
Why affords a nice speculation.

A benevolent founder may have had something to do with it, or money, or boys and men.

Divine providence may even have had a hand in it. Who knows?

You sit down and figure it out. The answer you find is the only one you will ever believe.

And when you’re done, another question remains:

What are you going to do with what you have?”

William “Bull” Cameron  
Master and Assistant Headmaster  
Founders' Day 1966

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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., or its trustees or administration.

ON THE COVER
Fireworks over Founders Hall entertained the Reunion crowd in June. Photo by Greg Doyle ’87.
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Wilmington, Del.
Trustees honor service of departing members; prepare for strategic planning retreat

At its final meeting of the 2005–2006 school year, the board of trustees recognized the service of four departing members. Alumni Corporation Board President Garrett J. Hart ’78 has served on the Board for two years. The ACB president serves on St. Andrew’s Board in an ex-officio capacity. Headmaster Tad Roach noted that the energy and excitement of alumni for St. Andrew’s had grown during Garrett’s tenure as ACB president.

Catherine E. Kinsey P’99, ’01 was recognized in a board resolution for her “wise counsel, sharp insights and thoughtful perspectives” and especially for her transformation of the advancement work of the board, particularly for the energy she has lent to the Cornerstones Campaign in her role as co-chair. Katie will continue to serve as co-chair of the Cornerstones Campaign along with board of trustees president J. Kent Sweezy ’70.

O. Lee Tawes ’65 has served the board for three years, lending support and wisdom to the Finance Committee in particular. Tawes was noted for his love of St. Andrew’s and his service to his class and the alumni body. He has served as his class agent since 1965.

Patricia G. Warner P’00, who has been a trustee since 1998, leaves the board after making significant contributions to the Buildings and Grounds Committee, especially through her diligent and dedicated work on the O’Brien Arts Center. Board of trustees chair Katharine Gahagan noted that the O’Brien Arts Center benefited substantially from Patsy’s “valuable insights and wisdom.”

The board also noted the work of Mary Loesner P’84, ’86, who has served as the administrative assistant to the headmaster for 28 years and as the board’s secretary since 1982. Board Chair Kitten Gahagan read a resolution pronouncing the board’s gratitude to Mary for her exemplary work and decades of dedicated service.

Next year, in January 2006, the board of trustees will participate in a strategic planning retreat. The Board and the faculty will gather at the Wye River Conference Center in Maryland to discuss issues of critical importance to St. Andrew’s future. The board will spend significant time over the next year planning to meet the challenges and opportunities of the next few years of the School’s history. After serious review and study, the board and the headmaster will publish a strategic plan and report in the fall of 2006.
I am honored to speak today about my friend, colleague and counselor, DyAnn Miller. All of us assembled in this Chapel stand not only for ourselves and our families as we celebrate DyAnn’s life: our trustees, faculty, students, staff, alumni, past and present parents and friends stand today for literally thousands of St. Andreans who mourn DyAnn’s death and honor her and support her family, not only now but in the weeks, months and years ahead. Ryan and Derek, Betty Jane, Wendy, Clint and the entire family—we express the love, commitment and support of the entire St. Andrew’s family.

At a time in humanity’s history when so much of life seems within our easy grasp and control, we moderns have to admit that we do not write the scripts of our lives; we do not direct or produce the scenes and even get to know what roles we will be assigned. Instead, we embrace a life, without promises, without guarantees, without certainty, and paradoxically, it is our absolute vulnerability to death and tragedy that makes us come alive, appreciate the beauty and mystery of life. What we can do is to choose to engage in and live in a fallen and mysterious world, one full of happiness, joy, fulfillment and love and one full of tragedy, sadness, confusion and despair. I believe it is the human decision to engage in the world of real life, the work of transformation, love and service that redeems us, makes us heroic, courageous and noble. Our control cannot extend to how long we get to live, but rather how passionately we choose to live. Our humanity does not shield us from the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, but our humanity does allow us to respond, to affirm life over death, love over hate, optimism over pessimism.
DyAnn Miller, you see, was a counselor, and a counselor is one who helps us to interpret the complexity, unfairness, sadness and even despair of life. The counselor’s credo is to listen, to receive, to interpret, to feel, to emphasize and then to treat, to bandage and ultimately transform these emotions and expressions of concern, anxiety, depression, pain, confusion and despair. The counselor is an artist; the counselor is one whose very heart and soul provide ultimate attention, support and consideration for her students, for her colleagues, for her friends. And the counselor helps us to figure out the steps, the plan, the approach that will lead us to the first tentative and then successful gestures towards a new sense of control, resilience and optimism. Ultimately, although the counselor has deep familiarity with tragedy and despair, she believes above all in recovery, growth, progress and in the possibility of reconciliation and happiness. Ultimately, the counselor believes in and affirms the great and endless possibilities of life, of relationships, of love. The counselor quietly, patiently affirms goodness, affirms hope, affirms, ultimately, life itself.

The counselor is patient and discerning about the meaning of time. She does not believe in quick fixes, easy solutions; she does not believe that problems can be repressed, denied or merely forgotten. Rather, she believes in the power of conversation, connection and real work to overcome obstacles, to reach a sense of coherence and order.

Everyone, DyAnn would say to me, deserves the treat, the occasion of counseling—the feeling of having another person listen empathetically and carefully to our deepest thoughts, concerns and fears. And so she provided that treat to her students, her colleagues, her friends, her loved ones during the course of her life.

When DyAnn came to St. Andrew’s, we were still moving steadily towards the true embrace and enlightenment of coeducation; we were beginning to see limitations in the all-male world view of the boarding school that ignored psychological complexity and embraced an ethic of survival and endurance. Several students each year were falling through the cracks, struggling quietly, invisibly or even leaving the community altogether. DyAnn was hired originally to teach study skills, and she arrived without a single preppy notion in her mind. She viewed our assumptions, formalities and traditions with a certain amount of amusement and skepticism. What she found here that nourished her, challenged her and inspired her, of course, was our desire to create real, authentic community, our desire to help students with complex and challenging issues. So she arrived, so young, so carefree, so ready to roll up her sleeves and live within the context of community. Hope McGrath, Class of 2001, described DyAnn perfectly. She wrote to DyAnn:

I was talking to my mother today. I told her you were always the most real, the strongest person at St. Andrew’s—for me at least. Everybody knew it.

I always felt you were strong, stronger than the rest of us, stronger than the other faculty or us silly girls on K. It was the kind of strong that made me—makes me—want to be like that, to have that grit and intensity about life that said, ‘bring it on.’

Before I came to St. Andrew’s, my parents tried to teach me

DyAnn with Derek, one of her sons, in the mid-90s.
to be that kind of strong, but mostly that meant you weren’t supposed to cry or show your feelings. From you I learned that it was OK to pay attention to yourself and your feelings, to take care of your own needs, and that this is what really made you a strong person, someone that other people could admire and rely on.

The two years I lived on your dorm were the happiest of my life. Every day I think of that home you helped us make. I’m still a silly little girl in so many ways, but I know I’m only as strong as I am now because of what I learned from you. So I know you’re facing your challenges now with all of your incredible strength. There are many of us out here who learned so much from you, who are stronger people for knowing you, and we are all pulling for you now.

And so DyAnn changed our lives. She came to St. Andrew’s and created a safe space for great kids to explore difficult questions and dilemmas. She counseled students about homesickness, roommate problems, self-esteem problems, academic problems. She helped students with parent issues, with issues of divorce and separation, with issues of alcoholism and drug abuse. She counseled students about sexuality, sexual orientation and health issues. She quickly earned the trust and absolute respect of St. Andrew’s students because they knew intuitively that DyAnn loved them, cared for them and knew how to help them. And, quite literally, she saved kids, kids who might have been overlooked, who might have been too timid to ask for help. She helped Elizabeth and me develop support programs for students of color long before we had teachers of color here. She helped students dealing with issues of sexual orientation long before the School moved to recognize just how important this issue was for students, faculty, staff members and the culture of the School.

The way DyAnn made such gifts available to students living far away from their parents was, of course, to immerse herself and her family into the life of the School. She met all III Formers immediately by taking on the role of III Form advisor, complete with swamp walks at Echo Hill and campouts at Rodney Point. She taught all IV Formers in her Human Potential class. She lived with V and VI Form girls in Gaul Hall. And as Director of Residential Life, she worked closely with all VI Form prefects and residential leaders. She advised kids morning, noon and night. She hosted students for the night whenever she sensed they needed a quiet night in her guest room. She came to games, concerts, exhibitions. She broke her leg sliding into home during a fall faculty-senior softball game. She dressed up each October and roamed the dorms of Founders Hall to celebrate Halloween with her students. She cut her beautiful blonde hair as she supported the Locks for Love program for women with cancer. In short, she earned credibility with her students because she made her life, her joys and struggles so available, so authentic.

It was DyAnn’s strength, resilience and courage that captured our attention and inspired us throughout her life at St. Andrew’s. She was tested first in 1999 with the death of her wonderful husband, Rick Stow. As a single mother, as a working woman, she raised her two boys, visiting their day schools, watching their ball games, loving them with the intensity, energy and dedication of two people. And she responded to the death of her husband by working
during the year with children who had lost their mothers or their fathers. She knew intuitively their sense of loss, desolation and fear, and she assured them by her love, optimism and care. In her reaction to her own personal and family tragedy, she used the skills, instincts and ethic of her counseling philosophy; this was hard, unfair, tragic, but through time, patience, support and love, surely she could transform this emptiness to a full life, a life worthy of her children. She viewed life, and all it threw at her, with a kind of wry amusement, irony and even disdain.

She laughed, shook her head at the obstacles she had to face and confront and then got right back to work. Then in August she confronted the challenge of cancer. We talked a lot between August and May about the disease, the fight she and Wendy made against it and the acceptance of death she felt by the middle of March. True to form, she battled the disease with everything she could muster, but when she saw that the script of her life could not include recovery, she and Wendy transformed a moment of death into a celebration of family, community and life. It is what counselors do. And so together Wendy and DyAnn affirmed goodness, affirmed hope and affirmed ultimately life itself. What is death besides this power? In her recent book, Marilynne Robinson eloquently suggests that love is “loyalty”—it is, in other words, an expression of complete and unconditional support, sacrifice and care. Loyalty, she argues, is at the core of what we mean by the conception of a family. She writes: “The real issue is, will people shelter and nourish and humanize one another?”

We know that human beings are very good at judging one another, excluding one another, hiding from and ignoring one another; but will we in moments of crisis be willing to shelter, nourish and humanize one another? The true counselor, that quality that lies within the heart of a DyAnn Miller or a Wendy Rector, says yes. And so it was that Wendy dropped everything and moved in, supported DyAnn and all of us through these hard, uncertain months, and through it all—through all Wendy’s acts of love, courage, resilience and love—we knew that this was precisely what DyAnn would have done for Wendy or for any other family member. This is what great counselors, great human beings, great families do. And so it was, that looking out on gorgeous sunny April and May days, surrounded by her photographs of her boys and her family, that DyAnn met and accepted death. She did so with the knowledge that she had met, embraced and accepted life. She did so in the knowledge that her life quite literally inspired others to grow in confidence, ambition and goodness. She did so in the knowledge that the great counselor is reborn and replicated forever in the work, gestures and sacrifices of those who come behind her and emulate her.

The spirit of DyAnn Miller lives on in her family and in all of us here at St. Andrew’s who have worked and lived along side of her. It lives on in our deep appreciation of the role counseling plays within our community. It lives on in our School-wide commitment to community service that DyAnn helped strengthen and energize during her career. Her spirit teaches us to reach out to those in our School, in our society, in our country and in our world who are invisible, anxious, frightened, depressed or in despair. Her spirit teaches us to meet death and darkness with life, hope, humor and defiance. May God bless my friend and counselor.
Bob Colburn retires after 45 years of service

On Saturday, May 7, 2005, St. Andrew’s and Tower Hill played another game in a rivalry that extends back to the beginning of St. Andrew’s history. However, Saturday’s game marked another anniversary, one extending nearly as far back in St. Andrew’s history—the retirement of St. Andrew’s chemistry teacher, senior master, baseball coach, football coach and athletic director, Bob Colburn, who this year also celebrates his forty-fifth year at the school.

As generations of Colburn’s students, athletes and fellow coaches looked on, St. Andrew’s headmaster Tad Roach, and board of trustees president J. Kent Sweezy ’70 announced the naming of the baseball field “Colburn Field” and unveiled the scoreboard, which now displays the new name. Alumni and trustees also announced that upon Colburn’s retirement the St. Andrew’s director of athletics will hold a new endowed chair, the Colburn Director of Athletics Chair, created through the gifts made in Colburn’s honor by St. Andrew’s alumni and coaches who have competed with Colburn over the years.

Colburn’s wife and partner in St. Andrew’s life for 45 years, Dorothy, threw out the honorary first pitch for the game. His three children, Rob ’80, Bruce ’82 and Clair ’87, were also in attendance.

Colburn has played a significant role in Delaware baseball and was a member of the first class inducted into Delaware’s Baseball Hall of Fame in 1994. Colburn was selected Delaware Coach of the Year four times. He also has served for eight years on the executive board of the National High School Baseball Coaches Association and was elected its president in 2004. He represents Delaware on the National Ranking Committee, serves on the board of the Carpenter Cup Baseball Tournament and is president of the Delaware State Baseball Tournament Committee.

During his career at St. Andrew’s, Colburn has been most often noted for developing a program that focused on sportsmanship above all. Colburn’s work in this area was recognized when his baseball team received an award for a decade of great sportsmanship in 2004. Statewide sportsmanship awards have been given to six St. Andrew’s teams during his tenure as athletic director.
It is not so much Bob’s remarkable longevity and versatility we honor and appreciate. It is, quite simply, the man, the human being that he is. And when I think of Bob Colburn’s personal qualities, when I think of the essence of this great man, I think of him here on this field, surrounded by fellow and opposing coaches, players, umpires, parents and fans. And because baseball is the great American game, because it somehow captures values like sportsmanship, hard work, sacrifice, teamwork, perseverance, resilience and dedication, the sport defines this man, who at St. Andrew’s has worked with fierce and determined energy for his kids, his school, his opponents and, of course, the game itself. Ultimately those who played for Bob Colburn learned virtues and values that will last a lifetime. But they also experienced the joy of being young, of having endless afternoons to play and practice.

— Headmaster Tad Roach
During the month of April, St. Andrew’s was fortunate to showcase highlights from the collection of the Payson family in the Warner Gallery. The show, curated by John and Joanne Payson ’05, focused on work that pertained to the realist tradition in 20th Century American art and gave the school a unique viewing experience because, as they noted in the show card: “…the exhibition of one’s collection is an intrinsic part of a collector’s manner of self-expression. With this exhibition we have attempted to share some of the complexity of our collecting experience and some of the authenticity of ourselves.”

The culmination of the show featured the speaker Michael Leja, Professor and Sewell Biggs Endowed Chair in American Art at the University of Delaware. Dr. Leja spoke about 20th Century American art and he framed his talk around two questions that were essential to the beginning and the middle of the century. First, how does a culture respond to a rapidly changing world? Second, how does society make sense of disaster, carnage and mayhem?

Dr. Leja’s first question reflected the struggles of early 20th Century American artists who, like their European counterparts, were trying to respond to the immense changes, social, technological and intellectual, that were sweeping the civilized world. He pointed to the realist tradition promulgated by artists like John Sloan, Paul Cadmus, Jack Levine and Reginald Marsh, all of whom were represented in the Warner Gallery, and their embrace of “real life” as it teemed about our urban neighborhoods and across our modern landscape. Dr. Leja’s second question was meant to cast a net into the middle of the century and focus on the Abstract Expressionists, many influenced by the refugees from Europe during WWII, who struggled to digest the cataclysm of that war and invented a new painting vernacular to do so. Students, in short, got a 20th Century history lesson and after Dr. Leja’s talk, everyone spilled into the gallery to take a look at these seminal paintings, drawings and sculptures.

In order to further an appreciation of the work, the Paysons drew on their personal acquaintance with many of the artists on view to write and make a series of wall plaques that were placed next to each work; in essence, each work had a scholarly and entertaining commentary as an accompaniment. This was a museum show and it was obvious on walking into the gallery that the collection and installation of the show was an act of deep commitment to making the arts central to the educational experience of young and old alike. To share a quotation from John Sloan that embodies the spirit and generosity of the Payson family: “Though a living cannot be made at art, art makes life worth living. It makes living, living. It makes worry, it makes trouble, it makes life that would be barren of everything—living. It brings life to life.”
Awards Night 2005

In addition to the prizes awarded at the Commencement Exercises (see page 43), students were also honored on Awards Night for their achievements in specific disciplines during the past year or over the course of their entire career.

The Cresson Prize for the greatest improvement in athletics was awarded to Abigail Cain ‘05, Eloise Goelet ‘05 and Tom Hoffecker ‘05.

Nathalie Gonzalez ‘05, Katie Lillard ‘05 and Rachel Maran ‘05 received the Art Prize, awarded to the students who have contributed the most to the art program in effort, originality, and technique in various art forms. In addition, Katie Lillard was also awarded the honor of the Purchase Prize, for the student who has created an outstanding piece of artwork to be purchased by the School and added to its permanent collection.

Katherine Ullman ‘07 was awarded the Ceramics Prize, for the student who has demonstrated mastery of skills, a strong imaginative quality with her work and proven to be a creative model among her classmates.

The Larry L. Walker Music Prize, for the student who has made outstanding contributions to one or more of the music ensembles, was awarded to Taylor Wilson-Hill ‘05.

Sam Baroody ‘05 and Anne Horn ‘05 shared the honor of the Choir Prize, given to the VI Former who has contributed the most to the success and development of the choral program.

The Drama Prize, awarded in memory of John Fletcher Hinnant, Jr. ‘53 to the best actor or actress, was given to Sam Baroody ‘05, Will Clary ‘05 and Anthony Timberman ‘05.

Sophia Fleischer ‘06 earned the Hoover C. Sutton Drama Prize, named for the beloved drama teacher of the Class of ‘91 in memory of their classmate, and awarded to the student of photography who has shown a love of books and a deep appreciation for the library.

Cora Currier ‘05, Micah Levinson ‘05 and Allison Prevatt ‘05 earned the Sherman Webb Prize for outstanding work in history.

The W. Lewis Fleming Prize for the student of French who is most deserving in interest, effort, and achievement went to Anstes Agnew ‘05 and Allison Prevatt ‘05.

Given by Joe Hargrove ‘67 in memory of his father, the Joseph L. Hargrove Prize for Spanish recognizes students doing outstanding work in Spanish.

This year’s recipients were Christina Connell ‘05, Nathalie Gonzalez ‘05 and Monique McDermoth ‘05.

Tom Hoffecker ‘05 earned the Chinese Prize, recognizing his outstanding work in the language.

The G. Coerte Voorhees Prize for Classical Languages, given by his children in memory of their father, Latin teacher at St. Andrew’s School from 1935 to 1962, and awarded to the student who has done outstanding work in Latin or Greek, was presented to Sam Baroody ‘05.

The Walter L. Harrison Prize for Mathematics, given by Walter Harrison ‘66 in memory of his mother to a student of high achievement, whose work in mathematics is distinguished for its depth of interest, imagination and creative thinking, was earned by Peter Salas ‘05.

Monique McDermoth ‘05, Peter Salas ‘05 and Peter Zimmerman ‘05 shared the William Day Scott Prize for Science, awarded to the students who have taken at least two science courses and, through performance in these courses, have demonstrated real promise in the field of science.

Chris Kim ‘06 received the William H. Amos Prize for the Life Sciences, given in honor of Bill Amos, member of the faculty from 1947 to 1984, to the student who has demonstrated exceptional interest and ability in the life sciences.

Given in honor of her efforts to preserve Cape Henlopen State Park and other natural areas, the Virginia Layton Orr Prize recognizes a student who has made significant contributions to the environment.

This year’s recipients were Allison Stewart ‘06 and Becca Zendt ‘05.

Nathalie Gonzalez ‘05 and Micah Levinson ‘05 shared the Walden Pell Prize for Religious Studies, given to a student of the VI Form whose work in religious studies is distinguished for its understanding of the relationship between faith and learning.

The Francis L. Spalding Award, for the the IV Form student who has achieved a commendable academic record by distinctive effort, was presented to Chauncey Elias ‘07 and Matt Russell ‘07.

Eric Boateng ‘05, Liz Schwartzberg ‘05 and Courtney Streett ‘05 earned the Harry C. Parker Prize, given by Harry M. Parker ‘64 in memory of his father, Harry C. Parker, to the VI Form students who have achieved the greatest academic improvement in their St. Andrew’s careers.

Dan Falciani ‘06 received the Peer Tutoring Award, recognizing the student who, through the dedication of time, compassion, understanding and patience, has demonstrated passion for teaching and helping others.

Katherine Lea ‘05 was presented with the DyAnn Miller Community Service Award, given in memory of the exuberant teacher and counselor at St. Andrew’s from 1984 to 2005, who helped build and develop the community service program, and then by her example dedicated her energies and spirit to the service of others.

The Calder Prize, in honor of Dr. Joseph R. Calder and Virginia Calder and awarded to a III Form student who combines the qualities of good scholarship and a commitment to the service of others, was given to Thatcher Barton ‘08 and Nina Punukollu ‘08.

Arkadiusz Adamczyk ‘06 and Dana Daugherty ‘06 received the J. Thompson Brown Award, given to the boy and girl below the VI Form who have made the greatest contributions to School government.

The Malcolm Ford Award, given to the boy and girl below the VI Form who best combines the qualities of leadership, good sportsmanship and a cheerful spirit, was earned by Dan Falciani ‘06 and Ashley Panichelli ‘06.

The Robert H. Stegeman Jr. Award, given in honor of Bob Stegeman, inspirational history teacher, academic dean, assistant headmaster and dean of faculty at St. Andrew’s from 1978 to 1999, is awarded to the junior boy and girl in the top academic ranks of their class who have demonstrated intellectual leadership and who have made exceptional contributions to the life of the School and community. Adam Mantha ‘06 and Marti Dumas ‘06 were this year’s recipients.
Crump Lecture weighs the politics of science

On Friday, April 22, Professor Lawrence Krauss of Case Western Reserve University gave the 2005 William A. Crump, Jr. ’44 Physics Lecture entitled “Science, Non-Science, and Nonsense: From the White House to the Classroom.”

In his talk Professor Krauss cited several examples of serious cultural and political shifts against established scientific knowledge and its proper representation in education and public policy. These examples included the 1999 Kansas School Board decision to remove evolution and discussions of the Big Bang Theory from its curriculum, the state of Ohio’s 2002 proposal to introduce Intelligent Design into the high school biology curriculum, and the 2004 open letter to the Bush Administration, signed by scores of prominent scientists (including 20 Nobel Laureates and five former Presidential Science Advisors) pointing to the administration’s censorship and distortion of the results of several government science advisory panels.

After discussing these examples, Professor Krauss addressed the more general issue of what science is, and what it is not, and how one might distinguish the difference between science and fiction in popular discourse. He spoke to the dangers of a scientifically illiterate citizenry and urged our students to engage in the study of science to meet the challenges our society faces in a world that is becoming increasingly dependent on the proper and effective use of advanced technologies.

Professor Krauss is the Ambrose Swasey Professor of Physics and Astronomy and Chair of the Physics

St. Andrew’s receives $1.3 million bequest from Crump estate

St. Andrew’s has received a 1.3-million-dollar bequest from the estate of William A. Crump, Jr. ’44 to endow the School’s physics program.

Bill Crump’s was a true American story. He came to St. Andrew’s from a one-room schoolhouse and graduated at the top of his class. He served his country during wartime. He went to one of this nation’s most revered universities. He dedicated his life to one profession and one company. He raised a family. He endured personal tragedy. He gave back to his school, his church and created a special summer family community on the shores of the Elk River.

He wrote of his St. Andrew’s experience, “I believe my whole life has been affected by St. Andrew’s School. My fellow students, the faculty and the atmosphere in general helped me to develop a moral code that I don’t think I could have developed anywhere else.”

Bill’s spirit will endure here at St. Andrew’s through his establishment in 1998 of the annual William A. Crump, Jr. ’44 Physics Lecture that brings a nationally prominent physicist to campus each spring. And now, his bequest represents the largest single sum received by the School since its original endowment was established. It also establishes Mr. Crump as the first million-dollar alumni donor in the School’s history.
Department at Case Western Reserve University. He is an internationally known theoretical physicist and the author of over 200 scientific publications as well as numerous popular articles and books on physics and astronomy, including the international bestseller, *The Physics of Star Trek*. Professor Krauss has lectured widely to audiences and appears frequently on radio and television. In February of 2000 he was awarded the AAAS Award for the Public Understanding of Science and Technology, and in April of 2001 the American Institute of Physics granted him the Andrew Gemant Award in recognition of "his significant contributions to the cultural, artistic, or humanistic dimensions of physics."

Now in its sixth year, The William A. Crump, Jr. ’44 Physics Lecture features prominent physicists representing a wide range of specialties who tailor their talks to a general audience. Past speakers have included two Nobel Prize winners. The lecture series has become one of the feature special programs of the St. Andrew’s School year, with this year’s event marking the first since Bill Crump’s death in November of 2004.

Organic Garden project blossoms

Students and faculty interested in moving a bit closer to the 2,200 acres of land so carefully preserved by St. Andrew’s embarked this spring on a new project—the St. Andrew’s Organic Garden.

Advised by expert gardener Michael McGrath P’92, ’01, the group started small in order to have a successful first year. Over the winter, they raised a few hundred plants, comprising about 20 crops, in the School’s greenhouse, which is attached to Amos Hall. As the weather warmed,
the plants were transplanted to a 50-by-100-foot plot along the drive from the main campus to the facilities complex, in a field that had not been cultivated for a few years.

Those involved with the project hope to use the greenhouse and the garden year-round to produce organic herbs and produce for the dining hall. In the summer season, the garden will be cultivated by a co-operative of faculty families who live on the campus during the summer. The gardeners are also working to reduce the garden’s environmental impact further by several means. Some include composting food from dining services and campus leaf waste and using transplanting pots made from discarded newspapers instead of purchased pots.

**Faculty development and summer studies**

Over the course of the year, the faculty at St. Andrew’s develop their skills through continuing studies and other professional activities.

Esther Hsiao, teacher of Chinese language, was selected to participate in a National Endowment for the Humanities summer program entitled “China and the Islamic World.” The course will be held at Columbia University in New York.

Mathematics teacher Margaret Coffey was elected to the editorial board for *Mathematics Teacher*. She will serve a three-year term. This summer, Coffey and Dave DeSalvo, Andrew DeSalvo ’00, Betsy James and Kim Klecan will attend the Mathematics, Science, and Technology conference held annually at Phillips Exeter Academy.

In April, biology teacher Dan O’Connell attended the Experimental Biology Conference in San Diego and presented his work on the way certain immune cells, called T-cells, change the genes they use as they mature. O’Connell conducted his research in the summer of 2004, spending six weeks at Haverford College working in Jennifer Punt’s laboratory as a John H. Wallace Fellow, sponsored by the American Association of Immunologists (AAI). He also spent two weeks developing a curriculum unit on the topic for use by other biology teachers and will publish this unit on the AAI’s Web site. The AAI supported both the summer work and the conference trip with the fellowship award. About ten such awards are made each year in the U.S.

History teacher Nigel Furlonge has accepted a Joseph Klingenstein Fellowship for the 2005-06 academic year. Furlonge will spend the year at Teachers College at Columbia University in New York. The Joseph Klingenstein Fellows probe educational issues and problems, and develop skills and insights that mark dynamic leadership in order to strengthen their careers as...
deans, department chairs, division directors, and school heads. Each year, up to 12 teachers and administrators from across the world are awarded Joseph Klingenstein Fellowships for a renewing challenge of study, reflection, personal growth and camaraderie. During the Furlonges’ year away from St. Andrew’s, Nigel’s wife, English chair Nicole, will work on her dissertation.

**Students and faculty continue environmental efforts**

The St. Andrew’s community continued to make strides in caring for the environmental beauty that surrounds the campus. On Earth Day, the School participated in an organized “power outage” to measure the energy savings possible in specified time period. Through a targeted effort, the community saved one-third of the energy used during that time period in ordinary operations. During the campus power outage, the community gathered for a candlelight Chapel service and an environmentally friendly lunch.

In addition, members of the Environmental Club organized a letter-writing campaign to encourage the use of full double-hulled tankers on the Delaware River. The November accident which spilled 265,000 gallons of oil involved the tanker *M.V. Athos I*, which did not have a double-hulled bottom.

Around campus and the extended woodlands, III Formers Dan Dittmar, Schafer Newman, Luke Walter and Tyler Willse planted over 150 trees, including black locust and red and white oaks.

On the senior class Arbor Day, members of the Sixth Form planted native trees in several areas. They planted loblolly and white pines behind the Noxon House to help screen the area from the visual encroachment of the Longmeadow housing development across the Appoquinimink River. They also planted out near the School’s former dump site, now a mulching area, and on the designated “Back 15,” a field at the south end of Noxontown Pond that has been targeted for reforestation.

**Senior class publishes cookbook**

For a form fundraiser, the Class of 2005 gathered over 250 recipes from faculty, staff and parents to create *The Barefoot St. Andrean: Recipes from the Front Lawn*. Inspired by Ina Garten’s popular series of *Barefoot Contessa* cookbooks, the 134-page volume of St. Andrean delicacies offers everything from Nan and Simon Mein’s Moroccan Tomato Soup to Ann McTaggart’s Moravian Molasses Cookies.

In addition to the varied and plentiful recipes, the book also features amusing photography of a dinner course setting in several locations around campus.

**Publications to get new look for 75th year**

Next fall when students return to School and the first St. Andrew’s publications of the new school year arrive, alumni, parents and friends will see something new. New stationery for the School has already been designed, featuring the full St. Andrew’s crest and a traditional bright white paper. Over the summer the advancement office will be working on a new look for *St. Andrew’s Magazine* and the School’s Web site. The new Web site design will make the site easier to use and packed with more St. Andrew’s information than ever before. The Web site and *Magazine* redesigns will feature the familiar and traditional hallmarks that St. Andreans have come to expect over 75 years of School history. Keep a sharp eye on your mailbox so you do not miss any news from St. Andrew’s!
On the blistering July day in 2002 when Eric Boateng first set his size 16 feet on the campus, it was not likely he would ever become a St. Andrew’s student. Our admission season was long over; we didn’t need any more boys in the sophomore class; and even he wasn’t sure that leaving his home in London and coming to a tiny boarding school in Middletown, Delaware was the right thing to do.

Eric first heard about St. Andrew’s through Tony Tucker, a former admission officer and coach at St. Andrew’s who met the Boateng family in London. A British television show was doing a story on the hometown kid who had dreams of playing college basketball in the States. Tony, the director of high school basketball at the famed IMG Academy in Florida, was invited to fly overseas to evaluate the young Boateng as part of the show. Eric wanted to develop his nascent basketball talent—he’d only been playing for two years—and Tony told him that going to the U.S. was probably a good idea. There would be plenty of schools that would accept Eric in an instant for the 6 foot 9 inch frame he could lend to their basketball teams. But Tony also told Florence Boateng, Eric’s mother, that if she were looking for a school where her son would be cared for, St. Andrew’s was the place. “I don’t care about basketball,” Florence had said from the very beginning. She had been working at difficult jobs the past 15 years to support Eric and his sister Becky. “I want Eric to have an education. I want Eric to be somebody.”

Eric Boateng was an introspective 15-year-old. On that
July day when he first visited St. Andrew's, he already knew that being tall—really tall—was both a gift to be grateful for and a weight around his neck. A gift because his stature would always make him stand out. A weight around his neck for the same reason. On his first tour of campus, as we walked between Amos Hall and Founders, Eric turned to me and said, "Sometimes I wonder if I would be here visiting a school in the States if I weren't tall." I was quiet for several seconds. It was probably my first inkling of how this arbitrary and impersonal thing—his height—had steered, and would steer, his life. I felt a pang of guilt.

I told him it was true, we probably wouldn't have ever known about him if he weren't tall. After all, that was undoubtedly why the television station had chosen Eric, and that choice eventually led him to us. Moments later, I added this: "Eric, your height won't get you into St. Andrew's. This school doesn't work like that." I meant this as both a warning and a promise.

Eric had yet to meet Louisa Zendt, our director of admission. That meeting almost didn't happen.

Louisa Zendt cares about a lot of things at St. Andrew’s. As an alumna and as the official welcomer of hundreds of guests to the school each year, she is a champion of what she would call core St. Andrew’s values: civility, integrity, academic engagement, care for others. Winning basketball games is not one of the things Louisa values. If Eric Boateng was ever to become a St. Andrean, it would not be for his ability to put a round ball into a round hoop.

Louisa had been at her family’s home in Avalon that week, and after a sudden complication in her schedule, she was not going to be able to make it to campus to interview Eric. But athletic director Mike Hyde saved the day. He offered to drive Eric to the Zendt beach house.

When Eric and Mike arrived, Louisa was in the midst of entertaining her neighbor, a 95-year-old woman who lived next door. Louisa, who would later become Eric’s advisor and mother-in-residence, remembers introducing Eric to her friend and remembers that the teenager from London with the distinct mix of British and Ghanaian accents immediately engaged the woman in conversation. "He looked me in the eye," Louisa said recently. "He asked questions. He could have been a shy teenager or a standoffish basketball star, but he wasn’t." It was about then that a kid from the

“He looked me in the eye. He asked questions. He could have been a shy teenager or a standoffish basketball star, but he wasn’t.”

– Louisa Zendt
neighborhood, a toddler, appeared at the Zendt doorway. Such surprise visits from this youngster were not uncommon. Moments later, the child was on Eric’s shoulders, laughing and screaming. Eric didn’t know it, but his “interview” was pretty much over.

Though Eric had won Louisa Zendt’s heart by the time he flew home to London two days later, it was still far from certain that he would return in the fall as a St. Andrew’s student. Eric was, and is, a cautious young man. He often takes a long time to make big decisions, and he has a tendency—part endearing, part maddening—to waver between one thing and its opposite. Just ask Duke basketball coach Mike Krzyzewski, who wasn’t sure he’d ever get a commitment out of the center from London. That’s Eric’s personality. But Eric’s doubts were being fueled by one of the people closest to him. His basketball coach at home was warning him that he was not ready to go to the States and be on his own. He cautioned Eric’s mother that her son could sometimes be too trusting and that he needed time for maturing. Eric was a boy, he reminded her. He was not a man yet. “And you don’t know these Americans,” he added.

Well, after much wavering that summer, after many conversations with his mother and with his uncle Kingsley, Eric had made a decision. In late August, he called Mike Hyde in his office and said, “I’m coming.”

Ready or not.

In some ways he wasn’t ready. The beginning of Eric’s sophomore year was not easy, and in this regard his experience was not unlike those of many new St. Andreans. It was difficult being so far from home. The academic work-
load was the most challenging he’d ever faced. Even bask-
etball was not easy, as his brilliant games were often fol-
lowed by several frustrating ones. He had a lot to learn. His
St. Andrew’s life, it seemed, was all adjustments and no
groove. I still remember a day in late November of that
year when I ran into Eric in the breezeway outside the din-
ning hall. He looked tired. We sat on a bench.
“I don’t know if I belong here,” he said.

Now, at the end of Eric’s senior year, we can look back
on a remarkable St. Andrew’s career in the classroom, in
the community (at graduation he was given the school’s
highest award, the St. Andrew’s Cross), and on the court.
The list of basketball accolades is impressive to say the
least: Duke-bound recruit, three-time all-state player, three
state tournament appearances (including a 38-point, 20-
rebound, nine-block game in the Saints’ first-round win over
Concord this past March), Delaware player of the year,
Parade All-American, first-ever McDonald’s All-American
from the state of Delaware.

But what Eric was best known for on campus was his
intelligence and work ethic, his good nature, his high-
pitched laugh, and his rather startling humility. Throughout
his high school career, Eric refused to keep his many tro-
phies or his hundreds of college letters in his dorm room
where they might attract attention from his peers. Instead,
these items found their ways to the corners of Mike
Hyde’s office and
my apartment. Eric
also continued to be
a Pied Piper of
sorts during his
years at school, as
he made a habit of
delighting—and to
some degree proba-
tly terrifying—faculty
children with the
long ascent to the high altitude of his shoulders.

The school’s affection for Eric was perhaps never better
expressed than on April 16, 2005, when he played in the
Jordan Classic, Michael Jordan’s high school all-star game
at Madison Square Garden. Eric had already played in the
nationally televised McDonald’s All-American game two
weeks before—an event that essentially shut down study
hall at school that night as everyone scrambled for the
nearest TV. Though he finished the McDonald’s game as
his team’s leading rebounder, he clearly played with a case
of the nerves. He was eager to have a better performance
in New York City. What he didn’t know was that the entire
student body, almost all of the faculty, and dozens of
friends and alums would be in the stands cheering for him.
No idea.

When Eric came through the tunnel from the locker
room and set foot on the famed Garden floor for warm-
ups, he was greeted by an eruption of cheers. He looked
into the stands behind the west basket. Not only were
there over 300 fans screaming for him, but they had
brought signs and specially-made T-shirts (“We Love Boa,”
“The Boa Constrictor,” “Boateng takes Manhattan”).
Seniors Lindsay Brownlee, Katie Lillard, and Ziza Craig had
even painted a gigantic likeness of Eric’s face that now
bounced and swayed above their heads. Eric stared for a
moment, realized what he was seeing, and pointed toward
the St. Andrew’s crowd. The fans’ excitement became
delirium.

Eric Boateng and St. Andrew’s had only begun to steal
the show.

Early in its broadcast of the game, ESPN told the story of
the boarding school from Delaware that had packed
school buses and traveled 150 miles to
cheer on their star player. What made it
even more of a story
was that faculty mem-
ber John Burk, through
weeks of planning,
phone calls and e-mails,
had arranged the
total operation so that
the fan support on that night would be a complete surprise
to Eric.

The shots of screaming, sign-waving St. Andrew’s fans
were plentiful throughout the broadcast as the School
quite literally dominated the Garden crowd. Fans cheered
every Boateng rebound, assist, and blocked shot, and they

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ESPN told the story of the boarding
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to cheer on their star player.
After the game and players’ handshakes were over, Eric ascended the Garden stairs, and with the media’s cameras clicking and flashing, he disappeared into the back-slapping, high-fiving St. Andrew’s throng.

brought the house down after his second-half dunk. After the game and players’ handshakes were over, Eric ascended the Garden stairs, and with the media’s cameras clicking and flashing, he disappeared into the back-slapping, high-fiving St. Andrew’s throng.

On graduation day, when Eric Boateng’s name was called over the public address system, he strode toward the Garth steps, embraced headmaster Tad Roach, and then returned to his seat with his diploma in hand. His mother, on campus for only the second time in her son’s career (she never saw him play a basketball game), was crying. Eric was smiling pensively. If you’d known the skinny, tentative kid who’d arrived on campus three years before, and if you felt inclined toward nostalgia at this ceremonial moment, you would have been thinking about the one suitcase he’d carried with him to Middletown on his first day as a St. Andrew’s student and how slowly and nervously he’d unpacked it in his Voorhees room that afternoon. (Among the things in that bag was a stuffed animal given to him by a girl on the night before he left for the States.) You would have been thinking about how quickly his dress pants became too short for him that year and how he’d worn them anyway without self-consciousness. If you took a good look at him walking back to his chair and sitting among his graduating classmates, you would have been struck by the extra two inches and the 50 pounds he had added to his frame in his time here. You might have been thinking at that moment that he looked an awful lot like a grown man.

Coincidentally, Eric called me tonight while I was writing this article. He’s a little bit enamored of his new cell phone, but clearly he also wanted to talk. It is five days since graduation, senior parties are over, and he is in Chicago visiting his aunt for a couple of weeks before he reports to Duke for a summer session of classes and workouts.

“Rue,” he says. “It really hit me today. That it’s over.” His voice sounds farther away than Chicago.

“How do you feel about it?” I ask.

“ Weird,” he says. “Bewildered. It’s like it was all a dream.”

Or, a tall tale that is absolutely true.

Eric with his family at the 2005 Commencement Exercises.
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 23 & 24

**Current Siblings:**
Parents Weekend – Friday & Saturday, October 22 & 23

To register, please contact the Admission Office, (302) 285-4231, or e-mail lzendt@standrews-de.org.
The spring theater production of Harry Segall’s *Heaven Can Wait* was a crowd favorite on Arts Weekend, May 14-15, 2005. Students handled the challenging semi-dark comedy script and kept audiences engaged and intrigued from the opening curtain to the final bow.

Ricardo Antoine ’05 starred impressively in the lead role of Joe Pendleton, a boxer whose life has been mistakenly cut short due to a clerical mistake in the hereafter. Micah Levinson ’05 capped his four years of dedicated stage work with a great performance as Mr. Jordan, the spiritual service representative who tries to rectify the error by placing Pendleton’s soul in another body. Anthony Timberman ’05 played Max, Pendleton’s friend and boxing trainer. Ashley Hart ’07 and Teddy Rogers ’05 added murderous intrigue as the scheming wife and business associate of Jonathan Farnsworth, whose suddenly available body becomes Pendleton’s interim destination. Nathalie Gonzalez ’05 played Bette Logan, who becomes the love interest for Pendleton while living within Farnsworth’s body. Miles Pope ’05 brought the hilarity to a peak as Inspector Williams, who attempts to investigate the possibility of foul play but is hindered by Farnsworth’s unexplained revival.
TOP ROW
Nathalie Gonzalez ’05 as Bette Logan and Ricardo Antoine ’05 as boxer Joe Pendleton.
Christina Conell ’05 as Mrs. Ames and Esi Hutchful ’08 as Susie.
Micah Levinson ’05 as Mr. Jordan

SECOND ROW
John Whitesell ’06 as the radio announcer.
Nathalie Gonzalez as Bette Logan and Ashley Hart ’07 as Julia Farnsworth.
Colin Mattis ’06 as a cornerman, Rebecca Smith ’08 as Ann and Ricardo Antoine as Joe Pendleton.

THIRD ROW
Ted Rogers ’05 as Tony Abbott, Ashley Hart as Julia Farnsworth and Miles Pope ’05 as Inspector Williams.
Eric Martin ’05 as Messenger 7013 and Micah Levinson as Mr. Jordan.
Anthony Timberman ’05 as Max Levene and Ricardo Antoine as Joe Pendleton.

BOTTOM ROW
Anthony Timberman as Max Levene.
Ricardo Antoine as Joe Pendleton and Micah Levinson as Mr. Jordan.
Jo Graves
Watching St. Andrew’s grow.

St. Andrew’s Magazine: Since coming to St. Andrew’s in 1997, you have spent the last eight years working in the Admission Office helping to evaluate and assemble each new class. What has been the most rewarding aspect of that job?

Jo Graves: When I came to St. Andrew’s in the summer of ’97, the atmosphere was very quiet—no students, a few faculty members and staff. The solitude of that summer helped me prepare for the onslaught in September. I had no idea what to expect in a school environment since my experiences to date were in the corporate world. I remember getting very anxious about the return of the students and what it would be like. Suddenly, the campus was full and excitement filled the air. The school year had begun and the admission process was in full swing.

As the prospective students arrived for their tours and interviews, I was truly amazed how these students handled themselves. To be so young and subjected to a personal interview—and yet they survived. Some were very nervous, others confident—and I wondered, after saying the goodbyes, who will be part of the next fall class. From the initial contact, the enrollment, to the first day of school, I have guided these students and their parents through the admission process. Finally, when the students arrive on campus and, for the first time, I recognize a few on corridor, I get a sense of satisfaction and realize that I played a small role in this important process.
SAM: What changes do you see in the students during their journey from applicant to student to graduate?

JG: From their first year at St. Andrew’s, I have watched these students develop, physically and emotionally, throughout their stay. From immature high school adolescents to young adults, their metamorphosis was astounding. To see these talented students flourish and expand their intellectual, athletic and artistic ability was remarkable. Graduation day is the culmination of the entire process from applicant, to SAS student, to college student.

SAM: As you begin your work with the headmaster, what opportunities are you looking forward to? What will you miss from Admission?

JG: After eight years in the Admission area, working with Tad will be an extension of the admission process. I look forward to working with the Board, faculty, alumni, staff and current parents. The admission area is one facet of the school—Tad’s office will be multifaceted, giving me an overview of the entire campus and its unique community environment. With Mary leaving this area, I do have a huge void to fill. She has been at the helm for 28 years—how can I not feel apprehensive? A challenge it will be!!!

As I look forward to working with Tad, I feel a true sadness in leaving the Admission area. Louisa, Peter, Nina, Stacey, Mike and Lisa have been wonderful. This Admission team has always been engaged, cooperative, humorous and caring. I’ll miss seeing them everyday, even though I’m only moving down the hall. I’ll miss working with Louisa—her kind notes of appreciation that would just appear on my desk—her sense of humor that always brightened a crazy day—her sixth sense that a helping hand was needed—her uncanny ability to suggest an easier way to eliminate more phone calls. She has truly been an inspiration and a joy to me as a co-worker. I’ll miss Mike’s dry humor, Nina’s giggle and smile, Stacey’s greeting “Good morning, darlin’,” Peter and the chats we had and Lisa’s soft voice and smile. They all tell me change is good—I’m banking on that!
Well, it’s finally here. It’s hard to believe that this day has actually arrived. It doesn’t seem like that long ago, each of you arrived for the first time at St. Andrew’s, but for most of you, it has been three or four years. Weeks have flown by and some days seemed like they would never end, but leaving has probably been a rather surreal idea to most of you after spending such a significant chunk of your life here.

So, what is the sum of your time at the school? We hope that you leave St. Andrew’s profoundly transformed. We know that you will do well in the next phase of your life. In her chapel talk a few weeks ago, Ms. Barker, Class of 1999, confirmed that. To paraphrase her, when you graduate you are ready for what lies ahead when you leave St. Andrew’s. The time since has been nothing but fun...mostly. We’ve often wondered about the identity of your class and worried that you didn’t always feel appreciated and validated as a class, perhaps because you have defied easy definition. If we were to label the Class of 2005, what would it be? Would that give us an indication of your legacy? Let’s try some mottos.

2005: The academic class. 2005: The athletic class. 2005: The artistic class. The class of service. The class that can raise funds. The class that knows how to throw a party. None of them fit perfectly. To be sure, just because the name doesn’t perfectly apply does not mean the class is devoid of excellence in all those areas. National Merit Scholars. All-American athletes. Stunning visual, performing and musical artists. Incredibly involved volunteers. More Krispy Kremes than we should have ever eaten. Fantastic dances and parties. Inspired debate and discussion in and out of the classroom. The class of 2005 really does have it all. So what exactly does define this class? What about the Class of Perpetual and Wide-Ranging Pursuits? OK, it’s not too catchy, but the description is close.

“If we were to label the Class of 2005, what would it be?”
While Mr. Colburn, Mrs. Mein and Ms. Miller combine for 100 years of experience at St. Andrew's, the Class of 2005 has amassed nearly 300 years. Of course, you've spread it out among more than 70 people, but the fact is that you have accumulated a wealth of experience and knowledge. You have had the opportunity to carry on important traditions, begin new ones and uphold the mission of the school every day.

However, longevity does not necessarily bring accomplishment. Contributions come from effort and engagement married with good ideas. We will appreciate your class gift, whatever it may be, but that does not adequately reflect all that you have done. What you have accomplished will carry forward for future generations of students. Maui Wowie was so good this year because of how good it was last year. The Faculty Appreciation reception was a wonderful new event that celebrated the deep relationships that you have made with us. The opinion board will always crackle with controversy because you helped create it and enabled it to flourish. Think about what you have done individually. When you come back, when you bring your children here, what will you remember as your legacy? What will you tell them that you did?

Your time here as students is done. As alums, you can certainly continue to leave lasting marks on the school by donating time and, of course money, and by being involved in alumni activities. Some of you may even return here professionally. At the final faculty meeting, we're going to have a pool to guess which member of the class of '05 is the first to return to teach.

If you're still listening and not distracted by what's going to happen in 30 minutes from now, we've got one final piece of homework for you to do today. As each of your classmates comes forward to receive his or her diploma and bask in a moment of accomplishment and applause, take a moment to think of the impact that each of your classmates has had on you. Imagine their smile, a meal you shared together, a class discussion, an afternoon at practice, a walk through the woods, a lazy day on the front lawn, an all-nighter spent writing papers, power outages during hurricanes. When you hear those names and feel incredibly happy to have known them and also really sad that you won't share every day with them anymore, you'll know. You'll be feeling the impact that they have had on you.

You have had the same sort of impact on each one of your classmates, all of the underformers and faculty members. That is a much more personal legacy and one that can be stronger than any listing of clubs and teams. Remember them, stay in touch with them, love them as they will want to remember and love you.

Now, on this day of commencement, a ceremony that signifies both a beginning and an end, we dare to give one little piece of advice. As you go forth to new places, celebrate and be aware of the impact you can have and the legacy you can leave. Be intentional about it. Know that what you do can transform the people who surround you and the places you inhabit. Don't underestimate the power you can have to change things and affect people.

Just as much as we hope that St. Andrew's has transformed you, you have done the same for St. Andrew's. As you have helped create St. Andrew's, it is your place. Come back often. Visit us. Keep creating lasting works in your life, just as you have done here. Good luck, Class of 2005. We will miss you immensely.
GIRLS’ LACROSSE

Undefeated in Delaware, the girls’ lacrosse team entered the state tournament as three-time defending champions. They left with an unblemished four-year dynasty after dispatching Cape Henlopen 14–9 in the finals. Head Coach Sarah Commito has been at the helm of the program for all four crowns, racking up a combined record of 76-3. With her on that journey have been four-year varsity players Lizzie Burns ’05, Ashley Holbrook ’05 and Jesse Nunn ’05.

St. Andrew’s jumped out to a quick 3–0 lead in the first 74 seconds of the game, but Cape Henlopen charged back with two goals. With 10 minutes to go in the half, the Cardinals expanded a 4-3 lead into an 8-3 half time advantage. From that point on, St. Andrew’s maintained at least a three-goal lead eventually winning 14-9. Eight players scored goals for the trophy-bound Cardinals. Jesse Nunn scored five with three assists, Lizzie Burns and Ziza Craig ’05 had two goals, and Antonia Clark ’05, Alexa Caldwell ’07, Behle Holbrook ’07, Ashley Holbrook and Molly Whiteman ’06 scored single goals. Abigail Cain ’05 made 13 saves, several at point-blank range.

Commito lauded the leadership of the team’s tri-captains, Lizzie Burns, Antonia Clark and Jesse Nunn, as well as the solid contributions of the many other seniors who filled out the team. Strong players among the underformers on varsity, as well as those who will move up from the 11–0 J.V. team will make next year’s team equally formidable.

BOYS’ LACROSSE

A 5–11 record reflected the tough season encountered by the boys’ lacrosse team this season. The loss of well-seasoned personnel from the 2004 squad and lower participation numbers combined to provide additional challenges for the Cardinals, especially against some of the deeper teams in the state. “Most games we were competitive until the very last whistle,” said Head Coach Jay Hutchinson, “but we lacked the experience of playing together and making decisions in pressure situations to get us into the win column.”

Still, the team persevered. The senior leadership of Tom Hoffecker, Brice Howard, Chike Lawrence-Mitchell, Ben Smith and Will Williams was outstanding, according to Hutchinson. In addition to the seniors, there was strong support from returning players Andrew Devlin ’06, Ikenna Iheoma ’06 and John Andrew McCown ’07. Newcomers Rob Bryan ’07, Penn Daniel ’07 and Luke Walter ’08 also made an impact on the field and should have bright futures.

As team captains, Howard and Smith set the tone for the team, working with younger players to keep a positive outlook during the tough season and helping to develop the squad for the future. Both Smith and Howard played in the Delaware Senior All-Star game.
GIRLS’ TENNIS

A second-place finish in the State Championships and a 14–2 season record reflected this team’s hard work, and the loss of only four players to graduation bodes well for the coming years. Captains Kirkland Mitchell ’05 and Joan Payson ’05 led the team well, ably assisted by fellow seniors Sallie-Wright Milam and Courtney Streett. Underformers Stephanie Chubb ’07, Liz Court ’06, Peyton Newquist ’06, Nina Punukollu ’08 and Hadley Roach ’07 filled out the rest of the team ladder.

Mitchell, Chubb and Roach spent the season as the top three singles players. Newquist and Streett played at first doubles, while Milam and Payson played second doubles. Court and Punukollu played exhibition during most matches.

Although Head Coach Allison Thomas-Rose ’96 moves on after this season, girls’ tennis has a bright outlook. A large J.V. team, coached by Betsy James, will provide talented replacements for the varsity roster in 2006.

BOYS’ TENNIS

Head Coach Peter Hoopes ’89 characterized his first season as “fantastic.” With a 15–0 record and a second-place state tournament finish, that’s a fairly accurate assessment. The season schedule is a tough one, with matches against most of the other top ten teams in Delaware.

Key varsity returners from 2004 were Sam Baroody ’05, Duncan Kirby ’05, Gautam Punukollu ’05, John Reynolds ’06, Peter Salas ’05 and Brandon Sigh ’06. Newcomer Owen Strong ’07 filled out the varsity ladder, earning the No. 3 singles slot. Greg Beard ’08, Ryan Karerat ’08, Tolly Taylor ’07 and Andrew Ward ’07 played exhibition slots.

Co-captains Baroody and Salas helped coach and lead the players during the season. Coach Hoopes complimented their work, as well as that of the entire team. “We have a great program because the players love the game and really support each other,” said Hoopes. “The senior leadership was first-rate and I know they instilled in the younger players a sense of dedication to the team; they also showed them how to have fun and enjoy the practices.”

Hoopes recalled two extraordinary matches during the season. Against Salesianum, the team found its usual strength—the doubles—struggling along with Owen Strong at No. 3 singles. “Owen Strong was down 1-5 in his first set, and if we lost both doubles and 3rd singles, we’d lose the match,” said Hoopes. “Somehow, Owen figured his opponent out and rattled off 12 straight games to win 7-5, 6-0.” The win kept the Cardinals ahead to win the team scoring 3–2. Against St. Mark’s High, clay courts provided a challenge to the entire St. Andrew’s team, but Brandon Sigh and both doubles won their matches to put another “W” in the team record.

The J.V. team, coached by Demond Baine, also finished undefeated, in addition to supplying players to the varsity for exhibition matches.
**BASEBALL**

The varsity baseball team finished the year with a 6–14 record, playing five games against state tournament teams. With a young starting lineup, the players all made significant improvement while contributing to some remarkable wins.

Mac McCallum ’06, Kyle Whiteman ’05 and Brett Wilkinson ’06 were elected tri-captains and were instrumental in keeping the team focused and positive. Ted Boyer ’05 was limited in his playing time but made the All-Conference Team as did Wilkinson; Boyer also played in the Annual Blue-Gold All-Star game.

“Our goal this year was to be competitive,” said Head Coach Bob Colburn, “and we were in most of our games, highlighted by three consecutive come-from-behind wins against Sanford, Tower Hill and Wilmington Christian.” Colburn also relished an 8-2 win over conference champion Friends early in the season.

At the May 7 game against Tower Hill, past and present students of Bob Colburn’s diamond insights gathered to pay tribute to the man who devoted 45 years to St. Andrew’s. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Colburn Field was dedicated in his honor.

The J.V. team, under Coach Dave DeSalvo, was unable to post a win this year, but did enjoy a productive season, making progress in every game.

**GIRLS’ CREW**

The 2005 season marked the final one for Head Coach Brad Bates, who leaves after 14 years of transforming girls’ crew at St. Andrew’s. Under his direction, the team has captured five Stotesbury titles, two national titles, and one Henley title.

This year’s varsity boat returned four rowers from last year’s Henley trip, and after filling out the lineup with the best prospects in 2005, set out to exceed all pre-season expectations. Despite their youth, the boat demonstrated competitive passion from the first Noxontown race to the finals of the Scholastic Nationals. Rowers in the boat were Anstes Agnew ’05, Flora Campbell ’05, Katelyn Fanto ’06, Eloise Goelet ’05, Nancy Graves ’06, Eloise Repeczky ’07, Asa Rose Shenandoah ’06 and Mary Jo Toothman ’08. Allison Prevatt ’05 was the coxswain, Graves and Toothman earned invitations to USRowing’s junior women’s national team development camp at the U.S. Coast Guard Academy.

Midway through the season, the varsity eight had the distinct honor to row in a brand new shell named for faculty member DyAnn Miller, who passed away in May. After an emotional dedication ceremony on Arts Weekend, the shell was raced to its first victory, as the varsity defeated St. Paul’s School (MD) and Shipley School by open water.

The lower boats, coached by Mamie Doyle and Dave Myers ’96, fared well during the season, racing in small boat and novice categories.
BOYS’ CREW

Impressive racing on Noxontown Pond marked the varsity eight’s season, as they captured the Kershaw Trophy from Kent School for the third year in a row, and won the Pell Cup from Holy Spirit and the O’Brien Cup from Thomas Jefferson. The boat struggled at the New Jersey Championships and the Stotesbury Cup Regatta before bouncing back to a fifth-place finish at the Scholastic Nationals.

During the rigorous March training camp, the team adopted the motto, “Success is not chance...It is choice.” From there, Tyler Montgomery ’05, team captain and winner of the Warwick Crew Prize, led by constant example—always working hard and asking the same of his boatmates. Besides Montgomery, the varsity squad included Dave Fowler ’06, John Gerard ’05, Hunter Harris ’05, Nick Manice ’05, Dave Mannion ’06, Warwick Potter ’05 and George Toothman ’06. Sam Arnold ’06 was the coxswain.

Montgomery and Toothman have been invited to this summer’s selection camp for the United States Junior Team that will compete in Brandenburg, Germany. The selection camp will be held at Mercer Lake, in West Windsor, New Jersey.

The second eight carved out a reputation for dogged determination, as they closed the distance between their bow and the varsity stern each day of practice on Noxontown. Even as the crews entered the championship regattas, Head Coach Lindsay Brown found himself weighing the first boat possibilities for several standout rowers in the second boat. The intrasquad competition kept both crews moving fast.

On the lower boats, a solid group of younger rowers made strong strides this season under coaches Greg Doyle ’87 and Ben Kennedy ’97. Junior varsity rowers picked up some sculling technique to refine their sweep rowing abilities, while the freshmen eight completed a season that paints an optimistic picture for boys’ crew in the coming years.
A phone call at 1:30 a.m. from the State Police during the last week of school could not be good news, so I braced myself last Wednesday night as Elizabeth handed the receiver to me. The message, of course, was simple: Sam Baroody and Dexter Walcott had been caught, held, involved in an undesignated incident on Noxontown Road.

Now days later I have come up with different scenarios, better responses than the ones I gave that night. Perhaps I could have said, Baroody and Walcott—I’m sorry officer; you must be mistaken. I know no students by those names. Or, perhaps this: Baroody and Walcott? No. That’s all right; I will see them in the morning.

But instead, sleepy, naïve, numb—I only asked for details: What did they do, I queried. Mr. Roach, please just come to the station, the policeman said.

So I drove to Odessa, bleary eyed, thinking the thoughts of the harried, exasperated headmaster...

- What were Walcott and Baroody thinking?
- How and when would I call Arkansas, Philadelphia?
- What had they—Walcott and Baroody—done exactly?
- Would they graduate?

Suddenly the air filled with cameras, screams and laughter. Seventy of this class emerged from the darkness at 2:00 a.m. to present me with this plaque that reads:

Presented to Daniel T. Roach from the Jail Bird Class of 2005. Thank you for putting up with our shenanigans, pranks and impulsive decisions. We appreciate all that you have done for us. We are forever engrained with the St. Andrew’s ethos.

The brilliance of the prank rested on the gift of relief I experienced when I grabbed Sam and Peter Zimmerman gives classmate Jessica Lehner a hug following the final blessing. Will Clary, Antonia Clark (still sporting her lacrosse team’s signature faux tattoo) and Hunter Harris bask in the sunshine during Commencement.
slowly realized that we were not going to court, we were not going to call home. The gleeful faces on the veranda of the police station assured me that the Class of 2005 somehow understood and celebrated St. Andrew’s love, care and attention. You needn’t worry, they seemed to say. You worry too much, they suggested.

I stood dumbfounded as the yellow bus pulled up and brought the seniors back to School. I felt oddly alone. Shouldn’t we go out to breakfast to celebrate?

Even before this evening of terror, relief and laughter all rolled into one, this was an unforgettable class. It is a class of scholars, artists, athletes and humanitarians. It is a class that occasionally swerves dramatically in several directions at once, but ultimately it is a class that survives, endures and stands for values and virtues we all applaud and share.

What I can say to them today as they graduate is that St. Andrew’s—the School and our faculty—have offered you a way to live, flourish and mature in your life. We have urged you to be thoughtful, creative, engaged, passionate and discerning. And ultimately, as we wish you goodbye, we remind you that the meaning of life is not found in the superficial aspects of life: the petty, distracted, social world, the world of individualistic success and materialism.

Ultimately we find that we are most alive, most engaged, most inspired when we reject superficiality and concentrate on the simple, essential aspects of life: family, friends, nature, love, conversations and connections.

We wish you peace; we wish you well as you leave this School and community.

CO-PRESIDENT’S REMARKS
ALEXANDER WILLIAM SCOTT

My experience at St. Andrew’s has been one of a changing sentimentality towards the school. I originally did not want to go to boarding school. While being interviewed by Mike Hyde I told him this, but I also told him that I was open-minded to try anything, save football. He must have been in a rare mood that day. I came as a new sophomore and for most of the year I did not like Mr. Roach or anyone having to do with the
administration. It was the classic student vs. administration battle that blinded me. I truly agreed with the mission statement on Mr. Speers’ wall, “The beatings will continue until morale improves.” It did not occur to me that the students and their adult overseers could, and actually did work together. Needless to say I came around (although the senior class vs. Tad Roach snowball fight was a sweet taste of sockin’ it to the man. Unfortunately, I think you actually won. He was “quite literally” dropping kids). St. Andrew’s became the place where I found friends among teachers, advisors, coaches and administrators. Never before had I felt like I was working with them rather than for them.

As I slowly came to this realization over the course of my first year, I also began to warm to the social aspects of the school. The first half of my sophomore year had several challenges for me. I came from too small a school, and even roughly 65 students in a grade was huge to me. Entering the dining hall for meals was nerve-racking, the common rooms were filled with kids I was just trying to connect with, and I think I never sat down in the main common room once. SAS was just high school, not much more. However, since then, it has become much more than my school—it is now home number two. Granted, I don’t get marks from my parents and I don’t skip a sit-down dinner with them while hiding in my closet upstairs with a handful of other guys hoping I don’t get caught, but St. Andrew’s has become a home away from home. I know this is true with others as well when we are off campus and they ask when we are going home without realizing they called St. Andrew’s that. Although I cannot remember an exact moment when I realized this, I do know the process by which it came to be. And that was through the growth and vitality of our class.

When I look at our class I see many things. I see scholars, musicians, poets, writers, artists, athletes, comedians, confidants, and I see friends and I see family. And I have seen our class mature into a class that is not very different than three years ago. We are surer of ourselves, more capable, more knowledgeable, better looking, and far more resilient; but there is one aspect that has always remained the same and that has defined the class. I remember the days of old when sophomore men were allowed in the sophomore girls’ common room. Before the shroud of darkness that was Commito’s and Ramirez’s “restricted visit” policy fell over it, every night without fail we would squeeze our class into the Moss common room. The television was blaring, but nobody was watching, the couches were filled to six times their capacity, and everywhere our class was simply talking to each other and having a good time. Every night this revelry transpired, so it is no wonder that a few chairs literally exploded underneath us from all the hard use they got. When sophomore year was over, the girls moved across the gully and the men certainly were not going to journey the miles over there, uphill both ways and often times in the worst of weather. That would be unreasonable. And so the main common room became our new meeting point and has remained so the past two years.

Thus one of my favorite places at the school became the main common room. Although being on the water gives me a certain peace, and being on the front lawn gives me some of the most memorable times of my life, and anywhere on campus gives me a sense of being home, the main common room is the place where I know I can always find my friends. It has become the place where we gather and find each other. We know we can sit down and if no ’05er is there, they will be soon enough.
Common rooms are on each corridor. They are a trademark of boarding school life. They are places where people can relax and enjoy each other's company. What is unique about the main common room at St. Andrew's is that this is truly the common room for everyone. This past week we have practically lived there. It is the family room of the school and I have come to see my class as a second family to me, much like SAS has become a home away from home. There are people I look out for and those who look out for me. There are those I look up to and care about like I would care for my family. I have made friendships here that are bittersweet because I know we have to move forward on our own paths and yet I know I won't make friendships quite like these again. We have all grown up together and have made each other who we are. I think we turned out pretty well. You are my brothers, you are my sisters, and I will truly miss you all.

But it comforts me to know that this is not quite the end. It comforts me to know that we will all stay in touch and it comforts me to know that in five years I can come home again and know exactly where to find my family. Thank you St. Andrew's and thank you, my class, for everything.

**CO-PRESIDENT’S REMARKS**

**ELIZABETH TOWNSEND BURNS**

On August 29, 2001, I took my first ride over the St. Andrew's speed bumps as a student. My stomach was filled with butterflies. I did not know what I was going to do without my family, without that support system. I wasn't even sure if I would ever make a friend or meet someone I could really talk to.

Well, my first memorable moment at St. Andrew's was a knock in the head, and I am not being metaphorical. I was on the soccer field for our first preseason practice and I was making one of my first jogs around the field for a warm-up lap. I was nervous and was not focusing on what was happening around me. Well, it turns out that someone in front of me had decided to push down the swinging flag stick that marks the corner of the field. By the time I passed the corner of the field, the flag stick was swinging its way back up and it clocked me right above the eye. I was stunned, and I remember thinking, “what in the world was that?” I soon realized, though, that I was bleeding and that I needed help. I ran over to Mr. Rue and at first he looked at me with a bewildered expression, probably wondering how I managed to hurt myself during a warm-up lap. He then, however, immediately began to speak to me with his calming voice, and tried to assure me that everything was fine, despite the fact that I had blood all over my hands and face. The girls from the team, who barely knew my name, then ran over and helped me walk to Al Wood's training room. It was at this moment that I realized that these people here were going to take care of me and protect me. This team would become one of my new families, my new support system. We would always look out for each other, whether battling an opponent or just hanging out as friends. Even up to my last practice as a senior, 1170 days later, Mr. Rue would shout, “Don't you dare touch the flag poles” as we ran around the field. Some people would giggle while I touched the scar above my eye. But Mr. Rue’s shouts reminded me that this family had been through a lot together and that we had plenty to remember and laugh about.

My soccer family, however, was not the only one I would be a part of. The girls that lived on dorm with me all became important people in my life, leaving me with memories that will I will never forget, such as this one:  It was 3:00 am. The alarm clock rang and I could hear people walking around in their rooms above me. It was time. I woke up my roommate, Betty, and we both began to get dressed, if that's what you call what we did. We placed underwear on our heads, bathing suits over our pajamas, sunglasses on our faces, towels around our necks, (these were supposed to be capes), and rubber boots on our
feet. Upstairs, the six other superhero sophomores on Moss Annex dorm were doing the same. Before long, we all excitedly met at the top of the stairs, laundry baskets in hand. It was time to go laundry basket racing. At the top of the stairs, we climbed into our square racers with smiles across our faces, and gripped the sides tight. After a small push, the laundry basket flew, clunked, rolled, and crashed down the stairs. Luckily, about 15 pillows had been placed at the landing. Ms. Commito, hearing the slight disturbance we had created, soon bolted out of her apartment with her 3:00 in the morning face and looked at us with utter confusion. I do not think she even knew what words to say to us. We just ran away, laughing and screaming, thinking of nothing except of the fun we just had together.

You see, these people on Moss Annex were like my family. I had seven sisters, and one mother. We would even celebrate the holidays as an “annex family.” On December 18, we celebrated Christmas morning in Ms. Commoto’s apartment with a tree made out of construction paper. We had breakfast together as we shared all of our silly stories of the previous day. We laughed even when things were not that funny, and we listened even when the stories had no beginning.

I realized how much the people here at St. Andrew’s, such as the Roaches, came to mean to me. Everyone here, the whole student body, genuinely respects, takes care of, and looks out for one another. I want to especially thank the class of 2005 for being my family over these four years. I could not ask for better role models or friends.

Now, as I stand here before you and imagine driving over those speed bumps a few hours from now—my last time as a St. Andrew’s student—I can still imagine having those butterflies in my stomach. But now I am just nervous about what I am going to do without St. Andrew’s, without this family. I only hope, that in the future, I am lucky enough to make new families with people that are as loving and caring as they are here at St. Andrew’s.
engaged in the practice of law for almost thirty-five years. Some would say it has been a wasted life. Others would say—if we were talking baseball—that being a trial lawyer and coming from Washington D.C. means that the count is 0 and 2. I have only one strike left.

It is fair to say that I bring a Washington D.C. perspective to much that I do. This is, I concede, a mixed blessing. For example, you all know that our nation’s Seat of Government has an unhealthy preoccupation with public opinion polls. Sometimes our city seems to be nothing more than thousands of little seismographs sitting in thousands of offices, each measuring the daily hiccup in public opinion, each telling us what the American people deeply and truly believe about this crisis or that scandal.

And so you will not be surprised to learn that, when I was invited to speak here today, I immediately commissioned a secret opinion poll of St. Andrew’s seniors. The methodology was impeccable.

The sample was representative. The poll was impartial. And it produced some results worth reporting to you today.

In response to the question: “What is the most important advice you would give to your commencement speaker?” Not one St. Andrew’s senior said, “Be memorable.” The reason for this is that everyone knows that, when it comes to high school graduation speeches, it is absolutely impossible to be memorable.

Let me ask for a show of hands from all high school graduates in the crowd. How many of you can remember the name of your high school commencement speaker?

As we say in the law—and increasingly now on television—I rest my case.

Now, just one quick word to the Class of 2005: If anyone should ever ask you that same question, the name is Craig, spelled CRAIG.

What were the results of the poll? Opinion was unanimous that the commencement speaker should be brief, funny and meaningful. As for the list of “don’ts,” there was similar agreement. “Don't be trite,” they said, which is good advice. “Don’t ever say: ‘This is not an end but a beginning.’” And never say, “The future lies ahead.” One miserable senior said, “Please don’t embarrass me.”

There was a consensus among all seniors polled that a commencement speaker is just one more obstacle to overcome before actually getting your hands on the diploma. And listening politely to whatever he or she has to say is just The Last Hoop through which all seniors must jump before graduating.

I did another piece of research that I also want to share with you. I went to Amazon.com to see if any enterprising individual had ever gathered, collected and published previously delivered commencement speeches—given by genuinely thoughtful and wise people—in the hope that I could—how should I say this?—use what they had said as an inspiration to help me inspire you. Happily, there is just a collection which can be purchased on line. And so I bought it. There is a large group of people in Washington, D.C. waiting right now to borrow that book.
when I am done with it today.

I read through this collection, and I discovered an interesting fact: No matter how wise or eloquent or funny or famous a person may be, no one ever gives a commencement speech without quoting someone else who is wiser, funnier or more famous.

I will remain true to that tradition today but in a way that will help you, the members of the Class of 2005. I propose to give you a brief distillation of the wisdom that some of the most thoughtful and eloquent commencement speakers have given to other graduating classes over the years.

I begin with Jodie Foster, an Oscar-winning movie actress. Her advice to the senior class of Yale University was, and I quote: “Kick ass.”

Ken Burns, the PBS documentary filmmaker, told the graduating class of Hampshire College, “Whatever you do, be sure to walk over the Brooklyn Bridge at least once in your life.”

Justice Stephen Breyer, speaking at the Stanford University commencement exercises, quoted Conrad Hilton. For those of you who have never heard of Conrad Hilton, he was Paris Hilton’s great-grandfather. Justice Breyer told the graduating class of Stanford University that, “The single most important thing in life is to make certain that the shower curtain is inside the bathtub.”

Russell Baker, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author and columnist for the New York Times, gave the graduating class of Connecticut College ten “points” of advice. He didn’t call them commandments. He called them points. Point One was: “Bend down and smell a flower.” Point Four was “Sleep in the nude. It is silly to get dressed up to go to bed.” Based on Mr. Caldwell’s comments last night, it sounds to me as if many members of this graduating class have already implemented Point Four.

Point Ten was by far the most useful piece of advice: “Avoid lawyers unless you have nothing to do with the rest of your life but kill time.”

When I was growing up, I was taught that there were certain topics one never discussed in polite company. My mother told me that her mother told her that one should never talk about money, religion, politics or sex in polite company. Today, it seems to me that these are almost the only topics of conversation, whatever the company. We may have been liberated from boring conversations, but I do not think the liberation has done much to improve the culture.

Take a look at television. If our television shows are an accurate reflection of American culture, I would understand why many of us might be tempted to join the Taliban. Let me just cite a few examples. Take “Survivor.” This is a reality show that rewards manipulation, deceit and betrayal. Those contestants who are strong, decent, trusting, team-spirited and caring are always the first ones voted off the island. There is “The Apprentice.” The chief attraction of this show is the board room scene that concludes with the abject humiliation of one of the contestants. The aim of those who participate is to prove to Donald Trump that he or she is the person in the group best qualified to make a pile of money—and to make it working for Donald Trump.

Then there is “American Idol,” a show that has its own dash of humiliation but which also rewards the winner with the most cherished of prizes these days, instant fame and the life of a celebrity, including a chartered jet and a record contract. Finally, I am sad to report that American television was not redeemed by “Sex in the City.” This is a shallow and pandering show which was very popu-
lar. I watched it for ten minutes while exercising in a hotel gym, and I was—I guess the best word is—“astonished” by the subject matter.

My only point in all this is to say the obvious: if a visitor from another planet were to take a look at our popular culture as it is reflected in our television programming—something that we send all over the world—that visitor could fairly conclude that what we, as a people, care most about in life is having sex, making money, becoming famous and manipulating our friends.

We, as parents, are grateful to St. Andrew’s because this place proudly runs counter to that culture. The St. Andrew’s experience conveys the truth about all these false gods. St. Andrew’s recognizes the importance of hard work and community. It rewards excellence. It fosters creativity. It requires students to think critically. It demands that they be honest and ethical. It encourages human virtues that we admire most—such as trust and tolerance and respect and reverence and caring for others and courage.

Let me just take a moment to cite some concrete examples of what I am talking about:

It is admirable that the school is willing to address and discuss difficult topics. I thought the school’s production of the Laramie Project was powerful and brave, and I suspect it caused many good conversations inside the school community about the subject of homophobia and how The Good Society should or would—in an ideal world—treat same-sex relationships.

It is admirable that the school is resilient and determined in the face of adversity. When the lights went out in the middle of that production, the show went on—by candlelight. No one missed a beat. In fact, everyone on stage was better than before. And the production was actually enhanced by the edginess of the atmosphere, the uncertainty of not knowing what next, the sense of emergency and the energy that resulted from all that.

It is admirable that the school makes efforts to stay connected to the outside world. When something happens that shakes the nation, whether it is a terrorist attack or the publication of photographs of Iraqi inmates tortured by American servicemen and women, the leadership of St. Andrew’s brings the school together and talks about it. This is good. We need to know what is really going on out there. We need to try to understand it, and we need to understand how we can make it better. It is unpleasant to contemplate the face of evil, but evil does exist, and it must not be ignored. Attention must be paid—to what is happening beyond the classrooms and playing fields of St. Andrew’s, to what is happening to Americans less fortunate and to what is happening to people who live thousands of miles beyond our boundaries who, every day, are affected by what we as a nation think, do and say.

Many of you will have read about or heard the story of Marla Ruzicka, a young woman who grew up in California and went to Iraq to help people in trouble. She recently lost her life in Baghdad, the victim of a suicide bomber. Somehow, Marla, in her young life, developed a passion to help those people in Iraq who, through absolutely no fault of their own, had become innocent victims of the violence there, and who—mostly women and children—were suffering. She went to the Congress. She went to the Executive Branch. She went to the United States military. And she was relentless in pressing her case...
with the authorities in Washington and with U.S. officials in Iraq that we owe a moral and material duty to these innocent people damaged by war. To their credit and to the credit of many of these institutions, they responded to Marla Ruzicka’s appeal. She had a huge impact. She made a difference. Her life is an example to us all.

It is admirable that the school promotes good sportsmanship and teaches grace under pressure. Winning is wonderful, but I sometimes think that the true character of an athlete emerges more in defeat than in victory. Over the Arts Weekend, the boys’ lacrosse team lost a heartbreaker to Dover High School. And in that defeat, the team never gave up and never gave in. I saw a St. Andrew’s athlete take a hit that knocked him down with such force that it silenced the entire crowd which was filled with parents. He pulled himself up off the ground, staggered two steps toward the sideline, fell to his knees again and, just before crashing heavily into the turf and rolling over, said: “Doggone it! That hurt!” —or words to that effect. He was back in the game five minutes later. It was like a scene from Homer’s Iliad.

It is admirable that the school is intensely interested in many issues other than sex. Except for Mr. Roach who seems, of late, to be preoccupied. He wrote a cogent, well-reasoned five-page, single-spaced letter to all parents about this important subject, and he gave, I am told, a lengthy and eloquent speech to the student body. Mr. Roach, on behalf of all the parents gathered here today, you have our gratitude.

St. Andrew’s has incredible teachers who build strong relationships with their students, not only in the classroom but also outside the classroom. The fact that Peter and Darcy Caldwell bake bread, supply home-made Vermont maple syrup and make Sunday morning waffles for their students and advisees, the fact that the Speers family has taken out a second mortgage to pay for the gallons and gallons of ice cream and frozen yogurt and sorbet and Italian ice that they provide every Wednesday night to their advisees—these little known facts are illustrative of a broader educational philosophy that administrators and teachers at St. Andrew’s have discovered and are implementing so successfully throughout the school—which is, simply put, bribery is the best policy.

It is admirable that this school is so committed and has such concern for the arts. Whether the performance is orchestral or choral, theatrical or musical, individual or group, the audience is full of appreciative students. And we can always find Tad Roach sitting to the right down in front. And the studio art, the sculpture, the ceramics and photography sets this school apart from all others I have ever seen.

St. Andrew’s has a phenomenal coaching staff. The coaches here are unusual and special and important—to those who play and compete, of course, but also to those who warm the bench and to those who watch, to the parents who worry, and to the fabric of the entire school. For such a small school, the sports teams are amazingly successful as are the talented individual athletes. I trust it has nothing to do with steroids.

I am impressed by the parent body of this class and of this institution. Members of the graduating class, your parents are loyal and loving and long-suffering and selfless and generous, and we have done a darn good job.

Most of all, I am impressed by you, the members of this amazing class. You have done well, and we are proud of you. You know that the most important thing is not what you learn but how you learn. When I was in boarding school, I learned all the kings and queens of
England from 1485 to the present. Not once have I found an opportunity to recite that list to either a jury or a judge or even to a member of my family. I am still looking for a chance to make use of that knowledge. Far more important is having the courage to be creative, to be willing to be different, to take risks, to use your imagination and to do what is the most difficult thing of all, to think for yourself.

The Nobel Peace prize winner, Archbishop Desmond Tutu of South Africa, loves to tell the story of the chicken who had no imagination. This chicken spent his entire life looking down at the ground and pecking at grains of corn. He was trapped in a rut of routine and repetition. His life was dreary, limited and lowly. This chicken did not realize his true potential until, attacked by a fox, he spread his wings, soared into the air, and discovered he was much more than a chicken. He was an eagle. Try to imagine Archbishop Desmond Tutu in his robes, jumping up on his toes, flapping his arms, saying, “My message to you and my hope for you is to be an eagle not a chicken.”

This is truly a great moment for each one of you. But the very finest moments—the ones that are advertised—not the birthdays, or the graduations, or even the weddings. The ones you will remember we cannot predict today. As Susan B. Anthony wrote: “The real milestones of life come to the door of memory unannounced, like stray dogs that amble in, sniff around a bit and simply never leave. Our lives are measured by these more than anything else.” I would just add this to what Ms. Anthony said: Be ready when those unplanned and unexpected moments of joy and discovery appear in your life. And when they come, don’t be too fast to rush right through them and onto something else without pausing to take note.

As we reach the end of this ceremony, we know you are a little sad. We know how hard it is for you to leave a place that you love, teachers that you will miss, friends that you cherish and rituals that you will never forget. For us, your parents, there is also a bit of sadness. Right at this moment, we are asking ourselves: “How did we get here so quickly?” We still remember your first step and your first word and all your other firsts: the first day of school; the first best friend; the first sports team; the first religious ceremony; and, then, more recently, the first day at St. Andrew’s; getting your driver’s license; the first auto accident; the second auto accident; the first college application; the second, third and fourth college applications.

We know that you will one day come to understand that, throughout all these years, every parental suggestion and admonition and intervention, every piece of advice and encouragement, was just another way to say that, “we love you.”

And so now, the time is near for you to be set loose. You are like horses waiting in the gate at the start of the race. Just remember, you won’t have to do this alone. When you need us—whether it is your old school or your even older parents—we will be there for you. But when you become a certified and documented graduate of St. Andrew’s school—which will happen in the next moment or two—you will be on your own more than ever before. Take comfort in the knowledge that St. Andrew’s has prepared you well for what comes next.
The Class of 2005

Anstes Megan Agnew
Shayna Jemalene Alleyne
Ricardo G. Antoine
Chloé Lynn Arthurs
Richard Samuel Baroody
Eric Yamoah Boateng
Edward George Boyer IV
Lindsay Walker Brownlee
Elizabeth Townsend Burns
Abigail Elizabeth Cain
Flora Elizabeth Campbell
Rachel Alexandra Chen
Antonia Holter Clark
William Milton Clary II
Christina Catherine Conell
Nathan Paul Cooper
Steve Coupet
Betty Griffith Cox
Eliza Noyes Craig
Cora Kai Gabrielle Currier
John J. Geewax, Jr.
John Frederick Gerard
Eloise Ropner Goelet
Nathalie Gonzalez
Hunter Bryan Harris III
Francis Edward Hickman
Thomas Coleman Hoffecker
Ashley Liebert Holbrook
Anne McDonough Horn
Brice Patrick Howard
Morgan Moore Jacobs
Daniel E. Kim
Duncan Louis Kirby
Christopher Grayson Lauffenburger
Chike Ato Lawrence-Mitchell
Katherine Keen Gravely Lea
Jessica Michelle Lehner
Micah Nathaniel Levinson
Katie Jane Lillard
Nicholas Francis Manice
Rachel Kate Maran
Eric Scott Martin
Monique Michele McDermoth
Sallie-Wright Milam
Kirkland Harrison Mitchell
Tyler Lindell Montgomery
William Scott Muller
Katherine Boardman Myers
Jesse Elizabeth Nunn
Joan Whitney Payson
William Miles Pope
Warwick Alonzo Potter
Allison Elizabeth Prevatt
Gautam Punukollu
Alicia Marie Repeczky
Theodore Scott Rogers
William Radcliffe Ross
Peter Gevaert Salas
Elisabeth Louise Kirchner Schwartzberg
Alexander William Scott
Chad Michael Shahan
Benjamin Tydings Smith
Michael Joseph Stafford
Kathryn Lineberger Steele
Courtney Agnes Streett
Blair Whipple Swift
Anthony David Timberman
Kari Gabriela Ann Tomlinson
James Dexter Walcott
Kyle Francis Whiteman
William Lawley Williams
Taylor Rebecca Wilson-Hill
Rebecca Elisabeth Zendt
Peter Montgomery Zimmerman
Michael Richard Zolnick

Commencement

Awards

Robert T. Jordan Award
Sadye MacGuire ’07
Talbot Jones Taylor ’07

Christopher Wilson Award and Scholarship
Shayna Jemalene Alleyne

Headmaster’s Award
Tyler Lindell Montgomery

Fine Arts Award
Anne McDonough Horn

Henry Prize
Elizabeth Townsend Burns
Tyler Lindell Montgomery
Benjamin Tydings Smith

King Prize
Anstes Megan Agnew

Founder’s Medal
Anstes Megan Agnew

William H. Cameron Award
Elizabeth Townsend Burns
Peter Montgomery Zimmerman

St. Andrew’s Cross
Eric Yamoah Boateng
Nathalie Gonzalez
in its 75-year history,
St. Andrew’s has faced only a few moments of major change. In the fall 2004 magazine, Nicole and Nigel Furlonge wrote beautifully about the School’s decision to become integrated in the 1960’s. The next major change occurred when the School decided to become a coeducational school in 1973. In both cases, the trustees and headmaster Moss looked to the founder’s vision for guidance: what would Felix duPont think about these moments of change? How would he approach the difficult and complex decision to change the existing School? And each time, the answer was similar: Felix duPont wanted to provide educational opportunities to young people who wanted to learn; Felix duPont wanted to make central Delaware a better place; Felix duPont wanted to create a community of learning, creativity, faith and humanity. So even though it was a long and deliberate process to decide to become coeducational, in the end, the decision was quite clear and simple and obvious. The vision and philosophy were already in place; the next step was implementing the change.

Bob Moss was the driving force behind coeducation. He believed firmly that the Founder would agree: “There is nothing inimical to coeducation in the founding of St. Andrew’s. Mr. duPont’s interests were in schools, not in one school...The principles behind St. Andrew’s are for a strong community, high purpose, self-reliance, scholarship, character, stewardship, faith and learning.
Such principles are for girls as well as boys, and there is no reason to believe that they cannot be achieved in schools enrolling both." After considerable debate and discussion of various options—girls as day students only, a coordinate boarding school for girls—St. Andrew’s decided to admit 24 girls in the fall of 1973. Again, Bob Moss invoked the vision of Mr. duPont: “The whole idea of a Christian school, so dear to the heart of the Founder, suggests, I think, a community, like a family or a church, which contains both males and females.” Against the wishes of several faculty members, Bob Moss pushed for coeducation and demonstrated—just like his desire for integration—his progressive thinking. Those in favor of coeducation argued strongly that the girls would enhance the life of this community in all areas—academic, social, athletic and artistic—and Moss affirmed that, “the result would be a stronger, more natural community life.”

So as we visit the reality of coeducation at St. Andrew’s 30 years later, we need to ask how the community has been enhanced by girls, how the girls have served the School and how the School has served the girls, how the boys have been affected by the girls, and finally, how the many women who have graduated use their St. Andrew’s experience as professionals, mothers, partners, volunteers, students and leaders.

Before the girls arrived, Bob Moss assembled a planning committee to discuss and research coeducation. He was, from the beginning, committed to equality. Simon and Nan Mein were members of this committee and remember their discussions ranging from dress code to treatment of girls in the classroom and the dormitory. They looked to Groton which had recently gone coed and their good friend, Ann Tottenham, who was the dean of students there, for guidance; Ann told them that the girls would hold their own academically but that teachers needed to modify their technique—what works for boys, doesn’t necessarily work for girls, she warned. Indeed the first girls were toughminded and independent and rejected or modified most of the planning committee’s initial ideas about dress code and other issues; they also, as predicted, did very well in
Rachel Pfeiffer ’97
Washington, D. C.

Were it not for my coming-of-age at St. Andrew’s—under the guidance of such teachers as Bobby Rue, Elizabeth Roach and coaches like Mel Bride—I would have been cowed by an environment such as that I found in college: one in which women, socially and academically, played the chorus girls, the dancing line, to the men of the institution. Instead, St. Andrew’s taught me to be fearless and daring, intellectually and as a “self.” I knew—because I had been taught by my parents and reassured by faculty and friends at St. Andrew’s—that I could and would be respected as a friend, as a mind and as a woman by anyone from whom I demanded such respect.

Halimah DeLaine ’93
Santa Cruz, California

Inside and outside of the classroom I saw that my opinion as a young black woman was accorded the same weight and respect of my male classmates. As a result I gained the confidence to argue against opposing counsel 20 years my senior, address groups of attorneys without profusely apologizing for my age or lack of experience. Generally, I gained the confidence to interact with individuals in a way in which I do not have to compromise my beliefs.

Polly Dolan ’85
Dar es Salaam, Tanzania

Having spent close to 10 years now in Africa, I have experienced growing realization of the rare and vast privileges I have enjoyed in so many regards throughout life...But it is the chance to be raised and educated in a culture which views, values and supports women as equal contributing members of society that I think about and am grateful for most often...My value as a woman, and my potential to achieve, was reinforced daily. My value and potential as compared to my male classmates certainly was never in question. While this may sound a basic feature of modern-day education to many Americans, it is only because we take it so for granted.

Chesa Profaci ’80
Chesterstown, Maryland

I arrived at St. Andrew’s in the fall of 1976, two full years after the advent of coeducation. My first vivid memory is going to my first sit-down dinner at my advisor’s table: me, my advisor Mr. Walker, and eight boys. I was Larry Walker’s first female advisee. I was a scared, homesick 13-year-old...there was still a spirit of pioneering and a determination among the girls at St. Andrew’s in 1976.

Natalie Reese ’97
San Francisco, California

As we all know, there is a great trend for girls to “lose” their voice as they enter high school. St. Andrew’s could not be a greater contradiction of this trend. If anything, I think that the women of St. Andrew’s often tend to dominate in the classroom and perhaps throughout the rest of the school. St. Andrew’s empowered me. It taught me to have confidence in the strength and clarity of my ideas.

Jennifer Kern ’83
Berkeley, California

I am gratified that in recent years awareness of disparity in the world is addressed more directly at St. Andrew’s...I love the power-sharing model for class offices and feel confident that all the young men and women at St. Andrew’s benefit from seeing up close how co-leaders can strengthen any endeavor.

Laurie Burnett ’87
Stow, Massachusetts

Whether related to being a woman or not, I think what has helped me most in my work is having the ability to think out of the box and to try something new regardless of whether it has been done before or not. For the most part I have been able to create my own job descriptions and have had the confidence to try new things regardless of failure. I feel St. Andrew’s provided an individualized and supportive environment where I was known as an individual, which gave me the courage to be myself and explore my own interests.

The classroom. Marcia Moore ’75, in fact, exhausted the math and science courses offered at St. Andrew’s and after her junior year went to Harvard to study biochemistry.

I arrived at St. Andrew’s in the fall of 1981 after the pioneers had graduated but still at a very early stage in the coeducational process. From the beginning, the girls admitted to St. Andrew’s were smart, determined, creative and athletic—by definition, to be a first girl, you had to be ready to fight the early fight, to adapt, to effect change, to find a voice, a place, a role in a traditional all-boys school. Elizabeth Duggins Peloso ’75, the first girl to apply and be accepted to St. Andrew’s, wrote:

I think there was a real expectation that we would not be able to compete with the boys academically. For several of us, it became a mission to prove ourselves not only as good but better than the boys, and we would follow the class rankings each term very closely. Interestingly, it was an us vs. them thing—it didn’t matter which girl was ahead as long as it was a girl. For me, this resulted in a real mental toughness—I have never been afraid of an academic challenge or my ability to compete...I think we all left with a huge sense of accomplishment and self-respect as much for surviving as enjoying the experience.

Chesa Profaci ’80 had similar thoughts:

Girls were just trying to hold
their own against a 1:3 (girl to boy) ratio; and yet it was this very steady, determined, no frills or special treatment that has served me best of all in my professional and personal life.

Because of this ratio, the first girls needed full faculty support. Since there were so few women on the faculty at that time, the men on the faculty had to readjust their perspective about every area of the school. Some men simply could not adapt and actually left the school rather than teach girls. Because not all the men embraced the girls and their intellectual abilities, those men who did became important mentors for these girls. Bill Amos was, as one first girl said, “one of the most respectful and challenging teachers I have ever encountered anywhere.” And Louisa Hemphill Zendt ’78 remembers Bob Colburn, who for 45 years has been an empathetic, caring, fully invested teacher:

In 1974, I don’t think Bob realized a major change was made at St. Andrew’s. He treated the girls exactly as he treated the boys. He defended girls when we were right; he defended boys when they were right. He treated every individual the same and cared deeply for the health and welfare of each student, maintaining the same high expectations and deep pride for us as he did for the young men he coached.

This fair, unconditional support and care was needed in these early years of coeducation. The girls also needed women role models, and of course, Nan Mein was that role model and continues to be to this day. Jenny Kern ’83 writes:

Nan Mein was a senior faculty member who had ‘found her voice’ (if ever it were lost) and was not afraid to use it. Most significant was the combination of what she said AND how she said it. She owned her authority and was generous and respectful in sharing her wisdom...I also hope that I learned something about raising a son in a culture that sends strange messages about what it means to be a man. Many gentle and thoughtful teachers like John Higgins, Tad Roach and Tom Odden showed us how to listen well and value all students.

It is no mistake, I think, that Nan Mein and these unique men mentioned above (as well as Bob Stegeman, Will Speers and Simon Mein) are the enduring figures who have made coeducation successful at St. Andrew’s. They all have an intuitive understanding of both boys and girls and represent the traditional and non-traditional male and female qualities needed for role models for both boys and girls, only they embody these qualities in ways not expected 30 years ago: men with an empathetic, collaborative, compassionate approach and Nan with her inde-
pendent, strong voice. Of course, they all possess in equal measure the other qualities that make them even more unique. That is, these men were and still are men who embody traditional male and female characteristics; Nan was and still is a woman who embodies traditional female and male characteristics. Many of these extraordinary people are still important in the lives of our students today, but they were absolutely critical during the early years of coeducation. Girls and boys needed role models who represented the complexity of gender identity. They needed empathy and sensitivity; they needed rigor and high expectations; above all, they needed to feel respected in every area of school life. And they needed to see these qualities in both men and women. Perhaps one of St. Andrew’s greatest legacies is the fact that the faculty has been comprised of dozens of these kinds of individuals for many years.

If Bob Moss initiated coeducation, Jon O’Brien made sure that it was working. He formed a committee to examine the issues of coeducation in 1983, a decade into coeducation at St. Andrew’s. Our own self-study coincided with research being done on girls and learning styles by Carol Gilligan. In her book In A Different Voice, Gilligan argues that boys are more concerned with issues of autonomy, rights, competition and justice; whereas girls concentrate on relationships, communication and coping. The committee explored the following questions: Are we creating and ensuring an environment that encourages self-confidence and creative achievement for all our students, female and male? Are we careful to identify and support the two voices Gilligan identifies as characteristic of females and males respectively? What kinds of careful curricular changes may be helpful in developing these perspectives?

What is particularly interesting is that this committee was interested...
not only in how girls were developing at St. Andrew’s but also how boys were developing with girls here. Clair Colburn ’87 crystallizes the mission: “For me, the most empowering aspect of coeducation at St. Andrew’s comes down to one basic principle: a nurturing environment for both boys and girls.” From the beginning, coeducation at St. Andrew’s was about the community as a whole, about a culture of common humanity that recognized and celebrated the similarities and differences of everyone. Just as we used our understanding of boys to clarify the needs of girls at this time, we later used our understanding of girls to clarify the needs of boys in the 1990’s when Michael Thompson, just as Gilligan had done a decade before with girls, asked us to consider more specifically how boys develop and learn best. It became apparent that boys needed more areas to live communally in the dorm (thus the recent architectural changes in Founders Hall), that boys needed women integrally involved in their lives as not only teachers but advisors and corridor parents (all the boys who have been lucky enough to live on Joy McGrath’s corridor can attest to her enormous influence on their lives). Girls and boys, men and women need to learn to work together, live together, play together, and St. Andrew’s continues to keep this model in mind as we examine and reexamine the strengths and weaknesses of the school—the “stronger, more natural community” that Bob Moss once imagined does indeed require the cooperation, collaboration, complexity and tension of a coeducational atmosphere. Plummy Tucker ’83 captures the essence and importance of this kind of community:

I came to St. Andrew’s in V Form after having been at an all-girls school for 10 years. One of the most arresting things, to me, as I got used to this new environment was how much more ‘normal’ it seemed. There are, of course, some advantages to all-girls education. You have the benefit of an indoctrination in which it is a given that you are the superior sex, certainly the smarter sex, and that you can reach any goals you set for yourself as an intellectual. Perhaps that put me in a differ-
Recognizing our

I’m really grateful for the opportunity to talk to you tonight, because, in thinking about St. Andrew’s and coeducation, and what I might say about it that would be useful for you, I was able to make sense of some previously disconnected parts of my own experience.

One thing I realized is that I have been developing a theory about the character and culture of schools and the way they handle such turning points as going coed. I began to piece together these ideas in working up a speech for incoming freshman at Ursinus College, the liberal arts college where I teach. Years ago, I was asked to tell the new freshmen a little bit about the history of the school. Now, as a historian, I am constantly trying to explore the past, not for its own sake, but for what it might help us to understand today. And in looking for a story that would capture useful lessons about the nature of Ursinus for its newcomers, I stumbled across just the right thing in some funny and sweet stories about the process of going coed, in Ursinus’ case, back in 1880. I guess my bosses found it useful, because it is now a tradition for me to tell the new class this story every fall.

Believe it or not, I never connected that story with the fact that I myself was part of such a turning point, thirty years ago, at St. Andrew’s. And I guess I got addicted to St. Andrew’s, because I then moved on to Princeton, which had only been coed for six years when I arrived. Now, in all likelihood, this pattern has no meaning other than that it’s my own experience. But in hindsight, I now see that one can learn a lot from this place.

In comparing these periods of St. Andrew’s history—each roughly a generation apart—I do see some continuities in the school’s character, those important continuities that are best revealed in times of change. Three traits stick out: first, St. Andrew’s has always clung to its core mission of liberal education; second, St. Andrew’s has always been a caring community; and third, St. Andrew’s has always had a wicked sense of humor. These are all, by the way, the gifts you will not only enjoy while you are here, but which you will also take from this place.

Let me start with the last, because it was the most surprising to me. When I began to look back at the first year of girls at St. Andrew’s, what stood out most were a lot of very funny moments. Some were the result of earnest efforts by the faculty to establish strict equality of the sexes. This was tricky, for example, when it came to the dress code. They kept changing their minds about what exactly was the female equivalent of the coat and tie—could we wear pants, or did we have to wear skirts; were crewneck sweaters out but cardigans OK, and so on. Finally, we girls signaled our exasperation by showing up for breakfast one morning in coats and ties. Of course this only inspired the all-male VI Form, who regarded themselves as the last bastion of male chauvinism, and they showed up for breakfast the following day in bathrobes with their hair wrapped in towel turbans. They thought they were making a statement—though we all knew they were dying to show off their legs.

Now, the boys did not think the dorms were very equal, and when they heard the girls’ dorm had a tub—it was really just a big sink for doing hand laundry—they promptly dubbed it the Hilton. The girls began to call ourselves the Hilton Honeys and we were pretty pleased with ourselves—until the Hilton became a high security prison. That is, we had not been installed in our rooms for long before the school, apparently fearing the Middletown strangler, installed infamous slash-proof screens on our windows. While the administration may have slept better knowing the girls were safe, we were terrified of being trapped in a fire. The boys, of course, thought it was hilarious. They laughed at that just as they laughed at our ridiculous red field hockey uniforms, calling us “the tomatoes”—but then we got to laugh back as the same uniforms went to the school laundry and turned all their underwear pink.

As I think about St. Andrew’s and its history, I realize that the humorous sparring we engaged in over coeducation was a hallmark of St. Andrew’s tradition. While St. Andrew’s could only have its first prank raid in the fall of 1973—I still remember those bras and panties strung across the roof—this was just one of a long line of pranks that I’m sure has continued to this day. While my generation might have been obsessed with cross-dressing, the first St. ANDREANS seem to have been obsessed with introducing pigs, skunks and other assorted wildlife into the buildings.

Now it may seem that I’m making light of things here, but I really think this tradition of humor has had an important character and purpose. It is good for the community to have a laugh together. It is also an important part of the dialogue that sustains the community. Jokes and pranks require an audience; their perpetrators are dying for a response. We were always looking out of
Looking back through old ed and sustained through dialogue. back, the sense of caring community creat-
thing was grossly unfair to the skunk. I remember fondly Mrs. Mein laughing and shaking her head over some of our doings, as I’m sure she has a million times since.
So I think this great humor is linked to the second character trait that I see looking back, the sense of caring community creat-
ed and sustained through dialogue. Looking back through old Cardinals, I’m reminded of the refreshingly open exchange about the advent of coeducation. All through the first year there was a repeat-
ed sizing up of the situation. Those who had feared the change grudgingly admitted that the sky hadn’t fallen, and that it was actually nice to have an impromptu dance without waiting for a bus of girls to arrive from another school. But there were still earnest editorials weighing the need for female representation on every committee, fearing quotas and reverse discrimination. I chuckle looking back at this, because although we were pretty oblivious to it, the nation itself was undergoing the same seri-
ous debates at the time about the Equal Rights Amendment and the beginning of affirmative action. There was dialogue among the students, and there was also the terrific collaboration with faculty that I know continues today. We didn’t have e-
mail then, the communication was more face-to-face, but it was still OK to knock on faculty apartment doors with a personal problem, a collective grievance, an idea, or an unshakable curiosity as to whether Mrs. Mein had baked anything that day. The evidence from the first and most recent gener-
ations of St. Andrew’s life tells me that this caring community has been there from the start, and continues today.
Finally, what helps everyone to get the joke, to sustain the dia-
logue, and to care about the community is what lies at the root of it all—that we’ve all been on the same mis-
sion. From the reign of Waldy Pell to that of Tad Roach, this little nation has been about one thing above all: the care and feeding of the mind. Looking back, it is that which made coeducation work, because this business that St. Andrew’s is most about, is a mission that knows no sex. All the joking aside, girls felt at home at St. Andrew’s because we were expected to engage in the same pur-
suit of knowledge as boys. I can’t tell you how much you will come to value this shared adventure, for the rest of your lives. I know I first fell in love with learning when playing ping-pong with ideas across one of those old oak tables. I also know that every single one of us is marked by this special gift. How do I know this? Well, for the last five years, since our twenty-fifth reunion, my class has engaged in intermittent dialog via e-mail, about every topic under the sun, and I’m astonished at the caliber of the conver-
sation. Our class has developed into the most interesting and intelligent cross-
section of America that I know. We are all doing different things, living in different places, and Lord knows we have different politics. There’s only one thing we have in common that can explain the quality of the exchange: we all went through spring-train-
ing of the mind at St. Andrew’s.
Now of course my class did not have an identical experience to yours. The fact that this school has not changed in its essential character and mission does not mean it has not changed at all. Reading the alumni magazine informs me of the wondrous new fruit that pursuit of excellence is yielding today. To cite just one example, while we marveled at the school’s first video recorder in 1974, some of you have just pro-
duced your own public service announce-
ments in a film studies class. But there are links between the generations. St. Andrew’s first student club in the 1930s was the radio club; and the radio club was still active in my day. And while we were proud of the results of our vestry auction in 1975, you must be proud of yours in 2005. There’s been a lot of change, but not in the essentials.
So, what is there for you to take from these ruminations on the going-coed chap-
ter of St. Andrew’s history? Two things, I hope. One is the realization that you are not only part of St. Andrew’s today. You are already part of St. Andrew’s history. What you do here matters; it becomes part of our story. The other idea I hope you take is that in St. Andrew’s you and I have an old friend in common. She is one who has cer-
tainly changed with age, but she has always retained a certain character. We can tell each other different stories about our relationship with her, but we can all recognize her gifts to us: the laughs, the caring, and the shared love of wisdom. Like the old friend herself, these are gifts to be cherished.
ent place from other girls when it came to being in the classroom with boys. To me, the St. Andrew’s classroom was a more normal, less competitive environment than I was used to. Much of that had to do with teachers like Tad Roach, Bob Stegeman, Bill Amos and so many others. We learned together, we didn’t compete. It’s funny but when I think of my growth at St. Andrew’s, I think of it not as my growth as a woman, but rather as a human being.

I think this has a lot to do with emphasis on community in the St. Andrew’s education. To me, that is the most enduring element of my time at St. Andrew’s. I think many schools that are academically challenging tend to emphasize academic achievement above all else. At St. Andrew’s while academics were a priority, there was an emphasis on the importance of being a decent human being. I feel like we were taught to deal with each other not as boys or girls, men or women, but as people. When I look around the country and the world today, I can’t help but think what a better place it might be if all adolescents had the benefit of teachers and institutions that emphasized personal and community responsibility.

Plummy emphasizes here what is most important about a coeducational boarding school—whether we are exploring issues of gender, race, sexual identity—fundamentally, it is about respect for the individual. Sometimes, it takes time to see the issues clearly, but once put into this kind of perspective and because of the strong, visionary leadership over the years, the School has a remarkable ability to adapt, understand, and accept.

Jon O’Brien understood the need for institutional changes to make the school more fully coeducational when he arrived at St. Andrew’s. There needed to be more women on the faculty, more women in administrative positions, a clearer understanding of families with two working parents, of day care issues, even maternity leave, which had never really been addressed before. Women’s roles in society were changing; family structures were changing, and since St. Andrew’s is a boarding school, all of these changes and challenges were very real on campus—and they were issues that the students were if not fully, at least vaguely, aware of. Jon O’Brien began to hire more women and put more women in administrative positions: instead of a director of athletics and an assistant athletic director for girls, there were two equal directors of athletics—one for girls and one for boys; instead of one housemaster, there were two housemasters—one for girls and one for boys; women were appointed chairs of academic departments. To mirror this kind of equality taking shape on the faculty, it became clear that student leadership positions also needed rethinking and revamping. For the positions of school president, head of honor committee, head of discipline committee, head of social activities committee—as well as form president and committee members—the students elected one girl and one boy. This model insured that girls were able to become leaders even though there were fewer girls than boys enrolled at the school; it also insured that girls and boys learned to work, to discuss and to make decisions together.
Many women who wrote to me reflected on their athletic experiences at St. Andrew’s, one way perhaps to gauge the success of a coeducational program—if girls are succeeding athletically as well as academically, then perhaps coeducation as a whole is working; inversely, if boys are succeeding in the arts, then perhaps coeducation as a whole is working. If girls are succeeding athletically as well as academically, then perhaps coeducation as a whole is working. If boys are succeeding in the arts, then perhaps coeducation as a whole is working.

Gail Wright ’83, a phenomenal three-sport athlete at St. Andrew’s, wrote: “When I was at St. Andrew’s and then at Princeton, I used to say that coeducation would not be complete, and equally realized, until the girls’ basketball team got to play at 7 p.m. on Saturday nights at least half the time. This benchmark says a lot about what was important to me at the time—i.e., basketball—but as I reflect now, it may still be an essential question—do the girls at St. Andrew’s get their time to shine?”

From the beginning, the school had the vision that girls should be participating in, not just observing and supporting, athletics. Nan Mein remembers Louise Dewar’75 announcing, “I came here to be an athlete, not a cheerleader.” And to this day, St. Andrew’s is one of the few schools without official cheerleaders; instead, boys and girls spontaneously become cheerleaders for each other or dress up in old school uniforms and shout out makeshift cheers. So even early on, the girls knew that they were not going to be on the sidelines, that they too were athletes.

As a young coach in the early eighties, I distinctly remember the evolution of girls’ athletics here. I would say that when I first started coaching field hockey with Karinne Tong in 1981, the girls—even though they were very good athletes—did not really believe in themselves or define themselves as athletes. They enjoyed sports but did not have the same intensity as many of the boys. But gradually, with the inspiration and high expectations of several coaches, girls began to see themselves just as much as athletes as the boys did. They began to distinguish themselves by their toughness, their desire to push themselves hard physically, and their determination to overcome psychological obstacles. Clair Colburn—one of the most intense and talented athletes I have ever coached—also

Abigail McBride ’93
San Francisco, California

Male teachers and coaches at St. Andrew’s are very important. Having female role models to emulate is critical to a girl’s development, but having males celebrate your successes and have confidence in your abilities is something I think is often overlooked.

Jennifer Kern ’83
Berkeley, California

I hope that I learned some things about raising a son in a culture that sends strange messages about what it means to be a man. Many gentle and thoughtful teachers like John Higgins, Tad Roach and Tom Odden showed how to listen well and value all students.
points to the importance of sports as a time to be with other girls: “Boarding school provides important single sex time such as dorm time and sports that I think is essential for girls. I think girls develop an inner strength by learning to be comfortable with themselves without the need for boys to be present.”

With this in mind, it is also important for the girls to feel fully supported, respected and acknowledged by the whole community—the faculty and the boys. Where the girls used to have to beg for support at their games, over the years, I have watched as the number of spectator buses and fans has grown to the point where there are just as many fans at girls’ games as at boys’ games. We always outnumber our opponents’ fans; we always outcheer our opponents’ fans. If you have been to games recently, you can feel the full engagement, support and enthusiasm of the whole school. Perhaps the best illustration of how far St. Andrew’s has come athletically as a coeducational school happened last spring when both the girls and the boys lacrosse teams were state champions—a remarkable feat in itself—but more so in light of the mutual respect and admiration the girls and boys had for each other. After their victory, the boys credited the girls for inspiring them. After their victory, the boys credited the girls for inspiring them. In an interview with a reporter from the Wilmington News Journal, Griffen Stabler ’04, a captain of the boys’ lacrosse team, claimed the girls’ team was the boys’ "role model on campus," and his classmate Neil Gordon simply told the reporter, "We used [the girls] for inspiration."

As headmaster, Tad Roach has refined the notion of coeducation at St. Andrew’s. In conjunction with his focus on diversity, coeducation is about the whole community. It is not a coincidence that diversity counseling, director of admission, chaplain, academic dean, director of advancement. And he has focused on the complex needs of the faculty—men and women, young and old, sick and healthy, single, married and divorced, with and with-
definition of who we are, the School has had to evolve significantly. We have moved from a time when Nan and Simon Mein formed the only family model on campus with two full-time working parents living in a dorm to a campus full of a variety of family structures. As a result, the students see many different family models, men and women playing many different roles on campus—and they are intimately involved with these families. Kellie Mitra Doucette ’88 reflects:

Certainly at St. Andrew’s I gained confidence that I don’t think all women are lucky enough to have nurtured in them. This confidence allowed me to accomplish many things and to make many decisions that aren’t always in the mainstream. Staying home with my children has been a wonderful experience for me but one that I agonized over early on...a final point that stood out to me as I thought about my life now—married almost nine years—was how lucky I was to have so many examples of positive relationships during my time at St. Andrew’s, relationships that displayed a tremendous amount of mutual respect.

Nina Barker ’99 similarly writes:

One of the most amazing parts of growing up as a woman in the St. Andrew’s community lies in watching women balance their careers with their families—that beautiful, delicate dance that they all seem to do so well...instead of abandoning one role for the other, they would invite us into their homes so that we could be a part of both sides of their real life.

Because the students and faculty who create this community live so intimately with each other, the intensity of life at St. Andrew’s can be both positive and negative. It allows for remarkable growth. Director of Annual Giving Callen Hurtt ’90, who recently joined the faculty, describes the girls of today in this way:

The current culture of leadership among the female student population is fantastic. I see strong, confident, tough young women who are willing to challenge any boy in the school for what they want or think is right. I imagine much of this strength in leadership is a result of opening up the committees and school presidency.

But, at times, this intensity can lead to a demand for achievement and, more frequently with girls, a need for perfection. One of the challenges now at St. Andrew’s, I think, is how to work with girls who are such high achievers as they seek to balance the many aspects of their maturing minds and bodies. Natalie Reese ’97 writes eloquently and honestly about these pressures:

At the same time that we were running around like little kids, we were also driving ourselves to new levels of academic and personal achievement. We were stretching our minds as far as they could stretch, praying that our gawky bodies would catch up some time in the very, very near future. We were racing from class to class and sleeping little...By the time I made it through the craziness of senior year, I felt like I had become an academic machine capable of cranking out multiple papers in one day. Sometimes, I think that I didn’t collapse merely because my schedule didn’t allow me the
time to do so. I started college capable, confident, and perhaps a tad burned out...I do have a slight cautionary warning for the school. My concern stems from the darker aspects of my experience and from the knowledge that I was not alone...I think that academically, St. Andrew’s does an amazing job of encouraging growth. However, I think that it is important to remember that a lot of these bright minds are still scared, little kids on the inside. A lot of the students at St. Andrew’s are high achievers because nothing less than perfection is good enough for them. While others around them might think that they are doing a great job, they could be internally beating themselves up and driving themselves to the point of destruction. Furthermore, they could be clever enough not to show any of this inner turmoil to others...Sadly, some of these over-achievers are most at risk for these problems. I think that St. Andrew’s could do a huge service by publicizing these issues and making it more acceptable for students to talk about them...I guess my final thought is that often, our academic development far outpaces the rest of our development. High school in general is awkward. Boarding school only intensifies the experience. The highs are higher and the lows are substantially lower. To be constantly surrounded by one’s peers is both a blessing and a curse. Having your friends with you to remember every great moment is amazing. And yet, being in a fish bowl while dealing with painful insecurities can be overwhelming.

It has become necessary, as a result, to address these issues in a variety of ways: an expanded counseling and health services program, guest speakers and schoolwide forums on a range of issues. Every Tuesday, there is a Headmaster’s Forum in which students and faculty engage in difficult and complex conversations about politics, sexuality, race, gender, religion, academics and other topics generated by student and faculty interest. We have also had weekends devoted to the examination of issues such as service and diversity. More and more, there is a culture of openness, exploration, discussion, learning and questioning. Halimah DeLaine ’93 writes:

The school was more a forum for the exchange of ideas and experiences and less a handbook on what a prep school graduate should think and how he/she should act. I believe that the coeducational experience had a lot to do with the diversity of ideas exchanged at St. Andrew’s. The best way to foster a marketplace of ideas is by creating and nurturing an environment where the ideas come from both young men and women. While at St. Andrew’s I learned how to genuinely respect the opinions of my peers both male and female in addition to learning how to express and defend my opinions to different audiences. To develop that skill as a teenager is a rare opportunity. To be able to use that same skill professionally and personally is invaluable.
The past 30 years have indeed been a remarkable time in the School’s history—girls have brought new energy, new challenges, new questions. During these same 30 years, the world has changed radically in its view of women, men, family, race, sexuality. What has remained steadfast at St. Andrew’s, however, is the importance of community, the need for a place where we can all learn, develop, grow and change without fear of exclusion, a place where human beings value each other’s differences and support and understand each other despite these differences. Rachel Pfeiffer ’97 distills this mission in her poignant reflections:

One enters St. Andrew’s whether as a rambunctious III Former or a nervous IV Former and is quite literally thrown into a layered web of support: roommate, corridor, prefect, big sister, dorm parent, teacher, coach. It is a world in which relationships are ubiquitous and dense, such that moments of drama like a DC or a breakup take on a would-be-comic—if not-so-vibrantly-devastating character. It is a community in the truest sense of the word. Such intimacy within a community can be overwhelming, proves suffocating even for some. But for others—and again I speak here as a woman but would venture that the boys felt similarly—the community, the sisters on dorm, the parents in the faculty, the support system and the advice-givers, the motivators and the disciplinarians, all speak to the electricity of the human connection and the interdependence that develops if only you permit it. St. Andrew’s teaches you to love yourself because it teaches you to love one another, despite your differences. And it teaches you not just in the chapel, but in the words of Toni Morrison and Willa Cather, in the Moose and the Brooks Loop, in milk and cookies and indeed in the DCs and the breakups.

My greatest challenge I would have to say was the departure from the world of St. Andrew’s. One suffers a degree of whiplash when one realizes that humans are not as interconnected, that men and women aren’t on the same playing field, that more relationships are less real than are real...But my success in life and hopefully in my career comes nevertheless from those very expectations that the St. Andrew’s community imbued in me, the disappointments mentioned above. Because while those things—male/female equality, true relationships and willing mentors—don’t come easily, they can be found. St. Andrew’s taught me that finding those connections and those possibilities is not only possible, but imperative. And I have been rewarded for seeking them out.

Author’s Note: In the past few months, I have communicated with several alumnae who have shared their memories and insights in powerful and important ways. I appreciate their honesty and openness and especially the time they set aside to write to me. Through the example of your own remarkable lives, you are clearly inspiring others in your communities and families now. You certainly inspired me with your reflections. Thank you.

Elizabeth Peloso ’75
Louisa Zendt ’78
Chesa Profa ’80
Jennifer Kern ’83
Plummy Tucker ’83
Nada Saliba ’84
Gail Wright ’84
Polly Dolan ’85
Laurie Burnett ’87
Clair Colburn ’87
Kellie Mira Doucette ’88
Chauncy Gardner ’89
Abigail McBride ’93
Halimah Delaine ’93
Rachel Pfeiffer ’97
Natalie Reese ’97
Nina Barker ’99
From the record-setting Scholarship Golf Tournament to the Alumni Concert in Engelhard Hall to the fireworks over Founders Hall, Reunion Weekend had a distinctive flair in 2005.

On Friday, June 10, over 80 St. Andreans played the links at Wild Quail Golf Club, raising more than $30,000 for the School’s financial aid program. Back on campus, alumni began pouring in for the crab feast and class gatherings.

Saturday morning, early risers had an exciting range of activities, starting with a barge expedition, nature walk or cross-country run along the pond and the surrounding woodlands. Alumni and guests had the chance to jump back into academia, with an assortment of classes in English literature, science and art. Rowers took a light paddle on Noxontown.

Reunioners gathered Saturday evening for a 75th Anniversary banquet and the first-ever Alumni Concert, featuring Bob Amos ’75, Charlie Crystle ’86, Kingsley Durant ’76, Theresa Rosas ’92, Peter Salett ’87, Andy Shriver ’83, Sarah Stivers ’83 and Michael Whalen ’84. The event also featured the premiere of archival School film footage, restored and edited by Tim Wainwright ’83. Whalen accompanied the silent film with a live improvised score. Following the concert, fireworks punctuated the celebrations of the evening with a dazzling display in the skies above Founders Hall.

Sunday concluded the weekend with the Alumni Memorial Chapel and a farewell brunch.
“With over 50 of us attending Reunion, The Class of 2000 once again demonstrated what class unity is all about. We enjoyed a great weekend of catching up and enjoying the good company. It was hard to leave, but we look forward to the 10th Reunion.”

– Matt Wolinski ’00

Thanks to the Class of 1945 for the highest Annual Fund participation from the pre-1970 classes! They also won the Giving Bowl, for highest Annual Fund dollars.

Clockwise from top left:
- The Class of 1950
- Canoeing on Noxontown
- Charlie Crystle ’86 and friends on stage
- The Class of 1945
- Headmaster Tad Roach teaches War and Peace
Clockwise from top left:

- Bill Brakeley ’86 tees off at the Alumni Scholarship Golf Tournament
- Alumni rowers prepare to launch
- The Class of 2000
- Eric Kemer teaches the physics of pyrotechnics
Clockwise from top left:

- The Class of 1960
- Jim Bacon ’45 enjoying lunch on the main lawn with friends
- ACB President Garrett Hart ’78 and members of the Class of 1987 enjoying dinner at the banquet
- The Class of 1955 and spouses
- Andy Shriver ’83 on stage

“...words can’t say how good it was to see each and every one of you.”
- Bill Thomas ’80
Clockwise from top left:

- Alumni rowers on Noxontown
- The Class of 1965
- Dave “Bunker Hill” Walker ’65 and Dot Colburn at the banquet
- The Class of 1970
- Bob Amos ’75 and Jon Rodgers ’75 perform at the Alumni Concert
“It was such a treat for us to have childcare for our kids. We enjoyed all the activities and food, but mostly it is wonderful to see the School in such good shape and to have time with my dearest oldest friends.”

- Erica Stetson ’85

Thanks to the Class of 1990 for highest Annual Fund participation from the post-1970 classes! They also won the Founders Cup, for greatest total dollars raised.

Clockwise from top left:

- The Class of 1990
- Sarah Stivers ’83 performs on stage
- David Thombs ’55 at the 50th Reunion lunch
- Children enjoy a ride on the campus express
- Tom Donaldson ’40 represents his class
The astonishing Class of ’55 amazed even itself with the sheer volume of its 50th Reunion participation. And it wasn’t just quantity, either—turns out that not an insignificant amount of interesting things have taken place with and by ’55ers over the past half-century. We look forward to reporting even greater things in 2010!

– Steve Baldwin ’55
From top left:

- Members of the Class of 2000 on the main lawn
- The Class of 1995
- Theresa Rosas ’92 on stage
- Golfers from the Class of 1975 at the Scholarship Tournament
“I had a great time seeing old alum friends not met for many years, even if as usual it was a kaleidoscopic experience—talking with one person, two or three lined up behind, switching gears, trying to keep the aged gray cells in gear, and generally not being able to do so. Lots of fun.”

— Bill Amos, former faculty
Clockwise from top left:

- Former faculty members gathered for Reunion 2005
- John McGiff teaches still life drawing
- Bob and Lili Pell Whitmer with Chris Boyle
- Peter Salett ’87 on stage
The night is calm. The beach is the color of the moon. Stars made of calcium skim the ripples as our feet slide into the water. We spend the night by the shore and slowly slip into sleep, breathing with the waves.

At dawn, the ocean had emptied, as if someone had pulled a plug in the middle, and it had sucked itself out to sea. The imprints of our toes trace a spiral escape within a hotel made of sand. But our sluggish heels sink into the steps, crumbling each stair beneath us as we climb. Water shoots up the stairwell like someone had injected the earth with a syringe, pumping the column with fluids from its core, as if drawing blood from the ground.

The top of the tilting stairwell reveals a view unlike any other: the hotel, a solitary sandcastle, slanting over an infinite moat contained only by the walls of the horizon.

My head aches. I awake to a light pounding of rain on our 27th floor apartment windows. The Kowloon skyscrapers across the harbor are clouded in the daily Hong Kong “haze” or smog of late March, almost exactly three months after the tsunami. Each time the dream is a bit different, depending on the people or the location, but each time I find myself surprised how deeply I have internalized my experience of Sri Lanka on December 26, 2004. The nightmares occur at the most unexpected times: days when I thought I have fully integrated back home to life in Hong Kong. The nightmares remind me of the millions of children across eleven countries who also can’t forget, and live with the fear of returning to the ocean, their home.

Thich Nhat Hanh, a Vietnamese Zen Master, writes, “When you look at the surface of the ocean, you can see waves coming up and down. You can describe these waves in terms of high or low, big or small, more vigorous or less vigorous, more beautiful or less beautiful...But if the wave bends down and touches her true nature she will realize that she is water. Then her fear and complexes will disappear.” I had never felt so alike and yet so separate from another person as on the day of the tsunami. Our journey, like that of many survivors, was a series of counter-intuitive actions; we threw ourselves, or rather were thrown, in the exact direction.

Natalie Stewart ’04 spent the 2004-2005 year traveling throughout Asia for a gap year before attending Scripps College. After her experience in Sri Lanka, she lived for two months in the countryside near Beijing, volunteering in an orphanage for children whose parents are in jail. She helped translate the orphanage’s Web site, lived with the children, taught English and increased her knowledge of Chinese, a language she learned in the classroom at St. Andrew’s. She finished her trip in Hong Kong and Bhutan. This is the third in an ongoing series of perspectives from St. Andreans working around the globe.
from which we believed we were trying to escape. We became part of a larger family of victims, but also recognized that we could never compare our fears to the fears of those with whom we shared the experience; they lost everything, while we packed for a flight home.

It was the second week of our Christmas holiday visiting Sri Lankan family friends, and we had decided to take a day trip to the beach. After a leisurely breakfast buffet of string hoppers with ginger and garlic and coconut milk, curried potatoes and waffles at the Taj Hotel, we set out an hour past our 8:30 AM scheduled departure for the popular southern beaches of Sri Lanka and the beautiful Unawatuna Beach Resort. The long stretch of Galle road parallels the western coastline all the way to the fortified city on the southern tip of the island. From the van window, I could see the horizon, dashing between the corrugated rooftops that lined the water. The fishing villages sandwiched between the road and the ocean had been there as long as our Sri Lankan friend, Naqeeb, could remember.

“Newly elected officials were constantly disputing over, and eventually would give up on trying to change...” Before he could finish his sentence, an oncoming truck swerved into our lane, knocking a woman to the ground. As my eyes zoomed out from the scene, I realized the incident was only a small harbinger of the chaos that would follow.

Panicking crowds swarmed in every direction. Water began creeping onto the pavement from the swollen alleyways, rushing under the wheels and reducing traffic to one lane. Our driver, Pala, decided to turn around. He attempted to retrace the same path that mimicked the coastline until an officer and a roadblock redirected the van south again towards the bridge at Beruwala. Naqeeb opened the window, and we overheard an echoing Sinhalese refrain, “The sea is coming into the land! The sea is coming into the land!”

When we turned onto a narrow alleyway, I felt lost, fleeing from something indefinable, unsure of which direction was towards safety, always seeming as if we were headed against instead of with the masses of women and their babies, men on scooters, grandmothers dragging tripping grandchildren by one hand along the curb. We were a part of the crowd, yet trying to escape from it as a wave is made of water, but attempts to break away from the ocean. As the traffic slowed to a stop, a rain of fists descended upon our windshield. Angry men demanded entry to the van, seeing it as an escape from the impending disaster. Inside, our impulse was to protect ourselves, the van, our belongings, but Pala hesitated.

This pause was neither a moment of indecision nor of uncertainty, but of unwillingness to refuse to help. Although no one knew what it was they feared, Pala recognized fear as the source of their violence. When a man forced open the front door, stealing the keys from the ignition, Pala made a decision counter to our family’s initial instincts, and one which has left a lasting impression on me: he opened the doors wide to the unknown. The more we had tried to navigate through the crowd, peering out from behind glass windows shut to the outside world, the more the crowd had resisted us. The moment we accepted their plea, we became safe behind empty vehicles preceding the van that were swamped with terrified villagers.
If our van had been a silent submarine moving stealthily through choppy waters, the rush of people that flooded inside provoked a current of water penetrating its sturdy core. At first I moved over one seat, then to the back, then onto my sister’s lap. Each row filled with an entire family until the compact van had packed in a total of 22 sweaty, sopping, exhausted bodies composed of vomiting babies, crying children, bleeding women and frantic men. Naqeeb addressed them using typical Sinhalese names spoken among strangers like “Captain,” “Machang,” “Mali” (younger brother), or “Aiya” (older brother). I thought of how these references were so unlike the formalities of “sir,” “ma’am” and “miss” we use in the United States. It was as if he had coincidentally rescued his own family from the riotous confusion.

In the van, we were simply 22 people on the same path as the ocean, beginning as separate waves and converging as water. I felt bound to them as I looked into the desperate, lost eyes of the little girl whose earrings glinted as she craned her neck to look over the back seat and let out a smile and the girl beside me with her curly hair, limp like her eyelids, dark pupils drearily scanning the dusty crowds for the familiar face of her mother. A man stood awkwardly at the sliding door, back arched beneath the low roof, arms outstretched, too tall to fit in the doorway, and yet crossing it as if to block others from getting in or us from getting out. His frantic words were even more claustrophobic than his position, crying that the water was rising and we would soon be taken over by the river on one side and the sea on the other. His high-pitched language engulfed the van with meaningless noise. I listened to his concerns followed by Naqeeb’s cellphone call reporting of evacuations in Colombo. There had been a tsunami and more were expected to come.

We stilled their trembling hands, smoothed soaking hair, passed back plastic bags for the vomit, then passed back empty box tops filled with leftover tissue paper reminiscent of the previous days’ Christmas celebration, passed back bottles of water as we went on our third hour of waiting, and peppermints to soothe the baby. Finally as the family descended into the crowds again, we emptied our pockets of rupees and sent them off with empathy and optimism, and smiles.

Emerging from the crammed alleyway that continued north, we redirected the van westward towards the beach. Once again, our peaceful refuge was found in the very heart of chaos. We witnessed the several aftershocks from Mt. Lavinia Hotel, situated on a small bluff overlooking the ocean. As the water receded before each wave, it exposed the reef line extending along the entire 25 kilometers of shoreline back to the city of Colombo. Before a tsunami, the ocean retreats a few hundred meters, drawing together individual waves to create one powerful
force of water that travels as fast as a jet plane. Yet the greatest shock was not the view, but the viewing deck: couples were continuing a calm afternoon tea on the marble terrace, a woman was polishing brass railings, tourists were applying suntan lotion beside the balcony pool as mirrored ceilings reflected their own wit for having chosen one of the few hotels where they could continue their leisurely holiday amidst the country’s crisis.

We returned to the Taj, finding the lobby a place of transit for the victims, and a center for exchange of stories and consolations. One German couple had set out on the choppy waters attributing the unusually high tide to the full moon. Upon surfacing from an uneventful dive, they returned to shore unable to relocate their demolished hotel where staff had all gone missing—the same fate that had befallen the Unawatuna Beach Resort where we had planned to spend the night. The couple had moved quietly with the motion of the wave, escaping its force by immersing themselves completely within the water and diving straight into the source of all the fear and destruction.

The central part of Sri Lanka is covered in rolling cultivated hill country. Roads wind past pineapple stands and cashew vendors into the undulating tea plantations of Kandy where waterfalls descend into valleys that smell and taste of green, evaporating into a quiet mist that enfolds the land. The change in weather is said to resemble an ever-changing woman’s nature. Not only do the women shape the countryside, working the fields into orderly terraces, and bending to pluck budding baby tea leaves for broken orange pekoe, but the countryside also shapes them. In the same way, the tsunami is reforming the dynamics of a previously war-torn Sri Lanka by uniting the millions of surviving families of 30,900 victims in Sri Lanka alone. This force of nature has drawn the compassion of nations around the world to cooperate in the relief effort for the fifth worst natural disaster in recorded history, while the tide of generosity extends past the 11 affected Indo-Pacific countries that share the death toll of more than 270,000, to touch the coast of every country. “A wave has a right to live her life as a wave, but she must also learn that she is water.” Please read more on the current situation of the tsunami or to make a contribution visit www.HelpSL.org, a Website launched by our Sri Lankan friends.

The passenger train in which 1500 lives were lost will remain in place as a lasting memorial to all of the victims of the tsunami.
ACB Elects New Members

Each year at the annual meeting of the Alumni Corporation Board, all alumni are invited to participate in the annual elections for the ACB. As it has in the past, the annual meeting took place this year during Reunion Weekend, on Saturday, June 11, 2005, in Forbes Theater.

The alumni gathered at the meeting elected four new ACB members: Stuart J. Bracken ’50, Ashton W. Richards ’78, George “Buck” Smith ’66 and Robert A. Toomey ’92. New officers were also elected. The new ACB president will be Tomas A. Pukey ’89, who has been a member of the ACB since 1999. Taylor F. Cameron ’90 was elected vice-president and Karen Pupke ’87 was elected secretary.

The many accomplishments of the outgoing ACB president, Garrett Hart ’78, were acknowledged by Tad Roach in his remarks preceding the meeting.
Andrew L. Seymour ’82

“Being on the ACB has allowed me to participate in the development and explosive growth of the alumni Web site and to work with some very interesting people. Today, over 2500 registered alumni can now easily re-connect with the School by logging onto the Web site, get the latest news and sports; look up classmates; add a personal update or pictures; sign up for an event; post or search for a job; purchase items from the store; or make a donation. The Web site and e-mail support the School’s historic commitment to communication and community, and make it a little bit easier to further the ACB’s motto of ‘St. Andrew’s as a lifelong experience.’”

William C. Mott, Jr. ’78

“I don’t think of being part of the ACB as “giving back,” a cliche that can lack sincerity in these times; I enjoy every moment of the involvement, and if the school can benefit from that involvement in whatever modest manner that I can deliver, then I am further gratified.

In the last few years that I have become much closer to the school, I have seen the ACB work to provide SAS with mechanisms that are so mission critical to an institution of its size and scope. They include building and engaging the alumni body as a resource for both the school as well as other alumni, to provide support for the Advancement Office if it is needed, and to generally improve the student experience with St. Andrew’s after graduation. That said, we have only begun that undertaking in terms relative to the age of the school, and I very much look forward to helping to exploit the growth and improvement opportunities that are so clearly there.”
On April 20, 2005, 350 St. Andreans attended one of 19 Coast-to-Coast Toasts held around the world to celebrate the School’s seventy-fifth anniversary. Seventy-eight alumni volunteered to be hosts or co-hosts and personally contacted many members of the St. Andrew’s family—alumni, parents of alumni, current parents, former faculty, friends. These events provided opportunities for personal contacts, alumni leadership and regional networking.

DENVER, CO — Rob Toomey ’92, host:
I am pleased to report that the event in Denver, Colorado was a great success! While the weather prevented some folks from joining, we had 11 people in total—not bad for a 50 person contingency in a state of this size! Highlights of the night included John Wason ’39 delivering a fantastic toast recalling how he “negotiated” a passing mark for his French class (on the second try) – I will have to let him explain. Not only does he remain sharp as a tack, but to this day continues to ski as much as possible—I can only hope to be as fortunate to live such a long and wonderful life. What a night!

LOS ANGELES, CA — Steve Mills ’66, co-host:
A pretty lively band of SASians gathered at El Cholo last night for a quick two hours of convivial exchange. It was completely enjoyable and so interesting to meet and talk with such recent grads who have so quickly and enthusiastically established themselves. It was a wonderful idea and very humanly executed. A great reminder of how we all owe so much of our adult identity to our experience at St. Andrew’s. It was very rewarding to participate.

PHILADELPHIA, PA — Gardner Cadwalader ’66, co-host:
All went well, toast was read, a few other toasty contributions, we added the whole world in this going east and going west toward Armenia, a full global toast! (Tad’s Toast was sent to John Evans ’66 in Armenia to be read and saluted.) We had about 20, beautiful evening on the second floor porch of the Merion Cricket Club. My son Owen ’03 said they did some celebration at Dartmouth, too. I am sure that this evening must have been a global success.

NORTHERN VIRGINIA — Church Hutton ’54 (who spends his days at The Pentagon), host:
Beau Geste reporting in from Outpost #7, Sir, that the hill remains secure despite furious attacks from 6:30 to about 10:30 pm last night. We expended our heaviest ordnance early on at about 7:00 pm with corks flying from two bottles of Piper Heidsieck. During a break in the action, the 15 soldiers present read Tad’s Toast, gave several of their own, and waved the SAS flag. We should have called Outpost #8 in Lower DE but Corporal Garrett Hart called Outpost #1 at McFadden’s in D.C. instead—and they were clearly in heavy combat also. Our own continued well into the night.

GEORGETOWN, DE — Carey Koppenhaver ’90:
There were about 40 people there and we all laughed and enjoyed the St. Andrew’s thread that was woven so deeply throughout the crowd. We felt like we were part of something much larger than life last night—thinking of all the St. Andrew’s friends and family gathered at so many places.

RALEIGH, NC — Barrett Brewer ’89, host:
We had a great time at the Raleigh Toast Party last night. We had 27 people attend! And we spoke to the Ocean City, Charlotte and Charlottesville parties on the phone wave.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA — James Jenkins ’98:
I just wanted to let you know what a great time I had last night at the St. Andrew’s toast. I talked to parents, alumni, and prospective students, from the ’60s to the ’00s. I’ve never felt as connected across generations of St. Andreans as I did last night. Hearing the stories of where people in my class have ended up after school inspires me often, and meeting the other generations last night was equally rewarding.

BARRINGTON, RI — Kristen Kreuzkamp ’89, co-host:
We had 15 people between the ages of 10 months and 72 years at our home in Barrington. We enjoyed good food, good wine and great conversations as we reminisced about St. Andrew’s. We even got to look at a vintage yearbook!
London — 20 April 2005

“We, the London contingent, gathered on this date to celebrate the 75th anniversary of St. Andrew’s School, feel honoured to be joining the entire St. Andrew’s family throughout the world in celebrating this joyous day.

“In so doing, from all of us here, we send sincerest wishes of gratitude to the board of trustees, to headmaster Tad Roach, his family, his faculty and his staff for their unrelenting dedication, hard work and perseverance in furthering the interests of the school and all who are or were associated with it in whichever capacity.

“That this 75th birthday has been reached by a centre of education which today is the envy of hundreds of similar institutions all over the world fills us, alumni, with immense pride and gratitude to Felix duPont and his associates who founded our school.”

— Rob van Mesdag ’48
St. Andrew’s School

Fall Events

September
24   Fall Alumni Day at St. Andrew’s
     ACB fall meeting – O’Brien Arts Center
27   NYC Fall Reception at the Williams Club

October
4    DC Fall Reception at the Alexandria Hilton
22-23 Parents’ Weekend at St. Andrew’s
     Fall theater production – Forbes Theater

December
11   Service of Lessons and Carols – A. Felix duPont, Jr. Memorial Chapel

! CONSTRUCTION NOTICE !

We regret that we cannot schedule any alumni, faculty or staff weddings until further notice due to the extensive renovation and repair work that is scheduled for Founders Hall over the next several summers.
U nder the shelter of trees along the edge of Noxontown Pond, I watched as my two oldest children, Lucy and Teddy, and Calvin Bates, son of faculty members Brad and Lisa Bates, fished the waters and chatted away a warm spring Sunday afternoon. There was a pile of bait, no flies to pester us, and only the occasional sounds of students enjoying the sailboats and canoes across the waterfront.

Calvin and Lucy picked a sunny spot and were getting repeated tugs and nibbles from the sunfish and crappie, but hadn’t yet landed anything. Teddy was further along the shore, fishing from the shade but also with no results. The afternoon’s prey seemed exceedingly talented at bait theft, so I found myself on call whenever the worms and grubs wouldn’t easily attach to the hooks.

When Lucy called me to attend to her bait, I hadn’t taken more than three steps when Teddy screamed, “I got one—I got a fish!” Before I could turn around, there was a huge splash. I looked along the shore. No Teddy. No fishing rod. Just a foaming point of entry on Noxontown’s surface.

Words cannot adequately describe how intensely the following seconds passed, but I’m fairly certain I approached the speed of light as I darted over, reached into the pond, and extracted in one sweeping motion my soaked child from the muddy waters.

He stared back at the water, bewildered. “A fish pulled me in,” he said, shaking his hands in a state of semi-shock. Sure enough, the rod continued to jerk and swim around briefly before abruptly falling still, marking the escape of the scaly culprit.

I fully expected that to be the end of the afternoon, figuring that most four-year-olds, especially those just learning how to swim, would not react positively after such an experience. To my surprise, Teddy just smiled and said, “He got away!”

He wanted to keep fishing, so I netted his wayward Mickey Mouse rod and set him back up. Almost immediately, he turned the tables and landed the first official catch of the afternoon—a nice yellow perch. His Noxontown christening must have been good luck, because Teddy brought in most of the fish over the next hour. Lucy and Calvin could barely keep up, and I don’t recall having more than two free minutes to ply the waters with my own line.

The day definitely belonged to Teddy—with ten fish in the bucket and the story of the one that reeled him in. He was the star and he reveled in the spotlight. When you’re a middle child, those moments can be hard to come by.

After we released the fish to catch again another day, I walked my damp and smiling boy up the hill to the dining hall. He bounded through the main common room and rushed to tell my wife about all the fish he caught. Mom’s radar quickly detected the wet clothes and she asked him what happened, smiling at me but somehow still giving the look we fathers dread in such hapless situations.

“A fish pulled me in,” he explained.

“Really?” Mamie asked.

“Yes, it was a shark,” he shot back. “But it got away.”

A star, you see, is fleeting. It’s the legend that lives on. Apparently, even a four-year-old knows that.
Digging around for a good investment?

Plant a seed for the future (of St. Andrew’s School) and enjoy the harvest now (for you!).

Get the dirt on charitable gift annuities. Put some cash or appreciated securities into a charitable gift annuity with St. Andrew’s School as the beneficiary for higher returns for both yourself and the School. This irrevocable gift will pay you an annuity for life that’s guaranteed and fixed. You’ll also be eligible for an income tax deduction.

For gifts of $5,000 or more, the following rates apply:

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<th>Age of Annuitant</th>
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* Based on one annuitant, rates are slightly lower when there are two annuitants.

For more information, contact the Advancement Office, 302-285-4260.
Cora Currier ’05 and Dexter Walcott ’05 enjoy the procession of the Sixth Form during Commencement Exercises.