Ian Stabler ’09, Joshua Speers ’09 and Associate Headmaster Will Speers share a laugh during the Imagination Gallery Opening at the first-ever Alumni Arts Festival.

Ben Bentil ’14 embraces Headmaster Tad Roach before receiving his St. Andrew’s diploma at the 81st Commencement Exercises.
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EDITOR’S NOTE

During her 2012 Commencement Address, Betsy Cahill P’11,’12 rejected the notion of St. Andrew’s as a “bubble.” After years of observation and many trips to campus, Cahill came up with a more accurate description. “I prefer to think of this school as an incubator,” she said. The graduates assembled before her had spent years in the St. Andrew’s incubator practicing kindness, empathy, intellectual engagement and what it means to sacrifice for others. Now, Cahill declared, was the time to take “the life, the values, the lessons that [they’ve] learned at St. Andrew’s and carry them out to the world.”

Cristina Stenbeck Fitzgibbons ’95 took Cahill’s challenge one step further at this year’s commencement, asking the graduates to take their St. Andrew’s experiences and “go to the white space on the map” — the spaces where we find the underserved, the spaces where our education and experiences can be put to the best use.

As it did in the beginning, St. Andrew’s continues to challenge students to be their best selves and then use these newfound powers to benefit others. I see the results in so many of you. I see it in people like Polly Dolan ’85 who founded the SEGA Girls School in Tanzania in 2007. The residential secondary school offers a lifeline for bright and motivated girls who otherwise would not be able to attend school due to extreme poverty. Several St. Andreans actively support Polly’s mission today, including her friend and classmate Ashley Devery ’85 who sits on the Board.

I also see it in less obvious ways as well. My old Voorhees Corridor roommate Tim Trumbauer ’97, who won the Amos Prize for Life Sciences in 1997, recently began working for the Chester River Association. His new job makes it easier for him to do the important work of being a husband and father to his three young kids while ensuring a cleaner river in and around his native Chestertown, Md., for future generations.

In late June, former faculty member Sarah Demers conceived of a series of sports clinics for students in the TEAK Fellowship, a non-profit that helps NYC students from low-income families succeed at top high schools and colleges. Desperate for coaches to teach the clinics, Demers thought of St. Andrew’s. Bernadette Devine ’99 was happy to post a short ask on Facebook and, sure enough, six alums arrived at a field in The Bronx on the following Saturday a little after 8:00 a.m. ready to go.

As Lucy Slack ’14 wrote in the days leading up to graduation, “St. Andrew’s isn’t just a high school. It’s a way of life.” What I’m most proud of is how this way of life — one incubated 5, 10 or 50 years ago — continues to manifest itself through you, our alumni, in countless acts of small kindnesses and a sincere desire to leave your communities and world better than you found it.

I hope you enjoy this latest edition of the St. Andrew’s Magazine. It remains a great time to be a Saint.

Sincerely,

—Will Robinson ’97

Mission Statement of St. Andrew’s School

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.
NOTES FROM FALL 2013

I wanted to let you know that I think you and your staff did an amazing job on the Magazine. Al Wood’s article (“Keeping the Faith”) was particularly touching and I appreciated the prominence of the space given to Carol Simendinger’s memorial. Carol was such an important and wonderful part of the St. Andrew’s experience. I was very grateful her passing was acknowledged in such a big way, although I am sure Carol would blush at the attention. You touched on so much in this issue, I just had to say — Good Job!

Barb Wilson P’03, longtime colleague of Carol Simendinger
Bear, Del.

I enjoyed reading the Editor’s Note about Mary Durkin P’97. It reaffirmed to me that “it’s nice to be important, but it’s more important to be nice.”

Karl Saliba ’81 P’12,’14
Davidsonville, Md.

Thank you for another excellent edition of the Magazine. I was especially pleased to see the double page spread featuring Bill Brownlee ’44 and Carter Werth ‘52. May I also acknowledge Ed Strong ’66’s poignant eulogy to Marks Dryden ’66. It was worthy of The New Yorker.

John Schoonover ’63
Wilmington, Del.

REMEMBERING NORMAN M. THORNTON

Thank you for including the remembrance of my father, Norman Miles Thornton, in the most recent issue of the Magazine. I don’t remember what may have happened, but in the to-ing and fro-ing last summer after Dad’s passing, some details got left out. Here are the gaps some of Dad’s friends will want to know:

The McCarthy Care Center Hospice where Dad died is in Sandwich, MA (Cape Cod).

Thanks very much!

Ted Thornton ’66
Northfield, Mass.

CORRECTIONS

In the Fall 2013 edition of the St. Andrew’s Magazine, we inadvertently attributed a quote and photo from Bridget Dufour ’14’s piece, “Humans of SAS” on page 63, to Liza Tarbell ’13. The quote and photo was from Maddie Izard ’13. We apologize for the mistake.

WHAT WOULD YOU CHANGE ABOUT THE WORLD?

I don’t want to be all Miss America and say “World Peace,” but I wish people got along. I wish there wasn’t so much poverty, but a little more happiness. People are in those positions where every aspect of their life is calculated and overextended and overpowered and exhausting and I just wish there was a little bit more free spirit and a little less concern and a little less stress and a lot more pride and a lot more dancing and a lot more enjoyment. It would be a world where peace and in end poverty would be great, but wouldn’t it also be just as great if everyone was — I don’t want to say happy all the time because that sounds too artificial — but able to find just a little bit more enjoyment and a little more appreciation for opportunities we’ve given and the lives we have and how we are raised because I think that would make for a better life for everyone. I think as much as we all want to change the world to make it a better place, I think what everybody wants and what everybody needs is happiness and success that is defined on their own terms. Our happiness comes from our perception of success. — Maddie Izard ’13

WE LOVE LETTERS (AND EMAILS)

Please email us at communications@standrews-de.org. You can also reach us by fax at (302) 378-7120 or by regular mail at Communications, 350 Noxontown Road, Middletown, DE 19709. Letters should refer to material published in the Magazine and may be edited for clarity and length.
In 1990, Dr. Peter McLean and a crew of six students spent 20 hours planting 500 black walnut trees on an acre where the farm meets the woods just beyond the first cove behind the headmaster’s house. The trees have flourished as a home to foxes, barred owls, groundhogs, darting rabbits, and the occasional students who climb their trunks, straight and tall. *In A Country Year* — a book McLean reads with his Introduction to Biology class every year — Sue Hubbell describes her own black walnut as a “Black Nut Tree of God.”

The trees line a portion of the cross-country course and slower passersby are known to stop and harvest walnuts from the grove’s floor each autumn. The Omega-3 and protein-rich meat inside can taste like maple syrup when ripe, perfect for homemade pies and ice cream or to top off a salad. McLean’s winter Forestry students bush hog the undergrowth every year or so to supplement the trees’ tannins, which naturally work to give them room to grow.

When cut and split, the wood furnishes a beautiful dark grain that surpasses cherry and mahogany in some circles. The trees were originally planted as a timber investment, a financial boondoggle of 50¢ a sapling in 1990 left to grow into today’s prices of $10/foot of planed board. There is no harvest discussion these days, however, no more than removing the bell tower or walling off the Garth. The timber would yield a good price, but the grove takes us closer to God.
The partnership between Science Department Chair Dr. Mark Hammond and Director of Dance Avi Gold wasn’t the most obvious faculty collaboration, so perhaps that was the reason why the results were so electrifying. Gold conceived a dance production that would tell the story of a typical day at St. Andrew’s, but needed support from his colleagues to turn his vision into reality. He soon found himself brainstorming ideas with Hammond and fellow teachers John Burk, Harvey Johnson and Math Department Chair Eric Finch. The more they talked, the more excited they became at the possibilities.

“We were thinking about ways to use static electricity, water funnels, even a fire extinguisher [in the dance], but we landed on a hydrogen balloon,” Gold recalls. The concept was to recreate a typical St. Andrew’s science class with students asking challenging questions and a teacher coaching them through the ensuing struggle to find the answers. Hammond, who doesn’t particularly consider himself a dancer, drew the short straw and was cast as the teacher in the production.

The day of the performance soon arrived and with Beethoven’s 5th thundering through Engelhard Hall, students twisted, turned, and leapt across the stage in pursuit of an elusive solution. As the music builds they find a creative spark, clarity, and a crescendo. Hammond, pleased and proud, rewards them for their efforts with a fantastical display. “People might think I ignite the hydrogen, but I use the flame only to melt the latex of the balloon. It’s the oxygen that creates a reaction with the hydrogen,” says Hammond. “The two combine to create a little bit of water and, as you can see in the picture, a lot of energy.”
For over a decade, outstanding St. Andrew’s soloists have had the opportunity to play great orchestral solo concertos with a very fine orchestra — the one they play in. Like a great musical contest between a virtuoso soloist and an orchestra, the concerto performance is also one of the great artistic exhibitions regularly put on by St. Andrew’s students. Pictured here is principal second violin Alphonso Ramirez ’15 performing the last movement of Max Bruch’s *Concerto in G Minor*, op. 26 in a concert given in late February. To his left is concertmaster Aaron Chang ’14, who had a third solo appearance during the orchestra’s Arts Weekend concerts, and principal cellist Anand Sundar ’14 also made his solo debut. The increasing power and depth of each section has made our orchestra capable of playing works well beyond the norm for high school but almost commonplace for St. Andreans. Most classical musicians train as soloists but rarely have the opportunity to perform a memorized concerto with a full orchestra in the early years. I try to give every student who is ready for the solo experience this great opportunity and challenge.

*by Fred Geiersbach*  
*Director of Instrumental Music*
Many of you know that the National September 11th Memorial Museum at Ground Zero opened this week in New York City. On Thursday, President Obama joined former New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg at the dedication ceremony. In his remarks, the President shared one specific story and symbol that captured both the tragedy and heroism of that day 13 years ago.

On the 78th floor that day, amidst the smoke, and chaos and fear, survivors remember what The New York Times described as “a voice, clear and calm, leading them to the stairs and to safety.” The man held a red bandanna over his face, and he proceeded to go back into the building after each descent. I remember in the days after the attacks, hearing dazed and startled accounts of this man as survivors tried to recall the details of their escape from the Twin Towers. A few months after September 11, Welles Crowther’s mother heard these survivor accounts of this rescuer. She immediately knew this was her 24-year-old son, Welles, who worked in finance but was also a volunteer firefighter. He always carried a red bandanna. His body was found in the wreckage of the Trade Center months later.

In the new Memorial Museum, a red bandanna stands on display, a gift of honor and connection given to the country by Welles Crowther’s mother. President Obama described the bandanna as a symbol of “love, compassion, and sacrifice.”

This example reminds us that heroism unfolds through our courageous ability to accompany, rescue, and sacrifice over and over for others. This example reminds us that even in the face of death, destruction, and chaos, the human spirit of goodness can reassert itself in miraculous ways.

On this Sunday, we at St. Andrew’s are keenly aware that our leaders, mentors, guides, and protectors — the Class of 2014 — graduate in a matter of days. Even as they have practiced the art of accompaniment, empathy, and sacrifice on this campus, we know that the time has come for them to spread out across the country and the world to share peace, reconciliation, human rights, and dignity to new communities. The world needs you.

In a year framed by the chemical attacks in Syria and the kidnapping of boarding school girls in Nigeria, I have realized that the voices of peace and kindness need to speak up more powerfully, assertively, and courageously in a world of appalling blindness and brutality. The forces of violence, hatred, and intolerance continue to recreate themselves in a variety of ways, both within the United States and the world. We have to do a better job of making the case for a vision of change, redemption, and regeneration in our world, even if this ethical voice meets with cynicism, sarcasm, and denial.

We may fall silent and paralyzed because we do not really know how to think beyond the satisfaction of our own needs and interests; or we may become bystanders because we are cowards, unable to assert our ethical principles and beliefs; or we may not believe in our own power and responsibility to effect change; or we may use our education not to engage but to stand aside in skepticism or detachment.

In a recent essay in The New York Times, Wesleyan University President Michael Roth argues that the very pursuit of an undergraduate degree often leads students to the embrace and adoption of attitudes of mind and heart that are focused more on cynicism and
Assertion of Goodness

deconstruction rather than creative acts of courage and change:

“Liberal education must not limit itself to critical thinking and problem solving; it must also foster openness, participation and opportunity. It should be designed to take us beyond the campus to a life of ongoing, pragmatic learning that finds inspiration in unexpected sources, and increases our capacity to understand and contribute to the world — and reshape it, and ourselves, in the process.”

Here, Roth argues that the very purpose of the academy and education lies in the process of embracing wonder, ongoing learning, and participation in the complex issues facing the world. Education, he suggests, is about discovering and making meaning. It is not enough to take a diploma and live apart, in pompous isolation from life, adopting the persona of “self-satisfied debunkers” who excel in the art of “taking things apart or taking people down.” Rather, he urges students and citizens to become “messy participants in continuing experiments or even the reverent beholders of great cultural achievements.”

In conversations with St. Andrew’s students and college-aged alumni, I have tested Roth’s thesis, and I have been struck by how quickly students understand what he is saying. Just yesterday, I talked to one of my former advisees, now preparing to graduate from college in a few days. He said he recognized the analytical detachment, skepticism, and disconnection in himself and in his friends. He endorsed Roth’s call for a defense of the best values, aspirations, and accomplishments of our world.

We pray today for the 260 boarding school girls kidnapped and abducted in April by the terrorist group Boko Haram intent on denying the girls the right to an education we often take entirely for granted. Fifty-three girls escaped from captivity and shared their stories of panic, fear, and escape. The terrorists arrived at the school, threatened the lives of the girls, and forced them to be loaded onto trucks that took them into captivity.

“They told us: We will burn your school. You shall not do school again.”

Several students leapt from the trucks, and later a few more wandered away in the bush when their captors were inattentive. But many of the girls who did not escape appeared in a chilling video released by the terrorists this week.

The world has responded, condemning the actions of the terrorists, seeking ways to rescue the girls, and highlighting the ways citizens can protect the right of girls to achieve an education in the 21st century. It is a battle and a fight St. Andrew’s needs to join. More than religious fundamentalism lies behind the philosophy of those in the world who oppose a girl’s right to an education. As Nicholas Kristof points out in his essay on the Nigerian girls, one of the best ways to oppose terrorism and religious hatred in the world is to educate girls. Such progress lowers birth rates, develops creativity, energy, and momentum for economies, lowers unemployment, and decreases the number of extremists in a society. We here at St. Andrew’s can support the Campaign for Female Education, a program that focuses on impoverished girls in four African countries.

We believe in our seniors and their ability to move into a world of complexity and strengthen their voices, honor the world, and fight for justice and peace. We look with gratitude at their accomplishments and most of all the spirit of their work among us. We see audacious commitments to academic engagement, exploration, and creativity. We see a transformed and electric Arts Program. We see an environmental program that now protects the soul of the campus. We see a community service program that reaches near and far to create hope and meaning and rescue to the world. We honor an athletic culture that explores and defines the power of collaboration, hard work, resilience, and grace under pressure. We see students who work tirelessly to help us understand and celebrate and respect and honor differences. And we remember the words, expressions of kindness, collaboration, and spirit these seniors share with us each day.

We are each of us old enough and wise enough to know that we will hear and witness moments of laceration and pain in our society and in our world. War, terrorism, and human rights violations will continue. Depraved acts of violence and hatred will affect our lives. But now we have each other and St. Andrew’s and a God of peace, love, and reconciliation to give us courage to march back up those steps and enter a burning building.

My wish for our seniors is to engage in this world, to refuse silence, bystander status, and fear. Your diploma is a call to action, to responsibility, to engagement. It is at once a statement that you are entitled to nothing and responsible for everything.

You have lifted us up, each and every one of us. Now do the same in the world.”

TALK OF THE T-DOCK
ONLINE CHATTER

TAKE FIVE: TOP FIVE FACEBOOK POSTS OF 2014

1. **St. Andrew’s School (DE) with Joshua Meier**
   This winter’s been hard, but it sure is beautiful in its own way.

   Photography teacher Joshua Meier’s photograph of Founders Hall after a snowfall reached more than 3,600 people thanks to 231 likes, 16 shares and 7 comments.

   - **Steve Salter ’77**: There it is, the heart of my youth.
   - **Charles Meyer ’94**: Fun fact: This beautiful building was my home from 1990 to 1994.

2. **St. Andrew’s School (DE)**
   Congratulations to Louisa Belk ’16 on being named State Cross Country Runner of the Year.

3. **So proud of Luke, Yousef, and Neel for their presentation on the economic, educational, and environmental benefits of installing solar panels to the Board of Trustees.** As one Board member said, “I’ve never seen a high school presentation that deals with ISSs.”

4. **Congratulations to Moriah Richardson ’14 for being the first VI Former to defend her exhibition paper.** She wrote her paper on Tim O’Brien’s In the Lake of the Woods and, yes, that’s Will Porter ’96 leading the questioning.

5. **It’s a cold and snowy winter Long Weekend here, but these awesome kids warmed up the Epiphany House in Wilmington last night, sharing dinner and conversation with women in the transitional housing program.**

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**The Cardinal**

EDITORS
Katie Bennett
Christopher Chung
Hannah Darling
Louise Dufresne
Nina Fleischer
Peter Fulham
Laura McCready
Sarah Anne McShan
Hayley Swan

Only four short years removed from serving as Editors of *The Cardinal* together, Louise Dufresne ’09 and Peter Fulham ’09 reunited at “Face the Nation” this year. Louise was recently promoted and is now the youngest Associate Producer at CBS News’ Washington Bureau.
IN THE MEDIA

“In the late 1960s and ‘70s, working with the New York City Planning Commission, the sociologist William H. Whyte conducted groundbreaking granular studies of the city’s public spaces, spending hours filming and photographing and taking notes about how people behave in public. Where do they like to sit? Where do they like to stand? When they bump into people they know, how long do their conversations last?

“The Street Life Project, as it was called, was revolutionary in urban planning, changing not only the way we think about public spaces but also what can be learned in this kind of close observational research of human interaction. Whyte believed that if we knew how, say, the placement of benches, or a plaza’s orientation to the sun, affected people’s enjoyment of a public space, then we could go beyond mere observation into the realm of smarter policy. We could make people happier.

“Whyte, like many American urban theorists before him, wanted to combat the alienating, atomizing effects of city life. Today’s atomizing forces are brand new and far less tangible: ubiquitous Internet access, constant email and social-media updates, all distracting us from our surroundings, loved ones and other people around us. But sociologists’ concerns remain the same. Are we really talking to one another? Is modernity making us lonely?”

— Mark Oppenheimer in a New York Times Magazine cover story on how the groundbreaking work of sociologist William Whyte ‘35 continues to inform urban planning 50 years later.

“Canadian tar sands, a mix of clay, sand, and sticky, heavy high-sulfur oil, sit below 34 million acres of pristine boreal forest, a natural community the size of New York State, an area which would be destroyed by mining for the oil. To extract one ton of tar sand, four tons of soil and the life it supports are removed; trees are clearcut, wetlands are drained, and rivers and streams are diverted. Net energy is low; energy economists have estimated that it takes 0.7 barrels of oil to extract, upgrade, and produce just one barrel of oil. Furthermore, the water-intensive processing of the tar sands creates toxic sludge and causes huge releases of other pollutants threatening our water and air, including inordinate amounts of carbon dioxide, thus furthering climate change.

“Let’s work with nature and appreciate ecosystem services, those which give us our clean air and water and are estimated to contribute $33 trillion annually, and let’s focus our efforts on obtaining energy from the sun and other renewables, thereby keeping us and our natural world and future generations more in mind.”


“...In a day when genuinely great statesman seem to be rare, when a priestly class (whether clerics in Iran, rabbis of the ultra-Orthodox in Israel, or fundamentalists preachers in the United States) endorses taking one side or another in endless internecine warfare, it might be good to remember a couplet written by the English poet William Blake (1757-1827): “Mysteries will never cease; the Priest clamors for war, and the soldier peace.” He could not have been more prescient, or more accurate, in describing Atatürk. The unrivaled military tactician and strategist, who was undefeated in the military campaigns that had consumed the first three decades of his life, became the greatest proponent for peace once he established the Republic of Turkey. On the balustrade surrounding Atatürk’s statue, are his words in bronze lettering, “Peace at home... Peace in the World.”

— Author Bulent Atalay ’58 in his article for National Geographic on the first public monument in the United States honoring Turkish President Kemal Atatürk, one of the towering figures of the 20th century.
Students Answer the Call at Model UN

In the 2008 Democratic presidential primary, Hillary Clinton touted her foreign policy experience in what many remember as the “3am Phone Call” television ad. A mother checks in on her sleeping daughter while a deep-voiced narrator offers what’s at stake in the upcoming election: “It’s 3am and your children are safe and asleep, but there’s a phone in the White House and it’s ringing. Something’s happening in the world. Your vote will decide who answers that call.” It was a hypothetical that Zoe Scurletis ’14 lived through this winter.

As a senior member of the St. Andrew’s Model United Nations team, Zoe was quietly working in her Washington, D.C. hotel room after midnight when she heard a knock at the door. North Korea had just invaded South Korea and the thirteen members of the U.N. Crisis Committee, including Zoe, were convening an emergency meeting to formulate a response. “I didn’t get a lot of sleep that night,” Zoe recalls. “One crisis we dealt with was how to address the Soviet Union’s developing nuclear capabilities,” she says. “I also spent some time drafting communications to President Tito asking to meet and for him to stop nationalizing American corporations in Yugoslavia.”

Jay Lee ’14 played the role of Hosni Ben Tarchoun Badri, a member of Tunisia’s Popular Petition party. Jay worked with 60 other students to write a new Tunisian constitution in an exercise that mirrored the events following the North African country’s 2011 Arab Spring revolution. “Sitting in a room filled with smart, outspoken people can be intimidating at first,” explains Jay, “but I think my biggest takeaway was becoming more comfortable speaking in situations, formulating opinions and then articulating them effectively.”

The importance of being able to communicate effectively with people from different cultures and nationalities toward a common goal was not lost on the attendees. Five of the six are international students. Cindy Jung ’15 and Jay are both from Seoul, Korea, Evan Zhong ’15 is from Hangzhou, China, Amanda Sin ’16 hails from Hong Kong, and Gabby Lawson ’14 is one of three current students from Jamaica. Even the lone American, Zoe, lived in Greece in the year immediately before coming to St. Andrew’s.

“These conferences are a tremendous learning experience for students,” says Diahann Johnson who breathed new life into the club in recent years with the leadership of Jonathan Witchard ’13, Jerry Jana ’13 and Duy Anh Doan ’12. “We were snowed out of MIT’s conference last year, so this was the first opportunity for the group to see a Model UN in action.” They had such a wonderful experience that the group is thinking about hosting a one-day conference for the entire student body in the future. “We would love to see more students involved,” explains Zoe. “It’s an incredibly fun and rewarding experience.” It’s also one that will pay dividends in the future as they continue preparing to perhaps one day answer a difficult call in the middle of the night.
Third Formers Finish Second in VEX Robotics Delaware State Championship

John Paris ’17 came to St. Andrew’s with the intent of starting a robotics club and didn’t waste much time getting it off the ground. He recruited a few of his new friends in September and began rummaging through Amos Hall with science teacher John Burk for some spare parts to start building a robot. A few parents heard about the new club and helped fund the purchase of more parts.

“We were just playing around at first, sort of learning as we went,” says John. The boys admitted to knowing little to nothing about robotics when they started, but embraced every part of the challenge.

“I’m interested in engineering and figured robotics was a good place to start. We did a lot of trial and error. It’s also been an awesome team experience,” says John.

Their interest and work paid off in February as the boys finished second in the inaugural VEX Robotics Delaware State Championship. The daylong competition is a high-intensity engineering challenge that features qualification matches, skills challenges, and, finally, elimination rounds.

The boys came out of the qualification round as the 6th seed, but managed to improve in the afternoon rounds. By the end of the day they had moved up to second. “We actually lost in the finals on a rule we didn’t know existed,” explains John. “Our robot ricocheted off the wall and landed in the other team’s starting zone. We were winning at that point, but were forced to end the round while the other team had the chance to add more points.”

The team is already looking forward to competing next year with John again leading the way. “We’re hoping to improve on our performance and look forward to what we hope will be increased competition as robotics becomes bigger in the area.”

You can learn more at www.vexrobotics.com/competition.

Andy Kwon ’15 Wins Two Writing Awards

“I write because I want my thoughts to be heard,” says Andy Kwon ’15 whose thoughts have indeed been heard both on and far beyond campus this year. The avid contributor to the student newspaper, The Cardinal, and literary journal, The Andrean, began submitting his work to outside groups and publishers only a few months ago and has already found success.

In November, the American-Turkish Friendship Alliance honored Andy for his essay on improving education in Delaware. Andy wrote the essay after being inspired by Delaware Governor Jack Markell’s vision for public education, which he shared with students during a visit to campus in the fall. The essay focused on the importance of parent and community investment in every child’s education.

Andy then showed his versatility when the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers awarded him a Gold Key — the highest award it bestows — for a poem he wrote about the Christmas Truce of 1914. He has also written poems about pitching a baseball and the struggles of a bus driver whose faulty brakes force him to choose between the life of his son and that of all his passengers. He’s also pleased with a recent sonnet he wrote about an image of a pig.

“I don’t think that there is a stronger and more engaging media than writing to convey one’s thoughts,” says Andy. “That’s why I’m practicing a lot. I want people to actually pay attention to what I’m saying in my writing and hopefully be influenced by it.”

Andy had the opportunity to practice alongside creative writing teacher and fellow award-winning poet, Chris Childers. “Andy has shown himself to be dedicated, attentive, and conscientious in all aspects of writing, work-shopping, and revising,” says Childers. “He is already an accomplished young writer, but that is very much a result of his continued desire to improve.”

That desire is evident in Andy’s modesty. “Everyone is capable of producing an interesting piece of writing; I just decided to grab the opportunities offered here and motivated myself to put in the extra work.”

So where will this take this young writer now only one year removed from graduation? “I’m sure that I’ll be writing a lot throughout my life. In college, I want to join the newspaper and literary magazine, like I do here. St. Andrew’s has provided me with an excellent opportunity to write both fiction and non-fiction and to get them published.”
Mock Trial Team Argues State of Delaware vs. Cameron Paul

Even the most seasoned lawyers would feel a bit intimidated arguing a first degree murder trial in front of a Superior Court Judge, but members of the St. Andrew's Mock Trial team didn't break a sweat. The team handled four murder trials during a weekend in late February with grace and mental agility beyond their years while proudly representing St. Andrew's in the 2014 Delaware Mock Trial Competition.

The team of six lawyers, William Wetter '14, Zoe Scurletis '14, Tiara Milner '15, Madeline Wood '15, Andy Kwon '15, and Preston Firestone '16, spent months preparing the defense and prosecution of Cameron Paul, a car mechanic accused of disabling the brakes of investment advisor Thor Brush, leading to his fatal car accident. The crime's six witnesses — forensic engineer Lily Shao '16, lead homicide detective Bella Miller '14, toxicologist Jamie O'Leary '14, pharmacist Luke Baumann '15, the victim's son Pranav Singhania '15, and unemployed mechanic Juliette Neil '16 — came prepared to testify and handle anything the competition threw their way and dismantle each cross-examination.

The team spent the better part of each winter afternoon studying the extensive case file, developing theories, and outlining lines of questioning. But that's only half the task. They then needed to present the case with the kind of assertiveness and confidence one would expect from a top litigator.

"Students need to be able to think on their feet, cite rules of evidence, object to a line of questioning when appropriate, and deliver effective and convincing closing and opening arguments that would make Atticus Finch stand up and cheer," explains the team's advisor Will Robinson '97. "Add the fact that they have to do it all while being judged in real courtrooms by lawyers from the Delaware Bar — one of the most prestigious in the country — and you quickly realize how Herculean the task can be."

The team managed it all beautifully and proved itself among the upper-echelon of the competition's twenty-five talented teams. The competition is designed to allow teams to “level-up” after each trial. If you win convincingly in your first trial, then you compete against a team that did the same in your next.

After two wins on the first day, the team found itself in courtroom 8A — the first courtroom on the top floor of the New Castle County courthouse — with the Honorable Paul R. Wallace of the Superior Court of Delaware presiding over the case. It was recognition of the work the team put in leading up to the competition and their ability to effectively present the case when it mattered.

"All of us were tremendously impressed with the level of knowledge you clearly had about the case," wrote Judge Wallace in his decision, "but your ability to present that knowledge in such a clear and convincing way must be commended. I also applaud the team's ability to withstand, persevere really, through opposing counsel's numerous objections."

In the end, the team walked away from the weekend with three clear wins and a close loss to a team that was eventually ranked 5th in the competition. Madeline Wood was outstanding as a defense lawyer and won Most Effective Attorney awards in each of the two trials she led. Tiara Milner also came away with a Most Effective Attorney award for her poise and assertiveness as a member of the prosecution. Both look forward to returning to the competition next year with their sights on more than individual awards. Says Wood, "Mock Trial has been an incredibly rewarding experience and the team has proven to be very strong. There really is no reason why we can't compete to be in the finals and win the championship next year."
Bucket Lists

One Sunday night the freshman girls wrote bucket lists. Ms. Pressman cut out construction paper buckets complete with little handles, and the girls listened eagerly as I told them all of the adventures they could plan: bike rides to Bruster’s, canoeing on the pond, trips to the Amish Market, conversations with teachers they had never spoken with...

I have had a bucket list since freshman year, which I have kept on a sticky note on my computer desktop and added to occasionally. I have yet to attend a service at the Jehovah’s Witness church, run around the pond (I’ve come close), go to the new cupcake place, or make a good friend in Middletown. However, I have longboarded, windsurfed, ridden my bike to Bruster’s in the snow, touched a squirrel (although it was a dead one), skipped lunch, gone camping with friends, and hopefully I can soon cross off “be friends with Mr. Roach.” We’ll see what he says. I seek out ways to go on adventures with friends, and this childlike enthusiasm has provided me with some of my best St. Andrew’s memories.

On Emma Marvil’s bucket list, along with wishes to be better friends with cool senior boys and win a crew race, is “write Jamie a poem every week.” So far, three days have passed and I have received a poem every day. She stuck one on my mirror, delivered one to me in the hallway, and read one aloud to me while I was in the bathroom. One of these poems went something like, “We go together like peanut butter and jelly, like water and Blueberry.” Blueberry is the name I have given to the Great Blue Herons that live on the pond. I absolutely love them, and converted Emma as well. She alerts me every time she sees one.

(One day during preseason, Ms. Pressman texted me to tell me that one was on the floating dock. I missed it, but it was the thought that counted.)

While my fellow seniors laugh affectionately at my childish wonder toward these birds, Emma embraces it. This is one of the things I love most about freshman dorm. Although all of my freshman girls are mature, they are not afraid to be childlike and playful, much more so than my peers. They bring out a youthful side to my personality, and that is when I am the happiest.

I am notorious on freshman dorm for my stories. I make them up on the spot, and they usually end in death when I decide it’s time for lights out. My best stories include “Cookie Monster and Elmo Go to the Zoo,” for which I am joined by two very special guests, my Cookie Monster and Elmo puppets, and a story about a moose named Melvin (whose real name is Eric) who is deathly afraid of mermaids and is stalked by one, which causes his death by heart attack. Thanks to Emma Porrazzo, Caitlin Porrazzo, and Meggie Luke, Melvin/Eric is reincarnated, and in his next life he is a mermoose and ends up marrying the mermaid that stalked him. As crazy as this sounds, the freshmen love it. They beg me for stories; my waiting list is extensive. The ridiculousness is the part they most appreciate.

At St. Andrew’s, we grow up. I have felt myself transition from a nervous, immature girl to a confident, almost-adult. But we can’t be afraid to be children sometimes, because life is too short not to be. The freshmen remind me of this every day, and I will be unashamed as I pack my treasured coloring books and glitter glue for college next year.

Jamie O’Leary ’14 produced this “Talk of the Town” essay during a 10-minute free-writing exercise in Headmaster Tad Roach’s spring tutorial on writing with clarity. She supervised and mentored III Form girls on Pell Dorm this year and looks forward to bringing her coloring books and glitter glue to Princeton University in the fall.
ST. ANDREW’S MOMENTS

1. Students flood the stage as the “Sophomore Band” brings spring Open Mic Night to a raucous conclusion.

2. Sixth Form boys bring dinner to their dates during the 2014 Prom Weekend.

3. Izzy Navarro ’15 adds a splash of color to a winter sunset.

4. IV Form boys relax on Baum after a day of classes.

5. Math teacher Jen McGowan frequently holds sessions in the Dining Hall during breakfast.

6. Preston Firestone ’16 finds five minutes before lunch to play the piano in the Main Common Room.

7. Colin Cool ’17 takes a flight on the sledding hill behind Amos Hall.

8. IV Form girls (and Bella and Bear McLean) gather during a hike picking up trash at Cape Henlopen State Park.
ON CAMPUS SPEAKERS

Dr. Stephon Alexander Delivers 15th Annual William H. Crump '44 Physics Lecture

Dr. Stephon Alexander was studying at Imperial College in London under a postdoctoral fellowship when a night in a pub changed the trajectory of his career. Alexander was playing around with some ideas on a napkin when he sketched out the first steps of what he would later dub the “Minimal Void” scenario; a theory that can help explain supernovae data and informs the debate between local void and dark energy in the universe. The eventual paper has been cited 125 times since late 2009. “I wasn't in a lab with a lab coat on, surrounded by all the stereotypical dressings of a scientist,” Alexander recalled. “I was just playing, fiddling around in a pub.”

The importance of engaging with science in a playful way within everyday life was Alexander's core message to students during the 15th Annual William H. Crump '44 Physics Lecture held in Engelhard Hall. The Earnest Everett Just 1907 Professor of Natural Sciences at Dartmouth College offered several examples in history of scientific breakthroughs emanating outside of the sterile labs many of us might picture in our minds. Alexander’s own hero, Richard Feynman, once famously witnessed a student whizzing a plate across the Cornell University cafeteria. The observation led to his “wobbling plate explorations” and, eventually, his groundbreaking work on subatomic particles.

Science as play came naturally to Alexander who was born in Trinidad, but grew up in the Bronx during the birth of hip-hop. Alexander admitted he wasn't much of a student as a young boy, but he did have an affinity for math and became immersed in the thriving culture of his neighborhood where artists were experimenting with new forms of music and dancing. He began seeing the confluence of math, science, and the arts and it helped push his scientific pursuits while also becoming an accomplished jazz musician.

A baritone saxophone rested near him on stage during his talk. When he turned it over to the students for questions the first request was to see him play. Alexander smiled at the cheering audience, picked up the saxophone and then ripped off a freestyle jazz interlude. The moment perfectly introduced Alexander's current work, a book on the connection between science, math and music that stretches back to Pythagoras.

The next day, Alexander graciously attended several science classes where students had an opportunity to ask him more questions about his life and work in small-group settings with the professor peaking in between groups. He also met with visiting alumni and members of the science department to discuss the current and future aspirations of the department.

“Dr. Alexander's visit was invaluable to the many students he inspired and to the members of the science department,” said Physics teacher John Burk. “He provided a sounding board for our ideas and affirmed our daily work to provide students with opportunities to do the real work of scientists.”

Dr. Alexander’s visit was made possible by the William A. Crump, Jr. ’44 Endowed Physics Fund. William A. Crump, Jr. ’44 endowed the fund to provide an annual lecture by an eminent physicist and to improve the physics program.

Dr. Alexandra Cox ’97 Visits Classes, Hosts Headmaster’s Forum on Juvenile Justice

Dr. Alexandra Cox ’97 returned to campus this year to share her current work and engage students on ethical issues around incarceration and juvenile justice. She began her day visiting Terence Gilheany’s Religious Studies 6 Ethics class working with students to compare the Norwegian and U.S. prison systems before observing several classes to help inform her teaching as an Assistant Professor of Sociology at SUNY Paltz.

In the evening she hosted a special Headmaster’s Forum around issues of juvenile justice with students deconstructing policies that allow for juveniles to be tried as adults. More questions were asked than answered leaving several to continue the discussion well into a second hour. “I was incredibly impressed with the kids who came to the forum,” said Cox. “It wasn't just the questions they asked or how they formed ideas, but how they were able to often disagree with each other in ways that were civil and raised the discussion level. They led the discussion by the end.”

This marked the fourth time in as many years that Cox has offered her time to work with students. She was a four-year member of the Honor Committee and Residential Leader on Upper Pell as a IV Former before heading to Yale University and eventually earning her Ph.D. from the University of Cambridge in 2012 on a Gates Cambridge scholarship. She is also a founding board member of Literacy for Incarcerated Teens, an organization that helps to build libraries in juvenile facilities and supports author visits to those facilities.
Ambassador William Brownfield ’70 Visits Campus

Ambassador William Brownfield didn’t show any signs of jet lag during his two days attending classes and meeting with students and faculty in late January. He arrived on a Friday morning after traveling from Syria where he was touring refugee camps only the day before.

Brownfield holds the rank of Career Ambassador, the highest rank in the U.S. Foreign Service and currently serves as Assistant Secretary for International Narcotics and Law Enforcement Affairs. He spent a decade as U.S. Ambassador to Chile, Venezuela, and Colombia and graciously offered his wealth of experience and insight to students.

“Ambassador Brownfield is incredible,” proclaimed Kelvin Cuesta ’14 who spent more than an hour with the ambassador in his Advanced Topics Tutorial in Spanish class. The class is made up of only two students, Kelvin and TJ von Oehsen ’14, and taught by Marta Guevara, a native of Costa Rica. The four spoke entirely in Spanish with Ambassador Brownfield providing feedback on the boys’ current research projects, explaining his work and encouraging the boys to continue immersing themselves in other cultures.

Last Installment of “2013-2014 Visiting Artist Series” Brings Forest Woodward to Campus

The Visiting Artist Series aims to bring four artists to campus each year to spark the imagination and stretch the possibilities of modern art. Forest Woodward was a senior at the University of North Carolina when he decided to turn his passion for photographing life’s beautiful moments into a career. “I started taking stock photographs. I traveled to Spain. I made a go of it.” He did more than that as the young photographer demonstrated over his three days on campus in April.

Woodward, a former student of photography teacher Joshua Meier, screened the documentary Food Chains with director Sanjay Rawal, who traveled from New York City for the screening. Woodward served as Director of Photography on the film. “Food Chains” shines a bright light on the hidden world of farm laborers in places like California and Florida who often work in substandard conditions for substandard wages. The film premiered a week later at the Tribeca Film Festival.

“The film posed interesting questions of how we as consumers play a part in what amounts to a modern form of slavery,” said Allison Wendt ’14 who attended the screening with friends. “Are we willing to pay more for our food? Should we care more about not only where our food comes from, but who is responsible for making it so accessible?”

The next night, Woodward opened the final installment of the 2013-2014 Visiting Artist Series in the Warner Gallery with photographs he captured while working on the film. The packed gallery, with students, faculty and parents, covering most of the floor listened to Woodward describe his process and vision while capturing the lives of the farm workers.

The intersection of art and social change was at the forefront of most students’ minds. Doug McLaurin ’14, who discovered a love for art thanks to four years of classes with John McGiff, asked Woodward how art can inspire social change. “It’s not about editorializing or commentary,” explained Woodward. “It’s about opening people’s eyes to the realities of our world.”

Students were also curious about his successful commercial work for companies like Forbes, Patagonia, Outdoor Research, CamelBak, Esquire, Men’s Health and dozens of other clients. “I try not to make any distinction between the work I do for others and the work I do for myself,” said Woodward whose passionate pursuits have led him around the world and, at least for a short while, to Middletown.

You can learn more about Woodward and view his work at http://www.forestwoodward.com.

Brownfield also visited several history classes and spent part of Saturday morning at the home of history teacher Lindsay Brown with his History of the Middle East students.

“We are tremendously grateful for the dedication of our alumni,” said Director of Advancement Gordon Brownlee ’75 who was instrumental in welcoming Ambassador Brownfield back to campus. “Bill embodies the high character, commitment to service, and intellectual curiosity that remain the core values of a St. Andrew’s education. The students were rightfully inspired by the example he sets in his career and the generosity he showed in making time in his busy schedule to be here.”

Ambassador Brownfield has received the Secretary of State’s Distinguished Service Award and the Presidential Performance Award three times. He was a three-sport varsity athlete, member of the Spanish Club and writer for The Cardinal at St. Andrew’s before attending Cornell University, the University of Texas School of Law and the National War College.
ST. ANDREW’S MOMENTS

Mary Kelly’s Latin 2 students read Cornelius Nepos’ Life of Atticus aloud as an introduction to reading connected, genuine Latin prose.

Nate Crimmins and his VI Form Philosophy class consider the subtle differences between universal truths.

Dr. Sara O’Connor ’89 takes her AS Biology students through a tour of a pig’s heart.

AS Chemistry students give Dr. Harvey Johnson ’97 an update on their independent project on how varying temperatures impact the chemical reaction between phenol oxalate ester and hydrogen peroxide — more commonly known as the “magic” inside a glow stick. Lower temperatures slow the reaction, but will also cause the glow stick to stay brighter longer.

Luke Baumann ’15 gave several memorable presentations during School Meeting this spring. His data-driven research and humor kept his peers (and teachers) interested and informed on everything from the financial and environmental impact of using LED light bulbs to the ways even the most open-minded among us can unconsciously reinforce structural homophobia in our communities.

Some trees, especially the large Oak in front of Founders Hall, just call out for climbers.

Neemu Reddy challenges her III Form English students to consider the role of power and control in E.L. Doctorow’s Ragtime.
Chris Klebl ’90 Wins Gold at Sochi Paralympics

Chris Klebl ’90 wasn’t supposed to win the last race of the 2014 Sochi Paralympics. The 11-time U.S. National Cross-Country Ski Champion was competing in his third Paralympics and had yet to win a medal. Russia, the host nation, had already won more than its fair share in Sochi—79 medals to be exact with Ukraine coming in a distant second with 24.

The Russians had even pushed the 10K cross-country ski race back to the final event with the expectation of ending the games celebrating the victory of Russian skier Roman Petushkov and his would-be-record 7th gold medal. But it was Klebl who crossed the finish line first in front of a grandstand of shocked Russian fans, dignitaries and President Vladimir Putin.

Klebl seized the lead at the four-kilometer mark and never relinquished it, finishing in a time of 30:52, 14-seconds faster than his closest competitor. “The Paralympics are once every four years and this is my third,” Klebl told CBC Sports. “I’ve been doing this for 10 years. It was the last opportunity for the next four years. I’m pretty excited.”

Klebl added the gold to a collection that has already secured his place among some of the most decorated athletes in St. Andrew’s history. A snowboarding accident left him paralyzed from the waist down in 2005, but did little to slow him down. By the following winter he worked his way onto the American Para-nordic team and went on to compete at the 2006 Paralympic Games in Turin, Italy, and the 2010 Games in Vancouver. In six years with the U.S. team Klebl won more than a dozen World Cup medals and 11 U.S. national titles. In 2011, he moved to Alberta to join the Canadian national team for the 2011 World Championships, where he won gold in the 15-kilometer and silver in the sprint and added six more World Cup medals the following season.

“Chris was a prolific and very tough rower for St. Andrew’s,” remembers crew coach Lindsay Brown. “He won gold in the pair with coxswain event at the Scholastic National Regatta in ’89. He worked hard, pulled hard, and was willing to endure a whole lot of discomfort in the pursuit of excellence.”

That pursuit will continue for Klebl as he continues to train for next season’s World Cup and already has his sights set on making it to his fourth paralympics in Pyeongchang, South Korea in 2018.

Louisa Belk ’16 Named Gatorade Delaware Girls Cross Country Runner of the Year

In its 29th year of honoring the nation’s best high school athletes, Gatorade, in collaboration with USA TODAY High School Sports, announced Louisa Belk ’16 as its 2013-14 Gatorade Delaware Girls Cross Country Runner of the Year.

The award, which recognizes not only outstanding athletic excellence, but also high standards of academic achievement and exemplary character demonstrated on and off the racecourse, distinguishes Louisa as Delaware’s best high school girls cross country runner.

Louisa was also a finalist for the prestigious Gatorade National Girls Cross Country Runner of the Year award.

Louisa was the fastest runner in the state this year winning the Division II individual state championship with a time of 18:08.88 and leading St. Andrew’s to a second place team finish. She was also the Runner of the Year as named by the New Castle County Coaches Cross Country and Track Association. Louisa concluded her first cross-country season unbeaten against Delaware competition.

Louisa is a member of the Student Activity Committee (SAC), the yearbook staff and plays the violin in the orchestra. She has donated her time locally on behalf of the National Girls Collaborative Project, which educates girls about career opportunities in science, technology, engineering and math and volunteers on Tuesday afternoons as a mentor at a local elementary school.

“Despite being new to the sport, Louisa Belk quickly mastered the skill of training and racing,” said head coach Wilson Everhart ’95. “She showed tremendous poise despite being challenged by every top runner in a very fast state. Ultimately, she distinguished herself by beating every in-state competitor every time in multiple large invitationals.”

The Gatorade Player of the Year program annually recognizes one winner in the District of Columbia and each of the 50 states that sanction high school football, girls volleyball, boys and girls cross country, boys and girls basketball, boys and girls soccer, baseball, softball, and boys and girls track & field, and awards one National Player of the Year in each sport. The selection process is administered by the Gatorade high school sports leadership team in partnership with USA TODAY High School Sports, which works with top sport-specific experts and a media advisory board of accomplished, veteran prep sports journalists to determine the state winners in each sport.

Louisa joins Eric Boateng ’05 (basketball) as the second St. Andréan named a Gatorade Player of the Year.
Lou O’Brien Berl ’84 Named NCAA Lightweight Coach of the Year

Well that didn’t take long. This fall we shared that Lou O’Brien Berl ’84 P’17 was named Head Coach of the Harvard-Radcliffe lightweight crew team. Eight months later, the Collegiate Rowing Coaches Association named Berl the 2014 Lightweight Coach of the Year after leading the varsity eight to its first IRA National title since 1997. Three of Berl’s rowers, Erin Driscoll, Elizabeth Lenczowski and Katherine Mallett earned Pocock All-American honors.

Down seven seats with 500 meters to go in the IRA final, the team kicked it into high gear to nip Stanford and Bucknell at the line. It was reminiscent of the kind of effort and determination their coach rowed with at St. Andrew’s and then the US Junior National Team 30 years earlier.

“They have more heart and drive than I could have asked for,” Berl told the Harvard Crimson after the race. “It’s been a phenomenal year. We have worked hard. We knew today was going to be a barnburner and that we’d have to come from behind, but I didn’t know it would be that dramatic of a finish! I’ll take it!”

Berl met her victorious crew at the dock to lead a group huddle before presenting each with their championship medal and a hug. In a telling moment, race officials presented Berl with the National Championship trophy, but she immediately passed it on to her rowers who cheered and held it aloft.

Berl was only one of about a dozen St. Andreans who competed at this year’s IRA championships held at Mercer Lake in New Jersey. Other competitors included Jameson Pesce ’11 who coxed the Princeton V8 to 5th place, Sean Crowley ’11 who stroked the Northeastern University V8 to 7th place, and Katie Toothman ’12 who helped pull the Stanford University V8 to a 6th place finish.
Student-Athletes Represent St. Andrew’s in Spring All-Star Games, Varsity Baseball Team Recognized with Sportsmanship Award from the Interstate Umpire Association

One team was recognized for excellence and three St. Andrew’s seniors extended their spring seasons after being selected for postseason All-Star games in their respective sports.

Baseball player Will Brown ’14 was selected for the 37th Blue-Gold All-Star game on June 8 at Frawley Stadium in Wilmington. Will played errorless baseball for three innings at first base and had one at-bat in the game. Will hit .269 on the season and struck out 69 batters in only 45.2 innings pitched, an average of 1.6 strikeouts per inning. Will pitched St. Andrew’s to a 2-1 win over Tower Hill in early April, allowing only three singles while recording six strikeouts. He was a three-sport varsity athlete at St. Andrew’s, helping the soccer team reach the state semis this fall and playing guard on the basketball team. In addition to earning All-Conference honors in soccer and basketball, Will was selected to the 1st Team All-Conference as a first baseman and 2nd Team as a pitcher.

Before the game, the St. Andrew’s varsity baseball team was honored with the state’s “Rocky Salvatore” Sportsmanship Award as voted on by umpires from the Interstate Umpires Association. The occasion marked the fourth time in the past 20 years that St. Andrew’s has won the award, including in 1995 in the award’s inaugural year. “Sports at St. Andrew’s has always been about more than winning and losing,” said athletic director emeritus and varsity baseball coach Bob Colburn. “We learn life lessons about honor, hard work, and, of course, sportsmanship. I’m proud of how the players conducted themselves on and off the field this spring.”

Aly Saliba ’14 finished her four-year varsity lacrosse career with a 1st Team All-State selection and an invitation to the Blue-White All-Star game where she scored 2 goals in helping the Blue All-Stars to an 18-15 win. Aly scored 63 goals on only 73 shots this spring in helping the Saints. She also added 28 assists and 94 draw controls. Her total of 91 points placed her 5th in the state.

Aly will join her sister, Grace Saliba ’12, on the Franklin & Marshall lacrosse team next spring. The Diplomats (17-2) were ranked #7 in the country when they fell in the DIII NCAA tournament quarterfinals to eventual champion Salisbury University. Grace finished the season third on the team in points with 43 behind 22 goals and 21 assists.

In mid-June, Sam Gowen ’14 joined the best football players in the state for the 59th Annual Blue-Gold All-Star Football Game to benefit the DFRC. The Blue-Gold game is unique in that players are paired with buddies living with intellectual disabilities through the DFRC Hand-in-Hand program. Sam spent the spring with his buddy, Hayden. The two went bowling, took walks together and hung out on several occasions, all while Sam finished up his senior year. The commitment was only four months, but they formed a lifelong bond in the process. Like Saliba and Brown, Gowen was a four-year starter at St. Andrew’s, earning All-Conference honors on both offense and defense as a senior. He’ll continue to play next fall at Williams College.

GO SAINTS!

Proud papa Karl Saliba ’81 with daughter, Aly ’14, after the Blue-White All-Star lacrosse game.
Durkin Fleischer Squash Center Hosts Inaugural US Squash Junior Tournament

The Durkin Fleischer Squash Center hosted its first ever US Squash junior tournament, the St. Andrew’s Silver, this winter. Twenty-four St. Andrew’s students joined draws that included thirty players from Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, New York, and Washington, D.C. Winners were crowned in seven divisions: Boys' Under 11, 15, 17, and 19, and Girls' Under 13, 17, and 19, including our own Carson Long ’15, who won his first US Squash championship in the Boys’ Under 17 division. Participants came away in awe of the new Durkin Fleischer Squash Center and deeply impressed by students and faculty’s welcoming spirit, sportsmanship, and commitment to squash.

Parent after parent complimented the beautiful new courts. One visiting parent, rapt by the center, told St. Andrew’s coach Chris Childers, “I thought we knew all the major facilities in the area, but we’d never heard of this place, and it might be the best of all!” The tournament also had the extraordinary pleasure of welcoming six players and a coach from Squash Smarts in Philadelphia, an urban squash program for underserved youth. The visit was engineered by Carson and facilitated by Associate Head (and girls’ JV squash coach) Will Speers, who graciously offered them his house for the weekend. They brought a positive, focused presence to the event and played numerous quality matches against St. Andrew’s players, losing some and winning some, and contributing mightily to the atmosphere of the tournament.

“The tournament was a great moment in St. Andrew’s squash history,” said Carson who is a V Form captain of this year’s boys varsity team. “It was the first competitive, individual squash tournament many of our team had ever taken part in, yet they took to it instantly. I felt so much pride for the program watching two evenly matched St. Andrew’s players go head-to-head. Who won was irrelevant. They both played for the thrill of competition and the opportunity for improvement. It was squash at its purest.”

Special thanks goes to Chris Childers for conceiving the tournament and working with US Squash to bring it to St. Andrew’s, Nicole Cristy of Meadow Mill Club in Baltimore for her expert administration of tournament, Karen Gowen for providing photography, and for former US National Team Coach Richard Millman as an invaluable mentor, coach and Tournament Referee.

We must also thank the many families who have generously supported the squash program in recent years, making the Durkin Fleischer Squash Center a reality, and the students and coaches who have worked tirelessly to raise the level of play at the center since its opening in 2012.

2013-2014
All-State Honorees

**Boys Soccer**
State Tournament Semi-Finalist
Chris Hanrahan ’14
3rd Team
Colin Brownlee ’14
2nd Team

**Cross-Country**
Louisa Belk ’16
1st Team
State Champion
Delaware Runner of the Year
Gatorade Runner of the Year
Alex McIlvaine ’14
2nd Team

**Girls Swimming**
Caroline Fry ’16
2nd Team

**Boys Swimming**
Alec Huang ’16
Honorable Mention

**Boys Basketball**
Ben Bentil ’14
1st Team
Myles Stephens ’15
Honorable Mention

**Girls Soccer**
Morgan Hallow ’15
3rd Team

**Girls Lacrosse**
Aly Saliba ’14
1st Team

**Boys Baseball**
IUA Sportsmanship Award
1 Girls soccer players celebrate an early goal in an eventual 4-1 win over Tatnall School. The team recorded season sweeps of Tatnall and Tower Hill in its inaugural spring season.

2 Coach David Miller welcomes Colin Cool ’17 to first base after running out an infield single against Wilmington Friends. Will Brown ’14 pitched one-hit ball and the Saints pounded out 15 hits to win 11-0.

3 Boys lacrosse players (and at least one excited fan) mob Peter Stansbury ’15 (center) after he converted a fast break in overtime against Sanford School. Peter also scored the tying goal in the final seconds of regulation to send the game into overtime.

4 A long winter that extended into late March couldn’t keep the varsity crew team off Noxontown Pond. The hard work paid off. Led by Coach Wilson Everhart ’95, both the Girls Senior Eight and Junior Eight made the Stotesbury finals to complete a rare “double” in May.

5 Girls lacrosse faced several tough tests early in the season, but never lost their enthusiasm. They finished the season with four straight wins, including a 13-9 win over state finalist Charter.
Taylor Graves ’14 (left) was one of many dedicated students who volunteered to teach swim lessons to willing peers on Friday evenings.

Students cheer on Headmaster Tad Roach as he shoots three-pointers to raise money for the Mary Kline Classic in support of cancer research.

Math teacher Jon Tower ran the 2014 Boston Marathon in 3:14:32, or 7:26/mile. He ran for much more than a fast time, however. The father of two, who often trained between classes, raised $1,895 for Boston Children’s Hospital.

If there’s a major rowing regatta somewhere in the world, there’s a good chance St. Andreans will meet. Liza Tarbell ’13, Will Bowditch ’13, and Susannah Donoho ’13 found each other among the 1,200 competitors at the New England Rowing Championships in early May.
Students Embrace the Season of Giving Through Local Adopt-a-Family Program

Amidst the mad rush of holiday shopping at the nearby Christiana Mall, senior class co-president TJ von Oehsen ’14 faced a conundrum. He and Josue Chavez ’14 were tasked with hunting down a pair of Nike sneakers, size 6. “The problem was we weren’t sure if we needed an adult or children size 6,” recalled TJ. He wasn’t sure because he didn’t know the person who needed the shoes. All the boys had was a photocopied Christmas wish list given to them by the Adopt-a-Family coordinator at the Neighborhood House, a community service non-profit with offices in Wilmington and Middletown. “The list just said that he was a boy and that he was 15.” After several minutes of deliberation and a few runs between the adult and children sections, they went with the adult size 6.

The moment was one piece of a commitment on the part of the VI Form to adopt a family during the holiday season. Every Christmas, the Neighborhood House works to connect dozens of families in the Middletown area living below the poverty line with those looking to help make their Christmas a little bit merrier. The Form collected enough money through fundraising and the Vestry to adopt two families this Christmas. They then hit the mall on a busy Saturday with the wish lists that included mostly clothes, linens, and kitchen supplies before coming together in the Main Common Room to wrap the gifts and make homemade cards for St. Andrew’s staff members by the warmth of a roaring fireplace.

Adopt-a-Family is becoming a growing tradition at St. Andrew’s. The boys basketball team has participated in Adopt-a-Family for the past several years, and faculty members and advisee groups have quietly chosen to give back through the program each holiday season. “I first learned of the opportunity through Taylor ’96 and Will Porter ’96 several years ago and [co-advisor] Bernadette Devine ’99 suggested the Form get on board this year,” says Form co-advisor Will Robinson ’97. “It was a great idea.”

The presents were eventually delivered to the Neighborhood House where they were piled up in the hallway not far from a stack from faculty member Ann Taylor ’86 and her family. Robinson continues: “What I like most about the Adopt-a-Family program is that it can be deeply personal in that there is a serious commitment of both time and money, yet there is no clear, direct payoff to those who give that time and money. It is something Dave DeSalvo taught my class as our advisor in the 1990s. You just have to go about your business with the faith that somewhere there are a bunch of kids waking up and running to the Christmas tree to feel the pure joy and recognition that Santa came. Service can be deeply rewarding, but this experience reminded everyone involved that, in the end, it’s not about us.”

Students Forge Connections with Delaware School for the Deaf

There are moments we can turn to that helped define the trajectory of our lives. For Andy Kwon ’15 it was a decision to befriend a physically challenged student in his elementary school. At first, Andy did what many would do and joined the safe confines of the group who would tease and bully the easy target. But then something happened within him, or perhaps he simply acted on the uneasiness that would surface after the encounters. “I decided to be his friend instead, to get to know him better,” recalls Andy. As a result, Andy learned more about disabilities and made it a priority to do what he could for kids who are in any way different, disabled, or less fortunate.

As a freshman on the St. Andrew’s JV baseball team, Andy spoke up when varsity coach Bob Colburn asked his players to join him in a game with players from M.O.T. Little League’s Challenger Division. “He asked special permission to join the varsity players in the game and was moved by the experience,” says JV coach and chaplain Dave DeSalvo. The experience galvanized Andy to launch St. Andrew’s Raising Awareness, or SARA, which works to foster connections between St. Andrew’s and those with physical or mental challenges.

Last year, he organized a trip to the University of Delaware to hear Rich Everts ’96 speak about his documentary
“The United States of Autism,” and organized a special meeting for students this winter with Dr. Alec Hoon ’70 to learn more about his work as director of the Phelps Center for Cerebral Palsy and Neurodevelopmental Medicine at Kennedy Krieger Institute.

Through a connection with the Challenger Division, Andy became aware of the Delaware School for the Deaf (DSD) in Newark, Del. He scheduled a visit last fall and DeSalvo drove him to meet administrators, including specialist Mary Hicks. Andy proposed the possibility of creating a relationship between St. Andrew’s and DSD similar to the relationships St. Andrew’s has with St. Mark’s in South Africa or Lafond School in Haiti.

The administrators were skeptical at first. They had a history of relationships with schools that require community service hours, but do not commit to a lasting relationship. St. Andrew’s remains one of the few schools in Delaware without such a requirement, choosing instead to rely on the students’ desire to help others. Andy’s sincerity convinced them to agree to see what happened next.

What happened was that Andy organized a visit to St. Andrew’s by DSD’s students and faculty in early December. He recruited classmates Spencer Peet ’15 and Pranav Singhania ’15 to join him in giving a tour of the School. “The students were awesome,” says Andy. “They were very interested in our honor system and dorm life since they’re also a boarding school.”

After that meeting, it was clear that St. Andrew’s was sincere about forming a closer connection. Andy stayed in touch with Hicks and together they organized a basketball game between St. Andrew’s and DSD students in late February. “We went up with a van full of kids who wanted to play and support Andy and his idea,” says DeSalvo who coached the St. Andrew’s team. “It was great fun.” It was also a closely contested game with DSD scoring a layup in the final seconds to win 39-38. “The people that went said they at first thought of it as community service, but by the end, it was just a bunch of kids having fun playing basketball.”

It was the lesson Andy learned back in elementary school that he was now sharing with his classmates. “The greatest challenge is getting to know each other and that’s made even more difficult when seemingly glaring differences keep us apart. It’s important to remember that we all breathe the same air, love, and hurt and just like to play games like basketball sometimes.”

Andy sees the game as just the beginning of a relationship between the two schools. He’s currently exploring the possibility of creating a mentoring and tutoring program for DSD’s younger students. “We are also planning a few fundraisers, trips, and other activities. There’s a lot to plan for the future.”

Wit Keating ’16 Makes Special Delivery to Ronald McDonald House

Wit Keating was seven years old and in the second grade when he started collecting aluminum pull-tabs for the Ronald McDonald House in Baltimore. He would collect and snap tabs at school and sports events and even scour the recycling bins in the neighborhood on Thursday evenings when bins were put on the curb. He’s spent half his life collecting tabs, thinking about the families of pediatric patients who rely on the services the house provides while their children — primarily oncology patients — are undergoing medical treatment.

Right after Christmas, Wit made a special delivery of 12 one-gallon bags of tabs to the Ronald McDonald House. Proceeds from recycling the tabs help fund the van service available to families staying at the house, which shuttle them to and from the six hospitals in the Baltimore area. On the day of the delivery, VP Development Debbie Hood gave Wit a tour of the facility and explained how families are able to use the home away from home. For many critically ill children and their families, the Ronald McDonald House provides some normalcy in a stressful time.

“We have so many awesome people in the community like Wit who collect tabs for us,” says Lauren Kohr, the Development and Community Relations Manager at the house. “Those small efforts can lead to big results. We normally
SAINTS IN SERVICE

receive about $7,000 worth of tabs in a year and every dollar counts. It also is a great way to get the whole community involved.”

Perhaps Wit’s greatest contribution is passing on the torch of service to a younger neighbor who has started collecting tabs in the same way Wit did eight years ago.

“I started him out by taking him around the park near our house during outdoor concerts to collect the tabs and now he’s hooked.”

Of course Wit’s own collection bag is never too far away. “I think we’ll always have one somewhere in the kitchen.”

Students Answer the Call of Code Purple

Sam Gowen ‘14 cuts a large and friendly figure as he slowly walks through the expansive mess hall at Andrew’s Place, an emergency winter shelter for Wilmington’s homeless. He’s carrying a large tray of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches on Wonder Bread asking the several dozen inhabitants of the room if they’d like seconds, or thirds. He wants to make sure nothing goes to waste. A few take his offering. One man carefully wraps a sandwich in a paper towel before tucking it into his coat pocket.

Vestry members of Wilmington’s St. Andrew’s Episcopal Church founded Andrew’s Place in the winter of 1989 with a dozen army cots in the church basement. Today, it is a full service emergency shelter offering its guests hospitality when temperatures drop below freezing. It’s been an exceptionally busy winter for the always present Bill Perkins, the Executive Director of Friendship House, a growing network of ministry, housing, and job readiness programs for those with temporary needs, the chronically homeless, and every step in between. The need for the emergency winter shelter, or “Code Purple” as it is known to volunteers, is apparent in the several dozen people resting and eating in the mess hall, escaping from outside temperatures in the teens.

St. Andrew’s students have made the trek to Wilmington with Chaplain Jay Hutchinson to support the shelter at least once a week, in two successive shifts, through this exceptionally cold and long winter. Perkins sets them to work as soon as they arrive. The early shift spends two hours preparing soup and sandwiches, welcoming the steady wave of those seeking shelter, and then eating in fellowship with the residents spread out among the more than dozen tables in the room. Malcolm Brown ’14 gravitates toward a family with small children and sets to work bringing smiles to their faces. In a few hours the second shift of students arrive to begin the long task of cleaning up. It’s a series of scrubbing, sweeping, and mopping that takes them from the kitchen to the bathrooms and, finally, the large mess hall after the residents have slowly made their way back outside and down the street to a series of temporary beds a block away.

Afterwards, Perkins talks with the students about the increasing number of young people he sees walking through his doors. “Millenials are the largest growing population of homeless in America today,” he says, challenging them to help lead their generation back to an ethic of hard work and patience. He recalls one young person who said he’d rather live on the streets than deal with a difficult boss. It’s a message that confounds the group of students only minutes removed from the labor of cleaning up a homeless shelter.

Beyond the work, students also appreciate the opportunity to simply talk and eat with the residents. Aly Saliba ’14 is one of many students Perkins has come to rely on this winter. She spent a large portion of the night with a single mother toting three small children. “My hope is that just being a presence — showing them that people care about them and their well-being — will give them hope that, with a little bit of directional aid, they can recover from whatever setback they’re dealing with and live the life they desire.”

Perkins thanks each of them for their help before they shuffle back out to a van and make the drive down to Middletown. They’re already about a half hour late for study hall and some have plans for late nights working on English exhibitions. Still, they leave thankful for whatever challenges they’ll face in the coming days and weeks. “I needed to get away from studying for a bit anyway,” says Gowen, when asked why he volunteered that evening. “It’s just where I wanted to be tonight.”

August Saguil ’17 Leads Support of His Homeland

Manila-native August Saguil was only five weeks into his St. Andrew’s experience when typhoon Haiyan devastated the Philippines. It was the most powerful typhoon ever recorded in the Philippines with sustained winds of up to 195 mph, a foot of rain in less than 12 hours and 19-foot storm surges pounding the archipelago. Preliminary estimates put the damage at $1.5 billion. The human cost continues to rise months later with more than 6,300 confirmed fatalities and another 1,000 people still missing.
On the other side of the planet, August sat in his dorm room searching for a way to help. “These were my people and they were suffering,” he remembers thinking. “I knew I had to do something to help.” He first reached out to his roommates Angel Bruno from Newark, N.J., and Adam Gelman from Fairfax, Va., for advice. They in turn sought out their dorm parents and seniors. Being so far from home was difficult, but they supported August in his plan to raise funds.

During a late-November School Meeting, August bounded up to the Engelhard Hall stage and made his case to 350 of his newest friends and teachers. The people in his home country needed any help they could get right now and he asked them to join him by donating $3 in exchange for a dress down day. “The one-day absence of blazers and ties was nice, but August really put a face to something we had only read about in the news. We were in a position to come together to help, so we did,” says August’s classmate Francis Kigawa.

The St. Andrew’s vestry also donated chapel offerings to the cause. In the end, August raised about $1,200 for Habitat for Humanity Philippines, an organization he had worked with in the past. “I knew I could trust them to use the money to directly help people who needed it most,” says August.

In early December, August took the School Meeting stage again to say thank you. A week earlier he received a handwritten note from Fernando Zobel de Ayala, a Habitat board member and president of the Ayala Corporation. “It was so thoughtful and kind of your school to raise funds for the victims of the typhoon. Please thank the donors for channeling the funds and assistance through Habitat.”

Buoyed by the students’ response and interest, August continues to share his homeland with the School community. He gave a memorable Chapel Talk in January about his transition to St. Andrew’s and plans to become even more involved in the International House. “St. Andrew’s has quickly become like family and I’m so thankful for everything I’ve experienced so far.”

VI Form Hosts Special Olympics

The days leading up to graduation are historically a time to celebrate and reflect, but the Class of 2014 took a different path, and kicked off a new tradition in the process. The 73 newest members of the Alumni family came together to spend one of their last morning’s on campus to host a Special Olympics event on the fields adjacent to the Sipprelle Field House.

More than 180 athletes from kindergarten through 12th grade came to campus for a soccer skills competition organized by Chaplain Jay Hutchinson and Neely Egan ’16, who initiated the event.

The Class of 2014 was first an energetic welcoming committee for the athletes who climbed off buses and were immediately met with cheers and high-fives. “This isn’t much of a ‘warming-up’ period,” laughed Special Olympics coordinator Kylie Melvin who watched as the Special Olympians ran smiling down the line of St. Andrew’s seniors.

The senior class then divided into groups to help coach and encourage the Olympians through a series of soccer skills competitions. After watching one young boy will his way through a dribbling exercise with walking crutches, Janee Dennis, who will play basketball next year at Cornell University, couldn’t hide her admiration. “I think I’m in love,” she beamed.

Ben Bentil ’14, a 1st Team All-State soccer and basketball player who will attend Providence College on a basketball scholarship this fall, worked with a young boy tasked with dribbling a soccer ball about 20 yards across the football field. For many, it would take seconds, but for this strong little boy, it took a herculean effort. He moved inches with each step, but he was never alone. Big Ben was there from the start, firing him up, clapping, and cajoling. The two worked in rhythm together for more than 10 minutes before they reached the finish line with a joyous celebration.

The day ended with an awards ceremony and words of thanks from all who participated. There are currently plans in the works to host an annual Special Olympics event during graduation week and perhaps host the even larger Special Olympics Fall Festival in the future.

“This is such a great campus and the students are incredible with the kids,” said Melvin as students cleaned up at the end of the day. “We’d love to come back.”
IMAGINATION
Alumni Arts Festival
The world’s most memorable works of art all begin with a willingness to simply try something new and see what happens.

What ultimately defines a masterpiece is that “what happens” is groundbreaking, inspiring, and awe-inducing. Logic would then require the School’s first Alumni Arts Festival held over Homecoming weekend to be considered a masterpiece of the highest order. The ambitious course of the weekend was unprecedented and the execution collided head-on with the excited generosity of returning alumni artists and the unbridled enthusiasm of students, parents, and faculty.

Cora Currier ’05 kicked off the weekend with a noonday Chapel talk encouraging students to find art in their daily lives, wherever life may take them. Currier, who writes for the independent news agency ProPublica, is considered one of the brightest young investigative journalists on national security issues in America. Still, she finds time to work on her poetry and hopes to one day soon publish a collection of poems.

That evening, the Warner Gallery hosted an opening of alumni paintings, photographs, sculptures, ceramics, and even costume design delivered from around the world. The unique event included introductions from each artist before the floor was opened to student questions. “Each piece was different from the next, but they all worked in harmony with each other,” said Arts Department Co-Chair John McGiff who curated the exhibit.

Students and guests were then treated to the Haroldson Concert featuring the Cypress String Quartet. The quartet spent most of the day teaching master classes to members of the St. Andrew’s Orchestra before offering the community two of Beethoven’s quartets from the stage in a packed Engelhard Hall.

Filmmaker Eva Sayre ’97 provided the weekend’s keynote address the next morning where she detailed the evolution of her career in international consulting and working on the United Arab Emirates real estate investment team to building Veritas films with her husband, Mahmoud Kaabour. Their first documentary, Grandma, A Thousand Times, screened in over 55 cities worldwide, winning seven major Audience awards and Best Film awards in London, Mumbai, Mexico City, Qatar, China, and Syria. It achieved the broadest distribution ever by a documentary from the Arab world, and made history by completing the first Academy Awards qualification campaign for a film produced in the UAE. Sayre shared her excitement for their current film, Champ of the Camp, which offers an unprecedented look into the lives of the millions of Indian and Pakistani laborers living in camps on the outskirts of Dubai.

More than 30 alumni then offered workshops for students, faculty, parents, and fellow alumni in the visual and performing arts. LA Times entertainment writer Meredith Blake ’97 led a group in analyzing scenes from some of the best television shows of the past decade; Georgie Devereaux ’01, who recently won the Academy of American Poetry prize, taught poetry; Kathy DeMarco van Cleve ’84 took time off from her writing and teaching creative writing at the University of Pennsylvania to lead a writing workshop. Recent Alfred P. Sloan Award winner Dan Hasse ’10 taught Shakespearean stage fighting and Tony Award-winning actor Phil Smith ’83 taught acting lessons. Another workshop leader, Paul Bramble ’95, is a construction executive by day, but pursues his interest in wildlife photography whenever he can, often bringing his St. Andrew’s classmates along on his adventures. Paul has won several awards for his photography in the past year and recently had a photograph published in National Geographic.

Some two-hour workshops continued well into a third hour with students working to take full advantage of the opportunities to learn from alumni who traveled to campus from around the world and were happy to oblige.

The following pages provide simply a visual representation of the energy and creativity that went into and came out of the weekend.
“I think it may have been the best weekend I have ever spent at St. Andrew’s. I loved hearing from Cora Currier and Eva Sayre and learning about the incredible things they’ve done with their lives. I especially loved my workshop with Peter Salett. We wrote lyrics and then he helped us transform them into songs, playing on our strengths and finding a way to involve everyone in it. I felt so lucky to work with him during a weekend that was more incredible than I could have ever imagined.”

— Jamie O’Leary ’14
T A L K  O F  T H E  T - D O C K

***Side table***, 2013, clay, 17 x 12 inches
Marijke van Buchem

***Leviathan***, 2013, oil on panel, 30 x 24 inches
Peter Brooke
IMAGINATION: ALUMNI ARTS FESTIVAL

RUBBING (Context),
graphite on paper, 22 x 30 inches
Liza Court ’06

RA430664, 2013, charcoal, pastel, and pencil on cotton rag paper, 29.875 x 22.375 inches
Robert Timmons ’88
turned, to a transparent fire, 2009, Watercolor, gouache, acrylic, sumi ink, and marker on Arches paper, 22 x 22 inches
Christopher Reiger ’95

bedsheet chair, 2013, acrylic on canvas, 37 x 51 inches
Joy Doyle ’06
Gallery Artists

- Peanut Belk ’09
- Christina Court ’92
- Joy Doyle ’06
- Sadie Hammond ’09
- Elizabeth McGiff P’10
- Katherine Pingree ’01
- Paul Bramble ’95
- Elizabeth Court ’06
- Marten Elder ’04
- Jennifer Hughes ’92
- John McGiff P’10
- Chris Reiger ’95
- Peter Brooke
- Mary Craig ’09
- Sean Gerstley ’07
- Veronica Erard Lenz ’97
- Joshua Meier
- Ian Stabler ’09

Workshop Leaders

WRITING/JOURNALISM
- Meredith Blake ’97
- Ruby Cramer ’08
- Cora Currier ’05
- Kathy DeMarco van Cleve ’84
- Georgie Devereux ’01

PERFORMING ARTS
- Avi and Carrie Gold
- Dan Hasse ’10
- Paul Keeley ’85
- Olivia McGiff ’10
- Phil Smith ’83
- Alex Sargent Capps ’85

VISUAL ARTS
- Peyton Coles ’04
- Mary Craig ’09
- Andrew Dennis ’90
- Julia Donaldson ’04
- Sean Gerstley ’07
- Tarlton Long ’04
- Jane Parshall ’02
- Ian Stabler ’09
- Dexter Walcott ’05
Marijke van Buchem P’89
Andrew Dennis ’90
Nathalie Gonzalez ’05
Katie Lillard ’05
Jennifer O’Neill
Katie Stout ’07
Alex Sargent Capps ’85
Julia Donaldson ’04
Mark Green
Tarlton Long ’04
Jane Parshall ’02
Robert Timmons ’88

Arts Department Co-Chair John McGiff welcomes attendees to the gallery opening of Imagination during the St. Andrew’s Alumni Arts Festival.
CREATIVE CAMPUS

ST. ANDREW’S MOMENTS
1 Dancers gather at the end of the inaugural St. Andrew’s Dance Fest on a spring Saturday night. The student-led initiative included original pieces choreographed and performed by students.

2 Louise Marks ’14 and Jamie O’Leary ’14 perform an original song inspired by Tony Kushner’s play, Angels In America, during their humanities class, History, Literature and the Contested Past.

3 Ceramics students try their hand at making plaster casts of each other’s faces. The molds were then used to create decorative masks.

4 Joycelin Farmer ’17 shares a spoken-word poem during the spring open-mic night in Engelhard Hall.

5 Morgan Hallow ’15 uses hot wax to paint a friend’s portrait for her mixed-media art class.

6 Photography teacher Joshua Meier shakes up his Photography I students in an effort to have them push themselves outside of their comfort zones. “As artists, you can’t be afraid to fail.”

7 Aija Cave ’15, Lily Shao ’15 and Evan Zhong ’15 practice Mozart’s Kegelstadt in a practice room in the O’Brien Arts Center.
Recommended Reads

Books can sometimes be so good that we can’t help but share them with friends, family or sometimes even complete strangers while browsing in our local bookstore. The Irene duPont Library has now made it easier to share your latest inspiring book or find a new one. The following Recommended Reads were submitted through the library’s new online submission page where visitors can share their latest reads and why they recommend them. Please visit standrews-de.libguides.com/good-reads to submit your own or find your next great book.

Anna Hastings, English
The Orphan Master’s Son
by Adam Johnson
Adam Johnson traveled to Pyongyang in order to accurately portray his vivid and sometimes disturbing novel about a boy whose father runs a North Korean work camp for orphans. Jung Do grows up to be a professional kidnapper who is forced to navigate his unpredictable and treacherous superiors. It is a gripping glimpse into a place of isolation, fear and heartbreak.

Gretchen Hurtt ’90, English
The Invisible Bridge
by Julie Orringer
An epic novel about two brothers, Hungarian Jews, during WWII, The Invisible Bridge is an engaging story about family and love from the opera houses of Budapest and Paris to the unimaginable life of labor camps. Orringer is a captivating storyteller who painstakingly mines one of the darkest chapters in world history, while highlighting the persistence of the human spirit.

Mary Kelly, Classics
Bewilderment
by David Ferry
The poet Jean Valentine wrote that Ferry’s collection of poems “has given us a kind of light and energy, and what we hope for most from art.” Bewilderment, the 2012 National Book Award for Poetry, includes Ferry’s original poems, as well as those from the Roman poets Horace, Vergil and Catullus, which he gracefully translates into English prose.

Peter McLean, Science
Never Ask Permission
by Mary Buford Hitz
Mary Buford Hitz, great-aunt of our own Mary Buford Turnage ‘15, writes a candid memoir of her mother, the great Elisabeth Scott Bocock of Richmond, Virginia. Bocock’s courage, boundless energy, eccentricity, and visionary zeal led her to break convention and pioneer the conservation movement in Virginia. A true character and Virginian.
Will Robinson '97, History

**The Boys in the Boat**
*by Daniel James Brown*

A tremendous work of historical non-fiction about the 1936 men’s Olympic rowing team made up of working class kids from the University of Washington. It’s a manual on leadership, teamwork, hard work, and perseverance. The book has rightfully made the rounds among the rowing community, but even an old lacrosse player like me would love this look back into the dawn of The Greatest Generation.

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Piper Nash, Science

**Rules of Civility**
*by Amor Towles*

Investment executive-turned-author Amor Towles’s first novel was so fun I couldn’t help tearing through it. The heroine, 25-year old Katey Kontent, is finding her way in the electric New York City of the late 1930s when a chance meeting in a Greenwich Village bar sends her shooting through New York’s high society. This phenomenal period piece takes you through the city alongside Katey as she looks for, finds, and loses love.

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Elizabeth McGiff, Visual Arts

**The Hare with Amber Eyes**
*by Edmund de Waal*

I first read an article in *The New York Times* about a ceramic art show on exhibition in New York by de Waal. I was intrigued by his work and then found that he was also a writer. His historical drama follows two branches of an aristocratic, Jewish-European family from 1870 to present through Paris, Vienna, Odessa, and Tokyo alongside the journey of one netsuke (a miniature sculpture from their collection). When I came to the last page, I turned back to the first to reread the book. I would highly recommend this book to anyone with an interest in art history.

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Elizabeth Roach, English

**The Lowland**
*by Jhumpa Lahiri*

This is a sad yet beautiful story about two brothers and their love and commitment to each other, their family and their country. Set in both India and America, the novel explores the complexity of the brothers’ relationship with each other and with their homeland. As always, Lahiri engaged me immediately with her lyrical prose and nuanced storytelling.
Hungerhoff & The Wild Roots

Henric Hungerhoff ’02 has been steadily gaining a reputation as one of the finest folk and roots musicians in Europe with sound fused from both sides of the Atlantic. His band, Hungerhoff & The Wild Roots, draws its members and influences from across the western world with a cello player from Long Island, a banjo player from Phoenix, a Canadian mandolin player, and an English drummer.

It’s easy for any listener to hear Henric as a songwriter deeply rooted in the past, yet constantly aware of his place in the modern folk lexicon. Songs like “In Spades,” drive with a steady, kicking pulse as the violin melody yearns above other instruments for a time when music was more intimate. Whenever possible, the band prefers to play unplugged, stripped to their raw acoustics in order to heighten this compelling intimacy with the audience.

Touring behind their 2013 EP, the Wild Roots cut through Europe on the Weeping Love Grass Grows Tour. Pouring their music into more than fifty shows, the band played venues in Poland, Germany, and the Czech Republic. In the spring of 2014 they had the honor of opening for renowned New York folk rock power trip The Lone Bellow.

Up next for the band, their debut album is due for release in the fall of 2014 and they plan to keep momentum with a summer tour.

Rayner Software Releases NetShade 6.0

When Ty Rayner ’97 was a student at St. Andrew’s in the mid-1990s, the School had no computer science program and one official computer lab. “It was mainly just a word processing center,” remembers Ty. The unofficial computer lab was in Ty’s dorm room. His father was a computer programmer and Ty, an avid Apple user, spent countless hours finding creative ways to use any and all technology he could get his hands on. In a sign of things to come, he even started a software company called “RyTy” with his freshman year roommate and current St. Andrew’s science teacher Harvey Ryan Johnson. “We’d make games for the TI-81,” Johnson recalls laughing, happy to be brought back to Hillier corridor 20 years later. “I think we had a horseracing game, which was awesome.”

Much has changed since then, but Ty’s creative spirit and passion for programming remains the same. After St. Andrew’s, he spent a year in college and then headed west to Cupertino, Cal. for a job at Apple, Inc. It was a difficult decision at a young age, but it ultimately paid off. “Apple gave me a type of trial by fire and close interaction with creative people that a good college provides,” Ty says.

He spent his 20s at Apple, a time period that coincided with the company’s introduction of the iPod, iTunes, and iPhone. As an engineer in the graphics and media software division he wrote an image-processing algorithm for extracting the foreground or focused part of a photograph. Later, he developed an internal tool for the interface design team, which was used to develop prototypes of iOS software interfaces. And he’s lived to talk about presenting demos to the notoriously demanding Steve Jobs during design review meetings.

He excelled in Jobs’s reality distortion field, but the pull of his reality at home ultimately won out. “My wife and I had a baby and the calculus changed,” he says. He made another difficult decision and left Apple in 2011 to spend more time with his growing family and focus on Rayner Software, a company he started in 2002. Once again, the decision appears to be paying off. “My work-life balance is ideal right now.”

On the work side, Rayner is preparing to launch NetShade 6.0 for Mac and iOS this April. NetShade is an application that lets you protect your online security by connecting to the Web anonymously. Instead of connecting directly to the sites you visit, NetShade routes your connection through an intermediary proxy server. This can hide your identity from companies, hackers, and anyone who simply feels like tracking your daily movements online. “We’ve really just made a ‘why not’ proposition to people,” says Rayner. “We’ve taken complex encryption software and made it user-friendly. The upcoming version will also add extra security to your
TALK OF THE T-DOCK

Garrison Brothers Distillery’s Cowboy Bourbon Named “American Micro Whiskey of the Year”

What started as an idea nine years ago has now become a Texas-sized hit for Dan Garrison ’83 and his Garrison Brothers Distillery. In 2010, Garrison Brothers introduced the first bourbon whiskey (legally) made in Texas and the first made outside of Kentucky and Tennessee since prohibition.

Not surprisingly, Dan and his team have quickly grown a reputation for rebellion and their latest success — Cowboy Bourbon™ — embodies Dan’s independent spirit. The 600-bottle limited release is uncut, unfiltered, and straight from the barrel. “You may see chunks of wood and charcoal floating in the bottles. If this bothers you, please don’t buy a bottle,” says Garrison.

It didn’t bother the world’s leading whisky expert Jim Murray. The 2014 edition of Murray’s aptly named Whisky Bible declared Cowboy Bourbon from Garrison Brothers his American Micro Whiskey of the Year.

“We have bottled bourbon from more than 500 barrels so far,” explains Garrison. “The ten best tasting barrels I’ve ever discovered in our barns were held back and hidden for almost four years. The few precious drops of bourbon remaining in those barrels became our Cowboy Bourbon™.”

Murray raves about the bourbon in his review that comes complete with an astounding 96 rating: “This has, and make no mistake, raised the bar for bourbon made by the micro distillers; it is truly world class.” As Garrison points out, it’s not for the faint of heart or those without regard for handcrafted excellence. Every drop was hand-made, from corn to cork, by the distillery’s craftsmen in Hye, Texas, about an hour west of Austin.

“Dan is the hardest working man I know,” shares Nancy (Wilson) Garrison ’83 who reconnected with Dan over their shared Texas and St. Andrew’s roots in the 1990s and has been with him on every step of the adventure. “We take a lot of pride in doing everything by hand. We grow our own organic wheat and use organic, food-grade corn from the panhandle. We use rainwater we collect off the roof to cut the bourbon. We’re passionate about staying true to the spirit and history of handcrafted bourbon.”

They’re also passionate about growing the family business. Charles Garrison ’85 has been instrumental in helping Garrison Brothers with a rapid expansion into his home state of Arizona. They also expect to be in New York, Colorado, Louisiana and eventually California in the next few years. Still, their heart remains in Hye, Texas, where they’ve even started a non-profit designed to protect and preserve the history of the town. “Hye makes us what we are as a company and as a producer of handcrafted bourbon,” explains Nancy. “Each time you open a bottle of Garrison Brothers you know where everything came from and that’s the way we like it.”

Garrison Brothers doesn’t stay on shelves for very long, but you can find stores that sell it (and contact information to get on their waiting lists) under the “Where To Buy” section at GarrisonBros.com.

online passwords. Anyone trying to view it will only get garbled data. *

The practical applications range from not wanting to tell every online shop you visit your name and contact information to citizens in a foreign country gaining access to information an oppressive government might find subversive.

NetShade has been a hit since its release in 2004. Tech giants CNET and PC Advisor agreed, having given it glowing reviews and declaring that “you will find NetShade for Mac extremely useful. Convenient, fast, and unobtrusive, it’s easy to forget about it once you set it up, which is how a program of its kind should be.”

With the release, Ty looks forward to spending even more time with his family, using his pilot’s license more often and searching for skiable snow at Lake Tahoe. Of course, he’ll continue to play and there’s always another update or new idea just around the corner. “I’ve always loved coding and reading about technology. I’ve been lucky to turn my passion into a career.”

through Denmark, Germany, England and Scotland in July and August.

Proving that the world is even smaller for St. Andrew’s alumni, Henric met up with longtime friend Nick Kinsey ’01 and his band, Elvis Perkins In Dearland, when they toured Germany in 2008. Hungerhoff credits Kinsey and Chad Ballard ’02 with introducing him to American country and bluegrass music. Originally from Berlin, Hungerhoff adds with a sly smile that attending St. Andrew’s and sticking around in the States for a while wasn’t so bad for developing a taste for American music.

*
The Global Education of Sierra Dennis '10

Sierra Dennis '10 was a VI Former when Bullets Campbell '94 returned to campus as part of an alumni career panel. "I remember he talked about how he went from playing professional baseball to becoming an FBI agent," recalls Sierra. "It was unusual, but my strongest memory is when he told us to take risks in college and in our careers. I haven't forgotten that."

The message hit home for Sierra who has managed to string together a series of risks followed by tremendous rewards as a student at Howard University in Washington, D.C. Her pace is also increasing. Last summer, the aspiring Civil Engineer with a minor in Chemistry was one of four students in the country selected from Historically Black Colleges to work with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers on an international project. She spent ten weeks helping oversee the construction of the new, consolidated U.S. military base in Pyeongpaek, South Korea. On the weekends, she hopped on trains and explored. "I went into Seoul and met Andrew's people a few times. We went to the ocean. We even visited some St. Andrew's people a few times."

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The experience left her invigorated to branch out even more and the results have been nothing short of remarkable. Over the last nine months, Sierra managed the rollout of the D.C. Green Schools Challenge, tracked the energy profiles of every public building in D.C., mentored a class at a local public school, worked for one of the largest green roof consultancies in the country, explored Spain and somehow found time to excel in the classroom. This summer, she's working in South Africa before heading to Ethiopia on a grant through Howard's Global Education and Awareness Research Undergraduate Program (GEAR-UP). There, she will work on a large pedestrian bridge and research the feasibility of a massive solar and wind project at Bahir Dar University.

If you happened to have dinner at the Legal Sea Foods on the corner of 7th and G Streets there's a good chance Sierra showed you to your table. She jumped on the green line four to five nights a week to work as a hostess there. What ties all of these experiences together is one dynamic young woman who sees the value of every opportunity — large, small, prestigious or seemingly menial — that comes her way. Her internship this fall with D.C.'s Department of General Services (DGS) came from an interview for a position she didn't get. "I interviewed for a job, but it turned out they needed someone with more technical experience. Thankfully the person who interviewed me was nice enough to refer me to the community director at DGS who ended up offering me an internship."

When I first told people about [the internship], they weren't too impressed. It was unpaid and didn't promise much excitement. Some friends questioned why I would take the job with so few obvious benefits."

It's her willingness to mine what others might find unexciting or tedious that helped Sierra make an immediate impact at the DGS. She started off helping to reduce the city's energy costs and lower its carbon footprint by going though the energy bills from each public building. "I'd flag bills that were off the charts and then someone would go out and find the building vacant, with the windows open, and the heat on full blast."

Her willingness to do the work others avoided helped her transition into a position on the DGS team charged with educating public school children on reducing energy use. Sierra began helping develop and manage the rollout of the D.C. Green Schools Challenge, a competition designed to empower kids to save energy. Twenty-seven schools took part in the competition and Sierra eventually found herself working directly with Powell Elementary in Northwest D.C. "I gave presentations to the kids on how to save electricity at school and at home."

There were financial incentives for schools to save money on their energy bills, but Sierra's message reached beyond the immediate benefits. "I wanted the kids to become informed advocates and to continue working on sustainability long after the competition."

In what became a familiar pattern, her efforts caught the eye of D.C.-subcontractor Bluefin, LLC, a strategic roof consultancy that helps large organizations and municipalities install rooftop solar panels, green roofs, and solar thermal roofs. They offered her a paid internship this spring. "It's a dream job for me right now," she says. "I did a lot of things some people might not want to do to get there, but I always learned a lot and each step led to more opportunities."

Sierra took a week off this spring to travel through Spain — the second of four countries on three continents she visits this year.

It's been a busy year, but she has no plans to rest on her laurels. She's too busy making the most of her life. It's a message she's happy to share with current St. Andrew's students. "I'd want them to know that they should continue to try new things every day and not allow themselves to be limited. Everything happens for a reason and sometimes you have to go through certain things that don't fit perfectly into whatever narrative you've created for yourself. Stay interested, stay passionate and good things will happen."
Champ of the Camp

Veritas Films

Eva Sayre ’97 was reading her morning newspaper in her Dubai apartment when she came across a tiny article about a singing competition taking place in the labor camps scattered throughout the United Arab Emirates. She and her husband, filmmaker Mahmoud Kaabour, were looking for their next big project after the international success of Teta, Alf Marra (Grandma, a Thousand Times) and Sayre knew she had found it. That moment was the beginning of a three-year project that would become the feature-length documentary, Champ of the Camp.

Champ of the Camp is the first ever feature-length documentary filmed in the controversial labor camps of the United Arab Emirates. Produced by Sayre and Directed by Kaabour, the film follows a massive Bollywood singing and trivia competition that searches across more than 70 camps throughout the country to find and crown the champ of all camps. Narrated (and sung) entirely in the voices of the laborers, the film alternates between the X Factor-style suspense of the competition and the gritty reality of the labor environment, while weaving in intimate scenes of their daily routines and emotional reflections on their life as laborers in Dubai.

Brought in by the millions to fuel the construction requirements of a booming Arab economy, these workers live eight men to a room in industrial-sized living facilities far removed from the glistening skyline of fantastical towers they build and from the luxurious lifestyle of the rest of the city. “The laborers board buses in the morning, go to fenced-in construction sites where they work all day and then get back on the buses to return to the camps that night,” says Sayre.

The film chronicles the stories of characters such as Dhattu, a middle-aged Indian sweeper saving to marry off his daughters while singing Amitabh Bachchan songs every day; Adnan, a Pakistani who excels in the Bollywood repertoire and is proud of his work on the world’s largest tower; and Bangladeshi Shofi, an illegal resident of the UAE whose breathtaking voice earns him multiple rounds of victory in the competition.

Their stories typify the lives of millions of Asian laborers across the Gulf, painting a complete portrait of this vast and isolated population of men who come to build the dream cities of the Arab world while supporting their societies and economies back home.

“I've lived here for seven and a half years, and outside of this project, I've never had a conversation with a laborer because they just live behind a glass wall,” Sayre told The New York Times. “Our motivation in making this film was to diminish the distance between the laborers and the rest of us, to put the microphone in their hands to tell their own story loud enough for everyone to hear.”

Champ of the Camp premiered at the 10th Dubai International Film Festival in front of a crowd of over 1,200 people against the backdrop of Burj Khalifa, the world’s tallest building. Many of the men who worked on the building sat in the audience and watched alongside those seeing the underbelly of their city for the first time. At the film's conclusion, the crowd offered a standing ovation of appreciation for the film and the laborers among them.

It’s too early to determine the impact of the film on the labor conditions in the UAE, but Sayre and Kaabour have been inspired by the intersection of art and social justice that emerged during the project. “I think there’s going to stem some improvements for the camps,” Kaabour told BBC News. “I hope that people watching the film will lobby for changes.”

Making news? Let us know.

Did you write a book? Record a cd? Make a movie? Let us know. We do our best through word of mouth but the best information comes from the source. Don’t be shy.

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It’s 10:45 on a cold, rainy February morning. Outside, students run from building to building trying to stay as dry and warm as possible. But inside the Cameron Room, the warm sound of classical music emanates through the halls as five students practice their plies.

“Spot the corner, not the mirror!” Avi Gold reminds the girls as they gracefully cross from one side of the room to the other. Dressed all in black — wind pants, an Imperial Nutcracker hooded sweatshirt, and sneakers — the 34-year-old dance instructor watches each girl with a keen eye. When they finish, he praises their efforts before giving tips on poise. Each girl listens and shadows his animations, trying to perfect a movement that many can’t even attempt.

Since bringing a structured dance program to St. Andrew’s two years ago, Gold has discovered how passionate and enthusiastic the students are, especially for classical arts. Now that a dance discipline has been added to the Introduction to the Arts rotation, he gets to share his talent with every student on campus for at least eight weeks. Many choose to continue their studies by taking different types of dance classes, while several even pursue it as a major.
The need for a dance program came to the School’s attention in 2009 when Sophia Maguire ’10 began offering classes at the School for fellow students. The School saw the potential and, with Sophia set to graduate, began looking for a world-class dancer who could also teach.

“They were very much looking for someone who was elite and professional; they weren’t just looking for someone to come in and teach dance classes, “ Gold recalls of his February 2011 interview. “They wanted a legitimate program. The School is very big on the arts faculty doing the work themselves, on being working artists. They encourage that. The Arts Department here is phenomenal.”

Gold’s classes have been well received by many different types of students and athletes. He recalls one young man who was an avid snowboarder.

“He was shocked to realize that everything I was teaching him in Intro to Arts class were the same things his snowboarding coach told him. He was really interested in how we build torque and momentum in some of the bigger and faster movements.”

This year’s December performance of “The Nutcracker” was a tribute to how dedicated and driven the students are. It was the students who wanted to put on a high-quality show, with very little time to rehearse.

“They did the dances that I did [when dancing professionally]. I was going to keep watering and watering and watering them down but they were like, ‘Nope. We want to do the original.’ So they were doing these very difficult steps and they were just so gung-ho. But they did it and it was phenomenal.”

The students know they can trust their instructor’s expertise. Gold, a former principal male dance for the Omaha Theater Ballet Company, has been involved in dance since the age of 8. While playing Little League, a local ballet company offered strength and stretching classes for athletes. Gold and his two best friends enjoyed it so much they chose to participate in a show produced by the company instead of continuing with Little League. By the time Gold was 12, he was infatuated with the art.

“At 12 years old I basically decided that I loved dancing and this was what I want to do with my life.”

Gold spent the next five years in the studio, perfecting his craft. At the age of 17, he headed to Houston to train with the Houston Ballet Company. Eventually, after four years in Houston, Gold landed the role of Principal Dancer with the Omaha Theater Ballet.

“I could be the principal dancer and dance all of the leads at (age) 22, which I jumped on. It was great. I got to dance leading roles in all of the full-length and classical ballets.”

Another bonus to dancing in Omaha? He met his wife, Carrie, during his 10 years there. The two created a comfortable life in Omaha, dancing at their highest levels, getting married, buying a house — and then the company folded.

At the age of 30, Gold found himself facing a decision: was it time to transition to the next phase of his life?
Not quite ready to give up dancing entirely, the couple became the principal dancers for the Minnesota Ballet in 2010. However, Gold still had the desire to teach, something he had done at Creighton University in Omaha.

“I was looking for opportunities to teach. I had never really stopped that process. And then all of a sudden I saw this job at a boarding school, which I knew nothing about,” Gold recalls. “I sent out a resume and they responded relatively quickly.”

Skeptical about teaching high school, it was Gold’s wife who began researching St. Andrew’s. They were immediately impressed. Gold eventually saw the potential in being able to start his own dance program.

“We then just bought in 100%. There was a lot of talk in the interview process about the culture of the School and then when I moved here, I was amazed that all of the information I received was actually true. It wasn’t just bullet points. It was an amazing experience moving down here.”

Two years later, Gold has created a top-notch dance program as well as a following of many atypical students. From brawny football players to shy freshmen, dance classes have become a popular addition to the schedule. It’s also inspired a few students to pursue the art professionally.

Megan Hasse ’14 began dancing seriously in seventh grade, but came to St. Andrew’s two years later thinking she had to give it up. “I felt like I had to choose between art and academics, so I chose St. Andrew’s for the academics and hoped that I could try to make dance work in some way,” recalls Megan. “Everything changed when Mr. Gold arrived.”

Megan has pursued every avenue Gold has offered and beyond. “He has unlimited energy for teaching. He is so busy and yet he will carve out an hour or two hours of his time to work with me.” Her St. Andrew’s experience with Gold convinced her she didn’t have to choose between art and academics at the next level. She auditioned at 18 different colleges this winter with the intention of majoring in musical theater. “It’s incredible to learn every day from a professional dancer, but he’s also just an all-around good guy and incredible mentor.”

“My whole teaching philosophy revolves around encouragement, building up students, showing them that their limits are perceived and not there,” says Gold. “I teach life lessons through dance. Dance is a great tool to learn perseverance, discipline, resilience, a really strong work ethic.

“I wouldn’t be so passionate about it if it was just a job, but here [the students] give so much it drives you. As long as they are passionate and willing to have incremental improvements, I am there every step of the way. And that is what I have here: each student is willing to improve on a daily basis.”
CONSTRUCTING THE PAST
Essays from Great History Books

In Great History Books, a half-credit History class for IV Formers, students examine the past by reading full-length books. The work, as Stanford Professor Sam Wineburg asserts, helps students change the way they regard the present and makes them more reflective about what it means to be human. “We need to enter into an author’s world, to submit ourselves to an author’s way of constructing the past,” explains Wineburg. It also serves as a reminder that while historians are always bound to the truth of the sources, the writing of history is, in fact, an act of creation.

After reading, analyzing and critiquing Jon Krakauer’s Under the Banner of Heaven and Dave Eggers’s Zeitoun, students had the opportunity to flip the dynamic and construct their own view of the past through short essays focused on a topic of their choice. The exercise gave them the opportunity to collect and use evidence to create and sustain a historical argument. They also had a lot of fun.

Topics ranged from the first Frosty Run and the founding of Google to the 82nd Airborne in WWII, the 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team and others, which we hope you enjoy in the following pages. ▶
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“To say that the dog show held in the city last week was a success would but poorly convey an idea of what the result really was. It was a magnificent triumph for the dogs and for the projectors of the show. We question if on any previous occasion has there ever assembled in this city such a number of people at one time, and representing as much of the culture, wealth and fashion of the town. That such a collection of dogs was ever gotten together before in any country we very much doubt.”

— Forest and Stream Magazine, 1877

We hustle in past the rings upon rings of dogs and bitches.* “Airedales! Scotties! Smooth Fox terriers! Wire Foxes! Cairns! You will need to find your way to ring eleven,” a plump lady greets us as we enter Madison Square Garden. “Thank you ma’am,” Winthrop replies. Each ring is fifteen feet long by fifteen feet wide, enclosed in rope.

Ring one: the toy ring, Cavalier King Charles, Yorkshire Terrier, Affenpinscher, Brussels Griffon. Winthrop decides to let me watch even though I am not supposed to be out of the bench area this long before it’s my turn to be prodded and probed. Good thing Winthrop is my handler and my owner; he hides his nerves well. We head over to our ring. “Warren Rutherfurd,” exclaims the Judge. “It’s Warren Remedy,” Winthrop corrects him. Winthrop helps me on the table. “Old scars or injuries, the result of work or accident, should not be allowed to prejudice a Terrier’s chance in the show ring,” Winthrop reminds the Judge. Winthrop always makes sure to let the Judge know of this stipulation for fox terriers, because of our hunting capabilities and tenacious bite. The Judge replies, “Do not worry. She has immaculate grooming.”

This is my third go at Best in Show. I won in each of the past two years, the first years of the show. The first time I almost lost to a dopey old sheep dog called “Dollie Gray” and a pretentious collie called “Squire of Tytton.” The worst part about being in competition is the obedience. I would much

* Ed. Note: We winced at the idea of including a word so wretched in the modern era, but it is historically accurate.
rather hunt foxes, or dig holes, or get into mischief on the farm. Often times during obedience Winthrop gets slightly annoyed, but I cannot evade my instinct to disobey. We have to jog in a triangle around the judge so he can critique my balance. I won everything in the morning session, best out of the bitches, best out of dogs and bitches of the age group. Then I continued on to win best out of breed. I am exhausted, but that was the easy part, especially for a champ.

Winthrop walks me underground and parks me in a kennel amongst the two thousand others competing. “Lunch?” Winthrop asks his wife Alice. “Yea I’d go for a steak,” I think to myself. The two exit the bench area. I am trying to nap when I overhear the plump greeter chitchatting about Winthrop, while pointing at and ogling me. “This here is Winthrop’s bitch…. I heard he had an affair with Consuelo Vanderbilt,” she whispers. The other woman retorts, “Consuelo is stunning, and I wouldn’t believe it. I heard that happened over ten years ago anyway and it was not an affair, he proposed.” Winthrop is what you call a social elite, part of “The Four Hundred.” Whatever he does and whenever he does it, it always ends up in the New York World or The Journal. My wins have definitely brought him some good publicity. The two women leave the terrier section and head to the sporting dogs. Another wave of observers come by and eyeball me, “She is adorable, but I prefer the toy breeds, this is a man’s dog” scoffed a lady. I know the minute Winthrop returns we will be prepping for the next portion. The last person that comes by is a kid. He waves what looks and smells like the most delectable treat I have ever seen. The smell of salty meat wafts by my nose. Mmm. Bacon. The kid waves it back and forth, obviously trying to see if I would carry out the “say yes, say no bit,” nodding my head to and fro like an imbecile. I am highly intelligent and do not oblige, so the kid quickly gets bored and moves on to tease a pug. My next motion, as King of the Show, is to ban youth from entering the benched area.

Winthrop comes back to prepare me for the afternoon portion of the competition. This is when all the fun starts. Vendors and spectators begin getting impatient, and only the champs are still around. No more amateurs. On my way out of the benched area, I can hear people raving about Westminster, “This is a perfect place to show off your breeding stock, and wealth of course” and “This is my favorite form of social gathering.” I’m still dreaming a magical dream of bacon. As I look around I see scenic rows upon rows of picturesque people, a large American flag fluttering by the entrance, and smell of distant roasted foods. I know it is my time. We trot out to the center of the rings. Winthrop is calm, so am I. It’s true that the dog can feel the handler’s emotions right through the leash, they’re palpable. Nervousness is the worst emotion to control as a dog. I haven’t been nervous since nineteen-oh-seven.

We go up to the table. Again, I am checked out by the Best in Show Judge. Skull, cheeks, ears, jaws, nose, eyes, teeth. All perfect. Neck, shoulders, chest, brisket, loin, hindquarters, stern, legs, coat, color, symmetry, size, and character. All flawless. I have never met a fox terrier without good character. We tend to be boisterous, if I do say so myself. Winthrop always tries to train me to be a little bit less vocal, my bark is triumphant, but he fails to realize that I am communicating the only way I know how. Now, time for the movement and balance part. “Warren Remedy and handler, circle this ring at the brisk gait,” commands the judge. And so we do my legs straightforward, my forelegs swinging like the pendulum of a clock, parallel to my sides, the propulsive power comes from my hind legs, each foot equidistant with its corresponding elbow. It’s a champion’s walk.

The applause is addicting. People clap, kids say “woo-hoo,” and the crowd is electric. I strike a couple poses to get across my interesting disposition and the crowd responds. I am a crowd pleaser because I am the most relatable and practical dog there is in this event. Any toy dog, for example, is just something to look at, no protection or personality. Sporting, and herding dogs are often messy and too big outside of the competition. Fox Terriers are intelligent, medium sized and tenacious for hunting. I’m a catch.

Now, there is a lot of discussion between the judges, intense whispers. Since there is a judge from every breed that placed, it’s hard to determine who is best. Each judge subconsciously hopes the breed they judged in the earlier portion wins. If I win it only adds to the credibility of my prior judge’s judging capabilities. Any moment now they will be done discussing and my victory will be announced. Winthrop asked Alice to get me treats from a vendor. It is okay to have treats at this point in the day. I am finished showing off. When Alice gets back, the judges come in to announce their decision. We would like to congratulate all of the participants in this year’s Best in Show competition, but we The Westminster Kennel Club judges are proud to announce “Warren Remedy” King of Best in Show for the third year in a row.

I trot out to receive my applause. Life is indeed merrier with a smooth fox terrier.

Karissa Kendricks ’16 is a dog lover with a preference for pugs. She plays field hockey, enjoys building sets for theatrical performances, and is learning how to grow vegetables in the School’s organic garden. Her favorite weekend activity is playing tag or sardines with friends and is looking forward to taking a new history course on historical fiction writing. Though she’s not yet sure when or how it will happen, she also would like to learn to play the didgeridoo. She hails from Philadelphia, Pa.
Richard Yohannes Oscar Emile Lindemann leaned stoically on the railing of the S.S. Pennsylvania, watching the seemingly endless expanse of opaque water lapping against the metal hull. America in October of 1908 would be a far cry from Warnemünde, Germany, the small fishing village in the eastern part of Germany where he was born forty years earlier. He thought of it, of the sea, of the pungent smell of fish, of the crusty, sun-tanned local fishermen. He had left at fifteen to study languages across Europe. He remembered his travels, of the great cities he saw, the struggles he endured. He had settled in Malaga, Spain, a beautiful but struggling town on the Andalucian coast. Malaga had once spearheaded the Spanish industrial revolution but had fallen victim to natural disasters that had decimated the population and economy. It was now simply a tourist destination. He thought of the picturesque coast, the warm weather, the fresh, enveloping smell of the wine at the winery he once ran. But most of all he thought of his family still there. His wife, the beautiful Spanish village girl named Patricia Munoz. He saw her in his mind’s eye, her beautiful sun-kissed skin reflecting her life on the coast, her supple form with which he was so familiar. He thought of his children, Richard, Yulita, Albert, and Clara. Despite being a man of so many languages, Richard could not find a single word within himself to describe the yearning he felt for his family. Yet, as a man of reason and opportunity, Richard knew that his journey away from his family was for the best and that his children were safe in the hands of their affectionate mother. He would build a life for them all and provide for it. And so he would in this land of opportunity. He took a deep breath and stood up to straighten out his coat. He put remorseful thoughts of his family out of his mind for now. The time for that would come once he found a suitable occupation. He would send for them.

The ship’s horn bellowed three long notes as the Statue of Liberty came into view. Richard silently drank in the glory of the statue, the glistening copper skin, the Lady’s stern and uncompromising visage, her ornate crown, the flaming torch, and the tablet inscribed with the date of Thomas Jefferson’s immortal Declaration of Independence that forever altered the destiny of America and breathed the idea of liberty for all into the hearts of the world. He took in every fold of her robe, every line on her face, and the broken chain of oppression at her feet. Standing in the aura of this glorious symbol of uncompromising freedom, Richard felt an unexpected sense of elation, a leap in his heart. He had looked forward to this moment, but this was something more; he was on the brink of emerging into a new place that was profoundly different than anywhere
else on earth, a place where anyone could rise from the ashes and become anything of their choosing. It would certainly take time, but anything was now possible. He pulled his bowler over his brows and carried his luggage down the ramp to the immigration offices at Ellis Island.

Upon entering the building, the utter conflagration of humanity found within the halls of Ellis Island consumed him. An army of blue uniformed immigration officers and policemen tried to maintain order among the masses of starry-eyed immigrants. It was a roiling sea of bowlers, top hats, and headscarves, people from every corner of the world.

A wild-eyed Irishman. An ancient Romanian woman with more wrinkles on her face than he had threads in his coat. A tiny bug-eyed Belgian child clinging with white knuckles to his mother’s worn hand. A young Senegalese man wearing a strain of traditional beads under an overcoat. It was a sea of hope, an indelible feeling of suspense among the people that yearned for opportunity. White bars formed aisles, herding the people into lines toward the desks of the immigration officers. Richard was directed by a young, almond-eyed police officer to a bench, one of many rows where he would wait until he was placed in line. Next to him was a middle-aged Sicilian couple with their five children, whispering to each other nervously in Italian, fearful that the family would be split up. The husband had been born in Romania but had lived in Sicily from a young age. There was quota for Romanian immigrants. Perhaps the husband would not be admitted to America with his family or, even worse, perhaps the Italian quota had been filled so that his family would be sent back. Richard pitied them, but he could not comfort them. He thought it better not to give false hope.

After hours of waiting and slowly shuffling down benches, Richard found himself next in line behind the Sicilian family in aisle number ten. The police officer standing at the head of the aisle checked the tags on the members of the family with their names and countries of origin. He then motioned them to an open desk a few desks to the left. Richard watched in anticipation as the husband said his name and country of origin in thickly accented English to the dough-faced immigration officer. Shuffling of shoes and the voices of so many nationalities made it difficult to hear.

“Next!” The police officer at the head of his aisle checked Richard’s tag and motioned for him to go to the open desk next to the Sicilian family. He stepped up and a weary-looking brown-haired immigration officer wearing spectacles demanded his name in a nasally voice.

“Richard Lindemann,” he responded in perfect English.

“Where are you coming from?”

“Malaga, Spain.” The officer scribbled something down

“Country of origin?”

“Germany.” He wrote something again.

It went on like this for several questions. Did he have a family waiting for him? How much money did he earn in a week? What was he looking for in America? What was his business in Spain? Each time the officer

Thomas Lindemann ’16 is an avid reader and writer who loves his diverse family history. His passions circulate between lacrosse, English, basketball, History and improving as a cellist in the St. Andrew’s Orchestra. He has always found great value in working hard and hopes it will help him do great things in this world. He is also proud to tell people that he was born and raised in Charlotte, N.C.
A violent pounding on the door woke Raul from his sleep. He checked his watch. “3:48 in the morning,” he sighed. “I’m not ready.” His breathing became heavy and his throat closed up when he saw Carmen, his wife, next to him, tears in her eyes. He worked to calm himself. He had to be strong for his family. He couldn’t let his wife or daughter see him scared. “It’s ok,” he said to Carmen, trying to sound convincing. “I’m ready.” He should have been prepared to face the fate that awaited him behind the door. It was, after all, the third time he’d be arrested and taken from his family.

When Fidel Castro ushered in his Communist regime in Cuba in 1959 as Prime Minister and Commander in Chief of the Cuban Revolutionary Armed Forces, he set right to work stripping the Cuban people of basic rights. Those suspected of anti-Communist beliefs or acts were imprisoned and often executed within 24 hours. Raul remembered the first time he was arrested in 1962, four years earlier, when he was just 21. He and his young but brave friends were part of an underground group in charge of printing and distributing anti-Communist propaganda and collecting funds that would be used in an effort to topple Castro’s command. Castro had spies on every block of every city in Cuba, and Raul was soon accused and imprisoned of terroristic acts. He was snatched off the streets without word or explanation and thrown into a damp, dark prison cell. Carmen had no idea he’d been arrested, knowing only he was missing. Raul had no way of letting her know he was alive. He sat by himself in the cold, eerily quiet cell without food or water for what he guessed was two or three days. By this time, he had given up hope, knowing it was only a matter of time before guards came and got him, stood him in front of a firing squad, and like so many of his friends, shot him. He hated how much time he’d had to think in his cell. He remembered everyone’s excitement over the revolution. People had hoped for a democracy, for more rights, and a better life. Four months later, people still believed Castro could be good for the nation, but Raul began to see the truth: their new leader was power hungry and had no intention of sharing his power with the people.

It wasn’t until late 1961 that Castro officially declared he, and the government he now controlled, was Communist. Two months after giving this speech, Castro’s troops robbed and then burned down every Catholic Church and Catholic school in Cuba, executing or exiling every priest and nun they found. They also executed hundreds of people suspected of helping anti-government groups. There were no trials. Raul waited, like so many other people had, in this cell and recalled how weeks earlier, soldiers shot his friend Luis in the streets for resisting arrest. They dragged his lifeless body away. For days his parents had no idea where he was. Raul was spared. After three days in his cell, one of Castro’s lieutenants passed by and recognized Raul as an old high school friend. He snuck him out of the prison but warned Raul that if he were arrested again, there was nothing he could do.

The guard’s heavy guns continued to thump against Raul’s wooden door. He could hardly breath, struggling to appear composed for Carmen, who was crying, thinking about how she would live without her husband for the next three and a half years, or more. Looking at her young face, Raul remembered when they’d gotten married three years ago, when she was just 19. They’d had a small wedding full of love and family. After the ceremony, Raul and Carmen drove a few hours to Havana. They spent their time sightseeing and taking pictures. Carmen was posing in front of a skyscraper when armed soldiers approached the young couple, confiscated their camera and forced them into a black van. They spent their first full day as a married couple in jail. The soldiers claimed Raul and Carmen had taken a picture of someone in Fidel Castro’s secret police. There was no evidence of such a
transgression on their camera, so after two days they were released without a word.

Tanya, their 8-month-old daughter, began to cry. He was grateful that she was so young and wouldn’t have to carry the memory of this night with her. She was the only reason Carmen wasn’t also being shipped off to a labor camp. Raul knew the consequences of submitting official papers to leave Cuba. He would lose his land, his job, and, when he left the country, everything he owned would be taken by the government. Before he and his family could leave though, soldiers would show up at his house unannounced to take him to a labor camp, where he would work alongside other men who also made the decision to leave, cutting sugar cane in a field in the hot sun for twelve hours every single day for three and a half years. He would never get to visit his family, nor would they ever be allowed to visit him. He’d heard stories of men dying from diseases by drinking rat and roach infested water. If one was lucky enough to escape disease, he’d heard they’d still have to survive working in the sweltering heat, sometime going as much as a week without any food. When families submitted papers to the government requesting to leave, both men and women were supposed to go to these torturous camps, but thankfully, Carmen was spared in order to care for her young daughter.

The soldiers forced open the door and the five of them quickly took over the room. They didn’t hesitate and took Raul from his bedroom. There were no goodbyes. They took him in his pajamas and left though, soldiers would show up at his house unannounced to take him to a labor camp, where he would work alongside other men who also made the decision to leave, cutting sugar cane in a field in the hot sun for twelve hours every single day for three and a half years. He would never get to visit his family, nor would they ever be allowed to visit him. He’d heard stories of men dying from diseases by drinking rat and roach infested water. If one was lucky enough to escape disease, he’d heard they’d still have to survive working in the sweltering heat, sometime going as much as a week without any food. When families submitted papers to the government requesting to leave, both men and women were supposed to go to these torturous camps, but thankfully, Carmen was spared in order to care for her young daughter.

To get out of the truck. They surrounded men with their guns, shouting at them on his honeymoon. Guards nudged the they’d reached a secluded, dry, open field several hours. Dust was blown up, covering bobbed and shook down a dirt road for with an open top. He was thrown in the and forced him into a small military truck outside and two soldiers grabbed his arms and took him in his pajamas and left his bedroom. There were no goodbyes. Five of them quickly took over the room.

Camps, but thankfully, Carmen was spared the consequences of submitting official papers to leave Cuba. He would lose his land, his job, and, when he left the country, everything he owned would be taken by the government. Before he and his family could leave though, soldiers would show up at his house unannounced to take him to a labor camp, where he would work alongside other men who also made the decision to leave, cutting sugar cane in a field in the hot sun for twelve hours every single day for three and a half years. He would never get to visit his family, nor would they ever be allowed to visit him. He’d heard stories of men dying from diseases by drinking rat and roach infested water. If one was lucky enough to escape disease, he’d heard they’d still have to survive working in the sweltering heat, sometime going as much as a week without any food. When families submitted papers to the government requesting to leave, both men and women were supposed to go to these torturous camps, but thankfully, Carmen was spared in order to care for her young daughter.

The expression in his eyes was enough for Raul to understand. “We eat twice a day at 1:00 and 6:30 and get coffee in the morning before we leave for the fields. Get there quick, because it’s a mile walk and there’s never enough food for everyone.” Ramon went on to explain that it was important to keep hope and remember that the time in the camps would come to an end. He said how he’d been there for about two and a half years already and he was actually 26, only a year older then Raul but he looked to be in his forties. His skin was tan and leathery from the blazing sun beating down on him in the fields seven days a week. There were deep-set wrinkles in his face. Raul felt broken.

He asked himself why he’d been placed here and why he’d have to spend every single day for the next 1275 days being worked like a dog and given food with maggots and rat-infested water, just to be given the right to leave the corrupted country. It wasn’t fair and made even less sense. Why was he being punished for wanting to leave? He felt so empty and angry. He ached everywhere from the backbreaking work. He missed his wife and daughter. He wouldn’t see Tanya learn to walk and he’d never hear her first word. He’d miss his anniversary and birthdays. He’d be stuck in this hell. Raul put his hand in his shoes, stopping his fieldwork for a second to try to get his thoughts under control. He let out a long sigh. “I’ll adjust,” he said to Ramon. “I’ll feel better after a few days.” Ramon looked at him sternly, “No, my friend, you’re mistaken.”

Alexia Ildefonso ’16 loves her Spanish and Cuban roots and relished the opportunity to explore her grandfather’s story. She is known around campus for her cheerful spirit, which she brings to cross-country and J.V. basketball where she became famous for nailing left-handed layups. Her first love is dance where she’s blossomed in the past two years from a focused technician to a true artist, performing a solo in this winter’s production of The Nutcracker. She hails from Williamstown, N.J.
Winnie’s Quiet Conflict

BY JULIETTE NEIL ’16

December 5, 2013, Johannesburg

As she stared down at the picture, conflicting feelings boiled up from her stomach. She could still remember the feeling of the blue dress rustling against the leather car seats as she exited the car. She could still hear the crowds chanting “Nelson! Nelson!” as she clasped his hand, and how, completely unplanned, they had lifted up their hands, in unison, for freedom. Winnie remembered looking over at him, wondering whether he really knew what he was doing, where he was leading his people. She had been so doubtful of his capabilities, believing his stay in prison had softened him. Indeed, his letters seemed more concerned with tomato plants than with the state of South Africa. Every letter she received from him was a treasure, to be read and reread, carried around for days, fiddled with as she went about her business — the business she carried out for him, for his cause, for their people.

It was funny, she thought, how much Nelson Mandela had given her, and yet he had taken so much as well. He had shaped her adult life. As soon as she met him, she knew that she would no longer be the relatively wealthy Winnie, the woman with the safe, social-worker job, and the good status. But with one look from him, she no longer cared.

Except now she did, she thought bitterly, recalling all the banishments from her own home and nights spent in jail, all the weeks away from her children, and all the violence done in her name. At the time, she didn’t give it a second thought. When Nelson was imprisoned, he had become less hard, less fueled with anger towards the people that had made him — and everyone around him — suffer so much. So she had done what she had to do. She balanced his “forgiveness” with her own steel, her own fight. She had done everything she could to protect the ANC, his ANC. As her father had warned her on her wedding day, she had become the witch to his wizard — matching all of his magic, protecting his magic. But now, her magic was no longer appreciated. She sat here on her bed, once again banned from her home, told she was an embarrassment to her country. And this time, it was by Nelson himself, the man who had told her time and time again that he could not live without her, that he loved her more than he loved himself.

She looked again at the picture frame she clutched in her hand. That day had been so hopeful. Nelson was back, she had thought, and now the fight will be stronger than ever — the whites would pay for what they had done. Nelson would add fuel to what was already a wild fire. And together they would lead South Africa.

Winnie laughed to herself. She had been so naïve. It was not as though her country had ever been full of rainbows and ponies. She had never gotten what she rightfully deserved without a fight, not even from Nelson. She should have known this, and most of all she should not have ignored what she saw developing each time she visited him.

In the beginning she hadn’t noticed it. Her visits had been too sparse. They consisted mostly of telling him news, any news he could get — family or war — he grabbed like a starving baby, and responded in extremes. But as time went on, as his features began to turn into the features of an old man, he became more tranquil, and his anger morphed into a calm. No longer did he rage at the mention of more deaths in the name of civil rights, or burst with joy at a victory against the enforcers of apartheid. Instead, he would look forlorn for both, and declare that the fighting must end, that the violence would bring nothing good. Remember our motto, she would tell him, remember that we fight only when it becomes necessary to fight. We do it for the people, she would tell him. But his old rage was not there. At first she told herself that he was simply subdued because of all his time in prison. When he was freed, she thought, his meekness would be replaced by anger, and the anger would turn into the adrenaline needed to defeat all the whites, once and for all. She refused to believe that he had been right, that he could do it without having to kill more people. If she let herself believe that he did not need all of those killings, then all of the blood that was on her hands had been futile. All of those people had died in vain. The famous Mandela didn’t need war to make peace. The famous Mandela, the wizard of South Africa, didn’t need his witch.

On the day he had finally become a free man, there was not only hope, but
fear. She feared that he had gone soft, that he didn’t need her anymore. She feared that he would fail. This fear scared her more than anything, not only because she had never felt this way before, but also because a tiny part of her hoped he would. It wasn’t that she didn’t love her husband. She wanted him to succeed, especially in this enormous task. Yet his success and his endeavors had constantly overshadowed her own successes and her own needs. Even while he was in jail, where hardly anybody saw him, she was still known as “Mandela’s Wife.” She hated that title. It was as though every action she took was brought back to the fact that she was his wife. Every speech she made, every reporter spoken to, every gun she pulled was for his cause. People seemed to forget, when they were in her presence, that the cause was not for any one person to own — not Nelson, not Winnie. It was for them, for the people. Nelson may have introduced her to the anti-apartheid movement, but she had dived in whole-heartedly. It was not fair for people to credit all of her actions, the good and the bad, to Nelson. So yes, she would admit to herself that some part of her wanted Nelson to fail. But remember, she told herself, witch to his wizard.

How is it possible to love someone so much that you hate them? To have so much respect for a person that you feel it is your duty to break them down, to force them to show their weaknesses? Yes, she was angry at his reaction to apartheid, angry at what he did to fix it, angry that he was not angry about what had been done to him. But most of all, she wanted him to stop being so great, if only for a moment. And she had succeeded. Through her affairs and her public humiliation, he had finally been unable to keep up with it any longer. He was forced to let her go. Nelson said it was the fault of the whites, the fault of his long stay in prison. That was true, in part. He turned from her husband into her political ally, if even that, and by the time he came back, she had grown without him. But it was also her own hatred of him and his success, his unending patience and resilience. She supposed it was jealousy, anger that he had been able to keep it together while she fell apart. But what it really was, something she found hard to admit, even to herself, was the feeling that she had failed him, that she was not good enough for him.

When he came out of prison, he wanted her to stop everything she had been doing for the 27 years he had been away. He wanted the wars to stop, the killings and the revolution. They were not on the same page; they were not even in the same chapter. So she had failed him. And this one failure led her to rebel against him, to fight him, to attempt to beat him to the ultimate goal of a successful turning over of South Africa. And as she tried, she sank.

And now here she was, so far away from that moment in the picture, waiting to hear that Nelson Mandela was dead, as she knew he would be soon. It was so strange, that this formidable man, whom she loved and hated, was going to be defeated by something as trifling as a respiratory infection, whatever that meant. And even stranger, she was no longer angry with him. Looking at the picture, she felt the ghosts of old feelings, feelings which often caused her to throw things, scream, but which were dying with the man who caused them. The only thing she felt now was a wrenching sorrow for the man she respected and loved more than anyone else in the world, the man who could no longer tolerate the sight of her.
The boy wobbles as he steps into the boat. A lonely droplet careens off the thick black hair at the back of his neck. The water traces a path down the hard muscles of his back. He shivers. “Scared youngster? You should be.” Ominous laughs shake the small dingy even further. Arnold wasn’t sure who had said it, but he didn’t turn around. Of the two other brawny men in his boat and the six others in small boats farther out to sea, Arnold was the youngest, short and compact. The other boats could only take two competitors and a rower. Back at the harbor dock, the rower, a Greek sailor, much larger than Arnold who was considered average, had taken one look at Arnold and grunted, “I can take him. Not enough meat on him to sink us.”

The boat had enough patches to make a whole fleet of dinghies and it dipped and heaved under the increasingly darkened sky. The rowing and sailing competitions had already been cancelled. All along the Piraeus coast, townspeople were busily preparing for the impending storm. The winter shutters that lay in the attic for all of two weeks had come out again. “Should have known,” the men grumbled and old fish wives cackled, “told you so, I felt this storm in my bones.” The more conservative Greek families lit the altars and prayed to Zeus. It was 1896 and they were close enough to Athens and the Acropolis to remember the power of the ancients. A new era approached filled with new possibilities and “what better way to embrace the future than celebrate the past?” declared King George I of Greece. The Frenchman Baron de Coubertin had first kindled interest in restarting the famous Greek festival and here it was. April 11th, the sixth day of the Olympic games.

There was no cheering to be heard today as the spectators huddled along the banks. 12-foot waves pounded against the shores of the Bay. Each sounded like cannon fire. Arnold could see them. Hundreds of people, mainly other athletes, he didn’t know and didn’t care about, straining against the wind. The sea spray partially obscured their faces so that they looked like monsters as their faces twisted and jumped. Flash, flash, flash, the faces blurred together mashing into grotesque forms. Arnold felt sick to his stomach. It started raining and the dinghy bravely sliced through the waves that threatened to crash it. The Mediterranean stretched out in front of them into a horizon that wasn’t there. The only color he could see was gray: the water beneath him, the water above him. His gray face flickered back at him in the reflection of the waves.

It was the color of death. He remembered how his father’s face had looked when they pulled his body out of the Danube River. Bloated and gray, 13-year old Arnold hadn’t even recognized his father when the men brought his body into the parlor. It was only when his mother began to wail that he realized what had happened. His family was never sure how his father had gotten into the river. He had never learned to swim. “No time!” his father had joked with him as a boy. “Aren’t you lucky I worked and didn’t play? Now you can play!” Yet one night, the gray clouds covered the icy moon and time stood still as his father found himself in the frozen cold of the river that cut right through the heart of Budapest.

Struggling never works, Arnold knew now, especially with heavy clothes. It was better to float and try to make it to the shore. One stroke at a time it was possible to survive, but Arnold’s father didn’t know what a freestyle stroke was and he certainly couldn’t have survived after his heart gave out. Cause of death: fear. Over the next five years Arnold learned that the water can be tamed through practice, but never conquered.

Now it was gray and once again time stood still for another Guttmann. The water opened up to cradle Arnold in its folds. The water was always happy to see Arnold. It welcomed him like it welcomed millions of sailors in the past, now partially buried under the mud, grit, and sand of the deep bay. Swimming is just a rejection of the inevitable, every moment is a test of will power and faith.

It was time to go. Arnold and the two other men clung to the side of their boat,
wondering why they had chosen to compete in the 100-meter freestyle and where in “God’s name!” the feeling in their limbs had gone. They could feel their strength sap from their bodies as they waited for the official starting boat to leisurely pull next to them. Arnold wondered how the officials knew where 100 meters from the shore was, but he didn’t ask and wasn’t going to complain.

“Mr. Alfred Hâjos?” The voice boomed in a stadium, but here, 100 meters away from the Bay of Zea in the middle of a tempest and 13˚C water, it sounded weak.

Five years ago he was Arnold Guttmann. He had changed his name after his father’s death. “Hâjos” meant sailor in his native Hungarian. It was a fine name for a swimmer and reminded Arnold every time he got into the water why he swam. He raised one hand above his shoulders and waited.

The gunshot rang out through the cloudy rain. It echoed off the cliffs and resounded throughout the harbor. The spectators on the cliffs looked up from their conversations. The townspeople peered out their back doors. The swimmer took over Alfred’s mind. Stroke, stroke, stroke, kick, kick, kick. He registered no sound but the beating of his heart, pounding up from his stomach and flooding through his body. He couldn’t see the other swimmers through the murky water. When he lifted his head to breathe he could see the shore; it was close. It had seemed like hours traveling out to the start and now he was almost back. The gray water filled his vision and a wave threatened to drown him, but this was Alfred, not his father. His muscles strained to keep him aloft. His right arm stretched out ahead, grabbed the air. He could feel the muscles splitting under the strain of his speed.

As a child, he had watched a team of workers construct a new roof for the house down the street. He remembered how the wood had been split straight down the center railing with one large sharp crack. The planks were cut exactly right so that the flint-locked tin could be molded over it perfectly. The whole process had been hard, but in the end there was a brand new roof. As an architecture student at the Polytechnic University, Alfred had seen many great buildings designed and constructed. Each one was new and different. Every building offered hope and warmth for a family or a community during the cold Hungarian winters.

It was warmth that Alfred thought of as he continued toward shore. He could not feel his toes or fingers, not even when he kicked his hardest and swung his arms faster. His short-sleeved, formfitting suit of heavy wool wouldn’t save him from hypothermia. Forward, forward, forward. He could see the bottom now. He guessed the water was about 6 feet deep, the same depth of the dock. A crab was drifting along happily on the bottom, far below the crashing waves. Forward, forward, forward. The mantra was burned into his mind. Forward, forward, forward. Nothing else was important. Alfred continued to push.

18-year old Alfred Hâjos hit the Bay of Zea’s harbor dock in, Piraeus, Greece, in a final time of 1:22.2, a full 10 seconds before his closest competitor. The crowd’s roar rose above the howl of the wind. Alfred lay on the dock, unable to move, watching the clouds above him roll. Water poured onto his face mixing with tears of surprise and pride. Slowly his lips broke open into a rare smile.

The celebration was short. He lathered on a half-inch layer of grease to his exposed arms, legs, neck, and face in the hopes it would protect him and proceed back to the dock to prepare for the 1200-meter freestyle. It was twelve times the distance and conditions continued to deteriorate. Waves pounded him and rocks hit him so much that after finishing, again first, Alfred said “I must say that I shivered from the thought of what would happen if I got a cramp from the cold water. My will to live completely overcame my desire to win.”

24 hours and 5 towels later, the first and second Olympic swimming gold medals for the 100-meter freestyle and the 1200-meter freestyle, made of real silver, were placed around Alfred’s neck. A crown of olive branches adorned his short bushy hair. Afterwards, he began preparations to return to Budapest, but King George I insisted on throwing a banquet honoring the Olympic winners and Alfred was forced to return home days later than expected. At the banquet George famously asked him where he had learned to swim so well. Alfred replied, “In the water,” remembering his promise to himself after his father’s death.

In the future, the Greek men from the area would brag to all who came to the historic Bay. “You know, no one else bet on Hájos, but I did. Could see the talent in him, I could.” They would tell his story over bottles of cheap imported wine, exaggerating more and more each time.

Alfred Hâjos went on to win the 100-meter freestyle in the Hungarian and European swimming championships, the 100-meter sprint in the National Running Competition along with the 400-meter hurdles, and discus titles. He played on the Hungarian National Soccer team from 1901-1903 and returned to the Olympics in 1924 to win the silver medal in the arts competition for architecture, making him one of only two people in history to medal in the artistic and athletic competitions. Perhaps his greatest accomplishment was to live through two World Wars. As a Jew, he was forced to hide in the basement of his house he designed during the Siege of Budapest. When he came out, his beloved city was destroyed, so Alfred set to work designing and building houses and public spaces with the same determination he had while training for the Olympics 48 years earlier.

Today the Alfred Hájos and Thomas Széchy National Swimming Pool on Margaret Island, Budapest, Hungary is open to all. As young swimmers walk through the double doors, the National Sports Hall of Fame greets them with Hâjos’s name emblazoned upon the wall for all to see. It is a promise to the past and a hope for the future: the mantle of determination and pride of a Hungarian boy ready to be picked up again.

Ally Grusky ’16 stepped up this swim season when the team needed her most in helping the girls win their first DISC Championship in several years. She set PRs in the Individual Medley and 100 Freestyle and swam, as coach Bill Wallace said, “out of her mind” in several relays during the meet. She is the principle oboist in the St. Andrew’s Orchestra and auditioned her way into the All-State band this winter. She hails from Harrison, N.Y.
THE 81ST COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
Reflecting on our time here at St. Andrew’s, I have come to realize that the front lawn is an essential part of the St. Andrew’s experience. So today I want to talk to you about the place where we are all sitting right now.

I will never forget my first day at St. Andrew’s as a new sophomore when I walked out of Founders onto the front lawn to find my entire class sitting together in one circle. I approached the circle of strangers and was immediately welcomed in and invited into many conversations with my class whom I now believe are the most important group of people in my life. These small discussions were filled with laughter and stories from the previous year, most commonly about the infamous groundhog adventure. This is the first image that I have of our grade as a whole, and I believe that it beautifully captures the unity of the Class of 2014. Following the cookout, we all participated in the square dance, where I found myself surrounded by energetic and wonderful individuals. This magical tradition of inviting the new students into the community and celebrating the start of a new year is one that joins together every student as we all promenade and “do-si-do.”

The front lawn continued to be important as it served as the construction site for lifelong friendships. The front lawn is where I and every single St. Andrean are first welcomed into the community, and it is the place where we continue to grow and develop new friendships throughout our years here. The front lawn is constantly bursting with activity and on a beautiful and bright day it is a place where students can be found finishing a homework assignment, going for a swim, or simply soaking up the sun. This place is not only where we may have learned to throw a football, catch a frisbee, or play foursquare, but is also a space where so many valuable, meaningful, influential, and seemingly insignificant conversations have occurred.

This place has been the backdrop to many these memorable conversations for our class because throughout our time here we have almost always been able to be found on the front lawn. And this is just one of the many things that I love about the class of 2014.

I love our ability to rally behind and support one another completely, I love that we take pride in our peers’ accomplishments, I love that we challenge each other to be our best selves, and I love that we are a class comprised of concerned environmentalists, extraordinary athletes, creative and inspiring artists, and engaged and inquisitive learners, and yet we still find time to be incredible friends to one another. And it is through spending long lazy days on this beautiful green that we as a class and as a larger St. Andrew’s community have grown into a family.

And here we are today with our classmates, families, and friends, gathered together on the front lawn to celebrate our class and recognize and take pride in all that we have accomplished here. It seems fitting that we commemorate our St. Andrew’s experience on the front lawn and leave the school in the same place where we entered it.

Our last days here at St. Andrew’s have flown by with tremendous speed. So as I always say, “stop.” Stop and take a moment today to let yourself be sad about leaving this wonderful and remarkable place and to reflect on all of the amazing memories we have created. Take a moment to recognize, as Winnie the Pooh says, how lucky we are to “have something that makes saying goodbye so hard.” But then also remember to embrace this moment of change and transition and look forward to the future.

The front lawn as we’ve all learned is not just a field of grass. The front lawn has become something so much more than a
physical space to every senior sitting here today—and likely every senior who sat here before us. Most of what we are lucky enough to have learned at St. Andrew’s is a radical empathetic care for one another. It is the skill of connecting with, and genuinely caring for, people very different from ourselves. We may have heard Mr. Roach talk about this idea in Engelhard and we may have discussed this notion around classroom tables. But where we practice it, where we really got good at it, was the front lawn. And so the thing is, you can take the front lawn with you. You can take it with you when you make a new friend whose life experiences and opinions differ dramatically from your own, you can take it when you engage in service, you can take it in every tiny act of kindness. And I have enough faith in the magic of this school and the character of these people to know that each of us will.

Tradition, Individuality, and Investment in Others

Thomas von Oehsen, Jr.

Two weeks ago, after another hard day of crew practice, I hustle over to Alumni Point to join our class for what I refuse to admit is our last form picnic. We immediately begin to devour the food that our parents have set out for us and, once satisfied, we then gather for what I refuse to admit is our last form picnic photo-shoot. After being barraged by a sea of parent’s iphone cameras, we start to gear up towards the first events of what I refuse to believe is our last Arts Weekend. I rushed off in the hopes of catching the opening of the Art Gallery but, while heading up by myself, I passed by the Senior Room where the freshman picnic was in full swing. As I passed, I slowed my pace to see what was going on only to realize how similar their picnic was to ours three years ago. Same questionable location, same love and excitement expressed by parents, and the same opportunity to forge and strengthen friendships. From the moment I began this speech, I set my goal at trying to describe the St. Andrew’s experience. Watching the Class of 2017 at their picnic, it became clear to me that tradition plays a huge role in this experience.

Tradition is at the basis of St. Andrew’s and things like the Square Dance, the Frosty Run, and the Carol Shout are obviously the first things that come to mind. Along with these more obvious ones however, are things like Sit-Down Lunches, Chapel on Sundays and Wednesdays, and School Meeting every Thursday. In a place like St. Andrew’s that moves at such a rapid pace, these traditions serve as an aspect of consistency. The fact that everyone goes through these same experiences means that they serve not only as a stabilizing force, but also as an opportunity for connection. From the moment you step onto campus, you immediately have something in common with the other members of the community. The impacts of tradition don’t stop there however as these universal aspects allow for the cultivation of the rest of each person’s experience at St. Andrew’s.

Along with the things that tie the community together, people bring with them their extreme diversity and fill their time with their interests, joining sports teams, the theatre, clubs, groups, or doing anything else they have a passion for. This is one of the coolest parts of St. Andrew’s; everyone is always doing something different. You can walk around campus on any given day or night and see people talking about anything they find interesting, playing games on the front lawn that encourage anyone and everyone to partake, or simply lifting each other up throughout the day. The reason I say, “simply” in this case is that the difference between St. Andrew’s and anywhere else is that the universal bases that tie us together through common experiences cause us to be invested in everything and everyone.

There is no other school whose members are so wholly invested in each other that we all pile into buses and go support our sports teams when they need us or even when they don’t. There is no other school that gets so fully invested in one of its members wide array of talents and accomplishments, and there is no other school that on a moment-to-moment basis makes you feel as if you can take on the world with the knowledge that 299 of the most amazing people are rallying behind you.

These pillars of Tradition, Individuality, and Investment in Others appear as integral parts of the community each and every year. Yet, what the sustaining of each
of these pillars comes down to each and every year is the seniors’ understanding and dedication to them. Every senior class creates a culture comprised of the values that they would most like to be a part of and our class has done just that.

Since freshman year, our class has been described as the class that “shows up.” And since then, our class has shown the type of devotion and excitement that moves these pillars away from the realm of idealism and into that of action. From the moment we helped move the Class of 2017 in the same way the class of 2011 did for us, we have strived to promote a community that allows us to wake up every morning filled with a sense of purpose, carry through our day fueled by the infectious energy of the community that exists here, and go to sleep with a pure sense of fulfillment and pride in the joys of a day well spent.

All of these concepts are incredibly relevant to our time here as a Class, but my speech wouldn’t be complete, if I didn’t move on to the pressing topic that pretty much every student here knows I really have had yet to acknowledge. Over the past three years, I have been a part of many St. Andrew’s goodbyes. Some I was more distantly involved in, others have been incredibly personal and are still

_Austin Salley ’14 on The Arts at St. Andrew’s School_

When the Noxontones sing, it is an orchestrated conversation between all of the vocal parts. A song starts off with the basses singing a catchy repetitive eighth note rhythm: a constant, unwavering drum. Then, the sopranos and tenors enter, passing off the melody to each other like two friends playing catch. Next, the altos begin to harmonize with the melody, an undecided voter who can’t figure out whether to side with the tenors or the sopranos. The soloist enters last, and the song takes off.

Art is important as an intellectual stimulant. Whether it is listening to the Noxontones or Choral Scholars, watching a dance performance or play in Forbes, soaking in the sounds of the jazz band and orchestra, or analyzing a painting, drawing, or photograph, art triggers emotion. Art has the intrinsic ability to elevate the commonplace. Subject, color, inflection, and texture are used by artists as a sort of cathartic flare that evokes emotions from its audience, and helps us uncover feelings about ourselves of which we were previously unaware. The artist is constantly driven to push him or herself to discover their true potential and capabilities.

Personally, the opportunity to perform multiple times a year, after months and months of practice, has given me a confidence that I would not have otherwise known I possessed. Whether it was Anand playing the Haydn cello concerto at the orchestra concert, or Megan singing her breathtaking lament from _Dido and Aeneas_, the confidence felt by the performer is experienced by the spectators as well. Because art is a collaborative effort, it could not manifest itself unless both the artist and the one viewing or participating in the presentation of the artwork exist.

These are just a few examples of the power and excitement that art fuels students with, and I’m sure if you talk to any of the seniors who have participated in arts, they will each have compelling, independent narratives of their own experiences as an artist.

Essentially, art helps us organize our own world, our society, our culture, and that of others. Art helps me organize my own life most noticeably through constant practice. In orchestra, the additional practice could be spending ten minutes to synchronize the bowings in the cello section during a tricky passage; while in Choral Scholars it might be learning to breathe as one entity so that we begin a song with professional precision. In a paradoxical way, practice, the private method of perfecting a goal, is more rewarding and fulfilling for me than performance. The hours of patient repetition and rehearsal are far more telling of my progress and love for the arts than any single concert I have done. This is only one snapshot of how art integrates mind, body, and spirit in a way that is not paralleled in any other aspect of our lives. It forces us to be empathetic and at the same time, cognizant of our own values and ideas.

—Austin and his fellow authors delivered this essay on the Arts and the four accompanying essays on Student Life, Athletics, Academics, and Community Service during Awards Night of commencement weekend. You can watch them at http://www.standrews-de.org/youtube.
Mollie Gillespie ’14 on Student Life at St. Andrew’s

By show of hands, how many of you are familiar with Samuel Beckett’s play, “Waiting for Godot”? It’s a required reading for many high school and college courses, and in Humanities this year, we not only read it, but were also lucky enough to see it performed on Broadway. For those of you who don’t know it, or were lying to appear more cultured, the play features two men, Vladimir and Estragon (Didi and Gogo, for short) who wait endlessly, and ultimately in vain, for the mysterious Godot. The majority of the plot, in fact, consists of little more than their attempts to abate their own boredom. To many, the absurdist humor of the play can be disorienting, but for any St. Andrean, the scenario is all too familiar.

It’s difficult to admit this, because as a member of SAC, I have dedicated countless hours to combating boredom, but inevitably, each weekend, there comes a point when there is nothing to do. In fact, there are times when our sprawling campus is so devoid of life that it feels less like a boarding school and more like the post-apocalyptic waste land of Beckett’s stage. In these times, much like Didi and Gogo, “We wait. We are bored.” It may seem, in such instances, that student life at St. Andrew’s has come grinding to a halt.

In truth, it’s quite the opposite. These moments of boredom become moments of creation as we think up ways to divert ourselves. Where Vladimir and Estragon ditch their boots, juggle their hats, and munch on turnips, St. Andreans explore the trails, host impromptu dance parties, or race through the Arts Center in athletic renditions of hide-and-go-seek. We play round after round of human bridge, ultimate frisbee, SAISL, and four-square – so much four-square – all to pass the time. We wait in forts in the woods; we wait in canoes on the pond; we wait around bonfires with s’mores to tide us over.

What are we waiting for? Sometimes it’s a Square Dance or a Frosty Run. Sometimes it’s a student performance, a sports game under the lights, or a “techno-dance,” and sometimes it’s just check-in. But, just as in Godot, it’s not what we’re waiting for that counts.

What matters is the wait itself, and, while it may be tempting for us to believe that our wait will end with our diplomas, if you take Beckett’s world-view, the wait never truly ends. There will be another diploma, an interview, a wedding; moment after moment to anticipate, year after year to wait. Living, then, consists of little more than passing the time. Now, some may reject that assertion, mistaking it for cynicism, but coming from St. Andrew’s, we are not so unfortunate.

St. Andrew’s has shown us the beauty in waiting. We know that “passing the time” can be as exhilarating as we choose to make it. We’ve learned that the most memorable moments are found in the in-between times or the “just-on-a-whim.” We embrace tedium as a creative challenge. St. Andrew’s has taught us that fulfillment is found, and relationships forged, with a little dirt, a lot of patience, and enormous ingenuity. Turning boredom into opportunity will never be easy; it’s a hard-won skill. But it is an essential skill at that, and, luckily, it is the very skill that student life at St. Andrew’s cultivates.

At one point in the play, Didi asks Gogo, “Tomorrow, when I wake, or think I do, what shall I say of today?” I don’t know what his answer was – I may have been asleep for that part of the play – but I think, if I posed that question to the Class of 2014, I know how we would answer. Today, we’ve made the most of every single moment. Today, we passed the time well. As for tomorrow, I know we’ll do the same, because that is what life at St. Andrew’s prepares us to do.
typical St. Andrew's fashion. One of the things that suffers the most in my mind because of this is goodbyes. Every bad thing or difficult moment that I have had at St. Andrew’s has been squeezed into my already seemingly overstuffed life here.

After countless experiences such as these, I have come to the conclusion that St. Andrew’s does not believe in goodbyes. The thing about St. Andrew’s that Mr. Roach has been trying to drill into us, the Class of 2014, all spring is that St. Andrew’s will not be inviting any of us back. Instead, St. Andrew’s practically requires us to come back. At the end of the day today, we will have made our first strides into the outside world that, as it stands, is filled with conflict, enthusiasm, and potential. Like I said before, all St. Andrean’s, whether freshmen, seniors, members of the class of 1990, or 1960 share a link with each other. St. Andrew’s will continue to support us, and I have no doubt that each of us will continue to support each other. So, I keep telling myself that this isn’t the end. And although I am finally starting to believe it, it still doesn’t make this any easier. You guys have shaped St. Andrew’s in the way you wanted it to be, impacted the people who comprise this place, and created the person who stands up here today. I can never thank you all enough and I can sincerely say that I will miss being with each of you through every minute of every day because there is no other experience like being a part of the St. Andrew’s community. But there is one thing that gives me hope that our Class’s narrative has many chapters left to write.

Class of 2014, know that we will always have a place here at St. Andrew’s and with each other and welcome to your new community.

This strength, energy, focus, versatility, and leadership emerged in Cristina’s life through magnificent example and love of her parents, through her experiences at St. Andrew’s and Georgetown University, and through her marriage to Alexander Fitzgibbons.

At one time in her life, I served as Cristina’s advisor; now, she is a person to whom I turn for brilliant advice, support, encouragement, wisdom, and courage. It is the greatest honor of my professional life to serve St. Andrew’s as the Merrill M. Stenbeck Headmaster, an honor bestowed upon me by Fitz and Cristina in 2010. I work each day with the spirit and example of Cristina’s mother to guide me. Now, Cristina mentors me.

Over the years, Cristina has helped me to articulate and envision a St. Andrew’s worthy of the challenges and opportunities of this global era. She advises me on ways of thinking and planning and exploring the possibilities for global education. She has envisioned deep and generous partnerships with our global world to bring outstanding students from all across the world to our campus. Today, Cristina will share a particular vision of global opportunity for St. Andrew’s.
In the fall of 2007, eight boys arrived at St. Andrew’s, scrawny and awkward. In 2011, these eight boys, now men, rowed their way to the Henley finals, claiming the title of second-best high school crew on the planet. What transpired between 2007 and 2011, aside from the boys gaining hundreds of pounds of muscle collectively, was the quintessential St. Andrew’s athletic experience: the realization of the highest personal potential and the cohesion of a team.

Sports reshape lives in ways unique to all of us. For some, an athletic commitment gives him purpose and clarity where there is none. For others, it serves as a respite from separate, more stressful priorities and demands. For most, sports fuel the St. Andrew’s social experiment, acting as a unifying, common ground for people of varying backgrounds. The small size of our school denies no student these opportunities; athletes who want to compete can always find a team, people can afford to try new sports and it does not always take four years to ascend to varsity.

I have always marveled at the range of improvement students have been able to achieve over the course of their short athletic careers here. Perhaps it is the absence of the typical, high school party-scene distraction, or the overwhelming academic rigor that drives our students into the gym on Sunday afternoons and early mornings before class. Four years ago, Will Brown, whose skinny frame did not fit his wild, black mop of hair, sat on the bench of a JV basketball game and envisioned himself on the court, contributing. Now, Will is a tri-varsity sport athlete who has earned all-conference honors in all three seasons. Knowing Will, this dedication may be partially explained by his desire to improve his beach body. Still, Will is one of countless examples of athletes who imagined a future self and simply found a way to become it.

While personal transformation is a key component of the St. Andrew’s athletic experience, the most lasting aspect of it is the way in which every athlete is a member of a force larger than himself. St. Andrew’s produces excellent players, but more often, and more importantly, it manufactures great teams. Our teams are not comprised of individuals inwardly focused, rather ones who prioritize the spirit of competition and the success of the team over all else. For it is these athletes, who only seek personal glory, that miss the true joy of sports. It is these athletes who slam their helmets on the ground and storm off during a team huddle. These type of athletes are not found at St. Andrew’s. The most impressive part of the 2011 Henley Finalist crew narrative was that the members of the crew were captains of other teams.

I used to suffer from intense nerves before and during cross country races. As I sought to remedy the problem, I tried meditation and hunted for answers. The issue persisted. The solution was far simpler than I thought. At the starting line of the state championship, I turned around and examined my teammates. There stood Daniel Maguire—who was struggling that week with the thought that he may have already peaked as a runner. Beside him Malcolm Brown paced, nursing a purple, bruised toe that he bent out at a 45-degree angle chasing his aging, sluggishly obese cat around the house. My nerves began to seem petty in the context of the team. The race was not centered around me; I was not alone. In the final mile, instead of allowing my thoughts to consume my attention and plague my performance, I acknowledged all the other runners suffering around me, and realized they were suffering with me. It was then, that my nerves began to dissipate.

At St. Andrew’s, a team can win only one game and still derive as much meaning and joy from a season as an undefeated squad can. At St. Andrew’s, it is not about the individual glory. It is about everyone in this room who has played a sport— including the ones who may not receive awards this weekend. At St. Andrew’s, it is about school alum Dan Primiani making the 45-minute drive to voluntarily coach three seasons of sports here every day throughout his college career. At St. Andrew’s, it is about Olivia Gumbs showing up to coach her volleyball teammates practice after practice this fall and rehabbing with Al on her own time. It is about Chris Hanrahan trying a brutal new sport by joining the swim team, instead of spending the winter training for his primary interest-lacrosse. At St. Andrew’s, it is about a deep respect for and commitment to the spirit of the game—the grace, sacrifice and resilience our athletes display because they understand that they are a part of an extraordinary process much larger than themselves. Here, the extraordinary is not limited to the gifted few. It is found wherever someone is chasing it.
Our graduates will meet a global world of astonishing speed, change, and dynamism in their lives as adults. They will need to be strong, resourceful, confident, creative, and idealistic. They will have to understand the intricacies and traditions and perspectives of a global world.

As a leader who thrives in this exciting and compelling century, Cristina Stenbeck Fitzgibbons returns to her second home today. We are so proud of her and thank her, Fitz, and Merrill, Amelia, and Tatiana for coming to St. Andrew’s from London to share this day with us all.

INVESTING IN A GLOBAL EDUCATION

Cristina Stenbeck Fitzgibbons ’95

Thank you very much for that wonderful introduction Mr. Roach—you’ll always be Mr. Roach to me. When you taught me English and became my advisor 20 years ago, I don’t think either of us thought that you’d be introducing me at commencement — you’d be introducing me at commencement — you as headmaster — well, that might have been within the realm of possibility for you back then — but certainly not for me as a mother of three prospective St Andreans under the age of six years leading a family business in 80 countries. That was not on the horizon back in 1995, I can tell you. Frankly, at the time I would have thought the probability was much higher I would have been introducing you. While I think I would have made a fairly decent headmistress, I can promise you, you would have made a sensational Chairman of the Board (it is not too late). Today, I am honored to be back at St. Andrew’s and to be given the opportunity to speak to you in this important moment in your lives.

It was more than apparent being a part of last night’s award ceremony that you are an exceptional group of people, from your commitment to athletics to arts, academics to community leadership. Now, I am going to pause and admit that from this point on my remarks have been completely repurposed after listening to your fellow classmates last night. I returned home to Mr. and Mrs. Roach’s house and redrafted my speech because I was so taken with who you all had become. Your collective sense of accomplishment and purpose resonated with every fiber of my being. You have taken this school to new heights and your class frankly speaks for itself as the best ambassadors a school like St. Andrew’s and its teachers could ever hope to turn out into the world. That is how the world works — you will now act as a bridge.

Peter McLean

25-YEAR ANNIVERSARY MEDAL

In his many handwritten notes written to me over the years on notecards from his Art in Biology class with Peter Brook, Peter McLean reminds me to read Wendell Berry, David Orr, Bill McKibben, and other leading voices for environmental stewardship in the country and world. Each note Peter writes communicates what Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., called in April 1967 “the fierce urgency of now.” Now Peter argues is the time for action, renewal, rescue, and kindness. Now is the time for thoughtfulness, mindfulness, and generosity and spirit. Now is the time to take a walk, plant a tree, or welcome a sign of spring, summer, fall, or winter.

As much as I respect and appreciate the brilliance and clarity and majesty of the writers Peter McLean celebrates, I today want to praise Peter and tell him he belongs in that august company. For 25 years now, Peter McLean has taught biology, advised students, and articulated the environmental and ethical mission of St. Andrew’s. As I present this 25th year medal to him today, I do so with profound gratitude and appreciation for the man and citizen and leader and teacher he is.
ST. ANDREW’S SCHOOL

Josué Chavez ’14 on Academics at St. Andrew’s School

In her 1967 essay “Goodbye To All That,” Joan Didion wrote “It is easy to see the beginnings of things, and harder to see the ends.” Similarly, academics at St. Andrew’s have a clear beginning, whether it was freshman, sophomore or junior year, but there is ambiguity as to where they end — if at all.

Three years ago, I couldn’t picture myself writing a ten-page senior exhibition or proving math theorems. For example, if you had asked me three years ago my opinion on war, I would have said that war is a traumatic and horrible experience that destroys lives and is the result of evil. However, now I have a more nuanced view of it. Yes, war is a horrible experience, but it is more complicated than that since many individuals (not bad people either like poet Siegfried Sassoon) have felt accepted in the front. Some have found certain meaning in it. Three years ago I would have never said what I just said. However, one of the most transformative aspects of our education is that it gives us confidence. It inspires us through the full commitment of the faculty and the always-supportive student body.

That is not to say that our classes are easy. We all have felt the desire to bang our head against the wall as we face the empty word document, the uncontrollable urge to run away from that math take home test or the strange half-awake, half-delirious liminal state that only happens on a Thursday at 3am in the common room. Through the moments of frustration and satisfaction, we grow. Years later, here we are, confidently and eloquently engaging in conversations that challenge the world around us. We are not afraid to tackle issues about cultural memory, service, or national identity.

St. Andrew’s academics have no discernible ending because what they teach is not limited to a classroom. We learn to have great curiosity, empathy and passion to challenge and discover. Our ethos rejects complacency and encourages self-reflection. The culture of perseverance and collaboration makes our education unique in the country — an education that never ends, teaching us to be our best selves.

between the School and your lives and the lives of others. The strong spirit, values and culture which you continue to embody through your many future successes serve as positive reinforcement for the younger classes and generations that follow you.

I would like to tell you a bit about my story so you know that it is not unusual what you aspire to do and you will not be alone when you get out there and inevitably continue what you have begun here and will pursue further throughout your college years. Although Mr. Roach touched on the headlines of my professional life, I like to consider myself an enabler of new businesses, a promoter of innovation and a backer of entrepreneurs. This might sound like I play foosball in Menlo Park or have a little too much fun working at a tech incubator in Silicon Valley. That is not me. I am on the opposite side of the world working in some of the world’s most complicated places — across real frontier markets.

In the spirit of being true to myself, I embraced early the tradition of bringing my young daughters on business trips as I travel a fair amount and they are young — the eldest is six years old and the youngest twins are nearly four years old. I like to expose them to everything. I think it defines their characters, while allowing me to spend more time with them as their values and perspectives develop with fascinating experiences. I am convinced that showing my daughters Africa, Latin America, the Middle East and remote parts of Europe, where we have business operations, social responsibility programs and partnerships through travelling extensively on their holidays also makes owning a family business like ours more natural, tangible and exciting and therefore much more difficult to sell when they grow older. For those of you who may imagine quaint street cafes in Paris or Barcelona right now, think instead of far more edgy destinations, like Bogota in Colombia, Ufa in Bashkordostan, Russia, Kinshasa in Democratic Republic of Congo, Lagos in Nigeria or Guatemalan City in Guatemala. I have understood that business is a platform through which to experience the remote places of the world in order to build shareholder value and affect change.

About 10 years ago I remember sitting in a meeting with a CEO of a major U.S. company. He was running through his key strategic business units and I noticed he divided his business into ‘US’ and ‘Rest of the World’ and spoke repeatedly in those terms. Since then I have adopted the terminology as my own to describe my focus geographies. “RoW” for me means every bit of white space between the U.S. and China and this is where we invest in building consumer facing businesses. Our consumers identify themselves by country, region and continent; there should not be a “RoW” mentality anywhere else other than inside the U.S.

Since becoming a trustee, Tad and I have always wanted to drive international diversity here at St. Andrew’s, and I saw last night he is more than well on his way to change the passive view of “RoW” by invoking a deep curiosity, encouraging bold thinking and empowering you all to act as a part of your duty to St. Andrew’s. As education is at the root of all positive development we must take responsibility for fostering greater international diversity among our students. Today we live in a global world and my professional life is a testament to it. Already today St. Andreans have an advantage over their fellow peers from other schools for the culture of shared responsibility and true pursuit of excellence that you all have lived by during the last four years.

You may ask yourself what it is that I do in these 80 markets? It is actually not one global business selling one particular product like chocolate — although that is an enviable business model, sadly it is not mine. In our Group we have over 50
companies all with different brands and management teams spread across four core pillars: Communications, Information and Entertainment, Commerce and Financial Services. So imagine the key needs of every consumer everywhere in the world being met by offering mobility, quality and convenience. That is what we broadly aim to do in 80 countries.

We are disruptive entrepreneurs who thrive on leapfrogging traditional technology like fixed line telephones and fixed broadband because the infrastructure does not exist where our customers live, so we offer all services digitally and affordably via the mobile phone. We build mobile networks, launch e-commerce sites that procure and sell general merchandise and fashion online. We have always left the bigger more established markets like the U.S. to Amazon.

Instead we go to the other white space on the map and start companies from scratch in order to be able to bring people their first Internet experience in East Africa or Central America in order to allow them to purchase with a great degree of convenience, to give people a choice regarding price and quality. We connect people directly in a marketplace which means the buyer and the seller meet on our websites to search for anything and everything from a cat to a car. In China the phenomenon is called Alibaba; in the U.S., it’s called Amazon; and in Nigeria; it’s called Konga.

It didn’t take long to figure out that in emerging markets you have to do everything in parallel from the outset. When you bring completely new services to consumers for the first time you have to begin with education. If you want to change consumer behavior, you must teach people how to transfer money over a mobile phone or make a purchase online and it must be simple and flawless. To achieve this, we invest in corporate social responsibility programs that facilitate early adoption by showing how it can be done safely. Our consumers need to trust us so we need to build it by helping them.

You are taught this at St. Andrew’s and we heard Bridget talk about community leadership last night and for those future entrepreneurs amongst you — of which I think there will be many. It will make sense for you to make a number of investments in adjacent sectors at the same time because the barriers of entry are high in these markets and the associated risks complex, so if you are going to launch one product it is more often than not more sensible to pursue multiple scalable projects at once. For this scale of ambition you always need people and that starts yet again with education, whether it is training our sales force of how to walk the streets encouraging customers to place orders from tablets, or whether it is our managers who are not just operational business figures, but also community leaders. Local leaders, husbands, wives and children are taught local culture, history and responsibility which helps build good sustainable businesses tailored for each country. This is also a part of St. Andrew’s ethos to build a community of shared values with frank and open exchange in order to boost one another so the collective group becomes even stronger than the individual stars.

As a trustee, I am committed just like all of you are to continuing to build and enhance St. Andrew’s in a similar spirit to how the students and faculty have done over the last 20 years since I left campus. I think we all should continue to share our humanistic and global aspirations with people in places that don’t have a St. Andrew’s. Tad and I often discuss a vision to import some even greater diversity, of global relevance, here one day and he knows that when he is ready I will serve as the bridge. We shouldn’t limit ourselves to just talking about the BRICs (Brazilians, Russians, Indians, Chinese and Indians) — we need to think of the many more people who have strengths and weaknesses and are capable of contributing to the future.

Penny Bartsch
25-YEAR ANNIVERSARY MEDAL

Today, we celebrate both Penny Bartsch’s 25 years of service to St. Andrew’s and her retirement from the School. Since 1990, Penny has been an integral part of the St. Andrew’s family. Strong, reliable, efficient, and disciplined, Penny worked as a leader of our housekeeping staff, a Research and Development Coordinator in Facilities, and as Facilities Office Administrator.

Her work ethic, commitment to excellence, and service to the School have been extraordinary. Penny, we wish you the very best during your retirement with lots of time for your family and grandchildren.
Bridget Dufour ’14 on Community Service at St. Andrew’s School

My family grew up next to the Shivers who I regard as the most influential and inspiring people in my life. Mark, the son of Sergeant Shriver and Eunice Kennedy Shriver, the founders of Special Olympics and The Peace Corps, lives a life committed to changing the world. He lives according to a strict ethic of kindness, valuing the golden rule above all else. As simple as it is, treating others the way you want to be treated, his commitment to this value has impacted more lives than I can count. As kids, we were each very receptive to this simple, yet powerful message and so not only did it become our guiding principle as well, but we all began to adopt the same determination, the same passion to better the world. Mark never stops moving, and so we spent the better part of our childhood moving from place to place, adventure to adventure. Whether it was volunteering for Special Olympics or Best Buddies, hiking, sailing, or a late night Baskin Robbins excursion, Mark was always smiling, spreading compassion and kindness to everyone from the boy on the field during Special Olympics to the man behind the counter at Baskin Robbins.

When I was thirteen, we moved to Easton and away from the Shivers. It was the hardest transition I had experienced up until that point, as I felt helpless and vulnerable in the absence of Mark’s constant guidance and example. I was committed to living my life in the same vein as he, and when I discovered St. Andrew’s, I felt it was a place that embodied perfectly Mark’s vision and spirit. Coming in as a young ninth grader, I was fueled and motivated by the grand ideas I had fabricated in my mind: I felt so confident in the fact that St. Andrew’s was the place where my dream of changing the world would come into fruition.

As all of you idealists here can agree, the idea of changing the world never seems out of reach. As a young freshman I was under the impression that this task was accomplished through a series of grand gestures. As I immersed myself in the community service program here, however, my perception of how to accomplish this task began to change. I believed that service consisted solely of the act of giving, yet after time spent in the pool at Adapted Aquatics, tutoring at St. Anne’s, and sitting with men at the homeless shelter in Wilmington I realized that community service at St. Andrew’s is also about what is received. I initially believed that service was represented through checks, pints of blood donated, or the picture of a latrine or a solar panel. However, I’ve come to understand that the true image of community service here is that of Bella smiling as she attempts to teach kids who are arguably more competent than her how to swim, the memory of Mollie engaged in a meaningful conversation with a homeless man on a cold night in January, and the consistent, weekly commitment and energy with which Austin approaches his mentorship. The success of the program here cannot be measured by the statistics, or the amount of people who participate, the money donated, or any other number. Instead, when I think of community service now I think of the small things — the moments of challenge, inspiration, and growth and the relationships we’ve created that we will cherish forever.

This March, a group of us travelled to LaFond, Haiti, a remote village up in the mountains, to install solar panels. I envisioned a town, at the end of our stay, transformed. Carrying Paul Farmer’s, To Repair the World, and Tracy Kidder’s, Mountains Beyond Mountains, I felt ready to embark on the challenge of improving the village and the lives of those who lived there. I was under the impression that we would have hammers and nails in our hands all day, building and fixing as much as possible. Instead, we spent the majority of our trip with the children of the village, playing soccer and teaching them English and drawing and learning about Haiti. Ultimately, I don’t think our impact on LaFond is measured by the solar panels we installed, but by the relationships we established. I will remember forever, walking up in the mountain in Haiti, holding Mano’s hand and singing and learning Creole from him and teaching him English, knowing that I had done something for him and he had done something for me.

Last Sunday at Old St. Anne’s, Mr. Roach addressed the senior class with a message regarding our next step. His talk, while a tribute to all we have accomplished in our time here, was ultimately a call to action. He urged us to apply all we had learned here at St. Andrew’s to the world we are about to enter. He cautioned for us to never feel satisfied with the state of the world but to instead remain constantly dedicated to the pursuit of spreading the ethos that has become such an important part of our lives. Initially, this task seems daunting, and I wonder if I’m ready. But then I remember every week, as all of us board buses to tutor or mentor throughout Middletown or trek up the hill to Adapted. I think of the nights spent in Wilmington at Code Purple with all those homeless men and the dinners at Epiphany House and running through the wet, cold mud at the Delaware Mud Run and the memory of all the people we’ve encountered and the lessons they’ve taught us and the lessons that continue to guide us every day. I’m comforted by the belief that we, as seniors, have already begun this work.

On Thursday, we had the opportunity to host Special Olympics here at St. Andrew’s. While we were still on campus, I couldn’t help but think that this was our first opportunity of going out into the world. Together, we taught one hundred and sixty kids how to play soccer. Watching my classmates hold the special Olympians hands, teach them, and laugh with them, I realized we were ready. I still believe that changing the world is possible, no matter what the realists tell me, and I still carry Mark’s words with me wherever I go. I’ve learned from the community service program here, that service is not only a give and take, but the dreams I had of transforming and changing the world are only possible through a series of little things. When we think of Mr. Roach’s task at hand we’ll remember that one mentee who meant so much to us, or the children in LaFond, or the time when the boy who was struggling to blow bubbles in the pool finally did. Whenever I’m lost, or lose confidence in this belief, I’ll remember these little things, or I’ll call Bella or Austin or Mollie or anyone else because I know they’ll be out there changing the world in this way.
and Chinese) or the MINTs (Mexicans, Indonesians, Nigerians, Turkisk), but we should engage already in this community through our fellow students, teachers and curriculum. These are countries that play a role in our global future growth.

Export the best of what you have learned here and bring the spirit, culture and values to new destinations. Tools, capital and execution skills can be hired in others, but people like you are rare and leaders who are able to serve as a bridge between the stability we knew here at SAS and the security and availability of resources and choice we see in the U.S. We will be the ones who will never grow tired or bored and will always feel rewarded.

In the line with Tad’s ambition to have a more global St. Andrew’s and to have it then act as a bridge between some of the most dynamic markets in the world through all of us who leave, I have a plan. I am in a fortunate position that my business interests bring me to these places regularly. On the 19th of June one of my three daughters, Amelia, and I are going to Nigeria for two days on our way home from Tanzania. It is in Lagos that my plan will take form. During my travels four years ago I was introduced to a 35-year-old entrepreneur called Sim Shagaya who is passionate about building media and digital businesses in Nigeria and across West Africa. I invested with Sim to create the Konga Group. It's named for the Konga drum and if you have ever been to big African capital cities like Kinshasa or Lagos you will know how important that drum beat is — the pulse that keeps people moving and active also holds a pace that keeps people safe.

Today Konga embodies the very same spirit of St. Andrew’s through its founder’s values and ambition to build a sustainable business encompassing e-commerce, and digital market places, a social network, and financial services. Konga educates people how to use Internet, making their first experience a good one. They call them back to confirm their order. They ride bicycles and mopeds into their villages and deliver orders. Consumers start by buying rice online, then mobile phones, then a washing machine with free installment. It is an entire ecosystem built on trust, serving as a bridge between disenfranchised consumers and their needs. All the needs we have here, Konga customers have in Nigeria and we aim to serve them online.

You may ask what does the West African Entrepreneur of the Year, Sim, have to do with our precious graduation day? Well, with you all serving as our inspiration and Sim serving as our local talent scout and quality control, we are going to build a network of goodness and opportunity in Nigeria. Not a mobile phone network, but a network of local change agents who will help us on our mission to build new bridges. I will act as enabler, with Tad as the ultimate custodian. Starting in late August 2016, we will bring to St. Andrew’s a young Nigerian girl for four years. Konga has committed to put the local infrastructure and resources in place, together with the St. Andrew’s Admissions team, to search far and wide to identify a girl who will be given the opportunity to come to this safe and idyllic place for her own powerful education. This Konga Scholar is an endowed scholarship for the next generation. Our Konga girl will come every two years and for every woman this community nurtures and empowers through learning, Tad and I will work even harder to expand our reach and give the same opportunity again and again.

Brilliant Nigerian girls will be encouraged to write an essay that will put them, like it did all of us, on a new life trajectory. The further we are able to reach out of the big cities the more a sense of achievement we should all feel. Talent lies in remote parts of the world and we have set the bar high to find her. In honor of this Class of 2014, and your great dedication to St. Andrew’s and your vow to extend the reach of its core values, Tad and I will be very busy adding a further dimension to future classes — to the classes of our own daughters, Annie, Merrill, Amelia and Tatiana — that follow by importing new perspectives and ensuring our Konga girl’s success.

As we enter the 40th year of co-education and we approach a 50/50 gender split in our own student body, what could be more amazing than to welcome a young Nigerian girl to our community. Imagine what we will all learn from her. This is called changing lives, her life and our lives, and only through people can you change the world. You all will be doing it through her. Those of us who grew up at St. Andrew’s have a significant head start in life, so let’s get started. The Rest of World needs you; I will be waiting.
Good morning all you beautiful people! And what a fine day it is here at St. Andrew’s.

I want to first thank Ms. Bernadette Devine ’99 for her selflessness in giving me the honor to speak to you this morning. I’ve had the pleasure of working alongside Bernadette as co-advisor to this great Class of 2014 these past two years and have benefitted from her humor, grace, intelligence and her unflagging commitment to St. Andrew’s and to you all. I’m not always the easiest person to work with, but her positivity helps keep me going and keeps me laughing.

I’m also deeply appreciative of the model she set for all of us by being by her father’s side when he needed her through an illness this year. I don’t think it’s an exaggeration to say that her constant presence in his life this winter is a major reason why he pulled through. And some of my proudest moments this year were hearing from students how much they missed or needed you, Bernadette, but understood you were exactly where you should and needed to be. Many people would have thrown in the towel after such an emotional year, but you came back to campus even more energized and ready to give, which you did in spades.

I’d ask you all to please join me in thanking Bernadette for her dedication to this great Class of 2014 and for so beautifully embodying the spirit of St. Andrew’s in all that she does.

Now to the great Class of 2014, I need to tell you some things before you march onto that beautiful lawn. Most importantly — and this is the one you really need to hear — you need to thank your families. Seriously, do it now. I’ll wait.

Good, and keep doing it. As a student here, I had a vague appreciation that my parents paid a tuition bill every so often. As a parent 17 years later, I can tell you without hesitation that your families deserve your unbridled love, respect, thanks, hugs, follow-up thank you letters 10 years from now, and, for at least a few of you, indentured servitude. You see, it’s not just a financial sacrifice to have you here at St. Andrew’s. The sacrifice is also emotional. You are their babies. They wiped your backsides, fed your bodies and minds, kept you safe, sacrificed for you and loved you enough to let you have this experience. Thank them, thank them, and thank them again.

And I want to thank all of the families for having faith in us and letting us be a part of the lives of these wonderful young men and women. It’s been a pleasure to get to know many of you so well. You give so much of your time and energy to the School. If you peek inside the faculty room upstairs you’ll see every faculty mailbox filled with a book from Alison and Jimmy Wetter and I want to thank them for that on behalf of the faculty.

When I asked a group of you seniors on Friday what I should talk about this morning you were unanimous in that you wanted me to talk about you or, more specifically, how great you are. It was all in good fun, but I’m happy to oblige.

It’s indeed been a personal joy of mine to watch you all grow so much in your short time here. I could write an entire talk on the evolution of roasted groundhog, part of a journey into the woods that went horribly awry your freshman year, to grilled tilapia this past week from Colin’s aquaponics project.

This year you’ve led the School with humor, kindness, infectious energy and creativity. In the past four days I’ve watched you embrace the kids at the Special Olympics and make the earth a little stronger at Arbor Day. I was almost moved to tears by Bertie, Anand, Jamie, Louise, and Allison’s rendition of “I and Love and You” on Friday night. The audience during the song was exactly as Austin said last night was so critical to transcendent art. We were completely with you. It was enchanting. I’d also never seen a retrospective end with the senior class welcoming the entire School onto the stage for a 300-person hug fest. Zoe’s parents, Dennis and Jamie, were cheering from the back row as the underclassmen jumped up out of their seats to be with you. And, thanks to Sam and Austin’s timely gift recommendation, I know exactly what I’m going to get Mrs. Robinson for our 10th Anniversary next month. I’m hoping Doug will cooperate.

The truth is that you’ve done something special here and I want you to know I don’t say that lightly. I’m a very proud alumnus of this School and I’m fiercely protective of the culture and I want to see it thrive. You’ve done it. How good were those talks last night? They were so well written and delivered, but I’m talking more about how well they completely captured the great pillars of this place and how strong you made them during your time here. You guys just get it. I’m sad to see you go, but I want you to know that you’re not just leaving. Like your parents
did sending you here, we're launching you.

I know this fact makes many of you sad. I know you don't want to leave your friends. I know it feels like you're leaving a piece of yourself here or that you aren't completely whole without your friends or that special spot on campus. But it's time.

You're ready. And here's a little secret as you worry about what the future may hold while taking that last trip up the driveway away from Founders Hall — It gets better. It gets a lot better.

THIS WILL NOT be the best time of your life. Promise me that. If it is then we failed miserably. This whole experience was to set you up to continue pursuing your best self. To make you want it even more. To be better. In this room sits the innovative educators, doctors, midwives, entrepreneurs, artists, and public servants of the future. You guys are going to solve problems others can't. You're going to help those others have ignored. You're going to make people around you better. You're going to take St. Andrew's with you. But YOU have to do it. You have to work on it. You have to speak up, lead, follow the right people, and continue to stretch yourself and make more friends.

I was a phenomenal athlete in high school and needed an extra bag for all my graduation awards (obviously Mr. Roach will tell you that's not true), but I can tell you that athletic honors and awards do not change the world. You have to keep working at it long after today and I have faith that you will. We'll be here if you need help and so will these beautiful families of yours, but you have to do it.

Another important piece here is that you will see each other again. A lot. And those times will just get better and better. You'll make an effort in the next few summers to see each other. You'll share first apartments in cities. You'll run marathons together. You'll be in each other's weddings and toast to friendships that began here at St. Andrew's, but have only continued to get stronger. You might even be at each other's birthdays either because you're having a baby together many, many, many, many years from now and on purpose, or, like my wife Lindsay Dormer Robinson '97 will do in a month for Ms. Reddy and our old friend Harvey Johnson '97, you'll help deliver a friend's baby. You'll be godparents to each other's children or be uncles and aunts because at some point years earlier you became brothers and sisters here. I promise you it gets better.

One day you'll sit back in a chair overlooking a field stretching toward a slow-moving river and watch each other's children play together. It gets better.

Two weeks ago, two friends from the Class of 1995 — classmates of today's Commencement speaker — added another chapter to their now 20-year friendship. These two guys kept in touch and now have families who get together often. When one's wife was struggling with headaches and occasional disorientation the other, a radiologist, offered to take an MRI. What the scan found was a tumor on her brain that required immediate attention. The surgery that soon followed saved her life.

Now you've mentored and tutored and cleaned bathrooms at Andrew's Place and traveled the world to serve, but you've only scratched the surface of the impact you'll have on others in your lifetime. It gets better.

St. Andrew's is more than fieldstone and beautifully carved wood. You get that. Long after the novelty of Frosties and Crushes wears off, I can promise you that you will still have each other and your lives will be even richer.

So load the car and write the note. Grab your bag and grab your coat.

I love you guys. Be good and, as always, take care of each other.

Will Robinson '97, with his advisees, is a proud graduate of St. Andrew's and returned to serve as Director of Communications in 2010. He is an often-exhausted father of two boys, but says his greatest achievement in life is marrying his wife, Lindsay Dormer Robinson '97, in 2004.
Golfers in the 23rd Annual Tournament

Average temperature over the three-day weekend

63

78
FORMER & CURRENT FACULTY
reminiscing with Alumni

BALLS PITCHED BY BOB COLBURN
1964 Championship Team Batting Practice

ATTENDEES AT DENNIS BLAIR ’64’S
“OUR AMAZING ALUMNI” SESSION
Saturday morning in Engelhard Hall
ALUMNI CHILDREN invaded campus and the Funhouse

ICE CREAM CONES SERVED
From Kilby Cream’s Moo Truck

283.
PILLOWS PICKED UP
the night before Reunion requiring a
7 hour drive through
Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey

CLASS WITH MOST PARTICIPANTS
In Saturday’s Family Soccer Game

ALUMNI ROWERS
working the oars on Noxontown Pond
We Will Remember

A REUNION CHAPEL TALK BY BILL AMOS
These last few days have shown that faces bring memories to light. To see some of my III Formers sitting right here, dutifully upright, alert and attentive, just as you were 65 years ago — that’s remarkable! And quite wonderful.

And here are a few of those resourceful lads who escaped Cameronian law by building hideaways deep in the woods. And who knows? Perhaps the original Phantom is in our midst today — rather than one of his many imposters.

Best of all, here are some of those courageous young women — trail-blazers, all of them — who 40 years ago began taking over an all-male bastion to set things a-right. And they did!

Among the many memories we’ve shared this weekend are those bringing back the 37 years that Catherine and I lived here on campus amongst you, beginning in 1947 — 67 years ago, a span that is difficult to grasp from this end of time’s telescope.

This memorial service brings to mind a film that I saw, just once, a long time ago, in 1939, an English production of James Hilton’s “Goodbye, Mr. Chips,” in which an old schoolmaster reminisces about his life.

I remember, no doubt imperfectly, only a single final scene, in which Chips watches (in his mind’s eye) figures of his deceased students emerge briefly in the background before fading away. It’s a sentimental sequence we wouldn’t accept in a film today, but it affected me as an 18-year-old boy.

Here, in this beautiful and beloved Chapel, the spiritual home to every St. Andrean, in this service of remembrance, it’s certain that at this very moment, images of friends from the past are hovering nearby in the thoughts and minds of all of us.

When it became known that I’d be here today, suggestions for those to be remembered kept arriving from friends. They included not only students, but faculty, faculty wives and devoted members of the staff — most of them from when we arrived in Waldy Pell’s days, to when we left in Jon O’Brien’s time. The list grew much too long, and more so as I kept wanting to add names myself before realizing the impossibility of doing so.

But now, of course, you have spoken the names of your schoolmates at five-year intervals, most of whom (at least those from my years here) remain fresh in my memory as well.

And we must remember that there are others (the other two legs of the corporate tripod) who help make this community the magnificent, on-going experiment in Christian education it has always been: the adults and their families who guide us in a process of unfolding, in which young people along with their mentors prosper and grow.

Therefore I ask that you accept my mention of just three persons from years past to serve, not as exemplars, but as representatives of all St. Andreans who are no longer with us — students, staff, faculty.
Doug Williams, Class of 1952, left his mark on St. Andrew’s as an outstanding young man. Late one evening in his V Form year, he came to our apartment after lights-out (I was a corridor master back then, so I could bend the rules and allow him to stay up.) As with many students approaching adulthood, Doug had various ideas and dreams about directions to take, and he wanted a chance to talk them out, which we did long after midnight.

In one case, he laid out his hope of becoming a veterinarian. He loved animals and had a close affinity for them; he had grown up with horses. Serving as their doctor was, if possible, a goal to be pursued. Doug needed to talk, that evening, about opportunities and academic choices in college and graduate school for attaining this end. At the same time he said he was considering applying to West Point and serving in the Army.

In whatever he did, Doug wanted to serve.

In the months ahead this was his decision. He graduated from the U.S. Military Academy with distinction, and went on to the Leavenworth General Staff School and the War College of India. On July 10, 1967, as a major in the Army’s elite 173rd Airborne Brigade, he was killed in action in Vietnam leading his men. He had volunteered for this second tour of duty in that troubled land.

His honors and decorations include the Bronze Star, Air Medal, Army Commendation with Oak Leaf Cluster and seven other United States decorations, as well as several bestowed by the Republic of Vietnam.

Doug’s portrait is upstairs in the War Memorial Room amongst the other St. Andeans fallen in time of war.

Doug Williams, St. Andrean ✹

Dave Staats, the elder, whose son, Davey Staats for many years followed in his father’s St. Andrew’s footsteps. Dave Senior was a man more devoted to his work than just about anyone I have ever known.

The marriage of man and School began, I suspect, in 1927 or 1928, as a young member of the Turner Construction Company’s crew as they broke ground in a dusty farm field to build the first part of what we know today as Founders Hall. In 1935 he joined the School’s Maintenance Department, where he worked for the rest of his life.

Until his retirement many years later and up to his death soon after, next only to his family, the School was foremost in his life. Dave knew intimately every inch of buildings and grounds with greater accuracy than blueprints could provide. I watched him make corrections on the spot.

Anecdotes abound about the precision of his memory and his expertise in solving almost every problem — except when a snake was present, because the two of them did not get along, and invariably Dave left the scene without delay.

Dave once admitted, that on holidays and weekends, he would be at home and, in his own words, “waiting for the phone to ring,” so that he could attend to whatever sudden need might arise in the physical plant of the School he loved.

Dave Staats, St. Andrean ✹

Howard Schmolze: registrar, teacher, academician, mathematical wizard, philatelist, dispenser of sour balls and keeper of dachshunds, gentle (but firm) advisor and administrator for 44 years! Beside him at all times was his equally dedicated, beloved wife, Kathryn.

Howard was a loyalist, who felt the pulse of the entire School community in a way that few others did — or could. He championed the overlooked and the misunderstood.

As a perceptive futurist (after all, he had taken an active and important role in the School’s growth from its earliest years), he was never one for inflexibly maintaining the status quo; he saw what was needed ahead, and worked for what was to come, all the while preserving balance and the best of tradition.

Howard’s wisdom, kindness, perception of the near-imperceptible and above all his fairness in all things, guided his colleagues and generations of students, a few of whom, writing of their debt to him personally, as well as to the example he set, have their brief say in Time To Remember, a book of St. Andrew’s history.

Howard Schmolze, St. Andrean ✹

Let these three stand for every St. Andrean who has gone on before us, most of whom are clearly remembered. But others, even if only dimly recalled, still are never lost among the years.

Throughout our School’s 85 years of growth, we have remained bound together within the net cast by Waldy Pell’s “Fisher of Men” — St. Andrew himself.

Yes, it was Walden Pell’s inspired choice of name and presence that awakened in the new School its credo of faith and learning — Pistis Kai Episteme. Whatever else is said about St. Andrew’s, it comes down to that. By learning to give of oneself unsparingly, it becomes part of our fabric.

In this life and beyond, we are one.

In 1938, while still living abroad, I was a member of Toc H, an English interdenominational Christian organization that’s never been active in the U.S.
Since its founding in 1915 by a British Army chaplain during World War I, over the years Toc H had grown internationally in peacetime as a voluntary and faithful commitment to serving others, to societal reconciliation and, because forgetting can result in the extinction of presence, the Toc H membership has always honored and remembered the deceased from every walk of life, not just the military.

At the end of our occasional meetings, while silently remembering, individually and privately those who had gone from our own lives (as we are doing today), we recited a short verse from a longer poem by Laurence Binyon.

The familiar words of that single verse, with a touch of Shakespeare in them, have remained with me ever since. I offer them now, for all departed St. Andreans — especially those who left us too soon:

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

Bill Amos taught science and life’s greatest lessons at St. Andrew’s from 1947-1984. A quintessential gentleman, author and true St. Andrew’s treasure, Amos returned to campus for the 2014 Reunion Weekend to celebrate with former students and colleagues and deliver Sunday’s homily from the pulpit in the A. Felix duPont, Jr. Memorial Chapel. In the prologue to Time to Remember, Amos’s definitive biography of St. Andrew’s School from the 1950s to the 1980s, former headmaster Bob Moss wrote that, “[Amos] was and is deeply loyal to the essential character and aims of St. Andrew’s. For many years he was the nourishing force in the school.” That fact remained over three beautiful days in early June. You can watch video of Amos delivering this talk at http://www.standrews-de.org/youtube.
“As I am about to leave St. Andrew’s, I find myself trying to articulate what this place means to me but I am left speechless and frustrated. I start to say things like, ‘This place is so much more...’, or ‘It’s a second home,’ or ‘the culture and ethos’ here is *incomparable to any other school.*” While all of these statements are true, what I want to say is much more personal. I’ve changed. *I feel so much more myself* than I ever had my whole life. I now understand why so many alums *never stop visiting,* why Reunions are so popular, and why the SAS community extends itself across not only the country, but the world. St. Andrew’s isn’t just a high school. *It’s a way of life.* I don’t know what I’d do without it.”
Class notes have been removed from the online version of the Magazine in order to protect the privacy of our alums.
Guidelines for Submission of Class Notes

Class Notes serve to strengthen the connections of alumni to one another, to their class and to the School. We know they are the first pages that alumni turn to, and so we want them to be terrific! Please help us by following these guidelines:

Submission
1. Via e-mail to classnotes@standrews-de.org
2. Via mail: Class Notes, 350 Noxontown Rd., Middletown, DE 19709
3. Via your Annual Fund Gift Envelope

Guidelines
We do our best to print class notes as submitted, but many times we need to edit for various reasons, including space limitations, appropriate language and repetition of content.

It is our policy not to include announcements of engagements or pregnancies in the class notes. However, we love to print news about marriages and births.

We also like to include alumni photo submissions. Sometimes, however, the photos we receive are not useable because the resolution is too low for printing. Please send digital photos as JPEGs. They should be high resolution: at least 300 dpi. If you are unable to check the resolution, we will check it for you and communicate with you about whether it is acceptable.

Label the photo with the name(s) of at least the key person or people pictured in it. Captions are fine, but not necessary.

Send photos only as attachments, not in the body of the Word document containing the text for the class notes.
In Memory

David O. Bellis ’46

David Oliver Bellis, 85, passed away peacefully on Saturday, March 1, 2014, at Wellington at Hershey’s Mill. Born in Bryn Mawr, he was the son of the late Reverend Oliver William Bellis and the late Frances Wholmesly Bellis.

Mr. Bellis was the devoted husband of Eleanor Swayne Bellis for over 61 years. Knowing each other since childhood, David and Eleanor lived in Kennett Square as children, and walked to kindergarten together. He is also survived by his loving children, Susan DeAugustine (Joseph) of Chadds Ford, Peter Bellis (Lisa) of Doylestown, Nancy Gilmore (Robert) of Kennett Square, Gweneth Kelly (Ken) of West Chester, and Steven Bellis (Susanne) of Langhorne; as well as his beloved grandchildren, Rebecca DeAugustine, Brittney and Austin Bellis, Amanda and Luke Sarro, Ryan and Jenna Kelly, and Charlotte Bellis. Mr. Bellis was preceded in death by his brother, the late Dr. John A. Bellis.

After graduating from Trinity College in Hartford, Conn., with a bachelor of arts degree in economics, and getting married, Mr. Bellis joined the United States Navy in 1950 until 1955, and served on the USS Gaddo Parrish (LST-515) as the Executive Officer. He attained the rank of Lieutenant J.G. and was awarded the National Defense Service Medal and the Navy Occupation Service Medal (European Clasp). He later worked for Bell Telephone and AT&T, in Philadelphia and Washington, D.C., as a personnel director for over 30 years until his retirement in 1987.

Classmate Mark Reeve wrote, “David was a leader of the class as a student and as an alumnus. He will be missed by St. Andreans.”

Classmate Jim Perry wrote, “David Oliver Bellis was my roommate for my last two years at St. Andrew’s (we lived together in the II Form Dorm my first year). He was president of the Class of ’46, and he’s been our president ever since. Dave Bellis was the heart and soul of our class.

“We played lots of sports together. I was the pitcher on the baseball team and Dave was the catcher. He was the fullback on the football team; I was one of the halfbacks (we played single wing under Pop Haggerty). He was a forward on the basketball team; I was the sixth man and got to play when Lukie Fleming, our cigarette-puffing coach, was desperate. Dave was good at everything.

“I remember one night when we shared a room on the V Form corridor. We were awakened by someone stirring up and down the hall shouting we should all get out of bed and report to the VI Form corridor. It was one of our masters and it was obvious he had been drinking. Dave took charge, ‘Go get Cameron and Holder,’ he said, and someone did. Cameron and Holder picked our wayward master up by the arms and took him, legs kicking, away. Nobody ever mentioned it again, for we were fond of that master with the drinking problem.

“I remember, too, the V Form dance. We had hired a young band from Philadelphia that was active in school and college gigs to drive down to Middletown for our dance. They arrived in beat-up cars and rumpled suits. The trouble was, only two or three of them had instruments! Dave, who played the sax in the school dance band, took charge and marched these ragamuffin musicians over to the gym and handed out SAS instruments and some sheet music. The band actually was pretty good, and no wonder. The leader of that band was Elliot Lawrence and he went on to put together a first-class swing band and win seven Emmys and may still be the music leader for the Tony awards.

“Dave’s father and mother used to visit the School. His father was an Episcopal priest, with a congregation in Kennett Square, Pa. He was a little fellow, born in Wales, with a captivating Welsh accent.

“We both ended up at Trinity College (Dave’s brother had gone there). My step-brother, Holly Whyte ’35, was working on a story about the college class of 1949 for Fortune Magazine and asked me to round up some of my fellow students for a brainstorming session in a room at the old Heublein Hotel in downtown Hartford. Drinks on Henry Luce. Holly was interested in what we wanted to do with our working lives following graduation. Dave, never bashful, popped up that he wanted to work for the telephone company, marry a nice lady, and have kids. And that’s just what he did.

“Holly once told me that the Heublein meeting was a big help in organizing his thoughts for his masterpiece, The Organization Man.

“Dave was never very religious in our days at SAS. Later, though, I think he did find his faith. We exchanged a lot of e-mails. ‘Blessings,’ he would conclude.

“Blessings to Bunky, a good and decent man and a wonderful friend.”

Don Haynsworth wrote, “Hearing that David Bellis passed away, I want to share just a couple of my thoughts about him. He was the leader of our class in every way. On the athletic field he excelled and motivated every one with his abilities in football, basketball, and baseball. Off the field he was an inspirational leader for both our class and the student body, serving as class president and senior prefect in 1946. As a good friend and VI Form roommate of Dave’s, I can truly say he was one of the best of the best.”

Thomas H. Fooks V ’46

Thomas Hearne Fooks V, 86, of Wilmington, Del., died on December 26, of natural causes at Rockland Place after a brief illness. Born in Georgetown, Del., to Georgia Rebecca Williams and Thomas Hearne Fooks IV, Tom was one of four children.

Tom’s life was characterized by his active intellect, physical vitality, and personal generosity. He made his mark in real estate as an early developer of residential properties built on leased land that preserved native growth and integrated common, open spaces. He shared a deep interest in the history of the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia and supported research going back to the 17th Century through his involvement with the Edward H. Nabb Research Center at Salisbury University.

Tom attended St. Andrew’s School in Middletown, Del., and graduated in 1945 from St. James School in Hagerstown, Md. Upon graduation he joined the

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U.S. Navy in the waning days of WW II, serving in the Aleutian Islands off Alaska. In 1952 he received a B.S. in commerce from the University of Virginia, where he was a member of St. Elmo Hall fraternity, the TILKA society dedicated to student leadership and social function, and the IMP Society, dedicated to philanthropy and mischief. Upon his return to Virginia for Homecoming following graduation, Tom was greeted at the train station by the University's marching band. In 1958 Tom received a LLB degree from Temple University Law School and completed the Harvard Business School's Owner/President Management Executive Education Program in 1986.

After an early career which included ventures in a haberdashery, a watermelon farm, and a large scale chicken farming operation, Tom focused his interest on real estate development. His work led to his election to membership in the Young Presidents Organization. He developed projects in Rehoboth Beach, Del., building the area's first condominium units. His residential projects were the first to incorporate leased-land financing and open-space planning to preserve natural habitat. Among his developments were innovative, award-winning designs at Rehoboth-By-The-Sea, Sea Strand, North Shores, the Edgewater House, and Bethany Beach. Near Wilmington, he developed the Deerfield residential community in Chadds Ford, and The Commons office condominiums on Silverside Road in Wilmington. In Maryland, he was instrumental in developing the 350-acre Fair Hill Training Center in Cecil County, a state-of-the-art training facility and stables for thoroughbred race horses. His last major real estate project, in Oxford, Md., preserved 85 acres of farmland at the town's entrance.

In his later years, Tom developed a deep interest in his heritage and the history of the Delmarva Peninsula. He compiled research that traced the ancestry of more than 600 family members, established nine ancestral lines to the Jamestown Plantation, and two direct lines back another twelve hundred years to the emperor Charlemagne. He was a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, where he organized and sponsored an update of descendants from Delaware. He was also a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Society of Cincinnati, and the Baronial Order of Magna Charta.

Tom devoted considerable time to civic and cultural programs as an active contributor to the Hagley Museum, Winterthur, and the Center for Digital History at the University of Virginia. He served on the board of directors of Wilmington's Fair Play Foundation, the Edward H Nabb Research Center for Delmarva History and Culture at Salisbury University, and the Harvard Business School Club of Philadelphia. His social memberships included the Wilmington Club, the Wilmington Country Club, and the Union League.

In both business and social relations, Tom was known for his gentle demeanor, impeccable manners and relentless tenacity. As a negotiator, he found common ground between parties when no one else could. If common ground could not be found, Tom’s persistence inevitably carried the day. Though never married, Tom became an integral, honorary member of many families in Wilmington. Not only a devoted uncle to his own nieces and nephews, he took an avuncular interest in keeping abreast of his friends’ children and committing to memory their accomplishments. Conversations with Tom habitually included queries about the latest developments with the children.

He is survived by his sister Rebecca Fooks Lindsay of Toronto, Ont. His sisters Lianne "Lee" Fooks Barkdolll, of Hockessin and Sarah "Sally" Fooks Borton of Wilmington pre-deceased him. He is also survived by his nieces and nephews, Anne Williams Barkdolll, and partner David O’Keefe, Archie Edwin Barkdolll III and wife Zoe Weil, Schuyler Lippincott Borton and partner Faye Harbottle, Susan Lee Lindsay Klein and husband Adam Klein, Thomas Fooks Lindsay and wife Harriet MacMillan, Ashley Hearne Lindsay Mosher and spouse Janet Mosher, Holly Lindsay and husband Mark Crosby, and six grand nieces and nephews.

**Morton H. Clark ’50**

Morton Hutchinson Clark of Williamsburg, Va., died on October 7, 2013. Mr. Clark was born April 21, 1933 in Norfolk, Va. He was the youngest child of David Henderson Clark and Catharine Hutchinson Clark.

Mr. Clark was a graduate of St. Andrew’s School, Middletown, Del., the University of Virginia, and the University of Virginia Law School. Following law school, he completed Officer Candidate School in Newport, R.I., and served aboard several aircraft carriers operating in the Pacific. He also served at the Naval Air Station in Chincoteague, Va., as an Air Intelligence Officer utilizing both aircraft and submarines.

Mr. Clark was a partner at the law firm of Vandevert, Black, Meredith, and Martin in Norfolk until his retirement in 2000. He served on the Executive Committee of the Maritime Law Association of the United States. He was a Fellow of the American College of Trial Lawyers, a past president of the I’Anson-Hoffman American Inn of Court, co-editor of The Virginia Lawyer-Chapter on Admiralty, and a lecturer on Admiralty at the Marshall-Wythe School of Law at William and Mary College.

He loved boats and sailing and participated in numerous off shore races as navigator, including the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit, the Annapolis to Newport races, and the Newport to Bermuda races.

Mr. Clark is survived by his wife of 52 years, Lynn Adams Clark and their four children: Allison Dunn and her husband Hugh of Suffolk, England; David Clark and his wife Karen of Norfolk, Va.; Susan Anton and her husband Alexander of Oxford, England; and Dixon Cairnduff and her husband Bruce of Hong Kong.
and six grandchildren: William and Anna Dunn, Emma Clark, Harrison and Sydney Anton, and Ian Cairnduff. His sister Catharine C. Rasmussen and his brother David Clark also survive him.

Henry Constable ‘50

Henry Lyttleton Constable and Brooke Young, passed away on February 8, 2014, in Sisters, Oregon. Constable was born February 7, 1931. Brooke and Henry were married in New York City in 1971, while she was awaiting admission to the Julliard School of Music in New York City. Henry worked and retired as a stockbroker in New York City. They lived alternately in New York City, Portland, Ore., and Sisters, Ore. They are survived by their son, Cody, of New York City.

Classmate John Hukill wrote, “Ditto' of what Jack wrote so nicely that I don’t have much to add. Except, one of the greatest things about Lyt was he got on his knees many nights and said his prayers after the switch was pulled and the lights went out... and then disappeared out the door like the will of a wasp.”

Barry Register ‘51 wrote, “I was among the many at the well-attended funeral services for Lyt and his wife Brooke in New York in February. Other St. Andreans there: Stuart ‘50 and Barbara Bracken, David Ralston ‘54 and Lili Pell Whitmer. Dick Constable ‘50 and I shared a hearty handshake and hug afterwards in the crowded church vestibule. Dick's tribute to Lyt was, despite the circumstances, well-presented with amusing anecdotes of their life in New York after college."

Upshur Q. Sturgis ‘50

Quin Sturgis was born in Cedarhurst, Long Island, New York City, N.Y. He was the son of the late William James Sturgis (born in Virginia) and the late Margaret Teackle Quinby Sturgis (born in New York City). Quin attended boarding school at St. Bernard’s in New York and St. Andrew’s in Middleton, Del. The family had a second home on the eastern shore of Virginia and owned Parramore Island off of the coast, where he spent many summers on the island.

Quin joined the U.S. Navy and after an honorable discharge, he joined the Merchant Marines. There with his brother, William James Sturgis, Jr., they sailed for Sun Oil. He always enjoyed the sea. Quin moved to Florida and that is where he met and married the former Nancy Lee Linke of Homestead, Fla. They bought a ranch in Davie, Fla., and spent many years with horses and eventually raised their family there. In later years, they settled in Charleston, S.C., and again Quin was able to return to the ocean.

Most importantly, we will not forget a wonderful human being.”

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John Dennis Creadick ‘52

John Dennis Creadick of St. Augustine, Fla., passed away unexpectedly Monday, February 24, 2014. He was born November 8, 1934 in Kenmore, N.Y., to the late John Conlyn Creadick and Laura Liles Creadick.

John was a loving husband, father and grandfather, a business leader, an active member of his church and community, and particularly loved music and playing the piano.

John graduated from St. Andrew’s School in Middleton, Del., and Duke University School of Business. He then joined the Navy, and after attending Officer Candidate School in Newport, R.I., served as an airborne radar control officer at Barber’s Point Naval Air Station in Honolulu, Hawaii. John married Jane Lee Darnell of Durham, N.C., in June of 1957.

John’s banking career began in 1961 with First Union National Bank, and included positions in Charlotte, Asheville, Chapel Hill, and Durham, N.C. He became president of First American Bank in Athens, Ga., in 1976, then returned to...
Michael F. Brown '62

As reported by Richard Baer: The bell has tolled for another member of the Class of '62. Michael "DJ" Brown passed away on January 24, 2014. Michael had been battling Myeloid Leukemia since September 2011. He was hospitalized in Marseille this past January, when a massive heart attack took him from us.

As he wished, Michael was buried in Les Martins, Gordes, France. He is survived by his wife of 24 years, Sarah Brown, and his daughter, Megan Brown (by a previous marriage).

Living in France since 1990, Michael and Sarah ran a wine-importing business and a cultural/culinary program from their home for many, many years. I believe at least Jack Beeler of our class has visited him there once or twice.

Having kept in contact with Michael and Sarah over the years, Sarah asked me to share this sad news amongst our class. Evidently Michael had enjoyed the email banter that I shared through Sarah. Michael, himself, refused to touch a computer. Michael and I shared 4 years at St. Andrew's, plus 3 years at Carolina. There are many stories to be told... the truth of which lies somewhere between Michael, the Devil and the deep, blue sea. He was, as we all aspire to be, "an original." Here is a last and favorite pic of Michael from Sarah.

Reflections from Jack Beeler: DJ and I occasionally made our way to the solidly off-limits pool hall above the fire station in Middletown, where we succeeded in heightening the tension between the townies and we preppies, if that was even possible. The walk into town was long and boring, with the exception of the thrill of making it past the reeking chicken farm, but we tempered the journey by sliding over a berm or two to suck down a Marlboro or three. Michael took the occasion of coming up against the local would-be Minnesota Fatties to practice the cool strut that he would later perfect. I envision him surveying the next shot, chiming his cue, Marlboro dangling from his lower lip, that lip with its slight Elvis sneer, carefully coifed, amply Brylcreamed hair; the arms, head, neck, all cooly twitching and jerking and orchestrating the message: I'm Somebody... but you? We made no friends in that adolescent war zone.

At St. Andrew's, Michael and I were "best friends" as outlaws and scoffers. Oddly, when we met up in France lo those several decades later, we played no pool. Had we graduated?

A friend in need being a friend in deed, Michael came to my rescue and paved the way for the next and final hurrah of my "professional" life as a hunter-gatherer (antiques). In 1992 I'd made an attempt to ratchet myself to the next level by staging a buying trip to France, but the results were less than encouraging (just ask any French dealer where the wholesale markets are, for that ultimate blank stare). Literally at wit's end, I nervously picked up the phone and called Michael a couple of years later. His basso-profundo, damn-any-torpedoes response: "Hey, come on over! We've got three houses here. You can have one! And we have a car for you, and the center of antiques for the entire south of France is five miles from our front door! Stay as long as you like!" Zut, alors!

In short order I arrived at the airport in Nice, and there was Michael (what's 30 years between friends?) to pilot me to his petit coin du monde, St. Martin's, an off-the-path 8-home village in the Luberon, east of Avignon, near Gordes. I was introduced to wife Sarah and a way of life that seemed to have its advantages. That is, if you consider it "advantageous" to take a short ride to your art gallery to check on sales, or stroll through your orchards, or toss some chemicals in the pool, or shop the outdoor Wednesday market, or chop leeks with Sarah, or uncork the wine for lunch, or decide whether it's just a bit too warm to manage a second creme brulée at your outdoor table, nestled under a tree in the front yard, dog curled up at your feet, chickens clucking. Yes, one is tempted to say that "Michael had it all."

That first trip to the south of France, and "Michael's world" turned out to be my springboard; over the next few years...
Charles D. Murphy '62

I returned several times to stay with him and Sarah. They fed me, stored my treasures in their attic, washed my socks, treated me to their gourmet meals, toured me around the area’s sights, took me in as one of their own.

Such generosity! Michael's strings-free sharing, and by extension his support and caring, played a fundamental role in the success I’ve enjoyed since then; I so deeply appreciate that help and the camaraderie that accompanied it. The memories of Michael, Sarah, the dogs, the cats, the chickens, the many friends, the quiet and stillness of the warm Luberon night, breezes wafting through the 18th century window, hazy crescent moon hovering over the orchards, the seeming eternity of it all...

Reflections from Richard Baer: Mes Amis, Raise a toast to DJ... a master spin doctor before that term had been invented. He constantly amazed me (a hick from the sticks of Eastern North Carolina) by his ability to BS his way into and out of the most incredible situations. He was on our six-man football team in III Form. After that he was soccer man. We shared an apartment in Chapel Hill my senior and his junior year. He came to Carolina a year later than I because he did a post-grad year after SAS. We had some memorable road trips... almost at the level of something from Animal House. Some of our pranks must still be shrouded because the statute of limitations hasn’t completely run out yet. Let’s hear some of YOUR stories. A votre santé.

James D. Watt, Jr. ’62

James D. Watt, Jr., 69, of Macungie, died July 7, 2013. He was the husband of Pamela S. (Stecker) Watt, with whom he celebrated 18 years of marriage on January 14, 2013. Born in Lancaster, he was the son of the late James D. Watt, Sr. and Barbara (McClure) Watt. James was a member of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania Bar Association, and the Schuylkill Bar Association, having practiced law in Schuylkill County at James D. Watt Law Offices from 1977 to 1994. Survivors: Wife; sons, Dr. John M. Watt, Major James D. Watt, III and wife, Jill, and Attorney Nicholas T. Watt; stepsons, James E. Best and Brendon Best; grandchildren, Lauren and Aiden Watt.

Reflections from Jim Beverley: James “Squat” Watt was my roommate for three years. One of the great regrets of recent times was that I was not able to find a way to get him back for the 40th, 45th and especially the 50th Reunions. He and his family took this Florida boy in for Thanksgivings in Lancaster; we went for fast drives through Amish country in his 1950-1951 Crossley Hotshot, voted by car mags as one the worst autos ever built. It was cheap, sportyish, noisy, and like a go kart felt like it was fast. Trying not to hit the horse-drawn wagons or startle the horses with unmuffled exhaust of the tiny but very loud motor, he fixed me up with my first real dates with girls from the local high school.

We played the record ‘Sounds of Sebring 12 Hr Race’ on the D corridor much to the displeasure of the kindly supervisors. We served as the only non-prefect supervisors on that same corridor where Watt persuaded me that we should not perpetuate the reigns of terror of previous regimes — a policy strongly opposed by some of the “old school” terrorists on the faculty and some of our more inept but sadistic classmates. He also engineered that blockages on our corridor of 30 or so IV Formers clogging the hallway as Webb Reyner came up in hot pursuit of the Phantom.

He was the only 15 year old I knew who shaved daily. On the soccer field he was lacking in ball skills but was a feared physical force, that is until he got hooked for smoking, then to become a founding member of the work squad — a true oxymoron — a club for those free spirits who eschewed organized sport, a rarity in those days. I saw him a few times over the decade after ’62 but gradually lost touch — another regret. When I tried to reconnect these past few years he was already ill and difficult to reach. He was my best friend when I really needed one; I shall miss him. Carpe diem. Happy trails to you until we meet again...

Reflections from Bill Ed Stevenson: I had no contact with “Squat” after SAS, but recently learned that I have a Pa-“Dutch” ancestor, so maybe we’re distant cousins on his mother’s side. Anyway, I fondly recall him as a boy who wisely got along with everyone and typically wore a whimsical smile, as if he were listening bemusedly to your dumb story and anticipating the punch line on the verge of an appreciative guffaw... which might have been at your story, but also left you wondering if it might have been at your stupidity for telling it. He was
fun to be around, with a wry, ironic sense of humor. He impressed me as down to earth and not taking himself too seriously, yet at the same time, I always had the impression he held his cards close, and might have masked a stealthy ambition towards serious goals in the post-SAS phase of life.... and his resume speaks to that suspicion. Pennsylvania is a big, diverse state, and to have served on its Supreme Court suggests his accumulated personal gravitas, peer respect and political savvy both within the legal-eagle rookery and in the byzantine world of state politics. His life accomplishments reflect well on the rigorously Cameronesque culture that produced SAS ’62.

Jimmy Squats, ya done good, lad. We’ll see you on the other side. We’ll know you’re in there by the long-forgotten sound of your squash racquet hitting the wall, followed by judiciously-intoned oaths and the mellifluous Charlestonian voice of Lefty saying “Softly, your Honor, softly”. To the rest of your classmates hanging back from boarding the last Night Train, please, guys, let’s all agree that there shall be no more of these “oh no” news-flashes until we’re all too far lost in the hazy days at Dr Alzheimer’s Autumn Retreat to register them.

Alexander W. Thrower ’86

Alexander Weatherly Thrower, 45, passed away in his sleep at his Richmond, Va., home on December 11, 2013. Alex had an indomitable wit and charm and was a true southern gentleman. To know him was to love him.

Alex was born in Florence, S.C., to George Fraser Thrower and Lucy Shannon Crosland Thrower. He graduated from St. Andrew’s School, Middletown, Del. (Class of 1986); University of Richmond (Class of 1990), where he was a member of the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity; and from George Mason University School of Law (1997).

Alex devoted his career to energy and environmental policy work, including his roles as Senior Policy and Technical Advisor to the U.S. Department of Energy, focusing on the Yucca Mountain Project, Staff Counsel and Consultant to the President’s Blue Ribbon Commission on America’s Nuclear Future, and as Senior Fellow at the U.S. Nuclear Infrastructure Council.

At the time of his death, he served as principal of The Thrower Group advising clients on nuclear energy matters. He was a member of Centenary United Methodist Church, where he served as chair of the Finance Committee.

Alex was predeceased by his father and is survived by mother; his wife, Meredith Sanderlin Thrower; two sons, John Godfrey Thrower and George Sanderlin Thrower; his sister, Mary Thrower Kulp and her husband, Scott; his mother-in-law, Mary Sue Sanderlin; his father-in-law, James L. Sanderlin and his wife, Ginger; his sister-in-law, Elaine Sanderlin Ryan and her husband, Sean; his brother-in-law, Dr. James Barry Sanderlin and his fiancee, Kate Savage; three wonderful nephews, James, George and Teddy; as well as by numerous relatives and an extremely devoted group of friends.

Alex was beloved for his sense of humor and his passions were his family, his friends, reading and good food, which he often enjoyed preparing himself.

Reflections from Amy Barto ’86: A true southern gentleman to the core, Alex saw the best in people, including myself — even if other people didn’t see it, or believe it — including myself. What Alex wrote in my yearbook is the ONLY message I have remembered for all these years — partly because it was so nice, and partly because I thought he was so crazy (and wrong.) And now, I think he is my Guardian Angel. He wrote:

“Amy, at the risk of sounding TOO cliché, you are, without a doubt, the sweetest person I have ever known. I don’t think that (except when I was tickling you) you ever said or did anything mean or nasty. Or maybe it was because I am so charming and you fell under my spell... Take care of yourself, Amy. I love you. Alex T.”

We didn’t stay in touch; but Alex’s words take on incredible new meaning to me at this very week in my life that he passed. Given that he passed at Christmastime, and the season of Angels and Miracles, I believe Alex is one of my Angels. May God bless his family and friends. I hope he and Rob Jordan will watch over the rest of us until the day we join them.

Reflections from Steve Locke: Alex was a wonderful father of two young sons, Johnny and George, and a loving husband to his wife Meredith. A beloved brother to his sister Mary and devoted son to his Mother Lucy. They lived in Richmond, Va., surrounded by several of Alex’s best friends from University of Richmond, where Alex attended, and I am certain their tight community and love for his family will help his wife and sons get through their loss.

Alex was an exceptional lawyer working both for and as a consultant with the government on DOE’s arduous task of the transportation and disposal of nuclear waste. Yes, he truly was making our world a better place to live.

As fellow classmates will remember, Alex was first and foremost a Southern gentleman, with an incredible sense of humor and it was always a gift to be in his presence. My roommate for our three years at St. Andrew’s, he is and will always be part of who I am. I know he had a similar impact to all of our fellow classmates and I know we all felt the same about him in return.

Typical to Alex’s air to theatrics, his timing comes at a time when friends and family mean the most. On behalf of my best friend, with all the southern drawl I can muster, have a happy holiday.
At a wrestling tournament in Newark this winter a guy from the opposing team immediately approached me. He caught my eye and proclaimed, “你是一個中國人!” which means, “You’re Chinese!” I turned around slowly, and said, “Hi?” He then gave me a wide grin and yelled in Chinese, “The minute I saw you, I knew you were either Southern Chinese or South-Asian, like Vietnamese, because of your nice skin and big eyes! And I heard there was an Asian girl wrestling, so I knew you had to be Chinese!” His teammates were awkwardly standing behind him, listening to him go “wahh” and “ohhh” in Chinese. I didn’t know what to do, so I continued this conversation I was so awkwardly thrown into.

He proceeded to tell me his Chinese name, what subjects he’s taking in school and how he misses food from Beijing, all with exaggerated hand gestures and exclamations. I wanted to concentrate on watching the matches, but I didn’t know how to politely excuse myself. And then it hit me. This guy is ranting and raving to me, in Chinese, because he has no one else to speak it with. I gently interrupted him and asked whether there were other Chinese students at his school. He shook his head sadly and said, “There are only three of us at the moment, but we don’t get along well. I miss speaking Chinese.” My heart sank in sympathy.

Despite my multi-cultural upbringing, I find that there are some things that get lost in translation. At home in Hong Kong I took German for four years, and have taken the Sprachdiplom, an exam administered by the German Ministry of Culture to prove that I have the vocabulary to talk about “umweltgeschutzten” (saving the environment), “personlichgesundheit” (personal health) and “zukunftsplane” (my plans for the future.) Despite this and my fluency in English, there are some things I can only express in Chinese.

While I do start sentences with, “In China…” there are the deeper nuances of my culture that I want to share and discuss; questions on morality, honor, love, and how to be a good person. This desire is how I came to realize how special the St. Andrew’s community is. I vividly remember the first night of International Student Orientation; after all the name games, the Q&A and the ice-cream, I knew that I had made two firm new friends in Colin (from Norway) and Seal (Bermuda). That night, Louisa Belk ’16 introduced herself, grabbed my hand excitedly, and introduced me to the people in my class who were there for preseason sports camps. I was immediately struck by their friendliness, great sense of humor and how kind they were.

Over the course of the next month, I was busy getting to know other people, but I haven’t forgotten the warm welcome I first felt. I have a special connection with the Chinese students, other members of International House and the St. Andrew’s community as a whole. Unlike the guy I met at Newark, I will never be alone, because of the tight-knit family that I now belong in. That’s what being an international student at St. Andrew’s is like; despite the days where I seem so difficult and frustrated, I am grateful for the care and kindness everyone shows me here. I am not a foreigner, alone in a strange place. Rather, I am someone who appreciates the fact that she truly belongs.

Amanda Sin ’16 wrote this essay for the International House chapel service this winter. She arrived at St. Andrew’s this fall, but quickly embraced the many diverse opportunities at her fingertips. The budding linguistic decided to take Latin this year and holds the distinction of being the only student to try both dance and wrestling as an afternoon activity. Wrestling coach Donald Duffy declared kids like Amanda to be the reason why, after 30 years of coaching, he can’t wait to get in the wrestling room for practice every day. She is originally from Hong Kong, but called Lower Moss her first home away from home.
The Cornerstone Society

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The more things change...

The more they stay the same!
Morning Over Noxontown, Joshua Meier, 2014