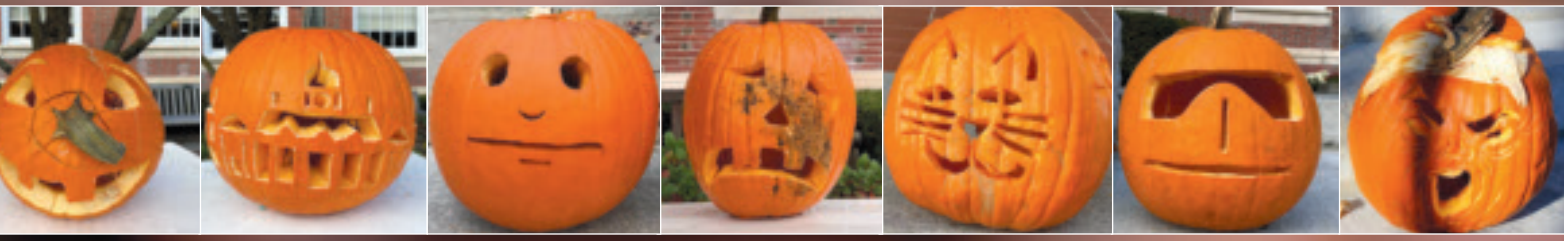
Groton School

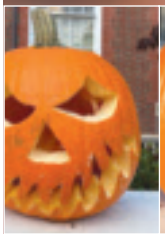
The Quarterly · Fall 2022

TRIPLE REUNION EXTRAVAGANZA

PRIZE DAY 2022 • FORM OF 2020: IN PERSON!

PETER GAMMONS '63 REMEMBERS JIM WAUGH





Groton School

The Quarterly

Fall 2022 • Volume LXXXII, No. 3

Prize Day 2022

Senator Kirsten Gillibrand P'22 delivered the keynote address to graduates during a ceremony that was finally back to normal.

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The Form of 2020 Returns

The first year of the pandemic forced these graduates to accept their diplomas virtually, but they came back during Reunion Weekend, and what a joy it was to celebrate in person!

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Reunion Extravaganza 2022

Triple the people, triple the memories, triple the fun.

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DEPARTMENTS

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Photos on this page and cover by Adam Richins
Pumpkin photos by Gail Friedman

Mitch Weiss

Message
from the Headmaster

AS VUYELWA and I enter our tenth year at Groton, I am contemplating the effect that GRAIN (GRoton Affordability and INclusion) has had on the school that we all love—and how it has segued from an initiative to a mindset.

The GRAIN mindset now infuses nearly everything that we do. It is outdoors on our athletic fields, and in the area where we will soon see a track-and-field facility. It is in the GRACE (GRoton Accelerate Challenge Enrich) summer program, where in my own chemistry course Black and Latina teaching assistants helped lead the class. The GRAIN mindset is in the Schoolroom, where busts of Nelson Mandela, Eleanor Roosevelt, Mahatma Gandhi, and Rosa Parks keep watch over our Lower Schoolers during study hall. And of course, it is in our Admission Office, where we now have the privilege to consider every talented applicant without regard for the family's ability to pay. I hope our GRAIN mindset has a spot, even a small one, in every student's psyche, influencing how they treat people here on the Circle and well beyond.

The GRAIN mindset helped fortify GRACE, which played a key role in the early days of the pandemic. After students studied remotely during spring term of 2020, some preparation gaps surfaced, and GRACE was there to reinforce the academic foundation of rising Fourth Formers who needed a boost before Upper School. We are confident that GRACE will close the pandemic-related preparation gaps that persist among a few of our newly admitted students.

By now, you probably have heard me talk endlessly about GRAIN and inclusion. I've been buoyed in my convictions about inclusion and affordability by our trustees, who have fully supported this vision for Groton, even crafting the recent strategic framework around affordability and belonging.

The GRAIN mindset is abundantly evident in our commitment to contain tuition (the A for Affordability in GRAIN). When I became headmaster, Groton had the highest tuition among forty peer schools. The trustees and I felt strongly that this was one race in which we did not want a first-place finish. We knew that Groton, with its distinguished position in education, could turn heads in the world of independent schools and perhaps even in higher learning. If Groton could reverse its tuition standing, other schools would take notice and perhaps strive to do the same. In fact, one of GRAIN's goals from the outset was to inspire other schools.

Groton now has the *lowest* tuition among those peer schools, and many conversations and inquiries have shown us that other institutions are increasingly aware of the need to stop the tuition spiral. Some schools have taken action.

GRAIN keeps opportunity high and tuition low. At most institutions, annual tuition hikes far outpace the increases in families' income. The GRAIN mindset ensures that tuition hikes (which we have kept at or below 1.5 annually) don't outpace income, regardless of inflation pressures. GRAIN allows us to include those who often get trapped in the middle, those who may assume they won't qualify for aid. Thanks to GRAIN, these families receive financial assistance at Groton. They are why the talented middle will no longer be the "missing middle."

Groton students remain among the most talented in the world (yes, I am biased), and they are equally talented across the socioeconomic spectrum. All of our students benefit when they have more of a real-world experience, learning alongside peers from all socioeconomic groups. This is important because when our students become adults, most do not remain in a sheltered environment. They live and work in the real world, collaborate with all kinds of people, and, in many cases, solve problems because they have had a top-notch education and learned to value widely divergent perspectives.

GRAIN is an intangible mindset with tangible impact. May it become entrenched in Groton School, through our programming, our fundraising, and our attitudes.

Temba

Temba Maqubela
Headmaster

Editor
Gail Friedman

Design
Irene HL Chu

Form Notes Editor
Jessica M. Hart

Photographer & Editorial Assistant
Christopher Temerson

Advisory Committee
Amily Dunlap
Kimberly A. Gerighty
Allison S. MacBride
John D. MacEachern P'10, '14, '16
Kathleen M. Machan

Editorial Offices
The Schoolhouse
Groton School
Groton, MA 01450
978-448-7506
quarterly@groton.org

Send feedback, ideas, or letters to the editor to quarterly@groton.org.

Other School Offices
Alumni Office: 978-448-7520
Admission Office: 978-448-7510

Groton School publishes the *Groton School Quarterly* three times a year, in late summer, winter, and spring, and the Annual Report once a year, in the fall.

FSC www.fsc.org MIX Paper from responsible sources FSC® C018210

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TRACK PLANS LEAP FORWARD

An anonymous donor has honored the Maqubelas' tenth year at Groton School with a gift that will propel the goals in the school's new strategic framework, particularly the effort to build a track-and-field facility on campus.

Groton's strategic framework, adopted by the Board of Trustees in November 2021, focuses on inclusion, belonging, and student well-being. One section of the framework, "An Inclusive Campus," notes that a student's sense of belonging is enhanced by "academic, athletic, residential, and extracurricular experiences." The track-and-field program has grown significantly—44 percent between 2014 and 2022. It is a sport without barriers, requiring no prior training and no special equipment for the participant. Groton's team has remained competitive, despite practicing at a nearby high school's track.

The anonymous gift, of $3.5 million, is a matching gift to motivate other donors. Besides building the track, fundraising efforts intend to complete the endowment of the GRACE (GRoton Accelerate Challenge Enrich) summer program and to continue to endow the ongoing work of inclusion and tuition containment through GRAIN 2.0 (GRoton Affordability and INclusion 2.0).

GRAIN, adopted as the school's number-one strategic priority in 2014 and expanded as part of the recent strategic framework, has ensured that Groton welcomes all deserving students, without regard to their ability to pay, and has demonstrated a remarkable model of tuition containment—freezing tuition for three years and keeping tuition increases below 1.5 percent in the years since. For the 2022–23 school year, Groton has the lowest tuition among forty peer schools; it has become recognized as a leader among independent schools in inclusion and tuition containment.

The new track-and-field facility will be a tangible piece of Groton's focus on belonging. A small committee of trustees, faculty, and staff is working with the consulting firm that managed the 2015 Schoolhouse renovation to finalize the track project and create a timeline.

"Completing a track for Groton School is just one way we hope to honor the significant impact that Temba and Vuyelwa Maqubela have had as they start their tenth year at Groton," said Board of Trustees President Benjamin Pyne '77, P'12, '15. "The extent to which our visionary headmaster has transformed life on the Circle is frankly extraordinary. I know that every trustee is proud to be a part of the Maqubelas' legacy."

Alesandra Powell '22

CORRECTIONS

In New Releases (Spring 2022 *Quarterly*), the write-up about *Unanswerable Questions, Ambiguity & Interpersonhood* by Andrew P. Porter '64 referred in error to David rather than Andrew. David Porter '72 is unrelated to the author. We regret the error.

LETTERS

THE PHOTO of Junie O'Brien's gloves on the back cover of the recent *Quarterly* brought to mind a lovely memory I have of Junie O'Brien. I remember sitting on the grass near the baseball field after baseball practice and before supper watching Junie and Jim Waugh hit fly balls to each other just for the fun of catching them. Possibly one or two student ball players were involved, too. I appreciated watching two "masters" relaxing to enjoy their love of baseball.

I was not a ball player myself, but I could understand how others could enjoy using their skills.

—*Charlie Hudson '54*

Christopher Temerson

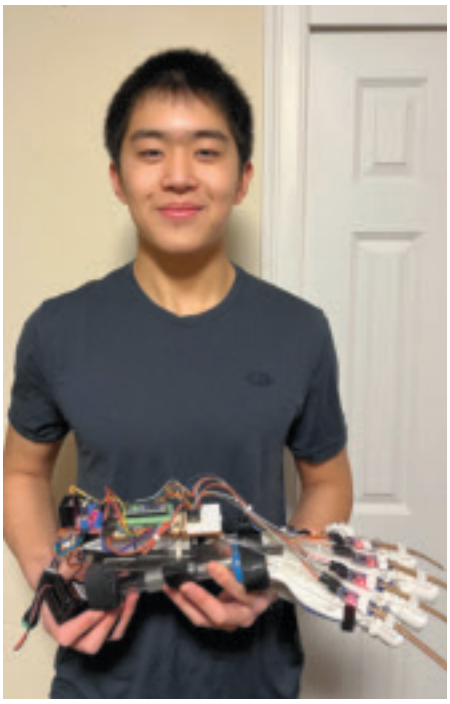
Students marched from St. John's Chapel to the Schoolhouse carrying flags representing their homelands and family heritages. They held aloft flags from forty-one nations—Australia, Bermuda, Botswana, Brazil, Bulgaria, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, the Czech Republic, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Ethiopia, France, Ghana, Greece, Haiti, India, Ireland, Japan, Kenya, Kuwait, Mexico, Nepal, Nigeria, North Korea, Palestine, Peru, the Philippines, Poland, Senegal, Singapore, South Africa, South Korea, Sweden, Switzerland, Syria, Trinidad & Tobago, Uganda, Ukraine, the United Kingdom, and the United States. A student also carried the Groton School flag, representing the home shared by all.

Forty-nine GRACE Scholars were on campus this summer for four weeks of academic challenge—the largest in-person enrollment since the program began in 2016.

All GRACE classes are led by Groton School faculty, and this summer's group included Headmaster Temba Maqubela, who taught chemistry. For the first time, the program offered classes in World Languages in addition to the usual Latin, science, math, and history courses. Eight teaching assistants included seven 2022 graduates and one 2021 grad; three of the eight were GRACE Scholars themselves.

Christopher Temerson

STUDENT RECEIVES INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE AWARD



Eric Ge '24 with his award-winning robotic arm

Eric Ge '24 received a fourth-place award in the prestigious 2022 Regeneron International Science and Engineering Fair (ISEF) last spring, in the biomedical engineering category. Before that, he took home the grand prize in the Massachusetts Region IV Science Fair.

His winning invention? A robotic arm to help stroke victims grasp objects. His inspiration? A seventh-grade math teacher.

The teacher in Beijing had become partially paralyzed after a car accident, and Eric, just thirteen at the time, found himself pondering how he might help. The summer after Third Form at Groton, Eric began puttering around in a maker space at a local community center back home, developing a prototype for a hand that could grasp objects when injury or stroke impeded natural movement.

His first prototype was simple: motors and finger anchors, demonstrating a straightforward grab-and-release. Eric's second prototype used more sophisticated sensors, improving the function. He had analyzed products on the market that were bulky and heavy, and streamlined his device by using sturdy yet light fishing line. Mini motors connected to fingertip anchors, mimicking the action of a human tendon.

Over last Christmas vacation, he developed a third version, including an app that allows the user to better control the device, as well as an algorithm to evaluate the patient's stage of recovery. That resulted in his ISEF entry: "A Robotic Hand Orthosis and Novel Automatic Brunnstrom Evaluation for Stroke Patients." Eric completed much of his project in Groton's Fab Lab, with support from science teacher Stephen Belsky.

ISEF 2022 had approximately 1,750 finalists from sixty-three countries, competing in twenty-one categories. In biomedical engineering, Eric competed against eighty-two finalists from around the world. Two of them earned first-place awards, four placed second, seven placed third, and nine, including Eric, placed fourth.

Eric is already on to his next project—a device to help feed people with upper body paralysis. He plans to use artificial intelligence to teach a robotic arm to adjust its movements to different food types and to track the user's face. His motivation remains the same: imagining the people who might someday benefit from his inventions.

"200 Women"

In the de Menil Gallery through November 10

Photographs of women from around the world: a selection of images from the 200 Women Project

Open weekdays 9:00 a.m.–3:00 p.m. (closed Wednesdays) and weekends 11:00 a.m.–4:00 p.m.; closed during school holidays

THANK YOU, Mrs. Harlan

Former Groton Associate Head of School Megan Harlan, now head of Fountain Valley School in Colorado, is at least the thirty-fifth Groton faculty member to become a head of school. Several students whom Mrs. Harlan advised or shepherded through the college process during her nine years at Groton shared these memories.

Tom Kates

Mrs. Harlan was a selfless advocate for every student and an incredible model of female leadership on campus. I witnessed her ability to empower every student to have confidence in their academics, but more so in their power to contribute to the greater good. She perfectly balanced her role guiding us through the rigorous process while allowing us the independence to make our own choices.

Her efforts to truly know every one of her advisees did not go unnoticed, whether in her office, the dorm, or the Dining Hall. I hold fond memories of our long conversations during her dorm duty in Hamlin's. I was also lucky enough to have her in class [for a tutorial], where I learned of her infectious wisdom and passion for equality and human rights. She has inspired many of my pursuits in college, and I feel so fortunate to have known her as a teacher and mentor on campus.

—Grace Mumford '21

Mrs. Harlan was one of those rare people I could go to with any problem, college-related or not, and know that she would help me find a solution. She truly had students' best interests at heart, and the respect other faculty members had for her was always obvious to me. As a person, college counselor, leader, coach, and overall mentor, Mrs. Harlan will be dearly missed. Her calm and encouraging presence during my college process and the COVID pandemic allowed me to enjoy a difficult senior year. I wish Mrs. Harlan all the best and cannot wait to see what her vast skill set will allow her to do in the future!

—Russell Thorndike '21

Ms. Harlan is a very patient and understanding woman who loved doing her job. I am extremely grateful that she was my college counselor because she essentially held my hand through all of the difficult parts of the process and helped me stay on top of my to-do list. Long story short, she's the best.

—Ben Jones '22

I want to thank Mrs. Harlan for our meetings and always being someone I looked forward to catching up with, all while helping me find my place in the college process—not to mention always having Jolly Ranchers for me to snack on in her office! I cannot thank her enough for all the big and small things she's done for me.

—Elizabeth Girian '20

While I was studying remotely in Hong Kong during the pandemic, my many one-on-one meetings with Mrs. Harlan on Zoom gave me hope about the college process and provided me with a closer connection to the rest of the Groton community.

—Derek Hu '21

I really cannot thank Mrs. Harlan enough for guiding me through the college admissions process and lightening my load during a stressful time. After feeling dissatisfied with the schools on my list, I told Mrs. Harlan that I wanted college to feel like an adventure, so she suggested going abroad. She walked me through what I needed to do for international applications and then handed me some Maltesers, which she had brought back from a recent trip to the UK. Walking down the hall with the creamy crackle of Maltesers between my teeth and an exciting new path in sight, I felt a burden lifted off my shoulders.

—Sophie Park '19

I spent much of my Sixth Form fall sitting in Mrs. Harlan's office, agonizing over college. The stress of being a normal student was compounded by application deadlines, standardized test scores, and the herculean task of writing the perfect college essay, not to mention the pressure of being a Sixth Former during COVID. Ms. Harlan was one of the few people who helped keep me grounded. She was firm in reminding me that not all hope was lost and to stay true to myself. When situations go amiss, I try to emulate her careful problem-solving and devoted leadership. I am grateful for our time spent together and all of her wisdom. Mrs. Harlan, I wish you the best in your next wonderful chapter. We're all rooting for you.

—Edwina Polynice '21

Mrs. Harlan made the college process and my time at Groton one hundred times better and more manageable. She was so supportive and understanding and did her best to make everyone's life easier during a pretty stressful time. I remember constantly going down to her office in a state of complete panic and then leaving feeling so much calmer because she always knew exactly what to say! Outside of being a college counselor, Mrs. Harlan was also an incredible advocate for all students. I always felt comfortable approaching her with any problems I was having, with regard to college and personal. I'll forever be grateful to Mrs. Harlan for everything she did!

—Leah Pothel '21

Mrs. Harlan pushed me to think differently and to become a better version of myself. I am immensely grateful for the impact she has had on me and the trajectory of my education.

—Luke Benedict '21

Mrs. Harlan was a gift to Groton. She was my college counselor, but more importantly, she was my mentor and friend. During our college meetings, we would talk about life, my passion for stagecraft, and my documentary series project. I never felt the need to prove myself to her, as she could see talent and potential in every one of her students. But Mrs. Harlan never sugarcoated. She'd joke about the classes I struggled in and laugh when I freaked out. Yet it was her brutal honesty that allowed me to trust her every step of the way. My gratitude toward her is endless.

—Yuen Ning Chang '21

Dating back to the beginning, when I didn't know Megan at all, on Revisit Day she said, "I sit in on faculty review of every child from day one, and I know your child by the time the stressful college application topic comes up." Mrs. Harlan was one of the reasons Cara chose to attend Groton. Fast-forward to our college application time: Mrs. Harlan told us (the parents) to be silent in the backseat. Cara is the driver, Mrs. Harlan sits in the front seat, and I silently sit in the back. My flaw is that I don't often follow instructions, but I faithfully followed Mrs Harlan's. She's powerful!

—Chris Kim P'20

HEADMASTER NAMES Three New Deans

At his opening faculty chapel, Headmaster Temba Maqubela announced the elevation of three new faculty positions in support of inclusion, globalism, and other core values of the school.

Explaining that inclusion, his signature emphasis since joining Groton in 2013, is moving along the continuum toward belonging—the focus of the school's new strategic framework—the headmaster announced the new position of Dean of Diversity, Inclusion, & Belonging. The new dean, English Department Head Sravani Sen-Das, was previously Director of Diversity and Inclusion.

Mr. Maqubela said he chose the title of "Dean" to "underscore the scholarly and academic approach that deans bring to their work." He noted Ms. Sen-Das' "exemplary" efforts, with strategically organized faculty groups, "to keep Groton's curriculum dynamic rather than static."

Ms. Sen-Das said the new position "validates and puts at the center the collective effort of many students and faculty who've been working tirelessly on inclusion. I am excited to keep the momentum going."

Turning to Groton's core pillar of globalism, Mr. Maqubela also announced Groton's first Dean of Globalism and Experiential Learning. Nishad Das, a math teacher and coach, had been Director of Global Education, a position that began with a focus on orchestrating the school's Global Education Opportunities (GEOs) and moved toward building a strategic, integrated program of global (and local) awareness. "I look forward to collaborating with faculty and students in this new position to promote a global perspective for our students and encourage interdisciplinary learning initiatives amongst our faculty," said Mr. Das.

The third announcement celebrated Kate Machan's new position as Groton's Dean of Strategic Operations. Ms. Machan previously was Special Assistant to the Headmaster and Director of GRAIN (GRoton Affordability and INclusion) Operations. "Kate has been the point person when it comes to institutional research, logistics (including around the pandemic) … and is also our resident legal scholar," Mr. Maqubela said. She will work with trustees, the Office of Development and Alumni Affairs, the Business Office, the Communications Office, and the headmaster.

"I look forward to collaborating with colleagues across campus to continue the advancement of Groton's strategic priorities, securing the gains achieved through the success of GRAIN and maintaining the focus on inclusion and belonging," Ms. Machan said.

New deans: Sravani Sen-Das, Nishad Das, and Kate Machan

GROTON SCHOOL extends a warm welcome to our new faculty members, who bring both experience and fresh perspective to departments ranging from counseling and art to history and English.

Peter Benedict
Woodshop

Midori Ishizuka
History

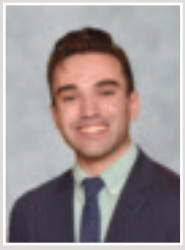
Lyne Saddlie Joseph
Counseling and Psychological Services

Dylan Madden
History teaching fellow

Bridget Moore
Associate Director of College Counseling

Peter Newcomb
Director of College Counseling

Christian Papadellis
English teaching fellow


Matt Phillips
English teaching fellow

Paul Ryan
Director of Major Gifts

Jing Xu
Chinese
(sabbatical replacement)

Michael Curtis ’80

A Doctor in War-Torn Ukraine

Michael Curtis, right, operating on a patient in Ukraine

As Russia’s war against Ukraine unfolded, **Michael Curtis ’80** knew he couldn’t just watch from the hospital where he practiced medicine in Maine. He wanted to be of use—in person, over there.

In the nineties, he’d been part of Doctors Without Borders in Bosnia and Bangladesh (and received Groton *Cui Servire Est Regnare* Award in 1999). In the decades since, he’d become a husband and father, and a doctor comfortable with the modern tools and technology of his trade. But he was becoming disillusioned facing his computer screen more than his patients and itched to be of service in a place that truly needed it.

“I reached out to a number of contacts, including my friend and formmate [2010 *Cui Servire* Award recipient] George Biddle, who has long been involved with the International Rescue Committee. George asked if I didn’t think I might be a little old for this kind of work,” the fifty-nine-year-old urologist recalled with a laugh. Michael decided he wasn’t.

He headed to Ukraine with Global Response Management, an international medical NGO, earlier this year. He assumed he’d be positioned in Poland or perhaps Western Ukraine, far from the violence of the front. But his group was sent from Poland to Kyiv, and then suddenly even closer to danger. “We were halfway from the border to Kyiv when the Ukrainian Ministry of Health requested instead that we go southeast to Mykolaiv,” he said, naming a city in southern Ukraine.

He eventually ended up there, about ten miles from the Russian front. “From the seventh floor of the hospital, I could see two areas that were Russian occupied,” he recalled. “We were not within reach of small-arms fire. The risk to us personally was from shelling.”

Protected by thick walls in a hospital constructed during the Soviet era, Michael worked alongside local surgeons and a former U.S. Army Green Beret medic to provide emergency care for wounded Ukrainians. Humanitarian groups in a conflict setting are expected not to care for combatants, to preserve aid workers’ neutrality. “But an invasion of a sovereign nation creates ethical challenges,” said Michael. “Who is a combatant?”

Many in Ukraine, he added, are only half a generation removed from poverty and just beginning to see what was possible as a nation; they are fueled by defiance and determination to liberate their country. “A lot of people don’t fit in either category completely, military or civilian,” he explained. “It’s not black and white.” Villagers may set up sandbags at checkpoints—either spontaneously or as part of the territorial defense. “If they get injured, are they a combatant because they are wearing a uniform?” he mused. “I chose to consider anyone who arrived at the hospital as a patient, period.”

Michael was already growing aware of the political

complexity of the world when he came to Groton in Fourth Form. At the time, he was more inclined toward political science than medical science; he was learning about global conflict and the Greatest Generation, while also aware of the role first-world diplomacy and isolationism play on the world stage. The desk next to his in the Schoolroom was inscribed with FDR's initials, and he took to heart the school's service motto, *Cui servire est regnare*.

He expected he'd study international relations in college. At Yale, he took a course on African history, then took time off to travel and volunteer in East Africa. When he met some European physicians in Kenya, something clicked. "I thought, OK, this is how I get to be in this part of the world, places I really love, where the medical needs appear straightforward and you can feel like you're making a difference," he said. "But all I could do at that point was discuss political theory and economic development. So I went back and started taking sciences in my junior year with the idea of going back and getting involved in medicine in places like Africa."

He now estimates that he's been to Africa a dozen times; for a while he held a medical license in Zambia. In addition to Bangladesh and Bosnia, he worked with refugees from Kosovo in Macedonia. He described his work in Tuzla, Bosnia, when it was cut off from the outside world in 1993, during the Bosnian War, as "the most satisfying work of my life …

"It was supporting people who felt forgotten and abandoned," he explained. "I was in Mykoliav and Tuzla ostensibly just to provide medical care, but by our physical presence in difficult times, I think the most important thing our teams left behind in both places was hope."

Since 2010, when he moved from Vermont to Maine, Michael had been increasingly disillusioned with the practice of medicine, feeling pressure to spend more time with paperwork than patients. "In our U.S. health system today, there is an emphasis on algorithms and regulations and checking boxes, but it sacrifices empathy and intuition," he said. "The dogma presently is that only actions which can be measured have value. Younger doctors are better at multitasking and using electronic medical records, but I do worry that they may miss some of the little signs and indicators that come from taking that extra time with a patient."

In Ukraine, Michael rediscovered his original passion at the intersection of healing, culture, and service. Two months after he returned, he resigned from the hospital where he had worked for the past eleven years.

"While difficult at times, my experience in Ukraine revived my passion to practice medicine and surgery. I really think that I was the lucky one who had the opportunity to be there," he said. "Going to Ukraine helped me remember that what I'm pretty good at is adapting to different cultures and different environments and creatively thinking of ways to solve a problem. I cannot measure much of the work we did in Ukraine, but I damn well know that it was of value."

"I feel satisfaction and freedom in performing service. Now that I'm older, I realize how lucky I was to attend Groton, where the idea of service, in whatever form that might take, is supported and nurtured."

—*Nichole Bernier*

Below left: "I normally do not pose with patients," said Dr. Curtis, "but both of these patients said they wanted the world to know what was happening. The woman on the left was in her garden when a shell landed and she had shrapnel in both legs, right arm, and abdomen. We performed a double, below-knee amputation on the man on the right a couple of days earlier."

Below right: Michael Curtis (far right) with his wife, Margaret, and three sons on April 1, 2022, the day he departed

If you are interested in discussing ways to support the people of Ukraine, feel free to contact Michael at mrudgec@gmail.com.

Dwight Hopkins ’72

Academic, Theologian, Capitalist

Dwight, Jade, and Dwight II

Dwight Hopkins ’72 had planned to go to business school after graduating from Harvard University in 1976, but he thought he should get some real-life experience first. So he and a friend packed their sleeping bags, drove to Harlem, moved into a tenement, and “started helping people out.”

Working odd jobs to support themselves, he and his friend performed all kinds of services—helping residents negotiate with bill collectors, advocating for them at City Hall, persuading the gas company to keep the heat on in winter. Soon one year became five, and Dwight decided to reconsider his dream of earning an MBA.

“I always wanted to make an impact,” he recalled. “I’ve always wanted to gather resources and build communities.” That was instilled in him early as the son and grandson of small businessmen and “commonsense Baptists” in Virginia whose forebears were enslaved.

Dwight initially planned to become an investment banker working with developing countries, but his time on the streets of Harlem evoked the Groton School motto, *Cui servire est regnare*. He chose to enroll in a nearby seminary instead.

Dwight said he chose the Union Theological Seminary in Upper Manhattan because “it understood theology is from the bottom up. I was always concerned about how spirituality and larger issues integrate themselves into people’s daily lives.”

During his seven years at seminary, he studied liberation theology and Black theology. He earned master’s degrees in divinity and philosophy and a doctorate in philosophy before embarking on a career as an academic theologian in 1988. In addition to writing twenty-one books and many articles over the past thirty-four years, he earned a second PhD and an executive MBA in venture capital and global corporate leadership. Dwight is now the Alexander Campbell Professor at the University of Chicago Divinity School, where he has been a faculty member since 1996. He

has taught courses as varied as "Black Women and Faith" and "Social Entrepreneurship."

He also founded and managed the International Association of Black Religions and Spiritualities, a fourteen-country, nonprofit start-up focused on youth education and women's advocacy, which was active between 2005 and 2013. His initial impetus for creating the organization, funded by a Ford Foundation grant, was the desire to build a global network of "darker skinned peoples who are seeing the relationships between religion, families, and resources or wealth," Hopkins said.

Now he's added venture capitalist and private-equity advisor to his CV. He heads a new venture capital firm called D2Venture, LLC, which is raising $10 million for a fund that will invest in entrepreneurs aged 20 to 30—mostly people of color—who are launching educational technology companies in the United States.

The D2Venture marries Dwight's interests in the humanities and in business with the possibility of providing greater educational opportunities to youth. "I'm excited about the number of young people who are trying to use resources to better the country and the world," he said. But the difficulty they—and the country as a whole—face is how to end "the almost unyielding bitterness toward people who differ politically and ideologically. That pains my heart tremendously.

"I'm troubled and challenged about how we can create a community where people can be radically and viscerally opposed but aren't trying to destroy the other persons and their families," said Dwight, who characterizes himself as a pragmatic progressive who believes "there should be room for opposition."

A one-time member of the same Chicago church as Barack Obama, Dwight had some experience with political controversy in 2008 when candidate Obama was criticized for some controversial remarks the church's pastor had made in a sermon five years earlier. In an interview with National Public Radio at the time, Dwight explained that when the Reverend Jeremiah Wright preached, "Not God *bless* America! God *damn* America—that's in the Bible—for killing innocent people," the pastor was using the word "damn" as it was meant in the original Hebrew. "It means a sacred condemnation by God to a wayward nation who has strayed from issues of justice, strayed from issues of peace, strayed from issues of reconciliation," Dwight told NPR. His takeaway from that episode, he said recently, "is that it's even more imperative now to listen to voices that are different."

Reflecting on his years at Groton, where he was one of only three Southerners and twelve Blacks at the time, Dwight realizes what he couldn't see then—that his high school years were preparing him to be a leader. "*Cui servire*, it really is that," he said. "I always felt I was going to do something positive, and Groton was really able to hone that and advance that for me."

—*Kathleen Clute*

» "I'm troubled and challenged about **how we can create a community where people can be radically and viscerally opposed but aren't trying to** destroy the other persons and their families."

At Reunion: Dwight Hopkins '72, Robin Key, David Key '72, David Porter '72, Chris LaFarge '72, and Vicki LaFarge

Pia Hargrove ’96 and Jennifer Stager ’96

Accessing History

Pia and Jennifer

At the 2021 Venice Biennale, one of the most buzzworthy installations reimagined the Acropolis through the lens of human disability. It was the handiwork of a collaboration of curators and performers—including long-term friends and former Groton roommates **Pia Hargrove ’96** and **Jennifer Stager ’96**.

Both are educators: Pia, a social worker, activist, and speaker, is an adjunct assistant professor at the Silver School of Social Work at New York University. Jennifer, a longtime student of ancient Mediterranean art, history, and language, is assistant professor in the History of Art Department at Johns Hopkins University.

Jennifer has always been fascinated with how life was experienced by a diverse range of people, so when New School Professor of Architecture David Gissen, who is known for both his work on the ancient Acropolis and his insights into disability, asked her to participate in a Biennale project, she signed on eagerly. Joining in were University of Pennsylvania art historian and professor Mantha Zarmakoupi, Gallaudet University assistant professor and interpreter Christopher Tester, and Pia.

Originally, the roughly five-mile path to the Acropolis—now considered one of the most notoriously inaccessible historic architectural sites—was a wide

» Jen and Pia knew they would work well together because they'd been friends and collaborators since Third Form, when they'd sneak over their cube walls to talk after hours.

series of ramps shared by the polis, a community walkway from the city up to the buildings on top of the rock. A second-century writer's mention of a stone seat at the top suggests that such stones along the path would have offered ancient visitors a place to rest as they made the trek.

More recently, a narrow, switchback path took modern-day visitors up to the Acropolis, with a separate elevator for those with restricted mobility. "As David's work has shown, the difference between the original ramps, which no longer exist, and this nineteenth-century, winding, romantic pathway is just a very different story," Jennifer explained. "The ancient central ramps were wide and communal, while the 19th century path was narrow and designed for a person climbing up the rock alone."

The Biennale art installation, *An Archeology of Disability*, threw a spotlight not only on who can experience the past, in its current form, but on how we think about people with disabilities as part of history. "One of the things I'm interested in is how we think about, and how we access, objects that no longer have a material presence—or whose material presence is really different from what we see today," Jennifer said. Matters of difference and accommodation have personal meaning for Jennifer: her husband lives with long-term disabilities as a result of a serious fall.

The exhibit consisted of a ramp model, stone seating representative of the resting places on the arduous walk, mounted photography, and a film (*Semata, Signs*) performed in American and Greek sign languages with Pia's accompanying audio description.

Pia, known for her powerful voice and natural gravitas, can motivate a range of people. Public speaking is a large part of her social work and her roles as community cultivator, political activist, and professor. Jen and Pia knew they would work well together because they'd been friends and collaborators since Third Form, when they'd sneak over their cube walls to talk after hours.

Pia wondered about voicing the script in this international context. "I definitely have a discernible accent and intonation—people know right away I'm from Brooklyn," she said. "The voice associated with ancient Greece and Rome is so often an older British man. And this changes the way the audience receives it." But Pia's voice had the energetic cadence that the audio description needed to speak such change.

Acropolis and academics aside, Jennifer and Pia credit some enduring life lessons to Parlor and their experience as Lower School prefects. "Going into Parlor with [former Headmaster Bill] Polk was part of the academic experience—how important social interaction is to the collective success," said Pia.

Of her time working closely with Mr. Polk as a house prefect, Pia added, "He would basically cultivate our leadership, and that affected how we went on to move through all the spaces of the world."

—*Nichole Bernier*

Jennifer and Pia, top, at the Center for Architecture in NYC; bottom, the exhibit installed in Pisa. In October, they collaborated on "Making Signs: Creative Work and Disability Justice," a workshop at Johns Hopkins' Diversity and Inclusion Conference.

Photographs by Adam Richins

PRIZE DAY 2022

"Be the light." Prize Day keynote speaker Senator Kirsten Gillibrand appealed to the Form of 2022 on June 5, 2022, asking the graduates to be courageous, serve others, and recognize the "exceptional responsibility to spread the light you carry."

Eighty-five graduates celebrated their Groton education during the morning ceremony, embracing the insights of U.S. Senator Gillibrand, as well as wise messages from Board of Trustees President Ben Pyne '77, P'12, '15; Headmaster Temba Maqubela; and student-elected speaker Steven Pang '22.

In his remarks, Mr. Pyne shared one of the most powerful moments he experienced during his long career at Disney, when an ESPN president played a video of company successes, then followed it with a sobering video account of company failures.

The room of executives was braced for admonition but got a surprise when the leader said he was prouder of the initiatives that failed. "It showed that we were willing to try, to think out of the box, to go well beyond our comfort zone, and through it we learned and grew as individuals and as a company," Mr. Pyne said.

The board president counseled graduates to define themselves on their own terms, not someone else's, and to be open to possibility. "Please, do not be timid about exploring new horizons or trying something because you think you may not be good at it or fail," he said. "All too often we get bogged down with that word and fear stigma, and allow it to determine what we should do or try."

Headmaster Maqubela lauded the Form of 2022 for what they have endured and experienced—including COVID protocols that allowed in-person classes without interruption since fall 2020, the installation of busts representing women and people of color in the Schoolroom, and the opening of Groton's first net-zero building. He then asked them to use their Groton education to better the world. "Groton has equipped you to play your part," he said. "Impact starts with the individual."

Steven Pang '22, elected by his peers to deliver the student Prize Day address, noted the humility that comes from going to school alongside enormously talented peers and reflected on the power that some of them will one day assume. "Groton teaches us that it's not the magnitude of power that matters, but the direction. That the greatest weapon a Grotonian possesses is not in our brains or in our wallets, but in our hearts. We, unlike most of the world, have been given the opportunity to shed our self-deception and set our crosshairs firmly on the pursuit of love and compassion."

After the speeches and the awarding of prizes and diplomas, the headmaster—like every headmaster before him—told the graduates to "Go well!" Eighty-five straw boaters then sailed skyward, and off went the Form of 2022.

1. Leah and Alex Canellakis and Lidia Spada
2. Griffin Johnson
3. Elechi '18, Sobenna, and Pamela Egwuekwe
4. Alva, Logan, and Gail Taylor
5. Stanislas Robert, Patty Eldredge, Rami Hahami, Stanley Spence, and Jared Gura
6. Allison Jiang, Lidia Spada, and Jacinta Lopez
7. Julia Lin
8. Erik '88, Letitia, and Anna Caspersen
9. Hokeun, Evan, and Soo Hyun Cheigh
10. Wally Capen

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2022

"Be the Light"

U.S. Senator Kirsten Gillibrand, mother of Theodore Gillibrand '22, delivered the following keynote address:

Good morning, everybody. I'm delighted to be here. Thank you to Headmaster Maqubela, President Pyne, the Board of Trustees, the faculty and staff, and to all the parents and families who are here to celebrate. And congratulations to the Form of 2022! I'm very proud of each one of you. Graduating from one of the most selective, rigorous, and prestigious institutions of learning in this county is no small feat.

I know you've been through a lot these past couple years. But through it all you stayed resilient. You adapted. That resiliency will define you, and this entire generation. And perhaps that drive and dedication will be the one thing you will need most in the years to come.

You are graduating with what will likely be fewer rights than the generations before you, when a woman or transgender person could be arrested or even jailed for making choices about his or her own body. You are graduating at a time when climate change, student loan debt, gun violence, and the rising cost of living are making life more difficult and dangerous than in previous generations.

And yet I have tremendous faith in you. I have faith that what you've learned throughout the past few years has given you the grit and resilience you'll need to meet these challenges head-on. Together, you are full of light and hope—you have already shown incredible generosity to each other and the world.

But with the many privileges and advantages that you enjoy, you also have exceptional responsibility to spread the light you carry. But what does that actually mean?

The Gospel calls believers to be the "light of the world" and teaches that "the light shines in the darkness and the darkness has not overcome it." The Jewish tradition looks to the book of Psalms: "For with you is the fountain of life; in your light, we see light." The Qur'an tells its believers, "light upon light, God guides whomever he wills to his light." The Buddhists believe "if one lights a fire for others, one will brighten one's own way." Sacred Hindu text asks, "light us every day with loving kindness."

Beyond faith traditions, thought leaders often speak about it. MLK Jr. explained, "Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that." Maya Angelou perfectly stated, "If one has courage, nothing can dim the light which shines from within."

For each of you, in the years to come, focus on being that one voice in every conversation who urges the right thing, the one who finds common ground, who eases the tensions of the moment. To be the light in the room means giving to others and serving those most in need. Leading through service is hard—you need to know and understand the views of those around you—you need to spend more time listening than talking. And remember, it does not need to be a big gesture every time. Sometimes it's the smallest, simplest thing—making the loner feel welcome, offering a kind word instead of staying silent.

Offering just one example, and I promise this will be the only time I call him out, I want to share how I see my son Theo's potential. Despite all his successes over the many years, I'm most proud of him for caring about his younger team members by staying on the JV soccer team his senior year. By that one simple decision, he paid it forward, like the Sixth Formers who did that for him when he was a Third Former—to make their experience fun and rewarding and a source of love and camaraderie, when it could have been something entirely different. Thank you, Theo, for that first step to put others before yourself and lead through service.

I've spent the last fifty-five years figuring out what being the light means to me—and I'm still thinking about it. But to speed you on your own journey, I'm offering you today some very simple guideposts that can be remembered as my CONGRATS to you.

C stands for having courage. We are often called to be bold, brave, and courageous. Even more importantly, we

are often placed in situations and challenges because we are called for exactly that moment in time to be brave, and stand up for someone or a principle or a goal. We can never know why we are called to a certain time and place to speak up or fight hard or make a difference, but look for those moments.

For Harriet Tubman, it was when she was twenty-seven and decided not only to escape from enslavement, but to go back over and over to save her family and others, and to be the greatest conductor on the Underground Railroad. For Teddy Roosevelt, it was when he created the United States Forest Service, establishing 150 national forests, placing approximately 230 million acres in public lands. For the Parkland kids, it was when they marched on Washington and said "never again." What will that moment be for each one of you?

O is for opportunity. Be open to every opportunity, take risks, and never fear failure. Failure is instructive. Abraham Lincoln was one of the biggest failures before being one of our nation's most important presidents. He lost seven elections—once for state legislature, twice for speaker of the Illinois House, once for Congress, twice for the U.S. Senate, and once for vice president—all before he ran for president and won. He said, "The probability that we may fall in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause we believe to be just." Serena Williams knew this and never accepted failure; despite years of discrimination, she persevered and paved the way for Black women in tennis for generations. "It takes a setback to get you jump-started and on your way," she once wrote.

I largely learned this lesson when I was your age—and it's only proved true my whole life. At your age, I played tennis for my high school team, and in college I learned squash and played for Dartmouth. As every athlete knows, you get better every time you play, win or lose, and losses teach you more because you know where you have to improve. In my senior year, I was undefeated—but I do not remember the victories, I remember all the formative losses where I had to play through tears and embarrassment of being so outmatched. Those failures made me a better player.

That's been just as true in the U.S. Senate. I've been working for nearly a decade trying to change the military justice system—and I've fought with colleagues like Lindsey Graham every year. But through that battle, we found common ground in a related place—getting rid of mandatory arbitration clauses in employment contracts, so if you are sexually assaulted or harassed in the workplace you can seek justice in the court of law. That one area of agreement between me and Lindsey was just signed into law, changing 60 million employment contracts overnight.

Trying, failing, starting again differently with a different tack, just made me better, stronger, and smarter. And windows were opened where doors were shut. You just need to be open to all those opportunities.

N is for nature. We must enjoy the natural world and protect our planet—it will be the source of our own renewal and the greatest hope for the future. Studies show that spending time in nature enhances one's health and well-being. In Japan, people spend time walking in the forest to clear their thinking and improve their health—it's called *shinrin yoku* or "forest bathing." Ladies like me are encouraged to do so when we go to fancy spas! But for you, it's pretty simple: unplug, step away from your computers, go on hikes, stroll on a beach, jump in a lake, walk barefoot in the grass.

For your generation and the next, there is no greater ambition to build hope for the future than stopping or

> **"Failure is instructive. Abraham Lincoln was one of the biggest failures before being one of our nation's most important presidents.**

Katie Resendiz, Aine Ley, Calie Messina, Hannah Gold, Ashley Rosenbloom, Letitia Caspersen, and Grace Crowley

stalling global climate change. As of today, almost every country has pledged to reach net zero emissions by 2050, but almost none are on track to reach it. Three of the last seven years have been the hottest on record. Experts estimate that droughts and flooding will increase, storms will be more violent and destructive, and within fifty years, up to 3 billion people will be living in climate conditions deemed unsuitable for human life to flourish. Will you help us solve this problem for our children, our grandchildren, our great-grandchildren and all of humankind?

G is for gratitude. Gratitude is perhaps the most powerful way to spread light into the world. When you start each day from a place of counting your blessings and seeing the good around you, it becomes infectious. If you're the kid who is always looking on the bright side, or noticing what's wonderful about the moment or people around you—you are the one people want to be with.

If you're not that person, you certainly can be. Whenever you feel overwhelmed or anxious, start thinking about what you are most grateful for—I call it the grateful game—and I do it with my family, my staff, or anyone who knows me well. It's the biggest mood changer I know. Start your day with three things you are grateful for—maybe even write them down and keep a gratitude journal—and think about them. You will see how quickly your mood changes when you focus on what you have and love, and not on what you don't have or hate.

Hopefully, all of you spend much of today thanking your teachers, counselors, and family for all the love and support they've given you these last four years.

R: Reflection, discernment, and wisdom. Wisdom has a unique power to light our paths. How does one acquire discernment or wisdom? You can reflect or meditate on it; pray for it; ask for help from those who are older, wiser, and more knowledgeable; read books; listen to teachers, coaches, or faith or thought leaders.

I know this may provoke an eye roll, but it's really important to take time to talk to your parents, grandparents, older and wiser family members, or whomever in your life you look to for advice. They've lived a full life. They've made every mistake at least once. Always stay curious, use your imagination, learn by doing, and seek answers.

A is for ambition in the face of adversity. First of all, dream big. Don't let anyone ever limit your choices, your vision, or your dreams. If you can imagine it, you can be it. One of the most successful business owners in the world is a woman who had an idea for women's undergarments. She wanted a product for herself that hadn't been invented yet. Sara Blakely was the youngest self-made billionaire when her company Spanx sold the must-have items for women everywhere. She said, "Whatever you can think, you can create: just have a very clear vision ... Once you have your snapshot, work on filling in the blanks to get to that place."

Second, never ever give up. It's literally the only time you're guaranteed to lose. You must decide to keep trying and endure, and keep moving forward. Renowned physicist Marie Curie said, "Life is not easy for any of us. But what of that? We must have perseverance and above all confidence in ourselves. We must believe that we are gifted for something and that this thing, at whatever cost, must be attained."

T is for Talents. Use your unique gifts and talents—do not hide them or ignore them. We each have been placed here at this time and this place to make a choice—a choice of whether to use our talents for ourselves or for the good of the world. Will you decide to help those most in need, solve big problems, or cure cancer?

Each one of you has a unique skill and gift to give—a superpower or two. Mine happen to be patience and positivity. They allow me to work for years with colleagues across the aisle on our shared interests and goals. I work with Senator Lummis, a conservative from Wyoming, on creating a base regulatory framework for cryptocurrencies and blockchain technologies; I work with Senator Ernst, a conservative from Iowa, on reforming the military justice system; I work with Senator Sasse, a conservative from Nebraska, on creating a national civilian cyber academy to train our next generation of cyber defenders tuition-free in exchange for five years of public service.

I can imagine all of you finding that place where you will make that difference. One option I hope you will all consider at some point in your life is to serve your community. The feeling of helping others, serving others, putting others before yourself is perhaps the most rewarding and empowering feeling one can ever have. Your light shines brighter, and it transforms you.

In its simplest terms, service is about love—loving your neighbor as yourself. If we all cared about one another, we would have much less stress, strife, and division and far greater happiness and productivity in society. It would revolutionize the economy and create a more hopeful future.

S: Seasons. Last, but not least, is a reminder that everything has a season. Some times are very good, and other times simply are not. But all seasons turn and pass. Your grandparents understand this well. They've lived it. But we do know pain and suffering do not last forever. In the end, all tears will be wiped away. And there will always be time for rejoicing.

And this is that joyous time to rejoice for each one of you. We must lift our eyes to the heavens in gratitude, to beam with pride and joy, and to let out that sigh of relief and that shout for victory of all that's been overcome!

To the Form of 2022, I offer these congratulations for today and for every step it took to get here. I look forward to all the amazing things that I know you will achieve not only in the next few years, but in your future lives. CONGRATS!

Power, with a Groton Twist

Members of the Form of 2022 chose Steven Pang '22 to deliver the student Prize Day speech.

Calie Messina

What is mass? What makes things heavy? How often do we think about that? Like, what actually makes this pencil weigh what it weighs? Well, if you ask a chemist, he might say it's the atoms in the pencil which make it heavy. But what good does that do? Because what gives these atoms mass? Maybe it's the quarks which make up the atoms. But what would make these quarks heavy? Until pretty recently, scientists had no idea where mass actually comes from. They just assumed, like any chemist would, that it just … was.

And then, in 1983, a couple physicists were studying the weak force—the force responsible for particle decay—when they realized that, somehow, the force they were studying had a mass. What does that even mean?! How can a force have mass!? Imagine if I pushed you; how could there be a mass associated with my action?

From this discovery—that forces have mass—scientists started thinking about what really makes something heavy. And, in 2012, they found what they were looking for. As it turns out, there is this field called the Higgs field which surrounds us all the time, and it gives us mass. You can think of it like this: imagine you are in a big room filled with Second Formers. You can probably get from one side to the other without too much trouble. But if you were carrying a box of pizza, the Second Formers would swarm you and it would be much harder to move. That's how the Higgs field works: the more metaphorical pizza you are carrying, the more you interact with the field, the heavier you are.

That's crazy! Because for all of human history we've just thought of mass as something elemental. I mean, I thought of mass as something elemental. And now we know that without the Higgs field this fundamental part of our universe just simply wouldn't exist.

Now, I bring up the Higgs boson for two reasons. The first is that, during a conversation a couple weeks ago, Mr. Maqubela mistakenly referred to me as a "humanities kid" and I've been outraged about that ever since. But the second reason is that the Higgs field explains one of the most fundamental properties of the universe—mass—and we never would've discovered it if not for a couple physicists studying the decay of subatomic particles. These

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physicists ventured into the subatomic world, a universe which few people ever get to explore, a world in which forces have mass, and from this wacky environment they pulled out insights which would redefine how we understand everything.

Every time someone is put in an unusual situation—an unconventional environment—they have the opportunity to extract extraordinary pieces of knowledge which are inaccessible to the rest of the world.

And in my eyes, we are scientists too: researchers who have spent the last four years of our lives studying one of the strangest, weirdest places on the face of the Earth: the Groton School. Just like the scientists, we've been given access to a special universe most people can only dream of. And, just like a universe where forces have mass, this rare, exceptional environment teaches us rare, extraordinary lessons—lessons which most people never get the opportunity to learn.

When Jia hurt his foot in the fall, the trainers told him he had to wear a boot for six weeks. It's been six months and he's still wearing it. And all his orthopedic doctors were baffled. He takes such good care of his ankle. He doesn't run, he limits his walking. What could be slowing down his recovery?

But if you've ever taken a picture with Jia, you'd know exactly why his foot hasn't healed. In every photo people take, no matter the circumstance, he is always on the tip of his toes, trying to add a good five inches to his height. It's literally an overuse injury. So no wonder he hasn't healed properly. Jia's burning need to feel taller than he is is the reason why he still wears a boot today.

But yesterday afternoon, Jia and I took a picture with the one and only Stanley Spence. And, as always, Jia stood up on the tip of his toes. And then he turns to his left, and Stanley is still towering over him. Forever cemented in the photograph is the pain, anguish, and defeat in Jia's eyes as he slumps back down to his normal height.

As much as we want to laugh at Jia, and as laughable as Jia is, all of us kind of act like that sometimes. Whether we like it or not, our perception of our own abilities informs our sense of self-worth. And since we'd all like to be more worthy than we are, we tend to step on our metaphorical tiptoes, even when it hurts us.

Ben Jones, Aidan Armaly, Max Noll, Bryan McLachlan, and Huck Jamison; right, Elyse Cabrera and Leah Canellakis

Jasmine Garcia

It's easier to persuade ourselves we are smart and brilliant if we have good grades: so we try to get good grades—often at the expense of actual learning. It's easier to persuade ourselves we are talented and special if we win official awards and get into an Ivy League school. And so we spend so much of our time chasing after these ultimately meaningless material symbols of excellence, trying to trick ourselves into thinking we're brighter or worthier than we really are.

The great thing about going to a school with so many smart, talented kids is that we get put in our place. The other day I walked out of the Jonathan Choate geometry competition feeling super proud of myself. I had felt pretty confident on seven of the fifteen problems, and, overcome with a desire to show off, I turned to Torin Steciuk and I went:

"Hey Torin, how many do you think you got?"

He shrugs and goes, "I'm pretty sure I got all of them, but I could be wrong."

That shut me up real quick.

But I'm used to it. Through equally embarrassing experiences, I learned that I'll never be better than John Rogers at Latin, that I'll never be better than Robin Huntington at math, that I'll never be better than Creed Bellamy at singing, and that I'll never be better than Amelia Lee at … well anything. From the moment I set foot on the Circle, you all have forced me to acknowledge my strengths and weaknesses, and I know I've done the same for some of you: Ian knows he'll never be better than me at Pokemon showdown, Jia knows he'll never be better than me at debate, and Señor Conner now knows never to underestimate a queenside pawn storm.

Sometimes when I'm tired and burnt out, I just wander about the Schoolhouse and float around in a cloud of admiration. Admiration for Maya Varkey's reassuring aura of confidence. Admiration for Theo's intellectual independence, for Griffin Elliott's remarkable strength of character, and Stanley's warm smile and firm handshake.

Being humbled by our gifted peers is a staple of the Groton education: no matter how smart or talented we think we are, Groton takes our insufficiencies, shoves them down our throats, and forces us to make peace with it. And this makes it really hard for us to keep lying to ourselves about how talented and important we are.

I sometimes lose track of how incredible a gift Groton has given us. If we didn't have such an incredible group of gifted young students, what would've forced us to begin breaking down our instinct for self-deception? To stop spending all our time feeding our insecurities with prizes and medals and whatnot. This freedom from ourselves is special. And it's something most of the world doesn't get.

But the gifts of Groton's unique environment don't stop there. Because after Groton breaks down our delusions and gives us self-knowledge, it forces us to search for what really motivates us.

Groton is one of the safest places to be alive in history. Even at a time like this, we are insulated from illness, hunger, crime, and persecution. We have the luxury of knowing that even if today doesn't go well, and tomorrow doesn't go well, our futures are still just as bright and vibrant.

But this luxury cuts both ways. Because we are so safe, nothing really forces us to do anything. Like, if a seventeenth-century serf didn't want to work, he would starve. If a prehistoric caveman didn't run, he'd get eaten by a lion. But if I don't do my homework, my teacher will lecture me a little bit, and then I'll be fine; so why do it? I know it sounds weird to be complaining about the fact that I'm not being mauled by a Paleolithic beast, but, you know, it does make it a lot easier to get to work. Think about it, as hard as AP Latin was, it was never very difficult to get the work done because you knew that if you didn't you'd be facing the unbridled wrath of Ms. Martin Nelson.

My friends and I often joke that every proper Groton student goes through a nihilist phase. And no wonder! Groton runs on motivation. Because we don't have the fear of being consumed by large prehistoric mammals, we have to find an alternate fuel source for the work that we have to do.

But the beauty of Groton is that we never have to search too long. Because it's on the days when you feel like you've burnt out your fuel and can't go forward any farther that you take a walk down to the tree line and swipe your fingers through the leaves—when you plunge your hand into the Nash and feel the beating heart of the cosmos.

It's when you don't know why you're doing anything that you open

Amelia Lee, Phoebe Lynch, Maya Varkey, Yeabsira Gugssa, Calie Messina, and Aine Ley

The Aeneid for the first time just for fun and let Virgil's beautiful verses pour into your heart.

It's when we feel crushed and defeated that we take walks with Annie around the Circle. That we sit down next to Wren on the rightmost Schoolhouse bench. That we watch fireflies at sunset with Johnny and cry over girls and the continual delay of the fifth *Shrek* movie. Seriously Dreamworks, where is it? We're all waiting.

Because our campus is situated in the middle of a magnificent forest, we begin to fall in love with nature. Because of our vast libraries and extraordinary teachers, we begin to fall in love with learning. Because we are all stuffed together into the same tight-knit community, we begin to fall in love with each other.

You may not have felt all these kinds of love here at Groton, but I think you'd be hard pressed to find someone who has not felt any of them.

Beginning with the trees, books, and people around us, we catch glimpses into the majestic beauty of the universe. Because as much as the nature around us is mystical and sublime and deserves to be protected, there is nature all over the world which is just as beautiful—which needs our protection just as much as this forest and this river. Because as much as we love and admire the learning we do here at Groton, there is so much more beauty to be absorbed from so many more books and teachers. Because as much as we love the people around us, and would do anything for them, there are so many people in the world who are just as deserving of love—people who need our help just as badly.

Here at Groton, we take impact for granted, because we know that, as a form, we wield the financial and intellectual power needed to change millions of lives. But there's no shortage of power in the world. There are thousands of billionaires and millions of geniuses working tirelessly to further their own self-interests.

Groton teaches us that it's not the magnitude of power that matters, but the direction. That the greatest weapon a Grotonian possesses is not in our brains or in our wallets, but in our hearts. We, unlike most of the world, have been given the opportunity to shed our self-deception and set our crosshairs firmly on the pursuit of love and compassion.

One early morning this spring, I was walking barefoot across the Circle when I felt a low rumbling beneath my feet. I turned my head to see St. John's Chapel quivering with anticipation. But as quickly as it began, it vanished. And when I asked about it at breakfast, nobody else had felt a thing. So I thought I must've made it up. But the closer we got to graduation, the more frequent and violent these rumblings became. And I think I finally know the reason.

It's because, since we set foot on the Circle, something has been brewing beneath the earth. Something deep and powerful. And Groton recognized how dangerous this extraordinary force could be if it was released into the world without humility and compassion. And so it opened itself up and swallowed us.

Fermented in the stomach of this remarkable institution, the power developed a specific vintage: a Grotonian flavor. It freed itself from the hunger for self-deception as it fell more and more in love with the world. And today, after this ceremony, the Circle is going to split open; and a million vibrant lights will burst forth into the wind.

And as we sweep across the Earth in our fantastic gust of love and compassion, the demons and furies—and whatever other creatures—are out there trying to bring suffering and hatred into the world. They see us and they quiver in fear. Because they hear our roar, and it goes something like this:

We are the Groton Form of 2022, and we're coming for you.

2022 Groton School Prizes

The Charles Lanier Appleton Prize
Awarded to members of the Sixth Form who have greatly served the school

Maya Varkey
Anthony Wright

The Asma Gull Hasan 1993 *Circle Voice* Journalism Prize
Acknowledges outstanding leadership in creating, editing, and producing the school's newspaper

Allison Jiang
Tyler Weisberg

The Tronic Award
Given in honor of Michael G. Tronic and awarded to a member of the Sixth Form who has made especially good use of the resources of the library and has shown strong interest in the life of the mind

Wren Fortunoff

The Bishop Julius Atwood Literature and History Prize
Created by the late Right Reverend Julius Atwood for the best scholar in the combined fields of history and literature

Jasmine Garcia

The Butler Prize for Excellence in English

John Rogers

The Perry History Prize
Given by Mrs. Eliza Endicott Perry to the best scholar in the field of history

Rufus Knuppel

The George Livingston Nichols Prize
Awarded for the best essay on a historical subject

Theodore Gillibrand

The Rogers V. Scudder Classics Prize
Given in memory of Rogers Scudder, a distinguished teacher of Classics and a much loved member of this community

John Rogers

The Franklin D. Roosevelt Debating Prize
Given in memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt 1900 by W. Averell Harriman 1909

Jiacheng Kang
Steven Pang

The Endicott Peabody Memorial Prize
Given in memory of the Reverend Endicott Peabody by the Sixth Form of 1945 for excellence in the field of religion and ethics

Jacinta Lopez

The Isaac Jackson Memorial Prize
Awarded to the best mathematics scholar in the Upper School

Amelia Lee

The New England Science Teacher's Award

Robin Huntington
Ian Bayliss

The Bertrand B. Hopkins Environmental Sciences Prize
Given by the Form of 1948

Amelia Lee

The Thorpe Science Prize
Created by Mrs. Warren Thorpe for the member of the Sixth Form who has been the most successful in developing an appreciation of the spirit and meaning of science

Noemi Iwasaki

Phoebe Lynch and Griffin Johnson

The World Languages Prize

Juliya Makhanov
Tommy Giroux

The Hudson Music Prize
Given by the friends of William Clarke Hudson '56 to recognize effort and progress in music during the school year

Allison Jiang

The Choir Cup
Awarded to the Sixth Form chorister who has exhibited musical growth in sight reading and vocal technique

Rufus Knuppel
John Rogers

The Photography Prize

Tyler Weisberg

The Reverend Frederic R. Kellogg Upper School Art Prize
Given in his memory in recognition of distinguished work in art

Noemi Iwasaki

The Dennis Crowley Drama Prize

Given by Todd C. Bartels '01 to a member of the Sixth Form who has made the greatest contribution to the theater program

Alex Kirchner

The Reginald Fincke Jr. Medal

Given by the Sixth Form of 1928 in memory of First Lt. Reginald Fincke Jr. and awarded to a member of the Sixth Form who has shown in athletics his qualities of perseverance, courage, and unselfish sportsmanship

Patty Eldredge

The Cornelia Amory Frothingham Athletic Prize

Given by her parents and awarded to a girl in the Sixth Form who has demonstrated all-round athletic ability and has shown exemplary qualities of leadership and sportsmanship

Calie Messina

The Elizabeth and Margery Peabody Award

Given to a member of the Sixth Form, other than a school prefect, whose contributions to the community demonstrate sensitivity, strength of character, leadership, and integrity

Naomi Boateng

The William V. Larkin '72 Award

Given to the Groton student who best exemplifies uncommon courage and perseverance in meeting a challenge or overcoming adversity

Juliya Makhanov

The Carroll and John King Hodges Prize

Given in memory of Carroll Hodges, Form of 1905, and John King Hodges, Form of 1910, to a Sixth Former who has distinguished him- or herself in a capacity to be designated by the headmaster

Jack Sperling

The following awards were presented on the Saturday evening before Prize Day:

The Gadsden Prize

Given in memory of Jeremiah Gadsden of the Form of 1968 by his classmates and friends to a member of the Fifth Form who has demonstrated inspirational leadership, encouraging social and interracial understanding in the Groton community

Amber Gumira

The O'Brien Prize

Given by the Hoopes family to a member of the Lower School who has shown qualities of integrity, loyalty, enthusiasm, and concern for others

Maddie Cronan

The Monte J. and Anne H. Wallace Scholar

Given to a student who has completed the Fourth Form in recognition of scholastic excellence, as well as those qualities of character and commitment so important to the Groton community

C J Armaly

The Laura J. Coolidge '85 Poetry Prize

Given in her memory by her husband, Peter Touche, to a member of the Upper School who has shown a love for the power of poetic expression and a sustained interest in writing and reading poetry

Fiona Reenan

The Lower School Creative Writing Prize

Sara Agrawal

The Heard Poetry Prize

Amber Gumira

The *Grotonian* Creative Writing Prize

Given by the *Grotonian* Board of 1946 to a member of the Upper School for the best example of prose fiction written in the past year

Amy Ma

The John Jay Pierrepont Prize

Given to the best mathematics scholar in the Lower School

William Laws

Maya Gite, Naomi-Erin Boateng, Juliya Makhanov, and Sobenna Egwuekwe

Maya Varkey and Anthony Wright

The Roscoe C. Thomas Mathematics Prize

Given by the Form of 1923 and awarded to a member of the Fifth Form for excellence in mathematics

Colin Kim

The Fels Science Prize

Given in honor of Stephen B. Fels, Form of '58, awarded to a member of the Lower School who has demonstrated exceptional enthusiasm for and proficiency in the experimental aspects of scientific inquiry

Ella Farahnakian
William Laws

The Rensselaer Medal

Awarded to a Fifth Form student who has distinguished him- or herself in mathematics and science

Elizabeth Wolfram

University of Rochester Honorary Science Award

Given to the member of the Fifth Form who demonstrates exceptional promise in the sciences

Yash Agarwal

The Richard K. Irons Public Speaking Prize

Established in 1972 by McGeorge Bundy '36 and Arthur T. Hadley '42 in honor of their teacher Richard K. (Doc) Irons, presented to the student who most logically and effectively presents his or her ideas during the R.K. Irons Speaking Contest, held at Groton each spring

Alisa Gulyansky

The Lower School Studio Art Prize

Hannah Gally

The Anita Andres Rogerson Dance Prize

Janice Darkwah

The Harvard Book Prizes

Awarded to two members of the Fifth Form who exemplify excellence in scholarship and high character combined with achievement in other fields

The first Harvard Book Prize, given by Harry Eldridge 1920 in memory of his brother Francis H. Eldridge 1924

Elizabeth Wolfram

The second Harvard Book Prize, given by Mark A. Medlinsky '76 in memory of his father

Amy Ma

The Williams Book Prize

Given to a member of the Fifth Form who has demonstrated intellectual leadership and has made a significant contribution to the extracurricular life of the school

Christina Chen

The Jefferson Book Award

Given to a member of the Fifth Form the faculty considers to best represent the Jeffersonian ideals of scholarship, leadership, and citizenship

Lang Burgess

The Dartmouth Book Award

Given to a member of the Fifth Form who is of strong character, has made a positive impact on the life of the school community, and has excelled in at least one non-academic area

Jack Lionette

The University of Chicago Book Prize

Given to a member of the Fifth Form the faculty considers most dedicated in deep intellectual inquiry in a range of academic disciplines

Ben Reyes

The Frederick Greeley Crocker Memorial Award

Given to a Groton graduate whose record in their first three years since graduating from Groton has done honor to themself and their school

Montanna Riggs

Josh Poulin and Emily Li

The Form of 2022

Ziad Abdelrahman

Aidan Bassem Armaly
summa cum laude

Ian James Bayliss
cum laude

Charles Boyd Curtis Beard
magna cum laude

Creed Elan Bellamy
cum laude

Naomi-Erin Agyenim Boateng
cum laude

Elyse Idrys Cabrera
cum laude

Alexandra Maria Canellakis
cum laude

Leah Christina Canellakis
cum laude

Walden James Capen
summa cum laude

Letitia Eden Caspersen

Evan Young-hoon Cheigh
summa cum laude

Antonio James Colarusso
cum laude

Grace Ann Crowley
magna cum laude

Sophia Deng
summa cum laude

Sobenna Gwendolyn Egwuekwe

John Marc Ehrgott
summa cum laude

Sebastian Elliott El Hadj
cum laude

Patrick Olson Eldredge
cum laude

Griffin Chase Elliott
magna cum laude

Johnny Fan
cum laude

Ella Lane Ferrucci
magna cum laude

Wren Sojourner Fortunoff
cum laude

Nadia Fourie
cum laude

Jasmine Marick Garcia
summa cum laude

Theodore Ignatius Gillibrand
summa cum laude

Thomas Giroux
magna cum laude

Maya Gite
cum laude

Hannah Risa Gold
magna cum laude

Yeabsira Mitiku Gugssa Aboie
cum laude

Jared Kyle Gura
summa cum laude

Rami Hahami
summa cum laude

Connor Aikens Hall

Samuel James Harris
magna cum laude

Robin Winship Huntington
summa cum laude

Quinn Davis Isenstadt
cum laude

Noemi Iwasaki
summa cum laude

Henry Morgan Jamison
magna cum laude

Allison Zhai Jiang
summa cum laude

Andrew Liu Johnson
magna cum laude

Griffin LaGrange Johnson
magna cum laude

Benjamin Philip Allen Jones

Oluwaseyi Christopher Kadiri
cum laude

Edric Kan
summa cum laude

Jiacheng Kang
summa cum laude

Alexandra Clotilde de Montmollin Kirchner
magna cum laude

Rufus Hamilton Knuppel
summa cum laude

Amelia Ziqiang Lee
summa cum laude

Aine Elizabeth Ley
summa cum laude

Emily W Li
magna cum laude

Yujin Lim
summa cum laude

Julia Long Lin
magna cum laude

Jacinta Lopez
cum laude

Phoebe Guinan Lynch
summa cum laude

Juliya Juliette Makhanov

Bryan Andrew McLachlan

Caroline Grace Messina
magna cum laude

William Maxwell Noll
cum laude

Kellen John O'Donnell

Steven Hau Chak Pang
summa cum laude

Nathan Minhyuk Park
cum laude

Xiangyu Annie Pei
magna cum laude

Brendan Zachary Pelikh
summa cum laude

Emily Belen Perez
magna cum laude

Joshua Matthew Poulin
cum laude

Alesandra Marie Powell
cum laude

Katherine Julia Resendiz
magna cum laude

Stanislas François René Robert
summa cum laude

John Burton Rogers III
summa cum laude

Ashley Brooke Rosenbloom
summa cum laude

Carlos Soto

Lidia Marie Spada
magna cum laude

Stanley Gamble Spence
cum laude

John William Sperling Jr.
cum laude

Torin Alexander Steciuk
summa cum laude

Alva Logan Ayala Taylor
cum laude

Kyle Joseph Toce

Gwenyth Torriani
cum laude

Julia Simonds Trowbridge
magna cum laude

Maya Anna Varkey
magna cum laude

Fiorenza Viacava Vera

Qi Hao Wang
magna cum laude

Tyler Jack Feng Weisberg
magna cum laude

Anthony Christopher Wright II
magna cum laude

Iris Ruohong Wu
summa cum laude

College	*Number attending*
University of Chicago	● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
Cornell University	● ● ● ● ● ●
Middlebury College	● ● ● ●
Princeton University	● ● ● ●
University of Pennsylvania	● ● ●
Yale University	● ● ●
Babson College	● ●
Bowdoin College	● ●
Colby College	● ●
Colgate University	● ●
Dartmouth College	● ●
Georgetown University	● ●
Hamilton College	● ●
Harvard University	● ●
Stanford University	● ●
Tufts University	● ●
Amherst College	●
Bard College	●
Barnard College	●
Bentley University	●
Boston College	●
Boston University	●
Brown University	●
Carnegie Mellon University	●
Claremont McKenna College	●
Columbia University	●
Emory University	●
George Washington University	●
Hampshire College	●
Hampton University	●
Howard University	●
Northwestern University	●
The University of British Columbia	●
The University of Edinburgh	●
Trinity College	●
Tulane University of Louisiana	●
Union College	●
University of California, Los Angeles	●
University of Colorado Boulder	●
University of Maine	●
University of Miami	●
University of Mississippi	●
University of North Carolina at Asheville	●
University of Rochester	●
University of Southern California	●
University of Toronto	●
University of Wisconsin, Madison	●
Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University	●
Washington University in St. Louis	●

Two Years Later: Celebrating the Form of 2020

AFTER THE pandemic forced the Form of 2020 to have a virtual Prize Day, Groton was thrilled to welcome the recent graduates back for an in-person celebration. They heard remarks from Headmaster Temba Maqubela and Board of Trustees President **Benjamin Pyne '77**, **P'12**, **'15**, and then they lined up for handshaking with faculty, a time-honored, end-of-school tradition.

The headmaster updated the form on the state of the school, including such milestones as bringing four new busts representing women and people of color to the Schoolroom; naming Groton's first building—a net-zero faculty residence—for an African American, the Wanda C. Hill House; and achieving the goal of having the lowest tuition among peer schools. Mr. Pyne delivered inspirational remarks about leadership, the importance of failure, and the enduring value of lessons learned and friendships forged during the Groton years. And Charles Wahba '20 delivered a long-awaited address to his formmates.

1 Gili Canca, Jed Rainey, Sofia Dieppa, Sukie Johnson and Colleen Davieau (hidden), Luke Beckstein, Caleb Coleman, Jon Hahami, Marc Borgi, and Max Steinert

2 John Donovan, Emma Beard, Becky Lipson, Yumin Shivdasani, and Doug Altshuler

3 Charles Wahba giving his delayed Prize Day speech

Two years ago, the Form of 2020 selected two of their peers to deliver Prize Day remarks. **Lwazi Bululu '20** spoke at the virtual celebration in 2020. **Charles Wahba '20** shared these words in person on June 12, 2022:

WHAT IS there for me to say? Everything wise and witty has long since been said, by minds more mature and talents far greater than mine. But still, what an honor it is to speak at Prize Day 2020. What's that? Oh, right. Prize Day 2021! What's that? Prize Day 2022? You serious? Why the hell am I doing this? I've had two whole years to write this speech, which is kind of a lot of pressure. But I'm a Groton student, so I was prepared to take on a difficult writing assignment. I spaced out my work, spent months thinking of ideas and workshopping drafts, and used my Groton training to the fullest. So late last night, I got to work. I began to think of the night before Prize Day of my Third Form year. The whole Riley's Dorm stayed up late talking to our prefects, and they were writing letters and saying goodbye. It was one of the earliest, most profound memories we had at Groton. And I remember thinking, "Prize Day? That just seems so far away. We'll never actually make it." And we didn't!

There's a famous joke from an old movie. Two elderly women are at a Catskills mountain resort, and one of them says, "Boy, the food at this place is really terrible." The other one says, "Yeah, I know, and such small portions." Well, that's essentially how I feel about Groton. Full of anxiety and stress and drama and all the pitfalls of high school, and it's all over much too quickly.

Over two years ago, we left this campus as students for the last time. It was a strange time. The coronavirus was not yet a global issue. We made jokes about the pandemic and not returning to school. We were all so excited to come back for a great senior spring. But deep down, I think many of us sensed there was something different this time around. The whispers of taking some things home, and how we may have break extended by a few weeks, lodged in a tiny corner in the back of our heads. There was something … off. And as we drove off that day in our cars and buses, it did not have the same feel as any ordinary spring-break departure. We were not

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certain that we'd return in a few weeks, reeling from the cold Massachusetts air as we lugged our suitcases from the AC to Hundred House, cursing under our breath.

When we finally heard that we were never to return to Groton again as students, it was surreal. Many of us cried and bemoaned our lost senior spring. Never seeing friends and teachers again. Not participating in certain R-rated traditions. But then we stopped crying, we reflected, and we moved on. Because that is what we do. When one of our friends and classmates left, we cried, although not always, we reflected, and we moved on. When the administration yelled at us, we got upset, reflected, and realized we did nothing wrong, and moved on. When our final eight weeks on this beautiful campus were snatched away by circumstances entirely beyond our control, we cried, reflected, and moved on.

We stuck out quarantine. We enjoyed our summers as best we could. We got ready for college or made plans for gap years. And I think, in that regard, our form embodies the founding principle of this school. No, it's not service. To those who don't know, our motto actually refers specifically to service to God. And no, it's not inclusivity, either. Instead I'm referring to Reverend Peabody's notion of "muscular Christianity." I admit, that is not a phrase we throw around here anymore. But I think it can simply be translated into "toughness." Resilience. Patience and fortitude. These last two being the very qualities our most famous graduate, Franklin Roosevelt, told Americans they needed to demonstrate during the Second World War.

What we worked through during our time at Groton was remarkable. Overwhelming work and stress. Athletics. The sky-high expectations of parents and teachers. Raging teenage hormones. Daily high school drama and controversy, which only amplified our pre-existing stresses and worries. Living away from home, and learning how to coexist with hundreds of other equally confused teenagers. None of this was easy.

Despite how hard those four years were—well, three-and-a-half, I guess—the truth is, our form got a bad rap, and I'm not sure why. We had a lot of students leave, sure, but the ones that remained worked so, so hard … to not get kicked out themselves. The forms above and below us got a lot of plaudits, but just like the Flik dining root-beer pork, I think we're underrated. We had it all. Athletics? We've got Caleb, literal football royalty. Commitment to environmental justice?

1 Hutshie Faugas

2 Josh Guo and Joey O'Brien

3 Katherine Johnson and Richa Pillai

4 Caleb Coleman, Vuyelwa and Temba Maqubela, and P.K. Baffour-Awuah

5 Front row, Alex Schade, Charles Wahba, Andres Kaneb, and Teddy Carlin; back row, Joey O'Brien, Brooks Anderson, Powers Trigg, and Andrew Porter.

6 Elizabeth Girian and Grace Mastroianni

7 Asaf, Jon, and Zivi Hahami; Gili and Nomhle Canca

8 Katie Reveno, Neha Agarwal, and Caroline Beran

Garrett has spent the last six months fighting forest fires in the Amazon. Style? Look no further than the main man Baff. This man is to style what Groton is to advertising diversity and inclusion: simply the best. And standing here, looking at all of us laughing with and at each other, reminds me of our finest moment as a form: the senior roast. Our form had something that is becoming a rare commodity today: a sense of humor. For two straight nights, our form came together, despite stern warnings not to, to absolutely destroy each and every one of us. And it was glorious. We laughed, we cried. We learned some truly disturbing things about somebody's nephew. Doug closed the evening with some of the most vile things I've ever heard. It was perfect. But we laughed and, in a lot of cases, cried it off, and went back to school the next day, and carried right on.

Groton was a uniquely hard experience. We were constantly caught between two worlds—being normal teenagers in high school and remaining serious and ambitious in our work. For most kids our age, it's much easier because school is from 8:00 to 3:00, and it's done after that. For us, we have to run by Mrs. Harlan whilst wearing a neon headband and cut-off t-shirt on our way to a dance, only to realize we have a meeting in twelve hours to discuss our collegiate future.

We deserved to be here on Prize Day, rather than watching a YouTube video from our living rooms. We were robbed of that. We are one of the smallest forms ever to graduate. Often with friends and classmates, we feel a mix of emotions. Love, hatred. Admiration, jealousy. Respect, disappointment. But with our form, one emotion stands out: pride. I feel proud to be a member of the Form of 2020. To call each and every one of you my formmates. Together we fought through so much controversy, adversity, and change. We are an historic form, and I take pride in sharing our hardships together. And yet despite all that has happened, we ended up here, sitting under a tent on a lovely summer day, in our red ties, white dresses, and boater hats, smiling with our friends and family.

It reminds me of another old joke—you know, a guy walks into a psychiatrist's office and says, "Hey doc, my brother's crazy! He thinks he's a chicken." So the doctor says, "Why don't you turn him in?" Then the guy says, "I would, but I need the eggs." I guess that's also how I feel about Groton. Boarding school could be totally crazy, irrational, and absurd, but we kept going through it because we needed the eggs. Thank you.

Photographs by Adam Richins and Eric Adler

2022

Groton Reunion *Extravaganza*

It was a reunion for the record books. After two years without reunions, alumni poured back to campus for a jumbo-sized gathering, with all the forms that would have attended for the past three years. Members of forms ending in 0, 1, 2, 5, 6, and 7 united on the Circle, with graduates from 1947 through 2017. In all, 1,146 graduates and family members turned Groton's campus into a bustling festival of reminiscence, camaraderie, and gratitude—gratitude for the chance to gather once again.

Highlights of the weekend—among many—were the headmaster's state-of-the-school address and the awarding of the Distinguished Grotonian and Cui Servire Est Regnare awards. Two Distinguished Grotonian Awards were presented—to longtime U.S. Congressman **Jim Cooper '72** and to shop teacher and archivist **Doug Brown '57** (*see page 44*). The *Cui Servire* Award went to **Storm Taliaferrow '92** (*see page 44*).

Throughout the weekend, alumni also

attended seminars on climate change (with **David Black '80**, **Emily Lamb '07**, and **Wilford Welch '57**), computer science (with faculty **Mike Gnozzio '03**; Cathy Lincoln P'07, '10; and Nat White), the school's strategic framework (led by Board President Pyne and several trustees), and Groton admissions. They listened to a conversation about Groton's upcoming history book with author **Richard Bradley '82**, moderated by **Nii-Ama Akuete '96**.

They also played — a lot. They ran and they rowed, they scrimmaged on the soccer field and took to the tennis courts with Señor Conner.

Late on Saturday afternoon, alumni settled into a tent on the Circle for a concert with folk singer **Tom Rush '59**. Next came dinners with formmates and dancing, late into the night. In a moment of mini-drama at the dance party, an accident delayed the band's guitarist. But **Noah Altshuler '15** came to the rescue, playing fabulous guitar for most of the evening. At one point, **Alex Howard '05** joined on vocals, veering the dance party into a Groton open mic night.

We called it the Reunion Extravaganza, and it lived up to the name. Thanks to all who returned to the Circle!

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1 Gracie Liggett, Annie McElgunn, and Holly McNaughton, members of the Form of 2015, finishing the Triangle Run!

2 Emily Lamb '07 moderating a discussion on climate change action

3 Ginger Cutler '07, Scotty Weber '07, Jacki Marrinan '07, and Bradley Rowe '12

4 John Lawrence '59, beside Charlie Brinley '59

5 Tish Churchill '77, Ed Toy '77, and Ellie Dwight '77

6 Rob Southworth '77

7 Jake Gregory '75, George Smith '75, Jim White '72, and Waller Finnagan '75

8 Peter Congleton '77, Jim Balano '62, John Whitman '62, and Pat and Tod Gregory '62

1 Bo Twumasi ‘02, Erica Frasier, Pete ‘02 and Jane Allison ‘02 and their children, and Nat Bristol ‘02

2 From the Form of 2002, Bo Twumasi, Alex Fuer, and Kyle Eudailey with his daughter

3 Jim Cooper ‘72, Hench Ellis ‘72, Dick Storey ‘72, Rob McSween ‘72, David Porter ‘72, and Bobby Bolling ‘76

4 Chris Wrampelmeier ‘82, John Holden, Clint Johnson ‘82, and Clifton York ‘81

5 From the Form of 2016, Sahin Sen Das, Cherian Yit, Luke Holey and Iftikhar Ramnandan

1 Allie Banks ’16 (center) and formmates catch up with teacher Fanny Vera de Viacava P’16, ’22.

2 Onu Odim ’81, Will Thorndike ’82, and Kevin Griffith ’80

3 Katherine Dwyer, Jacki Marrinan, and Scotty Weber from the Form of 2007

4 Patricia and David Cleveland ’70, David Cheever ’05, and Hallie Lynch ’05

5 2015 formmates Harry Jones, Gracie Liggett, Holly McNaughton, and Cam Ayles after the Circle run

1 JP Neenan ‘16 and Malik Jabati ‘15 competing in the alumni soccer game

2 John ‘86 and Amy Jacobsson with Vuyelwa and Temba Maqubela

3 Oliver Goodenough ‘71, David Porter ‘72, and Alison Clarkson

4 Bill ‘72 and Margaret Larkin

5 JK Mackay, James Hicks, Bruce Carvalho, Tim Dilworth, and Peter Cook, members of the Form of 1980 and the 1979 Hall of Fame football team

6 Pia Bayot Corlette ‘97, Emily Oates Torres ‘97, and Maryam Mujica ‘96

7 Bill Orrick ‘71, Tom Cleveland ‘70, and Arthur Post ‘70, members of the 1969 Hall of Fame football team

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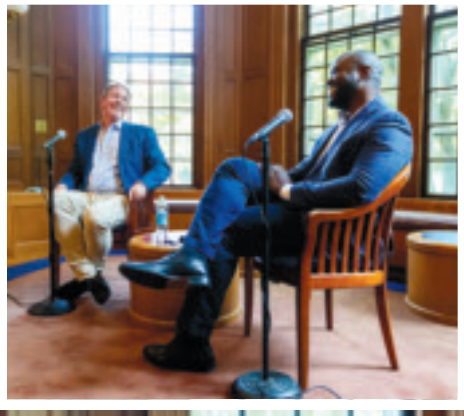

Attendees learned about Groton's new history book—the stories, the process, the hundreds of interviews—during a discussion with writer Richard Bradley '82, moderated by Nii-Ama Akuete '96, a member of the History and Archives Committee. Publishing in 2023, the volume will begin in the tumultuous post-Vietnam era and travel through coeducation all the way into the early years of Headmaster Maqubela's tenure.

The book will be the school's gift to each member of the alumni family who requests it. If you would like the book and have not yet informed the school, please email communications@groton.org, indicating whether you prefer a hardcover or digital e-book.

1 The Form of 1982 presented the school with a rowing shell in honor of Betsy Lawrence ‘82, who retired after sixteen years of service to Groton School.

2 Alumni receive a tour of the Schoolhouse, renovated in 2015.

3 Lillian Harris ‘15, Allie Patenaude ‘16, Sydney Pagliocco ‘16, Holly McNaugton ‘15, Molly Prockop ‘15, Kelsey Peterson ‘15, Katherine McCreery ‘15, Alexandra Conner ‘16, and Maddy Forbess ‘16

4 Joan Holden and Clint Johnson ‘82

5 Bo Twumasi ‘02 and Hallie Lynch ‘05

6 Anne Tofflemire, Andrew Bundy ‘77, and Karen Hansen

7 From the form of 2012, Michael Doherty, Joe MacDonald, Charlie Terris, Bradley Rowe, Evan Hansen-Bundy, William Goodenough, Gordon Pyne, and Adam Lamont

8 From the Form of 2017, Verity Lynch, Amani Jiu, Langa Chinyoka, Frances McCreery, and Marcella Flibotte

9 Alumni and families play tennis with Coach Conner.

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The headmaster honored the **2022 Distinguished Grotonians** and ***Cui Servire Est Regnare*** winner, as well as those who received the distinctions over the past two years, with the following remarks.

U.S. Congressman Jim Cooper '72, Headmaster Temba Maqubela, Doug Brown '57, and Storm Taliaferrow '92

The *Cui Servire Est Regnare* Award

It is my pleasure and a great honor to recognize three people today with Groton School's highest alumni honors—the *Cui Servire Est Regnare* Award and the Distinguished Grotonian Award.

The *Cui Servire Est Regnare* Award recognizes a graduate who has taken to heart the school's ethos of service and leadership and applied it beyond the Circle. Before I announce this year's *Cui Servire Est Regnare* Award winner, I'd like to recognize last year's winner because we were not able to gather in person to celebrate him properly. Many of you know 1981 Groton graduate **Marichal Monts** or have read about him; his work to serve those in need in Hartford, Connecticut through the Citadel of Love Church that he founded exemplifies the essence of our school motto. Please join me in congratulating Marichal once again.

Now, on to the present. This year's *Cui Servire Est Regnare* Award goes to **Storm Taliaferrow**, a member of the Form of 1992.

For immigrants to the United States, entrepreneurship is often a lifeline and a path to success. Many, however, would have found the gates to opportunity

closed if not for Storm's support, attention, and endless work. Through the National Association for Latino Community Asset Builders, Storm helps provide loans, grants, training, and technical assistance to Latino and immigrant entrepreneurs in low- to moderate-income communities across the country.

This was always admirable work, but it became nearly heroic during the pandemic. Normally, one lending institution might receive six requests a month for loan modifications. After the pandemic began, that number jumped to thirty per day—from six per month to thirty per day. And Storm's workload jumped accordingly. Fulfilling that demand took drive, determination, seven-day work weeks—and the deep ethos of service that we are honoring here today.

In May of 2020, the National Association for Latino Community Asset Builders distributed more than $5 million in low-cost loans and almost $2 million in grants and low-interest loans to 104 nonprofit organizations in twenty-three states, the District of Columbia, and Puerto Rico. Many of those loan requests would have been turned down by traditional banks, and some entrepreneurs would have been driven to shady lenders.

Storm knows that her clients are a good investment. She has explained that Hispanics and Latinos make up 18 percent of the U.S. population, but comprise 24 percent of new entrepreneurs, and their businesses have grown by 46 percent even during recessionary years.

For her generous dedication of time and skills to those who deserve a solid foundation beneath their dreams—for providing opportunity and hope—I am pleased to present Storm Taliaferrow with Groton's 2022 *Cui Servire Est Regnare* Award.

The Distinguished Grotonian Award

The Distinguished Grotonian Award recognizes inspiring members of the alumni community whose lives of highly distinguished service reflect the essential values of the school. Once again, before celebrating this year's winners, I'd like to recognize last year's Distinguished Grotonian, **Joseph B. Cheshire V** of the Form of 1966, whom we celebrated only virtually. A criminal defense attorney and civil rights advocate, Joe has been the lead lawyer representing wrongly accused inmates on death row, and he has succeeded in having clients exonerated and freed. He also served for eight years on North Carolina's Indigent Defense Services Commission, which ensures legal representation to all North Carolina residents. Let us applaud Joe, for his inspiring, meaningful, and life-altering career.

Now—to 2022. This may be the first time that Groton has honored two Distinguished Grotonians in one year. But this is certainly not an average year, and these distinguished graduates are far from typical. Each epitomizes the ethos behind the Distinguished Grotonian Award in different ways.

The Distinguished Grotonians for 2022 are Congressman **Jim Cooper**, from the Form of 1972, and shop teacher and archivist **Doug Brown**, from the Form of 1957.

Jim Cooper upholds Groton's deep tradition of graduates who devote their careers to serving our country. He has represented the district around Nashville, Tennessee in the United States Congress for a total of thirty-two years. Jim has modeled dignity as decorum disintegrated around him, and he has strived to build bridges as divisions gripped Congress and the nation. House Majority Leader Steny Hoyer called Jim "one of the most serious, steady, and intelligent policymakers and legislators our country has produced."

Representative Cooper currently chairs the Strategic Forces Subcommittee, which oversees the nation's nuclear installations and satellites, and he serves on the Committee on Oversight and Reform, the Committee on Budget, and the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence. Among his many initiatives over the years, he put particular effort into universal healthcare—he introduced a bipartisan universal coverage bill way back in 1991—and the new Space Force, a military service that launched in 2020.

Less well known than Jim's statesmanship is his dedication to education. He has taught health policy at Vanderbilt's business school but also has taught many, many young people—including many Grotonians—through his internship program. Some of his "Jimterns" are here today. When we asked former interns about their experience, they all pointed to the time Jim

devoted to educating his summer crew. They mentioned his pop quizzes, daily current events discussions, graded book reports, and required essays that Jim would mark up extensively.

Jim has been on a mission—to serve Tennessee, to improve the lives of all Americans, and to guide and inspire young people. Please join me in congratulating Distinguished Grotonian Jim Cooper.

The Distinguished Grotonian Award recognizes alumni who have lived lives of highly distinguished service. Few have served the Groton community with more distinction and impact than Doug Brown, who graduated in the Form of 1957. Doug taught shop for more than five decades, and he tended the school's historic archives with exquisite care—motivated by his love of Groton and his sincere interest in this school's history. Ask him about an event that happened decades ago, and you'll hear a story—an accurate story—in great detail. Show Doug a relic or an old photograph, and he will know where it came from and why it's important.

Yes, he helped Groton students build furniture. He also taught hard lessons about persistence and resilience, and for many he provided a refuge. When we asked former students to send tributes to Doug on his retirement, they didn't say too much about the furniture. Here are a few of the things they did say:

"Mr. Brown has guided me through my mistakes by allowing me to make and fix them."

"Shop was meditative. I was not aware of it at the time, but Mr. Brown created an oasis for his students."

"The time in that room filled with tools, noise, and endless hand-sanding was also time with a wise and caring teacher who not only taught us to create amazing furniture but also made us better people."

Doug has never stopped giving. He taught for over fifty years, chaired the Art Department for nineteen, and even edited the *Quarterly* for six. Despite retiring from Groton, he continues work with our archives. He is our institutional memory and our curator. He is also our friend.

I do not believe anyone knows more about Groton than Doug Brown. I dare say no one loves Groton more than Doug Brown. He has made his affection for the school quite clear, and the school—and generations of students—have loved him back. Doug did not think he deserved this award. I do not like to disagree with Doug, but in this case, Mr. Brown, I must tell you that you are wrong.

Please join me in congratulating an exceptionally Distinguished Grotonian, Doug Brown.

1 Tom Rush ‘59 performed a folk concert on Saturday afternoon of Reunion Weekend.

2 Matt Mullen and guest, Tyler Brooks, Verity Lynch, Langa Chinyoka, Owen Duggan, and Michael Osei, from the Form of 2017

3 Haven Thompson ‘02

4 Jared Belsky ‘15

5 Sarah Fitzgerald ‘95

6 Malcolm Johnson and Eliza Fairbrother, from the form of 2012

7 Allie Banwell ‘12 hugs Emma Peabody ‘11.

8 Alexandra Conner ‘16

9 From 2015, Willy Anderson, Robert Gooch, and Trevor Fry

10 Rachel Thompson ‘01 hugs Liz Campbell Rooney ‘02.

11 Steve Strachan ‘72 with Lisa Trask

12 Fatima Sanandaji ‘97

13 Philip Anstey ‘02

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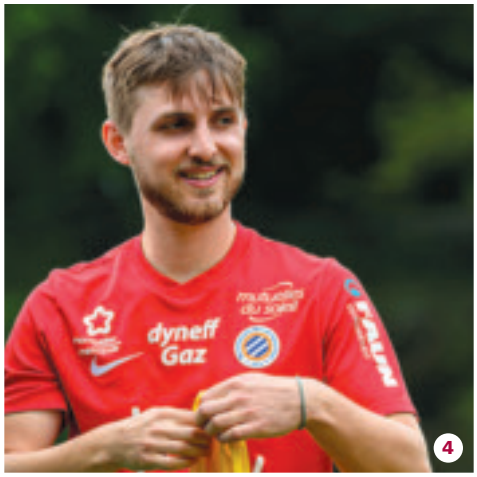

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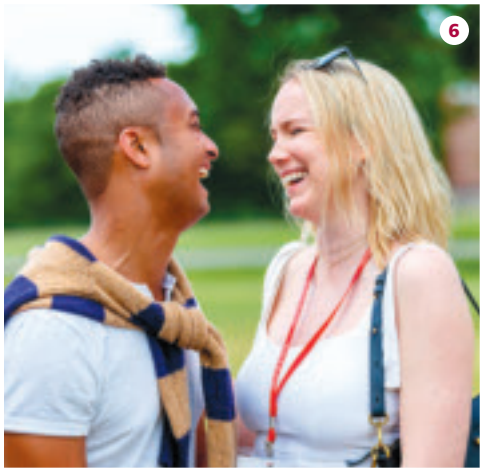
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1 Marshall Moore ’75, Liza MacEachern ’10, Gordie Gardiner ’75, Joanna Peller ’10, Ariana Bedrossian ’10, Allie Banwell ’12, Emma Peabody ’11, and Remy Knight ’11

2 Nick Barry ’16, Michael Ma ’15, and Andrew Sudol ’16

3 Judith Noel ’97, Alex MeVay ’97, Gillian Curran ’97, Bridget Sinnott Sharpe ’97, and Coach Tiffany Doggett

4 Judith Noel ’97

5 Charlie Wray ’82

6 The1980 varsity girls crew reunites for a row: coxswain Betsy Wray Lawrence ’82; Kate Blow McGloon ’81; Kathy Sardegna ’80; Janet Youngholm, former faculty/coach subbing for Hilary Callahan ’81; and Alice Perera Lucey ’80

7 Abigail Cromwell ’95

8 Reunion rowers: quite a crew

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The 2022 inductees to Groton's Athletic Hall of Fame include mighty rowers; racquet phenoms; unstoppable teams; tri-sport athletes who excelled across courts, fields, and ice; and beloved coaches who nurtured leaders on and off the field.

Top, Joan Holden, Bunny Forbes Hickey '82, and Gussie Bannard; center, the 1969 football team; bottom, Coach John Conner (aka Señor) and Michael Oh '92

John Higginson '56
John Higginson '56 began as a coxswain, then stroked the B boat, then the A boat, both undefeated, thanks to teamwork and John's expertise at setting a blistering cadence.

John captained Harvard rowing in 1962 and later coached Harvard's men's lightweights for six years. Harvard rowers dedicated a new shell to John, acknowledging his leadership, expertise, and belief that individuals, working together as a crew, can make boats fly.

John also built boats and stroked for Compote Rowing Association's crew for twenty-five years—with formmate Emory Clark sitting in the three-seat behind John once again.

Gussie Johns Bannard P'01, '03
Gussie Johns Bannard, coach and mentor from 1977 to 1989, led a fledgling women's lacrosse program to a 12–0 record in 1978; that team scored 109 goals and allowed only fifteen.

With her competitive spirit, unshakable faith that hard work pays off, and commitment to her players, Coach Bannard led many individual ISL standouts through numerous winning seasons.

Joan Ogilvy Holden
Joan Ogilvy Holden arrived on the Circle in fall 1974, part of the inaugural team of women hired to move the school to coeducation. A year later, she began coaching girls varsity field hockey. Over ten years, Coach Ogilvy's demanding and caring style helped Groton's field hockey program establish prominence in the Independent School League. In 1980, the team finished 8–2–2 and secured the league championship. By 1984, her final year, varsity field hockey had earned three league championships, and multiple players had made All-League.

Bunny Forbes Hickey '82
Bunny Forbes Hickey was a tri-sport athlete, captaining field hockey, ice hockey, and lacrosse. Individually, Bunny was a force, but she also brought out the best in her teammates.

The 1981 varsity field hockey team ended the season at 9–1–3 and won the league championship for the second year in a row. Bunny scored ten of the team's twenty-three goals—including a dramatic tie-breaker with only three minutes left against Lawrence Academy.

In ice hockey, the 1982 varsity girls team, with a 13–1 record, was considered the best in the school's history. And the girls 1982 lacrosse team achieved an 11–1–0 season.

While at UMass Amherst, Bunny was a star lacrosse player who, between 1983 and 1986, participated in two final-four NCAA Championships and was an All-Time Letterwinner with a career record of sixty-two goals, forty-one saves/assists, and 103 points.

1969 Football Team
The 1969 Football team was one of the finest the school has ever produced. The team was undefeated and accumulated a remarkable set of statistics, all school records at the time: 247 points; 1,700 yards rushed; 1,310 yards passed. The first-string defense allowed only two touchdowns and held opponents to fewer than 100 yards per game.

This success was a genuine team effort, from the supportive coaching staff and fine management to the team photographer. "They made every sacrifice necessary, gave true commitment, and most important of all worked both with their coaches and their teammates," said Coach Jake Congleton. "I have never seen such a divergent group of individualists who could play so well together."

Michael Oh '92
Michael Oh excelled in both squash and tennis at Groton. As a Third Former, he moved from JV to varsity to become #5 on the squash ladder, jumping to #1 as a Fifth Former. He captained the team during Sixth Form, when boys squash won

Top, members of the winning 8 at the 1994 Henley Regatta: Liane Malcos Keister '96, Isabel Linse '95, Abigail Cromwell '95, Sarah Fitzgerald '95, and Samantha Goldstein Kamras '96; center, Liz Campbell Rooney '02, Coach Dave Prockop, and Jessica Huang Tissera '06; bottom, Michael Doherty '12

the Jackson and Belmont Hill tournaments and defeated the JV squads of Harvard and Dartmouth. In regular-season play, the team was undefeated, 13–0, and Michael held his #1 position with an 11–2 record.

Michael also played varsity tennis all four years at Groton and was All-League for three; he was considered the best player in the league as a Fifth Former and received the *Boston Globe* All-Scholastic Award. He was co-captain in 1992, when the team had a 14–1 season.

After Groton, Michael started for four years on Harvard's squash team. As a junior, he was named All-American.

1994 Girls Crew, First and Second Boats

The 1994 girls crew was the best since 1980, the first to win at Quinsigamond since 1984, and the first Groton girls to row (and win!) at the Henley Regatta.

The crew's first race, against St. Mark's, was a win for the first and second boats. The following weekend, the third and fourth boats also beat St. Mark's, and the first boat won at the Founder's Cup on Lake Waramaug.

The year's first boat rowed an undefeated regular season, and with the two boats seeded first, the team went to Quinsigamond, where the second boat had a .9-second victory over Nobles, winning the Robert C. Parker Trophy.

At the Henley Regatta in England, Groton's second boat rowed as an eight, and the first boat as a coxed four. This was the first time Groton girls competed at Henley, and they won the Henley Women's Regatta in both the 8 and 4, beating Bryanston School in the finals in the 4 and Haberdasher's Monmouth School in the 8.

Jane Bradley Allison '02

Jane Bradley Allison earned eleven varsity letters during her five years at Groton, playing soccer, lacrosse, and hockey. She took to the varsity ice as a Second Former, and throughout her hockey career was an aggressive forward and top scorer. Jane co-captained the 2002 season, led in scoring with twenty-four goals, and was named ISL All-League. In lacrosse, she also was co-captain and received an ISL Honorable Mention. Jane went on to receive the Charles S. Potter Award, given to a Sixth Former who, through her athletic endeavors, has modeled sportsmanship and leadership.

After Groton, Jane continued on the ice at Hamilton College, scoring thirty goals, with thirty assists, in her 96-game career—including five game-winning goals. She captained Hamilton's team in 2005–06 and was awarded the Michael S. White award for leadership and integrity.

2002 Girls Varsity Tennis

With all six singles players returning, the 2002 girls varsity tennis team was positioned for success with talent, extensive experience, and ambition. In a year of exceptional strength in the league, Groton ran off eleven straight wins after a close, early loss to Thayer. The 12–1 record included victories over perennial powerhouses Milton and Nobles and led to the ISL championship.

Caroline Connor '02 was a focused and consistently effective competitor in both singles and doubles. Earning All-League were Caroline Bierbaum '02, who never lost a singles match in four years; Liz Campbell '02, a two-year co-captain; Sara-Camp Arnold '02, another two-year co-captain, who finished her final season at the top of the ladder; and key contributor Caroline Hamilton '03. Also essential to the team's success were Alessandra Henderson '03 and Jessica Huang '06.

Michael Doherty '12

Michael Doherty excelled in both hockey and lacrosse at Groton and went on to play professional hockey.

He played five seasons of Groton hockey, scoring eighty-one goals and setting what then was a school record of 161 points. He was a three-time All-ISL, ISL MVP during Fifth Form year, two-time team MVP, New England leader in points per game as a Fifth Former, 2010–11 *Boston Globe* All-Scholastic, and a leader behind the team's two ISL Eberhart Championships.

In four seasons of Groton lacrosse, Mike was the team MVP, All-ISL, and Reginald Finke Jr. Medal winner for his perseverance, courage, and unselfish sportsmanship.

After a year in the Eastern Junior Hockey League and four years at Yale, Mike signed with the Providence Bruins and played three seasons of professional hockey as a forward. His career included 159 games in the East Coast Hockey League, playing for the Manchester Monarchs and the Indy Fuel.

Also honored in person during the 2022 reunion were the 2020 Hall of Fame inductees, who were feted remotely in 2020 and announced in the fall 2020 Quarterly: Nicole Piasecki '80. Claudia Barcomb Asano '95, the 1979 football team, and the 1980 girls first boat.

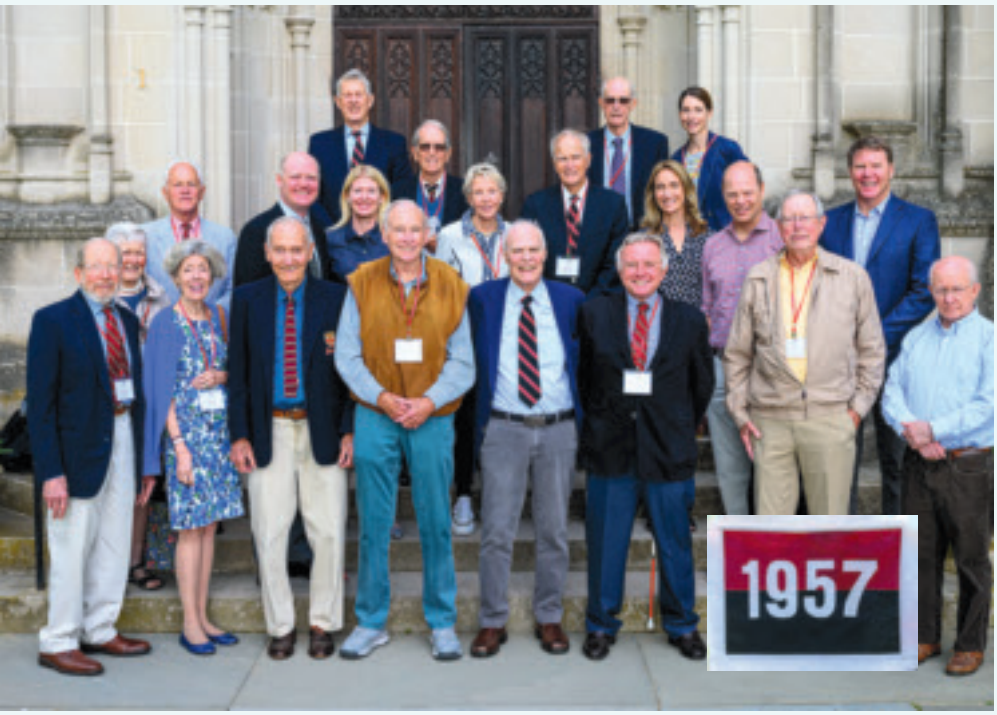
1 Stefano Viacava-Vera ‘16, Coco Wallace ‘17, and Trevor Fry ‘15

2 Kristen Smalley Priscak ‘85, Patricia Johnson ‘85, Karen Campbell Sorrell ‘86, Susan Gilbert Edgett

3 Megan Rutter Bounit ‘97 playing cornhole with her children

4 Liz Laws Fuller ‘01 and Vern Peterson-Cassin ‘00

5 Marichal Monts ‘81, Onu Odim ‘81, and Stephen Hill ‘80



1947
Everett and Pamela Morss. Attending but not pictured: John Bordman

1950
Clara "Mouse" Lang, Tim Cunningham, and Gordon Lang

1951
Jim and Sarah Ann Donnelly

1955
Front row: Nick Ourusoff, Shelley Schieffelin, David Sa'adah, Frances Pratt, Harry Pratt, John Schieffelin

Back row: Woody Ives, Gretchen Hall, Wheaton Vaughan, Jim Sheffield

1957
Front row: Stuart Auchincloss, Susan Auchincloss, Judy Bross, Nat Coolidge, John Carmody, Gordon Gund, Wilford Welch, Ian Dunn, Doug Brown

Middle row: Tim Rivinus, Jonathan Bross '87, Suzette Bross Bulley '86, Dorothy Forbes, Stewart Forbes, Lara Gund, Grant Gund '86, Zack Gund '89

Back row: Robbie Minturn, Peter Schabert, Hill Bullard, Sarah Bullard

1960
Geoffrey Gund, Nathaniel Pierce

Attending but not pictured: Jon Choate, Fred Kellogg, Whit Lloyd, Harry Pollock, Payson Rand, Bill Sloan

1961

Front row: John Daly, Sarge Cheever, Johnny Richmond,

Back row: John Kiser, Alan Iselin, Bobby Whitney, Tom Hamilton, Herb Motley, John Dundas, Gardner Jackson

1962

Front row: John Whitman, Cal Burrows, Rob Knapp, Helena Knapp

Middle row: Sheila ffolliott, Shep Krech, Frank Blair, Chris Angell, Buck McAdoo, Peyton Biddle, Ruth Meleen

Back row: Tod Gregory, Pat Gregory, Nick Fuller, John Cobb, Bayard Cobb, Scott Asen, Rob Gardiner, Mike St. John Smith

Attending but not pictured: David and Rose Thorne

1965

Bobby Scott and Paul Andrews

1966

Front row: Kate Webb, Marshall Webb, Joe Cheshire, Carolyn Cheshire, Joanne Brown

Back row: Betty Rowe, Peter Rowe, Perry Gignoux, Joanne Brown, Jim Brown, Bob Kinzel

Attending but not pictured: Breck and Ninna Denny

1970

Front row: David Cleveland, Patricia Cleveland, David Moskowitz, William Cooper, Leslie Post, Walter Perry, Steve Hartshorne, Larry Bogard, Alice Medalia, LeRoy Watkins, Tom Cleveland, Bill McGlothlin, Margie Kunhardt, Philip Kunhardt, Alec Webb

Middle row: Pamela Spearman, Mac Davidson, Robbie Pyne, Peter Brooks, Richard Norton

Back row: George Motley, Chris Biddle, Bill Baer, Arthur Post, Sara Hadden, David Hadden, Amy Richards, Frank Richards, Carol Scott, Alex Scott

Attending but not pictured: Evan Cowles

1971

First row: Steve Mamarchev, Cathy Siebert, Oliver Goodenough, Sally Coates and Asa Yancey, Nat and Nancy Gardiner, Rita Amstutz, Mary Sandifer

Second row: Lee Newman, Alison Clarkson, Eric Amstutz, John Sandifer

Third row: Malcolm Edgerton, Chris Isham, Patti Tracey and Chris Hudson, Elaine Hany and Jeb Spaulding, Mort Butler

Fourth row: Seth and Laura Sprague, Debra and Hunt Williams, Ned Motley, Karen Hansen and Andrew Bundy, Frank Springer

Fifth row: Ken Isaacs, Peter Johnston, Doug Eckel, Owen Clay, Doug Ludwig, Alfred Forrester

1972

Front row: Paul Stewart, Jim Cooper, Lisa Trask, Steve Strachan, Steve Borgeson, Bill and Margaret Larkin, Star Childs, Charlie Agnew

Middle row: Jim White, Mary Falls Cooper, Dana and David Porter, John Sedgwick, Chris Mead, Larry Gruner, Leslie Aloian, Jon Choate

Back row: Judy McBride, Lindsay and Charlie Coolidge, Sherri and Preston Moore, Dave Erhart, Chris and Vicki LaFarge, Watson Blair, Dwight Hopkins, Pike Aloian, Dave and Robin Key, and Dick Storey

1975

Front row: Gordie Gardiner, Karen Sommer, Marshall Moore, Becky Moore, Mac Bowles, George Smith, Linda Vespa, Waller Finnagan

Back row: Jake Gregory, Bob Curry, Brian Neligan, Lee Jones, John Tarpey

Attending but not pictured: Charles and Tami Anton, Toby Dilworth, Dana Lanzillo, John Wallace, Dave Howe, Stacey Gregory, Susie Curry

1976

Bill Blood, J.T. Coe, Brian Bixby, Bobby Bolling

1977

First row: James Bundy, Anne Tofflemire, Ed Toy, Inge Watkins, Pete Congleton, Tish Churchill, Arthur Anton, Chris Loring, Greg Russell

Second row: Dave Bolger, Billy Bancroft, Terry Vaccaro, Phil Goodnow, Clifton Beach

Third row: Lili Hanna, Alyce Jones Lee, Janet Pyne, Maria Eddy Tjeltveit, Alan Tjeltveit, Rob Southworth, Catie Camp

Back row: Bill Cross, Ben Pyne, George Riley, Peter Werner, Anna Werner, Ellie Dwight

1980

First row: Kevin Griffith

Second row: Lorayne Black, Stewart Kim, Bill Perry, John Gannon, Angie Harris, Steve Hill

Third row: Warren Thaler, Bradley Kulman, George Biddle, John Mackay, Bruce Carvalho, Peter Cook

Fourth row: Josh Groves, David Black, Tim Dilworth, Tim Forster, James Hicks

1981

First row: Starr Collins Osborne, Mollie Rimmer Hoopes, Brian Rogers, Selden Wells Tearse, Clifton York, Onu Odim

Second row: Jeff Rockwell, Crista Herbert Gannon, John Harvie, Lukie Osborne Wells, Phil Gardner

Third row: Beth Garrity-Rokous, Jen Cunningham Butler, Gates Garrity-Rokous, Betsy Wright Hawkings, Becky White Dilworth, Scott Steward, Marichal Monts

Fourth row: Lydia Faesy, Kate Blow McGloon

Fifth row: Andy Dunn, David Hawkings, Fletcher Harper, David Forster, Chris Landau, Caroline Landau

1982

First row: Franny Pratt, Anne Bingham, Betsy Lawrence, Brooks Donnelly, Virginia Rhoads, Martha Sutro, Lalla Carothers

Second row: Megan Peel, Bunny Hickey, Clint Johnson, Thayer O'Brien, Ann Low, Karen McLoughlin, Will Gardiner, Chris Dorn, Tom Everett

Third row: Steve Potter, David Saltonstall, Jennifer Ayer Sandell, Caroline Barry, Garrett Spitzer, Chris Wrampelmeier, Adam Greene, Julia de Peyster, John Greene, Elise Wood, Charlie Wray, and Richard Bradley

1985

Front row: Ann Wells Parrish, Tiff Bingham, Pat Johnson, Jane Leibowitz Moggio, Sandra Rhinelander, Cannon Quigley Campbell, Newt Brainard

Middle row: Al Winkler, Lucy Stone, Kristin Priscak, Karen Campbell Sorrell '86, Will Knuff, Tommy Sutro, Arthur Long

Back row: Sallie Smith, Anne Choate-Lombardini, Nina Simonds Trowbridge, Sarah Stearns Fey, James Cherry, Ellen Curtis Boiselle, Whit Knapp, Julie Cluett

1986

Front row: Sarah Forbes, Tim Goodale, Chip McDonald, Court Cunningham, Ben Tregoe

Middle row: Suzette Bross Bulley, Lynne Lamson, Grant Gund, Gat Caperton, Brendan O'Malley, Jake Jacobsson, Amy Jacobsson

Back row: Sarah Jensen, Charlie Forbes

1987

Front row: Jonathan Bross, Tia Viering, Will Houston, Bill Vrattos

Middle row: Angus McFadden, Monica Spencer Green, Patrick Devine, Ted Paisley, Whitney Browne

Back row: Adam Isles, Sarge Gardiner, Dan Quigley, Barry Browning, Tom Wright

1990

Kate Milliken

1991

Front row: Ryan Bielagus, Jackie Cavanaugh Bielagus (with Lilly and Alexis), William Broadhead, Dan and Kristin Oliver (with Emilia, Mary-Louise, and DanDa), Nazish Agha (with Zaira and Ali), Tinka Markham Piper

Second row: Celerie Kemble (with Rascal, Zinia, and Wick Kemble), Stephen Roesler, Elizabeth Dodge, Baylor Fox-Kemper, Karen and Garrett Hartley

Back row: Jamie Whitters, Geordie Hebard, Gary Cohen, Charlotte Cohen, Melissa Schorr, Eloise Lawrence, Suzannah Kerr McFerran, Katie Smith Knuppel

Attending but not pictured: Megan Quigley

1992

Front row: MacNeil Curry, Tom Hooper, Todd Tesoro, Suzanne Streeter, Tiverton McClintock, Austin McClintock

Middle row: Phil Nicholas, Michael Oh, Storm Taliaferrow, Elizabeth Eberle

Back row: Gaston de los Reyes, Chris Cho, Jason Zenowich, Charlie Whinery, Adam Spence, Ted Gay, Phil Kurzman

1995

First row: Kelly Gingras, Mike Gingras and daughter

Second row: Henry Nuzum, Farzaneh Nuzum (family members), Renata Watts, Ned Peterson

Third row: Margaret Rutter, Andrew Rutter, Topher Watts, Sarah McGowan, Abigail Cromwell, Michelle Jewett, Viveca Gruen, Julie Rusczek and daughter Margaret

Fourth row: Christian Oberle, Jane Blair Oberle, Phil Levis, Isabel Linse, Sarah FitzGerald, Merrill Stubbs Dorman, Darren Van Blois

1996

Front row: Ward Bullard, Rebecca Bullard, Samantha Goldstein Kamras, Jen Stager, Nii-Ama Akuete, Hilary Maddox, Nike Martin Wiggen, Brooke Bancroft, Caroline Costin Wright, Josh Adams

Middle row: Emma Fuerst Frelinghuysen, Pia Hargrove Raymond, Alix Peck Hernandez-Soria, Chandler Bass Evans, Maryam Mujica, Erin Pennington Wood, Keith Connor, Damian Zunino, Jonea Glaspie, Tony Ducret, Andrew Scott

Back row: Joshua Clemons, Lindsay Clemons, Karina Beleno Carney, Cynthia Ramsay, Burke Ramsay, Ben Lyons, Matthew Hutson, Cabot Henderson, Thad Pollock, Reeve Jolliffe, Larry Perera, Rich Calhoun

1997

Front row: Ken Baughman, Laura Ingle, Megan Bounit, Jenn Garofalo Hawkins, Nia Spongberg, Valerie Cooper, Brooke Andrews, Blanca Andrews

Middle row: Barclay Lynch, Tyler Bradford, Kendra Borowski, Pia Bayot Corlette, Emily Oates Torres, Fatima Sanandaji, Alister Devins, Judith Noel Devins

Back row: Andrew Piccirillo, Brooks Finnegan, Rob Pike, Nico Landrigan, Peter Niles, Karim Ani, Gillian Curran, Hilary Watts Wieczorek, Alex MeVay, John DeStefano

2000

Front row: Vern Peterson-Cassin, Bill Roshia, Joy Watcharaumnuay, Sharyn Cura, Alex Denniston, Carolyn Murphree, Rebecca Lynch Rutherfurd

Back row: Eden Albanese, Todd Fuhrman, Chloe Hartwell, Annie Huntoon, Clementine Knight, Cate La Farge Summers, Charlotte Howard

2001

First row: Brian Hernandez, Sandra Revueltas, Rachel Thompson, Rachel Adams Miller, Krystal Kira Vazquez, Erin Kelly, Emily Hruby Halpern, Hilary Thorndike

Middle row: Jack Sweeney-Taylor, Cyrus Garner, Zahra Mehta, Adrienne Boone, Ella Steim, Alexandra Hoch, Corinna Noering Ghilardi, Veronica Siebert Lemieux-Blanchard

Back row: Will Tully, John Gunderson, Elizabeth Laws Fuller, Meg Greenberg Lockwood, Alex Ramsay, Matthew Lemieux-Blanchard, Simon Halpern

2002

Front row: Julia Deming Vaughn, Gabe Menendez, Liz Campbell, Brooks Gordon, Tunesia Jeter, Ethan Dennison, Kristen Carter, Katie Churchill

Middle row: Philip Anstey, Kyle Eudailey, Will Boothby, Haven Thompson Boothby, Danny Davison, Alex Furer, Jane Bradley Allison, Peter Allison

Back row: Justin Ifill, Ben Niles, Claiborne Deming, James Higgins, Bo Twumasi, Jonathan Ward, Zack Pasanen, Michael Xiao

Attending but not pictured: Anna Sjogren, Andrew McElroy, Hilary Minot, Whitney Rauschenbach, Alissa Gordon Heinerscheid, and Nathaniel Bristol

2005

Front row: Bertie Cator, Becky Zoller, Seth Palmer, Libby Denniston, Becky Zofnass, Anna Steim, Leila Higgins, David Miller

Middle row: James Gibney, Carter Cleveland, David Cheever, Tripp Burwell, Alison Holmes, Holly Sjogren

Top row: Bucky Marshall, Alex Howard, Jennifer Van Beek, Brendon Luby, Hallie Lynch, Sarah Maguire Wertz, Ben Hanna, Theo Higginson

2006

Front row: Whitney MacKenzie, Jessica Huang Tissera

Back row: Tom Zoller, Stephen McCarthy, Chris Graham, Emily Forse, Jamie Hamer, Rees Sweeney-Taylor

2007

Front row: Stephen Millington, Ginger Cutler, Dede Grenier Janich, Jacki Marrinan, Gus Harwood, Scotty Weber, Alex Wang

Back row: Chris Cleveland, Kelly Rodigas, Claiborne Thompson, Kelsey Maguire, Katherine Dwyer, Ben Hansen-Bundy, Alex Hull

2010

Julia Dwyer, Paige McDonald, Joanna Peller, Ariana Bedrossian, Liza MacEachern, Jillian Howe

2011

Front row: Remy Knight, Brian Choi, Katy Wagner, Hannah Kessler, Mayra Cruz, Dan Rodriguez

Middle row: Meghan Burke, Charlotte Bullard Davies, Kate Lapres, KC Hambleton, Janet Adeola

Back row: Emma Peabody, Orme Thompson, Will Bolton, Dan Hong, Jocelyn Hickcox, Hans Trautlein

2012

Front row: Cerel Munoz, Peter Laboy, Carrie Coughlin, Malcolm Johnson, Eliza Fairbrother, Denia Viera, Tory Mayher, David Belsky, Derek Boyse

Middle row: Sarah Brooks, Sarah Long, Emily Hoch, Julia Combs, Allie Banwell, Lydia Schulz, Indira Cabrera, Carolina Mejia-Pena, Jack Kessler, Emmett Horvath

Back row: Winston Shi, Evan Hansen-Bundy, William Goodenough, Matt Clarida, Artie Santry, Walker Evans, Molly Belsky, Julia Wood, Poppy Doolan, Luke Duroc-Danner, Sherwood Callaway, Will Holley

2015

First row: Annie McElgunn, Molly Prockop, Emma Zetterberg, Ejaaz Jiu, Luna Goodale

Second row: Ben Osterholtz, Caroline Morss, Charlotte Mellgard, Tania Gray, Layla Varkey, Lillian Harris, Katherine McCreery, Annie McCreery, Holly McNaughton, Gracie Liggett, Anthony Chu, Johnny Lamont

Third row: Robert Gooch, Simon Colloredo-Mansfeld, Jason Cahoon, Willy Anderson, Olivia Ladd-Luthringshauser, Kasumi Quinlan, Dorien Llewellyn, Max Gomez, Cam Ayles

Fourth row: Harry Jones, Ace Cowans, Evan Haas, Whit Lippincott, Malik Jabati, Chenyu Ma, Trevor Fry, Britton Pyne, Frank Bruni, Turner Banwell, Noah Altshuler, Jared Belsky

2016

Kneeling: Jonathan Briggs, Zahin Das, Malcolm Akinje, Will Bienstock, Hayden Futch

First row: Steven Anton, Edis Levent, Sophie DiCara, Allie Patenaude, Laura Choi, Alexandra Conner, Sammy Johnson, Lizzie Tobeason, Sydney Pagliocco, Libby LLanso, Maddy Forbess, Nancy Xue, Claudette Ramos, Varsha Harish.

Middle row: Michael You, Tanner Coffin, Allie Banks, Ali Lamson, Anna Thorndike, Anna MacDonald, Nena Atkinson, Georgia Brainard, Sophie Wilder, Emma Cusano, Tolly Flinn, Claire Peabody.

Back row: Jack Fitzpatrick, Arthur Jelin, Will Robbins, Parker Banks, Luke Holey, George Klein, Albert Zhu, Andrew Sudol, Nick Barry, Mike Brown, Will Corman, Wells Burrell, JP Neenan

2017

Front row: Carly Bowman, Elyssa Wolf, Eleonor Wolf, Ella Capen, Emma Keeling, Christine Bernard, Cherian Yit, Frances McCreery, Langa Chinyoka, Caroline Johnston, Caroline Fisher, Mims Reynolds, Victoria Wahba

Middle row: Anson Jones, Ella Anderson, Jack Fanikos, Rand Hough, Charlie Hawkings, Iftikhar Ramnandan, Marco McGavick, Amani Jiu, Zizi Kendall, Tyler Brooks, Michael Osei

Top row: Victor Liu, Westby Caspersen, John Cecil, Lyle Prockop, Liberty Potter, Lauren Kochis, Feild Gomila, Marcella Flibotte, Verity Lynch, Elle Santry, Owen Duggan

A CHAPEL TALK

by Ruohong "Iris" Wu '22

May 16, 2022

Speaking in Three Dimensions

"I sought to preserve the essence, but neither an English nor a Chinese structure. I wanted to capture what language ability tests can never reveal: her intent, her passion, her imagery, the rhythms of her speech and the nature of her thoughts."

—Amy Tan, *Mother Tongue*

I often reminisce about my life before Groton: it's like recalling a dream as it slips from my waking mind, or like watching an old movie tape starring no one but myself, whom I can barely recognize anymore.

My middle school was smack in the middle of *Xidan*, Beijing's busiest commercial district. Every morning I would gather my hair into a sleek high ponytail and slip into one of the three identical sets of baggy tracksuits I owned (if you're wondering, that is my school uniform). While flying down the creaking stairs, I would yell to grandma that I have no time to eat the sunny-side up egg she made. To her chiding, I would shout back as I leaped out of our apartment door, "Love you, see you soon!" By the time the first golden ray escaped the horizon, the wheels of my mountain bike would glide along the wide asphalt avenue that traverses Beijing city.

My Chinese public school had more than seven hundred kids per grade, divided into eighteen homerooms. The whole campus was a single brick building hugging a playground. Between the second and third class blocks was exercise period, when lucky residents of nearby apartment buildings get this comical sight: seven hundred kids in a rigid formation, robotically moving to the beat of blasting radio gymnastics tunes. Lunch block was short but precious; I would take a few bites of the consistently unappetizing boxed lunch, and a swarm of us would sprint downstairs for ping-pong, basketball, or a game of tag. I took eight classes in total, and school ran from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. each day with eight class blocks. The biannual exams always set off schoolwide panic attacks, when scores, class rankings, and even grade ranking were announced and compared with each other. I know, I still sometimes wonder how I managed to survive that.

To your surprise, the subject that brought me the most pride was English. You see, I come from a place where "How are you?" had one standard response ("I'm fine, thank you, and you?") and where English "essays" were one paragraph answering the prompt "describe your day." Every day, I could spend the forty-five minutes of English class reclining comfortably in the air conditioned teachers' lounge, because despite being able to give the perfect answer whenever being called on, I was either fast asleep or being the biggest distraction to the circle within a one-desk-radius of me. So, when I was packing for Groton, I felt confident. After all, I got 29/30 in the speaking section of TOEFL (Test Of English as a Foreign Language). What could go wrong?

Somehow, I managed to ignore something: At one of the most academically rigorous private boarding schools in the U.S., English wasn't a foreign language, and I wasn't held to the standard of a foreigner.

For the first weeks of Groton, I was too embarrassed to have someone explain slang phrases like "low-key" and "legit" in plain English, so I low-key abused those enigmatic terms in legit all the wrong contexts. It unnerved me how class participation actually mattered for my grades. I had google-translate open at all times during biology so

Clockwise from above: Iris with friends after her chapel talk; formmates Ian Bayliss, Iris, Emily Li, and Nathan Park; Iris with middle school friends

that something as convoluted as "endosymbiosis" could show up on my screen as the familiar boxy characters. I pressed my molars hard against each other as I sat through whole sacred text classes unable to squeeze in a single comment, because by the time my ideas were processed into comprehensible sentences, the discussion had long moved on to a new topic.

My thoughts in rich and vivid Chinese phrases became simple, bland, oftentimes grammatically incorrect English ones at the spin of my tongue. Making conversations with others felt like shouting from within a noise-canceling box. I hated my just-about-audible Chinese accent; it asserted its unwanted presence like nails on a blackboard amidst a sea of perfect pronunciations. I was ashamed of my awkward pauses; they would disrupt a flowing conversation while my brain frantically searched for the right phrases in a humble word bank. I despised my clumsy tongue. It would slur syllables and always earn me looks of confusion or "Sorry, what was that?"

So, I simply became muted, or in the words written by my Third Form English teacher on my report card, "predominantly reticent," a phrase that I didn't even understand back then. I missed my Chinese self, the one who could effortlessly make witty retorts, understand all the latest memes, and chat about my favorite TV show or snack without having to tag along with someone else's answer. I missed her confidence, her humor, her undying will to share, and her freedom from the clunky shackles of the way she speaks. In those dark ages, I cherished the rare moments when my old self emerged from the silence of my new self, be it chatting with Emily, Annie, or Sophia in Chinese, having homemade *ZhaJiang* noodles at Ms. Jin's house, or daily FaceTime calls with my mom, which now take place only once a week.

In my mother tongue, I am three dimensional. I can smoothly express the sparks of my personality and the entirety of my whimsical mind in just the right words. In English, though the discrepancy has become subtle with years spent on this Circle, I still feel flattened to merely a cross section of who I really am. Even till this day, I am haunted by a lingering fear that my limited English would somehow "taint" my social image, making me seem less smart, less interesting, less American, just less.

However, standing in this pulpit with twenty days left of my first truly American experience, I can confidently say that my two selves are merging into a balance. I no longer flinch and wish to disappear whenever somebody makes a friendly joke about how I mispronounced a word; now I just simply let out a chuckle. I no longer secretly wish to trade my Chinese identity for a naturally American one; now I am more than proud and grateful to be bilingual and bicultural. There was no trick or shortcut to get to where I am today. It simply took time, practice, courage, confidence, and, most importantly, those around me who overlooked my occasionally butchered pronunciations or swallowed syllables and connected with who I truly am. So, thank you all.

A CHAPEL TALK

by Ellen Curtis Boiselle '85, Trustee

April 28, 2022

The Power of Vulnerability

My name is Ellen Boiselle, and I arrived at Groton as a Third Former in the fall of 1981—dressed in clothes and listening to music that I suspect many of you now mock during '80s theme nights. I was never courageous enough to give a chapel talk when I was student. So standing up here feels like a fever-dream movie-mash-up of *Back to the Future* and *Nightmare on Elm Street*. But perhaps my trepidation is fitting, as I want to talk to you today about vulnerability.

As Mr. Maqubela noted, in my professional life, I work with a team of clinicians assessing children and adolescents who are struggling with learning, emotional, behavioral, and/or social problems. The pandemic has thrown the challenges of our patients into high relief, with many of them experiencing significant issues with their mental health.

No doubt all of you are aware that we are in the midst of a mental health crisis in this country. You have heard about and read about it; and some of you—perhaps many of you—have experienced it firsthand.

The good news is this crisis coincides with shifting attitudes about mental health. Years ago, attending to one's feelings and emotions was considered an indulgence—a sign of weak character. If you could "keep calm and carry on" you were doing it right. But that paradigm is changing.

When I was at Groton, making an appointment with the lone school counselor was typically something done in secret, by literally marking an anonymous X on the calendar on her door. Today, I am told, many of you are open about seeking support for the challenges you are experiencing. This gives me so much hope.

I am also heartened that many schools, including Groton, are actively engaged in changing curricula and developing programs to support mental health and well-being. I am so proud that mental health and well-being are now a strategic priority for Groton.

Yet we must be honest: fostering mental health is no easy task. Attitudes are shifting, but institutions and cultural expectations move at a more glacial pace. And even as we recognize the primacy of mental health, we are confronted with challenging questions:

How can we safeguard well-being in a society where there is so much pressure to achieve? Where accomplishment, sometimes at great cost, remains the literal and metaphorical coin of the realm?

And what does it mean to be an academically rigorous learning environment that promotes mental health and well-being? How can academic rigor and well-being coexist and strengthen each other?

I don't have easy answers to these important questions. But I believe that one of the ways we can move the ball down the field is by fostering a culture at Groton and beyond in which acknowledging one's vulnerabilities is par for the course. We must normalize the fact that we all have things with which we struggle.

Now, vulnerability seems to be a buzzword these days. From an evolutionary standpoint, we are programmed to hide our weaknesses. But there is mounting evidence about its upsides. Vulnerability, as it turns out, helps us to connect with others. Some argue that it is critical to building resilience. Others contend that it is an important aspect of leadership.

And yet we live in a world where talents are championed, and vulnerabilities—or "untalents"—are typically acknowledged only once they have been overcome. How many of you can recall being celebrated for overcoming an untalent: increasing your speed on

Ellen with her husband Phillip and dog Elliot

> "I can promise you that the classmate for whom everything seems to come easily has secret hardships, as does the teacher you so admire or the coach whose life seems so ideal.

the track, crushing calculus, auditioning for a play. It seems that we are most comfortable talking about our weaknesses when we have a narrative arc to place around them —a framework for saying, "I struggled with this, and now I have overcome it."

I myself have a litany of untalents—too many to enumerate. I am a horrible cook. I have a robust fear of heights and, as luck would have it, public speaking. I am hopeless with anything involving spatial relations. And I feel out of place at almost every large gathering I attend.

I am also what one might call automotively challenged. No joke. I am not skilled in the vehicular arts. On multiple occasions I have driven away from the gas pump with the hose still attached to my car.

And recently, when driving in Cambridge, I took a turn into a seemingly welcoming tunnel, only to find myself driving through an underground T-station with a redline train pulling up alongside me. Scores of T-riders stared at me and my car, mouths agape. It was mortifying.

And I will admit that once, when attempting to go from one level of a parking lot to another via what I assumed to be a ramp, I drove down an entire flight of stairs! Yes, an entire flight of stairs—with maybe twenty or more steps, including a landing. And though I know those steps were inanimate, I can tell you that they felt super judgy as I made my humiliating descent.

Why would I share these vulnerabilities with you? Well, first, I will admit to a shameless bid to keep you awake with amusing anecdotes. Second, I suspect that my untalents may give you hope. If a no-cooking, height-fearing, spatially challenged, bad driver can graduate from Groton and go on to get a PhD, there truly is no telling what each of you very capable individuals can do.

But my sharing of these untalents is also an example of a certain category of vulnerability. These are what I would call mild to mid-level vulnerabilities. I am embarrassed and moderately chagrined by them. But I can admit them to myself, share them with others, and even laugh about them.

But there is another category of vulnerabilities that each of us has—the ones that are more tender—that cut close to the bone. I am speaking about the hurdles and demons that can be hard to talk about with friends, or even to admit to oneself. For some it could be an attention problem or eating disorder, for others a physical limitation; some of you may struggle socially or be wrestling with aspects of your identity. And some of you may have a challenging family dynamic or a loved one who is unwell. The list is as numerous and diverse as the people in this room.

My form of this more tender vulnerability is that I have anxiety. Throughout my youth, people described me as high-strung, overly sensitive, emotional, and—most of all—an inveterate worrier. Indeed, worrying has always been my best event.

As a child and adolescent, I worried about what would happen; I worried about what wouldn't happen. And I worried about what had happened and what that might augur. I worried. And worried. And worried. My internal dialogue was peppered with "what ifs," and imagined outcomes were always dire. I was endlessly self-critical, and the successes I did experience came more as a relief than as something to celebrate.

The worst part was that I saw my worries and concerns as deeply shameful weaknesses. I marveled at my classmates' apparent ease, and saw my lack thereof as a failing in my character. I didn't know that anxiety was the problem. I thought I was the problem. My endless worrying was a sign that I simply wasn't tough enough, cool enough, smart enough, strong enough—or "enough" enough.

In my attempt to hold my worries at bay, I sought to impose order. At Groton and in college, my lecture notes were color coded and my closets organized. My

books were stacked by height, my CDs alphabetical, and my sweaters arranged by color into a tidy tower of wool. I felt that if I could organize and find a place for everything in my life, my worries would subside. If I could just work hard enough, I would be in control.

It wasn't until my junior year at Yale that I had to face the fact that no amount of hard work or organizing was going to vanquish my worries. I was overwhelmed and depleted. With the help of friends, I found myself at the student health center and was finally diagnosed with an anxiety disorder.

With that diagnosis, I found that I wasn't alone. With targeted treatment, I came to understand that my anxiety was not a failure of character or lack of fortitude. It was a part of me that I didn't like, but a part of me I needed to acknowledge—and a part of me that I could learn to manage.

Let me be clear. I have not conquered my anxiety. Anxiety was with me when I wrote this talk; and it is standing beside me right now, worrying just a bit about what you might be thinking. But we are better friends now, my anxiety and I. Or at least we have a well-defined treaty.

I share this with you to remind you of a fundamental truth: we all have vulnerabilities, big and small, seen and unseen. Some of them are easy to acknowledge; but others are less so—the ones that function like monsters under the bed—lurking within you.

As Frank Bruni recently wrote, there's almost always a discrepancy between how people appear and what they're actually experiencing, between their public polish and internal muddle, their trumpeted accomplishments and a private, more consequential accounting. I can promise you that the classmate for whom everything seems to come easily has secret hardships, as does the teacher you so admire or the coach whose life seems so ideal.

Imagine that each of us donned a placard that itemized our individual vulnerabilities—from the mildly troublesome to the ones that cut deeper and close to the bone.

What would your placard say? Take a minute right now to think about a vulnerability that cuts close—it can be a worry or fear or something that limits you; it can be about learning or friends or athletics; about what you wish you could do or what you wish you didn't do. Go ahead and peek at a monster underneath the bed. Now sit with it for a moment. How does it make you feel? What are you saying to yourself? What is your vulnerability saying to you?

And now, as you hold that vulnerability, I want to give you four pieces of simple but hard-earned advice.

First, acknowledge the vulnerabilities that linger at your core. Ignoring them will not make them go away. Naming them is the first step in learning how to manage them.

Second, share those vulnerabilities with people you trust—a dear friend or family member, a counselor or trusted teacher, a peer counselor. All of you work very hard to make Groton an inclusive and supportive community. Use that. Get help. Do not contend with your personal hurts and hurdles alone.

Third, practice the golden rule. It can be tempting to poke fun at the challenges others face—to go for the cheap joke or easy laugh. Resist that temptation. Before doctors receive their medical degrees, they have to take an oath, the first line of which is "First, do no harm." I think this is good advice for all of us. But I would add a second line: "Be gracious and kind." I urge you to be as gentle with the vulnerabilities of others as you wish others to be with yours. Kindness is always the right choice.

And finally, if there is nothing else that you take away from today's talk—other than the fact that you probably don't want to drive with me—let it be this: Adopt an attitude of curiosity about your vulnerabilities. Lean into them. Listen to them. Learn from them.

There are some vulnerabilities that we can overcome—and that is fantastic. They are the stuff of college essays and some chapel talks, of wedding toasts and friendly roasts.

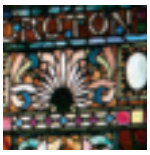
But what of the vulnerabilities that are not surmountable? How can you learn to accept and manage them? How does acknowledging them shape your ability to recognize vulnerability in others? And is it possible that deep within that vulnerability there is a cloistered gift—something that your vulnerability allows you to bring to this world?

I will close with this. In Japan there is an art form known as *kintsugi*—which involves mending broken pottery with a lacquer mixed with powdered gold, silver, or platinum. The goal is not to hide the break—to make it look "as good as new"— but rather to treat the breakage and repair as a critical part of the history of the object. Imagine a celadon pot with a long, irregular line of shiny gold traversing one side; or a blue vase with a delicate streak of silver zigzagging its circumference. The "flaw" is not something to disguise but rather something to recognize and acknowledge—an integral, and often quite beautiful, throughline that makes the piece unique.

Acknowledging and learning to manage the vulnerabilities you cannot overcome is akin to that—to seeing the deeply human aspects of yourself that are critical to your history and to the person that you are.

So in that spirt, I will leave you with the words of poet and songwriter Leonard Cohen:

Ring the bells that still will ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything
That's how the light gets in.



A CHAPEL TALK

by Rami Hahami '22

May 2, 2022

Back from the Abyss

I'm so glad to be here. I mean I'm really glad to be here because, for years, I didn't think it was possible. It all started on that Friday. After school, I took the LIRR to Penn Station, hopped on the E train, and walked to Harlem's Riverside Church, home of the Riverside Hawks: my travel basketball team. My dad, who works in the city, would meet me at the game. However, the idea of a nine-year-old boy traveling to the city alone scared the life out of my mom, who would text me, "Are you OK, honey?" every thirty seconds. I always told her nothing would happen and that people would be willing to help me if I got lost. I mean, not trying to flex or anything, but I was a pretty cute kid—jeez, I wonder what happened. Anyways, making the commute by myself and reassuring my mom made me feel like a "big boy"—something I desperately wanted to be. At 5:30, when I arrived at the church, I texted her, "Hi momma, I'm here and excited to play some bball, hope you had an easy day at work, don't get home too late, love u." As I stood in front of the historic building in front of me, I took a moment to gather myself. It was time to lock in.

I stepped onto the court; my feet vibrated from the music's roaring base. We were playing the NY Rens, one of the top-ranked teams in the city, in a highly anticipated matchup, competitive as fourth-grade basketball gets. The stands were packed. The buzzer sounded, and I could hear the crowd cheering, "Let's go, 15! Give these boys some buckets!" From the jump, I started off the game hot, hitting shots all around the key. In the first quarter, I felt loose, free, and confident. But moments later, when the first "episode" happened, those feelings would vanish. I was bringing up the ball in the middle of the second quarter and right before reaching half-court, I suddenly felt a piercing, agonizing pain that left

Jon Chase

Rami scored more than 1,000 points for Groton despite missing a full season during the pandemic.

me paralyzed on the floor. Moving a muscle felt like an internal slash in my abdomen. I lay motionless on the hardwood, glimpsing at the ball rolling away from me. The Riverside Hawks was the team I played on when I first picked up basketball in second grade. That day, I thought it was my last.

Growing up, my childhood was essentially ideal. But as my episodes of unbearable agony started occurring more frequently, I knew things wouldn't be the same, and felt my childhood coming to an end.

My mom, a respected pediatrician, called every medical professional she knew and took me to the best gastroenterologists in New York state. But after each of their examinations, the doctors assured my mom, "Don't worry about it. Rami just needs rest."

One visit went like this: "Dr. Hahami, he's fine. I know he's your son, but stop overreacting. You're being hysterical." I watched as my mom confronted this "professional."

Standing directly in front of him and making piercing eye contact, she affirmed, "You have no right to call me crazy. Maybe you should learn how to diagnose a patient."

And despite multiple doctors arriving at the same conclusion, my mom knew something was wrong.

A colonoscopy proved her right, and I'll never forget the day I found out. I woke up from a nap around 5:30 p.m.—rest my body now regularly relied on—and peeked out my window: crystal flakes trickled down, adding to the dirty white slush that topped the front lawn. Making my way to the kitchen, I found my family gathered around the dinner table, staring at me somberly.

"Hey, honey, come sit down," my mother said gently. I sat—a blank stare on my face. My mom hesitated before she told me the news, doing her best to hold herself together. "Rami, sometimes things we can't explain just happen." She paused again and put on that face—the one she made when she wanted to shield me from the world. "The test results came back. You've been diagnosed with Crohn's, a condition that causes inflammation in your stomach. That's why you've been having stomach pains." At that moment, I couldn't feel anything. I was just in fourth grade.

"Am I going to be OK?" I stuttered.

"Yes, sweetheart. You just have to take a pill every day, and it will all be better."

"But Mom, why me? Why is this happening to me?" I cried out, demanding an answer.

I never got one.

All I could see was my mom's composed facade starting to crumble. She said, "I'm so sorry, baby. I wish I could take Crohn's away from you and put it on myself." And she meant it.

But for the years I was tortured by the chronic condition, I couldn't understand the raw truth behind her words—because I was engulfed by Crohn's, wondering if I would survive.

After my diagnosis, I lost touch with my passions. Per the doctor's order, I could play basketball only once a week, which hindered my ability to play at my usual faster pace. My twenty-point-per-game average dropped significantly, as I couldn't stay on the court for more than a few minutes at a time. Playdates were always cut short. As I started spending more time in the hospital, I often missed school, making me fall behind on work. On occasion, I was marked "present," but I never wholly was. From the ages of ten to thirteen, Crohn's used me as its vessel and rejected the best-known inflammatory bowel disease treatments: injections, infusions, hyperbaric chamber treatment, therapy, and diet plans. My weight fell dangerously low, and I stopped growing. By then, every cell in my body had a sickening tolerance to pain. Every cell in my body was no longer mine. So how could I be "present" in math class when the last bit of my consciousness was screaming at me to *make it stop. Rami, make the pain stop. Get your body back, Rami, get up. Fight this.*

But from the bottom of the abyss, my cries were simply echoes in a place of nothingness. While I was held prisoner, an inflamed, seeping, demonic anger blamed my mom entirely: she was a pediatrician but couldn't even help her own son. That was her job, her passion, her life, but she couldn't cure me, and I took it all out on her.

When she would come into my room, I stood on top of my bed, yelling at her to stay away from me. I trembled, while tears gushed down my cheek. "This is all your fault, mom. You're the reason why I'm going to die."

I was up late at night, wondering what would kill me first: my mental or physical illness. At some point, I just wanted the nightmare to end. I no longer wanted my family to be collateral damage for the illness I had. My mom didn't deserve to bear the load of my emotional damage. My family didn't deserve to go into financial debt and sell the house just to pay for my treatments. They didn't deserve to watch as Crohn's drained my sense of self, my drive, my will to live. I could never forget those nights. Looking up the quickest ways on "how to do it," I contemplated ideas no human should ever consider. I was just eleven years old.

And though I was ready to surrender, my family wasn't. The people I held most dear joined their hands and found the fighting chance that could maybe—just maybe—lift me back to the surface. Surgery was that last resort. Although the procedure was considered "risky" and boasted a high probability of complications, it was the only way to clear the inflammation. So, on Thanksgiving Day, 2015, I put on the New York Presbyterian patient gown and hugged my family, not knowing if it would be the last time.

Luckily, surgeons removed my terminal ileum—the diseased part of my small intestine. But what I remember

> "The people I held most dear joined their hands and found the fighting chance that could maybe—just maybe—lift me back to the surface.

Young Rami the basketball player, above, and getting an MRI, left

most was not the smell of the small, grim hospital room, but rather the presence of my mom. Even after what I said to her, she was the only one up with me at 4 a.m., holding my hand after my painkillers wore off. Even after what I said to her, she made a plate of my Thanksgiving favorites and was the one who spent Thanksgiving with me. Even after all I've put her through, she was the only one who stayed with me for all three weeks in the hospital. Mom, words cannot encapsulate the gratitude I have for you.

After eight months, I was able to return to competitive NYC basketball. A little over a year ago, I was Riverside's star player, but post-surgery I could barely dribble up the court. Yet, it was only after my surgery that I realized how fortunate I was. To my surprise, many of my teammates also suffered from chronic medical conditions. But due to socioeconomic status, they were denied access to quality healthcare. Not everyone is given a second chance, a fair shot at beating their condition. I learned this at the infusion suite as well, which was a joint center for pediatric oncology patients. Even though I'd been receiving infusions for five years at the time, I saw a sight that always made me stop: rows of pale children, each hooked up to a drip. Slowly, clear liquid eased its way down the transparent tubes, each droplet a chance at life. I remember interacting with patients, trying to uplift their spirits. But as I walked past that hallway, I grew frustrated, then empty, because it just wasn't fair. What do I tell the five-year-old kid who was just diagnosed with stage four? Some never get the opportunity to achieve their dreams in this life.

But we all here today are fortunate to be healthy and have the opportunity to do things we love. I encourage all of us to lean on others when we struggle. Because truthfully, I've never won a fight singlehandedly, and Crohn's was no different. I'm not saying I've been 100% pain-free or that my mental battles are over because I've had countless flare-up episodes during stressful academic weeks and during my basketball seasons. At times, I still doubt myself. But, alongside my family, I have brothers and sisters here at Groton who have slowly healed the mental trauma I carried as a kid. They all share my victory. We all as a community share my victory. That's why I am so glad to be here.

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releases

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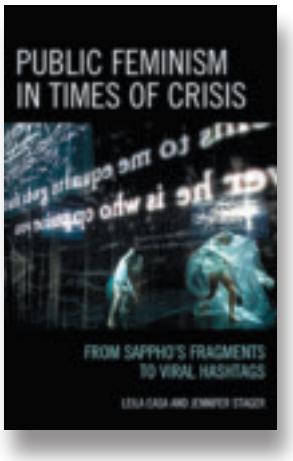

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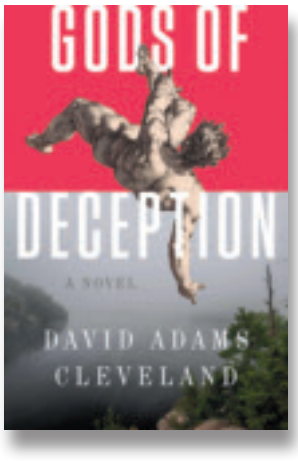

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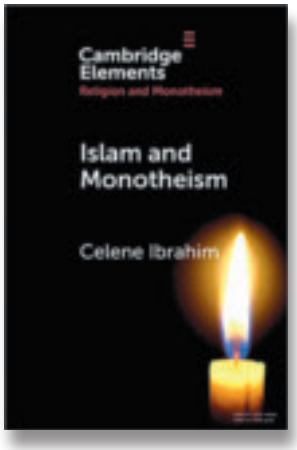


► Please send information about your new releases to quarterly@groton.org.

①

Jennifer Stager '96 and Leila Easa
Public Feminism in Times of Crisis: From Sappho's Fragments to Viral Hashtags

Public Feminism in Times of Crisis examines the public practice of feminism in the age of social media. While their concept of public feminism emerges from a moment of acute crisis (the Trump years and the COVID-19 pandemic), Jennifer Stager and Leila Easa locate its foundations in history, journeying through broad swathes of time looking for connections between the centuries through art and literature and culture.

Each chapter focuses on what public feminists do in the world: they gain control over an archive that otherwise contains or excludes them; recover their own stories and subjective experiences, sometimes for activist use; examine images and language that construct women in patriarchal texts; situate the individual within a collective and the collective within an individual; confront the limitations of such situating due to the containment of patriarchy and reclaim new systems of power in response; and resurface a deep history for the alternative strategies of memorializing they employ. In navigating these practices, the authors also attend to the material conditions of writing histories as well as those shaping and enabling public feminist acts and protests more broadly.

②

David Cleveland '70
Gods of Deception

At age ninety-five, Judge Edward Dimock, patriarch of his family and the man who defended accused Soviet spy Alger Hiss in the 1950 Cold War "trial of the century," is writing his memoir and consumed with doubts about the secrets he's kept for over fifty years—secrets that might change both American history and the lives of his entire family. Was his client guilty of spying for Stalin or not? And if he was guilty, did Hiss' crimes go far beyond his perjury conviction—a verdict that divided the country for a generation?

Dimock enlists his grandson, George Altmann, a brilliant Princeton astrophysicist, in the quest for truth. Reluctantly, George finds himself drawn into a web of deceit, his curiosity sparked by a string of clues found in the judge's unpublished memoir and in nine pencil sketches of accused Soviet agents, drawn by George's paternal grandfather, a once-famous painter who covered the Hiss trial as a courtroom artist, only to die in uncertain circumstances in a fall from Woodstock's Fishkill Bridge. Many suspected spies also died from ambiguous falls (a KGB specialty) or disappeared behind the Iron Curtain—and were conveniently unable to testify in the Hiss trial.

Gods of Deception is a tale of espionage, a family saga, a stirring love story, and a meditation on time and memory, astrophysics and art.

③

Haruka Aoki '08 and John Olson
Fitting In

Fitting In is a heart-warming, inclusive, and whimsical picture book about a square trying to fit into a world of circles. This book, intentionally written to be pronoun-inclusive, celebrates what makes everyone unique and special.

In a world of circles, Square feels different! In public, Square wears extra shapes to try to fit in, but pretending to be a circle all the time is hard work.

When Square trips and falls at a big, beautiful circle party, everyone learns the truth about Square's identity. In the end, Square realizes many friends are different shapes, too, and learns to celebrate the uniqueness of every shape (including the square!).

④

Caroline Coleman '82
If I Were a Tiger

A whimsical and playful rhyming picture book about a young boy who imagines himself as a tiger to overcome his fears—only to realize that he can trust in God.

Tim Bone has a big imagination, and when it roams wild, he's afraid of a lot of things. He's scared of the moon and the wailing typhoon, and he won't wear his sneakers because he fears hidden creatures. Tim's nervous at home, at school, and at play!

Fed up with being frightened, Tim comes up with a bold solution: He's going to become a tiger so he can be fiercer than his fears! There's just one problem: If he's a tiger, he can't be *Tim*. Could there be a better solution? What if Tim puts his trust in God—who made both boys and tigers—instead?

⑤

Stephen Marchand Fernández, faculty
Hacerse cuerpo

This book of poetry introduces Groton Spanish teacher Stephen Marchand Fernández as a weaver of the word and the body: each word fills the body until silence arrives and the body is emptied.

His adventure of the word makes us accomplices in his vision of the body beyond the physical and shakes our hand as we enter his point of view—a place, a presence, an acknowledgment. Becoming a body breaks the molds of the visible and the invisible, of inhabited space, and it does so with forceful poetry, full of passageways and symbols. Señor Fernandez included artwork by his former student, **John Donovan '20**, on the cover. *In Spanish*

⑥

Celene Ibrahim, faculty
Islam and Monotheism

Conviction in monotheism unifies Muslims across time and place; it is found in the core profession of faith (the *shahāda*) and is reinforced by thousands of Qur'anic verses and prophetic teachings. Drawing on the Qur'anic discourse, sayings of the Prophet Muhammad, and select theological works, this book provides a concise and accessible introduction to the most fundamental concept in Islamic thought. The work explains the nature and attributes of God and examines how monotheism informs Islamic conceptions of truth, morality, piety, and virtue.

Book summaries were provided by the authors and/or publishers.

Photographs by Jon Chase

SPRING SPORTS

Above, rowers Rowen Hildreth, Stanley Spence, Henry Haskell, and Ryder Cavanaugh; bottom, Aimee Zheng ‘23

Opposite page, Larry Li ‘23, the #1 player on an undefeated boys tennis team

BOYS TENNIS 18–0

The ISL champion boys tennis team completed a spectacular season, winning all dual matches, including fifteen in the ISL and three against perennial powerhouses Andover, Exeter, and Deerfield. The team proudly brought back the R.K. Irons Trophy to the Circle.

This team was talented and deep: tri-captains #1 Larry Li '23, #2 Jared Gura '22, and #3 Ben Jones '22 were All-League and Larry was league MVP and honored in the *Boston Globe* (just two other Groton boys have won that honor: Michael Oh '92 and Zack Pasanen '12). Yet all players contributed when matches were on the line, including Trip Wight '25 (#4), Griffin Gura '24 (#5), Jack Lionette '23 (#6), Will Vrattos '23 (#2 doubles), and Bryan Bin '25 (#8, singles).

Groton earned the #1 seed in the "A" division of the New England Championships. After winning in the quarterfinals and semifinals, Groton faced Brunswick. Down 2–3, with two matches remaining, two ten-point tiebreakers would decide the championship. At #1, the lead swung back and forth, and Larry battled valiantly before narrowly losing, 17–15. The final match, with Jack Lionette, was then suspended, with Jack holding a lead in his tiebreaker. It truly was one of the greatest team matches ever played on this campus.

In the past five years, the team's record in dual matches was 60–1. This truly is one of the great eras in Groton racquet sports history. I feel so proud of these boys and of our school.

—Coach John Conner

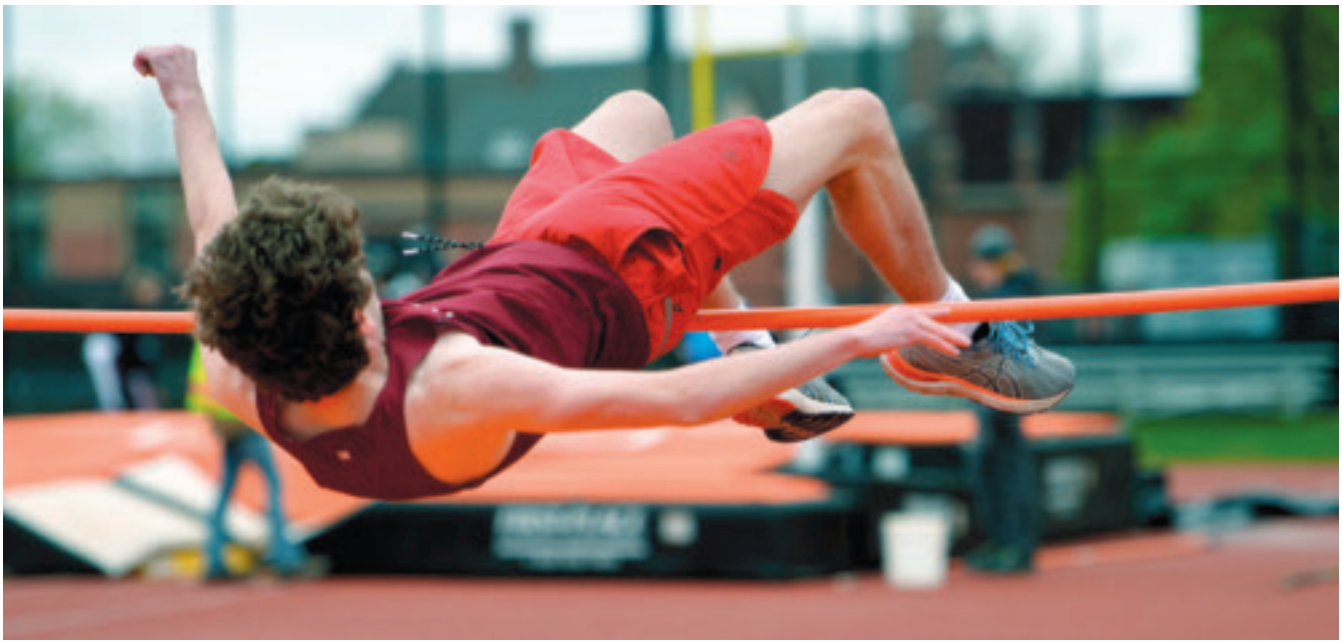
GIRLS TENNIS 14–2

Girls varsity tennis dazzled in 2022, with dominant performances over some of New England's strongest teams, including Deerfield, Exeter, and reigning ISL champion Nobles.

The extremely young core—led by Third Form standouts Lindy Zhang, Caiyu Yang, and Ella Farahnakian—was matched by incredible leadership from Sixth Formers Amelia Lee and Sobenna Egwuekwe. Six players received league honors.

Left, rowers Letitia Caspersen '22, Calen Cagney '23, Robin Huntington '22, and Phoebe Lynch '22; below, Aidan O'Connell '23 pole vaulting

Opposite page, clockwise from top left, Giulia Colarusso '24, Luke Scheible '24, and rowers CJ Armaly '24, Torin Steciuk '22, Eric Ge '24, and Asante Kiio '25



The #2 Seed at the Class A NEPSAC Championship, Groton's girls defeated an impressive team from the Hoosac School in New York before bowing out in the semifinals to Deerfield, the eventual champion. The team's response to the loss, the way they carried themselves, will be a lasting legacy. They embody what it means to be a Groton student-athlete: tough and competitive, but also smart and charismatic. They have made me, and the school, so proud of all they accomplished and so hopeful for what is next to come.

The final week of the season was an emotional ride. After a tough loss to Milton Academy, championship hopes had faded; however this team would not be deterred. Nobles would go on to defeat Milton, and a Groton win over Nobles earlier in the season created a three-way tie atop the standings. All the Zebras had to do was take down their rival St. Mark's. The final match was a stellar 13–2 win, as well as a send-off for our beloved Sixth Formers, who can proudly say they are ISL Champions.

—Coach Ryan Holmes

BOYS LACROSSE 4–11

Thanks to captains Patty Eldredge and Quinn Isenstadt—and fellow Sixth Form leaders Jack Ehrgott and Huck Jamison—boys lacrosse defined itself by our team trademarks of work ethic, team spirit, toughness, sportsmanship, and inclusivity. While our success was not reflected in our record, the coaches never saw these core values waver.

Unfortunately, injuries and illness plagued the team all season. Each invaluable Sixth Former was out of commission at one point, as were several teammates. There were plenty of opportunities to learn about ourselves as individuals and as a collective, starting with our preseason trip to Naples, Florida, and culminating with a satisfying victory over rival St. Mark's. Groton showed it was ready to take on any challenge, competing hard against traditional powers Rivers, St. Sebastian's, and Nobles. Heartbreaking, nail-biting losses versus St. Paul's, Lawrence, and Roxbury Latin were balanced by hard-fought victories over BB&N, Brooks,

and Milton.

Patty and Huck were sidelined for the season, but their leadership and enthusiasm taught us about dedication and commitment. Quinn's passion for lacrosse and for his teammates fueled us all spring, and Jack proved essential at attack (his U.S. Lacrosse Academic All-American award is inspiring). Captains-elect Brayden Haggerty '23 and Luke Romano '23 led a physically tough defense and will carry the torch left behind by our departed Sixth Formers.

Combine our returning players with promising up-and-coming junior varsity athletes as well as some newcomers, and Groton's lacrosse future looks bright.

—Coach Bob Low

GIRLS LACROSSE 9–6

Groton girls varsity lacrosse had in many ways a breakout season. Finishing the season with a 9–6 record overall, this was the first Groton girls lacrosse team to beat St. Mark's and have a winning record in more than a decade. Throughout the season, the team showed remarkable perseverance and adaptability.

The team started off the spring with decisive wins over Cushing and Governor's, but endured a tough loss in overtime to Rivers. The middle of the season proved challenging as we faced some talented teams from Nobles, Brooks, and Thayer, while also managing injuries and absences due to COVID.

In the last week of the season, the players grew as a team and came together for four straight wins, including an underdog win over Milton Academy. The team's success can be attributed to a combined effort from every player on the team and their willingness to stick with the team despite challenges we faced. The team will miss the steadfast contributions of our three Sixth Formers, Calie Messina, Grace Crowley, and Hannah Gold.

—Coach Hannah Guzzi

BOYS CREW 10–4

After no rowing in 2020 and an abbreviated 2021 season, an inexperienced but excited group gathered at the Bingham Boathouse at the end of March, our third

Left, Nate Johnson '24; below, rowers Alice Liu '23, Aine Ley '22, Lauren Dubois '25, Amelia Pottash '23, and coxswain Maya Luthi '23 (not visible).

Opposite page, clockwise from top left, Alicia Guo '24, Kristen Billings '25, and Ben Jones '22

and fourth boats filled with novices. The first and second boats split with Nobles, and beat BB&N, St. Mark's, Bancroft, and Worcester Academy. At the Pomfret regatta, Deerfield swept all four races, but we were second, beating Taft, Dexter Southfield, and Pomfret and sweeping Middlesex and Derryfield.

At Brooks we had difficulty with rough water; Belmont Hill won all the races with Brooks second, Groton third, and Choate fourth, except for our first boat, which rowed a strong second half of the 1,500-meter course and edged out the hosts.

At NEIRAs, rushed by thunderstorms, our first boat was seeded third but was not ready at the start—a mistake stemming from inexperience—and finished fifth. Our second boat, seeded fourth, finished fourth, and the #5 third boat finished fifth. The highlight was our fourth boat's decisive victory in the B-level finals. Seeded eighth, they won their race by open water. Overall Groton placed fifth of the eighteen schools at Lake Quinsigamond.

Because so many of the boys had missed two full seasons of rowing, they had great interest in going to Henley. We had successful races at Reading and Marlow, preliminary regattas, but had the bad luck to draw the British national champions, Eton, for our first race at Henley. Although we raced hard, an excellent Eton boat was too much for us. It was, however, a very good three-and-a-half weeks of rowing in England.

— Andy Anderson

GIRLS CREW 11–1–3

It was exciting after two years to get back to a regular season of practices, races, and the NEIRA Championship. Only the Sixth Formers had the experience of a full season, so the spring felt very new to most of the athletes. Despite that, the girls crew won a majority of their races. All boats beat Choate, Lincoln School, Pomfret, Southfield, Newton Country Day, Bancroft, and Worcester Academy. We tied our race opener against BB&N with first and third boats winning, as well as our last race before championships, against Brooks, with second and fourth boats clutching great wins in rough water. The second, third, and fourth boats beat Taft, St. Mark's, Nobles,

Kiran Sen ’25, below; Georgia Gund ’23, right; and Chris Munroe ’24, below right

Bayview, and Derryfield. Deerfield swept all the Groton crews at the Pomfret regatta and went on to win gold in all the NEIRA events. Due to impending thunderstorms, heats were scrapped and all boats raced once in a Grand Final, Petite Final, and C Final, based on seeding. Groton went into NEIRA seeded 12 for the first boat, 5 for the second boat, 5 for the third boat, and 2 for the fourth boat, which meant three of our boats were in the Grands and the first boat would compete in the Petite Finals. The first boat finished second in the Petite finals, for an overall eighth-place finish. The second boat finished fifth, as their seed predicted, while the third and fourth boats each finished third in the finals, bringing home bronze medals. Groton School finished third in New England in overall team points, outperforming their predicted seed in the first and third boats.

—Tiffany Doggett

BASEBALL 11–14

It was a tale of two seasons for the Groton Nine. Blessed with a roster full of talent, the varsity baseball team was afflicted with injuries and stricken with COVID during the worst of times. Only three of the first ten games resulted in victories.

Saying farewell to the misfortunes of April, the team regained its health and responded to Head Coach Sean Riley’s positive coaching style. Groton’s best of times emerged with five wins in the final eight games. The team’s most valuable player, AJ Colarusso ’22, was also named the ISL Pitcher of the Year.

Particularly impressive was a 3–0 no-hitter vs. Thayer Academy, a game in which AJ also hit a two-run homer. AJ’s co-captain, Sam Harris ’22, struggled to regain his form as a pitcher, but he displayed impressive power with the bat. He was instrumental in the team’s 11–9 win vs. Milton, nearly hitting the Athletic Center steps with a long home run to center field.

Ziggy Bereday ’23 displayed superb leadership on and off the field, and Dylan Vigue ’23 impressed opponents with his fastball. Centerfielder Kiefer Wood ’23 led the team in hits and stolen bases and was named, along with AJ, to the first team of the ISL.

Finally being able to travel was even more reason to celebrate the chance to race in the Henley Regatta in England. The Reading and Marlow preliminary regattas brought success, but the Groton crew drew Eton, the British national champions, for their first race at Henley—a rough but spirited race.

BASEBALL

Most Valuable Player
AJ Colarusso '22

Coaches' Award
Ziggy Bereday '23

Most Improved Player
Kiefer Wood '23

ISL Pitcher of the Year
AJ Colarusso '22

All-ISL
AJ Colarusso '22
Kiefer Wood '23

All-ISL Honorable Mentions
Ziggy Bereday '23
Sam Harris '22

Captains-Elect
Ziggy Bereday '23
Dylan Vigue '23

BOYS LACROSSE

Most Valuable Player
Quinn Isenstadt '22

Fred Beams Coaches' Award
Patty Eldredge '22

Most Improved Player
Angus Frew '25

All-ISL
Jack Travis '23

All-ISL Honorable Mentions
Brayden Haggerty '23
Chris Munroe '24
Luke Romano '23

US Lacrosse Academic All-American
Jack Ehrgott '22

Captains-Elect
Brayden Haggerty '23
Luke Romano '23

GIRLS LACROSSE

All-ISL
Morgan Arnold '23
Giulia Colarusso '24

All-ISL Honorable Mentions
Ruby Fehm '24
Allie Kandel '23

Captains-Elect
Eleanor Dunn '20
Ambrey Hayes '20

All-NEPSAC
Giulia Colarusso '24
Allie Kandel '23

All-NEPSAC Honorable Mentions
Morgan Arnold '23
Ellie Smith '24

BOYS CREW

Captains-Elect
Lars Fritze '23
Rowen Hildreth '23

BOYS TENNIS

ISL Most Valuable Player
Larry Li '23

All-ISL
Jared Gura '22
Ben Jones '22
Larry Li '23

Captains-Elect
Larry Li '23
Jack Lionette '23
Will Vrattos '23

GIRLS CREW

Captains-Elect
Olivia Fayemi '23
Maya Luthi '23
Amelia Pottash '23

GIRLS TENNIS

All-ISL
Amelia Lee '22
Caiyu Yang '25
Aimee Zheng '23

ISL Honorable Mentions
Sobenna Egwuekwe '22
Ella Farahnakian '25
Lindy Zhang '25

Captains-Elect
Alicia Guo '24
Julie Xie '23
Aimee Zheng '23

TRACK & FIELD

Most Valuable Players
Chris Kadiri '22
Jojo Sulmasy '23

Coaches' Awards
Naomi-Erin Boateng '22
Andrew Johnson '22

Most Improved Players
Daisy Adinkrah '24
Aidan Armaly '22

All-ISL
Chris Kadiri '22

All-NEPSAC
Jeremy Gall '24
Andrew Johnson '22
Chris Kadiri '22
Aidan O'Connell '23

Captains-Elect
Jaden Adinkrah '23
Osric King '23
Devon Mastroianni '23
Aidan O'Connell '23

The surprisingly fleet-of-foot Forrest "Puma" Nelson '24 hit for power and shocked opponents and teammates alike by stealing third base at will throughout the season. Zack Webber '24 showed promise on the mound and at the plate, and special accolades should be awarded to Ben Milner '24 for his superb work as a relief pitcher.

—Assistant Coach Ian Gracey

Follow Groton Athletics on Twitter:
@GrotonZebras

TRACK & FIELD

The fast-growing track program had a season of impressive wins and some stellar performances by individual athletes. When I began coaching, in 2016, the team was small and included only six girls. Last spring we had twenty girls and twenty-three boys on a team that beat Belmont Hill, Middlesex, and Rivers at an April meet at Governor's Academy, and that split an early May match, outpacing Lawrence Academy and Rivers at Thayer.

Notable athletes included Chris Kadiri '22—New England ISL champion in the javelin—and our speedy 400-meter relay team of Jeremy Gall '24, Andrew Johnson '22, Aidan O'Connell '23, and Ayush Pillai '23. These relayers won New Englands with a lightning time of 3:35.

Jojo Sulmasy '23 was another standout, scoring in shot put and discus in every match of the season and taking first in both throwing events at a Milton Academy meet.

Groton's enthusiastic runners and throwers practiced at the Harvard, Massachusetts, high school track last spring. Imagine what will be possible when Groton School builds its track!

—Coach Jamie Lamoreaux

Us, and Everything in Between

Groton's Advanced Studio art class held a spring exhibit—Us, and Everything in Between—featuring a wide array of works produced throughout the year, from self-portraits to sculptures to animations. Contributors included Sobenna Egwuekwe '22, Wren Fortunoff '22, Noemi Iwasaki '22, Colin Kim '23, Alice Liu '23, Amy Ma '23, Mei Matsui '23, Jasper Sharma '23, Jojo Sulmasy '23, Brianna Zhang '23, and Chloe Zheng '23.

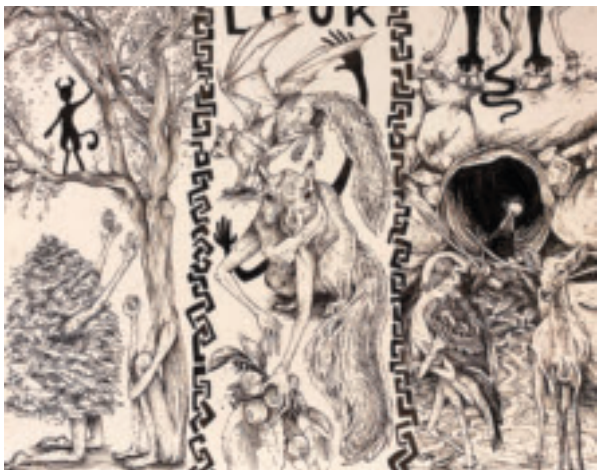
Wren Fortunoff '22
Methuselah

Mei Matsui '23
Theoria Philosphiae Naturalis and Why I Cannot Sleep

Amy Ma '23
Closed Doors

Noemi Iwasaki '22
Succession

Alice Liu '23
Silent Existence



Jasper Sharma '23
Analogies

Nnena P. Nkongho '91

By Andrew Nkongho '93, Ndiya Nkongho '94, and Peter Nkongho '96

Nnena Nkongho was a master of action—she encouraged, learned, sang, succeeded, failed, celebrated, and, most importantly, loved.

Nnena studied economics at Princeton, then earned her MBA at Columbia. The ultimate trailblazer, she went to Wall Street as one of the first Black women in the industry. But just learning and succeeding alone was never enough.

She acquired knowledge so she could share it—constantly being both a student and teacher of life. She gave advice to anyone and everyone that asked for it, going out of her way to encourage other traditionally marginalized colleagues and friends to fulfill their dreams. She took the path less traveled and cleared the way for the rest of us.

She explored the world fearlessly and went to live in Hong Kong, Dubai, Abu Dhabi, New York City, Nairobi, Lagos, and Cape Town. She went to Thailand for yoga and surfing retreats and Florida for tennis lessons. It was these adventures that ultimately led her to find her life's purpose.

Nnena was convinced that there was untapped talent everywhere—particularly on the African continent. She believed her life's vocation was to use her skills to help others develop their own. She left her profitable investment banking career and went to start her own company—Otundi—to help African inventors and small business owners grow their companies. She showed a willingness to take what most considered surprising risks, to be adventurous, bold, wise, and fearless.

And in the midst of a fruitful season of her life, Nnena has surprised us all by going ahead. Nnena Patricia Nkongho, we thank you for your many lessons in living.

I HAD not seen Nnena for many years when we reconnected at the Groton twenty-fifth reunion in 2016. I was so delighted to see her, and not at all surprised that she was doing such amazing things investing in Africa's future. She seemed to me such a citizen of the world, as comfortable in Lagos as London, Dubai as New York. I remember many mellow weekend afternoons talking, laughing, gossiping, discussing books, procrastinating on our homework, and eating microwave popcorn with Nnena on the floor of our Second Form prefect Jenny Granducci's room. Her wonderful deep laughter will be with me always. My deepest condolences to her wonderful family. May her memory be a blessing.

—*Caitlin Gutperle Reed '91*

I REMEMBER Nnena vividly from my first days at Groton and the impact she had on me. She was one of the few upperclassmen who took the time to get to know me and genuinely cared about how I was doing. It meant the world to me, especially being an awkward fourteen-year-old Southern kid with a thick accent.

I met Nnena my freshman fall through her brother Andrew, and I remember how kind and caring she was toward me from then on. She always made time for a chat, and was one of the people I looked up to the most at Groton, on account of both her warmth and her dynamic character. Having her as a friend really helped me adjust to life away from home; I felt like she went out of her way to make me feel welcome there, and she succeeded.

At a school where people talked a lot about ideals and character, Nnena was one of the few who really

She was a truly incandescent spirit who literally went out and made the world a better place.

Left, Nnena '91 with her brother, Peter Nkongho '96; above, clockwise from top, the Nkongho siblings: Nnena, Ndiya '94, Peter, and Andrew '93

exemplified and practiced them in her life, even at that young age. It was a place full of incredible people, and she was the best of us—a lively and brilliant teenager who made me want to be a better person. Looking back, I think Nnena was an old soul; someone who was far wiser than most of the high school kids around her (myself included). I'm not surprised to learn that she went on to do such amazing things in her life and change so many people's lives for the better, all around the world. The sheer enormity of her accomplishments and the breadth of her work is awe-inspiring.

She was a truly incandescent spirit who literally went out and made the world a better place. She certainly made my teenage world a better place. The older I get, the more I realize just how rare such people are in life. I feel lucky to have known her, and I'm grateful for the kindness and warmth she gave to me. My heart and deepest condolences go out to Andrew and the rest of the Nkongho family for the loss of their beloved sister and daughter. She will never be forgotten.

—Jute Ramsay '93

NNENA WAS always an amazing woman, as were her siblings, whom I have known and been proud to know. I met Nnena at Groton. I was in the same form as her outstanding brother, Andrew, and lived in the same dorms as her ebullient sister, Ndiya. I am so proud to call them all friends. I regret deeply that I did not connect with Nnena as an adult. I think of the Nkonghos as totally indomitable and ever-present. I never would have thought we could lose one.

—Asma Hasan '93

I WAS a young boy, new to Groton School, when I met Nnena through her brother, Andrew. She immediately was the big sister I'd never known how badly I'd wanted. She was a voice of reason, wisdom, calm, and much correction that was well deserved. But she was also a voice of consistent joy, needed reassurance, and inspiring encouragement. Nnena was a genuine and quality person of drive and ability, who stood always in my mind as a paragon of kindness and maturity.

It saddens me to know I will not see her again, and my heart breaks for her family. Such a brilliant light in the lives of so many, gone too soon. Thank you, Nnena, and the entire Nkongho family, for enriching my life.

—Ghani Raines '93

WE HAD not seen one another since I was still at Groton and she was in college, but I have always remembered Nnena as one of the kindest people I ever met.

—Rebecca Morris '94

The family has established a foundation in Nnena's memory, the Otundi Nnena Patricia Foundation. Please see nnenafoundation.org for information.

James Champlin Waugh

Faculty 1949–63 and 1978–2002

October 16, 1926 – April 18, 2022

By Peter Gammons '63

It was a simple, sunny spring training game in Fort Myers, Florida, essentially a stretching exercise before the season opened in a month. In a back row was Dan Shaughnessy, the *Boston Globe*'s decorated columnist who, like me, grew up in Groton when the town had no stoplight, one policeman, and many of us went to Mrs. Torrey's kindergarten in the basement of the Unitarian Church that was on the cover of a 1943 *Life* magazine.

Dan walked down to the front row of the press box, toward me, reached out with his phone and said, "Gam, someone wants to talk to you."

It was Jim Waugh. Shaughnessy had been trying to find Waugh; Dan's father and Waugh long ago had played in a Monday night cards group in Groton, and Dan had located him, in hospice in Scarborough, Maine, his oldest son Nick by his side. I excitedly told Waugh what it meant to be talking to him. "It's a good day for us to be connecting," he replied. "I think it may be my last day."

He reminded me that he believed that he edited the first piece I ever had published, a *Third Form Weekly* story about a Groton School football game. "When I watched you giving your [2005 Hall of Fame] induction speech, I thought about that," he said. "It meant a lot to me. I felt that in some way I shared that moment with you."

It had been sixty-one years since the last English class I took with him (not *from* him) as a Fourth Former. That winter term we had an assignment to fill an exam book about assigned reading—I don't remember the book, Milton or Faulkner. Returning the test books as he roamed the class, he said, "Gam, I don't know what to say about this. It's not good." He turned toward the blackboard, turned back around, shredded it, and tossed it into the wastebasket.

"There are some really good ideas here, but you don't express them. You're better than this. You wrote trying to satisfy my thoughts, not what you took from the book. This assignment is about *your* thoughts, not mine. So you're getting a do-over. Come back here after lunch and start over. It's about your relationship with what you read."

Talking to Waugh's son Seth, I thought about how much Jim Waugh was in that speech about my test. Seth said that his father had "a Socratic method of teaching in which the students became teachers, often of themselves. He would ask questions, not provide answers. He exposed multiple paths toward some answer—your answer. The goal was always to light the flame, then remove himself from the conversation and let it do the teaching. Because you found your answer in your way, you owned it."

The afternoon that I spoke with Jim from Fort Myers, it was never about him: it was about an aneurysm I suffered in 2006, a CD I'd recorded in 2005 (he was the only English teacher who told me he liked my recording of "Nyquil Blues"). He mentioned specific anecdotes I'd written about Henry Aaron. His told me his mother once took him to see Babe Ruth play for the Boston Braves.

I left the Florida ballpark that afternoon and called Bob Ryan, with whom I shared the first day of our journalism careers as *Globe* interns on June 10, 1968, and also a Waugh student at Lawrenceville. I then called a Cincinnati Reds executive named Shawn Pender, whom Waugh coached and taught at Lawrenceville. Ryan broke down in tears walking his dog down Main Street in Hingham, Massachusetts. Pender did the same outside a meeting room at the Reds' Arizona spring training complex.

"We will never forget what great teachers, great men, did for our lives," said Ryan.

"Coach was the best teacher I ever had," said Pender.

The next day, I called Jake Congleton on Thompson Lake in Maine. When I was a Sixth Former, there was a statewide election in Massachusetts, and on Sundays in the fall—the day after coaching a football game—he drove two teenage political junkies, Tony Barclay and me, to small political gatherings in towns like Forge Village and Clinton to learn about the underbelly of the election process, a lesson that didn't come from lecture halls or books.

Jake Congleton and Jim Waugh were educational bridges, not lecturers, in an era when white dress shirts were required for dinner. Waugh was four years younger than Jack Kerouac, but there was a lot of Kerouac in him.

To share Coachie memories, I called Bill Polk—whom some Waughs consider an extended part of their family—a lifetime friend of Jim Waugh and Jake

Photo courtesy of Stephan Archives at Lawrenceville School

Congleton's. He reminded me that when I was a young faculty brat I would batboy for Junie O'Brien, Jim Waugh, and the Groton School baseball team. "You'd take care of the bats and whatever had to be done, then sit down on the bench right between Junior and Jim." Waugh would explain and observe and talk about intricacies of the game, such as how the second baseman should always position himself after getting the signs from the catcher. I thought Jim Waugh was Branch Rickey or Gene Mauch.

When Waugh's father died, his mother sent him from Deering High in Portland, Maine, to Governor Dummer Academy, where it was clear that his joys were baseball and writing. Before he enrolled in the Navy, one of his classmates was invited to try out with the Red Sox at Fenway Park. Waugh tagged along, worked out for the Red Sox brass, and insisted to his sons that he hit a ball off the left field wall. When he returned from the Pacific Front he attended Williams College, played sports, graduated *summa cum laude*, and in 1950 went to work at Groton School. His passions were still writing and baseball.

Most of us presume he really did hit a scraper off the Green Monster at Fenway Park in between Governor Dummer and the Pacific Front. Then when he got to Groton, he hooked up with the town team—then very popular—that played in the Village League. Groton's club was called "The Townies," undoubtedly a reference to folk who had nothing to do with Groton School or Lawrence Academy. Groton's principal rivals were the Ayer Tanners, but there were teams in Pepperell, Littleton, Townsend, Westminster, even Concord, and it was very serious business to Waugh. He managed the team. He played second base, batting over .400 (Nick Waugh still has all the newspaper clippings). He stole home to win a 1951 playoff game.

When the Townies swept the Tanners in the championship playoff series in 1952, the *Groton Herald* reported that second-game pitcher Holly Blood was helped out "by a number of good defensive plays thanks to the many shifts called by manager Waugh." It was 1952. Ted Williams was still in Korea. And Jim Waugh was putting on defensive shifts.

After winning the 1952 championship, the team—consisting of many professional players—needed a game before they went to play in the Field Service Command Playoffs at Fort Dix. The Waughmen, as the *Groton Herald* called them, played Devens, so Jim Waugh got to hit against Dodger pitcher Billy Loes. I remain disappointed that Waugh did not write a poem about Loes, who in a World Series game lost a rolling bunt in the sun, or so he claimed.

Jim Waugh was an intellectual, innovative educator. That last time we spoke, he reiterated the importance of the academic freedom afforded the faculty, and hence the students. His sharing of Melville, Faulkner, Pynchon, Donne, Ginsberg, and Dickinson made his classes not requirements, but passions. He participated in poetry workshops in academic centers in the Greater Boston area. One, at Tufts, included Anne Sexton, Maxine Kamin, and Sylvia Plath, which led him to describe himself as "the JV."

Waugh once conducted a poetry writing contest in a Groton class. The unspecified prize: a goat that Nick Waugh's mother gave him as a child. Waugh considered Bob Knapp '62 a very good poet—and the likely contest winner (Knapp lived on a farm that had goats).

However, the judge was Anne Sexton, and she selected Belford Lawson's poem as best. Belford was not only exceptionally smart, he came from a family of distinguished lawyers and lived in Washington, D.C. (his mother was the first African American woman named a federal judge). He had no need, or want, for a goat. So Waugh improvised and still gave the goat to Knapp. At the end of the school year, Knapp's mother picked up her son and his goat, which in the back seat of the car did considerable damage.

While Nick was at his father's side during his twenty-seven months in hospice, they went through Waugh's collection of every *Sporting News* from the 1930s until past Ted Williams' retirement. Waugh also liked to go through all the Groton and Lawrenceville yearbooks and recall what he could about the students.

In January 2007, six months after I'd recovered from a brain aneurysm, he wrote me a congratulatory note about my recovery and included a paperback collection of some of his poems called *Errata*, with this note:

"A couple of years ago at the request of my kids, I put together a few short poems from my 'collected works' (ha ha). I just decided to send them to you because:

1. *Bill Polk just sent me a copy of The Mitchell Report (great).*
2. *I've spent some time listening to your CD and some of my poems are blues-related. (Since I spent time abusing you as a student, you will now be able to judge whether the abuse came from a qualified source.) Keep playing the blues.*

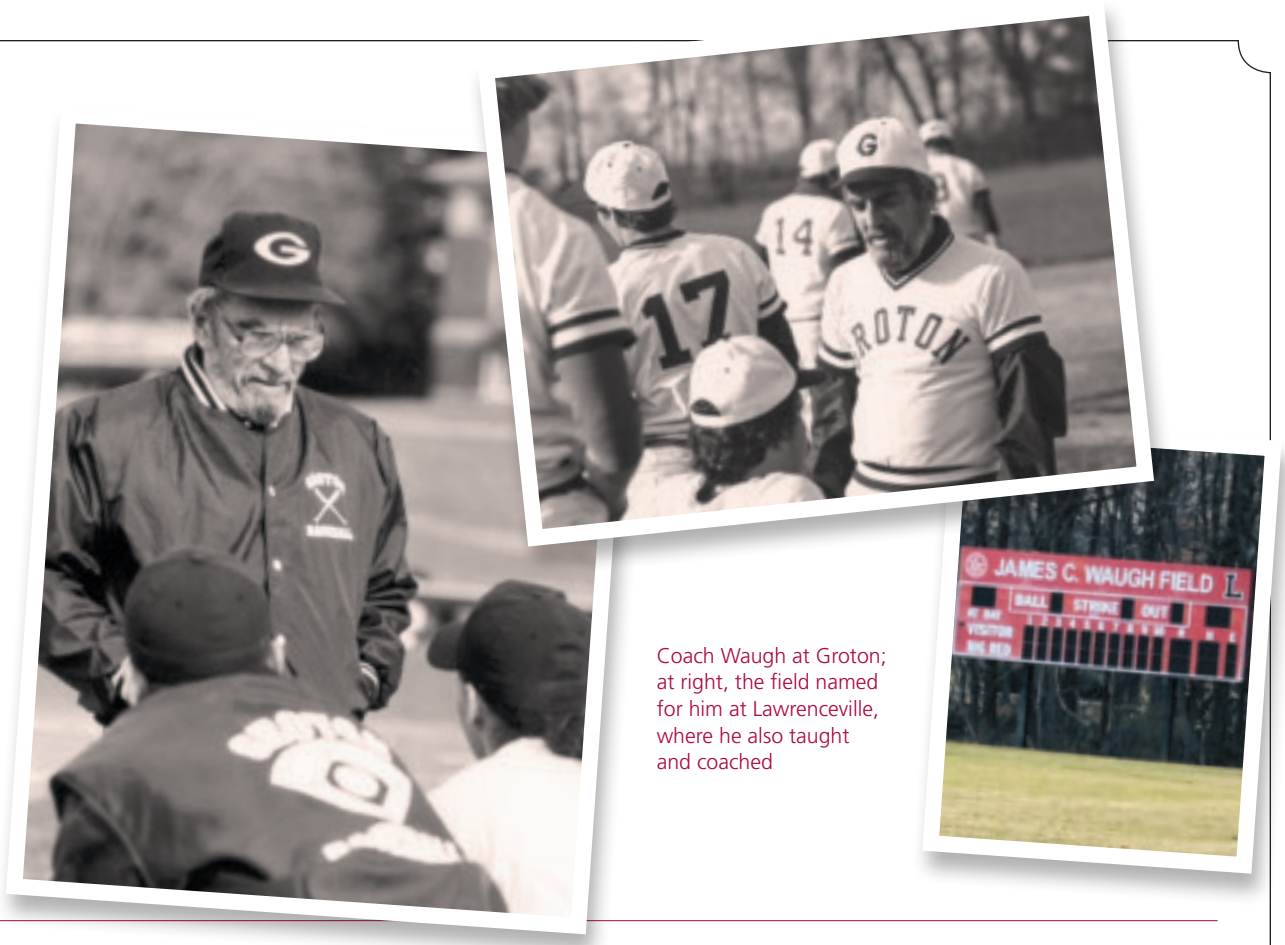
PS—Give my best to your nephew."

Understand, this is a man who named his dogs after bluesmen: Otis (Span), Koko (Taylor), and (Blind Lemon) Jefferson. The first poem in the book is "On hearing George Lewis's Jazz Clarinet." One was written about football while driving along Massachusetts Route 2 after he'd been named Groton football coach. The final page reads, "I believe I'll dust my blues."

Nick Waugh says that the poem to which his father turned most often in those final twenty-seven months was Donne's "A Valediction: Forbidden Mourning." That might have some attachment to instructions that he passed to Jake to pass on to me—no memorial service in St. John's Chapel.

Jim Waugh died the day after Easter. One of Waugh's favorite Lawrenceville students said to Nick, "Leave it to him to leave us just as Jesus returns."

In reality, any of us who knew him knows Coachie will never leave us.



Coach Waugh at Groton; at right, the field named for him at Lawrenceville, where he also taught and coached

Colleagues and friends remembered Jim Waugh:

FOR TWENTY-FIVE years, a sure sign of spring on campus was the appearance of Jim Waugh: Like the first chirping of birds, Jim came with the baseball season and left in June. He was the Ancient Mariner with not one but many stories. He eluded classification: part Allen Ginsberg and part Herman Melville; part Casey Stengel and part Joe Torre; he played semi-pro ball and published poetry.

Jim first appeared on the Groton campus in 1949 with a degree from Williams, which he received after Naval service. An exceptional teacher from the start, Jim displayed an incredible ability to listen carefully and to reflect back to students what they said so they could try it on and see how it worked. He pushed, he prodded—with incisiveness, liveliness, humor, and a penetrating mind that made for an enlightening and unforgettable experience.

Day in and day out at baseball practice, he would stand on the mound, like Satchel Paige, and tease the hitters with an assortment of crafty pitches. A master strategist during the game, Jim was his masterful best the next day when talking to the team about the lessons to be drawn from the previous game. At these sessions, the players really came to understand the game and themselves. Bill Littlefield of NPR's *Only a Game*, and an observer of Jim's teaching and coaching, dubbed him "Coach Aristotle" and concluded, "But over the course of the short New England school baseball season, the ones who listen will find themselves learning not only a lot about baseball, but also a lot about learning." How true, how true.

—Bill Polk '58, Headmaster, 1978–2003

I FEEL truly humbled to have been exposed to many mentors at Groton School. Ann and I were fortunate enough to arrive at Groton under the leadership of Jack Crocker and Paul Wright. In our first year, Jim Waugh was a highly regarded English teacher and varsity coach who departed in June 1961 for a sabbatical in Berkeley, California, and then for Lawrenceville. There he continued to be a challenging English teacher and coach. Fortunately, Bill Polk was hired by Lawrenceville, where among other roles, he served as Jim's assistant baseball coach. Because of their deep friendship, Jim in 1978 forged the unusual pattern of teaching fall and winter at Lawrenceville and then spending the spring at Groton, where he taught two classes and coached varsity baseball. It was my good luck to sit beside him on the bench and thus was exposed to his constant good humor and sensitive teaching. He rarely commented immediately after a game, but before Thursday practice and Monday practice he would talk with the team about the previous game. He reminded us that baseball was a game of failure, and our greatest challenge was how we dealt with and learned from that reality.

—Charlie Alexander P'79, '84, '87, faculty 1960–2008

I TOOK his class in Beat Poetry and was blown away by his knowledge and passion not just for the Beats but for words. To this day, a line from Ferlinghetti's "A Coney Island of the Mind" stays with me: "Chickens in Chinatown butcher shops, their heads a block away ..." Mr. Waugh also cursed in class! He spoke about guts,

heart, sex, and believing in yourself. He was impishly wicked and inspiring.

What was additionally remarkable was that Mr. Waugh, being an old hippie poet himself, had actually known Kerouac, Ferlinghetti, and Ginsberg, so he was able to share stories of them, personal stories. It was a brilliant mix of history, poetry, and passion.

But Mr. Waugh had an even more profound effect on me when I chose to miss a baseball game because it conflicted with the performance of a play I was doing (a rather wild production of *The Bacchae*). Our head coach (and my advisor), Mr. Blood, was livid with my choice. It was not an easy predicament for me and I was a mess, but I'll never forget Mr. Waugh finding me in an upstairs hallway of the Schoolhouse as kids were hurrying to get to their next class, looking me dead in the eyes and saying, "You made the right decision; they can't do the play without you but we can play St. Paul's without you." I felt a world of relief fall off my shoulders. In that moment, he taught me more about compassion than I had ever known.

I have been an actor for almost forty years, and I still think of (and thank) one of the most brilliant, compassionate, small, wrinkled, wicked teachers I was ever lucky enough to have—Jim Waugh.

—Peter Cook '80

THE ASSIGNMENT, handwritten on a piece of scrap paper, was quintessential Waugh.

"Perhaps if Goldilocks had taken another path through the woods, she might never have come upon the cottage." Rewrite this sentence in 250 words or more as Faulkner might have written it.

It wasn't just that Jim Waugh introduced us to the likes of Borges, Coover, and Pynchon, writers who defied the boundaries of what I understood to be literature. It was the great joy he took in inviting us to revel in that rule-breaking—his classroom was a place of literary shenanigans, confusing and amusing in equal turn, and always and above all else, it was fun.

This spirit is perhaps best summed up by Mr. Waugh himself on an old report card of mine:

"Julia's first 'fiction' was very much in the spirit of things—set in a hall of mirrors and full of bogus scholarship. Ambitious! Imaginative! It didn't quite work. All in all, Julia did a fine job in this course. I think she even had fun. I had fun teaching her.—J.C. Waugh

Indeed, I did. Thank you, Mr. Waugh.

—Julia Halberstam '98

JIM WAUGH combined gleeful sarcasm and humor in his outgoing teaching and coaching.I was somewhat intimidated, not having encountered this combination when I was in his Third Form A section of English. He had lively classes, never was hurtful. I remember he talked at some length about the Freudian interpretation of *Hamlet*. He kept us critically examining many different texts, and I remember laboring to write my first poem.

—Nicholas Ourusoff '55

IN FOURTH Form, Jim Waugh taught probably the most important poetry class I ever took—and I was to become an English major. I still remember his reading aloud E.E. Cummings "in Just-spring, when the world is mud-luscious..." I think it was his paean to the upcoming baseball season, which was his real love. I trust he is romping still with "the goat-footed balloonMan [who] whistles far and wee."

—Phil Tilney '59

JIM WAUGH enthralled us with his love of Herman Melville's works, especially *Moby Dick*, and inspired us to understand and appreciate the symbolism in great literature.

—George Sharp '59

JIM WAS a great teacher whose class I always looked forward to (I was lucky enough to have him twice), and who taught me well enough that I still love studying English. Today I compared two translations of *The Inferno*, which I'm considering for my book club. How much fun it would have been to go over my choice with him. He would have been unrelenting in grilling me why I preferred one over the other. I would have loved that. He would have too.

—Chink Cutler '59

JIM WAUGH was the finest, the most important, teacher I ever had—at any level. To begin with, he had great pedagogical skills: a wide and deep knowledge base, an intuitive feeling for the classroom environment, and a kind of quiet charisma. (It astonishes me now to realize how young he was at the point I first encountered him, in Third Form English. That would have been 1952; he was still in his 20s!) One learned, truly learned, from him.

In my own case, it went even beyond that. It was from Mr. Waugh that I came to understand writing as something more than a useful tool or avocation—as a calling, nothing less. He was himself a writer of talent—a published poet—and at the same time a superb editor. He modeled both in a way that set me up for a long professorial/authorial career. I remember, too, his gifts as a coach in several different sports. Finally, I remember—and honor—his way of being in the world: his combination of mindfulness, passion, and a certain healthy skepticism. All of this has stayed with me, and is part of the reason I am who I am.

—John Demos '55

THIRD FORM English, I a newbie: Mr. Waugh returns my first essay, a flowery, over-the-top piece, and asks, "Yasuna, do you talk this way? Don't write this way." I learned the power of writing in one's authentic voice, which informed my career teaching high school English. I've written two mystery novels; my detective is 60 percent Jim and 30 percent me and 10 percent ???. Jim and I stayed in touch for decades; in the last few years I wrote every couple of weeks, and he would frequently manage to write back. A special person, Jim Waugh. I miss him, but he remains a big part of my world.

—Ed Yasuna '63, English faculty, 1979–80

HAVING THE honor to spend five seasons with the legendary Jim "Coachie" Waugh on the Groton diamond with the last year as ISL champions in 1998, above all else he instilled in me the importance of building relationships. As much as he enjoyed ribbing me and my fellow teammates on our baseball and American literature shortcomings, he put more effort into unlocking our potential by truly getting to know us.

He frequently sent hilarious postcards in the off season to check in and always had genius one-liners when passing by around the Circle. In my coaching, Coach Waugh lives on. I still use his "Ten Commandments for Success in Baseball" from Joe McCarthy and try hard to build meaningful relationships, like his with me!

—John Rossi '98

AS A composer concentrating on setting texts to music, I have often found myself browsing through a collection of poems, and I can almost hear the shade of Mr. Waugh muttering over my shoulder in that slightly sarcastic tone, "No, Perera, not that one." He had high standards. He taught us how a poem is constructed, and he helped us discover what was essential in it. Thank you, James Waugh. Your teaching still reverberates.

—Ronald Perera '59

NEVER AGAIN have I met a man who could get so much across in so few words. My teacher for one term but my coach for eleven, he helped me to grow by never hiding his feelings. After Frank White hit a long home run off me (a Third Former) in the annual alumni game, the first words out of the side of his mouth to me at the end of the inning were, "That may have been the longest home run ever hit at Groton." Jim Waugh's influence remains with me to this day.

—Wick Simmons '58, P'84, '07, '09

HIGHLY INTELLIGENT, with a sense of humor, demanding and firm but also understanding, Jim Waugh was the best pure teacher I ever had in school, university, the military, the government, and business. He taught me and many others how to write and think and behave, and he opened intellectual doors.

—Henry Breck '54, P'93, '96

MY BEST Jim Waugh story happened back in 2001. Jim learned from Preston Bannard '01 (our best pitcher that year) that I was giving a tutorial to some Sixth Formers on the Inklings (as I occasionally did). I would have boys and girls start out with Beowulf and Chaucer, etc., so they would gain a sense of the history of English literature. Knowing this, Jim asked me one day, as we were walking out of Chapel, whether I had been teaching Beowulf, etc., in the original. I explained to Jim that I did not know Old English or Middle English, and so all was in translation (as Jim knew full well). At this point, Jim asked me how I could be said to be teaching these things if I were not teaching in the original. Jim then launched into a recitation of "Pearl" in the original Middle English, from memory.

I don't think Jim had finished with his recitation as we got to Roll Call from Chapel. I think he only paused because we had reached the Schoolroom. I said something like, "Jim, I did not know you were a philologist!" I am quite ashamed still of my somewhat pretentious use of the word "philologist." Jim, whose ear for language was exact, picked up on the word immediately: "A philologist? Me? Nah. I just read stuff."

Wonderful. Exactly what teachers should be telling pupils: just read stuff. So, for the next twenty years at school, I stole that line (without crediting Jim, I am sorry to say). *Requiescat*.

—Andy Reyes '80, Classics faculty, 1993–2021

THE REALITY is that I could probably fill a few pages of quotes/stories/jokes and other exchanges I was lucky to have with Coach Waugh, both from the classroom and from the baseball diamond, where the memories have held the strongest. To me, he was both Robin Williams' Dr. McGuire from *Good Will Hunting* and Al Pacino's Lt. Slade from *Scent of a Woman* (without the military language). He had a story for every occasion that helped get his point across in the clearest and most memorable of ways. Always underpinned with a grunt or two, and always ending in laughter and knowing smiles.

One of the many stories I come back to is from a long bus ride back from a St. George's baseball game in Fourth or Fifth Form—I played awful, made a couple of careless errors at shortstop that nearly cost us the game. He knew I was frustrated and a little embarrassed with my own play. He came over to sit with me for a while on that long ride back, never mentioning the game or the plays that I had made. Instead, he goes on for a few minutes to explain to me the difference between style and substance in fictional writing, and how it was important to understand the nuance in all things. It was enough said. I am pretty sure my defense got a whole lot better as the season went on, and more importantly, I would never forget that talk on the bus.

—Víctor Nunez '93

I REMEMBER Jim Waugh as a coach in baseball and basketball, and as a basketball player, too, in scrimmages. He wasn't big, but he was quick and smart, showing not-big people like me that there are other ways to be effective on the court. He was also the teacher who got poetry started for me. He brought straight talk about frills and pretense (Bryant's "Ode to a Waterfowl" got summarized as "Take heart, O duck!") and he got us to take enough time to be moved by pieces that had the real stuff. "Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter" has stayed with me ever since. Like so many others, I learned a lot about possibilities and about quality from Jim Waugh.

—Rob Knapp '62, P'95

I HAVE enjoyed sharing more than thirty-five years of letters and humor with Mr. Waugh. It all started with a Contemporary Fiction course my senior year. Mr. Waugh let our class write an essay or create an analytical drawing of *The Crying of Lot 49* by Thomas Pynchon. He knew exactly how to make his students feel valued and asked to keep my drawing for future classes. This gracious compliment (from a definitively "cool" teacher) had a lasting impact on me and led to an annual exchange of letters, including a card this past December. Mr. Waugh was a great, modern, satiric writer, perfectly balancing dry self-deprecating banter about himself while maintaining an eternally upbeat perspective on his students. Surprised when I pursued a career on Wall Street instead of teaching, he nonetheless offered for many years to talk to "son #5" about upgrading my finance job if I ever needed help! A beloved teacher and person I will never forget.

—Jamie Nicholls '84

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—Brooks Gordon '02 and Zack Pasanen '02

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