

# The Olney Current



**Olney Friends School  
Barnesville, Ohio**

*Summer 2021 Vol. 128 No. 2*



# Contents

<b>Report from the Head of School</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>New Faculty</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Commencement 2021</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Commencement Address: Lauren Head</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Alumni Association Virtual Meeting</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>Reunion Class Gifts</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>The Olney Drive</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>Olney in the Time of COVID-19</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>2020-2021 Guest Speakers</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>Tales of a 19-Year-Old Freedom Rider</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>Elmer Hartley, Quaker Farm Leader</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>Alumni News</b>	<b>32</b>
<b>Friends Who Have Passed</b>	<b>55</b>

## **THE OLNEY CURRENT**

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The Olney Current, Olney Friends School, 61830 Sandy Ridge Rd., Barnesville, OH 43713. Phone: 740-425-3655; email: [alumni@olneyfriends.org](mailto:alumni@olneyfriends.org);  
web site: [www.olneyfriends.org](http://www.olneyfriends.org).

### **OLNEY CURRENT STAFF**

Editing: Melinda Kramer, '64, Anne Marie Taber '79  
Layout and Design: Elizabeth Sikkenga x'80  
Proofreading: Melinda Kramer '64, Wanda Rockwell '56, Anne Marie Taber '79  
Photography: Gwen Torry-Owens '78, Olney faculty and students

### **OLNEY FRIENDS SCHOOL FACULTY**

Christian Acemah '01, Head of School

Akiko Brownstein (Hon.), Japanese & Dorm Staff; Micah Brownstein (Hon.), Deputy Head of School & Dean of Student Affairs; Shea Bugala (Hon.), Student Life Coordinator, Dorm Staff, & Development Assistant; Connie Collins (Hon.), Spanish & Dorm Head; Anima Donkor, Enrollment & Marketing; James "Phineas" Gosselink (Hon.), Math, Humanities, Dorm Head, & Academic Coordinator; Don Guindon '74, Farm Manager; Leonard Guindon '70, Math, Science, & Dean of Academics; Vicki Lowry (Hon.), Office Manager & Events Coordinator; David Male (Hon.), Quaker Outreach, Quakerism, Math, & Dorm Staff; Heather Martin, Cook; Cayce Morrison '16, Assistant Farm Manager; Alan Neiswonger (Hon.), Maintenance Assistant; Tina Neiswonger (Hon.), Finance & Operations Manager; Roger Reynolds (Hon.), Humanities & Technology Director; Karyn Riccelli (Hon.), Art & Dorm Staff; Scot Russell (Hon.), Maintenance Assistant; Joseph Sullivan (Hon.), Assistant Head of School, Finance & Operations; Anne Marie Taber '79, Director of Development & Library; Jessica Wiandt (Hon.), Science & Dorm Staff; Amy Witt (Hon.), Humanities & Housekeeper; Jamie Zavitz '83, Humanities & Athletics Director.

*Note: Class years are included after the names of alumni; "x" designates an alumnus or alumna who attended but did not graduate. Honorary alumni (Hon.) have contributed significantly to the life of the school.*

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# Report from the Head of School

*by Christian Acemah '01, Head of School*

Dear Olney Community,

As I write this letter on 11 June 2021, an overwhelming sense of gratitude for the past academic year fills me. When I last wrote you, we had no idea what the future held. Specifically, we did not know if Olney would stay open for in-person classes for the entire academic year. Here we are now, tying up some loose ends after a whole year of in-person classes, taking a moment to reflect and rest, preparing to welcome some groups to campus for various events, and planning for the next academic year. Thank you very much for your unwavering support during a trying time for the entire globe. We continue to be a resilient community in our togetherness. Below are some of the things that have elicited my sense of gratitude.

Last weekend, we said a teary farewell to our Class of 2021. Three members of that class were four-year seniors, two were three-year seniors, two were two-year seniors, and one spent a year and a half at Olney. They came to Olney from across the world



(China, Ethiopia, South Africa, Uganda, and the U.S.A.). When we started rolling out our transdisciplinary (TD) curriculum two years ago, we gave the Class of 2021 an option to opt-out of the TD curriculum. All the students in that class did not take that option, choosing to fully engage in the gradual rollout of our TD curriculum even though it meant completing four years of language, science, mathematics, and adding a critical thinking class to their schedules. As a result of their choice, they graduated in better stead intellectually. They also discovered more aspects of themselves by exploring ideas they may not have interrogated had they chosen to stick with their previous curriculum. Of course, intellectual vigor and rigor did not come at the expense of other aspects of their lives at Olney. They had their whole serving of spiritual life, social interaction, and athletic endeavors. I am proud of the Class of 2021 and know that they will make a marked difference globally. I also have an attachment to that class, having graduated almost exactly twenty years ago. As I watched them experience Olney during their last weeks on campus, I knew that the Olney Spirit had done its work. Congratulations, Class of 2021!

In the lead-up to Commencement, we held our last virtual talk in our speaker series. We will restart the series when we open in the Fall. Your engagement in these talks has meant a lot to us. Please be on the lookout for an announcement about next year's speaker series. We also held our second virtual Alumni Association meeting. We are now hosting virtual class reunions until mid-next week. We also held a virtual silent auction. Thank you for participating in these events. We have enjoyed reconnecting with friends from as far as Alaska, Australia, Germany, Japan, and Hawaii. With the hope that the COVID-19 pandemic will have eased its grasp on the world next year, we look forward to hosting in-person reunions, meetings, and Commencement. We are preparing ourselves for a huge turnout.

Members of our faculty deserve an extra thank you for what they have done over the past sixteen months. Many have made sacrifices to be part of our community, choosing to cancel visits with their families and grandchildren to limit the risk of COVID-19 infection at school. Some worked extra hours and performed duties outside those mentioned in their employment contracts with grace. Others held our community in the Light and lifted our spirits when we felt exhausted or momentarily disenchanted. I have yet to be part of another community that rises to the occasion in such a spectacular way without seeking acknowledgment of some kind. Yay Olney!

When we held focus group meetings with returning students last summer to seek their input about plans for reopening our school, they assured us that they would prepare themselves for the proposed changes. Overall, they kept their end of the bargain. That our teenage students wore face masks throughout the year with little to no resistance exemplifies their attitude to the necessary alterations we made considering the pandemic.

Members of our Board of Trustees supported our plan to reopen the school, gave us critical guidance when we had to navigate choppy waters, and continued to be

upbeat. They walked with us even when they could not come to campus for their quarterly meetings. We do not take the relationship we have with them for granted and continuously work to strengthen it, keeping our communication channels always open.

We now look to the following year, considering the lessons we have learned over the past year and the ones before it. We know what to do in case of a sudden surge in COVID-19 cases. We know that we need to check in with our students during the summer and prepare them for the upcoming academic year. We also know that we can handle unexpected events. We will continue to reach out to you, as we know that you continue to be our biggest supporters in all ways. With everything that comes our way, we know one thing that remains true today as it has been for the past 184 years: the Olney Spirit thrives and propels us in more ways than we know.

I wish you a wonderful summer and hope that we will see you soon. In the meantime, we will continue to care for our dear Olney.

In Friendship,

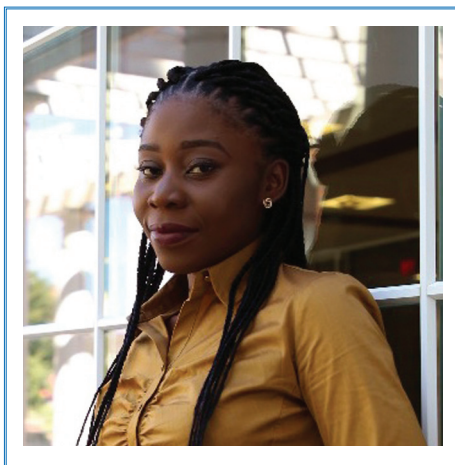


Christian Acemah  
Head of School



## New Faculty and Positions

Anima Donkor is Olney's new Director of Enrollment and Marketing. She joined the administrative team on February 21, 2021. Anima is in charge of admissions, communications, student retention, teaching, and working with the Board of Trustees on initiatives to realize goals one and two of our strategic plan. She resides on campus and is already becoming part of our community, learning how to folk dance with our students.



Anima holds a Doctorate in Media Arts and Studies from Ohio University, Athens. While working there for two years as an instructor, she served as an advisor at the Office of Multicultural Access and Retention Center. She also worked as an advisor for International Students and Faculty Services, supporting incoming international students through their transition to the university environment.

Before her appointment, Anima worked as Program Coordinator at Open Doors Academy, where her responsibilities included programming, recruitment, and retention. Her experience has reinforced her passions for education and educational research, student retention, community engagement, and general recruitment. She will draw on this experience to enrich students' time at Olney as one way of driving admissions.

Anima looks forward to facilitating student recruitment and building solid partnerships with Olney's stakeholders. She finds motivation in these words from Paulo Freire's *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*: "There's no such thing as neutral education. Education either functions as an instrument to bring about conformity or freedom."

This addition to the school's faculty and community serves as one more step towards realizing Olney's shared goals. Anima brings with her a wealth of knowledge, passion, and a deep love for students.



# Commencement 2021: Introduction to the Class of 2021

*by Roger Reynolds (Hon.), Senior Humanities*

It is my honor and privilege to introduce the Olney Friends School Class of 2021. This has been a difficult year, but we made it! And in no small measure because of these students, who worked and worked, and complained, and worked some more, to care for this community. So many of the things that are important to us as a community had to be sacrificed for COVID—things like eating together, or even just helping yourself to some food. All our meals this year were served to us, and Botsalano and Musse deserve special mention since, as dish crew leaders, they often were the ones doing the serving. You don't realize how important something small like holding hands during grace can be—until you can't. I must confess that during the senior trip we gathered one night for dinner and actually did it—held hands in the silence—and the warmth of that touch was like an old memory, or a kind of homecoming. I thought, what could we have achieved this year if we had been able to hold hands, or play soccer, or just sign out to go to Dollar General?

**Jim Kirk '71** at the Alumni Meeting last night was talking about the “Olney Experience,” and I had to wonder about what that phrase means to these seniors. Everything comes out in Senior Humanities, and for many seniors, there was a sense that spending their senior year on lock down was not what they had signed up for.

Except, of course, it was.

Dear ones, when it would have been easy for you to fall apart as a class, you came together. It wasn't easy, but, as Catherine says of her love of Heathcliff, necessary. The lessons you learned this year about caring for each other and putting community first didn't happen in any classroom, but you learned them just the same.

It is a beautiful morning. As I write these words at 6:47 a.m., the sun is out, and the birds are singing. So, let's reflect on all that this class has achieved. They not only made it through the year, and stand before you ready to graduate—every class does that. They met face-to-face the entire year. They endured an “Olney bubble” like no other—a whole year living together in close quarters. And even though your experience this year was different than what you hoped it would be, I believe that when the dust settles you will come to appreciate it for what it is. God gives us challenges, but also gives us the means to overcome those challenges. To my way of thinking, you all were exactly the class we needed for this year.

So, by way of introduction, this is the class of 2021. They are kind of heroes.

I have a few words to say about each senior, mainly so you can get a sense of them as individuals—and they are all very different. I might get some details wrong so feel free to correct me.



*Clockwise from bottom left: Stella Riesbeck, Shen Zihan, Botsalano Makgabo, Noa Everet, Autumn “Rey” Sadoff, Nathan Kintu, Starbuck Roberts, Musse Zemichael.*

**Noa Everet** is a four-year senior. She’s from Indiana! She “might” be attending Earlham College in the fall. She wrote a beautiful grady essay titled “Liberation Through Creation,” which you will get to hear some of in a bit. Noa’s smart, funny, acerbic. She is a certified scuba diver. She has terrific fashion sense. She is a gifted artist, and a lover of nature in all its forms. Once, on a walk down the Back Two during Meeting for Worship, Leonard and I found Noa’s shoes by the side of the road, but Noa herself was nowhere to be seen. Then we find her, skirt hiked up, wading in the creek looking for crayfish or salamanders, I guess. Or, another Noa story: just two days ago—Noa loves skeletons. Thursday we were in here cleaning and practicing, and Rey checked out the attic. She asked me about it, and I told her that I had never been up there. So of course we all went up there to see it. Noa found so many bird skeletons! She was so excited! She was like, “Look at them all!” Then, when I did not react with enough enthusiasm, she checked herself—“Well, it is kind of horrific...but also, kind of like a jackpot!” Dear Noa, I am going to miss you so much. Good luck wherever you land.

**Nathan Kintu** is a two-year senior from Kampala, Uganda. He'll be attending Wingate College in the fall. He wrote about art and the unconscious. Nathan is very chill, probably our chilliest senior. He's very graceful. I can't say for sure, but I imagine he's a very good dancer. I can say for sure that Nathan is an amazing artist, and that when he was a little boy he once drew a picture of a man who was completely made out of heads. That image was the starting point for his graddy, but also it just says a lot about Nathan, a person who is soft spoken (at least around adults), but incredibly imaginative and always thinking and absorbing. I don't know that he even is aware of his process or where his ideas come from. I think for Nathan the art comes the same way he has his jump shot or his perfect dolphin kick, which he demonstrated swimming in Lake George during the senior trip. To me it looked like he was made for the water. "Where did you learn to swim like that?" I asked him. "Oh, some pool," he said, oblivious. In so many things, Nathan is a natural. He's going to do great in college.

**Botsalano Makgabo** is from Pretoria, South Africa. Botsalano is a two-year senior, but I think of her as a four year (I mean, because she is so much a part of the place, not because her two years have seemed like four!). She is going to the State University of New York at Buffalo in the fall. Her graddy was a critique of Western medical practice in Africa. Bots is brilliant, committed, ambitious, brave. She is her own harshest critic. In her final exam, she wrote that the thing she'll take away from class is Keats's notion of negative capability, which is the ability to tolerate uncertainty. In a way this idea formed the basis for her critique of medical science in her graddy, but in a more fundamental way it caused her to question everything around her. I guess if there is Quaker testimony that describes Botsalano, it would be integrity. I don't mean that she's always truthful, which is how Quakers often think about it. I mean, she is committed to finding out what's right. Which is an awesome way to be. Good luck to you.

**Stella Riesbeck** is a four-year senior and will attend Antioch College in the fall. Stella wrote their graddy about listening. Stella has a long history at Olney. Few people care so much about the school. Stella is complicated: a fiercely loyal friend, an advocate for others, someone deeply in tune with others' feelings, in part because their own feelings are so big. Stella cares about everything, all the time. At the end of the year, I ask the seniors to write about a moment from class they'll take away, and Stella wrote about the time we went down to the hoop house in March and played "Big Booty," which if you don't know is a kind of collaborative clapping and chanting game. Except, Stella wanted us to say "dead bodies" instead of "big booty." So there we were in the hoop house, desperate for warm weather, yelling "dead body, dead body, dead body, oh yeah, dead body!" Which is about as Olney as it gets. Thank you, Stella.

**Starbuck Roberts** is a four-year senior from Belmont, Ohio. He'll be attending Ohio University in the fall. Starbuck wrote about the problem of communicating with the distant future. Starbuck is a middle child—his older sister Devra was class of 2017, and his brother Golden will be a junior next year. Starbuck may not know it, but he is actually a very good student, and an astute writer. And I have proof! One of his favorite things this year (he says this himself!) was the diary. Every week, someone would be randomly chosen to write about everything that happened to them that week, and Starbuck's were always the best. Over spring break he wrote, "I woke up at 9:00am today, and spent about 45 minutes waking up. Then started doing the last bit of Calculus homework that I owed Phineas. I finished all that at about 11:00am and literally did not want to do a single thing. I actually almost felt like doing more work.... Usually, it's like I want to do work because I know I have to and I can find something interesting about it. But this felt like wanting to do it like you would want to watch a movie or something. I'm only realizing this as I'm writing now so I didn't really act on it." But he did act on it! He wrote about it in his diary! Starbuck, you're going to have a great career at OU. Golden, no pressure.

**Rey Sadoff** is a three-year senior. She'll be attending Antioch College in the fall. As you'll hear in a few minutes, Rey wrote her graddy on "Apologies." But Rey has little to be sorry about. Every now and then there comes a student who gets the school in a deep way. We were lucky to have many of those this year, but Rey was the one who took responsibility for her class and, in no small way, for me, keeping me on track, running Harkness. Rey was the one, when we were Harknessing *Paradise Lost*, who told me that I wasn't needed (their version of the story is a little different, but that's how I remember it). Rey is open and smart and generous and sincere, AND biting and sarcastic. She has an exquisite sense of irony, too, and an ultra-sensitive bs detector (I should know). At one point early in the year she confided in me that she was afraid people "didn't get" her, but that's hardly surprising since there is so much to get. I am so proud of you. Thank you so much.

**Musse Zemichael** is a two-year senior from Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. He's mulling his offers at the moment about school this fall. Musse wrote his graddy about systemic racism. Musse is an achiever. He's ambitious and energetic. He's a born leader. He's always on the phone taking important calls, taking care of business. He loves bread. Like, a LOT. And soccer. Musse is one of those students who wants to rip through the program to get to whatever is next. You know, usually kids are a little behind on the graddy: most of the work comes at the end of the year, and for most, energies are sapped. Not so for Musse. He was the only student (maybe EVER) to meet every graddy milestone on time. There were times this year when I would be in Google Docs, working on one of his papers, and Musse would be logged in at the same time, fixing my corrections before I could even finish making my comments! That's Musse. He's going to do great in college. Good luck to you!

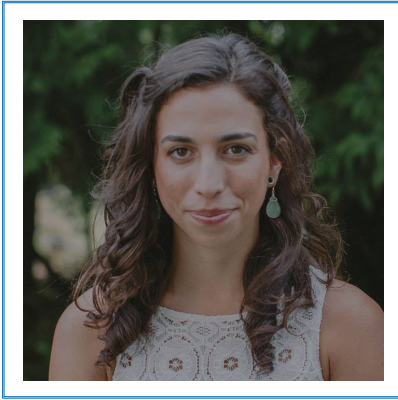
And finally...

**Shen Zihan** is a three-year senior. He'll be attending the University of Iowa in the fall. What a time it has been for Shen at Olney. Few students have ever worked so hard. He's almost always the last one out of the Main at night, and none have had Shen's enthusiasm and heart. I like to think of Shen as Olney's secret ingredient, the person that adds that twist that makes everything good and right. Everyone has a great Shen story. When he was a new student, I remember him coming into evening Collection, sensing how relaxed everyone felt, and collapsing spread-eagled in the middle of the room, soaking in the atmosphere. When we had a pie-eating contest this year, Shen competed with passion, so much so that his "funishment" at Junior Social was another pie eating contest, which he also dominated. But that's Shen: it doesn't matter what it is, he always gives it everything he has. He's going to do great at Iowa.



*Two new members of the Olney community*

# Commencement Address 2021: Lauren Head



*Lauren is a peacebuilding professional based in Washington, DC. She has worked for a range of non-profits, including the National Democratic Institute for International Affairs, PartnersGlobal, and the International Center for Religion and Diplomacy, specializing in the Middle East and gender justice. Prior to her current career, she has also supported grassroots conflict resolution and refugee programming while living in Thailand and Uganda. Lauren holds a MSc in Women, Peace and Security from the London School of Economics and Political Science, and a BA/BS from Quest University Canada. Outside of work, Lauren is a passionate trail and ultra runner and loves to spend time in the mountains.*

Good morning all,

I am humbled and delighted to have the opportunity to speak with you today as we mark this threshold in your lives. I would like to acknowledge and thank the parents, grandparents, teachers, mentors, and community who have supported and nurtured each one of you and brought us to this moment.

I, too, graduated from a small, community and service-oriented high school in a class of six. I had struggled with depression throughout my youth, and while I had friends and did well academically, I felt disconnected from myself and the values of the community at my public high school. At 16, I came home one day and said that I needed a change. More specifically, I refused to go back to school, but I also asked for help and was open to exploring other possibilities for a more nurturing environment that would give me both the space to heal and to fall back in love with learning.

Eventually, I found my own version of Olney—Puget Sound Community School (PSCS), a small and independent middle and high school in my home city of Seattle. My attendance was conditional upon my willingness to drop back a year, not because of credits or grades, but because it would take time to learn and embody the school's values of integrity, community, passion, and respect.

I agreed and, like many of you, made the scary decision to leave the typical path of my friends at home and instead listen to my heart in pursuit of something unknown and different. Something different I received. At PSCS, we started and ended every day in a community circle where we shared 'appreciations' of what we were grateful for. We volunteered at a local organic farm on Fridays and had a designated rotating chore schedule. The students worked together with the teach-

ers and their mentors to determine the academic calendar, and we had a separate seminar in our junior and senior years to prepare ourselves for life after PSCS and to develop an independent senior project.

I knew that PSCS was someplace special. By the time I reached my own high school graduation, I thought that the lessons and rituals of my high school had done their duty of making me whole again, getting me through the challenging years of teenage-hood and ready for college. I thought that the scary decision to step into the unknown when I went to PSCS was sure to be the biggest gamble that I would take. I had a plan for college and wanted to be a special education teacher; I was certain that adulthood was more of just that—plans and clarity and confidence about the next step. I thought that the threshold of graduation was built on a simple foundation, and that the years to come would continue to add each neat layer and details to the blueprint.

More than a decade later, I am still waiting for that blueprint to the future. What I found instead was that the values and community and sense of self that I had cultivated during my years at PSCS were much more than a foundation, but an entire house of belonging. Olney graduates, your time together has helped to build that house of belonging too, both of belonging to the self and to the collective. Today, you walk away with not simply a diploma or senior paper or acceptance to university, though all of these are huge achievements for which we are deeply proud of you. More than that, you stand at the entryway to your house of belonging, holding a compass in hand that will help bring you back to yourselves again and again as you face the uncertainties, challenges, and roadblocks ahead. That is what we are here to recognize and celebrate today—how you have filled this house with your love and kindness, your curiosity and integrity, your humility and value for community. We are here to celebrate the ways you have learned to know and love yourselves and to let that knowing and loving be the light that guides you to do good in this world.

This is what you have built over your last two, three, and four years at Olney. These two forms of belonging have grown through the rituals, hard work, and shared experiences with your classmates and teachers. They will serve as your most important guide, tool, and support system now as you move forward, beyond this threshold and into the unknown.

It is this first form of belonging, that of the self, that I have used again and again to guide me when there is not a clear path or trajectory ahead. In practice, this entails attuning to a feeling in your heart or your gut that says, “This way.” Rather than illuminating a 5-year plan, it may show you just the first step and give you the trust in yourself and confidence in your ability to watch, listen, and be curious. This was the feeling in your heart that told you to go to Olney. It was cultivated through the hours of practiced silence and ritual in morning prayer. It was exercised again through your identification and selection of a senior research project that spoke to your passion and your curiosity. These examples and many others have contributed

to this sense of belonging and provided you with the practice to reorient yourself at each stage to come.

Since graduating high school, I have found myself in the bad habit of buying a plane ticket for somewhere two weeks later with a half plan and an open heart, following that little tug that says, “This way next.” It has been these decisions, much like my first decision to leave school and go to PSCS, that speak to an inner knowing and that have had the most profound impact on the course of my life. The summer after my first year of college, I hopped on a plane to Thailand with a loose plan to volunteer in a center for kids with special needs. I ended up living and working with Burmese refugees while there, an opportunity that rerouted the entire direction of my future studies and career. It was this same pull that drew me to learning Arabic in the uncertain year that followed my undergraduate studies; to move to DC without a job, but with the knowing that I wanted to work in peacebuilding and the trust and confidence in myself to make it happen; and to return to graduate school years after having established that career in peacebuilding, pursuing feminist studies at the London School of Economics to learn more about how to bring radical practices into my own daily work. Each one of these decisions was a risk and required courage to step into a new unknown, but they have also been the decisions that have most challenged and affirmed who I am.

The second form of belonging is that of the collective. This knowing and practice has grown from the chores you do to take care of communal space. You have cultivated it through your daily work on the Olney farm, seeking to nurture the land and the community around you. It has been honed through hours spent in communal meals and cuddle puddles, for these are the safe spaces that you have practiced bringing your authentic self forward for the greater good. Moving beyond this threshold, your orientation towards belonging to the collective will enable you to make decisions and take actions that are rooted in empathy, solidarity, and a sense of service.

In a conversation between Angela Davis and Gayatri Spivak, two feminist activists and academics, Davis refers to the importance and value of this form of belonging as it takes shape in ‘collective leadership’. Such leadership has emerged in recent years particularly through youth-led movements, which have differentiated themselves from revolutions in the past because they ask that you bring your whole self forward and use this collective safe space as the basis for change. It is this collective leadership that understands the shared fate of seemingly disparate revolutionary struggles. In 2014, as the Black Lives Matter movement emerged amidst protest and police brutality in Ferguson, youth in Palestine were the first ones to reach out and extend solidarity, as well as tips on how to deal with tear gas and organize mass rallies safely. Now, six years later, after the BLM movement has revolutionized the use of social media to amplify public attention to protestor demands, Palestinians in Sheikh Jarrah have been able to use these techniques to generate unprecedented global attention to their current struggles for liberation. These movements have



grown organically and in response to opportunities that have emerged in the changing world around them; each began with a collection of seeds, of individuals who knew to listen to the fire in their hearts and act together from a place grounded in empathy and solidarity, feeding across borders into change for a better world.

Now to be clear, I am not suggesting that after graduation you start buying plane tickets on short notice or that you do away with your dreams to become a revolutionary. However, as 2021 has already well demonstrated, planning for exactly what comes next may be more and more challenging to do. Not only for ourselves, but for the world around us, an uncertainty that may often feel sobering and daunting.

Olney graduates, you already have everything you need to face this mystery head on. These houses that you have built are extraordinary and the compasses you hold are sure to bring you back home to yourselves each time your heart beckons, “This way.” Go forth with courage, with community, and remember to enjoy the journey. Congratulations, Class of 2021, on your arrival to this next, first step of the wonderfully uncertain road ahead.



# 2021 Alumni Association Virtual Meeting

*By Anne Marie Taber '79, Development & Library Director*

The Alumni Association of Olney Friends School held its second Virtual Alumni & Friends Gathering via Zoom on the evening of June 4, 2021. President **John Stanley '71** spoke to welcome the 82 individuals attending virtually including current students, staff, and alumni of classes from 1946 to 2021. Several were present there, and at class reunions, that would not have been able to attend in person. Instead of standing to be counted, alumni responded to the Roll Call by speaking their names or “present!” when the year or cohort was called.

**Gretchen (Neumann) Stone** and **James Kirk** spoke on behalf of the 50-year class of 1971 to welcome the graduating class of 2021 into the Alumni Association. **Botsalano Makgabo '21** accepted this invitation on behalf of her class. **Christian Acemah '01**, Head of School, welcomed our new Honorary Alumni, staff members and trustees who have served the school during an academic year or more: **Scot Russell** and **Alan Neiswonger**, Maintenance Assistants; and **Chris Harris**, Board of Trustees. The Association then gathered in silence to speak the names of alumni known to have passed away in the last year.

## Roll Call:

Year	Reunion	Count
pre-1950		1
1951	70	2
'52-'55		3
1956	65	1
'57-'60		7
1961	60	1
'62-'65		2
1966	55	0
'67-'70		3
1971	50	5
'72-'75		4
1976	45	5
'77-'80		8
1981	40	1
'82-'85		1

Year	Reunion	Count
1986	35	0
'87-'90		0
1991	30	1
'92-'95		0
1996	25	0
'97-'00		0
2001	20	1
'02-'05		1
2006	15	1
'07-'10		0
2011	10	0
'12-'15		1
2016	5	1
'17-pres.		0
Honorary		9

# Reunion Classes: Reaching Out, Reaching Back, and Carrying Us Forward

*by Anne Marie Taber '79, Development & Library Director*

In keeping with the virtual nature of Commencement 2021, class reunions were facilitated once again by Olney staff in Zoom video meetings. Held at various times during the two weeks after Commencement, these reunions were often attended by alumni who could not have traveled to Barnesville. We'll have more about these in the next issue of the *Current*.

Several alumni who had virtual reunions in 2020 and 2021 are proposing to meet again in person, along with next year's reunions, in a mega-reunion at Commencement 2022. We think that would be awesome—we have really missed visiting with you, on campus and at regional reunions! Stay tuned for such plans by subscribing to our emails and/or social media updates.

## 2021 Fundraising Goals for Class Reunions

Funding a big Olney project as a class is a fun way to commemorate your own Olney days and to make a valuable improvement that secures the future of the school. If each classmate gives according to ability, it really adds up to something significant.

For example, in 2019, 35 donors from three reunion classes raised over \$14,000, providing a new-to-us minivan. Then, in 2020, 44 donors from seven reunion classes raised over \$27,350 for new siding on the East Porch, a new floor on the Mary Davis porch, and a manure spreader for the farm.

Thankfully, you don't need to have a scheduled reunion or be on campus to participate in the 2021 Class Reunion Fund Drive! All alumni and friends are invited to join us in this year's project:

## Paving the Way: 2021 Class Reunion Fund "Drive"

Thank you for being part of the Olney Friends Boarding School family after all these years (how many?). In honor of your graduation anniversary, we hope each of you—as individuals and as classmates—will consider a meaningful gift this year in support of our school's continuing mission.

We deeply appreciate your many contributions to Annual Funds, but for this occasion we offer some specific tangible projects. Each member of Olney's Board of Trustees, who volunteer substantial amounts of time to the school's governance, has

increased their generous financial support both to Annual Funds and to these projects. After careful consideration, the Board has identified this year's goals that align with the 2019-2024 Strategy approved by and for the school in July 2019.

## Buildings & Grounds Projects

A major strategic goal is thoughtful management of the school's buildings and grounds. Good stewardship of these assets shows belief in Olney's future, as well as respect for its past. Just as office work teaches students responsibility for their surroundings, preventative maintenance and mindful renovation demonstrate sustainability and stewardship while providing a safe, appealing place to live.

### 1. Newer Prius for student transport (about \$8,000)

The 2005 Prius we have owned for 11 years is out of service again, having logged 225,000 miles and undergone numerous repairs including, but not limited to, the headlight leveling system, complete front bumper, rear cowl, AC unit, several windshields, and the battery.... A newer model will not only be safer for students and faculty, but probably cheaper to maintain in the long run.

### 2. Repaving the driveway (\$68,000)

Riddled with repeatedly patched potholes, the 465-linear-yard driveway has not been repaved since the late 1980s. This is a high-priority improvement to the attractiveness of our campus and the safety of our students, families, and other guests.

We've decided to split the driveway into one-yard units, each of which costs almost \$150 to pave. (We know you were paying attention in your Olney math classes!) The Board has already agreed to fund 20 yards of new pavement. How much of the pavement can your class contribute?

100 yards of driveway = \$15,000

50 yards of driveway = \$7,500

35 yards of driveway = \$5,250

25 yards of driveway = \$3,750

15 yards of driveway = \$2,250

10 yards of driveway = \$1,500

Another way to think about it: if 50 donors giving an average \$1,300 to their class gift, or eight reunion classes giving an average \$8,125 as the class gift, we can fund the entire repaving project, from the entry gate at Sandy Ridge Road to the steps of the East Porch!

*We invite your thoughtful consideration of an immediate gift or significant pledge to this year's projects. Need help or answers? Development staff members are ready to assist you with planning, pledge collecting, and gift tracking. You are the bedrock of our Olney family, and we thank you for all the ways you support our shared mission.*

# The Olney Drive: A Short History of a Bumpy Road

*by Dorothy (Stratton) Churchwell '59*

In 1891 a new Olney student might arrive by train. She would step off the train in Tacoma and be met by the “Olney Hack.” This was a small, covered, horse-drawn cart that had FBS (Friends Boarding School) on the side. She would get in, the driver would load her trunk and then drive down the dusty unpaved road, over the railroad tracks, up the hill past the brick home of James Walton and on towards the white pillars marking the entrance to the Friends meetinghouse and boarding school. Rounding a small curve past the hedge between the school and meetinghouse properties, she would see the three-story brick boarding school with a big white barn beyond. The hack would stop at the end of sidewalk leading to the main building, and she would step off onto a raised “mounting block” and then down to the sidewalk where the Superintendent and Matron would welcome her.



*Tooth-rattling pot holes on the driveway*

In 2020 a new student probably arrived in a car driven by a parent or Olney staff member. Leaving the interstate they drove state roads to the turn-off for Roosevelt Rd, up past that same brick home, now The Walton Retirement Home, and on toward those same white pillars at the entrance to the Olney drive. The hedge is gone and so is the barn, but the main building is in the same spot, although somewhat altered. Dodging a lot of potholes in the pavement, driving past the tennis courts, past the Guindon dorm and Music Box (formerly the Power House), they parked in the paved, marked area behind the Main.

After the fire in 1910 the main building was rebuilt, but with only two stories and two separate dorms for the students. The boys' dorm's location (now the Guindon dorm) meant that the boys would have to walk over the dirt drive in all kinds of weather, tracking mud or slush into the Main. In 1911 sufficient funds were left from the building projects to install a brick pavement on the drive between the boys' dorm and the back of the Main. When gasoline engines became common (both for cars and farm equipment), a gas tank was installed with a gas pump in the area close to the tree near the present-day recycling shed. There was also a ramp built out over that steep bank so that cars could be worked on from underneath, especially for oil changes.

By 1958 the brick pavement was in terrible shape with big dips, and a major project to redo it was undertaken. On a lovely spring day the entire school community spent the day removing the bricks, cleaning them, and carefully stacking them on the side. The next day students were back in the classroom while the area was graded and fresh sand laid. On the third day everyone was back outdoors helping to relay the bricks. Students report that this project was one of their most memorable moments at Olney. There "was a real sense of joy, of community labor, and seeing the product of our labors. We saw how a work project like that could be organized and carried out with joy" (**David Fankhauser '59**).

The rest of the drive, though, was still not paved. In the spring of 1961 the entire drive was finally blacktopped, thanks to a generous donation. In preparation for that, the bricks were removed. What happened to those bricks? If you know, please tell us! Later the mounting block was moved closer to where the current sidewalk is at the end of the East Porch steps, and some time in recent years it was completely removed. In the late 1980's the driveway was repaved, but by 1999 there was discussion that repairs were needed. Those discussions continued, and continued, and continued, and here we are in 2021 about to actually undertake the badly needed repaving project.

# Olney in the Time of COVID-19

*by Anima Donkor, Enrollment and Marketing*

As we come to the end of the 2020-2021 academic year, we remain grateful for the opportunity to have in-person classes for the entire year. With schools around the Ohio Valley, across the U.S., and around the world opting for virtual classrooms in light of the COVID-19 pandemic, Olney intentionally opened for in-person classes. That decision was informed by consultations with relevant authorities in Ohio and our community, and served us well. We have had our challenges during this school year—from cabin fever to adapting to Ohio’s COVID-19 protocols—and emerged stronger than before. Our students, in particular, have adapted to this school year with grace and maturity. Let us take a moment to review how we managed to be Olney even during a pandemic. How did we do it? Following the guidelines from organizations including the CDC and the Belmont County Health Department, several measures and steps were put in place to enable students and faculty to return to campus safely.

With Joe Sullivan appointed as our school’s COVID-19 Coordinator, the COVID-19 Response Team adapted the Ohio Department of Education’s school reopening guidelines to Olney’s peculiar conditions. The team then bought supplies (e.g., hand sanitizer, face masks, and wall thermometers for all school buildings) during the summer months to prepare for the upcoming school year. We redirected traffic in the Main, using tape to mark lanes in the halls to ensure people would not bump into each other. Everyone had to wear a face mask.



*Temperature scanner outside the Main Office*

We also tweaked other Olney traditions to adhere to our new COVID-19 guidelines and procedures. For instance, we changed the buffet-style dining hall set-up to a banquet-style which seats only four students at a table. Anne Marie re-arranged the library to accommodate social distancing. Instead of shaking hands at the end of Collection and Meeting for Worship, we waved at each other. Faculty and students checked and recorded their temperatures twice a day (morning and evening).

Regardless of the way COVID-19 changed our social interactions, the Olney Spirit remained the same. We adopted different strategies to participate in our cherished Olney traditions. For instance, we altered the Gym-Ex program to include socially distanced routines such as yoga.



*The dining room, arranged for social distancing*

We also attribute our success to our insular nature. The founders of Olney wanted to provide a safe space for their children to learn without undue influence from the outside world. Close to two centuries later, it turns out that their wisdom and foresight provided us with 350 acres on which to practice social distancing, enjoy nature, and form our own “bubble” during an uncertain time. We have enjoyed hiking, running, walking, bonfires, and snowball throwing matches.

Below are reflections from some of our students regarding their lives on campus during this year:

Being at Olney during COVID has made it less lonely for me. I have also had a lot of help from teachers this year which would have been impossible if we were not on campus. I am grateful that during my senior year, I get to celebrate my graduation and many fun Olney traditions with my friends. (**Rey Sadoff, '21**)

When I first heard about the in-person school opening here at Olney, I felt relieved. For me, I struggle sitting in one place for an extended time and not being able to concentrate. However, once I heard the school is opening in person, I had to do whatever it takes to [help the school] remain open, such as adhering to the health guidelines and maintaining social distancing. So far, the school has gone smoothly with no student infection. (**Musse Zemichael, '21**)



Being back at school and having in-person classes has been amazing. While other schools have had trouble staying open, we have been able to push through and it's been good, though challenging. It has been amazing seeing my friends, having fun, and getting the help that we need from our teachers. I am really grateful to everyone at Olney for doing what they can to stay open. (**Summer Erbedinger-Bjork, '23**)

Currently, our faculty members are fully vaccinated, as well as increasing numbers of students. I must say that even though our ability to stay open can be attributed to the planning and logistics that were put in place, it is the cooperation and steadfastness of the community that has made it possible. The world has lost a lot and we may never be the same; however, we remain hopeful that very soon things will get back to normal. For us at Olney, we continue to stay positive while forging ahead.



## 2020-2021 Guest Speakers Share Their World with Students and Alumni

Alumni may remember the traditional Saturday evening Literary events, which brought knowledge and culture from the outside world onto the Olney campus. This year, in response to the school's enforced isolation during the pandemic, we turned the Literary upside down, bringing a selection of fascinating guest speakers to our world-wide community virtually via Zoom meetings on alternate Fridays. Friends from all over Zoomed in to join the school community for the twelve talks on a wide variety of subjects. Ten of the speakers were Olney alumni.

These biweekly community events were so beneficial and enjoyable for everyone that we plan to continue with a similar online series in the coming academic year. Our community has many wonderful stories to tell. Alumni and friends are encouraged to volunteer or to nominate another as a future guest speaker. Contact the Main Office or Alumni Office with your suggestions.



*Eduardo '77 and Anna Laura Alvarez*



*Jovana Radosavljevic '07*

Oct. 30	Marcel Mballa-Ekobena Sustainable Investment and Development Specialist, London Business School	Business Resiliency during Crises
Nov. 13	Gretchen Neumann Stone '71 Physician, Scottsdale Doctors Surgery, Launceston, Australia	The Nomadic Stethoscope: House Calls Around the World
Dec. 4	Ken Jacobsen (Hon.) Former Head of School Rich Sidwell '63 Executive Director, Captina Conservancy (Ohio); former Head of School	Renewal From the Roots, 2000 to 2020
Jan. 8	Rosemary Ketchum Wheeling, WV, City Council member; Chief Operations Officer, Grow Ohio Valley-Edible Mountain	On the Issues: Challenges and Opportunities for Local Governments Today
Jan. 23	Jovana Radosavljevic '07 Executive Director, New Social Initiative, North Mitrovica, Kosovo	Building Community in Kosovo, Serbia
Feb. 5	Gay (Willson) Wellman '59 Education Specialist, Alzheimer's Resource of Alaska	Communicating With & Without Dementia
Feb. 19	Shira Tarrant x'80 Professor of Women's, Gender, and Sexuality Studies at California State University, Long Beach	Future College Students: Getting Real About Dating
March 5	David Fankhauser '59 Professor of Biology and Chemistry (ret.), University of Cincinnati	Freedom Rides of the U.S. Civil Rights Movement
March 19	Bill Shaw (Hon.) President, Crosscurrents International Institute (OH)	Olney and the World; the World and Olney
April 16	Eduardo Alvarez '77 Owner/Manager, Eduardo Alvarez Sales, LLC, San Antonio, TX	Work Life and Life's Work since Olney
April 30	Ramona (Braddock) Buck '65 Alternative Dispute Resolution Consultant, Silver Spring, MD	Conflict Resolution for Everyday Life

# Tales of a 19-Year-Old Freedom Rider

*By David Fankhauser '59*

*Originally presented as “Freedom Rides of the US Civil Rights Movement” in the Olney virtual guest speaker series, March 5, 2021, the following version has been edited slightly for length and consistency.*

In 1947, the U.S. Supreme Court outlawed segregation on interstate transportation as unconstitutional. Yet 14 years later, in 1961, the Deep South continued to violate that ruling. Segregation of public transport was universally the rule with whites and blacks separated, blacks being confined to substandard waiting rooms.

## CORE Establishes the Freedom Rides

The Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), under the leadership of Jim Farmer, devised a test/demonstration of this illegal segregation. They organized the “Freedom Rides” in which two small integrated groups would attempt to ride public transportation from New York City to New Orleans, trying to integrate bus stations as they traveled.

## Violent Reaction in the South to Freedom Rides

The Rides encountered only minor instances of violence until they reached Anniston, Alabama. On Mother’s Day, May 14, 1961, a Ku Klux Klan mob infamously



*Freedom Riders after bus fire bombing*

slashed the tires and fire bombed a Greyhound bus, beating Riders as they escaped the conflagration. Later that same day, the corresponding Trailways bus was met in Birmingham, Alabama, by a KKK-organized white mob who viciously beat Freedom Riders, hospitalizing several.

In May 1961, I was a 19-year-old sophomore chemistry major at Central State College (CSC) in Wilberforce, Ohio, the only state-supported black college in Ohio. I was there because, as a devotee of integration and racial equality and the white child of a family with very limited resources, I welcomed CSC's offer of a scholarship, loan, and work program package.

On May 22, following beatings and hospitalizations of Freedom Riders in Birmingham and then in Montgomery, Alabama, CORE called off the Freedom Rides for fear someone would get killed. But Nashville's Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), under the leadership of Diane Nash, saw the importance of momentum and picked up the Freedom Rider project. On May 23, Diane called around to historically black colleges in the eastern half of the United States seeking volunteers to replace those Freedom Riders who had been beaten and hospitalized. One of those calls came to my college, Central State College.

## Two New Volunteers

On May 24, David Myers, a fellow white CSC student, and I flew overnight from Cincinnati to Montgomery to join the Freedom Rides. Early next morning at the Montgomery airport, we were met by a very cautious black man who instructed us to follow him, at some distance, to his station wagon. He instructed us to lie on the floor in the back of the car as he drove to the home of Reverend Ralph Abernathy, Martin Luther King's right-hand man.

Reverend Abernathy's home was surrounded by the National Guard with fixed bayonets. As we walked inside, our first sight was a man lounging on the couch in his pajamas, smoking a cigarette. It was our first meeting with Martin Luther King.

We were instructed not to show ourselves at the windows because the house had already been bombed once. There was palpable apprehension of an imminent KKK attack.

Later that day, a group of Yale Divinity School students arrived, accompanied by Yale Chaplain William Sloan Coffin, organized to take the bus from Montgomery to Jackson. We were not allowed to join that group because they felt that a busload of Yale Divinity students might carry more impact.

## New Strategy: "JAIL, NO BAIL"

Upon their arrival in Jackson, the Yale group was immediately arrested and booked. It became clear that Southern strategy regarding Freedom Rides had changed. Instead of facilitating mob violence, the South was choosing to immediately arrest

all “race mixers” and throw them in jail. They thought that this would silence the Freedom Rides. The Yale Divinity students immediately bailed out.

In Montgomery for the next three days, there were intensive meetings in Abernathy’s house with Dr. King, Rev. Fred Shuttlesworth, Jim Foreman, and student representatives from SNCC about how the Freedom Riders should adjust their strategy in response to the jailing strategy. The consensus was “Jail, no bail.” We would fill up southern jails with Freedom Riders and refuse bail.

It took until May 28, 1961, for enough fresh volunteers to populate the next bus of Freedom Riders. At 6 a.m. that Sunday morning, our integrated group of seven Freedom Riders successfully integrated the Montgomery Trailways station.

### **Arrests in Jackson: Solitary Confinement**

We boarded the Trailways bus for the six-hour trip to Jackson, Mississippi. There were no rest stops, and we were escorted by a phalanx of state police, front and back. In Jackson, we were greeted by a cordon of National Guard around the bus station and a strong police presence which, in effect, funneled us into the bus station’s white waiting room. As soon as I sat with my black friends, we were immediately confronted by Jackson Police Captain Ray who ordered us to “Move on!” We inquired why? After repeating the command, he announced, “Y’all under arrest.” We were led out into a waiting paddy wagon, taken to the police station, fingerprinted, and booked. The whites were placed in the Jackson City Jail, the blacks in the Hinds County Jail located on the very hot third floor of the courthouse.

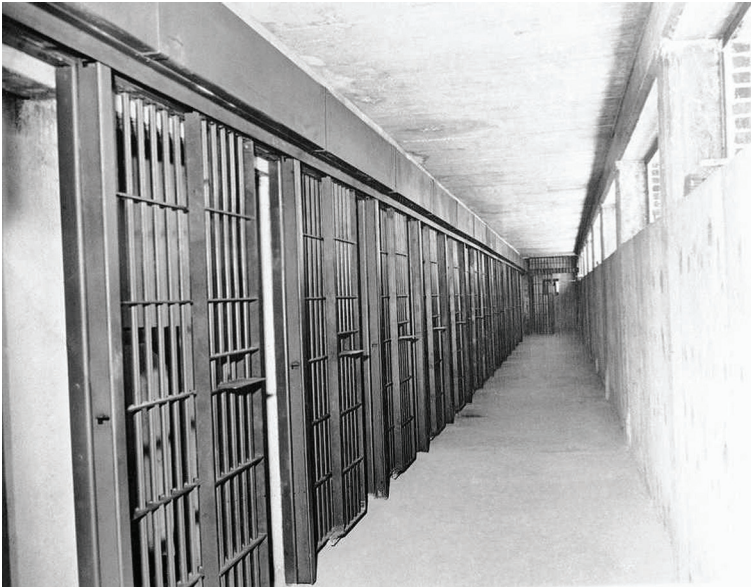
David Myers and I were the first two white Freedom Riders who refused bail. We were immediately separated and placed in solitary confinement. From solitary, I wrote letters to friends on toilet paper, with a pencil I had smuggled in. We were taken to be interviewed by Westbrook Pegler, a pro-segregationist right-wing columnist. Calling us Communists, he did everything he could to try to discredit the Freedom Rides. Three days later, after two or three more white Freedom Riders had arrived, they moved us into a large 16-bed dormitory-style cell called the “bullpen.”

### **Hunger Strike: Transfer to Parchman**

Bullpen discussions led to the decision to embark on a hunger strike. The goal was to get U.S. Attorney General Bobby Kennedy to issue an injunction ordering southern enforcement of the federal anti-segregation rulings. The strike lasted 12 days, and ended after we were transferred to Parchman Penitentiary. I went from 165 lbs. when arrested to 128 lbs. when released.

After about two weeks, the bullpen was overflowing with 20 Freedom Riders, four of them sleeping on the floor. We had successfully filled the jails in Jackson! As a result, we were loaded onto a prison bus and shipped three hours north into the Mississippi Delta to the infamous Parchman State Penitentiary, a massive 1,000-acre plantation-style prison farm (which made money for the State).

I was actually looking forward to “chopping cotton” on a “chain gang,” as described in a famous blues song originating from Parchman. Instead, Freedom Riders were placed on Death Row in the Maximum Security Unit. We were stripped, given only underwear, a tin cup, a toothbrush and a Bible. We were locked in our cells 24/7, leaving them only for a brief trip to the shower at the end of the cell block twice a week. It was during those walks to the showers that we were able to catch brief glimpses of our fellow Freedom Riders. Otherwise, all we knew were their voices up and down the cell block. A major change occurred now because black and white Freedom Riders were housed within the same cell block, instead of segregated as in Jackson.



*Cellblock in Parchman State Penitentiary*

### **Life on “Death Row”**

There were 12 cells in our death row confinement. It housed 24 Freedom Riders, including several luminaries of the civil rights movement: Jim Farmer, chairman of CORE, Stokely Carmichael, founder of the black power movement, and John Lewis, who would later become one of the most famous and constructive members of the U.S. House of Representatives, widely viewed as the “Conscience of Congress.”

Once I came off of my 12-day fast, I began to eat the penitentiary food. In the morning, there were either grits or biscuits with blackstrap molasses and chicory coffee. For lunch, often beans were served. If there were any meat at all, it was often

“gristle gravy” served with either grits or cornbread. In the evening, it was often the same thing we had for lunch except served cold. Ironically, having fasted for 12 days, I thought that the “gristle gravy” was delicious.

## Freedom Songs: A Spiritual Inspiration of Civil Rights

Our cell block became fertile ground for singing Freedom Songs. I like to say that black Freedom Riders “taught us white boys to sing!” We embarked on an enthusiastic program of regular singing, morning, noon and night. A unity and sense of communal commitment to the cause was enhanced by this singing. I believe the spirit and activity of singing Freedom Songs made a major contribution to spiritual core of the civil rights movement. I treasure those songs to this day.

## Punished for Singing

The white guards took a very dim view of our singing, and ordered us to be silent or else! We refused, continuing our singing sessions. The guards threatened that if we did not stop singing they would take away our toothbrushes .

Then they took away our Bibles.

Then they salted our food heavily.

Then they turned off the water so we could not flush the toilets.

Then they took away our mattresses and sheets. We continued our singing.

Then they took the screens off the windows.

The Mississippi Delta is notoriously hot, humid and populated with huge swarms of mosquitoes. With the lights on 24 hours a day, hordes of mosquitoes were drawn into the cell block through the screenless windows. We continued singing our evening songs. At 2 a.m. in the morning, the new shift of guards came in, noted the mosquitoes, and said, “We’re gonna have to spray!” An hour later we heard a large diesel truck pull up outside the cellblock, and a hose the size of a fire hose was threaded through one of the windows. It was an insecticide-spraying truck. They proceeded to heavily spray the entire cell block, with us trapped defenseless in our cells, saturating us with eye-stinging, poisonous DDT dripping from every surface.

The next morning, the warden himself paid a visit to the cellblock. He stood right outside my cell (cell number 5), and declared, “Now boys, we don’t need all this mess. If you just keep your singing down, we will give you all your stuff back.” We refused to stop singing. Nonetheless, the status quo (before the punitive anti-singing abuse) was restored. Why the change in heart?

That afternoon we found out the reason for the warden’s urgent change in tone. The governor of Minnesota had sent four delegates down to investigate how Freedom Riders were being treated. No wonder the warden was eager to give us our mattresses back.



## Released After 42 Days

We had refused bail upon our arrest in order to fill up the jails. However, you have 40 days to post bail or else you are automatically convicted to six months' confinement. I became nervous because I was not bailed out for several additional days, until the 42nd day. But on that day, a guard opened up my cell and told me to follow him. He gave me my street clothes, and as I dressed he leaned into me and said, "You know I'm just doing my job. We don't hate y'all, but we have to do our job." I felt that this was the closest to an apology that he could muster for the mistreatment they had vested on us.

On July 10, I was transported back to Jackson and put on a train to Cincinnati. I remember a huge sense of relief when the train passed from Mississippi into Tennessee.

In Cincinnati, as I disembarked at the iconic Union Terminal, I heard singing! Once in the concourse, I was met by a crowd of 50 Cincinnati CORE members celebrating and singing Freedom songs! I was hoisted up on the shoulders of two large men and paraded the length of the terminal concourse as we all sang Freedom Riders songs at the top of our lungs, echoing throughout the terminal.

## What the Freedom Rides Accomplished

There were two major achievements of the Freedom Rides. We were finally successful in eliminating segregation in interstate transportation facilities, by order of the U.S. attorney general on November 1, 1961. Also, because Freedom Riders were recruited from around the nation, it turned the civil rights movement into a national movement and solicited nationwide devotion to that cause.

## Postscript

If you subscribe to the idea that the Freedom Rides made positive contributions to American society, then it is a feather in the cap of Olney Friends School that both Heath Rush and I, members of the class of 1959, participated in the Freedom Rides. I believe that it reflects the Quaker-based atmosphere of Olney, which nurtures not only academic achievement, but also a sense of community, social responsibility, and the search for positive non-violent solutions to social inequities.

Here is a link to the slides that I used in my presentation to the Olney community via Zoom:

[https://fankhauserblog.files.wordpress.com/2021/03/freedom\\_rides\\_olney\\_zoom\\_05march2021\\_final.pdf](https://fankhauserblog.files.wordpress.com/2021/03/freedom_rides_olney_zoom_05march2021_final.pdf)

# Book Profiles Life and Stories of Elmer Hartley, Quaker Eastern Ohio Farm Leader

*By Bruce Yarnall*

**Elmer C. Hartley**, born in 1897 on the family farm on Shannon Run between Barnesville and Quaker City, lived through most of the 20th century, spending his final years at the Walton Retirement Home in Barnesville. He died in 1993 just days short of his 96th birthday.

Elmer attended Olney in 1913, dropping out after one year, due to dyslexia, son Ernest notes. The school also, in part, provided introduction to his wife **Anna Kirk '18** of Columbiana County. [Ed. note: Elmer Hartley returned to Olney in 1956, serving as supervisor and purchasing agent until 1963.]

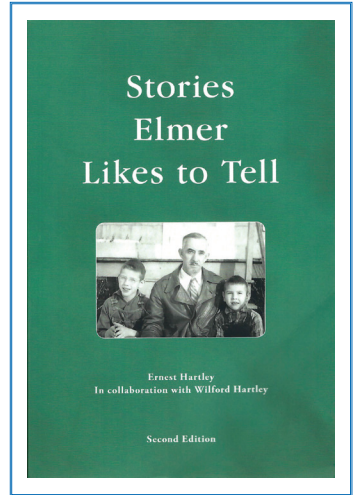
During his lifetime, Hartley was an award-winning dairy farmer who rose in ranks of leadership in the Ohio Farm Bureau. He was also a pillar of Richland Meeting and the Conservative Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends that meets at Barnesville. For many years he volunteered at the former Hicksite Friends meetinghouse located in the Friends Cemetery, Quaker City, during the Ohio Hills Folk Festival each July.



*Olney faculty photo 1960-61: Elmer Hartley, back row, third from left*

These two relationships led Hartley to volunteer in the United Nations post-war effort to help war torn Europe in 1945. Elmer and other agricultural volunteers traveled by ship caring for 63 bred mares while also delivering used clothing and cotton for Yugoslavia.

In addition to these leadership roles, this fifth generation Quaker was also a gifted storyteller. His oral stories were first published in a booklet in 1987. Now three decades later, thanks to his son, **Ernest** ('57) in collaboration with brother **Wilford Hartley** ('55), more of his recollections along with family and Quaker history are collected in a 146-page illustrated book titled *Stories Elmer Likes to Tell, Second Edition*.



“Elmer told entertaining vignettes of family life on the farm” and “vivid accounts of family members and ancestors living a deep, practical religious faith,” notes his son. “He told stories of his adventuresome grandfather, who followed the gold rush to California,” and many other stories of interest.

Selections in the book highlight life on the farm to Hartley’s religious life as a member of the Society of Friends. Stories about the Drover’s Road that ran from Bellaire to Guernsey County and a piece titled “How the village of Eldon (Spencer’s Station) got its name” are also featured along with a chronology of the family farm and genealogy.

In 2017, Ernest Hartley spearheaded efforts to erect an Ohio Historical Marker at the site of the former Richland Meetinghouse where Elmer and his wife are interred in the cemetery. At the time, Hartley published a 46-page booklet *Remembrances of the Richland Friends Meetinghouse and Cemetery: A Tribute to a Beloved Place of Worship in Millwood Township, Guernsey County, Ohio*. Copies of this book are also available from the author for \$13 each.

One reader of *Stories Elmer Likes to Tell* was inspired to write, “Elmer’s stories cover his Ohio country upbringing in the Quaker community and continue throughout his lifetime. His stories are lively, relevant today, and insightful. He writes matter-of-factly about neighbor helping neighbor without sounding grandiose or keeping score. A wonderful quick and timeless read.”

A copy of the book may be purchased by sending \$20 (shipping included) to: Ernest Hartley Publications, P.O. Box 1167, El Dorado, CA 95623-1167.

*Bruce Yarnall, local and Quaker historian and former general manager of the Barnesville Enterprise is a 25-year supporter of Olney. A graduate of nearby Muskingum College, he is an employee of the District of Columbia Historic Preservation Office in Washington.*

# Alumni News

Please send alumni news and obituaries to Anne Marie Taber at Olney Friends School, 61830 Sandy Ridge Rd., Barnesville, OH 43713, or email them to [alumni@olneyfriends.org](mailto:alumni@olneyfriends.org).

## 70-Year Class of 1951

### **Martha (Satterthwait) Latshaw**

So sorry to miss participating in our 70th Class Reunion this year. I drove out to Ohio for our 60th ten years ago even though I was not feeling my best, and after I managed to drive home I immediately spent some time in a hospital having a heart attack! I recovered from that and then, on a trip to Nashville a couple years ago, managed to trip and fall, hit my head on a cement driveway, and have not recovered completely from that! Vision is very poor, sold my car, but am still in Independent Living and surviving, with no Zoom because my TV is too old for the necessary wiring! I send greetings, love, and best wishes to all. Stay healthy! Email Martie: [granmommarti@aol.com](mailto:granmommarti@aol.com)

## Class of 1956

### **Arthur Binns Treadway**

I had thought that I might be able to use Zoom for this virtual meeting, but now I do not feel up to it at all. So I am writing an email message to my classmates and Olney associates, but will not participate in Zoom activities. Hopefully there will come a time when the COVID pandemic has subsided, when my wife and I can travel to the U.S., really not just virtually, and to Olney for a class reunion. Class reunions do not necessarily have to be held just every five years, though that is, of course, the tradition and a good tradition indeed. Our best to all Olney people everywhere.

## 60-Year Class of 1961

### **Paul Bedell**

I live with my wife of some forty years, Rosemarie, along with our three dogs, near Phoenix, Arizona. I spent most of my working career as a counseling psychologist. Much of that time I worked alongside Rosemarie, who is also a mental health professional, in a private practice. She continues the practice though I retired seven years ago. I spend my time now gardening, woodworking and writing the occasional essay or poem. Here is one of my poems:

## Cause and Effect

Chicken or egg?

Solved by Darwin and Mendel.

There is no shadow without sunlight,

And impulse proceeds intention.

I am smiling, I must be happy.

I am tearful,

The piece they are playing

Is in a minor key.

There is an interference pattern

Projected on the wall.

Someone, somewhere

Is doing the double slit experiment.

And I just looked:

Schrödinger's cat is alive!

But I am seventy-eight years old.

How did that happen?

\*\*\*\*

Thanks, Paul

email: [wpbedell@cox.net](mailto:wpbedell@cox.net)

## Theodore (Ted) L. Cope

Continuing to enjoy the wonders of Raven Rocks, albeit with different perspectives as when I moved here in 1972. The beauty of the property continually changes as the years go by. We celebrated our 50th anniversary of the purchase last fall, with many local well-wishers.

My daily routine has slowed considerably from former years, while we cared for Christmas trees, delivered concrete to Ohio and WV customers, and I looked after my pet beef animals. I realize now that those busy years were no doubt good for my physical health though my mind wished for less “get-er-done” attitude. These latter years in the 70s my body enjoys a gentler routine as I look after the beef and some chickens.

John mentioned typing class in his report. I fondly remember those classmates who could type so fast and with wonderful accuracy compared with me. Were they Reuben, Lucile and Barnabas?

At 60 years out I feel more optimism about where our planet is headed than I did upon that graduation day. Even though I now have more awareness of the challenges and the turmoil we now experience, my sense is that we are moving to a better place. Still plenty of guns around but many fewer big ones aimed at each other. That creative force that has kept my heart beating, that has kept oxygen passing through my lungs these nearly 80 years is remarkable and inspires such gratitude.

I believe that someday we will experience a new currency, which will include Authentic Love for All.

ted.ravenrocks@gmail.com

## **John G. Thomas**

One of the most useful classes (besides shop) that I had at Olney was freshman year typing, taught by my first cousin, Helen Thomas. Thanks to that, I managed to make the jump to computers when I had to, but still can't get used to the light touch keyboard. And thanks to Tr. Warren Stetzel's English class, I can string sentences together, but the “Adventures of Granddaddy Pepaw,” which I wrote for my grandchildren after retirement, is way too long to include here. So here are some of the highlights of my life so far, minus most of the lowlights.

Being P-e-e-paw, as my first grandchild said it with his southern mountain accent, is certainly one of the highlights. He and his sister and brother are my son Benjie's three children, homeschooled well by their mother, with the youngest starting NC State, which means we'll get to see him frequently when COVID-19 lets up. Daughter Wendy's three girls, who prefer to call me Granddaddy, live near us here in Cary, NC, the oldest also starting college and the two younger ones handling remote learning amazingly well. Apparently, growing up loving to play on a computer makes not getting to be with your classmates more tolerable than it would be for many folks in my generation.

Cathy and I are blessed not only with family and grandchildren but with relatively good health, challenging but enjoyable activities, and many friends. As a retired

construction superintendent, I've been able to improve and maintain the same house for the last 33 years, and once I converted most of the yard to planting beds and paths, Cathy has made our lot the show place of the neighborhood. Up until about three years ago, I was still doing occasional carpentry, drywall, and painting jobs for people, and we were both avid cyclists. In 2018 we each had separate bike accidents, requiring a hip replacement for me and a steel plate in Cathy's leg, rather abruptly making us feel old.

As it happens, though, with COVID-19, systemic racism, and climate change now urgently in the fore, it was time for us to shift priorities anyway. Since the same computer technology that replaced our old Remington typewriters has now replaced pandemic isolation with a vast virtual network, we've been able to connect with family, friends, and activists all over the world, multiple times a week, giving each other support in these troubled times in ways never before so widely possible. I consider my Zoom account for this purpose money and time well spent, and I'm also pleased that Olney is using theirs regularly to bring many alumni together for reunions or to hear a speaker, which used to happen only once or twice a year at alumni meetings.

One recent Olney speaker, Bill Shaw, encouraged all of us listening to consider telling our own stories, as he had just done. That would be my hope as well, particularly of my classmates in this 60th reunion year. The twists and turns of life are endlessly fascinating, especially now that we've survived them! So, here are some of the ways I've survived (or thrived):

- Growing up at FBS while my dad, Byron Thomas, was principal and my grandparents, Gilbert Thomas and Blanche Thomas, were super and matron
- “Helping” my dad build us a house in Barnesville and glimpsing my future
- Struggling, along with much of Ohio Yearly Meeting, after my dad's death when I turned 12
- Coming home to “boarding school” as a student but feeling lost again when I left
- Beginning to find myself through folk music and soccer at Wilmington College
- Falling in love with the South when Ted Cope and I went to Virginia Beach Friends School for alternative service
- Really falling in love when, on a blind date, I met the stunning girl who happened to live one block away and whom I married five months later
- Finding more of myself when I switched from teaching to construction
- Helping Tr. Warren's gang of 19 save Raven Rocks from the strip mines

- Spending 10 years building houses in the western Carolina mountains, eight years building boats and houses in Elizabeth City, NC, and 25 years supervising office and hospital fitups in Raleigh and Durham
- Realizing after retiring seven years ago that the relationships I've made, starting with those from Olney and continuing still, are probably more meaningful and satisfying than all the other work I've done

Apologies for summarizing, but this is already long enough and each can be a separate story (many already are). As pandemic separations have made us all painfully aware, belonging continues to be one of our most basic needs, but connections need to expand to include all humans and all life. Whether in person or virtually, that's the direction we must keep heading.

### **Willie Kai Yee**

What to say about 2020? The one thing I want to say is: IT'S OVER.

The year started the way any other would. I had a convention in Boston (Arisia 2020) where I did my Star Trek magic show and a panel on the science of the moon. I stayed with Jennifer and Eric, so got to spend some time with grandchildren. Did a similar pair of shows for the Farpoint Convention near Baltimore in February. Then attended the New England Magic Convention in Connecticut in the middle of March. Then

\*\*\*\* EVERYTHING CHANGED \*\*\*\*

Lockdown. Staying at home except to exercise and go grocery shopping. All social life through Zoom. All trips cancelled. No shows.

HOWEVER. We adapt. We do different than before, in a few respects better. I started by doing free magic shows online for any children having birthday parties during lockdown. Previously I had not really done any children's parties, so this was a new skill to acquire. Then I developed my Star Trek magic show for online and have done that several times.

Because of the lockdown, the Magic and Mystery School in Las Vegas went full online, and as a result I was able to take several courses, which would probably have taken years to do if I travelled to LV to do them. Finally, I signed up for mentoring sessions with Jeff McBride, and he is going through all my performances, including ones I am still developing, and offering detailed advice on how to improve my magic. In addition, organizations such as the Society of American Magicians, and individual magicians and magician enterprises offered lectures and shows. There was something every week to experience and learn. Plus more time to practice.

So that's this year: COVID, magic and politics. Oh, that. Spent more money on candidates' campaigns than I have ever done in my life. Liz was very busy with voter



turnout efforts. And we both went to demos when it was safe. Liz sent out postcards to Georgia. And I wondered when people would realize that the 46th president of the United States is seriously mentally ill.

Oh, also, being 2020: disasters. This year I deployed for the Red Cross virtually to two events, the derecho in Iowa, and hurricane Laura in Louisiana. My position for the first was Government Operations, coordination with the local government Emergency Operations Centers. The second was as Instructor, training the many hundreds of volunteers that were arriving into the region. A very different kind of disaster experience, not meeting people face to face, or interacting daily with a wide variety of volunteers. And getting to sleep in my own bed every night.



Daughter Jennifer and Eric have had a difficult year with day care being closed much of the time and two challenging jobs that have not slowed down for the pandemic. We got to visit them for Julian's birthday in June after quarantining and getting tested, but have done everything since via Zoom.

Daughter Irene is managing, although she got laid off when the Las Vegas theaters closed. She has decided to quit the theater business to focus on her photography career, which included her getting a cover on *Climbing* magazine and being named a National Geographic Explorer.

So that was 2020. Hope we all have a MUCH BETTER year in 2021.

(Willie is a retired psychiatrist living in New Paltz, New York, and practicing magic universally.)

## Class of 1963

### David Edmondson

Es un placer conoerte.

I was born in Columbus Ohio, and went to Olney from 1960 to June of 1962. I never graduated, but I got my Master's in Linguistics from the University of Texas at Austin. Hook 'em Horns.

For many years I imported Spanish verse products that were created and manufactured in China. I'm 76 and married to a wonderful Chinese woman the last ten years.

We married at Livezey Lake at Olney.



*Dave is fourth from left in the back*

## Class of 1967

### Chris Starr

Chris was featured in an article published March 23, 2021, in *Trinidad and Tobago Newsday*. To see the article complete with photos, use the following link: <https://newsday.co.tt/2021/03/28/starr-trek-discover-we/>

## Class of 1969

### David E. Nagle

All four of us suffered through COVID-19, with Beth having by far the hardest time. We are thankful to have that behind us. We are looking forward to the huge vaccination program that will be necessary to begin the return to some semblance of normalcy for our lives here and in the rest of the world. Our hearts go out to all those suffering and to those who have lost loved ones due to the pandemic.

Beth and I continue teaching Spanish and German, respectively, at Northeastern State University here in beautiful Tahlequah, OK. Our son Joseph is quite enjoying his freshman year at NSU and often comes home to practice saxophone. His focus is jazz, and we are blessed to hear a little of the music he produces. He enjoys working out daily and also working for an elderly woman rancher several days a week. He is in the honors program and lives on campus. Anika continues to pursue academic excellence in 8th grade and elected to go totally online, so studies from home. She does miss the social interaction with other students, though.

I continue to drive to Osage County each First-day to lead worship at Hominy Friends Meeting. I ended up editing our new cookbook edition ([www.hominyfriends.org](http://www.hominyfriends.org)) which includes many new additions and enhancements. We have been live streaming worship over Facebook since Third Month, originally from our dining room in Tahlequah, and from the Meetinghouse since Fifth Month. We have deliberately kept attendance down for safety's sake, but also realize how important it is to come together. Since Sixth Month I have made 16 trips to Council House Friends, northeast of Grove, OK, helping renovate the parsonage and ministering to those folks. Council House is presently a preparative meeting under the care of Hominy Monthly Meeting, but we hope to be able to return them to monthly meeting status in due course.

Refereeing soccer continues to claim some of my time, and a few times Joseph and I have served together as AR's. I have given up the job of Referee Assignor, but continue as a licensed Grassroots Referee Instructor under the USSF, a position I first assumed in 1981.

I am so grateful I was able to attend my 50th class reunion and am anxious to get back to Olney for a visit. We have a guest room and visitors are always welcome in our home, especially once the pandemic recedes.

Contact information: 536 Summit Avenue, Tahlequah, OK 74464-2634; phone 918-885-2714

## 50-Year Class of 1971

### Penelope Bliss

#### 50 Years of Bliss

I look at the photo of us, the class of 1971, on the steps at Olney, smiles on our faces.

The next chapter of our lives about to open new doors, new faces, new places.

I landed in New England, Vermont to be precise.

Teaching young children, planting a garden, heating with wood and learning how to drive in snow and ice.

My daughter Dana was born in 1975, a surprise home birth, I suppose she didn't want to be tardy—she arrived quite quickly in the middle of a dinner party.

I continued teaching, then when it was time for a new direction went into oriental carpet sales, repair and restoration.

Dana went to university at St. Andrews in Scotland, all four years of her matriculation.

John Stanley can attest, visiting her there was always cause for celebration (usually at the pub).

While Dana studied and played across the pond, I lived in Hanover, New Hampshire,

a stone's throw across the Connecticut River, so Vermont was still near and dear.

I went from carpets to woodstoves, as a customer rep teaching folks how to use their stoves from us (Woodstock Soapstone), step by step.

2004 found me remarried, and resettled back in Vermont, in Mt. Ascutney's shadows,

two acres and a ginormous garden, including berries galore and three 60 ft. asparagus rows.

John had grand visions and with him it was never a dull moment, you know, but he lost his battle with liver cancer, just three years ago.

Now I'm working part-time and writing up a storm,  
one children's book published and another coming, currently in pdf form.  
A few novels done, which only my writer's group and friends have read,  
but who knows, one day, perhaps, one will grace the nightstand by your bed.  
You can then say, oh yes, I remember her when she was young,  
a classmate of that memorable year, 1971.

### **Lucie Starr Chartrand**

50 years! I believe I wrote once for the *Olney Current*, so here is a brief synopsis of the past years.

I married Pat in 1978. Have two children, Bevan and Xari. Have two grandsons, Mason, 8, and Nolan, 7. They are the best thing that's happened since my two have grown up and left home. They give me great joy!

I taught preschoolers in Ottawa and Almonte for 34 years. My favourite and most challenging time during my career was working with the children in the Head Start program.

I retired in 2014, so I could spend more time with Pat. Fifteen years ago he was misdiagnosed. They said he had brain cancer and treated him with seven rounds of radiation before realizing they made a mistake. He had a brain infection. After emergency surgery he had no movement on his left side. After lots of hard work and determination, Pat was walking again and I could bring him home from the hospital. He couldn't go back to work as a carpenter though. The last five years Pat has been slowly losing ground.

I have been looking after our home, which we built 40 years ago on seven acres of land, with the help of our kids and neighbor. Now we find it is time to think about moving into town and have our son build us a bungalow on a lot we bought many years ago.

That's it my friends! I'm thankful for what I have.

### **Karen Danzeisen**

I am happy with where I have arrived after 50 years.

Following graduation, I took a year off to see if I could find a direction for college.

Five years later I discovered that a psychology major wasn't enough. After working two summers with at-risk children, I signed on for a teaching degree at Syracuse University.

I stayed in Syracuse where they have lots of snow that has to be removed from the streets. At 6 a.m. or p.m., everyone goes out and moves their car to the other side. This involves digging out the snow pushed onto and under the car. Mom and Dad had sent me North with a Subaru front wheel drive car. After several scoops with a shovel, I pulled out and over the pile of snow. This impressed a friend visiting a neighbor. Forty-two years later, we are located in Louisville, KY, and Cincinnati, OH. Mom (100 years and 2 months!) and Dad found a woodsy neighborhood on the near west side of Cincinnati that we enjoy.

Randy brings music, poetry (his original work), and a sideways approach to life's activities. It is beauty to behold.

I am very pleased to have survived teaching in the public school system (because I am stubborn) and have retired to teach reading with a company that uses a very successful method. After an assessment to be sure the student will benefit, even a resentful student learns to read, and school work is no longer the torture it was before our intervention. Zoom allows me to teach any of our students from Cincinnati as well as from Louisville.

Our jewel of a house in Louisville is listed on AirBnB, enabling us to enjoy Kentucky as well as our home in Cincinnati.

John Stanley and Facebook have allowed me to follow some of you these last years. Thank you for sharing. I tend to lose touch when reading, and I read a lot.

### **Amy (Marshall) Delay**

Salutations to my fellow classmates of the class of 1971. I have met many people in the past fifty years and forgotten many of their names but I always remember all the names and faces of my fellow sojourners from our class.

Since that time I graduated from Eastern Washington University and moved to Seattle to earn my Master of Social Work degree from the University of Washington. In my career I worked as a medical social worker at several hospitals and clinics in the Seattle area, specializing in mental health, geriatrics and oncology, and retired in 2015.

I met my husband Roy in Seattle and have had wonderful travels with him to many countries in Europe, to Costa Rica, the Virgin Islands, Mexico, Hawaii, and many other beautiful places in the U.S. My favorite travels were on his boat Trooper around the San Juan islands and the inland coastal waters of the Pacific Northwest.

I hope there are many more travels to come.

In my life I have had hardships and much happiness and have been grateful I got to make this journey thus far. My best wishes to all of you for the next part of our story.

rtdamd@comcast.net

## **Kathy (McDowell) Kanazawa**

### 50 Years After Olney

After Olney I spent a year at home in Richmond, Indiana, working at a Frisch's Big Boy restaurant as a carhop. That convinced me that I should go to college. I attended Wilmington College for two years, then transferred to Earlham College, graduating in December of '76 with a BA in Fine Arts. There I met my husband, Mark Kanazawa. We had a mutual interest, international folk dancing.

After Earlham we both lived in NYC, where he grew up and had a good job for a year. I worked in a health food store and also taught horseback riding at a park. (Had some experience with that during childhood and at Earlham.)

Fall of '77 we drove up to New Hampshire, where we picked apples for the season. Then on our way back south we stopped in Northampton, MA, where we stayed for two years. We found a great folk dancing group in Amherst, where we made many friends. I worked in a health food store, and Mark had various odd jobs.

In the summer of '79 we got married at my parents' hobby farm in Indiana on our way west, to Stanford, CA, where Mark was in graduate school for six years, in economics. During that time my main job was working in a chiropractor's office at the front desk. I also took classes in massage and applied kinesiology and used that skill at the chiropractor's office. There was also a good dancing group at Stanford. We took advantage of the mountains and took some wonderful hiking trips.

In '85, Mark got a job at Carleton College in Northfield, MN, teaching economics. It was a bit of a shock to be in cold, snowy Minnesota, after six years in CA, but we came to love it. We found another great dancing group in Minneapolis, a 50-minute drive away. Our first son, Galen, was born in '86. Nick in '91. The delights and challenges of being parents were upon us. I learned to ski and skate with the boys (especially when the boys wanted to play hockey). We spent some summers in Cambridge, England, when Mark was there with a group of students. I had to keep the boys entertained while Mark was off teaching and got pretty good at driving on the left side so the boys and I could go on excursions. When the boys were both in school, I started working. I had temporary jobs at Carleton, a couple of years in a doctor's office at the front desk, and finally got a job at a newly opening food co-op

in Northfield, where I worked for 15 years, retiring two years ago in 2019.

At that time our son Galen, and his wife, Jamie, had a newborn son and needed help so they could both keep working. I started taking care of baby Aiden twice a week. My new job! Love it! When the pandemic hit, I was still able to take care of him so they could both work at home. We take turns driving back and forth 45 minutes to St. Paul, where they live. He is now two and a half (three in August) and loads of fun! He will be starting pre-school in the fall, and I will miss seeing him as often as I do. I kept a lot of the boys' old toys, so they are now getting good use again.

Galen has a business making and selling fermented krauts and fire tonic, called Fierce Ferments. He and two friends started it six or seven years ago, sold product at farmers markets, and now sell it to co-ops all over Minnesota. But he's decided to try to sell the business as he is currently studying to get a master's degree in cartography and GIS, and also works for MNDOT (Minnesota Department of Transportation).

Our son Nick is also a father (unintentionally). A sweet little girl, born in February this year. Half Hispanic. A long story, but he was in the process of breaking up





when it happened. He has parental rights and is able to visit often. Luckily he and the lady, who lives with her parents, are on pretty good terms. I've visited a couple of times, but they are in the process of moving so I wanted to stay out of the way. Also, I wasn't vaccinated yet.

Nick, who lives in Minneapolis, got certified to be an emergency medical technician right before the pandemic. He decided not to apply for an EMT job until after the pandemic, so has been a security guard at an Aerospace facility near Minneapolis. Now he's reviewing his textbook so he can start applying for EMT jobs.

Now that it's finally spring, I'm determined to do a much better job gardening than I have been. I'm trying a different method this year, square foot gardening. Hopefully I'll stick with it all summer. I also walk a lot in the Carleton Arboretum, and in recent years we've been bird watching. Have some good friends who are really good at it.

Thinking back at other things I've done: I've been in a small choir called Spirit Voices. We do a lot of spirituals and alternative pieces at the Congregational Church once a month (except for the past year); also, played in an African drumming group. Our teacher is from Ghana and teaches at Macalester College in the Twin Cities. We haven't seen him for a few years, but we still find occasions to drum. No folk dancing for the past year except by Zoom, which just isn't the same. I just dance by myself sometimes. I've also been doing Tai Chi for the last seven years. A master, Sifu, comes down from the cities to teach at Carleton (except the past year). It helps to have dancing in my background. I've learned the Short Form, the Medium Form, the Sword Form, the Fan Form, and the Cane Form. I love waving around those weapons. The movements are slow, meditative, balancing, and a great activity to do alone as well as in a group.

I hope everyone is well and the coming years will bring hope and happiness. Current address: 901 Ivanhoe Dr., Northfield, MN 55057

### **Cathy (Cooper) Papazian**

My career in geriatric social work was very rewarding, but my retirement in 2015 really allowed me to pursue my real love, playing to my heart's content with colorful fabrics creating unique art quilts. This stage of life is very exciting having time to take quilting classes, enter my pieces in shows and develop my artistic side while also making new friends.

During the pandemic the addition of Zoom workshops and other social media resources have increased opportunities for learning and sharing exponentially. And with nature as my primary inspiration, taking many pandemic walks with my cell-phone camera in my pocket, the ideas for future projects are endless.

After raising two sons, one lives in San Francisco and the other in Cambridge, MA, my husband and I continue to keep busy with projects. When the kids were young we bought a second home on Cape Cod that I always assumed would be our retirement place, but as of yet, we haven't decided to downsize and sell Lexington. We continue to go back and forth, keeping up flower and vegetable gardens at both places. We never tire of the gentle, beautiful Cape landscape that continues to provide places to explore, such as newly discovered boat ramps to use for kayaking.

One of my lifelong challenges has been living with an inherited neuropathy that affects my feet primarily. Oh, how I dreaded the Olney spring outing hikes and the required field hockey. Although I do not expect to return for reunions, Zoom gatherings would be fun. Maybe I'll see some of you as we begin to travel again, now that we are "older and Pfizer."

cathy@papazian.org

### **Larry Sidwell**

After 42 years in international finance, I recently retired. It was strange going from constant international travel—Beijing, Moscow, Johannesburg, South America, Budapest and many others—to not being on a plane for over a year due to COVID! Quite a change.

With four adult children and eight grandchildren, retirement has been exceptionally busy. I also still serve on the national board of Junior Achievement, Wilmington College Trustees, and a local private golf club.

We feel very blessed to be very active, very healthy, and surrounded by family and friends. We miss not seeing more of the Olney community and hope to connect post COVID. I give a great deal of credit to the Olney experience for educating me for a successful career and personal growth.

My best to all my classmates and friends! I especially want to thank John Stanley for being the glue that keeps us all together all these years with all our far flung community!

Current address: 14119 Beechwood Drive, Urbandale, Iowa 50323. Email: Lws-galion@gmail.com. Phone: 515 601 6461

### **John Stanley**

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JUAN

My five-year alum report in 1976 mentioned a new job which I figured might last a

year or two, affording travel while amassing funds for grad school, towards a teaching career. Didn't take long for the epiphany: DOH! Lots of stews are ex-teachers, nobody's quitting the plane for the classroom! Yes, it's that addictive, and I'm still hooked.

Especially since 2018 when after only 43 years FINALLY merged my two great loves: flying and Philly. Decades of hellacious, wasteful 2+hr. drives to JFK (15,000 mi/yr, ridiculous tolls) became easy 40 minutes to PHL (6,000 miles annually, no tolls). LOVE THE NEW JOB! 2019 easily Best Summer Ever, "working" to seven European destinations for the first time: Amsterdam, Lisbon, Prague, Bologna, Venice, Berlin and Shannon. That last one a special treat as I'm given a personal tour by longtime local **Marge Lamb '69** who with hubby Charles takes us to spectacular Cliffs of Moher. This a particularly fun part of flying: catching up with Olney folk all over the place. Frequently in London, my "home away from home," most notably with long-lost classmates **Martina Weitsch** and **Dave King**. Also Roma (Bon giorno, **Lucie Gartner '76!**) and Barcelona (!Hola **Sam Leath '06!**) Then there's the rarest encounters—Olneyites aloft—most recently **Reid Hayhow '85** and **Tanja Petrovic '05**. Anticipated an even better 2020 but COVID had other plans. Trans-Atlantic service just now resuming out of PHL on a much-reduced schedule. Luckily no mandatory stew retirement age (Seniorest AA Mama in her mid-80's, flying since 1957!). Given my addiction to London theatre, when the subject is raised I simply reply: "And give up Show Business?!"

"New Job" beautifully dovetails with other one of apartment renovation/management. For those familiar with Maupin's classic *Tales of the City* series, I have been called "Anna Madrigal of Camac Street." In 2014, 21 years after renovating and residing in 1820's triplex at #333, smack in the center of town, bought the larger corner townhouse two doors down at #337 (4 units + 2 carriage-size garages where my Honda Fit does so with inches to spare). Renovations continue there on first floor and basement unit, envisioning converting it into 3-bedroom crew crashpad. Meanwhile it provides convenient overnight accommodations between PHL trips (8 miles/15 minutes away, my dream commute) rather than schlepping 35 minutes north to Titusville-on-the-Delaware, home now for 22 years, the longest I've lived in a single place.

In 2017, yet another acquisition, this one entirely unexpected. Eldest bro (**D.R. '66**) and "the Missus" (**Carolyn, Hon.**) decide to become full-time Floridians (as he puts it, "We're done being Snowbirds. Now we're frogs...cuz we come down here to croak!"); 55-acre Cat Hollow, their home of 40+ years, first offered to family, and I initially declined, having found previous B'ville properties hassles to manage from a distance. However, visiting soon thereafter realized how much I loved the place, but still wasn't going to buy it unless certain highly unlikely conditions met. Long story short: an extraordinary win-win-win: Floridians sell it but keep it in the family, I get excellent property/minimal hassle, and **Shelley '82** and **Joel '83 Rockwell** become residents/managers/renovators of a place they've always admired. Yes, we're all still a bit amazed how way opened so remarkably.

2016: for the first time since 1972 got involved in presidential election. Unable to stomach the possibility of someone more vile than Tricky Dick in the White House, spent weeks canvassing two key states: first Ohio, then Pennsylvania. Election eve waiting hours in a line snaking its way through Philly streets ending in a massive rally with Independence Hall as backdrop. Goosebumps to this day remembering Jon Bon Jovi opening, then Bruce Springsteen, Chelsea Clinton introducing her father, then Michelle Obama, followed by Barack, finally Hillary. As the huge crowd roared its approval, there seemed little doubt how the Keystone State would vote.

The day after the election, with very little sleep, volunteered at nearby church which offers free luncheons to those in need. One of the regulars, nonagenarian Rose, entered with the quote of the day/week/year: "So the BUM won?! How'd THAT happen?!" Questions likely never to be satisfactorily answered.

2020: the end of a personal streak of which I've been inordinately proud: attending every Olney Commencement and Homecoming since 1995. Eventually found myself emceeing Alumni Meetings, and referred to as President of the Alumni Association (though I recall no specific appointment nor election to either position). Another title I cherish came courtesy of classmates **Gretchen** and **Susan**, who long ago dubbed Juan "kinda like the Class Mother." (I think they meant it as a compliment...) Last year during our first-ever Zoom Commencement we magnanimously offered the Class of 1970 an invitation for a retake this year during our 50th. And now that live Commencement's been postponed yet again, the Class of 1972 is hereby informed to expect both of our classes to crash their reunion next year! (One concern: how to fit all us old people onto the facing bench?) **Don Guindon '74** is already in talks with other musically-minded folks to turn his annual hilltop bonfire into a much bigger event: an OLNEY WOODSTOCK?! Unpack the tie-dyed bell-bottoms!

Happy Trails!

## **Gretchen Stone**

Here I sit in hotel quarantine in Sydney, Australia, envisioning our fiftieth class reunion via Zoom. Hmm. Next year, I look forward to seeing many of you in person, and hugging you to my heart's content.

Leaving Olney, I knew I wanted to be a doctor, but there was plenty of exploring to be done first. **Cathy Cooper '71** and I volunteered with an AFSC-linked migrant program, then **Susan Rodd '71** and I saved enough working as au pairs to bicycle around Europe the next summer. We visited **Kathy Moulton '70** at Macalester College, and both wound up enrolling there. I seemed to follow Olney connections wherever they led, and always came out ok.

I stuck around Minnesota for medical school, then on to Salinas, California, for

family practice residency. At a county hospital where most of the patients were Spanish-speaking farmworkers and most of the docs had backgrounds in community or political organising, I found medical soulmates. That led to helping train community health workers in El Salvador amidst civil war, researching pesticide toxicity in Nicaragua, and more than 30 years providing support for my former housemate's medical work in South Sudan. Salinas became home for the next decade. My sister **Katharine (Neumann) Richman '69** and her family moved in across the street. I loved being the auntie next door.

In 1989, I married Phil Stone. Katie, Woody, and Peter joined us in rapid succession. When my father died in 1996, Phil suggested that we move back to our family farm in Ohio to live with Mom. Mom helped raise our kids, and then it was their turn to look after her.

After Mom's death, Phil and I figured it was time to follow our long-held dream of moving to a country where our kids could learn Spanish. Finding one proved a bit difficult. We wound up in Tasmania, Australia. Our intention was to work there for a year, and meander around the world on our way home. Tasmania was so good to us that we became dual citizens. The kids attended Friends School of Hobart, the largest Quaker school in the world. None of them learned Spanish. Now Katie is a surgical nurse in Melbourne, Woody moved to Japan for optimal snowboarding, and Pete, recently married to a Canadian, works remotely from British Columbia. None of their sweethearts have US passports. We sometimes wonder what we have gotten ourselves into.

I semi-retired last year, and we sat out a good bit of the pandemic on the farm in Ohio. We are back in Australia now. I'm not quite ready to quit medical practice, but it sure is nice to be able to just work when I feel like it. Tasmania is incredibly beautiful and welcoming. It reminds me of Ohio when I was a kid: lots of dairy cows, with wallabies underfoot. We love sharing it with visitors, and also have plenty of room for friends visiting southwest Ohio. The pandemic has made ties that bind all the more precious. Email works best for contacting me: [gn.stone@yahoo.com.au](mailto:gn.stone@yahoo.com.au)

## **Erica Tesdell**

Weeks after graduating from Olney I found myself living in Germany, working as a nanny! The following four years were spent in Minnesota at Macalester College where language learning and teaching became my career goal.

Then the opportunity to live in France opened up and I said OUI! After three years of teaching English and studying French near Paris, I moved to Vermont where I earned an MAT. In 1984 I spent Christmas with my family in Minnesota and decided to stay, despite the weather!

In 1990 I married Dave List, a college friend. I have been teaching French and ESL. Marty was born in July 1993! We purchased a home near a small lake in Saint Paul where we have now lived for 25 years. Dave, who has a PhD in Peace Studies, has done some teaching, lots of political work and also worked for the state government. In 2006 I had a fight with cancer, which I won!

I have taught in Montessori and language immersion schools in the Twin Cities. Marty graduated from college with a degree in music composition. He is the drummer in a band and works in a book store. We have two beautiful rescue cats, Mochi and Luna. My siblings live in Iowa and Washington state.

As a family we have travelled to Europe, Egypt, Canada, Hawaii, and Mexico. I spent a month teaching English in China in 2002.

This past year Dave and I both retired. We are healthy and have had all shots. It has been a difficult few years! Jamar Clark, Philando Castille, George Floyd and Daunte Wright were all murdered by police in our Metro area. We support the BLM movement. The recent Chauvin conviction has brought relief but we still have a long way to go.... Biden's election has brought back hope. We look forward to spring; planting tomatoes and herbs and harvesting apples and raspberries. We would love to travel again!

## Class of 1979

### Adam M. Sayles

Excerpted from a report received by the Olney alumni office: "Visit Among One Clan of Jungle Bayaka Pygmies for More than a Year in Lukuala Provence Republic of Congo (Brazzeville)"

I went to Bisambi, Enyele District, Lukuala Provence. I stayed with a very large family of approximately a hundred individuals lead by two chiefs who are sisters for more than a year. Most of the time I was in the jungle but for short periods, since clan members sometimes stay in makeshift dwellings at the edge of the village, I stayed at the edge of the village. At one point during a three-month COVID quarantine I was continuously in the jungle for more than three months. The clan split up in various camps for short periods of time lead by a female head of household and various members circulated from camp to camp. The camps varied from less than a day to more than three days from Bisambi as measured by my walking speed. I went without money, provisions, extra clothing or foot gear for hiking in the jungle so I was completely dependent on my hosts' hospitality with regard to food and shelter during my entire visit. I had some contact with American evangelical missionaries in the provincial capital Imfondu. Although the Apostle Paul in the book of Acts recommended that missionaries go without their provisions, my doing this was considered by these missionaries as an indication of mental derangement. I slept on a floor mat or bare earth between bachelors under a twig and leaf over-

hanging structure open on three sides. Internet, phone service or an ability to send messages was unavailable.

Because I live alone in USA, the purpose of my visit was to establish long-term social bonds and decide how I could help Pygmy people in the future. Although many NGOs and religious organizations are engaged assisting Pygmies, it appears to me that because of a lack of understanding of Pygmy eating habits, decision making and how to establish trusting relationships, much of the assistance is detrimental to Pygmy physical health and economic development....

I found the jungle Pygmies hard workers, strong, intelligent, non-materialistic and highly motivated to have meaningful relationships. They are also generous and welcome guests. My relationship brought some tensions, not because I am a white foreigner but because jungle Pygmies didn't have friends who were not relatives.

For the long-term development of Pygmies, I do not recommend bringing them to live permanently in villages but keep them separate and protect them from the Bantu population and help them to improve their life inside the jungle. Healthcare and education should be brought to them in the jungle. Unlike Bantus, Pygmies have an open mind to western healthcare and are very eager to learn in school. Finally, I highly discourage Christianity being introduced to Pygmies because unlike the Pygmy life, Christianity as practiced in Congo, is opposite and hypocritical to the Christian life that Jesus promotes in the Gospel of Luke and Matthew which is actually closer to the behavior of jungle Pygmies....

### *About me*

I was born in 1960. I went to Oberlin College with a major in Sociology-Anthropology. Then I went to Cambridge University-Clare Hall earning an M. Phil in Social Anthropology. Afterwards I graduated from Meharry Medical College (Nashville) with an MD. I completed about one year of Internal Medicine/Family practice and one year in Pathology at various US hospitals. I became licensed to practice medicine in New York and Wisconsin and am currently registered in both states. I completed a MPH at Addis Ababa University, completing for my studies a controlled study (weight for age) on post weaning food education for 6 months to 18 months toddlers based on a household survey using local housewives as educators. I married a Jamaican woman and raised her children. We are currently divorced.

In USA I've mainly done locum work mostly in New York state correctional facilities and seeing Medicare recipients in Wisconsin. Most of my professional career has been abroad. I was medical director of Dima Refugee Camp in Ethiopia and medical Director of Fangak County hospital in South Sudan. I was attending physician at Hargeisa Group Hospital and Berbera Sahel Regional hospital in Somaliland, Garowe Red Cross Hospital in Puntland, Wembonyama Methodist Hospital in DRC Congo and Mawut Health Center in South Sudan. Also I taught physicians at Evangelical Hospital in Lodja, DRC Congo. I'm a self-made Obstetrician

and Orthopedist (external fixation only!) by studying Kings Primary Surgery from Oxford and other texts only where specialized care is not available.

Local political officials, local hospital administrators or local church leadership gave me all my appointments. I've never worked for an international non-governmental relief, development or missionary organization or a governmental organization except for local politicians or local governmental departments from the country I served. I rarely had contact with other westerners engaged in international assistance or missionary activities. I never held a faculty post or performed any type of research outside of my degree studies.

I am totally fluent in Spanish, Amharic and Lingala. I am rusty but have been fluent in Mongolian, Jamaican Patwa, Somali and Germa. I understand most of Yiddish and Bambanga (Bayaka language) but am not a speaker of Yiddish and struggle to speak Bambanga. I do not speak or understand French at all nor want to because if I were to have French abilities, the educated and those with exposure to westerners would gravitate towards me at the expense of uneducated and remote populations in both Congos. adamsayles@gmail.com

## 40-Year Class of 1981

### Dave Lowther

My twin sons turned 21 a few days ago. Duncan is at the University of Glasgow in Scotland. Riley is finishing up his associate's degree at Community College of Baltimore County and tutoring at Mathnasium. Both have been driven stark raving bonkers by being stuck inside for a year. My wife, Julie, spends her days running interference with various medical systems for her aging parents. I'm coming to the end of my 27th year teaching middle school math at the Park School of Baltimore. My sisters and I still own our place in Monteverde, Costa Rica, and it is now a wildlife reserve with our two houses there on AirBnB. I try to spend the month of July there every year. My sister, **Hannah '80**, is living in Atlanta and working to realize a lifelong dream to get a career in acting off the ground. She has met with some interesting successes!

### Juli Rockwell

After graduating from Olney, I attended THE Ohio State University, majoring in horticulture with an emphasis in farm management, basically a minor in small business administration. I stayed another two years in Columbus working as an office temp, hoping to learn skills I could use as the office person for the family farm, then moved back to Barnesville and the orchard in '87. In the early 2000s, we knew that there wasn't much time left for the farm, Dad (**Louis "Bud" Rockwell '53**) and Uncle Bob (**Bob Rockwell '56**) were getting older, and the economy and people's



buying habits changed. I had the interest to keep on with the farm, but wouldn't be able to on my own, and no one else of my generation seemed interested. So, in 2007 I started looking for a new job and found one in a call center in Wheeling.

In 2008 I bought my parents' house and land, then sold all but the house and 5-ish acres. Dad passed in 2014, but Mom (**Helen Rockwell, Hon.**) still lives with me.

Things were going fine jobwise until two days after Christmas 2017, when the company I worked for said they were closing that call center and we'd all be losing our jobs as of the end of February 2018. Through the WV unemployment I was able to take tutorials on using Word and Excel. The typing classes with **Cleda (Mott '57)** and at the tech college came into use.

As my six months of unemployment was running out, I decided to take a chance on applying at Williams Lea, next door to where the call center was. It provides business support services, specifically administrative and clerical support to other businesses. Within a week I got a call to take their test. I did okay on Word and Excel, but for the proofreading test I found all the planned errors and at least one that they hadn't planned on. I was hired as dual proofreader and document processor, and in the past 18 months or so I was given the additional responsibility of helping the leads with quality control. The account I'm on is contracted to a pretty big law firm with offices all across the US. I am learning a lot about the differences in legal practice between the states and jurisdictions, and because much of the firm's business is medical malpractice, I have learned a lot of medical terms.

With the pandemic, I'm very fortunate that my job can be done remotely. In a sense, we were working remotely from any of the firm's offices, so it wasn't that much of a stretch to work from home, all we needed was cable internet and a computer.

It's amusing that it took close to 50 years for me to have the job I wanted to do when I was a kid.

## Class of 1995

**Dan White**

See *Class of 1996*.

## 25-Year Class of 1996

**Tracey Speicher, '96 and Dan White '95**

We are in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, now and our kids (Lucy and Susanna White) attend The Circle School, a self-directed democratic school for ages 4-18. It's a great place.

## 15-Year Class of 2006

### **Louise (Foster) Biderman**

I got married a few years ago and am now Louise Foster Biderman. I also moved to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in September and my address is now 800 Club Ln, Cedar Rapids, IA 52404. I work at the State Hygienic Lab, and sometimes Matt from Scattergood Friends School stops by to drop off water samples. It's always fun to see another Friend!

## Class of 2014

### **Francis Peet**

Francis is recently married, and has a job as a ship builder in Michigan.

## Friends Who Have Passed

### Donald W. Mott '42

Donald William Mott was born to **Francis '17** and **Frances (Binns) Mott '17** on the Mott family farm near Paullina, Iowa, on December 17, 1924. He died of COVID-19 at The Village retirement community in Indianola, Iowa, on December 18, 2020, at the age of 96 years. The final resting place will be at the Paullina Friends Cemetery near Paullina, Iowa.

Don's early schooling took place at Dale Township #7 and then at Gaza School. His high school years were split between Gaza School and Olney Friends School in Barnesville, Ohio. His sophomore and senior years were at Olney where he graduated in 1942. In 1943 he studied for one year at William Penn College in Oskaloosa, Iowa. Don enjoyed sports: he played basketball at Gaza and football at William Penn.

Following school, Don registered for the draft as a conscientious objector and did Civilian Public Service (CPS) work from 1944 to 1946. During this time, he served at several work camps. First, he worked doing trail work at Great Smoky Mountains National Park in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. Second, he took part in a medical study of a pneumonia virus at Pinehurst, North Carolina. Third, he worked for the Bureau of Reclamation on an irrigation project camp near Trenton, North Dakota. Fourth, he was assigned to serve on a firefighting crew at Glendora, California. Don's final assignment was at the Independence State Hospital in Independence, Iowa, where he served as an aide.

After his CPS work, Don returned to Paullina to help his father on the family farm. He married **Dorothy Livezey '42**, an Olney high school classmate, at the Stillwater Friends Meeting House in Barnesville, Ohio, on October 4, 1947. When confronted with the compulsory peacetime draft of men for the U.S. Armed Forces in 1948, Don elected to protest and become a non-registrant. He was arrested and served eight months at the federal prison near Springfield, Missouri. It was during this sentence that his first son, David, was born.

Don and Dot moved to Barnesville, Ohio, in 1951 where Don was employed as a farm manager at Olney Friends School for two years. In 1953, Don and Dot moved to Costa Rica to join friends and family in the Monteverde Quaker Community where Don's primary work was in the sawmill.

Don and Dot returned to the family farm in northwest Iowa where Don farmed and worked at other jobs in the community. Don was employed by the O'Brien County Co-op Creamery (later AMPI) in Sanborn, Iowa, from 1958 until his retirement in 1985. During this time, he worked as a fieldman monitoring milk quality, installing milk storage equipment, and performing refrigeration repairs. In 1972

Don and Dot moved off the farm to a home in Paullina. Don and Dot became active in the American Field Service student exchange program, and during the 1973-74 school year, Andrew Brown of Birmingham, England, joined the family.

Don and Dot moved to The Village retirement community of Indianola in 2001. Following Don's death in 2006, Don continued living at The Village until his death. Don greatly appreciated the additional nursing care provided by his daughter Deb during his later life.

Don was an active, lifelong member of the Society of Friends (Quaker) at Paullina Monthly Meeting and attended the Village Quaker worship group. He had a wide variety of interests and hobbies. He loved all music, but especially big band music and his son Dennis' musical performances. Don spent his retirement years repairing and riding bicycles. Along with numerous family members, he took part in many local bike rides and several RAGBRAI rides, including the 1974 RAGBRAI where he rode with his father, Francis, and son, David. He restored the family Farmall F-12 tractor. He co-owned a Cessna plane with his son, Daniel, and he liked flying. He and Dot spent 20 winters camping in the southern states, primarily in Texas and at Gulf Shores, Alabama.

He is survived by his four children and their spouses: Dave and Carrie Ash-Mott of Ivins, Utah; Deb and Stan McCreedy of Ainsworth, Iowa; Dan Mott and Barb Busch-Mott of Cherokee, Iowa; Dennis and Julie Mott of Davenport, Iowa; and AFS student son and wife, Andrew and Emma Brown of South Wales, UK. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren include Maria and Greg Hanson and their children Elizabeth and Peter of North Liberty, Iowa; Eric Mott of Iowa City, Iowa; and Jason, Angela, and Dorothy Mott of Dubai, United Arab Emirates. He also is survived by his sister, Muriel Neifert of Richfield, Minnesota; sister-in-law **Millie (Livezey) Crosbie '46** of Pella, Iowa; sister-in-law **Bertha (Livezey) Brown '49** of Woodland, North Carolina; and sister-in-law **Carol (Allen) Livezey '52** of Frost-proof, Florida. He will be missed by his many cousins, nieces, nephews, and friends.

Don was preceded in death by his wife of 59 years, Dorothy (Livezey) Mott, who died August 13, 2006; his parents, Francis Mott and Frances (Binns) Mott; his sister and brother-in-law **Hubert '34** and **Mildred (Mott) Mendenhall '39**; brother-in-law James Neifert; brother and sister-in-law, Jim and Jackie Mott; and son-in-law George Miller.

### **Irene (Standing) Dunn '43**

Irene (Standing) Dunn died September 29, 2020, at the age of 95 years. She was born in Iowa, April 19, 1925, to Charles and Emma Standing, then raised in Southern California. Irene graduated from Olney Friends School (then Friends Boarding School) and from UCLA. She became an Oklahoman for life after meeting and marrying Laurence Dunn in August 1947. Following his death she moved

to Parkview Pointe in Laverne, OK, and briefly was a resident at Western Skilled Nursing in Buffalo at the time of her death.

Mrs. Dunn, as she was affectionately called by her students in Gate and Buffalo, was known for her innovative and compassionate teaching styles. She was honored as Teacher of the Year and was recognized in *The Daily Oklahoman* for her creative 'interactive' learning model for the study of the Pilgrims' arrival, long before the term entered modern day usage. Her Pilgrim Day studies for second-graders are still remembered by former students and used by her granddaughter Kellie Badley's class in Laverne.

Irene was a teacher and writer from the time of her birth. She wrote poems for her family, she printed stories of witticisms and musings from her children and grandchildren, and compiled them into booklets for each of them. She taught Sunday School and was always sharing her natural born talents as teacher, baker, cook and hostess to her extended family and friends, who became "family" once they entered her home. Irene was not only beloved by her students but was a favorite "Aunt Irene" to many many nephews and nieces in the Standing and Dunn families.

After retiring from a 25-year teaching career Irene and Laurence enjoyed travels to visit family, friends and their children in remote places like Stebbins, AK, or Muscat, Oman. They took many trips to family reunions in Iowa, often joining her three sisters and spouses as they remained quite close. Their 40th, 50th and 60th anniversary trips were celebrated with her younger sister and brother-in-law since they shared the same wedding date.

Preceding her in death was her husband of 64 years, Laurence; two sisters and their husbands; brother-in-law, Bill Schmoe, a grandson, Cody Watts; and several nephews and nieces. She is survived by a sister, **Lillian (Standing) Schmoe '45** in Louisville, CO; oldest son **Larry '66** and Barbara Dunn of North Pole, AK; son Eddie and Robin Dunn of Gate, OK; daughter **Dorothy (Dunn) Plummer '69** and Marvin Hadley of Fort Mojave, AZ, and daughter Marilee and Tony Watts of Reno, NV; 11 grandkids, 19 great-grandkids, six great-great-grandkids and dozens of nephews and nieces.

### **Marie (Smith) Kirk Hawkins '44**

Marie Kirk Hawkins, 94, recently of Barnesville, Ohio, passed away Friday, January 1, 2021 at Hospice of Central Ohio following a stroke. Born Anna Marie Smith on August 15, 1926, in Whittier, Iowa, to Edmund and Caroline McGrew Smith, she was married to **Morris L. Kirk '40** of Columbiana, Ohio, for 52 years until his death in January 1999. She was married to Charles E. Hawkins of Rogers, Ohio, for 13 years prior to his death in March 2020. Charlie's extended family was very supportive of Marie, even after his death.

A lifelong Quaker and devout Christian, Marie graduated from Olney Friends School in 1944 and attended Wilmington College. She worked as a homemaker while her children were young, and later joined Morris to work at Olney in Barnesville.

She enjoyed traveling in the U.S. and abroad, frequently on mission trips, and staying in touch with friends, new and old, from all over the world. Marie and Morris served in multiple voluntary service positions across the U.S. after retirement, including the Bair Foundation of New Wilmington, Pa.

Marie is survived by her four children, **Beverly** (Robert) **Shull '68** of Jerusalem, OH, **James** (Leanne) **Kirk '71** of Greenford, OH, **Nancy** (David) **Jones '73** of Cranberry Township, PA and **Kenneth '78 (Faith Rockwell '80) Kirk** of Columbia, TN; 11 grandchildren; and 10 great-grandchildren.

Besides her husbands, she was preceded in death by four brothers and two grandchildren.

A memorial service took place in late spring. Donations in her memory may be made to Food for the Hungry International, or to The Walton Retirement Home, 1254 East Main Street, Barnesville, OH 43713.

### **James Albert 'Bert' McGrew '45**

James Albert "Bert" McGrew, 92, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, died Thursday, December 10, 2020, in the Woodlands at The Meth-Wick Community, of which he was a part since 2012. He died peacefully, surrounded by loving care, of complications of COVID-19.

Bert was born February 23, 1928, in Springville, Iowa, the son of Ernest and Irene (Hall) McGrew. He attended Olney Friends School in Barnesville, Ohio, graduated from Springville High School, and attended college classes at Iowa State in Ames and Cornell College in Mount Vernon, where he met Mary Louise Jacobi (Mary Lou). They married on December 4, 1948, in Chicago. Bert graduated as a history major with B.A. from Coe College in 1953. During his career, he was a school bus driver, a math teacher, and he retired as a production manager from the Square D Co. in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in Lincoln, Neb., and in Palatine, Ill.

After retirement, Bert became a business financial advisor. He handled bookkeeping for Mary Louise Interiors (his wife's decorating business), for dear family members and worked for many years as an H&R Block seasonal tax preparer. He did love numbers and Sudoku!

While in Cedar Rapids, he was vibrant member of First Lutheran Church, serving as a choir member, a youth leader, and he wrote a centennial history of the church.

He was an enlightened Quaker with music in him, piano, trombone, guitar, ukulele and voice; he had lovely tenor. He shared that love of music with his children, family, and friends, many of whom have sweet memories of sitting at the piano, playing and singing along with him. Some even remember hearing his voice accompany them into the sadness of Good Friday, or the joy of a wedding!

He became a regular, summertime fisherman in Crow Wing, Minn., (inspired by his dear friend Warren Glantz) and brought his family along most years. He “red-capped” in Meth-Wick transportation system and held leadership role for the Brendel Hill neighborhood. Bert loved golfing, fishing in Minnesota and Canada, traveling, reading, history, music, puzzles, Mary Lou, his family, friends and his caretakers.

He is survived by his wife of 72 years, Mary Lou; and their daughters, Sara Ellison of Lisbon, Iowa, and Claudia McCoy of Spokane, Wash.; his grandchildren, Emilia Ellison (Robert Weaver), Chelsea Ellison, Angela McCoy and Katie McCoy; two great-grandsons, Ethan and Chrystian; his sister, **Lillian Stuhr ’48** (Daryl); as well as many dear nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents; his sister, Gertrude Sawyer; his brother, Merle McGrew; and his stepmother, Edna McGrew.

Messages for the family can be posted on the website [www.cedarmemorial.com](http://www.cedarmemorial.com) under obituaries. Memorials may be directed to the causes of your heartfelt choosing, with special emphasis on our love of one another and appreciation for Earth and its survival.

### **Dorothy (Hartley) Gaskalla ’46**

Dorothy L. Gaskalla, 91, of Findlay, Ohio, passed away on Wednesday, May 13, 2020, at St. Catherine’s Manor. Dorothy “Dot” was born on September 8, 1928, in Barnesville, Ohio, to the late Alfred and Ethel (Stanley) Hartley. She graduated in 1946 from Olney Friends Boarding School in Barnesville, Ohio.

Dorothy was a very loving and devoted mother of her seven children. She loved going to church and reading her Bible. She also enjoyed camping, sewing, needle-point, puzzles, and making (plastic canvas) calendars to give away. Dorothy worked at the Tampa, Florida, courthouse in the Tax Assessors Office for 30 years.

Dorothy is survived by her children, Kay O’Flaherty, Barb Bernal, and Harry Pool, all of Findlay; David (Lisa) Pool of Tiffin, Ohio; and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She married Faye Pool and they divorced. She then married Dwight Gaskalla. Both spouses preceded her in death. Also preceding her are her children, John, Rick, and Tom Pool; her siblings, **Edith (Hartley) Silvernale ’50**, **Chester Hartley ’53**, and **William Hartley x’55**; and her grandson, Frank Navarro III. A memorial service was held in Findlay.

## **Leland Moffitt '46**

Leland Earl Moffitt passed away quietly and comfortably at home with his wife Delia R. Moffitt by his side on Monday, Aug. 27, 2018. He was born in Ackworth, Iowa, in 1929, on the family farm. He spent his early years working on the family farm with his father, grandfather, and brothers; he also spent some years working timber and other various jobs for friends of his family and faith. In 1961, he and a friend moved to California in search of adventure and meaningful work. There, he met the love of his life, Dee. As soon as they were married, he became an integral part of her family, helping her raise her children as if they were his own. Together they shared a life full of fun, love, and adventure: taking cruises, participating in competitive bowling leagues, cheering on their favorite sports teams, experiencing all life has to offer, even taking time to run their own farm for a few years.

Raised in the Quaker faith, he was a quiet peaceful man that absolutely and completely loved his wife and family. He is loved by many and will be missed greatly.

He is survived by his wife Delia R. Moffitt, his brother **William E. Moffitt Jr. '43**, children Rudy R. Vasquez, DeeAnn and Mark Kerrutt; grandchildren Michelle and Karl Chesley, Mindy and Victor Castro, Jason Vasquez, Brittany and Bryan Rawlings, Vanessa Kerrutt; nine great grandchildren, seven great-great-grandchildren; nieces and nephews Diana Moffitt-Robins, Benjamin Moffitt, **Daryl Moffitt '67**, **Patsy Moffitt '71**, Carol Ashby, David Moffitt, Dennis Moffitt, and Daniel Moffitt, as well as several great nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his parents William E. Moffitt Sr. and Emma (Ramsey) Moffitt, brothers **Carroll '51** and **Homer '45 Moffitt**, son Frank Michael Vasquez, nephews **Raymond Moffitt '64** and LaVerne Moffitt, and great-grandson Isaac Vasquez Ortiz.

A memorial service for Leland Earl Moffitt (88) was held Saturday, September 8, 2018. Please send memorials to Olney Friends School at 61830 Sandy Ridge Road, Barnesville, Ohio 43713.

## **Charles Roland Terrell '51**

Charles Roland Terrell, age 89, of Derby, KS, passed away Monday, January 11, 2021, at Wesley Medical Center in Wichita, KS. He was born November 5, 1931, in Eudora, KS, the son of Charles Woodford and Verna (Allis) Terrell. He attended Olney Friends Boarding School in Barnesville, OH, and graduated with the Class of 1951.

Charles married Helen Lee Stone on August 1, 1953, at Hesper Friends Church in Eudora, KS. To this union six children were born, four sons and two daughters. Charles and Helen raised their family on a small farm south of Edgerton, KS. He



was also a jeweler for a short time, then worked as a truck driver for Coca Cola, a gas delivery driver for Edgerton Farmland Coop, a custodian for Ottawa City Hall, and numerous part-time jobs to supplement his income. He finished his work career as a night security guard in the Kansas City area.

Charles was a member of the Gardner Friends Church in Gardner, KS, then later joined the Princeton Christian Church in Princeton, KS. His wife, Helen passed away in May of 2008, and he married Magdalena Gonzalez January 29, 2013.

Charles was preceded in death by his parents; his wife of 54 years, Helen Lee Terrell; a sister, Allis Margaret Terrell Jones; two brothers, Clark Duane Terrell and Charles' twin brother, Vernon Richard Terrell. Charles is survived by his wife, Magdalena Terrell of Wichita, KS; two daughters, Verna Diane Ball and husband Jack of Welda, KS and Linda Kay Litchfield and husband Marshall of Park City, KS; four sons, Charles William Terrell and wife Joetta of Easton, KS, David Duane Terrell and wife Donna of LeHigh, KS, Gilbert Lee Terrell and wife Lori Beth of Alta Vista, KS and Paul Howell Terrell of Topeka, KS; fifteen grandchildren; and 26 great-grandchildren.

The family suggests memorials to Princeton Christian Church sent c/o Lamb-Roberts-Price Funeral Home, P.O. Box 14, Ottawa, Kansas, 66067. Condolences may be e-mailed to the family through [www.lamb-roberts.com](http://www.lamb-roberts.com).

### **Joyce Kantor '51**

Joyce Kantor passed away on Thanksgiving day, November 26, 2020.

### **Virginia "Ginna" Lee (Allen) Ebeling '54**

Virginia "Ginna" Lee (Allen) Ebeling died April 15, 2021. Born the youngest of three girls to Dorothy Abrams and **Howard "Shocky" Allen '21** in Youngstown, Ohio, on July 4, 1936, she was the youngest of the "DonnaCarolGinna" trio. The family moved between Ohio and West Virginia, raising their girls to value simplicity, integrity, community, equality, and stewardship. Howard, a truck driver, treasured his daughters and wife. This love endured and Ginna remained close with her parents, sisters, nieces, nephews and other family throughout her lifetime.

As a young woman she attended Olney Friends School in Barnesville, Ohio, before enrolling in Reid Memorial Nursing School, in Richmond, Indiana, and began her 45-year-long career as a Registered Nurse. She listened to Elvis with her college friends and studied hard to maintain her scholarship. She kept in touch with many friends from both schools over the years, attending reunions and other get-togethers as often as possible.

Ginna was introduced to Carl Lilliequist while in nursing school, and the couple married in 1956. Passionate about their careers, the newlyweds lived in many places while pursuing degrees. Eventually they settled in Boulder, Colorado, to begin a family. Ginna took several years off of nursing for focusing on her children, Maria (Fenerty) and Eric Lilliequist. She loved to swim, read aloud, camp, road trip, explore the San Juans, listen to music, sing, play piano, ski, and ride bikes with her children. Carl frequently traveled for work (solar physicist), providing Ginna the space to develop a singular bond with both her children.

The Boulder Unitarian Universalist Church became an extended family, where many deep friendships began and endured. When her children were teenagers the family relocated to Santa Fe. Carl and Ginna divorced in the early 1980s. In New Mexico she resumed her career passion. A committed and caring nurse, she will be remembered in the medical communities of both Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

At a Santa Fe Balloon Fiesta Ginna met James “Jim” Ebeling. Her family thanks the hot air balloons for bringing them together! Ginna became mother to David and Jillian through this union, showering them with kindness, patience, and deep love. Their honeymoon lasted all 35 years of their marriage. In this time Ginna gained another daughter Jill (Jillian), and a son Brian (Maria). Ginna became “Little Mama” as a grandmother and great-grandmother. Grandkids Cal, Anna, and Tess shared many good times and have stories to share for their lifetimes. Jonathan (Jenn), Jen (Brady), and Jessica were always warmed by her smiles and love, too. Her youngest grandson, Andrew, and all the littlest family members, Liam, Ella, Reese, and Quinn, were the newest loves in her heart.

A memorial page is available online for memories, photographs and other tributes, and a memorial celebration is planned in the near future. Please contact her daughter, Maria Fenerty lilipad4664@gmail.com, for information.

### **Jessie (Frazer) Hartley '54**

Jessie Frazer Hartley passed away on August 11, 2020, in Kent, WA, at the age of 85. She was living with her daughter and son-in-law, Joyce and Paul Sanchez. She is also survived by her daughter Judy Hartley of Hillsboro, OR.

Jessie was born on June 10, 1935, and raised in Richmond, VA. She went to Olney Friends School in Barnesville, OH, and graduated from Virginia Commonwealth University with a degree in social work. She was an executive secretary at St. Joseph's Villa, retiring in 2000. In 2003, she moved in with Judy in Chandler, AZ. They moved to Forest Grove, OR, in 2005; in 2019, Jessie moved in with Joyce and Paul.

Jessie enjoyed reading, playing board games, and going out to eat. She will be sorely missed by her family and friends. You can share a memory at <https://cadycremationservices.com/obituaries/jessie-frazer-hartley/>

## Arthur Haight '55

Arthur “Art” Haight died peacefully at home in Norwich, Ontario, Canada, near Woodstock on Sunday, November 29, 2020, in his 86th year.

Art was a very patriotic Canadian, very proud of his Canadian background and heritage. Following Olney graduation, Art graduated from the Niagara Falls School of Horticulture in Niagara Falls, Ontario. He later was the founding owner and operator of Art Haight Garden Centre and Landscaping, a nursery, landscaping business, garden center, and snow removal when the weather required, for over 35 years in Woodstock, Ontario.

Art married Lorna Clement, also a native Canadian. This union of 53 years resulted in three children: Scott, Mark, and Jewel. Scott lives in Burgessville, Ontario, and has taken over the family business. Mark lives on Vancouver Island in British Columbia, and Jewel in the Woodstock area. Lorna passed in 2013. Art married Marilyn Hodgins in 2015, who also preceded him in death.

Art's loves in life were life itself, golf, bowling, and his '56 Chevy. Classmate **Dell Cope '55** remembers Art was “possibly best known for his mode of transportation between Olney and his home in Southern Ontario which was by motorcycle. This ride was often made in cold and very inclement weather, and often with a large trunk or suitcase on the back. This is just one example of this great Canadian's spirit.”

Interment occurred at the Quaker Street Cemetery, Norwich, Ontario. If desired, memorial contributions to the Nature Conservancy of Canada or a charity of one's choice. Personal condolences may be given at [www.brockandvisser.com](http://www.brockandvisser.com).

## T. Stanley White '59

Stan White, age 79, died peacefully at home on January 21, 2021, after living with Non-Hodgkins Lymphoma for many years. He married his classmate, **Kathy Sidwell '59**, in 1962; they called themselves “very married” for over 58 years. Stan was the son of an Olney grad, **Donald J. White '35** and Alice Post White. He was the brother of **Marsh White '60**. He was the parent of three Olney grads: **Stephanie Alice Sieger '83**, **Becki White '88**, and **Dan White '95**.

Stan graduated from the University of Wisconsin with a B.S. in Electrical Engineering. He pursued and achieved professional engineer licenses in four states, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ohio, and Illinois. He practiced his profession by designing electrical systems for the Hormel Company, by serving as a hospital engineer, by supervising some of the build for King Saud University in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, and many years designing and supervising construction projects both privately and with the Department of Facilities Management, State of Wisconsin.

Last November, during a class of '59 Zoom reunion, Stan told our class that the most important thing he learned about himself while an Olney student was that he was a conscientious objector. This knowledge became a very deep knowledge about himself, not just that he could not kill and would not accept training to kill, but knowledge of how he was called to live.

Freshmen male students at the University of Wisconsin in 1959 were required to take two years of Reserve Officer Training Corp to prepare for military service. Stan knew a member of the local Quaker meeting who helped him achieve a full waiver, so he did not have to do that training. After graduation, Stan returned to Olney as maintenance staff to accomplish his two years of alternative service back in the school community he loved. He remained on the Olney staff for two and a half more years, directing the maintenance department, coaching the boys gymnastics program, and supervising the construction of the new girls dorm and also the first sewer treatment facility for the school. Of course, if you take a named position on the Olney staff, you also end up doing all sorts of things—whatever is needed. So he and Kathy were class advisors, and sat at head of the dining room for Sunday dinner. He would often be one of the drivers for school outings. Stan tutored some students in welding, and one year he taught two math classes in addition to the maintenance supervision.

Stan practiced his conscientious objector knowledge of himself steadily throughout his engineering career. Whenever he interviewed for a new more challenging position, he was forthright that he would love to work on new challenges but that he would not work on any military projects or projects of a harmful nature. It was his refusal to sign the final drawings for a dangerous “killing fence” atop a prison construction project that ended that portion of the plan, even though the prison complex was built.

During his retirement years, Stan served a small children's camp, Camp Woodbrooke, as treasurer and board member for approximately 15 years, supporting this opportunity for other kids to be in the outdoors and learn about our earth. He had loved his childhood in Blue Mounds, WI, and wanted other kids to have the opportunity to just explore all that is a part of our world. Serving that camp often meant he was there on the camp grounds, mowing the open area en route to the spring-fed pond, or getting the solar-powered shower house ready to use come spring.

Stan was quite involved in the early formation of Northern Yearly Meeting, in the Upper Midwest, and then again handled several tasks for the yearly meeting after he retired. He and Kathy were both steadily involved in their local meeting all through the years.

Stan began learning about computers when his engineering project was a box of cards fed into a computer that filled a room. He aged right along with the digital world and became more and more a geek—out and out. He used his computer to support the many volunteer things he did. He also would open the back of his

computers and add more bytes or other cards to add functions. He had a work area in the basement where he could help friends handle their computer problems or rebuild something for himself. He often said he just really liked to try to figure things out and solve problems.

Stan is survived by his wife, Kathy; children, Stephanie (Brian) Sieger, Becki (Stephen) White and Dan (Tracey) White; his brother, Marsh (Helen) White; four granddaughters; one great-granddaughter; and many nieces, nephews, great-nieces and great-nephews.

In lieu of flowers, Stan requested that donations be made to one of the following organizations on his behalf: Olney Friends School (<https://www.olneyfriends.org/support-olney/>), Camp Woodbrooke (<http://www.campwoodbrooke.org/donations.php>) or the Madison Friends Meeting Renovation Project Fund (<https://www.fgcquaker.org/cloud/madison-friends-meeting/resources/financing-meetinghouse-renovation>). Online condolences may be made at [www.gundersonfh.com](http://www.gundersonfh.com).

## **Sean Coombs x'90**

Sean Christopher Coombs passed away in his sleep on Christmas Day 2020. Friends say he truly was a light of hope as he helped others to heal from addiction. Sean was born on August 12, 1970. He is the son of Johnett "Cookie" Coombs and the late James E. Coombs of Morgantown, West Virginia. He is survived by brother Scott Coombs (Jen Coombs) of Granada Hills, California, sisters Nora Sheets of Morgantown, Beth Sheets of Centreville, Virginia, Kyt Howard of Morgantown, an aunt, Leslie Garretson (Sam Garretson) of Marietta, Georgia, cousin, Anne Coombs (Toni Pisani) of Tampa, Florida, and his beloved cat, Smudge Zappa.

Sean was a Head Facilitator for Greater Recovery and Community Empowerment (GRaCE) with the Recovery Coach/Life Coach Academies, West Virginia. He served as a Recovery Coach Professional for GRaCE's Blue Ridge Resource Center as an outstanding volunteer. Sean was devoted to helping others overcome obstacles in their lives which was evidenced by the many people he helped.

Sean was a Renaissance man. He was an artist at heart and crafted beautiful items from metal and wood—skills inherited from his late grandfather, Leslie Jamison. He enjoyed spending time at Pennsic, with the Society for Creative Anachronism, in addition to his walk-on role in the movie *The Last of the Mohicans*. Sean was also a talented chef. Prior to working with GRaCE, Sean created delicious meals at restaurants in West Virginia, North Carolina, and Wisconsin. He was especially proud of serving as personal chef for the governor of Minnesota.

A YouTube tribute video is available at [youtu.be/CrXTxUrXG9E](https://youtu.be/CrXTxUrXG9E) or his obituary at [hastingsfuneralhome.com](http://hastingsfuneralhome.com)

# Olney Friends School Calendar 2021-2022

Monday, August 23, 2021	New Faculty Orientation
August 24-25, 2021	Faculty Orientation
Thursday, August 26, 2021	Student Leaders Arrive
Friday, August 27, 2021	New Students Arrive
Sunday, August 29, 2021	Returning Students Arrive
Monday, August 30, 2021	Orientation Day
Tuesday, August 31, 2021	Begin Classes
September 3-5, 2021	All Student Weekend—Almost Anything Goes (AAG)
September 10-12, 2021	All Student Weekend—Bonding
September 24-26, 2021	Pumpkin Festival—Family Weekend
Saturday, October 2, 2021 TBA	SATs Administered, Open House Admissions
Friday, October 8-10, 2021	Boundaries Workshop (All Student Weekend)
Wednesday, October 13, 2021	PSATs Administered (All 10th-grade students)
October 15-17, 2021	Homecoming (events TBD), Board Meetings
October 22 / October 25, 2021	End First Quarter / Begin Second Quarter
Friday, October 29, 2021	Prospective Family Day
Friday, November 12, 2021	All Student Weekend—Thanksgiving Meal 5:30 PM
Saturday, November 13, 2021	All Student Weekend—Story Slam
Friday, November 19, 2021	Last day Classes—students depart after last obligation
November 20-29, 2021	Thanksgiving Break (Campus Closed)
Sunday, November 28, 2021	Student Travel Day
Monday, November 29, 2021	Resume Classes
Saturday, December 4, 2021	SATs Administered (Tentative)
Friday, December 10, 2021	Holiday Dinner 5:30 PM (Sophomores)
Saturday, December 11, 2021	Prospective Family Day

December 15-17, 2021	Semester Exams
Wednesday, December 15, 2021	Semester Exams—Review Day
Thursday, December 16, 2021	Gift Exchange 7:30 PM
Friday, December 17, 2021	Exams—students depart after the last exam
December 18, 2021-January 2, 2022	Winter Break (Campus Closed)
Sunday, January 2, 2022	Student Travel Day
Monday, January 3, 2022	Begin Classes
January 7-9, 2022	All Student Weekend—Room Change
Friday, March 11, 2022	Gym Ex, End Third Quarter—students depart after 9 pm
Saturday, March 12-20, 2022	Spring Break (After Gym Ex)
Sunday, March 20, 2022	Student Travel Day
Monday, March 21, 2022	Resume Classes
April 1-2, 2022	Guest Poet
April 8-9, 2022	Goat Meal/Celebration of Arts
April 15-16, 2022	Poetry Slam
Saturday, April 23, 2022	Farm Out
Saturday, May 7, 2022	SATs Administered (tentative)
May 13-15, 2022	All Student Weekend—Senior Social & Graddy Fair
May 19-20, 2022	Senior Finals
Sunday, May 22, 2022	Seniors Finalize Academics & Room Check
Monday, May 23, 2022	Review Day
May 24-26, 2022	Finals
Thursday, May 26, 2022	Campus Clean-up Day/Awards Dinner/Final Collection
Friday, May 27, 2022	Alumni & Friends Gathering
Saturday, May 28, 2022	Commencement
Sunday, May 29, 2022	Campus Closes at Noon—Students leaving later must contact the Dean of Students

We hope to see you on campus this year, whether virtually or in person! Contact the Main Office to find out about events and to let us know your plans.

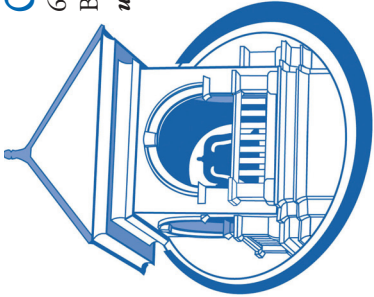












# Olney Friends School

61830 Sandy Ridge Road

Barnesville, OH 43713

[www.olneyfriends.org](http://www.olneyfriends.org)