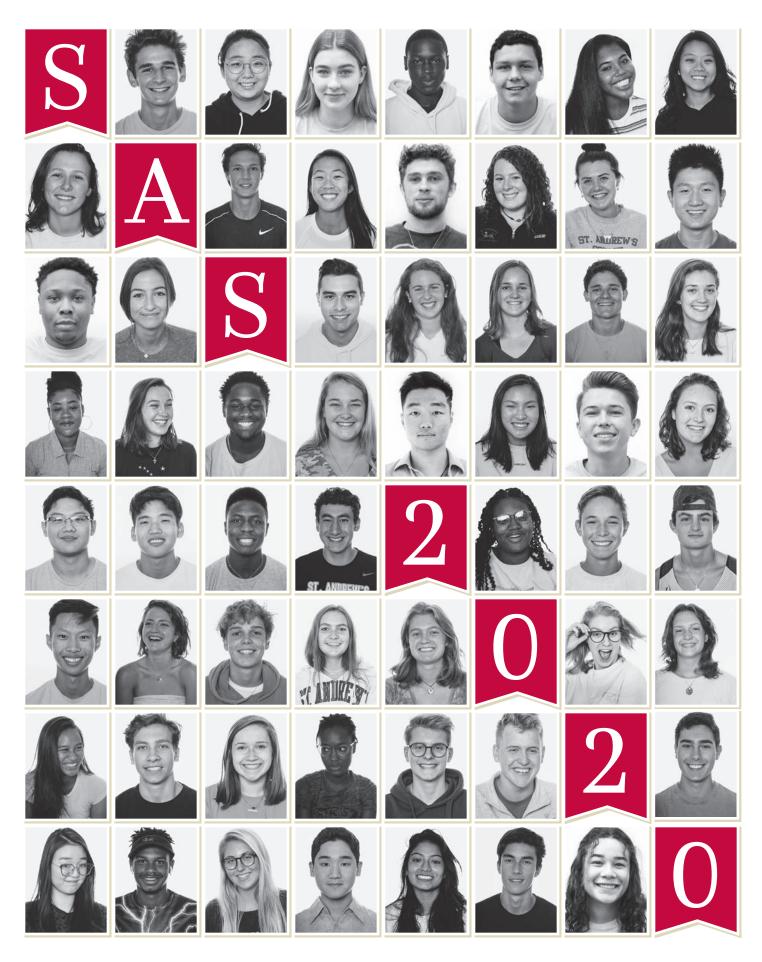
"The St. Andrew's boys crew is proud of their modest contribution to this dire problem," Coach Porter said. "We are looking forward to a time when enough is right in the world that we can once again host regattas on Noxontown Pond."











































For St. Andrew's and schools all around the country and the world, the school year ended like no other-students left campus for Spring Break on February 26, not knowing they wouldn't be back that spring. For seniors, that grey February Wednesday would be their last day at St. Andrew's.

We spent the spring term in virtual session, and capped off nine weeks of remote classes taught via Zoom with a virtual Senior Week to celebrate the VI Form. The Class of 2020 didn't get to go to their final prom or Spring Fling. They didn't get to compete as a Saint in their senior lacrosse or crew or tennis seasons. They didn't carve their names on the wall that leads to Chapel. They didn't stay up until dawn together the night before graduation, and they didn't get a sunburn on the Front Lawn while waiting to receive their diploma and a hug from Mr. Roach.

What they did do was lead the school through the onset of one of the most challenging periods in its 91-year history. The Class of 2020 led all of us with spirit and strength, grace and fortitude. They held our fully residential school together while we were all thousands of miles apart.

In the pages that follow, we honor them.

Commencement Remarks Head of School Tad Roach

In 1611, the great English poet John Donne wrote "Valediction Forbidding Mourning," his brilliant exploration of how love not only endures but strengthens in times of separation and absence. His poem is a perfect way to frame this moment at St. Andrew's.

Though we are separated from one another, our time apart has not severed our bonds, our commitment, our connection; it has instead created what Donne beautifully describes as "an expansion/like gold to airy thinness beat."

When we have created a deep foundation of community love, respect, gratitude, we are, in Donne's conception, like twin compasses: the faculty's soul—"the fixed foot" makes no show to move when you are all here united and together, but when separated, we as a community lean and hearken after you. Here are those eloquent lines:

> Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show To move, but doth, if the other do. And though it in the center sit, Yet when the other far doth roam, It leans, and hearkens after it...

You see, at St. Andrew's, we are always here for one another. Nothing, not even a pandemic, can separate us.

Every Commencement at St. Andrew's inspires such joy, happiness, and love: we celebrate the development and emergence of a new group of accomplished and promising



The Class of 2020 at their final Frosty Run in September 2019.

leaders for good in the world; we understand how much we will miss the energy and spirit of the graduating class.

The mission of this School finds expression in the cultivation of human relationships that help us understand profound truths about our lives:

- ➤ That education liberates the human spirit and helps us realize our potential and responsibility to make the world a better place.
- ➤ That great teachers and mentors give us the power, agency, confidence, and voice to become independent, moral, ethical people.
- ▼ That great students inspire and challenge us as teachers to grow in humility, love, grace, and understanding of the art of education.
- ➤ That friendships at the School give us the encouragement we need to become more thoughtful, kind, accepting, forgiving people.
- ➤ That a school community must serve a public purpose and fight for justice, peace, unity, reconciliation, and love.

This year, of course, turned out to be different than any other year in school history. It is a time of pandemic, necessary and painful separation, and grievous suffering, pain, anxiety, and dislocation throughout the world.

It is a year that at first seemed to separate us from the proximity, the community, the fellowship, the rituals—even the structure and schedule—we loved and perhaps took for granted.

From a variety of metaphorical perspectives, I guess, the year could feel like a beautiful and promising painting left suddenly unfinished; the year could feel like an athletic game, match, race, or tournament ending before the end of a most promising season. It could seem like a year that built to a powerful conclusion of academic achievements and explorations and then turned virtual, distant, and at first disconnected.

We assumed we had more time, more community, more creativity, and love to share. And then quickly, suddenly, we felt as if we were separated, blocked, and alone. But just as we began to feel all that loss of spring at St. Andrew's, the School came very much alive again, with even more intention, energy, love, and community. We realized that great teaching and learning flourished, particularly in a time of emergency, anxiety, and fear. We began to understand how a St. Andrew's education could help us define, explore, and understand just what was happening, every day, all around us.

We realized that the diversity of our community could unite us in a thoughtful consideration of how the pandemic ravaged the United States and the international community. We realized in the classroom, in Lyceum events, in Chapel, in School Meetings, and in Headmaster's Forums how we could tie our community leadership work to a public good; we met and read about heroic people who worked tirelessly every day to promote and honor rescue, healing, and love. We studied the gaps and fissures the pandemic opened up in our society; we came to realize that social distancing and shelter in place did not apply to all socioeconomic groups in America. We recognized and deplored the ravages of racism, intolerance, and xenophilia; we saw in vivid and shocking detail the vulnerability of the poor, the homeless, the refugee, the elderly as the virus swept through communities. We experienced and discussed the economic dislocation, hunger, and fear that came with terrifying levels of unemployment.

And during this senior graduation week, we gathered, with increasing intention, dignity, and inspiration to celebrate this Class, this School, this idea and promise of St. Andrew's.

Thanks to all of you (the faculty, staff, students, trustees, parents, alumni, past parents) we are strong, dynamic, and yes, stronger and more resilient than we have ever been.

In the midst of chaos, confusion, despair, and fear, St. Andrew's has responded with hope, courage, creativity, and grace.

* * * *

I join Scott Sipprelle in his warm welcome to the Class of 2020, their families, and the faculty, staff, and students who join us today from all across the United States and the world.

As you might imagine, my work with Scott Sipprelle throughout this year of crisis has been so important to the health, energy, creativity, and enduring strength of St. Andrew's. Ours is a unique friendship, relationship, and mutual trust

and understanding. Thanks to his leadership and generosity, I continue to love and appreciate my role as St. Andrew's Head of School; thanks to his wisdom and guidance, St. Andrew's will meet the challenge of the pandemic with discernment,

SENIOR REFLECTION

It was my freshman year, I was playing the drums [in a performance], and there was a little solo part for the drums. As a freshman, I was intimidated by that—I was used to playing the straight beat



and not leaving my comfort zone. When that solo came, my head blanked out and I didn't play anything. I just failed at that moment, and I was super-embarrassed.

After the concert, I was trying to avoid Dr. Geiersbach, but he came up to me and I said, 'I messed up. I didn't know what to do.' And he told me, 'When you are improvising or soloing, you're going to have moments where you fail. You're going to run into so many mistakes, and you're going to have times where you mess up in a big concert. But that's all [part of] the process of you learning to improvise and become a better musician.' This helped me musically.

I'm now super-comfortable with improvising, and even though I mess up, I consider that the process of me learning. And being comfortable with not knowing what's going to happen in the future is very important in life as well, because not everything is going to go the way you planned. Mr. Kemer could give you a pop quiz in multivariable [calculus] class and you'll be like, 'What?!' and then you need to learn to improvise. Your coach could ask you to [take on a new] role the day of the game, and you would have to step up. You can't predict that, and if you idealize perfection, then it's going to be hard to fulfill and satisfy yourself.

So I think that moment with Dr. Geiersbach really helped me realize that you don't have to try to be perfect—instead you can make mistakes along the way and just learn from them. I know that I'm going to be confronted with so many more obstacles, so many more complications in life. Things aren't going to go the way I want, and life is going to get much harder, especially after I leave St. Andrew's. So I would like to tell my future self to persevere.

A Community Built on Dialogue

by Eddie Mo '20 Awards Night 2020

This past Tuesday, my last day of classes as a St. Andrew's student, I had my final Latin exhibition with Dr. Walsh and Ms. Furlonge on the ancient poem the Aeneid. Dr. Walsh, if I recall correctly, was my first classroom teacher at St. Andrew's, when I was a freshman in Latin 1 on September 6, 2016, at 8:30 AM. While that was my first day as a high school student, it was also Dr. Walsh's first day as a high school teacher. I distinctly remember Dr. Walsh drilling into our heads the Latin saying "repetitio est mater memoriae—"repetition is the mother of memory." And my little freshman self thought, "Wow, what a weird teacher."

After four years, I realize that Dr. Walsh's saying couldn't be more true. Although when I first heard the saying, I imagined a dusty, Dead-Poets-esque chalkboard covered in declensions for some Latin word; I now know that at St. Andrew's, repetition doesn't mean rote memorization—it's the repeated, everyday commitment to deep engagement, questioning, and sharing.

On Tuesday, I realized that this academic ethos was encapsulated in that final project and exhibition. Throughout this year, my Latin class worked through Vergil's *Aeneid*. For homework, we read and translated the text from Latin and formed our own interpretations of the poem's meaning. During class periods, these sometimes disparate interpretations collided as my peers and I affirmed, challenged, and built on each other's perspectives. The thinking that we developed during these active and collaborative discussions was always more nuanced and sophisticated than whatever thinking I had done on my own. At times, we even incorporated ideas from other classes, books we'd read, or discussions we'd had on dorm.

Even during the individual writing process, I recalled our last discussions about the ending of the poem. As I heard my peers' voices in my memory of that class, I used them to challenge my developing ideas, making them more complex and specific. Likewise, I set up video calls with Dr. Walsh to talk through and deepen my thinking. Ultimately, this ongoing commitment to conversation and collaboration culminated in an honest, determined, and exciting inquiry into the ancient poem.

This spirit of inquiry drove my exhibition on Tuesday, but instead of my peers, Ms. Furlonge and Dr. Walsh, two experts fluent in the *Aeneid*, engaged with me in the process of identifying complex questions, working through difficult concepts, and rethinking my ideas. Ms. Furlonge, as many of you know, taught Classics at St. Andrew's before leaving for Seattle at the end of last year. At one point during the exhibition, she shared a different interpretation of a certain passage than I did; this launched us into an exploration of the ambiguity

of the poem. Even thousands of miles away through a screen, we pushed each other's intellectual boundaries. The vitality of our exchange was a testament to the intellectual community that students and teachers build through the simple act of dialogue, day after day, year after year. This is the community that fosters book clubs, Head of School's Forums, visiting authors, science lecture competitions, and many more events. The community that created an overflowing repertoire virtual Lyceum events and discussions as we stayed at home this spring. The community that we take away

For me, St. Andrew's
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and inspire me.

when we leave St. Andrew's, and to which we can return—both literally, as Ms. Furlonge did when she carved time out of her busy schedule to talk with me, and metaphorically, when we use it to guide us in the future.

For me, St. Andrew's launched a lifelong journey of seeking intellectual connections, as the strength and breadth of the ones I have already made at St. Andrew's continue to amaze and inspire me. Words cannot express how lucky we are to have been immersed in this unique journey, and how thankful I now feel to be able to honor all of the teachers who have made our time at St. Andrew's possible. Thank you.

intelligence, and creativity. I thank Scott for his great work on behalf of the School.

One of the best responses to difficult and uncertain times is to regenerate the rituals that enlighten our lives. Our most sacred ceremonies provide direction and express values, virtues, meaning, and commitments; they create grace, solidarity, hope, courage, and faith; they tie us to the past, the present, and the future; they represent narratives that not only speak to accomplishment and success, but also to moments of doubt, fear, suffering, sacrifice, and despair.

Ultimately, our rituals represent an enduring and noble way of expressing resistance and responses to tragedy, suffering, and death. Through our rituals, we say that we will endure; we will emerge not only intact, but strengthened and fortified, even more courageous and committed to the principles that provide hope and meaning in our lives. We shall overcome.

St. Andrew's always celebrated a Graduation Day, even in the darkest days of American and world history—from the depths of the Great Depression that surrounded the very founding of the School, to the terror and destruction of World War II, to the assasination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., to the devastation of September 11, 2001—we have always gathered together at graduations to think carefully about the responsibilities of citizenship and power of education to heal and change the world.

Today, we confront the COVID-19 pandemic and the profound and complex public health and financial crises that have developed so explosively over the past five months. We find ourselves inspired and protected by the wisdom of doctors and public health professionals. We celebrate the fortitude, bravery, and sacrifice of our first responders, EMTs, nurses, doctors who fight with all their might to save lives. We honor the essential workers who have risked their and their families health to provide the nation with food, emergency services, and crucial delivery systems. On this Memorial Day weekend, our medical community and essential workers join our veterans in the fellowship of service, honor, and bravery. We are a great nation, composed of citizens who serve the public good and the principles of freedom, justice, and equality, whatever or whenever the challenge.

The pandemic can bring us all together or tear us apart. As the great historian Jill Lepore noted in an interview Thursday (paraphrased below):

We see powerful collaboration, cooperation, and mutual sacrifice among all nations of the world facing a common threat, at the same time we see surges of virulent nationalism, intolerance, and competition that violate our sense of cooperation and search for a cure. In our early days of the pandemic, we seemed together as a nation, united in shared sacrifice and reverence for the support we showed for desperately ill patients and their health care providers.



Lately, that consensus has faded, and the virus threatens to deepen the national sense of fragmentation, fear, anxiety, polarization, and confusion.

The novelist Viet Thanh Nguyen suggests that in this pandemic, we also confront "a social virus... Its symptoms," he writes, "are inequality, callousness, selfishness." We see in the midst of the crisis glaring and painful and historic inequalities in the ways Americans are affected by this pandemic. As Bryan Stevenson says: "... the true measure of.... the character of our society...is how we treat the poor, the disfavored, the accused, the incarcerated, and the condemned."

We must recognize that we have a lot of work to do to recreate and reimagine America in new, responsible, and equitable forms.

In light of the national and global acts of heroism, research, and collaboration and at the same time in light of the crisis of health and spirit we experience together, I have concluded that this virtual graduation is the most important ceremony in the 91 year history of the School. A graduation set in the very center of a crisis, becomes a powerful assertion of education's highest responsibility: to make the world, in Toni Morrison's phrase, "a more humane place". That was our goal we set for ourselves this year. Little did we know how prescient Morrison's phrase would become this spring.

We need graduation more than ever this year to reflect on the work that lies ahead of us: we yearn for leadership that is truthful, honest, reliable, humble, courageous, and generous. We call for leadership who knows what it means to be intelligent, humble, and discerning; we long for leadership that honors science and the power of the human spirit. You graduates represent the hope and salvation of this nation and the world, for you are the leaders of the present and future.

As the writer Marilynn Robinson suggests in a recent essay, "there is opportunity for a sharpening and redefining of our values during and after this

crisis," this is the work we all, and particularly you, the Class of 2020, must pursue with the gift of your education. She writes:

We can consider what kind of habitation, what kind of home, we want this country to be... Emergencies remind us that people admire selflessness and enjoy demands on their generosity, and that the community as a whole is revivified by such demands... All this comes down to the need to recover and sharpen a functioning sense of justice, based on a reverent appreciation of humankind, all together and one by one.

We know that the Class of 2020 is deeply committed to principles of human rights, human dignity, and proximity. They have studied at St. Andrew's in a time of increased national and global expressions of xenophilia, racism, intolerance, and political polarization. This Class has created an open minds ethos within the School designed to bring people together in conversation, collaboration, and mutual understanding.

Our seniors know that the abiding narrative of the pandemic has to be the story of the global community working together towards healing and recovery. Our seniors live like a global family, seeking to express the appreciation and perspective and love that comes from living with students from all parts of the world. They resist and reject those voices that seek to turn a pandemic into an excuse for the expression of more hatred, more cynicism, more conspiracy theories, more distortion, and half-truths.

The Class of 2020 knows and understands what sets St. Andrew's apart, as a School and community. By losing these special weeks together this spring, they understand just how precious the little moments are, the ones we tend, in comfort and security, to take for granted. They understand that what gives them grace and meaning in their lives are the daily miracles of human connection and friendship created in human communities.

In my IV Form English class on Wednesday, I asked my students to share narratives about the seniors who had most influenced and mentored them. The IV Formers quickly began to talk about the moments that made all the difference to them: words of encouragement and support shared on a weekend trip to Philadelphia, at a family-style lunch table, before, during, or after a game. My students



I am a chapel Communion assistant, and a big lesson that I learned [through that] is the importance of being vulnerable and being open in the Chapel. I remember the first time that I assisted with Communion for a Chapel, I was really nervous for no good, apparent reason. I was asking a million questions. I remember Hutch asked me to put the bread in the altar and in response, I said, 'Where is the altar?' I was very new to this type of stuff, even though I had gone to church a lot. But I think getting up on Sundays and giving people wine and bread has kind of underlined the whole fact that we're supposed to be doing this for each other. It's not supposed to be a passive experience where we're just watching everything happen. It's something that we all actively participate in.

St. Andrew's Is My Second Family

by Aliay Chavez '20 Awards Night 2020

hen I think of the St. Andrew's community, the first thing that comes to mind is my first-ever Visit Back Day. My mom was absolutely terrified of letting me go, at the age of 13, to a school that was three hours away where she didn't know anyone. Yet, when she attended the senior panel [at Visit Back Day], some of those worries dissipated. She recalled a senior girl talking about how she had formed a family at St. Andrew's. Although that was something that she had been hearing from teachers and the Admissions Team all day, it wasn't until she heard it from a student that it really hit her. It was her "sign" that I was going to be okay if I came to SAS. I think back to this story often because each year, that girl's statement seems to resonate with me more and more. St. Andrew's has become my second family in every way possible.

You might be wondering in what ways St. Andrew's has become my second home. I know that my classmates and I can agree that the relationships that we form with our faculty and staff are at the core of our St. Andrew's family. Some of my favorite moments with teachers were when we went on drives, whether they were town trips, drives to and from games, or very last-minute food runs. It wasn't rides that made the bonds grow stronger, but rather the conversations that came out of them. These conversations ranged from music suggestions to issues going on in the world to-my personal favorite-what we did before we came to St. Andrew's. Normally on our way to the boys basketball games, everyone would be focused on the game to come. This left Mr. Westman on his own, listening to his podcasts. One day I sat in his van on the way to a game and someway somehow we just started speaking in Spanish. We talked about my plans for my final project with Karen, his experiences teaching in Jordan, his love of languages, his passion for drawing, and how we both ended up at St. Andrew's. I even learned of his talented family member who is a country music composer and singer. After that conversation, I had a newfound respect for Mr. Westman. I appreciated his genuine interest in getting to know me, in sharing his own past and in engaging in conversation in Spanish even though his isn't the best, as he is a French teacher.

See, the thing is, teachers and faculty at St. Andrew's don't only work from the beginning of the academic day till the end. They're always around and are involved in every way possible. They genuinely want to get to know us, they give the best advice, and are there to comfort us when our parents are so far away. The relationships we

form with faculty are just as important as the ones that we make with each other as students.

As students, we grew closer and closer every year, from late-night talks after lights out to screaming Christmas songs during the Carol Shout. And even though we all came from different parts of the world and brought our different cultures to campus, we were able to come back to the fact that we were all St. Andreans at heart.

Mr. Roach has always talked about ethos. I never really knew what he meant when he said that—and I still really don't, to be honest-but to me our ethos means being kind, understanding, accepting, and loving. Ethos is being a St. Andrean at heart. We live like this every day, in small and big ways, but our ethos is especially powerful when we come together to support each other. The energy and our distinctive spirit as St. Andreans at these games was unbeatable. Ethos is also vividly expressed in one of my favorite events: the Carol Shout. Even though some of us don't celebrate Christmas, we sing, scream and jump so hard—to the point that one time we broke a Dining Hall table—because this tradition is an expression of who we are as a community coming together as a family to celebrate one another. This past Carol Shout meant the most because it was my last one, and my class was finally in the middle leading all of the carols. As I stood alongside my classmates, as we witnessed Mr. and Mrs. Roach screaming at the top of their lungs, I looked around and saw both teachers and students laughing and enjoying the moment. It hit me that I would be leaving very soon and would no longer be a part of these amazing moments that define us as St. Andreans.

Graduating from St. Andrew's is a bittersweet moment for me. It's saddening to think that these four years are coming to an end, but I know each and every one of us are ready to take the next step. The school has provided me with a wonderful education, a beautiful campus to live on, teachers who became second parents, and friendships that will last a lifetime. St. Andrew's has shown me the true value of human connection and how much power there is in telling our stories. In many ways I feel as if I'm indebted to St. Andrew's. So now, when I think about what the senior girl said at that Visit Back Day panel four years ago, I can finally say that St. Andrew's has become my second family. Although this is the end of our high school careers, everything that we have learned over the past four years will stay with us forever. Thank you all for making our high school experience the best that it could be. We wouldn't trade it for anything in the world.

"It's a marathon, not a sprint."

by Lamar Duncan '20 Awards Night 2020

ooking back at the 2019-2020 football and basketball seasons, one might think that my athletic career at St. Andrew's was a smooth ride. After all, we won the Cannon Game 50-0 in front of our home crowd and reached the Final Four of the DIAA basketball tournament for the first time in school history this past year! However, my athletic career was far from perfect and it took a lot of support from family, friends, and coaches to

reach the goals that we set for 2019-2020.

You see, St Andrew's athletics is about strength. It's about settling down, setting goals, making improvements, and most importantly, working together as a team.

middle school, thought of myself as a pretty accomplished athlete. After all, I was the MVP on my eighth grade basketball team. So, during the first practice of my SAS career, I stepped on the football field full of confidence. even though I had never played football before. Needless to say, my confidence was crushed that fall as our record for the 2016 season was 0-10. Although my athletic ego was for sure bruised, I told myself that basketball would be different.

Giving my previous success in basketball, I walked into the court certain that I was going to be the starting point guard. Of course I could not have been more wrong. Not only was I not the starting point guard, but I was sent down to JV for some games in the middle of the season. We ended that season with a crushing 7-12 record. It broke my expectations of what high school athletics would be.

During this struggle, I sent a text to my mom, expressing my frustration. The conversation went

like this (this is from December 9, 2016—we were 1-2 in basketball at this time.):

"Basketball is just like football," I texted her. "Why?" she asked.

"We keep losing. I'm sick of losing," I replied. "Stop losing then," she wisely affirmed.

I still remember this text exchange so vividly. I hated losing. I hated not contributing. I just wanted to be a part of a winning culture.

Don't get me wrong—we have the most amazing coaches. Our losing streak was not on them, it was on us. Over the course of my sophomore and junior years, I realized that to have a winning culture, the players have to come together, set goals, work towards them as a team, and support one another in this journey. We needed to concentrate on improving as athletes individually and collectively. Once we started to laser-focus on these objectives, I understood that numbers aren't what define a winning culture. What's most important is working together and behaving and acting as a team—this is what the St. Andrew's athletics "winning culture" is all about.

Thanks to the incredible expertise of Al Wood and Jake Myers, we worked on improving our verticals, agility, and strength. We treated every practice as if it was the last practice ever. Eventually, the physical and mental growth of my teammates synchronized us all. It was if we could read each other's movements before they even happened. We understood each other, learned to read each other and created a new and positive rhythm.

Fast-forward to this year. I was nominated as team captain for football, and with this leadership role, I felt that this was my final opportunity to leave my mark on St. Andrew's athletics. As a tiny freshman, I looked up to my senior captains and RLs on these fields and on dorm. This year, being both an RL on freshman dorm and now also a captain, I took pride in being the best role model that I could be. This meant body language, communication, and hard work. I knew that freshmen would look up to me and that I had to,

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and wanted to be, positive and influential 24/7. This leadership model was powerful because it was the model we as seniors adopted—we were committed to a winning culture in the field, on the court, and on dorm. We, as a senior class, were devoted to creating a winning culture.

And we did. In football we not only finished with a 6-4 record, but we brought back the Cannon Trophy after a 50-0 game against Tatnall. Having never touched a football before coming to St. Andrew's, I contributed to the success of the team by setting a school record for the single-season receiving yardage.

"Stop losing then." That text from my mom played over and over in my mind as we started our final basketball season as Saints. With a winning record, we went seeded as the 18th out of the 25 teams that participated in the DIAA State Playoffs. Very much the underdogs, we prepared and practiced as we had never done before. We knocked out Smyrna, the #2 ranked team William Penn, and lastly, Dickinson High School to qualify for the Final Four for the first time in the school's 91-year history. We indeed had a winning culture, but what makes this team and season so special to me is through all the adversity, injuries, and even losing to Sanford 60-16 earlier in the season, we stayed as one and did what no one expected.

It is a marathon, not a sprint! My athletic career at St. Andrew's is the story of my team—the story that one can change a program by playing one's role, respecting everyone else's role on the team, and by playing together as hard as possible. Ultimately, this is what SAS athletics means. It is an opportunity to change narratives. It is the opportunity to do the unexpected. Having unity and understanding through commitment, failure and hard work, I think it is safe to say that I did it, mom. We won! We won! And we won again!

Thank you, St. Andrew's, for allowing me and all of my peer athletes to be Cardinals, Griffins, and Saints!

remembered seniors who made time for them, recognized them, affirmed them, honored them: by stopping by their rooms, by encouraging their musical careers, by saying a few words about a recently completed game. Our seniors gave my students voice, dignity, optimism, and hope. Almost every one of these moments came as a revelation, a surprise, a gift of the human spirit.

As senior class co-advisor Will Robinson suggested so beautifully this morning, this Class stayed true to their leadership responsibilities whether they lived on or off campus. They always responded powerfully to adversity. They protected and strengthened our ethos when we were forced to live apart.

Today we honor you, Class of 2020. You will be the first Class in School history to have two graduations: one today in the middle of the swirling and chaotic crisis, the second, the one you each want so much, towards the end of this emergency.

Both are important.

You have handled this early stage of this pandemic with great audacity and resilience. How will you follow up, expand, develop your response, now that you are graduates of this great School?

We know we can do more than quarantine, social distance, and follow health guidelines carefully. We can keep learning, reading, researching, problem solving, connecting to the people we love and have met from all socio-economic backgrounds, races, ethnicities, religions, and nations. We have learned that education is deeply connected not only to individual achievement and success; it is the only way to create and enact a new world and national community. We cannot wait to watch you take center stage in the leadership of this country and world in the years ahead.

Commencement Remarks Stephanie Tanoh '20, Co-President

In thirty years when we talk about the infamous year of 2020, I hope that the first thoughts that come to mind are not your regrets. This is the word I am guilty of using too many times throughout this crisis. I vividly remember my last moments at St. Andrew's. I yelled one last joke to Dana before running across the Dining Hall with my red suitcase to make sure I was not the last person on the New York bus once again, because I had received a standing ovation the last time that happened. Later, after hearing the news that we would not be

able to return to campus, my first thought was that I should have packed earlier that day to carve out time to bother Profe one more time on my way out—I should have hugged Bwembya goodbye one more time—I should have done a lot of things I regret not doing. We all wish there was something we did differently throughout our time at St. Andrew's, but I hope you will begin to see those moments as an opportunity to learn from and be better in the future. Last year, I had one of my best discussions with my roommate Camille, in which she claimed not to have many regrets. I couldn't possibly understand this at the time, and I didn't start understanding this until a couple weeks ago.

We have unintentionally taken the gift of human

is just not enough, right when we need it the most. So I find myself again regretting not being fully present in each class, each dance, each function because I was always rushing from one place to the next.

Despite any regrets we may feel about the way we left things at St. Andrew's, the truth is, Class of 2020, you have given St. Andrew's your all. It is this Class that has redefined what fun at St. Andrew's looks like. It is this Class that continued to lead the school from 73 different locations across the world. It is this Class that has recreated St. Andrew's traditions despite the challenges. It is this Class that will survive a pandemic, and it is ultimately this Class that has made history. You have proven once again that St. Andrew's is not special because of the physical

> place we were in, but rather it is the spirit and the grit of its students. So instead regretting moments we didn't have, we can cherish the moments we did have-moments that shaped the great people we are today. We can embrace the uncertainty the future as an opportunity to do better, to love other each more intentionally, and to take the time to appreciate those

who have positively impacted us. This pandemic has revealed the most vulnerable aspects of our communities, our governments, our economy and much more, but as the one and only Oprah has said: "This moment is your invitation to use your education to begin to heal our afflictions, to apply the best of what you've learned in your head and felt in your heart." Our Class and all other graduating classes of 2020 are now connected through a shared vision, regaining the power of human connection; regaining the stability, regaining the trust, and regaining the integrity it allows for. We have experienced firsthand what isolation can do to relationships, and although today we are not receiving Mr. Roach's firm handshake as a proper send-off, our parents and our teachers have already gifted us with the knowledge



connection for granted before this pandemic began. Parents read us articles, Mr. Roach gives us speeches, and Will Rob even started a revolution to warn us of the negative effects screens have on the way we interact and live our daily lives. This warning of course is ignored for one simple reason: technology keeps us in contact with one another and it makes connecting easier. But, the thing is I am currently frustrated with technology. A FaceTime call can not make up for a friendly hug when I need one the most. A Zoom class can not make up for the magic that occurs in a classroom when students build off each other's energies and overcome anything the teachers challenge them with. A virtual dorm function can not replace the random laughter of underclassmen on dorm and the impromptu dance parties. Technology

How to Make an Easy Goodbye

by Campbell Nicholson '20 Mein Chapel 2020

have written about four drafts of this talk, all about different memories or ideas. If I'm being completely honest, I even tried to write a new talk at 4:00 p.m. today. I wish I could say it was out of hard work and dedication, but that simply isn't the truth. Rather, I have been telling myself that this was my final chance to say goodbye. In my head, I had the idea that if I wrote the perfect talk, saying goodbye would be easier. But if anything, the more I wrote about St. Andrew's and my love for this community, the harder it was to think about leaving.

For our Class, this is an undeniably different kind of goodbye. At graduation they won't have to announce that we must be packed and off campus by 2:00 p.m., because we are already gone. Physically, I have left St. Andrew's. Most of my stuff has been packed up and sent to me. My room on M is back in its generic form, without a trace of evidence that I once lived there.

My mind, however, has yet to leave St. Andrew's. It has constantly brought me back to the places on campus that have held memories close to my heart.

I've thought of my memories on M dorm; brush and wash dance parties on upper, pushing dress code boundaries with Ms. Duprey in the common room, and going through Ms. Gahagan's impressive costume bin.

I thought of the girls lacrosse field. A place where I ran away from the ball freshman year, but under the love and support of all my coaches, I learned to find confidence as an athlete and compassion as a teammate. The same field holds memories of chanting on the last night of junior year with the Class of 2020 women under the night sky.

When I think of the Front Lawn, I remember that time last spring when so many people in our Class played four square that the line wrapped around almost the whole court. The Arts Center holds memories of countless games of sardines, long talks with my amazing advisor Ms. Roz, and also a stage where I danced and acted for my first and only time during Intro to the Arts freshman year.

The garth is where I remember when last year, Mr. Speers, my junior year English teacher, spoke

at Commencement. While the audience sat in their seats dripping with sweat, Mr. Speers talked of the word palimpsest, a word that had been brought up in our English class many times that year.

He defined it this way: "Palimpsest is when you physically write on top of a piece of writing, so we see multiple narratives, usually from different time periods, together." Mr. Speers talked of how the wood carvings [in the basement of Founders] are a palimpsest in our school, the different names and times carved in the wall all

showing the people that kept the spirit of St. Andrew's alive before us. Our Class can't carve our names into the wall just yet, but regardless we will leave our mark on St. Andrew's for years to come. I know this because every person in this Class has already left their mark on me.

This is what makes the goodbyes so hard. I have come to realize that the only way to make a goodbye easy is to not care about the place or people you are saying it to. So, although this will be one of the hardest goodbyes, I know that our Class will return to campus again and find that there will be new students playing four square on the Front Lawn or a

new band on the Engelhard stage, placing their own memories on our campus but also keeping the memories we have there alive. For we are not saying goodbye to St. Andrew's, but saying goodbye to being a high school student.

So to the underclassman, I hope you use your time left at St. Andrew's to make the memories that will help you through the hardest times. Look past small every day trifles and give each other grace, because when St. Andrew's comes to an end for you, the memories are what will keep you connected.

And to the Class of 2020, thank you for surrounding me with so much love over these past four years and thank you for making this goodbye so hard. See you soon.

Our Class can't carve our names into the wall just yet, but regardless we will leave our mark on St. Andrew's for years to come. I know this because every person in this Class has already left their mark on me.

and the courage to learn from this pandemic and to heal the world outside of St. Andrew's.

Now this speech wouldn't be complete without a thank you. Throughout these past four years we have made unforgettable memories, we have built an unforgettable family, and we will continue to go on unforgettable adventures together. Although Billy and I are truly blessed to say we led the Class of 2020, the truth is you led us to be better people in every way possible with your creativity, your love for each other, and your love for St. Andrew's. Thank you parents and St. Andrew's for bringing together the most amazing group of people, the people who have become my support system, the people who I will forever call family. Until the next time, Class of 2020.



Commencement Remarks Billy Ewles '20, Co-President

Steph and I look forward to giving our proper reflections and speeches once we can return and be together in person on campus, but just for now, this speech will do.

These past years have been some of the best years of our lives so far, there is absolutely no doubt about it. The many Frosty Runs, the Carol Shouts, the open mics, the semi-formals, the proms, the Wawa trips, the late-night DMCs [deep meaning conversations] on dorm, the poker games, Front Lawn games, and now even group Zoom calls. These have made our time together so special.

Our experience did not come without challenges. We faced sickness together; many, many, many late nights working on homework; grades from Mr. Speers; athletic injuries; state tournament losses; the SATs; the senior exhibition, among so much else. These moments have shaped us to be the stronger version of ourselves.

This wasn't done alone. We thank our parents, our siblings, our relatives, and our friends for letting us go away, far from home, to St. Andrew's. The sacrifices you have all made to let us go away have not gone unnoticed. We thank you! We love you so, so much.

As a Class, we owe so much of our St. Andrew's experience to the faculty and staff. These people have changed our lives in ways we could never have predicted. They have been there to cheer us on through our highest highs and give us grace and support during our lowest lows. They have pushed us to excel academically, leading us to discoveries in the classroom, frequent lightbulb moments, and us putting forth work that we can genuinely be proud of. They have cheered us on the fields; applauded us at plays, musicals, and other arts performances; and have always been there with us. We thank you. Without you, we simply would not be the people we are today.

And to the Class of 2020. We are a family. Like most of you, I keep asking myself, "Is our story over? Has our time as the St. Andrew's Class of 2020 expired?" When these questions arise, I consistently reread an email we received from Mr. Robinson just noments after we learned the news that we would not be returning in the spring. This email continually brings a new sense of hope and a longing for the future to discover what is in store for all of us. He said:

"What I hope you take to heart is that your time on campus is truly orientation for a lifetime of being a Saint, and being together. A group of us from 1997 began a weekly Zoom chat a couple of weeks ago. It's now up to 57 people. You have so much to look forward to you will share first apartments, run marathons together, have dinners, Friendsgivings, spend summers with each other crammed into houses without enough beds for everyone who jumped on board. There are reunions, weddings, births, and reconnecting after years and not missing a beat. Your kids will play

with each other. St. Andrew's will not be the best time of your life or the best time with each other. It only gets better."

He ended with "You are so lucky to have each other now and far, far, far into the future."

Take this message and take it to heart. While our several years on campus together have come to an end, our life together as Saints has only just begun. I look forward to sharing hugs, stories, and laughter, far, far into the future, and most especially the moment when we can finally return to St. Andrew's and celebrate, as one big happy family.

St. Andrew's Is a Trial Run Bre Pierce '13

Bre Pierce '13 delivered these remarks to the Class of 2020 at this year's VI Form Dinner. The VI Form Dinner welcomes soon-to-be graduates into the alumni community of St. Andrew's. Bre served as Associate Director of Admission, volleyball and basketball coach, and dorm parent on Moss Annex from 2017 to 2020.

Some of you may know that this is my last year at St. Andrew's. What this means precisely is that on Sunday, May 24, I will have graduated from St. Andrew's twice, first as a student and now as a faculty member. My first go-round, I focused my efforts on being present both physically and emotionally for all of those last moments; the last Frosty Run, the last Parents Weekend, my last volleyball game, my last basketball game, my last prom, the last Arts Weekend, and maybe the last Free Day I would have in my life. This was of course before I knew my path would lead me back to St. Andrew's.

During my senior year, my emotions were scrambled. I would go back and forth between excitement about the freedom I would have in college to complete panic about the thought of living my daily life without my close friends and the guidance and mentorship from the faculty. I felt joy, impatience, regret, and relief. This year has been similar in many ways, but those feelings are a little more intensified now because we can't be together to enjoy many of those last moments. It is hard to find closure in the midst of all of this. St. Andrew's has always been a place that thrives on human connections. We believe in the power of genuine relationships by getting proximate with

one another. I want you to know that it is okay for this journey to feel incomplete. The reality is that a St. Andrew's experience never truly ends. The relationships that you build last and continue to grow beyond your physical presence and time at St. Andrew's, and the ethos created and sustained by every member of this community lives within all of us.

SENIOR REFLECTION



Honestly, I had known like two white people in my entire life before I came here. So it was just a culture shock coming to SAS and being in an environment that was a little new to me. At first I rejected it, but now I'm a senior and I've grown accustomed to it. It's the environment I maneuver around. It's the environment I'm going to be going to when I go to college. And this experience has taught me to give people chances—not everyone is who you think they are. You can't read people like a book when you first see them.

When I was a freshman, we were really close to our seniors and our juniors. And all of the seniors and juniors of color would sit at the three tables in the Main Common Room for dinner. Me and Aliay were always with Gen and Ken and Jarred and Roger and Keem. We usually stayed there from 6:00 PM to check in. We would spend our entire night in the Dining Hall, in the same exact space, everybody trying to cram into that one middle table.

That first year, that's really where I felt the community. I felt connected with the students there. It definitely was a relief to have them here in the sea of white people [at St. Andrew's.] Then Bwembya and Steph and I started Essence [the affinity group for Black women] our junior year, because we felt as though there was a space missing. You had all these affinity groups, and you had Sapphire [the affinity group for women of color], so you had all the Asian girls, Hispanic girls, Black girls in one big group as if we all had the same experiences. There are definitely things that we can all relate to, being women of color—we know that. But what I go through is different from what I is goes through, and what Karen goes through is different from what I go through. "Women of color" isn't a monolith. There are so many complexities.

Living Life for Yourself

his story began around February of this year. At that point, soccer season was over. I survived the stressful college application process and it felt like my grades didn't really matter anymore. Everything was more relaxed and calm, yet I found myself feeling empty inside because of this sudden freedom. I didn't actually feel free. Sure, I was quite busy spending a lot of time with all my friends playing Poker and Zombies on Xbox and being obsessed with a show called You on Netflix, but I felt like there wasn't anything that I could work towards anymore. I felt like I needed something tangible, like studying for an exam, or working out to become better at a certain sport. Frankly, although many things I did at St Andrew's were fueled by my passions—playing sports, music and occasionally even studying-most of my work was focused on trying, to the best of my ability, to get into college. I had done that, but now it felt hollow sitting in my room that night knowing where I would be going to college.

Some of you might call this the beginning of the "senior slide," but I genuinely felt lost. As a result, I found myself asking my roommate, Owen, one of the most philosophical questions I've ever asked—even more philosophical than some of the regular topics we discussed, such as: Is anything fully dead or fully alive? Or, who actually bought in twice last night in poker?

This time, I asked him, "Owen, what should I do if I feel like I'm losing purpose?" Owen advised me to find something I like to do that's meaningful. Read a book, go work out, just do anything you want.

Although his advice may sound like something cliche that's from a low-quality YouTube video titled "My Epic Routine To Stay Motivated," it got me thinking about what type of person I wanted to become in the future. Someone who is buried in their jobs and obligations, or someone who possesses an authentic sense of personal values and purpose? Someone who cares about the amount of value they create for others, and not on how much they are valued by others? Suddenly I realized I shouldn't be worried about not having tasks forced upon me. In fact, I began thinking that this could possibly be the best time of my life. I didn't have to worry about my grades, my college applications, or even getting too many marks for accidentally oversleeping first period. I had the complete freedom to explore my interests, do things that I like, find new things to like, and enjoy the last episode of high school with the people I cared about and who also cared about me.

I realized that there's so much more waiting for us to explore. The question is whether you want to take the first step to control your own actions. After that, I started

by Steven Ding '20 Mein Chapel 2020

spending more time with my friends, not because I felt obligated to hang them, because I wanted to get to know them more. I'd play music, not because Mr. Geiersbach told me to do it, but because truly enjoyed playing beautiful music. I spent hours ... even in high school and college, you shouldn't consider any of your actions as a means to receive external validation and approval.

Rather, you should do everything with the mentality of "I'm doing this for myself."

watching French videos on YouTube, not because it was part of an assignment from Mr. Westman, but because I wanted to become fluent in another language. Slowly, I became more aware of my ability to take charge of my life and, by doing this, everything became more enjoyable.

Just to clarify, I have to explain what I mean by living your life for yourself. Obviously I don't mean for you to live a life that's self-centered without community or care for others. I'm saying that, even in high school and college, you shouldn't consider any of your actions as a means to receive external validation and approval. Rather, you should do everything with the mentality of "I'm doing this for myself." Read *Bright Lights*, *Big City* with Mr. Torrey in English class because it's absolutely an amazing book. Run sprints with Mr. Carroll and Mr. Foehl because you want to play better in actual games. Go to mentoring with Hutch because you genuinely care about those kids.

Even with the things we don't like to do, think of them as exercises that will make you better, but not as enforced assignments. Don't forget to appreciate the people who are kind to you. Thank your friends, like Owen, who didn't have to sit there and talk you through your struggles. Thank your family for always loving you and supporting you, and thank your teachers who spent the extra hours working with you, or took you out to Wawa. Remember that taking you out to Wawa actually isn't in the teacher's handbook—they took you out because they truly care about you. Now that my time at St Andrew's has come to an end, I want to remind you to treasure your time here, because there aren't many places where you're surrounded by family and friends, love and support.

As for myself, I look forward to living my life in the future, doing things that I thoroughly enjoy and I hope you'll get to do the same at St Andrew's and beyond. I love you all.

When Mr. Roach asked me to share some words of wisdom on behalf of the alumni community, my mind immediately began racing. There was so much from my St. Andrew's experience from which I could pull. In true Mr. Roach fashion, I started jotting down my ideas on a notepad. The difference between him and me is that I had no clear vision or message that I wanted to leave with your Class. Once I got my initial thoughts on the paper, I decided to step away from the pad and continue experiencing my last year at St. Andrew's. I figured that this is what we tell our prospective students to do all the time when going through their admissions process: enjoy your eighth grade year and gain as much experience as you can; then reflect on your time through your essays. So, I've spent my final year at St. Andrew's both consciously and subconsciously reflecting on moments that left an imprint on my life. I would like to share some of those moments with you tonight.

At the beginning of my senior year we had the traditional St. Anne's Chapel service. This service in particular resonated with me differently than any other chapel in my four years at St. Andrew's because I didn't know at the moment how useful these words would be to me and my classmates in the near future. Mr. Roach spoke about Dr. Atul Gawande's 2012 commencement address at Williams College in which he focused on the art of rescue. Mr. Roach challenged us to think deeply about what Dr. Gawande was suggesting in his phrase: "The only failure is the failure to rescue." I wasn't sure at that moment what to make of the phrase, but it stuck with me for many years after that chapel.

In the fall of my freshman year in college, my St. Andrew's classmates and I made sure to make our way back to 350 Noxontown Road for Homecoming. I vividly remember taking a picture with my classmates: Emily Troisi, Morgen Ricketts, Alexandra Porrazzo, Will Bowditch, Peter D'Agostino, Will Hughes, Sydney Young, Betsy Neil, Irene Rajarigam, and Faith Loehr. Peter D'Agostino was positioned perfectly in the middle of the picture. He was the heart of our class and truly embodied everything we strive to be as St. Andreans. This was especially amazing because he came to St. Andrew's as a new junior. I had never met anyone who had their finger on the pulse of the school so intensely. It was because of his leadership

and commitment that our class elected him as one of the school's co-presidents.

Not long after Homecoming our class received word that Peter had passed away. When I got the news, I immediately thought back to that St. Anne's chapel. I thought to myself what it might look like to rescue Peter's family, my classmates, and so many others whose lives he had touched. I also knew that I couldn't and didn't want to do it alone. St. Andreans have a collective commitment to stewarding our community and, in this moment, we leaned on one another to do so. My class and the St. Andrew's community rallied together and

From annotations to analysis, exhibitions to colloquiums, you've done the work of scholars.

From practice to games to state tournaments, you know how to leave it all on the court and field and pond. From gallery openings to performances on campus and beyond, you know what to do when the lights come on. From Adaptive Aquatics to mentoring to the work at Andrew's Place, you know how to serve others with humility. The only way to fail is if you don't take these lessons and put them into action.

began planning ways to show our support to Peter's family. The hashtag "#PeterProject" became a way to honor his life. Whenever we felt like we accomplished something greater than ourselves, we dedicated it to Peter and proudly posted a picture with the hashtag #PeterProject. We channeled our creativity through musical arrangements, quilts, and even pushed ourselves to our limits running marathons, something Peter seemed to do so effortlessly. You all may have even seen a painting of Peter in the Arts Center next to the ceramics room. We did anything to connect with him and live our lives with the same enthusiasm, resilience, integrity, and love that he brought to everything

that he did. Our focus shifted from self-pity and grief of loss to what we could do to lift each other up.

Similarly, to our initial feelings of sorrow and loss after Peter's passing, during this pandemic we have often spent time reflecting on what we used to have, what we used to do, and how certain restrictions now hinder us from having those last moments of celebration and recognition together. It is easy to feel bad for ourselves, to feel robbed of an opportunity, but I encourage you to shift your perspective to action, to empathy, trust, concern for others, and an appreciation for what we had, knew, and loved before this time.

Dr. Gawande's phrase "the only failure is the failure to rescue" also alludes to the idea of preparation. Last week, I had a conversation with Steph [Tanoh '20] about her feelings on transitioning to college. She expressed worry because college is "clearly not as sheltered as St. Andrew's." After that conversation, I took a moment to think about the St. Andrew's experience more broadly and came to the conclusion that St. Andrew's is in fact a trial run. But you shouldn't be worried because you are all ready for the next level. From annotations to analysis, exhibitions to colloquiums, you've done the work of scholars. From practice to games to

state tournaments, you know how to leave it all on the court and field and pond. From gallery openings to performances on campus and beyond,



SENIOR REFLECTION

I'm so thankful for my friends. They all really inspire me. Spencer, Christine, Emily, Ginger, my roommate. I love her. They're all such incredible people and they all care so much about the people around them. And I've loved getting to know people that I [might have been] scared to go out of my comfort zone to talk to. Camille and I are so different, but we get along so well and I've really enjoyed being in a dorm with her. She's very genuine. I've never met anyone as genuine and honest and authentic as Camille. I think having friends that are willing to be truly authentic and themselves is ... I'm going to cry. It's just, I don't know what to say. I'm at a loss of words. I've met so many incredible people at St. Andrew's and it's sad that our experience ended so quickly. But I'll never forget the people that I've met.

you know what to do when the lights come on. From Adaptive Aquatics to mentoring to the work at Andrew's Place, you know how to serve others with humility. The only way to fail is if you don't take these lessons and put them into action. That seems pretty simple until you're thrown into a completely new environment with people that haven't had a St. Andrew's experience. The values that you have developed will be challenged. You might even have moments when you struggle to choose whether or not to be your true self.

In my junior year of college, underrepresented students on college campuses around the nation joined together to shine a light on policies and practices that were rooted in racism and homophobia. We also worked to gain more diverse and culturally competent counseling staff to support students of color. I became a leader in Dickinson's efforts to promote equity and inclusion. As you can imagine, this was no easy feat. I put myself in a position to be criticized and scrutinized daily, but I stood firm in who I was. While your efforts don't have to be that large in scale, I want to challenge you to be yourselfunapologetically-at all times. Parkie Moseley '20, hold those breakfast bible studies on your new campus. Tim Odutola '20, continue to bring joy to children and their families who are unable to spend the holidays at home. Iris Hwang '20, use your voice to speak on injustices and build a new-age rainbow coalition. Dante Soriano '20, share your political views with your peers in hopes of bridging the gap of understanding and creating new common ground. Lilly Howard '20, keep saving the wave. Camille Strand '20, continue providing spaces of support for Black women. Whatever you all decide to do, always remember that the lessons you learned in practice at St. Andrew's have prepared you for any moment of rescue.

The last thing that I want to share with you is that whenever you need to be rescued, your alumni family will be there; in fact, they are everywhere. I can name multiple times in my travels or just in the grocery store when I've seen someone that is an alum of St. Andrew's. It doesn't matter if your times at St. Andrew's overlapped or if you are generations apart—there is always a spark that connects you to that person. Furthermore, seeing your fellow alums is always a reminder that this is a community that we all had a hand in building. It is a reminder to value authentic relationships, to be your true self, and to lead a life of service to others. That is the art of rescue.

Class of 2020, it is my honor to welcome you into the St. Andrew's alumni community. Thank you.

A Trophy Case of Failures Will Robinson '97

Dean of Student Life Will Robinson delivered this talk to the Class of 2020 and their families at this year's Baccalaureate Chapel service.

Good morning or good evening everyone.

Now, I have a very simple message this morning. All of my life, and maybe all of your lives, you've been told to remember the good times; that you have to hold on to them in a sort of mental scrapbook of achievements and successes. Build trophy cases and fill them. We hang diplomas on walls, not rejection letters. Remember the time you won the big game with the celebrations that followed, the standing ovations after performances, walking out of a class with some extra pep in your step after crushing a test or leading a dynamic discussion. The van and bus rides after service when you feel alive sharing a story about your mentee. We could produce endless slideshows of you all together, smiling, laughing, loving. Those were great times, and you need to remember them. We're told that we especially need to remember good times when times are bad because life is good—even great much of the time and you'll get through the bad times and back to the good soon enough. Right? Wrong.

Here's what I'm thinking. I'm actually all in on embracing the bad times, the struggles, the rejections, the moments, days and sometimes weeks when it didn't matter what I did, everything went wrong. Those were the times when I had to learn who I was and find out what I was actually made of. Think about that for a second. Think about the most challenging moment or period of your life.

Okay. Now think of this: you're here. You did it. You made it through, and you're stronger for it.

Here is a heavily abridged list of five of the best moments of my life in chronological order:

- Being told at 13 during my interview by then St. Andrew's Director of Admission Peter Caldwell that my grades weren't good enough to get into St. Andrew's. It lit a fire under me I wasn't sure existed.
- 2. Not being named captain of the St. Andrew's varsity soccer team. I'm still working on getting over that injustice.



- 3. Pretty much every day from 2001-2004 when I taught special education in rural Louisiana. I was 22 in a self-contained classroom with my name on the door and 18 students. I was punched, body-slammed, pulled a drowning student out of a pool, lost another to a shooting, more to prison, and was arrested myself once, though it was genuinely a misunderstanding. I'll tell you about that at Reunion. It was easily the most challenging and most rewarding time of my life and there is rarely a week that goes by when I don't draw on that experience.
- 4. Finding a five months pregnant Lindsay pushing one-year-old Liam in a stroller down Fairmount Avenue in Philadelphia on a sunny March day the week before her birthday to tell her I had been laid off during the 2008 recession. I started my own company that day, which eventually led me to land a job with Ogilvy Communications, which eventually led to Mr. Roach offering what I now see as the opportunity of a lifetime to return to the school I love as Director of Communications, and eventually doing the only work that has made me feel alive.
- 5. The 24 hours Lindsay was in labor with Liam, the seeming eternity that Luke had shoulder dystocia and I thought he wasn't going to make it. The two days we spent waiting for Greta at a hospital in New

Jersey only to return to campus. She was born a couple of days later.

This feels like an appropriate time for you all to thank your parents and families. You really need to thank them. You worked so hard to get to this point, but I promise they worked even harder and sacrificed a lot to get you here. I remember thinking at my graduation from St. Andrew's that I had done something. I had, but there's no way I fully recognized the sacrifice my parents and family — especially my younger sister — had made in letting me go and giving me the opportunity of St. Andrew's. Parents, it's been



The Class of 2020 at their inaugural Frosty Run in September 2016.

worth it. You have amazing children, but don't let them off the hook. Graduates, thank your parents, thank your siblings, thank your grandparents, thank your neighbors, thank everyone connected, through you, to this morning and this moment. Sending you here was a challenge they took on, but they got through it. Thank them.

When I face challenges, I call on my bottomless well of failures, struggles, mistakes, challenges, and disappointments. I made it through all of them and that fact gives me the strength, power, and confidence to know I'll be okay.

The good news is that you all have failures and challenges to draw on already. You've fallen hard and missed notes you thought you had down on the Engelhard stage. Maybe you forgot a line, but kept going. You've been knocked out of games in the heat of the battle and forced to watch your closest friends fight for the win without you. You've pushed

yourself to exhaustion in practices. You've lost games you needed to win. You've pulled all-nighters and not turned in your best work. You've been forced to sign in to breakfast every morning. And if you slept through enough breakfasts, you had to clean the roads on Sunday mornings before Chapel. You've been in trouble. Some of you have been in serious trouble, but you faced it head on and came through stronger than ever. You've bombed tests. You've spent Sundays in the library watching friends on the Front Lawn. The boys here spent every Study Hall at a Dining Hall table their freshman year. You've misread friendships, or budding romantic relationships. You've had your heart broken. You've received tough news from home and wanted more than anything to be there. You didn't get elected, selected, or accepted. Most, if not all of you, felt alone, lost, and unsure at some point in your first days at St. Andrew's, but you got through it. Make no mistake, St. Andrew's is easy sledding compared to what many students in this country have to face every day in their high schools, but that doesn't discount the fact that you did it. Most of you were 13 or 14 when you started. You moved out of your home and waded into this intentionally complicated melting pot. And you made it. If you started sophomore or junior year, that presented a whole host of additional challenges here and at home. But you made it too. Many of you have already overcome much more in your young lives than I ever have, but you got through it all and now you're here, about to hear your name in the list of 2020 St. Andrew's graduates.

To be sure, you will face more serious challenges in your life, but you will get through those times as well because you are stronger and more resilient than you realize. Remember the bad times.

You may be thinking, "But Mr. Robinson, I actually haven't struggled or faced any real personal challenges in my life." Don't worry, you will. And I hope when that happens you remember this talk, know you will get through it, and start building your collection.

Now, what a gift this absolute nightmare has been.

I try to talk to my grandfather at least once a week. He's 101, which made him about 12 when St. Andrew's opened its doors. He and my grandmother, who passed away this fall at 96, were married 70 years, and four of their grandchildren graduated from St. Andrew's. Now, he's alone in his home most of the time. He's owned a small business

for about 60 years and was still going into work until he was forced to shut its doors in March. But he's as content as ever. He misses my grandmother dearly and his eyesight and legs aren't what they used to be, but you can't get him to complain about anything. When World War II ended he walked off his base in San Francisco and hitchhiked back to Philadelphia. Think of every bad thing that's happened in the

world since he was born October of 1918. He lived through it, and he lived through his personal challenges, and he's living through this right now like it's nothing. He admits it's tough at times, but as he told me last night before Awards Night, if he can just get his legs strong again he'll be alright. He's 101, which makes him incredibly vulnerable to this virus, yet he's filled

When I face challenges, I call on my bottomless well of failures, struggles, mistakes, challenges, and disappointments. I made it through all of them and that fact gives me the strength, power, and confidence to know I'll be okay.

with optimism in part because he's lived and fought through challenges since he was born amidst the 1918 Spanish Flu.

St. Andrew's, which was conceived amidst the Great Depression, has also powered through challenges because it is strong to its core. And so are you. You proved it every day this spring. You pivoted to synchronous and asynchronous learning and honored this tireless faculty's efforts by showing up and leaning in to classes. You learned how to celebrate each other in a virtual School Meeting, how to support each other in Chapel services, and reach out to each other to offer kind words of encouragement. Some of you went out and became essential workers to help your families. And you did all of this despite having your senior spring cruelly taken from you by a global pandemic. What a sucker punch. This is not how it was supposed to happen, yet you took it on and made it through. Years from now you will tell your grandchildren, and you'll inspire them to be resilient when life knocks them down. You will remember this bad time, and I hope you wear it with pride in how you handled yourself, helped others, and pushed through. Remember this time. Lean on it.

I gave the Baccalaureate address in 2014 and at that time I told the graduating class that life actually

gets better after St. Andrew's; that this would not be the best time of their lives and, if it was, we failed miserably. St. Andrew's is a launch pad. They had so much to look forward to, and so do you. The good times will outweigh the bad, I promise you that, but don't sweep the bad times away.

Embrace them and keep building. Put notches in your belt every time you get back up and push

forward. Fill a trophy case with failures.

You are strong. You are confident in your resilience. You can take on anything. You will get knocked down and suffer challenges—you can count on that—but you will get back up. You know you can. Your beloved faculty and staff have seen you do it and you inspired all of us every day to keep going. Remember the bad times.

Class of 2020. We miss you. We love you. We are so proud of you.

And we thank you for everything you've given to us, to St. Andrew's, and to each other.

Congratulations, and Go Saints. ¥



SENIOR REFLECTION

"Well, I feel hopeful. This is a really hard time for so many people, in different ways, and I'm very lucky to have many of the things I have right now. But I think that it's okay to accept that you're suffering, too, and everyone is. I've lost a lot of things I care about-going back to school, my summer plans. That's all uncertain. And this feeling of uncertainty is something that we all have to learn to handle in our own ways. I think people don't like to confront uncertainty and many of the biggest issues or questions in our lives have to do with that. We're all [being] forced to confront something that we more often keep ourselves busy to try to ignore. One lesson I've learned from this is that you can say, 'Well, later I'll be happier, later I'll get there, later...' And then, when you're looking back, you realize you WERE happy or you DID have fun. It's that you have to not be constantly focused on, 'Oh, it'll be better in the future.' We've learned that you can't take anything, even just your daily life, for granted. Nothing's permanent and nothing should go unappreciated."

FACES OF COMMENCEMENT 2020













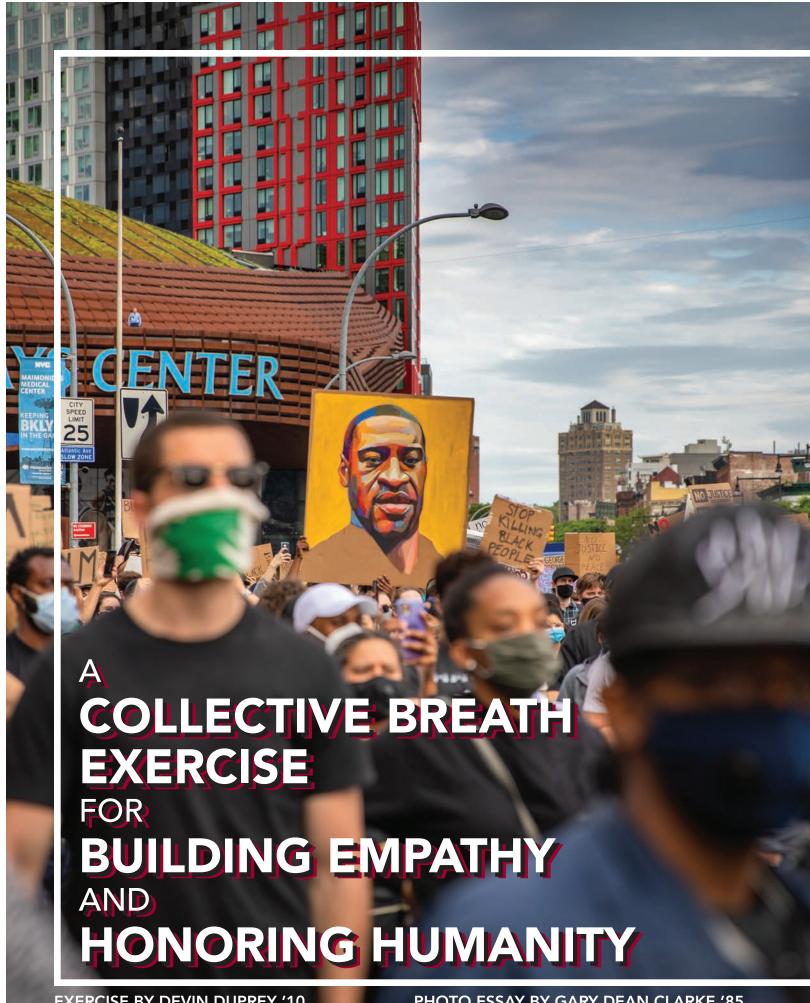














This breathing exercise and reflection was written and read aloud by Devin Duprey '10, Dean of Diversity Education, at a faculty meeting on Wednesday, June 3.

Preathing can be a learning tool to help us identify our needs and become more aware internally and of our external environment. The purpose of this breathing exercise is to increase our awareness and empathy, bringing to our center an often marginalized narrative. Thank you for participating and breathing with me.

Begin with 4 rounds of breath, inhaling for 4 seconds, holding for a half second, and exhaling for 5 seconds. Notice your breath, take a moment to appreciate what the breath can symbolize: we are alive, we are in this present moment, we can be unified through our breath.

Since January, there has been a virus in this country that has constricted the breath of over 1.87 million Americans and 6.7 million people around the globe. It has stolen the breath of hundreds of thousands worldwide. As the virus spread, even those who were not infected felt a shortness of breath. Our breathing was restricted as we watched, and continue to watch, numbers rise, as we experienced the loneliness of quarantine, faced economic hardship, and even grieved for loved ones who have died.

Our breathing has been swallowed by the disproportion in cases of the virus amongst Black and Brown Americans. Researchers and scientists point to factors such as living conditions, work circumstances (serving as essential workers, not having paid sick leave), and underlying health conditions to explain these high rates of transmission and mortality.

But perhaps it is a different contagion that has restricted our breath as well. A plague that is endemic in our country, that has taken the lives of millions. Another virus that desperately needs a cure.

We all breathe together, but not the same. For 400 years, Black people in this country have only had access to a constricted breath.

The last deep breath sucked in by West Africans before boarding ships was soon choked by poor air circulation, fear, the smell of human excrement and death all around them.

The labored breath of slaves tilling the field, their lives, voices, love, and humanity all reduced to a whisper. (It is impossible to truly breathe deeply if you can only whisper.)



The spent breath of the Union and Confederate soldiers in the fighting for freedom that would never be theirs.

The strained breath of the sharecroppers, yet again harvesting a bounty, but still unable to feed their families. (It is impossible to truly breathe deeply if you are famished, still awaiting your next meal.)

The controlled breath of the young man who quickly crossed the street, avoiding eye contact with the white woman walking toward him, making sure his respirations don't mimic a whistle.

The disoriented breath of the Black recent Americans. They may not come from this exact history, but they inherit the consequence due to their skin tone.

The heavy breathing of the drivers, blue flashing lights in their rear view, unsure if they will make it home, if he will become "1" in the "1 in 3" Black men who will face imprisonment in their lifetime, or if she will become the next Sandra Bland.

The stale breath of the 40% of the inmates in prison, yearning for a sip of fresh, uncaged air.

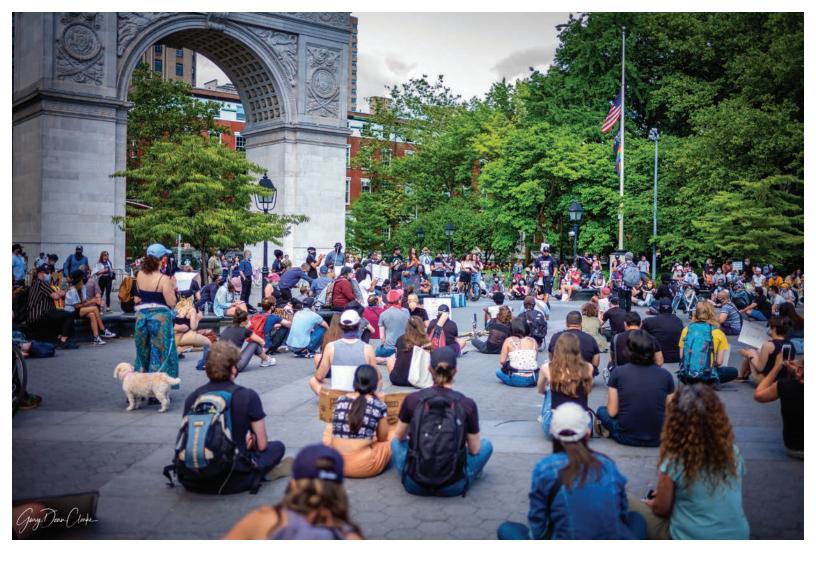
The tired breath of the pregnant mothers carrying babies who, not even from the point of conception, had access to the deep breaths a mother is supposed to provide. Despite her laboring breaths, it is 2.5 times more likely that she and her babies will die in the process of her trying to welcome them into the world.

The exasperated breath of young people, trying to make sense of this world they were born into.

All of our breath constricts when we watch the video footage, and as we struggle to avoid those horrific images.

Our collective breath is restricted as we watch protests and revolts in the streets. As we hear the words that seem to indicate that property is still worth more than the lives of some in this country.

It takes a lot of deep breath to push hard. It takes full deep breaths to shout. It takes sustaining deep breaths to make change.



Let our breath honor those who have had their breath stolen by this nation's own insidious endemic virus.

A breath for Ahmaud Arbery
A breath for Breonna Taylor
A breath for Nina Pop
A breath for George Floyd
A breath for Tony McDade

It is only in recognizing the equities of breath, the unfair and unjust constrictions and asphyxiations, that we can create a world where all have access to breathe freely. By listening to and believing our neighbor when they say they can't breathe. By being aware of the ways we benefit from a system that denies basic human rights.

For those who hear this and are breathing the most shallow of us all, you are phenomenal. You get up every day and show up for class and for work. You create content, you analyze with sharpness. You care for others, stand up for others. You love, and find joy, and dance. Your spirit, although it may be weak, can never be smothered.

For those who have the full lungs and access to the deepest of breaths, use that capacity every day you can to create a world where all breathe like you.

Close with 4 rounds of breath, inhaling for 4 seconds, holding for a half second and exhaling for 5 seconds. Notice your breath. Notice your feelings. Take a moment to appreciate what the breath can symbolize. Take a moment to consider what action you will take to contribute to the building of a more equitable world.





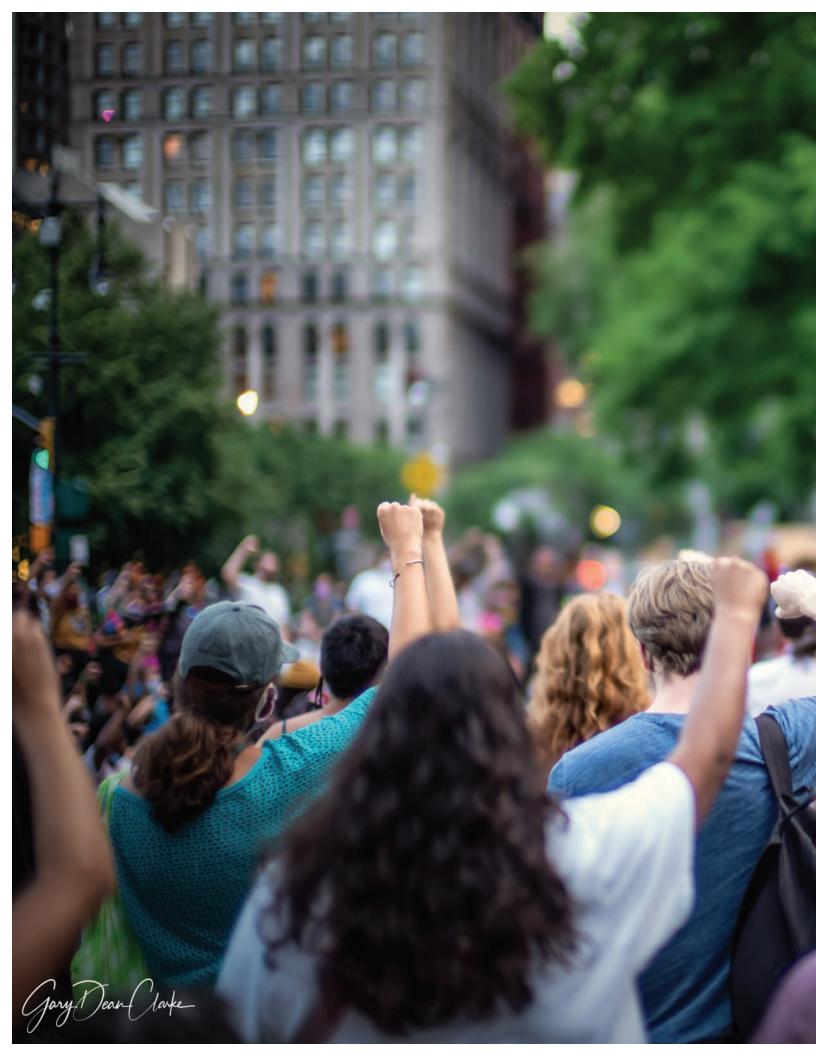
















VIRTUAL CLASSROOMS

A NEW VERSION OF INSPIRED TEACHING & LEARNING AT ST. ANDREW'S

by Dean of Teaching & Learning Elizabeth Roach

During spring break in March, when Head of School Tad Roach made the decision to move to distance teaching and learning, the faculty needed to respond to the many challenges of the pandemic quickly and thoughtfully. I was fortunate to be able to consult immediately with teachers—all of them members of my family—who had deep experience in the art of virtual teaching. Matthew Roach '04, English Department Chair at The Peddie School, was home for spring break and teaching a virtual English course to Chinese students who had been out of school for several months; Hadley Roach Westman '07, Dean of Curriculum and Instruction at North Star Academy, has been teaching English to a family for two years as they sail around the world, and Modern Languages Department Chair Matt Westman, has taught both French and Arabic virtually for four years through Global Online Academy. With their wide range of educational experiences, they provided me with reassurance and valuable insights on how we could be successful in this new endeavor. Long walks and long dinners became exciting and energetic brainstorming sessions.

SEEN ABOVE CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: AS PHYSICS WITH MR. SANCHEZ; MS. REDDY'S ENGLISH 1 CLASS; HUMANITIES STUDENTS MEET WITH PLAYWRIGHT TONY KUSHNER TO DISCUSS ANGELS IN AMERICA. "KUSHNER DESCRIBED THE IMPORTANCE OF CREATING INTERNAL SPACE WHERE WE CAN IMAGINE THE LIVES OF THOSE THAT ARE DISSIMILAR TO OUR OWN," JEFFREY ROH '20 SAID. "HIS WORDS ENCOURAGED US TO EMOTIONALLY CONNECT WITH OUR FAMILY, OUR PEERS, AND THE REST OF THE WORLD IN ORDER TO FIGHT THROUGH THIS UNPRECEDENTED TIME TOGETHER."

I knew, too, that our faculty was already primed to take on this challenge. Because we have engaged in several new projects and initiatives around teaching and learning and collaboration over the past several years, we were ready to extend our own learning and growth and do whatever necessary to make this the very best learning experience for our students. We knew that we could adapt and redesign, be thoughtful, flexible, and innovative, and continue to be great teachers within the framework of Zoom. We immediately got to work.

We delayed the opening of school after Spring Break by five days, allowing the faculty to learn new technologies, collaborate with one another, and reimagine our courses for the spring. Focusing on what was most essential in our disciplines and the distinctive nature of online teaching and learning, we reframed our objectives, goals, lesson plans, curricula, and assessments. These five days were highly productive and collaborative days for our faculty and, I think, key to the success of our distance teaching and learning this spring.

As Dean of Studies Gretchen Hurtt and I put together the schedule, we wanted to consider and prioritize a number of things, such as the importance of synchronous classes, time for teachers and students to reflect and collaborate, flexibility for teachers and students to adjust to and contend with the complexities—literal, emotional, and psychological—in their own lives, patience and empathy for the challenges in home environments, resources, and geographic locations, and the need for clarity and consistency. Above all, the schedule needed to be sustainable day to day, week to week, and month to month, no matter what was ahead of us in terms of the ongoing and evolving crisis. We felt stretched in unimaginable ways, but we were invigorated by the opportunities ahead and fully committed to ensuring that all students, whatever their situations may be, would have an enriching and successful academic experience. →



MR. WESTMAN'S AS/ATT FRENCH STUDENTS ZOOM WITH GAËL FAYE, A FRENCH-RWANDAN RAPPER AND NOVELIST; THEY READ HIS NOVEL, PETIT PAYS, THIS SPRING.

HOW OUR FACULTY RESPONDED

by Tad Roach

or years, schools, colleges, and universities have steadfastly resisted change and innovation, an expression of a deep belief in powerful and enduring educational principles and partly because it is usually difficult for those in the world of academics to agree on anything.

St. Andrew's faculty has always represented a striking exception to this national trend. Perhaps because the School attracts innovative, restless, and dynamic professionals, perhaps because the culture of collaboration, deep respect, and kindness finds its expression in the way we work and live together. St. Andrew's teachers have led the way over the past five decades in important changes in educational philosophy, practice, and assessment. We were among the list of schools to convert Ted Sizer's powerful Coalition of Essential School Principles to the boarding school community; we earned recognition from Dr. Douglas Health as a School of Hope, for we were a community dedicated to inspiring both academic and human excellence; we jettisoned the Advanced Placement Program when we realized that our creativity and standards of teaching and learning excellence could not be equaled by the College Board; we changed our schedule to reflect a new understanding of teaching and learning principles.

This year however, the faculty faced its biggest challenge in the history of the School. In the midst of a global pandemic, we needed to transition in ten days to a virtual teaching and learning methodology, regenerate and strengthen our community rituals in virtual form, mentor and advise students who were reeling from the rapidity of change they experienced in their own and their families lives, support the 2019-20 St. Andrew's Admission success, and keep the ethos of St. Andrew's burning bright.

Day by day, week by week, month by month, the faculty created the teaching, learning, and community spirit of St. Andrew's in new and powerful forms—wsuddenly, we created the best academic schedule offered among boarding schools; suddenly, our faculty brought their energy, creativity, flexibility, and patience to new forms of instruction; teachers, advisors, counselors imagined the very different experiences our students might be having living and working at home. Now students, like their teachers, balanced family obligations, jobs, and other complex challenges. Our faculty was there for every moment of this transition.

The first School meeting of the crisis included teachers individually greeting the students by expressing such love and support to them. Soon, Emily Pressman created a Lyceum program to move student, faculty conversations and discussions into the broad intellectual culture of the United States and the world. Teachers hosted book discussions, documentary reviews, and conversations about all aspects of the pandemic. Our teachers surrounded our students with inspirational support throughout the spring.

I am so proud of this faculty's humanity, flexibility, creativity, and commitment. Please join me in applauding and recognizing their work during the course of the seniors' lives. •







TOP TO BOTTOM: AS HISTORY: MODERN MIDDLE EAST WITH MR. GILHEANY; GEOMETRY WITH MS. KLECAN; AS VERGIL WITH DR. WALSH.

The results were stunning.

Students—from every time zone—showed up for and engaged deeply in their classes. They continued to love learning; they looked forward to the sense of community established in their virtual classes; they remained curious and completed their papers and projects; they were sad when the academic year was over. In addition, many students contended with family and life challenges with incredible courage and resilience. Our students' strength and enthusiasm for learning inspired all of us.

In an anonymous survey on distance teaching and learning, students reported, overwhelmingly, that the schedule was clear and sustainable, that the workload was just right, that their teachers were available, understanding, and supportive, that their classes were inspiring, engaging, and fun. Listen to

some of their voices as they describe courses that inspired them this spring. You can hear their investment in their classes and their appreciation for their teachers:

"All of my courses have been inspiring in some way or another, but they were all mostly inspiring because of the fact that our teachers are able to help me understand their lessons despite being far away. It gives me hope that despite the limits this epidemic brought, I'm still able to learn."

"I've always been pretty intrigued, interested, and inspired by all of my classes, and I don't think any of that has changed."

"The transition to virtual learning was seamless: classes were structured meaningfully and intentionally. The perfect balance between collaborative learning and individual learning was struck, making excellent use of innovative technology. Most importantly, the workload was spot on. At no point was I fed up with or tired of paying attention. Everything was given in just the right amount so as to maintain engagement and build curiosity but not become boring or stagnant."

"I've never been a part of a class like that—the range of insights and beauty that is presented to us is fascinating, and I enjoyed every class even when we couldn't sit together at a table."

This, of course, is just a sampling of students, but there are many similar testimonials that articulate students' gratitude towards their teachers and the ways in which their curiosity and love of learning did not diminish during this spring of virtual teaching and learning. The students also gave us valuable feedback on what was challenging and what we could change or refine, such as the difficulty of staying focused and motivated or the limitation of resources available at home vs. at school. We're studying this feedback carefully and will work this summer to implement changes if we need to return at some point to a virtual session next year.

We've always known that our students engage deeply in their classes, but this spring we saw just how phenomenal our students are. In addition to being fully present academically, many students joined Lyceum events organized by Dean of Faculty Professional Development Emily Pressman to extend their learning (see sidebar). Likewise, this spring revealed how committed and brilliant our teachers are as well. Teachers needed to juggle teaching with the varied needs

and challenges of their families. We needed to be flexible and nimble, creative and imaginative, resilient and agile. We needed to take everything that we know about teaching and learning and implement it into the virtual realm. We learned that some of our best teaching methodologies still

MANY STUDENTS CONTENDED WITH FAMILY AND LIFE CHALLENGES WITH INCREDIBLE COURAGE AND RESILIENCE. OUR STUDENTS' STRENGTH AND ENTHUSIASM FOR LEARNING INSPIRED ALL OF US.

worked in virtual teaching and some didn't, and we adjusted. We learned that authentic learning paired with authentic relationships and care for our students produces an incredibly vibrant learning community, whether on campus or online. We learned from each other and from our students.

Most powerfully, in the end, together we confirmed that great teachers and great students find a way to sustain, strengthen, and build their learning when stretched in extraordinary circumstances. Perhaps we knew that in theory, but now we know that the St. Andrew's model of teaching and learning endures any challenge.



RLS MEET WITH DORM PARENTS AT THE BEGINNING OF VIRTUAL TERM.



In 19th century America, the Lyceum Movement created an opportunity for Americans to explore new ideas—and join in learning and conversation with their fellow citizens—through public forums, debates, and lectures.

This spring, Dean of Faculty Development Emily Pressman connected St. Andrew's to this American tradition, creating and organizing the St. Andrew's Lyceum: an ongoing series of opportunities for intellectual exploration and discussion outside of our virtual classrooms.

"Our distance learning class schedule in the spring made learning time and space more flexible than it is when we are all on campus together," explained Ms. Pressman. "This allowed us to create opportunities for far-flung St. Andreans to extend their learning outside of the classroom, and come together as an intellectual community to discuss ideas in new and exciting ways."

Free online workshops, roundtable discussion, book talks, lectures, performances, and concerts have proliferated across the internet this spring and summer, with scholars, experts, artists, and their audiences all housebound to one degree or another. Ms. Pressman took full advantage of that, assembling an ongoing calendar of virtual events of this kind for the entire community to peruse each week—explore upcoming and past events at standrews-de.org/lyceum. Faculty and students would then organize follow-up Zoom discussions of selected events. These St. Andrew's Lyceum discussions are open to all interested students, faculty, and staff, and some events have also been open to parents and alumni as well.

In a few instances, faculty and alumni hosted their own virtual Lycuem discussions around topics or issues in their field: science faculty Dr. Sara O'Connor organized a case study of the first case of

COVID-19 diagnosed in the U.S., for example, and Lindsay Robinson '99 gathered together a number of alums working in healthcare to discuss challenges presented by the pandemic. Discussions have continued over the summer, with religious studies faculty Steven Mufuka hosting a number of ethics forums around contested contemporary issues, including police reform and the Goldwater rule.

The goal of the SAS Lyceum, Ms. Pressman explains, is for "students, faculty, and staff can continue to have the kind of rigorous, joyful, and challenging conversations that we have on campus—intimate in their scale, yet powerful in their reach."

The St. Andrew's Lyceum will continue as we enter the new school year—bookmark standrews-de.org/lyceum and check the calendar often so that you can join us for upcoming events!

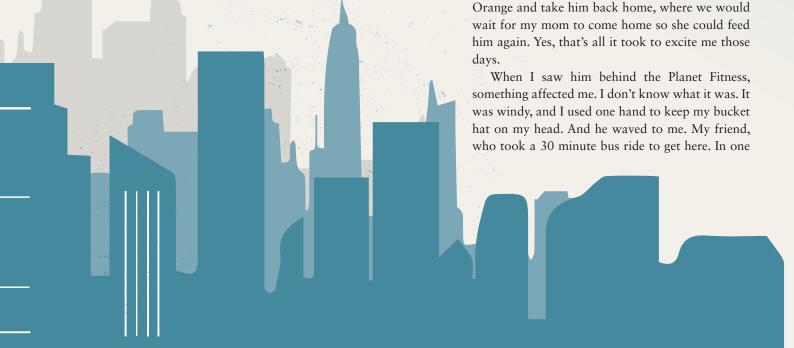
GRANDMA, WHO WERE YOU DURING THE APOCALYPSE? BY: CIERRA MARTINEZ

Cierra Martinez '20 wrote this essay on her experiences in the spring of 2020 for her Creative Writing 2 class. It was originally published in the 2020 edition of The Andrean, St. Andrew's literary magazine.

ver Spring Break, I successfully organized for Michael Kwashie '20 to come over. He was in my Class at St. Andrew's; a very agreeable person, almost with the air of a middle-aged man. We bonded over divorced parents, being the youngest siblings, feeling tokenized by our white friends, loving trivia and Kendrick Lamar, our third culture upbringing, the Northeast, and a feeling of isolation that came with being at boarding school in the stillness of Middletown, Delaware, as life doesn't wait for us at home: our family members fight and make up and start their relationships and get new jobs and grow old and even die while we're away.

I wrote an itinerary that detailed the transportation that he would take to come to Irvington, New Jersey; the transportation we would take to go to South Orange; and all of the different

times that he could depart from Irvington back to Manhattan. I drew symbols for each different form of transportation. I bought the movie tickets online. I did this all on the back of a math quiz with a mechanical pencil, took a picture with my phone, and texted it to him the day before, just to squash any uncertainty. It only took one bus to get from Port Authority to a bus stop two blocks away from my home. Still, I almost couldn't believe what I was writing into existence: Kwashie was going to take a bus to Irvington; I would meet him near the Planet Fitness and take him to my mom's apartment; your great aunt Zahara and I would offer snacks and fruit juice and watch something dumb on TV until we depart to catch a bus to South Orange, where we would watch the Sonic the Hedgehog movie for seven dollars, courtesy of the Super Tuesday discount. Zahara and I would feed him in South Orange and take him back home, where we would



glance, I could see the apartment complex where the New York commuters lived, the Supremo where I went for a field trip in preschool, the laundromat that used to have a broken Pac-Man machine, the grey filter that washed over everything, and my friend from St. Andrew's. I took my hand off of my head and looked at him. My hat nearly flew away.

I got increasingly nervous as Zahara, Kwashie, and I waited at the bus stop. First, we were digesting the news that Spring Break for SAS would be ending a week later than planned. Second, where was the 70 to South Orange? As we waited, Zahara and I told Kwashie about the time we went to New York City to see Tenzing and Bilal, and how there was human waste near the bench. We told him that there was a Playa Bowls ad on a billboard on top of the furniture store that said "Go Bowls Deep." We told him that crackheads are a dime a dozen in Irvington, and the time that we went to see Tenzing and Bilal that summer was the first time either of us had traveled alone.

I got very frustrated with the buses, and a man got off of the bus that was stopping then and yelled at me. "Do you know where you're going? That's the 25 going to Maplewood. What's so funny?" He was wearing a Green Bay Packers jacket. Zahara walked away, and Kwashie was distancing himself too, though he, the kind person he is, didn't want to abandon me. I was overstimulated, and stared at my phone, looking at the updated departure times. My brain doesn't work very quickly, and I thought he would walk away by then. But Packers Jacket had a bone to pick with me. As I started to walk away, he followed me, saying, "But if I take him out it's gonna be a problem?" I knew I shouldn't, but I responded, "Him?" I realized that he was threatening me by threatening Kwashie, my knight. Kwashie, the muscular, dark-skinned protector. I, the helpless princess wearing sparkly purple eyeshadow, a purple jacket, and a cotton-candy watch. Packers Jacket kept arguing with me and I told him, "Get out of my way, you're in my way, leave me alone." Now children, you know you should never speak to crackheads. They're very temperamental.

As hard as I tried, we couldn't avoid calling an Uber, after seeking refuge in the Walgreens down the street. But the rest of the day was a breeze. We went to the theater and there was nobody at the box office: only employees at the concession. The place felt strange, empty for a Super Tuesday. I bought popcorn, and the employees

never checked my ticket. When we went upstairs to our theater room, there was no one up there to make sure we had tickets. It bothered me that I spent that much money for nothing.

The movie was much better than I expected. Sonic was stuck in a little town in Montana, cursed to live in hiding lest a human being sees him and he gets reported, vulnerable to anyone who wants to steal his powers. Of course he was discovered by a man who he had admired from afar for many years. I found myself genuinely caring about Sonic's success. After, we walked around South Orange, ate

at Tito's Burritos, and Ubered back home, on Zahara's dime.

We had fun. My mother and my sister Naya came home from work when we were watching videos of a YouTuber watching and reacting to a video on the Smart TV. One of mom's old friends, Ms. Darnell came over, and they talked about their jobs in the

THERE WAS
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dining room; Ms. Darnell worked in a nursing home and joked about the trickiness of her situation. She and her children lived with her husband, many of her husband's siblings, and her mother-in-law. We watched YouTube with their quick Patois and screeching laughter in the background. In between videos, Zahara had to use the bathroom, and we scrolled through my suggestions. One was breaking news from CNN. It was Andrew Cuomo, then the



governor of New York announcing that they were putting the National Guard in the Bronx because of the virus.

I couldn't shake a dazed, hyper-aware feeling. I was used to feeling it upon going outside and responding to my surroundings; I often felt it going grocery shopping when

I lived at SAS, or at restaurants, or eating with other people's families. Sometimes it would come on randomly; I would be hanging out with friends in my dorm common room, and lights would become too bright, to the point where I had to cover my eyes with my shirt or go back to my room. When I took math in the windowless, white walled basement of the SAS athletic building, I often had to



ZAHARA, MICHAEL, AND CIERRA AT THE MOVIE THEATER.

go to the bathroom and stand in the stalls. Or how I can't bear to be in the room when my friends play Dungeons and Dragons, because it makes me feel like a shaken baby. But this time it was gentler, and not overstimulating. Kwashie and I looked at each other, telling each other, Whoa, what's that supposed to do, are they going to shoot the virus? This is bad. And then Zahara came back, and we told her, and chose another stupid video.

My mom and I dropped Kwashie off at the bus stop and waited for the 107X back to Port Authority with him,

laughing about the crackhead from the bus stop that morning. I marveled at the scene again: my friend talking to my mom, laughing over the white noise from the parkway beneath us, where cars zipped back and forth, driven by people who were going to night shifts, or going home. A world powered

by people who are going to work and then going home. The blanket of darkness interrupted by yellow streetlights and the fluorescent watchlights of the Planet Fitness parking lot. I thought of the closed box office, and the sunlight that poured through glass doors into the building's lobby.

Every day the news got worse, and we heard stories of overfilled hospitals, and one of my mother's coworkers at the Home Depot died: the story being that he had a heart attack, and

they didn't try very hard to revive him, because there was no room for him in the hospital. Within a week I learned that we were not going back to school, and hundreds of people in Newark already had the virus. I was a teenage girl who looked forward to going to school and slacking off with her friends before graduating that May. I realized that those wedges I bought at a thrift shop in Connecticut for the graduation ceremony were for nothing, and I was a little relieved, because they were a bit too high. Eventually, my grandmother caught it. My father and I went to

his mother's apartment to check on her because she wasn't answering the phone, and she almost didn't open the door for us. I was the one who put clothes on her and covered her head before we took her to the hospital. Her own mother, my great-grandmother, caught it as well; someone brought

THINK THAT HARD

TIMES MAKE YOU

IT REALLY DOES IS

FOR WORSE.

it into the nursing home and infected nearly every patient and staff member. I remember feeding her a parfait my Dad bought at Wawa. Ms. Darnell's motherin-law, a woman who used to babysit my sisters and I, caught it from her children, many of whom worked in nursing homes. She used to make me feel special for loving to read. She died after 10 days. My great aunt on my mother's side, a woman with many amputated toes due to diabetes, catches it from her husband. Mom's birthday comes and goes. We promise

to make it up to her when this is all over.

That was the strangest thing about the apocalypse: it was slow and invisible. It was seeing your friend get on a bus, not knowing that you will never see him, or anyone else in your class, at school again. It was seeing it everywhere because it was imperceptible, and having strange dreams every night: ones where I'm pregnant, or in middle school, or solving the murders of my best friends. It meant

> realizing that, no matter what happens, you will keep waking up as the same exact person. Movies make you think that

hard times, large-scale changes, make you different, harder. Callous. Or crazy. But what it really does is condense the parts of you that keep you afloat, for better or for worse. It was almost disturbing how myself I could be during the quarantine. I entertained elaborate fantasies about the

> most random people. I would put out different representatives of myself, depending on whether I was at my Mom's or Dad's. I would simultaneously procrastinate on my homework and crave intellectual stimulation. And the world just couldn't help but continue to turn. Never discriminating. Never considering whether it should. Over and over and over again.

> There it is, kids. That's who I was during what I would call my generation's defining moment, if I didn't know any better. But in reality, my generation was the one that were students when school shootings were happening about once a month. We were starting

elementary school when the first and last man of color entered the oval office. We were little during Katrina, kids for Irene, preteens for Sandy and the Baltimore riots. We had all of those marches: to end gun violence, for the climate, against police brutality. And of course, Trump's inauguration got the ball rolling for my high school career. Again, if I didn't know better, I would say that you all struggle with things that started in my generation's adolescence, but nothing is completely new. And sure enough, here I am stuck living with my own daughter's family while a new virus destroys our plans, all over again.

ETHOS IS EVERYWHERE

St. Andreans all over the country and the world have been working around the clock this year in the fight against the COVID-19 pandemic—here are just a few of their stories. For more stories (or to share yours!) of Saints in service, follow the #EthosIsEverywhere hashtag on Instagram and Facebook.

Jill (Phillips) Rogers '83 P'12,'14



has been volunteering as nurse practitioner hospitals NYC-"at the very epicenter of the COVID-19 crisis," notes her classmate Sarah Stivers '83, who wrote in to call attention to her friend's service. "With no prompting from others, Jill headed right into the heart of this crisis, leading and directing care and saving lives on the front lines in NYC. She is unflinching as

she cares for sick and dying patients every day."

In turn, Jill shared some reflections with us: "I feel like I got far more out of the experience in NYC than what I gave. I worked side by side with surgeons, anesthesiologists, and pulmonologists who all donated their time as well. Every time I called a family member of a patient, in the depths of their grief, they were praying for us, and for our safety. A local artist named WhIsBe came by and gave us masks that he created for us. Chefs prepared meals that we could scarf on during our breaks. Marriott even gave me a free room. I was in a COVID ICU in the Bronx. Kind of unreal. Surrounded by people fighting for life alone. So many lives lost, far younger than me. It mystifies me that this virus can impact some so harshly... and others with mild or silent cases."

Chris Hopson '82 is helping to fight the COVID-19 pandemic in England, where he serves as CEO of the membership organization that represents all of England's National Health Service hospitals, ambulance, mental health, and community service providers. "Our members employ 800,000 people and treat 1 million patients every 36 hours," Chris notes. He's been keeping (extremely) busy supporting his provider organizations and their leadership, and, as their public voice, has spent the past four months making almost daily appearances on national TV and radio to discuss the NHS response to the virus. "There are some very interesting comparisons on how different countries are tackling COVID-19," Chris writes. "Look after yourselves and remember that the

social distancing stuff really really does make a difference in terms of trying to avoid overload on stretched health services." You can follow along with Chris's musings, public-health related and otherwise, on Twitter at @ChrisCEOHopson.

Nick McDonough '99 is a Vice President within the Strategy & Operations department of Aurora Advocate Health, a non-profit health system serving Illinois and Wisconsin. He writes: "We have deployed nearly every team member in my 60-person department, including me, to support incident and surge operations command hospital operations, supply chains, government relations, etc. Our focus was establishing crisis management infrastructure to support our 27 hospitals, and then actively managing that support, which ranged from site testing to ICU capacity expansion, workflow optimization to employee well-being. For the first few weeks we were all working seven days jia week, 15-18 hour days in response to the ciris. While our role is not to provide direct patient care, I believe we are making a significant impact in our communities, and hopefully helping to save lives. I was recently reflecting on my time at SAS, and it has become clear to me that St. Andrew's played a huge role in developing my resilience, perseverance, self-discipline, sense of 'team', and ability to lead. The roots of these traits were established in those hours forming bonds and leading teammates in the wrestling room and on the baseball field; leading underclassmen as a senior proctor; or pulling all-nighters with friends studying for exams and writing papers. These traits are today, what enable me to sacrifice a little (in the grand scheme of things) to power full steam ahead, and motivate my team to do the same for the betterment of our communities. I am thankful for how St. Andrew's shaped me. While I sometimes may have taken that for granted, now is not one of those times."

SPRING REVIEW 2020

the U.S. At Department of State, lan Brownlee '73 has been leading the repatriation task force that is assisting Americans abroad during this crisis and arranging for

their travel home. In testimony before Congress given on March 25, Ian shared that "we are continuing our efforts to bring Americans home, working those efforts literally 24/7 here at the department. We've now brought home over 9,000 people from some 28 countries, and we're planning on another 66 flights over the next nine days or so. We have some 9,000 people scheduled on those flights, and we hope to move those numbers up." And this was in late March! "His work embodies St. Andrew's ethos of service in so many ways," said Celeste Lancaster '13, who shared Ian's story with us, "and I am proud to know that a member of our community is helping to lead such an important undertaking."





Faculty and staff spent the spring in service as well. The SAS Health Center donated 300 face masks, 1000 pairs of gloves, and six canisters of germicidal disposable wipes to Christiana Care Hospital in Newark, Delaware last week. Classics faculty Erin Ferguson has been volunteering at the Food Bank of Delaware once a week, packing non-perishable food boxes or delivering these boxes, plus produce, meat, and dairy to local families. Meanwhile, across campus, faculty families signed up weekly to assemble 200+ sandwiches for Friendship House, a homeless ministry and services organization in Wilmington, Delaware.













During the spring virtual term, current students contributed to their home communities. Seen here are Amrit Chapman '21, who gathered cleaning supplies and delivered lunch (that she also made) weekly to a local women's health clinic in Charlottesville, VA; Dante Soriano '20, who took a job stocking shelves in his local Acme in Seaside Heights, NJ after St. Andrew's transitioned to remote learning; Emily Murphy '22, who has been working with Restore NYC to buy and deliver groceries to victims of sex trafficking and their families in Queens and the Bronx; and Evvy Rattray '22, who has been sewing reusable masks for ambulance squads in East Hampton, NY.

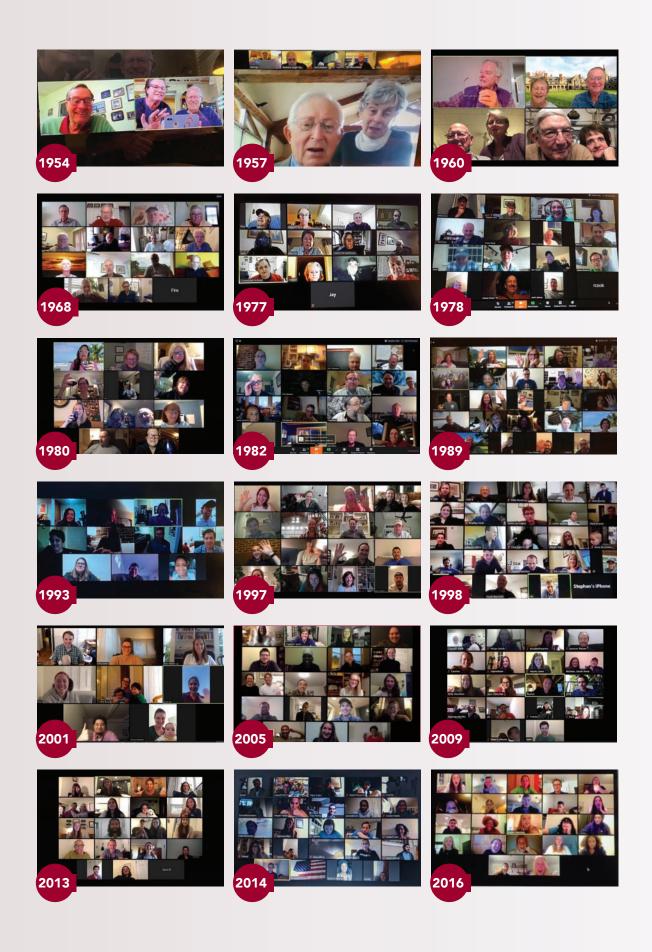
OWN FIRST OF COAST COAST TO COAST TOASTS

Like so much else this year, the COVID-19 pandemic turned our annual Coast to Coast Toast into a "remote" event—our biggest St. Andrew's appreciation to all who attended! We raise a glass to the 55 classes who gathered together virtually from all over the world on April16. Your love and support of St. Andrew's and each other keep all of us going.

At right is a reflection shared by John Hauptman '94 in the SAS Alumni Facebook group the morning after the virtual Toasts.

"Hopefully, many of you were able to participate in the virtual school Toast. I must admit, I did not have very high expectations. My own anxieties were certain to spoil any enjoyment from what I could only imagine was going to be a chaotic virtual cocktail party. I must tell you, it was wonderfully chaotic. Much like my three years at SAS. For two (way too short) hours, I almost felt like we were sitting around the Front Lawn. We had a couple people from other classes join us. We even got busted by a faculty member-thanks for dropping by, Mr. Lyons. After the Toast, and a slew of follow-up emails promising a similar get together in the near future, I wanted to reach out to the greater SAS community, and especially those of you that were not able to participate last night. If you are like me, the last few months have been a barrage of emotional highs and lows. The past few days, I must admit that I've been in a bit of a trough, my regular support structure not quite doing the trick. After the Toast, I woke up this morning feeling, not great, but better and definitely energized. It really can't be stressed enough how important it is to reach out and support one another. If it isn't with someone from this community, try an old college roommate or coworker. We really are stronger together. To put it in terms many Saints will understand... it is kind of like a power ten. I can't promise you're going to put open water between you and your hardships, but you'll definitely gain a couple seats. Thank you to everyone who organized the Toasts. Stay safe!"

-John Hauptman '94



Remembering MICHAEL J. EVANS

1980-2020



REFLECTIONS ON MICHAEL J. EVANS

BY DANIEL T. ROACH, JR.

s I read and write my way through the pandemic, I have found so many wise and discerning people who suggest that once we make it through this crisis, we will discover a new generation of leaders ready to rebuild the very foundation of our democracy and world.

Of course, every time I think about the cultivation of new and enlightened American and global leadership, I think immediately of Michael and the enormity of our loss.

The miracle of Michael began early in his life when he experienced a year with a transformational teacher in second grade. Her name was Mrs. Berg. Here is how Michael's mother described that year:

"As a child, Mike was always very surprising and interesting to me... Inspired by an exceptional teacher in the second grade, Mike became highly enthusiastic about science and discussed constantly the undersea city he planned to design and build.

"Having to change to a more structured school in third grade because of the closing of the previous school, he would cry every day after school on the way home because he missed the exciting teaching about science from his second grade teacher. Then he would exclaim how he was going to found a school where he would teach science to children, as Mrs. Berg taught him."

This belief in the power of transformational teaching and education deepened in middle school, high school, and college and it made Michael a discerning and critical student. In middle school, he challenged a teacher whose views on education, teaching, and science were narrow and inflexible. His mother

wrote:

"He would not agree with her very dogmatic views on science and religion and openly questioned some of her assertions; she would have him sit in the hall for the rest of the day and not participate in class."

Thanks to Mrs. Berg, Michael realized that education could be exciting, illuminating, creative, and liberating—even if most classrooms and teachers seemed to specialize in the art of routine, repetition, and boredom. He understood that many of the embedded routines and practices of instruction smothered creativity, vitality, and engagement, and therefore, supported and inspired by his mentor Kent Sweezey, Michael was willing to travel long and far to find schools and communities that would open up the world for him.

He traveled from Texas to St. Andrew's; he traveled from Swarthmore to the University of Sydney and the University of Oxford. He chose to live and work and transform the greatest city in the world.

In January 2004, six years after his graduation, Michael wrote me a letter reflecting on St. Andrew's and my vision for the School. He wrote:

"St. Andrew's no longer seems content to just mimic the older Northeastern schools. Rather, it appears confident in being a different kind of school with distinct values... I hope the School will stay true to the progressive tradition grounded in the all too often overlooked values of humility, service, and love. This is especially important as our nation faces an era of fear and provincialism. Lastly, I hope that the School will continue to expand its efforts and recruit both students and faculty beyond the Eastern seaboard. I feel this is critical for preserving a diverse and curious community that is always outward looking... Thank you for presenting and promoting such a clear and inspiring vision for the School. St. Andrew's will always remain a hallowed place for me."

In this letter, we see the portrait of a Trustee as a young man. Michael was clearly watching St. Andrew's growth in faith, courage, and values as we began to identify the full range of the diversity of our students, academics, faculty, and staff. He saw even in 2004 the clouds of fear and intolerance, the forces that placed him in the hall in elementary school and no doubt suppressed him as a young man in the early 21st Century. He saw St. Andrew's as a resource for kindness, compassion, courage, and grace-and he was willing to help us all build that vision.

Like all of us, Michael Evans was always unfolding, blossoming, developing miraculously before our eyes. So many of us visited the James A. Farley Post Office with Michael, both for a tour of New York City history and for the development of a vision that would honor architectural brilliance and literally welcome every commuter, visitor, citizen in New York City. If we were astounded by the magnitude of what Michael did every day in that space, we were also inspired by the joy, creativity, and calm he brought to a project that mirrored his dream as a little boy to build an undersea city.

And just as his dream for New York will soon be part of the regeneration of a new city emerging in the wake of the pandemic, so too will his call for St. Andrew's to remain ambitious, courageous, diverse, and remind you and me of what is essential as we envision the St. Andrew's of today and tomorrow.

In the wake of such a loss, we all have our regrets, haunting fears that we did not say I love you, I see you, I affirm you, I celebrate you, I hear you— Enough. I wish I had recognized and known the loneliness and desperation in his heart at that time, for I could have said: it gets better—you are too important to leave us now, when we need you most.



In the wake of such a loss, we all have our regrets, haunting fears that we did not say I love you, I see you, I affirm you, I celebrate you, I hear you-enough.

But I hear his voice, his spirit, and his guiding principles wherever I go.

IN SEARCH OF LOST TIME: REMEMBERING MICHAEL EVANS

BY ELIZABETH ROACH

here are so many things that I will miss about Michael Evans: his calm, his brilliant intellect, his sense of style, his deep and soulful laugh, his great hair, his love of books, his generosity, his goodness, his quiet yet powerful presence.

His presence...

The amazing thing about Michael's presence is that he didn't need to say anything at all to be felt in a room. His mere presence gave more joy to a gathering, more weight to a discussion, more thoughtful consideration to a decision, more authenticity to a conversation. And when he did speak,



he brought clarity, inserted humor, invoked our shared humanity, restored measure and equilibrium, and imparted his quiet wisdom.

Michael always renewed a sense of optimism in me. I always felt better about life when I was with Michael.

Combining his humanity with his professional acumen, his work on the Board was phenomenal. Whether he was considering questions about land use, diversity, or the use of color in the renovated Amos Hall, Michael's insights were always the sharpest and the most articulate in the room. When he came to me in January 2018 with an idea for the next Women's Network Weekend in November 2019, I quickly jumped at the opportunity to collaborate with him. I didn't even need to hear his idea (I knew that it would be brilliant)—I just wanted to have the chance to work with him closely. In fact, my mantra had been-for several years—that if I could just find a way to spend more time with Michael Evans, I would be able to live my life in a fuller, more meaningful way. This, then, was my dream come true.

I have no idea how Michael had time or energy to help me with this project, but over nearly two years, we exchanged countless emails and engaged in many conversations about his vision for The Built World. He gathered and signed up alumni participants; he brainstormed ideas, angles, keynote speakers, workshop topics, and promotional concepts with me. While his passion inspired me, his commitment and thoroughness astounded me. How could this one person do and know and share so much? How could this one person be so smart about so many things? How could this one person be so generous and kind and thoughtful and humble all at once?

Michael even agreed to open the weekend with a talk about the concept of the built world. If you haven't read or listened to his talk, you need to do so. It is, of course, characteristically brilliant, as well as a beautiful window into Michael's mind and spirit and the way he conceived of space, our shared humanity, and the world around us all. In his talk, he said: "How do different spaces make us feel? How do they encourage us to do or discourage us from trying? How do they impact our lives, our communities? One could argue that the very idea of the built world is intrinsically part of the human experience: the desire, the drive, and the ability to orchestrate the lasting change on our natural surroundings to hopefully improve our shared human experience..." Michael outlines here what is so precious and fundamental about life and the way we live in the world. When I read these words now, however, they speak to me in a different way. They have become a template of the way that Michael existed in the world. He was, at all times, aware of so much and sensitive to so many. He was deeply attuned to how we share spaces and impact each other in those spaces, how we form community, and how we, as individuals, have the creative power to make a difference in each other's lives.

I will miss our shared book lists. Michael loved to take on monumental reading challenges, encouraging me to do so as well. He loved all kinds of books-from fiction to history to memoir to poetry. Just as he did in his work, he sought to deepen his understanding of time and space and humanity, to expand his knowledge, heighten his sensitivity and empathy, and search for the key to existence. Because of Michael, I read Sapiens: A Brief History of Humankind and Homo Deus: A Brief History of Tomorrow as well as countless other books. Last summer, Michael was committed to Proust, letting me know when he finished each volume of Proust's epic seven volume project In Search of Lost Time (also entitled Remembrances of Times Past, depending on the translation). I haven't tackled this project yet, but Michael's reflections on and his own determination to finish Proust have inspired me to do so. The novel explores the most challenging and fundamental questions of human existence-I wonder if I'll understand more about Michael if I read Proust, I wonder if I will be able to reconcile the unfathomable loss of the best person I've ever known.

I do know that when we are in search of lost time, when we remember

times past with Michael, his memory will inspire us to be better people. I know that we will try to replicate what Michael did so naturally: connect people by the power of ideas and the power of his humanity. I saw this enacted in an unexpected place the last time I saw Michael in February. We were meeting Michael for dinner in a little Italian restaurant in the East Village that Michael had chosen. We arrived early, but as soon as we mentioned that we were waiting for Michael Evans, the owner beamed with joy and showed us to our table (the best table in the restaurant nestled in a warmly lit corner). When Michael arrived, all of the people working in the restaurant—and even the restaurant itself—seemed to radiate with warmth, lift in spirit, and transcend to a place of peace and coherence.

We are grateful for the light you brought to our lives, Michael. We love you and miss you.

ALUMNI REFLECTIONS

NATALIE REESE '97

Michael and I reconnected in NYC over a desire to bring our SAS alumni group closer together, to find ways to take the energy and community we established on campus further out into the world. I loved the times that we spent together. Michael was, and continues to be, such a bright star-kind, compassionate, always so present and attentive.

In the past week, as I've watched [New York State] Governor [Andrew] Cuomo display leadership on television, I have thought of Michael's association with him and thought that he, too, in his brilliance, might follow in Cuomo's footsteps of national leadership. Now, I imagine that his leadership will be one of universal guidance and love. I wish he were still here, for he will be forever missed. And yet, I also know that he will always be here, that he remains with us and in us, that he is never gone. Sending love to all who loved and love Michael.

MORGAN SCOVILLE '00

We lost one of the great ones this week. Mike was the first St. Andrean I ever met: he toured me when I was an eighth grader in 1995. I left that campus knowing I would attend. I distinctly remember him walking me up to his dorm room on Voorhees to proudly show me his hanging Texas flag. We were both Texans. We were teammates as cross-country racers, wrestlers, and rowers. Competing alongside him was an honor and a lot of fun. He was one of my role models. RIP, Iron Mike.

wish [Michael] were still here, for he will be forever missed. And yet, I also know that he will always be here, that he remains with us and in us, that he is never gone.

JAMES JENKINS '99

On February 19, Michael Evans gave me a hard hat and construction boots to tour his "project." Michael knew every detail. He must have talked to forty people—architects, designers, construction workers. security guards, government assistants, private partners, and contractors—as he shared this thoughtful, reflective, and passionate love for "the project" with me. Through the history of beams and design of skylights, Michael revealed how much the work fit his life-how what he had shared in The Built World Women's Network Conference [at St. Andrew's in November 2019] was expressed in every detail of the Moynihan Train Hall.

We took a selfie together forbidden on the job site-but he didn't send it to me before he ran off to his next meeting like Clark Kent dashing back to the phone booth to become Superman. Michael, the poster child of production through faith and learning.

Today I have talked to his classmates, feeling him rise and us come together as we try to process his unfinished life. I hope that we will be able to share stories and grief and joy as we celebrate the care and love and excellence Michael has brought to so many of us and all who love him. And I hope we continue the work of our lives that Michael so modeled for us to do.

When the train hall is finished, I will bring my girls and tell them how my friend restored and created a space for people to move together in the open intersection of beauty and function. I will explain to them how the glass in the skylights becomes thicker at the top and how Michael fell in love with and made the most of a project no else wanted to take on for the difficulty of

In the past year of my everdeepening friendship with Michael, I have also been amazed by what a good listener he is and how much he has been thinking about how St. Andrew's can continue to become a transformative lifetime community of purpose and collaboration and generative productivity where the walls between graduates and the campus community are diminished, so that the light we experienced at St. Andrew's can be rekindled wherever we are.

May we all find Michael in our hearts and in our conversations and in our stories, to lead us forward by his light and love and graciousness, and by his example to take up monumental tasks and give ourselves to service and contributions to a world that needs restoration and vision and collaboration and people able to work together on ambitious projects. V









Remembering OWEN DAVID BENJAMIN'STRONG

APRIL 6, 1989 – JANUARY 11, 2020

A Reflection from Tad and Elizabeth Roach

Owen Strong's goodness was deep and real.

Often, a conversation with Owen started with a glint in his eye, a glint that signaled an ironic take or a bit of humor that he would weave into the conversation. It was sometimes difficult to read what direction Owen was going in, but because he had such an implicit understanding of situations and of other people as well as an impeccable sense of timing, he was able to surprise—in the most delightful way his audience, whether it was his teacher, his friends, a classroom of students, his teammates, or his family. His humor was never at the expense of others; rather, he extracted and highlighted what was best in others, thereby setting everyone at communal ease.

His special brand of humor derived from his sharp intellect and his acute sensitivity, empathy, and authenticity. He simply had a joyful approach to life and wanted to bring others into that joy.

In his more serious moments, he was a thoughtful student in the classroom—a secret poet, even—a fiery competitor on the tennis court, a talented (and comedic) actor on the stage, and a soulful musician. The serious and the humorous within Owen coexisted in remarkable ways. In the midst of a heated tennis match, for example, he enjoyed screaming a litany of obscenities—in French—smirking as he did so. Or, in answer to a college essay prompt asking what he would take with him to a desert island, Owen answered "a copy of Virginia Woolf's To the Lighthouse," the novel we had studied that fall in English, which he beautifully explicated in his essay. When he asked for feedback on his essay, he did so with a grin on his face, knowing how endearing it would be for his English teacher to read such an essay.

Owen lived his life with unusual freedom and authenticity. He didn't care about being cool—which meant, of course, that he was very cool. He was so comfortable with himself that he danced wildly, without a shred of inhibition, his long limbs moving fluidly and gracefully, seemingly bonelessly, in every direction. Others quickly copied his particular dance style because of how freeing and fun it was. He loved to sing, blending once again his intensity, joy, and humor, when he performed in his band or his college *a cappella* group.

In April 2019, we attended Owen's 30th birthday party in New York. It was an unforgettable evening for us, for throughout or careers at St. Andrew's, our family and the Strong Family have been one: gathering each December for a dinner and Broadway play, meeting at St. Andrew's to watch Leda, Owen, Matthew, Hadley, Z, and Annie compete and perform.

That evening came during the courageous fight Owen waged against cancer, and he was incredible gracious, loving, and patient with the older crowd (us) and ecstatic to be with his close friends and family on the dance floor. The evening was all about love and life, for it was a time to celebrate the animation and spirit Owen always expressed; it was a time for the family to thank all of us who love them so much; it was a time to thank doctors, nurses, and all the people who met Owen during treatments and realized what a miraculous person he was. It was a time to push illness, uncertainty, and difficulty to the side for a blessed and vibrant night of dancing, music, great food, laughter, and freedom.

It's certain that Owen lived his short life fully, and at the end, with amazing bravery. He graciously and selflessly looked out for and loved others, making sure that everyone around him maintained a sense of humor and knew how much they meant to him.

We are so honored to have known and taught Owen. His goodness remains deeply embedded in the culture of St. Andrew's-and even though there will never be anyone quite as astonishing as Owen Strong, we will strive to honor and replicate his legacy of goodness and grace and humor.



I Don't Know How to Tell This Story

Grieving for Owen was like nothing I'd ever experienced.

BY CECILY STRONG

... IF ANYONE COULD FIGURE OUT HOW TO BEAT TIME AND SPACE, IT WOULD BE THE SMARTEST AND **MOST WONDERFUL** AND BRAVEST **HUMAN I KNEW. MY** COUSIN OWEN.

I don't know how to tell this story.

I don't quite know what the story is.

Because I don't know when it starts. Or how it ends.

Maybe the story started with the awful day in January when I got the call I had imagined getting for almost two years but believed and hoped I'd never get. "Owen has been given hours. His tumor didn't shrink enough where they could start the new treatment Monday. They will make sure he's in no pain, and he's surrounded by Ed and Laurel and Leda and his girlfriend, Stacia, and Sasha, his best friend since childhood. Soon he will go into a coma and then he will pass away." I kept saying "No, no, no, no, no, no, no." Not my little Owen. My little cousin Owen. I don't know how long I sat frozen on my bed making these guttural wailing sounds. At some point I picked up my phone. I was in California. I was supposed to fly to Philadelphia the next day for a wedding. Owen was supposed to beat brain cancer.

That night, I took moments to glance at the clock on my phone, wondering, where in time and space was Owen? What part of his journey was he on at this particular moment? I suppose I have my own magical thinking that began in earnest this night, that Owen would somehow beat this, too. I didn't know how. But if anyone could figure out how to beat time and space, it would be the smartest and most wonderful and bravest human I knew. My cousin Owen.

Maybe the story is a different story, and it starts at a Christmas party last winter with my friend Kevin. I'm a bit down, but we are having fun. At the very end of the night, I've had too many and my new agent comes over. I don't know what we even talk about, but he insists, "Just come meet the guy over there with the mustache." The guy over there with the mustache is handsome. I almost say yes. But then I say no. I'm 35. I'm very used to being single. The majority of my male friends are gay. The two men I'm with at the table are gay. I think it's sad that everyone wants to set me up, like it's sad to look at me or something. I'm doing great!

Okay, but I do like to smooch, and it's Christmas, and I feel cute in my outfit, so I talk to the man with the mustache. He's very cute. I have social anxiety, and I'm drunk and tired, so I have no idea what we talk about. He comes home with me. The next morning I'm a little more shy. He is less shy. "Can I give you my number?" he asks. I hand him the pink-flamingo pen my psychiatrist gave me that week. I find an old receipt, and he writes "Jack" and his phone number on the back. Now I have to text him first in order for him to have my number. I text him right after he leaves. I like him. Our timing isn't great. We both live in New York, but I'm about to go to California for a month. He's going to Cuba for two weeks. They don't have great internet.

Maybe the story starts March 2018. My dad has started a new thing I love, where he sends me a text almost immediately after each show: a little summary that is, of course, always complimentary of his "girlie." This Saturday he doesn't text me. That's odd, but maybe he's just asleep. The next morning he texts and says to call him. His tone immediately scares me: "I have some bad news about Owen." Of all people this is not who I expect. Owen is 28 years old and in great shape, and what could be wrong with Owen? "He was having migraines, and he took himself into the ER. He got an MRI, and they found a tumor." We cried together on the phone. Brain cancer is a death sentence, right?

I went to see my cousins, Owen and Leda, at my uncle Ed and aunt Laurel's apartment. I had no idea what to expect. What's it like after you find out you have brain cancer? I'm nervous on the way there. Owen's had surgery to remove the tumor. Will he be bald? Will he look sick? I am holding back tears in the elevator. I get to the door and Owen opens it, his normal, towering, skinny, string-bean frame greeting me, arms wide open for a hug. "Hey, cuz." I immediately feel okay. He's smiling. I hug Ed next, who is less confident than Owen. Then Laurel, who is always Aunt Laurel — determined and on some task or another. She seems busy. This is the first time I see it as an armor. She's going to make sure that we have snacks on the table and that everybody has water. She keeps the most beautiful home and always has - it's a magical skill to someone like me.

Owen flops on a chair. Laurel is deaf in one ear, so he's always been used to talking loudly. I'm not sure what to talk about, but Owen leads the way. Soon I'm laughing. I love this kid so much: "You know how everybody goes online and goes on WebMD and panics and convinces themselves they have brain cancer? Well I'm the one who actually had brain cancer." His doctors are great, he says. They've got a plan. He's got a plan. His only problem is boredom.

I hug him good-bye. I think I needed it more than him. Owen has this quality of being the one who supports everyone around him, even while being the one who is undergoing vigorous treatments for glioblastoma. Uncle Ed walks me outside. He's visibly upset and nervous. I say, "I think he's going to be okay. I really do." And I really did. I saw that kid up there. He's fearless. And he's really special.

Does it start near the end? It's Sunday, March 8, International Women's Day, and Jack comes with me to watch the U.S. Women's National Team play against Spain in the SheBelieves Cup. OWEN HAS THIS QUALITY
OF BEING THE ONE WHO
SUPPORTS EVERYONE
AROUND HIM, EVEN
WHILE BEING THE ONE
WHO IS UNDERGOING
VIGOROUS TREATMENTS
FOR GLIOBLASTOMA.



He's excited to be there, to watch women's soccer with me. He gets choked up when he sees the number of little girls who get to have sports heroes, as it's still rare even

though they are the most badass team in the world. But I digress. Jack is loving the game. U.S. wins. Duh. Jack says he thinks women's sporting events might be his new thing. No loud, drunk guys. We go out to eat and wait for traffic to die down before getting a Lyft home. As the restaurant starts to fill up, I wonder if this is a bad idea. The coronavirus is coming, isn't it? Although, I wonder, what is that really? I am more nervous than most people, so I shrug it off.

That night, Jack does this thing he does where he grabs my hands when I've absentmindedly started picking at the skin behind my nail. It's a thing I do. I pick at things in every way. It's nerves, it's anxiety. He notices. He says, "I want you to feel like you can hold my hand instead." I don't tell him, but it's one of the nicest things anyone has ever said to me. We talk that night. Like, the talk I haven't had in six years. Are we dating? I like you. Let's be dating.

At first I thought it was so difficult to meet someone right as I was losing someone I loved so much. I knew he'd have to be patient with me. He'd have to let me grieve. It would be easier not to even try during that process. But grieving for Owen was like nothing I'd ever experienced, and I promised Owen and myself to continue to let all that love be there along with the sadness.

So when Jack leaves that night, after the talk, I say, "I think you were a gift to me from Owen." And I like thinking of it that way.

Jack calls me that Friday morning and says, "I have a fever." Jack's got the coronavirus. What bad timing. So now you know how it could start.

Now it's time I

tell you (if you couldn't already tell) I'm a bit lost. So here are some more parts of the story, in some order.

Owen told me in August about a great new doctor he has, Dr. Henry Friedman. He's the head of neuro-oncology at Duke. He's leading the way in using polio therapy for GBM. That's the acronym for Owen's brain cancer. I'm learning the language of cancer now. Owen says Henry is the first doctor to bring up the word cure. I love this doctor. Owen starts polio treatments. I have no idea what that means and what it means for his body. In fact, I will never know what Owen experiences because he will never let on to the extent of his struggles. I'm not the only one. Doctors looking at his final MRI say later that because of the size and position of his tumor, they didn't know how he was standing and laughing and talking as long as he was.

I'm in the middle of my two-week quarantine in my tiny apartment in New York. I've cried every day. I'm scared about Jack. I'm really scared. He has had a bad fever for a week. He didn't answer his phone yesterday. I text a doctor friend who suggests a police welfare check. I have had anxiety and depression since high school. I take Wellbutrin. I've gone to years of therapy. I take Xanax when needed. This is a really bad time for mental health. Today I decide the anxiety is worse. I'd rather be depressed. I get really low. I wake up Friday and I turn my phone on airplane mode and I start drinking. I think it's going to fall apart with Jack now. I'm

I'M AT THE KNICKS GAME... WITH OWEN AND LEDA AND MICHAEL CHE. THE PHOTOGRAPHER GETS PHOTOS OF US CRAZY CHEERING. OWEN'S GOT HIS FISTS IN FRONT OF HIS FACE AND I'VE GOT ONE RAISED IN THE AIR AND MY MOUTH IS WIDE OPEN... WE ARE CRAZED. WE ARE FAMILY.

upset with him for not understanding why I constantly need to know he's okay. I'm upset with myself for needing to constantly know he's okay. I'm upset with friends talking about missing their fucking birthdays. What if Jack dies? What if I die? Owen just d—. I can't

say it or write it. I'm so low and I'm so afraid. I'm afraid of the water coming out of my pipes. I'm afraid of outside. And I am so alone. I've never felt so alone.

I ask Owen out loud to please help Jack. To help me. I immediately feel bad for asking. I just feel bad.

The next morning Leda texts me that she's upstate. She says she's heard a lot of birdsong, so we are in good hands. Thank you, Leda. Thank you, Owen. Perfect timing.

I send Jack the video of Owen's beautiful service. I spoke about the weird little red-haired boy I first met as a kid who came back into my life as an adult and taught me about family and what it is to feel that kind of love. I talked about his love for birds. The boy who loved birds flew away. Jack tells me he went to high school with one of Owen's friends, Nate. Nate from Antarctica!

"Nate's coming from Antarctica. Can you believe it?" Laurel had said as she went through letters and emails and flowers in a much quieter apartment, days after Owen had gone. We ate dinner, and I tried to make them laugh a little. I think Owen would want that. I know he would want that.

Jack's roommate sends me a video after Jack's chest X-ray and doctor visit. Jack is in a mask and gloves. He's out of breath. He's tired. He looks sick. He says the X-ray looks good. He coughs. Then, even though he's out of breath and sick, he still says, "My doctor is such a great doctor." I rewatch this video in my quarantine. It makes me laugh a little. It makes me cry. He's really sick.

Leda tells a story at Owen's service. She had asked one of Owen's doctors if she was scared when she told him they couldn't do anything more for him, that he would have hours to live. I had this thought, too. But I knew he wouldn't be scared. The doctor said

that while most patients panic and try to bargain in this moment, which makes me really sad to hear, Owen didn't. Instead he thanked her for trying her best. And for all she'd done for him.

So I don't know what this story is. The world is upside down. I'm holding devastation and love in equal measures. What is bad timing when the timeline seems irrelevant? What's the ending? Would you even know?

I'm at the Knicks game. Bulls vs. Knicks. I'm with Owen and Leda and Michael Che. The photographer gets photos of us crazy cheering. Owen's got his fists in front of his face and I've got one raised in the air and my mouth is wide open. Leda is doing the same. We are crazed. We are family. I don't remember if they win or lose. We go out afterward and get a drink at an Irish bar. We laugh at Michael Che ordering bangers and mash. Owen orders a beer. We are laughing. It's a normal night. I like seeing him like this. It makes me think he's gonna be okay. I know he's gonna be okay.

It's the last night I will see Owen. But I don't want to end that way. I don't like that ending for any story.

Here's a thing I know for sure: I had a cousin named Owen who had red hair as a little boy and he was a serious kid and he loved birds. He taught me about love during his life and he's teaching me about love after. And I'm really lucky. 👿

In Memorium

Visit standrews-de.org/inmemory to read full obituaries & leave remembrances for departed Saints, and to leave a remembrace.

ALUMNI

1945

Arthur Laws

Atlanta, Georgia 2/23/2020

1948

Chuck Merriwether

Naples, Florida 4/24/2020

Jim Metts

Savannah, Georgia 1/20/2020

1949

Gerry Cox

Deerfield Beach, Florida 12/2/2019

Ed Fielding

Wilmington, Delaware 11/2/2019

Pat Keller

Cody, Wyoming 3/20/2020

1951

Barry Register

Camden, Maine 2/4/2020

Barry Register's association with SAS alumni affairs began in the late 1960s. He had a knack for mixing fundraising and alumni engagement, and was an ace at gathering updates from his peers for Class Notes. Barry always signed up for the NYC "phonathons" and never missed an SAS event in NYC, serving as host for several of Saints social gatherings in that city. Most of all, Barry truly enjoyed meeting alums of all ages and getting to know them through Alumni Association Board weekends, Reunions, Metro Stops, Toasts and other events. And from the posts on our alumni Facebook page, alums loved getting to know him, too. —Chesa Profaci

Fred Starr P'77.'79

Greensboro, North Carolina 4/1/2020

Fred Starr passed away from complications of COVID-19 on April 1, 2020. Fred served as an inspirational and energetic St. Andrew's trustee and mentor from the late 80s to the early 1990s and was an active parent of two SAS grads in the mid and late 1970s. The rug and leather chairs in the current Advancement Office foyer were gifts from Fred, given when he office—at that time known as the Development Office—was moving from the basement of Founders to Trapnell House, and when Fred was CEO of Thomasville Furniture.

Fred's civic spirit spanned his lifetime, and he supported his community in a number of ways, notably as Vice Chairman of University of North Carolina Greensboro; Chairman of the North Carolina Shakespeare Festival; Board Member and Honorary Chairman of the PGA Wyndham Championship; Treasurer of Reynolda House Museum of American History; Board member of High Point University; and Board President of the Eastern Music Festival.

What I remember most when I saw Fred and the Starr family at the High Point Furniture Market last May 2019 was the spark in Fred's eye and his broad smile as he ran ahead to the next gallery. He reminded me of a kid in a candy store, or perhaps even Willy Wonka himself. —*Chesa Profaci*

1952

Herndon Werth

New Rochelle, New York 4/14/2020

Generations of alumni will remember Herndon "Hap" Werth talking about "St. Grotlesex"—his term for "all those other boarding schools," as compared to St. Andrew's and its mission to be countercultural from the start. Herndon was involved in alumni engagement and fundraising in its earliest days, working with all four Heads of School as a member of the Alumni Council, Corporation, and Association. Herndon was called the Sage of Sutton Place, a reference to his NYC neighborhood, but he could just as equally be called the Sage of St. Andrew's. —Chesa Profaci

Richard "Dick" Williams Blairsville, Georgia 12/26/2019



1955

George G. McIntire

Lewes, Delaware 04/04/2020

1961

Howard McCrum Snyder III '61 P'94.'96

Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania 6/4/2020

Howard's daughter Emily Queenan '94 shared this remembrance:

And then he was gone.

My dad lived a life of exploration, inquiry, and even adventure. His life was dedicated to teaching pediatric urology and serving his young patients and their families. He travelled the world teaching pediatric urology, touching thousands of lives. Through example, he taught me that quite literally no challenge was insurmountable. Even as his life became constrained by the sequelae of a subdural hemorrhage five years ago and the progression of a Parkinsonian disorder, my dad continued to experience curiosity, pleasure, and joy. He was extraordinarily resilient, never complaining about the lot life had cast him even as his body started to fail him. COVID-19 caused an irreversible encephalopathy in which he was no longer able to experience curiosity, pleasure, or joy; it was time to go. Death in the era of COVID is hard. The past to weeks were the most challenging I've ever experienced. We are so grateful to his physicians, nurse practitioner, nursing staff, and other caregivers at Beaumont who welcomed me at bedside and provided appropriate PPE to do so, and provided him loving, respectful, and dignified care to his last breath."

The Rt. Rev Andrew H. Fairfield Shutesbury, Massachusetts 2/16/2020

1964

Rufus K.G. Barrett

Stewartstown, Pennsylvania 12/10/2019

Harry M. Parker

Incline Village, Nevada 12/19/2019

1967

H. James "Jim" Marshall

Concord, New Hampshire 1/21/2020

1969

Arthur Carota

Doylestown, Pennsvylania 5/13/2019

1998

Michael J. Evans

New York, New York 3/17/2020

2007

Owen D. B. Strong

New York, New York 1/11/2020

FORMER FACULTY & STAFF

Chris Boyle

Tucson, AZ 3/10/2020

Chris Boyle taught, coached and mentored students at St. Andrew's from 1955-1980. He was at the School during an incredible period of evolution and expansion, through integration and coeducation. He worked with three Heads of School, and briefly with the fourth, when Tad Roach first came to SAS as a young English teacher. Chris has eight lines in the index and appears on 15 pages of Bill Amos' Time to Remember: A Biography of St. Andrew's School. He was a true "school person", leaving St. Andrew's to help found The Gregory School in Arizona. He was last on campus at Bill Amos' Memorial Service in 2015.

Alumni comments flooded in, remembering Mr. Boyle's red pencil notes on English papers and how hip Chris was—"conversant on the Beats of the 60s, making the study of poetry meaningful in a way that validated all expression, from Kerouac to Shakespeare, as a means to give any generation an insight into the meaning of life and our own individual identity," wrote John Morton '65. Ashton Richards '78 remembers "blasting Electric Light Orchestra out of A corridor window and Mr. Boyle commenting on how he liked the orchestral arrangements of the band rather telling us to turn it down. Legend."—Chesa Profaci

Don Dunn

Wilmington, DE 4/1/2019

Don Dunn passed away peacefully after a long illness and had his full faculties to the end, giving directions in true Mr. Dunn fashion. You may recall his timeless crew cut, the stare that could catch you out or calm you, the red plaid jacket, the sympathetic head shake when you didn't understand a geometry problem, or the uproarious cheer when you got the stroke right. The index of "Time to Remember" lists seven entries for Don, including coach of cross-country and crew, dockmaster, and math teacher. It is the last three that will make St. Andreans of a certain era smile-MOD, Official Keeper of the Pit, and Study Hall Monitor. Who can forget Mr. Dunn up on the dais in the Pit, and without fail the dramatic delivery of at least one ringer every night? Mr. Dunn would return every year for Reunions and wait in the Main Common Room to see his old students, and so many of you wrote comments remembering Mr. Dunn, especially how you always had to say "finished" vs "done" when you were clearing his plate at dinner. -Chesa Profaci

Louie Clay Crew

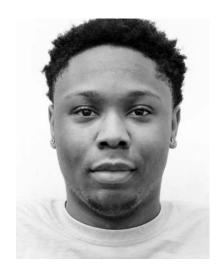
East Orange, New Jersey 11/27/2019

Wilbur Kirkwood

Townsend, Delaware 03/18/2019

Dorothy "Dottie" Taylor

Middletown, Delaware 5/1/2020



Where Is the Promised Land?

BY MESSIAH DE SISSO '20

Martin Luther King said, "If you cannot fly, then run. If you cannot run, then walk. If you cannot walk, then crawl. But whatever you do, you have to keep moving forward." I'm not a strong man, Martin.

Some days I can barely manage to crawl out of bed and find the will to live.

I watched a video of a Black man getting a brick thrown at the back of his head. I watched as he got up, brushed his suit off and kept going.

I watched as Black women were grabbed by their hair, their pride stomped on by the heels of racist America. They too still got up and walked back to their seats and sat down as if nothing occurred. Their face trickling with the saliva of white hate mixed with their blood.

This is to say: Martin, you must not have been talking about me when you gave that speech.

Maybe you didn't realize how racism is your biggest follower, and he kept moving forward through time, and no matter how much we fought to kill him, he flew, and he ran, and he walked, and he crawled just to be here.

A Black mother is crying, grabbing onto her child. She is holding onto one arm. The slave owner is holding on to another. She is crying, "Please don't take my baby. Please don't take my baby." And this sounds so familiar to me. It feels like a song that keeps playing over and over again.

I think I've heard it on a summer night. As another Black boy lays dead in the street before he can become a Black man, his mother is holding onto his body. The bullet is holding on to his life and he is never getting it back. She is crying, "Please don't take my baby. Please don't take my baby."

Martin, did you know this was going to happen, Martin?

I know, I know you were there for the lynchings of our people. I know that you saw from a beautiful tree, hung a black body frozen. Did you think that years later, it would be a little girl who wanted to become a magician, who performed her first magic trick, floating in her living room using them same ropes, tying it to a broken ceiling fan, in an even more broken home?

I am lost, Martin. Lost and being too Black for depression and too depressed to be Black.

What happens when your depression becomes a slave owner, shackles you to your bed, captures you for years?



I AM LOST, MARTIN. LOST, AND BEING TOO BLACK FOR DEPRESSION, AND TOO DEPRESSED TO BE BLACK.

Martin, you did not write about that in your speeches, Martin. I've searched through pages of your speeches. You gave a speech to Sanford students about the Vietnam War and you said, "Millions of people are finding themselves in rat-infested, vermin filled slums." Martin, we still live in them same slums—they just call them project buildings. The slums even live inside of us now. Cigarette smoke in our lungs, our bodies, buildings, unkept and broken.

Why hasn't it gotten better, Martin?

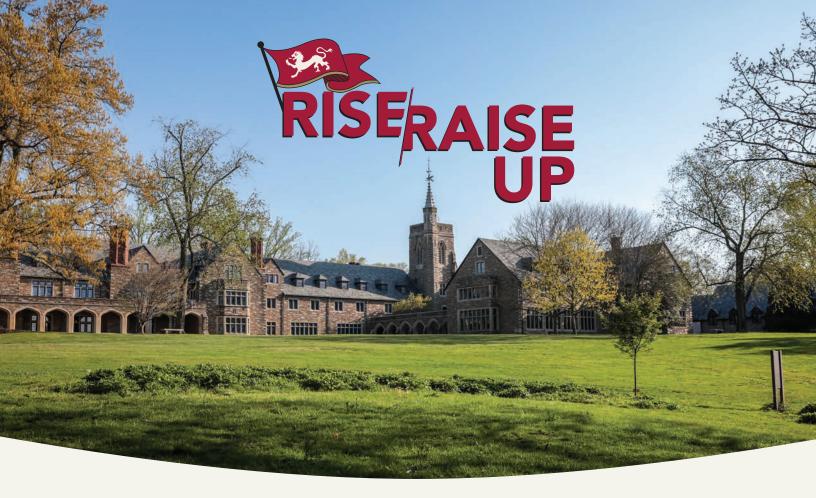
In your last speech, you said that you've seen the promised land, Martin. Where is the promised land, Martin? I've also been to the mountaintop and from there I've only heard the cries of my people filled with pain and poverty. I have listened to hours of your speeches, trying to find myself in your words.

Until one day, I was sitting at the edge of my bed. Depression filled the room so I did not feel alone. I watched one of your speeches hoping that it would save me, as it did for so many others. And you said, "If you cannot fly, then run. If you cannot run, then walk. If you cannot walk, then crawl. But whatever you do, you have to keep moving forward."

So I keep moving forward. I keep waking up. I keep getting out of bed. I keep living. I keep being Black. And even on days when depression tries to trap me in bed, I tell it, No. And I keep moving forward even when depression throws a brick at the back of my head, I get up and I keep moving forward. And no, I am not perfect. I am still trying to love the man I look at in the mirror every day.

But as I am surrounded by darkness, you've taught me that there is light, and I keep moving forward. Thank you.

Messiah wrote and performed this piece, accompanied by Steph Tanoh '20 and Bwembya Tembo '20 performing original choreography, at the MLK Voice 4 Youth spoken word contest in Wilmington on January 19.



Saints Rise Up

WE ARE SO THANKFUL FOR EACH AND EVERY SAINT WHO SUPPORTED ST. ANDREW'S AND ITS COMMUNITY DURING THIS UNPRECEDENTED YEAR.

WHETHER YOU RECONNECTED WITH CLASSMATES, SENT A NOTE TO THE ALUMNI OFFICE, MADE A GIFT TO THE SAINTS FUND, OR SIMPLY TOOK THE TIME TO CHECK IN ON A FELLOW SAINT—YOUR SUPPORT OF OUR SCHOOL AND EACH OTHER MEANS SO MUCH.

Thank you for raising up our school.



