

The Randolph Sun

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Pre-K through High School
www.randolphschool.org

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What Makes A Difference?

For over 20 years, Randolph School has chosen an annual theme, a single idea or concept that stimulates and inspires the Randolph community for that year, serving as a springboard for debate and classroom projects. Last year's theme was *The River*, and the Hudson, its beauty, ecology and history, pervaded all aspects of Randolph School life. For 2005,



Simone paints a chair for her classroom

however, our theme is much broader. The teachers have chosen *What Makes A Difference?* to be our theme and guiding question. Students and teachers are

exploring all kinds of differences, from the molecular to the global.

On the smallest interpersonal level, each word or gesture we make can have an impact on the people and world around us. Infants learn at an early age how to interact with their environment to get what they need, communicating in whatever ways they can. As children grow, their world expands to encompass their family, friends and teachers, and eventually the world as a whole. You can make a difference with something as simple as a word to a friend in need or as large as raising money for Hurricane Katrina victims. Learning how to observe, how to listen to the world outside ourselves, is a lifelong lesson.

Upstairs teacher Liat Sher was the person who initially proposed *What Makes a Difference?* She says that most people, when confronted with the concept, think in huge terms, how to solve the world's large problems such as oppression, violence, and poverty. She believes, however, that the aim of this year's theme is to see how we make a difference in all areas of our lives, even in the very smallest ways—through a helpful glance or the thoughtless act of ignoring a friend's question.

Liat moved to the U.S. from her native Israel four years ago, and her perspective is unique. Upon relocation to the Hudson Valley from Israel, she was surprised to see how insulated many Americans are, with our distance from war and from shortages of basic needs such as water or food. It is exciting for Liat to share her perspective with the students and

also to learn from them about what makes a difference in their own lives. We are all discovering that expanding our world makes a difference.



Sean conducts oral storytelling interviews with

Randolph's educational philosophy, this year's theme is incorporated into the curriculum in varying age-appropriate ways. Each one of us here at Randolph, from age three to sixty-five, has personal goals, interests, needs, and passions that are illuminated through discovery of the myriad ways we make a difference.

Downstairs children are becoming aware of *What Makes A Difference?* experientially. At their new Fruit Café, they serve themselves fresh fruit on china plates, benefiting not only from the mid-morning snack but also from the trust their teachers show by giving them fragile dishes to use.

Upstairs groups are studying water and the ways it makes a difference. As they study climate,

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Bio-Diesel: Part of the Solution

Middle and high school students at Randolph are working on practical ways to help solve the world's energy crisis. They are creating a bio-diesel vehicle, and learning to make a difference. Months before the onslaught of Hurricane Katrina, the school received a grant, and this fall students signed up for the course. As part of the science program, students identified three problems, and are helping to solve them all: 1) The school needs a vehicle to help transport students. 2) There is a worldwide petroleum fuel shortage. 3) Restaurants are creating vast quantities of waste vegetable oil, needing proper disposal. Spurred on by science and math teachers Dan Fisherman and Creek Iversen, students have done web research and used the concepts to find practical, cost effective solutions, and they are excited. Haley Langford says, "I especially like the idea of using something so common to solve something we have a big problem about. Also, I know nothing about cars and it's good to learn something new. I'm surprised by how much chemistry is involved."

The simplicity of the basic diesel engine design is key to this project. Fisherman explains that "Rudolph Diesel originally developed the diesel engine over 100 years ago to run on vegetable oil, in order to promote the agricultural development of non-industrial nations." By studying the basic elements of the engine, students have been able to envision creative solutions to one of the world's key problems.

Today, there are two ways to use vegetable oil as an automotive fuel. A classic diesel engine can run on bio-diesel fuel created at home or school, processing a mixture of bio-diesel, methanol and lye. The



fuel finally costs approximately forty to sixty cents per gallon, and is used in a diesel

vehicle requiring no alterations. A WVO (Waste Vegetable Oil) engine is a classic diesel engine whose fuel supply lines and tank have been slightly altered to allow the WVO to be used as fuel. After these alterations, the waste vegetable oil is simply filtered, dewatered and poured into the gas tank. Simple alterations to the engine can be done by an auto mechanic, but the fuel is then free. The students have found that restaurants are happy to participate in this project. By collecting their waste oil, they are

saving money for restaurants that normally have to pay for its disposal. They are helping the environment by using waste vegetable oil that otherwise is a pollutant that needs proper disposal—a two-fold benefit.

Science teacher Creek Iversen noted that during the think-tank sessions, he witnessed creative thinking at its best. "Students are not afraid to tinker, using their minds," he said, "developing a creative mentality that will produce great thinkers of the future." Randolph students are fearless thinkers who are learning practical applications for their creativity. They have studied the molecular structure of alcohols, graphed potential results and done cost analysis as well as studied the basic chemical structures of fuels, all the while having fun creating new solutions to seri-



"Powered by Vegetable Oil"

ous problems. In class you can see students reading and researching, composing letters to restaurants, performing science experiments and designing storage systems with a series of tubes and containers. They find it exciting and fun to use their minds in such creative and productive ways.

Teacher Dan Fisherman recently purchased an old Mercedes diesel car and converted it to a WVO-powered vehicle, which the students see when he drives it to work. He fills his car once a week and drives all week for free, spending approximately one hour on collecting, filtering and getting the fuel into the car. Although this is slightly more time than the five to ten minutes we spend at the gas pump each week, it is free and environmentally kind. The price is only approximately fifty minutes of work per week. Dan's students are now working on solutions to some of the key problems that he has encountered himself, such as filtering and de-watering the oil, and heating it to proper temperatures for winter. In addition, they are working on storage systems, transport systems, and finding WVO suppliers.

After much research, critical thinking, and discussion, the Randolph School students chose to start with the WVO project. Student David Bassen says that "the most interesting thing we've done is designing the filtration system for the vegetable oil. The reason we need to filter the oil is that it's waste oil from Chinese restaurants and fast-food places so it's filled with particles and lots of stuff that needs to be

filtered under five microns so that the engine doesn't clog. It involves finding a practical design which is cost-efficient and sustainable, so that the filter system doesn't break down after like three days." Estimating average fuel consumption, the students discovered that the cost of the project will be paid for in less than one year. Although conversion kits can be purchased, the students are planning to do the entire process themselves.

Another side benefit of this project is that students are learning the true benefits of community. Someone has a problem (restaurants are producing an unwanted and difficult to dispose of byproduct) and someone has a need (the students need WVO). They can work together to produce results beneficial to everyone involved.

Respect has been a cornerstone of the Randolph School's child-oriented educational philosophy for more than forty-three years. In all areas of the curriculum, students are engaged in challenging learning experiences which promote respect for individuals and the world around us. For the past five years, students and teachers have been working with visiting environmental artist Skip Schuckmann to learn creative ways to use natural found objects and re-use discarded materials. He has spurred the students to build an outdoor art workshop, our Writers' Hut and a large amphitheater for outdoor performances, all from recycled materials. Using waste materials to power a school vehicle provides another way for students to act on their respect for the environment.

There are still two big hurdles for the Randolph School students: they need to raise additional funds and then find a vehicle for their bio-diesel project—they are looking for a small diesel school bus (unfortunately, vans and ordinary buses will not do). The school has needed a bus for a long time, and this project is spurring us on. If you know of a place to purchase a 15-20 passenger school bus, or would like to help in this effort, please call the school. Donations to this project are tax-deductible and greatly appreciated. Call Randolph at (845) 297-5600 for more information. ~Cath Tomlins

Pancakes and Energy Conservation

Do you remember tapping the trees and eating pancakes? Each spring, we still tap maple trees, collect sap in buckets, and boil it into syrup in a pan over an outdoor fire. The syrup is served at our annual pancake lunch. After learning the skills and science concepts needed to produce maple syrup,

students have a greater sense of stewardship for our area's cultural history and natural environment.

This year, students will be designing and building a new, more energy-efficient, earth-insulated wood-burning maple sugar evaporator to replace our old one. Bring on the pancakes!



Jacob and Dylan check the boiling sap

The Sugar Widow Waltz

This is the ballad of Maple Chris
 Cauldron hiss and syrup bubble
 He went out deep in the woods one night
 With a thousand pails and a thousand spiles
CHORUS: Sugarbush never seen no trouble like this
Oooo Ooooh Oooo Oooo bubble & hiss Oooo Oooo
 He went out tapping for sugar trees
 Cauldron hiss and syrup bubble
 Tapped every maple in Saugerties
 From thaw to freeze, and then he waited *CHORUS*
 One warm evening the thaw began
 Cauldron hiss and syrup bubble
 Chris crept out with his sugar pans
 The sap it ran through a thousand spiles *CHORUS*
 Smoke curled out of the sugar shed
 Cauldron hiss and syrup bubble
 He boiled down all the sap he'd bled -
 The flames he fed with maple branches *CHORUS*
 The trees rose up in the woods that night
 Cauldron hiss and syrup bubble
 They flung their limbs to the starry skies
 And circled 'round and closed in tight *CHORUS*
 That was the night that he disappeared
 Cauldron hiss and syrup bubble
 The maple syrup was good that year -
 A little weird but full-bodied *CHORUS*
 So when o'er your waffles you smack your lips
 Cauldron hiss and syrup bubble
 Take a moment to ponder this:
 Is it Log Cabin or is it Maple Chris
Oooo Oooo bubble and hiss Oooo Ooooh Oooo
Oooo bubble and hiss Oooo Ooooh Oooo Oooo
bubble and hisssssssssssss

~Music and Lyrics by Susan Berliner

The Fruit Café

Ahhhh, the sweet Fruit Café! Time is a critical factor in Reggio Emilia, Italy, but is not always measured by the clock or calendar. This year the Downstairs program is responding to children's personal rhythms by offering a Fruit Café after morning circle time. This is typically the time when children say they're hungry. We took the Sidewalk Café approach and nestled a small table and three chairs under a large green leaf in our hallway. Three children



A mid-morning snack at the Fruit Café

Parents sign up to bring in the fresh fruit each day, and we have had a wonderful and varied assortment. We often serve baby carrots as well. It's a delight to hear the children ask, "Have you been to the Fruit Café yet? There're two chairs open. Let's go!" When they finish, they stack their plate in the wash pan and head off for Choice Time. Before they go, they check to see if the Fruit Snatcher has left a note. This bearded wonder happens to come by daily for his yummy treat!! The Fruit Café has offered a subtle and yet not so subtle change to how we travel through our day. ~Diane Boujikian

Move and Do

"Move and Do" is an Upper School seminar that was created to empower students to make a difference in the world. The class goes to work on such problems as hunger or homelessness. We allocate jobs and feverishly try to reach out and find avenues to effectively have our voices heard. The students named themselves TIA, Teens In Action, and that they are. They have written to over a dozen musicians to advocate for a charity concert to raise money for those in West Africa who are suffering severe malnutrition and even death because of crop failure and locusts. We hope to connect with a village through Doctors Without Borders, and have decided that trying to affect even one child's life is a worthy effort. We are ordering zebra- and giraffe-power bracelets to sell to raise money to buy Plump'y Nut,

a nutritional supplement bar for the hungry. We plan to network with other schools to address this need.

The students also volunteered their time to the Red Cross which was greatly appreciated, as money is not the only form of support. The students' willingness to give is what fuels this class and we patiently work together to try to help others.

Why Move and Do? Well, what do you do while you are waiting to make changes in the world? We dance! Dealing with life's deepest problems can sometimes be weighty on a group of vibrant teens—so to release the steam, we dance. They may seem unrelated, but social action and dance action work well together. ~Maureen Beck

Trebuchet

Trebuchet - treb-u-chet (n) - a medieval siege engine with a sling attached to a wooden arm for hurling large stones

Yes, it's true, Randolph School has become an arms manufacturer. In our newest fundraising plan we are designing innovative weaponry for the discerning customer. If you or one of your friends is anticipating a siege anytime soon, please think of Randolph and place your order with us.

During Summer Program this year, students built a wooden trebuchet in our one-week "Machines and Magnets" camp. It measured 36" tall with a base of 38"x18". The students experimented with force and leverage, hurling a tennis ball over 70 feet. (Liat says Brad should have paid to do the camp rather than get paid because he was having too much fun.)

This year the 2nd-5th graders benefit from the enthusiasm of two Science teachers. One day each week, Goldy

focuses on weather and water. During the other class, Brad is teaching them to build a bigger and better trebuchet. He was heard to say in his defense,

"It's for the kids – really!!!! My, I mean, *our* trebuchet will be approximately twice the size of the last one." The students have used their bodies as machines and flung tennis balls far and wide around the back field. We will be doing many experiments this fall. Maybe I, er..., they can fling water balloons and even small pumpkins with it. ~Brad King



Team Trebuchet

Reggio Emilia

“Teachers - like children and everyone else - feel the need to grow in their competencies; they want to transform experiences into thoughts, thoughts into reflections, and reflections into new thoughts and new actions.”

~Loris Malaguzzi, founder of Reggio Emilia preschools



Singing pirates in the student-written River Show

After years of reading books, seeing videos, and hearing from Reggio educator Sonja Kim about the innovative approach to early childhood education in Reggio Emilia, Italy, I was able to visit two Reggio-inspired schools in Santa Monica, California last year. Then in the spring, I was privileged to be part of a week-long tour with 200 teachers from all over the world, visiting infant-toddler programs and preschools in Reggio Emilia. Randolph's amazing Parent Group and alumni raised the money for this trip and, like skilled travel agents, they created an adventure that for me, having never traveled outside the States, was more than a dream come true.

Sharing this Reggio adventure with Sadie Parinello, a Randolph alumna (and now teacher) was another great delight! Being part of the Reggio Study Group, seeing the classrooms, meeting the teachers and coming home with new ideas energized me and gave me new ways to look at our rich program and all its possibilities. (We hope you'll stop by and see our Reggio-inspired galleries and visit our Fruit Café!)

It's remarkable that Reggio Emilia and Randolph School are both in their forty-second years. There was a familiarity in the Reggio settings. Randolph School teachers have always supported each child as "a protagonist, a main constructor of education." We have always encouraged children to guide their own learning experiences. Through many expressive forms—art, music, video, dance, stories, journaling, and other creative processes—we, like Reggio, value the "hundred languages of children."

Reggio Schools in Italy serve only infants, toddlers, and pre-kindergarten children. Board member

and alumni parent Sonja thinks that we are the proving ground for bringing Reggio philosophy to the older grades. It makes sense because learning at Randolph has always happened through the daily project-based experiences that our students have, no matter how old they are. In the Upper School, whether it's creating a band with a crew of kids who have a deep desire to compose music, create instruments, and perform, or working on a bio-diesel project, or writing a script for a theatrical performance or a movie production, curriculum based on what our teenagers feel passionate about is what keeps them wanting to come to school every day.

Randolph is the extension of Reggio-style "family-based" learning. Here we experience the magic that leads to a wild game of Screaming Yaks, (originally "Indians") in which seven year olds run from the big tree to home base hand-in-hand with fifteen year olds, or the Upper School Documentation Class scurrying around photographing all the younger children's "way cute" behaviors. The projects and rich traditions we all do in our home and school families create the environment where we truly pay attention to all the treasured details that honor each family member. That's Reggio, that's Randolph School!

Each year the teachers at Randolph have almost two full weeks to plan, recreate our classrooms and meet with each other before the school year begins.



Reggio children do many projects about the lions in the piazza

This year we invited our friend Sonja Kim to lead us in a day-long professional development workshop devoted to Reggio-style learning. Our dialogue with Sonja and each other reminded us of why our groups are small, the reason we strive to

understand a child's learning style, and the fact that the whole-child approach enriches not only the children's lives but also our own.

"Teaching can't be a job we do only with our heads. We also need enormous ethical passion." That statement from Reggio Emilia rings true for me when I think about all the teachers I've had the experience of working with over the past twenty-seven years at Randolph School. Life and learning are filled with love here, too. ~Diane Boujikian

McCannibal's Lullaby: Of Funerals and Freedom

*Will I ever get my dream, dream, dream
Swimming in the stream
Heading for the great shining Hudson?
~from "McCannibal's Lullaby"
by the Zebra Mussels*

Over the years, Randolph's pets have run the gamut – actually hopped, waddled, inched, scampered, slithered, swum, glided, paddled, and trotted the gamut – from critters that baahed, bleated, clucked, crowed, chirped, quacked, meowed, squeaked, squawked, grunted, and whistled their way into our hearts, to those that just rolled out their long blue tongues and stared at us in silence.

There have been wood ducks hatched from eggs, guinea hens, guinea pigs, agoutis, rabbits, skinks, turtles, fish, snakes, snails, iguanas, goats, sheep, cats, an attack squirrel, mail order frogs genetically engineered for transparency, and the wildest looking chickens this side of a Mardi Gras float.

Perhaps you remember the daily chicken rodeos – children running laughing through the back meadow, wrangling squawking birds with crazy multicolored plumage for their nightly penning. Or the shotgun wedding of Cozy Pinkfoot, Downstairs guinea pig, suddenly discovered by the children to be with pig. It was a lovely ceremony, with piano – the bride wore pink, and the reluctant groom had to be coaxed down the white satin aisle with carrots dipped in peanut butter.

These marvelous creatures have taught us many things: compassion, empathy, gentleness, tending to another's needs, wedding planning, the miracle of birth.

With them has come learning that could never have come from books or lectures, as well as much delight and many joyous moments, as these animals roamed through our lives, filling our days with rich layers of sound, life and excitement.

But perhaps the greatest gift these loving pets give our children is the one hardest to bear: they teach us how to grieve. The animals we love so hard – each and every one teaches us that all things must pass. With life – no matter how well loved and lived – comes the inevitable end of life. And each little life that we celebrate daily in so many joyous ways eventually provides the children with an opportunity to meet death, hopefully for the first time. The many funerals we have had for our beloved pets have given our children occasions to honor their lost friends – through eulogy, poetry, tears, smiles, song, and art,

to share spiritual moments – of sorrow, acceptance and memory, then help each other reenter the living world of childhood, enriched by the life they shared.

Last spring, my kindergarten group had the rare opportunity to celebrate the passing of a pet without the shadow of death.

It happened like this.

Early in October, the kindergarten Zebra Mussels became the proud parents of four adorable little crayfish babies. We put them in a tank, and promptly set about learning everything we could about crayfish. First off, we named them. After about three days of voting, we had four fine names: Rock, Hudson, X, and McCannibal's Ghost. We learned that crayfish in captivity like bottled water, rocks and cat chow.

Less than a month old, our babies were no bigger than your thumb, and when the children held them in wonder, they nipped at their fingers with their cute little pincers. Two weeks later, nobody was putting anything in that tank they wanted to keep. Crayfish, it turns out, grow quickly through a series of molts in which they shed their entire exoskeleton. We knew that of course, having read it in a book, but nothing prepared us for the horrific spectacle of a crayfish at war with itself – t h r a s h i n g



Crossing the stream

about, darkening the water with violent whirlpools of ominous brown particles. Every time a crayfish molted, we were absolutely positive it was dead.

We retrieved the first molt completely intact – an exact empty replica of its former self, right down to the eyeballs. Thrilled, the children passed it gingerly around the group, then decided to make a timeline of the molts, having learned that each crayfish could molt 14 times in their first year. We placed it delicately on the mantelpiece to await the next perfect molt.

It never happened.

What did happen was far more educational,

though not as elegant. It was carnage, unimaginable in its gore and sociopathy. Crayfish, it turns out, are cannibals. And McCannibal's Ghost (who knew?) was the cannibal's cannibal. Lying in wait in her rocky catacomb, she would lurk patiently till one of her hapless brethren lost his shell, then lunge, like some benthic Hannibal Lecter, feasting without conscience on her vulnerable sibling, calmly tearing her terrified victim apart and systematically devouring him. Tell me about the clams, Clarice, were they screaming?

The children weathered this turn of events surprisingly well, and only grew sad when McCannibal had run out of siblings to eat, which happened early in March. By this time, she had grown to be the size of a small, extremely vicious lobster. Now, she would come out of her lair only for an occasional catfood pellet or Pachelbel's Canon, and then only at night. As a classroom pet, her snuggle value was slowly depreciating, yet the children loved her faithfully, with unwavering ardor, this pair of black eyes glaring at us from underneath a rock.

Now crayfish, we had learned at some point during McCannibal's killing spree, can live 20 years. Having calculated how many days this was in catfood pellets, it became clear that something needed to change. Thus began what became over a month of deliberation over McCannibal's future. Unwilling to free her without consensus, we read everything we could about crayfish in the wild, and had many deeply philosophical discussions about living your entire life in your safe, cozy bedroom with all your physical needs met – yet never playing outside, going to school, making friends or having children – eating pizza every day but never discovering ice cream, sushi or fluffernutters. We wrote a song from her perspective, drew pictures of life in the stream. We taught her song to all the Downstairs children, and sang it together every day.

We explored the stream on our own. It was very nice. Perfect, really, for a lonely, restless crayfish. Finally, toward the end of April, just as the spring rains had warmed the snowy creek, we reached consensus. It was time for McCannibal's Ghost to go home.

We selected a translucent, flat-bottomed Tupperware, added her favorite rock and some tank water, and with great ceremony (and attention to our fingers) placed McCannibal in her travel pond. With the whole Downstairs group, pockets full of cat chow, we trooped soberly to the stream. There, we placed her bowl on a flat rock several feet out, sang her song, and each child said their last words to her,

sharing memories and hopes for her future, reminding her to return often and promising to visit. We sang her song again, while slowly tipping her Tupperware into the stream, gradually mingling stream water with her tank water. For a moment, she sat transfixed, then as she hesitantly ventured out, the children one by one placed their catfood pellets in the water, paving her way to freedom with their love.

What happened next was like a scene from *Casablanca*.

She swam out a little way, then, as the children watched wide-eyed from shore, she turned, swam back, and raised one claw. Silently, each child raised a hand in farewell as their old friend glided off into the current. It was a charged, spiritual moment. Many of the Zebra Mussels were holding back tears. And then she was gone. McCannibal's Ghost had left us for greener waters.

But crayfish, it turns out, can lay 300 eggs at a time. So, maybe not today, not tomorrow, but soon and for the rest of our lives, our children's children will visit McCannibal's children's children.

Maybe McCannibal's Ghost is down in our stream right now, nursing a brood of little craybabies toward the great, shining Hudson. Or perhaps she's somewhere else, in the words of her celluloid dopelganger, having an old friend for lunch.

But wherever she is, McCannibal's Ghost taught a group of young children to love and let go...

~Susan Berliner



Mystery Reader

They sit in a circle, eyes squeezed shut, vibrating with anticipation, waiting for the knock at the door. Who will it be today? Somebody's Mom? Dad? Aunt? Upstairs kid? Brad?

Mystery Reader is a Kindergarten tradition – a wonderful opportunity for family and friends to connect with the group, and share a favorite story.

The knock comes. The Mystery Reader quietly takes the honored seat, and prepares to read. Eyes fly open; a cheer fills the room. Doesn't matter who – the children are thrilled. The story begins. Getting children excited about literacy is what it's all about.

What Makes A Difference?

(continued from Page 1)

weather, and the chemistry of water, they are also investigating how a basic human need such as water can shape human experience and culture.

The theme is integrated throughout the Upper School curriculum. In Humanities, middle and high



Drawing by Erika, age 4

school students began the year reading Oliver Twist by Dickens, whose description of class inequality sparked discussion about the kind of societal reform

that could make a difference in children's lives. In science, a bio-diesel project offers students a hands-on opportunity to see how making small differences in your own world can have a global impact.

Underlying Randolph's philosophy of education is respect for individuals and community. First we learn to respect ourselves, then our families, friends and neighbors, and finally our surroundings. The theme of *What Makes A Difference?* encourages each of us to take this one step further, to take baby steps and giant steps as we implement change. With this perspective, we all learn to make a difference.

~Cath Tomlins

Scholarship Endowment

We've received a small donation with a request to start our first-ever endowment! Randolph's endowed scholarship fund is literally in its infancy—a subsequent gift brought the fund to just over \$3000. Our dream is that one day the interest from this endowed fund will provide yearly scholarships that sustain and further diversify our school community. Currently, financial aid is drawn from the operating budget, often affecting teacher salaries or needed renovations and improvements. A dedicated scholarship fund will allow us to continue providing tuition assistance for more than 20% of our student body, ensuring that quality progressive education is for everyone and not just for those who can afford it.

Challenge Campaign Success!

Thank you to all of the alumni, alumni parents, current parents, teachers, students and friends who responded to our annual giving challenge! Inspired by a matching challenge gift from a current Randolph family, we received unprecedented support from parents, teachers and students—every teacher and more than 65% of our Randolph families contributed to the drive, surpassing our goal and raising \$13,933. The alumni community also rose to a challenge from an alumni grandparent and contributed \$22,054 towards general operating costs and our new scholarship fund. Approximately 43% of those of us who contributed are first-time donors. We so appreciate your support!

Total gifts during the 2004-2005 school year reached an all-time high of \$45,881. Our goal this year is \$50,000...can we do it?



Grants and More Grants

We've received two grants to enrich our students' experiences of creating their Winter Show this year. Through working with playwrights, composers and dancers from the Bardavon Theater, Copland House, and Vanaver Caravan, our students will create modern myths and then learn to represent them through original dances, musical compositions or dramatic pieces. The project focuses on this year's theme of "What makes a difference?" and integrates dance, theater, music, language arts, social studies, and science. It is made possible with public funds provided by Dutchess Arts Council and the New York State Council on the Arts and administered through Partners for Arts Education. Our Randolph students love the performing arts!

Two Upper School teachers have also been awarded grants from The Community Foundation of Dutchess County again this year. In addition to a grant for the bio-diesel bus project, our middle and high school students will have the opportunity to work with an architect to create a master plan which will help guide Randolph's expansion efforts. Real-world learning with real-world meaning makes a difference.

ALUMNI NEWS

Where are you now? What are you doing? What have you made? What are you thinking? Do you have a favorite memory of Randolph? What's your email address? Send us a note: learn@randolphschool.org

Class Contacts

Does Randolph seem far away in distance or time? We want to help you reconnect with the school and each other. *Class Contacts* are people you spent time with while you were learning and playing at Randolph School. They will be getting in touch with you to fill you in on what's happening at Randolph, find out what you've been up to for our Alumni News, and ask if you want to get involved in any way, large or small. Stay tuned for a phone call, letter or email in the upcoming months. Please email Eric at eric@randolphschool.org if you are interested in becoming a *Class Contact*!

Join us for Alumni Ski Day in February!

Skiing has become a part of the culture of Randolph School. Starting in kindergarten, all of our children learn how to ski or snowboard. Teachers and many parents join them as they make the trek to Belleayre Mountain for six ski days. Why are skiing and snow-



Randolph hits the slopes

boarding so popular with us? They are great ways for our kids to be outdoors in the winter, get good exercise, enjoy quality time with classmates, teachers and parents, and engage in a lifetime sport. Group lessons encourage our kids to challenge themselves and learn new skills. Skiing safely, with confidence and with all your friends, makes for an amazing day on the slopes.

Sound like fun? All Randolph families, alumni, teachers and friends are invited to join us for our first **Alumni Ski and Snowboard Day on Saturday, February 4, 2006**—a day of skiing, snowboarding and indoor fun with your Randolph friends and teachers. We have



Eric and Jackson warm up with hot chocolate in the Lodge

reserved a room at Belleayre for this fun event. One price includes lift, rental (if needed) and any level lesson. Food, drink, games, races, music and surprises will round out our ski day. Are you interested in joining the committee to organize this event? We are also looking for sponsors to donate food, ski equipment, t-shirts, hats and other items. If you can help in any way, please email admissions@randolphschool.org or contact Ronnie or Eric at (845) 297-5600.

Letters & Emails from the Randolph Family

► The Rileys (teacher **Cathy**) moved to NC in '93 and are currently living in Apex southwest of Raleigh. The family's involvement in soccer brings back memories of games in the front yard at Randolph. Brian and Val are on the local teams and Val plays goalie for the middle school team. Steve and Cathy volunteer in the 3rd-5th grade groups at the church where Cathy works. She divides her time between Kidspointe (organizing the 1st-5th grade program) and leading the Heart in Hand writing ministry which uses "handwriting" to encourage and support those in the church and beyond its walls. Brian (a computer geek) is an honor student in his senior year and is preparing for college. Valerie is an honor student in eighth grade, plays flute in the school band, and enjoys the social life of a 13 year old. Both volunteer in the children's program at church and are also active in youth groups. The Riley crew dearly misses Randolph and cherishes the memories which they hold in their hearts. Cathy's email is criley@crosspointe.org.

► **Santha Cooke** writes: **Elizabeth (Betsy Hanka)** is now in her 2nd year at Sarah Lawrence College, and is interested in theatre and writing and particularly her class in costume design. **Rachel (Hanka)** is in 9th Grade at the Poughkeepsie Day School, and is on the soccer team there. I continue to work as a massage therapist and holistic health and nutrition counselor and am currently studying Plant Spirit Medicine. Craig's carpentry business continues as well, and the end of our house-building project seems like it might possibly be dawning on the horizon.

I remember the first days of the Randolph School in the upstairs classroom of the Unitarian Fellowship – before they put on that (no longer so) "new" addition. Eric sat in the Feng Shui position of control of the room – at the far table in the corner near the window, where he could keep an eye on all the comings and goings, next to Lanse Stover. Nancy Greenfield, Carol Gordon, and Cathy Bard were also at that table. I was at the first table, with Kathy Kelly and a few other people whose names I don't remember. In my mind's eye, May Chung, student teacher, sits in a chair between the two tables, facing Jerry

Pomeroy's desk, knitting. I particularly remember some very soft pink mohair she was using to make a sweater – I had never seen mohair before, and was amazed by its silky smoothness.

I also remember the overnight trip we took to New Hampshire. We slept on the upstairs floor of the farmhouse, and Russell Hargrave and a few other boys slept outside in tents – I thought they were very daring. On the forest floor were dozens of bright red salamanders – I later learned they were called “red efts,” but at that time I had never seen them before, and they astounded me with their brilliant coloring, and with their profusion. And we visited a hydro-electric power plant in Bellows Falls, nearby – it was exciting to me many years later to be with the Randolph kids when we discovered the small hydro plant in Wappingers Falls.

► **Ron and Gloria** (former teacher and board member) **Robbins** write: **Joel Robbins** continues as an Anthropology Professor at the University of California in San Diego. His wife, Liz, is a Biology Professor at San Diego State in San Diego. They are parents to a wonderful four year old, Hannah. Randolph, I know, is deeply embedded in Joel. Whenever he speaks of Hannah's education it is always measured against Randolph. When Hannah's new teacher at her new "Randolph-like school" sent a picture of herself Hannah told Joel to tell the teacher, "No thank you, tell the teacher your daughter will not be coming." Of course she loves it and is thriving. There you have it–Randolph genes in the next generation. **Michele Robbins Derman** has been an attorney in Tucson as a public defender for youth. She has just left that position in order to spend more time with her six year old, Julia, and her three year old, Jenna. She is now being asked to do free-lance attorney work. Michele continues to be a joy and lights up everyone she is around. Needless to say Julia is very proud to be a first grader letting us know that she can read that and does not need our help. I have memories of Michele learning to read The Little House books at Randolph—I can still hear her voice from her room, "Mom, what does this word say?" and her Mom shouting back–"just skip it." Oh well, she can now read legal briefs. The parents and grandparents of these lovely souls are continuing their work in Poughkeepsie as therapists–packing and unpacking their suitcases as they travel back and forth to Tucson and San Diego. Always and ever Randolph is part of who they are and have become. As I often tell Eric, I consider his mom, Lee, my first teacher. So love to all the current generations and the ones to come.

► **Robbie Puglisi** (former teacher) writes: **Ethan** is in his senior year at University of Connecticut. He majored in communications and hopes to pursue something in advertising. He is also the social director of his fraternity (Sigma Phi Epsilon), a position that serves his outgoing, partying nature quite well. He spent this past summer working on his campus for a construction management company and held his first job with a title, Field Engineer. **Rayna** is in her senior year at PDS and busy visiting colleges here in the northeast. She hopes to study English in

college. She is active in SADD as well as in a peer counseling group. Photography and art remain passions as well as knitting which certainly had their roots at Randolph. Send hugs to all.

► **Lanse Stover** writes: Twenty (gasp) years living in the Boston area, and I still think of myself as a New Yorker. I have one daughter in college (Kenyon) and one in high school, and since my wife Jill is from Texas, we frequently find ourselves down there visiting her family in the heart of territory claimed by that pseudo-Texan in the White House. One of the reliable excuses I have to return to the Empire State is the regular agenda of Board meetings for good old Randolph, where I've been privileged to serve as a trustee for some time now. The energy and excitement around the school lately is palpable, and it is a testament to the remarkable dedication and unique inspiration of Randolph's teachers, administrators, parents and students. In the moments between Board meetings, I've been continuing to do pottery, selling my work through trade and craft shows.

► **Sonja Kim** writes: No changes for **Roeland and Sander**. **Saskia** was married on May 25th to Hudson Sangree. She works in the Senate Office of Research of the California State Senate and Hudson is a staff writer for the Sacramento Bee. Hudson is also a lawyer, they went to law school together. **Saskia** was one of three people who received a Fulbright Fellowship in Public Policy. They will spend 6 months in New Zealand, leaving February 2006.



► **Sue Pascarella** wrote last spring: Such exciting things are going on at Randolph. One more reason to regret being so far from N.Y. The Gulf Coast is lovely right now, but just too far from friends and family. All is well with the **Pascarellas**. **Dave** and **Megg** continue on their chosen paths. I will immodestly say that they are terrific people and I thank Randolph for helping them get there. Mike is still working for USP and I'm still teaching French at the high school, but looking forward to summer break. Best to you all. You have made a difference in so many lives.

► **Godot Appuzzo** writes: Hello, just wanted to say hi and see your website, new school stuff, pretty cool. I saw the Mammals play here in Missoula, Montana, the band that **Tao** is in, it brought back memories of hanging outside at Randolph. Things are good here, I work on a permanent/seasonal deal with the forest service, full-time from April through September (fire season), then part-time for the rest of the year. I like this schedule because it allows for time to play and do things like work on the house, hang out with Maggie, my sweet girlfriend, and enjoy life here in western Montana. There is so much to do here, mountains, rivers, the deserts and culture, too. There are a great bunch of people that I go do these things with as well. The other day I flew my paraglider

off Mount Sentinel and it was awesome. The flight goes right over the university campus and you land at the golf course, about a mile and a half away. Yesterday I went up Lolo Peak with my buddy and six dogs. I think about the tree forts we built up in those old apple trees above the Carriage House. I still put the rock back in the same spot when I look for a crayfish!!!! I will stop by my next time home and maybe I can talk with kids there again, bring in some smoke-jumping gear or something, it would be fun!!!! My email is godotapuzzo@hotmail.com.

► **Bryan Thomas** writes: Just back from Boulder and visiting with the Pecks. If all goes well I will be going to school there in the fall. Transpersonal counseling and wilderness therapy at Naropa. Check it out on the web. Also if you are interested look at the agency that I am working for now: www.phoenixofsb.org. Hope all is well.

► **Jody Lipton** writes: If you can only imagine, I'm packing up boxes of memories, discarding as many as I can part with—as I'm moving to Manhattan to a 2 bedroom apartment. (Time to move on from the past, as they say). EXCEPT, when I came upon my Randolph School recipe book from the days of Sumac Jelly (I would guess it's from 1972 or earlier). I couldn't toss it. So, it's coming to NYC with me. I guess there are just some things, some people, some experiences that you never want to go away.

► **Terri Carney** sends best wishes: What memories came flooding back to me as I looked through the photos on your webpage. I attended the Randolph School back in the late 1960's as a preschooler, when my family still lived in Wappingers. Now I'm a professor of Spanish literature and I live in Indianapolis with my husband and daughter. We have a big old Victorian house and my daughter went to an alternative preschool--Randolph inspired in both cases? I wish you the best with the expanded program and thanks for the memories.

► On a very sad note, we have recently learned of the untimely death of **Sean Graham** last winter. We are all deeply saddened by this loss.

► **Abbie Nelson** (Downstairs teacher 1979-84) and family are in their 20th year living outside Burlington, Vermont. Abbie switched from teaching deaf and hard of hearing children to agricultural education for the Northeast Organic Farming Association of VT. This led to food, farm, and nutrition education and local purchasing of farm produce in schools as part of the national Farm to School movement. Her husband, Rich, started a new business as a business communication consultant and is climbing the highest peak in each state in his spare time. This 'hobby' led him to Colorado's Mt. Albert and a visit with Mary and Tom Peck. Abbie's children, age 18, 14, and 12, are all doing well in school, enjoying various sports, and have a great group of friends.

► David Dawson (alumni grandparent) reports that **Mahkyle**, now 6'2", lives with his brother in Newark, works out in a gym, plays basketball, is a business apprentice to a local basketball team, and is getting high marks in

college. **Angel**, after college, worked as a sales supervisor selling automobiles, but quit out of disgust with the lack of ethics. Then she worked for a non-profit, educating poor people to reduce their debts and become homeowners. Now she works in connection with the University of Seattle reporting on the work of social workers in the schools throughout Seattle while also working on her M.A. Next semester she will be starting as an apprentice in a program which will result in her doing therapy work.

► The **Bards** wrote to Eric: We are truly proud of Randolph School and especially of you. We are also very happy knowing that we were involved from the beginning. Keep up your life work. Poughkeepsie is a better place because of it.

► **Bobbi (Berenbaum) Teva** writes: There have been so many changes in my life. Most important, we have a beautiful baby boy! His name, Orr Chayim, means "light of life" and he truly is! He's



incredibly social, a real charmer, and lots of fun. I've changed my profession, for the time being, to full-time mom, and have the delight of watching Orr grow every day. David and I also created a new last name for our family (one way to solve the name question). We are now the Teva family (nature in Hebrew). My email is bobbiber@yahoo.com. Hope you are well and have a wonderful year.

Alumni Visiting Day – October 2005

We had an outstanding turnout at this year's Alumni Visiting Day! It was great to see **Audra and Raya Furphy, Nadia Racz, Ryan DeGeorge, Charlotte Ginder, Gabe and Hannah and Joey Karp, Erin Baright, Nur Sher, Noah Boujikian, Gussie Bargeron, Dani and Bradley Bonser, Kamen Beck, Lauren and Adam Whitehead, Sara Bram, Vincent Eichenseher, Daniel and Sebastian Siegel, J.R. Goods, Luke Berliner, Marcus Stacchini, Heather Bentley, Chase Kunaschk, Devon Struzzieri, Alex Kent, Rachel Hanka, Kim Te, Dylan Karten, Russell Brearley, Sierra Reilly, Jake Williams, Tatiana Lopez, J.D. Cronin, Aqua Yengel, Max Hauenschield, and Andrew Hoff.**

Tatiana Lopez is in 9th grade at Ketcham High School. **Daniel and Sebastian Siegel** are in 11th and 9th grade at Rhinebeck High, loving classes and sports—basketball, baseball & track. Daniel is thinking of UMass for sports management. Their brother **Mirko Kohler** has a 3-year-old and recently joined the Marines. He spent a year in Japan and worked on the cleanup in New Orleans. **Rachel Hanka** plays soccer at PDS with **Luke Berliner** and **Kim Te**. Luke is playing guitar and enjoying school. **Heather Bentley** is in 12th grade and plans to attend Dutchess Community College next fall. She wants to be a preschool teacher. **Gussie Bargeron** is in the jazz ensemble, wind ensemble and lighting crew at Ketcham.



The Randolph School
2467 Route 9D
Wappingers Falls, NY 12590

Parents of Alumni: If this newsletter is addressed to your son or daughter who no longer maintains a permanent address at home, please notify us of his or her new mailing address. Thank you.

Randolph School is truly grateful to all those who support our mission and programs. The Randolph School is a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization. All donations are tax deductible. The following is a list of those who made contributions in 2004-2005. While we have taken great care to ensure accuracy, please notify us of any errors or omissions so that we may correct our records and acknowledge your generosity. Thank you.

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The Randolph School was founded on the belief that children have a natural desire to learn. This desire is supported and nurtured in an environment where each child's developmental needs and interests are respected. Mutual trust between children and adults fosters an atmosphere in which children are encouraged to discover and explore their world. Work and play are focused on experiential, hands-on learning experiences. We strive to balance the creative potential in the intellectual, social, emotional, artistic, and physical lives of children in the belief that children who love to learn become LIFELONG LEARNERS.