This fall, St. Andrew’s opened its doors to students for the 75th time. This moment provides an opportunity to reflect on the rich tapestry created over our 75-year history, every alumnus, parent, trustee and friend of St. Andrew’s representing an integral thread, weaving the essence of what is St. Andrew’s.

As today’s stewards we need to do all we can to protect the valuable attributes of St. Andrew’s. We have nearly reached our comprehensive goal of $25 million, but to do that, every St. Andrean who has not yet participated in the Cornerstones Campaign must consider increasing, even doubling, his or her gift to the Annual Fund this year. This year, your gift counts more than ever before. Will yours be the gift that puts us over our goal?

We hope you will join us in speaking with one voice to support the unique, eternal qualities of this great school. If there were ever a moment at St. Andrew’s when Every One Counts, this year is that moment.

Annual Fund 2005-2006
http://www.standrews-de.org/donations/
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The front and back covers of this issue of the St. Andrew’s Magazine were photographed by Evan Armstrong ’08 in March 2005.
The quest to create diverse campuses is one that is a relatively recent phenomenon in private schools and colleges. Such institutions were once places of remarkable homogeneity in terms of race, gender and social class, and they were homogeneous for a particular reason. Such schools were founded only to serve affluent, white males, and their elite education was designed to replicate the socio-economic and political order of an America that would preserve their status, wealth and position. In many ways, schools and colleges resembled elite country clubs and fraternities, complete with customs of initiation and exclusion. The phrase “private school” sent a distinct message of exclusion to all who drew near. And the assumption in that era of American education was that an essential sameness and culture of uniformity and conformity would inspire students to learn, to be intelligent, discerning leaders in our country. Imagine thinking that quality education could occur by gathering only white children of privilege in residential communities and classrooms—imagine thinking that education would be a privilege reserved only for those in a particular race or social class.

With the advent of the civil rights movement and the dawning recognition of the evils of segregation and prejudice, private schools began to contemplate offering places within their communities for students of color, but the essential culture and assumptions within the schools barely changed. The initial move towards enrolling students of color was by no means a movement towards integration, but rather a tentative experiment. The minority student was given an invitation to be a part of an elite, exclusive community, but that invitation made it clear that he/she was a marginal, invisible figure. Schools worried that the addition of students of color needed to be measured and evaluated carefully. Racist assumptions prevailed: Would the very few students of color disrupt the life and culture of the
homogeneous community? Would the students of color blend into the fabric of the school and become true members of the private community, advocates of the system? Implicit in this tentative approach was a belief in the essential goodness and humanity of the private school's generosity. Wasn't it good, noble and kind for the private school to offer this elite education to that particular student of color? Never did the elite private school consider the student of color as an integral member of the community—he or she was the minority kid—the add-on, the addition, the token expression of a private school's definition of integration. Never did the private school consider what the psychological obstacles might be for students entering the worlds of predominately white communities. The point was not to educate and support the student of color—rather the schools simply pretended that they were a part of the integration movement in America. That, unfortunately, was rarely true in reality.

For the students of color who courageously entered a world of white homogeneity, the task was a momentous one. Because they were in such an embedded minority, they were made to feel exposed and forever in the spotlight—they were made to feel that they represented not only themselves and their families, but their entire race as well. Because the school was sanctimonious and proud of its generosity, the student of color was taught that his/her greatest obligation was to express gratitude and submission to the culture of the school. And, of course, the insidious prejudice, fear and discrimination that were such powerful weapons of segregation lingered on, but now in quiet and subtle expressions of racism, indifference and neglect in the classroom, in social situations, in the arts and athletics.

Recent research indicates that by far the greatest benefits of diverse educational environments accrue to the white students themselves, who through engagement with classmates of color expand, broaden and qualify their perspectives, opinions and attitudes. Especially in the early years of integration, private school campuses were places difficult for students of color to understand and live on. Students of color were alienated from the customs, culture and assumptions of the white majority—they felt like outsiders, for they saw few classmates of color and few, if any, teachers of color working in their communities. Because the private school was homogeneous and exclusive, students of color found themselves living at once in two different worlds; the question became how they could manage two identities, two worlds, two completely alien experiences. These feelings have dissipated, but they have not completely disappeared.

It took a long time, but today, colleges and some enlightened schools have made dramatic realizations about the importance of diversity within their communities. Gone is the model that dominated the structure of schools and colleges in the 20th century. Now, instead of preparing students for lives of homogenous privilege and entitlement, instead of claiming integration through a narrow and limited admissions commitment, some colleges and schools have realized that they have to do much more both to prepare all students to live in a multicultural world community and to make real contributions to the work of the democracy. The homogeneity and complacency that once was a school or college's identity and strength, became in essence its greatest weakness. Instead of being a student who was on campus simply by the grace of a benevolent institution that expected thanks, submission, and
...students of color found themselves living at once in two different worlds; the question became how they could manage two identities, two worlds, two completely alien experiences.

 invisibility, instead of being called to watch the main action of the school from the sideline, the student of color attending the truly diverse school belongs, leads, engages, learns and contributes to the power and identity of the school.

The most progressive and ambitious colleges and schools revitalized their conception of the very purpose of their founding; such colleges stated unequivocally that private institutions of higher learning should serve a public good. They asserted that not only would students of color and white students learn more actively, dynamically and creatively together, but that schools, colleges and universities had a deep and abiding commitment to making sure that the leaders of tomorrow would include both whites and students of color. In an important Supreme Court case protecting a college’s right to use race as one criterion for admission, the University of Michigan argued successfully that it had a responsibility to help diversify its student body so that dynamic learning would occur and so that the university would help to change the essential leadership structure within the United States.

As colleges and schools have embraced a deeper, more comprehensive notion of diversity, they have provided students of color with the support networks they need to find fulfillment and success on their campuses. It began with adding to the number of students and faculty of color on our campuses; it progressed with student life and academic initiatives that brought issues of diversity to the forefront of the educational mission of the schools. The data is clear, the history is clear, the idealism of our country’s view of race is clear, but amazingly enough in the year 2005, America is closer to an era of segregation than integration.

For a variety of reasons, America finds the dream of integrated, diverse schools difficult, if not impossible to achieve. In a book just published last month, Jonathan Kozol depicts a new segregation in American schools that he refers to “as the restoration of apartheid.” The statistics he cites are shocking:

- In the academic year 2002-03, 87 percent of public school enrollment in Chicago was black or Hispanic; in Washington, D.C., 94 percent were black or Hispanic; in St. Louis, 82 percent; in Philadelphia and Cleveland, 79 percent; in L.A., 84 percent; in Detroit, 96 percent; in Baltimore, 89 percent; in New York City, 75 percent.

- Kozol cites the particularly savage irony that in high schools named for great civil rights leaders across the nation—Rosa Parks, Martin Luther King, Thurgood Marshall, Langston Hughes, Jackie Robinson—the schools are in fact segregated institutions. America sits idly by as our schools send powerful messages of injustice and neglect to a generation of students of color in our nation’s cities.

Today, St. Andrew’s seeks to be a 21st century integrated school. We believe, with the University of Michigan and with proponents of diversity, that students learn most by living with and studying with students from diverse backgrounds. We believe that the true America, the America worthy of its name and principles, is one that welcomes all to the table. In the words of Congressman John Lewis of Georgia, quoted in Kozol’s book: “Integration is, it still remains, the goal worth fighting for. You should be fighting for it. We should be fighting for it. It is something that is good unto itself, apart from all the arguments that can be made. This nation needs to be a family, and a family sits down for its dinner at a table, and we all deserve a place at
the table. And our children deserve to have a place together in their schools and classrooms, and they need to have that opportunity while they’re still children, while they’re in those years of innocence."

So what are the characteristics of a school committed to diversity in the 21st century? The commitment we must make as schools and colleges must be to integration, integration, integration. In a recent essay in *Independent School Magazine*, Professor Harold Stevenson describes the important steps schools and colleges must take to embrace the diversity of their communities:

1. A school must have a strong faculty and student of color population within the community, for with a critical mass of diverse students and faculty good conversations, explorations of race, culture, history and multiculturalism can begin. If faculty and student of color numbers are small or marginal, it is easy for schools and students to revert to complacency, passivity and stereotypical and racist thinking, and the experience of students of color and faculty of color will be limited.

2. If the numbers of students of color continue to change and reflect the diversity of our nation, it will be easier and more natural for schools to meet Stevenson’s recommendation that they carefully acknowledge and appreciate the diversity among black students in their community. He writes: “Acknowledging that black students are diverse in and of themselves should alleviate stereotypical thinking and the bias that results from it.”

3. Schools committed to diversity talk all the time about race, racism and white privilege. Because racism and discrimination and segregation represent to such a great degree the story of our nation’s history, because we as a nation keep slipping back into patterns of segregation and mistrust, because we have a moral responsibility to work for justice and equality in our society, we must keep asking hard and difficult questions. The phrase, “white privilege,” suggests that the institutional racism and intolerance within American culture still protects and affirms the white majority, privileged experience within our society. A number of years ago Peggy McIntosh wrote an essay detailing the advantages she carried as a white woman in our society. She listed 50 privileges. I include only those that deal with the broad concept of education:

   - I can turn on the television or open to the front page of the paper and see people of my race widely represented.
   - When I am told about our natural heritage or civilization, I am shown that people of my color made it what it is.
   - I can be sure that my children will be given curricular materials that testify to the existence of their race.
   - I can go into a music shop and count on finding the music of my race represented, into a supermarket and find the staple foods that fit with my cultural traditions, into a hairdresser’s shop and find someone who can cut my hair.
   - I do not have to educate my children to be aware of systematic racism for their own daily physical protection.
   - I can be pretty sure that my children’s teachers will

*Only when whites understand the invisible, inherent privileges they carry can they work intentionally on creating a society and culture that is more equitable and welcoming. It’s all about empathy actually, the ability of those in privileged positions to recognize how exactly it would be to walk in someone else’s shoes.*
tolerate them if they fit school norms—my chief worries about them do not concern attitudes towards their race.

- I can do well in a challenging situation and not be called a credit to my race.
- I am never asked to speak for all the people in my racial group.
- I can remain oblivious to the language and customs of persons of color who constitute the world’s majority without feeling in my culture any penalty for such oblivion.
- I can be pretty sure that if I ask to talk to the person in charge I will be facing a person of my own race.
- I can worry about racism without being seen as self-interested or self-seeking.
- I can go to a college with an affirmative action program without fellow students suspecting I got to college because of my race.

Only when whites understand the invisible, inherent privileges they carry can they work intentionally on creating a society and culture that is more equitable and welcoming. It’s all about empathy actually, the ability of those in privileged positions to recognize how exactly it would be to walk in someone else’s shoes.

Schools must understand that they must commit to the promotion, protection and enhancement of the psychological health of students of color throughout their educational careers. Research indicates that attending predominantly white private schools and colleges is much more than an educational decision—it is a challenge to the psychological health of many students of color. And it is more than research. My experience, as a teacher committed to the lives of students of color at St. Andrew’s, has taught me that especially for those students who studied and lived here in the 80s, the road was hard and arduous. Schools must provide support for these students, particularly for students of color who for whatever reason, are in Howard Stevenson’s phrase “more aware of the dynamics of race, racism and privilege in their schools.” It is easy for students of color who refuse to believe in the culture and promises of white America or white private schools to be labeled as rebellious or intransigent—schools and colleges must be able to see that such suspicions and feelings are only a reflection of the black experience in America—these are attitudes of young men and women who have seen the dream deferred for much too long. They deserve the support, understanding, inspiration and guidance of our teachers and professors.

Ultimately, St. Andrew’s believes fervently that the American boarding school of the 21st century must be diverse, in terms of its students, faculty and staff members. We believe that great education for citizenship in our democracy must take place within a multicultural faculty and student body. We also believe that all within the community must champion the achievement of the American dream of racial equality. Because of our commitment, St. Andrew’s has the chance to be an integrated, progressive, diverse boarding school. Now, that is a goal worth achieving!
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This winter, the board of trustees will meet in January at the Wye River Conference Center near Queenstown, Md., to conduct a strategic planning retreat.

The board adopted its last strategic plan after a similar planning retreat in 1997. The plan led to the following important developments over the past eight years: the intensification of St. Andrew’s commitment to diversity, both within the student body and faculty; the creation of the school’s tutorial program, offering intensive opportunities for teachers and VI Formers to work together across disciplines; the strengthening of the School’s commitment to financial aid; the continued study of issues connected to the MOT area’s development; the study of safety and security issues at the School; the review of faculty and staff benefit needs; the review of faculty child care needs; the exploration of the feasibility of helping create an Episcopal K-8 school, resulting in the creation of St. Anne’s Episcopal School; the renovation of student residential facilities, kitchen facilities and faculty homes and apartments; the planning for a new physical plant building, arts center and new faculty homes.

As the board turns to the 2006 strategic planning retreat, the School is strong, coherent, progressive and ambitious. “The last eight years have marked important and enduring achievements at St. Andrew’s,” said Headmaster Tad Roach. “As we study and affirm our mission for work in the 21st century, we must ensure that we are taking the steps we need to sustain this unique form of education.”

“The board,” said Roach, “will explore all aspects of what it means to be a “sustainable school”—an institution that is financially sustainable and committed to increasing endowment that will protect and strengthen our financial aid program, a school able to sustain a world-class faculty’s intense focus on their students in a 24-hour-a-day program, a school that can continue to identify students who will sustain St. Andrew’s tradition of scholarship and humanity, a school whose practices are environmentally sustainable.”

Following the retreat, the board will write and adopt a strategic plan, which will be published in the fall of 2006. “St. Andrew’s is an exciting, vibrant and creative School,” said Roach. “I believe the strategic plan that emerges from the retreat will be a plan for an even stronger future.”
The Cardinal, St. Andrew’s student newspaper, has been in existence as long as the School itself. Along the way there have also been a great many “unofficial” or underground student publications as well, including The Notebook, published by Holly Whyte ’34 and friends in the 1930s and Cardinal Sin, published during 2004 and 2005.

These publications are a precious record of St. Andrew’s history from the students’ eyes. This issue, for example, details a winter dance weekend in 1954, from the moment 57 girls arrived on “Big Red” (the school’s bus) from a nearby girls’ school to Sunday supper after the girls leave campus. Boys are listed by form along with the names of their dates. The play, “Mr. Roberts,” featured Mrs. Catherine Amos.

The Irene duPont Library and Advancement Office will work together over the coming months to scan each edition of The Cardinal and other student publications, creating a searchable, digital record of these treasured school days past.
Arriving in Cairo is always a sensory shock. Even from the runway, the air looks different outside. Flights usually arrive at night, and the lights at the airport always strike me as strange; they penetrate the darkness as a dissipated orange glow, at once powerful and indistinct. When you step out onto ground, the air seems a foreign medium, thick and sweet, and you can taste the desert in your mouth. A couple of short breaths as your lungs resist, and then your body gives in; it remembers.

Last January, the five of us—Mr. Austin, Isabel, Alexander, Maia and I—piled into my brother’s Jeep to drive the familiar road back home. Past the 700-year-old aqueduct, past the City of the Dead, across the Nile, onto the island of Manial Rhoda, and to the house my brother and I had grown up in until I was 16 and came to St. Andrew’s as a junior.

It didn’t take long for the old rhythms of Egyptian life to give shape to our days, just as they had in my childhood. The same morning mist off the Nile, rising up toward the windows of our house. The familiar chant of the old man, wheeling his squeaky cart down our twisty street, with his strange sing-songy mid-morning call for the neighborhood’s discarded clothes. Our noon-time family breakfasts in the garden on Fridays: plates and plates of labna, olives, fool, pickled turnips, Taamiiyya and coffee. The same Gezira club playground afternoons, where mothers, fathers, grandparents and friends come to spend a leisurely day, sitting on wicker chairs, sipping their tea or lemonade, eating lunch as their children played around them. The huge dusty mango tree in the garden, whose fruit we watched grow slowly all year, knowing now as we did then that we wouldn’t get to taste any of it come August, when the fruit would be ripe, and we would be gone. The same dusky evenings, sitting in the garden with the hovering smell of apple tobacco, watching the bats come swooping out of our mango tree, diving for mosquitoes above our heads. All was as it had been. The same tastes, the same smells, the same traffic, the same slow pace of life woven into my everyday life once more. Eternal Egypt—Omm el Dunya, as Egyptians say: Mother of the world...

Everything was the same, except that 22 years had gone by. My mother was dead, my father had moved to Beirut, and I was married with three children. Time had passed and yet it had not. Time had collapsed onto itself to form what felt like a magical bubble outside of time, or so it felt to me.
My days were strangely charged and intense. At night, I would fall into a deep comatose sleep. I am usually a neurotically light sleeper, but during those months nothing could wake me until I would hear the Muezzin’s song, the call to prayer at dawn. But I really knew that something was strange when, one day, Mr. Austin turned to me in exasperation (he had clearly tried to bite his tongue for a while, but as many of you might know, such restraint has never been his forte) and said: “Monica, I am going to have to say this: you are turning into a vapid airhead. All you do is eat, go to the club, and sit around.”

And then, as if producing the incontrovertible proof of my ditsification: “What’s the last book you’ve read in the past two months?” I protested that I was in the midst of a book, but that I was finding it heavy going. The plot was confusing. Couldn’t tell for sure what was happening, couldn’t quite keep track of the characters. In fact, wasn’t even sure who was speaking...

As I looked up at him, I realized that he had been staring at me, in disbelief. “Listen to yourself. You sound like the English student from hell. What’s happening to you?” He was right—I had started at least five different books, and I would somewhat randomly pick one up at night; I would read a couple of pages, without retaining a word. I’d start over, and then over again, and then, I would be asleep. What was wrong with me?

I wasn’t sure. All I knew was that I couldn’t read a thing. What was going on?

Well, for starters, there were the friends and family and staff who watched me searchingly those first few weeks, curious about how I was making the transition back—or perhaps I should say they were listening to me searchingly: was there a slight new twang to my French accent? How much of my Arabic could I summon back up? How many of the verbal nuances of Arabic had I retained? Without fail, at some point or another, friends and family members would each come, and, in their own way, volunteer their analysis of how my language skills were or were not measuring up to their expectations.

As I quickly realized, this scrutiny wasn’t simply about language, of course, but about sensibility—losing the language, failing to resurrect the verbal distinctions that don’t exist in English meant a lot more than just losing the language. It meant a loss in sensibility, a loss of a way of thinking, of feeling, and of seeing the world.

I knew this, and so spoke carefully—I could feel the weight of each word I used, its far-reaching resonances, the occasional and miraculous perfect pitch and far more frequent jarring notes. I was intensely aware of how they fell on other ears—and I sensed the underlying question on everyone’s mind: had I changed or was I the same old Monica? Had I crossed over that invisible line and turned into a khawagaya, a foreign woman, or was I still one of them?

So I began watching myself too, and became aware that I was seeing everything through multiple prisms simultaneously. I was seeing things as I did when I had lived there last; those impressions remained intact. And, at the same time, I was seeing them through the perspective of my present self. But I was also seeing them through Mr. Austin’s eyes, and through my children’s eyes, each of whom was going through his and her own set of
I have Arab friends and family who feel that they can no longer in good conscience travel to the U.S., given the havoc we have and continue to wreak in the Arab world. They have stopped coming here. I know that they are right to feel outraged.

I, on the other hand, make the switch quickly. But I realize, now, that the root of this skill is compartmentalization. I have always been able to turn the switch on or off different parts of my life as needed, and pretty successfully keep the various parts and stages of my life separate. None of this is conscious, but I see pretty clearly now that I have avoided, as best I can, those messy moments when different parts of my life make contact, when selves collide, something some of you have perhaps felt before, perhaps as recently as Parents Weekend...

What do we fear exactly when different parts of our lives come into contact with each other? That, deep down, we are incoherent, contradictory? That perhaps the pieces of who we are don't fit together after all? That the center won't hold—because...there is no center?

No doubt this is a normal fear. We all like clarity. We all want control over what we call our identity. We want to project a compelling and powerful self, and surely, we feel, that must mean a clearly defined self. Even Isabel, our six-year-old, seemed to feel that need for a clearer, and cleaner, sense of self. One afternoon in Cairo after a long day at school, she asked me what her nationality was. She listened quietly, if a little anxiously, as I launched into a complicated litany: “Well,” I told her, “you are many things: you

adjustments to this world.

So, for instance, an old family friend, Sherif, whose charm I had always felt as a young girl, instantly generated that old warm feeling in me upon seeing him again. But I could also now see how much that easy charm depended on a sense of unquestioned social power that I now found distasteful. Then, in a flash, I would anticipate how quirky and appealing his sense of humor would seem to Mr. Austin; but also how unsettling he would find the cynicism of my friend’s political views, something I had never really noticed before.

At the same time I would realize how fascinating Sherif would appear to Isabel, who would be mesmerized by his voice and accent and try to imitate it. (Hopefully she would wait until after he left.) Alexander would love Sherif’s worry beads and would almost certainly try to stash them away in his treasure box. Maia would be amused by his strange beard, and a little abashed at his insistent claim on her.

All of this would register almost simultaneously in me. And while I had known Sherif well for many years, and he seemed utterly unchanged, it was also as if I was seeing him for the first time, and recognizing aspects of him that I had never noticed before.

And it dawned on me: if the pleasure of reading fiction comes from inhabiting a perspective other than your own, entering someone else’s world and seeing it through his or her eyes, no
are part American through dad and through my mother, you’re Lebanese because of Giddo in Beirut, and you are part Egyptian because...” She cut me off firmly, shaking her head: “No mom, no—you’ve forgotten. I’m from St. Andrew’s!” And for the next four months she pointedly told everyone she could that she hailed from a country called St. Andrew’s, and that she would be returning there very soon.

Of course, developing a coherent identity as an Arab-American these days is no easy feat. The Us/Them divide seems to undermine any attempt at a hyphenated identity. Arabs are perhaps the last remaining ethnic group that we still publicly denigrate with impunity. And even the most open-minded and best-intentioned American can’t help but think of the Middle East as synonymous with violence, instability, hostility, sexism, fanaticism.

So I often find myself paralyzed by contradictions: yes, there is violence and instability, and yet... it is also the place in the world I feel safest; it is the most gentle and peaceful culture I know. Yes, it is a sexist culture in many ways and yet... some of the most colorful, dynamic and outspoken women I know are Arabs and have shaped my ideas on feminism. Conversely, I have Arab friends and family who feel that they can no longer in good conscience travel to the U.S, given the havoc we have and continue to wreak in the Arab world. They have stopped coming here. I know that they are right to feel outraged. And yet this place is my home; and, while I share their anger and disillusionment, a part of me can’t help but feel, in some basic way, that by turning their backs on the U.S., they are also turning their backs on me.

But that is another subject—I’d like to end with a passage by Edward Said, a professor of mine and Mr. Austin’s in graduate school. Some of you have studied him in colonial history with Ms. McGrath, I know, and others of you might know or have heard of him as a literary critic, a historian and a musician. He was also a Palestinian, born in Palestine, raised in Cairo, and educated in the U.S.

In his memoirs, Said charts the feeling of being “out of place,” a feeling that trailed him all his life. His memoirs are a beautiful meditation on this state of belonging nowhere and therefore everywhere, and of his ability, late in life, to embrace this state of being, discomforts and all, rather than fight it. Instead of compartmentalization, he calls for continuum; instead of an integrated whole, he describes currents of being. This is his last book—he died in New York City two years ago shortly after publishing it—and he closes his memoirs with these words:

“I occasionally experience myself as a cluster of flowing currents. I prefer this to the idea of a solid self, the identity to which so many attach so much significance. These currents, like the themes of one’s life, flow along during the waking hours and at their best, they require no reconciling, no harmonizing. They are ‘off’ and may be out of place, but at least they are always in motion, in time, in place, in the form of all kinds of strange combinations moving about, not necessarily forward, sometimes against each other, contrapuntally yet without one central theme. A form of freedom, I’d like to think, even if I am far from being totally convinced that it is...With so many dissonances in my life I have learned actually to prefer being not quite right and out of place.”

photo by Tony Rinaldo
IN THE CLASSROOM:

Art Majors

Question 1: Who am I, where do I come from and where do I think that I am going?

Question 2: What about the world that I live in do I feel strongly about, and how can I most powerfully describe this belief?

Do these sound like questions for a Religious Studies term paper? Topics for an ethics course, or excerpts from a Friday chapel service? Perhaps the third and final question of the series will shed some light:

Question 3: What materials and compositional resources are at my disposal for creating an articulate, expressive and visual statement?

For Art Department Chair John McGiff, the first two questions are no less about art and visual expression than the final, more pointed probe. John frames the fall term of the VI Form Art Major course around these questions, demanding that students act as independent thinkers and creators as they interrogate their own beliefs and intentions as artists.

Indeed, this fall has been a busy season of production and evaluation for the art majors. With 13 seniors—among the largest classes since it was first offered—this intensive studio course asks students to explore and experiment with new media, methods and concepts in their own work.

Three projects during the fall challenge the art majors to step out of their comfort zone, and experiment with new techniques, materials and creative approaches. In their first assignment, the student-artists select two or three photographic images, and then combine them in such a way that the result is a thoughtful, new composition. Using at least three different media in the making of this work, John encourages them to “work large,” creating pieces that are, on average, three by five feet. The process of “finding” the resulting image is the main emphasis of the project.

“Experimentation and risk are emphasized over a polished product,” John said.

Subsequent projects push students to consider their identity as individuals and artists: they create a self-portrait without focusing on the face, and depict something they consider an “icon” of their world. Art, for these students, is not just about technique, but about the meaning and intention of the artist and her work.

In what the art majors call “the icon project,” students choose an icon and represent it as they choose. The class examines a range of icons—ranging from Byzantine religious paintings on wood and in mosaic, to Warhol’s silkscreens of Marilyn Monroe, Elvis and Elizabeth Taylor.
On the most basic level, this project asks the student to ask what makes a modern icon, and what has meaning in their lives and society. Then, of course, they must choose how they will represent the meaning and role of this icon. Will they be critical, ironic, or merely exploratory in their representation?

Jean Li '06 chose the Starbucks logo as her icon. “Why is it so appealing? Why do people choose that over every other kind of coffee?” she asks. “I want to explain the package that Starbucks sells.” Her icon will incorporate images of exotic landscapes—“mountains in the background,” she envisions—as well as the urban images of cities where Starbucks thrives, seemingly, on every corner.

Liz Court '06 will explore images of her home state of California, symbols such as the Golden Gate Bridge and the Hollywood sign. Jane Wagner '06 has planned a painting of Martha Stewart behind bars, holding a green, decaying cake. And Biz Forbes '06 will rework the traditional icon of the Virgin and Child, replacing the holy mother with the pop music icon, Madonna. Celebrities, she asserts, hold the same kind of cultural power and sway as religious images in the medieval period.

“The icon project helps us develop meaning in our projects. Each person’s icon is different, and so it has such a power for us,” Biz said.

As students explore the motivations and passions that drive their own artistic production, they also consider the choices other artists and lovers of art have made, how they have created meaning through art. In that vein, the art majors recently visited the Barnes Foundation, a remarkable collection and art education center outside of Philadelphia.

“We go to the Barnes Foundation because there is a cacophony of voices in every room of the collection,” John said.

Biz remarks, “The Barnes is special because it’s so overwhelming. There’s no space on the walls—everything is taken up. What is really interesting is the way Albert Barnes—it’s his collection—set it up so that one painting would bring out the best in another painting next to it.”

The Barnes Foundation is indeed special. Established in 1922 by inventor Dr. Albert C. Barnes, the stated mission of the Foundation was then to “promote the advancement of education and the appreciation of the fine arts.” To the present day, the Barnes Foundation aims to facilitate both education about and appreciation of art.

Housed in Barnes’ 18th century farmhouse, the remarkable collection consists mainly of major Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works, although
non-Western art and antiquities are also represented. As Barnes stated in his will, he hoped the house would remain “a living museum” dedicated to art and art education.

“Many people say that those art works weren’t made to be put together,” Biz said, after this, her second trip to the Foundation. “Barnes’ purpose was to bring art to the masses. Without an art historical background, it is hard to understand the art works when they are by themselves.”

The careful, if sometimes unusual, arrangement of works in the farmhouse, Biz argues, helps you appreciate the various elements of the pieces that otherwise you might not notice. In other ways, too, the Barnes differs from more traditional museums. For instance, the collection lacks the short summary descriptions included in most galleries. Only the artist, title and date are labeled for most works.

Liz Court believes this allows greater space for interpretation. “It’s all about looking and seeing what styles you can see for yourself, and how they contrast to each other,” she said.

John agrees. “We do not take the audio tour but I ask students to take notes,” he said. “This is a great opportunity for students to gravitate to strategies of composing, designing, choice of subject matter, that will hopefully inform their personal choices down the road.”

While the Barnes collection consists of many canonical Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings, the art majors were able to discern a remarkable diversity of styles and methods, and to discuss how these approaches might translate into their own work.

The Barnes allowed Jean “to see different styles of painting, different directions you can push your techniques and what you are trying to express.”

So what did the art majors see, in fact, at the Barnes? In the midst of this “overwhelming” visual experience, what made a lasting impression?

Confessing that she took pages of notes on the collection, Biz reflected on some of the different styles she observed: “Renoir has a very wispy brush stroke—you can see each individual stroke, but it’s so soft and smooth. You see Seurat, very exact and pointed. Then Cezanne, bold and dark. Then Renoir, light and floaty. One might not think that having that individual style can be so different, but you can have such a range.”

“I saw art work that came from different intentions,” Liz said. “And we want to be aware of our different intentions when we paint.”

As the art majors experience images together and discuss different approaches, they try to develop greater appreciation of their own artistic identities, as well as the art they encounter, both in museums and in their daily lives. Because, at the end of the day, it is all about a love of art for these students.

“I loved all the Matisses,” Biz said. “There’s this one—I think it’s called ‘Woman in the red hat.’ Matisse is so vibrant and so bold. You can’t help but love it. It’s literally eye candy—there’s nothing interrupting these colors. It’s powerful.”
For members of the St. Andrew’s Vestry, the student organization that decides which charities to support with each term’s chapel offerings, the choice of worthwhile programs and causes is never easy. Vestry members try to address both global and local needs, as they look for ways to connect the programs they pick to the life of the School. The Vestry often supports groups associated with the School’s Episcopal identity, and St. Mark’s College in South Africa is a perennial favorite [see article on p. 34].

As new Vestry members and returning VI Form leaders met with their advisor, Chaplain Joy Walton, in September, they decided on projects that would combine Vestry traditions with current and immediate needs in the local and world communities.

This fall, the Vestry raised several thousand dollars for Episcopal Relief and Development to help victims of Hurricane Katrina. In addition to money for Katrina relief, John Reynolds ’06 also organized a food and supplies drive on campus. The items that were collected were loaded onto a School truck, which was driven by faculty members Jay Hutchinson, Michael Hyde and David Miller to a devastated Episcopal parish in Louisiana. Looking to focus their attention globally, Vestry members decided to devote the winter offering to helping victims of the earthquake that struck Pakistan in October, leaving over 70,000 dead and twice that number injured. So far, Vestry has raised $2,000 for Pakistan relief. Vestry members are also planning a future project to address the Malawi famine.

“It is important that the Vestry be adaptable to current world issues,” said Allison Stewart ’06.

“St. Andrew’s must be aware of global issues, and Vestry hopes to contribute to community awareness. This year Vestry has tried to reach out as we have come to realize the importance and value of monetary aid in humanitarian issues.”

Closer to home, the Vestry enjoyed an unexpected windfall during the last term. French teacher Kevin Schroedter, whose photographs of his travels were displayed in the Faculty Art Space in the O’Brien Arts Center this fall, sold prints of his photographs during Parents Weekend. Kevin donated the proceeds of this sale to the Vestry, which in turn has earmarked it for Andrew’s Place, a soup kitchen in Wilmington. The annual Turkey Trot, pictured above, also supports Andrew’s Place. The Vestry will donate a total of $1,500 to Andrew’s Place this term.
In the early days of spring 2005, Candy Schuller, at the time the acting director of college counseling, proposed that St. Andrew’s start an organic garden on the campus to allow students to get their hands dirty and engage in an activity that was, literally, productive. As a nice side-effect, the dining hall might eventually receive some produce and faculty on campus during the summer could co-op the garden and share the produce. She mentioned the subject to Director of Advancement Joy McGrath ’92, who she knew had grown up on a farm, and Peter McLean, biology teacher and dean of all things environmental at St. Andrew’s for nearly two decades. With that conversation, St. Andrew’s Organic Garden was born.

A group formed, including VI Formers Alicia Repeczky ’05 and Becca Zendt ’05, and faculty volunteers, including Candy Schuller, Joy McGrath, Esther Hsiao and her three children, Jiadi, Jiakai and Jiachi, Margaret Coffey and others, and began raising seedlings in the greenhouse attached to Amos Hall. The group was shepherded by volunteer and St. Andrew’s parent Mike McGrath P’92,01, who worked on and then ran a family vegetable and greenhouse farm for over 30 years before becoming the director of farmland preservation for Delaware and the Delaware Department of Agriculture’s chief planner.

By late April and early May, plants were set into a 5,000 square-foot plot plowed by one of the School’s farmers, Gary Simendinger, and prepared by Mike McGrath. To control weeds, retain soil moisture and enrich soil carbon content, a method of growing plants through an 8- to 10-inch layer of straw mulch, developed by organic gardener and writer Ruth Stout, was adopted for the garden. Hundreds of plants—lettuce, tomatoes, peppers, hot peppers, squash, cucumbers, pumpkins, cantaloupe, watermelons, lima beans, green beans, eggplant, sweet potatoes, broccoli, Jersey Wakefield and Savoy cabbage—were set out from the greenhouse. Some, like fennel, sweet potatoes, carrots, turnips, beets, radishes and some of the herbs, were direct-sown into the garden.

“We really entered the summer thinking this was strictly a test period,” said garden organizer Joy McGrath, “but it became obvious by late June that we had completely underestimated Mother Nature and the richness of the soil in this area.” There were many weeks when the entire McGrath family spent hours every day harvesting vegetables and managing other aspects of the garden. Throughout the summer the naturally rich soil available on campus, amended with composted manure from the horses on campus—kept by music teacher Fred Geiersbach and his wife, equestrian Carla...
Geiersbach—sustained plants and crops that otherwise were experiencing widespread failure throughout Delaware and Maryland.

Just one example was the cucumber crop. During the summer of 2005, there was a total crop loss of cucumbers throughout Delaware and Maryland—no cucumbers actually reached the commercial markets due to an outbreak of deadly (to cucurbits) powdery mildew throughout the region during the record-setting moisture levels in June and July. St. Andrew’s Organic Garden featured a test plot of 15 English-style cucumbers. While the cucumbers in the garden suffered from mildew, the plants remained healthy, producing an estimated 400 pounds of cucumbers from the plants, providing staff and faculty with massive supplies of the salad vegetable.

“In retrospect,” Joy said, “I often felt like the campus vegetable pusher, traversing the campus nightly in muddy overalls, forcing absurd quantities of cucumbers and other crops onto unsuspecting faculty and their children.”

Organic methods were used in the garden to control insects, weeds and disease. To combat the powdery mildew, for example, Joy ran tests of natural fungicides: a weak nonfat milk solution and a weak baking soda and canola oil solution. Both worked well in protecting the plants. Esther Hsiao’s children helped get the best of a late-season outbreak of tomato hornworms in the tomatoes and peppers, collecting many of the pests and eliminating them from the garden. Herb plantings also attracted braconid wasps to the garden.

These beneficial insects lay their eggs in the worms, the larvae attach to the hornworm, feed on the worm and eventually kill it. Gardeners also used companion planting, a technique of planting where species that assist each other are planted together. Six-foot-tall French marigolds were planted near tomatoes to deter nematodes, borage was planted near squash and eggplants to encourage pollination and castor beans were planted to drive underground mammals from the garden.

When students arrived in the fall, they could again sign up for Organic Garden as an afternoon activity. Adrian Holman ’07 worked with Joy daily throughout the fall. Vegetables were continuously harvested and small test plots of fall crops were planted, such as a Chinese vegetable garden, mesclun greens, arugula, spicy mustard, kale, Swiss chard and radishes. By mid-November, the first killing frost had not yet arrived in Delaware. Three to four five-gallon buckets of peppers per week were brought to the dining hall for the salad bar and greens were brought into Wednesday night supper on a regular basis. Enough greens were harvested from the test plots throughout the fall to feed eight to 10 families, if they were eating greens every night as a main course.

Another fall task centered on the compost piles used to nourish the garden. Horse manure from the Geiersbachs’ horses and Chesa Profaci’s horse farm was mixed with leaves and grass clippings from around campus along with garden refuse. Adrian and Joy constructed large bins using fence posts and wire fencing, lined with paper or plastic to hold the compost while it decomposed into rich soil. The compost will be used to make soil blocks for starting crops in the greenhouse next spring.

On a garden work-day on November 4, teachers Ben ’97 and Christina Kennedy, John Austin ’83, his son Alexander, Esther Hsiao, along with students Adrian Holman, Charlotte Rajasingh ’07, Nici Fleischer ’07, Kate Hardwick ’07, Alex Falciani ’07, Dan Ventura ’07, harvested the bumper...
crop of sweet potatoes and experimental plot of Jerusalem artichokes. About 50 pounds of Jerusalem artichokes were harvested from six plants and nine five-gallon buckets full of sweet potatoes were harvested from only 11 plants. The potatoes cured at 80 degrees in the School’s boiler room for a few weeks; the potatoes fed the entire School at the Christmas holiday meal.

On the same day, biology teacher Dan O’Connell brought one of his biology classes to the garden for their lab period. The class was studying carbon cycles and O’Connell read an e-mail about the sweet potatoes earlier in the day and thought it was a good opportunity for students to learn about biological concepts in a more hands-on way. According to Dan, “We had been asking the question, ‘Where does the matter in your body come from?’ After tracing our body’s matter back to the food we eat, we then wanted to take it back one step further by asking, ‘How does the food we eat get the material it uses for its body?’ There is something particularly surprising, and enlightening, about the way potato tubers, which have never seen the light of day, are the product of photosynthesis. It often seems to students like plants get their material from the soil, when, in fact, almost all comes from the air. Seeing that much potato made the point nicely.” The students had the chance to dig up a hill of the potatoes and dig them out with their hands, examining the incredible biomass living beneath the plants.

During its first winter, the group will plan for the spring. A group of volunteers will also help with a “greenhouse raising” near the site of the garden so that workers can plant more efficiently. A skeletal greenhouse was salvaged from a government building that was tearing it down—students and faculty will work to create a foundation and re-glaze it with high-tech polycarbonate. After a six-month period of experimentation, testing and learning, the group hopes to see an even more productive spring this year, with some crops going into the ground as soon as it thaws. “We are certain this garden has the potential to change the way we eat and think about our food at St. Andrew’s,” said Joy. “From the beginning of our history, St. Andrew’s was very much a farm school, where students worked in the barns and fields to help sustain the campus. Everyone who has worked in the garden, or even visited it, thinks that model still has great validity and beauty today.”

Varieties Favored in Initial Garden Testing

These varieties are only a handful of those that proved to be copious producers with excellent endurance in the St. Andrew’s Organic Garden during the 2005 growing season.

- Ambrosia cantaloupes
- Ancho Poblano peppers
- Belstar broccoli
- Black Simpson lettuce
- Blue Lake green beans
- Chioggia beets
- Cocozelle zucchini
- Genovese basil
- Jerusalem artichokes
- Nantes carrots
- Osaka Purple mustard greens
- Peter Pan hybrid pattypan squash
- Porto Rico sweet potatoes
- Super Sugar Snap peas
Talk of the T-Dock

midsummer night’s dream
This fall’s production of “A Midsummer Night's Dream” marked the beginning of the 2005-2006 theater season for a group of new and veteran performers. Under the guidance of theater director Sarah Bowers ’00, who returns to St. Andrew’s this year during the sabbatical of Ann McTaggart ’86, an enthusiastic troupe tackled the Shakespeare favorite with fresh eyes, bodies and spirits.

While an oft-performed play, “Dream” marked a first for many St. Andrew’s Players, new and returning to the stage of Forbes Theater.

This was the first performance of Shakespeare for John Reynolds ’06, who took on the royal vestments as Theseus, the stable and heroic duke of Athens.

“It opened my eyes to both the beauty and difficulty of performing this kind of play,” John said.

Last year, John participated in the “Laramie Project.” This year, as one of nine VI Formers in the production, he reflected on the kind of collaboration that such a production demands.

“I learned that the bond between the cast members makes or breaks a play,” John said. “There is no ‘I’ in theater.”

Matt Wiltshire ’08 had the audience rolling with laughter with his outrageous rendition of Flute, who is forced to play the part of a young girl, Thisbe, in the craftsmen’s play. Playing opposite the audaciously confident Nick Bottom (John Whitesell ’06), Matt adopted the dress and coiffe of his absurd and hilarious character.

“I was able to take a small role and have a lot of fun with it. I learned a lot about myself as an actor. If I put my mind to it, I can do any role.”

Director Sarah Bowers ’00 could not have been more pleased with the cast, and her first production on the directing end of a Forbes Theater play. “With only five weeks to create the show, rehearsals had to be full force from the beginning,” Sarah said. “I was so impressed by how easily this commitment came from this cast.”

“The stage can be a difficult place for young people who can be apprehensive about being bold, loud, invested. This cast, however, held nothing back, and immediately sought to bring color and life to their performances. It was this early investment that ultimately defined the world of this play;”

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On the Sunday following All Saints’ Day, St. Andrew’s celebrated a special Eucharist dedicated to remembering the lives of the recently departed. With faculty and guest chamber musicians, the Choral Scholars and Chorale performed selections from John Rutter’s contemporary Requiem. The performance began with counterpart psalms included in the Requiem—first the haunting “Out of the Deep,” and finally “The Lord is My Shepherd,” presented as a duet with VI Formers Dana Daugherty and Asa Rose Shenandoah. “Pie Jesus,” a deeply moving personal prayer, featured soprano Emily Ross ’08.

Along with the members of Chorale and Choral Scholars, faculty and guest musicians completed the chamber accompaniment. The ensemble included assistant headmaster and cellist Peter Caldwell, flutist Fred Geiersbach and organist and choir director Gary Harney, as well as friends Anna Montefio on oboe and Allison Reese on harp.
Two major exhibitions were mounted in the Warner Gallery during the fall. In the first, the faculty of the Arts Department exhibited their work. Later in the fall, noted artist Mary Putman’s massive paintings graced the gallery’s walls.

From top to bottom:

Torsion, Demond L. Baine
Ceramic
© 2005

Paintings from the collection of Mary Putnam
Energy initiatives abound

This fall, the School has developed a new energy management program, designed to help facilities personnel more effectively manage utility consumption. This winter the School will face double jeopardy on energy costs: fuel prices are at historic highs nationally and Delaware's electric rates will rise in May. In 1999 Delaware's electric utilities were restructured, but prices were frozen until a competitive market for electric was established. The rates will be un-frozen on May 1, 2006. Experts predict that customers can expect a 25 to 40 percent increase on the supply portion of their bill. These external developments underscore the importance of St. Andrew's policies related to energy conservation.

In larger school buildings, a new digital control energy management system allows maintenance personnel to monitor and adjust settings from a central location. The system also alerts controllers to any mechanical problems in the system. This is particularly helpful in reducing usage during School breaks. Last year the School worked with the local gas utility to bring natural gas pipelines to the campus, and this summer it completed the task of installing dual fuel burners for all its major boilers, allowing the School to heat with either oil or natural gas.

Along with the rest of the United States, the School has prepared for a cold winter and rising fuel costs. Russ Perry, manager of facilities operations, monitors the gas and oil markets daily, to secure the best fuel prices for the School. Pre-purchasing allows Russ to secure the necessary fuel at the best prices.

Although the School provides utilities in faculty residences, increased awareness of the cost of these utilities will help faculty monitor their own energy usage. Beginning this winter, each faculty resident will receive an energy "usage bill," detailing how much oil and electric the home used, as well as tips on how to conserve energy. Simple tasks, such as turning off lights, setting thermostats back and securely shutting windows can significantly help residents reduce the amount of energy they consume.

Optimum lighting efficiency has been at the center of the School's efforts to promote energy stewardship. As is so often the case, lighting efficiency directly translates into dollars saved on energy costs. Many classrooms have recently been retrofitted with more energy-efficient lighting fixtures; as further renovations are completed in Founders Hall and around campus, the School will continue to replace older fixtures with lighting that is efficient and appropriate for classroom spaces.

The School's fleet of diesel vehicles and equipment are now fueled with purchased biodiesel fuel, B-20. The students enrolled in Environmental Science have been investigating the practicality and benefits of biodiesel at St. Andrew's, derived from the kitchen's used cooking oil. The kitchen uses about 60 gallons of oil each month; this used oil is typically picked up by a candle-making company in Dover, Del. According to science teacher Peter McLean, the students anticipate benefits in terms of costs, emissions and engine performance. The environmental science students will test their fuel on the cars of volunteers Farley and Ingrid Toothman P'06, '07, '08 and faculty member Fred Geiersbach.

St. Andrew's Using Compact Fluorescent Bulbs in Common Rooms; Students Can Purchase at a Discount for their Rooms

Fluorescent lamps are much more efficient than incandescent bulbs and last 6 to 10 times longer. Although fluorescent and compact fluorescent (CFL) bulbs are more expensive than incandescent bulbs, they pay for themselves by saving energy over their lifetime.

This table assumes the light is on for 6 hours per day and that the electric rate is 10 cents per kilowatt-hour.

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<th></th>
<th>27 Watt Compact Fluorescent</th>
<th>100 Watt Incandescent</th>
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This information was provided by the U.S. Department of the Interior, http://www.doi.gov/greening/energy/bulbs.html.
Volleyball assembles best record in St. Andrew’s history

The varsity volleyball team finished the fall 2005 season with a record of 9–5, the best record in St. Andrew’s School history. The team’s remarkable stamina, composure, teamwork and enthusiasm led to memorable end of the season wins over Sanford and Tatnall; both matches went to a competitive and exhilarating fifth game.

Every member of the varsity squad played a significant role in the team’s success. Four players, in particular, received special recognition in the fall athletic assembly.

Dana Daugherty ’06, co-captain and three-season varsity starter, received the Coach’s Award. Volleyball is a fast-paced, mental game. Dana possesses a unique ability to play the game point by point. She is able to refocus quickly, which has made her a dependable, all-around player.

Mariana Silliman ’07 and Eloise Repeczky ’07 received the award for Most Improved Player. Although Mariana was a central player for the team last year, she brought her game to a new level this season. She dominated the court from the front row with strategically placed hits, tips and blocks. Mariana received All-Conference Honorable Mention.

Although Eloise has only been playing volleyball for two seasons, she earned a spot in the starting line-up this fall and became one of St. Andrew’s most composed and consistent players. In St. Andrew’s closest games, Eloise proved to be one of the most reliable servers and defenders. Eloise also received All-Conference Honorable Mention.

Stephanie Chuub ’06, co-captain, received the award for Most Valuable Player. Stephanie is one of the best all-around players in Delaware. Despite her small size, Stephanie can do it all—hit, block, tip, dig, set and serve. Everyone who sees her play is impressed by her ability and effort. Stephanie received first team all-conference recognition.

Undoubtedly, fall 2005 will remain a memorable season for St. Andrew’s volleyball. Although the squad must say goodbye to senior leaders Dana Daugherty and Courtney Meis, they have high hopes for fall 2006!

Boys’ soccer

After winning only two games last season, the boys’ soccer team finished the 2005 season 7-6-2, 2-4-2 in the Independent Conference.

Sixth Formers Arkadiusz Adamczyk, Sam Arnold, Pierce Lopez, Cale Grove, Dong-Hun Lee, Brett Wilkinson, Dave Mannion and co-captains Jamie Devereux and Mac McCallum exemplified the tenacity and competitive spirit that enabled the team to have a successful season. Each senior genuinely enjoyed competing. Whether working on a drill in practice or down 3-0 to Tower Hill in the final game of the season, this team’s leaders, through hard, clean play, set the standard for acceptable engagement and effort.

While next year’s team will miss the leadership and strong play of this group of seniors, the contributions of several key underformers, including V Formers Tyler Caldwell and Rob Bryan, and IV Former Evan Armstrong, give considerable hope to next year’s team. With seven returning starters, St. Andrew’s aspires to build upon this season’s success in 2006.

Six players earned post-season honors at the conference and state level: Mac McCallum earned honorable mention all-conference; Evan Armstrong, Cale Grove and Dave Mannion earned second team all-conference; Rob Bryan earned first team all-conference; Tyler Caldwell earned first team all-conference and third team all-state, the.
Girls’ soccer posts winning season
The girls’ varsity soccer team enjoyed a number of successes this season, finishing with an impressive record of 7-2-2. With only 11 games to play, the team relished every chance to compete and improved its overall performance with each match. Jen Cuervo ’06 and Asa Rose Shenandoah ’06 held the defense together, while Paige Bayless ’06 and Alexa Caldwell ’07 controlled the central midfield. Alexa notched 12 goals to match the single-season scoring record; Molly Whiteman ’06 and Katie Garvey ’06 scored seven and five goals, respectively.

The Saints’ final game against Shipley ended the season on a high note: goalkeeper Sutton Brown ’07 recorded 13 saves, and the offense tallied nine shots against an opponent who dominated St. Andrew’s just one year ago. This 0-0 draw combined with hard-fought 2-1 loss to The Hill School best reflected the team’s growth and tenacity.

Football ends 5-3
At season’s end, varsity football enjoyed a 5-3 record, losing a very competitive game with Tatnall for the conference title and, of course, The Cannon. Until their meeting with St. Andrew’s, the Hornets had been un-scored-upon all season. St. Andrew’s lost the game in the second half, 24-21.

Sixth Form captains Ikenna Iheoma, Andrew Devlin and George Toothman led a relatively young team to this strong record. Ikenna, who is a repeat first team all-conference player, leads the team in scoring with 15 touchdowns and has rushed for over 1,000 yards this season. Andrew demonstrated great leadership as a quarterback and a leading tackler as a linebacker. This year, he earned first team all-conference distinction.

Highlights this season include a comeback win at George School, featuring Ikenna’s 75-yard kickoff return for a touchdown and Andrew Devlin’s 80-yard interception return for a touchdown. Homecoming weekend’s remarkable 20-13 victory against Tower Hill—a game whose fate was decided in the final minute—represented the biggest game of the season.

Chris Lyons ’06, Will Vega-Brown ’07 and Taylor Brown ’08 were first-time, first team all conference selections. George Toothman and Nwakibe Kanu ’07 earned honorable mention.
Talk of the T-Dock

**Girls’ cross-country**

The Saints’ cross-country team had a spectacular season, winning the Middletown Invitational Meet and compiling a 5-2 individual meet record. The team was larger than in years past, with a total of 18 runners. This year’s depth was demonstrated by the 12 girls who ran under 25 minutes in the standard 5K race. Notably, St. Andrew’s two losses were to Tower Hill (by a single point) and to national powerhouse, Tatnall. The loss to Tower Hill was later avenged in the DISC Championship, where the girls finished second behind Tatnall.

Brook Jackling ’06 set the pace for the rest of the team all year, emerging as a top-tier runner on the state level. Fourth Former Marina McGrail joined Brook at the front of the pack later in the year, scoring top honors in the final two of meets. Marti Dumas ’06 and Jessica Sipprelle ’08 held down the team’s third and fourth positions, while III Formers Sarah Haroldson and Sara Khan, along with senior Adelaide Belk, alternated throughout the season for the fifth scoring position. Karin Weston ’08, Ella Yates ’08 and Nina Fleischer ’09 all posted impressive improvements to knock on the door of the top seven.

Next year promises to be strong as well, with seven of the top 10 runners returning, and leadership provided by two-year veteran Parham Horn ’07.

**Boys’ cross-country**

Boys’ cross-country finished third in the DISC conference championship, two points ahead of arch-rival Sanford. Sanford had defeated the Saints on two earlier occasions by one point each time earlier in the season. The team also finished tenth in this year’s especially competitive State meet. Indeed, two years ago when the State meet was run on the same course, this year’s finishing times would have meant a fifth place ranking.

Leland Muller ’08 and Timmy Merlino ’09, two outstanding new students, helped the team a great deal. Timmy finished in the top five for St. Andrew’s in several key races, including the State Championship and DISC meets. Along with Jim McNinch ’07, he was a co-recipient of the Most Improved Player Award. Jim had a breakthrough season, progressing from being a JV runner last season to consistently finishing first or second for the team this year.
Henry Toothman ’07 was also a great new addition to the team who consistently scored as a varsity runner. Tommy Rogers ’08, David Fowler ’06 and David Agia ’06 were three returning varsity athletes who continued to run extremely well this year. David Agia was the team’s most valuable runner and co-captained the team along with David Fowler. His race in the state championship meet was the fastest of any St. Andrew’s runner since 1999. Tyler Nakonechny ’06 was an impressive leader for the underformers, improving consistently throughout the season and earning a place on the varsity squad. Finally, Assistant Coach Morgan Scoville ’00, who still holds the course records from his years as an outstanding student runner, brought great intensity to the team and motivated runners to do their very best.

“In my seven years working with the boys cross-country team at St. Andrew’s, no team has improved more dramatically than the team this year,” said Head Coach Dan O’Connell.

**Field hockey**

While finishing with a disappointing record, field hockey enjoyed a successful season in terms of consistent improvement, both as a team and in individual skills. Coaches Heidi Pearce and Elizabeth Roach emphasized field comfort and communication between players, while defense continued to direct the field and play of each game. Individually, players honed stick skills as well as mental intensity. Nancy Graves ’06 received second team all-conference distinction this year, and Kaity Moore ’08, Amanda Nakonechny ’08 and Hadley Roach ’07 received honorable mention all-

The field hockey team will say goodbye to VI Formers Katelyn Fanto, Ashley Panichelli, Eliot Brady, Joy Doyle, Nancy Graves, Kelsey Taylor, Biz Forbes and Liz Tooze.
Jennifer O’Neill
An interview with St. Andrew’s photography teacher

St. Andrew’s Magazine: What keeps alive your interest in documenting the precious articles and fashions of dolls, a passion one might have assumed to have changed into something else long ago?

Jennifer O’Neill: I have always enjoyed the world of make-believe. I think of my work as more about make-believe than fashion. I think it is about creating this kind of fantasy land. When I was younger I played with dolls and girly toys and all of that...puppets and theater things. It is a memory game—I hope my work plays with the idea of taking someone to a different place, if they look at the pictures and that triggers one of their memories. Or it's kind of playing with the idea of fantasy versus reality and creating a different world for people to play in intellectually. So the dresses in the exhibit this fall, they were really outlines of characters and now I’m creating a body of work that is more like a visual journal—those characters’ “stuff” and their little doll objects and things.

One of my teachers always talks about my work as a realm where I am the director and I’m directing all these characters and making these things happen. So if I am working with my stuff, my objects, and I have a little purse and a cut-off doll’s hand, for example, I might move them around and say, “Oh, this looks interesting next to that.” Sometimes I joke that the objects talk to me and sometimes when I put them together, they say, “I want to go over there...or we should move here.” I have a direct relationship with the objects like that—I set them up and I move them around and sometimes I feel like they dictate to me how things end up. I don’t start out saying “I’m going to do a picture of this, this and this.” I never know in
Introduction to Photography Mural Project

These murals are “photograms,” technically not photographs, according to teacher Jennifer O’Neill. The three sections of Introduction to Photography students (43 in all) took rolls of light-sensitive paper and rolled them out in a darkened room (not a darkroom), arranging themselves on the paper. When O’Neill turned the lights on in the room, the images were exposed—creating black space where light hit the paper, white space where it was covered in something opaque (a student’s body or thick clothing). Semi-transparent objects—like thinner clothing or the edges of fingers or noses—created shades of gray. After weeks of learning the techniques and technicalities of shooting, film processing, creating contact sheets and using the enlarger, O’Neill said she wanted students to learn that “with very little in the way of technology and precision, you can still have a lot of control in creating an image.”

them and move them around and look at them next to each other to decide what I’m going to buy. The same thing is true at a craft store, where I get little accessories—I lay them out and think about how they will be used and for me these purchases, they are about the experience and the hunt.

Then, getting them back to the studio is when I get them out to study them and organize them and really touching them to feel the textures and see them. Sometimes, I pin the clothes up on walls or bulletin boards, rearranging them and studying them. If I can hang them on the wall they turn into two-

advance what the relationships between the objects will be.

**SAM:** Speaking of fashion, you are easily one of the most fashionable teachers on the faculty. Does what you wear influence how you feel and why?

Do you do most of your clothes shopping online, or do you need to see and touch the materials of the wardrobe you will wear before you spring with plastic?

**JO:** Yes, absolutely. My clothes take into account so many factors in a day, the comfort of the clothes, the mood I’m in and all of that. What I am wearing has to reflect what I am feeling on any given day. I think the question about shopping on-line is easy to answer: I never, never, never shop on-line for myself or my doll clothes and fashions. When people see my work, they always ask, “Do you shop eBay for your Barbie clothes?” No! I have to touch everything 10 times before I buy it! When I go to Toys-R-Us to get Barbie clothes I take up the entire Barbie aisle and lay everything out. I have to see all the outfits in a row. For me, it’s about choices because I can’t buy everything that is available. I lay the packages out and arrange them and organize

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dimensional objects for me, like a gallery on the wall even before I take pictures.

**SAM:** What is different about teaching high school students, since your primary experience has been working with college-aged artists?

**JO:** Really, these kids are not much different than my college kids. The students here are so motivated and curious … I think of them as young adults. When I come to work every day I do not say to myself, “I’m going to teach high school students.” In fact, I have not really changed my curriculum at all. At this level I think you have to be patient, open-minded and enthusiastic. You also have to have perseverance. In photography, you can get discouraged easily and you can’t let that happen. You have to be willing to take risks and know that it’s not always going to turn out. That is part of the learning process and that is okay.

The funniest thing about the first critique is that students just love all their pictures and by the end of the year, that group of pictures they just loved, they are the first ones to say, “that is the worst—what was I thinking!” I have been surprised too that my students here have challenged me. We have had group discussions about a particular image and there have been times when my mind has not been changed about how I feel about the image and there have been times when my mind has been changed. In college students will tend to agree with their teacher, and they will appease the teacher to succeed in the class. Here, I feel like the students really are willing to challenge you—they want to critique. I feel that when the kids come to photography class at St. Andrew’s, they think of it as an academic course, which they should. That is a good feeling as an art teacher—to know that they are appreciating photography as an academic pursuit. 🌟

Pins and Needles (Silver Photogram, 30”x35”) from the photography of instructor Jennifer O’Neill
Asa Rose Shenandoah ’06

Activities
- VI Form president
- Choral Scholars
- Jazz Ensemble
- Varsity Soccer
- Varsity Wrestling
- Varsity Crew

Classes
- English VI
- Western Civilization
- AP Statistics
- Art Major
- Organic Chemistry
- Applied Ethics

Asa-Rose Shenandoah ’06 is co-president of this year’s VI Form. She has made a multitude of unique contributions to St. Andrew’s in her time at the School, including the accomplishment of being the first girl to wrestle and to be elected captain of the wrestling team.

Most recently, she organized an entire weekend of activities with members of her clan, part of the Onondaga Nation in New York. The group, including her grandmother, Clan Mother Audrey Shenandoah, visited the School, bringing their traditions of dance, lacrosse and spiritual communion to the students and faculty. Asa said, “I find that in any history class I have been in, here or elsewhere, there is not a lot taught about Native Americans. I find this odd because Native Americans are also ‘American,’ and the interactions between the native people of this land and Europeans are a very important part of history for the growth and development of the United States. Any part of Native American history I have learned in school is not only vague, but unlike the history that my family has taught me.

“A lot of students in my class have told me that they know close to nothing about my culture and background. There is never a large effort for people to learn about ‘real’ Native Americans. With my friends and community, I thought I would share some history, and a taste for where I come from in a fun and educational way. I thought it would bring the community a better understanding of our own history as Americans and a closer look at the unique culture that essentially exists in their own backyard.”

John Burk, faculty advisor to the Student Activities Committee, helped organize much of the weekend’s activities, and he also learned a great deal as the weekend progressed.

“Until two weeks ago, all I knew about Native Americans were the images I saw from attending Atlanta Braves games and watching ‘Chief Knock-a-Homer,’ one of the team’s former mascots,” John said.

But Asa’s weekend introduced John and many others to the variety and complexity of Onondaga and Iroquois societies.

“Like most things in history, I discovered that when you are willing to look past the easy answers, you find a rich, complex and vibrant history—and many lessons that are very applicable today.”
Each year, the Student Vestry reminds the School community to bring offerings for Chapel, to take part in the fall Turkey Trot, and to get excited for the winter Vestry Auction. These consistent reminders, these annual events, are part of the rhythm of the school year.

For many years, the members of the Student Vestry have sounded another common note: the mention of St. Mark’s College, our sister school in Jane Furse, South Africa. Money raised from the popular Vestry Auction is donated each year to St. Mark’s, and often the school is the focus of a season’s chapel offerings.

“Education is light”

Since its founding in 1985, St. Mark’s College in the Limpopo Province of South Africa has worked to improve the educational opportunities for all children living in this struggling region of the world. The school sets high academic standards, but also prides itself on providing an “all-around education” for students, with emphasis on leadership and community service in addition to academics and athletics. The school’s motto reflects its genesis in days that were perhaps not so optimistic for black South Africans hoping for an education: “Education Is Light.”

St. Mark’s is located near Jane Furse, a poor community of about 20,000 people where the literacy rate stands at 50 percent of the adult population. Since its inception, the School’s identity has been linked to the needs of this community and others like it throughout the country.

Children come to St. Mark’s from all over South Africa in order to gain the education their parents’ generation lacks, and in turn, they find themselves helping those same communities as part of St. Mark’s emphasis on service.

A variety of programs connect St. Mark’s students with the most disadvantaged children. In a program called “Saturday School,” St. Mark’s students tutor about 200 children from the poorer public schools in the Jane Furse area. Other schools are allowed to use the science labs at St. Mark’s. The school’s library hosts students from other nearby schools for reading sessions. On a bi-monthly basis, St. Mark’s facilitates a program for math and science teachers from 27 different schools to meet and share ideas, resources, and approaches to teaching. In addition, the school offers courses in adult literacy, computers and other training workshops to its staff and to the larger community.

As history teacher Nan Mein learned on her first introduction to St. Mark’s [see page 37], the school originally emerged as a response to the inequities of apartheid education. Archbishop Emeritus Desmond Tutu echoed this message when he described the school in the following way: “In the days of Bantu education only a few beacons of light relievied the darkness. St. Mark’s College was a particularly bright beacon. In those turbulent days St. Mark’s provided an education to our children not possible
in any government school. However St. Mark’s not only provided an excellent education it also strove to turn out well-rounded individuals ready to contribute meaningfully to society. Pupils, now doctors, engineers and other professionals, are living proof of this fact.”

Two Schools Connect

St. Andrew’s relationship with its sister school began in St. Mark’s infancy. In 1987, Nan Mein traveled with the then-bishop of Delaware, Cabell Tennis, to South Africa. The purpose of their trip was to initiate a companion relationship between the Diocese of Delaware and the Diocese of Pretoria. What developed was a bond between the two schools that would last through the disintegration of apartheid and then blossom into one of exchange and learning across time and place.

St. Mark’s stands ever in need of volunteer teachers, who, according to Jenny Hughes ’92, “are basically responsible for filling in the teaching gaps, helping in the dormitories, with

Voices of Experience

Phuti’s arrival, and his identity as both a St. Mark’s and St. Andrew’s student, marks a new stage in the relationship between the sister schools. Over the past two decades, however, the ties between the two places have become more immediate and more personal for the St. Andreans who have spent time at St. Mark’s.

St. Andrew’s alumni—including Jennifer Hughes ’92, Alec McCandless ’88, Ginna Purrington ’94, Laura Shaffer-Hand ’91 and Nick Conell ’00—have volunteered and lived at St. Mark’s for a semester or a year. Pippin Anderson ’91, who was the first St. Mark’s student to attend St. Andrew’s, also had thoughts to share. These first-person stories in the boxes on the following pages are an important part of St. Andrew’s and St. Mark’s history as well. In addition, a piece of fiction by writer Ginna Purrington ’94, which is inspired by her time in South Africa, is published on page 50.
sports and the weekly shopping trip for provisions. (Jane Furse was a very little town with not much to be had there except for washing soap and Cadbury chocolate!)

Through travel and service, students and faculty at St. Andrew’s have been able to experience for themselves the reality of education in South Africa. In 2001 and 2004, Joleen Hyde, assistant dean of students, coordinated trips to St. Mark’s. Another trip is planned for June 2006. In addition to travel to such landmarks as Kruger National Park and Robben Island (the former leper-colony-turned-political-prison where Nelson Mandela was incarcerated), students and faculty will also take part in community service projects at St. Mark’s and in the township of Soweto.

Joleen, who hails from Cape Town where her family still resides, explained the goals of these service-learning experiences: “The trip provides students with an integrated approach to learning and community involvement. They can be active in service while reflecting upon the complexities and challenges facing St. Mark’s, Cape Town and South Africa.

“The program is conducted in and intends to meet the needs of local communities. We can help foster civic responsibility, while engaging students in a rigorous community service program in villages, at schools and organizations that need assistance. And,” she noted, “it’s an opportunity to see firsthand a country in the aftermath of apartheid.”

St. Mark’s Comes to St. Andrew’s

This year a student from St. Mark’s is enrolled at St. Andrew’s, the second time such an exchange has taken place in the schools’ histories. The first time, Pippin Anderson ’01 attended St. Andrew’s during a gap year after graduating from St. Mark’s. Her recollections of St. Andrew’s are included in this article (page 41).

This year’s addition from St. Mark’s, Phuti Senyatsi, has become an integral member of the Class of 2006. Phuti arrived at St. Andrew’s in August and echoes the sentiment that one of the greatest gifts to St. Mark’s are the volunteers and teachers that are sent by St. Andrew’s and other schools in Great Britain and the United States.

“St. Mark’s is a great life-changing experience. Volunteer teachers who come to St. Mark’s tell me that going to St. Mark’s has changed their lives—they see students who don’t have much but are still satisfied with what they have,” Phuti said. “The students at St. Mark’s are working so hard for something they have never had before.”
While St. Mark’s and St. Andrew’s are very different, in some ways they are similar as well. Phuti explains that by South African standards, St. Mark’s is a very small school, with about 450 students in eighth grade through the last year of high school, which is similar to the British system with one additional VII Form year. Phuti began at St. Mark’s in III Form and graduated last year from VII Form at the age of 17.

An Episcopal school, St. Mark’s also has chapel services that are run by a student committee. Like St. Andrew’s, student committees run all aspects of life at St. Mark’s, but Phuti said this is unusual for a South African school.

“At St. Mark’s, we wanted everyone to have an opportunity to lead and had many committees and the education was absolutely wonderful. We had a lot of donors, scholarship opportunities, President Mandela came in 1990, and Desmond Tutu came,” according to Phuti.

Now, however, Phuti said there is a sense that the school has seen better days. “In the late 1990s more than 60 percent of students were on aid...St. Mark’s gave them a chance because of financial aid. But...their deficit was accumulating—
in 2001 the school was in deep financial trouble so they increased the school fees—from 7,000 rand they rose to 14,000 and then to 16,000 rand.” Because of financial difficulties, St. Mark’s is no longer an independent school, but now is a government school.

There is still a deep sense of pride among the students at St. Mark’s College. Said Phuti, “We have this hall of fame called ‘The Firsts.’ We had the first African woman chemical engineer in all of Africa. We had the first black South African actuary. We broke a few records with colleges. We had a lot of successful students.”

As a result of the great history of education at St. Mark’s, Phuti was not prepared to be particularly impressed when he first met students from St. Andrew’s. As he said, “South Africans think the average American student doesn’t like school, doesn’t like to go to college—because on TV they show American students who are ridiculous, who are not dedicated to their school work.”

When he met the group from St. Andrew’s in 2004, however, he met a different type of American. “The

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Nan Mein, history teacher
First visited St. Mark’s with Delaware’s Bishop Cabell Tennis in 1987

My task was to look at the roles of lay people in South Africa, but also to see if there was a school St. Andrew’s could relate with. In Pretoria, there were several day schools which were mainly white, with a few colored and black students. But we went out into the countryside, and drove all the way to St. Mark’s in Jane Furse.

Jane Furse was the daughter of an early 20th century bishop. They dedicated a hospital in her memory and also a school. But the apartheid laws killed the school. All schools that taught non-whites had to close. But parents of the children who had been to the Christian school were concerned. They begged the Church to find another school.

They were really breaking the apartheid laws. St. Mark’s was founded to give black Africans the same education that whites received. Peter and Elizabeth Anderson had founded an excellent school for whites. They left this excellent school in rich Cape Town and headed hundreds of miles away to found St. Mark’s.

When we arrived, we found overflowing dormitories, open-air classrooms and the biology lab contained in two suitcases the teacher would bring outside. The school resonated with me and with the Bishop. I came back convinced St. Mark’s was where St. Andrew’s should put its attention and donations.
impression I got when the St. Andrew’s students came there, was first of all, every South African thinks that Americans are arrogant people, proud, not nice people. When St. Andrew’s students came I was shocked at how nice everyone was, how much they smiled when they talked with you and things like that,” said Phuti.

He wanted to learn more, and Mike Hyde, who works in admission and the history department, told him about St. Andrew’s rigorous academic program. Phuti was prepared to enroll in a South African college, but did not like the South African system of deciding a major course of study before starting college. Attending St. Andrew’s and then possibly an American university seemed more appealing.

He described the calculus of deciding a major in South Africa: “In South Africa there is so much unemployment, so much poverty, so people choose courses in college because they want to be successful in the future—they choose to be engineers because they can work for mining companies, if they choose to be a lawyer or teacher, it is not going to be profitable.”

Culture Shock?

As Phuti prepared for his move to the United States, he discovered that his expectations about American culture did not always match up with what his friends imagined. “My friends would say, ‘you will be in America and meet famous people and celebrities’—and I would say, ‘I am going to be in Middletown, Delaware—I am not going to see any famous people.’” When he left South Africa last summer, Phuti knew his destination was not the Hollywood image of America. This perspective helped him remain relatively free of anxiety about what he might encounter at St. Andrew’s.

But some nagging concerns persisted, as they do for new students anywhere. As an international student in an unusual situation, Phuti wondered how he would be able to interact with these American students:

“How was I going to relate to the students? Is the humor going to be the same? Will I laugh at the same thing they do? Will I dress the same way they do? Do we think the same way about stuff and have the same perceptions about life? Would I like my friends here? Will I be happy here? Will I
Alec McCandless ’89
Taught at St. Mark’s in 1991-1992

In the fall of 1990, I sent a letter requesting information about the possibility of volunteering for a year at St. Mark’s. A month or so later, I received a letter from the head saying that he was thrilled that I wanted to come, and that he would expect to see me at the opening faculty meeting of the fall term on September 5th!

St. Mark’s is in northeast South Africa, in a black homeland called Lebowa. For a year, I was one of about 50 whites among over a million blacks in the homeland. In addition, there was only one other American, a nurse, who I saw only twice. The school is in the mountains, nearly a mile up, about three to four hours by ‘taxi’ (local, privately-run bus) from Pretoria/Johannesburg (assuming there were no ‘Taxi-wars’ going on, where the drivers and sometimes passengers shoot at taxis from opposing companies).

Mandela, who I was lucky enough to meet while at St. Mark’s, had been released the winter (1990-1991) before I showed up at the school. Reform was starting to sweep the country, and I was there for the last all-white election—about allowing non-whites to vote. St. Mark’s is in the ‘Transvaal’ region—the only region to vote no in that election.

It quickly became clear that Mandela would be the likely winner in the coming presidential election. The same government that had previously tried to kill him, and which had imprisoned him for a couple of decades, now started to work with him as they knew he would become the next president.

St. Mark’s is technically an interracial school, but the only white student to have attended the school was the daughter of the head. About half of the faculty was white; about half of them English speaking, the other Afrikaner. Most of the black faculty was Sotho, some Zulu. The same was true for the students. Historically, the Sotho and Zulu didn’t get along very well, but this caused few problems at the school. We even had a few students from Rwanda whose parents, physicians, had foreseen the problems there and gotten out early. Together, five or six languages were regularly spoken at the school, only one of which I understood.

Working at the school was very trying, but a formative experience for me. New to teaching, I struggled in the classroom and in the dormitory. Being part of a very small minority group was isolating but highly instructive. My humble attempts to learn Northern Sotho, a language completely unrelated to Indo-European forms, amused the locals more than it made me conversant.

In addition to teaching math, English, and southern African history, I helped with their rather informal soccer team and helped to start an agricultural education program. Once a week the volunteers would drive to Petersburg to shop for the school’s cafeteria, and we also did various duties and tasks around campus. This could range from the rather mundane supervising of laundry washing to the more unusual shovel-wielding tasks of killing of snakes and digging long-drop toilets.

Overall, I suspect that I learned much more than I taught. The experience was a remarkable one, and changed me in many ways. Both my time at St. Andrew’s and my work at St. Mark’s later lead me to enter independent school teaching, though my work now bears little resemblance to my time in South Africa. I have spoken on a few occasions since about St. Mark’s, yet I always feel like I am leaving too much out. Phuti would probably say the same. Africa is a complex place, alien to our experience in innumerable ways. I follow the news about southern Africa now, and feel both nostalgic and pained to read about current events there. And yet I have hope for the future, for the school, and for the people I came to know.
miss home? Will the students be nice? After all, I am just this guy from South Africa coming as a senior and getting all these privileges. Would they think me an ignorant African who knows nothing about life?

“But I was kind of shocked. People were so accepting. It’s all working out okay—people at St. Andrew’s will ask any question that is in their minds. In the beginning students would not know what to say to me. So they would ask, ‘Have you ever seen any white people before?” Phuti laughed.

Most often, Phuti claimed, culture clashes happen because of technology. “We had no Internet access at St. Mark’s. We don’t need Internet in South Africa. Here in the U. S., everything is so easy—you can just go to eBay and buy it on the Web.” In South Africa, he said, if you cannot find what you need in the store, you may not have other options. Getting used to checking e-mail has been a chore and an added responsibility. At first, he said, “Mr. Hyde was on my case every day to check my e-mail.”

When he returns to his home in Pretoria, and to St. Mark’s to tell students there of his experiences, Phuti thinks people will be most interested to hear his accent. His friends believe he will have an “American” accent, which to them is very desirable. His family speak Sotho in their home.

According to Phuti, “In second grade I had an Indian teacher and I remember that I couldn’t hear what she was saying because it was in English. I couldn’t speak English very well until third grade. In fifth grade I went to a multiracial school and perfected my English.” Phuti’s grandfather, who wanted him to have a good education, took him weekly to a Saturday School with Indian and white teachers who spoke English.

Besides his accent, smiles Phuti, the kids at St. Mark’s, “will mostly want to know if I have dated an African-American.... They will want to know if I have been to L. A. and New York and these big cities, full of stars.”

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**Nici Fleischer ’07**  
**Volunteered at St. Mark’s in 2004.**

As both my parents were born and raised in South Africa, and I had visited the country for as long as I could remember; the weeks leading up to the trip in the summer of 2004 were filled with mixed feelings. Part of me felt that since I had already been to South Africa, the trip could turn out to be less exciting for me than for the rest of the students. However, I had read the itinerary several times, and I was also filled with nerves, apprehension and anticipation.

I arrived in the country with my family, and then met the group at the first stop of the trip, the Apartheid Museum. Automatically, I knew I was in for a tremendous learning experience. The only side of South Africa I had ever seen was my grandparents’ or aunts’ and uncles’ houses, so visiting museums, wildlife parks and townships was an utterly different experience.

Throughout the trip, I was constantly learning about South Africa. I especially loved the time we spent at St. Mark’s. I was completely unprepared for the three days I spent in a school that was so different from mine, yet in many ways very similar. The students were astounding, and I learned a lot about their lives.

My favorite time was spent sitting with a few girls during their version of study hall one evening. I learned they were just like us St. Andreans: students who work hard in their classes, have high expectations and goals, and the motivation to do well. There was just one difference that jumped out at me. In a sense, the students were much more mature and wise than I had ever been, they already dealt with so many hardships and obstacles in order to have the mundane experiences we take for granted, like going to school. Coming away from the trip, I was motivated to work hard at school and, most of all, appreciate the education and life that is put before me.
My time at St. Andrew’s was special. The shift from St. Mark’s College to St. Andrew’s was initially a big one. St. Andrew’s seemed so much grander; the buildings were large and the students appeared incredibly sophisticated. However after a short while it was apparent that I was essentially still part of a familiar community; a caring community of people who held the same values and concerns as my own community at home. Once I reconciled myself to the superficial differences and became aware of the parallels with my own school, I was freed up to explore and enjoy the genuine cultural differences between an Anglican school in America and one in South Africa.

I will always remember the St. Andrew’s students for their immense capacity for fun. The students at St. Andrew’s had a joy and energy for life that seemed quite new to me and bowled me over at times. There was always something on the go; sports games, social events, trips to shows, dramatic productions being planned, students practicing instruments, and so the list could go on. I am not sure why this was something new to me, as living in South Africa and attending St. Mark’s I was unaware of any sense of ‘feeling tired’, and St. Mark’s is also an extremely busy school, but I guess years under apartheid and the associated poverty that is so evident in much of South Africa is in fact draining.

This is not by any means to imply that the St. Andrew’s students were operating in a state of happy ignorance. The St. Andrew’s students I met were very aware of global social issues, issues in their own country, refreshingly well informed about my country, and deeply committed to contributing to the alleviation of problems around the world. In fact much of their energy was spent raising funds for causes around the world, informing themselves and debating global issues, and generally spreading a good deal of Christian concern and goodwill around. I found this energy exciting and the change in lifestyle and environment conducive to rethinking my own experiences.

Having finished my own academic studies in South Africa, and having already been accepted at a college back home, I relished the opportunity to indulge some new academic interests. I really enjoyed doing some creative writing, and classes in field biology, which pushed an existing, though somewhat background, interest home to me (I am currently doing my Ph.D. in botany), and writing a paper to Nan Mein’s rigorous standards was challenging and fun.

I will always be grateful for the opportunity to travel abroad and to spend time at St. Andrew’s. I have lots of fond memories of my time at St. Andrew’s and know that the experience of visiting the school certainly contributed to developing the adult I am today.
Laura Shaffer-Hand ’91
Taught at St. Mark’s in 1995-1996.

It has been nine years since I returned from Jane Furse. At the time, I wrote a newspaper article in which I expressed the difficulty in conveying my experience to others. I find myself faced with the same challenge today. The year I spent at St. Mark’s was the most intense year of my life thus far, marked by devastating lows and loneliness, exhilarating highs and interpersonal connection, and personal growth I am beginning to recognize only now. It was a year of grace.

South Africa is a phenomenally diverse and impressive country. Most of the people I met in my time there embody warmth and resilience. The range of cultures, landscape, and wildlife is dizzying. The colors are different; the sounds are different, and the air feels different. When I think of South Africa, my instant memories are sensory. I feel the orange dust on my skin and smell the smell of the school. I hear the harmonies of the students in chapel.

The greeting sequence in Northern Sotho (the language of the Pedi people and first language of many students at St. Mark’s) translates something like this:

Where are you?
I am here. Where are you?
I am here.

This exchange is so comforting to me. What an honor to have someone voice his or her presence with you! What a reminder to someone as future-oriented and goal driven as I have been to be present where I am.

I went to teach at St. Mark’s for a number of reasons, one of which was that of Christian mission. I was excited to spend a year teaching at an Anglican school with colleagues similarly called to a vocation of serving youth. I quickly realized I was not in for the experience of shared spirituality I had imagined when a student came to my door requesting ice after having been badly beaten by another teacher. I felt God had abandoned me, and I began a period of tremendous anger and doubt. Through this struggle and the wonders I experienced throughout the year, my faith ultimately became much deeper and more complex.

Part of the tremendous value of my time in South Africa was that it was a time of being in minority; I was one of approximately 20 whites in a 200-mile radius and one of five Americans. The experiences of being so drastically different, of being scrutinized, of not being understood because my English and accent were different, and of making cultural slip after slip were eye opening. I gained increased awareness of my own biases and cultural customs, many of which I unconsciously had taken for granted as universal because they are rooted in the dominant culture here in the U.S. For example, I was offended that so few people came to visit me or invited me to their homes when I first arrived as St. Mark’s as is the custom for welcoming newcomers in the southeastern United States. Much later in the year, I learned that many of the teachers there had been offended that I did not pay them visits upon my arrival. Now I try to be much more conscious of what forces guide my behavior and expectations and those of others with whom I interact. I also became much more aware of my privilege as a white American; though I was always different, I was almost always treated with respect and generous welcome when I met someone new because of my race and nationality. In this regard, my minority experience was unlike that of many other minorities. Another reaction to my skin color, which I began to experience more the longer I was there, was the assumption that I was Afrikaans. On rare occasions, I met people who assumed I shared
The experiences of being so drastically different, of being scrutinized, of not being understood because my English and accent were different, and of making cultural slip after slip were eye opening.

Their racist views and would make disparaging, offensive jokes and remarks about people of color. These various reactions, all grounded on my race, underscored for me the poignancy of whiteness in shaping others’ reactions to me. These lessons in my own bias and status were much easier to grasp outside my regular culture.

In addition to significantly furthering my sense of racial identity and awareness, my time in South Africa honed my thinking about gender. Again, my own biases were surfaced, often in the face of sexism. The older male students, some of whom were older than I at the time, would ignore and disobey me when I was on duty for study hall or clean-up after meals. Sometimes they would make sexual remarks under their breath when I passed them on campus or in the village. People repeatedly told me I would never marry because I was too old (22-23) and too “strong” (athletic, muscular). When I observed a caesarean birth at the neighboring hospital, there was no husband, family, or friend there to offer support or inquire about the well being of the mother and baby. Boys’ sports teams far outnumbered girls’ at St. Mark’s. When I arrived, I never saw girls exercising after classes, but I frequently saw boys jogging or playing basketball or rugby. One of my triumphs was that by the end of my time at St. Mark’s, I was no longer the only female running laps around the fields in the afternoon.

This leads to another of the take-home lessons from my time in South Africa: my impact on others may be completely unintentional and may well often go unknown to me. I never suggested to those girls out running with me that they should start exercising; they simply saw me out there and decided to start jogging themselves. I have always believed in the importance of living a purposeful life and leading by example, principles underscored by my time at St. Andrew’s, but it was powerful for me to see the results of this in action.

A final point I would like to make about what I learned at St. Mark’s is that I love to teach. My brief time there stuck with me throughout graduate school and guided my career decisions. I took my current job at a university that emphasizes teaching because of my experience teaching at St. Mark’s. There is nothing like taking part in others’ discovery of the thrill of learning and exploration. One of my favorite classroom memories from St. Mark’s was taking my seventh-grade science class to the library to use the encyclopedias for their projects on reptiles. Encyclopedias were new to them. I spent the morning responding to one enthusiastic cry after another; “Ma’am, did you know...?” and “Ma’am, look at this!”

Take any opportunity you have to go to South Africa. I will go back someday. Go with an open mind and heart. Go seeking to be awed, overjoyed, saddened, confused and thrilled. Take every chance to talk to others and see life outside the tourist tracks. Be on the lookout for your own assumptions and expectations of which you might have been previously unaware. Be keenly aware of your own privilege—both in your status (regardless of what you might think it is here) and in the social consciousness of your community at St. Andrew’s, and take in all the blessings shared by the colorful people of South Africa. Go well, and as Father Tsebe used to say, “May you soar as on eagle’s wings.”

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Headmaster Tad Roach remembers the first time Gary Simons walked onto St. Andrew’s campus with a group of prospective students from his fledgling program, Prep 9. It was 1987, and Roach was in his eighth year as an English teacher at the time.

Looking back to the beginning of St. Andrew’s relationship with Prep 9, Roach recalled, “When Headmaster Jon O’Brien accepted the invitation for St. Andrew’s to become one of the consortium schools for the program, he clearly indicated that St. Andrew’s sought a leadership position among boarding schools dedicated to equality of opportunity. Today it is clear that one of the most exciting and important changes at St. Andrew’s over the past 25 years of its history is the School’s embrace of and commitment to diversity and integration. Prep 9 has been part of that commitment with us.”

Simons’ visit was the beginning of St. Andrew’s 18-year relationship with Prep 9, which is part of a larger organization called Prep for Prep, a New York City-based group whose mission is to “develop the leadership potential of young people from segments of society grossly underrepresented in the leadership pool from which all of our major institutions draw.”

Now, as headmaster, Roach appreciates the program as the source of some of St. Andrew’s great alumni and students. “As I survey St. Andrew’s connection with [Prep 9
Shabazz Stuart ’07 captured this New York City cab on film, parked in front of St. Andrew’s during one day of this year’s visit from the Prep 9 program. Said an elated Stuart, “I just couldn’t resist—how many times do you get to take a picture of a yellow cab in front of Founders Hall in remote Middletown, Delaware? It’s the kind of image that will make a New Yorker like me laugh, every time!”

director] Peter Bordonaro, Prep 9 staff and counselors, Prep 9 St. Andrew’s graduates and present students, I am inspired by how much this program has meant to our School. Prep 9 students have made deep and enduring contributions to St. Andrew’s,” Roach said, “and today Prep 9 St. Andrew’s graduates are working to make this country and this world a better place, particularly in the field of education.”

Prep 9 was founded in 1987 and works with a consortium of boarding schools, including St. Andrew’s, who reserve places for Prep 9 students in each entering class. Andover; Choate, Deerfield, Exeter, Hotchkiss, Lawrenceville, Middlesex, Milton and Taft also participate. Prep 9 admits 60 seventh graders each year to prepare for placement in boarding schools. (Prep for Prep admits 150 fifth-graders each year for day school placement.) About 4,000 students compete for those slots in Prep for Prep and Prep 9.

Shabazz Stuart ’07 remembers feeling the pressure of the competition, “I didn’t simply sign up for the program, I applied, thinking the chances of getting in were pretty remote. After all, this was a program in which thousands of kids applied and only a select 60 were chosen. I remember my heart sinking on the day when I took the test, seeing all the kids that I was competing against.”

Over the years, 52 students from the Prep 9 program have attended St. Andrew’s, with the first students arriving in in 1989. Peter Bordonaro, a director at Prep 9 since the program’s inception, has guided many Prep 9 students to St. Andrew’s. He recalled, “St. Andrew’s has been a real partner from the very beginning and I think it’s been a terrific place for Prep 9 students over the years. It’s a special place in terms of its size and the amount of support it gives to its students—for the kids for whom it’s the right place, it’s been absolutely amazing. St. Andrew’s has always been supportive of taking our kids and supporting them and giving them the best education possible.”

When they arrive, Prep 9 students have experienced rigorous preparation for boarding school since seventh grade, including a 14-month course of study, which includes enrichment work similar to the work students will be asked to complete in the country’s most competitive boarding schools. In addition, students participate in two intensive seven-week summer sessions, after-school sessions on Wednesday and all-day Saturday classes during their eighth-grade year.

According to students, the preparation pays off. Michell’e Bennett ’09 claimed, “I think it’s worth it. All the work that I am taught now is either touched on or taught at Prep.”

The two-week boarding experience Prep 9 provides during the summer also helps, according to Olu Sosan ’08. “The 14-month preparation was useful because it gave me a sense of what the work load would be like. Also spending two weeks in the summer at Milton Academy helped in giving me a sense of time management.”

Prep’s statistics show that about 75 percent of students who enroll in the Prep 9 program complete these hefty requirements. Shabazz admitted, “Of course there were some nights when I wanted to leave and just go home, but one will face those challenges almost anywhere one goes. Prep was the first time when a group of people had faith in me, and were willing to bet and bank on my success. Looking at education today, and how lucky I truly am to be at a school such as St. Andrew’s, I would do it several times over if I had to.”
The part of the Prep 9 program that is minimized by its name, according to Ed Boland, director of development and public relations for Prep 9, is the “long-term support system” that Prep 9 students receive after the preparation component is complete. The program provides an array of leadership development opportunities, a summer jobs bank, retreats, individual counseling and follow-up while students are at school and in the summers, career counseling, as well as college counseling to supplement the college counseling students receive at their boarding schools. For example, Prep 9 counselors meet with each Prep 9 student enrolled at St. Andrew’s each year, once in the fall and once in the spring. When Prep 9 students enroll in college, Prep 9’s “undergraduate affairs officers” travel to college across the nation to assess their success as undergraduates.

There is no question that Prep 9 is one of the most successful programs of its kind. Forty percent of Prep for Prep college graduates have Ivy League undergraduate degrees and 84 percent have graduated from colleges characterized as “most selective” by U.S. News & World Report. Last summer, 212 summer job and internship opportunities were made available to Prep students in finance, law, communications, entertainment and media. In April of 2003, Prep found that 69 percent of their college graduates out of school 10 years or more had earned or were pursuing advanced degrees, most frequently at Columbia, Harvard and University of Pennsylvania.

Prep graduates work primarily in education, finance, business and law. The options available through Prep 9’s network and because of the education Prep 9 students receive are often options that were inconceivable to the students in the program only months before. As Shabazz put it, “The idea, of a child from a background such as mine going to an elite school, was almost unimaginable for me at the time I applied. Previously it was my goal to get into a college—now it seemed the debate was more along the lines of, which college would I go to. Prep for Prep presented me with a world of almost limitless possibilities. For an inner city youth who grew up among disappointment, this was a godsend.”

The mission of Prep for Prep and Prep 9 implies that students in these programs have the responsibility of continuing the progress of underrepresented minorities in college, graduate schools, corporate America and the political realm. Do Prep graduates feel the weight of that mission and the pressure to lead and create change?

Maanami Ransom ’06 answered that question: “I don’t think that taking part in Prep’s mission causes me to change the way I approach my daily life [at St. Andrew’s] at all. Instead, I think [Prep’s mission] helps me not only to be educated but to...”
The reason I joined Prep was because I wanted a better future than that which was offered to me by going to my local high school in Brooklyn, a school that for the past two years has been ranked among the three worst schools in New York City. I knew I could do better and Prep was that outlet for me. I truly think Prep is invaluable in [the New York public school] environment, one that is not bent on furthering human potential but on filling seats no matter the cost in terms of education.

– Colinford King Mattis ’06

It’s Prep for Life,’ and that is exactly the same feeling I had within the St. Andrew’s community when I applied—and still see and feel today in my senior year here … I really feel that at St. Andrew’s I have made friendships with students and teachers alike, that will last a lifetime. That, to me, is just as important as my education. St. Andrew’s is truly my Prep, away from Prep.”

Tad Roach is happy when students find similarities between their Prep 9 community and St. Andrew’s.

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Shabazz Stuart ’07, whose pictures appear regularly in St. Andrew’s publications, took his camera to the streets of New York City in November 2005. This photograph, snapped in Brooklyn, reflects some of his perspective on his home town.
Ginna Purrington ’94, who worked at St. Mark’s College in Jane Furse for two months in 1996, shares her short story “Koppies,” which, though fictional, is set in a small school in South Africa. Ginna, who hopes to complete her MFA in fiction writing in 2006, resides in Anchorage, Alaska, where she is an assistant editor for the Alaska Quarterly Review.

As they drive toward Lebowagkama School from the airport on that first day, Sylvie decides that the phrase “old as the hills” must have its roots in Africa. The hills are long high ridges, worn down from years of every kind of weather. Tufts of scrubby grass cling to the hillsides like the curly bunches of hair on the neck of Mapepho, the school driver. In the lower lands, close to the road, little boulders sit on top of larger ones, in teetering piles that look like giants’ tiddlywinks. Sylvie thinks at first that the formations might be a kind of traditional art, some highveldt equivalent of the pyramids. But when she points them out, Mapepho hides his smile in his shoulder before he answers. Sylvie blushes, afraid that she has offended him.

“No, ma’am. No one could move those rocks but God,” he says. “He put them there a long time ago. They used to be hills like that one.” He points at a distant ridge. “But for many years the rain comes, and also the wind. The dirt runs away bit by bit until hard rock is all that stays. Boers call them koppies.” Mapepho spits out the window. “In Afrikaans, the word means heads.”

Sylvie looks through the glass again, at the dry red clay that covers the hills and dusts the road. She looks at the pale grey piles of stone. She, too, can imagine the piles as massive bodies, the smaller clusters as heads. It looks as though the heads might topple if something struck them, but Mapepho says no, that stone has been there for long enough, and it won’t move soon.

“Who would push the koppies?” he says, laughing at her. “You!” He turns and looks her up and down, all five feet of her, from her stringy arms and legs to the long blonde hair that keeps flying in her face when he rolls down the window. He laughs again and goes back to his driving, narrowly missing a goat that has wandered into the near-deserted highway.

Sylvie bites the insides of her lips and grips her elbows tightly, hoping Mapepho won’t see how his driving scares her. She turns her head to watch the open hills roll by and thinks, there is nothing like this in America. A woman and little boy walk on the trail beside the highway. With one hand, the woman steadies a large bundle of wood on her head. The little boy carries two buckets, one in either hand. Their thin legs are bare from the knee down, and ashy grey from the dust of the road. Sylvie presses her face to the glass so she can keep watching them as the truck whips past. “Where are they going?” she asks Mapepho, turning back to the front. “I don’t see any town nearby.”

“There are many villages hidden in the hills,” Mapepho says, “from the time of Apartheid. It’s easier to walk along the road until the path comes along.” He slows down and points out a thin brown track that curves away from the road ahead of them. Sylvie follows it with her eyes until she can’t separate the track from the clay around it.

Sylvie hopes that a year of teaching English in South Africa will change her, will reveal the strength inside her like the rain that shapes the hills. Lately she’s been feeling more like clay than rock, more like dust than clay. She’s grown too accustomed to following her own track—an invisible one, in the sidewalk—a track that never leads to a place that feels like home. Now she needs time to gather her thoughts, needs the solitude that will come in a place where no one knows her well enough to have any expectations. The landscape of koppies, of low hills and sharp desert plants, holds a beautiful leanness, a sparseness that speaks of survival. Sylvie is afraid that nothing like that spare truth will exist when time whittles her down.

Sylvie and Mapepho pull through the stone school gates onto a swept avenue.
of jacaranda trees. Their blossoms are just beginning to purple with the hint of September spring, and Sylvie feels relieved to be at the beginning of South Africa’s warm season instead of heading toward winter back home. Mapepho cuts the motor in front of a low brick building with grates over the windows.

“The dormitory where you will be living,” he says, as he opens his door.

She climbs down from the truck and helps him unload the pile of her possessions. Counting the laptop computer, Sylvie has brought six separate pieces of luggage. Already they seem superfluous, conspicuous, after the tin shacks and rusted-out cars they’ve passed on the four-hour drive from the airport, after the burdens of the woman and child on the road. At first, Sylvie packed only the minimum of clothes she needed to get through the year, but then other essentials crept in. Industrial sized shampoo bottles, her favorite toothpaste, enough Tampax and pads to allay the fear that she wouldn’t find any in rural Lebowagkama. Safety pins, CDs and tapes, photographs from home—in the frantic last minute, she’d botched her own plan to carry only her backpack and a small additional bag. She lugs a suitcase, her backpack, and computer after Mapepho through a tall iron gate and into the building and follows him to a small tiled bedroom overflowing with half-empty boxes.

A tall brunette puts her book down on the bed and crosses the room in three steps. “Monica,” she says, extending her hand. “I’m Sylvie. From Santa Barbara.”

Sylvie looks around the room for a place to put something down so that she can offer her own hand, but finding no room nearby, she just nods."
On Saturdays and Sundays, she retreats to the open stone chapel of the overgrown graveyard... The children won’t bother her here—they are afraid of the spirits. Sylvie grounds herself in reality. She is afraid of the children.

North Carolina.”

There’s a striped mattress on a bed frame pushed against the far wall. She turns to Monica with a questioning look.

“Yeah,” Monica laughs half-heartedly. “I guess we’re roommates.” She shrugs her shoulders.

“Wow,” Sylvie says, as Mapepho returns to the truck for the rest of her belongings. “I hope we can fit everything in here.”

She eyes the packages of ramen noodles Monica has stacked in one of the bookshelves, next to a pyramid of candles and a dozen two-liter bottles of water. “We’re definitely prepared.”

Monica laughs and rolls her eyes.

As Sylvie puts her computer and backpack down on the bed, she hears a crackling noise. She rolls the backpack over to find a long, familiar envelope with her father’s nearly illegible handwriting on it. Monica is watching from the doorway. “It was in your mailbox in the faculty room,” she says. “I picked it up when I got my mail earlier today. I didn’t think you’d mind.”

Sylvie sits down on the bare mattress and examines the letter. Four stamps, and a postmark two weeks old. She sighs. “When I finish reading this, ask me whether my brother got the job and why my father had for lunch. I predict yes and chicken salad.”

“Yea,” Monica laughs half-heartedly. “I’m confident.”

“Why?” Sylvie with a questioning look.

Monica with a shrug.

She eyes the packages of ramen noodles and a dozen two-liter bottles of water. “I hope we can fit everything in here.”

Her father ran his hand through his thinning red hair and smiled bitterly. “To seem, rather than to be. That’s the way things work these days, Sylvie girl. It doesn’t matter who you are in this world, only who people believe you are.”

Sylvie didn’t know what to say. She liked the idea of the motto. It was one of the reasons she had picked the seal for her project to begin with. If being was more important than seeming, then it didn’t matter that she never seemed to have the right outfit, or that she liked dissecting worms when most of the other girls thought it was gross. She remembered when her father’s hair was long, back when he still took pro bono cases. While other girls learned to braid their Barbie dolls’ hair, she had practiced on her father’s ponytail. How long had it been since he traded his cardigan for a blazer? Under the desk she could still see the same old pair of loafers, the soles mended again and again, the tops good as new.

When Sylvie came down to breakfast the next morning, she had finished her project, paying special attention to the female figures of Liberty and Plenty on either side of the seal. She had translated the state motto from the Latin, but the essay she had planned on the difference between appearance and reality had proved impossible to write.

These days Sylvie’s conversations with her father center around ACC basketball and news of family and friends. That’s what he’s included in this letter; along with a clipping from her cousin’s summer wedding. Somehow the letters manage to sting Sylvie, despite their veil of good intentions. Here is what I wish for you, she reads. Here is how you have disappointed me.

Monica, who actually has a teaching certificate, is an expert at planning. She has formulas, specific objectives, ideas of the way things should happen. Every night, while Sylvie reads poetry instead of grading papers, Monica plans her lessons, irons out the wrinkles, folds them and puts them away as though she were doing laundry—then, when it is time to teach again, she shakes each lesson out of the drawer, puts it in her bag and marches off to class. She is adapting well to Lebowagakama life, teaching South African history to 12-year-olds as she learns it herself. She practices her lessons in Sylvie, spins tales of murderous Shaka Zulu and of the days when the English locked the Boers into containment camps.

For herself, Sylvie steals all the moments she can away from the classroom, where the children whisper in a handful of languages she does not understand, and pretend not to understand her. She feels distracted from her purpose in coming to Africa. She’s finding not her strengths, but weaknesses she never imagined.

Sylvie can’t decide whether to laugh or cry when she looks at her hopeful little bookshelf, stacked with the works of Shakespeare, the Norton Anthology of Poetry, Edith Hamilton’s Mythology. On the top of the pile are the books she
actually uses, paperback texts with names like *Reader for A New South Africa! (Grade Three).* Even with this more appropriate material, her 16-year-old students seem to be more interested in her experiences than in learning to write and read well.

“Tell us about America, ma’am,” Philetta Mohlahlo whines. “Do you have a boyfriend? Do you listen to Tupac Shakur? Do you have his CD?”

Sylvie doesn’t fall for their distractions. She purses her lips and asks Philetta to turn to page 10, please, and pick up where Meladi stopped reading.

On Saturdays and Sundays, she retreats to the open stone chapel of the overgrown graveyard and reads Sepedi words off the gravestones. Some of them are the names of her students—Lerato means Love, Thabo Joy, and Lebogang is Heaven. The children won’t bother her here—they are afraid of the spirits. Sylvie grounds herself in reality. She is afraid of the children.

It’s Saturday morning, and Sylvie has woken early for once. The rest of the school was sleeping as she crept out of the dormitory with her backpack and across campus to the graveyard. Only the gardener, Abril, in his bright blue boilersuit and soft blue hat, was awake to see her cross the courtyard. He only nodded and continued digging in one of the raised beds, preserving the silence of the morning. With her CD player set beside her on the cold stone of the chapel floor, Sylvie looks toward the closest hill where she can see lights, the town of Nebo, and moves the headphones up over her ears. As the morning unfolds out of the east, she starts the music, Aaron Copland’s *Appalachian Spring.* In front of Sylvie, the graves and the loose stones scattered around them begin to take solid form. She can see the soft outlines of the hills and kopjes in the distance.

*Appalachian Spring* reminds Sylvie of the early Saturday mornings when she was a young girl, working in the garden alongside her father, who rarely spoke to her as they planted bulbs or trimmed the bushes back. She watched his hands closely as he demonstrated the proper technique for transplanting daffodils, or showed her how much water to use when soaking the hydrangeas. They worked in silence, listening to the birds and squirrels chattering at each other, watching the dewdrops slip from the tips of the grass into the hollow at the root. On those quiet mornings, Sylvie had felt that she could begin to understand her father.

After she had turned in her report on the state seal, though, Sylvie felt that something was broken between them. The silence that had been companionable felt like empty air to fill. Sylvie’s father must have felt it too. How were her classes going? he wanted to know, as they pushed the wheelbarrow toward the walnut seedlings at the edge of the yard. Any boys catching her eye? Had she thought about wearing a little makeup now and then?

Sylvie shrugged and didn’t answer. He sounded like an old lady that didn’t know her very well. She reached her hand into the bag of mulch and started spreading it around the bases of the young trees. Had this been happening all along and she just hadn’t noticed? Her father knelt down beside her and started mulching the next tree. Sylvie pressed her fingers hard into the ground, until she could almost feel the young roots stretched out for the water that would work its way down through the soil.

“Don’t press, Sylvie,” he said, placing a muddy hand on her arm. “We need to leave space for the water to seep through.”

She inhaled her father’s scent of earth and perspiration, of broken geranium stalks. They were the same as ever; the faded old workshirt stained in the same spots, his jeans torn in the same places, the same pair of torn-up running shoes. How many times had she seen him run upstairs after work, loosening his tie on the way up the stairs, only to come down in these clothes and sock feet, the shoes so dirty they were always kept outside? In these clothes, in the garden, she could feel her father breathe. But her own breath was shallow now, as though her ribs had grown together and would no longer
Sylvie is afraid of her students, but the villagers are a different matter entirely. She can hear the deep splashing voices of the women at their washing in the muddy Olifants, the women who sing while they pass the day waiting in the hospital line just beyond the chicken wire fence.

When Sylvie is on her own, walking the dusty mile to the post office among the villagers of Lebowagkama, she practices her Sepedi. She eavesdrops as she walks, listening for words she understands. Mostly she anticipates meeting new people, looks forward to the slow exchange of everyday greetings, which is the part she can participate in best.

One day she nods at a woman with a black umbrella rolled under her arm. Dumelang, she ventures. The woman with the black umbrella raises both eyebrows in surprise, but she turns toward Sylvie and replies, Dumelang, Lekai? Sylvie imitates the modulations she has heard so that the words sound almost musical. Regone. Lekai? Regone. The woman with the black umbrella unfurls it and shields them both from the high noon, speaking slow English words while Sylvie garbles simple Sepedi.

Their words roll like the hips of the women who surround them, and for a time, Sylvie is buoyed up, swept along with the slow, certain tide. These women seem so much more present than Sylvie has ever felt, mothers rooted to earth with thick sturdy legs, fringed woolen blankets holding babies slung against their backs. Whether they are walking to the post office or standing in line for roast chicken at the taxi ranks, these women fill the outlines of their bodies; they do not question, they are.

Lesson still unplanned, Sylvie glances at her watch. Only five minutes before the next class. They’re going to eat me alive, she thinks. She spots the pile of unanswered letters on the corner of her desk and feels the beginning of an idea starting to form. Before she can second-guess herself, she is running to class, stuffing the letters in her backpack.

“Today, class,” she says, looking over the room full of restless 16-year-olds. “We’re going to learn about correspondence.” She writes “Correspondence” on the chalkboard. “How many of you write letters to your parents from school?”

Most of the hands drift toward the ceiling. Meladi Mpasha rests her head on her folded arms and says, “It is required, ma’am. Once a week, if you want to eat dinner on Sunday. Bring your letter; eat your meal.”

So much for fun, Sylvie thinks, despairing for a moment.

“Well, how many of your parents write letters to you?” Some hands stay up in the air, while others drop. Not all of the parents read and write. “And what do they write about?” She targets a quiet, attentive boy named Kaogelo Mahlo. Mahlo means eyes, and Kaogelo is always watching her every move.

“They ask me about my studies,” he says. “If I am well and my friends.”

Philetta Mohlahlo raises her hand. “They tell me to be careful of boys.” She winks across the table at Tshepo Mphahlele.

“And to say my prayers each night.”

“Don’t forget the date,” Meladi Mpasha says.

“The date is very important,” Sylvie agrees. “It puts things into context.” She writes “Date” and “Context” on the board. “Without a date, who would know when you wrote the letter? Sometimes it’s fun to look back and see what else was happening when a letter was written.”

She can tell that she is starting to lose them, but she charges on.

“What comes next? Philetta, you raised your hand to say that you write to your parents.” She writes “Date” and “Context” on the board. “What do you say in the body of the letter? The main part.” She writes “Body” on the board.

“I write to my grandmother who raised me, ma’am,” Philetta begins. “She has trouble reading, so I use very small and simple words. I tell her what I have been doing, and then I ask about my cousins and my brother. I tell her then that I miss her, and not to forget to feed the chickens—that’s my job when I am at home—and if I made a good mark on a test I tell her that. Hint, hint, ma’am. Then I sign it love—lerato—and write my name.”

“That last part is called the closing,” Sylvie says, and writes “Closing” on the board.

“I never tell my marks,” Tshepo says.

“I’d like you to take out a piece of paper and begin to write a letter to your parents, class. You can use this as your meal ticket. If you have trouble remembering the form for a letter, look up on the board at—yes, Kaogelo?”

“Ma’am, what is this word, Polvo? What does it mean?” Kaogelo Mahlo is holding a stack of letters that Sylvie had forgotten,
letters she could swear she had tucked into her backpack. She feels her lips draw into a tight line.

The class’s attention is riveted on Sylvie and Kaogelo. Sylvie sees her normally shy student point to his own chest and smile knowingly at the boy sitting next to him. The other boy giggles. She walks over to Kaogelo and gently removes the letters from his grasp. “These are my letters,” Kaogelo. “My father wrote them to me. They’re personal, my private business.” She can see the students beginning to turn to one another and whisper angrily. They don’t seem particularly surprised. Sylvie hates it when they whisper. It’s them against her. If she puts the letters in her backpack, she has lost the class for another day.

Sylvie hoists herself on to the table that she uses for a desk and sits there, her legs hanging limply above the floor. She takes a deep breath. “But maybe, since you told me about the letter from your parents, Kaogelo, maybe I can share just one.”

“Dear Sylvie,” she begins, “You will never believe the mess that Polvo got himself into yesterday.” The letter is one from her first days in Lebowagkama, just as boring as usual, Sylvie thinks. But as she details the escapades of the dog that her parents have spoiled since their children moved out of the house, and reads his questions about how her teaching is coming along, she can feel a shift in the students’ attention. Instead of signaling each other across the room, they are watching her intently. It’s as though she had been invisible to all but a few of the best students before she sat down to read the letter. Sylvie can’t remember them being this attentive since the first week of class. When she finishes the letter, “Love, your Dad,” and folds it back into the envelope, two of the local students, who usually sit in the back and do not speak, are waving their hands in the air. She’s not sure she knows their names. The room erupts.

“I have a dog!”
“‘What means, ‘Polvo’?”
“How old is your Dad?”

Whether they are walking to the post office or standing in line for roast chicken at the taxi ranks, these women fill the outlines of their bodies; they do not question, they are.

“What is the pre-season?”
Sylvie answers the questions as best she can, and more that come after them. She assigns them to write letters to their families for the rest of class, and circulates through the room, answering some questions about the assignment and some more about America. At the end of class, she finds herself promising to read her father’s next bulletin to them after the upcoming half-term break. One of the students wants her to send for a picture of Polvo.

Philetta Mohlahlo approaches her desk as the others file out of the room. She’s one of the taller students, and standing, she towers over Sylvie. “Mlami? When is the date on the letter? What is the context?” She smiles at her own joke. Sylvie is gathering her things together, and the students for the next class are beginning to wander in. She motions for Philetta to walk with her.

“He wrote it just after I had left to come here to Lebowagkama, Philetta. Before he knew anything about the school. He wrote it before he had spoken to me at all.”

“Oh,” Philetta says. “I thought it would be a longer time. He writes like my grandmother does. I can tell he is missing you very much.” She smiles down at Sylvie, and then turns into a classroom, while Sylvie continues to the faculty room. It’s empty, for once, although the TV is blaring the results and highlights of last night’s cricket match. She settles herself on the couch that faces away from the door and pulls an envelope from the bag beside her. “Dear Sylvie,” she reads, as if for the first time, “You will never believe the mess that Polvo got himself into yesterday.”

Sylvie sits in her bedroom at the small desk that she and Monica share, preparing her grades for half-term. In the next room, Monica is talking to the girls about hygiene or proper etiquette or one of the other assigned topics that they take turns presenting to an audience of bored teenagers each Wednesday night. It’s nearly time for them to go to bed. In 10 minutes, the hall will be full of girls in nightgowns and pajamas, waving toothbrushes to punctuate their stories and wrapping their hair for the night.

There’s a full moon low in the sky, and the air coming through the bars of the window is warm and sweet with the scent of fallen jacaranda blossoms crushed in the road. A restlessness comes over her; something in the wind, and it is all Sylvie can do to stay at her desk through the M’s. This beautiful night! The paraffin lamp on the corner of her desk sputters, and a thin stream of darker smoke leaves the chimney and adds another layer to the dove-grey spot that’s developing on the ceiling above the desk.

Sylvie closes her notebook and picks up a sweater before she can change her mind. At the edge of the courtyard, she scales the iron gate that keeps the girls locked safe inside their compound at night and lands softly on the other side, hoping that the Moretsele family dogs won’t notice her exit. Past the graveyard, across the athletic fields and down the hill, she runs through the orchard and kicks a few of the scrawny green apples littered beneath the imported trees. Sylvie stops at the edge of the orchard and waits for her breath to slow down so she can see things clearly in the moonlight. She’s never been beyond the orchard before. The school’s northern boundary is not far away, a scraggly wire fence bending this
way and that, woven through with the long arms of wild shrubbery or winding around an acacia tree. And there, just where Philetta was describing it the other day, a gap in the fencing, wide enough for a goat to pass through, wide enough for Sylvie. Beyond the boundaries, not 200 feet away, is a collection of stones bunched together—not tall, exactly, although as she moves through the fence and down the hill toward them, she can see that they are larger than they first appeared. Koppies. Sylvie moves slowly—the ground is uneven here, some earth washed away to slippery stone and pebbles, some grassy where it has silted over. At the base of the rock formation, she stops.

The koppies are not as smooth as she had anticipated from the road that first day with Mapepho; this one feels sandy and leaves grit on her hand. Sylvie walks around its perimeter with her left hand still grazing the stone—it must be 50 feet across and at least that tall, a large stone intercut with deep veins and cracks. It’s still wearing away, she thinks. Inside are more cracks filled with sand and a crumbly porous rock that might as well be mud next to the hard rocks holding it up.

The koppies are a skeleton, she understands now. Without the mud and gravel that fill in the cracks, they could collapse at any instant. But there’s a certain balance that comes from weathering time and the elements, and somehow she doesn’t expect that they will.

Sylvie takes the night air deep into her lungs and leans back against the koppie, sliding down until she can crouch against its base. The cool soaks into her body, into her bones. At first she hears only silence. But then she becomes aware of the small scraping and rolling of sand against her back and under her feet, her own body’s friction with the land. The cattle that graze in the hills below the school are murmuring to themselves as a child leads them home, and once in a little while, she hears a muffled bell. A green smell of apple trees comes to her on the wind. On the hill to the east, the electric lights of Nebo are beginning to appear.

After a few minutes of trying to pick out the still unfamiliar constellations and tracing her fingers in the dirt, the exposed stone grows too cold against her back. It’s time to get back to her grading, anyway. Sylvie stands up, pressing herself away from the koppie. She starts to slap her hands together to get rid of the residue, but then the glitter of dust in the moonlight stops her, and she inspects them instead. In the furrows that cross her palms, in the cracks around her bitten-down nails, the red-brown clay of Lebowagkama has worked its way into her hands.

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Dear Friends,

As we celebrate the School’s 75th anniversary, St. Andrew's is as strong as ever, and yet it faces some of its greatest challenges since 1929. The first challenge is the cost of maintaining a need-blind admissions policy. One of the core principles of St. Andrew's is access to a superior education regardless of economic means or social background. The School grants (and historically always has) a “hidden scholarship” subsidy over the actual cost of tuition. This year, that hidden scholarship will be over $17,000 per full-tuition-paying student. In addition, St. Andrew's awards outright financial aid this year in the amount of $3.15 million to 47 percent of the students. This year marks the first year that the endowment draw will approach the board’s 5 percent cap on draw, at 4.8 percent.

The second obstacle is the estimated 520 percent population growth expected in Middletown and the adjacent areas within the next decade. The suburban growth poses pollution and land invasion threats to Noxontown Pond and its adjacent areas. Fortunately, the School foresaw this expansion and acquired a buffer of over 2,200 acres of land over the last 30 years. As a result, St. Andrew's is responsible for the preservation of what is considered one of the last enclaves of pristine Delaware waterways, marshlands and farms. Suburbia, with its need for roads, malls and land, threatens the untainted School surroundings. The Delaware Department of Transportation suggested plans to expand U.S. Route 301 across the southern end of Noxontown Pond. These plans were defeated, but urban sprawl continues to induce neighboring farms to sell their lands.

Finally, understanding and maintaining a balance between the core values of the School, the societal trends, and an increasingly global community requires that St. Andrew's maintain a focus on introspection, reflection, religion, foresight and growth. St. Andrew's has evolved without changing its core teachings of perspective, perseverance, hard work, leadership, friendship, service, humility and Christian principles. In the past the School overcame stigmas such as gender, racial and social prejudice without compromising, but rather strengthening, its mission. Current issues such as sexual orientation, mental health, physical disabilities, globalization, cultural sensitivity and religious tolerance in an increasingly confused and volatile society make the need for a self-assessment vital. Visionaries such as Galileo, Columbus and DaVinci taught that a sustainable education does not address the truths of a poignant reality, but education is instead an evolving process of breaking paradigms. The challenge for St. Andrew's is to break paradigms while upholding our core beliefs of equality and opportunity.

The Board of Trustees' 2006 strategic retreat will look for answers to these and many other questions. St. Andrew's chose “sustainability” as its theme for the retreat. As President of the Alumni Corporation Board I will represent the views of the alumni. Therefore I encourage you to provide your feedback, and become active participants in the School’s present, as well as its future. We hope to find solutions for protecting the School’s environment, and we hope the current capital campaign will close with success. Ultimately, we hope St. Andrew’s will continue to grow in its mission to provide “secondary education of a definitely Christian character at a minimum cost consistent with modern equipment and highest standards.”

However, the future sustainability of St. Andrew’s mission, environment and values requires a well-planned strategy and long-term support. The endowment is always at risk of not growing enough to maintain an affordable tuition as well as generous financial aid. We, the alumni, share a responsibility to sustain a strong St. Andrew’s for current as well as future generations of St. Andreans.

I look forward to your thoughts!

Kind regards,

Tomas Puky ‘89
President, Alumni Corporation Board
When Morgan Foster ’97 moved to Atlanta to attend law school in 2003, she decided to see who was in the area, specifically, St. Andrew’s graduates now lawyers. She went on-line to the “Search” section of St. Andrew’s alumni Web site, scrolled down to the “Location” pull-down menu to “Georgia,” then went to the “Professions” pull-down menu to “Law.” A list of several names appeared. Morgan clicked on each to see what firm they were with and what type of law they practiced.

One in particular caught her eye, Harry Tear ’87, a partner at Moore Ingram Johnson & Steele in Atlanta. Morgan details the St. Andrew’s essence of the experience, “Not only did I use the St. Andrew’s alumni Web page to find Harry, but once we met, it became clear to me that there is something special and unique about talking to a fellow St. Andrean that felt different from talking to a fellow Brown University alum or even now an Emory Law alum. While St. Andrew’s takes pride in the diversity of incoming students, there is one way in which we all become the same over our years at St. Andrew’s, and that is in our understanding of and deep respect for the concept of community.

“When I met Harry I had looked at what feels like thousands of law firms, Harry told me that he loved working at Moore Ingram Johnson & Steele not only for the quality of law we practice, but because of the people, and because the firm imbues its attorneys with a strong sense of community. When Harry told me this, I recognized the statement’s significance immediately. This was not hollow marketing jargon. Harry was a St. Andrean—of anyone, he knew people; he knew about a sense of family and community.

Through Harry, I didn’t just find a job, I found the job. I think we were both drawn to the firm because we see a glimpse of St. Andrew’s here…and it feels like home. So I suppose it is not only the availability of the St. Andrew’s alumni network that we should be praising, but also the unique quality and strength of relationships we can form using these networking resources.”

Morgan began clerking for Harry’s firm while still in law school. She was hired as an associate in August 2005 and was sworn in as a member of the State Bar of Georgia in November 2005. According to Harry, “Morgan took the initiative to seek me out for an interview and has been an asset to our firm in the time she has been here.” He also enjoys swapping St. Andrew’s memories with her—and comparing marks totals!

Do you know about a job or internship opportunity?
- If you can hire a St. Andrew’s 2002 graduate, who is soon to be a college graduate....
- If the organization you work for is hiring...
- If you know of a temporary or summer position or internship that might give a new graduate or student a place to start...

Call, e-mail, fax, call or write the St. Andrew’s Advancement Office. We will post the position on the new Resource Network Career Center Web page at http://alumni.standrews-de.org/careers/
Robert Hunter Orr ’34
Robert “Bob” Hunter Orr, aged 90, of Lewes passed away peacefully November 30, 2005.

Son of the late Dr. William P. Orr II and Claudia Beck Orr, Bob grew up in Lewes, later writing a memoir of his youth entitled ‘A Small-Town Boyhood in the First State.’ A member of St. Andrew’s School’s first graduating class, Bob continued to support their scholarship program. Bob graduated from Princeton University four years later and took his first job with the DuPont Co. in Parlyn, N.J. During this period, he also attended law school in Brooklyn, graduating with a degree from Rutgers University.

He moved to Wilmington where he married Jinny Layton. Bob worked in labor relations of the Atomic Energy Division of DuPont, finally retiring after 38 years. He served on the Boards of the Tatnall School, the Yorklyn School and the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation. He was a member of the Wilmington Club and the Society of Colonial Wars.

Retiring to Lewes, Bob and Jinny bought and restored the Hunter House and Fisher’s Paradise. They were founding members of the Lewes Historical Society. Bob became a warden of St. Peter’s Church and served on the vestry.

Bob was active with the fund raising campaign for the expansion of the Lewes Library. He was a booster and fund raiser for the University of Delaware’s Maritime College and also helped build the new YMCA Center in Rehoboth Beach.

While serving on the Lewes Town Council, Bob was instrumental in preserving The Great Marsh, which buffers Cape Henlopen State Park. He also served on the Lewes Board of Adjustment.

Bob was an avid and gifted gardener and garden designer who especially loved his animals, domestic and wild, as well. Bob was a person who brought light and joy to all who knew him. He is survived and mourned by daughters Claudia of Bozman, Md., Helene of Denver, Colo., and Penelope of Charden, Ohio; grandsons Jeffrey, Dean and Sebastian Orr, two great-granddaughters, and a host of friends and caregivers: Tricia, Peg, Jill, Melvina, Joanne, Millie, Donna, Sarah, and Marketta; and feline friends Missy and Charley.

Peter McLean recalls, “Last week on St. Andrew’s Day, Bob Orr, a friend and St. Andrew’s first admitted student and oldest alum, died at age 90; some of you have met him as he would stop by [St. Andrew’s] from time to time…and he’d meet us in Lewes and share some local natural and human history, including tales of him riding his tricycle along the wraparound porch at the quarantine station where his dad, a doctor, tended those immigrating to this country. He was a good man, full of good humor, wisdom, and affection, especially for the School. He and his wife, Virginia Layton Orr (her relative is pictured in our great N. C. Wyeth mural), were passionate advocates of the outdoors and were instrumental in establishing Delaware’s finest park, Cape Henlopen State Park; there are stories of her (and him) standing in front of bulldozers, at least figuratively, in an effort to secure the Park. His service is at St. Peter’s Episcopal Church in Lewes, and he’ll be buried near his relatives who lived in the area for the past couple of hundred years.

“He belongs to the class of 1934, a time when bald eagles flew along the eastern Appoquinimink, when students worked our strawberry fields and orchard and dairy cows, ones who were pastured where we now play soccer.

“It’s important we keep in mind him and his family and his affection for the School which was so dear to him, much like it is to many of us.”

David K. Witheford ’45
Bill Hearn remembered, ‘David e-mailed Gattie Jones and me on Sunday, November 13, to inform us that, ‘The oncologist and I agree that I am not going to pursue any major curative directions and, in fact, I have already signed up with Capital Hospice for their services.’ I phoned David that evening and
asked if I might visit him on Wednesday. He and Vivien agreed.

“The drive to their home in Reston, Va., was pleasant and, although Peggie and I had been to their house before, MapQuest instructions were a big help. The house is surrounded by mature trees bearing lots of leaves and a lovely view of the lake in the back. David was propped up in bed and I handed him the fall issue of the magazine and a nice article from our newspaper that had color photos of St. Andrew’s, comparing it to Harry Potter’s Hogwarts School! He was pleased to see both. He was relieved to know that Gattie and I would carry on as class agents and he showed me a draft of a letter he planned to mail to our classmates. While we talked a man brought in an oxygen machine saying that it would help David sleep and feel better. A hospice nurse arrived also, so I stepped out of the room.

“Vivien invited me to enjoy a bowl of homemade soup which gave us an opportunity to talk. By then, the expected nor’easter rain had begun, David had fallen asleep and I decided to head back to Wilmington. Thanks to the Beltway, the rain and the traffic it took more than five hours to get home!

“Vivien phoned Friday evening with the news that David went to the hospital around noon and died at 7:10 p.m. The end came sooner than any of us expected. She told me that Bill Howlett had phoned that morning and was able to talk with David.

“Bill Brownlee ’44, thoughtfully emailed us that he had attended David’s funeral service on Tuesday, November 29, at St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Mc Lean, Va.

“In the spring of 1998, Charlie Welling organized a ‘Sandy Synod’ on the Outer Banks of North Carolina. He rented a large house and invited Beau Nalle and some classmates, along with their wives, to spend a week fishing, swimming, eating and discussing world affairs plus other matters of great import. They enjoyed it so much that Gattie Jones rented two large houses in Gulf Shores, Ala., for a week in April of the following year. The seven couples—Dunlevies, Hearns, Jerveys, Jones, Weils (good friends of Zoom), Wellings and Whitefords—took turns preparing good meals. Situated on the sunlit beach of the Gulf of Mexico with tennis courts and a swimming pool in front of the two houses, we shared a bit of paradise. Zoom Welling gave us a complete tour of Pensacola Naval Air Station and Museum. There was also a trip by ferry across Mobile Bay to visit beautiful Bellingrath Gardens. Vivien Witheford was with us but David didn’t join us for that trip because he had agreed to do a special survey of a small area near the bay.

“It was a great opportunity to enjoy one another’s company and to share wine, meals and good conversation! We decided to have the next ‘Sandy Synod’ prior to our 55th Reunion in 2000 at the Felix DuPont Memorial House in Rehoboth Beach, Del. The luxury of having cooked breakfasts, dinners and dishwashing all done for us added to the happiness we shared. The Howletts joined us and the Rooneys came over for dinner.

“David and Vivien and Marty and Gattie participated in all three Synods. Gattie Jones and David Witheford were great class agents who brought us together and made us a 100 percent class!”

Charles Meredith Ross Abson ’47
Charles Meredith Ross Abson, age 77, an environmentalist and a long-time resident of New Castle, Del., died at home.
November 8, 2005.

Ross was born March 19, 1928, in Honolulu, Hawaii, to Lt. Charles Meredith Abson, USN and Adelaide Moss Abson. He lived most of his life in New Castle, attended Wilmington Friends School, Phillips Andover Academy, St. Andrew’s School and the University of Virginia.

A man of many talents and a variety of interests and causes, Ross served at sea in the Merchant Marines, worked at the historic Hagley Museum, built wooden boats on Maryland’s Eastern Shore and served in the United States Postal Service. In his retirement years, he was active in causes such as the Delaware Inland Bays Estuary Program, the Community-Labor Action Committee, Green Delaware and to improve the traffic on South Street plus many others.

Ross is survived by his first cousin, Lyman S. A. Perry, of Newtown Square, Pa.

**John Pistell ’67**

Joseph (Joe) L. Hargrove, Jr. ’67 remembers, “John and I became friends on our first day at St. Andrew’s in the fall of 1963. While John was the typical Northerner and I was the more relaxed Southerner, we hit it off immediately. We roomed together most of our time at St. Andrew’s, and I spent many delightful weekends with John’s family in Rumson, N.J.

“John was a good soccer, squash and tennis player and became my tennis doubles partner. We managed to win the Delaware state championship in doubles in either our first or second year, and we were on two state championship tennis teams. John was a very perceptive student, especially in English, and he had a keen ear for music. I remember the day he brought in an album by some weird California band called The Doors, whom I scoffed at until I heard their music.

“In the years since our graduation, John and I kept up with each other although we lived in different parts of the country. The last time John and I talked was right after Labor Day weekend. He and his wife Katie had called to ask us if we were OK after Hurricane Katrina went through New Orleans. I had called John several days earlier when Katrina was a threat to Florida, never dreaming what would happen to New Orleans. John died a little over a week after our talk. It is a testament to John that in the last days of his life, when he knew his condition was very grave; he called to express concern about us.

“John was devoted to Katie, his parents, his brothers and sister, his children, Lauren and Collin, and his grandchildren. John had serious health problems for many years—he was in dialysis for over 27 years, which has to be close to a record—but never gave up, and at least when I talked to him or visited him, he never felt sorry for himself. I believe his faith and his recent marriage to Katie gave him great comfort during the last part of his life, and Katie, as well as John’s family, should be commended for the love and care they gave John. John was a good friend and I will miss him.”
“...I want that...I want that...I want that...I want that, too...”

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Norris Battin was many things at St. Andrew’s: a fearless football player and three-letter varsity athlete, a newspaper writer, a student leader. Most notably, he was a musician. He sang in the Choir and Glee Club. He played in the band, the dance orchestra and was a two-time recipient of the Bishop’s Band Prize. He shared his love of big band music with his schoolmates both on and off campus. Norris knew how to get the most from his music, and his trombone.

He also knew how to get the most from his charitable gifts. Norris knew he wanted to make a gift to honor his wife Susan’s memory. He knew that in faith is strength and that the chapel program and the men (and now women) who lead the religious life of St. Andrew’s School were important to him.

The way he achieved these objectives is pretty nifty. Norris established a charitable gift annuity (CGA). In exchange for an irrevocable gift of appreciated securities, he receives an annual annuity for life. He has pledged the annual income back to the School during the Cornerstones Campaign to create the Susan Battin Endowed Chaplaincy Fund now. Eventually, the gift portion of the CGA will be added to this fund and the CGA terminated. However, the Susan Battin Endowed Chaplaincy Fund will continue to support the religious life of the School and influence generations of students.

Thus, just as he shared his music, Norris Battin is sharing his belief in the power of faith with current and future St. Andrew’s students. Perfect harmony!

To leave your own legacy to St. Andrew’s, you may include the School in your will or codicil. For specific language and more information on how you can create your own legacy, please contact Chesa Profaci ’80, director of planned giving, at 302/285-4260 or chesa@standrews-de.org

...so is a planned gift for St. Andrew’s!