



REPORT TO THE COMMUNITY 2010-2011 • CALENDAR FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR 2011-2012

Hawthorne Valley

Nkoula Badila '11

WALDORF SCHOOL | 330 County Route 21C, Ghent, NY 12075 | 518-672-7092 | [www.hawthornevalleyschool.org](http://www.hawthornevalleyschool.org)



# On the Gifts of Waldorf Education

by Joe Haley  
President of the Board of Trustees,  
Hawthorne Valley Association

## Hawthorne Valley Association Achievements in 2010-2011

by Martin Ping, Executive Director

The Hawthorne Valley Association has received a multi-year, \$2,500,000 capacity-building grant which has provided broad support for needed infrastructure and capital improvements. Work for the first \$500,000 phase of the grant was completed in 2011. The following is a brief progress report on the areas which have benefited from the first phase of the grant:

- Completed new Information Technology infrastructure and phone system, linking the entire campus with fiber-optic cabling, vastly improving internal and external communications and generating an annual savings of \$9,000
- Revamped and upgraded HVA web sites are nearing completion of their first phase and will be launched in August, 2011
- Strengthened and expanded marketing and communications efforts across the areas of personnel, outreach, and branding
- Continued support for Human Resources, including support for personnel, organizational structure, and outside consultants



Above: Laura Coe '18; right: Canaan Breiss '12.

After the love of family, the greatest gift a child can receive is that of a Waldorf education. My wife Diane and I are especially grateful that two of our grandchildren will be attending Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School this year because they will now have the opportunity to be in a school that is connected to and integrated with a working, biodynamic farm. It is of great importance to us, and invaluable for them, that they be exposed to this healing and regenerative form of agriculture which prepares children to become stewards of the earth.

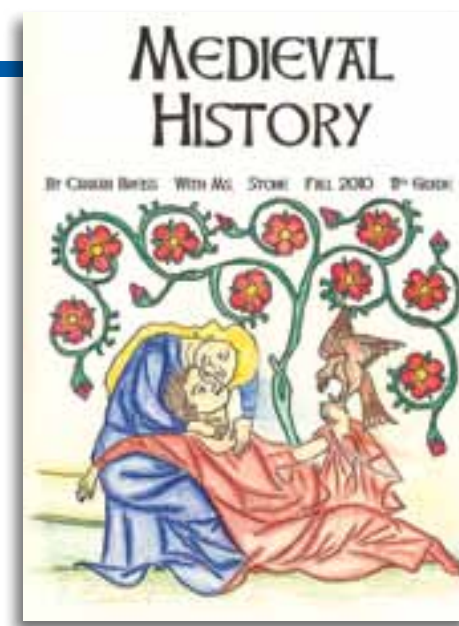
On June 11<sup>th</sup>, I witnessed another class of students graduate from Hawthorne Valley with the full support and celebration of the community that has nurtured and nourished them. These fine individuals will now go out into the world to weave their unique gifts and talents into the tapestry of the emergent future. Listening to their reflections and musical offerings that day filled me with gratitude and hope.

I am very thankful to have been given the opportunity to serve Hawthorne Valley in various capacities, most recently as President of the Board of Trustees of the Hawthorne

Valley Association. This year, the Association's 40<sup>th</sup>, we voted to change the name from "Directors" to "Trustees" to underscore that our task is one of stewardship in service to the mission of Hawthorne Valley. I speak for the entire Board when I say we consider ourselves extremely fortunate to undertake this great work in partnership with a very competent and dedicated management and staff and an engaged community.

My own journey in Waldorf Education began 22 years ago when my wife and I enrolled our three youngest children in the Garden City Waldorf School on Long Island. As a business owner and parent of five, I am fully aware of and deeply appreciate the many sacrifices that families make in order to provide their children with a Waldorf Education. Now that our own children have graduated and with some of our grandchildren attending Waldorf schools, I can honestly say it was more than worth it.

My wife Diane teaches in the Foundation Studies Program at Garden City, the equivalent of Hawthorne Valley's Alkion Program. Both of us have been truly changed and shaped by our Waldorf experience. What is it that makes the Waldorf experience so pow-



erful for parents and the choice of a Waldorf education so rich for our children?

- It gives you stories, music, painting, drawing, sculpture and drama that live within you.
- The arts are interwoven throughout the entire curriculum and thus throughout your life.



Maisie Rose '22.

- Provided consulting support in the area of social and emotional learning for Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School
- Capital improvements to the campus, including:
  - Completion of the new maintenance shop
  - Initiation of work on the new loafing barn
  - Phase two of the corner garden, including new fencing and fiber animal yard
  - Expansion and upgrade of High School garden
  - Retention of architecture services for concept and design drawings of the new Visiting Students facility
  - Initial concept drawings for the Brick House complex (AKA Atelier)
- Continued support for the Farm Learning Center, including:
  - Second year of Farm Beginnings
  - Second session of the Winter Biodynamic Intensive
  - Expanded program development for Farm and Arts, reaching more children, including three fully-enrolled “Kids Can Cook” sessions this summer
  - A broad range of activities for HVS classes and students (thank you to Indigo Ocean and Rachel Schneider for accommodating so seamlessly!)
- Continued support for the Farmscape Ecology Program
- Guest speakers including Maggie Jackson and Bill McKibben

- The child’s innocence and sense of wonder are preserved long enough so that they remain curled up inside the adult, ready to emerge and nurture the next generation.
- One comes to appreciate human development and understand more of its nuances.
- The child is respected and thus gains self-respect.
- Creative thinking is developed and never stops developing.
- Intellectual challenges are provided at developmentally appropriate times and therefore remain exciting for life.
- Tools and preparation for an adulthood open to many possibilities are offered and received.

I have always found it a privilege to volunteer. Over 10 years ago, my service to Hawthorne Valley began when I joined what was then called the Farm Board. Though the Farm Board was primarily an advisory group, it did provide valuable support and feedback and it was during my term as chair of this group that we were able to build the new Farm Store and establish the Farmscape Ecology Program.

Waldorf education has forever enriched my life and that of my family. When we enrolled our children in a Waldorf School, Diane and I could not have known it was to be the beginning of a journey that would profoundly define and shape our lives. As our understanding of the spiritual underpinnings of Waldorf education evolved through the study of Anthroposophy and the work of Rudolf Steiner, so did our appreciation for the Waldorf pedagogy. We feel a special kinship with the people it attracts and the teachers, staff, students, and parents who have become our true community. Waldorf education is a gift to the world that we wish more people could partake of.

As we look around at all of the discord and difficulties we must face as global citizens, Hawthorne Valley stands as a shining light that can carry us into a brighter future. Not without challenges, not blindly, but with perseverance, fortitude, and a profound sense of meaning. ■



At top: Massimo Hamilton '20.; above: Ava Teague '18.



Serena Hoffman '17.

# SEPTEMBER

Frances Kowalski '18

## I am the Wind

by Namiko Masubuchi '16

I am the wind, spreading through the woods. When I am in peace, I glide through the trees, making them whisper to each other, blowing and teasing someone's hair, or soothing a creature on a hot summer day. I speed through the fields, helping the crops to grow, rippling water in a stream or a lake.

When I am fierce, I uproot trees, make nests and houses blow away, and help the rain and thunder to make a storm. When I am wild, I become a tornado, and destroy anything in my path.

I can go anywhere I please: rivers, plains, mountains, and lakes. I am the wind, invisible and invincible.

## Avani

by Fiona Kenyon '16

I am earth. Humble, quiet, never heard but always there. Earth is the most basic, I give fire its fuel. I provide a home for water. Air is attracted to me for she lies all around me. I keep the balance of the world. I harmonize the other three elements. I am the mother of all creatures. I am the watcher and the keeper of time, my soil contains the past, the present, and the future. I am the home.



Emma Bail '21.

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<b>SEPTEMBER</b> <hr/> <b>2011</b>		August										
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4	5  Labor Day	6	7  8:15 Lower School & High School begin 8:45 Flower Ceremony, parents welcome	8	9	10						
11	12  9:00-11:00 Kindergarten opening celebration Grade 1 playgroup begins	13  Full day of Kindergarten including playgroup	14  7:00 Lower School parent orientation 7:00 High School orientation and class meetings	15  Parent Child Fall Thursday classes begin — thru 12/15	16  Parent Child Fall Friday classes begin — thru 12/16	17						
18  Grade 12 Hermit Island trip	19  7:00 Grade 7 class meeting	20  New Parent Morning Social	21	22	23  Autumn begins	24  9:30 PTO meeting						
25	26  Grade 7 Hulbert Center trip 7:00 High School parent-to-parent evening at HVS	27  7:00 Grades 3 & 8 class meetings	28  7:00 Grade 6 class meeting	29  Michaelmas *Rosh Hashanah	30  Michaelmas workday PTO potluck dinner	October						
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## Golden Admiration

by Sasha Reydel '16

The flame of a candle, the candle I am looking at. The flame is leaping, jumping, quivering, a mixture of the brightest colors, but none itself, like molten gold. A drop of molten gold. Floating, suspended, above the creamy, burning wax. I look at the candle, I see the wax, almost clear at the top, nearest the flame. Glowing, gleaming, overflowing with that same magical light. The molten gold.

I think about the bees that made the pure, off-white wax, about how they are golden too, and the blossoms they fly above, and the honey. The sweet honey: molten gold. It all fits together, it all falls into place. Unlike the dream I thought it was, it makes sense. How preciously wonderful, just like molten gold.



Sasha Reydel '16.

\* These holidays begin at sundown the evening before.

# OCTOBER



Bryony Smeele '15

OCTOBER 2011

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2	3	4	5 Class pictures 7:00 Grades 4, 11, & 12 class meetings	6 Class pictures	7 Class pictures	8  *Yom Kippur					
9 1:00–4:00 Open House as part of Farm Fall Festival	10  Columbus Day School closed	11	12 7:00 Grades 9 & 10 class meetings	13  *Sukkot	14 Coffee House	15					
16	17 7:00 Grades 1 & 5 class meetings	18	19 7:00 Grade 2 class meeting	20	21 Kindergarten & Lower School closed for teacher visiting day	22 9:30 PTO Meeting					
23	24 Spring Valley eurythmy performance	25 High School parent-to- parent evening	26  Diwali	27	28	29					
30	31 5:00–7:00 Halloween celebration  Halloween				November						
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## Humorous Similes

by Charlotte Hoppe '13

My love for you is like the sun. Always there, yet sometimes shrouded by clouds of confusion.

Friends are like toothpicks. They help you get out of tough situations.

Love is like a cup of coffee. It is delicious, but sometimes you get burned.

by Maud Sipe '13

Life is like a wave. It goes up and comes down hard.

Every second is a chapter in our lives.

Children are wishes. There are a million of them and they are what we hope for in ourselves.

## Class of 2012 Proverbs

A man who strives to be better than another must first become better than himself.

It is what we know that prevents us from learning.

The dove and the raven stand differently on the ground, but both can soar with equal grace.

All which is imagined holds the tiniest grain of truth.

\* These holidays begin at sundown the evening before.

# NOVEMBER



Alexis Reinhold '14

## Romantic Description Study

by Makima Light '12

Its body is shapely, with a classic waist, wider at the bottom, making a flattened oval, with a horned top. It is colored a warm satin brown that looks worn and faded, but is still smooth and shiny. The top edge is beveled, comfortable to rest against one's body, easy to hold, to cradle. The neck is long and slender, worn smooth from use, and a pleasure to grasp. Perched on top of this elegant swan neck is a perfectly symmetrical head, matte black, with a mother-of-pearl inlay, spelling out the favorite word of many musicians: Gibson. The strings, when plucked, convey not only the notes that are played, but all of the previous songs that were crafted on them. The frets are smooth, worn from countless screaming solos and soft melodies. At the joint of the neck and body, there appears to be no gap. The pick-guard is scratched from careless strumming, but retains its original ivory black sheen, like polished obsidian. The pick-ups are soundless when resting but render back beautiful sounds when played. The bridge is polished steel that glints to the point of being painful. And even with all of these materials, it only weighs about five pounds.

## Non-romantic Description

Gibson SG faded special.



Sam Devine '14.

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23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29		
		1  Election Day	2  7:00 High School Orientation for Middle School parents	3	4  PTO potluck dinner	5  10:00-1:00 High School Open House		
6  *Eid al-Adha Daylight saving time ends	7	8  7:00 Grade 8 class meeting	9	10  No Parent Child class	11  St. Martin's pageant and lantern walk grades K, 1, 2 & 3  Veterans Day School closed	12		
13	14	15	16  7:00 Kindergarten parent evening 7:00 High School parent conferences	17	18  Coffee house	19  9:30 PTO meeting		
20	21	22  1:00 Parent assembly	23  School closed	24  Thanksgiving School closed	25  School closed	26		
27  3:30 Kindergarten Advent Gardens 4:30 Grades 1, 2, & 3 Advent Gardens	28  8:15 School reopens	29	30	<b>December</b>				
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Moby Dick Main Lesson Block Poetry

by Camarii Haythe '14

Mast Head

I look out,  
I look out and see the rays of the sun.  
The rays of the sun that glitter upon  
the sea below.  
The sea below carries upon its back the  
ship of wonders.  
The ship of wonders? The *Pequod*  
of course.  
Of course, of course, the *Pequod*,  
of course.  
Which carries on its back my mates and me.  
Me, I look forward again and see the  
sea gull flying  
Flying into puffy clouds where I cannot  
reach  
Where I reach not with my hand  
Not with my hand, but with reveries  
With reveries, I can fly with the sea gulls  
Sea gulls, I envy them  
I envy them because I know they do  
not envy me.  
They do not envy me because they  
have what I want  
I want to fly, I cannot fly.  
I cannot fly, but I am happy enough  
that I can look forth  
Look forth, see beauty  
Beauty that will remain in my heart.



This beautiful skiff was built by the class of 2011 under the guidance of shop teacher and boat builder, John Cronin. Tickets were sold to raise funds for their senior trip, an art history experience in Italy. A portion of the funds was donated to support students in an underserved part of the world. The boat was won by Peter Madsen, father of Jan '15 and Josh '18.

\* These holidays begin at sundown the evening before.

# DECEMBER

## Island in the Sky

by Emily DeGeyer '12

There is a land  
High above the earthly sand,  
That floats up so far,  
It is but a singular star.

An island of pure light,  
In its perpetual flight,  
With mornings of brisk air,  
And evenings that are so fair.

And on this island high,  
This island in the sky,  
I should never want to leave,  
As long as I can still believe.



Luca Pearl Khosrova '12

Charlotte Kowalski, Kindergarten.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday																																																		
<b>DECEMBER</b> <hr/> <b>2011</b>		<table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th colspan="7">November</th> </tr> <tr> <th>S</th> <th>M</th> <th>T</th> <th>W</th> <th>T</th> <th>F</th> <th>S</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td>1</td> <td>2</td> <td>3</td> <td>4</td> <td>5</td> </tr> <tr> <td>6</td> <td>7</td> <td>8</td> <td>9</td> <td>10</td> <td>11</td> <td>12</td> </tr> <tr> <td>13</td> <td>14</td> <td>15</td> <td>16</td> <td>17</td> <td>18</td> <td>19</td> </tr> <tr> <td>20</td> <td>21</td> <td>22</td> <td>23</td> <td>24</td> <td>25</td> <td>26</td> </tr> <tr> <td>27</td> <td>28</td> <td>29</td> <td>30</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> </tbody> </table>						November							S	M	T	W	T	F	S			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30			
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18	19	20	21 12:15 Dismissal for winter break  *Hanukkah	22 7:00 Shepherds Play  Winter begins	23	24																																																		
25  Christmas	26  Kwanzaa begins	27	28	29	30	31																																																		
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## Imagined

by Luca Pearl Khosrova '12

You came to me  
 And kissed my cheek  
 A blushing sky gleamed,  
 We watched the clouds fade in the night  
 Don't wake me from this dream.

You came to me  
 And kissed my lips  
 The sun fell past the moon,  
 We watched the night fling out the stars  
 The day will come too soon.

In tears my eyes did open  
 By the touch of a morning ray,  
 I yearn to dream when the sky is bright  
 For the end of every day.

Alas, there is no sense in dreams  
 No fateful love awaits that way,  
 And the moon is moist behind the fog  
 Of a sky darkening grey.

So dreamed love — don't come and kiss me  
 Or watch with me the moonlight beams,  
 Though I will miss your soft, sweet touch  
 Don't come to me in dreams.

## The Fairy Home

by Beatrice Wedd '12

As I was treading through the green  
 And mossy trail behind my house,  
 I came upon a gentle, quiet scene,  
 A fairy home, adorned and overgrown,

With acorns, ferns, leaves and bark  
 The perfect hideout for a nymph,  
 Or troll or dryad, pixie, dwarf!  
 I could not take one more step,

For fear that I'd disrupt this tenderness  
 I felt an awe, a sort of climb,  
 I rushed back home to pen and papyrus  
 My fingers itched to tell the rhyme.

\* These holidays begin at sundown the evening before.

# JANUARY

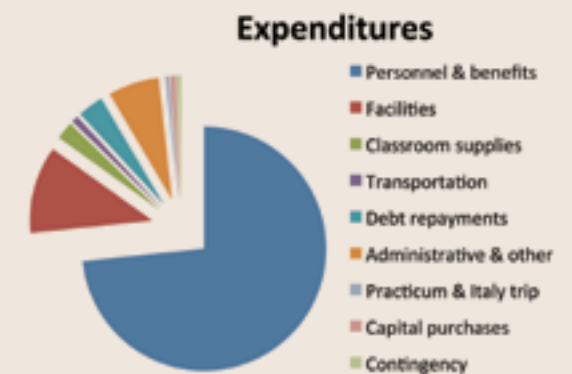
## Finance Report

by Cliff Keyes  
Chief Financial Officer,  
Hawthorne Valley Association

Even in these tough economic times, Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School continues to enjoy healthy financials — the fruits of long-term fiscal prudence and a generous donor community.



Leila Vargas '19



The economic environment continues to be challenging for private schools and the communities they serve. Understandably, access to financial aid is a major concern of private school parents. Families with a history of donating to Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School are now confronting the reality of needing financial aid themselves. We have adjusted to economic climate by providing increased flexibility and by working with families to find acceptable tuition solutions. While our increased flexibility has resulted in greater budget funding for tuition assistance, it has also resulted in somewhat lower contributions to annual giving.

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<b>JANUARY</b> <hr/> <b>2012</b>		<b>December</b> S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31						
		1 New Year's Day	2	3	4 8:15 School reopens	5	6 Epiphany	7
		8	9	10 7:00 Grade 8 class meeting	11 7:00 Grade 4 class meeting	12 Parent-child Winter Thursday classes begin — thru 3/15	13 Parent Child Winter Friday classes begin — thru 3/16 Kindergarten & Lower School parent conferences (no Kindergarten, Lower School, and playgroup)	14 Kindergarten & Lower School parent conferences 9:30 PTO meeting
		15	16 Martin Luther King, Jr., Day School closed	17	18 7:00 Grade 1 class meeting	19	20	21
		22 High School parent-to-parent evening	23 Lunar New Year	24	25 7:00 Grades 2 & 7 class meetings	26	27 Coffee house Modified basketball at Green Meadow Friendship Games	28
		29	30 7:00 Grades 11 & 12 class meetings	31	<b>February</b> S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29			

We began our budget year projecting a small deficit. However, through a combination of increased mid-year enrollment and strict budgetary controls, we have closed this gap and will finish the year with a small surplus. Our balance sheet also improved as a result of the following:

● **Lower tuition receivables:**

Thanks to you parents for making timely tuition payments.

● **Lower bank debt:**

The bank mortgage for the fine arts wing will be below \$300,000 at the end of this year. This is a result of the normal scheduled debt payments, but, more importantly, through low interest loans provided by individual school supporters.

● **Higher investment value:**

The investments held by the Endowment Fund have increased to a value of \$658,170 at May 31, 2011. We plan to start drawing earnings from this fund in future years to provide increased funding for scholarships and tuition assistance. ■



Pastel, Class of 2013.

# FEBRUARY

Ruby Lamond '18

## What Fell Away (excerpt from Senior Project)

by Ana Kornblum-Laudi '11

Mira lay awake in bed, biting her fingernails as the murmur of the television in her father's room drifted to her through the floorboards. Distance distorted the noise and although she couldn't distinguish what the televised voices were saying, she could tell that he was watching the news based on the flat, matter of fact tenor. The moist air seeped through the old wooden walls, a crack in the window, and wrapped itself around her making the atmosphere feel heavy and malleable. Mosquitoes buzzed in the darkness, and Mira suddenly felt the foreignness of her environment.

She'd moved from her mother's home in the outskirts of Los Angeles to a suburb outside of Boston with her father three months earlier. Since her parents' divorce nine years before, when she was seven, her parents could never quite decide what to do with her; her mother begged for custody when she was feeling well, when she was feeling like herself again, implored her ex-husband to give her another chance, and to finance Mira's trips to Los Angeles. She would arrive at the airport early to ensure that she would be there when Mira's flight landed. She would stand in the reception area because she was too excited to sit, tapping the heels of her shoes against the floor in anticipation. When she saw Mira, she would run to her and embrace her with an almost frightening desperation that Mira had intuited ever since she was a young child. Mira had loved these beginnings, had pined for these moments, before she was old enough to recognize their inherent pattern.

For the first few months, Mira's mother would be exultant. Mira felt that she was the center of her mother's world during these times. But as the weeks passed, her mother became increasingly reclusive. First, she would stop making breakfast in the mornings; they would no longer walk to the beach to watch the sun sink below the blue line of

the horizon, or eat ice cream cones on park benches, or feed the seagulls slices of Wonder Bread at the ocean's edge. Eventually, she wouldn't even wake up before noon, and after a while she'd stop coming out of her bedroom altogether. Sometimes Mira would hear her crying through the thin wall that separated their rooms, over the indistinct drone of the television. She cried not like a woman, Mira thought; not like women in the movies did. She cried with a certain raw desperation, with an alarming anguish that seemed to swallow her.

As a child, Mira would gingerly enter her mother's room and lie beside her in bed while she wept wordlessly. She never knew what to say, but she would wrap her slender arms around her mother's torso, let her head fall to her chest, feeling the violent trembling of this strange woman's body move through her own, this woman who suddenly seemed so alien. ■

Luke Hildreth '16.



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<b>FEBRUARY</b> <hr/> <b>2012</b>			January									
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			<b>1</b> 7:00 Grade 6 class meeting	<b>2</b>	<b>3</b> Volleyball tournament at Kimberton PTO potluck dinner	<b>4</b>  *Mawlid al-Nabi						
<b>5</b>	<b>6</b> 7:00 Grades 9 & 10 class meetings	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b> Grade 7 circus	<b>9</b> Grade 7 circus	<b>10</b> High School basketball tournament at Kimberton	<b>11</b> 9:30 PTO meeting						
<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>  Valentine's Day	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b> 2:45 Dismissal for midwinter recess	<b>18</b>						
<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>  President's Day Shivaratri	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>  Ash Wednesday	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>						
<b>26</b>  *Purim	<b>27</b> 8:15 School reopens	<b>28</b> 7:00 Grade 3 class meetings High School parent-to- parent evening	<b>29</b>			March						
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## Nature Poem

by Brendan Paholak '12

The sun seeped through the trees, the delicate rays caressed the bare branches  
 Absolute beauty, a graceful touch of Heaven's angels  
 The graying clouds beg for its light, a painting of godly proportion  
 The cackle of geese fleeing the winter, flying in perfect symmetry  
 The world holds the beauty of nature in divinity, the balance of human suffering,  
 A reverence to spiritual awakening.  
 Alas, we seek the untold stories of history, but all we must do is look into the  
 Reddening skies of sunset, the answer is there,  
 Whispers of seas, a sentiment of nature's countenance to mirror our mortal souls.



Charlotte Ernst '20.

\* These holidays begin at sundown the evening before.

# MARCH

## Modern History Assignment on Workers' Rights • Fictional Letters

by Sam Devine '14

April 3, 1911  
Dear Mr. Han,

I am writing to tell you of the terrible disaster that took place at the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory. As you know, I work ten hours a day, six days a week, sewing elegant shirtwaists for wealthy women. Currently, I am only paid \$1.50 a week, which is barely enough to feed my family, but every year I get a .50 cent raise. That Tuesday afternoon, I was staying late because I was one of the many that had been on strike and so, as punishment, we had to work extra hours. We had just been paid and many of the girls had already gone home. I walked to the toilet, past the endless tables and tables of cloth and sewing machines.

I had just closed the door when I heard somebody yell, "Fire!" and I heard the rush of feet running across the wooden floor. I ran out and looked out across the sea of red cloth but still, I saw no fire. I ran for an elevator but there was a huge crowd of people already there so I pushed on. I saw young girls, like myself, with clothes aflame and blazing, crash through the windows even though we were on the ninth floor. It was clear that the fire had started on a floor below and we were trapped; the owners kept the stairwell doors locked. I ran to the nearest window and looked down at the charred bodies on the pavement. I tore my eyes away from the grizzly scene. Then, miraculously, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a ladder being extended across the airshaft between our building and the building next to us. I ran to the ladder and climbed across the gap to safety with the help of the kind law students in the building across the way.

I have since learned that 146 of my sisters died in this accident which could



Charlotte Herzhauser, Kindergarten

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		<b>4</b>	<b>5</b> 7:00 Grade 5 class meeting	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b> 7:00 Kindergarten class meeting	<b>8</b> Grade 8 play  *Purim	<b>9</b> Grade 8 play	<b>10</b>	
		<b>11</b>  Daylight saving time begins	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> 7:00 Grade 7 class meeting	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b> 9:30 PTO meeting	
		<b>18</b>	<b>19</b> Grade 3 farm trip	<b>20</b> 7:00 Grade 8 class meeting  Spring begins	<b>21</b> 7:00 High School parent conferences	<b>22</b> Parent Child Spring Thursday classes begin — thru 5/31	<b>23</b> Parent Child Spring Friday classes begin — thru 6/1 12:15 Dismissal for Lower School Lower School parent conferences	<b>24</b> Spring Benefit	
		<b>25</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b> 7:00 Grade 3 class meeting	<b>28</b> 7:00 Grade 1 class meeting	<b>29</b> Grade 10 Play	<b>30</b> Grade 10 Play PTO potluck dinner	<b>31</b> 10:00–2:00 Open House Grade 10 Play	
								<b>April</b> S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	

have been avoided if the factory owners had made the building safer. The working conditions at Triangle were terrible but at least it was a job. I hope you never have to work under these awful conditions.

*Sincerely,*  
 Bridget O’Hara

April 18, 2001  
 Dear Bridget O’Hara,

I am sorry to hear of the tragedy that you and your fellow workers suffered at Triangle. Much the same thing has happened to me and my fellow workers at the Chowdhury Factory in Narsingi. It may come as a surprise to you that even though 100 years have passed the working conditions are still the same. The doors are always locked to keep us from stealing goods, we work 12 to 18 hour days and suffer physical abuse, and we have no fire drills. All the clothes that we make are exported to the West. We live in dormitories, several to a room, and we are rarely allowed to go home and visit our families back in the country.

I would like to tell you about what happened on April 15th. It was the middle of the day and I was sewing a shirt, then, from across the room, a spark from a coal fire lit a pile of cloth on fire. We all rushed to the stairwell and climbed down the steep steps but, at the bottom, the gate was locked. The flames were spreading through the building. In the mad rush to reach the top of the stairs, 52 people were trampled. I finally reached the top of the stairs, broke a window, and climbed down the drainpipe. Many of my fellow workers died that day. I was just happy to have lived through it. As you can see, my story is not that different from yours. I hope that this incident will make the factory owners give us a safer work environment, like many workers in the West now enjoy.

*Sincerely,*  
 Mr. Han

\* These holidays begin at sundown the evening before.

# APRIL



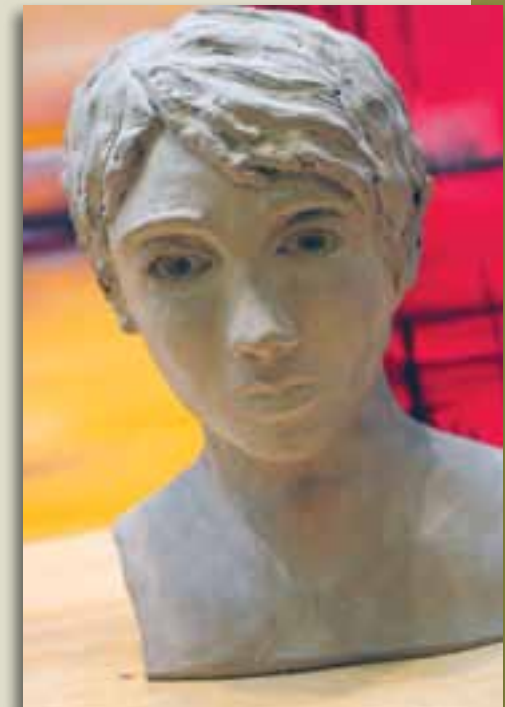
Olivia Walster '19

## Nature Poem

by Christian Peterson '12

There was a place,  
A beautiful place that I once knew,  
A clearing in the brambles,  
Where we would watch the  
nightingales fly,  
Toward the bright crystal ball,  
In the velvet night sky,  
And on the horizon from the hills,  
A stream would trickle, inconspicuous  
and discreet,  
'Round the orchards and adjacent  
to the mills,  
It would trickle to our feet.

But alas no more then a shaded  
remembrance,  
Thin as winter air it remains,  
And every day it fades away,  
Deeper towards the past,  
And every day I try to recall,  
This memory that will not last.



Charlotte Hoppe '13.

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		18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31		
1	2 7:00 Grade 2 class meeting	3	4 7:00 Grade 5 class meeting	5 10:30 Parent assembly 12:15 Dismissal for spring break	6  Good Friday	7  *Passover		
8  Easter	9	10	11	12	13	14		
15	16 8:15 School reopens 7:00 Grade 4 class meeting	17	18 7:00 Grades 6 & 11 class meetings	19	20 Senior presentations	21 Senior presentations 9:30-11:30 Kindergarten Open Morning		
22	23 Senior trip	24	25	26 High School parent-to- parent evening	27	28 9:30 PTO meeting		
29	30 7:00 Grades 9 & 10 class meetings	May						
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		13	14	15	16	17	18	19
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## The Sun King

by Elizabeth Gale '15

You tell me that there is not enough wealth in the land to build me a palace. You tell me that my people have barely enough food to keep from starving, yet every day I see their wretched faces turned up to the sun in joy. When I point this out to you, you say that it is the sun that brings them that joy. Everywhere I look I see them huddled together over their fires in the street laughing and joking together. They sing and poke fun at one another and still you tell me that my land and my people do not have enough wealth. Not until they are without even the meager shreds of forgotten finery and there is no sun to bring even fading scraps of joy will there be no wealth in the land. This I can bring to pass; I am the land, I am the sun. When I pass them in the streets they should cry out my name in gratitude, for without me there would be nothing. They should call out to me as the Sun King, for that is what I am, the Sun King.



\* These holidays begin at sundown the evening before.

Ian Allen '15.

# MAY

## Senior Roundup • Class of 2011

We are very proud of our senior class and their achievements. Their senior projects were an education and a pleasure — telling us about who they are now, and hinting at who they will become. They gave us a wonderful play, *The Arabian Nights*, by Mary McCarthy, directed by Eric Müller and David Anderson in which the depth of meaning, the lightness, and the charm of those ancient tales helped us to reflect on the culture of the Arab world in today's climate.

Among their many fine accomplishments, we would like to share the students' post-graduation plans:

- Nkoula Badila will be WOOFing (Working on Organic Farms international program) for a year and then pursuing her artistic interests.
- Ellen Boothroyd will be traveling, working, and volunteering. She will then be attending Simmons College.
- Julia Fingar has deferred her acceptance to Fashion Institute of Technology.
- Dylan Goodman will be attending the University of Bridgeport.
- Phineas Howie will be attending SUNY Purchase.
- Wren Bytheway-Hoy will be working and traveling.
- Merlin Komenda will be taking a year to work and then attending the University of Montana.
- Ana Kornblum-Laudi will be attending Bard College.
- Jesse Geisler Mesevage will be attending The Macaulay Honors College at Brooklyn College.
- Julian Müller will be attending the Jacobs School of Music at the University of Indiana.
- Max Henry Ocean will be attending The Park School of Communications at Ithaca College.
- Elizabeth Pesano will be attending Columbia Greene Community College.
- Thelonious Quimby will be taking a year to pursue his music and has deferred his acceptance to Willamette University.
- Gracie Shannon-Aquirre will be attending Mt. Allison University in Canada.
- Sjaak Smeele will be attending the University of Syracuse Engineering School.
- Fionnghoula Steen will be exploring volunteer opportunities having chosen to defer college attendance.
- Karlis Valujevs will be traveling and then attending Hudson Valley Community College.
- Anina von Haefen will be traveling and has deferred her acceptance to the School of Visual Arts.
- Zoey Wagner will be attending Sarah Lawrence College.

Most of our students gained entry to their first-choice college and are entering very competitive programs. Additionally, almost all are recipients of extensive merit scholarship awards offered to them by the schools they are attending and by the many schools they have declined. ■

Aysha Vadukul '19

MAY 2012

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday						
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		1	2	3 7:00 Spring Concert grades 6, 7, & 8	4 Grandparents visiting day Science fair	5 May Day celebration						
6	7 10:30 Kindergarten May Day	8 7:00 Grade 8 class meeting	9	10	11 PTO potluck dinner	12 High School prom						
13  Mother's Day	14 High School practicum week	15	16	17 Grade 6 Medieval pageant	18	19 9:30 PTO meeting						
20	21	22	23	24	25 Grade 5 Olympiad	26 Henriette Reiss Award presentation						
27	28 Memorial Day School closed	29	30	31 Grade 12 play		June						
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## College Acceptances 2011

- Acadia University
- Bard College
- Bennington College
- Buffalo State College
- Champlain College
- Columbia College Chicago
- CUNY Brooklyn
- Clarkson University
- Dickinson College
- Emerson College
- Eugene Lang College
- Fashion Institute of Technology
- Goucher College
- Guilford College
- University of Hartford
- Ithaca College
- Macaulay Honors College
- Manhattanville College
- Occidental College
- Pace University
- Park School of Communications  
at Ithaca College
- Philadelphia Art Institute
- Pratt MWP
- Prescott College
- Rochester Institute of Technology (RIT)
- Roger Williams University
- Sarah Lawrence College
- The School of Visual Arts
- Simmons College
- St. Rose College
- Susquehanna College
- SUNY Purchase
- SUNY Brockport
- SUNY Oswego
- Union College
- University of Bridgeport
- University of Buffalo
- University of Montana
- University of the Pacific
- University of Syracuse Engineering School
- Washington College
- Wells College
- Wheaton College
- Willamette University

# JUNE

## Remarks to the class of 2011

by Patrice Maynard, AWSNA Leader for Communications and Development and Former Class Teacher



Phineas Howie '11



Gracie Shannon-Aguirre '11



Lizzy  
Pesano '11

I would confess to feeling a bit speechless when thinking about what to say to you on this day. I am not usually at a loss for words, as you know. In second grade, a teacher tells fables. These tales of the foibles of animals give you a chance to begin to build a habit of self-reflection. The teacher tells the story and then asks the class, delicately so as to avoid any risk of name-calling or labeling, if the story reminds them of anyone they might know. For a couple of weeks in our second grade this had been going very well and you had admitted to much self-recognition in the donkey and the peacock and the fox. When I told a story about a big, hard-working, quiet watch dog, and a little, yapping, pampered lap dog, however, and paused to ask if either of the two dogs reminded you of someone, one student piped up that the little dog did, saying, "He's kind of like you, Mrs. Maynard. You're small and you like to talk a lot."

I realized that all the teachers here, and I am with them, have worked hard over the years to shine brightly for you so as to lead you to your own inner brightness. In all I have seen of you in our time together, in your accomplishments I have witnessed over the years, your own shining has reached a remarkable brightness. Especially in this year with your remarkable senior projects, the decisions you have made about your futures, and with the most recent artistic triumph in your play, it is clear that your lights now outshine ours.

There is another story I want to tell you now. Because it was a gift to me of understanding and through it we came to a place of peace about how the world is.

All through first grade, you resisted the mood of the fifth songs – those Waldorf school anthems that sound as if they don't really reach an ending ever. Well, you also protested the same way whenever I spoke of fairies or gnomes. I became very upset around this because first graders were not supposed to do this. Fairies and gnomes are a part of the whole deal in a Waldorf school.

One day when I was particularly frustrated at the resistance I was meeting on this point from many of you, I had a breakthrough. I realized that while I did know that the earth is a living being, I had never seen a gnome or a fairy myself. It struck me all of a sud-

den and I felt like a hypocrite. Suddenly, the nature of all your protesting changed in my mind. It was not cynicism; it was determination to get at the truth. The real truth. Nothing less would do. I was caught in my hypocrisy, doing "what Waldorf teachers do," without much authenticity at all.

On Michaelmas at the beginning of second grade, my determination to figure this out had reached its strongest point. For main lesson that bright fall day, I took you out to the stream — our friend the stream. We sat down on the banks under the bridge and I asked you to listen to the brook. Quietness was not an easy thing for you but you became very quiet as the brook babbled away and you listened. I waited a long time and you listened a long time. "What do you hear?" I asked. "Well," said one little girl, "It's like they are singing." Everyone agreed that it was like that. "Is it a happy song, or a sad one?" I asked. "Happy. Oh yeah, happy, it's a happy song they are singing, they are happy," everyone chimed in. We listened some more as I marveled inside at how easily you spoke of "them," and agreed that it was "song," this babbling.

I asked if you thought there was a way to change their song. I was amazed at the quiet. It felt like an inevitable thing that some wise guy who knew a lot about science would say, "Easy, you just change the rocks." But no one did. After a long time of silence, one of our better cynics said, "What if we sang to them?" All liked this idea. We sang through seven or eight songs and decided on a very sad one and we sang it with a great deal of feeling. After the song was done we stopped and listened. "Nope," said one boy "It's the same. They are still happy." After a long time another girl said, "What if we tried moving the rocks?" Everyone looked at me. This required wading into the stream. Delight took over and you all plunged in with glee. In short order, the rocks were piled in a new way and our resident engineer who had helped build fairy houses in the woods with working plumbing — told everyone the time was right and we could stand back and listen again.

The big rock barricade made the water push hard to work over the rocks. The sound was indeed very different. We were all amazed at the dramatic change the

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday						
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<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b> Last day of Kindergarten playgroup	<b>6</b> Kindergarten last day	<b>7</b> Last day of Grade 1 playgroup	<b>8</b> Last day of school <b>10:30</b> Rose Ceremony <b>12:15</b> Dismissal <b>5:00</b> Grade 8 Celebration	<b>9</b> <b>2:00</b> Grade 12 Graduation						
<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>						
<b>17</b> Father's Day	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b> Summer begins	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>						
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thing we had built had made in the water sound. "Let's leave it this way," said a few. We all liked this because the structure was a really complex and beautiful one and it felt strangely satisfying that we had finally influenced them, the water. "They are mad now," said someone, "Really mad," said someone else. Another student said, upset at this, "No, they aren't MAD, they just are working hard because they cannot get by so easily." This made sense to everyone as a satisfactory observation. And I knew then that you never had doubted the living being of the earth or whether or not the water was alive with beings and with beingness. It was the falseness of talking about fairies and gnomes and nixies without experiencing it myself. "Making it up," instead of telling the truth.

I learned from you as you have learned from each other how to be authentic and how to know when authenticity isn't present. Take that and give it to the world. You have many gifts to give but this is a powerful one. The world will not always like it. Coming to the place where I could receive it from you was not easy — but oh, what a relief once I got there and could.

Some of you might remember the verse we said at the end of main lesson for two years:

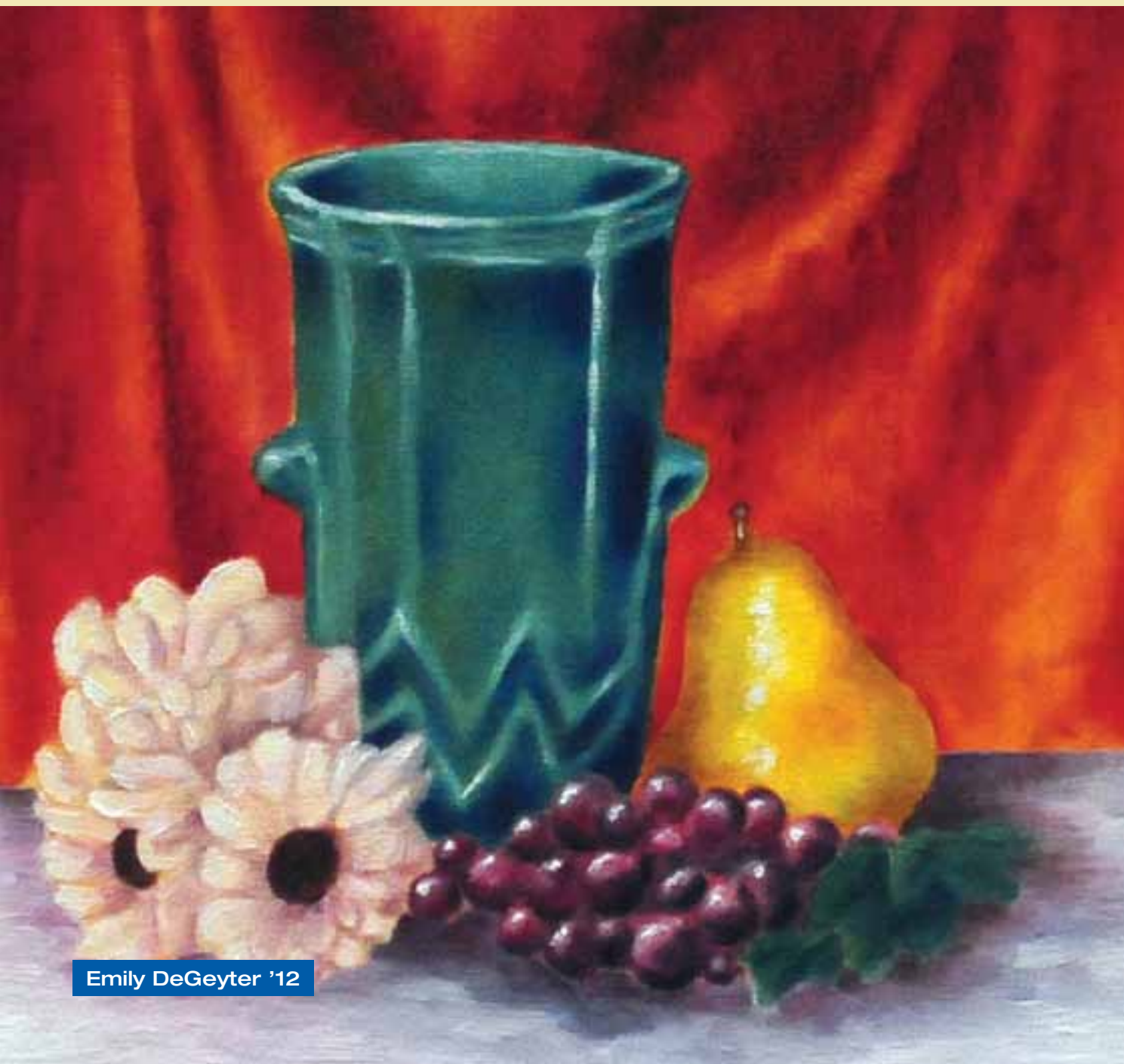
I strive to learn  
 To learn to give  
 To give my heart  
 to all I see.  
 I see that I  
 With heart aflame  
 Aflame with love  
 Can light the world.

So you can, and so you do, and so you will. Remember this place and these good teachers. Wherever you go, you will light the world. ■

# JULY

## Excerpts from Commencement Speech for the Class of 2011

by Sarah Hearn, Research Associate, Center for Social Research



Emily DeGeyter '12

This group [the class of 2011] has a strong capacity for perceiving truth and falsity in the world. Their wise and knowledgeable class teacher, who referred to it as their “authenticity meter”, affirmed this observation yesterday afternoon. Their capacity to perceive fairness in their lives and the lives of those around them is a force to be reckoned with. Individuals with their own clear judgments are precisely what we need in the world today: People who can look at complex issues and offer sound judgments...

In developing discernment for truth and falsity there's also a danger that as our capacity for judgment sharpens, it can also narrow. You can find yourself in a world of conviction where I'm wrong and you're right, everything is black and white and there's no back door left open for another possibility or future. We get estranged from the seeker who says I find such-and-such persuasive reasons for my beliefs, but I'm still open...and you start to see how this narrowness breeds fatalistic beliefs about the human being and about society as a whole. This means connecting to a bigger systemic picture, a higher purpose that allows you to see the problem in context and reframe it...

We have to use our capacities for judgment to see more...grey. What I mean is that you have to continue to cultivate your voracious pursuit of discerning truth and falsity in the world, be prepared for some grey — because things are sometimes murky and unclear, and also because, if we're only after black and white we can miss a ton of really good things.

Rudolf Steiner said that to combat self-interest and egoism “any man who works for another, must find in this other man the reason for his work; and if any man works for the community, he must perceive and feel the meaning and value of this community, and what it is as a living, organic whole.” I venture to suggest that we have some of these essential attributes embodied here in this community. While self interest is everywhere, the questions are: Is something else possible for the human being? When, where, and how do we see this happening? How can we cultivate it?

We need a really accurate, living picture of the whole economy before we can find solutions and create new models. First though, we really need a picture of the whole human being in order to grapple with what's at the foundation of economics and

JULY 2012

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most social questions. We have to ask which part of the human being is beholden to these forces — is it the whole human being in its totality, and is it the human being at all stages of development?...

So I'm begging the question: is transformation possible? Can it be any different? When you stand at the leading edge of social change or any creative process, there isn't actually a clear map from the past to indicate next steps or how to succeed...

When we reflect on the past, it's much easier to see these things, of course. Rosa Parks getting on a bus; Egyptian protesters taking to the streets of Cairo. From our place in history we can affirm and congratulate the heroes, the good ideas and imaginations that precipitated certain victories. But looking toward the future, the unknown, rather than drawing on past experience and what so-and-so suggests — we actually have to be able and willing to think, imagine and create our own way...

Social work is particularly important because it's not work we have to do. And, it's not easy work. But choosing to perform social work is emblematic of the freedom and individuality inherent in our time: we can choose to make change, to be the solution, to criticize by creating. And it can be fun and exciting and rewarding.

To have the power to shape the future, we have to meet the suffering, the want and the hard stuff with as much hope, calm and clarity as we can muster. At the heart of this is self-education (or education of the Self). It's grabbing hold of life as our personal story-teller and our basis for education. It's taking responsibility for our own learning process. No one can breathe for you, eat for you and no one can learn for you. Direct your own lives, commit passionately to things you believe in, things that matter, and work hard to get really good at them. ■

\* These holidays begin at sundown the evening before.

# Development Report

by Caroline Geisler  
Administrative & Development Director

Below is a summary of the financial performance of the different school funds for the 2010 to 2011 school year. On behalf of Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School and HVA, please accept a warm and heartfelt thank you for generous giving. By means of your support, Waldorf education at Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School continues to serve a wonderful and diverse group of students. Please take time to look at the donor pages

at the back of the calendar and imagine all the cumulative generosity that they represent. Not only is there much financial giving, but also the gifts in kind are so numerous. Parents and community members give of their time in many, many ways, sharing their talents and time on an ongoing basis. It is those small (and large) gifts which make it possible for Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School to provide for our students.

● **Annual fund.** This is supported by parents, alumni, alumni parents, grandparents, friends, and members of our business community. In these times of economic uncertainty reaching our goal for 2010–2011 was not possible. However, due to the fine performance of our events and additional monies from state grants we were able to meet the total donation target. Hawthorne

Valley Waldorf School also receives a substantial annual fund gift from the Waldorf Collaborative Fund managed by RSF Social Finance — an investment pool from which a portion of income can be designated by donors as a gift for the school.

● **Capacity building grant.** Funds donated to the Hawthorne Valley Association to support capacity building programs and capital investments throughout the Association benefit the Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School in many ways. Areas supported by this grant include: Place-based educational opportunities through the Learning Center and the Farmscape Ecology Program as well as through lecture series opportunities; administrative services in Finance, Marketing, Development, Campus Maintenance Services, and Information Technology; Social and Emotional Learning programming by professionals in the areas of substance abuse prevention and sensitivity in the classroom; and management consulting services have all tremendously increased the quality of our programs and our ability to plan thoughtfully for our future.

● **The 19th Annual Henrietta Reiss Award.** Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School alumni Julian Muller '11 and Daniel Kobran '05 received the 2011 Henrietta Reiss Award for artistic endeavor. Generous gifts to the Henrietta Reiss fund made it possible to award \$1,000 to each recipient — the largest amount the fund has ever given. The award celebration took place on May 28, 2011, at Space 360 in Hudson. The celebration featured a performance by Rebecca Hartka '93 (cello) and Gili Melamed-Lev (piano), with pieces from Ms. Hartka's 2010 release CD "Folkfire: Music by DeFalla, Piazzola, Vaughan Williams, Bartok."

● **Yuletide Fair, Spring Benefit and Celebration.** Income from these two important Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School events exceeded budget by \$5,260. As always our parent volunteers were stupendous. Donna Verna once again chaired the Yuletide Fair though sadly this was her last year of chairmanship — incredibly able assistance was added to the mix by many parent volunteers who helped organize everything from the vendors, food, and the Community Craft room, to the Gingerbread House Auction, music, and parking. Peter Gale chaired the Spring Benefit committee and finally achieved our goal of hosting the event at Club Helsinki! The benefit was a festive and fun evening with a great auction — more items than ever, very ably auctioned by alumni parent Rodney Dow — thank you, Rodney. Entertainment included beautiful singing by some of our talented high school students and ended with lively dancing to the great music of our wonderful band. Top benefit sponsors included Bowditch & Dewey, LLP, Columbia Tent Rentals,

# AUGUST

Thomas Oelhaf '12

AUGUST 2012

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday						
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>AUGUST</b></p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">2012</p>		July										
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CompuWorks, First Fuel, GreenForestry.us Inc, Key Communications, The Lofgren Agency Inc, Pattison, Koskey, Howe & Bucci P.C., Sea Snax, and Trustco Bank.

- **Children of the Future Scholarship Endowment Fund.** This is our restricted endowment fund which benefits student scholarships. We are very pleased to report that the fund gained steadily throughout 2010–2011 and has now regained its value allowing us to draw down earnings from it to support our scholarship fund. We anticipate earnings of \$75,000 for the 2011–2012 year. The fund is ably directed by our investment committee which includes our CFO, a member of our HVA Board of Trustees, Kevin Albert, and a parent volunteer, Peter Gale, all of whom have expertise in finance. It is professionally managed by an investment advisor with Smith Barney, where it is in a diversified group of mutual funds. We received new donations of \$1,100 in 2010–2011.
- **Student Sponsorship Fund.** Gifts of \$20,250 were made to the student sponsorship fund. These monies have provided much needed additional support to the scholarship program.
- **The Robyn Kaufmann Memorial Fund.** In honor of Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School alumna Robyn Kaufmann, received gifts of \$600. The Fund provides scholarship support for students with artistic gifts.
- **Gifts in Kind.** Many local, regional, and national businesses generously continue to give to Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School for the Yuletide Fair, the Spring Benefit, and in many, many other large and small ways. Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School is deeply grateful for the generosity of its business community. Parents and community members also donated most generously with time and goods for program, events, and classroom and extra-curricular activities. ■

# SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER 2012

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday																																																		
<b>SEPTEMBER</b> <hr/> 2012		<table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th colspan="7">August</th> </tr> <tr> <th>S</th> <th>M</th> <th>T</th> <th>W</th> <th>T</th> <th>F</th> <th>S</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>1</td> <td>2</td> <td>3</td> <td>4</td> </tr> <tr> <td>5</td> <td>6</td> <td>7</td> <td>8</td> <td>9</td> <td>10</td> <td>11</td> </tr> <tr> <td>12</td> <td>13</td> <td>14</td> <td>15</td> <td>16</td> <td>17</td> <td>18</td> </tr> <tr> <td>19</td> <td>20</td> <td>21</td> <td>22</td> <td>23</td> <td>24</td> <td>25</td> </tr> <tr> <td>26</td> <td>27</td> <td>28</td> <td>29</td> <td>30</td> <td>31</td> <td></td> </tr> </tbody> </table>						August							S	M	T	W	T	F	S				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
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## English Poetry Class

by Alexis Reinhold '14

I sit perched on my sentinel home,  
 watching as the river breathes with  
 the seasons.  
 I watch the unruly reeds grow and fall.  
 I watch the blossoms bloom year after year,  
 and year after year, they never cease to  
 shrivel into nothingness.  
 Day after day I explore my familiar habitat,  
 noticing the new life, but also noticing  
 the old and weary.  
 Day after day, I watch as the sun rises and falls,  
 just as I watch my surroundings do  
 season by season.  
 One day my home will tumble to the ground,  
 splashing as it hits the water.  
 Its leaves will float away.  
 My tree will no more be my home than  
 the night animals are my allies.  
 I watch as the competition of life unfolds,  
 the fittest surviving, the weakest being  
 lost in their overpowering shadows.  
 And still I watch as the world is reborn  
 around me.  
 One day, I will be gone too.  
 A robin can't live forever.  
 But for now,  
 I live in a graveyard.



Pastel, Class of 2013.

\* These holidays begin at sundown the evening before.

# Thank you!

The following gifts were contributed by our generous donor community listed below each type of fund. An asterisk signifies a donor who gave more than once to the fund under which they are listed. Donors who give after this publication goes to press (August 21) will be acknowledged in next year's annual report. We have taken great care to list each donor's name accurately, and we hope we have succeeded. If your name was improperly listed or omitted, however, please accept our apologies and notify the Development Office at 518.672.7092, ext 105.

## Annual Giving 2010-2011

Anonymous  
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Stephen & Betsy Acciani  
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#### **Student Sponsorship**

Bulova Gale Foundation  
Cassandra Hudgen-Grace  
*In honor of Louise E. Jackson*

#### **Yuletide Fair**

Crawford & Associates  
Philmont Family Dentistry PLLC



*Art behind donor list:  
Joshua Destta '19.*

## A Third Grade Harvest Basket

by Cecelia Elinson

My hands are small, it is true  
But Will fills my limbs through and through.  
I have laid my labor upon the earth  
Out of its fullness comes now its worth.  
To you my loved ones this basket I bring  
In hopes for your harvesting ever greater things.

## An Appreciation for Cecelia Elinson and her work at Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School

by Gloria Kemp, retired class teacher

The subject modestly called “Projects” appeared on the schedule of the third grade I was newly joining as a class teacher. I wasn’t surprised. It could be expected that a Waldorf school associated with a biodynamic farm in a magnificent natural setting would weave the values of place into its central mission of educating the whole child, of establishing a lifelong balance between head, hand, and heart. And indeed that is what “Projects” did. Children happily left the classroom in work clothes to tap the maple trees and make syrup, to care for cows in the barn, to tend the three sisters (beans, corn, and squash) in the garden, to harvest and prepare food for themselves and others. How my class looked forward to these times! And how happy and contented they returned, better able to focus and learn in the classroom.

As the years unfolded, it became clearer to me that what was going on here went further, broader and deeper than the sum total of seasonal “Projects” woven into the school year. Cecelia Elinson joined the Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School faculty in 1976 and began her own journey through our valley, through the mysteries of childhood, and into the depths of what it means to travel the human path with feet on the ground. Her passionate dedication to this special task has borne fruit in the souls of hundreds of children. She has cultivated the power of seeing each child as a full human being who came into life with purposes and intentions, who sought something from his/her school experience that could strengthen capacities to fulfill life’s purpose. Cecelia developed a truly unique Projects program for the Hawthorne Valley Waldorf School, inspired by our school’s unique blend of nature, agriculture, and culture.

Cecelia can look at a child with the opposite of the teacherly “evil eye.” She can look at a child lovingly, perceiving the fullness of the whole person. Her gentle recognition became a source of growth, nourishment, and self-respect for so many children. Parents, teachers, and children found in Cecelia one who would not only listen but who would also understand. Children and families have turned to her in times of crisis, knowing they would be received and heard with sympathy and understanding.

Cecelia stands before so many of us, adult and child alike, as a wise woman, priestess, selfless participant, and guide. We wish her well as she moves forward from her work with the elementary school projects to begin a new adventure with the youngest members of our community in the Peach Blossom early childhood program.

This verse that she wrote for a third grade epitomizes the spirit of reverence and community that Cecelia has cultivated in herself and in others. ■