Out of the Wind and Rain

Andy Parrish ’66 brings the American Dream back to Miami’s West Grove

Opening Day • Class of 2001 Commencement • Annual Report

PLUS:
Faculty Update
Reunion Weekend
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**OCTOBER**

4 Washington DC Metro Stop: Brickskeller
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25 Wilmington Metro Stop: Mikimotos

**NOVEMBER**

TBA Atlanta Metro Stop
TBA Texas Metro Stop

**MARCH**

TBA San Francisco Metro Stop
TBA Los Angeles Metro Stop
Editor’s Note: The tragic national events of September 11 occurred shortly before the print date of the fall issue of St. Andrew’s Magazine. However, due to the uncertainty of information at that time, and out of sensitivity to those who may be directly affected, we have chosen to delay further coverage until the winter issue. We encourage all members of the SAS community who would like to contribute appropriate reflections and perspectives to submit them for consideration in the winter issue. In order to meet our timeline for publication, we ask that you submit materials prior to December 10, 2001.

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On the Cover
The still waters of Noxontown Pond appear to lay peacefully in anticipation of the fall return of students and faculty. Photograph by Carlos Alejandro.
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FALL 2001
Four New Trustees Elected

Bill Bean

Bill Bean ’72 serves on the Board in his capacity as Alumni Corporation President. Bill resides in Oklahoma City, Okla., with his wife of 25 years, Vicki, and his son, Billy who is in elementary school. Their two daughters, Rebecca and Suzanna, are attending colleges in the San Diego, Calif., area.

Bill is the Chairman of the Board for Automated Energy, Inc., and is responsible for corporate development and the long-range strategic focus of the company. Automated Energy, Inc. empowers businesses to know and understand their energy usage and to make the best possible business decisions based on that knowledge.

An avid reader, poet, and songwriter, Bill also enjoys golf, tennis and swimming. He is an active editor of non-fiction works for an international publishing company as well as an ongoing author of books, videos and workbooks on the optimization of organizational and individual results in work and in life. He is involved in church activities, and gives international conferences to large gatherings of young people. Additionally, Bill provides pro-bono strategic consultation for charitable and care-providing organizations.

Paul Harrell

Paul Harrell has been elected to the Board as a nonclassified Trustee. Paul is the father of Michael ’90 and Piper, a graduate of Tower Hill School.

Paul is a private investor and serves on the Investment Committee of the Episcopal Diocese of Delaware and is the Chair of the Investment Committee for the Delaware Community Foundation. In addition to providing financial expertise to many organizations, Paul also works with the mentoring programs at the Boys & Girls Club of Delaware and the Harlan Elementary School.

A graduate of the University of North Carolina–Chapel Hill, Paul also completed the Program for Management Development at Harvard University Business School.

Paul and his wife, Margaret, live in Montchanin, Del. In his spare time, Paul enjoys golfing, squash, skiing, jogging, reading and politics.

Tim Peters

Tim Peters ’66 has been elected to the Board of Trustees as an Alumni Term Trustee. His children Tim ’91 and Megan ’93 are also graduates of St. Andrew’s. Tim and his wife, Lynn, live in Lancaster, Pa.

Tim is the president of Warfel Construction Co, an award-winning general contracting and construction management company whose primary focus is on health and senior care facilities, large educational and other institutional facilities, commercial and industrial projects as well as historic restorations.

Tim’s civic duties include serving on the board of the Lancaster General Hospital, as vice-president of the Economic Development Company of Lancaster and secretary of the board of the Hamilton Club, and as a committee member of the Camp Shand Committee of the Lancaster YMCA and the St. Francis Commission of St. Edward’s Episcopal Church.

Tim and Lynn enjoy sailing and crabbing on the Chesapeake Bay, cross-country skiing, and traveling. They also enjoy spending time at their weekend home in Chestertown, Md., with family and most especially with grandson Tripp (SAS 2019?).

On his new appointment, Tim says, “Serving on the Board of Trustees gives me a chance to repay the huge debt I owe St. Andrew’s for the positive influence it had on me and for the life skills that it helped me develop while in attendance. I hope I can, in some small way, help St. Andrew’s carry out its mission.”

Tim Sutherland

Tim Sutherland has been elected to the Board as a Parent Trustee. He is the father of David ’03 and of Cristin who is a [rising] senior at the University of Notre Dame. Tim and his wife, Marti, live in Middleburg, Va. Mr. Sutherland chaired the board of directors of The Hill School for six years, and he now serves as senior executive director. He is vice chairman of Notre Dame Academy, also in Middleburg. Tim currently serves on the Advisory Board of the Graduate School of Business at the University of Notre Dame. In 1999, he received the Parochial School Award for Outstanding Service for the greater Washington, D.C., area. Mr. Sutherland is founder and chief executive officer of Pace Global Energy Services, a financial and energy advisory firm. He serves on the Energy Board for Alcoa Aluminum and other venture capital and energy companies.

Tim welcomes the opportunity to serve St. Andrew’s as a Trustee; because, as he says, “Marti and I believe that children best obtain a deep sense of the value and purpose of education when they witness their parents working actively in partnership with schools and teachers.” Tim enjoys reading political history, organizational behavior, spy novels and theology but mostly is a passionate college football and basketball fan.
New Roles Established for Katie Kinsey and Henry Silliman

In recognition of his long tenure as a trustee of St. Andrew's School, Henry Silliman has been named trustee emeritus. During his three decades of dedicated service, Henry has held positions on the personnel, finance, education committees, the ad-hoc pension committee as well as the post of Secretary/Treasurer. Although his duties varied with each assignment, Henry's commitment to the School and its mission remain stalwart. He has given each task the benefit of his sagacious, thoughtful and experienced perspective. The Board looks forward to Henry's continued involvement with St. Andrew’s.

Katie Kinsey, mother of Alex ’00 and Nick ’01, completes her role as Parent Trustee (and as such, Parents Fund Chair) but remains on the Board as a non-classified trustee. Under her leadership, the Parents Fund more than doubled in dollars raised from 80% of the parent body. (This figure is truly remarkable when one considers that 42% of the families receive financial aid.) In addition, Katie has and will continue to chair the development committee.

Our Thanks to the Departing Trustees

Michael Gewirz ’81 has completed three consecutive (and active) terms on the Board. As a member of the finance, land use, building and development committees during his nine years as a trustee, Michael has given the School the benefit of his professional expertise as well as his personal commitment, and continues to serve on the land use committee as an ex-officio member.

Philip Keevil has been a trustee for eight years. As a member of the finance and development committees, Philip has been committed to the growth and protection of the School’s financial future and has generously given the Board the benefit of his experience and knowledge. Philip is the father of Adrian ’93 and Augusta ’96 and now lives in London with his wife Daisy.

Carey McDaniel Koppenhaver ’90 leaves the board after successfully serving her three-year term as alumnae term trustee. She was a member of the development committee as well as the subcommittees on technology and the K-8 study. Carey also served concomitantly on the Alumni Corporation Board (ACB), for which she chaired the events committee.

Chuck Shorley ’71 has been a trustee for the two terms he has served as president of the Alumni Corporation Board. In those four years, Chuck worked to bring the concerns and kudos of the alumni body to the greater attention of the full board of trustees. It was under Chuck’s leadership that the ACB underwent a strategic planning retreat that led to greater committee organization and proactive involvement by the ACB and the broader alumni base.

The Board of Trustees held their fall meeting in the Irene duPont Library during the September Homecoming Weekend.
This summer I read an article by Susan Sontag reflecting on the power and wisdom of great literature. Sontag writes: “It is the essence of the wisdom furnished by literature to help us understand that, whatever is happening, something else is always going on. I am haunted by that something else...What writers do is to remind us that we might, just might aspire to become different and better than we are...remind us we can change.”

These are great insights, worthy of our consideration and contemplation as we begin a new educational year. We, as adults, establish particular perspectives, opinions and beliefs; we become sure of our judgment, world views and insights. Yet we are nevertheless prone to missing an essential moment, struggle or triumph. We do not comprehend the full complexity of the human drama going on all around us. We remain narrowly focused on ourselves, our own interests, our own preoccupations. We think we are the leading men and women of the novel. We think, too, that we are the author of the heroic tale. To be haunted by our inability or refusal to see life in its full complexity and completeness is to embrace a life that is alert, humble, empathetic, compassionate and loving. Sontag suggests that we might notice more, feel more, see more if we relinquished our belief that our first or commonplace impressions or habits are invariably correct.

Eudora Welty died this summer at the age of 92. She was one of America’s most distinguished writers. As a way of marking and celebrating her life and achievement, and because she captures the essence of Sontag’s remarks about literature, I asked you all to read her beautiful short story, *A Worn Path*.

Welty opens her story with a memorable portrait of Phoenix Jackson. Up early on a bright December day, she moves steadily along a path through the pine woods. She is old and small; she carries a thin, small cane; she walks slowly, firmly, even though with every step it seems she could fall and trip over her unlaced shoes. Yet despite her fragility and age, and rather because of her fragility and age, Welty depicts a spirit of resolution and dedication: “She looked straight ahead—on she went.” We do not at first know the purpose or intent of her habitual journey, but we do know that the road contains obstacles, barriers, challenges in the form of foxes, owls, beetles, jack rabbits, raccoons and wild animals. The terrain is uneven, hilly, arduous enough to make Phoenix want to retreat, to go home:

“Something always takes a hold of me on this hill—pleads I should stay.” She escapes from the firm and piercing grasp of a thorny bush and endures a frightening set of steps on a log placed over a stream; she closes her eyes and marches blindly across the log.

She rests, careful not to close her eyes and fall asleep; she nevertheless dreams of a little boy serving her a slice of marble cake: “That would be acceptable,” she said. She confronts images of death, a patient buzzard, a scarecrow that at first looks like a ghost.

“You scarecrow,” she said. Her face lighted. “I ought to be shut up for good,” she said with laughter. “My senses is gone. I too old. I the oldest people I ever know. Dance old scarecrow,” she said, “while I dancing with you.”

A dog knocks her completely over and into a ditch; she is rescued by a white man with a gun, a hunter who views Phoenix’s trip and indeed her very existence with barely concealed irony and amusement.

“Well, Granny!” he laughed. “What are you doing there? I know ya’ old colored people! Wouldn’t miss going to town to see Santa Claus.”

She arrives in the city and finds her way knowingly and intuitively to the big building and the tower of steps leading to the doctor’s office. Welty writes:

She entered a door, and there she saw nailed up on the wall the document that had been stamped with the gold seal and framed in the gold frame, which matched the dream that was hung up in her head.

But the dream, her ultimate mission and accomplishment, is invisible to the attendant who sits at the desk, irritated by Phoenix’s presence, poverty and race:

“A charity case I suppose,” said an attendant who sat at the desk before her... “Speak up, Grandma,” the woman said. “What’s your name? We must have your history, you know. Have you been here before? What seems to be the trouble with you?”

Ignorant, almost obscene questions these are.
When the nurse walks into the waiting room, her first words are dismissive and condescending: “Oh that’s just old Aunt Phoenix”—but she seems willing to be kind and patient nonetheless. However, when Phoenix in her exhaustion simply finds herself unable to remember her mission or respond to the nurse’s questions about her grandson, the nurse becomes impatient, even threatening: “You mustn’t take up our time this way, Aunt Phoenix,” the nurse said. “Tell us quickly about your grandson and get it over.”

Suddenly Phoenix remembers the purpose of her trip, the goal of her mission. She speaks unasked now, and describes her grandson’s inability to swallow, his suffering, his resilience.

As she leaves, the attendant gives Phoenix a nickel. Phoenix decides to buy her grandson a little windmill with the ten cents she has acquired during the day.

“This is what come to me to do,” she said. “I going to the store and buy my child a little windmill they sells, made out of paper. He going to find it hard to believe there such a thing in the world. I’ll march myself back where he waiting, holding it straight up in this hand.”

The voyage home commences.

This story celebrates the power of love, commitment, hope and spirituality. It depicts the solitary, courageous journey of a woman who stands at odds with the pace, values and preconceptions of the modern world that surrounds her. She faces discrimination as a poor person, as a woman, as a senior citizen, as an African American, as a person without education. She has no rights, no position—even a nurse who at least knows the outline of her story has little or no time for her. The doctor never appears in the story, too busy to deal with the problems of a poor child from the country: “The doctor said so long as you come to get it, you could have it . . .”

Welty later described the subject of her story as “the deep grained habit of love.” It is here, with this story, with this phrase that I would like to begin our year at St. Andrew’s.

Welty wrote: “What I hoped would become clear was that in the whole round of the story, the world it threads through, the only certain thing is the worn path. The habit of love cuts through confusion and stumbles or contrives its way out of difficulty. It remembers the way, even when it forgets, for a dumbfounded moment, its reason for being. The path is everything that matters. Like Phoenix, you work all your life to find your way through all the obstacles and the false appearances and the upsets you may have brought upon yourself—to reach a meaning.”

This morning I suggest that the worn path, the habit of love is everything that matters in our lives together as teachers in this community. It is a path of hope, of creativity, of optimism, of compassion that has been walked for over 70 years on this campus. Why do we walk this path? What are the obstacles, the perils, the dangers?

What is the significance of this journey that begins each August and ends in June?

Phoenix Jackson walks, rises up each time out of love, compassion and hope for her grandson, for he is ill, in need of her protection, care and self-sacrifice. It is, quite literally, Phoenix who stands between death and desolation:

“My little grandson, he sit up there in the house all wrapped up, waiting by himself. . . We is the only two left in the world. We suffer, and it don’t seem to put him back at all. He got a sweet look. He going to last. He wear a little patch quilt and peep out holding his mouth open like a little bird. I remember so plain now. I not going to forget him again, not the whole enduring time. I could tell him from all the others in creation.”

Like Phoenix, we must remember that we live, breathe, walk, talk and teach to serve others. To walk this path, to be a teacher is to express ultimate care and concern for the well being of our students—their minds, their bodies, their character, their souls. It involves hard work, perseverance, dedication and vision. It may exhaust you, threaten to overwhelm you and challenge you in new and unexpected ways. But the path is clear—the end, the ultimate goal is this: We work to inspire students to live thoughtful, creative, responsible lives in the world. We work to create meaning, hope, optimism and compassion within our students.

The worn path we begin to walk today is, of course, different in some respects from the journey of Phoenix Jackson. We walk this path together and we do so for 262 students, not one grandson. And we are surrounded by the best educational facilities and programs possible. But the nobility of our journey, the critical nature of this endeavor, is the same as Phoenix’s. We accompany our students as academic, spiritual, artistic, athletic, human mentors. We may find ourselves distracted by obstacles, by the forces that conspire to rob us of our concentration and commitment. We may be disheartened by a culture that values education not as a gift, as a precious resource for life, but a commodity, a ticket for success in college and beyond. We may feel that the professional status of teachers remains low. And like Phoenix, even as we walk the path, we may lose sight momentarily of the reason we are traveling, enduring, persevering, struggling, fighting.

In the end, though, we remember—and we develop the pose, confidence and grace of Phoenix Jackson as she makes her way out of the cold and barren office to buy a windmill for her grandson:

“I going to the store and buy my child a little windmill they sells, made out of paper. He going to find it hard to believe there is such a thing in the world. I’ll march myself back where he waiting, holding it straight up in this hand.”
The doctor's diploma in the story stands as a symbol for his/her professional accomplishment. But it also stands as a wonderful symbol of the most glorious achievement in the story. This achievement does not come with a frame, with a diploma, with a ceremony or a robe; it is a celebration rather of something that, though it is invisible, redeems the world—her selfless expression of ultimate love and concern.

How ironic it is that the other characters in this story, the hunter with his gun, the attendant and the nurse completely miss the drama and significance of Phoenix's life, of Phoenix's heroism. They are condescending, petty and sarcastic. They revel in the power engendered by their race, their education, their power, their sarcasm, their irony, their belief that Phoenix is a Granny going to see Santa Claus, a charity case, or just old Aunt Phoenix.

They think the story is a nuisance, a joke, a diversion...and perhaps we, too, as readers find ourselves wondering more about the reality of the boy's illness than reflecting on the power of Phoenix's commitment.

We can follow her example; we can resist the condescension, the superiority, the arrogance of those who believe they know all, see all, understand all. We can teach, serve, inspire and create. This is what great teachers, great schools do. May the spirit of Phoenix Jackson, may Welty inspire your work now, during and at the end of your journey this year.

David T. Head, Jr.
Headmaster
New Faculty at SAS

Seven new faculty have joined the St. Andrew’s community this fall, bringing their talents and expertise, as well as fresh perspectives on boarding school life.

Sarah Commoto grew up in Montpelier, Vt., where she graduated from high school in 1997. A recent graduate of Williams College, Sarah double-majored, earning degrees in both Art History and English. At St. Andrew’s, Sarah teaches English III and coaches field hockey and lacrosse.

While at Williams, Sarah developed and taught a poetry curriculum for local elementary students. This poetry project taught students how to interpret and write their own poetry and will be continued by future Williams students. She also tutored local middle and high school students in English.

Sarah played varsity field hockey and varsity lacrosse all four years at Williams. During her senior year, she was elected co-captain in both sports and earned national All-American honors in both. She has run lacrosse clinics during her time at Williams in an attempt to spread the sport to younger age groups.

Greg Doyle, a 1987 graduate of St. Andrew’s, spent seven years in the world of advertising, marketing and communications, where he helped plan, write and design major promotional campaigns for medical and pharmaceutical products. Greg rejoins the St. Andrew’s community as the Director of Communications, responsible for major School publications and printed materials.

While working as a writer for advertising agencies in Philadelphia, Greg vigorously pursued the sport of rowing, competing as a lightweight sculler for the Malta Boat Club. Greg and his wife, Mamie, will be bringing their rowing experience to the Philadelphia, Greg vigorously pursued the sport of rowing, competing as a lightweight sculler for the Malta Boat Club. Greg and his wife, Mamie, will be bringing their rowing experience to the St. Andrew’s community as the Director of Communications, responsible for major School publications and printed materials.

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Fred Geiersbach joins the St. Andrew’s faculty as an artist in residence and will direct the wind ensemble, string ensemble and jazz ensemble in addition to teaching private lessons. Fred and his wife, Carla, live in Gaul East with their children, Alexander and Guenevere, and their cat, Jazz.

Fred graduated from Williams College, Fred performed and studied jazz in Paris and Copenhagen as a freelance flutist before settling in Manhattan. During his doctoral study, Fred taught instrumental music at the elementary and college level while conducting research on arts integration through the Center for Arts Education and the Creative Arts Laboratory.

In 1998, Fred and his family moved to northern Vermont to assume the position of directing a district music program, conducting high school ensembles and elementary school bands. In 2000, he received his doctorate in music and music education from Columbia University.

Gary and Jo Harney came to St. Andrew’s from the Purnell School in New Jersey, where Gary spent three years in the Technology Department, taught music history, was Dean of Residential Life, and lived in the dorms. He and Jo are the parents of three children: Susan, Michael ’98 and Benjamin ’01.

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From childhood, Gary wanted to be a musician. He spent five years as a full-time organist/choirmaster, and as an adjunct instructor in music at Skidmore College. Following graduate work in computer science, Gary worked for the Raytheon Corporation, Teledyne Brown Engineering, and the United States Army Aviation and Missile Command. During this time, he was responsible for managing large-scale software development projects for defense systems.

At St. Andrew’s, Gary will be serving as the Associate Director of Technology. Jo will join the staff of the Irene duPont Library as an Assistant Librarian.

Gary and Jo live in a house in Middletown. They enjoy reading, music and going to their geodesic dome in the mountains of Pennsylvania.

Kate Lemay grew up in Wilmington, where she went to Tower Hill School for 11 years. In high school, she decided to try something a little different and transferred to Choate Rosemary Hall. At Choate, Kate was elected to the Peer Counseling and Prefecting programs and graduated with honors in English 1997. She spent the last four years at Syracuse University, where she studied French language, literature and culture, and fine arts. Kate also studied at the Sorbonne in Paris during the fall semester of her junior year. She graduated magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa and received the award for Outstanding Achievement in French.

Kate played varsity field hockey at both Tower Hill and Choate and captained the club team at Syracuse, where she was also active in Pi Beta Phi sorority and Habitat For Humanity.

In the summer of 2000, Kate taught at the Summer Quest program at St. Andrew’s, advising and mentoring two classes of students entering local high schools. She taught and advised two classes each in poetry, a novel, cell biology, genetics, and an experiment involving territorial behavior of crickets. She also directed an art class that focused on basic drawing skills.

At St. Andrew’s, Kate lives in Founders’ Hall, teaches photography and drawing, and coaches field hockey and lacrosse.

Charles Worrall graduated from Williams College in 1995 with a double major in math and English.

During a year off in 1992-93, Charles sang in a rock band in his home state of Indiana, trying to attract the attention of a record label. Since then he has sung in many bands and at times accompanied himself on guitar.

At St. Andrew’s, Charles will teach mathematics and assist with the boys cross country team. For the past five years, Charles was a middle and high school teacher of mathematics at Horace Mann, a large private school in Riverdale, N.Y.

Charles, his wife, Cortney, and their daughter, Clara, live in Gaul West. They are excited to be joining such a close-knit rural school community. They’re both especially anticipating mountain biking on St. Andrew’s trails and road biking through the Delaware countryside.

Summer Activities

Many of the returning faculty spent their summers in pursuit of graduate study and other professional experiences.

John Burk was at Klingenstein for two weeks for the Klingenstein Summer Institute. He spent the summer at Stanford taking a class in news writing and conducting research in general relativity. On the side, he took classes in welding, and Indian cooking.

Bob Colburn was elected Second Vice President of the National High School Baseball Coaches Association. Bob is a charter member of the association, and served six years as the chair of the regional district.

Nathan Costa received a grant from National Endowment for the Humanities to attend a four-week seminar for school-teachers in Vienna entitled, "Mozart’s Vienna: His Life, His Music, His City." He traveled elsewhere in Austria, and then in Italy and Hungary. He also
Louise Howlett Reflects Upon Her Return from Sabbatical

Sabbatical—a beautiful concept, rooted in the word and the idea of sabbath, a time of rest and reflection, of recreation and re-creation for the body, mind and soul. My husband, Lindsay, and I are fortunate enough to work for St. Andrew’s, which knows and fully supports the importance of sabbatical time. So after 12 years (and longer for Lindsay) at SAS, last August we flew with our two young sons to live for the year in Berkeley, Calif.

Our boys, ages 5 and 7, went to a small, alternative school in our neighborhood; and for the first time, we were able to put in major time to chaperone field trips, organize events and do quite a bit of work for their teachers. We have always felt badly that, being teachers ourselves, we were rarely free to be helpful in our children’s classrooms. This year we were also free to walk them to and from school each day—those morning and afternoon strolls through the neighborhood, holding hands and talking about the day’s hopes and hardships, will be one of our best and most valuable memories of the school year. In the afternoons and evenings we were also free to say “yes” to (almost) any request to play checkers, to walk to the bakery or ice cream parlor, to play basketball or soccer at the park.

During these ten months, we lived in a community of missionaries and ministers on sabbatical from all over the world. Our small apartment was often filled with children of many colors playing Twister, chess or inventing spy clubs and nature experiments. Korean, Hindi, German and English words were interspersed with various sound effects as they acted out battle scenes with plastic knights and Robin Hood’s merry men. On Wednesdays, Forrest and I went to a weekly family folk-singing group and learned rounds and songs from all over the world. On Sundays, we all four sat in the pew together at church. On weekends and vacations, we skied, hiked and strolled as a family on huge mountains, rocky beaches and city streets. All these experiences bonded us in new ways and gave us hundreds of wonderful new memories.

The most important blessing of this year was just in being a family full time, without the constant juggle of competing obligations that boarding school brings every afternoon, evening and weekend during school terms.

Berkeley is the home of the GTU, the Graduate Theological Union, a consortium of seminaries from Catholic to Unitarian. The Church Divinity School of the Pacific is the Episcopal seminary in this group. Through them I took several courses in preaching and new ways of worship, worldwide hymnody, clergy and congregational conflict, “12 Step” theology, and world religions. The reading, writing and discussions were interesting and stimulating. Nevertheless, I came to feel restless; I had spent my whole life in academic settings. Now I wanted to learn about God and myself in some new ways, through some new experiences. Not having done any artwork since 8th grade, I joined a painting group, doing “process painting” in which you paint not for product or result, but for exploring your spiritual and emotional life, for listening and communicating through color and image, rather than words. I took a class called Creative Writing and Ritual Theater at the University of Creation Spirituality (founded by Matthew Fox, an Episcopal priest on the cutting edge.) In this class I wrote poetry, did Qi Gong, improvised rituals, and meditated to drum music and Tibetan singing bowls. At UCS, I also attended a Native American Thanksgiving dance and a Techno-Cosmic Mass which combined rituals and creative art from many different cultures and religions along with rave music and flashing images on screens, while everyone danced and sang their prayers in a big circle. In all these experiences, I have had to fight the voice inside me that wants to scornfully dismiss them as too “weird” and too “Berkeley.” Though I continually pray for God to open my heart and mind in new ways, it is still hard to let go of my rejecting, critical self which squirms at the discomfort of doing something nontraditional and unfamiliar. Further, how am I to integrate these newer thoughts, ideas and feelings into my life back home at St. Andrew’s? In what ways am I really changed? Or will I just drift back into my more comfortable and familiar world without question or resistance?

In a way, it’s too early to tell; I am still reflecting on what we have done this year as I re-enter SAS life. Nevertheless, there are a few things I think I can say:

I am less judgmental, more likely to believe I can learn something important from someone or something unfamiliar or nontraditional.

I am less ambitious and proud; living a year with no official public role, no collar, no pulpit, no classroom, no dorm to run, helped me slow down and let go of my own sense of importance. I appreciate more fully the smaller scale and quieter importance of domestic life and neighborly interaction.

I am more humble in my acceptance of my own limitations; I have cut back to part-time and am drawing more careful boundaries between my home and work lives.

I am more mystical and less analytical in my understanding of God. However, as a result I also have more questions about my role as a priest of the church.

Overall, I feel refreshed and rested, energized for my return to work; yet, for the first time in my life, I am not sure where God is leading me. Stepping out of your context and resting from your work makes room for unexpected and sometimes uncomfortable thoughts. I am ending my sabbatical with many questions rather than answers.

Nevertheless, having turned 40 this summer, I feel I am ready to look forward to a new decade without anxiety and to wait patiently for further guidance. Lindsay and I both feel deeply grateful for this opportunity we have been given. We move on now with thankful hearts and prayers for strength and courage to do the work we have been given to do. We wish for everyone the gift of a sabbath-time to open their hearts and minds to new ways of knowing.

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The summer break officially ended on September 2, as all 263 students were present at St. Andrew’s for the start of the school year. While a substantial number of students returned early for various athletic and academic camps, the atmosphere during these preliminary sessions was subdued and relaxed. The VI Form also returned to campus early, spending several days engaged in meetings to prepare for the year of leadership they will experience. But the Sunday before Labor Day marked the true start of the year, and it was quite a full day.

Opening Day is most notably defined by the arrival of new students, and of course, new parents. Starting at ten o’clock in the morning, the caravan of visitors began. After a few hours of trudging up and down dormitory stairwells with all of their vital possessions and supplies, students and parents stopped for lunch, refueling for the schedule of meetings that awaited. Parents had the opportunity to meet with Headmaster Tad Roach and their child’s faculty advisor. New students were introduced to the campus by their assigned big brother/sister. After residential corridor meetings and a short all-school meeting, they wrapped up the evening with a cookout on the main lawn, followed by the traditional square dance.

Despite the overwhelming nature of the day, the students seemed quite at ease during the square dance. A full crowd, in denim and flannel, topped off with bandanas and straw hats, grabbed elbows and spun partners to the irresistible sounds of a live country band.
Girls’ tennis defends state title

The girls’ tennis team recorded the best season in School history, going 15-0 on their way to defending its state championship. Girls’ tennis has repeated as champions, but the 2001 team notched the most victories in a single season, winning an incredible 86 of 94 matches.

The girls captured the state tournament by compiling the most points during the championship matches. Santhi Voora ’02 won at second singles, Jenny Sanders ’01 took the third singles crown, while both first and second doubles teams of Chloe Taft ’01 and Jane Parshall ’02, and Carter Brady ’03 and Dodie Press ’03, won titles.

“Carter and Dodie lost their match to Ursuline during the regular season,” Coach Hardy Gieske ’92 said, “but they avenged that loss on the way to the state championship.”

The toughest competition came from Ursuline Academy. During the regular season, the Saints won a close match, 3-2, winning 7-5 in the third set of the last match. Coach Gieske said his team just couldn’t stop winning.

“When we played Ursuline in the tournament, it was like David and Goliath, and we were Goliath,” Gieske said. “But the strange part was that everyone was rooting for us. Other teams like to play us because they know our girls are nice, that we hit the ball and the other team will improve when they play against us because of that.”

Gieske singled out seniors Jenny and Chloe. Jenny went undefeated at third singles and Chloe teamed up with Jane Parshall for an undefeated season.

“They were both amazing leaders. They wrote psych-notes to get the team ready for matches, they had great intensity during practice and they had stability on the court,” he said.

Gieske also praised first singles player Ashleigh Pattee ’02. Her 11-7 regular season record was her best, and she won two matches in the state tournament to advance to the quarterfinals. Ashleigh pushed her quarterfinal opponent to the brink, losing 7-5, 7-5. During the season she had lost to the same player 6-0, 6-1.

Boys’ tennis captures share of state title

In 2000, the boys’ tennis team sat in the driver’s seat of the tennis championship but let the opportunity slip through its fingers. Determined to control their own destiny, the boys played with increased intensity. Their reward was avenging their only loss of the season to Archmere (0-5) and claiming a co-state championship with Caesar Rodney.

“Af ter last year’s loss, we went back to the site. I wanted them to remember that feeling of having something slip through their fingers,” Coach Eddie Chang ’83 said. “We beat Archmere and CR when we had to. We had the toughest run of all three teams, but we shaped our own destiny.”

Henric Hungerhoff ’02 won a title at third singles and the team of Ben Harney ’01 and Michael Larkum ’01 captured the doubles title. Coach Chang praised Ben and Michael, as well as first singles player Jeff Wieland ’01.

“The three seniors were 39-2 during the regular season; they captured two state titles and were second by one point last year,” Chang said. “Each of them also has an individual state title. That’s the legacy to the tennis program at SAS. It was one of the most incredible runs by three individuals
on any team in School history.”

Chang went on to single out Jeff’s playing. “Jeff is a three-sport varsity athlete, and he was our leader playing first singles,” Chang said. “He played the toughest players in the state who only play tennis all year long. Win or lose, Jeff helped carry the team and lead them. The other kids played hard for Jeff.”

Varsity baseball finishes third in league

St. Andrew’s baseball team completed the season with a 9-8 record, having lost four one-run ball games. The 6-5 loss to Tatnall meant the difference between finishing tied for first place and third place. The season included a thrilling 7-6 victory over Tower Hill on Arts Weekend highlighted by Paul Koprowski’s ’03 three-run homer. The Cardinals completed league play with a 5-3 record, two games behind Conference Champion Tatnall and one game behind Tower Hill with whom the team split the two-game series.

Solid pitching kept St. Andrew’s in almost every game with the main workload being shared between Philip Orban ’01 and Michael Primiani ’02. Will Osier ’02 pitched well in relief, and he and Jim Williams ’03 each had wins over Sanford. The strike/ball ratios of the pitchers were very good. Philip Orban had 56 strikeouts in 59 innings pitched. Michael Primiani led all regular hitters with a .469 batting average, .898 slugging percentage and five homeruns which tied a 1964 record, ten stolen bases in ten attempts, 23 hits and 23 runs batted in.

There were several outstanding efforts by a number of players who received postseason recognition. Six players received All-Conference recognition. Philip Orban (P), Paul Koprowski (OF), Rob Pennoyer ’01 (2B) and Jim Williams (SS) made the Second Team. Michael Primiani (1B) and Charles Stayton ’03 (C) were honored on the First Team. Michael Primiani was also selected Second Team All-State. Philip received the Coaches’ Award, Rob the Leadership Award, Paul the Most Improved Player Award, and Michael the Most Valuable Player Award.

Girls’ lacrosse fields another great team

At the beginning of the season Coach Mel Bride saw a girls’ lacrosse team which was in for a rebuilding year. After two state championships and being runner up last year, most of the team’s big guns had graduated.

“I really thought we would be rebuilding this year, but it turned out to be a pleasant surprise,” Bride said. “The three captains convinced me that this was not a rebuilding year but that we had another great team.”

Senior co-captains Ann Woods (All-State Honorable Mention), Sallie Graves and Kaitlin Bear gave 100 percent every day, Bride said. They motivated the team with psych-parties and team meetings.

“They provided ideal leadership which carried through to the games after their graduation,” Bride said.

Even though a majority of the players lacked experience, Bride said the team learned lessons the first time.

“This team was very good at articulating the lessons they learned on the field,” she said. “They could pinpoint moments that were important and they rarely repeated those errors. That’s the definition of gaining experience.”

In the first round of the state tournament, the girls came from behind to beat St. Mark’s, 8-7. Sallie scored a season high four goals, and Ann stalled the ball for the final minute.

“Sallie came out of nowhere to take complete control of the game,” Bride said, “and Ann’s stalling is incredibly difficult with a goalie stick. They both showed great leadership.”

The girls lost to Brandywine in the semifinals, 7-5, but could have won the game.

“Our defense played out of their minds,” Bride said. With Ann in goal, the defense also included Francesca Duffy ’01, Yi Liu ’01, Morgan Wilson ’02, Erin Zolnick ’02 and Sarah Walter ’04.

The future looks bright for SAS girls’ lacrosse even as Bride and Assistant Coach Ann Chilton ’83 leave St. Andrew’s. Emma Wallace ’03 led the team in points and Sarah Walter ’04 was the only freshman to make the All-Conference Team.

"With new Head Coach Sarah Commelo, it’s a new coach and a new era for SAS lacrosse," Bride said.
Boys’ lacrosse advances to state tournament

The boys’ lacrosse team put together an impressive 11-4 record and beat rival Tatnall enroute to the state tournament. There the boys met their nemesis in Caesar Rodney, a team the Saints have not beaten in School history.

Coach Jay Hutchinson was proud of his team’s performance.

“We outplayed them in the first half and got out to a 6-4 lead,” Hutchinson said. “They came out fired up and went up by one goal. We tied them and then they scored two straight goals. We tied them again. But after that, we just ran out of bodies. They were at home, their fans were loud and we just ran out of gas.”

The team was led by an impressive group of seniors. Co-captain Dicken Counts ’01 was selected to the All-State team.

“He did everything for the team,” according to Coach Hutchinson. “He won an incredible 81 percent of his face-offs and was a real warrior on the field.”

Goalie Christian Andersen ’01, selected to the Second Team All-State and Second Team All-Conference, played with great technique and kept the team in many games. Jennings Snider ’01, First Team All-Conference and Honorable Mention All-State, ignited the team’s offense. Despite being injured during the middle of the season, he had the ability to impact a game.

Co-captain Greg Jastrab ’01 was selected First Team All-Conference and Honorable Mention All-State. He anchored a solid defense for the Saints.

Coach Hutchinson praised Tyler Covington ’01 for one of the great individual efforts of the season when he assisted on the team’s prettiest play of the season in the tournament game against Caesar Rodney.

Ted Unger ’02 led the team in scoring with 60 points. He was selected Second Team All-State and Honorable Mention All-Conference. Nick Kinsey ’01 was named the Most Improved Player as he battled back from a broken finger he suffered in the early part of the season.

Girls’ crew completes impressive season

The 2001 girls’ crew finished out the season by winning the Scholastic Championship and Stotesbury Regattas in both the junior and senior eights. According to Head Coach Brad Bates, “This team has to rank among the top crews in the School’s history.”

For the varsity, “winning back-to-back scholastic championship titles by over six seconds and winning Stotes by the same margin is really unprecedented for us,” claims Coach Bates. “The tradition is so strong that the girls seem to pass along higher and higher expectations. This year’s senior class was incredibly positive and focused. They excelled in everything they did at SAS and proved that you can make boats go fast if you keep things light and have fun in the process.”

Serena Roberts ’01 set the tone with her subtle and enthusiastic leadership. She passed along what she learned from last year’s seniors and also established new traditions for the younger girls to maintain. Speaking of the future, the girls’ junior eight had a surprising year, winning both the Stotesbury and Scholastic Regattas decisively after struggling during the regular season. Bates is excited to build on this momentum next year as an enthusiastic group of novice rowers, coached by Emily Atkinson and Dave Myers, move into the varsity ranks. Louisa Zendt will be greatly missed on the coaching staff next year. “She poured everything into this season,” says Bates, “helping the girls’ senior four qualify for the finals at Stotes for the first time in the School’s history.”
Boys’ crew turns in fine performances

Despite being a very young first boat, the boys’ crew developed through the course of the season to register a successful season. Head Coach Terence Gilheany pointed to three milestones for the crew during the season.

“First, the boys had a terrific fourth place finish at the prestigious World Cup race in Princeton,” Gilheany said. “The second milestone was making the finals at the New Jersey Championships, and finally, making the semifinal heat at the Stotesbury Regatta was a great accomplishment for this boat.”

Gilheany praised captain Michael Stephens ’01 for his leadership, along with seniors John Eisenbrey, Scott Kennedy and Greg King.

Gilheany also praised the fast second boat, which won at the New Jersey Championships and took a silver medal at Stotesbury.

“The second boat had strong, upbeat leadership from seniors Alex Wright and James Minneman,” Gilheany said. “They set the tone for this surprisingly successful season.”

The boat, with all its success, included two novice rowers: Mike Brandes ’02 and Graham Drury ’03.

Anne Farland ’01 making news in Virginia

Before ever stepping into a boat at the University of Virginia, Anne Farland has already made the front page of The Daily Progress, a Charlottesville newspaper. In July, Anne and her coxswain skills were the subject of an article by DP staff writer Tom Gresham.

In addition to acknowledging St. Andrew’s as the birthplace of her boat skills, Anne also helped to explain the actual position and define its importance to a crew’s success.

Anne will cox the rowing team at UVA this fall, joining a team that has achieved national prominence in less than a decade of varsity status.
Good morning and welcome to this lovely place—this sacred space known to us as Old St. Anne’s. It is a St. Andrew’s custom to visit this place for worship twice a year: on the first Sunday of the school year and on the last Sunday of school before commencement in May.

But, before we begin the service, I want to take a few minutes to speak about this place—to remember our past and remind us who we are.

To new students and to all of you I say: Enjoy this place, drink in the beauty of its natural setting, breathe in the fresh air that permeates this building along with the fragrance that says it has stood here for many years. Its condition tells us that it has been cared for by many generations and is cherished.

Bathe yourself in its history. Observe its simplicity. Let it touch you and nourish your faith and even transform you. As you walked up the path to the door, you passed a great white oak that was flourishing here before William Penn came to Pennsylvania in the 17th Century. When you leave, look at it, touch it, see how many of you it will take to encircle its girth.

For some, St. Andrew’s can be an isolated entity. A separate or separated paradise wherein the world seems very remote. But lest we forget we are part of the world—part of Middletown, part of this place.

When this area was first settled, it was known as Appoquinimink, and there was a substantial tributary of the Delaware River that lay directly to the north of this building. Silver Lake was part of the river. The first homes in the area were built along the river, and the little community set aside this land to build a church as a sign of their faith in God and an expression of thanksgiving for life and salvation and to celebrate the passage of life and bury their dead.

Only later in the 1850s did Middletown develop a mile to the north with the coming of the railroad. And soon all of the homes along the river disappeared.

But there has been a church on this site since 1705. The first trail from the south passed on this side of the church. Later it was developed as the first road. It ran by the church to the river’s edge, and people forded the river until a low wood bridge was built. There was no road on this eastern side of the church. That only came in the 20th Century.

The first church on this site was built of wood, and it
withstood the climate and termites for 53 years before it was replaced by this brick structure in 1768. So, you are sitting in a building that is now 233 years old.

The brick used to build it was brought by boat. Bricks were used as ballast in the early wooden ships and then left here for construction when the vessels sailed on with other cargo: timber and grain.

The architecture tells us a great deal about the nature of Christianity in the second half of the 18th Century when this building was completed.

The setting is very plain and simple. You see no stained-glass windows. There was no pipe organ. Wind and stringed instruments were the only source of music, except for the human voice. In a few minutes, Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Harney and Mr. Geiersbach will play a prelude for us as someone might have done 225 years ago.

The pews were built with doors to keep out the cold drafts. There was a slave balcony, because most of the local plantation owners kept slaves. In winter, fires were built outside and bricks were heated and brought into the church. People wrapped their feet with the bricks in a blanket to keep warm against the winter cold. Notice the pulpit is on the north wall wrapped their feet with the bricks in a blanket to keep warm throughout the winter. But, we

Notice that the focus of the architecture is upon the reading of scripture and prayers. And the lowest level, beneath and in front of me, is called the Clarke’s Desk. From there, music was led and psalms and hymns were lined out and worshippers repeated them after the clareke spoke each line, because books were rare. There were no photocopiers to manufacture what you have in your hands.

Notice that the focus of the architecture is upon the reading of the scriptures and the preaching of the Gospel. The altar is almost out of sight. It is a simple table off to the side on the east wall surrounded by rails and a gate to keep wandering dogs out. Sacramental worship was of little importance 200 years ago. Communion was celebrated only once or twice a year.

Everything took place here. Baptisms — marriages — funerals — the reading of God’s Word and the preaching. Here the community gathered and focused. Faculty children have been baptized here. Members of the faculty have been married here and have been buried here. Many of you have passed this place many times—on your bikes, in vans or buses on your way to or from town. Your predecessors worshipped here before you.

When St. Andrew’s School was begun in 1930, there was no chapel. Our chapel was built in the second phase of the School’s construction sometime between 1935 and 1937. For the first five or six years, all of St. Andrew’s students walked here from town. Your predecessors worshipped here before you.

You will recognize the following names as corridor names: Mr. Coerte Voorhees, Mr. Granville Sherwood, Mr. Howard Schmolze. All of these former teachers are buried here. Mr. William Cameron and his wife, Marianne, and Mr. Stephen Foley, our first head of maintenance, and his wife, Lilian, our first dietition and mother-in-residence to the boys in the early years of the School, are all buried here.

Mr. Lewis C. Mandes, who headed the masonry firm that built the School is buried just 100 yards down the path beyond that door. His son, Chuck Mandes, who was our librarian, is buried in a plot of ground beside his father. Mr. and Mrs. Mein’s son, Andrew, a 1990 graduate of St. Andrew’s, was buried here less than three years ago. . . . and just this week another graduate of St. Andrew’s, Tony Jeffcott, was buried here. The grave is masked with mounds of fresh flowers.

Beyond this door, you will see a lovely new brick structure called a columbarium. The building with its garden is used for the burial of cremains or human ashes.

Mr. and Mrs. O’Brien, our former headmaster and his wife, are in the process of arranging to have a place there for their cremains when that time comes. Mrs. Kunz and I have purchased a niche there as well. That’s important: Plan while you are full of life for the future. Plan not to consume valuable land with burial space.

These are some of our connections with this place. I encourage you to explore. Visit some of the graves. If you want to walk back to School, please do so. Your predecessors did before you. Savor this sacred space and be mindful of our connections to it.
St. Andrew’s celebrated the accomplishments of the Class of 2001, as the VI Form Presidents shared personal memories of their SAS careers.
I am honored to welcome you to St. Andrew’s Sixty-eighth Commencement ceremony.

In 1957, St. Andrew’s first Headmaster, Walden Pell wrote in his final letter to the Board of Trustees the following words: “St. Andrew’s prime emphasis should be placed on human relationships—the fellowship between students, between teachers and students and between trustees, alumni, parents, faculty, staff and students. All who work and study here,” Pell wrote, “should be conscious of belonging to a warm, close-knit, Christian community, where they are respected and loved.”

The work of St. Andrews, you see, has always been one of building, cultivating, celebrating a culture of collaboration, empathy, respect and love.

We celebrate today the vision and reality and promise of a school of faith and learning, the vision and reality of a school that seeks to strive for community, human excellence and the cultivation of the virtues of scholarship, empathy, compassion, forgiveness, tenderness and love. In this, my 22nd graduation, our mission, our responsibility, our potential still inspire and invigorate me.

I thank you all for being witnesses to this occasion and celebration, for today we stand and applaud the work, the accomplishments, the contributions, the virtues of the Class of 2001. Your presence, as family members, friends, alumni, teachers and staff sends our graduates a clear message of thanks, affirmation and expectation. Yes, we are saying, you have done well, lived well, made St. Andrew’s a good place to live and work. Yes, we are saying, we expect you to leave here with the spirit of St. Andrew’s in your hearts and in your souls. Yes, we are saying, we expect you to change and transform the world.

In particular, I want to thank the staff, faculty and Board of Trustees for their dedicated work and commitment to this School. Our staff is a loyal, dedicated, spirited group of professionals who do such great work establishing the foundation for the School’s work. We are blessed with a beautiful campus and beautiful buildings. We operate an ambitious program in all areas of School life. In our endeavors, our staff supports us,
renews us, encourages us and collaborates with us.

Our Board of Trustees works with great dedication and creativity to fulfill the mission of St. Andrew’s. This year, the Board made extraordinary commitments both to St. Andrew’s and to the M.O.T. community. The creation of St. Anne’s School, a new PreK-8, Episcopal school will extend the educational vision of our Founder to new generations of school children throughout the area. And the Board has generously supported our dining room and kitchen renovation project this year and our work on Founders’ Hall dorms this summer.

The Board counsels, advises and supports my work as Headmaster of St. Andrew’s. I am deeply grateful to our Board Chair, Kitten Gahagan, our Board President, Hick Rowland, Trustee Emeritus Henry Herndon, and Trustee Sally Pingree for their advice and wisdom. I thank Katie Kinsey, Class of 2001 Parent Trustee, for her support, friendship and inspiring enthusiasm. I am deeply grateful for the leadership Katie Kinsey and Clint Smullyan have demonstrated, particularly in the founding of the Faculty Fellowship Program, a fund that supports our faculty summer professional development work.

I thank our faculty for their work this year with this student body and senior class. This is a group of men and women who teach, coach, advise and counsel with skill, professionalism, devotion and commitment. Teaching at St. Andrew’s is a calling, what we were meant to do. It is not a job with a beginning, middle and end. It is a way of life, a way of approaching education that is unique, powerful and inspiring. Whether we teach a class, conduct a rehearsal, charter a donut, town or movie run, the teachers at St. Andrew’s share their lives with students.

Co-President Clementine James

Writing this speech has been an extremely difficult task for me, because it is impossible to define my St. Andrew’s experience in just a few pages. So, I decided my best attempt would be to share with you several snapshots of the past month that have reminded me of what St. Andrew’s means to me.

Wednesday May 2, 3rd Period Gender Issues Class

As we all sat in a ring around the table, I looked towards the men in suits who Mrs. Mein liked to refer to as the “top guns.” Mr. Meyer, the school architect, sat at the head of the table flanked by Mr. Schuller, the business manager, and Mr. Giammattei, the trustee chair of the building committee. The architect explained the need for larger dorm rooms and a more community feel to the boys’ dorms at our school. He presented us with several ideas for ways to renovate the dorms including having all of the boys on one side of campus and having all of the girls on the other or having both boys and girls live in Founders’ Hall. He then asked us to present him with our ideas on how to renovate Founders’ Hall, and we suggested that the entire junior class be placed across the gully. The architect sat back in thought for several moments before asking us some questions about our idea for the remainder of class. When I walked past my classroom over an hour later, Mr. Meyer and Mr. Schuller remained in the classroom, studying and marking sketches of the campus, obviously turning over our ideas. When I realized what I was saying actually had an impact on the architect’s thoughts, it reminded me of how much I appreciate a community in which every voice counts.
Friday May 11, 9:15 p.m., Noxontown Pond

John Eisenbrey, Mr. McKelvey and I shine our lights around the pond, straining to catch sight of beaded eyes above prominent white chins. When we eventually do catch sight of a bullfrog, we stealthily pole towards it in our boat before one of us takes out the ten-foot gig and attempts to stab the bullfrog. Meanwhile, dozens of other frogs fill the pond with their songs, ranging from a deep hum to a mere peep. The stars shine brighter than I have ever seen them at St. Andrew’s and the weather is perfect. Mr. McKelvey, a member of the maintenance staff who John and I have grown to know through our AP Environmental project, has just finished telling us about his life before St. Andrew’s and how he wishes he had come to work here sooner than he did. Mr. McKelvey claims that working at St. Andrew’s is the “best job on earth.” He promises us he will prepare the frogs tonight and then bring a frying pan with him to work tomorrow so that we can cook them up. Mr. McKelvey probably had much more important things to be doing at that time, but he was out on the water with us, telling us stories, laughing with us, and treating us like his best of friends.

Tuesday May 15, 1:00 a.m., front lawn

A group of other seniors and I quietly exit the back door to Pell and silently jog down the slope of the front lawn, to be welcomed by the sight of about 60 or so of our classmates assembled just above the T-dock. We had previously arranged this meeting time and place through our secret code (I think that Mr. Hoopes has yet to figure out how we sent invisible messages to each other over email). Down on the lawn, everybody is dressed in black, except for a few people who insist on wearing bright colors to make things “more interesting.” We all split up, some to distract Spence, some to fill cups with water and set them outside Mr. Roach’s office, some to remove a table from the dining hall in order to create some confusion at lunch, and some to put up “For Sale” signs on the campus.

Tuesday May 15, 12:05 p.m., dining hall

As I enter the dining hall for lunch, I see Mr. Kunz confusedly looking around and counting tables, trying to figure out why his is just a little bit off center. When I see Mr. Roach, he tells me about when he took his trash out this morning two men were waiting outside his house to ask him how much he wanted for his home. He said that they were quite upset when he informed them that the “For Sale” signs had been part of a senior prank.

Wednesday May 16, 2:00 p.m., mailroom

I open my mailbox and pull out an invitation for a “Farewell Cookout” from Ms. Miller, Ryan and Derek. My name is written in a slightly uneven handwriting, most likely Derek’s. All of my arguments with Derek and Ryan over how Country School, my old school, surpasses Kent School, where they now attend come back to me. I remember all of the soccer and lacrosse scores I had heard from them about the recent Kent vs. Country School games, the times when they had made fun of our mascot, the cougar, in a futile attempt to prove that Kent is better. When I left Country School four years ago, I never thought that I would have grown so close to faculty children that they would invite me over for dinner.

Saturday May 19, 4:00 p.m., the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia

Just before our final race at Stotesbury, Mr. Bates calls us together for a boat meeting. We stand with our arms around one another, each of us crying because we know that this is one of our last races as a boat. I glance around the circle, just as so many of us have done in so many of our sports, and realize just how well I know each and everyone of my teammates. St. Andrew’s has allowed us to be so closely bonded to one another, to keep sports in perspective, and to look at practice as a time to have fun. As I look over at the six-foot Florida girls, I understand why a boat with somebody my size on it can beat them—because of the bond we form at St. Andrew’s.

Sunday May 20, 11:00 p.m., my room on Pell

Over the weekend, I pitched the tent that I had received as a graduation present in my room, you know, just to test it out. After check-in, a couple of my friends and I talk in the tent, discussing our last week at St. Andrew’s. When Mr. Chang walks by we convince him to get into the tiny tent with us, and even though he moans and groans, he eventually squeezes in. We talk about how different things are going to be next year—no more Helen’s Sausage, no more tag games with Chang, no more Jaidi and Chichi searching for lollipops in my room. After all,
where else could you find a teacher crammed into a tiny 5’x6’ tent with three students actually having fun?

**Wednesday May 23, 2:30 p.m., cross-country trail**

I have wandered out onto the cross-country trail in hopes of gaining some sort of inspiration for this speech. Now, I sit on a point and look back at St. Andrew’s. I remember how, in one of my classes, someone had referred to SAS as sitting on its own “Holy Isle.” I find this to be true as I look back and see two people talking, completely immersed in their conversation, without any care or question about the world beyond St. Andrew's. When I get up to leave, St. Andrew's seems so far away…

When my parents and I pulled up to the front door of St. Andrew’s in our minivan four years ago, I knew that I was in for an education, but I had no idea that this education would extend beyond the classroom. I could never have guessed that I would have been in a tent with a faculty member, eating frogs with a member of the maintenance staff, been invited to dinner by faculty children, given insight to the school architect, or become inseparably close with my entire form. I realize that by making me so comfortable as a member of the community, St. Andrew’s has given me a voice. I have learned not to take myself too seriously but to speak up when I have to. It will be quite a challenge to keep the perfect balance that I have found here in the future. I am completely comfortable with all of my 270 classmates here, but what about my 4,000 classmates next year? I am infinitely thankful for my time at St. Andrew’s, but I also know that my time is up, and I have to leave the Holy Isle.

**Co-President Robbie Pennoyer**

So I guess the rain has decided to hold off after all. Mr. Kunz, thanks for arranging that one.

We’re here. After a few Frosty Runs, two trips to D.C., the Exhibition, Awards presented by Kirk in his own "special" way, a one-sided softball game, a camp-out with steaks and kielbasa, and Mr. Austin’s first game of Kick the Can in which the vicious trash can nearly managed to cause a few casualties—it all comes down to this next half hour. Diplomas will be passed out. Names will soon be read. And, upon our final goodbyes, we will drive out the front gates as St. Andrew’s graduates.

I anticipated for years the thrill of walking with my senior class down an aisle of standing faculty and friends, as “Pomp and Circumstance” accompanied our final march as high school students.

“Pomp and Circumstance.” With its familiar middle section, the piece has become the theme for graduation ceremonies across the nation. Today for the Class of 2001 the strains represent a sense of liberation and anxiety, accomplishment and sadness.

Last year, I volunteered to write a piece for the Concert Choir the night before we would first have to rehearse it. I figured I could put what I had been learning in Music Theory to use in an original work. Mr. Rue unlocked the theater for me at 10:30, and I crept on to the stage to hammer out chords.

Slowly, the simple harmonies progress as I scamper to write notes onto my tattered sheets of staff paper. I sprint after the melody—one hand grasping a pen, the other finding notes on the keyboard. The voice parts collide in dissonance, then dissipate leaving a solemn sweetness. I begin sweating with excitement but keep up the pace, not wanting to lose the creative satisfaction.

When I finally let the cover slam down on the keyboard, I was mentally and physically exhausted. It was three o’clock and my hands were stained from my blue pen. I clutched my papers as I bounded up the stairs, the music filling my body.

At St. Andrew’s, there is beautiful music. Not just in the bands and choirs, whose airs escape practice rooms and sift through the trees. There is music elsewhere. Though it can’t be heard aurally, its capacities for sentiment are just as real.

It was this hidden music that Mr. Chang once told me I should seek in my time here and beyond. It is this music that defines St. Andrew’s as the community it is.

You feel it when we gather as a whole—be it for lunch, chapel, or an occasion like today. Its strength echoes throughout the campus as we assume our identity: a school designed to nurture intellect and character. There is music when we fall silent in chapel to listen to a speaker. There’s something magical when the speaker falls silent too. There in the air hangs a message for contemplation, and we, as one spirit, pray.

The music is heard as it builds up to
raucous decibels to accompany sports games and Frosty Runs. When our cries deafen each other in the yearly Carol Shout, and in this strange pocket of noisy silence, looks of pure contentment pass from beaming eyes.

In the evening, as calm begins to settle over the campus, and lights slowly go dark, the strains of a new song can be heard. As friends chat, faculty share cookies and milk, and at times, tears are comforted—the school moves its course.

I suppose that this course leads to today...I look at my form—my classmates, my friends—and I see a group of people who have journeyed together. Through times of joy, we’ve celebrated. Through times of stress, we’ve turned to each other to relax. Through times of pain, we have cried. And now as we go our separate ways, we are confronted by the fact that we will not have the Grass Docks to escape to on a glorious Sunday afternoon, we won’t have a senior room with foosball tables waiting for us, we won’t have a faculty who know us as we are and treat us with the respect and love we barely deserve. But as we go, we will have each other. Our friendships will not be torn apart by distance. We will remain in the knowledge that wherever we go, we can count on each other as friends, bonded as a song whose common harmonies run through us all.

And though it’s tradition for a speaker to impart some original form of wisdom on those who rest behind, I’ll just deflect Mr. Chang’s comment to you. I vividly recall that night as I chased after music that poured out of my hands. I barely caught the time to recognize its magic, as I was hastily notating what I could. So, while you’re here, chase the music. It’s present in all we do here. Call it the ethos of the school, or the spirit that drives us, its name matters far less than the fact that it’s there. Recognize it, and cherish it.

That night I left the theater, the mark of my efforts present on my ink-stained hands, the song singing itself in my head, and the hard fought music, clung to my chest. When your time to leave comes, your experiences will put their mark on you. The invisible song which permeates this school and reverberates from its gothic walls will be in your head too. Grasp your diploma with pride having known your accomplishments. Find the music in what you do.

When I woke up this morning, from the little sleep I managed to steal, I knew that though I was as prepared as any to leave this school for the world to come, I was not, and could not be, ready to leave its familiar safety and friendships. But amid today’s pomp and circumstance, the ceremony began, and now it will soon end. We are here to celebrate — not only the graduation from this school we’ve grown accustomed to calling home, but the commencement of what is to come.

And so, the ultimate time has come, to—with grateful valediction—wave goodbye to the dreams we’ve realized; and in all our pursuits which will here-to follow, we recognize our common song: we are the Class of 2001. We are St. Andreans.

Note: Andrew Devlin graduated Magna Cum Laude from St. Andrew’s School, not Cum Laude, as announced at Commencement. We apologize for the oversight and congratulate Andrew on his accomplishment.
2001 Awards and Prizes

The Headmaster’s Award
Jennifer Carrie Walcott
Graham McClary Worth
Nicholas Kinsey-Stephanou
Richard Lynch Counts
Elizabeth Ann Ross
Jennifer Carrie Walcott
Graham McClary Worth
Chloe Elizabeth Taft
Chloe Elizabeth Taft
Erin Fletcher Hall
Clementine Juliet James
Robert Morgan Pennoyer
Kevin Hirsch Rosenthal
Gardner Owen Cadwalader
Edward Reppert Unger
Emily Walsh Behl
Robert Morgan Pennoyer
Georgeanna Sydney Devereux
Chloe Elizabeth Taft
Jessica Wynne Dillon
Robert Morgan Pennoyer
Adam Thomas Jackson
John Edward Turcik
Dylan Anderson Fry
Elizabeth Ann Ross
Edward Reppert Unger
Autumn Hope McGrath
Chloe Elizabeth Taft
Charles Biddle-Snead
Yi Liu
Edward Reppert Unger
Emily Carolyn Zazulia
Sarah Morgan Jay
Autumn Hope McGrath
Chloe Elizabeth Taft

The Fine Arts Award
The Henry Prize

The King Prize
The Founder’s Medal
The William H. Cameron Award

The St. Andrew’s Cross
The Community Service Prize
The Ceramics Prize
The Band Prize
The Choir Prize

The Art Prize
The Drama Prize—Acting
The Drama Prize—Technical

The Keri Advocat ’91 Photography Prize

The Baum Prize for English

The Harrison Prize for Mathematics

The Fleming Prize for French
The Hargrove Prize for Spanish
Francesca Michelle Duffy
Kevin Hirsch Rosenthal

The Chinese Prize
Christian Stafford Andersen

The Webb Prize for History
Scott Lyons Tazwell Kennedy
Megan Elizabeth Schuller
Chloe Elizabeth Taft

The Voorhees Prize for Classical Languages
John Edward Turcik

The Scott Prize for Science
Chay Gerard Dildy
Edward Reppert Unger

The Amos Prize for Life Sciences
Jessica Wynne Dillon

The Orr Prize
Jessica Wynne Dillon
Autumn Hope McGrath
Christian Chase Wilson

The Pell Prize for Religious Studies
Erin Fletcher Hall
Jennifer Carrie Walcott
Ann Catherine Woods

The Harry C. Parker Prize
Richard Willing Byrd Hutton
Margaret Whitaker Smith

The Leyon Prize for Creative Writing
Sarah Virginia Moser

The Journalism Prize
Erin Fletcher Hall

The Mandes Library Prize
James Story Heckman

The Malcolm Ford Award
Sarah Virginia Moser
Michael Fahrney Primiani
Margery Thayer Hardwick
Searcy LaMarr Milam
Edward Kirk Reynolds

The Robert H. Stegeman, Jr. Award
Thomas John Burns
Meaghan A. Rathvon

The J. Thompson Brown Award
Margaret Drew Macdonald
Anderson Edward Wolfe

The Calder Prize
Elizabeth Zoe Baer

The Cresson Prize
Christian S. Andersen
John R. Eisenbrey
Richard W.B. Hutton
Yi Liu
Lindsey C. Noe
Jennifer E. Sanders
With the possible exception of the time 30 years ago when I flipped a coin to decide whether to go to Australia or to head to Boston to try to make the U.S. rowing team, I’ve never considered myself or anything I’ve done to be at all religious. Some of my classmates may remember my walking into study hall senior year to take the Sacred Studies final exam wearing my father’s West Point “Tarbucket” parade helmet with a paper cross stapled to it. Chaplain Sandy Ogilby was rightly outraged. It seems, however, that in bringing someone like me to address the purpose of being here at all, life has a method that is remarkably spiritual in nature.

Otherwise, I would find it impossible to explain why I’ve spent the past seven of my 53 years striving to build houses for ownership by low-to-moderate income families in the 95% African-American section of Coconut Grove, Fla.

In the Spring of 1994, my house was burglarized. My wife, Ellie, and I live in the “North Grove,” a moderately affluent section of Miami, which is, conservatively, 99% white. This would be surprising in a lot of places, but not Miami, one of the most segregated places in America (although in many other ways a veritable polyglot city). A light blue Toyota, driven by a “young black male,” had been seen cruising the neighborhood and was thought by the police to be from the “Black Grove.” Like anyone else living in the “North Grove” or the “South Grove,” I knew the “Black Grove” (also known as the West Grove) to mean a relatively small area—approximately 60 blocks—of dilapidated houses and stores just five blocks from the heart of the Grove’s tourist district. The only other thing I knew about it was that you weren’t ever supposed to stray from the two main thoroughfares, and that if you ever got stopped by the traffic light at the intersection of those two streets, to be on the lookout for having your windshield “bricked.”

That afternoon, in a police car, I took my first tour of this part of my community that I had never bothered to learn anything about. I never saw the blue Toyota, but what I did see, as both a Groveite and real estate professional, was a large number of vacant lots—over 200 of them. In the North and South Groves put together I doubted there were more than 50 vacant lots remaining, with most of those being attached as “side yards” to existing homes. This paucity of vacant lots in my neighborhood was due, I knew, to that real estate axiom “Location, Location, Location.” But the “Black Grove” basically shared the same location.

As a student of history, I also got a glimmer of understanding of the cause of America’s black/white Achilles heel. I saw modest but neat single-family homes on streets just like mine, perhaps needing paint or a bit more landscaping but obviously cared for. Then I would turn a corner and see mounds of trash, abandoned vehicles, denuded “greenways” and, most noticeably, government-owned or subsidized multi-family apartment buildings.
Shortly after this enlightening tour, I picked a name for the corporation I had decided to form to build houses for first-time homebuyers in the West Grove. It came straight from Bartlet’s Familiar Quotations, filed under “Home,” from “An Old Woman of the Roads” by the Irish poet Padraic Colum:

And I am praying to God on high,  
And I am praying Him night and day  
For a little house—a house of my own—  
Out of the wind’s and the rain’s way.

Wind and Rain, Inc.’s objective—defined and refined over the past seven years—is “to create, direct and participate in the rapid real estate appreciation, both residential and commercial, that occurs when new homes for ownership are developed in selected urban infill communities which are stagnating due to social dysfunction and long-term government neglect.” Producing homeownership of a single-family detached house that is good enough to appreciate in value over time, and where the homeowner’s fixed monthly payment is as close as possible to being the equivalent of rent, is, and has been from inception, Wind and Rain’s core business. I can’t take credit for this idea. William J. Levitt came up with it after WWII for the benefit of the returning veterans. It was the homeownership part of the GI Bill, and it created much of the wealth that Americans enjoy today.

To what I am sure would be Levitt’s dismay, for-profit companies have stayed away from building new houses in low-to-moderate income infill neighborhoods like the Black Grove. The result has been blight and decay as the housing stock deteriorates, leaving behind crack houses and vacant lots covered with junk in the final stages. Even in the less run-down neighborhoods, the lack of new investment in the most basic commodity, shelter, has brought on a downward spiral of property values with no new “comparable sales” upon which banks can base new lending. The result is that real estate in many infill areas of our cities can be bought at 1950 prices before inflation is taken into account.

The lack of new investment gives self-fulfillment to the largely unspoken axiom that for-profit development in these neighborhoods is doomed to fail unless accompanied by gentrification, i.e., change of ethnicity from minority to white. Once this downward spiral starts, government often unwittingly piles on by supporting and developing projects in and adjacent to single-family...
residential neighborhoods that would not be tolerated elsewhere, such as drug rehab centers, low-income high-rise apartments, and Section 8 rentals. If this downward spiral is allowed to reach its ultimate bottom, a true ghetto is finally created where, except for drug pushers, liquor stores, and absentee slumlords, profitable private enterprise is entirely absent.

In sum, the problem is the lack of participation by a large segment of the population, not only in the American dream of owning one’s own house, but also in the larger capitalist system of which the United States is the leading example and exponent. This lack of participation hurts everyone, either directly or indirectly, through the urban decay and dysfunction that it produces.

With the infusion of new capital into these communities in the form of substantial amounts of new mortgage funding for the first new houses built there in years and years, the tide begins to rise: of “comparable sales,” of home equity in even the older houses, of the community’s hope for itself, and of the willingness of retailers to invest in the neighborhood’s commercial areas. As property values begin to rise, with the residents participating rather than being displaced, the neighborhood regains its overall health. This is all happening, right now, in the Black Grove.

Wind and Rain is not a big company. In fact, it is still struggling to survive because of the uncertain availability of the government subsidized “soft second” mortgages upon which it depends to bring the monthly cost of its homes down to the “equivalent of rent.” Even so, we have managed to build and sell 13 houses...all to low-to-moderate income families who previously had been renting in the community.

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We have also built the first new office building on Grand Avenue (the West Grove’s main commercial street) since 1950, and we have our offices there. The site was purchased for $25,000, basically the cost of the existing water and sewer connections and impact fee credits. We have also purchased, for less than 25% of replacement cost, a landmark commercial building which we are converting from a package liquor store and bar into a community center with multiple tenants.
Wind and Rain has built this track record by building relationships in the neighborhood, and by leading the way for the community to participate economically. For example, we were instrumental in getting the University of Miami’s Center for Community and Urban Design to select West Coconut Grove as the focus for its community outreach efforts, including a largely student designed and built Wind and Rain house.

We value our reputation for always doing what we promise to do and for keeping the best interest of the community in all of our efforts. It’s what my new partner, 26-year-old Georgia Tech engineer and University of Florida law grad Andy Louis-Charles calls “conscious capitalism.” Andy also has brought much needed computer skills to Wind and Rain and a rampaging desire to do the impossible, such as winning the Grand Prize for Wind and Rain at the Harvard Business School’s African-American Student Union’s Business Plan Competition—beating out 300 other competitors.

As I build these houses and get to know their new owners-to-be, I am surprised how often I find myself remembering my days at St. Andrew’s. So much has changed. There were no African-Americans until David Grant arrived as a III Former my senior year. That took no small amount of courage on Grant’s part, and on Headmaster Moss’s as well, to change the school’s de facto policy on race. Students at SAS today would not believe how their predecessors could engage—in class—in the most egregious mimicking of black speech as we all did in reading “Green Pastures” in V Form Sacred Studies.

Today’s St. Andreans would also wonder at the lack of outreach to those who worked in the School’s kitchen while living in “Shanty Town” on the road to Pratt’s Hatchery. I remember seeing Chico in his new metallic lime green Dodge with the mag wheels and wondering how he could spend his money on that while letting his family live in a shack. Forty years later I have more insight: We all look out for “Number 1” as best we can at the time we do it, but the more education one has, and the more hope for the future, the more willingness there is to set goals and to strive for them over time. Striving to do one’s best is the obligation of each individual. But the provision of education and hope is the obligation of a civilized society. We all have to do our part to see that our fellow working citizens have the opportunity to obtain something more with their labor than a car, a large screen television and a rental apartment. With all the advantages my white, educated, married, stable, middle-income, loving parents bestowed upon me, not the least of which was a St. Andrew’s education, it still took me some 40 years to realize just how difficult life is for lots of Americans.

Sandy Ogilby might say it’s about time.

An expanded model of the Wind and Rain business plan, with a greater focus on removing bureaucratic hurdles and achieving sustainable market growth, received the $10,000 Grand Prize at the Harvard Business School’s African-American Student Union Entrepreneurial Ventures Competition.

For more information about Andy Parrish’s work with Wind and Rain, Inc., please visit his website at www.windandrain.com.
The weekend of June 8-10 brought many St. Andreans back to campus for recreation and the renewal of friendships. Members of 1’s and 6’s celebrated anniversaries, with the Class of 1951 marking its 50th Reunion.
Reunion Weekend provided graduates the opportunity to network with fellow alumni and friends, share family stories, and rekindle some healthy competitive spirit.
Current members of the St. Andrew’s faculty participated in an interactive panel to provide more information about St. Andrew’s School as it functions today. Alumni/ae from past eras were interested in aspects of the educational and social experience that may have changed, as well as traditions that have been maintained.

Alumni/ae also took advantage of the opportunity to introduce their children to St. Andrew’s, giving them much greater insight as they consider the formal application process.
One-on-one conversations were plentiful throughout the weekend and offered alumni/ae the chance to catch up on the latest personal, family and career highlights.
Wonderful meals and activities filled the schedule for adults and children. From the scholarship golf tournament to kiddie train rides, there was no shortage of well-planned events from which to choose.
Attention: 2’s and 7’s

Reunion 2002 is scheduled for June 7-9. Mark your calendars now and plan to join us at St. Andrew’s School for another spectacular weekend.

Visit the SAS Alumni Website for details during the upcoming months.

alumni.standrews-de.org
Francis J. Townsend, Jr. ’34

Frank died on August 3, 2001. He was 85.

Frank was born on May 25, 1916, in Ocean City, Md. He received the very first diploma from St. Andrew’s. He attended St. John’s College in Annapolis, where he was All-American in lacrosse and an accomplished football player. He received his medical training at the Medical School of the University of Maryland, internship in medicine at Delaware Hospital and surgical residency at the Bethesda Naval Hospital.

Frank served during World War II as a Lieutenant Commander in the U.S. Navy, with tours as a medical officer on an LST, in the Panama Canal Zone, at Bethesda Naval Hospital, in Washington under the Surgeon General and at the Separation Center, Bainbridge, Md.

Frank had a tough act to follow as a physician practicing in Ocean City. His late father, Francis Sr., was the resort’s first doctor and set up practice before the turn of the century. "Old Dr. Townsend" was a saintly man who made house calls at all hours of the day and who was easily recognized because of his fondness for the practicality of bow ties. His son, "Young Dr. Townsend," followed loyally in his father's footsteps. When the junior Townsend retired in 1987, it was the first time in nearly 100 years that resort residents and visitors weren't medically served by someone named Townsend—though the family's tradition in medicine was continued by a son, Francis J. Townsend, III ’71, who practices in Baltimore, Md.

It was Frank's dream, vision and commitment of providing quality health care and building a complete medical community to serve the lower shore area that inspired the wealth of medical services available throughout that region today. In 1946, he attended at Peninsula General Hospital and then opened his first private office on Somerset Street in Ocean City. In 1965, Frank opened the office located on 10th Street, which to this day provides the under-served Worcester County community with health care through civic and volunteer involvement. He served as the Co-chairman of the fundraising committee for Atlantic General from 1990-93, raising over $2 million himself.

In 1991, Frank spearheaded an effort to build a hospital to serve the needs of Worcester County, which culminated in the opening in 1993 of Atlantic General Hospital. He was appointed to the Board of Directors of AGH and dutifully served lending his expertise from 1992-99, was elected as a member of the Atlantic General Hospital Corporation and was appointed as the first member of the medical staff of AGH in 1992. He also lent his time and talents as a member of the Atlantic General Hospital Foundation and Planning Committee.

Frank was selected as the Ocean City Chamber of Commerce Citizen of the Year in 1990, and selected and honored with a Community Salute and Tribute, by the Worcester County community in 1995.

He was a member of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of the State of Maryland, and a Diplomate of the American Academy of Family Practice. Over the years, he served on the Boards of Directors of Taylor Bank, The Franklin & Gertrude H. Purnell Foundation, and Atlantic General Hospital, as president of the Ocean City Down Town Improvement Association, and as senior warden of St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

He was a charter member and president of the Dunes Club of Maryland, an active fundraiser for Atlantic General Hospital, and president of the Ocean City Museum Society.

Frank embraced life right up to the end. The week before his death he was at a Baltimore Orioles game. The night before he was at a hospital board meeting in Ocean City when he suffered a minor stroke. Frank was last at St. Andrew’s in May 2001 for the Trustees' Arts Weekend reception and dinner.

Frank is survived by his wife of 59 years, Lillian T. Townsend; four children, Francis J. Townsend, III, John R. Townsend, Susan Townsend Mullaney and Tina Townsend Smyth; nine grandchildren; three nieces; and one nephew. A funeral service was held on August 7 at St. Paul’s by the Sea Episcopal Church in Ocean City.

The following are excerpts from the eulogy, which was presented by Frank’s son-in-law, Thomas Smyth:

Seven months ago, I was asked to give a talk to a medical group in Baltimore on the subject of my choice, medical or nonmedical. As I struggled with my decision, one of my partners—knowing of my relationship with the Townsends—suggested that I talk about the history of Ocean City. I agreed, seeing it as a chance to gain a deeper understanding of a town that most people who are born west of the Chesapeake Bay view only as existing between Memorial Day and Labor Day.

My first phone call was to Dr. Townsend. Tina and Susan had assured me that their father, pack rat that he is, would have all of the information that I would need.

As it happened, my research and writing coincided with the Townsend family’s annual January trip to the Homestead Resort in southwestern Virginia. This gathering is a much anticipated chance for each of us to rest, recharge and—most importantly—reconnect with family. The in-laws, Dawn, Jan, Brian and I, listen and watch while the Townsends, led by their chief storyteller, reminisce about old memories and create new ones.

As we gathered one night for cocktails—scotch and soda was the trademark—we watched the Ocean City Life Saving Museum’s tape which documents the evolution of this close-knit community. As the tape progressed and comments were exchanged among Lil and Frank and their children, my attention was drawn to a 1934 tape, for it was on this tape that Dr. Townsend reminisced about his days as an intern at AGH.

The First Graduate of St. Andrew’s School

In addition to enjoying the distinction of membership in the first student body to attend St. Andrew’s, Frank Townsend also managed to secure the honor of being the graduate to receive the very first diploma. After winning the privilege by raffle over his 10 classmates, Frank received his diploma at the first Commencement, held in the Main Common Room, on June 9, 1934.

Frank Townsend ’34 during the 1930-31 school year.

Frank Townsend was close to everything that was important to him—his family—although he was hundreds of miles from his beloved Hollylot, he was close to everything that was important to him—his family—
his community—his past, present and future. Here was a man whose personal journey was inextricably interwoven with the journey of this community. His father came to Ocean City at the turn of the century, and Frank was born in his parents' house on the boardwalk. He matured into a man who, as Ocean City's only physician, touched the lives of virtually everyone in this community. As my wife, Tina, and I left the Homestead, I finally realized what most of you knew long ago—that I had had the privilege of knowing a unique and remarkable man—an Ocean City original.

Dr. Townsend was a man who possessed a rare combination of attributes—abiding goodness, a strong sense of fair play, a deep appreciation of all things great and small and the tremendous will power to take a stand on an issue or to change and adapt as he saw fit. This was a formidable combination and many of you saw these attributes shine on the larger stage of the community. Dr. Townsend always looked out for the underdog, delivering medical care to anyone in this community and treating everyone with equal kindness and respect regardless of their status or circumstances. He believed that the people of Worcester County needed and deserved a hospital and he was instrumental in the creation of Atlantic General Hospital. Of his innumerable contributions to this community, he was proudest of this accomplishment.

He did not always agree with the changes that occurred as this community grew, but he adapted and never stopped expressing his viewpoint—a perspective rich in experience and unique in the fact that he was one of the few people who lived in Ocean City his whole life. Despite all of his marvelous contributions and self-sacrifice to the Ocean City community, Dr. Townsend will be remembered most for his deep devotion to his family. He loved his children, was proud of who they had become and prayed endlessly for their happiness. Townie, Susan, Tina and John saw their father's attributes shine in the more intimate setting of family life. As always, he led by example. They watched as he tended to injured waterfowl and saved defenseless rabbits and raccoons. He loved to hunt and fish but his appreciation of the beauty and wonder of nature was far greater. His sons and daughters remember their days with their father in the duck blinds, around Highwinds and the surf, smell the land, hear the ducks and see their Dad.

To me the most moving part of his funeral service was the singing of the St. Andrew’s hymn, which was the hymn sung at chapel each day while my father attended St. Andrew’s.

Frank’s son, John ’71, wrote:

To me the most moving part of his funeral service was the singing of the St. Andrew’s hymn, which was the hymn sung at chapel each day while my father attended St. Andrew’s.

Charles H. Welling, Jr. ’45

Charles, an executive in the defense marketing industry, who also founded his own businesses in that field, died as a result of liver cancer on September 4, 2001, at his home in Jupiter, Fla.

Charles entered the U.S. Navy as a “Flying Midshipman” in 1945 and served through 1953, returning to civilian life as a Lieutenant USNR-R. An aviator, he served in anti-submarine squadrons in the western Pacific (VP-25 and VP-22) and in a Photo Reconnaissance Squadron (VC-61) throughout the Mediterranean and North Africa.

He moved to the Washington area in the mid-1950s and joined the Glenn L. Martin Company. In 1956, he was made general manager responsible for sales and service of Martin products worldwide. These included land- and sea-based aircraft, tactical land-based cruise and ballistic missiles, electronic warfare systems, and space launch vehicles.

In 1963, Charlie resigned from Martin to pursue a long-held desire to establish his own company specializing in defense marketing. With significant support from Martin, the Welling Company was able to establish itself quickly in the Washington defense community. Clients included small to medium-sized U.S. and overseas manufacturers, as well as some large companies like IT&T, Bendix, TRW and Marquart. Charlie brought on a partner in 1968 and the company grew.

In 1972, Boeing Aerospace Company (BAC) invited Charlie to join its Washington office to assist in a reorganization of BAC’s approach to defense marketing. Charlie accepted the invitation, though he retained the Welling Company as an active company. By 1974, Charlie had become Manager, Field Marketing Offices, for BAC. He was involved in all of BAC’s continuing and new developmental programs, and was instrumental in developing the winning strategy for the Air Launched Cruise Missile program.

In 1980, Charlie transferred to the Seattle office but, after less than a year there, he returned to the Washington area and re-activated the Welling Company.

In 1981, in partnership with Mr. Deasy, Charlie formed Welldace, Inc. to market the Fokker F-28 aircraft to the Navy. Charlie also was a vice president of NAECO, Inc., which marketed military shelters, and executive vice president of the Public Signature Company, Inc., developers of electronic signature software.


His marriages to Mary Lou Hollaman, Linda Jenkins and Diane Zirkin ended in divorce.

Charlie was an Arlington resident before moving to Jupiter in 1998.

Charlie leaves behind his wife of 23 years, Mary LeBow Welling; his children, Charles H. Welling III, Karen Welling Artuso, and Richard Perry Welling; and his brother, W. Lambert Welling.

David Witherford’s ’45 memories

“Of courage undaunted”—so began Jefferson’s description of Meriwether Lewis, co-leader of the Lewis & Clark Expedition. It is how I view Charlie Welling’s spirit in dealing with the medical problems he faced in recent years. Some of his classmates got to know Charlie better at recent Reunions and through “Sandy Synods,” mini-reunions he inaugurated in September 1997 at Cape Hatteras. Most know him best as a result of e-mail. Charlie’s penetrating insights into the foibles of our time (particularly Inside-the-Beltway) and his witty commentary not only entertained us, they kept us mentally alert.

I will miss those e-mails. I shall remember his undaunted courage.

Gattie Jones ’45 will miss his friend:

It is difficult for me to condense my thoughts and feelings about Charlie as we, and our wives, had become very close friends since I became Class Agent in 1988. Charlie was well established at St Andrew’s when I arrived as a Fifth Former, green in the ways of boarding schools. He participated in a wide range of extra-curricular activities, including notable achievements in publications and varsity crew. We were friends, but it was some 40 years later that we became good friends. Charlie responded very warmly to my first epistle as CA and that led to my visiting
him and Mary in Washington on the way to my first CA meeting at School. Charlie will be sorely missed by a host of friends, former military and business acquaintances, and especially our email group, of which he was the undisputed glue holding the group together. A keen observer of the current scene—very articulate—never shy about offering an opinion and his rationale behind it. We have lost a grand person and a true friend.

**Bill Hearn '45 honors a classmate and friend:**

Charlie Welling held our Class of '45 together via Sunday morning e-mails, commenting on the events of the past week. He had strong opinions on many subjects and could back them up with facts and figures. Happily, our group was composed of Democrats and Republicans who had several things in common—our love and respect for one another, and the knowledge that we were not about to change our politics at this time in our lives!

Charlie's wit, humor and knowledge will be deeply missed. Peggie and I are grateful for the good times we shared with Charlie and Mary at our 45th and 50th Reunions, and especially the gathering of the e-mail group at Gulf Shores, Ala., for a week in 1999. In Alabama, the group included a flight school friend of Charlie's, Al Weil and his wife, Jean, from Olympia, Wash. Al was a great contributor to our e-mail dialogs.

**Bob Schelling '45 remembers Charlie:**

Because Charlie was by far the most colorful classmate, it's difficult to pick only one memory. My favorite - V Form Sacred Studies and Rev. Wilson, Charlie had absolutely no interest in the subject, and it showed. In the final exam, he turned in his "blue book" and left the room after only 20 minutes. We were all astounded until he later showed us the corrected exam. After one paragraph of gibberish, he had added one more line: "The shovel broke here." The prospect of Charlie repeating the course was too much for Mr. Wilson. In red ink below Charlie's writing appeared: "65% for candor - Lynley Boyd Wilson"

Al Weil, a close and dear friend of Charlie's, who was included in the activities and e-mail contact of a group of Charlie's classmates who kept in touch, contributed his thoughts:

Charlie, in the person of his clever, insightful, humorous writing, had become a really big part of my life. As the nucleus of this group, he kept us thinking and entertained, and he challenged and stimulated our intellect as we joined in on the cyber conversation. Ancillary to that I have a well used dictionary and grammar book which otherwise would both be dust covered. It is easy in retirement to let the mind go slack and thus not live life until its fullest, and Charlie afforded us a pleasant antidote to that malaise.

Many of you gents have other intellectual pursuits that fill this need, but as for myself, sitting down on occasion and trying to compose a worthwhile note to this group, led and inspired by Charlie, has been a great and worthwhile unique challenge that I will cherish as one of the high points of my life. In that respect, Charlie became an integral part of my life, and because of that I am having a most difficult time accepting his passing. It just hasn’t sunk in yet, and I felt I had to express these feelings to the rest of you.

Integral to all this is my fervent hope that we can and will continue in this worthy endeavor, and that I, the non-SAS interloper, can remain a member of the group. I have felt most privileged through these now six years being included in such illustrious company in such a fruitful endeavor, and that of course includes the icing on the cake that was our three up-close-and-personal Sandy Synods. [Note: The Sandy Synods were gatherings of 7 or 8 members of the Class of '45 and their wives, plus Al Weil, a flight school friend of Charlie, and his wife, Jean. Charlie found him on the internet 8-10 years ago and vice versa.]

**Clark Potter '46**

Clark, 73, a publisher, writer and literary agent who founded an imprint in his own name, died after suffering a heart attack on June 24, 2001, at his home in Jamestown, R.I.

Clark was the founder and retired editor in chief of Clarkson N. Potter Inc., an imprint of Random House's Crown Publishers, which publishes illustrated books about cooking and interior design.

At the time of his death, Clark was still working as a publishing consultant, including his last project for the Herreshoff Marine Museum in Bristol, R.I., which in the fall will publish an annotated book of letters between Nathanael Greene Herreshoff and William Picard Stephens, two prominent yacht designers.

Clark embarked on a publishing career in 1950 after graduating from Union College in Schenectady, N.Y. He started as an editor at Doubleday and Co., worked as a managing editor at Dial Press and founded Clarkson N. Potter in 1959. He retired from his own imprint in 1977 after suffering some heart problems and moved to Rhode Island, his wife said.

Born in Mendham, N.J., Clark was the first in his family to seek a literary career. He wrote several books that sought to offer insights into the New York publishing world, from essential office politics to a practical overview of the business of writing and editing. His last book, *Who Does What and Why in Book Publishing*, was published in 1990.

After retiring from Clarkson N. Potter, he was the president of Brandwynne Press for four years ending in 1980. After that, he worked as a literary agent and publishing consultant. In addition, he taught courses in publishing and writing at Brown University and the Rhode Island School of Design.

In addition to his wife, Helga, Clark is survived by five children from two previous marriages, including four sons, Howard of Weston, Conn., Edward of Bedford, N.Y., Christian of Litchfield, Conn., and Jack Rohe Howard-Potter of New York City; and a daughter, Margaretta Patterson of New Milford, Conn. He is also survived by a brother, Spencer of Boston; two sisters, Elisabeth Kruen of Bernardsville, N.J., and Virginia Held of New York City; and six grandchildren.

**Fond recollections from Lu Campbell '46:**

Clark Potter and I were roommates in our Sixth Form year having the honor of supervising the South Dorm inhabited by those wonderful new Second Formers. It was always a challenge to get them to bed and make sure they stayed in bed. They knew I wouldn't take any nonsense, but they loved to play tricks on Clark. He would pretend being annoyed, but I believe down deep he loved it.

Clark and I stayed in touch over the years in Allentown, Pa., New York and Jamestown, R.I. He was a gentleman and a scholar in a very sophisticated way. Clark was a very successful publisher with offices in New York City under the name of Clark Potter Publishing. Clark and I spoke on the phone just a few weeks before his passing in hopes he could attend our 55th Reunion, but he was much too weak to attend. I was fortunate to have him as a friend.

**A note from Barry Benepe '46:**

Clark and I were roommates in the Fifth Form. I remember most strongly late-night talks on subjects that seemed to radiate toward the stars. He was a gifted intelligent being. Years later I was fortunate to come across his *Rhymes and Limericks* and even later I procured an invaluable copy of his illustrated *Dictionary of Architectural Terms* before he sold his name to another publisher.

**Bill Brownlee '44 recalls:**

We were talking about Clark the other day—in China!—discussing how he was one of the ones who figured out how to break into the electricity in the corridor to have power after lights out.
Jim Perry ’46 remembers Clarkson Nott Potter:
Clark was the one real New Yorker in our class. His family was Old New York, and they seemed to have apartments squirreled away all over the city. It was wonderful—you could almost always find a free night’s lodging in one of them. But if the senior Potters were there, take care. At dinner, in their presence, only French was spoken. It was on those occasions I thanked God for Lukey Fleming, our French instructor.

The one place all the Potters gathered together was their old cottage on Jamestown, R.I. I was there, ready to join the Marines, when we dropped the first atomic bomb on Japan. So was Clark’s cousin, the distinguished journalist and radio commentator, Joseph C. Harsch. Harsch told me not to bother showing up; the Marines would never need me. A year later, I was still in uniform.

Clark was the most sophisticated member of our class. He dressed better than the rest of us—we called him, admiringly, the Baron Pot-Pot—and he always had a way with the ladies we envied.

He went to Union College for the simple reason he was also a Nott, and the Notts once ran the place.

His business was publishing, and he founded a successful firm bearing his own name as its imprint. It still operates as a division of Crown. He was kind enough to publish my first two books, The New Politics and Us & Them. When I showed him one of my later books at a class reunion, he took a quick look at it and said, “It will never sell.” He wasn’t far wrong either.

He also published Wally Pell’s history of the early years at SAS.

Clark was smart, engaging and outspoken. He led an active and interesting life that didn’t always follow what we might call the ordinary channels. I suspect the most settled part of it was in the fall of 1957 when he was married to Helga.

Joseph E. Mamo ’47

Joe died in Mallorca, Spain, in July 2001, after a long battle with cancer. The magnificent “Mamo Trophy” for the most valuable wrestler was awarded for the first time to Noel Wright, Jr. of Isle of Hope, Ga. Mr. Joseph Mamo of Malta, father of wrestling Captain “Joey” Mamo ’47, had the 250-ounce silver trophy made in London, where it was exhibited at the Festival of Britain.

Additional information is not available at this time.

Richard R. C. Leonard Jr. ’50

Dick, 71, of Fairhaven, Sykesville, Md., died Thursday, July 26, 2001, at Fairhaven Health Center, after a lengthy illness with strokes and diabetes mellitus.

Born April 1, 1930, in Towson, Md., he was the son of the late Dr. Richard R.C. Sr. and Margaret Ann Leonard. He was the husband of Nancy Calhoun Norman Leonard of Sykesville.

He attended Towson Normal School, Boy’s Latin School, St. Andrew’s School and Columbia University in New York.

While at St. Andrew’s and Columbia University, he enjoyed nine years as crew coxswain for the heavyweight crews.

He raised, trained, showed, bred and trailed bloodhounds for 21 years. He had been past president, secretary and board director of the American Bloodhound Club. He enjoyed fishing, sailing, RV camping, woodworking and gardening. He was a member of the Cockeysville-Timonium Jaycees.

Surviving, in addition to his wife, are sons, Richard R.C. Leonard III of Hampstead and Andrew I. C. Leonard of Sykesville, and daughter, Elizabeth Anne Leonard Robinette of Westminster; and seven grandchildren.

He was predeceased by brother Ralph Olds Leonard.

A funeral service was held at Ascension Episcopal Church in Westminster, Md., with interment in Dulaney Valley Memorial Gardens, Timonium, Md. Memorial contributions may be made to Building for Ministry, Ascension Episcopal Church, 23 North Court Street, Westminster, MD 21157.

Jack Keller ’50 remembers Dick:
As I reflect about my classmate, Dick Leonard, I think immediately of humor, crew and the Voorhees family. Triggering this recollection are the comments made by Dick in my 1950 Criss Cross. “Okay you Rustic Baseball Boy. Maybe you were lucky this year, but we’ll see who comes out in the lead next year, Crew or — Baseball (I hate to write the word). Anyway good luck next year and look out for the civilized women. They ain’t like “Sho [Eastern Shore] women.” Dick enjoyed reminding me I was a Lower Eastern Shoreman and not an urbane guy from “Baltimore, Merland.”

Dick had a keen sense of humor. He was fun to be around, especially during those frequent Common Room bull-sessions. He was devoted to crew and had an outstanding career highlighted by the 1948 four-oared National Championship and his election as captain in 1950.

He was devoted to his coach, teacher and form advisor, Coerte Voorhees, and remained in contact with the family over the years. As I watch crew races on TV, I know that I’ll continue to be reminded of Dick when I see coxswains barking at straining oarsmen. All classmates will remember a fine human being.

Classmate Roger Redden recalls:
Coerte Voorhees took over as crew coach in our IV Form year (1948) and had the insight to put Dick in the coxswain’s seat. Dick went on with the first boat to win the Nationals that season, making him the first and only national championship athlete in the graduating Class of 1950.

Anthony J. Jeffcott ’57

Tony, 62, who was formerly of Middletown, Del., died from cancer on September 2, 2001, at his home in Flemington, N.J.

Tony received a business degree from the University of Delaware in 1961. He was a Lieutenant Colonel, serving in the U.S. Marine Corps as a pilot. After serving his country, he continued his education and received his M.B.A. from the University of Connecticut in Storrs, Conn., in 1977 and a master’s in computer science from the Rensselaer Poly-Tech Institute in Hartford, Conn., in 1982.

Tony was an executive asset manager with General Electric in Danbury, Conn., at the time of his death. He was also a member of the American Society of Appraisers since 1992.

Tony is survived by his wife of 17 years, Carole, of Flemington, N.J.; daughter, Melanie Lea Shook and granddaughter Ashley, of Oklahoma City; stepdaughter, Liane McNaughton; stepgranddaughter, Miranda, both of Puyallup, Wash.; sister, Suzanne J. Winters of Odessa, Del.; brother, John N. Jeffcott, of Larkspur, Calif.; and two nephews, Joseph M. Jeffcott of Cincinnati, Ohio; and John F. Jeffcott of Wilmington, Del.

A service was held on September 7 at St. Anne’s Episcopal Church in Middletown, Del., with burial in Old St. Anne’s Cemetery.
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help St. Andrew’s School find you!

Attention All College-Age Alumni/ae:

As you move around to your various collegiate destinations, on and off campus, and back and forth to your parents’ homes, your mail can get lost in the shuffle. You might miss out on the opportunity to gather with fellow St. Andreans if we are unable to tell you about upcoming events.

Make life a little easier for our staff by keeping St. Andrew’s updated on your most current location or preferred mailing address. Please contact Sandy Bailey in the Alumni Office, sbailey@standrews-de.org, or 302-285-4257.

We would also be happy to send you a calendar of events for our collegiate alums. It includes a detachable postcard to update your mailing address.

Upcoming Winter Term Events...

December 16, 2001
Annual Service of Lessons and Carols

February 22-23, 2002
Winter Musical Production, The King and I

For more information, please contact the Alumni Office at 302-285-4257.
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- Gattie Jones ’45, on the joys of email

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The tower clock prepares to signal the start of another school day, its chimes gently ushering students to their first class.