CALENDAR OF EVENTS

November
3   Levinson Lecture Series
29  Founders Day Chapel Service at St. Andrew’s

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

February
TBA  Boston Event
23  Evening of Stewardship
23-24 Winter Theater Production
    Forbes Theater

March
TBA  Denver Event

April
19  Coast to Coast Toasts

May
12-13 Arts Weekend
20  VI Form and Alumni Dinner
27  Commencement

June
8   Scholarship Golf Tournament
8-10 Reunion Weekend

Visit http://alumni.standrews-de.org for updated information on these events, as well as events that may be added.

St. Andrew’s Resource Network

Are you starting a job search, exploring career fields, interested in a specific company or organization, or relocating? If so, the St. Andrew’s Resource Network can help you!

A network of 100 alumni is available for you to contact for informational interviews and referrals as well as to establish professional contacts in your field and geographic location.

The program is always looking for St. Andreans willing to share their time and experience. To volunteer to be part of the Resource Network, please contact Chesa Profaci ‘80 at St. Andrew’s.

Phone 302/285-4260  E-mail chesa@standrews-de.org

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Joy McGrath ’92

DESIGN DIRECTOR
Amy MacKenzie Kendig

ASSISTANT EDITOR
A. Hope McGrath ’01

CLASS NOTES EDITOR
Denise Thorn

CONTRIBUTORS
John Abbott
Bayly Buck ’07
Tyler Caldwell ’07
Adrian Chiang ’08
Jessica Crawley ’07
Greg Doyle ’87
Theo DuBose ’08
Nigel Furlonge
Sallie Graves ’01
Ian James ’07
Marina McGrail ’08
A. Hope McGrath ’01
Joy McGrath ’92
Peter K. McLean
Searcy Milam ’02
Katherine Patrick ’07
Chesa Profaci ’80
Tomas A. Puky ’89
Tony Rinaldo
Shabazz Stuart ’07

ADDRESS CORRESPONDENCE TO:
St. Andrew’s Magazine
350 Noxontown Road
Middletown, DE 19709-1605
Fax (302) 378-0429
Tel (302) 285-4257

General E-mail: magazine@standrews-de.org
Class notes E-mail: classnotes@standrews-de.org


St. Andrew’s Magazine is published four times a year by the Advancement Office for the alumni, parents and friends of St. Andrew’s School.

Copyright 2006.

Third-class postage paid at: Middletown, DE

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to St. Andrew’s School, 350 Noxontown Road, Middletown, DE 19709-1605.

This publication is printed with vegetable-based soy inks on paper with 15% post-consumer waste and 50% total recycled content. Please complete the process by recycling your copy when finished.
St. Andrew’s MAGAZINE
FALL 2006
VOL. 28, NO. 4

TALK OF THE T-DOCK

Headmaster’s Remarks 2
Opening of School Remarks.

Trustee Notes 7

From the Archives 8

Convocation 10
Peter McLean on sustainability.

Annals of the Arts 18
Tyler Caldwell ’07 painted for three weeks this summer.

Campus Update 20
Summer renovations.

Names and Faces 22
Sandy Bailey, advancement office; profiles of Eloise Repeczky ’07 and Penn Daniel ’07 and a conversation with Dan O’Connell.

FEATURES

The Future of Financial Aid 28
How the contemporary conversation about socioeconomic diversity at colleges and universities will speak to St. Andrew’s.

What I Did This Summer 44
From restoring trails in Alaska to volunteering at an orphanage in the village of Fise, Ghana, St. Andrew’s students ranged far and wide this summer and return with their exciting tales.

A Year Away 52
Nigel and Nicole Furlonge grow in New York City; Diahann Johnson visits St. Anne’s Episcopal School; Ann McTaggart ’86 immerses herself in theater.

ALUMNI

Alumni Perspective 58
Sallie Graves ’01 teaches with the Bilingual Education for Central America Program.

Alumni Corporation Board 62
Letter from the president.

In Memory 63

Class Notes 65
What lives here and abides in the halls and campus of St. Andrew’s is a deep appreciation and commitment on the part of teachers, staff members and students that St. Andrew’s School is a good place, a unique place, a School of inspiration, hope and transformation. We appreciate what others and we have built, established, cultivated here. We take on the commitment and responsibility to nourish, care for and enhance the school’s culture and ethos. Part of the magic of the opening of school arises from the zeal and excitement students, teachers and staff members feel about working, living and celebrating this concept of education.

We inevitably concentrate on what students learn at such a School, in such a community. We strive to teach young men and women to embrace a life of intellectual exploration and commitment, one that will enable them to be judicious, analytical, expressive, creative and discerning. We seek to encourage our students to be men and women of integrity, good character and courage. We work to teach our students that we as members of the human family have deep abiding responsibilities for the welfare of our fellow world citizens and the natural world we share and bequeath to those who follow us.

But for years, I have been keenly aware and appreciative that St. Andrew’s is an equally magical place of transformation for those of us who serve on the faculty. I know personally that we as adults find meaning, inspiration and direction through our connection to and collective ownership of St. Andrew’s. We become different, transformed, more interesting, passionate, idealistic, principled, kind, generous people because the School and our students, our colleagues ask the best of us.

Some time ago, in a speech to alumni, I spoke as passionately as I could about the gifts and sacrifices teachers at St. Andrew’s made to create this educational experience for students each year, and one of our alums pressed me afterwards on the nature
of that sacrifice. Did I mean teachers literally sacrificed their lives to their students? I clarified my remarks in this way. We do pour hours of time, energy and attention each year into our work as teachers, advisors, coaches, dorm parents, directors and mentors—we feel a passionate commitment to the development and welfare of our students. But we receive such monumental gifts in return. Our students respect us, emulate us, and thank us for our gifts. The lives they live and the people they become affirm that every moment we worked was indeed worth it. Their energy, heroism and courage teach us to live with greater intention, optimism and idealism. They inspire us to be worthy of our roles as teachers and mentors to young people.

But there is more—we grow, develop, mature and flourish as adults because to live and teach at St. Andrew’s is to live and embody the virtues of the School in the company of colleagues. We work and live together—we share the tragedies and joys of life—lives of 20-, 30-, 40-, 50-, 60-, 70-year-old men and women. We raise each other’s children, race to the rescue when life becomes chaotic and confusing. We help one another through tough times; we keep in touch when our careers here end, and we pursue other opportunities. We are and remain family.

The only way to sustain and improve what is so good and rewarding in our professional adult culture is to resolve each year to live, work, speak and teach with generosity, humanity, patience, humor, love and courage. The only way to sustain and improve that professional culture is to take all that is petty and mean—all that is envious, selfish in our nature and reject it, both because we will wither and die as individuals if we live, speak and think that way—and because we can have no credibility with our colleagues or our students if we live such small lives.

For faculty, this commitment to deepening the culture of humanity means intentionally creating time and space to talk about the ideals we share, the mission we have adopted.

If we seek to be an academy of learning not only for students but for teachers, we must break out of the isolation of our own classrooms and departments and create a culture of innovation, creativity and thoughtfulness in the work we do together. We know very well the qualities of great teaching to which we aspire, but we also know that we need our colleagues to help us work towards the kind of ideals writers like Ken Bain have set for us.

• Great teachers “know their subjects well,” Bain observes, but great teachers learn, every day, from both students and colleagues—they exude an excitement about the life of the mind that is contagious.

• Great teachers, Bain suggests, “have an intuitive understanding of human learning,” but great teachers need to test their practices, assumptions, techniques and results with colleagues who offer a fresh perspective.

• Great teachers, Bain argues, “see their goal as not merely success on an exam but a sustained and substantial influence on the way their students think, act and feel.” Great teachers need to clarify their goals and assumptions with colleagues who also wrestle with these aspirations and seek to measure such goals.
Great teachers, Bain argues, “believe fervently that every student can learn”—great teachers seek advice and counsel when they are struggling to teach a student effectively.

Great teachers, Bain observes, “view education as important, serious and creative work”—teaching benefits immediately from close observation, close analysis, from revision, from refinement, from vigorous dialogues with and critiques from colleagues.

And so, we become better teachers by asking our colleagues to develop us, to help us see and evaluate what we most keenly wish to understand and assess in our own teaching.

In my notes for our faculty discussions this morning, I shared a powerful quotation about the ways adults serve as role models for our students. Louis Menand writes:

*The only way to develop curiosity, sympathy, principle of independence of mind is to practice being curious, sympathetic, principled and independent. For those of us who are teachers, it isn’t what we teach that instills virtue—it’s how we teach. We are the books our students read most closely."

Menand is brilliant in his assessment that we teach “curiosity, sympathy, independence of mind, by being curious, empathetic, principled and independent.” But, we also teach and inspire one another as adults in the same way. Our colleagues’ approach to life, to teaching, to liberal arts education to a large degree influence us either to seek mediocrity or complacency or teach with passion, creativity and resilience. People and the places that enable and inspire them to gather can make us, in Dostoevsky’s words, “better than we ourselves are.” And that is precisely the magic of St. Andrew’s—here we can indeed transform and invigorate our lives as adults.

St. Andrew’s adults embody a community founded on ethical principles and Christian ideals. We live in a community that asks, nay demands, the best of us. We are responsible for improving the world in which we live. We are responsible for living out a commitment to justice, peace, respect for every human being. We are responsible for embracing diversity and sustainability. The students, Ted Sizer reminds us, “are watching”—do we live out our mission in our own lives?

In this way, St. Andrew’s embodies and articulates a response to an old, tired world gone mad. We have begun to do good and important work at St. Andrew’s on teaching civic engagement and leadership. We have begun to bring the dilemmas, conflicts, tragedies of the world to the moral, spiritual and intellectual attention of the community. We are formulating a deeper and more ambitious notion of citizenship and responsibility to our students and ourselves.

But we must continue to work hard, very hard, to articulate St. Andrew’s response to intolerance, war, violence, extremism, environmental degradation, racism, classism, materialism and other forms of intolerance and violations of the human spirit.

To achieve these goals, our students and we, the faculty, need to live and learn from men and women who are alive, vibrant, creative, consistent, humorous, courageous. We need, our students’ need, role models and mentors to rescue them and us from narrow, fearful, strategic thinking about our or their lives. We, the faculty, and they, the students, need us to have our act together every day.
How we manage the multiple tasks and responsibilities and anxieties we ourselves carry each day, teaches our students how to manage the complexity of their own lives. If they see us grumpy, tired, weary, inconsistent in our work, we as a community will lose heart, falter and lose our momentum, energy, ideals and ambition.

We have to be strong, resilient, optimistic and hopeful. We have to believe in the transforming power of education. That’s what teachers do—they create a response, they embody a belief that through education our lives can be meaningful.

And at a time when our culture cautions us not to care or to work for others with too much attention, too much energy, I suggest we live with the philosophy of Dostoevsky’s Father Zosima in the *The Brothers Karamazov*, “Work tirelessly. If you are going to sleep at night, you remember, I did not do what I ought to have done, arise at once and do it.”

We have learned that one way to free our students from petty and strategic thinking about their education and their lives is to remind them that the goal of high school and college is to find a calling, what Douglas Heath described as what “we were meant to be and to do”; what David Orr describes as “that particular thing for which we have a great passion and which we want to do above all else.” “A calling,” Orr continues, “is about the person one wants to make of oneself; a calling is an inner conviction about what really matters in life and what difference one wants to make in the world.” We need to remind our students of this opportunity and responsibility, even as the culture asks them to think of their lives as ones directed toward individualistic goals and ambitions. And we need to ask ourselves how our teaching expresses our conviction about what really matters in life, how our teaching contributes to the world.

And ultimately, to be a great teacher you need to feel at the very core of your heart that what you are doing each day is noble, worthy of your best effort and transformative both for your students, your colleagues and yourself. Teaching at its best asks us to define what really matters in life—for we realize that long after the equations, papers and tests are completed, a particular approach to life, to creativity, to humanity, to responsibility will abide. Ultimately, we teach to make a contribution to the world, a world gone mad. Embrace this calling, this responsibility, this commitment to living a life of meaning and inspiration. Your every word, action and commitment will inspire and enlighten all of us in this room, and all who work as students this year.

Let me end with a quotation from senior scholar Hanna Gray of the University of Chicago, cited in Nannerl Keohane’s book on education, *Higher Ground*:

> Ultimately an ideal of education—what it should be about, what it should be for; how its worth should be assessed—is a statement about the future and the ideals one would wish to see realized in that future; a statement about human purpose and possibility, about the nature of human society, its needs and aspiration; about the character and direction of civilization; a statement, too, about the past, its models and meanings, the lessons it provides to be perpetuated or discarded.

St. Andrew’s adults embody a community founded on ethical principles and Christian ideals.... We are responsible for living out a commitment to justice, peace, respect for every human being. We are responsible for embracing diversity and sustainability.
Board of Trustees

Katharine duP. Gahagan • Chair
Wilmington, Del.

J. Kent Sweezy ’70 • President
Dallas, Texas

Caroline duP. Prickett • Secretary, Treasurer
Chesapeake City, Md.

Amy L. Barto ’86 • Alumni Term Trustee
Phoenixville, Pa.

Adm. Dennis C. Blair ’64 USN Ret.
Alexandria, Va.

Robert B. Blum Sr. P’84,’90 • Trustee Emeritus
Jupiter, Fla.

Gay Kenney Browne ’78
Santa Barbara, Calif.

William H. Brownlee ’44 P’73,’75,’77,’79 GP05,’09 • Trustee Emeritus
Chevy Chase, Md.

John S. Cook ’45
Falmouth, Mass.

Viviana R. Davila ’85
Alexandria, Va.

Andrew C. Florance ’82
Chevy Chase, Md.

Sabina Forbes P’97,’06 • Parent Trustee
Bedminster, N.J.

Robert G. Gahagan
Bayville, N.Y.

Francis Giannattaei, Jr. ’47 GP’09
Wilmington, Del.

Monie T. Hardwick P’02,’04,’07 • Parent Trustee
Blairstown, N.J.

Paul H. Harrell, Jr. P’90
Montchanin, Del.

Maureen K. Harrington P’91,’93,’96,’99,’02
Queenstown, Md.

Henry N. Herndon, Jr. ’48 P’83 • Trustee Emeritus
Hanover, N.H.

Thomas H. Hooper III ’71
Montclair, N.J.

Carolyn M. Matthews, M.D. ’77
Dallas, Texas

Arthur M. Miller ’70
New York, N.Y.

Deval L. Patrick P’07 • Parent Trustee
Milton, Mass.

Timothy W. Peters ’66 P’91,’93 • Alumni Term Trustee
Lancaster, Pa.

Steven B. Pfeiffer P’95,’97,’00,’04,’09
Alexandria, Va.

Sally E. Pingree
Washington, D.C.

Tomas A. Puky ’89 • Alumni Corporation Board President
Charlotte, N.C.

Henry duPont Ridgely ’67
Camden, Del.

Daniel T. Roach, Jr. P’04,’07 • Headmaster
Middletown, Del.

H. Hickman Rowland, Jr. ’58
New Castle, Del.

Winthrop deV. Schwab ’36 P’66,’82 GP86 • Trustee Emeritus
Gladwyne, Pa.

Henry H. Silliman Jr. GP’07 • Trustee Emeritus
Greenville, Del.

Scott M. Sipprelle ’81 P’08
Princeton, N.J.

Edward M. Strong ’66 P’07,’10
New York, N.Y.

Richard Vaughan ’88 • Alumni Term Trustee
New York, N.Y.

Earl Walker ’90 • Alumni Term Trustee
Middletown, Del.

Rt. Rev. Wayne P. Wright • Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Delaware
Wilmington, Del.
This fall, the board of trustees gains one new member, Earl Walker ’90. Earl has been a member of the Alumni Corporation Board for six years, and has been a member of the resource networking, regional and re-engagement committees. Earl was elected as alumni term trustee and will serve on the board for three years in that capacity.

Earl holds a doctorate in counseling psychology, specializing in child psychology and sport and exercise psychology. He currently works as a consulting psychologist in Dover, Del., where he works with children and adolescents. He also maintains and operates Self Realization Counseling and Consulting Services, Inc. in Newton, Mass., where he provides school consultation to special education departments and sports counseling to athletes. He has taught Psychological Testing and Evaluation at Boston University. He has also taught sport psychology, sociology of sport, exercise physiology, health education, and fitness education at Mount Ida College in Newton, Mass.

Aside from his academic and professional accomplishments, Earl is also known for his athletic achievements as a wrestler. He started wrestling in second grade for the Middletown Wrestling Club. Before reaching high school he had become a ten-time Junior Olympic champion, having become accomplished in folk style, freestyle, Greco-Roman and sombo wrestling. He was inducted into his first hall of fame at the age of 11 in 1983—The South Jersey Wrestling Hall of Fame. He graduated from St. Andrew’s in 1990, a two-time bronze medalist and a two-time state champion. His overall record at the culmination of high school was 1,148-32 including a high school record of 105-4. In 1990 he was named the Outstanding Wrestler at the state tournament, became Delaware’s first high school National Champion at the first national tournament and was chosen Delaware’s Athlete of the Year. In 2004, he was inducted into The Delaware Wrestling Hall of Fame.

As a college competitor, Earl attended Brown University from 1990-1992 where he immediately wrestled varsity. He transferred to Boston University in 1992 and was a three-time New England Conference champion (1992, 1993, 1994). He defeated #1 seed Matt Lindland of Nebraska (an eventual Olympic silver medalist), in the first round in the NCAA in 1993. In 1994, Dr. Walker gained all-American status, by placing third in NCAA competition, the highest placement ever for a B.U. wrestler. His only loss was to the eventual four-time NCAA champion Pat Smith. In recognition of his accomplishments in 1994, B.U. named him Male Athlete of The Year. His overall collegiate record was 162-12-2. He was featured twice in “A Face in the Crowd” in Sports Illustrated and once on the centerfold. On October 5, 2002, Earl was inducted into Boston University’s Hall of Fame and two years later into the Delaware Wrestling Hall of Fame. He has maintained his involvement in wrestling and is currently the part-time Head Wrestling Coach at Delaware State University.

He currently resides in Middletown, Del., with his wife, Elizabeth; daughter Sedona, 5; and son, Nile, 3.
Since St. Andrew’s founding, faculty and headmaster dogs have been part of the scene we expect when we drive onto campus. In this issue, we bring you a selection of faculty dogs through the years from the archives.

If you recognize these canines, send us an e-mail with details: archives@standrews-de.org.
Thank you for letting me share with you. I’ll try not to be long, although most assuredly, I’ll be slow, and I am sorry; that’s just the way this 50-year-old southerner thinks and speaks.

We celebrated my fiftieth a couple of weeks ago along the banks of the Hazel River, one which flows pure and sweet from the forests and mountains of Shenandoah National Park. Though somewhat affected by acid rain like most waterways in the East, the river runs well, full of granite boulders and pools and crayfish and other invertebrates which support a native brook trout population; the Hazel is one of the few rivers around that does so. We feel so lucky to be alongside it, to listen to its constant flow, soothing sounds from water sweeping over the moss covered granite and into pools that we and the fish enjoy. And it’s full of stories. One morning while watching, outfitted in my warm but ridiculous-looking red knee socks, a pair of hummingbirds hovers around me, apparently attracted to the red and perhaps thinking they had found the ultimate nectar source to power them for their 600-mile migration across the Gulf of Mexico in a few weeks. The next day, a Pewee, a small flycatcher here just for the summer to breed then back to Costa Rica and points farther south, would swoop down from a white pine branch, somehow snag a gnat then resettle on the white pine, all within seconds. A quick back and forth wipe of the bill on the branch, then off again... down, back up, each time with a meal of gnat or some other small insect. Another morning, we watch a mass of swallowtail butterflies gather along the river’s edge; at once, they flutter off, a diffuse cloud of yellow and black made brilliant by light reflected off the river. One seemed reluctant to move, and another floated in, making antenna contact. A few seconds pass, it floats off and the one remains still reluctant to move. The scenario repeats several times. What was going on? Altruism? Mating ritual? Was the one old or sick or simply resting? Ask Andrew, Jim, Lark, and Theo about this magical spot on the river for we camped together there a couple of springs ago.

And, in this tranquility, our families converged. First the Palas, Carol Ann’s family, full of passion and energy as seems typical of Italians; Joe, Carol’s dad, perhaps best displays these qualities. He loves to tease, especially his granddaughters, Elsa and Jamie; it’s often for a smooch, for which they reluctantly give. This time, the smooch meant that their grandfather would leave the house and them alone and climb Mary’s Rock, a nearby peak in the Park where 360 degree views extend nearly to D.C., 80 miles to the east and west 80 miles to the Allegheny Mountains and West Virginia. So up he went, with an energy and determination and sense of play that few 82-year-olds can claim; we were astounded. We saw black bear and their poop along the blueberry lined trail, and, at the top, we were in awe, of the view, of the absolute beauty, of his triumph in
climbing those several miles up to such magnificence.

A week or so later, my family, mostly from Charlottesville, Asheville and Richmond came. On Friday, the day before my birthday, we hiked a splendid, dramatically beautiful mountain, Old Rag. It sits at just over 3,000 feet in the Park just east of the Appalachian Trail and Skyline Drive much as it has for 400 million years, although it was taller then, about like the Rockies today, 12,000 feet or more. Hikers from all over, especially D.C., come to traverse this challenging, boulder-laden peak. It takes much of the day to do so; my 4-year-old niece, Annie, led the way, and we marveled at her energy and determination. Near the top, where she and Elsa and Pete played in tunnels of eroded basalt and granite, we looked over the oaks, hickories, and beech and admired clear, long views of the patchwork of farms and fields below; our spirits soared. Whether keeping up with her or other family members, we felt so good up there, getting exercise in this very beautiful part of the world, and spending time with each other, an increasingly rare opportunity. As my brother Lee, a busy doctor in Asheville, would later share, it was one of the best days of his life; I couldn’t have agreed more.

The next day, Peter and Elsa led us 20 minutes up Nicholson Hollow to a favorite swimming hole, one complete with a waterfall and a huge boulder from which we jumped into the cold, clear water. Following the lead of his children and Elsa and Pete, my brother, Andy, out of his banker clothes, jumped like a kid into the pool, then positioned himself under the waterfall, where the water pounded and massaged his shoulders and spit him out to the pool below. We felt such relief after our hot hike in... such refreshment of spirit, all of us together, enjoying simple, homegrown fun in this beautiful area.

Mom and Dad, both in their eighties, were with us as we celebrated that weekend. I was reminded how lucky we were to be with them. Although a strong will and heart remain, Dad has slowed a great deal from the days when he was a prominent practicing physician and businessman, chairman of the Charlottesville school board, a proud father of seven young children. Age has softened him, and he’s now more vulnerable, more open. Several years ago, he and I and Lee, traveled to McBee, South Carolina, and it was there that Dad shared as never before, especially of his life, his early years among the pines and swales around McBee and Hartsville. There, the McLeans and other Scots first settled in the late 1700s, hoping for opportunity in America after our revolution for independence. It’s an area where some of Michel’le [Bennett ’09]’s ancestors settled too; I wonder if our ancestors ever crossed paths, and, if so, what was the nature of that crossing.

I share this with you all because where we were, and who we were with perhaps best describes what is most significant in our lives; that is, to appreciate what God has granted us... each other, and a beautiful and remarkable natural world....

So continue to sit and contemplate, perhaps as Esther Hsiao encouraged us to do...to appreciate the silence, to breathe slowly and deeply, to focus inwardly. For in so doing, appreciating yourself begins. For me, it best happens in front of a stream or ocean or fire, or after a long run or hike or from just being outdoors; I find such solace and truth there as nature has such integrity and
beauty. For N.C. Wyeth, the master illustrator and creator of our mural and about whom I read this summer, it was walks in the moonlight above Chadd’s Ford not far from here where he exclaimed, ‘It was all magic for me and tremendously romantic.’

So be still, and we’ll do this for the next 20 minutes. Oh, what a brutal assignment…nearly impossible for some of us. We’ve got to move, we’ve got to go, we’ve got to get with friends, dress for practice, write a paper, get a better grade, get a better college, get better grades, go to grad school, make more money, accumulate more things…on the way to a rich and successful life. I wonder.

Instead, sit and contemplate.

Try. Think about yourself and all that it takes to support you. We are of the earth, mostly six elements, carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, phosphorus, and sulfur. We’re mostly hydrogen and oxygen that together make that remarkable liquid we call water. Our flood contains about the same percentage of salt as the ocean. Without the water and salt, we’re proteins mostly, including ones that allow miracles like speeding the rate our blood captures CO2 by almost a million times. Our bodies are concoctions that we struggle to decipher or replicate. Our brains, of which we use less than 10 percent, are far more powerful than any imagined computer.

How can anyone be bored by such contemplation, such realization, but take a trip if you must and consider where you sit. We are so lucky to share this magnificent building, full of valued energy and resources. You sit on nylon mesh, woven from oil, perhaps from Pennsylvania where it was first discovered over a hundred years ago or from Venezuela or the Middle East; what’s there and what’s that trip like? Nylon, a DuPont product, invented just up the Delaware River in 1935 by Wallace Carothers. What’s his story? He died four years later at 36; I wonder why? The pigments come from dyes, perhaps plant dyes (ask Elizabeth McGiff) or more likely oil based ones; white ones likely contain titanium, typically from the beaches of Georgia and Florida. Nails are from the Mesabi Range or Japan. Zinc is from the ground in Canada, chrome comes from Rhodesia, and aluminum from [bauxite in] Jamaica. The foam, the cushy stuff, is oil based also. The wood where your arms rest is beautiful, deeply colored and richly grained, perhaps walnut or mahogany. The metal is likely an alloy, a mixture of steel. From where? Perhaps not far from Laura Bender’s home in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Made by whom? By what workers, what kind of lives, through what union, with how much water and waste and at what cost?

We could do the same with the cereal or bagel you had for breakfast. The fresh tomatoes and other vegetables from the garden we’ve enjoyed recently take a short trip though no less significant; think about the toil, the sweat, the care, the people, the preparation, the love in getting those tomatoes to us (if all fully considered, you wouldn’t waste a one and you’d give a daily hug to Joy McGrath and her dad and the students and staff and others responsible; perhaps easier from a can, but what a sacrifice of taste and health and energy and love). But we are slow to contemplate such things…the apple in our bag lunches, the one we sometimes neglect and trash, one from Seattle from the four year old tree that someone fertilized and weeded and watered and picked…then the fruit took the journey here. What a story that apple could tell.

We could continue on our journey below us past steel, through concrete into soil that is among the nation’s richest, soil that we devalue, especially around here, by covering it with shopping centers and homes; what will our grandchildren and theirs think. Continuing on, we’d hit the world’s most valuable natural resource, water. It flows in a river of rock, an aquifer which extends up to New York and down to the Outer Banks. Our well is one of the state’s deepest at over 700 feet, drawing water up that took hundreds of years
to get down. You brush your teeth in 1,000-year-old water. Savor it, swish it around and truly taste it...yes, a hint of iron, but so pure and vital. Much of the world’s population would love to have our water; ask those that went to South Africa this summer or those that went to Honduras...our beloved Bob Colburn, covered in mud and sweat, having to haul water from a distance, as the locals must every day. Over a billion people, one sixth of the world’s population, have inadequate water.

We could go deeper. In a mile or two, we’d hit hard rock, 500 million year old gneiss (hardened sandstone) and other metamorphic rock sloping from Wilmington and other parts of the piedmont northwest of here; you can see the rocks more easily there where the Brandywine River flows through revealing outcrops.

Now take another breath, a deep one. Like our water, some of those air molecules are a couple of thousand years old. Jesus breathed one of those same molecules; so did one of the world’s oldest trees, the bristlecone pine. The molecules are mostly nitrogen, but, fortunately, some are oxygen, and, unfortunately, an increasing number are carbon dioxide, a product of fossil fuel burning, something we’ve done increasingly for the past 150 years. At over 380 ppm, the CO2 concentration has never been higher, not for as far back in the ice we can look, nearly a half a million years ago. As Americans, we contribute five times as much CO2 as other world citizens, and, currently, the world’s natural systems only can absorb one third of the CO2 emitted daily. The CO2 gathers in what we call the greenhouse layer, a few miles up. Take a jog to it; you’d get there in 30 minutes or so, especially for you all that are in good shape. There, with methane and nitrous oxide (laughing gas) and other greenhouse gases, the greenhouse layer forms. It’s been there for millions of years; without it, we’d freeze and life as we know it wouldn’t exist. With it, the Earth’s temperature averages 59 degrees Fahrenheit and sustains life like we know of nowhere else...at least 1.5 million species of bacteria and algae and fungi and plants and animals and perhaps 30 to 50 million more that we have yet to discover and describe.

The CO2 correlates with temperature. It’s risen about a degree over the past 100 years and estimates, even the most conservative ones, indicate at least a one to two degree rise over the next 100 years. Break out the bathing suits...maybe...but you may not have the beach or you may not recognize it. Think about what it means for the sea level, polar bears and other animals and plants, food production, weather patterns, for us, especially for one third of the world’s six billion that lives along the coast. Think about those wrecked by Katrina. The sea level has risen more in the past 100 years than it did in the previous 1900; it continues to rise about an inch per decade. The polar bear populations and associated life decline; the bears have fewer stretches of ice from which to hunt their principal prey, ringed seal. Weather patterns have and will continue to change, becoming more unpredictable; dry areas likely will get drier, wet ones wetter. A warmer ocean fuels hurricanes increasing their intensity and duration and perhaps their number.

We could jog another few miles up, to the ozone layer where the sun’s harmful ultraviolet rays are blocked. For the past few decades, however, molecules of CFC, a slightly reactive but allegedly benign compound formerly used in aerosols and air conditioners, are reacting with and decreasing the ozone, resulting in a diminished ozone layer meaning less protection and more rays and maybe heat for us down here.

We could jog on...through space and to a very likely encounter other life, perhaps more intelligent than our own.

Or we could just return to our seats and look beside us. Do you know this person? I mean truly know this person? Do you love this person? Perhaps you should? You’re relatives. Your cousin sits beside you. DNA evidence tells us that we are 99.9 percent alike; differences among us, among racial and ethnic groups, are
miniscule. As Gus says in *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*, “…in the end, we are all fruit.” Even the millions of bacteria in your mouth or on your skin are related; we share about 50 percent of our DNA with the simplest of life forms…a jellyfish, a roundworm, a mushroom.

So consider the cousin beside you. Embrace him or her as such. Appreciate them. Love them. Play a game of chess with them. Go for a walk together. Find out more about them. Be curious, ever so curious…. Poke and prod. Question and discuss. Make them describe every nuance, every smell, every sight and sound. You’ll be the richer for it.

So, you all, what we are considering is to better appreciate ourselves and this rich and intriguing natural world around us; in so doing, we’ll better take care of it and ourselves.

The need is great, if not urgent; as former Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall claimed forty years ago, we’re in the midst of a “quiet crisis”. Our numbers are great; it took us hundreds of years to get to three billion just after World War II, just 50 years to double that, to over 6 billion, and we’ll double that by 2050. Imagine twice as many people at this school, in this community, cramming into this room. Our consumption, more food, more cars, gas, roads, and homes, is greater than ever before; it’s tough to keep growing and consuming at such rates in this finite space we call Earth.

Just months ago, over 1,000 of the world’s leading scientists reported that,

*Over the past 50 years, humans have changed ecosystems more rapidly and extensively than in any comparable period of time in human history, largely to meet the growing demands for food, fresh water, timber, fiber, and fuel; this has resulted in a substantial and largely irreversible loss in the diversity of life on Earth.*

Noted biodiversity champion and Pulitzer Prize-winner E.O. Wilson has written recently that today’s extinction rates, even the most conservative estimates, are 100 times faster now than when humans were not around. If the rates of habitat loss and extinction continue, by the end of this century, half of the plants and animals on earth will be gone.

At the end of the century, some of us won’t be here, but some of you will, especially because of some plant-derived fountain of youth. Imagine life then, diminished, less able to create air, cleanse water, to manage the soil…not forgetting the aesthetic loss and the contributions of biodiversity to us in terms of “…medicines, crops, timber, fibers, [dyes], soil-restoring vegetation, petroleum substitutes” [according to Wilson]. Fifty percent of our pharmaceuticals come from naturally occurring plants and animals. Imagine a world without aspirin from black willow which grows along the banks of the Pond, taxol from the yew shrub which grows around here and is used to treat breast cancer, hirudin from the Pond’s leeches to prevent blood clotting, alkaloids from periwinkle to treat Hodgkin’s Disease and leukemia.

So, what are the solutions or are we to follow the path of other notable civilizations like that of the Romans who, as Gibbon writes, contended with “a bloated and overextended military, widespread economic and political corruption, addiction to and dependence on foreign resources, and prevailing public apathy and hedonism?” Some advise that the U.S. abdicate its

“…superpower status and to help our transfer from superpower to ordinary nation, we could ask countries like India, Egypt, or Mexico to start a First World Peace Corps. Its volunteers could teach us how to live more simply and how to wash our clothes [by hand], and how to cook tasty meals of rice and beans [the most energy efficient diet]. Most importantly, they would teach us when and how to take a siesta. [Wes Nisker, 2005.]”

Others, like David Orr, a visionary thinker and professor at Oberlin, argue that we need to rethink what and how we teach. To teach about environmental problems is key to solving all others. Minus a few computers and a smattering of courses
and programs, our curriculum today is much the same as it was in the fifties, he argues. The current crisis results from the well educated, those who make unimaginably large sums of money, people impeccably groomed, educated at the best universities—male and female alike—eating fine foods and reading classy literature, while orchestrating the investment and legislation that ruin the world. And he continues that, instead of education to favor contributions to a global economy and upward mobility, the focus should be on that which heals the earth, building sustainable economies and good communities—ones that nurture and sustain us and all that supports us. “We need decent communities, good work to do, loving relationships, stable families, and a way to transcend our inherent self-centeredness. [Most importantly, today], our needs are of the spirit, yet our imagination and creativity are aimed at things,” [Orr writes].

So, Orr advocates, maybe we ought to focus our study on a river or Pond. It is real, and to understand it, is to engage not only the intellect (using history, biology, chemistry, physics, English, language, economics, math) but our spirits, every part of our being, especially that which relates to the arts, faith, and our senses. How does the Pond smell, taste, feel, what’s its color, its moods, its beauty; we must observe it, canoe it, swim and play in it, fully experience it. In so doing, we’ll come to know it better, and take care of it.

Or, as Orr encourages, we could come to know our school communities better and contribute to them by understanding and contributing to how they operate. We could answer questions of impact as the percentage of CO2 per student, the percentage of materials recycled, the percentage of renewable energy consumed, the percentage of waste composted, the percentage of food served that was organically grown, water waste per student, the use of toxic materials, or the amount of solid waste per student. We could learn from those at the College of the Atlantic, where St. Andrew’s graduate, Molly Harrington [’02], and her classmates abide a zero waste policy; there are no dumpsters at the College of the Atlantic. One question offered in our science department meeting the other day: does the biomass (that is, plants of the forests, fields, and Pond) of St. Andrew’s offset the carbon dioxide produced by us living here?

To address environmental problems helps solve all others, ones of equity, security, and prosperity. Think about the repercussions from energy conservation and use of alternative fuels. As Orr points out, energy conservation “reduces or eliminates oil imports, lessens our dependence on oil from the Middle East or Venezuela, lessens our military presence in unstable regions, cuts our deficit, lowers the cost of energy, creates millions of jobs, minimizes oil spills and water pollution, reduces land degradation from strip mines, reduces air pollution, improves health and lowers medical expenses, removes the influence of the fossil energy companies on US politics, improves the health of our democracy, contributes to stabilizing our climate thereby enabling us to avoid a catastrophe, and improves our reputation and standing in the community of nations.”

All from recycling an aluminum can. Think about it…to recycle a can saves money (we make several hundred dollars every year when we redeem ours in Dover), energy (eight times as much), lessens pollution, and promotes world peace.

So what will you do, what do I need to do, what do we all need to do? The possibilities are endless. We could ask Jane Goodall, who courageously and tirelessly campaigns for chimps and other animals and their habitats. Or Jimmy Carter, who, through The Carter Center and Habitat for Humanity (an organization through which Alex and some of you have worked), helps build communities and ensures the rights of people. Or ask William McDonough, ecoarchitect and Time magazine hero of the year about crafting buildings,
furniture and Nike shoes, with no waste, as nature does, that is, waste as food. Among other models from nature, he references ants for his designs. As he explains,

“All the ants on the planet, taken together, have a biomass greater than that of humans. Ants have been incredibly industrious for millions of years. Yet their productivity nourishes plants, animals, and soil. Human industry has been in full swing for little more than a century, yet it has brought about a decline in almost every ecosystem on the planet. Nature doesn’t have a design problem, people do.”

Read his books. Ask John Austin about him or listen to McDonough on-line. Read Rachel Carson’s biography about a courageous woman who persisted with her message that DDT is harmful to all in the food chain, not just mosquitoes, and, ultimately, to us – especially those of us alive during the ‘50s and ‘60s before DDT was outlawed in the U.S.; I, as with some of us, likely have DDT in some of my fat cells, where introduced chemicals typically collect. Imagine her battle with the chemical industry; the science was ignored, and the industry tried everything to discredit her.

Sound familiar? Consider today’s disinformation campaign mounted by the media and oil companies. There are nearly 1,000 articles published in peer-reviewed, technical articles dealing with climate change, and not one of the articles casts doubt as to the cause of global warming; of those published in the nation’s leading newspapers, over 50 percent casts doubt...no wonder we’re often confused.

Ask other students from other schools. At Westtown, they’ve had an organic garden and other environmental efforts for years. At Exeter, environmental stewards host parties for corridors that recycle the most. At Hotchkiss, the wind supplies some of the school’s energy needs. At St. Anne’s, a history and science teacher are preparing an environmental studies unit for the spring. These initiatives save money, encourage interest in admissions and other environmental efforts for years. At Exeter, environmental stewards host parties for corridors that recycle the most. At Hotchkiss, the wind supplies some of the school’s energy needs. At St. Anne’s, a history and science teacher are preparing an environmental studies unit for the spring. These initiatives save money, encourage interest in admissions and from donors, and, most importantly, encourage us to appreciate that all things, near and far, are connected.

So what will we do?

Will we ask our teachers to teach together, to read from Annie Dillard, Diane Ackerman, Aldo Leopold, Wendell Berry, Wallace Stegner, Michael Pollan, Jane Goodall, Andrew Goldsworthy, Emerson, Thoreau, MacArthur genius grant recipients Paul Ehrlich and Wes Jackson?

Will we take walks on the trails around the pond and explore our 2,000-plus acres which provide an arena for the curious?

Will we grab a helmet and bike to the Acme and limit when we ask for a lift

Will we go, in a few weeks, and paddle down the Brandywine, or to camp and hike around Hawk Mountain...or camp around here as students have done with the Duffys, O’Connell-Kerranes?

Will we hike the Appalachian Trail as Katie and others have done, living outdoors, very simply, lots of exercise and fresh air? Hiking the AT is among the best, most fulfilling experiences I’ve had in my life.

Will we take the most efficient form of mass transportation, a train, instead of flying home?

Will we carpool?

Will we turn off our lights and stereo and fan when we leave the room, remembering those repercussions of energy conservation?

Will you stand atop our trash at the Cherry Island Landfill as Kim Klecan did several weeks ago, and contemplate its enormity and our rates of consumption.

So what will we do? What choices will we make?

We’ll know that we’re on the right track:

When students like Andrew and Penn make announcements or send e-mails asking us to clean up the front lawn;
When we join an Outward Bound or Moondance or NOLS outdoor experience as Wilson, Marina, Matthew, Doug and others have done;

When students venture out on their own as Ford, Andrew, Peter, Tyler, Sarah Ann, Mary, and Peanut often do;

When we plant trees and help in the orchard as the Kennedys and others have done;

When dining tables are cleaned voluntarily as Tommy and others have done;

When students want to be outside, on the trails, in the creek, on the Pond instead of on their computer or watching TV;

When we offer to chip in when someone's picking up trash or checking the recycle bins on weekends;

When teams take a practice and go to Andrew's Place, or clean the roadsides or work in the organic garden, times and places where people slow down and talk and share and enjoy each other's company;

When students question which school vehicle to take, less based on comfort than gas mileage;

When all cleaning products used by the staff are biodegradable;

When students encourage the grounds crew and farmers to use treatments with the health of the land and water more in mind;

When students question the school's investments, its endowment funds, as to their social responsibility;

When members from disparate parts of our community support our environmental stewards and contribute to efforts like those to change practices at Walmart...like those to encourage biodegradable and environmentally sensitive soaps and papers and clothes in the school store...like those that cause us to think about the cost, the total cost, social and otherwise, of items and practices like our tablecloths, our paper, our catalogs, and other publications;

When all of us want to participate in our annual celebration of Earth Day in April, and do so;

When you all graduate, you'll be full of an environmental ethic and go into the world wanting to help it, as passionate and curious ecomusicians, ecoChristians, ecoagnostics, as ecomathematicians, eco-English and foreign language scholars, ecohistorians, ecoscientists, and so on...all full of an awareness and appreciation of the natural world, one that we belong to, that we depend on, that we're responsible for.

And keep in mind that hug, for yourself, for the cousin beside you, and maybe even for a tree.

---

**Literature Cited**


I was a little nervous about painting camp because I didn’t know quite what to expect. How does someone paint for six hours a day? Going into the class with very little painting background, I wasn’t sure what it would be like, and I am one who does not particularly like going into the unknown.

It was an awesome experience. I loved it. It was also very tiring. I was basically painting from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. every day with some food breaks. After the first week or so, the days went by really quickly.

I wanted to keep up with my training for soccer, so on the second day, I made myself go running at the end of the day, and I badly sprained my ankle. I went for x-rays, and it wasn’t broken. The injury ended up being somewhat of a good thing, mainly because I could focus on and pour all of my energy into painting and not worry about my training for soccer.

Nikolai Fox was my painting teacher. He has been coming to Putney for the past couple of summers. He is a fairly well-known artist who lives in Portland, Me., but he grew up in Philadelphia. He taught me new ways of looking at the world and its colors. For instance, he thought that a major idea was relationships. There is no plain white in the world. He said that you use relationships of colors to make one color seem brighter, darker, cooler or warmer. I used this idea in my painting of the Putney School barn. In this painting, I explored my use of color, trying not to use plain white. In a roof, I used white mixed with a variety of different colors against a darker and cooler color to make the roof appear to be “white.”

Although the class was “intensive,” it was fairly relaxed. Yes, it was six hours of painting a day, but you were free to paint whatever you wanted. Nikolai wanted us to love and enjoy what we were doing, and so he thought it was a necessity to take some breaks while you were painting. If you couldn’t think of anything you wanted to paint, he would suggest going for a walk outside on the beautiful campus to become inspired. I painted mostly landscapes, but I also painted horses, and I did a replica of a Paul Cezanne painting. Nikolai thought he would let us pick what we wanted to do, but while we were painting, he would talk with us a couple times a day about what we were doing and he would give us suggestions. It was the perfect balance of having a certain amount of freedom and independence, but also assistance and guidance.

Working with Nikolai Fox has affected the way I see the world. When I walk out the door, I am not so much interested in whether it is sunny or rainy, but instead the contours of the clouds, the different shades of green in the woods, how in the field outside my house there are extremely warm colors and extremely cool colors (which boggled my mind for quite some time). I look for relationships, the way the mountains and the sky seem to “meet,” even though the sky also appears to wrap around on the
other side of the mountains, very far from being reached. I notice how not a single tree is actually brown, but instead silver, gray, green, orange and a combination of other colors. (Nikolai informed me that brown is not a color, just a different shade of another color like green, red or orange.)

When I had one day left of painting, Nikolai asked me what I wanted to paint. I wanted to paint the horses at the barn. He went on with a very long talk about how complex form is, especially for a young painter like myself. He emphasized how long it takes to study form to master it. You have to understand the relationships between every muscle and bone. It takes a long time to understand a form because if something like the nose is just a fraction off, then everyone will notice. After this long speech, he then asked me what I wanted to paint. I said that I still wanted to paint horses. The next morning, I spent three hours watching and drawing horses, but mainly watching. I noticed how when they eat grass, every horse has the same relationship between their front feet and their back feet. I also studied their muscles. Even though some horses have more muscle than others, all horses have the same definition and muscle structure. I studied different stances the horses take when they are eating, alert, twisting to one side or the other. In the afternoon, I painted something which ended up being one of my favorite paintings. It was a painting of a chestnut horse. I knew that I hadn’t mastered a horse’s form, but I felt as if I had done a good job with color and recognizing the many different relationships throughout the whole structure.

My interest in the arts all started with Introduction to the Arts, a class that all freshmen at St. Andrew’s take. I loved this class, and for me it led to drawing class, which led to painting class. Now, I am set up to be an Art Major next year, which I am very excited about. I heard from previous Art Majors that the class is a lot of fun, but that it can be very time-consuming. Now, having gone to this camp, six hours of painting seems like nothing. Painting for that long isn’t a drag because it just seems to draw me in and consume me for hours. It is a lot of fun—next year maybe I’ll try blacksmithing camp.

This summer, Tyler Caldwell ’07 took an intensive, three-week painting class at The Putney School in Putney, Vt. Devoting at least six hours a day to his painting, Tyler learned about color, form and discipline. But most of all, he learned to look in entirely new ways.

---

**Calendar of Events**

**October**
- 20 Evening Art Opening featuring the paintings of Rob Seyffert '71
- Student Recital
- 27-29 PARENTS WEEKEND
  - Art exhibits and musical performances by the Orchestra, Jazz Ensemble, Chamber Players, Choral Scholars, Chorale and the Noxontones
  - Performance of Machinal by Sophie Treadwell in the Forbes Theatre

**November**
- 1 All Saints Day — contributions by the Choral Scholars in Chapel
- 17 Student Recital
- 28-30 Concert Week
  - Symphony Orchestra
  - University Wind Ensemble
  - University Wind Ensemble

**December**
- 1 Evening Art Opening featuring Student Recital
- 2 Chamber Players perform at Old St. Anne’s
- 6 Chorale contributes during Chapel
- 10 Service of Lessons and Carols
- 12 Noxontones’ Christmas Program

**January**
- 12 Evening Art Opening featuring Student Recital
- 14 4 p.m. Choral Scholars sing Evensong at Immanuel on the Green, New Castle
**Dorm renovations provide positive changes in residential life**

For the School’s entire history, the number of beds available for girls has never equaled the number of beds available in Founders Hall for boys. This year, for the first time, that balance will shift so that St. Andrew’s achieves parity in the number of girls and boys enrolled at the School.

A faculty apartment at the end of Pell Hall was renovated this summer to provide four new dorm rooms and one and one-half baths for III and VI Form girls. Because of this change, and the addition of eight beds in these rooms, St. Andrew’s has added eight girls, bringing gender parity to St. Andrew’s for the first time in its history.

The renovation has also lengthened the prospects in Upper Pell, connecting the dorm to the faculty apartment on Upper Moss, where faculty family David Miller and Ana Ramirez live. Ana, dorm parent on Upper Moss for the last eight years, will become the dorm parent on Upper Pell. David will take on the dorm parent role for Upper Moss, a role he has filled along with Ana for some time. “Upper Pell looks beautiful. The hallway is longer and the new lighting makes the space feel warmer.... The rooms are spacious and the new furniture fits in beautifully, making the space cozier and much more organized. Girls who come to visit cannot believe how different and improved the dorm looks,” Ana commented. “We also hope that since the apartment has become a common ground for Moss and Pell, the girls use that space to get to know each other even better.”

The original Pell apartment, at the south end of the dorm, remains intact and is occupied by dorm parent Gretchen Hurtt ’90 and Cal Hurtt ’90 and their two sons Liam (2) and newborn Gibson.

At the same time this residential project was accomplished, the five-year renovation of Founders Hall proceeded to the new wing. Built in 1959, this area contains the Irene duPont Library, language classrooms, Forbes Theater, and Baum and Voorhees corridors and contiguous faculty apartments.

A new fire suppression system has been installed, along with an upgraded fire detection system and a four-pipe HVAC system. The Forbes Theater now has improved storage and new carpet. The Irene duPont Library has two new group study spaces and an additional study space developed in the existing conference room. Minor casework modifications have been made to improve DVD storage and general library administration.
A new graduated slate roof has been installed, specified to match the existing roof, as well as new gutters and downspouts.

**Other improvements across campus**

The campus streetlighting project, which has taken three summers to complete, is now finished, with new site lighting installed and operating across campus.

The campus water system received systematic attention this summer. For the School’s entire history, three 15,000-gallon tanks have provided fresh water for the entire campus. The tanks, located beneath the Edith Pell Student Center (originally the garage next to Founders Hall) were cleaned and relined this summer. Many worn or outdated valves and pumps were replaced with new parts. At the same time, all underground drainage around the campus has been routed out.

**Campus planning project commences**

As a result of the strategic plan’s conclusion that St. Andrew’s should develop a new, comprehensive campus plan, as well as land use plan, St. Andrew’s has engaged the Philadelphia-based firm of Wallace Roberts and Todd to develop a campus plan update. They will be focusing on the campus proper with an emphasis on integrating environmentally sustainable approaches in landscape design, pedestrian and automobile access, parking, traffic, and building design. Each building on campus will be studied to see if it meets programmatic needs. Throughout the summer and fall Wallace Roberts and Todd will interview students, faculty, staff, trustees, alumni and parents to include their views in the campus planning process.

The firm anticipates the publication of the new campus plan in the fall of 2007.
St. Andrew’s Magazine: How does working in the Advancement Office compare to other places you have worked?

Sandy Bailey: It’s a totally different atmosphere here than any place I have ever worked. We are a large part of St. Andrew’s, but we are in our own little environment in many ways. [Trapnell House] is crazy; it’s like a big home. Like any old house, you have your problems with air conditioning and heat and a damp basement and leaks here and there. Yet the work gets done. This is definitely my favorite place on campus. It can be completely quiet, and then someone breaks out in song or someone screams. You can’t do that at other places.

Truly, it’s a professional office, but on the other hand it is kind of like a family, with kids and pets and dogs, and Minerva [the Australian shepherd puppy] running through and Lucy [a boxer] having a fit. You really have to love pets to work here because we have had everything from dogs and cats to bats, mice and snakes. Lucy attends our staff meetings, which makes them even more enjoyable!

This is the only place you can work where so much gets done, yet there can be bagpipes playing, fashion shows and people taking showers. It’s like a family.

SAM: What’s your favorite part of your job?

Working with the alumni and seeing the end result of all the work that we do—the mailings, the appeals, the communications, daily e-mails and phone calls. I truly enjoy
Sandy Bailey
profile of an advancement associate

talking with the alumni—they are a great bunch of people from the young to the old. They are very nice, and I think that is probably the end result of attending St. Andrew’s.

Reunion is one of the major events of the Alumni House, and it is a big part of my job. We start from almost the time it’s over and we start working on the next year’s reunion. We make many contacts with alumni for the committees, and we work with many outside organizations for the tents or fireworks or inspections. I work with Chesa [Profaci ’80] regarding the food and the rooms in the dormitories and registration sheets.

It’s a lot of fun seeing people—they are just so happy to be here they don’t even realize if something went wrong.

Has anything ever gone wrong?
A few times, on the day of [Reunion], we didn’t think we would have enough rooms or there weren’t enough sheets or towels or not enough hospitality rooms—those type of things. But nothing has ever gone wrong that couldn’t be fixed!

What kind of changes have you seen during your time here?
Changes in your job or changes in the School as a whole?
I have probably done just a little bit of everything since I have been here. I am a “jack of all trades and master of none.” There are bits of everything that I have done and still do some of those things on a daily basis. The changes are that we have grown rapidly—our database, our office staff, assisting new employees as they come aboard, and learning new things all the time.

Even though this is a professional office, it is also a relaxed atmosphere. We may have deadlines, but we don’t work under a lot of pressure. It’s a team effort that includes everybody. There is such a variety of personalities and backgrounds, but somehow it all meshes together so that we can all work well together.

What do you like to do when you’re at home?
I am very much involved and close with my family. I have three grown children and three grandchildren. They are 12 and 7 years old and 9 months—all girls. I also like to think of new home improvement projects and play with Ace, our 2 ½-year-old, 100-pound black Labrador retriever. He is really an outstanding duck retriever, but also a big baby around the house. He and his “father,” my husband Frank, love to go hunting.

You have lived in Middletown for over many years, but you haven’t lived here your whole life. Can you name all the places you have lived?
I’ve lived in Maine, Connecticut, many places in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Florida. My father was in construction, and we moved around the country with him from the time I was 6 years old. I was in three different states while I was in sixth grade! And Middletown is where I ended up.
St. Andrew’s Magazine: What did you do this summer? If you had to describe a moment that epitomized this summer, what would it be?

Eloise: Once I finished my summer job—babysitting two little boys—I went to France to visit my relatives. My family has gone to France almost every single summer since I have been born. I have never felt like a tourist because I can speak French, and my grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins live there. However, when I went to Italy with my family I could not comprehend the language. As I struggled with the language I became completely immersed in the culture and enjoyed visiting various towns and museums. In between my college applications and studying for the SAT’s, I also went to the French Alps and stayed at my grandparents’ chalet. We went hiking on the same paths that I’ve taken since I was little, but the scenery and emotions that I feel when I hike are always a little different. After a slightly busy summer I look forward to coming back fully rested to St. Andrew’s.

SAM: What made you want to be the co-president of the School?

Eloise: This past year I was able to be the co-head of the GSA [Gay-Straight Alliance] at St. Andrew’s. This position taught me how time management is really important. When I worked with Spectrum to organize World AIDS Day, I had to juggle my work with all the preparations that needed to be accomplished. We had planned to have a t-shirt in order to raise money for an AIDS organization in Delaware, but it was not accomplished because I did not ask for any help. Because of my position in the GSA I found that I enjoy being a leader and decided that running for co-president would “allow” me to juggle my time and organization skills that I discovered this past year.

SAM: What do you expect will be the greatest challenge facing you as student leaders of the School?

Eloise: At the end of last year Penn and I talked about the morale at St. Andrew’s. We want the student body to be comfortable, and we hope that the numerous new students will quickly integrate. Our class is excited to be the new leaders and I do not think that they will take their position lightly but will reach out to the underformers.

SAM: What are you most excited about for this year? Or, what hopes do you have for your class and for the School this year?

Eloise: The Class of 2007 has always been proud of being close and compatible. Once we were able to claim and decorate the senior room, our class was extremely enthusiastic, and everyone offered suggestions for future functions. I cannot wait to work with them and organize class functions that everyone will enjoy. I believe that this year we will be able to create fun events for the entire student body. I am also thrilled not only to be able to work closely with my grade, but with the faculty. I look forward to making my last year at St. Andrew’s the most memorable.

“Our class is excited to be the new leaders and I do not think that they will take their position lightly but will reach out to the underformers.”
St. Andrew’s Magazine: What made you want to be the co-president of the School? Was there a moment when you felt inspired you to run for this position?

Penn: I was motivated to run for president based on a pretty simple concept: I love my class. Coming from a small town in Connecticut, I had never been exposed to such a diverse yet somehow compatible group of individuals. My classmates quickly accepted me as one of their own in a pick-up wiffle ball game on the Front Lawn, and from there I’ve only grown fonder of the kids I go to school with. I thought the best way to express my love and appreciation for both the students and St. Andrew’s would be to run for a leadership position.

SAM: What do you expect will be the greatest challenge facing you as student leaders of the School?

Penn: I think one of the greatest challenges we’ll face this year is establishing a sense of unity and togetherness among students. It’s surprisingly easy to get lost in your own world of academics, athletics and sleep, so it’s imperative that students show support and enthusiasm for one another. This year it’s important to remember it’s the students that truly make St. Andrew’s the place it is, and I think maintaining that philosophy throughout the course of the year will allow us to make the most of it. Everyone will contribute.

SAM: What are you most excited about for this year?

Penn: Ever since we arrived, we’ve been mesmerized by the idea of being seniors. Everyone has always said, ‘I wonder what it will be like senior year.’ It’s something every high school student thinks about as an underclassman, and for the Class of 2007, that day has finally come. I can say with certainty that every one of my classmates will flourish in his or her role as a leader. This is the most gifted group of people I’ve ever met, and it can be assured that the admirable characteristics of our class will be echoed throughout the III, IV and V Forms. I have all the confidence that we will make this the best year yet at St. Andrew’s.
St. Andrew’s Magazine: Before coming to St. Andrew’s in 1999, you worked for several years in biotech research. During the summers you have continued this research, working for SomaLogic Inc., a biotech company in Boulder, Colorado. Can you describe this research?

For many diseases, early and accurate diagnosis can mean the difference between life and death. For example, many types of cancer are relatively minor medical problems when detected early, but become intractable at later stages. There is a huge demand for better diagnostic tests.

I have been working with scientists at SomaLogic on a new approach for diagnosing disease. This new approach compares the proteins in a healthy person’s body with those in a person who has, or might soon develop, a particular disease. Your body is full of tens of thousands of different proteins. These proteins are essential to all the body’s functions. With the right combination of proteins, your body functions well. The wrong combination can cause disease. But proteins are far too small to see. So, we have been working on an innovative technique for visualizing the proteins in a person’s body. If you could see a person’s protein fingerprint—by visualizing the particular set of proteins in their body—you could learn a great deal about their health.

Getting into the actual technology is when things become really interesting. How could you see all the different proteins in someone’s body? The approach we have been working on is to first produce many, many tiny “hooks” (called “aptamers”) each one specifically designed for catching a particular protein. You then obtain a person’s protein fingerprint by mixing a tissue specimen, such as blood, with many aptamers and determine which aptamers have caught their corresponding protein.

Your professional career includes not only scientific research and teaching, but also a law degree. What’s the story of this unorthodox professional and educational path?

Yes, my career has followed a crooked path. I majored in biology in college, and went to graduate school to continue studying molecular biology. Teaching was my long-term career goal. However, after earning a master’s degree in Molecular, Cellular and Developmental Biology at the University of Colorado, I felt it was time to devote more of my energy to environmental work. Unfortunately, the study of molecular biology didn’t help much as I looked for work in the environmental field. After about six months of fruitless searching, I exhausted my savings, and so began looking for any job that would simply allow me to pay the bills. I feel extremely fortunate to have been hired by NeXstar Pharmaceuticals, in Boulder, Colo. It was at NeXstar that I spent about three years making aptamers—following a process similar to the one used today at SomaLogic.

Still, I wanted to do more for the environment. So, while working at NeXstar, I also volunteered at the Nature Conservancy. While volunteering there, I decided to learn about environmental law.

When I entered law school, environmental law and teaching were my long-term goals. I sampled a variety of possible environmental law career paths. One summer I worked for the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency; the next summer I worked in the environmental department of a large corporate law firm; during my second and third years in law school, I worked at a small nonprofit environmental law firm. By the time I graduated, I was disheartened about the prospect of practicing environmental law. I found the work was not a good fit for me.

So, I asked my wife, Quinn Kerrane, “What would you think if I didn’t make use of this law degree that consumed the last three years of our lives, and tens of thousands of our dollars?” Much to my relief, she said, “I don’t care. It’s O.K., we’ll figure it out.” I went straight from law school to teaching at St. Andrew’s.

I’ve had difficulty knowing what the right path is. Looking back, there is a lot you learn from taking a crooked path. Still, I envy and admire people who discovered
what they wanted to do at an early age. Working at St. Andrew’s, I really enjoy the opportunity to do several different types of work. At different times of the year (or even different times of the same day) I can experience the work of a research scientist, a therapist, a naturalist, an environmental activist, a cross-country coach, a trial lawyer, a biology teacher and a law teacher. I love this about my job.

Delaware waters comes from non-point sources. In other words, the pollution doesn’t just come from factories, sewage treatment plants or other places where a pipe empties water into the river. Instead, it comes from all of us. It comes when rain washes over fertilized farms, chemically treated lawns, oil-laden streets, soapy driveways and dozens of other sources. Everyone contributes a little bit. This makes it difficult for the state to address the problem by issuing fines to polluters. They would have to fine nearly everyone. Consequently, the state decided to involve local citizens in designing a local solution. In 2001, I became a member of a citizen’s group organized by the state to design a solution (called a “pollution control strategy”) for the Appoquinimink Watershed. (The Appoquinimink Watershed encompasses most of the Middletown, Odessa and Townsend geographic area.) After delivering our pollution control strategy to the state, several members of the citizen’s group decided we ought to continue the work we started. So, we formed the Appoquinimink River Association.

What is the goal of the Appoquinimink River Association?

The Appoquinimink River Association’s stated mission is to “preserve, protect and enhance the river and related natural resources of the Appoquinimink watershed.” We work closely with the state, New Castle County and other agencies, especially with Department of Natural Resources and Environmental Control (DNREC). DNREC helped us find our wonderful executive director, Sara Wozniack, and they help fund specific projects and provide expertise. Our mission is similar to the mission of DNREC. Like DNREC, we are working to correct existing water pollution. For the Appoquinimink watershed this pollution is primarily excess nutrients, namely nitrogen and phosphorus.

What changes have you seen in the water quality of the Appoquinimink watershed? Is the water quality improving or getting worse?

I’ve been living in Middletown for seven years. It’s a completely different place now, and seven years ago feels like forever in Middletown. I don’t like all the changes that I’m seeing. Obviously, Noxontown Pond has changed significantly this past year, with more aquatic vegetation growing than has been seen for decades. However, understanding the cause of these changes is a complicated scientific question. It happens to be true that, over the past several years, forests and fields have been replaced by homes, roads, parking lots and shopping malls. Are such changes in land use causing changes in water quality? I don’t know. All I can say with certainty is that there are far fewer natural places in the watershed than when Quinn and I arrived in 1999.

Because the pollution that affects the Appoquinimink River comes from many sources, the River Association has responded using a variety of approaches. One of our first endeavors was to bring in experts to study likely sources of adverse impact. Since then, we have carried out projects that improve storm-water infrastructure, improve riparian areas, increase woodlands and improve habitat. Another major emphasis of the River Association is public outreach and education. We have sent a newsletter to every resident in the watershed. Every August, we distribute information and talk to people about how to reduce their impact at our booth at the Middletown Peach Festival. We visit schools, civic associations and conferences. We also participate in the political process, by attending public meetings and providing feedback on local issues.

What do you think is the greatest challenge facing residents of this watershed in terms of environmental sustainability?

I find “environmental sustainability” a difficult concept to define. “The environment” includes such a complex, ever-changing network of interactions. Working to sustain one aspect of the environment, such as its ability to produce soybeans and corn, might mean compromising another, such as its ability to produce trees, bald eagles or bog turtles. Do you want to sustain clean water or grassy parkland? Some people talk of striving for sustainable economic growth, or for sustainable population growth. These types of sustainability can be greatly at odds with other types. Often it is not immediately clear what you are sacrificing when you act to sustain one aspect of the environment. So, naming the greatest threat to environmental sustainability depends largely on what you want the environment to provide. Further complicating the picture is the fact that today’s environment has already been radically altered by prior generations. I would like to see the River Association do more than just sustain the current condition of the water. That said, the greatest challenge facing residents in the Appoquinimink watershed is to understand how each of us impacts our local and global environment and to reduce these impacts. For the Appoquinimink, some of the biggest challenges are reducing fertilization, properly maintaining septic systems, properly disposing of hazardous waste, properly managing storm-water and protecting the land immediately adjacent to rivers and lakes. I have enormous faith in people’s ability to transform the world; the question we must all ask, without lapsing into impractical wishful thinking, is what type of environment do we really want?

Microarray Data: The image below shows two aptamer microarrays. Aptamers are DNA molecules that can be used to capture proteins. When a tissue specimen, such as blood, is mixed with different aptamers, each aptamer binds to its particular protein, and a colorful “protein fingerprint” is produced on the microarray. Image provided by SomaLogic, Inc.

©SomaLogic, Inc. All rights reserved.
How the contemporary conversation about socioeconomic diversity at colleges and universities will speak to St. Andrew’s

**IN 2001,** Princeton University made national headlines when it announced that students would no longer have to borrow money in order to finance their Princeton educations. By replacing all loans with grants, the university made an unprecedented statement about its commitment to financial aid. In 2004, Harvard followed suit, announcing that families making less than $40,000 a year would not have to pay anything towards their child’s college education and significantly reducing the financial burden on families making less than $60,000. Yale unveiled a similar plan in 2005.

These efforts to bolster financial aid are not limited to the Ivy League. This year the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M.I.T.) said it would match all Pell Grants dollar for dollar. Amherst is raising upwards of $400 million, in part to strengthen their financial aid offerings. In all, *The Chronicle of Education* reports that over 20 colleges and universities have recently launched initiatives to expand financial aid and enroll more low-income students.

Without a doubt, financial aid is the watchword at the nation’s most elite colleges and universities. They are holding forums, announcing new initiatives and launching ambitious capital campaigns—all in hopes of increasing their financial aid allocations.
and attracting students who more accurately reflect the demographics of American society. But these schools are increasingly aware of their own shortcomings in attracting students from many different kinds of backgrounds.

In his latest book, *Equity and Excellence in American Higher Education*, William G. Bowen, former president of Princeton University and the current president of the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, makes a compelling case for increased attention to socioeconomic background in college admission. Examining decades’ worth of data on educational attainment, earnings, test scores and more, Bowen, along with his colleagues from Mellon, argue that achieving equity in higher education is a goal still unfulfilled in the United States. Much progress has been made in the last half-century, but particularly for racial minorities and students from poor families, there is still much work to do.

According to their research, students from across the socioeconomic spectrum do well once they are admitted to college, but a range of factors—including inadequate pre-collegiate education and lack of information about standardizing testing and the admission process—prevents students from even making it to first-year orientation. According to Bowen’s understanding of these institutions’ dual commitments to both excellence and equity, colleges and universities must dedicate themselves to overcoming barriers that keep such applicants out of the “credible admissions pool.”

As the number of applicants soars, colleges and universities are scrambling to enroll an even larger pool of students needing aid. Why do these institutions care about their socioeconomic demographics?

> **All of our students are bright, passionate and community-minded, no matter what their economic background.**

When other opportunities for growth and development abound—in technology, in campus improvements, in prestigious faculty and research—why are college presidents and boards instead opting for an investment in financial aid?

For Bowen, this subject is the defining feature of what higher education represents and can be in the United States. “The fundamental question,” he writes, “is whether these highly regarded institutions should today be considered ‘engines of opportunity’ or ‘bastions of privilege.’”

As today’s most elite institutions of higher learning laud efforts to promote socioeconomic diversity on their campuses, St. Andrew’s, too, reflects on the role financial aid has played in its history and joins this national conversation. Along with Harvard, Princeton, Amherst and others, St. Andrew’s faces a range of questions—about education, the nation and the democracy. How might this national conversation about access to education inform St. Andrew’s efforts to create real diversity? How do we evaluate the legacy of financial aid at St. Andrew’s? How has it shaped the character of the School, its alumni, its faculty and its current students? What will the financial aid program of St. Andrew’s future be? And, perhaps, what can St. Andrew’s teach other institutions about the power and potency of financial aid, why this program will, in fact, determine the future of their campuses?

**The mathematics of financial aid**

St. Andrews from all generations can recite the words of A. Felix duPont, who, in 1929, imagined a school “open to all, regardless of means.” Perhaps most compelling about duPont’s vision is that we know how unusual it was at the time; over 75 years ago, few other leaders in private education shared his desire to educate the children of privilege.
alongside the children of quite modest backgrounds. But in the height of the Great Depression duPont seemed to understand what today’s spokespeople for higher education are beginning to describe: that life possibilities are inexorably linked to educational opportunity; that access to education must be premised on merit, not on a family’s ability to pay; and that the future of the nation’s most elite schools—perhaps even the future of the democratic experiment itself—to a large degree depends on the success of schools in overcoming the class divide in American society.

If duPont was going to establish a School to fulfill these lofty goals, St. Andrew’s would require significant resources. When he made St. Andrew’s the fortunate recipient of a generous endowment in 1929, it was considered a remarkable investment, enough to ensure that students from a variety of economic backgrounds could be admitted. The initial endowment of $1 million led the first headmaster, Walden Pell II, to remark, “A school to be born with the silver spoon of a huge endowment in its mouth? Preposterous!”

Three-quarters of a century later, the Founder’s vision endures: the School has continued to build upon and expand its commitment to diversity, and today admits girls and boys, students of color and of international background; the student body increasingly reflects the diversity of American society. Alumni of all generations and backgrounds—those who received assistance to attend St. Andrew’s, and those who paid full tuition—attest to the importance of financial aid to the School’s character. (Read more stories from alumni about the role financial aid played in their lives; page 41.)

In the 2006-2007 school year, St. Andrew’s has granted students $2.9 million in financial aid to 42 percent of the student body who qualified for assistance. St. Andrew’s peer schools lag behind the School in the area of financial aid, with most schools offering need-based aid to less than one-third of their students.

Yet St. Andrew’s, like Harvard, Princeton and other colleges and universities, must confront the fact that a robust financial aid program is an even more expensive proposition than it was in 1929. “At St. Andrew’s over the past few years, we have been able to strike a balance in our enrollment where financial aid has hovered at around 35 percent of our total tuition collected,” explains Headmaster Tad Roach. “This has been an amount that has enabled us to provide unprecedented and unmatched financial aid in the boarding school world. At the same time, if our endowment for financial aid were greater, we know we would like to do more—especially by asking our admission office to visit more schools educating middle- and low-income kids. All of our students are bright, passionate and community-minded, no matter what their economic background.
But we always will desire the greater strength and experience an even broader range of students can bring to St. Andrew’s.”

In May 2006, The Chronicle of Higher Education published grim findings on the state of socioeconomic diversity at top schools. “Elite colleges lag in serving the needy,” declared the publication. By analyzing Pell Grants, which are available to students whose families’ annual income is less than $40,000, The Chronicle concluded that low-income students make up less than 10 percent of the undergraduate population at the nation’s wealthiest private colleges and universities. This study included such headlinemakers as Harvard, Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania, but the news is no better at some public universities, such as at the University of Virginia, where only 7.6 percent of students received Pell Grants in 2004-05.

Pell Grants themselves are increasingly less helpful to students seeking financial assistance to attend college. This spring Congress voted to keep Pell Grants at the same level as they have been for the fifth consecutive year, even as tuition at colleges and universities continues to climb. According to Robert Reich, a professor at Brandeis University and former secretary of labor under President Clinton, Pell Grants covered 80 percent of tuition at a public four-year college 25 years ago; today, they cover just 40 percent of that same cost.

Reich, along with other experts in education and college presidents, are concerned about the broader social implications for the lack of socioeconomic diversity on college campuses—and the fact that the disparities between rich and poor are growing.

“Remarkably, there is even less economic diversity in the most selective colleges. Only 3 percent of students at the 146 colleges and universities with the most selective admissions standards come from the bottom socioeconomic quartile,” said Anthony P. Carnevale, a senior fellow at the National Center on Education and the Economy, in an interview with the Chronicle last year.

Class distinctions make their mark on the college admission process before students even fill out an application. Reich reports, “an estimated 25 percent of low-income students who have the grades and test scores to qualify for college do not apply.” And that, he said, “is a national disgrace.” To overcome these facts, schools and colleges have to redouble their outreach efforts, using the Internet and visits to schools in areas where students are less aware or even unaware of the opportunities available to them through need-based financial aid at colleges and schools like St. Andrew’s.

Hard numbers tell a discouraging story about
socioeconomic diversity in American higher education. In response to these statistics, and to support the policies and costs they incur, colleges and universities are working to articulate why “diversity” even matters on their campuses. The debate over financial aid, in other words, is forcing these schools to ask a series of critical questions about the purpose of socioeconomic diversity—and leading to an examination of founding principles and contemporary concerns.

Access, opportunity and obligation

If the rhetoric of college presidents is any indicator, then a revived sense of noblesse oblige is fueling much of the discussion about financial aid. Regarding the growing gap between rich and poor in this country, leaders in higher education assert that their institutions must be leaders in addressing such problems. Along with the former president of Harvard University, Lawrence H. Summers, who told The Chronicle that, “It’s morally incumbent right now for us to do our part to ensure equality of opportunity,” universities are giving voice to the new altruism; they suggest that these elite institutions may have a role to play in eradicating the very structures of privilege that once gave them life.

The president of Princeton, Shirley M. Tilghman, told a meeting of publishers this spring that the very foundations of our political system depended on how well education could ameliorate the class differences in American society. Tilghman said,

“Education in America has always been perceived to be the most effective means of transcending human distinctions, be they ones of status, wealth, or race, and we must strive to live up to that expectation…The stratification of our society along educational lines, making social and economic mobility the exception rather than the rule, would do irreparable harm to our democracy.”

Speaking with a certain hopefulness about the capacity of places like Princeton to confront these challenges, Tilghman echoes what her peers at the highest echelons of higher education are saying: that while it may be the Ivory Tower, what happens on the campuses of Princeton or Amherst or Smith—or even St. Andrew’s—has serious implications for the greater society. In some sense, the argument for socioeconomic diversity at these schools implies a belief that they are not isolated or insulated from the world, that they can, and in fact should, exercise a powerful social role.

Likewise, St. Andrew’s remains committed today to a rigorous financial aid program that is at the heart of its educational mission. “We think socioeconomic diversity is a goal we must pursue. In our small way, we are trying to contribute to the society of which we are a part,” remarked Tad. “We also feel the very fabric, culture and spirit of St. Andrew’s has always been counter to the exclusive boarding school tradition. We’ve always felt that.”

According to the model set by the most competitive colleges and universities, an authentic commitment to socioeconomic diversity has never been more important. Yet what is today’s logic for financial aid? In a landscape of soaring college applicants, rising costs per student and a host of other alternatives, why does a school invest in this expensive program?

When the president of Amherst College addressed the Class of 2004 at their commencement, he, predictably, addressed these very questions—and
predictably because he has made “socioeconomic diversity” synonymous with his name since taking leadership of the college in 2003. Businessweek even called Anthony W. Marx, Amherst’s youngest president, a “campus revolutionary,” because of his passionate and almost single-minded commitment to increasing the number of low-income students on the college’s campus. He told the graduates:

“If we do not now increase the opportunity for the less wealthy to engage the highest level of education, we will neither prepare any of our students for the world, nor will we serve our role in that world. When the dreamed-of opportunity recedes from the grasp of that deserving student who is of merely modest means, we all lose. All of us. And this eroded base of talent in higher education has begun to show in our economy.”

Marx has garnered national attention for his bold plan for Amherst, and like many of the most eloquent spokespeople in this conversation on financial aid, Marx argues for the national and societal importance of higher education. Emphasizing the shared social responsibility of education—and shared risk of a poorly educated populace—he wants to persuade his listeners that elite institutions like Amherst do have a role to play in the larger American society and economy.

Like other 21st century leaders of great schools, Marx recalls the history of his institution in an effort to frame today’s discussion about access and opportunity. Invoking Amherst’s historical roots—it was founded by Noah Webster, the creator of the American English dictionary—he reminds students, faculty and trustees that “the college on the hill” was borne out of early American idealism to eradicate the class distinctions of the Old World and build a new and vibrant democracy. At last year’s commencement, Marx took the founder’s life as his text, exhorting the Class of 2005 to remember the promise of Noah Webster’s vision:

“Entry to this or any college or university [must not] be barred to those unable to pay. Webster knew the tragedy of such hardship firsthand, for his father had mortgaged the family farm and then lost that ancestral home in order to pay for young Noah’s college tuition. The college he founded was dedicated to a new, American vision.”

Amherst is not alone in this return to its founding principles. Next door at Smith College, the venerable school founded in 1871 to educate women is discovering ways to expand its mission. In a sea of disheartening statistics about the shameful enrollment of low-income students, The Chronicle of Higher Education calls Smith “a bright spot,” with 25.9 percent of its students receiving Pell Grants, spending $36.7 million from its endowment on financial aid in 2005-06. In the coming school year, Smith’s first-year class will boast a record number of students who are the first in their families to attend college, representing 22 percent of the Class of 2010.

Numbers from Amherst, Princeton, Harvard and Yale pale in comparison—and so indeed do most of Smith’s peer schools. According to Audrey Y. Smith, the dean of enrollment, this emphasis on socioeconomic diversity does not represent a particularly new initiative, but is rather a natural result of the college’s origins as a school for women.

“As a women’s college, we were founded to provide an excellent residential liberal arts education to women, while other colleges were

“When the dreamed-of opportunity recedes from the grasp of that deserving student who is of merely modest means, we all lose.”

—Anthony W. Marx
A recent graduate reflects on financial aid at St. Andrew’s

Letter from Los Angeles

Searcy Milam ’02 graduated in May from Rice University with a degree in English and Hispanic Studies. From her new vantage point as a public school teacher in Los Angeles, she reflects on education, access and financial aid at St. Andrew’s.

As a member of Teach for America, for the next two years I will be teaching English as a Second Language in an under-resourced public school in a low-income area of Los Angeles. I’m a fish out of water to be sure. And while there is a lot for a Mississippian to learn in this big city, I did not have to come 2,000 miles to see the shortcomings of public education. From the Mississippi Delta to Los Angeles, New York to New Mexico, the public school system is failing hundreds of thousands of students. They are passed on to the next grade without being prepared, they are taught in or out of special education settings for bureaucratic reasons that do not address the children's disabilities or needs, they are taught by a string of short-term substitute teachers with very little investment in their success, and perhaps above all, they are not held to high expectations.

Teach for America and many other organizations are trying to combat these problems. I certainly do not have the answers, and I am not convinced that Teach for America’s model is the very best approach. But I do know that my students have the right to a consistently challenging and stimulating classroom experience. St. Andrew’s provided me with that for three wonderful years, and that is why I am here in Los Angeles. These students need and deserve access to an excellent education in this country, and I hope I can be a part in providing for them what St. Andrew’s provided for me—a love of learning, a conviction that it was within my power to increase my intelligence, the discipline to work hard and a deep respect for fellow thinkers and scholars.

Indeed, the history of college admissions reflects trends generally in American society, even as higher education has its own history to tell. For example, even though Smith had been established to educate women who could not gain admittance to the Ivies, it still remained exclusive and off-limits to most American women.

Today’s Smithies readily admit this. Dean Smith notes, “We were elite. We were disproportionately the daughters of the wealthy.”

Beginning in the 1970s, the college made racial diversity a priority, extending financial aid and recruiting a more racially diverse student body. As student demographics have changed, so, too, has Smith’s alumni body. As Smith’s alumnnae have flourished, they have affirmed their college’s emphasis on diversity and financial aid, so that today’s students share with alumnnae from 60 years ago the conviction that access to a Smith education, regardless of financial means, is essential to the school.

“It’s just been mission-central for us,” said Smith. “It is at the core of our being.”

With generous financial aid scholarships, St. Andrew’s provides that excellent education for an ever-growing number of qualified students from underprivileged backgrounds. Public versus private education in this country is not a debate I wish to enter into. I only want to highlight that by providing need-based financial aid to inner-city students from New York City and other parts of the country, St. Andrew’s and its donors literally alter the course of those students’ lives, building on their innate talents and intelligence, cultivating a work ethic, and exponentially increasing their chances for future successes, academic and otherwise. Students who very well might have fallen through the cracks in their local high schools are instead valued, respected, uplifted and encouraged along the path toward a heightened social awareness and intellectual engagement across the disciplines. They are given access to what I know to be a truly unparalleled secondary school experience. They, in turn, actively enhance the school community by bringing in socially- and culturally-specific histories, likes and dislikes, traditions, talents and interests. In the not-so-distant past such students and their invaluable contributions were absent from boarding school campuses and curricula.

The ever-increasing socioeconomic diversity of St. Andrew’s is necessary for a serious learning community, and it is beneficial to everyone involved—from alums to teachers to students to parents to prospective students. Lack of money should not be a barrier to an excellent education.
Private preparatory schools in the United States historically share a great deal with top liberal arts colleges and the Ivy League; for much of their history, boarding schools were, in many ways, feeder schools for the very schools that are now launching financial aid initiatives aimed at recruiting the neediest students. Yet like Smith, St. Andrew’s is proud of its identity as a school that has always tried to make space for different kinds of students; as society has changed, St. Andrew’s, too, has continued to broaden its vision of a diverse and global community.

“It seems that at the very beginning of the private school tradition in America, there was a very clear consensus that private schools were intended to educate the elite. That was considered perfectly appropriate for the work of the democracy,” said Headmaster Tad Roach. “The prep schools were designed to educate the leaders, and the education offered to the rest of the population was going to be of lesser quality. There was the assumption that equality of educational opportunity wasn’t part of the democratic experiment.”

“Untapped Excellence”

While schools may strive to create student bodies representative of the American populace, even schools established in the democratic spirit of opportunity for all often fall short of this ideal; budget pressures and the very structure of American society have contributed to the socioeconomic stratification of their student bodies. But in a market-driven college admission landscape, with far more applicants than available spots, why are colleges devoting greater resources to reaching out to students who otherwise wouldn’t apply?

From an admission standpoint, attracting and enrolling more low-income students has its own appeal, distinct from the moral or social project envisioned by university presidents. For Amherst’s Director of Admissions Katie Fretwell, students who are the first in their families to attend college, or who have achieved in spite of disadvantages of wealth or background, make strong candidates for a variety of reasons. According to Ms. Fretwell, academic and co-curricular achievement from such students means they have overcome certain obstacles not faced by their wealthier peers—and this counts for something in the admission process.

“We believe—and not every college does—that a student who has come from an uneducated family has some special qualities that would be very exciting to see on our campus. They have overcome some very natural societal hurdles in order to achieve at those levels of academic success,” she said. “When we see a student who has achieved at a high level, we are impressed.”

According to Ms. Fretwell, these admission priorities are consistent with the educational mission of...
Amherst, and reaching out to low-income students is a natural outgrowth of the campus’ values: “There is a moral consciousness evolving from these really affluent schools,” Ms. Fretwell said. “People are questioning issues of entitlement even more than they have in the past.”

The landscape of college admissions has changed in important ways over the last hundred years. Women, Jews, people of color and international students have all transformed the campuses of these elite institutions. Do recent initiatives to bolster socioeconomic diversity represent “the final frontier” of college admissions? Ms. Fretwell thinks so.

“This is a population that is untapped, or it’s not thoroughly tapped. And there are all kinds of excellence going on there. We realize that while we may be proud that 50 percent of our students received financial aid last year, it means 50 percent did not require financial aid. Those families are coming from the top 3 percent of our nation socio-economically. We are missing out on a lot of people, and that is untapped excellence.”

From St. Andrew’s perspective, financial aid is not so much an answer to society’s polarization along class lines (although it may be that as well); rather, it makes possible exactly the kind of “excellence” Ms. Fretwell discusses. Like these institutions of higher education, preparatory and boarding schools historically admitted applicants from a relatively small pool of people from similar families and experiences. In recent decades, however, educators in particular have recognized how limiting and stagnant a model can be for schools.

“What we have realized as schools is that the private school tradition is flawed ... if it’s a tradition that is exclusive and elite. It’s not only flawed because its tuition is locking out 97 percent of American families, but it’s also flawed because the very culture of the private schools cannot be conducive to education if it’s exclusive or elite.”

Mission accomplished—financial aid and the educational experience

St. Andrew’s is in the fortunate position to remain true to its history while also creating an increasingly diverse student body. Today the School remains unquestionably committed to its financial aid program—one that allows students from a wide variety of backgrounds to live and study together, regardless of their family’s ability to pay. With one of the largest percentages of our student body receiving significant aid compared to our peer schools [see inset box of statistics], St. Andrew’s includes students from across the United States and the world and from very different walks of life.

At a time when so many great colleges and universities are strengthening their commitment to financial aid, St. Andrew’s also reflects on why this aspect of the School has endured for over three-quarters of a century, and

“What we have realized as schools is that the private school tradition is flawed ... if it’s a tradition that is exclusive and elite. It’s not only flawed because its tuition is locking out 97 percent of American families, but it’s also flawed because the very culture of the private schools cannot be conducive to education if it’s exclusive or elite.”

—Tad Roach
how the program might develop in order to face the challenges of this new century.

The concept of socioeconomic diversity—and the fact that racial and ethnic diversity is closely linked to class in the United States—relates directly to the goals of education at St. Andrew’s. Academic Dean John Austin ’83 believes that diversity itself exercises a profound educational influence that no homogenous classroom situation can replicate.

“When you bring together a group of students with different backgrounds and experiences, different beliefs and ways of looking at the world, young people are inevitably confronted with views and perspectives different from their own, and this often leads to lively and interesting discussion and debate,” John said.

“Diversity, in fact, encourages that kind of discussion by offering young people the opportunity to consider and reconsider their own assumptions and values—which is where civic engagement begins.”

—John Austin

Citing last year’s Headmaster Forums, the open discussions held each Tuesday on current events and topics, John points to a community-wide consciousness of national and international issues that is tied to the diversity of perspectives at St. Andrew’s. The challenges of students’ formal studies stimulate this curiosity about the larger world, but it is often outside of the classroom that this engagement takes its richest and most perceptible form.

“Recent Headmaster Forums on issues of the hurricanes in the Gulf, the war in Iraq, the ordination of gay clergy, the Duke lacrosse scandal, even such things move and translate across these boundaries. Emily Pressman has been on the faculty for three years as a teacher of history, a dorm parent to V Form girls and advisor to the Gay-Straight Alliance. For her, the lessons of the residential setting are never far from her U.S. History 3-4 classroom, where students bring their experiences of diversity on dorm to bear on their interpretations of primary documents about Colonial America:

“In their very first weeks in the class, students quickly recognize that life in colonial Jamestown might look very different to a well-to-do craftsman than it does to Richard Frethorne, a hungry young indentured servant, whose letter home to England they read. They understand that class shapes the experiences and perspectives of the historical figures whose words they read.

“What they may not recognize as quickly, but which emerges in discussion after discussion, is that the differences in their own life experiences shape their understandings of both the past and the present. Whether it’s Jefferson’s celebration of the yeoman farmer and agrarian
society or Andrew Carnegie’s “Gospel of Wealth,” the different socioeconomic backgrounds of our students inform their understandings of these ideas, and the discussion of them will be far more interesting thanks to those differing perspectives. If every student wanted to argue against post-Civil War land redistribution schemes, or if they all were eager to defend the Works Progress Administration (WPA) as an appropriate governmental response to the Depression, we wouldn’t have very interesting discussions. The diversity of opinion on historical issues like these (and myriad others) is certainly related to the diversity of our student body.

Of course, a St. Andrew’s education is in no way limited to the classroom. Students, faculty, parents and alumni universally acknowledge the powerful role of the residential program—often citing the dormitory as the place where a student learns the most. Without question, the experience of living with people from different families, backgrounds and communities shapes an adolescent and their perspectives in meaningful and surprising ways. The kind of transformative experiences alumni often share would not be possible in a residential community lacking the kind of authentic diversity of St. Andrew’s.

Emily lives with V and VI Form girls on Upper M. When she moved on the dorm in 2003, boarding school life was nothing new to her; she had grown up on the campus of the Hotchkiss School and had graduated in 1998. She understood from her own time as a student the importance of “down time” on dorm. Now, as a faculty member, she sees how the diversity of girls on a dorm can profoundly influence the type of
in many ways, even the quality of the St. Andrew’s faculty hangs on the School’s financial aid program. Just as this program allows the School to enroll students from many different backgrounds, it also lures faculty to this unusual campus. Educators, especially those who have pursued careers in independent schools, are excited and impressed by the diversity of students they will teach at St. Andrew’s.

John Austin has traveled to many hiring conferences on behalf of St. Andrew’s. He describes his approach this way when talking to a teaching candidate about the School: he can tell the candidate that no other school in the room has the same kind of financial aid program. And that, he says, is a “tremendous recruiting tool.”

“The best teachers know that the best classrooms have a variety of kids in them, and the best teachers don’t want to go to schools that are places of entitlement. They want to go to school where there is a vibrant heterogeneity. They want faculty who are themselves interesting and many-minded and bring to their teaching different experiences,” said John.

“Every teacher who comes to interview looks at me in disbelief when I tell them we are a private school with this kind of commitment to financial aid,” said Tad. “Virtually everyone I interview says they will come here.”

Moving from one diverse campus to another

If it’s clear that diversity “happens” in many ways outside of the classroom, then we must recognize how completely a St. Andrew’s education is indebted to the socioeconomic diversity of its students. While the School’s academic program is competitive with those at other top boarding schools, what happens in the classroom no longer seems enough to prepare students for a complex, competitive global environment. Preparing students to be global citizens is part of St. Andrew’s mission, and while alumni pursue many different paths, it is certain they will need to relate to people from a wide variety of backgrounds.

At the most immediate next step, St. Andrew’s acknowledges its role as a preparatory school; of course, students apply and matriculate to top undergraduate programs every year. Since traditional “prep school” kids no longer seem to represent the diversity college admission officers want to attract, how do St. Andrew’s students fare in this process? How does St. Andrew’s prepare its students in the short-term, for the increasingly competitive arena of college admissions?

As it turns out, what St. Andrew’s values in the
Harry M. Parker '64

The School was very good to me. When my Father died after my III Form year, the School told my Mother they wanted me to continue. She could just pay what she could, which turned out to be enough to cover room and board but nothing for tuition. The school picked that up. I will always appreciate that act of generosity.

Amy Barto '86

I applied to St. Andrew's for the V Form and was wait-listed. Upon sending a letter to Joanie O'Brien, my interviewer, she accepted me into the School on August 10, 1984. By that time, most of the financial aid was gone, but my parents struggled to send me anyway. I received a small grant, and St. Andrew's was very good about accepting our late payments.

For senior year, I received a larger grant, but it was still more than my parents could afford. In December, the School sent home a letter stating if our past due balance was not paid by the Christmas break, I would not be allowed to return to St. Andrew's. I went into Mr. O'Brien's office with the letter and asked if he was really serious, because if he was, I would pack up before break, because we didn't have the money then and we surely wouldn't have it two weeks later. After I shed some tears on his sofa, and explained our financial situation, Mr. O'Brien assured me that we would work something out, and that I would be able to return to St. Andrew's and graduate the following spring. I assured Mr. O'Brien that I would not let him or the school down, and that when I did have money, I would always remember St. Andrew's with infinite gratitude.

I paid what I could on my St. Andrew's balance all through college and beyond, sending small amounts whenever I had some extra money. No matter what I owed, I still sent in to the Annual Fund every year. I recently came across a letter from Mr. McBride dated 1995, when apparently I still owed about $2,000, and he was asking my intentions on the balance. So clearly St. Andrew's gave me quite some time to pay off my balance. And at some time after 1995, I paid St. Andrew's in full.

I'd never be where I am now without financial aid; attending St. Andrew's would have never been possible without it.

Laura Westfall '99

When I applied to St. Andrew's for admission for the fall of 1996, I had no idea how I was going to pay for my education. I had read the admissions brochures and knew of St. Andrew’s financial aid policy, but when I was accepted and given a scholarship for almost the entire amount I needed, it seemed like a dream come true—honestly! As a student in Delaware’s poorest public school district, I had maxed out the opportunities available to me through their system. No private schools in the area could have offered me the same financial aid package that St. Andrew’s did. St. Andrew’s opened a whole new world to me and was the agent of my educational change.

I’ve seen other students from that public school go on to college, but none of them has been challenged in the same way or to the same extent that St. Andrew’s challenged me. Now, as a graduate of Mount Holyoke College with my B.A. (2003), Widener University School of Law with my J.D. (2006) and with my Masters of Laws (LL.M.) anticipated in 2007 from Georgetown University Law Center, I have seen the way that St. Andrew’s can change the course of an individual and make their future much more promising.

My goal now is to pay back every cent of the money St. Andrew’s gave me, plus as much as I can give. As a student, I can’t afford to give a lot. But I give every year, and consider my donations to the Annual Fund as giving someone else the same opportunities that St. Andrew’s gave me.

Tom Quirk '53

I entered St. Andrew’s as a IV Former in the fall of 1950. As I recall, at that time there were several levels of financial aid, and students qualified for a particular tuition level based on need and test scoring. I believe the lowest tuition (highest scholarship) was $600 per year. The next may have been $700 or $900, and then $1,000 or $1200 and so on. I did not qualify for the $600, but believe I got the next level.

The fact that I got into St. Andrew’s made a major difference in my life. St. Andrew’s made it possible for me to get into Yale, something I could not have done if I had gone to my local high school in those years.
classroom, on dorm and in its co-curricular program is exactly what admission officers at top colleges and universities seek. When Director of College Counseling Terence Gilheany communicates with college admission officers about the students at St. Andrew’s, he tries to help them understand what makes these applicants different from their peers at other top boarding and private schools. In short, he tells them how the School’s commitment to financial aid creates an unusual, even unique, prep school environment.

“The first thing I want colleges to know about St. Andrew’s as an institution is our commitment to socioeconomic diversity,” said Terence. “One of the things I say to every college rep is that St. Andrew’s is a very ‘un-preppy prep’ school. I immediately cite our percentage of students on financial aid and our average grant to try to frame that situation.”

As Ms. Fretwell’s comments reflect, colleges are invested more than ever in recruiting students who traditionally would not have attended those schools, whether on the basis of race, ethnicity or class. This trend has hurt many prep schools—schools that no longer form the base of admission at Ivy League and other top liberal arts colleges. Part of the appeal of St. Andrew’s students in this competitive college application process is that they can claim to come from a different type of boarding school environment—one that is demanding but also diverse.

“This matters not only for our students who need financial aid, but also for the rest of our students. Colleges need to know that all our students are coming out of an environment that is not shaped by an attitude of privilege,” notes Terence.

Colleges, like St. Andrew’s, are looking for applicants who will transform their campuses, who will approach their education with a sense of purpose. In many cases, college admission officers are wary of students who seem to come out of a complacent or privileged setting; they fear such students will take for granted the opportunities these institutions offer. Terence immediately tries to reassure college admission reps that St. Andrew’s students are poised and ready for the people and challenges of the larger setting.

“Colleges are impressed when they hear about our major commitment to financial aid and socioeconomic diversity, and that helps all of our kids. They know that a St. Andrew’s kid is going to be someone who makes the dorm better, is going to make their singing group or their team feel like a better, more earnest and less cynical environment—that really helps our kids, and it is related to our socioeconomic diversity.

“Our kids attend colleges and universities with a real sense of the diversity of the students they are going to meet because they have already met them. It’s important for me and the college counseling office to communicate...
that this is true of our kids, whether that student himself or herself needs financial aid. It has benefited all our kids to have this level of socioeconomic diversity at the school.”

On a national level, colleges and universities are attempting to create campuses that reflect the full diversity of society; ideally, they want to be environments of inquiry where students are engaged with the pressing issues of the world. Of course, institutions of higher learning are as much products of the society as they can be an answer to many of its problems. As they work to recruit talented students who will breathe life into their classes and activities, these schools also face financial and social barriers along the way.

A future for financial aid, a future of access
These institutions have a long way to go before they will be able to claim to be a true reflection of American society. Yet many of these schools – those with the most resources and the greatest support of their alumni and faculty – have reaffirmed their commitment to socioeconomic diversity, prioritizing financial aid above a host of other potential expenditures. And while schools like Princeton, Smith, Harvard and Amherst will always be reserved for a small percentage of the population, how these schools decide to address class disparities in the U.S. may have important implications for the society as a whole.

Today, St. Andrew’s can be proud of its historic commitment to financial aid and the values it reflects. The School can also join the national conversation about socioeconomic diversity; after all, the experiences of generations of alumni stand as so many convincing arguments for the necessity of a rigorous and real financial aid program. From over 75 years of these experiences, St. Andrew’s—and its alumni, parents, students—are in a unique position to articulate why financial aid is worth preserving and bolstering—perhaps even more so than many top colleges and universities.

“What we have to consider as we face the future is—with increasing disparity between rich and poor in our country and around the world—would St. Andrew’s be a better place if we have greater endowment for financial aid in the future?” asks Tad Roach. “What we know is that if we merely maintain the endowment we now have for financial aid, it will not be enough even to maintain the program we have. St. Andrew’s future will then be one of tightening our ability to accept students who need assistance from across the class spectrum of our country. I believe the future we all envision for St. Andrew’s is a future of expanded financial aid, expanded accessibility. All along, our strength has come from the wide spectrum of voices in our classrooms, the broad experiences of kids in our dorms.

“If our student body today reflected the income distribution of American society as a whole, then 97 percent of St. Andrew’s students would require financial aid. I cannot imagine we would ever reach the point where our students reflect the true diversity of American society, for a great many reasons. At the same time, that kind of access is a truly worthy goal. Our past clearly teaches us what our future must be: we must strive to expand the availability of a St. Andrew’s education to everyone, whether he or she can afford the tuition or not.”

—Tad Roach
WHAT I DID THIS SUMMER

I went to Alaska this summer where I spent time with a group called “Trail Mix” to help build and restore the trails beloved by local Alaskans. Juneau was a beautiful place and one unique in its natural surroundings and the spirit of its people. I enjoyed traveling to various spots in southeastern Alaska to explore the rugged coastline and help out with many other volunteers from around the country. I became very passionate about the wildlife of the state and the effort that is needed to keep Alaska clean, breathtaking and open to all who wish to visit.

One moment of my trip sticks out to me because it instilled in me an incredible pride in my country. Because of the issues our country is facing and has faced in recent years, it has become increasingly common for people to overlook the good in the American spirit. Sitting on a giant rock on the middle of an Alaskan beach on the Fourth of July, I looked around me at the various faces and elements of natural beauty that surrounded me. At that moment, I felt very proud to be part of an American community service project. I saw a group of people that had come together with the goal of simply helping others. In this particular case, it was to help other Americans to preserve the land of America. Looking out across the beach, I watched the other members of my group interacting with the local Alaskans and realized just how unique and inspiring it was to see these locals, to whom we were essentially complete strangers, embrace us like they did (and we them) for no reason other than that we shared a nationality and were therefore linked somehow in this huge and often intimidating world. Looking out at the mountains, listening to our national anthem being sung by everyone from an aged Alaskan native to a teenage Caucasian from upstate New York, I felt a sense of belonging, a sense of home, even though in reality I was over 2,000 miles from the people I knew and loved.

Bayly Buck ’07
Chevy Chase, Maryland

Students returned to St. Andrew’s this fall after a wide variety of summer activities. They filled their days working, volunteering and traveling; they spent time in classrooms, banks, laboratories and the great outdoors; they shared their talents with young children and sage professionals; they returned to their old neighborhoods and discovered new vistas halfway around the world. Here is how some St. Andreans revived the perennial back-to-school assignment.
After gaining acceptance to a summer job as a part-time researcher, I settled down in Philadelphia at the first day of summer vacation. I worked at Drexel University in the Material Engineering Department with a few Ph.D. students from various departments, such as biomedical, electronic engineering, mechanical engineering and material engineering. My job included, but was not limited to (much to my dismay), carrying out a research project on the production of biodegradable scaffold for the middle layer (medium) of blood vessels, using cheaper natural materials such as silk worm silk b. mori, carbon nano tube and elastin... [I also did] a myriad of random errands such as turning off machines for Ph.D. students, refilling the refrigerator in the office, translating Chinese articles, cleaning the lab and stocking up on tissue paper.

This [product] is to replace the current lesser technology of blood vessel scaffold production using materials such as collagen. So far I have completed the first part of the research by generating an approximate graph using empirical data by nanofiber mats prepared by myself during the course of the summer, so that the ideal proportions of material in the scaffold can be predicted. I will write and publish a paper on this topic when I return to St. Andrew’s. The completed research should yield (hopefully) the technology of making artificial blood vessels.
This summer I worked in an internship at the American International Group (AIG). I found the experience eye-opening – to both the norms of the corporate world, and to the problems that still haunt it. I also began work on a new “photo book” about Brooklyn. I completed much of the photo shooting and began work on the manuscript. I worked on my history paper [written for St. Andrew’s history course, History of the Middle East, in spring 2006], entitled “Has oil saved the Middle East,” and prepared it for possible publication in The Concord Review.

I worked at the University of South Carolina in the Physics Department doing computer simulation of radiation therapy to help develop a landmark implantable sensor that measures radiation dose. I personally did everything involving computer simulation, as I was the only person working in that area on this project.

These pictures were produced by the simulation program. Most are pictures of the physical setup with various elements included; the others are pictures of distribution plots, showing the data of the photons as they travel. The two smaller pictures are of the elements of the detector that we are developing. These were created using GEANT4 (geant4.cern.ch) and ROOT (root.cern.ch).
Jessica Crawley ’07
Peapack, New Jersey

Jessica Crawley ’07 spent two weeks volunteering at the Joy Hill School, part of an orphanage located in the village of Fise, Ghana. Here she talks about how she found herself in on the west coast of Africa, teaching fifth graders about conjunctions and tongue-twisters, and learning to be an aubruni in a new place.

As I stood outside Kokota International Airport at 12:00 a.m. facing a sea of people milling about and waving signs—none of which bore my name—I rued the day that I had, feeling adventurous, applied for a volunteer position in Ghana. I contemplated my situation: I was stranded at the airport; it was midnight; I had no money; I had no phone; I had no contact address…and thought, justifiably, “I’m f%#@ed!” After waiting for what seemed like hours, I decided that I couldn’t sleep outside and that I had to do something. Fortunately, I found a taxi driver who was sympathetic to my predicament and, after taking me to just about every ATM in Accra (all of which denied my debit card), took me to a hotel that, thanks to him, allowed me to spend the night without proof of payment. I finally got hold of my mother who, somehow always calm, tracked down my utterly hopeless local contact and guide and sorted out my financial debacle. Both sufferers of nervous laughter, I found myself at 4:30 a.m. half-laughing and half-crying over the phone about our shared idiocy and the fact that surely no other mother would have packed off her daughter to West Africa without some of the obvious essentials.

The rollercoaster-like journey I had been on just to get to Ghana had, until this point, overshadowed the prospect of teaching. It was on the drive to the village two days later that the reality of the challenge ahead of me sunk in. As I pulled into the Joy Hill School, an appendage of the C.W.C. Children’s Village orphanage, and I passed the nursery school, I felt acutely aware of being the only non-African person within about a 100-mile radius. Some of the nursery school children had no idea what was wrong with me and promptly burst into tears. Most just sat and stared, and a few bolder children called out aubruni, which means white person. I received less unnerving reactions from the older children, most of whom were just shy—like me.

I ended up with the eldest class out of three classes (rough equivalents of fifth grade, third grade and first grade), where I was asked by the resident teacher what I could teach. Not knowing anything they didn’t already know about Ghanaian history or geography, I felt safe sticking to math and English. However, a second glance at the blackboard on which I read “Ratios and Proportions” led me to reconsider. Ask any of my poor math teachers, and they will verify that I can hardly count, let alone figure out proportions in my head.) I turned to the teacher and said, “…uhh…Actually, I think that it would be best if I taught only English for now…“ The board was wiped clean and I was handed a piece of chalk and, to my total bewilderment, a long wooden cane. I was then told by the teacher, as he took a seat behind a desk in the back of the room, to “teach.” Any and all confidence I had had by that point already evaporated, and for a moment or two I stood frozen. Placing the cane on the desk, I noticed an English “textbook” that was honestly more like a leaflet. I flipped to a random page on which I read “Conjunctions.” From there, I winged it and somehow survived the first lesson without letting on that I was a complete amateur and had no clue what I was doing.

Each day, teaching became easier and, seeing as there was no syllabus to adhere to, I enjoyed coming up with original lessons and games. They acted out scenes from some ridiculous Ghanaian book I found in a desk-drawer, they wrote stories and poems, and when there was time—which we always found—we tackled tongue-twisters and played Hangman.

I certainly did no credit to the teaching profession, and I am almost positive that none of the students understand conjunctions; however, I had a great time and, despite my inauspicious start, would certainly do it again.

Jessica volunteered through World Endeavors, an organization that provides opportunities to volunteer, intern and study abroad.
This past summer I traveled to Wyoming to experience the Wind River Wilderness for 30 days through a NOLS (National Outdoor Leadership School) backpacking course for 16- and 17-year-olds. Besides the occasional rock climbing or fly fishing venture or (midnight) peak ascent, my course focused on teaching the basics of how to survive in the wilderness, while maintaining a basic respect for wildlife and natural surroundings, and developing leadership skills in my students. Students were taught leadership skills, the “Seven Leave No Trace (LNT) Principles,” basic first aid and emergency procedure, along with the occasional geology, geography and cooking class.

Personally, the beginning part of the trip was especially challenging as I suddenly found myself living in the woods for a whole 30 days carrying a 65-pound pack, with only the comforts of the primitive tent and stove for my eating and sleeping arrangements. In fact, the first few days came as quite a shock to most of us on the trip, as we were just learning how to cook our own meals with a gas stove. (“Simple” camping meals included couscous, rice, varieties of pasta, sauces, dried vegetables, pizza and calzones.) [We learned to] pitch a tent and adjust our bodies to the strenuous weights of our packs, coupled with the long daily hiking distances and challenge of living with three other people in the confined space of a very small tent (which can sometimes be too close for comfort.) However, after habituating to dirt and dried fruit, I began to see the trip as an incredible opportunity to break away from the confinement of the “front country.” The backcountry gave us all a chance to see and do things that just aren’t possible in normal society, along with helping to make us all a little more appreciative of the luxuries that are ordinarily granted to us on a daily basis, ones that we take for granted. In conclusion, I would highly recommend NOLS for those who really do love the outdoors, but also want to break away from the hustle and bustle of modern society. However, let it be known that NOLS is no joke and a potentially shocking experience for those who just aren’t prepared for the woods!
This summer I did an unpaid internship with an organization called Horizons for Homeless Children. It’s basically like a day care for homeless kids so that their parents can try to find a job, housing or just have a moment of peace. The kids I worked with were 16 to 19 months old and so cute. During the day, we gave them breakfast and lunch and multiple afternoon snacks.

Our days were very planned out. At Horizons they have almost everything on a schedule because they feel that the children who come there haven’t had enough stability, with moving from shelter to shelter. The kids came in around 9 a.m., and we served them breakfast. Afterwards it would be what they called “free play.” Around 10 a.m. we had circle time; this, they said, was really the important part of the schedule for our age group. During circle time we would sing songs with them, mostly just trying to get them to sit still but also be engaged – not only with us, but with each other. After circle time we went on a walk. Because we were in the inner city, there wasn’t really a park safe enough for our kids, so we went to watch the subways go by, which oddly seemed to excite them the most. When we got back we would have lunch and then put them down for a two-hour nap. Some of the kids would go down easily but most needed to have their backs rubbed. However, in our infant and toddler classroom, because it was a transition class, we tried to wean them off either needing to be held or having to have a bottle. After nap they would have “sensory play” which would be to finger paint or to play with things with different textures, just to try to get them to register cold versus hot or wet versus dry. Usually for the rest of the day we just let them play. Around 5 p.m. the parents would come to pick them up. It was really cool...it was kind of like a big family. All the parents were very trusting, and after a while the kids started calling me “mommy.”

Katherine Patrick ’07
Milton, Massachusetts
The whole experience broadened my perspectives on many fronts. Taking Arabic has really stretched my language learning abilities; many say that Arabic is the hardest language in the world.

Although I believed myself to be a very open-minded person, after living with fully covered women who are not allowed to walk next to, let alone touch, men, I found myself judging them. After a month immersed in their lifestyle, I came to know these people, to appreciate their devotion to religion and odd gender relations, and to look past (literally) the veils that hide their faces and personalities from those not willing to get to know them.

One of the most drastic disparities between America and Egypt is the political opinion. I began the trip with a brainwashed, pro-Israel, unengaged outlook on the Palestinian situation. The first political discussion that I had was a culture shock in its own right. The passion and ardor that fueled the one-sided discussion (I did little talking since I could not back up my point of view), was persuasive and moving. The repetition of the word “Why?” was like a hammer pounding a nail into my thick skull saying, “Why do the Israelis kill men and women alike?” “Why does the United States support the genocide in Jordan?” “Why are the children of our brothers dying by the hundreds?” I found my knowledge of the crisis lacking and embarrassing; my only response was “I don’t know.” All of these challenges have opened my cultural eyes, asleep for so long in the United States of America.

In order to be completely immersed in the Egyptian culture, we lived with host families. These people really became like brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers to us. We had to ask them if we could stay out late just like parents here. However, “late” in Egypt maybe 4:30 or 5:00 a.m.! We learned how to cook koshari and mashi. We learned how to bargain for every purchase whether it was a mango or a pair of shoes. Our families taught us to use the public transportation system.

Some students are still in trauma from learning to take public transportation; others found that experience funny and just got used to it. It is not rare, for example, to hear a scream pierce through the hubbub as a woman is hit by a microbus. Likewise, you should expect to be rear-ended whenever your car is standing still, which is not often, Humdul Allah.

Some believe it to be suicide, to cross the streets in Cairo; I liken it to the computer game Frogger: Go two lanes. Stop. Let a few cars whiz by then go another lane. Stop. Then run the rest of the way across, nearly loosing your backpack and your ankles to the taxi speeding by. All these things became commonplace with the help of our host families.

American Field Service provided our orientation and host families. Youth Ambassador Summer Language Institute was the official name of the program. I thank the U.S. State Department for funding the trip in its entirety. American Field Service or AFS, was founded by Conscientious Objectors in World War II who volunteered to organize ambulance crews in war zones. Through their work they realized that cross-cultural experiences bridge gaps between races and religions. And an understanding of different cultures will cultivate peace in the future, Insha-Allah.
Aug. 12, 2006 - Alexandria, Egypt

Everything is going swimmingly (at the beach)! I just got back from a night in Marina which is outside of Alexandria and comparable to Rehoboth, Del., or a small Atlantic City, N.J. However, it is very different because the beach here is the most gorgeous thing I have ever seen. The picturesque turquoise water and the stunning white sand are only made more unbelievable by the radiant Egyptian sun. Since we only had one night there, we decided not to sleep. It was worth it. We were on a boardwalk-like place with cafes and restaurants and hotels and a marina (hence the name). The wind was incredible so we all ate dinner outside. We started playing pool in a hotel at about 3 a.m. I don’t know how we passed so much time, but soon enough it was time to go to the beach again to watch the sunrise.

I realize now why the ancient Egyptians worshiped the sun. In the words of one of my friends, “If I didn’t know science, I would worship the sun too!” The short wall of gray clouds initially obstructed our view of the horizon, but we could tell that the sun was waking because of the pink haze that rose behind the smoky wall and the change in the sea. From a dark cloudy reflection of the night sky, the sea changed to a patchwork of deep blue and coral-like aquamarine green that gives me the impression that there should be palm trees and bananas and pina coladas instead of desert and shrubbery surrounding the beach. When the sun finally rose above the now-not-so-gray wall on the horizon, it could not have been more perfect. The movement of the massive body, though millions of miles away, can be followed because of the contrast to the clouds. There is a small hole in the cloud that the sun peeked through before it actually rose above the clouds. In seconds the quarter-sun was hard to look at. Soon the half-sun was leaving a mark on our vision so that if you looked away, the brilliance was embedded on the cornea and on anything you looked at, you could still see the sun with your eyes closed. By the time the monster displayed its full vitality, as if proving itself for the trillionth time, it was literally blinding. Our cringing eyes squeeze almost shut in awe and fear of the one thing that keeps this planet alive, helpful and harmful.

This is where I must end because my time on the computer in the Alexandria Library is coming to an end. One note about the Alexandria Library: it is calming, refreshing, air-conditioned, and modern, but most of all, clean! It is a place to focus and write without distractions like heat, flies and dirt. Wow, it felt good to say all this.

Peace from the Middle East,
ma-salaama.
Ian®

Aug. 6, 2006 - Cairo, Egypt

Well, my time in Egypt is coming to an end. With only one week left of a six week trip, I am filled with mixed emotions. The cultural beauty of this country is apparent every day from the call to prayer five times a day (including 4:30 a.m.), to the delicious food like kosheri and mashi, I will certainly miss the savory mixture of rice, lentils and macaroni topped with tomato sauce, caramelized onions and lemon juice. This is just the standard recipe for the Egyptian favorite called kosheri. There are, however, things that I will be glad to leave behind on my return to the United States. Not only is Cairo one of the single most crowded places on this planet, but it rivals Mexico City, some say, as the most dirty and polluted place on earth. One gets used to both of these things, but the anticipation of clean air and clean, safe sidewalks is welcoming.

I have had many complications while trying to organize a trip to Alexandria or Marsamatrakh, including a hungry ATM machine. I was withdrawing five hundred Egyptian pounds from a Citibank ATM in Mohandessine, Giza, when the money came out. However, the machine decided that it was hungry and promptly ate the money (meaning that the money was in the slot but then the machine took it back). This is a very complicated situation because the bank does not have a good way of telling whether or not I am lying. But they said that the money would be deposited in my account today. I am on my way to the bank to clear things up with them now. Insha-Allah (God willing), I will be on the beach in either Alex or Marsamatrakh with the money back in my account soon.

More later:

Peace from the chaotic middle east.
Ian®
Our leave of absence last year was one of the most rewarding experiences of our lives. While we missed the St. Andrew’s community we’ve come to call our home, we were enriched every single day of our year away—by the learning challenges we faced, by one another, and, of course, by New York City.

by Nigel and Nicole Furlonge

photos by Raasa Leela deMontebello
We moved into our small two-bedroom apartment at Columbia University on September 1st, the day our daughter Logan turned 9 months old. As we unpacked, Logan used one of the many boxes strewn about to pull up to a standing position for the first time. Our excitement that day was replicated and even surpassed frequently throughout the year as Logan began communicating increasingly both verbally and in baby sign language, and as she learned to walk, run, feed herself and reluctantly take naps. While the learning her parents did paled in comparison, we knew from the outset that, during this year in the city, we would learn new things and in some ways become different people.

While in New York, Nigel was enrolled at Teachers College, Columbia University, as one of three recipients of a Klingenstein Fellowship, and earned a Masters degree in Education. He and the 30-plus members of his cohort in the Private School Leadership program followed a core curriculum including courses in private school administration, educational law, research methods and curriculum, budgeting, pedagogy, and policy. This varied coursework allowed Nigel to think about private schools, and St. Andrew's in particular, from various lenses. For instance, learning how accounting practices for non-profits work gave him a new appreciation for the business and development offices at St. Andrew's. Two courses he took with Pearl Rock Kane, the Director of the Klingenstein Center, pushed Nigel to articulate his own democratic, philosophical ideal for education and provided an opportunity to study how leaders in schools make effective, meaningful change. He was able to visit over 15 schools, both public and private, as well as shadow heads of schools, deans of faculty, and classroom teachers. These visits worked well in concert with research Nigel was reading that delved into how children and adults learn and change as a result of that learning. In addition to these courses, Nigel worked on two qualitative research papers investigating various aspects of Professional Learning Communities.

Nicole’s time in New York was less structured but equally meaningful. Nicole was thrilled to be a full time mother to Logan. They frequented Central Park (Logan still asks to see the ducks at the Duck Pond at 103rd and Central Park West and to go to the zoo there) and playgrounds throughout Morningside Heights, making friends along the way. Visiting the Children’s Museum of Manhattan was one of Logan’s favorite pastimes; she was particularly fond of the Alice in Wonderland exhibit. Logan also generously indulged her parents on trips to the Museum of Natural History to see the Darwin exhibit, the Museum of American History for the Slavery in New York exhibit, the beautiful gardens at the Cloister’s, Edvard Munch’s work at the MoMA and Van Gogh’s drawings at the MET.

It was amazing to be in a place where even public transportation functions as its own cultural archive. Subway rides offered great opportunities to hear and see great talent below ground. Bus trips along different routes gave
us ideas about which neighborhoods we’d visit next: Harlem’s 125th Street for its eclectic sounds of gospel music, calypso, political activists and storefront preaching on Sunday mornings; Columbia’s campus for its farmer’s market on Sundays and Thursdays; entertaining puppet shows downtown in Chelsea; or, jazz performances for children and their eager parents in the East Village.

In between their many urban expeditions—and mostly at night when Logan was asleep—Nicole completed her dissertation entitled On the Lower Frequencies: Listening and African-American Expressive Culture, and earned her PhD in English Literature. Nicole wrote On the Lower Frequencies (the title references Ralph Ellison’s novel Invisible Man) because she wanted to situate listening as a critical, artistic, and political practice, one that grows increasingly crucial given our current climate in which barriers to listening seem to pervade our global landscape, and attempts to shut our ears to other languages, our borders to other nations, and our minds to complex and imaginative thinking and problem solving threaten to become the rule rather than the exception. Her dissertation looks at this issue particularly in relation to issues of racial, gendered, and classed differences.

In Manhattan, New Yorkers are close—they ride the subway packed in cars like sardines during rush hour; they live generally in small apartments with neighbors separated not by a fenced-in yard but by shared apartment walls; they share playgrounds and public parks; they wait an entire day in line together for Shakespeare in the Park tickets (by the way, if you ever have the chance to see such a performance, you should!); they bump into each other in extremely tight aisles in grocery stores; they walk side by side to work and school during transit strikes; they are from everywhere but also claim New York as home. Amidst all this proximity, what also struck us about living in New York City is the simultaneous distance that coexists in this closeness. As in the rest of the United States, class and race are coupled as one of the great divides: equal access to equitable education does not exist for all; domestic workers travel from the Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens every day to care for other people’s children for low pay and no benefits; and long-time residents of areas like Morningside Heights are struggling to continue to live in their homes while gentrification happens around them. We thought often about St. Andrew’s and the ways in which we might continue both to foster thoughtful conversations about privilege and opportunities for acting in the service of social and global justice.

We lived a different life in New York City. Yet, rather than worlds alien to each other, we see New York and St. Andrew’s as rich parts of the same world, each as significant parts of the “real world.” We are so grateful to St. Andrew’s for making last year possible. We are thrilled to return to St. Andrew’s after such a rich and enriching year, and to new adventures back home. 🎓
After 11 years as a teacher of French at St. Andrew’s, your sabbatical year took you just down the road to St. Anne’s Episcopal School. What was different or new about your year away from St. Andrew’s?

The decision to stay in Middletown was intentional as well as practical. While I may have dreamed of putting down stakes in a more exotic locale for the year—a small apartment southwest of Paris had crossed my mind—ultimately my decision came down to priorities. At the fear of sounding noble, my goals for my sabbatical year were threefold: family, service and community. My first goal was an obvious reaction to boarding school life. Passion for teaching, passion for students, passion for the life of the mind and learning and a schedule that is essentially 24-7 doesn’t always mesh well with family and other commitments outside of the boarding school community. It’s a constant struggle for balance. This year my schedule centered around them, my family and their needs, first and foremost. The change of pace also afforded me time to volunteer and serve in the community. I enjoyed participating in Rotary and stepped up my level of commitment in the youth ministry in my church.

Believe it or not, that left me with a great deal of time on my hands. My initial thought was to “volunteer” some time at my children’s school. I thought that a part-time commitment of three days a week would leave me more than enough time to explore personal interests: enrolling for classes at the University of Delaware, exploring the vast network of trails of the Delaware State Parks system and food, eating it and appreciating it (mostly eating it). What I thought would amount to storytime in the library, running errands or covering an occasional class turned out to be much more.

Describe your role at St. Anne’s.

While one of the high points of my day began after 1 p.m. when I would go down to the Lower School to play or read with the kindergarten classes, what happened before 1 p.m. was all business. After meetings with various members of the administrative team and the board from mid- to late-summer, it became clear that my charge at St. Anne’s School would be more focused and defined. Even that charge evolved and expanded over the next 10 months. What developed over time was a list of “special projects” which included devising a Strategic Plan for Diversity as part of the Middle States Evaluation process; conducting a multicultural assessment survey for curriculum and practice and compiling the results; developing a series of Educational Forums on Diversity; and collaborating with members of the board’s subcommittee on diversity to establish a building level committee (IDC) charged with supporting the school’s Diversity Mission Statement. I also did storytime, ran errands and covered the occasional class.

What was the most challenging aspect of this job?

The most challenging part of my job was convincing people that I really didn’t mind being asked to do more. I learned that successful time management is a state of mind, a peaceful mind.

If you were to pick one moment that epitomized the sabbatical year, what would it be?

Aside from the sense of fulfillment—feeling that I played a small part in helping St. Anne’s accomplish some of its goals surrounding issues of difference—I will remember the feeling of getting on a plane with my two daughters to spend two expansive weeks in Paris. It was a precious time for all of us; the memories are indelible.

When you think about returning to the classroom this year, what are you most excited about?

I do miss the interaction with students. They inspire me. They are what makes teaching so special.
How did you spend your sabbatical?

I spent my sabbatical in Cooperstown, N.Y., home of baseball and the place of my birth. I grew up there and worked with Glimmerglass Opera in town for about 15 years.

Over the past year, I attended eight operas, four musicals and 10 plays. I directed a one-act opera and two one-act plays. I acted in a short documentary-type film and performed the role of Betty in “Sure Thing” on numerous fundraising occasions. I also attended a modern dance class every week.

It was wonderful to live in a town and be surrounded by beautiful hills. One of my favorite things was walking Cara to and from school everyday as we lived only two blocks away from the elementary school.

Sabbatical, in general, was just completely creatively enriching and personally healing. So I’m not sure how it will translate professionally or academically yet. But as a creative professional, I am completely renewed and invigorated. As an artist, it was complete renewal.

What will you miss from your year in Cooperstown?

I will miss living in a town where you can walk everywhere and Cara can ride her bike around the block to visit a friend. I will miss running into neighbors at the coffee shop, the bakery, the general store... and recognizing all the parents who walk their kids to school every morning. I will miss that sense of belonging to a community that exists beyond the workplace. I will also miss the many new theatrical contacts I have made and friendships that have developed. But all will not be lost, as we plan to return next summer for pleasure and for work. I will be directing a play—yet to be decided—for Leatherstocking Theatre next summer.

What are you looking forward to about returning to St. Andrew’s?

Well, how does one ever feel about coming home? It is familiar, and the sights, sounds and smells are comforting. You look forward to being near to your very dear friends again and returning to what has become a cherished routine. If you are lucky, you have gained a new appreciation for all you have been separated from and have grown in ways that can only enhance the way you live your life. I also look forward to silly, simple things—my orange living room, the blue herons, the tax-free shopping!

I feel very happy to be back. It feels like home.
Last February, I began to consider a teaching position with Bilingual Education for Central America (BECA), and wrote the following message to my St. Andrew’s classmate and friend Ann Woods ‘01:

I am seriously about to lose my mind. Mrs. [Mel] Bride e-mailed me this weekend about a teaching job in Honduras, starting immediately and ending in June. Am I actually considering doing this? I am so confused… just as I was starting to make plans, she throws this at me and I don’t know what I think. It seems too good to turn down, but I was getting so comfortable with what I had figured out… I don’t know if I can pack up my life again for another few months, but this would be cool and would probably give me some perspective. Sheesh, life is complicated right now.

Years ago, technology-skeptics declared that cyberspace would bring a major breakdown in human communication. On the contrary: as I reread the logs on the BECA website and the e-mails I sent last spring, I am struck by the intensity of the emotions they reflect.

At St. Andrew’s, Ann and I came to know the writing process well—not only as an academic requirement, but also as an exercise in personal reflection. Without Ann’s permission, I will admit the embarrassing truth that our hard drives, combined, probably hold about a hundred “letters”—multi-page documents that we painstakingly composed with no intention of ever actually sending them to our parents, boyfriends, siblings or friends. You see, we do not write these letters to be read; we write them because the assessment, analysis and questioning inherent in the process bring us clarity and relief.

The pieces of writing to which I refer are unmistakably close relatives to the proverbial St. Andrew’s “free-write,” and I emphasize that keeping them to oneself is generally the right choice. Still, I have found that, with luck, you will find a few people to whom you can actually send the letters. Now, as I wonder how to best recount my experience with BECA, I go immediately to the e-mails I sent to those few while in Honduras.

When Mel Bride, a favorite St. Andrew’s teacher and trusted mentor, first presented the possibility of moving to Honduras to teach with a non-profit, I panicked. I had just finished a semester of study in Chile, one of many short-term stints I had had during my college years. At first, I thought it sort of hippie-cool to transition from one year of college here, to a summer there, a few months abroad, and another year of college somewhere else. But, in the end, all of my blowin’ in wind took its toll, leaving me anxious to make a more permanent mark somewhere, to connect more deeply with the people around me.

I set that concern aside, thinking that it would not make any long-term difference to leave the U.S. for just a few more months. I wrote this e-mail to my college friends on February 15, 2006:

… after lots of thinking, talking, and classroom-visit ing, I’ve taken the first-grade job. BECA covers housing and living expenses, but it’s volunteer work, and the accommodations are basic, to put it nicely. Honestly, I’m much more concerned about academically engaging thirty first-graders with limited English. I haven’t slept in nights just thinking about what I could possibly do with them for seven hours a day.

I am leaving this Wednesday. It seems so crazy and last minute, but I guess that’s how these things sometimes work out. Random opportunities arise when you least expect (or even hope for) them. I was really excited about moving to Charleston, so changing plans so radically has been tough… but now I am really looking forward to this.

Upon my arrival in San Pedro Sula, I met two fellow teachers and school-parent Don Max, who escorted me to Cofradia, my new home in the lush valley below Cusuco National Park. In a blog on the BECA website, administrator Jon Powers has written an appropriately witty and colorful tribute to Don Max:
For me, Don Max is greater than the sum of his parts, more than the average character that you will find lurking in the open fields and hidden banana groves of a cheated country. With his sweat-scrunched NASCAR cap, oversized palooka nose and generous Santa Claus paunch, Don Max makes an irresistible impression on everyone he meets, and has a particular fondness for the cadre of foreign volunteers who, in his words, “are here to help us and our children.” Don Max drives a battered but charming Land Cruiser that is caked with rust and smeared with pride. He carries locks of favored mujeres’ hair in his wallet, which he regards as saintly relics. Don Max, like most Hondurans it seems, has multiple revenue-generating activities: he directs a construction crew that builds houses for wannabe expat gringos, owns a modest finca that produces different types of bananas, coffee, cinnamon and other crops, and helps run the family pulperia with his loyal wife Juana(...). Don Max is the essence of unconditional generosity (at least towards the gringo volunteer team in Cofradia) and wants to buy the volunteers a washing machine because doing laundry by hand is algo pesado [difficult, dull work], in his earnest words. In sum, Don Max just might be the best friend we could have in a strange new land where few things work like we have been spoiled enough to expect in our own native United States.

Indeed, Don Max is one of a kind. I never imagined that the perpetual generosity and support he embodies would be the norm within the large family that has formed since 2001, when the idea of San Jeronimo Bilingual School was conceived. Upon my arrival, I observed that I have spent the majority of my life interacting with people who have more money and more things than the average Cofradia citizen. My observation was quickly followed by a troublesome question: How, then, are the parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins of our students infinitely more willing and happier to give than anyone I have ever known? I could partially answer this question in befriending members of the parents’ asociación, who are committed to the academic, extracurricular and economic development of the school—not only in the interest of their children’s education, but, truly, in the interest of their nation’s future. Don Max and Juana, Don Wil and Mirna, and Don Jeronimo and Irma, among others, have centered their lives around the success of the school, and, for me, that was more than enough motivation to face my class of 30 screaming 7-year-olds, five days a week.

That is certainly not to say that I did not encounter a few bumps in the narrow, dusty roads that wind through Cofradia, paved with small pebbles and lined with litter. It took a little while just to grasp the logistics of everyday life, as I explained to some friends on February 28:

The house is basic, but relatively very nice for this town. The floor is tile and the main room is full of makeshift bookshelves (cinderblocks and wooden planks), makeshift desks where we work, random teaching books and a small table where we eat. There is running water most of the time, but when it cuts off there is a big water reservoir called a pila, out of which we scoop water to make the toilet self-flush. I don’t really know yet how you take a shower when that happens but I think the system also involves the pila and buckets. The biggest challenge is
actually making dirty laundry clean with dirty water and a washboard.

Becoming a Cofradian, I found, was a piece of tres-leche cake compared to becoming a teacher. March 6, my first full day of teaching, was a disaster in more ways than one. It was so nightmarish, in fact, that I e-mailed my mother before I even left the house:

Hey mom, I am running out the door to school, but I just dropped the coffee pot, which shattered everywhere. It’s kind of a big deal because you can’t buy them here and people are a little cranky without coffee... I don’t want everyone to hate me already... can you please buy one, and send it to me as fast as possible? Thanks, I’ll call this week.

That day went from bad to worse, and for weeks I struggled to utilize the mix-and-match resources we had, to earn the respect of my students and to create substantial, manageable lesson plans. Apparently, for at least one student, my class was unbearable: one school night in March, Arturo informed his mother that I had become too ill to teach, and that, due to my hospitalization, school had been indefinitely cancelled for the first grade.

Fortunately, I heeded the advice of my wiser fellow teachers and learned from my trials (which yielded mostly errors). I soon designed reasonable lesson plans focused on literacy. Each afternoon, we combined a quick story with a related art project or a creative writing exercise. In English and Spanish, we would lose ourselves in reading some of my favorite children’s stories: The Rainbow Fish, The Giving Tree, The Very Hungry Caterpillar, Jack and the Beanstalk, Little Red Riding Hood, Goodnight Moon and Where the Wild Things Are. Most of my students’ families own very few books, or none at all, and I worried that their imaginations would not thrive without access to books. With this very legitimate concern always close at hand, I was happily surprised and inspired as I began to connect with my students in our love for fiction.

In addition, to structure the day, I created and relied on a routine, stressing small group work, physical activity and smooth transitions between classes. Who needs coffee when you have a 20-minute song and dance medley beginning at 7:15 a.m.? Who would sweat through a Pilates class when you could crab-walk during P.E. relay races? And why waste money on therapy when the magic rock offers you a turn to share your feelings at the end of each day during closing circle?

The Internet first reached Honduras a little over ten years ago. At that time, the BECA volunteer house in rural Cofradia would not have had the dial-up connection that enabled me to communicate the way I did with the people I love at home. The coffee pot I clumsily smashed would not have been replaced so promptly, and I could not have sent pictures for my sisters Mary Penn ’98 and Nancy ’06 to show at a St. Andrew’s School Meeting when they fundraised for BECA. Come to think of it, 10 years ago, I probably would not have known Cofradia at all. With Mel Bride on the BECA board, John Downs ’99 and me as alums, and Anna Hickman ’02 and Hilary Hammel ’00 as current teachers, it is clear that we are a generation with more access than ever to cultural exchange. As such, I hope that we continue to communicate globally, to reflect thoughtfully on our experiences, and to remember that with any opportunity to teach often comes a greater opportunity to learn.
Over the past few months, a significant group of St. Andrew’s graduates have traveled to China on summer programs, year abroad programs and competitive fellowship. So far we have heard from Jamila Trindle ’98, Mike Warner ’00, Ashley Gosnell ’02, Maggie Bryan ’04, Richard DeSalvo ’04, Sarah duPont ’04, Ashby Hardesty ’04, Cuth Hutton ’04, Stephanie Pfeiffer ’04, Betty Cox ’05 and Mark Kavulich ’06. In addition, Mike Pignatello ’93 lives in Beijing and works at the State Department, Alex Robin ’94 works for a private health care company in Beijing and Sean Morley ’98 makes his home in Beijing, working for Starcon Corporation.

A group of alumni in Beijing, organized by Ashley Gosnell ’02 and Ashby Hardesty ’04, gathered for dinner at an improvised “Beijing Metro Stop” and another group of women found themselves at dinner together in a restaurant in Beijing.

St. Andrew’s Magazine looks forward to more reports from our blossoming China regional network!

St. Andreans gather in China
Dear friends,

While growing up in Venezuela it was a common occurrence for us to have blackouts or lack of running water at any time during the year. One time my family spent three months without running water. During this time cistern trucks would drive into our neighborhood about every 15 minutes to fill the water storage tanks of the different buildings that comprised the neighborhood. All the condominiums set up rationing programs where each building would have water for a couple of hours during the day. The tenants would use this opportunity to do laundry, flush toilets and take showers. We purchased bottled water to brush our teeth and drink water. When running water finally started to flow again, if you dared shower the amount of sediments suspended in the water were enough to taint your skin orange. The smell of chlorine in the water was strong enough to make you nauseous. Nonetheless a few minutes' chlorine sickness was far better than getting cholera or not having water at all. When I visited Venezuela last year it was apparent that these rolling blackouts and water problems persist to date. It is easy to forget these basic services that we often take for granted when our supply never fails.

This past academic year St. Andrew's board, faculty and students decided to become active stewards of the environment as part of a long-term strategy for the preservation of the School. The urban sprawl and the legal challenges of last two years made our community increasingly more attentive to protecting and managing our environment. The School actively seeks to manage its 2,200 acres of land by creating awareness, studying the wealth of data it has accumulated throughout the years, partnering with local universities and organizations, becoming more active in the community, teaching the students about the environment and instilling a sense of ownership in the student body. The School realizes all it can learn, teach and gain from the proper management of the School’s land.

If you visited the School in the past year you may have noticed how this past year the School embarked in numerous ways to save money and resources through a recycling program, conscious efforts by the students to save energy, creating an orchard, recycling paper, aluminum, plastic and food, hiring environmental consultants, assigning senior leadership to the environmental programs, and instituting a “green” culture to the incoming freshmen. St. Andrew’s is well on its way to becoming a leader among private boarding schools for environmental protection.

This year the alumni body remains committed to reinforcing and spreading St. Andrew’s mission of sustainability. We need to strengthen the regional groups and their ties to their communities. We expect several of the new regions, under the local leadership of the alumni, to get involved in local community projects and look for ways to help or promote the environment and human sustainability.

We encourage you to become active with the alumni body. Take the opportunity to visit the St. Andrew’s Web site, contact a member of the Alumni Corporation Board or the School and stay connected. We wish you well in the school year to come and look forward to hear and work with you and our community.

Kind regards,

Tomas Puky ’89
President- Alumni Corporation Board
Clayton H. Griffin ’43

Clayton H. Griffin, 81, of Atlanta, died June 16, 2006. He was the son of the late Dean George C. Griffin of Georgia Tech and Eugenia Johnston Griffin. He graduated from St. Andrew’s School in Middletown, Del.

Mr. Griffin retired from the U.S. Navy as a Lieutenant Commander and served in World War II and the Korean Conflict. He attended Georgia Tech where he received his bachelor’s degree in electrical engineering in 1945 and his master’s in electrical engineering in 1950. While at Georgia Tech he was President of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. From 1976-1988 Mr. Griffin worked as a visiting professor in the School of Electrical Engineering at Georgia Tech and lectured around the country in electrical engineering.

Mr. Griffin had a career with Georgia Power for over 40 years and retired as manager of System Protection and Control. He was a past chairman of the IEEE Power System Relaying Committee. Mr. Griffin was a charter member of St. Anne’s Episcopal Church where he was a member of the Vestry and Treasurer. He was also a member of the Society of Colonial Wars and The Cherokee Town and Country Club.

Survivors include his wife, Lela L. Griffin; children, Patrick Phillips, Lela Lofgren, Bryan Griffin, Phil Griffin; grandchildren, William and Sean Phillips, Christine and Clayton Lofgren, Kaitlyn and James Griffin, Dylan and Gaines Griffin; and brother, Page Griffin.

James Trippe ’46

We received the following information from Ned Trippe ’68.

James Trippe, 79, of Somers, formerly of Pound Ridge, passed away at home on August 22, 2006. Born on March 18, 1927, in Woodbury, N.J., to Edward Richard Trippe and Alice Hardcastle Pattison. He was a U.S. Army Veteran and served in Korea from 1950 to 1952. James was educated in Friends Select School, Philadelphia, Class of 1946; St. Andrew’s School, Middletown, Del., 1946, and attended Columbia University. He worked as a Municipal Bond Specialist for Ladenburg Thalmann and also A.G. Becker Inc. on Wall Street, New York, NY, and Citigroup/Smith Barney, White Plains. James had 20 years of service as a Supervisor Councilman in Pound Ridge. He was president of Pound Ridge Business Association from 1968 to 1970, a member of Study Committee of Bedford Central School District from 1970 to 1971, and president of Pound Ridge Tennis Club from 1965 to 1967. Jim also was a member of Waccabuc Country Club, a trustee of Northern Westchester Hospital Center from 1987 to 1988, a member of Municipal Bond Club of NY, and on the Executive Committee of MEBCO. Jim was also a member of Republican Advisory Committee 1968 and a member of Pound Ridge Community Church, Lions Club and United Way. He will be remembered for his devotion to his family, community and his country.

He is survived by his wife Nancy of Somers; children, Debbie Verbillis of Bel Air, Md.; Scott Hewit of Winter Park, Fla.; Stacie Elliott of Bedford, N.H.; Meg Mackie of Sudbury, Mass.; Jennifer Morrow of Fairfield, Conn., and Carrie Peck of Glenside, Pa., 11 grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.
Michael S. Wade ’56

Michael S. Wade, 69, of Fort Collins, Colo., and formally of West Hartford, Conn., died Tuesday, August 1, after a courageous year-long battle with cancer. Mike was born January 26, 1937, in Syracuse, N.Y. He graduated from Trinity College in 1960 with a B.S. in music and received his CAS in science from Wesleyan. He taught science and music at Kingswood-Oxford School in West Hartford, Conn., from 1960 until his retirement in 1989. He also taught in England and Sweden on a Fulbright Scholarship in 1966 and 1982. Mike’s love for music spanned his life and his most well-known course was a Wagner Seminar which he taught in the United States, England and Sweden. His favorite conductor was Toscanini. An avid reader and music lover was what made Mike who he was and why he had so much to offer.

Mike is survived by his children, Betsy Strafach and husband Frank of Fort Collins, Colo., William Wade of Nashville, Tenn., and Catherine Davis of Broomfield, Colo.; his seven grandchildren, 1 great-grandchild; his ex-wife Evangeline Kelly of Dallas, Texas; and his three sisters, Wendy Wright of Phoenix, Ariz., Sharon Umphress of North San Juan, Calif., and Anne Murphy of Inverness, Calif., all of whom visited and spent quality time with him over his last months.

Stephen C. Kennedy ’58

Classmate Larry Harris wrote the following letter to St. Andrew’s School:

With deep sadness I send notice of the death of Stephen C. Kennedy, class of 1958. In preparing this information, I have been in touch with both Jerry Wigglesworth, our class agent, and with Steve Kennedy’s widow, Jan Kennedy.

Stephen C. Kennedy, M.D., class of 1958, who was living in Washougal, Wash., died in a bicycle accident in Maine on April 3, 2004. An avid cyclist since his days at St. Andrew’s, Steve was riding slightly ahead of his son Andrew in Acadia Park. Through drizzle and mist he failed to see a metal barrier—in place to prevent automobiles from entering the trail—in time to stop safely. Thrown from his bicycle into the barrier, he died instantly.

While at St. Andrew’s, Steve sang in the choir, played saxophone in the school band and dance band, and played soccer, basketball and tennis. At his graduation in June 1958, Steve’s father, Dr. James W. Kennedy, who was Rector of Church of the Ascension in New York City, was the commencement speaker.

After graduating from St. Andrew’s, Steve entered Dartmouth College where he continued many of the interests he pursued at St. Andrew’s. He studied medicine at the University of Kentucky, and eventually established a plastic surgery clinic in Vancouver, Wash. In addition to bicycles, his continuing avocations included French, history, music, fitness, art and travel. He was an active member and leader of Columbia Presbyterian Church in Vancouver.

Following the accident, a Dartmouth classmate wrote an extensive biography about Steve which may be found on the internet at http://www.dartmouth.org/classes/62/FrankKehlRemembersSteveKennedy.pdf.

He is survived by his wife Janice (Jan), whom he married in 1989, by his mother Frances Kennedy, his sister, three children, two step-children and six grandchildren.
Walden Pell gave his life as example to St. Andreans: as founding headmaster, priest, teacher, naturalist, sportsman, father and husband. He also gave generations of student master teachers and the example of their lives. Great teachers are a St. Andrew’s legacy.

The Walden Pell II Faculty Enhancement Endowment recognizes Waldy’s insight and ground work. It supports great teachers.

Consider adding your own legacy gift to this important fund.

The Cornerstone Society

Planned gifts—bequests, charitable gift annuities, charitable remainder trusts, life insurance policies and other estate plans—are an important part of the financial cornerstone of St. Andrew’s School.

To learn how your planned gift can help future generations of St. Andreans, please contact Chesa Profaci ’80 at 302-285-4260 or visit alumni.stansrews-de.org

The most precious gift teachers can offer their students are the examples of their own lives. At their best these examples illustrate that life can be a joyful quest for truth and beauty—a quest that is enriched in direct proportion to the amount of curiosity, compassion, integrity, enthusiasm, commitment, humor, knowledge, goodness, and reverence for life itself that one acquires along the way.

—Tad Roach