A change and a parting...
Mandisa Mjamba and her mother Phethiwe

Ryan Adam with his brother Adam (front) and Adam Tohn

Shane Bouchard with his grandparents Dave and Judy Knoll and grandmother Eleanor Bouchard

Annie Brown with her parents Dave and Jan

Gauri Thaker with her father Yogendra and mother Devyani

The Doyle family: Billy ’05, Jack ’10, Kathryn ’03, Mary ’08

Lauren Verdine flanked by (left to right) her mother Kasumi, sister Erika, father Greg, and her aunt and uncle Naomi and Jerry Shapiro

Left: Tristin Moore (second from left) with her mother Patricia and sisters Cary and Sandre

Sharing the joy with family and friends
YOUNG GIRL AT TEMPLE

Seven years, blade thin, big clothes, not a sin
Outside the Bombay temple, the markets
pulse races
Hindi yelps in the air, quick gasps, blurred
faces.
The auspicious day so the temple was spilling
Line winds serpentine, frantically and willing.
But even amidst the throngs of devotees
There was really only one girl I could see
Whispering Hindi to me.

Her hands on her lips, forming a bowl
"Please" she breathes, an arrow to my soul.
The pavement around her, piles of filth
She begged on her tiptoes, up like stilts
Her fragile fingers recite Mozart on my arm
Pressing and tapping and gripping, my alarms
Are blaring in my head, nerves on fire
Cause what I know I should do and what I
know I should do are not the same
"Don’t even look at them" that’s what they say
"Shake your head, do not pay, shake your
head, walk away"

But the Hindi plea she breathed, was like a
sacred prayer
Her wet black eyes framed by untamed hair
As tall as my buckle but her gaze in the skies
Looking straight at me, straight into my eyes
The crowd was a cage
They locked us inside
There was no avoiding this tragic collide
Like a minor note in a major key
She was all that I could see.
We pushed through the crowd, she kept right
beside me
Small steps, quick paces, eyes fixed in a hurry
I slipped through the gate, she was stopped
by security
But when I looked back through the wire
She was still there, watching me, forlorn eyes
on fire.
Cause what I knew I should do and what I
knew I should do
I still don’t know
Which one was right

—Michael Scognamiglio ’10

Scognamiglio's poem was inspired by
an experience he had with the Niswirth
Program in India as a rising upper.
Warm and heartfelt congratulations to the Class of 2010!

We are pleased to offer this inaugural Commencement Issue of *Andover, the magazine of Phillips Academy*. Produced especially for graduating seniors and their families, this new issue captures the major events of the three days leading up to Commencement—prom, Senior-Faculty Convocation, the Senior Concert and Baccalaureate service on Saturday—and the culminating event on Sunday morning.

It was an unusual Commencement, buffeted by what the local press called a “macroburst” that roared through Andover around five o’clock on a very sultry Saturday afternoon, uprooting trees, flinging large limbs about, and briefly sending an event tent skyward. Unsettled weather continued into the evening, prompting the administration to postpone making the dreaded decision of whether or not to hold Commencement exercises indoors until just one hour before they were to begin. That presented a major challenge to procession coordinator Mike Kuta and the Office of Physical Plant. It meant setting up two venues—on the lush green lawn in front of SamPhil where the exhibition is traditionally held and in the Cage, the default rain location. Half of the folding chairs were set up in each site. Just in case, Kuta had led the Class of 2010 through rehearsals in both locations the afternoon before. All rose admirably to the challenge.

Sunday morning, June 6, dawned gray, the heat had lingered, the air was heavy with rain. Thunderstorms threatened, and safety concerns ruled. At 9 a.m. the call was made and the word went out through the wonders of the Web. Within the hour, the chairs had been whisked from the lawn into the Cage, the podium and sound technology installed. At precisely 10 a.m. the pipes whined their opening notes, the drumbeats sprang to their cadence, the Class of 2010—assembled gamely in the gym—began the march over the catwalk, and Commencement 2010 was begun, reminding us all that the meaning is in the memories.

—Sally V. Holm
Dear Members of the Class of 2010,

It is hard to believe two months have passed since you were circled as a class, passing your diplomas one by one, unified for the last time. Now you span the globe, preparing for new adventures with what I am sure are some mixed feelings of excitement and trepidation. Your lives as alumni also have begun, and 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 and willing 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, being an Andover alum means you forever will be part of Andover’s history, and we hope Andover forever will be part of you. Stay connected to the institution and the people who are part of this community. Attend alumni events. Come back to campus for visits whenever you can. Nothing beats driving up Route 28 and seeing the Bell Tower in the distance after you have been away for many months. I still get chills every time!

One of my favorite Andover mottos has always been Finis Origine Pendet—the end depends upon the beginning. I must confess that since becoming director of alumni affairs I have begun to think about this phrase differently. Senior year at Andover is certainly not the beginning of the end. If I could change the phrase slightly, it would read, “the beginning depends upon the beginning.” I like to think that your time at Andover has led you to the beginning of a new and exciting adventure. We will miss all of you but are proud to see you go. Good luck, and please keep in touch!

All the best,

Debby B. Murphy ’86
Director of Alumni Affairs

Cheers for 2010! Mat Kelley and Caroline Gezon present the class gift of $21,714.70—achieving an astounding and record-breaking 96 percent participation.
A Whirlwind of Final Events
Prom, Senior-Faculty Convocation, Senior Concert
SENIOR CONCERT
Left to right: Jacob Shack, Hoonee Moon, Jennifer Chew

SENIOR-FACULTY CONVOCATION
Background: banner bearers Mandisa Mjamba and Andrew Townson
Below: Michael Scognamiglio
Photos from left: Stassja Sichko, Nathalie Sun, Director of Student Activities Cindy Elfinger, Claire King, and Riley Gardner, Julian Chernyk and Carl Bewig, associate director of college counseling; Celia Cadwell (left) with Hannah Bardo and her father, instructor in English Seth Bardo
See and Hear
Senior-Faculty Convocation at www.andover.edu/magazine.
“The tears may come,” Lily Shaffer said from the podium in Cochran Chapel to her classmates of 2010, “from a longing for this place...the gorgeous maple walls we sat beneath...jogs through the Sanctuary, trips to Pomps and Holt Hill, late night four square tournaments, 2 a.m. bonding moments when the entire Class of 2010 is online struggling over a History 320 paper, Blue Sharks, the cherry tree in spring. But I think what I will truly miss is...you...the 293 brilliant, courageous, beautiful people sitting in front of me...the vivacious bunch throwing their arms up in triumphant Xs one last time. I will miss you with all my heart.”

Baccalaureate, from the memories shared to the confessions of loss to the uplifting candlelight close, gave moving expression to the bittersweet emotions of farewell for seniors and their parents, as well as for faculty. Dave Penner, closing out 37 years of teaching math at Andover, urged seniors to remember the wealth of opportunity that was theirs on the Hill and use it to “hunt for chances to develop opportunities for others.” Anne and Bill Doyle, parents of Jack '10 (and three other PA graduates), spoke of the importance of wonderful connections and “the penetrating happiness” Andover had given their children.

And as she sent them all into a stormy night, Catholic Chaplain Dr. Mary Kantor offered as a benediction excerpts from a poem by former U.S. Poet Laureate Billy Collins:

THE BLUE
You can have Egypt and Nantucket.
The only place I want to visit is The Blue, not the Wild Blue Yonder that seduces pilots, but that zone where the unexpected dwells, waiting to come out of it in the shape of bolts.

I want to walk its azure perimeter where the unanticipated is coiled, on the mark, ready to spring into the predictable homes of earth.

I want to stroll through the pale indigo light examining all the accidents about to rocket into time, all the forgotten names about to fly from tongues.

I will scrutinize all the surprises of the future and watch the brainstorm gathering darkly, ready to hit the heads of inventors laboring in their crackpot shacks.

A jaded traveler with an invisible passport, I am at home in this heaven of the unforeseen waiting for the next whoosh of sudden departure when, with no advance warning, no tiny augury, the unpredictable plummets into our lives from somewhere that looks like sky.

See and Hear Baccalaureate service at www.andover.edu/magazine.
Like the class of students it celebrated, Commencement 2010 was far from ordinary. Rain and threats of lightning pushed the traditional ceremony from emerald lawns, the backdrop of beloved edifices, and the shelter of towering elms…to Case Memorial Cage, for the first time since 1993 and the first time in Head of School Barbara Chase’s 16-year tenure at Andover’s helm. And yet, it produced its own extraordinary memories—Clan McPherson’s pipes seemed more stirring, the colors of international flags more intense, the feeling perhaps more intimate.

The hallowed circle, which first graced the Great Lawn in front of the Addison Gallery in 1952, has formed only three times on the Cage’s upper deck. With families and friends below, the arrangement allowed them a rare place inside the circle, looking up at the beaming faces of the new graduates. After the final name had been read and the last diploma found the hands of its owner, Mrs. Chase promised them all a second circle—to be formed on the Great Lawn where so many have formed before—at their Fifth Reunion in 2015. That promise brought down the house.

Dear Seniors, dearest friends, here you sit in this tender, tectonic moment—together for the very last time. And I struggle mightily to find the right words to send you off. In search of inspiration, I reach back to a beloved novel published exactly 100 years ago for my text. It comes from E.M. Forster’s Howards End: “Only connect; Live in fragments no longer.” These words are well suited to your strengths and to the challenges you will face in this new, often wonderful, sometimes frightening world. A century after Forster wrote Howards End, new technologies help us, compel us, to experience more and more of the world. But connectivity does not necessarily lead to authentic connection. So, this morning, let’s think about real connection. You are good at it; and I will show you this, I hope, by asking you to consider three ways of connecting: connecting with your history; connecting with this place; connecting with others.

First, connect with your history: Especially with your families! In your early, vulnerable years, your families took care of you. As you grew, they came to understand your promise and potential better than anyone. They sent you to Andover to develop your character and use your talents. They watch you with pride today. This first part of my talk is dedicated to your families—those who sit here this morning and those who are here only in spirit.

One of my favorite radio shows, StoryCorps, airs the interviews of thousands of pairs of ordinary people, often family members: parent and child, brother and sister. They enter one
BLUE KEY HEADS CELEBRATE
Kneeling: B.J. Garry
Front row: Sara Alban, Stassja Sichko, Nathalie Sun, and Riley Gardner
Back row: Claire King (hidden), Charlie Walters, Brian Safstrom, Michael Scognamiglio, and Scotty Fleming
Above, from left: Riley Gardner, Maggie Law, Brenna Liponis, Peyton Wilson, and Ziwe Fumudoh

Center: Alex Farrell

Left: Ramya Prathuri

Top: “Vivat academia! Vivant professores!” Kyle Franco and Charlie Walters join their voices to the chorus of the traditional 13th-century academic hymn “Gaudeamus.”

Above, from left: Annie Rau, Taylor Smith, Caroline Kaufman, and Helen Lord

of the StoryCorps booths around the country, and sitting at a small bare table across from one another with microphones in front of them, they begin to talk. Everyday details, along with feelings never before revealed, begin to emerge.

Inspired by StoryCorps, I once taped an interview with my 90-year-old mother about her childhood in small-town Pennsylvania during the Great Depression. She told me how she had cajoled her mother into letting her deliver newspapers after school to earn extra money, how the canvas bag holding the afternoon edition of the Harrisburg Telegraph hung heavy on her shoulder, how excited she felt to be given an extra nickel for landing the paper smack in the middle of a neighbor’s porch, every day for a week. I learned a lot about my mother that day and a lot about myself.

So, a suggestion, Seniors: take the time soon to interview, or at least to have a long conversation with, your mother, father, or another close family member. Ask them about their lives and your life so far. And listen, really listen, to their answers.

You might ask questions from your earliest history like:

• What is your first memory of me?

• Tell me about my very first day of school.

• What was your favorite children’s book to read to me?

And ask questions about your more recent history:

• How did you feel on the day you dropped me off at Andover?

• How have you seen me grow and change?

• What do you hope for my future?

In these conversations you will discover from your past life clues about whom you have become, and also insights into the soul of someone you care for. As the title of the StoryCorps book puts it: Listening Is an Act of Love.

It was not just family members who helped make you who you were when you came here. The teachers who taught you shaped you as well. This came home to me with shining clarity on that grand day of the spring Andover-Exeter games. My husband
and I had invited college friends to join us. They took a special interest in the games. The husband is an Andover alumnus, his wife, a kindergarten teacher who taught several members of your class, including one who was running in the track meet. My friend and I cheered Tavie on as she started out strong in a large field of runners in the 3000, then fell behind, and finally, in the last leg of that important race, put on a valiant burst of speed that brought her past several runners to finish a strong third, with her best performance of the season. As she crossed the finish line, I saw joyful tears on my friend’s face as she took in the wonder of the strong young woman her former 5-year-old student had become. It’s all those influences—your families, your teachers, and of course, your own resolve and resilience—that have brought you to this place today. So, I believe, as an institution we need to cultivate a certain humility about our impact on you. Profound as it has been, it does not stand in isolation, but as part of the fabric of your whole life.

**The second connection: to this place, this community, this idea of Andover.**

Here you connected with new teachers and new friends; new ideas and opportunities.

We have seen the fruition of those connections vividly in this spring of your Andover career. Your final projects capped a broad and deep reach into—and connection with—knowledge and goodness. Just a few examples:

Your **Art 500** projects connected you with the inspiration of an artist you chose whose work you admired. They connected all of us with your artistic talent and with the very human issues you explored: Jen’s beautiful photographs of African and African American students, with Ethiopian face decoration, explored the ties and dissonances of the African Diaspora. Inspired by pioneering photographer Edward Muybridge, Sam used multiple video cameras to explore the beauty of human movement. Both artists used images of classmates as subjects—a further close connection. At the opening, in the crowded and energy-filled gallery, I loved hearing you explain to friends and family, over a glass of lemonade, how you went about your projects and what they meant to you.

On the muggy spring evening of the poster session for your Molecular Biology Research course, each of you stood by your posters, poised to describe your research on the biology of brain cancer and spinal
cord injury. Many of us lay people struggled to comprehend the difference between a glioma cell and an axonal commissure, but you opened a window into the world of science for us, and the view was inspirational. Your research had potentially groundbreaking implications for—connections to—real-world problems, in this case disease and injury. You told us how you intrepidly connected (that word again!) with scientists around the world for help in obtaining molecular reagents. Zara reached all the way to Osaka, Japan, where she found a scientist who gladly sent her the rare antibody she needed for her research.

These are but two examples of how these extraordinary teachers helped you to see how what you were learning mattered to you and the world. Increasingly, as you made your way through the program, you saw connections between and among what you were studying in various classes. As seniors, several of you were enrolled both in *Spanish 520 (Modern Hispanic Culture and the Emerging Global Economy)* and in the upper level history and social science course, *Microeconomics and the Developing World*. You may have thought you were making connections between the two courses purely on your own, but there is another layer to the story. Your two instructors, realizing many students were cross-enrolled, coordinated their efforts so that you would be more likely to make those connections. As you enter your post-Andover world, having made these connections will help you to be the kind of problem-solvers our society needs.

While you were at Andover, you concentrated on developing yourself, just as you needed to do. Adolescence is, after all, a time of self-differentiation, which requires a certain degree of self-absorption. Yet you have been able to care about, to connect with others as you have made that internal journey. Think about how you have cared for one another! As only one example of how you reached out in a broader way to care and connect, consider how Jacob not only developed his own superb talent as a violist, but spent hours *sharing* that talent with children in the Andover-Lawrence String Program.
But for this program, in which many of our student musicians teach, bright and eager youngsters would not discover the beauty and discipline of playing an instrument. Just another kind of connection.

Now, you are on the brink of leaving all these things, all these experiences behind. Savor your leave-taking. Realize just what you are leaving behind:

- the beauty of this campus;
- the vagaries and injustices of New England weather;
- the great teachers who asked so much of you and who knew and cared about you;
- hard work, late nights;
- your daily presence in each other’s lives;
- above all, the joy of this place—all taken together!

All, all, to be left behind.

Consider, though, what you will not leave behind. Friendships will endure and the timeless messages of Andover: Goodness and Knowledge; the End Depends Upon the Beginning; Youth from Every Quarter; Non Sibi. Carry these with you as a cloak against indifference and cynicism. Carry with you too, this experience you have had of living with caring, hardworking, honest, and brave people, who can celebrate their differences and embrace their common human spirit.

Only connect….

Which brings us to the third and final type of connection: connecting with others. Empathy is the power to put yourself in someone else’s shoes. Non sibi, importantly, takes the idea of empathy and adds the imperative of action. Reach out in thought and feeling; then do something. Sometimes, I think, we make the mistake of applying the term non sibi only to vocations clearly identified with service. But non sibi should be central to whatever you do. Your education prepares you for many useful vocations. You need not become mendicant monks to live lives of non sibi. What you do need to do is to ask yourselves constantly how much you need for yourselves and how much to share with others. In whatever work you choose, hold yourselves to a high standard of excellence and of honesty, fairness, and generosity. In striving to do that, non sibi can be your guide, your anchor, your true north.

As part of the Commencement ceremony, Head of School Barbara Landis Chase, along with Board President Oscar Tang ’56, presented the Academy’s five major prizes to Fayyad Ahmad (Aurelian Honor Society Award), E. Annie Pates (Non Sibi Award), Anna Fang (Madame Sarah Abbot Award), Eric Sirakian (Faculty Prize), and Thomas Harrel (Yale Bowl).

Thanks to everyone for teaching me to be humble at times of success and confident at times of failure.
—ALEX

Such a long long time to be gone and such a short time to be there.
—SAVER

Clan MacPherson pipes and drums lent their customary myths to the Commencement ceremony.
Many of you have taken part in Broadening Horizons, a program that brings alumni to meet with students to share their experiences of both success and failure. In this spring’s session, you had the chance to meet with a dozen alumni from the 1950s through the 1990s; they were journalists, filmmakers, small business owners, music producers, public servants, investment bankers, writers, and NGO officials—talented people, yes, but above all, honorable and caring people. Their stories connected you to their lives. Their stories showed you how the messages of Andover had endured for them and how those same messages can endure for you. In your evaluations of the program, you quoted several of their most memorable lessons. Here are three:

- Always follow your heart, no matter what others expect of you;
- It is alright not to be sure... exactly where you are going in life, as long as you are open-minded and willing to... search for your true passion and purpose...
- Feel your feelings; tell the truth; and keep the commitments you make.”

The best advice I can imagine. As a coda, may I add my own for this morning: “Only connect…”

Dear friends of the Class of 2010, 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 6, 2010

See and Hear Commencement exercises at www.andover.edu/magazine.

Someone has to spread the good news that we SURVIVED.

—Ziwe
Major prizes and awards earned by members of the Class of 2010

Read more awards at www.andover.edu/magazine.

Read 2010 college matriculations at www.andover.edu/magazine.
Class of

John Hurley
Mandisa Mjamba and her mother Phelwa

Left: Tristin Moore (second from left) with her mother Patricia and sisters Cary and Sandre

Ryan Adams with his brother Adam (front) and Adam Tohn

Shane Bouchard with his grandparents Dave and Judy Knoll and grandmother Eleanor Bouchard

The Doyle family: Billy ’05, Jack ’10, Kathryn ’03, Mary ’08

The Doyle family: Billy ’05, Jack ’10, Kathryn ’03, Mary ’08

Alexa Lauren VanHoe (second from right) with her mother Kasumi, sister Erika, father Greg, and her aunt and uncle, Naomi and Jerry Shapiro

Annie Brown with her parents Dave and Jan

Gauri Thaker with her father Yogendra and mother Davyani

Sharing the joy with family and friends
A change and a parting...