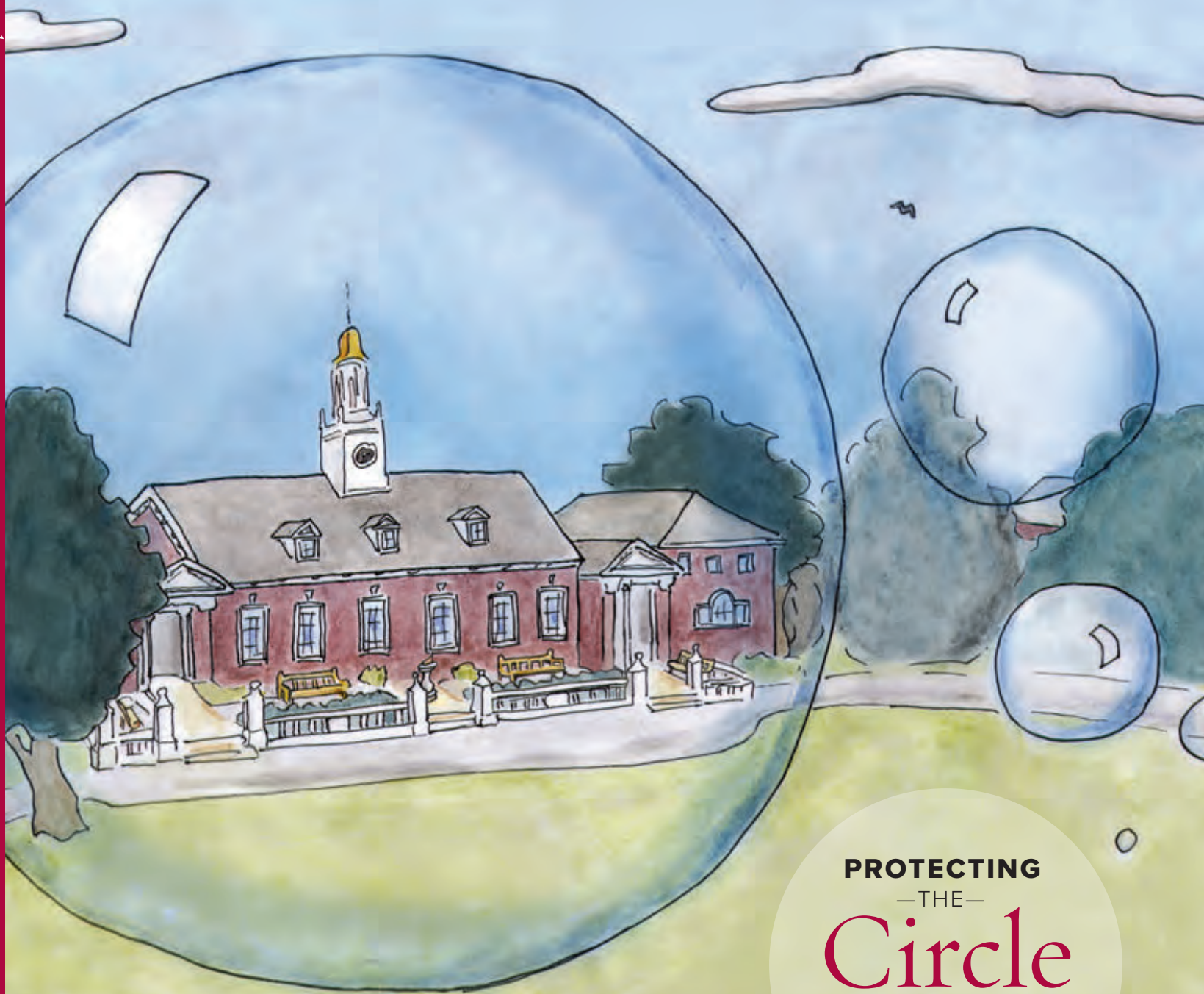


Groton School

The Quarterly • Winter 2021



PROTECTING
—THE—

Circle

*A Glimpse of Groton Life
During the Pandemic*

Photo by Katie Kreider





Groton School

The Quarterly

Winter 2021 • Volume LXXXII, No. 1

Protecting the Circle

Preparations for the 2020–21 school year involved science, creativity, a huge investment in health and safety, and plenty of difficult decisions.

page 20



DEPARTMENTS

- 2 Message from the Headmaster
- 3 Circiter/Around the Circle
- 13 Personae/Profiles
- 30 Voces/Chapel Talks
- 41 De Libris/New Releases
- 42 Grotoniana/Athletics
- 44 Grotoniana/Arts
- 48 In Memoriam
- 53 Form Notes



Message from the Headmaster

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, a Distinguished Grotonian gave a chapel talk outlining what he viewed as Groton's constants. The talk struck a chord, and many remarked that the principles they learned on the Circle have provided perspective throughout the vicissitudes of life.

Such constants guide us, but a constant does not necessarily imply that things are static. The theme of Groton's new admission viewbook is "dynamic equilibrium." At Groton, the elements that make Groton *Groton* are in a state of dynamic equilibrium. The equilibrium itself is dynamic, governed by a constant: our Circle.

The viewbook's photographs accentuate the vitality, relevance, and dynamism of Groton in the twenty-first century. More than that, the book celebrates how well Groton maintains its sense of balance—finding not just equilibrium but *dynamic* equilibrium—between the school's time-tested values and traditions and an enthusiastic embrace of change and innovation.

The power of Groton's foundational principles has proven more important than ever this year, when the test of time came packaged in a global pandemic. Facing pressure and uncertainty, the pillars of scholarship, service, spirituality, and globalism have kept us grounded and motivated. Foremost since March, the constant of scholarship motivated us, and Groton rallied to uphold the primacy of its academic program while keeping a community united even though it was physically separated by COVID-19. The journey has not been perfect, but I could not imagine a more intense professional development opportunity than what our faculty and staff experienced as they adapted to the pandemic.

Another constant since the school's founding has been a commitment to nurture young leaders. This year, our Sixth Formers had a more important job than usual: they were called upon not only to help lead the school, but also to inspire respect for COVID-19 protocols and to maintain high morale. These role models also repeatedly expressed gratitude, and younger students were indeed listening.

Students stepped up to follow our protocols; Sixth Formers inspired them; and faculty, staff, administrators, and trustees worked together to maintain a safe campus. This all-hands-on-deck attitude was repeated by parents and alumni, who even in this difficult year have rallied to support Groton's enduring mission of access, affordability, and inclusion. Support for GRAIN (GROton Affordability and INclusion) and now GRAIN 2.0 has spanned decades of alumni, ranging from Peabody's era to Polk's—from a member of the Form of 1941 to a 2003 graduate—all the way through our recent graduates. The 2003 graduate, when recently making a gift to GRAIN 2.0, wrote: "It is important to me, as an alum, that the values, community, and service of the school continue, but that they are aligned and representative of the ever-changing and developing community that we live in today."

The constants are indeed alive and well at Groton.

Temba Maqubela
Headmaster

Editor
Gail Friedman

Design
Irene HL Chu

Senior Editorial Advisor
Elizabeth Wray Lawrence '82

Form Notes Editor
Jessica M. Hart

**Photographer
& Editorial Assistant**
Christopher Temerson

Advisory Committee
Amily E. 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.



Printed on paper
made with post-
consumer waste

GROTON ALUMNUS TO WRITE NEW SCHOOL HISTORY

Groton School has enlisted author **Richard Bradley '82** to write the next school history, tentatively titled *The Opening Circle*. The new volume will pick up in 1974, where prior history *Forty Years More*, by Acosta "Corky" Nichols, ended, and travel through the tumultuous post-Vietnam era; coeducation; a growing push for diversity; and the tenures of four headmasters and an acting headmaster.

After conducting dozens of interviews, Richard says one thing in particular has most inspired him: the enthusiasm with which people are sharing their memories of Groton.

"To be able to talk to people who are often as engaged in the subject as I am and want to talk about it—that is really rewarding and incredibly helpful," said Richard. "It shows not just how Groton deeply affects the members of its community, but also that they take the *idea* of Groton seriously—however they interpret it."

Change is the book's overarching theme, starting with one watershed decision to open the Groton Circle—coeducation—and continuing to a growing commitment to diversity and inclusion, culminating in the recent

GRAIN (Groton Affordability and Inclusion) initiatives.

"There's this fascinating tension between what needs to change and what should stay essentially the same," Richard said. "And even when there's consensus around change, there are always different ideas about how to get there."

For Richard, this book marks an ongoing exploration of a changing America. His previous books include *American Son*, a memoir about working with John F. Kennedy Jr. at *George* magazine; *Harvard Rules*, a book about then Harvard University president Larry Summers; and *The Greatest Game: The Yankees, the Red Sox, and the Playoff of '78*.

"Each of my books is really about an iconic American institution adapting to new realities, whether it's the Kennedy family or Harvard University or Major League Baseball in the late 1970s," said Richard. "I think the same is true of this one."



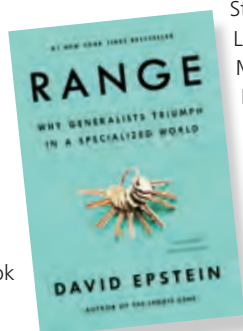
Richard Bradley, author of the next Groton School history, has discovered a lot about Groton and a little about his own family. During the interview process, he learned that his grandfather and former Headmaster Bill Polk's grandfather worked together in the same New York law firm.

If you would like to share any ideas for the new school history, please email communications@groton.org.

A NEW BOOK CLUB FOR GROTON ALUMNI

The new Circle Book Club will hold its first meeting on March 9, discussing *Range: Why Generalists Triumph in a Specialized World* by David Epstein. Please email grotdev@groton.org if you would like to register.

The Circle Book Club is planning future meetings



as well, each led by a Groton faculty member. History teachers Eric Spierer and Stacey Spring and Library Director Mark Melchior will host the March 9 meeting.

Mr. Melchior and Mr. Spierer recently led a lively discussion of *Range* for students who read the book over the holiday break. Mr. Melchior began student

vacation book groups in March 2019, and the Alumni Office asked him to offer reading discussions to the broader Groton family as well.

"We were looking for new ways to engage with alumni and the full Groton community that will fulfill the school's mission of education and scholarship," said Director of Alumni Engagement Allison MacBride.

About forty students and several faculty members took advantage of the campus book

club offered after the holiday break, choosing among six books: three fiction—*And Then There Were None* by Agatha Christie, *The Girl with the Louding Voice* by Abi Daré, and *The Song of Achilles* by Madeline Miller—and three non-fiction—*Range*, *All You Can Ever Know* by Nicole Chung, and *Unbroken: A World War II Story of Survival, Resilience, and Redemption* by Laura Hillenbrand.



LESSONS & CAROLS: VIRTUALLY THE SAME

Since 1929, Groton School has gathered for the Festival of Nine Lessons & Carols, a beloved tradition that changes little from year to year.

This year, however, the service was both familiar and remarkably different. Most students studied on campus this fall, but pandemic protocols prohibited singing. In addition, gatherings in the Chapel were strictly limited to maintain social distancing. So how could a festival focused on carols and the joyful participation of the congregation carry on during COVID-19?

An affection for the tradition and a need for its message—more than ever during uncertain times—inspired innovation and collaboration. The service originated at King's College in England as World War I ended and when the 1918 influenza pandemic was rampant. "It is in these times that we need these words and we need human song," said the Reverend Allison Read, Groton School's chaplain. "We need this message of love and hope."

Clinching the decision to go forward with Lessons & Carols during the pandemic

was students' strong desire to maintain the tradition, combined with the school's technological know-how to, as Chaplain Read put it, "put something together that would present the service with the integrity it deserved."

"This Episcopal liturgy is timeless, and it stands on its own," said Chaplain Read. Her prayers and blessing, as well as the nine lessons, were recorded in the Chapel before students left for break.

Meanwhile, Choir Director and Organist Daniel Moriarty shared with students the pieces he had chosen for Lessons & Carols. "Things that relied on congregational participation were out," he said. "I considered whether a carol could come off effectively as a virtual recording, whether it would sound vibrant or anemic."

The singing began after students went home for Thanksgiving. They recorded individual pieces at home, on their phones, and Jazz Ensemble Director Kenji Kikuchi, an accomplished musician, mixed the recordings into cohesive carols.

The Choir prepared six pieces, and Mr. Moriarty had hoped to use half. In the end, all six were usable—beautiful

amalgamations of students' singing talent, moving organ music, and the deeply held emotion for this beloved service.

Chaplain Read, who joined Groton School this year, had never heard Groton students sing until she heard the choir's first Lessons & Carols recording. "When I heard the opening phrase of 'Once in Royal David's City,' I found it profoundly moving," she said. "It's the story and it's the message of comfort and hope, and it's hearing our students' voices sing. Thanks to collaboration and technology, we could keep on singing."

The Festival of Nine Lessons & Carols was broadcast on December 15 and remains available for viewing at www.groton.org/lessonsandcarols.

"Because the students had the desire to do this—they would have been bereft without it—because Dan Moriarty had a vision, because Kenji Kikuchi produced beautiful tracks, and because we were able to communicate the service with dignity and beauty, that's what made it work," said Chaplain Read. "That's what created something that reached people's souls."

DIFFICULT CONVERSATIONS: COMING FACE-TO-FACE WITH RACE

"We are endangering lives if we don't get better at talking about race."

That was the frank warning of Matthew Kay, a Philadelphia teacher and author of *Not Light, but Fire: How to Lead Meaningful Race Conversations in the Classroom*, who led a workshop for Groton faculty on January 13.

The advocate and educator explained how a student helped him redirect his own approach to teaching. Excited to be in Mr. Kay's class, the boy told his soon-to-be teacher that he knew he would teach a more complete course about the Black experience, focusing not only on hardship, but also on culture, music, cuisine, and other facets of life that don't involve adversity. The conversation was a wake-up call, and Mr. Kay quickly rewrote his syllabus for the course.

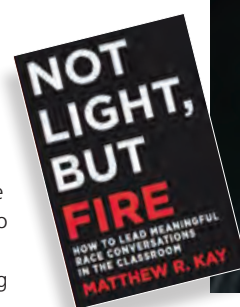
"Black people overcoming white people's stories is the wrong focus; that's not

everything," he told the Groton faculty.

Mr. Kay challenged his listeners to rethink curricular review and to examine all the influences that students carry into a classroom. What role models—from celebrities to parents—do children bring with them? The role of media received special scrutiny as Mr. Kay asked the faculty to evaluate a confrontational discussion on CNN and ponder what lessons students might take from it.

Among the misguided takeaways from the televised shouting match: that yelling shows passion, that it's okay to speak with the intent to wound, and that speaking in absolutes is acceptable (when in fact it is a sign of a closed mind). Be honest, engage complexity, and lead with love, advised Mr. Kay. Ultimately he asked faculty to consider: what kind of person do you want to graduate from Groton?

During his Groton presentation, Mr. Kay



shared racist passages from *Notes on the State of Virginia* by Thomas Jefferson and played "My Namesake" by Hiwot Adilow. "My name is insulted that you won't speak it," the poet said, insisting on the respect conveyed when people correctly pronounce unfamiliar names.

Director of Diversity & Inclusion Sravani Sen-Das said she plans to use Mr. Kay's book with the school's Curricular Working Group and Residential Working Group. "With the events of the nation right now," she said, "there's a real feeling that we should step up the moral education and not be afraid to play a more assertive role in students' lives."



EXPLORING WOMEN IN THE QUR'AN

Dr. Celene Ibrahim, a teacher in Groton's Department of Religious Studies and Philosophy, is taking on gender stereotypes in the Qur'an with a pioneering new book that she hopes will refute broadly held stereotypes about women in Islam.

In mid-October, Dr. Ibrahim released her first monograph, *Women and Gender in the Qur'an*. A pillar in Muslim circles from whom people frequently seek religious advice, Dr. Ibrahim brings both a traditional, pious approach and an academic perspective to her work.

The author said she strove to "bridge these two domains and write a comprehensive analysis of all the female figures mentioned in the Qur'an, focusing on their sexuality, their voice, their political roles, and their roles in the family."

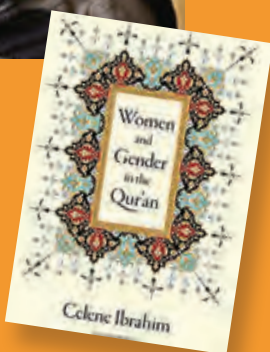
Although women play an essential role in Islam's holy book, *Women and Gender in the Qur'an* is one of only a few major works on the topic. "There is a whole genre of commentary about the Qur'an," Dr. Ibrahim said, "but it is not until we get to a fairly modern period that we start to hear women's voices."

She emphasized the importance of imbuing her work with spirituality to appeal to an extensive audience. "I wanted Muslims who are not necessarily in an academic department of religion to be able to read the book and find it enlightening because it unpacks the stories that they are familiar with in a new light," she said.

The book originally stemmed from the doctoral dissertation Dr. Ibrahim defended in 2018. She said she always wanted to turn her research into a book with both scholarly and popular appeal. "I enjoyed every moment of the process of writing," she said. "Because I was working on subject material that I love so much, there was never a point in the project where I wanted to put it down."

After spending countless hours writing, Dr. Ibrahim says she is glad to have finally distilled her work into a book that will sit in libraries across the world. She is now working on a new book with Cambridge University Press that looks at the concept of monotheism in Islam.

—Leah Pothel '21



SUPPORTING A LOCAL FOOD PROJECT

Groton School community members are participating in the Groton Neighborhood Food Project, which supports the Loaves and Fishes food pantry in nearby Devens, Massachusetts.

Director of Community Engagement Rob O'Rourke invited faculty to contribute food to the project, and twenty have signed up so far. Participants are asked to buy an extra item or two each time they shop, although any size donation—in food or funds—is appreciated. Donated bags of these groceries will be collected every other month.

"The main focus is for small groups to work collaboratively to make donating to the pantry a routine practice," said Mr. O'Rourke. The Groton Neighborhood Food Project's website makes clear that food insecurity is not someone else's problem; it affects many residents of the Town of Groton. According to the site: "Many of our neighbors simply can't afford to buy enough food—even when they're working. Feeding America [a national network of food banks] reports that at least one-third of all American families who get help with food have one or more people working."

Mr. O'Rourke said that, as pandemic protocols allow, students involved in Groton Community Engagement will help in collecting the food from outside of faculty homes.

Gail Friedman



Director of Community Engagement and Associate Director of College Counseling Rob O'Rourke

Russell Thorndike, Selah Barrett, Robbie Long, Neve Ley, Wilson Thors, and Grace Travis; not pictured, Nico Bowden, Ronan Doherty, Magnus Miller, Grace Mumford, Chiara Nevard, Jack Pedreschi, and Anthony Romano

GROTON ATHLETES COLLEGE-BOUND

Congratulations to Groton School athletes who will be playing at the collegiate level next year!

Eleven Sixth Formers will be joining Division 3 college teams—five will play lacrosse, three soccer, two football, and one basketball. In addition, two are heading to Division 1 schools to play lacrosse. Additional college athletic announcements are expected in the coming weeks.

D1 athletes Ronan Doherty and Anthony Romano are heading to Notre Dame and University of Richmond respectively. Of those headed to D3 lacrosse programs, Grace Mumford and Russell Thorndike will play at Middlebury College, Nico Bowden at the



Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Neve Ley at St. Lawrence University, and Magnus Miller at Swarthmore College.

Three athletes are heading to Bowdoin College: Robbie Long and Wilson Thors will be on the gridiron, while Grace Travis will play on Bowdoin's women's soccer team. Selah Barrett will play soccer at

Colby College, and Jack Pedreschi will be on the Kenyon College pitch. Also heading to Kenyon: Chiara Nevard for basketball.

"I am proud of all of our college-bound athletes," said Director of Athletics Bob Low, "and all athletes who don the Groton School jersey."

DESIGNING FOR SAFETY

Last spring, when all students were studying remotely, the Third Form Art & Design class created posters addressing how the pandemic was affecting their communities.

Teacher Melissa De Jesus-Akuete asked: "How can your poster help spread awareness and/or uplift your community during these devastating times?" Students drew their own images or manipulated found images to create the posters, using tools such as Photoshop, Procreate, and Canva.



Chloe Zheng '23



Amelia Pottash '23



Mei Matsui '23



Daniel Burnham '23

A CHAPEL SERVICE OF HOPE AND REFLECTION FOLLOWING SIEGE ON U.S. CAPITOL

Today, the United States of America, while shaken, stands unbowed and will continue to bear witness that no individuals can subvert the will of a free people.”

Headmaster Temba Maqubela delivered a message of hope during a special chapel service on January 7, designed to help the community process the insurrection at the U.S. Capitol the day before and find hope amidst the turmoil.

“In the midst of unspeakable suffering—with close to 4,000 people per day in the U.S. losing their lives due to coronavirus, and even more worldwide—we witnessed our democracy stumbling, shaking, and reaching the edge of the precipice. People died, and



the beautiful Capitol building was breached by rioters who desecrated the people’s house, our beloved seat of Congress. All because the leader of the free world refused to accept the will of the people.”

“Yet,” Mr. Maqubela continued, “this attempt to thwart and subvert the will of the people failed miserably as people of goodwill from both sides of the aisle,

saddened and shaken as they were, counted votes, upheld the Constitution, and bore witness to the will of the people.”

The headmaster also spoke of the school’s collection of presidential letters and portraits—“a tradition and honor that I do not take lightly”—and how carefully he is weighing the words he will use to request President Biden’s contribution to the collection. “Long after Mrs. Maqubela and I are gone, the presidential portraits will continue to inspire and serve as a symbol for future generations,” the headmaster said. “These portraits remind us that without education, democracy is fragile. They remind us that a combination of education, patriotism, and truth should be prioritized over ignorance, nationalism, and populism.”

In his chapel talk, Mr. Maqubela also read from a letter he received from Theodore Roosevelt IV ‘61, in which Mr. Roosevelt wrote about his excellent history courses at Groton—but also how his “teachers never explored the economic and political consequences of the provision of the Constitution which counted slaves as three-fifths of a person for purposes of representation,” giving Virginia twenty-one Electoral College votes, the most ever controlled by a single state. “Madison crafted the Constitution

to ensure that wealthy slaveholders would control the new government . . . In order to avoid teaching by omission, Groton will have to revise how it teaches and acknowledge how deeply racism is embedded in our history. We must take a hard look at economic inequality,” Mr. Roosevelt wrote.

Chaplain Allison Read opened the virtual service with Psalm 31. Dr. Stacey Spring, head of Groton’s History Department, read an excerpt from Abraham Lincoln’s Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865, delivered shortly before the end of the American Civil War. English teacher and Director of Diversity and Inclusion Sravani Sen-Das shared “Let America Be America Again” by Langston Hughes. The service concluded with prayers offered by Obinna Nwaokoro ’21 and Eric Spierer, a history teacher and member of the Spiritual Life team.

“Let America be America again. Let it be the dream it used to be.” As Ms. Sen-Das read, Langston Hughes’ words seemed written for that moment.



Ted Eyrén

SUFFRAGETTES: THE ORIGINAL VOTING RIGHTS ACTIVISTS

Noted historian and author Susan Ware, one of the United States’ leading scholars on the women’s suffrage movement and the 19th Amendment, delivered Groton’s fall Circle Talk in October.

In a centennial year marking when American women won the right to vote, the faculty–student Speakers Committee aimed to offer a program focused on this important aspect of United States history. As Dr. Ware pointed out, suffragettes were like the “voting rights activists of their day.”

During the virtual Circle Talk, Dr. Ware both summarized the history of the suffrage movement and dove deeply into aspects of it, especially the

role of African American women and other women of color, whose stories were long suppressed while stories of white, privileged leaders became iconic.

The author of *Why They Marched: Untold Stories of the Women Who Fought for the Right to Vote* and other books, Dr. Ware took questions at the end of her talk and urged students to keep up the fight for equal rights in the United States and around the world.

Members of the Groton Feminists Club, Sixth Formers Leah Pothel, Claire Holding, and Alex Brown, introduced Dr. Ware and moderated the question-and-answer session.

—Tommy Lamont, history teacher





FALL COMMUNITY GATHERINGS STRESS LEADERSHIP, EMPATHY, OPEN-MINDEDNESS

"Someone who prioritizes the success of those around them before their own."

"Who brings out the best in others."

"Who listens to learn."

"A role model."

These are a few qualities of a good leader in the eyes of Groton students, who shared observations on inclusive leadership during the school's third community gathering of the fall term.

During the November meeting, held via Zoom, students and faculty watched

Drew Dudley's "Leading with Lollipops" TED talk, then discussed their own "lollipop moments," when they experienced or witnessed a seemingly small gesture with outsized impact—a moment that helped someone feel that they belonged. Participants also discussed a variety of prompts, including Dudley's quote: "As long as we make leadership something bigger than us, as long as we keep leadership something beyond us, as long as we make it about changing the world, we give ourselves an excuse not to expect it every day from ourselves and from each other."

The fall community gatherings—part

ALUMNI SHARE FIRSTHAND EXPERIENCES ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

On October 22, three Groton alumni—**Allie Banwell '12**, **Luke Holey '16**, and **Roselle Lovell-Smith '18**—spoke on a panel about their experiences working for political campaigns.

Luke was a digital associate for one of the most closely watched campaigns in the country—the effort (now unfulfilled) by Democrat Jaime Harrison to unseat South Carolina Republican Senator Lindsay Graham. To Luke, the tight race meant long hours, excitement, and intense emphasis on fundraising during his "coffee-fueled push to the finish."

Allie, who has worked for various candidates, served as campaign manager for Kate Schroder, a candidate for Ohio's first congressional district. "There's no typical day on a campaign ... you wake up and you go," Allie said. A seemingly routine day can derail quickly, she explained, whether from a story in the media or something said by the president or the opposing candidate.

Roselle, who interned last summer for a New Hampshire gubernatorial candidate, explained what drew her to politics. "I've always really been interested in politics, but it was really shaped by my time at Groton," she said. "So when I was at college, I really knew that I wanted to go into politics as a career, because in my mind it was the easiest way to make real change on issues that matter to me."

The panelists all acknowledged the



impact of COVID-19 on their roles and their respective campaigns. For Allie, the pandemic postponed the primary. "It totally turns your world upside down, and it was a real stressor at first, but every good person on a campaign, and every campaign, has to be nimble," she said. "Something will always destroy your day, and this is just a grander example of that."

COVID demanded creativity of Luke's social media work. "Think about how you engage people on social media in a campaign," he said. "It's videos of speeches, interviews, crowds, ways to show people you're excited ... And now, you have to keep people engaged on social media, but your candidate has to be in their basement. It's

forced us to come up with new ways we can show his personality and make him seem human to the electorate."

The alumni panel was one of several virtual events organized to inform students about the election and encourage their involvement. The panelists all cited Groton's curriculum as a springboard toward their political passions, specifically noting courses taught by history teachers Stacey Spring and John Lyons. They offered words of advice to all Groton students, encouraging them to get involved at their local level, whether it be through phone banking, petitioning their representatives, or staying up to date on current events and campaign information.

—Annie O'Leary '21

of the school's Diversity & Inclusion initiative—were organized by dorm and split students into smaller breakout rooms for the deeper discussions. Sixth Formers led all the meetings, with dorm heads and affiliates also participating. The other two programs this fall followed a similar format. During the September kick-off meeting, students and faculty watched Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie's "The Danger of a Single Story" TED talk, which emphasizes the power of personal stories and the potential stereotypes have to thwart inclusion.

"Our community gatherings enable us to engage actively with our rich diversity," said Director of Diversity & Inclusion Sravani Sen-Das. "Each conversation is built around our core values and aims to develop, through a series of dialogues, a shared

commitment to upholding a respectful community where all feel a sense of belonging."

The October community gathering encouraged students to model vulnerability through storytelling, with a focus on the then impending national election. Participants were asked to share a story that showed the impact of the election on their own relationships and well-being. They also discussed to whom they were turning for strength and hope, and how disappointment after the election might be viewed by some as a deep loss.

"We, like most other schools, felt unprepared for the aftermath of the 2016 elections," said Ms. Sen-Das. "This time around we wanted to prepare our community, through dialogue, to engage

with each other and humanize the election and its impact on us and, by doing so, to emphasize our commitment to prioritizing relationships over opinions."

The pre-election discussion opened with a quote from Robert Jones Jr.: "We can disagree and still love each other, unless your disagreement is rooted in my oppression and denial of my humanity and right to exist."

Diversity & Inclusion programming is continuing regularly throughout the year. The final program of the fall term opened with a Maya Angelou quote—and a sentiment essential to all of Groton's D&I programming. Said Angelou: "I've learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel."

ALUMNI DISCUSS COVID CHALLENGES, BOTH GLOBAL AND LOCAL

New vaccines are bringing hope that the world may vanquish the COVID-19 pandemic, but the challenges ahead are vast, with about five billion people needing the vaccine to achieve herd immunity worldwide.

That was the grave assessment of **William "Bill" Summerskill '76**, during "Rising to the COVID Challenge," a Groton alumni panel on December 17, featuring three of the alumni profiled in the fall *Groton School Quarterly*: Dr. Summerskill, who left retirement to resume editing for *The Lancet*, a preeminent medical journal; **David Cheever '05**, an emergency physician serving the Navajo nation in New Mexico; and **Chekemma Fulmore-Townsend '97**, CEO of the Philadelphia Youth Network (PYN). Groton School Trustee **Dr. Alfred Winkler '85, P'23** moderated the panel.

The discussion covered the varied effects of the raging pandemic—from the Gallup Indian Medical Center's need to improvise sanitizing wipes, to philanthropists' willingness to cut red tape for PYN, to the breathtaking pace at which research papers arrived at *The Lancet*—more than one hundred each day.

Bill spoke of the astonishing "pace of the science," the amount of work done in the past year, and the enormous work that remains. "If the vaccine is 90 percent effective... we're getting up to needing to vaccinate two-thirds of people for herd immunity—that's five billion people in the world," he said.

Information has mutated rapidly. "Every week, really twice a week, what we knew changed, both with new discoveries and the debunking of old assumptions," Bill said.

The other panelists also described a world that demanded adaptability. In just three weeks, Chekemma had to pivot PYN's educational and job training programming—lifelines to the community—to a virtual world.

David described a rapid switch from being a brand new member of the Emergency Department at the Gallup Indian Medical Center to playing a key role as the hospital expanded its ICU, moved treatment areas outdoors, and otherwise tackled COVID-19 in one of the country's hardest-hit areas. "It went from figuring out how to be an attending [physician] just out of residency... dealing with what we normally see in an Emergency Department to suddenly being overwhelmed and thrust into some of the leadership of our department," he said.

He emphasized the burden on rural hospitals like his. Larger, urban hospitals are stretched beyond capacity, but "you also have to recognize how that affects the hospitals that are referring into those places," he said. His hospital lacks equipment, staff, and space. "We're treating patients outside in five-degree weather," he said. "We are having a really hard time retaining and recruiting our nursing staff."

Bill explained why the U.S. may have been crushed by the virus. Countries that had endured the SARS epidemic in 2003 or that had a culture of mask-wearing fared much better, he said, while the U.S. and the United Kingdom, where "the focus on individualism that has reaped so many benefits and advances may, when it comes to a pandemic, be a disadvantage when compared to a more communal responsibility that people might have."

"I just hope that, most of all, the pain of 2020 and COVID-19 will help to inform a gentler dialogue and consideration of *all* members of society in the future because we've realized that actually during this syndemic, we have relied on people who previously were often invisible," Bill said, "and they have sadly often been the ones with the greatest mortality rates."



Above from top: William Summerskill '76, Chekemma Fulmore-Townsend '97, David Cheever '05

A SCHOOL BIRTHDAY MESSAGE OF COMPASSION, HUMILITY



Groton turned 136 years old on October 15, and the school birthday—like everything else in this pandemic era—was different than in years past. Pandemic protocols required a quiet celebration, as gathering in groups and even singing were not permitted.

Marking the day was a chapel talk about the power of humility, kindness, and empathy. With humor and relatable stories, guest speaker

Lanny Thorndike '84, P'14, '16, '21 encouraged students to recognize the power of cultivating strong values, acknowledging that each person at times “will be faced with a difficult decision, that proverbial fork in the road, where your moral compass wants to go one way and your emotional ego wants to take a different path.”

He confessed a searing moment of personal humiliation at a friend's wedding, when he

accidentally tripped the bride on the dance floor as he tried to imitate a handspring from a popular 1980s movie. It was a moment of huge embarrassment, “with the crowd receding away from me like an outgoing tide,” but also a lesson in graceful forgiveness that still influences his actions some thirty years later.

Incredulous when the groom told him, “It could have happened to anyone,” Lanny internalized that surprising compassion. It left

CONTEMPLATING “TRUE JUSTICE” ON MLK DAY

Groton students and faculty followed attorney Bryan Stevenson on a trip through the criminal justice system on Martin Luther King Jr. Day, watching *True Justice: Bryan Stevenson's Fight for Equality*. The film, directed by **Peter Kunhardt '71**, follows Stevenson's efforts to fight for the poor and disenfranchised, and in particular to bring justice to wrongly accused Black people on death row.

“We could never have predicted how relevant the documentary would be,” said Mr. Kunhardt in a virtual introduction. “Bryan Stevenson traces how white supremacists may have lost the Civil War, but they have won the narrative war.” The film illuminates the long, consistent path to entrenched systemic racism, demonstrating that even the individual battles won have not equaled true progress.

In the film, Mr. Stevenson calls ours a “post-genocide society,” referring to the treatment of Native Americans. “We didn't call it a genocide,” he said, “because we said, ‘no, these native people are different.’” *True Justice's* wrenching history lesson, from the 1857 Dred Scott case, which denied African Americans citizenship, through lynchings and wrongful death sentences, demonstrated that whites relied on considering Blacks “different” to justify denying them rights and respect.



Peter Kunhardt '71 (left) told Bryan Stevenson's story in *True Justice: Bryan Stevenson's fight for Equality*. Peter, who directed the documentary, introduced it to the Groton community during a celebration of Martin Luther King Jr. Day.

Martin Luther King Jr. Day was less than two weeks after the attack on the U.S. Capitol, January 6. “The attack on the U.S. Capitol becomes even more clear when Bryan gives the historical context leading up to it,” said Mr. Kunhardt.

Fifth and Sixth Formers, who already had seen *True Justice*, instead watched *LA 92*, about Los Angeles riots provoked by the acquittal of four white men who were recorded beating a Black man in 1992. After watching the films and discussing them, faculty and students spent the afternoon in virtual workshops, most of them student-run.

The topics covered were numerous, with nearly two dozen choices, from capital

punishment to gender roles to allyship, from the timely topic of racism in medicine (including vaccines) to an analysis of the influence of youth in recent protests. In the Poetry+Playwriting workshop, poet Cyrus Aaron read his works. In Exploring Liberation Through Art, led by art teacher Melissa De Jesus-Akuete, students expressed their ideal of freedom artistically.

The day of education and contemplation was a way to honor Dr. King and carry on his legacy. As Mr. Kunhardt said when introducing his film, “I hope watching this documentary will get you all talking about small steps each of you can take to fight racism.”

an indelible impression, ultimately making Lanny more measured and thoughtful. He said that he thinks back to the wedding scene from time to time, and even lets its lesson guide him toward compassion rather than revenge or impulse during a particularly difficult business situation.

"Never underestimate the power of your forgiveness to help someone else become a better person," Lanny said.

The speaker also shared

the simple, wise advice of Ann Tottenham, his own Sacred Texts teacher at Groton. She frequently reminded students to consider before speaking: "Is it nice? Is it necessary?"

Lanny considers those words to live by, and he advised students to examine what is driving their own words before uttering them. "Throughout your life's journey, you will make many more decisions based on your emotions than on the evidence of facts in

front of you, so you need to be honest when assessing how your emotional truths are influencing your own moral compass," he said.

The speaker's virtual morning message provided an education in humility based on life experiences. "At Groton and more importantly after Groton, will you be willing to tolerate stupid mistakes by others?" he asked. "Can you make fun of your own faults? As I get older, I find a sense of humor

and humility become more important with time."

The message—a fine placeholder until the community can gather again in person to wish Groton a happy birthday—was both enduring and timely. "In this age of polarizing partisanship, when you disagree with someone, can you be quick to listen but slow to talk?" Lanny asked. "Do you have the humility to realize that you might be at least partially wrong at least half the time?"



Christopher Temerson

POWERFUL CHANGES AT GROTON'S NEW SOLAR FARM

Groton's new solar farm received its long-awaited, lithium-ion batteries in mid-October, greatly increasing the site's efficiency by allowing the system to store energy and use it when the need is highest.

The John B. Goodenough '40 Solar Battery Farm, named for the alumnus and recent Nobel Prize winner who pioneered the science behind the lithium-ion battery, began

delivering solar-generated electricity to the campus in August, thanks to its array of solar panels. But due to the COVID-19 pandemic, the batteries—a key element in the solar farm—were delayed.

The new solar array and the energy-storage system work together to significantly reduce Groton School's reliance on fossil fuels. The solar panels directly feed the campus energy grid, lowering the need for power from the Groton Electric Light Department. The power storage system—the batteries—will be charged during off-peak hours and can be discharged when demand for electricity peaks, not just at the school but throughout New England. For example, when air conditioners are running at full force during a summer heat wave, the system can discharge all of its energy over a short period of time, said Director of Buildings and Grounds Tim

Dumont, reducing or eliminating excessive demand that can strain the region's grid.

The solar panels are expected to generate more than 150,000 kwh (kilowatt hours) per year, saving the equivalent of about 113 metric tons of carbon dioxide. According to the Environmental Protection Agency's Greenhouse Gas Equivalencies Calculator, these 113 metric tons offset the annual carbon dioxide emissions from 124,052 pounds of coal or from 261 barrels of oil. The carbon offset, according to Mr. Dumont, is equivalent to that saved by 1,862 seedlings grown for ten years or by 147 acres of U.S. forests. The solar energy generated on campus could power about nineteen average homes for a year or charge more than fourteen million smartphones.

The solar farm was built with the possibility of expansion in mind.



A VIRTUAL VISIT WITH ACCLAIMED ARTIST WINFRED REMBERT

Near the end of fall term, art teacher Melissa De Jesus-Akuete hosted a virtual screening of the award-winning documentary *Ashes to Ashes*, about acclaimed visual artist Winfred Rembert, followed by a Q&A session with the artist. The event, held for the Artistic Freedom: Liberation Through Art class, was open to the broader community and attracted about sixty faculty members and students.

Mr. Rembert grew up in Georgia and spent much of his childhood laboring in the cotton fields. He joined the civil rights movement in his early teens and was later imprisoned and put to work on a chain gang—all before surviving a lynching attempt at age nineteen.

The artist's works can now be found in contemporary galleries and museums around the world. Groton School's Visual Arts Department hopes to bring Mr. Rembert to the Circle to display his art and to work with students after the pandemic is over and the campus re-opens.



Overseers in the Field #1

A STRONG SHOWING BY GROTON DEBATE

Groton's Debating Society took first place at a December 8 competition hosted by Buckingham Browne & Nichols School (BB&N), capping a season of impressive performances and individual accomplishments.

In the Novice category at BB&N, Rowen Hildreth '23 took first place in Parliamentary debate; Alisa Gulyansky '24 shared a three-way tie for second place in Impromptu Speaking; and Ayur Vallecha '25 tied for second place in Interpretative Reading. Alisa also placed third in overall individual rankings. In the Advanced category, Jacinta Lopez '22 shared second place in Impromptu Speaking.

Rowen and Ayur argued in favor of the debate resolution: "This House would make COVID vaccines mandatory." For interpretive reading, Ayur read a passage from *The Wolf, the Duck and the Mouse* by Mac Barnett. The impromptu rounds give students a choice of three topics, explained Debate Society coach and math teacher **Michael Gnozzio '03**—"one is usually a concrete noun, the second is usually an abstract noun, and the third is usually a quotation." Alisa chose a quote from Nelson Mandela: "I have never cared much for personal prizes. A person does not become a freedom fighter in the hope of winning awards." Jacinta's impromptu topic was "Books."

Student debaters competed in five tournaments this fall, adapting to a virtual format. Samarth Agrawal '21 and Steven Pang '22 picked up first and second place rankings in individual events at the Stoneleigh-Burnham Virtual Public Speaking Tournament in early

October, with Samarth placing first in After Dinner Speaking and Steven coming in second in Interpretive Reading.

At the mid-October Hotchkiss Debate and Public Speaking Tournament, Steven and Jiacheng Kang '22 placed first among Advanced pairs in Parliamentary Debate. Jiacheng earned a further distinction as the third-place individual speaker in the debate event, and Steven's combined score across the tournament's three events earned him second place in the Advanced division overall.

At St. Paul's School in November, Groton placed second in the overall school rankings. Brendan Pelikh '22 and Rowen were the first-place Affirmative Novice pair; Amy Ma '23 and Husayn Ladha '24 were the third-place Negative Novice pair; and Brendan, Rowen, Amy, and Husayn placed first among four-person Novice teams. Amy and Brendan tied for second in overall ranking for individual speakers in the Novice division.

"The members of the Debating Society have worked very hard, and I've been thrilled to see their efforts yielding so much success," said Mr. Gnozzio. "Because of the changes to our schedule this year, we've been able to offer debate as an after-noon activity, and that's been really helpful. But it's been especially great to see the way both remote and in-person students have been able to come together for interscholastic competitions. The Society's officers this year have been fantastic about recruiting novices and have been working with them tirelessly over Zoom to get them ready for tournaments."

Naomi Pollock '77

Japanese Design: Sweating the Small Stuff



Naomi Pollock '77 at a venue for design exhibits in Tokyo, in front of the Japanese *kanji* character for *kome* (rice)

When **Naomi Pollock '77** moved from New York to Tokyo in 1988 to accompany her husband on a new job, she imagined she would be making a “nice, tidy lateral shift” in her nascent career as an architect. Instead, she learned Japanese, earned a second master’s degree, and began writing about Japanese architecture and design for the English-speaking world—producing eight books and a steady stream of articles, essays, and commentaries.

This all happened after Naomi applied for, and received, a Japanese Ministry of Education scholarship to become a research student (which included an intensive six-month course in Japanese) at the University of Tokyo. When asked initially by her advisor what she wished to study, Naomi responded that she wanted “to learn why buildings in Tokyo look so strange.” To her Western eyes, the city at that time looked like “a chaotic confluence of concrete surfaces, irregularly shaped buildings, crowded streets, above-ground utility poles, and garish signage.”

Her advisor told her that to understand contemporary Japanese architecture, she ought to study the past. This advice inspired Naomi to begin traveling the country to research *minka* farmhouses—beautiful wooden structures crafted by local carpenters in the seventeenth through twentieth centuries. Many of these houses have been abandoned or left in disrepair, for they are in remote areas and lacking creature comforts.

“In 2018, the American Institute of Architects elevated Naomi to its College of Fellows—a distinction bestowed on only 3 percent of its membership.



1

Naomi's latest book, *Japanese Design Since 1945: A Complete Sourcebook*; top right, an example of a *minka* farmhouse



2



While Naomi worked on her thesis about the old farmhouses, she educated herself on contemporary Japanese architecture by attending the open houses that architects typically host before turning a finished building over to a client. “I went to as many of these as I possibly could,” she said. “That became my own private curriculum for understanding contemporary buildings in Japan.”

Those excursions led to her second book, *Modern Japanese House*, in 2005. They also informed her 2015 survey of the country’s most unusual homes, *Jutaku: Japanese Houses*. That volume was described by publisher Phaidon Press as “a fast-paced, shock to the system that shines a Harajuku-bright neon light on the sheer volume, variety and novelty of contemporary Japanese residential architecture.”

Though Naomi has many favorite buildings—such as Kenzo Tange’s

Yoyogi National Gymnasium, built for the 1964 Olympics, and Tower House, a tiny home in the heart of Tokyo designed by Takamitsu Azuma—a piece of furniture is one of her favorite examples of Japanese design. She first noticed the Spoke Chair, designed by Katsuhei Toyoguchi in 1963, on a site visit to the newly completed Musashino Art University Library and Gallery. “There it stood on the library’s second floor, on display amid the open stacks,” she recalled. “My eye was immediately drawn to its splayed shape, spindled back, and stubby legs.” Naomi included the Spoke Chair in her most recent book, *Japanese Design Since 1945: A Complete Sourcebook*.

“In a nutshell, the designer wanted a chair which would enable conversation with people seated either in Western-style chairs or on traditional Japanese floor mats—so clever! He also wanted a seat bottom big enough for

sitting cross-legged,” she explained. “Lastly, the spindle back was a polite bow to the classic Windsor chair, with which Japan has had a love affair since the early twentieth century.”

This iconic chair, in many ways, sums up the appeal of the Japanese aesthetic for Naomi. “The derivation of form from function coupled with exquisite craftsmanship are two of the chair’s traits which I adore,” she said, “and, in many respects, characterize the best of Japanese design.”

Naomi’s interest in history and architecture began in the Hyde Park neighborhood of Chicago, where she grew up. There, her parents joined two century-old townhouses and undertook subsequent renovations over the years, so “the smell of curing concrete brings me back to my childhood,” she said. It may not be surprising, then, that after studying Classics at Dartmouth College, this member of Groton’s first

The Spoke Chair, designed by Katsuchi Toyoguchi: “the derivation of form from function coupled with exquisite craftsmanship.” Right, two of Naomi’s eight books on Japanese design.

Tendo Co. Ltd.



3



4



5

coeducational form earned a master’s degree in architecture from the Harvard University Graduate School of Design.

She pivoted to her decades-long career as a freelance writer when a friend, an editor at *Metropolis* magazine in New York, asked her to write about Tokyo buildings. It was the late 1980s, the Japanese economy was red-hot, and there was so much construction that Naomi’s fellow students were launching firms of their own, some serving as local representatives for foreign architects working in the Japanese market.

“The whole architecture world was looking at Japan, and here I was with all this access to information,” she said. In 1990, she was named Tokyo correspondent for the venerable *Architectural Record*, where she continues to publish articles regularly.

Once Naomi started writing, she was hooked. She loves interviewing

architects, clients, and others as she researches her articles and books, and she treasures the new knowledge that comes with each project. The flexibility of a freelance career also allowed her to “merge motherhood and work in a very comfortable way,” said Naomi, who has two daughters, Abby, 26, and Eve, 24. “I’ve always been incredibly grateful.”

In 2018, the American Institute of Architects elevated Naomi to its College of Fellows—a distinction bestowed on only 3 percent of its membership—for making “significant contributions to the profession and society and who exemplify architectural excellence.”

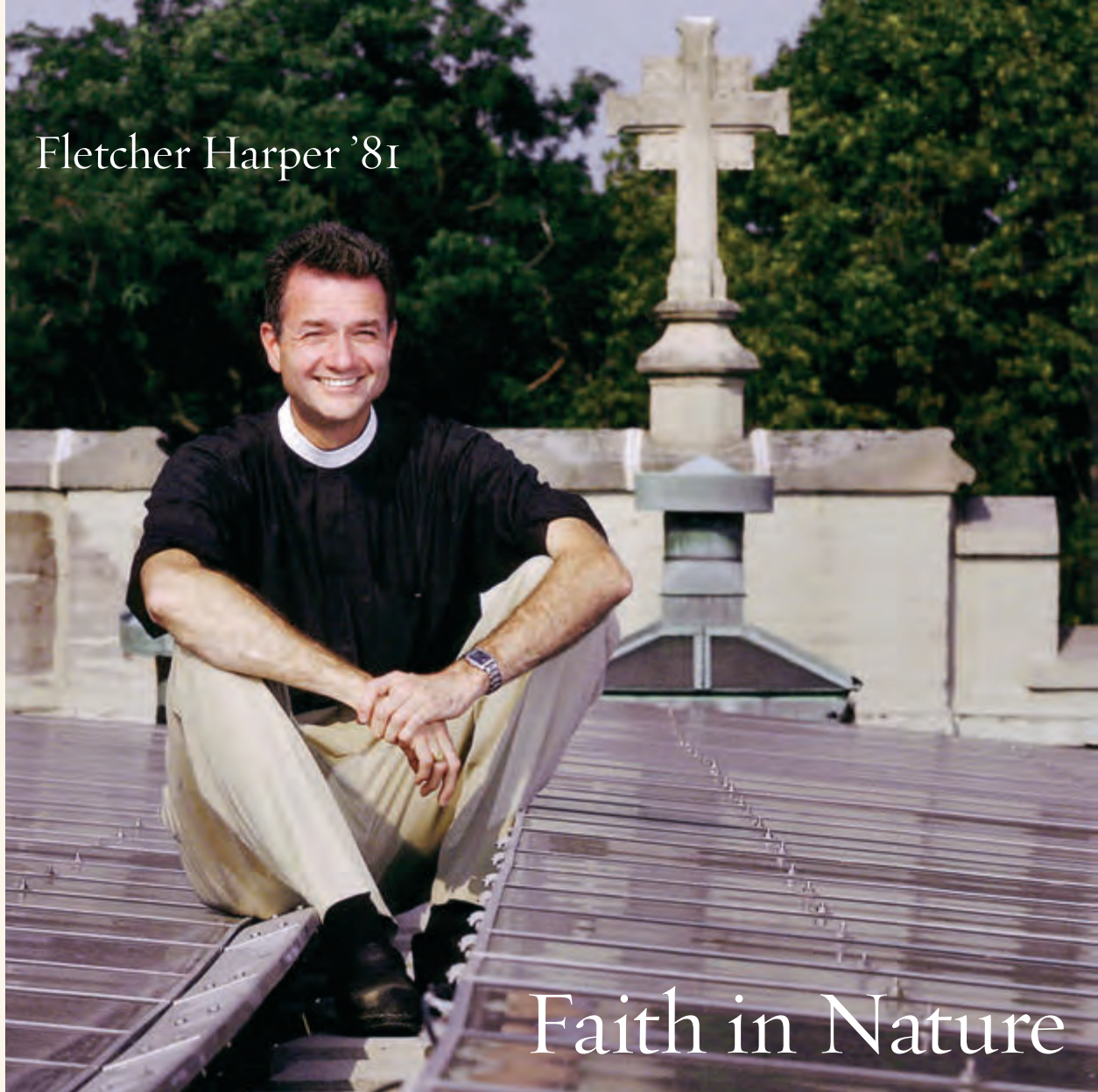
“I’ve had a pretty unusual career for an architect,” said Naomi, “and I really applauded the Institute for singling me out for this distinction because it was acknowledging the importance of criticism and commentary in the architectural world.”

Now relocated back to Chicago, Naomi has been waiting out the coronavirus pandemic in her home in Beverly Shores, Indiana, where she and her husband live with their rescue cat, Daisuke. Her latest book, *Japanese Design Since 1945: A Complete Sourcebook*, was published last year by Thames & Hudson. Its theme—that good design is everywhere in Japan—is illustrated by seven hundred photographs of objects ranging from furniture to food wrappers.

When global travel resumes, she will make periodic trips back to the land that nurtured her and her career. “There’s so much beauty in Japan and so much careful consideration,” said Naomi, whose Instagram handle is @sweathesmallstuff. “A lot of it is looking for the small things. It’s about looking at how wood meets concrete. Or a single flower.”

—Kathleen Clute

Fletcher Harper '81



Faith in Nature

As a young boy, **Fletcher Harper '81** went with his family on a trip to Haiti, a vacation that rocked and expanded his worldview. There was poverty, more than any he'd seen growing up in New York City. There were people in need of help, places in need of protection, and inequitable use of resources. The impression was indelible.

"It frightened and saddened me, and that image stuck with me—I thought that, as a world, we need to do a lot better than that," said Fletcher, now an Episcopal priest and the executive director of GreenFaith, a multi-religion coalition dedicated to combating the climate crisis. "Having grown up with privilege, it upset me to see so many people in positions of power who failed or refused to understand the impact of their companies or investments on the environment."

When Harper discovered GreenFaith eighteen years

ago, it was a small group of people from several faiths, and he was a parish priest looking for a faith-based platform to support environmental activism.

"That didn't exist on a meaningful scale anywhere,"

he said, "and I felt it was a critical thing to have a moral, religious voice in relation to climate change." But it was hard to get traction, and more than once the group considered disbanding. "I kept speaking up and saying, 'No, we really have to do this, it matters!' And one time they turned to me and said, 'Then you run it!'"

So just a year after joining the organization, he went home and wrote his job description, which came to him with an urgency and power that he said was like "a visitation."

"I know God is present in nature, and that religion has the power to transform people and societies to be more compassionate, just, and loving. This urgency



came together with my background in religious activism and spoke to me about where I needed to be right now," he said. "There is a lot at stake. The way we treat the environment impacts people around the world, like the people I saw in Haiti and others in our most vulnerable communities."

Fletcher has seen some potent energy at the intersection of religion and advocacy. He organized religious groups for the 2014 People's

finding his path to the priesthood. At Princeton he majored in history with a minor in American Studies, played a lot of squash, and did his share of cutting loose. But halfway through his senior year his father—Fletcher Harper '47, whom he remembers having "uncommon moral and emotional strength"—passed away unexpectedly, which reset the younger Fletcher's compass. "It kicked off a period of introspection," he said, "and

I realized I was interested in social justice and journalism as a mode of storytelling." After graduation, he and a friend, **Sloan Walker '81**, bought a van and traveled across the country interviewing people who were 100 years old, doing pieces for a range of publications and NPR. Then he worked at a foundation supporting

racial equality, reproductive rights, and environmental awareness, and after that, taught at a junior high school in East Harlem while working part-time as an intake worker at a drug rehabilitation facility.

The through-line of his activism was there; he just had to put the pieces together. That's when he recognized that religious leadership represented his life's path. "The priesthood integrated love for God, for people, and for the planet. It's given me a way to synthesize activism with spirituality.

GreenFaith has done just that. Through the United Nations, GreenFaith is working in critical rainforest countries, including Peru, Brazil, and Colombia. It's going both larger and more intimate with two new initiatives: GreenFaith International, enabling countries to work together merging spirituality and climate issues from their own vantage points, and GreenFaith Circles, a hyper-local way to spur moral change and develop civic

leadership on the community level. Cultivating worldwide, religion-based climate leadership now is critical, he said, because it takes time to develop grassroots moral power, and the clock is ticking. "The climate crisis is a huge problem nowhere close to being solved," he added, "and society remains at a really dangerous level of denial."

One way GreenFaith trains religious leaders is by showing the connections between pollution, race, and poverty, sometimes through "environmental justice tours" in communities of color and low-income communities that suffer the impacts of air pollution, toxic contamination, and climate vulnerability. "When people actually see environmental degradation, and how polluters have dodged responsibility for the harm they've caused and how this impacts people—primarily BIPOC communities—it affects them. These are moral issues. It's religion's role to confront this injustice."

The GreenFaith network includes fellows who campaign for climate action in North and Latin America, the African continent, Europe, and Asia. "We campaign against new fossil fuel infrastructure, in support of universal access to clean energy, for an end to tropical deforestation, for sustainable lifestyles among the world's wealthy, for divestment from fossil fuels," Fletcher said. "We are building a global, grassroots, multi-faith movement. It is a gift to work with local, diverse religious communities who bravely fight powerful economic and political interests on behalf of people and planet."

Fletcher is determined to develop an expression of religion that addresses this defining challenge that confronts the human family. "Religious communities must use their power to protect the Earth," he said. "There's no more urgent calling."

—*Nichole Bernier*

“Cultivating worldwide, religion-based climate leadership now is critical because it takes time to develop grassroots moral power, and the clock is ticking.”

Climate March in New York, which hit Manhattan like a humanitarian peace bomb, 400,000 marchers strong. The religious contingent, totaling 15,000, clustered on 58th Street between 8th and 9th Avenues waiting to march. There, Harper saw an older Hindu woman with her granddaughter saying a traditional prayer to Mother Earth, apologizing for walking all over her; he saw Jewish and Christian leaders reading the creation story from Genesis. And he was struck by the crazy, beautiful diversity of it all.

"We had sub-groups from thirty different religious and spiritual traditions, from pagan to Catholic and everything in between. I got a call from the largest atheist group, and they were mad they hadn't been invited," he said. "At a time when religion is getting weaponized by governments, we're proud we've got a way of doing religion that's much more life-giving."

The Reverend Harper had followed some forks in the road before



W. Lee Jones Jr. '75

A Life by Design

When **Willie Lee Jones '75** was growing up in the projects of Richmond, Virginia, he took note of buildings.

He studied the ones in his neighborhood: brick veneer outside, concrete slab inside, with harsh steel handrails and metal-framed windows. He paid attention to the buildings he would work on with his uncle, who owned a roofing company (“you can tell a lot about a building by what’s going on right under its roof”).

A few years later, after he’d applied to Groton at the urging of his junior high guidance counselor, he gaped at his first glimpse of St. John’s Chapel.

“We pulled up to see it for the first time, and it looked like something out of a Brontë novel,” Lee said, his voice still reverent decades later. “That limestone Chapel.”

Anyone who knew Lee at Groton would not be surprised to hear that he had gone into architecture. Certainly not former art teacher Gordon Chase, who helped Lee consider construction from an abstract design perspective, or Carl Reed, another Groton art teacher

who led Lee through a mini-research class on urban planning. But they wouldn’t have foreseen the pivot his career would take, from its start at a private architectural firm to public service.

Now the director of North Carolina’s Mecklenburg County Park and Recreation, Lee oversees the largest department in the state, with more than 22,000 acres of parkland, 250 athletic fields, 190 playgrounds, and 250 miles of trail—combined, a network that won the nation’s top Park & Recreation Management award in 2012.

Lee sees landscape planning as just another way of designing spaces—but both indoors and outdoors and for the public, instead of for one private client. “It’s not designing for profit, and it’s not designing for a client who has the final say,” he said. “I’m choosing the amenities that best serve our public—our trends, our demographics—and making sure there’s something for everyone, so it reflects the diversity of our population. There’s a lot of responsibility making those decisions. If you do it

wrong, it's going to affect the public for generations."

Prior to becoming director in 2018, Lee had been a division director since 2004, through glory years when a series of multimillion-dollar bond referenda revitalized greenways and amateur sports venues. He was able to manage the development of several large projects including Romare Bearden Park, a five-acre uptown

about architecture and design since he played with Tinker Toys and Lincoln Logs, he turned his focus to pre-med at Wesleyan University. "There was a strong African American population there," he recalled. "And there was a lot of pressure for African Americans to become doctors." One night near the end of his first year, he was hanging out discussing career goals with his friend and Groton formmate Christopher

Brodigan, who said to him, "You know, you really ought to get back into architecture." Later that night Christopher was killed in an accident, and his words took on additional weight.

Lee did return to architecture. After Wesleyan, he became the first African American to receive a master's

degree from the University of Virginia School of Architecture. While at UVA he spent a semester in Venice working on his thesis. One afternoon he and a classmate found themselves on a boat with two tall African American men—basketball players, it turned out, for the Celtics.

"They walked over and said, 'Hey brother, how you doing?'" One thing led to another, including that both Lee and his friend acknowledged their basketball skills.

"They asked, 'Would you like to play here?'" Lee recalled. "They had seven farm teams that played in Venice, and they were short two players."

Just like that, Lee became a semi-pro basketball player in Italy, and he formed relationships with those players which he maintained over the years and stoked recently through Facebook. When

UVA's school of architecture had a 2019 reunion in Italy, Lee reached out to his old teammates for a reunion of their own. "We had not gotten together in thirty-five years. We'd really formed a bond, and it was a tearful reunion—a life-changing experience."

But nurturing old bonds wasn't unusual for Lee, who has always had a knack for building relationships and maintaining them. He has been his form secretary for eleven years, and he has stayed in touch with favorite teachers, including Warren and Micheline Myers, who now also live in Charlotte.

"I try to keep active with all the schools, but I'm far more attached to the folks at Groton than anywhere else," he said. He credits the small class sizes with cementing strong, caring relationships among both students and faculty.

In its own way, bearing responsibility for parks is caretaking too, and has taken on a special poignancy in the time of COVID. Parks in essence *became* buildings, as indoor structures were replaced by the outdoors, where it was more safe and practical to meet in a socially distanced way.

"Parks became safe havens during COVID. You might not be able to go on a plane or to an indoor facility, but you could still go to a park," Lee said. "In spite of it all, it's brought a good focus on the value of city landscape."

—Nichole Bernier

“They had seven farm teams that played in Venice, and they were short two players.” Just like that, Lee became a semi-pro basketball player in Italy,

property dedicated to renowned artist and Charlotte native Romare Bearden. Before Bearden embarked on his art career, he had been a semi-professional baseball player in the Negro Leagues, a talented pitcher who caught the eye of recruiters for the Philadelphia Athletics. But their offer came with a condition: the light-skinned African American pitcher would have to pass as white. He declined, and left baseball for good.

"I was able to hire Richard Hunt, a renowned stainless steel sculptor, to create a sculpture for the park," Lee said. Like Bearden, Hunt, now 85, is an accomplished African American artist. Lee is particularly proud of the legacy of Bearden Park, not just because of the renewal of the area, but because of its fitting proximity to the city's new baseball stadium. "Romare Bearden refused to pass as white, so he wasn't allowed to play ball. And now this is where he's celebrated," Lee said. "This park changed the face of uptown and spurred positive economic development, and it wouldn't have come together in the same way if the site across the street hadn't been picked for a baseball stadium."

Although Lee had been passionate



Lee (center) with colleagues, receiving the National Recreation & Park Association Gold Medal Award in 2012



PROTECTING
—THE—
Circle

A Glimpse of Groton Life During the Pandemic

Planning for a new school year used to seem complex, with a myriad of details falling into place each summer as departments across campus prepared to welcome incoming students.

That all seems quaint and simple now.



Written by Gail Friedman
Illustrations by Sage Stossel

WHEN THE COVID-19 pandemic closed the campus for spring term 2020, it was unclear whether the crisis would be behind us by fall. Such an innocent thought. The summer was full of intense planning as decisions were made and systems put into place.

Preparations for the 2020–21 school year involved science, creativity, a huge investment in health and safety, and tough choices that all knew could be, without hyperbole, life-or-death decisions.

Welcome to Groton in the land of COVID. School has carried on. Students go to class and hang out with friends. Traditions like chapel

(with a limited number attending in person) and check-ins (distanced or virtual) help maintain normality. If not for the blue surgical masks dotting every conversation, one might think that things hadn't changed that much. That would be the wrong conclusion. Very wrong.

Behind the school's efforts to keep students' lives as normal as possible are the details put in place to help keep the community safe. From the small and obvious (no handshaking or hugging at check-in) to the invisible (a ventilation treatment called needlepoint bipolar ionization), life on the Circle is different during a pandemic. Blessedly familiar, still inspiring and full of hope, but decidedly different.

A Focus on Health Like Never Before

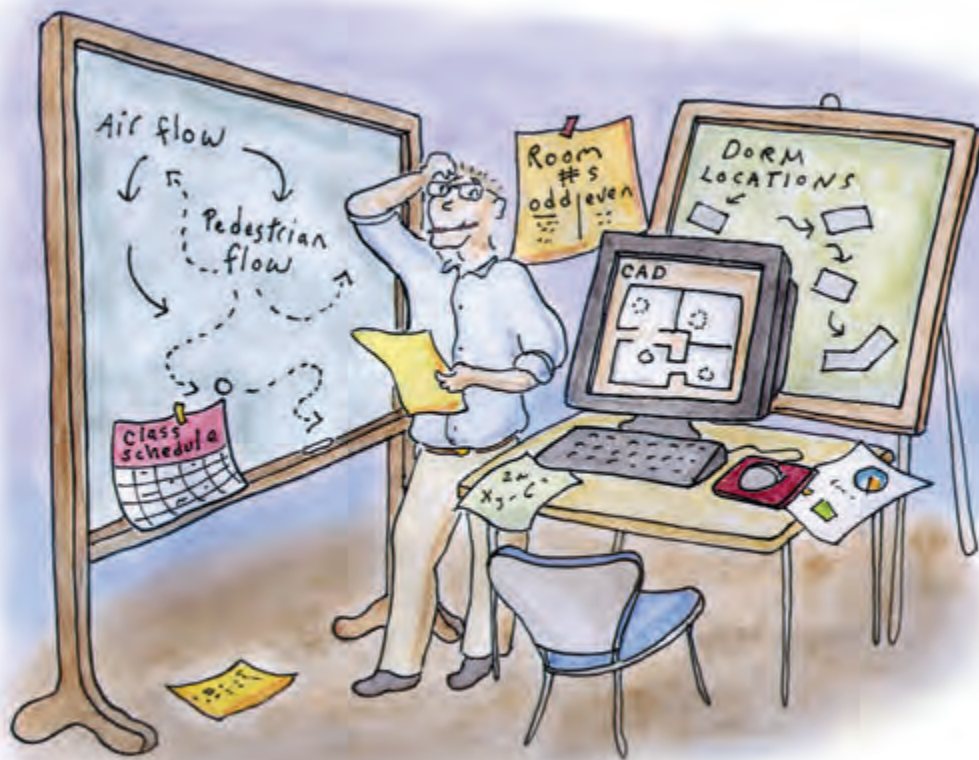
The school is partnering with the Broad Institute of Harvard and MIT to conduct COVID-19 surveillance tests.

During fall term, 6,285 tests were administered to students, faculty/staff, and faculty families. None were positive. Students have tested pre-arrival, upon arrival, and throughout the term. As of mid-February, the school had administered 2,823 tests since winter vacation, five of them positive (including three arrival-day tests) and contained through contact tracing and quarantine.

Maureen O'Neil-Britt, director of Groton's Health Services, enlisted Northeastern University nursing students to help with testing, relieving some of the burden on Health Center staff. The school is using Nashoba Valley Medical Center for non-surveillance tests (for potentially symptomatic students). Borrowing a page from some cities' and colleges' containment efforts, Groton also regularly tests sewage for early virus detection.

As an extra precaution, the Health Center administered flu vaccines to all students upon arrival in the fall. Flu shots were required of employees as well. Students, faculty, and staff were also required to install a screening and contact tracing app (SaferMe). Students record their temperatures in the app every morning and evening.





Close-Knit Classrooms, Distanced



250K

MASKS PURCHASED
FOR FACULTY, STAFF,
AND STUDENTS

830+

CONTAINERS OF
SANITIZING WIPES:
STUDENTS WIPE
CHAIRS AND DESKS IN
CLASSROOMS. CHAPEL
SERVICES, WHEN NOT
REMOTE, END WITH
ATTENDEES WIPING
THEIR CHAIRS.

Typically in Groton's humanities classrooms, students sit face-to-face around tables, tossing ideas into lively discussions. This year, the school's COVID-19 protocols require that students not face each other. Class size is limited to ten students, except in large spaces that allowed adequate distancing with more. Tables were removed from classrooms, replaced by individual desks, six feet apart, that allow all students to face forward.

The 2015 Schoolhouse renovation provided some unexpected help during pandemic planning. Bert Hall, a physics teacher who also handles Groton's academic scheduling, worked closely with architects and engineers on the Schoolhouse project. When he and the school's coronavirus task force began discussing social distancing in the classrooms, he knew that computer-aided designs (CADs)

of the entire Schoolhouse were available.

Mr. Hall took this library of blueprints and inserted overlapping circles, each one scaled to six feet in diameter. "I pulled different configurations of these circles into these rooms," he said. "I went into autoCAD and pulled different radiuses and plopped them into the CAD drawings. We didn't actually have to go in and measure anything."

So began the puzzle. Using the drawings, Mr. Hall and Academic Dean Kathy Leggat determined how many students could fit in each classroom, with six-foot distancing, and what furniture would need to be removed. During the summer, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts changed the classroom requirement to three feet between students, but Groton maintained the six-foot

37

NUMBER OF CLASS-ROOMS WHERE TELECONFERENCING EQUIPMENT WAS INSTALLED

5

TENTS—FOR COVID-19 TESTING, OUTDOOR DINING, GATHERING, FOOD DROP-OFF, AND AS A SEPARATE HEALTH CENTER ENTRANCE FOR POTENTIALLY SYMPTOMATIC STUDENTS

386

NEW HAND-SANITIZING STATIONS: **102** STAND-ALONE AND **284** WALL-MOUNTED

31

PLEXIGLASS SHIELDS INSTALLED AS BARRIERS BETWEEN PEOPLE: **15** BUILT BY BUILDINGS & GROUNDS FOR ADMINISTRATIVE SPACES AND DORM COMMON ROOMS, AND **16** ADDITIONAL TALL PLEXIGLASS SHIELDS ON ROLLERS

standard. Most classrooms can accommodate between eight and fifteen students, with distancing. A few cannot, and only very small classes meet in those classrooms. Some teachers, used to the same classrooms for many years, adjusted to new spaces or multiple spaces.

Thinking was outside the box, or at least outside the conventional class spaces. To maintain distancing, some English classes are in the pottery studio or the wood shop. Some history classes are in the library. Other classes have settled into Gammons Recital Hall and the multipurpose room on the second floor of the Schoolhouse.

“We had figured out how many people could fit in Admission and how many in the Headmaster’s

Office,” said Mr. Hall. Neither of those spaces were used, nor was the Athletic Center, which had also been considered. Mr. Hall used the CAD drawings to lay out tables in the Dining Hall too, planning the dining by dorm “pods” without having to physically measure the space.

Kyle Olsen, Buildings and Grounds’ housekeeping project manager, almost singlehandedly removed furniture from the Schoolhouse and set up new, distanced seating. Filing cabinets, teachers’ desks, round tables, long tables—out they went.

“We ended up having to remove a lot of furniture,” said Mr. Hall. “It was challenging for the teachers in those spaces. If you’re used to sitting around a table, it’s a very different





experience facing forward.”

The academic schedule itself was challenging, too—for one thing, the school didn’t know until late summer which students would study remotely. But a five-course cap this year—many students normally take six-plus—provided flexibility. Mr. Hall strived to schedule students so dormmates were together, a plan that worked better in the lower forms. And to create as much podding as possible, dorms were composed with academic schedules in mind. “We said, ‘the kids taking Third Form English and math class together, let’s put them in the same dorm,’” Mr. Hall explained.

The COVID schedule also included advisory meeting time and “flex blocks” for club meetings, art, and extra help. Faculty have taken on extra duties, such as monitoring

the Dining Hall and roaming the dorms midday—to supervise students and enforce COVID protocols.

Mr. Hall also helped determine the traffic patterns in the Schoolhouse—which doors were entrances and which exits, which corridors were too narrow for two-way passage—all with the goal to limit unnecessary exposure to others. Stickers on the floor denote the direction for foot traffic and whether staircases were intended for climbing or descending. Even-numbered classrooms are dismissed at the bell, and odd-numbered rooms depart three minutes later.

It was all an unfamiliar challenge, demanding open-minded, improvisational thought. “I enjoy the puzzle part of it,” said Mr. Hall. For Groton, that’s a very good thing.

75

FREESTANDING CHAIRS IN ST. JOHN’S CHAPEL, REPLACING THE ROWS OF CONNECTED CHAIRS TO ALLOW FOR SOCIAL DISTANCING

157

INDIVIDUAL DESKS PLACED IN CLASSROOMS, REPLACING TABLES AND OTHER SEATING TO KEEP STUDENTS DISTANCED AND FACING FORWARD

25

AIR HANDLERS WITH NEEDLEPOINT BIPOLAR IONIZATION, WHICH CAN NEUTRALIZE THE VIRUS WITH IONS

Like Peas in a Pod

Dorms have always been social circles, but not as they have this year, when they essentially have become family pods. Dorms are limited to one form plus prefects, meaning that Upper School dorms, rather than housing Fourth through Sixth Formers, hold only Fourth Formers or Fifth Formers, plus Sixth Form prefects.

Weekend activities have been organized by dorm, students eat in the Dining Hall with dormmates, and visits to other students' dorms are strictly prohibited. This effort to create dorm pods and limit student interaction extends to day students, who are not permitted inside any dorms. Day student gathering spaces, with cubbies and seating areas, were created in the Student Center, the Memorial Room and Upper School study in Hundred House, and the de Menil Gallery.

Inside the dorms, hooks were installed outside each room, where the faculty on duty hang a fresh mask each night. The dorm head or affiliate also takes residents' temperatures nightly, which the students put into their SaferMe app. Occupancy is limited in dorm common rooms, based on each room's size. Air cleaners with HEPA filters were put in common rooms. Even the bathrooms were affected: some dorms created shower schedules to avoid crowding. In dorms and elsewhere, toilet lids were installed because of reports that flushing might spread the virus. Check-ins were virtual for much of fall term, but as the term progressed without COVID cases, rules were loosened and some dorms allowed in-person check-ins.

There was one particularly noticeable change in dorm common rooms: a full-sized refrigerator stocked with a wide variety of snacks and surrounded by boxes of non-perishable goodies. From hummus to carrots to apples to frozen PB&J, from chips to Chex mix and popcorn to pudding, students are not going hungry, even though trips off campus and take-out food are prohibited.



254

FANS PLACED IN
DORM ROOM AND
OTHER WINDOWS

18

FULL-SIZED
REFRIGERATORS
PROVIDING SNACKS
IN DORM COMMON
ROOMS

Tech to the Rescue

The technological needs have been almost unfathomable.

"Technology in the time of COVID involved new hardware, new software—and a new mindset," said Chief Technology Officer Elizabeth Preston. "We had to carefully consider—how could we best support the community's need to communicate, teach, and shift business online?"

Teachers were suddenly collecting assignments online and giving assessments across time zones—and many benefited from academic technology training sessions that introduced various online tools. Meanwhile, the Admission Office was pivoting to online interviews and information webinars. Teams in offices across campus were learning to collaborate from a distance. Milestones such as Prize Day and Reunion 2020 were



planned as online events. And the school was striving to provide a sense of community—through virtual chapels, club meetings, community gatherings, and social activities—uniting students even when they couldn’t be together.

Most Groton teachers have students in the classroom as well as students learning remotely. Some teachers are teaching remotely themselves, connecting with students who are physically present in the classroom and students who themselves are remote. A few are conducting 100 percent remote classes. Each scenario required different technology.

As in most organizations, Zoom became key, and faculty quickly became expert at setting up Zoom meetings. Advisors conducted parent meetings over Zoom in lieu of

Parents Weekend. When other organizations were besieged by “Zoom bombings” last spring, the Technology Department set up a Zoom EDU account to provide security.

The department also installed teleconferencing equipment, including a speaker, microphones, and a camera, in thirty-seven classrooms, helping remote learners to feel more like they are there in person. The equipment connects to each room’s projector and whiteboard as well as a separate computer monitor. “That gave everyone the ability to see the students, to make a classroom as normal and inclusive as possible,” said Academic Technology and Systems Coordinator Peter Albert.

Larger spaces repurposed as classrooms, such as the wood shop and Gammons Recital Hall, didn’t

have the usual classroom audio-visual equipment and received flatscreens. All teachers were given iPads, allowing them to easily access a number of apps and to project work without turning their backs on students.

Mr. Albert offered training on numerous apps and programs, from Socrative and Pear Deck to GeoGebra and Screencastify, and held workshops for the most popular:

EdPuzzle invites students to interact with videos, for example by answering questions that a teacher has arranged to pop up on screen. Teachers can see how students watch a video—such as which sections are re-watched—thus gaining information about their learning.

FlipGrid essentially provides a discussion board via video. Students

have performed readings from English texts while classmates react with comments and emojis. Some math teachers find it useful to watch students working through problems.

Google Assignment, used mostly in humanities classes, provides an easy way for students to hand in work and receive efficient feedback.

Notability allows teachers to take notes with an iPad stylus—marking up text, slides, photos, etc.—and project what they write as they write, as if the teachers were face-to-face with students.

Showbie, used mostly by math and science teachers, allows hand annotation of electronically submitted work.

Technology needs on campus, however, extended well beyond the academic experience. The campus WiFi network was extended to outdoor tents used for COVID testing and dining. A company facilitating athletic livestreaming installed a camera in the Chapel to stream services.

Weekly COVID-19 testing with the Broad Institute required integrating Groton information with a database used by the Broad. The Technology Department, after an exhaustive search, subscribed to SaferMe, an app that had helped with New Zealand's successful virus containment. SaferMe, used by all community members, bundles screening and contact tracing.

"Almost every daily function required members of the community to initiate a new approach to the tasks they do every day," said Ms. Preston. "In most cases, that required a new piece of technology."

Constant Reminders

Signs are everywhere, starting with warnings at every gate that no one except students, staff, faculty, and faculty families can enter the campus.

Signs remind people to distance, wear masks, wash hands, and even to close toilet lids. Signs with zebra-striped letters announce that "Monday is COVID Testing Day." Signs indicate whether doors are for entering or exiting.

Sign, sign, everywhere a sign: the messages sunk in and students understood that the "do this, don't do that" was there for a reason: to protect themselves and others.



WHO DID ALL THE PLANNING? Thanks to Headmaster Temba Maqubela, Groton's COVID-19 Task Force (Associate Head Andy Anderson P'15, '17, '20, Assistant Head Megan Harlan, Academic Dean Kathy Leggat, Dean of Students Michael O'Donnell, and Dean of Admission Ian Gracey P'12, '14), the School Opening Health Advisory Committee (Groton Health Services Director Maureen O'Neil-Britt; School Physician Dr. Sophie Allende-Richter; Drs. Grace Song Park '86, P'19, '21, Alfred Winkler '85, P'23, and Ellen Curtis Boiselle '85, trustees; Special Assistant to the Headmaster Kate Machan; Director of Human Resources Peter McGillicuddy; and several of the task force administrators), Director of Buildings and Grounds Tim Dumont, Assistant B&G Director Al McKie, and Flik Dining for collaborating on all the plans to help protect Groton School.

A Closed Circle

The school has tried its best to create a bubble. Visitors, including parents, and vendors are not allowed on campus.

Parents Weekend was replaced with virtual parent-advisor conferences. The Admission Office created a virtual tour, held interviews online, and offered various panel discussions by webinar. College representatives visited virtually, and students attended college fairs online.

The Alumni Office offered reunion forms a special online presentation in December, with alumni panel discussions on a variety of topics. Using the term for a group of zebras, it was called the December Dazzle. Several forms also held Zoom meetings of their own.

Staying Active

Traditional sports, because of the close contact required, needed to be reimagined. Off-campus trips were prohibited, meaning no games against St. Mark's or anyone, and spectators were not allowed on campus. Students wishing to play club sports have been required to study remotely.

But students need to move, and Athletic Director Bob Low devised a new afternoon model: fall varsity sports practiced four days a week, focusing on skills and drills. Non-varsity teams met three days a week. Two days a week, athletes could play spring sports, a welcome opportunity after the canceled spring 2020 season. For comfort, the school provided special masks for athletics. Afternoon offerings also included yoga, fishing, mountain biking, photography, open arts studio, Conservation Corps, Frisbee golf, bird-watching, and lawn games. Winter term athletics are following a similar plan.



Finding the Fun

An amazing array of weekend events—many of them virtual—has showcased the creativity of the Student Activities Committee and Director of Student Activities Tim LeRoy. Planning has been an exercise in flexibility, with several plans in place each weekend, ready to pivot to remote activities in case any student test results were positive.

As the fall term progressed without any positive tests, and after winter results were all negative, activities moved to in-person, though they always required masking and distancing. The fall started with a magician, club fair, open mic, trivia contest, and musical bingo—all virtual—then moved to lawn games on the Circle, outdoor bowling, miniature golf, inflatable movie screens, kickball, flag football, capture the flag, and when weather didn't cooperate, to lawn games in the Pratt rink, indoor roller skating, and LunaFest, a film festival showcasing women filmmakers. Winter term started up virtually, with a game show night, murder mystery, and a live (though remote) DJ.

Could even COVID testing be entertaining? Probably not, but the school enlivened the weekly ritual with stickers and raffles for fun socks.

65

TECHNOLOGY
TRAINING SESSIONS
FOR FACULTY—
APPROXIMATELY **50**
ON HYBRID SET-UPS
AND **15** ON ONLINE
TOOLS

320

NUMBER OF
PORTABLE HEPA
FILTERS PURCHASED
FOR DORM COMMON
ROOMS AND SOME
DORM ROOMS,
CLASSROOMS, AND
ADMINISTRATIVE
OFFICES.



A CHAPEL TALK

by Wilson C. Thors '21

October 16, 2020

The Legend of Reginald Fincke Jr.



The Thors Family: Wilson '21, Gardner '20, Melissa, Edith, Reginald '83, Rex, and Thor

The sun had set, and the night had grown cold. No more than eight hours earlier, the sweat of these men was indistinguishable from the surrounding humidity. But now, their hands shivered as they reached into their stiff duffels to retrieve a layer, if they had one. It was May 15, at least according to one of the men who was counting days; the year ... 1945.

I never knew my great-grandfather, at least personally. The only times I can claim to have met him is through stories my father has told me—particularly the story of this cold May night. His title was first lieutenant in the 6th Marine Division, and he had assumed the position of company commander five days earlier. The former officer had been killed in combat. Now in charge of these men, my great-grandfather began urging them, under cover of darkness, up Sugar Loaf Hill, one of three key strong points on the island of Okinawa. Positioned strategically on the side of the hill, they prepared to hold the line.

My great-grandfather's name was **Reginald Fincke Jr.** You may have heard this name once or twice on Prize Day. Or you may have locked eyes with his stoic face on the wall of the Athletic Center's foyer. But even out of those who have caught these moments, most only understand him as an unknown name or a nameless face. The vast majority of you have never heard his story.

It begins at Groton. A member of the Form of 1928, Rex (as he was known) sat in the very same Chapel we are gathered in now. He was an affable boy, and well rounded too. He was quite athletic, playing on two of Groton's



“Rex caught a slight whistle, which quickly grew louder. It echoed from above, and gave Rex time only to understand what it was but not enough to find cover. It was too late.”



Wilson with friends, after his chapel talk

very few sports (the “9”: baseball, and the “11”: football). He also played a fair amount of tennis, and would go on to be one of the best racquet players in the country. But most importantly, upon finishing his time at Groton, he understood the power of service and leadership.

Now the words we bear proudly on our seal—*Cui servire est regnare* (To serve is to rule)—have echoed in this Chapel for well over a century. Just as I now speak to you all, Endicott Peabody preached his standards of character and service with the same four words, with Rex Fincke seated in the attentive audience. For the many new students who have not yet gotten the Endicott Peabody speech, he was our school’s founder, a priest with a mission to instill morals of character and leadership into Groton boys. And although such a privilege was unfortunately only offered to boys, particularly of the upper class, Rex Fincke became an example, illustrating the beauties of this growth.

So on that cold night, Rex and the rest of these men dug their boots into the hill’s dirt, matted from three days of combat. They would have to hold firm, lest they give up the treasured mound. Truly it was a mound: barren and lifeless with virtually no cover besides the curve of the hill itself. But it would have to do. The hill was theirs. They stood frozen in the deafening silence, impatient for the imminent chaos they all feared.

It wasn’t long before the silence was shattered like a bloody fist through a window. The inability to see only made the shots louder. The void of night only made the ground shake harder. The only light to be seen flashed quickly from hidden muzzles, and their accompanying bang offered a forbidden show of fireworks. Fumbling through the dark, Rex and his Marines pressed on against the invisible enemy.

Hours passed, or so it seemed. Time was just as obscure as their darkened view. The only usable clock was the time between each shot or boom, growing longer and longer as the numbers of both sides waned. Magnitude, on each side, had dwindled into paucity.

Rex stood steadily. The constant uproar had fallen into a monotone rhythm, and he no longer flinched at the bangs. He held his footing and men firm.

Then, from somewhere in the void before him, Rex caught a slight whistle, which quickly grew louder. It echoed from above, and gave Rex time only to understand what it was but not enough to find cover. It was too late.

It was a 320-millimeter, type 98 mortar shell, and its thump into the mud beside him was instantly muted by the explosion. Reginald Fincke Jr. was dead.

Now, it’s important to rewind, to go back in time. What led Rex to make this ultimate sacrifice?

“This variability, however, is the beautiful imperfection of a verbal story. Each time it can change in detail, but it can still hold the same meaning, the same power.

At 32 years old (in 1942), Rex volunteered to join the Marine Corps ... as a private. Previously, he had held an important job in war industry. Withdrawn from the gunshots, he was safe there, using business skills to assist the war effort. Rex had all the resources possible to dodge the war and secure his life. But he refused. Even when he chose to directly join the war effort, he was offered positions in intelligence. Again, he refused. Not only did he choose to fight, he began at the bottom. He would work his way up like everyone else. He would fight front lines like everyone else.

Once in the Marines, Rex showed himself to be a selfless companion. While he was from a wealthy background, he treated this as no advantage among the other men. He was respectful to all, and well liked because of it. In fact, several stories of his integrity have lived on. One boiling afternoon, Rex and his company had to trek a long way. Now, there was one Marine in Rex's company who was smaller than the others. And without a substantial amount of meat on his bones, he struggled to hump along his enormous machine gun. Almost every man picked up on this, but Rex was the first and only to act. He promptly offered his help and took on the burden for the rest of the hike.

Rex was also a very reliable companion. One day, when a skirmish broke out on the south side of Okinawa, one of Rex's men was struck by a shell, and was critically injured. This Marine knew he had little chance of survival. He looked at Rex, and his somber stare seemed to say, "Please don't let me die here." Without hesitation, Rex hoisted him over his shoulders, and carried him all the way back down to the beach, where medics could give care to the wounds, but more importantly comfort to his last moments. Rex had given this man a peaceful death.

But what caused Rex to act with such selflessness and reliability? Why did he originally abandon safety for service? I believe the answer lies on this Circle. When Reginald Fincke Jr. attended Groton, it is clear that he learned far more than writing skills and Latin. Rex left Groton to embody the moral vision of Endicott Peabody.

At Groton, among many other values, he learned the

true meaning of sacrifice. Although there was seldom a time at school where he had to risk his life for a greater good, our school's motto grew deep into Rex's veins. Each and every day Rex participated in a community that lionized service. The words of Endicott Peabody spoken from a similar pulpit to this one formed Rex with originally Christian values of duty, patriotism, and, most importantly, selflessness. And fourteen years later, these forces surfaced, as he proudly signed his life to his country. There was also another layer to Rex's character that came out of his time at Groton: leadership. As seen through graduates like **Franklin Roosevelt** [1900], Groton has rooted extraordinary leadership abilities into all its students. Rex Fincke was no exception. And he knew it. While this might sound arrogant, his awareness was key. He knew that, because he held such a valuable and useful trait, he needed to implement it where it was needed most—certainly not at a war production job or in intelligence, miles and miles away from sight of the enemy. It was imperative that he lead at the front lines.

Now, although we attend a far different Groton from that of 1928, this certain moral formation still holds, whether we notice it or not. Our annual day of service (while not possible this year due to COVID) teaches us the importance of giving. Our involvement and work, which breathe life into each moving part of our community, teach us the value of citizenship. Each and every student who holds or will one day hold a perfect position will graduate well acquainted with leadership.

Each and every one of us here has an incredibly unique opportunity. And in the concept of "opportunity," it is easy for Groton's academics to first come to mind. While this is certainly something to cherish, it remains important to understand the depth to this education—the education through which Endicott Peabody's voice still echoes.

I am very proud to call Reginald Fincke Jr. my great-grandfather. But I am even happier that his story has lived on. I recall my brother **Gardner's** [20] and my own wide eyes, captivated as my father would illustrate history—our family's history. And truly, the story would change slightly each time. In one version, Rex had dug himself into a foxhole for cover, and lost his life as a shell struck the ground before him. Other versions tweaked the narrative further. This variability, however, is the beautiful imperfection of a verbal story. Each time it can change in detail, but it can still hold the same meaning, the same power. Although I never heard the shots or felt the rumbles, I've offered you how I choose to envision that night on Sugar Loaf Hill. What I have told you today is my own version.

As important as this tale has become to me, I want you all now to consider your own. Which people have you known without meeting? What have you learned or can you learn from them? Which stories are important to you?



A CHAPEL TALK

by Sravani Sen-Das P'16, '19, '23

Director of Diversity and Inclusion / English Department Head

September 28, 2020

The Ethics of Attention

Tom Kates



Ms. Sen-Das with Cho Nikoi '19

Ever since I can remember, I have had a love affair with the movies. Nothing else makes me feel more at home than a darkening theater as the lights go down and the music rises. You have no idea where the story will take you, and you can shut out one world and get lost in another. At one moment you feel like a young boy wading into the waves of the world with Mahersala Ali in *Moonlight*, at another you are crying uncontrollably with Timothee Chalamet as he deals with the pangs of first love in *Call Me By Your Name*. I agree wholeheartedly with the legendary film critic Roger Ebert who wrote that “movies are the most powerful empathy machine” because they allow you to “live somebody else’s life for a while, walk in somebody else’s shoes, see what it feels like to be a member of a different

gender, a different race, a different economic class, live in a different time, have a different belief. The great movies enlarge us, they civilize us, they make us more decent people.”

Though I love this description of the movies, sometimes I can’t help looking at a film and thinking, there is no way I’ll empathize with this story. This happened one summer in a little town in Maine where I was with Mr. Das and his father, who was visiting from India. The film was called *The Man Who Knew Infinity*, and was about Srinivasa Ramanujan, the Indian mathematical genius whose contributions to the field of number theory is the stuff of mathematical folklore. The more Mr. Das and his father talked about the movie, the less I wanted to see it. They were speaking in what I can only describe as a foreign tongue, peppered with alien terms like “number theory and string theory,” “partition,” “infinite series,” and “gamma function.” After giving up on gaining even a basic understanding of Ramanujan’s theories, I thought that there was little in the story about numbers and proofs that would capture my attention.

As the lights dimmed and the film moved from the lush landscapes of southern India to the dreaming spires of Cambridge, I found myself gripped by the story of the relationship between Ramanujan and his mentor, the British mathematician Hardy. The two had nothing in common besides their love of numbers: Ramanujan, a devout Hindu Brahmin, was led by intuition and saw in numbers proof of the existence of God; Hardy an atheist, was led by reason and evidence, and only believed in that which can be proved. Hardy insisted on rigor and intellect and this only reinforced Ramanujan’s alienation in an institution where he felt like a second-class citizen, an institution in which his accent, clothes,

habits, and food rendered him the other. In the pull and tug of their relationship, I found myself asking questions about different teaching and learning styles, about book learning versus experiential learning, about who we see as a scholar and who we don't. In their gradual collaboration and mutual understanding, I saw what I love about the classroom—the mutuality in teaching and learning that enables a union of head and heart.

For me, the moments of mutuality have occurred when I have followed Toni Morrison's advice and paid attention to the "characters who have disrupted my plot." One such defining moment in my learning came when I was at the very end of a master's program in modernist literature at the University of London. I had worked for hours on my culminating thesis proposal; I wanted to examine the Irish poet William Butler Yeats' cyclical vision of history and his theory of gyres, and I eagerly unveiled what I thought was an inspired plan to my thesis advisor, Dr. Hampson. He waited for me to finish and said, "That's not the history I want you to explore. I want to see *you* in your writing—how do you feel about reading English literature as a colonized subject, about your country being the stage which British authors have claimed for their stories, do you think you are drawn to Irish authors because of your shared history of colonization?"

I remember to this day the impact of his words on me—he may as well have hit me on the head with a hammer. I couldn't hear him because my ego made me hear his advice as criticism. I was at the beginning of a transformation; I just couldn't see it. I came into his office with a perfect plan and left his office in a state of chaos, determined to ask for a new advisor. What did he know about my country and my history? The gall—a British professor asking me how I felt about my colonized identity! We wouldn't be having this conversation in the first place if his country hadn't come interfering in mine.

What did the history of my country have to do with my reading of literature? Apparently, a lot. In order to get back home to Surrey where we lived then, I had to travel by British rail and the London underground, and there is something about a train journey—the waiting in stations, the sliding doors, the arrivals and departures, the insistent rhythm of rail on track, the repeated reminder to "mind the gap"—that leaves you in a different place than when you started the journey, in more ways than one.

Baldwin wrote, "The paradox of education is precisely this—that as one begins to become conscious one begins to examine the society in which he is being educated." I looked back at my education in India and saw the gaps

and silences in my curriculum for what they were—a study of British writers and thinkers with a few Indian writers thrown in, a legacy of our colonial history. I changed course and embarked on a study of James Joyce and found in him a mentor who helped calm the unrest in my head. In Joyce's declaration, "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to wake," I began to understand my own experience as the only student of color in a graduate class of white students, when I experienced time and again a simultaneous process of identification and alienation as we responded to the modernist literature we studied in the class.

I remember thinking, "Did no one else see the problematic representation in the novels we read? Why wasn't speech afforded to black and brown characters even when stories were set in Africa and India?" Clearly, my teacher had noticed those unarticulated moments and was paying attention to me when I wasn't paying attention to myself. Throughout his time as my academic advisor, he kept pointing me to critics and writers who had challenged the modernist classics we read in class, and it was his way of saying, you are not alone, other people have felt the same, read and push at the boundaries of how we define literature.

These startling moments that knock you off your feet continue well beyond your days as a student. Though I have taught *Hamlet* countless times over, each time feels like the first time with a new class. A few years ago, I was excited to teach one of my favorite scenes in *Hamlet*: Act 3, Scene 1, often referred to as "the nunnery scene." The scene sees *Hamlet* at his best and his worst, and familiar as it is, I am always excited to read it every year with a new class. On this particular afternoon, I was pleasantly surprised that the class seemed to be as much into the scene as I was; and, intent on taking the lesson to the finish for which I was meticulously prepared, I was hyper-focused on the text.

At some point, it dawned on me that the class seemed to have divided itself into two distinct groups—boys versus girls—and that the conversation was heated. Just as I was feeling pretty pleased with myself about a lesson well taught, I realized that some students were in tears while others looked like they wished the ground would open and swallow them whole. Shakespeare was a master storyteller but even so, could a man of his genius move a class of Fifth Formers to tears on a late Friday afternoon? It took me some time to calm everyone down and figure out what was going on: the class was definitely talking about a bad breakup involving hurtful language—except their story didn't involve *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*! I learnt that day that there is no knowing where a good story will take you, never mind one written four hundred years ago and set in another country.

Ms. Sen-Das, below, with Kelsey Peterson '15; bottom, with Olivia Thompson '14, Lucy Soule '14, Andrea Fisher '13, Brad Uhm '13, and Adam Hardej '13; right, the family—Zahin '16, Vivan '23, Ishana '19, Sravani, and Nishad



Tom Kates



“I changed course and embarked on a study of James Joyce and found in him a mentor who helped calm the unrest in my head.

I wonder if Shakespeare could have dared imagine that, centuries after he wrote *Hamlet*, his words would lead a group of seventeen-year-olds across the ocean to draw parallels with their lives and his fictional characters? It is Shakespeare's ability to communicate the human experience in its entirety that led Virginia Woolf to lay the laurel wreath on Shakespeare's head. She said that Shakespeare is timeless because of his ability to transcend gender divisions and write from the perspective of both male and female. Virginia Woolf, a writer who knew what it felt like to be excluded from writing and education because of her gender, and who, as a result, was far ahead of her time in her understanding of it, said, "In each of us two powers preside, one male, one female ... The androgynous mind is resonant and porous ... naturally creative, incandescent and undivided." She credited Shakespeare as being one of the rare writers whose genius was a result of possessing a mind that could be described as a "man-womanly mind" or "an androgynous one." Was Shakespeare born with an androgynous mind? Or is the mind developed by the stories we listen to, to the "empathy machines" we pay attention to?

The events of this past summer have taught us the importance of listening—of making attention a form of ethics. If we are trying to find meaning in the pandemic, in why the world came to a grinding halt, surely the answer is that it forced us to stop our mindless busyness and productivity and pay attention where attention is due, to put racial injustice and Black Lives Matter at the top of our consciousness. In some measure, to make sense of the chaos and feeling of helplessness we experienced over the summer, a number of faculty came together and spent the summer listening to voices both outside and inside Groton. The stories in *Black@Groton* told us that not everyone feels the embrace of our community, and our alums reminded us that we needed to bring multiple perspectives into our curriculum. We divided ourselves into two groups and collaborated on curriculum both within our classrooms and in our residential life program. We asked ourselves some fundamental questions: how do we decide where we belong and whether we belong? What helps belonging? What hinders it? How do we build trust in our classrooms and enable courageous conversations?

“ I wonder if Shakespeare could have dared imagine that, centuries after he wrote *Hamlet*, his words would lead a group of seventeen-year-olds across the ocean to draw parallels with their lives and his fictional characters’?

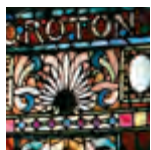
Walker [Smith ’21] and Grace [Mumford ’21] started the year speaking powerfully about missing the community that sustained them when we were forced apart by the pandemic last spring. I echo their sentiment that community is the best of Groton, and add that because it is so, we need to be vigilant that we nurture it and be prepared to mend it when there is a rip in its fabric. The German-American political philosopher Hannah Arendt, who fled Hitler’s Germany and immigrated to America, wrote in her seminal essay collection, *Men in Dark Times*, “The world is not humane just because it is made by human beings, and it does not become humane just because the human voice sounds in it, but only when it has become the object of discourse. However much we are affected by the things of the world, however deeply they may stir and stimulate us, they become human for us only when we can discuss them with our fellows ... We humanize what is going on in the world and in ourselves only by speaking of it, and in the course of speaking of it we learn to be human.”

In our first community gathering of the year a couple of weeks ago, a student in my dorm reminded us that we need to come to these conversations with some awareness of the world; she asked that we not lay the burden of explaining race on the shoulders of our students of color. In speaking up so courageously, she is echoing what Arendt and her ilk have said about the art of listening: that in order for true understanding to happen, we need to come to the conversation with presence, with an understanding of how power plays out in human relationships, with the willingness to be vulnerable and to compromise; in short, with an awareness of our blind spots and biases. Now, I know terms such as implicit bias and blind spots tend to invoke strong reactions in some, but we are not brushing against these ideas for the first time. Writers and thinkers since time immemorial have warned against the dangers of the unexamined life. What is new is that the social sciences have given us terms and definitions for these age-old truths. Our education and socialization make us highly attuned to some narratives and blind to others. This doesn’t make us good or bad; it makes us imperfect.

I spoke earlier about Virginia Woolf, a writer I greatly admire because she changed the course of history in her tireless fight for the inclusion of women in education. One day, Woolf was asked by her close friend, the modernist poet T.S. Eliot, to read a newly published novel by an up-and-coming writer, who Eliot thought had merit. Woolf’s response to the writer was scathing and damning. She dismissed the young writer’s novel as the work of an “unbred ... self-taught working man ... egotistic, insistent, raw, striking, and ultimately nauseating.” Well, the writer in question was James Joyce and the novel was *Ulysses*, a novel now considered to be one of the most important works of modernist literature. When I first heard this story, I tried to drum up excuses for Woolf—she was in the midst of writing a short story that would turn into *Mrs. Dalloway*, she didn’t like interruptions, she was feeling worn down by her fight for equality and was distracted—but my excuses rang hollow. In her choice of language—“unbred”, “self-taught working man”—she showed the limits of her tolerance; she was guilty of the same class bias that led many in the math establishment at Cambridge to dismiss the unschooled Ramanujan’s work. Ironically, T.S. Eliot, Boston Brahmin, the quintessential Prufrock, who described himself as “a classicist in literature and a royalist in politics,” was able to look past their surface differences and recognize that Joyce and he—and Woolf—were all fighting for the same end: the need for literature to change. This anecdote doesn’t make Woolf any less a pioneer or her ideas any less important; it proves, as the writer Zadie Smith puts it, “there is no perfectibility in human affairs.”

As I heard Zoe [Colloredo-Mansfeld ’21] talk about hope and [math teacher **Mike Gnozzio ’03**] talk about the optimism inherent in the Declaration of Independence, I thought of the genesis of Groton and other schools like ours with hundreds of years of history, built at another age and time, whose architecture and art make some feel at home, and others feel like strangers in a foreign land. Endicott Peabody founded Groton in 1884 as “a school where boys and men could live together, work together, and play together in friendly fashion with friction rare.” His vision for the school reflected the needs of his age and his time, but by saying who Groton was, he didn’t say who it could or couldn’t be. In his time, the “who” was limited to a small swath of society, and in our time, it’s so much more. Peabody built a solid floor—and he made sure he didn’t leave us with a ceiling. And by doing so, he enabled those who’d follow to “choose the tone” and “invent the language,”¹ as Mr. Maqubela is doing now with his clarion call for inclusion; as many have done before us as they moved through our corridors and through our gates; as each one of us, adults and students alike, continue to do by claiming our place on the floor and turning our stories into art.

¹ Quotations from Toni Morrison’s commencement speech at Wellesley College, 2004; a reading from that speech preceded Ms. Sen-Das’ chapel talk.



A CHAPEL TALK

by Zoe L. Colloredo-Mansfeld '21
September 25, 2020

Finding Our Power



Anger has always come easily to me. There is a folder on my computer titled “Raw Pent Up Political Anger.” It has eight documents inside of it. Three letters to the editors of the *New York Times* about their lack of coverage of women’s soccer, a 1,000-word scripted voicemail targeted at my representatives that contains the terrifying promise to “call every day until someone acknowledges I exist” (they

haven’t yet), a document titled “call scripts” with step-by-step instructions for reaching your senator through the capital switchboard, and three more letters addressed to all of my various representatives. My personal favorite is titled “You may be the demise of democracy, but I am the future.” It’s not a catchy title but it is an accurate reflection of the letter’s content. It was longer than my Fourth Form research papers and hit highlights such as the racism inherent in our immigration system, sexual assault (I wrote it after the Kavanaugh hearings), and of course climate change. It concluded with a 700-word paragraph about how through dark-money campaign contributions, gerrymandering, voter ID laws—the whole kitchen sink of corruption and voter suppression—my senators were rapidly eroding our democracy. I promised to pay attention and when the time came, to vote them out.

I never sent the letter. All these documents I just listed were written of my own volition, just to pass the time.

Anger comes easily to me, and I have been angry for a long time. As many of you know, I live in North Carolina. Throughout elementary school, on Moral Mondays, I watched as people I knew traveled to Raleigh and, led by the Reverend Dr. Barber, protested whatever new injustice happened that week. On Wednesdays, we wore Red for Ed to protest the state’s lack of support for public schooling. After the election of Democratic governor Roy Cooper in 2016, the ensuing power grab by the outgoing governing party, added to the previously mentioned voter suppression, led the international Electoral Integrity Project to give North Carolina’s democracy a 58 out of 100. That’s only a passing grade in LV¹ chem. In terms of democracy, that puts us above Iran but below India. I grew up steeped in frustration and dissent, and that was all before Trump took office.

¹ Chemistry teacher Dr. Nathan Lamarre-Vincent

“It’s no coincidence that it’s also one of the poorest, most rural, and least white areas of the state. And yet, it was in this place that I encountered more cause for hope than I had ever known.”

My peers and I are all reaching political consciousness at what I can only hope is an unprecedented time for U.S. politics. We have heard our president speak about immigrants, women, and people of color with words and phrases I would not feel comfortable quoting in this Chapel. This Monday, guest speaker Josh Silver used the term “soft civil war” to describe the state of politics in this country. Misinformation and division—at times violent and fatal—are my norm. And all of this—this anger, this hate, this division—occurs concurrently with what appear as insurmountable challenges.

Challenges like a global pandemic, the worst economic downturn in decades, the continued reckoning with four hundred years of anti-Black white supremacy. On a more granular level, challenges like a prison system that penalizes being Black and criminalizes being poor. An education system that perpetuates these same oppressions. Diminishing voting rights and widespread corruption. The killing of Black trans women at epidemic proportions, shrinking health care even during a pandemic, rising gun deaths and suicides.

And finally, the threat which overshadows all: climate change. In brief: There is more carbon in the atmosphere now than in the last 400,000 years. Nineteen of the warmest twenty years have occurred since 2001. Just this summer, we have seen apocalyptic wildfires on the West Coast, too many named storms in the Atlantic to be contained by one alphabet (Tropical Storm Beta formed last week), and 2020 is on track to become the warmest year on record. And while this is the scientific reality of the problem, we still can’t agree as a nation that climate change is real. We have the technology needed to stave off the worst effects, and yet we aren’t even in the Paris Climate Accords.² Instead, in the last four years, precisely one hundred environmental regulations have been rolled back. Nothing deflates me more than considering what a climate change future looks like.

In short: this world is very good at making me, and probably you too, feel small. If hearing me read that list off makes you want to run to the top of a redwood only to

reemerge in a few decades, I am right there with you. On many days in the last few years, if you picked the tree, I’d beat you there.

The problems we face are terrifying, and anger, apathy, and paralysis are all natural reactions. Perhaps not productive, but immensely human. I have been fortunate, however, to bear witness to an alternate—or perhaps more accurately, a parallel—way forward.

This summer I worked for an organization called Working Landscapes in Warrenton, North Carolina. Warrenton is an hour-and-twelve-minute drive from Chapel Hill and comfortably in the middle of nowhere. Drive down Main Street and you’ll pass first a “Warrenton Population 800” sign, then a traffic light, two cafes, the courthouse, the empty pedestal in front of the courthouse, a recently burned down pizza place, and finally the second traffic light. Then, you are on to next door Norlina.

If you were in my U.S. [history] class last year—and, for some odd reason, paid close attention to the topic of my research paper—you may also remember that Warrenton is the birthplace of the environmental justice movement. There’s a plaque a few minutes outside of town marking the movement. Since the 1980s, the number and scale of climate justice protests has only grown as citizens in Eastern North Carolina are called to act on everything from coal ash spills to natural gas pipelines to concentrated animal feeding operations to still more toxic landfills. It’s no coincidence that it’s also one of the poorest, most rural, and least white areas of the state. And yet, it was in this place that I encountered more cause for hope than I had ever known.

I first met Carla in person on the Fourth of July. With a pandemic-emptied summer looming, my dad suggested I give Carla a call. He’d worked with her before, and more recently her photo had appeared in the *Washington Post* in an article about North Carolina climate activists getting arrested protesting in Washington, DC. While I waited for her to arrive, I managed to get lost in town. To pass the time, I talked to an elderly man who found me on my bench. He was here to go antiquing—Warrenton has three antique stores—and had foolishly turned to me for directions. Instead, masked and six feet apart, we discussed the recent removal of the Confederate statue. A very Warrenton beginning.

Carla soon found me and extracted me from the conversation, and we went upstairs to her office. She made herself a cup of tea in her Bernie mug, and then quickly launched into a lengthy and meandering discussion of the world.

She told me Warrenton wasn’t a bad place to be this spring when the world broke. Unemployment means less when there are no jobs to begin with. Kids out of school changes life less when the schools are underfunded to the point of no utility. To her, the new chaos of the world was simply the reality of growing up in Warren County.

² Delivered before the U.S. rejoined the Paris Accord in January and before the rollback of many regulations

She still lives in her old family home up by Kerr Lake. She returned with her husband, Gabe, after getting a degree from UNC and a PhD from Duke, to start Working Landscapes. On the surface, Working Landscapes aims to revitalize local food systems to help develop the stagnated rural economy, but more accurately, Carla uses it to fill every community need she can think of. When I worked there, this consisted of buying produce from local farmers, packing it into vegetable boxes or preparing it as senior meals, then distributing these throughout the community at low or no cost, depending on need. That way, farmers get paid and families get fed.

My role in the organization was to use Carla's network of allies in the region to investigate potential climate justice projects. This meant mostly making maps and setting up meetings. One afternoon, we were in neighboring Halifax, North Carolina, in a meeting with the director of a local solar farm. Our original goal was to tour their education facility. By pure chance, we found ourselves in a conference room with a motley crew of organization directors, interns, and Teach for America fellows. They traded gripes about the frustrations of climate justice work and economic development in rural communities. I was new to this room, but the conversation felt familiar. The same smallness, anger at outside actors, and frustration over a lack of progress dominated the conversation.

Then Carla transformed the room. As we talked, she wrote out on the board a way of framing the situation to

connect with members of the community to help them realize their power. At the heart of this plan was a number—14,000—or the total number of votes that swung all of North Carolina for Obama in 2008. In just the four home counties we were in, some of the smallest and supposedly most insignificant in the state, there were 32,000 people who registered but did not vote in 2016—more than twice the number needed to swing a state like North Carolina. It was a simple statistic, but the shift in the room was immense. We were giddy at the secret she had just told us, giddy with the knowledge we had power. The plans for town halls, small grant-seeded organizations, and voter registration drives sprang up organically from there.

I went over to Carla's house for dinner that night. We watched through the window as her kids swam in Kerr Lake in all their clothes, sun setting behind them. We talked about the future again, this time while washing dishes. I remember saying, "There are some days I think this world might turn out alright—and today is one of them." Carla had transformed my anger to hope through collective action. For what is hope if not the belief in your own power to create change.

I would learn that this transformation is Carla's superpower. I watched her do it with her twelve-year-old daughter, Juniper, who started a Sunrise hub earlier this month. I watched her do it with one of my coworkers who was, for the summer, living with her high school English teacher. Carla helped her get to NC State so she could earn



Zoe with friends after
her chapel talk

“Not only is this a choice I urge you to make, but I argue it is a choice you must make. Feeling small, feeling angry, feeling disenfranchised: this does not lead to change.

a degree then return and become an English teacher. I watched her do it with local farmers facing broken supply chains and fickle weather, with local families and Haliwa Saponi tribe members stuck in food deserts. She would not consider herself a hero or a role model—she told me this explicitly. She was doing what she considered the minimum when faced with a world as broken as ours: accepting her anger and transforming it into hope through collective action. These situations were not inherently hopeful, but they were made this way by her willingness to choose power and to choose action.

Hope, however, is fragile. It requires care and maintenance. I may have felt hope that night on Kerr Lake, but what about when I woke up the next morning and checked the news? What about when a new climate change report comes out? What about when I receive a surprise call about the death of Justice Ginsberg? How would I avoid feeling small then? I needed to find another source of power, and that is why I stand here today. You all are my power, and when I say “you,” I do mean everyone in this room and beyond, yes, but now I speak directly to my peers.

Just one in five young people vote. If that number shifts to two in five or three in five, we swing every election every time. In practical terms, that is each one of us getting two other people to vote. Demographics are changing, and for the first time the collective power of Gen Z (us) and Millennials is greater than that of the older and previously politically dominant Boomer generation. That is not to say we do not need to or cannot find power across all ages, but simply that we, at long last, hold amongst ourselves the power to shape the future, which will ultimately fall heavily on our shoulders.

And to those who say their vote doesn’t matter, now I speak directly to you. Yes, not all of us live in North Carolina, or Pennsylvania, or Florida, or any of the other major battleground states, but in every single state there is something on the ballot worth fighting for. Whether that is ranked-choice voting in Massachusetts or an end to cash bail and a parolee’s right to vote in California, we all have power in this next election.

And when I say all, I mean all, not just the citizens in this room, not just the thirty-nine students who will be eligible to vote on November 3, not even just you whom I agree with politically. There are dozens of phonebanks to help register voters or request absentees. You all know people who are old enough to vote: friends, siblings, parents. Have you texted them yet to help them figure out a pandemic voting plan? If you can’t vote, you gain power from helping others vote.

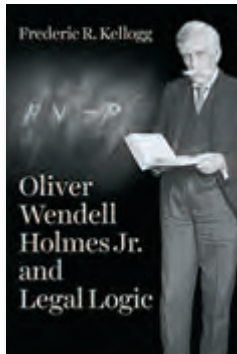
In voting, you are, on the surface, simply fulfilling your duty and obligation as a citizen of this nation. However, you are also making a more significant and fundamental decision: you are choosing power over powerlessness, action over paralysis. It may begin with a single phone call or a single vote, but once you choose action, your world expands from there.

Not only is this a choice I urge you to make, but I argue it is a choice you must make. Feeling small, feeling angry, feeling disenfranchised: this does not lead to change. I stand at a podium that was not built for me, staring at a room that may have terrified the founders of this school, and yet all here embrace this. The ongoing protests are, by total number of protesters involved, part of the largest social movement in our history. I will get to marry whoever I love. The current proposals to address climate change are the boldest in our history. And every single one of these indicators of progress is the direct result of a group choosing to fight, choosing to locate and lean into their power to make this world better. We all owe our place in this moment to the rebels, protesters, rioters, and change makers who came before. And from this comes a lesson: we must choose to fight if we want to forge a just and livable future for all in this world.

And this choice we have before us is frankly a matter of life and death. We must ask ourselves what it means to live in each of these spaces: in a space of smallness and anger or in a space of community and power. The first, in my case, led to paralysis and apathy. That folder of writing I mentioned at the start—those documents were written while I sat alone and anonymous on different flights back home from school. Most were not sent. All that anger, left to fester in isolation, drove me away from action and towards cold, lonely darkness.

Inaction changes nothing. Inaction is dangerous. We have too much to lose at a time when we have already lost so much. The flag at half-mast beyond these Chapel doors mourns Justice Ginsberg, yes, but to me it also holds within it the thousands killed by police brutality, lost to gun violence or otherwise gone too soon, the 200,000³ Americans who have passed away due to COVID-19, and a grief for the loss of a pristine climate that is so large it threatens to swallow me. This is our present, but it cannot be our future.

So, we choose a different path, all of us, together. We choose to find our power, small now and ever increasing, not only because we can, but because we must.



Frederic R. Kellogg '60
Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. and Legal Logic

Unique among legal scholars, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes viewed legal adjudication as part of the struggle among active and often opposing forces: a struggle not just between rules, or even ideas, but patterns of belief and conduct. If legal knowledge must be grounded in the ultimate resolution of broad conflicts, how are such resolutions achieved? This study of Holmes' contributions to legal logic and general logical theory tackles this problem through the lens of the scholar's life and work.

Holmes came to understand law as an extended process of inquiry into recurring problems, in a manner analogous to natural science. He thereby recast the role of the legal profession to recognize the importance of values and experience outside the law—that is, of the social dimension of legal and logical induction.

This dimension addressed the recurring problem of how judges should approach cases where opinions and authorities are sharply divided, signaling the early stage of a broader social continuum of inquiry. The book shows how Holmes illuminated the often tortuous judicial path toward nonideological decisions.



Daniel P. Gregory '69
The New Farm: Contemporary Rural Architecture

Recent generations of farmers have reinvented the family farm and its traditions, embracing organic practices and sustainability and, along with them, a bold new use of modern architecture. *The New Farm* profiles sixteen contemporary farms across the U.S., Canada, Europe, and Australia, with plans and colorful images that highlight the connections among family, food, design, terrain, and heritage.



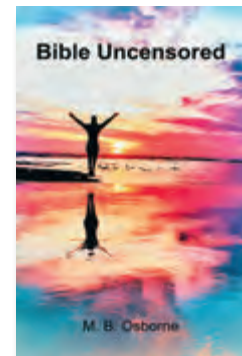
**Edited by Paul DiLeo '74,
Ira W. Lieberman, Todd A. Watkins,
and Anna Kanze**
The Future of Microfinance

Over the past four decades, microfinance—the provision of loans, savings, and insurance to small businesses and entrepreneurs shut out of traditional capital markets—has grown from a niche service in a few countries to a significant global source of financing.

Some two hundred million people globally now receive support from

microfinance institutions, with most of the recipients in the developing world. In the beginning, much of the microfinance industry was managed by non-governmental organizations, but today the majority of these institutions are commercial and regulated by governments, and they provide safe places for the poor to save, as well as offering much-needed capital and other financial services.

Now out of infancy, the microfinance industry faces major challenges, including its ability to deal with mobile banking, concerns that some markets are over-saturated with microfinance, and the ravages of COVID. How the industry deals with these and other challenges will determine whether it will grow or be subsumed within the larger global financial sector.



Millie Bynoe Osborne '81
Bible Uncensored

This investigative analysis of how biblical history relates to cultures of violence and supremacy on most continents explores the world of religious secrecy—of biblical censorship and how it affects the lives of billions of people. This book invites readers to discover the uncharted world of what is really in—and deliberately left out of—the holy book commonly referred to as God's word. This is a book for the theist or atheist who has ever had questions about the Bible or wondered how or if it impacts your life and the lives of others.

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



AFTERNOON SPORTS



Athletics forged on, despite distancing protocols and no interscholastic play. Students chose two activities—one three to four days a week and one twice a week. Unusual offerings—from fishing to lawn games—supplemented the afternoon offerings.



Our galleries are closed due to the pandemic, but students are still making art. Here is a sampler of their work from the past two years.



Emma Beard '20
Dysmorphia



Doug Altshuler '20
Mr. Goodrich's Classroom



Angela Wei '21
Diotimas II



Maya Gite '22
Candyland



Anna Copeland '20
Untitled



Liam Stuart '20
Mother and Son



Katherine Johnson '20
Passerby



Olivia Ting '20
Untitled



Chloe Zheng '23
Color From Within



Annie Fey '20
Oysters



Maddie Culcasi '20
Masked



Sophia Deng '22
Glassy Blues



Josephine Alling Graney '20
Clearwater



John Donovan '20
Frankenstein 623



Gilintaba Canca '20
Outlived Usefulness

John A. Bross Jr. '57, P'86, '87, GP'23

August 29, 1939 – March 19, 2020

by Timothy M. Rivinus '57



“Love is patient, love is kind ... it always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.”

St. Paul's Letter to the Corinthians, 1 Cor 13: 4 & 7

JOHN DIED on his favorite day, the first day of spring. A formmate, Peter Schabert, and I speculated that John had waited until then knowing that the tsunami of COVID-19 was upon us and had decided, under the circumstances, that it was time. Family and friends had assembled to read his favorite poems and psalms as his chosen goodbye.

On October 3, 2020, his wife Judy, son Jonathan, and family initiated a Zoom memorial service. There were 475 accounts signed in, representing well over five hundred attendees. Of thirty-two speakers, five were Groton formmates. The personal memories and praise of John's exemplary life lasted over three hours.

At Groton, I was an undistinguished student until Fifth Form year when I got to know John. I had struggled with learning then. John, in his intuitive way, knew that better from me was possible and stepped forward and invited me to join the debate team.

Our first debate, I believe, was on the question: “Is the Monroe Doctrine Worth Defending?” We were opposed. I was the proud and successful first speaker. John gave a brilliant rebuttal. We won the debate. This gift by a peer in a time of relative darkness speaks volumes of John: that he had great gifts and was always ready to give of them with love and generosity.

Formmate Ian Dunn made a similar observation on hearing of John's death: “John embodied many of the attributes that most of us have come to value as important for those of both privilege, intelligence, and ability. John was incredibly dutiful and respectful of the institutions that governed his life. When John decided to do something, he had a commitment to doing it completely. His Groton years could have been the most important ones to him. I bet there was hardly a day that John didn't

mention some aspect of the school and of course its leaders and teachers, and the commitment to service that so marked John's life. These traits so cherished in the Groton ideals and mission became his life.”

John's family is solidly a Groton family. John's father, John Adams Bross Sr., graduated from Groton in 1929. Two of John and Weezie's children, Suzette '86 and Jonathan '87, are Groton graduates. John's daughter Dolly is married to Jack Geary '95; and John's granddaughter, Daphne '23, is a current Groton student.

In speaking of his lifelong kinship with Groton, his wife Judy said, “It is so typical of John that each of you in his form stayed a key to his life. I remember walking into our kitchen and John would be on the phone gathering Groton notes as form secretary. I would come back an hour later and he would still be at the table talking with the same formmate and having the best time. He was such a people person. He always stayed in touch.”

Judy shared this moving account of John's last months. “John took up that same faithful determination when he heard that he had a brain tumor. Never once did he say ‘why’ or even ‘how.’ He set about fighting it. We were in the Holy Land, where he had always wanted to go. It was a trip guided by an Episcopal bishop, who gave John a personally blessed cross. Before John's surgery, I took the cross from my purse and gave it to him; he kissed it and then placed it on his forehead. After the surgery, John insisted on giving the cross to his surgeon. Several days after the surgery, the Bishop of Chicago, having heard of John's graceful gift to his surgeon, gave him a newly blessed, beautiful rosewood cross. John was filled with joy. He said, ‘I just can't get away from the cross. I've never wanted to.’”

Having found his missionary calling at Groton, John



and Judy adopted a Chiapas ministry where, for years, they went every January. Of these visits Judy has said: "He took such delight in them. A senior member of the Yochib community said that the children of the village could benefit from English classes, so John made it possible. They continue still because of him. He would play baseball with the kids. He studied their Mayan language. He led the church services. They cheered him every time we came and went. He loved them and they him."

Always a great scholar, John continued his collaborations and contributions throughout his life, just as he had for me in our Fifth Form year. Starting in the 1970s, Louise "Weezie" Smith Bross, John's first wife and mother of their four children, embarked on her art history doctorate at the University of Chicago. Weezie had written her doctoral dissertation on the hospital-convent of Santa Maria in Sassia in Rome. John contributed to the on-site photographic documentation of the project. The current head of the Art Department is convinced that the publication of Weezie's thesis helped restore the Roman convent as a major charitable institution.

John represented his family's and Groton's legacy and values throughout his life in Chicago and elsewhere. As a trust officer and estate attorney, he lovingly guided generations of families in their investments and philanthropy. He and his wife Judy made tireless contributions

to the Chicago Area Project, which helped rehabilitate condemned housing and struggling communities, facilitate home ownership, and promote togetherness and self-representation.

In the last five years of his life, John and his sister Justine collaborated on a history of the career and loving epistolary relationship between his great-grandfather, John Armstrong Bross, and his wife Isabelle ("Belle") from the Union Western and Northern Fronts during Civil War combat. *Letters to Belle* is a moving narrative. It follows the life of Colonel Bross, who sadly died in combat at the Battle of the Crater, at Petersburg, while he fought with the Chicago African American Regiment that he had joined and inspired. *Letters to Belle* is a family story of love, sacrifice, and true patriotism. It is also a labor of great elegance and scholarship, and a significant gift to the personal and military history of the American Civil War.

Of his guiding and abiding faith, John once said to me, "It was the most important thing I learned at Groton. That is what learning about life and morality is all about. I was so grateful for those years, teachers, and friends. They have guided me ever since. That's what Groton has to offer. I hope some Grotonians learn that, as I did. I think it will make their lives and our world better."

At Groton, John and I had shared an English class in which we read *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. We both loved Huck and spoke of our common identification with him over the years. We would speculate on Huck's future after striking west. Would he mine for gold and get rich, as his hapless Pap had fantasized. Unlikely. Would he marry an heiress in San Francisco, become a charismatic schoolteacher, or form a theater group? We always returned to Twain's version: to the place where childhood ends and dreams begin.

Several years ago, my wife Judith and I visited Judy and John one early December. I later realized that this was during a time when John had already been diagnosed but had not yet disclosed his cancer. I asked him to join a yoga class with me. At first he hesitated. Then he decided to join me.

We walked together to the class about twenty minutes away. As we strolled we passed a metallic blue Lamborghini *Aventador*. We stopped and admired this crouching and visceral and bestial racing machine. Lest we be late for our class we tore ourselves away. As we did, John looked at me with his characteristic conspiratorial gleam and said, "Tim, wouldn't it be fun to jump in and head west, for open country? I know the way."

"See if we can find Huck?" I asked.

Maureen Vincent Beck

English Faculty 1984–1994

August 3, 1932 – September 12, 2020



A Letter from Shareen Joseph-Hernandez '89

My Dearest MVB,

IT IS with the heaviest of hearts that I write this missive to you. For you see, I know that it will never reach its destination. I only just learned that you have taken your leave of us and made one final excursion, a trip that I am sure will top all the others that you have taken throughout your extraordinary life. Knowing you, you were ready for this journey, probably had all of your affairs in order, and departed life with your usual merry self. I, however, was not quite so prepared for your departure.

As much as I would like to believe that you were my secret, one that no one else shared, I know that to be untrue. You were a mother, a wife, a dear friend, a scholar, an advisor, a tireless advocate for many causes, a world traveler, a confidante, and a model citizen. Oh, you held those very roles in my life over the years, but you know that you always simply were my darling MVB, my real-life version of “Mrs. Garrett” who consistently kept me in check. You were my North Star—my compass that always would point me in the right direction. I came to depend heavily on our talks over the thirty years of our profound friendship.

How did I luck out to have you as my Third Form English teacher my first year at Groton? I had no idea what I was up against, but neither did you. Do you recall early on in the year when we had our first real match-up? I wanted to pose a question during class, but was afraid to raise my hand, so I waited to catch you after class. “Mrs. Beck—can I ask you a question?” You peered at me thoughtfully and replied, “Well, I am not sure.” I just stared at you and wondered, is she nuts?! So, I said again, “I would like to ask you a question about what we talked about in class ...” and waited, thinking my explanation would help clarify. You pursed your lips and said: “Well, that depends—do you wish to ask me a question?” To me, there was no difference in what you said versus what I



had said, so I just stared at you quietly. You then said to me: “You may *ask* me a question. However, I prefer that you do not *ax* me in any way.” You smiled gently and then I understood—it was how I said the word. I sucked my teeth and rolled my eyes. Really?! Fast forward a couple days and we were in class, during which I raised my hand. You called on me and I looked directly at you and said clearly: “Mrs. Beck—I have a question for you ...” MVB, you threw back your head and laughed with a twinkle in your eyes. I think we both knew then that we were in for a heck of a time with each other ...

We had FUN, you and I. I am still shocked that you served as one of the Dean of Students from 1985–1986

along with Todd Jesdale. What a pair you two made! You were rather mischievous as deans and interacting with you became quite the humorous Shakespearian play. I remember walking into the Deans' Office for some reason one afternoon, just prior to practice. Mr. Jesdale was standing at his desk and he was wearing shorts. I let out a raucous howl of laughter and immediately apologized. You looked over at me and asked why I was in stitches. I looked at Mr. Jesdale and said, "Wow—look at those chicken legs! Seriously—how are you not laughing?!" Although you both tried to look stern, you started to chuckle and the name stuck from that day—Old Chicken Legs became Mr. Jesdale's nickname between us. Mr. Jesdale knew I meant no harm and because we shared a similar humor, he took no offense. Over the years, you would regale me with stories about Mr. Jesdale's adventures and accomplishments: "Old Chicken Legs is training for the Olympics." "Old Chicken Legs just wrote they placed second in the crew race."

You were always a private person who preferred not to speak of personal matters, and never told us you had a gluten issue. You remember that Katya Fels used to make cookies and other baked goods for sale. As well, other students used to bake bread for volunteer groups. Despite your health concern, you often volunteered your kitchen for these causes without question. For hours at a time each week, you allowed students to take over your home and bake away. Your adorable cottage would be filled with wonderful scents, loud voices, and louder music. Yet, you never complained. Years later, you shared with me that "having the students in my home was wonderful, hearing all of the chatter and seeing the flurry of activity, all of those amazing young minds working together." Apparently, we were helping you as much as you were helping us.

To know you is to know that you have always downplayed so much of what you accomplished in your extraordinary life. Your son, Jimmy, wrote to me in 2019 of your many achievements. Now, don't be upset with him for doing so—he and Stephen were so very proud of their mum! I was in awe to learn that you spoke *ten* languages and even managed to learn some Chinese while in China. Who does that?! Jimmy also shared that you had a massive impact protecting individual-property beach rights, and you even shared with me that you were Town of Nantucket Beach Management Advisory Committee Chairman (2008–2013). Oh, you led such a full life on and off campus: Only private person to ever beat the Massachusetts Supreme Court (what?!), named 2015 Senior Citizen of the Year by the Nantucket Council on Aging, being active in Nantucket's parks, recreation, and beach management for twenty-plus years, world traveler to all parts: New Zealand, Chile, Egypt, Tel Aviv, Jordan, Poland, Azores, the Sinai Peninsula, London (and these are just the holiday cards and letters from you that I saved over the years!), and who knows where else. What a glorious adventure you've had!

The last time I saw you was when I visited you on Nantucket in 2011 after last seeing you when you retired from Groton in 1994. I was so very nervous and excited for our visit. As the ferry pulled into the dock in Nantucket, I spotted you straight away, standing next to your trusty Subaru wagon. I suddenly burst into tears, overcome with such emotion. As I descended the gangplank, I was rather a mess and tried to collect myself, but it was no use. As I walked towards you, you took one look at me and said, "Oh, dear! Now, what is this? Oh, come now—you stop these tears at once! We are going to have a lovely visit this weekend. Come along now!" Just like that—you put me in check in your usual no-nonsense manner, and I stopped the waterworks instantly. I started to chuckle and hugged you and said sardonically, "Lovely to see you as well, MVB!" So much for that! By the way, we really did have a beautiful weekend and it was wonderful to see the island through your eyes. I had no idea you were so famous on Nantucket! I am thrilled that we spoke for so many hours. I must have known that it would be the last time that I would see you.

I am not quite sure how to say farewell to you. You have always been there—via email, on the telephone, or in your many letters and cards. Yes, I saved each and every one because they gave me hope and made me laugh ("Heard your message on the voice box. Sorry I missed you ..."). I know that you always said that you lived a full life and appreciated each and every moment, but I can't help but wish for more time with you. I can still see you walking on campus with Mr. Gula with Freya trotting just ahead of you, enjoying the cool night air and stimulating conversation. A perfect image of you captured in my mind.

The last letter you wrote to me in 2015 is one that I have read so many times during 2020 for I think it sums up quite well the counsel you would give me if we could speak one last time: "Sorry to hear of your troubles, Shareen ... Stay strong. You can do it!!! Much love, MVB" You always knew just what to say to keep me going and help me soldier on. I wager I will stay strong and do it now, won't I, MVB? After all, you told me to and I dare not ask you any questions...

Much love, Shareen



Peter P. Bundy '68

October 31, 1949 – April 5, 2020

by Robert T. Gannett Jr. '68, p'03, '06 and Jonathan T. Erichsen '68



GROTON'S FORM of 1968 came of age in a period of shifting school leadership, from the Reverends Crocker to Honea, and national political tragedy and turmoil. Our formate Peter P. Bundy experienced the nation's tensions on a highly personal basis, with two uncles in the White House advising Presidents Kennedy and Johnson on the war in Vietnam, even as he made the decision to apply for and gain conscientious-objector status from his local draft board. At the same time, the reverberations of the sixties opened new worlds of possibility, leading many in our form to strike out in oft-unconventional directions.

For Peter, that new world led not to one but two distinguished careers in which he achieved renown—first as a filmmaker, through the national screening of his films and a prestigious Bush Fellowship, and then as a forester, with the publication of a trilogy of books that introduced his new world of forestry to a general audience in practical and accessible ways.

"Peter began as a filmmaker who made luminous, poetical films and ended as a forester who wrote three magnificent, wise books on the tree of life," recounted fellow artist and colleague Mike Hazard in an obituary, capturing the extent to which Peter fulfilled what we as his formmates had sensed in him during his Groton years.

To detect Peter's future career choices while at Groton requires us to look beyond his fierce competitiveness and leadership as both a varsity football and basketball stalwart. His appreciation for nature had preceded his arrival at Groton, with his eye and experience in gardening cultivated as a child at his grandmother's home in Manchester-by-the-Sea, lovingly described in his second book, *The Wild Garden: A Journey of Loss and Renewal*.

The formation of Peter's artistic soul at the school was evident to his fellow bell-ringers, including Jonathan Erichsen, during their memorable tour of England in the summer of 1967. Peter was the understood leader, partly because of his contagious determination to master the art of bell-ringing, but also due to his good-humored flair for encouraging the fun we had together when "off duty," whether it be sneaking into a pub for an illicit ale or experiencing the beautiful sights (and cuisine) of western France and Portugal under the benevolent guidance of faculty Russell Young and Paul Abry. Peter had a natural talent and enthusiasm for change-ringing (campanology) and was a

supportive team player as the Groton bell ringers trained hard (sometimes ringing in five or more church towers each day) to ultimately pass the test for lifetime membership in the Oxford Diocesan Guild of Church Bell Ringers!

His talents as a filmmaker were evident as well when he picked up John Tilney's movie camera and made all of us his subjects during our Sixth Form year. A high point of our fiftieth reunion in 2018 was again watching the film, *The Last 100 Days*, retrieved from the library and reintroduced by Peter and his co-producer Tilney.

What strikes a Grotonian in reading Peter's books (beyond his warm acknowledgments of careful editing by our formate Tom Higginson) is the lyrical nature of his writing; his allusions to personal literary and philosophical muses; and his critique of Thoreau's romanticism in *Walden*,

which we all had read in Fourth Form.

Also striking is how he seamlessly weaves together personal moments of disturbance and loss (such as his account of his open-heart surgery, arranged at the last minute by our own Dr. Frazier Eales) with the ecology of his forests, which he comes to recognize as equally dynamic and disruptive when a tornado strikes his 160 acres of land and homemade cabin at Esden Lake in Minnesota. His search is for forestry guided by the benefits of such natural disruption as well as "an active hand" that can

forge a middle ground between exploitation and conservation, economic growth and preservation.

Visiting Bob and Joanne Gannett in Chicago after our 2018 reunion, Peter had evident pride in the Society of American Foresters' recent acceptance of his third book, *An Active Hand: Fundamentals of Restoration Forestry*, after a rigorous, peer-reviewed process. His happiness with his wife, Nancy, at their home in Edina, Minnesota, was apparent as well; in the eyes of his brother Harvey '62, she was his "wonderful soulmate," who was with him, along with his son Shawn, when he passed away. The Gannetts put Peter's expertise as a forester to the test in their backyard as he advised trimming their 100-year-old honey locust. His wit and wisdom were on full display, gained from what he describes in *The Wild Garden* as his years of learning "to relinquish old notions and nudge the healing process with an active hand," both in his forests and in his personal life, which he so warmly shared with his readers, family, and friends.



FORM NOTES



Form Notes are now password-protected.
Members of the Groton community may read them online
by signing in at www.groton.org/myGroton.



The Form of 2017, #1 among many enthusiastic young alumni donors

Young Alumni Lead the Way!

Groton has relied on the generosity of alumni, parents, and friends since its founding. From one generation to the next, this tradition continues.

To help inspire our most recent graduates, Temba and Vuyelwa Maqubela offered a challenge: if one hundred donors from the Forms of 2014–20 made gifts to the Groton Fund during the month of December, the Maqubelas would match each gift with \$100.

It didn't take long: by mid-December, the Maqubelas had met their match. This momentum inspired one of our youngest trustees to offer a second match for the next one hundred donors. This group exceeded

the goal, and by the end of December, a total of **236 young alumni donors had led the way**, pushing us closer to our goal of **50 percent overall alumni participation**.

But we're not there yet. Alumni—from all forms—there is still time to help us reach **50 percent alumni participation** this year. Please go to **groton.org/giving** to make your gift today. Making a gift is a way to say “thank you” for your Groton experience and to support the school's determination to carry out its mission. **Every gift makes a difference.** Every donor makes an impact.

To all who have contributed, to the Maqubelas, and to all who plan to give—thank you!

To make your gift to the 2020–21 Groton Fund, please use the enclosed envelope or go to groton.org/giving.

Groton School
P.O. Box 991
Groton, Massachusetts 01450-0991

Change Service Requested

Presorted BPM
U.S. Postage
PAID
North Reading, MA
Permit 215

CIRCLING BACK



John Bingham, Wilford Welch, Nat Coolidge, Walter Patterson, Kenny MacLean, and Hugh Scott—all from the Form of 1957—were known as The 6 Pack, Groton's own boy band. The singing group, which performed at some school functions and the occasional dance in Boston, began in Third Form and finally managed to record an album in 1957, their final year at Groton and the end of the 6 Pack's storied career. Above, a signed album cover.

Did you ever hear The 6 Pack? Share your memories at quarterly@groton.org.

FOLLOW GROTON:

