



# The Cardinal

St. Andrew's School, Middletown, Delaware

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*A group of seniors ... and a photo that will stay with them for the years to come.*

## Express Yourself.

Camy Hines '16

Maybe you haven't heard Ben Bauman's ('17) remixes and original songs on soundcloud, but close to 50 thousand people have. They are straight fire, especially his new original with Donovan Simpson ('16), Swinslow ('15), and Miles Turner ('15). My sources tell me there's a song featuring TJaff ('16) in the works. Then, of course, there are the resident rockstars of the senior band, "Shoes for Traction," whatever that means. The eclectic crew compose and record their own projects, either for class credit or for fame. The freshman girls were really happy when they took their shirts off at their concert. SAS rocks hard, but I can't seem to shake the image of Lily Hain ('15), who has formal music training and a treasure chest of songs, begging Noah Rickolt ('14) to set up a mic for her. Sue Kim ('19) has been playing electric guitar since fifth grade and takes private lessons. When I asked her if she'd ever be part of a band in her remaining three years here, she was apprehensive. She was part of a middle school band for four years, but they only covered songs. Would she ever write her own stuff? "I don't know. I don't think I would be good at it." Katie Miller ('16), drums, and Tenzing Kunsang ('19), keyboard, said much of the same: "I don't know. I'm not that good." Alex Cameron ('18) says there are four girls in jazz band, whereas last year there were only two. She says there are also "tons" of girls in the music theory and music comp classes. Even so, there seems to be a confidence gap. Sophia Torrence ('16), first chair violin and concertmaster of the orchestra, has been playing violin since she was five, but was reluctant to take music theory. She thought it would be too hard for her because she "trained with the Suzuki method." Coachella hasn't had a female headliner in nine years. Will we ever have one one at Roachella? But maybe it's just the lack of time that's to blame for this trend of reluctance. Maggie Rogers ('12) recorded her album "The Echo" as her senior IP. But I don't know. Maybe she should have played a sport instead.

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HAVE AN OPINION?

WRITE ABOUT IT.

## The Cardinal



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## Bruh. Heavy Metal.

Sam Winslow '17


Many of you might be wondering, “Oh Sam Winslow, the calm meditating peaceful guy, why is he writing about one of the most intense and crazy genres of music?”. It’s because I freakin’ love it. Maybe it’s because I play the guitar, but I am drawn to the crazy fast riffs that are played in this style of music. There are a lot of different styles of metal too-- Thrash Metal, Death Metal, Melodic Death Metal, Progressive Metal, Power Metal, etc. However, I’m not writing to give you guys a list of genres, I am here to give you guys a look into some awesome music.

I’ll start off with my favorite band in the whole world: Metallica. Metallica’s playing style was originally more thrash metal (fast guitar riffs), and then it kind of evolved into their own style of metal. They have one instrumental song on each of their albums that are just insanely good. The album “Master of Puppets” is probably one of the best albums of all time. It is very technically challenging to play, and also one of their heaviest albums. I recommend listening to the instrumental song “Orion”, and the songs “Battery” and “One”. Also some of their old school stuff that’s good is, “Seek and Destroy”, “Metal Militia”, and “Creeping Death”. I am more of a fan of their older stuff because that’s when they were in their prime, but the newer albums are okay too. In the end though, Metallica is definitely not one of the heaviest bands out there.

There is even heavier metal than the music by Metallica, believe it or not, and it is called “death metal”. Some good death metal bands to listen to are “The Black Dahlia Murder”, “Meshuggah”, and “Dying Fetus”. You might see one of the few metal-heads at this school sporting a nice Dying Fetus shirt. Anyways, one of the things that drives people away from this music is the screaming. But what many people don’t know is that the screaming requires more technique than is perceived. It is not just screaming into a microphone at the top of your lungs. Singing this style of music requires a lot of control of your larynx and your voice to create the sound. Nathan, the senior guy with the long hair, is a screamer and you can ask him more details about that. And one more thing, the music behind the screaming is probably one of the most difficult types of music to play. Often times when people are asked what type of music the hardest to play, they respond that it is between Jazz and Metal. Metal is technically demanding and requires some crazy skill. There are some great other types of rock/metal too though: “Yngwei Malmsteen” “Joe Satriani” and “Steve Vai”. I also know about a million great bands that aren’t metal so come talk to me if you want some great tunes, or if you have any more specific questions about bands. I could talk forever about them. 

## The St. Andrew’s Bucket List

Livia Wallick '16

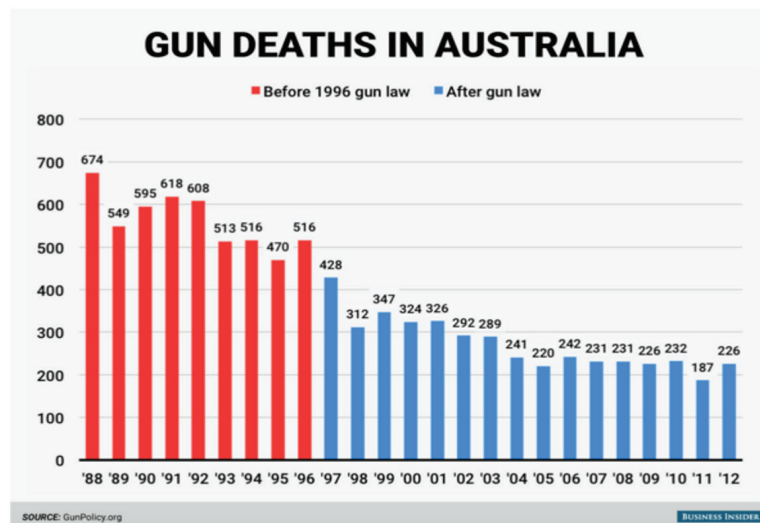
1. Take a selfie with Mr. Roach & Mr. Speers.
2. Find Mr. Crimmins.
3. Be the first in line for lava cake and Muffin Monday.
4. Have a bake-off with Ms. Pressman.
5. Take a canoe out, and paddle to O’Connell cove, and knock on Mr. O’Connell’s door to ask for Bio help.
6. Plant a tree. Climb a tree. Go apple picking.
7. Do the Polar Bear Plunge.
8. Make an announcement at school meeting.
9. Watch Dead Poet’s Society. Then, find a cave in the woods in which to recite poetry.
10. Make a band T-shirt for a Shoes for Traction concert and get them to sign it, so when they are famous you can say you knew them before they were cool.
11. Ask Mr. Kunen what the meaning of life is.
12. Give a chapel talk.
13. Ferment with Mr. Hammond.
14. Befriend Chef Ray and get him to smuggle you some smash cookies.
15. Take a yoga class with Ms. Brownlee.
16. Take the sunfish out and don’t capsize.
17. Write an article for the Cardinal. 

# Why Gun Ownership Can No Longer Be Our Right

Millicent Spencer '16

Although many Americans hold on to their right to bear arms closely, the reality is that the United States lacks a compelling argument as to why its citizens deserve this right. The primary explanation for why someone would need or want to own a firearm is self-defense. Yet the likelihood of innocent people getting killed due to accident or misuse of a weapon greatly outweighs that of justifiable homicide. In fact, as shown through a study done by the FBI and the Violence Policy Center, there were only 259 justifiable homicides involving a private citizen using a firearm in 2012. That same year, there were 8,342 gun homicides, 20,666 firearm suicide deaths, and 548 unintentional shootings. In other words, the 259 'justifiable' murders and perhaps equal number of lives saved from potential gun homicide cannot provide sufficient argument in defense of the 29,556 unnecessary deaths that occurred due to violent citizens abusing their right to bear arms. This is not to say that the Second Amendment grants the right to murder, however banning the possession of firearms would, theoretically, help prevent many of these 20,666 deaths from occurring annually.

An excellent example of a country's success via banning the right to bear arms can be found in examining Australia. Australia, like the US, had a historically high percentage of homicides caused by guns. In 1996, however, Australian citizen Martin Bryant opened fire in Port Arthur, Tasmania, killing 35 people and wounding 23 others with a semiautomatic rifle and another semiautomatic assault weapon, causing many citizens to demand institutional change. In response to the massacre, former Australian prime minister John Howard was propelled to issue reform for the existing gun laws. "The fundamental problem," Howard wrote for the New York Times in 2013, "was the ready availability of high-powered weapons, which enabled people to convert their murderous impulses into mass killing. Certainly, shortcomings in treating mental illness and the harmful influence of violent video games and movies may have played a role. But nothing trumps easy access to a gun. It is easier to kill 10 people with a gun than with a knife." As shown by the image below, Howard was right. Although Australia, like the US, must at some point address the negative effects of pop culture's glamorization of violence, in addition to insufficient treatment of mental illness, the fact remains that Australia's decision to issue gun reform caused a 59% decrease in firearm homicides, as well as a 65% decrease in the firearm suicide rate.



A common rebuttal to the movement to ban private ownership of guns is that there would be no way to actually implement this reform, or to get rid of the weapons already purchased by citizens. However, the Australian government's federally financed gun-buyback program, in which citizens were offered financial compensation for the return of any firearms they owned, resulted in the buyback of nearly 700,000 guns. Percentage-wise, that's the same as 40 million guns repossessed in the US. This gun-buyback program was successful in not only implementing widespread reform, but also in presenting incentive for gun owners to follow this reform. In theory, should the US follow a similar strategy of recalling firearms, the results would lead to a dramatic decrease in deaths due to both violent and accidental use of firearms. If a more peaceful future is not incentive enough, one need only scan last year's news headlines to understand that gun abuse is alive and well in the United States. In 2015 alone, "There were the six children, their mother and her boyfriend in Houston, Texas. The nine worshippers in a church in Charleston, South Carolina. The 53-year-old father who tried to stop three men ransacking a metal worker's minivan in Brooklyn. The 28-year-old mother of two in Indianapolis whose new husband shot her in the face 13 times. The two young reporters shot to death during a live news broadcast in Moneta, Virginia. And the thousands just like them whose deaths did not make the front page." Gun violence is not specific to gang members, impoverished people, or even those who did something to aggravate an altercation. Though some gun related deaths may fall into one of those categories, the majority of the 38 Americans killed each day by guns are normal citizens whose behavior nor the circumstances of their death differs from anyone here at St Andrew's. We must end the fear-mongering behaviors that label broad racial and religious groups as terrorists, as only 71 American deaths from 2005-2015 can be attributed to acts of terrorism (to put that in perspective, more than 59 people are shot by toddlers annually), and instead address our undeniable problem with gun violence that can be attributed directly to US citizens abusing their Right to Bear Arms.




# Breakfast Sign-In: *Necessity or Nuisance?*

## Necessity

LIAN BOURRET '18

Breakfast sign in is a vital part of our daily lives here at St. Andrew's and is a beneficial way to take care of boarding students. While breakfast sign in can be seen as the bane to many people's existence, it's effective to help keep students stay on top of their game. Its most obvious purpose is to help students wake up early in the morning in time to eat breakfast and get to class on time. While some students might see a lack of importance in these objectives, these two things can help students' have a great start to their day. Teachers need to be able to start class promptly at 8:30 in order to use all precious 40 minutes of the class period we pay for here at SAS.

In order for our parents' money to be effectively used, students need to arrive at least a few minutes early to class. With these extra minutes, students are able to settle in and prepare for class so when the bell strikes 8:30, class has started and no time has been wasted. Since you already have to wake up at 8:15 at the latest to get to class a few minutes before 8:30, you might as well wake up a few minutes earlier to get some breakfast, aka the most important meal of the day. Those few minutes you waste to sleep in and miss breakfast sign in; do they actually benefit your mind and body? What if you used those 4-5 minutes to wake up earlier to sign in, grab a refreshing glass of juice and nourishing plate of food, and get to class early instead of using those measly 5 minutes for extra sleep only to have to rush to class on an empty stomach? However, what if you don't have first period class and want to sleep in?


Well luckily, breakfast sign in serves more purposes than helping us start our day better. It also helps the school to ensure all of its students are safe and accounted for. While the possibility of a lost Andean might seem far fetched, the school is liable for all us and needs to make sure they know where we are at all times. Parents depend on St. Andrew's to keep their children safe and breakfast sign in helps the school check on all students on campus. Yes, breakfast sign in can seem like a nuisance when we are snuggled warmly in our beds, but in the long run its benefits simply outweigh our laziness. 

## Nuisance


NAM NGUYEN '18

I've always questioned why breakfast sign-in is a compulsory part of our daily life at St. Andrews. Despite my advisor's conflicting opinion about the marks I receive from not going to breakfast, my continued indifference to these marks stems from the disbelief I have of this concept is a reasonable expectation. Besides the fact that some of us simply aren't 'morning people' and have a harder time getting up in the morning, the reasoning behind the existence of breakfast sign-in just does not make sense.

Many people believe that breakfast is the most important meal of the day. Dick Talens, who was named one of the world's most influential people in health & fitness by Greatist (an internet media startup founded in 2011), believes that most of the information that is used to 'prove' how important breakfast is are based on observational factors, and therefore do not necessarily prove that this is true. In reality, "any process in the body is incredibly multi-faceted and depends on a huge number of variables." He disproves one potential 'proof' to the fact by stating: "children who ate breakfast came from higher income families, which means they performed better at school." Regardless of the importance of breakfast, almost all students simply become tired of the routine bagels with cream cheese and powdered eggs that are served for breakfast every morning, and would perhaps prefer to eat in our rooms without having to make the trip to the dining hall and back. This is especially annoying considering students who have first period as a free and do not want to make this pointless trip just to avoid getting marks.

My argument was made based upon a male perspective, therefore I have not yet spoken for female students who have an even harder time walking possibly across the gully in freezing weather just to sign in. Although I do acknowledge that this is a 'first world problem', it doesn't take away from the fact that its existence is unnecessary. If totally abolishing breakfast sign-in is not possible, I would suggest creating an on-line sign up sheet in the morning in place of breakfast sign-in to prove that students are awake, as it is both convenient and gets the job done. 

### *Continued from page 1*

I asked Taylor Jaffe, head chorister, if she had ever thought about recording the twelve full songs that she has written: "I want to, but I don't know when I'd have time." Taylor has never taken music theory but says "choral scholars is like music theory. I know enough to write music if I really focus but I don't know how to use the recording equipment. There isn't a 'learn to use the equipment' tutorial." Quin Scacheri ('16) never seems to have faced this doubt. He learned to use the recording equipment and recording programs by "just figuring it out." Althea Clark ('19) blew us all away with her voice at open mic and is planning on recording something in the future, once she garners up the confidence. There are countless amazing performers not mentioned here. Seeing these people in the hallways makes me feel like I'm celeb spotting. My hope for the future of the school music scene is that no one, male or female, ever thinks twice before performing at open mic night or dropping a fire mixtape. As the prophet Madonna once said, "express yourself." I'll be cheering the whole time. 

## Flames and Ice: My Story

Richard Zhang '18

My head goes numb. My tongue becomes dry. My mind becomes clear. My chest starts to burn. Living in the present doesn't stop me from still dragging my past every day, through every vein in my body. The past is a deep hole that sucks everything in, and there is no switch to turn it off. I need courage to be myself and face my history. Since I have already forgiven, I remind myself, endlessly, to forget. The tears that never came out have turned into flames that burned, ice that chilled, slowing down my heartbeat. At the start of my American school career, in the seventh grade, I was myself and proud of myself, yet I was unfamiliar with the culture, the hip-hop, the parties, the girlfriends. Like every kid, I wanted to have friends and wished that others like me. At first, I remained myself, never changing for anyone. I looked forward to free seating, so I could meet more people and become friends with them. The brown, rounded tables that fit ten people each felt so welcoming, beckoning me to join. After a few hopeful days, I noticed that I really had nothing to talk about with others; I did not know anything about this new culture. This period of my life was a time in which I rarely spoke. I followed the boys around, still trying to join the conversations. They talked about their homes, girls at school, their friends who I didn't know. I only listened. Although I did not want to admit it, I still wanted to be a part of that cool group of guys. Who doesn't want to be liked?

So, I became a follower, a nonchalant Asian kid who followed them around. The loneliness caught up to me. There I was, a former class leader, director, and actor in my school in China, leading a life of isolation in America. In retrospect, I was trying to "fit in;" yet, I felt as if I had lost my unique self in trying to do so. No matter what happened to me, I always remembered what my mother has taught me: to stay positive, kind, and courageous. I was secluded: the lone, young fish amongst experienced sharks, a seed 7,000 miles away from its mother tree, roaming endlessly from place to place, unable to blossom. I doubted myself. "It is just the environment that shaped them. I do not blame them," I thought to myself as I crawled through each day as if I was gasping for breath with each step. One winter morning, when the dorm was putting shoes on in the mudroom, we were talking about something that I have no memory of now, and I expressed that nobody liked it. In response, a kid said, "Just like nobody likes you." The words hit me hard. I felt the tears in my eyes. I swallowed back all my sorrow, trying to act normal. As I stepped outside, the breeze hit me like thousands of arrows straight to the heart. I wished I could crawl into a hole and never come out. I went through every day holding my belief that everyone had kindness from within, and it was only the environment that shaped us into different people, and at that exact moment, I told myself that yet again. I did not blame any of those kids because I believed that many actions are driven by our own, unique insecurities. I forgave the kid for saying those words, yet I still remember and think about what he said every time before going to bed. I have forgiven, yet I cannot forget.

For many days after that moment, I found myself alone in the dining hall, abandoned by kids who I thought were cool - my "true" friends. I listened to the noise in the dining hall, all the laughter and worryless talks, and rubbed my silver forks and knives, since that was the only noise I could make. Holding the tears, disappointments, loneliness in, I thought to myself again, "It is only the environment, not the kids." In my mind, the seemingly welcoming round tables just felt like more arrows to the heart. I lost all desire to eat, letting the flames burn and the ice chill as much as they wanted. I thought, "Why can't I talk to anybody like them? What did I ever do to them?" At that time, whoever was in charge of the world did not give me the answer. So, I tried to be positive and treated these experiences as my missions and challenges to overcome, believing that eventually I would learn from them. Turns out that I was right. At the end of seventh grade, I chose my current roommate, Thos, as my first choice to room with next year. It was definitely the most surprising moment when I found out that he chose me as well. I was not expecting this outcome at all, but it seemed that I was a decent roommate. I still thank him today for giving me a little hope when I was at my most vulnerable.

The repressed tears finally came out after one and a half years of not being me. One Sunday night during family-style dinner, I clearly remember that I was sitting at a table in the far corner of the hall, and two kids from my grade were sitting at another table near me. For some reason the teachers decided to give students the opportunity to do appreciations like we do at S. Andrew's. Out of the corner of my eyes, I could see the two kids looking at me and making a plan. I suddenly became nervous and wished that I had skipped dinner. Laughing, one of them raised his hand, and in front of the entire school and with a deathly sarcastic tone, he said, "I want to thank Richard for being such a good friend." I still think about the silence that followed that moment. The words poured salt on my already-wounded heart, added gas on the flames, and made the ice even colder. But this time my mind went completely blank. I simply stared at the center of my table for what seemed like an eternity. The setting sun was mocking me; the flying clouds ignored me; and the moon was coming out to see more of this comedy. As soon as we were dismissed, I walked as fast as I could back to my empty room. I had no intention to see anyone anymore. "It is only the environment. It is only the environment. It is only the environment..." All the scenes of me being alone and frustrated appeared in front of my eyes. "Nobody likes you." "Do not sit at our table anymore. You don't even talk." "You have no friends." The tears that I held back for so long came out by themselves. The longer I cried, the more I wanted to cry. I needed relief and promised myself that I would never ever let anyone else around me experience the same burning emotions I was experiencing. Thos came back to the room and watched me as I cried.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly but with emotion.

"You have never done anything to me." I did not blame anyone.


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**The Cardinal**

## I am a Proud Feminist.

SOFIE NEIL '19


**I am a Feminist.** When I tell people this, they just give me a strange look or ignore me and move on. Feminist is a dirty word, one that denotes hairy man-haters who burn bras is what people tend to think of when they hear it. I like to believe that St. Andrew's is a place filled with people who are intelligent enough to understand that feminism is all about providing equal opportunity. After all, isn't that our mission statement? So I sent out a survey to the Student Center to test my theory with a seemingly simple question; "What is your definition of feminism?" I was pleased with the majority of the responses, most of them along the lines of "equality for all genders." However, it's not correct to say that 37 out of 39 positive responses can represent the entirety of our 300+ population, and the two that disappointed me proved that we are not perfect, despite what I wanted to believe.

But, that was the point of the survey; to see where our community had been misled about feminism. One person (a male) responded saying that, "feminism is when I can open a door for a female stranger without her thinking that I'm checking out her behind." This response brings up several points about where people go wrong about feminism. For starters, what some consider 'chivalry' - for example a guy pulling a chair out for a girl - is often patronizing. It makes the girl feel as though she needs to be cared for and the guy is the only way she is able to sit down, while instead she is perfectly capable of caring for herself. This statement also turns the situation around, making the oppressors seem like the oppressed. The women are the ones making the men feel guilty for trying to be polite. Even between feminists, things have a way of becoming unequal. Intersectionality is something that modern-day feminists are trying to help people understand. Feminism is not just for white middle-class women. Feminism is for people of all genders, races, and sexualities. Most of the answers spoke about feminism as a way to give power to women, while this is a part of feminism, the main thing that is misunderstood is that feminism is about making sure that ALL people have equality and equity. Feminists, first of all, can be men, and second of all, don't want to be better than men they fight for the equality of the human race. One of the replies described feminism as, "The support of a world where gender becomes irrelevant in assessing one's capabilities and potential." This world is one that I hope you, as a St. Andrean, realize that you want to build towards. 

## A Message for SWAG

ANONYMOUS ANTEATER

It's a Saturday evening. Beautiful weather, beautiful trees, beautiful people - it's just a damn good day. You find yourself contemplating what to do on such a lovely day, and then it hits you... Nah, I'm just playing. Be real with yourselves people. Has there ever been one Saturday, where you're like, "Oh, man! I know exactly what to do today!" Fine, maybe that one Saturday where SWAG had a great weekend lined up. Sure. But I really want y'all to be real with yourselves. The majority of Saturdays are spent trying to find out something to do, rather than actually doing something. The most common St. Andrean options are: a) Finding a trip #Wawa b) Eating from your 48 oz. tub of ice cream and watching Netflix c) Repeating b several times d) Figuring out an enjoyable activity with your friends e) Listening to the lyrical masterpiece that is VIEWS. While Netflix is life, I can't burn off the calories of two 48 oz. tubs of ice cream every Saturday. Let's be clear: Every Saturday will not be entertaining, and never are you going to feel consistently satisfied.

Now you're thinking, "Alright BRO, what do you have in mind? Obviously you have a solution." Well I have a proposal, possibly an unfeasible one. Consider an online forum, specifically purposed to housing ideas for weekend activities and developing possible schedules. Complex? Perhaps. But if you have a better idea, disregard mine. I'll return to my room after this and finish the 24 oz. Haagen Dazs I got in my fridge (48 oz. is nice and all, but c'mon man). Don't get me wrong, I appreciate SWAG's hard work. However, I am asking if they can live up to their name and make weekends more eventful. Harry Potter was great, and for some, so was bubble soccer. A bouncy house, capture the flag, more of these fun activities would be great. So please, let's begin drafting ideas because God knows how much ice cream my stomach can take. 

### Continued from page 5

One of the two kids came into my room. There was a long pause. I tasted all that I had been through since I came to America. My face was still wet and unlike before, I did not stop myself from crying. I could not forget the loneliness then, and I still cannot forget remnants of it now.


"I'm so sorry, Richard, for everything that we've done." He started to sob a little. "You are actually a really good friend." He cried more as he continued his apology even though I had already forgiven him long before. We cried together without talking anymore. The flames were starting to die out, and the ice began to melt, yet not completely. The second morning, the sun started to warm up the ground, and the wind did not hurt as much as before. Slowly, I opened up myself and returned to being me. The kids found a completely new side of me, that was hidden behind the thick mask built up over time. The flames and ice remained, just not as fierce. I still face them every day. However, I became best friends with those kids as we matured. We began to change, realizing the value that existed in our differences. By graduation, the same boy told me, "I have been an ass\*\*\*\* to you in the beginning, and I don't know how you did it, but you forgave me. Now, you are one of my best friends, and I thank you for that." Forgiveness rather seemed natural for me because I have always believed that it was only the environment, not the people... Now, what I battle against is the events of the past that still find a way to occupy my thoughts from time to time. We were all forced to act in a certain way because of the existence of a culture full of insecurities. These kids must have had kindness from within; otherwise, they would have never seen and accepted the real me. Throughout that rough time, Thos was always standing up for me when nobody else was, and I cannot thank him enough for it. I still get nervous during moments of public appreciation. I constantly remind myself to take pride in who I am every time I get out of bed. The feeling of my bleeding heart has not completely faded. However, I am at peace with those experiences as they lead to life-long friendships. If I ever have the ability to go back in time and avoid the flames and ice, I wouldn't do it. The flames and ice hurt me, but they are treasures that taught me about the power of forgiveness. Today, my head still goes numb, my tongue still becomes dry, my mind still becomes clear, and my chest still burns. But, this time I know, for a fact, that positivity and hope will guide me through anything.

## What Stops You From Being Yourself

TIM LAN '18

What's the first word that pops up in your mind when you think about perfectionism? Is it persistence? If you, like a lot of "over-achievers", proudly identify as a "perfectionist", it is time for you to throw away that dangerous and perhaps lethal affection for perfectionism. Indeed, as Professor Brené Brown of the University of Houston points out in her book, *The Gifts of Imperfection*, perfectionism could be the last refuge for the cowardice inside yourself, preventing you from embracing who you truly are.

Perfectionism's outside beauty, created by using people's psychological desire for ideal self-portrayals, often deceives ambitious people into pursuing perfection in their life, creating that illusion of perfectionism providing momentum for one's relentless self-improvement. Such a misconception has been spread by celebrities in our society who claim to be perfectionists. The famous tennis star Serena Williams, for instance, once publicly announced, "I get really angry and I'm a perfectionist." Immersed in such a competitive and perfection-seeking culture, I used to aspire perfectionism myself as influenced by Kobe Bryant, another well-known perfectionist---I started to take pride in being the best in everything I did, and cruelly tortured myself to climb to the top of competitions where I was not. Yet what resulted from this perfectionist psychology was usually endless suffering. Earlier this year, I was really entangled into a few consecutive obstacles in sports and extracurricular activities that formulated situations that failed to satisfy my expectations, which put me in depression as I began asked myself this question repetitively, "Why am I not good enough?" What followed afterwards was the darker side of perfectionism---having fallen short of my own expectations from a perfectionist perspective, I began to stop participating in the activities that I was passionate about, merely because, "If I can't do something perfectly, it would be better not to do it at all." Since perfection is purely non-existent amongst human beings, the implications of perfectionism, then, could be dehumanizing.

I suffered from self-doubt for a certain period before I was enlightened by Professor Brené Brown's work, *The Gifts of Imperfection*. Professor Brown defines perfectionism: "Perfectionism is a self-destructive and addictive belief system that fuels this primary thought: If I look perfect, live perfectly, and do everything perfectly, I can avoid or minimize the painful feelings of shame, judgment, and blame." Perfectionism, then, is a vivid reflection of one's fear of facing imperfections, or essentially oneself. To some extent, perfectionists' stubborn desire for perfections comes from their lack of bravery to face their own imperfections, and embrace them. Do perfectionists truly not understand that perfections are merely illusions, or are they only intoxicated in the relieving feeling of perfectionism, that "if I can't achieve perfections, it would be better not to do it at all?" In this way, perfectionism provides a shelter for one's cowardice to hide—the cowardice that prevents one to embrace oneself, and truly begins the process of self-improvement. The key to resolving perfectionism and living a wholehearted life, then, is to battle shame, judgement, and blame, where perfectionism originates. Ultimately, the key is realizing that you are indeed imperfect, yet meanwhile acknowledging that your imperfect self is your best self that you should love with all your heart. The real mental empowerment of giving up perfectionism would eventually offer you the unlimited power of living a free, unrestrained, and confident life in which you can actively be who you are, and gradually improve yourself by facing your imperfections directly. Real power is not found in the absence of weaknesses; rather, it is found in exposing weaknesses with not shame and anger but rather a calm and firm belief in fighting off the shame brought up by imperfections. Hopefully, at this moment you will let go of who you think you are supposed to be and truly embrace who you are. 


## My Mission Trip

CATHERINE AN '18

Three weeks of spring break leisure time already feel so short, so why would I ever give up one of them to do anything else than staying at home and relaxing? That was what I thought before I went to the Dominican Republic with a program called Global Leadership Adventures; through the program, I was given the chance to also meet a variety of people who shared my same interest.

On our first day of work, we went to a village called Polanco, where we were all introduced to the unique idea of building a house using plastic water bottles. This method made the houses more sustainable and more affordable for locals. We split into groups, mixed cement, picked out plastic bottles, shoveled, and hammered. Even though we had made a sizeable progress on our project, our house was nothing compared to our wooden shacks back at home base. Knowing that there were families who actually lived in these unfinished houses, I was motivated to use the skills I just learnt to provide them with a better home. The second day was especially meaningful for me personally. In the village La Grua, I was introduced to the idea of Bateys. A 'Batey' is a community where both Haitians and Dominicans live together. However, the Haitians in the Dominican Republic are not considered citizens of the country. Although many of these people were born in the Dominican Republic, the government does not provide them with citizenship. Because of their lack of identification, they are unable to get jobs in the Dominican Republic. The Haitians live each day with the fear that they may be forced out of the country. They had no power to make a change for themselves. Even their community suffers a distinct lack of resources compared to the Dominicans living nearby; they barely have clean water to drink..

The third day was an adventure day, filled with zip-lining, cliff-jumping, and swimming all in the town of Dubu. On the fourth day, we helped build bee-boxes for a local in the village called Cano Dulce. Apart from the hard work, we visited the local bee farm and played games (like basketball and hacky sack) with people who lived in the area in which we were working. The fifth day was an arduous hike up a steep mountain in Brison. It was hard to believe that even girls younger than me were able to hike this mountain up and down each day. We made stops at a local school, which only had two classrooms and students ranging from kindergarten to middle school. The view up top was truly beautiful, but it was meeting the friendly locals there that made the hike worth it. We were greeted by incredible hospitality and a delicious meal. On the way down, we stopped by to plant seeds for the locals on the mountain. We planted some sweet pepper seeds, which we had collected and dried from a couple days before. On the last day, we ended the trip with snorkeling and shopping in the town called Sosua.


Aside from our activities in the daytime, we also had lectures at night, some of which were quite interesting. The human security lectures and the whole experience helped me to realize where I stand on a global scale, which was something I had never thought to do. Overall, the experience was unexpectedly rewarding and influential for me. I realized how much power I had to ameliorate others' lives and it was a valuable lesson I would not have learned otherwise. I would recommend this to everyone. 

## For Every “Yes” Man, a “No” Women

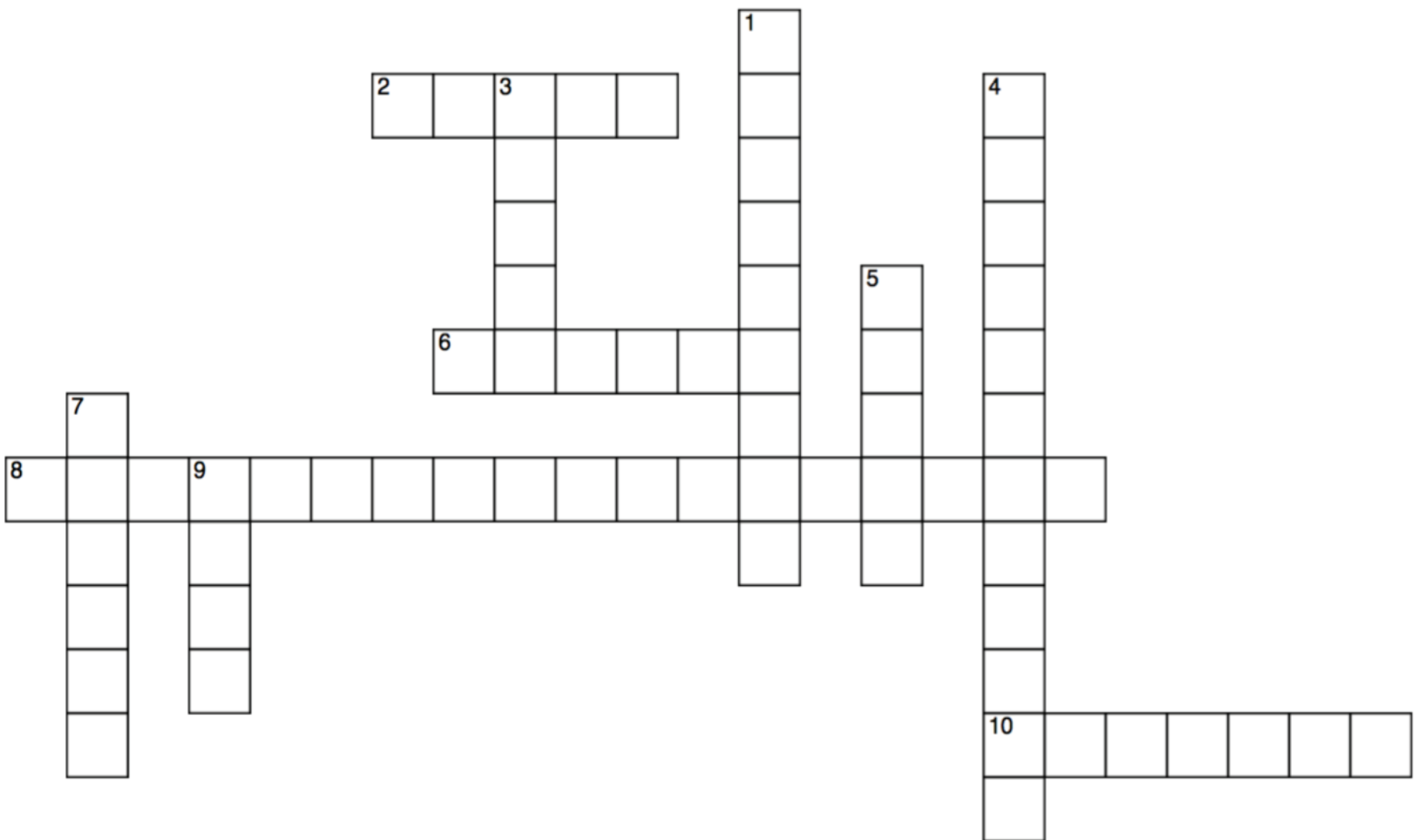
JULIETTE NEIL '16

I read an article in the New York Magazine titled, “For every ‘Yes’ man, a ‘No’ Woman.” The article is about women in the workplace—it defines a “No” woman as, “*the opposite of a "yes" man. She’s usually not an administrative assistant or junior employee – most often, she is part of the leadership team in the company or on a particular project. And whether it’s part of her official job description or not, she’s the person who’s there to say no.*” The article doesn’t discount the idea of “no” men; it merely suggests that women are often asked to take on the role of “no,” to be stricter on the rules often because *someone has to*. When I think about familial roles, this idea makes sense. At least for me, my mother was always more inclined to be the rule enforcer than my dad, who would buy us Oreos and let us play rather than do our homework. Again, it doesn’t mean that my dad, or any men, *never* enforced the rules, but instead that there is an emerging, common pattern of behavior.

Throughout my time at St. Andrew’s, I have always noticed this behavior in my teachers and classmates. I do believe that we have a powerful and unique school culture: we form relationships on mutual respect, and we do a much better job on leveling the playing field for men and women than many other high schools. But I also believe, from my own experiences and observations, that there is a clear divide across the gender line in who it is that is offering all the “fun” and on who it is that people are more inclined to resent for being strict. Furthermore, I’ve noticed that when girls *do* bend the rules—whether it is talking during class, or being silly during an announcement—they tend to be more heavily criticized for this behavior and have less enthusiastic responses to their actions. I have also heard, experienced, and seen—outside of St. Andrew’s as well as here—that when there is a group collaboration on a great idea, the details and orchestration often fall to the girl.

I am writing from my own experience and observations—a reaction to an article that instantly spoke to me and my experiences at St. Andrew’s. Whether or not you agree with me that St. Andrew’s likes the “Yes” men culture, I do think that, as a community, we should look at the roles that our female teachers, coaches, and peers play in our lives and how they differ from that of the ones the boys play. 

## The St. Andrew's Crossword



### ACROSS

- 2 It's more like football than futbol.
- 6 Freshman Year English Classic & Leonardo DiCaprio
- 8 Mrs. Duprey. SAS Community Center. 7:30 AM.
- 10 \_\_\_\_\_ & Chill

### DOWN

- 1 You're Not You When Your Thirsty.
- 3 That Exeter Packet.
- 4 Ms. Pressman's Favorite Word
- 5 \_\_\_\_\_ Coffee is run by Wit and Victoria
- 7 Wednesday and Sundays. #blessup
- 9 Gotta Hava \_\_\_\_\_