The Strength of Community

St. Andreans address the events of September 11 and mourn the loss of Robert Jordan ’86

Parents Weekend • Fall Sports • In Memory - Ches Baum ’36
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ON THE COVER

The N.C. Wyeth mural in the Dining Room of Founders Hall captures the strength of community that has defined St. Andrew’s School for over 70 years.
FROM THE EDITOR

Winter brings my second issue of St. Andrew’s Magazine to print and, once again, I have enjoyed every step along the way. This issue in particular proved a much greater challenge due to the extensive participation by so many alumni/ae writers. It was a joy to have plenty of submissions with which to work, but the logistics involved in gathering material were a bit surprising. I am very thankful that we live in the era of electronic communication. I cannot imagine having to retype all of the submissions.

The willingness of the St. Andrew’s community to share their individual reflections and memories was truly inspiring, and a quality that sets our School apart from others. “Faith and Learning” is more than just the adopted SAS motto—it is practiced and perfected by all who have been a part of the School. As St. Andreans, we know that knowledge comes from interaction, from sharing experiences, and from exchanging ideas.

While the quantity of ideas collected in this issue is substantial. I hope that you take the time to read them all. It is my firm belief that when you have finished, you will learn at least one new piece of information.

My own experience with September 11 has taught me that so many aspects of life are related and interconnected. My brother was on a flight from Newark to Los Angeles, and I spent the initial hours of that day waiting to find out that he had landed in Illinois. Later that evening, I heard the news about Rob Jordan. A few days later I learned the tragic fate of another friend who had worked for Cantor Fitzgerald. I remain convinced that, in life, there are very few “isolated” events. Everything has ripples and effects. A good portion of what I read in the alumni/ae submissions has helped me to understand how and why.

Over the past few months, I have been going for long rows on the pond. After September 11, I found myself distracted whenever aircraft flew overhead. What was once the background noise of modern civilization now captured my attention. As the weeks passed, I grew less sensitive to the noise, but it still sounded so much louder than it ever did before. Then, on one of the recent 70-degree December afternoons, I rowed beneath the pair of bald eagles that has made Noxontown Pond their home. What struck me most was the majestic silence that seemed to accompany them. I haven’t noticed the airplanes since.

CORRECTIONS – ANNUAL REPORT

Every gift made to the Annual Fund is significant. We therefore regret the following inadvertent omissions from the 2000-2001 Annual Report of Gifts, published in the Fall 2001 issue of St. Andrew’s Magazine. We apologize for these errors and thank the donors for their generosity and commitment to St. Andrew’s.

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In September, Trustee Michael Whalen ’84 released a new compact disc recording entitled Mysterious Ways. The new recording represents only one part of a very successful year for Whalen, who is known as one of the most active and successful film and television composers in the United States.

Mysterious Ways delivers several different flavors of music, from instrumental jazz to vocal pop. On his website, www.michaelwhalen.com, Whalen offers his description of the recording: “This CD is about trying to express feelings and emotions that I have not heard in any pop songs or felt with any instrumental tunes. In other words, I told the truth. Love is messy. Love is fantastic. Once you have love you never can forget it and you are haunted by it from its past incarnation in your present life. Men are romantic, vulnerable, and they, too, want to be wooed and seduced by their partners. Many guys won’t admit it but it’s true.”

In addition to this latest CD, Whalen’s music will appear in several film and television programs in upcoming months.

This fall Whalen provided the musical score for Born Loser, a film short about the unbelievable chain of events that accompany a practical joke at a small insurance firm. Whalen’s music provides a suspenseful and edgy background to the tensions between the characters. Born Loser was scheduled to premiere at several fall film festivals.

Whalen is also working on a feature film, Lake Desire, currently in production in Minnesota. The film is a character drama that probes the circumstances of a boating accident in a small town. Actors Corbin Bernsen and Paul Dooley are slated to play leading roles in the film.

In July, National Geographic’s special program Air Force One, with Whalen’s soundtrack, was broadcast on PBS. November brought the Discovery Channel’s USS Indianapolis to television audiences. The winter and spring of 2002 will bring Whalen’s music to several more programs, including The Unseen War: Vietnam War Photographers, scheduled for CNBC in January; Ulysses S. Grant, a four-hour American Experience special on PBS in January; and The Shape of Life, an eight-hour National Geographic special on PBS in April.

Aside from his many professional endeavors, Whalen takes an active role as a Trustee of St. Andrew’s School, serving as a member of the education, technology and development committees. His experience and expertise—especially to the Arts Program—have been invaluable over his six years on the Board.

Michael Whalen ’84 has earned a reputation as one of the most successful composers in film and television.
HEADMASTER’S NOTE

Parents Weekend Remarks • October 16, 2001

Following the events of September 11, we all as adults felt an instinctive and powerful desire to talk to our own parents, our children, our brothers and sisters. We needed desperately to connect, to not only make sure everyone was all right, but to talk to loved ones, touch loved ones, for these gestures and words might somehow help us cope with events that were beyond human comprehension. The attacks did more than destroy towers and blast a hole into the Pentagon—these acts stripped our lives, our hopes, our dreams to their most fundamental and elemental form. Nothing seemed to matter anymore except the miracle of connection, the sound here at St. Andrew’s of students talking to advisors and parents on that fateful day. I will never forget walking down the main corridor of the School and seeing and then hearing Ashleigh Pattee hear her father’s voice on the telephone.

After the barrage of attacks, we slowly, cautiously walked out into a new America, a different America, and we naturally wanted our family and friends to accompany us as companions for this new, perilous journey we are taking. Here at St. Andrew’s we found strength and inspiration in a school of faith and learning, in a community, a family designed to hold together, endure and triumph over any obstacle or crisis.

Whatever it is we have now inherited as Americans, as world citizens, we walk together, united as a people, a nation, a school community. And we are stronger today, more unified, more resilient, more optimistic because of your presence as parents here today. I particularly welcome and salute those among you who live in New York and Washington, for you have literally lived through these events hour by hour, day by day. Our thoughts and prayers and best wishes have extended to you throughout these difficult times.

What do we as parents and adults make of this new world we have inherited so recently? How can we help each other, our children and our families adjust to the new realities of a new America? How do we keep our spirits up, our optimism intact, our faith in humanity alive and well?

Great tragedy in literature evokes the powerful emotions of pity and fear in the audience or the reader. We see human beings suffer in a world that seems unjust, cruel and violent. We identify with those who suffer and know that we, too, as human beings are subject to such despair, such desolation. But in the midst of tragedy we are inspired by the human capacity for courage, for endurance, for resilience, for love, for faith. In the midst of evil, human beings earn our awe and admiration as they both confirm their essential goodness and rise to heights that seem absolutely miraculous and unbelievable. In the end, great tragedy celebrates the power of men and women relentlessly seeking truth, justice and life itself. In the end, tragic figures discover the essential meaning of life.

In my remarks to the School over the past few weeks, I have described the terrorist attacks as a loss of American innocence, a loss of the American belief in our own invulnerability. In our grief, we strain to know what it could have been like to be in those towers, to leap to our deaths, to be in those airplanes, to die so suddenly, violently and cruelly. A month later we are stunned by the magnitude of those who died, those whose bodies will never be found—over 5,000 people alone in the Trade Center.

Yet, we now understand the majesty and grace of the human spirit enduring, yea flourishing, in the midst of such atrocities: a man and woman leaping from the towers hand in hand; men and women refusing to leave the towers until they assisted others to escape; firefighters and policemen racing to their deaths as they fearlessly confronted the catastrophe; passengers on planes calling loved ones and saying final, composed and loving words of farewell to their wives, husbands, children; men and women charging the cockpit and defending innocent lives as they brought the plane down outside Pittsburgh.

Yes, in the midst of the chaos, smoke, violence and fanatic, senseless hatred, a spirit of love and connection refuted these acts and asserted the dignity and essence of our lives as human beings. Anthony Lane captured it best when he wrote in The New Yorker: “Thousands died on September 11th, and they died for real; but thousands died together and therefore something lived.”

In King Lear, Shakespeare subjects his characters and audience to unfathomable acts of cruelty and savagery. We watch daughters turn on their father and cast him out into a tempest to spend the night in a hovel; we watch Cornwall sadistically pluck out each one of Gloucester’s eyes. We see Edmond order the hanging of the beautiful and pure Cordelia. We watch as a king discovers that all he has owned and assumed and believed in crumbs before his eyes. We watch an old king die of a broken heart. But once condemned to suffering, Lear’s eyes open to all he has neglected—the love of his genuine daughter, the vision of a world full of people who are poor, hungry and desperate. In his memorable recognition, achieved at the height of his suffering, Lear cries out, “O I have taken too little care of this.”

Like Lear, we are stunned and terrified to see human beings delight in the joy of torture, killing and slaughter. These terrorists obliterate lines of civility and reason; they chart new avenues in even the sordid history of their trade; they hijack planes, promise passengers safe return to airports, and they drive jets 500 miles an hour into buildings. They use our open society, our sense of trust, innocence and naiveté against us.

But like Lear, we have learned a lot in the interim. It is not too much to say that the events of September 11th awakened us as a culture, as Americans. We were not all living lives that were unfocused, superficial and full of misplaced priorities. But clearly the shock of this tragedy has awakened us to a renewed, strengthened recognition of what is important in our lives:

(1) our faith—in God, one another—and in our commu-
nities and the nation;
(2) our appreciation for the gift of life, the miracle of children, of families, friends and neighbors;
(3) an appreciation for peace, serenity, the beauty of nature;
(4) our love of human creativity—the arts: music, dance, theatre, sculpture and painting, poetry, essays, short stories, novels, plays . . . all eloquently asserting that in the midst of chaos, we can create order, beauty and truth.

We understand now that the daily patterns of our lives as parents and teachers are in and of themselves precious. Our days are full of rituals, full of seemingly inconsequential moments of communication, questions, arrivals and departures. What we discovered through the hours of the afternoon of September 11th is how important and precious these words, gestures and hellos and good-byes actually are. Listen to Sarah Moser and Emily Zazulia in Our Town. Because we are moral, because we are vulnerable, we are very much alive.

We know, too, that as we become blind to the precariousness of life, we lose our way and become obsessed and preoccupied with trivialities and obsessions that are empty and hollow. Look at magazines and newspapers before the day September 11, 2001. What in the world were we thinking, worrying about? How much were we taking for granted in those days? If we were to lose our children right now, today, what would we have left unsaid, undone? What issues that currently obsess us would crumble into nothingness?

Many adults have found themselves overwhelmed with sadness, despair, desolation and depression following these days and weeks—not only those directly affected and shaken by these events, but many others who fear the world of terrorism, who despair over the future, who see only misery, suffering and chaos ahead of us.

We have to be willing to ask essential, tragic, devastating questions, but most importantly, we must remember that though the terrorists succeeded in piercing our national security, though they used and abused our basic trust and open society to attack us, they were defeated and will be defeated by something they could not understand or identify, for it is not reflected in our cultural icons of television, movies and commercials. Like Shakespeare’s characters who literally touch one another and raise one another to their feet at moments of great pain and suffering, we witness the American, the human desire to connect, to help, to rescue, to comfort, to sacrifice, to forgive, to pray. Here in America and across the world, people come together in churches, synagogues, mosques, town halls and in the streets to express sympathy, loving protection and mourning.

It is our faith in humanity, our commitment to living lives of kindness, empathy and openness that we must confirm for our children in the wake of this catastrophe.

We have all felt shock, horror, outrage, anger, despair and emptiness. Our children, our students need to understand that these emotions are genuine ones, authentic reactions to this event. But they need to see us move towards a deeper, more sophisticated approach to these emotions. We have the ability to read, to study, to explore crucial questions to help us understand even the most unimaginable events. We have, in the words of The New Republic, been forced, whether we like it or not, to live, to participate in history. We could react spontaneously, mindlessly and violently or, as men and women, we can think, speak and act carefully and assert the values we espouse and believe in, not only in good times, but in bad times.

As a school of faith and learning, then, we see our responsibility as twofold—to help students see these events as ones that can be redeemed, transformed by the power of a spirit, an approach to life that is loving, that is intelligent, that is compassionate, that is enduring. The ways of the world are not the ways of God; the ways of the world are not the ways of the man or woman who lives a life of love, faith, reason and service. We want our students to see how quickly violence begets violence, how quickly scapegoating can begin, how important it is to read, to reflect, to ask questions about religious and historical movements that cannot be summarized in a paragraph or a USA Today graph. We want our students and our children to see that, even when we feel frightened, scared, nervous and wrought with anxiety, we keep our composure; we look at the world through a variety of perspectives; we refuse to hide, run or walk away from the world and its problems. We are not going to retreat into the numbing ease of our familiar pastimes and obsessions.

St. Andrew’s is a great community of teachers and students, united by both spiritual, communal and intellectual goals and missions.

To be a teacher, headmaster or parent during these harrowing days is a privilege and an immense responsibility. By the way we think, pray, reflect and adjust to the new world, we confirm that our values, our principles are firm, just and authentic.

And, of course, the irony of parenting and teaching is an eternal truth—that we find new hope, new inspiration, new confidence and resolve by living with, loving and teaching young men and women who know so intuitively and gracefully that they are entering a more complex, difficult and dangerous world. They can take it; they can transform it; they can work with it, just as previous generations have met the challenges and crises of their times.

St. Andrew’s students reaffirmed their love for one another, emphasized their spirit in the ways they have lived their lives here during this extraordinary month. They have lived gracefully, intelligently and calmly. They have sought to understand the source of this conflict, and they are seeking answers to incredibly complex questions. And by the way they speak, act and feel for one another, they are affirming that a St. Andrew’s education is one designed to prepare them for life, life in all its complexities.

So take heart, parents of St. Andrew’s. We need not confront the demons of terrorism alone. We need not evade life in fear of death. We need only to love and hug our kids; we need only to inspire them to take an education of faith and learning to a world hungry for reason, for compassion, for courage. We need only to let our children inspire us when we become frightened, confused and insecure.

Our answer to a nihilistic assault is to create and sustain a school distinctive in its spirit of community and scholarship. And whatever lies ahead of us, may St. Andrew’s continue to stand proud, strong and ready for the challenge.

David T. Read Jr.

Headmaster
Concert Choir performs at White House

The Concert Choir accepted an invitation to perform at the White House. The student group sang two performances on Tuesday, December 4, at 4:00 and 5:00 p.m. Each performance was approximately 40-45 minutes. The first performance was in the East Room and the second in the reception area near the Visitors’ Entrance to the White House.

Members of the Concert Choir are selected by auditions early in the school year. The sopranos are Grace Awantang ’02, Margaret Hoffecker ’03, Virginia Mann ’03, Searcy Milam ’02, Kristina Romaine ’04 and Meaghan Rathvon ’02. The alto singers include Emma Budwig ’02, Amanda Purcell ’04, Frances Symes ’02 and Emily Zazulia ’02. Comprising the tenors are Andrew Carroll ’03, Peyton Coles ’04, John Collins ’03 and Chris Kovachev ’03, John Allen ’03, Walton Dumas ’03, Rob Previti ’02, John Slattery ’03 and Steven Wu ’02 fill the bass section.

Faculty members Marc Cheban, Tad Roach and Aimeclaire Roche accompanied the group. Cheban, choirmaster at St. Andrew’s since 1974, composed a short piece in honor of the First Family, “Fanfare for the White House,” which he had hoped to have the Concert Choir perform for the President Bush and/or the First Lady. But unfortunately, due to rigorous schedules, neither were present. And due to national security concerns, the White House was also closed to holiday tour groups.

Instead, White House staffers and official visitors were the audience for the Concert Choir’s performance. As they worked throughout the early evening, many stopped to listen before moving to their next commitment.

Students attend NAIS diversity meeting

Several students attended the National Association of Independent Schools (NAIS) Student Diversity Leadership Conference in Providence, R.I., on December 6-8, 2001. Jillian Black ’03, Colin Congo ’03, Troy Nold ’03, Alex Pfeiffer ’02, Andrew Williams ’04 and Peter Zimmerman ’05 participated in the three-day meeting.

The theme of this year’s conference was “A Passion for Peace: Expression to Action.” The objective of this conference was to bring together independent school students from across the nation of all races (and backgrounds) to share their ideas and views on diversity in America.

At the conference, everyone was placed in groups
of about 60 people which was his/her “family” for the duration of the conference. Each family was given an identity or mascot in the person of a diversity activist (ex. Angela Davis). Within each family group, the students were further divided into smaller more personal “home” groups of approximately 10 people. In this smaller grouping, the students became very well acquainted with fellow school representatives, had meeting discussions and shared meals together.

Aside from multicultural group discussions, the students also met in affinity groups broken down by race and sexual orientation. This proved to be especially helpful for minorities who were given an opportunity to discuss common issues which affect them within society. Students also enjoyed a speaker known as “Ethnic Man” who discussed the presence and role of multi-racial people in society. The discussion also helped to validate and support multi-racial people and educators at the conference.

The culminating activity of the conference was a dialogue between students and adults who had not had a chance to share thoughts and ideas until this forum. This helped to establish connections between students and faculty so that they could understand each other’s perspective on the current state of affairs and the hopeful future of diversity.

John Higgins elected president of Del. Council of Teachers of Mathematics

Last year, John Higgins was elected president of the Delaware Council of Teachers of Mathematics for the 2002-03 school year. He is serving as president-elect of the DCTM this year (the DCTM always has rising presidents serve as president-elects for the year before their term starts). This is quite an honor for Higgins. He was elected by other math teachers in Delaware to head the statewide organization responsible for promoting math reform in the state’s K-12 schools.

Eddie Chang receives Ph. D. in comparative literature

Following his dissertation defense at the University of California at San Diego, History and English teacher Eddie Chang ’83 received his Ph.D.

Chang’s dissertation was in the field of comparative literature, dealing with the emergence of a radical new aesthetics in third-century China due to epistemological advances in Taoist philosophy. A highlight for Chang was receiving a Fulbright Grant in 1996 to do research in Taiwan for a year.

According to Chang, the most difficult part of the defense was simply adjusting to a whole different frame of mind than his usual teaching at St. Andrew’s. Fortunately, committee members at UCSD were incredibly supportive and encouraging of his dual role as a scholar and a high-school teacher.

Chang will try to incorporate some of the research in his East Asian History class. He has already given a lecture on traditional Chinese painting to John McGiff’s and Dana Byrd’s Art History class. Now that his Ph.D. work is complete, Chang will focus on finishing a manuscript of poetry to submit for publication.

Muslims help to educate St. Andreans

On multiple occasions this past fall, faculty and students helped bring members of local Islamic communities to the campus.

Jillian Black ’02 helped to bring Daoud Bey to a Thursday school assembly. Bey had written several media outlets in the days following September 11 to try and dispel some of the myths being spread about Islam. In a speech to the assembled students, Bey explained some of the terms being used by Osama Bin Laden and other extremists and how these terms had been perverted from their original meaning in Islamic faith and culture.

Faculty member Diahann Johnson brought Sidi Mouctar Dicko and his sister Fatima Keita to campus for an evening discussion in one of the classrooms. The attending students learned about some of the cultural differences between Islamic and non-Islamic daily routines. In addition, Sidi and Fatima also discussed some of the philosophical foundations of Islam.
AP Environmental Science helps map the Appoquinimink

Students in the AP Environmental Science course have been helping Delaware’s Department of Natural Resources and Environmental Control (DNREC) in a riparian inventory of the local watershed.

In small groups, the students have been walking the shores of the Appoquinimink River, taking note of erosion, man-made intrusions (such as discharge pipes, trash, pollution), and soil/water qualities. The work is difficult and messy, but the students’ efforts alleviate some of the burden on the state’s biologists. The observations recorded by the students will help to highlight areas requiring further investigation by professionals.

The work is also a useful part of the AP class, as it provides substantial field experience to complement the curriculum. The results of land over-development become much clearer when wading and trudging through the waterways placed at risk.

Games are held from 6:45 to 7:20 every day except Monday, when there is a “Monday Night Futbol” game from 9:30 to 10:00. The Monday game is the matchup of the previous week’s best, containing either the two best teams or the teams the organizers think will be the most entertaining.

The focus of the league is the entertainment value. Matt Roach ’04 explains, “During winter term, things can get a little bleak, but with SAISL going strong, it ensures that everyone can have a good time by either playing in the games or watching them.”

John Burk is the faculty advisor, while Patrick Cournot ’02 and Jon Penney ’02 are the main organizers. They schedule games and help organize the teams. Michael Primiani ’02, Kara Zarchin ’02, Dan Troutman ’02, Adam Finn ’03 and Matt Roach also do a lot, whether it be announcements, refereeing, ideas to keep fan interest, or the weekly newsletter.

According to Matt, “SAISL is back and, after a disappointing year, it has become the cult obsession it was in years past. Jon and Patrick are the real deal, and everyone is looking forward to the playoff action coming in February.”

SAISL keeps players and spectators entertained

The St. Andrew’s Indoor Soccer League (SAISL) began its season with much fanfare, utilizing several boisterous family-style lunch announcements to recruit players and spectators.

SAISL now has 14 teams in the league, including the faculty team, Macduff, which has won the championship in every year that the league has been in existence. Team No-Skillz is comprised of football players. They are consistently the most physical team in the league. Also making an impression is the newly assembled women’s faculty team, Macfemme, which is a favorite to win the championship trophy, “La Copa.” Team Rhodes Scholzarz is a group of especially studious junior boys. And there are many others.

SAISL’s “Rhode Scholzarz” are just one of the colorful teams this season.

At top, Ashley Gosnell ’02 and Sarah Moser ’02 get acquainted with the waters of the Appoquinimink.

At bottom, Bill Wallace and Sarah study the map and statistical records.

www.standrews-de.org

Get Connected

Stay Informed
SAS Knitters finish contribution to WTC project

Students and faculty participating in the “Knit-In” finished their contributions and sent them off to be included with the rest of the Phoenix Project, an internet community effort to express sympathy and concern for families of victims of September 11. Named for the mythical bird which rose from the ashes, the project required that participants knit 12-inch squares which will be sewn into blankets and given first to children and other family members of the rescue workers who died trying to save others.

Faculty members Nan Mein and Dana Byrd took the initiative in leading the “Knit-In” at St. Andrew’s. On Sunday, September 23, over 25 students and faculty filled the Main Common Room, receiving instructions in the basics of knitting and plenty of knitting needles and yarn.
Boys’ football keeps The Cannon for second year

In the 2000 season, the varsity football team finished with a record of 6-2 and tied for the conference title with Tatnall, although SAS defeated Tatnall to win The Cannon for the first time in ten years.

This season, the team was the outright Independent Conference Champions for first time since 1991, as well as keeping The Cannon for a second consecutive year.

Although the final team record was 4-3-1, with a conference record of 2-0-1, the team had a very successful year. They were undefeated in final four contests (3-0-1), and The Cannon game in particular showcased the talents of the players. The Cardinals won 21-14 and scored the winning touchdown with 45 seconds remaining in the game.

Senior Matt Johns earned First Team All-Conference at offensive tackle for the second year in a row. He will be the School’s Blue/Gold All-Star game representative in June. Senior co-captain Chris Matthews was Honorable Mention All-Conference as a linebacker as was senior Michael Graham as a wide receiver.

Quarterback Greg Montgomery ’03 will return as a two-way starter and two-way First Team All-Conference performer next year. Other returning players include Brinnck Slattery ’03 as a two-way starter and First Team All-Conference performer on both sides of the ball (OT and DT); Dan McAlaine ’03 as two-way starter and All-Conference (WR and DB); Charlie Stayton ’03 and Elijah Weeks ’04 as two-way starters and All-Conference (one
way); Tyler Montgomery ’05 as a two-way starter; and Jim Williams ’03 as a First Team All-Conference defensive back.

Coach Mike Hyde is certain that the team will be competitive in the Conference in 2002.

Girls’ field hockey struggles with ties

The varsity field hockey team had a rebuilding year, ending the season 2-7-6. Three of the losses were only by one goal.

According to Coach Sarah Commito, the six ties showed that the team has the ability to play with most of the teams in the league. However, the team needed to finish off in many games and were unable to do so this year. She thinks next year the team should be able to convert more of those tie games into wins.

Alex Pfeiffer ’02 and Stephanie Pfeiffer ’04 were named First Team All-Conference. Liz Lingo ’03 and Emma Wallace ’03 were Second Team and Clare Nowakowski ’04 and Hen Kennedy ’03 were Honorable Mention. Hen also broke the school saves record with 44 saves against Cape Henlopen. Alex was also selected for the senior All-Star game.

“We will miss all of our seniors, especially Alex Pfeiffer and Anna Hickman who were great captains,” says Commito.

Next year the team should be strong with the help of Liz, Emma, Stephanie and Hen. Clare Nowakowski and Brandy Bennett ’03 will also continue to be offensive threats as well as the returning Sara duPont ’04, who was injured most of this season.

The JV squad finished 4-11-2. In the last game of the season, the girls played very well, but it ended in a tie.

Coach Kim Tietze felt that everything the team had been working on all season came together for that last game. “It was beautiful! It was just too bad they couldn’t end the season on a win because they really deserved it; they were so strong in that game,” said Tietze.

Overall, the JV players had some fun times at the end of the season, including a team sleepover at Coach Cottone’s house and a team “yay-day” on the day of the last game.

Boys’ soccer stays focused to the end

The boys’ varsity soccer team finished third in Conference, one game below 500 at 7-8-1. This was disappointing given last year’s undefeated conference record and semifinal play in the State Tournament, but the 2001 team had other highlights of note.

Coach John Austin was particularly proud of two aspects of the season. First, the team managed two wins against Tower Hill. And second, the final two games of the season were victories. These were elements that defined a team unwilling to give up.

Players who made solid contributions to the team’s success include Ted Unger ’02 at sweeper, Third Team All-State; Matt Roach ’04 as a first-year goalkeeper; and Damon Wilson ’04 with 14 goals (First Team All-State). Both Ted and Damon, as well as Michael Primiani ’02 were First Team All-Conference.

Eight players in total represented St. Andrew’s on the All-Conference teams.

JV soccer finished 9-4-1, better than the previous two years, and bringing back memories of when the JV team only lost one or two games a season. Coach Brad Bates asserts that
the competition is getting better.

The JVers tied Salesianum School, which is a national powerhouse. It was clearly the best game of the season, according to Bates.

The JV Coaches’ Award to Kahmanie Buckle ’02 for his senior leadership. Bates applauds Kahmanie for coming to practice “when sick and injured to see what he could do to help and giving inspiring efforts in every big game.” Tom Gaeta was the JV offensive threat, scoring huge goals. Michael Brandes, Andre Grimes and Barrett Wadsworth completed the great senior class on this team.

Coach Lindsay Brown’s fitness program and his competitive spirit helped give a jolt to the program. Coach Dave Myers did wonders with the individual skills of the players, and they realized how easy it is to work hard when you make it fun.

Third-level soccer missed the chance to close with an undefeated season. They lost the last game to Red Lion’s formidable JV team, finishing the season with a record of 6-1-1.

Many of these young third-level players may be very important contributors to the varsity soccer program in the near future: David Page ’04, Carl Hayden ’04, Peter Salas ’05, Nathan Cooper ’05, Will Blue ’04 and Ed Hannsz ’05.

**Girls’ soccer moves well past personnel losses**

Despite graduating six seniors from last year’s team who played critical roles, the 2001 girls’ varsity soccer team surprised a lot of people. According to Coach Bobby Rue, “Not many people gave us a chance to be successful this year. But I was very proud of the way this team competed and progressed.”

The team finished 4-5-2 and played only one game the entire season in which Coach Rue felt they were not competitive. That was a 6-0 loss against the Hill School—a team filled with club and Olympic Development Program players.

The great satisfaction of the season was that it ended with a 3-2 victory against Hill School in front of a big crowd on home turf. After the Cardinals led 2-1 late in the game, Hill scored a goal to tie it. Then with less than three minutes to play, Kara Zarchin ’02 got a perfect pass from Margaret Farland ’03 and hit a hard left-footed shot past the Hill keeper from about 20 yards out. Needless to say, that moment led to a pretty huge celebration. Coach Rue claims “this was the kind of win that only happens once in a great while.”

Other key games in the season included a 5-4 win at Westtown and a 1-1 tie vs. Friends Central.

The top performers this year were Kara Zarchin, an all-around player—tough, great distributor, and clutch goalscorer; Megan Rackish ’03, a great defender, leader of the defense; and a player with incredible poise; Morgan Wilson ’02, a top scorer with fantastic speed, whose skills improved tremendously; Danielle Morello ’03, a very tough, skilled midfielder; Cinda Moorhead ’02, the goalkeeper, who made two or three game-saving plays vs. Hill; Margaret Farland, a good passer; Katie Hawkins ’02, a great on-field leader and relentless defender; and Hollis Callaway ’02, who was injured early in the season but played extremely well on defense at the end.

Coach Rue looks forward to working again with the players who will return for next year’s squad, like Daphne Patterson ’04, Brooke Farquar ’04, Lizzie Burns ’05 and Jesse Nunn ’05. These players gained a lot of experience this season and will surely drive the team next year.

The JV girls finished with an overall record of 2-3-1, but every game was very close. Coach Nigel Furlonge believes that the girls were among some of the most competitive
game-day athletes he has ever coached.
The team benefited from the great leadership of the V Form girls—Maggie Macdonald, Virginia Mann and Giselle Furlonge. In terms of field skills, Rachel Buedel ’04 was probably the most improved, according to Furlonge.

Furlonge believes many of these girls are certain varsity players in the future—Sarah Unger ’04, Anstes Agnew ’05, Cora Currier ’05, Katherine Lea ’05 and Nikki Chaney ’04.

One of the more memorable moments for Furlonge was when Abigail Cain ’05 stopped two penalty kicks in the same game to keep the team in contention. Furlonge adds, “It is rare to stop one, but two is unheard of. That was great.”

**Boys’ cross country runs well at States**

The boys’ cross-country team finished the season very well despite an overall dual-meet record of 4-3. The team earned ninth place in the State Championship meet and third place in the Conference. “Our Conference was very strong this year with Tatnall, the second-place team in the conference, finishing fourth in the state,” says Coach Dan O’Connell. He adds, “Westtown, who easily defeated Tatnall, would certainly have finished in the top three in Delaware Division II, but they are a Pennsylvania team.”

The team will graduate several important seniors. In addition to the seniors who ran varsity—Eddie Reynolds, Will Osier, Sam Shackelford and Nathan Atwater—some of the other seniors will also be missed. Dave Knott, Brandon Munson and James Dolan have been a part of the cross-country team for many years and their absence will be keenly felt next fall.

The Coach’s Award went to Will Osier, Eddie Reynolds and Sam Shackelford. The most valuable runner was Nick Kinney. The JV Coach’s Award went to Tarlton Long ’04.

Of particular note were the accomplishments of Nick Kinney, who finished fifth at the Conference Championship and 25th at the State meet and was named to the All-Conference Team.

**Girls’ volleyball continues to work hard**

The girls’ volleyball team went winless and placed last in Conference but still managed to make some important advances. Coach Dave Wang admits the team had a difficult season but made tremendous strides in their mastery of the game.

As evidence of the developing skills, Wang cites the varsity’s thrilling come-from-behind win in the second game of a match vs. Indian River, and the JV’s defeat of Bo Manor in second game of final match of the year.

All of the players should be returning next year and hope to build on the skills honed this season. Players to watch include Katie Blair ’04, Liz Hardwick ’04 and Elaine Erdeley ’04.
St. Andrew’s Fall Drama Production

Thornton Wilder’s Our Town

by John Allen ’03

This fall’s drama production was Thornton Wilder's Our Town, a depiction of early 20th century life in the small New England town of Grovers Corners.

I can think of no play more perfect or more poignant during our country’s time of distress this fall. The play’s message urges people to embrace life—every moment. It calls upon you to take notice of the beauty of life around you and never take for granted those whom you love.

The level of emotion was high throughout the play and required extreme devotion and concentration from all the actors. Emotions ran from sorrow to anxiety to great joy and we had to be ready for everything.

The play was conspicuously absent of props and distracting scenery, to draw all focus to the characters themselves. In doing this, the actors had to train their bodies to pantomime everyday activities. We practiced tying our shoes, eating, making breakfast, and drinking coffee. By the end we had “places” for everything and motions for every little nuance of daily life.

Ann McTaggart, our theater director, focused on
the relationships between characters. She had us practice our characters’ reactions and mannerisms. We became our characters by thinking about what they would do and understanding how they think.

Sarah Moser’s soliloquy at the end of the play was the best acting I’ve ever seen at St. Andrew’s. I’ve never seen someone who channeled so well; it undoubtedly had a great effect on the audience.

Rehearsals for the play fit into the day nicely most of the time. They usually took place during the time when sports practice. The only time when the play turned our world upside down was the week leading up to our performances. During that time we had evening rehearsals, which call for all actors to dramatically reorganize their day.

The entire experience was well worth the effort, however. I can remember when Mrs. McTaggart first coached Sarah Moser and me through the “soda fountain scene,” and we were so happy because we realized how wonderful it was going to be. I remember Mike Grovola first being coached on Simon Stimson’s drunken walk and all of his other interesting mannerisms. The hard work that was done was more than rewarded by the successes it delivered.
In the immediate hours and days after September 11, St. Andreans confronted the reality of the terrorist attacks in many different ways. At the School, students and faculty prayed together and awaited news of relatives and friends. Members of the Class of 1986 traveled to New York in search of classmate Robert Jordan, and when his fate became sadly clear, they stayed to comfort his widow, Elizabeth.

As the weeks passed, we struggled to comprehend the events of that day, both from an emotional, human perspective, and from an intellectual, political mindset. We mourn the loss of Rob and other friends, yet we yearn to know more about why these attacks happened. The various writings collected and reprinted here represent a wide range of St. Andreans with different backgrounds and opinions. We ask that you read them in the spirit of the St. Andrew’s School motto, Pistis Kai Episteme (Faith and Learning), and grow in your understanding of what we have endured and what we may still face.

Editor’s Note: Some contributions were edited for content and length.

Members of the Class of 1986 gathered on the main lawn the day before their graduation for a senior breakfast and landscaping project. L to r, Chris Tetzel, Rob Jordan, Chris Odden, Bill Brakeley, Matt Traina and Brendan Conway.
A TRIBUTE TO ROBERT JORDAN ’86

Elizabeth Jordan, wife of Rob:

Saying good-bye to you is the most difficult thing I have ever been forced to do. We vowed to make death the only thing that could take us apart, and unfortunately it came too soon. You gave me the best ten years of my life. The never ending love you gave me now feels like a dream.

We were a perfect pair: same sense of humor and same loves in life. You taught me to take life and live it to the fullest. I never felt more safe and secure than when you were by my side. Your spirit and love will guide me for my remaining years.

You touched the lives of everyone you met. We all miss you terribly! Everyone remembers that laugh of yours, the one that can turn heads and be heard a mile away.

I am in awe of your focus and your success in ALL you did. I’ve never met anyone with more energy and enthusiasm for life. I never understood how you could take it all in and never complain.

Somehow you found the good in everyone and found humor in it all. My heart has been broken and ripped apart these last weeks without you. I am lost, confused and struggling to survive without you.

You need to know how amazing our friends and family have been. They have been taking care of me, trying to ease the pain.

Our marriage will always be a dream because you are the most amazing human I have ever had the pleasure of knowing - let alone loving.

I am blessed to have had you for the time that I did and only wish it could have been longer.

Our memories will warm my heart forever. Thank you for sweeping me off my feet and being everything I ever needed to help survive in this crazy, nonsensical world.

Your love of life and spontaneity is an inspiration to us all. You are a legend that will never die.

Good-bye my best friend, good-bye.

Headmaster Tad Roach:

It is a painful experience for a teacher to mourn the loss of a student, for we teach and work in schools to provide inspiration and direction for our students, and our greatest thrill is watching young men and women grow, develop and flourish as adults. I loved seeing Robert and talking to him or his friends about his life, about how very well he was doing, about how happy he was in his marriage and job. His happiness, his success confirmed something I knew about Robert from his days at the School. He would make his own way in the world; he would chart his own distinctive course; he would live a life that was active, intense and spirited; he would cherish and maintain his many friendships and relationships from his youth.

So the news of his death shocked and horrified us, for he was too young and too much alive to be caught in this catastrophe, this disaster that has changed our lives and our nation’s life forever.

We were chilled by the barbaric act against innocent people. We, more than any other event in my life, strain to join those who were hijacked, those who were trapped, those who jumped from the towers. It overwhelms us, this never-ending series of photographs of good men and women caught in a vicious maelstrom, and we have been wandering about ever since, stunned by the magnitude of these events. But whether a man or woman died wrestling a hijacked plane from the terrorists’ control, or died while helping others to escape the building, or died as a fireman or rescue worker caught in the rubble, or died trapped in a burning building, we know that all these men and women are heroes. They died for their country; they died nobly, courageously. And with their lives, words and breath, they responded to the barbaric act of the terrorists with the triumphant song of humanity, a song Robert sang beautifully and naturally.

In an essay written in The New Yorker last week, Anthony Lane wrote the following words about the terrorist attack:

Thousands died on September 11th, and they died for real; but thousands died together, and therefore something lived.

What lived, what survives in the face of chaos and destruction, is the transforming power of love, a love God expressed for us in the sufferings of his own innocent son, a love Robert expressed for Elizabeth and she for him, a love that Robert had for his family, a love that Robert had for his friends who sit together today. What lives and endures in us is our love for Robert, for his spirit, for his joyful and refreshing spontaneity, for his essential innocence.

Love—it is how and why we are human; it is why we are here; it is why we have hope, even in days of despair and darkness. It is what inspires and sustains us.

Joan O’Brien interviewed Robert at St. Andrew’s in April of 1981. She interviewed thousands of students in her career at the School, but her letter to Robert dated April 18, 1981, indicates that she sensed something special, something unique about Robert’s personality and character, even though he was only in the seventh grade.
at the time. She wrote the following words to Robert:

Your essay was very good: well written and articulate. Mr. O’Brien and I share your desire to see Australia and New Zealand. We definitely plan to go to both countries someday. But I’m not sure we will do any helicopter skiing. It sounds too advanced for us. However, if you ever do it, I’d love to hear about it.

Whether it was a seventh grader’s dream of helicopter skiing or the reality of surfing in the D Corridor bathroom or flying on the spur of the moment on a red-eye flight to his fifth reunion, Robert’s intensity and personality energized us all.

I coached Robert on the varsity basketball team at St. Andrew’s. It was a memorable group. Robert was a key member, actually the unofficial captain of the group known as the Pine Corps, a dedicated and spirited group of second stringers who waited eagerly on the bench, conducted a running commentary with opposing players and referees, and gave the starters a spirit and energy that was unbelievable. By this time in his St. Andrew’s career, Robert had matured into a strong, athletic and strikingly handsome young man. I remember his walking into practice after a rigorous workout session in the weight room, and though his jump shot was erratic due to his build, his ability to screen away and to box out were exceptional.

Robert, Chris Tetzeli, Andrew Meyer, Chris Odden, Matt Traina, Bill Brakeley, Michael Meers and Jason Gardner kept us laughing, enjoying every practice and game, and it was on those long bus trips and in the locker room that I came to know and appreciate Robert’s unique approach to life, captured so well in his famous nickname, Radical Rob, captured so perfectly by the way Robert’s eyes locked onto mine as we talked, on or off the court. He was different than those in the current generation who are so programmed, so organized, so precise in their definition of their lives. Rob’s course would be his own, and it would be authentic.

Robert was one of thousands killed in a day of unspeakable horror and terror, a day that has awakened us as Americans to the cost of freedom, of security, of safety, to the very fragility of our lives. Will we be paralyzed with fear and dread and despair? Will we lose hope, faith and inspiration? No.

Robert taught us through his life and through his death that there is only one way to live—to go helicopter skiing, to surf, to live, to laugh, to love. This is his legacy, the lesson he continues to teach his old teachers, coaches and classmates. And his 1986 yearbook page suggests that Robert possessed such wisdom and perspective long before September 11, 2001. He chose as a senior page quotation the following passage from Saul Bellow: “In an age of madness, to expect to be untouched by madness is a form of madness. But the pursuit of sanity can be a form of madness, too.”

We will never forget him, his spirit and the lessons he taught us. “What will survive of us is love.” (Anthony Lane) What will survive of Robert is love. What will survive of us is Robert’s love.

He taught us how to live. He died heroically for his country, for his friends, for his family. May he inspire us and rest in peace.

Memories From the Class of 1986

Matt Traina:

Robert Jordan’s spirited intensity was distinctive in its volume, optimism, sincerity and transferability. His unique approach to life profoundly and productively affected all those fortunate enough to know him, without exception. We will miss his loud laugh, his passion for spontaneous fun, his seemingly infinite energy level, his sincerity to the moment and his emotions, and his unconditional love for his wife, family and friends. We admire Rob’s courage to live the truly inspired life, unencum-
bered by self-absorption, regret or fear of failure. Imitation is indeed the sincerest form of flattery, and we will continue to improve ourselves by incorporating Rob’s zest for life into both our daily routines and our deeper philosophical perspectives.

Rob lived within his own set of mottoes. One of my favorites: “Matt, the conventional approach to problems is not necessarily the most effective, and it certainly isn’t the most fun.” Just after college, Rob and I shared a series of apartments in the San Francisco Bay Area. Our first abode was a tiny, one-bedroom, rent-controlled apartment in Berkeley. Since the confines were extremely cramped, we agreed to discard all extraneous and redundant items from the living space. According to Rob, that initiative included throwing away all printed reference materials, such as phonebooks, cookbooks, dictionaries, encyclopedias and electrical appliance manuals. (Conveniently, that initiative did not include surfboards, mountain bikes, skis or golf clubs). Rob decided that, going forward, we would leverage the talents of the Pacific Bell telephone operators for all of our information-related requests (after all, according to Rob, dialing “0” was also referred to as “calling information”). It worked. How long do I boil an egg? What’s a seven-letter word for “tranquil?” Should I vote for Perot, Bush or Clinton? Rob simply refused to let life—even our most basic daily routines—get stale.

Amy Barto:
My favorite memory of Rob’s scholastic aptitude (please don’t cringe, Mr. Odden) took place one night in the library. Rob was studying his Physics text in earnest. Suddenly, to the surprise of everyone seated in the vicinity, Rob picked up his chair and dropped it from a height. His one word explanation, offered along with his ear-splitting grin: “Gravity!” I, for one, was surprised to find out at our tenth reunion how successful our rocket scientist friend had become, for I had only given him credit for a future as a surfer bum. It was one of the many surprises from our dear friend that made him unique.

Rob also had a huge heart. While we were friends in high school, we weren’t close friends. But I will never forget the closeness that he initiated at our tenth reunion at the cocktail reception on The Point. There, in a short time, Rob took me in and shared his life as if we were dear old friends. He introduced his lovely wife. The reception started an annual exchange of Christmas cards and an open invitation to their home. I don’t know how he did it, but I will always remember that evening, that short time when Rob touched my life forever with his kindness and concern.

Andrew Meyer:
I remember the tremendous sensitivity of Rob. He would sit in our room and talk for long periods about anything. He would laugh his classic laugh (it always seemed a little longer and louder than anyone else, but there was always another level). I don’t know why, but I can still picture Rob making clear eye contact. He had his own kind of intensity, much in the same way he was definitely his own kind of person.

Rob was responsible for every nickname that I ever had. When I asked him why he called me “Peanut,” he said that I looked like the Mr. Peanut from the Planters commercial. He found this very funny. When Rob found something funny nobody laughed any harder than he did, particularly when he was the one telling the joke.

As a new student in III Form, I was shy and unsure of myself and Rob was one of the first of the returning students who took a real interest in me. For that, I will always be grateful.

Heather Patzman McAvoy:
On the night before our first day at St. Andrew’s, Robert and I spent the night with my mom at my grandfather’s house in Newark, Delaware...I can vividly remember telling Robert I was frightened. He told me:
Nothing to be scared of. I will look out for you and keep you in line.” I always felt like he did do that for me—look out for me.

**Chris Tetzeli:**

Rob Jordan is energy, passion, spontaneity and essence. His spirit does not get filtered before it becomes words, thoughts and actions. He teaches a valuable lesson to me when I reflect upon our times together. Madness, vitality and passion are beautiful. While Rob was with us, he lived every experience in a big way. It is devastating that he is gone; unfair and unfathomable. But, his life was a testament to the power of being alive and the beauty, magic and energy that we can create while we are here. I thank him for providing that example to me and for being an inspiration for my days.

**Dawn Hillman:**

As the reality of Rob’s loss sunk in, it helped a lot to come and be with the people that I first knew Rob through: the Class of ’86. Rob’s memorial service in Connecticut was one of the saddest things I have ever witnessed, but it helped so much to have our SAS “family” together. As some of us were saying in our first e-mails about the attacks and Rob’s death, it felt like a part of our childhood had been stolen. So many members of ’86 were able to come to the memorial—even if they could only fly in for a few hours—and it really showed how much this guy has touched all of our lives, and how significant his loss is. There’s such a helplessness in not being able to “fix” this horrible thing, and I can’t even begin to imagine Elizabeth’s pain over his loss. Rob’s memorial really taught me what funerals and memorials are for—to surround the grieving with the people who knew and loved the person you’ve lost.

**Rob Beams:**

The image that keeps coming back to me is of Rob teaching me how to reggae dance one late night at St. Andrew’s. To this day when I hear Bob Marley, etc., I still dance as Rob taught me—knees high, well above the shoulders, rocking back and forth from one leg to the other. Just last month at a reggae block party in Philly, I was showing all, discussing Rob’s moves.

**Randy Reynolds:**

I will never forget the one Sunday morning, during III Form, when I walked into the bathroom on D Corridor (Voorhees) and found Rob “surfing.” He had all of the showers on and he was sliding across the shower floor, behind the water, yelling that he was “in the tube.” That is the Robert Jordan that I knew.

**Tim Abbott:**

For all his outgoing nature and flamboyant wardrobe (remember his pink and green seashore pants), Rob felt things deeply. I remember long discussions with him on trains heading home to New York City about love and grief and figuring out our paths in this strange world. He had a tremendous capacity for compassion.

I also recall loaning Rob my mother’s acoustic guitar as a Halloween prop in 1984 (he was going as a hippie and figured I could deck him out). In the course of the evening’s festivities, someone sat on the guitar. Rob was crestfallen, but [Rob and I] decided the appropriate thing to do was to hold a funeral for the instrument. There must have been 30 of us from B Corridor and beyond, parading around in the most outrageous costumes by the lakeshore, with some of those towering 6’3” friends of mine as pallbearers and singing God knows what dirge. I believe we gave it a Viking funeral, and set it afire on the pond.

**Michael Meers:**

Rob never backed away from a challenge and met adversity head on with integrity, honesty and good humor. He was an immensely devoted husband, family man and friend, and did all he could to make his world a high quality environment for all. I remain envious of Rob’s spontaneity and his love of life. He was never overwhelmed by pangs of guilt and didn’t live a life of regret. He achieved remarkable success professionally and personally (with his choice of an adored mate), but gave of himself freely and never lost his perspective or touch with who he was. His spirit will live on in his family and friends, and we will have to do our part to fill the void left by Rob.

**Ben Dunn:**

Rob was intense and enthusiastic. He made it difficult not to get caught up in whatever he happened to be excited about. My most vivid memories of Rob are from IV Form when he got the cassette tape of “Mexican Radio,” by Wall of Voodoo. He grabbed me and we listened to the one song over and over again with Rob’s favorite line:
“I wish I was in Tijuana eating barbecued iguana.” A few years later I met up with Rob in California, and we spent a drunken night going from one Mexican restaurant to the next searching unsuccessfully for barbecued iguana. Had we found it, Rob probably would have been able to select an appropriate wine to go with it.

Charlie Crystle:

[Rob's memorial] service yesterday was a living example of the positive effect Rob had on people, and of how badly he will be missed. He always had a good word for me; me, the dark and intense kid confronted with Rob’s unpressed smile and good humor ... it was no contest, I always cheered up.

Bill Brakeley:

I can’t help but think of Rob all the time. Every day. I remember coming back from vacations and finding Rob in his room, Chili Peppers blaring, chowing down on fresh pineapple from Maui. Always gives me a chuckle. During some rough periods in my life, Rob was always there for me——no questions asked and without hesitation. His ability to restore lost faith and confidence in myself, by way of an in-depth analysis culminating with a thought provoking “Radicalism,” was of tremendous help to me. We always managed to find a good laugh out of any situation. What a great laugh he had. I will never forget him.

Skip Middleton ’83:

Mired in the day-to-day struggles of work and life it is too easy to overlook what is really important. From what I read from Robert’s memorial service, he did not overlook the importance of life and family. I remember Robert as a carefree individual, quick to explore life’s experiences. Apparently he took this with him throughout his all-too-brief life. Robert’s absence will deeply affect his friends and family, but his memory will be a life lesson to all who knew him. My thoughts and prayers go out to Robert’s surviving family. This unthinkable act was one of pure evil. This “act of terror” was nothing short of wasting innocent lives. No reactions by our country will relieve the suffering that the survivors and families affected have had to endure. Replacing a person with the memories of them will never fill the gap they leave behind. Robert, and the 3,000+ others have left too large a void. There is absolutely no life lesson worth the price these innocent people, their families and friends, have had to pay.

Andrew Seymour ’82:

Robert was one of my East Dorm II Formers my senior year (1982). Robert was one of the two tallest II Formers, a good academic student, loved baseball, and was very likeable. He was able to give and take, which is very important both in boarding school life and the real world.

During the 2001 June Reunion weekend, I got to see many members of the Class of 1986. My first encounter was with John Gordy early Saturday morning. While he and I were talking, Jennifer Morrison walked by and joined in the conversation.

During the course of the day, I ran into more and more of the class, and by dinnertime, they had all collected. It was extremely enjoyable to catch-up with my Second Formers, and meet their wives and new family members. Truly amazing things can happen within 15 years.

What struck me the most during the Reunion weekend was how many of the Class of 1986 had truly remained close since their SAS days. Seeing their strong camaraderie in June will make this tragic event even more poignant.

I think I speak for the Class of 1982, their seniors, in sending our deepest condolences to Robert's wife and family, as well as to the whole Class of 1986.

He will be missed.

Kibbey Perry Crumbley ’87:

On September 11th, television’s unique ability to unite a nation, a world, a collective consciousness proved itself not only in its ability to show us the hardest tragedy we’ve ever had to watch but the way we learn to instantly grieve for so many people at once. Continuous, round the clock coverage of “America Under Attack” inspired us to pray for the innocent passengers on the hijacked planes, the government employees at the Pentagon, the New York fire fighters, their police men and women, and the thousands who worked at the World Trade Center. Streaming images of so many missing people’s photos, desperately shown at first, and then days later, solemnly displayed, as offerings: tributes to lives and loves lost forever.

On December 11th, as I watched the six o’clock news, the stories eternally focused on the memorials for the families and friends who lost so much just three short months ago, a story aired about Atlanta churches and tributes held for the victims. As the familiar images of candlelight vigils, and flags and people gathering to remember played before me, I was completely struck when the report said that one Atlanta Episcopal church was reading aloud each name of every victim who died on September 11th, and when the reporter cut to the soundbite of the names being read, the only name used in the story: “Robert Thomas Jordan.” In an instant, the sweeping television coverage marking the tragedy defined itself, not just as the broad medium that speaks to us universally, but in the end, as one that communicates the personal message: it is the name, the memory and the spirit of a lost friend that we will always see and hear when we remember September 11th.

J.W. Clements ’82:

Robert was such a nice kid. I hadn’t seen him since we graduated. I know he grew into a man but my memories are only of the East Dorm and a group of II Formers who needed guidance, mentoring and love. I think one of my favorite things was to sit down at non-sitdown meals and eat and talk with these boys about all the things important to them at the time. I think back that in some ways a fraternity was born in that group and similar to SAS friends who are in my class, I could meet and greet and feel intimate with any of the East Dorm alumni from the 1981-82 school year. I’m sorry I never got to know Robert the man.

Editor’s Note:
Some contributions were edited for content and length.
The idea for an exchange of September 11 reflections between St. Andreans was inspired, in part, by the tireless efforts of the current faculty in educating and informing the student body as news reports were broadcast in the days and weeks immediately after the attacks. Members of the faculty met with the students, as an entire school community and in smaller discussion groups to address their questions and concerns. I participated in a few of these and was impressed by the quality of exchange taking place. Once the elementary factual issues were discussed—latest threats, military activity, criminal evidence—the topic always turned to the origins of these tragic events. And not just simply who committed the acts and where they came from, but a deeper examination of why they chose our citizens as their targets.

No amount of knowledge or understanding can begin to ease the pain that Americans, and St. Andreans, feel in the wake of the September 11 attacks. The tragic events that transpired that morning cannot be undone. Knowing how or why such brutal acts were visited upon our nation will not bring any of the victims back to life or erase the scars that mark our citizens.

What will happen, however, in sharing and exchanging many ideas and opinions, is that we may be better prepared to address our future. We will gain new perspectives that help us detect potential threats, and we will learn how to heal and survive when such threats come to fruition.

There is an undercurrent of intellectual exchange within the national media, but it is too often awash in the well-crafted entertainment that passes for the majority of news coverage. In between the endless, repetitive, titillating video clips of violence and aftermath, the occasional expert or thought leader pops in to deliver insights into
clues and opportunities that were missed prior to September 11, as well as predictions of what lies ahead. I am always saddened to see these men and women paraded on cable news outlets after a tragedy has occurred. Where were these elders in the months and years before? Why did we not broadcast their wisdom in prime time hours? The media plays an excellent game of “Monday morning quarterback,” but it has little interest in focusing on the preparation and training that must occur beforehand.

Recently, I watched an interview with the editor of a moderate Islamic newspaper in Pakistan. He wisely cautioned the United States not to live under the assumption that the events of September 11 were the single greatest injustice in the world. Instead, he advocated a more inclusive analysis of worldwide turmoil. If September 11 is one side of the equation, what is on the other side? Without attaching our marginalizing western labels to it, we need to find out and study it.

I worry that, for too many Americans, the only takeaway from September 11 will be visual memories of the video coverage as the Twin Towers were struck and later crumbled. Will the legacy of these events be reduced to a body count, a list of those responsible, and a short synopsis of our inevitable military revenge? At its best, such a limited perspective cheapens the lives of those who perished that day, and only seeds the ground for future tragedies. At worst, it foments cultural and ethnic hatred within our own society.

We must work, as a nation and in local communities, to understand the greater implications of our interactions with the rest of the world. The most significant tribute we can give to the victims is our resolve to prevent terrorism in the future.

What follows on these pages are the contributions of members of our St. Andrew’s community. The words captured here range from political/intellectual to emotional to artistic. Some are the recollections of that one day in September; others examine what led up to it or what may come after it. Many contain references to facts and figures which we now know have changed, but the intention behind the contribution remains intact. While the length of this section may be daunting, I implore you to read every contribution. Each is a unique piece to the puzzle of sanity, peaceful coexistence and plurality. But given our similar Western, Judeo-Christian backgrounds, there are many important pieces still out there in the world. I urge you to listen for them.

Editor’s Note:
Some contributions were edited for content and length.

The United States and Islam in the Modern World
by Hume Horan ’51, U.S. Ambassador (retired)

The months that have passed since September 11 have prompted much reflection among Arabists: “Why have young, male, Arab Muslims figured so prominently in the terrorist annals of the past quarter century?” There was the hanging of Col. Higgins in Gaza, the assassination of Defense Attache Bob Perry in Amman, that of Ambassador Cleo Noel and his Deputy, Curt Moore, in Sudan, the murder in Beirut of USN diver Stethen, two bombings of the US Embassy in Beirut, the murder of Mr. Klinghoffer aboard the Achille Lauro, the blowing up of the Marine Barracks in Beirut, the 1993 attack on the World Trade Center, the blowing up of the USS Cole, the blowing up of our Embassies in Nairobi and Dar es-Salaam, and then the awfulness of September 11. And this is by no means all!

There are superficial reasons for the anger that some young Muslims, raised in the sterile hatcheries of the refugee camps, or the religious schools of Saudi Arabia, feel toward us. Often mentioned is our support of Israel. But this issue deserves a closer look. Palestinians’ grievances against Israel have their match in the half century of neglect and oppression they’ve endured from supposedly “brother” Arab regimes.

Once, when I appealed to Saudi Foreign Minister Prince Saud for more help to UNRWA, he replied only, “You Americans created the refugee problem. You solve it.” In response, I asked could he imagine, if a catastrophe had driven half a million Canadians into North Dakota, Idaho, and Minnesota, that three generations later, these populations would still be held in refugee camps? How differently the half-million Jews driven from Arab lands in 1948 were received by Israel, compared to how the half-million Arabs, driven from Palestine in 1948, were received by their Arab neighbors!

Nor does America get much credit for what it actually does for the Palestinians. For half a century, we have provided a plurality of UNRWA’s funding. For half a century we have led international efforts to advance the “Middle East Peace Process.” Last year, President Clinton devoted two weeks of his waning Presidency to sketch out the outlines of an imaginative agreement—one that the Palestinians would not even accept as a basis for discussion. And we rarely hear of US efforts to succor Muslims in Somalia, Kosovo, Kuwait, and Bosnia.

For Arab governments, the Palestinian issue—among other things—is something of a convenient distraction. By “waving the bloody flag” Arab governments can distract their subjects from subjects from misuse, oppression, and misery at home.

Yet as things stand now, even if the Palestinian-Israeli dispute were quickly solved by exterior Diktat, we would still be the target of alienated young Arab Muslims. Why? Because the Arabs’ dispute with Israel is only a symptom of a deeper problem, one that cannot be solved by shuttle diplomacy, special envoys, or conferences at Wye Plantations.

This deeper problem exists at two levels: superficially, it has to do with the failure of Arab political and intellectual institutions to address the needs of their young populations. How can a citizen of Syria, or Lebanon, or Egypt, or Algeria, or Sudan give young Arabs the sense of patriotic identity that we get from being citizens of the USA? Arab states have little emotional hold on the loyalty of their populations; most Arab regimes are corrupt and morally discredited. This very much applies to Saudi
Arabia, which has shored itself up externally by its tie to the USA, while at home, it both placated and suppressed opposition by giving “power of attorney” for social affairs to the reactionary, xenophobe ulama. What personal attachment, moreover, can Saudi Arabians—60 percent of whom are under 18—feel for their rulers? The King and leading Princes are all in their seventies, and must seem as remote from most Saudis as say, George Washington is from us.

Young Arabs, moreover, are failed by their intellectual leaders. Where are the Arab Reinhold Neibuhrs, Christopher Dawsons, Karl Barths, Martin Bubers? Where are the intellectuels engagés who can help a young Arab make coherent, responsible sense of a troubling modern world? They scarcely exist in the Arab world. The few that even try are threatened, jailed, or flee to exile. Accordingly, many young and sensitive Arabs—especially members of the educated elite—are bereft of moral and intellectual leadership from their own religious institutions. They use violence to fill an inner void in their being, to provide some sort of answer—even a negative one to the question “Who am I?” Jelmyfishes, they are drawn to the rocks of Osama bin Laden’s “Village idiot philosophy.”

More fundamentally, though, all Arab Muslims—and not just young, educated males—are challenged cosmologically by the modern world. From the start, Islamic society was seen by its members as a “City of God” upon earth. Islamic society was built upon the perfect teachings of God’s own revealed dictation, the Qur’an. In a spirit reminiscent of Leviticus, instructions for even the minutiae of everyday life were Divinely vouchsafed. Islam’s immediate rapid expansion, its political and cultural triumphs, were incontrovertible evidence to Muslims that God had provided mankind with His perfect and final instruction, for the present and evermore. And God’s having revealed the Qur’an to Arabs and in Arabic was a sign of special divine preferment.

From a Muslim’s standpoint, the challenges before Mohammed were of a magnitude that, indeed, could only have been overcome by divine guidance and inspiration. He was the Prophet, the bearer of God’s final revelation—but given Arabia’s political anarchy, its social and intellectual disorder, and the proximity of the Sassanid and Byzantine empires, he had also to found the Islamic state. He needed to establish the political and legal institutions that could protect, and give lasting expression to his teachings. As a religious figure, Mohammed was more a Moses than a Christ.

In Sunni Islam, both the secular and religious sides of Mohammed’s mission came to be equally sanctified—and in theory have remained so to the present. “Muslims were supreme in worldly affairs because they were right, and they were right because…” It was not until the eighteenth century that this comforting, complacent alliance between Revelation and Power began to break up. That breakup has continued—and accelerated—accelerated ever since.

In Christianity, on the other hand, the relationship of politics to revelation was very different. The Christian revelation came to pass under the Roman imperium, and Rome’s established legal and political institutions. Early Christianity tended to accept them as givens. It expected an early return of the Messiah, and looked for its center in the spiritual, other-worldly aspects of Christ’s revelation. Christianity’s development, accordingly, was not constrained by divine prescriptions for the practical organization of man’s life upon earth.

So how should a young Arab Muslim today answer the great question, “How then should I live? How can I reconcile the Qur’an’s assurance of divine favor and worldly power, with daily proofs that we Muslims are falling behind? And falling behind not just to the USA and Western Europe, but even to its despised “step-child” Israel? Where today are the happy, successful, and above all, POWERFUL states of Islam? How can God allow His people to be so confounded? Are our tribulations a punishment for our flawed practice of His teachings? I should resolve, therefore, to become ever-more-and-more intensely and rigorously observant.”

Alas! This prescription will never bring relief to the sense of political or moral abandonment of many young Arabs. They are trapped, so to speak, at the bottom of a well, and try to escape by excavating downward—to China. The solution only makes the problem worse. Their anger and frustration at the West grows, and particularly toward its standard-bearer, the USA. Our worldly success, our mere existence, threaten to refute those beliefs and traditions that give meaning to the lives of Arab youths.

The longer-term solution to the tribulations of Arab Muslim civilization must be found in the inner resources and recuperative powers of Islam itself. And here we encounter a problem: the passive, rigid, uncreative way in which Islamic culture has been transmitted across the generations. Modern Arab societies lack a tradition of self-criticism, of rational analysis. Without the ability to successfully analyze the doings of the world around them, or even of their own societies, the Arab public ego has become defensive and insecure. Public discourse is dominated by a
Zeitgeist that attributes any bad news to the workings of various exterior, malevolent powers: British intelligence, the Zionist conspiracy, the CIA. Never to one’s own shortcomings. Such an alibi absolves Arab egos from any blame or responsibility for every set back. But multiplied across any number of instances, Arabs come to feel themselves impuissant, the playthings of unseen but always hostile forces.

It is hard for us to help. We Westerners face the uncomprehending, wounded pride of a great civilization. Nor is there any ecumenism in Islam. A Muslim might try to proselytize a Christian or a Jew. But for him to engage in a genuine dialogue with them would suggest that their faiths contained some fraction of truth not found in the Qur’an, and from which Muslims might benefit for the more perfect worship and understanding of God. There are mosques all over America—there is even one in Rome—but Christians may not bring even a Bible into Saudi Arabia. It is inconceivable that anywhere in the Islamic world, the head of a Divinity School would establish professorships in Buddhism, women’s studies, and the role of religion in international conflict, as Father Bryan Hehir did at Harvard.

In Islamic cultures, the foreigner’s extended hand receives no response; indeed, the gesture is likely to be rebuffed or misconstrued. I’ll not forget King Feisal’s polite but frosty dismissal of my naive suggestion—as a young charge in Jidda in 1973—that much benefit might accrue to both the West and to the Arab world, were Saudi Arabia to send some young Islamic scholars to divinity schools in the USA. A Royal advisor afterwards reproached me for raising the question: “You were asking His Majesty to mingle truth with falsehood!”

What could Muslims themselves do to rejoin the modern world on terms consistent with our times and with Islamic revelation? Some thoughts follow.

For their part, Muslims must try to escape from the flies-in-amber position that history has placed them in. What was revealed ever-so-long ago as canonical for Islam’s secular and spiritual life, has become its prison. Islam, like other religions, dazzled and overwhelmed by the Deity’s transcendent force, has elaborately wroth to tame and to confine it. It has made a sort of cage for God, within which he may be safely observed by mortals. Its juriconsults have transformed Islam into a sort of divine “containment chamber.” A simple rule book, a mechanical code of works that promises salvation.

The ‘ulama and their trade union—their company shop—will fight any move that could threaten the lucrative monopoly that they have enjoyed for a millennium and more. But meanwhile, the world is changing ever faster about them. The latest catastrophic failure of militant, political Islam, may represent the death throes of a crusade that went badly astray. Who now remembers the Mahdi or the Assassins in Alamut? After September 11, and after the Taliban’s destruction in Afghanistan, will many young Muslims still want to emulate Osama bin Laden?

One may hope that the Taliban’s destruction will clear the way for Muslims to look again at where they are headed. At the macro level, young Muslims may begin to see the heretical nature of aggressive, “political” Islam, which diverts its followers from the worship of God and the pursuit of social justice to a distracting crusade for power in this world. There is an idolatrous quality to “political Islam,” which makes “political power” the principal object of Muslim aspiration. One thinks of Livy’s denunciation of any religion “in which the will of the Gods is offered as a pretext for crimes.” And at the micro level, one sees young Muslims not refuting, but simply ignoring the dysfunctional aspects of their tradition. Many sincere, pious Muslim men and women, are making their own “right reason” accommodation to modernity. They are acting as many Catholics do, who have taken their own stance on birth control—despite Papal claims to infallibility in faith and morals.

With the Qur’an widely accessible to more-or-less educated Muslims, Sunni Islam may be ready for its own “Protestant Reformation.” God in Islam has always had a personal, direct relationship to His believers. “I am closer to you even than the artery of your neck,” says the Qur’an. Might Muslims—from the ground up—be ready to break from the orthodoxy fastened upon them so long ago? The present moment right for the appearance of a chastened, realistic, more flexible Muslim approach to the 21st century. If individual Muslims can strike out for themselves, and if necessary, re-open the “Gates of Ijithaad,” there may be hope for their community’s reconciliation with our time. Such an effort might even more easily take place in the Muslim diaspora—in Indonesia, or India, or even the USA—than in Islam’s heartland countries.

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-Hume Horan ’51
“There may be hope...” But as our late, distinguished Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, William Porter, used to say, “Hope is a good companion, but a poor guide.” As fellow monotheists, as admirers of Islam’s contributions to civilization, we may hope that Islam will not let itself be trapped in an obscurantist cul-de-sac. History, however, is unsparingly Darwinian toward societies disfavored by natural selection. History serves up winners...and losers. Where now is Classical Civilization? In our cultural genes, in our museums. Byzantium? It survives as a truncated, disputatious fraction of “that which once was great.” The tempo of the modern world is accelerating. It is harder and harder for nonperforming societies to keep up...much less catch up. And imagine the violence, the pain, the awful grinding, if Islamic civilization, half-brother to the West, were to be drawn into History’s food processing rock crusher! As friends of Islam, we can stand watch by the bedside...and hope and pray.

There are a few other things we could do. I’d propose first, that we all stop using “Allah” in English, when we mean “God.” A reader or listener might conclude that the God of Muslims is horrific, a Moloch, or something drawn from Aztec mythology. If we can’t agree that we worship the same God, and that He listens to all our prayers—the prayers of Jews, Christians, and Muslims—we’ll never agree on the smaller issues...such as the Arab-Israeli conflict.

Second, we and our allies should peremptorily put a stop to the Arab-Israeli conflict. It has wasted already too much time, talk, lives, and money. It has been too much of a distraction. The so-called “Peace Process,” has proven to be little more than a diplomatic perpetual motion machine. It provides excuses for all to keep things on hold. The expression, “confidence-building measures” has a fantastical unreality to it. To us and many other friends of the region, the outlines of a settlement are clear, but between Arab anti-Semitism, and Jewish fear of Arab revanchism, no agreement is likely to be reached or to hold, unless we guarantee it. If, however, we committed ourselves to maintaining the security of both sides, Arab and Israeli leaders could turn to their populations, and say with a shrug, “What could I do against the might and terror?”

On the Dinky, we discuss how things are going: whether the Taliban's oppression of women, was the only listener to think he would have made just as much sense if he’d said “Saudi,” whenever “Afghan” was mentioned? Our government wants, it says, to reach “The Street.” But how to do it? There is a lesson for us in the political landscape of the Middle East. Where governments are hostile to us, we are often popular with “The Street.” And vice versa. The reason may be that in one case we are seen as a government, as an accomplice to the unpopular local power, while in the other, as a liberating civilization.

We are unique in world history: we are relatively unconstrained by traditional considerations of the balance of power. For the moment we face no credible adversary. We are free to make fuller use of the source of our appeal. We should seize this millenarian moment, and work for an international community that better reflects our ideals, which are neither of the East nor of the West, and whose appeal transcends most cultures.

Hume Horan ’51 has served the United States as Ambassador to Saudi Arabia (1987-88), Sudan (1983-86), Equatorial Guinea (1980-82), and Cameroon (1980-83). He is regarded by colleagues and observers as one of most knowledgeable Arabists to ever serve in the State Department.

Manhattan – September 11, 2001
by Brandon Mathews ’88

I start my commute at 7 a.m. by walking across Princeton's campus to the local train. The walk has always been a highlight as the campus is really pretty and the worst infestation Princeton has are squirrels (it also has a problem with too many ladybugs and deer—Disney couldn’t have made it better). Actually, I’ve seen squirrels do some weird stuff like lay flat on their bellies, legs hanging off both sides of a branch and squawk, chatter and chirp at each other. Mostly though, they collect nuts and scamp. The Princeton buildings are big and English-looking and the campus is usually deserted when I walk through; few students are up and around.

I walk to catch my first train, a little two-car train called “The Dinky” for a four-minute ride out to a bigger train station. This ride is OK as it’s short and I always get a seat. The days he goes into the city, I meet my Dad on this train, maybe three days a week. It’s been great riding with my Dad into work. I’d lived away from home for 15 years before starting this commute.

On the Dinky, we discuss how things are going; whether either of us has spoken with either of my brothers or my grandmother—family stuff with a smattering of current events. Then at Princeton Junction, we both change trains and Dad continues on toward Manhattan – September 11, 2001
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On the Dinky, we discuss how things are going; whether either of us has spoken with either of my brothers or my grandmother—family stuff with a smattering of current events. Then at Princeton Junction, we both change trains and get on the New Jersey Transit into NY. It’s tough to get seats together on this train so Dad normally reads the paper and I sleep.

At Newark, I change trains and Dad continues on toward mid-town, NY Penn Station. The change is just about the worst commuter rush you can imagine. I’ve ridden subways in Japan, run for flights through customs in Brazil and traveled pretty much everywhere. There’s no-place where commuters are meaner or tougher than Newark going toward the city in the morning. On a good morning, actually, on a great and extremely lucky morning, you might get a seat or a comfortable place to stand without being jostled. Twenty-five minutes or so gets you to the World Trade Center. After climbing out of the cavern below the buildings, I would walk another ten minutes to work.
The day the Twin Towers were crushed by passenger planes, my commute had been above average. The weather was beautiful, plenty of acorns lay on the ground for the squirrels, Dad was on the train and we each had news to relate and we both got seats. After a cursory wave to my Dad, I managed to get to the front part of the commuter wave and get onto a PATH train waiting on the platform.

I arrived at World Trade and made my way up the long escalators to the shopping concourse. The first time I ever walked through there was such a rush; thousands of people surging toward Wall Street. Everyone else knew where to go and I could only follow the flow. I quickly became a practiced commuter and knew every shortcut and every good point to pass through the crowd.

As I neared the exit, where my cell phone would again pick up the signal, I checked my messages at the office. I had a big though not huge day plan and was trying to get a jump on things. I only had one message at 8:15 from somebody that I didn’t want to call back but had to. “How are you going to fund our work on your Marsh Joint Venture?” he asked. I didn’t know so I didn’t think about it. Instead, I enjoyed the day and walked the couple of blocks to Wall Street where my office is.

At the top of Wall Street, I felt and heard a tremendous boom. I felt it in the pavement. Such earthquakes aren’t totally unknown in New York. I passed it off for some kind of construction equipment booming against something that it shouldn’t and continued to my office. When I got to my floor, a secretary, Helen met me at the door and informed me a plane hit the World Trade Center. She quickly convinced me it was true and I dropped my stuff off in my office. I asked a colleague whether he’d like to go have a look at it. We figured that some kind of Cessna or other small plane had just run into the building. Though I guess I knew somewhere in my head that it was kind of ghoulish, I also figured I’d go and see a newsworthy event up close.

My colleague Tom and I stepped onto the street. Wall Street was pretty quiet, not a lot of people around but papers were swirling everywhere. Occasionally in NYC, papers will take on a life of their own and blow around on the street, up to the tenth floor and back down again. The floating garbage was not so unusual. The empty sidewalks at 9 am were strange though. Half-way up the block, we started to see more papers. Due to my work with Marsh MC, their logo immediately caught my eye. I saw a Marsh business card and then some Marsh stationary and then some Marsh data printouts. It then started to dawn on me that the plane had flown into Marsh MC and that wasn’t good. The cubicle detritus also started: pictures of families and of teams. Garfield lazing around exclaiming how he doesn’t like to work or likes pizza or something. Sometimes these were pristine but others had burnt edges. We walked on anyway.

We rounded the corner and got up to the front of Chase Plaza, about 1000 feet from the WTC and the first clear view of the Towers. Just as I truly registered that the building was on fire, the second building exploded. I felt the

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No Sure Way
by Loudon Wainwright III ’65

So I started out on High Street
Had to travel into town
Like some Orpheus descending
Through a turnstile underground
From Brooklyn Heights into Manhattan
Which was where I had to be
Now you have to take the A train
Since there’s no service on the C
And when you are underwater
Sometimes the mind plays tricks
And there beneath the East River
It felt like the river Styx
The first stop was Broadway Nassau
A few more passengers got in
We all sat, no one was standing
There somewhere we’d never been

They say heaven’s high above us
And that hell’s far below
But inside that subway tunnel
There was no sure way to know

Chambers Street a closed ghost station
Passing through we seemed to glide
Like prisoners inside compartments
On some House of Horror ride
The walls were tiled I hadn’t noticed
They seemed so antiseptic, clean
But we knew what we were under
The lights were on. That seemed obscene
And there I saw the three initials
W T and then C
I’d survived some how was living
But somewhere I shouldn’t be
At the next stop the doors opened
I emerged up above ground
I was in another country
Elysian Fields? No, Chinatown.

They say heaven’s high above us
And that hell’s not far below
But standing on Canal Street
There was no sure way to know
And standing on Canal Street
There was no sure way to go

Loudon Wainwright III ’65 is a singer and songwriter with over 20 albums to his credit. His songs often draw from political and cultural sources, and he has performed some of them on National Public Radio and ABC’s “Nightline.”

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wave of air compressed and then the heat. Glass fell end over end in slow motion from the building as the flame continued to rush out and blacken into smoke.

I stepped back a step reflexively under an awning and backed slightly behind a pole. To my right stood a fruit stand and in front of me with the Twin Towers in flames were thousands of people running/walking in my direction, crying, dazed and freaked out. Part of the fruit stand got knocked down and I looked at the crushed plums and strawberries. Behind me plainclothes cops and a Chase Manhattan security guard started calling and waving with both arms up and down to slow the crowd. The crowd, now ten or twenty seconds after the second hit filled with people who had been injured or were wailing.

We walked up another block, not toward the disaster but for another view. There were shoes on the ground. Random ones that people had run out of during the panic. Umbrellas lay around also. Everywhere, papers fell and blew upward again. From another angle, both buildings were in full burn. About 30 people stood and looked at the buildings. I asked Tom, “Do you think it was a bomb?” and a stranger answered, “It was another plane.”

We stood for another couple of minutes and gaped. As two insurance experts (I’m working for AIG now) we looked at the buildings and calculated the odds.

“How could both Towers have been hit on a perfectly clear blue day?”

It took longer than it should have to register or to accept what was going on. We started back toward the office, not knowing what else to do. More shoes lay on the ground.

Back at the office, I tried to get some information from the internet. All the sites were completely jammed until Eduardo, a Brazilian who works for me, got a picture from a Brazilian news site. It seemed incredible, almost more incredible than in real life. I went down the hall toward office of Julio, the head of our division. Next door, my coworker Jessica was using the speakerphone, telling her husband, “No Allan, I can’t leave. They’re definitely blocking off the bridges and tunnels.” Everyone knew the procedure from the last bomb at the World Trade Center. Bridges and tunnels were blocked first as they were the next targets. Allan pleaded, “Get out of there now! Go to the ferries to NJ, I’ll pick you up.” But nobody made a move to get out. Allan continued, “They’ve hit the Pentagon. Jessica, get out now!”

Allan kept watching his TV and relating the news to Jessica. Julio came out onto the floor in full rant, “Where the hell are the fighter jets? They ought to be shooting down planes by now.” Some people tried to work or to find a radio or TV. I called my wife and tried to get onto the internet. I received some emails that were totally foreign to what was going on; friends joking about a party we’d been to on Saturday. An email from AIG’s Chairman came down telling us that the top 30 floors had been evacuated and that the cafeteria was a safe place.

I walked back down the hall and opened up a window in one of the offices. Outside, papers swept by winds climbed up well past our fourth floor. I extended my body over the window frame, stretching all the way out to get a vantage up and down the street. Another colleague, Laura, joined me and we just observed.

I was climbing back in when Laura said, “Look—people are running.” I leaned back out and sure enough people had started running for their lives in front of our office. Up the street we saw the wall of smoke. Jumping back in, we pulled the windows shut and ran onto the floor to see whether anyone knew what was going on. The fire alarms began to sound. “One of the Towers collapsed,” I heard.

How could this be happening? People were moving around on the floor with nervous energy. Julio ordered us all to close the external office doors and to jam wet paper towels beneath them. A fire-line formed to wet the towels and stuff them beneath the doors to keep out the air. Looking outside, the world had turned gray. You couldn’t see across the street for all of the dust. The smell started. A burnt dry smell. Metal and concrete burned.

A small battery powered radio was found. We clustered around it. News reports came quickly, “more planes in the air...targets around the country,” and we sat—confused.

The radio told us that the second building fell. Some among us felt it but I was too hyped. The air-conditioning had been shut down to keep the dust and smoke from the building. The floor became hot so we took our jackets off and turned off most of the PCs, monitors and fax machines. If we were going to have to stay the night we would want it as bearable as possible. The fire alarms continued and then hit a higher more urgent pitch (who knew that fire alarms go to 11?).

Julio started pacing, “I don’t think this is a good idea. It’s a bad idea.” I knew what he meant and he continued, “we’re safer in here, I don’t think we should evacuate. This is a bad idea.”

Tom came up to me, “Brandon, come with me for a second,” and we started down the hall away from the others. “I know we’re trying to keep this stuff out,” he said, referring to the dust and smoke, “but look.” We went into his office at the far end. The first building had created a grey cloud where we were. The second turned the air black. Almost oily black. The smell was now stronger and a bit more acrid.

Someone found some crackers and other food. I poured myself a cup of coffee and then dumped it down the drain. First time in a long time that I was too wound up for coffee. New people from other floors arrived; secretaries for the CEO and COO, a group of Japanese exchange program people, people I’d seen smoking outside our building.
The alarm kept ringing but it subsided back to the original tone. After two hours of fire alarms and freaking out, I was ready to get out. Nobody else was leaving but staying inside was going to suck. I recommended to a couple of people that we go. Six of us decided to walk out. Julio insisted that I get some of the people new to the company home safely. The new folks weren’t all that sure why and nor was I, but it wasn’t really the time to argue. We prepared wet paper towels to hold over our mouths as we walked out through the dust.

When we got to the bottom floor, a huge security guard I hadn’t seen before warned that we could not re-enter the building once we left. Fine with me I thought and we walked out. A word of advice: if you’re ever trapped in the debris of a sabotaged building, don’t wet the paper towel that you use to filter the air, it makes breathing near impossible. I held the towel to my face anyway as who knew what was in the air.

There was about an inch of dust on the ground. There were maybe another dozen people on the street not too far away. I guess a steady trickle of people were venturing out of their offices. We walked past Swan’s, our after-work bar. While it was pretty full, I’d committed to walking my new colleagues up town. There was some random guy holding up bottles of Poland Spring water from a cooler, “Water, get water here.” Someone nearby asked skeptically whether he was selling the water. He wasn’t.

Further along, janitors handed out industrial dust masks that I expect they had in stock. A crowd formed around them pretty quickly and though there was jostling, only one or two people were really panicking and rudely pushed to the front. I slipped a mask over my mouth and put the wet paper towels in a garbage can. I suppose that I could’ve just tossed the paper on the street as the place was a mess.

The line between the dust and smoke cloud and a beautiful late summer day was only about 20 feet wide. We left the heavy cloud, entered a 20-foot barrier of lighter cloud and emerged into summer sun. I patted off whatever dust was on my clothes.

The further we got from Wall Street, the heavier the crowds became. Occasionally, there would be someone totally covered in dust. One or two people looked entirely dazed and lost. Most people though, moved along quietly. Looking back at clouds the size of the Twin Towers was strange. Where the crowds were heavy, I kept an eye on where I was going. I put my wallet into my front pocket, a habit I have in NY crowds, even in those fleeing disaster.

People with badges were everywhere. Obviously there were lots of uniformed cops, but along the pedestrian evacuation route there were even more plainclothes people with badges on chains hanging from their necks. People followed their orders and didn’t jaywalk. Every couple of minutes an unmarked car would pass with a cop-light inside the windshield. At one point, what looked like the mayor’s motorcade, two or three black towncars and SUVs sailed past heading uptown. I took off my dust mask.

Shopkeepers had set out radios on the sidewalk. One had a TV out. A crowd gathered around it and I looked over their shoulders, “They’re only showing pictures of us evacuating” I told my colleagues, “It’s easier to look behind us.” Just then, we heard jets and looked up as two F-14s flew overhead. Through the next hour I’d see the jets five or six times, a very weird sight over Manhattan.

Near Times Square a jumbotron showed CNN to a group of about 800-900 people. The New Yorkers sat on the sidewalk or stood silently watching people in Palestine dancing in the streets. I couldn’t look. I kept my head down and walked onward.

As we approached the home of my friends, Jon and Cathy, I stopped at a Korean corner deli and picked up a Gatorade. A young guy wearing a Police Cadet jacket paced outside looking jumpy. I guess that everyone that ever had anything to do with the cops or fire department, everyone with a PBA card, was out on the streets keeping the peace. There wasn’t much peace to keep as town was deserted. There were no cars, no buses, no trucks, only the occasional emergency vehicle.

We walked for about 1 1/2 to 2 hours (though it really shouldn’t take that long) to get to 36th St. and 8th Ave. My friend Jon loaned me a pair of shorts and made me feel at home. I called my wife Kristina to let her know I was safe.

Another check of the internet showed that New Jersey Transit was running “load and leave” service from Penn Station starting at 5 p.m. I waited until about 6 p.m. and then took the subway down. The subway was empty and Penn Station was emptier. All the shops were closed and locked up, something I’d never seen before. I found one newspaper stand open down where the A, C, E lines run and bought the New York Post. It had been printed before the day really started so the news was already decades old when I bought it. I never opened it.

On the main concourse, one of the 20 or so people standing waiting for a train out was my Dad. Quite an adventure. In two years of commuting, I’d only seen him on the way in, never on the way home. This might have had more to due with my commuting through Newark not Penn Station NY.

We easily found seats on the train and recounted the day, talking the whole way home. We changed trains at Princeton Junction and got on the Dinky. Jon Zeisler, a college friend of mine, reached me on my cell phone and told me about our fraternity brother and classmate Jeremy Glick. He told me that he had fought the hijackers on flight 93. It didn’t seem real. I couldn’t deal with it. I rushed Jon off the phone. Four minutes later, we were standing in the parking lot. More cars than usual stood in the lot at 9 p.m.; this seemed ominous. Instead of walking across campus, Dad gave me a ride home. No squirrels or students that night, just cool leather seats in the Volvo.

Brandon Mathews ’88 works for American International Group at their Wall Street office, five blocks from the World Trade Center site. He lives in Princeton, NJ with his wife, Kristina, and daughter, Elise. This article was originally written for a collection honoring his college friend, Jeremy Glick, who died fighting on Flight 93.
A Report From Ground Zero

By Stephen E. Ockenden ’64

Late in the evening of Friday, September 14, I received a phone call from Dr. Richard Salcido, a neighbor and friend. Sal is a retired soldier who did a full career in Special Forces, followed by attendance at medical school. He is currently Chief of Rehabilitative Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania Hospitals.

Sal told me that Dr. Jeffrey Wroe, a young resident at Penn, had been volunteering his services at the World Trade Center. Sal planned to go to New York on Saturday, 15 September, to work with Jeff in providing first aid to the rescue workers, and recruited me to come as his assistant.

I protested that there was little I could do. He said, “This generation of kids has been handed a lot of bad news: AIDS, the environment, and now this. I want my son to see the smoke rising from the financial district. Before we reached City Hall, we came across the first security perimeter, manned by police and National Guardsmen.

As we came up to Washington Square Park, with its large archway, we saw even at that early hour a huge crowd of NYU and New School students gathered in silence. They were writing commemorative messages on bedsheets which had been hung from the wrought-iron fence surrounding the archway. While many of these messages expressed sentiments in favor of non-violence, and while a few called for blood, the majority were simple words of concern for the situation and support for the firefighters and police. Many were religious in nature. The most poignant message I saw was drawn in green ink: “I am French, but today I am a New Yorker.”

Eventually, we turned south on Broadway and began to see the smoke rising from the financial district. Before we reached City Hall, we came across the first security perimeter, manned by police and National Guardsmen. Beyond this perimeter, still far north of Wall Street, utility crews had dug up the streets and were trying to repair sewer-ers, electric and gas lines, cable, phones, and other basic services. Only people with an explicit purpose, and the credentials to prove it, were allowed beyond this point.

Since both Sal and Jeff had hospital ID cards, and since they vouched for me, we were permitted to cross the perimeter. We had gone no farther than three or four blocks when we confronted another perimeter. This time, we were told that a fire had erupted further south, and that we would need to detour around the region. So we headed back north, around City Hall and the federal building complex, eventually passing under the Brooklyn Bridge and turning on to Water Street.

As we got further into the financial district, we were forced to put on dust masks. Smoke, haze and airborne particulate became thick enough to impair our vision as well as our breathing. What had started as a light coating of ash eventually grew to a blanket two or three inches thick. Signs of damage were evident everywhere: burned cars, broken windows, debris in the streets. We saw these first signs of the damage at least seven or eight blocks away from the WTC site, possibly further.

Throughout our approach, we went through repeated security screens, and they got tougher as we got closer to the site. Eventually, after being routed around several obstacles, including bulldozers and an apparent underground fire, we went through an alley and emerged on Greenwich Street near the corner of Liberty. This put us at the southeast corner of the WTC site, adjacent to Building 4 and the South Tower.

What I witnessed was far worse than I had imagined. The television shots of the site are taken at long distance, and the camera lens tends to foreshorten the perspective, giving the impression that distant buildings are closer to the site than is actually the case. Also, since the TV cameras are mounted in skyscrapers, shooting down, they don’t convey the vertical dimension of the rubble pile. And nothing, of course, can replicate the noise, the smoke, the stench, the acrid haze, and all the other things which combined to create sensory overload.

The working area is terribly constrained. Streets are narrow, rubble is everywhere, and nearby buildings are massively damaged and in danger of falling. The Banker’s Trust building, on Greenwich Street, had its entire north façade ripped away, and everything from venetian blinds to desks to structural steel was hanging out of the floors or off the walls. On the west side of the plaza, at a distance of perhaps five blocks, the American Express building is heavily damaged. While we were there, a gigantic American flag was hung off the east wall of that building, facing the rubble pile.

In the small section of the plaza that I could see—basically the south side, along Liberty Street—the rubble was perhaps 20 feet deep on average. A huge mound to my left was at least three times that height. The only recognizable shapes were the massive beams and girders which were strewn around by the hundreds.

Yet, in these very tight and dangerous quarters, there were five or six back-hoes and cranes, several trucks, and...
hundreds of relief workers. In these appalling conditions, firefighters, dog teams, crane operators, iron workers, surveyors, and other skilled laborers were working with great fluidity. The people from the construction trades were every bit as impressive as the police and firemen. It’s very crowded, very dangerous, and someone is almost certain to be seriously hurt or killed. Yet the rescuers remained very cool, and almost ludicrously polite. When a relief crew of firefighters squeezed by me on their way to the command post, I saw in their faces that mix of fatigue and sadness and anger and great determination that I have only before seen in combat soldiers. The overwhelming impression I gained was of the extraordinary professionalism of these people.

As I stood there, waiting for direction and trying to get oriented, I felt not only useless but almost obscene for being at the scene of such destruction. I told Sal that he was a doctor, and could perhaps do some good, but that there was nothing I could do and that I felt like a voyeur. He told me to come with him to the on-scene medical facility and hear from them before I made a decision to leave.

We were directed to the triage center and command post on Liberty Street, housed in a fire station which had been reduced to a concrete shell. I surmise that most of the company of that fire station was wiped out when the towers fell. They were certainly first on the scene, and therefore were most likely the people deepest into the complex when the buildings collapsed.

At the triage center, I meet a spinal cord specialist from the VA who was in charge overall. He was an old friend of Sal’s. Sal told him that we had two doctors and a layman who could take orders and think for himself. He was informed that the NYFD wanted its station back, and that the triage center would need to be relocated. We were asked to set up the new center. We were issued respirators and sent out.

We walked back down Greenwich Street for one short block to Cedar Street, adjacent to the Banker’s Trust building. On the southeast corner, across from Banker’s Trust, a corner store and news-stand had been blown open. A Coke machine had been flung through the front window and turned completely over. Inside the store, everything was burned to cinders.

Next to the store, at 120 Cedar, we found the O’Hara Saloon and Restaurant, which occupied the first floor of a 10- or 15-story building. The upper floors were apartments, and all the windows had been blown out and the air conditioners had been ripped from their casings. The fire escape was densely packed with papers from the nearby offices. The papers were piled four feet deep on the lowest level of the fire escape. Because it had rained on Thursday evening, these papers were soaked and very heavy, and the fire escape was straining against its retaining bolts.

O’Hara’s itself had fared somewhat better. It was on the ground story and was shielded by an intervening building. Still, the doors had been ripped off and the windows – thick glass reinforced with mesh screen – had been shattered. Inside, the entire area was covered in several inches of ash and broken glass. The menu from Monday evening was still chalked on a board, and empty beer bottles were stacked behind the bar.

Sal and I set to work with a nurse from Long Island and a rotating crew of seven or eight people, most of them off-duty police detectives from Queens. We were soon joined by a saleswoman whose husband was an officer at the city courthouse.

We spent several hours cleaning out O’Hara’s, scrubbing down the bar and several tables to serve as emergency surgical platforms, and stocking the entire place with surgical gear, medicines, food, and bottled water.

After we had begun to clear the worst of the mess, relief workers and National Guardsmen began carrying in huge cardboard boxes full of donated supplies. People had gone through the shelves of their local pharmacies and just swept everything they could find into bags. In many cases, the stores themselves made massive donations, including a soft-drink truck driver who told someone to take his whole load of bottled water. As we unpacked these supplies, we found some things that were useless, but many that were thoughtful gestures. For some reason, I was brought nearly to tears when, at the bottom of a box, I found two candy necklaces and a bouquet of flowers.

While everyone persisted in calling the location a “triage center,” it was obvious that there would be no survivors coming out of the rubble. The bulk of our business was treatment and relief for the workers, principally washing out their eyes with saline solution, bandaging their hands, and issuing such sundries as aspirin, decongestants, and mouthwash. The place would serve, of course, as an emergency treatment center in the event of an accident on site. But, for the most part, it was really a dispensary and break center, and was run with great efficiency by the Long Island nurse.

During the course of the day, I experienced several things that were deeply disturbing.

First, and worst, was coming to grips with the ashes. They were thick, heavy and greasy. They contained, among other things, the cremated remains of many, many people. We all knew what we were sweeping up, and a Queens detective named George Kovidnic kept whispering prayers as we dumped ashes and glass into 5-gallon paint buckets.

Second, shortly after we entered O’Hara’s, the order was given to shut down all engines on site and be quiet. Apparently, a search dog had smelled something. This turned out to be the corpses of two firefighters, crushed under the rubble. I deliberately went to the rear of the...
restaurant to avoid having to look at this sight, or at the faces of the people carrying their friends out. This scene was repeated later in the afternoon, when they uncovered an area with a reported 19 bodies.

Third, the general sense of evil about the whole place became more and more pervading. It was difficult to see, there was constant bedlam, my eyes were constantly clogged with dust and needed washing. All of these combined to make the whole experience seem disjointed and unreal. I saw things only in small snatches. I simply could not—and still cannot—grasp the full dimensions of the place or the experience. But it is far, far worse than TV conveys, and the damage is far more extensive.

There were light moments, too. George Kovotnic proved to be a fine man, an Air Force veteran of Vietnam with a lot of angst but a lot of humor. The saleswoman spent the whole day kidding me about opening a drug store when I got home. The two National Guard sentries assigned to us were humorous and helpful, even though they had been on duty for four days. One of them, a Puerto Rican from the Bronx, told me that in civilian life he is a window washer and that he was supposed to be up on the 40th floor of one of the buildings when the planes hit.

We left at about 3:00 p.m. As we proceeded up Broadway, into the zones of lighter security, we saw literally hundreds of students and young teens, most wearing color-coded tee-shirts, making sandwiches, passing out cigarettes (the number one request from the firemen), and carrying bottles of water. We were showered with gifts from these people, and when I eventually declined a bottle of water and a candy bar, the girl offering these looked so hurt that I accepted them anyway.

Once we cleared the final perimeter, and got through the massive crowd of people gathered either in concern or just to gawk, we proceeded up Broadway through TriBeCa. Jeff, Sal and I were repeatedly greeted by pedestrians, and thanked so often that it became embarrassing. I felt like the ultimate groupie, and just wanted to go home.

We stopped at a street vendor selling photos of the old, pre-attack skyline. Jeff looked at several, and ultimately decided to buy one. The vendor, a young Eastern European woman, looked at his clothes, filthy with ashes, and said “Take it. Just don’t tell anyone.”

The final, and most chilling, moment of the day occurred just thereafter.

I never heard anybody call where we were working “Ground Zero.” I think that’s probably a media invention. Instead, every New Yorker I met called it “The Site,” and they pronounced these words with great solemnity. It reminded me of the way people speak of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. We call it “The Wall,” and it is spoken as if capitalized.

Consequently, when a tall young woman asked me, as so many others had, whether we had just come from The Site, I turned to her expecting some polite expression of thanks. Instead, I was greeted by a burst of tears. She said that she was from out of town, that her father was under the building, and that she had been trying to get there all day just to see the place for herself. But she was lost, and she had been hassled by bureaucrats when she went to register her father as a missing person. All she wanted to do was look at her father’s tomb.

We gave her directions and sent her on her way. We did not tell her that the police would prevent her from going in. But I hope that she got as far as Broadway and Vesey Street, where she can at least look to the west and see the remnants of the one of the towers: ten or fifteen girders, perhaps 100 feet high, twisted and leaning slightly to the north and looking much like the spires of the destroyed cathedral at Coventry.

When they rebuild the Towers, as they must, I hope that the engineers can find a way to leave those few girders where they are, pointing to heaven, as a reminder of the day we were brought together by a mass murder.

Steve Ockenden ’64 is a Vietnam veteran with a Ph.D. in defense policy. He has spent a significant portion of his career in the national security arena, as an analyst at the RAND Corporation, a senior staff member of the US Senate, an aerospace executive, and a consultant.

In the Air – September 11, 2001
by Marshall Barroll ’74

I fly as an airline captain for a United carrier out of Dulles in D.C. My crew and I flew on the 10th out of Dulles on a day trip that got extended because of storms all over the east coast.

We were closing in on 16 hours on duty (the maximum) while waiting out the storms at JFK airport in New York. Because of this regulation, we were booked into a hotel in Queens for the night, leaving our aircraft at the gate. We were then told by our dispatch early the next morning to take the plane back at 0730 to Dulles as a reposition flight with no passengers. That changed on our arrival at the airport to becoming the revenue flight at 0840, as the inbound flight was delayed for maintenance.

After boarding at 8:30 a.m., we started engines and taxied out of the gate. I was just steering the airplane around the south side of Kennedy, when ground control told us to hold our position, and that it appeared that a small plane had just hit the WTC.

I looked off to my right and saw some smoke coming from the north tower about 5 miles to the west. I commented to my first officer that something like this had happened during in 1942 with a B-25 that accidentally hit the Empire State Building in the fog.

We guessed that a private pilot had [suffered] a heart attack and had lost control. I made an innocuous announcement to the folks in the back, saying basically that Air Traffic Control was sorting out a problem, and that we would be on our way soon.

While waiting out there on the south side, my F/O had been monitoring WCBS radio on the ADF for any news and told me to listen to it “Now!” A reporter was frantically saying something about another plane hitting the south tower, and I could see this horrible sight develop-
having a fairly panoramic view all the way up north to Yankee Stadium, which was where all this smoke was heading.

Minutes later, ground control told us to return to our gate and that there had been some sort of an air attack in downtown New York. As I was making my first turn back we were looking over there to see something I’m sure I won’t forget anytime soon, and that was the collapse of the second building hit. The passengers in the cabin got a good look at this too, and a detailed announcement was not necessary at this point, according to my flight attendant.

The sight off to the west looked like something out of WWII, films I’d seen of Hamburg, London, etc., but the small mushroom cloud shooting up and pushed north by the wind looked like something out of Hiroshima. A second plane hitting told us all that this was no accident. We deplaned our passengers and got in touch with our company dispatch who told us to find whatever hotel we could in Queens since we were not booked anywhere.

The airport was a madhouse, and there were uniformed authorities everywhere with guns. We finally cleared the airport to a hotel I booked on my cell phone. People from all over the world stranded at JFK were stopping our hotel van and begging the driver to take them anywhere, to the hotel, “anywhere—just get us out of here!” It looked like a war zone with refugees trying to escape. We had a nice driver who eventually loaded up about 35 people on the van—most of us stood.

After getting to the hotel in Queens, we were all booked four to a room with cots brought in. Our hotel had room for 1300, but there were 1700 people there, eventually four to a room with cots brought in. The passengers in the lobby, the ballroom, the dining room, and the bar. Our crew only had the clothes on our backs since sleeping in the lobby, the ballroom, the dining room, and the bar. Our crew only had the clothes on our backs since we were on a day trip from the 10th, but we were in no position to complain—we were alive.

The first thing I noticed was the lack of commercial aircraft in the air over New York, but the constant roar of F-15s and F-16s at low level over Kennedy and the whole area. It was a good sight to see after what we heard had apparently happened. We were conspicuous in the hotel with our uniforms on, and I can remember answering questions in the lobby for 100 people trying to get out of New York, as if I had any more information than they had. I just did my best to assure them that the airlines would let them know when the airport would open again, as well as reassuring some terrified people that U.S. pilots would not intentionally fly their planes into buildings, killing innocent civilians.

At dinner on the first crowded night, I ate on my lap with my crew. We sang the Star Spangled Banner along with a Jet Blue crew we met as well as people from the UK, Italy, France, and Canada who all seemed to know the words. It choked us up, but the thing I remember choking us up the worst was the smell of the smoke from downtown which was in our area because of a wind shift. It got me pretty mad after all the facts started coming in, and my blood started to boil a bit.

The Jet Blue crew and our crew all tried to walk/catch rides to the west on September 14th to see if we could help our downtown in some way. We were turned back two miles short of the Verrazzano Narrows Bridge as it was apparently closed, along with the GW Bridge, and the Holland Tunnel, and there was no way to get on Manhattan.

Most of us in this little group were ex-military and we were all a bit frustrated, and felt like we should be doing something, but there was nothing we could do but get mad and stay stranded on Long Island. We all agreed, including us old guys in our 40’s, that if this was war, and the Air Force wouldn’t take us, we would all meet in Marine Basic down in Paris Island, SC, and see if they would take us.

I heard all the comparisons to Pearl Harbor and now I know how my Dad really felt before he joined the Navy in 1942. It also was an attack on the industry that I work in, and I am certain that we will all get through this, that planes will be safer and more secure than ever, and that this will be the last time our own airliners will be used against us by misguided losers who have no other real agenda, other than being jealous of the freedoms and lifestyle we enjoy in this country.

My crew was finally directed to leave our airplane at JFK on Sept 17th, so we got the last rental car on Long Island and drove back to Dulles.

In reflection on all this, I would like to say that I am not still mad and angry—that my SAS Christian education, among other influences, tempered me and taught me to turn the other cheek—but I can’t. I suppose today on this three-month anniversary, it’s a little too soon. There are still people up there under the rubble—we all lost friends—and I suppose I will be a little upset for awhile. I guess just from being so close to it all when it happened and feeling like a part of it in ways, I will never be able to forget what I saw. And closure for people like me might come the day we wipe out jealousy, hatred, and terrorism in general around the world.

Marshall Barroll ’74 lives in Stevensville, Md., and has worked in the aviation/aerospace field since 1980. He was a navigator in USAF Strategic Air Command aircraft for ten years in both active and reserve commitments. He is currently a captain with a United Airlines subsidiary in 1993 at Dulles Airport, Washington D.C.

Peace With Islam
by Terence Gilheany, SAS Faculty–Religious Studies

Like most of us this past month, I have been thinking about what has happened and what is to come. I went home and saw and smelled the smoke. I walked by signs of the missing in Penn Station, in Brooklyn, in my hometown of Douglaston. I listened to my father speak of walking out—you’ve seen the pictures of downtown, you know the ash and everything—to take the train home and arrive in the green and the warmth of our town, only to look from our own porch to the column of smoke. I went to the
funerals of two friends, men my age. I have also thought about politics and the Muslim world. Working through it all, I’ve tried to come to some provisional view on the way forward, for me personally and for us as a nation. I would like to share that with you this morning.

I believe we must make peace with Islam. In this talk I will do two things. I will try to explain why I think peace with Islam is essential, and I will identify four issues I believe we must address in order to attain this peace.

In history we Americans have encountered social movements and governments whose systems seemed to us repugnant, systems that we would change if we could. Nazi Germany we could defeat and we did. The Soviet Union we could not defeat; we lived with them until they imploded. China we still cannot defeat; we continue to live with them. We were able to free, for example, Europe from Nazi Germany, but we cannot free Tibet from China. No doubt we, the U.S. as a political entity, would want to. But we have decided that it would cost too much in lives and economic ruin—consider the chemical battlefields, the American cities lost to nuclear weapons and you see why we do not simply stand up for democracy and expel China from Tibet. For the same reason we did not intercede in Hungary in 1956 when the Soviet Union crushed the liberalization there, or in Czechoslovakia in 1968 when the Soviets again rolled their tanks in to halt the Prague Spring.

So there are some systems that we have decided we can afford to fight, and some we have decided we cannot afford to fight. Can we afford to fight Islam? Before I answer that though I have to note a strange shift in the picture. Why am I not talking about a country or an alliance of countries? Before I would have been talking about the Allies versus Germany and Japan, or NATO against the Warsaw Pact. Now I seem to be talking about the U.S. against a religion, Islam. That’s because you need to ask what people identify with and for what they would be willing to die. Your average Chinese soldier identifies with China. The Soviets never really primarily identified with communism – the average soldier was always manning the front for Mother Russia. Americans, as is more obvious now than ever in my lifetime, identify with and in many cases are willing to die for the U.S. But in the developing world national identity is far more fragmentary. Despite the efforts of many politicians over the years, frequently a sub-Saharan African will identify with his tribe before he will identify with his nation. Across the Muslim world, many Muslims want their individual nations to succeed and prosper. But if they believe their nation is doing something to harm Islam, they will resist it. Most Muslims, like most people everywhere, do not want war. But if they believe that Islam or fellow Muslims are threatened, some Muslims will not wait for their country to act before they act themselves. Thus we are in a new situation in which people who identify as loyal to nations are concerned about the actions of people who identify as loyal to a religion. So my question is not “Can we afford a war with Afghanistan, or Libya, or Iraq?” Clearly we could have afforded these wars, under the old rules.

So to return to my question. Can we afford to enter into a war with Islam? The answer is a resounding no. Almost a fifth of the world’s population considers itself Muslim. Muslims live in every country on earth. Currently the huge majority of Muslims would not want to live under the rule of the Taliban or equally purist forms of Muslim government, and would never themselves undertake armed attacks on the U.S. But at the same time the majority of Muslims are angry with the U.S. on some level, and so are allowing a certain level of maneuvering room to the most radical folks. Think of society as a spectrum, from the most alienated and violent to the most invested and willing to compromise. In the U.S. this would run the gamut from the militias and the KKK through Americans who have lived abroad, seen poverty overseas and have some understanding of the concerns of the world. In the Muslim world there is a similar spectrum, from uneducated and impoverished people who have lost friends and relatives to Russian or American or Israeli attacks through people who have studied in the West and have made friends from different faiths and backgrounds. The more this spectrum shifts towards the radicals, the more we are in trouble, while the more it shifts to the moderates, the more secure we become. If we do not make peace with your average Muslim, we will pay too high a price.

By too high a price, specifically what do I mean? I mean that I am very afraid that if we do not significantly change the way we relate to the Muslim world we may, for example, lose New York to a suitcase-sized nuclear weapon within the next twenty years. My parents live in New York; if they remain healthy, they will still be in New York in twenty years. The odds are high that my sister and several of my close friends will be there. If we choose to ignore Muslim concerns, and we alienate large segments of the Muslim population of the world, my family may pay the price.

Therefore to the question “Can the West live with Islam?” I answer: We must. Now, how? What will shift the Muslim population away from radicalism and towards a moderate position? What does the Muslim world want from us? What can we afford to give? Four things:

1. They want self-determination for all Muslims. Many interpretations of the Qur’an say that you are justified in going to war if your life or your home is threatened. Many Muslims believe that Palestinians (who are mostly Muslims, though some are Christians) were thrown out of their homes and are continuing to be oppressed by Israel, backed by the United States. I leave aside the truth or falsity of these beliefs: the important thing is that the huge
many Muslims believe that their brothers and sisters are homeless, stateless and occupied because of the direct policies of the United States.

2. Many Muslims are deeply offended that there are American troops on Arabian soil. They believe that this is tantamount to foreign occupation of the holiest sites of Islam.

3. Many Muslims believe that the United States uses its position of world hegemony to flood the market with images and narratives deeply offensive to Muslims. Homosexuality, non-monogamous sex, nudity, plots and stories that assume that there is no God or that religion is unimportant—many of these things even moderate Muslims find offensive on some level. Now the majority of Muslims would not say “I am in favor of attacking the US because people in the US look at ‘Baywatch’ or read ‘Cosmo.’” But the same person might say “Sometimes I am happy when the US has trouble because I cannot turn my head or walk into a store in my hometown without seeing blasphemy exported by the U.S.” By the way, some of you have lived in Saudi Arabia and you have seen how some rich Saudi men uphold strict morals like these publicly, while hypocritically flying to London to drink and use prostitutes. While this does happen, do not conclude as a result that most Muslims are hypocritical in their beliefs. In fact, many Muslims are very angry at the Saudi elite for behaving in this way, and since the Saudi government is our ally, this feeds the anger against us as well.

And finally:

4. Many Muslims believe that the United States through action or inaction keeps Muslims poor while they themselves get richer and richer, especially through supporting oppressive regimes.

So there are four things that your average Muslim wants from the United States: a solution to the Palestinian-Israeli conflict that leaves the Palestinians with a viable state including part of Jerusalem, American troops out of traditionally Muslim lands, a U.S. that does not export blasphemy, and a less exploitative U.S. economic approach to the Muslim world.

Can we do this? I think so, and I hope so. Precisely how we can is a topic for ongoing discussion. I would suggest looking in several areas, however.

1. We could consider putting serious pressure on the Israelis, and backing them with money and arms only when their government policies advance the cause of peace.

2. We could consider whether our continued military presence in Iraq can be replaced. Building up an armed U.N. presence there, for example, might allow the world to prevent Hussein from developing weapons of mass destruction while removing the American flag from the Arabian desert.

3. We could consider working with Muslim governments and civic associations to say “We respect your culture. Tell us what you do not want us to export, and we will work with you.” This is the toughest one for me, since it leads to us helping with censorship, but I believe all of us will need to make some sacrifices in our picture of the perfect world to gain a world that is good enough.

Finally I believe we must take seriously the economic and psychological needs of young adults in the Muslim world. Frustration leads to outrage. Just yesterday I spoke to a student who felt like the philosophy she was reading made no sense, and she was making no progress. Part of her wanted to cry, but part of her wanted to rip the book up. Young Muslims need to see the U.S. reaching out to them through exchange programs, grassroots development programs, funding of local education.

But whatever actions we take the goal is clear. Muslims need to be able to look around the world and say “I and my fellow Muslims are safe and free, we are not occupied by foreign troops, we are reasonably well off economically and we can live in our own culture.” If they are able to do this, and I am hopeful that we can, you and I, and our families, will be able to live in greater safety.

Terence Gilheany has taught Religious Studies at St. Andrew’s since 1993. He is currently a member of the Center for Contemporary Arab Studies, the Council for Spiritual and Ethical Education and the National Council for Social Studies.

Fear
by Will Speers, SAS Faculty–English

My son Christopher has a T-shirt that advertises in rugged, bold lettering the logo, “No Fear.” This company wants to connect with people who push the envelope, go bungee jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge, mountain bike through the Himalayas, roller blade down the Jersey Turnpike—or at least have the consumers convince those around them that they are such fearless, cool adventurers. “I laugh in the face of death,” the T-shirt announces.

A new brand of television has us confront and seemingly surmount our fears in bizarre yet contrived ways. Millions of viewers tune in on Tuesday nights to watch “Fear Factor,” where contestants go through a series of trials surely created by sadistic producers. In one episode, participants had to stay in a tub filled with harmless small
snakes for at least three minutes; another challenge was to leap eight feet between two 18-wheel trucks as they sped down a deserted highway at 40 mph. This show, a distorted off-shoot of the successful “Survivor” dramas, allows all the rest of us, from the safety of our Lazy-Boy chairs, to squirm and sweat and shudder, vicariously imagining how we might cope with such an unnerving confrontation.

Our world has preached against fear for centuries, and the current advertisers of “No Fear” are only the latest admonishers. Jesus told us to “Fear not, for I am with you always.” The absence of fear for the Greeks was hubris, which almost always led to disaster—witness the lives of Oedipus, or King Lear, or Jay Gatsby, or maybe for a while, Elizabeth Bennet. President Roosevelt counseled us that “The only thing we have to fear, is fear itself.” President Bush stated a week ago that our present world is in a conflict between “fear and freedom.”

The dictionary defines fear as “a painful feeling of impending danger, evil, or trouble.” Fear can paralyze us, freeze us in the face of danger or choice. That paralysis may actually be the body’s way of saying, “perhaps the safest choice here is no choice.” Therefore, fear is what happens before, not necessarily during, an incident. Fear, to me, has a lot to do with control: the less control I have over a situation, the more fearful I am. That is why I am so scared to fly, because I have so little control. In a car, at least I can steer, swerve or brake. The fear I experience before opening my mouth in the dentist’s chair is more remorse for all those chocolate chip cookies I had the choice not to eat than fear of the drill.

Fear, of course, has ferociously swept over us as a school, a country and a world the past two weeks, putting to shame mere skits of fear for the horror of New York City and Washington and southwest Pennsylvania. We have changed from fear of flying to fear of living. I found myself jumping anxiously last week on the front lawn as the shadow of a turkey buzzard ran across the ground. What “up there” might next be coming down here? Like all of you, I have feared—felt that pain within—for family, friends, the assumed safety of existence I thought I’d had before September 11th. And even in the face of the grotesque and horrific wrong we have suffered, I fear what is to come, the uncertainty of whatever forms it takes, the worry of its consequences and continuance. Managing this fear over the last two weeks has exhausted me, as it has many of you. Despite fleeting bursts of speed and a lucky bounce of the soccer ball which allowed me to score two goals for the faculty in their scrimmage against the boys’ varsity team last week, I am tired, tired in the marrow of my bones the way I usually am in February.

I have to admit that during the summer, as I thought about topics for chapel talks, I kept returning to this idea of fear. But fear post—September 11th is such a different concept for me, as it may be for you. Fear is now an emotion I’m going to have to live with, perhaps permanently. Before Tuesday morning, it was a dread feeling that happened only when I got ready to fly, or before a date, or as I prepared to do my taxes. However, I am embarrassed at how petty these moments are now. None of them seems to matter after the attacks. The reality of our New World makes what happens on “Fear Factor” an insulting mockery of the hard reality of September 11th. In that aftermath, fear is now here: it is in our daily lives, the unknown of “what next will happen?” It is, as President Bush remarked to the nation, the other side of freedom.

What I’ve tried to wrestle with these last two weeks is how am I going to live with fear for the rest of my life. How am I going to channel it, how am I going to work with it, how am I going, symbolically and literally, to get back onto that plane? I’m caught between refusing to give those terrorists any victory—I don’t want to change my lifestyle—and yet I want to be prudent, cautious, safe. After all, I can’t forget I have three children to care and provide for. I need to figure out, since there is so much of it, how fear can fuel my existence. Can I recycle it, this pulsating, fomenting pile of paralysis? Can I sing, and really believe my words when I do sing, “We are not afraid, we are not afraid, we are not afraid, today”? The Psalmist says that “Fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.” How can fear lead to such supreme knowledge and grace? What can fear give me, bless me with, offer me, help me construct?

Certainly, as have many of you, I have been moved and awed by how those who directly experienced these attacks responded to them. The vast amount of evil on September 11th was met by matchless stores of compassion, action, heroism and sacrifice. The real patriotism has been our help and care—the overabundance of money and food and clothing and supplies and blood donated, the remarkable ways in which we have come together. I doubt there has been a time in our history when we have been so united, when our daily actions have demonstrated our resolve and faith. The religious unity, where once there was such division between Protestants, Muslims, Jews, Hindus, Catholics, as well as a fresh vigor to racial and cultural unity, has given us an honest glimpse of a real “Peaceable Kingdom.” There is, for now, a genuine desire to work with and honor our important differences. This is a patriotism that importantly isn’t talking about how to get back at “them”: it is a patriotism that affirms our bonds to people and our way of life which before September 11th we had only given lip-service to or had casually taken for granted.

There are stories great and small, known and unknown, of people who took fear by the throat and stuffed it back: the firefighters, police officers, rescue workers; those who helped guide people down those long stairwells, or colleagues who carried out injured strangers at the Pentagon or in the Towers. And, of course, the passengers who resolved to fight back on the United plane which crashed in southwestern Pennsylvania. The wife of one of those passengers, Lisa Beamer, recounted on TV last week how she knew her husband Todd would have charged, would not have flinched, would have embraced the energy of that fear, converting it into action. With proud tears in
her eyes, she asserted her husband and the others who responded, “they took the action they needed to take, regardless of the results. And that’s what character is.” When I heard Lisa say that, I finally understood what Hamlet means when he says, “The readiness is all.”

Our character can’t be forged continually and constantly on such elevated actions. Life, I’ve learned painfully, gradually, slowly, is lived daily, lived doing the little things, lived in simple interactions and gestures with friends and family and strangers. Mr. Hutchinson spoke in our Friday service about how in his grief he was so comforted just looking out at familiar faces. He knew he wasn’t alone. The Greeks, as the III Formers have seen, had it right by treating each stranger with genuine hospitality, in part because strangers sometimes were disguised gods, and the Greeks didn’t want to offend anyone. We are heroes here in our own work, by how we have supported each other—how adults consoled students and other adults; how students uplifted peers and adults; how we have given, how we have come and stayed together; how we have been bold to laugh and play and thus carry on the spirit of those who died. Robert Jordan, Class of ’86, has been remembered by his classmates as the person who truly knew how to smile, how to hug his friends in exuberant laughter, how to cradle the joy of people and life, how to celebrate the spontaneity and thrill of “right now.”

A second way we have lived with fear and grappled it into a sustaining rather than a crippling force is by giving it voice. Some of you may have seen clips or read about how Dan Rather of the “CBS Evening News” broke down in tears three times on David Letterman’s show as he recounted what it was like to visit the site and see the devastation and the relentless work of the firefighters. Saying our fear, even in trembling, choked-up voices, can release it, can help the confrontation, can transform it. Many of those last phone calls from the planes or the Trade Towers were calm, purposeful, resolved. I have been struck by how many people have allowed themselves to be interviewed—perhaps as a cathartic act of communion, a verbal embrace, one which is certainly painful; but there is so much to try to express, to hear in the voice, in our own voices, especially since so many others have been silenced.

For me, another aspect of voice has been music. Leonard Bernstein, the great conductor of the New York Philharmonic, declared “our response to violence will be to make music more intensely, more beautifully and more devotedly than before.” In the face of violence, music can make a pattern out of the chaos; it can make discordant notes work in concord; it can offer a resonating harmony to the grieving cry. Tchaikovsky’s “Pathétique” Symphony, Brahms’ “German Requiem,” Samuel Barber’s “Adagio,” Pachelbel’s “Canon,” and Schubert’s “Unfinished Symphony”: the majesty of these pieces confronts the pain directly, but through the passion they also give it dimension, a structure, a response. These classical works sound out loud the depth and valor of our own inner turmoil, our anguish and hollow groans; yet in the music that tension is built then released, heightened then answered, sounded then affirmed. Samuel Beckett, author of that bleak but still ultimately affirming play Waiting for Godot, wrote that “Art is the expression of nothing to express, no way to express it, and still there is the obligation to express.” The voice in music, the voice of the Psalms, the voice of tears: this lament manifests our sorrow and fear into form, then into understanding, then into wisdom, then into a faith and grace which helps us play the next note, and move slowly on, measure by measure.

The last insight I’ve had about fear over the last two weeks is the vitality of connections. Anthony Lane, writing in last week’s New Yorker, states that while thousands of people died, they also “died together, and therefore something lived” (September 24, 2001, p. 80). Those trapped on a plane or in the Towers immediately reached out to loved ones; strangers were united throughout the day as the only chance for survival. So many of us called family and friends who lived far from the disaster sites, just to be joined. All I wanted that Tuesday afternoon was to be with my children; and like many of you, I too called my parents. At some level, I think we were all homesick, starving for the safety of home, a security we had seen violated on the TV screens. But I also felt safe here among many known faces and people. All these “cable-strong” bonds suddenly resonated, and as a community we merged together at chapel services, classes, meals, dorms, events. We have all helped each other. Students may never realize how much the adults relied on their mere presence as a liniment to get through the day. One person mentioned to me last week that her view of the Headmaster had grown to “Tad as dad.” That service and leadership, that vital connection among all of us as people, not as titles or ages or professions but as people, will sustain and feed us in the most rewarding and blessed life. Maybe in our world here, we can’t be a hero like a firefighter or police officer, but we can tend to each other, we can remember how to laugh, how to discover and how to listen. Maybe in serving others, we can channel that deep pain of fear into a world that is not quite as isolated, not quite as out-of-control, not quite as uncertain.

We are heroes here in our own work, by how we have supported each other—how adults consoled students and other adults; how students uplifted peers and adults; how we have given, how we have come and stayed together; how we have been bold to laugh and play and thus carry on the spirit of those who died.

- Will Speers
The sad part of all this energy and good will is that we could have had it all before September 11th. However, our collective challenge is to give voice and frame to these emotions, especially the fear, and in the various new buildings and expressions which will follow, recognize the honesty of those powerful feelings. Maybe we now know what is most essential in our lives; and even as we use classes and breakfast sign-in and room clean-up and family-style meals to undergird the daily foundation of our lives, we also tenaciously embrace what matters most: parents, siblings, family, friends, and our constant bridging with them. A great friend of mine shared with me a new vision of Heaven and Hell. In Hell, people sit at long supper tables, with huge wooden forks and spoons strapped to their forearms. They eternally starve because they can’t bring the food to their mouths. In Heaven, the same picture exists, but no one starves because in Heaven they feed each other. To survive, to exist, to flourish, we must make this earth heaven-like.

Especially now, we will only live by serving others. We can’t run away from fear or the events of this world. Yet we have already responded to this attack upon our way of life with instantaneous charity, love, fortitude; we have countered violence with compassion and measured talk. We are human. We will stumble. We will act out our fears in anger and racism, sadly now in prejudice against anyone who looks as if he or she might be from the Middle East. But if we listen, if we listen to each other and to ourselves, even if we listen to our fears, we will hear the music that will conquer this rage and chaos with majesty, wholeness, expression and communion. Because we fear, we can act, we can create, we can embrace. And then we can proclaim: “What will survive of us is love” (Philip Larkin, The New Yorker, September 24, 2001, p. 80).

Will Speers has been a teacher of English at St. Andrew’s for over 20 years. In 1991, Will received a fellowship from the National Endowment for Humanities to study the Biblical character of Job.

Admiral Dennis Blair ‘64 interviewed on National Public Radio’s Diane Rehm Show on December 19, 2001

Admiral Dennis Blair ’64, head of the U.S. Pacific Command, returned back from a three-week tour of India and Southeast Asia. On December 19, he joined Diane Rehm on her National Public Radio talk show to discuss current security issues and efforts to forge new alignments in the wake of the September 11 attacks.

The day seemed as normal as any other. I signed in for breakfast, cleaned my room and made a futile attempt to finish work that should have been done the night before. It was the normal St. Andrew’s day, at least until 10:15 a.m. break.

As older generations will tell you, certain days will be etched in our minds forever. Whether it be Pearl Harbor, D-Day, the assassination of JFK, these events will always carry with it the common question, “Do you remember where you were when you heard?”

I will never forget sitting in Amos computer lab, reading news updates I received from CNN. The lines were horrific, surreal, something from a bad Die Hard movie, not a daily news item. We all reach for words to describe our reaction, but none come. We respond with bowed, shaking heads, we bite our lips and respond, “It’s unbelievable.”

It’s like a dream sequence now. The mad dash from the computer lab to the student center where I caught word that a group was gathering to watch the coverage. The room was silent, at that point there weren’t even any tears. A mindless stare at the large screened TV with the occasional head in the hands and glance of utter shock to a friend in the room.

I had a journalism class to go to, but I decided to skip the first part of it. Instead, I found a friend while I was walking back into Amos, and we went silently into the chapel. The chapel seemed so comforting, but so empty. I knelt on the communion rail and silently prayed a prayer of unconditional ignorance, humility and fear. I know more people followed us after we entered the chapel. I heard their footsteps, their sighs, I saw their bodies hunched over in their pews, looking for comfort. There was no sign-in for this chapel, no organ being played. It was a group of individuals who

I knelt on the communion rail and silently prayed a prayer of unconditional ignorance, humility and fear.

- John Collins ’03
felt that in a world that seemed so unsafe, so vulnerable, their solace could only be found within the walls of our vaulted chapel. Our bomb shelter.

We will always remember the 11:15 a.m. school assembly. The fear we had, the silence in the room, yet the quiet sob of those who feared for love ones or humanity itself. We knew so little at the time. English, Math, colleges, clubs all seemed so trivial then, and I would argue it still does. There was a certain recognition of how vulnerable we all are, and how beautiful life is. The trivial was put aside. We looked at each other differently. You walked down the hallways, looked people in the eyes and had a common bond in thought with that person. We all were

Nearly 60 years prior to the events of this past fall, St. Andreans experienced a very different wartime America. While the conflicts of the past few decades have been far from the shores of the United States, the attacks of September 11 reawakened the nation to a sense of vulnerability not seen since World War II. Given the changes in the style of warfare and national defense, it might seem improbable that current students would ever have to experience similar hardships, but during travels home for vacations, many have discovered that life has changed a little. Dick Davis ’45 describes the greater sacrifices faced by the students of his generation.

The St. Andrew’s School Class of 1945 was uniquely the wartime class. Pearl Harbor was attacked in our Third Form year, and at Walden Pell’s behest the school trooped into the brand-new theater after lunch on Monday, December 8, to hear President Roosevelt declare war on Japan.

One day in the winter of ’42 we again took our orders from Dr. Pell and formed a human “V” for Victory to greet Pearl Harbor hero George Welch ’37 as he buzzed the School during his flight north from Washington (where I believe he had just received his Congressional Medal of Honor). Arthur Laws called the V for Victory “typical Waldy corn.” Charlton Theus offered to be one of the three dots, or even the dash, of a Morse Code V (..._).

A few of us had already had two years of war. Three Brits—David and John Witheford and James Rawes—came into the Second Form (Class of ’46) in 1941; David eventually moved up into the Class of ’45, and graduated with us. (Dave and I were roommates in Sixth Form, and I still find it difficult to believe this six-footer is the tiny 16-year-old I knew.)

I remember in the course of that first wartime winter interviewing for The Cardinal, George Brown ’37, who with his submariner’s beard seemed to be the handsomest man in the world. Later he was captured by the Japanese in Tokyo Bay; I went home on the weekend after the bombing to a world which seems much different now. Every other car had an American flag on it, a sign in the window, a ribbon attached to it. Every house has a flag flying on the outside.

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Another Cardinal assignment for me was the school vestry, and my contact was Mick Ford, a Sixth Form officer who later became one of the first St. Andreans to die in the war. Mick’s parents established a scholarship in his memory, and the first recipient was Beauveau Nalle ’45.

There were special wartime tasks, such as two-hour night shifts in a shed built atop the tower over the main entry. Faculty wives took the daytime hours and Fourth Formers the night shifts, watching for and reporting planes that might be approaching the School. (They almost never came.)

The war in Europe ended before our commencement, and Japan had surrendered before school opened in the Fall of 1945. Save for the 1945 group that entered in Second Form (and Third Form pre-Pearl), none of us knew St. Andrew’s except in wartime. Said Dr. Pell: “You had not experienced save

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of it, so many are flying in fact, it is becoming difficult to find a store which hasn’t sold out its stock entirely of patriotic items. People are kinder to each other, there is an appreciation for life, for their fellow man, for their country. On roadsides people stand there with signs of nationalistic pride, waving their American flags of red, white and blue, showing their patriotism.

Will it stay this way? It’s hard to say what kind of an effect this event will have on our country, so much is still unknown. The better question to ask however is, how will our school respond? Will be bind together? Will we appreciate our friends, parents, those we love more because of this? Will we look people in the eyes when we walk past, expressing some interest in them, in their lives?

I find it comforting to peer into the faces of former classes whose pictures are hung in the gym. Study the faces of those who went through world wars while at St. Andrew’s, who went through Vietnam, the 1960’s, crisis after crisis in American history. We are no different from them. We should always remember that we are not alone.

John Collins ’03 is the Managing Editor of the St. Andrew’s School student newspaper, The Cardinal, and is a resident of Townsend, Del.

8:24 a.m., September 16
by Charles Mavril ’81

I remember the breath leaving my body as I watched when the first tower fell and then my knees giving way when the second one fell. It was so huge an event that I did not/could not believe it was happening. This must be a wicked joke, sort of a “Die Hard 7” trailer that just would not stop playing. But it wasn’t, this was real. The tragedy of the World Trade Center destruction had become for me a distant horror that was so magnificent in its scope that I could not wrap my mind around it. That is until 8:24 a.m. this morning.

I had been watching the TV as much as anyone and I was becoming more desensitized to the incredible destruction with each passing day. “No survivors found since Wednesday,” was the headline. Yes I knew that. “Osama Bin Laden is the primary suspect,” yes I knew that too. Prayer vigils, political alliances, governmental blustering and lots of “spin” by experts in every field of terrorism imaginable. Yes, I had seen and heard all of it, and I was becoming numb to all of it, until 8:24 a.m. this morning.

I didn’t know anyone who was immediately involved in the World Trade Center. No stock brokers or insurance agents, tech companies or even the restaurant, Windows on The World, although I am sure that by using the “six degrees of separation” formula, I will find out in time that I really did know someone who knows someone who lost their life. None of that “really” had an impact until 8:24 a.m. this morning.

The church has done a good job of reacting and reaching out to the community to help us understand and cope with this tragedy. But, can we ever really understand the immensity of two 110 story buildings collapsing because two jumbo jets full of innocent people slammed into them. Can we ever understand the loss of over 5000 innocent people? People who have wives, husbands, children, parents, brothers, sisters, boyfriends, girlfriends, expectations, dreams and desires that will now never become fulfilled on this earth? Can we ever understand the fanatic hatred of a group of people that would allow them to manufacture this incredible scheme and then unfailingly carry it out, up to and through the point of their death? I cannot, and it became even more surreal to me at 8:24 a.m. this morning.

My children ask me the questions I cannot answer. Why did they do this Dad? Why is Osama Bin Laden so mad at us? Are you going to war? Are all those people dead? I fight against the urge to lie and say everything will be okay. I know it won’t be. It may get better, but it certainly will not be the same as it had been. We may have a new found sense of national pride, but at what cost? We now have a definite face to point our “rage” toward, but what good will that do us or the survivors of the terrible chaos that occurred in New York, the Pentagon and south of Pittsburgh? None of these questions have good answers in my mind, yet. And it all became murkier at 8:24 a.m. this morning.

8:24 a.m. The phone rings. I am drying off from my shower and I am beginning to get ready to go to church. The kids are running around in their normal state of excitement on Sunday morning with the prospect that Dad is going to be off today and “he will be able to play with us all day long.” I realize that I have never received a good phone call before 10:00 a.m. on a Sunday morning, and when I pick up the receiver, I am expectant and not particularly hopeful. My mother asks me if she has awakened me. “No mom, I am getting ready for church, what’s the matter?” I ask almost with irritation. This however, is the type of irritation that is tinged with melancholy; I know when I hear her voice that what comes next is not going to be good. This week has been hard enough, I don’t want to deal with this, and yet I know I must. My thoughts leave the room and go back to the repeated images of the destruction of the World Trade Center, the newscasters bringing me every sort of bad news imaginable all week long, the lists of victims and the missing, my children and their questioning faces as we discuss the events of the week, the prayer vigils and candle lightings, and slowy I bring myself back to the conversation on the phone. In so doing I re-enter my room and look at the clock: 8:24 a.m. My mother is informing me that my brother, the Marine, is being deployed on Wednesday and he will most likely go to Afghanistan.

Now it is personal, now it all comes together, and crashing down, just like the World Trade Center. My rage is focused on the face that has been put in front of me by the Press. My heart aches at the thought of my brother putting himself in harm’s way. My brother, who has just recently introduced me to his fiancée. My brother, who I have wrestled with and teased. My brother, who I watched
graduate from the Police Academy. My brother, who I almost didn’t recognize after a particularly nasty confrontation with a drug dealer when he was working undercover. My brother, who joined the Marines after college, and who I listened to in awe when he was talking about and showing me his training regimen at “boot camp.” My brother, who has recently confided that he is going to leave the Marines at the end of his current enlistment to rejoin the civilian world and spend more time with his family. Now those plans, like the plans of the 3000 victims of the World Trade Center, are completely redone.

The world will never be the same for any of us. We all have to deal with the terrible events of this week in our own way, and for many that struggle will never end. For me, I pray that God will equip me to handle whatever is coming. I pray also that my family and my friends will find the strength, wisdom, patience, discernment and peace that comes from God that will allow them to pick up the pieces of their lives, and the lives of people around them and move on. I pray that we will find a renewed sense that God is there even in the worst times. God is there to make us whole. 8:24 a.m.

John 16:33
I have told you this, so that you might have peace in your hearts because of me. While you are in the world, you will have to suffer. But cheer up! I have defeated the world.

Charles Marvil ’81 has spent over two decades in the hotel and restaurant industry with the Ritz-Carlton organization, the Four Seasons, as well as independent restaurants. He is currently the General Manager of Prime Restaurant in Atlanta, Ga., and serves as Chairman of the Atlanta Restaurant and Marketing Association.

Murt Davis ’50:
I’ve always known that the toughest writing assignments I ever got were from Bill Cameron and Ches Baum. Until your email arrived.

I’m not able to add any valuable or memorable insights to the shock, anger, sadness, disbelief and other emotions we all felt on September 11. Others have expressed these thoughts and reflections in language far more eloquent and incisive than I possess. I can only add “AMEN”.

Why do I write?
We know the Who, What, When and Where of those horrible events. It remains to understand WHY!

My perspective is different than most. My uncle, George W. Ball, was Undersecretary of State in both the Kennedy and Johnson administrations and later served as U.N. Ambassador. George and his son (my cousin), Dr. Douglas B. Ball, collaborated in writing The Passionate Attachment: America’s Involvement with Israel, 1947 to the Present (W.W. Norton & Company, 1992).

George was an observer over many years - from the inside - of our government’s Middle East policies in action. He was a sometimes unhappy participant in the conduct of our Middle East agenda. With access to published archives, George and Doug created a minutely detailed and annotated account of the sequence of events that brought the United States into a relationship unique in its history - with its foreign policy often manipulated by another, much smaller nation.

Other than the participants in those events (and the pressure groups who pushed and threatened them in pursuit of personal and national agendas), very few Americans are aware of, much less understand, the history behind the ongoing events in the Middle East with their consequences both there and here.

My motivation in writing is to make the St. Andrew’s family aware that:

1. There is a Middle East reality not publicly disclosed, much less discussed, by politicians or the media.

2. From her birth, Israel has played America until we have become her sponsor and provider as well as her protector and advocate among the nations of the Middle East. I do not write this in anger. Actually I admire her adroitness. Israel has done what she must to first survive then grow strong and prosper.

3. Our sometimes unwitting and frequently coerced support of Israel’s national agenda has stepped heavily on everyone else in the region. We may be tolerated but they-do-not-like-us in the Middle East. Some there don’t like us so much they have resorted to violence. Bin Laden, in an October 20 tape he made for al-Qaida members, said “It (the September 11 attacks) is what we instigated...it was revenge for our people killed in Palestine and Iraq.” That seems clear enough.

4. The record of our country’s policies and actions in the Middle East from 1947 to 1992—available for study—is a stomach-churning accounting. Small wonder Europeans consider us children as we play our diplomatic games.

Even in 1992 the authors predicted something like September 11. Our Middle East policies show little evidence of change in the nine years since The Passionate Attachment was published. I say that is “Doing it to yourself.”

I recently asked Doug why he and George wrote the book. He replied “to make the whole sordid story a matter of record.”

One valuable gift St. Andrew’s can give students (of any age) is judgment and a desire to “root out,” evaluate and discard media garbage wherever they find it. Then and go look for truth. I believe The Passionate Attachment is a source of truth about why September 11 happened...and about why there could be more of the same ahead.

Another point of reference is Fox News Channel - a balanced news source without liberal bias, Try it!

I’ll get heat from some who read this - if you publish it.
(That's OK. At age 69, there's little left to upset me.) I'm not out to win converts to my opinions. I do want to encourage those who are interested to get the record, read it and think about it.

If they do that, each person will come to his or her own answer to the WHY question.

Paul Francisco '91:
Even though I watched in jaw-dropping horror, as we all did, and being far, and like many, removed from New York and Washington, I felt a need to offer just a few words of encouragement.

Although it was not the same as physically being there, somehow the distance from those places did not matter as ripples spread, I felt the pain, turmoil, panic, and heartache, right on the screen of my TV. I wept for hours as did many...but as I reflected on why such a horrific event would take place I was quietly reminded that amongst the chaos and devastation, “There is hope.” My hope rests in my faith and the belief that God is in total control...and He will take care of us completely. That may sound too “churchy” for some, but I find great peace and comfort in that. I offer my heart on that to you.

What can we do? While evil people abound in the world, it is not up to us to “seek” revenge, that is His job, but rather take action to prevent, protect, and yes, use force within that scope as necessary for our “freedom” and our children.

For those of us in our current microcosm not in a position to make such sweeping decisions, I believe that the best thing we can do is offer support, encouragement and just pray, no matter what your “belief”, pray for the victims, families, and ultimately for the leaders and their decisions. He will answer prayer. I am deeply saddened and disturbed by this event, but as long as together we can learn, love and pray we can overcome this.

As I have noticed we have a few Alums living in downtown New York, I pray you are safe and well, and that this event has not caused you a resolve in anguish but rather a renewed sense of humanity and strong determination to combat evil.

Take care fellow St. Andreans. Be well and God bless us all during this time.

Jim Rake '48:
I have the great good fortune to have had no one whom I love or know involved in this atrocity. I have only been horrified and inconvenienced.

On Tuesday, I was at one of my company’s sites in the north of England, and planning to return home the next day. Instead, my colleagues have been my gracious hosts for the last week. It now seems that the earliest that I and a colleague may return to the US is on Wednesday, a full week after our intended departure.

Of course, we have instructed our travel agents to not put us at the head of the queue, but to make sure that those who have a real need to travel back to the US have first chance at the available seats.

This is a truly horrific event. I met an Anglican minis-
constantly. I also had to walk through the cloud of debris that blew over the area after the first tower collapsed. Obviously, this neighborhood will never be the same. For that, I am upset. Beyond the loss of the World Trade Center buildings, however, the loss of life has been truly catastrophic. For that, I am profoundly saddened.

The Twin Towers were not only an integral part of the financial district, but they were an integral part of this city. To me, their destruction was like a personal attack. Before I had the opportunity to realize how much of a blow had actually been dealt, how much horror we would have to go through, I was extremely angry. It is important to me to remember that before fear and before remorse, the most powerful emotion that I felt was anger, an anger that bordered on rage. The fear and sadness came quickly enough though, for these are longer term emotions, the ones that will stay on with us.

One month beyond, the city is coming around to a new normal. After reflection on the losses of September 11th—the lives of over 3,000 innocent civilians and over 350 firefighters and police officers, feelings of stability, confidence, and security—it is clear that we have to keep going. I can tell by looking around the city that that is exactly what we are doing. People are certainly not the same as they were before September 11th, but in my opinion, despite the magnitude of loss, it will take much more to bring this city to its early years, and visited their offices occasionally, admiring eventually become akin to December 7th.


I have, over the years, commuted through those PATH tubes to Jersey City, the last trip just six months ago, so became very familiar with the shops and other amenities offered at the WTC retail level, now crushed by rubble.

To witness via television images the complete and utter destruction of World Trade with the horrifying and tragic loss of life was incomprehensible. Two weeks later, I went down to “Ground Zero” to see for myself if it had really occurred. It had.

Christina Robbins Cain ’90:

It is hard to actually find the words to describe the horror, or that could possibly even begin to encompass the feelings of sadness and incredulity. It is beyond comprehension that any human beings could harbor such hatred, and carry out such horrific acts. It’s difficult enough to come to terms with the enormity of the tragic events—let alone, the reality of the ‘new world’ that these events catapulted us into.

Allison Hamilton Rohe ’89:

I believe Dominick Dunne said it best in his recent Vanity Fair article - “I’ve never been so proud to be a New Yorker.” Since we live below 14th Street and my husband works only three block away from the WTC site, we felt it all very deeply. There were two things that saved us—going to the dog run in Washington Square Park with our pup, Zoey, and the fact that we could quickly walk to see most of our dearest friends, hug them and tell them how glad we were that they were OK.

I’ve never felt a more eloquent argument for living within the city, in buildings where you can’t help but see your neighbors and on streets where you know every shopkeeper because you walk by them—rather than drive by them. Many people seem to think that New York is an alienating place, but I’ve never found it so. In the wake of this tragedy, I found an even stronger sense of community.

We introduced ourselves to Zoey’s playmates’ owners—something that never really seemed necessary before since all we did was talk about our dogs, anyway. Patting them on the shoulder, I told them how glad I was to see them. Looking out into the park, at the light posts covered with missing persons posters and the candles burning for lost loved ones, I took comfort in all the people who were out with their children, dogs, or friends in the almost ominously glorious weather.

On the way home from the park, I couldn’t help but notice how restaurants and bars were full as people congregated, hungry for human contact. Of course, the smoke drifting from Lower Manhattan was hard to miss, too. The lack of the Twin Towers, always the anchor to my view South down my street, still makes my heart ache.

I wept for the loss of the Twin Towers. I took it personally: You wanna a piece of me?

Of course I know this tragedy isn’t about me, but I’m sure it is about the thriving, multicultural metropolis I live in.
love what September 11 showed us about ourselves—our strength, our perseverance, and our absolute unwillingness to be conquered by fear. I love that New York is a defiantly American city—pluralistic and free. I love that, as a liberal Giuliani despiser, I've been made proud both of the mayor and our police force.

After this, I'm not sure I'll ever be able to leave New York. Even if we do leave, I know I'll feel its tug, pulling me back. It seems strange that a tragedy would define a place as my home. It's like the fire seared the city into my heart and branded me a New Yorker.

Given the resilience and strength our fair city has shown in the face of this crisis, I'll wear my brand like a gang member, swaggering with pride.

**Brian Dunigan '77:**

During the second week of September, 2001, I found myself observing a moment of silence on the St. Andrew's soccer field as a referee.

Soccer officials are charged with the responsibility of enforcing rules and ensuring that the spirit of the laws of the game prevail. I have always felt that athletics grants the participants a high level of creative freedom and artistic expression. Soccer refs use several methods to maintain match control during competition such as verbal warnings, cautions, and send offs. Some games require no warnings, while others demand yellow and red cards at the discretion of contest officials.

The lessons learned in athletics translate well to real life and the distressing events we all share. Sportmanship and the creative spirit must prevail, while violent conduct and cheating must be penalized! It is comforting to realize that most Americans and world citizens subscribe to the ideals of fair play and freedom of expression.

It is reassuring that the talents of Bob Colburn and Tad Roach contribute to the sensible spirit at St. Andrew's.

**Alec McCandless '89:**

In my Ethics class following the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, I had my students read an interview the Christian Science Monitor did with the Founder and President of the Institute for Global Ethics, Dr. Rushworth M. Kidder (entitled: “Terrorism's Ethical Components” – posted on their website September 17, 2001). With regard to how to deal with terrorists, he said this:

> "The largest moral hazard of all, would be to go on as we are, educating the next generation of Americans with as much limited global understanding as we're currently educating them.

> We're in a peculiar situation of being the nation that is without question the global leader in all sorts of ways, and that global leadership is supported by a citizenry, which is probably per capita, more ignorant of the affairs that go on in other countries than are the citizens of any other country in the world. We don't speak languages, we don't travel abroad. I'm talking about the broad mass of the American public. There is no market in this country for international news. We just haven't learned to care. We don't understand. We haven't been taught what the rest of this world is about.

> The real puzzle is how can you work with people who have all these claims and troubles and disturbing and violent concerns around the world unless you start by having some understanding of where they come from so you can get dialogue going and you can listen to the message before the message turns into violence."

In thinking about these ideas, and in thinking a lot over the past two weeks about how I can help, how I can do something, I am most struck that not only is educating our students about the world one of the best things we can do as a nation, but that for most of us, it is perhaps the only thing we can do to help. I am not a professional diplomat, I am not a fireman, I am not a police officer, I do not work for the FBI. However, I can affect the dialogue within this country, and perhaps that will some day become the dialogue between this and other countries.

**Toby Roberts '70:**

I work at the Chicago Sun-Times and though my job is in Editorial Systems, when I rode the elevator that Tuesday morning with someone who relayed the news he had just heard, I went immediately to the news room to help.

In the frenzy of activity that surrounded getting quickly organized to produce two extra editions that day as well as a huge Wednesday paper I only caught glimpses of the TV coverage. I remember feeling stunned when someone told me the first tower had collapsed. And then the news came of the second tower, coupled with the plane crash at the Pentagon and in Pennsylvania.

I hug my wife and daughters a little harder these days and we all make sure we say “good-bye” and “I love you” each time we go our separate ways. We thank God for his many blessings and try to live our lives to the fullest, knowing that for many that simple act must be almost impossible.

**Greg Tonian ’78:**

Listening to live radio reports of the unfolding tragedy at the World Trade Center as I drove into Dallas, Texas on the morning of Tuesday, September 11th, 2001, I was stunned by the magnitude of what was happening and already beginning to contemplate how the sheltered world of all Americans living at home was being changed forever. As I assimilated the horrific data being reported over the airwaves by an equally-shaken media, grasping for answers to incomprehensible questions, I was enveloped in feelings of sadness, helplessness, anger, and fear, mixed
up in a surreal calm, knowing it was time for me to turn to a greater being for solace and direction.

The evil incarnate brought about by those involved in the attacks on September 11th has been counterbalanced by the powerful force of love and good as exemplified by the heroic firefighters, police, and citizens of New York City (and Washington), the outpouring of contributions to relief funds and blood drives around the country, and the drawing closer of each of us to our God, our families, and one another. This moment in history should not be about power, revenge, selfish pride, political agendas, or religious zeal. Rather, it should be about bringing people together to eradicate hatred and bigotry. We must not forget the evil acts of September 11th, nor the ability of each of us to turn back to the God of our specific faith and the service of our fellow man here in our great country and abroad. May God bless our Armed Forces and Our Nation as well as each of us in His Service.

Thomas Lackey ’64:

While at St. Andrews, I was an agnostic. I enjoyed chapel services, sang in the choir, and paid attention in sacred studies classes. One day, in a discussion with Reverend Ogilby after class I stated my belief - God was a force for good, but didn’t have His hand in everything. Rev. Ogilby challenged me with “Then how do you explain Jesus Christ?”

I never forgot his words. Thank God I have entered into a personal relationship with the Savior. Though I grieved when my wife died, I found strength in Him. Though I grieve for those who died and for their families, I have confidence that God is in control. Even though we may not understand His plan, He will care for those who love Him.

More Americans are going to church, people are caring more for their neighbors, relationships are being mended, families are closer. Even driving around today I noticed that other drivers are more considerate.

Pray for our nation, pray for our leaders. Pray for St. Andrew’s School that it will keep the Bible open.

Ted Hoey ’48:

As a longtime gardener and reader of the New York Times, I was somehow inspired by a description in the Times of a landscaping crew that set about trying to save a garden next to the Hudson close to the WTC. At first the job seemed hopeless; everything was covered in a thick pall of gray dust. But the crew persevered and hosed down and cleaned and gradually brought glimpses of green back into the sunlight. And then one man, digging deeply, found to his amazement and joy that worms were busily at work in the gray soil. He held up a wriggling handful with a shout of triumph, and others cheered and laughed and wept and knew that the garden would bloom again.

I’ve long cherished worms. When they emerge from their winter quarters in an April rain and find themselves stranded on the driveway, I rescue them all, one by one, and carry them in triumph to my compost heap. So naturally, I too was cheered and moved by the story. It was such a encouraging bright spot in the overall sadness. Out came the poem that follows:

**Worms**

You did not know.
Air and concrete and steel were not your world.
The cataclysm high above your working ground was beyond all touch,
and your down-to-earth concerns.
Then ashes fell like a shroud across the roof of your domain
and sprawled gray and suffocating,
dead in the silence of the dead.
But you had your humble, patient chores, eons old—
to move in the elements of your existence,
to bring air, mix life into the inert,
to leave a ground restirred, renewed.
In masses you came, and with your healing magic transformed.
The plant people came and dug away and washed and cleaned,
and the blossoms emerged once more to light.
And when the diggers reached down into the stunned grayness
they found you below by the wriggling handfuls
and called out in celebration.
They knew the earth was whole;
that all was well and life would rise and bloom again.
Hands brimming with triumph
hands alive with hope
they laughed and welcomed the gentle sting of tears.
Lowliest of God’s creatures,
unknown to you we rejoice in your legacy.
There will be no medals, no flags, no monuments;
there will be only the people walking in the sun
come again into peace and beauty
above your silent voices.

We extend our heartfelt thanks to all members of the St. Andrew’s community who offered contributions to this forum.

Editor’s Note:
Some contributions were edited for content and length.
Students and faculty hosted an enthusiastic group of parents at St. Andrew’s on October 19-21 for a weekend of exhibits, conferences, athletic games and performances.

For many parents, the experience of sending a child to boarding school is unfamiliar. With the first seven weeks of the fall term finished, Parents Weekend is the perfect opportunity for these parents to visit the School in session, meet with teachers and evaluate their child’s performance in this new educational environment.

Friday evening offered the first performance of the Thornton Wilder play, *Our Town*, in the Forbes Theater. Depicting life in the small New England town of Grovers Corners, the play celebrates and highlights the incredible joy and value of everyday existence. Although the play was selected before the terrible events of September 11, its message was eerily appropriate and well received.
Saturday morning began with a full schedule of parent/teacher conferences in faculty offices across the campus. While less than two months of the term had been completed, teachers provided the parents with early feedback and insights on the academic performance of students.

After a noon pause for lunch, Headmaster Tad Roach addressed an assembly of parents in the Forbes Theater. In his speech, he spoke of the incredible maturity and resolve of the current student body in the wake of the terrorist attacks. With much pride, Roach told parents how their children have “lived gracefully, intelligently and calmly. They have sought to understand the source of this conflict, and they are seeking answers to incredibly complex questions.”
The warm and sunny Saturday afternoon brought the opportunity to enjoy the pleasant natural surroundings and athletic events on every field.

In boys’ varsity football, St. Andrew’s jumped out to an early first-quarter lead and eventually delivered a 27-14 victory over Tower Hill.

At halftime, the football fans were treated to the finish of the St. Andrew’s Cross Country Invitational. The boys’ team defeated Tower Hill 24-31, Caravel 25-30, and Red Lion 21-40. The girls’ squad lost a tough match to Tower Hill, putting five runners in the top ten slots, but unable to overcome Tower Hill’s 1-2 finish.

In boys’ soccer, Damon Wilson ’04 scored the lone Cardinal goal to lead St. Andrew’s varsity team past Tower Hill 1-0. The boys’ JV squad routed Tower Hill in a 4-0 game. The varsity girls’ team battled Westtown to a 1-1 tie. The JV girls defeated Westtown 2-0.

Girls’ varsity and JV field hockey both fell 0-3 to Tower Hill in separate games. Girls’ volleyball also found rough times in a 0-2 loss to Westtown.
Following the Sunday morning chapel service, parents and faculty gathered in the Cameron Room to sample the musical talents of the student body.

Fred Geiersbach showcased the new Chamber Orchestra and the Wind and Jazz Ensembles to the audience, joining his students for several pieces.

Marc Cheban introduced the 2001-02 Concert Choir, performing several songs and ending with a rousing rendition of “The Battle Hymn of the Republic,” which included some audience participation in the final verse.
Chester Earle Baum, Jr., of Oxford, Md., died at The Talbot Hospice House in Easton, Md., on Wednesday, October 17, 2001. He was 82.

Born in Wilmington, Del., on January 27, 1919, he was the son of the late Chester Earle, Sr. and Elva Nora Armstrong Baum. After attending the Delaware City, Del. public school and the Wilmington Friends School, he graduated from St. Andrew’s in 1936. He then went on to receive a degree from Haverford College.

In 1940, he received a commission in the U.S. Navy Reserve and in December of 1941 was called to active duty. He served with the Office of Naval Intelligence, the Armed Guard and the Amphibious Forces in the Pacific. Following his release from active duty, he completed studies at the Harvard Graduate School.

He was associated with St. Andrew’s School as an educator, and later Archivist, for 30 years. Following this retirement, he moved to Oxford, where he taught briefly at the St. Michaels High School and then served as a Coordinator for the Maryland Drug Abuse Council. Following his retirement in 1987, he moved to Punta Gorda, Fla., where he worked as an editor for Tabby House Press. In 1995, he returned to Oxford to live.

A member of The Church of The Holy Trinity, Oxford, he was also a member of the Tred Avon Players in Oxford and the Charlotte Players in Port Charlotte, Fla., as well as the Tred Avon Yacht Club in Oxford, where he was a sailing instructor for several years.

His wife, Phebe Ann Baum, whom he married in 1953, preceded him in death by four days (October 13).

Mr. Baum is survived by two sons, Nick Baum of Paris, France, and Price A. Baum of Oxford; four stepsons, Charles M. Cann of Marion, Mass., Daniel B. Smith and William B. Smith, both of Oxford, and Henry B. Smith of Hamilton, Bermuda; and eight grandchildren. Another son, John Baum, is deceased.

Memorial services for Ches and Phebe Ann were held at The Church of The Holy Trinity on Saturday, October 20. Inurnment was in the Holy Trinity Church Columbarium. A Memorial Eucharist in Thanksgiving and Celebration For the Life of Chester E. Baum, Jr. was also held in the Chapel at St. Andrew’s School on December 8.

Tad Roach, Headmaster:

This has been an extraordinary autumn at St. Andrew’s, in the United States and in the world. We have lost so much and gained so much. We have explored the depths of humanity—its worst, its best, its most depraved and indifferent, its most courageous, resilient and inspirational. On September 11, we stood dazed and shocked by the magnitude of the tragedy, by the recognition that everything we took for granted had changed, changed forever. But in the ensuing months, we emerged from our shock with a new spirit of determination, creativity, optimism and spirit. All we are, all we stand for, all we fight for at St. Andrew’s stands in ringing opposition and confrontation with the forces that seek to make us cower in fear, surrender our way of life. So the spirit of St. Andrew’s burns brilliantly within us all.

It was ignited some 72 years ago when A. Felix duPont, Bishop Cook, Walden Pall and others created a school of faith and learning from the dust of mighty cornfields. I feel it in the classrooms, dorms, athletic fields, Chapel and theater. I feel it when I drive in that beautiful driveway and marvel at the beauty of those green athletic fields, the beautiful old gym, the faculty homes, the main building, the incredible vistas of the pond. But most of all, I feel the spirit of St. Andrew’s in its people, men and women who have given and created inspiration, grace and community in this place. I feel its spark and inspiration when I see Jon and Joan O’Brien, Bob Stegeman, my mentors and teachers during my 23-year stay. I feel it and am inspired by it when I read about the teachers who made St. Andrew’s leap to life in its earliest days: Cameron, Sherwood, Baum, Hillier, Fleming, Schmolze, Voorhees.

I feel it as I see my former colleagues and mentors return to this place, and I feel it as I walk along side the faculty of 2001 who so proudly follow in these great teachers’ footsteps. I feel the St. Andrew’s spirit when I work with Trustees who love and serve the School with wisdom,
I knew: Andrew's.

clear writing, in love with competitive intramural, inter-in love with literature, in love with the power and grace of ten by his students, colleagues and friends portray a man teacher and archivist that emerge through accounts writ-
tings to St. Andrew's.

say a few things about Ches Baum's legacy and contribu-
along side Ches Baum.  But before Bill begins, I want to
account of his memories of literally a lifetime teaching
St. Andrew's from its earliest days to October of 2001.

This is Jay's letter to Ches on the occasion of his 80th
birthday:

William Wrightson '52 gives this account of the Baum
he knew:

Ches was loud, brash, often sarcastic and funny as bell and immediately likeable. What you saw was what you got. He knew the students, seemed to care about them, and seemed to enjoy all aspects of the St. Andrew's life.

That life included drawing on the great tradition of excellence in the teaching of English. No one describes the art of Baum the English teacher with more eloquence than Jay Tolson '67, now a professional writer himself at U.S. News, and Russ Chesney '59, now a doctor in Memphis. This is Jay's letter to Ches on the occasion of his 80th birthday:

I wanted you to know that I am one of your many former charges who count themselves blessed to have had you as their teacher . . . With snarls of exasperation and fight-inspiring grimaces, but always with

some trace of leavening humor, you taught me how to approach the hardest things—reading, writing, thinking well.

You also taught me something about dis-

The remarkable advantage that befell any stu-
dent of Ches Baum was the ability to communicate in
the written word. He exhaustively examined our
efforts, whether a short piece or a term paper. His
comments were direct and focused on the heart of the
matter. Cant was rejected; hypocrisy exposed,
spelling corrected and pretension rebuffed. We
learned in a spirit of gaiety, and we all enjoyed an
enthusiastic teacher.

Russ Chesney:

Great teachers love their subject; they care deeply about
high standards; they believe inherently in the promise,
character and humanity of their students. Ches clearly
possessed that spirit, and he was remarkably generous
with his time and energy over his career.

Jon O'Brien and Henry Herndon '48 shared many brilli-
ant ideas and innovations during their collaboration as
Headmaster and President of the Board, but near the top
of my list was their work together that brought Ches back
to St. Andrew’s. The old and new schoolmaster returned,
some 27 years after he left the faculty. He found a new St.
Andrew's—larger, coeducational, a School of the 1990s.
But he immediately fit in and became a trusted and inspira-
tional mentor for the faculty and student body.

He appeared in English classes, much to the delight of
our English Department and students. He returned to the
wrestling room and sat, contorted, anxious, passionate
and spirited through every match. Our students flocked
to him because he was their grandfather, an amazing man
who had seen St. Andrew's from virtually every perspec-
tive. He was one of us, and he brought us both news of
the past and enthusiasm for the future.

When I visited Ches for the last time, I was struck again
by his love for all of you, for St. Andrew's identity and
mission and promise. He sat in his chair with his books
beside him and with cards and letters and photographs
from St. Andrew's all around him. He was thrilled to hear about the students, the athletic teams, the School's creative writing program. His message to us all was to keep the St. Andrew's spirit alive and well. My message to him was that he stood proudly as one of our great teachers. He paused as I told him this, and then, eyes glistening with tears, he proudly and humbly accepted that praise and that position.

On the occasion of his 80th birthday, Ches wrote these beautiful lines of thanks to all his students who had written their best wishes:

_I've read the birthday letters which you sent me_  
_And see each of you an indulgent son_  
_Willing to forgive, forget and reform_  
_Your view of petty pedantries. I pine_  
_To recoach, reteach, but now with more art._

Like all great teachers, Ches yearned to revisit each class, each text, each lesson. Our presence today affirms our belief that Ches need not worry or revise. He indeed was a great artist, a great teacher. May he rest in peace.

**William H. Amos, Faculty member (1947-84):**

We are gathered in this beautiful chapel, a spiritual home Ches loved throughout his life, to remember and honor one of St. Andrew's all-time greats—Chester Earle Baum, Jr.

We need only look around this room to be aware of the admiration and love so many people felt for him.

Remember that Ches's association with St. Andrew's extends nearly three-quarters of a century, with only three interruptions.

He arrived here from his home in Delaware City for the School's very first year, a feisty little boy with a lot to say. He was too young, too small, even for a Second Former, so he repeated a year, graduating with academic honors in 1936, having been a member of the varsity football team.

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His first departure lasted the four years it took to complete his studies with distinction at nearby Haverford College, later to serve many years as Coordinator for the Maryland Drug Abuse Council.

In 1969 Ches left St. Andrew's for the third time to teach at nearby Kirkland Hall College, later to serve many years as Coordinator for the Maryland Drug Abuse Council.

Following his retirement from that position in 1987, Ches and Phebe Ann moved to Punta Gorda, Fla. For eight years they enjoyed sailing (Phebe Ann was a major trophy-winning sailor, here and abroad, and Ches was a sailing instructor). They played golf, participated in theater (Ches was a natural on stage), and enjoyed life with friends. Chester also served as editor at Tabby House Press.

His literary skills in demand, Ches edited Waldy Pell's book about the early years of St. Andrew's, and was an indispensable critical reader for the second book about the School.

They returned to Maryland in 1995, and together with Willy bought a condo in Oxford a few doors away from Price's house. Dan left Alaska and joined them earlier this year, and Henry visited from Bermuda whenever he could.

Back in the area, Ches once more returned to campus, first as Visiting Scholar, then as Archivist, finally—in his own words—as “tribal elder,” a role...
this beloved man held until his death.

His friends here this morning touch every phase of his long life. There are those who were classmates and fellow students with him back in the 1930s. I represent those who taught with him in the 1940s (only two others remain—Ralph Chamblin, Jim TenBroeck—both gone from St. Andrew’s for half a century). Many more were his teaching and coaching colleagues in the 1950s and beyond, and the chapel is filled with those who were his students and members of his teams. His many newer friends are here as well.

Chester was not an administrator, yet his influence was profound and widespread throughout the School—in academics, athletics, honor, discipline, as class advisor—and as a caring friend to generations of St. Andreans.

In 1962 when we began liberalizing the School’s academic program, it was difficult for some departments to alter their traditional curricula. But immediate and enthusiastic support came from Chester, who in 1955 had assumed the chair of the English Department. He had already begun to invigorate its courses and inspire its faculty who enthusiastically followed his lead.

Those of you taking justifiable pride in today’s English department should know your debt to Chester Baum’s genius and foresight.

English teacher Chris Boyle, the next departmental chairman, calls Chester the most wonderful, inspiring, thoroughly intellectual leader he has known.

The other day Chris wrote, “In my 15 years of working closely for and with Ches, he taught me two vital joys: first, and most important, the joy of teaching; and secondly, the joy of collegiality. In other words, he taught me how to teach, and he taught me how much fun it can be to do it with others. He made me into a teacher. His humor rubbed off, and I still find myself, unconsciously, imitating his gestures and persona in my classroom. I loved the man.”

Chester’s teaching, whether you were in his classes or not, was on display to all, for that booming voice of his carried down the halls and across the campus like no other. I taught two rooms away, but more than once lost my train of thought when his howls penetrated masonry and closed doors. When one of you students misapplied an adverb, or failed to appreciate Thomas Hardy, the decapitated squash racquet to thwack us athwart our trailing edge if we failed to get down. But that training paid off in varsity play.”

When Ches coached varsity, a team member admits that “Our football teams were horrible. After a game Walden Pell used to march around the locker room where we sat, gnashing our teeth. He’d come in as though nothing had happened and say, ‘Don’t worry, boys, you’re building character.’ When Dr. Pell left the room one Saturday, coach Chester Baum exploded in a fit of exasperation, ‘Oh, to hell with building character—I just want to win a ball game!’”

In 1950 a Cardinal editorial countered Ches’s modesty as a coach with, “It is he who makes the big lugs want to play football, teaches them the brilliant plays, devises a system that best realizes their capabilities.”

Yet always in the man there was an underlying kindness, an understanding just how far one could go with a teenager, how to support and inspire, never berate.

One wrestler, not very successful, was nevertheless proud to be on the team. He remembers, “Chester Baum made me feel that whatever I could do was good enough.”

Oh, and how Ches could liven up a tedious faculty meeting with that infectious, irresistible wit bubbling out of control!

If I were asked to identify Chester’s outstanding attributes, I couldn’t limit them, but here are some—brilliant, spirited, tenacious, generous, passionate, caring, humorous, faithful—and to the last, courageous.

Courage? In a phone conversation not long before the end, he actually chuckled at his plight and, since the phone was shielded, offered amusingly impertinent (but not unkind) observations about the nursing staff. Same old Ches.

He loved challenges, debates especially, which he usual-
ly won—or at least, loudly proclaimed victory.

Some of you remember the School’s 50th anniversary in 1980, when he finished the First Annual Road Race far ahead of many who were 20 and 30 years his junior.

A few weeks ago one of his old students (here this morning) wrote, “Up until the very last he was an inspiration to anyone who visited with him. His contributions to so many people in so many different areas of life are truly amazing. He continuously handled the most difficult challenges with a positive spirit, enduring faith, and a special grace.”

Finally, why in 1969 did he leave? I wondered and sometimes asked, but he demurred until one night at his own fiftieth reunion. He stayed up until dawn to write an introspection for the book, *Time to Remember.*

At the time of his departure, we did not understand. Nothing in the grapevine explained his reasons. The cause was more deeply rooted in his complex psyche, caught up in his ongoing battles.

There is a story that I have heard many times, and one that I have often in the past, “So long, Ches. I’ll see you in the morning.”

**Paul Eichler ’82:**

I attended the memorial service for Chester “Ches” Baum at St. Andrew’s over the past weekend. For those of you who did not know Ches, he was the self-described “tribal elder” for the St. Andrew’s community for the past several years. His involvement with SAS reached back to the very beginning of the School, when he was a student. He returned to the School after college to teach English and coach. After many years at the School, he moved on to work in other fields, and returned to SAS after his retirement to Oxford, Maryland. His final tenure at School was when I came in contact with him through the Alumni Corporation Board. He worked tirelessly for the School on many fronts, and developed a grandfatherly rapport with the students. Every time I saw Ches at School, he was beaming about some accomplishment the School or a student had achieved. There was nothing trivial about the ongoings of SAS to Ches. Everything was important, and all achievements contributed to the SAS experience in some manner.

The memorial service proved to be a convincing reinforcement of the spirit that lives on in all of us who have experienced SAS. The chapel was full of all generations of the St. Andrew’s family. Readings were provided by Messrs. Amos, Roach, Speers, Colburn and Rev. Mein. I might as well have been sitting in our class’s graduation service. Incredible that after 20 years some things remain the same. The Chapel has always made a strong impression on me, and this special service continued that feeling.

I know the spirit of SAS is alive, well and prospering. Ches Baum’s send-off showed that to me again.

**Charles S. Felver ’35:**

Although I had not been in touch often in recent years, we were good friends and student members of the SAS student body, among that little band of marchers at the dedication of SAS dusted by the prepared but not yet grassed soil in front of the building.

And we endured together the shock of the King drowning—especially hard for us who were so young—grief brought us together more strongly, however; work resumed along with spells at the dreaded rowing machine in the basement.

Chester became a fine writer under the tutelage of Bill Cameron and was active in the various publishing activities, like *The Textbook,* that Holly Whyte, our other fine writer, always seemed to be starting.

He invited me to go home with him one weekend to Delaware City, where I met his kindly parents and visited the famous house of the snapping turtles—the basement was full of them.

I hadn’t seen him in recent years except as pictured, looking the tribal elder, and contributing, as always, to St. Andrew’s.

**Bill Bathurst ’50:**

The passing of another giant who trod the fields and halls of Saint Andrew’s School. May he rest in sweet repose—all sins forgiven.

**Barry Register ’51:**

We all have so many different memories of this thoughtful, bright and amusing guy as a master, alumnus, ACB member, archivist, and last but not least, self-described Tribal Elder.

Coincidences abound: My mother retained the services of Ches for some remedial reading work I needed as a student. Ches died on what would have been my mother’s 101st birthday!

**Chesa Profaci ’80:**

I knew Ches as a colleague and hero—not as a St. Andrew’s master teacher. It seems, however, that my era (the late ’70s and ’80s) is the only one in SAS history that...
did not. When I was at the New York Metro Stop in October, practically everyone there (six decades of SAS graduates represented) asked about Ches. As a testament to the vastness of Ches Baum’s influence on St. Andreans, I include the following note which was posted on the Class of 2001 page of the alumni website:

Robert Williams ’01 writes: “Suli Jenkins ’99 told me yesterday that Ches Baum died a few days ago. The memorial services information is on the Announcements page. It seems odd to think of him as gone, since he was always around while we were at SAS.”

We will all miss him and continue to celebrate his spirit.

The Wheel
by Bill Amos

Chester’s irrepressible wit could sometimes be an itch, but more often than not it would defuse a simmering problem. A case in point reappeared every few months at specific times of stressful effort and intense competition.

In the 1960s, whenever a marking period drew to a close, Howard Schmolze’s Registrar’s Office dictated that faculty had to enter handwritten comments for each subject on each boy’s report card, all within a few days. The jam-up and flaring tempers in the small room next to the Reg. Office were a given and inevitable.

There we would sit (or stand), contesting report folders, trying our best to think of the right comment for a particular boy in a particular course at that exact moment. Good sense was not always evident. More than a few reports went home with incomprehensible banalities.

Chester would sail in, find a temporarily unoccupied chair, grab a folder, and unleash his “comment wheel.” His mental imagery was so vivid, the rest of us had no trouble visualizing his creation. We certainly heard it.

Like a great vertical Wheel-of-Fortune disk, complete with click stops, Chester’s imaginary wheel hung on the wall. He would spin it with sound effects and wherever it stopped, loudly “read off” the comment, immediately copying it onto a report card. This threw the rest of us into even greater turmoil as we fought against the next clicking cycle and Ches’s outspoken declaration of a boy’s misfortune or aptitude.

What infuriated us was that his observations were invariably and precisely on target for every one of his students. We labored, while he simply spun his wheel and there it was. He’d finish in jig time and skip out of the room, done.

From his exemplary pronouncements, admittedly we learned. Later, when reports were done, laughter came tinged with jealous and affectionate admiration.

Other faithfully recorded Chesterisms abound throughout yellowing pages of faculty and committee minutes, every one of them playful and instructive, even in abridged form. Someday their wisdom must be collected.

But in my long association with Ches under all conditions and in all venues, nothing more vividly than the wheel illustrates his extraordinarily agile mind, his power of perception, and his instinctual knowledge of the right thing to say about a person. It was awesome.
IN MEMORY

F. Lawton Hindle ’49

Lawton Hindle, 70, passed away on October 8, 2001, at a Portland hospital, due to complications from polycystic kidney disease.

Lawton was born in Plainfield, N.J., a son of F. Lawton Jr. and Winifred Gaw Hindle. After attending St. Andrew’s, he graduated from Rutgers University with a mechanical engineering degree.

He was a Marine Corps veteran of the Korean War.

Lawton worked for Moore Automation Solutions Inc. for 36 years in New York, Boston, Chicago and Canada. For 29 of those years, he was president of the Canadian subsidiary, and after retirement, he served on the board of the parent company.

He was active in the Intervarsity Christian Fellowship in Canada and attended St. Peter’s Church in Portland.

Lawton volunteered in the Jump-start Program with the South Portland Police Department and was a mentor at The Root Cellar, a Christian outreach organization. His interests included photography, carpentry, stained-glass work, skiing, camping, canoeing and bird-watching.

Lawton is survived by his wife of 39 years, Patricia Love Hindle; a daughter, Patricia Lynn Camino of Warsaw, Ind.; a son, Lawton Thomas of Portsmouth, N.H.; a brother, David D. ’58 of Newmarket, N.H.; and two granddaughters.

A burial service was held at St. Peter’s Church with interment in Locust Grove, Merrimac, Mass.

Lawton’s connections to St. Andrew’s are deeply rooted in his family. His relatives at SAS include brother David Hindle ’58, nephews Desh ’85 and Mike ’88 Hindle, niece Jill Hindle ’85, and cousins Stephen ‘53 and Pieter ‘60 Voorhees.

Mike McSherry ’49 writes about his classmate:

Very saddened to hear of Lawton’s passing. Joanne and I had the great fortune of visiting with Lawton on Tuesday, August 21st, at the Maine Medical Center in Portland, Maine.

We were returning from Blue Hill, Maine, back to the Cape, and, since we were passing Falmouth, Maine, decided to call Lawton to see how he was doing. Pat answered the phone and said that she had put Lawton in the hospital just the day before since he had fallen several times and was dehydrated. She insisted we come to their home, where she described Lawton’s battle with polycystic kidney disease. We then drove to the Maine Medical Center to see Lawton.

He seemed in good spirits then, as the doctors had stabilized him—he was even off I.V.’s and talked of going home in a few days. Believe it or not, he recognized me after 52 years!! We are very happy to have visited with Lawton at that time.

Memories from Barney Megargee ’49:

Lawton was a real leader in the Class of 1949 . . . . and quietly invented more fun and games than some suspect-ed! We were roommates for a year until he defected to the gym dorm with nefarious cohorts in their mysterious den!

Whether in the choir stall or stroking the eight-man scull, you knew Lawt was all there! Most “stories” are not appropriate here, but one of the clearest memories I have is Captain Hindle, SAS Varsity Football, left tackle, a lean bear pushing us all by example to a winless season. Yet, at the end, we all walked off the field together with our heads held high.

Thank you, Lawton. You influenced me more than you ever knew.

E. Jesse Gaither, Jr. ’63

The Rev. Jess Gaither, 56, the pastor of St. John’s Episcopal Church who ministered not only to his own congregation but reached out to aid others in his community and even the world, died at his home in Salem, N.J. on September 18.

Born in Winston-Salem, N.C., he is the son of Jessie Skinner Gaither and the late Ernest Jesse Gaither, Sr.

Jess always said that his vocation to ordained ministry, as well as his enduring love of music, took root during his experience in 1956-59 as a boy chorister at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in Manhattan, where he participated in 13 sung services a week. After graduating from St. Andrew’s, he earned a bachelor’s degree in medieval history from Harvard University, followed by a Master of Divinity degree at Virginia Theological Seminary in 1987. Jess was ordained to the Episcopal priesthood in 1972. He served congregations in North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Maryland and New Jersey. He served as rector of St. John’s Parish in Salem, N.J., for 13 years, where he has inspired the congregation in a ministry of outreach in both the local and international communities.

At the core of Jess’s ministry has been a passionate commitment to the human struggle for peace with justice. A member of the Episcopal Peace Fellowship for many years, he was currently serving on their National Executive Council. Jess worked tirelessly for a just peace
in the Middle East, in association with Friends of Sabeel, supporting an ecumenical liberation theology center in Jerusalem. Jess also served as a convener of the national Episcopal Peace with Justice Network for six years. In the past, he was a leader in Bridges of Peace, a group promoting citizen exchanges for youth and adults between the United States and the former Soviet Union. Jess also served on the Peace Commission of the Diocese of Washington and the Anti-Racism Commission of the Diocese of New Jersey. As an associate of the Order of the Holy Cross, Jess’s spirituality was grounded in both the discipline of the daily office and in corporate worship. He served as a model of servant ministry for so many of those who were privileged to know him.

In addition to his mother, Jess is survived by his wife, the former Linda Lange, a son, John Christopher Wood Gaither ’92 of Baltimore, Md., daughter, Elizabeth Pailin Hornbeck Gaither ’90 of Providence, R.I., and sister, Julia Todd of Chapel Hill, N.C.

Services were held at St. John’s Episcopal Church with burial in the church cemetery.

A tribute from John Schoonover ’63:

I distinctly remember encountering Jess and his attractive daughter, Pailin, at a Paul Simon concert about 10 or 12 years ago. That seems to have been the catalyst for the renewal of not a friendship per se, but rather an acknowledgment of having shared the St. Andrew’s experience a la Class of 1963. Jess matriculated in the V Form, a daunting experience for any neophyte, more so in those medieval days. I was a seasoned second former who by V Form had settled into cruise control, which was fourth group supplemented by large doses of coffee, nicotine and cards. He pursued his musical, religious and literary interests passionately, graduated with honors, and headed off to Harvard, followed by the Church Divinity School of the Pacific. He wrote in my yearbook, “Thanks for being part of an interesting two years.” In fact, he told me years later that his interest in the ministry began even before St. Andrew’s.

Subsequent to the Paul Simon concert, my wife, Fran, and I had the good fortune to improve upon those St. Andrewan reunions, we shared several evenings together and with Jess and his lovely wife, Linda. Outside of alumni reunions, we shared several evenings together and visited St. John’s parish in Salem, N.J., where Jess served as rector for 13 years. I soon acquired a strong admiration for his spirituality, his altruistic ministry, love of music (favorite, Grateful Dead), and delightful sense of humor. I smiled at his baseball metaphors delivered from the pulpit and savored the musical programs he developed at St. John’s. In 1995, Fran and I were especially pleased when he agreed to officiate at our wedding, held, somewhat ironically, at St. Andrew’s, not only where he and I first met but also where both of his children graduated.

I only got glimpses, regrettably, of Jess’s remarkable devotion to community and his unflagging efforts promoting social justice and peace. John Burgess, parish administrator at St. John’s said; “He treated people equally and helped us recognize everybody as being equal in the sight of God…. one of the finest people I’ve ever met.” His influence reached an international level through the church’s over $250,000 dedicated to various outreach programs. The list of his accomplishments is impressive and would have been more so based on plans after his retirement in November of 2001.

This spring he and I enjoyed fellowship at the Philadelphia SAS Metro Stop, but that was our last outing. Sadly, soon afterwards, Jess fell ill following a trip to the parish’s companion congregation in Costa Rica. Although he rallied remarkably from the second of two brain cancer surgeries, even his unflagging optimism could not overcome the mortality of the disease. He died peacefully with Linda at his side on September 18.

Rob Pyle ’63 and I were among those at his funeral, which included many of the clergy. I can say without hesitation it was one of the most eloquent and beautiful services in my memory, an ecumenical celebration of his own ministry. Certainly Jess carried forth the Christian message so essential to the St. Andrew’s mission. He deserves kudos for his important and selfless contributions to our society. And although he can’t hear us now, how happy he would have been to witness the birth of Pailin’s child, Jess’s first grandchild, just days after his death. His memory lives on.

Robert Thomas Jordan ’86

Rob Jordan, 34, who brought joy to so many lives, is among the victims after the tragic attack on the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001.

Rob was the son of Robert O. Jordan of Weston, Conn., and Anne Stewart of Newport Beach, Calif. He was employed by Cantor Fitzgerald where he was a bond trader. Rob was born in New York City in 1967. After graduating from St. Andrew’s in 1986, he attended Orange Coast College, where, under the guidance of his friend and coach, Dave Grant, he became an accomplished oarsman.

In 1991, Rob graduated from the University of California at Berkeley, where he again distinguished himself on the varsity crew.

Rob is survived by his wife, the former Elizabeth Russell, his mother and stepfather, Anne and Robert Stewart, his father and stepmother, Robert and Susan Jordan, and three brothers, Nicholas R. of Minneapolis, David O. and Harrison E. of Weston, and one sister, Alexandra S. of Weston.

A memorial service to celebrate the life of Rob was held on September 29 at Norfield Congregational Church in Weston, Conn.

A scholarship fund has been established in Rob’s name at St. Andrew’s, and a memorial fund has been established by the family to purchase a crew boat at Orange Coast College.

His classmates and other alums offer their memories of Rob on page 19.
Trying to find an old classmate?
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Register Today!

New Feature! Headmaster’s Message
Every few weeks, Headmaster Tad Roach will update alumni about recent events at St. Andrew’s. You will find these messages by clicking on “Announcements.” We hope you like this new feature.
The varsity football team holds The Cannon in celebration after defeating Tatnall 21-14.

PHOTO BY ANDY WOLFE ’03