

St. Andrew's

FALL 2008
WINTER 2009
SPRING 2009
SUMMER 2009

MAGAZINE

- Summer of Service
- Fresh Faces
- A Scout Platoon in Iraq



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.



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Thanks to the generous support of more than 2,000 alumni, parents, parents of alumni and friends, 2007-2008 was a record year for philanthropy at St. Andrew's.

During this time of economic uncertainty, as we strive to be good stewards of the trust you have placed in the School, we have taken the step of providing the 2007-2008 Annual Report electronically via e-mail.

If you did not receive a copy of the Annual Report via e-mail, then we do not have a valid e-mail address on file for you.

You may obtain a copy of this year's Annual Report in one of two ways:

- Please send an e-mail to alum@standrews-de.org and request an electronic copy of the report; or
- Please call Cynthia Poarch at 302/285-4257 to request a paper copy of the report.



Thank you for your support of St. Andrew's School.

Mr. duPont planned St. Andrew's School.



Just as importantly, he planned for its future by creating the endowment.

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Front cover: On Saturday, September 6, the students celebrated the 19th Annual Frosty™ Run.

Back cover: Students and faculty helped plant trees on selected days this fall. In this photo, Joshua Speers '09 participates in the project.

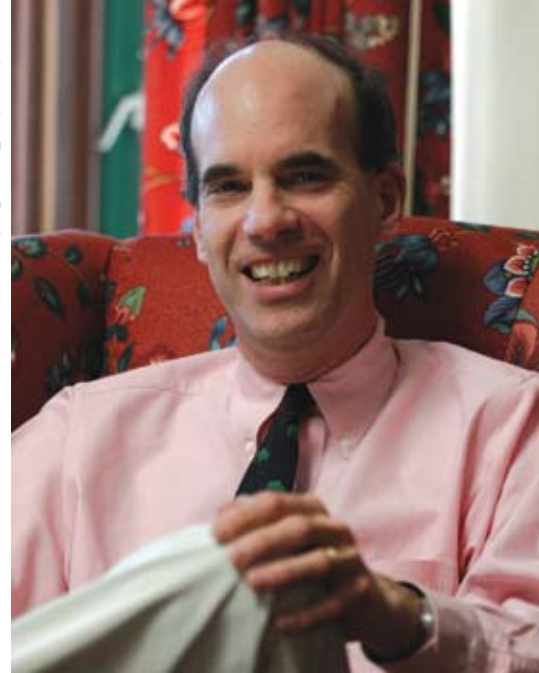
Giving Thanks

Daniel T. Roach, Jr.
Remarks
November 17, 2008

As I write, St. Andrew's prepares for the Thanksgiving holiday and our first extended break of the 2008-09 School year. The economic crisis within our country has, of course, made this autumn a particularly complex and turbulent time for those of us charged both with the present and future strength and sustainability of St. Andrew's. Yet even as the economy struggled through this time, I found myself strengthened by the spirit of goodness, energy and engagement in the internal life of the School. The market confusion burned away any doubts about the central elements of St. Andrew's strength, mission and promise. We emerge from this extraordinary time determined to fight, with every ounce of energy and passion we have, for this School, this ethical experiment, this educational response to the challenges facing the United States and the world.

Extraordinary times demand extraordinary schools. Whatever the challenge or crisis in our history, Americans have turned to education to lead and direct a spirit of creativity, engagement, courage and commitment. I do not know exactly when American schools and colleges retreated from their most ambitious and important missions of contributing to the quality of life in our democracy, but the time has come to find the language, courage and commitment to strengthen schools and colleges to serve a public good: to promote civic engagement and leadership, to promote the habits of mind and heart we need to create community, opportunity and environmental sustainability in our modern lives, to foster communication, collaboration and respect among all people in our country and world.

St. Andrew's began as an ethical experiment and a response to the most turbulent economic time in our country's history. Our Founders



believed that an Episcopal school open to all regardless of means could help to create a more compassionate, just and equitable society, and in our School's history, a broad and diverse student body, staff, faculty found inspiration and enlightenment in these halls. Our Founders believed in the inspirational and transformational power of education.

Today, St. Andrew's responds to a culture of confusion, distraction and anxiety by affirming the power of a community united by a culture of intellectual engagement and a spirit of collaboration, kindness and acceptance. We celebrate the ways St. Andrew's becomes a place of inspiration in the lives of our students and alumni. We celebrate the gifts of love and friendship you as students and alumni have given to your teachers and staff members throughout the years. Here on this campus, students meet teachers and peers who ask them to be better people than they have been in their entire lives. Here, students and teachers learn that it is indeed possible to live together connected by bonds of friendship, respect and admiration.

What has been and what will be the results of this form of education? How has St. Andrew's and its graduates, teachers and staff members contributed to the public good? Because of our mission, our spirit, our engagement and our courage, St. Andrew's alumni have worked to make this country and world more just, equitable and sustainable. As George Eliot once suggested, the growing good of our society and world is dependent on the diffusive impact and contributions of men and women whose lives bear witness to a cause and an aspiration greater than themselves.

I think this kind of school, this kind of vision, this kind of calling is worth protecting and strengthening. I thank you all for your support, encouragement and friendship. ❖

Our Founders believed that an Episcopal school open to all regardless of means could help to create a more compassionate, just and equitable society, and in our School's history, a broad and diverse student body, staff, faculty found inspiration and enlightenment in these halls.

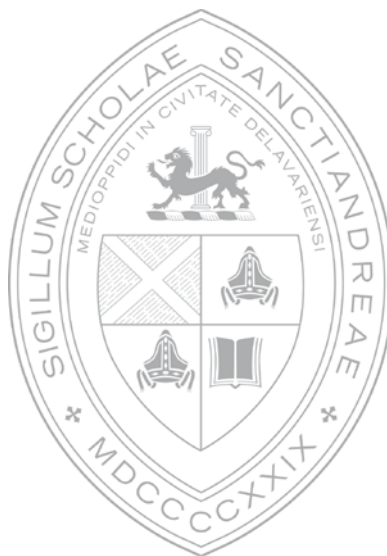


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Be sure to shop St. Andrew's Store!*

St. Andrew's items make great holiday gifts. With many new items in the store, be sure to go online and shop our extensive selection.

From hats to ties, jackets to tees and even Nalgene bottles to Choral Scholar cds, St. Andrew's Store has what you need to make your loved ones happy this holiday season!

<http://alumni.standrews-de.org/store>



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Welcome to the Board



Thomas Hooper '71



Alexander Lynch P'11

This year, St. Andrew's is proud to welcome Alexander P. Lynch and Thomas H. Hooper to its Board of Trustees.

The son of a funeral director and a public health nurse, Tom Hooper '71 grew up in Winston-Salem, N.C. He entered St. Andrew's as a IV Former in 1966 and was quickly won over, beginning what would evolve into a close and long-term relationship with the School. "I was immediately attracted to the School because of the egalitarian community I found there," he recalls. "I loved the spirit of teamwork inspired by Coaches Reyner and Colburn in football and baseball, respectively."

After leaving St. Andrew's, Tom went on to earn a B.A. in economics from Amherst College followed by an M.B.A. from Harvard Business School. He then launched into a highly successful career in radio, managing stations in New York, South Carolina, New Jersey and Vermont. In 1996 Tom transitioned into the world of education, becoming director of development at St. Philip's Academy in Newark, N.J., an elementary and middle school in the Episcopal tradition that seeks to provide unique educational opportunity to students regardless of their ability to pay. As director of development, Tom created St. Philip's Development Office and built the department into a highly successful and consistent fundraising operation. In 2005 he became chief

administrative officer at St. Philip's, confronting a new host of financial and construction challenges as well as leading a campaign and restructuring the school's Finance

Office. This year, as St. Philip's chief advancement officer, Tom leads the school's entire fundraising operation.

Tom remains committed to the mission and ideals of St. Andrew's. "I have stayed close to St. Andrew's over the years because the School instills the values of excellence, civility and compassion, which our graduates go out into the world and replicate. St. Andrew's has the opportunity and responsibility as a leader in American education to share its model with others."

Tom lives in Montclair, S.C., with his wife, Diane. Their son, Philip, works in a nursery school. Their daughter, Lauren, is a singer and actress.

Alexander Lynch, parent of a IV Former, learned about St. Andrew's from his close college friend, Arch Montgomery, whose sons, Greg '03 and Tyler '05, are proud St. Andreans. Alex recalls that he and his wife, Sally, were taken in by "the sense of community, the care and attention to all aspects of the students' daily lives, the perfect blend of academic rigor, sportsmanship, the arts and the focus on community service."

They recognized St. Andrew's as "a school which actually lived by, and practiced, the mission to develop well both the mind and the heart" and were impressed that "there also seemed to be a noble aspiration to develop and engage the students in becoming active participants upon graduation in shaping the world in which we live. We feel privileged to have entered a partnership with all those at St. Andrew's who touch our son's life in so many positive ways." St. Andrew's feels privileged to welcome Alex Lynch as a Board member.

Alex graduated Cum Laude from the University of Pennsylvania in 1974 with a major in economics. He went on to earn an M.B.A. in the University's Wharton Graduate Division, majoring in finance and multinational enterprise, with related concentrations in accounting, corporate finance, management and corporate planning. He now serves as chairman of the North American Mergers and Acquisitions Group of JPMorgan Securities, Inc.

Alex lives in Greenwich, Conn., with his wife, Sally. They have four children, H. Kingsley, Maisie, Sally and Alex '11. ❖

Mind Your Manners

(in time for the holidays!)



Meat and the Eater

Being an Instrument Whereby the Gluttons among us may Lift Themselves out of Their Gluttony, the mire where-in they are Sunk but ought not to be content to Wallow.

Illustrated

by

*An Illustrious Hand
and written by one who remains
An Anonymous Enemy*

to all who come to a table as to a Trough and Care Not whom they offend, so they leave with Full Bellies and the Fair Dream of another Filling.



People are usually hungry. But There Is No Need to Be Avid!!



Swallow One Mouthful Before You Take Another.



Under Ordinary Circumstances Sandwich Making Is to Be Discouraged. Under All Circumstances is the Manufacture of Milk-shakes Objectionable.

Excerpts from "An Instrument on Table Manners," by William H. Cameron, Jr.; illustrated by Alexander Stoddart '45.

A History of St. Andrew's School compiled by Walden Pell II

excerpts *An Instrument on Table Manners* by William H. Cameron, Jr.

On pages 172 and 173, we are reminded that "People are usually hungry. But there is no need to be avid!" The humorous illustrations were by Alexander Stoddart '45.



Convocation Address
Eric Kemer
Saturday, September 6, 2008

I've been looking forward to speaking to you all and would like to thank Mr. Roach for the opportunity. I can imagine that many of you are looking forward to breaking loose into a weekend of sports and recreation after this busy week of classes. I'm looking forward to a good long nap. But right now I'm going to charge ahead for about a half an hour and I thank you in advance for sticking with me.

Convocation means "a special gathering." In our context it is a kind of academic pep rally with this being the pep talk. Now, the idea of an academic pep talk for high school students after classes, on a Saturday, would strike most people as unusual. But we do many unusual things at St. Andrew's that are good—like opening square dances and Frosty runs. So, let us make this event be another.

We will all be transformed by this place, in large and small ways, by virtue of what we do and what others do for us. And this is what I'd like to talk about this morning—transformation. I won't try to define it explicitly. I couldn't hope to capture its diverse and personal aspects. But I can offer a few reflections on my own first 12 years of school and add some thoughts that I hope will be of some general value.

Now, personal reflections are products of imperfect memories reshaped and reinterpreted over time. But this is how we make meaning of our lives. My hope is that you will find in my examples parallels in your own experiences that you will use to make your own meanings.



I was born in lower Manhattan and joined my parents, two brothers and sister in a 12-story brick apartment building on the corner of 14th Street and Avenue C. I attended kindergarten and first grade at New York City Public School number 61 (or P.S. 61) on 12th Street and Avenue B.

Now, the start of school is transformative for everyone and six-year-olds are pretty much at the mercy of what they find there. But I count neither my teachers nor the curriculum as most transformative. Rather, it was the simple experiences of walking back-and-forth to school and being a minority among my mainly Puerto Rican classmates.

The six square blocks between my apartment and P.S. 61 defined my budding world of autonomy—a world I would share with my brother, Mac, who is about a year older than me, but would also experience alone. Navigating those few streets was my first chance to be independent and self-reliant. I made decisions my parents knew nothing about—like buying candy at the corner store on my own for the first time with a dime I found on the curb.

My mom and I rehearsed the walk several times before the start of school—crossing 14th Street was the big challenge. I would learn many years later that she secretly followed me for several days. Keeping that secret from me was a gift. It was just one of the many intentional ways my parents helped me become independent, self-reliant and responsible—all traits that make personal transformation possible.

My experience as a minority at P.S. 61 was not what that might suggest. In fact, the lesson I learned was about being of the privileged majority. No one was allowed to speak Spanish in school. No accommodations were expected of me. And, on a darker note, I managed to pick up an ugly contraction of the word Hispanic, which I tried out at home—half knowing its ugliness. My feeling of remorse brought on by my Dad's scolding was deeply felt and transforming.

Here's a thought. We are fortunate when surrounded by people who point out our mistakes. We are doubly fortunate if we retain the capacity to acknowledge them and feel enough remorse to change. The loss of either can have tragic consequences. History has seen its share of leaders who were incapable of grasping their mistakes. Blinded by ideology or ambition, they've rebuffed criticism as they dug themselves, and many others, into deeper political, economic and environmental holes... and wars.

There have been inspiring exceptions to this. Doris Kearns Goodwin's recent book on Abraham Lincoln's cabinet, *A Team of Rivals*, describes how Lincoln surrounded himself with political adversaries. Lincoln invited unvarnished criticism for the sake of the greater good. We need to look for and expect the same from our leaders. It's a shame that in the public sphere changing one's mind is taken as a deep flaw. We need to begin having a healthier attitude toward making mistakes. St. Andrew's is a good place that we can practice this.



In the summer following my first grade year, our family moved to Hillsdale, a small farming community about three hours north of New York City. The simple geographical facts were these. There were hills and there were dales. Our backyard bordered a cow pasture. Beyond the pasture were wooded mountains that extended west about 10 miles before being crossed by a paved road. Nearly the same was true to the north, east and south. Mac and I had many minor adventures exploring the pasture and woods, including the discovery of the mountain source of the stream that ran by our house. Our failed attempt to sell our first garden harvest, a small quart of green beans, from a makeshift road side stand, may have soured me on business forever.

I've come to believe that the most precious part of living in Hillsdale was the solitude I learned to appreciate. Our house was several miles from my nearest school friends, which made weekend visits special events. Having three siblings, dogs and occasional cats removed any sense of loneliness.

And here's another thought. We've all heard reports about how pervasive sleep deprivation is. Let me suggest that solitude deprivation is also a problem. Our electronic devices are partly responsible. The MIT psychologist Sherry Turkle makes a powerful case against





our “always on/always on you” cell phone and Internet culture. While abandoning these swaddling gadgets is not a realistic option, I do believe we should think carefully about how they are changing us. In the meantime, the least we can do is carve out a few occasions to be alone with our thoughts. The trails and fields of St. Andrew’s are perfect places for this.



In Hillsdale I attended Roeliff Jansen Central School between the second and ninth grades. There were about 50 students per grade bussed in from about eight small towns. The local culture insulated us from the political and social turbulence of the mid-1960s and early 1970s. There were no overt protests of the Vietnam War, though it was brought home when my friend David Pfeiffer’s brother was killed there. There were no Hillsdale hippies, though I recall rumors of marijuana use among a few high school kids. And there were no African Americans attending the school and somehow I got the vague impression that Martin Luther King was a dangerous rabble-rouser.



I kind of regret not paying more attention to what was going on in the world then. Most of my concerns were simply focused on sports and getting good grades. School

was a game, an extension of sports, with a running scorecard that tapped my competitive streak. That made learning secondary. It would take me too long to get past that mindset.

Which brings me to another thought. *I’m not so idealistic* to think that schools should eliminate grades. But making grades one’s primary motivation and measure of learning is problematic. My most poignant memory of fifth grade began when our teacher handed out report cards at the end of the last day of school. To my delight I earned mostly A’s. But as soon as I looked up I saw my friend Robert crying. At that same moment, in that same way, he found out that he would be “held back.” What I’ve described are just two ways that grades can distort one’s understanding of what it means to learn, why it is important to learn and what other things can count as achievement.



It is difficult to quantify the long-term effects of a pastime, but my extensive TV watching, in the balance, was not positive. Now, there is no arguing that the TV shows of the mid-1960s to mid-1970s were terrific—and there is nothing wrong with good entertainment—but couldn’t I have read a few more books along the way? How many episodes of *The Munsters* and *Gilligan’s Island* did I really need to watch? And why in the world

did I watch *The Mike Douglas Show* most afternoons? Apparently, an hour of homework and good grades justified about three hours of TV per day. That is just another way grades can twist things. They are not necessarily good standards of learning.

Now, this would be a perfect opportunity to rail on the even more pervasive media distractions of today. But I'd rather make a related point. The problem with broadcast media, particularly video, is NOT simply its content. It's that it comes at us too fast to process in any critical way. It subverts our ability to reflect and evaluate what it shoots into our heads. Given that it is mostly about selling us stuff, this can be a problem.

I've become interested in evolutionary biology and psychology recently, and among the books I read this summer was one by the New York University psychology professor, Gary Marcus. It's called *Kluge: The Haphazard Construction of the Human Mind*. Marcus draws on research from evolutionary psychology and neuroscience to describe how our brains are hard-wired to make egregious errors in perception, memory and reasoning. The evidence he sites is quite humbling.

Marcus's basic argument is that our brains, which evolved to help our Paleolithic ancestors survive as simple hunter-gathers, have trouble dealing with our complex modern culture. In this regard, he identifies two modes of thinking that we engage in. The first he calls the *ancestral reflexive* mode, which is linked to our more primitive brain regions. This mode of thinking is effortless, rapid and barely conscious. It employs shortcuts that utilize instincts and intuitions. It errs on the side of the familiar or what simply "feels" right. It is deeply tied to emotions and draws on stereotypes. It is the rapid response thinking that kept our ancestors alert and alive in their dangerous, yet relatively simple, world.

Marcus calls our second mode of thinking the *deliberative* mode. It is associated with the newer region of our brain, the prefrontal cortex, which is the part whose size distinguishes us from other animals. This type of thinking is conscious, effortful and critical. While still prone to making mistakes, only this type of thinking provides the potential for accurate and creative reasoning in novel and complex situations—situations where intuitive shortcuts fail—situations that modern life puts before us.

You can probably see where I am going with this. We spend most of our time in this ancestral reflexive mode. Research shows that we are even more prone to it when we are tired, afraid, uncertain and insecure. It isn't hard

to see how sophisticated media producers take advantage of this default mode of thinking to push their products and ideas.

Transformative learning requires deliberative and critical thinking. There is no getting around the fact that it takes a great effort and commitment to develop and engage. In this regard, reading is perhaps the best countermeasure to video. Reading allows you to stop the data faucet long enough to reflect, analyze and question. Of course, just because something is written doesn't make it true. But at least a simple text provides a level playing field for critical thinking.



In seventh grade I started using a study method that helped me rack up more A's in the short term but accomplish deeper learning in the long term. I started writing my own test questions in anticipation of my teachers. This was easy to do at first. I remember making up fill-in-the-blank questions based on names and dates in social studies. As time went by I kept up with my teachers, more-or-less. This meant asking better questions. The point is that deep learning is all about asking good questions. Good questions are magnets that pull you toward deeper understanding, especially when they are your own. Questions are the opening moves of deliberative critical thinking.



Near the end of my ninth grade year my mom, caring more about my brain than I did, drove me to Salisbury School, an all-boys boarding school about 25 miles from home, to take the SSAT test. While I was filling in ovals, she found the admissions director and wrangled me an interview. There were no openings at that late date, but a week later I was offered a spot that included a scholarship from the Reader's Digest Foundation. It turned out that this scholarship only became available when the faculty expelled its previous recipient at the final faculty meeting.

My parents and I needed barely a minute to agree that I would pay half of the remaining tuition. That was not a big deal for me. I had a summer job washing dishes at Andy Morandi's Steak House for \$2.50 an hour. I could earn my share in eight weeks. Sharing that responsibility meant a lot to me.



Entering Salisbury was a culture shock. I felt out of my element. The students seemed more sophisticated



and at ease with expensive clothes, huge stereos and conversations about their foreign summer travel. I remember anticipating part of this when looking through the school catalogue with its images of students playing classical music and acting out Shakespeare.

This new world made my first year stressful, though I never gave thought to leaving. But things turned around. My classmates turned out to be, for the most part, genuinely open and accepting, even those with names like Winfred Shelby Coates the Third. Indeed, my most transforming social experience at Salisbury was feeling those stereotypes fall away and discovering that I could fit in without conforming.



English was the subject that first kicked my academic life into higher gear at Salisbury, probably because I was so far behind. In the eighth and ninth grades I read very little beyond my short class assignments. On the other hand, what I read during my three years at Salisbury impresses me today. Thirty years later I am able to tick off some 30 authors ranging from Albee and Camus to Tolstoy and Vonnegut. These writers made tremendous impressions on me. They provided vicarious experiences that were culturally and emotionally more complex and diverse than I could ever have directly.

However, the even more transformative aspect of my English study was how it set me to writing. It's not so much that I learned to write at Salisbury. Rather,

I learned to use writing to think. Writing focuses my attention like nothing else. It allows me to build and shape my thoughts. It lays bare the quality of my thinking—opening it up to my own criticism. It is the obvious complement to reading for cultivating deliberative critical thinking.

It may sound odd, but my inclination to think through writing played a major part in my learning science and mathematics—first through composing detailed notes and problem solutions, and then through extensive technical writing in college and work.



As powerful as my introduction to literature was, my introduction science was even more so. I was fortunate to have an outstanding teacher, Mr. Gardner, who gave us work that felt like real science. This may sound a bit “nerdy,” but I was also inspired by biographies of famous scientists. There was Galileo battling medieval dogma, Newton uniting the laws of heaven and earth, Faraday rising from poverty to prominence, and Einstein appearing out of nowhere to reinvent our conceptions of light, gravity, space and time. They were my heroes.

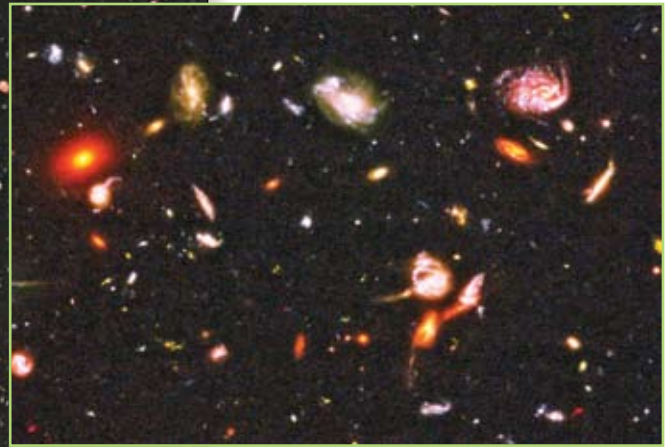
The pursuit of scientific understanding felt both ennobling and exciting. It offered a break from what Einstein called “the chains of the merely personal.” Science was the subject I made my own. I began working hard at it—harder than grades could motivate. I read popular science books on the side with great interest. As I went along I could tell I was getting smarter as the direct consequences of my efforts.

Let me share two quotations that capture the spirit of science and the scientific world-view that I still find inspiring and transforming. The first is from the physicist Henri Poincaré:

“The scientist does not study nature because it is useful to do so. He studies it because he takes pleasure in it; and he takes pleasure in it because it is beautiful. If nature were not beautiful, it would not be worth knowing and life would not be worth living.”

The second is from the poet and essayist Walt Whitman:

“I like the scientific spirit—the holding off, the being sure but not too sure, the willingness to surrender ideas when the evidence is against them: this is ultimately fine—it always keeps the way beyond open—always gives life, thought, affection, the whole man, a chance to try over again after a mistake—after a wrong guess.”



Credit: NASA, ESA, and S. Beckwith (STScI) and the HUDF Team



Let me approach the end of this talk by sharing an example from astronomy that illustrates these ideas. Imagine the tiny patch of sky that would be blocked by a pinhead held at an arm's length. This image (see above), which was taken by the orbiting Hubble Space Telescope, covers this area of sky. It is called the "Hubble Ultra Deep Field" image.

Note that each of these dots is a galaxy. Each galaxy in turn contains, on average, 200 billion stars. The light from most of these stars left them billions of years before our own earth was even formed. Now this image shows only the tiniest fraction of 100 billion galaxies that fill our visible universe. Based on the number of recently discovered planets orbiting nearby stars, astronomers estimate that over 50 percent of all these hundreds of billions of stars have planets. The implications for the possibility of life existing elsewhere are obvious.

Now, if we zoom in on the patch bordered by the green rectangle we find even more cosmic strangeness and diversity. Surprise and wonder are what make science so transforming.

As you continue your study of science at St. Andrew's, keep in mind that just as you do not have to be a professional writer, historian or artist to gain insights about life from these three liberal arts, you do not have

to be a professional scientist to gain insights from science. The perspective that modern science provides of our place in the Universe is both humbling and awesome. And the best bits of science—from the cosmos, to our evolutionary history, to the curious ways we think and relate to one another—are accessible to everyone in the popular literature. And, as Whitman implied, science provides a method for finding reliable knowledge and solving problems in our personal lives and society.

Let me conclude by saying that you all can expect wonderful personal transformations over the next one, two, three and four years here. While it would be futile to predict them in detail, you can increase your chances of making them positive and lasting. You can do this by striving to be more self-reliant, by learning from your mistakes, by not overdosing on popular culture, by thinking deliberately and critically through reading, writing and questioning, by sharing your lives with diverse others, and by searching out great ideas and putting them to good use. Best wishes to us all for an excellent year. ✨

Fresh Faces

An introduction to this year's new faculty members



Max Mason

Max Mason

Max Mason grew up in Lincoln, Mass. After graduating from Vassar College with a degree in geology in 1975, he moved to Philadelphia to study at the University of Pennsylvania where he received his M.F.A. in 1984. He taught drawing, painting and design at Drexel University for 15 years. Max is represented by the Gross McClellan Gallery where he has shown his landscape, still life and baseball paintings since 1985.

Max has painted several murals for the Philadelphia Mural Arts Program, and recently completed a 10' x 160' mural, "Pennsylvania Agriculture," for the State Farm Show Complex in Harrisburg. A life-long baseball fan, he began painting baseball subjects at Penn and had a one-person show of baseball paintings at the Butler Institute of American Art in 1991. He was commissioned by the Phillies to paint three 10' x 30' murals of Philadelphia baseball stadiums for Citizens Bank Park.

Max was introduced to St. Andrew's when old friend and colleague, John McGiff, invited him to exhibit a show of his paintings at the Warner Gallery in the spring of 2007. Max recalls, "My wife and I were so impressed with the students and faculty we immediately thought, 'This is a great place; wouldn't it be great to be a part of it somehow?'" Little did we know John would call a year later asking if I knew of anyone who might be interested in being his sabbatical replacement for a year. 'And that,' as they say, 'was that!'"

At St. Andrew's, Max lives with his wife, Zee, in the Brinker Cottage on Silver Lake.



Lindsay Wright

Lindsay Wright

Born and raised in Canada, Lindsay attended Ridley College in St. Catharines, Ontario, where she competed in cross-country, ice hockey, field hockey, tennis and crew. She completed her undergraduate studies at Northwestern University, where she was an All-Big Ten field hockey player and also a member of the tennis team. In 2001 she received a degree in secondary education with a concentration in French. She continued on to Dartmouth College, where she completed a master's degree while working as an assistant field hockey coach. Lindsay is also a certified tennis professional and teaches during the summer.

Lindsay has a passion for travel, which was ignited when, at the age of 10, she moved with her family and went to school for a year in a small town near Grenoble in France. Since then, she has crossed the Atlantic numerous times and is always planning her next trip. During the summer of 2006, she taught at The American School in Switzerland.

She has just completed a five-year stint teaching French and coaching various sports teams at a private day school in West Hartford, Conn.

Lindsay was drawn to St. Andrew's because "I had heard so much about the students that attend this school. Everyone I talked to mentioned how hard-working and appreciative St. Andrew's students are, and although it's only been two weeks, I've already noticed that statement is so true. I first noticed it during pre-season with my field hockey girls, and then in class when school started. As a teacher, it's inspiring to experience students like this."

Lindsay is delighted with the St. Andrew's community. "There have been so many welcoming moments in my first weeks here," she says. "People really care that you are happy and comfortable here."

At St. Andrew's, Lindsay teaches French and coaches the varsity field hockey and JV tennis teams. In addition to playing sports and working out, Lindsay likes to knit, sew, do crossword puzzles, watch Jeopardy! and play Scrabble and Skip Bo.



Jon Tower

Jon Tower

The son of an independent school teacher, Jon spent a great deal of his young life living on prep school campuses. His father, Peter, was a history teacher and basketball coach at St. Andrew's from 1973 to 1976, and Jon has memories of toddling around the campus that is now his new home.

After graduating from Pomfret School, Jon headed to the University of Massachusetts, where his interest in the study of mathematics was born.

Jon began his career as a math and physics teacher, lacrosse coach and dorm parent at Wyoming Seminary College Preparatory School in 1997. Most recently Jon has been a member of the math department at Lawrence Academy where he taught Honors geometry, pre-calculus and AP calculus. At Lawrence, Jon continued his love of coaching by serving as the coach of boys' cross-country and boys' lacrosse.

"When Melinda and I came to visit last February, we were most impressed with the overall school community," Jon recalls. "We got a sense that the students took pride in being St. Andrew's students and felt it was their responsibility to carry on the traditions of the School. That sense of student ownership was lacking in our previous jobs. We thought this was the type of community we wanted to raise our son in."

Jon is enjoying getting to know the people at St. Andrew's. "All the little moments of introduction have been great," he says. "There is hardly a day that has gone by when students and faculty have not come up and introduced themselves to me. Often these students are



Melinda Tower



Jenny McGowan



Elizabeth Ross '01

not in any of my classes, but have just wanted to meet the new faculty members. This has gone a long way to help me feel more comfortable in and more a part of the community."

An avid runner and cyclist, Jon enjoys spending his free time in the outdoors. He lives with his wife, Melinda, son, Will, and dog, Hardy, in an apartment on Baum Corridor of Founders Hall.

Melinda Tower

Melinda Tower grew up on the campus of and attended Wyoming Seminary in Kingston, Pa. She studied government at Gettysburg College and earned her master's in public policy from American University, Washington, D.C., provided the perfect backdrop for Melinda to explore two of her passions: politics and education. She continued to be an active participant in and an observer of life and politics on the Hill, as well as work at the Norwood School in Bethesda, Md., upon completion of her degree. When she was offered a job at her alma mater, Wyoming Seminary, she willingly left politics to pursue a full-time career in education.

Returning to her roots provided Melinda the opportunity to reconnect with boarding school life. She served as associate director of admission, director of financial aid, history teacher and dorm parent before she moved west to serve as director of admission for the Annie Wright School in Washington state. Most recently, Melinda worked in the history department at Lawrence Academy, where she taught U.S. history, honors history and a series of history electives. In addition, she served on the Faculty Student Senate, advised Student Government, coached field hockey and basketball and served as a dorm parent to 43 young men.

At St. Andrew's, Melinda teaches history, coaches field hockey and swimming and serves as an assistant director of admission.

"I have really enjoyed working with the girl's varsity field hockey program," says Melinda. "These young women treat each other with such respect and work so well together as a team. I have been proud of how they acted when they have both won and lost games. They have tremendous character. It's just been an impressive bunch of individuals to work with and get to know early in my St. Andrew's experience."

Melinda was attracted to St. Andrew's by "the strong sense of community. It positively permeates everything that is done here. At the end of the day, it all comes back to community. A strong sense of self is an attractive quality in a school where you live, work and raise your own family."

In her spare time, Melinda enjoys spending time with her family, running, walking, hiking and reading.

Jennifer McGowan

Jenny grew up in Jericho, Vt., where she attended Mount Mansfield Union High School (MMU). After helping to lead her soccer, Nordic ski and lacrosse teams to state championships, Jenny was named Female Athlete of the Year her junior and senior years at MMU.

At Hamilton College, Jenny earned a bachelor's degree in mathematics and was a member of the women's cross-country and lacrosse teams. For the lacrosse team, she was a four-time Liberty League all-star, three time all-academic performer and as a senior captain led the team to the NCAA Division III final four.

Throughout high school and college Jenny has been actively involved with Young Life, a Christian ministry that reaches out to middle school, high school and college-aged kids. For the past four years she has volunteered as a mentor for Hamilton High School students.

Asked what attracted her to St. Andrew's, Jenny replies, "The people. I loved meeting students and faculty on my visit to campus. Everyone was so passionate about this place that it was contagious.

"I felt so welcomed the first morning I was here. I walked out of my apartment to go and unpack my car and heard someone call my name across the road. Peter Caldwell came over from his morning workout and gave me a huge welcome hug along with an invitation to dinner. I loved getting to know the Caldwells and the Fritzs over dinner that first night at St. Andrew's."

Jenny teaches mathematics and coaches cross-country and lacrosse. Her other passions include running, waterskiing and playing in the mountains of Vermont. She is a dorm parent on Mein Hall.

Elizabeth Ross

A native of Chestertown, Md., Elizabeth graduated from St. Andrew's in 2001. While at St. Andrew's, she played volleyball, basketball and tennis. Elizabeth was the first female in School history to score over 1,000 points in basketball.

Elizabeth continued her basketball career at Gettysburg College, captaining the team her senior year and becoming the ninth player in Gettysburg women's basketball history to break the 1,000 point plateau. She graduated from Gettysburg in 2005 with a degree in health and physical education. After college, Elizabeth taught health and physical education and coached girls' basketball at high schools in the Gettysburg area. She continued her education at McDaniel College where she received a master's degree in athletic administration in 2008.

Elizabeth was thrilled to return to St. Andrew's as a faculty member. "I always said that I wanted to come back and work here, and last fall everything seemed to fall into place. The girls' athletic director position was opening up just as I was finishing my master's in athletic administration. One of the things I love best about St. Andrew's is the chance to interact with so many different people. It really is amazing how great all of the students are, and how willing they are to help out whenever or wherever they are needed. I'm so happy that I got to come back and work at a place I love so much!"

Elizabeth enjoys playing basketball and cooking. She lives across the gully in Mein Hall with her dog, Stewie. 🐕

21st Century



Recipient of this year's Distinguished Alumni Award, Bülent Atalay '58 is a theoretical nuclear physicist, a best-selling author, an artist, a professor, a lecturer and a historian, among other things. Like the Renaissance figure he has written and lectured on so extensively, he has managed to harmonize this

Bülent Atalay came to St. Andrew's as a War Memorial Scholar in 1955, two years after his father, a Turkish military attachee, was reassigned from London to Washington, D.C. While a student at St. Andrew's, he attended a lecture on dynamic symmetry in which the speaker combined mathematics and art. He was immediately captivated.

"What this lecturer had to say was spectacular to me," he recalls. "It fit perfectly, because I had a passion for mathematics and science on one side, and a deep love of art on the other side." While still in high school, he began bringing these seemingly disparate passions together, applying his scientific love of exactitude to his creative endeavors: "I began producing paintings and lithographs, always mindful of how mathematics helps to get perspective and proportion."

Bülent's life and career have taken shape around this passion for integrating two ways of seeing the world—the objective and the aesthetic. Not surprisingly, the Renaissance, the age that defined the humanities, is his preferred art-historical era, and one about which he knows a great deal. He taught himself to draw by copying the old masters, and prefers their controlled rendering of anatomy and space to, say, the more sprawling, ecstatic approach of the Impressionists. "I don't like much of modern art as much," he confesses. "There's been a certain decadence in the name of originality, to quote the Englishman Alastair Cook. People simply want to express themselves, whether they have anything to express or not... I was always driven by reality and nature; I am uncomfortable with so much of abstract art. As a physicist, I was trained in precision, so letting myself go is somewhat difficult."

From St. Andrew's, Bülent went on to pursue his passion for physics, receiving training at Georgetown, UC-Berkeley, Princeton and Oxford. He now teaches at the University of Mary Washington, where he has chaired the physics department, and is an adjunct professor at the University of Virginia as well as a member of the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton. In 2004 he was awarded the Student Council Excellence in Teaching Award, and in 1998 he received the Grellet Simpson Undergraduate Teaching Award.

In his career as an artist, Bülent has shown his work in one-man exhibitions in Washington and London. In the early 1970s, when he was visiting professor at Oxford, the Queen was so enchanted by his book of lithographs, *Lands of Washington*, presented to her by American Ambassador Walter Annenberg, that she wrote and encouraged Bülent to do a series of drawings of England, subsequently published as *Oxford and the English Countryside*.

Given the variety of Bülent's passions, it is no wonder that he has become an expert in the life and work of history's foremost multi-tasker, Leonardo da Vinci, whom he describes as "a one-man renaissance and a one-man civilization."

"I had always been in awe of Leonardo, as we all are," he says. "There is no explanation for that level of genius. We all know ordinary geniuses, all very gifted and all quite lucky, but you can't explain a Leonardo, a Shakespeare, a Michelangelo or a Newton. Their brains are wired completely differently, it seems." Even as he apotheosized the Renaissance figure, Bülent came to identify with him personally, recognizing that he and the old master had the same *modus operandi*, a passion for integrating science and art.

Bülent was once allowed a private viewing of the Last Supper (normally one is herded in and out with a crowd of viewers), and he never forgot the experience: "Slowly I walked from left to right, and I felt as though I was communing with Leonardo." Of course, the two men differ in some respects.

Renaissance Man

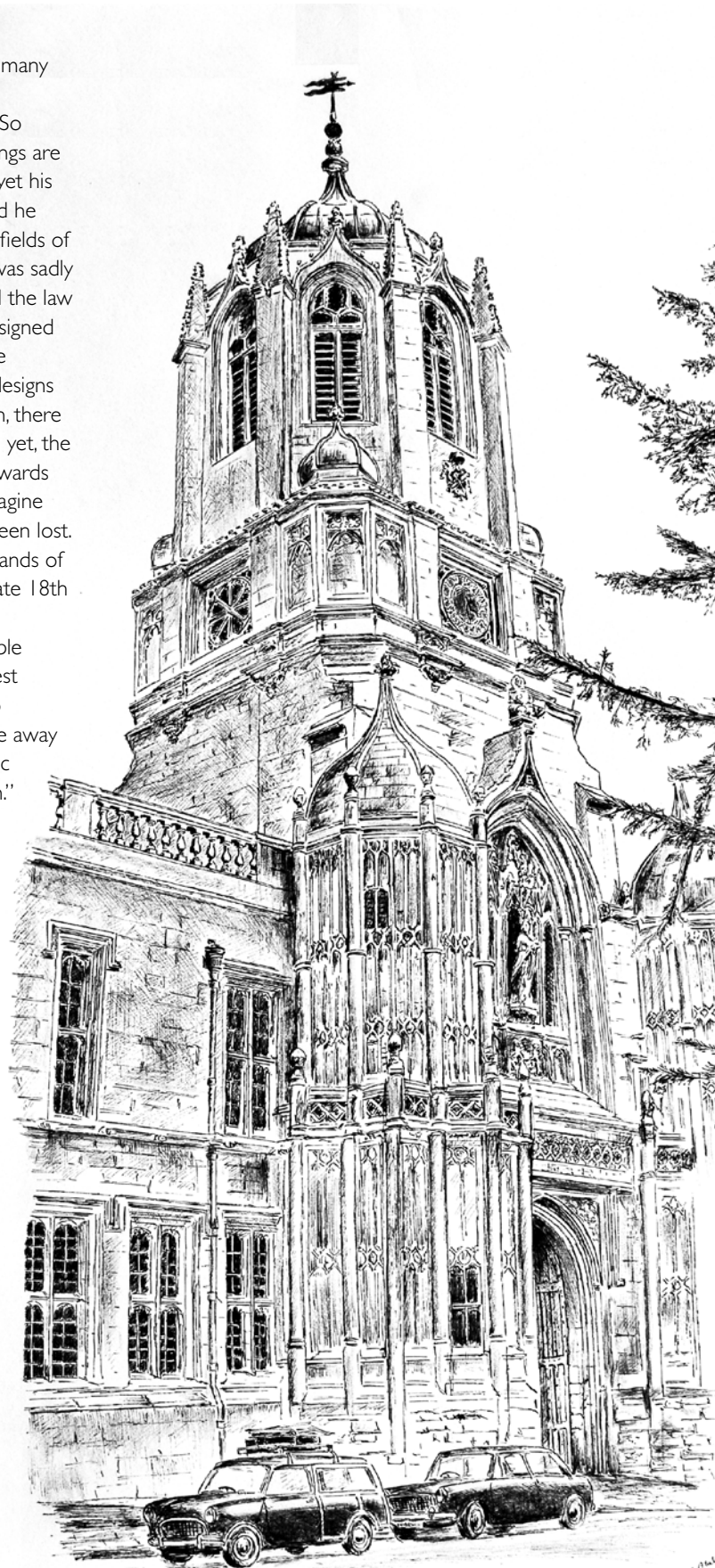
“One difference,” laughs Atalay, “is that Leonardo didn’t finish things. His relentlessly curious mind was always leading him on to new things, leaving many frustrating patrons, but he was quite simply the best in everything he did.”

The more Bülent studied Leonardo, the more fascinated he became. So much about the 15th century inventor-artist is mystifying. Two of his paintings are considered unparalleled masterpieces of composition and execution, and yet his artwork was a peripheral pursuit, overshadowed by his other interests, and he produced only a dozen or so paintings. He was a pioneer, inventing entire fields of study, foretelling truths and prefiguring discoveries for which his own era was sadly unprepared. One-hundred-and-twenty years before Galileo, he discovered the law of free fall and found that trajectories of projectiles were parabolic. He designed a reflecting telescope almost 200 years before Newton and he even made pronouncements about evolution 350 years before Darwin. In 1963, his designs for a bicycle were discovered misfiled in a Madrid monastery (“...although, there is some dispute about the authenticity of the document,” says Atalay). And yet, the traces of his work that have survived—4,000-5,000 pages all written backwards in Italian—are only about a quarter of what he produced. We can only imagine what breakthroughs were recorded in the thousands of pages that have been lost. As Bülent puts it, “If Leonardo’s work had been published and got in the hands of the right scientists, we could have reached this level of technology in the late 18th century.”

Perhaps the most perplexing aspect of this iconic genius is the ineffable quality he—a man of facts, figures, laws—was able to transfer to his greatest artwork. “The best art achieves universality,” says Bülent. “It has to apply to universal instincts. There’s also something open-ended about it. People take away different feelings, different impressions. The Mona Lisa is the most enigmatic painting in the world. Everyone comes away with a different interpretation.” The inherent irony of the Mona Lisa increases its fascination. Painted by a man who used drawing as a means of knowing his subject scientifically, the figure of the painting remains unknowable. While each viewer interprets that famously inscrutable smile differently, Bülent reads it as expressing the enigma of its creator; a man whose multifarious genius continues to baffle today. As another Leonardo biographer, Sherwyn Nuland, has expressed it, the painting seems to be saying, “I will commune with you only so far... It was my destiny to know things that you will not know.”

Bülent’s intimate study of Leonardo produced his first book, *Math and the Mona Lisa*, which has sold roughly 200,000 copies in English speaking countries alone, and has been translated into 12 different languages. In it, the author explores Leonardo’s application of mathematic formulae to art-making. His thesis, roughly, is that “Leonardo serves as a foil for integrating a wide variety of disciplines... Without any education himself, he becomes the most eloquent spokesman for the liberal arts education.” In the book, Bülent’s own drawings help to illustrate Leonardo’s methods of studying his subjects. “Bülent Atalay is perhaps uniquely prepared to grapple with Leonardo’s multiplicity of talents,” writes Kim Williams in her review for the *Nexus Network Journal*, “for not only is he Leonardo’s intellectual peer, he is his artistic peer as well, as his own drawings that appear in the book attest.”

Math and the Mona Lisa was only the beginning of a long and fruitful relationship between this author and his subject. Bülent has just



Talk of the T-Dock

completed work on a new book, *Leonardo's Universe: the Renaissance World of Leonardo da Vinci*, to be released later this year by National Geographic Books. In 2000, in a weak moment, Bülent instructed his students not to take notes and, to ensure quality and thoroughness, took the job upon himself. "I was up until two or three every morning with my laptop writing notes for my class," he recalls, "and these became seeds of the book." *Leonardo's Universe* is a comprehensive biography, co-authored with Bülent's former student, Keith Wamsley. Driven by Bülent's personal connection and deep curiosity about his subject, the book will further illuminate Leonardo's

life and work, incorporating both the science and the art. Keith trained in English Literature and Classics at Cornell and Brown, became a businessman, and then gave up business to become a secondary school teacher. "Our next book will be on another transformative genius, *Isaac Newton and the Scientific Revolution*," says Bülent.

While all of his lithographs impress with their accuracy and artistry, Leonardo da Vinci turns out to be Bülent's Mona Lisa, a figure impossible to fathom, yet meticulously and beautifully rendered by a masterful hand.



Gunston Hall

UPDATE: Campus

Sprinkler Expansions & Recreation Renovations

The efforts to overhaul infrastructure systems and install fire sprinklers throughout Founders Hall continued, with the Library Wing and Middle Wing of the building receiving the focus in 2008. The Irene du Pont Library benefitted from the opportunity for a bit of remodeling in the process, and was fully operational shortly after the opening of School. Work in the middle wing classrooms and the student living spaces of Sherwood and Schmolze corridors was also completed, with the latter areas receiving all new dorm furniture as well.

As part of the renovations in Founders, new chillers were installed in the old oar house, located in the gully, to handle the expanded air-conditioning capacity in Founders. A new addition was built on the front of the old structure to relocate the oars. The new storage space now offers a handsome complement to the Kip du Pont Boathouse and remarkably improves the appearance of Washburn Cove.

The replacement of the last section of the Founders roof and related gutter systems was also completed this summer. Following this work, the School has committed to the process of restoring the main lawn, a center of campus life which has suffered tremendously from construction activity and drought in recent years. The old turf was plowed under, and reconstructed with the installation of a sprinkler system. After reseeding in early September, and thanks to the diligence of the community in taking great care to avoid the

newly emerging blades, the lawn was in full glory by October.

Outside of the confines of Founders Hall, the most conspicuous evidence of major campus work is the installation of the new tennis courts, pond and organic garden in the fields adjacent to the Facilities Building. Still underway, the project has a six- to nine-month timeline and is highly dependent on cooperative weather, though it is hoped most of the work will be completed by Thanksgiving. The courts will be ready for spring competition, though the pond and garden will need time to mature and develop at nature's pace. Of the three original tennis courts near the gym, one set has been converted to campus parking, another will make way for the construction of the field house project, and the third will remain in place for convenient recreational use.

In the Cameron Gym itself, extensive renovations continue to improve the facilities and prepare for the eventual expansion on the northern side of the building. The old squash courts have been remodeled to permit natural light to enter the playing space. Also, new windows are being installed in the workout room under the Cameron Room to create a more welcoming practice environment.

Most of the renovations fit conveniently into the short timeline of the summer—a feat due in no small part to the dynamic planning abilities of Bill Soukup, Director of Facilities Projects, and Michael Schuller, Chief Financial and Operations Officer.

After the students departed in June and the last Reunion revelers had returned home, the St. Andrew's campus underwent dramatic transformations as construction projects commenced for the summer.

CLASS OF 2009

meet the co-presidents



Ford Van Fossan '09

St. Andrew's Magazine: *What made you want to run for senior class President?*

Ford: I wanted to be president to give back to the community that has given me so much. St. Andrew's prepares us to be engaged citizens of the world. We are taught to devote ourselves to others: to teach a physically disabled child to swim, to raise money to send to St. Marks College in South Africa or walk to raise AIDS awareness. Yet, I feel like chances to benefit the place that has taught us this sense of compassion are few and far between. I think of being president as a unique way to give back to St. Andrew's.

SAM: *What are the most important responsibilities of this role?*

Ford: I think the most important duty of the senior class presidents is to understand the culture and students of the School. The presidents must then take this impression not only to the administration, but also to the various committees that make up the student government and eventually back to the kids themselves. The presidents are a medium for information moving through all the levels of the School.

SAM: *What makes this senior class special?*

Ford: Our class is powerfully energetic. We are a close-knit group; we all care about each other and work well together. I am already seeing examples of this organization and vigor: Our social activities heads have planned some great events and even sorted out the monster that was the SAC [Student Activities Committee] closet. They are a wonderful group of people that all represent very different aspects of the class. Because of their diverse perspectives, they are able to plan events that the entire School will enjoy. I think this group symbolizes the class as a whole and the kind of year we are going to have.

SAM: *How will you make your last year at St. Andrew's special?*

Ford: I will make the most of my last year at St. Andrew's by not only enjoying the culture that exists here, but by improving it. I love this community as it is, but there is always room for improvement. I think this is the greater goal of the senior class. We are going to have a great time and make the School a better place in the process.

SAM: *What do you love most about St. Andrew's?*

Ford: What makes St. Andrew's special to me is the sense of community. It is the people and the culture they create and sustain here that makes it so special. Perhaps this wonderfully eclectic group's greatest asset is that everybody appreciates and supports each other's unique characteristics. This supportive aspect of the community creates an intense sense of pride. Whatever chemistry is behind the process, the product of placing so many awesome people on a beautiful campus is a community unlike any other.

**"Whatever chemistry is behind the process,
the product of placing so many awesome people
on a beautiful campus is a community unlike any other."**

Liz Wolinski '09

St. Andrew's Magazine: What attracted you to this position?

Liz: For me, the appeal to presidency was the excitement of being able to give back to the School for all the fun and everything that I've learned in my years here. Remembering our past School presidents, they did so much to give the student body a great year. More than that, the fun that everyone had helped build our community and bring the entire student body together. As with all classes, everyone tends to feel like they are running out of time to get to know their classmates by senior year, and I wanted to be able to do my best to bring our class together so that no one leaves at the end of this year wishing they could have known one of their classmates better.

SAM: How do you see your role as co-president?

Liz: Obviously I am still learning, but I think that the most important thing for a president to do, and the best thing you can do, is to listen to the people in your class whom you are representing. You have to let your fellow students voice their opinions, but more than that, you have to actually listen to what they are saying. Considering these are the people that voted for me to represent them, it is so important to me to listen to their concerns. My classmates trusted me enough to vote for me, and I have to respect that and do my absolute best to keep them happy with their last year at St. Andrew's.

SAM: How have you changed over the course of your career as a St. Andrew's student?

Liz: The most significant change I have noticed in myself since coming to St. Andrew's as a III Former has been the huge improvement in my level of patience. Since coming here I have learned to hear people out even if I don't agree with them initially. I have also grown more patient with myself. If I don't obtain something I'm working towards right away, I work harder now to achieve my goal instead of becoming frustrated immediately.

SAM: What distinguishes this year's senior class?

Liz: This year's senior class is so willing to set an example and give back to this community for all that has been given to them for the past two, three or four years. Our class is united and so excited to lead the School as seniors, but more than that, as artists, athletes, academics and friends to the underformers. This senior class is just so invested in the community that it is hard not to be excited for what this year can bring!

SAM: How will you make the most of your senior year?

Liz: I think the best way to make the most of senior year is to try to stay sane. With all of the stress that can build up with college applications and senior English Exhibitions and everything else that consumes our busy schedules, it is incredibly easy to get in over your head very quickly. Remaining sane and still having fun while inevitably adding more to an already busy schedule is key in making the most of my last year here.



**“Our class is united
and so excited to
lead the School as
seniors, but more
than that, as artists,
athletes, academics
and friends to the
underformers.”**

Teaching is like Dancing

**Chiachyi
Chiu's
engaging
teaching
style helps
students
to brave
the
obstacles
of a
famously
difficult
discipline.**

"Xie xie," says each student as Chiachyi Chiu, St. Andrew's Chinese teacher, hands round mugs of jasmine tea at the start of her Chinese II class. The students then introduce themselves to me ("Wo Jiao..."), using the Chinese names each of them has been assigned. Next, Chiachyi produces a colorful plastic object and begins discussing it with explanatory gestures. Several wires connect variously colored buzzers to the base. Noticing my bewilderment, the IV Former on my left (Collin Cousar) leans toward me. "We're playing Jeopardy!," he explains in a whisper. ("We try to speak Chinese all the time in class. That's our goal," Chiachyi has told me. Considering my level of confusion, I'd say the goal was achieved.) The whole class is murmuring with excitement as each student claims a buzzer and prepares to play. Chiachyi projects a chart of numbered boxes onto a screen, and speaks as she indicates each category.

From the moment the game begins, the class is fast-paced and suspenseful. Engaged laughter fills the room as students rack their brains for answers, solicit help from their teammates and race to beat their opponents to the buzzers. Chiachyi keeps score on the board and provides encouragement when players struggle to complete sentences or stumble over unfamiliar words. The clues range from vocabulary words to translation challenges to cultural trivia questions. At one point, Chiachyi has the whole class singing "Merry Christmas" in Chinese. The 40-minute period flies by without any of the clock-checking or vacant expressions that sometimes characterize high school language lessons. Learning is certainly happening; it's just faster and more fun than usual.

Students have told me about the amusing methods Mrs. Chiu (their "Shen Laoshi" or "teacher Shen," Chiachyi's maiden name) uses in her classes. I have seen the picture-filled Chinese calendar one class put together, and heard about the yearbook assembled by another class. Chiachyi regularly brings Chinese snacks and teas to class (treats to help the "medicine" of vocabulary and grammar go down), and for the Chinese New Year, she brought students to her cottage and showed them how to make special dumplings to celebrate the occasion.

Chiachyi's unique approach to teaching stems in part from her belief in reinforcing learning through tangible objects and activities: "I want them to see their own progress," she explains. "When they have something to see, they realize what they have accomplished. I want to make a record for them of what they have achieved." Her methods also reflect her determination to integrate cultural and linguistic learning. "I try to bring as much culture to them





as possible, because language and culture go hand in hand; there is no way to separate them.”

Chiachyi, who teaches all four sections of Chinese at St. Andrew’s, calls the department small: “I only have 36 students.” But her influence on this group of students is anything but small. “Shen Laoshi has a level of enthusiasm that reflects her immense dedication to every student,” raves IV Former Victoria Conlin. “Though it is a difficult and intimidating task, learning Chinese becomes a rewarding and exciting experience because of her encouragement and obvious affection for all of us.” For students like Victoria (whose Chinese name is “Kang Ruo Ya,” meaning “like elegance”), Chiachyi’s parental warmth and attention provides the much-needed encouragement to confront a famously difficult linguistic challenge. Research has shown that, for English speakers, Chinese is three times harder to learn than any other foreign language. Despite this daunting statistic, Chiachyi delightedly reports, “Our kids keep coming back for it.... It’s amazing for me to watch them begin to care about

something so much. China is so far away from them, but they seem to love it. Last year I had only one junior in my Chinese I class, and this year I have six.”

With roughly seven students per class, Chiachyi is able to stay true to her belief in adapting teaching methods to the individual student. “I don’t raise the bar for all of them at the same time,” she tells me. “Some of them are relaxed and confident, and ready to be challenged. But others are not yet ready to be pushed, and I want them to feel comfortable before I challenge them. As I tell them, you can only learn when you are relaxed.” This discerning sensitivity defines Chiachyi’s teaching style, and also reflects her years of studying to be a social worker in Taiwan. Her whole person communicates warmth, acceptance and a sincere desire to help.

Chiachyi’s 36 devotees have good reason to pursue the “intimidating task” of learning Chinese. Whereas 60 percent of Chinese people can speak English, a mere 0.3 percent of Americans can speak

Chinese. "For our kids, to learn Chinese will be a great advantage for them if they choose to pursue it," Chiachyi points out. While acknowledging this practical advantage, she also makes it her business to ensure that students experience a genuine connection to the subject, based on far more than the desire to acquire an edge in an increasingly competitive admissions contest. "Learning a foreign language is not just something to make your résumé look good; it is meant to open your eyes and open your mind to another culture."

As is fitting for a self-professed believer in destiny, it was a series of coincidences that led Chiachyi to St. Andrew's. When Esther Hsiao, the School's former Chinese teacher, decided to move to California, Nathan Costa called Shuhan Wang, supervisor for World Languages and International Education for the Department of Education in the State of Delaware, to ask if she could recommend anyone for the position. Ms. Wang recommended her protégé, Chiachyi, with whom she was working on writing a series of Chinese textbooks for young people. When Chiachyi went online to research the School, she discovered that Esther was the mother of one of her former students (Chiachyi taught Chinese to kindergarteners for several years). She immediately called her old acquaintance to ask about the job, and the two women ended up talking on the phone for hours, discussing St. Andrew's and sharing their teaching philosophies with one another.

Over the course of the conversation, Esther told Chiachyi about how wonderful her students were. Chiachyi recalls, "She made it sound like a paradise, a teacher's paradise. She said, 'The kids are so motivated, and they want to learn so much.' I was curious to see how that was possible. And it is true. At the end of last year, I said to my class, 'Thank you, kids, because you made me understand what paradise is really like.'"

When Chiachyi first started teaching at St. Andrew's, she felt a little bit nervous; high-schoolers were a far cry from kindergarteners, and her students would be fighting an uphill battle to learn not only a foreign language, but an unknown system of signs. When I ask about her experience starting out at St. Andrew's, her answer reflects her deep appreciation for the young minds in her charge. "The kids taught me how to be a teacher. It's been a learning process for me too. Teaching is like dancing: sometimes you lead me, and sometimes I lead you, and we will figure out together how to pace ourselves, so I don't step on your feet and you don't step on mine." Using another elegant metaphor to illustrate her pedagogical views, she explains that each student is like a canoe, and as a teacher, she is the water beneath the hull. "I try to direct them without pushing them too hard. I want them to feel that I am there, bringing them along, but not making too many waves. I want to give them the structure, but let them learn the ropes on their own, in their own time. Someday, the little canoes will become big, powerful boats, and by then they will have learned to sail on their own. I try to tell each of them, 'You are your own captain.'"

After two years at St. Andrew's, Chiachyi has discovered and developed her unique approach as a teacher, and she is thankful to St. Andrew's for giving her this chance to find herself. Originally born in Taiwan, she calls St. Andrew's her "home away from home," and describes the incredible "sense of belonging" that the community provides. "When I first took this job, I saw it as a way to help support my family, and as a challenge for myself. But now, it's not a job for me anymore; it's part of my life.

In Chinese we have a saying: 'If you are their teacher for one day, you will be their parent for their whole life.' That's from Confucius. And the students mean that much to me." ❖

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SyncReverser

Keeping St. Andrew's Green

AN INTERVIEW WITH HENRI PECHIN

St. Andrew's Magazine: How long have you worked for St. Andrew's?

Henri Pechin: I've been here 26 years. I started on the grounds staff.

SAM: *What are your responsibilities here?*

HP: I am the grounds supervisor, and also oversee all the School vehicles—including the buses and vans. I manage the maintenance of the fields with the game schedules. I keep all vehicles inspected and running, making sure everything is compliant, and ensure good records are kept. You hope it doesn't happen, but in case of an accident, all the information about that vehicle is available.

SAM: *What are some of the challenges you face in keeping up the School's grounds?*

HP: The fields are constantly used and there is nothing that you can do about that. Students have to play, and this is their home. With the front lawn, the efforts to re-establish it have limits. All of the construction had packed the ground beyond any foot traffic. As soon as groundskeeping would fix it, the next round of construction would tear it back up. It's part of updating the building, so there wasn't anything we could do about it. The new lawn should stay green with the sprinkler system, but we'll have to avoid things like mudslides. Of course, the lawn isn't something that you just stare at in awe. It's used for playing, walking, studying and relaxation, and I can work around that. They're kids; I was a kid once. Students are out there having fun, they sometimes don't even notice the grass.

SAM: *What do you like to do in your spare time?*

HP: I have a little farm with goats and two horses. I plant a big garden every year. I like dancing with my wife, Agnes—I've been married for 43 years to the same woman. I like spending time with my grandchildren. I also enjoy fishing and crabbing.

SAM: *Do the goats help out with the groundskeeping at home?*

HP: The goats don't take care of the lawn, but they do keep the woods clean, browsing the invasives and poison ivy. They'd rather eat that stuff instead of good grass. I told Peter McLean we should put goats out in the School's walnut grove. They'd clean it out.

SAM: *How do you feel about the School's efforts to make sustainability part of the landscaping?*

HP: The School is doing a pretty good job on rethinking how they take care of the grounds. The front lawn is the students' playground, though, so that's a difficult place to focus. We'll have to see if the no-mow zones have the desired effect. Now that the construction further up the hill is done, it will be easier to see how everything is working closer to the pond.

SAM: *How about our sustainability efforts with the vehicles?*

HP: The B20 biodiesel didn't work so well in the Ford vans, so we had to cut back the concentration to B5. They're running fine now, but we never had any problems at the higher concentration in the buses, tractors or mowers. I don't think we'll get any more Ford diesel vans. Maybe when they go, we can switch back to B20. After that experience, we might not get any more diesel vehicles besides the buses.

SAM: *What has been the most rewarding aspect of the 26 years you have worked here?*

HP: I just like to come in here and work. Everybody works together—the whole shop—it's a big team. It's rewarding that you have people like that to work with. I like the atmosphere. Everybody gets along from the headmaster, Mr. Roach, on down. I don't have a bad word to say about anybody. They just get along. That's my reward. It's a pleasure to come here every day. All the coaches are great, but it's been particularly rewarding to work with Bob Colburn (past athletic director for 40 years) for so many years.

SAM: *How long do you see yourself working for St. Andrew's?*

HP: I'm going to be 65 next month, but my health is pretty good. I might work another year, another five years, or maybe longer than that—as long as I still enjoy it.

Every fall and spring, those who visit the St. Andrew's campus become witnesses to the dedication and artistry of Henri Pechin and his fellow grounds crew members. For nearly three decades Henri has tended our playing fields and lawns, making them the envy of the state. In addition, Henri helps keep the School rolling, overseeing the fleet of vehicles that service our transportation needs. He's a soft-spoken man, preferring to toil in the background and never one to seek the recognition he rightly deserves. For precisely that reason, St. Andrew's Magazine coaxed him into the limelight with a few questions this fall.



SUMMER OF SERVICE

Love One Another

— Rose Kwak '10

This past summer, I spent a week in the Dominican Republic on a mission trip with the Korean Methodist Church. Various members of the church, including 20 youths and 15 adults, united to participate in this life-changing trip. For dedicated and faithful members of the church, the purpose of the trip was to express and advocate our Christian faith, to help the Haitian and Dominican Republic borders with medical needs, and to interact and reach out to people of a different culture. Dominican youth pastors, and Korean-Spanish speaking youths willingly volunteered to help us in our mission. However, the trip also meant something else: simply as a chance to learn to “love one another.”

We were assigned to certain villages, and every morning we went out to our villages, gathered the villagers and participated in VBS (Vacation Bible School) with the Dominican kids. During the afternoons, we visited children's hospitals and drug treatment centers where many people struggled to fight against mental and physical pain. Every night, we rode on our worn down bus, “El Senor,” to La Campania celebrations in the villages of Santiago, where our youth group performed worship skits and worship dances, sang and played with the kids.

Every night of our trip was an enriching, uniting experience. My first night in Santiago we went to Rafey village to do our first La Campania ceremony. The minute I got off the bus, I was surrounded by group of kids who eagerly reached out for my hands. Soon we were strolling through the dark, unlit streets of Rafey,

“What connects us? What is the foundation of love? What builds and binds us together? What makes us different?”
—Rose Kwak

yelling “Venga la Campania!” Once we were back to our base, we played tag with the kids. They sat on our laps while the pastor spoke, and we performed our worship skit and danced and sang Spanish children’s songs like “Cristo Me Ama,” and “Si Verdad eres Salvo Di Amen.” Goodbyes were always the hardest as the kids followed us out to the buses, unwilling to let go of our hands.

For the first few days at Dominican Republic, I was assigned to lead Vacation Bible School in Isabel Cruelitos. At first, we were only able to gather 40 kids, but by the end of three days, we gathered about 90 kids from the village. By the fourth day I was assigned to Rafey village. I had grown so fond of the kids at Isabel Cruelitos, and our driver, Fernando, stopped in the village before taking us on to Rafey. When I got off the van, all the kids of Isabel Cruelitos rushed to surround me, and soon we were all hugging each other. The kids embraced me and told me to come and visit them. One of the girls, Kayla, pointed at her white house, and told me that was where she lived. Youth pastor and friend Indiel told me that I would come back to see them, but I knew that wasn’t true. He only said it to make the kids feel better. My heart was crushed when I boarded the van and saw the streets of Isabel Cruelitos fading away.

▼ Rose Kwak '10 in the Dominican Republic.



There is no one moment that fully embodies the meaning of this trip for me. All I know is that now I see the world through a different window. I’ll never let go because the essence of these memories is present in my life; the essence of how we overcame subtle differences and learned to embrace and hold on to one another through faith, love and trust. I remember on the last Sunday, we invited all the kids from all the villages to the church. A shy girl of about four sat on my lap as we listened to the pastor. I held her tight, and I wanted to dwell in that moment. I remember my friend Go-eun, and I cried with the pastor at Rafey as we embraced, knowing that it was our last day together. As we rode back from Rafey against the warm breeze in the back of the truck, we thought about our last moments with the kids. We reflected on days when we handed out candies, sang “Cristo Me Ama,” or held hands with all the people in the waiting room of the children’s hospital, praying. Expressions of love became futile; they couldn’t do justice to how I felt. I had grown so fond of the Dominican kids I had met. I remember that last Sunday when I held the girl tightly in my arms with tears dangling in our goodbyes. I remember walking through the aisle of the church as my eyes bore into the eyes of the kids, not being able to understand the meaning of enough.

I hold these memories so tightly that each time I think of them, I fall deeper into thoughts. What connects us? What is the foundation of love? What builds and binds us together? What makes us different? My trip taught me that when we build and rebuild on the foundation of love, our differences of culture and language never act as barriers. At least, when I saw that ebullient face of a girl holding my hand, when one by one the kids all linked hands as we skipped through the crammed streets of Isabel Cruelitos, we overcame our differences, both cultural and personal.

Through my trip, I came to realize that our lives run in parallel lines. We see different environments, we hear, experience and sense different things. Yet I always wonder at this one miracle. I wonder at that day when our lives weren’t running parallel, but suddenly converged into one. Maybe it was just for a moment, maybe just for a second, but when we laughed, kissed, and hugged, maybe that moment we were a converged point. That is the miracle that opened up my eyes, the

miracle that helped me to see the world through a different, bigger lens.

My time in the Dominican Republic was short, but the memories and lessons learned will last. I could never let them go, and in the deepest part of me our memories remain, rare, beautiful and profound, made so that every time I reflect back on them I see the face of God again and again, and feel that we were indeed made to love one another.

Love is that point when we are no longer set apart by parallel lines, but we think of one another even when we lack one another's presence. Sometimes we need other people to be our mirrors, to change and broaden the ways in which we see the world. Ultimately I came to realize this: We experience miracles by interacting with different people, different cultures and by opening ourselves to new experiences.

Disfruta la Vida

— Hannah Darling '09

By the end of junior year, I still had not made plans for the summer. Back in San Francisco, where I had moved a year earlier, the three months to be spent at home loomed before me. Reflecting on past summers, I thought of the youth group in my old town. Each summer we raised money and put together a mission trip to different locations in need of help. This summer, the group was flying down to San Jose, Costa Rica. On a whim I called up the leader, who was thrilled to inform me that they had space for me to join them.

About a week later, I landed in the San Jose airport with a big suitcase full of construction clothes and supplies. The group was to arrive in a few hours. Just as I sat down to wait, I heard someone with a heavy accent ask if I was Hannah from Kathy's (the leader of our youth group) group here to work with Strong Missions. Apparently, the group's plane had been canceled and they would be arriving the next day. I was alone in Costa Rica.

Although the proper response may have been to cry, I laughed. Louis, the driver, took my bag and asked me—in English—if I was “ok.” (Although I have taken Spanish for years, my blonde hair and fair skin are a flashing light that reads “American.”) Louis dropped me off at a hotel, gave me a hug and told me he would see me tomorrow when the rest of the group came. That night I ventured down to the hotel's restaurant



for dinner. The waiters came and sat patiently as I practiced my Spanish. The people were friendly and welcoming and I did not feel as if I was alone in a foreign country.

The rest of the trip was less adventurous but more rewarding. During the days we split into three groups and took turns working at various locations. Much of the work was construction: we helped mix cement and built walls for the largest school for cerebral palsy in all of Costa Rica; we spackled walls for a dormitory for future volunteers. Much of our time was spent interacting with Costa Rican children. One day we handed out food and played with the kids at a program that feeds children who may not have food at home.

The most difficult experience for me was visiting an orphanage for abused or abandoned children. Many of the children had learned from their abusers to act out with violence or abusive statements; others had physical wounds or scars that acted as constant reminders of the injustice they endured. We spent the day holding the younger children or playing tag and basketball with the 11- and 12-years-olds. The miracle was that most of these children still could and wanted to play; somehow they still had an internal light that preserved their innocence, letting us know that they still had hope and that we too should take advantage of being alive.

▲ Hannah Darling '09 (kneeling center) learned to take advantage of life in Costa Rica.



▲ Faculty member Sarah Demers taught in Boston this summer.

For the final days of our trip, we went to the Caribbean Coast to relax and explore the beach and rainforest. The organization Strong Missions with which we volunteered sent a few Costa Ricans along to help translate and show us the local sights, one of whom was named Edward. Edward was 24 years old with a passion for “futbol,” singing and helping others. Many people would often tease him for his four-year-old ways—he would provoke us into playing a game of volleyball on the beach, or be the first to point in delight at the monkeys climbing in a tree. In response to this teasing, Edward would smile and say, “solo disfruto la vida,” translated as “I only take advantage of life.” And now, when I reflect on the trip to Costa Rica—my first day adventure, meeting the Costa Rican children and toiling at the construction sights—that is the phrase that explains what I learned: “Disfruta la vida.”

Ah-Ha Moments

— Sarah Demers

After my sophomore year in college, with several summers of life-guarding and teaching swim lessons under my belt, I realized it was time for me to explore something that I had long been entertaining as a possible career choice: teaching. I applied to one of the few summer programs that I knew of that allowed

high school and college students the chance to be in a classroom, lesson planning and instructing, without any prior experience as a teacher. Summerbridge was a golden opportunity for me to find out first hand whether I was cut out to be in the classroom for life. On the first day, despite my raging nerves and panic about whether I could connect with my inner city middle school students, I realized five seconds into class at the first smile from a student that I had found my calling. I felt at home in that classroom.

I will always credit that program with starting my teaching career; but it was when I came to teach at St. Andrew’s School that I realized the true power a teacher could have. Watching students interact with their teachers at the lunch tables, on the sports fields, in the music rooms, on dorms and on late night trips to Wawa, I realized that teaching transcends the four walls of a classroom here—perhaps the most important teaching that we do here is not even in a classroom. That power, to impact a student in every facet of their lives, has been truly inspiring for me to watch and truly life-changing for me to take part in.

That blessing to be able to impact a child’s life both in and out of the classroom, I realize, is truly unique to the boarding school life. When I returned home to Boston this past summer, I felt drawn to continuing my work with the inner city students who had given me my start in teaching. No longer a student myself, I could not teach again at the program I worked in during college, so I found Urban Scholars, a program for students from the Boston Public Schools. These middle and high school students were recruited from at-risk schools in the Roxbury and Dorchester neighborhoods of Boston, and they were paid a stipend to attend Urban Scholars. In order to apply as a teacher, I had to create a seven-week course about something the kids would not normally focus on in their regular schooling. I decided, being an English teacher and knowing that many students desperately need extra practice in writing and being able to analyze and interpret texts, that I would create an English course. In it, we would read personal narratives and, to make the course more interesting to the students, I would ask them to write their own personal narratives by the end of the summer.

I pitched the course as this: a seven week gut check, through which the students would both learn

to read the developing voices in the texts and find out how, when and if they have discovered their own voices yet. "How many of you know who you are?" I asked them on the first day. Most of them immediately raised their hands, but then furrowed their brows and tentatively lowered them again. Others confidently kept their hands up while others still stared blankly at me. I told them we were going to be reading three stories this summer about young people and the discovery of their own voices through writing. I told my students that while we were reading and writing analytical pieces, they would also be writing personal memoirs about their own journeys, so that they could understand first hand the process of writing about oneself. I felt like the course would be both educational and fun for young students, challenging them to take a good, long look at what they believe in and why. This was such a pivotal time in their lives, and I think it was a perfect time for them to get an opportunity to reflect. But, as with anything worth doing, the summer was packed with unforeseen challenges and battles; one in particular I am still wrestling with.

For all the little successes I had this summer, for all the smiles and the "ah-ha moments" and the "thank yous," at the end of the year, what I came away with most was the realization of how frustrated I was to not be able to extend my reach outside of those four walls of my classroom. I could not control the fact that many of my students could not do their homework at the level that I expected because they had an hour commute home on the bus, and then had to take care of their baby brothers and sisters. Others had to cook dinner for their family or work in their uncle's restaurant. I couldn't give them a quiet place of study with a desk and computer. I couldn't give them extra help during study hall, or cheer them on in their soccer game or have them over to my house for cake on their birthdays. When they walked out of my classroom, they walked out of my life, and I walked out of theirs. My influence and my reach was limited, and I came to the frustrating understanding that as a teacher in this program, you must deal with what you are given. When one of my students was acting up in class, swearing and groaning and making rude comments, I pulled her out and spoke with her. "What's going on?" I asked. "You know you cannot act like that in

class. You are a leader and you are setting an example that suggests otherwise." She rolled her eyes and gave me nothing. I continued trying everything my limited experience had taught me to get through to her—but nothing worked. I decided to meet with my boss after school to let her know of my struggles and to see if she could offer me any insights or help. "Well," she said. "Her brother was shot and killed last month in gang violence and her baby sister is in the hospital intensive care unit because of a drive-by shooting." She looked at me, registered the shock, sadness and anger on my face, and simply said, "But that doesn't excuse her from her poor behavior."

One day, when I am ready, I want to teach fulltime in an inner city classroom. However, this past summer taught me that the most important part of that sentence is "when I am ready." I have to be prepared to deal with the fact that I will not be able to look out for my students, as I can at St. Andrew's. I have to be ready for the fact that a teacher, in the eyes of most of these students at Urban Scholars, is a stranger at the front of a classroom who reads the newspaper and gives you a passing grade if you simply show up, as my boss told us on our first day of orientation. The relationships I will have with my students in that classroom will take far longer to build than they do at St. Andrew's, because unlike here, a teacher's influence elsewhere is confined within the four walls of the classroom, and even there, in that limited space, you cannot control the emotional and mental baggage a student brings in with them. In order to teach in an inner city classroom, you have to be prepared for all of those things that are completely out of your control, and you have to figure out a way, somehow, to make your influence transcend those four walls. I see the benefits of that influence every day on this campus and I look forward to, when I am ready, trying to bring that transcendent power a teacher can have in the life of a student to another classroom.

Realizing Life's Privileges

— Jeong-Hun Lee '10

My summer had been painfully repetitive and monotonous until I went on a service trip to Mongolia, an annual medical service trip offered by the church I go to. This was my second year engaging in this service trip, the first being in Russia. Ever since I worked as

In order to teach in an inner city classroom, you have to be prepared for all of those things that are completely out of your control, and you have to figure out a way, somehow, to make your influence transcend those four walls.

—Sarah Demers



▲ Jeong-Hun Lee '10 and his church group on mission work in Mongolia.

a pharmacist in Russia, I had been desperately waiting for an opportunity to utilize the skill I acquired on that trip, instead of just discarding it. Thus this trip came to me as a perfect opportunity to extend my knowledge and use my skills in pharmaceuticals. Unfortunately, my dreams were shattered apart when I learned that professional pharmacists would be accompanying us to Mongolia, depriving me of the special position that I looked forward to. Instead, I was assigned to work with a barber who was going to give haircuts to Mongolians who could not afford them. Although I was disappointed by the fact that I could not continue the same job as last summer, this sounded more interesting than any other “medical” services we intended to provide.

Mongolia was immersed in complete darkness when we arrived there, too dark to appreciate the scenic beauty of the place. The next morning, we made our temporary base, a medical service complex, out of a number of “Gers” (traditional Mongolian residences). Even before we were settled, Mongolian customers had formed a long line at the entrance. We started accepting patients as soon as we were ready. Despite the technological inconvenience, we smoothly worked our way through, thanks to the great teamwork that we continuously relied on during the entire service trip.

Before we actually started cutting people’s hair, the barber designated each person a job. Mine happened to be greeting the patients and getting their hair wet so the barber could start giving them haircuts. Other members of our team were given different jobs, such as sweeping up the chopped hair, spraying water as the barber gave a haircut and drying hair after the cut. Since every member of our team was inexperienced in this field except for the barber, we kept on alternating jobs to see who was most suitable to each one. As we experimented with our suitability, we gradually figured out who excelled at which job, and were able to settle down and work with the highest efficiency.

The range of people who visited us varied vastly, from a child who seemed to be an orphan to a lady who seemed exceptionally wealthy. When I saw the seemingly wealthy lady approaching us with her son, who left instantly after noticing the long line, I grew curious to know the reason why they had come here. They seemed to be more than capable of getting their hair done at a fancier establishment. Later on, my curiosity evolved into resentment, as I took her coming as depriving the privilege of poorer customers. As I began condemning the lady’s action, I also pointed the finger at myself, and reflected upon my relatively affluent life. I asked myself questions like, “Have I been ignorant of privileges I have taken for granted? Have I felt thankful for all the things I have access to in my life?” I have never felt so guilty in my life as when I came to realize that this world has been shining light only on the bright side and has been hardly aware of the marginalized side, leaving that side unchanged, unimproved. Even though the fact that I realized this slightly comforted me, the idea that I am probably going to become oblivious again to all the meaningful lessons I learned during the service trip as my life gets preoccupied with other matters frustrated me. Hopefully, I will constantly remind myself of these lessons and apply them to every moment of my life.

The Best Job That I May Never Do Again — Wesley H. Goldsberry

While most St. Andrew’s faculty customarily leave campus for the summer, not all of our “vacations” are equally voluntary; nor are they typically as literal as the ones that a few of us Founders Hall denizens

have recently enjoyed. With Sherwood Corridor going under the infrastructural knife for the second consecutive summer, I found myself in early June barreling down U.S. 301 in my VW, having been evicted (albeit necessarily) from my apartment until mid-August. This scenario raised two essential questions: Where would I go, and who would feed me? The solution was clear: I had to find another boarding school.

When a friend at Kimball Union Academy (Meriden, N.H.) invited me to teach at their July ESL (English as a Second Language) program, I weighed the 'pro' of free room and board against the 'con' of my absolute lack of experience teaching English to non-English-speaking people. In a victory of pragmatism over fear, I deemed it a risk worth taking, and braced myself for a summer of flawless Granite State weather.

This job constituted my most recent attempt to solve the greatest dilemma with which we as teachers are blessed: how should one spend an 11-week off-season? Working or relaxing? And if working, then teaching, or something different? And if teaching, should I venture outside my religious-studies comfort zone? It seemed there might be some benefit in doing the latter, and I wouldn't know until I tried.

As it turns out, the two primary qualifications for teaching ESL are being fluent in English, and having patience for those who aren't. A basic formula for teaching ESL soon evolved: speak a sentence in English; realize that I'd used at least one 'too big' word; identify it; use a series of 'smaller' words to help define the big word. It often took two or three applications of that final step in order for full comprehension to take place, a process that underscored the inestimable importance of humility in teaching. A student cannot understand something any sooner than the teacher has made it sufficiently understandable—a truism, perhaps, but one that we often fail (though it costs us nothing) to remember and assume.

Beyond affording innumerable opportunities to practice patience and creativity, this summer left me with some indelible memories: playing guitar and singing "We Are the World" with students from eight countries; teaching U.S. history and geography using only state quarters; abandoning a philosophy lesson because I couldn't satisfactorily explain to a dozen

Swedish students what "consciousness" meant, and playing Balderdash for the rest of the period instead; hearing Chinese students insist that 16-year-olds are entirely unqualified to make evaluative judgments about 'adult' matters such as politics, watching Italian students pressure them into criticizing their government, and seeing Spanish students aggressively defend the Chinese students' right not to be put on the spot; and chatting with an Italian student who expressed undue curiosity about my goatee ("How do you wash it? Like the hair, or like the face?").

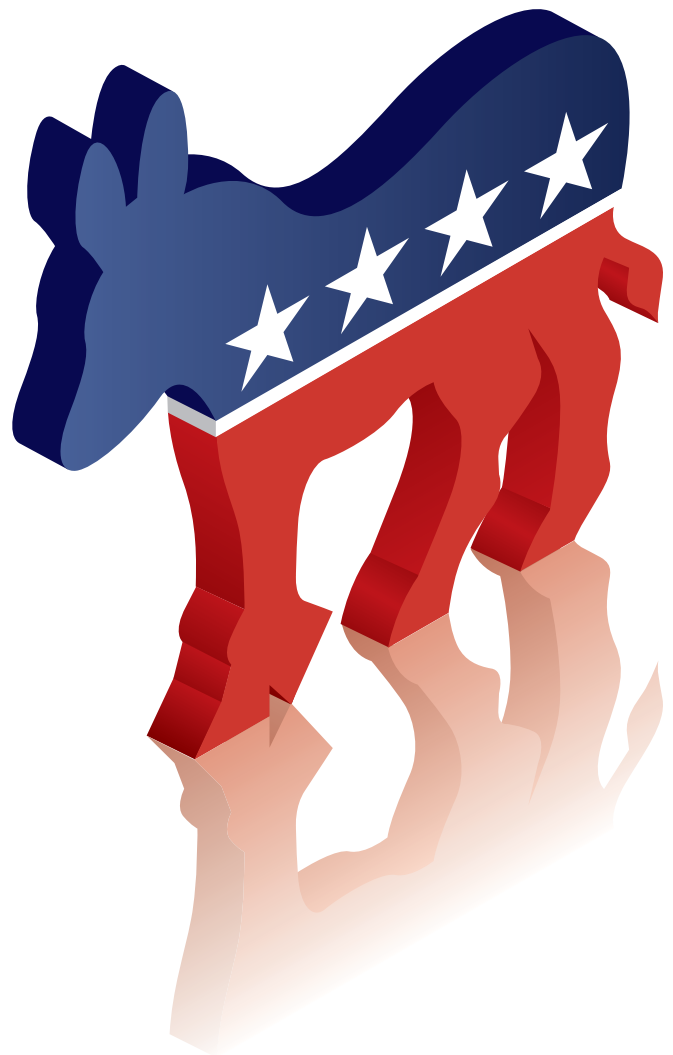
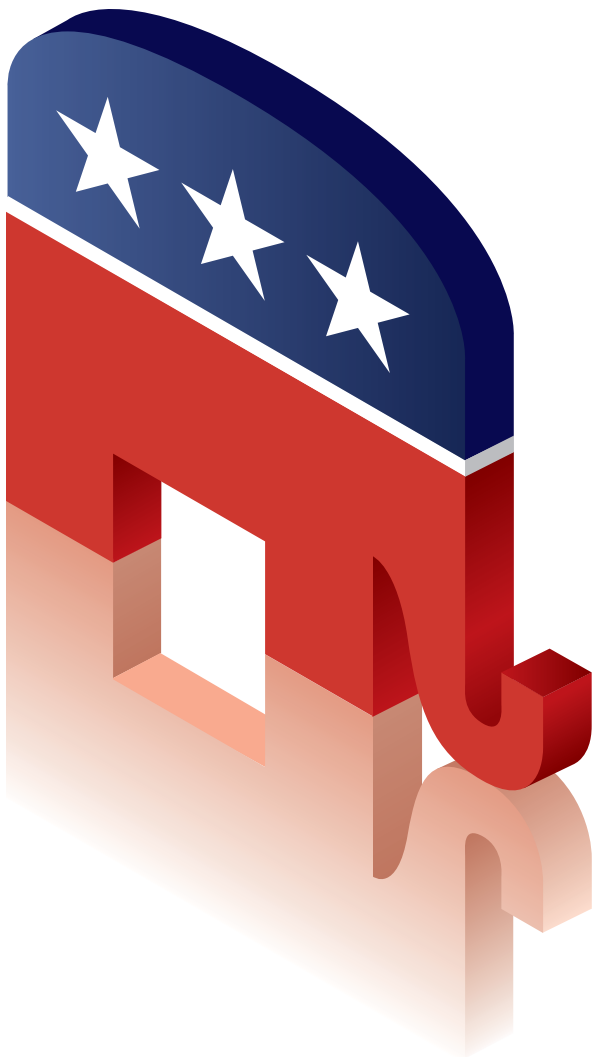
As a side note, I should have known that living for four weeks in New Hampshire (St. Andrew's premier summer stomping ground) would mean randomly running into more current and former St. Andrew's students than I can even count on both hands—but who knew that these moments would be some of the highlights of my summer? These encounters reminded me that as great as a summer away from St. Andrew's can be, the chance to return to this community is an equal privilege. ❖

▼ Jeong-Hun Lee '10 (right) completed a mission trip to Mongolia, providing hair cuts to those who could not afford them.



Taking Sides

ALUMNI IN THE ELECTION



*David Knott '02 gets a chance to work for his hero,
John McCain, while classmates and St. Andrew's
roommates Charlotte Taylor and Morgan Wilson
reconnect on the Obama Campaign for Change.*

At 11:00 p.m. on Tuesday, November 4, President-elect Barack Obama thanked the American people: "This is your victory," he said. Millions rejoiced at that moment, relieved and exhilarated at the induction of this bright and strong leader. But perhaps the most deeply touched and gratified Americans on Tuesday night were the men and women who worked with great devotion and diligence, over the course of many months, to make this man's election possible. Obama thanked his campaign team: "You made this happen," he said, "and I am forever grateful for what you've sacrificed to get it done."

Senator McCain also thanked supporters in his gracious concession speech on Tuesday night. The disappointment of all those who worked on the senator's campaign was surely tempered with pride and admiration of the grace and goodness with which he accepted his defeat and offered support to his former adversary.

In his early October lecture at St. Andrew's, Professor Alan Brinkley of Columbia University spoke of a widespread loss of faith in American politics. "In the heyday of parties, people felt engaged and part of something," he said. "Now, the engagement of individuals with the political world has become so attenuated that few feel the system has anything to do with them."

Only a month after Professor Brinkley's apt diagnosis, the symptoms of American disengagement are in remission. With record voter turnout, November's election seems to spell the end of our era's association with political disillusionment. And the special energy of this election was apparent even before the voter lines began to form. It was apparent over the course of months, as many Americans proved their investment in the political system by actively working for change. Whether they were fighting for the ideals and promises of Obama and Biden or for those of McCain and Palin, these men and women worked tirelessly and passionately to promote the leaders whose vision inspired them. Obama reflected on this demonstration of faith and engagement when he thanked young campaign workers "who rejected the myth of their generation's apathy, who left their homes and their families for jobs that offered little pay and less sleep."

Taking Sides: Alumni in the Election

► David Knott '02 (far left) met Gov. Sarah Palin and husband, Todd, while working on the McCain campaign.



Charlotte Taylor '02, Morgan Wilson '02 and David Knott '02 are three such young people. Working on both sides of this historic election, these alums embodied the commitment, energy and idealism of their generation.



While a student at St. Andrew's, David Knott '02 read John McCain's biography. The senator was then running in the 2000 primaries against Governor Bush. At that time, Dave wasn't a big reader, but something in McCain's story spoke to him. "It was one of the first books I really enjoyed reading, that really meant something to me," he recalls. Little did Dave know back then that eight years later he would be working at Headquarters on McCain's presidential campaign.

Between his student encounter with McCain's life story and his adult engagement as a campaign employee, David's admiration for the senator had grown. "I didn't really get him—what he stood for—until I was more mature," he says. "As I got older, I began to see the magnitude of his experience in Vietnam, his amazing story of survival. The fact that he was given a chance to get out earlier and didn't—that he was the first captured and the last to be released—struck me powerfully. As I learned more about his politics and watched him conduct himself in the Senate, I was struck by his personal integrity." Now, having met McCain several times, David comments on his "great sense of humor. He was in the office the other day and we were sitting around with him watching TV. Like us, he was laughing and relaxed."

David began working for the McCain campaign last September, during the start of his senior year at University of North Carolina. From August 2007 until January 2008, he spent his free time volunteering in South Carolina. The work interested him, and during the

Primary he traveled to Florida to do "grass roots-type work" for the campaign on weekends.

A few weeks after graduating, David landed a job on the advance team. "These are people who travel three days ahead of the senator to make sure everything is set up properly for him." When the campaign was restructured in July, Dave was switched over to the communication department at Headquarters. Working in the famous War Room, a rapid response media analysis center, Dave was responsible for keeping a finger on the pulse of election media coverage. "In the War Room, we monitor TV, radio and the internet to see what is being said about both campaigns," says Dave. "Then we make sure to get that information out to the people on the campaign who need it." The War Room offered Dave an education in politics and communication: "I learned a lot about how a campaign works, with people coming in to do briefs. It was a great way for me to start." Though fascinating and exciting, work in the War Room was also highly stressful. After a month or so, just as Dave was beginning to get a little "stir crazy," he was moved upwards and onwards in Headquarters to a job with the director of radio.

Dave is now responsible for scheduling surrogates to speak on Senator McCain's behalf, a job that puts him in touch with a variety of interesting figures. In this capacity, he has had opportunities to speak with many men who knew the senator during his days in Vietnam, that chapter of McCain's life that had so fascinated him in high school.

"I speak with veterans of all ages," he says. "Men who were POWs with McCain in Vietnam; people who served with him or went to the Naval Academy with him; retired admirals and generals who know him and can speak to his character. Then there are the younger veterans, just coming back from Iraq and Afghanistan, who [like Dave] have been inspired by McCain's story and who are willing to speak on his behalf."

Dave's work has also brought him into contact with more notable McCain supporters. "I book people like Rudy Giuliani and Romney on bigger shows like *Hannity and Colmes*. The other day I drove Fred Thompson to the airport and we had a chance to talk. He was on his way to the Vice Presidential debate, and I was trying to get him to do an interview." Dave also got a chance to meet Sarah Palin when she came by Headquarters after the Republican Convention.

Though it is demanding, Dave thrives on his work. "I really enjoy what I'm doing," he says. "The hours are long and it's hard work, but it isn't tedious; I am always learning and I get to talk with so many interesting people."

Dave has been inspired by the dedication of his colleagues, and amazed at the around-the-clock activity at Headquarters: "All the manpower and hours of work are mind-boggling. There are people working in the office 24/7, and it's incredible just to see how much goes into issuing a simple press release. I sit next to spokespeople for the campaign who have all the facts and figures at their fingertips. Someone on TV might be quoting a McCain statement from eight years ago, and they will know immediately if it is a misquote."

One exciting highlight of his campaign work came during his early days doing advance work, when Dave was driving the press van. "We went to airport to meet the senator and then drove from Newark, N.J., to New York City. Driving a 16-person van in a speeding motorcade during rush hour in downtown Manhattan is not the easiest task."

Dave says that the relationships he formed at St. Andrew's influence him today. "I had wonderful relationships with Mr. Speers, Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Roach," he says. "They were there for me throughout my time as a student, regardless of how much I goofed off. They never judged me; they were always 100 percent behind me, and they still are."

"It wasn't until after I had left St. Andrew's that I really came to realize what an amazing place it is and what an amazing experience I had there. After I got myself more together as a college student, I would sit back and remember the time Mr. Speers sat

me down and advised me about how to work hard, how to do and be my best. He was exactly right. Hindsight is 20/20, and those lessons help me today. That stuff sticks with you."

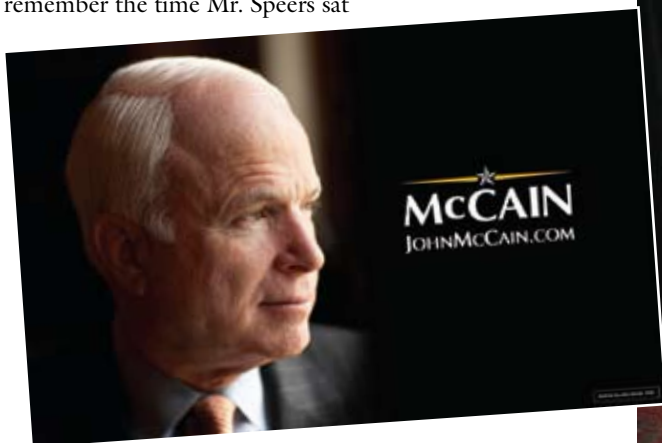


In June 2008, Charlotte Taylor '02 called Morgan Wilson '02 from Ohio, where she had just started working as a field organizer for the Obama campaign. The former roommates hadn't spoken in over two years. Luckily, Morgan had the same phone number, and Charlotte left a message for her old friend: "You've gotta come out here. We need you. Whatever you are doing, drop everything and come. This election is worth it." The fact that the friends had drifted apart didn't stop Charlotte from calling; this was too important. Something told her that Morgan and the Obama campaign needed each other.

Charlotte's decision to devote herself to the campaign was influenced by a few factors. Working for a managing consulting firm in New York City, she was "beginning to feel disillusioned with the corporate world." A good friend was working in Ohio for Obama's campaign, and Charlotte was intrigued by his accounts of the work. "I was hearing about my friend's experience on the campaign at the same time that I was following the news and reading Obama's book.

"My decision was also influenced by what happened in 2004," she says. "I went to bed on the night of that election thinking Kerry would win, and I woke up shocked and confused. At that point I was a government major at Dartmouth, living in a kind of liberal bubble. After election day I couldn't stop thinking, 'I didn't do anything to help out. I didn't try to convince anyone about Kerry, so what right have I to be shocked and disappointed by the outcome?'"

As she was grappling with these concerns, Charlotte's mother was diagnosed with ovarian cancer. "That really caused me to relook at where I was in my life," she says.



◀ David Knott (far right) also had occasion to meet McCain.

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Recognizing a chance to act on her beliefs and effect real change, Charlotte quit her job in New York and headed for Ohio.

After beginning work on the campaign, Charlotte found herself thinking back to her days at St. Andrew's, and to her friend Morgan. "One teacher in particular, Ann Chilton, my field hockey coach and history teacher, stands out in my memory. Morgan and I were both in Ms. Chilton's U.S. history class together one year. In that class, we would talk about the importance of promoting social justice through our political system, and we would have great debates. When I first arrived out here, I was remembering my days at St. Andrew's, remembering debating with Morgan in that class... I just knew she would want to be a part of this."

She was right. Morgan, who was working in a bank at the time, got Charlotte's message and called back right away. "I'm coming," she said.

Her friend's outreach had touched a chord in Morgan. "It wasn't until I spoke with Charlotte that I understood the urgency of getting involved now," she says. "Charlotte explained the need to win Ohio (the Bell Weather State) in order to win the presidency. She said to me, 'Rather than complaining about the way things are, make the time to change the course of history, not just for you, but for an entire nation.' It's been about seven weeks on the campaign so far, and I've loved every minute of it."

Charlotte and Morgan work as field organizers in Stark County, an area that is historically highly influential in determining which way the state goes in the election. As field organizers, Charlotte and Morgan are responsible for "bringing the vote home" in their districts. Recruiting and rallying volunteers, organizing meetings, events and canvases, speaking to gathered groups and to individual voters, they work to spread the messages of the campaign and to secure support in every way possible.

Though Charlotte and Morgan work within the same county, the two alums face different challenges in their

respective areas. As the organizer for the predominantly white suburbs just north of Canton, Charlotte's primary focus is persuasion. "Both my suburbs are largely Republican, people who went to Bush in the 2004 election. But this year they represent one of the biggest swing voter constituencies in the state," she says. For many, the current administration has undermined the credibility of the conservative party. "There are a lot of Republicans in this area who are voting democratic for the first time in their lives. We call them 'Obamacans'," laughs Charlotte. "These are people who say they simply can't bring themselves to support a ticket that would bring four more years of the same. I have met many Republicans who tell me that in their lifetime they've seen their party hijacked by the religious right, and that the Rockefeller Republicans they identified with have disappeared from the party altogether."

Working within Canton—one of the top 10 declining cities in the country—in a primarily African American community, Morgan is faced with a different set of issues. In 2004, only 23 percent of Canton residents voted. "Many voters in Stark County feel disenfranchised by the electoral process," Morgan explains. "In 2004, and again in the primaries, many people were not able to vote because they thought they were registered and found out that they weren't, or they went to the wrong polling location and the poll workers turned them away without giving them a provisional ballot." Morgan must confront and break this cycle of voter apathy by convincing Canton residents that their votes count, which can be especially difficult in communities that have come to feel excluded from the political system.

► Morgan Wilson '02 (in white cardigan), Charlotte Taylor '02 (in red) and friends while working on the Obama campaign.



In addition to sporadic voting, Charlotte and Morgan contend daily with two formidable foes: time and racism. “There simply are not enough hours in the day to do everything that needs to get done in order to ensure that Barack Obama will win the presidency,” says Morgan, who starts her day at 7:30 a.m. and often stays in the office past midnight.

Then there is “the elephant in the room,” as Morgan dubs the race issue. “No one wants to talk about it but it’s there and cannot be ignored. Many people that I come into contact with daily are afraid to vote for Senator Obama because they feel if he gets assassinated, then they had a hand in his death. Others are simply racist and won’t vote for a black man for president. Then there are others who are not comfortable being outwardly racist, so they abstain from voting altogether. These are the hardest voters to contend with, because they know McCain is not the right choice for their lives, but they cannot bring themselves to vote for a black candidate.”

The fact that, in the 21st century in America, a candidate’s color is an influential factor in the minds of voters is disheartening, but Charlotte and Morgan must face these misjudgments if they want to see Obama elected for the right reasons. “We know that racism permeates our society,” says Morgan, “so working to get Senator Obama elected means working to confront racism so as to ensure that the best candidate wins.”

For these and other reasons, Morgan and Charlotte must fight hard if they hope to win Stark County. It’s a tough job, but one filled with moments of joy and affirmation that counterbalance and validate the difficulties. For both women, the greatest inspiration comes not from abstract ideals but from individual people who, through their strength of conviction and commitment, attest to and actualize the promise of change.

“The most rewarding thing is just hearing people’s stories,” says Charlotte. “I love meeting people of all different backgrounds—from downtown to suburbia—and hearing what inspires them, and what has brought them to the campaign. There are some really amazing stories out there.”

Charlotte is also endlessly inspired by the passion of her volunteers: “I have 70-year-olds working for me who have never worked for a political campaign before, but got involved in this one because they are so passionate about Obama. I have 17-year-olds who believe so strongly in the campaign that they want to help convince other people to believe. It’s especially moving to see these young people. They can’t even vote yet, but they’re willing to work to transfer their passion to others.”

Working for a campaign whose catchword is “change,” Morgan has found inspiration in individual transformations: “The most rewarding aspect of my job is meeting new people and watching them realize their power as individuals,” she says. “The metamorphoses

that these everyday people go through time and again as they spend more time with the campaign, invest themselves whole-heartedly, and become what they never thought they could be—agents of their own lives—is truly awesome. I have made life-long friends here, young and young-hearted alike, who I will continue to speak to daily, who I will visit, and who I love as my own family well after the campaign is won.”

Charlotte and Morgan are sustained in their work by a sense of shared beliefs and shared purpose, and they are also intensely aware of the vast network of lives that will be touched by the outcome of this race. “I’ve met so many people who are committed to this candidate and what he stands for,” says Charlotte, “and I’ve seen the hope in their eyes and heard it in their voices. That’s what wakes me up and allows me to come back day after day to do this work—seeing that hope and knowing that I can be a part of realizing it.” But in an election, hope must occasionally proportionate apprehension. “The idea that there is a possibility that this won’t happen, that we won’t succeed, is the most difficult thing to face at this point. But I have to forget about that fear, and work every day with the belief that we will achieve our goal.”

Both Morgan and Charlotte cite their time at St. Andrew’s as a formative experience that helped to shape their present drives and ideals. Charlotte reflects on the School’s enduring influence: “One thing Morgan and I have discussed is how Mr. Roach used to talk to us about ‘ethos,’ impressing upon us how important it is to take a moral stand, to make your life reflect what you believe in and to act on behalf of your truest beliefs. That teaching always influenced me and Morgan, and all of St. Andrew’s, I think. Obama really embodies that belief. Like Mr. Roach, Obama has inspired me to take action, to get involved, to fight for my beliefs.”

Morgan recalls being deeply influenced by her teachers at St. Andrew’s, both in and out of the classroom: “My history classes at St. Andrew’s were crucial, because without a keen understanding of one’s history, it is impossible to understand oneself. I understand what it means to many people for an African American man to have the opportunity to run for president, while at the same time having a woman run in the primary. That is the blessing of our melting pot—to have such opportunities. I would not be able to appreciate the gravity of this campaign, this election, without that profound understanding. In addition to classes, much of my learning at St. Andrew’s happened in the homes of my teachers. I would not be the woman I am today without the ‘Ra-Miller’s’ [Ana Ramirez and David Miller], the Hydes [Mike and Joleen], the Cottones [Jennifer and Andrew] and so many others who would not allow me *not* to act as an enlightened denizen of this society. I am an agent of my own destiny because of them.” ❖



A SCOUT PLATOON IN IRAQ

1st Lieutenant Richard Hutton '01 deployed to Iraq in October 2006 with his unit, the 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry Regiment, a part of the 1st Cavalry Division. He redeployed to Fort Bliss, Texas after 14 months in Iraq in December 2007. He was awarded the Bronze Star Medal in February 2008.

After initially deploying on the staff of an armored cavalry squadron, Rich spent his final 12 months in Iraq leading a cavalry scout platoon of 30 Soldiers in combat and training operations. He served in many areas of northwestern Iraq, including Mosul, Tal 'Afar, the Jezirah Desert, Badoush Prison, and along the Syrian border.

My experiences in Iraq were intense but not exceptional. Thousands have now served there, many in more difficult conditions. I operated in unique places with unique people and did interesting things, but did few things more unique, or more interesting than others have done. Little was asked of me that has not and will not be asked of many. My experiences varied from very deliberate to very sudden. In my case, intense experience produced feelings. They were altogether the same feelings people experience every day, but within a unique context that served to magnify and complicate, deepen and exaggerate. To convey those, permit me to describe some of them to you. In doing so, I hope to give you a glimpse into a very small corner of life in Iraq, allowing you to walk in the footsteps of those of us who have served there.

RESPONSIBILITY

It's June and 120 degrees. You are eight months into your deployment, and have just returned from your "rest 'n relaxation" leave. You're standing with your troop commander, Capt. David Escobar, at Badoush Prison, the Maximum Security Regional Correctional Facility for northern Iraq. He's just told you he's leaving to go on leave, and is making you responsible for the prison. You will be the senior officer, commanding your platoon of the 30 best scouts in the Army, a Military Police platoon of 40 more and a support element as well as Police and Department of Justice officers who help train the Iraqis running the prison. Several hundred Iraqi prison guards and a brigade of Iraqi Police will also serve under you. The nearest U.S. base is in Mosul, 25 miles away. You've been back in the country less than 48 hours, and he tells you that he's leaving shortly and any questions you have about how to run a several-thousand inmate Iraqi prison you had better ask soon.

Badoush Prison sits just north of a major east-west supply route connecting Mosul with Tal 'Afar to the west and Syria to the north. It's a hot area, meaning attacks on the route and the prison are continuous. Your platoon was sent to re-establish security and oversight after insurgents—with support from complicit prison guards—arrived at the prison and broke out several dozen

foreign fighters interred there. It's a company-level mission, meaning it is usually entrusted to a senior captain. But this is Iraq. You are a platoon leader with 18 months in uniform and eight months in the country, and you're it. As your troop commander leaves, he also tells you that in the next week your brigade commander, a decorated colonel who in 2003 helped lead the initial drive into Baghdad and now commands the 5,000-plus U.S. Soldiers in the province, may stop by. He will expect a report. You take a deep breath, and for the first time in your life, feel the weight of command and responsibility you have known is coming.

PRIDE

It's July, and while you are inside the prison, working to finalize and implement your new combined security plan, juggling an Iraqi warden, an Iraqi colonel and logistical operations, your soldiers are encountering entirely different challenges outside the wire. Every day, all day, several of your gun crews man Bradley fighting vehicles, similar to small tanks, and patrol the area. They clear roads, blow up improvised explosive devices (IEDs), support Iraqi maneuvers, secure friendly convoys and routinely engage the enemy. They are the "boots on the ground" people back home read about.

One evening, when they rotate crews, you go down to greet a few of your men who have just returned from 12 hours in their 35-ton metal boxes. They emerge covered in dust, grime and sweat, smelling foul. They've drunk all their water, eaten all their food and breathed the murk of dirt, fumes and waste that is air in Iraq. But as you look at them, you see them smiling, laughing and having fun. You greet them, discuss the next 12 hours with one of your section sergeants and promptly see him and several more of your men off to patrol through the night.

And this happens twice a day, every day, for two months. Insurgent attacks dwindle, then fade. Your men's patrols bring a force not easily reckoned with in open terrain. Over time and engagements, you see your soldiers grow and mature; you see them win—and win, and win, and win. When you leave that place more than a month later, every one of your soldiers is still smiling, laughing and winning. And you feel proud to have served with such men.

FRUSTRATION

It's mid-September, and you and your men have been in the country for 11 months. You're on a combined mission with an Iraqi army battalion, working to clear the restive city of Bi'aj of insurgents, house by house. You are leading a night patrol through the city with your Iraqi counterparts, clearing the streets of IEDs. You've worked closely with the Iraqi army for some months now, months filled with disappointment and fulfillment, disillusion and amazement—helping your little corner of the Iraqi army

grow up in its own fitful way. You've seen them through everything from training to battle; payday to desertion; courage to cowardice. You are frustrated, but hopeful.

At 2 a.m., you tell your Iraqi counterpart, a major, that there is only one more suspected IED in the southwest corner of town, and after it's cleared, we can all go back to our outpost. But he hesitates, and then tells you he doesn't want to go into that neighborhood. He doesn't say why, but keeps repeating that if we go into that neighborhood, something bad could happen, whereas if we go back to our outpost now, and fail to complete our mission, nothing bad could happen. You tell him our job is to clear the roads to protect the villagers from insurgents. You tell him he has a responsibility to his command and the people of the village. He squirms, and then this commissioned officer, in front of his own soldiers, looks you in the eye and tells you he doesn't want to do this; he only wants to go home. And you feel 11 months of frustration embodied in this man.

FUN

It's mid-spring and you're back in Mosul on a supply run, driving streets you haven't seen in a while, but know by heart. In Iraq, especially in urban areas, insurgents constantly monitor you when you patrol. They watch what you do, where you go and how you get there, searching for patterns or weaknesses—anything they can exploit. As a result, you constantly change vehicle routes, spacing, speed, formations—anything to confuse them and stay on the offensive. Often, you must do what they would least expect.

Your men are excited to be back in Mosul, and as you approach a large traffic circle, your lead scout, an experienced staff sergeant with a sense of humor, chooses to make such a change. He swings onto the circle, clears

- ◀ Hutton (back row, sixth from left) and some of his men with local tribal leaders.
- ▼ Tal 'Afar, Iraq.





▲ *Handing out candy for kids during a food distribution mission.*

▶ *On the road in the desert near the Iraqi/Syrian border.*

out the traffic, and begins leading the convoy in loops on the roundabout. Local shopkeepers take notice after one lap, turn to watch after two, and by the third are clapping and cheering. Your man is on his loudspeaker telling them in a language they don't understand that he's happy to be "home" again, and that they can relax, "Steelhorse" platoon is back. They don't acknowledge him, but laugh and cheer as you circle once or twice more and continue.

Later in the deployment you and your men are returning home from a reconnaissance mission. You've met with village leaders and police officials all day and realize you've missed dinner. As you approach town and your outpost, you ask your truck commanders over the radio if anyone feels like lamb pitas. "Roger, Sir," they respond in unison, knowing the drill, and so the order is given, "To the market!" Setting up shop in a busy intersection, you cordon, or close off, the area, and after your men have interlocked their fields of fire and set security, you get out with your interpreter and order 50 lamb pitas from a man with nothing in the world but a stand on the street.

Townpeople laugh and cheer, some of your guys give soccer balls to children, and through this man, you connect with the local populace, giving your soldiers the chance to feel for once that they are not fighting a war. You understand later that, if only for a fleeting moment, through your own distorted sense of humor, such actions help put a smile on your face, and make 14 months seem less of an eternity.

POWER

The Nineveh Province, your home in far northwestern Iraq, is the kind of landscape that you imagine all of Iraq to be: boundless desert in all directions. A look out your window shows mostly scrub and dirt, a shepherd and his flock. To defeat insurgents in such terrain, you must change the attitudes of people and make their alternative an unviable one. Doing that means getting out and securing

the countryside, allowing for economic exchange and growth, providing basic services, and showing people that they will have the ability to police and provide for themselves. You work to give them hope.

And so day after day, you head out into the desert, sit down with village headmen, police chiefs, tribal sheikhs, and talk. You sit down on the carpet – there isn't much furniture in rural Iraq – share tea and sometimes lamb, and through your interpreter, learn about life in the countryside. How many teachers do you have? When did you run out of medicine? How many smugglers operate here? When did your well turn brackish? What does your local government provide? How often has the Kurdish militia come through? What will happen if you can't get your goods to market?

In a small village in western Nineveh, you learn fast that Baghdad counts for nothing. There is no Nuri al-Maliki. There is no George Bush, no David Petraeus. Out here, there are only village elders, children peering curiously through doorways, and a platoon leader who at that moment is the face of America. You realize that the resources and ideas you represent give you great power: the power to give or take away, the power to help or to hurt. And through that, you begin to understand and appreciate your own role in this conflict, and your ability to do good, way out in the silence of nowhere, one village at a time.

FULFILLMENT

A great surprise in Iraq, other than Iraq itself, is meeting the rest of America. Through the lives and stories of the soldiers you lead, you learn what it was like to grow up in rural Alabama, on a Native American Reservation or a lumber town on Puget Sound. You learn what it was like to enter the workforce out of high school, what it was like to be 21 and in Iraq with a newborn, or 20 with three ex-wives. You learn what leads young men and women to enlist, and what motivates them, scares them and inspires them. You meet men who need the 500 horsepower



pickup trucks whose advertisements you had enjoyed mocking. You meet men who work with their hands, and make fun of you for using big words. Life with soldiers in Iraq is humbling and exhilarating, as you feel and see the heart of America.

Fulfillment can come in small moments, even in a makeshift gymnasium put together at my last home in Iraq, Combat Outpost Heider, on the Syrian border. There's one of your best soldiers, a bone-headed free spirit from Yosemite, California. At 18, he decided to skip college and work toward his goal of becoming a cage fighter. And he did. Deciding his next goal was to fight in Iraq, he enlisted. And so he came to Iraq. Working out, he explains his next goal: a trade school in California where he can learn to build and maintain off-road racing trucks, his longtime hobby.

While discussing the merits of such a move, he tells you something else. He tells you that your advice on financial planning had made him think, and so he'd done some research. He tells you that he's opened his first-ever savings account online, and put in \$10,000, money he can use to pay for school. He ducks his head and says 'thanks' – if you hadn't encouraged him he would have just spent the money. And you put your arm around him and smile, and feel like, at that moment, maybe you have given these men as much as they've given you.

HEARTBREAK

There is another time in Iraq, not so pleasant, when you must say goodbye. During your time there, you work with hundreds of Iraqi army, police, civil officials and local leaders, though you will spend more time and share more experiences with "Jimmy" than any of them. "Jimmy" is your interpreter.

A local man from western Nineveh, Jimmy learned English in school, farmed and raised a family near the Syrian border. When America arrived, like many from his Yezidi tribe, he volunteered to serve as an interpreter, eager to move on after years of ethnic discrimination. As a Yezidi, "Jimmy" is neither Arab nor Kurd, Sunni nor Shia, Christian nor Muslim. Merely one obscure man in one tiny ethnic group, he resides in a dangerous part of the world where the color of your skin, the language you speak and the God you worship define and explain every aspect of your life. Suppressed for centuries, his people were given a new chance when American forces arrived.

For 12 months, everywhere you went, "Jimmy" went, from training Iraqi Army soldiers to sharing dinner with powerful sheikhs; from examining Chinese water pumps to bartering over bread prices and much more. He invited you into his home and taught you the history of his people. He tells you who is lying and who is truthful, what is normal and what is not, and how to distinguish between



danger and necessity, right and wrong. Through thousands of hours, hundreds of missions, bullets, bombs and lamb kabobs, he is more than invaluable; he is half of you.

And so you feel empty inside when you have to sit down and tell him, after all he has given you, that there is no way you can get him a visa or work permit to come to America, no way you can help give his children a better life. Emptiness becomes bitterness, and bitterness heartbreak, when you sit and listen to him tell you what will happen to his people when America pulls out of Iraq, when your bases in the Nineveh Province close and Iraq assumes full control. You tell him that a new administration or a new strategy could mean more autonomy for his area, for his countrymen. Such news might be welcome to most Iraqis, but you see his eyes look only downward. And from an obscure man, in an obscure tribe, in an obscure area, living on borrowed time, you begin to understand with acute pain the human price that accompanies war in Iraq.

RELIEF

You listen to the engines of an Air Force C-130 aircraft roaring at 2 o'clock in the morning as you walk off Iraqi soil for the last time, 14 months after first stepping onto it. You look at your men and see smiles, laughter and tears. They are all there, all of your men, and all of your emotions. You stagger up the ramp with weapon and pack but have no time to assess your experience, weigh your contributions or ponder the worth of your time in Iraq. That will come later.

The cargo is loaded last, and you watch as the crew chief raises the back deck for the last time. Finally, mighty engines rumble, she surges forward and lifts with astonishing speed into the night. There is a humming of wheels coming up and the feeling that you have finished. Men shout, laugh, and soon sleep. Through the din of the propellers, you buckle in, turn on your iPod and breathe. It's over. ❖

▲ Hutton in a village council meeting with local elders.

The meteoric rise of

Just three years after graduating from St. Andrew's, Micah Levinson '05 has written extensively on history and world affairs, received his master's degree in political economy and public policy and attracted international attention by launching an exciting overseas development project. Now as a junior, he's taking Harvard's department of government by storm.

It is no exaggeration to say that Micah Levinson '05 began applying himself to serious academic study rather earlier than most. Having just finished the fifth grade at Tatnall School in Wilmington, he was accepted at the University of Delaware, and for three years during Middle School he took history courses there for credit.

When it came time to choose a high school, after attending classes at a number of other schools, Micah didn't hesitate. His father, David '53, recalls, "St. Andrew's was the only boarding school Micah was willing to attend because he said that 'other schools will teach me history but only at St. Andrew's will they teach me to be an historian.'"

Micah's passion for history deepened under the tutelage of his teachers at St. Andrew's, and after his III Form year at SAS, he was ready to try his hand at teaching history. He taught a summer course through the Summer Quest program for rising 9th graders at St. Andrew's on Middle Eastern history, and the following summer he taught American Foreign Policy during the Cold War.

Throughout his career at St. Andrew's, Micah wowed teachers and classmates with his intellectual acuity and engagement. Intensely interested in world affairs, he was a regular contributor in Headmaster's Forums, weekly colloquia in which faculty and students convene to discuss current events and issues. As a student, he published two op-ed pieces in local newspapers, displaying his aptitude in writing and argumentation. As an upperclassman, he discovered a talent for the theatre and appeared in several productions. Perhaps most notable was his 2004 performance as Pharaoh (a la Elvis Presley) in *Joseph and His Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*.

Micah received in IV Form the Francis L. Spalding Award, awarded to the student who best exemplifies the spirit of St. Andrew's School, and upon graduation he received the Walden Pell Prize for Religious Studies and the Sherman Webb History Prize.

Micah's passion for history fueled intense interest in economics and global politics early, and as V Former at St. Andrew's he was already formulating ambitious plans. "In 2004, I realized the potential of building a large commercial and residential real estate development (a model city) in the Central American country of Belize, and I began selling the idea to anyone I thought might be interested." It just so happened that Micah was applying to college just then, and he used his college visits and interviews as opportunities to

pitch his ambitious project to "every professor who would listen to me."

Before long, Micah found the listener he'd been looking for: "When I visited Washington University in St. Louis, I met with the then chairman of the political science department and apprised him of my vision. He was sold immediately and hoped that I would attend Washington University so that we could collaborate on the model city project. He informed me of a center at Washington University, the Center for New Institutional Social Sciences (CNISS), that brings together experts from various fields to assist developing countries, and he told me that he thought my proposed project in Belize was an exemplary opportunity for CNISS."

From his first conception of the Belize project, Micah recognized that in order to make his vision successful he would need "not only the expertise of real estate developers and lawyers but of academicians who could help me deal with some of the sociological, economic, political and healthcare related issues central to any major enterprise in the developing world." Unwilling to pass up this opportunity to enlist the expertise of scholars who could help improve and deepen his plan, Micah decided to take a rather unconventional step in his education: to skip undergraduate standing and head straight for a master's in political economy and public policy.

After graduating Summa Cum Laude from St. Andrew's, Micah launched into his year of intense study with characteristic focus and determination. Maintaining the academic standards he had established as a St. Andrean, Micah's career as a graduate student was marked by excellence, and he completed his Master's year at Washington University having never received a grade below "A," and with several "A+s." Micah emphasizes that "I was able to do Master's degree work directly from St. Andrew's only because of the fantastic guidance and mentoring that I received from so many of my teachers at St. Andrew's, particularly Tad Roach, Lindsay Brown, and Brad Bates. They treated me with the respect of a colleague, which taught me so to relate to my professors, and they therefore to me, at Washington University.

Soon after his arrival at the University, Micah's idea began to take official shape as The Micah Project, "Hummingbird City." Teaming up with his father, David Levinson '53 (founder of St. Andrew's annual Levinson History Lecture), he developed a detailed vision of his model city in

MICAH LEVINSON '05

Belize, one with a strong commitment to environmental sustainability and social justice. This autonomous and “green” city, Micah and David projected, could produce a superior standard of living and pave the way for future projects in developing countries around the globe.

Having honed their vision, the father-son team presented their proposal to CNISS in 2005, hoping to attract experts in relevant fields. Since that initial meeting, many others have joined Micah in his exciting aim, including CNISS Director Itai Sened, as well as several University departments and their distinguished professors. In October 2006, the CNISS team held a third seminar concerning the development of the model city. In addition to a host of experts and professors who came to share their thoughts and proposals on the logistics of the project, Kareem Musa, son of then Belize Prime Minister Said Musa, was in attendance. Subsequently, the project has gathered momentum and made incredible progress. Micah and his father have visited Belize many times to meet with government officials and create detailed solutions to potential concerns. Property for the first stage of development has been identified, engineering estimates and topographical studies have been submitted and the Prime Minister of Belize has expressed his support for the undertaking. In July 2007, the government of Belize entered into a contract with the project, which a newly elected government has agreed to honor.

In its 2006/7 Annual Report, Washington University's CNISS reported, “It is hard to describe the immense anticipation felt throughout the Center as the project takes shape and becomes a reality in front of our eyes.... In the process, the work on a real life, real time project provides the Center with a unique opportunity to engage in groundbreaking research based on actual development efforts, as opposed to theoretical and abstract concepts of development.”

Now a student in Harvard's Department of Government, Micah is pursuing his interest in global politics and applying his journalistic talent to his growing expertise. Since entering college he has been writing steadily and successfully, becoming an articulate and informed voice in the discourse of his discipline. Last year, the renowned periodical *Politics, Philosophy, and Economics* featured a piece written by Micah and his former teacher Norman Schofield, William R. Taussig Professor of Political Economy at Washington University. In their article, “Modeling authoritarian regimes,” the writers analyze three historical authoritarian regimes, the Argentine junta, Francoist Spain and the Soviet system. And recently Micah completed a

chapter for a soon to be published book edited by the chairman of Washington University's graduate department of political economy. “This chapter explores why the North Korean regime has undergone less political and economic liberalization than all the other communist regimes,” Micah explains.

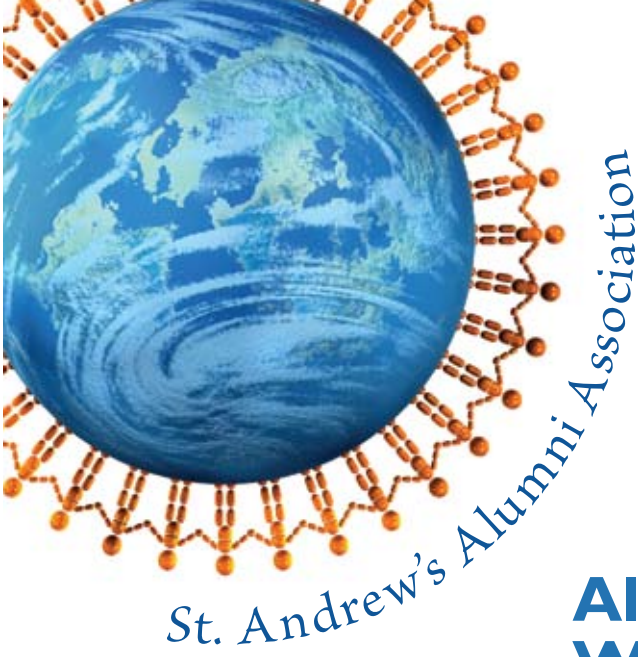
Micah attributes his successes as a writer to the instruction he received in high school, explaining that he hones his literary voice through a process of experimentation and self-assessment that he learned in his history and English classes at St. Andrew's. “Each time I write a new paper, I deliberately alter my writing style subtly. If my teachers and I agree that the alteration enhances my writing, I assimilate it into my style. St. Andrew's faculty markedly strengthened my literary skills by requiring me to write a dizzying number of papers and then constructively criticizing each. In so doing, they sped up the evolutionary development of my writing by supplying me with ample opportunities to experiment with new writing techniques and then distinguish those techniques that enhanced my writing from the dead ends.”

In addition to his writing, Micah has been educating himself in global politics and foreign relations, dovetailing his studies in history with contemporary government work.

In 2005 he interned with the Middle East Forum, one of America's leading think tanks on the promotion of U.S. interests in the Middle East. He spent the summer of 2006 taking courses at the Interdisciplinary Center in Herzliya, Israel, received an executive certificate in Counter-Terrorism Studies and was asked to advise the counter-terrorism unit of the Israeli Defense Forces, which he did. This past summer Micah did an internship with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

St. Andrew's looks forward to watching this brilliant young alumnus as he continues to bring his talent to the academic community and the world. ♣





Alumni Association Board Welcomes Four New Members

Bob Greenlee '75 P'97 is a married father of four ranging in age from 16 to 30. The family lives in a 225-year-old house on a small horse farm on Maryland's Eastern Shore. Bob is an avid Chesapeake Bay and ocean sailor; a league tennis player and an enthusiastic member of the St. Andrew's winter camping group. In addition to his new role on the Alumni Association Board, he is also a new class agent.

Bob is a founding principal in two local investment real estate firms—one analytical and one transactional. He is recognized regionally for his expertise in matters pertaining to valuation, market and feasibility analysis, economic development, adequate public facilities and community revitalization. Very concerned about the extent and pace of growth on the Delmarva Peninsula, Bob devotes much of his time to the valuation of conservation easements and is a founding member of the local council of the Urban Land Institute, which is working to create the leading national model for responsible growth in a rural environment.

Bob's involvement with St. Andrew's runs the gamut. As a class agent, he enjoys a lively class e-group that converses electronically about a myriad of topics ranging from education to politics and everything—and that really means everything—in between. As a parent, he saw another side of the School. Bob and his wife, Jean, have hosted social events at their home for alumni, parents and friends of the School. As an AAB member, Bob looks forward to working to provide more social, service and professional opportunities for St. Andreans on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

A 1988 graduate of St. Andrew's, John Chamberlin went to the University of Virginia where he received a bachelor of arts in French. Inspired by a reading of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* in his VI Form English class, John worked and travelled extensively upon graduation from UVa, with stints as a tour guide in France, New Zealand, Australia and Fiji, an English teacher in France, a deck hand in Alaska, a mural painter in California, a bike messenger in Seattle, a location scout on feature films in New York and a French translator.

After an initial foray in business with an entrepreneurial startup technology company that ultimately imploded in 2000, John found his calling in business, and obtained an MBA from New York University while working for an economic consulting firm. In 2007, John started a new macro economic consulting firm, The Observatory Group, where he is currently one of four founding partners, with employees in New York, Washington, Bilbao, Tokyo and Singapore. John travels frequently to London, and enjoys working a short walk from home in midtown Manhattan where he lives with his wife, Meg '93, and their daughters Mazie (3) and Eleanor (1.5).

John is an avid surfer and a passionate, if infrequent, painter. He looks forward to sharing social, service and professional opportunities with other St. Andreans in the New York metropolitan area.

John Stephens '98 graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Middlebury College in 2002. He currently works for Vestar Capital Partners. Previously he worked at Wachovia Securities and before that he worked at L.E.K. Consulting. John is on the board of the Consolidated Container Company, a plastic packaging company based in Atlanta, Ga. Originally from Lakeland, Fla., John now lives in Denver, Colo., where he enjoys bicycling, skiing and hiking. He is excited to join the Alumni Board and looks forward to working on St. Andrew's events in the Denver area.

Robert Pennoyer '01 left St. Andrew's for Harvard, where he wrote musicals, served as vergor and ministry intern in the Memorial Church, and helped start an organization that brought a drama curriculum to inner city students whose schools had cut their own. After college he won a fellowship to teach at an old English boarding school. In 2006 he returned to his elementary school in New York City, where he is a homeroom teacher and secondary school counselor. He volunteers as the music teacher for a school in Harlem, and he has started the discernment process in hopes of becoming an Episcopal priest. Robbie credits St. Andrew's for giving him a desire to lead a life of service and his neighborhood friend, Barry Register '51, for giving him a new excuse to return to Middletown. ❖