Above: Alex Morrow with her parents, Mark and Joanne
Below: Charles Guan and dormmate Alex Kwon ’14
Bottom: Andrew Schlager and sister Allie

Above: Haley Erskine and her father, Jeffrey
Below: Eric Meller (center) with his twin brother Marc, mother Maureen, brother Brian, and father Gary ’68.

Above: Borkeny Sambou with her mother, Kimberly Carswell-Sambou

Below: Margarita Murgo surrounded by, from left, boyfriend Fidel Arellano; sister Azalea; brother Victor; grandfather Modesto Pelayo; mother Petra; father Victor; sister Priscilla; and grandmother Simona Garcia

A joyful morning, weather and all
Dear Members of the Class of 2012:

It seems like just yesterday we all were sitting in the chapel for the Senior-Faculty Convocation, gathered in that special space for the last time. We all listened as classmates and faculty members performed three beautiful musical selections and Max Block ’12 shared thoughts about the “determinism,” the “freedom-building education,” and knowledge that Andover faculty imparted to all of you. We all laughed as English instructor Randy Peffer shared Harry Potter anecdotes as well as personal reflections about your class. That night, I reminded you that you forever will be part of Andover’s history and Andover forever will be part of you. You were students here for one year, two years, three years, or four years, but now you have become alumni for life.

As we sat there on a cool, clear Friday night, I am sure you could not imagine what lay ahead for you and your classmates. As Mrs. Chase said on Saturday evening during Baccalaureate,
mindful of the discouraging forecast for Sunday morning, “Miracles do happen.” Despite unsettled weather, the ceremony was held outdoors (!) and was spectacular. Nothing could dampen the spirit of the great Class of 2012.

Now, as you span the globe preparing for new adventures with what I am sure are mixed feelings of excitement and trepidation, your lives as alumni officially have begun. We warmly welcome you to this next chapter.

What does it mean to be an Andover alum?
It means you are now part of an extraordinary alumni body. Find comfort in those friendships and connections. Use the network. Think of those who graduated before you as your new “Blue Keys,” ready to help you navigate new waters.

It means you have been privileged to receive a very special education. Use the skills you learned here to make a difference. Be proud of all you accomplished at Andover, yet embrace humility as you lead and serve.

Finally, we hope you will stay connected to the Academy and the people who are its community. Come back to campus for visits whenever you can. Nothing compares to driving up Route 28 after you have been away for many months and seeing the Bell Tower in the distance. I still get chills every time!

We will miss all of you but are proud to see you go. Good luck with your next adventure, and please keep in touch.

All the best,

Debby B. Murphy ’86
Director of Alumni Affairs
1. Pietro Bondi, Corrine Ricard, Alexi Bell ’13, and Christian Jaster
2. Blake Grubbs and his date Kerri Dodier; Ryan Hartung and Shannon Adams
3. Erin Hoey, Joshua Hayward ’13, Suzanna Flaster, David Crane ’13, Frannie McCarthy, and Connor Fraser ’13
4. Asia Bradlee and Charlie Budney
5. John Ingram ’11 and Elizabeth Oppong
6. Rory Ziomek ’13 and Chelsea Grain
7. Qianxi He and Emre Anamur
8. Emily Pond and Jordan Smith
9. Angelo Morlani ’13 and Kiara Valdez
10. Zoe Roschach, Margot Shoemaker, Madeleine Kim, and Scott Livingston ’13
12. Katharine Mesrobian, Alexander Davidson, and Jun Oh and his date, Carah McClure

13. James Rullo and Catherine Anderson with Catherine’s mother, Mary Mulligan, instructor in history and social science

14. Charles Guan and Seika Nagao

15. Katherine McLean, Madison Grant, Evan Eads, Gabriella Cirelli, and Isabel Elson
Anticipation Grows Senior-Faculty Convocation and Senior Concert
1. Enek Peterson, Lauren Howard, and Ayaka Shinozaki
2. Paul Noh
3. Yonwoo Kim, concertmaster, conducts the Adagio from Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony
4. Greg Zhang, David Ding, Marga Kempner, Ryan Canavan, Lauren Howard, Rachel Ryu, Yonwoo Kim, Joshua Henderson '15, and Miki Nagahara '13
5. Gabbie Cirelli and the Senior STARs present Barbara Landis Chase with the class gift of $9,185.97.
6. A humorous moment at Senior-Faculty Convocation
7. Director of Admission Bill Leahy and friends

See and Hear Senior-Faculty Convocation at www.andover.edu/magazine
It seemed ironic that the evening’s student speaker—a wild and crazy, brilliant and beloved boy from Weston, Massachusetts—ended his humor-studded remarks, which ranged from Borscht Belt schtick to his mother’s frequent tears to his father’s gentle reminder that he would not be that special here at Andover, with Longfellow’s sentimental poem, “My Lost Youth.”

A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

But not if you realized how much Andrew Schlager loved his Andover experience. “Say thank you generously. Say thank you to everyone,” he advised his classmates. “To the friend who pulled through an all-nighter with you, to the girl across the hall you brushed your teeth next to every morning.” He added some favorite teachers to the list. And the well-liked thespian also took the long view: “I’d like to think of seniors as plays, and I hope we all can treat our diplomas as living documents, not resigned and ghostly trophies. The cynic might tell us not to rest on our laurels; the sentimentalist says that an Andover education is never complete.”
When Carroll Perry—the highly popular retiring economics instructor—took the podium, he was Schlager’s perfect complement. “You will rush headlong into your lives in college and the professions. I will slip out the other end of this continuum, into retirement…. I know very little, but I will read everything. If one of you discovers a new way to improve the energy grid, I’ll know. If you write a good play, I’ll exalt in your success; if you write a bad novel, I’ll sympathize. As the Gelb side of your class proceeds into engineering, science, and medicine, I’ll read all I can. If one of you devises a way to imbed solar cells in common house paint, I’ll go ask a retired physics teacher how it works.

“You, awash in talent and experience, will become the teachers; I, your student. There is nothing but gain here. I will know no less, and you will teach me more. Perhaps because we’ve all been so busy, this future seems a little indistinct and ‘out there.’ But I say goodbye to you in the clear light of at least one certainty. For what you will teach, in the many, many ways you will teach it, I will thank you again, and again, and again.”

Colton Dempsey’s dad, Burke Dempsey ’80, looked out over the Cochran crowd and observed: “The amount of caring in this room is astronomical!” The Cantor Fitzgerald managing director then evoked what he called “the 800-pound gorilla in the room.” It wasn’t Gunga, but non sibi…not words for volunteer work, but a way of living. “Non sibi can come from a mix of passions…it is not a vow of obscurity and poverty…and it can be spontaneous and have unpredictable outcomes, which make you stronger.” He illustrated each point with wonderful stories of two of his classmates and from his own experience with 9/11—a testament to Gandhi’s belief that “the way to find yourself is to lose yourself in the service of others.”
Head of School Barbara Landis Chase invites the Class of 2012 on a last walk across the Andover campus as she addresses the graduating class for the 18th and final time. Congratulations! Zachary Greenberg, Sarah Freedman, and Lydia Azaret.
Class of 2012, we, your teachers and families and friends, gather here this morning to celebrate your signal achievement: You have earned a Phillips Academy diploma. Congratulations! We also gather to help you to bid farewell to Andover. You came here knowing well the important lessons you had learned from your families. You have never forgotten them! This morning, though, we reflect upon what Andover, its community, and its culture have taught.

Culture has great power to teach, and yet, we describe it with great difficulty. How can we take its measure when it seems so abstract? Sometimes the abstract becomes real only when it takes on concrete substance. Such is the magic of poetry. Poets are able to spin transcendent meaning from ordinary objects. In Emily Dickinson’s calculus, hope becomes the “thing with feathers.” French poet Yves Bonnefoy sees in a snowflake the “boundless moment of now.” Walt Whitman defines the promise of America in *Leaves of Grass*. Though few of us are poets, I do believe we have all shared a common experience that will live with us as a kind of poetry, and that is the poetry of this campus. Each of us has walked it day to day, as if sailing on a sea of beauty. And, my fellow graduates, I can absolutely predict one thing: Through 18 years of conversations with alumni, I’ve learned that when we return, the sights of this campus—the bell tower looming on the horizon, the walled Great Lawn; Samuel Phillips Hall’s blue clock tower, the elms—all will evoke strong emotion. This morning, just as we are about to take our leave, let us, as poets of a sort, find in the tangible, physical aspects of this campus, the ideals and values of Andover—its lessons for a lifetime. And in our absence from this place in the years ahead, let us hold them dear.

Please understand that all of us, no matter what our age, learn from our association with this place, this community. As the most senior member of your class by far, I have learned more than I will ever be able to describe or even to fully understand from Andover—much of it from you; I thank you for that.

In the years ahead, like you, I will think back to the familiar places and work and fun and routines, playing our parts on the stage of Andover Hill. Follow me, now, as I take the walk I have taken most mornings of my time here. I cross Main Street and enter the main campus through the opening in the wall that surrounds the Great Lawn. These rough grey granite walls, seamed with white and softened in stretches by trailing vine, define a close community. Close, but never closed, for Andover strives to open itself and you to the world.
Some might question our relevance (geographically bounded and defined as we are) in an increasingly virtual world. While it is true that we must embrace the opportunities the virtual world presents to augment learning, I believe that the need for a place like this Academy has never been greater. You have come from many places and experiences; you bring talent and character that are nurtured by gifted, diverse, and dedicated teachers who impart their wisdom in the classroom and far beyond. Here you work hard, you reach for excellence, and you face inescapable diversity. You constantly brush up against difference, you consider it, you challenge it, you learn to build bridges to span it. And all this you do in the context of a close community that sets high standards in both an academic and moral sense. No virtual experience will ever replace such learning. So, Youth from Every Quarter, take these lessons from the campus walls that have surrounded you. This kind of community is rare; take it, in spirit, wherever you go.

Follow me now, as I continue my walk across the Great Lawn. In the distance, just ahead, I see Samuel Phillips Hall, our central classroom building topped with its blue-faced clock tower. SamPhil’s massive mahogany doors remind me of the knowledge you have gained in every one of our classrooms—of your intellectual curiosity, which this faculty has nurtured. And they have nurtured something else. For above the blue clock sits a golden weathervane. Its N, for north point, reminds me that you have also learned here to
search for your own true north—always to consider what is the right thing to do, how to do good—always remembering that “Knowledge and Goodness combined form the noblest character and lay the surest foundation of usefulness to mankind.”

The Real Motivation of Non Sibi

As I walk, I look to my right and see the Memorial Bell Tower, Andover’s iconic World War I memorial. Sometimes, of course, if the time is right, I listen with pleasure to the bells toll the hour or the carillon play. And that sound sometimes makes me remember an experience several years ago that brought me a moment of joyful epiphany. It was a very hot day in August, and the campus was almost deserted. The Bell Tower had recently been reconstructed, after being taken down brick by brick, because of its deteriorating condition. Now construction was complete, and that day Dutch technicians had arrived to tune the new bells that had come from Holland.

The carillon would play that afternoon for the first time in many years. Already at Andover for 10 years, I would hear the bells for the first time that afternoon! I rounded up some colleagues to join me to walk over to the tower for a demonstration. A small group of us, including Temba Maqubela, our dean of faculty and chemistry instructor extraordinaire, gathered at the base of the tower.

The engineers and Mr. Maqubela soon discovered that they could communicate easily in Dutch, since Temba’s Afrikaans from South Africa was so similar. They had a cordial conversation about how the bells worked, about Dutch food they all loved, and about the language and culture they shared. These young Dutch visitors,
whose ancestral countrymen had colonized South Africa and later imposed the system of Apartheid, and your teacher, Mr. Maquabela, who had joined the resistance against Apartheid and eventually fled to the United States as a refugee—here they were, finding common language and common ground in Andover, Massachusetts—thousands of miles from their native lands. As we walked back across the campus amidst green and sultry loveliness, the carillon began to play “America.” And, in that moment, for me, hope and history rhymed, to use the words of poet Seamus Heaney. Hope and history rhymed.

Whatever our individual memories of the Bell Tower, its one universal message is of non sibi. On the south side of the tower is inscribed in Latin, “A Reminder and a Pledge of Love.” And the names of seven graduates of the Class of 1912, who sat where you sit today exactly 100 years ago, are inscribed on the Bell Tower. Many more than the seven who died served in that war, including soldiers and ambulance drivers from Phillips and nurses and hospital administrators from the Abbot Class of 1912. But that inscription, “A Reminder and a Pledge of Love,” speaks to service more broadly than just military service, and it invokes the real motivation of non sibi: love, which, in turn, invokes the duty to serve others. So, combine the leadership, of which each of you is capable, with a sense of service, which you also possess. Feel truly grateful for the blessings you have received, and respond with altruism, generosity, and love. May these be the gifts of the Bell Tower. They are gifts our world sorely needs.

Finally, on the walk to my office each morning, I see trees at every turn—those living sentinels of our own experience and
that of our predecessors and our successors. We look to our campus trees, especially the elms, for a sense of comfort and connection to this place and to the natural world. We take our measure by their elegant stature, and sheltered by their graceful limbs, we find our place in this community and in the world. The trees speak to our souls. Perhaps like some of you other soon-to-be graduates, I have, of late, found myself taking the long way 'round in order to walk once again under the Elm Arch or to linger beneath the trailing branches of the heroic American Elm beside the library. This giant begs for adjectives like majestic, towering, noble. Nearly 300 years old, named the Bicentennial Elm in honor of the nation’s 200th birthday in 1976, it has been a part of this campus since before there was a campus. Some of us have had the chance to get to know and love this tree for years. We have 12 faculty and staff children in the class of 2012; some of them were born here and have lived on campus for their whole lives. They might have gazed up at the Elm’s branches as they were pushed beneath it in their strollers.

Felipe’s Inspiration

But it does not take long for the substance and spirit of this tree to cast its spell. So I came to understand several weeks ago, when one of your classmates, a one-year senior from Rio Branco in the Brazilian Amazonian rain forest, told his story to an alumni gathering. Felipe spoke of how his parents had planted an acerola tree in his yard the year he was born. He watched the tree grow, picked its cherry-like fruit, and came to love it. It taught him to appreciate the fragile ecosystem in which he and the tree lived and inspired Felipe’s dream of helping to save the rain forest. He worked hard in school. He borrowed National Geographic magazines in English "to learn the language that would help [him] convince … people to stop deforestation." Through a series of circumstances driven by Felipe’s own initiative and the generosity of an Andover alumna and the Andover admission and financial aid program, Felipe learned about Andover, dreamed of coming here, and ultimately achieved his dream. He loved taking environmental science this year and plans to study it in college. Felipe told the alumni how much he has come to feel at home here at Andover in just this one year. The campus feels familiar and dear to him. Here is how he ended his speech: “It was an afternoon, when the campus was covered by… snow… that I learned an unforgettable lesson of my Andover experience. Returning to my dorm after squash, I stopped to observe the majestic elm tree adjacent to the library. That elm tree was alive during George Washington’s presidency; it experienced American Independence, a huge dream, a possibility that came true. As I looked at that enduring...”
tree, over 200 years old, I truly understood that Andover made my dreams possible, and [that] saving the beloved acerola tree of my native Brazil was within my reach.”

As Felipe finished his talk, the hundreds of alumni to whom he spoke realized anew the power and reach of their school, of Felipe’s school, of your school, of our school. We wish him well; we wish all of you well in achieving your dreams beyond Andover.

So we find ourselves beneath the Bicentennial Elm in Felipe’s company as I near the end of my speech. But allow me one final stop, albeit a detour from my daily walk, before I come to an end. Return with me to Cochran Chapel, where we sat together for Baccalaureate last evening. Remember the music, the brilliant and heartfelt testaments of what teaching and learning at Andover mean. Remember the light from our candles. Then remember an earlier meeting in that glorious space on your first day at Andover. That day, you felt anxious and far from home, with no idea of how and when you would claim this place as your own. Then, I asked you to look up and find the nearest Cochran Chapel angel smiling beatifically down upon you and adopt it as your guardian. Find that angel once again in your mind’s eye. May it continue to follow you as you journey onward; may it look down upon you with generosity and grace and love in the years ahead.

Finally, once again, I thank each of you and your thousands of sisters and brothers who have graduated in these 18 years for all you have taught me.

And now, dear friends of the Class of 2012, we have come to the moment of parting.

Take our blessings as you go.

Go in peace.

Go with our love.

Godspeed.

—Barbara Landis Chase
Head of School
June 3, 2012

Above: Presented during Commencement by Head of School Barbara Landis Chase (far left), the Academy’s five major prizes were awarded to, from left, Ryan A. Ramos (Non Sibi Award), Andrew J. Schlager (Aurelian Honor Society Award), Jamie L. Shenk (Yale Bowl), Ceylon Auguste-Nelson (Madame Sarah Abbot Award), and David (Fengning) Ding (Faculty Prize). Board President Oscar Tang ’56 (far right) congratulates prizewinners on behalf of the Board of Trustees.

Above: Taichi Yokoyama and Boyd Whittall
Right: Noah Le Gros, William Poss, and Benjamin Scharf
Below: Sofia Suarez, Lauren Howard, and Claudia Shin

Top right: Felipe Storch de Oliveira
Opposite page: Ben Romero

See and Hear Commencement exercises at www.andover.edu/magazine
Major prizes and awards earned by members of the Class of 2012

**GENERAL PRIZES & AWARDS**
- Achievement Prize: Seyoung Lee
- Ayars Prize: Shelby V. Carpenter
- Fuller Prize: Kelsey S. Jamieson
- Isabel Maxwell
- Hancock Award: Marga E. Kempner
- Kingsbury Prize: Ryan M. Canavan
- Phillipian Prize: Tananya Thamthieng
- Richard Jewett
- Schweppe Prize: Brandon P. Wong
- Abbot Stevens Prize: Maxwell B. Block
- Sullivan Prize: Brianna E. Barros
- Van Duzer Prize: James Lim
- Warren Prize: Shanera A. Brodie

**DEPARTMENT PRIZES & AWARDS**

**ART**
- Achievement Prize: Julianne Aucoin
- Architecture Award: Lorenzo Conte
- Gordon “Diz” Bensley Award in Art History: Juliana Brandano
- John Metcalf Prize: Shelby Carpenter
- Morse Prize: Caroline von Klemperer
- Thompson Prize: Madeleine Kim
- Pamela Weidenman Memorial Prize: Soo Jung Choy
- Video Award: Michelle Hantman

**CLASSICS**
- Achievement Prize: Julianne Aucoin
- Poetry Prize: Cameron J. Hastings
- Prize for Fiction: Apsara Iyer
- Essay Prize (Carr-Clough): Andrew V. Sanchez
- Draper Prize: David Tylnski
- Means Essay Prize: Hannah H. Lee

**HISTORY & SOCIAL SCIENCE**
- Class of 1946 Economics Prize: Matthew D. Lloyd-Thomas (First)
- Apsara A. Iyer (Second)
- Fengning (David) Ding (Third)
- Suttalak Techavarutama (Third)
- Dawes Prize: Thea E. Raymond-Sidel
- Marshall S. Kates Prize: Seyoung Lee (First)
- Jamie L. Shenk (Second)
- Lauder Prize: Ryan M. Canavan

**MATHEMATICS**
- Galbiati Prize: James Lim
- Charles Guan
- William F. Graham Prize: Minyeh E. Anele
- Bernard Joseph Medal: James Lim
- Robert E. Maynard Prize: Chuan Xu
- Fengning (David) Ding
- McCurdy Prize: Emily C. Adler
- Kelsey S. Jamieson
- Watt Prize: Fengning (David) Ding
- Thipok Rak-amnouykit

**THEATRE & DANCE**
- N. Penrose Hallowell Award: Andrew Jordan Schlager

**WORLD LANGUAGES**
- Neuman Prize (Chinese): Matthew Mattia
- James Hooper Grew Prize (French): Katherine Hebb
- Poetry Recitation (French 520): Kelsey Jamieson
- Stevenson Prize (German): Julia Torabi
- Pan American Society Language Certificate (Spanish): Apsara A. Iyer
- Benjamin C. & Kathleen S. Jones Prize (Russian): Sarah M. Friedman

**SCIENCE**
- Advanced Chemistry Prize: James Lim
- Charles Guan
- Dalton Prize in Chemistry: James Lim
- Charles Guan
- Graham Prize in Science: James Lim
- Independent Research Prize in Biology: Claudia Shin
- Scoville Prize in Science: Max Block
- Wadsworth Prize in Physics: Fengning (David) Ding
- Thipok Rak-amnouykit (First)

**MUSIC**
- Milton Collier Prize: Jung Hyun Noh
- Charles Cutter Prize: Yonwoo Kim
- Kate Friskin Prize: Lauren E. Kim (piano)
- Fuller Concert Band Prize: Kevin Jiang
- Fengning (David) Ding
- Fuller Jazz Band Prize: Daniel L. Kirchmar
- Bassett Watt Hough Prize: James Lim
- Ainsworth B. Jones Prize: Kelly A. Stathis
- Jackie Wu
- Gregory S. Zhang
- Carl F. Pfatteicher Prize: Isabella A. Kralzer
- Julianne Wassels
- Edward P. Paynter Prize: Min Jae Yoo
- Robert S. Warsaw
- Music Prize: Andrew V. Sanchez
- Marga E. Kempner
- Fengning (David) Ding
- Enrek F. Peterson
- Chamber Music: Hannah H. Lee
- Jina Lee
- Sunwoo Ryu
- Jazz Chamber Music: Charles Guan
- Music in the Community: Emily E. Adler
- Qianxi He
- Madden P. Bremer

*Read* more awards at www.andover.edu/magazine
*Read* 2012 college matriculations at www.andover.edu/magazine
I’d thank you from the bottom of my heart, but for you my heart has no bottom.

—KENNEDY

Andover (n): A collection of sometimes wonderful, often questionable, perpetually sleep-deprived moments. Thanks!

—SCHERZADE

To Andover, a second home. To all my friends, a second family. For you guys, I will always BLEED BLUE!

—BRANDON
Thanks to the editors of Pot Pourri for use of student quotes.

Andover, thanks for letting me live the dream.
—Nick Carmada

Life isn’t about finding yourself, it’s about creating yourself.
—Chebata Moore

I am a different person walking out than I was walking in. Thank you for being brilliant, gorgeous, talented and fabulous, Andover.
—Shannon Callahan
And finally, in deference to your fellow “classmate” and fourteenth head of school, we offer you this simple charge:

Be kind.

Be mindful of the lessons history can teach us.

Be the change you want to see in the world.

That dream, as one of your classmates has already noted, is always worth the “Chase.”

Amen.

—Rev. Anne Gardner
Protestant Chaplain
Commencement benediction

Mrs. Chase and several “classmates” of 2012 delivered the iconic blue hockey stick that marked the popular Head of School Day during most of Mrs. Chase’s tenure to its permanent home in the Academy archive.
A Final Tribute from Classmates to Barbara Landis Chase

The message below, in candles on fabric that when burned down would create a banner, was left on the front walk of Phelps House by anonymous new graduates on the night of Commencement. A note left with it said, “the candles symbolize the spirit within each of us...”
how to play trumpet

relax your shoulders
tense your arm and ball your hand into a fist
as tightly as you can
relax it, feel every muscle
don’t let it cease to be tense
be intentional
make the relaxation deliberate
now when you think you have it relaxed, relax it even more
so your arm is invisible
don’t be afraid
don’t think
send a 20-foot peg from the arches of your feet
down into the earth
starting from the soft space right behind the sternum
you are an anchor
sing into your trumpet
sing formally
pronounce your t’s
extend your peripheral vision
so you can see everything, 360 degrees around
don’t focus on anything
go outside yourself
relax your ankles
remember this feeling
become aware of your ribcage
feel the curve of each rib
illuminate them
now your shoulders are straight
your head is not cocked
and your arm is invisible
invest
let it be easier than breathing
make the most celestial sound you have ever made
don’t let it escape
suck every note out of the page and
when you breathe them out again
some of you will come out too
but it’s ok
feel your heartbeat
be yourself
love

—Isabel Knight ’12
To naïve bewilderment at ancient bricks and eggshell columns. To slate-lined paths hung with elm, to the chatter of introductions and the nervousness that newness brings. To feeling overwhelmed with so little to do, to ignoring lights out. To hushed relief at seeing the face of a friend.

To familiarity and to ease, to the security of known territory and the excitement of the uncharted. To singing in a dark chapel, to hearing the sound soar through black, empty arches. To failure with a smile. To knowing the insistence of stress in your stomach. To letting it seep from your body into the sun-steeped grass. To the sadness of watching new friends leave.
To familiarity and to ease, to the security of known territory and the excitement of the uncharted. To singing in a dark chapel, to hearing the sound soar through black, empty arches. To failure with a smile. To knowing the insistence of stress in your stomach. To letting it seep from your body into the sun-steeped grass. To the sadness of watching new friends leave. To leaning on old ones. To forgetting how to sleep and the day of the week. To petitioning for Procrastination as a seventh course. To carpeted floors strewn with papers and tired girls, to blank Word documents and a blinking cursor. To naps at midnight. To learning to drink coffee black, no matter the hour. To temperamental microwaves and to fire engines. To finding camaraderie in shared anxiety; to dreading Thursday nights and to hand-me-down futons. To no time for second drafts.

And to measuring years from September to September. To anticipation and to the unexpected. To feeling invincible. To the mistakes we all make; to anger at seeing loved ones wronged. To understanding there is no ‘best and brightest.’ And to being content with ‘good’ and ‘bright.’ To the adults who truly care and to seeing friends in new ways. To incredible happiness. To sitting, with books cast aside, talking late into the night because so much time has slipped away. To feeling friends’ pain as if it were your own. To making a room of stained white walls and fading blue molding feel like home. To knowing it was.

—Isabella Kratzer ’12
An end and a beginning...

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