The Kent Quarterly invites all readers—alumni, parents past and present, trustees, faculty, staff and students—to contribute to the magazine. We also welcome letters to the editor and look forward to your comments on articles and issues concerning the School as well as suggestions for future articles.

Robert E. DesMarais, Jr. (Hon) ’99,'01 is the editor for Kent Quarterly. The email address for letters to the editor is desmaraisr@kent-school.edu. To submit class notes, go to kent-school.edu/alumni/submit_class_notes. Changes in address should be emailed to Laura Martell at Lmartel@kent-school.edu or mailed to her at Kent School, Box 2006, Kent, CT 06757. To reach the Alumni and Development office, please call 877-770-5368.

Kent School adheres to a long-standing policy of admitting students without regard to their race, color, ancestry, national origin, religious creed, sex, disability, genetic background, sexual orientation, gender identity or expression or any other characteristic protected under federal law or Connecticut state law. Kent School also does not discriminate on the basis of any such protected characteristics in administration of its educational policies, financial aid decisions, employment practices and other School-administered programs.
TODAY, AS EVERY YEAR, WE BEGIN in the Garden, this beautiful chapel garden—and on a lovely afternoon—where our Founder, Fr. Sill, and his family and the first teachers and their families are buried. Right over there. And where generations of Kent students have sat, on this hillside in the shadow of the Bell Tower and looking at the north façade of St. Joseph’s Chapel, a landmark Norman chapel that has stood here since 1930. I sat where you are sitting.

Everything begins in the Garden, as the story of Adam and Eve is set in the Garden of Eden—Paradise with a capital P—where they are instructed not to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, but the serpent seduces them to eat the forbidden fruit and so they are expelled from the Garden... and into real life.

Well, we have a little more time now—these few minutes of prayer and praise—in the Garden before we are thrust into the daily schedule of school with all its marvelous opportunities to learn and solemn responsibilities to serve, into real life with its ups and down, likes and dislikes, joys and sorrows. Judging from the age of the Biblical story and the heritage of our tradition, at least we know that we’re not the first to live the human experience, not the first to be born, nor the first to die. And at least we know we are in this together.

Your devoted and exceptional teachers and staff members, many of whom have dedicated their lives to teaching and working at Kent, are excited that you are here. To you, our new students, we all extend the warmest of welcomes. We will have a great year ahead! Kent is a very special place. And this, I know, is a special time for you.

If there’s one important message for today that I would like to convey to you it is this: that we are not
alone in the Garden or in the School or in life... we have one another and God is in the midst of us. God is above and under us, before us, inside us, beside us, between and among us... creating, redeeming and inspiring us. We are His.

And since we all are children of God, we are all brothers and sisters. The human family... the human family living in a large ecosystem that needs constant care as well, more care than those who have gone before us gave to other living things and the planet itself.

The fact that we are children of God and thus brothers and sisters is what makes Jesus’ stunning statement in today’s reading from the Gospel of Luke (14:25–33) understandable. Otherwise it would be too hard to accept. “Whoever comes to me and does not hate his father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yes, and even life itself, cannot be my disciple.” (“Disciple” is another word for follower.) Is he kidding? No, he’s using figurative language, hyperbole; he’s trying to get our attention. He’s got mine! We have a big spiritual family already... God is our parent, we are the children, we are in this life together before we consider our own, smaller families, our real and immediate families, if you will, the ones we talk to every day by phone or text or email. Jesus shocks us by calling us to acknowledge God first... to listen to and hear his call, to learn and live by the Commandments, and in the imagery of the Christian story, “to carry the cross and follow Him.” And to make the sacrifices necessary to do the right thing. To get our priorities right. Again, in powerful language that hardly any of us can take literally: “None of you,” He says, “can become my disciple if you do not give up all your possessions.” Well, he’s making a point. First things first, and God is first.

We are not always right, but God is. We have to work through our pride and confusion, our stubbornness and arrogance, our insecurity and fear... to see the light and do the right. It’s pretty obvious from watching the news all around the world that compromise and cooperation, collaboration and sharing are not the first things that come to mind in humans. We have to work at it, to learn to listen, to learn to be compassionate, to learn to be human. Getting our selves out of the middle of our lives is a challenge. My grandfather used to tell me that whenever I was down, I should just get up and do something for someone else and I’d feel better.

He was right. It was good advice. Getting the self out of the middle is hard, but worth doing. Whenever I got myself into some difficulty, it was because I put myself first. Whenever I forgot to listen to the “still, small voice of God,” I made a blunder. Whenever I thought I could get something without paying the price, I lost big. Whenever I thought I could go it alone, I found out I couldn’t.

Put God first, get those priorities right... and all else will follow. Love your neighbor as yourself. And by the way, be good to your family at home and your family here. We love you.

May God bless you all as you begin this year—your year—at Kent.

Faithfully yours,
Temperantia, Fiducia, Constantia.

Richardson W. Schell ’69
Headmaster & Rector
Admissions Holds West Coast Receptions

On September 28, Steven and Jennifer Heroux, parents of Steve ’23, hosted a reception at their home in Hidden Hills, California.

On September 29, David and Monica Pauli, parents of Sabrina ’22, hosted a reception at the St. Francis Yacht Club in San Francisco, California.

Kent Pianists Reach the Winner’s Circle

On May 11, four students participated in the Music Teachers National Association Select Student Piano Auditions in Farmington, Connecticut. The winners included (left to right) Inga Neyshadt ’20, John Garbi ’21, Steven Sui ’21 and Chris Yi ’22 (not pictured).

Alexander Liao ’20
Published in IEEE Xplore

Alex Liao’s article “Deep Neural Network Based Subspace Learning of Robotic Manipulator Workspace Mapping” has been published by the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers’ IEEE Xplore, a research database focused on engineering, computer science and electronics.
Six Kent students were selected to participate in the Connecticut All State Music Festival held April 11–13 at the Connecticut Convention Center in Hartford. The students were Kevin Hobbs ’21 (tenor), James Kim ’19 (violin), Siyang Li ’19 (viola), Carly Mitchell ’21 (violin), Julia Park ’21 (flute) and Catherine Zhou ’20 (flute). Intense rehearsals were followed by a day of performances. “The rehearsals were long, but it felt different because all of the kids were really there to learn and were already very good,” Julia said.

Hitting a High Note

From left to right: James Kim ’19, Julia Park ’21, Catherine Zhou ’20, Siyang Li ’19, Carly Mitchell ’21 and Kevin Hobbs ’21

Honoring New Teaching Chair

English Department Member Andrew Baird is the latest holder of the Class of 2001 Teaching Chair. Left to right: Eric Houston ’80, John Hinman, the Rev. Richardson W. Schell ’69, Joy Baird, Sarah Baird, Cate O’Dwyer, Chip Baird; seated: Honoree Andrew Baird.
Business Advice from Bob Weltzien ’44

On May 5, a group of students and adults gathered in the Headmaster’s Study to hear advice from Bob Weltzien ’44 about starting a business. Weltzien is a graduate of Princeton University who worked as a marketing executive at Procter & Gamble, served as president and CEO of Timex, was president of Citizen Watch and mentored over 200 entrepreneurs through a Yale University program. Among other topics, Weltzien emphasized the importance of taking an accounting class and being able to produce a one-page, first-year profit and loss statement. Excellent student questions ranged from how to start an international business to the issue of workplace honesty.

Stock Market Success

Seventy Kent students joined high school students from all over the world to participate in the four-month Portfolios with Purpose (PwP) stock market investment game. The exercise aims to help students gain financial literacy and to “close the gender and minority gaps in access to education and the economic opportunity of a successful career in finance,” according to PwP’s website. Top-performing portfolios donate their entry fees to a charity of their choice. Seven Kent students placed among the top 20 most successful portfolios managed: 4th place, Will Biondo ’22; 5th place, Johannes Michalke ’20; 8th place, Hayden Smith ’20; 13th place, Horace Yang ’20; 17th place, Matthew Perryman ’20; 19th place, Caroline Haack ’20; 20th place, Ken Ye ’20.

Young Women of Color Conference

Miss Porter’s School in Farmington, Connecticut, hosted the Young Women of Color Conference on May 5. Attending from Kent School were Lexy Pryor ’21, Amida Akpan ’21, Aay-Janae Taylor ’21, Anshula Kumar ’22, Ari Arias ’21, Joanne Chang ’21 and Lok Wing Ho ’20.

Asian American Footsteps Conference

The Asian American Footsteps Conference (AAFC) brings together Asian, Asian American and mixed-heritage students attending independent secondary schools in New England, with the goals of educating, connecting and inspiring youth to embrace their identity and culture. This year’s AAFC took place on April 14 at the Hotchkiss School. Front, left to right: Joanne Chang ’21, Anna Jang ’22, Anjolie Doan ’21, Anshula Kumar ’22, Kenta Neary ’19 and Hien Truong ’21. Back, left to right: Lok Wing Ho ’20, Emily He ’21, Anthony Zhang ’21, Stella Kim ’22, Tyson Phan ’19 and Baljaa Borgil ’20.
Experiential Expeditions

Each spring and summer, students embark on experiential expeditions to explore the world beyond Kent’s gates. These trips allow students to broaden their perspectives, practice skills learned in the classroom, experience new cultures, and see nature, architecture and historical places firsthand. Here is a window into three of Kent’s trips:

New York City

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, NEW YORK CITY

On May 5, math teachers Julie Saxton and McKayla Nuffer took honors geometry class students to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. Geometry lessons came to life as they inspected the arcs, circles, obtuse triangles and architectural details that give the building its shape and beauty. It was an interdisciplinary event, too, as students marveled at the cathedral’s art, learned about the architecture, heard about its history, examined stained glass celebrating the sciences, used their muscles to climb atop the buttresses and observed the many similarities to our own St. Joseph’s Chapel, as well as Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, which had caught fire prior to the trip.
SERVICE TRIP: COSTA RICA

After Prize Day, eight Kent students traveled to Costa Rica with two teachers, Rachel Zimmerman and Sierra Thomsen, for a service trip. The group first volunteered with the Costa Rica Animal Rescue Center, where students assisted with the daily tasks of caring for animals, including sloths, parrots, kinkajous, coatis and a variety of monkeys (capuchin, howler and spider). Students then spent a day hiking in the Tapanti cloud forest and soaking in the Orosí hot springs before volunteering at a local school in the Orosí Valley, where they helped with several painting projects.
Experiential Expeditions (continued)

MARINE SCIENCE TRIP: ALASKA

In June, marine science students traveled to Intricate Bay in the Bristol Bay region of Alaska. Hosted by Intricate Bay Lodge (IBL), the group, led by science teachers Hannah Gousse and Jesse Klingebiel, examined the region’s spectacular geology, ecology and aquatic systems. The IBL guides shared their knowledge of the creatures inhabiting the local waterways, and the group learned about the seasonal nature of the local brown bears and were thrilled to spot several from a very safe distance away. There were innumerable high points of the trip: riding in float planes, hiking the tundra, finding agates, spotting sea birds and enjoying a wood-fired hot tub. The unique chance to raft down the Copper River from Fog Lake to the mouth was perhaps the most special. Catching some fish along the way was a bonus as students observed the hydrogeological uniqueness of this arctic river meandering through braided stream beds and tundra habitat.

On the second leg of the trip, the group relocated to the Kenai Peninsula for further exploration. Staying near Mount Alyeska, the group drove down to Seward and Exit Glacier area of Kenai Fjords National Park, where they embarked on an ambitious hike, climbing up above the tree line for stunning views of the glacier pouring out of the Harding Icefield. Unfortunately, students also saw very vivid evidence of another topic, climate change, as the retreating glacier has been shrinking dramatically over the past decades. The drive back included a discovery of a humpback whale calf that had beached itself a few weeks prior on a small channel next to the highway. Needless to say, the entire experience was one that opened eyes, expanded curiosity and enriched the lives of all the participants.
Last spring, two 8+ rowing shells were blessed and christened for use by the Kent School Boat Club (KSBC) at well-attended ceremonies before the Benjamin Waring Partridge ’62 Rowing Center. The Emily Colmore McWhinney was donated by former faculty member, Director of Admissions and longtime KSBC girls head coach Mark McWhinney ’75, in honor of his mother’s eight decades of spectatorship and support provided to KSBC. KSBC girls captain Julia DiNapoli ’19 delivered a reading, Associate Director of Development and former KSBC girls coach Denny Mantegani (Hon) ’67 delivered remarks, and the Rev. Richardson W. Schell ’69 offered a prayer. The Judie Jenkins was donated by Alexander Jenkins III ’52 to the memory of his late wife, Judith. Having reconnected with the School through KSBC boys head coach Eric Houston ’80 in 2011, Mr. Jenkins has sustained KSBC with philanthropic support ever since. KSBC boys captain Ari Rosen ’19 delivered a reading, Mr. Jenkins delivered remarks, and Dean of St. Joseph’s Chapel the Rev. Kate Kelderman offered a prayer.
**Athletics Highlights**

**Varsity Softball’s Historic Season**

The 2019 Kent School varsity softball team completed a historic season posting a record of twelve wins and two losses, the most wins in a single season in the program’s history. The team also finished as the co-champions of the Founders League, with a League record of six wins and one loss, while qualifying for WNEPSGSBA playoffs as the #1 seed, the team’s first-ever post-season appearance.

The season began in St. Petersburg, Florida, for spring training, where the girls played four games before returning to Kent for the regular season. Early season losses to Cheshire Academy, the 2018 Class B Champions, and Westminster, the 2018 Class A Champions, proved to be valuable experiences as the team worked hard to tighten up the defense and improve communication. After a slow 2–2 start, the girls rattled off 10 straight victories, beating undefeated Suffield Academy 12–3 and then undefeated Choate 6–3, culminating with a 2-run walk-off home run against Ethel Walker to end the regular season. The consecutive wins secured the team’s #1 seed in Class A, but sadly they lost a hard-fought extra-inning game 4–3 to Taft in the semifinals of the WNEPSGSBA playoffs.

Teagan Graham ’21 led the way all season in the circle with a 1.17 ERA and 151 strikeouts, a no-hitter against Kingswood Oxford and a record-setting 17 strikeouts against Millbrook, and she also hit .406 at the plate. Jessica Greene ’21 led the offensive with a .600 batting average along with runs scored, walks, hits, doubles, home runs and RBI’s while anchoring the team’s defense at shortstop. Erin Donlan ’22 was magnificent behind the plate all season, hitting .409 and leading the team with 11 stolen bases. Other substantial contributions came from Juliette Roy ’21 at third base, Katie D’Antonio ’22 who played several positions, Morgan Lee ’22 at first base, Sascha Botero ’22 at second base, and outfielders Sarah Smith ’20 and Jana Safy ’21. Congratulations to the 2019 Kent girls softball team on all of your success, and best of luck to our two graduating VI Formers, Jane Malafronte ’19 and Gia Orsino ’19.

**Rowing in England**

In June, the Kent School Boat Club (KSBC) Girls crew brought three boats (an eight, a four and a double) to England to race in three regattas: The Reading Amateur Regatta on Saturday (a 1500-meter head-to-head style race), the Reading Amateur Regatta on Sunday (an 1100-meter head-to-head style race) and the Henley Women’s Regatta (a time trial to select crews, and then head-to-head style racing over 1500 meters). They faced some of the best crews in the world, including university teams, and returned home with impressive results.

The J16 four, which included Gabby Sullivan ’21, Lindsay Smith ’22, Paige Lane ’21, Ally Johnson ’22 and Thalia Hardman ’20, won the Reading Amateur Regatta on Saturday. On Sunday, they won their second regatta in two days by defeating a crew from the Henley Rowing Club. In the Henley Women’s Regatta, the four was one of eight crews out of 24 that advanced from the time trial into the regatta for the head-to-head racing. They defeated two crews, but lost in the finals to the Marlow Rowing Club.

The eight contained the following:
Kent students: Caitlin Martin ’19, Stella Klingebiel ’19, Toby Aronson ’19 (captain), Julia DiNapoli ’19 (captain), Maura Dawson ’19, Parker LeBlanc ’19, Avery Clark ’20, Kate Dickson ’20 and Musheerah El-Amin ’19. In the first Reading Amateur Regatta, they raced in the Women’s 8 B division, which included high school and university crews, and they defeated the Wellington Rowing Club from New Zealand but lost to St. Paul’s School USA in the finals. On the second day of the regatta, they lost in the semifinals to University College Dublin Ladies Boat Club.

In the Henley Women’s Regatta, the eight raced in the Aspirational Academic Eights category. They were one of 16 crews that would advance out of the time trial to the head-to-head racing, where they defeated Liverpool University, but lost in the quarter finals to Durham University Boat Club.

The double contained Isabella Dubow ’20 and Alexis Delmore ’22. At Reading on Saturday, they raced Wallingford Rowing Club and then on Sunday they raced Wycliffe Junior Rowing Club. At the Henley Women’s Regatta, they raced well in the time trial, beating two crews, but they were not selected to race in the head-to-head racing.

Three Kent Grads Help Secure King’s Cup for Navy

On July 7, 2019, the crew from the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, representing all American servicemen and servicewomen, won the King’s Cup at Henley Royal Regatta in England. Remarkably, its eight-oared shell included three graduates of Kent School: Griffin Dunne ’18, John Lamb ’16 and Ashlyn Dawson ’16.

The win was a testament to a long and fruitful relationship between Kent and the Naval Academy. Kent provides scholarship opportunities to aspiring young men and women to attend the School for a year prior to entering the Naval Academy. “Our relationship with Kent has been truly exceptional,” said Navy Coach Rob Friedrich. “Many of our Foundation candidates who attended Kent have been completely prepared for the academics at Navy but have also taken on leadership roles. Many have become team captains and true leaders in our Navy and Marine Corps after graduation. It’s been a great match and a huge strength for our Navy Rowing Program. We look forward to continuing to foster this tight bond between two great institutions.”
TO OUR HEADMASTER, Father Schell, to my colleagues on the Board of Trustees, to our dedicated faculty, and to the proud parents and friends of today’s graduates: Good morning!

To each and every member of the great Class of 2019, congratulations! This is your day! You have earned it and it is just plain delicious! Yes?

Before I go any further, it is true... I sat where you are sitting over 50 years ago! Of course, my female classmates and I were wearing identical white A-line skirts that fell below our knees, our battered and weary sixth-form blazers, uniform blouses and... I can’t even remember what was on our feet, but I guarantee you it was not sandals! Further, we had come down to this valley for Prize Day from the Hill Campus, a lovely spot 4.5 miles up Skiff Mountain where it snowed horizontally all winter, and where each Wednesday after lunch we lined up at the Stat Store to collect our little white envelope of eight dimes, the only cash we were allowed to possess.

And what did we spend this treasure on? Well, there was a single candy machine in the gym (usually empty) and a hand-pie machine in the basement of Dorm D. Why?

If we were incredibly lucky, and a bit aggressive, we could also make a collect phone call from the single pay phone in each dorm, shared by 50 girls during the 20 minutes from the end of study hall until lights out.

The closest we came to texting our cohorts in the Valley were the envelopes that were carried between the two campuses by faculty... or by students in one of the few coed classes... and tacked on a bulletin board for pick up! “Simplicity of Life” was very real for us!

So what else is there to be said on this, your very special day?

First off, thank your parents. Your time here at Kent has been an incredible gift from them, a gift that I hope you discover will seed something huge for each of you. Your parents likely gave up a dream or two so you could be here. They may not be perfect but how blessed you are to be celebrating with them on this, your perfect day.

You have been guided through your years here at Kent by a remarkable, star-quality faculty. They have pushed and prodded and pulled and provoked you in a fashion I wager you will never be fortunate enough to experience again. They have shared with you their time, their families, their talent, their experience and wisdom in a learning environment designed to set you up for continued success in your college and professional careers. The lovely thing you will come to discover is that they stay here after you leave and you will find them again when you visit the campus or at alumni gatherings across the country and even around the world. They too have given you a gift. As one of my favorite mentors used to say to his student body: “Your faculty have taught you to distinguish that which is excellent from that which is second rate and to care deeply about the difference.” The faculty knows about “Directness of Purpose.” Please thank them, too.

So what will you do? Where will you go? Who will you become? Will you be a leader? A follower? A designer? A counselor? A teacher? An artist? Will you be lucky? Will you be brave? Will you be a dreamer? A pragmatist? I hope that you will be a bit of each. That you will be brave enough to dream big, that you will not fear failure but rather allow it to instruct you. That you will pursue your passions, learn to dance, even without a partner, learn to schmooze, for that is an art form that will make you friends in the most unlikely of places. Stay alert for
your soulmate. They are not always easy to find but trust me, he or she is worth the wait... and find your happy spot where you can relax, rejoice, recover and refresh.

Keep in mind that spirituality is not just about religion and that “enough is as good as a feast!”

Be curious. Open doors, and don’t close them, even if you choose not to pass through right away. Trust your instincts, because they are yours and they have been honed by your acquired knowledge and experience. Work hard at everything you do and remember what Coach Vince Lombardi said: “If you find yourself on top of the mountain, you didn’t fall there!” That’s Self-Reliance!

When Father Schell invited me to address you today, I said what I always say to Kent School: “Of course!” And then I said to myself: What do I have in common with the Class of 2019? I was up on that windy, frigid Hill with my female classmates. No cash and nowhere to spend it. No phones or TV and only one radio in each dorm’s common room.

And then I remembered... the peal of those bells, the waft of the incense that still clings in St. Joseph’s, the sound of the organ as a chapel service begins. The award-worthy plays and performances in Mattison Auditorium. The Housatonic, frozen and thawed, that bridge where my heart still lifts to my throat as I cross. The shells, the cadence of a coxswain, the beat of the oars. Athletic fields, the stands, our cheers for the mighty Lions. Numeral Rock which I didn’t get to paint but to which the class still climbs at each reunion. Mount Algo, standing tall and strong above us. Our alma mater. There are some things we share.

You don’t have to have it all to be happy, healthy, productive members of your generation. What you do need to have is the courage you have begun gathering here at Kent and which you will no doubt continue to stockpile as you study further and find the career paths that are right for you. Seek out and collect mentors, for they will share with you the invaluable tricks of their trades. Be open to life-changing moments and embrace them, even if it is not clear where they will take you. Many of you will join a new generation of leaders in a world that will challenge your intellect, your ethics, your moral stamina and your strength, physical and emotional. Don’t give up or give in, and please don’t be afraid to bring humor to even the toughest moments. Give when you can to those in need and to those who have given to you.

Your classmates are your true Prize Day gift from Kent School. You likely won’t stay in touch with all of them but

---

... be brave enough to dream big, that you will not fear failure but rather allow it to instruct you. ... pursue your passions, learn to dance, even without a partner, learn to schmooze, for that is an art form that will make you friends in the most unlikely of places. ...
And remember, Kent School said yes to you in your acceptance letter; try not to say no to her when she reaches out to you. You too might just find yourself addressing a class of graduates on Prize Day!

In but a few moments, you will receive your diplomas. You will be graduates. Your “dawn” at Kent will be complete. You will leave the campus and cross that bridge for the first time as alumni. You will take with you sacks of memories, some good, some not so much, and friendships that are solid gold. I pray that those memories and friendships will sustain you throughout your lives and that you will be drawn back to Kent from decade to decade... “till dawn and darkness are no more.”

One of my fellow trustees, despite a devastating personal loss, sent a holiday greeting last year with an incredibly selfless message. The message was: “Cherish the memories, look beyond the horizon, shape the future, find joy.”

If I could tuck one wish in each of your pockets to carry with you as you travel down your road from Kent School it would be just that: “Cherish the memories, look beyond the horizon, shape the future, find joy!”

Fair winds and following seas. Please drive safely. Bless you all. 🎉

Appointed to Kent School’s Board of Trustees in 2003, Lynn Doe Shipway is a member of the Kent School Class of 1966, following in the steps of her father, William Doe, Kent Class of 1941, and served as vice president of the School’s Board of Trustees. Having earned a B.A. in American Studies from Skidmore College, Lynn went on to earn a master’s degree in Library Science from the University at Albany. Following her completion of a second master’s in Public Administration, she returned to Skidmore College to work in the President’s Office and was eventually appointed Secretary of the College, responsible for public relations, communications, special events and Board of Trustee relations. In 1987, Lynn married United States Navy Admiral Dugan Shipway (Ret.) and moved to Washington, D.C., where she spent two years as Director of the American Institute for Public Service, followed by ten years at George Washington University in the office of the vice president for Administrative Services, where she managed a variety of special projects. Following her retirement in 2000, Lynn and Dugan began spending summers in Bath, Maine, and these days, spend the balance of the year on Amelia Island in Florida.

Cum Laude Society

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CLASS OF 2019: INDUCTED EARLIER IN THE SPRING TERM OF 2019</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Savannah Adamo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sevie Browne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maureen Chan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jenson Choi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarah Choi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cathy Gao</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alex Giummo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Hua</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Kim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jason Li</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juliana Morcos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Rose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brandon Schuster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milo Supasorn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beatrice Voorhees</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jim Wang</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leon Zhou</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CLASS OF 2019: INDUCTED PRIZE DAY 2019</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alex Choi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Holley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erica Qin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paige Wu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antina Yeh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucy Zhang</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alice Zhao</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FACULTY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Ben Nadire</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CLASS OF 2020: INDUCTED PRIZE DAY 2019</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cheryl Chen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dianne Cho</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evan Kirkiles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alex Liao</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarah Liu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jonas Schemm</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>HONORARY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Prize Day 2019 Speaker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynn Doe Shipway ’66</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
MEMORY LANE

Huts and the Sixth-Form House
BY LARRY GILE ’73

Inspired to learn about Kent’s traditions, practices and customs—some long lost, some still beloved—Larry Gile ’73 mined the School’s archives and interviewed dozens of alumni to unearth a treasure trove of history and memories. Each issue will unveil one of Mr. Gile’s finds.

DURING MY TIME AT KENT IN THE EARLY 1970s, students often built and visited simple structures located in the wooded areas surrounding the School. Little did we know that by so doing we were carrying on one of the oldest of Kent traditions: student-built huts.

In Fr. Sills’ Pater Recalls (a memoir he wrote during the 1940s), he spoke fondly of “huts” in 1912–1913:

“The Council was passing various regulations regulating the huts which were going up along Algo. I think there were as many as sixteen huts up there at one time. I worried a great deal about them because of their fire hazard, and also because some of them were locked. Anyhow, as far as I can see there was no harm done by the huts as they were. The boys got tired of them and little by little they dropped out of use. Every once in a while somebody would ask permission to build a hut and I suppose he enjoyed it. The harm they can do is trivial. The good they can do is great. I wish there were more of them now.”

In an article in the Kent News dated December 12, 1917, titled “New Hut Restrictions,” students were given guidelines for using the numerous structures populating the hill where St. Joseph’s Chapel now stands. The article says:

1. Huts are to be used only on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday afternoons for having feeds.
2. No tea or coffee is to be served in the huts.
3. No huts are to be used after half past four in the afternoon.
4. No food of any description is to be kept in huts overnight.
5. Fellows are not allowed to have food sent up from home to be used in huts, with the exception of the two feeds allowed each year.

Perhaps the most elegant (and solid) of these structures was the Sixth-Form House, a wooden structure that stood roughly where the St. Joseph’s Chapel bell tower now stands. In an interview with Commander B.B. Lanier ’14 published in the Kent News in 1936, we learn the form house was built in 1913,
IN 1951, I WAS A THIRD FORMER at Kent, having survived the Second Form, and then living in the North Dorm. As your photo caption says, Joe Coletti was the school barber at the time. At some point in the year, he raised his prices. Since our allowance was $.50 a week, his new rate (I don’t remember what it was) put a serious crimp in our spending, mostly on Cokes and Oreos. I still don’t know what possessed me—budding entrepreneurial instincts?—but I suddenly announced that I would give haircuts for less than Mr. Coletti’s new rate. Almost immediately, I got a lot of customers! Compared to the $.50-ers, I was a tycoon and could buy my customers their Cokes and Oreos. Inevitably, the day came when I myself needed a haircut. As Mr. Coletti spread the sheet over me, his eyes narrowed and he said, “You the boy who cuts the other boys’ hair?” As one professional to another, I said proudly, “Why, yes... I am.” In a trice he picked up the electric shears, and in a few seconds, I had the first—and probably only—Mohawk haircut (a thin streak of hair from forehead to neck, but nowhere else) in Kent’s history.

A process he could not participate in due to breaking his ankle in a football game. The building was a sanctum for the Sixth Form, and Commander Lanier said Fr. Sill donated the funds needed to build a chimney for the building in 1914. In the same interview, he also said:

“The Form house holds a dark and mysterious secret, which, to this day, has remained undiscovered. On my last visit I was asked to divulge this secret, but I refused.” (Can any alum help pierce the veil covering this piece of history?)

Yet all things must pass. A Kent News article published on November 13, 1940, describes how a work crew of 20 boys removed the remains of the Form House from Chapel Hill as well as the remains of other student-built structures. Now, only the memories of these huts remain.
60 years later, a secret tape brings back memories of a single nightmare class at Kent led by a strange master.

HINT: HE’S A HOUSEHOLD NAME.

BY LARRY GILE ’73

THE BEARDED SPEAKER WAS SMART, fluent and angry with occasional flashes of humor, almost psychotic. The sixth-form audience was baffled and intimidated. Who is this guy? And some thought, I think I’ve seen him somewhere.

It was a warm night in late April, 60 years ago, and the class had gathered for an obligatory lecture on the ground floor of Middle Dorm. Many wondered how this new master (teacher, in Kent parlance) could have the temerity to torture them in their final weeks at Kent.

Demi-gods—captains of sports, members of the “Top-Ten” leaders, all of them accustomed to unquestioned obedience on the part of under-formers—believed they were starting a course in “Group Dynamics” that would consume three evenings a week.

Within the first few minutes of the first session, the man we’ll call Strange Master (SM) resurrected some of the fear and trembling the class of ’59 had experienced...
under other old-school taskmasters in years past. There would be strict ground rules, he said, all of which is preserved in an audio recording.

“I will insist on promptness. I hear some other footsteps. Class will start at 8:15. It will not start at 8:20. It will not start at 8:18. It will start at 8:15. If you arrive late, you might as well not arrive at all. I think, given the location of this school, it should be easy for you to be on time if you give it a little forethought.”

Having firmly addressed punctuality in his opening remarks, SM moved quickly to establish the primacy he expected his course to maintain over all other activities, even one of Kent’s most sacred institutions.

“I don’t know much about rowing. I hear you are very interested in rowing here. This class will not concern rowing in any form. I only hope that your rowing time will not conflict with your class time.”

Students seeking a deferral of responsibilities in the class from SM were engaged in a fruitless task.

“To understand why you choose—rather are obligated for various reasons of athletic prowess, which I don’t particularly believe in myself—various reasons why you must spend more time on the athletic fields or in your rowboats than you do in this class. I do not choose to understand any of these things.”

Students seeking sympathetic or avuncular qualities in SM were headed for disappointment.

“Some instructors may choose to understand your entire personality in teaching a course... choose to understand why you haven’t gotten a letter from your girlfriend and why, therefore, are in no mood to study. I am also not here to solve any of your personal problems for you. Perhaps I can do this and perhaps I can’t. But I won’t.”

SM then turned to the course’s focus, group dynamics, and attempted to explain some of the principles of this amorphous discipline. He pulled a kazoo out of a pocket, sounded a note and explained how this simple, inexpensive instrument could, in the right hands, be the manifestation of dynamics in a person.

“It’s simply because a man playing a kazoo can often invest in that kazoo a certain intangible quality that cannot be defined as training. It cannot be defined as deftness. It cannot be defined with the terms we have mentioned before—of range, of technique, of beauty, of sound to the ear. There is an intangible something, gentlemen, that will make one person tolerable to listen to, to be with, to talk with, and another person highly stimulating. This is dynamics.”

He changed the topic to perception, another foundation stone of group dynamics. He asked the students what they perceived about high school teachers in general and, specifically, his role in this class.

Sixth former Jim Ferguson ’59 bravely, and as he remembers with trepidation, took on the new master, something not done lightly in the presence of Fr. Patterson. He said he was moved to do this because SM had earlier singled out a well-respected classmate who lacked a middle name, asking if the student’s family was too poor to afford one.

JF: “Personally, I’ve never been an instructor, but my father is one. Well, I don’t think the whole thing was approached the right way.”

SM: “Mr. Ferguson (heatedly), we will not discuss my approach, nor how I am conducting this class.”

JF: “What exactly would you like?”

SM: “I would not like anything. I would like to know what you know about instructors and not concern me at all.”

JF: “Well, most of them I know are fairly nice people... most of them.”

SM: “Now you added that ‘most of them’ to insinuate that I am not one of them, Mr. Ferguson?”

JF: “Yes sir.”

SM: “You firmly believe I am not a nice person?”

JF: “Well, from what I’ve seen tonight...”
Classmate Geoff Mason ’59 tried to make a case for strong student-teacher ties.

GM: “Sir, one reason I came to Kent, and I knew about it before I came here, was what I had heard were the best you could get in New England as far as student-faculty relationships together. I would like to know the extent of our relationship between you and us individually.”

SM: “None.”

GM: “None?”

GM: “Isn’t that... I don’t know what to say.”

SM: “Do you feel need of some special guidance by instructors, special contact with instructors, of friendliness? Of camaraderie?”

GM: “I realize that we won’t get it in college.”

SM: “You won’t get it here, Mr. Mason.”

GM: “I’m just trying to tell you, I’m being very frank with you, that we’re not very used to this.”

SM: “Well, I suggest we get used to it and get used to it in a hurry. I suggest we learn to stand on our own two feet or I suggest that the other instructors in this college assume the burden, assume the void I shall be leaving here.”

SM ended the class with the message he wanted these young men to take to heart:

“This is observation and perception, as I suggested a moment ago. In this day and age, things are accepted. They are accepted because someone tells you this is so. Someone says Steve Allen is a great comedian and we all say yes, he is so. He is the greatest. Hollywood says we have a new twelve-and-a-half-star spectacular and we say yes, that it’s a spectacular spectacle. We play ball. There’s too much ball playing going on and not enough individual thought. When it comes down to grading the prowess or judging the prowess of man or values, this will have to be developed in this class. This is an observance class. This is an unperceptive group of young men. One thing that you gentlemen have neglected to perceive, one very important thing, and that is that I am a phony.”

There was a brief moment of silence before “I am a phony” blasted the class out of their seats. Then there was mayhem in the room. Shouts of disbelief. Relieved laughter. One classmate walked out in anger.

And at least one said, “I knew it was Shel Silverstein.”

But it’s easy to surmise that almost the entire form was taken in by a fiery, faux academic who was actually known at the time as one of the best cartoonists in the country.

The hoax had taken weeks to develop. Gurney Williams III ’59 recalls first pursuing the idea after reading a brief and bogus story in the Inquirer, a gutsy unofficial publication created by his roommate John Snyder ’59
and Bob Gette ’59. The story said “Edward W. Reynolds” was to teach a new Group Dynamics course at Kent. Williams asked his father, also Gurney Williams, if Silverstein might be interested in playing the role.

The elder Williams, a lover of pranks in his own right, was at the time the humor editor at LOOK Magazine, and thought it was a great idea. Silverstein—whose work appeared regularly in the magazine’s “LOOK on the Light Side” page as well as in Playboy—agreed. Williams arranged for him to be wired with a small 1950s-era tape recorder.

With plans in place, the younger Williams had serious misgivings the day of the hoax. He hadn’t focused on how Fr. Patterson—who showed up at lunch that day—would react when he heard a routine announcement about the new class from the head table. Williams and classmate Barker French ’59, who was in on the plans, hurriedly took Fr. Patterson outside on the dining hall porch. They told him what would take place. Rather than being upset, the headmaster said he understood, and proceeded to make his own announcement to the school at the end of lunch, emphasizing the importance of the new course.

Today, Williams says he’s certain that Fr. Patterson—who showed up at lunch that day—would react when he heard a routine announcement about the new class from the head table. Williams and classmate Barker French ’59, who was in on the plans, hurriedly took Fr. Patterson outside on the dining hall porch. They told him what would take place. Rather than being upset, the headmaster said he understood, and proceeded to make his own announcement to the school at the end of lunch, emphasizing the importance of the new course.

Today, Williams says he’s certain that Fr. Patterson—who showed up at lunch that day—would react when he heard a routine announcement about the new class from the head table. Williams and classmate Barker French ’59, who was in on the plans, hurriedly took Fr. Patterson outside on the dining hall porch. They told him what would take place. Rather than being upset, the headmaster said he understood, and proceeded to make his own announcement to the school at the end of lunch, emphasizing the importance of the new course.

Today, Williams says he’s certain that Fr. Patterson—who showed up at lunch that day—would react when he heard a routine announcement about the new class from the head table. Williams and classmate Barker French ’59, who was in on the plans, hurriedly took Fr. Patterson outside on the dining hall porch. They told him what would take place. Rather than being upset, the headmaster said he understood, and proceeded to make his own announcement to the school at the end of lunch, emphasizing the importance of the new course.

Today, Williams says he’s certain that Fr. Patterson—who showed up at lunch that day—would react when he heard a routine announcement about the new class from the head table. Williams and classmate Barker French ’59, who was in on the plans, hurriedly took Fr. Patterson outside on the dining hall porch. They told him what would take place. Rather than being upset, the headmaster said he understood, and proceeded to make his own announcement to the school at the end of lunch, emphasizing the importance of the new course.

Today, Williams says he’s certain that Fr. Patterson—who showed up at lunch that day—would react when he heard a routine announcement about the new class from the head table. Williams and classmate Barker French ’59, who was in on the plans, hurriedly took Fr. Patterson outside on the dining hall porch. They told him what would take place. Rather than being upset, the headmaster said he understood, and proceeded to make his own announcement to the school at the end of lunch, emphasizing the importance of the new course.

Today, Williams says he’s certain that Fr. Patterson—who showed up at lunch that day—would react when he heard a routine announcement about the new class from the head table. Williams and classmate Barker French ’59, who was in on the plans, hurriedly took Fr. Patterson outside on the dining hall porch. They told him what would take place. Rather than being upset, the headmaster said he understood, and proceeded to make his own announcement to the school at the end of lunch, emphasizing the importance of the new course.

Today, Williams says he’s certain that Fr. Patterson—who showed up at lunch that day—would react when he heard a routine announcement about the new class from the head table. Williams and classmate Barker French ’59, who was in on the plans, hurriedly took Fr. Patterson outside on the dining hall porch. They told him what would take place. Rather than being upset, the headmaster said he understood, and proceeded to make his own announcement to the school at the end of lunch, emphasizing the importance of the new course.

Today, Williams says he’s certain that Fr. Patterson—who showed up at lunch that day—would react when he heard a routine announcement about the new class from the head table. Williams and classmate Barker French ’59, who was in on the plans, hurriedly took Fr. Patterson outside on the dining hall porch. They told him what would take place. Rather than being upset, the headmaster said he understood, and proceeded to make his own announcement to the school at the end of lunch, emphasizing the importance of the new course.

Today, Williams says he’s certain that Fr. Patterson—who showed up at lunch that day—would react when he heard a routine announcement about the new class from the head table. Williams and classmate Barker French ’59, who was in on the plans, hurriedly took Fr. Patterson outside on the dining hall porch. They told him what would take place. Rather than being upset, the headmaster said he understood, and proceeded to make his own announcement to the school at the end of lunch, emphasizing the importance of the new course.

Today, Williams says he’s certain that Fr. Patterson—who showed up at lunch that day—would react when he heard a routine announcement about the new class from the head table. Williams and classmate Barker French ’59, who was in on the plans, hurriedly took Fr. Patterson outside on the dining hall porch. They told him what would take place. Rather than being upset, the headmaster said he understood, and proceeded to make his own announcement to the school at the end of lunch, emphasizing the importance of the new course.
The NEXT LEVEL

Erin Reilly ’08 and Sterling Wilson ’08 are shaking up the promotional products industry with their fast-growing company, Pop! Promos.

BY MEGAN TADY
The story behind Pop! Promos has become legendary within the hallways of the company’s office in Philadelphia. Founded by Erin Reilly ’08 and Sterling Wilson ’08, Pop! Promos is a rapidly accelerating company that makes custom-made branded merchandise for large U.S. distributors, whose clients include corporations like Bud Light, Coca-Cola and Expedia. Seven years in, the company has eighty-five employees and offices in Shanghai and the Philippines. In Philadelphia, Wilson and Reilly are currently overseeing a 100,000-square-foot renovation of a historic dairy facility to house the new global headquarters of Pop! Promos. Business is booming.

But first, the sunglasses story. In 2011, fresh from living for eight months in Asia, Wilson was in his last semester at the University of Southern California (USC) and feeling the pinch from his trip abroad. With a deeply ingrained entrepreneurial spirit, Wilson’s gears were continuously turning as he scanned the horizon for a business idea. One fateful fall day, while attending a USC football game and watching the crowd more than the scoreboard, he had his aha moment. No one was wearing sunglasses, he realized—or rather branded USC sunglasses, because they didn’t exist.

Using his connections in China, he located a sunglasses factory and ordered $2,000 worth of crimson-and-gold sunglasses—USC’s colors—with the words “Game Day” printed on the sides. When the shipment arrived, Wilson and a few friends loaded the sunglasses into their backpacks and bicycled around campus, selling them for $10 each. In that first weekend, Wilson sold all his merchandise, making $20,000. He quickly called his friend Reilly—the two had ambitions for a tech startup together—and suggested that selling branded sunglasses could give them the funding they needed.

“To which I responded, ’I’m happy to do that to make some money, but I’m definitely not going to sell sunglasses out of a backpack,’” Reilly says, who was in her last semester at Johns Hopkins University, where she was earning a BA in international relations and an MA in history. She approached Johns Hopkins’s alumni office and admissions office, asking if the school wanted to order custom sunglasses for homecoming, and the school quickly submitted an order for $5,000 worth of shades.

“Sunglasses weren’t really a promotional product at the time,” Reilly says. “It was a very cool idea that all the kids were going to be walking around campus wearing branded sunglasses.” The duo began approaching friends’ schools and universities and then outright cold-calling schools, receiving positive responses more times than they were turned down.

“Sterling and I looked at each other and said, ‘Well, maybe we don’t go start that tech business. Maybe we do this instead,’” Reilly recalls. “We very naively said, ‘Sure, let’s go start a business. We can do this.’”

Philadelphia beckoned because it was the “cheapest city on the East coast to live in,” and they wanted to keep their overhead low. They rented a row home and set up an office in the living room, “which was appalling to my mother,” Reilly says.

As Wilson and Reilly picked up speed pitching branded sunglasses to universities, they uncovered a much larger industry: promotional products. Lightning was striking again, because Wilson and Reilly, unknown to them, were about to shake up the $28 billion industry.

All branded products—pens at banks, T-shirts at marathons, silicone bracelets at charity events—fall under the branded merchandise umbrella. Major corporations work with professional buyers, also called distributors, to find and buy products from suppliers. Nearly all conventional suppliers in the industry hold inventory of blank products, and then they decorate the products in the United States to fulfill a company’s order and to match a brand. Wilson and Reilly were offering something different.

“We were custom making Pantone-matched sunglasses from scratch in China to match universities’ colors, which also had significantly more decoration
“Running this business has been the world’s best education. But the primer for that was my Kent experience. Running a lot of student organizations from a young age empowered me with decision making and allowed me to innovate and create.”

— Erin Reilly ’08, left, with Sterling Wilson ’08

options than any other promotional pair of sunglasses in the space,” Reilly says. “We didn’t realize that making something in the brand’s exact colors was very novel inside of the promotional product industry.”

Wilson and Reilly took a risk and went to an industry trade show in Las Vegas. Within the first few months, they were selling thousands of pairs of sunglasses each day because brands had never been able to buy products in their exact colors before. They also began expanding their product offerings to a large suite of wearable accessories, including scrunchies, scarves, socks, totes, dog leashes, lanyards, towels and hats.

“We’re offering the next level of the promotional product,” Reilly says. “And we still think it’s early days for us, which is great.”

THE KENT IMPACT

Wilson and Reilly met at Kent School and bonded sitting next to each other in Mr. Dunn’s AP Modern European History class. It was at Kent where they each began to develop skills they still draw on today. In addition to starting the Model UN club at Kent, Reilly was a prefect of Case Dorm, the editor of the Kent News, and a member of the Kent School Guild. Wilson, too, was a member of the Senior Council and served as sacristan in St. Joseph’s Chapel, in addition to being an avid third football player and captain of the varsity basketball team.

In an email, Wilson praised Kent, writing, “Kent School had a great balance of structure (dedicated teachers, sports teams, study hall) and free time (Saturday afternoons and Sundays off, free periods) that instilled a powerful combination of focus and discipline with time for freethinking and reflection. This same weekly rhythm and dynamic drives my innovation and creative processes in our businesses today.”

Reilly says her Kent experience was akin to no other. “Running this business has been the world’s best education. But the primer for that was my Kent experience. Running a lot of student organizations from a young age
empowered me with decision making and allowed me to innovate and create.”

Pop! Promos has grown quickly, and Reilly and Wilson have been able to call on the power of the Kent network for advice and wisdom.

“The network of not only our peers, but also our peers’ parents, has been so willing to help us,” Reilly says. “And they have been so eager and proud to watch us succeed because they knew us when we were young. They saw us playing field hockey or in the spring musical. And now they see us growing and becoming our own people.”

Reilly continued, “Some of the best accountants in New York City to incredible finance people to amazing business owners jumped on the phone with two 22-year-olds when we had no idea what we were doing because they knew that we were good friends with their child. Or a teacher had suggested that they speak with us. In many instances, it was a 20-minute phone call. That advice in the beginning was invaluable. I don’t think people realize how much people are willing to help when they come from the Kent community.”

Now, Reilly and Wilson are in a position to dole out their own business advice. In his email, Wilson wrote that the best wisdom he has received, and in turn passes on, is to “have as much respect for experience before you acquire said experience.”

As for Reilly, she says her advice is contrary to her own experience. “Go take business classes and expose yourself to business basics,” she says. “What is revenue? What is profit? How do you read a P&L? If you have a lick of interest touching the business world, give yourself a leg up by being able to understand financial statements and being able to talk the talk in the beginning.” And one more thing, she adds: “Until you pay yourself, you have a hobby, not a business.”

---

Business Courses and Activities Available at Kent

**HISTORY**
- AP Economics (micro and macro)
- 20th Century Capitalism
- Financial Systems of the United States
- Global Financial Systems

**MATH**
- Precalculus with Statistics
- Precalculus with Statistics 1, 2, 3
- Honors Precalculus with Statistics
- AP Statistics

**PRE-ENGINEERING**
- Manufacturing Engineering
- Structures: Design and Testing
- Engineering Design
- AP Architecture

**PRE-COLLEGE BUSINESS STUDY**
- Bloomberg Terminal Certification
- Business Club
- Financial Literacy Workshops
- Entrepreneurship Club
- Investment Club
- Portfolios with Purpose (PwP)
  - High School Challenge
- Speakers, field trips
- Experiential Learning Opportunities
Be the Change

Social entrepreneur Shermin Luo ’12 (center back, below) is enhancing education for underserved students in China.

Social Entrepreneur: a person who establishes an enterprise with the aim of solving social problems or effecting social change.
IN 2013, WHILE EARNING HER BS in operations research and engineering management systems at Columbia University, Shermin Luo ’12 founded the Global Youth Mentorship Initiative (GYMI). GYMI supplements traditional education with a curriculum to help underprivileged students succeed in rural areas of China. Today, GYMI is a 300-member nonprofit that provides one-on-one long-term support to over 750 children. Luo says her experience at Kent helped steer her to become a social entrepreneur committed to channeling her time and energy into the change she wants to see. Luo, a 2019 summer associate for the Global Impact Investing Network, serves as an NGO representative to the United Nations on behalf of GYMI.

What is GYMI’s mission?
GYMI hopes to address educational disparities that exist between rural and urban education systems and enhance traditional education to include social-emotional learning and critical-thinking skills. Our target beneficiaries are rural students who are often from impoverished families and consequently are restricted to a minimal, very regimented school curriculum that does not adequately prepare students for a rapidly changing future. The lack of opportunities for a more comprehensive education leads to the continuation of socioeconomic disparities, the perpetuation of poverty and poor public health.

Why are you passionate about social entrepreneurship?
When I started GYMI, I didn’t even know what it meant to be a social entrepreneur, and I was just doing something that I thought was worth doing. It was the individual stories from the volunteers that helped me decide that this was truly my long-term career path.

One story in particular stands out. Qiaoqiao was a volunteer mentor from a 2014 program, but she was actually a “left-behind” student herself. She was abandoned in a village and rescued by her adoptive parents. “No one cared about what I wanted or needed when I was growing up,” she said with tears in her eyes. “No one believed in me. And for a while, I thought that this was it. Maybe I was just born not worthy.” Volunteering with GYMI was her last attempt to find meaning, and it indeed became the turning point in her life. She found something that resonated with her, and she saw the impact she could make on others. She ended up changing her major to education, and then she became the very first full-time employee at GYMI.

Through experiences like this, it became clear that social impact is where I belong and, better yet, is what I’m good at. I’m not only motivated by people in need—I’m also thrilled to influence more people to join the space. One of the best choices I made on this journey was to embrace the life where social entrepreneurship has taken me, to not be afraid to let my venture change who I am and what I believe in. This reciprocal relationship with my team and my people transformed me into someone I personally respect more, someone who’s in accordance with everything my father and mother taught.

How did your experience at Kent prepare you to be a social entrepreneur?
At Kent I conceived the original idea of GYMI. I was raised under a one-dimensional education system, where I was taught to stay in the set path that promises hardworking people a bright future. I loved writing, running, engineering, but they are considered “irrelevant.” I was shocked when I first came to Kent and my individuality and passions were valued. In my two years at Kent, I published a book with help from my English teacher, Mr. Hinman; ran varsity cross-country under Coach Baird; and made a power generator in Mr. Austin’s class. I realized that I was fortunate enough to have had choices to allow me to change, but many others don’t. I want to bring this recognition of individual potential and self-awareness back home. I hope that one day our children can define their own success. More important, a lot of friends I made at Kent became a driving force at GYMI. Some are on the leadership team, like Ning Lu ’12 and Gavin Jiao ’12, and some are helping out on a project-by-project basis, like Jessie He ’12 and Lily Gao ’11.

What’s next for you?
I’m currently earning my master’s degree in public policy at the Harvard Kennedy School, and it’s an enriching, nurturing environment where my views and perspectives are constantly challenged and therefore rapidly changing. I want to focus my time and energy to maximize the impact I can make on issues I care about. I’d like to bring more private capital into serving public purposes and help grow the impact-investing scene, particularly in Asia.
The Conquest of the World by the English Language

BY KIBBE FITZPATRICK ’53

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE WAS BORN IN CHAOS, violence and bloodshed on a tiny island smaller than most American states. After that humble birth, the centuries passed and this language gradually shed most of its complexities as it rose to prominence. And now in the 21st century we have seen it climb to worldwide supremacy. I believe this is one of mankind’s greatest stories, feeding the long-held fantasy that a world language would give us all enduring peace and harmony. Countless artificial languages were created to realize that dream. Esperanto was the best known and the least unsuccessful.

To us today, the most appealing part of this story, and the easiest to understand, is that the unique simplicity of the English language—no genders or case endings and simple verb formations—has made this conquest possible. The simplifying process began in those early days and never stopped. The highlights along the way can be easily listed: first, the presence of Roman legionnaires in Brittannia; the arrival of gangs of marauding Vikings, then Angles and Saxons from today’s northern Germany, and then Jutes from southern Denmark, when England was known as Angleland; and the pervasion of competing, highly complex dialects within small groups of people trying to communicate. The result was a still grammatically complicated way of speaking so-called “Old English.” And then came what is generally considered the most important event in the early history of the country: William the Conqueror with his Normans (the north men from Normandy, France) conquered the island in 1066. The vocabulary of the speech of the peasants, which was already a mishmash of words from many sources, practically doubled in size with the adoption of thousands of words from the version of French that was spoken in those days.

Centuries later, the British Empire emerged, spreading the English language to the farthest corners of the Earth. The United States’ growing military and cultural influence also brought English, of a slightly different kind, to even more places. Then came the sudden shrinking of our world by information technology. These events were clearly stepping stones to English’s worldwide domination we are experiencing today. Had English retained its Germanic complexities, it would not have had a chance in Hades of sweeping aside all competitors and instilling in everyone a near manic desire to learn it.

One aim of this essay is to reveal the implications of English’s simplicity. The relative simplicity of English and the comparative complexities of the other European languages are topics hardly touched on in the best English classes in the best schools. Most native English speakers, be they professors or students, don’t even know what a schwa is. Yet this is far and away the most commonly heard sound in the English language. It should also be added that one need not engage in detailed academic analysis to appreciate the uncomplicated nature of English. Just speak to anyone who knows English and who has studied a Slavic, a Germanic and a Latin language and you will learn from the horse’s mouth that English possesses a scarcely-to-be-believed grammatical simplicity that largely offsets stumbling blocks such as its seemingly irrational spelling.
A FRONT ROW SEAT
I have long enjoyed a front row seat, literally, to the competitive give-and-take at the highest diplomatic level of the world’s major languages (defined as those with more than one hundred million native speakers). I joined the United Nations as a simultaneous interpreter in 1962 when the Cold War was hot and long speeches in Russian, French and English were our daily fare at the UN Headquarters in New York City. I retired in 1995 and have been interpreting there as a freelancer ever since.

During all these years at the UN, things never stayed the same for long. In 1971 the Republic of China, Taiwan, was replaced by mainland China, the People’s Republic of China. Two years after mainland China took their seat in the UN, the Arabic-speaking countries arranged to have Arabic added to the original five official UN languages. These were the four languages of the victorious powers of World War II: English, French, Russian and Chinese. Spanish was added to those four because nearly half of the original UN membership was Spanish-speaking.

In 1991, the Soviet Union collapsed, and soon thereafter fewer and fewer foreign language enthusiasts wanted to tackle the grammatical complexities of that extraordinary language. In addition to Russian losing prestige as a language for foreigners to learn, it became the only major language in the world with a dwindling number of native speakers.

Spanish slowly but surely emerged as a language of practical use and widespread appeal. In the meantime, French and English retained their lofty status, while not creating the impression that anything unusual would soon occur. To me none of this warranted any more than passing notice. We interpreters just continued to go about our business, keeping abreast of world affairs (that’s our job), but certainly not anticipating anything significant.

As time passed, our workload began to be distributed very unevenly. Meetings with “wall-to-wall English,”

Meetings with “wall-to-wall English,” as we liked to say, when not one word of anything but English was spoken, no longer seemed an oddity.

30
KENT QUARTERLY

took their seat in the UN, the Arabic-speaking countries as we liked to say, when not one word of anything but English was spoken, no longer seemed an oddity. As the 20th century drew to a close, it became obvious that English, followed by Spanish and Chinese, were the world’s top three languages with no serious competitors. French still had prestige, but that seemed irrelevant.

Then came the early 2000s, and we were in for the shock of our lives. Suddenly all French-speaking African countries—there were many of them—started speaking only in English. Romanian, Italian and other delegates who had long favored French began speaking only in
English. But the moment I will never forget—my rude awakening to the new reality—came the day when I first heard a delegate from Switzerland speaking in English. Switzerland, with four official languages, none of which is English, is a country of practical, sensible people. Yet they suddenly opted for English at the UN! And then, as if to hammer home this new reality, Belgium, with Flemish and French as its official languages, followed suit. None of us had seen this coming! What was this all about?

Everyone knew that the world was changing fast, becoming more interconnected and interdependent. Scientific papers were being published everywhere mostly in English. Diplomacy at the UN reflected the growing use of English as a worldwide negotiating tool. In the hallways of the UN, the sounds of many styles of English were in the air.

THE ENGLISH EXPLOSION

People can’t just learn a new language overnight, I thought. This seemingly sudden explosion of English as it soared to worldwide supremacy, while sweeping aside all opposition, seemed to defy logic. But events soon pointed to an explanation. Delegates who before had not spoken English were now making speeches in often poorly pronounced and even ungrammatical, yet comprehensible, English.

These newcomers to the ranks of English speakers were clearly not just in the hallowed halls of the United Nations. They were everywhere. A conversion of this suddenness to any other widely spoken language on earth would have been not only impossible but unthinkable. But for Europeans, acquiring enough English to get by in daily life and expressing basic needs and desires, is not such a long and dreary undertaking.

I began to think what a delight it must be for nonnative English speakers not to have to worry about gender and case endings for nouns and adjectives, not to need to plow through the endless fields of verb forms that one finds in Spanish, for instance.

It’s true that we have many verb tenses in English, but there are so few verb forms. The subjunctive? That is a nasty concept we said good-bye to long ago. A foreigner tackling English needs only two or three verb forms (go, went, gone; think, thought, thought) plus a couple of easy-to-learn rules and he is good to go.

English has a huge vocabulary. Logic suggests that this must be a nearly insurmountable obstacle for latecomers to our language. Not at all! Here is another paradox, one that usually escapes the attention even of native speakers. In casual conversational English, we use a surprisingly small vocabulary. Here English stands in stark contrast with the Romance, Germanic or Slavic languages. There are many reasons for this, some of a historical nature. The Brits in particular have long had an instinctive preference for what they call plain English that to them often applies even to written English. Multisyllabic Latin- or Greek-sounding words lack, to British ears, the charm they possess, especially in the Romance languages. But there are other reasons as well. Many of our one-syllable words are used in multiple ways that are catchy and clever sounding, and are not hard for foreigners to absorb.

The best example of this is what we call phrasal verbs. These are single syllable verbs, a marvel of charm and efficiency, followed by a preposition. The most useful is the verb to get which, when followed by various prepositions, can produce literally hundreds of different meanings. Come, make and do are also very productive, but my favorite is to pick up. It is easy to use in at least 40
sentences, which might require 40 different verbs for a translation into other languages: It’s too heavy to pick up; to pick up a little French in Paris; to pick up a bad cold while traveling; I couldn’t pick up his meaning—he spoke too fast; I hope the editor doesn’t pick up any typos in this text; I’ll pick up the bill; you can pick up your cappuccino over there; I’ll pick you up at the airport; my radio was supposed to be able to pick up programs from overseas. And many more. The point to remember is this: with English, a small vocabulary can produce a large number of meanings. Yes, German and Chinese have devices interestingly similar to our phrasal verbs, but that hardly makes these two languages even remotely user friendly.

At this point you may be thinking about the illogical spelling of English. When foreign languages are studied, students focus instinctively on the way words are spelled. This, however, is almost always an unreliable crutch. A few European languages claim to be phonetic, i.e. spelled as they are pronounced. They may indeed seem to be precisely that to native speakers. But to a foreigner learning the language, there are always tricky spelling rules to be learned. One must admit that the spelling of English words does constitute a stumbling block. At least our alphabet is the most widely used in the history of mankind, and accents and other diacritical marks are rare, indeed.

**A PRONUNCIATION PARADOX**

I have discussed a few of the many reasons why our user-friendly language has been able to conquer the world, but I have saved the best for last. I will now introduce the paradox to end all paradoxes. Pronunciation in the English language is so complex, so far beyond clear rules and regulations and so unlike that of any other language in Europe that, in fact, we don’t even study it. We notice what we call accents, foreign and otherwise, but we care little about the niceties of so-called correct pronunciation. And that laxity is contagious. Learners of English soon realize that pronunciation is a world of shades of gray with little that is black and white.

I have asked well-educated, native English speakers from various parts of the world, including England, if their education in English classes included a focus on the sounds made in spoken English. The response is nearly unanimous. No instruction of any kind was provided in that realm. And then I quickly follow with a question about the most common sound in our language, heard more by far than any vowel or consonant or anything else. It is the idiosyncratic and often barely audible schwa sound. Perhaps a few educated Englishmen and Americans have actually heard the word schwa without checking to see what it refers to. An intriguing question which I would not dare try to answer is: does this omnipresent schwa in English make our language easier to learn, or more difficult?

It is difficult with words to discuss subtle sounds, so may I ask you to Google the schwa? In particular, try to find the essay entitled, “9 Fun Facts about the Schwa.” There are wonderful videos on this phenomenon. Words of more than one syllable invariably have a primary stress and possibly a secondary stress as well. Our vowels in unstressed syllables dip into a barely audible noise, a kind of “ah” sound, and at times this so-called schwa will cause a syllable to disappear entirely. Two examples: “comfortable” and “vegetable” are words that look like they have four syllables, but in fact they each have only three, two of which practically disappear with schwas in quick speech. The “o” in “o’clock” and the “a” in “another” are two easy ones to remember. Schwas occur in nearly all words with more than one syllable.

Our vowels vary enormously from speaker to speaker. The “u” in under and uncle poses problems for many. But if a foreigner tells you to take the elevator app to the top floor, you will not be flummoxed. In fact, the variation in our vowels is extreme. It doesn’t help that in one syllable a vowel can start with one sound and then veer off into
another, creating a diphthong, such as the vowels in *boil* and *fine* or *nice*. Nearly all the European languages have pure vowels, so a foreigner tackling English should try to rid himself of that inbred tendency. The friendly fact remains that English, even when spoken with pure vowels, remains easily comprehensible.

I hope I have made clear that one of the glories of pronunciation in English, for foreign learners of the language, is that a speaker’s pronunciation can veer off in many bizarre directions while the speaker’s message usually remains intact. In no language class will a teacher even touch on this delicate subject, but it is true. This feature is quite untrue for most of the major languages of the world. Millions in the world speak English while never pronouncing even certain, very common vowels, such as the short “i” in *hit* and *fit*. Therein lies the paradox. The extreme difficulty of pronunciation in English has created by some circuitous route a language in which one rarely needs to feel embarrassment for incompetence. Even American citizens with native English rarely need fear faulty speech habits. Jobs are lost for more grievous misdemeanors.

What about consonants? I do find it strange that many foreigners, who are quite capable of pronouncing correctly nearly all our consonants that appear at the beginning of words, very often botch the pronunciation of many of those consonants. (Consonants in the middle and at the end of words are another matter.) Our two “th” sounds (the voiced in “this” and the unvoiced in “think”) are in fact easy for nearly all Europeans to pronounce, even if these sounds are relatively rare in European languages. How often have I heard: “Zat iss vut I sink.” The “s” and the “z” sounds should certainly not pose a problem for nonnative speakers, but here again a care-free philosophy wins the day. Swedes and Latins do not have a “z” sound in their languages, so they do what comes naturally: they just steer clear of the “z” sound entirely, even though it is omnipresent in English.

Maybe English “iss too eassy!” It would be closer to the truth to say that no language is too easy, but English is today better suited than any other language to enjoy world supremacy.

Like it or not, English is used and abused and tossed about, willy nilly. This is the world we live in. For the English language and for all of the rest of us, are these the best of times? Are these the worst of times? Food for thought, but expect the unexpected.

Kibbe Fitzpatrick ‘53’s article entitled “Musings on China, the Chinese and the Chinese Language” appeared in the Spring 2011 issue of the *Kent Quarterly*. 
Alumni News and Events

Alumni Lacrosse

Men’s lacrosse alumni returned to campus in May for a full afternoon of activities. Attendees from classes spanning 1972 to 2016 joined the coaches and captains for lunch in the Dining Hall, then were invited to a pre-game talk with the team before the Lions took on Trinity-Pawling. The afternoon concluded with a post-game gathering at Kingsley Tavern. Thank you to all who attended and to the coaches and varsity team for hosting.

Blue & Gray Reception

The Alumni Council welcomed the Class of 2019 into the Alumni Association at the Blue & Gray Reception in May. This annual event brings the Alumni Council and VI Formers together for a festive gathering in the weeks leading up to Prize Day. Council members wished the members of the VI Form well as they headed off to college and encouraged them to take advantage of the extensive Kent School alumni network.
Boston Happy Hour

Kent alumni, faculty and staff gathered at The Warehouse for a happy hour in late July. Attendees enjoyed catching up with new and old friends, along with delicious food and a Kent-themed signature cocktail. Many thanks to Lizzy Malin ’05 and Christine Fuchs Carucci ’06 for organizing this wonderful event.

Bell Tower Society Luncheon

A luncheon was held at the Yale Club in New York City on May 9, 2019, to honor Bell Tower Society members. Headmaster Richardson Schell ’69 and Frankie Celenza ’05 (a renowned chef and entertaining speaker) were the featured presenters for the 28 attendees at the event. The Bell Tower Society includes over 600 members of the Kent family—including 50 current faculty and staff members—who have made a commitment to Kent’s future by making a planned gift through a will, retirement plan or another arrangement.
FBI Tour

Kent alumni and their guests had the privilege of touring FBI Headquarters in Washington, D.C., thanks to arrangements made by FBI Special Agent Dan Genck ’01. The tour, which included interactive exhibits and artifacts from a number of notable FBI cases, illustrated how FBI agents operate in the field, at headquarters and within communities. Agent Genck accompanied the group on the tour and added his own stories drawn from his experience as an agent over the past 10 years. Following the tour, alumni enjoyed a casual reception at Fado Irish Pub. Many thanks to Agent Genck for making this opportunity available to Kent.

Alumni gathered at Fado Irish Pub after the tour at FBI Headquarters.

Racquet and Tennis Club Spring Reception

On April 30, 2019, the fifth annual Spring Reception, hosted by Graham Jones ’00, was held at the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York City. Alumni, parents and friends appreciated updates about Kent from Headmaster Richardson Schell ’69 and Associate Director of Development Denny Mantegani (Hon) ’67. A highlight of the evening was the presentation of an appreciation gift to Mr. Jones by Fr. Schell in consideration of his announcement that he has made a very significant provision for Kent in his estate plans. Mr. Jones’ parents were present to witness the special moment.

Montreal Reception

In August, Stephen Atkinson ’02 hosted an event at Pub Wolf & Workman in Old Port, Montreal, gathering together a portion of the School’s significant alumni presence in the area, with Director of Planned Giving Todd Marble in attendance.
Seattle-Area Alumni Event

Kent alumni extended their Independence Day celebration at a gathering at the Lake Tapps home of Steve ‘74 and Debbie Doman. Seattle alumni have established strong ties over the years thanks to gatherings like this one hosted by area alumni. Our sincere thanks to the Domans for hosting and to Julie Dillon ’87 for helping to organize the event.

Headmaster Schell’s Hong Kong Visit

In March, Headmaster Richardson Schell ’69 visited Hong Kong and addressed a group of alumni and families, updating them on Kent School, thanking them for their generous support, and inviting them to return to campus soon. During his speech, he said, “Hong Kong means a great deal to me personally because it was here that I, in my thirties, first experienced the riches of international education—for its contribution to the development of individuals and also to cooperation and peace, as important today as ever. Today, Kent has students from 42 countries. There are too many of you to mention by name, so please accept my thanks for your leadership as a group. Our many friends in Hong Kong in turn introduced us to their families and friends across China who, beginning in 2005, followed their example of seeking a first-class education in Kent. Let me express the entire school community’s gratitude to all our Hong Kong alumni and our Hong Kong parents.”
The Julian C.S. “Fuzz” Foster ’41 Award

The Julian C.S. “Fuzz” Foster ’41 Class Secretary Award was established by the Class of 1941 and the Alumni Council in grateful recognition of longtime Class Secretary Fuzz Foster’s devoted service to his class and to his School. Fuzz served as class secretary for 44 years, from his graduation in 1941 until his death in 1985. While at Kent, Fuzz was president of his form for five years, senior prefect, captain of the baseball team and president of the Glee Club.

The Fuzz Foster Award is given annually to recognize class volunteers who have done the most to promote the Annual Fund among their classmates, to stimulate interest in their class reunions, and who have served their classes with distinction. The recipients of the 2019 Fuzz Foster Award are Peter Malin ’69, Barbi Kingsbury ’69 and Peter Starbuck ’69. Their leadership was instrumental in making their 50th Reunion a great success.

Peter, Barbi and Peter implemented a novel idea, the Looking Forward program, for their reunion. They reached out to members of the classes of 1964 to 1968, asking them to share the meaningful work or charitable endeavors that had occupied their time since attending their own 50th Kent Reunion. They expanded the range of their inquiry to Kent alumni from the early ’70s as well. They noted: “The members of the Class of 1969 are now in our mid-to-late-sixties and are looking forward to the next chapter of our lives, whether it be 10 or 30 years. This time in our life, for many, will involve great change and represents an opportunity to do something different and hopefully to follow the Kent tradition of giving back. Many of us will find that we desire something meaningful to do with our remaining productive time on the planet. The options are endless, and we hope that they include the ability to enrich someone’s life and find satisfaction in living a ‘life in full.’ We want to hear from our Kent family who have already faced the same decisions and found opportunities to learn from them. We are seeking nuggets of information, stories, suggestions and anecdotes that might spark or motivate one of us to follow that thread or a similar one.”

Peter, Barbi and Peter collected the submissions and held a Forum during Reunion, where those in attendance shared stories and wisdom about life in their “golden years.” Additionally, Peter, Barbi and Peter led the effort to establish the Class of 1969’s 50th Anniversary Fund for Community Service at Kent, which will allow Kent students to expand their participation in meaningful community service outreach for years to come.

Authors’ Corner

Alumni authors Puck Purnell ’64, Janet Stroup Fox ’69 and Charles Russell ’44 discussed their work at the annual Authors’ Corner held during Reunion Weekend. Amy Voorhees, director of the John Gray Park ’28 Library, moderated the discussion among the authors while alumni took the opportunity to ask the authors questions about their writing.
Experience Kent Today

Alumni learned what Kent is like today from a panel of faculty members and students (above) at Experience Kent Today held during Reunion Weekend. Initiated and hosted by the Alumni Council, the program provides a window into the student experience and life at Kent. Following a lively question and answer session moderated by council member Jim Mell ’60, Headmaster Dick Schell ’69 spoke to alumni about the state of the School.

RIGHT: Members of the VI Form welcome new students and their families with the Kent Lion and noise-makers, at the William H. Armstrong Gate at the School’s entrance, on arrival day.
THE KENT CLASS OF 1969, shown here, held its 50th Reunion and other reunion classes gathered at Kent during Reunion Weekend 2019.
Ubi Caritas: Meditation Between the River and the Hill

Deborah Rinehart Fowler ’69 delivered the 2019 Reunion Memorial Eucharist Service’s sermon (Ubi Caritas) on Pentecost Sunday, June 9, 2019, in St. Joseph’s Chapel.

KENT LIES IN A CORNER of Connecticut—which some say is close to Heaven, and one of them is me. I have come to the realization that one of the reasons I return to Kent is not just the affection for the place and how it influenced me at an impressionable time, my teen-aged years. It is the draw of the place, a place of meditation and renewal and light. It is an honor to speak this morning at this year’s Memorial Service, where we remember our friends, teachers, colleagues and parents. The Kent community is represented here in our past, our present and our future.

When I first saw the girls’ campus on an autumn day, light suffused everything on that Hill. The campus was almost tree-less, but it had a pond. The newness, even the Howard Johnson look of the dorms, was different from the other schools we had seen. It was new, full of possibilities. No, I did not remember the interview with Mrs. Owens. I was too taken with the view outside the library.

Years later, at an event celebrating the Women of Kent, one of the alumnae, a psychologist, pointed out that it is in our nature to be drawn to the light. After a moment, I understood why I had made the choice I did so many years ago.

Over the years, it occurred to me that, although envious of the boys’ location on the river, and the attention given to their sports training (we girls ran around the hockey field and did sit-ups), the Hill was our refuge. We could go an entire week, possibly, without any of the usual primping required when around the boys. When we wanted, we could go to a boys’ game or the movies, even if in our dowdy shirt-dresses.

When the Rev. Frederick Herbert Sill, OHC, an Episcopal monk, opened the doors to his new school for boys, he believed in the educational value of service, the importance of respecting others, and respecting one’s self, and the connection between intellectual effort and spiritual reward. He opened a school for boys from “all walks of life,” the first secondary school in the country to charge tuition on a sliding scale.

The boys’ campus was opened in 1906 on the shore of the Housatonic River, while the Kent girls’ school campus was built on Skiff Mountain in 1960, and later moved in the consolidation of the campuses in 1992.

The Housatonic River and its River Valley have been known as a place for meditation for the past two centuries. Skiff Mountain, Kent, is part of the Trust for Public Land (TPL) in the towns of Sharon and Kent. Between 2003 and 2009, TPL helped conserve more than 700 acres. The state now manages the easements, and the land creates important linkages to more than 7,000 acres of other protected open space, including Macedonia Brook State Park and the Appalachian Trail. Protecting the light.

Today, on the Sunday of Pentecost and, for the Class of 1969, our 50th reunion, we are charged to continue what we were exhorted to do when we graduated. Like the Apostles, commanded by Jesus to go out into a turbulent world, so we did, knowing that each one of us had a special charge to spread the values instilled in us over our years at Kent. And like the Apostles, we were given a new Commandment, “Love One Another.” Throughout our lives since, we have faced trials and testing which we did not choose. We also experienced grace, that good which comes to us, according to Paul, also undeserved and unexpected.

At Kent, we had learned the importance of these: faith in God, self-reliance, hard work, taking initiative, and working as a team—on the field, on the water, in our classrooms. We were exposed to dis-
ciplines, tangible and intangible, arts and ideas, music, science, math, languages, history, literature and English. English, the foundation of our first language for most of us, and for some, their second or third. We were exposed to cultures from around the world and within our own country.

Then there was planning. I learned some hard lessons in planning at Kent. I was late for a job at the Schoolhouse, and assigned additional hours of work. The next time, you guessed it, I missed the 4:30 meeting time. I ran to where the girls were already raking leaves in the blowing, bitter wind, their knees red and burning. I was face to face with Mr. Jones, who peered over his glasses at me. I got at least one more hour added to my sentence. I was learning the boundaries of time and space in the Kent world.

We left Kent at Prize Day (I think “fled” might be more accurate). Off we went into the world to learn, lead and work, form new relationships and families. We couldn’t know how much we would draw on—not just what we had learned, but the strength of character required to make a positive difference, moving forward, persisting, never giving up.

One of my personal mantras in the years after Prize Day was: If confusion or anxiety threatens to hijack your plans, sort it out, and do something. If the things we carry with us are the important lessons we learned at Kent and the love of the place, what we do. We seek the light, the hope we need to carry on. I learned to advocate for my children, learn American Sign Language, and to look out for obstacles.

Speaking of the Schoolhouse, for those girls who did not “grow up” on the Hill, this was the red-painted structure which housed our classrooms, the library, a small chapel and the girls’ school offices. It could look famously forlorn, icicles forming, after a foot of snow, barely visible in the wind-blown drifts. The low forms of the dorms and Dining Hall were practically invisible. You could imagine you were at Ice Station Zebra without too much trouble. The big difference was that on the North Pole, you would be allowed to wear pants.

That said, there is something grand about realizing after many years, that just maybe we were pioneers. All of us here now have the benefit of perspective, a pride of accomplishment, and camaraderie with every girl who lived on the Hill, and now with every boy and girl in the Valley. We lived through extreme weather, social restrictions, some very unattractive uniforms, being treated like the boys, well, because they weren’t sure what else to do with us.

The memories we hold dearest are often those where we have been most engaged, and it is where we gain the value of our experiences at Kent. It was not because we stayed on the sidelines, but because we were involved, that we care still and will until our last oar is dropped at the catch, and our time is done. Love takes many forms, not always spoken, but felt as a common bond. It is by our engagement that memories remain with us decades later, and we do good work to honor the memories of people and places here at Kent. They are not gone, but stored by the grace of God, and cherished. It is what we do, as part of the Kent family. It is our charge and our duty, but also how we show love.

Therefore, in the memory of our beloved Kent family, let us go out and love one another. Ubi Caritas et amor, Deus ibi est: Where charity and love are, there God is.
Amen.
Belonging
BY BURR PURNELL ’90

The following is an excerpt of Burr Purnell’s article, “Belonging,” which was published in Chicken Soup for the Soul: Running for Good... and Walking Too! (Simon & Schuster, 2019). In 2018, Purnell and his wife, Jane, and kids, Ellie and Gwen, set off for a traveling adventure around the world. Eager to include community service as an element to their trip, the Purnells volunteered with Yoga and Sport for Refugees in Lesvos, Greece. Stepping off of the sideline and onto the field, the Purnells found themselves working in the midst of a refugee crisis, and they discovered that sports offered a lifeline to young people living beyond their homelands. “Belonging” chronicles Purnell’s experience:

My story of becoming the volunteer running coach for Yoga and Sport for Refugees in Lesvos, Greece, is a story about life, love and hope. It starts the day my 14-year-old daughter told me, “I can’t believe that I’ve only ever lived in this one bedroom.” When I retold the account to Jane, my wife, her response was, “How wonderful it is that Ellie is being raised in a stable home, isn’t she so lucky?”

Yuck, really? What I wanted to hear was, “It’s time to blow this popsicle stand and go on a life-changing, mind-bending, mid-life crisis-solving adventure.” Regardless of Jane’s comments, Ellie sparked a fire in my belly, and as fall gave way to winter, I became increasingly thirsty to wander. Thirsty to explore. Thirsty to show my kids that there is more to the world than the glow of the iPhone, Whole Foods and fancy soccer clubs. Now, you may think that I’m selfish and irresponsible for yanking the rug out from under them, and you’re probably right.

On January 4, with my wife’s unwavering support, I made up my mind. At 1:30 p.m., I quit my comfy executive creative director job in San Francisco and began to plan an adventure that would take my family around the world. But how to pull it off remained a mystery. That is, until Jane suggested that if we were going to go on an adventure, then we should make sure that we do some community service in every country that we visit. “Perfect!” I thought. An adventure that filled my soul so that I could try to fill the souls of others. For too long, I’d lived motionless on the sidelines, never knowing, caring or even doing much about people’s hardships. With my new-found enthusiasm, that was all about to change. And, perhaps along the way, maybe the kids, Jane and I would learn a thing or two.

After deciding our first destination would be Greece, Jane found an opportunity at a non-governmental organization called Yoga and Sport for Refugees, on the island of Lesvos, that needed a running coach and would love the opportunity to talk with me and us about volunteering. From the outside, this looked like a perfect gig. Our dates matched up, and after a couple of messages and a call, we were on our way to Lesvos.

On paper, my commitment to Yoga and Sport for Refugees was to be the running coach on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 6:30 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. Little did I know I’d become a surrogate father to these young men, and in my heart accept one, Majid, as the son I never had.

I went to the first workout with Jane, Ellie and Gwen and heaps of trepidation. I was no track guy, and I didn’t know what to expect when I arrived. I’m a long-distance runner, slow and steady. But I made a commitment, and there I was. By the end of our training, it became obvious that it didn’t matter to these young athletes that I was a
But most important, we were able to give them dignity and the assurance that there would be a spot for them on the track and that no one would be left in the stands to watch from afar. Slowly, we were building a band of brothers who ran for the sense of belonging.
mountain runner. What they needed, each of them individually and wholly, was someone to spend time with them. Someone to lead them. Someone whom they could count on as the hours ticked away, one-slow-second-at-a-time. All these beautiful men have is time, and I quickly became aware that they were overjoyed to share it with me and my family.

I must have made a good impression during the first training, because at the end the guys gathered around and gave me and my family hugs and high-fives outside the rusty stadium gates before we walked to our car and departed for the warmth of our borrowed house. Little did I know that high fives and hugs would become a tradition for weeks to come.

With each passing lap of the track, more refugees started to show up. Some were in flip-flops, most were in jeans. At one point, Estelle, the founder of Yoga and Sport for Refugees, had to turn people away because we simply didn't have enough running shoes, shorts or socks to share with them. This wasn't right. If I was going to help these guys find normalcy in their lives through the simple act of running, I couldn't accept letting any of them watch from the stands. We needed equipment, and now. I looked to Jane and whispered, “Some of these guys have nothing but what they’re wearing.”

That night, I looked across the coal black Aegean Sea. The refugees need a running coach, huh? Nope. Estelle needs someone with marketing skills.

The following weekend I wrote, and my family edited, a video script. Within a few days, and with generous help from VidMob Gives, we recorded, scored, edited and posted a call for help on social media. Our goal? Raise $10,000 in two weeks. Family and friends were the place to start. Six days later, we hit our goal and within two weeks we neared $20,000. Boom!

With this money, we bought running shoes, shirts, socks, water bottles, yoga mats and so much more. We were able to give our new friends the things that we take for granted. But most important, we were able to give them dignity and the assurance that there would be a spot for them on the track and that no one would be left in the stands to watch from afar. Slowly, we were building a band of brothers who ran for the sense of belonging. For the feeling of being accepted. Set free to run for good, for a few hours, three evenings a week.

Early on, my family and I fell in love with Majid. Something about his presence lifted us. He was kind, gentle, and appreciated everything. Most of all, he gave us purpose and sowed seeds of affection and love.

For four weeks we saw Majid nearly every day. Whether it was at the track, in the mountains or across the dinner table. We couldn’t speak a lick to each other, but he was family. He became the big brother my girls never had. Their protector, their superhero, their inspiration. I took him to doctor appointments, bought him a watch and pushed him to run faster and harder. Jane cooked him homemade meals, doted, and encouraged him to study English so that the world would be more accessible. As he let go of some of his innate caution, he accepted our love. For our part, his tenderness, humility and vulnerability were palpable. He’d been dealt a tough hand, and we accepted him for who he was and respected him for all that he’d endured.

At our last dinner, we celebrated all that we had cherished in our short month together. We laughed. We cried. We hugged. We promised that this would not be the end of our new friendship but the beginning. We were all extended family now and a family doesn’t let space and time erode what’s been painstakingly crafted. We need each other.

To read the full-length story, you can purchase Chicken Soup for the Soul: Running for Good... and Walking Too! on Amazon or at Barnes & Noble. To learn more about Yoga and Sport for Refugees or to make a donation, please visit sportforrefugees.org.

Note: Ellie Purnell is now a IV Former at Kent.
### In Memoriam

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1937</td>
<td>Wilbur L. Cross III</td>
<td>March 4, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1940</td>
<td>V. Gibney Patterson</td>
<td>July 23, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1941</td>
<td>Whitney N. Seymour, Jr.</td>
<td>June 29, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1942</td>
<td>William G. Curran, Jr.</td>
<td>April 6, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1943</td>
<td>Herbert V.W. Bergamini</td>
<td>April 9, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1945</td>
<td>Hale McMahon</td>
<td>July 8, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Fred Thompkins III</td>
<td>June 6, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1947</td>
<td>Peter Pruyn</td>
<td>June 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Donald K. Sutherland</td>
<td>October 2016</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1950</td>
<td>John W. H. Gushée</td>
<td>November 29, 2018</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1952</td>
<td>Towar B. Bates, Jr.</td>
<td>May 7, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1953</td>
<td>Benjamin C. Moore</td>
<td>May 10, 2018</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>William C. Slack</td>
<td>June 16, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1956</td>
<td>Robert E. Casey</td>
<td>April 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1957</td>
<td>A.R. “Pete” Dunning, Jr.</td>
<td>March 21, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1959</td>
<td>John P. Williams, Jr.</td>
<td>June 22, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1962</td>
<td>Thomas G. Littell</td>
<td>May 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1966</td>
<td>James Wood (Hon)</td>
<td>February 4, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1971</td>
<td>Patrick A. Pulford</td>
<td>September 16, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1974</td>
<td>Stephen F. Brophy</td>
<td>June 7, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1981</td>
<td>Robert L. Constable</td>
<td>August 28, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1985</td>
<td>Scott D. Brown</td>
<td>May 5, 2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1988</td>
<td>Sarah E. Penegar</td>
<td>November 18, 2018</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1995</td>
<td>Eric J. Herrmann</td>
<td>July 14, 2019</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Chapel Service in the Garden

The Rev. Richardson W. Schell ’69 addresses the student body at the year-opening Chapel Garden Service, mid-1980s. Photo courtesy of Kent School Archives, Katy Armstrong, School Archivist.
DISCOVER AN EASY WAY TO EXTEND YOUR SUPPORT FOR KENT

If you’d like to make a gift to Kent but don’t want to part with funds today, there’s a simple solution: Designate Kent as the beneficiary of one of the assets listed below. It’s as easy as filling out a form.

- Retirement plan assets
- Life insurance policies
- Commercial annuities

Kent can be made the beneficiary for a percentage or for the full amount. It’s a gift that offers flexibility—you can change your plans if your circumstances change.

Step up to the plate for Kent!

How to Make Your Gift
Contact your retirement plan administrator, insurance company, bank or financial institution for a change-of-beneficiary form.

TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE BELL TOWER SOCIETY
or how to make arrangements for a planned gift, please contact Todd Marble, Director of Planned Giving (marblet@kent-school.edu or 860-927-6275) or visit our website, kent-school.giftplans.org.

This information is not intended as legal or tax advice. Please consult your legal and tax advisors.
Calendar of Events

HOLIDAY PARTY AT THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB
Thursday, December 12, 2019
New York, NY

KENT FORUM AT THE YALE CLUB
Tuesday, January 28, 2020
New York, NY

ALUMNIAE HOCKEY GAME
Saturday, February 29, 2020
Kent School

RANGERS GAME AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
Sunday, March 1, 2020
New York, NY

CELTICS GAME AT THE BOSTON GARDEN
Sunday, March 8, 2020
Boston, MA

RECEPTION AND DINNER AT RIOMAR BEACH CLUB
Wednesday, March 11, 2020
Vero Beach, FL

FESTIVAL EUCHARIST & RECEPTION
Sunday, April 26, 2020
Kent School

SAN FRANCISCO BAY DINNER CRUISE
Thursday, April 30, 2020
San Francisco, CA

REUNION WEEKEND
Friday–Sunday, May 15–17, 2020
Kent School

More to follow: Please check Kent-School.edu for updates on events.