



Voices of Gratitude

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The leaders and members of the National English Honor Society did not let social distancing keep them from demonstrating how close our community is. Once again, they collected several student and faculty "Voices of Gratitude" to help celebrate how kind, good, and special our community is. Here are several samples to make your day!

Student Submissions:

Everyday, Frank from lunch says hello and asks how your life is going. He genuinely cares, and he always gives a little bit more food if you want. Thank you Frank, we all miss seeing you in the lunch line!—

Anonymous

I miss walking through the halls and seeing my friends. I always love seeing everyone rush to class but always stop to say hello to their friends. Most of all, I miss walking to English with Jennings, while we both laugh about stupid things or talk about our mornings. Overall, I just miss being around my peers. —

Anonymous

Ever since Kindergarten, Saint Mary's Hall has been my second home. I just realized the other day that if I don't go back until August, it will be the longest time I will have been away from the Saint Mary's Hall campus since my start here in Kinder. But not only am I missing just being on the beautiful campus, but I also miss seeing my second family every day, and that is truly what it is... a family. We are such a strong community with so many deep relationships, not just student to student, but teacher to student, student to administrator, staff to teacher, student to guest speaker, alum to family member, family member to student, and all the little ones in between; this being said, I have full faith in our family that we will emerge victorious from these hard times and grow together in the process, teaching us delight in simple things.—

Jennings Stuart (Form 11)

I miss Tyrome and his smile every day. Tyrome makes me smile. He greets me every day with a great big wave. I miss when my dad used to take me to school and Tyrome would greet us every day, his smile would light up my day. I wish I could see Tyrome's smile and wave one more time because it always made my day. We gave him Christmas presents every year and integrated every day at the garage. He was always so sweet and greeting every day when I arrived at school I felt like it was truly home to me. He gives St. Mary's Hall a true and unique feel which makes me feel secure and safe. —**Anonymous**

The thing I miss most about SMH is the incredible people there. I miss the little moments I would share with people, from simply saying hi in the hallway to sitting on the floor of the library with friends. I miss the experience of having in-person classes and discussions, where we could really interact with each other and interact with the material we were learning. I miss a lot of things from SMH, from English class discussions to APES hikes to being in the theater for an assembly. I am so excited for the day when we can come back to school and enjoy all the little moments that SMH such a special place. —**Anonymous**

Social distancing and distance learning made me realize not to take school for granted. I miss staring out the windows of my classroom and watching the old trees sway in the humid wind. I miss seeing the



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intricate movements of my friends' faces and their laughs or the slight sways in their blazers as they walk through the seemingly endless hallway. I have learned how easily I can take things for granted, even the small things, like details you'd hardly notice in the moment. —**Anonymous**

Faculty Submissions:

Since I am retiring in this time of social distancing and virtual events, I just want to take a moment to express my heartfelt gratitude and best wishes to the entire SMH community. When I retired the first time from the Department of Defense Dependents' Schools in 2001, I never imagined starting a second teaching career that would last 15 years. I have met so many wonderful and extraordinary students along the way and found their parents to be so supportive. I have been fortunate to have worked for some of the best administrators and administrative staffs that I have encountered in my 50 years in education. I have worked with so many unbelievable young colleagues who display their passion, enthusiasm, talents and creativity daily. It has been a blessed 15 years. It's hard to leave, but it is time to leave. Wishing everyone good health and happiness.—**Upper School Social Studies Teacher Paul Gage**

I miss:

high-five-ing the lower school kids on their way to lunch

the proud women that work in the dining hall

my lunch friends: Nate, Kyle, Logan, Amanda, Paul, Joe, Valerie, Elsa, Patrick, Nickthe list is pretty long.....

running from Assembly to lunch to beat the Upper School kids

all the other friends I have made on campus these past two years.

Most of all I miss my students, both past and present, and all the nutty things they say and do

and the seniors in particular, they will do awesome things over the next few years—**Mathematics**

Department Chair Jim Polito

The most important thing I miss is the structured day, the confident feeling of knowing what I have finished, what I am doing, and what to expect later. I'm not half as productive without this structure (and with much more distractions).

I miss seeing the students' energetic running, hopping, laughing, sharing ridiculous ideas, and accidentally dropping stuff. Being around this kind of energy somehow recharges me like the sun does.

I miss hearing students asking me "how do you..." and then shortly after telling me "never you mind I figured it out".

I miss walking on the track and watch the sun rising.

I miss the dining hall. No explanation needed.—**Robotics/Computer Science/STEM Teacher Dr. Hong Zhou**



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I miss the places that cue my memory. I miss walking by the old English department offices (now where the Advancement staff is located) and being reminded of Laird Loomis' office of impossible stacks, books near toppling, folders balanced outlandishly amid articles, pictures and mementos. I liked remembering Dr. Cox's Dutch Day in AP Euro when I walked by her former classroom, now Mr. Viccellio's. Sometimes, when walking in the Upper School Circle, I recalled past Blue Tie parades and the seniors who rode in the trucks and soaked the rest of us. I miss driving by the amphitheater and recalling Founders Day and the colleagues who were honored over the years. Sometimes, I would walk by the Spirit Store and remember the senior lounge. What a den of iniquity that was. The last year of its existence was my son's senior year, class of 14. A bowl of sour cream, a hole in the wall and a print of Freud are part of all that. The layers of memories accrued these last 20 years are a treasure, but bittersweet at the moment. Next year, and five years from now, the layers will be deeper, more complex. I want to get back to those acres on Starcrest and remember.— **Social Studies Teacher Jane Mannock**

I miss my morning walk onto campus, talking to my mom on the phone as I walk past Lewis Field and into the sunlight coming through the oak trees of the Upper School Circle. I miss the sound of the Bell Tower telling me I am late for a meeting halfway across campus, the instruments warming-up in the Band Ball, and pianists and vocalists stealing a few moments alone in the Remmert. I miss seeing Joe and Juan and all the rest of the friendly heroes who make our campus look so beautiful. I miss the smell of tempura in the Lower School Art Room and the little kids sneaking out of their drama/music rehearsals to go to the restroom but are really just watching the Cinema videos in the lobby. I miss talking with all the Fine Arts faculty, hearing about their classes, their students, and the ups and downs of their lives. I miss my advisory students terribly and wish we had gone ahead and done that second field trip lunch to Freddy's. I miss the sound of the Middle School students' voices, excitedly catching up about their weekend on the way into Chapel. I miss the count down in Upper School Assembly of how many seconds, minutes, hours and days the students have left. I miss the Fine Arts Council pizza and Orange Crush meetings, and I miss the niçoise salad, the hummus, Frank, Eduardo, Margi, Letti, Gloria and the people of SAGE dining. I miss walking back from lunch, through the beautiful artwork displayed in the library. I miss being with my daughter and her buddies in the Form 12 alternative lounge that sometimes doubles as my office. I miss our dedicated and supportive parents and talking with them about fine arts events, how they will decorate the trophy cases, and their hopes and dreams for their student. I miss the bright eyes of our student artists when they are creating in their classrooms, in the studios, the labs, onstage, or at tournaments. I miss seeing the Dance building filled with excited students waiting for after-school dance, dance bags and snacks everywhere. I miss my standing desk and talking with Dianne who cleans my office and hearing about her grandchildren. I miss when the athletes and artists mix together around 6:30 pm or so, waiting for a ride or walking together to their cars. I miss that we didn't get to go to ISAS or share our end-of-year performances, exhibitions, and events with our community. I miss being able to say goodbye in person to Mr. Eades, Ms. Hamilton, Mr. Malinak, our seniors, and everyone else who will not be returning next year. I miss our Fine Arts pets: the lizard, the squirrel, and the armadillo who lives behind the Theater/Chapel. I miss you all and look forward to the day our paths intersect in person once again. Much love.— **Wanda Wiley Atkinson**
Director of Fine Arts Bethany Bohall



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I miss my early morning walk from my car to my class, when the morning dew is still clinging to the grass and trees of such a beautiful campus. I miss the weird smells of science from my classroom and those that connect. Not knowing if it's the smell of new baby chicks, some strange chemicals, or left over McMush from a lab. But most of all I miss the faces. I miss the lines of precious faces of lower school students heading to and from their campus. I miss the hustling faces of middle school students running from band, to science, the dining hall and back. I miss the faces of upper school students, whether they are sleepy and trying to start their day, enthusiastic and passionate about something around them, or friendly and welcoming -as most are not my own students but still flash a smile my way. While the goofy baby giggles from my living room, and Zoom physics lessons from the office are special in their own way, I look forward to seeing the faces of SMH again soon.—**Upper School Science Teacher Kristen Polito**