Educating one St. Andrew’s student for a year costs the School $57,300, which works out to $157 per day for one student.

Here’s where that $157 per day comes from and how it’s spent.

The Annual Fund has developed into the keystone of the St. Andrew’s financial model. Making up 8 to 10 percent of the School’s operating budget, the Annual Fund supports life at St. Andrew’s today and ensures its financial health for the future.

Revenues

- $33 Endowment Used for Financial Aid
- $65 Tuition Revenue
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Total $157 per student per day

Expenditures

- $53 Keeping the campus clean, green and academically stimulating
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- $85 A brilliant faculty who love to teach and inspire creativity among students and the staff that assist them

Total $157 per student per day

It’s a Fact!

When considering the total cost of $57,300 per student per year to St. Andrew’s, EVERY St. Andrew’s family effectively receives a minimum $22,000 scholarship per child per year.
St. Andrew’s
MAGAZINE

SPRING 2007
VOL. 29, NO. 2

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For a number of weeks, I have been thinking very carefully about the current state of education and the college admission process in the United States. And tonight I would like to share a few of my thoughts with you.

Let me say at the onset that any competitive process I know of has the power to make or break us. We can either respond to the rigor of a competitive situation by asserting and affirming old-fashioned virtues like hard work, determination and resilience, or we can react to stress and pressure by either quitting the field altogether or distorting our values.

Now the reason I am concerned about the effect the college admission process has on students, schools and education in general is that competition at highly selective and selective colleges has never been more fierce than it is today. The number and quality of applicants to such colleges and universities has risen dramatically over the past 10 years, and the standards and qualifications for admission have risen dramatically as well. Some of your teachers and parents may have joked with you and told you that they would never be admitted to their own colleges today. Actually, they are not joking...

There is a certain irony to this situation. As competition for places in selective and highly selective colleges has increased, the number of colleges and universities in the country doing exemplary work with undergraduates has risen as well. But the public reaction and the consumer reaction have not really changed over the past 50 years—the list of highly rated colleges and universities continues to reflect the names of exclusive and elite colleges of the past.
The American private school has, to a certain degree, lost its preferential place in the world of college admission. Once the chief source of students who attended elite colleges in the early- and mid-parts of the 20th century, private schools now compete in a balanced way with public schools and international schools across the world. (St. Andrew’s first headmaster, Dr. Pell, used to convene meetings in his office along with Ivy League directors of admission and applicants; Dr. Pell at those meetings would decide who got in and who did not.) I think this change in the diversity of student populations at colleges and universities is something we should all celebrate and applaud. The old, exclusive system was hardly a competitive one; it was discriminatory and elite. Private schools can live in the past, lament the loss of their exclusive privileges and access, and refuse to embrace the challenges and opportunities of world class competition, or private schools can so buy into the new college game that in the process they lose their ethical and moral and intellectual foundation and turn themselves into marketeers of artificiality and pretense. Or, as in the case of St. Andrew’s, we can accept the new world of competition, embrace intellectual, academic, citizenship and stewardship innovation and help change the very culture of the high school and college world.

I see a number of advantages to the new competitive culture we now live in. The highly competitive nature of admission has challenged more students to work more intensely, rigorously—as standards and expectations have risen, students have challenged themselves with rigorous course loads and college-level courses. They work more constantly and carefully through four years of high school, knowing that colleges will no longer be satisfied with one semester of quality work in the junior or senior year. Students now know that, as Amherst College Director of Admission Tom Parker once told me, great student achievement and accomplishment in the classroom is the product of “thousands of decisions made during the high school years.” You either commit to being a serious student or you go through the motions. By the end of your career, your teacher comments will reflect whether or not you have fully engaged in the academic enterprise at the School.

Schools like St. Andrew’s have worked with great attention and passion to clarify learning goals and objectives, to describe the skills and habits of mind we believe a St. Andrew’s student should be able to exhibit during the course of his or her career at the School. We have sought to move away from a curriculum and teaching methodology that rewarded rote memorization and towards a culture that celebrates student creativity, exploration and true understanding. We have worked and will continue to work with college professors to make sure we are preparing you for the work and challenge of college; we will continue to communicate with and collaborate with the Collegiate Learning Assessment to measure just how well St. Andrew’s teaches writing, problem-solving, analytical thinking...

So, we must embrace this challenge and combat the assumption that American schools and American students are soft, complacent, distracted and mediocre. You need to work hard, very hard to compete in the 21st century economy. But, as we embrace the challenges of the 21st century,
we need to be careful to confront the distortions of competition and particularly of the college admission process as well.

Unfortunately, this process has actually led to distortions in our society, our schools and in the lives of parents and adolescents. Whereas the mission and objective of a great high school education should be to ignite a love of learning and a deep sense of imagination, creativity and intellectual exploration, and while I believe the most important component of the high school education is to inspire you to become truly responsible, moral agents of change and transformation in our world, the college process can become strategic, artificial and ultimately empty. The obsession to control a standardized test score or a GPA can lead students into obsessive studying and cramming that completely removes the joy and purpose of learning and narrows the students’ sense of individual and community well-being. When civic and community service commitments become not a means to connecting to and caring for the needs and welfare of others but rather a way to pad or inflate a resume, the lessons students learn is that service is a way to manipulate others into thinking they are compassionate and empathetic when in reality they are not. When students care more about pretending they are perfect and flawless than actually working on their own very human selves, when parents drive and push students and carefully send the message that only one type of school is good enough, students have been consumed and engulfed by a process that is quite mad.

The costs of this frenzy, this madness, this obsession—the costs of this culture of perfection, artificiality and pretense—can be seen in the mental health crisis on both American high school and college campuses. Quite simply, record numbers of college students are breaking down, feeling unprepared for the independence and responsibility of college life. The race for college admission leaves them unprepared for college engagement and completely disconnected from the real needs and concerns of the world community. These students are morally and spiritually adrift.

St. Andrew’s has refused to allow this madness to distort and destroy the culture and mission of this School. You, as a student body, see scholarship and the life of the mind as a collaborative, exciting and fulfilling process, at least most of the time. You care more about connecting with others, caring for others, than you do about a mad, individualistic race to success. You are developing the skills that will enable you to be responsible world citizens and remarkable professionals.

A number of years ago, I had an epiphany of sorts as I pondered the new 21st century frenzied college admission process. I realized that the narrowing of the mission of the 21st century school to the one goal of college admission would be the death of St. Andrew’s as we know and love it. At a time when students and schools began to worship this goal of resume building, test preparation madness, grade inflation, over-sized athletic programs and fierce, competitive, ruthless students, St. Andrew’s asserted its mission—to prepare students to change, transform and heal the world. How petty, how humiliating, how corrosive to embrace the madness of the college game when
Whereas the mission and objective of a great high school education should be to ignite a love of learning and a deep sense of imagination, creativity and intellectual exploration, and while I believe the most important component of the high school education is to inspire you to become truly responsible, moral agents of change and transformation in our world, the college process can become strategic, artificial and ultimately empty.

we study Dr. King, read the words of Vaclav Havel, David Orr, meet Paul Farmer and other public figures who call to us and tell us that without our leadership, our commitment, our embrace of responsibility, our world will perish due to our indifference and neglect. Vaclav Havel said it best when he addressed the U.S. Congress in 1990. He said:

“The salvation of the human world lies nowhere else than in the human heart, in the human power to reflect in human humbleness and in human responsibility. Without a global revolution in the sphere of human consciousness, nothing will change for the better in the sphere of our being as humans, and the catastrophe towards which the world is headed, whether it be ecological, social, demographic or the general breakdown of civilization, will be unavoidable... We still don’t know how to put morality ahead of politics, service and economics. We are still incapable of understanding that the only genuine backbone of all our actions if they are to be moral is responsibility. Responsibility to something higher than my family, my country, my firm, my success, responsibility to the order of being, where all our actions are indelibly recorded and where and only where, we will be properly judged.”

We have to continue to insist upon graduating not great multiple-choice testers but great creative thinkers; not strategic-driven and artificial people wired for their own success but balanced, optimistic, empathetic people who live not for themselves but for others. We have to continue to help you as students recognize the wide spectrum of colleges and universities that are indeed more than names but actually academies committed to the great tradition of undergraduate education. We need to continue to strengthen and cultivate a work ethic in our classrooms that leads to deep, authentic understanding and mastery of critical, analytical, problem-solving, writing and argumentative skills.

We need to think like Dr. King, Paul Farmer, David Orr and Vaclav Havel about what we are collectively doing to take responsibility for the world. If we keep our sights on the real questions facing our country, our world, we will defeat the pettiness, triviality and superficiality of this college game.

We, as teachers, need to understand the remarkable pressure this current system brings upon you as students; we need to teach you the skills that will make you independent, creative, curious, autonomous learners and give you time to fall in love with ideas and the pursuit of wisdom and to commit to causes that will change our world. We can ignite your curiosity and passion by assigning work that gives you more opportunity for deep understanding and mastery. We should not be driving you relentlessly but awakening you to the possibility of intellectual achievement and creativity.

A St. Andrew’s education is meant to prepare you to take your place as a responsible, engaged, passionate citizen, steward, patriot of the world, or in the words of David Foster Wallace, an education is meant to teach you “how to keep from going through your comfortable, prosperous, respectable adult life dead, unconscious, a slave to your head and to your natural default setting of being uniquely, completely, imperially alone, day in and day out.”
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In 1929, the School’s Founder, A. Felix duPont, wrote:

_The purpose of St. Andrew’s School is to provide secondary education of a definitely Christian character at a minimum cost consistent with modern equipment and highest standards._

We continue to cultivate in our students a deep and lasting desire for learning; a willingness to ask questions and pursue skeptical, independent inquiry; and an appreciation of the liberal arts as a source of wisdom, perspective and hope. We encourage our students to model their own work on that of practicing scholars, artists and scientists and to develop those expressive and analytical skills necessary for meaningful lives as engaged citizens. We seek to inspire in them a commitment to justice and peace.

Our students and faculty live in a residential community founded on ethical principles and Christian beliefs. Our students collaborate with dynamic adults and pursue their passions in a co-curriculum that includes athletics, community service and the arts. We encourage our students to find the balance between living in and contributing to the community and developing themselves as leaders and individuals.

As an Episcopal School, St. Andrew’s is grounded in and upheld by our Episcopal identity, welcoming persons regardless of their religious background. We are called to help students explore their spirituality and faith as we nurture their understanding and appreciation of all world religions. We urge students to be actively involved in community service with the understanding that all members of the community share responsibility for improving the world in which we live.

St. Andrew’s is committed to the sustainability and preservation of its land, water and other natural resources. We honor this commitment by what we teach and by how we live in community and harmony with the natural world.

On our campus, students, faculty and staff from a variety of backgrounds work together to create a vibrant and diverse community. St. Andrew’s historic and exceptional financial aid program makes this possible, enabling the School to admit students regardless of their financial needs.
Trustees consider early drafts of campus plan at February meeting

Suggestion for final plan will be submitted for board approval in May.

At the February meeting of the board of trustees, campus planners Maarten Pesch and Kent Sundberg of Wallace Roberts and Todd (WRT) presented the results of early efforts to develop a campus plan. The pair have worked since spring of 2006 to interview staff, faculty and students who work in all areas of school life—from facilities maintenance to the academic program to dining services to residential life—to assemble a picture of the current use of St. Andrew’s main campus as well as possibilities for the future.
Headmaster Tad Roach has indicated that the campus plan will not be a major overhaul of the campus as we know it. “As we plan for the 40 acres that form our central campus, we already know the answers to many questions about what our campus might look like in 10 or 20 years, because we are committed to remaining a school of 285 students with a fully resident, fully committed faculty. We will have a number of dorms and faculty homes similar to the number we have today,” says Tad.

Current and recent efforts on the renewal of the campus have been significant. St. Andrew’s is in the midst of a process of reinvesting over $20 million in Founders Hall, a building that will be in the best shape it has ever been when the renovations are complete. The School has renovated all the girls’ dorms and has made significant improvements in faculty residences. The Irene duPont Library, the ground floor of Founders Hall and the Felix duPont Chapel have seen major renovations in the past five to 10 years. Most recently, the O’Brien Arts Center has become a major center of activity on campus in the past three years.

However, WRT’s early efforts have revealed that there are elements of the campus that are still in need of new solutions. Among these, the principle concern emerging in the planning process is the School’s indoor athletic facility, which negatively affects the winter sports program, creating a ripple effect through the residential and academic programs at the School. Conflicts between parking and pedestrians, as well as the need for the consolidation of the health center and counseling into a wellness center, have also been identified.

The board’s spring meeting will dedicate significant time to consideration of the final draft plan from WRT. “All of us who love St. Andrew’s know that the spirit of the School is not in the physical plant—we do not love the school because of its Gothic architecture or striking views of Front Lawn,” Tad states. “But it is undeniable that this incredible campus contributes immensely to the joy one finds here.” The final campus plan will enable St. Andrew’s to continue to refine the experience of students and faculty on this spectacular campus.
Who says that today’s fast-paced technology must distance us from the days of our youth? Over the past two years, the Irene duPont Library has made a large portion of St. Andrew’s print archives available as digital files. Early projects included “digitizing” the School’s yearbook, The Griffin, going back to 1937, as well as the past 15 years of School play brochures, a few photographs and miscellaneous items such as Walden Pell’s “Guide to Sacred Symbols” and invitations to the laying of the School’s cornerstone. The library is also in the process of purchasing archival software that would allow patrons to search the digitized collection using a keyword search.
“As the library has taken on the core role of the School archives, we have begun to digitize whole collections such as the yearbooks, The Cardinal and next, the Magazine,” said Director of Library Services Carol Ann Pala. “These collections are important to the history of the School and need to be preserved as well as digitized to give access to many who would like to do primary research on the School’s history.”

This fall, the Irene duPont Library embarked on a new leg of this digital journey through the past by posting all available back issues of The Cardinal to the library Web site. Back issues of The Cardinal, St. Andrew’s School-sanctioned student newspaper, are now available online.

Visit http://libraryweb.standrews-de.org/school-links/latestcardinal, and peruse issues from 1930 through the present. All available copies of The Cardinal may be downloaded as digital files so that students and alumni can enjoy these documents of student and School history for years to come.

The School is missing many issues of The Cardinal from the 1990s, and the library would appreciate leads on any surviving copies from this decade. E-mail Carol Ann at cpala@standrews-de.org if you have back issues, or if you would like more information.
Well, here I am once again. I’ve spoken at St. Andrew’s every year for quite a number of years, and you’ve come to our synagogue for many years as well. And what a date for me to speak to you! Today is Valentine’s Day. It’s named after a saint in Christianity and therefore has no place on the Jewish calendar. But truth be told, let no husband forget February 14th regardless of religious persuasion. Otherwise there will be hell to pay.

The operative word in what I just said is “forget.” So many of us know the famous line of the philosopher George Santayana... “If you forget the past you are doomed to repeat it.” Indeed, within the Jewish world especially there are so many moments we are commanded to remember. We ritualize memory at every worship service that we conduct, bringing to mind the Exodus from Egypt.

On our festival of Passover our memory of bondage is jarred during an entire meal when at the seder, the festive and culinary recreation of bondage and redemption, we package the complete experience of slavery so as not to forget. And the compelling sentence of the seder is “each person should consider himself or herself personally redeemed from Egyptian bondage.” So whether or not you were there (and only I at my age actually crossed the Red Sea with Moses), you are to make believe you were there in order to learn the lesson of that experience, integrate it in your life, and live to purposefully avoid it ever happening again, either to you or to anyone else, Jewish or otherwise. As we are commanded 36 times in the Torah, the Five Books of Moses, “You shall not oppress a stranger for you were strangers in the land of Egypt.”
Learning from the Past to Live in the Present

For us, to forget is to deny our past. It’s a passive form of denial, but in a world in which “new” is so important and “old” quite frankly stinks, subjects such as history are interesting only to the few. The same holds true in our religious school. It’s difficult to make the past come alive when we discuss what happened “back then.” If for Jews “back then” is 4,000 years ago, how will it be exciting to kids who view everything as “ancient” if it happened before the iPod was invented? Friends of mine who teach in secular schools bemoan the general feeling among students that to learn about the American Revolution or the Civil War is dumb because they believe it is irrelevant to their lives. It is a sad state of affairs, one which hopefully will change because it is only when we get a solid grasp of our past that we will understand not only the preciousness of American culture and values, but that people died trying to defend that culture and those values just as they died trying to protect our nation.

How many of you read newspapers, either hard copy or on-line? I don’t expect a show of hands but I would hope that you avail yourselves of the opportunity to learn what’s going on in the world. From what I’ve read and heard, sales of newspapers are going down precipitously. While I don’t own stock in any newspaper, I would hope that they all survive and thrive only because we need informed people in America. Right-wing or left-wing orientation doesn’t matter. What matters is that you know names and places. My prayer is that kids know as much about current events as they do the lyrics and melodies of the music they hear.

The future of this nation depends on involved and informed young people. I kid around in my meetings with you each year both at my synagogue and in your chapel, saying that today before me sit one or two future senators, representatives and maybe even a president. We need leaders of intellect, leaders of knowledge, leaders of wisdom. And even if you find yourself in some low-level job such as physician or physicist or—heaven forbid—clergy, there are enough professionals out there who know their field but are morons when it comes to the world around them.

It pains me no end to think about where America was, where it is and where it’s going. I’m sure others before me bemoaned some of the same conditions; I’m sure that others before me didn’t recognize the strengths of our citizens even when criticizing their weaknesses. But I can only focus on what is in the here and now, and what I see is a generation or two of folks who are self-absorbed. Would that they “forgot” the past; they didn’t even know the details of the past in the first place because they believe that the past doesn’t touch their lives. Trust me—it does.

Let me give you an example.

For years I’ve given a sermon late in December or in early January on The Person of Year, but it is my choice for the person of the year from a Jewish perspective using the same criterion as Time magazine. That criterion is the one who, for good or for ill, has impacted on the Jewish people.

My choice this year was Mahmoud Ahmadinajad, Iran’s president. For those of you who do not know, this man is Hitler incarnate, a vicious man who not only has threatened America, but also Israel. Ahmadinajad is a man who basically has put a death threat not only against Jews but against Christians because both Jews and Christians are considered infidels. Infidels are, according to radical Islam, doomed to destruction. Furthermore he has denied the Holocaust—even convening a conference a few months ago to repudiate the facts of the Holocaust.

The world has given lip service to stopping Ahmadinajad. The United Nations in their gross impotence wouldn’t know how to put an end to his rantings, let alone stalling or ending Iran’s nuclear intentions. Just as 60 years ago when the world closed its eyes, the world seems to be doing the same today to this man. While some say that Iran’s power lies in others, that he is only a figure-head, it doesn’t matter. He is its spokesperson.

Now let me state—I’m mentioning this with a question in mind—do you know about whom I’m talking? If you do and do not care, I’d be upset. If you never heard of him, I’m furious. This is my point. In a changing world—even in a stable world—the knowledge that you have in what’s happening is absolutely, positively vital. America cannot afford to have its citizens with their heads in the clouds; and considering that you will be “in charge” in the not-too-distant future, please, please focus. It’s good for all of us.

Santayana is dead, but his message lives. And it’s calling to us loud and clear!
IN THE CLASSROOM:

Using Physics to Solve Biological Mysteries

Crump Physics lecturer challenges the separation of physics and biology

by Eric Kemer

On Friday, February 2, in Engelhard Hall, the School was served a physicist’s take on the exquisite inner workings of bat ears, fly eyes and E. Coli noses.

The occasion was the 8th Annual William A. Crump, Jr. ’44 Physics Lecture and the speaker, Dr. William Bialek, presented his remarkable insights in a talk entitled: “More Perfect Than We Imagined: A Physicist’s View of Life.”

Dr. Bialek, who is the John Archibald Wheeler/Battelle Professor in Physics at Princeton University, has gained an international reputation for applying the theoretical and experimental tools of physics to the study of living organisms.

In his talk he presented fascinating examples of how organisms sense and process signals from their surroundings to solve “problems” of survival. He then went on to explain how his theoretical analyses of these processes reveal that evolution has produced abilities that are not simply “good enough,” but are truly as good as the laws of physics allow.

His examples ranged from mammals to insects to bacterium. The ability of bats to chase down insects by bouncing ultrasound off them implies they can measure the time between a chirp and its echo to within a 10-billionth of a second. The number and size of the lenses in a fly’s compound eye provide the absolute optimal resolution as dictated by the laws of optics. The ability of E. coli to swim mindlessly toward sweeter pastures (in our guts) derives from their ability to perform statistical analyses using the absolutely smallest possible number of sugar molecules that they can count one-by-one.

Professor Bialek’s enthusiasm and colorful analogies sustained the audience through some deeper moments that made the depth and sophistication of his work so evident. His passion for teaching and communicating the wonders of science came across also in the lively discussions he instigated with students, both during a pre-lecture dinner and during his visits to two physics classes Saturday morning. Professor Bialek generously spent an additional hour with the science faculty, discussing the interdisciplinary freshman science course he developed at Princeton, a labor that was recognized by the University when it awarded him the 2006 President’s Award for Distinguished Teaching.

Eric Kemer P’04,’08 is the associate academic dean for math and sciences and a teacher of physics, mathematics and chemistry at St. Andrew’s.
This winter, a group of six IV Formers decided to beat the winter doldrums and do something different with their afternoons. Opting out of swimming, basketball, wrestling, squash and theater, they traded the challenge of the court, the pool and the stage for a kind of intensity only found with kids.

“We decided we wanted to do something to help the community,” said Eliza Hamilton ’09. She joined classmates Mary Craig, Suzie Gurzenda, Sarah Haroldson, Laura McCready and Andrew Pfeiffer, and they proposed volunteering at the Boys and Girls Club in Middletown. With the help of Jay Hutchinson, the coordinator of the School’s community service programs, the sophomores were soon on their way to the club every afternoon.

Between 20 and 30 children in first, second and third grade go to the Boys and Girls Club after school while their parents work. While some of the St. Andrew’s volunteers help with homework and tutoring, others organize and lead games like Freeze Dance or Seven Up. When they initiated this project, many of the St. Andrew’s students didn’t realize they would take on the role of adults for the kids at the club.

“Sometimes the kids will ask each other to do their homework for them, but then I tell them, ‘I am going to be here until you understand it.’ We are there for 1 ½ hours, so we can stay until they understand it,” Eliza said. “Sometimes they get upset, and cry, but we can get them over it and make them feel better.”

“We can be there to guide the kids if they have any questions, and that’s when I feel like I am really helping out,” added Mary. “We see them every day, and they are more comfortable with us. We can joke around with them, and they can remember our names.”

Since St. Andrew’s volunteers go to the club every day, they have started to develop relationships with their young charges. After hours of homework help and games of tag, the mentors have learned a few things themselves.

“I was prepared to feel kind of awkward—to feel like the odd man out, since we came in from the outside. But the first day I got there, the kids were loud and excited—I loved it and felt like I fit in,” said Eliza. “That makes me look forward to going [there] every day.”

“We have become a big part in a lot of kids’ lives, and it’s nice to know we have an impact on something,” noted Laura. “And it’s easy to see what we are doing. Unlike other things, like sports or academics, when you are watching an 8-year-old learn how to multiply, it’s a lot more satisfying than learning how to multiply yourself.”

Surprises are par for the course, as anyone who works with kids will attest. Perhaps the greatest surprise for these IV Formers has been the unexpected benefits of their daily commitment.

“We started doing this to help the kids, but I didn’t realize this would be the biggest stress-reliever I’ve ever had!” said Laura. “During exam time, we’d go there stressed out, and we’d come back singing songs and playing hand games. When you leave campus for a couple hours and play with kids for two hours, your whole mindset changes.”
In January, Assistant Chaplain Jay Hutchinson traveled to Trinity Church in lower Manhattan, just two blocks from Ground Zero at Broadway and Wall Street. An Episcopal mecca of sorts, in September of 2001, Trinity was covered in dust and ash from the collapse of the nearby towers, but in the hours and days following the attacks, the church opened its doors—to those seeking shelter, food or solace. When Jay visited, the church opened its doors to ministers and theologians from all over the country and the world for a conference about the “end times.” Hoping to learn from and be inspired by ministers and theologians at the conference, Jay didn’t realize he would also find something of St. Andrew’s at Trinity.

The Reverend Dr. James H. Cooper, a 1963 graduate of St. Andrew’s, became the 17th rector of the Parish of Trinity Church in 2004. At St. Andrew’s, Jim played football, wrestled and played baseball, where he pitched for the Cardinals and captained the team. As Rector, Jim is responsible for leading an extensive organization—he ministers to his parish, directs Trinity’s public outreach and community services and administers the business of the Church, including Trinity’s substantial real estate holdings in lower Manhattan.

“I sort of bumped into Jim Cooper,” Jay explains. “He started talking about wrestling; he was on the wrestling team at St. Andrew’s, and that was formative experience for him. He said, ‘You look like you coach wrestling,’ and I said yes. He asked where, and then we made the
St. Andrew’s connection. He invited me to sit with him in [Peter] Gomes’s lecture, and we were in the front row!”

This conference, entitled “God’s Unfinished Future: Why It Matters Now,” built off Trinity’s close proximity—physically and imaginatively—to the events of September 11, 2001. The popular “Left Behind” book series promotes one conception—widely shared by evangelical Christians—of what will happen after Christ’s second coming. This interpretation of the Scriptures takes John the Revelator’s vision as fact and anticipates that Christ will remove “believers” from the earth in the Rapture. According to Jay, speculation about the end times used to involve fears of nuclear annihilation; in today’s post-9/11 world, people continue to worry about their spiritual fate if the world were to end.

“When I was growing up, I remember being at a church youth conference and they showed this film, Thief in the Night. It was about what would happen if Jesus came again and people were raptured out,” recalls Jay. “It was about nuclear proliferation. I remember vividly going to bed being afraid of waking up to a nuclear winter.”

A different conception of the end times and Christian responsibility motivated the conference at Trinity Church. Instead, speakers and participants discussed ways people in the Church can work for good and promote Christian values while they are part of this world. For example, noted theologian Jürgen Moltmann talked about different interpretations of Revelation, and Barbara Rossing, a professor at the Lutheran School of Theology at Chicago, spoke about the rapture from an environmental perspective.

This reading of the end times provides a framework for service and action; the speakers and participants were trying to think about the Rapture in terms of improving one’s spiritual life and improving the world as it is today. “The Scripture says, ‘prepare yourself now,’ and the parable of ‘the thief in the night’ says you have to be always ready, always prepared, always doing God’s business,” Jay says. “This means care for the poor, the sick and the dying; protect the environment; work to save what’s left of our atmosphere; be sustainable and recycle.”

In addition to discovering a St. Andrew’s alum as the rector of Trinity, another unexpected experience brought the fundamental ideas of the conference home to Jay. After one session with Dr. Moltmann, the participants were set to break into small discussion groups. On one side of Broadway is Trinity’s sanctuary, and the other side contains offices, classrooms and other teaching spaces. It is a tall building of perhaps 35 stories, Jay recalls.

As Jay reached his location on the 20th floor of the building, the fire alarm sounded. “All of a sudden, someone comes in and says, ‘this is real,’ and you could smell smoke.”

As people poured out of all levels of the building and crowded the stairwell, the descent was painfully slow. In front of Jay, a young woman began to hyperventilate and became dizzy; later he learned she had a relative who had died in the 9/11 attacks. “From the time we got on to the stairwell to the time we got on the first floor was 42 minutes. But from the time the plane hit the first tower [on September 11] and it fell it was about 40 minutes. So I started thinking about what it would have been like to be on the stairwell on 9/11. This is a whole different perspective for a New Yorker if you were on the stairwell. And this made me think about what it would be like to be at the end.”

Ultimately, this conference allowed Jay to explore an aspect of theology that is relevant to today’s world and his ministry at St. Andrew’s. Working at a mission-driven school with young people has allowed Jay to work for positive change on the personal, school and community level. Jay believes Christians should think about what they can do to usher in God’s kingdom, rather than become complacent with the faith they will be “raptured out” before the end of the world.

“The purpose of having the notion that there might be an end is that you act with purpose, with alacrity and as if there was some pressure on us. This is about making the earth more hospitable to God’s people in your life and doing everything you can do.”
In looking back on my life, I now realize how much I was influenced by my five years at St. Andrew’s. The school was really my home from 1946 to 1951. My classmates were my brothers, and the masters were my parents. We all had the benefit of having great parents: Walden Pell, Bill Cameron, “Ches” Baum, Blackburn Hughes, Mr. MacInnis, Bill Amos, Coerte Voorhees, “Lukey” Fleming, to name just a few. The education and life experiences I received at St. Andrew’s gave me head start on my collegiate and business competitors for the remainder of my life. I am very grateful for the privilege I had in attending the School for five years and think about it quite often.

After graduation, I attended Washington and Lee University for one year where I was on the varsity wrestling team. I transferred to the University of Georgia where my future wife, Ruthie, was in attendance. We married between my junior and senior year, and with her giving me the incentive I needed, I landed on the dean’s list and graduated in 1955 in the top 10 percent of my class with a degree in business administration and a major in finance.

Since I was in the ROTC at UGA, when I graduated they pinned gold bars on my shoulders and sent me to the Army Field Artillery School at Ft. Sill, Okla., to become an artilleryman.

After two years of firing cannons, I was released from active duty and returned to Savannah to become employed as a teller with a small local bank. After 32 years of service to the same bank, I had become the Executive Vice President of the bank, which had grown to $1 billion in assets. I retired in 1990 to Isle of Hope to live with my wife in my old family home located on the banks of the Skidaway River. Our three children had already settled in their own homes.

Over the years, I participated in a number of hobbies that included flying, hunting, fishing, tennis, scuba diving and yachting.

In 1980, I became interested in nature and landscape photography, and Ruthie and I spent many days anchored on our trawler yacht, Patience, near the various barrier islands on the 100-mile long Georgia coast. I would row ashore before daylight and extensively photograph the scenery, flora and fauna on the islands. I built up a voluminous library of Kodachrome slides depicting these beautiful locations.

In 1990, I discovered the art of woodturning, and for the past 17 years, this activity has become a serious vocation to me. Initially I found the skills needed to pursue this activity were beyond my reach. I then discovered John C. Campbell Folk School in Brasstown, N.C. The school presents weeklong courses in a variety of arts and hobbies. I first attended the school in 1996, and met other woodturners for the first time. This opened the entire world of woodturning to me, and my pursuit of the elusive skills became much easier. My first instructor became my mentor.

Since 1996, I have attended approximately 14 weeklong classes and have acted as an assistant instructor three times. The instructors at the school include master woodturners recognized around the world, and I have taken advantage of the opportunity to learn from them. I have been invited to become an instructor but have declined so far.

There is an adage in the woodturning fraternity that states, “The woodturning lathe was invented to eliminate the need for psychiatrists.” There is a lot of truth to this because practicing this method of creating art from wood that someone
has thrown away is very stress relieving. When I am in my shop under the front porch turning, I enter another, more comforting, serene, peaceful world. Time flies by, and I hate to wake up when Ruthie startling me back to reality with the command, “Dinner’s ready!”

I have participated in a number of art shows in the local area, and I have developed a reputation in the community for turning high quality decorative wood art. As a result, my home has become my studio, and I often receive visitors who intend to purchase art for themselves or as gifts to friends and relatives.

I turn mostly decorative hollow vessels or vases, and these require a critical eye for developing pleasing curves, proportions and shapes. I believe that my photography background has helped me immensely to develop a keen appreciation of good form.

After 16 years of turning wood, the pendulum may be swinging back to photography again. Last fall I had an urge to unpack my cameras and lenses to photograph some of my wood art. I quickly discovered that film photography had gone by the boards, and all of my expensive Nikon camera bodies and lenses were obsolete!

I took the plunge and purchased a digital SLR and began the arduous process of learning the fundamentals of digital photography. I quickly discovered that even though I was thoroughly familiar with the principles of fine photography, mastering the new digital aspect of the art was a gargantuan task.

To assist in my transition, I turned to my biology master at St. Andrew’s, Bill Amos. In the 1980s when I was active in photography, I noticed that Bill had written and photographed a number of articles for National Geographic, Outdoor Photography, Popular Photography and other well-known publications. As one of his III Form biology students, I did not realize that he was such an accomplished photographer.

I immediately contacted him via email and enlisted his assistance. He graciously agreed to help me, and I have received an immense volume of instruction from him on every subject relating to digital photography. His knowledge of the subject is mind-boggling, and his assistance has been invaluable.

I have recently enrolled in a digital photography class at Armstrong Atlantic State University here in Savannah. This class is proving to be very comprehensive and enjoyable, but it is also very challenging. It feels strange to be in the classroom with young college students again, but I am enjoying the experience very much. The class meets six hours per week, and it will extend until the end of this semester in May. I hope by the end of the class I will have obtained a rudimentary grasp of the subject. The motto that I have followed all my life is, “Live to learn.”

One of the highlights of 2006 for Ruthie and me was to attend the 55th reunion of my St. Andrew’s class. It had been 55 years since I had visited the campus, and I was overwhelmed with the changes that I observed. The small tender saplings that had dotted the grounds in 1951 had metamorphosed into beautiful giant specimen trees providing an inviting shady atmosphere for the entire campus. The physical plant had doubled in size, and the new additions blended tastefully with the old buildings that I remembered so well.

We visited all of my old dorms, as well as the V and VI Form corridors. Many pleasant memories came flooding back to me of the days and nights my classmates and I roughhoused, studied and learned how to become responsible individuals. It seemed so long ago but at the same time so recent.

I was nearly overwhelmed with emotion upon paying a visit to the chapel. Ruthie and I were the only two in the beautiful, cool, hushed edifice, and reading the plaques on the walls that paid homage to the great past masters whom I remembered so fondly brought tears to my eyes.

My biggest shock was how much my fellow 1951 classmates had aged! They all appeared to be in their 70s, while I remained the same 18-year-old lad who left the school after graduation feeling like I had the world by the tail. I should have paid more attention to the meaning of our centuries-old Latin commencement song, Gaudeamus Igitur:

Let us rejoice therefore
While we are young.
After a pleasant youth
After a troublesome old age
The earth will have us.

Contrary to the verse above, I am having a very interesting, challenging and enjoyable old age. I correspond via email regularly with many of my St. Andrew’s classmates, and they all appear to be doing the same. I feel comfortable that the future of the School is in very competent hands, and know that the School will continue in perpetuity providing an exceptional education for those students who are willing to work hard to expand their minds and strive to receive a superior education.
On February 16, a group of six actresses performed in Charles George’s *When Shakespeare’s Ladies Meet: (with Apologies to the Bard)*, a one-act play in which Portia, Katherine, Ophelia, Desdemona and Cleopatra offer romantic advice to Juliet. This lively experiment in literary imagination was followed on Saturday night by *Sylvia*, a fully-length play by A.R. Gurney. When Greg and Kate adopt a dog named Sylvia, they wind up with far more than Man’s Best Friend. In fact, Sylvia, played by Hadley Roach ’07, is a walking-on-two-legs, English-speaking woman who complicates the marriage of Greg and Kate, played by AJ Huenke ’07 and Amanda Nakonechny ’08.

These two performances mark an important addition to the St. Andrew’s arts calendar: this is the first time the School has produced a play in addition to the musical, an annual winter favorite. In past years history teacher Emily Pressman, who did theater as a student at Hotchkiss and Yale, has assisted Ann McTaggart ’86 with the winter musical. This
year, however, with a greater demand for roles than the musical could accommodate, Emily took on her own role of producing two non-musical alternatives.

“Some kids were really excited about the opportunity to be acting but weren’t as excited about the opportunity to sing and dance. They were drawn into this as an alternative,” says Emily. “This was intended to give a different kind of theatrical outlet during the winter season.”

Although different in significant ways, *When Shakespeare’s Ladies Meet* and *Sylvia* both allow novice and experienced actors to explore their characters and develop key skills of acting while putting on an enjoyable show. Actresses Henley Cox ’08 (Portia), Grace Reynolds ’08 (Katherine), Emily Scott ’09 (Cleopatra), Liz Wolinski ’09 (Desdemona), Liza Scher ’10 (Ophelia) and Leda Strong ’10 (Juliet) needed to master caricatures of their respective heroines, which also entailed an understanding of Shakespeare’s original leading ladies. On the other hand, the cast of *Sylvia* was asked to portray moments of comedy—plentiful, as the story revolves around a dog giving life-lessons to a married couple—along with the often sincere and touching tone of the play.

“There are ways in which *Shakespeare’s Ladies is sort of an old-fashioned play, and the kids have done an amazing job of breathing life into it,” notes Emily. “It was a much more exciting play than it could be in the hands of another cast.”

As the young cast worked through scenes and became comfortable with the plays, they began to develop their characters as well as their presence on stage. When she initially attempted the part of Phyllis in *Sylvia*, Mary Shea Valliant ’09 thought her character was just a flighty female.

“[Phyllis] had this air of ditziness and stupidity, and for a while I tried to incorporate that into our rehearsals. But eventually the snooty and ‘I’m better than you’ attitude of this New York City socialite became apparent to me,” explains Mary Shea. “It’s great to be a character who sees themselves as above everyone, but never actually realizes how silly they seem to everyone else.”

In the process of figuring out her role as Katherine from *The Taming of the Shrew*, Grace also came to terms with her particular challenge: stage fright. “I actually chose to try theater for the first time this year because I want to overcome my fear of the stage,” she says. Prior to the performance, she admitted that “having to perform will be a little bit scary for me, but really exciting.” Not a hint of that former fright played into Grace’s performance at showtime.

The inspiration for these two plays came from Emily’s own background in theater as well as her knowledge of St. Andrew’s. After directing *Sylvia* as a senior in high school, she counts it among her favorite plays, and *Shakespeare’s Ladies seemed a good fit considering how many students read Shakespeare as part of the English curriculum. Such an audience of students would get the “in” jokes that drive the humor and plot of the play. “When Desdemona talks about ‘Othello smothers me with his jealous love,’ people in the audience at St. Andrew’s would get that and laugh and appreciate that,” Emily notes.

After the curtain closed over *Sylvia* and *When Shakespeare’s Ladies Meet*, what Emily and the cast appreciated was their chance to create two incredible productions. “It’s one of the things that is really wonderful about this place,” Emily remarks. “It’s the kind of place where someone can say, ‘Well, I’ve had this idea percolating….’” With the hard work and dedication of a whole cast of characters, this idea became a reality, or at least a stage reality, and it may become yet another winter theater tradition.
Talk of the T-Dock

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St. Andrew’s Magazine
As the homespun but charming Annie Oakley, Sutton Brown ’07 impressed leading man Frank Butler, played by Tolly Taylor ’07, and audiences alike with her singing, sharpshooting and silver bullet showmanship. Led by a strong group of seasoned actors, the cast energized the classic Broadway hit with crowd-pleasing antics and memorable show tunes. Remember, there’s no business like show business!
As facilities crews readied the fields and prepped the crew shells for the advent of spring athletics, one project at Colburn Field received special attention from St. Andrew’s craftsmen and baseball fans. A local construction firm is building a new baseball “press box” near Noxontown Road. This construction project tells a story about the history of the game and provides some indication of its future at the School.

None other than St. Andrew’s legend Bob Colburn built the original press box with help from then-art teacher Howard Fraker. In 1982, the annual Blue-Gold Baseball Game was slated to be played at St. Andrew’s and televised; since the television crew needed a place from which to broadcast, the two men set to work. The Caesar Rodney Club sponsored the game and paid for all the wood, electrical work and telephone lines, Bob recalls.

“The press box was about to fall down—my workmanship only lasts about 25 years,” jokes Coach Colburn. Funded by the new Colburn Fund, which was part of the recently completed Cornerstones Campaign, the new structure will provide more than simply a place for reporters and television cameras. The press box itself will be used by the person running the scoreboard—another recent addition—and scorekeepers can score the game from the press box. The new facility will also help the Cardinals keep pace with advances in score reporting to
newspapers. With a computer to tabulate the box score as the game proceeds, the School will report the results directly to the newspapers via e-mail.

The new press box makes use of a range of new technologies. Along with electrical outlets for the batting machines, it will house the amplifier system for use during games, particularly during the tournament games when introducing players and coaches and announcing the game. The press box will also allow for videotaping of pitchers and hitters from an optimal angle.

“Videotaping is very important now as college coaches like to see tape of prospective recruits,” adds Coach Colburn. “Having a good place to do this from is becoming more important.”

In addition to the “press area,” the new structure also includes a large storage area for the team’s equipment—pitching machines, tarps for the fields, protective nets for pitchers, as well as the players’ bats, balls, gloves, helmets and the catchers’ equipment. Now players will no longer have to transport their equipment back and forth daily, but can instead store it on site.

Of course this project wouldn’t be complete without that perspicacious Bob Colburn touch. “The structure will contain cubicles along the outside for each player to put his batting helmet, glove and batting glove when he doesn’t need them,” he adds, smiling. “So the area around the bench won’t be so messy anymore.”
The girls’ varsity squash team had a very successful season, finishing with a 6-4 record, including a second place finish at the Mid-Atlantic Tournament. There were numerous highlights of the year: huge wins against Episcopal High School and Lancaster Day School, and then the second place finish at the Mid-Atlantics. A young team led by co-captains Lucy Brady ’07 and Charlotte Rajasingh ’07, the Saints posted their best record in quite a few years.

Individually, Alexa Lichtenstein ’09 led the team with seven wins, and Mia Fry ’09, Charlotte Rajasingh and Kira Neiderhoffer ’10 each had six victories. Mia’s play at number one was especially notable as she anchored the team’s victories with strong and skillful play.

Boys’ squash
The boys’ squash team enjoyed a difficult but rewarding 2006-07 season, finishing 5-5 (or 6-6 considering the team’s win over the varsity girls and the loss to the faculty). Highlights include regular season wins at home over Princeton Day School and away over Lancaster Country Day, as well as wins in the Mid-Atlantics over Baltimore Friends, Loyola and St. Paul’s. The Saints had succumbed to St. Paul’s earlier in the year, but the second match—a 5-4 barn-burner—secured the championship.

The match featured outstanding play from captain Matt Russell ’07 at number three, who won a very tight match 9-7, 10-8, 9-7, as well as a noble effort from Taylor White ’09 at number two, who came back from two games to love down to concede his match in five against a formidable opponent. Other outstanding performances of the year include junior Dan Dittmar’s early-season win at number six in five tight games against St. Paul’s in his third match of the day; sophomore Jimmy Gerrity’s two electrifying matches at number one against Gilman; and sophomore Mark Wieland’s stirring five-set comeback against a very strong opponent from Hill.

Wrestling
St. Andrew’s faced many tough opponents on the wrestling mat this winter. Under the senior leadership of Will Vega-Brown and senior captain Andrew Forsthoefel, the Saints took on more experienced wrestlers with skill and dignity, improving with every pin. In the winter sports assembly, wrestling coach Donald Duffy praised the dedication of each wrestler and the team’s positive attitude throughout the season. Daniel Primiani ’08 took fifth place at the state qualifying tournament and earned a spot as an alternate at the state tournament; he earned the Most Improved Award for his hard work as a wrestler.
Girls’ basketball
The girls’ varsity basketball team finished the season with a record of 4-13. Early in the season, two major injuries—junior Pem Heath’s broken collarbone and junior Jessica Torres’ torn ACL—cut into the starting line-up. The team adjusted to these losses and played competitive basketball for the remainder of the season. The strength of the squad lay in its resilience. Each member showed up to practice ready to learn and work hard; each member took pride in both their big victories (such as their win against Westtown) and their small victories (such as scoring double digits against Sanford); each member valued playing hard, playing together and maintaining composure no matter what the score or how loud the fans.

The varsity squad will graduate four seniors this spring: co-captain Stephanie Chubb (second Team All Conference, recipient of the Coaches Award), co-captain Alexa Caldwell (Honorable Mention All Conference, recipient of the Coaches Award), Eloise Repeczky (recipient of the Rookie of the Year Award) and Cydney Unvala.

Boys’ Basketball
The varsity boys’ basketball team enjoyed a successful finish to their winter season, winning five of their final six games to close out the year. The team finished with an 8-10 record and a 2-6 record in the Independent Conference. February turned out to be the best month for the team, as they avenged two conference losses to Friends and Tower Hill. After returning from exams rested and ready to go, the Saints handily defeated Friends by 12 points at home. Then they traveled to Westtown to complete a sweep of the Quakers. The remaining Tower Hill game became the biggest contest of the season. An 18-4 first quarter start gave the Saints a lead that they would never relinquish, as they held on to win by two points, 51-49. The Saints closed out February with victories over St. Thomas More and Red Lion.

Seniors Rob Bryan, Ian James, Nwakibe Kanu and Adrian Holman led the team this season. They all played an important role in the success of this year’s team. Junior L.J. Dimanche was the team’s leading scorer as he averaged 18 points a contest and was named to the First Team All-Conference squad.

Swimming
On Saturday, February 24, St. Andrew’s competed at the state swimming and diving championships held at the University of Delaware. Both the boys’ and girls’ teams clocked remarkable times, with especially impressive wins and new School records set in the boys’ races.

“The 2007 DISC Championships produced all of the excitement and drama that we thought they would,” said coach Bill Wallace. “Our boys team took first, and our girls took second, and it was an amazing end to a most memorable season.”

In the 50 free, Tyler Gehrs ’09 placed first (21:85), followed in short order by Tyler Caldwell...
The girls’ team also posted strong times in their events. Mackenzie Lilly ’09 placed eighth in the finals for both the 50 free (25.95) and 100 free (57.65). In the 100 backstroke, Kasey Christiansen ’09 placed eighth in the consolation finals with a time of 1:07.09.

The 400 free relay of Noelle Bloomfield ’08, Rachel Pedersen ’10, Sara Khan ’09 and Kasey placed seventh in the consolation finals (4:08.27). The 200 medley relay of Lyndsay Wallace ’10, Sellers Grantham ’08, Mackenzie and Kasey placed eighth in the consolation finals (2:05.60), as did the 200 free relay team of Mackenzie, Sellers, Noelle and Rachel (1:47.42).

The girls’ team race was very close. Tatnall won, but the competition for second place between St. Andrew’s and Sanford was as close as the dual meet had been two weeks before. In the meet’s opening event, the girls medley relay of Kasey, Lyndsay, Mackenzie and Sellers raced to a season best 2:02.03 and a third place finish. Rachel took fourth in the 200 free (2:15.47). Mackenzie won the 50 free with a new DISC record time of 25.45. Teammate Noelle came in fifth with 26.98. Kasey took sixth in the 100 fly with a 1:09.22. In the 100 free, Mackenzie raced to second with a 56.24 and Noelle was sixth with a 1:00.49.

This set the stage for one of the most exciting races of the meet—the 200 free relay. Mackenzie took the lead on the first leg (25.51), Noelle held the lead on the second leg (26.86), Sellers swam third with a 27.27 and Rachel anchored with a 26.49 leg—giving them a final time of 1:46.13. Tatnall took first with 1:45.57, a new DISC record. However, St. Andrew’s relay was also under the record—an incredible feat! Kasey was sixth in the 100 back (1:07.54). The 100 breast was the final individual event. Lyndsay finished third, Sellers was fourth and Sydney Tooze was fifth. The St. Andrew’s 400 free relay of Noelle, Rachel Pedersen, Kasey, and Rachel Hickman ’07 took third with a time of 4:05.44.
The boys’ meet was a thrill as well. St. Andrew’s swimmers accounted for two individual School and DISC records, and the Saints’ relays accounted for three additional DISC records and one additional School record.

Tyler Gehrs (25.87), Lee Whitney (29.73), Wills Cooper (25.71), and Greg Beard (22.65) opened the meet with a first (1:43.96) in the 200 medley relay. Their time was also a DISC record. Schafer Newman ’08 took sixth (2:12.21) in the 200 free. Wills Cooper took third in the 200 IM (2:16.66) and teammate Max Baird was sixth (2:29.13).

The 50 free was set to be a big race for St. Andrew’s, with all four of the School’s entries in the top five. Tyler Caldwell (22.24) won the 50 with a new School and DISC record. Teammate Greg Beard (23.27) was second, Lee Whitney (23.94) was fourth and Byron Cooper (24.24) was fifth. Tyler Caldwell took fifth in the 100 fly (1:02.64). The 100 free was another big event for St. Andrew’s. Tyler Gehrs (48.25) won the event with a new School and DISC record. Teammate Greg Beard (51.85) was third and Byron (54.06) was fifth. Schafer Newman took fourth (6:09.85) in the 500 free.

The 200 free relay has been a strength of the team all year, and their performance at the finals was no exception. The relay of Tyler Caldwell (22.31), Byron Cooper (24.03), Lee Whitney (23.04) and Tyler Gehrs (21.47) finished first with a new DISC record of 1:30.85. Wills Cooper took third in the 100 back (59.86) and teammate William Heus ’08 took fifth (1:05.24). Lee Whitney took second in the 100 breast (1:07.86). Henry Hollbrook ’09 was fourth (1:11.85).

The final event of the meet was the 400 free relay. Tyler Caldwell (51.60), Greg Beard (51.71), Wills Cooper (51.53) and Tyler Gehrs (47.39) won with a time of 3:22.23, setting a new School and DISC record.

These championship performances, for some, were the culmination of four years of work over the course of their St. Andrew’s careers. For others, the season marked the beginning of their St. Andrew’s careers. For everyone, the season began at 12:01 a.m. on Friday, November 10, when the team was the first team in the First State to run swim practice for the 2006-07 swim season.

Led by captains Tyler Caldwell, Byron Cooper, Rachel Hickman, Mariana Silliman ’07 and Sellers Grantham, the boys’ team was 8-1 and the girls were 7-4. In the conference, they finished 4-0 and 4-1, respectively. As the team motto goes, “It’s not how far you swim, it’s how far you swim fast!”

Tyler Caldwell completed a four-year career of mythic achievements. He was a four-year state meet competitor. For the past three years, he has been a member of the St. Andrew’s 200 free relay team that has taken first at States. This season, he held the School record in the 50 free and was Conference champion in the 50 free. He has been All-Conference for the past three years. He was 2nd Team All State in 2005-06 and again this year. He is this year’s Most Valuable Player.

Tyler Gehrs set new St. Andrew’s records in the 50 and 100 free and was named 1st Team All State and 1st Team All Conference. Mackenzie Lilly was 1st Team All Conference and 2nd Team All State. For her efforts, Mackenzie received this year’s team Most Valuable Player award. Greg Beard was 1st Team All Conference. Lee Whitney, Byron Cooper and Wills Cooper each earned 2nd Team All Conference. Speedy freestyler Rachel Pedersen and breaststroker Lyndsay Wallace, both III Formers, earned Rookie of the Year honors for the girls; Chris Chung ’09 sprinted his way to Rookie of the Year honors for the boys. Breaststroker Sydney Tooze earned the Most Improved Swimmer award. Max Baird and William Heus won Most Improved Swimmer awards for the boys. 🏊
St. Andrew's Magazine: You have been involved in Spectrum, St. Andrew's diversity organization, for some time. Can you tell me about the organization and your work with Spectrum this year?

I am one of three co-presidents, along with Brigitte Washington '07 and Olu Sosan '08. Right now there is a group of girls working on a diversity day for the spring. This year something I personally wanted to work on was the Spectrum Board, and trying to do things besides Black History Month or Native American Month. I remember freshman year, coming to that first Spectrum meeting of the year; the majority of the room was black or Hispanic, and there were a few white kids. From that moment I thought Spectrum was the affinity group for minorities at St. Andrew's because no one ever told me otherwise, and so I assumed that it was. Eventually people started to ask me questions on dorm, someone said, 'Isn't that the black people club?' and I said, 'No, it isn't.' It dawned on me that there was no space on campus for people who have different ideas or beliefs about an issue for them to get together, talk about it, collaborate.

This year we have made a lot of changes in Spectrum. We recently had the conversations that Mrs. Furlonge helped organize [on Martin Luther King, Jr. Day]. Spectrum focused on MLK's dream and its practicality in today's world. If he were alive, what would he say about the way race relations work? We also rewrote our mission statement, and we came up with 'bridging the gap,' which makes us more aware that everyone is diverse in their own way. It's not just this person is brown, this person is Asian or Native American—everyone is diverse because we are not all the same. By trying to unite staff, faculty and students, we can network and share our ideas and patch up those gaps we have between our cultures. And at the end of the day, we are trying to educate everyone.

What experiences did you have before coming to St. Andrew's that motivated you to become involved in Spectrum as a III Former?

At my old school I was very involved in a lot of leadership stuff. I was class president all through middle school. I am a loud person in that sense. I like to get my ideas out there. If I hear someone say something I think will make a different or make things better for a group, then I will definitely speak up about it. So I saw other people who had that kind of attitude and they said, 'You have to come to Spectrum.' It was also the fact that a lot of Prep [for Prep] kids went to the meeting. I didn't know a lot of kids at St. Andrew's, but I knew where they were coming from. My old school didn't have anything like Spectrum, so I guess it was also curiosity in that sense.

Can you identify one goal you have for Spectrum before you graduate?

Bringing a diversity conference to St. Andrew's. We are working on an interschool diversity conference for the fall of 2007. We want to host it at St. Andrew's and invite other schools. We are really trying to network this year with other schools so it's not just St. Andrew's in our little bubble—we want to branch out.

I went to the [National Association of Independent Schools] diversity conference freshman year; I liked the experience a lot, and I wish we could bring more of those ideas here. I feel like when you are around people you don't know too well you are not as afraid of saying what you want to say. I was in a group of 50 people, and I didn't know anyone there. I heard people talk about how diversity affected their schools and what they did to bring awareness to issues of diversity. A lot of new and different ideas came out in those conversations.

You're now halfway through your junior year. Is it what you expected? How do you like the year overall?

It's not an easy academic year, but I really like junior year a lot because there are so many new things going on.

This year I have started to do more new things. I picked up creative writing as a minor. I started Latin this semester. I want to do some more stuff with language. I took French my freshman year and then I switched to Chinese. Out in the real world, I feel being able to say, 'I took Chinese for three years and hopefully in college'—that is something worthwhile. I have always wanted to take a classical language, and I always thought it would help me in other stuff. And I definitely want to pick up French again in college.

You've spent some time on crutches this year. What happened?

I tore my ACL when we played Friends right before Fall Long Weekend. It bummed me out because basketball has always been important to me. Before I came to St. Andrew's, the only sport I played was volleyball, but basketball was that thing I did growing up. My uncle played, and that's what I did at the park. I thought I found something I really loved.

It really did bum me out, but it brought things into perspective because I had to slow down from that rush that is St. Andrew's every day. I got to think about things. I'm not grateful, but it's not the end of my life. It's one of those moments you stop, think about it, dwell, then you get over it.

This summer I still plan on playing basketball! I'm not going to stop.

“By trying to unite staff, faculty and students, we can network and share our ideas and patch up those gaps we have between our cultures.”
St. Andrew’s Magazine: This Christmas you traveled to India. Can you tell us about your trip?

Yes, I went to Bombay, India, for a cousin’s navjote. It’s like a bar mitzvah-type thing for Zoroastrians. I took a trip two years ago around the same time for another navjote. They are these really big celebrations in my family, and if you get the chance to go, they are pretty worthwhile. It’s a “coming out”-type celebration, comparable to bar mitzvah except it happens when the child is 7 or 8 years old. They are taking god into their lives; you say a series of prayers to bless the child, and then there is a big party and it’s very fun.

I have 52 second-cousins in total, and about 300 relatives in general. About 200 family and friends came to the navjote. I was there for 10 days.

My family is Parsee. It’s a very small, intimate and closed-off race. We originally migrated from Iran, then we migrated to India [in the 8th century] and we are into the purity of the race. That was particularly hard on my family when my dad decided to marry a white woman, an American. And that is why I can’t be a part of many of the traditions. I can’t become a Zoroastrian because my mother is not a Zoroastrian, and typically it is the mother who teaches you the religion in the culture. When I was in seventh grade my grandfather died, but because I was only half Parsee, and even though Parsee heritage is passed through the father; I wasn’t allowed to go to the funeral and I wasn’t allowed in the Parsee temple. And that is why the race is dying off.

How would you describe Bombay to someone who has never been to India?

Bombay is a very busy city—worse than New York; and a lot louder and a lot more traffic, so many smells, good and bad. You just go to experience the city. Bombay is right off the Arabian Sea, and we just walk up and down the beaches.

There are also markets you can go to for shopping. The best part is haggling. I bring back mostly souvenirs for friends and stuff. I actually bought a sari, the traditional nice dress, which was an experience in itself. You have to buy the sari and have a sari blouse made. It’s very time-consuming. For me, you have a family tailor you go to, and they take your measurements and they will have a sari blouse made for you in two days. That is how you have all your clothes made.

Bombay is westernizing more these days, so you don’t see as many people in the traditional garb. In my family you wear a sari every day, and then you have a more glamorous and elegant sari you wear to navjote. Everything is custom-made to your body measurements. Then there is putting on the sari, which is something else. It takes half an hour to get the folds right. You have to get someone else to do it because you can’t do it by yourself.

My cousins are very interested in the fact I go to a boarding school. They have comparable schools, called ivy schools, and my cousin’s cousin goes to an ivy school. We talked about that and compared the two different types. They are very eager to hear about what it’s like here. They thought because I lived in New York I would see famous people all the time, but no—I told them I have never met Jay-Z.

Actually, in India, almost everyone can speak English, which is kind of interesting. In school, they have a Hindi literature course and an English literature course. I think it’s good how other countries try to learn different languages, so they can get around. Whereas here, you learn a second language, but it’s not as intense as it would be in any other country.

How do you like being an Art Major?

It’s so much fun. I have taken an art course every year that I have been here, and art is one of the things I am passionate about. It’s an escape from the normally academic rigorous life here. I like that as an art major I can pursue whatever art I want. There is a structure, but if I want to put a message into something I am drawing or painting, I can do that. I like the freedom that comes along with that.

We just finished our icon projects, and we are about to start our really big project: a series of five drawings or paintings that have to be related in content and material. You have total freedom to decide what you want to do. I thought because I was in India this Christmas, I might want to do something with that.

Actually, in India, I had henna done on my hands. The women who do Hindu henna are considered artists.

When I went to the wedding, my second cousin was marrying a Hindu. (My family had a heyday with that!) The weddings are very ornate, and the bride is decked out in gold and diamonds and jewels; the ceremony was just beautiful—it looked liked art in itself. The bride’s henna was on her arms and legs. That is part of the tradition before the wedding. You have about four different women doing your henna. When they do it it’s all on the spot—they have nothing planned. They look at your hand and they visualize what sort of shapes would look great on this hand. No two hands of henna would ever be the same. I was observing the [henna artist] and thinking about how I could use that in my series of five. I am very attached to my culture in India and I am very interested in my heritage, and I would love to express that in art.
St. Andrew’s Magazine: Tell us about your history in this area. Have you always lived in Middletown?
Barb Samson: I grew up on the Emerson Farm north of Middletown. My uncle still lives there. As kids, I grew up going there, and my dad worked the farm every weekend. I am still a farm girl at heart, would like to have my own farm one day.
Now I live in Townsend with my husband in a house we built ourselves. It took us five years to build. We were living in a tiny apartment while we built the house, and we paid for it as we went along. My husband is retired now from Daimler Chrysler. That is why it’s really exciting to have the two months off in the summer. We have a pontoon boat over on the Chester River near Chestertown, Md., and we spend a lot of summer days and nights on that. We do a lot of crabbing, but I call it cruising the river. We go up to Chestertown, where we might dock [the boat] and go strolling the streets and then get back on and go to the wharf.
Oh, and we currently have an adopted dog! We used to have field trialing German short-haired pointers. We would go to these field trials, and ride a horse—we had our own horses then—and the dogs would compete against other dogs. We did that for 12 years, and the dogs eventually died, and so we took a few years off and just traveled in the summers and at Christmas. Lo and behold, this fall we came home one night and there was an old mangy lab crying outside our porch. We let him in and dried him off, and he made himself comfortable. Now we have a dog! We searched for the owner, and we put up ads, but no one seemed to want him. You would never know that now; he is quite comfortable. He is probably 12 years old, and his name is Buddy….And Buddy is going to go along with us on the boat! We have a pool, too—that will be interesting, teaching him how to come out on the steps.

SAM: I have heard you’re quite an accomplished seamstress…?
BS: Well, I like to do craft projects that involve sewing. I make my own valances, which I like to change with the holidays—I am kind of nutty about that! I have one mantle in my living room that, if you didn’t know what month it was, you could tell by looking at the mantle, because it is always decorated according to the month. I have done some rooms for friends and family. That is what I really like to do—decorating.
My husband and I love to go to flea markets. Our best trip was the 450-mile yard sale that started in Cincinnati, Ohio, and ended up in Alabama. We did that in four days one year, and that was fun.
You meet a lot of people! It's one road, and it's a very famous flea market.

SAM: And do you collect antiques?
BS: My husband calls them “junktiques”—they’re a cross between an antique and a piece of junk someone has thrown out. I have a lot of treasures in my house. I have some pieces that were my grandfather’s, and the rest were pieces we found along the way. For example, our living room is six-sided, and when we were building the house, we went to an antique store to buy a cupboard to display in the living room. I had seen the piece and my husband had not. There’s this big oak monster cabinet with no back on it, and it was painted some funky white color and the door was hanging off. It needed a lot of work, but it was cheap. We loaded it in the truck to take it home, and my husband said that if it fell off, we weren’t stopping for it! But we fixed it up, it’s in my living room, and people are still amazed at how good it looks.

SAM: What is your history at St. Andrew’s? When did you come to the School, and how did you start in college counseling?
BS: In June of 1978, I started in the business office and was in accounts receivable and payroll. There were only three of us in the business office at that point, and I was also responsible for the student bank account—the old blue check system; many people—or at least “old timers”—would remember it. Then in 1985, Hoover Sutton asked if I would be willing to come to college counseling to replace Nancy Woodward, who was leaving. I jumped on it because it was a 10-month job, and that would give me the summers to play. I made that move in 1985, and it has been college counseling ever since.

SAM: What changes have you seen in the college counseling office since then?
BS: Let’s see. I used to type every recommendation letter in addition to typing every transcript. At the end of the trimester, we had to enter all the grades on the typewriter. There were only three of us in the business office at that point, and I was also responsible for the student bank account—the old blue check system; many people—or at least “old timers”—would remember it. Then in 1985, Hoover Sutton asked if I would be willing to come to college counseling to replace Nancy Woodward, who was leaving. I jumped on it because it was a 10-month job, and that would give me the summers to play. I made that move in 1985, and it has been college counseling ever since.

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SAM: What changes have you seen in the college counseling office since then?
BS: Let’s see. I used to type every recommendation letter in addition to typing every transcript. At the end of the trimester, we had to enter all the grades on the typewriter. Now it’s all computerized. The method of applications has also changed a lot. Students used to bring me their applications, and I would review them and then mail them. Now with online applications, I don’t even see applications. The counselors double-check their essays and go over the whole process, but now I am mainly responsible for mailing the recommendations, transcripts, and profiles for every application the student submits. The students today apply to a lot more schools. The competition is so—I don’t even know the word—it’s just straight competition. They feel more anxiety over the whole process. Along with what they do here at school in addition to classroom work, activities, extracurriculars and athletics, they apply to so many more schools than when I first started. It was unusual to have a student apply to seven schools when I first came in; now most of them do 10 on average.

It’s also changed with having three counselors as opposed to just Hoover in the beginning, then Tom Sturtevant. He grabbed Candy Schuller when she came to St. Andrew’s. It’s escalated to now four counselors. Each one of them requires part of me. There used to be a time when you could ask, “when are you the most busy?” And you could easily say November 1 to January 30, but now there are a lot of rolling applications, and as soon as January comes, the juniors are assigned their counselors, and the process starts all over. And then you’re working with two classes!

SAM: Have changes in technology over the years made your job easier, or just different?
BS: It has made most parts of my job much easier for record-keeping and ready access; all counselors can all see what I have done and what I have mailed, and the students can see what has been mailed without coming in and asking. But the technology part of it has reduced a lot of human contact. I enjoyed meeting the kids, and some of the kids I don’t feel I know as well as I used to, but I understand with how busy everyone is, it makes more sense to send a quick e-mail.

SAM: What is the best part of your job?
BS: When you come in in the morning, you think, “What is going to be there today?” It changes every day—no two days are the same. So every day is an adventure, because when you open your e-mail, you never know what someone will ask you for, or what college has called. You can’t plan the day. I can’t say, “I will do this and this today,” because just when you plan it gets blown out. It can be nerve-racking but at the end of the day, you can say, I finished this and this and this—you can knock things off a list. And that is a great feeling.

As sad as it is, I think my most satisfying day is graduation. It’s sad for the kids, but satisfying they got what they wanted and deserved, and I feel like they are my kids graduating. I remember what the students went through to get to that point, and I just feel such a sense of happiness for them. So I think graduation is the most satisfying part of the year.
When Nan Mein arrived at St. Andrew’s in 1971 to teach history, she promptly began to shape the history of the School from that day forward—she has educated scores of students and faculty with her extraordinary command of world history, her famous anecdotes and, most of all, by the example of her own life. But leaving St. Andrew’s has proved to be one of the greatest challenges of her storied career.

After retiring in the spring of 2003 due to colon cancer, Nan returned the following fall to fill in and once again teach her course in Western Civilizations. With plans to spend time with her husband Simon, former chaplain of St. Andrew’s from 1971 to 1992, and travel, Nan admits she may just be back in the classroom for the occasional “unit” or guest appearance in the history corridor.

“This process of retirement from St. Andrew’s…is like the good ole days of macramé where you’re creating something, and here’s a great big bead and you work that in and you go on making knots, just incorporating what comes along. I regard myself as a piece of the St. Andrew’s macramé,” said Nan in a recent interview with St. Andrew’s Magazine. Before this living legend takes her leave, the Magazine asked her to reflect—with her historian’s mind—on the great moments and periods of her tenure at the School. Some of Nan’s remarks in those interviews are reproduced here.
THE EARLY YEARS: CONSIDERING COEDUCATION

I love teaching, I love being with students. I was the head resident of a dorm at Cornell when I was in graduate school there, and Simon ran a theological college. I had taught at a girls’ school in Kentucky before Cornell. So we were both familiar with living and teaching in an educational institution. We had to re-gear the bicycle, as it were, to figure out where our strengths were going to be here and what was applicable from the past.

Clearly one of our strengths which Bob Moss was looking for was dormitory experience. The board of trustees had already decided the year before [we were hired] that the School was going to go co-ed. Faculty weren’t told anything about this. Bob was told to start looking for some women who could organize and lead the process of coeducation.

Here came Nan and Simon Mein.

As I now look back to 1973 when the first girls came, what were the long-term challenges of coeducation? The challenges then were quite different from the challenges now, although looking back, I can see a stream of continuity in coeducation at St. Andrew’s.

The challenges in the first year or two were the selection of girls who could cope with an all-male environment. The right girls were strong, independent, bright, frequently eccentric. They were girls who almost without exception flourished in this atmosphere. It might have been a very loud and irritated flourish, or it might have been “Oh! I just love this place!”

We had to improvise everything. There were faculty who left rather than teach girls, just as years before in ’64, there were teachers who left rather than teach black students.

It was a lot of work, but it was very pleasant work because we were working with something new, something untried, something that was being looked at with great skepticism. It was the kind of work that is not hard. Listen. Enable people to do what they are going to be good at doing. Help them talk their way through situations so they can then go out and do it themselves. Provide them with alternatives. “Let’s look at it this way,” or “Have you thought of saying this to him?”

Apart from kindergarten, first and second grade, I think high school teachers can have a greater effect on students’ lives than certainly anything later. High school is such a formative period, particularly if you go away to boarding school; you are able to develop a new persona if you want to, take a new name, a new nickname and develop who you want to be. You help them and then you stand back and watch. The change is dramatic for girls in a coed situation.

High school girls are not yet college girls, even though they think they are. A ninth-grade girl back in 1973 was nowhere near as mature and experienced as our incoming girls are now. They were really junior high kids. They were very, very bright, but needed a much more structured environment than is needed now. So that was my role, to be mother. By that time we had Andrew, and it was a lot of fun for many of them: here was this little boy! They had siblings they had left at home, and we had no shortage of babysitters or kids coming in just to see Andrew and, by the way, talk about some problem they had. It worked out quite well. The independent ones went their own independent way, trumpeting the whole time! That was fine. They were the independent woman leaders. It was very good to have girls like that as role models—no one is a perfect role model, but when you get some pretty good ones, it works out very well.

“Apart from kindergarten, first and second grade, I think high school teachers can have a greater effect on students’ lives than certainly anything later.”
The first girls had to be independent, strong, bright and self-motivated. And they were, I still see those characteristics in the girls who come to St. Andrew’s. One of the reasons they had to be particularly bright was because in the ’70s, ’80s and perhaps in the ’90s, there was prejudice against bright, strong, independent girls. When the boys said, “Who are going to be our cheerleaders?” Louise Dewar ’75 said, “We have come to play sports, and we are not going to be your cheerleaders. In fact, you might like to do the cheering for us.”

I always felt I had to be twice as good as my male colleagues in order to be considered adequate. So the girls had to perform at least as well—better than the boys in order to be considered the equal of the boys.

STORIES FROM THE VAULT
There was the M.O.D.—the master of the day. Back then, the School was run by bells and a schedule, a fierce schedule. The M.O.D. was like the duty officer on a ship; you rang every bell—the breakfast bell for the beginning and end of breakfast, the “5” bell before first period, at the end of the period, and then five minutes later; all the way through the day and right up to dinner. Then you rang the bell for study hall, you supervised study hall, and when study hall was over, you rang the last bell and then you went to do your corridor. This came around about once a month.

When my turn came up, I thought, “I can do this, I can deal with St. Andrew’s—I taught in the jungle, for heaven’s sake.” So I was ringing bells briskly. Then I walked into the faculty room. It had overstuffed chintz chairs, and it was really nice and had tea and coffee for the masters. One of the teachers smiled when I came in and said, “Well, here she comes—the M.O.D. In your case, does that stand for the Mistress of the Day? If so, when’s my turn?” So I looked at him, and said, “I prefer to style myself as did Elizabeth I, Queen of England, who signed herself REX. Is that clear?” Ha ha, general light laughter all the way around. So, that was not my first clue, but a fairly clear statement as to how this academic woman was regarded.

So study hall was in the library when you go in from the language corridor; and there were individual carrels. And grade inflation hadn’t yet happened, and the only people allowed out of study hall were people with third group and above. There were lots of denizens and savages in evening study hall. They turn into little ravening beasts, rodents in the evening. And I was ready for it. I walked in and it was general hub-bub, hub-bub and chaos. I said, “All right! Into your carrels!” And they said, “Oh! Here she is!”

So I picked out one I knew was a sort of ringleader and grabbed him by his shirt front and made him assume the shape of the wall. I said, “What did you just say? Repeat it!”

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Mein,” he said.

“When you don’t call me Mrs. Mein, what do you call me? You call me ma’am. Now, take your seat and I don’t want to hear another thing from you.”

“O.K.”

“O.K. what?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

And everyone was watching this. I knew I had to win the first one decisively, or it was going to be difficult. So that was it.

Students will respect someone who is honest, who is straightforward and who can’t be bamboozled. They respect a teacher who will say, in answer to a question, “I don’t know, but let’s both of us look it up,” instead of trying to spin a yarn. Often students’ questions are traps and they already know and are checking you! Students were not a problem.

“ARCHITECTURE IS DESTINY”
The girls were not in the main building—we always called it “the main building”—where everything happens. The boys live upstairs. They roamed upstairs and the campus at night. It was paradise for a boy. But the girls were in satellite dorms, separated from their classmates….
I have been complaining about the portraits in the dining room since 1973. Where are the women, to paraphrase Abigail Adams? Where are the women in the dining room? The things that people stare at, day after day, gradually seep in. Your environment—we hear a lot about our environment and how beautiful it is—but the architecture and furnishings bespeak 1950s male.

LESSONS TO TEACH, AND LESSONS LEARNED

I would hope that the [history] department would continue to be a place of humane studies—not a place for narrow people, but a place where everyone teaches different things, everyone is stretched by the courses that they teach. The people who come and work in this department are not the people who want narrow ruts. So my hope would be that it would continue to provide a fifth dimension—the dimension of the past, living the past as a living place that we have access to, and that our students are encouraged—nay, trained—to incorporate the past into the present.

I would like to see a two-year general historical studies course for 9th and 10th graders. It is important for students as future citizens to have a background in international history, international relations and world history, so when you mention Afghanistan, they know where it is, they know that Alexander the Great spent three years trying to pacify Afghanistan and couldn’t—he just had to call it a victory and retreat. The British in the 19th century spent 100 years trying to subdue Afghanistan even using the Gurkhas on the northwest frontier.

This is the sort of general background that students ought to know. They ought to know the difference between Sunni and Shiite. They ought to know something about Confucian civilization and why China still has an autocratic system of government. Why is Toyota the leading automaker in the world? Why did the Japanese defeat the Russians in the Russo-Japanese War in 1903 and 1904? There are lot of connections that a well-rounded high school student ought to be able to make.

EYES OPENED TO THE WORLD

My time in Liberia opened my eyes to the rest of the world. I came out of the Midwest. I had been to Scotland, but I hadn’t really done anything else. Living in a culture is so important. I was there for only two years, but it took me about 6 months to realize I had more to learn than I had to give. I was teaching, but there was this world I had—thank goodness—been immersed in, and was thinking and questioning in. It’s a wonderful opportunity to step outside American culture and learn about another culture, participate as one could.

I didn’t leave Liberia during that two-year period. When I was flying back home the plane flew from Dakar to Geneva, and when I arrived in the airport and looked around, all the faces looked the same, they all looked alike to me. I said to myself, “Nancy, you have acculturated.” Of course, that didn’t last very long.

The other important lesson was when I was at Cornell in graduate school with Daniel Berrigan, who is still living, the great anti-war Jesuit. I was in his orbit working with him. I was an unofficial, part-time Anglican chaplain at Cornell. He was the assistant director of Cornell United Religious Work. I would go to anything and everything Daniel was doing—poetry readings, ordinary committee meetings.

The most important thing I learned from Daniel was this: always question authority. It may look benign, it may sound wonderful, but question it—get behind it, get the person to tell you why he holds this position, why this policy is being instituted. Don’t just accept it… I have never hesitated to express a question or a comment.
HEADMASTER TAD ROACH

In the last edition of the St. Andrew’s Magazine, I described the culture and spirit of athletics at St. Andrew’s and argued that we would be wise to strengthen and protect the ideals of amateur athletics at a time when so much of the American sports culture has veered so dramatically off course. The essays presented here, from generations of St. Andrew’s athletes, remind us that at St. Andrew’s, sports represent the very best in our students, our faculty and our School. To preserve this sports philosophy, our students must continue to experience the transformational power of the teacher-coach. We should be wary of the recent pressure on high-school students to specialize in one sport and cleave to the concept of the two- or three-sport athlete. As a School of teammates and coaches, we need to recognize and control the attitudes of aggression, violence and superiority that sometimes emerge in athletic school and college cultures and instead encourage students to play sports and learn life-long lessons of the value of hard work, determination, teamwork, sacrifice, discipline.
and sportsmanship. The St. Andrew’s student is an athlete who leads in student government, academics, student life, the arts and community service, discarding the virtual world of video games and endless movies and embracing a life of engagement and commitment. Finally, we need to think of athletics as a way for students to learn about and embrace diversity: diversity of race, ethnicity, religion, social class and sexual orientation. Yes, athletics can be that important in the life of a student, coach or school.

In my career at St. Andrew’s, I coached over 30 seasons of varsity athletics, and it is virtually impossible for me to travel to any alumni gathering in the United States or the world without meeting and reconnecting with one of the students I coached. Could the bonds and connections I feel for my players have been created if I had not known them so well off the field, if I had not taught them, advised them, lived with them on the St. Andrew’s campus? As schools have sought to strengthen their athletic programs, the once honored and important tradition of the teacher-coach has been threatened. Teachers may be less willing to expend time, energy and commitment on coaching, a responsibility that carries along with it long hours, obligations and responsibilities. Schools may make the mistake of thinking that an expert outside coach will contribute more than a teacher-coach whose expertise may not lie exclusively with coaching. But, if schools are serious about athletics’ role in teaching values, fostering habits of mind and heart that will last for a lifetime, we should not make the mistake of entrusting our athletes and teams to those who do not embrace the ethos and tradition of our schools. The

“The St. Andrew’s student is an athlete who leads in student government, academics, student life, the arts and community service, discarding the virtual world of video games and endless movies and embracing a life of engagement and commitment.”

—Headmaster Tad Roach
teacher-coach brings a deep understanding of the mission of the school and the interpersonal life of his or her athletes, and that knowledge and familiarity are critical to the teaching that goes on within the sport and within the school.

The 21st century high school athlete faces the pressure to specialize in one particular sport, and this pressure actually begins as early as elementary and middle school, when select team coaches or anxious parents urge students to devote their complete time and attention to the mastery of one sport. St. Andrew’s has sought to resist this new pattern, and our teacher-coaches unanimously believe that the best way to become a good athlete, a resilient athlete is to play multiple sports, to explore new and unfamiliar competitive situations. Over the years at St. Andrew’s, I have been lucky to coach or observe exceptional athletes who played two or three sports during their careers, and whose play in their best sport developed and expanded through play in other sports.

In our media-dominated culture, athletic competition is often presented as a desperate and frenzied attempt at winning, winning at all costs. For colleges, the promise of athletic success means financial rewards as teams earn vast sums for their participation in nationally televised games and tournaments. For schools, victory and success in athletics can be intoxicating—a desire to win may tempt schools to develop dubious admission practices, inconsistent discipline policies and less than rigorous academic expectations. But, perhaps, the greatest violation of institutional cultures develops when athletes believe that by virtue of their success they are entitled to positions of entitlement, power and privilege on their campuses. At a time when high school and college campuses seek to develop a culture of inclusivity, humanity and diversity in their communities, the 21st century athletic program must actively destroy the forces that might make athletes exclusive, powerful and elite. We should, in contrast, capitalize on the great diversity of student-athletes working together, collaborating for a common good, and standing for values we can all applaud—a sense of sportsmanship, fairness and community involvement, rather than encouraging or allowing athletes to sit passively on the outskirts of campus life. Schools and colleges should expect athletes to lead in the areas of academic excellence, community service, civic engagement and the arts. Rather than diminishing our expectations for athletes, we should be actively encouraging them to exhibit, by word and example, the best virtues of our schools and colleges. This expectation of citizenship and leadership was once the foundation of the high school and college athletic ideal. We should rescue it immediately. Exactly when did we lose the educational and societal expectation that a committed athlete rejected the lure of the alcohol and drug culture and embraced a commitment to a life of integrity and leadership?

Finally, athletics must remain one of our best responses to the virtual world of the 21st century. As more and more young men and women spend hours daily on video games and other forms of entertainment, when adults and kids alike fall in love with fantasy sports and vividly presented sports videos, the actual practice of throwing a football, hitting a squash ball, pulling an oar takes on much more significance. We need to bring students away from the isolation of the computergenerated world and into the authentic engagement and complexity of playing with and competing with others. I think the alumni memories shared in this magazine reflect the fact that our moments on the athletic field have a profound resonance in our lives.

As St. Andrew’s seeks to maintain and strengthen its historic commitment to amateur athletes, our students will continue to experience these great moments of transformation and inspiration, moments that will remain alive in the minds and hearts of our graduates.

“In addition to being a great teacher of fundamentals,... [Buff Weigand] taught us how to win by playing smart.... Also, importantly, he never criticized a player for a physical error, but would let us hear about it in no uncertain terms if we were guilty of a mental error.”

—Michael Bateman ’57
MICHAEL K. BATEMAN ’57
While I respected and appreciated all of the coaches I played under, the most memorable was “Buff” Weigand. In addition to being a great teacher of fundamentals, particularly relating to fielding and defense, he taught us how to win by playing smart, incorporating plays such as bringing an outfielder into the infield in a bunt situation with a weak hitter at the plate. Also, importantly, he never criticized a player for a physical error, but would let us hear about it in no uncertain terms if we were guilty of a mental error.

Other than big John Ranck who hit the ball a country mile, we weren’t a long ball team. So when we came up against powerful and highly favored St. Albans in a game we had to win to share the Inter Academic League title with Landon, we had to rely on pitching, defense and cunning. Somehow we managed to limit this big hitting opponent to just two runs and, thanks to good pitching, fielding and a perfectly executed double squeeze play* we won 3-2 to share the title.

I’ve always felt that I learned more from Buff and his positive and intelligent approach than from any other teacher. As an aside, his geometry class was my favorite class in my four years at St. Andrew’s. In business and in coaching kids, I’ve always tried to remember what and how Buff, the best teacher I’ve ever known, taught.

*Double squeeze: Men on 2nd and 3rd start moving with the pitch. The man from 3rd scores as the catcher fields the bunt and throws to first base while the runner from 2nd is rounding 3rd and scores before the throw back to the plate by the first baseman.

JERRY WIGGLESWORTH ’58
Given my peer group—five years at the School, Class of 1958—I was slightly above the run of the mill in athletic abilities. I think athletics taught me what I could do physically and what I could reasonably expect myself to do; and I learned the same things about my peers, both physically and morally. These points of focus continued on through Harvard College, and Parris Island, and on Heartbreak Hill; and they linger as I observe my grandsons. What interested me most, though, about athletics at St. Andrew’s was the insight it gave into our teachers: was there any difference in the vigor with which they approached Euclid and cross-body blocking? Vergil and feathering? (Without exception, the answer was no.) My coaches were Baum, Broadbent, Hawkins, Hughes, Voorhees, Washburn, Weigand, but it is Dr. Pell whose occasional visits to the world of physical training that I remember most vividly these days.

In the early spring of 1956, for example, weather kept us off the pond, so we were taught—by Dr. Pell—about the proper use of rowing machines in the gym. J. D. Quillin ’56 (a terrific athlete) was Captain, and Dr. Pell said, “Captain, you’re stroke.” J. D. rowed starboard and said that he couldn’t be stroke—stroke in those days always being a port oar. “A Captain,” said Pell—ex cathedra, ex excelsis—“must always be able to stroke his crew.” Now where did that come from, I ask myself in early spring in Morris County, Kansas. Was that the way it was done on the Isis (Pell was Christ Church)? Or Princeton in the Twenties?

Most significant for me these days, though, is my recollection of Dr. Pell out with the Work Squad, a collection of those of us without an identifiable winter term sport or recovering [my

1982 J.V. SQUASH TEAM
PHOTO: (L to R) KNEELING: ATHENA JENKINS ’84, BERYL (FRIEL) EISMEIER ’83, STEPHANIE (JONES) AHL ’84. STANDING: KATHY-LINE (THOMPSON) KELLY ’81, ELIZABETH (LOU) (O’BRIEN) BERL ’84, ELIZABETH (LIZZIE) (BLEKE) CLARK ’81, HALY (MASON) STIEF ’82.
case] from illness or injury. It is clear from his participation in picking up limbs of trees, raking leaves, digging holes that he felt that as laird of the manor, he had a personal responsibility to take care of the land. Trees do not pick up after themselves, not in Delaware, not along the Isis, not in Morris County, and if you say to any intelligent grandchild “five, six,” and then “seven, eight,” you should always get the correct responses about what to do with sticks.

HALLY MASON STIEF ’82
I was extremely proud of winning the Henry Prize because I was part of a very impressive class of female athletes. Others who could have easily been chosen include Edith MacArthur, a fabulous rower; Becca Bailey who played lacrosse and basketball beautifully; Shannon Kuehlwein, the most tenacious competitor at everything she did; and Jill Chase who had a gorgeous tennis game.

For me it was the coaching that we got at St. Andrew’s that I now realize was really unusually good for high school sports. I played a few seasons of hockey at Hamilton College with a very disinterested staff and we had no coach for four years of squash. So when I think back about why it felt so great to be part of the culture of athletics at St. Andrew’s, I know that largely it was due to the passion our coaches brought to the fields every afternoon. Will Speers was very encouraging. Karin Tong ran every step that she asked us to run and that was inspiring. Elizabeth Roach taught me how to play smart tennis, to see angles and how to force your opponent into hitting risky shots. They were all great.

I would wager that all alums recall fondly the image of the playing fields lush and green late in the afternoon on any fall school day. They were so beautifully kept. All the different teams spread out over the lined acres, busy at drills and practicing plays. We could hear
Bob Colburn’s whistle from the football field, see the suicides being run over at the soccer field, be distracted by the cross-country runners chugging behind our goals. For two hours we worked and played with such great focus. And then the session was over and we’d find the sun way west in the sky, over the barns. The tall oaks along the driveway would cast huge shadows across our mid-field. Practice would end with a huddle, a cheer and the promise to annihilate Tower Hill in the game next day. Then our long jog back to the main buildings for showers and dinner would leave the big grassy plain still, the entrance gates silent and the playing fields empty. Until the next afternoon when I swear the space welcomed us back.

THAD MCBRIDE ’91
My time as a student at St. Andrew’s seems like a dream, even though I graduated in 1991, not terribly long ago. And while frankly it is difficult to conjure up memories or images from my various classes, the images that do remain most vividly are from stuff outside the classroom, like playing in the jazz band, acting poorly in several theater productions and playing sports. I think in many ways my experience playing sports at St. Andrew’s still impacts me positively now more than any other experience I had at the school. The lessons are so valuable: how to co-exist and work together with people from different backgrounds and races; how to captain or lead a team of people; how to win or lose graciously [most of the time]. We employ these lessons every day, and hopefully we make ourselves and the people and communities around us better as a result.

JOHN PINNEY ’61
I came to St. Andrew’s at 15 as a IV Form student with little to no experience in organized athletics and unproven athletic ability. St. Andrew’s and my coaches gave me the opportunity to build my abilities to a modest level in football and crew, but more importantly to develop self-confidence and a love of competitive sports that have helped me throughout my life. Opportunity and development are what St. Andrew’s offers in every endeavor and the interest and patience of coaches and mentors make it possible. I consider my athletic experience at St. Andrew’s one of the most important formative experiences in my life and try to apply the same approach to “coaching” as a small business owner.

KATHRYN HART ’87
I sometimes try to explain the experience of interscholastic sports to my friends here in Spain. They don’t have the same sort of thing in Madrid. Having become a mother of twins less than two years ago, it is something I am already worried about for them. One of the principal reasons I consider sending my kids to St. Andrew’s when they get to high school age is for them to have that experience.

What is it that I learned on the playing field, on the van rides to other schools, at preseason camp, on the sidelines getting my shin splints taped, at practice running mooses that is important enough for me to consider sending my kids miles away to school for?

It is difficult to sum up in a few sentences. There is so much that I took away from St. Andrew’s, and in particular from my teammates and coaches. I want my children to form part of that same team-sports community that I enjoyed as an adolescent. It was a sort of mini-universe that prepared me to face the rest of life’s challenges with confidence and determination. Participating in team sports shaped me as a leader and I have benefited from that throughout my life.

That is where I learned that you can lose honorably and you can win disgracefully. Where I learned that discipline and hard work pay off. Where I learned to pass the ball to weaker players in order to make them stronger teammates. Where I learned that unfair calls shouldn’t make you give up. Where I learned that you have to play by the rules, however absurd they are (see Field Hockey Rule Book from 1985!). But most

“What interested me most, though, about athletics at St. Andrew’s was the insight it gave into our teachers: was there any difference in the vigor with which they approached Euclid and cross-body blocking? Vergil and feathering?”

— Jerry Wigglesworth ’58
importantly, it is where I learned how to be a team player.

MICHAEL LILLEY ’82
I have two immediate sports memories from St. Andrew’s:

1) When I received the football MVP award, Headmaster Jon O’Brien said a few words to the assembled student body. He didn’t focus on any of my accomplishments that season, but rather told an anecdote of how, during a late season practice, a young III Former who mostly played JV was covering me (a VI Former and captain) on a pass play. He managed to reach out and block the pass just as I was about to catch it. I then had reached down and helped him to his feet and complimented him on his good play. To Jon O’Brien, that’s why I was MVP. I would never have remembered the incident had Jon not mentioned it. But I remember it to this day.

2) As a V Former, I was pitching against a very good St. Elizabeth’s team. Incredibly enough, I had managed to work a no-hitter all the way to St. Elizabeth’s last out, when the batter hit a high pop-up to the infield. Unfortunately, our infielder dropped the ball and they were able to tie the game, and then win it. Feeling very sorry for myself, I stormed off the mound and threw my glove when I arrived at the bench. All of a sudden, I felt a firm hand grab my arm and spin me around. Coach Bob Colburn was there and read me the riot act about poor sportsmanship and wearing the St. Andrew’s uniform. I had never seen him so mad and I was jolted out of my self-pity. I never forgot that experience either.

Thanks to Jon and Bob, it was indelibly etched into my mind that there is much more to playing on a sports (or any other) team than individual success, and that it is indeed not whether you win or lose but how you play the game. Both lessons have served me well in my career and life.

HENRY HERNDON ’48
In 1948, the wrestling team once again faced the George School for, as I recall, the 11th time, SAS having lost the prior 10 matches. We were not the greatest wrestlers among area schoolboys but it was a team of “gamers.” Coach Cameron knew both us and our opponents well, and it was clear from the outset of the match that this would
be an uphill struggle, but it was also a match we could win.

We would have lost but for what to me was the gutsiest performance I ever witnessed, in this case by Eddie Wright at 132 (or thereabouts). It was a grueling match during the regular time, after which Eddie and whoever were tied. They both elected to have an overtime period, which was not remarkable but certainly not typical. (Keep in mind that we probably had a PB and an apple on the way up to George School.) But after the overtime period, Eddie still was tied.

As I recall, Bull Cameron asked Eddie whether he wanted to “go again,” and Eddie could do no more than respond with a bare grunt that could not be interpreted as expressing anything but exhaustion. Yet, Eddie rolled over, got to his knees and as our whole team cheered him on, he got up, went back on the mat, forcing his opponent to do the same, got a takedown and won his match. Those three points gave St. Andrew’s and the Bull our first win over George School, 17 to 16. The whole event was of such significance to all of us that the team gave the Bull a small tray engraved with the score of the match at our season ending meeting.

JONATHAN C. SMITH ’65

I played three sports at St. Andrew’s, each for five years, and the one I never lettered in was football. But when I try to characterize the athletic experience at St. Andrew’s, my memory zips instinctively to football. Nothing else quite captures the daily-ness of that experience as well as the epic cycle from strapping on all that crisp armor to peeling off a soggy undershirt at the end, barely having the strength to do so. In no other sport was I ever so young, such a formless mass to be hammered into an athletic tool with well-defined function. And while all sports stretched me to my limits of endurance, no sport made me feel so good to reach the end of a practice as football. And the hammering never “took” all that well in my case. I probably should have switched to soccer in my V Form year—lots of people with no experience became pretty good soccer players in their final two years—but football was like a stern parent I could resent but not disown, and I refused to admit it had beaten me—which it had. Still, that’s one of those rare decisions about which I can say, simultaneously, that it was foolish and that I’m glad I made it.

I took part in two football seasons of modest “glory.” First was the undefeated J.V. team my IV Form year, under Masters Blackburn Hughes and Ned Gammons (whose brother Peter became the more famous sportsman of the family). If football could be freeze-dried and served to boys with exactly the right taste, that season would be it. We were platooned, not by offense and defense, but by quarters. If it was the second or fourth quarter, George Cole and I would be the guards on offense, the linebackers on defense. First and third quarters we sat. I don’t believe any player ever threatened the team’s success enough to be pulled for poor play; we went in and out on schedule and, generally speaking, no one ever really played poorly.

It was basically a team of quick little guys, few of whom would have any success at the higher level where muscles took over. And we had the best place-kicker in school, T. Gibbs Kane. That doesn’t sound plausible to modern ears, but at that time a place-kicker was simply chosen from available players on a given squad.
T-Gibby wasn’t a varsity player so he wasn’t the varsity place-kicker. He was a specialist ahead of his time, and the following year he was on the soccer field.

After the season ended and we had won all our games with scarcely a nervous moment, the coaches decided to have a photo day (both were keen photographers) to capture the memories. Mr. Hughes somehow managed to get up on a goal post to take some “aerial” shots. Kane, 20 or 30 yards out, said “Watch me hit Blackie,” teed the ball up, and did precisely that. Hughes, already perched precariously and with some pretty expensive equipment, was absolutely furious, and all the more so because we were all laughing so hard. T-Gibby had rushed up to say, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” but Mr. Hughes said, “That’s just the trouble, you’re not sorry,” and refused the apology.

(And perhaps he was right, as Gibby must have been flushed with pride at such perfect aim; but on the other hand Kane had certainly discovered his remorse, and Hughes recovered his dignity, by the time the master descended from his perch. Blackburn Hughes had a combination of civility and angst which struck awe and respect into every student I knew, and the little ways he had of letting the world know he didn’t take everything seriously, mostly went over my head. I always thought the “Time, gentlemen, time,” with which he started English class came out of some deep university tradition. Then, just a few years ago, I started hearing it with exactly the same intonation—at closing time in English pubs.)

My senior year the football team returned to campus in scandalously poor condition—or at least so we were told. Coach Reyner was openly disgusted. He wouldn’t let team captain Dave Walker lead calisthenics. He worked us mercilessly, and said he wanted to work us harder, but was afraid of a
death on the field. To this day I’ve never known if we were as awful as he said, or if the whole training camp was an elaborate psychological play—Reyner was certainly capable of it. In any case, one day early in the season we were hitting the seven-man sled, with Reyner aboard. He was taunting us with the now-customary insults, trying to get a little more excitement into his ride. Suddenly he called for a break, and with his best dramatic timing said, “I have been coaching here for years… and that sled… has never… been hit that hard.” It was the first positive thing he had said since the start of camp, and it had an enormous impact on morale. We went on to have the best season in many years, including at long last a win over Tower Hill (Mr. Cameron had been saving all his confiscated fireworks to celebrate that one). I saw it myself.

**ANDREW WASHBURN ’71**

As a single sex school during my years at St. Andrew’s, athletics were certainly a major part if not the primary focus of my daily life for five years. It was clear to me and most of my friends now that the enjoyment and pleasure we derived from our teams was clearly a large part of our routine at a moment when most of us never took the time to think about the lessons learned from the commitment, the responsibility, all the conversations about teamwork, the skill sessions, and the health benefits that we received from all the daily practices, the strength training and coordination workouts, and of course, the competitions. We were unaware of the self-confidence we garnered, and that pride in ourselves and our school really never struck me until later. I was very fortunate to be on teams with many great guys who to this day are still some of the best friends I have known. We were motivated and interested in being successful. We worked hard to achieve, and at all times, we enjoyed working together to be the best that we could be. We had great respect for our coaches and still
consider them as role models, in more than sports, but as good people who really cared for us.

Personally, I never imagined the path that athletics would lead me on in my later life. The travels, the people I would meet and my college experience were all enhanced by athletic teams that I have been involved with. Much of what I have done in my life has continued to center around athletic competitions and all those lessons that I learned while at St. Andrew’s. To this day I am grateful for the chance to have been part of so many teams during those years.

LINDSAY PAYNE ’01
Athletics at St. Andrew’s created a great setting to learn from your teachers in a new way, totally different from that in the classroom. Through the many hours spent together, unique relationships were formed. One truly distinctive moment that characterizes these relationships was in the spring of my senior year when my rowing coach, Brad Bates, invited our boat, the Abigail, over to his house to see his newborn baby, Lily. First of all, Lily was the tiniest thing I had ever seen and holding something so new to this world was just so amazing. Secondly, the fact that Mr. Bates had wanted to share this little life with us and that he actually trusted our hands to hold her was just really special and made me think about the kind of relationship the eight of us shared with him. We all learned a great deal from our teachers in the classroom, but for me, sports allowed that learning to stretch way beyond the areas of history and writing and made for some truly unique relationships.

EMILY ZAZULIA ’02
Drawing together, rain soaked, on the banks of the Cooper River, the women’s varsity eight huddled for the final time. Our teammates who had finished racing thoughtfully brought us towels and jackets so we could keep warm until our final. In his last speech to us, Mr. Bates emphasized the countless hours and miles that had brought us to that point. But more than the backaches we bore or the blisters we boasted, our common experiences put us all quite literally in the same boat. Mr. Bates urged us to race for each other. But he had already taught us that racing for one another was always already the only option.

I think that for many of us, Mr. Bates was something of a hero. He spent every day on the water coaching us, all the while using crew as a vehicle for teaching not only the discipline and persistence that the sport requires, but also the humane aspects of humble pride and gracious victory. It should not be underestimated, the power of seeing adults we are close to in multiple roles: teacher, coach, parent, human. The connection between coach and athlete is particularly enhanced when the same two people share the parallel relationship of teacher and student. The opportunity for students to see adults fulfilling myriad roles enhances the potential for affecting relationships and effective role models. Our teammates who supported us that afternoon showed humility in the face of their own rain-cancelled races. We were ourselves thankful that we had one last chance to race together, to make proud all those who were pulling for us, and to reaffirm our commitment to one another.

And though I took away much more from my athletic career than a few medals, I’m proud to say that St. Andrew’s was victorious that day.

JOHN COGSWELL ’57
Polonius Revisited
I have been asked to answer the question “What did you take away from your athletic career at St. Andrew’s?” After writing some comments, I realized that the answer related to the building of character. Polonius pretty well said it all in Hamlet when he said, “These few precepts in my memory see thou character.” With 50 years of real world experience under my belt and some reflection, let me offer a few observations.
Life is a contest through and through and the skills one learns by participation in athletics are as important as any knowledge one acquires by going to class. Yet, one is not the substitute for the other. Both are required as evidenced by those poor souls who were good at one but not at the other and were always bewildered that somehow they ended up with the short end of the stick. These skills allow one to be true to himself and therefore to others despite the burdens and misfortunes of life.

Demosthenes was asked, “What was the chief part of an orator?” He answered, “Action.” “What next?” he was asked. “Action,” he said. “What next again?” “Action,” he said. And if you think about it, action in athletics, as in oratory, requires the mind to instantly evaluate numerous choices and alternatives and then make a decision, whether, for example, to dribble right or left or succumb to or overcome a feint by a runner on the football field. Action has to do with arête, not winning. The idea is to do your best with grace. Victory is often a by-product of this action but never the goal for otherwise the end would justify the means. (“Give no unproportion’d thought his action.”)

Sidney Hook, a great philosopher and social theorist, wrote The Hero in History in which he said:

There is no complete catalog of the mistakes men commit when they make history. But in the light of the past we can list the most common among them. They are the failure to see alternatives when they are present; the limitation of alternatives to an oversimplified either-or where more than two are present; false estimates of their relative likelihoods; and, as a special case of this last, a disregard of the effects of our own activity in striving for one rather than another. What these mistakes amount to is a systematic underestimation of man’s power to control his future.

Participation in athletics is learning how to mitigate these mistakes on the playing field with the possibility that what is learned there will make one a better citizen later on. In short, what you learn not to do allows you to learn what to do.

—John Cogswell ’57

**Wrestling Team.**

Front Row: Rollin Newton III ’58, John Witwer ’58, Elliott (Gus) Fishburne III ’58, John Cogswell ’57, Captain, Mike Quillin ’57, Buck Brinton, Jr. ’61. Second Row: Mr. (Bull) Cameron, Erling Speer ’58, Tony Jeffcott ’57 (DEC), Tim Bloomfield ’57, John Saladin ’60, Dave Hindle ’58, Charles (Chuck) Dunbar ’59
Thus, for 40 years I have looked at my opponents in the law and then processed what and how long it would take to physically put them to the ground if that need should arise. Of course, I have never had to do it, but one can ask whether this state of mind had some intangible influence on the outcome of any given controversy. (“Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being in, bear’t that th’ opposed may beware of thee.”)

Not feeling sorry for yourself is one of many elements in the process of developing character. I grew up on a ranch where I received no mollycoddling. One winter morning when I was 11, my 4-H calf kicked me in the face while I was breaking ice so it could drink. My lip was torn and my nose bleeding. I screamed bloody murder. My dad came running. He took one look at me and said, “You’ll be okay,” and then resumed his own chores. What could I do but go back to chipping ice with blood pouring out of my mouth? I put this lesson to work on a winter day in 1954 when I wrestled as a III Former at 103 pounds for St. Andrew’s. I had a pretty good record going into the St. Albans match in the old gym. Unfortunately for me, my opponent was a sixth former, the captain of the team—a veritable animal who looked like a man—hair all over his chest and all. I was just a boy and I could tell when we locked up that he was a lot stronger than I was even though we weighed the same. I was sure he thought he could pin me so I decided that winning that day for me was to avoid a pin and start the match for St. Andrew’s with three negative points instead of five. I fought like hell and the St. Albans man did not pin me. Bull Cameron gave me encouraging remarks from the bench and after the match complimented me with words relating to my determination and balance.
I took this to heart and, while I lost a few bouts over the years, I can say I was never pinned in all my years of wrestling.

Athletic participation not only helps the individual, it helps one understand that all authority is not necessarily good. One day in 1954, my sophomore year, Blackburn Hughes was coaching the JV football team and we were having tackling practice. I had always been a good tackler having learned the hard way in sand lots without pads in western Kansas. Coach Hughes yelled, “Put your head square in his gut and take him out.” Disciplined to assume he knew better than I did, I did exactly what he asked as Bill French ’57 stormed down the field as my target. The next thing I remember was walking around not knowing where I was. I was never as good a tackler again. I was an adult before I learned that in my youth there were times when I should have politely challenged the authority of a teacher or coach. My failure to do this says much about the culture of our youth, which was blindly to accept authority at all times, usually as gospel. (“Take each man’s censure but reserve thy judgment.”)

Many books are written about character but for me it is like volts moving amps—an interplay between the outward and inward person. We all have amps—the brain, the soul, our value system. But how we use those amps is defined by who we are, our character, and that is defined by our experience and how we control our physical self. We have to learn the faith required to achieve an outcome and the courage to move forward in the proper manner notwithstanding the known risks. Athletic participation early in life contributes much to this process because success bred by discipline and the school of hard knocks guarantee that balance between self-confidence and humility that seems to work in this complicated world. The benefits of good balance in higher education and business are inestimable.

One of the greatest benefits of athletics is the opportunity to develop friendships. Team participation permits that winnowing among classmates which allows us to have a few true friends. These friends add to the many joys which we all cherish and allow us to engage at the spirit level (a friend is a person you can think out loud to). I can think of a handful of persons including a few from St. Andrew’s whom I count as true friends. Talking with them even after years of absence is like not a day has gone by since we were last in school. How true it is:

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel...

St. Paul observed that as the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed day by day. In like manner athletic competition allows one to control his outward man so that he can learn to know his inward one. Thus:

This above all: to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

―John Cogswell ’57
Sitting in a Greenwich Village coffee shop one unseasonably warm day this winter, I recalled these words from that master political strategist, Niccolò Machiavelli. It was strange, because I knew there was no man in Manhattan less like Machiavelli than the blue-eyed gentleman sitting across from me, drinking a latte and telling me about his work as an urban planner in the mid-1970s. Yet his story—humble and matter-of-fact, in spite of its obvious magnificence—made me wonder: how much of our lives do we owe to that capricious mistress, Fortune, and how much do we owe to planning?

I was here to listen to Barry Benepe, St. Andrew’s class of 1946 and the man who had built the Greenmarkets—a program that began with a farmers market in a parking lot near Bloomingdale’s, and today includes over 40 open-air farmers markets operating in all five boroughs. Each year an estimated 400,000 people shop at a Greenmarket, but the extent of this program’s influence is hard to measure; the mission of the Greenmarkets reaches beyond the city and into farmland and open space remaining in New York and New Jersey.

By the time I arrived on the Upper West Side as a college student in 2001, the Greenmarkets were as much a fixture in Manhattan as Metro Cards; it was difficult to imagine the city without them. Each Thursday, just a matter of yards from my dorm on Broadway, I found dairy farmers selling cream in glass bottles and yogurt that was thick and white; crates with apples—dozens of varieties—and tables lined with squares of apple cake and people lined up for cups of hot cider; piles of root vegetables like carrots, onions, beets, and my favorite, parsnips; jellies and jams in hand-decorated jars; and bakers who sold out of sourdough boules and sesame semolina loaves, raisin-walnut rolls and French baguettes by lunchtime.

I didn’t know, then, that the architect of the Greenmarkets was a St. Andrew’s alumnus. When introduced last June at Reunion—his 60th, my fifth—I gushed about the Greenmarkets, how, as an undergrad,
I had gone each week to one in my neighborhood. He was inquisitive, preferring to ask me questions about my teaching than talk about himself. Yet, I told myself, here was a man who had done something great in New York, despite the unfathomable bureaucracy and furrowed brows he must have met along the way, and who had, in fact, made the public machinery work for him, his vision and for New Yorkers. I needed to know more.

“People say, did you have this planned? Well, you have a direction in mind but not a plan, even though my profession is called ‘planning.’” With that and a chuckle, and surrounded by the young and hip drinking coffees and reading Molière, Barry Benepe tells me the story of the New York City Greenmarkets.

In 1975, he was working as a planning consultant for the architecture firm of Hancock Little Calvert on 40th Street in New York. Initially he was drawing up plans for Sullivan County, a county in the Catskills, and trying to cultivate other towns as clients for the firm. When one of the firm’s principals decided to close the office, Barry took over the lease at 40th Street and began generating work as a planner in earnest.

Hired by Community Boards #5 and #12, Barry was involved in a range of issues, including preservation and zoning. He also worked for builders who were planning developments upstate. Barry’s recommendations often included plans for more concentrated development along with allocations for open space, but these ideas did not seem practical or attractive to others.

“I was anxious to plan development closer to developments, but it never got past the planning boards,” he recalls. “‘Who is going to maintain this open space?’ they would ask.”

Even as many planners failed to see the irreversible changes befalling the landscape around them, others perceived changes extending beyond isolated developments and building projects. On a visit to Hamptonburgh Farms in Orange County, N.Y., Barry remembers one image that steeled his resolve to do something about the loss of open space:

“I went to this apple orchard overlooking miles of view over Orange County. ‘It should be preserved,’ I thought. I was talking to a broker who was there picking up apples, and he said, ‘It doesn’t matter because we’ll be getting our apples from China in a few years.’

“This was very prescient. It stuck a bee in my bonnet—we have to do something about farmland.”

At the same time, the need for a more straightforward relationship between farm and city was apparent even to someone who never left New York City. “Our direct experience was going out to the supermarket in August and looking for a decent peach. They were hard and green. And the cantaloupes and tomatoes! That was a no-brainer,” Barry smiles. “We thought we had to move these together—the food is out there, on the farms.”

Each week, about 200 farmers drive trucks from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont loaded with produce to the Greenmarkets. They sell artisanal cheeses year-round, peaches and corn in the summer, sweet potatoes, greens and squash in the fall, asparagus, radishes and peas in the spring—along with a host of other seasonal foods, many of which are not available even in New York’s top grocery stores. While the Greenmarkets provide an outlet for fresh and sometimes unique local flavors, the impact of the markets is perhaps greater outside of the city, where those farm trucks return each evening: the Greenmarkets are credited with helping many family farmers stay in business and have made significant contributions to preservation of farmland and open space in the New York region.

In the year 2007, when organic food, “slow food” and local food is all the rage in some circles, Barry’s idea certainly seems like a “no-brainer.” But in the mid-’70s, many people needed to be convinced that preserving farmland was a priority, and fewer still believed that New Yorkers could play a role in what happened to farm communities outside of the city. With help from friends and allies, from municipal authorities and non-profits, Barry and his business partner Bob Lewis pulled together the resources to experiment with the idea of bringing farmers to the city. First they received an $800 grant from the America the Beautiful Fund to explore the idea of farmers markets in the city. Then Elinor Guggenheimer, then the Commissioner of New York City’s Department of Consumer Affairs, granted permission to farmers to sell produce off trucks and provided more leads on further funding.
"The farmers market survives despite forces geared against it— it is still revolutionary in a sense," says Barry, revealing for a moment the grit that must have gone into building the Greenmarkets. “It represents the will of the people, and it is a true free market economy.”

Working from their initial seed money, Barry and Bob made phone calls, tracked down possible would-be supporters and scraped together funding to back up their ideas. They wrote a grant proposal to do a feasibility study, hoping to convince authorities in city government that it would make sense for the city to run the farmers markets. They garnered the support of the Council on Environment of New York City, an organization geared towards environmental education and developing environmental consciousness and values in New York City. The Council was already involved in promoting community gardens and converting abandoned lots into temporary gardens, and they liked the sound of Barry’s proposal.

“It was good fortune I signed on with the Council on Environment because it was firmly rooted in the city,” Barry noted. Even better, the Council had “a foothold with the mayor’s office,” and these connections would come in handy as the project evolved.

A few blocks east of where our meeting began, Barry, his wife Judith Spektor and I stand in Union Square, the site of the flagship Greenmarket open four days a week, year-round. This is a destination in itself, known world-wide as the preeminent outdoor market in New York and the supplier to many of the city’s finest restaurants. I sample cranberry goat cheese and watermelon radish, and we drink apple cider while Barry and Judith talk to their friends among the farmers. Another shopper stops to chat, asking Barry if he will be at the community board meeting that week? Yes, he will. She is a former city councilwoman who, like Barry, remains a familiar face in local politics.

It seems more than odd, then, to hear Barry, the humble legend of this grand market, remark, “Union Square was kind of a fluke.”

It began with a call from the city planning office; they were working to reverse the decline of Union Square, where drug dealers were lords of the park, and major stores were moving out. Yet this was one of the great locations in New York City’s history, in American history—it was the place labor unions rallied in the 19th century, and socialists and Wobblies spoke out in the 1930s. Originally a potter’s field that was dubbed “union place” by the the 1807 “Commissioner’s Plan” for New York City because of the union of two major roads, Bloomingdale Road (now Broadway) and Bowery Road (now Fourth Avenue), it adopted its present name in 1839, when the 3.59 acre space opened as a city park for public use. The city believed a Greenmarket could be part of the revitalization efforts in Union Square. But people didn’t want to come to Union Square. It was neither an easy nor auspicious beginning, says Barry: “the police closed us the first day because we didn’t have paper permits in hand.”
Standing in Union Square in the first days of 2007, it was hard for me to picture the decrepit failure of the park 30 years before. Yet here it was—signs of wealth and monuments to free market capitalism all around us: the towering Tower Records, busy Starbucks, shops and shoppers at the Greenmarkets and at the stores lining the park. And here also is Barry’s gift—his ability to see what Union Square, and dozens of other forlorn locations, could become, given the combination of people, desire, hard work and luck.

For years Barry worked in the city, planning sites and solving the logistical puzzles that cropped up everywhere. Yet part of the narrative of the Greenmarkets is, as Fitzgerald wrote in *The Great Gatsby*, “somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on.” Part of Barry’s story was in his own past and in a childhood split between New York City and Maryland’s Eastern Shore.

It would be decades later that the native New Yorker would connect his experience on a truck farm to his work with the Greenmarkets. In a Depression-era sale in 1938, his father bought a farm in Maryland for $22,000—complete with cows, work horses, buildings, trucks, tractors, equipment and a pool and a speedboat.

While Barry continued to go to school in New York City, and then later at St. Andrew’s, he spent summers in Princess Anne, Md. He rode around the property with men who worked the farm, traveled with them to the auction block, and gradually became involved in farm activities. When old enough, he would drive the produce to market, providing his earliest introduction to the relationship of food to money: “I learned that to make farming work, you had to make money.”

There was nothing nostalgic in Barry’s recollection of his boyhood days on the Eastern Shore. Rather, his eyes twinkled for the present, for the farmers who travel to markets in New York and around the country because their livelihoods depend on those trips and transactions. Even so, I thought of my own grandfather, who first sold produce at the King Street Farmers’ Curbstone Market in Wilmington, Del. That was 1919, and he would continue to go with his wife and his young son—my father—four times a week for 50 years. I inherited stories—of a bustling market, of a hundred farmers selling produce to wealthy and working-class Wilmingtonians on busy summer days, of varieties of vegetables I’m too young to see and taste.

Today, the smells and sounds and colors and people of the Greenmarket bear witness to a relationship between farmer and city shopper—the harmony that resonates between the farmers who grow these fruits and vegetables and the will of the consumers who demand it—that has never been more delicious. “The farmers market survives despite forces geared against it—it is still revolutionary in a sense,” says Barry, revealing for a moment the grit that must have gone into building the Greenmarkets. “It represents the will of the people, and it is a true free market economy.” I have the sense that the previous generations who launched their own revolutions in this square can see us, and approve of this market, the latest victory of the people in the historic space.

I wonder if in my lifetime, by luck or by plan, I will see a new heyday of the farmers market and the food revolution it reflects. Will more people understand and appreciate how the city and the country need each other—how much city dwellers and suburbanites need open space and fresh vegetables, and how much farmers need a local market for the fruits of their labor? Or will it be back to grocery stores with hard, tasteless peaches and anonymous growers?

With a little planning—and a little luck—this movement will continue to grow. I look to Barry: somehow he created something in New York, in abandoned parking lots and parks and parts of town others gave up on. He looked with the eyes of a planner and a farmer, and today his vision suggests that the two go together, need each other—to grow and survive, farms require planning, care and not a little faith.

Yet as the greatest strategists and best farmers know, even this is not enough: Fortune, too, had smiled on Barry Benepe and the Greenmarkets.

A. Hope McGrath ’01 teaches English and Colonial History of Africa at St. Andrew’s. She is also the assistant editor of this magazine.
Ana Cutter Patel ’86 has lived and traveled to dozens of countries. In the first three months of her pregnancy, she had traveled to 17 different countries in Eastern Europe. Now 3 years old, her son Gallo has been to 10 countries, and Ana herself has to study in order to compete against him in their nightly geography games. But her life has been more than a series of vacation or business trips; today, she directs a research project at Columbia University that explores how to create programs and strategies that can rebuild societies damaged by deadly conflicts and promote long-term peace among combatants and victims. Her experience living and working abroad has taught her that peace is a choice that people everywhere can learn to make—under the right circumstances.

At 22, Ana—or Ann, as she was known as a student St. Andrew’s—already knew she wanted to work and travel abroad. A semester studying marine biology and anthropology in the Virgin Islands introduced the undergrad to international travel, but it was also her first experience with poverty. She decided to join the Peace Corps after college. As the child of a Peace Corps volunteers, Ana thought she was ready for this experience as well, but political conditions and confrontations beyond her control threatened to hinder her plans.

“I was supposed to go to Papua New Guinea, and then what is now Central African Republic. But they ended up pulling all volunteers from these places. Meanwhile I was desperate to start the next chapter of my life,” says Ana. Ultimately she arrived in the Dominican Republic, prepared only by her commitment to the assignment and the Spanish she had managed to learn on the plane.

What followed were “the two most transformational years” of Ana’s life. Ten miles from the nearest paved road, she lived in a community based on subsistence farming. From there she traveled through parts of Latin America, backpacking from Panama across the canal to Quito, oblivious to the dangers in nearby Colombia, and exploring the cultures and communities she found along the way.

Hoping to experience the region from a perspective different from her village in the Dominican Republic, Ana took a job with a development bank in Caracas, Venezuela; instead of being part of a “recipient community,” now she was part of an organization distributing aid. All the while she was traveling, making friends and refining her “redneck Spanish.”

Yet what these years in Latin America taught Ana was less about language than about the way opportunities shape people’s lives.

“Development is about choice—people’s capacity to have choice. For people who are poor, their choices are limited, and there are very few success stories,” Ana says, who also realizes the difference in life experiences and life changes that distinguishes her from the people she tries to help. “You can be as empathetic as you want but you are from a different world.”

As she was learning about development and its meaning for people’s lives, she also realized she had to focus on what could be accomplished by “outsiders”...
or third parties. By providing information or help with infrastructure, development organizations and people like her could play an accompanying role; ideally, they could have impact on making choices available to all people in poor communities.

As a student at the School of International and Public Affairs (SIPA) at Columbia University, Ana fell in love with her graduate studies and New York City. While serving as the editor of the *Journal of International Affairs* at SIPA—the only foreign affairs journal run completely by students—Ana realized she was more interested in research and in-depth analysis than doing the kind of general writing required of an international journalist.

Subsequent jobs in the arena of conflict resolution—first at the Carnegie Commission on the Prevention of Deadly Conflict and then the Carnegie Council for Ethics and International Affairs—allowed Ana to explore the relationship between development, poverty and conflict. For Ana and her colleagues at Carnegie, the roots of conflict would always be found in development, or the lack thereof. As a consultant with the United Nations Development Programme, she worked on conflict prevention and peace-building projects.

Today, Ana manages a two-year project at the International Center for Transitional Justice, a research center at Columbia University. The study investigates transitional justice—prosecutions, truth-telling efforts and reparations for victims of conflicts—and its relationship to programs that disarm combatants and reintegrate them into society following a conflict.

In the modern context of “new wars,” many post-conflict communities must face the challenge of delivering justice to criminals and reparations to victims, while at the same time reintegrating the “losers” of a conflict back into their own communities. Disarmament, Demobilization and Reintegration (DDR) programs get combatants on both sides of a conflict to lay their weapons down and then find ways to reincorporate such actors back into society. In many cases, “transitional justice” activities, such as truth commissions, take place simultaneously with DDR programs, but these initiatives are often understood to be in tension with each other.

At ICTJ, the goal of Ana’s program is to understand the complex relationship between DDR and transitional justice. As researchers gain more
information about how different countries and conflicts have used these measures, they are beginning to ask questions about the best way forward. Ultimately, they hope to find out how transitional justice can work with disarmament and reintegration to reinforce a common goal: peace.

“[ICTJ] is a human rights organization focused on social justice,” Ana explains. “We are thinking about the consequences for transitional justice and DDR—can we minimize tension by increasing communication and sharing resources?” Her work involves asking questions about what has worked and hasn’t worked in different places, and then thinking of new ways these programs might function together.

Ana works with many people who have experience in a conflict or post-conflict setting, such as the South African Truth Commission or similar commissions in Peru, Sierra Leone and elsewhere. For example, Juan E. Méndez, the president of ICTJ, is widely considered the top human rights lawyer in Latin America; while imprisoned and tortured by the Argentinean government, he was adopted by Amnesty International as a prisoner of conscience, and today he is also the United Nations special adviser on the prevention of genocide.

In her current role, Ana has needed to create bridges between different communities involved in post-conflict situations. In addition to human rights workers who lead transitional justice programs, this project has also put Ana in touch with the military personnel who more often run DDR programs.

“When I worked for the Carnegie Commission, both operating heads were former U.S. military. Coming from a Peace Corps family, it was eye-opening to meet good and interesting soldiers who were so focused on peace,” she remarks. “It makes sense—they have more at stake than most of us in peace, and they are more often playing the role of keeping a peace rather than fighting a war.”

As the landscape of conflict continues to change, Ana and her colleagues believe that by working with people in post-conflict situations, together these individuals and groups can help articulate a way forward—a way to end cycles of violence that sometimes continue after combatants officially lay down their weapons.

Ana’s first decision to join the Peace Corps set her on a track—she has pursued work in international development ever since. Looking back, however, she sees that Americans are involved internationally whether or not they decide to live and work abroad; the choice is whether that involvement will be active or passive.

“There is often a very simplistic idea that the U.S. has a choice to be involved [internationally] or not,” she notes, citing the Sudan and the Democratic Republic of Congo as two places where the U.S. has been involved and possibly implicated in conflicts for many years.

Education concerning international affairs is the key to understanding the reasons behind these conflicts. How should a school like St. Andrew’s prepare young scholars for the world as she sees it? Students, Ana believes, should be aware of changing notions of sovereignty and government; what is the commitment of government to people, and what is that change going to be? In Somalia, for example, the whole government is still being determined. Students need to be able to ask big questions about governments, their people and their role as international actors.

In their own country, too, American students should be asking questions about the fundamental relationship between people and their government. “These are not the problems that happen in far-off countries with poor people,” says Ana, adding that poverty and homelessness exist in this country, and Americans themselves should continue to question what a government owes its people.

“The U.S. is an experiment in diversity and multiculturalism,” she remarks. “Can we keep our head above water with the great ideals we try to export, and internally, are we really practicing what we preach? What are the alternative democratic models? What are the consequences if this experiment fails?”
Ana’s interests continue to be about the relationship between development and conflict issues. She recognizes that accidents of birth—and the conditions of poverty and war—prevent many people from making choices about their lives. But those who are able can make a difference in opening up opportunities for others; in turn, these efforts help others to find alternatives to conflict.

“Development is about expanding people’s choices, and this has a huge impact within countries,” she notes. Through her work, she hopes more people will be able to choose peace for themselves, their families and their neighbors.

St. Andrew’s Travel Itinerary

March 2008 (St. Andrew’s Spring Break)

South African 10-Day Cultural Tour and Safari

Visit Sun City, Pietersburg, Johannesburg, Kruger National Park and Capetown. Led by South Africa native and faculty member Joleen Hyde. Price from $4,500 including airfare.

June/July 2008

American Southwest

Travel for 8 days to Las Vegas, the Grand Canyon, Sedona, Lake Powell, Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon. Price from $1,300. Airfare additional.

Contact Chesa Profaci ’80 for additional information at 302/285-4260 or chesa@standrews-de.org.
**In Memory**

**Dunlap Shannon ’41**

Dunlap Shannon ’41 died on May 31, 2006. St. Andrew’s has no additional information at this time.

**J. Philip Couch ’45**

J. Philip Couch ’45, died March 12, 2006. Bill Hearn ’45 received the information and notified the Alumni Office.

The following obituary was printed in the *News and Record* newspaper of Greensboro, N.C.:

Joseph Philip Couch died Sunday, March 12, 2006, in Greensboro, after several years declining health.

Born March 27, 1928, Philip attended Chapel Hill Schools, St. Andrew’s School in Middletown, Del., and UNC Chapel Hill, graduating summa cum laude in 1949. After a year in France on a Fulbright Fellowship and further study, Philip received his Ph.D. in French Literature from Yale University. Following a brief U.S. Army experience, his academic career began at Wake Forest University on its then new Winston-Salem Campus and continued at UNC Greensboro, where he taught for 30 years in the Department of Romance Languages.

From his earliest years in Chapel Hill, stamp collecting, trains and opera were his passions, all interests that continued throughout his adult life. After his retirement from teaching, Philip’s book, *The Opera Lovers Guide To Europe*, was published, a happy union of these two passions. Always a collector of many things and having spent his early life in a home filled with works of art, Philip assembled an impressive collection of contemporary work of North Carolina artists. He generously shared his enthusiasm for these prints, drawings and paintings among all willing to listen. The North Carolina Symphony (which Philip knew and loved from its beginnings at Memorial Hall in Chapel Hill), The Winston-Salem Chamber Arts Society, The Greensboro Opera Company and the Witherspoon Art Gallery have all received Philip’s support. A scholarship fund he has initiated for the study of botany at UNC Chapel Hill (Biology Department, Camps Box 3280) honoring his parents, would, with any of these groups, be pleased to honor Philip with memorial gifts.

Philip, son of the late John Nathaniel Couch and Else Ruprecht Couch, is survived by his sister, Sally Couch Vilas and her husband, Harry Gooder of Chapel Hill; two nieces, Catherine Vilas Stanford of Atlanta and Mary Coker Vilas of Raleigh; and nephew, John Couch Vilas of Banner Elk.

Arrangements by Walker’s Funeral Home of Chapel Hill.

**Dwight M. Dunlevie ’45**

Dwight M. Dunlevie ’45, died of an aneurism December 4, 2006, after a fall he received on Friday, December 1.

The following is a copy of Dwight’s obituary:

Dwight Dunlevie, age 79, of Palo Alto, California died peacefully on December 4, 2006. After many years with Travelers Insurance Company, Dwight returned to his original vocation as an educator. He was, above all, devoted to his family. Preceded in death by his first wife, Vera, Dwight is survived by his wife Barbara, 3 children and 8 grandchildren.

**David L. Foster ’51**

David L. Foster ’51, died during the summer of 2006. His son called after receiving a mailing from us. The following obituary
was printed in *The Pittsburgh Herald* newspaper:

David L. Foster, 75, of Fox Chapel, died Sunday, July 16, 2006, at UPMC St. Margaret in Pittsburgh. He was born in Sewickley on July 13, 1931, and was the son of the late Alden W. and Julie Almond Foster.

Mr. Foster retired from Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Sales in 1999, after 42 years of service, where he was a top producer in total career sales. He was a 1939 graduate of St. Andrew’s School in Delaware and a 1952 graduate of Washington and Lee University with a degree in business.

He was a member of the Fox Chapel Presbyterian Church, Oakmont Country Club where he was a past board member, member of the Million Dollar Round Table and Court of Table, and member of the Pittsburgh Life Underwriters. Mr. Foster was an avid golfer, snow skier and card player.

He was preceded in death by his parents, and his wife, Barbara Nead Foster.

He is survived by his sons Todd Foster of Fox Chapel and Edmund (Laurie Ann) Foster of Marshall Township, his daughter Elizabeth (Tom) Cline of Sandy, Utah, eight grandchildren and his brother Robert Foster and his sister Julie Beckman.

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John McAbee, Jr. ’53

John McAbee, Jr. ’53, died December 1, 2006. St. Andrew’s received information from his wife as follows:

John McAbee passed away on December 1, 2006. He is survived by his wife Audrey McAbee; three daughters, MaryLee Miller, Dorothy McAbee and Margaret Brovero; five grandchildren, Melissa, Kimberly, Dakota, Jarrod and Justice.

The following obituary was printed in *The Morning Call*:

John S. McAbee Jr., 71, passed away on December 1, 2006, in Moravian Hall Square, Nazareth, Pa. He was the husband of I. Audrey (Reading) McAbee. They were married 47 years. Born in Easton, Pa., he was the son of the late John Sr. and Margaret F. (Garis) McAbee. John was a member of St. Peters Evangelical Lutheran Church, 1422 Church Road, Pen Argyl, Pa. He owned and operated McAbee Printing Company, Easton, for many years. He also worked as an insurance agent, last working with Kressler, Wolfe and Miller, Easton. John was an honorably discharged veteran of the Navy, serving during the Korean War. He attended Lafayette College and was a graduate of Haverford School outside Philadelphia, Pa. He was a member of the Mink Pond Hunting and Fishing Club, Bushkill, Pa. and a past member of the board of directors of the American Red Cross, Easton Chapter. John was a 32nd degree Mason, Portland (Pa.) Masonic Lodge.

Survivors: He is also survived by three daughters, Mary Lee Miller, wife of Matthew Miller, of Easton, Dorothy McAbee of Pen Argyl and Megen Brovero, wife of Donald Brovero, of Monroeville, N.J.; sister, Emille Burris, wife of Robert, of Lebanon, Pa.; five grandchildren, Melissa and Kimberly Miller, Dakota, Jarrod and Justice Brovero.

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James B.G. von Brunn ’70

James B.G. von Brunn ’70, died January 21, 2007. St. Andrew’s received information from his father as follows:

“James Beverley-Giddings von Brunn ’70, died of natural causes in Monterey, Calif., on January 21, 2007. He is survived by his brother Erick and his father.

“Jim loved St. Andrew’s and his friends there. He and Headmaster Cameron now are enjoying a glass of sherry in the past/future. My love to them.”
“I am comfortable wherever I go.”
—Cristin Duprey

Cristin Colleen E. Duprey ‘04 died on Monday, February 19, 2007, from injuries sustained in an automobile accident on February 14. Over 100 St. Andreans gathered in her hometown of New York City on February 27. A few remembrances of Cristin’s life are reprinted here.
Matthew Roach ’04

One May morning, when I was about 13 years old, I heard the door to my house thrown open. “Mom! Where are you?” screamed an eager woman. “Grandma! We’re here!” yelled a slightly more excited girl. I was confused. As far as I knew, my whole family was already home. I found my mother, and told her to come downstairs and tell these people that they had the wrong house. But when my mom got to the stairs, a huge smile came across her face, and she ran down yelling, “Stacey! Cristin! Welcome!” and threw her arms around them. I hadn’t seen Stacey or Cristin for awhile, so I had forgotten the legendary family connection, but when I recognized them, along with Devin and Jaylin, I knew that they had found the right house after all. I remembered that, as a student at St. Andrew’s, Stacey started calling my parents “Mom” and “Dad.” I was happy to share my parents with Stacey’s family, especially because it meant that I would gain her wonderful family for myself. We immediately ate lunch, and spent a beautiful spring Saturday wandering around campus, watching St. Andrew’s teams and playing games of “horse” on the basketball hoop in our driveway.

That night, after reading to Devin until she fell asleep, I hung out with Cristin and we talked about our middle school lives. She was so comfortable with herself that I couldn’t help relaxing, too. Talking to Cristin was like talking to happiness. She talked about everything with a smile and with energy. Soon, Cristin pulled out her pictures. For some reason, she always had pictures stashed on her somewhere. She showed me her house in New York, her friends, her family and even her boyfriends. I hadn’t kissed a girl yet, so I felt pretty behind when Cristin told me that she had been kissing boys since the second grade. “Come on, Matthew,” she said. “You’ve just gotta kiss ‘em. They’ll love it.” I wasn’t sure about that, but I told her I would try it out.

At the end of our night, I asked Cristin if she would be coming to St. Andrew’s with me. I regarded St. Andrew’s the way most people regard world travel—you just had to do it. “It’s a great school,” I said, sounding like an admission brochure. “You’ll have a fun time.” Cristin said she wasn’t all that keen on leaving New York—the first time she had said anything remotely negative all night. But, probably sensing her mother’s determination, she said she probably would come, at least to try it out.

“Talking to Cristin was like talking to happiness. She talked about everything with a smile and with energy.”

—Matthew Roach ’04
It turned out Cristin loved St. Andrew’s almost as much as I loved kissing girls, and the School loved her back. Wherever she went, Cristin was always the biggest presence in the room, smiling and laughing so much that everyone else had no choice but to join in. And her dancing! I have never seen anyone do the things that Cristin did on the dance floor. She would grab some unsuspecting guy—often enough, the game but always sheepish Eric Boateng [’04] —and just take them over for song after song. One Homecoming dance, I remember her and Damon Wilson [’04] blowing everyone away in a dance-off competition. It looked like a music video, except that everything they were doing was completely improvised. For me, watching Cristin dance was often more entertaining (and far less embarrassing) than dancing myself.

Like in everything else she did, Cristin found a way to make her dancing a group activity. Our senior year; she was the cornerstone member of a dance team called ABC-sudah-D. Cristin, along with Zoe [Baer ’04], Daphne [Patterson ’04], and Sara DuPont [’04], danced at a couple of school meetings and the senior retrospective. They were awesome. Following their triumphant final performance, Cristin stood up and said, “I’m so proud of these girls. I never would have expected them to get up and do what they did, but I just kept telling them they could do it, and they did. I’m so happy for them.” She could not hide her delight in her influence, and nobody else could, either.

When Stacey started working at St. Andrew’s, Cristin started spending time during the summer at St. Andrew’s. Stuck on a beautiful but deserted island with my house to ourselves, Cristin, Elijah [Weeks ’04] and I would convene after work for elaborate feasts. I would call from Cristin at lunch time. “Are we feasting tonight?” “Of course,” she would laugh. “What should I bring home?” I have never eaten better food. We would go shopping and bring home mountains of corn-on-the-cob, watermelon, steak, chicken, potatoes, beans, spaghetti, bread and ice cream, and devour it all in one long food fest. Loud hip-hop music played in the background, and the whole ordeal from shopping to clean-up would last up to five hours. The food was the centerpiece, but what made these dinners special was our collective commitment to having fun.

One sunny weekend in July, Antonia Clark [’05] came down to visit, and the four of us made breakfast for dinner—French toast, pancakes, scrambled eggs, biscuits, bacon and orange juice—before spending the night just hanging out. At St. Andrew’s, Cristin and Antonia were not close; yet that weekend, they suddenly became inseparable, with inside jokes and a shared understanding of life in the moment. Cristin’s natural ability to make great friends fast was unique and innate—even the St. Andrew’s faculty couldn’t teach it. She brought out what was best and most natural in everyone simply by being herself.

Since I heard about Cristin’s untimely death, I’ve talked to tons of people from St. Andrew’s about her. They all talk about how big an influence she had on our class, and how she was friends with everyone. That’s what’s amazing—Cristin reached everybody, even if she had only just met them. Cristin’s death has shaken us, and left us searching for some meaning or justice in what happened. We can’t find it, in part because it was Cristin who so often provided the example of optimism for us all to follow. We have not only lost Cristin—we have lost the people she inspired us all to become through her presence. The best we can do is to try and replicate her bright love of life, hoping that somehow, Cristin will help us along.
Liz Hardwick ’04

Cristin was the first person I met at St. Andrew’s. In fact, she was my first friend. If you ask anyone who knew Cristin what she was like, they will all tell you that she had the uncanny ability of making everyone feel comfortable in any situation with her easy smile and larger-than-life personality, no matter how awkward the person or situation was. And when I arrived at St. Andrew’s my freshman year, I was the definition of awkward, and perhaps that is why Cristin sought me out.

After the parents had dropped everything off into our rooms, all the freshman girls were herded out onto the Front Lawn for some bonding and name-learning. I plopped myself down on the grass next to Cristin in the big circle of girls and awaited the first activity. Our residential leaders Serena Roberts [’01] and Elizabeth Ross [’01] pulled out a roll of toilet paper and said that we should pass it around and everyone should take a couple of sheets. So the roll of toilet paper got passed around and each girl timidly ripped off a modest couple of sheets. Cristin, however, got the roll of toilet paper and, not fazed in the least, started unfurling the entire roll. When it was about half gone and she had a nice pile of paper in her lap, she passed it on to me. I had no clue what was going on and for a second debated following in the footsteps of my new friend and amassing my own miniature pile. Instead, I opted for a conservative five squares.

After the last girl took a few squares, our seniors announced that the point of the activity was that we were supposed to say something about ourselves for each square of toilet paper we had. Immediately we all looked to Cristin who exclaimed, “Well, I thought we were going to go camping and this was all the toilet paper we were going to be allowed to have for the trip!”

But that was Cristin. When she did something, she did it big. Whether it was a key play on the volleyball court to keep us all in the game, rallying the student body for a loud cheer at a football game, teaching our sophomore hallway the dance moves from Michael Jackson’s “Beat It” music video, or running around after any assortment of faculty children in the dining hall or on the Front Lawn, Cristin put her whole heart in everything she did. Her vivacious spirit and contagious personality had such a big impact on the Class of 2004 and the entire St. Andrew’s community, and I hope her spirit will continue to live on through her scholarship and the collective memories of all that were blessed enough to know her.

Eulogy for Cristin Duprey
by Daniel T. Roach, Jr.
February 27, 2007

It is an honor for me to speak this morning at Cristin Duprey’s Homegoing Service, and in my remarks, I will try to speak for all of us St. Andreans around the country and around the world who love Cristin and the Duprey family with all our heart and soul.

My role and my wife, Elizabeth’s role, in the lives of the Williams and Duprey families began sometime in 1982 when Stacey Williams [’85] and Treava Milton [’83] became our first children. When our family expanded to welcome two dynamic, beautiful and energetic daughters, our lives widened and the spirit and faith of these two women and their own families taught us our first lessons about parenting, love and faith. Stacey contends that God brought her to us, to our apartment, to our lives and to our family. Elizabeth and I contend God brought Stacey and Treava into our lives to make us more alive, more loving, faithful, courageous people.

“Whether it was a key play on the volleyball court to keep us all in the game, rallying the student body for a loud cheer at a football game, teaching our sophomore hallway the dance moves from Michael Jackson’s “Beat It” music video, or running around after any assortment of faculty children in the dining hall or on the Front Lawn, Cristin put her whole heart in everything she did.”

—Liz Hardwick ’04
And then one spring day in 1987, I met my grandchild, Cristin, when she visited me with her mother on the lawn in front of our Pell apartment at St. Andrew’s. We sat that day in perfect sunshine, together with Jenny Kern, a member of Treava’s class, Stacey, Treava, Jonathan Banks, Elizabeth and Matthew, age 2. Cristin arrived, took immediate control of the situation and sat immediately upon my lap, peering out at the pond and green fields sweeping out before us. A photograph of this moment found its way on to Cristin’s senior page at St. Andrew’s in 2004. I actually look quite young with nearly a full head of hair in the photograph, but of course what struck me at the time and what strikes me now is the little girl sitting so happily and steadily on my lap. At the age of not quite 2, she somehow expressed and radiated an attitude, an approach, a perspective that was unique and dynamic. She wore a blue and white striped, one-piece outfit with a red sailor cap and small braids coming down her forehead. She was completely comfortable and connected immediately and spontaneously with Matthew, Elizabeth, Jenny, Jonathan, St. Andrew’s and me.

I have been thinking about that day and that photograph a lot in the past few days—not only did I begin to understand that Cristin was going to be a major part of my and Elizabeth’s and Matthew’s life, I knew immediately that this was a little girl who was going to teach me far more than I could ever teach her. Cristin’s natural and spontaneous understanding of people, of family, of love that day was a perfect foreshadowing of a magnificent and generous life.

Now that little girl grew up in the most wonderful family I know—the Williams/Duprey family. And in the months and years before her arrival as a student at St. Andrew’s in 2000, Cristin began to understand a number of principles that would help her change our lives. She knew first of all of the love of her savior Jesus Christ and she began to understand the power of faith and courage and resilience and determination found in her grandparents and parents and extended family, men and women who had endured and overcome the oppression of racism and discrimination, men and women who embraced and lived the power of God’s redeeming love. This was the foundation of her soul, her character, her personality.

When Cristin applied to St. Andrew’s, she was so comfortable, popular and well established in New York that she could hardly conceive of giving up time with her family, friends and city to go live, in of all places, Delaware. She promised her mother that she would go, or at least think about going in her sophomore year. But her mother knew that the time for Cristin to join the St. Andrew’s community had come and the application was filed. Stacey wrote the following words about her baby to the Admissions Committee:

“From birth, Cristin has had the ability to make people feel comfortable. Looking back, that could explain why the babies in the hospital nursery with her hardly ever cried. Cristin has always been able to spot the one person in the room who feels the least comfortable and make that person feel at home.”

Stacey continued:

“Cristin likes to help others—not one teacher conference has gone by without the teacher remarking that Cristin is the most helpful student they ever had. That is when I learned that children can be a little different at home than they are outside the home.”

Cristin wrote the following words describing herself on her application:

“I am comfortable wherever I go. I am good at math, computers, acting, singing and making friends.”

“Things I like to do in my free time—talking on the phone, going to movies, roller skating, dancing and helping my sister’s Brownie troop.”
Cristin arrived that fall and gave me a distinctive look that said she would try this boarding school idea, but she was pretty sure New York was the place she wanted to be.... And then after a period of transition, St. Andrew’s became her school and second home. Soon, she and her classmates from the Class of 2004 transformed St. Andrew’s. By the time they were seniors, they experienced and expressed such a deep appreciation for the School—its spirit, its diversity, its culture, and its energy, and Cristin was the center of all the goodness that emanated and continues to emanate from those years.

She has been throughout her life the very embodiment of a life force and spirit. Her life was filled with such vitality, spirit, humanity and love, and quite literally her life touched everyone at our School: her teachers, the staff with whom she worked, the little children who adored her and pleaded with their parents to have her babysit, the younger students whom she mentored, counseled and loved, and of course her classmates whom she adored. Over the past week, her classmates wrote e-mails and letters to me from across the country and the world, all saying that Cristin created love and laughter wherever she went. She embodied universal warmth.

When Cristin graduated in 2004, we gathered some 200 yards away from the spot on the Front Lawn where I had first met and held her—her incredible family and friends from New York joined us for the day, and again a photograph captured the moment. This one showed Cristin and me hugging as I was about to give her her diploma—behind, in tears, was her uncle, Will Speers, who had just read her name, Cristin Colleen E. Duprey. The photograph speaks to the miracles that brought Cristin, St. Andrew’s and me together. It honors the love and sacrifice Stacey and Wallace gave and made for their daughter. It speaks of Cristin’s incredible appreciation and love for all of us. It is a moment and a photograph I will always treasure.

Parents and grandparents one day realize that with faith, hope and love, children and grandchildren emerge as adults, as men and women who actually teach us, mentor us, inspire us and transform us. And Cristin, the college student, Cristin, the young woman, had that precise effect on me whenever I saw her. I remember feeling these emotions distinctly this fall and early winter when I would see Cristin, race to be by her side, and bask in the glow, humanity, love and excitement of her life. Three weeks ago as we sat together after dinner, Elizabeth spontaneously said that Cristin brought such joy, excitement and love into her life, every time she saw her. Cristin told Elizabeth that day that she was beginning to think about teaching as a career. Her professor at the University of Delaware had seen her gift and touch with children, and her eyes glowed as she sat in Elizabeth’s classroom and talked about her future.

When I received news of the accident, I immediately raced to the hospital, hoping all the while for a miracle—a miracle brought about by my God’s infinite mercy, by caring hands in the intensive care unit, by prayers pouring in from all parts across the United States and the world. And, a miracle did occur in the waiting room over the five days—Team Cristin took over one, two and then three waiting rooms. It was Cristin’s most powerful expression of love, of life, of faith, of hope.

The miracle began with a cell phone, Cristin’s cell phone, found in the damaged car—a cell phone full of numbers and connections to an endless array of friends and relatives—it linked Cristin to her mother, to the primary source of her courage, goodness and humanity, and when that call went through, Stacey, Louisa Zendt and a veritable army of ministering angels made the second floor of the Christiana Hospital their living room of hope, of faith, of affirmation—because, quite literally, her life touched everyone in the communities of New York, Middletown, the University of Delaware and St. Andrew’s. And in the process,

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—Stacey Duprey
and through God's mercy, through her death, and through her family's courage, strength and faith, we learned a few essential things about our lives on this earth.

We can, with God's help, defeat the forces of death through the power of faith, humanity and courage. Three little boys live today because of the fierce and unremitting love of Cristin and her family. We can indeed open our eyes to the suffering, despair and tragedy that surround us every day; we can live with empathy, charity, compassion and love and burn away the triviality, mean spirit and selfish nature of human life. We can embrace diversity, not as a barren concept but as a celebration of the meeting and merging together of people brought together by immutable principles of love, respect and compassion.

We can see Cristin again, vibrant, alive, inspiring us to honor her by living and loving and dancing and talking and connecting in her spirit.

That little girl sitting so happily and firmly on my lap on that glorious day in the summer of 1987 taught me, her grandfather, all I need to know about life, death, faith and hope. She taught me by how she sat that day; how she connected so naturally with everyone she met. She taught me by her laughter, her kindness, her touch with children and adults. She taught me when she handled life's transitions slowly and surely and then became the very center of her new home. She taught me by her smile, by her beauty, by her love for her sister and brothers. She taught me when I saw her singing with University of Delaware students at the AIDS walk this year. She taught me when she always found time for a kind word and gesture. She taught me when she chose to live a passionate, engaged and daring life. She taught me how to live.

I am heart broken—I miss her with all my heart. I thank God that she was here for us and I pray that God knows that an angel, our beloved angel, has joined his heavenly kingdom.

What kinds of educational philosophy could possibly inspire the humanity we have seen unfold before us over the life of this family? Could we, as teachers, work night and day to make such miraculous lives possible? In Cristin's honor, we can and we will.

And then I walked to the Duprey apartment to ask Stacey, Joyce Williams and Treava a simple question: Where on earth does this strength, this power, this optimism come from? Stacey smiled at my awkwardly phrased question, but soon Joyce reminded me that the source of the family's strength lay always in the hand and power and majesty of God. And that parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles lived to affirm and celebrate this faith, this connection. And that part of the strength, courage and resilience of the family emerged from the many ministering angels sent along their paths along the way.

May we honor, love and celebrate Cristin by ministering as angels to our grieving world. May we love our fellow man and woman, may we love children with the passion and generosity Cristin showed every day of her life. And may we love, honor and remember this family that inspires me so powerfully every day. We love you Cristin. Amen.

Will Speers

There's a frayed, black and white photo of Cristin, age 3, holding hands with my son Christopher, age 1. Cristin is clearly in charge: she's looking straight ahead, already planning the next steps for the two of them. Christopher, meanwhile, is just beaming; he's so happy to be holding Cristin's safe hand, because he knows that clasp leads to adventure, excitement and discovery. He knows the future with Cristin will be awesome. We've all held that hand, and Cristin has guided us on many journeys. Somehow, she's helping
us on this track through sorrow and grief, because
she’s always known how to help others.

One St. Andrew’s student told me about such
a moment a few years ago with Cristin. This girl
was upset about something, she can’t remember
what—and then in walked Cristin, this tall robust
high school senior, a woman of mythic generosity
and joy on campus. Cristin sized up the situation
and her immediate response was to sweep this
weeping ninth grade girl into an immense hug. The
girl’s initial reaction to Cristin’s embrace was “Help!
I’m suffocating! How am I going to get out of here?”
And yet, three years later; remembering the balm of
that embrace, remembering Cristin, this girl realized
that’s exactly what she herself now does—she
helps people, letting Cristin hug them through her,
swallowing them into her arms with comfort and love. A legacy because that’s what Cristin did; she embraced
us, affirmed us and made us a vital member of her family. She enriched us with her many friends who are now
our friends and family. And today, gathered here to celebrate Cristin’s life, we see bright reflections of Cristin
in each of us. All of these pieces of Cristin coalesce to incarnate a larger vision of Cristin that helps us move
forward with hope.

Cristin gives us so much to celebrate and consecrate today; each time we laugh, sing, play with a child,
dance, invite someone new into our family; talk to a friends for hours on the phone, even when we politely
but vigorously yell at a basketball official, we connect to Cristin’s core, to her undying spirit, and we sustain that
immortal life in us.

Today we hold these stories and memories close, because by hearing and reciting them, they become
some of the rites and rituals, which affirm Cristin’s place in our hearts. Stacey and Wallace want us all to hear
their story of Cristin, and because we are all family, this is also our communal story about Cristin.

Cristin Colleen Eunice Duprey was born on July 28, 1986, in Mount Sinai Hospital. She attended Faith
Mission Baptist Church in New York City where she accepted Jesus Christ as her savior and was baptized
at an early age. Cristin later joined Union Grove Baptist Church and was a member of that church until
her family relocated to Delaware. She was educated at St. Anne’s School in New York, and graduated
from St. Andrew’s School in Middletown, Delaware, in 2004. She was in her junior year at the University of
Delaware where she was majoring in leisure management and early childhood education. Cristin planned to
work in occupational therapy. She chose to go to the University of Delaware because she wanted to be close
to home so that she would be able to watch her brothers and sisters grow up.

While attending high school, some of Cristin’s favorite activities included playing volleyball, managing
the boy’s basketball team and being the football team’s #1 fan. She was also the head of the Dance Club,
Spectrum Club and the Social Activities Committee. Cristin especially loved working with the teen ministry at
the Living Waters Worship Center in Middletown, Delaware.

Cristin loved being with both her Delaware and New York families. She could not go a month without
smelling the “fresh air” of New York City. Cristin is known by the names “Strawberry,” Charlene, C-Mill$ or just
plain ‘ole Cristin. No matter what the name, she was still the same person. Cristin had a way with children—
they naturally gravitated to her.

“Cristin, good
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—Will Speers
She developed a passion for volleyball at St. Andrew’s School, and was later hired to coach the St. Andrew’s JV team as well as community team at the local Boys and Girls Club. Cristin had a love for music. Music was the connection to everything in her life. She would always say that if she could marry music, she would. After she graduated from college her dream was to ride the Queen Elizabeth out of the docks of New York and sail to London where she would fly to Italy.

Cristin was one of the friendliest people anyone could meet. She brightened the life of everyone she touched. When there was a gathering, Cristin made sure everyone had a good time. Whether she was in the middle of the floor dancing, playing the songs that everyone wanted to hear or bringing up stories from the past, her goal was to bring forth a laugh even if it was at her expense. Cristin loved to take pictures, especially her own. She said, “The reason I take pictures is because I have to be able to tell a story.” She mastered the art of taking a group picture while being in the middle of it.

Cristin’s favorite season was summer. Her birthday is in July, and she was sure to start talking about it in January. Her favorite color was red. If you asked her who her favorite artist was she would say Mary J. Blige, Bobby Brown and Jay-Z.

Cristin would have celebrated her 21st birthday and was in the process of planning a surprise party for herself. It would be an all white affair, and the only people wearing white would be herself, her aunts Walidah and Shelidah, her mom Stacey and her sisters Devin and Kenyetta. When asked how could it be an all white affair if everyone could not wear white, she said, “It’s my birthday, I can do what I want.”

Cristin, good buddy, friend, confidant and sister, was a dreamer; not only for herself but for others as well. She was excited about graduating, going to grad school, traveling, getting married and one day being a mother. She always said she wanted to be able to give the same love she received as a child.

Cristin leaves to cherish her memories her parents, Wallace and Stacey Duprey; sister, Devin; brothers Jaylin and Rasheed; as well as her best friend and sister Kenyetta Murray. Cristin was blessed to have three sets of grandparents: Rev. Luther and Joyce Williams, Wallace and Henrietta Duprey, and Tad and Elizabeth Roach. Other cherished family members include her great-grandfather, Wallace E. Duprey (Sharon); godparents Rodney Addison, Cynthia Pryor, Irene Bowman (Lester) and Michael Hyde (Joleen); aunts Walidah Duprey, Shelidah Duprey, Nora Redd, Treva Milton, Tressie Colon (Dwight) and Deneen Woodruff; uncles Timothy Graves (Lynn), John Walker, Keith Gamble (Erica), Reginald Smith (Sabrina), Marlon Greene, Coolridge Bell and Will Speers.

Cristin was a very special young lady who had tons of aunts, uncles, cousins, extended family and friends who loved and adored her, but are too numerous to name.

Cristin Colleen E. Duprey’s love for life touched the lives of many people; and in the short time after her death, we believe God has allowed her to be successful in her desired ministry—to give her life to children. As a result of Cristin’s organ donorship, the lives of three little boys have been saved; there are testimonies that the circumstances surrounding her death renewed faith in hundreds of people.

Staff, alumni, trustees and parents of St. Andrew’s School alumni and students have come together to establish the Cristin Colleen E. Duprey Scholarship Fund in her memory—a gift which will make lasting Cristin’s exhilarating spirit, her tenacious joy and her exuberant embrace of people and of life.
Great teachers are a St. Andrew’s legacy.

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