



# THE CARDINAL

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ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL  
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE



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## EDITOR'S LETTER: POWER OF THE PRESS

MACKLIN FISHMAN '19

Dear St. Andrew's Family,

The first time I wrote for the Cardinal, I did it because my dad told me to. I dispassionately interviewed the man who started the Frosty Run, Ted Cotsen, asking him my questions through email and copy-and-pasting his responses onto a google doc which I then shared with the editors. It was a cop-out, a low effort way to get my dad off my back while avoiding the vulnerability of sharing my voice with the school. I never planned to write for the Cardinal again.

Then, in the winter of my junior year, I returned to K Dorm after an embarrassing Walk Around Duty experience. Shaken, I told my dorm mates what had happened and was instantly met with stories of times that they, too, had been made to feel ashamed because of the policy. As we shared stories, we realized that the policy was affecting everyone -- no matter their relationship status -- in negative ways, and we questioned whether Walk Around Duty was effectively fulfilling its purpose. By the end of the conversation, I was fired up

and convinced that the policy needed to change, so I took action in the only way I could think to: I started working on an article.



Through the process of writing the article alone, conducting interviews and surveying the student body, I got people talking. Students came up to me with strong opinions, finally speaking up about something that, until I started asking questions, had only ever been talked about behind closed doors. Mr. Roach, Mr. Speers, Mr. Robinson, and Mrs. Hutchinson began talking about my project, wondering if the policy could truly be improved. As I talked to members of the administration and wrote my article, I felt

excited, empowered, and like change was underway. I was being heard. This was power of the press.

My article ultimately led to the creation of a committee that successfully changed the policy. The St. Andrew's community thrives off of conversations between the students and the faculty, challenging one another and challenging St. Andrew's to be the best place it can be. One of the best ways to get people talking about an issue and to make change is to write about it. The Cardinal is read by students, faculty, parents, alumni, and trustees. Every St. Andrew's student has access to this powerful audience; every St. Andrew's student can make change with their words alone. As a new wave of leaders takes over the school, I encourage you all to use your voice, ask questions, speak up, and make change where change needs to be made.

The class of 2019 can't wait to come back and see the amazing things you've done.

Macklin Fishman '19

## OHIO'S OBSESSION WITH ABORTION BILLS

RILEY BAKER '21

REPORT

It's no secret that while Ohio is known for being both the top producer of greenhouse and nursery plants and home to maybe the worst football team in the Midwest (Go Blue!), it is also ranked as one of the two most religious states above the Mason-Dixon Line. This immense presence of religion has worked its way into the Ohio legislation, as Ohio's House of Representatives has tried to push forth a bill called HB 565.

HB 565, first introduced in March of 2018, pushed to ban abortions in Ohio and establish the procedure as a synonym for murder, meaning both the women who get abortions and the doctors who perform them could be charged with homicide. In Ohio, the punishment for a murder charge is either a life sentence or the death penalty. The bill did not include any exceptions for cases of rape, incest, or when carrying the pregnancy to terms is dangerous or life threatening for the woman.

Though the bill was first introduced months ago, current events such as the Kavanaugh results, midterm elections, and another Ohio abortion bill

HB 258, nicknamed "the heartbeat bill," have all contributed to the rise in discussion about the intersection of abortion and religion in Ohio. As mentioned before, Ohio and South Dakota are currently tied for the most religious above the Mason-Dixon line with a reported 81% of the population describing religion as either "important" or "somewhat important" in their daily lives, according to The Pew Research Center of Religious and Daily Life. Of that 81% who took the survey, 73% of Ohioans identify as Christian. The large presence of religion in Ohio as well as the endless and stubborn push to end abortions by any means necessary is no coincidence. These recent bills introduced in Ohio also have been known to contain contradictory wording. The "heartbeat bill" was passed by the Ohio House of Representatives earlier this month, planning to outlaw abortions from being performed as early as six weeks, which is before some women might even know that they are pregnant. The governor, John Kasich has planned to veto that bill.

However, the onslaught of the push to limit or ban abortion altogether cannot be completely attributed to the high

religious percentage of the population. A similar bill was vetoed in Mississippi, another state with a high religious population, as it was stated it infringed on rights given to women in the 14th amendment and was therefore unconstitutional. In Mississippi, 89% of the population agrees that religion is important or somewhat important in daily life. So, if religion cannot be used as the only reason why Ohio representatives are so set on restricting abortion, then what is? There is no clear answer for why Ohio has passed such radical bills or why other states have or haven't. However, if abortion continues to be more restricted or even banned altogether, even Trump was able to admit one thing for sure: "You go back to a position like [women] had where they would perhaps go to illegal places," Trump said in 2016. As we watch more and more bills be introduced we must remember the countless women who came before us and did resort to "illegal places" as well as the women who still have no choice but to resort to them today. Even if abortions are made illegal, they will continue happening in dangerous settings that put both mother and the fetus at risk.

**THE  
CARDINAL**



**EDITORS**

NADIA HOLCOMB '19  
MACKLIN FISHMAN '19  
ANNA SOFIA NEIL '19  
ENOK CHOE '19

**CONTRIBUTORS**

MACKLIN FISHMAN '19  
RILEY BAKER '21  
NADIA HOLCOMB '19  
CHRISTINE CHEN '21  
LOIS LEE '22  
MARVI ALI '21  
LILA FELDMAN '20  
IRIS HWANG '20  
ISABEL HWANG '20  
NOAH KATES '21  
ANNA MOORE '19  
MICAH TURPIN '19  
THOMAS  
CUNNINGHAM '19  
MATT YAN '19  
DIANA HONEY '19

**FACULTY  
ADVISORS**

WILL TORREY  
LIZ TORREY  
JAMES BONDARCHUK

**THE OTHER FIRE**

RILEY BAKER '21

REPORT

On Monday, April 15th, some classmates and I were walking to Founders during morning break when another student walking in the opposite direction informed us that, "The Notre Dame in Paris is literally burning. Like, right now." I, like most people, began searching for articles and watching videos of the fire in order to find some clarity on the massive destruction of such an iconic and significant religious symbol for Christians, just days before Easter. In the next 24 hours, many people who had been to the Notre Dame posted pictures of themselves in front of it, sometimes accompanied by an emoji with a teardrop, many Parisians openly sobbed while watching the blaze, and Donald Trump suggested, tweeting, to fly giant water tankers over the Notre Dame in order to put the fire out.

While the fire of Notre Dame was blazed in Paris, almost 2,900 miles away in Jerusalem, the Al-Aqsa Mosque was also in flames. Regarded as the third-holiest site in Islam, the mosque is most known as a place where Mohammed was believed to be transported to during the Night Journey. The mosque complex includes the Dome of the Rock, recognized as that gold, sparkly dome, an iconic addition to the skyline, that many people confuse for the Al-Aqsa temple itself. The first version of the actual Al-Aqsa mosque was finished in 705 CE before it was destroyed by an earthquake and built again in 754 CE. Destroyed again, the Masjid Al-Aqsa that caught fire on April 15th has been around 1035 CE, approximately 225 years before the Notre Dame was largely completed. Just the Al-Aqsa Mosque is around 35,000 square meters and can hold up to 400,000 worshippers.

The next day, Mr. Speers' sophomore English class started discussing the fire of Notre Dame before moving on to the talk given the previous night by Robert Malley and Yousef Bashir about finding peace in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Mr. Speers described the way how, in Jerusalem, people of faith in the three biggest religions—Christianity, Islam, and Judaism—were able to live peacefully together. Both of the topics we discussed seemed to come together when I heard

about the news of the Al-Aqsa fire a few hours later, as everyone else both at St. Andrew's and in the media seemed to turn their heads to focus only and completely on the fire in Paris, rather than the eerie significance of both fires on the same day. Although the fire at the Masjid Al-Aqsa was more contained than the fire at the Notre Dame, I found few news articles that gave significant details about both. Like Mr. Speers, I had also been to Jerusalem and other parts of Israel. I had gone to the Al-Aqsa complex and taken pictures with my family in front of the Dome of the Rock. I remember being shocked at the modern city that was Jerusalem, as 13 year-old me expected to find deserts and camel in Israel, my outdated sense of what the Middle East looked like. Instead, I saw just what Mr. Speers described, as I remember walking to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one of the most holy significant shrines in the Christian faith, and hearing the Muslim call to prayer and seeing a group of Hasidic Jewish men walking in front of us as I visually witnessed the vast intersection of three major religions living together in peace.

Newsweek writer, Craig Considine, stated in his article, "Notre Dame and Al-Aqsa Fires Give Christians and Muslims A Chance to Work Together To Repair Their Sacred Spaces", that, "The fire at al-Aqsa ignites feelings among Muslims that are similar to the feelings of Christians who watched the inferno at Notre Dame Cathedral. Both of these holy sites capture the diversity of both Christianity and Islam as well as the good and the bad of our common humanity. These places of worship symbolize the battleground of civilizations, the glories of revolutions, the emergence of nation-states and empires, as well as the struggle for liberty and independence among oppressed peoples." These two unfortunate fires give both the world and the community at St. Andrew's the ability to practice unity that Yousef Bashir talked about. The stark contrast in the news coverage between the two can be used as a significant topic of discussion on religion, unity, and peace, both within the St. Andrew's community and in our day-to-day lives.

**HERE'S  
WHAT I'M  
LISTENING  
TO:**

NADIA HOLCOMB '19

"It'll All Work Out"  
*Break Mirrors*  
Blake Mills



"The Mountain"  
*The Mountain*  
Steve Earle

"Thank You (feat. Apani B)"  
*Modal Soul*  
Nujabes



# A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

CHRISTINE CHEN '21  
OBITUARY

Half a year since the Pittsburgh Tree of Life shooting, the world was again devastated by the tragedy in Christchurch, New Zealand on March 15th, when a 28-year-old Australian man marched into the Al Noor Mosque - and later the Linwood Islamic Centre - killing 50 people and injuring 50 others in the attacks.

By the end of the same month, a new law has been announced to come into effect beginning on April 3rd in the southeast Asian Kingdom of Brunei, ruling that any individuals found guilty of the homosexual sex and adultery will be punished by stoning, sparking global outrage and protests as human rights groups express horror at this penal code.

On April 15th, after months of debate and controversy, the European Council voted to adopt the copyright directive, otherwise known as Article 13, into EU law, completely changing online communities including YouTube and Twitter. Also dubbed as the Meme Ban, by forcing big platforms to be legally responsible for any copyrighted content, the resulting strict upload filter proposed by this new law threatens small publishers, some of whom rely on existing material - now claimed as intellectual property - for their career.

On that same day, a fire spread through the wooden attic of the 850-year-old Paris landmark, the Notre Dame Cathedral, damaging the iconic spire and

the latticework rooftop, narrowly sparing the world-famous stained-glass rose windows. The Cathedral's roof, nicknamed "The Forest" for its "trees" of 800-year-old planks, specifically, cannot be rebuilt into its original form. Recognized worldwide for not only its artistic and architectural value but also its religious significance as a beacon of hope, the cathedral's collapse is a painful loss for the global population as well as Parisians.

In the U.S., 18-year-old senior Sol Pais of Florida who the authorities say had an "infatuation" with the Columbine shooting flew to Colorado on the week of its 20th anniversary. After having purchased a pump-action shotgun and ammunition upon arrival, Pais disappeared off the radar, setting local police on a manhunt and a lockdown of over 20 schools for fear of a copy-cat incident. Although no such shooting occurred, the girl was found dead by the FBI from an apparent self-inflicted gunshot wound, leaving behind an online journal of her mental struggles, as mental health issues resurface into public attention.

With so many tragedies recently (all of the above having taken place within a month), life may seem pretty bleak. We may feel that only darkness awaits. Yet, it is exactly in this darkness that we have to remain hopeful. While we cannot discredit the pain and struggles these events have brought, we should

also consider the positive efforts people have devoted to help each other recover.

After the Christchurch shooting, communities around the world, Muslim or not, responded immediately with love and support. Under the leadership of Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern, the New Zealand government established a royal commission of inquiry into its security in the wake of the attacks. In addition, Ardern announced gun laws reform within 2 weeks of the shooting, addressing that "our gun laws will change, now is the time." After the Anti-Gay law in Brunei, hundreds in London rallied outside Brunei-owned hotels for protest, and thousands more joined a boycott of these hotels around the globe in support of the LGBTQ+ population living there. YouTube creators are actively trying to fight back against Article 13, creating a new online solidarity. Within hours of the Notre Dame fire, donors pledged over \$1 billion to fund the repair of the Cathedral, in hope to save the architectural wonder and one day restore it to its glory. And Sol Pais's suicide brought to light teenage mental health issues and reopened discussions on school shootings since the nationwide march last year.

All of these people have shown us, in ways big or small, that there can still be hope in such a time. Why can't we also be a light in the darkness?

## SENIOR INTERVIEWS

LOIS LEE '22  
INTERVIEW

As a current freshman I feel that the seniors have all been wonderful role models and important people in my life. My experience here as a student and a member of St. Andrew's was able to flourish and cultivate especially through the advice, friendships and spontaneous acts of kindness from my relationships with upperclassmen. I really wanted their experience to be shared not only with me but to all underclassmen. So I conducted interviews with each of the seniors who I found meaningful in my life and wanted to share their words of wisdom during their final months as saints.

I asked the following questions to each senior that I interviewed:

- Have you had moments of growth at St. Andrew's that influenced or shaped you into the person you are today?
- What is the most important lesson or value that you've learned here that you'd like to share with the underclassmen?
- What was your most difficult moment here and how did you overcome it?
- What will you miss most about being a Saint?
- If you could go back and "do St. Andrew's again," what would you change about your approach/choices/experience?

### Sharon Williams

One moment of growth that I've experienced at St. Andrews, is coming to St. Andrew's not liking sciences and math because I'm more of a language and humanities person. My teachers really helped me grow into a person who appreciates math and science. Mr. Dickson, especially, really helped me to bridge that divide between me and math and grow into a math person. He walked me through each step to become the person that I am today.

The most important lesson that I learned is that you always have to be yourself. Never change for anyone and be like that all the time, because you know yourself best. You have to be willing to take chances and listen to your own advice from time to time because you have to live with the consequences of all of your decisions.

I think my hardest time here was during junior year because, socially, a lot of things were being said about me. A lot of people had unfounded preconceived notions about me and they never came up to ask me how I felt about all of this. People still believe some of these notions to this day and I wish that they instead came and had a conversation with me.

The thing I will miss most about being a Saint is the feeling of getting

the whole school with buses and going to a state soccer game and cheering in the cold with everyone. And talking to people that you haven't talked to in a while and asking how they are. It's just something about our school spirit that I find magical. Even when we don't win a game, we still fight to see another day.

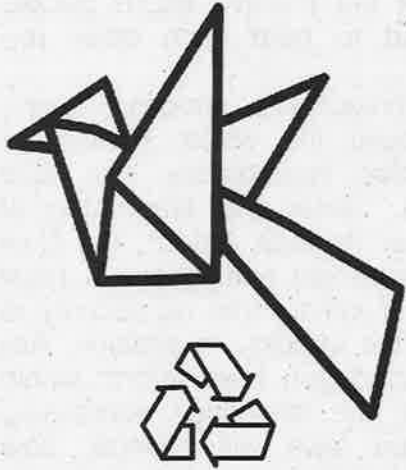
If I could go back to SAS and do everything again, I wouldn't put myself out there as I did in the beginning because some of those attempts were kind of reaches. I would still put myself out there but not as aggressively as I did, because some situations were a little too risky. It's always good to make yourself known, but it just depends on how that's executed.

### Diana Honey

I would say that one of my biggest periods of growth at SAS was junior fall when I started cross-country for the first time. I never really felt like an athlete before. I had done crew, volleyball and field hockey, but I had never done a sport that made me feel like a powerful athlete. When I started cross country, it was hard to do the long runs. But as the season progressed, I realized not only that it was something that I loved, but that it made me think of

**CONT ON PG 6**

**THE  
CARDINAL**



**DON'T FORGET TO  
RECYCLE!**

THIS ISSUE WAS  
BROUGHT TO YOU  
BY MOTHER EARTH.  
PLEASE THANK  
HER BY RECYCLING  
IT WHEN YOU'RE  
FINISHED.

**DID YOU  
KNOW...**

THAT ONE GALLON  
OF GAS EMMITS 20  
LBS OF CO2 INTO THE  
ATMOSPHERE?  
  
THAT FOR EVERY MILE  
A PLANE FLIES, 53 LBS  
OF CO2 IS EMITTED  
INTO THE  
ATMOSPHERE?

GO TO **TERRAPASS.COM**  
TO PURCHASE CARBON  
OFFSETS AND MAKE  
THE WORLD A BETTER  
PLACE!

**INDIA VS. PAKISTAN  
ON THE BRINK OF WAR?**

MARVI ALI '21  
REPORT

Since their birth, India and Pakistan both have had a long history of armed conflict and tension. Today, the nuclear-armed siblings are facing pressure for military action. This conflict was inevitable, due to the argument over ownership of the snowy, mountainous region called Kashmir. In February, a young militant in the district of Pulwama, a disputed state, drove a car filled with 750 pounds of explosives into a convoy of Indian military forces, killing at least 49 of them. This was the region's deadliest attack in 30 years. India responded to this attack by flying into Pakistan and firing airstrikes near the town of Balakot, near the border of India and Pakistan. The following day, Pakistani and Indian fighter jets engaged in combat for the first time in five decades. Pakistan

eventually downed two Indian fighter jets and captured one of the pilots, which greatly escalated tensions between the two countries. This sudden change of events raised fears and questions that the long standing hostilities between India and Pakistan could be leading them towards another war. In the following days after this encounter, Pakistan eased tensions by releasing and returning the pilot back to India.

To better understand this dispute, one can look to the roots of the conflict. In 1947, when the British decided to vacate the nation of Hindustan, they decided to split it into two countries: India, comprised of a Hindu majority, and Pakistan, made up of a Muslim majority. However, the status of Jammu and

Kashmir, a Muslim-majority region in the Himalayas, was left undecided, leading to much violence and animosity. Both countries sent in troops, hoping to occupy the land, with Pakistan taking 1/3 of the state and India holding 2/3 of the state. Unfortunately, there is much violence from troops on both sides of what is called the "line of control," or the boundary line. Now, the world waits with apprehension to see if these two nuclear nations will go to war. Mr. Khan, the Pakistani prime minister, hopes to settle this conflict through talks: "All big wars have been due to miscalculation," he said. "My question to India is that given the weapons we have, can we afford miscalculation?"



**CYCLONE IDAI**

LILA FELDMAN '20  
REPORT

On March 14th Cyclone Idai touched down in Northern Mozambique. Though starting as a category 3 cyclone, Idai became the "strongest cyclone on record in the Southern Hemisphere" according to World Vision, a group that works to help heal countries after natural disasters. The effects of this cyclone have been monumental in Mozambique, Malawi, and Zimbabwe. The death toll rose above one thousand people within three weeks of touchdown.

The effects of this cyclone have been so drastic because it hit in the poorer regions of Mozambique, which is already the seventh poorest country in the world. The U.S. embassy released over \$200,000 in disaster relief funds to the Mozambican government, but that is merely a drop in the bucket of disaster relief needed. The cyclone's largest effects were on the city of Beira, where

it originally touched down. Over 90% of the city was destroyed within the first week of the cyclone. Because Mozambique's cholera epidemic has never been solved, this cyclone created a massive spread of the disease. Doctors Without Borders has confirmed 1,400 cases of the disease in the country, 1,000 of which are in Beira. In order to attempt to contain the epidemic, the Mozambique Ministry of Health has set up treatment centers and clinics and started a national vaccination campaign. In countries like Mozambique where high level health care is not regularly available, it is very important to contain illnesses before they spread. Though there is a cure for cholera, the people affected by the disease after the cyclone live hundreds of miles from a modern and fully functional hospital. There is no way for people to make the journey in time and, even if there was, the roads are so

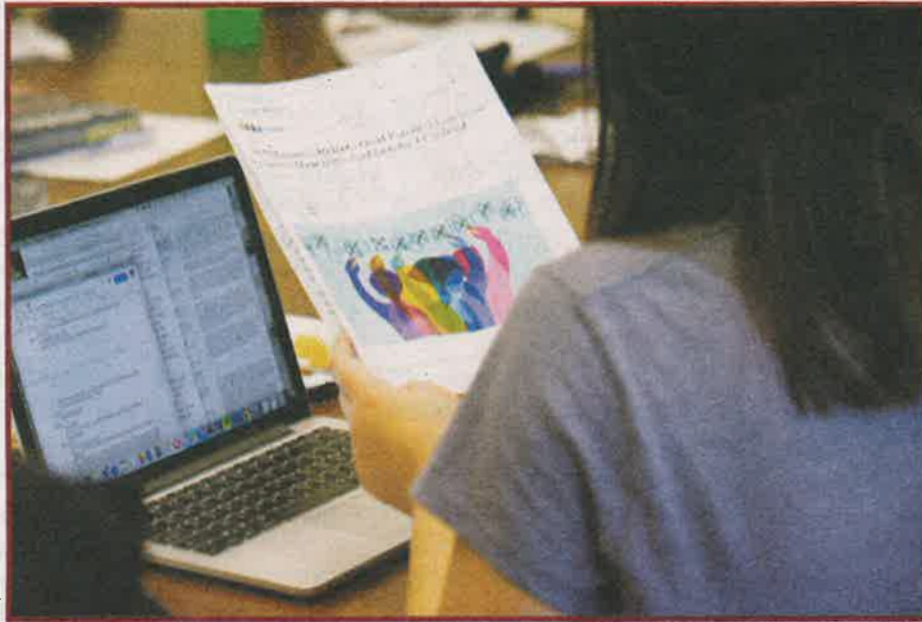
destroyed that it would practically be impossible to travel. My father, David Feldmann, is a Public Affairs officer at the U.S. Embassy in Maputo, the capital of Mozambique. Before the cyclone hit he would take frequent trips up to Beira for business. He spoke of the culture and vast amount of people living in the condensed city. Two weeks after Idai hit, he had the chance to go back up to Beira and he was absolutely stunned. Where there had once been a city full of people, there was nothing. No people in sight, no buildings, no houses. Everything was washed away like a clean slate. Many of the people had died or chosen to migrate to a different section of the country in order to escape the dangerous effects of the hurricane, leaving their home and most of their belongings behind. They must now work to restart their lives.

## REGULATION 225

IRIS HWANG '20

OPINION

During MLK Workshops, I hosted a workshop on Regulation 225, a bill proposed last year to protect transgender students' rights. The bill was scrapped due to a massive influx of protest from Delaware parents who threatened to pull their children out of schools should the bill pass. What sparked the most controversy about the bill was the statement: "All Delaware public school students of any age can self-identify race and gender without parental consent." The uproar involved parents who argued that the state was interfering with their parental right to raise their children as they saw fit. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) also protested the bill, as they believed that race should not be self-determined. Furthermore, politicians such as State Rep. Rich Collins stated that the policy "opens the Pandora's Box. It has the potential to twist schools up in knots." My workshop discussed the implications of the rule, its pros and cons, and the difference between transgender and transracial.



In relation to the self-identification of gender, we discussed the limits of *parental control versus the rights of students for self-expression*. Should parental permission be held equally important as the students' rights to choose? I introduced a PDF made up of dozens of emails from parents against the Regulation who wrote to Governor Carney. A common argument was that the state should not be able to interfere with parents' desires for their children's lives. There was also a theme of blatant transphobia in "you can't change biology" and deeming it "unnatural" that shocked several members of the workshop. Although we live in the SAS bubble where the majority of the student body wholeheartedly accepts the LGBTQ+ community, that sentiment is not universally shared, even right outside our campus. Personally, I believe that the potentially virulent and unsupportive reaction from parents makes the choice part of the regulation so vital. The students could tell their parents of course, but the beauty was that they didn't have to. Proponents for 225 have stated that it would be cruel to force a student to out themselves to an unsupportive environment, at home, in order to be called the right pronoun at school.

The "of any age" clause provided another interesting fold to the conversation. It applied the Regulation to children of any age, from kindergarteners to high schoolers. Ava Sekowski '20 brought up a concern that the students might be too young to know for certain that they are ready to transition. Whiz, a faculty advisor, responded with a personal anecdote about a family friend of hers who identifies as a trans

boy; she explained that he feels angry and dejected every time he gets his period as it's a proof that he's in the wrong body. I brought up that gender dysphoria, a condition in which someone identifies emotionally and psychologically as a member of the opposite gender, has been proven in children as young as 3. Because the rates of suicide and depression for transgender teens are so high, it is important to consider the emotional and mental impact of gender dysphoria.

The Regulation was very unusual because it put race and gender together in self-identification. There was a controversy in the NAACP of Delaware with the "self-identification of race" part. The President of the Central Delaware NAACP, La Mar Gunn, stated: "I am raising my kid as a strong, young, black male. Period. Does my child have the right to say he's a young white male? Not in my house. No." This sparked a discussion on the idea of transracialism, when someone identifies as a person of another race.

Why do we accept transgender but not transracial? Going into the workshop, I deeply felt that transgender identities were real and valid but I felt that transracial identities were not. I didn't know how exactly to explain why I felt this way, because race and gender are both social constructs and real only in the social sense and not in a biological sense. I debated whether the fact that gender dysphoria has been tested and proven-- whereas racial dysphoria has not-- was enough to assert the legitimacy of one and not the other. However, I thought of how racist scientists in the past justified racism with narrow "studies" that claimed white was the superior race intellectually, and I thought this justification was not enough. I went into the workshop with a lot of trepidation, because I had no idea how to justify it.

In the fascinating conversation about transracialism, a question came up: What qualifies someone to be a member of a race? I thought about my own identity: I am Korean in nationality, I am Korean racially, no one has ever doubted my "Asian-ness," a fact that I had not truly thought about until now.

We discussed whether it is identification with culture, skin color, appearance, or actual heritage that decisively allows someone to state that they are of that race. We started with the infamous example of Rachel Dolezal, who had stated that she identifies with African-American culture. But because there is no real way to "act black" or "act Asian" the transracial people seem to be perpetuating harmful stereotypes and mocking the history of the races they claim to be. Rachel's stating that because she grew up in a low-income household she identified with black culture, she is in fact propagating the negative stereotypes of African-Americans. Then we discussed whether someone's race has to affect them to be a part of them.

Someone brought up the possibility that a person could feel like they are part of a racial group. I privately disagreed, but I listened. To my surprise, there was an earnest and interesting response. There was a hypothetical of a white person who was adopted by a black family and felt the effects of racism and discrimination, albeit not directly. Elise Hogan '19 shared her perspective as a biracial person with a black and white parent who appears more "white." Still, she is completely legitimate in identifying as a black woman, as well as a white woman or a multiracial one. Although this was a completely different scenario, it brought up the notion that discrimination shouldn't equate as the requirement to be a part of a race. There is no one clear definition or requirement to claim to be a part of a racial group. We considered whether someone needed a certain amount of heritage to claim that race. Politician Elizabeth Warren had come under fire for claiming to be Native American, and she had been ridiculed by many, including President Trump. She was, in fact, a very small part Native American from 6 or 7 generations back, but isn't this negligible for someone like Warren who appears like and lives like a white woman? At what percentage does it "not matter?"

I still believe that transracialism is not legitimate, but the people in the workshop brought up fascinating ideas on the qualifications for one to be of a particular race: heritage, culture, nationality were all discussed but none was said to definitively be the conclusive factor. The workshop brought forward a rich discussion on various topics, and I look forward to continuing these conversations. Regulation 225 has been shelved since late summer 2018 and is unlikely to be brought back into conversation, but the invaluable insights it provides show its especial significance in today's era.

athletics and being an athlete in a completely different way. It allowed me to blossom and realize that I do love being a part of a team and I do love being active. It even inspired me to run half a marathon this past summer, and I signed up for another for this summer.

Mrs. Chiu was my advisor my junior year and whenever I was upset about something she would always say: "Honey, it's not the situation that's making you upset, it's your reaction to it." That is the best piece of advice that I've ever been given because it really is all about your reaction to a situation. No matter what kind of hard time you are struggling with, if you remain in that positive attitude, you can make sure that it doesn't overwhelm you and doesn't get the best of you. So, you can be happy and healthy as much as you can with just your attitude.

I would say that one of my hardest times here was junior spring. I was feeling pretty overwhelmed with work already, but once crew season hit, it kind of became too much for me and I decided that I was not really happy with my experience as a rower. I talked with my advisor, friends, and parents ways that I could remain positive while I was on the team. I think the way I overcame this was realizing that when you're going through a hard time, you don't have to keep yourself stuck in that moment. I realized my mental health is the most important thing and that I need to keep myself healthy and happy to do all the things that I love.

The thing that I'll miss the most about being a Saint is the people here. They're amazing. Because I've spent the last four years with my class, the faculty, and everyone that was here since I was a freshman, I can't really imagine what life is gonna be like next year without them. They've made such a big impact on my life and it's going to be really hard to leave.

If I could go back and do SAS again, one of many things that I'd do differently is put myself out there more, talk to more people that I don't know, make more friends, and be that friendly face that everyone is comfortable talking to. I think I do that sometimes, but I'd really like to put myself out there even more. Another thing I would do is get more involved in activities. Though I love the things that I do, I think it would be great to try a new sport or get involved in club that I'd never been in before. Or do more things around campus to affect people's lives around me and create a legacy in this community.

#### **Noor El-Baradie**

Every moment, whether small or large, influences you in ways even when you don't realize it, so I think it's really hard for me to pinpoint specific moments that helped me to become the person I am today. St. Andrew's does a really good job of putting you in moments where you are uncomfortable and are forced to grow, forced to ask questions that make the experience really special.

I think the most important lesson is my idea of leadership changing a lot at St. Andrew's. Coming in, I thought that a leader was the most outspoken, the loudest person, and the most exciting person. But I quickly learned from

people who I felt were leaders to me that it was not so. Whether they were people I talked to at my table or seniors at my sports teams, leadership is not one thing or another, but rather the ability to empower people and inspire them to do what they're passionate about. That's how I view leadership today and all the leadership roles that I've been given. I try and remind myself that my job as a leader is to allow other people to do what they want to do and feel empowered.

I'm definitely going to miss this sense of home and belonging. I hope that in the next chapter of my life I'll find that sense of belonging, but I think just knowing that the friends, faculty, mentors, and people in your life here are there for you. I can't imagine growing up anywhere else. [It's been really special to] grow up in an environment that allows you to be you, whatever way you decide.

One thing that I would tell myself is, don't take St. Andrew's for granted and don't spend moments when you're bored sitting in your room. Do and make something out of every moment because as time dwindles, I'm just trying to grasp onto anything and everything. For instance, I used to do theatre before I coming to St. Andrew's but it was really hard for me to balance sports and the arts. I remember sitting in the playwright showcase and thinking: 'I should have done that.' I would have tried to get to know some faculty like Mr. O'Connell earlier. He's the coolest, and I've only gotten to know him this year. Mr. Porter is awesome, and I've only gotten to know him this year. But I guess that's just the experience and you can't really know who the cool people are until you meet them.

#### **Charlotte Oxnam**

For me, there were two really big moments of growth. The first one was when I was started ethos coffee because it was such a moment of make or break. It was a really cool club with a really cool idea, but it required a ton of work and I could either let it fail and just not care, or I could work my butt off and try to make something out of it. It taught me a lot about perseverance and trial and error and what it's like to work with people. Football was another huge moment of growth for me, because I came in knowing that it was something that I really wanted to do. I had worked hard to get there, but it took a ton of hard work and I was by no means one of the best on the team. I was actually one of the weakest members of the team. But it was a moment where I had worked really hard to get to where I was. Just getting there was a battle, but once I was there, a whole new battle started. It taught me perseverance.

#### **Nick Loh**

Before coming to St. Andrew's, I had never thought about being away from my family to go to school. Being away from home, I've learned to become more independent and confident. The environment at St. Andrew's really encourages students to explore new interests. It was an incredible experience being part of the musical in the winter, and in addition to developing myself as an actor, I really enjoyed getting to

know classmates I otherwise wouldn't have gotten to know as well.

Regardless of any circumstances, be passionate about and fully committed to whatever you do, in and out of the classroom. It's challenging trying to be the best teammate or musician or friend you can be while still being on top of your schoolwork, but enjoy whatever you do. When you find yourself with a busy schedule, it's important to love, or learn to love, what you do. Laugh and smile more, because we're all still kids.

The culture against alcohol and drugs at St. Andrew's is special. I had the chance to spend a night as a prospective student for a college this past fall, and the concept of social scenes revolving around alcohol was foreign to me. Having a drug and alcohol-free environment at school creates memories which will last forever. I'll always remember the nights cooking with others on Sherwood, and the early mornings playing soccer on the far fields.

#### **Nadia Holcomb**

Whenever I came here, it was a culture shock for me. Where I come from, people are very direct and what would be considered 'insensitive' here. I felt like I had to change a lot of the ways I spoke to people, which was difficult for me. It was also helpful, though, because I learned that it's not just particular to St. Andrew's. It's helped me learn how to communicate with people from all types of backgrounds.

#### **Jamie Rowley**

I think the biggest thing is coming in as a fourteen year old and not really caring about what you're doing. Then, the whole process of turning into an adult and being ready to go.

#### **Bilal Morsi**

I feel like the biggest moments of growth I've had were the moments when I realized that I don't have to cater myself to people, and that I could authentically be myself and make the friends that I want to make. I learned that I don't have to be friends with everyone or join every activity and stretch myself out. I realized that if I just do the things I love, then it's fine. All those moments of growth didn't just happen at once, they happened progressively. I also learned to ask questions, and realized that other people have stories to tell, as well. I feel like when I came here, all I wanted to do was tell my story and say what I wanted to say, but I didn't really want to listen to what other people had to contribute. So, I think that my biggest growth has been sitting down and empathizing with people.

#### **Alice Hilton**

The biggest aspect of St. Andrew's that has impacted me the most is the diversity here. Going to school in the Philippines, there were a lot of students who at St. Andrew's would be considered diverse. But being exposed to such a range of financial, religious, and political backgrounds, and all the things that St. Andrew's offers, was really eye-opening. It allowed me to consider points of views that I hadn't really understood or thought about before.

# THE LIFE-CHANGING MAGIC OF BEING MESSY

ISABEL HWANG '20

OPINION

You might have a “messy” friend or family member. You can’t help but sigh at the chaos of their room—clean and dirty laundry mixed together. Odds are it’ll be difficult to walk two feet without encountering an empty chip bag. Gross? Yes. Bad? Not necessarily.

As a stereotypically “messy” person myself, I’ve received my own share of scorn. Living at St. Andrew’s, I’m obligated to keep my room nice and tidy, ready for visitors and as a model to underclassmen. Monday room inspections are the norm, and faculty members have often urged me to clean up. For these purposes, I used to harbor a 24 x 24 x 24 cardboard box in which I’d stuff everything on Monday mornings and empty it out later that evening. Out of sight, out of mind.

As much judgment as we get for our

clutter, research has shown that messiness can be a sign of creativity and openness. In the New York Times article “It’s Not ‘Mess.’ It’s Creativity,” Kathleen D. Vohs’s study of messiness serves as a rare champion for us less-than-neat people. In her study, she gathered a group of subjects in a tidy room and another in a messy room. When each subject had to choose between a “classic” or “new” smoothie on a fake menu, the subjects in the tidy room chose “classic” while subjects in the messy room chose the “new” smoothies. This shows that “people greatly preferred convention in the tidy room and novelty in the messy room.” In addition, Vohs revealed that messy people were more creative. So, what does this mean?

Messy people are willing to challenge the conventional norm. They aren’t

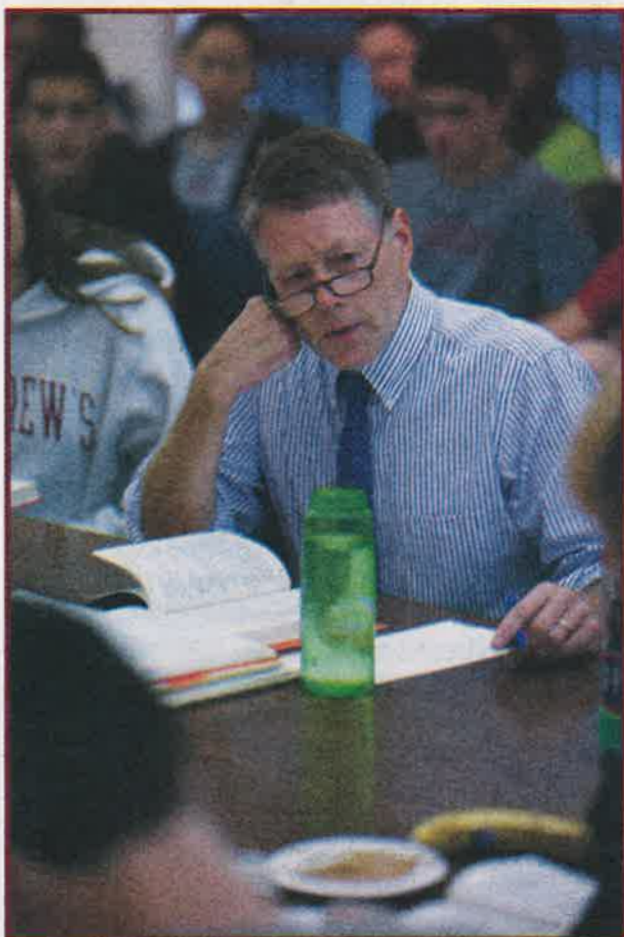
confined to the status quo. In a growing age where minimalism seems to be taking on the world by storm, we must remember that there is beauty in chaos. Although a University of Michigan study warns that some people might take one look at your messy desk and view you as “lazy” or “neurotic,” we must remember that these people are some of our greatest innovators. After all, Albert Einstein, Mark Twain, Steve Jobs, and Mark Zuckerberg famously harbored hideously disorganized workplaces. So, when you see a scatter of papers, laundry, and old food containers, don’t rush out to buy your child, friend, or roommate *The Life-Changing Magic of Tidying Up* by Marie Kondo. Instead, appreciate that your acquaintance might be “sparking joy” by channeling their creativity differently. ✂

## A TRIBUTE TO MR. SPEERS

NOAH KATES '21

INTERVIEW

William Savage Speers, a beloved faculty member, father, husband, advisor, and friend, will retire this year. Mr. Speers has spent over 43 years at St. Andrew’s, leaving his lasting legacy upon each form and each student. Those who had him as a teacher will forever remember the passion and unfaltering drive with which he taught his English classes. As an advisee of his, I will cherish the advice, guidance, and availability he gave and will continue to give. Mr. Speers will spend his retirement primary in New Hampshire, where he will continue to teach and to advise. We the students all have memories of Mr. Speers, but the faculty likely have the most. Below, colleagues and great friends of Mr. Speers describe their favorite memory of him.



### Ms. Ramirez

He has an incredible ability to connect with people through his writing. I am sure most of us have received a handwritten note by him. One in particular that I will never forget was after a Sunday School Christmas Pageant. Gaby was one of the readers, and there was a moment where he got lost in the reading and felt embarrassed by his mistake. Somehow, he met Mr. Speer’s eyes and this moment calmed and reassured Gaby, who was able to resume his reading. On the note we received just the next day, Mr. Speers told us that when he looked at Gaby’s eyes, he saw his own father, who had passed away a few years earlier. This was a powerful moment for both Gaby and Mr. Speers, one of true connection. Mr. Speers is a wise man who always lifts us and believes in us.

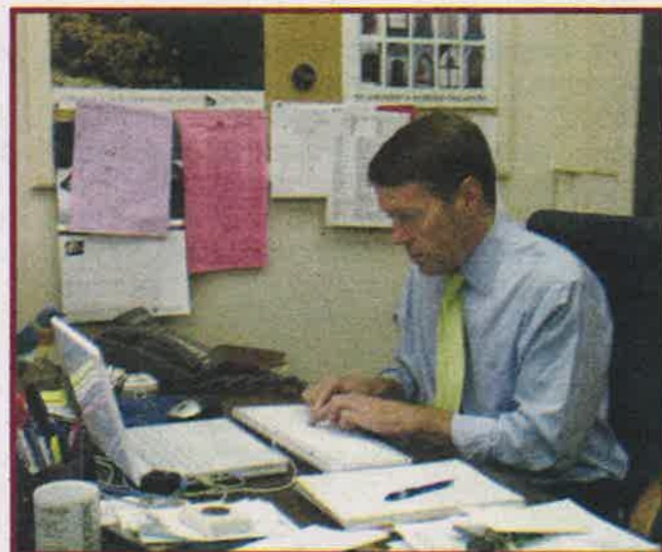
### Mr. Roach

My favorite memory of Mr. Speers is walking down the main hallway of Founders and hearing his passion, wisdom, and love for his students and for literature resound through the building. St. Andrew’s is about the miracle of teaching and learning; Mr. Speers celebrates that gift and spirit in every class.

### Ms. Roz

I have many memories of Mr. Speers, especially as a member of his advisory. I think what stands out most is how consistently Mr. Speers showed up for me. Whenever I needed advice, he was always there. As a teenager who was unsure of so many things in my life at that point, the fact that he was always willing to listen and offer guidance meant so much. I never had to worry about whether he would have time for me; I knew I could count on him. It

also helped that during my senior year, he would take all of his senior advisees out to Dunkin Donuts every Thursday night after study hall (back when we had 30 minutes between the end of study hall and dorm check in). We loved Mr. Speers for many reasons, but adding the weekly bagel and coffee coolatta only increased our affection for him!



### Ms. Hurt

I have many fond memories of Mr. Speers—my former teacher, current colleague and friend. His chapel talks still stay with me: his story about his sons who were students at the time—playing in the tub (much to their mortification); his depiction of a balloon he found in the woods, on which a daughter had written a note to her deceased mother; his stories about the impact of reading books on sabbatical; his description of his mother in a boat on a family trip, still grieving her late husband but finding a new role in her life. There are so many poignant images from Mr. Speers’ talks that I continually reflect on and think about. But for SAS students, I need to give you two of my own stories involving Mr. Speers.

CONT ON PG 8

## SENIOR COLLEGE ESSAYS

ANNA MOORE

Every summer, my family travels to Lake George in the mountains of upstate New York. The water is crystal clear and ice cold, with rocky floors and impenetrable depths that used to terrify me. I pictured scraggly dead trees, sunken boats, and giant boulders lurking somewhere beneath my feet. As a child, I refused to participate in activities that required swimming in deep water. I loved swimming, but my fear of the depths held me back. I wouldn't accompany my sister snorkeling, my mother water-skiing, or my father swimming across the lake. However, there was a temptation that even I couldn't resist. On the edge of the bay a thirty-foot rocky cliff juts upwards, dropping into deep, dark water. People come from all parts of the lake to anchor their boat and swim to the cliff in hopes of proving their bravery and feeling the rush of leaping into the plummeting fall.

Initially, thirty feet didn't sound too bad. I have since learned differently. My grandfather was a paratrooper, and told me how he trained using bungee cords attached to a thirty foot ledge. The army determined this height instilled the most terror because it was just high enough to trigger our natural fear of falling. Regardless, I remained terrified about the depth of the water. By jumping from that height, I worried I would sink too deeply.

Swimming from the boat to shore was hard enough. Once I clambered to the top, my panic began to set in. It seemed as if my body was involuntarily pulling itself away from the edge. My father and I were accompanied by a band of young men and a woman who had already jumped off several times. I wanted Dad to go first. He leapt over the edge and popped up at the bottom. The men cheered me on, as it was obvious that I was terrified.



I kept walking up to the edge and then backtracking again. My father, tiredly treading water, called that he was heading back to the boat. I certainly did not want to swim back alone. Still, I hesitated. Finally, the woman behind me gave me a slight sneer, and announced that, if I wasn't going to jump, she would. This bit of skepticism was just what I needed. Fueled by the motivation from the men and the woman's disbelief, I jumped.

Falling is an odd feeling. Gravity stretches out your body, but also produces a

sensation of compression. As I fell, I prepared myself for the stinging slap of the lake surface. Once I hit the water, I sank like a rock. The lake floor was nowhere to be found. After breaking the surface, I could hear the men whooping with excitement and see my father smiling as we swam together back to the boat. I was so proud, not only because I conquered the height, but I conquered the depth. And I enjoyed it. I realized that not being able to rise to the challenge bothered me more than the challenge actually had.

With newfound confidence and determination, I moved on to new adventures. Now, as a seventeen-year-old girl, I can lay claim to leaping from Jump-Off Rock countless times, snorkeling until I can't see the lake floor, water-skiing, and even swimming across the entire lake every summer, a mile-long journey across unimaginable depths.

I now know what you see when you put on goggles and look down into the deepest parts of the lake. You don't see mossy rocks or rotting trees; you cannot sense the bottom at all. You see a glimmering green light rising from the depths, perhaps light reflecting from water molecules and bouncing off your eyes. It's like looking at a watery sun, mirrored, with endless rays shining towards the surface. It's beautiful.

MICAH TURPIN

I've always loved sprinting. My first experiences with sprinting were in middle school soccer. As a midfielder, I would sprint back and forth on the field, feeling the brisk air on my skin as I passed the other boys who were running for the ball. My brief time playing soccer was where I came to see my sprinting ability as one of my best attributes. After games, parents came up to me and praised my speed. This did make me a little overconfident, but it also forced me to want to always be the fastest.

Gym in middle school then became not only a time for fun, but also a time for me to prove my speed at any cost. We held races every Friday during our weekly gym class. Winning these races gave me a rush that lasted maybe a few seconds, but those seconds were the most satisfying I could experience. However, losing a race was my biggest nightmare. Whenever I did lose a race, I would go to my backyard as soon as I got home and just run. I ran like there was always someone a little bit ahead of me, like they were taunting me by staying in front of me. I know I looked like a strange kid, but in my mind I was giving it my all, competing against myself.

The climax of my middle school races was against Adisa; Adisa and I were perceived to be the fastest kids in our

grade, but no one was sure who was faster than the other. So, on one Friday afternoon during gym, we had a race to settle the argument. Everyone surrounded us as we both ran as fast as we could for maybe a total of 6 seconds. For something that was so short, I stressed a long time over this race. Unfortunately, even with all my training, I lost — just barely — to Adisa. I was disappointed in myself. I even complained to my parents about the race, but I eventually went back to challenging myself in the backyard, trying to get better each day.



To this day, I still see my running ability as one of the best aspects of myself. The person I have become today is due to the building of my determination and ability to overcome failures that I was able to instill in myself unknowingly as I sprinted in the gym of my middle school and my backyard.

I treasure the character that was formed in that musty gym now, as it has helped me overcome many grueling situations. My first use of this strength of character was throughout my time at Prep 9. For a program where I was required to take an IQ test to be admitted, I knew that no part of the journey would be easy. For me, this was especially true as I struggled to balance my personal life and the immense amount of schoolwork I had throughout the program. However, even when I didn't realize it, I had a sense of determination. My recent football experiences express this strength of character as well. With seasons filled with personal goals and failures, football is an aspect of my life that constantly challenges my persistence. After an unforgiving practice or game, I am grateful to have the principles that enable me to work harder to correct my mistakes instead of dwelling on them. I know that there will be more races that push me to my limits in the coming years, but I believe that my persistence will help me to emerge triumphantly. I am glad to say that a musty gym defines who I am now because I value the strength I have not only to test my limits, but to analyze my failures and transform them into strengths.



## NADIA HOLCOMB

I wasn't always this privileged. I was born in Pikeville, KY - a small town in the foothills of Appalachia - but moved west when I was just two in my mother's attempt to find better life. Based on the stories I was told about life in the Appalachian Mountains, I could only assume that Owensboro offered more opportunity and better education. This was hard to believe, however, once I hit middle school.

From fist fights in the hallways to constant drug deals, semi-annual bomb threats to numerous teenage pregnancies, I was convinced middle school was hell. I watched a peer cut his wrists in the middle of class. I walked home with nicotine-addicted classmates who chain-smoked the whole way. My best friend was sent to rehab after becoming addicted to opiates, and another was beat to a concussion in my front yard walking home from school. In the beginning, I was scared - it was impressed on me early on that these things were bad and dangerous, but I was suddenly surrounded by them. Even in middle school, however, I was curious and passionate about my interests. Surrounded by stupid decisions and irreversible mistakes, I competed in national competitions and spent free time researching buddhism, animation, insects, and calculus in the library. School - the very place that

was supposed to encourage a behavior of curiosity - was holding me back. I wanted a change, but I felt stuck. I was forced to accept my surroundings and do the best I could with what I had. A couple months in and it all began to feel normal. For three years, I was desensitized to every drug bust, overdose, and fist fight. Sure, I knew this environment wasn't exactly healthy for a mentally-developing teenager like myself, but I just had to endure for a few more years - right?



Wrong. I was introduced to Saint Andrew's School through mere luck. One day, in an attempt to find something to talk about on the car-ride to school, my mom told me that a new friend she'd made went to boarding school as a kid. To her, it was an interesting fact-of-the-day; to me, it was an awakening. Sure, I'd thought about applying to private schools before, but money was tight. We weren't exactly rich, and we weren't middle-class either. But this time was different - SAS was supposedly the most endowed boarding school

in the country. Whether that was true or not, I was determined to apply. As soon as I got home from school that day, I immediately began filling out the online application. I worked on it day and night, researched every aspect of the school itself, contacted a few students through social media, and quickly became engrossed. I honestly didn't expect to get in, but I did. I attend SAS on a nearly-full ride and constantly take advantage of my new-found privilege. Sure, boarding school has its own set of hurdles, but instead of normalizing the bad, I've learned to normalize the good. I studied for the first time in my life during my sophomore year of high school. I read books that made me think, met people who made me question, and made friends who made me happy. I began to expand my knowledge and curiosity while surrounding myself with others like me. This, I learned, is what it means to chase dreams. The phrase "shoot for the stars" isn't an annoyingly cheesy saying written out of ignorance like I once thought it was. Sure it feels naive to say it aloud, but we really should shoot for the stars. I'd rather fail knowing I tried than never try at all. I don't want to waste away in a world of drugs and violence and carelessness - my life means more than that. I will shoot for the stars. Because if I don't, what's the point of even living?

## THOMAS CUNNINGHAM

The four foot by six foot canvas that I worked to build all afternoon was finally ready. The monstrosity of empty space stared back at me from its easel begging one question: How would I fill it? I closed my eyes seeking images, and my mind went home: Haden Hills, my family's farm, land of my growing up-which in contrast to this blank canvas was rich with memory, emotion, family, and a deep sense of place.

The problem I faced now was the overwhelming amount of experience I wanted to include. Suddenly, the canvas didn't seem so big anymore. After an hour or more of perusing images of my cousins, tractors, open fields, and longtime friends, I realized that it is a slew of memories that blur together to create my sense of place, not any single photo. The challenge became how to embrace the intangible with my paintbrush.

I thought about my grandfather, Pappy: my arms wrapped around him as we rode around the farm on his new four wheeler; his smile as he stood next to a black bear suspended by a green tractor after a long night of hunting, my young self standing nearby. I remembered the countless hours spent berry picking in the woods with my sister, filling old milk jugs with blackberries and wineberries. I thought about getting the

Gator stuck in the creek for the hundredth time and my grandmother scolding us with her notorious I'm Biting My Lip I'm So Mad Right Now face. It was no longer about creating one image that made sense in time and space, but rather about how this painting would come to reflect my idea of home.



As I sat on the couch in the painting studio at my school in Middletown, Delaware, I tried to make a game plan for navigating this canvas. I knew that my painting would disregard the boundaries of time, space, and direction, and that the piece would flow in the same way the memories of Haden Hills flooded through my head. I also determined one recurring image that would become a mode of transportation from scene to scene: the unrivalled silhouette of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

I progressed through my painting and more and more canvas became cov-

ered. I watched my dog Ned appear in three different places; as a puppy, a fierce hunter, and now deaf and stumbling. Trees morphed into hay bales and family members melted in and out of the landscape. I painted across time and place. My Dad cleaning gutters, my uncle on the tractor, an old cooler in a field we ran over in the truck, me in the center on my dirt bike. Behind each image, the mountains. My stories layered in front of them. Colors and textures helped convey the memories. I didn't know where to stop. Perhaps my biggest realization was that this reflection would always be a work in progress.

When I stood in the gallery for the all-school art opening, my painting once again stared back at me. A young woman approached and asked what it was about. I tried to talk to her about my inspiration and what I thought this work of art represented. But what I found myself really talking to her about was my home and the impossible process of defining something which has had such a profound impact on my life. I can never explain that in full- whether in words or through art, but the process gets me close. The painting now sits in my art studio at school, waiting for the next addition to the living archive of gratitude I have for Haden Hills and all that it has given me.

## MATT YAN

I often find myself scrolling through Facebook, looking at old photos on my mom's account. Despite my many efforts to explore newer photos, I always come across the same one – me in a tiny red sweater grabbing a teddy bear my mom is handing me on Christmas Day. I'm at once transported back to that morning. From upstairs, I hear my mom wrapping gifts, and I smell the sweet ham in the oven wafting throughout our small brick house. My aunt blasts Wham's "Last Christmas" from the living room, singing at the top of her lungs without missing a single word. It was a time when I believed nothing was wrong; I was constantly surrounded by joy. In my mind, there was no inkling of struggle and doubt because I never understood that the celebration that came with Christmas entailed hard work. However, I never saw the hard work because my mom separated me from it; in essence, I was blind to what struggle truly means.

As a three-year-old, I couldn't understand the ramifications of being a single mom – the financial difficulties of sending a child to summer camp or taking care of a child that was a handful. Instead, I saw a strong woman, always full of laughter and joy, seemingly going through life with ease. Even so, it's not hard to take my mom's struggles and sacrifices for granted because I still lack

a clear understanding of the difficulty of raising a child as a single mother. This past August, my mom asked me a question that put this idea of struggle into perspective. She asked, "Did you feel that your childhood was tough?"



My response was that it was something I never really thought about—my mom made me feel that our life was comfortable without any hints that some days she worked at the office past normal hours, or that sending me to private school and finding a way to put food on the table was challenging. She put a distinct barrier between her own personal life and our life as a family as a way to make my childhood normal. In certain ways, she did her best to not make me feel different as the lack of a father already set me apart from other kids. While not having a father has made me feel self-conscious, like I missed an important part of growing up,

I feel now that it is something that has made me even stronger because I was raised by someone else: a strong, independent, and empathetic mother who constantly prioritizes others over herself – the type of person I strive to be in my life.

Not only did I have my mom to raise me, I also had two of her three sisters who raised me and continue to be a point of inspiration every day. I see my aunt, Rina, still attempting to get her citizenship, and despite this, she managed to start her own interior design company and build it from the ground up. I see my other aunt, Ingrid, who put herself through fashion school in her thirties to create new opportunities for herself doing something she loved. When I reminisce on my childhood, I think of these three women who instilled three concepts within me: the importance of empathy, the value of hard work, and that no goal is too small. It is these three concepts that I carry into my daily life. It's difficult for me to articulate how grateful I really am to them because without them, I don't think I'd be the person I am today – strong-willed, independent, and kind. For me, not having a father gave me a chance for growth and a new perspective of life, which, when I have a chance, I can ultimately share with others.

## DIANA HONEY

Standing at the start of my first half-marathon in Long Beach, California, my heart pounding, I squeeze my mom's hand, rub the brim of my baseball hat, and take a deep breath. I remind myself the first steps are always the hardest. The starting gun sparks me into motion. Keeping pace with my mom, we sing along to "Reaper" by Sia, and run the first mile.

I approach the third mile mark, wishing I had chosen the 5k instead of the half marathon. I think about my first cross-country race. How, until I crossed that finish line, I felt incapable of running three miles. I run through the third mile.

I pass time watching the waves and approach the fifth mile. A gust of wind intensifies the smell of ocean salt, and I can almost taste the sandy goldfish I ate with my family on the beach as a child. The heat on my skin reminds me of how my cousins and I would race across the hot sand to the water, keeping our feet off the ground so they wouldn't burn. I finish the fifth mile.

After eight miles, "Mr. Brightside" blares in my ears. The song takes me from Long Beach to St. Andrew's. Getting lost in conversation with a friend, sitting outside, listening

to the song blast from a dorm room. Screaming and jumping at prom. Dancing with my roommate. I nod my head to the beat and continue running.

Two hours and ten miles have passed. With assertions of "I am an athlete," and "I can complete this race without walking," I push from my mind anything telling me to give up, running to show myself I am more than my self-doubt. Each mile is my assertion that I am capable and powerful. I continue running to the end of the tenth mile.



Time blurs from heat and exhaustion in the eleventh mile. My mom looks over at me and smiles. I think of all the people who have helped me get to this moment, the dozens of photos of training runs exchanged between me and my mom, all the

times my dad told me to "just keep running!", and how my cross-country team helped me feel like an athlete for the first time. I finish the eleventh mile.

During the final mile, I think back to my training runs – hours spent on the trails, sunbeams streaming through the forest, yellow stalks of corn. Turning running from a chore into a source of joy. I feel immense pride in working a body that could barely run three miles until it could run 13. I think again of my first race, finishing in 38 minutes, feeling defeated because most runners had crossed the finish line well before me. I run this race for the time, but to assert my strength. As I sprint through the finish line, I glance at the clock and smile, not because of the number I see, but because I have proven I can do anything I set my mind to.

He was my dorm parent on K when I was a student – and he may or may not remember this – but I am very grateful for his patient forbearance in a moment when I had a bit of a dramatic episode involving loud and repetitive door-slamming after finding my recent ex-boyfriend in the common room cuddling with my dormmate. After a speedy assessment of the situation, Mr. Speers calmly and understandingly asked me to please stop slamming the door because his family was trying to sleep. He should have thrown me out of the dorm completely, but he was really nice about it. From a moment as his colleague, the best image I can give you is this: Mr. Speers flying down the field hockey field in a student-faculty field hockey game, serving up assists to Mrs. Roach, and making helpful, selfless passes to our faculty teammates – enabling us to prevail over the student team as per annual tradition. Unlike some of the other male faculty members on our team, Mr. Speers actually would pass the ball! To other players! Even to women! I cherish Mr. Speers for his gallantry, his wisdom, and his humanity. While his field hockey skills are in fact a bit lacking, his sportsmanship is never in question.



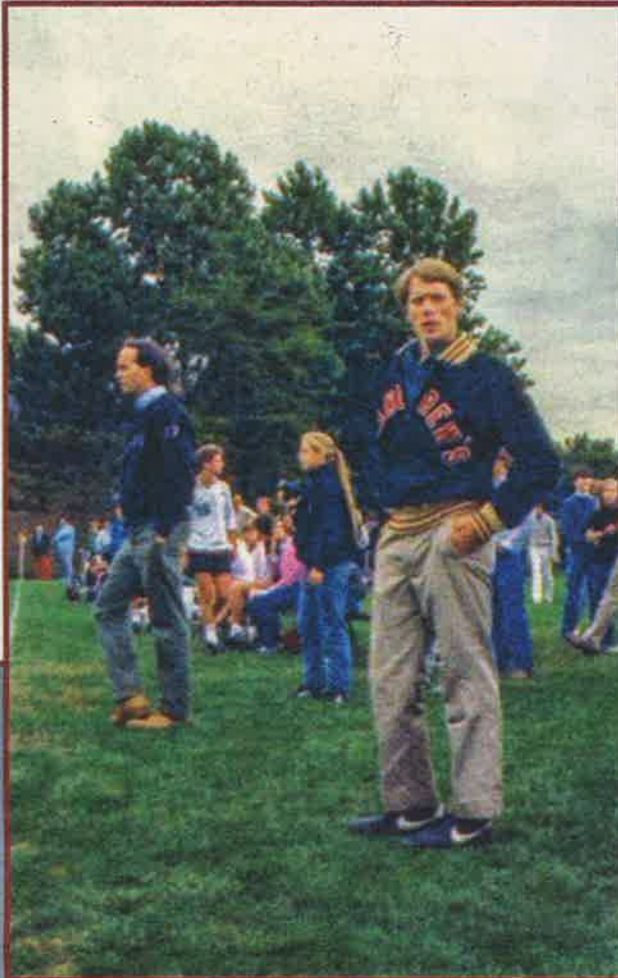
#### Mrs. Roach

I love every time I enter his classroom when he's teaching, seeing his intensity, his passion for literature, and his deep engagement with the minds of students. I also love the many moments of laughter we've shared over the years, often involving our good friend, Hoover Sutton. When he was alive, he reminded us daily to live life fully—and now, as we continue to tell Hoover stories and recount memories, we always laugh uncontrollably. Shared friendship over

many years is invaluable.

#### Mr. Terrell Myers

My greatest memories with Speers is sitting at the lunch table and him telling stories of his many adventures at St Andrew's and beyond. The one story, in particular, is when a wild cat – maybe a cheetah – approached his room while he was on a safari in Africa... Speers didn't run like most people would do instead he grabbed his camera and tried to capture the moment.



#### Mrs. Duprey

Wow, I have known Will Speers for almost 40 years! There are tons of memories I have of him. When I was 14 years old and doing my best to make SAS a place I could call home, Will became my Uncle Wilbur. So picking a favorite memory of Uncle Wilbur is hard, but not quite as hard as his senior English class was in 1984! My favorite memories of Uncle Will are our family times together with Elizabeth, Tad, and our first family dog, Bloom. Those times spent in the living room of the Pell or Moss house watching basketball games, evenings watching "Cheers" (when I should have been in study hall), and especially trips to town in his stick shift VW Rabbit were the moments that I remember most fondly. When being at SAS was hard, Uncle Will did all he could to let me know I had every right to be here. For that and so many other things, I will forever be grateful for my Uncle Will Speers.



#### Mr. Foehl

My great memory with Mr Speers is playing charades at his house with the squash teams during preseason this year. Half of the clues that the kids put in were characters from the books he teaches, so he was an all-star! His willingness to open his doors to teams over the years for team bonding functions has been such a big part of St. Andrew's athletics.

#### Ms. Pressman

I remember a great conversation with him while driving over to Washington College, way back in 2010, to hear novelist Colum McCann speak. I remember him showing up to surprise the Pell girls with ice cream on a particularly hot and humid night on dorm a couple of years ago, like a warm weather (and endlessly youthful) Santa Claus. I remember how much fun it was to teach with him, and how much I learned by watching him in action, when he stepped in to join me in teaching Waiting for Godot in Humanities the semester when Mrs. Roach was on sabbatical. I remember the way that he responded to the April Fool's Day prank Ms. Hastings and I pulled on him a couple of years ago, getting the joke all too quickly and then gleefully upping the ante and turning the tables on us just when we thought we had him. I remember the brief moment of surprise—followed by the uproarious laughter from everyone in the room and the grin on Mr. Speers' face—when he unwrapped a really trashy romance novel care of one of the 2015 Pell seniors in a senior/dorm faculty Secret Snowflake, because she "knew he loved books!" But maybe what I will miss most of all aren't these "big" distinctively memorable moments, but the day to day ones, or the way he will end even what begins as a work conversation with a recommendation of a book he's reading, or an observation about the political landscape, or a question about a play he knows I've just seen, or a West Wing reference.



The memories depicted describe only a small portion of Mr. Speer's greatly dimensional persona. We are honored to have had Mr. Speers as a vital member of the community for countless years. Both Mr. Speers and St. Andrew's grew together during this time. Mr. Speers' St. Andrew's career was a transformative one. "Thank you" is not sufficient enough to express the gratitude on behalf of the entire St. Andrew's community. The legacy of Mr. Speers will be everlasting. Thank you.

# NEXT YEARS EDITORS:

ISABEL HWANG



IRIS HWANG



NICOLE SARIDAKIS



TIM ODUTOLA



WE KNOW YOU'LL MAKE US PROUD!