Just think, if every member of every SAS class made a bequest to St. Andrew’s—in celebration of a reunion or just to give back to the School that gave so significantly to them—the income from the collective alumni memorial scholarship fund could underwrite the cost of financial aid annually.

For information on how you can create your own SAS legacy, please contact the Advancement Office at St. Andrew’s, 302-285-4260.
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The views expressed by writers in this Magazine may not represent the official views or policies of St. Andrew’s School of Delaware, Inc., its Trustees or administration.

ON THE COVER
Awards for the 70th Commencement. Photo by Eric Crossan.
ST. ANDREW’S SCHOOL
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Wayne P. Wright
Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Delaware
Five Trustees conclude terms of service on the Board

**William C. Bean ’72**
Bill Bean served for two years on the Board of Trustees in his capacity as President of the Alumni Corporation Board (ACB). Bill’s ACB work was marked by his strong, dynamic leadership during an exciting period of growth and change for this important St. Andrew’s organization.

**Everett R. McNair ’73**
Everett McNair completes nine years of faithful and thoughtful service as a Trustee of St. Andrew’s School. During his tenure, Everett provided wise assistance to the School in its efforts to achieve diversity among students, faculty and staff in the St. Andrew’s community.

**William T. Murray III ’50**
Bill Murray has served for nine years on the Board of Trustees. The Board immensely appreciated Bill’s wise counsel, sharp insights and thoughtful perspectives on all aspects of the School’s employee benefits and pension plan. Bill also made superb contributions as former Chair of the Development Committee, and recently, as Chair of the Personnel Committee.

**Timothy Sutherland**
During his two years of service, Timothy Sutherland, parent of David ’03, enriched and aided the deliberations of the Board of Trustees with his experience and wisdom. Timothy provided important vision and expertise to the Board’s Development and Education Committees.

**Michael J. Whalen ’84**
Michael Whalen’s service to the Board over the last seven years has been marked by his deep love of the arts. His support and counsel to the Board’s Development, Education and Building Committees has been invaluable.
Graduation is a ritual performed and celebrated throughout America in the months of May and June. It is a ritual celebrating achievement and perseverance in school, but it is also a day for families to gather, pause and celebrate one of the milestones of their lives together. In our audience today are parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, friends and neighbors. They are here not only to applaud the graduation of the members of the class of 2003, they are here to say silently or loudly that they love and treasure you as integral members of their families and their lives.

Graduation is the secular equivalent of religious ceremonies marking the emergence into adulthood. It signals the coming of age, the assumption of responsibility of a new generation of young men and women.

And in this world we now inhabit, we desperately need our young people to engage in the life of this democracy, this world. In his book *Liberal Education and the Public Interest*, former Dartmouth College President James Freedman quotes the great American novelist, William Faulkner, who said in 1953:

> What's wrong with the world is, it's not completed yet. It's not completed to that point where man can put his final signature to the job and say, 'It is finished. We made it, and it works.'

This ceremony suggests that members of the Class of 2003 graduate with a deep moral and spiritual obligation: to work for peace, justice, reconciliation and equality—to create order out of chaos, beauty out of disorder—to engage in the work and obligations of the world.

As a School of faith and learning, St. Andrew’s was created with a distinct skepticism about the promises and lures of the world. We hope our graduates’ time here has taught them that the ways of the world are often corrupted by greed, materialism, power and arrogance. We hope your days here have taught you to think of others, to live for others, to create for others. We hope you will be gallant, courageous and bold in the way you conduct your lives.

I thank our Board of Trustees, faculty and staff for their commitment to St. Andrew’s and its mission.

We have enjoyed having Tim Sutherland serve as Parent Trustee during David’s years at the School. This year I particularly want to thank Hick Rowland, President of our Board, for the past ten years. As a proud St. Andrew’s graduate of the Class of ’58, Hick has been the heart and soul of the Board during his ten years as President. As a great friend and mentor to me, as an inspirational and visionary leader in Delaware, and as a man of integrity, great honor and humanity, Hick has made remarkable contributions to St. Andrew’s. He has defined for the Board and me how to keep St. Andrew’s true to its distinctive mission. He believes St. Andrew’s must remain unique, the best boarding school it can be, not in comparison to others but in reference to our own goals and objectives. If you want to understand the spirit of St. Andrew’s, you must meet and talk to Hick Rowland.

We are honored today as well by the presence of Kitten Gahagan, Chair of our Board of Trustees. As the granddaughter of our Founder, Kitten possesses a deep love for and commitment to St. Andrew’s.

I thank her for her inspired leadership of this Board and this School. She is an important friend, mentor and advisor to me.

My thanks go out as well to the staff and faculty of the School. Our staff is composed of men and women who bring great dedication and commitment to their work at the School. Our staff makes St. Andrew’s an efficient, professional and beautiful place, and they also make remarkable contributions to the spirit and culture of the School.

The faculty create and sustain the ethos of the School. They teach, coach, advise, inspire and care for our students, and they do so on a grueling 24-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week basis. Each year we grow stronger, more committed, more idealistic and optimistic as a faculty. And I know the parents here today understand the deep emotional bonds that have been established between their children and these men and women.

David T. Rowland
If your child is an 8th or 9th grader and interested in considering St. Andrew’s for high school, here’s a chance to get the insider’s view!

Guests will attend Friday evening dinner with students, stay overnight in the dorms, go to Saturday morning classes or attend other weekend events.

For candidates who are already certain of their interest in St. Andrew’s, admission interviews will be scheduled during the day on Friday between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m.

Alumni Children:
Homecoming Weekend – Friday & Saturday, September 19 & 20

Current Siblings:
Parents Weekend – Friday & Saturday, October 17 & 18

To register, please contact the Admission Office, (302) 285-4231, or e-mail jgraves@standrews-de.org.
Construction begins on Arts Center

Without a moment’s delay, construction on the new Arts Center began as soon as the campus was cleared of students this June. The week between St. Andrew’s Commencement and Reunion saw a flurry of preliminary work, including the secure fencing of the entire site. Midway through the summer, construction is on schedule, with the building site excavated and stabilized to allow for the substantial portion of the building that will be below ground level.

For periodic updates on the project, please visit http://campus.standrews-de.org.

St. Andrew’s presents Summer Quest program for fifth year

Summer Quest, an academic enrichment program that reaches out to Delaware’s junior high school students, started its fifth year at St. Andrew’s. The program also works to inspire high school students and college graduates to consider careers in education by providing them the opportunity to teach on the staff.

Several St. Andreans participated as instructors this year. Joy Doyle ’06 worked as a junior teacher, having participated as a student last year. Also working in the classrooms was Micah Levinson ’05. Joining them were several alumni in more senior positions. Sarah Bowers ’00, Rich Hovan ’99 and Will Robinson ’97 all returned to their alma mater to work with the Summer Quest program. Bowers is in her senior year at Boston University. Hovan recently graduated from MIT and will be teaching at Westtown School this fall. Robinson has spent the last two years teaching special education in New Orleans in the Teach for America program.

St. Andrew’s represented at Delaware’s Blue-Gold football game

Two St. Andreans represented the School at Delaware’s Annual Blue-Gold Football Game. The game is a showcase of top high school players from throughout the state, played at the University of Delaware, to raise money for the Delaware Foundation for Retarded Children.

Brinck Slattery ’03 played for the Gold team, comprised of northern players, which defeated the southern Blue team, 14–0. Jenn Wilson ’03 attended the event as an ambassador for St. Andrew’s.

Each player at the Blue-Gold Game is nominated by their school’s head coach based on athletic ability, as well as their leadership on the team and in school.
Players are assigned a cognitively challenged “buddy” during the event, in order to share the experience of the week. Prior to the June 28 game, players spent a week in preparation with their new teammates and coaches. A banquet, held on the last day of camp, honors the players, coaches, and other participants in the event.

Also participating are cheerleaders and ambassadors from each school. Cheerleaders perform on the sidelines during the game, while ambassadors help coordinate the Blue-Gold picnic.

Rowers earn invitation to USRowing Junior National Selection Camp

Two rowers from the St. Andrew’s varsity boys’ eight received invitations from USRowing, the national governing body of the sport, to participate in the Junior National Team Selection Camp.

On July 18, Owen Cadwalader ’03 was selected to the Junior National Rowing team that will compete in Athens, Greece in early August. The selection camp started with approximately 80 of the best high school rowers on June 10. The first cut trimmed the roster to 32 rowers, followed by another cut to 16. Last minute challenges by some worthy rowers who had been competing at the Henley Royal Regatta took place in the middle two weeks of July. After a lot of seat racing, Owen managed to fend off all challengers and earned a spot on the team.

Chris Carey ’04 also attended the camp and did very well. He made the first cut from 80 to 32, and was then selected for a development boat that would race in the CanAmMex regatta, a regatta between Canada, Mexico and the United States for athletes age 17 and under. Carey traveled to Mexico, racing in a four and eight, and winning gold medals in both events.

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**Awards Night 2003**

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<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
<th>Winner(s)</th>
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<tr>
<td>Cresson Prize - Athletics</td>
<td>Paul Koprowski ’03 Virginia Mann ’03</td>
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<td>Art Prize</td>
<td>Owen Cadwalader ’03 Lana Matsuyama ’03</td>
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<td>Larry L. Walker Band Prize</td>
<td>Andy Wolfe ’03</td>
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<td>Ceramics Prize</td>
<td>Zoe Boer ’04</td>
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<td>Choir Prize</td>
<td>John Allen ’03</td>
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<td>Drama Prize - Acting</td>
<td>John Allen ’03</td>
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<td>Hoover C. Sutton Drama Prize</td>
<td>Technical Andy Wolfe ’03</td>
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<td>Keri J. Advocat Photography Prize</td>
<td>Liz Hardwick ’04 Doghine Patterson ’04 Scott Willey ’04</td>
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<td>Chester E. Baum Prize for English</td>
<td>Giselle Furlonge ’03 Cynthia Harris ’03 Michelle Madeley ’03</td>
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<td>Charles H. Walling Jr. Prize for Writing</td>
<td>Cynthia Harris ’03</td>
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<td>Amanda C. Leyon Prize for Creative Writing</td>
<td>Brooke Farquhar ’04</td>
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<td>Louis C. Mandes Jr. Library Prize</td>
<td>Ashby Hardesty ’04</td>
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<td>Sherman Webb Prize for History</td>
<td>Giselle Furlonge ’03 Hen Kennedy ’03 Michelle Madeley ’03</td>
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<td>W. Lewis Fleming Prize for French</td>
<td>Andy Wolfe ’03</td>
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<td>Joseph L. Hargove Prize for Spanish</td>
<td>Angel Gonzalez ’03 Ewurabena Hutchful ’03 Doug Muir ’03 Andy Wolfe ’03</td>
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<td>Chinese Prize</td>
<td>Young Choi ’03</td>
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<td>G. Coerte Voorhees Prize for Classical Languages</td>
<td>Giselle Furlonge ’03</td>
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<td>Walter L. Harrison Prize for Mathematics</td>
<td>Paul Koprowski ’03</td>
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<tr>
<td>William Day Scott Prize for Science</td>
<td>Alex Hendrickson ’03</td>
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<td>William H. Amos Prize for the Life Sciences</td>
<td>Janet Daniels ’04</td>
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<td>Virginia Layton Orr Prize</td>
<td>Mary-Carson Saunders ’04</td>
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<td>Walden Pell Prize for Religious Studies</td>
<td>Sarah Noe ’03</td>
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<td>Francis L. Spalding Award</td>
<td>Shanya Alleyne ’05 Sam Baroody ’05 Micah Levinson ’05</td>
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<td>Harry C. Parker Prize</td>
<td>Megan Raisingbush ’03 Colin Congo ’03</td>
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<tr>
<td>Peer Tutoring Award</td>
<td>Margaret Hoffecker ’03</td>
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<tr>
<td>Community Service Award</td>
<td>Alex Johnson ’03 Michelle Madeley ’03</td>
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<tr>
<td>William H. Amos Prize for the Life Sciences</td>
<td>John Reynolds ’06</td>
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<tr>
<td>Virginia Layton Orr Prize</td>
<td>Mary-Carson Saunders ’04</td>
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<td>J. Thompson Brown Award</td>
<td>Matt Roach ’04 Nathalie Gonzalez ’05</td>
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<td>Malcolm Ford Award</td>
<td>Eric Bodteng ’05 Mary-Carson Saunders ’04</td>
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<tr>
<td>Robert H. Stegeman Jr. Award</td>
<td>Loney Smith ’04 Ashby Hardesty ’04</td>
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**Up Front**

**Girls’ Lacrosse wins second state title**

Under the direction of Head Coach Sarah Commito, the St. Andrew’s girls’ lacrosse team earned their second straight Delaware title, defeating Tower Hill 12–6 in the finals of the State Tournament.

Finishing the regular season undefeated, the Cardinals’ tournament experience began with a first round match against Tatnall. The 11–4 victory marked three wins over Tatnall in the 2003 season. After defeating Archmere 15–5, the Cardinals found themselves facing Tower Hill, a team they beat solidly in the beginning of the season but one that had rallied for an overtime challenge in the DISC title game.

The finals of the State Tournament showed that Tower Hill was aiming for the upset, and they pressed St. Andrew’s for the first half. The Cardinals were holding off the Hillers 8–6 when Ashley Holbrook ’05 started a scoring run in the second half that put St. Andrew’s on track to the trophy.

Margaret Farland ’03 finished out her St. Andrew’s goalie career with 11 saves in the final game. She earned herself a trip to Delaware’s Senior All-Star Game (where she made 13 saves), and was named the Wilmington News Journal’s Player of the Year.

After the conclusion of the season, several players received additional recognition. Emma Wallace ’03 and Sarah Walter ’04 were named First Team All-American, while Sara duPont ’04 and Daphne Patterson ’04 received Honorable Mention.

**Corrections - Winter Sports Recap**

Due to a printing error, some season statistics and athlete honors were inadvertently omitted from Cardinal Points, page 13, in the Spring 2003 magazine.

In girls’ basketball, Daphne Patterson ’04 was selected as an All-Conference Honorable Mention player.

In boys’ swimming, Nick Kinney ’03, Walton Dumas ’03 and Richard DeSalvo ’04 were selected as All-Conference Second Team athletes. On the girls’ swimming team, Molly Ruane ’03, Danielle Morello ’03 and Rachel Maran ’05 were named to the All-Conference Second Team.

Tyler Grove ’03, Jamie King ’03 and Charlie Stayton ’03 were named to the All-Conference First Team in wrestling.

The girls’ squash team finished the 2003 season with a win-loss record of 2–4.

Congratulations to these students and please accept the apologies of the editorial staff for the omissions.
Boys’ Baseball
Records: Varsity, 15–4
1st Round of State Tournament
All-Conference: First Team: Jamie King ’03, Dan McAlaine ’03, Charlie Stayton ’03, Jim Williams ’03; Honorable Mention: David Amos ’03, Richard DeSalvo ’04, Nick Hovan ’04.

Girls’ Lacrosse
Records: Varsity, 18–0
Delaware State Champions
All-Conference: First Team: Lizzie Burns ’05, Sara duPont ’04, Margaret Farland ’03, Jesse Nunn ’05, Daphne Patterson ’04, Emma Wallace ’03, Sarah Walter ’04; Second Team: Ziza Craig ’05, Ashley Halfbrook ’05, Clare Nowakowski ’04; Honorable Mention: Brandy Bennett ’03
All-State: First Team: Lizzie Burns, Margaret Farland, Jesse Nunn, Daphne Patterson, Emma Wallace, Sarah Walter; Second Team: Sara duPont
All-American: First Team: Emma Wallace, Sarah Walter

Boys’ Tennis
Record: Varsity, 6–4
Final State Ranking: No. 4 Team
Delaware State Champions, First Doubles: Sam Baroody ’05, Peter Salas ’05

Girls’ Crew
Home Races: First Boat, 11–8
Regattas: Semifinalists at New Jersey Scholastic Championships, Stotesbury Cup

Boys’ Crew
Home Races: First Boat, 14–3
Regattas: Second Place, NJ Scholastic Championships; Semifinalists at Stotesbury Cup and Scholastic Nationals

Girls’ Tennis
Record: Varsity, 10–1
Final State Ranking: No. 3 Team
Delaware State Finalists, Second Doubles:

Boys’ Lacrosse
Record: Varsity, 8–8
2nd Round of State Tournament
Final State Ranking: No. 8 Team
All-Conference: First Team: Greg Montgomery ’03, Ben Smith ’05; Second Team: Bice Howard ’05, Mike Johns ’04; Honorable Mention: Tom Hawkins ’04, Alex Johnson ’03, Dave Page ’04
I wish I could share with you this morning how I felt 20 years ago, a full head of hair and at least 75 pounds lighter, imagine that, probably sitting exactly where you are now. I wish I had some small words of clarity to help you situate yourself in what must feel like a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions. But I have no recollection of even being in this chapel, no memory of how I moved from one place to another in this ritualistic dance of passage. The truth is, I don’t remember anything specific from my own graduation, which has always remained a kind of distant dream, elusive, vague and full of confusion. I hope you will take more from this momentous occasion than I did. It is a day that marks all sorts of ends and beginnings, but perhaps more importantly, it is a day when you bid farewell to the home of your adolescent life. The total number of hours you spend here each year, eating, sleeping, playing, loving, and occasionally, studying, is at least twice as much as the time an average non-boarding student spends at home. Even a history teacher can figure out from this, that four years at this school is more than the total time a typical adolescent spends at home over EIGHT years. So remember this day vividly, and take something concrete from it, even if it means studying the shape of a favorite tree, or scrutinizing the bronze hue on the stone walls of Founders’ Hall. Just make sure you don’t do it when you’re called for your diploma!

The fact I don’t remember much from my graduation is perhaps not surprising. Come to think of it, I don’t remember much at all from my three years here as a student. One of my favorite poets, Rainer Maria Rilke, once wrote: “so much of adolescence is an ill-defined dying.” This line has always intrigued me, because its resonance is at once so fleeting, yet rings so true. So much of adolescence is indeed about letting go of our childhood innocence, and physically and emotionally putting behind our dependent ways. Yet probably the most ubiquitous quality of adolescence is that it is ill-defined. I have often struggled to make sense, and even come to terms with my own adolescent life at this school. Was it a happy time? Was I always confused? Did I mature at all? What did I learn in the end? I still have no answers to these questions. Every time I try to find affirmation in my student days here, glossing through the past for glimpses of glory days, and even minor triumphs, my memory tends to draw a blank.

I may have shared with some of you the story of my senior year on the varsity basketball team. I had begged shamelessly to be put on the team, even though my skills lagged far behind the illusions of myself as Dr. J. If you think I am bad now, you should have seen me then. Whenever I did get to play at the end of lopsided games, my turnover average was always higher than my point average. One game, in front of a raucous Tower Hill crowd, I missed the rim twice...on free throws! So for most of the season I took stats at the end of the bench, which in itself wouldn’t have been that bad, except for the fact I also had to be in uniform. Glory days those were not!

I was so shy around girls, and already developing an aversion to crowds, that my idea of socializing during 9:30 to 10:00 was to sit in my room and recite my favorite Tennyson or Yeats poems to the wall. On more upbeat days, I would sing along to an entire
Simon and Garfunkel concert to the chagrin of Mr. Austin who lived next door. But by far my most vivid, ignominious memory from high school was my senior prom, which I never went to. I don’t exactly recall why, but I think it had to do with a hopeless crush I had. In any case, I thought to myself then, if I can’t find love, I can at least eat. So I had Mr. Speers take me to the Acme to buy three pounds of ground beef and a gallon of Breyers. He let me use his apartment for the entire evening, so I could gorge myself on cheeseburgers and ice-cream, before collapsing on the couch to watch videos he had rented for me. Well, at least that was the plan. It turns out I never got to watch those movies, because for the rest of the evening, Mr. Austin and two of my other best friends came up with their dates to hang out. They complained the music was terrible, but I don’t think that was the real reason they had decided to spend their senior prom holed up in an apartment with an immobilized friend.

Why is this such a vivid recollection for me? If adolescence is indeed “an ill-defined dying,” I would argue that at St. Andrew’s, it is also an experience marked by redemption. Adolescence is not an easy time for anyone anywhere, but there is something about this school that helps us prevail over the usual challenges of this difficult phase in life. This community has helped each of us conquer loneliness with sure companionship, transform doubt into lasting affirmation, alleviate pain with genuine care. Is your time here not defined more by the struggles you have overcome than by easy triumphs? Are your closest friendships not forged through trials of adversity? Can you think of a time when a friend or teacher did not come through in an hour of your direst need?

I remember one long weekend, among many long weekends I spent here, with particular clarity and gratitude. It was one of those stunningly beautiful late October afternoons, the trees exploding with color, the autumn hues of the sky stretching as far as the eye can see. The campus seemed barren of human life, and yet its natural beauty appeared to me in ways I had never seen before. I went for a walk in the woods, my heart torn between the breathtaking beauty all around me, and the painful longing for my family thousands of miles away. On my way back from the woods, Mrs. Mein rushed out of her house to invite me to join her family for dinner. She was not my advisor, or my teacher. She was not on weekend duty either. In fact, I am not even sure if I had ever spoken to her up to that point. Without being obligated to, she just instinctively took me in, and saved me at a time of profound homesickness. It is this instinct of generosity, this spirit of compassion that she and Mr. Mein exemplified throughout their careers here that best defines St. Andrew’s as a community. I still remember sitting at their dinner table, laughing with them at Andrew’s antics, thinking to myself, “This place is going to be home from now on.”

St. Andrew’s has also been the home of your adolescence. I hope you will feel as I do that as such it has helped you, using the words of William Faulkner, to “not only endure but prevail.” Celebrate and cherish all your accomplishments, great and small, at this school, but always remember the difficult and lonely times too, especially the people who helped you overcome them. Good luck and may you take with you the spirit of generosity and compassion that defines your home here. May you always save a place in your heart for this physical repository of memories of your most beautiful and triumphant adolescence.
Headmaster Tad Roach delivered the following remarks at the 70th Commencement Exercises on May 25:

Nan Mein retires this year after an historic and legendary career at St. Andrew’s. On January 22, 1971, Nancy McCleery registered with the Educational Placement Bureau at Cornell University where she worked as a teacher assistant in the history department. In her personal statement, she wrote the following paragraphs:

Prior to my re-admittance into Cornell’s Graduate School, I had seven years teaching experience, four years at the university level and three years at independent schools.

I enjoy working with students very much and hope to continue full or part-time teaching for the rest of my active life. I believe that the awakening of students of all ages to the joy of history and literature is as important as the learning of facts and dates. I am concerned with humanizing the environment of education.

That concern, expressed in writing in 1971, became a passionate commitment as Nan pursued her distinguished career at St. Andrew’s. When she arrived, no history
A couple of years ago, one of Nan’s students wrote this letter to her:

Your course was amazing...you challenged us by generously and graciously providing the tools we need to further develop our own principles, ideas and philosophies—to enhance our own spiritual, intellectual and social lives—to make wiser decisions; to be more thoughtful, sensitive and conscientious in our approach to the world around us.

For all this, I am incredibly grateful.

I speak now for three Headmasters, generations of St. Andrew’s teachers, staff members and students, parents, trustees, members of the Episcopal Diocese of Delaware: You have changed and enriched our lives. We love you.

For all Nan has meant to us all, for what she has stood for, lived for, suffered for and triumphed over, we honor and celebrate her.
Headmaster’s Remarks

Daniel T. Roach, Jr.

As I say congratulations and goodbye to the Class of 2003, I have, of course, a few last words of advice and encouragement.

Here is the good news: adolescence is over, this time of life that is so mysterious, difficult, complex and daunting. Even though I was an adolescent once, and even though I have lived with and loved adolescents for 24 years of my life, I am daunted and overwhelmed by the sheer complexity and mystery of this time of life. Even though your parents and we have sought to provide a value structure and moral foundation for your lives, you have to live, experiment, make mistakes, learn and make a few more mistakes again.

But here is what I know and believe: you will only find happiness and fulfillment by relinquishing some of those impulses that seem so urgent in your high school years—the urge for popularity, for control, for pleasure, for power, for cynicism, for ego. These impulses will always be with you as college students and adults, and adults and friends may urge you never to grow up, never to stop being 15, 16 or 17. They may tell you that only by being free, unencumbered by life’s responsibilities, can you be happy.

Do not believe that for a moment. Our lives are too short, our obligations to one another are too important to allow our lives to be distorted by such worldly promises and goals.

Living in a community is difficult, often frustrating and even maddening, but living for self, living for superficial goals leads to a life of emptiness, confusion and despair.

The Commencement Address was given by English teacher Nicole Furlonge, who encouraged the graduates to look past the comfortable and routine world they see everyday and search for the sometimes painful truth of the human condition.
You are lucky to be of a generation that, quite literally, hears the world calling to you for leadership, for stewardship and for renewal. We confront new challenges at home and abroad:

- The disparity between the rich and the poor in America continues to widen.

- Cities and states face daunting budget problems.

- Our public education system is broken and the opportunities of another generation of American children are being squandered.

- Our nation confronts the new challenge of terrorism, the ongoing crisis in the Middle East between Israel and the Palestinians, and nuclear proliferation in North Korea.

- The international community calls to America to collaborate with them to provide peace and understanding.

- Our environment continues to suffer from humanity’s reckless exploitation of our natural resources.

You, the Class of 2003, are blessed with remarkable talents and an undeniable love of people and love of life. Confront and embrace the real challenges of your time: live well, work with optimism, courage and stamina; and know that St. Andrew’s stands ready to applaud and support your acts of courage and transformation.

“You are lucky to be of a generation that, quite literally, hears the world calling to you for leadership, for stewardship and for renewal.”

CO-PRESIDENT’S REMARKS
G. Owen Cadwalader

On the first day of classes my junior year, I walked down the steps to the boathouse, up the other side of the gully and pulled open the big brown door of the art building. I sank into the green couch that used to be in
the main common room. It has now been exiled to the art lab (I had no idea how many times I would sink into that couch in the next two years). I was ready or at least thought I was ready for my first painting class of the year. Ever since I was a little kid, I had never understood why I couldn’t draw what I saw with my eyes. I knew what a tree looked like when I was looking right at one, but all of my attempts at recreating that tree on a piece of paper looked like a two-year-old had drawn them. In middle school I had put away any thought that I could be taught to draw, but I still had the curiosity to see if someone could teach me. I was open and ready to try anything to be able to represent the world that I saw around me. And so, junior year I signed up to take painting.

Mr. McGiff intrigued and halted me on the first day of class. He said that in order to learn how to paint, first you must learn how to see the world. My first reaction was that I have been looking at the world for 17 years, and I already know how to look. This was true, but what I learned my junior year was an entirely different way to view the visual world. Mr. McGiff told us that we had to train our mind to stop thinking in symbols and to find the colors that make up the entire space that we are looking at.

Our mind is conditioned to think in symbols and to not actually look at the objects in front of us. For instance, that color of Noxontown Pond is most definitely not blue. However, when asked what color the water is on Noxontown Pond, most people would say blue. He said that in order to create a three-dimensional space you must see the world as a series of flat color shapes, because that is how our eye interprets the world. As an example, if I were to paint Mr. Austin’s bald head, I would not think of it as Mr. Austin’s bald head but rather an oval-shaped white peach color with a semi-circle of bright red hair and a shiny white yellow spot where the light is reflecting off of his head.
With this thought circulating in my mind, I started to look at the world in a whole different way. Everything became more interesting to me. When I stepped outside, I wanted to stare at a tree. I would look at all of the different colors in it trying to find the red tint in the green leaves to imagine how I would paint the things I was seeing. With this tool of seeing, I began to take each attempt to paint something as a quest and exploration of my ability to see and recreate. A landscape was no longer daunting. It was exciting. I painted athletically, moving around the canvas, placing paint and scraping it off, and taking any suggestions or thoughts of Mr. McGiff’s as if they were the most important words that I had ever heard.

This year I have slowly begun to realize that we are taught at St. Andrew’s to see the world through many different perspectives and in a critical but open way. When I first came to St. Andrew’s, I had a very narrow view of some things. I had this idea, I don’t know where it came from, but it was that everyone must have the same taste in music. I mean how could anyone not like the Dave Matthews Band? Well, after I had said goodbye to my parents freshman year, my roommate Zach Smith and I were unpacking. He hooked up these huge speakers and started playing Kid Rock; the only words I could distinguish were something about “the Cowboys, baby” over and over again. Well, I got my answer about how some people just look at the world differently. Time and again I am amazed here at how many people have different ways of looking at something that I could have never seen.

One night during my sophomore year Mr. Chang came into my room to say goodnight. Little did he know that he was about to rope himself into a late night. Adam and I had been arguing about something, I can’t remember what because we never agreed on anything. Our argument quickly enveloped Mr. Chang, and somehow the argument morphed into a discussion of faith. Mr. Chang was peppered with questions about Buddhism and other eastern religions, and we talked and argued until 1:00 a.m., way past his bedtime. Mr. Chang still denies that we kept him up that late. That random moment in time forced us to consider and see another perspective.
Everyone at St. Andrew’s has a slightly different way of looking at the world. People look at the world in the context of what they are most passionate about. This is what makes St. Andrew’s such a vibrant, exciting community. It is full of people with passions for various things, and thus they all look at the world differently. Mr. McGiff is passionate about painting and often looks at the world visually. Mr. Chang loves conversation and never misses an opportunity to challenge someone into a conversation. He sees the world through the spoken word. Mr. Austin would like you to look at him as an intellectual, but the truth is he sees the world in terms of soccer.

Mr. Austin can’t stop moving, especially when he is mad. During a soccer game you always know that you are in for it at half-time if he is flailing on the sideline. After one particularly abysmal half of soccer this year, I looked over to Mr. Austin and saw his arms swinging up and down in frustration. I dragged myself off the field ready for a scolding. What he said to us then was totally unexpected to me. He said that the reason why we play sports is because it is practice for life. It shows your friends, family, and most importantly yourself how you want to live life. If you play with passion, he said, it shows that you want to live your life with passion. I had never looked at athletics that way. I had always wondered why I liked playing sports, and why it was such an integral part of school life. This idea stuck with me throughout the rest of the game and it stays with me today. Mr. Austin’s passion for soccer allowed him to look at the game from a perspective I had never considered before, and I will never again see the game in quite the same way. In many ways St. Andrew’s is a larger extension of that thought. At St. Andrew’s we are given the opportunity to explore our own passions, and at the same time to witness other people’s perspectives, and in this way St. Andrew’s urges us towards seeing and living more fully.

Until this year I had never understood the purpose of writing an English paper. The reasons for scrutinizing over every word that we read didn’t make any sense to me. This year I realized that through English and History classes the faculty was slowly re-teaching us how to read. They were showing us a new way to look at the literary world, just as Mr. McGiff had shown me a new way to look at the visual world, and Mr. Austin had articulated a way of looking at athletics. In English

“People look at the world in the context of what they are most passionate about. This is what makes St. Andrew’s such a vibrant exciting community. It is full of people with passions for various things, and thus they all look at the world differently.”
and History you learn that you can’t take anything you read for granted. We learn that often you can understand more about an essay by studying the diction and structure than by regurgitating what each sentence said. We learn that there is an inherent argument, conscious or unconscious, in everything that you read. We learn to look at the world through words, structure, images and argument.

St. Andrew’s has not only taught me the need for seeing the world through other people’s passions and perspectives, but it has also taught me the need for solitude and reflection. I have realized that it is important to find a balance between looking by myself and looking at the world with others. While it is important to consider other people’s perspectives, you must also take time to understand your own perspective. Recognizing the importance of solitude is essential to a vibrant community.

One of my most vivid memories at St. Andrew’s is a communal moment. Most of the school was watching the Cannon Game last year. During the final drive which was to decide the winner of the game, the entire school seemed to inspire each one of the players as they moved down the field, creating remarkable momentum and anticipation. I remember standing on the goal line with 200 bodies behind me—all of us collectively urging the players onward. The magnitude of our anticipating energy was beyond anything I had experienced before. At that moment I felt like I was seeing the game collectively with everyone else. It is memories like these that I will carry with me away from St. Andrew’s. Today the Class of 2003 leaves the years of check-in times, breakfast sign-ins, and messy room marks, looking forward with our own passion for life. What I have realized is that the sheltered qualities of Founders’ Hall and its encompassing cornfields have allowed each one of us to look at the world through the eyes of others, and for ourselves. We leave this comforting place with the
knowledge of our own passions, what we want to pursue in life, and the ability to see openly but critically the world around us. Individually and collectively, we couldn’t have asked for a better four years.

**Co-President’s Remarks**

**Heningham Lyons Kennedy**

Biscuits. When you think of the word “biscuit,” what comes to mind? To some it’s simply the image of a biscuit—a warm, fluffy biscuit. To me, and to the girls who have lived on dorm with me for the past two years, the word biscuit means so much more. What makes the experience of eating a biscuit such a defining part of my St. Andrew’s career? Biscuits are best eaten at night, with friends, on a dorm, at St. Andrew’s School. They are good with those little packets of jam that they have in the dining hall. Biscuits should never be eaten while watching a movie. They taste better when surrounded by friends, talking about nothing of substance, laughing about stupid things that wouldn’t make sense to anyone else. The most important aspect of biscuit eating is that there is nothing extraordinary about the experience. What’s extraordinary is being together.

Every night for the last two, three or four years each of us has checked into our dorm at 10:00 or 10:30 p.m. On each of our dorms we have had something that has brought us together, whether it was story time with T-Nizzle, biscuit eating, wrestling, Terrific Tuesday, or making up really, really ridiculously good dances. The sheer number of hours that we have spent with friends on dorm after check-in is mind-boggling, and it links us to the people we have lived with in a manner that is impossible to disconnect. The dorm life of the School has provided a constant community for us during our time here. The community of the School does not stop at the dorm, though. It extends beyond the dorm to include the entire student body.

One night last winter I went down to the chapel at 9:25 p.m. The Concert Choir was giving a preview performance of the repertoire they were going to sing at the White House the following day. Pretty empty when I arrived, the chapel slowly filled until about 35 people in small clusters dotted the darkened pews. Not a bad turn-out for an optional concert during that most precious of social hours, 9:30-10:00 p.m. Whispers fell silent at exactly 9:30 as the chapel doors closed and the choir began its first song. After the first song was over I suddenly heard a forceful low murmur and shuffle of steps back by the doors of the chapel. I looked back to see a mass of faces and bodies, definitely the

“Today when we leave this school we will be taking with us pieces of our friends and our teachers, wherever we go.”

PHOTO BY ERIC CROSSAN
majority of the School, emerging from the opened doors. What had happened to 9:30-10:00? I watched the bodies stream by me, filling up row after row. The air hummed with the energy of the entering, whispering crowd. After that show of faith, support, and genuine interest by the student body, the Concert Choir burst with passion in their following pieces. The energy brought in with the crowd, the energy of St. Andrew's School, infected the music the Concert Choir produced, making me realize that the brilliant sound was as dependent on the audience as it was on the performers.

Since that evening in the Chapel last winter the meaning of the St. Andrew's community has evolved for me. The community is tight-knit enough that I have achieved an unself-conscious comfort with everyone in this school. My comfort here is not stagnant; on the contrary, during our time here we have been challenged in virtually every area of our beings, whether in social, academic, athletic or artistic realms. Our community here is open; time and again we have heard students and teachers alike bare their souls in front of the entire student body in chapel talks. This is a school where there is someone to support everything you do. Every homework is graded, every game is watched. The meticulous attention of the faculty is amazing; their generosity unparalleled. Think about every time a faculty member has invited you to his or her house or apartment. One night this spring I went up to Mr. Miller's and Ms. Ramirez's apartment, also known as the RaMillers', to deliver a packet. When I arrived they were watching “Friends” on their massive new TV, so I sat down to join them. When I got up a half hour later Ms. Ramirez asked me why I didn’t hang out there more often. I responded, saying that I’d never been invited. Mr. Miller looked at me and said, “No invitation is necessary. This apartment is always open for you.” I’m not sure why their generosity struck me so deeply as I walked back to my room, thinking about what had just passed, because I have been surrounded by it for the past four years.

For the past four years we, the class of 2003, have been nurtured by St. Andrew's School. The community of this place has lifted us, carrying us along with the flow of energy that is the heart of this school. At times the attention of the school has felt confining. Now we have reached the point in our lives where we need to become independent. Next year in college no one will care if we skip a meal or are a few
minutes late to chapel. This independence is exhilarating and exciting; it is also scary.

I’ve noticed that the phrase, “agent of change,” is one of Mr. Roach’s favorites. Wherever we go next year, and whatever we do in life, we are expected to be an “agent of change” in our next discipline or area of life. St. Andrew’s forces upon its students a well-rounded education, and it has pressured us to realize our privileged position. Although we leave the care of St. Andrew’s School for the last time today, we do not leave the expectations that the School provides for us. Last spring, in his final chapel talk to the School, Mr. Roach told us that the summer months were our chance to spread what we had learned at St. Andrew’s to everyone we encountered. Today it is not for the summer months that we leave St. Andrew’s, but it is for the rest of our lives. When we leave though, we do not leave everything behind. The sense of community, empathy and generosity that we have encountered everyday at St. Andrew’s for the past four years will be with us for the rest of our lives. Mr. Roach said that it is our responsibility, a responsibility implicit with the advantages that we all have received, to spread what we have learned and lived here to all whom we encounter.

A friend once told me that when people part, they take with them a piece of everyone they have come to know. When a person moves on to a different part of his life, he in turn spreads those pieces of people to the new people he meets. Today when we leave this school we will be taking with us pieces of our friends and our teachers, wherever we go. Over the past four years we have absorbed the surroundings of St. Andrew’s. These pieces of our friends, teammates, classmates and faculty have become integral parts of our being. Wherever we go, whoever we meet will not only meet us, but they will also meet bits and pieces of the friends and teachers who have deeply affected us while at St. Andrew’s.

Graduation from St. Andrew’s leaves me with mixed feelings: excitement at beginning in a new place, sorrow at leaving the friends, teachers, and campus. Maybe a little fear is in me too. But it is important to remember that when I leave this afternoon I take with me parts of all the people who have taught me to become who I now am. I leave with the energy and spirit of the School flowing through me in the same way that it coursed through the Chapel that night last winter. I leave with the spirit of generosity that was shown to me that evening at Mr. Miller and Ms. Ramirez’s, and I leave with the knowledge of the School’s expectations for me to use what I have learned here to be an agent of change wherever I end up. Also, I leave with the memories that now define my St. Andrew’s experience, whether they be biscuits, Terrific Tuesday, frisbee on the front lawn or a walk in the woods. Everyone I get to know this summer, next fall, and for the rest of my life will also get to know a little bit of St. Andrew’s. Most of all they will get to know a little bit of each of you, my classmates, the Class of 2003, whom I have lived with and been shaped by for the past four years.

**Commencement Address**

Nicole N.B. Furlonge

What did people say to me when they learned I was giving the commencement address? Well, Mr. Chang congratulated me and said, “Don’t worry. All you have to do is two things: be funny and have one profound line.” Mr. Colburn also told me not to worry. He said, “Just don’t give a bad speech; but if you do, no one listens or remembers these things anyway.” Ms. Byrd asked me what I was going to wear and was incredulous when I told her I hadn’t consulted Ms. Roche yet about possible outfits. I rectified that problem last Thursday, so if you don’t like my outfit, I’d like to defer responsibility to her.
All that is to say I received a lot of great counsel for this talk. But what I learned as I sifted through this advice as well as my own ideas about what I might share with you today, was that at least part of this talk was written long before Mr. Roach asked me to speak. It was written in my interactions with students—past and present, formal and informal—with my teachers, my colleagues, my family, through books I’ve read, films I’ve seen, music I’ve listened to and struggled with. Essentially, there are many voices that are filtered through me to arrive at the ideas I share with you today. It is my hope that the words I speak here honor my influences as much as they are meant to honor the graduating Class of 2003.

Here is what I’d like for you to remember from this talk. I need you to do two things simultaneously: EMBRACE COMPLEXITY and TAKE RISKS. Not terribly funny or profound I know (sorry Mr. Chang). Yet I believe—no, I know—that embracing complexity and taking risks are both the most difficult and potentially most rewarding things you can do. Embracing complexity involves welcoming challenge and accepting that we live in a dynamic, nuanced world. And, to fully engage complexity you must have a risk-taking spirit. Now, taking chances doesn’t mean being reckless, throwing caution to the wind, being thoughtless or irresponsible to yourself or others. It includes loving yourself enough to give yourself opportunities to grow. It calls you to face, head on, the challenging moments in your lives with passion and intentionality. Truly taking risks is problematic for many of us because it leads to our becoming unsettled by experiences that may challenge and push us. I contend though that, as citizens of the world, we need to do this more. Essentially, when we intentionally venture into uncharted territory, we make it possible to engage all that is demanding and challenging.

My most immediate reason for focusing today on complexity and risk-taking was my experience this year with seniors in my English classes. In the fall, my students read Toni Morrison’s complexly beautiful novel, *Beloved*. To many of them, and to me initially, the book was neither a beloved nor beautiful text. Some asked me why I was making them read such a depressing and disconcerting book during the fall of their senior year. There were some particularly visceral responses to the text. In fact, if you look carefully in the 2003 yearbook, you will find recorded there one such passionate response.

This was not my first challenging experience teaching Morrison’s work and I’m sure it won’t be my last. While I grew frustrated at times with my students’ seeming unwillingness to engage the material, I also began seeing their resistance wear away. Students saw
hard-earned breakthrough moments in their writing and reading practices. I witnessed young scholars thinking about and challenging the assumptions with which they approach literature and the world around them. I saw them sense that they were more than capable to handle the curves Morrison and other writers we read were throwing them. They realized, as one of my students wrote in a note to me afterwards, that literary analysis could be enjoyable. Enjoyable because she allowed herself to be creative through engaging the intricacies that Morrison’s text presented. The book taught my students to grow as writers and thinkers. Several of the obstinate readers and writers became some of the most bold, most creative students I have ever had the pleasure to teach. By the end of this course, they were clearly willing to embrace complexity and take risks. This spirit continued to mature during the rest of the School year.

My students’ responses to *Beloved*—the resistant and the eventual willing—reinforced for me the importance of teaching material that disarms, unsettles and brings students to see that a journey towards nuanced ideas can be ultimately fulfilling. It is more worthwhile than gravitating towards simplicity just because it might be the easier road to take. Members of the graduating class, by making it to the chairs you sit in today, you know that you’ve been pushed, prodded, some of you even dragged to perform in ways you never imagined. Many of you intuitively know that nothing worthwhile you’ve achieved came without risk. Because you’ve learned this, I know we have much to celebrate today.

As daunting as the hard work of learning sounds, remember that none of us are alone in our pursuits. We as individuals mirror the world’s complexity in the very ways we are interconnected with others. As Michael Ondaatje writes in *The English Patient*, “we are communal histories, communal books.” I have always been drawn to this statement because it describes our layered identities. We are networks, larger than ourselves, even as we try constantly to determine who that self is. To extend Ondaatje’s idea, I believe we also represent communal memories. And, as my seniors also explored in class this year, memory of the past and how it refigures the present is one of the things that makes meaning so complex.
Now, don’t get me wrong. I do enjoy simplicity in areas of my life. I love my Macintosh and its point and click features. I love my automatic Toyota. I love my high efficiency washing machine that keeps me from having to use my grandmother’s washboard that hangs right above it. I need not understand how a satellite transmits to my television set. I love the simplicity and peace of yoga, the practice of the breath. Such a fundamental thing to remember to breathe. But even in the simple aspects of life, there is a functioning complexity. As I’ve learned, beneath the breath of yoga, for example, there is an understanding that the practice brings together the mind, body and soul. What a dynamic interplay between parts of ourselves that, at least in western cultures, we tend to separate into clearly defined compartments.

But to appreciate simplicity doesn’t mean that we shy away from the difficult. To run from the difficult, to run from struggle merely to take the easy road, I believe, is a mistake. I fear this human tendency towards making decisions based on short clips of information, on simplified versions of truth. If we only think of the world in terms of boxes and never in terms of curves, what are we missing?

Complex thinking is at work at St. Andrew’s. For instance, the piercing vision and practice demonstrated by Tad Roach, Will Speers, Bob Colburn, especially Nan Mein, and countless others, lead us to revise the relationship between diversity and community. Though these ideas — diversity and community — are often thought of as mutually exclusive, I believe that the existence of a healthy and vibrant community is very much dependent upon diversity. And, I don’t mean diversity in terms of just race or gender, but in terms of the myriad elements of identity that we each contribute to this place. I love the *Oxford English Dictionary*’s definition of “community” as “a body of individuals.” Certainly inherent in the notion of an American nation is the idea, “e pluribus unum”—from many, one. But community with diversity is the charge of our nation today. In order for community to work for everyone in it, it must recognize not the way the individual confirms what “is,” but how that individual enhances and speaks differently from all that is already here. The challenge to the St. Andrew’s community is to continue to practice communal complexity, to figure out how to recognize and embrace what we designate as “difference” in the framework of a...
vibrant community. Never choose to exist in a community that fails to recognize your unique position in it. How can a community exist in a healthy manner while ignoring important facets of its members? Despite what the rhetoric of color blindness suggests, to not speak difference merely perpetuates a misunderstanding of difference.

So we must wrestle, cajole, and risk insecurity in order to exercise what Toni Morrison calls “The Dancing Mind.” While Morrison is speaking specifically about the difficulties of the reading and writing life, think about her words and their possible relation to any activity to which you dedicate yourself. Morrison explains, “There is a certain kind of peace that is not merely the absence of war. It is larger than that. The peace I am thinking of is not at the mercy of history’s rule, nor is it a passive surrender to the status quo. The peace I am thinking of is the dance of an open mind when it engages another equally open one.” While Morrison refers to this metaphoric dance as an accessible one, she cautions, “this particular kind of peace warrants vigilance. The peril it faces,” she notes, “comes not from the computers and information highways that raise alarm among book readers, but from unrecognized, more sinister quarters.” These “more sinister quarters,” I think, is the self not choosing to take advantage of the opportunity to mentally dance before such a chance vanishes. While we sometimes view intellectual life as a casual luxury, I want to suggest something quite different: thoughtfulness is an urgent matter. It is dire to struggle with issues rather than search for simply rendered solutions. Securing the peace of the dancing mind and insuring that such peace is used consistently and with responsibility is our charge as citizens of the world.

Members of the graduating class, St. Andrew’s is, in part, where you have come to know yourself as you do right now. But, to where from here? The answer to that question is difficult. To offer a suggestion I’d like to remind you of two brief moments from the film The Matrix. One of my favorite moments in the first film is when Neo is extracted from the matrix and is reborn. Neo asks Morpheus, “Why do my eyes hurt?” Morpheus responds, “You’ve never used them before.” It may sound strange, but that is what I wish for you as you leave this place. If it hasn’t begun to happen to you already, I hope it does. I hope that your eyes hurt, that you work to truly see. That you live life with awareness and intentionality.

The second Matrix moment involves the critical choice that makes Neo’s rebirth possible. If you recall, when Neo meets Morpheus, Morpheus presents him with an option in the form of two pills: one, the blue pill, represents life as Neo already knows it; the other, the red pill, would allow Neo to explore the questions he has been intuitively asking his entire life. He chooses the red pill and begins his journey. As we see in the movie, the change is painful and disorienting, but ultimately, it is well worth it; the embrace of struggle in search of a truth is worth it.

This is where the very meaning of complexity
resides. It ultimately exists in a confluence of inten-
tional choice, daring risk, and historical memory. When you decide that you are capable and are responsible for concerns beyond your own immediate desires, then you will be amazing and brilliant. And in all of this, remember the importance of being passionate enough about something and loving yourself enough to make these difficult but eye opening choices.

But in our version of *The Matrix*, Mr. Roach won’t walk up to you in a moment and present you with such a clear cut option. So you might be wondering how you will know when to make the choice to embrace complexity as it confronts you. Here’s the catch: when you make your critical, daring life decisions, you might sense some resistance from those around you. This is your red pill, or better yet, your red flag. As a philosopher friend of mine suggests, resistance signals untapped complexity at work. We might not want to see this complexity, but precisely because it is being resisted, it must be engaged. And not just individual resistance, but network resistance. Where the network resists, pushes back, coerces a different response, that is precisely where it calls to be engaged and grappled with. So, 20 years from now, when people ask you what your high school commencement speaker said, tell them I told you to choose the metaphoric red pill.
THE CLASS OF 2003

John Reuben Allen
David McQuiston Amos
Alec Walker Bear
Khalib Jason Bell
Brandy Alexis Bennett
Jillian Olivia Black
Sarah Louise Bozick
Carter Stickley Brady
Gardner Owen Cadwalader
Andrew Edward Carroll
Young Geun Choi
Colin Ernest Congo
Edward Eric Crawford
Eliot Deforest Dalton
Raymond Sullivan Demere
Graham Reeves Calhoun Drury
Frederick Walton Dumas
Margaret McKinley Farland
Adam Thomas Finn
Giselle Marie Kristin Furlonge
Angel Rubiel Gonzalez
Tyler Delane Grove
Cynthia Hope Harris
Alexander Ross Hendrickson
Margaret Henley Hoffecker
Ewurabena Sekyiire Hutchful
Alexander Donald Johnson
Ashwin Joseph Harry Kashap
Heningham Lyons Kennedy
Jamie Clifton King
Nicholas Allen Kinney
Paul James Koprowski
Elisabeth King Lingo
Christina Longoro
Margaret Drew Macdonald
Michelle Alicia Madeley
Virginia Mann
Lana Ino Matsuyama
Daniel Robert McAlaine
Gregory Packard Montgomery
Danielle Catherine Morello
William Douglas Muir
Sarah Elizabeth Noe
Troy Raymond Nold
Sara Constance Peebles
Priscilla Dorothy Press
Megan Elizabeth Rackish
Frances D. Ramirez
Mary Alice Richter
Mary Elizabeth Ruane
John Brinckerhoff Slattery
Zachary David Smith
Jessie Adair Snider
Charles Everett Stayton
David Michael Sutherland
Emma Kathleen Sarah Wallace
David Wayne Wehrs
James King Williams
Jennifer Lauren Wilson
Anderson Edward Wolfe
Benjamin Yu

COMMENCEMENT AWARDS

Robert T. Jordan Award
Ricardo G. Antoine ‘05
Allison Elizabeth Prevatt ‘05

Fine Arts Award
John Reuben Allen

Henry Prize
Gardner Owen Cadwalader
Margaret McKinley Farland
Heningham Lyons Kennedy
Gregory Packard Montgomery
Priscilla Dorothy Press
Charles Everett Stayton
Emma Kathleen Sarah Wallace

King Prize
Anderson Edward Wolfe

Headmaster’s Award
Heningham Lyons Kennedy

Founder’s Medal
Anderson Edward Wolfe

William H. Cameron Award
Gardner Owen Cadwalader
Giselle Marie Kristin Furlonge

St. Andrew’s Cross
Jillian Olivia Black
Thank you to our alumni, past and present parents, friends and supporters who helped us surpass our $1,000,000 goal.

Every year, your gift to the Annual Fund is used to cover some of the expenses in the School’s operating budget.

Unrestricted gifts support financial aid, faculty salaries, technology, athletics and co-curricular activities.

Unrestricted gifts to the Annual Fund protect the endowment, ensuring that St. Andrew’s School remains a great school, open to all, regardless of means, for generations of students to come.

The 2003-04 Annual Fund is now underway.

Contact Mary Cameron in the Advancement Office, (302) 285-4267, or make a donation online at alumni.standrews-de.org.
Two hundred forty-nine alumni—from the class of 1938 to the class of 1998—congregated on the shores of Noxontown Pond on June 6-8 for this year’s Reunion. With spouses and family members, the total attendance was about 400 people!

After beautiful weather for the Scholarship Golf Tournament Friday morning, Friday night’s crab feast and pig roast was a tasty treat for those who have been away from the waters of the Chesapeake for a while. Faculty and former faculty were there to meet and greet alumni from many generations.

Saturday morning started with a downpour, but that did not dampen the spirits of the alumni from the ’38 through ’58 who walked the
nature trail—over three miles— at 8 a.m.
Later in the morning, crew in the rain was a success. No records were broken, except perhaps “most seasoned coxswain,” Rob van Mesdag ’48!

Those who rose later enjoyed a long breakfast that for many extended right into lunch as the dining hall buzzed with conversation and activity. St. Andreans were reconnected to the School today through a Q&A presentation by current faculty and administrators. And a rainy afternoon ’83 vs. ’98 soccer contest proved that those who are older can still be better!
Saturday
50th Reunion Held in Style for Class of 1953

Saturday night of Reunion Weekend 2003 brought members of the class of 1953 to the home of David ’53 and Marilyn Levinson. The Levinsons graciously hosted the class for cocktails and dinner to celebrate their 50th Reunion.

Cocktails and dinner included more conversation and the presentation of the Fishers of Men Plate to 1953—the class had 91 percent participation in the Annual Fund. The Class of ’78 raised the most total dollars, winning the Giving Cup for their 25th Reunion. After dinner, karaoke and small parties everywhere carried on until the wee hours.

Sunday morning’s alumni memorial chapel service remembered classmates who have left the ranks of the reunion classes. A farewell brunch topped off the weekend.
Above left: Dave DeSalvo stepped off campus to complete a Class of 1998 foursome of Than Court, Paul Burnette and Luke Baer.

Above: Everett McNair ’73 readies for a great shot while Mike Schuller studies his form.

Left: Davis Washburn ’44 has been a fantastic volunteer for the Golf Tournament year after year. Here he poses with a sign that spoke to him, reading “Crew – Life in the fast lane!”

Bottom left: Kris Atchley ’58 does his best to work his way out of the sand trap.

Below: Members of the class of ’68 take time away from their game to pose for this shot. L. to r., Bill Holder, Mike Donnelly and Chris Reeve.
Low Gross Foursome
First Place
Eric Howard ’74
Pete Miller ’74
Bob Rementer ’74
Bill Wallace
Second Place
Skill Johnson
Ned Mumford ’59
Mike Quillin ’57
Kevin Smith

Low Net Foursome
First Place
Jimmy Davis ’98
Chris Scarpitti
Bob Stegeman
John Stephens ’98

Second Place
Taylor Cameron ’90
Daniel Hammer
Mike Kopenhaver
Jeff Nowland

Longest Drive (Men’s)
Sam Cox ’98

Longest Drive (Women’s)
Jennifer Cottone

Closest to the Pin—Hole 8
Bob Appleby ’50 (20’ 8")

Closest to the Pin—Hole 13
Taylor Cameron ’90 (>2)

Closest to the Pin—Hole 17
Bob Rementer ’74 (3’ 7”)

Eisenbrey Cup
Class of 1974

Most Players from a Reunion Year
Class of 1998

Above: SAS can always count on the class of 1962 for great support at the Scholarship Golf Tournament. Posing here with Davis Washburn ’44 are (l. to r.) John and Kathleen Craighill, Larry Court, Dick Baer, Ernie Cruikshank and Ric Williams.

Left: Members of the Class of 1974 had the highest participation in this year’s tournament winning the Eisenbrey Cup.

Below: The Class of 1998 had the highest Reunion year participation in the tournament.

In the Winners’ Circle:

In the Winners’ Circle:

In the Winners’ Circle:

In the Winners’ Circle:

In the Winners’ Circle:
Last Sunday, at the end of his sixth and final Mellon Lecture at the National Gallery of Art, Kirk Varnedoe used the shortest sentences in all his nearly nine hours of brilliant talk that began on March 30. Of abstract art in America, a subject that attracted astonishing, overflow crowds, he said: “There it is. I have shown it to you. It has been done. It is being done. And because it can be done, it will be done. And now I am done.”

Though Varnedoe never mentioned it, most of those who attended probably knew that he was ill with inoperable cancer. That last bit, “and now I am done,” was painful to hear. But all the rest of these pithy closing phrases were about optimism. Varnedoe, whose career has ranged from Rodin to comic books, had traced the history of abstraction in American art from Jackson Pollock to Richard Serra, demonstrated its richness and recurrence as inspiration, and assured the crowd that it is so woven into the fabric of American consciousness that it isn’t going anywhere soon.

But most of Varnedoe’s sentences weren’t short or simply declarative. Varnedoe speaks in rolling cadences, sentences that sprawl and spread and unspool long skeins of ideas and arguments, sentences with 10, 15, 20 clauses, bound loosely by commas, unbroken by periods, with torrents of adjectives in threes and fours and fives, such as “teeming, knotted, congested” and “cheap, commonplace, mundane and mass-produced,” interspersed with commands, “Think Richter! Think Johns!” and ending, usually, with a slight slackening of pace, a lowering of the voice, and a conclusion settled in place like a perfectly carved capstone. Varnedoe speaks in sentences like the one you just read, only longer, extemporaneous and much, much better.

The flow is preacherly for good reason. Varnedoe’s lectures were ultimately about faith, about his faith in the power of abstraction, and abstraction as a kind of anti-religious faith in itself, a church of American pragmatism that deals with the material stuff of experience in the history of art. To understand these lectures, which began promising an argument about how abstraction works and ended with an almost medieval allegory of how man confronts the void, one has to understand that Varnedoe views the history of abstraction as a pastor surveys the flock. Like a good pastor, he is kind to heretics (like Andy Warhol and Robert Rauschenberg, who punctured the supposed pretensions of abstraction), and perhaps loves them more than the faithful. He is certain, even in the wilderness, that all roads lead back to the God; and he never despairs.

But this kind of faith comes with a major caveat: Varnedoe wants a new covenant with abstraction, something free of the long history of abstraction as a cult of dogmatic purity, reductionist imagination, stifling ideals and the fetish of progress.

Varnedoe began and ended his series by invoking the name Ernst Gombrich, the art historian who, in 1956, gave a series of Mellon Lectures (later turned into a magisterial book, “Art and Illusion: A Study in the Psychology of Pictorial Representation”) arguing that representation was a major, hard-won and undeniable
achievement in the history of Western art. Gombrich took a rationalist line; that representational art moved from problem to problem, with artists making pictures, matching them against the world, correcting their errors, and moving on to new problems.

Abstraction, so often seen as either a series of stunts or as a dead end tending toward blank, minimalist boxes and monochrome paintings, needed its own theory, something as elegant and convincing as Gombrich’s effort to explain how we got from flat pictograms to the brilliant illusions of the Renaissance and beyond. The problem Varnedoe faced, however, is that representation is the kind of thing that yields to theories and arguments; abstraction, by its very nature, resists theory.

Varnedoe’s solution evolved over the course of the lectures. Abstraction, he seemed to argue, is not a set of techniques that, like representation, can be refined and built upon. Rather, it is a tendency, or habit, to look at the world in a certain way. He used words like “spirit” and “refresh” to suggest its relationship to representation, as if it’s a pond in which artists repeatedly baptize themselves to cleanse and renew vision.

Its history can never be told quite so linearly as Gombrich told the history of representation. Rather, it is a series of loops, jumps, returns and new forays. But it has a history if one looks closely at the web of making and responding among artists of the last century.

And so, as Varnedoe demonstrated in his last lecture, the drip paintings of Jackson Pollock must be understood not as a single point along some grand March of Abstraction, but as a font from which artists for the next 50 years would draw different kinds of nourishment. In an almost manic, tour-de-force sequence that demonstrated how desperate he was to cover as much ground as he could, Varnedoe sketched the influence of Pollock on Carl Andre (the gravity and horizontality of making images on the floor), Yves Klein (the performance and spectacle of Pollock’s dance with paint), Eva Hesse (the threads of painting made literal and vertical in string sculpture), Robert Smithson (the act of pouring and despoliation made literal as well, by pouring asphalt on a hillside). The list went on, covering more than 10 artists, recapping insights from earlier lectures, and weaving together hours of diverse and particular ideas about individual artists.

Varnedoe also demonstrated that those who argued with abstraction could never escape it. Andy Warhol (who, Varnedoe said in one of his more practiced quips, “is to the emperor’s new clothes what Chanel was to the little black dress”), may have mocked the blankness of abstraction by painting camouflage patterns or giant Rorschach blots. But in making fun, he seems to have fun with the very thing he jibes against and produces some of his most “painterly” work. Roy Lichtenstein’s oversize comic book images may suggest an equivalence between high abstraction and the lowest products of mass culture; at the same time, they let Lichtenstein play with the pattern of uniform dots found in cheap printing, a bit of play which is, ultimately, the kind of thing an abstract painter might do.

The last lecture, which was given a standing ovation, began with a quotation from the film “Blade Runner” that suggested the pressure Varnedoe may have felt to sum up a career’s worth of insight into art: “I’ve seen things you people wouldn’t believe. Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion. I watched C-beams glitter in the dark near the Tannhauser gate. All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in rain. Time to die.”

The words “time to die” were like a sock in the stomach. But perhaps Varnedoe was less concerned with death than with the loss of experience, the loss of things seen, because ultimately his theory of abstraction boils down to this: It can only be understood as faith in the importance of accumulating particular experiences.

For a final profession of belief, Varnedoe flashed 13 images of Richard Serra walking through the spiral of one of his massive steel sculptures. To each stage, from Serra’s entrance, through various places where the sculpture rears inward, or stands straight like a cathedral, or pitches out, to the conclusion of a central, open space, Varnedoe attached a meaning. It was a way of enacting Varnedoe’s particular faith, just as Christians remember their faith through stages of the cross. It was a progression from thinking about the world in unconsidered, received categories, through abandoning ideologies that don’t work, to a terrifying place of uncertainty (“There is only bottomless debate . . .” he said), to an ultimate realization that it is the individual act of experiencing and making that refreshes culture. And that there’s nothing else, no grand theory, no comforting ideology, no final certainty.

The tour through Serra’s sculpture was a way of saying that the only overarching scheme that Varnedoe could offer was through an elaborate reading of a particular piece of abstract sculpture. But the audience had seen this already. For six Sundays, Varnedoe had responded to slides of abstract art with immense volubility and insight. On the last Sunday, trying to sum it all up, he had finished with short, almost empty declarations. “There it is. I have shown it to you . . .”

Can anyone be satisfied with just this? Varnedoe has faith that we can be, must be, and ultimately have no other option but to be.

Reflections on Reunion 2003

25 Years Out
by Greg Tonian ’78

My short version:

Roundtrip Airfare $267.00
Weekend Car Rental $112.00
St. Andrew’s School t-shirt $15.00
Driving up the driveway at St. Andrew’s School, again, to take in the indelible sights, sounds, and scents of the campus, woods, and pond, visiting the old familiar haunts and finding them little changed, and taking the opportunity to bond together with former classmates, other alumni, and professors, past and present, to share common thoughts, experiences, and memories...........PRICELESS!

This year was my 25th reunion and I, like many of my fellow classmates felt this was a significant milestone that warranted a journey back to what I refer to as “the hallowed grounds.” The warm comradery of former classmates getting together was strongly evident. It was good to see everyone, some of whom I had not seen since graduation. Those absent were remembered and missed. We all would like to know how they are doing and get the opportunity to talk with them, if even for a few moments. Spouses and children of classmates were warmly received. The parties ran until the wee hours of the morning. Perhaps it was during visits at the formal dinner Saturday evening, where I was able to visit with alumni and spouses from earlier classes than my own or during the poignant memorial service on Sunday morning, that I realized more than ever how greatly blessed we are to be part of the St. Andrew’s community and that the St. Andrew’s experience changes you for life—in a powerful and good way.

Though SAS seems the same, the changes in the facilities and the wonderful administration, faculty and staff now in place makes me even a little envious of my daughter, who will be a senior this fall.

50th Reunion of the Class of 1953
by David N. Levinson ’53

My focus on our 50th Reunion began two years prior to the reunion, when I realized that I had a perspective on St. Andrew’s School that my classmates could not possibly have. I, after all, had spent the prior year looking at boarding schools for my son, Micah, who had expressed, much to my surprise, a desire to attend St. Andrew’s. What I found, very simply, was that St. Andrew’s was a dramatically different school than the one that my classmates and I had attended, a school that was “kinder and gentler” to borrow a phrase from the first President Bush, and that St. Andrew’s was possibly the best boarding school in the country, certainly the best small boarding school in the country.

I began to feel an urgent need to communicate this phenomenon to my classmates. And for two years, I called them, wrote to them, E-mailed them and in every way that I could tried to persuade them to take a new look at the school and to return for our 50th Reunion. In 2002, all of our classmates “on the list” contributed to the Alumni Fund, and in 2003, 50% of the graduating class returned to the school for our reunion. Considering how many of our classmates were either deceased or permanently missing, I felt gratified at the response, and particularly gratified when our class was called up to receive the award for the greatest participation in the Alumni Fund.

I found the process enormously gratifying, particularly the opportunity to spend time with my classmates and their wonderful wives, to discuss the past and to debate the future, and to observe that they seemed quite contented with their careers, their families, and their station in life. Marilyn and I were especially pleased that the class joined us at our home on Saturday evening of the reunion so that we could spend quiet time together. And when one of my classmates, David Giammattei, who had spent his entire career as a boarding school teacher, took the time to spend much of the evening with Micah, advising him on how to approach his future academic career, I knew that the warmth that I felt from my classmates was heartfelt and genuine. What more can one realistically expect 50 years after graduating from high school!
I have already mentioned that I believe the school to be the very best. Does that mean I believe it is perfect? Of course not. But what I do most fervently believe is that the school, under the superb leadership of Headmaster Tad Roach, is constantly striving to improve. The most striking example at the moment is the substantial improvement in an already excellent program in art and the dramatic arts. The school has become much more diverse in the past 50 years in many ways. The faculty and the student body are more diverse. And the scholastic and athletic offerings are more extensive. The food is much better and more abundant than I remember it. As a student I was always hungry. Today there is always a large variety of choices, especially for the health conscious.

Certainly what draws me back to campus is somewhat different from what draws my classmates. I have a son entering the V Form. I’m drawn to campus weekly for a variety of reasons, including taking him to religious school, but sometimes I think of almost equal importance to him, picking up and delivering his laundry. And I am drawn to campus because of my involvement in the Alumni Corporation Board and the various activities that I occasionally help to organize. But the reason that I have attended reunions for the past several years, to which all alumni are invited, is that I truly enjoy interacting with my fellow St. Andreans of all ages, as well as the faculty in attendance. I feel a common bond. After all, we all spent a number of years at St. Andrew’s. We left St. Andrew’s with hopes and desires, some fear of what lay ahead at college and beyond, and expectations of us by family and teachers. And somehow we survived. Each of us took something away from our experience. Maybe not exactly the same thing. But something that we relate specifically to St. Andrew’s. I distinctly remember what I said to my parents on the day of my commencement. I said, “If I could survive that (St. Andrew’s), I can survive anything.” So far I have. And to one degree or another, all of us have. And knowing that we attended and graduated from such a fine school has given to every St. Andrean a certain degree of confidence to take into the world. That may be the finest legacy that a school can provide.

More on the Class of 1953
by Tom Oliphant ’53

June 6, 1953 marked the graduation of the 30 members of the Class of 1953. Fifty years later, June 6, 2003, 15 of those 30 gathered at St. Andrew’s to celebrate their 50th Reunion and the anniversary of this graduation.

During the rainy weekend, a good time was had by all. Most of us were accompanied by our wives, many of whom had not seen the School.

While some class members, myself included, have been back several times, the majority were seeing St. Andrew’s for the first time in 50 years. Immediately they could reflect on the physical changes: the “new” library wing (a roofed-over basement auditorium in our day), the science building, the additions to the gymnasium, the swimming pool, the enlarged dining room, and rooms instead of “alcoves.” The meeting with Headmaster Tad Roach brought forth many other changes, among them a counseling program, college admissions assistance, and health care.

Perhaps one of the most notable changes to those of us in the “older” classes is that St. Andrew’s is now co-ed. Today it seems totally normal. I recall that some time around 1950, the debating club held a forum in the common room. Most of the School and some faculty attended. The question was posed, “should St. Andrew’s School admit female students and become co-educational?” I recall it was a lively and long debate with many thoughts and comments from the floor. A few days later, word had filtered through the student body that co-education would not be further discussed.

The Class of 1953 was the largest II Form ever admitted. In September 1948, 18 of us filled the then East Dorm to soon be joined by a 19th member. We were not a well-behaved group. We went through three dorm supervisors. Senior Master William H. Cameron dubbed us the “Snake Pit,” after a then popular movie about an insane asylum. Of those 19, four graduated; all four were proud to be Snake Pitters (and still are), and all four were at the 50th Reunion. It should be noted that “Bull” Cameron was elected as our class advisor.
That's right, you are all members of the Alumni Corporation. You’ve seen the magazine section for the ACB and news about the directors or representatives, but you may ask, “what is it?”

You are all members, shareholders with a vested interest—demonstrated by your game good spirit this Reunion Weekend.

Don’t worry—I’m not going through the 60+ year history. That is being compiled by ACB member Barry Register ’51 and will appear either in print or on the alumni website at some future date.

Hopefully you’ve perused the roster printed in each Magazine for the last several years and have appreciated the demographic diversity—age, gender and geographic, in particular.

What’s important to know today about the ACB is that it’s here for you, and because of you. And, the ACB needs you.

There are two initiatives I would like to highlight briefly. The first is regional alumni activity. Many of you have heard of and perhaps even attended a Metro Stop. These events are the foundation to build Alumni Corporation networks/identities/clusters—whatever organic identity/activity works in each individual loca-
tion. Hopefully these regional efforts will be convenient, mutually beneficial organisms (much more organic than organization) whose focus is on people—St. Andreans. Currently, regional groundwork is in the beginning stages in Washington D.C., Raleigh-Durham, Charlottesville, San Francisco, Miami, Chicago and New York City.

The other initiative is professional networking—with each other and with current students. St. Andreans share a wealth of interesting work experience. You know all the reasons why professional networking is a good thing and that’s why the ACB is working to make this resource available. The first task is to get accurate information and identify interested alumni. The next task is to make the information easily accessible. That’s where the alumni website comes in. I hope those of you who are on-line will fill out this section of your profile. Those of you who aren’t Internet-inclined, don’t worry—we’ll be mailing a survey this fall to collect that information.

We welcome you to join us in these efforts.

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John Fass Morton ‘65 publishes book about three generation of famous naval family

Submitted by Naval Institute Press

Three generations of a distinguished naval family are profiled in this biography whose publication coincides with the commissioning of the USS Mustin (DDG-89), the U.S. Navy’s newest Aegis destroyer. The family’s story intertwined with the history of the U.S. Navy as it rose through the century to become the preeminent maritime player on the international stage. Key participants in many of the major naval events of the twentieth century, the Mustins dealt with tremendous technological and historical change, from the rise of the battleship and naval aviation to the introduction of missiles, nuclear submarines, and atomic weapons. Henry Mustin is acknowledged as one of the fathers of naval aviation. His son, Lloyd, followed a career in ordnance and gunnery, becoming proficient in everything from small arms to nuclear weapons testing. Lloyd’s son, Hank, was a key figure in the restoration of the surface navy in the 1970s and one of the first to execute the maritime strategy of the 1980s. Hank’s brother, Tom, was a decorated brown-water warrior in the Vietnam War.

Drawing on oral histories, interviews, and family letters, papers, and photographs, the book profiles the careers of these four men. For both the general reader and sea-service professional, it features firsthand accounts of many important naval actions, including the Philippine Insurrection, Vera Cruz, Guadalcanal, and Operation Game Warden. The chapters dealing with the Vietnam War, in particular, afford multifaceted insight into that tragic conflict from three perspectives: Lloyd serving in Washington, Hank on the Pacific Command staff, and Tom in the Mekong Delta. Many will recognize the complex ways that technology and bureaucracy intersected in the Mustins’ careers.

John Fass Morton has been a Washington-based defense and homeland security conference director for the last decade. He is currently director of conferences at King Publishing, publisher of Defense Week. Previously, he was a contributing editor and journalist for virtually every major defense publication, including the Naval Institute Proceedings. Prior assignments include several years in New York in public relations and advertising and a nine-year stint in London in communications and entertainment.

Mustin – A Naval Family of the 20th Century will be published in September 2003 and will be available at bookstores, online, or directly from:

USNI Operations Center
2062 Generals Highway
Annapolis, MD 21401
800-233-8764
www.navalinstitute.org
Clay Bridgewater ’53

Reprinted from The News Journal in Wilmington, Del.:

Clay Bridgewater, age 67 of the city of New Castle, Del., went home to be with the Lord on Friday, June 6, 2003, surrounded by his loving family, at his home above the jewelry store. This year marked the 120th anniversary of Bridgewater Jewelers located at the corner of Fourth & Delaware Sts. He was very proud of this milestone for his family business.

Clay was born in Haverhill, Mass. His family moved to Delaware when he was young. He attended Saint Andrew’s School near Middletown, Del., and graduated from the old William Penn High School. He went on to graduate from the University of Delaware, where he was a member of Sigma Nu. He perfected his craft at Bowman Technical Institute in Lancaster, Pa., where he became a clockmaker, watchmaker, hand engraver and jewelry designer. Clay handcrafted and designed jewelry and became known to many as Delaware’s Premier Jeweler.

Clay belonged to Immanuel Episcopal Church On-The-Green, was a member of the Vestry and served as Junior Warden. One of his many accomplishments was crafting the current Bishop of Delaware’s Pectoral Cross and Episcopal Ring.

In 1993, he was elected to the trustees of the New Castle Common and was past president. His service to the City of New Castle and surrounding area included the Tree Commission, the Planning Committee, the Library Committee and personal involvement in many other projects that benefited others. At Carrie Downie School, he participated in the mentoring program as a mentor to young and enthusiastic minds. His family mentioned that this program was one of the only things that could pull him away from the jewelry store, although he did vacation to Maine and loved New England. In a letter dated May 30, 2003, Clay’s family was informed by the New Castle Historical Society that his family will receive an award for his stewardship and care of his family business.

His survivors include his wife of more than 30 years, Alice W. Bridgewater; three sons, Ellis H. Neel of Alamagordo, N.M., Ralph Neel of Columbia, S.C., Jim Bridgewater of Pa.; and three daughters, Lesli Jo Neel of Annapolis, Md. and Alice Ann Shivock and Mary F. Lenhoff, both of New Castle, Del. Other survivors include his brothers, Keigh Bridgewater of Fla. and William B. Bridgewater, Jr. of Germany; and six grandchildren: Amanda, Michael, Patrick, Samantha, Paula and Peter, and nieces and nephews.

Tom Oliphant wrote: “I knew Clay only during the two years he spent at St. Andrew’s, his second and third form years. In later years, I saw him at alumni events. During his time at the School, he was a quiet, good student, a participant in school activities and most importantly, a friend. Ours was the largest second form ever admitted to St. Andrew’s and quickly became known as the ‘snake pit.’ Clay did not contribute to that image. He continued his good work through his third form year. Our class was very sorry that he was unable to return after his second year. He was an asset to the class of 1953.

“Clay graduated from the University of Delaware and worked in the family business, Bridgewater Jewelers, in New Castle, Del. In 1977, he purchased the business from his father and was proud to be the fourth generation owner. He was very pleased to write in his alumni biography that his daughter, Mary Lenhoff, had recently joined the business and would be the fifth generation.

“Clay will be missed by the members of the class of 1953 who were fortunate enough to know him.”

Douglas Jay Evans ’54

Reprinted from the Cape Gazette in Lewes, Del.:

Douglas Jay Evans of Bethesda, Md. and Lewes, Del., died Friday, May 23, 2003, at Washington Medical Center. Mr. Evans was raised in Lewes and graduated from St. Andrew’s School in Middletown in 1954. He received a degree in history from the University of Delaware in 1958 and then served in the Navy after completing Officer Candidate School in Newport, R.I. He then obtained a masters degree in oceanography at the University of Washington. Mr. Evans worked for the petroleum industry for several years before co-founding his own company, Evans & Hamilton, Inc., in Rockville, Md. Mr. Evans was at home on the water, swimming, fishing and sailing, and enjoyed many other sports.

He is survived by his wife of 41 years, Randi, of Bergen, Norway, whom he met while serving in the Navy; a son and daughter-in-law, Kristin D. Evans and Cathy Evans of Doylestown, Pa.; a daughter, Kari Evans of Bethesda, Md.; two grandchildren, Gregory and Leah; and four brothers, Rodney Doylestown, Pa.; a daughter, Kari Evans of Bethesda, Md.; two grandchildren, Gregory and Leah; and four brothers, Rodney Evans and Duval Evans, both of Lewes, William Evans of Media, Pa. and Robert Evans of Bethesda, Md., and their families.

Thomas J. Keating IV ’56

Tom Keating’s obituary was published in The Star Democrat on January 16, 2003.

Thomas James Keating IV of Centreville died on Saturday, May 31, 2003, of causes related to Non-Hodgkins Lymphoma. He was 65.

He was the elder son of the late Thomas James and Eileen Hope Keating, also of Centreville. His father and paternal grandfather both served as judges of the Circuit Court for Queen Anne’s County. He was educated in the Queen Anne’s County public schools, at St. Andrew’s School in Middletown,
and his attitude toward his terminal illness was a refreshing one. Tom and I exchanged letters about two months ago position. He is a good example of the benefits of a liberal arts shows well his integrity and his development of a philosophical ful individual. The web site Tom maintained (www.tjkiv.com)

He was a fellow of the American College of Trust and Estate Counsel and of the Maryland Bar Foundation.

He is survived by his brother, Michael Patrick Keating, of Trappe; his three children, Thomas James Keating V, Edmund Patrick Alan Keating, and Ann Keating Ashley; all of Centreville; and by five young grandchildren. Interment will be private and at the convenience of the family. If you seek his monument, look at www.tjkiv.com.

John G. Gregory wrote: “I was of course saddened to hear of Tom’s death. I knew Tom at St. Andrew’s and we roamed together our first year at Princeton. Tom was a quiet, thoughtful individual. The web site Tom maintained (www.tjkiv.com) shows well his integrity and his development of a philosophical position. He is a good example of the benefits of a liberal arts education. Tom and I exchanged letters about two months ago and his attitude toward his terminal illness was a refreshing one. He was living his life to the fullest and he certainly seemed upbeat. He was planning a motorcycle trip and was putting his life in order, if that is something one can ever completely do.

“Tom was the only person I knew who majored in Portuguese, which allowed him time to sample a good number of other non-science offerings. He contacted me a couple of times in the ensuing years following our graduation from law school, for him, and from medical school, for me, regarding matters pertaining to clients of his. He showed himself to be a conscientious, careful counselor. He experienced a major traumatic health problem with his son but in my talks with him, he always seemed to be in control and well balanced. The last time I talked to him I commented that after having spent freshman year with me, he did not have another roommate during his time at Princeton, and I apologized for what I thought must have been some offense on my part. Tom laughed and said that what he called overaggressive exuberance, on my part; he viewed as just a personality difference and made little of the event. I believe this exemplifies Tom’s kindly, thoughtful, low-key approach to his studies, to his work and to this experience we call life. Tom is the first of my close contemporaries that has died, and I feel saddened and that I am somehow diminished by his passing.”

Peter Seyffert

Former faculty member Peter Seyffert passed away in May. Starting in 1967, Peter taught for 13 years at St. Andrew’s, handling both French and Spanish, and coaching tennis and soccer. His son, Robert ’71 provided the following obituary:

Peter Seyffert, our beloved father, grandfather, and husband passed away from Parkinson’s disease on May 11th in Santa Barbara, California. Peter was born the second son of portrait painter New York Leopold Seyffert and his wife Helen Fleck Seyffert in Seal Harbor, Maine in 1917. He was educated in Switzerland and France until attending Woodbury Forest School in Virginia for high school. He received his BA at Princeton in 1940 and his MA in Spanish at Middlebury in 1965. During WWII he was First Lieutenant on the USS Diploma, a minesweeper serving in the Atlantic and the Pacific and as a part of the battle of Okinawa. In 1946, Peter married his first wife, Eleanor Cuyler Walker, and together they had four children. He lived with his young family in the Dominican Republic and later in Lima, Peru where he worked for the pharmaceutical company, Sharp and Dohme. While living in Peru, he published a weekly bilingual magazine based on the New Yorker, which he called “GO, Lima’s Weekly Guide.” Peter returned with his family to the United States in 1960 and became a Spanish and French teacher, first at St. Mark’s School in Southborough, Mass. and later at St. Andrew’s School in Middletown, Delaware. He retired with his wife, Eleanor, to Chester Nova Scotia, Canada in 1977. Eleanor passed away in 1992 in Santa Barbara, where Peter lived for the remainder of his life. Peter met his second wife and loving companion, Catherine, in 1994 and married her at the Santa Barbara courthouse. He always felt so fortunate to have found such a loving companion with whom to share his life.

Peter leaves behind his loving wife, Catherine, his four children, Peter Seyffert Jr. of Sarasota, Florida, Helena Hill of Santa Barbara, CA, Robert Seyffert of New York, NY, and Mary Hamblin of Chester, Nova Scotia, Canada. In addition, he leaves seven grandchildren, whom he adored: Ashley Hill, Diana Hill, Amber Seyffert, Brecken Seyffert, Sarah Hamblin, Marina Seyffert, and Amalie Seyffert.

We will always remember him for his delightful sense of humor, his charm and gracious good manners, his patience, his kindness, and his creative talents as a painter, writer, and cartoonist.

Services were held at the First Presbyterian Church of Santa Barbara on May 13, and his ashes were entered at the Santa Barbara Cemetery on May 15.
Experience the excitement
Homecoming Weekend
September 20, 2003

Come and show your SAS spirit!

Tired of bounced e-mails to old classmates?

How many times has your own e-mail address changed?

Would you prefer one e-mail address you could give out to people knowing it will always be yours?

Now you can stay in touch with fellow St. Andreans no matter how often e-mail addresses change.

The Advancement Office introduces the Permanent St. Andrew’s E-mail Address:

gdoyle.87@alum.standrews-de.org

Simply keep your forwarding information updated with the Advancement Office and all e-mails sent to your permanent SAS address will be routed to the address where you currently receive e-mail, whether that be college, your latest job, or even web-based e-mail accounts.

For more information visit the Alumni Website: alumni.standrews-de.org
The 75th Anniversary of St. Andrew’s School is rapidly approaching!!

As you come upon photographs and memorabilia from your days at St. Andrew’s, consider sending items to the School as we focus our attention on organizing and protecting the archives. Important items can be photographs, pennants, school silverware (?!), School publications, oars, game balls from football games, artwork, letters written by faculty—you name it!

We’re especially interested in films/videos and pictures taken inside of the buildings, in dorm rooms, the Dining Hall and Chapel, as well as photos of faculty and students around campus.

Please email us a note at archives@standrews-de.org or contact Trapnell Alumni House at 302-285-4257 if you have an item you would like to contribute.
Fishing stories are notoriously full of exaggerations, which causes a bit of difficulty when you try to share amazing stories that actually happened. Tall tales or tales of the bizarre both intrigue us and test our gullibility. We bristle at the unlikelihood of the event while secretly wishing to be so fortunate ourselves.

Earlier this summer, I had the good fortune to visit with Will Johnson ’52 in Virginia and drive out to his favorite secluded fishing spot. Sadly, the good fortune ended there, as the skies opened up and poured on us after a fleeting ten minutes of plying the waters.

Drenched, but not defeated, we agreed that our next trip would result in a fruitful catch, as the fishing gods would have to balance out our bad luck. After returning to campus the next day, I went for a light row in my single scull, hoping to stretch out from the long hours of driving.

As I rounded one of the turns at the south end of the pond, I felt something hit the side of my torso. A brief moment of confusion ensued as I wondered whether one of the local fishermen had accidentally cast his line in my path, or perhaps a part of my boat had broken. In my haze, I glanced in the footwell of my boat and beheld the culprit. An eight-inch white perch flopped around in confusion far surpassing my own. After a few tipsy moments trying to hold my oars and grab the fish at the same time, I managed successfully to return it to its preferred environment. When I shared the story with others on campus, smiles and sly looks were the typical response. I even had trouble believing it myself. After twenty years of rowing, I reasoned, it had to happen sometime. I told the story to Will Johnson as well, letting him know that I had made my first withdrawal from the good luck we had coming to us.

Will, Caleb Boggs ’52 and Carter Werth ’52 made the trek to Noxontown a few weeks later for a few days as part of their annual summer fishing trip. Joining them during their outings, I offered to row my boat around for a bit when the nibbles were scarce, hoping to see if our luck would improve. They politely decided to stick with the more traditional rod and reel.

Over three days we reeled in about 20 fish, mostly sunfish and crappie, but a number of perch, small bass and one catfish. Nothing worth a trip to the frying pan, but we had plenty of fun nonetheless.

The story doesn’t end there, however. A few days after they left, my four-year-old daughter and I spent an afternoon fishing from the grass slopes near the T-dock. Lucy and I have fished before, but it usually involves me doing the fishing and Lucy playing in the bait bucket and asking me whether I caught anything yet. This time, Lucy had her own rod and I was determined to see her pull one in by herself.

After baiting her hook and helping her drop the line into the water, I walked back to where our gear was laid out to bait my own hook. Suddenly I heard, “Daddy, I caught a fish!” Sure enough, she had her first catch, a six-inch bluegill. I took a picture and gently unhooked the fish and tossed it back. The worm was still on the hook, so she dropped it right back into the water. I hadn’t walked three steps when I found myself unhooking another fish from her line.

The afternoon passed by much the same way for the next few hours. I managed to reel in a few myself, but Lucy caught the lion’s share while I mostly smiled and listened to her insights on the events of the day.

After spending far longer than we had initially promised my wife, Lucy and I agreed we would each catch one more little fish and then head home. I caught mine within seconds of that pact and no sooner had I released my catch when Lucy’s bobber disappeared into the depths of the water. The fishing pole was bent like a horseshoe, the line was rigidly taut, and Lucy struggled with the pole. Reaching over to help her, we held the rod together and I cranked the reel, finally wresting a 14-inch bass from the waters. Knowing that my incredible fish stories were quickly piling up in short time, we took plenty of pictures. We also took the fish home and fried it delicately in breadcrumbs and olive oil. Words cannot describe how delicious it was, but I don’t think I can ever enjoy store-bought fish quite the same way henceforth.

Spending peaceful hours on a barge with the gentlemen of ’52, fishing the shores with Lucy, canoeing with my family, or just staring in amazement from my office window at the magnificent lake, the story that is perhaps most unbelievable—to those from outside the St. Andrew’s community—is that I didn’t have to travel anywhere this summer to enjoy all this. I found it all right here on Noxontown.
CALENDAR OF EVENTS 2003-04

AUGUST
25 Alumni & Faculty Reception in Wilmington, DE

SEPTEMBER
4 Raleigh-Durham Metro Stop
9 Atlanta Metro Stop
15 Boston Metro Stop
19 Insider’s View for Alumni Children at St. Andrew’s
20 Alumni Day - ACB Fall Meeting, Class Agents Focus Groups, St. Andrew’s Athletic Contests, Rodney Point Reception
23 NYC Alumni & Parents Metro Stop
25 DC Alumni & Parents Metro Stop
TBA Charlottesville, VA Metro Stop

OCTOBER
13 Los Angeles Metro Stop
15 San Diego Metro Stop
16 San Francisco Metro Stop
18-19 Parents’ Weekend at St. Andrew’s
TBA Bill Amos Reception in New York City

NOVEMBER
5 Chicago Metro Stop
13 Dallas Metro Stop
20 Houston Metro Stop

DECEMBER
9 Eastern Shore Metro Stop—Ocean City, MD
14 Service of Lessons and Carols at St. Andrew’s
20-27 Trip to Cuba with Insight Cuba

FEBRUARY
20 Stewardship Dinner at St. Andrew’s
21 Winter Musical Production at St. Andrew’s

APRIL
30 William A. Crump ’44 Annual Physics Lecture at St. Andrew’s: Dr. Robert P. Kirshner, Clovis Professor of Science, Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics

MAY
4 Grandparents’ Day
8-9 Arts Weekend at St. Andrew’s
26 Alumni Chapel Service
30 Commencement

JUNE
11 Scholarship Golf Tournament
11-13 Reunion Weekend

SUMMER 2004
TBA Trip to Argentina, Brazil and Chile: St. Andrew’s Travel Program

For more information and updates, please visit the St. Andrew’s Alumni Website, alumni.standrews-de.org, or contact Fran Holveck in the Advancement Office at 302-285-4256.
This family of cardinals took up residence in the hedges along the outside of the Trapnell House.