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A week from today we will celebrate Commencement on the front lawn of St. Andrew’s and honor members of the Class of 2007 who have made such distinguished contributions to the School in their time with us. Each year this beautiful service at Old St. Anne’s Church gives us the opportunity to reflect on the year past, the week ahead and the challenges and opportunities of the future.

This has been a year when we at St. Andrew’s have looked carefully at important issues of sustainability and responsibility. We began the year with Dr. McLean’s eloquent Convocation address, encouraging us to care for our planet in its hour of desperate need, and in the spring, we heard the passionate voice of Mike Tidwell exhort us to act immediately to express our connection to the earth and our responsibility for the ravages our way of life will cause throughout the world.

We have begun to explore two crucial aspects of our lives through these discussions of sustainable living and environmental stewardship—a spirit of humility and a spirit of radical responsibility. The spirit of humility teaches us that we have no right to despoil the earth, to take more than our share, to express indifference to the plight and needs of the
world, its planet and people. This spirit of humility guards us from the dangers of privilege, elitism and entitlement—it’s the spirit that guards us from nationalistic presumption and arrogance, and the prejudice and disconnection that comes when human beings judge one another based on class, social status, race, ethnicity, religion, nationality or sexual orientation. The spirit of humility asks us to express empathy, to walk in another person’s shoes, to recognize the unfairness and inequalities of life, to learn to wait in line, to wait our turn, to be silent and listen to those whose opinions and beliefs differ from ours. If we have learned much about the religion of Christianity here at St. Andrew’s, we have recognized that the ways of Christ are the ways of the poor, the invisible, the humble. Who are we to gorge ourselves on oil, to contribute to global warming, to fill the earth with our garbage and clutter, to insist on our own way?

But amidst a recognition of humility comes an even more important ethic for us to consider at St. Andrew’s—an ethic of radical responsibility, an ethic that believes and enacts that we as human beings have the responsibility to make our world a better place, a more gentle place, a more sustainable place, a kinder, patient, more empathetic place. We know all too well how petty, mean, exclusive and vile human beings can be, but we also know that the spirit of a place, or a spirit of a group of people, or the energy and vitality of a redemptive and inspiring course and idea can awaken us from our poverty of spirit, our listlessness and apathy and make us live, burn with passionate intention and love.

As the Class of 2007 takes its final bows over the next seven days, it does so proud in the knowledge that they have taken the first central step in this process towards membership as citizens in the world community. They have engaged in the active, important and authentic work of scholarship. They have learned the skills of writing, research, experimentation, problem solving, argumentation and reflection. They have fought for social justice, peace and reconciliation. They have listened to Paul Farmer, Lani Guinier, Sister Prejean, and responded in a dynamic and authentic way. They have celebrated and embraced diversity, environmental activism and engagement. They have sought, found and embraced friendship, mentorship of younger students, leadership of dorms, clubs, teams, committees, music and artistic
ensembles. They have embraced and loved and transformed their school. They have inspired and challenged their teachers, coaches and directors. They have faced the college process with maturity, balance and resilience. They have confronted challenge, failure and disappointment and learned the qualities of courage, resilience and patience. They have, in short, helped us to deepen the core, the essence, the momentum of a great School.

Their responsibility starting next Sunday is to spread this approach to learning, to life, to environmental activism, to diversity, to kindness, to hospitality, to humility wherever they go for the rest of their lives. Our responsibility is to love them, support them and tell them that St. Andrew’s applauds their every move towards engagement, leadership, maturity and responsibility.

I am sorry, but I can no longer accept the pomp, ceremony and self-congratulation of graduation rituals that completely neglect the very purpose, promise and responsibility of education in American society. I find it difficult to reconcile the artificiality and triviality of so much of the high school and college cultures in America when kids your age are living the ultimate test, either in the poverty of our society or the streets of Baghdad. It simply is not good enough to say that the St. Andrew’s experience was fun, exciting, and valuable to the pursuit of happiness and success. It is not good enough to say that all we want of high school and college is academic, social and individualistic promotion, along with a good deal of beer. You, as St. Andreans, have to burn with an eagerness to serve, to reform, to engage, to steward, to save, to march, to conserve, to honor, to celebrate, to affirm the best humanity has to offer.

People, all the time, ask me: “How does St. Andrew’s prepare students for the independence, the autonomy, the partying of
The answer to the question of how to prepare for college or how to prepare for life is actually relatively easy to explain—to prepare for college and life, commit to doing good work, work that makes your community, nation and world a better place.

Let me end with the words of Marilynne Robinson from her book, The Death of Adam: Essays on Modern Thought. This is your answer when people ask you what you are doing next year, where you are going to college, what profession you follow, where you live, shop and travel—“the real issue is will people shelter and nourish and humanize one another?”

Each year, on the first and last Sundays of the School year, St. Andrew’s students and faculty travel to Old St. Anne’s Church, located just north of campus. The church, beautiful and stately, was built in 1765 by Philip Reading, who is buried there in the churchyard, along with A. Felix duPont, A. Felix duPont, Jr., Walden Pell, Bishop Cook and others from St. Andrew’s history. Though a newer St. Anne’s has taken its place as the parish of Middletown, Old St. Anne’s—without heat, air-conditioning or electricity—offers the St. Andrew’s community the opportunity to worship in the peaceful and beautiful church where St. Andrew’s first students worshipped weekly.
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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.
I joined the board of trustees at St. Andrew’s in 1989. In retrospect, I suppose I might have been described prior to that as a “disaffected” alumnus—one with a strong sense of gratitude for the academic preparation afforded me at St. Andrew’s, but also one having a lingering discomfort with my overall experience at the School. The latter emotion may be partially related to the turbulent upheaval our society experienced in the late sixties, and the extent to which the atmosphere at the School mirrored that which was occurring beyond our cloistered world. However, some part of the explanation must also be rooted in how different the School was in my years as compared to the School which Jon and Joan O’Brien invited me to visit in the mid-eighties. I found then a very different place—co-ed, certainly, but also a little less formal and rigid and, amongst and between faculty and students, a more welcoming, congenial and supportive environment. Jon O’Brien shared with me the vision which he and Board President Henry Herndon had for the board of trustees, and he indicated that it was a work-in-progress. They wanted to incorporate a strong, new generation of trustees who would help chart the course for the school in the new millennium—embracing and yet resisting change at the same time—adhering closely to the mission of the Founder, but willing to interpret the mission for a changing world of ethnic, cultural, social and economic diversity. Jon wanted trustees who would examine the established and accepted ways of the board and, in those instances where we needed to consider change, broaden the scope of our stewardship to pursue a new course.

My first three terms as a trustee (trustees are by charter allowed to serve three consecutive three-year terms before rotating off the board) were every bit as evolutionary, and revolutionary, as Jon had promised. The expanding role and voice of women on the Board could clearly be felt as Kitten Gahagan took her father’s place as chair of the board, Caroline Prickett became a leader in land-use issues, and Nancy Hance, Katie Kinsey and Maureen Harrington charted a new course for advancement with the cultivation of the parent constituency of the School. The acceleration of the development effort was dramatic, as the School’s first-ever capital campaign initiated a somewhat unfamiliar alumni body into the role of steward for the preservation and furtherance of the School’s mission. The finance committee of the board challenged a more passive endowment management style, and under the leadership of Allen Morgan, significantly expanded the School’s allocation to lesser-known alternative asset managers, thereby setting the course for a period of significant endowment growth which, with some further refinement in allocation, continues to today. The diversity of the board in those years also began to more closely mirror the student body of the School—not only in gender diversity, but also in diversity of age, social and economic background, professional and life experience, and geographic representation. Because the board changed, so too did the range of issues which captured its imagination, inspired exploration and commanded attention. The board had a dynamism and energy which I had not seen when I joined it: there were many more trustees drawn from the alumni ranks, and the board seemed more capable of taking a leadership role for the School. However, with the expanded number of trustees, and larger committees with more issues to consider, the board at this time necessarily began a second phase of evolution which coincided with Tad Roach ascending to the role of headmaster in 1997.

Although I rotated off the board in 1998, I remained on the finance committee and very involved with the School. With the retirement of Allen Morgan as chairman of the finance committee in 1999, I returned to the board and stepped into the leadership role of the committee. Tad Roach had undertaken a comprehensive review of the School in his first year at the helm, and concluded that a new priority should be added to the challenges of the board: a goal for St. Andrew’s to lead its peers by all measures of secondary schools—academics, financial aid, student body diversity, faculty, capital
strength and development. This challenge effectively “raised the bar” for the board; it was clear that Tad wanted more than for the School to be simply as good as its peers, and the work to be done to meet that goal was so large in scale that the full board could not possibly tackle every issue in depth. The work of the committees of the board became the real working grounds of the trustees, and this transition was reflected in trustee weekends during which the agendas of the Friday committee meetings rivaled the Saturday board meeting in importance. The role of the individual committees—building and grounds, land use, education, development and finance—and the commitment of their respective members, eclipsed what had been required of the board historically and redefined the role of a trustee. Perhaps more remarkable than the scope of what the board undertook over the next 10 years, was the way in which individual trustees rose to the challenge. I marvel today that a group as diverse as our trustee body—a bishop, a Tony-award-winning producer, an admiral, a state supreme court justice, numerous professionals at the top of their fields, as well as a sampling of the most dedicated, insightful and energized parents—could be so effective.

In the time since I succeeded Hick Rowland as Board president in fall 2003, I have found that rather than being called upon to lead the board, I am instead inspired by its members, their energy and their dedication to their duties. In my professional life, I have served on many boards of directors, and there is no analogy I can draw from those experiences to my role at St. Andrew’s. I am proudest that our board embodies the qualities which we teach our students in the classroom: hard work, mutual respect, a willingness to hear opinions different from our own and the courage to always challenge the “easy” answer. The issues we face in the 21st century at St. Andrew’s are certainly not easy; achieving and maintaining excellence and leadership among our peer schools will come at a real financial cost. Adhering to the mission of the Founder to provide the financial aid so critical to preserving diversity; revitalizing and rejuvenating our most treasured physical plant, as well as expanding it for the needs of our students; and, insuring that our academic and student life programs are best-in-class—these are grand challenges even for our committed board of trustees. No amount of extraordinary endowment return or fiscal prudence can obviate the need for a financial commitment from the St. Andrew’s constituency to support the mission of the School. It is from the ranks of this constituency that the board, with which I am so proud to serve, has been drawn, and I have confidence that many more people—just as I was in 1989—are at the ready to make a contribution and a difference.

I certainly did not join the board of trustees in 1989 intending to serve 18 years—much less to be so honored as to be asked to serve as its president—yet it has been the most rewarding experience of my career. I look forward to the challenges ahead of us—the finalization of a campus plan, the design and creation of a significantly expanded athletic and student life facility and, most importantly, the strengthening of the endowment through capital gifts to insure that the financial aid program, which enabled me to attend St. Andrew’s in 1965, will be available to the generations of St. Andreans yet to come. I am certain that our board, and the broad St. Andrew’s constituency, will meet these challenges.
While it is common for students in high school to think that their generation invented every enjoyable pastime, St. Andrew’s archives would prove otherwise, at least when it comes to prom.

Prom, or a spring formal, has been held at St. Andrew’s every spring of the School’s history as far as we can tell, including a close call in 1936. In that year, the prom was postponed due to an outbreak of German measles among the boys.

Dance Fever
by Shabazz Stuart ’07
Chapel Talk

Shabazz Stuart ’07 delivered this talk at Friday chapel during Arts Weekend 2007. His photography appears frequently in this magazine. In the fall he will attend Tufts University in Somerville, Mass.

In the winter of 2005, I found myself doing a project on homelessness on the streets of midtown Manhattan. The project, entitled The Forgotten, was pretty simple: take pictures of homeless persons and avoid any prolonged personal contact. That would be too time-consuming and too awkward. If you define the success of this project as the accomplishment of these goals, then I failed terribly. While taking some snapshots of a nondescript man outside of a synagogue, he approached me and we began to talk. I found out his name was Elias. He was dressed in clothes that were much lighter than mine, which was disturbing because I was shivering. He was a diabetic who had gotten ill without health insurance. He had been homeless for nearly 10 years.

I could never stand here and tell you that I have had a tough life. In fact, I’ve been very blessed throughout my 18 years. I was born on April 27, 1989, in Brooklyn at Woodhall Hospital. Although my father never actually signed my birth certificate, walking out before my birth, I was very fortunate to have a mother who took her parental responsibilities quite seriously. Sometimes, if you ask me, a little too seriously.

By any measure I had a rather unremarkable childhood. I was sent to the local public school, and subsequently to other schools nearby. If anything, we were doing quite well as a family. I had many of the things that children my age had, including a personal computer, a CD player and so forth. We even took vacations every once in a while and in the seventh grade, I was offered a seat as a Prep for Prep scholar, a
On blessings and privileges

position which brought me a broad range of academic opportunities.

I tell you this to highlight one specific point: that what happened to me can happen to almost anybody. Despite my fairly average background, my mother and I were still vulnerable to the sometimes tragic twists and turns of life.

In the year 2000, I came home to find my mom resting in bed faced down. This was somewhat awkward because I was a latchkey kid. I came home expecting to be alone. Confused, I asked my mother why she had not gone to work that day. I then found out that she was struck by a car while crossing the street. One would think that the moral issues here would be fairly rudimentary. The driver was speeding, he ran a red light, and there were numerous witnesses on hand who saw the accident. It seemed fairly clear to me that he was at fault.

Ultimately the legal system agreed with that assessment, but this decision came six years after the initial accident. Because the driver’s insurance provider would not settle, the case had to be taken to court. What proved to be a blink of the eye for our legal system was a harrowing experience that left an indelible mark on my childhood, and a deep, lasting scar on my mother. Although I did not realize it on that late March afternoon, the next six years of my life would produce some of the greatest challenges that I have faced.

The true impact of the accident took a while to set in. In fact, the rest of the year went fairly well. I know I said just now that these years would bring me some of my greatest challenges, but the years 2000 and 2001 were some of the happiest I ever remember living. Quite oblivious at the time to the storm that lay ahead, I lived a life of utter content and joy. For the first time in my adolescence, I had reliable friends. Despite her accident, my mother was able to provide me with mostly everything I wanted. I enjoyed a close relationship with my grandfather, something that pleased me because he began to replace the father that I never had. I still remember my spring vacation of 2001, the first time I had ever actually taken a road trip. I was with my grandfather, who had set out on a quest to show me my father’s side of the family. He was intent on doing the job that his own son had never done, and in three days I met numerous aunts, uncles, cousins and even half-brothers and -sisters. I even saw my own father for the first time in 10 years.

I will never forget that feeling of bliss, driving around the narrow back roads of Virginia and North Carolina, listening to the radio, not really knowing where we were going next; not really caring. As I rode in the back seat of that car early in the wee hours of the morning, I had not a care in the world. My grandfather would only stop at the occasional rest station, and slow down sometimes to say “see this here, your family owns all this land… all these houses you see here belong to the Farrowes, to your cousins and your aunts and uncles.” For the only child of a single parent, this was a unique life-changing experience.

Yet only four years after that moment, I stood on a subway platform contemplating not only which train I was getting on, but where exactly I was going in the first place. I had no idea where home was, or if there was a home to go to.

As I never forgot the feeling of bliss that gripped me in 2001, I will never forget the feeling of despair that gripped me in 2004 as I walked up the street dragging my luggage carrying a piece of paper with an address scribbled down, looking with eager anticipation to be seeing where I would spend the next two weeks of my life.

I still remember my mother’s look when she greeted me at the door. Anyone who knows Margaret Stuart knows how steadfast, sassy and confident she can be; yet here she was, looking old, sick and broken. As she greeted me, I noticed she tried to appear cheerful and confident, despite this, the expression on her face conveyed worry, and resignation. As she walked up the old wooden stairs of that Brownstone to the room, I thought to myself, “why and how could this happen to us?”

The room I shared with her was nothing special. The kitchen was in need of maintenance, the television was broken, the paint on the walls was peeling, we had to share a common bathroom.
Throughout the course of summer, I gradually found out that I was living with a mentally unstable, drug-abusing gang member. I would often awaken to find the small living room filled with mysterious men.

with the neighbors and the windows were broken. Additionally, my mother and I had to share a bed, this was difficult because we would constantly wake and irritate each other. I did not know the location of most of our possessions, as they were scattered around Brooklyn in various forms of crude storage.

This was no doubt a vast change from the relatively lofty lifestyle I had lived before. During those weeks of Christmas, when it seemed like everyone else was so happy and joyful, I cried myself to sleep wondering again how this could have happened to us. I was furious at my mother, who I increasingly saw as incompetent and lazy, and I was angry at our “so called” family who had turned their backs on us.

In fact only a few months prior to this we were looking into buying a house—some place bigger and better. I always knew my mother was having trouble with the landlord, but she always had insisted that we would keep the apartment. So when I called home in late September to find out that she was “packing,” I was surprised. I had never thought the situation was that serious. I remember asking, “what is happening, why and where are we going?” I am a person who likes answers and details but I received none. My mother told me that she had to hang up the phone and continue to pack. Before she hung up she did say that we would soon move into a new apartment, before I was home for vacation anyway. I was told not to worry, this was not a problem, but an awkward impromptu transition.

But, the landlord of the new apartment took longer than expected to ready it for occupancy. He had to perform what seemed like a laundry list of things to prepare the new apartment for occupancy. To make it worse, this new apartment was brokered through a family friend, at a discount rate, and as a result we were in no position to bargain, especially since my sick mother had no money to spare because of the piling medical bills. We found ourselves with little leverage to bargain with, we were uninsured and in debt. Until the new place was ready, my mother rented the room as our last resort.

Every time I returned home, I expected to move into the new apartment. I expected all of our problems to be solved. But I was wrong—we only returned home to the “room.” Gradually, I became depressed and bitter. I felt helpless and hopeless, as I saw no end to my nightmare. The feelings of anger and confusion that I had experienced earlier in the year gave way to pure depression. I would often try my hardest to avoid coming home, even if this meant staying at random Internet cafés around the city, to absurdly late hours of the night.

Realizing that our short-term solution was in fact a long-term ordeal, my mother and I secured a place for me to stay for the summer of 2005. I was to occupy the living room of a family friend, whom I affectionately called “uncle.”

At first I thought this was a godsend. I would now have my own couch to sleep on, cable television, a fridge, a private bathroom and other basic amenities. Most of all, I would have an address, and a home that I could go to at night. Compared to the way I was living earlier I felt this was a huge leap in the right direction.

I later found out why this particular family friend was so hesitant to take me in. Another youth by the name of Andy was also staying at the apartment. He wasn’t staying there because his parents were in desperate times, but rather because he had gotten in a bitter fight with his mother and walked out. He was 19, and I was 16 at the time.

At first, I didn’t think this would be a serious problem, but this assessment quickly changed after the first morning, when at 9 a.m., I was awakened by the sound of loud music. This music wasn’t just loud, it was piercing. This was a Saturday morning, and the owner of the place, whom we both affectionately called “uncle,” had already left for his workout routine.

I remember being obnoxiously questioned as to who I was. The neighbor came from upstairs to plead with Andy to turn the music down and the door was slammed in her face. Throughout the course of
summer, I gradually found out that I was living with a mentally unstable, drug-abusing gang member. I would often awaken to find the small living room filled with mysterious men. Many of my possessions disappeared during this time period, and the little money I had would sometimes also go missing. I quickly found that in a different way, I dreaded returning to this place almost as much as the room that I had lived in earlier. All my clothes were in bags and suitcases, and for three months I was subject to the whims and ranting of a person whom I was sure was mad.

Fortunately, thanks to the determination of my mother and with a little luck, things were ultimately resolved for us. We now reside in a warm and spacious apartment in a great neighborhood. We are happy, much happier than we were two years ago. We were lucky, because we flirted with the line, we danced with the line and we walked away, relatively unscathed. This is more than I can say for millions of Americans, people who aren’t as lucky, people who dance with the poverty line and fall below it, who become faceless and voiceless.

People like Elias, the man I encountered on the street in front of a synagogue later that year. Elias was a former boxer, coach and teacher at Camden High School. He was a former acquaintance of Muhammad Ali. He was victim of a sickness that the doctors could not fully treat and he was released into the world in debt without a penny and without his health. He then told me he was planning to kill himself; he wanted to end it all. I tried to say something in defense of his life, but I could say nothing.

I stand here before you today a man who has been deeply humbled, a man who is himself in a great deal of debt. Not only to St. Andrew’s because of its generous financial aid program, but to its generous faculty and staff. A faculty and staff that saw an often arrogant, obnoxious and simplistic III Former evolve into something that I hope is worthy of the time and resources invested in me. I stand before you today a man who is in debt to a mother who fought every step of the way to ensure I had the best of everything.

I am in debt to Prep for Prep, a program that dared to put their money where their mouth was, investing thousands of dollars on a student whom they thought to be a future leader.

I stand here at this pulpit not to reveal to you the essential principles of humanity, but to remind you of them. I wish to remind you that there are millions of people in this country like Elias who are suffering, there are people in China, Iraq, Darfur, New York and maybe even in Middletown who are in grave poverty, people who are starving, and dying. I also wish to remind you that we are human not only because of our ability to construct roads and buildings, but our ability to empathize with others and to feel compassion.

I won’t ask you to dedicate your lives to fighting poverty and suffering, or to empty your pockets the next time you see a homeless person, but I will ask you to remember them. Remembering in the face of ignorance, and pressure from individuals like you and me, is the first step to achieving essential government policy shifts that could change the lives of these millions both domestically and internationally.

No, I can never claim to have lived a tough life, but I can claim to have been offered a life-altering glimpse into a world that more than half the world’s people reside in. Most of them not year-long residents, but life-long ones.

Yes, we are the privileged, we are the lucky ones. We are the ones with the money, the resources and the power. However, this is not a god-given right, it’s not a gift, it’s a blessing. We have been granted enormous blessings, and we must use those blessings to bless others, to lift up others. Nothing could possibly be more true to my life mission; nothing could be more true to the mission statement of St. Andrew’s and nothing could be more consistent with our definition of “humanity.”
IN THE CLASSROOM:
Sixth Form Tutorials

Talk of the T-Dock

Again this spring, St. Andrew’s allowed VI Formers to select from among 26 tutorials offered in lieu of English. Faculty offered many exciting choices—in cultural history, music and film; in law and politics; in economics and psychology—as well as a range of offerings in history, religion, science and literature.

The tutorial program is designed to allow students to pursue their own academic interests and passions, emphasizing independent reading, research, writing and problem-solving. Tutorials challenge students to think and learn in new ways. No more than three students meet twice weekly, once to discuss that week’s materials and a second time to discuss the students’ essays or responses. Students are expected to do six hours of work each week in preparation for these meetings.

A tutorial gives students the opportunity to exhibit their strengths as students and thinkers—not merely as students of physics or literature, but as scientists, historians and scholars. Students still interested in English can take an English tutorial, while students interested in other disciplines or subjects can move in a different direction. All tutorials have some interdisciplinary component. The didactic nature of the tutorial allows student and teacher to range together over a variety of topics touching the question at hand each day.

SELECTED SPRING 2007 TUTORIAL OFFERINGS
There were too many tutorials offered to the Class of 2007 to list here, but these listings will provide readers with a sampling of courses designed by faculty this spring.

Quantum Indeterminacy and its Interpretations
Eric Kemer
Quantum indeterminacy is a fundamental feature of modern theories of light and matter. It is related to the popular notion of wave-particle duality and lies at the heart of the very strange behaviors of the submicroscopic world. For example, elementary particles appear to behave as if they have no definite locations in space and can influence each other’s properties over vast distances instantaneously. Quantum indeterminacy and its manifestations conflict strongly with our common sense understanding of the world and of the nature of physical

A Closer Look at the Tutorial:
Imagining America in Film, John Austin
Course description: Film has long been one of the principle means by which America has imagined—and re-imagined—itself as a nation. This course will examine some of the major genres of film and explore the ways in which American film shapes and reshapes our collective understanding of race, gender, violence, politics and history.

Tutorials provide students with the focused questioning and response that allow them to grow as independent readers, writers and thinkers. Students also learn to defend their thoughts and arguments orally in exhibitions, discussions of their work before a panel of students and teachers.

This spring, academic dean, history and English teacher John Austin offered a tutorial titled Imagining America in Film. Through discussion and common interests, John says, the course has reshaped itself into one, “which asks students to examine violence and American life—how violence is portrayed, represented, justified, explored, and condemned in film.” Students have been reading the films in light of a number of cultural critics and testing those arguments against films these critics do not discuss. The films chosen for the course are selected intentionally to both confirm and complicate the arguments of the critics the students read.
reality. And yet, it is because of quantum indeterminacy that modern electronic and photonic technologies work. In this tutorial, students will review the experimental and theoretical foundations of the strange behaviors of the quantum world. Writing assignments will focus on evaluating and comparing the experimental tests of quantum theory and the variety of attempts that have been made to make sense of it.

**Moby Dick by Herman Melville**
Darcy Caldwell
In this course we will read Herman Melville’s *Moby Dick*, one of the great, if not the greatest, novel in the American canon. *Moby Dick* is a book about truth and religion; order and chaos; whiteness and otherness, madness and monomania. Particular attention will be paid to Melville’s use of language to create character. Requirements: Reading, writing and whale watching on the beluga cam at the Vancouver Aquarium.

**A Natural and Human History of the Upper Appoquinimink River, Delaware and Vicinity**
Peter McLean
Know much about the natural history of your backyard, whether here or at home? What do you know of the greenery, the flowers, the fruit that surround you? What do you know of the animals these plants support? How about

**Paper Topic for The Godfather**
For your next essay I would like you to imagine that you are Linda Boose [author of the critical essay, “Technomuscularity and the Boy Eternal,” students read that week] responding (3-4 pages) then to the following letter from her publisher. (Note: you have written Mr. Dobson proposing, in outline form, a history of American film in the 1960s and 1970s.) In your letter you should still “cue up” a scene of interest and significance.

Dear Ms. Boose,

I very much enjoyed reading your outline and book proposal, “American Film and Masculinity: 1970-2000,” based on your article “Technomuscularity and the Boy Eternal,” and I am pleased to inform you that Simon and Schuster would like to publish it, with an advance of $10,000—but with the following condition. As much as our editors were convinced by your arguments on such films as Deliverance, the Rambo series and Top Gun, we were surprised that you omitted any discussion of what is widely considered the greatest film of the 1970’s, The Godfather. We would like you therefore to explain your decision to omit this film from your analysis (Is it really that different from the other 1970’s films you discuss?) or, if you agree with us that a study of it should be included in your book, how this film fits into your larger argument about masculinity, power and violence and the cultural shift you see at play over this period. We are most interested in the first Godfather, but if you would like to refer to or discuss part II of The Godfather that is fine. I am afraid we are on a tight schedule and I will need to hear from you by Friday.

Sincerely,
George Dobson

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**Paper Topic for Do the Right Thing**
Spike Lee’s *Do the Right Thing* famously, and controversially, ends with two quotations. What function do these quotations have in the film and how do they shape our response to the film? Why do you think Lee has decided to conclude his film with these very different quotations and do you see the film, as many commentators have, taking a position on them? As always you should “cue up” in your essay a scene that is of particular importance and discuss it in some detail.
Talk of the T-Dock

the surrounding soil, water and air? What has geology contributed? What’s been the effect of these resources on the quality of life for humans and our communities? What’s been the human influence on the natural resources over time? We’ll answer some of these questions and, in the process, further an appreciation of the natural world; we will apply what we learn from our readings to a very real setting, our “backyard.” We will learn a process and gain an appreciation that could be repeated in the backyards of our hometowns—the more we appreciate our backyards, the better care we will give them.

Evolutionary Psychology
Dan O’Connell
Evolutionary psychologists attempt to understand human social behavior by treating it as a product of human evolutionary history. They propose that “human nature” is largely a set of inherited psychological adaptations that have, in the past, led to success in survival and reproduction. After reading the way evolutionary psychologists describe their own work, we will then ask whether this approach too should be trusted? Do evolutionary psychologists have an ideological agenda? Are they social Darwinists in modern clothes? Is the history of racist and sexist interpretations of evolutionary theory reason to foreswear evolutionary psychology? There may also be an opportunity to perform a short evolutionary psychology research project of our own.

“Is Freakonomics Really So Freaky?”
Understanding Contemporary Economic Issues
Jay Hutchinson
Some have suggested that the discipline of economics is mystifying and even boring—one of its early practitioners called it “the dismal science.” Yet, as the recent success of the bestselling Freakonomics suggests, the discipline of economics offers a unique perspective on many of the most pressing issues facing the world today. Indeed a working knowledge of economics has become one of the prerequisites of being an informed voter and a citizen of the world. This tutorial will cover “hot button” topics such as defense spending and the war; the budget deficit and national debt reduction; growth and development; tax reform; international trade; elections; and environmental sustainability. It will also include a “hands-on” component that places each student in a manufacturing plant to witness the production process of a small factory.

Christian Mystics of the Second Millennium
Gary Harney
We have long been fascinated by mystics. While they are usually described as people who have a special gift, or a unique relationship with the Divine, this is only part of the story. What is mysticism? What is a “mystical union?” Can one be a mystic without experiencing visions? We will also consider more historical perspectives, such as “What has been the role of the Church in mysticism?” and “Has the Church supported or suppressed those who claimed to know God in a mystical way?” The topic becomes even more complicated when we consider the role of gender, authority, and power in second millennium Christian mysticism. Recent neurological research will also be explored to see if there might be pathological factors at work in the lives of some mystics. We will focus our attention on five women who have had extraordinary glimpses of the Divine. Historically, they range from the time of the Crusades to a woman who is with us today. By studying the writings of the first four, and by meeting and interviewing the fifth, we will gain a new appreciation for the work of these extraordinary women.

U.S. Foreign Policy Toward Latin America: Cuba—A Case Study
David Miller
The United States has a unique relationship with Latin America due to historical coincidence and geographical proximity. Cuba’s destiny, in particular, has been inextricably tied to the foreign policy decisions of the U. S. Indeed, Cuban independence followed directly from United States military intervention, and its first constitution was drafted not by Cubans but by U.S. policy makers. In this tutorial, politico-historical in nature, we will give a brief account of the pre-Cuban independence period; examine the pre-Revolution era in order to understand U. S. responses to Cuba; trace the actions and reactions of the United States toward the government of revolutionary Cuba; explore, to the extent that they are available, primary sources that offer explanations of policies; and read the interpretations of many commentators. Finally, we will examine the policymaking process in the U. S. to measure how domestic political concerns can shape and sometimes warp foreign policy interests.

Contemporary American Law
Dan O’Connell
This course begins by asking, “How do lawyers in America analyze conflict?” To answer this question we will identify and write arguments on each side of some actual event. For example, we might examine the criminal culpability of a high school soccer player who inappropriately grabbed another player during a game or the culpability of students who encourage aquarium fish to fight one another. Next, we will ask: what functions can we reasonably expect law to perform? Can a modern legal system be freed of problems of interpretation and indeterminacy?
### CALENDAR OF Upcoming Events

#### 2007

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<th>Date</th>
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<tr>
<td>July 29</td>
<td>DC Regional Ball Game at Camden Yards: Yankees vs. Orioles</td>
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<td>Sept. 1</td>
<td>Fall Class Notes Deadline</td>
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<td>Sept. 15</td>
<td>Fall Alumni Day</td>
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<td>Sept. 25</td>
<td>NYC Reception with Tad Roach: Williams Club</td>
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<td>Oct. 2</td>
<td>DC Reception with Tad Roach</td>
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<td>Oct. 6</td>
<td>DC Regional Group: Fall Day at the Races, Middleburg, VA</td>
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<td>Nov. 1</td>
<td>Winter Class Notes Deadline</td>
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<td>Nov. 28</td>
<td>Founders’/St. Andrew’s Day Chapel with speaker Bob Evans ’49</td>
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<td>Dec. 16</td>
<td>Service of Lessons and Carols at St. Andrew’s</td>
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#### 2008

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<th>Date</th>
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<tr>
<td>March 1</td>
<td>Spring Class Notes Deadline</td>
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<tr>
<td>March 7-18</td>
<td>Travel to South Africa with Joleen Hyde</td>
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<td>April 17</td>
<td>Toasts 4 — Contact us to host a Toast in your area</td>
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<td>May 19</td>
<td>VI Form Dinner</td>
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<td>May 26</td>
<td>Commencement</td>
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<td>June 1</td>
<td>Summer Class Notes Deadline</td>
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<td>June 6-9</td>
<td>Reunion</td>
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<td>June 29–July 6</td>
<td>TrailBlazer Grand Canyon &amp; National Parks Trip</td>
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#### November: Regional Service Days

In Northern Delaware, DC Metro, Raleigh, Boston, Philadelphia, Charlotte and... Contact us if you have a project for your region!
After a seemingly eternal winter, St. Andrew’s students have finally emerged from their dormitories in shorts and bathing suits, playing wall ball and ultimate Frisbee, confirming the long-awaited arrival of spring. Every year it is the same: an influx of students invade the front lawn and a sense of relief fills the student body. While most people associate springtime with new beginnings, I cannot help but feel that I am actually in the midst of a season of “lasts.” These past few weeks I have experienced my last night of duty on Pell, my last crew race on Noxontown Pond, my last Arts Weekend, my last table rotation, my last day of classes, my last grilled cheese at long lunch, my last run through the woods. I am in the middle of my last Wednesday night chapel service. I simply do not have enough time or energy to list all the “lasts” I will continue to endure through this coming Sunday. Most significantly though, the arrival of my senior spring represents the termination of my last year at St. Andrew’s.

I can confidently assert that “lasts” have never been my forte. I have always cried the last night of camp, regardless of whether or not I had actually enjoyed myself. Those on the varsity field hockey team will remember how I collapsed into hysteric for literally half an hour, sobbing after our last game. I am already dreading the day that I finish reading the last Harry Potter book, which won’t even be released until July. Unfortunately for me, those “lasts” are all miniscule compared to what lays ahead on Sunday. I cringe to imagine how I will react to hearing Mr. Speers call my name on graduation, that last split second I will be able to call myself a St. Andrew’s student before I accept my diploma. I cannot help but ask, what happens next?

Isabelle Burbank ’07
To be perfectly honest, I first started to get sad about graduation the summer after my freshman year. I clearly remember walking on the beach with my older sister, Sarah, telling her that I felt almost sad that I went to St. Andrew’s because it meant that I would someday have to deal with leaving. She of course laughed at me for even thinking about graduation; it was, after all, three years away. She did not know, like I did, how quickly the years would breeze by. But even I didn’t know the half of it; I could not possibly comprehend what St. Andrew’s would come to mean to me as I continued to grow there.

Three years later, I am still troubled by the prospect of graduating, but now for different reasons. You see, when I was a freshman, I loved St. Andrew’s for its newness. I loved the excitement to me, nor can I say that I have loved being at boarding school, sneaking out of my room during study hall, turning my lights back on after my seniors had put me to bed, tanning on the back deck, simply experiencing something different than what I had been used to at home. These days, I can’t really say that St. Andrew’s is new or exciting to me, nor can I say that I have loved every single minute of it. But I can say with certainty that I love St. Andrew’s now in a much more complex way than I could have as a freshman because I can now see how much this school has shaped me.

My attachment to St. Andrew’s became distinctly clear to me over spring long weekend. I, like the majority of the senior class, decided to stay on campus over the break. Though I’ve gushed about how terrorized I will be to leave this place, I have to admit that the first day of long weekend I secretly wished that I had gone home. I just needed to get away for a few days, I thought, and then I would be ready to get back to school. But I did not have a choice at that point and was forced to stay. The class of 2007 immediately proved to me that I had been wrong to even question my decision to remain on campus. Throughout my four years, I have never seen the class mesh together as beautifully as we did over the weekend. Being at school without the pressures of work gave everyone an opportunity to truly relax and be comfortable together. Most of the days were spent laying on the T-dock, playing whiffle ball and tennis and walking to town. The spring scene we were enacting made me laugh to think back at all the times during the winter when we wandered the dark corridors saying, “Where is everyone? Probably working. In fact, we should probably be working too.” Over Long Weekend we truly spent our time together as a class, rarely splintering off into smaller groups. I know that this sense of togetherness is an extremely rare feeling and I don’t take for granted how much my memories of spending time with my class will mean to me.

Staying on campus over break also gave me the opportunity to discover how attached I am to the School’s physical environment. On the Monday evening before the rest of the student body returned, I managed to extract myself from the crowd of seniors long enough to explore the campus with my roommate, Mary Pell. I had never previously taken into account how much the school surroundings had grown a part of me, but as Mary Pell and I walked the trails of the woods, I realized that perhaps the most devastating aspect of graduating would be to physically leave this environment that has become all too familiar to me. The farmland looked so still and peaceful as the sun began to lower in the sky. I loved how the woods shelter the trails that run alongside the pond. I loved seeing the young trees and knowing that they have been planted by St. Andrew’s students who care about restoring the forested region.

Long Weekend was unique. I don’t usually have the luxury of free time and beautiful weather or the peace of mind to appreciate my surrounding environment. A lot of times I even forget how much I love it here. But when I think back to that idyllic weekend and when I think of all the time that I have spent on this campus, I realize just how much a part of me St. Andrew’s is. I discovered then what I knew all along, that this place is my home, a place where I can be relaxed and confident, a place where I feel very invested but mostly a place that I will never fully leave.

Even more recently, I was running through the woods when the trail led me to the cornfields. It had just rained so the sun was still hidden behind clouds, yet something about the grey sky made the green from the grass and the trees more vibrant than they could have in the bright sun. The scene was so picturesque that I actually had to stop running and pause. There was not a single human being in my field of vision; I was completely alone. For once, I genuinely didn’t want to touch anything because I felt that if I so much as picked a single flower or a blade of grass I would risk disturbing this scene I valued so much at this moment.

What then do I make of all of my “lasts”? I cannot stop them from hurting. I suppose that is inevitable. But I do take comfort in the fact that I am a part of something that means so much to me. St. Andrew’s and I are now intrinsically connected in a way that I could not boast my freshman year and in a way that I will be for the rest of my life. The moments have not changed, only time has. Though graduation is not as drastic as death, the Tralfamadorians’ lesson still applies to my situation. A funeral, like graduation, is a sort of closing. But just as it would be “silly” to cry at a funeral, it is “silly” to cry over the end of my high school career. St. Andrew’s may not physically surround me after my graduation, but that does not mean that it will disappear from my life. Time can never change the impact this school has had on me. Even my “lasts” are not “lasts” but rather moments that have existed and will exist forever. I should therefore not look at my experience in a sequential order, but rather in terms of how these moments collectively define who I have become. It’s not always as easy as I am making it out to be because we undoubtedly lose access many moments in our life as time progresses. Still, we do an injustice to each and everyone of our “lasts” when we treat it as something that can be lost forever. 🌸
of LeRoy, N.Y., that small town in Genessee County is the “birthplace of Jell-O.” While that is true—the wiggly, colorful gelatinous concoction was produced there beginning in 1899—Jell-O has always been a Delaware product in my mind.

The summer before I began school at St. Andrew’s, I started working at a law firm in the historic downtown area of Dover, Del. At first I worked in a basement file room and each morning I would long for my half-hour lunch break, when I would emerge from the office’s back door.
and into the fresh summer air. Much of the time the fresh air existed only in my imagination, as Delaware summers are filled with punishing days of temperatures in the 90s and oppressive humidity. Occasionally, however, after a thunderstorm, I’d be rewarded with a breezy, sunny and idyllic summer afternoon. And in Dover, the scent carried on that breeze was of Jell-O—the cloying aroma of sugary citrus and faux fruit emanating from the Kraft/General Foods factory at the edge of town.

Shortly after I arrived at St. Andrew’s the following year, I met my classmate Liz Hickok, along with dozens of other new faces. Liz made an impression at the time because she was a gifted artist, producing beautiful drawings and sketches in the now-demolished laundry-shed-cum-art-building. She
was also a fellow Delawarean. What I didn’t know and no one could have anticipated was her future engagement with an unlikely artistic medium—Jell-O.

In March 2007, Liz received the “Play With Your Food Award” at the annual Food Network Awards. The award recognized her artistic work using Jell-O as a medium. She has also been featured in The New York Times. Since 2004, Liz has created scale models of cities in the brilliant gem tones of Jell-O.

“I initially chose Jell-O as my medium because of its potential for creating a sublime color palette,” says Liz. “When lit properly, the city dissolves into jewel-like shapes of luminous color, volume and light. But I soon discovered that the gelatinous material has uncanny parallels with the geological qualities of San Francisco.” Liz discovered that Jell-O was the perfect form for representing the unstable city whose earthquakes shake the city and its residents.

Creating the photographs and video in her current series, San Francisco in Jell-O, is painstaking work. “To make the landscapes,” says Liz, “I first construct scale models of the architectural elements, such as the Transamerica Pyramid or the Palace of Fine Arts, out of materials like balsa wood or foam core. I then make molds from those models, which I use to cast the buildings out of Jell-O.”

When she begins the casting of the buildings to create the cityscapes, work progresses quickly. Liz places the buildings as they appear in real life, adding backdrops, trees, streets. She then lights the cityscapes from below. She photographs these
creations, even as they gradually become unstable. Sometimes she puts her work into motion, using dry ice to create the famous foggy conditions of San Francisco, causing Telegraph Hill to shake in an earthquake, or dissolving the Marina District in a Jell-O tidal wave.

Liz’s work records the birth and the demise of her cityscapes and emphasizes the temporal and unstable nature of our constructed environments. Her artwork records the brief history of these small cities. “The translucent beauty of the scene draws the viewer in and then acts as a reminder of the unstable nature of our urban environment. The fragile and impermanent material has proved to be a very poetic expression of the city.

“Each time I take a picture, a building may start to droop, or melt, thus taking on its own personality,” she adds. “The Jell-O sculptures quickly decay, leaving the photographs and video as the remains.”

This process of revealing or preserving something that has disappeared has an almost archaeological quality. Liz’s new series Molds and Models explores this notion further. In Molds and Models, her camera is trained on the scale models, molds and props Liz uses to create her Jell-O cities. She finds the new project not only continuous with the Jell-O sculptures, but also a study in contrasts. Liz points out that unlike “the glowingly saturated and chaotic San Francisco in Jell-O series, these photographs are quiet, minimal, and monochromatic.... Instead of diminishing the magic of the original gelatinous cityscapes, these pale, bone-like models and blue, gummy molds introduce a new layer of mystery.”

These stark photographs inspire visions of explorers uncovering the glories of Pompeii—creating maps and drawings of a lost civilization and recording its art and literature—but also finding and with scientific accuracy recording the tools and technology used to construct the ancient wonder.

Liz is not the first artist to take Jell-O as her subject. A range of American artists have created artwork featuring “America’s most famous dessert,” from Maxfield Parrish to Norman Rockwell. She might, however, be the first to take this gelatinous and challenging material as her medium. She has recently completed a sculpture of Scottsdale, Ariz., in Jell-O and will soon turn her attention to a new project: Las Vegas.

In the meantime, Liz’s journey through these bright, shiny new cities will continue to highlight an ancient human need to build and improve—and reveal that such achievements will, through the inexorable action of time, prove to be a sweet folly.

WHAT IF...

I don’t know my lines?
I don’t know my role?
I don’t know what play I’m in?!

A cast of hardworking characters faced these and other thespian fears in the Arts Weekend production of The Actor’s Nightmare and Other Short Plays by Christopher Durang.

Offbeat and unsettling, absurd and touching, these five plays prompted everyone in Forbes Theater to think, laugh, reflect and enjoy themselves in the true spirit of the theater.
Boys’ tennis wins 18th state championship

Report on the season from Assistant Coach Chris Childers

At the beginning of this year’s tennis season, before anyone on our team had picked up a racquet, rumors were swirling about the inevitability of a St. Andrew’s state championship. Supposedly the “number one player from Jamaica” was coming to play first singles, the “kid from Maryland” would take it all at number two, and last year’s singles players (who did well at the one and two positions) would be downshifted to doubles. We would be invincible.

Coach Hoopes and I, though we knew our new junior was from Bermuda, not Jamaica, were similarly confident. During camp, we addressed the team with fire, claiming that “This is the year to win the state championship,” and we watched on pins and needles as they practiced, trying to determine exactly what kind of talent we had at our disposal.

What we saw was a group with loads of potential but little polish. Mark Wieland (“the kid from Maryland”) was clearly the standout player, followed by returning seniors Owen Strong and Tolly Taylor, who nevertheless still seemed hampered by certain problems from last year: in Owen’s case, it was on-court attitude and match toughness; in Tolly’s, conditioning and confidence. Meanwhile, second doubles was a totally mixed bag, with four players capable of competing for the spot; only our first doubles team of Ryan Karerat ’08 and Drew Burnett-Herkes ’08 seemed relatively secure.

Our first two matches of the season were against the two other best teams in the state, Salesianum and Wilmington Friends. Against Sallies our doubles teams were solidly beaten (Ryan K. was already sitting out with a back injury), though our singles players did well enough to give us the win, 3-2. Still, Mark proved nothing on that day by beating an exhibition player 6-0, 6-0 (Sallies’ number one was out nursing a sprained wrist), while Owen had to come from behind in a gritty performance to beat a talented opponent, 5-7, 7-6, 7-5. We survived, but this was hardly a team that was going to “walk all over” the state of Delaware.

Enter Wilmington Friends. Temperature: 40°, with a wind chill of 25 and huge gusts that made it almost impossible, from one side of the court, to drop a ball deeper than the service line, or from the other, to land it in at all. Salesianum (with their newly recovered number one) was there scouting us, along with a local tennis writer. And Friends was really good. Our doubles teams played well in spite of the conditions, with Ryan K. returning from his injury and Ryan Heaney ’09 and Chris Hildebrandt ’08 making their debut at second doubles, but singles was a struggle. All three of our guys lost, and in matches that were not particularly close. Owen’s score was 6-3, 6-0, Tolly’s, 6-1, 6-3, and Mark’s 6-0, 7-5, all of which added up to a 3-2 loss to Friends. Afterwards, the tennis writer summed up the consensus opinion in the state: “St. Andrew’s is definitely one of the top five teams, but they don’t have any players who can win it all and so they will not win the state championship.”

So what did we do? We went to work. All illusions of ease had been swept away: we still believed we could win, but we knew there would be no waltzing. Practice became an intense grind, in which singles players were put through a wringer of difficult drills meant to build endurance, consistency and aggressiveness, while our doubles players worked over and over again on punching their volleys, punishing overheads, moving their feet and being aggressive at the net. We started winning, beating teams we were expected to beat like Tower Hill, Worcester Prep and St. Mark’s, but we always held those losses to Friends and Sallies in the back of our minds against a day of redemption.

Meanwhile, our confidence grew with every match and every practice, and each of our players began to realize how good they really were.

The day finally arrived: Wilmington Friends came to visit us for the last match of the season, a mere five days before the beginning of the state tournament. It was the moment we had been preparing for, and the whole team played its best tennis of the year. At number one, Mark could not have moved more quickly, could not have passed more sharply than he did in that first set, while Tolly came out blazing and took his first set 6-0; doubles also won early. But Owen...
faltered, falling 3-6 in what looked like it might become a repeat of that early season loss.

As the match wore on, our situation grew more tenuous. Mark fell first, losing to Friends’ extraordinarily talented number one 6-4, 6-1, the same player who would knock him out of the quarters of the state tournament barely a week later. Tolly’s opponent, also deeply talented, managed to dig deep and force a third set; doubles, too, began to get tight and stumble. Owen, however, managed to play a close second set which he pulled out at the end, 6-4; moreover, a transformation was happening in his game. This young man, who had spent much of his career being frustrated by quick players who could keep returning his hard groundstrokes until he made an error, began to play with patience and depth, rallying doggedly and looking for short balls to attack. When he came off the court in the break between sets two and three, he knew what to do, and ended up taking the third set in authoritative fashion, by a score of six games to one. This was more than a single match: the form Owen found in that second set carried him just a week later to the state championship finals, in which he defeated the same player from Wilmington Friends 6-2, 6-0.

Four out of five matches against Friends that day went three sets, and we won all four; second doubles even came back from 5-2 down in the third to win 7-5. Every performance was inspired, but the day really belonged to Tolly Taylor, who defeated Travis Peck of Friends 6-0, 3-6, 6-3 and secured a perfect record against Travis at home for his career. The third set was the hardest battle a player of ours fought all season; Tolly ground out every point with the most extraordinary determination, refusing to let hot conditions and ebbing energy affect his quality of play. When I saw his 4-1 lead in the third slip away to 4-3, I admit to being worried; I was more worried when, after a marathon game of deuces and ads in which Tolly finally held for 5-3, he stumbled to the back of the court, knelt down and threw up by the fence. I have no greater praise for Tolly’s achievement that day than to echo the comments of the Friends coach, who in congratulating Tolly said that he had only ever seen two players come back to win a match after throwing up in the middle of it: Pete Sampras, in the fifth set against Alex Corretja in the ’96 U.S. Open Quarters, and Tolly Taylor. It was a match that deserves to be extremely proud of their runner-up medals. As a team, we had one quarterfinalist, two finalists and two champions, and took the team trophy by a score of 22 – 18 over Wilmington Friends; in the process, our players won the praise of every one of their opponents for their extraordinary competitiveness and exemplary sportsmanship. This trophy was not handed to us; it was earned, and all 11 of our players will have this season to remember for the rest of their lives.

Girls’ tennis

Girls’ varsity tennis finished the season with a 10-6 record and two semi-finalists in the state tournament (Jessica Crawley ’07 at third singles and Grace Reynolds ’08 and Nancy Holmes ’10 at second doubles). This year the team faced very strong competition within the Delaware Independent Schools Conference. According to the head coach, Elizabeth Roach, “there was more parity within the conference than I can ever remember.” The team had 10 team matches decided by a 3-2 margin; the girls won six of those matches. Co-captains Hadley Roach ’07 (number one singles) and Jessica Crawley provided great leadership to this young team, bringing all the girls together with their tremendous energy, spirit and sense of fun. Nina Punukollu ’08 played number two singles, while Paige Newquist ’10 and Eliza Hamilton ’09 completed the team at first doubles. “These girls,” said Elizabeth, “formed a particularly supportive, hardworking and close team—a coach’s dream.”
Girls’ lacrosse

The girls’ varsity lacrosse team had a very successful season, finishing with a 13-5 record and a shot at winning the championship game of the tournament. The Saints fell short of the title, but still came home with a second-place trophy and the honor of being the second best lacrosse team in the state. There were numerous highlights of the season including huge wins over St. Marks, the #3 team in the state, and Cape Henlopen High School, a strong team in the south. Six tremendous seniors, Steph Chubb, Alexa Caldwell, Behle Holbrook, Lucy Brady, Charlotte Rajasingh and Rachel Hickman, led the team. Ten members of the team were named to the Independent School All-Conference Team. Alexa Caldwell, Behle Holbrook, Steph Chubb and Corrine Armistead ’09 made First Team. Rachel Hickman, Kaity Moore ’08, Cinda Caldwell ’10 and Mackenzie Lilly ’09 made Second Team, and Charlotte Rajasingh and Pen Heath ’08 were Honorable Mention. The team is already looking forward to what will be another strong spring season in 2008.

Boys’ lacrosse

The 2007 boys’ lacrosse team ended its season in the state tournament with a disappointing loss to an upstart Charter team who had occupied the #1 rating in Delaware for about half of the season. Despite this early end to a promising season, the Saints did post a 10-6 record and shared the Independent Conference Title with archrival Tatnall for the first time in seven years. Highlights of the season included two overtime wins against Wilmington Friends who lost in the state tournament final to Salesianum. These two clutch victories guaranteed the Saints a share of the league title. The season was fueled by outstanding senior leadership provided by captains Rob Bryan, Penn Daniel and Chris Edge, and by the other eight seniors. In the early part of the season, senior Mark Hendrickson was superb, winning over 70 percent of his face-offs while the trio of Alex Falciani, Andrew Forsthoefel and Frank Leach provided an anchor on the defensive end of the field. On attack, co-captain Edge was unstoppable with 41 goals; he finished the season as the team’s leading scorer. The midfield corps was led by four-year starter John Andrew McCown and supported by Lark Mason and S.J. Lee. For their consistent effort throughout the season, several players were selected to the DISC All Conference Team: 1st Team honors went to Chris Edge, Rob Bryan and Alex Falciani, as well as junior midfielders Phil Valliant and Luke Walter; 2nd Team honors were awarded to seniors John Andrew McCown, Lark Mason, and Andrew Forsthoevel; Honorable Mention selection went to seniors Penn Daniel and Frank Leach, and to sophomore Taylor White.

Girls’ crew

The 2007 girls’ crew had a wonderful year. The Varsity 8 went undefeated at home, retaining cups with T.C. Williams and Thomas Jefferson. The Varsity 8, Second 8 and Junior 8 all won their races on Kent weekend. The highlight of the home races was the Varsity 8’s win over Mount St. Joe’s, at the time the two-time defending Stotesbury and Scholastic Nationals Champions, on the second race weekend of the year. The girls came out fighting and rowed their finest race of the year, covering the course in 5:03, a blistering time for so early in the season, to stare down and beat Mount by less than a second, showing their tenacity and heart.

The girls’ Second 8 had a fantastic regatta season marked by a second-place finish at Stotesbury, where they came into the last 500 meters in fourth position and closed like a freight train to take their silver medals. They followed that performance with a fifth-place finish in the final at an even more competitive Scholastic Nationals Regatta.

Strong senior leadership was once again on display throughout the program. This year’s senior class modeled brilliantly how successful oarswomen train and compete for their younger teammates.

Fifth Former and Varsity 6-seat, Mary Jo Toothman, will test herself this summer at the Junior National Team selection camp. Mary Jo will be attempting to earn a spot on the U.S. Junior Team headed to China for this summer’s Junior World Rowing Championships.

Boys’ lacrosse

The 2007 boys’ lacrosse team ended its season in the state tournament with a disappointing loss to an upstart Charter team who had occupied the #1 rating in Delaware for about half of the season. Despite this early end to a promising season, the Saints did post a 10-6 record and shared the Independent Conference Title with archrival Tatnall for the first time in seven years. Highlights of the season included two overtime wins against Wilmington Friends who lost in the state tournament final to Salesianum. These two clutch victories guaranteed the Saints a share of the league title. The season was fueled by outstanding senior leadership provided by captains Rob Bryan, Penn Daniel and Chris Edge, and by the other eight seniors. In the early part of the season, senior Mark Hendrickson was superb, winning over 70 percent of his face-offs while the trio of Alex Falciani, Andrew Forsthoevel and Frank Leach provided an anchor on the defensive end of the field. On attack, co-captain Edge was unstoppable with 41 goals; he finished the season as the team’s leading scorer. The midfield corps was led by four-year starter John Andrew McCown and supported by Lark Mason and S.J. Lee. For their consistent effort throughout the season, several players were selected to the DISC All Conference Team: 1st Team honors went to Chris Edge, Rob Bryan and Alex Falciani, as well as junior midfielders Phil Valliant and Luke Walter; 2nd Team honors were awarded to seniors John Andrew McCown, Lark Mason, and Andrew Forsthoevel; Honorable Mention selection went to seniors Penn Daniel and Frank Leach, and to sophomore Taylor White. For the first time in
10 years, two players made the All State first team: midfielder Phil Valliant and defenseman Alex Falciani. On the third team All State at midfield was Luke Walter. Chris Edge and Rob Bryan rounded out the selections on the honorable mention team. The greatest team honor was garnered by S.J. Lee who was named an Academic All-American. Finally, McCown and Edge represented St. Andrew’s in the North-South Senior All Star game both scoring goals and playing quite well despite the South’s loss to the North. The team would like to thank especially the parents who were enormously supportive all year long.

**Baseball**

The 2007 St. Andrew’s baseball team played one of the tougher schedules in Delaware as the squad played 11 of its 20 games against teams in or vying for this year’s state tournament. With an overall record of 7-13 and an Independent Schools Conference mark of 5-7, St. Andrew’s placed third in conference play behind Tower Hill and Tatnall and ahead of Sanford and Friends. The team finished on a high note defeating Sanford in back-to-back games.

There were three specific highlights of the season. First, St. Andrew’s swept the three-game series with Sanford and took two out of three from Friends. Second, the team pulled off only the second triple play in the history of the School. This time it was against Friends. Third, St. Andrew’s pulled off one of the biggest comebacks in 50 years. Down 10-7 with no one on base and two outs in the last inning, the Cardinals rallied for four runs to defeat Sanford in its last game of the season 11-10.

Six seniors contributed in a variety of ways in their last year at St. Andrew’s. Dae An did a good job in his designated hitter role, Adrian Holman pitched and played second base, A.J. Huenke won two games in relief and played in the outfield, Ian James filled in as the catcher for four games and earned Second Team All-Conference playing center field, Nwakibe Kanu played in the out field and had some key hits at the end of the season, and Chris Speers did an excellent job as team captain while playing shortstop and third base. Chris was selected First Team All-Conference and First Team All-State as the designated hitter.

A solid nucleus of players return for 2008. Chris Burton ’08 played well at first base, Zach Schmidt ’08 earned Second Team All-Conference at second base while winning three games on the mound, and Brendan Crosby ’08 was a utility player. Six IV Formers return as well.

Chris Speers set three new offensive records this year. He hit an unbelievable .600 with an on-base percentage of .706 and a slugging average of .960. Chris broke the .540 record batting average held by Mike Primiani ’02. Zach Schmidt, the 2008 Captain, set the dubious record of being hit six times, breaking the previous mark of five.

The JV most improved player was awarded to Parrish Tigh ’08 and the JV Coaches Award went to Charlie Hughes ’10. The varsity most improved player plaque was awarded to two players, Chris Burton and Sam Patton ’09. The Coaches Award was presented to Zach Schmidt, the 2008 Captain, and the Most Valuable Player was Chris Speers.

**Boys’ crew**

The 2007 boys’ crew had a successful season and raced well both at home on Noxontown Pond and away at the big regattas. It was a young team in the varsity boat with only three seniors: captain Tyler Caldwell at stroke, Henry Toothman in seven seat and Matt Russell in bow. These seniors did an excellent job of bringing along the younger rowers in the program and setting a positive tone for workouts and races. The high points of the season included sprinting through Kent School in the final 300 meters to win the Kershaw Trophy and ending the year with a win in the third-level finals at the Scholastic Regatta. The Junior 8 raced their semifinal at the Scholastic Regatta with reckless abandon and finished fourth, only one place out of qualifying for the finals. With so many talented, young rowers returning, next year looks like it has great potential. Stay tuned! 🥇
If your child is an 8th or 9th grader and interested in considering St. Andrew’s for high school...

...here’s a chance to get the Insider’s View!

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

For candidates who are already certain of their interest in St. Andrew’s, admission interviews will be scheduled during the day on Friday.

Alumni Children & Current Siblings:
Friday, November 9, 2007

Come at 4 p.m. for an admission interview or arrive at 6 p.m. for the overnight look at the School!

To register, please contact the Admission Office, (302) 285-4231, or email lzendt@standrews-de.org.
St. Andrew’s Magazine: How long have you been at St. Andrew’s? Can you tell me a little about your history at the School?
Lisa Henson: In October 1994, I started as a receptionist/clerk, and I worked the switchboard and filed in the business office. The switchboard was this humongous three-foot thing that sat on the desk. It was like Lily Tomlin [on “Laugh-In”] where you had to hit and say, “Please hold, please hold, please hold.” I was part-time then and still had my kids at home. I progressively worked up in the business office gaining more hours and more responsibility. I eventually turned into the full-time accountant, but I found out I didn’t like numbers. I have been in the Headmaster’s Office for four years now. I have seen the School grow quite a bit.
When I started I didn’t even have a computer: There was no voice mail, no debit cards. Everything was done manually. We had three computers in the business office, and I shared one with Carol Simendinger. It was a little 12-inch Apple. It was four years later I finally got a computer. We started putting matriculation contracts on it. All our documents were sent out to the printer, and they were carbonized. Now we do everything ourselves and can put everything on the computer. We even do the diplomas on the computer—we don’t have a calligrapher to do those anymore.

SAM: Can you describe a typical day for you? Or a typical moment in a day?
LH: My job varies so much because it depends on what the faculty needs are. There could be a day when I have 15 books on my chair to make copies for [Academic Dean] John Austin, something to type for [Assistant Headmaster] Peter Caldwell, …my day varies from day to day. I am the great reminder of due dates, and I do the weekly calendar. I am a member of the Safety and Security Council, which suggests policy for the School. Since the Virginia Tech tragedy, we are working on revising our safety procedures—fire drills, evacuation drills. Where are we lacking? Is our water safety where it should be? Do the coaches know what to do if something should happen? We are always looking at policies—making new ones or revising old ones and making recommendations to the headmaster and to the board of trustees. [I do] so many weird, goofy things, like revising the safety manuals, keeping track of the database for the directory…getting everything ready for the next School year; making sure all the students have advisors, helping admission with rooming. This summer I will be helping John Austin with the Authentic Assessment Conference. That will be neat—new and different. Right now 35 people are coming, with more registrations still coming in. This is the first time the School is hosting this, so it’s pretty exciting. You never know what you are going to come into. Every day is a surprise!

SAM: What do you like to do when not at work?
LH: I follow my kids around with their sporting events! I have lived in this area for 22 years, and my kids were born and raised here. This year is bittersweet. Jereme is a senior at Middletown High and Tyler is a junior. Both play soccer and lacrosse, and I often leave early to go to one of their games. St. Andrew’s is great to allow me to do that. We grew up around the Roaches and the Speerses with M.O.T. soccer. It’s hard to believe they are all grown up. When I interact with the kids, I kind of feel like a ‘mom’ figure—that comes naturally, reminding the kids where to go and what to do. We just had senior day for Jereme and walked across the lacrosse field. As a mom [graduation] is emotional… You grow to love these kids, too. You watch them grow all four years. It’s just amazing.
My husband just bought a Harley, and my kids got me a pink-flamed helmet for Mother’s Day! I rode on the back of that—it’s been kind of adventurous. My family and kids like to fish, so we surf fish a lot. I also love any kind of knitting and stitchery, and I love to read and watch “Grey’s Anatomy!”

SAM: What’s the best part of working at St. Andrew’s?
LH: It’s fun working here—it’s a family atmosphere, and everybody’s caring. We are basically parents to 285 kids. We all help each other as far as faculty and staff. You can have a bad day but everyone is there to help pick you up. Sometimes you just have to remember, they are teenagers!

A veritable “jack of all trades,” Lisa Henson is a behind-the-scenes woman who makes St. Andrew’s go.
In charge of the School’s voice mail system, the official “faculty secretary” and a member of the Safety and Security Council, Lisa also organizes many aspects of Commencement each year, including prizes, invitations and the all-important diplomas. St. Andrew’s Magazine caught up with Lisa at a very busy time of the year to talk about why graduation this year is especially meaningful for her and her family.

Lisa Henson
Alexa and Tyler Caldwell ’07

Alexa and Tyler are the children of Peter and Darcy Caldwell, members of St. Andrew’s faculty since 1991. The twins are the only pair of twins on St. Andrew’s campus at present. Their separate contributions to St. Andrew’s have been legion in their time here. Before they depart for college, St. Andrew’s Magazine caught up with the parting pair.

St. Andrew’s Magazine: For how many years have you gone to school together? Were there any other activities you took part in together?
Alexa: This is the first time we ever split up on activities. It has been harder on me than it was on my brother.
Tyler: It started in kindergarten—we went to the same preschool and elementary schools.
Alexa: Our parents were always worried about me…I mean, they were always worried about Tyler! I meant Tyler!
Tyler: They were always worried about me—I was the quiet one, I couldn’t make friends easily. They were worried about me when we went to Tower Hill because we were being split up into two different classes.
Alexa: But I was the one who got hurt—I missed having him next to me always. They split us up on purpose for everything except gym class and recess. But I don’t remember—did you play “boys chase girls?” We played this game, “boys chase girls,” but I don’t think Tyler ever chased me! I loved it—it was a great game! I wrote my IV Form sermon on this, on Tyler. He started to walk before me, and my parents were horrified: “Oh my god, she is going to follow in his shadow, she is going to be scarred for life.” But then we started talking, and I was the outgoing, crazy twin. Tyler was always the good one, sweet, complimented Mom all the time! And so they thought it was so funny that I was the one who always suffered when we were separated, and he was fine.

SAM: What has changed in your relationship since you came here?
Alexa: We are actually closer.
Tyler: There is more free time to hang out.

SAM: You are the only students on campus who would say you have more free time at St. Andrew’s than you did before!
[Editor’s Note regarding Caldwells’ free time: Alexa has played varsity soccer, basketball and lacrosse for four years, and was captain of all three her senior year. Tyler has played varsity soccer, swimming and crew for four years, and was captain]
of all three his senior year. Alexa has tied the school record for goals in a soccer season as a junior and then as a senior she broke the record for goals in a season. She also has the most career goals in soccer at St. Andrew’s. She is first-team all-state in lacrosse and All-American in lacrosse. Tyler was first team all-conference in soccer and swimming. (Two all-state recognitions is rare at St. Andrew’s.) He was on the 200 freestyle relay team that won first in the state for three years in a row.

Alexa takes Calculus, advanced Spanish (she has taken all the regularly offered Spanish courses), photography, Chinese II, American Studies and Ethics. This semester, Alexa takes her mom’s tutorial on Moby Dick. Darcy says it’s been fun having her daughter in class, and, “I have gotten only one eye-roll, and that was after my litany during the oral component of an exhibition of five ways one of her papers could have been improved.” Tyler takes Calculus, English 6, Western Civilization, Chinese II, Chamber Music and the Art Major. Tyler has played the alto sax in jazz orchestra for four years and bassoon in the orchestra for four years.

Tyler: At Tower Hill you had study hall during free periods, and then we had different groups of friends.

Alexa: Very, very different groups of friends.

Tyler: Tower Hill was very boys-this-end and girls-at-this-other-end—very split up between boys and girls.

Alexa: Ty was mute in middle school, and I talked too much—I have actually toned down!

Tyler: We started hanging out more junior year. Alexa moved onto dorm junior year so we made a more conscious effort to hang out. Normally I would always see her at breakfast and when we came back from dorm and that would be when we catch up—

Alexa: —but we wouldn’t see each other during the day. Last year when I moved on dorm and he was still at home, we had to make time.

SAM: Are there certain “roles” each of you has in your family?

Alexa: [laughs] I still make the decisions—what movies we are going to watch, what we are going to eat for dinner. They always ask us, and Tyler always says, “I don’t know.”

Tyler: It has made me indecisive. I don’t know which came first—

Alexa: —no! You were indecisive, and I stepped up. But when you want to make the decisions, you always get to. When Tyler wants to say something, he’ll get what he wants.

They get mad at me. But I fit into that role because the family needed it!

Tyler: I am the mediator—

Alexa: —and I am the instigator!

Tyler: When we put on plays when we were little, Alexa would be the director of the play. She would choose what roles she played first and what roles we played to support her—

Alexa: —that’s not the way I saw it.

Do you ever think about what your relationship will be like when you get older, when you are no longer at St. Andrew’s?

Alexa: I have been wondering that.

Tyler: I have been thinking about that, too

Alexa: My dad talks with his brothers once a week. I have been thinking how weird it will be to talk to Tyler and [younger sister] Cinda [‘10] on the phone.

Tyler: I was just thinking about this at the chapel today because Gibson [Hurtt] was baptized and the Hurtt family was there. It got me thinking—what is going to bring me and Alexa and Cinda together? I have always assumed that we would see each other as much as we could, as much as we do now.

Alexa: We always assume we will always be together.

SAM: Did your parents ever dress you up in matching outfits?

[Laughing]

Tyler: No, but when we were really little [and living at Riverdale School], my mom’s older sister gave us a little pink outfit for Alexa and an outfit with trucks on it for me. But she insisted that we switch because girls shouldn’t only wear pink, and boys shouldn’t only wear trucks. But then the Riverdale football team came over to the house and thought that I was the girl!

SAM: What are you looking forward to about senior week? What are you worried about?

Alexa: I am NOT thinking about the end. It’s going to hit me in July.

Tyler: I know I will be fine without this campus, my siblings, my parents.

Alexa: I know I’ll be fine.

Tyler: I don’t want to be fine.

Alexa: I’m fine now! 😊
OVER THE COURSE OF YOUR TIME AT ST. ANDREW’S, WHAT KIND OF CHANGES HAVE YOU SEEN IN WHAT A LIBRARY IS AND CAN BE?

One of the first things I wanted to change was the idea of the library as just a place. The walls have to come down. I wanted everyone to have access no matter where they were, as much accessibility as we could muster. The second thing was to create trust among the faculty that I would get them anything they needed—whatever it was—so they would want to participate in the library. Then finally, there is the library as a place. We need more room for students and faculty. At night we can have 60 or 70 students here, and that’s too many. They are too loud—they are working, but it is too loud. [In the recent renovations] we created as many study rooms as we could—in incorporated as many nooks and crannies, tables and chairs, and anywhere I can find a space to put a student, I do it.

DO YOU HAVE A VISION FOR WHAT THE MELDING OF VIRTUAL AND PHYSICAL LIBRARY SHOULD AND WILL BE?

Many years ago people predicted that books would be gone, but we are still trying to maintain a balance of digital and print. We are a community of sponges—people in this community want a book to read at night or in the summer. I brought on Ebrary—32,000 books, full-text and completely searchable. We have 36,000 books in the library, so I almost doubled the number of books with Ebrary. . . .

It’s really a balance in everything—if I order a book, is this a book someone is going to check out and read? Or is it the type of book a person is only going to look at that table of contents or index? Or does it cover anyone’s hobbies or interests?

The problem now is that the books are losing out to the space needed. There are many places on campus, but this is the only place where we maintain the quiet, where you can go away into a room and hide away.
WHAT ARE SOME OTHER CHANGES IN THE TECHNOLOGY OF THE LIBRARY?
About three years ago, we ordered a “journal locator” by Serial Solutions. This will search all our journals—50,000 to 60,000 journals—and online databases and our print collection as well. So if you wanted The Nation, you type that in and up will pop where The Nation is located in each database and in our print collection. You don’t have to go back and find that database, but you click right there. That was a huge leap for the library.

We just brought on a federated search engine—“360” search by Serial Solutions. We take this a step further—not only can you search for the journals through Journal Locator, but now you can do topic searches. You put “Civil War” into 360, and it searches every single one of our 30 databases. It will tell you where all the hits are taking place. Say there are 80 hits in Proquest, 90 in Ebrary, and so on…You get a feeling for what databases are good for “Civil War.” You can go directly into the databases or do more searching. You can refine your search right there, or you can click there and get the results. It’s a Google-type search of all our resources, library included, all the books in our catalogues. Everything is integrated, and it has propelled our library into the future, but of course there are pros and cons. I am targeting those who are used to that one type of Google search, but that’s never a replacement for searching the databases one by one.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR WORK WITH CLASSES? HOW DOES YOUR WORK IN THE LIBRARY RELATE TO THE CLASSROOM EXPERIENCE?
I work throughout the curriculum, across departments. I do a lot of one-on-one work with teachers. They say, “I want to do this next week, can you work with my class on resources?” I do work a day ahead of time, or months ahead of time. Whatever they need I will do—next day, next hour; whatever.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ARE THE MOST EXCITING PROJECTS ON THE HORIZON FOR THE COMING YEAR?
Definitely the archives. I have pushed ahead for the last four years digitizing what I could find in big clumps (e.g., the yearbook, The Cardinal, chapel talks). We are purchasing software for the archives to digitize them. Many schools have archives, but they aren’t digitizing them. I don’t want to add one more item to the filing box or basement or trash can. I want to preserve them.

A very exciting piece of the software means we are going to be able to give access to alumni or to anyone to index themselves. For example, say we are digitizing a picture, but we don’t know when it was taken or who is in it. We are going to put it [online] with as much information as we have. We might have alumni who check in once a week to see what is new, and they might know [about the picture]. “That is Fred and Sally, and that was taken in 1949 at the Tower Hill game, and St. Andrew’s won.” They can put in the information [about the picture]. We can take a look at what they have written, and we can approve it and—bang!—there we have gotten a perfect record that we otherwise would not have. The idea is trusting the community—the more we have people helping us, the more we can preserve.

Other new things are wikis and blogs. Wikis are just Web sites, but other people can post to a wiki. A teacher could include the parents of the students, and the parents could be writing to the wiki as well. You not only see the teachers and students interacting, but maybe also the parents or someone who is well-versed in the topic, such as a university professor. Then you can see students posting articles, then responses from students, parents, the teacher and others. You can increase the access or decrease it as much as you want; you can open it up as much as you want. That is one thing we want to work on next year.

Ann Pala
the librarian is thinking about the future of the Irene duPont Library!
I didn’t know what I was getting myself into when I hired myself out as a landscaper two summers ago. This labor-intensive occupation had wooed my masculine sense of machismo and I arrived at my boss’s house in eager anticipation of a tough and honest sweat. My confidence was unfailing, my certainty unquestionable and, unbeknownst to me at the time, my ignorance comically underestimated. I romantically envisioned the mutual respect and even honor shared between landscapers and did not pause to think that these were something earned during the trials of the day and not simply given.

Thus I waltzed on to the construction site my first day in the summer of 2005, unwittingly unprepared for the physical and mental exertion I was in...
for. I soon realized what seemed to be the impossibility of the manual laborer’s lifestyle. Every day I worked at least eight hours in the blistering heat and humidity of Pennsylvania country; every day was a fight with something: the heavy flagstone, the stubborn weeds, the sluggish clock, the torturous sun, and especially the enticing temptation to simply quit.

I would drag my aching body home, crawl into bed and allow myself to entertain thoughts of frustration and even self-pity. Even in July, the benefits of such labor that had been so appealing in thought had escaped me in action: I was not tan from working outside, I understood little more about machinery and I was most certainly not rippling with muscle from the heavy lifting. Despair lurked nearby, waiting to claim my tired body, when Carlos joined my side. Perhaps noticing my struggle, my employer thought it appropriate to hire another helping hand and, luckily for me, it was Carlos who fit the bill.

Carlos and I immediately got along well. His example and sense of humor in the face of our little adversity turned what used to be something I dreaded into something I not only accepted but even anticipated. At long last I actually felt a pride in my work and a sense of good old-fashioned camaraderie. However, I had not acknowledged the immature and even selfish manner with which I had begun the summer. Carlos and I continued our work together and each day I would learn something new about him. Finally, towards the end of August, I had a full knowledge of this man’s past. It was this knowledge that “put me in my place,” so to speak.

At 19 years of age, Carlos left his family in Mexico and emigrated to the United States by himself. He did not have any friends or family in America and he did not speak any English. He came here not to get an education or travel the world but to work so that he could eventually get his family out of Mexico. Finally, he told me that he worked two jobs, one at day and one at night. I couldn’t believe it. After slaving in the sun with me for upwards of nine hours, Carlos then had a quick dinner and went of to work again until 2 a.m.! When I learned this I was astonished, embarrassed and humbled. Who was I to indulge in self-pity when, at my age, Carlos had nothing but a small amount of money and no one but himself? If Carlos could laugh at the weeds and scorn the mean sun then so could I.

Equipped with a newfound humility, I tried to enter each day appreciative of my home, family and general good fortune. The demanding work of landscaping coupled with the unknowing lessons of a weathered teacher gave me something I never could have gotten anywhere else.

MARIANA SILLIMAN
Montchanin, Del.
This past summer I went on St. Andrew’s annual South Africa trip. The experience as a whole completely changed my outlook on national and worldwide politics. More importantly, South Africa broadened my view of suffering, disease and the need of personal

“Equipped with a newfound humility, I tried to enter each day appreciative of my home, family and general good fortune.”

—Andrew Forsthoefel ’07
connection. For, how can one understand an AIDS patient through funding, or a child in a broken home without seeing and experiencing their lifestyle?

When our group traveled to Cape Town, we worked at The Cristal House School, in the heart of the slums and boroughs of the city. All of the children come from families with AIDS, constant gang violence and over half of the children had been sodomized or raped by the age of 10.

My friend Emily and I volunteered to help the second grade class. From the moment I stepped through the door, I immediately felt foreign to the 40-plus 7- to 9-year-olds sitting at crowded desks. The teacher pulled Emily and me aside and stated, “I am going to run down the hall and pick up a quick cup of coffee. Pass out the math worksheets, and I will be back in five minutes.”

One hour later the teacher had yet to return. The kids sensed the new, vulnerable state of the classroom. Emily and I made up pattern recollection games, played Miss Mary Mack and Simon Says—anything to keep the class active. Amongst the chaos a little girl came up behind me and pulled my sleeve. I looked down and her wide eyes and nervous smirk, meeting my glance. She stood on her tippy toes and whispered in my ear, “Muss, I peed my pants.”

Another student heard her and began laughing and yelling, “She had an accident!”

Within 2 seconds the whole class knew. I grabbed the girl’s hand, and we walked out of the room and to the infirmary to find a spare pair of pants. At the infirmary the nurse began yelling at the girl, calling her “irresponsible,” and “immature.” The nurse’s antics did not help us find dry pants, but succeeded in making the girl cry.

As we walked away from the nurse’s office, I squatted to look at my tearful friend. When she looked up, I said, “It’s okay, everyone pees their pants. In fact, sometimes I laugh so hard that I still pee my pants, and I am 17!” She began to laugh. I then added, “Believe me, that nurse has also peed her pants.” She grasped my hand tighter and we walked back to class, wet pants and all.

This event sparked my instincts as the leader of the classroom. This needed to become a positive learning experience for the girl. In a classroom of more than 40 students, you are bound to be overlooked. Every one-on-one connection made with a student can impact how they learn. For any child, whether South African, American or any other background, to feel such a disappointment in home or school hinders the learning process.

JOHN ANDREW MCCOWN II
Betterton, Md.

Log canoes are traditional Chesapeake Bay working sailboats anywhere from 18- to 35-feet long and up to 8-feet wide. The log canoe I sail on, “Mystery,” is about 35-feet by 8-feet, one of the biggest canoes. The larger of the two masts is 60-feet tall and the smaller mast is 45 feet. This means we can have up to five sails flying during the race. We sit on boards eight feet from the boat and six feet above the water to keep the boat from capsizing. Hiking out on a board eight feet from the log canoe allows me to
reflect on my love for learning sailing tactics, my teamwork with other people and how this unique Eastern Shore sport evokes my regional heritage.

The sailing experience required to skipper log canoes is extensive. Our skipper (as are most skippers) is a local eastern shoreman. He and the owner discuss their tactics during the race. Because the boat is so large and it takes both time and valuable effort to change directions when sailing, a skipper must tactfully lead the boat and crew to the finish line the quickest and fastest way possible in order to be competitive. I love to listen and learn during the race. I’ve learned how we must intricately adjust sail area depending upon wind velocity. In light wind we use more sail and in heavy air we use less. Every decision is critical.

The teamwork required to keep a log canoe upright and sailing rivals that of any other sport. Four to nine crew members have to move together on the four hiking boards to make the teamwork successful. By being part of this team, I learn to work out confrontations with ease and stride. When I first started crewing, I was amazed and bothered by the arguments during a race. I soon learned that what happens during a race is individual to each circumstance; grudges held between two people are rarely carried past the next mark or point of sail. During one particular race there was a sheet line caught on the outermost part of the bowsprit. Being the smallest and lightest crewmember, I willingly offered to untangle the line. I climbed the 10-foot by 6-inch beam while we were flying through the water at top speed. It was scary and nerve-racking for the whole team, but I got the job done and we were on our way, free of worry.

The surrounding community of Kent County, Md., has been a big part of my development as a person. I love the Eastern Shore, its traditions and its heritage. Log Canoe racing has reinforced how the Eastern Shore culture here at home has constructive adventures to offer me when it comes to interacting with people of all ages and taking considered risks. Log canoe racing is a tradition of teamwork that requires me to learn techniques that help with communication and people skills as well as the physics of sailing. I value the Chesapeake Bay, a place that has taught me as much about life as any school or mentor ever will.

IAN JAMES
Ardmore, Pa.
At an aqua park just outside of Cairo, my Egyptian host brother and some of my classmates and I were having a blast on water slides and in sparkling pools. It does feel weird to know that water all over the rest of the biggest city in the world, even the drinking water, has a greenish tint, but at the water

“Log canoe racing is a tradition of teamwork that requires me to learn techniques that help with communication and people skills as well as the physics of sailing.”
—John Andrew McCown II ’07
park it was crystal clear for tourists. Even though the girls in our group were wearing long pants and shirts over their bathing suits to be modest and not offend, we were having such a blast, we forgot where we were. Then two serious men came up to our host brothers pointing at us and yelling. Our brothers put themselves between us and the two men.

We moved away and waited a long time, wondering what was going on. The conversation seemed unending. Finally, our host brothers calmed them down and the two men left. Our brothers explained that they were Iraqi and they wanted to fight us, “to bash our heads in.” Our brothers said, “Iraqis can be brutal, but we made them understand you are not American tourists. We told them you are here to learn about the culture and language of Egypt; you are different.”

My American classmates and I were so confused and disoriented by this reality. Some laughed. Some just shook their heads in silence. We pulled ourselves together and thanked our host brothers. Someone told the brothers, “You would make good diplomats!”

To change the subject for a while we listened to Arabic pop music Karaoke-style while some of the audience danced, belly-dancing style in “normal” bathing suits! (I guess their fathers were nowhere near!) The funniest thing was when someone played Lloyd Banks and Eminem (American rap) and the Egyptian kids were trying to dance to it. The Americans were laughing pretty hard because some guys were trying to do a choreographed “boy band” thing. It was hilarious!

Soon the hot weather got to us and we went back to our watery playground. We did all the rides all over again. Then we ate pasta with breaded chicken and pickled vegetables. We drank Miranda Tango Mango. And by dusk we were tired and ready to leave. We had literally forgotten those two angry men, when they appeared again.

Again the host brothers got between us. Again the conversation seemed unending. But this time it was more heated and more passionate. One of the host brothers came over to us. He explained that these men wanted to hurt us because their families and their friends had been killed by American soldiers in Iraq. The Iraqis said, “We cannot believe we are seeing Americans and not hurting them!”

I wondered if these loyal host brothers were laundering the language of the Iraqis, who may have actually been threatening to kill us. The exchange went on and on. The brothers took turns coming to tell us how it was going. We were scared but we believed our host brothers who said, “These men will not do anything to you in public.”

Finally, my curiosity got the best of me. Even though I was scared, I wanted to see what would happen if I walked up and interrupted the
conversation. I chose my words carefully. I looked into the eyes of the Iraqi men as I spoke the ancient words sincerely, “Salaam Walaykum,” the greeting which means, “Peace be with you.” They were frozen and confused. I turned calmly to my host brother and asked, in Arabic, for the key to the locker so that I could change. He gave me the key. I walked slowly away.

When I returned my host brother explained that the Iraqis asked if I was Muslim. The answer was, “No.” One Iraqi asked, “Why does he say ‘Salaam Walaykum’?” My host brother responded with a question: “Don’t Muslims and Christians in Egypt say ‘Peace be with you’?” The Iraqis started to walk away. They were very emotional. They struggled to keep their composure. They began to cry even before they were out of sight.

One of my American classmates studying Arabic with me ran to them yelling in broken Arabic, “Ana astaf! Ana astaf! I am sorry! Mabahibsh Bush! Ana Amrikeya lakin Mabahibsh Bush!” (“I am American, but I don’t like Bush, and I am sorry! I am sorry!”)

Sarah reached out as she caught up with them. People were watching all around. Without thinking she reached out to shake their hands. The Iraqis accepted her hand with tears rolling down their faces. The men turned quickly to leave and Sarah broke into sobs. We huddled all around her and waited together for the cool of night and peace to fall on us all.

Sarah and I told this story many, many times in Egypt. We told it to our host families, to our program administrators and to our teachers. We told our families and now we are telling you. Everyone takes this story seriously and listens deeply, but some people stay distant as we tell the story. Some are amazed. Some cry. But one thing that always happens when Sarah and I tell this story: we reaffirm our belief that bridges can be built by the most ordinary of people with the simplest of tools: “Peace be with you.”
I welcome you all to St. Andrew’s 74th Commencement ceremony. This is a day to celebrate the collective and individual accomplishments and contributions of the Class of 2007, and it is also a day to celebrate the enduring power of education in our lives. For our seniors, their educational journey has not been about the collection of credits and seat time in a classroom; it has not been about participating in some kind of Darwinian struggle for the competitive edge over their classmates; it has not been about joining or affirming the status quo in America and the world. Rather, the educational experience of our seniors has introduced them to the inescapable responsibilities they share as citizens of the world. They graduate today with the charge to live meaningful lives, to make this world a sustainable place, to work for justice, equality and human rights, to insist on peace, reconciliation and an embrace of an international world view, to live with humility, empathy and love, to work towards the relief of poverty and inequality, of opportunity in our nation.

This kind of education has expanded our seniors’ knowledge of the compelling needs of the world, and this form of education has given our seniors confidence that they have the skills and habits of mind and heart to participate in the compelling controversies and challenges of our day. I have seen members of this class march for peace, march to protest genocide, attend diversity conferences, challenge the environmental status quo at St. Andrew’s and the world, strengthen the work of creating a natural culture of acceptance for gay and transgendered people, march to support research to find a cure for AIDS, swim to find a cure for MS, build houses with Habitat for Humanity, travel to Zambia, Nicaragua, Spain, Mongolia, Mexico, South Africa, Costa Rica and other international destinations to do service work, serve in a homeless shelter, provide relief to those whose lives have been shaken by natural disasters, respond to the idealism and passion of Sister Prejean, Paul Farmer and Mike Tidwell.

Engagement, a sense of responsibility, a belief in the transformational power of human knowledge, creativity, commitment and courage, these attributes of the Class of 2007 have emerged through a process that included the great families, staff and faculty and peer culture of the School. You
as parents, grandparents and guardians
have made sacrifices to give your child
this educational experience of a lifetime.
And you have encouraged your sons and
daughters to embrace the full spectrum of
opportunities within the School, and you
have respected your child’s emergence
as an independent, autonomous citizen.
You have embraced the School’s hope and
promise that ultimately our greatest gift
to our students is to suggest, to encourage
and to celebrate a culture of kindness,
acceptance and humility.

Our faculty and staff have established
an adult culture on campus that
participates in the life of a responsible
community—your children, our students
have been inspired by our faculty’s
passion for their research, their subject
matter, their questions—they have been
inspired by teachers who keep learning,
studying and asking large and complex
questions. Our students have learned
so much about life because our faculty
has so generously shared their hopes,
dreams, triumphs, tragedies and struggles
with our students. They have advised,
counseled and mentored our students.
They have taught them to be resilient,
courageous and strong. They have
taught them to be good human beings
and citizens of the world. We thank the
faculty for their hard work, dedication
and exemplary service to the students of
the School.

Our staff supports every aspect of the
work of this community by sharing their
expertise, wisdom and maturity with
our students and teachers. We literally
depend on the work of generous and loyal
professionals who work in administrative
offices, our facilities program, our
security, food service and student services
programs. I am particularly grateful to
Lisa Henson who coordinates so much of
our graduation weekend, and Jo Graves
who coordinates and charts every aspect
of my work as the School’s headmaster.

Finally, we thank the students of
St. Andrew’s who have conspired to
create a high school culture remarkably
free of the pretense, triviality and
pettiness of the American high school.
Here students find that engagement,
responsibility, citizenship and service
are not only behavioral norms but also
lifelong expectations. These students
inspire one another to be better people,
better scholars, better artists, better
athletes. Our students take pride in and
ownership of the ethos of St. Andrew’s—
they are willing to sacrifice, to do what is
right, to act nobly and courageously, to
ask the best of each other.

As we celebrate this 74th graduation
day, I want to thank members of
St. Andrew’s Board of Trustees who
work so generously and creatively to
support the mission of the School. I
am particularly grateful to Board Chair
Kitten Gahagan, Board President
Kent Sweezey for their leadership and
vision. We thank two parent trustees
who will leave our Board following
their child’s graduation, Deval Patrick
and Monie Hardwick. Monie has been
an exceptional trustee of the School
throughout Thayer, Elizabeth and Katie’s
career at St. Andrew’s. The Board and
I so value and celebrate her brilliance,
her deep understanding of schools, her
commitment to the life of the faculty,
staff and students. For Elizabeth and me,
Monie and Chan Hardwick, Headmaster
of Blair, have been great friends, mentors
and role models. We thank them for all
they have done for St. Andrew’s and us.
I also thank trustee, Ed Strong ’66,
and his wife, Laurel, for their incredible
wisdom, friendship and support. None
of our seniors will ever forget our day in
New York to see Jersey Boys in April.

On this Memorial Day, we pause
to pay tribute to those who have served
and died for freedom and democracy in
America.

We honor, too, the men and women
who serve our country across the world,
and particularly today in Afghanistan
and Iraq. We pray for St. Andrew’s
alumnus, Richard Hutton ’01, serving
today in Iraq. And we pray for all those
lost in the current conflict in Iraq. For
two weeks, American forces in Iraq have
conducted an intensive search for soldiers
abducted in a firefight near Baghdad. On
Thursday, the body of Private Joseph J.
Anzack, Jr. of Los Angeles was found in
the Euphrates River. He was 20 years
old. The search continues for Specialist
Alex R. Jimenez, 25, of Lawrence,
Massachusetts, and Private Byron W.
Fouty, 19, of Waterford, Michigan. The
story of Anzack, Jimenez and Fouty gives
us the smallest glimpse into the sacrifices
made daily by men, women and families
throughout this land. As Americans
mark Memorial Day with a holiday,
barbeques, athletic events and picnics,
we can...
Awards

The Cresson Prize
For the greatest improvement in athletics.
Andrew John Forsthoefel
Ian Thomas James
Marina Jones McGrail
Sydney Lauren Tooze

The Art Prize
Awarded to the student who has contributed the most to the Art Program in effort, originality, and technique in various art forms.
Sean Maslin Gerstley

The Ceramics & Sculpture Prize
Awarded to the student who has demonstrated a mastery of skills, a strong imaginative quality with her work, and proven to be a creative model among her classmates.
Alison Noelle Bloomfield
Daniel Ramsey Dittmar

The Larry L. Walker Prize
Awarded to the Student who has made outstanding contributions to one or more of the music ensembles.
James Robinson McNinch IV
Suk Joon Lee

The Choir Prize
Awarded to the VI Former who has contributed the most to the success and development of the choral program.
Ian Thomas James
Cantey Sutton Brown

The Drama Prize
Awarded in memory of John Fletcher Hinnant, Jr., Class of 1953, to the best actor or actress.
Katherine Chandler Hardwick
Cantey Sutton Brown

The Hoover C. Sutton Drama Prize
Awarded in honor of Hoover C. Sutton, drama teacher at St. Andrew’s School from 1980 – 1993, for the greatest contribution to the theater program in technical work.
Katherine Wintersmith Patrick

The Keri J. Advocat Photography Prize
Given by the Class of ’91 in memory of Keri J. Advocat, whose love and passion for the arts will always be remembered by her classmates. Awarded to the student of photography who has shown a strong mastery of technical skills and presented a portfolio of creative images.
Nicola Di Fleischer

Nigel and Nicole Furlonge will leave St. Andrew’s at the end of this academic year. Nigel will be working as academic dean at Lawrenceville; Nicole will be welcoming a second child into the Furlonge family and continuing her work as a scholar of literature. Together, Nigel and Nicole have made deep and significant contributions to the life of St. Andrew’s. As director of diversity and chair of our English department, Nicole has advised me on crucial issues connected to our School’s commitment to diversity. Nicole has worked to make St. Andrew’s a more diverse, discerning, empathetic and authentic School; she has celebrated the School’s commitment to financial aid, to greater diversity among students, faculty, staff and trustees; she has worked to connect St. Andrew’s to the work of diversity across the world of private schools. She has taught brilliant English classes to all levels of St. Andrew’s students, and served as a wise and generous colleague and friend to the faculty.

Nigel has served as director of studies and a dynamic and brilliant teacher of history. He has made deep contributions to our academic and student life culture, and he has joined with Nicole to create a culture where diversity can and will thrive. Nigel’s understanding of the culture of schools, his deep commitment to the professional development of teachers, his love of students and ability to inspire their best efforts make him an inspiring and transformational teacher to our current students and to so many young alumni. We thank Nigel and Nicole for sharing their wisdom, passion and family with all of us in the community and we wish them well in New Jersey next year. Nigel and Nicole, please come forward to receive the Headmaster’s medallion for outstanding service to St. Andrew’s.

Many years ago I taught a student named Joy McGrath in my senior English class. She radiated knowledge, curiosity, wisdom and energy, and she has modeled the power of liberal education to create a life of engagement and passion. After a remarkable career at Harvard and three years working with the National Partnership for Women & Families, Joy returned to St. Andrew’s and began a career that is staggering in its dimensions. She transformed the work of our Advancement Office, establishing new benchmarks in annual giving, capital giving and communications. She sharpened St. Andrew’s relationship with all constituencies by strengthening and focusing the St. Andrew’s Magazine into a publication full of big ideas, big questions and big stories, all intentionally tied to our mission and founding principles. She helped lead St. Andrew’s towards an embrace of environmental sustainability as a core foundation. She created and worked with dedication and resilience to create an organic garden. She advised me on land issues, agricultural issues, development issues in Delaware. She formed an enduring connection with the University of Delaware to help us form alliances to strengthen research and environmental efforts. She lived and thrived in Schmolze, a IV Form boys’ dorm, and literally raised young men into lives of responsibility, maturity...
and engagement. She advised me on all aspects of the School and its culture. Her legacy here is remarkable, and she leaves knowing that she has enabled her School to enter the 21st century with remarkable new momentum and vision. Teacher, dorm parent, gardener, School historian, environmental leader, scholar, writer, feminist, Delawarean, mentor and friend to generations at St. Andrew’s, Joy is an incredible representative of St. Andrew’s. Joy, please come forward to receive our thanks for your remarkable work on behalf of St. Andrew’s.

Together, Nan and Simon Mein have been associated with St. Andrew’s since 1971. Simon retired in 1994, but he has continued to teach classes in English, history and religious studies throughout the past 13 years. Nan retired in 2003, and returned to the faculty teaching Western Civilization in November of 2004. Nan intends to retire again following this ceremony today, and I have learned to accept her will and then to develop (quietly) alternative strategies of my own.

I need not worry that Nan and Simon will lose their connection to and love of St. Andrew’s. They together have advised, mentored and encouraged three Headmasters, and generations of St. Andrew’s teachers and students. They are responsible for the School’s emerging understanding of its Episcopal identity and responsibility, its potential as an academy of learning, its responsibility as a School of service, its moral and spiritual responsibility to the issues of diversity.

They have served St. Andrew’s with such generosity and distinction through these 36 years, and I know they will continue to inspire us all by their strength, faith, intelligence and creativity. Nan and Simon, please come forward to accept this gift honoring your magnificent careers.

It is now my honor to introduce our senior co-presidents, Eloise Repeczky and Penn Daniel. I have so enjoyed having the opportunity to work with Eloise and Penn this year. Eloise is a remarkable leader within her class, and she has made deep contributions to the School, in the classroom, in athletics and in student government. She has led her class with such grace, poise, maturity and responsibility this year, and she has served as a wonderful role model for all our younger students.

Penn Daniel, as I found out three weeks ago, does a nasty imitation of me and other members of the faculty, but he has other equally important talents. He is a natural leader within the class, within the School and on the athletic fields. He has demonstrated great judgment and great maturity as he has led the School this year. Please welcome these two remarkable students to the podium. Eloise will speak first.

Eloise Repeczky ’07
Co-President of the School

In eighth grade I watched my sister go to St. Andrew’s. We left her after pre-season and she was in tears as we drove away. She was a new sophomore so she felt a little out of the loop—besides she was not comfortable leaving home. Four weeks later I eagerly awaited her at the 86th Street drop-off in New York City. After I’d released her from a hug, she started to talk about St. Andrew’s. I was surprised to find that after four weeks she now referred to St. Andrew’s as her home. She put up pictures in her room in New York City of her dorm, the Frosty Run and her soccer team.

The five days we had together flew by and she repeatedly said that she
St. Andrew’s Magazine

Purchase Prize
Awarded to the student who has created an outstanding piece of artwork in either a minor or major plastic arts course. This work is chosen by the school to enter its permanent collection.
Nicola Di Fleischer
Sean Maslin Gerstley
Katherine Clare Ullman

The Chester E. Baum Prize for English
Given by the members of the English Department in honor of Chester Earl Baum, for 29 years an outstanding teacher of English at St. Andrew’s School, to the VI Former who has excelled in English scholarship.
Jessica Mary Crawley
Kathryn Rogerson Orfuss
Charlotte Mary Rajasingh
Hadley Elizabeth Southall Roach
Will Robert Vega Brown

The Charles H. Welling, Jr. Prize for Writing
Given by members of his class in honor of Charles Welling ’45, writer and raconteur, to the student who has produced exemplary non-fiction writing in all disciplines throughout his or her career at St. Andrew’s.
Hadley Elizabeth Southall Roach
Katherine Clare Ullman

The Amanda C. Leyon Prize for Creative Writing
Given in memory of Amanda C. Leyon ’95 by her classmates, to the student who has excelled in creative writing.
Grace Ingram Reynolds

The Louis C. Mandes, Jr. Library Prize
Given in memory of Louis C. Mandes, Jr., School librarian, to the student who demonstrated a love of books and a deep appreciation for the Library.
Laura Marie Kemer

The Sherman Webb Prize for History
For outstanding work in history.
Hadley Elizabeth Southall Roach

The W. Lewis Fleming Prize for French
Given by the Alumni in memory of W. Lewis Fleming to the student of French who is most deserving in interest, effort, and achievement.
Marina Jones McGrail

The Joseph L. Hargrove Prize for Spanish
Given since 1972 by Joe Hargrove, Class of 1967, in memory of his father, who was a “great admirer of SAS.” Awarded to the student doing outstanding work in Spanish.
Alison Morgan Agnew
Mariana duPont Silliman

couldn’t wait to “go home.” Not only was I confused, but I couldn’t comprehend her sudden change of heart. We had always been inseparable but now there was a boundary between us. It wasn’t until the following fall that I was able to experience the St. Andrew’s community and begin to understand why she claimed that St. Andrew’s was her home. Whether it was the campus, the faculty or the students, I was immediately comfortable in this new environment.

In order to explain this sense of community and freedom I have felt at St. Andrew’s I want to share with you one of my favorite moments here. The last night of junior year I found myself trying to complete an English paper and pack at the same time. Needless to say I was not alone; the other six members of my dorm had procrastinated as well and we were all ready for a long night. Bonnie Madeley, Alison Agnew, Mary-Pell Lea, Sutton Brown, Katie Stout, Kathryn Orfuss and I were all in the K dorm common room, slowly but surely drifting off to sleep and back again. Around 4:30 a.m. we decided that in order to wake ourselves up, we needed to go explore the campus and perhaps go for a morning swim. Since the sun had not yet come up, we followed dimly lit flashlights behind Alumni Point—to the Pell parking lot—and then to the grass docks. To our surprise almost every other junior had decided to watch the sunrise and go for a swim. Anyone who was there would tell you that at that moment, as people were jumping in and climbing trees, although we were excited to leave in less than a few hours, there was also an invisible pull that made us want to stay. This is one of my favorite memories because what happened was spontaneous and everyone was thinking of the following year, how we were in control of making our last year at St. Andrew’s the most memorable yet.

St. Andrew’s is a unique community because it allows you to develop friendships in exceptional situations. This place has taught us to trust one another and take risks. For instance the very first day at St. Andrew’s you are expected to take part in a “swamp walk.” The walk at Echo Hill may force you to cross a line that you would not have expected. It was after I had been dunked into muggy water and then watched Sean struggle to free himself from mud that engulfed the lower half of his body that I was able to understand that my time at St. Andrew’s was going to be full of adventures.

In order to explain how I have come to love St. Andrew’s I remember the
moments on and off campus that I have spent with my classmates reiterating stories that happened over the years. During spring break I went to Mina Aiken’s house. A couple of days later Steph Chubb and Hadley Roach showed up. The first night we had together, even though we had been separated for less than a week, we could not stop gushing out stories. They were not related to what we had done since we left St. Andrew’s, but rather to the memories we shared of our freshman, sophomore, junior and senior years. I felt this same joy the night of prom when we went to eat breakfast at the Roaches’ As Mr. Caldwell explained last night during the Awards Ceremony our class decided to share the top 10 stories that occurred during our four years. Some of our stories will be passed down through the years and will endure in the student body. I’m sure you can all recall a story that a senior told you that you then passed on to others thus making their story a part of your own.

It is not only the memories that were made the last couple of nights on campus that will be remembered (though they might be the most ridiculous), but also the ones that happened all over campus and that include various forms. Perhaps my last volleyball game at St. Andrew’s will go down in history, or Mariana Silliman’s and Izzy Burbank’s unsuccessful canoe trip down Antietam Creek, or Daehyun’s chapel talk. No matter what the story is, whatever it tells, glorifies or embodies, this place, this campus, will be able to hold it forever. St. Andrew’s is our home because we can come back here and remember the little moments we shared with each other, the conversations that have taken place in a classroom will find themselves useful, and the effort and dedication needed to endure an 80-minute piece on Noxontown Pond will help us be patient.

St. Andrew’s has now been our home for four years and I know that we are prepared for life outside of Middletown, Delaware. With the help of the faculty that have pushed us all in the classroom, on the athletic fields, and in the theater programs, I know that we can conquer the challenges we will have to face. It is also reassuring to know that Founders Hall will always be here, that although the faculty and new students will come and go, the memories that we have shared on this incredible campus will be ours forever.

Now to my class, thank you for the Frosty Runs, the late-nights on dorm, Maui Wowie, the days we spent on campus during Long Weekend, the risqué game of truth or dare, the highly entertaining game of duck-duck goose, and those last nights spent on the Front Lawn. It has been an incredible four years and I can’t wait to keep the memories going.

Penn Daniel ’07
Co-President of the School

When I first learned that I would be speaking before the governor of Massachusetts, I’ll be honest, I wasn’t exactly thrilled, but today I’ll give it a shot. Secondly, just to give him a warm welcome from my class, I have to do this. When I say “Gov,” you say “Nah”: “Gov!” – “Nah!” “Gov!” – “Nah!”

It is difficult to sum up our years at St. Andrew’s in a few minutes, but what I will say is simply an extension of a conversation that’s been going on throughout our time here. Many classes before us have commented on how the final few weeks of senior year are the times in which we reflect on our memories at St. Andrew’s and truly begin to understand the meaning of what has happened here. I think we’ve all found that statement to be true.

To start, I wanted to reflect on a memory at, of all places, Waffle House. For this Thursday night ritual, a few of us have gone at 10:05 to sit down, have Vanilla Coke with a bacon-egg-and-cheese, and share the experiences of the week. Now most definitely, filling your stomach with some solid grease and sugar is quite satisfying, but what has made our trips to Waffle House so memorable is those times we’ve spent with our beloved waitress, Carolyn. Carolyn has three jobs and works the night shift at Waffle House every Thursday from 9 p.m. to 7 a.m. Whenever we show up, she gets this big grin on her face and already knows our order. Every night at Waffle House, we’ve brightened the life of someone working that much harder than we do, someone who makes six-page papers and AP exams look like a breeze.

One of the most comforting thoughts I have leaving this place is that we’ve each done something like this—not for ourselves, not to impress anyone, not to help us get into college—but simply because we care. That is the character of
The Chinese Prize
Awarded to the student doing outstanding work in Chinese.
Albert Junehwan Song
Terence Jin-Wook Kwak

The G. Coerte Voorhees Prize for Classical Languages
Given by his children in memory of their father, G. Coerte Voorhees, Latin teacher at St. Andrew’s School from 1935 to 1962. Awarded to the student who has done outstanding work in Latin and/or Greek.
Sadie MacGuire

The Walter L. Harrison Prize for Mathematics
Given in memory of his mother by Walter L. Harrison, Class of 1966, to a student of high achievement, whose work in mathematics is distinguished for its depth of interest, imagination and creative thinking.
Suk Joon Lee

The William Day Scott Prize for Science
Awarded to the student who has taken at least two science courses and, through performance in these courses, has demonstrated real promise in the field of science.
Suk Joon Lee

The William H. Amos Prize for the Life Sciences
Given by William H. Amos, member of the faculty from 1947 to 1985, to the student who has demonstrated exceptional interest and ability in the life sciences.
Charlotte Mary Rajasingh

The Virginia Layton Orr Prize
In recognition of Virginia Layton Orr’s efforts to preserve Cape Henlopen State park and other natural areas, this award is given to a student who has made significant contributions to the environment.
Sadie MacGuire
Suk Joon Lee

The Walden Pell Prize for Religious Studies
Given to a student of the VI Form whose work in Religious Studies is distinguished for its understanding of the relationship between Faith and Learning.
Lucy Livingston Brady
Robert Luick Bryan

The Francis L. Spalding Award
Awarded to the IV Form student who has achieved a commendable academic record by distinctive effort.
Douglas Stuart
Hannah Darling

Our class. We left campus every Thursday and came back to campus different because we had each formed a bond with someone else. On our final trip to see Carolyn, she generously covered our tab and gave each of us Waffle House visors. She trusted us enough to make this kind gesture, and the connection we’ve formed with her over these few months is priceless. For the little that we did stopping by for some late-night company, she answered by doing even more for us than we had ever initially conceived.

Another moment that comes to mind is a Saturday night sophomore or junior year, I can’t remember which one. Due to some serious frustration regarding females, my friends and I decided to go ease the pain by smashing fruit off the shore of Noxontown Pond with golf clubs. Now why, might you ask, is this at all relevant to what today is about? Well, I was recently talking to some St. Andrew’s alums who had graduated in 2005, and we got on to discussing what they missed most about St. Andrew’s. They quickly told me it was the seemingly trivial and thoughtless activities that made life here such a blast. We’ve used our creative minds to find strange sources of enjoyment in Middletown. These experiences cannot be lived anywhere but this school. It is moments like this that characterize the bond that exists between every alumnus of this school for an inexplicable reason. There is no rationale behind what goes on here, there is no formula for having a good time, but rather a common understanding between the people who graduate from here. It is what makes St. Andrew’s St. Andrew’s.

We each have our own small anecdote, our own particular experience that stands out.

We’ve got a number of people to thank—parents, siblings, grandparents and other relatives. But in addition to thanking this group, I think we need to earnestly tip our hats to the faculty. The people sitting behind me have changed our lives in ways we never could have predicted. They have lifted us from the lowest of the low, they’ve made us excel in subjects we never thought possible, they’ve given us faithful support on the athletic field, and most important of all, they have taught us to think. Without substantial reason to do so, they have relentlessly put their faith in us, devoting their time and intellect to our personal betterment. We all have our personal confidants. We’ve come to them in desperation—some in tears, some in anger—seeking some sort of impossible resolution to our problems. Yet time and time again, they always seem to know we’ll be just fine. To the faculty, we are forever indebted.

These have been the best times of our lives, there is no doubt about it. But what’s even more consoling is the thought that’s been sticking in the back of my mind throughout these last few
weeks. It’s the thought that even though on this day we part, even though on this day time will inevitably separate us, we will continue to possess and improve the invaluable characteristics we’ve adopted from our fellow classmates, from the faculty, and from this wonderful place. Even though we’ll be separated, the bonds that have been formed will never be broken, and the great times will never be lost. Don’t ever forget what happened here, wherever you end up. Don’t forget the thrill of beating Friends and Tower Hill and Tatnall. Don’t forget the stress of an exhibition paper, the petty quarrels among one another, the Carol Shout, the art openings, riding with the Murrays, the free days, the trips to WaWa, the late nights in Founders, going to Friendly’s with Golds, the power half hour, chatting with Norm at brunch, the Random Bible Verse of the Day, the endless all-nighters full of Coke and Red Bull. Take these memories and keep them close. We’ll probably never do anything like them again.

To close, these kids have striven each and every day to not only better themselves, but to better everyone around them. Meeting one, being the parent of one, or simply being a friend to one is nothing less than an honor. It is an honor I have been privileged enough to have for the past three years. It’s time to go now, it’s time to leave the Dining Hall, the Front Lawn, the Garth. But although it may be time to leave St. Andrew’s, it will never be time to leave the memories. I’ve never known a finer group of people than the ones sitting right in front of me. I love you all, and good luck. It’s been a pleasure.

Headmaster Tad Roach

Introduction of the Honorable Deval L. Patrick P’07, Governor of Massachusetts

Our Commencement speaker is Deval Patrick, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and we are grateful to Deval for sharing this quintessential family day, Katherine’s graduation, with us. Governor Patrick may, perhaps, have preferred to sit with all of you out there in this magnificent crowd and setting, basking for a brief two-hour period in living the life of a private citizen celebrating a family moment. Governor Patrick may have preferred to keep his thoughts and emotions to himself on this day. But we know by Deval’s life and commitment to his nation and the world that he is willing to sacrifice, to share his idealism and sense of optimism and hope with us all today. So, no, this is not a day off for the Governor. He is here to lift us up the same way he was lifted up by, in his words on his inauguration day, “the family, the mentors and the teachers in his life.”

Throughout Deval’s campaign, he expressed and embodied a strength and vision that inspired all of us as Americans, but perhaps his greatest gift is the one he has given to young people everywhere, including those here at St. Andrew’s. His campaign, his career, his character, his life teaches us to work and live with hope, optimism, creativity and courage. His faith, his strength and goodness and patience and determination in the face of adversity during the campaign taught us all we need to know about grace, dignity and courage.

Governor Patrick, Diane Patrick, Katherine and Sarah have shared their lives with the people of Massachusetts and the people of the United States. This was not an inevitable or even necessary decision. Governor Patrick and his family could have chosen to live lives of great success and service from the privacy of the civic sideline. With a decision to

Penn Daniel ’07 addresses the crowd.
The Harry C. Parker Prize
Given by Harry M. Parker ’64 in memory of his father, Harry C. Parker, to the VI Form boy or girl who has achieved the greatest academic improvement in his/her St. Andrew’s career.
Frank Joseph Leach
Daniel Willis Ventura
Mary Pell Lea
Brigitte Arlene Washington

The DyAnn Miller Community Service Award
Named in honor of DyAnn Miller, exuberant teacher and counselor at St. Andrew’s from 1984 – 2005, who helped build and develop the community service program, and then by her example dedicated her energies and spirit to the service of others.
Anne Bayly Buck

The Calder Prize
Given in honor of Dr. Joseph R. Calder and Virginia Calder and awarded to a III Form student who combines the qualities of good scholarship and a commitment to the service of others.
Charles Naddoff Hughes
Paige Anne Newquist

The Malcolm Ford Award
In memory of Malcolm Ford, given to the boy and girl below the VI Form who best combines the qualities of leadership, good sportsmanship and a cheerful spirit.
William Thatcher Barton
Jessica Torres

The Robert H. Stegeman, Jr. Award
Given in honor of Bob Stegeman, inspirational history teacher, academic dean, assistant headmaster and dean of faculty at St. Andrew’s from 1978 to 1999, awarded to the junior boy and girl in the top academic ranks of their class who have demonstrated intellectual leadership and who have made exceptional contributions to the life of the School and community.
Zachary Randolph Schmidt
Martha Pemberton Heath

The Robert T. Jordan Award
Given by his classmates and former teachers at St. Andrew’s in memory of Robert T. Jordan, Class of 1986, who died September 11, 2001 in the World Trade Center attack, to the IV Form boy or girl who displays the qualities that made Robert so memorable and distinctive: a love of humanity, an appreciation of friendship, a willful perseverance and resolve amidst adversity and opportunity, a unique and refreshing perspective on life and all its possibilities.
Michael Cobey Kelland
Mary Duncan Craig
Sarah Anne McShan

Here is a role model, a man, a leader to emulate. Please welcome the Governor of Massachusetts, Deval Patrick.

The Honorable Deval L. Patrick P’07
Governor of Massachusetts
Commencement Address
Madame Chair, Mr. President and Fellow Trustees; Headmaster Roach and Members of the Faculty and Staff; Proud Parents, Family Members and Friends; and especially Graduates of the Class of 2007:

Thank you for inviting me to address you on this special morning.

I have been trying for weeks to come up with the right message for you graduates today, and I have been having a very hard time. It’s not stage fright. In my line of work, I give a lot of speeches. I have even given a commencement address or two before, once from this very podium more than a dozen years ago. From that experience I should have anticipated that the graduate speakers would be more brilliant than I could hope to be, and mindful of the fact that you will remember nothing of what I say—and should have taken my wife’s belated advice of this morning, when she said I should just come to the podium, say “blah, blah, blah,” and sit down.

No, the problem this time is that our own Katherine is among you graduates. And every time I thought about standing here while she sits there, words failed me.

For one thing, she has given me very strict and rather stern instructions: be short and don’t mention her. (I have already failed on one count.) For another,
there is at least one other graduate in this class—Christopher Speers—whom I have also held as a baby, tickled as a little kid and watched grow up with as much pride as I have Katherine. For yet another, my best friend Will Speers—the Dean of Faculty here for nearly 30 years and Chris’ father—is a hopeless sap like me, so that for the last several months whenever we have talked about this occasion we have both ended up in tears.

Katherine would attribute this behavior—as she does most of my shortcomings—to age. Perhaps she’s right. Naturally, you graduates think you will be eternally young. It is hard for you to imagine that one day, you too will return to St. Andrew’s for reunions and such to find the dorm rooms smaller than you remembered, the students holding the door for you and calling you “sir,” and the faculty finally to have reached the age you think they are now. Today, you may feel that graduation day has come painfully slowly; one day you will marvel at how fast time races by. God help you if you too find yourself having to stand in front of a crowd that includes the jewel of your own life, overflowing with emotion and struggling not to embarrass her or yourself.

At some level I cannot escape the contrast between Katherine’s life to this point and my own at a similar milestone. I arrived at Milton Academy in 1970, the night before classes began. I had lived until then in a small apartment in an inner-city neighborhood, on the south side of Chicago, a life of want, of deeply segregated and ill-equipped schools, of gang violence and limited hope—and I had never seen Milton or any place like it before.

We had a dress code then, as you do now: boys wore jackets and ties to classes. Now, a jacket on the south side of Chicago is a “windbreaker.” So when the clothing list arrived at home, my family splurged on a new windbreaker. That first day of classes, when all the other boys were donning their blue blazers and tweed coats, there was I in my windbreaker.

Eighteen years ago, we bought a house not far from Milton Academy on the paper route I had once had while a student and Katherine grew up there. For all but one year of her life she has been in highly reputable independent schools. By the time she arrived at St Andrew’s as a freshman in the fall of 2003, she had traveled on three continents, knew with

Graduates
Kathryn Orfuss, Kate Hardwick, Steph Chubb and Charlotte Rajasingh.
The Christopher Wilson Award and Scholarship
Given by his parents in memory of Christopher Edward Wilson, class of 1999. The award recognizes that senior who best embodies Chris’ virtues and personal qualities: a love of St. Andrew’s, a quiet and authentic appreciation of life, friendship and community, a devotion to service and to children, and a kind and generous spirit.
Christopher Savage Speers

The Headmaster’s Award
Given to the VI Former who, in the opinion of the Headmaster, has made distinguished contributions to the culture of the school.
William Penn Daniel
Eloise Marie Repeczk

The Fine Arts Award
Awarded to the student who has made the greatest contribution in the fine arts and demonstrated a depth and quality of talent that demands our recognition.
John Tyler Caldwell

The Henry Prize
Awarded to the VI boy and girl who have been of the greatest service to athletics. It recognizes not only personal athletic skill, but also service to the teams of which the students were members.
John Tyler Caldwell
Alexa Dodge Caldwell
Stephanie Marie Chubb

The King Prize
For the leading scholar during the VI Form year.
Suk Joon Lee

The Founder’s Medal
Awarded to the scholar in the graduating class who, during his or her career at St. Andrew’s, has achieved the best academic record in the Form.
Suk Joon Lee

The William H. Cameron Award
Given to the VI Former who has performed outstanding service to the School.
Hadley Elizabeth Southall Roach
Andrew John Forsthoefel

The St. Andrew’s Cross
Given in honor of the late Bishop Cook of Delaware, who was associated with the founding of the School. It recognizes the student whose contribution to the School has been distinguished for Christian qualities of concern for others, humility and high principle.
Bonnie Belle Madeley

Awards Given at Sports Assembly
Brownlee Prize
Eloise Marie Repeczk

Warwick Prize
John Tyler Caldwell

me because I was poor or black. I was afraid the food and language would be unfamiliar. I was afraid I would be homesick—and that it would show.

What I found instead and over time was an extraordinary community, remarkable teachers, lifelong friends and life-changing experiences—but only once I opened myself to them, once I conquered my own fear, once I learned to approach new experiences fearlessly.

In his first inaugural address, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt famously said that “the only thing we have to fear is fear itself.” I think he appreciated that fear is a treacherous thing. It is debilitating and constraining. It can prevent you from taking the very kinds of calculated risks that make growth and learning possible. Fear steals experience and defeats human understanding.

Just consider what you take away from this remarkable school: the great teachers, the lifelong friends, the rare and uncommonly strong sense of community, the sense you have now and will always have that you have shared something important with each other. But it only came by your willingness to open yourselves to it, by overcoming your fear. Some of you, I suspect, are kicking yourselves, now on the threshold of your farewell, because the longer you waited to open yourselves up to this community, the more you missed out on.

You will need that perspective in the world you will soon inhabit. It is a complex place. It is filled with great beauty, extravagant wealth and remarkable people. But it is in the same
instant filled with hate, with indescribable violence, abject deprivation and injustice. Still, it is yours to inhabit. I encourage you to inhabit all of it.

Most of you will have choices that only a very small proportion of people in the world will ever know: choices to live and work and play in rarefied surroundings, far removed not from your own problems, perhaps, but from the hardships and experiences of so many others. Guilt is not the answer to such privilege. Yet you must take care not to isolate yourselves, to avert your eyes completely, from the ugliness and suffering you need not experience. You could, if you wanted, let your whole life be about posh clubs or posh schools like this in posh communities—and know nothing about the lives of less fortunate people, or just different people, other than what you think you know from the media. But your perspective will suffer. Your judgment will always be that much more imperfect. And the great responsibilities which so often accompany that rarefied life will be borne by weaker shoulders.

Learn to look out, not just in; to look up, rather than down. It can be scary, but the rewards are transformative.

I mentioned that Mr. Speers here is my best friend and has been for nearly 35 years. We were the best man in each other’s weddings; are godfather of each others’ kids; have been present for just about every important occasion in each other’s families. We are as close as two brothers. So, imagine my surprise when after 20 years of friendship, Will confessed that he was afraid of black people, when he confessed. (It’s a longer story I will save for another time.)

Of course, I have to confess to my own utter terror at being new to Will’s natural environment. I once thought a WASP was a bug. Imagine if those sentiments had kept us from the friendship we share. That’s another thing: love is the utter rejection of fear.

Overcoming fear is not just a challenge for individuals, but for our times.

The events of September 11 were horrific, tearing apart families and our collective sense of safety. It was a wakeup call to our own vulnerability. It was also a colossal failure of human understanding. And ever since, in my view, we have been governed by fear.

Fear drove us to round up people of Arab descent—many of whom were American citizens—and hold them without charge or trial.

Fear caused us to turn from a known enemy in Afghanistan and invade Iraq. Fear justified the broadest intrusion upon civil liberties (in the Patriot Act) and the biggest aggregation of presidential power in our history.

Fear invented the Guantanamo Bay detention center.

The point is that the failure of each of us to overcome our fear is not just about what you might miss, but about how human kind may fail. Our future depends on vigilance and understanding transcending intolerance and fear.

St. Andrew’s has given you the tools to know the difference. So, whether your task is to save the world, your neighborhood and yourselves, you have learned here how to be fearless. The rest is up to you.

One more thing. On behalf of all the family, friends and faculty here, we love you. Good luck and God bless.
Alums from Finland and Germany, as well as Colorado and Connecticut, journeyed along highways, byways and backroads as well as in the air (commercial and self-piloted!) to return to their alma mater in June. In a series of photographs, Shabazz Stuart ’07, Andrew Forshoefel ’07, Woody Thomas ’47 and Andrew Seymour ’82 (both of whom worked for Kodak in their professional careers) as well as staffer Taylor Cameron ’90 highlight the weekend and capture the people who brought it to life.

“I really liked the Thursday/Friday program for the ‘Old Guard’ classes of the 1940s and 1950s. I hope it will remain part of future reunions.” —Frank Giammattei ’47

Relaxing on the front lawn with a cool breeze blowing off Noxontown Pond...

Class of ’97ers Will Robinson and Alexandra Cox chill out with faculty member Will Speers. (above)

Libations and musical sensations: Easy listening and dancing on Friday night to the Jangling Reinharts. (above right)

Thirty members of the Class of 1982 returned for their 25th Reunion and made a clean sweep of all three reunion giving awards! (night)

Largest class gift: $36,897 from the Class of 1982 to provide high-tech AV equipment in the Chapel.
“I think we set the new school record for the slowest mile ever rowed. But it was great fun to be in a crew shell again (and proof to my children that I did!).” —Richard Baer ’62

Alums consumed 300 pounds of pig roast and 100 pounds of shrimp at the Friday night feast! (above left and at left)

Ten year reunioners: Holly Fling, Natalie Reese, Alexandra Cox, Morgan Foster; Lindsay Robinson, Moira Forbes and Katie Wafle sunbathing on the floating dock. (below)

Red-checkered tablecloths, the smell of citronella candles, pitchers of cold beer, steamed shrimp and roasted pork...

Over 300 alums, friends and family came together for dinner under the tent on Saturday night, and more than 250 towels were soaked by weekend’s end.
“It was a great visit—inspirational in a way. I was very impressed with the state of the school. I also commend Tad Roach’s “Ten Talks” booklet. I am going to read every one. They demonstrate moral and intellectual leadership which I think must be very unusual these days. If he can succeed in getting students to act along the lines he espouses, St. Andrew’s will be, to use his word, a truly transformational experience for today’s students.”
—Tim Bloomfield ’57

Few schools in this country truly remain “in the country.” Alums witnessed St. Andrew’s preservation efforts firsthand at Reunion: an early morning excursion on the bio-barge on Noxontown Pond, a nature walk through the fields and woods and to inspect the organic garden—and even used compostable plates, cup and utensils throughout the weekend. (top left and right)

Class discussions and information sessions: Members of the Old Guard consider the future of financial aid and need blind admission at one of their special Friday sessions. (below left) Faculty member Bill Wallace demonstrates the lighter side of matter during his Saturday morning class chemistry class, “It’s a Gas.” (right)

Reunion is a time to come together and reconnect. However, some would argue that St. Andreans are always connected. In a world of disconnects, the St. Andrew’s spirit sets those associated with the school apart.
Ninety-six alums, parents, friends and faculty teed off at Wild Quail to make the 16th Annual Scholarship Golf Tournament a huge success. The tournament raised nearly $30,000—the cost of one “hidden scholarship” this year. This is the difference between the full tuition paid and the actual cost per student. Good going, golfers!

Photos by Beth Crook.
Kate Crowley ’91
In the little fishing town of Homer, Alaska, a few hearty souls are already at work when the boats pull out of the pre-dawn harbor into Kachemak Bay. On Bishop’s Beach, in a big yellow house with a wood-fired brick oven, the owners of Two Sisters Bakery sometimes start their morning labors before the bars close from the night before.

One early morning in March, I force myself out of my cozy bed in “Kate’s room,” one of three B&B suites above the bakery. Now that I’m awake, I can hear faint clangs of machines and metal bowls below me. If I listen carefully, I can pick up the conversational drone of public radio. I stumble downstairs to observe owner and baker Sharon (pronounced “Shuh-rohn”) Roufa at work.

I’m a baker of sorts. I’ve been experimenting with homemade bread since fourth grade. The feel of dough beneath the heels of my hands and the smell of yeast permeating my kitchen never fail to move me. Although I ache to pitch in and see what I can learn by “helping,” I hold back and listen to the BBC instead, asking questions while Sharon kneads, chops, rolls and wrestles dough into a fleet of rolls and loaves. She’s responsive and kind, but businesslike. What to me is an adventure, a sleep-starved journey into the belly of the bakery, is Sharon’s 9 to 5. Tomorrow morning, she’ll get up and do it all again. Humbled, I take some mental notes to sharpen my own baking techniques. Mostly, I try to stay out of the way as Sharon moves from counter to stove to oven to scale, snapping pictures of the process that ensures Homer residents access to fresh bread every day of the week, year-round.

Perhaps fresh bread is something you take for granted. If so, you’ve never lived in a place where fresh milk can cost $7 a gallon, depending on how much fuel is necessary to move the liquid from the nearest cow to the processing plant, to you, in your home accessible only by floatplane, or in the winter, dogsled or snowmobile (called snowmachines). OK, OK, I’m exaggerating a bit. Although many small Alaskan communities regularly confront these challenges, Homer is, as we say in Alaska, “on the road system.” But in the winter, sometimes avalanches cut off road access to Anchorage from Homer. And when that happens, Homer residents, like the French, still have a place to buy their daily baguette, thanks to Two Sisters.

At nine a.m., I wake up again. It’s bright morning at Two Sisters. Out the window, the white peaks of the Kenai Range wink at me. Down the hill on Bishop’s Beach, the tide is going out in Kachemak Bay, exposing stretches of sand and smooth grey rocks. Early beachcombers are already walking dogs or

Full disclosure: This is no restaurant review. You will find no impartiality or circumspection here.

I have been a little in awe of Kate Crowley ’91 since I was 14 years old. I remember her as an artist (Peter Brooke still had one of her charcoal images in his office when I was a senior in 1994), a leader and an inspiration. She was the senior prefect my freshman year, the first female in St. Andrew’s history to hold that position. Each day she rang the bell and read announcements at lunch was an affirmation of my own belief that girls should not be limited because of our gender.

When I moved to Anchorage in 2002, I learned from Bob Stegeman that Kate was living and working in Homer, an easy 4–5-hour drive away. During the May Kachemak Bay Wooden Boat festival, I visited her Two Sisters Bakery for the first time. I’ve been sending friends there ever since.

by Ginna Purrington ’94

Fiercely Independent, Inextricably Connected
searching for beach agates and wishing rocks, with a white band that seems to encircle the grey.

I pad across the bamboo floor to the bathroom and step into a shower decorated with grey-blue rocks from Bishop’s Beach. In the sustainable, local answer to travel-size toiletries, Two Sisters gives each B&B resident a half-inch sliver of the goat-milk soap and shampoo bars made by Homer’s Alpenglow Skin Care company. The full-size versions are available downstairs in the bakery, along with locally printed Two Sisters T-shirts, doggie soaps and biscuits made by an employee, and jewelry and pottery made by Homer artists.

Downstairs, the sun streams through lace-curtained windows on two sides of the two-story building. A Beastie Boys song plays over the speakers, a nice accompaniment to the whizzing of the steamer and the dull bang of an espresso portafilter handle on the side of a trash bin full of grinds. Behind the glass face of the bakery counter, scones, danishes, bagels, muffins and cinnamon walnut rolls vie for space with savory pastries, pita pockets and baguette sandwiches. A whiteboard advertises the soups and pizzas of the day, fancy coffee drinks, and more selections for breakfast. Loaves of every type of bread crowd the glass doors of a wooden cabinet nearby. A basket of sourdough baguettes near the cash register tilts seductively toward customers. I smile with the recognition of an aunt who hasn’t seen her two-year-old niece since she was born. I knew this bread while it was still dough. Around me, locals in Salty Dawg sweatshirts, rubber XTraTuf boots and well-worn Carhaarts, scruffy beards, streaky green spikes and long twin braids converse with each other and the bakery staff in the easy manner of people who see each other every day. I take my latte and a bread and chocolate roll to a table near a window. I’m meeting owner Kate Crowley ’91 for breakfast. Every time I visit Homer, I heave a deep sigh as I look out over Kachemak Bay toward the Alaska Range and think to myself, “Why don’t I live here?” Anchorage, where I pay my rent, is about four hours away, over a mountain pass and through the length of the Kenai peninsula. With 300,000 people, Alaska’s largest city boasts certain advantages in terms of ease of travel, cost of groceries and variety of inhabitants. But when you live in a place like Homer, “a small drinking village with a fishing problem,” as the bumper sticker says, who wants to leave? Homer is the literal end of the road in this part of Alaska, and the people who choose to live here do so for a reason. The landscape is beautiful, with opportunities to hike, kayak and fish for salmon and halibut in the shadow of glaciers, mountains and a wide expanse of sky over the sheltered waters of Kachemak Bay. The arts community is healthy and supportive, many residents are politically progressive and thoughtful, and like other small towns in Alaska, the people understand that they are often their own best resources.

Soon Kate interrupts my reverie, flushed from the cold outside. She comes to my table and peels off a large down jacket to reveal a nearly eight-month pregnancy. Just as quickly, she’s gone again, making herself a bowl of granola and ordering a chai as she chats with the two counter staff. Matt will be playing drums in two bands at the Down East Saloon tonight, she says when she returns. I should check it out. After a little prodding, she admits that if she weren’t pregnant, she’d be playing her fiddle in the opening band, Hoarfrost. She’s good. I’ve seen her play. “It’s too smoky in there for me now,” she says.

The strong community is one thing that keeps Kate in Homer, where she moved 12 years ago after graduating from Middlebury. A taste of the West in a NOLS semester program after she left St. Andrew’s had left her with a love for the wild outdoors. She wanted to explore something different from the Northeast, where she had grown up and attended college. In Homer, life seemed open and full of possibilities.

When Kate moved to Homer, she says, “I met people like Sharon, who was building her own house. She would come in to the bakery and talk about building her foundation. She would talk...”
Kate and her partner Jeff built their own house together, too, with help from friends. I imagine mornings in the bakery, Kate and Sharon trading thoughts on concrete and cordless drills, Tyvek and permafrost, as they kneaded Homer’s bread into being.

“As a young person moving to this community, I was looking around to see, ‘What am I going to do here?’ and people would say, ‘You’re going to stay here and contribute to our community? Cool. How can I help you do that?’”

When Carri Thurmond, then the sole owner of Two Sisters, found out she was pregnant with a third child, she asked Kate and Sharon, who had been working for her, if they would be interested in buying into the bakery. They jumped at the chance, working for a year without pay to give sweat equity for their shares in the business that Carri had built.

“We’ve always been workers together,” Kate says. “We knew how we worked together and what we wanted to be doing.”

Today, she and Carri and Sharon have a unique and equal partnership—Kate and Sharon share the responsibility of morning baking, which includes bread, muffins, scones, sticky buns and lunch food, while Carri makes desserts, pastries and the bulk of the catering food. “It’s not like I’m doing this on my own,” Kate says, with obvious affection for her business partners.

Together, the three owners keep the tourists confused. “People ask us, which ones are the two sisters? So we take turns”—she pretends to call out to a co-worker—“Who wants to be the two sisters today?” (Carri started the bakery with a single other partner, whom she bought out after a few years.)

One of the things Kate likes about Homer is the depth of community investment. “People see a need in the community and they figure out how they can contribute in their own way.” Two Sisters is no exception to this rule.

Owner Sharon was a founding member of the Homer Farmer’s Market and has served as its president. Two Sisters uses produce from local farms from June to mid-October. In the summer months, the raspberries and blueberries that you eat in a Two Sisters confection will probably be local, picked by a woman who homesteaded her land in the area near Homer (Incidentally, she’s the aunt of Homer’s best-known export, singer Jewel Kilcher.) And the eggs—“people will talk about their chickens forever,” Kate says fondly. “That’s where the bakery becomes pretty fun. We’re helping each other out in a really basic way.”

Anna Smith-Kilcher, a former employee, enthuses as many Homer residents do about the bakery: “It was my first job when I was in high school. Probably it was a lot of people’s first job. They’re great to their employees. Every summer we would have a big party and a kayak trip. I ate my Senior Prom dinner...
at Two Sisters! They’re just good down-to-earth folks. They really make a positive impact on the community.”

Two Sisters donates bread, sandwiches and desserts to community events like a recent fundraiser for Homer’s girls’ hockey league. They contribute food and lodging packages to charity auctions, such as the Bachelor Auction that UA-Anchorage’s Bike Club held in early March 2007 to raise funds for KonaBikeTown, a group that constructs and donates heavy-duty bikes for the use of AIDS home healthcare workers in Africa. They host Soul Soup, a yearly fundraiser that combines Two Sisters soup and donated locally crafted pottery bowls to support Homer’s Otter Beach Educational Center. And Smith-Kilcher reveals that when she started planning to open a Waldorf pre-school in Homer, the Two Sisters crew offered to help in any way from holding a bake sale to helping her buy the business. “They just felt that having a Waldorf school would really benefit the community, so they wanted to support me.” The owners supported another former employee in the opening of Spit Sisters, a coffee shop that caters to the early-morning caffeine needs of fisherfolk and serves baked goods prepared by Two Sisters.

“I like being in a position where I can give back,” Kate says.

When Two Sisters planned the move from its original cramped location next to the acclaimed Bunnell Street Gallery to the two-story structure that they constructed on land they’d bought years before as an investment, they put a lot of thought into how to make their vision for the bakery and community into reality. Some parts were easy to figure out. They knew they wanted a wraparound porch, for example, with rocking chairs. They use energy-efficient radiant floor heating for the B&B instead of forced air—and most of the time, even in the winter; they don’t need the heat at all because of the bakery. The bamboo floors upstairs
were another choice that focused on low-impact usage of resources.

Originally, Kate and Sharon, who are both originally from the Northeast, pushed for a mansard roof reminiscent of New England architecture, but the engineering required to build it was prohibitive. Instead, they settled on a low profile roof. “We wanted to make the building visually non-obtrusive. We were nervous about putting a building where there had been no building before.

“We cut off one corner of the building so that our main entrance would be off the pedestrian way rather than from the parking lot.” And the back door feeds over the porch onto the yard, where a play structure and sand toys invite children to play. The bakery is dog-friendly, with a big bowl of water placed on the porch where dogs wait for their owners as they read the paper, sip coffee with friends, or select baked treats inside.

The brick oven was another aspect of the bakery that went into the design plans. Although energy conservation through brick’s power to hold heat was an initial thought, more research revealed welcome culinary challenges as well. “You can bake bread in any old oven,” Kate says, “But brick ovens are masterful. It’s the kind of thing that made it most interesting for us in our field.”

The sisters try to attend some kind of food-conference every year. “We’ve met everyone from bakers to people who mill the flour to people who grow the wheat. It helps us know what’s going on, to look at what we’re doing and think about why we’re doing it.” After one of these conferences, the owners started thinking about the difference between natural leavening breads and yeasted breads. Yeast is in the air around us, not just in a jar that you can buy at the store. They collected their yeast off a cabbage leaf, and now most of their breads are leavened from Homer yeast as well.

Although Two Sisters is a popular tourist destination, the bakery remains busy in the off-season. Their mission is to make fresh bread available every day to the people of Homer; and unlike many businesses that go on vacation during the less lucrative winter season, the bakery simply cuts down production. It also changes a few of its techniques—for example, there’s not enough volume to keep the brick oven going in the winter, so bread is baked in a conventional oven instead. The locals are grateful.

“People come here because they know they’re going to find the good lunch food,” one customer flirts with a barista. But people also come because they know that the Two Sisters crew is invested in Homer: They come because Carri, Sharon and Kate are their neighbors. They come because Two Sisters is the kind of place you walk into and feel at home.

Cub reporter that I am, I’m trying as hard as I can to pull some kind of connection to St. Andrew’s into this article. It shouldn’t be hard. To me it feels implicit. But I’ll spell out what I see. What St. Andrew’s and Two Sisters are trying to do run on parallel tracks. They invest in the community around them; they plan for the future by choosing the most energy efficient and environmentally sustainable options for their futures. And there’s something else, something in the heart of the people who live at St. Andrew’s and in Homer: I think Kate says it best.

“At St. Andrew’s,” Kate muses, “People are consistent throughout their lives. Homer is like St. Andrew’s in that sense. I leave work, and I see people all day that I know. A shared understanding of who you are follows you through the day. Sometimes it does feel like a campus. You leave your workplace and see people and pick back up.”

“I’m choosing a lifestyle more than a career,” Kate says. “I get up in the morning, I bake, and then I have the rest of the day to live in Homer.”

As we say goodbye in the bakery parking lot, Kate happens to glance up and see a moose crossing the street. Very “Northern Exposure,” we agree. Except there is no screen between us and the moose, no theme music cued up. Just a normal event in small-town Alaska, one that can still take our breath away.

Ginna Purrington ’94 has lived in Alaska since 2001. This summer she will move to Spartanburg, S.C., to teach English at the Spartanburg Day School.

Editor’s Note: Henry William arrived in late May to greet his parents, Kate and Jeff.
In Memory

Stuyvesant B. Pell

Stuyvesant B. Pell, consistent first place medal winner in masters rowing races at local, national and international regattas for three decades, died June 3, 2007 at home. He was 75 and had lived in Princeton since 1964.

Mr. Pell spent his childhood on the campus of St. Andrew’s School in Middletown, DE, where his father, the Rev. Walden Pell II, an Episcopal priest, was headmaster. He was born in Pittsfield, MA, where his mother’s family had a home.

Mr. Pell attended the Rectory School in Pomfret, CT for a year before attending St. Mark’s School in Southborough, MA, where he rowed for three years. After receiving his diploma in 1949 he went to Princeton University, he rowed with the 150-pound crew until spring break of his junior year when it was suggested he drop crew to pay more attention to his studies. He enlisted in the Marine Corps during his senior year and after graduating from Princeton in 1953, attended Officer Candidate’s School in Quantico, VA.

Commissioned a 2nd lieutenant, later promoted to first lieutenant, Mr. Pell was assigned to Camp LeJeune in Jacksonville, NC, where he served as commander of a heavy machine gun platoon that was part of a weapons company. His service also included a six month stint in the Mediterranean attached to the Sixth Fleet.

He was released from active duty with the Marines in September, 1955 and was married to Patricia C. Doom of Wilmington, DE the following April. Mr. Pell and his wife lived initially in Sandy Springs, GA, where he worked for the W.R. Bonsal Company, manufacturer of Sakrete and other cement products owned by his mother’s family. After 13 months he joined Chubb & Son insurers and moved to Bronxville, NY with his wife. It was the beginning of a long and varied career in the insurance business carried out in Chubb offices in Seattle, New York and Philadelphia, among others.

The Pells lived on Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound for four years before returning to the east coast in 1964 and settling in Princeton. Mr. Pell took early retirement in 1989 and began devoting his energies to various interests and endeavors, one of which was rowing. As a boy he had rowed a single on Noxontown Pond on the campus of St. Andrew’s School. While living on Bainbridge Island, he had the use of a pre-war Pocock wherry (a wide, stable single shell) that he rowed in Puget Sound. He bought one of the first Pocock-built rowing boats that was not entirely made of wood and brought it to Princeton when he and his family moved east. It was the first of a series of single shells he owned and raced over the years.

At the time Mr. Pell was doing more running after work and on weekends than rowing, and as he developed endurance he began entering marathons. In all he ran eight full marathons—his best time was 3:25—and innumerable half marathons and 10K races. A friend told him about masters rowing races for age 40 and over, and in 1976 at age 45 he borrowed a single shell and rowed his first Head of the Charles Regatta in Boston. Despite not steering well on the unfamiliar winding course, he came in 23rd out of 33 entrants, and a new career of competing in racing shells of all different configurations was launched.

Over the years Mr. Pell placed first in his single at the Head of the Charles seven times and set the course record twice in his age group. He consistently won first place medals at the Head of the Schuykill Regatta in Philadelphia and innumerable other head and sprint races along the east coast, the west coast and in Canada. In 1983 he won his first National Singles Championship in the Grand Master Class, and there were more to come. He competed in four or five FISA international masters races, including the FISA Masters Regatta held on Mercer Lake in September, 2006, winning his age group convincingly in the single. His strategy was to row hard at the start to get ahead of the competition and to stay ahead for the rest of the race.

Mr. Pell was a member and secretary of the Princeton University Rowing Association, a member of University Barge Club in Philadelphia and a founder and former trustee of Carnegie Lake Rowing Association in Princeton.

In addition to rowing, Mr. Pell devoted time and energy to volunteering with the Trenton After School Program. Working with small groups of elementary age children in one of Trenton’s poorest neighborhoods, he developed a rapport with the youngsters as he helped them with their homework, especially math. A skilled builder of model airplanes and boats, he often brought his latest project to class to add to their learning experience.

Mr. Pell was a longtime member of Trinity Church, Princeton and a conscientious member of its Adult Choir. He was vice president and a trustee of the Fort Ticonderoga Association, a Pell family endeavor dating back to 1820 devoted to preserving, maintaining and operating the fort in upper New York state as an historic site open to the public.

Mr. Pell’s wife Patricia died in 2003 and his older sister, Melissa Pell, in 1992.

He is survived by two daughters, Alison C. Pell of Snohomish, Wash., and Sarah B. Pell-Stires of Trenton; two sons-in-law, Michael Helms and Wayne Stires; three grandsons, James, Sam and Grayson Helms of Snohomish; a sister, Mary Leigh Whitmer of Fairfield, Conn. and Quogue, N.Y.; and Louise G. Dunham, a good friend and companion.
Nearly 400 St. Andreans came together in 16 U.S. cities and towns and in London to collectively celebrate the spirit of St. Andrew’s School in April 2007.

Toasts 4—April 17, 2008

Let us know if you would like to host a Toast in your home or hometown!
Ryan Bickley ’10 considers photography one of his many hobbies. Ryan enjoys capturing the wildlife around his home in Chestertown, Md. St. Andrew’s Magazine also featured one of Ryan’s photos on the back cover of the Spring 2007 issue.
Headmaster Walden Pell wrote at the close of 1952 school year:

“This school year was an expensive one. The total cost of operation was $312,154, compared with $285,985 for 1950-1951. The slightly increased income from tuition fees came short of meeting the increased cost per boy, which was $2,167 compared to $2,087 the previous year.

“Slightly more than half the expense of operation was coming from the income from the Foundation’s endowment funds. Shares of stock given in the 1930s had appreciated greatly in value by the 1950s. This fact, along with the wise investment policies of the Finance Committee, had produced a very substantial endowment for the School.”

What was true 55 years ago is still true today at St. Andrew’s: the hidden scholarship, the rising costs of education and the importance of the endowment to ensure need-blind admission and financial aid to St. Andrew’s students.

Help keep financial aid one of the cornerstones of St. Andrew’s. Use appreciated stock or other assets to create a bequest, charitable gift annuity or charitable trust to benefit future generations of St. Andrew’s students AND to save capital gains or estate taxes.

Want to crunch the numbers or compare the different gift vehicles? Check out http://www.standrews-de.org/plannedgiving

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